

(REVISED APRIL 9, 1981)

"INSIDE THE THIRD REICH"

Screenplay by E. Jack Neuman

Based on the autobiography
of Albert Speer

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ZEPPLIN FIELD, NUREMBERG STADIUM - DAY 1

FILLING THE SCREEN the Prussian eagle, giant, golden, ferocious, the globe of the world gripped in its talons. SUPERIMPOSE the MAIN TITLE:

"INSIDE THE THIRD REICH"

(PART I)

Bright sunlight FLARES off the LENS, distorting and diffusing and we become aware of a strange, not quite identifiable movement, a vast restlessness as among many thousands of people -- just before the VOICE of RUDOLPH HESS, shrill with fervor, crackles out sharply over a giant public address system:

Sieg.....! HESS' VOICE

Heil.....! MASS VOICES

Sieg.....! HESS' VOICE

Heil.....! MASS VOICES

Sieg.....! HESS' VOICE

Heil.....! MASS VOICES

The familiar Nazi rallying cry booms and echoes from the throats of three hundred thousand persons in a vast amphitheatre followed by a long, sustained period of CHEERS and APPLAUSE. A STILL PHOTOGRAPH of --

2 ADOLPH HITLER 2

-- pops onto the screen, a young, seldom seen Hitler, circa 1928, the Bavarian gentleman in lederhosen and dark brown shirt, black field scarf, swastika armband. (SH168) (DF94)

(CONTINUED)

Now a MASSIVE CHORUS (the same three hundred thousand voices) singing "DER GOTT DER EISEN WACHSEN". The SUBSEQUENT TITLES and CREDITS SUPERIMPOSED over the following series of STILL PHOTOGRAPHS:

PAUL VON HINDENBURG, ARNO BREKER, BERNARD RUST (*)
 HANS FLACHSNER (*) ULRICH VON HASSEL, LADY BARTENDER
 (*) ELIZABETH VON THADDEN, KURT VON SCHUSCHNIGG,
 WILHELM FRICK, WERNER FINCK, XAVIER DORSCH (*) VIKTOR
 LUTZE (*) KARL BRANDT, ALBERT SPEER, SR. (*) ALFRED
 DELP, DIETRICH BONHOFFER, FRIEDRICH FROMM, ERHARD
 MILCH (*) YOUNG SPEER (*) FRITZ TODT (*) WERNER VON
 BLOMBERG (*) HERMANN GOERING (*) MOTHER SPEER (*)
 HEINRICH TESSENOW (*) BALDUR JURGONS (*) GEORG
 GRUENBERG (*) JOSIF RITTER (*) ERICK WALLENSTEIN (*)
 KONRAD BRANDMUTTER (*) HANS BAUER (*) RUDOLPH SEMMLER
 (*) HUGO ELSNER (*) JOHANNA WOLF (*) CHRISTA
 SCHROEDER (*) GERDA (DARANOWSKY) CHRISTIAN (*) GERTRUD
 JUNG (*) PAUL SCHRECK (*) PAUL LUDWIG TROOST (*) FRAU
 PROFESSOR TROOST, HEINRICH HIMMLER (*) EVA BRAUN (*)
 JOSEF GOEBBELS (*) PAUL SCHMIDT, HELENE HANFSTAENGL
 (*) ERNST KALTENBRUNNER (*) ILSE PROHL HESS (*)
 REINHARD HEYDRICH, WINNIFRED WAGNER, WALTHER
 WALIMONT, HENRIETTA HOFFMANN (*) WILLY KANNENBERG,
 ANGELA RAUBAL, KURT BERSTEIN, EMIL MAURICE, ALFRED VON
 KRUPP, WALTHER SCHULTZE, ERICH KEMPKA (*) GELI RAUBAL,
 OTTO GEUSCHE, HERTA SCHNEIDER, KARL-JESKO VON PUTTAKAMER,
 ERMA HOFFMANN, GERHARD ENGEL, HENI MORELL, HEINZ LINGE,
 GERII BRAUN (*) HAN-ELRICH RUDEL, GERDA BORMANN,
 WILHELM ZANGER, EMMY GOERING, WALTHER MODEL, GRETA
 PALUCCA, MARTIN BORMANN (*) COUNT WERNER VON
 SCHULENBERG, ROLAND FREISLER, CARL GOERDELER, LENI
 REIFENSTAHL, OTTO DIETRICH (*) SIEGFRIED HEINRICI (*)
 SS ADJUTANT PINTSCH (*) COUNT WOLF HEINRICH VON
 HELLDORF, KARL GEBHARDT (*) FREDERICH KOCH (*)
 NIKOLAS VON BELOW, THEODORE MORELL, and COUNT ULRICH
 WILHELM SCHWERIN VON SCHWANENFELD.

The massive CHORUS has become more powerful, swelling
 in volume APPROACHING ever nearer, as if from a great
 distance. At the same time the still photographs flash
 on the screen, faster and faster: HEIDE GOEBBELS(*)
 HELMUT GOEBBELS (*) HEDDA GOEBBELS (*) RUDOLPH HESS (*)
 JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP (*) UNITY MITFORD, WILHELM
 KEILTER (*) ALFRED ROSENBERG, MAGDA GOEBBELS (*) HANS
 FRANK, JULIUS STREICHER, KARL HANKE (*) ANNEMARIE
 KEMPF (*) WALTHER FUNK (*) HJALMER SCHACHT, KARL
 DOENITZ (*) ALFRED JODL (*) FRANZ VON PAPEN (*) ARTUR
 SEYSS-INQUART (*) CONSTANTIN VON NEURATH, HANNA REITSCH,
 ERWIN ROMMEL, KARL MARIA HETTLAGE (*) KARL KRAUSE,
 FEDOR VON BOCK, WALTHER VON BRAUCHITSCH, WILHELM RITTER
 VON LEEB, HANS VON KLUGE, ERWIN VON WITZLEBEN, WALTHER
 VON REICHENAU, WILLI HENNE, MANFRED VON POSER (*)
 RUDOLPH SCHMUNDT, HANS KREBS, HEINZ GUDERIAN, JOHANNES
 HENTSCHELL, ERIC RATTENHUBER, ERNST SPEER (*) HANS
 KAMMLER (*) FRITZ SPEER (*) ARNOLD SPEER (*) WERNER
 VON BRAUN, FRITZ SAUCKEL, FRAU DOKTOR and WALTHER
 DORNBERGER.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

The CHORUS still nearer, still louder, photographs coming still faster: GERD VON RUNDSTEDT, HENNY PROTEN, PUTZI HANFSTAENGL (*) LILI DAGOVER, SEPP DIETRICH, WILHEIM BRUCKNER (*) JULIUS SCHAUB (*) OLGA TSHECHOWA, ERNST ROEHM (*) JENNY JUGO, ADOLPH EICHMANN, HANS FRITZSCHE, ALBRECHT HOUSHOFFER, OTTO SKORZENY, KLAUS VON STAUFFENBERG, and MARGARETE SPEER (*).

TITLES and CREDITS end. The CHORUS into a deafening FINALE as the photograph of --

3 ALBERT SPEER

3

-- comes on the SCREEN. It is Speer at the very peak of his career, the top man in Hitler's Cabinet, Reichminister fur Bewaffnung und Munition, coldly handsome in a trimly tailored uniform.

SPEER (v.o.)
If Adolph Hitler had been capable
of a true friendship I would have
been his closest friend.

SLOW MIX TO:

4 INT. ANTE-CONSULTATION ROOM (NUREMBERG PRISON) -
LIMBO

4

The still photograph becomes the man himself, hardly recognizable and certainly something less than a proud minister of the Third Reich. He stands with arms folded across his chest, straight-jacket-like, in a dark, poorly lighted room that makes his face paler, eyes more sunken, body more hollowed. We NOTE the BURLY GUARD standing closeby, watching warily.

SPEER (v.o.)
... to him I owe all of the
enthusiasms and glory of my youth
-- as well as the belated horror
and guilt that has made my life
a desert. When I first heard...

A red light begins FLASHING above the heavy door. The Burly Guard pulls it open. A husky American LIEUTENANT in a white helmet beckons Speer. Before the door closes, the Burly Guard jams a cold cigar in the side of his mouth.

SPEER (v.o.)
... him speak I was twenty five
years old -- up until that time
he had no interest for me at all.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

SPEER (v.o.) (cont'd)
 I was just thirty years old when
 he lay the world at my feet; I
 was thirty-six years old when he
 made me Reichminister of Armaments
 and War Production -- the most
 powerful office in the Third Reich.

5 INT. CONSULTATION ROOM - LIMBO

5

Speer and the Lieutenant are in a bright, harshly
 lighted room with a high ceiling. DR. HANS FLACHSNER,
 a thin, elderly man with thick glasses waits at a
 table on the other side of the fine meshed wire grating
 that separates prisoner from visitor. (196b) The
 Lieutenant closes a slot at the bottom of the wooden
 framing that supports the wire grating, demonstrating
 (and AD LIBBING instructions) how a document may be
 passed through to the prisoner, then he motions Speer
 into a folding chair.

SPEER (v.o.)
 ... Three years later when Germany
 collapsed I became one of the
 defendants at Nuremberg. The
 International Tribunal found me
 guilty of committing war crimes
 and crimes against humanity. I
 was forty-one years old.

6 SPEER AND FLACHSNER

6

seated opposite one another, the meshed wire grating
 between them. Flachsner glances at the Lieutenant.
 He retreats about three feet into the background -
 folds his arms -- eyes never leaving Speer. Flachsner
 leans forward, speaks softly, almost a whisper.

FLACHSNER
 I'm hopeful. It is perfectly
 clear to everyone on the Tribunal
 that had you not accepted the
 Cabinet appointment you would
 have never been indicted and --

SPEER
 Have you talked to Margarete
 since the verdict?

FLACHSNER
 Yes. She sends you her love.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

SPEER
Is she comfortable?

FLACHSNER
I assure you, she is most comfortable.
I've told her and I will tell you:
Within forty-eight hours your
sentence will be set. As I say I'm
very hopeful and she's very hopeful
that you will be given the minimum,
four years in prison, five at the
very most.

SPEER
Give her all my love and tell her
... tell her that I consider my
life closed. You and I both know
they're going to hang me.

7 EXT. NUREMBERG PRISON - DAY

7

The street is cold and cheerless, somewhat populated,
but drawing toward dusk.

8 INT. UPPER TIER CORRIDOR - LONG ANGLE - NIGHT

8

Darkness now, or close to dark, the corridor heavily
shadowed and heavily populated with manned guards.
OBSERVATION LIGHTS each assigned to one of the cells.
(GT304)

9 EXT. NUREMBERG PRISON - NIGHT

9

Some lit windows in the administrative areas, otherwise
the ghostly, shadowy OBSERVATION LIGHTS emanate
occasionally from one of the cells.

10 EXT. NUREMBERG PRISON - NIGHT

10

Very dark, the deepest night, just before the sky begins
to lighten.

11 INT. UPPER TIER CELL - NIGHT

11

Murky, eerie because of the (turned-around) OBSERVATION
LIGHT. Speer tosses fretfully on the cot wrapped in a
blanket stamped "U.S. Army". He groans from time to
time, hands clutching the sides of the cot.

SLOW MIX TO:

12 EXT. EXTERMINATION CAMP (STOCK FOOTAGE)

12

The misty screen never becomes quite clear, but we can make out the stacks and the fencing and the parade of men, women, and children shuffling along, herded by SS Guards. Eventually the men are separated from the women and children. Still misty, our FOOTAGE (which was shown at the Nuremberg trials) CONCENTRATES on a Mother, Father and a ten-year-old boy. The Father holds the boy's hand and speaks to him softly. The boy is very frightened, fighting his tears. The Father points to the sky, strokes the boy's head, seems to explain something to him, at the same time looking past the boy to his wife, saying good-bye to her with his eyes. Then an SS man signals for the father to move on. He obeys and the boy and the mother stare after him.

The FOOTAGE is crudely assembled on damaged film and, of course, there is no sound track. But from time to time we hear an anguished MOANING that increases in volume and frequency and ABRUPTLY we are back inside the cell with --

13 SPEER

13

-- unable to escape his nightmare, sits upright, eyes wide and staring, a SCREAM choking in his throat. The cell is suddenly bathed in light. Behind the grill--
work the immobile face of the BURLY GUARD studying Speer closely.

14 BURLY GUARD

14

Ever-alert, the cold cigar clamped between his teeth, a man whose accustomed to his prisoners having bad dreams. After a moment, he turns his observation light around and --

15 THE CELL

15

-- becomes murky once more. Speer's face is ghastly in the near darkness, huddled on the edge of his cot like some strange animal from a painting by Bosch.

SPEER (v.o.)
Where did it begin? When did
it begin? Why did it begin?
How did I become part of a crime
so monstrous, so completely
unatonable that by comparison
any human excuse pales to
insignificance. My impulse is
to shut it out...

SLOW MIX TO:

16 EXT. BUSINESS FRONTAGE, MANHEIM (RAINY DAY) 16

The cobbled street, the cement sidewalk, the brick sides of the four and five-story buildings are all the same color and texture, wet, black and shiny, for a fine rain has been falling all night and all day. Eventually, we are HALTED in front of one of the buildings and a sign that reads: SPEER, ARCHITECT. From inside we can hear a child's voice (Boy Speer's, actually) sing-songing "impedis, impedit, impedimus, impeditis, impediunt. Imperfect case: impediabam, impediabas, impediabat, impediabamus, impediabatis..."

SPEER (v.o.)
... to press it far away, to flee,
to seek refuge in a safe and
uncomplicated age that was scarcely
technical, to find a guileless
world, to return to... innocence.

17 INT. SPEER ARCHITECTURAL OFFICES (RAINY DAY) 17

Dark and shadowy except for a splash of light in the rear area. CAMERA ADVANCES steadily in that direction passing a dozen or so (stand-up) drawing tables each one fitted with overhead lighting and a neat rack containing slide rules, t-squares, art gums, triangles, gleaming drawing instruments, and everywhere it seems -- hanging from clips and thumbtacked down on the tables -- great rolls of bluish drawing paper.

CAMERA CONTINUES advancing on --

18 BOY SPEER 18

Six years old or so, perched on a high stool, intoning steadily:

BOY SPEER
... impediabant. Future case:
impediam, impedies, impediet,
impedimus, impedieties, impedient.
Perfect case: impedivi, impedivisti,
impedivit, impedivimus, impedivistis,
impediverunt. Future Perfect... uh...
no, Pluperfect Case: impediveram,
impediveras, impediverat,
impediveramus...

CAMERA HALTS and now INCLUDES ALBERT SPEER, SR., who stands working at his drawing board, 48-years-old, with an owl's beak and something of the owl's ferocity about him.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

BOY SPEER
 ... impediveratis, impediverant.
 Future Perfect case: impedivero,
 impediveris, impediverit,
 impediverimus, impediveritis,
 impediverint.

Boy Speer goes silent. Speer Sr. continues working
 with his drawing instruments, absorbed. Eventually,
 without looking at the boy, says:

SPEER SR.
 And the Subjunctive Case, Albert...?

Boy Speer -- pleased that his father has been aware of
 him -- smiles.

BOY SPEER
 Present Subjunctive: impediam,
 impedias, impediat, impediamus,
 impediatitis, impediant. Imperfect:
 impedirum, impedires, impediret,
 impediremus... (ETC.)

SLOW MIX TO:

19 EXT. MANNHEIM COUNTRYWIDE - NARROW ROAD - DAY

19

It is August and the touring car (a la 1915) on the
 narrow road is big, gleaming, expensive, driven by an
 elegantly livered CHAUFFEUR. Boy Speer and his two
 brothers, HERMANN and ERNST (one older, one younger)
 on the jump seats. Speer Sr. and Speer's MOTHER,
 handsome, aristocratic, on the rear seat. The back-
 ground MUSIC is MOZART.

SPEER SR. (v.o.)
 You can drop a stone into Beethoven
 and you will never hear it strike
 bottom. All my life I have been a
 Beethoven enthusiast...

SLOW MIX TO:

20 INT. SPEER SR. DINING ROOM - DAY

20

Speer Sr. at the head of the table, engrossed in the
 morning newspaper (the FRANKFURTER ZEITUNG). Boy Speer,
 his two brothers and Mother at the table. A KITCHEN
 MAID, in black dress, white cap and apron, is in
 attendance. The headlines in the newspaper say: VON
 MOLKE SPEAKS OUT and the sub-headlines refer to the
 "new war". MOZART continues:

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

SPEER SR. (v.o.)
 ... ever since I was a very young
 man but I have often wondered to
 myself...

21 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21

Speer Sr. and Boy Speer listening to the final notes
 of Mozart on the gramophone. When it comes to an end:

SPEER SR.
 ... if Mozart wasn't the greatest
 musical genius who ever lived.
 What do you think, Albert...?

The Boy looks up at his Father - wants to speak, wants
 to say something - but simply cannot do it. Speer Sr.
 waits a long, long moment, then sighs heavily.

SCREEN GOES TO BLACK:

22 EXT./INT. SPEER GARAGE - DAY

22

The total BLACKNESS suddenly SPLITS in the middle and
 we ORIENT to realize a pair of garage doors are swing-
 ing back, allowing the bright, shafting sunlight to
 silhouette the (already tall) figure of YOUNG SPEER,
 aged 12. He peers into the blackness of the garage
 and reacts in total dismay at the sight of the elegant
 touring car, jacked up, wooden blocks under both axles,
 wheels removed, a tarp over the seats. Speer Sr. (54-
 years-old now) comes into the SHOT, stands alongside
 Young Speer.

SPEER SR.
 The Kaiser says we must save
 gasoline, Albert. He says we
 must save the tires. It's the
 war.

Speer Sr. waits, hoping Young Speer will have some
 comment. But there is nothing. Presently, he touches
 the boy's shoulder lightly, steps out of the SHOT.
 Young Speer continues staring at the dismantled car.

23 INT. SPEER SR. BEDROOM - NIGHT

23

The FIGURE staring at the car now becomes a huddled
 figure lying on the floor beside his bed staring toward
 the open window and the faint unmistakable SOUND of
 distant CANNONADING.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

The light in the room changes as the bedroom door comes open o.s. Young Speer pulls back into the darkness making himself smaller.

MOTHER

Albert? Albert? Well, now what do you suppose is going on in here? He hasn't...

24 POV

24

His Mother's skirt swings above buttoned shoes in the fashion of the day (1917) followed by his Father's legs, encased in stovepipe pants.

MOTHER

... even slept in his bed. Where on earth do you think he's gone?

From the opposite side of the bed the covering rises and the upside-down face of Speer Sr. lowers into view. Speer Sr. regards Young Speer silently and solemnly as he says:

SPEER SR.

Probably went into the other bedroom to sleep with his brother.

MOTHER

Probably.

She EXITS quickly. Speer Sr. steps around the bed, looks down at his son.

SPEER SR.

Good evening, Albert.

YOUNG SPEER

Good evening, Father.

SPEER SR.

How long did it take you to do this?

We have noticed (vaguely) that Speer Sr. carries a tissue-paper-package in one hand. At this point he pulls away the tissue displaying the "Work of Art". It is a drawing, sort of an allegorical "life-clock" in a highly ornamented case with Corinthian columns, intricate scrollwork, in every conceivable color.

YOUNG SPEER

Five months.

(CONTINUED)

SPEER SR.

I regard it as a work of art,
Albert. I shall cherish it all
my life. Thank you.

YOUNG SPEER

Happy Birthday, Father.

SPEER SR.

Albert...

(down on one
knee beside
him)

... I have a passion for clear
thinking, cause and effect and
solution. And you have always
qualified superbly in those
areas. Therefore, there must
be an explanation for this...?

(nothing)

You do not care to tell me why
you are sleeping on this hard
wood floor instead of in your
own soft bed...?

(still nothing)

My own father's ideas of honor
and living were rooted in very
simple and basic truths which he
preferred to demonstrate rather
than divulge. Consequently, I
developed much more respect for
him than I did love. I should
like to think that I have not
engendered that same reticence
in you...?

Young Speer tries to speak, tries hard, but still cannot talk. However his glance keeps returning in the direction of the open window and the distant CANNON-ADING. After a moment:

SPEER SR.

(very gently)

You went to school today, Albert?

YOUNG SPEER

Yes, Father.

SPEER SR.

And aside from school, where else
did you go?

YOUNG SPEER

To the railroad station.

(CONTINUED)

SPEER SR.
 I see. And you were there when
 the trains came through with the
 soldiers on their way to those...
 (outside the
 window)
 ... cannons at Verdun-Toil?

Young Speer nods.

SPEER SR.
 A great battle of attrition that
 no one will ever win. The other
 trains were there today, Albert,
 coming back with the ones from the
 trenches, the wounded, the sick,
 the broken, the blinded ones...?

YOUNG SPEER
 Yes, Father.

SPEER SR.
 And in your mind, Albert, do you
 dwell on the advances and retreats,
 the guns and the bayonets at the
 front...?

Young Speer nods.

SPEER SR.
 ... and in your heart, Albert, do
 you dwell on the men of the nation
 suffering?

YOUNG SPEER
 Yes, Father.

SPEER SR.
 And somehow in some way, by
 relinquishing the softness of
 this bed you hope to share the
 privations and suffering of
 those brave men?
 (a nod "yes")
 Albert, all of my life, I shall
 remember how much I love you at
 this moment, my son, my dear,
 dear son.

CAMERA GOES TO:

lying on the bed.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

LIGHT CHANGES, from dark to light and the "work of art" has aged somewhat, the colors are faded. A tenor is singing: "I'll See You In My Dreams".

26 INT. SPEER ARCHITECTURAL OFFICES - DAY 26

The "work of art" is affixed to the wall. Speer Sr. (now about sixty) moves into the SHOT in his shirt-sleeves, glances testily at the radio (and the MUSIC) then at the work of art, then glances out the window.

27 WHAT HE SEES 27

ALBERT SPEER 9 (a young man, now) tall and handsome, walking with MARGARETE and her bicycle. She is his same age with dark blonde hair and a fresh, frank face. Their conversation is animated, laughing, loving. No doubt they are lovers.

28 SPEER SR. 28

disapproves frowningly. A SECRETARY appears at his side with letters to be signed. He indicates the (her) radio, testily:

SPEER SR.
That ridiculous man keeps repeating
a statement about life with which I
do not agree.

29 INT. SPEER SR. DINING ROOM (HEIDELBERG) - NIGHT 29

Mother, Speer Sr. and Speer at the dining table. The KITCHEN MAID is serving a bread plate. The conversation has been somewhat strained.

MOTHER
The custom, Albert, is for a
young man to seek his companions
and his future wife in the same
circles to which his parents
belong.

SPEER
Custom is an invention that usually
becomes a convention, Mother.

MOTHER
Are you being defiant, Albert?

(CONTINUED)

SPEER

I am trying to be precise, Mother.
This may not be the time but I
must tell you... Mother... Father
... that I am drawn to a plain
artisan life.

His mother waits for the Kitchen Maid to exit before
she asks:

MOTHER

And a plain, artisan girl...?

SPEER

Yes. As a matter of fact.

SPEER SR.

This plain artisan girl has a
name, a family?

SPEER

Her name is Margarete Weber,
Father.

SPEER SR.

You have cross-examined each
other's emotions, as it were?

SPEER

Yes.

SPEER SR.

There are no valleys, only peaks
ahead...?

SPEER

We are planning our lives together.

MOTHER

Oh, no --

SPEER SR.

Please...
(to Speer)
... and just how far has this
planning progressed?

SPEER

We'll be married as soon as I
complete my university work.

SPEER SR.

That is several semesters away.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

SPEER SR. (cont'd)
I think your mother will agree
with me that you and this artisan
girl are displaying an admirable
restraint under the circumstances.

SPEER
Father, I have...

30 EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS, WINTER - DAY

30

The HIGH CAMERA finds Speer Sr. and Speer crossing the
campus through the snow. Their VOICES COME OVER with
immediate presence, not necessarily in sync:

SPEER
... no desire to disappoint you
or Mother but Margarete and I are
resolved to be married and the
waiting only makes us more resolved
It's hard to write these things,
Father, I'm glad you're here, and
I want to tell you that falling in
love has actually made me more
studious. All of my marks have
improved.

SPEER SR.
I will most certainly explain that
to your mother when I return home.
It will comfort her.

SPEER
You're making fun of me, Father.

SPEER SR.
On the contrary. Ignorance is
the real enemy in this life,
Albert, the major weaponry against
it is education. Whatever the
impetus, love notwithstanding,
the struggle for information and
knowledge must be relentless. On
rare occasions they become wisdom.

31 EXT. ALPINE AREA - GIRL HIKERS - DAY

31

In a SERIES OF SHOTS we see Margarete and other (Girl)
STUDENTS in lederhosen, back-packs, single file, on a
mountain trail.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MARGARETE (v.o.)

Dear Albert: I wished you could have been with me on this holiday, but then again, I doubt if we could have managed it. Last night I paid four hundred thousand marks for my room and one million marks for my supper; milk is two hundred and fifty-thousand marks a pint.

SPEER (v.o.)

Dear Margarete: Here in Berlin I spent exactly one million marks for dinner and four hundred million marks for a theatre ticket. I saw Elizabeth Bergner in "Saint Joan" by George Bernard Shaw. Father tells me the inflation is supposed to end by this spring; there is no projected date for the end of unemployment and poverty.

32 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE (HEIDELBERG) - DAY

32

Speer Sr. with a roll of blueprints in hand, clambers about the construction site with two or three white-smocked assistants.

SPEER SR. (v.o.)

In my last letter I mentioned Friedrich Naumann's ideas for social reform. I also mentioned the pan-European ideas of Coudenhove-Kalergri; you have mentioned neither. This makes fact a suspicion I have long held, namely that you and your whole generation are completely indifferent to our political situation. I beg you, not to become technocrats, they are uneducated experts, Albert, who regard everything irrelevant except those instruments whereby society is maintained. That is a very convenient and very dangerous philosophy. Always. Your Father.

33 INT. BERLIN UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

33

PROFESSOR HEINRICH TESSENOW, a bold, peppery man, stands in front of the small class, speaking animatedly.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

TESSENOW

An angle may be measured in the usual sexagesimal measure of degrees, minutes, and seconds or in the circular radian measure. Who can define that radian for me quickly?

Speer is on his feet in an instant.

SPEER

A radian is the central angle subtended by an arc of a circle equal in length to the radius of a circle.

Tessenow tosses a piece of chalk to Speer, motions to the blackboard. Speer steps to the blackboard and writes:

1 degree = $\frac{\pi}{180}$ radians = 0.017453 radians,

1 radian = $\frac{180}{\pi}$ degrees = 57.295779°.

(Barnes & Noble xxix) Speer returns to his seat as:

TESSENOW

As Herr Speer has so deftly pointed out one degree Pi. ... (ETC.)

SPEER (v.o.)

His name is Tessenow, Margarete, and he's the most remarkable, most clear-headed man I have ever met. He is very modern but...

34 EXT. BERLIN TIERGARTEN (WINTER) - DAY

34

Speer and Margarete arm in arm on a snowy, cold day.

SPEER

... very basic about the simplicity that makes beauty. In my work I hope to emulate him. And I -- Margarete?

They pause.

MARGARETE

Your mother and your father still don't want us to be married.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

SPEER
 My mother and my father will have
 to understand that you are my life
 and that you are going to be my
 wife.

35 INT. SPEER SR. LIVING ROOM - LIMBO

35

Speer stands in front of his mother and Speer Sr., a
 stubborn look on his face.

SPEER SR.
 The dean of the Institute of
 Technology has advised me that
 you have passed your examinations
 and you will be licensed to
 practice architecture.
 Congratulations.

SPEER
 Thank you.

MOTHER
 What are you immediate plans,
 Albert?

SPEER
 To be married as quickly as
 possible.

SPEER SR.
 Neither your mother nor myself
 can reconcile ourselves to this
 marriage. It will have to be
 without our blessing...
 (Speer nods
 stiffly)
 ... how do you intend to support
 her?

SPEER
 I've accepted a position as faculty
 adviser to Professor Tessenow.

36 EXT. MECHLENBURG LAKE - FALTBOATS - DAY

36

Speer and Margarete in their faltboats laden with camp-
 ing equipment.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

SPEER (v.o.)
 We were married in the Office of
 the Registrar in Berlin and that
 same day we launched our faltboats
 for a honeymoon in the solitary
 forested chain of lakes in
 Mecklenburg. It was...

37 EXT. MECKLENBURG CAMPSITE - NIGHT

37

Speer and Margarete, embracing.

SPEER (v.o.)
 ... the beginning of our lives
 together and all the world
 belonged to us.

38 EXT./INT. ALPINE INN, OBERAMMERGAU - DANCE BAND - NIGHT

38

The BAND (out on the sun deck) may look Barvarian but
 they're playing "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" and quite
 well too. A great deal of spirited action with the
 dancers. We find --

39 SPEER

39

at the serving bar, paying for a tray of drinks. He
 scoops up the tray and crosses to the sun-deck.

40 AT THEIR TABLE

40

A PHOTOGRAPHER is waiting with FLASHBULB ready. Speer
 starts to sit down alongside Margarete -- instead she
 stands -- and their picture is snapped. The Photographer
 hands her a receipt and disappears. Again Speer prepares
 to sit down -- this time she takes his arm, drags him to
 the dance floor.

41 ANGLE

41

as they dance.

SPEER
 Un... I'm about to learn something?

MARGARETE
 A Fox Trot.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

SPEER

A what?

MARGARETE

Fox Trot.

SPEER

That makes little sense. No sense.

MARGARETE

It's not supposed to -- it's from
the United States. Dancing is
like camping out, it brings out
the best and the worst in a man...

(he does some-

thing gracefully)

... very good.

SPEER

Thank you.

MARGARETE

It takes rhythm.

SPEER

I'm being rhythmic.

And he demonstrates his rhythm.

MARGARETE

And patience...

SPEER

(demonstrates
elaborately)

No man on this earth is more
patient than myself.

42 EXT. MECKLENBURG LAKE - DAY

42

Margarete and Speer rowing their faltboats, their
dialogue comes over with IMMEDIATE PRESENCE, NOT
NECESSARILY IN SYNC.

MARGARETE

It takes a sense of timing.

SPEER

(demonstrating
with oar)

Rhythm... patience... timing...
ever since I married you I've
been developing my sense of
timing.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

MARGARETE
And you are doing very well...

A SQUAWKING overhead. Speer pauses, interfering with the movements of his rowing to stare skyward, frowning. Margarete follows his gaze:

43 STOCK

43

an eagle overhead, hovering, menacingly.

44 MARGARETE

44

sensing something.

MARGARETE
... but most of all, it takes concentration.

Speer resumes rowing, frowns upward. CROSSFADE the SOUND of the LOCOMOTIVE.

45 EXT./INT. BERLIN BANHOF - DAY

45

A LOCOMOTIVE, swathed in steam and smoke, arriving.

46 INT. TRAIN - SPEER AND MARGARETE - DAY

46

Standing by the doors, ready to debark with other PASSENGERS, their luggage piled nearby. Margarete reacts suddenly:

MARGARETE
Your father!

Speer looks.

47 POV (AS IF FROM MOVING TRAIN)

47

Speer Sr., ramrod straight, tall, tough, dignified, waiting impatiently on the platform.

48 SPEER AND MARGARETE

48

as the train jerks to a stop.

MARGARETE
What can I say to him?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

SPEER
You could tell him about patience
and concentration.

MARGARETE
Albert!

SPEER
Rhythm...?

Conductors and Porters assemble in the jammed area,
slam open the doors, lower the steps, people start to
debark. Speer signals to their porters, moves forward.
Margarete hangs back.

MARGARETE
I'm asking you for your help!

SPEER
Tell him how to row a faltboat?

MARGARETE
Please!

SPEER
Or do the Fox Trot?

MARGARETE
You know how he frightens me.

SPEER
He's the one whose frightened
now...

MARGARETE
What...?

SPEER
That you or I will never speak
to him or my mother again...
keep it in mind...

49 ANGLE ON THE STATION PLATFORM

49

As Speer and Margarete debark with other passengers.

SPEER SR.
Albert.

SPEER
Father, it is good to see you.

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED:

49

They shake hands almost formally. Margarete extends her hand.

MARGARETE

This is a pleasant surprise. How nice of you to meet us.

SPEER SR.

I've just finished three days business in Berlin and to be succinct, I am not meeting you so much as I am leaving you. My own train...

(checks watch)

... departs for Heidelberg in exactly three minutes.

By this time the Porters have come off the train, laden with luggage, faltboats, etc. Speer Sr. regards all of this disapprovingly:

SPEER SR.

You have acquired an adventurous disposition, Albert.

SPEER

I have acquired a wife who has an adventurous disposition, Father.

SPEER SR.

Rowing?

SPEER

Rowing.

SPEER SR.

Climbing up and down mountains?

SPEER

Yes, Father. Climbing.

SPEER SR.

I never imagined too much of a future in activities of that sort. My own contention is that a man has just so many heartbeats allotted to him in his lifetime and it is foolhardy to waste any of them...

(to Margarete)

... you find the mountains cheerful?

(CONTINUED)

MARGARETE
Very much so. More than I can
say. I'm afraid I prefer the
mountains to the city.

SPEER SR.
You voiced this preference before
you and Albert were married?

SPEER
I believe it came up in our
conversations, Father. Yes.

SPEER SR.
I was addressing myself to your
wife.

SPEER
My wife's name is Margarete.

SPEER SR.
To Margarete.

MARGARETE
We discussed it frequently.

SPEER SR.
Really?

MARGARETE
Really.

SPEER SR.
In that case you...
(to Speer)
... have no right to complain.

SPEER
But, Father, I am not complaining.

SPEER SR.
... you'll have to live with it
from now on, won't he, Margarete?

MARGARETE
Yes... Father.

SPEER SR.
And in turn I will ask you to
live with my awkwardness. I'm
sure you can understand that it
took a considerable study of the
railroad time tables to manage
this accidental three minutes
together.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (3)

49

SPEER SR. (cont'd)
 Your mother is still unreconciled
 to your marriage but nevertheless,
 she specifically asked me to
 deliver her love and affection to
 both of you...

O.s. a SHRILL WHISTLE.

SPEER SR.
 ... some very queer...

50 ANGLE

50

They follow his gaze toward a GROUP of self-important
 S.A. TROOPERS, in brown uniforms, lace-up boots,
 swastika armbands, gathering at the bottom of the
 station stairway, forming up with a second group, per-
 haps twenty in all. Not only are they a little pushy,
 but they eventually manage to block off all but a
 small section of the stairway so that Passengers are
 obliged to jam up into a single file, struggling with
 luggage, children, etc.

SPEER SR.
 ... sights happening on our
 streets these days. While you
 were up there rowing your boats
 and climbing your mountains, we
 down here have been hoping that
 our government -- such as it is
 -- does not succumb to them...

Train announcement over p.a.

SPEER SR.
 ... I have a business to run and
 a train to catch.

SPEER
 Goodbye, Father.

They shake hands. Margarete moves up, kisses him
 lightly on the cheek. Speer Sr. examines her closely
 for a moment, then exits.

SPEER
 Does he still frighten you?

Before she can answer, their attentions are taken by
 SINGING o.s.

51 WHAT THEY SEE

51

The S.A. Troops have grouped themselves into columns of two's and are now parading through the station in a military formation, singing out their words in a coarse cadence:

S.A. TROOPERS

No more Jews
Death to Jews
Down with Jews
Death to Jews.
(Etc.)

52 SPEER AND MARGARETE

52

Other Passengers around them are staring, not disapprovingly, some wearing inane, good-humored grins. Speer watches, half-disgusted, half-fascinated. Margarete shivers, grabs his arm, clings.

SPEER

Elections coming up, they're probably being paid to march around like that.

MARGARETE

Someone pays them for things like that?

SPEER

Of course. It's the times, Margarete, it has something to do with all of the unemployment and fear.

Speer holds her reassuringly, signals to the Porters and they walk out of shot, the S.A. Troopers are still parading down the station.

53 EXT. UHLMASERSTRASSE, BERLIN - SOUP KITCHEN LINE - DAY

53

Bitterly cold. Steam from the sewers and steam from the soup kitchen. A SALVATION ARMY CREW wearing white aprons over their overcoats, serving bread and soup to a bedraggled line of men and women.

Speer, tall and strong and confident, gloved, scarved, warmly dressed, picks his way around ugly patches of frozen, dirty snow and uncollected pile-ups of ice. As he comes abreast of the Men and Women waiting in line, he becomes vaguely ashamed as --

- 54 SHOT AS IF FROM HIS POV 54
 -- they stare back at him with defeated eyes, envying his youth, his warmth, his well-fedness.
- 55 SPEER 55
 hurries around a corner, anxious to get away from them. First, he hears -- and then he sees a --
- 56 MOUNTED POLICEMAN 56
 charging toward him on horseback, angry-faced, wielding a truncheon.
- MOUNTED POLICEMAN
 Get out of here! Get off this street, get away from here, do you want to get killed...!
- The Mounted Policeman crashes past him, hooves sending up a shower of sparks on the cobblestones. Speer whirls around -- another Mounted Policeman thunders past, truncheon in hand. Speer runs to the corner -- skids to a stop -- his gaze going to --
- 57 COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATORS 57
 working hurriedly with long pry bars, chunking up cobblestones from the center of the street, gathering ammunition. They pay no attention to --
- 58 NAZI BROWNSHIRTS 58
 who have burst onto the street, armed with clubs, chains, wearing swastika armbands, and their own supply of cobblestones.
- 59 WIDE ANGLE 59
 Speer runs and dodges as cobblestones start flying in earnest from both directions. He looks about wildly for cover, runs across the square. Beyond an iron fence someone beckons to him from a cellar doorway.
- 60 DEMONSTRATORS 60
 Communists and Nazis, hand-to-hand, fighting.
- 61 SPEER 61
 dives for the doorway.

62 INT. CELLAR SHOP - DAY

62

The GYPSY (woman), the one who beckoned to him, waves him aside, bolts the door, drops the window (counter) frame and points to the radio. Mozart.

GYPSY

Mozart.

SPEER

Yes.

GYPSY

You know him?

(as Speer nods)

You like him?

(as Speer nods
again)

Why?

SPEER

(paraphrasing
his father)

Because I have often wondered
if Mozart wasn't the greatest
musical genius who ever lived.

The Gypsy reappraises him, indicates her (interrupted)
breakfast of sausages and beer. Speer shakes his head.

SPEER

No, thank you.

Astrological diagrams and letters from satisfied customers
pinned on the walls and shelves. Speer notices a
gilded eagle perched atop a crystal ball and sign:
KNOW YOUR FUTURE.

GYPSY

The ones in the brown shirts want
the Nazis to run our country; the
others want the communists to run
it. The third time this year
they've had this same argument
on this same street. Are you a
communist?

SPEER

No.

GYPSY

Nazi?

SPEER

No.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

GYPSY
What are you?

SPEER
Confused.

GYPSY
Good.

The Gypsy moves up, pulls a cord, raising the window-counter, so that Speer can look out to the street.

GYPSY
Not one of them's confused.
Everyone's absolutely certain
what he is and what he wants...

63 POV - TO THE STREET - VIA WINDOW-COUNTER

63

The ANGLE is from below street level and the view is partially blocked by iron fencing, but we can see the two sides raging at one another with clubs, fists, chains, cobblestones. The two Mounted Policemen, swinging truncheons indiscriminately, have been joined by a truckload of POLICE, rifles and truncheons swinging.

GYPSY
They spend all their time smashing
each other's heads, breaking each
other's legs. They kill each
other every day and every night.
We're not a nation anymore --
we're a monotony of chaos.

She turns away from the window.

GYPSY
... Stay confused. Safer. How
old are you?

SPEER
Twenty-five.

GYPSY
What month?

SPEER
March.

GYPSY
(taking his palm)
Date?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

SPEER
Nineteenth.

GYPSY
You're a mathematician.

SPEER
No.

GYPSY
Oh...?

SPEER
I intended to study mathematics,
but my father persuaded me to
study architecture.

GYPSY
(with prescience)
Because he is an architect?

SPEER
(surprised)
Yes.

GYPSY
And his father?

SPEER
Yes.

GYPSY
And for those reasons you've
designed great buildings?

SPEER
Only the ones in my dreams, I'm
afraid.

GYPSY
People say you are too young to
be entrusted with a commission?

SPEER
They say that very often.

GYPSY
You're very anxious to get on
with your work?
(as Speer nods)
You'd give anything to obtain a
commission?

SPEER
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (2)

63

GYPSY
Anything?

SPEER
Yes.

GYPSY
Your immortal soul?

SPEER
Yes.

The question suddenly put - in the same rhythm as the others - has been suddenly answered, without thinking.

SPEER
... No, I'll keep my immortal soul.

But the Gypsy is reappraising him. Then a police WHISTLE o.s.

64 POV - FROM CELLAR SHOP

64

The Police have matters in hand, the protestors are being lined up, arrested, loaded onto the police truck.

65 SPEER AND GYPSY

65

Speer makes ready to leave.

GYPSY
(taking his palm again)
... your career will match your ambitions... you will rise rapidly... you will win early fame and...
(darkening)
... you will retire early.

She releases his hand. Speer smiles uncomfortably, places some money on the counter. Their eyes meet, she is deadly serious. He glances past her to the eagle, then exits.

66 EXT. CELLAR SHOP - DAY

66

Speer climbs up the steps onto the street, his face reflective. He pauses, a wind gusts up, blows his collar, portentously somehow. He stands rooted, affected -- strangely affected by the Gypsy.

67 EXT. UNIVERSITY (OF BERLIN) CAMPUS - FENCE - DAY 67

A poster. The face of MARLENE DIETRICH, staring provocatively from a totally black background. The caption: PRESENTING MARLENE DIETRICH in Von Sternberg's "THE BLUE ANGEL".

The CAMERA ADJUSTS slightly to another poster. Same identical background, totally black, but a different face and a different caption. It is the face of ADOLPH HITLER, sternly dramatic, no-nonsense about what Hitler stands for: FOR FREEDOM AND BREAD. (SH 217) (DF 144).

An umbrella-cane slices into the SHOT, slaps at the poster of Hitler:

TESSENOW (v.o.)
Adolph Hitler is an actor,
nothing more and nothing less...

CAMERA ADJUSTS again HOLDS on a second Hitler poster, same caption, but this time Hitler holds both hands in front of him, in rigid supplication, brown shirt plastered with perspiration, hair over eyes, swastika armband, steel-blue eyes blazing with anger. Very dramatic.

Again, the umbrella-cane swipes into the SHOT.

TESSENOW (v.o.)
... he's effective... impressive...
capable...

CAMERA ADJUSTS ONCE MORE, one more poster. This time Hitler is trench-coated, outdoors, speaking on a dais in front of a battery of microphones, profiled, gesturing with a clenched fist, in an absolute rage. Same caption: FOR FREEDOM AND FOR BREAD. Again the umbrella cane comes in the SHOT.

TESSENOW (v.o.)
... and God knows he knows his
business, but what exactly is
his business? Acting! Give him...

68 MOVING SHOT WITH SPEER, TESSENOW AND THE STUDENTS - DAY 68

Leaves blowing on the ground, traditional old buildings, gloomy dark weather, cold, Speer in a white assistant's coat, not much older than the Students, seven in all, walking along the fencing with Tessenow, who waves his umbrella-cane for emphasis. SCENE PLAYS ON THE MOVE:

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

TESSENOW

... a play, don't give him our government, let him have a stage, but don't let him have a vote, he belongs in the theatres not in the Reichstag, he has no credentials.

Everyone has a chuckle except BALDUR JURGONS, intense and unsmiling and his two equally serious-faced friends, GEORGE GRUENBERG and JOSEF RITTER. ERIC WALLENSTEIN, a tall, powerful young man with a shock of unruly hair, hasn't smiled either.

TESSENOW

However, at the moment, we are a democracy and we are blessed (or cursed) with the privilege to think or not to think; to listen or not to listen to Adolph Hitler. God help all of us if he and his Nazis ever get into power.

Tessenow vaults up the stairs to a building. SCENE WITH SPEER and STUDENTS CONTINUES, uninterrupted, ON THE MOVE:

WALLENSTEIN

Do you agree with him?

SPEER

Of course.

WALLENSTEIN

Why?

SPEER

I understand Herr Hitler is a very restless man who makes a great many gestures.

JURGONS

What he makes is a great deal of sense.

SPEER

Impertinence doesn't become you, Jurgons, and I hope a year from now you... Wallenstein... Ritter ... Gruenberg... all of us meet and you're able to tell me all the fine solutions the Nazis have found.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

RITTER
 (flatly)
 You don't have to wait a year.
 Hitler'll be at the Hasenheide
 tonight.

Ritter and Jurgons stride off together, heatedly.
 Speer comes to a halt, exchanges looks with Gruenberg
 and Wallenstein.

SPEER
 What's he campaigning for this
 time?

GRUENBERG
 (a glance at
 Wallenstein)
 For Germans.

Gruenberg follows Ritter and Jurgons.

CROSSFADE the APPLAUSE and CHEERING before we go --

69 INT. HEISENHEIDE BEER HALL - NIGHT

69

and ADOLPH HITLER making his entrance with an entourage
 that includes HEINRICH HOFFMAN, JULIUS SCHAUB, WILHELM
 BRUCKNER and most imposing, PUTZI HANFSTAENGL. No
 military shoulder strappings, no armbands, no hair
 flapping over Hitler's forehead, no uniforms -- they all
 look like well groomed bankers. Hitler is in a double-
 breasted blue suit, markedly respectable, reasonably
 modest and totally overwhelmed at the --

70 AUDIENCE

70

--- rocking with cheers and applause for him. Benches,
 chairs, what-have-you tiered against the walls, every
 seat filled, students and some faculty among them --

71 SPEER

71

-- looking out of place, self-conscious, especially when
 KARL HANKE, conveying a sort of cheerful rascality,
 appears with three others in lace-up boots and party
 uniforms, passing out application blanks. Speer is a
 little embarrassed as he jams it in his pocket, eyes
 the dirty walls and poverty-stricken atmosphere of the
 place with middle-class disapproval.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

His glance goes to the student section where he espys Jurgons, Gruenberg, Ritter, cheering wildly, clapping their hands. Speer feels some of the infectiousness of it as the ovation becomes sustained, continues growing in intensity.

72 HITLER

72

approaches the lectern on the verge of looking actually embarrassed and terribly, terribly shy about it all. Eventually he raises one hand, awkwardly, as though he didn't quite know what to do with an audience, signaling for quiet, the ovation is renewed, becomes all the more frenzied.

73 SPEER AND BRANDMUTTER

73

DR. KONRAD BRANDMUTTER, standing next to Speer, still has his application blank in hand, manages to say.

BRANDMUTTER
(gestures with
his blank)
... if you sign on the dotted
line they send you a little pin
and give you a large number and
allow you to pay them six marks
a month.

Brandmutter tears his application blank in half, lets it fall to the floor, with a defiant look in the direction of Jurgons, Ritter and Gruenberg.

74 HITLER AT LECTERN

74

who has been smiling ever so slightly, now grins broadly looks back at his audience. (H511-38) (F)
Then, almost as if slightly pained, raises one hand, flutters it timidly.

75 SPEER AND BRANDMUTTER

75

The hand-fluttering does it. The ovation begins to subside, Speer and Brandmutter sit down.

BRANDMUTTER
I have a feeling we're in for a
blow evening, they tell me he
overuses the word "unshakable".

But Speer is straining to hear --

76 HITLER

who is speaking with a hesitant voice, somewhat shy, hard to hear, he flutters his hand again, the audience quieting:

76

HITLER

Ten years and four months ago when I was a poor ex-soldier, I spent a great deal of time studying the faces of people, people in crowds, at public places, on the street, I was searching for certain faces, friendly faces. I like friendly faces, but I must tell you, I have to tell you that some of those faces in the Reichstag are not very friendly at all...

(some LAUGHTER
and APPLAUSE)

... However, Dr. Goebbels devised a plan that you'll read about in your newspapers tomorrow morning, but I'll tell you about it now. Consider this as kind of a news release. We simply turned...

(gesturing
elaborately)

... our chairs around to the rest of the Assembly today...

(LAUGHTER; a few
stand to APPLAUD)

... in that way we didn't have to look at those unfriendly faces!

The LAUGHTER and then the APPLAUSE becomes unanimous.
(SH 188-189)

Hitler accepts the applause graciously, smilingly, and at the exact moment when everyone is applauding and reacting, his hand goes up sharply. It doesn't flutter this time. They grow quiet instantly, and they sit. Control.

HITLER

We were not just turning our backs on the Assembly, we were turning our backs on decadence, on negative thinking, on self-destructiveness, on deceit and sell-out and compromise, it is my belief, my absolute, unshakable belief, that we...

Hitler pauses, smiles slyly, nods his head up and down elaborately and seems to be looking directly at:

77 BRANDMUTTER

77

as he says:

HITLER
... true, oh so true, I do use
that word much, much too often.

The AUDIENCE LAUGHS and APPLAUDS, but Brandmutter isn't laughing, he's shaken by Hitler's prescience. Speer regards Brandmutter uneasily, a little unnerved himself.

SPEER (v.o.)
It was more of an historical
lecture than a political speech,
everything he said, every movement
he made was calculated to engage...

78 HITLER

78

-- is speaking again, smiling often, mildly, gesturing for emphasis.

SPEER (v.o.)
... and fascinate, and bewilder
and... amuse...

79 AUDIENCE

79

and Hitler break into spontaneous LAUGHTER -- then APPLAUSE.

80 HITLER

80

-- controls the APPLAUSE with a wave of his hand.

81 SPEER

81

is very much aware of the rapid command Hitler has taken over the audience. Then he frowns, very much aware, uneasily aware of the command Hitler has taken over him.

LAP DISSOLVE:

82 HITLER

82

still speaking, the initial shyness has long since disappeared, he speaks rapidly, forcefully, absolutely sure of himself, never in doubt.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

SPEER (v.o.)
 ... he promised law and order,
 and an end to the constant
 violence in the streets, he
 promised to check the peril of
 communism. He was...

Hitler makes an abrupt gesture in the air and with that
 gesture, seemingly holds absolute control over the
 entire audience, as though en masse in a hypnotic trance.
 CAMERA MOVES from face to face as:

SPEER (v.o.)
 ... full of new hope, new
 understanding, new ideas, new
 ideals...

Hitler drops his arm and the AUDIENCE, right on (Hitler's)
 cue, break into a standing APPLAUSE.

83 SPEER

83

Behind and all around Speer, everyone is clapping and
 CHEERING. Speer is surprised when Brandmutter suddenly
 jumps to his feet, applauding heartily.

84 HITLER

84

Hitler's hand goes up - control again - Brandmutter
 sits down, the place quiets instantly.

HITLER
 ... there is a street in Berlin...

Hitler gestures occasionally with his memo slips, his
 shyness (or what passed for it) has long since dis-
 appeared. This is Hitler the orator, who will not
 allow the last burst of applause to tempt him away
 from his sober tone. (FEST S11)

HITLER
 ... where long lines of Berliners
 wait in the cold with their wedding
 rings, their watches, even their
 eyeglasses... wait to sell them to
 a pawnbroker so they can eat one
 more day. These are older people
 and their dreams of golden years
 have been shattered by a cruel
 inflation that has made their life
 savings worthless.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

HITLER (cont'd)

There's no work for those people with their hearts and their souls and their dignity... there's no work for five million of our younger people. I am here tonight because I want to put an end to those calamities. I want you to help me. I ask you for your trust and confidence. I promise you that you will never repent it. Together, you and I can put those five million able-bodied men back to work; together, you and I can hold out our hands to our older citizens and tell them yes, there will be golden years and the scepter of inflation will never again be a black shadow over your heads. Come away from that pawnbroker! Listen to me, carefully: together, you and I can rescue our nation from those treaties that constrain us from solving our economic problems -- you and I have it within our power to see to it that future generations of innocent Germans will not be burdened with reparation payments. You... and you... and I can rescue our nation from those bankers who would sell it away, from the Communists who would plunder it, from the sellers and buyers of our birthrights, from the excessive influence of the Jews in our...

85 ANGLE TO WALLENSTEIN

85

seated in the student section, reacts angrily:

HITLER (v.o.)

... cultural and economic life.
Above all, above everything, my
dear friends...

The most reasonable man in the world.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

HITLER
 ... I want you to join me and
 together... together you...
 (pointing)
 ... and you...
 (pointing
 elsewhere)
 ... and you, and you, and you
 and I will make this sacred
 German land forever strong,
 forever free, forever without
 want!

Hitler's last words are unhearable in the SWELLING ROAR
 of cheers and applause.

86 ANGLE TO AUDIENCE

86

Everyone jumps to his feet, stamping, clapping, shouting.
 WE NOTE Karl Hanke moving up with three or four armbanders,
 applauding and smiling, but still making their way through
 the crowd toward --

87 WALLENSTEIN

87

-- angry faced.

HANKE
 Your name?

WALLENSTEIN
 Eric Wallenstein!

HANKE
 (easily)
 If you have any questions,
 Wallenstein, write them down,
 bring them over to the District
 Headquarters...

(hands him
 a card)
 ... I'll see that the Fuehrer
 gets them.

Wallenstein throws Hanke's card away, grabs up his coat,
 and pushes out of the SHOT. The incident goes unnoticed.
 Everyone is too intent on --

88 HITLER

88

-- who remains at the lectern, re-wearing his shy smile, dotting his damp forehead with a white handkerchief, basking in the thought that the most natural thing in the world is to lead the Students and Faculty of a great university submissively by the leash. No skepticism, no reservations of any kind, he's done it many times before and he'll do it again. Someone places a trench coat over Hitler's shoulders, he looks all around the room, his eyes finally resting on --

89 SPEER

89

-- can't seem to take his eyes away from Hitler, can't seem to release himself from the hold of Hitler's eyes.

90 EXT. POTSDAMMERSTRASSE, BERLIN - NIGHT

90

In direct contrast to the thundering events at the Hasenheide, this street is devoid of people, freezing cold and quiet, except for the lonely SOUND of a SAXOPHONE, inexplicably nearby. Speer appears at the far end of the street, bareheaded, ungloved, unscarved, walking aimlessly past a section of ragged fencing, the SAXOPHONE still moaning. Occasionally, he pauses to look at the tattered posters on the fencing, most of them political, mostly sloganizing the merits of the Socialist Democrats, the Communists, the Center Party, the Nationalists, the Bavarian People's Party, and the National Socialists -- everywhere pictures of Adolph Hitler.

91 SPEER

91

-- stares at Hitler's picture, then turns away, walking in the direction of the saxophone.

92 SAXOPHONE PLAYER

92

-- seated on a blanket on the street, tin cup attached to his instrument, one leg missing, remnants of an Army uniform on. An Iron Cross Second Class, affixed to the tunic. He improvises aimlessly, playing music that makes sense only to himself. (SH 109)

93 INT. SPEER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DARK

93

Margarete, sleeping quietly in the darkened bedroom, hair tumbled against the pillow. O.S., a slight NOISE, then a shadow moves across her face, remains.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

Now INCLUDE Speer, who has come into the room, quietly, stands there staring down at her as he unbuttons and pulls off his overcoat, throws it to one side. Then he remembers something, feels his pockets, locates the application blank from the inside jacket pocket.

He steps away. Margarete continues sleeping quietly.

94 INT. LIVING ROOM AREA - DARK

94

Speer is a shadow moving across the dark room. He seats himself at a small desk, snaps on the lamp, detaches a leaflet from the application blank, lays it aside and gets busy filling out the papers.

SPEER (v.o.)

I made my decision that night, alone and undramatically. It had nothing to do with politics, nothing to do with being a German, and certainly nothing to do with any of the values or logic that I had known all my life. Then and ever afterwards I felt I was not so much choosing to be a member of a political party as I was choosing to become a follower of Hitler. I made no attempt to investigate, examine, or question any of his ideologies -- if I had I would not have subscribed myself to twelve years of his domination and a host of crimes the world will never forget.

Speer has the application blank folded and ready for the envelope when he realizes Margarete is standing in the doorway, hair trailing.

MARGARETE

They say he has the power -- did he hypnotize you?

SPEER

(curtly)

No. Not at all.

He didn't mean to say it that way, but that's the way it came out. They lock eyes, briefly, and he is unable to tell her that from his earliest childhood there has always been a wall between himself and others. He is angry (with himself) as he stuffs the application in the envelope, seals it, rises and moves PAST her out of the SHOT.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

Margarete frowns, moves over to the small desk, reaches to turn off the light, notices the leaflet he had set aside. She picks it up.

95 ANGLE - PAST HER SHOULDER - TO LEAFLET

95

An advertisement (very mindful of a sheet from any Sears Roebuck catalog) showing what the well-uniformed Nazi wears and what it costs. Breeches, slacks, swastika armbands, tunics, hats, leggings, boots, other paraphernalia, etc. (THF 126)

96 MARGARETE

96

-- considers the leaflet, lets it drop in the wastebasket, reaches over and turns out the desk light.

97 EXT./INT. CORRIDOR, UNIVERSITY BUILDING - DAY

97

A heavy TRAFFIC of people entering and leaving. The LONG LENS FINDS Karl Hanke outside heading for the entrance, quite respectable in a business suit, topcoat. He remains in FOCUS coming through the doors, removes his scarf, pulls off his gloves, unbuttons his coat, at the same time nodding pleasantly and familiarly with those passing by.

Hanke stops directly in front of the CAMERA, extends his hand.

HANKE

Happy New Year. My congratulations.

Now, INCLUDE Speer, who shakes his hand, briefly.

HANKE

... as of January thirteenth...
(producing a card)

... nineteen thirty one, you are
Party Member number four-seven-
four-four-eight-one... is that
correct?

Speer accepts the card quickly, a little covertly, reads the number on it.

SPEER

Yes, yes, it seems to be... uh...
thank you, thank you very much,
uh... uh...

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

HANKE
I am Karl Hanke.
 (handling card
 to Speer)
Do you know a student...
 (slips a page
 over on his
 memo book)
... named Eric Wallenstein?

SPEER
Wallenstein? No, I'm afraid I
don't... wait, yes, of course,
I know him. Why?

HANKE
In one of your classes?

SPEER
Yes.

HANKE
Poor student? Good student?
What?

SPEER
A very good student. Why?

HANKE
He's a Jew.

SPEER
I don't know if he's Jewish or
not. I really don't know.

HANKE
I know. I have to know. The
Director of the District
Headquarters, West End, expects
me to know.

SPEER
Who's the Director?

HANKE
Me. Do you own a car?

SPEER
Yes. Not much of a car, but
a car.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2)

97

HANKE

Well, this is a doubly important day and I congratulate you again. It gives me great pleasure to tell you that today you have also been appointed to the head of the Motorists Association of the National Socialist Party Wansee Sector.

SPEER

Who appointed me?

HANKE

I did. Just now. Paying a few marks a month in Party dues isn't the National Socialist Party's idea of settling political obligations...

Hanke's still genial, still smiling, but somehow his voice has hardened and his eyes have gathered a cold look.

HANKE

... courier duty...
(hands over card)
... report here tonight. Eight o'clock.

Hanke pumps Speer's hand once more, claps him on the back, and steps out of the SHOT.

TESSENOW (v.o.)

Are we going to have time to get...

Speer turns, somewhat nervously, even a little ashamed, toward --

98 TESSENOW

98

-- who comes up, interestedly looking off in Hanke's direction.

TESSENOW

... something to eat?

SPEER

I think so, sir.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

TESSENOW

I hope so. Do...

(meaning Hanke)

... I know that man? Is he on
the Faculty...?

SPEER

No.

TESSENOW

Not a student?

SPEER

No, sir.

TESSENOW

I know who he is... he's one of
those damned Nazis, Speer.

Tessenow glares o.s., in Hanke's direction before he
moves away. Speer pockets his new Party card (hides it)
and follows Tessenow out of the SHOT. CAMERA MOVES OVER
to show --

99 HANKE

99

-- standing just outside the building in animated
conversation with SEVERAL STUDENTS, among them we
recognize Jurgons, Ritter, and Gruenberg.

SPEER (v.o.)

My duties as a courier took me
to a wide variety of local party
headquarters...

100 EXT. KRESILEITUNG, BERLIN - NIGHT

100

Speer, bareheaded, driving his battered little BMW
sports car, the top down, looking around warily on the
lonely, dangerous-looking street.

101 ANGLE - AS IF FROM MOVING CAR

101

A hammer-and-sickle FLAG from the second-story window.

102 EXT. KOPENICKERSTRASSE, BERLIN - NIGHT

102

Speer is now driving on an identical street, deserted
like the other one, but this time a --

103 SWASTIKA FLAG

103

-- flows from one of the upper windows.

SPEER (v.o.)

... some parts of the city were dominated by Communists and some parts were dominated by the Nazis. I attended meetings when I was...

104 INT. BEER HALL - SPEAKER - NIGHT

104

The place has evidently been closed to a "private party" for the night. Speer, Hanke, a dozen other Party Members comfortable at tables, watching the SPEAKER, a very casual man, non-fanatic, explaining the latest Party tactics. The room is low-lit, warm, with a fireplace.

SPEER (v.o.)

... able to get away but my main interest in being a party member was Adolph Hitler.

105 EXT. BERLIN-STAKEN FLUGHAVEN, BERLIN - NEWSPAPER RACK - DAY

105

The SOUND of an AIRPLANE APPROACHING as we look at the newspaper GERMANI. Two pictures on the front page: Hitler, over-dramatically posed, challenging venerable old PAUL VON HINDENBURG for the presidency of the German Republic. Right beneath the Germani the Berlin edition of the Hearld-Tribune and the familiar face of FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, confident and cheerful, smiling out from the front page alongside the unhappy face of HERBERT HOOVER. The lead story concerns the American Presidential race of 1932.

106 SPEER

106

is idly glancing at the newspapers, standing just outside a small building. OVERHEAD a --

107 TRI-MOTORED GREY JUNKER-52 (STOCK)

107

circles for a landing. It makes the approach.

108 SPEER

108

-- stirs himself, jumps in his (BMW) sports car and begins driving for the field.

109 JUNKER-52 (STOCK FOOTAGE) 109
 taxis to a stop. The moment the props stop whirring,
 the cabin door flies open.

110 SPEER 110
 watches eagerly as --

111 ADOLPH HITLER 111
 alights from the plane. He wears a long leather flying
 coat, a Lindbergh-like helmet with goggles and looks
 strangely pop-eyed for it all. (SH 209) Right after
 Hitler is RUDOLF HESS, in party uniform, followed by
 WILHELM BRUCKNER and JULIUS SCHAUB, also in party
 uniforms.

112 REVERSE ANGLE - SPEER 112
 Speer remains a respectable distance away, standing
 beside his car, excited at the prospect of seeing
 Hitler again.

113 SPEER'S POV - OF JUNKER'S PASSENGERS 113
 HANS BAUER, in coveralls, Hitler's personal pilot, and
 PUTZI HANFSTAENGL, have also debarked. We are particu-
 larly interested in this closer look at Putzi, a six-
 foot-four giant, with an enormous head, pugnacious jaw,
 huge shoulders and hands (a gifted pianist) and a Harvard
 education. He (and WE) HEAR the sound of Hitler's rapid
 FINGER-SNAPPING, a nervous prelude to an explosion of
 anger. The perpetual smile on Putzi's face disappears
 rapidly, as:

HITLER
 Where are they?

PUTZI
 I don't know, my Fuehrer.

HITLER
 You don't know! You don't know!
 Do you hear that, you people, he
 doesn't know!

As he rages at Putzi, Hitler tears off his leather coat,
 revealing boots-and-breeches-type Party uniform underneath.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

HITLER

... you should have stayed in
America and played football!
Do...

(slams coat and
helmet at Putzi)

... you have any idea at all
what we are doing? Do you have
the remotest idea what you're
supposed to be doing, in that
dumb, Harvard University mind
of yours? Do you have any idea,
any idea at all, what any of
this is about?

As Putzi tries to interject, Hitler strides back and
forth in front of his entourage, slashing at his boot
tops with a dog whip, snarling:

HITLER

I am campaigning! Campaigning!
Campaigning! I am campaigning
to be elected to the presidency!
I am campaigning from one end of
this goddamn country to the
other to meet and talk to my
voters. That's my job, that's
my task. Your job, Putzi, is
infinitely simpler. All you
have to do is arrange to have
ground transportation available
when I crawl off that airplane!
Now, I ask you again: where are
they? Where are the couriers?
Where are the cars? I want to
know?

114 SPEER

114

has heard snatches and phrases of Hitler's tirade --
from his respectful distance -- and is almost shocked
hearing this Hitler who is so different from the first
one he saw.

OVERSCENE, HORNS HONKING, approaching. Speer looks
toward a pair of MOTORCYCLISTS and FOUR ROADSTERS
rumbling toward the little landing field, setting up a
cloud of dust. Hitler's voice comes over, about the DIN
of their engines.

HITLER (v.o.)

Well, stupid, what'er...

115 HITLER

115

-- has struck a pose of supreme contempt, legs spread, hands on his hips, whip in hand, watching the motorcade approach.

HITLER
... you waiting for now? Aren't
we late enough already?

Putzi runs forward -- at the same time making a hand signal to the Motorcyclists.

116 SPEER

116

-- still keeping his distance, standing beside his car. Putzi runs up, accosts Speer, they shake hands.

PUTZI
Ernst Hanfstaengl.

SPEER
Speer.

PUTZI
Are you a regular?

SPEER
Courier. What do you do?

PUTZI
Anything he tells me when he's
in this mood. Otherwise, I'm,
Publicity Director.

As they jump into Speer's car, Putzi waves, signaling to the Motorcyclists.

PUTZI
... bring them around, bring
them around.
(to Speer)
Let's go.

Speer starts up the engine. Putzi waves an arm, the car shoots forward at the same time the Motorcyclists ROAR into the SHOT, taking positions in front of Speer's car.

117 FULL SHOT

117

Hitler and his other Aides, in their respective cars, the motorcade is suddenly formed -- and underway.

118 EXT. BRANDENBERGSTRASSE - DAY (STOCK) 118

Mounted police patrolling the crowded street, swastikas and hammer and sickles prominent.

POLICE OFFICIAL (v.o.)
(over loudspeaker)
... warning to all of you the
police will use whatever means
at their disposal to...

119 SPEER 119

-- driving, Putzi alongside him, glancing about uneasily.

120 SHOT - AS IF FROM MOVING CAR 120

ANGRY FACES, shouting, clenched fists, threatening.

POLICE OFFICIAL (v.o.)
(over loudspeaker)
... discourage any attempts at
demonstrations here today. I
repeat... the police will not
tolerate any actions that are
in violation of the safety laws
of this city...

121 SPEER AND PUTZI 121

Putzi twists about, looks back toward Hitler's car, nervously.

122 HITLER'S CAR 122

Hitler, seated grandly, alongside the driver.

POLICE OFFICIAL (v.o.)
(over loudspeaker)
... we will use any means at our
disposal to discourage any attempts
at demonstrations here today... get
back, you people, all of you people,
get back! (ETC.)

The crowd has surged onto the street, blocking the street, Hitler's car slows to a snail's pace.

123 HITLER'S POV - AS IF FROM SLOWLY MOVING CAR 123

ANGRY FACES shouting, threatening. "You're ruining our country!" "Why don't you go back where you came from?" "We want Democracy, we don't want you." (ETC.)

- 124 PUTZI AND SPEER 124
 Stopped - jammed by the surge of people. Speer twists back to see --
- 125 HITLER (STOCK AND NON-STOCK FOOTAGE) 125
 -- suddenly stands up in his car beside the driver, folds his arms, remains erect and contemptuous of the hostile faces and the angry voices. The crowd quiets, backs off, gives way, and the car moves forward.
- 126 SPEER - CLOSE 126
 He had been disappointed in Hitler's conduct earlier - now he is awed.
- 127 HIGH CAMERA (STOCK FOOTAGE) 127
 The motorcade proceeding into the stadium. CROSSFADE a dance band playing MUSIC "Falling in Love Again"..
- 128 INT. SPEER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 128
 The MUSIC continues in the totally black room - then a door opens from outside and Speer is momentarily silhouetted coming into the room. He looks at Margarete in the bed - closes the door - steps through the room in the semi-darkness, reaches over and shuts off the RADIO. Margarete rolls over and looks up at him.
- MARGARETE
 You're all right?
- SPEER
 Yes, yes, I'm alright.
- MARGARETE
 It was on the radio.
- SPEER
 Go to sleep.
- MARGARETE
 What's happening to our people, Albert? What's happening to all those kind, industrious, cheerful, good people?
- Speer bends over, kisses her, turns away to pull off his coat.

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

MARGARETE

Tell me.

SPEER

I can only speak for myself:
changes are going to happen,
they're not simple or easy but
once they're made, those kind,
industrious, cheerful, good
people will be better off.
Believe me.

Margarete's face is determined, resolute, voice firm.

MARGARETE

I want to be with you, away from
here, I want to be alone with you,
I want to hold you, I want to talk
to you, I want to be away from the
violence and the shouting, Albert.

Speer sits beside her on the bed, touches her face, nods.

CROSSFADE RAILROAD STATION SOUNDS, TRAIN WHISTLES,
ENGINES, ETC.

129 EXT. BAHNHOF, BERLIN - DAY

129

A YOUNG BOY, 12 or 13 years old, envelope in one hand,
running as fast as he can, weaving himself in and out
among the TRAFFIC of PASSENGERS and Porters.

He stops momentarily, stares up at the train schedules
posted on the wall, then ROARS off toward the wide steps.

130 EXT. STATION STEPS - DAY

130

The Boy with the envelope runs up the steps, two at a
time, comes out onto the platform, gets his bearings and
runs down the platform.

131 SPEER AND MARGARETE

131

- fussing with the PORTER, busy unloading their faltboats
and other equipment from a baggage gurney onto the train
platform.

The boy runs up, breathlessly.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

BOY

Herr Speer, Herr Speer... this
is for you.

SPEER

Oh... uh, thank you.

Speer tears open the envelope, reads the short message,
looks up.

SPEER

(to Porter)

Just a minute...

BOY

Sir...? He said I was to wait
for an answer.

SPEER

(gestures with
envelope)

... Uh... it's important... it
can mean a great opportunity.

MARGARETE

Then there's nothing more to be
said, is there?

BOY

Sir...?

SPEER

(to Boy)

Yes, yes, tell him yes, I'll
meet him.

(to Margarete)

I have no choice.

O.S., a warning WHISTLE. The Porter looks at Speer,
anxiously.

SPEER

Take it off, take it off, hurry!

The Porter gets busy unloading their equipment back onto
the baggage gurney. Speer puts his arm around Margarete's
shoulder.

MARGARETE

(sadly)

I'm sorry that he...

(meaning the Boy,
who is running off)

... learned to run so fast and
so well. Another moment -- one
more moment and we would have
been out of reach.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

Margarete glances wistfully at the train, jerking to life, starting up, moving out of the station. But Speer is looking in another direction, reacting to --

132 THREE S.A. TROOPERS

132

hurrying through the station. All carry Nazi banners on their shoulders, like rifles, rolled tight around the staves. What has taken Speer's attention and his gaze JUMPS IN ON IT, is the fearsome Prussian eagle, golden and fierce, riding atop one of the staves.

133 SPEER

133

His eyes follow the S.A. Troopers, (the eagle) his mind recalling the words of the Gypsy.

134 EXT. BERLIN STREET SIGN - DAY

134

The sign reads: VOSSSTRASSE. OVERSCENE, a HORN is HONKING.

135 WIDER

135

Speer stands on the sidewalk a little uncertainly, looking around at the very imposing neighborhood of five-story buildings. The HORN honker is Hanke, arriving in a brand-new car. He jumps out, beams, extending his hand, coming forward, talking as he approaches.

HANKE

The new Organization Leader for the Berlin-East Electoral District has recommended that you take charge of rebuilding the New District Headquarters. Congratulations!

SPEER

Thank you. Does the New Organization Leader, Berlin -- East Electoral District realize that the last time I

--

HANKE

He knows you're an architect.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

SPEER

Uh... just who is this new
Organization Leader for the
Berlin-East Electoral District...?

HANKE

(with a twinkle)

Me.

Hanke displays his new car, his new suit, his new
business card.

SPEER

Uh... where are these new District
Headquarters...?

Hanke points to the elegant, five-story building. Speer
reacts, impressed.

SPEER

Rebuilding, eh?

HANKE

Entirely. The whole place, inside
and out.

SPEER

I'll have to draw some plans, make
a budget, I'm sure the District
would like to know how much it's
going to cost.

HANKE

Naturally. And naturally, you're
contributing your expertise, Speer...

Speer looks at him in surprise, starts to speak. Hanke
pats his shoulder reassuringly.

HANKE

(continuing)

... once we are past this election
the Party will advance to total
political power and will not forget
those who have made sacrifices --
until then everyone contributes
what he can.

136 INT. SPEER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

136

Speer lies on his back, eyes closed, near-dark. O.S.,
drawers opening and closing, a light on somewhere in
another room. Speer opens his eyes, hears the SOUNDS,
Margarete is not beside him. He rises, moves toward
the living room.

137 INT. SPEER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

137

Margarete seated on the floor in the living room. She has been plundering drawers and shelves, searching through stacks of photos, letters, papers, other mementoes.

MARGARETE

When you were studying at the Berlin-Charlotten Institute you wrote me a letter. Do you remember?

SPEER

Is that...

(indicating letter
in her hand)

... it?

MARGARETE

Would you like to hear what you had to say?

SPEER

Uh... I suppose I would. Uh... what time is it?

MARGARETE

Three o'clock in the morning.

SPEER

What'd I have to say?

MARGARETE

(reading)

My new professor is Heinrich Tessenow and he is the most remarkable, most clear-headed man I have ever met. He is not modern but in a certain sense he is far more modern than all the others... his intelligence is frighteningly acute. I mean to try hard to be admitted to his "Master" school in a year, and after another year, I'm going to try to become his assistant...

(hands him

the letter)

... you must tell him what you're going to do.

Margarete disappears toward the bedroom. Speer glances at the letter, frowning.

CROSSFADE Tessenow's VOICE:

TESSENOW (v.o.)

I want you to be...

138 INT. KEMPINSKI GRILL, BERLIN - DAY

138

Tessenow stares across the table at (the CAMERA) Speer:

TESSENOW
... very truthful with me, Speer.

Now the ANGLE INCLUDES Speer, beyond: through the glass windows, we are very much aware of the chilly winter rain outside. Tessenow is paused with a forkful of food in one hand, wine in the other. Without making too much of it we NOTICE the COLLECTOR in the b.g., a young and personable S.A. Trooper with a rain coat over his party uniform. He moves quietly from table to table with his collection box.

TESSENOW
... I would appreciate your utmost candor. How is your food?

SPEER
It's good, sir, very good.

TESSENOW
Why don't you eat it?

Speer smiles apologetically, picks up his fork -- then:

SPEER
I'm going to resign from the university, sir, I have a commission.

Speer picks up his satchel, extracts some sketches and plans.

SPEER
It's a very old building, but very elegant. Right now, it's considerably run-down...
(more worried as
Tessenow examines
another sketch)
... but it has the proper lines.
I hope to retain all of the original elegance...

Tessenow dons his glasses.

SPEER
... but I want to introduce certain functional features. I feel I can --

TESSENOW
Is this intended to be a residence?

(CONTINUED)

SPEER

No, no, an office building.

Speer thrusts another sketch at him -- hurriedly.

SPEER

The interior is very challenging.
This dining room area can become a
salon for holding small, informal
receptions.

TESSENOW

May I see the exterior again,
please?

Speer retrieves the previous sketch. Tessenow restudies
it.

TESSENOW

(continuing)

This building is on Vosstrasse?

SPEER

Yes.

TESSENOW

I thought I recognized it... with
a sinking heart...

(pulls off his
glasses)

... you're a member of the Party,
of course, they'd never hand you
anything like this unless you were.
Have you read Mein Kampf?

SPEER

No.

TESSENOW

What kind of a German are you?
Where else can you find wonderful
stuff like that? The Communists
are all Jews. Bad working
conditions are due to Jewish
capitalists. Little storekeepers
are being ruined by big department
store owners who are Jews. Jewish
doctors and lawyers take bread
from the mouths of the professions.
Jews are everywhere, doing all
these terrible, terrible things.
You're aware he wants to kill all
of them?

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (2)

138

SPEER

He's not serious.

TESSENOW

He looks serious to me, he sounds serious, he acts serious, I don't know the bastard but I'd guess he has no sense of humor. Ask the Jews in this restaurant how serious he is. You can spot them, they're the ones trying to look neutral or bored but anytime a car backfires on the street or someone raises his voice, they look scared and they tremble. They have a lot to be scared about and a lot to tremble about. So do you, so do I.

Tessenow gathers up his coat, gloves, scarf, stands:

TESSENOW

I'm sorry, truly sorry you've chosen this path. I've enjoyed working with you. I've always been very fond of you and I've always hoped that you were fond of me. At one time or another, you and I have discussed everything from music to American Indians, and now, suddenly, we have nothing more to say to each other. I hate that, Speer. I hate that most of all.

Tessenow walks out of the shot. Speer remains as he is, eventually glances through the window.

139 WHAT HE SEES

139

Through the window Tessenow swings out onto the street, cane-umbrella swinging, becomes part of the crowd.

COLLECTOR (o.s.)

The Party needs everyone's help.

140 SPEER

140

turns and looks at the S.A. Trooper in the raincoat, shaking his collection box under Speer's nose.

COLLECTOR

... I hope you'll give to the Party today, eh?

Speer gathers up his things and EXITS.

141 EXT. NEW DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - DAY 141

The beefy-faced FOREMAN in the white smock places a policeman's WHISTLE in his mouth and blows shrilly. He has just finished a disturbing conversation with Karl Hanke, the result demands immediate action. Hanke shakes his head, wears a grim look on his face as he heads for the main entrance. As the ANGLE WIDENS, we notice various WORKMEN stop digging trenches, erecting scaffolding, unloading various materials from a truck, to gather around the Foreman who has an announcement to make.

142 EXT./INT. NEW DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS - DAY 142

Speer opens the front door.

HANKE
(coming forward)
I'm very proud of them...
(the workmen)
... you should be, too, Speer,
they're all good Party members,
they don't want to bankrupt the
Party so they've agreed to wait
for their money.

143 ANGLE 143

Hanke gestures to the (inside) WORKMEN who come up to the open door to see what's going on.

HANKE
... they'll have to wait, too.
Probably it...
(meaning the
building)
... would have been too small
anyhow. Hitler lost. Hindenberg's
been re-elected president.
Politics.

144 EXT. SPEER SR. HOME, HEIDELBERG - NIGHT 144

Snow on the ground (colored) lights in the window, smoke from the chimney. Above the main doorway an ornately carved wooden plaque bearing the single name SPEER. OVERSCENE the voice of Speer Sr. SINGING off-key, exquisitely, but with intense devotion, "Silent Night."

145 INT. SPEER SR. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

145

A huge sleepy ST. BERNARD DOG, a roaring fire, a becanthed Christmas tree. Speer, Margarete, Speer's Mother, hardly aged, handsome still, aristocratic, reserved; various others such as Speer's two brothers (their wives and children), a manservant, maid, cook, butler, everyone with a glass of sherry in one hand, a token present in the other. All intent on --

146 SPEER SR.

146

singing doggedly, with no accompaniment.

SPEER (v.o.)

There was absolutely no work or foreseeable future for me in Berlin, small businesses and big businesses were collapsing every day. When my father offered me a job managing some of his properties in Mannheim and Heidelberg, I accepted. It amounted to a 'truce'.

147 INT. SPEER SR. DINING ROOM

147

-- the festive table gleaming with silver and glass, set for the Christmas Eve meal. We are very much aware of the warmth and tradition and trust in ageless values. Outside, the snow and cold are visible through a giant picture window.

148 EXT. SPEER SR. HOME, HEIDELBERG - NIGHT

148

Faintly, we can hear Speer Sr. finish his Christmas carol.

149 INT. SPEER SR. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

149

CLOSE SHOT of Speer Sr. sitting at the head of the table, supervising service, ham, potato salad, beer -- the traditional Christmas meal of Westphalia. There are joyous sounds of celebration. The CAMERA PANS around the table to Speer, who smiles reassuringly at Margarete; we CUT TO Margarete, somewhat anxious about Speer's mother and still frightened in the presence of Speer Sr. He has been eyeing the various children at the table closely.

(CONTINUED)

SPEER SR.

Children always lend a genuineness
to the Christmas occasion in my
opinion. Do you...

(to Margarete)

... agree?

MARGARETE

Oh, yes.

SPEER SR.

You must eat, keep up your
strength and your health.

MARGARETE

I feel very good, Father, and I
assure you my health is excellent.

SPEER SR.

You have been to a doctor?

MARGARETE

Yes.

SPEER SR.

What does he say?

MARGARETE

Just what I've told you, Father,
I am in good health.

SPEER SR.

How long have you been married?

MARGARETE

Five years, Father.

SPEER SR.

Five years...

(a reproving look

at Speer)

... and four months.

Snowbound. Speer, Margarete, and the St. Bernard plod
along in the cold air. SERIES OF SHOTS as they eventu-
ally come within sight of the Speer Sr. home. When
they are perhaps a hundred feet away, the door jerks
open, Speer Sr. framed in the doorway in his shirt-
sleeves, an outraged look on his face. He shouts
something at them, waves the morning newspaper (The
Frankfurter Zeitung), a huge smiling picture of Hitler
alongside President von Hindenburg, the caption reads:
FEUHRER OF THE GERMAN NATION.

151 SPEER'S MOTHER

151

-- just inside the doorway, frowning worriedly, catches Speer's eye.

152 EXT. NEKKAR VALLEY (WINTER) #2 - DAY

152

A woodland park and snowy meadows. Once again the St. Bernard is loping through the deep snow, barking and steaming, playing with Margarete. Speer appears, waves to Margarete, fails to get her attention, makes a snowball, fires it at her. She screams something unintelligible to him.

153 SPEER

153

cups his ear, trying to understand her. When she resumes frolicking with the dog, he gives up, turns away, spots his Mother, approaching firmly, something resolute in her manner.

SPEER

Mother.

He steps forward to meet her.

154 SPEER AND MOTHER

154

She has a concerned look on her face.

MOTHER

I've been wanting to talk to you, Albert. I want you to tell me whether or not Herr Hitler's political career is now over?

SPEER

(surprised)

I have no idea, Mother, what makes you think that might be so?

MOTHER

There is a very strong and persistent rumor that he has been made the Chancellor of Germany so that von Papen and the President can control him, and make him stand on the sidelines for the rest of his life. Could that be?

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

SPEER

Again, I have to confess I don't know. You surprise me, Mother. I would never have predicted the day when you and I would discuss politics.

MOTHER

At my age it's good not to be too predictable. I just want to say that I would be very disappointed if that rumor were true, Albert.

SPEER

You keep surprising me, Mother.

MOTHER

And for some reason I amuse you, too. Are you laughing at me?

SPEER

No. I'm laughing at myself, Mother. For just a moment there, you sounded very much like a loyal Party member.

MOTHER

I am a loyal Party member, Albert. I have been for a year. You needn't mention it to your Father. I doubt if he'd understand.

SPEER

You are secret and deep, Mother.

MOTHER

I hope so.

CROSSFADE the telephone RINGING.

155 INT. SPEER SR. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

155

The telephone is in the close f.g. beyond; in the b.g. we can see Mother, Speer Sr., Speer and Margarete at the dining table, eyeing the phone. There is a sense of the thing. They feel it. We feel it. It RINGS again, and again. Speer leaves the table, picks up the receiver.

156 INT. NEW MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA SWITCHBOARD - NIGHT

156

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR talking into a headset:

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

156

SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR
 (into mouthpiece)
 Hold on, please.

She plugs in a line.

157 INT. NEW MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA - HANKE - LIMBO

157

Hanke stands at his desk, resplendent in a well-tailored uniform, a great deal of charged-up activity around him, people moving to and fro, phones ringing, etc.

HANKE
 (on phone)
 There's plenty of work for the Party.

158 INT. SPEER SR. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

158

Speer speaking on the phone.

SPEER
 (into phone)
 Yes, of course. Yes, I know.
 Uh...
 (embarrassed
 glance in
 Speer Sr.'s
 direction)
 ... yes. Heil, Hitler.

Speer hangs up quickly.

159 SPEER SR.

159

The Heil-Hitler-of-it is a body blow. Speer makes no comment, but glances toward the wall and the --

160 WORK OF ART

160

hanging there, memory-filled.

161 EXT. SPEER SR. HOME IN HEIDELBERG - DAY

161

Still snowy, still cold, but the top is down on Speer's car, already piled high with luggage. Speer is busy cinching another suitcase in place, glances warily at Speer Sr., approaching with more luggage (that will be fitted in the tonneau).

(CONTINUED)

SPEER SR.

Our fresh new Chancellor has labeled the Reichstag fire the first act of a general communist insurrection. Do you believe that?

SPEER

I believe there is a very clear and present danger to the nation, Father, that --

SPEER SR.

Don't quote me the newspapers, what do you think?

SPEER

It would seem so.

SPEER SR.

And what do you think of all this power he's been handed by our befuddled old president?

SPEER

These are extraordinary times and they call for extraordinary measures.

SPEER SR.

You're quoting his newspapers again.

SPEER

Father -- you ask me questions. I'm trying to answer you.

SPEER SR.

Are you frightened?

SPEER

No. Should I be?

SPEER SR.

Yes! You should be frightened. Everybody in this nation should be frightened. Hitler has the power to eliminate anyone who doesn't agree with him. He's out to bring down the upper classes, the intellectuals, and the cultivated. As of this moment and this day, Albert, I tell you and I warn you, whatever you build for him or his officers, you are building to glorify a tyranny.

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED: (2)

161

SPEER
 No, Father. I build because it
 is my profession. I know nothing
 about politics or tyrannies...

162 ANGLE

162

Margarete, dressed for the trip, with his Mother,
 approaching. She holds up Speer's leather coat with
 the high fur collar. He shrugs into it, saying:

SPEER
 Well, Mother, we seem to be saying
 goodbye again.

MOTHER
 Good luck, Albert...
 (eyes go from
 Speer Sr. to
 Speer)
 ... is there something the matter
 between you two? Am I being
 tactless?

SPEER
 No, Mother, not really, we're --

SPEER SR.
 (interjecting)
 -- saying goodbye, a different
 sort of goodbye today, not just
 a goodbye to you and I but...
 (to Speer)
 ... goodbye to everything and
 every value that was once
 important in your life.

SPEER
 I have to protest, Father, that's
 simply just not so.

SPEER
 Then forgive me, if it seems so
 to me. Goodbye. Margarete.

Speer Sr. kisses her, turns and walks back toward the
 house; Speer looks at Margarete.

163 EXT. HIGHWAY AND COUNTRYSIDE (WINTER) - LONG SHOT - DAY 163

Snowy countrywide. A long vacant stretch of roadway.

(CONTINUED)

- 163 CONTINUED: 163
- In the distance we HEAR a car approaching rapidly. Eventually, it comes into view. Speer behind the wheel, Margarete beside him, luggage piled high, both in leather coats, scarves, helmets, goggles.
- 164 INT. CAR - SPEER AND MARGARETE - DAY 164
- Speer displays some expertness in the way he handles the car, turning easily, shifting smoothly. Margarete's thoughts are troubled.
- 165 EXT. ANGLE ON HIGHWAY - DAY 165
- As they race along the flat countryside, CAMERA PANS to --
- 166 EXT. NEW CONCENTRATION CAMP - DAY 166
- Jerry-built, hardly anything more than high barbed wire, several wooden barracks, and a machine gun tower manned by an S.S. Guard. Swastika flag flying prominently. Very windblown, remote, and somewhere nearby a dog BARKING, snapping and snarling --
- 167 TWELVE PRISONERS 167
- just unloaded from a truck, bending into the wind, marching toward the enclosure, double file, herded by S.S. Guards and a black guard DOG. CAMERA ISOLATES one of the new prisoners, WALLENSTEIN. He has been beaten, one eye puffed and closed, cheek broken and discolored, clothing torn.
- 168 EXT. HIGHWAY - SPEER CAR - DAY 168
- Eventually races out of SHOT. Eventually there is only a vacant, wind-swept highway, alone and remote -- except for the BARKING of the guard dog in the distance.
- 169 EXT. ROADSIDE INN - NIGHT 169
- We SEE Speer's car parked out in front with several others. Through the frosted glass of the window, we SEE Speer and Margarete across from each other, cozy, at a small table.

170 INT. ROADSIDE INN - NIGHT

170

They eat and drink in silence for a long moment,
finally:

MARGARETE
Is your father right?

SPEER
My father is...
(carefully)
... emotional.

171 EXT. NEW MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA, BERLIN - DAY

171

Speer is among the TRAFFIC OF PEOPLE entering, leaving the busy building, going past the spit and polish of TWO LIEBSTANDARTE GUARDS assigned to the main entrance, passing under a giant swastika flag flowing from the second story.

172 INT. NEW MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA - RECEPTION - DAY

172

Speer enters a sparkling black and white checkerboard of tiling in the wide foyer where half-a-dozen (particularly) PRETTY SECRETARIES work at phones and typewriters. Another half dozen ascend and descend the staircase rising on both sides of the reception desks. As Speer heads toward the main reception area, it would be impossible for him not to notice a stunning BRUNETTE seated in the waiting area, very carefully made up, groomed for evening.

173 HANKE

173

stands behind the main reception desk, crisply uniformed, mindful of a symphony orchestra conductor, handling a battery of telephones and conducting the flow of courier traffic swirling about the desk. Throughout the scene -- various persons will enter -- show Hanke something -- pick up something -- he will whisper to them, vice-versa, etc. This will be worked out as we shoot, instead of specifically indicating it. At the moment, Hanke is on the phone. He waves to Speer.

HANKE
(into phone)
I am quoting the Minister: the German film industry can only be re-established on a healthy basis if German nationality is remembered in the industry and German nature is portrayed by it, unquote.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

173

Hanke shakes hands with Speer, glances impatiently at a MESSENGER who comes up with a snappy:

MESSENGER

Heil, Hitler!

HANKE

(into phone)

At the Kaiserhof Hotel at eight o'clock Thursday evening...

(to Messenger)

... Heil, Hitler.

Hanke makes an impatient motion; Messenger hands him a receipt book.

HANKE

(into phone)

... I'll see that he gets the message.

Hanke hangs up, takes an over-sized manila envelope from the Messenger, tosses it to Speer.

HANKE

Welcome!

Then he turns to initial the receipt book and hand it back to the Messenger. As the Messenger exits, one of the secretaires, ANNEMARIE KEMPF, steps up to the reception desk. Unlike the other secretaries we have seen, Annemarie is plainly dressed, uses little makeup. She catches Hanke's eye, indicates her watch, Hanke picks up the phone immediately.

HANKE

(into phone)

Garage, please.

Annemarie hands Hanke a pen and places letters on his desk for signature. He signs and she helps him as:

HANKE

(into phone)

Bring his car around at once.

Hanke hangs up and the phone RINGS instantly.

HANKE

(into phone)

Heil, Hitler.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANKE (cont'd)
 (listens, then)
 March twenty-first is the
 anniversary of the founding of
 the First Reichstag of the
 Second Reich.

As Hanke continues to listen on the phone, a second
 Secretary comes into the SHOT with an added batch of
 correspondence to be signed.

ANNEMARIE
 I'll take those...

HANKE
 (into phone)
 Neither do I.

Hanke hangs up and looks at Speer.

HANKE
 What's wrong?

SPEER
 (gestures with
 manila envelope)
 This is addressed to the Minister's
 Adjutant.

HANKE
 That's me...

Phone RINGS.

HANKE
 (into phone)
 ... Heil, Hitler...
 (cups; listens)
 ... as well as personal advisor
 and appointment secretary to the...

Hanke's gaze goes past Speer to the top of the stair-
 case and DOCTOR JOSEF GOEBBELS sweeping out of an open
 doorway, pulling on his trenchcoat, all at once small
 and sly and crippled.

HANKE
 ... very punctual little doctor
 who has a very big job these
 days...
 (lowering
 his voice)
 ... and he can make you or
 break you in an instant...
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HANKE (cont'd)
 (into phone)
 ... if you examine that invoice
 I'm certain you will find that
 was ordered six weeks ago.

Hanke hangs up somewhat testily, stiffens to throw a
 snappy salute at Goebbels.

HANKE
 Good evening, Herr Doctor...
 may I...

GOEBBELS
 (overlaps)
 Speer?

SPEER
 Yes.

Everyone annoys Goebbels. At the moment, it's difficult
 to tell who annoys him the most, Hanke, Speer or
 Annemarie (who is only trying to get her letters signed).
 For some reason, it is Annemarie, Goebbels eyes linger
 on as he snaps his fingers and Hanke slaps a whole sheaf
 of telephone messages into his outstretched hand,
 surgical-nurse-like. Goebbels examines the telephone
 messages with quick, jerky movements. He gives a "shut-
 up-until-called-for" look to DOCTOR RUDOLPH SEMMLER,
 also dark and unsmiling, who materializes importantly
 with a teletype in hand.

GOEBBELS
 (hands message
 back to Hanke)
 ... under no circumstances and...
 (second message)
 ... yes, I will be glad to attend,
 if I am to speak, let them furnish
 the subject...
 (to Speer)
 You have been assistant to Professor
 Tessenow at the University of Berlin?

SPEER
 Yes.

GOEBBELS
 The academic life no longer
 attracts you?

SPEER
 The academic salary no longer
 attracts me.

(CONTINUED)

GOEBBELS

A pity. Professor Tessenow is
a very gifted and able man, did
you not find him so?

SPEER

Very much so.

All this time Goebbels has been fleecing through the
messages, tears and discards several, finally hands
one to Hanke.

GOEBBELS

Remind me to call him before noon
tomorrow...

(hands message
to Semmler)

... take care of these before you
go home tonight, please...

During the exchange between Goebbels and Speer, the
phones have never ceased ringing. Hanke has answered
every call with dispatch, at the same time he has
managed, finally, to sign all of the letters for
Annemarie. She gathers them up and starts back toward
her desk. Goebbels looks after her, disapprovingly.

GOEBBELS

... Name?

HANKE

Annemarie Kempf, Herr Doctor.

GOEBBELS

Does Fraulein Kempf quite fit in
out here in the reception area,
Hanke?

HANKE

She is very efficient, Herr Doctor.

GOEBBELS

Nevertheless, take her away from
the outer office, let her be
efficient elsewhere.

Goebbels now turns impatient eyes on Semmler, who has
been gesturing with his teletype.

GOEBBELS

Well?

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (5)

173

Goebbels makes an impatient movement, meaning Semmler can go ahead and read his teletype. (RAF 245) Goebbels examines the remaining phone messages as:

SEMMLER

(reading)

Open quote: Every morning the editors of the seven Berlin daily newspapers and the correspondents for those that are published elsewhere in the Third Reich, are told by Doctor Goebbels what news to print, what news to suppress. Doctor Goebbels exercises the same absolute control over all radio broadcasting in the Third Reich, as well as all feature films, newsreels, documentaries, and short subjects. Close quotes.

GOEBBELS

Correspondent?

SEMMLER

Jack Jones. New York Times.

GOEBBELS

Congratulate Mr. Jones on his accuracy...

Semmler nods, exits.

GOEBBELS

... Satisfactory, Speer?

Goebbels gestures to the envelope in Speer's hand.

SPEER

(confused)

Uh... I...

HANKE

(jumps in)

Yes, of course.

Goebbels goes off with a nod. Hanke is on the phone again.

HANKE

(into phone)

Heil, Hitler.

(listens)

Go ahead.

Hanke reaches for a pen to take notes as Speer looks toward the --

174 WAITING AREA

174

Goebbels greets the Brunette elaborately, with a hand-kiss.

HANKE (v.o.)
He's the reason you're here.
He...

175 HANKE AND SPEER

175

Speer is still looking toward the waiting area. Hanke has cupped the phone and is taking notes, as:

HANKE
... wants the Ministry residence
renovated from top to bottom and
that...
(envelope in
Speer's hand)
... is your contract...
(into phone)
... thank you very much.

Hanke hangs up; the phone RINGS instantly.

HANKE
(into phone)
Heil, Hitler.

Speer tears open the manila envelope, reacts pleased, glancing through the contract.

HANKE
(into phone)
Good evening, Frau Goebbels. The
Doctor has asked me to convey his
most profound regrets. He'll be
unable to dine at home this evening.
(listens)
Of course. But right at this moment
the Doctor is attending a rather
difficult conference or I would
certainly put you through to him...

Speer looks up from his reading, glances doorward.

176 SPEER'S POV

176

An AIDE has pulled open the front doors; Goebbels and his Brunette exit toward a waiting limousine.

HANKE (v.o.)
(on phone)
... rest assured when I have the
opportunity I'll tell him, Frau
Goebbels.

177 SPEER AND HANKE

177

Speer regards Hanke with awe.

HANKE
(into phone)
Yes. And he has also asked me
to tell you not to be concerned
if he is very late. Goodbye.

Hanke hangs up, smiles, and reaches for his coat.

HANKE
Constancy is not one of the
Doctor's great qualities.

178 EXT. TAUMENTZIENSTRASSE - NIGHT

178

Neon lights, bustling traffic, lighted store windows.
The LONG LENS finds Speer and Hanke moving down the
street, compacted with the mob, part of it.

SPEER (v.o.)
A new life seemed to have been
infused into Berlin. People
were friendly and smiling and
full of new vigor and hopefulness,
the doubt and uncertainty of the
past had been forgotten. Hitler's
name was on everyone's lips.

They enter the bar.

179 INT. BAR #1 (ON TAUMENTZIENSTRASSE) - NIGHT

179

Speer and Hanke move toward the bar that is very crowded,
very busy, very gay. Gayer and busier than anyone is
the LADY BARTENDER, who sounds like a light machine gun
when she moves or shakes a drink, since she wears about
twenty clanking BRACELETS on each arm. Speer and Hanke
manage to push their way to the front, signal for a pair
of drinks.

SPEER (v.o.)
And while people met and laughed
and talked and drank, somewhere,
unnoticed, the party machinery
was settling accounts with the
opponents of years of political
struggle, and hundreds of
thousands of people were trembling
because of their descent, their
religion or their convictions.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

Hanke had been thumbing through a small notebook, now finds the page he wants, taps it.

HANKE

Tessenow.

SPEER

Yes...?

HANKE

Because I want you to have a very successful unencumbered career. I want you to tell me about him.

SPEER

Professor Tessenow's a very outspoken man.

HANKE

Friend of yours?

SPEER

Yes... uh... no.

HANKE

Which is it?

SPEER

I still regard him as my friend.

HANKE

Tell your friend that the Gestapo say he's politically unreliable.

180 EXT. HAVEL FOREST - SPEER AND TESSENOW - DAY

180

Late March, still cold, the ground patched with snow. Speer and Tessenow in the LONG LENS, strolling side by side. Eventually, they come to a fork in the path, pause. Tessenow regards Speer, pointedly.

TESSENOW

I suppose I should thank you for warning me. But I'm not going to do that. I'm going to remind you where you came from, what you are, what you could be, and what you won't be if you continue with them.

Tessenow turns and walks away, rapidly.

181 INT. GOEBBELS OFFICE (MINISTRY) - SKETCHES - LIMBO 181

Various sketches of Speers renovative ideas. Goebbels stands behind his desk, phone receiver in hand, listening, at the same time initialing and signing various letters and memos which Semmler presents to him. He waves Speer and Hanke inside, cups the phone.

GOEBBELS

Speer, I want you to meet my wife.

MAGDA GOEBBELS is seated on the couch, impeccably groomed and poised. She extends her hand.

MAGDA

The Doctor has mentioned your name and your work many times. He tells me you are a very clever man, are you?

SPEER

I'm a very fortunate man, Frau Goebbels.

GOEBBELS

You have quick ideas, you sketch quickly, how quickly can you begin?

SPEER

I'd have to draw up the plans, estimate the cost, that would probably take me --

GOEBBELS

Is that what I asked?

(to Hanke and Semmler)

Is that what I asked?

(to Speer)

I asked -- and I want to know -- how soon can you start, Herr Speer?

HANKE

(jumps in)

He can start immediately, Doctor.

GOEBBELS

And when can you finish?

SPEER

Four months.

GOEBBELS

A month? Can you have it finished in a month?

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED:

181

SPEER

No, I can't.

GOEBBELS

Two months, Speer? I would think
a good private practitioner ought
to be able to finish it in two
months. Eh?

SPEER

I'd have to use two shifts a day,
seven days a week --

GOEBBELS

That isn't what I asked, Speer,
that isn't what I asked at all.
You want this commission, I want
it finished in two months, yes
or no, which is it?

SPEER

Two months.

GOEBBELS

Good! That settles it.

Speer has been humiliated, used, maneuvered, embar-
rassed and he is red-faced, angry, choking inside.
Magda flashes him a sympathetic look before she exits
with Goebbels.

182 INT. ARCHIVE AREA, MINISTRY - DAY

182

CAMERA WITH Speer, walking purposefully down the long,
gloomy aisle of open-stack filing folders.

183 ANGLE - AS IF WITH SPEER

183

-- APPROACHING a small desk at the far end. As we (the
CAMERA) come closer, we recognize Annemarie Kempf alone
and apparently forgotten in the cheerless, windowless
place. She has a large scissors in hand, a huge blank
album is spread out on her desk, apparently her new task
is to clip various articles from newspapers and magazines
and paste them in the album.

184 SPEER AND ANNEMARIE

184

Speer comes to a stop opposite her desk.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

SPEER
 Fraulein Kempf...?
 (she nods)
 May I introduce myself? My name
 is...

ANNEMARIE
 ... I know who you are, Herr
 Speer.

SPEER
 Then possibly you know that I
 have a great deal of work to do
 around here in a very short time.
 I need all of the expert help I
 can get. I would be pleased if
 you would consent to work with
 me, Fraulein.

ANNEMARIE
 I'm afraid that is entirely up
 to the Reichminister's Appointment
 Secretary --

SPEER
 I've already spoken to Herr Hanke.

Annemarie regards him soberly and silently for a long
 moment. Then she lays her scissors aside, closes the
 album, removes her glasses -- and beams a radiant smile.

185 INT. SPEER LIVING ROOM - LIMBO

185

The gramophone, rocker-arm descends carefully on the
 78 RPM disc. MOZART. Now, INCLUDE Margarete, she
 satisfies herself the record is playing, arranges the
 flowers, softens the light, pours wine from a decanter,
 carries the glass over to Speer, sprawled in an easy
 chair, sketch book in hand, engrossed. Margarete sets
 the wine on the table beside him, starts away, he grabs
 her, pulls her down, kisses her.

GOEBBELS (v.o.)
 One, Paril, 1933. Sir: Please
 be informed as the commissar...
 (FITTR19)

186 INT. VACANT BALLROOM (MINISTRY RESIDENCE) - DAY

186

Speer stands working at his drawing board in one corner
 of the huge room where he has established a makeshift
 office, complete with a temporary telephone.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

Several workmen are already busy prying up the damaged parquet flooring. The place is a litter of paint cans, rolls of wallpaper, sacks of plaster, mortar boxes, A-frames, other building supplies and power tools rubbed about. Annemarie, in corner, typing specification sheets.

GOEBBELS (v.o.)
... at the head of this cell, and
by the authority given to me by my
Fuehrer, Adolph Hitler, Chancellor
of Germany, I call on you...

187 INT. VACANT BALLROOM (MINISTRY RESIDENCE) - DAY

187

Speer is at his drawing board -- shivering -- since all of the window casements have been removed. The place is still a litter, only more so. Workmen move back and forth, everyone wearing heavy jackets, scarves, etc.

188 INT. OFFICE SUITE (MINISTRY RESIDENCE) - DAY

188

The Workmen have removed half of the wall and are now busy removing the window casements. Speer stands in the doorway with a roll of plans in hand, glances at his watch, then looks off, relieved to see a CREW OF MEN coming up the stairs with new window panes.

GOEBBELS (v.o.)
... to give notice of dismissal
of all your representatives,
rental agents and branch managers
of Jewish extraction and to...

189 INT. VACANT BALLROOM (MINISTRY RESIDENCE) - DAY

189

Some signs of progress. Speer still maintains his small working area and is still busy at his drawing board. A man is working a sanding machine on the floor. A crew of electricians installing a series of brackets along the walls. But Speer is most interested in --

190 THE PLASTERERS

190

-- up on scaffoldings, putting in a new ceiling.

GOEBBELS (v.o.)
... give them leave of absence
immediately.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

190

GOEBBELS (v.o.) (cont'd)
 I further call on you to be reminded
 that no more employment contracts
 may be entered into and so far as
 such have been affectuated lately
 from transparent causes, they
 shall be cancelled immediately...

191 INT. VACANT BALLROOM (MINISTRY RESIDENCE) - NIGHT 191

Hard rain slanting against windows. CAMERA PANS away
 to show an elaborate system of electric heaters and fans
 rigged up on the scaffolding, Rube Goldberg-like; Speer
 is trying to dry the stubborn new plaster on the ceiling.

GOEBBELS (v.o.)
 I emphasize that it is not religion
 but race that is decisive here...

192 SPEER 192

-- all alone in the room with the fans and heaters,
 glances doorward.

193 RUDOLF SEMMLER 193

is at the door, as before, notebook in hand.

194 INT. OFFICE SUITE (MINISTRY RESIDENCE) - NIGHT 194

Speer and three Workmen rigging up a system of heaters
 and fans to dry out the plaster here.

GOEBBELS (v.o.)
 ... Christianized Jews are thus
 equally affected. In place of
 these gentlemen, only...

195 INT. VACANT BALLROOM (MINISTRY RESIDENCE) - DAY 195

The ceiling is dried, painted and decorated, draperies
 are hung, the new lighting in place, pictures on the
 walls, everything sparkling and blending. Goebbels
 (trailed by Semmler, who is taking his dictation)
 wanders about, inspects this fixture, that piece of
 furniture, along with Speer.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

GOEBBELS (v.o.)
 ... members of the National
 Socialist Party shall be employed
 from hereon.

(tries a light
 switch, reacts
 pleased)

... excellent... excellent...
 That goes to all six American
 film exchanges...

Goebbels looks o.s. as the door comes open.

196 ANGLE

196

Hanke has just opened the door, waits discreetly with
 a DAZZLING GIRL in a sable coat.

GOEBBELS
 ... in Berlin. Be sure you
 address them to the individual
 managers. I think that's all...

197 ANGLE

197

Semmler moves off and Goebbels turns to Speer.

GOEBBELS
 Very well done, Speer,
 congratulations.

Goebbels shakes Speer's hand once, then steps past him
 toward --

198 THE OPEN DOORWAY

198

-- where Goebbels greets the Dazzling Girl with a hand-
 kiss, then moves out of SHOT with her. Hanke comes
 into the room, tosses a bulky manila package for Speer
 to catch -- as he heads for the (discreetly sheltered)
 telephone.

HANKE
 Party rally coming up at Temple
 -- hof -- see what you can do.
 Eh?

199 EXT. TEMPLEHOF (SERIES OF SHOTS) - DAY

199

Speer wears dark glasses, turtleneck, moves from place
 to place in the great concrete monolith, sketchbook in
 hand.

200 SPEER

200

is atop one of the giant hangars, standing on the edge of the roof, windblown, intent on his sketchbook. The WIDE ANGLE LENS almost makes the wing of the building look like it is standing on point and Speer is a man suspended in space. A movement, a SOUND, somewhere below causes him to pause. He peers, pulls off his dark glasses.

201 WHAT HE SEES - POV

201

A shadowy area between the hangars, FOOTFALLS echoing from the darkness, approaching steadily, purposefully. Finally, a lone WORKMAN appears, a tiny figure carrying a lunch pail in one hand. He emerges from the shadows into the sunlight advancing across the field in the in-and-out-of-the-shadows-lighting. His FOOTFALLS come over steadily, in cadence, almost like a drum beat.

202 SPEER - CLOSE

202

watching the Workman below, his mind racing. He turns to a fresh page on his sketchbook, begins drawing feverishly.

CROSSFADE a TRAIN WHISTLE:

203 EXT./INT. BERLIN BAHNHOF - DAY

203

Speer and Hanke hurrying down the platform, Speer carries his satchel of sketches, valise, and topcoat. SCENE PLAYS ON THE MOVE:

HANKE

Dr. Goebbels feels that he can handle most of the people and problems that would come to the Fuehrer. He sees it as his sacred duty to see to it that the Fuehrer's mind isn't cluttered up with new names and new faces that have to be remembered. The Fuehrer's seen your sketches and is very enthusiastic and naturally Dr. Goebbels has taken credit for your original ideas.

Speer halts, looking outraged.

SPEER

I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED:

203

HANKE

All part of the Doctor's ways
and means of not cluttering up
the Fuehrer's mind with a new
name and a new face to remember.

SPEER

Mine?

HANKE

Yours. Now you understand, I
can tell by your eyes that you
understand.

204 INT. HESS'S OFFICE (MUNICH) - DAY

204

Rudolf Hess behind his desk, importantly, studies
Speer's sketches, deliberately taking his time.

205 SPEER

205

opposite him, nervously waiting.

206 HESS

206

continues, slowly, deliberately; eventually, he lays
the sketches down, arranges them neatly, then looks up
at Speer:

HESS

Only the Fuehrer can decide this
sort of thing.

CROSSFADE the VOICE of Maurice Chevalier:

CHEVALIER

(singing)

Every birdie has a mate
Every poodle has a date...

207 EXT. PRINZEREGETENTEN THEATRE (MUNICH) - LOUDSPEAKER - DAY

207

The VOICE of Maurice Chevalier emanates from the loud-
speaker:

CHEVALIER

(singing)

In the bench, in the park, in
Paree... (ETC.)

208 ANGLE - AS IF FROM MOVING CAR 208
 On the theatre marquee: "A BEDTIME STORY" starring MAURICE CHEVALIER.

209 INT. STAFF CAR - DAY 209
 Speer on the rear seat, craning to see out, properly nervous, with a satchel of sketches beside him. A PARTY DRIVER at the wheel of the big Mercedes.

210 EXT. #16 PRINZEREAGENTENSTRASSE, MUNICH - DAY 210
 We HEAR the car door open. (NOTE: This building still in existence.)

211 STAFF CAR 211
 Speer closes the door.

SPEER
 This is where the Chancellor of Germany lives?

DRIVER
 Top of the stairs.

Speer looks at him, disbelievingly, enters the building.

212 INT. STAIRWELL - DAY 212
 Speer comes up the stairs, looking about.

BRUCKNER (v.o.)
 Speer...?

Speer looks up.

Wilhelm Bruckner stands at the top of the stairs, signaling. He wears a Party uniform, swastika armband on sleeve.

BRUCKNER
 Come on...

Bruckner thrusts open a door and waves Speer toward another door.

BRUCKNER
 Go in. The Fuehrer's expecting you.

Speer opens the door.

213 INT. HITLER'S APARTMENT - ANGLE PAST SPEER 213

into the room, somewhat darkened, and Adolph Hitler, seated at a table, cleaning his pistol (a large Walther). He glances at Speer, coldly.

HITLER
(curtly)
Come in.

Speer steps in and closes the door. Hitler continues cleaning the gun - then he nods to one side of the table.

HITLER
(curtly)
Put them there.

Speer opens his satchel, withdraws his sketches, places them as directed. Without looking at Speer, Hitler shoves aside the various disassembled parts of the pistol, loosens the ties on the sketch wrappings, and begins to examine them.

214 INSERT #1 214

Sketch #1 shows a large open-air platform, and in back of it, three mighty banners, ten-stories high, stretched between wooden struts, black-white-red with the swastika banner in the middle - illuminated by a battery of searchlights.

215 HITLER 215

- studies the sketch. Speer studies Hitler. All in silence. Hitler looks at sketch #2.

216 INSERT #2 216

A gigantic eagle, with a hundred foot wingspread, dramatically lighted by the searchlights.

217 HITLER 217

- finishes examining sketch #2, lays it aside and examines sketch #3, then #4, and #5, completely silent, completely disregarding Speer's presence. Finally, he places all of the sketches back in the binder and picks up his wiping cloth.

218 SPEER 218

Speer remains respectful, silent, not sure Hitler is still aware that he's in the room.

219 ANGLE 219

They remain like that for an extended time, Hitler occupied with his gun, Speer waiting for some kind of comment. Finally:

HITLER

Agreed.

Then Hitler pauses, looks at him point-blank, his eyes almost terrifying because of the lack of expression. Speer nods stiffly, picks up his sketches. Hitler's eyes follow him.

220 INT. AREA OUTSIDE HITLER'S APARTMENT - DAY 220

Speer comes outside the door, closes it, and lets out his breath. He is vaguely aware of a BUZZER sounding nearby. Someone picks up a phone.

BRUCKNER (v.o.)

(into phone)

Yes, my Fuehrer, yes.

Phone cradled. Bruckner comes INTO SHOT.

BRUCKNER

(continuing)

Go over to National Party Headquarters, they'll brief you there. Ask for...

221 INT. CORRIDOR IN NATIONAL PARTY HEADQUARTERS - DAY 221

Walking toward us, heels clicking on the highly polished flooring, MARTIN BORMANN, stocky, bullish.

BRUCKNER (v.o.)

... the Chief of Staff for the Deputy Fuehrer.

Bormann halts directly in front of the CAMERA.

BORMANN

My name's Bormann...

ANGLE WIDENS to include Speer coming off a bench where he has been waiting.

(CONTINUED)

221 CONTINUED:

221

BORMANN
... this way.

Speer follows Bormann down the corridor where he opens
a heavy paneled door and ushers Speer inside.

222 INT. HESS'S OFFICE - DAY

222

Hess stands behind his desk.

HESS
The Fuehrer has decided to
incorporate some of your ideas
at the Workmen's Rally at
Templehof this year.
(to Bormann)
... that's all, Martin.

Bormann looks slightly pained as he nods, backs out the
door, Hess regards Speer, frankly, silently, for a long
moment, then:

HESS
Years ago, in Vienna, even before
I knew him, the Fuehrer wanted
to study architecture, tried to
study architecture. Perhaps in
his soul of souls he still yearns
to be an architect? Did you get
that feeling from him, Speer?

SPEER
No.

HESS
Perhaps that's because he's really
not an architect, is he, Speer?

SPEER
Uh... no.

HESS
What is he?

SPEER
Eh...?

HESS
What is he? What is Adolph
Hitler, Speer?

SPEER
(puzzled)
Why, he's the Chancellor of
Germany.

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

222

HESS
 Fuehrer! Fuehrer! Fuehrer!
 Adolph Hitler is our Fuehrer!
 He is our leader, in all things,
 at all times, keep that clearly
 in your mind! At no time is
 Adolph Hitler anything less than
 our Fuehrer!

Speer nods appropriately, backs out of the office.

223 INT. CORRIDOR IN NATIONAL PARTY HEADQUARTERS - DAY 223

Speer emerges from Hess's office, exhales. Bormann is
 at his desk, engrossed in rubber-stamping and initialing
 a series of post-card sized documents. Without looking
 up:

BORMANN
 You slipped through.

Speer isn't quite sure that he heard what he just heard.
 He turns to stare at Bormann, who remains intent on his
 work.

BORMANN
 (continuing)
 ... you weren't supposed to get
 any closer to the Fuehrer than
 his adjutant. You weren't
 supposed to see him at all.

SPEER
 He...
 (meaning Hess)
 ... arranged it.

BORMANN
 He's a terribly confused man.
 If he had the remotest idea that
 you were actually going to be
 received by the Fuehrer I assure
 you that you would have been the
 very smallest part of a very
 large delegation in the very
 back of the room...
 (hands over
 an envelope)
 ... train tickets, car's waiting
 downstairs, have a pleasant trip.

Speer starts away.

BORMANN
 ... Speer. I am not an forgetting
 man.

224 BLURRED SHOT

224

In a fast LATERAL MOVEMENT past a myriad of buildings, streets, parks, and people we HEAR CROWDS CHEERING, roaring actually, filled with frenzy. Finally we HALT on a street sign:

225 FRANZ JOSEPHPLATZ - NIGHT

225

Firelight reflecting back from the night sky.

GOEBBELS (v.o.)
(over P.A. system)
... the new fight and the new
battle we are undertaking...

226 MARGARETE SPEER

226

stares ahead, dismayed, bewildered, the firelight reflecting off her face. We are conscious of STUDENTS and S.A. TROOPERS behind and around her, rushing forward toward the fire.

GOEBBELS (v.o.)
... against the class warfare and
materialism. You are doing the
right thing...

227 MARGARETE'S POV - BOOK BURNING (STOCK FOOTAGE)

227

Hundreds of Students and Troopers with torches and swastika flags surround the burning pyre of books. Goebbels is a small, almost indistinguishable figure standing on the back of a flat-bodied truck, microphone in hand, stabbing away with his great voice.

GOEBBELS
... in committing the evil spirit
of the past to the flames. It is
a strong, great symbolic act...

228 MARGARETE

228

transfixed, appalled.

GOEBBELS (v.o.)
... an act that will bear witness
before all the world to the fact
that...

229 GOEBBELS (NON-STOCK) - CLOSEUP

229

Trench-coated, microphone in hand, a la Bob Hope, the FIRELIGHT reflecting off his face. The main part of the truck is laden with books and STUDENTS (some in party uniforms) in the b.g. gleefully lofting books in the direction of the fire. Among them we recognize Jurgons, Ritter, and Gruenberg.

GOEBBELS

... from these ashes will rise the
Phoenix of a new spirit. The Reich
and the nation and our Fuehrer...
Adolph Hitler! Heil!

230 STUDENTS (STOCK AND NON-STOCK)

230

Cheering and applauding as Goebbels accepts their tribute, waves, smiles. The deluge of CHEERING becomes a spontaneous songfest. The HORST WESSEL SONG.

231 MARGARETE

231

totally incredulous, turns away, running toward the darkness out of the firelight.

232 BOOK BURNING (STOCK FOOTAGE)

232

Students and Troopers marching, singing.

233 EXT. BERLIN STREET, WANSEE - NIGHT

233

Margarete moves down the street, returning home, apprehensive of the one or two distant figures on the brightly lighted street in the distance, turns into their apartment building.

234 INT. STAIRWELL OF APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

234

Margarete mounts to the top floor, the door of their apartment barren, isolated, frightened.

235 INT. SPEER APARTMENT - NIGHT

235

Margarete unlocks the door, switches on the light, cases the apartment a moment before entering, secures the chain lock, putting aside her things. There is a radio speaker near the first interior doorway. She switches it ON as she moves by; by the time the CLASSICAL MUSIC has started she has the shower turned on, is getting rid of her dress. we:

CUT BACK TO:

236 EXT. THE EMPTY STREET IN FRONT OF APARTMENT BLDG. - 236
NIGHT

But aware of a large commotion in the far distance.

237 INT. SPEER APARTMENT - ON MARGARETE - NIGHT 237

Margarete sits on the couch near the radio with a quilt huddled over and around her, her back against the wall. The MUSIC is classical, a string quintet, she is more or less expressionless, but trembling violently, shaking.

DISSOLVE TO:

238 INT. SPEER APARTMENT - NIGHT 238

Speer comes through the door quickly, shuts it, locks it, reaches for a lamp, espys Margarete on the couch as we left her, huddled in a blanket. He moves toward her concernedly.

There is a brightness about her eyes, some effort in her voice to keep it controlled. Speer tosses his coat aside, reaches for her, she quails away from him.

MARGARETE

I had the most remarkable experience tonight. I discovered that if you are very very blond and you wear boots you have possibly attained the very best this life has to offer. Do you believe that?

SPEER

Of course not. All of this is stupid, this rampaging, crazy, wild out of control, no excuse -

MARGARETE

Was Dr. Goebbels out of control, too?

SPEER

Very much in control, I'm afraid. Tonight was his idea of a triumph. I can't explain him, Margarete. he's a very difficult man to decipher.

MARGARETE

But you must keep trying because in a sense Dr. Goebbels is your new mentor.

(CONTINUED)

SPEER
Listen to me --

MARGARETE
I have, quite often and quite attentively, but tonight I've been listening to myself. Your Father is right. They are barbarians out to destroy everything that is worthwhile. Oh, the sun is going to shine tomorrow and the trams will go up and down Nollendorfplatz and if the weather's warm people will eat at the outside tables and no one will altogether believe, really believe, how Dr. Goebbels got the ashes together so his goddamn Phoenix could rise! Are you one of them?

SPEER
No, Margarete, I am not one of them.

MARGARETE
Then let's leave here, go to a place where they're not afraid of books.

SPEER
I can't do that. I will not do that. There is no perfect world as much as we would want one. Our future is here.

MARGARETE
Oh my, God, Albert, they're taking our lives away from us. Every day new rules, new punishments, new lists of people being kept in those camps. It's like a dress rehearsal for disaster and it means that you and I can never smile at each other or share a phrase of music or be lovers ever again.

SPEER
I have every reason to believe that I am standing just outside that important door, any moment it will open for me.

(CONTINUED)

238 CONTINUED: (2)

238

MARGARETE

May I ask you another question?
If you aren't one of them, Albert,
what are you?

Speers face alters, goes strange, then harsh with the
same staring impassivity we might have noticed before.

239 EXT. (OLD) REICH CHANCELLERY - DAY

239

A huge swastika flag flutters gracefully above the main
entrance. TWO LEIBSTANDARTE SENTRYs, white-belted,
black SS uniforms, chamber-pot helmets, rifles, fixed
bayonets, stand rigidly with see-nothing eyes. However,
both men are very much aware of the --

240 SMALL CROWD OF HITLER-LOVERS

240

predominately women, who have gathered for a glimpse
of their beloved Fuehrer, and are now cheering and
APPLAUDING his arrival. FOUR CARS have just swept into
the motor yard, Hitler's is the lead car, a dark blue
Mercedes, an open, seven-liter job, super-chargers
gleaming. Hitler's personal driver, PAUL SCHRECK,
behind the wheel, an SS Man on either running board,
alert for trouble.

Hitler unloads quickly, waves and smiles to the Women
who flutter handkerchiefs and blow kisses in his
direction. The three other cars have gumballed behind
Hitler's, various Aides and Adjutants debark, among
them FRANZ VON PAPEN, HEINRICH HIMMLER, Heinrich
Hoffmann, Rudolf Hess, Josef Goebbels, Hermann Bormann,
Julius Schaub, OTTO DIETRICH, everyone appropriately
and variously uniformed, excepting Von Papen, Goebbels,
Dietrich and (strangely) HERMANN GOERING -- in street
clothes.

The Leibstandarte snap their rifles to the salute
as --

241 HITLER AND HIS PLENIPOTENTIARY

241

move, en masse, up the series of steps to the entrance.
The others fawn as we hear SNATCHES of Hitler's
conversation. (AH 427)

HITLER

... he was a correspondent for
one of the New York papers...

(CONTINUED)

241 CONTINUED:

241

DIETRICH

The New York Times.

HITLER

Yes. The Times. I told him that I had nothing but genuine and complete admiration for Mr. Roosevelt, the way he's taken over the office, the way he's actually become their president...

242 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HITLER'S OFFICES - SPEER - DAY 242

Speer, with his satchel of blueprints and his raincoat, one of FIFTY or so PERSONS waiting in the area. Hitler's FOUR SECRETAIRES, variously arranged behind their desks. They are JOHANNA WOLF, mid-forties, stout and short; CHRISTA SCHROEDER, 30, very plain; GERDA DARANOWSKI (CHRISTIAN) and GERTRUD JUNG, both in their twenties, both quite attractive.

A COMMOTION of sorts at the opposite end of the corridor. Speer and the others peer curiously.

243 ANGLE PAST SPEER - TO

243

Hitler and plenipotentiary, coming down the wide, glossy corridor, which becomes ECHOEY with their VOICES, filled with their FOOTSTEPS, as they pour through the various doors, remaining en masse, literally and figuratively jockeying with one another for positions close to Hitler.

GOERING

I couldn't agree more.

HESS

Neither could I, my Fuehrer.

GOEBBELS

Definitely their president.

DIETRICH

The office and the man -- one and the same.

BORMANN

Roosevelt is the White House.

HITLER

No detours, no side roads, just straight through and over the Congress, the lobbies, and the whole Washington bureaucracy. Roosevelt...

(CONTINUED)

243 CONTINUED:

243

Speer and the others who are waiting rise respectfully as Hitler and the others come into the area. Speer half hopes that Hitler will remember him from their Munich meeting. But Schaub materializes, pushes open the double doors.

HITLER

... simply refuses to let anyone
or anything slow him down.

Hitler sweeps past without a glance at Speer -- or anyone else. Speer's face falls. He gets disapproving glares from Goebbels and Bormann before they follow Hitler into the conference room. It is Bormann who closes the door and manages to make something very personal and final about it. Speer and the others sit down and resume waiting.

244 ANGLE

244

Suddenly, one of the double doors comes open. Hitler sticks his head out, Bormann and Goebbels visible behind him.

HITLER

Speer... ?

Speer rises.

HITLER

Five minutes.

Hitler ducks back in the conference room and closes the door.

245 JOHANNA WOLF

245

has not been surprised by anything for a long time -- but she and Christa Schroeder and the other secretaries are surprised now. Bruckner and Schaub and one or two other Aides, and those waiting in the immediate area look at Speer wonderingly -- reappraising him.

246 EXT. CHANCELLERY RESIDENCE - DAY

246

Sunlight beams on the graceful old world street and buildings, civilized monuments to man's search for culture. However, the TOUR GUIDE and his baggle of TOURISTS are more interested in Hitler's glistening Mercedes parked in the motor yard and Schreck standing by, solicitously. Right behind the Mercedes, in sharp contrast, Speer's battered (BMW) sport's car.

(CONTINUED)

246 CONTINUED:

246

SPEER (v.o.)

It was the beginning, the day
I had been waiting and hoping
for. At last I had my foot in
the door... of the Chancellery
Residence.

247 INT. CHANCELLERY RESIDENCE ENTRANCE - DAY

247

The abrupt CUT from the bright sunlight leaves us in almost total darkness so that Hitler is almost a silhouette when he steps INTO THE SHOT, punches his hands together behind his back, does a 360-degree turn, takes in all of the problems of the badly maintained staircase, corridors, etc. Hitler strolls OUT OF SHOT and Speer ENTERS, the ever-present sketch book in hand, stops exactly where Hitler stopped, glances around in exactly the same way, and walks OUT OF THE SHOT.

SPEER (v.o.)

Hitler commissioned his Munich architect, Paul Ludwig Troost, to redo and refurnish the Chancellery Residence. It was to be a complete renovation, inside and outside. Troost's building supervisor was sent from Munich to oversee the project...

HUGO ELSNER ENTERS THE SHOT importantly, a huge be-smocked man with a ring of keys slung over one shoulder, manifest and blueprints in hand. He pauses, as did Hitler and Speer, looks around.

SPEER (v.o.)

... the Fuehrer wanted the work done as quickly as possible. In the interest of speed, I was assigned to assist him.

Elsner shrugs and EXITS THE SHOT. A moment -- then the two SS Men (seen earlier) enter, cross the foyer, without pause.

248 INT. CHANCELLERY RESIDENCE FOYER AREA - LIMBO

248

Speer and Elsner stand by silently as Hitler examines the tattered staircase, the buckling woodwork, the shaky balustrade, the broken glass, other evidences of misuse. Finally:

(CONTINUED)

248 CONTINUED:

248

HITLER

... What's your name?

ELSNER

Elsner.

HITLER

Herr Elsner, Speer, this is a perfect example of the kind of waste and corruption that happens in a democracy. It can't work here. Impossible. Laxness and liberalism. Silly. Germans like tight public order, part of our blood, the character of the nation, this place's a goddamn shambles.

Hitler stomps OUT OF THE SHOT. Speer exchanges a look with Elsner who pulls out his handkerchief, removing his hat, and mops away. Speer makes a note and then he and Elsner move OUT OF THE SHOT and the two SS Men materialize, stoicfaced, dangerous, keeping their distance.

249 INT. KITCHEN AREA - DAY

249

A very large, gloomy room, badly lighted. Hitler in the f.g. with Speer and Elsner, the two SS Men in the b.g. The Chancellor of Germany, the most powerful man in the Third Reich, is plainly unhappy with the kitchen and everything in it. His movements are punctuated with his exasperation and impatience, as he examines the ancient stove and ovens, opens and slams doors on the decrepit refrigeration units; opens and closes utensil cases; checks the creaking pulleys on the dumbwaiters, sniffs the dead air of a gloomy pantry; inspects the tile drainboard at one of the sinks; turns on one GROANING faucet, lets it run, then shuts it off, and listens, with accusing eyes, at the agonized run-off GURGLING. Elsner mops his head heavily.

Hitler scowls at the badly placed windows, at the inadequate lighting.

HITLER

My mother's kitchen was always fresh and bright and clean...

(eyeing Speer)

... that's the way I want this one.

It's a direct order -- to Speer. He nods. Hitler EXITS with the SS Men. Speer glances ceilingward, makes a note, Elsner looks concerned.

250 INT. CHANCELLERY RESIDENCE, SECOND FLOOR ELEVATOR AREA - DAY 250

Speer and Elsner stand with the two SS Men, waiting as Hitler inspects the small elevator, frowning with disapproval. He beckons to Speer.

HITLER

Any department store has a better elevator. I want a better elevator and I want it rated for more than...

(checks the legend)

... three people. Can you do that?

Elsner starts to shake his head. Speer is quicker.

SPEER

Of course.

Hitler looks pleased, steps OUT OF THE SHOT, with his SS Men in tow. Elsner gestures with his roll of plans.

ELSNER

Professor Troost insists that his plans be adhered to strictly. It's not my place to say, of course, Herr Speer, but it would be inadvisable to respond to any casual suggestion today that might be forgotten tomorrow.

SPEER

You're quite right, Herr Elsner
... it is not your place to say.

Elsner turns red-faced.

251 EXT./INT. BEHRENSTRASSE STUDIO, BERLIN - DAY 251

CAMERA WATCHES THROUGH the windows as Speer enters and crosses the huge floor space that was once a painter's studio, but has now become his planning and design office. Plenty of bright working light overhead for the DOZEN YOUNG DRAFTSMEN sitting or standing at their drawing boards. Speer speaks to one or the other, pauses to talk to KARL MARIA HETTLAGE, about ten years his senior, serious-faced.

(CONTINUED)

251 CONTINUED:

251

SPEER (v.o.)

In order to be available to my client at any time, I rented a painter's studio near the Chancellery. My assistants worked from morning until late at night, without regard for their private lives...

Annemarie Kempf materializes, drags Speer away from Hettlage.

252 MOVING SHOT WITH SPEER AND ANNEMARIE

252

Annemarie has her notebook and pencil, hands over the mail and messages, animatedly. Speer nods, retorts, examines messages as they make their way back to the rear area.

SPEER (v.o.)

As for myself, my own existence became unimportant. After years of frustrated effort I was wild to accomplish things...

253 REAR AREA

253

Speer's drawing board and desk. Speer and Annemarie MOVE OUT OF THE SHOT, leaving us staring at the --

254 PHOTOGRAPH

254

on Speer's desk. An enlarged snapshot, handsomely framed, shows Speer and Margarete on the sundeck of the Alpine Inn near Oberammergau (ITTRpb368a), both very young, very much in love.

SPEER (v.o.)

... and nothing else mattered.
Nothing.

CROSSFADE a great burst of LAUGHTER.

255 INT. PROJECTION ROOM - 35MM SCREEN (BLACK AND WHITE STOCK FOOTAGE)

255

PRIMO CARNERA on the deck of an ocean liner, dwarfing a pair of diminutive managers, huge and oafish, speaking rapidly -- with Hitler's voice:

(CONTINUED)

255 CONTINUED:

255

HITLER'S VOICE
... an honest broker, an honest
broker for both sides. I am
neither dependant...

A change of light as the door opens. Speer peers into
the darkness. LAUGHTER.

SPEER
Dr. Goebbels... ?

GOEBBELS
Speer?

SPEER
Yes.

Goebbels stands, immaculate in a dinner jacket, Hanke,
Semmler, Dietrich, various Aides, Secretaries, Couriers
slouched in the darkened room, studying, studying the
foul-up on the screen (the right sound track but the
wrong film).

GOEBBELS
I'll be right with you.

HITLER'S VOICE
(from screen)
... on the state nor an official
office...

The right film suddenly appears with the right sound
track, in sync.

256 ON 35MM SCREEN - TEMPLEHOF FLUGHAVEN - NIGHT (STOCK 256
FOOTAGE)

All the lights on the field have been extinguished
except those that pinpoint Hitler, a tiny, tiny figure
on the platform, speaking to a crowd of a hundred thous-
and.

HITLER
... nor am I dependent on any
industrial or economic concern,
nor on the trade unions...

GOEBBELS
Close-ups? Do we have any close --

257 HITLER ON SCREEN (NON-STOCK) - CLOSE-UP

257

HITLER

I am an independent man and I
have to set myself for no other
aim than to serve the German
people to the best of my ability.

258 ANGLE

258

As the "Sieg Heils" begin on the screen, Goebbels turns
off the sound.

GOEBBELS

One more moment, Speer... what
about that footage on Roehm?
Is that here today?

SEMMLER

It ought to be at the end of
this.

GOEBBELS

(to Speer)

Sorry.

Goebbels looks at the screen. The Sieg Heils end as --

259 SWIRLING MASS OF SWASTIKA FLAGS (STOCK FOOTAGE)

259

search lights playing on them.

260 EXT. CHANCELLERY GARDENS (NON-STOCK) - DAY

260

No sound track. Hitler and Ernst Roehm, in Party uni-
forms, strolling through the gardens, talking amiably,
both seem at ease with one another.

GOEBBELS

(to Dietrich)

Emphasize the long association
and the great friendship that
has always existed between the
Fuehrer and S.A. leader Ernst
Roehm.

SEMMLER

What about Rust?

GOEBBELS

Rust? Oh God... sorry, Speer.
Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

260 CONTINUED:

260

HANKE

Next.

GOEBBELS

(to Hanke)

I don't want Rust on the screen
longer than thirty seconds.
Will you see to that for me,
please?

HANKE

I will, Doctor.

Goebbels moves toward the door.

261 HANKE

261

pulls out a stopwatch, CLICKS it on as we HEAR:

RUST'S VOICE

(from screen)

... henceforth, in all public
schools, teachers and pupils
will greet each other...

262 ON 35MM SCREEN (EXT. PUBLIC SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY)

262

DOCTOR BERNARD RUST, Reichminister of Science, Education
and Culture in front of the newsreel camera, narrow-
faced, close-cropped, small-eyed, self-conscious -- but
determined to deliver his edict.

RUST

... with the Nazi salute...

(demonstrates)

... this salute is expected of
every German in every walk of
life every day.

263 HANKE - BCU

263

CLICKS OFF the stop watch.

264 INT. CORRIDOR IN PROPAGANDA MINISTRY - NIGHT

264

Speer and Goebbels -- SCENE PLAYS ON THE MOVE:

GOEBBELS

The higher he aims the more a
man grows.

(CONTINUED)

264 CONTINUED:

264

SPEER

Eh... ?

GOEBBELS

The Fuehrer's favorite phrase.
He does have a way of making a
man feel indispensable does he
not?

SPEER

Uh... yes, Doctor.

GOEBBELS

He's very much like a woman in
that respect...

They halt and enter a doorway.

265 INT. GOEBBELS OFFICE - NIGHT

265

As they come through the door Speer hesitates, eyeing
Bormann, who stands there, drink in hand.

GOEBBELS

... he can make you unhappy one
moment and deliriously happy the
next. You've found him so?

SPEER

(warily)

Yes, Doctor.

Goebbels steps over to the liquor cabinet, begins
rummaging shelves.

BORMANN

You are a very busy architect
these days?

SPEER

The Fuehrer's anxious to have
the job done as soon as possible.

BORMANN

And you want to please the
Fuehrer, Speer?

SPEER

Of course, don't we all?

BORMANN

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

GOEBBELS

He's taking a great deal of personal interest in this renovation, eh, must be nerve wracking the way he's looking over your shoulder all the time?

SPEER

He likes details, Doctor.

BORMANN

It doesn't bother you?

SPEER

I can understand it.

GOEBBELS

Can you understand him?

SPEER

I understand him.

GOEBBELS

What is that?

BORMANN

Brandy.

GOEBBELS

Brandy! Good! Is brandy all right, Speer?

SPEER

Fine.

Goebbels locates the decanter and glasses as:

GOEBBELS

It's always a mistake to understand the Fuehrer too quickly.

BORMANN

Or too simply.

GOEBBELS

Or too simply. Yes. You see a great many different people come into his ken every day and it's only natural that some of them delude themselves with false hopes.

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED: (2)

265

SPEER

What false hopes?

GOEBBELS

... Doctor.

SPEER

What false hopes, Doctor?

GOEBBELS

I don't think he understands
what you're saying.

BORMANN

Do you understand what I'm
saying, why I sent for you?

SPEER

No.

GOEBBELS

Herr Professor Troost is very
conscious of his professional
and academic standing. Even
the Fuehrer must see him by
appointment at his studio in
Munich. Playing the role of
surrogate architect for Troost
is not going to open up any
new vistas you might be seeing
these days, Speer. Troost has
been, is, and always will be,
the Fuehrer's personal architect.

Speer glances from Goebbels, to Bormann, back to
Goebbels.

GOEBBELS

An inner circle and outer circle
revolves around the Fuehrer,
there is no way, no possible way,
anyone will make room for you in
that inner circle.

By the time Goebbels has refilled Bormann's glass and
decanted a pair of drinks. He proffers one to Speer.

SPEER

No thank you... Doctor.

Speer EXITS. Goebbels and Bormann stare after him.

(CONTINUED)

265 CONTINUED: (3)

265

SPEER (v.o.)

It was the first battle in a long, involved, never-ending war for position alongside Hitler. It opened up a world of intrigue and jealousy and power-struggling that continued...

266 EXT. COURTYARD OF PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - HITLER'S MERCEDES - DAY

266

Speer, on the rear seat, glances warily at Schaub and Bruckner. The two SS Men on the jump seat; Schreck behind the wheel, motor RUNNING. Everyone somewhat grim-faced, not unmindful of a carload of bank robbers ready for the getaway. They are watching the --

267 HONOR GUARD

267

of twenty-six men, standing rigidly, rifles at the order-arms, chamber-pot helmets gleaming. Hitler, Goering, and Hess, fresh from a diplomatic reception, flanked by a sword-carrying officer, pass slowly in front of the Honor Guard Inspection. (SH240) All three men look close to ridiculous in formal dress, white tie, tails, complete with white gloves.

SPEER (v.o.)

... for as long as I knew him.
As the days went by I began to think of the men close to Hitler as elephant-like, gathering, shielding, protecting one of their wounded.

Hitler comes to the end of the line, stops, turns, faces the sword-carrying officer. He goose steps into position, delivers a sword-answer to Hitler's Nazi salute.

Hitler drops his arm and ducks through the gating. Goering and Hess glare after him.

268 EXT./INT. HITLER'S MERCEDES - DAY

268

Bruckner holds the door open, throws a raincoat over Hitler's shoulders as he dives onto the seat alongside Schreck. Bruckner SLAMS the DOOR and climbs in.

269 SWORD-CARRYING OFFICER, GOERING AND HESS

269

see and we HEAR the departing Mercedes.

270 INT. HALLWAY AND BEDROOM, CHANCELLERY RESIDENCE - DAY 270

A CREW is removing a wall with sledge hammers, a lot of dust and loose plaster flying around. WE FIND Speer, Hitler, Bruckner, Schaub, Elsner, the two SS Men, trooping for the stairs, Hitler still immaculate in white tie and tails, picking his way through the debris.

271 INT. SECOND FLOOR LIVING ROOM (UNFINISHED) - DAY 271

Speer, Hitler, in white tie, Elsner, Schaub, Bruckner, the two SS Men. Hitler stands by the windows, points down to the street.

HITLER

They gather right down there
and demand my blessing. I'm
not the Pope, Speer, but I
have to do something, they've
come from all over the country.
Can you pull out these three
windows and make a small balcony
for me?

Speer fires a shut-your-mouth look at Elsner.

SPEER

Certainly.

Hitler resumes talking, purposefully, resolutely, forcefully. Speer regards him with undisguised admiration.

SPEER (v.o.)

In less than a year we had
destroyed the Republic, gotten
rid of all political opposition,
and smashed the labor unions.
I hardly noticed those things
or...

CROSSFADE the SOUND of BAND MUSIC.

272 EXT. CHARLOTTENBURG PARADE - DAY (STOCK FOOTAGE) 272

A great crowd line both sides of the street. The official car is going past. Hitler and President von Hindenburg on the rear seat, wearing cutaways, silk hats, accept the acclaim of the crowd.

SPEER (v.o.)

... the fact that the Jews were
by law banished from Public and
professional life and we no
longer had freedom of the press.

273 INT. CHANCELLERY RESIDENCE - FOYER AREA - DAY

273

Hitler's suede gloves, his tall silk hat, rest on a keg of nails. In the b.g., a crew of workers installing a new stair railing. Bruckner, Schaub, Elsner, the two SS Men, stand by, impatiently. Bormann enters from the outside, glances up the stairwell, starts forward, stops -- chagrined.

SPEER (v.o.)

It was the start of the corruption
of an ancient and honorable people.
And none of it bothered me at all.

274 WHAT HE SEES

274

Hitler, in cutaways, stands at the top of the stairway in an animated discussion of blueprints with Speer, waves Bormann to remain at the bottom of the stairs.

275 EXT./INT. MAIN UNDERGROUND TERMINAL, BERLIN - LIMBO

275

The underground train glides to a stop, doors open, among the debarking PASSENGERS the CAMERA FINDS Speer. He pauses on the platform, checks his watch, looks around as though expecting to meet someone, then his attention goes o.s. Despite the DIN of TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENTS and arriving and departing trains he becomes aware that someone is SOBBING nearby. CRYING uncontrollably -- just out of CAMERA RANGE. We may or may not hear:

PHOTOGRAPHER (v.o.)

For God's sake, do something
about him!

TROOPER (v.o.)

I'm trying, I'm trying!

PHOTOGRAPHER (v.o.)

Well, try harder, will you, we
just haven't...

Each Passenger who has come onto the station platform has looked OFF in the direction of the SOBBING. Some react with complete indifference, others look shocked, others compassionate, indignant, but all only look -- then hurry away.

276 SPEER

276

comes off the train and like the others looks off at the SOBBING -- and reacts, credulously:

(CONTINUED)

276 CONTINUED:

276

PHOTOGRAPHER (v.o.)

... got all night to do this!
Isn't there some way you can...

277 SPEER'S P.O.V.

277

(S.H.225) EIGHT S.A. TROOPERS, brown uniforms, swastika armbands prominent, are arrayed, four on each side of a SMALLISH MAN (smaller because he wears a bow tie and is very stylishly dressed) and a very TALL GIRL; the PHOTOGRAPHER (with a Speed Grapflex and flashbulb). Another S.A. Trooper, is trying to get the group picture. He pretends to be very upset because the Smallish Man, try as he might, simply cannot stop sobbing. They've hung a sign around his neck that reads: "AS A JEWISH BOY I ALWAYS TAKE GERMAN GIRLS TO MY ROOM" Around the neck of the Tall Girl a sign that reads: "I AM THE GREATEST SWINE, I TAKE JEWS AND MAKE THEM MINE."

PHOTOGRAPHER

... shut him up so I can get
my picture!

One of the Troopers puts his arm around the Smallish Man's shoulders:

TROOPER

I don't think you're being very
manly about this...

(shoves a
handkerchief
at him)

... my little friend, all we
want you to do is stop crying,
blow your nose, and...

278 SPEER

278

watching, sickening.

TROOPER (v.o.)

... smile for the pretty birdie!
Now, dammit, I don't think
that's asking too much, cheer
up, be happy, we're all happy,
aren't we?

279 SMALLISH MAN

279

The Troopers AD-LIB fawning attention on him and he
breaks into a new fit of SOBBING.

- 280 SPEER 280
- shaken, his gaze jumps from one of the swastika arm-bands on the sleeve of the Trooper to his portfolio -- and the swastika that is emblazoned there, making him a part of it, shaming him, then worse he realizes that --
- 281 MARGARETE 281
- is standing there, has been standing there for some time, her face torn, eyes transfixed on the Smallish Man.
- 282 ANGLE 282
- Speer grabs her arm, almost harshly.
- SPEER
Come on, we'll be late...
- Speer pulls her away, steering her toward the waiting train. She persists in looking back in the direction of the Smallish Man.
- 283 INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN - REFLECTION IN WINDOW OF MARGARETE AND SPEER SITTING SIDE BY SIDE 283
- CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER so that we only see the reflection of Margarete looking at herself and at the world seeming to speed by at an inhuman pace as the lights of the tunnel ZOOM past her face. What she sees is the figure of a woman with life screaming past her, out of control.
- 284 INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN - LIMBO 284
- Speer and Margarete, side by side, Margarete staring ahead, vacantly. The train slows, stops, the doors open. Without warning, Margarete jumps up, darts off the train.
- Speer is right after her, just manages to get through the doors before they close.
- 285 EXT./INT. UNDERGROUND EXIT - DAY 285
- SHOT of Margarete's legs rushing up the stairs in the darkness; then a QUICK CUT to her face as she arrives at the top, hits the sunlight.

Margarete sags against the wall, relieved to be out of the darkness, hugging herself with both arms, eyes closed as Speer comes up.

MARGARETE

Silly, huh?

SPEER

Not at all.

MARGARETE

Well, to be frank with you, and if you and I can't be frank, who can be... ?

There's a brightness about her eyes, some effort in her voice to keep it controlled. Speer takes a step toward her. She quails away from him.

MARGARETE

... All of this barbarism is really not very good for me at all. All my life I'm going to see the wretched eyes of that poor, frightened little man, I'll never... never...

(blurts)

... we're going to have a baby...

Speer is instantly solicitous, reaches for her, again she won't allow him to touch her, quails away.

MARGARETE

... where people are doing things like that.

SPEER

What I saw sickened me the same way it sickened you. I detest it, I detest them, I have nothing but loathing for those brainless, malevolent creatures. But I didn't humiliate and ridicule those two people, I'd never do that, do you hear what I'm saying to you?

MARGARETE

I hear what you're saying, but in the name of God I want to know what you're thinking.

(CONTINUED)

286 CONTINUED:

286

SPEER

Please listen to me -- the Romans and Greeks left the substance of their civilization behind them in architecture, for all the world to see. Every day he's asking me to spell out the substance of the Third Reich in natural stone and Nordic brick... in architecture. I can't allow two people without names to interfere with that.

287 EXT. CHANCELLERY RESIDENCE - FULL SHOT - DAY

287

Three cars pull up in front. Hitler bounds out of the middle car, the Mercedes, along with two SS Men, Bruckner and Schaub. He wears a tweed suit, a very old and well-worn velour hat, seems almost carefree as he leads the entourage through the gates, past SEVERAL WORKMEN on scaffolding, refacing the front of the building to accommodate the new balcony.

288 INT. CHANCELLERY RESIDENCE - ANGLE ON STAIRWAY - LIMBO 288

Hitler, Speer, Elsner, Bruchner and Schaub arrive at the top of the stairway where Hitler looks ahead eagerly at --

289 THE NEW ELEVATOR

289

Gleaming metal with wooden doors. A pair of WORKMEN adjust the interior lighting. We know Hitler is pleased, (and we know Elsner, for his own reasons, is displeased). It would seem only natural that Hitler would express his appreciation. It doesn't come out that way. Not at all. Hitler nods to the workmen, then moves ahead to the end of the hall.

290 INT. DRAWING ROOM IN CHANCELLOR'S RESIDENCE - DAY

290

Hitler enters quickly, makes another one of his 360° turns, presses his hands together in a gesture of approval, moves up closer to inspect the new moldings, runs his fingers up and down on them. The room has been freshly plastered and looks it, white dust and hardened plaster scraps everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

290 CONTINUED:

290

HITLER

Not regular plaster. What is
it, Speer?

SPEER

Ground sea shells. The Italians
and the Greeks made a mortar
from them, very hard, very
moisture-resistant.

Speer moves ahead of Hitler, somewhat awkwardly to
open the door for him. In doing so, one of the not-
quite-dry buckets of unused plaster gets knocked off
the scaffolding. A blob or two of wet plaster lands
on Speer's jacket.

SPEER

(swiping at it)

Clumsy...

291 INT. CHANCELLERY KITCHEN - HITLER AND SPEER - DAY 291

The kitchen has changed considerably since last we saw
it. The old stoves and the old fixtures have been
removed, the walls refinished, the lighting changed,
but more than anything, it is bright and cheery.

Hitler goes into his 360° turn-around, eyes rolling as
he takes in all of the new details -- midway he pauses,
glances overhead.

HITLER

Ah ha!

Hitler beams in Speer's direction and goes into (a
preview of) his dance, the one that became famous in
the Compiègne Woods the day France surrendered -- hands
held stiffly at his sides, legs kicking goose-step high.

The CAMERA TILTS UPWARD TO SHOW what has pleased him
so much -- and displeased Elsner.

292 NEW SKYLIGHT 292

-- in the ceiling.

293 INT. NEW ELEVATOR - SPEER AND HITLER - DESCENDING 293

Speer is still trying to remove the plaster as they
descend.

294 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF ELEVATOR - LIMBO

294

As Hitler and Speer debark.

HITLER

I want you to dine with me today.

Speer makes an apologetic gesture, motioning to his soiled jacket.

HITLER

Don't worry about that.

295 INT. (OLD) CHANCELLERY - LONG ANGLE - DAY

295

Hitler and Speer walk purposefully down the long corridor TOWARD THE CAMERA, enter Hitler's private study, quickly.

296 INT. HITLER'S (OLD) PRIVATE STUDY - DAY

296

As they come through the door.

HITLER

(calls out)

Krause! Krause!

(to Speer)

Here... give it to me.

Speer peels off his jacket as KARL KRAUSE, Hitler's valet, appears. Hitler tosses Speer's jacket at Krause.

HITLER

Something for Herr Speer.

297 INT. CHANCELLERY DINING ROOM - DAY

297

Besides a dozen others, in and out of uniform, we recognize Goering, Bormann, Hess, Himmler, and Putzi, chatting amiably, waiting for Hitler to appear before they sit down to the prepared table.

298 GOEBBELS

298

is to one side, speaking on the phone.

GOEBBELS

(into phone)

Excellent, of course, and I --

Goebbels glances o.s., reacts -- and hangs up.

Speer enters the dining room with Hitler. Hitler's blue blazer is much too small for him, but the Badge of Sovereignty (an eagle with a swastika in its talons) is embroidered on the upper pocket.

HITLER

(pulls out
his chair)

... I hope everyone's hungry
today, I'm famished. Come on,
sit down, sit down...

(everyone
hesitates)

... make room for my colleague.

The word "colleague" makes Speer an official member of the inner circle. He knows it and they know it. Hitler places Speer on his right, Goebbels on his left.

Goebbels eyes the Badge of Sovereignty, flaps out his napkin.

GOEBBELS

Handsome jacket, Speer.

SPEER

I thank you.

HITLER

(with a grin)

We both thank you, Doctor.

(to Speer)

We'll have to go to Munich one
of these days and wear sack
cloth and ashes for Professor
Troost when he sees some of the
changes we've made on his
original plans...

Hitler continues eating (and talking, non-stop)...

HITLER

You know, come to think of it
he looked very frail to me, not
that he's ever been a robust
man, but particularly frail, a
bit slow. A man that age
should take special care of
himself, you know... any age,
really, we all have but this
one instrument and we must use
it as carefully and sparingly
as possible.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

299 CONTINUED:

299

HITLER (cont'd)

After all, we are exactly what we eat, no more and no less, and the idea of eating animal flesh has become so odious to me that I am inclined to diet myself to vegetables and fruits for the rest of my life.

... and we can HEAR his voice and make out a word every now and then as the CAMERA SETTLES ON:

300 GOEBBELS 300
eyeing Speer warily, then ON:

301 BORMANN 301
hating him openly, then ON:

302 PUTZI 302
amused by it all, then ON:

303 GOERING 303
beaming broadly, (eating mightily) then ON:

304 HEINRICH HIMMLER 304
always, ever, completely cold and suspicious. OVER
SCENE Speer's VOICE (underscored by Hitler's babble)
COMES OVER.

SPEER (v.o.)

There may have been a moment when I saw and despised each one of them. Just possibly. I had already heard some of their outrageous orders and I could guess at some of their fantastic ambitions. But it was a moment that passed. I felt immune, isolated from them...

305 HITLER - CLOSE

305

talking, talking, talking, gesturing, rolling his eyes.

SPEER (v.o.)

... I would have sold my soul
for the commission to do a
great building. Like Faust,
I had found my Mephistopheles.

FREEZE FRAME on Speer.

SUPERIMPOSE the FINAL CREDITS OVER the same SERIES OF
STILL PHOTOGRAPHS seen in the opening.

FADE OUT.

END OF PART ONE
OF
INSIDE THE THIRD REICH

PART TWO

FADE IN:

306 EXT. ZEPPLIN FIELD, NUREMBERG STADIUM - DAY 306

FILLING THE SCREEN the Prussian eagle, giant, golden, ferocious, the globe of the world gripped in its talons. SUPERIMPOSE THE MAIN TITLES:

"INSIDE THE THIRD REICH"

(PART II)

Bright sunlight FLARES off the LENS, distorting and diffusing and we become aware of a strange, not quite identifiable movement, a vast restlessness as among many thousands of people -- just before the VOICE of RUDOLF HESS, shrill with fervor, CRACKLES out sharply over a giant public address system:

Sieg... ! HESS' VOICE

Heil... ! MASS VOICES

Sieg... ! HESS' VOICE

Heil... ! MASS VOICES

Sieg... ! HESS' VOICE

Heil... ! MASS VOICES

The familiar Nazi rallying cry booms and echoes from the throats of three hundred thousand persons in a vast amphitheatre, followed by a long, sustained period of CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

307 A STILL PHOTOGRAPH OF ADOLPH HITLER 307

pops onto the SCREEN, a young, seldom seen Hitler, circa 1928, the Bavarian gentleman in lederhosen and dark brown shirt, black field scarf, swastika armband. (SH 168) (DF 94).

(CONTINUED)

307 CONTINUED:

307

Now a MASSIVE CHORUS (the same three hundred thousand voices) singing "DER GOTT DER EISEN WACHSEN". The SUBSEQUENT TITLES and CREDITS SUPERIMPOSED OVER the following series of STILL PHOTOGRAPHS:

PAUL VON HINDENBURG, ARNO BREKER, BERNARD RUST (*)
 HANS FLACHSNER (*) ULRICH VON HASSEL, LADY BARTENDER (*)
 ELIZABETH VON THADDEN, KURT VON SCHUSCHNIGG, WILHELM
 FRICK, WERNER FINCK, XAVIER DORSCH (*) VIKTOR LUTZE (*)
 KARL BRANDT, ALBERT SPEER, SR. (*) ALFRED DELP,
 DIETRICH BONHOFFER, FRIEDRICH FROMM, ERHARD MILCH (*)
 YOUNG SPEER (*) FRITZ TODT (*) WERNER VON BLOMBERG (*)
 HERMANN GOERING (*) MOTHER SPEER (*) HEINRICH
 TESSENOW (*) BALDUR JURGONS (*) GEORG GRUENBERG (*)
 JOSIF RITTER (*) ERICK WALLENSTEIN (*) KONRAD
 BRANDMUTTER (*) HANS BAUER (*) RUDOLPH SEMMLER (*)
 HUGO ELSNER (*) JOHANNA WOLF (*) CHRISTA SCHROEDER (*)
 GERDA DARANOWSKI CHRISTIAN (*) GERTRUD JUNG (*) PAUL
 SCHRECK (*) PAUL LUDWIG TROOST (*) FRAU PROFESSOR
 TROOST, HEINRICH HIMMLER (*) EVA BRAUN (*) JOSEF
 GOEBBELS (*) PAUL SCHMIDT, HELEN HANFSTAENGL (*)
 ERNST KALTENBRUNNER (*) ILSE PROHL HESS (*) REINHARD
 HEYDRICH, WINNIFRED WAGNER, WALTER WALIMONT, HENRIETTA
 HOFFMAN (*) WILLY KANNENBERG, ANGELA RAUBAL, KURT
 BERSTEIN, EMIL MAURICE, ALFRED VON KRUPP, WALTER
 SCHULTZE, ERICH KEMPKA (*) GELI RAUBAL, OTTO GEUSCHE,
 HERTA SCHNEIDER, KARL-JESKO VON PUTTAKAMER, ERMA
 HOFFMAN, GERHARD ENGEL, HENI MORELL, HEINZ LINGE, GERTI
 BRAUN (*) HAN-ELRICH RUDEL, GERDA BORMANN, WILHELM
 ZANGER, EMMY GOERING, WALTER MODEL, GRET PALUCCA,
 MARTIN BORMANN (*) COUNT WERNER VON SCHULENBERG,
 ROLAND FREISLER, CARL GOERDELER, LENI REIFENSTAHL,
 OTTO DIETRICH (*) SIEGFRED HEINRICI (*) SS ADJUTANT
 PINTSCH (*) COUNT WOLF HEINRICH VON HELLDORF, KARL
 GEBHARDT (*) FREDERICH KOCH (*) NIKOLAS VON BELOW,
 THEODORE MORELL, and COUNT ULRICH WILHELM SCHWERIN VON
 SCHWANENFELD.

The massive CHORUS has become more powerful, swelling in volume approaching ever nearer, as if from a great distance. At the same time the still photographs flash on the screen, faster and faster: HEIDE GOEBBELS (&) HELMUT GOEBBELS (*) HEDDA GOEBBELS (*) RUDOLPH HESS (*) JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP (*) UNITY MITFORD, WILHELM KEILTER (*) ALFRED ROSENBERG, MAGDA GOEBBELS (*) HANS FRANK, JULIUS STREICHER, KARL HANKE (*) ANNEMARIE KEMPF (*) WALTHER FUNK (*) HJALMER SCHACHT, KARL DOENITZ (*) ALFRED JODL (*) FRANZ VON PAPEN (*) ARTUR SEYSS-
 INQUART (*) CONSTANTIN VON NEURATH, HANNA REITSCH, ERWIN ROMMEL, KARL MARIA HETTLAGE (*) KARL KRAUSE, FEDOR VON BOCK, WALTER VON BRAUCHITSCH, WILHELM RITTER VON LEEB, HANS VON KLUGE, ERWIN VON WITZLEBEN, WALTHER VON REICHENAU, WILLI HENNE, MANFRED VON POSER (*)

(CONTINUED)

307 CONTINUED: (2)

307

RUDOLPH SCHMUNDT, HANS KREBS, HEINZ GUDERIAN, JOHANNES HENTSCHELL, ERIC RATTENHUBER, ERNST SPEER (*) HANS KAMMLER (*) FRITZ SPEER (*) ARNOLD SPEER (*) WERNER VON BRAUN, FRITZ SAUCKEL, FRAU DOKTOR (*) and WALTHER DORNBERGER.

The CHORUS still nearer, still LOUDER, photographs coming still faster: GERD VON RUNDSTEDT, HENNY PROTEN, PUTZI HANFSTAENGL (*) LILI DAGOVER, SEPP DIETRICH, WILHELM BRUCKNER (*) JULIUS SCHAUB (*) OLGA TSHECHOWA, ERNST ROEHM (*) JENNY JUGO, ADOLPH EICHMANN, HANS FRITZSCHE, ALBRECHT HOUSHOFFER, OTTO SKORZENY, KLAUS VON STAUFFENBERG, and MARGARETE SPEER (*).

TITLES and CREDITS END. The CHORUS into a deafening FINALE as the photograph of...

308 ALBERT SPEER

308

-- comes on the SCREEN. It is Speer at the very peak of his career, the top man in Hitler's Cabinet, Reichminister fur Bewaffnung und Munition, coldly handsome in a trimly-tailored uniform.

MAJOR (v.o.)
... now what I'm trying to
determine here, what's puzzled
all of us, what presents...

SLOW MIX TO:

309 INT. SPEER'S CELL - NUREMBERG - DAY

309

Speer, haggard and drawn, on his cot, across from one of the Nuremberg psychologists, a U. S. Army Medical Corps MAJOR who is seated (for lack of anywhere else to sit) on the seatless toilet. The cell door is wide open, the same Burly Guard fills the frame, a cold cigar in his mouth. As Speer and the Major talk, his eyes go from one man to the other, tennis-match-like.

MAJOR (v.o.)
... the biggest dilemma is how
a man of your sensibilities,
advantages, education could
becomes part of so evil a system?
Why did you become a Nazi?

SPEER
Adolph Hitler.

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED:

309

MAJOR
Just Hitler... ? No other
reason?

SPEER
No.

The Major has a notebook, a folder, an open briefcase
handy, does not look up from his notations as he asks:

MAJOR
Are you anti-semitic?

Speer shakes his head. The Major looks up. 'Speer
shakes his head again. The Major resumes his notations.

MAJOR
I was a reluctant Nazi? I was
a sort-of Nazi? I was a Nazi
against my will? Any of those
apply to you, Speer?

SPEER
No...

The Major looks at him.

SPEER
... I was a Nazi.

MAJOR
Are you still a Nazi?

SPEER
No.

MAJOR
How do I know that?

SPEER
You don't.

The Major rummages his briefcase, finds and waves a
sheaf of newspaper clippings.

MAJOR
Your publicity: "Albert Speer,
Hitler's Reichminister, is a
complete and clever liar. He
says he didn't know about the
exterminations. He knew. All
of them knew." Comment?

(CONTINUED)

SPEER

No. Uh... wait. Yes. The decision to kill all of the Jews, the final solution, as it was called, was not ministerial. After the war I heard of it, I have since learned that even in the SS, relatively few people were aware of it, the top administrators, the concentration camps commandants, the guards, the logistics and transport personnel were the only ones who knew about the exterminations.

MAJOR

Outside of the Jews who walked into the ovens.

(second clipping)

"At his trial Speer accepted personal responsibility for all of his official acts. It was more propaganda than penitence, a skillful way to justify himself and the majority of Germans who put Hitler in power and supported him." What do you have to say to that?

SPEER

Nothing.

MAJOR

(third clipping)

"Speer cried mea culpa on the witness stand, loud and often. He did it to save his skin. He's not sorry for anything. I'm glad they convicted him. I hope they sentence him to hang." Unquote. Anything to say?

Speer shakes his head. Enough with the newspaper clippings. The Major drops them back into his briefcase, as:

MAJOR

You were Hitler's personal architect, you were with him from the first almost... ?

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED: (3)

309

SPEER

Yes.

MAJOR

Right there alongside him,
building and planning with him
every day?

SPEER

Yes.

MAJOR

Run across many Jews along the
way?

SPEER

Yes.

MAJOR

Masons? Carpenters? Plumbers?

SPEER

No. The Jews in the trades
weren't allowed to work. It was
the law. They lived on whatever
money they had or on private
charity. The ones I knew had
been my students or colleagues
at the University.

MAJOR

Your friends?

Speer nods.

MAJOR

How'd you handle that?

SPEER

I'm sorry, I don't understand?

MAJOR

How'd you feel about the way
your friends were getting kicked
around?

SPEER

I looked the other way.

MAJOR

What?

(CONTINUED)

SPEER

I depersonalized them.

MAJOR

How?

SPEER

I pushed away their names and faces.

MAJOR

I don't understand... ?

SPEER

By the time they were finally dragged away to the concentration camps, they were abstractions to me, not human beings. It shames me to admit it but they disappeared from my life and my thoughts as if they'd never existed.

The Major SCRATCHES his pen, rapidly, pauses in mid-thought, looks up:

MAJOR

I'm a Jew.

SPEER

I know that.

MAJOR

Is that why it shames you?

SPEER

(shakes his head)

... it's the boy.

The Major tenses, exchanges a look with the Burly Guard.

MAJOR

The boy... ?

SPEER

He really wasn't any more than ten years old.

The Major exchanges another look with the Burly Guard. Speer seems oblivious to both of them, speaking slowly, recollecting:

(CONTINUED)

SPEER

... He was very, very frightened. His father held his hand and spoke to him softly and the boy tried, he tried very hard to hold back his tears. His father went down on one knee and said something to him and pointed to the sky. Then an SS man signalled it was time to go. He held... he held the boy in the arms for the last time and while he was holding him he looked over to where the women were waiting in line. He found his wife with his eyes. He said goodbye to her that way. Then he went off with the others to the gas chamber.

MAJOR

The films you saw, films of the concentration camps they showed during the trial?

Speer nods.

MAJOR

Did you cry for that frightened little boy, Speer?

Speer shakes his head.

MAJOR

The father? The mothers?

SPEER

No.

MAJOR

Have you ever cried for anybody, Speer?

SPEER

No.

MAJOR

Never?

SPEER

Once.

(CONTINUED)

309 CONTINUED: (6)

309

MAJOR

When? When did you cry?

No answer.

MAJOR

Where? Why?

No answer.

MAJOR

Who? Who did you cry for,
Speer?

SPEER

For... Adolph Hitler.

Speer bows his head. The Major expected the enigma, even expected the answer, still his jaw drops. At the same time the --

310 BURLY GUARD

310

-- grinds down hard on his cigar, sharing the Major's total bafflement.

GO TO BLACK:

311 EXT. NUREMBERG PRISON - DAY

311

The old buildings bristle with security at every point of egress, white-helmeted G.I.'s have roped off the main drive-in gates, holding back the CLAMOR of press and cameramen. CROSSFADE an IRON DOOR CLANGING SHUT, echoing, then:

LIEUTENANT'S VOICE (o.s.)

All right you men, I want your
attention. I've been...

312 INT. BASEMENT AREA, PALACE OF JUSTICE - DAY

312

The Nuremberg defendants are seated along benches on either side of the wide corridor, each man handcuffed to his Guard.

Everyone wearing his (court) street clothes, but shirts and jackets do not always fit properly and the cleaning-pressing jobs have been spotty. The hard-faced LIEUTENANT stands spread-legged in front of the small elevator at the head of the corridor:

(CONTINUED)

312 CONTINUED:

312

LIEUTENANT

... told this isn't going to
take too long but if you have
to go to the head, tell your
Guard, if you can wait, wait.

CAMERA MOVES along the corridor. Speer, Goering (show-
ing an enormous weight loss) and Hess are the most
recognizable faces among Joachim von Ribbentrop,
Wilhelm Keitel, Alfred Rosenberg, Hans Frank, Wilhelm
Frick, Julius Streicher, Hjalmar Schacht, Karl Doenitz,
Erich Raeder, Baldur von Schirach, Fritz Sauckel,
Alfred Jodl, Franz von Papen, Artur Seyss-Inquart,
Constantin von Neurath, Hans Fritzsche and Ernst
Kaltenbrunner.

LIEUTENANT

.... they'll be sending for you
one at a time. This elevator
here'll take you direct up to
the courtroom floor. After
you've received your sentence,
your Guard will escort you back
to your cell... there you will
gather your personals and no
matter what kind of sentence
you drew, you will be transferred
either to the upper tier or the
lower tier.

(turns to answer
wall phone,
RINGING)

... smoking lamp's lit for now.

Some reach for cigarettes, others begin small nervous
conversations, Speer remains motionless, silent,
staring ahead.

313 ANGLE ON SPEER

313

Speer closes his eyes, CAMERA MOVES IN ON him:

SPEER (v.o.)

Dr. Johnson once wrote that when
a man knows he is going to be
hanged, it concentrates his mind
wonderfully.

(mirthless
laugh)

Looking back through the lens
of time there's no way to
assemble all the shattered
pieces of remembrance...

314 EXT. TROOST'S STUDIO (MUNICH) - DAY

314

A two-story building that hasn't been painted for twenty years. Three cars pulled up in front; Hitler's Mercedes, two SS cars. Schreck stands remote from the SS Men who have positioned themselves for security reasons.

SPEER (v.o.)

... and fit them together in exactly the right place exactly the way they were. The tendency is to give more weight...

315 INT. TROOST'S STUDIO - DAY

315

Hitler and Speer, blueprints in hand, conferring with PROFESSOR LUDWIG TROOST, round-faced, elderly, dignified, close-shaven, white-coated, patently reserved.

SPEER (v.o.)

... to this and less weight to that. The consuming acts of terrorism and persecution that were happening throughout the country are less vivid to me than those events that furthered my own career. I spent a great deal of time traveling with Hitler between Berlin and Munich where we conferred with Troost on the final alterations for the Chancellery Residence...

316 EXT. (VILLAGE INN) LAMBACH AM CHIEMSEE - SPEARS POV - DAY 316

A four-car caravan (Hitler's personal flag fluttering on the Mercedes) parked in various positions. The main group from the village, mostly in lederhosen and peasant costume, wait, James-Fitzpatrick-like for a glimpse of the Fuehrer. SS Men posted, ever-alert.

SPEER (v.o.)

... and from Munich to Berchtesgaden which always included a stop at one of Hitler's favorite dining places.

317 EXT./INT. DOORWAY - SPEER, BORMANN, OTHERS - DAY

317

watching the --

318 PROCESSION

318

-- that has developed outside the inn. Hitler, flanked by other SS Men as well as Otto Dietrich and Hoffman (who scampers about with his cameras despite his lameness) strolling among the Tyrolian peasant, pope-like, administering a (Nazi) blessing here and there, occasionally touching one of the outstretched hands. We NOTICE the --

319 BUXOMY WOMAN

319

nearly fainting with emotion. She picks up some pebbles where Hitler has stepped, places them reverently in a small vial, has her picture taken (by Hoffman) as she crushes them estatically to her breast. (AH434) A --

320 VERY OLD MAN

320

-- toothless, bespectacled, long mutton-chop sideburns, a billed cap (AH3135-21) leans on his rickety cane and regards Hitler with enormous dignity and respect. Hitler acknowledges the Old Man with a slow, formal nod and Hoffmann captures the moment for posterity. Then turns his attention to a --

321 VERY OLD WOMAN

321

-- with a magnificently weathered face, black-veiled (AH 3135-20) watching Hitler pass by, infinite trust in her eyes.

322 SPEER AND OTHERS IN DOORWAY

322

Putzi joins them, drink in hand.

PUTZI

Hitler fever...

323 EXT. PENSION SUN DECK, OBERSALZBURG - DAY

323

Putzi refreshed and changed, sprawled on one of the lounges, eyes closed, drink in hand. Speer stands at the railing staring off toward Wachenfeldhaus.

PUTZI

... for the Chancellor of Germany,
your Fuehrer and mine who did not
drag us to Obersalzburg to discuss
anything that he couldn't discuss
with us in some other place at
some other time...

(eyes still

tightly closed)

... is it six o'clock yet?

(CONTINUED)

323 CONTINUED:

323

SPEER

Yes, as a matter of fact. Exactly...
(checks watch)
... six.

PUTZI

Then he's out there, eh?

SPEER

What?

PUTZI

The Chancellor of Germany,
standing in front of the house
with the dog.

We HEAR a dog (BLONDI) barking faintly; Speer looks,
reacts surprised.

SPEER

Why, yes.

Hitler and Blondi stand in the front doorway.

PUTZI (v.o.)

The blue sport coat?

SPEER (v.o.)

Yes.

Putzi continues, eyes closed.

PUTZI

The yellow tie?

SPEER

Yes.

PUTZI

And the expectant look...

324 POV - WACHENFELDHAUS

324

A small Mercedes sedan approaching.

PUTZI (v.o.)

And now the small sedan...

325 SPEER AND PUTZI

325

Speer nods.

(CONTINUED)

325 CONTINUED:

325

PUTZI

... approaching... putt... putt...
 putty... putt. Bearing the
 bodies of two loyal secretaries,
 Frau Wolf, Frau Schroeder and...?

SPEER

Frau Wolf, Frau Schroeder and...

Speer sees something else, peers harder.

326 POV - WACHENFELDHAUS

326

Three women unload from the sedan, Johanna Wolf and
 Christa Schroeder, recognizable from a distance; but
 the third woman is much younger, petite, blonde, fresh-
 faced, in a peasant skirt and blouse.

PUTZI (v.o.)

And...?

327 SPEER AND PUTZI

327

Speer, staring off toward Wachenfeldhaus, puzzled.

SPEER

I don't know.

PUTZI

Eva Braun.

CROSSFADE a vaguely familiar tenor singing a vaguely
 familiar lyric:

POWELL (v.o.)

By a water fall
 I'm calling you-oooh-oooh-oooh...
 We can share it all...

328 ON SCREEN

328

Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler in his arms, in "Footlight
 Parade".

POWELL

(singing)

Beneath a ceiling of blue
 We'll spend a heavenly day
 Here... where the whispering waters,
 Play... ay... ay... (ETC.)

Hundreds of Busby Berkley's MERMAIDS smile and splash
 and slide and swim and show plenty of ass and leg
 while they're doing it.

- 329 INT.(PROJECTION AREA) WACHENFELDHAUS - LIMBO 329
Putzi stands beside the projector in the FLASHING LIGHT, in charge of running the film. (Film projection will improve later on, but right now we can hear the mechanics of the projector interfering with the sound system, which isn't too good either).
- 330 ON SCREEN 330
splashing, swimming, legs, bosoms, as the picture heads for the finale.
- 331 HITLER 331
is delighted with Warner Brothers' latest effort. Somewhat less enraptured, some painfully trying to conceal their boredom, scattered around.
- 332 WE FIND 332
Hoffmann, Bormann, Hess, Dietrich, Schreck, Schaub, Bruckner, various Aides, and --
- 333 SPEER 333
-- the alternating light from the screen a constantly changing pattern of shadows on his face. He stifles a yawn, glances across the room, reacts slightly.
- 334 EVA BRAUN 334
has slipped in to join the women's section, alongside Johanna Wolf and Christa Schroeder. She sits quietly, inconspicuously. Eventually, she feels Speer's eyes on her, glances in his direction. Speer nods pleasantly. Eva does not return his nod, resumes looking at the screen. Speer wonders if she is reserved or frightened -- then he is aware that --
- 335 BORMANN 335
-- is glaring at him from the darkness, a drink in his hand, dangerous.
- 336 SPEER 336
settles back to concentrate on the screen. Then he glances toward --

337 HITLER

337

-- his eyes dancing as he watches the screen. He SEES and we HEAR the movie finale.

338 ANGLE

338

Like a phantom, Eva Braun is gone as the lights come on, the movie ends, and people stir in their seats.

339 EXT. WACHENFELDHAUS - LONG SHOT - ROAD - DAY

339

The HORN is HONKING on the big convertible approaching, top down, chauffeur-driven, a baggle of kids waving and shouting. The Goebbels family, en masse. A second car, filled with nannies and servants, following. Hitler and Hess emerge from Wachenfeldhaus with Hoffmann. He dances around taking pictures as the cars halt and the kids unload. (Hitler tries but is really not too good with kids.)

340 MAGDA

340

manages to look reasonably happy as a mother, devoted as a wife, and fanatic as a Hitlerite. In turn, Goebbels fawns on the children, patronizes the servants, and does everything but lick Hitler's boots.

PUTZI VOICE (o.s.)

The Doctor's...

Now INCLUDE:

341 SPEER AND PUTZI

341

midway to the Wachenfeldhaus. SCENE PLAYS ON MOVE:

PUTZI

... the smartest of the bunch, but it'll probably take him the longest to figure out what to do about you.

SPEER

What should he do about me?

PUTZI

Nothing. You don't threaten him. You don't threaten any of them. They don't have to compete with you the way they do with each other.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

341 CONTINUED:

341

PUTZI (cont'd)
 You're in a class all by yourself.
 You're an artist. Once they
 figure that out, if they figure
 it out, they'll leave you alone,
 all except him...

(nod toward Bormann
 who emerged to join
 others)
 ... don't ever turn your back on
 him, he'll always be at your
 throat or at your feet.

Speer and Putzi stop in front of the house, amid car,
 kids and people.

PUTZI
 (to Bormann)
 Heil, Hitler.

Bormann gives him a look. Putzi winks.

MAGDA (o.s.)
 Herr Speer...!

342 WIDE ANGLE

342

Magda Goebbels is an elegant woman from a rich family
 and long ago developed a way of extending her right
 arm straight out from her body, aiming it for someone's
 direction, and waiting for her hand to be shaken,
 squeezed or kissed. It comes with her ability to look
 cool and composed and in charge of herself -- and her
 usually dramatic clothes -- at all times.

SPEER
 Frau Goebbels.

MAGDA
 How very nice to see you again.

A couple of nannies come into the SHOT with the children.

MAGDA
 May I present my family, Herr
 Speer...? This is Heide... and
 Hedda... and this is Helmut...

During this presentation, Speer glances toward the
 second story of the house and sees --

- 343 EVA BRAUN 343
ever so briefly behind the curtain -- then she is gone.
- 344 EXT. OBERSALZBURG - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY 344
Tramping through the forest, single file, in lederhosen, we find Hitler, Hoffmann, Bormann, Hess, Putzi, Dietrich, Schreck, Speer (wearing sunglasses) various Aides, Schaub, Bruckner and SS Men. Bringing up the rear are Johanna Wolf, Christa Schroeder and Eva Braun.
- 345 SPEER AND HITLER 345
Hitler sets a brisk pace. Speer has been summoned to walk alongside him.
- HITLER
I've lost so much time, I have
to work twice as fast now... I'll
stay in power for twenty-two years
anyway, then I'll retire, but
first I have to get more power so
I won't have to bother with the
Cabinet. Just now they think
they have a perfect right to
meddle in things that are none
of their business.
- 346 EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - DAY 346
Picnic time. Eating's actually over. Hitler is at a considerable distance from the others, sitting on a blanket, talking to Hess and Bormann. Putzi is taking a snooze. Other variously occupied. Speer looks toward --
- 347 JOHANNA WOLF AND CHRISTA SCHROEDER 347
-- seated on a blanket, talking earnestly. Beyond them he sees Eva Braun, moving away quickly, something slightly surreptitious in her manner.
- 348 SPEER 348
Curious. Moves off in that direction.
- 349 ANGLE BY MOUNTAIN STREAM 349
Speer comes by, pauses, looks around, puzzledly, reacts smiles:

Eva Braun has half-seated herself in a rocky place near the stream, knees drawn up to her chin, totally concentrated and unaware of Speer, she is trying to light (sneak) a cigarette. She suddenly pauses, looks at Speer, mindful of a child caught at the cookie jar.

EVA

He's very much against smoking, he simply won't allow me to do it. I don't know what I'm going to do when he gets really serious about eating nothing but vegetables and fruit. It's a worry. You're a college professor?

SPEER

I was a college professor.

EVA

You're very young.

SPEER

You're very young.

EVA

I don't feel young or old. I feel good. I'm never sick and that's more important than anything I can think of. You're not any different...

(Speer looks around, puzzled, pulls off his dark glasses)
... people are usually very different at close range, you're not at all.

Then she smiles and extends her hand. Speer helps her to her feet.

351 EXT. FOREST PATH NEAR OBERSALZBURG - SERIES OF SHOTS 351
- DAY

Eva and Speer tramp along, side by side, talking. Finally, they stop to admire a particular view. After a moment:

EVA

If we're going to be friends I think I should tell you that I'm not just a person from nowhere, no one really is, no one exists in a vacuum.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

351 CONTINUED:

351

EVA (cont'd)
I know it's on your mind and I
know you're wondering. I was
working as a photographic
assistant for Heinrich Hoffmann
in Munich when I met him... I
have a mother and a father...
he's a schoolteacher... and two
sisters who tell me... constantly
tell me... that the day I met him
was the bitterest day of my life.

Tears well up in her eyes. Speer, awkward as usual,
searches for something to say.

352 EXT. BAHNHOF, FRIEDRICHSTRASSE, BERLIN - NIGHT

352

The CROWD, compacted, coming off the platforms,
struggling with luggage, cold weather, children, an
array of ANNOUNCEMENTS over the P.A. System and the
NOISES of the TRAINS. We PICK UP Speer Sr., always
dapper, always straight-backed, marching down the
platform, a smart leather valise in one gloved hand.
He glances around expectantly, then waves to --

353 MARGARETE

353

obviously waving back.

354 INT. HOTEL ADLON LOUNGE - SPEER SR. AND MARGARETE -
NIGHT

354

A Waiter pops open the champagne, pours for them, leaves
the bottle in the bucket, EXITS.

MARGARETE
What a marvelous idea, Father.

SPEER SR.
Yes, isn't it...
(toasts)
... to the future.

MARGARETE
I've been thinking about that
a great deal lately.

SPEER SR.
Of course you have and for a
good and happy reason.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARETE

I'm trying to compose a way to say this that would --

SPEER SR.

-- just say it.

MARGARETE

I find it very hard to admit that my marriage is turning to stone because of a politician.

SPEER SR.

I see.

MARGARETE

Do you...?

SPEER SR.

In my own protracted way I do see, otherwise we wouldn't be having this chat. Or this wine.

MARGARETE

I try to distract myself in every possible way, but I can't hide from all the things that are Nazi, I can't pretend they're happening somewhere else, to someone else.

SPEER SR.

You have kept this desperation masked from him?

MARGARETE

I try.

SPEER SR.

Why?

MARGARETE

To speak of these things is to recognize them then I'd have to demand that he condemn them. He won't do that.

SPEER SR.

(covering her hand
with his)

We are not enemies, you and I. Your husband is my son and we are stitched together by need, by memory, by fear, by... in a word ... love. If there is one thing on which I am an authority, it is the business of love.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARETE

You surprise me, Father.

SPEER SR.

I'm delighted, but I must say I am disinclined to speak so directly. I would much rather divide this topic into four or five pleasant conversations over a period of months, but that is impractical perceiving your torment... so I will simply tell you that the business of loving is a serious business with profound obligations. What to do? You love him, you need him, and he needs you.

(she shakes
her head)

Yes, he does. You may think not, he may think not, but he does need you -- and this child and all the children you can give him. He needs sanity, you and children are sanity. Most of his life he has been a bright and sensitive human being, but now he is hidden from you, hidden from himself, really. The same human being you love, I love, is still there, somewhere. My son, your husband. I'm convinced of it. One day his liaison with this rabble of a gutter politician is going to end and then he will need you beyond all need. Now? What of now? The most difficult thing to do is teach yourself to live with what you hate in order to keep what you love. Is that wine bad?

MARGARETE

No.

SPEER SR.

Why do you cry?

MARGARETE

Father?

SPEER SR.

Yes?

MARGARETE

I love you.

355 INT. TELEPHONE AREA NEAR FRONT DESK OF PENSION -
NIGHT

355

Speer has the phone receiver in hand, strains to hear someone on the other end of the phone. A sign directly above the desk: NO JEWS ALLOWED.

356 INT. SPEER (APARTMENT) LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

356

Margarete on the phone. She has just come into the apartment, still wears hat and gloves and wet raincoat. Speer Sr. stands in the door open to the hallway; she has an evening newspaper in one hand, the front page filled with a series of photographs.

MARGARETE
(on phone)
Professor Tessenow's been
arrested. Wait...
(scans newspaper
story)
... it doesn't say... yes...
here it is at Sachsenhausen...

357 SPEER ON PHONE

357

As Putzi appears behind the desk to retrieve his key, reacts as Speer repeats the name:

SPEER
(on phone)
Sachsenhausen?

358 MARGARETE ON PHONE

358

Speer Sr. comes up alongside her, gestures for receiver.

MARGARETE
(on phone)
... they're not sure. He may
be there.

She hands the phone to Speer Sr.

(CONTINUED)

358 CONTINUED:

358

SPEER SR.
(into phone)
This is your father. He's your
friend, Albert.

SPEER
(on phone)
I know. Yes. Goodbye.

A CLICK on the other end of the line. Speer hangs
up slowly and looks at Putzi. (HF 168)

PUTZI
You have a friend at
Sachsenhausen?

SPEER
Maybe. What is it?

PUTZI
A place that's been designed
to benefit those of any race,
faith, or social position who
have not been able to grasp
and/or accept the fact that
the Third Reich has definitely
and irrefutably dawned. At
dear old Sachsenhausen our
gallant SS men instill in
such persons a feeling for
discipline and order, neatness
and comradeship. You look
unimpressed. You are not
interested in our National
Socialistic Movement?

SPEER
No, frankly, I'm not.

Putzi gives him a nice leer and starts up the steep
little stairway a little unsteadily -- then pauses,
turning around.

PUTZI
You eat with him, you go to
the movies with him, you talk
to him, he talks to you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

358 CONTINUED: (2)

358

PUTZI (cont'd)
 If he drank, you'd drink with
 him. You're the nearest thing
 he's got to a friend. (I know, I
 was there once myself. I'm on
 my way out now. Ah... no sad
 songs. He'll give me that
 message when he's ready.) He
 doesn't have many friends, Speer,
 none at all, really. Pretty
 powerful position being his pal,
 Pal.

Putzi goes up on the stairs. CROSSFADE a CLICK in the
 long-distance telephone line, then we HEAR the IN-LINE
 RINGING; eventually, a connection is made.

VOICE (v.o.)
 (garbled on phone)
 Ministry.

OPERATOR (v.o.)
 Herr Doktor Bernard Rust, please.
 Herr Albert Speer calling from
 the Fuehrer's home in Obersalzburg.

359 INT./EXT. PENSION - SPEER ON PHONE - DAY 359
 He is looking across the sun deck in the direction of --

360 WACHENFELDHAUS (SPEER'S POV) 360
 Hitler and Eva Braun, dining in the open sunlight. Eva
 very playful, tastes some fruit or some such, then insists
 that Hitler take a bite. He protests, finally accedes
 with smiles and rolling eyes.

VOICE (v.o.)
 One moment, please.

RUST (v.o.)
 (on phone)
 Yes, yes?

SPEER (v.o.)
 (on phone)
 Is this the Reichminister...?

RUST (v.o.)
 (on phone)
 Yes? How can I serve you, Herr
 Speer...?

SPEER (v.o.)
 (on phone)
 I'm concerned about the arrest of
 Professor Heinrich Tessenow.

361 INT. MINISTRY OF SCIENCE, EDUCATION AND CULTURE - DAY 361

Dr. Bernard Rust, pince-nez, close-cropped head, officious, looks directly at Speer (THE CAMERA) sternly:

RUST

There is no doubt about the
legitimacy of the charges
against Tessenow, Herr Speer...

WIDEN TO INCLUDE Speer, standing at one end of a long conference table with twelve leather chairs, only two of them are occupied at the moment; one by Dr. Rust and one by his SECRETARY.

RUST

... he has been under surveillance
for six months...

(secretary hands
him a file)

... most incriminating.

SPEER

A mistake.

RUST

(to Secretary)

Stauffel.

The Secretary gets busy on the phone

RUST

I assure you, Herr Speer, we
have been most --

SPEER

Professor Tessenow has been
dismissed from the Educational
Chamber?

RUST

Of course. The evidence is
overwhelming --

SPEER

And he has been removed from his
seat at the University?

RUST

Yes. But again, I must tell you
that the evidence --

SPEER

Those are definitely mistakes.
Has he been sent to Sachsenhausen?

(CONTINUED)

361 CONTINUED:

361

RUST

Not yet...

A dark, sinister man (STAUFFEL) enters quietly.

RUST

(by way of
introducing)

... I'm sure Herr Stauffel can
answer any questions you might
have.

SPEER

Are we talking at cross-purposes?

RUST

I would hope not.

SPEER

I am not here to ask questions,
I am here to call these certain
mistakes to your attention so
they can be rectified...

Stauffel, the Secretary, react in open surprise.

SPEER

... Professor Tessenow must be
re-admitted to the Educational
Chamber...

(Rust raises
from his chair)

... and restored to his seat at
the University without prejudice,
without interference, without
surveillance...

(Rust tries to
speak, gets
overlapped)

... and most of all, Herr
Reichminister, without delay.

Rust's face is flushed with anger. He looks from Speer
to Stauffel, to the Secretary, then back to Speer. A
long moment before he finally acquiesces. With a nod.

362 INT. MORTUARY - CASKET - LIMBO

362

ON the profile of the dead man, casket open. PAUL
LUDWIG TROOST sleeps serenely, forever. OVERSCENE
we HEAR rapid FOOTSTEPS echoing in a long corridor.

363 INT. REICH CHANCELLERY - LONG CORRIDOR - HITLER AND SPEER - DAY 363

-- coming TOWARD US, both men wear BLACK MOURNING BANDS on their sleeves.

HITLER

Last October I went to Munich to lay the cornerstone for the House of Art. Troost designed a silver hammer for the occasion. When I tapped the brick it shattered in my hand. Right then I knew something was going to happen. It was an evil omen. Well... now we know why the hammer broke that day; it's all very clear. Troost was destined to die.

They GO PAST CAMERA out of the SHOT.

364 EXT. NEW MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA - RECEPTION - DAY 364

Speer, still wearing the black arm band, enters past the two SS Sentries.

365 INT. NEW MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA - RECEPTION - DAY 365

Hanke stands behind the main reception desk doing the usual things: the same flow of courier traffic swirling around him, phones ringing, etc. As Speer (the CAMERA) advances toward the desk, we can see that Hanke is in conversation with Magda Goebbels. As Speer approaches, they break off their conversation. Hanke attends to the phone and Magda turns and extends her hand to Speer.

MAGDA

May I express my condolences, Albert. I quite understand the high regard you held for Professor Troost.

SPEER

Thank you.

Magda waves bye-bye to Hanke and EXITS as WALTHER FUNK and a pair of AIDES emerge from a doorway. Funk trails cigar smoke, regards Speer effusively, congratulatory.

FUNK

Congratulations, Speer, now that Troost's gone, you're Number One.

Funk claps him on the back, moves on. Speer glances at Hanke who has hung up the phone. Hanke smiles.

366 EXT. STORE FRONTAGE - SIGN - DAY

366

The sign reads: WHOEVER BUYS FROM JEWS IS A TRAITOR
TO THE PEOPLE .

SPEER (v.o.)
As my association inside the
Reich Chancellery increased...

367 REFLECTION SHOT

367

Speer's image reflected back from the window walking
directly toward the frontage.

SPEER (v.o.)
... my isolation outside also
increased and the growing
awfulness around me became less
and less visible.

Speer veers sharply, MOVES OUT OF SHOT. CAMERA LINGERS
on the SIGN.

368 INT. SPEER APARTMENT - MIRROR - REFLECTION SHOT -
NIGHT

368

Speer, in front of a mirror, sprucing. White shirt,
black tie, smooths back his hair, picks up his jacket,
adjusts something (the epaulets) then walks toward a
closed door, taps on it.

369 ANGLE BY DOOR

369

Margarete, formally dressed, opens the door.

MARGARETE
Yes.

Speer shrugs into his jacket and only now do we realize
he is wearing a (Abteilungsleiter) uniform.

SPEER
Better get used to it. I've
been made Department Chief.

Speer reaches past her, retrieves, dons the hat. She
regards him frankly:

MARGARETE
I'll never get used to it.
Albert, I'll never get used to
any of it or any of them.

370 EXT. REICH CHANCELLERY ENTRANCE - NIGHT

370

Speer and Margarete arrive via taxi, alight in the doorway. CAMERA FOLLOWS their progress past the gauntlet of cars, full dress uniforms, blinding lights, newsreel cameras and flashbulbs. (It is an official reception, therefore everyone in uniform or formal dress.)

371 INT. REICH CHANCELLERY FOYER - NIGHT

371

Massed colors of uniforms, dresses, jewels, epaulettes, medals, sashes, gowns, and SHRIEKS of recognition. Among this commotion our HAND HELD CAMERA finds Speer and Margarete, being served champagne outside the dining hall. Milling near them are Magda and Josef Goebbels, Putzi and HELENE HANFSTAENGL, Rudolf and ILSE HESS, FRANZ VON PAPEN, Martin and GERDA BORMANN (eight months pregnant) and WALTHER FUNK who comes into SHOT announcing:

FUNK

His car just arrived, he's
coming in the building ---

We don't hear the rest of what Funk has to say because of the SPONTANEOUS APPLAUSE and more SHRIEKS of JOY. Everyone is looking toward the entrance, quieting, anticipating. Speer can't help but notice --

372 THE WOMEN (EFFECT SHOT)

372

-- in Hitler's life, perfectly groomed, magnificently coiffed, sophisticated -- but nearly hysterical with anticipation, (not unmindful of the peasant women at Lambach Am Chiemese). At last, when the place is absolutely frozen and quieted --

373 HITLER

373

enters by the archway, wearing a well-tailored formal uniform, Bruckner behind him, glaring impersonally. Hitler pauses, looks around, then begins a self-conscious march through the aisle that has been formed by the crowd. He trudges toward the dining hall in an awed silence as heavy as sea water, nodding and smiling politely to this one and that one. Hitler goes past Speer and Margarete - pauses - returns -- and stops directly in front of Margarete.

SPEER

My Fuehrer, may I present Frau
Speer?

(CONTINUED)

373 CONTINUED:

373

HITLER

Indeed, you may...
(lifting her hand
from her side)
... and may I have the pleasure
of bidding you a good evening,
Frau Speer...?

MARGARETE

Good evening.

Hitler kisses her gloved hand, expertly, continues holding it, the crowd hanging on his every word.

HITLER

Why have you deprived us of your
wife for so long...?
(close, confidentially,
to Margarete)
... I have something to tell you:
your husband is going to erect
buildings for me such as have
not been created for four thousand
years.

Hitler kisses her hand once again, then he is gone.
Margarete is shaken, smiles broadly with a false
gaiety, forces a tittering laugh.

MARGARETE

His clothes fit very well,
don't they?

It's an insult, not in what she's said but in the way
she's said it.

374 ANGLE

374

The Goebbels and the Bormanns and Hermann Goering and
a half a dozen others looks at her in open surprise.
Speer steels himself. Margarete forces the laugh once
more. O.S., a STRING ENSEMBLE begins playing.

375 INT. SPEER APARTMENT - NIGHT

375

Speer unlocks and opens the door, steps to one side,
allows Margarete to enter. It's been a tense evening.
Margarete tosses her wrap over a couch, reaches for a
lamp.

(CONTINUED)

375 CONTINUED:

375

SPEER

I've been trying to talk to you
all evening...

Margarete's chaining the lamp, it doesn't go on. She
stoops, ready to see if it's unplugged. Speer takes
her by the shoulders, turns her around.

SPEER

... but you've always found a
way of turning me off -- like I
was a radio.

Margarete forces the same tittering little laugh.

MARGARETE

Something's wrong?

SPEER

Something's wrong. It's that
ridiculous laugh, you kept
forcing it all night long.

MARGARETE

Did I...?

She starts to laugh again, catches herself.

SPEER

You did. Magda said that two of
her children were ill with the
measles and you laughed. The
Field Marshal told how his wife
Karen died and you laughed; the
Deputy Fuehrer mentioned a back
problem and you laughed, anything,
everything, that was serious or
tragic was laughable. Why?

MARGARETE

I suppose because I find anything
and everything of no importance
compared to the other things that
are happening all around us.

She forces another false and irritating laugh.

SPEER

Stop it! Will you stop it!

MARGARETE

Of course.

She seems to sag inwardly, exhausted.

(CONTINUED)

375 CONTINUED: (2)

375

MARGARETE

I met them. You wanted me to meet them. You'll want me to meet them again. I'll do that, Albert, I'll be polite and I'll talk to them and I'll listen, but I don't think, I really don't think I'll behave much better than I did tonight.

Tears in her eyes as she turns away out of the SHOT.

376 EXT. ZEPPLIN FIELD, NUREMBERG - DAY

376

Speer is perched HIGH on one of the concrete wings. We ZOOM IN on his face, intent and absorbed with his sketchbook. SERIES OF DISSOLVES (wardrobe changes over a period of days), Speer at various locations in the giant stadium, gauging, measuring, sketching.

SPEER (v.o.)

... I inherited all of Troost's unfinished projects, every new commission was a new challenge, there never seemed to be enough hours in the day.

377 INSERT: SKETCH

377

An impression of the reviewing stand at Zeppelin Field, backed by one hundred foot high swastikas and a "cathedral of searchlights". Speer's hand moves into SHOT.

378 INT. BEHRENSTRASSE STUDIO, BERLIN - DAY

378

Speer places the sketch alongside several others in his portfolio. CAMERA NOTICES the evening newspaper on his desk: Max Baer, toweling and sweaty, grinning into the camera, the caption: HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

TESSENOW (v.o.)

Why did you bring these...

379 INT. TESSENOW'S OFFICE, BERLIN UNIVERSITY - DAY

379

Tessenow's office is kiosk-like, located at an intersection of corridors, glass-windowed on all sides, thus we are constantly aware of STUDENTS and FACULTY moving to and fro in the b.g.

(CONTINUED)

TESSENOW

... to me?

SPEER

I'd like your opinion, sir.

Speer's manner is rumpled, awkward, respectful. He stands across from Tessenow's cluttered desk, self-consciously, and becomes even more self-conscious as Tessenow fits on his glasses, begins to study Speer's pile of sketches in silence. After a long moment:

TESSENOW

Whatever happened to all those ideas of simple craftsmanship and architectonic expressiveness that we discussed so often?

SPEER

(gestures to
Sketches)

I hope I've remembered and achieved some of that, sir. I've missed those discussions very much.

Tessenow looks up, locks eyes with Speer over his glasses, then resumes examining the sketches. Presently, he holds up Sketch #1.

TESSENOW

A minimum of pomp is always the deciding factor...

(lays #1 aside,
picks up #2)

... too flashy, way too flashy.

(picks up #3,
discards it
instantly)

... this one's just plain tawdry. I really can't blame your friend Hitler for getting rid of his old friend Roehm...

(examining
Sketch #4)

... eugenic disasters like Ernst Roehm and his Storm Troopers are embarrassing to him now...

(lays #4 aside)

... same problem here. Pretentious.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TESSENOW (cont'd)

(examines #5)

They've had their day, they've
kicked in more than their share
of faces, stomped on enough groins,
and besides it's time for Herr
Hitler to get down to serious
business with big business -- and
the Army, of course...

(#5 to one side)

... compounds the same problem.
He picked you because you're
respectable but why'd you pick
him?

SPEER

I think we'll have a better,
fresher land and life because
of him.

Tessenow waves Sketch #6 for Speer to see.

TESSENOW

What're the dimensions of these
banners...

(turns Sketch #6
around)

... a hundred feet high?

SPEER

Yes, sir...

TESSENOW

Wind could be a problem...

(lays #6 aside)

... vulgar.

SPEER

(stubbornly)

Adolph Hitler can save Germany.

TESSENOW

I disagree.

(resumes juggling
Sketches)

Adolph Hitler can ruin Germany
and he intends to do exactly that.
He is an insatiably destructive
man with delusions of grandeur
and...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TESSENOW (cont'd)

(displaying the
Sketch he has
been looking for)

... he's going to look like a
horse's ass tromping around that
big concrete tomb in Nuremberg
wearing those brown pants that
don't fit him...

(drops the Sketch)

... sooner or later I'm sure he
will find it quite impossible
not to declare war on the whole
world. Has he ever mentioned
it to you?

SPEER

We never talk politics. I'm not
a political man.

TESSENOW

Then your decision to become a
Nazi would appear to be somewhat
frivolous.

SPEER

I'm not a Nazi.

TESSENOW

(still concentrating
on Sketches)

You're a Nazi, Speer, a big,
tall one with plenty of respectability...

(shuffles Sketches)

it's all showy, nothing but show...

(Sketch #7 aside)

... you're more dangerous than
the bullies in the brownshirts,
you're more deadly than those
layabouts and louts in the black
pants at Saachsenhausen who were
going to teach me to be a National
Socialist...

(Sketch #8 aside)

... cheap... you're worse than
any of them, Speer, you understand
what he's doing, where he's going...

(Sketch #9)

... blatant again...

(hands all nine
sketches to Speer)

...you just don't have the courage
to resist him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

379 CONTINUED: (4)

379

TESSENOW (cont'd)

(pulls off
his glasses)By the way -- I don't owe you a
dammed thing.

380 EXT. ALEXANDERPLATZ, BERLIN - POSTER - DAY

380

The WRAP-AROUND POSTER says JAZZ! A LOUD SPEAKER is rigged above the giant poster, spewing out MUSIC a la Louis Armstrong-Fats Waller. KID CHOCOLATE, the poster explains, is the leader of the American-imported band from New Orleans. The ensemble is Negro. A pair of BLACK HUSTLERS, strawhatted and smiling, pass out handbills to the PEDESTRIAN TRAFFIC. (LB 113) Among those hurrying past is Speer.

381 INT. KRANKENHAUS WESTEND, CHARLOTTENBURG-BERLIN - DAY 381

A HUGE CRUCIFIX commands one wall at the end of the corridor in this Catholic hospital. A Nun in a white (nursing) habit crosses from left to right, then Speer comes off the elevator at the far end, hurrying toward the CAMERA, concern on his face.

382 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

382

Margarete, pale, exhausted, weak, the room semi-darkened. Speer stands beside the bed looking down at her; presently, she opens her eyes, he bends, kisses her, holds her.

SPEER

I want to... I want to make you
feel safe and know that I will
love you forever. What I have
been thinking... what a wonderful
thing it is to have a son... what
a wondrous thing you have done.
I want to promise you, promise
you that we will have our time
together with no more interruptions --

A SHARP NOISE as the shade goes up and sunlight floods into the room -- along with a HUGE NURSE leading an orderly with a food tray. She beckons Speer sternly:

383 INT. HOSPITAL NURSERY - REFLECTION SHOT - DAY

383

Speer stands in front of the glass partition watching the Huge Nurse approaching with a tiny infant in her arms. REFLECTED in the far b.g. we see HEINRICH HIMMLER coming off the elevator flanked by two adjutants, REINHARD HEYDRICH and ERNST KALTENBRUNNER. Himmler is slight and smallish, Heydrich tall, blond, blue-eyed, long-headed; Kaltenbrunner the most dangerous in appearance. Six foot seven, lantern-jawed, saber-scarred, highly intelligent and harshly brutal.

As they head in Speer's direction, the NURSE taps on the heavy glass partition and fires a stern look at Speer, demanding his undivided attention, we are always aware of Himmler, Heydrich and Kaltenbrunner approaching in the b.g. The Nurse is speaking through an apparatus (a speaker, actually) rigged behind the thick glass. What she will do -- and this has to be worked out as we shoot -- is prove to Speer that the baby has five fingers and five toes on each hand and on each foot, that the boy is a male; and that the eyes are blue. Thus -- while she delivers her national socialistic commercial on motherhood -- she will actually count fingers, toes, etc.

NURSE

Our Fuehrer has said that a woman has her battlefield, too...
left hand one... two... three...
four... five fingers?

(Speer nods,
agreeing)

... with each child she brings
into the nation... right hand
one... two... three... four...
five... fingers?

(Speer sees, nods)

... she is fighting her fight on
behalf of the nation... left foot
one... two... three... four...
five... toes?

(Speer agrees)

... the Honor Cross of Motherhood
is awarded to those who meet the
quota of bearing four children
into the Third Reich... one...
two... three... four... five toes
on the right foot?

(Speer nods)

... a Bronze Medal for more than
four... this is a male child?

(Speer nods)

... a Silver Medal for more than
(opens eyes)

... the eyes are blue?

(Speer nods)

... for more than eight children,
Heil, Hitler.

(CONTINUED)

383 CONTINUED:

383

The Nurse throws a fierce look at Himmler and his two icy Adjutants -- who have come up to stand alongside Speer -- before she stalks off.

HIMMLER

The Fuehrer has appointed me head of the unified police system. In that capacity I will be in charge of all security operations at Nuremberg... uh... Frau Speer is well?

SPEER

Yes.

HIMMLER

Good. I can best ascertain what security problems to anticipate if you will provide me with the exact plans you intend to use... uh... Frau Speer... her name is Margarete?

SPEER

Yes, it is.

HIMMLER

Frau Himmler's name is also Margarete. Seven children, two sons, five daughters. Um. A son is good very ---

He breaks off whatever else he was going to say. Annemarie Kempf approaches quickly, serious-faced. Speer steps over to speak to her.

ANNEMARIE

President von Hindenburg died this afternoon. The Fuehrer wants you to come to the Reich Chancellery immediately.

384 EXT. GERMAN CHANCELLERY, MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

384

FEATURE an SS (LIEBSTANDARTE) OFFICER, goose-stepping into position and then SHOUTING a series of ORDERS at the change-of-guard ceremony for the LIEBSTANDARTE (SEE T.A. and WENNALLE BRUDER SCHWEIGEN 37), as Speer hurries past and enters the building.

385 INT. MAIN FLOOR CORRIDOR, REICH CHANCELLERY - DAY 385

Speer hurries down the great, wide, glittering corridor. Hanke and Putzi appear, fall in step with him. They AD LIB brief greetings to one another and then realize that Goering and Otto Dietrich are hurrying toward the Fuehrer's study, the same as themselves.

HITLER (v.o.)
I swear before God to give my
unconditional obedience to Adolph
Hitler...

386 INT. HITLER'S PRIVATE STUDY - DAY 386

Speer, Putzi, Hanke, with Goering, Otto Dietrich, Schaub, Bruckner, Goebbels, Christ Schroeder, Johanna Wolf, Gerda Daranowski Christian, Gertrud Jung, GENERAL WERNER VON BLOMBERG, ADMIRAL ERIC RAEDER, VIKTO LUTZE and several other Aides and Adjutants. (RFTR227) All with hands raised. Hitler stands behind his desk, typewritten sheet in one hand, wire-framed glasses.

SPEER AND OTHERS
... I swear before God to give
my unconditional obedience to
Adolph Hitler...

HITLER
... Fuehrer of the Reich and its
people, Supreme Commander of the
Armed Forces...

SPEER AND OTHERS
... Fuehrer of the Reich and its
people, Supreme Commander of the
Armed Forces...

HITLER
... and I pledge my word as a
brave soldier to observe this
oath, even at the risk of my life.

SPEER AND OTHERS
... and I pledge my word as a
brave soldier to observe this
oath even at the risk of my life.

During this last phrase, Speer's gaze has gone to Raeder -- who has found it very difficult to say the words. Hitler pulls off his glasses, lays the typewritten sheet aside.

(CONTINUED)

386 CONTINUED:

386

SPEER (v.o.)

From that moment on Adolph Hitler was in complete charge of the destiny of every man, woman and child inside the German State; he was the supreme unchallenged authority in every phase of their lives. Looking back on that day when we took the oath of personal allegiance, I shudder at the ease with which each one of us surrendered his own personal privilege of being autonomous.

387 EXT. ZEPPLIN FIELD, NUREMBERG - NIGHT (STOCK FOOTAGE) 387

FEATURING the KLEIG LIGHTS playing against stage and sky; on the S.A. standards; on the hundred-foot high SWASTIKAS; on twenty-one thousand flags unfurled in the searchlights. And BAND MUSIC:

388 ZEPPLIN FIELD AREA #1 - SPEER 388

wearing a head-set, gives orders to the electricians via a chest phone. Schaub comes into the SHOT, says something. Speer starts to protest, gives up, removes his head-set.

389 EXT./INT. SHELTER AREA, ZEPPLIN FIELD - NIGHT 389

This is a canvased-off section with a dressing table room handy, as well as four six-foot body mirrors. Hitler stands bareheaded, rehearses his speech (silently), checking the effectiveness of his gestures and facial expressions in the various mirrors. Bruckner, Hess, Goebbels, Bormann, other Adjutants and Aides wait respectfully in the b.g. OVERSCENE, we can hear the BAND MUSIC.

Speer appears with Schaub. Hitler signals for him to come forward.

390 EXT. ZEPPLIN FIELD, NUREMBERG (STOCK FOOTAGE)- NIGHT 390

Floodlights, people jammed and massed together, the MUSIC ending and the crowd waiting for Hitler's appearance and his words.

391 SPEER AND HITLER

391

Hitler continues checking his gestures and facial expressions in the mirrors during:

HITLER

Tell me about it. I want to know about it.

SPEER

Ah... it's just a theory right now.

HITLER

Tell me... right now.

SPEER

Well, iron... steel... all metals eventually become old... aged... so do cements and bricks ... I'm hoping... I'm trying to devise a protectorant... or even replaceable materials so that the deterioration is less rapid ... as I say, it's only a theory right now.

HITLER

A thousand years...?

SPEER

My Fuehrer...?

HITLER

A thousand years, can you make a building last a thousand years?

SPEER

I hope to do that, my Fuehrer.

HITLER

I pray you do that, my friend.

Otto Dietrich and Bruckner appear looking a little nervous. Hitler raises a hand, stopping them, turns a steady gaze on Speer.

HITLER

Soon the whole world will know your work. What they will not know is that all of my building plans extend far into the future. I want someone who will be able to continue after my death with the authority I confer on him, Speer. I see you as that man.

(CONTINUED)

391 CONTINUED:

391

Speer, smitten. Hess pushes Dietrich and Bruckner aside, comes up, says something to Hitler. Hitler looks over at Himmler and Lutze -- steps in between them -- moves away.

OVERSCENE a (single) SNARE DRUM begins, no other sound.

SPEER (v.o.)

I was completely under his spell,
unreservedly and unthinkingly
held by him, ready to follow him
anywhere, do anything he asked.

392 EXT. NUREMBERG STADIUM, HIGH ANGLE (STOCK FOOTAGE) - NIGHT 392

The SNARE DRUM continues as Hitler, Himmler and Lutze walk between rank after rank of Party Members standing at attention in salute. Sometimes they are in the spotlight, sometimes in the complete dark.

393 EXT. ZEPPLIN FIELD, LONG SHOT (STOCK FOOTAGE) - NIGHT 393

Hitler mounts the podium. The DRUMMING ceases.

394 HITLER AT THE PODIUM - CLOSE (NON STOCK) 394

in front of the microphones, stares out at the three hundred thousand loyal party members. He waits a long, long moment with unblinking eyes.

395 SPEER 395

watching, waiting, tensing as everyone else.

396 HITLER 396

holds his body rigid, then filling with tenseness, suddenly he seems to explode, (BD18-19) and SHOUTS:

HITLER

We are stronger and we will
become stronger...! Germany
has done everything possible
to...

397 ANGLES ON LOUDSPEAKER

397

As Hitler's VOICE echoes around the hushed field of humanity.

HITLER
(over loudspeaker)
... assure world peace! The age
of nerves of the nineteenth
century has found its close with
us...

398 HITLER - CLOSE

398

Supplicating, arms extended, palms up.

HITLER
... if war comes to Europe, it
will come only because of
Communist chaos. Germany has
been the breakwater against the
Communist floods and we will
stand, this Germany will stand...

399 SPEER - CLOSE

399

listening; reacts as he hears:

HITLER (v.o.)
(on P.A.)
... for the next thousand years!

HESS (v.o.)
(on P.A.)
Seig...!

MASS VOICES (v.o.)
Heil...!

400 EXT. ZEPPLIN FIELD - (STOCK FOOTAGE) - NIGHT

400

Three hundred thousand hands in the air as he unleashes
a dynamic force of incalculable proportions that has
been pent up too long.

HESS
(on P.A.)
Seig...!

MASS VOICE
Heil...!

401 SPEER

401

throws up his arm in an unrestrained salute.

HESS (v.o.)
(on P.A.)

Seig....!

MASS VOICES
Heil....! (ETC.)

SPEER (v.o.)
My conscience didn't stop
existing suddenly. It was a
matter of slow erosion over
the years, a multiplicity of
little crimes chipping away at
it day by day. What...

SLOW MIX TO:

402 INT. SPEER HOUSE - BREAKFAST AREA - DAY

402

Zepplin Field slowly becomes the eating area in the (new) Speer home in Berlin. Speer stares INTO the CAMERA (newspaper), his face hardened now. He is at the breakfast table with his newspaper (DER ANGRIFF), playing a sort of peek-a-boo with ALBERT (4½ yrs.) and HILDE (2½ yrs.), who stop eating their Wheaties or oatmeal (or whatever) the moment Papa becomes engrossed in the paper. However, when he folds it back and looks at them sternly, they become very vigorous eaters. A long time game that everyone knows. FRITZ (1½ yrs.) is not included since he is still high-chaired and needs a NANNY to help him. The COOK bustles in and out from the kitchen.

Eventually, Speer takes a last swallow of coffee, kisses each child goodbye, steps into the hallway. We see him retrieve his topcoat and scarf.

SPEER (v.o.)
... shocked me in 1935, I
tolerated as unfortunate
excesses in 1936... and things
that I wouldn't have stomached
in 1937 were entirely palatable
by 1938.

Speer starts up the stairway, OUT of the SHOT. CAMERA REMAINS, settling briefly on the face of each child.

(CONTINUED)

402 CONTINUED:

402

SPEER (v.o.)

Hitler owned every part of me,
every part of my life. Whatever
I was, whatever I'd achieved,
was because of him. He was the
man of the century. He had torn
up the Versailles Treaty, and
rebuilt the Army, Navy and the
Air Force. He had outwitted
every other European statesman...

403 INT. NURSERY - LIMBO

403

The room is darkened and makes Margarete seem more
madonna-like, long hair flowing, in dressing gown,
holding INFANT MARGARETE (six months) in her arms.
Speer enters, topcoated, scarved, kisses her lightly,
exits.

404 MARGARETE

404

stares after him, the strain telling in her eyes.
Faintly, o.s., a car engine starts up.

405 EXT. KITCHEN WINDOW PANE - DAY

405

Albert Jr. and Hilde, faces pressed against the
frosted window pane, see and we HEAR Speer's car.

406 EXT. SPEER HOUSE, BERLIN - DRIVEWAY - DAY

406

Bitterly cold, but Speer has the top down on the BMW
TOURING CAR. He looks toward the kitchen window
without expression as he shoves the car in gear,
drives out rapidly.

SPEER (v.o.)

... and had taken Austria and
the Rhineland and he had
actually received help from
France and England to take
over Czechoslovakia -- all
without firing a shot. He
was the most feared and
unpredictable man in all the
world.

407 EXT. CHURCH TOWER - ANGLE AGAINST THE SKY -
WINTER DAY

407

An ERUPTION of PIGEONS scattering as the BELLS begin
to TOLL.

408 INT. SPEER'S OFFICE - PARISERPLATZ - DAY

408

BELLS TOLLING in a different perspective as Speer
enters quickly, walks toward Speer Sr. who stands amid
a literal FOREST OF SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS AND MODELS
of the projected city (Berlin) of the future. Some are
mounted on easels, others hung from display racks,
several scale models set in glass cabinets. Now 75
years old the elder Speer regards his son and the work
credulously, crusty and elegant as ever.

SPEER

This is a wonderful surprise,
Father, how nice to see you,
you're looking very well.

SPEER SR.

Well, who wouldn't look well in
a carefree, happy-go-lucky
country like this? How wide's...

(indicating
Sketch #1)

... that?

409 SKETCH #1

409

A comprehensive view of the New Berlin.

SPEER

Four hundred feet wide, three
miles long.

SPEER SR.

What happened to the Anhalter
and Potsdam railroad stations?

SPEER

I'll move them here. South of
Templehof.

Speer steps over to a display rack, snaps on the
light there.

410 SKETCH #2

410

The domed meeting hall.

(CONTINUED)

SPEER
The dome will be eight hundred
and twenty-five feet in
diameter... approximately four
hundred and ten thousand square
feet below it, room for a
hundred and fifty thousand
people.

Speer Sr. purses his lips.

411 SKETCH #3

The light snaps on. The Arch of Triumph.

SPEER
The Arch of Triumph. What do
you think?

SPEER SR.
A whole new Berlin...? All this?

Yes. SPEER

SPEER SR.
You're crazy, Albert, he's
crazy, you're both crazy!

CROSS FADE the LAUGHTER:

HITLER (v.o.)
...You... uh... you uh finda
some piece a spaghetti on a
you shoe, eh...?

More LAUGHTER and SLOW MIX TO:

412 INT. BERGHOF - NIGHT

Hitler is animated, even handsome in perfectly tailored
white tie and tails. He stands with his hands on his
hips, body bent forward from the waist, chin thrust out
exaggeratedly -- frozen in a perfectly recognizable
imitation of Benito Mussolini. He nods his head up
and down with great Mussolini-like scowls as Bormann
continues reading the telegram:

BORMANN
(reading)
... and my final wish to you is
that the new year of 1939 will
bring your country and mine ever
closer together.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

412 CONTINUED:

412

BORMANN (cont'd)
Signed, Benito Mussolini. Il
Duce.

HITLER
(with gestures)
Manicotti with a meat sauce!
And a some raviolis and some
spaghettis and some lasagnes
and some hell of a New Year,
too, eh? Signed da Papa!

Hitler performs to the delight of Eva Braun and her two good-looking sisters (ILSE and GRETLE), as well as Gerda Bormann, who is quite pregnant again; Magda and Josef Goebbels; Wilhelm Bruckner, Franz von Papen, DR. KARL BRANDT and his wife; DR. THEODORE MORELL and his wife; and, HERR DOCTOR FRITZ TODT, tall and severely handsome, Speer and Margarete and about TWENTY GUESTS. The men in white ties and tails, the ladies in formals, the atmosphere gay and carefree.

413 HEINRICH HOFFMAN

413

has them more or less assembled for the picture. At the moment, he waves vague directions and sights through his lens, mounted on a tripod. His problem is --

414 RUDOLF HESS

414

-- eyes deep-set in his square-cut face, hanging in the background, almost inconspicuous behind Martin Bormann -- much to the annoyance of Ilse (Hess), Bormann has a handful of cables and telegrams which he is going through for Hitler.

BORMANN
Admiral Horthy of Hungary,
King Carol of Rumania, the
Duke and Duchess of Windsor,
Colonel Charles Lindbergh,
George Bernard Shaw, Sir Neville
Chamberlain...

Hitler snaps his fingers. Bormann hands it over. Hitler glances at the cable, titters of anticipatory laughter as he becomes somewhat stiff-faced, places one hand behind his back, licks his moustache, smiles ingratiatingly with a lot of teeth and reads:

(CONTINUED)

414 CONTINUED:

414

HITLER

From Sir Neville Chamberlain...

(English accent)

May the New Year... bring the
assurance... of peace that all
of us... so devoutly wish and
pray for... quite... quite...
quite... and quite-quite!

More LAUGHTER and APPLAUSE. Hoffmann holds up both
arms, FREEZING everyone, then drags index fingers at
both sides of his mouth (smile, now!) and the
FLASHBULB goes off.

DISSOLVE TO:

415 INT. BERGHOF BAND - NIGHT

415

The lights have been softened and the band plays
"Where Or When". Almost everyone is dancing. THREE
DIFFERENT CONVERSATIONS TAKING PLACE AT THE SAME TIME.
WE INTERCUT FROM ONE TO THE OTHER:

416 MAGDA AND JOSEF GOEBBELS - ANGLES

416

as they dance. Despite his lameness, Goebbels handles
himself gracefully, manages to nod and smile, and
AD-LIBS "Happy New Year" to other dancers in their wake.

MAGDA

She is such a bad actress,
really quite ungifted.

GOEBBELS

Who is such a bad actress?

MAGDA

That Czechoslovakian slut you've
been sleeping with.

GOEBBELS

Which Czecho...

(AD-LIBS "Happy

New Year" to

another couple)

... slovakian slut would that be?

MAGDA

Lida Baarova, the one with the
elephantine hips. I do wish
you'd go and live with her and
leave me and the children alone,
Jo-allee.

(CONTINUED)

416 CONTINUED:

416

GOEBBELS

Don't ever... ever call me
Jo-allee in public.

417 RUDOLF AND ILSE HESS - ANGLES

417

as they dance. Rudolf Hess (has buck teeth and)
constantly keeps his mouth closed, lips drawn tightly
to avoid an over display of ivory. Long ago Ilse
learned to take advantage of this tight-mouthedness:

ILSE

... It is quite apparent to
everyone that Martin Bormann is
the real master here in the
Berghof. Day by day, minute by
minute, second by second, Martin
Bormann's replacing you. The
Fuehrer spends more and more
of his time here. Martin
Bormann is here. You are in
Berlin. When you call it is
Martin Bormann who decides
whether or not you can speak to
the Fuehrer. You simply must
do something.

HESS

What something must I do,
Ilse...?

ILSE

You must reinstate yourself.

418 SPEER AND MARGARETE - ANGLES

418

as they dance. Margarete seems pensive.

SPEER

Dancing brings out the best
and the worst in man.

MARGARETE

Who told you that?

SPEER

You did. One night many
years ago.

MARGARETE

I did.

(CONTINUED)

418 CONTINUED:

418

SPEER

Why so sad...?

MARGARETE

None of this is going to last,
none of it.

419 EXT. SKI VILLAGE STREET -- SPEER, EVA, MARGARETE - DAY 419

A bright winter day as Speer, Eva, Margarete clomp down the snowy street in ski clothes (a la 1939), toting their skis and poles.

EVA

... One minute he insists I go to Dr. Morell and have a complete physical and the next minute he tells me he's dying and that I should leave him and find someone younger and healthier.

420 EXT. SKI RUN - SPEER, MARGARETE, EVA, - ANGLES - DAY 420

Three good skiers making the descent. (CAUTION: safety bindings, plastic boots, metal and/or glass fibered skis unheard of in 1939. Skis were usually oak, the bindings were a front or side-throw cable which locked the boot into a metal lip; also, the stem-turn and the snow-plough were the backbone of skiing at the time, parallel skiing unheard of.) Eva's VOICE comes over with immediate presence, not necessarily in sync:

EVA

Blondi can't help it if she's a lady Alsatian, just a poor old pooch who happens not to be a police dog. He won't have his picture taken with her because of that, he says it hurts his image...

421 INT. SKI LODGE - SPEER, MARGARETE, EVA - FIREPLACE - LIMBO 421

Hot wine time. A little boozy out, stockinged feet propped up on the round hearth, faces burnt and glowing from sun and snow.

EVA

... you know what?

(CONTINUED)

421 CONTINUED:

421

MARGARETE

What?

Eva looks at Speer. He stirs himself.

SPEER

What?

Eva does an unsnappy imitation of FINGER SNAPPING with one hand, while she makes an elaborate (and defiant) job out of lighting a cigarette with the other.

EVA

I'm a girl who doesn't give a damn about the public!

She exhales grandly -- then all of a sudden the defiance leaves her, she wilts, crushes out the cigarette, eyes filling with tears, rises quickly:

EVA

Excuse me, please...

Eva exits. Margarete looks after her concernedly.

MARGARETE

He makes a prisoner out of everyone, doesn't he?

Speer is unable to answer her. CROSS FADE the VOICE of the TOUR GUIDE:

TOUR GUIDE (v.o.)

... the magnificent new Reich
Chancellery, the first building...

422 EXT. (NEW) REICH CHANCELLERY - PLACARD - DAY

422

The placard is held by one of the (FIFTY) members of the SINGING CHOIR from San Francisco. It reads: DELEGATION OF PACIFIC-SANGERBUNDES, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. Every member wears a sailor cap, plus a name-plate and ribbon on the lapel. (AS3135p85) (SH262).

TOUR GUIDE

... to be erected in the New Berlin of the future. This particular building was planned and constructed in a year's time.

(CONTINUED)

- 422 CONTINUED: 422
His voice is DROWNED by a spontaneous APPLAUSE and CHEERING as the --
- 423 HITLER-LOVERS 423
-- make themselves known -- especially ecstatic on this cold January day, as Hitler and Speer arrive in the same car to inspect the new Reich Chancellery. As usual, there are more women than men in the crowd, much kiss-blowing and hankerchiefing. Several gleaming LIMOUSINES have already gathered in the motor court. A GROUP OF DRIVERS, variously uniformed (SS, Wehrmacht, Luftwaffe) come to smart attention and throw salutes as Hitler and Speer debark. The --
- 424 LIEBSTANDARTE SENTRIES 424
posted on either side of the entrance, in the Court of Honor, stiffen to attention.
- 425 ERICH KEMPKA 425
Major (S.S.), Hitler's new driver, standing beside Hitler's Mercedes, disdains joining the other drivers, a very private man with a suggestion of danger about him.
- 426 INT. NEW REICH CHANCELLERY (FINISHED) - ENTRY DOORS - DAY 426
We are looking at a pair of double doors, almost seventeen feet high, as they come open to reveal the --
- 427 MOSIAC ROOM 427
-- the first entranceway for visitors. On this particular preview day, there are about twenty distinguished visitors. Speer is the host for the --
- 428 GROUP 428
-- that includes Bruckner, Schaub, Goering, Goebbels, Bormann, (Bormann's brother, ALBERT BORMANN), Hess, Morell, Hoffman (with his cameras), Karl Kraemer (Hitler's valet), Himmler, Kaltenbrunner, the Frauleins: Wolf, Schroeder, Jung and Christian, and Fritz Todt and --

- 429 XAVER DORSCH 429
-- a quiet, clever, silent-eyed man who seems affixed to Todt.
- 430 MOSIAC 430
INSETS in the first salon.
- 431 HITLER 431
Contrary to his usual non-committal behavior under such circumstances, almost trembles with admiration. He looks at Speer, gratefully.
- 432 INT. MAIN GALLERY (FINISHED) - DAY 432
The GROUP, EN MASSE, paused at one end, staring down the enormous length of the gallery, the light perfectly distributed by the niched walls. More obvious, of course, is the deliberately glossy polish on the marble flooring, designed to make foreign diplomats careful how they walk. Hitler fires another appreciative look at Speer, who accepts it silently with a humble nod, leads them on.
- 433 INT. GRAND SALON (FINISHED) - DAY 433
Same GROUP, same reaction from Hitler.
- 434 INT. HITLER'S STUDY (FINISHED) - DESK - DAY 434
The inlay on Hitler's desk shows a sword half-drawn from its sheath. The faces of Hitler, Speer, Goering, Goebbels, Hess, Bormann, REFLECTED BACK from the glossy surface. Finally Hitler turns to Speer, tears in his eyes, voice choked:

HITLER

Well... done.

Speer accepts the praise with proper humility, gestures, leading them from the study. They disappear out the door and Hans Bauer appears from the opposite door. He has Anton Graff's oil painting of Frederick the Great under one arm, hammer and nail in the other. Unceremoniously, obviously unhappy with his task, he pounds a nail and hangs the painting.

435 INT. BATHROOM IN SPEER'S HOME - LIMBO

435

FEATURING Hilde Speer and Albert Speer JR. They stand side by side, just inside the doorway, looking upward, totally intent, eyes lifting or lowering following some action just out of camera range. Their faces are very solemn and they are very silent, and there is only the faintest sound of someone stirring water occasionally. This continues for an extended time until we ORIENT -- and discover that Hilde and Albert are engaged in the time-honored fascination of watching their father shave. Speer is toweled and lathered in front of the mirror -- very aware of his raptured audience.

In the mirror REFLECTION Margarete appears, a small framed picture in hand.

MARGARETE

He gave it to you?

SPEER

Yes. He took me to one side while all of the others were still there, and handed it to me and said it was something he wanted me to have. I was touched. Do you like it?

MARGARETE

No. Not at all...

436 INSERT: PICTURE

436

in Margarete's hand. A sketch, signed A. Hitler, 1922. (SEE T.A.)

SPEER

Why not...?

MARGARETE

I don't know... it has no personal impulse, no verve...

437 SPEER, MARGARETE AND THE CHILDREN

437

Hilde and Albert are waiting for Daddy to resume shaving.

MARGARETE

... it's a painting of a dead thing by a dead man, Albert.

438 EXT. I.G. FARBEN BLDG., BERLIN - UP ANGLE FROM SIDE- 438
WALK (STOCK FOOTAGE)

The giant 88mm Anti-Aircraft gun appears to be suspended out in space, twisting around very slowly, the armor plates, the giant recoil mechanism, the flanged barrels, all present, a variety of ever-changing silhouettes against the summer sky.

SPEER (v.o.)

The war came very quietly, very suddenly, with little enthusiasm, and with no fanfare.

The AA has been rising slowly, almost imperceptibly, grappled in heavy steel cables. A sweating CREW OF LUFTWAFFE ENGINEERS hoisting it from the flat-bed of heavy-duty transport to the top of the office building where it will be mounted and manned. A second CREW operates the winching apparatus from high above.

439 EXT. STREET BELOW AA EMPLACEMENT - SPEER, MARGARETE 439
AND OTHER BERLINERS - DAY

staring upward. Behind them, the marquee of the MARMORHAUS THEATRE clearly visible. The unmistakable grin on the billboards: The picture is "China Seas". Then all look in the opposite direction at the THUNDER of aircraft engines.

SPEER (v.o.)

... One day it was a hot Indian summer and the next day it was all the things that make a war.

440 GERMAN BOMBERS (STOCK FOOTAGE) 440

A tight formation of DORNIER DO 17-A's and DO 215's against the cloudless skies.

SPEER (v.o.)

It was like Adolph Hitler. It happened.

441 INT. REICH CHANCELLERY (NEW) - MAIN GALLERY - DAY 441

Speer walks purposefully in the direction of Hitler's private study, moving against a TRAFFIC of brisk uniformed personnel on missions of war. The area directly outside of Hitler's study has been revamped somewhat. Besides Hitler's four secretaries (all of them busy on phones and typewriters), several new desks and phones have been installed, manned by uniform officers and enlisted men (SS).

(CONTINUED)

441 CONTINUED:

441

Various Couriers move in and out of SHOT, a great deal of saluting and military protocol.

Speer speaks to Johanna Wolf. She speaks into a telephone. Speer turns and shakes hands cordially with Fritz Todt, who is flanked by Xaver Dorsch. Todt wears Luftwaffe uniform (Brigadier General), and an organization armband. (See T.A.) Bruckner materializes, beckons Speer to Hitler's study.

442 INT. HITLER'S PRIVATE STUDY - (NEW) REICH CHANCELLERY 442
- DAY

Hitler is on the phone, standing behind his cluttered desk, unmistakably angry, glaring in Speer's direction, waves him inside.

HITLER
(into phone)
I'll get back to you.

Hitler slams the receiver down and points angrily at Speer.

HITLER
I'm going to tell you something.
Do you know what these are...?
(displays a heavy
sheaf of papers)
... I'll tell you what they are.
They're draft records, artists,
painters, performers. Look...
Look... see... see... see what
I'm doing...
(tears the papers
in half, waste-
baskets them)
... those men don't exist for
the draft boards anymore. I
need them more at home than I
do in the Army.
(picks up phone)
Find Bormann.
(hangs up)
I can't tolerate anyone ignoring
my orders. I won't tolerate it,
not even from you. I must have,
I insist on, absolute obedience,
at all times, from everyone. Why
in the name of God did you take
it upon yourself to go over to
Bendlerstrasse...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HITLER (cont'd)
(rummages papers
on desk, waves one)
... I have it right here... here
it is... and place yourself and
your entire technical staff at
the disposal of the High Command
of the Army?

Hitler looks past him to Bormann, coming through the door.

HITLER
Come on, come on...
(to Speer)
... Why?

By now Hitler is SNAPPING his fingers. Speer regards him, slightly dismayed:

SPEER
I'm a German. We're at war, I
want to do whatever --

HITLER
-- the war's over, the Poles are
beaten, the British and the French
are too feeble to fight and just
what the hell do you think you can
do for the Army they can't do for
themselves?

SPEER
I discussed using some of my men
to widen roads, rebuild bridges.
General Fromm thought it was an
excellent --

HITLER
To hell with General Fromm!
Where's that letter? Did you
write the letter? Where is it?
Is that a copy?

Bormann is almost over ready. He extracts a carbon copy from his briefcase, hands it over to Hitler.

BORMANN
Yes, my Fuehrer.

HITLER
This is the letter you sent to him?

BORMANN
Yes, my Fuehrer.

(CONTINUED)

442 CONTINUED: (2)

442

Hitler thrusts the carbon copy at Speer.

HITLER

Look at it. Did you receive that letter?

SPEER

Yes, but --

The BUZZER SOUNDS. Hitler grabs up the phone:

HITLER

(on phone)

Yes? All right.

(hangs up)

You ignored it?

SPEER

I misunderstood it.

HITLER

I don't see how that's possible...

Hitler rummages his desk and finds his catalogue (a large book in a red binding with yellow diagonal stripes on it) which he tosses into his briefcase along with some other papers, gathers up his cap and coat.

HITLER

... he wrote it down, it's right there on paper, it's clear to me, it ought to be clear to you. In my name you were ordered not to undertake any missions for the Army or anyone else.

SPEER

I was confident you'd approve of my actions.

HITLER

(heading doorward)

You can be confident I don't approve of any actions...

Hitler pulls open the door to reveal Todt, Dorsch, Bruckner, and others clustered in the reception area waiting for him. They all hear his parting shot:

HITLER

... that will interfere with my plans for the reconstruction of this city.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

442 CONTINUED: (3)

442

HITLER (cont'd)

You handle the buildings, Speer,
let me worry about the wars.

Then he is gone. Todt manages a sympathetic look in
Speer's direction before the door closes.

443 SPEER AND BORMANN

443

Bormann is almost offensively sure of himself as he
relieves Speer of the carbon copy, replaces it in his
briefcase, snaps it closed with a pointed look.

444 INT. KRANKENHAUS-WESTEND - LOUD SPEAKER - DAY

444

The LOUD SPEAKER is mounted on a wall, close to the
ceiling.

LOUD SPEAKER VOICE

Woman is entrusted in the life
of the nation with a great task,
the care...

We are in the examination area, very white, very anti-
septic, consisting of a series of tent-like booths.
Margarete, white-gowned, lies on the examination table,
a thermometer in her mouth, while the FRAU DOKTOR, in
a long white professional jacket, takes her blood
pressure.

Margarete's eyes roll upward in the direction of the
loud speaker -- a little incredulously:

LOUD SPEAKER VOICE

... of man, soul, body, and mind,
and the care of his children. It
is the mission of woman to minister
in the home and in her profession
to the needs of life, from the first
moment of man's existence to the last.
Her mission in marriage is to bear
his children, to be his comrade, his
helper, his womanly compliment --
this is the right of women in the
new Germany! (E314)

The recorded voice on the loud speaker is replaced by
recorded MUSIC. The Frau Doktor finishes the business
with the blood pressure rig, takes the thermometer
from Margarete's mouth, jots down her findings.

FRAU DOKTOR

You may dress now, Frau Speer.

(CONTINUED)

444 CONTINUED:

444

The Frau Doktor jerks a shielding screen in front of the opening. During the ensuing dialogue Margarete removes the white hospital gown and dresses while the Frau Doktor examines her medical history file.

FRAU DOKTOR

I am delighted to tell you that you are very healthy and very pregnant, Frau Speer...

(flips pages)

... you have two, three, four children now... two boys, two girls. Well, do you subscribe to the Sturmer?

MARGARETE

No.

FRAU DOKTOR

Tch. I recommend the party magazine to every patient coming through here. How else can you know that a woman in German life performs her most important task by producing future party leaders and soldiers?

MARGARETE

Our Fuehrer tells us that, Frau Doktor...

Frau Doktor gives her a sharp look.

MARGARETE

... quite often.

FRAU DOKTOR

So he does. This...

(tapping the file)

... is incredible. After your last child you were entitled to the bronze medal. You never applied for it.

MARGARETE

I must have forgotten, Frau Doktor.

FRAU DOKTOR

Tch... tch... It is a great honor. The medal tells the world of your contribution to the Third Reich. You must apply for it, Frau Speer. One must not create a bad impression.

(CONTINUED)

444 CONTINUED: (2)

444

MARGARETE

Did you read the Beobachter today
by any chance?

FRAU DOKTOR

No, I'm afraid I did not.

MARGARETE

It carried a full page of... do
you have any sons, Frau Doktor?

FRAU DOKTOR

I have no children, Frau Speer.

MARGARETE

... a full page of paid death
notices. I read every one of
them. "For his beloved Fatherland
and Fuehrer my only son, Hans, aged
22 years, fell on September 20,
1939, in the battle of Kutno in
Poland." It was signed Mother.
Don't you find the human mind
remarkably efficient, Frau Doktor?
I had no intention of memorizing
that, no intention at all. By the
way, do you know where Kutno might
be, Frau Doktor?

FRAU DOKTOR

No.

MARGARETE

Neither do I. I don't really
believe it's on the maps yet.
Can I ask you another question?

The Frau Doktor nods. Margarete is dressed now, slips
on her coat, gathers up her purse and gloves, nods in
the direction of the loud speaker. The recorded MUSIC
has ended and the recorded voice is speaking once more:
"Woman is entrusted... etc."

MARGARETE

Did the Sturmer suggest...
(loud speaker)
... that?

FRAU DOKTOR

It was my own thought. You may
go now, Frau Speer, Heil, Hitler.

Margarete starts away.

(CONTINUED)

444 CONTINUED: (3)

444

FRAU DOKTOR

Frau Speer...?

MARGARETE

Yes...?

FRAU DOKTOR

I said 'Heil, Hitler'.

MARGARETE

I heard you, Frau Doktor.

445 EXT. PARISERPLATZ BUILDING (WILHELMSTRASSE) - NIGHT 445

Late at night. All windows blacked out on this stately old building (that was once a museum) and every other building in the area. No traffic on the street. From the distance coming toward us, is a RED LIGHT, bobbing up and down; eventually, we can make out that it is someone RUNNING TOWARD US, feet setting up a clatter of echoes among the stately buildings in the area. It is an AIR RAID WARDEN in fire-fighting overalls, carrying a small red lamp in one hand, gas-mask slung over his shoulder. He stops directly in front of the CAMERA, jerks out his whistle, blows the alarm.

446 INT. SPEER'S (PARISERPLATZ) OFFICE - NIGHT 446

Speer is hard at work over his drawing board, working with a shaded light, the rest of the office is dark, the windows blacked out. O.s., the Air Raid Warden's WHISTLE. At the same time, Annemarie pulls open the door in the b.g.

ANNEMARIE

Herr Speer, I --

Speer is on his feet now.

SPEER

Get that light.

Speer points to the light in the outer office by her desk. She retreats to snap it off as Speer turns off his own light, grabs up his jacket, heads doorward. By now we can hear the DRONE of APPROACHING AIRPLANES.

447 INT. SPEER'S (PARISERPLATZ) OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT 447

Two or three of Speer's shirtsleeved AIDES are in the outer area, gathering their jackets, briefcases. Annemarie is gathering her things fast.

(CONTINUED)

447 CONTINUED:

447

ANNEMARIE

Why do they bomb us, Herr Speer?

SPEER

They're trying to win.

The phone starts RINGING. Annemarie heads for it.

SPEER

Never mind that now!

Ahead of them, way down the long wide corridor, the double doors come open. The Air Raid Warden blows his WHISTLE (needlessly) and beckons to them (needlessly) with great vigor.

AIR RAID WARDEN

I want all of you people out of here, right now!

448 SPEER, ANNEMARIE AND AIDES

448

at a half-run toward the double doors.

ANNEMARIE

Don't they know they can't win by bombing our homes?

By this time the planes are closer and lower and the ENGINE ROAR has been joined by the new sound of AA GUNS. Karl Hettlage runs INTO SHOT.

HETTLAGE

Maybe we're bombing their homes, too.

Annemarie looks horrified.

ANNEMARIE

Oh, no, Herr Hettlage, our papers say not. We wouldn't do that. Only military objectives.

They plunge through the door.

449 EXT. PARISERPLATZ BUILDING - WIDE ANGLE - NIGHT

449

SEVERAL OTHER PEOPLE have surfaced, all running in the same direction. Along with the planes and the ack-ack guns, the SEARCHLIGHTS are stabbing into the sky, trying to find the planes; they search wildly, then go off, then come on again. The --

450 AIR RAID WARDEN

450

stands outside the entrance to the Air Raid Shelter, blowing his whistle (too often) an over-equipped (gas mask, flashlight, first aid kit) and over-uniformed man who keeps shouting:

AIR RAID WARDEN
You will extinguish all lights
and leave immediately for your
assigned shelter -- it is the
law!

451 SPEER, ANNEMARIE, AIDES

451

scurrying toward the Air Raid shelter, as a BOMB whistles in a high SCREAM then EXPLODES nearby. Suddenly, right in front of them, the windshield of a parked car SHATTERS. Annemarie screams in fright.

ANNEMARIE
They're shooting at us!

SPEER
No... no... it's...
(looking up)
... shrapnel from our own guns.

Shrapnel begins raining down in the immediate area, bouncing off the car, smashing a couple of more windows. They run toward the shelter again, dive inside.

452 INT. AIR RAID SHELTER - NIGHT

452

Crowded with everything from children to whores. Speer and his group move as a unit toward the rear. The planes, the anti-aircraft fire, now joined by the SCREAM of SIRENS outside. Annemarie is thoroughly frightened, near hysteria:

ANNEMARIE
The German people only want peace,
all of us only want peace, why
don't they want to make peace?

Whatever else she says is swallowed by the WHISTLING NOISE of a bomb that EXPLODES in the near vicinity. The lights go out, come on, go out, a cloud of dust rises in one area. Babies cry, old people scream in terror, Annemarie trembles, begins crying pitifully frightened, clings to Speer. He does not take her in his arm, stares beyond her to a sign that reads:

453 INSERT: SIGN

453

NO JEWS ALLOWED IN HERE.

454 EXT. BMW TOURING CAR - ROAD IN FORESTED AREA - WINTER - DAY 454

Margarete, wrapped in furs, on the front seat of the BMW. It has been painted a field-grey and the headlights are hooded. The car is stopped in front of a barrier. Through the windshield Margarete watches Speer in conversation with a pair of Police Officers at the barrier. It is late fall, evidence of snow on the ground. Beyond Speer and the Police Officers, the fin area of an unexploded bomb is visible in a semi-crater in the middle of the road. The danger area is roped off and staked with red flags. Margarete studies the situation, silently. Eventually, her eyes go toward the SOUND of an approaching vehicle.

455 WIDE ANGLE

455

A truck-lorry, manned by SS SOLDIERS in heavy winter gear, rumbles to a halt near the barrier. A half dozen POW'S, with a huge "P" whitewashed on the back of their light overalls, are herded out of the lorry. At the same time, Speer finishes his conversation with the Police Officers, heads back toward the car.

456 EXT./INT. BMW TOURING CAR - DAY

456

Speer climbs inside, saying:

SPEER

We'll have to detour. Time-bomb.
It has to be defused before they
can move it.

MARGARETE

Are they...

She indicates the POW'S unloading equipment from the truck lorry.

MARGARETE

... going to defuse it?

SPEER

Yes.

MARGARETE

Risky work.

(CONTINUED)

456 CONTINUED:

456

SPEER

Yes. Very dangerous.

MARGARETE

Who are they?

SPEER

Prisoners of war.

MARGARETE

Are they experts?

SPEER

They're... prisoners of war,
Margarete.

MARGARETE

They're not experts?

SPEER

No.

Speer snaps on the ignition, starts the engine with a ROAR, shoves the car into reverse, some anger in his manner.

SPEER (v.o.)

It was an introduction to a hardness that would become less uncomfortable in the years to come. But...

457 EXT. TAUMENTZIENSTRASSE - STREET SIGN - NIGHT

457

The sign is in the close f.g., laced with frost. Cold winter now, bare black trees, heavy clothes and people walking in hunch-shouldered positions, heads tucked into necks, necks tucked into coats, hands in pockets, ears cold, noses running, germ spittle in the air, the slush on the ground now turned to cruel ice, cold winds above it. Only military vehicles on the street, with hooded headlights. We might notice that telephone poles, fire plugs, any other possible impediments for the black-out drivers, have been painted with black and white stripes.

SPEER (v.o.)

... at that moment I did not consider myself part of a government that regarded certain human beings as animals to be exploited or expended -- that was to come later.

(CONTINUED)

457 CONTINUED:

457

By this time our LONG LENS has settled on the sand-bagged doorway of Bar #1 and when it comes open, allowing another customer to enter, we get a view of Speer and Hanke side by side at the bar.

458 INT. BAR #1 (ON TAUMENTZIENSTRASSE) - NIGHT

458

The Lady Bartender, visibly older, materializes to smile and take their orders. It is dim, dark, unheated, and they make no move to take off their coats. She holds up two fingers, both nod. She starts away. Hanke grabs her arm, pulls up the sleeve of the oversized (man's) jacket she is wearing to keep warm. All three have a smile. Still plenty of bracelets. Hanke shakes her arm, CLANKS them before she goes out of the SHOT.

SPEER

I understand you resigned at the Ministry.

HANKE

I've been promoted. I'm the new Gauleiter at Breslau, the Fuehrer appointed me.

SPEER

Congratulations.

HANKE

I'm going home, Speer, or near home. I'm from Lauban in Lower Silesia. My mother and father're still living there. He's a miller. Eighty-two years old and still works every day. He doesn't understand any of this... I'm not sure I do either... anymore.

Speer gives him a sharp look.

459 EXT./INT. MUCHEN BAHNHOF - NIGHT

459

The train has just pulled in. Speer unloads with the PASSENGER TRAFFIC, he carries the well-worn (by now) portfolio and a smart piece of hand luggage -- he goes a few feet then stops dead in his tracks.

460 SPEER'S POV

460

The shoulder patch on the often-laundered (suntan) uniform identifies the sun-burned wearer as a member of the 15TH PANZER DIVISION, a veteran of Tobruk, and a member of Rommel's proud Afrika Korps.

(CONTINUED)

460 CONTINUED:

460

He has perched his funny pinched-cloth cap at a jaunty go-to-hell angle on his head, he is very young, he is very blond, and he is very blind. His two hollow sockets stare sightlessly and directly ahead at a large sign above a men's toilet, reading: NO JEWS ALLOWED. A noisy bustle of to-and-fro PASSENGER TRAFFIC swirls on both sides of him but with a blind man's prescience, he hears the AD LIB order barked by an NCO. He stoops, picks up his hand luggage with his left hand and as the ANGLE WIDENS, we watch him place his right hand on the shoulder of the man ahead of him, another sightless Afrika Korpsman. The hardfaced NCO barks another unintelligible order and the TWENTY-ODD BLIND MEN of the Afrika Korps start single-file down the bustling platform, shoulder-guiding one another along. TWO RED CROSS NURSES lead the parade, no pampering, no frills, each man carries his own gear and is expected to keep up the brisk pace. CAMERA might note that each man wears a Destination Tag on a string around his neck, making things easier for the transport personnel.

461 SPEER

461

is shaken; then he is aware that Kempka and an Aide are alongside him. They AD LIB greetings, take over his luggage.

462 EXT. ROAD TO BERGHOF - HITLER'S MERCEDES - DAY

462

Kempka driving, Speer the passenger. Hitler's personal flag flying from the fender.

PINTSCH (v.o.)

Oh, Herr Speer, I know this is
your appointment...

463 EXT. BERGHOF (STOCK FOOTAGE) - DAY

463

PINTSCH (v.o.)

... Major Leitgen and I would
like to prevail on you...

464 INT. ANTEROOM, BERGHOF - DAY

464

Hess's Adjutants, Leitgen and Pintsch, looking very, very nervous and distressed, come forward to meet Speer.

PINTSCH

... to allow us just a few moments
to deliver a very important letter
to the Fuehrer...

(CONTINUED)

464 CONTINUED:

464

Above them they HEAR a door open and then Hitler is standing at the railing looking down at them, the door to his private study wide open behind him.

PINTSCH

(to Hitler)

... it's from the Deputy Fuehrer Hess, he ordered us to deliver it personally.

Hitler waves him to come up. Pintsch gives Leitgen an uneasy look and heads up the stairs. Leitgen pulls out his cigarette case. He is proffering to Speer when:

HITLER

Bormann...!

465 UP ANGLE

465

Hitler's voice is animal-like, almost inarticulate, waves the opened letter, raging:

HITLER

I want Bormann, where the hell is he? Where...

Bormann materializes, pulling up his suspenders.

HITLER

... ... the hell are you when I want you? Get hold of Goebbels, Goering, Himmler, Ribbentrop, get 'em here as fast as you can. I want all private guests confined to the upper floors and...

(to Bruckner and Schaub, who have materialized)

... put those two...

(Leitgen and Pintsch)

... under arrest!

Hitler and Bormann disappear inside his study, SLAM the door. Speer sees --

466 EVA BRAUN

466

-- peer out fearfully from a doorway.

HITLER (v.o.)

He went to England to personally ask Winston Churchill to join us against Russia. Good almighty God!

STUDY (BERGHOF) - DAY
Hitler's pacing SHADOW moves back and down, in and out of the SHOT. It is a room in wood paneling. Frederick The G wall, on another a picture of Paul Schr Hitler's mother. Speer stands quietly; Hitler rereads Hess's letter, then crump flings it away.

HITLER
Maybe it's that wife of his... I'm glad I never married. A do times this last year he's insis on bringing me some very unpleas matter in great detail, laying i on my desk literally, then he st back and waits with his goddamn teeth! Who's going to believe I didn't send him to England? Who's going to believe this whole thing isn't some sort of intrigue? The Japanese Ambassador's been calling and I haven't... yes, what'd he sa
Hitler is addressing Bormann, who has come to doorway. Bormann glances at Speer, who start door.

HITLER
No, you stay. Go ahead. What'd he say?

BORMANN
Udet doesn't think he has a chance to make the coast of Scotland in that kind of aircraft, prevailing winds and all. He thinks he'll fly right past England.

HITLER
Good! Let the toothy little bastard drown in the North Sea!

468 EXT. BERGHOF DRIVEWAY - HIGH CAMERA - DAY

LOOKING DOWN from window as Goebbels and Dietrich arrive in a staff car; right behind them, Goering, Ribbentrop; then various Party Officials, Gauleiter

SPEER (v.o.)
Before the end of the day it was confirmed that Deputy Fuehrer Hess, second in line to succeed the Fuehrer, had successfully parachuted into Scotland and was taken into custody by English authorities.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

468 CONTINUED:

468

SPEER (cont'd)

He was not successful in seeking his audience with Prime Minister Churchill.

469 INT. BERGHOF - PICTURE WINDOW - DUSK

469

Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, very identifiable SILHOUETTES against the outside backlight.

SPEER (v.o.)

Hitler announced that Hess had been under the care of psychiatrists for a long time; the Prime Minister of England announced that there was obviously a worm in the German apple.

470 INT. FIREPLACE AREA, BERGHOF - NIGHT

470

Hitler shakes hands solemnly with Bormann, followed by Goebbels, Goering, Dietrich, several others. Champagne being served from a tray.

SPEER (v.o.)

The new Deputy Fuehrer was installed immediately.

Finally, it is Speer's turn. He steps up to Bormann, shakes his hand.

471 INT. SPEER'S BEDROOM, (BERGHOF) - NIGHT

471

Speer awakens suddenly, sits up in the bed. A HORN HONKING outside. He gets up, goes to the window.

472 POV FROM WINDOW

472

A staff car pulled up a little crazily, headlights burning, radio playing, one door open. Then Bormann -- behind the wheel -- looks up.

473 SPEER

473

waves, reaches for his robe.

474 EXT./INT. ENTRANCE TO SPEER'S BERGHOF RESIDENCE - NIGHT

474

Speer pulls open the door.

(CONTINUED)

474 CONTINUED:

474

Bormann teeters in front of him, quite drunk, he gives Speer a big smile, waves a roll of blueprints.

BORMANN

The Fuehrer's very pleased...

(gestures with
blueprint)

... but I wanted to ask you what
you intend to do...

(unrolls one
blueprint)

... about the church sites in this
section?

SPEER

Church sites?

BORMANN

Yes. Says: "decision pending".
What does that mean?

SPEER

I'm meeting with Protestant and
Catholic authorities next week
to discuss those locations.

BORMANN

Cancel it.

SPEER

What?

BORMANN

No churches. I don't want any
churches...

SPEER

The Fuehrer...

BORMANN

The Fuehrer doesn't want any
churches included in those
drawings either. I'm talking
for him. Do you understand?

Speer nods. Bormann starts to reroll the blueprints,
thinks better of it, thrusts them at Speer, staggers
out of the SHOT.

475 INT. SPEER BEDROOM - NIGHT

475

Black. The phone begins to RING somewhere in the house.

(CONTINUED)

475 CONTINUED:

475

Simultaneously, a baby begins to CRY. Speer turns on a small lamp in the blacked-out bedroom. Margarete is already on her feet, putting on a robe, heading for the hallway. As she disappears out the door, she snaps on a light in the hallway. Speer is on his feet, putting on a robe.

476 INT. STAIRWAY OF HOUSE - NIGHT

476

Speer descends from a weak splash of light in the hallway above, crosses toward the open door of his study.

477 INT. SPEER'S STUDY - NIGHT

477

-- Speer aims himself toward the RINGING telephone without turning on a light, picks up the receiver in the near dark.

478 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - WOLF'S LAIR, RASTENBURG - NIGHT

478

An OBERLIEUTENANT, talking into a headset; Todt standing beside him; the usual communications work in the b.g.

OBERLIEUTENANT
(into mouthpiece)
Herr Speer? One moment, please,
Reichminister Todt calling from
the Fuehrer's headquarters in
Rastenburg.

He hands Todt his headset.

479 INT. SPEER'S STUDY - NIGHT

479

Speer on phone, slouched back in his chair.

TODT'S VOICE
(over phone)
How many men do you have in your
organization?

SPEER
Sixty-five thousand.

TODT'S VOICE
Listen to me...

(CONTINUED)

479 CONTINUED:

479

Speer's gaze goes across the room. A lamp has been turned on. Margarete stands in the doorway holding ARNOLD (22 months) in her arms. Also gathered in the doorway in their nightclothes are MARGARETE SPEER (3½ years-old), FRITZ SPEER (almost 5-years-old), Hilde Speer (almost 6-years-old) and Albert Speer Jr. (almost 8-years-old). As usual, Albert holds Hilde's hand.

TODT'S VOICE

... the Russians have burned everything, every house, every farm, every barn, worst of all the railroad system's a shambles, it'll have to be rebuilt. Now, don't ask me how I did it, but I've cleared it with the Fuehrer. Can you spare any of your men?

Speer sits up straight, his feet hit the floor.

480 EXT. HEINKEL HE-111 - IN FLIGHT (STOCK FOOTAGE) - DAY 480

Flying low over southern Russia without fighter escort.

481 INT. HEINKEL BOMBER - SPEER - DAY 481

Speer, bundled in an enormous parka, gazing down.

SPEER (v.o.)

At last it was my opportunity to be directly involved...

482 EXT. EAST PRUSSIAN COMMAND (WOLF'S LAIR, RASTENBURG) 482
- NIGHT

The headlights of the Personnel Carrier BLIND INTO the LENS, as it halts at the main entrance. Tight security everywhere. Some I.D. inspection by flashlight by the Gate Guards.

SPEER (v.o.)

... but as it turned out, the weather made it impossible to accomplish the work that brought me to Russia. What became more important was my stopover at the headquarters of the East Prussian Command.

A dim FIGURE (General SCHAUB, actually) appears at the gate rating a salute from everyone. We HEAR:

(CONTINUED)

482 CONTINUED:

482

SCHAUB

I hope your flight was a pleasant one. The Fuehrer is most anxious to see you. Unfortunately he is in conference with Reichminister Todt at the moment, he'll call you when he's finished.

483 INT. BOQ - OFFICER'S MESS - NIGHT

483

(ITTR315) Like a railroad station restaurant in a small town. Pine boarding on the walls, windows like a standardized barracks. One table for about twenty persons. Speer is the only diner, somewhat cleaned up, having a steak and a glass of wine.

Todt enters, waves, crosses to Speer, smiling. Speer stands. They shake hands.

TODT

I'm afraid I left him in one of his rottener modds. He disregards intelligence reports, he relies on his inspirations no matter how inherently contradictory they may be. I had the indelicacy to explain that our men are freezing to death out there, I've never seen such misery, these Russians --

(espies Schaub
approaching)

... I understand you're headed for Berlin. I'm taking off at oh-eight hundred tomorrow. Fly with me. We can talk then.

SPEER

Good.

Schaub comes up.

SCHAUB

The Fuehrer'll see you now.

Speer hands his glass of wine to Todt. Todt smiles. Speer goes out.

484 INT. HEADQUARTERS SITUATION ROOM (RESTRICTED AREA #11) 484
- NIGHT

(ITTR308) The walls are paneled in a light-colored wood, the room dominated by a heavy oak map table, thirteen feet long, next to a large window.

(CONTINUED)

484 CONTINUED:

484

In one corner, a smaller table, surrounded by six arm chairs. (No upholstered furniture.)

And on one wall, Hitler's painting of Frederick the Great (which follows him everywhere.) Hitler stands in front of the large window, Napoleon-like, staring out moodily at the nothingness of the compound. A touch of drama in the way his greatcoat is draped over his shoulders, the only light from a roaring fire. The Leibstandarte sentries silhouetted outside the window complete the picture.

HITLER

I'm aware it is unpopular to proceed with civilian construction under the duress of war but that resentment will disappear when all the building we have planned on Adolph Hitlerplatz are completed. It will be my presence in these buildings, the fact that I walked and talked and worked in them that will provide inspiration for generations to come. What is your impression of Dr. Todt?

SPEER

Dr. Todt is a very capable and learned man.

HITLER

Fact-locked...

(taps his head)

... too many figures, no imagination, he can't look beyond a formula. Where would I be today if I paid attention to every formula-making son-of-a-bitch who told me this can't be done or that can't be done. Todt's a defeatist, Speer, he demoralizes people. I won't tolerate that attitude...

(finally turns,
Napoleonesque,
with a lock of
hair over his
forehead)

... from anyone.

Speer hears -- then sees Hitler's fingers SNAPPING, steadily.

485 INT. BOQ ROOM - NIGHT

485

Speer in bed, on phone.

(CONTINUED)

485 CONTINUED:

485

SPEER

(on phone)

Tell Dr. Todt I will not be flying
with him in the morning. I must
get some rest. Thank you.

Speer replaces the receiver, turns off the light,
adjusts himself in the bed -- in such a way that he
is facing the window of his small room.

486 SPEER'S POV

486

He can see the outside of the Headquarters Situation
Room and the unmistakable silhouette of Adolph Hitler,
standing motionless behind the large window, hands
clasped behind his back, shoulders still covered with
the great coat. The Leibstandarte Sentries, pacing to
and fro, with bayoneted rifles, make it all more mind-
ful of Napoleon.

CROSSFADE a RINGING TELEPHONE.

487 INT. BOQ ROOM - SPEER - BRIGHT MORNING

487

Speer awakens slowly, reaches for the telephone. At the
same time, someone is rapping on the door, urgently:

SPEER

(toward door)

Come!

(into phone)

Speer, here.

Schaub, looking very brisk and military, enters. Speer
shushes him with a hand signal, listening to someone on
the other end of the phone.

SPEER

(into phone)

Would you repeat that, please?

(listens)

Thank you.

Speer hangs up, shaken.

SPEER

Dr. Todt's plane has crashed,
he's been killed.

SCHAUB

The Fuehrer will see you at one
o'clock sharp.

488 INT. HITLER'S COMMAND ROOM (RATTENBURG) - DAY

488

Hitler stands behind his desk very much the Fuehrer, stiff and formal, Speer standing across from him.

HITLER

You'll replace Dr. Todt immediately.
I appoint you Reichminister of
Armaments.

SPEER

My Fuehrer, I'm not at all certain
I can handle such an assignment.

HITLER

I'm certain. I have every confidence
in you and...
(looking past him)
... yes?

Schaub is in the doorway.

SCHAUB

The Reichmarshal is here, he says
it is urgent.

HITLER

All right...
(to Speer)
... get in touch with Konrad
Haasemann at the Ministry, he's
expecting your call.

Goering bustles in importantly.

GOERING

First I want to express my
condolences and secondly I want
to suggest that I take over Dr.
Todt's ministry within the
framework of the Four Year --

HITLER

(cutting him off)
Reichminister Speer is assuming
all of Dr. Todt's offices as of
this moment.

Goering turns to Speer, a strange look of instant hate
in his eyes as he extends his hand.

SPEER (v.o.)

From that moment on my whole
world changed. In a matter of
seconds the new phase of my life
had begun. I...

489 EXT. MILITARY GRAVESITE - DAY (TP 372)

489

Speer stands in the immediate f.g., brooding, dark-mooded, wrapped in a greatcoat, collar up, hands plunged into the pockets. Freezing cold, some snow on the ground. He is staring off to a hillside where a PAIR OF WORKMEN with jackhammers dig a fresh grave into the savagely cold, the iron cold, ground.

SPEER (v.o.)

... forever ceased to be Hitler's fellow artist and personal architect. I had become one of his ministers, a subordinate.

In the b.g., a staff car pulls up, Dorsch climbs out, approaches, serious-faced. He comes opposite Speer, waits politely until Speer turns and looks at him.

DORSCH

Herr Reichminister: The body will arrive at Anhalter Station tomorrow at one o'clock. There will be a brief greeting ceremony there, then the funeral will be in the mosaic room at the Chancellery.

Speer looks off toward the men with the jackhammers again. Dorsch unbuttons the center of his tunic, fishes around for a communique.

DORSCH

I spoke with the Air Ministry. I have the preliminary report on the Reichminister's death.

(reads from
communique)

... the plane exploded approximately sixty-five feet above the runway as it was taking off. According to the witnesses, there was a series of explosions; it disintegrated.

Speer holds out a gloved hand. Dorsch hands over the communique. Speer reads it.

SPEER

(reads)

"No further measures are requisite or intended." That means that this is...

(the communique)

... the extent of the investigation?

DORSCH

You can safely presume that, yes, Herr Reichminister.

(CONTINUED)

489 CONTINUED:

489

Speer hands over the communique, resumes looking off toward the men with jackhammers again. Dorsch repockets the communique, rebuttons his tunic.

DORSCH

May I say something, Herr Reichminister?

Speer looks at him.

DORSCH

In the trying days to come I hope I shall be able to serve you, loyally, as I have served Herr Doctor Todt.

490 INT. SPEER'S OFFICE - (NEW) REICH CHANCELLERY -
PORTRAIT - LIMBO

490

The portrait of Hitler hangs on the wall behind Todt's desk. Der Fuehrer looks ridiculous decked out as a medieval knight astride a horse, staring sternly from the saddle, lance in hand.

SPEER (v.o.)

My work began immediately. I transferred my ambition from constructing buildings to manufacturing arms.

491 WIDE ANGLE

491

Speer stands behind his desk in (what was Todt's office) in his shirtsleeves, presiding over a meeting of twenty or more STAFF, among them Hettlage, Dorsch, Annemarie.

SPEER (v.o.)

I was sure that my immunity as Hitler's architect no longer existed. Whether I liked it or not, I was caught up in the same world of suspicion and intrigue and maneuvering for position that I had disdained for so long.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MANFRED VON POSER has appeared in the b.g., sought out Annemarie at her desk, whispered something urgent to her. In turn, Annemarie steps over to Speer and tells him something, confidentially. Speer ends the meeting, reaches for his coat.

492 EXT. (NEW) REICH CHANCELLERY - NIGHT

492

TWO LEIBSTANDARTE SENTRIES come to attention as Reichminister Speer emerges, importantly. The Reichminister's driver, Von Poser, holds open the door of the sparkling Mercedes limousine. Speer climbs inside, they drive off.

493 INT. KARINHALLE STUDY - LIMBO

493

Speer (the CAMERA) looks at the MASSIVE TABLE holding clusters of photographs; on the walls, still more photographs; on a glass-enclosed trophy cabinet, the combined collection of PHOTOGRAPHS of Hermann Goering and his life from childhood to the present, including pictures of Goering with his mother and father -- he, a very dominant man, she, very passive; also many pictures of Goering's career in World War I aviation.

494 SPEER

494

moves about the softly-lit office, looking at the trophies and pictures; pictures of Goering and Hitler, together in the early days at Landsberg Fortress; pictures of Goering's marriage to Karen von Kantnow; and pictures of her funeral; pictures of his shrine to her; pictures tracing Goering's rising affluence in the Party and in government; and as Air Marshal -- all the personal images of a lifetime are collected on the massive desk and walls and cabinets.

OVERSCENE, a small SOUND, Speer turns toward the doorway, reacts slightly.

495 GOERING

495

is grotesque in the open doorway, framed Mae-West-like in a flowing green velvet dressing gown, cheeks rouged, fingernails laquered, lipstick pinching his mouth into a cupie-doll pout. He regards Speer coolly, fingering an oversized brooch hanging from a chain around his neck.

GOERING

The Italian Ambassador's a mouthy old bastard. He just couldn't wait to tell me the foreign press corps are intimating that I'm to be kicked out as head of the Four Year Plan because of your appointment.

(CONTINUED)

SPEER

I've heard those same intimations, Herr Reichmarshal. I assure you they distress me as much as they distress you.

GOERING

Regardless of that distress -- which I am sure you feel very keenly -- I am also informed (and oh my God how the world is full of informants) that you have composed a new organizational plan for your Ministry --

SPEER

-- that's true, and --

GOERING

-- and that you have insisted on the written approval of representatives from industry and the armed services. I regard that as outrageous, Speer.

SPEER

Then I'll withdraw it. My second reason for coming here is to explain that anything I can accomplish can only be done with your complete approval, Herr Reichmarshal. I would never infringe on your position as the head of our economy. All of my endeavors will remain subordinate to your wishes and desires within the framework of the Four Year Plan. I have made that perfectly clear.

GOERING

To whom have you made all of this so perfectly clear...?

SPEER

To the press. I told them there will never be a friction or crisis between you and I, only cooperation and understanding.

GOERING

I don't know if you're a clever liar or just plain naive and worse, I wonder if I really care one way or the other at this stage of the game.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

495 CONTINUED: (2)

495

GOERING (cont'd)

Well, let's leave it at this: I have my own press agency, Herr Reichminister, you should have let them handle it. Drink?

496 INT. RHEINMETAL-BORSIG FACTORY, BERLIN - NIGHT

496

A long moment, some distant ECHOING NOISE, a corrugated iron door OPENS and SLAMS, then the switch is thrown. A whole series of overhead lights come to life, alternately revealing row upon gleaming row of expensive and intricate precision machinery -- completely idle and unmanned. Before we see them, we HEAR their VOICES, reverberating: (FDR 120)

SPEER

Last year Roosevelt asked the American Aircraft industry for fifty thousand planes... I'm quoting from the broadcast.

MILCH

Yes, yes, of course...

Our LONG LENS finds the inspection party, Speer, FIELD MARSHAL ERHARD MILCH, Dorsch, Hettlage, Von Poser, walking one of the catwalks above the stilled machinery. Their voices come over with immediate presence, not necessarily in sync:

SPEER

... they told him it couldn't be done, but they did it. This year Roosevelt's asking them to produce sixty thousand planes. They said aye aye. Next year, Herr Field Marshal, Roosevelt'll ask for a hundred thousand planes.

MILCH

And he'll get them. We can't survive if we allow factories like this to operate with only one shift.

497 INT. HITLER'S PRIVATE STUDY - (NEW) REICH CHANCELLERY - DAY 497

Hitler is flanked by Bormann and FRITZ SAUCKEL, facing Speer, Milch and Dorsch. CAMERA MOVES IN on Sauckel.

(CONTINUED)

497 CONTINUED:

497

HITLER

Gauleiter Sauckel has accepted the post as Commissioner General and agrees with me that these labor problems that you have so dramatically outlined, Herr Reichminister, can be solved with labor forces from occupied countries...

(to Sauckel)

... you have my complete authority to bring those workers into the Reich by the fastest possible means.

Sauckel nods, curtly, clicks his heels. Hitler shakes his hand, then Speer, Dorsch, and finally Bormann, AD LIBBING congratulations.

SPEER (v.o.)

I helped the new Commissioner General to gain authority and supported him wherever I could.

498 EXT. RAILROAD YARD (FACTORY SITE) (STOCK FOOTAGE) - 498
WINTER DAY

SS SOLDIERS supervise the boxcar arrival of FOREIGN LABOR contingents.

SPEER (v.o.)

... I did not care where the workers were brought from or how they arrived, my only concern...

499 EXT. SPEER'S MERCEDES - WINTER DAY 499

Von Poser at the wheel, Speer the passenger, both bundled in heavy coats. Their car is parked within view of the railroad yard. Speer watches impassively.

SPEER (v.o.)

... was to staff the armanent factories with the necessary labor forces. By that time I was so completely engulfed in the Nazi attitude that to me...

500 EXT. RAILROAD YARD (FACTORY SITE) (STOCK FOOTAGE) - 500
WINTER DAY

The SS Soldiers line up the various contingents into some kind of semi-military formation before they march them off.

(CONTINUED)

500 CONTINUED:

500

SPEER (v.o.)

... the foreign laborers were no more than servo-mechanisms for our machines of war, and that was both a legal and moral crime.

501 INT. SPEER DINING ROOM - NIGHT

501

The Speer family at dinner, Albert Jr. and Hilde and Fritz, unaccompanied at the table; Speer and Margarete at either end.

HILDE

Father...?

SPEER

Yes, my dear?

HILDE

Will I be married?

SPEER

Married? Why, yes, I would think so, one day.

HILDE

What day?

SPEER

What day?

HILDE

When will I be married?

SPEER

When you find you love another person very, very much and life seems improbable without that person.

HILDE

Will I love to be married?

SPEER

I would hope so.

HILDE

The bombs won't kill me?

Speer looks sharply at Margarete, saying:

SPEER

No.

502 EXT. BERGHOF COUNTRYSIDE - WINTER DAY

502

The LONG LENS on the children, trooping along the icy patch in the direction of the frozen lake, the winter sun GLINTING off the blades of their ice skates, in hand or over shoulder. They are Albert Jr., Hilde, Margarete, Fritz, and finally, Arnold (23-months-old), getting help variously from his brothers and sister. Speer and Margarete bring up the rear. Their VOICES come over with immediate presence, not necessarily in sync.

SPEER

It'll be perfectly safe for them here.

MARGARETE

We're losing this war, aren't we?

SPEER

(stubbornly)

We can still win. We have to win.

503 INT. SPEER LIVING ROOM - CANDELABRA - NIGHT

503

Little Margarete visible behind a silver candelabra plunking away gamely at the grand piano. She is one of a trio, the other two musicians are Albert Jr. on the cello and Hilde on the flute. The audience consists of Margarete, Speer Sr., Speer's mother, and other guests as well as Fritz who seems to be in charge of his little brother, Arnold. The music is classical and aside from an occasional sour note the recital goes off very well. After a few moments Speer rises, moves into the close f.g. to pick up the RINGING phone. During his conversation he manages to eye the recitalists and his guests. Eventually Margarete rises, crosses to him. He checks his watch, makes a helpless gesture. What can he do? In the same spirit Margarete takes his greatcoat out of the closet, the long leather one with the fur collar.

504 EXT. THE FUEHRER'S TRAIN (STOCK FOOTAGE) - NIGHT

504

Train WHISTLE screaming against the snowy night, BRAKING DOWN for the stop ahead, slowing.

505 INT. DINING CAR - NIGHT

505

The table is featured, elegantly set silver flatware, cut glass, good china, a flower arrangement. (The train WHISTLE comes over in a different perspective.)

(CONTINUED)

505 CONTINUED:

505

HIMMLER (v.o.)
... the simplest way to ensure
the secrecy of the V-2 program
is to use some of my people in
the work force...

Now INCLUDE Speer, Hitler, Dorsch, Bormann, dining in
the rosewood-paneled dining car, now slowing to stop.

HIMMLER
... these prisoners in my
concentration camps are completely
cut off from any outside contacts,
they don't even receive any mail.

HITLER
What about technicians?

HIMMLER
That would be no problem.

HITLER
Then I think you...
(turning to Speer)
... should staff the whole project
with them.

SPEER
Uh... yes.

Hitler follows Speer's gaze.

506 POV - AS IF FROM TRAIN

506

Their car has come to a dead stop, directly opposite a
freight train that has been side-tracked for them. No
less than two years away, an open cattle car filled
with German soldiers, returning from the Eastern front,
filthy, unkempt, bedraggled, starved, freezing, in
tatters, in some cases, wounded. They stare back at
the diners.

507 REFLECTION SHOT

507

An Orderly, with fresh bottle of wine, approaches.
Hitler snaps his fingers, points to the window shades.
The Orderly sets his tray aside, lowers the shades.

SPEER (v.o.)
I told myself he was simply not
the same man I had seen at the
Hasenheide many years before.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

507 CONTINUED:

507

SPEER (v.o.)

But years later I realized it was the identical man -- at the Hasenheide I had been unable to see that everything was missing from him, he had an ultimate coldness that created an unbreakable wall. At that moment, I knew that at the core of his being there was just deadness, and whatever he said or however he moved or whatever animation he possessed, was all artificial, like a windup doll.

508 INT. HDG SITUATION CONFERENCE ROOM (RESTRICTED AREA 508
#1) - DAY

We are ON a series of long-necked lamps, swinging easily, giraffe-like, over various maps spread across the great conference table. Hitler, seated, wearing wire-frame glasses, adjusts the lamps from time to time, as he speaks or asks questions of Speer.

SPEER (v.o.)

As a gesture of special consideration and distinction -- and proof of his satisfaction with the constantly rising production figures -- I was the first civilian ever allowed...

Various officers and their aides, assembled around the table, everyone standing except Goering, who is also seated, for corpulence sake. We recognize Keitel, Jodl, Milch, Heinrici, Schaub, Bruckner, among several SS and Wehrmacht staff officers.

SPEER (v.o.)

... to attend and participate in the daily situation conference -- whether it was being held in Berlin, at the Berghof, or on the Russian Front.

Bormann enters the SHOT, hands a teletype to Hitler, then locks eyes with Speer.

SPEER (v.o.)

... I was very proud of my distinction.

Hitler dismisses Bormann with a wave of his hand, examines the message, pulls off his glasses, gestures with the teletype.

(CONTINUED)

508 CONTINUED:

508

HITLER

Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt are wintering in Casablanca at the moment. The President of the United States has announced...

(waves teletype again)

... that he and his friend will accept nothing less from me than an unconditional surrender! Herr Reichminister?

SPEER

My Fuehrer?

HITLER

For months you have been urging me to declare a total war with all of industry and all of our economy; under these circumstances, Herr Reichminister Speer, I promise you...

(finger snapping)

... and you... and you... and you... and especially Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill, they can expect nothing less from me than total war from here on out!

509 INT. SPEER BEDROOM - NIGHT

509

Margarete, sleeping softly. The room is almost dark. Speer stands beside the bed looking down at her, drawing on his scarf, greatcoat, gloves, and a karakul.

SPEER (v.o.)

As events moved inexorably toward a final conclusion, my resolve remained consistent with that of Hitler's -- to do everything possible in every factory, every plant, every assembly line, every mine that would stop the enemy and speed the victory...

510 INT. V-2 FACTORY COMPLEX - LIMBO

510

A SCARECROW of a MAN, a Foreign Laborer, stands directly in front of the CAMERA, regarding Speer (the CAMERA) with hollowed eyes. His clothing is in shreds, feet wrapped with paper and rags, head shaved, face pinched with hunger and pain.

(CONTINUED)

510 CONTINUED:

510

SPEER (v.o.)
... and to utilize every captured
prisoner in every instance.

The Scarecrow drags the blue twill cap off his head.

511 SPEER

511

flanked by Dorsch and Sauckel, SS GRUPPENFUEHRER HANS
KAMMLER (the camp commandant), and other SS Personnel
stand just inside the entrance. In contrast to the
Scarecrow they are dressed warmly, scarved, gloved,
booted, fed. Although he is alarmed at what he sees,
Speer's face remains impassive, his eyes cold.

SPEER
Where is this man from?

SAUCKEL
(in Russian)
Where are you from?

SCARECROW
(in Russian)
My home is in Latvia.

SAUCKEL
(in Russian)
Your home is here now.
(to Speer)
Russian.

Kammler gestures. Speer and the others allow Kammler
to escort them ahead.

KAMMLER
... we have a few Hungarians and
Czechs, but mostly they are Russian.

The V-2 Factory Kammler guides them through is a series
of numbered caves, peopled with Foreign Laborers, vary-
ing editions of the Scarecrow. Their main duties
consist of hauling great pit-wagons between machinery
installations, under the watchful eyes of SS GUARDS.
It is an eerie, semi-dark labyrinth, except for naked
light bulbs hanging from the low ceilings. The vague
shapes of missiles can be seen in the background,
glistening war heads sweating with the dampness.

512 MOVING SHOT - AS IF FROM SPEER'S POV

512

As Kammler leads the group past the Foreign Laborers
they pluck off their caps in a vague salute, then
continue their work.

(CONTINUED)

512 CONTINUED:

512

Filthy, animal-like, faces harsh with weather, hands swollen with labor, eyes vacant with hopelessness, and everywhere, the numbing, biting, freezing cold. We --

513 HALT

513

-- in front of another Foreign Laborer. Speer looks downward. The man's feet, almost bare, standing directly in a half-ice, half-water puddle.

SPEER

What is the clothing ration?

KAMMLER

There is no clothing ration, Herr Reichminister.

SPEER

Where do these people sleep?

KAMMLER

Right here, Herr Reichminister.

SPEER

I see. And where do they take their meals?

KAMMLER

Here, also.

SPEER

How often do they eat?

Kammler looks appealingly at Sauckel.

KAMMLER

One meal a day.

SPEER

What do they eat?

Again, Kammler looks at Sauckel.

SAUCKEL

The diet is a matter of proper ration in all of these places, Herr Speer.

SPEER

Reichminister.

SAUCKEL

Reichminister.

(CONTINUED)

513 CONTINUED:

513

SPEER

I would like to see the 'proper
ration' they have eaten today.

Kammler snaps his fingers at his Adjutant, who salutes
and scurries off.

SPEER

Where are the sanitary facilities
for these people? I asked you a
question, Commandant...?

Kammler leads them to the end of the long, barren area,
indicates a door. Speer shoves it open, recoils slightly
at the stench from inside the black place.

SPEER

Who is your camp physician?

KAMMLER

We do not have a camp physician,
sir. We have a medical crew.
They visit here twice a month.

SPEER

Is there a doctor in that medical
crew?

KAMMLER

No, sir.

Speer turns and looks at Sauckel.

SPEER

Policy?

SAUCKEL

Policy.

At this point Kammler's Adjutant runs back into SHOT
herding Foreign Laborers, struggling a forty-gallon
cooking pot between them. They place it on the ground.
The Adjutant hands a ladle to Kammler, who in turns
hands the ladle to Speer. Speer tests the stuff, hands
the ladle back to Kammler.

SPEER

Thank you.
(to Sauckel)
Come with me.

514 ANGLE

514

Speer turns, takes about five steps, suddenly stops, a surprised look on his face, feeling a sharp pain in his left knee that almost causes him to cry out. He reaches down to knead it, but then it passes quickly, and he continues toward the entrance, followed by Sauckel.

515 EXT./INT. ENTRANCE TO V-2 FACTORY

515

Speer feels another stab of pain as he positions himself just inside the entranceway, ignores it as Sauckel comes up to him.

SPEER

You set the policy?

SAUCKEL

I set the policy.

SPEER

Re-set it...

SAUCKEL

Eh...?

SPEER

... to include...

Sauckel starts to protest.

SPEER

... proper sleeping quarters, nourishing food, warm clothing, sanitary facilities, and regular medical care for these people.

SAUCKEL

(challengingly)

Your compassion surprises me, Herr Reichminister, but I remind you that the Fuehrer's ordered me to provide workers, all you need, wherever you need them, I'm doing that. He didn't order me to provide luxuries. We both know --

SPEER

(overlaps)

-- we both know that sick and dying workers produce very little work.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

515 CONTINUED:

515

SPEER (cont'd)
 The nearest thing I feel to the
 'compassion' you speak of, Herr
 Commissioner, is a very passionate
 determination to meet each and
 every one of my production
 schedules, regardless of ignorant
 louts like you. I've given you a
 direct order, I expect you to carry
 it out immediately, if you refuse,
 I'll have you shot.

Speer turns, stiffens slightly with another stab of
 pain, heads toward his staff car. CAMERA REMAINS on
 Sauckel. Dorsch crosses in front of him with a knowing
 look, follows Speer out of SHOT.

516 INT./EXT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - (NEW) REICH CHANCELLERY 516
 - NIGHT

LONG ANGLE, as Speer wheels the big Mercedes into the
 slot, kills the lights and the engine, climbs out. It
 is dark and shadowy and the few cars there are almost
 hidden in the blackness.

Speer limps noticeably, heading across the hard concrete
 toward the elevators. He comes abreast of the CAMERA,
 unlocks and pulls open the chain-link gating, then
 freezes, aware someone is waiting in the shadows.

517 FIELD MARSHAL MILCH

517

resplendently uniformed, baton tucked under one arm,
 snaps his cigargette lighter to life with a gloved
 finger, grins cheerfully at Speer:

MILCH
 You're a very dangerous man, Speer.
 You're headstrong, you're opinionated,
 you have too much power, you're too
 ambitious, you threaten everyone, and
 ... you're an enemy of the Party.

SPEER
 Bormann?

MILCH
 Bormann. Yes. Beautiful
 conversationalist. Especially
 when it comes to you and he's
 had a few drinks with his friends.

(CONTINUED)

517 CONTINUED:

517

SPEER

Which friends?

MILCH

The Reichmarshal -- who's quite certain you want to succeed Hitler as head of state. Sauchel, who's quite sure you want to have him shot... You know what I've just done, Speer? I've warned you, I don't know how much good it'll do, but I've warned you. I never did get much chance to warn Fritz Todt.

Milch steps past him, blowing a cloud of smoke.

518 INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

518

Speer is gowned, lying on his back on the examination table, eyes following the movements of DOCTOR KARL GEBHARDT, a tall, reedy man in crisp cossack-whites. Speer's left leg is elevated in a stirrup-apparatus. Gebhardt examines the x-ray plates, finally pulls off his thick glasses and uses his small finger to outline the problem area for Speer's benefit:

GEBHARDT

Here... and here... and here.
The circulation's being choked
off, that's what causing you
the pain...

(presses a buzzer)

... you must go to the hospital
immediately.

Speer starts to protest.

GEBHARDT

I have to immobilize this leg,
and I have to immobilize you.

519 INT. HOHENLYCHEN HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

519

Speer, being wheeled down the corridor on a gurney by
a MALE NURSE.

GEBHARDT (v.o.)

... I know you're a busy man and
I know you don't have the time but
I most seriously assure you that
you must take the time and cure
yourself before this condition
becomes unmanageable.

(CONTINUED)

519 CONTINUED:

519

The gurney wheels past Margarete, Annemarie, Hettlage, Von Poser, and Dorsch, waiting in the corridor.

GEBHARDT (v.o.)

... tell me something...

520 INT. HOHENLYCHEN HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

520

Speer is bedded down, being fussed over by the Male Nurse, his left leg elevated, tented, in a cast. Gebhardt is in the close f.g., checking the squirt-stream of a hypo, his surgical gown spattered with plaster of paris.

GEBHARDT

... has this last year been particularly strainful, Herr Reichminister?

SPEER

The last two years, ever since my appointment.

The Male Nurse exits. Gebhardt steps up to the bedside, hypo in hand.

GEBHARDT

Understandable. You are entirely fatigued. Dangerously so...

(cotton swabs
his arm)

... You are wearing yourself out, completely...

(inserts needle)

... you must learn to balance your life, organize your work, your recreation...

(withdraws needle)

... balance. That's the secret.

Suddenly, there is something sinister about the GLINT of light coming off Gebhardt's thick glasses, the professional smile that is closer to a leer. But before Speer can say anything, his eyelids flutter, then close. The SCREEN GOES TO BLACK.

521 EXT. HOHENLYCHEN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

521

The three-storied building is sprawled across flat, snow-covered acreage, remote, alone, isolated.

522 INT. HOHENLYCHEN HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

522

The night light snaps on. Gebhardt and the Male Nurse enter. Gebhardt gives Speer an eyelid check, tests his pulse, notices he is feverish, perspiring.

Gebhardt moves to the medical tray, picks up a prepared hypo, checks the squirt-stream, jabs it into Speer's arm with no ceremony, withdraws it, tosses it back on the medical tray.

Speer's bedside phone begins to RING.

GEBHARDT

Get that thing out of here.

Gebhardt exits. The Male Nurse reaches around to disconnect the phone.

523 INT. SPEER BEDROOM - MARGARETE - NIGHT

523

Margarete, seated on the bed, phone in hand, listening to the RINGING in the line -- suddenly goes dead.

MARGARETE

(into phone)

Hello...? Hello...?

She jiggles the receiver connection -- no use.

524 INT. TREATMENT ROOM - CAST-CUTTER - LIMBO

524

The electric CAST-CUTTER (saw), poised in Gebhardt's hand. He is properly gloved and gowned, waits sinisterly while the nursing team transfer Speer from gurney to operating table and position his leg. Speer is partially anesthetized, in a twilight zone, but conscious enough to see and fear the cast-cutter, but too weak to move away from it as Gebhardt hits the switch. Speer is in terror as Gebhardt starts at the top, makes an all-around cut. When he is finished he snaps off the cast. He pulls the packing aside, inspects the leg, then gives Speer an eyelid inspection.

GEBHARDT

Can you hear me, Herr Reichminister?

(Speer nods,

vaguely)

The cast is doing no good. It is just as I thought. You have developed a muscular rheumatism.

(to Male Nurse)

Finish up. Get him back to his room.

Gebhardt exits through the swinging door.

525 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

525

Margarete Speer is waiting.

GEBHARDT

Frau Reinchminister, how good to see you.

MARGARETE

I've been calling you for three days, Dr. Gebhardt, you never returned my call.

GEBHARDT

I'm distressed to learn that. I must tell you, dear lady, I received no message. How can I serve you?

MARGARETE

I would like to see my husband.

GEBHARDT

Impossible. I can allow no visitors, no phone calls, he has little resistance, he must rest and rest and rest. At the risk of being tactless, Frau Reichminister, I must frankly tell you that he is seriously ill.

526 EXT. BRANDT MANOR HOUSE - MAILBOX - DAY

526

The name DOCTOR KARL BRANDT, in raised letters on the birdhouse of a mailbox, seen through the windshield of Margarete's car as she pulls up, parks, shuts off the engine. O.s., a dog BARKS. She looks.

527 POV

527

A Woman Servant has opened the front door, two small children (HELGA and HANS), and the barking dog -- then DR. KARL BRANDT, leather-jacketed, turtle-necked, waves.

528 INT. BRANDT MANOR HOUSE - RECEIVING ROOM - DAY

528

Hans and Helga sit quietly, sedately watching their father -- then Margarete -- as the conversation goes back and forth across his desk.

BRANDT

Dr. Gebhardt is more than a knee specialist, he is an SS Group Leader and one of Himmler's closest friends.

(CONTINUED)

528 CONTINUED:

528

MARGARETE

Himmler hates my husband, Dr.
Brandt.

BRANDT

A great many people hate your
husband, Frau Speer.

(opens desk
drawer, writes
rapidly as he
speaks)

... I asked you to come here
instead of my office for a number
of reasons. Suffice to say that
Helga and Hans...

(nodding toward
the children)

... are interested in our conversation
but they are not apt to inform or
misinform any third party. I have
been Adolph Hitler's physician for a
number of years now but it has been
a long time since he has consulted
me, possibly he doesn't even remember
me, and in this particular instance
I am grateful...

(signs, envelopes
and hands over
document to her)

... tenuous as it is he did appoint
me and I am still the Commissioner
of Public Health and the most obvious
problem is to get your husband away
from Gebhardt and that hospital.

529 INT. HOHENLYCHEN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

529

The Male Nurse and others lift Speer from gurney to bed,
leg uncasted.

SPEER SR. (v.o.)

My Dear Son: Your mother and I
have followed the reports of your
illness in the newspapers. They
say you are recovering rapidly...

The Male Nurse pulls up the side-rails on the bed.
Gebhardt enters, prepares a hypo again.

SPEER SR. (v.o.)

... I hope that information is
reliable -- very little I see in
print is reliable these days.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

529 CONTINUED:

529

SPEER SR. (v.o.) (cont'd)
However, what I see in the skies
is another matter. The British
drop their bombs by night, the
Americans by day, almost
unresisted by the great Air
Reichmarshal of the great girth...

Gebhardt gives him the shot and the room clears. Again
the lights go out.

SPEER SR. (v.o.)
... Soon, I am sure, every major
city in Germany will be in rubble.

530 INT. TREATMENT ROOM - LIMBO

530

Gebhardt has Speer under the bright lights again. He
is dazed, not comatose, stripped to the waist. Gebhardt
and his team applying a kind of salve (FORAPIN) to
Speer's chest with steaming compresses.

SPEER SR. (v.o.)
Dr. Goebbels does not admit
these truths in any of his
papers. Nor does he admit that
all of the genius of Germany is
being destroyed. We have been
changed from a nation of poets
and builders and thinkers into
a den of murderers and hangmen.
I will never understand how the
people of this nation told
themselves that he ever had any
program beyond his hope... for
destruction of the world. Love
from your father.

SCREEN GOES TO BLACK:

531 INT. HOHENLYCHEN HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

531

A bright light goes on. Speer opens his eyes, begins to
focus.

532 P.O.V.

532

Blurred figures move about, Gebhardt, the Male Nurse,
actually. Once more Gebhardt is preparing a hypodermic.
Speer waves feebly, seemingly making an effort to get
away from him and his needles.

(CONTINUED)

532 CONTINUED:

532

Gebhardt slams in the needle. Speer goes limp.

SCREEN GOES TO BLACK:

KOCH (v.o.)
I'm Dr. Koch, Herr Reichminister...

533 INT. HOHENLYCHEN HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

533

Speer, in the bed, exhausted, weak, unshaven, opens his eyes and manages to focus on DR. FREDERICH KOCH, crisp and efficient, standing to one side of the bed, taking Speer's pulse.

KOCH
... the Commissioner for Public Health has dismissed Dr. Gebhardt and placed me in charge of your case. I have advised him and I advise you that you have suffered a blood vessel obstruction, an embolism, that must be regarded as serious. In the same breath I tell you...

Up to this point Speer has not believed one word. Now, as Margarete comes alongside Koch:

KOCH
... as I have told the Frau Reichminister, prognosis is very good and you will recover. I'm sure you would like to be alone so she can explain how all of this has been arranged.

Koch steps OUT OF THE SHOT, Margarete takes Speer's hand. He looks up at her, gratefully.

534 INT. CLOVERLEAF SALON - DAY

534

Speer is less weak now, lies atop the bed with a cane handy, a robe over his pajamas. Hitler stands beside the bed, framed in the b.g. by a giant horseshoe of flowers.

HITLER
I am delighted you are recovering so well. I am looking forward to your return. It has been too long, much, much too long for us to be parted like this. I have many new plans, many new thoughts we will have to discuss...

535 ANGLES - BCU'S OF HITLER - SPEER'S POV 535

Hitler continues gesturing and talking but his voice becomes absent as the CAMERA ANGLES in closely, investigating his face, noticing the heavy streaks of white that have appeared in his moustache and at his temples.

SPEER (v.o.)

For the first time in all the years I'd known him, I was struck by the sallow color of his skin and the broad flatness of his features, the strange coldness of his eyes. In a remarkable way, I was really seeing him for the first time -- and I was repulsed.

536 EXT. MERAN COUNTRYSIDE - ARNOLD SPEER - DAY 536

Arnold (almost three years old) is very concentrated and very diligent feeding milk from a nursery bottle to a shaky-legged fawn. Speer, relaxed in a turtle-neck, lays his cane aside, urges Hilde, Margarete, Albert and Fritz to get into the picture he's about to take.

537 EXT. BLUFF SITE - SPEER AND HILDE - DAY 537

Signs of spring now, warmer weather, bluer skies. Hilde lies on a blanket, sky-staring, listening to Speer, seated crosslegged on the ground, glasses on, reading to her from an open book.

DISSOLVE TO:

538 SAME BLUFF SITE 538

Speer lies on the blanket, sky-staring, and Hilde sits crosslegged on the ground reading to him.

539 EXT. BLUFF PATH - DAY - SERIES OF SHOTS 539

Speer (no cane now) walking arm-entwined with Margarete, all the children trooping along (except Ernst).

SPEER (v.o.)

We'd already lost the war in North Africa; we were losing the wars in the East and the West and in the skies.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

539 CONTINUED:

539

SPEER (v.o.) (cont'd)

Daily reports from my ministry
were a monotony of bomb damage
and intrigues and attempts to
remove me from my office -- and
during it all -- while I
recovered, I spent the happiest
weeks of my lifetime.

540 EXT. MERAN COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - STAFF CARS - LONG ANGLE 540
- DAY

A three-car caravan winds up the road, the middle car
flying the flag of Field Marshal Milch.

541 SPEER 541

alone, waiting, watching the caravan approach.

DISSOLVE TO:

542 SPEER AND MILCH - LONG ANGLE 542

walking side by side, Milch impressive with his baton.
Their voices come over with immediate presence, not
necessarily in sync:

MILCH

We might as well be led by a
blind traffic policeman. You
have no idea of the havoc or
the German blood he's pumping
into the ground.

SPEER

Why hasn't he been shot?

MILCH

What'd you say?

SPEER

Why hasn't somebody shot him?

MILCH

I've heard vaguely of vague plans
to do just that. But they all
stop right at the oath of
allegiance we all took. For your
information no one's approached
me...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

542 CONTINUED:

542

MILCH (cont'd)
... I'm too old to get involved
in plots and take-overs but no
reasonable man, seeing the
Fuehrer every day, could take
that oath seriously anymore.
You're testing me?

SPEER
Yes, I'm testing you.

MILCH
(chuckles)
And I'm testing you. Everyone's
testing everyone these days. A
piece of information: this man
Dorsch in your office, the one
who used to work for Todt?

SPEER
Yes.

MILCH
He's Gestapo, reports directly
to Himmler. His job is to make
up dossiers on everyone in your
organization -- including you.
Be careful of him when you go
back to work.

SPEER
I'm not going back. I'm going
to resign from the Cabinet.

MILCH
You can't resign and leave this
country to his whim and mercy.
One minute he's talking about a
new weapon that all of us know
will never happen but the next
minute he's talking about leaving
them nothing but a scorched earth
and all of us know that could
happen. We have to stop him so
that there's something to carry
us through the period after the
war.

543 EXT. BERLIN - BOMB DAMAGE (SUMMER 1944) (STOCK
FOOTAGE) - DAY

543

The city is still operable, sort of, and businesses
still operate, sort of. Bakery, grocery shop, butcher
store.

544 EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

544

Sand bagged and still running with an open door, although the plate glass window has been replaced by cardboard. Believe it or not, "NO JEWS ALLOWED" is scrawled on one of the panes.

545 INT./EXT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - (NEW) REICH CHANCELLERY
- DAY

Speer (as usual), driving the big limousine, swerves into position, jerks to a stop and jumps out and gets a snappy salute and "Heil, Hitler" from the Leibstandarte attendant. Speer gives him a brisk, impatient wave.

546 INT. (SPEER'S) MINISTRY CORRIDOR - (NEW) REICH
CHANCELLERY - DAY

546

CAMERA TRAVELS WITH Annemarie and Speer, going past WORKMEN, busy replacing glass panes that have been blasted out, and a janitor crew sweeping up glass and other debris. Speer is dictating to Annemarie as they move along:

SPEER

... the enemy has struck us at one of our weakest points. If they persist, we will no longer have any fuel production that is worth mentioning...

547 ANGLE

547

They come to Speer's office, he pushes open the door.

SPEER

... Our one hope is...

Then he reacts in surprise.

548 INT. SPEER'S (TODT'S) OFFICE - DAY

548

Karl Hanke, considerably aged since last we saw him, much of the avidity obviously gone, an exhausted man, smiles lamely.

HANKE

... our one hope is... ?

(CONTINUED)

548 CONTINUED:

548

SPEER

Our one hope is that the other side has an air force general staff as scatter-brained as our own.

ANNEMARIE

You want me to send this to the Fuehrer?

SPEER

Just that way.

Speer crosses while Annemarie closes the door, shakes hands with Hanke, warmly.

HANKE

Do you have a drink?

SPEER

Do you need a drink?

HANKE

It isn't so much that I need a drink, it's that I want one, Albert.

Speer opens a cabinet, finds glasses and a decanter. Pours as:

HANKE

You have your own plane now?

SPEER

Yes. I have a plane and pilot available to me at all times.

HANKE

And a car?

SPEER

Yes.

HANKE

And plenty of fuel for both of them?

SPEER

Yes...

(hands Hanke
his drink)

... why do you ask?

(CONTINUED)

548 CONTINUED: (2)

548

HANKE

You can go anywhere you wish?

SPEER

More or less.

Hanke clicks glasses with him, they drink. Speer sips, Hanke throws his drink back in one gulp.

HANKE

I've always given you good advice?

SPEER

Always, old friend.

HANKE

One last bit of advice: if anyone ever asked you to inspect a concentration camp in Upper Silesia, figure a way not to do it. Don't go there under any circumstances.

549 INT. BAR #1 (ON TAUMENTZHENSTRASSE) - SPEER AND HANKE 549
- NIGHT

The place is absolutely battered, but still open, sort of. The Lady Bartender is in surprisingly good shape, considering the vacant plaster places in the wall, the shattered backbar, but she is grateful for a pair of old customers and -- because Hanke (a little smashed) insists, giggles and puts on the whole wondrous array of bracelets for him.

SPEER (v.o.)

I didn't query him. I didn't query anyone. I did not investigate. I simply did not want to know that they were killing a thousand people a day at... Auschwitz.

550 INT. HITLER'S PRIVATE STUDY - (NEW) REICH CHANCELLERY 550
- LIMBO

Situation Conference in progress. Speer has a thick sheaf of notes in hand.

(CONTINUED)

550 CONTINUED:

550

SPEER

The lack of fuel has slowed, and in some cases has altogether stopped, military advancements on both fronts. The attacks on the hydrogenation plants have indirectly affected the entire chemical industry. The supply of salt has to be stretched to fill existing shells with explosives. The process has already stretched the limit of acceptability.

During Speer's recital, the CAMERA has been investigating the various faces attending the conference, especially Hitler, visibly deteriorating now, face somewhat puffed. He seems slightly palsied, has listened with expressionless eyes, behind wire-frame glasses. Keitel, Jodl, von Below, Milch, Heinrici, various Aides, Adjutants. An aura of gloom surrounds the conference, Keitel feels compelled to make an inquiry.

KEITEL

To what point, Herr Reichminister?

SPEER

We're now using twenty percent rock salt in our explosives, the effectiveness is reduced correspondingly.

Hitler suddenly stands, beckons for Speer to follow him. They go through a door.

551 INT. ANTEROOM - LIMBO

551

Hitler waves Speer into the anteroom, closes the door, voice hoarse, barely above a whisper:

HITLER

I've decided to launch a counter-offensive...

Speer reacts incredulously. Hitler shushes whatever question Speer was going to ask, pulls off his glasses, continues whispering.

HITLER

... the Western Front. I'm going to take them by surprise, the damn Americans'll panic when we drive right through them to Antwerp. Their supply port, Speer.

(CONTINUED)

551 CONTINUED:

551

Speer still has his long sheaf of notes in hand. In lieu to words, he gestures with it, futilely.

HITLER

... We'll concentrate every plane, every gun, every tank we've got, every soldier we can spare. I want you to organize a special corps of workers... Germans, all Germans, Speer, bridge builders, highly mobilized, ready to do their stuff on a moment's notice. But... not a word, not a word to anyone, eh?

Hitler squeezes Speer's arm, then steps back through the door. Speer sighs, glances at his long report, drops it into a wastebasket and goes OUT OF SHOT. The CAMERA TILTS UPWARD TO THE --

552 PRUSSIAN EAGLE

552

above the door, holding the world in its talons.

SPEER (v.o.)

The counter-offensive on the Western Front was launched in the Ardennes, nine days before Christmas in Nineteen Forty-Four. It...

553 EXT./INT. BUNKER STAIRWAY - UPANGLE TO ENTRANCE - DAY 553

CAMERA LOOKING UP toward the patch of blue sky and some snow on the ground. BLONDI comes INTO SHOT, pauses at the top of the steps, sniffing the ventilated air.

SPEER (v.o.)

... became known as the Battle of the Bulge. Hitler conducted it -- and all of the remaining battles of the war -- from his bunker, a place that was twenty feet lower than the level of the Berlin sewer system.

Hitler comes INTO THE SHOT alongside Blondi, stoops to pat her. It's January and it's cold, but he wears only a soiled raincoat over his less-than-neat uniform.

(CONTINUED)

553 CONTINUED:

553

Presently, Karl Krause comes up alongside Hitler, carrying some clothing on hangers, then Hans Bauer appears with the portrait of Frederick the Great in a carrying crate; Johanna Wolf and Gerda Christian, each with a small valise of personal effects; then Schaub, Bruckner, Bormann, Himmler.

Hitler leads the entourage down the stairs, followed by Goebbels, Goering, Keitel, Jodl, various Aides, Adjutants, servants and SS Liebstandarte.

554 INT. HITLER'S OFFICE (BUNKER) - LIMBO

554

The shattering ROAR of another bombardment is pleasantly muffled because the bunker is planted in alluvial sand, a sound deadener and shock absorber. Frederick the Great is on the wall, Hitler is at his desk, and Johanna Wolf stands by -- she is not the only one -- Speer, Bormann, Keitel, Goering, Himmler, Goebbels, Jodl, Milch and Generals WILHELM ZANGEN, ERIC RATTENHUBER and HEYMUTH REYMAN, all wait and watch Hitler take time from the situation conference to inscribe a silver-framed photograph of himself. (Occasionally, a two-ton block-buster bomb lands close by, the room shimmies, shakes, and the lamps swing as though moved by a silent wind.) (EFFECTS TO BE WORKED OUT AS WE SHOOT.)

HITLER

(as he inscribes)

My orders have been transmitted to all commanders in all areas, but I want to emphasize... all areas and Gau Districts... no German...

Looks of mild concern go around the room. Hitler's hand shakes with an uncontrollable palsy, and so does his voice, as if he had acquired a speech impediment. (As he talks, he makes frequent slips of the tongue, fumbles for words, stammers, and sometimes seems confused, all the time doggedly putting his inscription on the photograph.)

HITLER

... is to inhabit... uh, territory occupied by the enemy. Anyone who does so... any wretch ... will find himself in a desert that is devoid of all the amenities of civilization. I repeat and reemphasize that I want everything essential to the maintenance of life...

(looks helplessly at Johanna)

(CONTINUED)

JOHANNA

Irmgarde.

HITLER

Oh, yes, Irmgarde...

(writing)

... destroyed. All industrial plants, all gas and water and power... electrical works and the telephone exchanges. I want them blown up, destroyed completely! No more ringing. Dismantle them. Cut the telegraph lines, the relay offices, blow them up... and the spare parts -- destroy them, too! Uh... how old is she?

JOHANNA

Sixteen.

HITLER

(still writing)

... sweet sixteen. I want all the cows and chickens... all food supplies to be destroyed, all the farms burned down, all livestock ... kill the cows, that's what I want you to do, kill the cows, let General Patton and his killers come through and smell their rotting carcasses. And pigs. Kill all the pigs, too. Flood the mines, all of them, make them unusable for a hun... thousands of years. Tear down the castles, blow them up, churches, monuments, theatres, opera houses, level them, flatten them down to the ground...

Hitler has finished the inscription, examined it carefully, and now -- laboriously again -- carefully fits the photograph in a special red leather case bearing his emblem, during:

HITLER

... I don't want one stalk of German wheat to feed the enemy. Burn all the fields... all the wheat. Not a German mouth to give him information, not a German hand to offer him help. When the enemy gets here...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

554 CONTINUED: (2)

554

HITLER (cont'd)
(hands leather
case to Johanna;
she EXITS)

... I want him to find every road
blocked, every ridge... every
bridge destroyed. I want him...
nothing but death, annihilation
and hatred to meet him.

Speer exchanges a look with Milch. Hitler seems to
crumble with exhaustion, pulls off his glasses, makes
a dismissing gesture with a shaking hand. Everyone
prepares to leave. Bormann posts himself at the exit,
distributes a communique to each man as they step out.

555 INT. BAR #1 (ON TAUENTZHENSTRASSE) - SPEER AND MILCH - 555
LIMBO

The place is more tattered than ever, not only are all
the windows gone but one wall has been blown out -- and
crudely repaired. Still the Lady Bartender is able to
serve up a drink, bracelets still CLANKING. Milch wears
glasses, reads the communique:

MILCH
(reading)

The commands of the Fuehrer
cannot be ignored or postponed;
the Gestapo will instantly
arrest the responsible official
for acting contrary to an order
from the Fuehrer and be taken
to a concentration camp...

(pulls off
his glasses)
... We shall have his scorched
earth, no matter what.

SPEER
I've been thinking about killing
him.

MILCH
Have you?

SPEER
I'm still thinking about it.

MILCH
I believe we touched on the
subject once before. How would
you do it?

(CONTINUED)

555 CONTINUED:

555

SPEER

Poison gas, tabun. In the
air-intake valve to the bunker.

MILCH

Very good.

SPEER

Very bad. Yesterday they put a
ten foot chimney on top of that
intake and there's a guard
around it.

MILCH

And, of course, you are terribly,
terribly relieved...

Speer looks at him, sharply.

MILCH

... Admit it, Speer, you wouldn't
know what to do with yourself in
a world that didn't include
Adolph Hitler.

Milch speaks without malice. He stands, remembers the
communique still in his hand, crumples it:

MILCH

You know, this strikes me as a
splendid time to find some
civilian clothes.

He EXITS.

556 INT. SPEER RESIDENCE (OBERSALZBURG) - NIGHT

556

Margarete, on the telephone. Ernst (a two-year-old
toddler), engaged in lesson-learning from Arnold
(a hefty four-year-old). Margarete keeps the peace,
distracting them, while she talks on the phone.

MARGARETE

(on phone)

Dr. Brandt's been arrested.

557 SPEER

557

on the phone in his office, which is a shambles. All
the windows have been blown out -- no attempt to
replace them, since they'll just be blown out again --
no electricity -- a candle on his desk, another on a
table -- plaster dust, a litter of shattered glass on
the floor.

(CONTINUED)

557 CONTINUED:

557

SPEER
(on phone)
When? Why?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY:

MARGARETE
He took his wife and children
to Thurginia -- he thought it
would be safer for them there.
The Gestapo says something like
that's considered a crime, like
treason or desertion.

SPEER
Call it anything. I've ordered
a car for you, it'll be there
by tomorrow morning. Have the
children ready, take what you
can, and leave. I've made
arrangements for you to go to
Kappeln. It's out of the way,
near no large city, you'll be
safe there.

MARGARETE
And you?

SPEER
I'll be all right.

MARGARETE
You're in danger, aren't you? I
can --

SPEER
I know what I'm doing. I haven't
known for a long time, but I know
now. I have to hurry --

MARGARETE
Albert... ?

SPEER
Yes... ?

MARGARETE
You and I... it was never meant
to be any other way, was it?

SPEER
No. Never. Remember. I will
love you all my life.

558 SPEER

558

hangs up slowly, somehow, somehow his features have softened and the impassivity that has been so familiar has disappeared. Von Poser is standing in the doorway. Speer grabs up his coat and hurries out of the office.

559 EXT. SPEER'S MERCEDES ON AUTOBAHN - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT 559

Speer at the wheel, Von Poser beside him, the high beams, fog lights, jack-lights are on, the superchargers HOWLING as they race down the road.

SPEER (v.o.)

It was quite obvious to me that the German economy would collapse in a very short time and when that happened all military action would end. Even though new orders ordering new demolitions were coming out of Hitler's bunker every day I felt it was the obligation of the leadership to preserve -- not destroy -- the substance of the nation so that...

560 EXT. SECTOR #1 - GROUP - DAY

560

Speer, addressing Gauleiters, Party officials, and a sprinkling of hard-pressed officers (Wehrmacht, for the most part) battle-weary, exhausted men in soiled uniforms.

SPEER (v.o.)

... the German people might survive. In my official capacity as Reichminister I contacted all Gauleiters and Field Commanders and ordered them to withhold their response to any demolition orders until they received confirmation to act from my Ministry. In effect I was countermanding Hitler's explicit...

561 EXT. SECTOR #2 - SPEER AND GENERAL - DAY

561

Much like the first sector. The General and Speer walk rapidly toward the CAMERA, arguing heavily.

(CONTINUED)

561 CONTINUED:

561

The General looks obstinate as hell, a busy man with a pair of binoculars around his neck, and a pair of Staff Aides trooping along behind, waiting for a chance to speak to him.

SPEER (v.o.)

... scorched earth directives.
To those who had questions about
my interferences I pointed out
the unreasonableness of destroying
all of the facilities it would
take to survive in the post-war
period.

562 EXT. SPEER SR. HOME - NIGHT

562

The house is dark and lonely against the sky. A car approaching rapidly, headlights sweep across the front -- resting finally on the legend above the door: SPEER.

A light goes on on the porch. The door opens. Speer Sr. (80 years old) appears, strong and tall and old, looks toward the car. Speer's mother comes to stand alongside him as Speer comes up on the porch, holds both of them in his arms.

MOTHER

You must rest, you look very
tired.

SPEER SR.

Are the Americans coming?

SPEER

Yes. They're in Mannheim now.
Heidelberg's been declared a
hospital city...

563 EXT. SPEER HOME, HEIDELBERG - DAWN

563

Von Poser drives up, alights quickly, dispatch case in hand, taps on the screen door.

SPEER

... it'll be surrendered without
a fight.

Speer comes to the door, Von Poser salutes, hands him a message, Speer reads it.

(CONTINUED)

563 CONTINUED:

563

SPEER
I've been ordered back to Berlin.
(to Von Poser)
All right.

Von Poser heads back for the car. Speer Sr. and his mother come to the door. Speer grabs up his coat. Speer Sr. points to the message:

SPEER SR.
Hitler... ?

Speer nods.

SPEER SR.
Are you still the lickspittle
of that Austrian canaille?

SPEER
Hardly, Father. He's...
(waves message)
... taken away all my authority.

SPEER SR.
Ignore that...
(the message)
... Stay here. Let the Americans
arrest you. He's having people
shot for nothing at all these
days.

SPEER
I have to go back.

Speer embraces them both, leaves.

564 INT. AREA OUTSIDE HITLER'S OFFICE (BUNKER) - LIMBO 564

Bormann, in total triumph, stares directly at Speer (the CAMERA) says:

BORMANN
The Fuehrer will see you now.

Speer nods, moves past him into Hitler's office.

565 INT. HITLER'S OFFICE (BUNKER) - LIMBO 565

Hitler stands in front of Frederick the Great, his FINGERS SNAPPING. Speer, across the desk from him. Hitler gives him a frosty look:

(CONTINUED)

565 CONTINUED:

565

HITLER

You told the Ruhr Gauleiters not
to carry out my orders, that the
war is lost.

SPEER

Yes.

HITLER

You admit it?

SPEER

Yes.

HITLER

You know the consequences for
actions like that?

SPEER

I do.

HITLER

If you weren't my architect, I'd
have you shot.

SPEER

I remind you I'm not your
architect, I'm your Reichminister...

Hitler looks at him in surprise, the FINGERS STOP SNAP-
PING.

SPEER

... and you can do whatever you
think is necessary.

Hitler regards him, silently, then hits the intercom
switch:

HITLER

Come in here!

(clicks it off)

You're going on sick leave.
You're overworked, you're ill,
you never did fully recover.
I'll have someone else run your
Ministry.

SPEER

No.

HITLER

No? You're saying "no" to me?

(CONTINUED)

565 CONTINUED: (2)

565

SPEER

I'm not going on sick leave. If you don't want me as your Minister, dismiss me the same way you appointed me.

HITLER

I am your Fuehrer, I insist that you go on sick leave immediately.

SPEER

As long as I'm in office, I'll conduct the affairs of the Ministry and I am not sick!

The door opens. Bormann.

HITLER

Get out!

Bormann backs away, closes the door. Hitler looks at Speer for a long, hard moment, then seems to lose his energy all at once, sinks down in his chair.

HITLER

If you can convince yourself that the war isn't lost, you can continue to run your office.

SPEER

I don't want to tell you something I don't believe.

HITLER

You could hope that we haven't lost... certainly you're still able to hope?

Speer says nothing. The anger floods back. The FINGERS SNAP, Hitler stands.

HITLER

You have twenty-four hours to answer me.

566 EXT. (NEW) REICH CHANCELLERY (STOCK FOOTAGE) - NIGHT 566

Another air raid and another battering.

567 INT. SPEER'S (TODT'S) OFFICE - (NEW) REICH
CHANCELLERY - NIGHT

567

The all-clear SIRENS SOUNDING throughout the city. A candle on Speer's desk, another on Annemarie's desk, just outside the open door. Speer watches her finish typing, rise and enter his office. She lays the document in front of him, a little fearfully. He folds it neatly, places it inside his pocket.

SPEER

Where's your family, Annemarie?

ANNEMARIE

Dusseldorf. My mother lives there. I have a married sister there, too.

SPEER

Are they well?

ANNEMARIE

Yes, they are well.

SPEER

I would feel... I would feel less strained if you were to make plans to join them there as quickly as possible.

(face softens)

... I have seen that concern on your face for me many times and before you ask what is to become of me, let me tell you that a few days ago I was in Heidelberg where I was as a boy -- and, just as it was when I was very young, the soil was spicy and fragrant and the first green sprouts were coming up from the ground. It's springtime, Annemarie, a time for growing and living.

The battered telephone RINGS suddenly, sharply, demanding.

568 INT. HITLER'S OFFICE (BUNKER) - LIMBO

568

Hitler stands behind his desk, stern-faced. Once more, Speer stands in front of him.

HITLER

Well... ?

(CONTINUED)

568 CONTINUED:

568

SPEER
Mein Fuehrer, I... stand
unreservedly behind you!

Hitler's eyes fill with tears. He steps around the
desk, grabs Speer's hand, gratefully.

HITLER
Then all's well.

SPEER
If I stand unreservedly behind
you, you must again entrust me
with the authority to implement
your orders.

Speer retrieves the document from his inside pocket,
presents it for Hitler's signature.

HITLER
Of course.

569 INT. (SPEER'S) CORRIDOR IN REICH CHANCELLERY - LONG 569
SHOT - NIGHT

Rubbled, glass-strewn, no electricity, almost-dark as
Speer, Hettlage, Von Poser, two other aides walk
briskly toward the CAMERA. Speer is waving a piece of
paper:

SPEER
His new decree. Have it printed
up and distributed to every
Gauleiter in every district...
Orders to safeguard...

HETTLAGE
Safeguard?

SPEER
... safeguard all power plants,
gas works, food works in their
district until they receive
formal and detailed instructions
from this Ministry and there's a
good chance...

They are in the CLOSE ANGLE by now.

SPEER
... those instructions will
never be issued.

Hettlage, Von Poser grin tightly as they go PAST THE
CAMERA and OUT OF THE SHOT.

570 EXT. SECTOR #1 - SPEER AND GROUP - DAY 570

Speer, with the same group as before, fielding their questions, giving them instructions.

571 EXT. SECTOR #2 - SPEER AND GENERAL - DAY 571

The General and his Staff listen earnestly as Speer explains the details of the new decree.

SPEER (v.o.)

I was aware that if Hitler knew that I was ordering all Gauleiters and Field Commanders to abandon the scorched earth policy, he would regard it as high treason. My instincts told me to stay as close to him as possible so that his suspicions wouldn't be aroused; yet it was absolutely necessary for me to go into the field and assure certain key people that they were not disregarding an order from their commander-in-chief.

572 EXT. RUINS OF PROPAGANDA MINISTRY - WOMEN - DAY 572

Eva Braun, Gertrud Jung, Gerda Christian Daranowski, Christa Schroeder, and Johanna Wolf are lined up with (Luger) pistols aimed at targets (bottles) placed against one standing wall. Von Poser is their instructor and he looks very serious.

VON POSER

Commence firing!

573 ANGLES 573

Not together, but one after another, they FIRE at their targets, some hits, mostly misses. Speer comes INTO THE SHOT, pauses, watching. Eva spots him, steps over.

574 SPEER AND EVA 574

Eva looks quite pretty, quite relaxed, quite resigned. Behind them, Von Poser is AD-LIBBING instructions about removing the clip, reloading, etc.

(CONTINUED)

574 CONTINUED:

574

SPEER

I have a courier plane at my disposal. There's still time. You could --

EVA

No...

Eva hits the release on her Luger, drops the clip, expertly.

EVA

... I stay here. Right here. We...

(meaning the
other women)

... have to stick together in case there're some lusty peasant-style rapers in the Red Army.

Then she smiles.

575 INT. BUNKER COMPLEX - GOEBBELS AND SPEER - LIMBO

575

Goebbels leads Speer down the narrow passageway, damp with leaking water.

GOEBBELS

... She's been very ill... small heart attacks. I try to keep her quiet and without strain, not easy with the six children underfoot here.

576 ANGLE

576

They come to a door. Goebbels opens it. Speer peers inside. Magda lies on one of the (stacked-up) bunks in the dark room, obviously ill and greatly aged.

GOEBBELS

... Herr Speer has come to say goodbye.

Magda focuses with difficulty. Speer waits for Goebbels to leave them alone. Goebbels has no intention of doing that, folds his arms, stands solidly.

MAGDA

I'm glad, I'm very glad that Hanald is alive.

(CONTINUED)

576 CONTINUED:

576

Speer looks confused. Goebbels straightens him out.

GOEBBELS

Her son. By her first husband.

577 EXT. STREET SIGN - DAY

577

It reads: "TAUENTZIENSTRASSE" and is tipped over and scarred up in a pile of rubble. OVERSCENE, the distant reverberation of the Russian Artillery.

578 UP ANGLE - SPEER AGAINST THE SKY

578

An out-of-work Reichminister who needs a shave and some clean clothes. He stares down at the street sign, then startles, hearing a familiar CLANK of bracelets. He looks up, grimaces.

579 AMBULANCE CREW

579

have strapped the body of the Lady Bartender to a stretcher, one braceleted arm has come loose, CLANKS rhythmically as they carry her away.

580 INT. ANTEROOM TO HITLER'S OFFICE (BUNKER) - LIMBO

580

Schaub holds the door open.

SCHAUB

The Fuehrer will see you now.

Speer steps past him into the office.

581 INT. HITLER'S OFFICE (BUNKER) - LIMBO

581

Hitler stands to meet him, much older, much greyer, more scarred than ever before.

HITLER

Should I stay here or fly to Berchtesgaden? Jodi's told me that tomorrow's the last chance for that.

Speer is moved, suddenly, heavily.

(CONTINUED)

SPEER

I... I believe it would be better if it must be, that you end your life here in the capitol as the Fuehrer.

HITLER

I feel the same way. I only wanted to hear your view once more. I shall not fight personally. There's always the danger that I'd be wounded and fall into the hands of the Russians alive. I don't want my enemies to disgrace my body either. I've given orders that I be cremated. Fraulein Braun wants to depart this life with me, and I'll shoot Blondi beforehand. Believe me, Speer, it is easy for me to end my life. A brief moment and I'm freed of everything, liberated from this painful existence.

Bormann opens the door.

BORMANN

Herr von Ribbentrop is here to see you. He says he won't move, that he'll wait here like a faithful old dog until you call him.

Hitler's eyes fill with tears.

HITLER

All right.

Bormann closes the door. Hitler turns to Speer.

HITLER

If you'll excuse me.

SPEER

(blurts)

I countermanded your orders.

HITLER

Wh... ?

(CONTINUED)

581 CONTINUED: (2)

581

SPEER

I deceived you. I did not carry
out any demolitions. I prevented
them.

Hitler does nothing -- no reaction. Speer is not sure
he has comprehended. The intercom BUZZER SOUNDS.
Hitler looks at the intercom, then at Speer, confused.

HITLER

Ah... we'll discuss this another
time.

Hitler steps over and flicks on the intercom switch.
Speer is going out the door as we hear Johanna Wolf's
voice:

JOHANNA

(over intercom)

Herr von Ribbentrop is here.

582 EXT. BERLIN SKYLINE - RUBBLE - (STOCK FOOTAGE) - DAY 582

HIGH CAMERA VIEW of the devastated rubble of a city.

583 INT. (NEW) REICH CHANCELLERY - SERIES OF SHOTS - NIGHT 583

Speer walks through the rubble of his greatest achieve-
ment, the Grand Salon, Hitler's private study, roofs
caved in, walls fire blackened, all shattered and
burned.

SPEER (v.o.)

Looking back on it I'm sure that
everything he wanted me to build
for him he intended to be
destroyed. And in the end I
don't think he really knew who I
was or what I had done, or what
we had been.

584 INT. SMALL ROOM (DOENITZ'S HDQ) - NIGHT

584

Speer, very exhausted, atop the bed, his luggage open
to one side. A KNOCK on the DOOR. He turns, raises up.
ADMIRAL DOENITZ is there, face haggard, in need of a
shave, he waves a teletype:

DOENITZ

The Fuehrer's dead.

(CONTINUED)

584 CONTINUED:

584

Speer has no immediate reaction, merely nods. Doenitz closes the door. In the half-dark, Speer begins KEENING, so low as to be almost imperceptible, then slowly he crumples across the bed, face contorted, body wracked with SOBBING.

SLOW MIX TO:

585 INT. INTERNATIONAL COURTROOM, NUREMBERG - DAY

585

Speer stands on a small platform facing the TRIBUNAL OF EIGHT JUDGES. One of the Judges is speaking, reading notes from a leather bound book. We can HEAR his VOICE through Speer's headset, but it is faint and totally unintelligible.

SPEER (v.o.)

The evil nature of Nazism is almost beyond comprehension. The Jews of Germany were not executed, according to Dr. Goebbels, they were resettled, removed, given special treatment. People could not place such unimaginable horror in their consciousness and thus it is possible to live in a twilight, between knowing and not knowing. It is possible to slowly...

WE PAN ABOUT the courtroom TO: G. I. Guards in white helmets at every point of egress, high security in evidence everywhere; TO: spectators and correspondents; TO: a battery of busy translators; TO: the defense and prosecution tables; TO: various faces, everyone in the courtroom listening to the Judge with varying degrees of intensity. Finally, we come back to Speer.

SPEER (v.o.)

... discard all that is moral and right and decent in the face of corruption. I have tried to describe my own corruption, the past as I have experienced it. I have tried to be honest. Every man can and surely ought to take stock of himself, but I have discovered that he cannot survey himself even in the present moment anymore than he can in the past. I was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment...

(CONTINUED)

585 CONTINUED:

585

The Judge stops speaking. Some kind of commotion at the defense table. A slight, elderly man with thick glasses, DOCTOR HANS FLACHSNER (Speer's lawyer) has half-risen from his chair, a shocked look on his face.

A GAVEL TAPS warningly. Flachsner sinks back down. The Judge closes his notebook, switches off his microphone, removes his glasses.

A white-helmeted GUARD comes INTO THE SHOT, relieves Speer of the headset, clamps a chrome-plated handcuff on Speer's right hand, snaps the other cuff closed on his own wrist. Speer's eyes remain devoid of any expression. He bows slightly to the Judges, then he is led off.

SPEER (v.o.)

... The military tribunal may have been faulty summing up history, but it attempted to apportion guilt. The penalty, however poorly such penalties measure historical responsibilities, ended my civil existence...

586 INT. PALACE OF JUSTICE CORRIDOR - LONG SHOT - LIMBO 586

Speer and his Guard, briefly silhouetted, still handcuffed together, coming through an archway in the old building. They walk directly toward us (THE CAMERA), in the long corridor, sometimes visible in the faint light, sometimes completely obscure, and at all times mindful of Hitler's in-and-out-of-the-shadows walk at the Nuremberg Rally.

SPEER (v.o.)

... But that scene has already laid waste to my life and it has outlasted the verdict of the court.

FREEZE FRAME.

MASS VOICES (v.o.)

Sieg... Heil!
Sieg... Heil!
Sieg... Heil!

SUPERIMPOSE the FINAL CREDITS OVER the same series of STILL PHOTOGRAPHS as seen in the opening.

FADE OUT.

END OF FINAL PART OF
"INSIDE THE THIRD REICH"