

30 ASSAULT

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FADE IN:

A stark desert plain peppered with stars.

Low mechanical rumbling rolls across the sands, coming toward us, all around us, until it hits like a wind and a Junker 52 transport plane roars into frame and takes off, up and away from a bustling military AIR STATION.

SUPER:

TOBRUK, NORTH AFRICA - OCTOBER, 1942

A PROPELLER

Buzzes to life.

German airmen load cargo into the belly of a JUNKER. A pilot under the wing performs a preflight inspection of the plane. Headlight beams hit him. He shields his eyes and looks.

A desert-camouflaged Daimler Benz staff car speeds along the dirt runway, a beige cloud of dust in its wake.

It swerves to a stop and an ITALIAN OFFICER steps out of the back. Handsome, fit, a briefcase handcuffed to his wrist.

He makes for the plane. Confident. Purposeful. Moving like a panther, all grace and power.

A column of British prisoners pass by in front of him, dust-covered men in bandages and tattered uniforms.

A young Brit missing a leg looks at the Italian, holds his gaze, a compassionate shade in the Italian Officer's eyes.

The column passes by and the Italian moves on and boards.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The Junker 52 in flight.

INT. JUNKER 52 - REAR COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

The Italian sits on a bench across from two SS officers. Jostled by turbulence. Besieged by the HUM of the engines.

He eyes the SS officers, their Death's Head insignia. Shoulder holsters. Walther P38 sidearms.

One of them turns and the Italian looks away, around the plane, his eyes coming to rest on a

Small wooden crate marked with a stamped British flag and stenciled lettering that reads: "Fragile: Gyroscopes".

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The German transport hums along.

INT. JUNKER - SAME

The SS officers sleep. The Italian studies them, making sure. He checks his watch: 0200.

Uncuffs the briefcase, glances at the flight deck curtain, then weaves his way over to the Germans.

SS OFFICER #1

Comes awake. The Italian standing over him, smiling.

ITALIAN OFFICER/CROSS
Mornin', Fritz.

THUMP! The stunned German looks down at a knife in his chest.

His eyes roll.

SS OFFICER #2 stirs.

And British agent COMMANDER JAMES CROSS slaps a hand over the German's mouth and stabs. Another silent death.

Cross checks the flight deck - nothing. Against the sound of the engines no one heard a thing.

He slips the blade into an ankle sheath. Heads for the gyros.

Ties them and a PARACHUTE to a packed inflatable raft.

Opens a jump door. Reaches for another chute

When WHAM! The co-pilot hurtles into frame and slams him against the fuselage, launching a wild slugfest that carries around the compartment, near the open jump door and through the curtained doorway onto the

FLIGHT DECK

Where they tumble in, in a heap.

The shocked pilot draws a Luger.

Cross kicks it. It fires, BOOM! Into the windshield!

Blowing it apart. Filling the cockpit with a sudden vortex of flight plans, light equipment and broken glass.

A shard strikes the pilot's face. He CRIES OUT! Falls on the wheel.

Puts the plane into a dive that sends Cross and co-pilot out the blown windshield onto the

NOSE

Where they hang on for dear life. Cross gripping the windshield coaming, the co-pilot clinging to his legs.

THE PILOT

Wipes blood from his eyes and pulls up on the wheel.

AND THE JUNKER

Rises. Higher and higher. Up out of the dive.

CROSS AND CO-PILOT

Fighting Gs as the plane soars.

Co-pilot reaching upward. Cross pushing down on his face. Pulling a leg free, nailing co-pilot with a kick that sends him cartwheeling into the wing propeller.

CO-PILOT

Nein!

PHFTTT! Blood and clothing splatter across the wing.

PILOT

Looks out at his bloodstained plane. Turns back as Cross leaps onto him through the blown-out windshield.

They hit the floor. Fight to their feet.

Bump the wheel and put the plane into a climb that sends them rolling into the BACK COMPARTMENT, the Luger skittering in after them.

They come off the floor a few meters apart.

THE JUNKER

Soaring. Leveling off. Cresting a parabola.

And for a few seconds everything in the plane becomes WEIGHTLESS. Cross, the pilot, bodies and cargo all float around the cabin like feathers in a breeze.

The Luger floats before the pilot. He grabs it. SHOTS!

Bullets ZIP and PING around the plane. Clip Cross's ear!

When WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! Gravity's back and everything drops at once and slides towards the nose.

Cross tumbling down the fuselage. Past a net which he grabs.

The pilot rolling by, FIRING! Missing Cross. Crashing into a bulkhead. Recovering. Aiming...

at Cross, who whips out his knife and lets it fly! End over end into the pilot's throat!

THE NOSE OF THE JUNKER DIPS

The dive angle steepens.

JOLTING CROSS

Who pulls himself hand over hand up the net to the jump door.

He hauls up the gyros attached to the parachute and packed inflatable raft. Heaves them out one by one.

Grabs another chute caught in the net. Concentrates. Intensely. Strapping on the chute, ignoring the shimmering blackness of the sea rising up to meet him.

Coming closer and CLOSER as Cross fastens the chute and bails!

TWO WHITE PARACHUTES DRIFT AWAY

from the plane as it spirals into the sea and EXPLODES!

CROSS

Floats down, eyes locked on the inky surface of the sea. He times the impact, unhooks his shoot and plunges in the water.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - NIGHT

Cross surfaces.

Swims to the raft and drags himself over the side.

Hauls in the gyroscopes by the cord.

Checks the crate - intact, everything A-okay.

Cross pulls a small flashlight out of his pocket.

Signals in each direction - north, west, south, east.

In the east, a deck-mounted searchlight comes to life. It flashes an answer - we are here.

INT. DR GRIEVE'S OFFICE - SIS HQ (LONDON) - DAY

MATCH CUT to a pen-light. Shining. Going out.

Leaving behind the glum face of DOCTOR GRIEVE, a bespectacled elderly physician.

Doctor Grieve examines Cross. Checks the scrape on his ear.

DR GRIEVE

Hmm, another centimeter and your head would've popped like a melon.

He makes a popping sound with his mouth. Cross is not amused.

DR GRIEVE (CONT'D)

Apologies, Commander. Black sense of humor - a hazard of the trade.

Doctor Grieve clears air bubbles from a shot. Jabs Cross.

CROSS

Heyyy!

DR GRIEVE

Tetanus. Filthy things those German bullets.

Doctor Grieve fills out a chart as Cross gets dressed.

DR GRIEVE (CONT'D)

So how are you feeling?
(off a look from Cross)
I have to ask; it's on the questionnaire.

CROSS

What does advanced battle fatigue get me?

DR GRIEVE

A pep talk.

Dr Grieve hands Cross his medical clearance.

DR GRIEVE (CONT'D)

You're cleared for leave, Commander. God knows you've earned it. Where to?

CROSS

Edinburgh. I'm flying up there this afternoon.

DR GRIEVE

Good God, whatever for? The place
is an icebox this time of year.

CROSS

It certainly is. But they've got
the world's best Scotch, beautiful
redheads and it's so damn cold none
of them ever want to get out of bed.

Cross cracks a sly grin and leaves.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rain. A war-torn London street: barrage blimp overhead,
residential buildings, one side of the street in rubble.

A cab pulls up. Cross steps out. Totes his duffel bag and
enters his building.

INT. LOBBY - CROSS'S BUILDING - DAY

Takes mail from a box and walks upstairs.

INT. CROSS'S FLAT - SAME

Steps into a spartan room. Drops his bag and sifts through
the mail.

Handwritten letters embroidered with feminine touches, return
addresses from Belfast, Liverpool... Stockholm.

Cross smells this one, not bad.

He drops them all in a waste basket, removes his coat and
falls on the bed.

LATER

Cross sits on the edge of the bed in his undershirt, smoking
a cigarette, staring out at nothing. A faded, poorly-inked
tattoo on his shoulder. It reads: "Orbis non sufficit".

He turns to a SCRATCHING SOUND.

A gray mouse scurries along the floorboards by the wall.
Ducks into a small hole in the plaster.

Cross smiles faintly. Holds the cigarette in his lips and
goes to a desk. Takes out a bit of moldy cheese.

Knocks off the mold and sets the small chunk outside the
hole. Goes back and sits.

Looks again at the hole. The cheese is gone.

CROSS
Your welcome, Mickey.

Cross gazes with faraway eyes out the rain-streaked window.

CROSS (CONT'D)
(muted with melancholy)
Good to be home.

He takes a drag. Blows a veil of blue smoke at the dreary skyline of London.

LATER STILL

Cross puts on his uniform. Picks up a hotel brochure.

CLOSE ON the brochure - "The Highlander", a picturesque Scottish inn.

EXT. CROSS'S STREET - DAY

Cross stands on a wet sidewalk holding a travel bag, a smoke in his mouth. A cab pulls to the curb.

Before he can get in a jeep arrives and a BRITISH SERGEANT alights from the vehicle.

BRITISH SERGEANT
Commander Cross?

Cross stops, knows what's coming and doesn't like it.

BRITISH SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Admiral Godfrey wants to see you.

Cross gazes right through the sergeant. Pulls his travels papers from his jacket and looks at the brochure, the picturesque Scottish inn.

Tosses the lot into a street-side rubbish can.

The cabbie flips the meter and drives off.

Cross takes a last drag on his cigarette, flicks it away. Climbs in the jeep.

THE DRONE RHYTHMIC PURR OF A SUBMARINE PROPELLER RISES TO A ROAR, DROWNING OUT ALL OTHER SOUND AS WE SMASH CUT TO:

The sleek black body of a SUB POWERING THROUGH THE DEEP

AND CROSS

in the cramped confines within. On a bunk, his face five inches from the cot above, his hands clasped behind his head.

Waiting. Thinking. His eyes SEEING...

SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE (SIS) HQ - FRONT GATE - DAY

The jeep pulls up to a gate. MPs. A compound of buildings.

Cross steps out of the jeep ducking the rain.

Shows a pass to an FSP Military Policeman, the green-capped MPs of the Intelligence Services.

ENTERS SIS HEADQUARTERS

A brick monolith beside the Thames.

Steps from an elevator into a catacomb-like BASEMENT where an MP mans a table.

Cross flashes an ID. Walks down a mole's passage - a dim HALLWAY in the bowels of the building.

To a door, a sign above the jamb:

"30 ASSAULT UNIT"

He enters the crack commando unit of the SIS.

CROSS - ON THE SUB

Awake in his berth. He looks around at the other cots.

The dim rounded shapes of three men sleeping.

Betty Garble in a one-piece taped to a bulkhead. Looking over her shoulder, smiling.

CROSS REMEMBERING...

An attractive SECRETARY turns to Cross as he steps into an OFFICE. Smiles with something more than familiarity and points to a side door.

SECRETARY

They're in there. You're late.

Cross goes to the door, stops and turns.

CROSS

Thank you, ma'am.

SECRETARY

I'll ma'am you all right.

Cross cracks a roguish grin then steps into a

CONFERENCE ROOM

Where his eyes meet those of REAR ADMIRAL JOHN GODFREY (54), one of Special Intelligence Services top brass. He sits on a table with one leg on the floor. Been waiting.

ADMIRAL GODFREY

Good of you to join us, Commander.

Cross slides into the nearest seat.

Up front, another officer, a COMMODORE glares at the late arrival. Approaches and drops a file on Cross's lap.

Cross regards him with casual indifference. The Commodore looks critically at Cross and moves on.

Takes mission files to three other men:

French Army CAPTAIN ALAIN ROYAN - middle-aged, dark featured, has an air of grand experience about him.

MAX KAUFMAN (25), a blonde Teutonic bull, handsome, crisply dressed, could be a poster-boy for Aryan propaganda.

And CORPORAL STANLEY OWENS, maybe thirty, British, spruce and stringy, better suited for a lab coat than a uniform.

Admiral Godfrey stands, glances at Cross.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)

Now that we've all seen fit to be present, I'll get started.

He walks to the front of the room. Pulls down a screen.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, I'm sure you're wondering what all the fuss is about. Why the big rush to get you here...

(at Cross)

the canceled leaves, the selection of four men who've never worked before as a team?

The agents trade glances, curiosity stirred.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)

Well, it can't be helped. This is a priority one mission. For it, I need German-speaking agents with experience behind enemy lines; our best men, and you four fit the bill.

He nods to the Commodore who hits the lights and uses a projector to put a circa 1942 map of Germany on the screen.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)
A short notice mission, gentlemen;
short on intel, planning and time.

ALAIN
(sotto voce to Cross)
And any chance of success.

Cross grins at Alain, shares his cynicism.

A photo of a fortified coast line appears on the screen.

ADMIRAL GODFREY
You will enter enemy territory by
submarine here at Cape Arkona. From
the coast you'll make your way to
Berlin, to the...

Another slide: a rectangular mansion five stories high.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)
Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Physics.
Once there, you will infiltrate,
retrieve a German scientist and make
your way home.

Max raises his hand.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)
Max?

MAX
Sir, our escape route?

ADMIRAL GODFREY
Back to the coast, to the drop point.
That's with a twenty-four hour
turnaround.

CROSS
And if it takes twenty-five?

ADMIRAL GODFREY
Just see that it doesn't. But if
needed we've planned for alternate
escape routes through France and
Switzerland. They're in your mission
file.

Silence. Slides off. Lights on.

CUT TO:

SUB CABIN

Suddenly illuminated. A young NAVAL OFFICER, torso through the hatchway, hand on a light switch.

NAVAL OFFICER

Sir, we're nearing the drop point.

CROSS

Acknowledges with a nod.

A KNIFE

Slips into an ankle sheath as Cross secures it to his ankle. Zips up his wet suit.

ALAIN, MAX AND OWENS

Stand around him half in and out of their wet suits, loading black equipment bags with German uniforms, canteens, weapons - Lugers and Schmeissers, everything Wehrmacht issue.

MAX

Pulls a steel box out from under a cot. Takes out plastic explosives and timing devices, hands them to Alain. Who places them carefully in a black equipment bag.

CROSS

Watching him, REMEMBERING.

ALAIN - AT THE BRIEFING

His arms crossed on his chest, a sly grin on his face.

ALAIN

Okay, Admiral, another happy holiday into the Third Reich. But why all the fuss over one lousy le boche?

The word "boche" draws a look from Max.

Admiral Godfrey turns to the Commodore.

COMMODORE

His code name is X. I know, not terribly original, but this chap's something of a mystery: Our only contact with him is through telegrams he sends to our Swiss embassy.

(MORE)

COMMODORE (CONT'D)

We know that he's a scientist, anti-Nazi, and holed up in this Institute, unable to leave. We aren't sure why. And we haven't a clue what he looks like, just a name, "Doctor Mueller" But we do know that he wants out, and that he works in the most sensitive of German operations.

Admiral Godfrey nods to Owens who stumbles out of his seat and stands before the others.

OWENS

Gentlemen, what do you know about nuclear fission?

The dull looks on their faces is answer enough.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Theoretically, nuclear fission is the splitting of an atom, creating a chain reaction that releases enormous amounts of energy.

He pauses for effect.

MAX

A bomb?

OWENS

A very big bomb, large enough to destroy an enter city. If the Jerrys can make one, or if we do, it could decide the outcome of the war.

COMMODORE

So far no one's been able to make it work, but we think the Germans are about two years ahead of us, and--

ADMIRAL GODFREY

And this Doctor Mueller has information that can close that gap.

Admiral Godfrey gives the Commodore a look, it was all they needed to know.

Cross flips through his mission file.

CROSS

So let me get this straight, we've got no photo, no description and we think he's held up in this Institute.

ADMIRAL GODFREY
That's about the size of it,
Commander.

CROSS
What lunatic dreamt this one up?

COMMODORE
Commander Cross, that's quite enough.
You have your orders.

Cross looks to Admiral Godfrey.

ADMIRAL GODFREY
Corporal Owens here will be your
guide. He's a physicist. As a
civilian he spent some time at the
Institute before the war. His job
is to get you in. Yours is to find
Mueller and bring him to me.

Admiral Godfrey locks eyes with Cross, the other men - no
questions.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)
Well, that's it.
(checks his watch)
You've got two hours to make your sub.

The men rise, file out. Admiral Godfrey motioning to Cross
to remain behind. Talks to him after the others have gone.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)
Sorry about your leave, but you're
the only man for the job.

CROSS
(overlapping)
...man for the job.

Admiral Godfrey and Cross share a look, an understanding,
something more than just mutual respect passing between them.

ADMIRAL GODFREY
(takes a grave tone)
James, there's one other thing.
This Doctor Mueller claims to have
made some sort of breakthrough. Our
technical guys are falling all over
themselves wondering what it can be,
but they agree on one thing: under
no circumstances can he be left in
German hands. Understood?

The admiral's words hang in the air.

CROSS
 Yeah, understood.
 (embittered)
 The things we do for king and country.

ADMIRAL GODFREY
 Every bloody day.

CROSS'S REACTION

his eyes cold as ice... MATCH-CUT TO:

CROSS - IN THE SUB

scrutinizing a map. Absorbing every detail.

CLANG!! An ammo magazine hits the steel deck. An embarrassed Max picks it up, smacks it into an MP40 machine pistol.

ALAIN

observes Max, measuring him. Looks at Cross. More than a meeting of eyes, Alain has doubts about Max.

Owens struggles to put on his dive tank and Alain stops him.

ALAIN
 Not here.
 (points fore)
 Wait 'til the torpedo room.

Owens, abashed, removes his tank.

CROSS
 Hey, Owens, how did they rope you
 into this?

OWENS
 I volunteered.

The others turn, amused.

OWENS
 My fiancée didn't much care for it,
 but what can you do when they tell
 you "You're the only man for the job?"

Cross and Alain trade looks, where've they heard that before.

OWENS (CONT'D)

(sprightly)

A week ago I was a Grade 3 civilian teaching physics. Today I'm a corporal off to save his country from the bloody Hun. Mum and Dad were beside themselves with pride. Gave me a super send off, they did.

ALAIN

I got the super send off from a barmaid in Picadilly. Small world.

Owens catches his meaning, grins sheepishly.

Two sailors enter with a PHONEY SEA MINE. They unzip it and put the equipment bags inside. Carry it out of the cabin.

Cross checks his watch.

CROSS

Well, gentlemen, now all the fun starts.

ALAIN

It's what I live for.

He turns to Owens. The young man looks pale, edgy.

ALAIN (CONT'D)

Hey, don't worry, Volunteer, it's going to be a piece-of-pie. We'll just march into a bunch of Germans and pluck out the smartest one.

Alain gives him a reassuring pat on the back. Moves forward. Owens following.

OWENS

Cake, the saying is "cake".

They pass Max. He stands sweating, motionless, taut with apprehension. Alain can't contain himself.

ALAIN

What the hell's the matter with you?
You act like it's your first time out.

Cross checks Max.

CROSS

What is it, Max?

MAX

It's just a touch of nerves. It'll pass.

Alain expels air through pursed lips, a scoffing commentary.

MAX (CONT'D)
I'll do my goddamn job, Frenchy!

ALAIN
Yeah, but for which side!

Max drops his gear, shoves Alain.

ALAIN (CONT'D)
Sale boche!

Alain launches into Max. They scuffle. Cross intervenes.

CROSS
Knock it off!

The two men separate, fuming.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Whatever it is, drop it, right now.
You!
(points at Alain)
Back off. And you...

Cross stares at Max at a loss for words.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Pick up your gear. C'mon, move out.

Max quickly gathers his equipment and moves forward with Owens. Alain lingers.

CROSS (CONT'D)
What was that all about?

ALAIN
How well do you know him?

CROSS
I don't. But if Godfrey chose him
that's good enough for me.

Alain looks candidly at Cross, a comment on the tip of his tongue. He checks it.

ALAIN
What's the difference? He's here.

Alain starts to leave. Cross detains him.

CROSS
Look, Captain Royan--

ALAIN

Alain.

CROSS

All right, Alain, if there's something I should know, I want it now.

Alain looks at Max and Owens out of earshot, donning their dive tanks. He lowers his voice and confides in Cross.

ALAIN

Okay, Commander. Max Kaufman is an Austrian expatriate who has been on three team missions behind enemy lines. Three. And we've gotten better intelligence from an Alsace grape-picker.

CROSS

Not every mission goes as planned.

ALAIN

Oui. But on all three missions only he came back.

Alain shoulders his gear and moves off. Cross looks ahead to Max, a seed of doubt in his eyes.

EXT. GERMAN COAST - NIGHT

A rocky coastline dotted with obstructions: Belgian Gates, concrete pilings, barbed wire.

Offshore dozens of black mines bob up and down in the water.

A sentry patrols the beach, his flashlight cutting a swath through the night.

IN THE WATER

One mine drifts purposefully around the others.

UNDERWATER - MINE FIELD

The four agents swim ashore, a lead man towing the fake mine.

BEACH

The fake mine floats in the surf, behind it Cross's face mask breaks the surface. He scans the beach.

The sentry moves out of sight and the agents, carrying the mine, race quickly, silently, out of the water and up the beach into a line of trees.

BEAUTIFUL BURNETTE (CONT'D)
 (under her breath, disgusted)
 Who wouldn't.

She leaves the bedroom passing Cross and Max hiding on either side of the doorway.

She senses them. Turns. Max grabs her and clamps his hand over her mouth.

Cross pivots into the room, silencer raised. PHFFFT! PHFFFT!

Two bullets slam into the general's forehead.

Cross checks the bedroom - bathroom - clear. He goes to a window. Waves Alain and Owens inside. Returns to Max still holding the woman with his hand over her mouth.

MAX
 What do we do with her?

Alain and Owens enter and observe the woman, the situation.

Cross weighs what to do. He looks at Alain... Max... settles on the woman, her pleading eyes.

CROSS
 Kill her.

Max looks stunned. Ditto Owens and Alain.

ALAIN
 Commander.

Cross shoots him a look. Firm. Certain. Whatever Alain had to say, he checks it. Knows Cross is right.

ALAIN (CONT'D)
 (takes Owens's arm)
 C'mon, help me with the equipment.

A shocked Owens breaks free of Alain.

OWENS
 (approaching)
 Commander, you can't mean it. That's cold-blooded murder! She's a civilian for God's sake!

CROSS
 (calm and cool)
 Put the equipment in the car, Corporal. Now.

Owens looks at the woman. Anguished for her, for himself, his part in this. He pulls away, turns to go.

The woman panics. Bites Max's hand, breaks free and bolts out of the room.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Stop her!

Max goes after her, into the house.

Alain, out the front door to cut off a back door escape.

Cross pins Owens with an icy stare.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(points at front door)

Go on! Cut her off!

Owens hurries out the front door.

And Cross takes off after Max.

PICKUP BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE

fleeing through the kitchen. Past a butcher's block where she scoops up a knife and goes lurching out a back door.

Max rushing into the kitchen in hot pursuit.

EXT. CHALET - NIGHT

Beautiful Brunette arrives outside. Quickly pushes down a wooden shelf next to the door. Blocks the exit.

Dashes into the forest and disappears.

Max pushes the door open. Halfway. Gives it a mighty shove and knocks the fallen shelf aside. He steps out. Looks around.

The woman now nowhere in sight.

Cross arrives behind Max. Luger drawn, eyes raking the trees for any sign of the woman.

Alain and Owens appear from around the side of the chalet.

ALAIN

Where is she?

Cross points to the trees and the men fan out. Enter the

WOODS

Max moves quietly through trees, easing branches out of his way, releasing them gently back into place.

Alain steps over a log, stops and listens, the shadowy form of Owens visible to his left.

Cross, silencer in hand, stalks the woman.

CRACK! A sound in the woods ahead of him, a flash of a white negligee among the trees.

Cross takes off after her.

PICKUP BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE

running breathlessly from tree to tree. Hiding. Listening. The knife in her hand. Beads of sweat on her pale cheeks.

Footsteps CRUNCH leaves behind her. Coming closer, CLOSER, right up to the tree.

She lunges out. Jabs the knife in Owen's arm.

OWENS

(cries out)

AHHH!

He drops his weapon and clutches his arm.

Beautiful Brunette picks up his gun. Aims!

PHFFFT! A bullet slams into her chest. She freezes, stunned, Owen's machine-pistol falling from her hand.

Blood blooms on her white negligee. She drops to her knees. Looks at...

Cross holding the Luger, smoke rising off the barrel, drifting before his eyes - pitiful eyes, hollow with regret.

Beautiful Brunette grimaces then goes perfectly still and relaxes as if giving herself over to death.

She keeps her eyes on Cross as the lights go out and she drops face first into the leaves.

ALAIN AND MAX

arrive on the scene.

Max's eyes go from the woman to Cross - where they're met by a cold unspoken rage.

BLINDING HEADLIGHTS

Fill the screen. The Daimler Benz pulls away from the chalet.

Turns onto the COUNTRY ROAD.

EXT. RUGEN ISLAND BRIDGE - CAPE ARKONA - NIGHT

Drives over a bridge leading from Cape Arkona's Rugen Island to the mainland.

INT. DAIMLER BENZ - NIGHT

Alain at the wheel. Cross up front beside him.

CROSS

(turns)

How is he?

Max lifts a bloody handkerchief off Owens's arm.

MAX

It's a deep cut, nearly down to the bone, but she missed the artery.

Can you move your arm?

Owens moves it gingerly.

CROSS

Owens?

OWENS

I'm all right, sir. She didn't hit anything vital...

(forcing a smile)

just my pride. But it stings like mad.

MAX

(awkwardly)

You were lucky.

Max binds Owens's wound, catches Alain glaring at him in the rearview mirror.

EXT. GERMAN ROAD - NIGHT

A quiet forest road. SNOW. Suddenly headlights appear out of the dark, illuminating the flakes as the Daimler Benz rushes by.

INT. DAIMLER BENZ - NIGHT

Uncomfortable silence. Cross looks at his watch, the face is cracked. He taps it, broken. Max shifts in his seat, eyeing Cross.

MAX
Commander. I'm sorry, I ah--

CROSS
Forget it.

ALAIN
No, let's hear it. How the hell did she get away from--

CROSS
I said forget it.

Alain stews, concentrates on the road. He lights a cigarette and offers the pack around. Owens takes one, draws a light off Alain's smoke and coughs.

ALAIN
German cigarettes, toughest part of our cover.

Owens's hand shakes as he smokes. Cross eyes his uniform soaked with blood.

CROSS
How's that scratch?

OWENS
The bleeding's stopped, I think.
It's a bit numb.

Cross digs into a bag and comes up with a jacket.

CROSS
Here. You've just been promoted to...
(reads the jacket
insignia)
sergeant.

Owens takes the jacket, smiles through the pain.

OWENS
Super.

Cross and Alain exchange looks, impressed with Owens.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Daimler Benz speeds down a highway. Past a sign: "BERLIN 80 KILOMETERS".

INT. DAIMLER BENZ - LATER

Cross draws their identity papers from an equipment bag and hands them out. Alain checks his as he drives.

ALAIN

These are excellent forgeries.

CROSS

They ought to be, our German friend sent originals.

Max watches the others, isolated. He speaks up too obviously trying to reconnect with the group.

MAX

That should get us in.

No one answers: a cool condemnation. After a long moment Cross thinks it's enough.

CROSS

Sure, Max. Trick is, getting out.

EXT. CHECKPOINT - KAISER WILHELM INSTITUTE - DAY

A beautiful morning, everything glistening and white from the snowfall the night before. The Daimler Benz winds along a densely forested road to a checkpoint marked with a sign:

"KAISER WILHELM INSTITUT FUR PHYSIK".

INT - DAIMLER BENZ

Cross notes the electrified fence, Dobermans, guards in machine gun nests. Whatever's in there, it's damned important.

A guard steps up to the car. Cross hands him orders.

The guard checks them, scans the occupants, noticing Owens looking off pale and sweaty.

He takes a closer look at Owens, who turns calmly toward him. Satisfied, the guard returns the orders, steps back and snaps a salute.

The gate opens and the Daimler Benz rolls in.

INSTITUTE ROAD/BRIDGE - DAY

The agents travel along a winding road. Over a suspension bridge.

INSIDE THE BENZ

Alain peeks over the side of the bridge and quickly looks away, apparently he doesn't care for heights.

Max takes in the view of a spectacular gorge where in the distance a waterfall plummets from a cliff.

MAX

(awed)

It's a winter paradise.

CROSS

Yeah, a regular kraut Garden of Eden,
replete with snakes.

A troop of Waffen SS march toward them from across the bridge.

EXT. KAISER WILHELM INSTITUTE OF PHYSICS - DAY

The agents' car turns into a driveway before a huge rectangular mansion. Tires crunching through snow.

INT. INSTITUTE - DAY

The Institute's great hall: A large room with chandeliers, fine carpets and works of art. Once the perfect setting for a ball, now the administrative hub of the Institute.

Cross and the others enter through a main door then move out of the flow of foot traffic into a quiet corner of the room.

Owens nudges Cross, directing his gaze toward a

SECURITY TABLE

Near the back of the hall. Two German officers step up to the table and produce RED BADGES then head downstairs.

Owens shows Cross some badges: BLUE BADGES.

OWENS

I'm afraid our intel is a bit dated.

Cross looks around, disconcerted.

CROSS

You're sure he's downstairs?

OWENS

No.

Cross turns sharply.

OWENS (CONT'D)

(adds quickly)

He could be anywhere. But the most sensitive work is conducted on the lower levels. And if he's half as important as Godfrey claims he is, he's there.

ALAIN

Commander.

Cross turns. Alain indicates with his eyes four German soldiers wearing red badges strolling into a hallway.

CROSS

(to Owens)

Take a seat. And keep your head up.

Cross, Max and Alain follow the Germans.

INSTITUTE'S GREAT HALL - LATER

Owens waits by a fire, clutching his arm, watching the hallway for any sign of the others. A pretty German girl passes and Owens turns to admire the view.

When he turns back Cross is beside him adjusting a red badge on his uniform looking after the same girl.

CROSS

I guess there's a good side to this country after all.

Alain and Max walk up with red security badges on their chest.

OWENS

That was quick.

Cross slips him a red badge.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Where the Jerrys?

CROSS

Skiing a garbage shoot. C'mon.

Cross leads them to the

SECURITY TABLE

Stopping before a CORPORAL busy with paperwork. The corporal glances up and waves them through.

Owens stops.

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

OWENS

Corporal, is Doctor Mueller working today?

CORPORAL

Doctor Mueller works everyday, Lab 7.

Owens nods, turns and bumps his wounded arm into a German officer. Owens grimaces, holds up.

OWENS

Excuse me.

The officer doesn't even turn his face, he just continues on as if nothing had happened, unaware of a SPLOTCH OF BLOOD smeared on his uniform.

OWENS (CONT'D)

(sotto voce)

Bloody rude.

He joins the others waiting on the stairs.

OWENS (CONT'D)

(softly to Alain)

Now that was a piece of cake.

INT. INSTITUTE CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

The agents walk down a corridor. Owens stops and checks an Institute plan on the wall.

OWENS

Lab seven's one level below. This way.

He leads them to a stairs and stops, weak on his feet.

CROSS

Owens, you all right?

OWENS

(grips his arm)

Just dizzy. Must be those bloody German cigarettes.

He smiles bravely, braves it out and leads on.

LOWER CORRIDOR

The agents exit the stairs and enter a hall lined with doors. Passing "Laboritorium 4, 5, 6"... They stop outside Lab 7.

Cross and Alain draw Lugers. Max pulls the parts of his machine pistol from his coat and snaps them together.

Cross motions for Max and Owens to wait outside. He checks Alain. Opens the door and steps into

LAB 7

A room cluttered with strange instruments, lab tables and stacks of files. Off to one side, a small bald man, a scientist, works with his back to them.

CROSS
Doktor Mueller?

The man turns, removes his pince-nez and stares, dumbstruck.

CROSS (CONT'D)
(German, subtitled)
We're here to get you out.

Just then a BEAUTIFUL BLONDE in a white lab coat enters from a side room. She stops in her tracks and gasps. Stasis.

The woman looks at Cross and Alain, at their guns. Cross looks from the scientist to the woman.

The scientist's hand slips under the table.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE
Nein!

The scientist pushes a button and a klaxon sounds.
BAHRUUGAAA! BAHRUUGAAA!

Alain fires, drops the scientist.

The woman throws off her coat and races toward the door. Cross stops her.

CROSS
(German, subtitled)
Where's Doctor Mueller?

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE/SIGRID
(speaks English)
I'm Doctor Mueller!

Cross is taken aback.

SIGRID (CONT'D)
Don't look so shocked, Colonel.
Come now, let's go!

Cross throws open the door, pulls SIGRID MUELLER into the

CORRIDOR

where they join a startled Max and Owens. Cross looks back the way they came.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

No, not that way! We'll never get out up top.

(points the other way)

There's an emergency exit, but we must hurry.

Suddenly two German soldiers round the corner behind them.

The agents fire.

The Germans fall.

And everyone takes off with Sigrid guiding them.

Through CORRIDORS.

Around CORNERS.

And down more STAIRS, fending off the German pursuit in a vicious firefight on the run.

They round a corner, bullets tracking after them, digging into the wall, kicking up chunks of cement.

Cross stops and tosses back a grenade. Runs on.

WHAM! Smoke and flames fill the corridor. Pursuing Germans bounced off the walls, dead before they hit the ground.

Cross catches up with the others at a steel door. Entering a

CAVE

filled with the turbines and electrical equipment that powers the Institute's machinery. Cross bolts the door and shuts out the BLARING ALARM. Takes hold of Sigrid's arm.

CROSS

Hey, hold on! Where are you taking us?

Sigrid points across the cave to another steel door.

SIGRID

There! It's the only way out.

Cross checks it. Out of options. He motions her forward. And Sigrid leads on, guiding them along a steel walkway that winds around the perimeter of the cave.

CAVE DOOR

The Germans reach the steel door. Bash on it with their guns.

INT./EXT. CAVE/CLIFF - DAY

Sigrid brings the team to the door at the end of the walkway. Which opens onto a

DIZZYING PANORAMA

An expansive snow-covered landscape that sweeps before them: clusters of forest, open fields, roads, and in the distance the hazy outline of outer Berlin.

They step outside onto a sheer cliff where a THUNDEROUS WATERFALL descends from above.

CROSS

Now what?

Sigrid points out a METAL LADDER at the side of the falls.

Alain peers over the edge, swoons.

ALAIN

We're going down there?

SIGRID

It's the only way.

Cross looks back through the open door.

Across the cave the steel door dents and buckles from the German assault. The sound of metal on metal reverberating around the cave.

Cross shuts the door and ushers the others forward.

CROSS

Come on, move!

Sigrid climbs onto the LADDER, then Max assisting Owens. Alain hesitates and Cross gets on the ladder.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(to Alain)

You all right?

ALAIN

I can't stand heights!

CROSS

Fine time to tell me.

Alain waves him down and climbs onto the ladder.

They descend slowly, hampered by wind, snow and ice.

Hands clutching tightly. Boots slipping on the icy rungs.

Sigrid comes to a wet portion of the ladder where the falls is close. The splash soaks her, makes for a slick hold on the metal rungs. She slips, catches herself.

Max shelters Owens inside his grip. Owens working his way down with one arm.

Alain moves down the ladder, steps on Cross's hand.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Hey! Watch it!

Alain glances at Cross then turns quickly back to the rungs, eyes shut, breathing, fighting the vertigo.

Farther down Max and Owens come to the wet portion of the descent. Suddenly Owens slips and Max grabs him, just in time, holding him by one hand as Owens dangles over the falls.

Sigrid looks up. Cross looks down. Even Alain peeks.

As Max tries to swing Owens back to the ladder.

Owens reaches, but his hand slips on the wet metal rung. Tries again, slips again and the strain on Max is tremendous, but he's a bull and he holds.

Then Owens reaches once more, and... he's got it! Max releases him. A relieved Owens catches his breath, smiles up at Max, then misplaces his foot and falls to his death.

MAX

NOOOOOOOOOO!

Alain and Cross watch

Owens vanish into the falls.

Sigrid turns away.

Max squeezes the ladder, anguished over the mishap.

Suddenly sparks fly off the ladder next to him. Tufts of ice and rock spew into the air, as the Germans, having broken through the door, appear above them firing weapons.

Everyone climbs quickly down the ladder, one by one passing a point where the cliff bends and the ladder moves out of sight of the German guns.

Cross stops, takes out a tube of plastic explosive and sticks it to the ladder. Moves to the side to let Alain pass.

SIGRID

Comes to the end of the ladder, to a landing halfway down the falls. Off to her right a NARROW TRAIL into the trees.

Max and Alain scramble down the ladder. As soon as they land they draw weapons and fire up at the Germans.

CROSS - LIGHTS A FUSE

Hurries down the ladder then slides the last few feet by the rails. He lands and leads everyone down the trail.

THE PURSUING GERMANS

Climb down the ladder, the lead SOLDIER seeing the explosives.

LEAD SOLDIER

(German, subtitled)

Up! Back up!

Too late. KA-BOOM! A huge explosion rips a chunk out of the cliffside and a half-dozen Germans fall to their death.

EXT. WATERFALL WOODS - CONTINUOUS

The explosion resounds around Cross, Max, Alain and Sigrid who race down the snowy trail through the trees.

EXT. STREAM - DAY

The agents and Sigrid emerge from trees onto a clear blue stream in the woods then enters a CAVE at the base of a cliff.

Along the banks are three boats moored to posts in the mud.

Alain gets in a boat and offers a hand to Sigrid who slips in the mud and fails to notice a fob watch that falls out of her pocket. She gets to her feet and climbs in the boat.

Max machine-guns other boats and gets in behind Cross who cranks the motor to life.

SIGRID

(spotting her watch)

No! Wait!

Sigrid climbs out of the boat and goes after her watch as the GERMAN come out of the trees.

CROSS

Come on!

Sigrid grabs the watch and gets back in the boat and Cross speeds away.

The Germans chasing along the bank, FIRING as they come. Heaving grenades!

That EXPLODE short of the boat that slips safely into the cave out of harm's way.

INT. ABWHER II HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

A German LIEUTENANT hurries through a guarded door marked: "ABWEHR II" (Subtitled: GERMAN COUNTER INTELLIGENCE).

Rushes down a hall to a door marked: "GRUPPENFUHRER VOGEL".

INT. VOGEL'S OFFICE - SAME

The lieutenant enters. GENERAL HERMANN VOGEL sits at his desk, a middle-aged, blue-blooded Prussian with stevedore shoulders and a matador's glare.

LIEUTENANT
(German, subtitled)
General, Doctor Mueller has escaped.

EXT. UNDERGROUND RIVER - DAY

The agents' boat rushes downstream.

Max lights the way with a flashlight from the bow, Alain and Sigrid between him and Cross at the tiller. A rocky ceiling encroaching on their heads.

CROSS
Where does this lead?

SIGRID
It taps into a network of underground streams.

MAX
Look out!

A large rock pops out of the dark and Cross steers around it.

CROSS
Any idea where they come out?

SIGRID
Not a clue.

Cross avoids another jagged rock that extends into the stream. Notices Sigrid shivering.

Cross takes off his coat and offers it to Sigrid.

CROSS

Here, better get out of those wet clothes.

SIGRID

I'll be fine.

CROSS

Take it. Your modesty will get you pneumonia.

Sigrid takes the coat. Changes.

Cross avoids staring, but can't help notice a CONCENTRATION CAMP NUMBER tattooed on her forearm and a UGLY SCAR running across her lower abdomen.

Alain notices too and exchanges a look with Cross.

INT. ABWEHR CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Vogel stands before the lieutenant and a half dozen other officers seated around a table.

(IN GERMAN/SUBTITLED)

VOGEL

So they are in the caves.

LIEUTENANT

Ja, General.

The lieutenant spreads out a map of the underground streams. Vogel looks it over.

VOGEL

Wherever they come out, it's going to be far south of us. Lieutenant, have my car brought up.

The lieutenant leaves. Vogel turns to the others.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Notify our field agents. Find them. Track them. But do so quietly, I don't want Gestapo getting wind of this and muddling things up.

INT. GESTAPO CENTRAL OFFICE FOR REICH SECURITY - DAY

An office setting. Nazi flags. Pictures of Hitler, Himmler and other high-ranking party officials on the walls.

Off in a corner Gestapo MAJOR FRANZ EFFLER works at his desk. 40, dull-looking, a man so forgettably plain he could rob a bank in the morning and cash a check there that afternoon.

He sits among several other desks, a handful of SS NCOs working around him.

A teletype springs to life.

Effler tears it off. Reads.

"MESSAGE INTERCEPT. ENEMY ACTIVITY AT KWI-PHYSIKS. GENERAL VOGEL ORDERS ABWEHR AGENTS TO TRACK FOUR MEN AND A WOMAN: DOCTOR SIGRID MUELLER. INVESTIGATION ADVISED. OBERSTFUHRER BEHRENS -- SD SIGNAL INTERCEPT STATION 9."

HALLWAY

Effler walks down a hallway to a glass-enclosed office. Looks in on two GESTAPO GENERALS sitting on either side of a desk. Gestapo General 1 waves him in.

GENERAL'S OFFICE

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

GESTAPO GEN. 1
(mid-conversation)
...I'll believe that when I see a
second front.

Effler hands him the teletype.

EFFLER
An Abwehr II intercept, sir.

The general reads, shakes his head.

GESTAPO GEN. 1
Enemy agents under our noses and General
Vogel tries to keep it from us.

He passes the teletype to the other general.

GESTAPO GEN. 2
Hermann Vogel wouldn't involve Gestapo
if he had paratroopers under his bed.

He reads the teletype and lays it back on the desk. Gestapo General 1 turns to Effler.

GESTAPO GEN. 1
See what we have on this Doktor Sigrid
Mueller.

EFFLER

Yes, General.

Effler leaves.

GESTAPO GEN. 2

Who is that man?

GESTAPO GEN. 1

That is Major Franz Effler.

GESTAPO GEN. 2

I thought so - your rising star.

GESTAPO GEN. 1

My replacement, if he has his way.

INT. GESTAPO HQ - FILE ROOM - DAY

Effler enters. Searches file cabinets. Comes up with nothing and leaves.

GENERAL'S OFFICE

Effler re-enters.

EFFLER

General, there are no files on Doktor Sigrid Mueller.

GESTAPO GEN. 1

Are you certain?

EFFLER

Ja, General. None at all. No Institute clearances, no SD reports, no investigations, nothing.

General 1 mulls this over, looks to the other general.

GESTAPO GEN. 1

What do you make of that?

GESTAPO GEN. 2

With Vogel, who knows? The Fuhrer's pet is always sticking his wet nose in where it doesn't belong.

GESTAPO GEN. 1

(to Effler)

Look into it. I want to know the scope of the enemy operation. And find out who this Doktor Mueller is.

EFFLER

Ja, General.

Effler turns to leave.

GESTAPO GEN. 1

Major Effler.

Effler stops.

GESTAPO GEN. 1 (CONT'D)

Make sure you keep yourself up wind of
General Vogel; he's not one to trifle with.

EFFLER

Of course, General.

Effler snaps a salute, leaves.

EXT. UNDERGROUND RIVER - DAY

Cross, Sigrid, Max and Alain huddle in the boat. The stream
has widened, slowed, the tunnel's larger here, breathable.

Max shines the flashlight off the bow. He turns to Alain.

MAX

Want to give me a break?

ALAIN

You're doing fine.

CROSS

Alain.

Alain looks back at Cross, clearly pissed. But he still
switches places with Max.

Sigrid picks up on the tension between Alain and Max, turns
uneasily to Cross.

CROSS (CONT'D)

(softly to Sigrid)

Don't worry about it.

She shrugs it off, looks around. Stalactites. The requisite
soaked rat clinging to a branch.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Hey.

Sigrid looks back at Cross.

CROSS (CONT'D)

You could have told us you were a woman.

SIGRID

I didn't think it important. Do you?

Cross, bemused, smiles faintly and steers the boat.

EXT. ABWEHR HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Vogel and the lieutenant enter a waiting 770 Grosser Mercedes. The long black car pulls out into traffic.

EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS: BERLIN/HIGHWAYS/COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Vogel's car travels through BERLIN.

Onto the AUTOBAHN.

Along a FOREST ROAD.

INT. VOGEL'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Vogel, alone in the back seat opens a file marked: "SIGRID MUELLER". Takes out some photos inside:

Sigrid as a concentration camp prisoner; a close-up of her tattooed arm. Her KWI ID photo. And a group photo of Sigrid and other scientists outside the Institute.

Vogel sets the photos aside and looks out at the sunset.

CLOSE ON: One of the photos - Sigrid on her wedding day, arm-in-arm with a German naval officer.

MATCH CUT TO:

A smaller version of the same photo in Sigrid's watch.

Sigrid rides in the boat through the CAVES, cleaning mud off the watch by the reflected glow of the flashlight.

CROSS

What time have you got?

SIGRID

I've no idea.
(raising the watch)
It doesn't work.

CROSS

You were going to get us killed over a broken watch?

Sigrid shows Cross the photo of her in the arms of her naval officer groom.

SIGRID

It was my husband's. He gave it to me before he shipped out on his submarine.

She handles the watch, reminiscing.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

He promised to repair it when he came home.

CROSS

Where is he now?

SIGRID

Somewhere at the bottom of the Atlantic.

Sigrid looks coolly at Cross and snaps the watch closed.

EXT. ABWEHR HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A black 500k Mercedes pulls up to Abwehr Headquarters.

Effler steps out.

INT. ABWEHR HEADQUARTERS - FOYER/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Effler walks briskly down a corridor to a guarded door. He presents ID to a guard and enters the offices of Abwehr II.

He moves down a quiet hallway, scanning office doors until he comes to Vogel's office. He checks for observers, then takes out skeleton keys and swiftly picks the lock.

VOGEL'S OFFICE

Effler steps in and withdraws a pen-light.

He searches in the dark. Through file cabinets. A desk, where he finds bottles of cognac, vodka and schnapps.

He takes a swig of vodka and notices a key in the drawer.

MANLY VOICES come from the hallway. FOOTSTEPS. Effler grabs the key and clicks off the pen-light.

The men pass and Effler continues to search.

Behind a painting he finds a small safe. He opens it with the key and withdraws files:

"OPERATION: SPANISH STEPS" - "OPERATION: PERFIDY" - "SIGRID MUELLER". (Written in German with subtitles)

Effler opens Sigrid's file and riffles through it, coming across the same photos Vogel had in his car plus a new one of GENERAL VOGEL HOLDING SIGRID IN AN AVUNCULAR EMBRACE.

EXT. STREAM - NIGHT

The boat drifts out of the mouth of a cave down a steel blue stream deep in a woods. Moonlight shimmers on the water surface, cracked ice laps against the shore.

Everyone sits in silence, low in the boat, eyes on the trees. Max and Alain with weapons cradled in their arms.

EXT. STREAM - FARTHER ON

Cross steers the boat through the dark.

Sigrid watches the riverbank, an endless run of pines and cedars. Something in the trees catches her eye:

A CABIN with a truck out front.

SIGRID
(turns to Cross)
Look, there's a truck.

Cross spots the vehicle and steers for the bank.

RIVERBANK

They unload from the boat. Max offers Alain a hand. Alain slaps it away.

ALAIN
Go to hell.

Max explodes, lunges at Alain, who takes him on and they fight in the snow.

ALAIN (CONT'D)
I'll kill you! I swear!

CROSS
All right, stop it!

Cross yanks Alain off of Max and throws him aside and the Frenchman just lies there, boiling mad.

ALAIN
That sonofabitch killed Owens!

MAX
I tried to save him!

ALAIN
You let him fall!

MAX
That's a lie!

CROSS
Knock it off! Both of you.

He looks from one man to the next.

CROSS (CONT'D)
I don't give a goddamn if you two
hate each other, kill each other,
but for the rest of this mission you
stow it! Is that clear?!

Both men give him a look, nods, they've got it.

Cross motions them forward.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Go on, move out.

Alain and Max tramp off through the snow.

Sigrid walks past Cross.

SIGRID
(mutters cynically)
Just one big happy family, huh. And
I put my life in your hands?

Cross watches her go, no retort. She has a point.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Alain and Max eye the cabin from behind a bank of snow.
Cross brings Sigrid up and joins them, scans the area.

A wisp of smoke from a chimney. A truck out front loaded
with petrol barrels. Not a soul in sight.

CROSS
Max, keep an eye on her.

Max starts to object, then just nods looking like the last
guy picked for basketball.

Cross draws a Luger and attaches a silencer.

CROSS (CONT'D)
(to Alain)
Let's not wake the neighbors.

Alain fixes his own silencer then nods to Cross, ready.

They break for the cabin, Alain veering off toward the front, Cross to a window.

EXT./INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Cross peeks in the window and sees

The boots of a German soldier propped up on a table. Another soldier eating fruit from a can, swaying to MUSIC that drones from a radio.

Cross locks eyes with Alain and holds up two fingers.

Alain creeps to a corner and peers around at the front door.

IN WOODS NEAR THE CABIN

A third German soldier fills a canteen in a rivulet.

Heads back to the cabin. Stops in his tracks and ducks low.

Ahead of him, Alain kneels a few steps from the cabin door.

Third German unslings his rifle and stalks Alain.

OUTSIDE THE CABIN - CROSS

Holds a silencer to his cheek. His other hand raised, holding Alain in place, timing their assault.

Cross drops his hand.

And Alain rushes up, kicks in the door and opens fire.

Cross pops up shooting through the window.

Bullets slam the two Germans, who twist and fall.

Alain's eyes scan the room, a wisp of smoke rising from his silencer. BLAM! A bullet shatters the door beside his head.

He whips around.

The third German stands twenty yards away, clearing the chamber, aiming his rifle for another shot.

Alain freezes, a sitting duck when

PHFFTT! PHFFTT! Two bullets slam into the German soldier and he falls over dead.

Revealing Max behind him holding a silencer.

Alain and Max look at each other. A glimmer of thanks in the Frenchman's eye.

EXT. BERLIN - NIGHT

Effler's Mercedes winds along a frosty city street.

INT. EFFLER'S CAR - NIGHT

Effler reads a map. Up front is HANS, 60, his driver.

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

EFFLER

Tell me, Hans, if you wanted to escape Germany which way would you go?

HANS

Starting from Berlin?

EFFLER

Ja.

HANS

To the coast, if I had transport over the sea.

EFFLER

Otherwise?

HANS

No question, Switzerland.

Effler drifts off, lost in thought.

EFFLER

So would I.

HANS

Major, can you tell me what this is all about?

EFFLER

Opportunity, Hans. A little detour of opportunity.

Hans looks at the Major in the mirror, speaks lightly.

HANS

I trust nothing that could land me on the Russian front. At my age I am quite comfortable in Berlin.

EFFLER

I'm not concerned with your comfort, Corporal.

Awkward silence. Hans is in his place. Effler thaws, looks sympathetically at Hans, like a scolded pupil.

EFFLER (CONT'D)

You've been my aide since I was a green lieutenant, Hans. And you'll be at my side when I'm a Reichsfuhrer. You just need a bit more steel in your spine. Ja?

Hans smiles weakly in the mirror.

EFFLER (CONT'D)

One cannot advance without taking risk, Hans. Try to remember that.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Cross searches the cabin. Alain at a table cleans weapons by the glow of a lantern. Sigrid beside him drinking coffee.

She eyes a pack of cigarettes in Alain's coat pocket.

SIGRID

May I have one of those?

ALAIN

(tosses the pack)
Take them all. Save me.

SIGRID

A bit harsh, yes?

ALAIN

Worse than your winters.

SIGRID

They're an acquired taste, like escargot.

Alain cracks a "touche" grin at Sigrid. Cross joins them, lays some weaponry on the table.

CROSS

A rusty Schmeisser and three lousy grenades. I've gotten more out of a French convent.

ALAIN

They weren't expecting company.

Sigrid puts a cigarette in her mouth and looks expectantly at Cross. He pushes the lantern toward her. Sigrid grins ironically and lights herself off the lantern.

Cross opens his belt, takes a small roll of paper from a slit on the inside and unrolls a map. Sigrid watches, amused.

ALAIN (CONT'D)

Can we make it?

Cross studies the map, shakes his head.

CROSS

Not a chance.

SIGRID

Make it where?

CROSS

We were going to rendezvous with a submarine later tonight. But our little river trip has taken us too far south.

Max walks in shaking off the cold.

MAX

The truck's in good shape, and the bed's filled with barrels of petrol.

ALAIN

Great, I vote we sell it and bribe our way out.

CROSS

And the bodies?

MAX

They won't find them till spring.

Max goes for coffee. Sigrid stands, starts for the door.

CROSS

Where do you think you're going?

SIGRID

To relieve myself. Do you mind?

Looks all around.

ALAIN
I'll take her.

CROSS
No, finish that. I'll go.
(to Sigrid)
C'mon.

Cross and Sigrid step outside.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Cross leads Sigrid around the side of the cabin. Walks with her stride for stride.

SIGRID
I'm a big girl, Colonel. I can manage
by myself.

CROSS
I'm sure you can.

Cross stops, gestures at the trees.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Make it quick.

SIGRID
In this weather, is there any other way?

Sigrid moves out of sight behind a tree. Cross waits.

SIGRID (CONT'D)
(from out of the dark)
This is mortifying.

Cross smiles, appreciates her pluck. Sigrid comes back.

SIGRID (CONT'D)
It's much too crisp for that sort of
thing.

Cross starts to head back inside.

SIGRID (CONT'D)
Mind if I take some air?

Cross takes out a cigarette and lights it, consent to remain outside. Sigrid shares a quiet moment with Cross, looks out at the stars and the snow-covered trees, the serene quiet.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

It's hard to imagine there's a war
on in a place like this.

She looks over at Cross, studies his features.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

You know you're rather dark for an
Englishman.

CROSS

You mean my features or my disposition?

SIGRID

Both.

CROSS

Well, I'm not English, I'm Scottish.

SIGRID

I see. A Highlander or a Lowlander?

CROSS

Highlander. I'm surprised you know
the difference.

SIGRID

I met another Scotsman once, a
Lowlander, a chemist from Glasgow
who wasn't a thing like you.

CROSS

I'm not sure how I should take that.

SIGRID

Oh, it's a compliment, believe me.
He was thin as a girl and covered
with freckles, poor thing.

This draws a smile from Cross. After a moment.

CROSS

Those numbers on your arm, a
concentration camp?

SIGRID

Ja. I spent six months in Dachau,
until the Nazis found a better use
for me.

CROSS

That must have been rough.

Sigrid looks at Cross.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Hey, I don't mean to pry.

SIGRID
Pry, Colonel? You just watched me
relieve myself, we're old friends.

CROSS
(points to her waist)
They give you that scar?

Sigrid nods, an old pain in her eyes.

SIGRID
The Nazi doctors took practice on
some of the women. Experiments.
For a time I was the camp record:
Eighteen minutes for a hysterectomy.

CROSS
I'm sorry.

SIGRID
Don't be, others had it much worse.

EXT. FUEL STATION - NIGHT

Vogel's car stops before a barrier in the road. A guard
peers in, sees his rank and waves him through.

Beyond the barrier is the small fuel station. Vogel's driver
pulls in. Out front are several staff cars, armored vehicles,
motorcycles, a petrol pump.

Vogel, the lieutenant and their driver exit the car and an
attendant snaps to attention.

VOGEL
Petrol.

The attendant hops to it and Vogel heads into the building.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Alain gathers up the cleaned weapons. Gives the Schmeisser
to Cross. Hands the MP40 to Max then brushes past him and
heads outside.

Cross goes to Sigrid resting on a cot.

CROSS
C'mon, get up. We're moving out.

Sigrid rolls over and looks up at Cross from within a corona
of blonde hair, her bright blue eyes gazing up at him.

Dreamy. Breathtakingly beautiful.

SIGRID

Oh, but I just laid down.

For a moment Cross is spellbound by her beauty.

CROSS

Let's go, now. Take your beauty
sleep in the truck.

Sigrid comes to her feet and drags herself outside.

SIGRID

Beauty sleep? Now he mocks me.

EXT. FUEL STATION - NIGHT

Effler's Mercedes pulls up to the fuel station barrier. The guard checks papers. Waves them through.

They park and get out and head into a SMALL BUILDING.

General Vogel, the lieutenant and the driver come out of the building and walk past them.

Effler and Hans salute Vogel who just goes to his car. Effler staring after the general with recognition in his eyes.

HANS

(German/subtitled)

Come, Major, let's get out of this
cold.

Effler turns from Vogel. Heads into the building with Hans.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

The fuel truck rolls along a forest road.

INT. FUEL TRUCK BED - NIGHT

Max sits among the fuel barrels gazing out at the snow-covered pines and an orchard of stars - a tranquil moment amid the turmoil of war.

INT. FUEL TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

Alain drives, Sigrid and Cross beside him.

SIGRID

You mind telling me where you're
taking me?

Alain looks at Cross for permission to say. Cross has no problem with it.

ALAIN

South. Switzerland, if our luck holds out.

SIGRID

You mean we've been lucky so far?

Alain smiles at Sigrid, he likes this gal.

Sigrid's thigh brushes against Cross and he pulls his leg away. Sigrid notes it. Thinks.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

Colonel?

CROSS

I'm not a colonel.

SIGRID

Well, you're posing as one. So what are you, a general?

CROSS

I'm a naval commander.

SIGRID

Oh, I see, a sailor; that explains your exquisite manners.

Cross looks at side-eyed at Sigrid.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

Well, Commander, do mind if I ask you something?

CROSS

Whenever a woman says that I never really have a choice.

SIGRID

And one woman is much like another?

CROSS

I think so. In all the ways that count.

Sigrid takes a moment to study Cross, intrigued by this attractive, hard as nails man.

SIGRID

Do you have a woman?

CROSS
Nothing regular.

SIGRID
Nothing regular? I've never heard it put that way before.

CROSS
No? So how do you Germans put it?

SIGRID
You say "Germans" as if we were a four letter word.

CROSS
It is to me...
(turns to Sigrid)
and most of the world.

SIGRID
I understand why people hate the Nazis. Who wouldn't? But please don't confuse every German with the criminals who have taken over my country.

CROSS
What are you kidding?

SIGRID
No, I don't kid. Why are you here, Commander? Hmm? Are you doing your duty for your country? Well, I love my country and I would do anything to save it. Anything. And there are thousands of Germans who feel just as I do. Have you ever heard of the White Rose student movement? The Ostercircle? Many people in Germany are trying to resist, but you, like most foreigners, indict the entire German people without the slightest idea of the true situation.

Cross and Alain exchange a look.

SIGRID (CONT'D)
Tell me, Commander, why do you think Hitler needs the Gestapo and an army of SS? Hmm? To clean the streets? To make the trains run on time? My country's been hijacked by gangsters and madmen and the only choice they give you is to obey or die.

A silence fills the cab and Alain looks over at Cross.

ALAIN
Give it up, Commander. You're in
over your head.

CROSS
(piqued)
Shut up and drive.

THE TRUCK ROLLS DOWN THE ROAD

Around a bend. Up ahead the fuel station comes into view.

INT. FUEL TRUCK - NIGHT

Alain eases the truck to a stop before the road barrier. He looks at Cross, his foot on the pedal.

ALAIN
Commander?

CROSS
Easy. Just take it slow.

Cross withdraws orders and a grenade from his coat.

EXT. FUEL STATION - NIGHT

The guard approaches the truck. Behind him, a group of German soldiers huddle around a drum fire.

Alain hands their forged orders to the guard.

Effler and Hans come out of the station building.

The major notices the truck, a blond woman between two men in the cab. He comes towards them.

The guard returns the orders and motions to a soldier to raise the barrier.

Effler picks up the pace. Makes eye contact with Sigrid. Recognizes her.

SIGRID

Grabs Cross's arm.

SIGRID
Commander!

Cross looks and sees

Effler trotting toward the truck drawing a luger.

EFFLER
 (German/subtitled)
 Stop that truck! Stop them!

Cross pulls the pin and throws the grenade.

Alain slams the gas and the truck smashes through the barrier.

Shots RING OUT, to and from the truck as Max unloads on the Germans as they pull away.

The Germans rallying, unslinging Schmeissers. When BOOM!
 The grenade explodes and guards flipped through the air.

Effler and Hans diving for cover.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

The fuel truck barrels down the snow-covered road.

ALAIN DRIVING

With both hands on the wheel, charged with adrenaline.

CROSS
 (to Sigrid)
 Keep your head down.

Cross opens the door and climbs back into the truck bed.
 Max helping him over the rails.

EXT. FUEL STATION - NIGHT

A parade of German vehicles take off after the agents.

Effler and Hans rush to their car and join the chase.

INT. FUEL TRUCK - ESCAPING - NIGHT

Alain whips around a turn. Sigrid bracing against the dash.

CROSS AND MAX

Behind fuel barrels in the bed, ready with their guns.

THE GERMAN VEHICLES - CHASING

Two sedans, an armored car, a truck and a motorcyclist all
 flying down the icy road in hot pursuit.

THE FUEL TRUCK

Takes another turn. Cross watching the road behind them -
 nothing so far. He moves to Alain's window.

CROSS
Know where you're going?

ALAIN
No idea.

Alain checks his mirror, sees... headlights.

ALAIN (CONT'D)
But they do.

Cross looks back as one set of headlights after another comes around the last bend in the road.

He goes to over to Max behind the fuel barrels.

CROSS
Here they come.

THE GERMANS

Close in on the agents' truck.

Effler's car bringing up the rear.

CROSS AND MAX

Take aim. Waiting, waiting...

Suddenly a SCHMEISSER BARKS from the lead German car.

And the bullets WHIZ by. Puncturing barrels. Spilling fuel.

Cross and Max return fire!

Shattering the car windshield. Killing the driver.

The car arcing off the road into a tree. EXPLODING IN FLAMES!

ALAIN

Looks at the fire and back at the road.

ALAIN
Oh, yeah! Vive La France!

Sigrid stares at him like he's half out of his mind.

Alain grins, floors it and bangs on the wheel, urging the truck to pick up speed as the firefight continues

Down the road. Around a turn.

And along a straightaway with

CROSS AND MAX

Firing at the enemy.

THE GERMANS

Chasing, firing as they come, and

ALAIN

Driving. Intensely. Wildly. Too fast around a turn!

The truck slides across the icy road straight toward a tree.

SIGRID

Look out!

Alain cranks the wheel.

Ice and snow spray from under the wheels as the truck skirts the tree and rolls on.

CROSS AND MAX

Spill in the truck bed.

Cross starts to rise when bullets WHIZ past his head and PING off the cab.

Cross puts his shoulder against one of the drums. Max does the same and together they shove two drums onto the road.

THE DRUMS

Bounce over the ice straight into the lead German car.

WHAM! The car explodes. Spins. Gets hit by a truck and the two vehicles tumble across the road in a FLAMING HEAP!

The armored car weaving around the crash.

A gunner up top manning an anti-tank gun. Aiming. Firing!

BOOM! BOOM! Shells fly!

AND ALAIN

Takes a turn just in time!

The shells WHIZ by and EXPLODE in the trees! Throwing a spinning tree trunk spinning into the road!

THE TRUCK

Hits it! Bounds over it and

CROSS

Goes airborne in the bed, up and over the rails!

Max goes after him.

Finds Cross hanging from the truck, his feet skipping off the icy road.

Max lifts him with one arm, a Herculean pull.

When TWANG! TWANG! TWANG! Bullets clatter off the barrels. Sparks fly! And Max drops Cross who tumbles off the road into the snow.

Max ducking the gunfire. Looking back at Cross, devastated.

CROSS

Comes up out of a snowbank and crouches out of sight as an armored car and two Mercedes race by.

Then the motorcyclist appears down the dark.

Cross picks up a tree branch, times his move. THWACK! He clotheslines the rider.

Recovers the bike and takes off after the others.

THE FUEL TRUCK

Rounds another turn. Giving Max a brief break from the German guns. He scrambles to the cab.

MAX

We lost the Commander!

Alain checks his mirror.

THE EVER-PRESENT HEADLIGHTS

taking the last bend in the road.

WHILE CROSS

chases on the motorcycle.

He catches the second Mercedes.

Lobs a grenade in the window.

And BOOM! The vehicle explodes, crashes!

Cross speeding away.

ALAIN - COMES AROUND A CURVE

and suddenly a HUGE GORGE looms before them.

He slams the brake!

The truck slides. Stops. Stalls. Right up against the edge of the gorge.

Alain looks at Sigrid who's had enough.

SIGRID

C'mon, you crazy Frenchman, get us out of here!

Alain starts the truck.

Pulls away from the gorge.

MOMENTS LATER

The armored car negotiates the turn, just barely.

Then the last Mercedes, coming way too fast!

It sails over the side.

Falls endlessly to the bottom of the gorge where it explodes in a FIREBALL!

PICK UP CROSS

Hitting the turn, skirting the edge of the cliff, hot on the trail of the armored car.

ALAIN

Spots a bridge spanning the gorge in the road ahead.

He turns sharply into the portal only to realize too late that it's not a road but a TRAIN TRESTLE!

ALAIN

Hold on!!

SIGRID

No!

Alain drops the gears, cuts his speed, and tries to steer along the narrow tracks!

MAX

Bounced around in the truck bed nearly a mile high.

THE ARMORED CAR

Sliding to a stop in front of the trestle.

The gunner tracking the truck.

Aiming. FIRING! BOOM! BOOM!

.20MM shells slam into the bridge and blow a hole in the track just behind the truck!

FLAMES SOAR! Splintered wood blasted every which way!

ONE PIECE SPIKING A TIRE

causing the truck to tilt to one side!

SENDING SIGRID ONTO ALAIN

Who knocks open his door over a thousand foot fall.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

Alain!

Sigrid pulls Alain back in the truck and he shuts the door. Cranks the wheel and stays on the tracks.

BACK ON THE ROAD

Cross speeds past the armored car and throws another grenade!

VOOOOMM! The BLAST engulfs the vehicle.

Cross stops the bike and looks around. Sees...

The burning train trestle with a hole in the track.

The fuel truck limping toward the other side.

German vehicles coming through the trees.

Cross weighs his options. Takes off into the woods.

Reappears a moment later racing at full speed!

Out onto the trestle, to the fiery break, where he soars over the breach in an INCREDIBLE JUMP!

Cross soars over the flames!

Lands on the track. Bounces. Wobbles.

Then sails over the side!

Through the air again, before finally crashing into the snow-covered CLIFF on the far side of the trestle.

Cross and the bike slide down the snow.

Over a LEDGE into the gorge! Where Cross grabs a rock and stops his fall! Then just hangs there totally spent.

After a moment, snow trickles onto his face and he looks up at Alain, Max and Sigrid staring down from above.

CUT TO:

A FLAT TIRE

Punctured by a piece of wood.

Cross and Max standing in the snow next the truck.

CROSS
Do we have a spare?

MAX
Yeah, two, but they're all shot to hell.

CROSS
All right, search the truck, take anything we can use.

Max goes to the cab to search the truck. While Cross walks past Sigrid sitting on a log holding a cigarette.

CROSS (CONT'D)
Put that out.

SIGRID
It isn't lit.

Sigrid, irked, flicks the cigarette after Cross who enters a

THICKET

where he kneels down in the snow and next to Alain and looks across the gorge.

CROSS AND ALAIN'S POV: FAR SIDE OF THE TRESTLE

Vehicles arrive. Soldiers search the area. FAINT COMMANDS heard on the wind.

ALAIN
They're checking the bottom of the gorge.

Alain points out soldiers with flashlights rappelling down the cliff on the other side of the gorge.

Cross taps Alain's shoulder.

CROSS

C'mon.

AT THE FUEL TRUCK

Max comes out of the cab with a canteen, some field glasses and a radio transceiver.

Meets Cross and Alain emerging from the brush.

MAX

Look what I found!

CROSS

See if you can reach London?

Max sets the transceiver on the truck bed. Cranks the callup and dials in a frequency.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Golden Fleece to Talos. Do you read?
Golden Fleece to Talos. Do you read?
Over.

STATIC.

ALAIN

Maybe out of this gorge we can pick up a signal.

CROSS

Yeah, maybe.

Sigrid looks up at Cross from her seat on the log.

SIGRID

So what now, Commander?

CROSS

Now we walk.

Cross moves off. Sigrid sighs then comes to her feet and follows Cross.

Max has trouble putting the radio on his back. After a moment, Alain gives him a hand.

Max turns to thank Alain but he walks off and Max looks after him trying to figure him out.

EXT. TRAIN TRESTLE - NIGHT

Effler's car pulls up. He steps out and looks around at

The burning armored car. The smashed trestle. Rappelling ropes hung over the side of the cliff.

He goes to a CAPTAIN directing the German efforts.

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

EFFLER

Kapitan.

The captain turns, salutes.

CAPTAIN

Heil, Hitler.

EFFLER

Any sign of them?

CAPTAIN

My men are searching the bottom of the gorge but it looks as though they may have made it to the other side.

INT. EFFLER'S CAR - NIGHT

Hans waits, watching the major speak with the captain.

Major Effler appears vehement, he berates the captain then storms back to the car.

EFFLER

Corporal, find me a way around this gorge. And be quick about it!

EXT. ALPINE WOODS - TRAIN TRACK - NIGHT

A FREIGHT TRAIN rolls through a wintry woods.

Suddenly four dark figures come out of the trees and run swiftly toward the train.

They catch it and board, one person helping the next through the sliding boxcar door.

EXT. TRAIN TRESTLE - NIGHT

The German search still in progress. Vogel's car arrives and he steps out and weaves through the commotion looking for someone in charge.

He walks by the still burning armored car, a smoking, charred body laid out in the snow.

The captain approaches.

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

CAPTAIN

Enemy agents, General. They ran a roadblock. We pursued them here.

VOGEL

How many?

CAPTAIN

Three men and a woman in a truck. There's no sign of them below. We believe they made it across.

Vogel looks across the gulch.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Major Effler told me to contact the Division at Garmisch, sir. They'll conduct the search from the far side.

VOGEL

Major Effler?

CAPTAIN

Ja, General. He said he was here under your orders. You are General Vogel?

VOGEL

I am, but I don't know any Major Effler.

CAPTAIN

He's Gestapo.

Vogel looks puzzled, thinks.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

He said you ordered them shot on sight.

VOGEL

He did what? Damn! Why didn't you confirm the order!

Vogel storms back to his car.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

(to the lieutenant)

Get me the Division at Garmisch. Then put a call through to Berlin. Now, Lieutenant!

INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

Cross, Sigrid and Max sit around the empty boxcar. Alain keeping watch by the door, looking out at the

Night sky and a downhill run through the high white FOREST.

ALAIN

We're heading out of the Alps.

MAX

Ja, this train's probably going to Friedrichshafen; there's a major depot there.

CROSS

That's on Lake Constance, isn't it?

ALAIN

Oui, one of our escape routes.

CROSS

Max, check it out.

Max removes a tiny paper from a compartment in his boot heel.

SIGRID

(watching him)

What's next, a change of underwear?

Max smiles at Sigrid and unfolds a paper with two columns of text. Studies it as Cross and Alain gather round.

MAX

Ja, here.

Max moves his finger down a list of locations to "Lake Constance". Across the page: a set of coordinates and a code word - "Silver Star".

ON CROSS

CROSS

We'll jump train before the lake and radio in a pick-up.

SIGRID

You plan to cross Lake Constance, Germany's swimming pool.

CROSS

Got a better idea?

Sigrid just shakes her head.

INT. VOGEL'S CAR - NIGHT

A transceiver CRACKLES to life. The lieutenant puts a headset to his ear then hands it back to Vogel.

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

LIEUTENANT

General, your call to Berlin has
come through.

Vogel listens in the headset.

VOGEL

Ja, General, Major Effler... That is
right... I don't care if you asked
him to look into this. I want him
called off.

INT. GESTAPO HQ - NIGHT

Gestapo General 1 and a radio operator at a long range radio.

GESTAPO GEN. 1

General Vogel, need I remind you
that any enemy infiltration is a
concern to the Gestapo.

VOGEL (V.O.)

This search is an Abwehr II operation.
You will recall Major Effler
immediately.

GESTAPO GEN. 1

I'll do nothing of the kind. And do
not presume to give me orders, General.

RESUME VOGEL

VOGEL

I presume nothing. And I'll not
argue with you. Call Reichsfuhrer
Himmler yourself if you have to...
That's not my concern... Then wake
him up and do as you're told!

He flings the headset up front.

EXT. ALPS - NIGHT

The train snakes through a beautiful mountain pass.

INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

Cross takes watch at the boxcar door. Max and Alain dozing
nearby. Sigrid sits in the dark and takes out a cigarette.

SIGRID

Do you have a light?

Cross takes out a match and holds it up.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

Throw it here.

CROSS

It's my last one. What if you lose
it in the dark?

Sigrid weighs her fatigue against her drive for nicotine.
She comes and stands over Cross.

SIGRID

Have you been in command very long?

CROSS

Long enough. Why?

She kneels beside him.

SIGRID

You seem to relish it, the sign of a
neophyte.

Cross grins. Lights her. Meets Sigrid's eyes in the glow
of the flame, their fingers touching. Sigrid takes a drag
and sits down beside Cross.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

Thank you.

For a moment they sit quietly before a moonlit ALPINE VISTA.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

Beautiful, isn't it?... This is my
favorite place in all Germany. I
used to ski here as a girl for hours
on end. My father had to practically
drag me off the slopes.

Cross takes in Sigrid with some warmth in his eyes, sees her
as something more than just the object of his mission.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

They don't have places like this in
England... I'm in a strange way,
Commander. Everything I believed in,
everything I know has been upended.
And try as I might I can't seem to
look forward to anything... and I don't
dare look back.

CROSS

You want to tell me what this is all
about? Why you're so important?

SIGRID

Am I, so important? I didn't realize.

CROSS

We're here, and half the German command wants to get their hands on you.

Sigrid looks Cross in the eye, silent and obscure, taking a long drag on her cigarette.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Classified?

SIGRID

Yes, highly, but that's not it.

The unexpected answer draws a look from Cross. Sigrid stuffs out her smoke.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

I doubt that you'd understand it.
Besides, I don't trust you.

EXT. TRAIN TRACK - LAKE CONSTANCE - NIGHT

The train rounds a turn in the track and comes upon a PANORAMIC VIEW OF LAKE CONSTANCE, a black, shimmering finger-shaped body of water reaching to the horizon.

INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

Sigrid, Alain and Max line up behind Cross at the boxcar door. Weapons strapped to their backs. Max with the radio.

Cross watches the track, the degree of slope off the rails.

He times the jump and one by one they all leap from the train. Cross and Sigrid jumping last.

Rolling in the snow and coming back to their feet. Moving swiftly into the woods.

EXT. LAKE CONSTANCE WOODS - NIGHT

Cross leads them through a winter wonderland.

Down a steep incline where Sigrid gets a hand from Alain.

They come to a clearing and rest.

CROSS

Max, try the radio.

Max cranks the callup, dials in a signal.

Alain offers Sigrid a canteen and she takes a drink.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Go easy with that; I don't want you
cramping up. You're enough trouble
as it is.

Cross leaves Sigrid. Goes over to Max on the radio.

SIGRID

(to Alain)

Your Commander has such a way with women.

ALAIN

Oh, yes. If only I had his touch.

Alain smiles slyly at Sigrid.

SIGRID

Don't be ridiculous; not on my last day.

CROSS

Takes the radio mic.

CROSS

Talos, this is Golden Fleece. Talos,
this is Golden Fleece, over.

RADIOMAN (V.O.)

Golden Fleece, this is Talos. We
read you.

CROSS

Golden Fleece, requesting Victory.
Repeat, Victory. Over.

INT. RADIO ROOM - SIS HQ - NIGHT

A small room filled with radio operators in cubicles. A
RADIOMAN turns to the Commodore from the briefing.

CUT BETWEEN CROSS IN THE WOODS and his HANDLERS.

RADIOMAN

It's Golden Fleece, sir. They're
ready for extraction.

COMMODORE

(scuttling from the room)

Tell them to hold on!

RADIOMAN

Roger, Golden Fleece. Can you hold?

CROSS

Not long. Most urgent, Victory to Silver Star. Repeat. Victory to Silver Star.

Admiral Godfrey enters the RADIO ROOM and takes the microphone, the Commodore right behind him.

ADMIRAL GODFREY

Golden Fleece, this is Big Ben. Are you tired?

CROSS (V.O.)

Negative, Big Ben. I am drunk. Repeat, drunk.

ADMIRAL GODFREY

They've got him.

CROSS

Victory to Silver Star, understood?

The radioman runs his finger down a list of code words, stopping at "Silver Star". Across the page, it reads - "Lake Constance 0300". He shows Admiral Godfrey.

ADMIRAL GODFREY

Understood, Golden Fleece. Silver Star. Good luck. Over and out.

Admiral Godfrey turns to the Commodore.

ADMIRAL GODFREY (CONT'D)

Lake Constance. God help 'em.

EXT. CLEARING - LAKE CONSTANCE WOODS - NIGHT

A trackless field of snow glistens in the moonlight where four dark figures come out of the trees, their frosty breath forming clouds around their heads.

FARTHER ON the agents escort Sigrid through a swale of deep snow. Cross, out front, stops and waits for the others.

CROSS

(to Alain)

How's our time?

ALAIN

(checks his watch)

We're early.

Sigrid comes up laboring through the snow. Falls and stays on her knees. Catches her breath.

CROSS
Come on, get up.

SIGRID
I'm sorry, Colonel. I'm not used to
such exercise. Can't we rest?

CROSS
No, now c'mon, keep moving.

Cross pulls Sigrid to her feet and she slaps his hand away.

SIGRID
Don't manhandle me like that!

Cross grabs her hard by the arm.

CROSS
I'll handle you any way I want!

SIGRID
The hell you will! I've had enough
of this!

Sigrid pulls away from Cross. Fumes. Then turns and storms
off the way they came. Cross draws his Luger.

CROSS
Sigrid... Doctor Mueller!

Sigrid stops and turns to Cross aiming the Luger.

CROSS (CONT'D)
My orders are to bring you in or to
keep you from German hands. Now you
tell me, which is it going to be?

Sigrid looks Cross in the eye, knows this is no bluff.

SIGRID
Just what do you take me for, Colonel?
Hmm? A piece of luggage, some girl
you can order around, or just another
dirty kraut? I am a top scientist
in my field, and I am giving up
everything I have to help the Allies.
Everything! My friends, my work, my
country, maybe even my life. All
because I know I have a chance to
bring this insane war to an end!

Sigrid holds Cross in her gaze, looks to Alain and Max.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

I know you men risk your lives to help me. I am grateful for that. Believe me. But it is for something more, much more. I am the first physicist in the world to create a sustained chain reaction. Have you any idea what that means?

She looks at each of the men. Speaks directly to Cross.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

I have thrown open the door to building a weapon that will end the war. That is going to save millions of lives.

The three agents look at Sigrid with a new understanding.

She wipes a tear, comes face to face with Cross, her eyes flashing to the Luger.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

So shoot me if you wish. But I'll not take another step if you don't stop bossing me around! And keep your hands off of me!

Sigrid moves off down their original path through the snow.

Alain sidles up to Cross.

ALAIN

Like I said, in over our heads.

He pats Cross on the back and walks on.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Effler's car is parked on the shoulder of a forest road.

INT. EFFLER'S CAR

Hans waits alone in the car, idling the straight-six engine. The transceiver CRACKLES to life. He picks up the headset, adjusts the signal.

EXT. WOODS

Effler steps out from behind a tree buckling his pants. Slogs through knee-high snow back to the car.

INT. EFFLER'S CAR

He enters blowing into his hands.

(IN GERMAN/SUBTITLED)

EFFLER

It's bitter out there.

Hans turns with a lugubrious look in his eye.

HANS

Major, I just took a call from Gestapo Headquarters. Reichsfuhrer Himmler orders you to return immediately to Berlin.

Effler takes in the bad news, disgusted by it.

EFFLER

Fools.

He puts up a good front for Hans.

EFFLER (CONT'D)

So much for taking risk. Don't look so worried, Hans. Whatever happens to me, I'll do what I can to keep you off the Russian Front.

HANS

I'm sorry, Major.

EFFLER

So am I, Hans, so am I.

Effler is lost in thought for a moment. Comes out of it.

EFFLER (CONT'D)

Hans, it's a long way back to Berlin and I don't wish to stop again. I suggest you...

Effler looks out at the woods.

HANS

Ja, Major.

Hans steps out of the car.

IN THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Hans pees by a tree. Turns to Effler holding a Luger. BAM! BAM! Two bullets slam into Hans and he drops in the snow.

Effler returns to the car and drives off.

EXT. LAKE CONSTANCE WOODS/SHORE - NIGHT

The agents crest a small hillock patched with snow and come upon LAKE CONSTANCE now just a stone's throw away.

It's placid black surface shines in the moonlight. On the other side of the lake faint lights glimmer in the dark.

ALAIN
(breathes out)
Switzerland.

EXT. LAKE CONSTANCE SHORE - MINUTES LATER

Cross, on his belly, scans the lake with field glasses. Sigrid lying by his side, Max and Alain a bit farther away.

SIGRID
What are you looking for, our boat?

CROSS
No, German patrols.

Cross lowers the glasses.

SIGRID
How much longer?

CROSS
Anytime between now and morning.

SIGRID
By morning I'll freeze to death.

Cross removes his coat and hands it to Sigrid.

SIGRID (CONT'D)
What about you? Are you made of stone?

CROSS
Just my heart.

LATER

Stars. A sliver of moon.

Alain watches the lake with the field glasses from the crest of the HILLOCK with Cross dozing beside him.

Max, with the transceiver beside him, offers Sigrid a canteen. She takes a drink and hands it back.

SIGRID
Thank you.

MAX

Bitteschon.

SIGRID

Are you German?

MAX

Austrian.

SIGRID

How did you end up with this bunch?

MAX

It's a long story and surprisingly dull. But I'm the medic on this mission, among other things.

SIGRID

So are you a doctor?

MAX

No, not quite. But before the war broke out I was a medical student in Vienna.

SIGRID

Oh, I see. I spent a summer in Vienna when I was eighteen. They were some of the happiest days of my life. It's a wonderful city.

MAX

You should have seen me when I first came there from the Tyrol. I was a teen-ager and it opened my eyes to everything - music, art, culture. During the fall I played football; in winter, I skied; and all year long I chased girls. If only I had run into you.

Sigrid takes the complement graciously.

SIGRID

It sounds like you were a very happy young man.

MAX

I was, until the Anschluss.

SIGRID

You know my friends and I never agreed with the annexation of Austria.

MAX
 (lightly)
 Neither did the Austrians.

ALAIN (O.S.)
 (whispering)
 Max.

Max turns.

Alain points to the lake.

OUT ON THE WATER A LIGHT FLASHES IN THE DARK

Max wakes Cross who looks out at the lake.

The light flashes again, and with it comes the sound of an
 OUTBOARD MOTOR.

CROSS
 That's them.

Alain signals once with the flashlight.

Gets an answering flash from out on the water.

CROSS (CONT'D)
 (to Sigrid)
 Stay close to me.

Cross meets Sigrid's eye, she appears scared.

CROSS (CONT'D)
 You all right?

She nods okay and Cross checks Max and Alain.

Max has his MP40 in one hand and holds the transceiver like
 a suitcase. Alain all set with a Schmeisser.

CROSS (CONT'D)
 Ready. Now!

And Cross is up, leading them onto the beach, running in
 bursts low to the sand, stopping to check for Germans.

The sound of the MOTOR comes closer and then a small craft
 appears out on the water.

TWO BRITISH AGENTS

All in black bring the small boat close to shore.

Suddenly a GERMAN FIGHTER mounted with a searchlight comes
 out of the night sky over the beach, GUNS BLAZING.

CROSS AND COMPANY

Hit the sand as .50 caliber bullets pummel the beach!

Track out to the boat and rip it to pieces, cutting down the two agents as they fire up at the plane.

A STUNNED CROSS

Watches the fighter fly out over the lake, ENGINE FADING, searchlight turning, as it banks to make another run.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Move!

They're all on their feet at once, racing back off the beach as the plane comes up behind them breathing hell-fire!

It drops a bomb over the water.

Sprays the beach with gunfire!

Everyone flat on the sand as bullets ZING through the air around them! HIT THE TRANSCEIVER next to Max!

And the bomb EXPLODES!

Everyone gets up and looks back at the lake.

In the light of the flames the bow of a boat points skyward.

They watch as the rescue boat and all hope of escape slips under the water.

SHOUTS AND WHISTLES come out of the night.

In the distance, German vehicles roll onto the beach speeding toward the explosion.

Cross pulls Sigrid to her feet and takes off through the sand patched with snow.

Max and Alain racing after them.

Bullets ZIPPING past their heads.

Suddenly WHAM! Alain is hit in the calf!

He cries out and falls. Max runs back, heaves Alain over his shoulder and carries him off the beach into the trees.

EXT. LAKE CONSTANCE WOODS - NIGHT

Cross and Sigrid run through the snow under the trees, Max trailing them carrying Alain.

EXT. HIGHWAY IN THE WOODS - NIGHT

Quiet. Isolated. Cross steps out of the woods and looks up and down the road. Goes back to the others.

Sigrid stands over Max who applies pressure to Alain's wound, the Frenchman viewing the Austrian with growing respect.

Cross kneels down next to Alain.

CROSS
How's your leg?

ALAIN
Bleeding like a poet's heart, but
I'll be all right.

Cross looks at Max who shakes his head.

CROSS
(to Max)
How bad is it?

MAX
Bad enough.

SIGRID
Commander...

Cross looks up at Sigrid who points through the trees to a headlight down the road rounding a curve.

CROSS
(stands, draws his Luger)
All right, here's our ride. Max,
keep pressure on that wound.

Cross starts to leave when Sigrid detains him.

SIGRID
Commander, let me help?

INT. TARPULIN TRUCK - NIGHT

Two German soldiers, a DRIVER and his PASSENGER, spot a woman walking at the side of the road.

They stop and the passenger rolls down his window.

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

PASSENGER
Frau!

Sigrid turns.

PASSENGER (CONT'D)

What are you doing out here? It's freezing.

SIGRID

I had a row with my friend. I'm trying to get to Friedrichshafen. Is this the right way?

PASSENGER

Ja. We're on our way there. We'll give you a lift.

The passenger looks at the driver to make sure it's okay.

DRIVER

Yeah, all right, c'mon, get in.

SIGRID

Thank you.

The passenger steps out to let Sigrid in and discovers Cross hiding at the back the truck. The German fumbles for a handgun and Cross shoots him.

Before the driver can react, Max throws open his door and plunges a knife in his chest.

Sigrid picks up the driver's fallen gun.

CROSS

Get in the truck.

Cross and Max drag the bodies into the trees.

Come back with Alain draped between them.

When a German soldier slips out of the canvas flap at the back of the truck, his rifle at port arms.

The agents freeze, draw their last breaths.

When BAM! The sharp report of a Walther P38 resounds over the isolated road.

The private falls and reveals Sigrid behind him holding the driver's gun.

She stares at the body, stunned at the deed.

Suddenly they hear SHOUTS, WHISTLES and BARKING DOGS as flashlights shine among the trees.

Everyone hurries into the truck, Max assisting Alain.

Cross jams the truck in gear and drives off as a German search party comes out of the woods behind them.

EXT. BACKWOODS ROAD - NIGHT

Vogel's car pulls up to a group of German soldiers at the side of the road.

The general lowers his window and calls to a WEHRMACHT MAJOR.

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

VOGEL
Any sign of them?

WEHRMACHT MAJOR
Ja General. It looks like several people hopped a train down there, there are tracks in the snow!

He points to soldiers with flashlights around a train track in the woods.

WEHRMACHT MAJOR (CONT'D)
The train was heading east. And we've just received a radio report of enemy activity on Lake Constance.

VOGEL
(to the Lieutenant)
That will be them. Now hope the fools didn't kill her. Driver!

The major snaps to attention as the car speeds away.

INT. TARPAULIN TRUCK - NIGHT

Sigrid sits crammed in the cab looking tight-lipped, shaken. Cross at the wheel beside her. Alain and Max to her right.

CROSS
Are you hurt?

Sigrid shakes her head no. After a beat.

SIGRID
I was just thinking: Somewhere that man must have a family.

Alain pats her thigh.

ALAIN
Somewhere, so do I.

Sigrid manages the ghost of a smile.

EXT. FRIEDRICHSHAFEN STREET - DAY

The truck rolls slowly into the resort town through light MORNING traffic, past shopkeepers opening for the day, civilians and soldiers on the sidewalks.

Cross looks at Alain's leg, his pants soaked with blood. Alain sweats, doesn't look so good.

Cross and Max exchange concerned looks.

EXT. FRIEDRICHSHAFEN STREET - FARTHER ALONG - DAY

The truck pulls into a parking area at the side of an INN.

INT. LOBBY - INN - DAY

Cross and Sigrid approach the front desk of the quaint gasthaus. A YOUNG WOMAN greets them, offers a register.

Across the lobby a man sips coffee beside a fire, observing Cross and Sigrid.

Cross and Sigrid take a room key and head upstairs and the man goes to a phone.

EXT. ALPS - DAY

Vogel's car winds its way along a mountain road.

INT. VOGEL'S CAR - DAY

The radio CRACKLES to life. The lieutenant listens into the headset then hands it to Vogel.

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

LIEUTENANT
General, Abwehr Headquarters.

Vogel listens.

VOGEL
Are you certain? Very well. Tell
the operations... wait, just a moment.

Vogel pulls out a folder of maps. Flips through it. Finds what he's looking for.

VOGEL (CONT'D)
Tell the operations officer to arrange
to have a plane waiting for me at
Garmisch airfield. Understood?
Garmisch, ja.

He hands back the headset.

VOGEL (CONT'D)
One of our agents spotted them in
Friedrichshafen. She's alive.

INT. ROOM - INN - DAY

Cross lays out a map on a table. Sigrid makes coffee. Both
turn to a knock on the door. Cross opens it.

Max comes in supporting Alain who takes a couple hops then
collapses on the bed.

CROSS
Anyone see you?

MAX
No, we came up the back stairs, but
it was a rough go for him. He can't
put any weight on that foot.

Cross removes Alain's blood-soaked boot revealing a wound, a
black hole in the meat of the calf.

MAX (CONT'D)
Let me.

Max examines the wound with a professional eye, probes it.

ALAIN
Heyyyy!

MAX
Sorry.

Max steps back and turns to Cross.

MAX (CONT'D)
The bullet has passed through, but I
think there's a fragment in the leg.
It has to come out.

ALAIN
What are you now, some kind of doctor?

MAX
I was in my second year at the Vienna
Faculty of Medicine when the Nazis
marched in.

ALAIN
Two years doesn't make a doctor.
(MORE)

ALAIN (CONT'D)

(to Cross)

I'll walk to France before I let him touch me.

Max walks over to the window and Cross joins him.

MAX

(under his breath)

Blood poisoning. If we don't remove the fragment, he'll be dead in a day, maybe two.

Cross checks Alain: sallow-skinned, sweating, a real mess. Sigrid brings Alain a coffee.

SIGRID

Here, it's hot, that's all I can say for it.

Sigrid holds the cup while Alain takes a sip.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

How 'bout a lousy cigarette?

ALAIN

Sounds heavenly.

Sigrid puts a cigarette in Alain's lips. Takes some inn matches from an ashtray and lights him.

SIGRID

You know, Alain, I think maybe you're just trying to impress me.

ALAIN

You're on to me, huh?

Sigrid smiles warmly, wipes his brow with a cloth.

ALAIN (CONT'D)

So how am I doing?

SIGRID

Splendid. I plan to propose when this is over.

Alain smokes, eyes his swollen leg. After a moment.

ALAIN

Commander. Got anything stronger than coffee?

Cross grins at Alain. Opens the inn's small hospitality cabinet and pulls out a bottle of schnapps.

Max turns his back and takes out his knife.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

A small airfield with a shack-like control tower, a few light planes and a runway cleared of snow.

Vogel's Mercedes pulls up and the general steps out and enters the building.

Moments later he comes out with a pilot and hurries to a small plane, a Fokker 22.

They get in, start her up and taxi down the runway.

INT. ROOM 330 - INN - DAY

Max sterilizes the knife with a flame. Alain watching him, working on the bottle of schnapps. Cross and Sigrid waiting on either side of the bed. Max snuffs out the flame.

MAX

This is going to burn.

ALAIN

You're telling me.

(to Cross)

If I cry, knock me out;

(winks at Sigrid)

I could never live it down.

Alain takes a last swig then puts a towel in his mouth. Sigrid and Cross take hold of his leg.

Max cuts and Alain goes rigid with pain.

INT./EXT. EFFLER'S CAR - HIGHWAY IN THE WOODS - DAY

Effler drives. In the road ahead a search is in progress: soldiers, dog teams, vehicles, etc.

Effler pulls up next to a GERMAN SERGEANT standing over three bodies in the snow.

He steps out and the sergeant snaps a salute.

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

GERMAN SERGEANT

Major.

(re: the bodies)

We just found them.

He points to tracks in the snow.

GERMAN SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Four enemy agents coming from the lake - three men and a woman. One of the men is wounded.

Effler inspects the tracks, the blood-spots in the snow. He looks down the road.

EFFLER

Where does this road lead?

GERMAN SERGEANT

Friedrichshafen.

INT. ROOM - INN - DAY

Alain lies out cold in bed, looking much better.

On the bedside table lies Max's knife, the Walther, half a bottle of schnapps and in the ashtray - the bullet fragment.

Max dozes in a nearby chair with the MP40 on his lap.

Cross, at the window, stares out dreamily at the little town, beautiful in the soft winter sunlight, all white and glistening and snug against the lake.

A glass clatters behind him and Cross turns and sees

Sigrid in the bathroom mirror, half-dressed, replacing the glass on a sink. Their eyes meet and Sigrid stares unabashedly at Cross then steps out of view.

Cross goes to the bedside table. Picks up the schnapps. Looks around - no glass, so he raises it to take a swig.

SIGRID (O.S.)

Where are your manners, Commander?

Cross turns and faces a fully-dressed Sigrid, now refreshed and looking incredibly beautiful.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to offer me a drink?

Cross holds out the bottle.

Sigrid smiles, takes it and steps into the bathroom. Returns with two glasses and pours.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

What shall we drink to?

CROSS

How 'bout a way out of here?

Sigrid smiles. They down the schnapps. Refills.

SIGRID
How long before we move him?

CROSS
We don't.

Sigrid looks surprised.

CROSS (CONT'D)
You and I go on alone. Max stays
with Alain.

SIGRID
That's rather cold-blooded.

CROSS
Isn't it.

Cross stares coolly at Sigrid. She sips her drink and gazes at him for an uncomfortably long time.

SIGRID
I see, you're ruthless through and
through. Shoot the woman, leave
your friends. Whatever it takes to
get the mission done. Is that it,
Commander?

CROSS
There a point in there somewhere?

SIGRID
Yes, not too fine a point, but, you
see. I know a thing or two about
men. And you...
(easing up to him)
you are not nearly as hard as you'd
have me believe.

CROSS
Yeah. Well you're not as--

Sigrid kisses him passionately and Cross responds. After a moment they separate, unsettled by the heat between them.

SIGRID
You see.
(nods toward Alain)
He was right. We are in much over
our heads.

Alain stirs. Cross goes to him.

CROSS
Alain?

Alain comes to.

CROSS (CONT'D)
How are you feeling?

ALAIN
Better.

He moves his leg, winces.

ALAIN (CONT'D)
The leg's tender, but my head's clear.

He looks at Max dozing nearby.

ALAIN (CONT'D)
That le boche... Old Max did all right.

A SOFT KNOCK at the door. Cross looks to the door, alarmed. He draws a Luger and waves Sigrid into the bathroom. Max is up, gun ready. Even Alain has the Walther in hand.

Cross goes to the door, cracks it open - General Vogel in the hallway. Cross tries to shut the door. Vogel stops him, speaks English.

VOGEL
No wait!

Cross holds up, perplexed.

VOGEL (CONT'D)
If I wanted you captured, I wouldn't
have come alone.

Cross checks the hall then pulls Vogel inside and shoves him against a wall. He searches him, roughly, finds a silencer. Pockets it. Steps back and covers Vogel with the Luger.

VOGEL (CONT'D)
Where is she?

Sigrid steps from the bathroom. Vogel looks at her with unmistakable affection.

VOGEL (CONT'D)
Hello, Siggy.

SIGRID
What are you doing here?

CROSS
You two know each another?

They look to Cross, back at one another.

VOGEL
Siggy's my daughter.

Alain lets out a long soft whistle.

CROSS
You gotta be kiddin' me,
(looks to Sigrid)
you're father's a general?

Sigrid looks at Cross - her father, with nothing to say.

Vogel checks with Cross then moves tentatively to Sigrid and gives her a kiss on the forehead.

VOGEL
My dear, I've been very worried about
you, it's a dangerous game you play.

SIGRID
Hardly a game, papa.

CROSS
All right, hold on, everybody, just
hold on a second. You, over here.

He directs Vogel to a chair.

CROSS (CONT'D)
(to Sigrid)
You too, take a seat.

Sigrid sits. Cross looks from Sigrid to Vogel, trying to sort this out. He points the gun in Vogel's face.

CROSS (CONT'D)
You've got one chance to tell me
what the hell's going on. One.

VOGEL
It's simple, really: I've come to
help my daughter.

CROSS
Really? How?

Vogel reaches for his pocket. Cross aims the gun. Vogel slowly removes a key and offers it to Cross.

VOGEL

I have a plane not far from here.
Do any of you know how to fly?

Cross takes the key.

CROSS

All three of us.

VOGEL

The SIS thinks of everything, don't they.

MAX

It's a trap, Commander, don't believe him.

SIGRID

Nonsense! He just wants to help me.

Cross looks at Alain - he shrugs. Cross goes to the window and looks out on

THE STREET

Calm and clear.

CROSS

Goes back and stands over Vogel, his eyes darting to Max who takes up watch at the window.

CROSS

How did she make contact?

VOGEL

She didn't, I did: telegrams to the British Embassy in Zurich. I also sent the transit papers, orders to the Institute, all the original documents.

CROSS

You screwed up on the badges.

VOGEL

A last minute change. Every plan has some friction. Still, I managed to place our laziest guard at the security table.

Cross remembers:

FLASHBACK: INSTITUTE SECURITY TABLE

The nonchalant guard. Owens bumping into an officer - Vogel.

BACK TO SCENE

Cross and Vogel.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

Frankly, I don't know how you bungled it so badly.

CROSS

You had to be there. You'll be finished after this. You plan to come with us?

VOGEL

There isn't room on the plane.

(to Sigrid)

I'll make my way out through Switzerland.

(to Cross)

But there isn't much time. Try as I might I can't keep the entire German Army off of you, not with all the noise you've made. And there is Major Effler.

CROSS

Who?

VOGEL

A Gestapo officer hot on your trail.

Cross thinks, glances at Max, Alain.

ALAIN

I don't like the smell of this. It doesn't add up. If he's her father, what was she doing in a concentration camp?

Vogel looks at Sigrid. She lowers her gaze, implicit consent.

VOGEL

As a Frenchman you might appreciate the old story of a rich married man and his pretty maid. In my case, a pretty Jewish maid in a delicate condition.

Vogel points to the schnapps.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

May I...

CROSS

No.

Vogel shrugs it off, continues.

VOGEL

I had committed an inexcusable indiscretion for my class. So I got Siggy and her mother positions in a friend's home and watched from afar as she grew into a beautiful woman, a brilliant scientist. When her husband was lost at sea there were certain inquiries. The Gestapo discovered she was Jewish and sent her and her mother to Dachau. I arranged to have her placed in the research institute, for the good of the Reich.

CROSS

And her mother?

Vogel glances at Sigrid. She looks off, unseeing, numb.

VOGEL

I could do nothing for her.

CROSS

And now you turn on the Nazis and contact the Allies.

VOGEL

Ja. When Siggy got word to me of her breakthrough, I thought it imperative I get her out.

He motions to a picture of Hitler on the wall.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

This new power is too great to put in the hands of that madman.

Max looks out the window.

IN THE STREET

Effler's car pulls up to the inn followed by several other vehicles filled with German soldiers.

ON MAX

MAX

Commander!

Cross comes to the window.

IN THE STREET

Major Effler, the sergeant, and a dozen soldiers get out of vehicles and approach the Inn.

CROSS

Wheels on Vogel.

CROSS

You lying sonofabitch!

VOGEL

Colonel, I came alone! I swear!

Cross aims the Luger at Vogel. Sigrid gets between them.

SIGRID

No, don't! Let him alone!

Max pulls Sigrid away from her father.

VOGEL

Colonel, don't be foolish! If those were my men what could I possibly gain by coming up here alone? Think about it, I'm your only chance to get out of here!

Cross thinks then lowers the gun.

CROSS

All right, General, but if you try anything--

VOGEL

I know...
(points to the gun)
the first one's for me.

Cross moves quickly to Alain.

CROSS

(to Max)
Give me a hand.

They get Alain on his feet. Max puts Alain's arm across his shoulder and supports him to the door. Cross opens the door and peers down an empty hall.

INT. LOBBY - INN - DAY

Effler looms over the young girl who flips the gasthaus registry, the lobby packed with soldiers.

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

 YOUNG GIRL
Ja, here, room 330.

 EFFLER
Surround the inn. Quickly!

Effler heads upstairs with the sergeant and some men, others filing outside.

INT. BACK STAIRS - INN - DAY

Cross leads Vogel, Sigrid, Alain and Max down the back stairs. Suddenly two Germans come around a turn in the stairs below.

Cross fires, drops them.

INT. HALLWAY - INN - DAY

Effler and the sergeant lead the men onto the third floor.

INT. BACK STAIRS - INN - DAY

Cross brings them all to the bottom stairwell door, starts to open it when Vogel holds him back.

 VOGEL
Colonel, let me.

Cross sizes Vogel up. Decides, and hands him the silencer.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - INN - DAY

A German soldier guards the back of the inn. The stairwell door opens and Vogel brings the others out at gunpoint.

(IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

 VOGEL
You there! Help me! I've caught them.

The soldier comes over.

 VOGEL (CONT'D)
Where's Major Effler?

 GERMAN SOLDIER
Inside, Herr General.

 VOGEL
Get him, quickly!

The soldier moves off.

THUMP! Vogel puts a bullet in his back.

Everyone scurries up to the corner of the Inn.

Up ahead, closer to the entrance, two Germans guard a row of vehicles.

Vogel walks up to the guards who turn unsuspectingly to the general. Vogel guns them down and waves the others forward.

Cross sends Sigrid forward, helps Max with Alain.

Vogel puts Sigrid into the cab of a half-track, then he, Max and Alain climb in back while Cross takes the wheel.

INT. HALLWAY - INN - DAY

Effler's group quietly gathers outside the door to room 330.

With everyone's set, Effler nods to the sergeant who kicks in the door and rushes inside with several men.

Into an empty ROOM. A frustrated Effler comes in and looks around the room. Throws open the bathroom door - no one.

The sound of GUNFIRE comes from outside and Effler goes to the window. Looks down on a

FIREFIGHT

between the sergeant's men and the agents.

Bullets flying to and from the half-track as it SMASHES THROUGH VEHICLES and snow drifts out into the street.

EFFLER

and the sergeant rush out of the room with their men.

EXT. STREETS - FRIEDRICHSHAFEN - DAY

The half-track rolls through the streets of Friedrichshafen.

VOGEL

Stands in the bed near the driver's window directing Cross.

VOGEL

There! Turn right!

Cross cranks the wheel. Makes the turn.

EFFLER'S GROUP

Scrambles to vehicles and takes off after the agents.

EXT. STREETS - FRIEDRICHSHAFEN - DAY

The half-track speeds over the icy streets. A half-dozen German vehicles giving chase.

CROSS

Weaves through traffic, shifting gears.

ALAIN AND VOGEL - IN THE HALF-TRACK BED

Unslung Schmeissers from the rails and begin firing at the Germans in pursuit, at others along the road.

Max flips open a tarp and uncovers a large FLAMETHROWER mounted to the vehicle. He cranks a lever, aims, FIRES!

And a stream of burning jelly shoots a hundred feet onto a sidecar engulfing it in flames.

Alain looks at Max.

ALAIN
(good-naturedly)
You crazy le boche!

Max grins and fires the flamethrower at every German in sight.

At men before buildings.

On the sidewalks.

In a tarpaulin truck that comes within range.

VOOM! Flames engulf the vehicle and it turns into a rolling inferno with German soldiers leaping out the back.

VOGEL

Looks ahead to a crossroads. Goes to the Cross and points to the right.

VOGEL
That way, to the airfield!

Cross turns sharply right and the half-track rumbles across the icy tract out of town.

The bumpy ride spilling a box of grenades in the bed. Alain gathers them up.

CROSS

Driving, intensely, looking ahead to a

ROADBLOCK

of cars and trucks and a squad of German soldiers.

CROSS

Get down!

Sigrid ducks below the armored dash and Cross floors it.

IN THE HALF-TRACK BED

Max whips the flamethrower around and points it at the barricade. Vogel aims his machine-gun. Alain next to him with a grenade in each hand.

The half-track barrels down on the roadblock.

And the Germans open fire!

The agents answer. ROUNDS SCREAMING around them.

Max fires the flamethrower and another STREAM OF BURNING JELLY arrows into the barricade, igniting everything it touches - vehicles, soldiers, even the icy road!

Vogel fires his machine gun. Alain throws grenades.

That EXPLODE with thunderous effect moments before Cross smashes the half-track through the burning barricade.

EFFLER

gets on the car radio while the sergeant drives.

EFFLER

(German/subtitled)

Enemy agents making for
Friedrichshafen airfield. Intercept
at once! All units, at once!

THE HALF-TRACK

negotiates another turn and bashes aside a parked car.

EFFLER'S GROUP

Speeds through the breach in the burning roadblock.

CROSS

Brings the half-track around another bend. Up ahead a fully-loaded LOGGING TRUCK sits by the side of the road.

CROSS
 (to Sigrid)
 Here, take the wheel.

Sigrid reaches over and takes the wheel as Cross gets set with a grenade, lobs it perfectly onto the logging truck.

Takes the wheel and checks the mirror:

THE LOGGING TRUCK EXPLODES!

Burning timbers tumbling into the road.

EFFLER'S GROUP

Rounds the turn. Comes upon the fiery mess. Vehicles braking, sliding, CRASHING into the burning logs.

Effler's car spins to a halt.

He and the sergeant hop out and immediately begin directing soldiers to remove the obstacles.

EXT. FRIEDRICHSHAFEN FIELD - DAY

The half-track pulls off the road into a small airfield: a few planes, a FUEL TRUCK, a shed-like control tower.

Vogel comes up to Cross and points to a plane.

VOGEL
 There! The Fokker!

Cross steers toward the Fokker 22 parked off by itself.

Suddenly two guards emerge from the shed FIRING MACHINE GUNS.

Cross and Sigrid duck under the dash as bullets shatter the windshield and rip through the cab.

Max turns the flamethrower on the Germans and hoses them with a jet of flame.

The weapon sputters, spits a gout of flame and goes out, emptied of fuel.

AIRFIELD ROAD - LOGGING TRUCK CRASH-SITE

A truck pushes a last burning log out of the way. Effler gets in his car and continues the chase.

FRIEDRICHSHAFEN FIELD

The half-track comes to a stop beside the Fokker. Everyone hops out and scrambles to the plane.

Cross and Sigrid helping Alain to board.

Vogel checks the fuel gauge.

VOGEL
They haven't refueled it!

Cross points to the fuel truck.

CROSS
Max, get the truck!

Max sprints for the truck. Sigrid looks back.

SIGRID
Here they come.

The others turn and look.

Across the snow-draped field Effler's convoy comes into view.

CROSS
C'mon, get in.

Sigrid climbs into the back seat behind Alain. And Cross hands his Luger to Alain.

CROSS (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Whatever happens...

ALAIN
I know. But we're not there yet.

CROSS
No, we're not.

Cross leaves Alain and Sigrid in the plane. Goes to Vogel at the side of the half-track.

The general hands Cross a Schmeisser and Cross climbs into the half-track bed.

EFFLER - IN HIS CAR

Takes a machine gun off the floor and loads a magazine.

AT THE FUEL TRUCK

Max climbs in and checks the ignition - no key. He slips under the dash and starts a hot wire.

CROSS AND VOGEL

Watching. Waiting,

Effler's group approaches the airfield. Closes in.

And Cross and Vogel open up with the Schmeissers!

The enemy vehicles fan out.

And Cross draws down on a truck.

Blows out a tire and the vehicle swerves, flips and bursts into flames, tumbling end over end across the snow.

INSIDE THE FUEL TRUCK

Max connects wires and the engine roars to life. He cranks the wheel. Steers toward the Fokker.

ALAIN AND SIGRID

watch Max approach through the windows of the plane.

CROSS AND VOGEL

covering him with murderous fire from the half-track bed.

EFFLER'S CAR

is hit, riddled with bullets. The sergeant slumps dead against the wheel and the car rolls to a stop.

Effler hops out and takes cover behind the door, scanning the airfield as if he expects someone else to join the fight.

MAX - IN THE FUEL TRUCK

drives through the firefight up to the Fokker. Jumps out and starts refueling the plane.

EFFLER

Draws a bead on him and fires!

HITTING MAX!

Who falls with blood gushing from his thigh.

VOGEL

Runs from the half-track over to the shed and gets an angle on Effler.

MAX

comes off his knees and continues to refuel.

EFFLER RELOADS

Aims at Max, when - BAM! - He's suddenly thrown back, shot in the right shoulder.

VOGEL - BEHIND THE SHED

Checks Max. Then fires at some other Germans.

CROSS

Working in concert with Vogel, lays down a crossfire from the half-track bed.

TWO GERMANS

Sneak up on Cross from behind BURNING VEHICLES and parked planes. They get in range. Lob grenades!

Cross wheels. Guns down the Germans.

Then leaps off the half-track as the grenades explode. BOOM! BOOM! The half-track goes up in flames!

VOGEL - AT THE SHED

firing away! He empties his weapon. Reloads. When a soldier behind him throws a grenade!

Sigrid sees the danger.

SIGRID

Papa!

VOGEL

sees the grenade skittering towards him across the snow.

He dives for cover when WHAM! The shed blows to pieces. Flames and black smoke billowing into the air. Clearing to reveal Vogel's lifeless body lying on the ground.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

NO!!

Sigrid tries to climb out of the plane, but Cross comes up off the ground and keeps in her in the plane.

Cross gets in behind the wheel then looks back at Max still refueling the plane.

CROSS

C'mon!

Max drops the fuel pump and heads for the door. When BAM-BAM-BAM! Bullets punch holes in the tail of the plane.

Max unslings the Mp40 and fires at the Germans! Turns back to Cross, smiles and shuts the plane door.

Before Cross can react, Max hobbles off firing at the enemy, protecting the plane's escape.

Cross looks desperately after Max.

ALAIN
Go, Commander! Now!

Cross turns to Alain in a tense moment of decision. Takes a last look at Max then releases the throttle and pulls away.

MAX

still firing at the Germans, pinning them down. BAP-BAP-BAP-CLUNK! He runs out of ammo. Reloads. And the Germans charge him at once, GUNS BLAZING!

They hit Max! Once, twice, three times before he falls.

With Max out of the way the Germans race to their vehicles and start after the plane.

CROSS

reaches the runway, turns for takeoff. When suddenly

A PANZER TANK

Comes out of the woods at the side of the airfield!

CROSS

spots the tank and guns the throttle.

A BLOODIED MAX

Pulls himself off the ground and goes to the fuel truck.

THE FOKKER

Picking up speed on the runway.

CROSS

With one eye on the takeoff and the other on

THE PANZER

racing to intercept the plane.

CROSS

Drops the throttle. Picks up speed.

Sigrid and Alain with their eyes on

THE TANK

closing in. Bounding over the snowy field.

Lurching. Stopping. Raising its barrel!

INT. PANZER TANK - SAME

A COMMANDER sights the speeding Fokker.

A shell jammed into the gun barrel.

The gunner's finger over the fire button.

He waits, waits...

TANK COMMANDER

(German/subtitled)

Fire!

And at the same instant

MAX

bloodied and barely able to see, drives up and rams the fuel truck into the tank!

BOOM! A huge explosion engulfs both vehicles, destroying the tank, but not before

the tank's shell ZIPS through the air straight for the plane!

CROSS

Pulls hard on the wheel...

Lifting the Fokker just high enough for the shell to sail underneath and EXPLODE in the distance.

A WOUNDED EFFLER

Comes off the ground and watches

THE FOKKER

Climb into the sky, higher and higher until it disappears into a bank of clouds.

EXT. LONDON - DAY

Big Ben. The Thames.

EXT. CROSS'S STREET - DAY

A British lorry drives by under a sky that threatens rain.

INT. CROSS'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cross lies in bed with Sigrid, holding her close.

INT. LONDON MANOR ROOM - DAY

A dim hotel room where a MYSTERIOUS MAN sits alone on the edge of his bed (seen from angles that conceal his identity).

He places a fresh bandage over a wound on his right shoulder. Takes a drink of water from a glass on the nightstand, sets it down next to a .45 caliber pistol.

A hotel crest on the glass: "The London Manor".

INT. CROSS'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cross, donning a tie, walks by Sigrid in bed.

CROSS

Better get up, it's almost one and your meeting's at two, you don't want to be late.

SIGRID

Oh, but I could lie here all day.

CROSS

And keep the smartest men in the world waiting? C'mon, rise and shine. Admiral Godfrey will have my head if you don't make that briefing.

Sigrid sits up.

SIGRID

Will I see you today?

CROSS

I'm meeting Alain at the Officer's Club, then there's my medical debriefing, but after that I'm free as a bird. How about if we go to a pub for dinner?

SIGRID

I prefer a French restaurant; it's against the Geneva Convention to torture prisoners with English food.

Cross comes and sits beside her on the bed.

CROSS

Whoever said you were a prisoner?

SIGRID

Please, it was kind of the Admiral to let us stay together, but I'm still the enemy.

CROSS

Not in my book.

Cross strokes her hair, gives her a kiss.

CROSS (CONT'D)

Tell you what: I'm runnin' late, you take yourself to the briefing, take a cab.

SIGRID

You sure?

CROSS

Yeah. What can Godfrey do? Bust me out of the Navy?

SIGRID

Thanks, you're a kind jailor.

CROSS

Jailor, huh? I don't know if I like the sound of that. How 'bout... husband.

Sigrid is taken aback. She looks deep into Cross's eyes.

SIGRID

I told you I don't kid.

CROSS

Who's kidding?

Sigrid thinks about it then smiles.

SIGRID

Let's not rush things anymore than we have; who knows what the war will bring.

Cross shields his disappointment. Gives her a kiss then pulls himself away.

CROSS
I've got to get going.

Cross slips on his shoes. Puts his foot on a chair and straps the ankle sheath and dagger to his leg.

SIGRID
What's that for?

CROSS
Just a habit. I feel naked without it. Sure you don't want to join Alain and I for a drink? It might settle your nerves.

SIGRID
No, you go ahead. I need some time to prepare.

Cross puts on his overcoat and heads for the door. A moment later he pops his head back in.

CROSS
Oh, I almost forgot, good luck with your meeting. And a... think about it, will you.

Sigrid nods.

SIGRID
Go on now, don't keep that crazy Frenchman waiting.

Cross leaves and Sigrid just sits for a moment, lost in thought. She goes to a mirror and combs her hair, noticing her husband's watch on the dresser.

She opens it and looks for a moment at the still hands and photo of she and her husband. Closes the watch as if ending a chapter in her life.

MATCH CUT TO:

ANOTHER FOB WATCH

in the hand of our mystery man standing before a dresser in his LONDON MANOR HOTEL ROOM. He checks the time.

Puts on a military coat with his back to us. Dons a cap, the green cap of an Intelligence Services MP.

INT. OFFICER'S CLUB - DAY

Cross enters a bar filled with American and British officers. He weaves through the crowd. Spots Alain waving at him from the end of the bar, a crutch beside his stool.

EXT. STREET - LONDON MANOR - DAY

Light rain. A cab pulls to the curb and picks up a passenger, the mysterious MP.

EXT. CROSS'S STREET - DAY

Sigrid ducks the rain and enters a different cab.

INT. OFFICER'S CLUB - DAY

A bartender sets up drinks for Cross and Alain.

ALAIN
(raising his glass)
To Owens and Max.

CROSS
Owens and Max.

A quiet moment as they remember the two men. Alain lights a cigarette. Looks at his watch.

ALAIN
You were late. What kept you?

CROSS
It was a little hard to get out of bed this morning.

ALAIN
Yeah, I'll bet.

Cross fights a roguish grin.

ALAIN (CONT'D)
Like I said, Commander: you're in way over.

CROSS
How's your leg?

ALAIN
(holds up his drink)
Right now, wonderful; I can't feel a thing. What about Sigrid? Is she adjusting to her new life.

CROSS

Yeah, she's fine. A little nervous
this morning; she's got to brief
those eggheads today.

Cross looks across the crowded room.

In a corner Admiral Godfrey eats lunch with a group of men
of various ages who sport frumpy clothes, unkempt hair and
superior airs befitting of scientists.

Admiral Godfrey acknowledges Cross, turns back to his guests.

ALAIN

That reminds me, I was going to ask
the Admiral for a new cover: A Swiss
aristocrat who only travels first
class and stays in the most expensive
hotels. Think he'll go for it?

CROSS

Not a chance, but don't let that
stop you. Hey listen, I have to
run, I've got a med-debrief with
Doctor Grieve.

ALAIN

Ole gloom and doom?

CROSS

Yeah. Good seeing you, Alain.

ALAIN

You too my friend.

CROSS

Stay out of trouble.

ALAIN

But it's what I live for!

Cross pats him on the back and moves off through the crowd.

ALAIN (CONT'D)

Commander!

Cross turns.

ALAIN (CONT'D)

You and Sigrid...

He waves his hand over his head.

Cross grins and leaves.

EXT. FRONT GATE - SIS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Sigrid's cab pulls up to the gate. She steps out and looks through the rain at SIS Headquarters in the distance.

EXT. OFFICER'S CLUB - DAY

Cross emerges from the Officer's Club and trots through the rain across the compound toward SIS Headquarters.

Behind him, Admiral Godfrey and the group of scientists exit the club.

INT - LOBBY/HALLWAY - SIS HQ - DAY

Cross enters the lobby and walks down a hallway to a door marked: DR GRIEVE.

EXT. SIS HQ - DAY

Sigrid meets Admiral Godfrey and the scientists near the entrance to SIS Headquarters.

They escort her inside out of the rain. Enter the

LOBBY

and pass DOCTOR GRIEVE'S OFFICE on their way to a lift.

EXT. FRONT GATE - SIS HQ - DAY

Another cab pulls up through the rain and the Mysterious MP gets out. He shows his ID and is let through the gate.

INT. LOBBY/LIFT - SIS HQ - DAY

Mysterious MP enters the lobby and walks past Doctor Grieve's office to the lift. Reads the lift dial.

It climbs toward the upper floors.

He looks around, sees a flight of stairs on his right and moves swiftly towards them.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SIS HQ - DAY

Sigrid, Admiral Godfrey, and the scientists exit the lift and proceed down a hallway to an MP station.

A YOUNG MP wearing a green cap snaps to attention as Admiral Godfrey leads Sigrid and the scientists down the hallway to a set of doors.

INT. DOCTOR GRIEVE'S OFFICE - SIS HQ - DAY

Doctor Grieve puts away his instruments as Cross gets dressed.

DR GRIEVE

You seem a bit tired, Commander, but other than that you're fit as a prized bull.

CROSS

Don't tell the Admiral, he'll cancel my leave.

DR GRIEVE

Oh, that's right. Edinburgh, wasn't it?... Not going alone, are you?

CROSS

As a matter of fact, no.

DR GRIEVE

Yes, I heard. Good show, Commander. Word is she's something special.

CROSS

Yeah, that she is. Pretty special.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SIS HQ - DAY

Mysterious MP crests the stairs and enters a quiet hallway. As he walks he draws a silencer nozzle from his pocket and fixes it to the .45.

He rounds a corner and comes upon the young MP manning the security table.

YOUNG MP

If you're my relief you're a couple hours early.

THUMP! THUMP! Two bullets slam into Young MP and drops like a sack.

Mysterious MP drags the body into a side room.

INT. HALLWAY BEYOND THE MP STATION - SIS HQ - DAY

Admiral Godfrey, Sigrid and the scientists approach a couple more scientists standing outside a conference room door.

INT. DR GRIEVE'S OFFICE - SIS HQ - DAY

Doctor Grieve fills out a chart.

DR GRIEVE
Frankly, Commander, I never figured
you for that sort of man.

CROSS
What sort's that?

DR GRIEVE
You know, the domestic type: marriage,
kids, picket fences.

CROSS
There won't be any kids.

Doctor Grieve gives a look.

CROSS (CONT'D)
She had an operation. Some sick Nazi
doctor took out her plumbing.

Cross runs his finger along his belly to simulate an
operation. Doctor Grieve looks puzzled.

DR GRIEVE
Are you sure?

CROSS
Yeah. Why?

DR GRIEVE
That's odd... We ran a blood test on
her. One of your more imaginative
colleagues in Intelligence had the
insane notion that she might be
carrying a contagious disease, a
German "Typhoid Mary" sent to wreak
havoc on the home front. Where do
they find these fools? Point is, he
had us run tests for everything.
Nothing turned up of course, except
that she had heavy traces of progestin
and papain enzyme in her blood.

CROSS
Which means what?

DR GRIEVE
Nothing really. It's just that those
are chemical extracts from plants -
papaya and the barbasco root - that
have shown some effectiveness in
suspending the menstrual cycle and
preventing pregnancy. Why she'd lie
about it I haven't the foggiest, but
(MORE)

DR GRIEVE (CONT'D)
absent those medications she most
definitely can have children.

Cross stares at Doctor Grieve pondering his remarks. Suddenly
Cross gets an astounded look on his face as something terrible
dawns on him.

FLASH CUT TO:

SIGRID IN THE TRUCK BETWEEN ALAIN AND CROSS

SIGRID
Why are you here, Commander? Hmm?
Are you doing your duty for your
country? Well, I love my country
and I would do anything to save it.
Anything.

SIGRID IN THE BOAT HOLDING HER WATCH

SIGRID (CONT'D)
It was my husband's.

CROSS
Where's he now?

SIGRID
Somewhere at the bottom of the
Atlantic.

Sigrid looks coolly at Cross then snaps the watch closed.

SIGRID CHANGING IN THE BOAT

exposing the large scar on her abdomen.

SIGRID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The Nazi doctors took practice on
some of the women...

SIGRID OUTSIDE THE CABIN

SIGRID (CONT'D)
For a time I was the camp record,
eighteen minutes for a hysterectomy.

AN OPERATING ROOM OF CROSS'S IMAGINATION

Where Sigrid is on the table. A doctor picks up a small
explosive device and places it into her abdomen.

OFFICERS CLUB - ADMIRAL GODFREY WITH THE SCIENTISTS

CROSS (V.O.)

... and keep the smartest men in the
world waiting?

SIGRID LEAPS FROM THE BOAT, STUMBLES AFTER HER WATCH.

SHE SHOOTS THE GERMAN SOLDIER BY THE TARPAULIN TRUCK.

THE STILL HANDS OF HER WATCH.

THE IMAGINARY OPERATION.

THE WATCH, TICKING!

BACK TO SCENE:

Cross bolts out of the room. Into the

LOBBY

And over to the lift.

The lift dial stopped on the top floor.

Cross races to the stairs. Tears up them four at a time.

SIGRID

Admiral Godfrey and the scientists approach the door of the
conference room.

Sigrid falters and Admiral Godfrey catches her.

ADMIRAL GODFREY

Nervous?

SIGRID

Like a bride.

CROSS

flies up the stairs, into the HALLWAY and around the corner
where he comes upon Mysterious MP whose back is turned.

CROSS

MP! Come with me! There's an
assassin!

Mysterious MP turns - it's General Vogel holding a silencer.

VOGEL

Hello, Commander.

Cross freezes.

Vogel waves the gun toward the side room.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

In there.

SIGRID

steps into a CONFERENCE ROOM filled with a podium, chairs and three other scientists.

The scientists stand before a large paned window admiring a view of the Thames. They turn as Sigrid enters and come to meet her.

CROSS

enters the SIDE ROOM and sees the body of Young M.P. tucked in a corner. Vogel waves the gun, directing Cross to a chair behind a small table.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

You're too late, Commander. Still, I'm impressed. I never thought you'd figure it out. In fact I counted on it.

CROSS

Where is she?

Vogel nods toward the hall.

VOGEL

Down there, in the midst of the Allies' most brilliant minds.

Vogel grins wickedly. Cross swallows hard, his wheels spinning, searching for an option.

CROSS

You put this whole thing together?

VOGEL

Yes, my own little brilliancy. You see Sigrid Mueller is not a Jew, not even a scientist, just a patriotic, angry widow.

Cross lifts his foot onto the chair supports.

CROSS

Then you're not her father?

VOGEL

No, but I would be proud to be.
Isn't she magnificent?

CROSS

And her discovery?

VOGEL

A ruse, hatched months ago.

Vogel cracks a malicious grin.

Cross's gaze clouds over, it's checkmate.

SIGRID

is introduced to the three scientists, the others gathering around deferentially.

ADMIRAL GODFREY

Doctor Sigrid Mueller, may I present,
Doctors Enrico Fermi, Bob Oppenheimer,
and Albert Einstein. They have made
a special trip from America just to
meet with you.

Sigrid beams, offers her hand.

CROSS AND VOGEL

CROSS

...but the Gestapo Major? He almost
stopped us.

VOGEL

A bit of friction in my plan. Major
Effler was a Russian agent planted
in the Gestapo. He uncovered my
operation and was trying to foil our
plans.

Hidden by the table, Cross's hand slides down his leg.

CROSS

So Gestapo wasn't in on it?

VOGEL

No, just a few men at the very top;
I knew they had a security breach.

Cross lifts his pant leg uncovering his knife.

VOGEL (CONT'D)

I shot the major myself before I
left Germany.

SIGRID

Goes to a podium. Admiral Godfrey and the scientists file into seats.

CROSS AND VOGEL

VOGEL (CONT'D)

It'll be any moment now.

Cross feels for the knife as he eyes Vogel's M.P. uniform.

CROSS

How did you manage this?

VOGEL

I come in and out of England as I please. Your SIS thinks I'm a Swiss industrialist who favors their cause.

CROSS

I have to admit...

He finds the knife.

CROSS (CONT'D)

...this has to be the greatest plan--

VOGEL

(waves the gun)

I wouldn't, Commander.

Cross freezes. Vogel motions for him to raise his hands.

Cross raises them, but as he does he kicks the table toward Vogel... who FIRES! Missing Cross who springs to his feet and drives the table onto Vogel.

Knocking aside the gun. Sending it sliding across the floor.

SIGRID

Watches the scientists take their seats.

SIGRID

Please, gentlemen. May I ask you to come a little closer? I'm afraid my voice doesn't carry very well.

The scientists oblige and move to seats closer to the podium.

CROSS AND VOGEL

fight. Cross pulls his knife. Vogel knocks it away. Kicks Cross and goes after the gun.

SIGRID

Takes out her husband's watch and holds it her hand.

VOGEL

gets the gun and Cross tackles him to the floor, clutching Vogel's gun hand, keeping the weapon at bay.

Vogel muscles the gun barrel closer to Cross's face.

Cross's eyes flash to the knife on the floor.

SIGRID

gives the watch a series of clicks. The second hand moves.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, I have some very good news for you...

CROSS AND VOGEL

sweating, straining, near the end of their death match as Vogel's weapon comes closer in line with Cross's face. Closer... closer... almost there!

SIGRID

Steps out from behind the podium and smiles like a fox.

SIGRID (CONT'D)

For all of us the war will soon be over.

VOGEL

lines the gun up with Cross's face - shoots - but at that precise moment Cross slips a finger behind the trigger - the gun fails to fire and Cross grabs the knife off the floor and jams it into Vogel's skull.

Vogel stares vacantly at Cross. Then his eyes roll and he slides over dead.

Cross leaps to his feet and races from the room.

SIGRID

Looks down at the watch in her hand.

The second hand ticks toward twelve.

Sigrid, head down, just stares at the ticking watch.

The scientists watch her: Is she gathering her thoughts? Is something wrong?

The second hand ticks - fifteen till, fourteen, thirteen...

Sigrid looks up and stares brutally at her enemies.

Suddenly Cross bursts into the room.

Sigrid turns, stunned, as Cross sweeps her up, carries her across the room and crashes through the window.

ONTO A LEDGE

and over the side! Where Cross grabs hold of the masonry while Sigrid grabs his free arm and dangles over the Thames.

Their eyes meet. Cross, desperate, until... Sigrid smiles up at him.

SIGRID

In over our heads, lover.

Sigrid lets go. Cross watches her fall... Into the water.

KA-BOOM! A MASSIVE EXPLOSION! Fire, smoke and water shoot into the air.

Building windows shatter.

And a THUNDEROUS BANG rolls over the Thames.

Then everything goes deathly quiet as water and river mud fall in SLOW-MOTION, eerily, mournfully, back to earth.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A brooding sky, overcast and gloom. A small group huddles around a grave: Cross, Alain and two cemetery attendants.

Sigrid's coffin is lowered into the ground.

Alain and the attendants walk away. Cross lingers, staring into the grave.

He takes Sigrid's watch from his pocket. Looks at the picture of her and her husband then lets it slide from his palm into the grave.

Raindrops fall.

Drowning the photo in a pool of caramel-colored water.

Cross joins Alain under a tree.

The Frenchman lights a couple smokes and gives one to Cross who takes a drag and looks up at the sky.

CROSS

Doesn't this place ever stop raining?

ALAIN

I think there's one day in August.

Cross is quiet. Reflective. Weighed down by his loss.

ALAIN (CONT'D)

She's was all right, you know, for a boche.

CROSS

Yeah... not bad.

Fifty yards away a jeep pulls up along an access road. A staff sergeant gets out with a satchel under his arm.

Alain and Cross watch him approach.

ALAIN

A fifth of whisky says it's someplace warm?

CROSS

A case says it's cold and wet... and we're the only men for the job.

Cross and Alain smile at one another and wait for the sergeant to arrive.

THE END