

PARAGRAPH 175

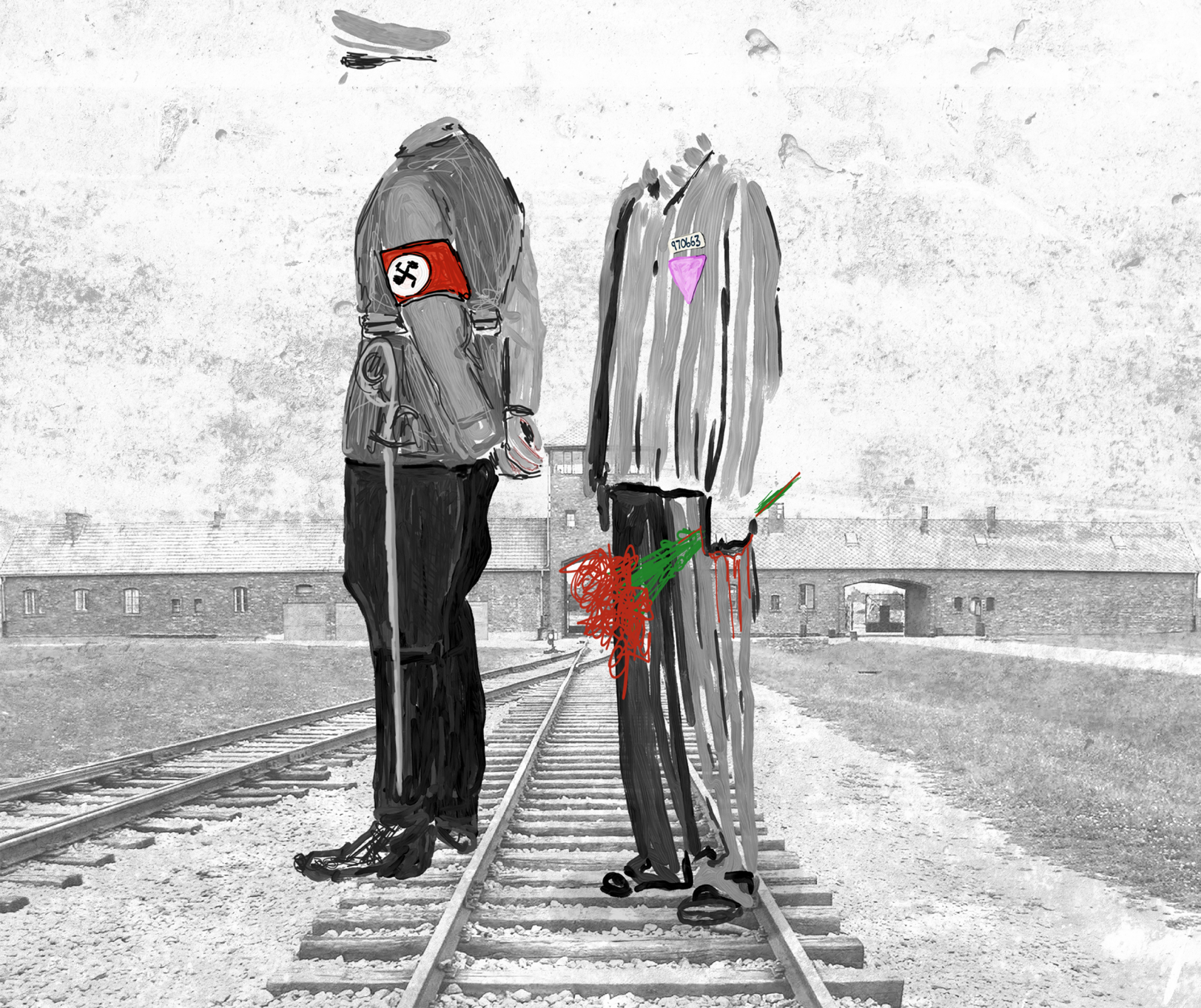
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PARAGRAPH

175



TITLE OVER BLACK SCREEN:

"Paragraph 175 was added to the German Criminal Code in May, 1871 and made homosexual acts between males a crime. In 1935, the Nazi regime revised the law so that the courts could imprison any man who committed a "lewd act,"even one involving no physical contact, for up to 10 years.

By 1937, thousands of men arrested under Paragraph 175 were being sent to concentration camps to serve out their prison terms."

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BERLIN, GERMANY - ELDORADO CLUB - NIGHT - 1929

Ruggedly handsome in a cheap suit, AUGUST BRANDT (28) gazes up at--

Steel letters that spell out ELDORADO above a large sign reading "Heir ist's Richtig! (Here, it's all right!). On one side of the club motto is the face of a man; on the other side, the face of a woman. Above both, the image of a cross-dresser.

SUPER: "Eldorado Club. Berlin, Germany. October, 1929."

KARL (O.C.)

What are you waiting for?

KARL (20s), also wearing a cheap suit, beckons August.

AUGUST

To come to my senses.

KARL

Too late, August. You lost the bet. We're goin' in.

AUGUST

Karl, there are cheaper places to meet--

KARL

Men who drink beer and play darts.

AUGUST

What's wrong with darts? Other than the fact that you can't win unless I'm drunk.

KARL

But I did win. And now it's time for you to see how the other half lives!

Reluctantly, August follows him inside.

INT. ELDORADO CLUB - NIGHT

It's New Year's Eve every night. Any pleasure can be had for a price, and everyone here can pay it.

Despite accents from Western Europe, Scandinavia, Russia, and Germany, everyone holds an "American cocktail." And they're all dressed to the nines.

Men wear suits with lilac or lime shirts and high stiff collars or cravats; women wear short hair, bright makeup, and backless dresses with plunging necklines. Cross-dressers wear whatever they want.

Watching Karl disappear in a blue haze of cigarette and cigar smoke, August turns his attention to the CROSS-DRESSING DANCERS (20s) on stage, who end their number with a flourish of feathers before descending like rare birds into the audience.

Several walk by August, who stares, unlike a nearby GRANDE DAME (60s). Pink cocktail in one hand, she reaches out with bejeweled fingers for one of the dancers.

GRAND DAME

Are you a man or a woman, darling?

DANCER

Whichever you wish me to be, Madame.

Smiling, she pulls him toward the--

DANCE FLOOR

Men dance with men; women dance with women; men dance with women; cross-dressers dance with men and women.

Abandon. Joy. Anything you desire within reach.

AUGUST

Walks to the bar. The BARTENDER, also a cross-dresser, gives him a big red-lipstick smile.

AUGUST

Lager please.

The Bartender swallows his disdain, fills a glass stein with beer, and hands it to August.

AUGUST

(to himself)

Now if I can find a dartboard...

August looks disappointed as he surveys the club. Until he sees--

JULIAN MÜLLER (26) wears an expensive suit, demure by Eldorado standards. But he doesn't need clothes to call attention to himself. Handsome meets pretty, he exudes charm and confidence in who and where he is.

Eyes still on Julian, who's surrounded by friends, August sets his glass stein on the bar and misses.

Julian turns toward SHATTERING GLASS.

August scowls at the beer splashed on his polished but old shoes. When he looks up, Julian's there.

JULIAN

May I get you a cocktail?

AUGUST

I'd rather... have a beer.

Glancing at Julian's expensive suit--

AUGUST

And I can pay for my own drink.

JULIAN

Good. While you're at it, I'll have a Gin Rickey. Meet me over there.

He points to a table full of FRIENDS (20s, 30s).

JULIAN

Unless you'd rather--

A WOMAN (30s) purposely bumps into Julian and lets her mink coat fall open to reveal a long string of pearls draped over bare breasts.

Instead of focusing on her, Julian glances at August, who's staring at the woman.

JULIAN

You like pearls?

AUGUST

Nope. Just never been this close to mink.

Insulted, the woman leaves. Neither man notices.

LATER/SAME - JULIAN'S TABLE

Julian pays attention to everyone, but August only pays attention to him. To the consternation of TEDDY RICHTER (30s), whose scarlet cravat matches his lipstick.

TEDDY

So what do you do, Mr. Brandt?

Hesitating, August drinks his beer.

TEDDY
Shall I guess?

Teddy picks up the hand not holding the stein, inspecting August's callused palm. This gets Julian's attention.

JULIAN
You read palms now, Teddy?

TEDDY
Among my many talents, Julian. And I see... A working man's hand.

August pulls his hand back.

AUGUST
I'm a bricklayer.
(proudly)
Journeyman.

TEDDY
Blue, red or black?

JULIAN
Bricks come in different colors?

TEDDY
No, but journeymen do. Those in the Association of Roland wear blue, and their maxim is loyalty and friendship. The Free journeymen wear red and consider themselves one and the same. The Righteous journeymen wear black and have some kind of secret ceremony.
(turns to August)
If I had to guess, I'd say you're a--

AUGUST
Man who's up early to lay bricks.

Draining his beer, he stands.

AUGUST
Thanks for having me. Good night.

With a last look at Julian that's all about what might have been, August leaves.

EXT. ELDORADO CLUB - NIGHT

Collar turned up to a chilly fall breeze, August is half-way down the street when he hears--

JULIAN (O.C.)

Wait!

August stops and turns.

JULIAN

Teddy meant no disrespect. His grandfather was a bricklayer. That's how he knew about--

AUGUST

Such a menial job.

JULIAN

Can you stop being defensive long enough for me to invite you to a lecture?

AUGUST

About being defensive?

Shaking his head, Julian smiles.

JULIAN

About sex.

EXT. BERLIN - INSTITUTE FOR SEXUAL RESEARCH - DAY

Stately building in a park-like setting.

Super: "Berlin. Institute for Sexual Research."

Wearing a thin jacket over a black shirt and black pants speckled with the cement and sand that make mortar, August hurries around the corner and spots Julian.

AUGUST

Sorry, I was working. Would've been late if I'd gone home to change.

Julian surveys the black pants and shirt collar peeking out from his thin jacket.

JULIAN

So, you're a righteous man with a secret.

AUGUST

(shrugs)

I probably shouldn't go inside.

JULIAN

Nonsense.

Taking off his long cashmere coat, he hands it to August and heads for the door.

Brushing the mortar off his jacket, August puts on Julian's coat and follows him inside.

INT. INSTITUTE FOR SEXUAL RESEARCH - LECTURE HALL - DAY

The hall seats SEVERAL HUNDRED, but it's standing room only for late-comers, including Julian and August.

As they make their way to the back of the hall--

JULIAN

Dr. Hirschfeld has a huge library on same-sex love and eroticism. I must've read a hundred books, and I've barely scratched the surface. They also have a medical division with some transgender patients.

AUGUST

Transgender?

JULIAN

Men trapped in women's bodies, and women trapped in men's bodies. I heard they performed an operation to change a man into a woman.

AUGUST

How?

JULIAN

(whispers)

By removing his testicles.

August involuntarily covers his own as they reach the back of the hall.

APPLAUSE welcomes DR. MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD (60), who walks to the podium. Stocky with spectacles and a mustache, he resembles Teddy Roosevelt in a lab coat.

DR. HIRSCHFELD

I'm Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld. Welcome to the Institute for Sexual Research. Today I will speak to you about our continuing efforts to repeal Paragraph 175. For those of you still unaware...

He surveys the audience like a professor looking for an unprepared student. Perplexed, August fits the bill.

DR. HIRSCHFELD

Paragraph 175 is a section of the German penal code that has been criminalizing homosexuality since 1871. This law encourages social hostility toward homosexuals, not to mention blackmail. But with Parliament moving closer to decriminalizing homosexuality, we must all do what we can to make sure this law is abolished because...

He waits but a moment for his audience to join in--

AUDIENCE

Staying silent is death!

EXT. INSTITUTE FOR SEXUAL RESEARCH - SUNSET

Excitement spills out of the building with a throng of people talking and lighting cigarettes.

Taking off the cashmere coat, August hands it to Julian.

JULIAN

Well, what did you think?

AUGUST

That I must have made a very bad impression last night for you to invite me to a lecture about sex. I may be a journeyman when it comes to laying bricks, but not when it comes to--

Julian puts his finger on August's lips.

JULIAN

If you don't mind, I'd like to conduct my own research.

INT. BERLIN - JULIAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Attached at the lips, Julian pulls August into the room.

Letting go long enough to take off his coat, Julian drops it to the floor as August takes in the--

High ceilings, the decor elegant but messy. Bed unmade, silk sheets beckon.

Julian starts to unbutton August's jacket.

AUGUST

Wait.

August goes to the long windows and pulls the brocade drapes closed. Turning, he sees Julian begin to take off his suit jacket.

AUGUST

(gently firm)

I said wait.

Reluctantly, Julian drops his arms by his side.

August takes off Julian's jacket. Folding it, he sets it on the divan. Then he takes off Julian's shirt and tie, laying them neatly on top of the jacket.

Slowly, August runs his finger from Julian's chin to the top of his trousers. Then runs his finger back to Julian's chest, rounding one nipple and then the other.

August kisses him softly, and Julian starts to take off August's clothes. August pulls back.

AUGUST

I lead this dance.

JULIAN

Then could it please be the quickstep rather than a waltz?

Laughing, August pulls Julian toward the silk sheets.

LATER/SAME

August and Julian lie in a sheen of sweat and silk.

JULIAN

Now that I know you're a master of the quickstep, might I assess your waltz?

August begins the waltz with soft, slow kisses. When he stops, Julian looks dazed. Good time to ask questions.

AUGUST

You never told me what you do.

He moans as August's hand slides between his legs.

JULIAN

You hold the cock of a Professor of Philosophy.

AUGUST

An intelligent cock, no doubt. But a wealthy one, too?

JULIAN

Actually, my father is the wealthy prick.

August stops at the irritation in Julian's voice.

JULIAN

I didn't mean... My father is a wonderful man. With the money he inherited from my grandfather, he didn't need to work a day in his life. Instead, he became a physician. But one who believes his only son and, therefore, his only chance to continue the Müller name is... sick.

AUGUST

Better sick than believing you're damned to eternal hell.

JULIAN

Your father's Catholic?

AUGUST

He was. He died in the Great War.

JULIAN

Did he know about you?

AUGUST

No. It would have killed him before the Russians did.

August bows his head to brush his lips against Julian's abdomen. But no moan of pleasure this time.

JULIAN

I'm sorry, Auggie.

August lifts his head at his nickname.

AUGUST

My father called me Auggie when I was little. But only my family has ever called me that.

JULIAN

Does your family include a wife?

Without answering, August slips under the sheets. Within moments, Julian forgets the question.

EXT. WEST BERLIN - KREUZBERG - DUSK

Fall leaves cushion tight spaces between brick buildings that house people and small businesses. Kreuzberg is the poorest and most crowded of West Berlin districts.

EXT. KREUZBERG - APARTMENT HOUSE - DUSK

HALF A DOZEN BOYS (7-9) play marbles, all wear knee-length trousers and heavy knee socks that have been mended more than once.

Impatiently waiting his turn, FRANZ BRANDT (7) shoots his marble across the chalk circle into the street. Rising to get it, he spots August.

Running, he leaps toward August sure he'll be caught. And he is, as though it happens every day. August holds him under his arm like a football, rubbing his dark hair.

INT. BRANDT APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DUSK

Large kitchen table is the center of family life.

A folded cot against a wall indicates that at least one person sleeps in the kitchen.

BERTHA BRANDT (late 40s) is as solid as the stove, where she oversees several pots. Nearby is a wooden rack where socks and girls' under garments dry.

August steps over the threshold and without turning--

BERTHA

Auggie, talk sense to your sister.

Three sisters sit at the kitchen table: GERDIE (17) mends one of her brother's black shirts, while FRIEDA (15) and EMMA (13) do their homework.

FRANZ

Gerdie says she won't marry the butcher's son because he smells like *blood*.

August sets Franz down with a smack on the ass.

AUGUST

Go get your marbles before I make you marry the butcher's daughter.

Laughing, Franz runs out the door.

BERTHA

Maybe it's you who will marry first.

She glances at August with clear disapproval.

BERTHA

You might have to marry a girl who would allow a man to spend the night--

AUGUST

I was out with the Righteous, Mama.

Relieved, she switches her attention to Gerdie, who focuses woeful eyes on her brother.

GERDIE

Auggie, he really does smell like blood. Except on Sundays.

AUGUST

So make babies after he bathes on Saturday nights.

He winks at Gerdie, as Bertha whacks August on the arm with a wooden spoon.

BERTHA

If these girls don't marry, you'll be supporting them forever. And then how will you marry?

AUGUST

Don't worry, Mama. I've got a date tomorrow night.

He leaves before seeing the hope in her smile.

EXT. BERLIN - BAR - NIGHT

Small bar in a working-class neighborhood.

INT. BERLIN - BAR - NIGHT

Unlike the Eldorado Club, there are no women here. Nor are there American cocktails or cross-dressing dancers.

Like the Eldorado Club, there are men with men. Happy. Loud. Together. Many still in work clothes.

Wearing a suit, Julian follows August inside.

JULIAN

I'm a bit over-dressed.

Smiling at Julian's uncharacteristic trepidation, August takes him by the hand.

AUGUST

Come on. You'll feel better after a few pints of the best lager in Berlin.

LATER/SAME

Julian is more enthused as he watches August play a lively game of darts with several other men.

August throws another bulls-eye. Julian CHEERS.

AUGUST

Your turn.

He holds out a dart to Julian, who hesitates. Until he sees the men looking at him and his suit; some with disdain, some with amusement.

Handing August his lager, Julian takes the dart.

As though an Olympic medal is on the line, Julian carefully aims, throws, and hits the target just outside the bulls-eye. Grinning, he turns to August, who's not looking at him, but at the men near the bar.

No more raucous laughter. No more clinking mugs.

Julian watches August go to the bar, where he speaks briefly to a few men - all in black work shirts, thus Righteous bricklayers.

Julian sees the concern in August as he returns.

JULIAN

What's happened?

AUGUST

The stock market in the States. It crashed today.

JULIAN

But you don't work for Americans. Surely their misfortune--

AUGUST

Will reach us. Sooner or later.

MONTAGE: BEGINNING OF THE END

-- Apartment complex. August works alongside BRICKLAYERS, including Karl. A car pulls up to the curb, and a MAN (40s) wearing a suit gets out and walks to the MASTER BRICKLAYER (50s). As the man talks, August sees the bad news on the Master Bricklayer's face.

-- Reichstag (Parliament). The white-columned, neoclassical building burns; the BERLIN FIRE BRIGADE helpless to control it. Super: "February 27, 1933."

-- Eldorado Club. The images of a man, a woman, and a cross-dresser have been replaced with pro-Nazi election posters and swastikas. Super: "March 5, 1933."

-- The Institute for Sexual Research. More than 100 HITLER YOUTH ransack the Institute. Super: "May 6, 1933."

-- Office building. August and a few other BRICKLAYERS, including Karl, work. All turn toward BOOTS on GRAVEL as the Master Bricklayer slowly approaches, head bowed.

INT. BERLIN - BAR - NIGHT

Despite - or because of the depression, the bar is full, but fewer men wear work clothes.

August and Julian play darts with the same regulars, including Karl. Julian hits the bulls-eye with ease.

JULIAN

We win!

He kisses August in triumph as the door BURSTS OPEN and half-a-dozen men with cricket bats enter. One of the ATTACKERS points his bat at August and Julian.

ATTACKER #1

What'd I tell you, boys? Another fuckin' faggot bar!

Attacker #1 starts for August and Julian.

AUGUST

Go out the back door, Julian.

JULIAN

No. I won't leave you.

Attacker #2 swings his bat across the bar, SMASHING glasses, bottles and steins to the floor.

AUGUST

Then stay out of the way.

Julian backs up as the free-for-all ensues.

Attacker #1 swings the bat at August's head. August ducks, grabs the bat and tosses it.

The Attacker motions August forward.

ATTACKER #1

Come on! Show me how a faggot fights!

Smiling, August proceeds to show him.

Stunned by the ferocity of August's attack, Julian turns his attention to Karl, who's getting the shit kicked out of him by Attacker #2. Julian picks up a glass from a nearby table and throws it at him.

The glass bounces off Attacker #2's shoulder, spilling beer down his shirt before BREAKING against the floor.

One final punch to Karl, and Attacker #2 turns to Julian.

ATTACKER #2

You're next, cocksucker!

Picking up a bat, Attacker #2 starts toward Julian when August tackles him to the floor. Pounding him over and over, Julian tries to pull August off.

JULIAN

Enough, August!

At SIRENS in the distance, August finally stops.

EXT. KREUZBERG - STREET - WINTER - DUSK

Blood from August's knuckles drips on the snow. As he trudges toward home, he glances at the thin-faced boys playing marbles, but Franz isn't there.

INT. BRANDT APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DUSK

Franz, Frieda and Emma sit quietly at the kitchen table with their schoolbooks. They're all a few years older, but it's hard to tell because they're also thinner.

Gerdie lies on the cot, sleeping under several quilts.

August enters and goes to his mother. Bertha, not as robust but still solid, oversees only one pot.

AUGUST

How's Gerdie?

BERTHA

She'd be better if she had some broth with a good meat stock. If she'd only married the butcher's son--

AUGUST

I'll get some meat.

Franz and his sisters look up from the table.

FRANZ

Sausage?

FRIEDA

I'd rather have apple strudel.

EMMA

Or gingerbread with cream.

BERTHA

Your brother isn't a miracle worker!

Gerdie's eyes flicker open, followed by a raspy cough.

Bertha turns to August and softens her tone.

BERTHA

I could make a strong broth with an ox tail and an onion.

AUGUST

When did you stop believing in miracles?
I'll bring you an ox.

He holds his smile as Gerdie's cough follows him out.

INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Like the bedroom - large, high-ceiling, long windows, and fine furniture, including a baby grand. Over it, a white linen table cloth and silver trays of food.

TWO DOZEN MEN and WOMEN sit near a roaring fire. We recognize some from Julian's table at the Eldorado Club, including Teddy. Now dressed as if they've come from "day jobs," each with a glass of wine instead of a cocktail.

August enters, eyes quickly find the "piano picnic."

Julian stands near the fire, so intent on what he's saying that he doesn't notice August.

JULIAN

They raid our bars and clubs and close down our publications! Not to mention burning more than 20,000 books and journals from the Institute's library. They took all of Dr. Hirschfeld's work and destroyed whatever he didn't take with him when he left the country.

TEDDY

The Nazis didn't destroy everything. They kept the names and addresses of his patients and everyone who frequented the Institute, including the library. They know who we are.

Teddy and the others exchange anxious looks.

AUGUST

Julian...

August gestures toward the piano.

JULIAN

(to the group)

Excuse me.

Teddy watches Julian go to August, clearly wishing he was the one that had been beckoned.

Still in "fight" mode, Julian misinterprets the concern in August's face.

JULIAN

I know you don't approve of my involvement with the resistance, so if you only came to criticize--

AUGUST

I came for... food. Gerdie's sick.

JULIAN

Does she need a doctor?

AUGUST

I can't afford--

JULIAN

I'll ask my father to see her.

AUGUST

He doesn't even know about us.

JULIAN

Well, it's time he did.

With both anxiety and gratitude, August watches Julian go to a marble stand that holds the telephone.

INT. BRANDT APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The piano picnic covers the kitchen table. Frieda, Emma and Franz attack the food, while they watch--

DR. WALTER MÜLLER (50s), distinguished and well dressed, carry his black bag toward the cot where Gerdie lies. Eyes closed. Breathing rapid and shallow.

August and Julian stand near the stove, as Bertha throws bits of meat into a pot, steam rising over her face like a shroud of denial.

BERTHA

Gerdie doesn't need a fancy doctor making a house call we can't pay for.

AUGUST

We don't have to pay, Mama.

BERTHA

Why not?

DR. MÜLLER

Because your son--

JULIAN

Did some work at my flat. He... fixed my fireplace. German money is worthless these days, so my father offered to make a house call in lieu of payment.

Julian's eyes plead with his father, who turns his attention to Gerdie.

Dr. Müller frowns at the lips tinged with blue as he pulls his stethoscope out of his bag.

August steps closer, watching his sister, who doesn't open her eyes as the doctor gently turns Gerdie on her side to place the stethoscope against her back. His frown deepens as he listens to her lungs.

Just as gently, Dr. Müller turns Gerdie on her back and listens to her heart with the concentration of a doctor waiting for a newborn's first beat.

Putting his stethoscope away, he rises. Facing August with slightly more compassion than contempt, he speaks softly so that Bertha and the children can't hear.

DR. MÜLLER

I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do.
If you'd come to me sooner, your sister might have had a chance in hospital. But the pneumonia has progressed too far, and her heart is very weak. I'm afraid she doesn't have long.

Stunned, it takes August a moment to respond.

AUGUST

Can you... keep my sister alive until I bring the priest?

DR. MÜLLER

I'll do my best.

August hurries out, past the mother who reaches for him.

To Dr. Müller's disappointment, Julian follows.

EXT. BERLIN - ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Old stones and stained glass, color dulled by the dark.

INT. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Empty wooden pews surrounded by Stations of the Cross lead to an altar where several candles burn.

Breathless, August rushes in; Julian right behind him.

AUGUST

Father Martin!
(louder)
Father Martin!

A NUN (60s) comes out of the shadows near the vestibule.

NUN

He's gone. And there will be no shouting.

Obediently, August lowers his tone.

AUGUST

Sister, please tell me where is he.

NUN

The Gestapo came for him this afternoon.
I heard them say they had a few questions
about some boys in our youth group who
also belong to a Hitler Youth Group.
Apparently, you can't belong to both.

Julian turns to August.

JULIAN

The Nazis took Dr. Hirschfeld's assistant
in for questioning. Three months ago.

AUGUST

Goddamned bastards!

NUN

Blaspheming in church... You risk your
soul, young man.

AUGUST

It's my sister's soul at risk!

Julian approaches the nun and takes her hand.

JULIAN

Can you administer last rites, Sister?

NUN

Only if given permission by a higher
authority.

JULIAN

Will God do?

Julian glances at the cross above the altar.

EXT. BERLIN - CEMETERY - GRAVE SITE - DAY

Eyes full of guilt and grief, August stares down at the
simple pine coffin.

Nearby, the Nun opens her arms. Her dark habit spread
like the wings of a crow as she herds a sobbing Bertha
and her children away from the open grave.

Julian waits for them to leave before moving close enough
to put his arm around August.

JULIAN
This isn't your fault.

AUGUST
Gerdie wouldn't have gotten so sick if she'd had enough to eat. She didn't have enough because I couldn't get work, and I was too fucking proud to ask for your help until it was too late.

JULIAN
You are too fucking proud. But you aren't to blame for being out of work. Most men--

AUGUST
Join the army to feed their families.

JULIAN
If you join the Nazis, you will serve a man who despises who you are. Who we are. You can't--

AUGUST
I don't have a choice. Not anymore.

He walks away. Julian follows, stepping in front of him.

JULIAN
Promise me you'll take some time to think this through. Just a few days.

August hesitates, Julian moves closer.

JULIAN
Friday night at eight?

As vulnerable to Julian as he was the first day they met, August can only nod.

INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT

Silent until the TURN OF A KEY. The front door opens and the light from the hall shows August enter.

AUGUST
Julian?

Silence. Glancing at the clock on the wall that reads 8:00pm, he walks into the--

LIVING ROOM

Turns the light on, and takes in the overturned furniture, books and papers scattered on the floor.

Striding toward the marble stand, he picks up the phone and dials 0.

AUGUST

Yes... Can you connect me with Dr. Walter Müller in Berlin?

LATER/SAME

The furniture is back in place. Sans jacket, August continues to work off his anxiety by putting books back on shelves when the FRONT DOOR OPENS.

Pale and shaky, Julian walks ahead of his father and straight to August. We see the relief in Julian's face as he feels August's arms around him.

So does Dr. Müller, who quickly goes to the sideboard to make himself a drink.

AUGUST

What happened?

Before Julian can respond--

DR. MÜLLER

Julian was arrested on suspicion of being... a homosexual. Apparently they found his name on a list they'd confiscated from the Institute.

AUGUST

Dr. Hirschfeld's Institute?

DR. MÜLLER

If you want to call that quack a doctor.

JULIAN

Father, I'm grateful for your help today. But I'd like to spend some time with August. Alone.

Turning, Dr. Müller swallows his bourbon before speaking.

DR. MÜLLER

Not if you want to stay out of jail.

AUGUST

Didn't they drop the charges?

DR. MÜLLER

For now. But they made it clear that they'll be watching. They also told me that they've started to transfer some of the homosexual prisoners to concentration camps. While you might be able to survive in a place like that, my son could not.

August looks at Julian, still trembling from a few hours in jail, and knows he speaks the truth.

JULIAN

We'll just be more careful until things get back to normal.

DR. MÜLLER

Normal? Nothing about this is normal!

August steps protectively in front of Julian, as though his father had his fist cocked.

AUGUST

Julian asked you to leave.

DR. MÜLLER

And I'm asking you to do the same. If you won't do it for him, do it for your own family. What happens to them if you end up in jail?

His stern expression makes it clear that August wouldn't have his help.

EXT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

August is several yards away when Julian catches up and pulls August around to face him.

JULIAN

My father is--

AUGUST

Right. It's too dangerous for us to be together. I won't risk your life.

Julian sees that August's mind is made up.

JULIAN

Then tell me that when things... get better, you'll come back.

August looks less than hopeful that this day will ever come, but he forces a smile and nods.

Julian goes to embrace him when--

A DARK CAR drives by slowly; the DRIVER watching Julian.

Julian keeps his eyes on the car until it's out of sight. When he turns back to August, he's also gone.

Disbelieving, Julian stares into the dark before turning back toward his apartment with angry heartbreak.

INT. BRANDT HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dark and quiet. August lies awake on his cot, the same angry heartbreak in his eyes.

Sitting, he takes the Bible from a small table beside the cot and opens it to a familiar place - not a passage, but what looks like a dried weed twisted into a circle.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. GERMANY - FIELD - SUNSET

Julian's car rests nearby on a field of wildflowers.

Drowsy and naked, August and Julian lie on a blanket.

Julian sits, cross-legged, gazing down at August.

JULIAN

August... Will you marry me?

AUGUST

Yes. As long as wed in a Catholic church. Bricklayers on one side and your family's aristocratic friends on the other.

He sees the hurt in Julian's face and sits up.

AUGUST

I'm sorry. But you know we can't--

JULIAN

We don't need a church full of people. All we need is a promise - between you and me. And I promise to love you for the rest of my life, August Brandt.

August takes Julian's naively optimistic face in his hands and kisses him lightly on the lips.

AUGUST

What happened to honor and obey? I like those parts.

Smiling, Julian plucks the head off a dandelion and twists the stem between his fingers.

JULIAN

Fine. You may honor and obey me. If you also promise to love me.

AUGUST

I love you, Julian Müller. Have since I first laid eyes on you. My life is yours, and always will be.

JULIAN

And mine...

Julian ties the twisted weed around August's ring finger.

JULIAN

Is yours.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BRANDT HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

August carefully slides the dried, twisted weed onto his ring finger and stares at it with the responsibility of that promise. Eyes full of regret, he takes it off, places it gently back in the bible and closes it.

Putting the Bible on the table, he reaches for a LEAFLET that lays beside it - a Nazi swastika on the front.

EXT. ORANIENBURG - SACHSENHAUSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP - DAY

Above the main gate, iron letters spell out: *Arbeit Macht Frei* (Work Makes [you] Free).

SUPER "Oranienburg, Germany. Sachsenhausen Concentration Camp. **Five years later.**"

Triangular-shaped thousand-acre site. Prison buildings (barracks) are grouped around a central guard tower.

With an 8mm Maxim machine gun, Guard Tower A houses the administrative offices.

Around the perimeter of the camp is a nine-foot high wall. Within the wall, a path used by guards and dogs, bordered on the inside by a lethal electric fence.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - MORNING

Administration office. One large polished desk, several file cabinets, and a dartboard on the back of the door.

Black trousers around his ankles, August thrusts his cock into the backside of someone pressed against a cabinet.

Mechanical, passionless release, and he steps back.

Turning, he pulls up the trousers of his SS uniform, while SCHÜTZE (U.S. equivalent - PRIVATE) HANS SAUER (28) buttons his black jacket. They talk like they dress - with efficiency.

AUGUST

More prisoners arrive today.

HANS

My watch?

AUGUST

No. Only 175ers.

HANS

I appreciate not being assigned to--

AUGUST

They'll be here soon.

Nodding, Hans picks up his cap from the desk and leaves.

August picks up his own cap and goes to a small wall mirror. He puts it on, looking at the *Totenkopf* (death's head) skull and bones symbol with revulsion.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - HALLWAY - MORNING

Hans walks down the hall toward SS Officer, ROTTENFÜHRER (U.S. equivalent - CORPORAL) STEFAN ANSPACH (30s). Stefan steps in front of Hans.

STEFAN

Your jacket, Private.

Hans appears puzzled.

STEFAN

I suggest you button it.

Lowering his blushing face, Hans sees that he missed a button after his tryst with August.

STEFAN

Then go tell your boss that the Commandant wants to see him.

Busy buttoning, Hans doesn't see Stefan glance at August, who leaves his office straightening his own jacket.

INT. SACHENHAUSEN - COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Makes August's office look like a closet.

Camp master, COMMANDANT HERMAN BARANOWSKI (54, husky), known as "Bloody Herman" for the frequent fatal floggings he administers, sits at his large desk, looking as if he'd be happy to flog--

August or Stefan, both standing at attention.

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI

The Fuhrer isn't happy.

Both men glance at the large framed portrait of Hitler on the wall behind the Commandant's desk. August barely masks his contempt, and Stefan his fear.

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI

He gave Sachsenhausen the honor of building the largest brickworks factory in the world, with the promise that we would deliver the bricks he needs in time to remodel the city of Berlin into the capital of the future Grand German Empire. Should I call the Fuhrer and tell him that he must put that future on hold because you can't get the job done?

The Commandant glances at the whip - wooden handle, leather straps - that he keeps on his desk.

STEFAN

Commandant Baranowski, with all due respect to First Sergeant Brandt, the factory is behind schedule because he won't let us push the prisoners to their full capacity.

AUGUST

And with all due respect to Corporal Anspach, he doesn't know what the hell he's talking about.

Stefan glares at August, who stays focused on Baranowski.

AUGUST

You put me in charge of this project because of my experience as a bricklayer. I can assure you that the prisoners are--

STEFAN

Not working hard enough.

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI

Perhaps you're right, Corporal.

Stefan smirks.

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI

A longer work day might help--

AUGUST

Increase the number of bodies we bring back from the factory every day.

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI

Then what would you suggest?

AUGUST

Men can't work to the best of their ability without enough food. A bit of meat at lunchtime would lessen the number of deaths and--

STEFAN

Who cares if they die? New prisoners arrive every day.

AUGUST

New prisoners who must then be trained, which wastes more time.

Baranowski pounds his fist on the desk, making the tails of his whip dance.

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI

Enough time has been wasted!

STEFAN

I agree, sir. If you allow me to--

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI
 I will allow you to see that the
 prisoners are given bread with lunch.
 But no meat.

Baranowski focuses on August.

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI
 The Fuhrer put his trust in me, and I'm
 putting mine in you.

AUGUST
 Thank you, sir.

The Commandant gestures dismissal. Saluting, they turn to
 leave. Stefan exits first. August is nearly out when--

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI
 How is your family, Sergeant Brandt?

August forces a thin smile as he turns to Baranowski.

AUGUST
 All well, Sir.

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI
 Good. That's all that matters in life -
 the welfare of our families.

Understanding the implication, August nods.

EXT. SACHSENHAUSEN - ROLL CALL AREA - DAY

Semi-circular area centered near the main entrance gate.
 Barracks lay beyond, radiating from the gate like the
 spokes of a wheel.

TWO DOZEN GUARDS wait as a line of NEW PRISONERS (male)
 make their way slowly through the main gate.

Overseeing, August stands off to the side. Conducting
 intake, Stefan is front and center.

Using his clipboard, Stefan gestures for the next
 prisoner to come forward. ERNST KLEIN (40s) does so with
 equal parts hesitation and bewilderment.

STEFAN
 State your name, age and offense.

ERNST
 My name is Ernst Klein. I am forty-eight
 years old.

Stefan writes down the information.

ERNST

And I have committed no offense.

Looking up from his clipboard, Stefan punches Ernst in the gut and calmly repeats--

STEFAN

State your offense.

Ernst straightens with difficulty, words wheezing out between gasps for air.

ERNST

They said my name... was on a pink list.
But I am not... a homosexual.

STEFAN

Are you saying they made a mistake?

Ernst appears relieved. Finally, someone understands.

ERNST

Yes, they made a mistake.

Stefan backhands him so hard Ernst's head snaps back.

Stefan kicks him in the gut. Collapsing, Ernst lets out a GROAN loud enough to get August's attention.

August watches Stefan continue to beat the prisoner.

While his face remains impassive, August flinches with every strike. When the prisoner is no longer conscious--

AUGUST

Corporal!

Stefan stops, as do the other guards. But August makes sure his words don't match his anger.

AUGUST

Well done. I think the others have
learned the value of cooperation.

Pleased with the praise, Stefan steps over Ernst and another guard drags him away.

STEFAN

Next.

Focused on his clipboard, he waits, pencil poised.

STEFAN
Name. Age. Offense.

Silence. And we look up with Stefan to see--

JULIAN

Who pays no attention to Stefan because he's in a state of shock at seeing--

AUGUST

Also in shock, quickly followed by a cascade of love, loss, longing, and fear.

STEFAN
Apparently, this prisoner also needs a lesson in cooperation.

Not hearing, Julian takes a few steps toward--

AUGUST

Who turns away from him.

Stefan pulls his hand back as if to strike Julian, when he sees that the prisoner already appears stricken.

His voice hollow, Julian turns back to his captor.

JULIAN
My name is Julian Müller. I am thirty-one years old. I was arrested under offense of Paragraph 175.

While Stefan writes the information on his clipboard, Julian glances back at August, who's vanished.

EXT. SACHSENHAUSEN - BARRACK - DAY

Wooden building/barrack. One door on the left, one on the right. One guard herds the prisoners through the door on the left, while Stefan waits at the door on the right.

The guard at the door on the left gestures for Julian, who looks for August - still nowhere in sight.

Resigned, Julian walks through the door.

LATER/SAME

Julian walks out of the door on the right a changed man.

His hair has been shaved. He wears a prisoner's uniform with wide stripes. Over his heart is a rectangular patch; inside the patch an inverted pink triangle and his identification number - 1342.

As he looks for a new line to join, he searches for--

August stands several yards away. Cap pulled low so the heartbreak in his eyes is barely visible.

Julian covers his shorn head with a striped cap as tears well with humiliation.

August gives Julian a subtle shake of the head and stands up straight. His wordless message: Don't show weakness.

With everything he's got, Julian reigns in his tears, straightens his back, and joins the line.

As he walks away, August sees the large black 175 on the back of Julian's jacket - a number that condemns him to a fate worse than death.

INT. SACHSENHAUSEN - 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Two hundred bunk beds cramp the plain wooden walls, wind crying through the boards like a banshee.

Each "bed" has a straw-filled mattress set over wooden slats, where a PRISONER lies ranging in age from teenagers to old men. Most are thin, and most wear filthy uniforms with a pink triangle.

Julian lies on his straw mattress under a thin blanket. Across from him lies Ernst. Both unique only because they're not yet too thin and their uniforms are clean.

JULIAN

Ernst...

Ernst turns his bruised face to Julian.

JULIAN

My name is Julian. I was behind you in line. I might have lied myself if I hadn't seen what they did to you.

ERNST

I wasn't lying. I'm only here because one of my students was unhappy with his marks. He told me I'd pay if I didn't change them. I expected tacks on my chair or gum under my coffee mug.

He tries to smile, but it hurts too much.

JULIAN
You're sure it was him?

ERNST
I saw him outside my flat when the
Gestapo came for me.

JULIAN
I'm sorry, Ernst.

ERNST
Thank you. How did you end up here?

JULIAN
The Nazis didn't like my book collection.

Ernst looks puzzled; Julian lowers his voice.

JULIAN
Three days after Dr. Hirschfeld's
Institute was raided, there was a public
burning of his books. Before the burning,
some of us managed to get inside and
rescue as many books as we could carry.
Over the years, we loaned them out.

ERNST
Like a secret library.

Nodding, Julian smiles.

JULIAN
In honor of the goddamned pink lists, we
even made pink library cards. And then
one day...
(smile fades)
We loaned a book to the wrong person.

KAPO (O.C.)
Attention 175ers!

Following the other prisoners' lead, Julian stands and
helps Ernst do the same.

KAPO (50s) casually walks toward them. He wears a prison
uniform with a green triangle - near his pink one - to
signify his status as a Kapo. He looks dirty, despite
being cleaner than most of the men in the barrack.

KAPO

I am your Kapo. I've been assigned by the guards to make sure everyone in this barrack does as he's told. If you comply, you'll be rewarded.

PRISONER #1 (O.C.)

As will you.

Kapo turns to see who spoke, but no one betrays the guilty party.

KAPO

Yes, I get rewarded for doing extra. But I also get punished when I don't do my best. As will you. So let's work together to avoid punishment. For example, if you're asked a question. Answer it. Truthfully.

He turns his attention to Ernst, who can barely stand.

KAPO

Are you a depraved queer?

ERNST

I am not a homo--

Kapo sucker punches him. Ernst falls. Julian moves to help him up.

KAPO

Leave him.

Julian wavers.

KAPO

This is when you make your choice. Do as you're told, or get punished.

Ernst weakly waves Julian off, and he faces Kapo.

KAPO

Your name?

JULIAN

Julian Müller.

KAPO

Are you one of us, Julian?

JULIAN

Yes.

Kapo smiles.

KAPO

As one of us, you are the lowest of the low. Do you know what this means in Sachsenhausen?

Julian shakes his head.

KAPO

It means you're lower than political prisoners who wear a red triangle. And Jehovah Witnesses who wear purple. You're lower than criminals that wear green, and Gypsies that wear brown. You're even lower than Jews who wear yellow. You're not even allowed to speak to them. Isn't that right, Leo?

Julian follows Kapo's gaze to--

LEO (15) lies on his stomach. Turning a pale, pained face to Kapo, Leo nods.

KAPO

Leo broke the five-yard rule.

LEO

Sorry... Kapo.

JULIAN

What's the five-yard rule?

KAPO

All pink triangles must stay five yards away from triangles of every other color. But Leo talked to a pretty boy with a brown triangle. If you break the five-yard rule, you get 15 to 20 strokes with the whip. Bloody Herman gave poor Leo 30.

JULIAN

Bloody Herman?

Even Kapo sounds fearful as he speaks the name--

KAPO

Commandant Herman Baranowski. He's very good with a whip.

Julian glances at Leo with pity.

KAPO

Don't worry, Number 1342. You won't end up like him if you follow the rules and do what I say.

Kapo runs his thumb over Julian's cheek, and then slaps him. On the edge of playful, enough to make his point.

KAPO

Roll call is at dawn.

To the group--

KAPO

Make sure Leo's present. Even the dead have to show up.

EXT. SACHSENHAUSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP - "CASINO" - NIGHT

One-story green building.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Despite being called the Casino, this is where GUARDS and OFFICERS (20s, 30s) eat and socialize.

Unlike the prison barrack, the walls are solid, the furniture comfortable, the food and drink plentiful. Laughter, talk, and the sound of forks scraping plates fill the large hall.

Finishing his supper, Stefan sits at a table with other lower-ranking officers, in addition to Hans.

STEFAN

I hear Berlin will get a new name during the world exhibition.

As though revealing a State secret...

STEFAN

Germania - capital of the German Empire.

HANS

Good thing the exhibition isn't planned for another decade because it might take that long to build the brick factory, never mind the first brick.

Implying he spoke forcefully--

STEFAN

As I told the Commandant, the project is taking too long because a few of us indulge lazy prisoners.

Stefan glances at another table, where August sits with the more senior officers.

HANS

Some are lazy. But some are too weak. We lost another one today and three--

STEFAN

Who couldn't work so were good for nothing anyway.

Pushing his empty plate forward, he stands.

STEFAN

Tonight I'll find out who's good for nothing among the new 175ers.

AUGUST

Watches Stefan leave.

INT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Wearing their prison uniforms, which they also sleep in, men lie on their mattresses, but the light bulbs overhead still burn bright.

Thin wool blanket up to his chin, Julian sees Ernst pull an arm over sensitive, swollen eyes, then glances out the frost-covered window at the dark.

JULIAN

When do the lights go out?

The same disembodied voice heard earlier comes from somewhere in the barrack.

PRISONER #1 (O.C.)

They don't.

JULIAN

Why not?

PRISONER #1 (O.C.)

So we can't play with ourselves.

His laugh is tired but not without humor.

PRISONER #1 (O.C.)
Or each other. With the lights on, they
can check--

A door CREAKS OPEN, BOOTS CLACK against the wood. The
CLACKING gets louder until it stops at Julian's bunk, and
a rough hand yanks his blanket off.

STEFAN
Follow me.

Julian doesn't move.

PRISONER #1 (O.C.)
It'll be worse if he drags you.

Unwillingly, Julian gets up.

EXT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Barefoot, Julian stands on the frozen ground in front of
the barrack trying not to shiver from cold and fear.

A bucket on the ground beside him, Stefan lights a
cigarette before he speaks.

When the match strikes, Julian sees flakes of ice glisten
on top of the water in the bucket.

STEFAN
Do you know why you're out here?

Pulling his eyes from the water, Julian shakes his head.

STEFAN
Did your Kapo explain the rules?

JULIAN
He did. But I'm not sure which one I've
unintentionally broken?

STEFAN
Was it not your intention to have your
hands under the blanket?

JULIAN
Yes. My hands were cold.

STEFAN
Then you deliberately broke the rule that
states no queer is allowed to have his
hands under the blanket.

JULIAN
I don't remember him saying--

STEFAN
So it's your Kapo's fault?

Julian debates the wisdom of blaming the formidable Kapo for half a second.

JULIAN
No. I just didn't... remember that rule.

STEFAN
Then we'll make sure you don't forget it in future. Take off your uniform.

Seeing Stefan's hand go to his baton, Julian takes off his uniform, folds it and lays it on the ground.

STEFAN
Now assume the Sachsenhausen salute.

JULIAN
I don't understand.

STEFAN
Squat! Arms stretched forward!

Naked and shivering, Julian does as he's told.

Stefan pours the bucket of water over Julian. SCREECHING, Julian folds his arms around himself.

STEFAN
Arms stretched forward!

Seeing Stefan reach for his baton, Julian obeys.

STEFAN
Remain in this position until I return.
If you move, you will be whipped. Do you understand that?

JULIAN
Yes.

Stefan leaves the bucket beside Julian and walks away.

LATER/SAME

In the same position, muscles weak and cold, both arms shudder. Eyes closed, Julian whispers to himself.

JULIAN

Auggie... Auggie... Auggie.

AUGUST (O.C.)

Stand up.

Julian opens his eyes and looks at August as if not sure whether or not he's just a memory. Until he sees the shiny black boots and the pistol in its holster.

AUGUST

They can't see me help you, Julian. You must stand on your own.

Julian's arms drop like lead. Hands on the ground and rooted in reality, he painfully pushes himself up.

Standing, eyes full of fury at what August has become, Julian pulls his hand back.

AUGUST

Strike me, and they'll shoot you.

Julian follows his gaze toward the guard in the tower, armed with a sub-machine gun. And when the spotlight comes around, Julian covers himself as best he can.

JULIAN

Not coming back to me is one thing. But coming here... Why?

AUGUST

You think the Nazi army gave me a choice? They wanted bricklayers here because of the factory.

JULIAN

But once you saw what they're doing, why didn't you--

AUGUST

Desert? They kill deserters, Julian. And do you know what they would do to a deserter's family? A Catholic family?

JULIAN

I thought I was your family, too. You had no trouble leaving me.

AUGUST

We don't have time for this now, Julian.

JULIAN

No time? Or no good reason that you've become such a hypocrite. Serving in Hitler's fucking--

August strikes him across the face. Stunned, Julian stumbles, but August doesn't reach out.

AUGUST

You've got a very small chance of surviving your time here, so you need to stop bitching about what's happened and pay attention to what I tell you.

Enraged, Julian reluctantly pays attention.

AUGUST

Make friends with your Kapo. He can protect you.

JULIAN

Just how friendly should I be?

Julian folds his arms across his chest, revealing himself when the spotlight comes back around.

AUGUST

Do whatever it takes to keep his favor.

Covering himself, Julian looks away.

AUGUST

And don't mouth off, especially to a guard. Fighting back can get you killed.

JULIAN

Is that all...

He notes the designation on August's jacket that signifies the rank of Hauptscharführer or First Sergeant.

JULIAN

First Sergeant Brandt?

AUGUST

No. I want you to...

A softening in his tone makes Julian look into the eyes he'd avoided. He sees pain. Involuntarily, his hand reaches for August, who steps back. Voice stern again.

AUGUST

Eat whatever they give you. Even if it's moldy or rotten because it won't get better. And ask the Kapo to keep you off punishment detail. Whatever it takes, avoid the brick--

STEFAN (O.C.)

I see you've found our deviant.

Julian flinches, but not August.

AUGUST

Yes, I found him.

August shoves Julian, who staggers into the barrack door, glancing back with such hurt that Stefan smirks.

AUGUST

And as I've told you many times, Corporal, dead men can't work.

August walks away, trembling hands balled into fists.

INT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Julian blows on hands too stiff with cold to close into fists, when the SHUFFLE of LEATHER SHOES rises above the cacophony of SNORES, COUGHS, and GROWLING STOMACHS.

Julian stops blowing as Kapo sits on his bunk.

KAPO

This will help.

He holds out a tin cup.

JULIAN

What would have helped was knowing *all* the rules.

KAPO

First, you needed a lesson in how valuable my friendship can be.

Sitting, Julian takes the cup, sipping the hot liquid until his teeth stop chattering.

JULIAN

What kind of friendship?

Kapo puts his hand over Julian's cock and appears slightly disappointed.

KAPO

You're still cold. When you warm up--

JULIAN

What else do I need to know?

Sipping more of the hot liquid to hide his grimace,
Julian removes Kapo's hand.

KAPO

You do for me, I do for you.

Taking back the cup, he leaves.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

August sits at his desk, head in his hands. A KNOCK and
he quickly turns his attention to a stack of files.

AUGUST

Come!

Hans opens the door.

HANS

Is there's anything else I could do for
you, sir?

The implication is clear, but August has no interest.

AUGUST

Yes. Bring me the Kapo from Barrack 11.

Hans is clearly disappointed.

HANS

It's very late. Are you sure--

AUGUST

Worried about his beauty sleep?

Leaving, Hans softly closes the door behind him.

INT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Though he's stopped shivering, Julian is too cold to
sleep. And the room too bright.

Over the SNORES comes a whisper.

ERNST

You can refuse the Kapo, Julian.
You're stronger than you think.

JULIAN

I've never needed to be strong. My father took care of me. And then I had someone else. He told me... I mean, if he were here, he would tell me to do whatever it takes to survive.

ERNST

If whatever it takes is something you can live with. If not, does survival matter?

Ernst carefully puts an arm back across his eyes, while Julian stares at the slats over his head.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

August picks up one dart after another, hitting the dartboard with angry precision. A KNOCK.

AUGUST

Come!

One last dart hits the bulls-eye before Hans opens the door for--

RAFAEL DE LEON (40s), whose uniform has a green triangle to signify his Kapo status, next to a red triangle to signify his "political" prisoner status. His hands are folded, haunted but warm brown eyes on the floor.

AUGUST

I need to discuss changes in the work detail for the men in your barrack.

Rafael nods, and August turns to Hans.

AUGUST

That will be all, Private. I'll take the prisoner back to his barrack.

With another glance of disappointment, Hans leaves, shutting the door behind him.

As soon as they're alone, Rafael and August get to work.

It's clear that what they're about to do, they've done before. They work together quickly - moving file cabinets until they've improvised a confessional.

August kneels on one side; Father De Leon, a Jesuit priest, on the other.

August makes the sign of the cross.

AUGUST

Forgive me Father for I have sinned. It's been two weeks since my last confession. I am guilty of the following sins. I took the Lord's name in vain more than a dozen times, and I... fornicated with someone I'm not married to.

FATHER DE LEON

(Spanish accent)

Do you repent these sins?

AUGUST

Yes.

FATHER DE LEON

But that doesn't seem to stop you from repeating them.

AUGUST

No.

FATHER DE LEON

A suggestion?

AUGUST

Please.

FATHER DE LEON

Instead of taking the Lord's name in vain, I find the word fuck works quite well. Which leads to my next suggestion - why not marry this woman you seem to fornicate with on a regular basis? I assume she's unattached because you've never asked forgiveness for adultery.

AUGUST

I can't marry because... there's no love between us.

FATHER DE LEON

Then why risk bringing a child into--

AUGUST

This person can't have children.

FATHER DE LEON
I'm sorry, for her sake. But that doesn't
excuse the immorality of--

AUGUST
Father, may I continue my confession?

FATHER DE LEON
Of course.

AUGUST
I unjustly hurt another person.

FATHER DE LEON
You're an SS officer in a concentration
camp. You can only try to balance your
duty to God with your duty to the
Commandant without risking your job,
which supports your family. Do you
continue to help prisoners when possible?

AUGUST
Yes. But I'm not sure any good I do could
balance the pain I caused today.

FATHER DE LEON
Do you want to tell me--

AUGUST
No.

FATHER DE LEON
Are you sorry for what you did?

AUGUST
More than I can say.

FATHER DE LEON
Then I absolve you from your sins. In the
name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy
Spirit. Amen.

Crossing himself, August appears anything but absolved.

They rise.

AUGUST
Now what can I do for you, Father?

FATHER DE LEON
Talcum powder. Several in my flock...
barrack have sores on their feet from the
long walk to the brickworks.

August unlocks the bottom drawer of his file cabinet and takes out a tin of talcum powder. He hands it to the Father, who tucks it inside his waistband.

Reaching back into the drawer, August takes out a brown paper bag and also hands it to the priest.

AUGUST

Some rolls and a few apples.

Always famished, the priest looks tempted to devour what's inside. Instead, he closes it tight and tucks it under his jacket.

EXT. ROLL CALL AREA - NIGHT

August escorts Father De Leon toward his barrack, and the priest can see from the sorrow in August that the confession was of little help.

FATHER DE LEON

Confession only works when the confessor is completely truthful.

August loses his stride, but only for a moment.

AUGUST

If I hold back, it's because most people confess when tortured. Unless they have nothing to tell.

FATHER DE LEON

A tortured mind can be much worse than any physical discomfort.

AUGUST

I'm not talking about discomfort, Father.

FATHER DE LEON

I know what you're talking about. The Gestapo kept me in a cell for two months before bringing me here. They wanted more names for their many lists.

AUGUST

Did you give them names?

FATHER DE LEON

Yes.

Again, August loses stride.

FATHER DE LEON

I gave them names of friends who died
from the influenza. In 1918.

Their smiles disappear as they walk past several guards
standing at the periphery of the area.

SAME/DAWN

Cold morning, sun barely up.

As Kapo, Father De Leon leads his fellow INMATES (teens
to elderly) - all with red triangles - to the roll call
area, where they line up in shivering rows of ten.

From other barracks, other KAPOs lead their respective
groups to the area.

Kapo leads the 175ers to a spot that is the required five
yards away from the other prisoners.

Looking as if he hasn't slept, Julian's attention is on
Ernst. Still weak from the beating, his steps are
tentative, so Julian doesn't look up until he hears a
mutual GASP from those in front of them.

A PRISONER (40s) with a purple triangle hangs from a
scaffold. Wrists tied behind his back, his face is
engorged, his tongue protrudes, his eyes have popped, and
his trousers are soiled.

JULIAN

Why...

The same voice we've heard before whispers from somewhere
behind Julian.

PRISONER #1 (O.C.)

Too thin for a good drop. So it took a
while for him to--

JULIAN

I didn't mean--

KAPO

Silence! If I lose count, I'll start over
and we'll be here longer.

Marking his clipboard, Kapo counts as Julian watches two
prisoners carry Leo's lifeless body to the front of the
line. Gently, they place the 15-year-old on the ground.
The 175 on the back of his jacket shredded and stained
with dried blood from the whipping the day before.

Walking around the dead boy as if he's no more than a pebble, Kapo makes another mark on his clipboard.

A THWACK and Julian turns to see an OLDER PRISONER bent over. Stefan stands by him, baton in hand.

STEFAN
Stand up straight!

Groaning, the old man stands straighter. As does Julian.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER/SAME

Exhausted from standing at attention, the prisoners squint in the morning sun as they watch Commandant Baranowski stroll to the scaffold, where the dead man still hangs.

Julian's attention is on August, who follows him.

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI
This pathetic excuse for a German was a Jehovah's Witness, who used his religion to undermine our military by refusing to fight. But he wasn't sentenced to death for being a coward; he was hanged for trying to escape.

The Commandant lets this sink in.

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI
Avoid his fate by following the camp rules. And by working hard.

He points to the words on the gate.

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI
Work makes you free!

The Kapos CLAP, followed by the prisoners, as the Commandant walks away.

Julian starts to leave, when--

PRISONER #1 (O.C.)
(whispers)
Not yet.

Julian stays put as August steps forward. Taking the Commandant's place, he gestures to Stefan and another GUARD to take down the hanged man.

Stefan climbs the scaffold, takes a knife from his belt and cuts the rope.

The body hits the frozen ground with a THUD that makes Julian cringe. He looks at August and sees no reaction, as he gestures to Leo. Two other guards remove his body.

AUGUST

(to the prisoners)

Separate into lines according to your work detail.

Prisoners hurry toward their respective lines.

Not knowing where to go, Julian and Ernst wait as men in their barrack form into five rows of 20, minus two.

Kapo addresses Ernst first.

KAPO

Brickworks line.

He gestures to the row of men whose uniforms are the dirtiest, and who appear the most miserable.

Ernst starts toward the line; Julian follows.

KAPO

I didn't give you your assignment yet,
Number 1342.

August watches Kapo leer at Julian, like a starving man waiting for a filet mignon.

KAPO

Laundry detail.

He gestures to another row of prisoners whose uniforms are less foul and who appear less distressed.

Julian doesn't make a move toward them. Kapo steps closer and speaks only to Julian.

KAPO

I do something for you, and you do
something for me.

Julian gazes past Kapo to--

AUGUST

Who nods toward the line of men in the laundry detail.

Julian walks away from Kapo to stand behind Ernst.

August whispers to himself, not without pride.

AUGUST
Stubborn son-of-a-bitch.

EXT. ORANIENBURG - DIRT ROAD - DAY

Chestnut trees line the road. SEVERAL BOYS (10-13) gather fallen chestnuts in tin pails. They stop to watch--

SS GUARDS, armed with assault weapons and attack dogs, "escort" the prisoners who march in rows of 20, including Julian and Ernst.

One of the older boys picks a chestnut out of his pail and throws it at one of the prisoners.

Stefan turns away from the boy with silent approval.

Emboldened, the boy picks another chestnut out of his pail and flings it at another prisoner.

BOY
Butt-fuckers!

The other boys follow suit, except one.

While Julian ducks a chestnut, Ernst sees the youngest boy, perplexed and wondering whether to join in.

ERNST
Do we look so different from your father
or your grandfather?

The youngest boy surveys the men, shakes his head, and drops his chestnut back into his pail.

Ernst doesn't have time to smile when Stefan's boot kicks him sideways.

EXT. ORANIENBURG - BRICKWORKS FACTORY - DAY

Under construction, the brick factory is located on a clay bedrock near a clay quarry. Gray from sky to ground. The only color comes from triangles on the prison uniforms, mostly yellow and pink. The Jews and homosexuals being the most expendable.

CLAY PIT

Prisoners line the base of the pit, using pickaxes and mauls to break up clay walls.

Armed guards stand at the top of the pit, looking down.

Other guards walk in the pit behind the prisoners, some with attack dogs.

Using a pickaxe, Julian works beside Ernst. Favoring the side where he was kicked, Ernst has trouble lifting his maul, never mind swinging it.

Julian waits for one of the guards to pass...

JULIAN

Trade.

He holds out the pickaxe to Ernst.

ERNST

No. I can--

JULIAN

Quick.

Nodding his thanks, Ernst gives the heavy maul to Julian and takes the lighter pickaxe.

The old man who hadn't stood straight enough for Stefan during roll call collapses a few feet away.

Julian drops his maul to help the old man, when--

GUARD WITH DOG

Back to work!

Julian watches--

The guard let out the dog's leash enough for it to grab hold of the old man's arm, but he doesn't flinch when the canine's teeth sink into flesh.

The guard pulls the dog off the old man and gestures to two other prisoners.

GUARD WITH DOG

Move him.

The prisoners pick up the old man and carry him to a place where there are two other bodies.

PRISONER #1 (O.C.)

Pick up your maul. Now.

Mechanically, Julian picks up the maul. When he stands, he sees a small piece of brown bread.

Without thinking, he shoves it in his mouth. Only after he swallows does he look to see who gave it to him.

JULIAN

Thank you...

INVISO

People call me Inviso.

INVISO (30s), who we recognize by his voice as Prisoner #1, is short and slight, but uses his own maul as if it's no heavier than driftwood.

INVISO

Always save some bread from dinner. We only get broth for lunch.

JULIAN

No wonder men are dying. How do they expect us to--

INVISO

Don't talk. Unless you want the dog on you next.

Julian swings his maul. In a few moments, he and Inviso have a rhythm going. But Ernst continues to struggle.

EXT. ROLL CALL AREA - DUSK

Kapos lead their fellow inmates into the area for evening roll call.

As in the morning, all line up in rows of 10.

Some prisoners carry those who died during the work day, including the old man, and place them at the head of the appropriate row.

Each Kapo, with his green triangle, begins to count.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - DUSK

August stands at the window watching--

JULIAN

Supporting Ernst, who limps in behind the others.

EXT. SACHSENHAUSEN - PRISONER MESS HALL - NIGHT

At the five yard distance, the 175ers - all with 175 across the back of their jackets - wait outside as the OTHER PRISONERS exit the mess hall.

INT. PRISONER MESS HALL - NIGHT

Alone, the 175ers sit on benches at several wooden tables. As always, armed guards are nearby.

Julian sits with Ernst on one side, Inviso on the other.

Julian looks at the small pieces of brown bread and cheese on his plate. Disappointed but still starving, he shoves the cheese into his mouth.

JULIAN
(through a mouthful)
Is this all we get?

INVISIO
We're on punishment detail. They give us less food. Not that the others get much more. Like I told you, save some for tomorrow. You'll need it.

Inviso breaks off a piece of his own bread and sticks it in his pocket. With extreme difficulty, Julian and Ernst do the same.

ERNST
May I ask why you're called Inviso?

INVISIO
(matter-of-fact)
I was one of eleven kids. Got lost in the crowd. When I left home, I was still too short and plain for anybody to notice. But that's an advantage for a pick-pocket. Until there was nothing left to pick. Couldn't figure out what the hell I would do next until I discovered that while I may be short, my throat can take in a prick the size of a--

ERNST
How long have you been here, Mr. Inviso?

INVISIO
Inviso will do. And I've been here long enough to know that while you and me are stuck on the brickworks detail...

He turns to Julian.

INVISIO
You've got a way out.

Inviso glances at Kapo, sitting at the head of the table with a piece of meat and a boiled potato.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

The mound of meat and potatoes on August's plate is untouched, but his stein of beer is nearly empty.

August appears to be listening to the other SENIOR SS OFFICERS at his table.

SS OFFICER #1
I heard the number is closer to 17,000.

SS OFFICER #2
Whatever the number, we had every right to deport them. But Poland has no fucking right to refuse them.

SS OFFICER #1
(nods)
Poland has to take back their own Jews. If they don't, we can always use more workers at the brickworks. Isn't that right, August?

With a polite nod, August refills his stein with beer as a familiar voice gets his attention.

STEFAN

Sits at a table with JUNIOR OFFICERS, including Hans. Indulging food and drink, Stefan commands attention as he places a small stack of money at center table.

STEFAN
The old man was easy. Small pay-out.

Nonetheless, the winner of the bet - one of the junior officers - scoops up the money.

STEFAN
Next one will pay more because it won't be so easy to pick which 175er dies next.

JUNIOR OFFICER #1
Seems easy to me. It'll be the limper.

STEFAN

Maybe. But my money's on...

Giving it due consideration, Stefan sips his drink.

STEFAN

Pretty boy.

The junior officer shakes his head.

JUNIOR OFFICER #1

His kapo won't let anything happen to him until he's had his fill.

STEFAN

I heard pretty boy told the Kapo to go fuck himself.

JUNIOR OFFICER #2

Bet he's tried!

The officers laugh, and Hans glances at--

AUGUST

Who grabs his stein and leaves his table.

EXT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Trying not to shiver, Julian stands at attention, his uniform streaked with clay.

Oblivious to the cold night air because he wears a jacket, Kapo lights a cigarette.

They appear to be alone.

KAPO

How did you like the brickworks?

JULIAN

I enjoyed the fresh air.

KAPO

Then you won't mind going back tomorrow.

JULIAN

It's better than the alternative.

Kapo punches Julian in the stomach. While he waits for Julian to straighten--

KAPO

You'll come to your senses in less time
than you think. They always do.

AUGUST (O.C.)

Kapo!

Startled, Kapo spins to see August - eyes blazing.

AUGUST

My office.

Without glancing at Julian, who's finally managed to
stand up straight, August strides off.

Kapo flicks his cigarette butt at Julian's feet and goes
after August.

Julian watches August until his shadow becomes one with
the dark.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

August sits behind his desk. He takes a package of
cigarettes out of his drawer and holds them up.

Kapo grins.

KAPO

What can I do for you, Sergeant Brandt?

AUGUST

You can help me win a bet.

August throws the pack of cigarettes at Kapo, who catches
it like it's made of gold.

EXT. ROLL CALL AREA - MORNING

Cold rain falls on the prisoners, who sway from fatigue
to varying degrees. Those who don't stand at attention
are hit by guards.

Each Kapo reports his head count to Hans, who stands near
August, ticking off numbers on his clipboard.

AUGUST

(to the prisoners)

Separate into lines according to your
work detail.

He watches Julian follow Ernst, but Julian doesn't get far before Kapo stops him.

KAPO

Report to the infirmary.

JULIAN

Why?

KAPO

You coughed all night. If you spread whatever you have to the others, we'll have no one left to work.

JULIAN

I wasn't cough--

AUGUST

Do we have a problem?

JULIAN

He wants to send me to the infirmary, but I'm not sick.

AUGUST

You're a homosexual. Of course, you're sick.

August turns away from the hurt in Julian's face, and speaks quietly to Hans.

AUGUST

Escort the prisoner to the infirmary. And make sure he has a reason to stay.

HANS

How much of a reason?

AUGUST

A day or two should be long enough.

Nodding, Hans leads Julian away.

August turns to Kapo.

AUGUST

Oversee the brickworks detail.

Inviso and the others on that detail watch Kapo as if waiting for a tantrum. All appear surprised when Kapo nods and steps to their row, leading them off on the long, wet march to the brickworks factory.

INT. SACHSENHAUSEN - INFIRMARY - DAY

Clean. Well-equipped.

Hans walks behind Julian past white-tiled walls toward DR. KELLER (50s), who surveys Julian with dispassion.

DR. KELLER

Why is he here? Nothing broken. No blood.

Taking out his gun, Hans uses the butt to hit Julian in the back of the head. Julian collapses.

HANS

Maybe a little blood.

EXT. ORANIENBURG - BRICKWORKS FACTORY - DAY

The SS guards wear long overcoats and boots, while the rain soaks through the prisoners' thin jackets and puddles in their sockless wooden shoes.

With tools that slip out of wet hands, the prisoners hack away at muddy clay.

Inviso works alongside Ernst in the pit. If anything, Ernst struggles more than he did the day before.

INVISO

(whispers)

Did you save your bread?

Ashamed, Ernst shakes his head.

INVISO

I didn't either. Not at first. Takes a little while for your stomach to shrink so you're not as hungry.

Ernst gazes down the row of men, all thin.

ERNST

I guess we're all shrinking.

Inviso holds out a piece of bread.

ERNST

No, thank you. I'm fine.

Shrugging, Inviso pops the bread into his own mouth.

ERNST

I'm more worried about Julian.

KAPO (O.C.)

Want me to arrange a visit?

Putting down his maul, Ernst turns to Kapo.

ERNST

If it's possible, I would appreciate it.

KAPO

Put in a good day's work, and I'll see what I can do. Like I told you, there are rewards for those who do as they're told.

Nodding, Ernst picks up his maul and swings at the clay.

Inviso glances at the smirking Kapo as he walks away, taking a new pack of cigarettes out of his jacket pocket.

INT. SACHSENHAUSEN - INFIRMARY - DAY

A dozen beds filled with very sick or seriously injured men, except for Julian.

He wakes, focusing blurry eyes on his surroundings. No nurses. No doctors. No guards.

Julian sits and feels the back of his head. Focusing his eyes, he sees that his uniform has been replaced by a hospital gown - sans pink triangle.

WILHELM (O.C.)

Did you fall?

Julian turns to WILHELM (20s) lying in the bed to his right. A white sheet covers his thin body; near his feet, blood spots the sheet.

JULIAN

No. I think... someone hit me.

WILHELM

Happens a lot.

Julian returns his half-smile.

JULIAN

What happened to you?

He gestures to the bloody sheet.

WILHELM

Too much running.

JULIAN

Did you try to escape?

WILHELM

Never ran away, just ran in circles.

JULIAN

Why?

WILHELM

Testing boots for the army. Boots passed,
feet failed.

Wilhelm pulls back the sheets, and Julian winces at the sight of his swollen, blistered, bloody feet.

JULIAN

I'm sorry...

WILHELM

Not your fault. Besides, there are compensations. Food's better in here. And sometimes they play music.

JULIAN

I haven't heard music in... months.

He hesitates, knowing the question might give him away.

JULIAN

Do they turn the lights off at night?

Wilhelm also hesitates, then reaches out his hand.

WILHELM

I'm Wilhelm. And it was dark as pitch last night.

Julian shakes his hand.

JULIAN

I'm Julian.

He smiles. For the handshake, and the promise of music in the dark.

LATER/NIGHT

Julian wakes to the sound of CLASSICAL MUSIC and opens his eyes to the dark.

He closes his eyes with rare peace at the sounds of strings and flute.

Then lightening brightens the room followed by what sounds like a DRUM BEAT enveloped in THUNDER.

JULIAN

Did you hear that?

Carefully turning his sore head, he sees that Wilhelm's bed is empty.

INT. INFIRMARY - HALL - NIGHT

Julian walks down a dark hall, following MUSIC that gets LOUDER and LOUDER with each step.

Lightening and he sees closed doors to his right and left. THUNDER and it's dark except for a sliver of light coming through a door cracked open.

Holding the back of his gown together with one hand, he pushes the door open with the other.

INT. INFIRMARY - "MUSIC" ROOM - NIGHT

Lightening illuminates several file cabinets and a phonograph on a table, as BRAHMS meets THUNDER. Then dark except for a circle of light coming from a wall.

Julian walks in and toward a small hole in the wall positioned so that he can look through it without having to stoop or stand on tip-toe.

JULIAN'S POV - EXAM ROOM

He peers around a thin metal strip to see a white-tiled, clean and orderly exam room.

Wilhelm lies on an examination table. One foot is bound with fresh bandages. Dr. Keller, wearing a white lab coat, finishes dressing the other foot.

DR. KELLER

You should be able to stand with less pain now. Shall we try?

Wilhelm nods, and the doctor helps him up. Wilhelm stands, the pain making sweat bead along his brow.

DR. KELLER

If you can manage just a few steps. I'd like to check your height and weight so I know how much medication to give you for the pain.

He gestures toward the wall Julian watches from, and Wilhelm takes small painful steps toward it.

JULIAN

Appears relieved and backs up, when he hears BOOTS in the hallway. The right/left stride of a soldier.

INT. INFIRMARY - HALL - NIGHT

Also wearing a white lab coat, Stefan opens the door.

INT. INFIRMARY - "MUSIC" ROOM - NIGHT

Leaving the lights off, Stefan turns the MUSIC up.

Hidden behind a cabinet, barely breathing, Julian watches Stefan pull a gun from the pocket of his lab coat.

Pressing himself against the wall, Julian closes his eyes, waiting to die.

The MUSIC SWELLS, partially muffling the SINGLE SHOT.

Julian opens his eyes and gazes down - gown still white.

Peeking out, he watches Stefan leave and listens to his FOOTSTEPS fade down the hallway.

On legs that shake so badly they barely keep him upright, Julian goes back to the wall.

JULIAN'S POV - EXAM ROOM

Wilhelm lies on the floor, a bullet hole in the back of his neck.

JULIAN

Horried, runs into the dark hall, where someone grabs him by the arm and pulls him into another room.

INT. INFIRMARY - SUPPLY ROOM - NIGHT

The door shuts quietly behind them. A flash of lightening and Julian's eyes quickly scan cleaning supplies before they rest on August.

Darkness followed by THUNDER as August pulls Julian into his arms. Julian surrenders. Lost in a kiss that blots out everything else. At least for a moment.

August pulls away first.

AUGUST

What the hell were you doing in there?

JULIAN

What difference does it make? Do you know what those monsters are doing?

August steps back and turns the light on. Julian sees the answer in his face, which he punches.

Off-guard, August falls into a stack of cleaning supplies that CRASHES to the floor as the MUSIC SWELLS.

Both watch the door, waiting to be discovered.

The door stays shut. August rises and straightens his uniform to regain his composure.

AUGUST

Julian, I never took part in... what goes on down the hall. I never--

JULIAN

Pulled the trigger?!

AUGUST

Keep your voice down.

JULIAN

Of course. I wouldn't want you to lose your position.

August shoves Julian against the wall and moves in. There's as much anger as desire between them.

AUGUST

I told you I had no choice. But maybe you're incapable of understanding that because you never had to worry about where your next meal was coming from.

JULIAN

You didn't have to worry. I would've--

AUGUST

Supported my entire family?

JULIAN

If you would have let me.

AUGUST

Even if I had, your father would never have allowed it.

Knowing he's right, some of Julian's indignation drains from him.

JULIAN

There's no point in debating that now.
You made your decision. You're...
(as if it just dawned on him)
Here. How did you find me?

AUGUST

I came to make sure you were all right.
And to check on your *friend*, Ernst.

Julian ignores the implication.

JULIAN

What's happened to him?

AUGUST

He was beaten for not following orders.

JULIAN

So what's next? Will he step on a scale and get shot?

AUGUST

Not as long as he can still work. Maybe you can nurse him back to health when he returns to the barrack.

JULIAN

There was a time when your jealousy would have amused me. But even if I wanted him, he wouldn't want me. Ernst told the truth when they processed him, even after he was beaten. Because that's what a righteous man does.

Looking as if he'd been punched again, August pulls Julian toward the door.

AUGUST

If anyone sees you, say you were looking for the toilets.

August turns off the light and reaches for the door handle. Before he turns it...

AUGUST

Despite what you think of me, please let
me help you stay alive.

The MUSIC comes to another crescendo followed by a DRUM
BEAT, which Julian now knows is another gun shot.

JULIAN

I don't want your help. But I would
appreciate your doing whatever you can
for Ernst.

Julian opens the door and walks away.

INT. INFIRMARY - WARD - NIGHT

Only half a dozen beds in this ward.

August enters and approaches the GUARD (20s).

AUGUST

I need to question a prisoner about an
incident at the brickworks.

Nodding, the guard steps aside.

August follows the MOANS to the bed Ernst lies in, his
face unrecognizable. Eyes swollen shut.

Leaning down, August whispers.

AUGUST

Ernst Klein?

Ernst flinches.

AUGUST

I'm not here to hurt you. I want to help.
If you'll listen to me.

Hesitating, Ernst nods.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

August and Father De Leon are in "confession," one on
either side of the file cabinets.

FATHER DE LEON

I'm listening, my son.

AUGUST

I told a 175er that he should consider asking for the cure.

The priest winces at the thought.

FATHER DE LEON

I suppose sometimes there's no other way, especially in a place where his lack of self control could--

AUGUST

He's not a homosexual. But now that he's here, his status can't be changed.

FATHER DE LEON

Then why suggest the cure?

AUGUST

Because if he's castrated, he's no longer considered a threat to the other prisoners. Then I could transfer him to a barrack with a Kapo who'll watch out for him, and he might have a chance.

The priest understands the implication.

FATHER DE LEON

I can't condone needless mutilation. But I won't refuse him.

AUGUST

Thank you, Father.

FATHER DE LEON

Is there anything else?

AUGUST

Nothing you or God can help me with.

Father De Leon opens his mouth to speak, then shuts it as he hears August rise and put the cabinets back in place.

Closing his eyes, the Father bows his head in prayer for the man who cannot ask for help.

INT. INFIRMARY - WARD - NIGHT

Julian lies in the dark listening to the MUSIC that no longer soothes. Turning his head, he looks at the--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Empty bed, where Ernst should be.

Instead of music, SNORES, COUGHS, and an occasional MOAN.
Then the inevitable SHUFFLE of LEATHER across the floor.

Kapo sits on the empty bunk.

KAPO

Did you enjoy your rest?

JULIAN

Not as much as one would think.

KAPO

Plenty of time to think though.

JULIAN

Not about you.

Kapo stands and takes Julian's thin jacket from a peg on the wall. Reaching inside the pocket, he pulls out a piece of brown bread.

JULIAN

I didn't--

KAPO

Let's go.

Knowing it's no use to argue, Julian wearily gets up.

EXT. ROLL CALL AREA - NIGHT

The area is empty. The night cold and clear.

Three ten-foot wooden posts stand several feet apart. At the top of each post is a spike.

Arms tied together, Julian hangs by his wrists from the spike in one of the posts.

Kapo looks up at the agony in Julian's face.

KAPO

It doesn't have to be this way. Just say
the word.

Only when Kapo is out of sight does Julian allow himself to SCREAM.

SAME/MORNING

All of the prisoners stand in place for roll call, and all look at Julian with pity, many in tears.

August marches into the area, catching his breath at the sight of Julian, who hangs motionless.

Not knowing if Julian is dead or alive, he struggles to control his voice.

AUGUST

The prisoner can't work if he's tied up
like a fatted calf.

Kapo appears with a bucket.

KAPO

My thoughts exactly, Sergeant.

He puts the bucket down and motions to Inviso, who helps him take Julian down. Unconscious, he lies on the ground until Kapo dumps the bucket of cold water over his face.

Gasping, Julian startles awake.

Not realizing he'd been holding his breath, August also takes in enough air to refill his lungs.

KAPO

Fit for duty, Sergeant.

August sees Inviso shoot Kapo a look of hatred that mirrors his own feelings.

AUGUST

He will be. With a dry uniform and a bit
of food. The Commandant wants bricks not
more bodies.

He gestures to Inviso.

AUGUST

Get him ready for work or you'll both be
hanging from those posts tonight.

INVISIO

Yes, sir.

Inviso helps Julian to his feet.

EXT. ORANIENBURG - BRICKWORKS FACTORY - DAY

Wearing a dry uniform, Julian works alongside Inviso in the pit. With every swing of the pickaxe, Julian appears as if he'll collapse.

INVISO

He's waiting for you to fall.

Julian glances at--

KAPO

Lights a cigarette for the guard with an attack dog, then lights one for himself.

INVISO

He'll tell the guard to let the dog at you, as long as he stays away from your face. Kapo likes your face. The dog will likely stay away from your balls for the same reason.

JULIAN

I like my balls. So I'll try to stay upright. Can't make any promises though.

Inviso looks at the guards to make sure no one's watching and hands Julian a chunk of cheese. Julian puts it in his mouth before anyone can see.

INT. CASINO - NIGHT

Stefan is in an especially bad mood as he skewers a piece of bockwurst as if it were--

STEFAN

Why the hell does Sergeant Brandt get to go to the conference?

Hans tries to contain his pride.

HANS

The Commandant chose him to represent Sachsenhausen in case there are any questions about the progression of the brickworks factory.

JUNIOR OFFICER #1

He'll probably get to meet Chief Himmler.

HANS

It's possible. Chief Himmler did set up the first camp at Dachau, and he's in charge of organizing all the concentration camps. So he may want to meet the representative from each camp.

Stefan stabs another piece of bockwurst.

INT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Inviso helps Julian, too weak to walk on his own, to his bunk. Julian falls on the mattress, moaning as sore, stretched muscles hit unyielding straw.

Inviso sits on Ernst's bunk, holding out an apple.

INVISO

I know you want to sleep, but you need to eat a little more first.

Eyes closed, Julian shakes his head.

Inviso takes a bite of the apple, pulls it from his teeth and holds the apple under Julian's nose.

Julian's eyes open.

JULIAN

How did you get that?

INVISO

I have a talented tongue. According to one of the guards.

Rolling his eyes, Julian strains to sit up and Inviso hands him the apple.

JULIAN

Why give this to me?

INVISO

I was hoping it would make you fall in love with me.

For a moment, he looks serious. And then Inviso laughs, and they take turns eating the apple - heads bowed together so no one else can see, or hear.

JULIAN

Tell me the truth.

INVISO

The enemy of my enemy is my friend.

JULIAN

With an enemy like Kapo, you must have many friends.

Inviso glances around the barrack at the other pitiful looking inmates, and nods.

JULIAN

Have you heard anything about Ernst?

Mouth full of apple, Inviso nods.

JULIAN

Is he alive?

INVISO

If you want to call it that. He chose... the cure.

Inviso swings what's left of the apple back and forth across his genitals, then hands it to Julian.

Appetite gone, Julian lets the apple fall on his bed.

JULIAN

Why would he--

Kapo reaches in and grabs the apple, taking a bite before he speaks.

KAPO

Stealing food is a hanging offense.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Still in his black uniform, August stands at the window, bottle of whiskey in his hand, peering out at--

JULIAN

Hanging from the post. His mouth open in a scream.

AUGUST

Turns away from the window. Tormented, he swigs from the whiskey bottle.

A KNOCK. August doesn't respond. A LOUDER KNOCK.

AUGUST

Come!

Hans enters and sees both the bottle and August's poorly hidden distress.

HANS

Sorry to bother you. I just wanted to remind you about your trip tomorrow.

AUGUST

What trip?

HANS

The conference in Nuremberg. Chief Himmler's giving an address on the Organization and Obligations of the SS and Police.

AUGUST

Obligations...

He turns back to the window, watching--

JULIAN

Mouth open in another pain-filled howl.

AUGUST

Eyes full, it takes him a moment to speak.

AUGUST

Tell the Commandant I can't go. Tell him... I'm sick.

HANS

If you don't attend the conference, the Commandant would see it as a personal insult. You'd lose favor with him.

August turns on Hans.

AUGUST

I don't give a shit!

Despite August's anger, Hans maintains his calm.

HANS

Well, you should. Because Corporal Anspach would like nothing better than to take your place at the conference - and in this office.

August gazes back out the window, knowing what that would mean to Julian.

AUGUST
Make the fucking travel arrangements.

EXT. ROLL CALL AREA - MORNING

Despite his uniform being immaculate, August is somewhere between drunk and hung-over as he steps forward, and prisoners rush to their respective work-detail lines.

ERNST

Walks to the line led by Father De Leon. Thinner, his face is expressionless, even when he sees--

Inviso and another guard bring Julian to the head of the brickworks line. Unconscious, he still shivers.

Inviso speaks to Kapo, loud enough for August to hear.

INVISIO
He's burning up.

KAPO
A bucket of water will cool him off.

He raises a hand to gesture for Inviso to get it, but the hand falls at the CRACK of the whip across his back.

Staggered, Kapo turns to see August, whip in hand.

AUGUST
It's your responsibility to make sure these prisoners are fit for work!

Kapo cowers as the whip SLICES across his back again.

Stefan looks pleased as August raises the whip again.

FATHER DE LEON
Sergeant Brandt! Please...

Hand shaking with fury, August reluctantly lowers the whip and turns to Father De Leon.

FATHER DE LEON
May I speak to you about an urgent matter regarding my work detail?

August sees the plea in his eyes, but shakes his head.

AUGUST

You may speak to Sergeant Werner. I'm leaving for Nuremberg.

SERGEANT WERNER (30s) steps forward, but is careful not to stand in line with August, who's still in charge.

August turns to Kapo, who rises with caution.

AUGUST

You have failed to provide a full work detail more than once. You are no longer Kapo of this barrack.

August rips the green triangle off Kapo's uniform and hands it to Inviso. It's hard to tell who's more shocked - the old Kapo or the new one.

AUGUST

I will expect that prisoner...

Unable to look at Julian suffer, he gestures to him.

AUGUST

To be fit for work by the time I return.

INVISIO

Yes, sir.

AUGUST

And he...

He gestures to Kapo, unable to look at him because the hate in his eyes would be too obvious.

AUGUST

Takes his place at the brickworks.

Inviso motions Kapo toward the line for the brickworks.

Glaring at August with utter contempt, Kapo obeys.

INT. CONFERENCE - DAY

Sitting in an audience of SS OFFICERS, August tries to hide his own contempt as he watches--

Reichsführer SS and Chief of the German Police, HEINRICH HIMMLER (37) wearing his SS uniform accented by pince-nez glasses and a 'toothbrush' mustache.

SUPER: "Organization and Obligations of the SS and Police, address given by Chief of the German Police, Heinrich Himmler. Nuremberg, Germany."

HIMMLER

And let's take into account the facts I have not yet mentioned, namely that with a static number of women, we have two million men too few on account of those who fell in the Great War. Now you can well imagine how this imbalance of two million homosexuals and two million war dead, or in other words a lack of about four million men capable of having sex, has upset the sexual balance sheet of Germany, and will result in catastrophe.

MURMURS of agreement throughout the adoring crowd.

HIMMLER

Of course, there are those homosexuals who take the view - what I do is my business, a purely private matter. However, all things that take place in the sexual sphere are not the private affair of the individual, but signify the life and death of a nation. The people who have many children have the capacity for world power - and world domination. But a nation that produces too few children is doomed to insignificance. Therefore, if we continue to have this burden of homosexuals, it will lead to the end of the Germanic world!

August glances at nodding heads to his right and left.

HIMMLER

Unfortunately, we don't have it as easy as our forefathers, when homosexuals were drowned in a swamp. That wasn't a punishment, but simply the extinguishment of abnormal life. It had to be got rid of, just as we pull out weeds, throw them on a heap, and burn them. It was not a feeling of revenge, simply that those affected had to go.

More MURMURS of agreement.

HIMMLER

Even in the SS, we have about one case of homosexuality every month.

Officers in the crowd glance at one another with suspicion. Hesitating, August does the same.

HIMMLER

I have decided that these people will be publicly degraded, expelled, and handed over to the courts. Following completion of punishment imposed by the courts, they will be sent to a concentration camp, where they will be shot while attempting to escape. Thereby, I hope to have done with persons of this type in the SS, so that the good blood, which we have in the SS, and the increasingly healthy blood which we have cultivating in Germany, will be kept pure. We must put an end to them before they put an end to us!

With no choice, August joins in the THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

EXT. NUREMBERG, GERMANY - GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT

Several stories of luxury. By the front door, a PORTER attends to GUESTS arriving in a Mercedes-Benz.

SUPER: "Grand Hotel. Nuremberg."

INT. NUREMBERG - GRAND HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

The swanky bar is overtaken by SS OFFICERS, most who hold steins of lager in their hands.

Including August, well on his way to drunk.

SEVERAL HIGH-CLASS PROSTITUTES (20s) enter the bar.

Spotting them, as if they'd arrived like an order of take-out food, an SS OFFICER (late 20s) jumps up on the bar to the horror of the formally dressed BARTENDERS.

SS OFFICER #3

We must do our duty and provide more children for the homeland!

WHOOPS from the men as the Officer jumps down and takes the prettiest prostitute by the hand.

SS OFFICER #3

Will you have my baby?

PROSTITUTE

If you'll marry me.

More WHOOPS as the men pair up with prostitutes.

August quietly slips out a back door.

INT. SACHSENHAUSEN - KITCHEN - DAY

Tears run down Julian's face.

JULIAN

Thanks Inviso.

Tears also run down Inviso's face, as he peels another onion. The kitchen counter has two piles of onions - one they've already peeled and one they've yet to peel, the latter being much larger.

INVISIO

I can't take all the credit. Sergeant Brandt made me kapo. He said as long as I sent enough men to the brickworks, where I assigned the rest of us was up to me.

Julian turns back to the onions to hide a surprise tinted with comfort, as though he'd been on a long journey and had glimpsed home. If only for a moment.

INVISIO

So I figured the kitchen was the best place for us. Easier to steal food.

JULIAN

Don't know if we should risk it. I'm just glad to be warm.

They both gaze gratefully at the massive ovens, where SEVERAL PRISONERS load loaves of bread.

INVISIO

We're a helluva lot warmer than our old kapo is right now.

EXT. ORANIENBURG - BRICKWORKS FACTORY - DAY

Kapo tries to hold on to the maul handle, but his cold hands slip. Bending over to pick it up, he's suddenly face down in the clay.

Turning over, he looks up at Stefan.

STEFAN

Next time you let go of that maul, I'll let the dog pick it up for you.

The attack dog is barely held in check by another guard, as Kapo scrambles to his feet.

EXT. ROLL CALL AREA - DUSK

Prisoners gather for evening roll call, lining up in rows of ten as the kapos begin their respective head counts.

As happens every day, prisoners carry the bodies of those who died during the work day and place them gently at the head of the appropriate row.

Clipboard in hand, Hans approaches Sergeant Werner.

HANS

Before we let them go, we need to assign men to the work detail for tonight.

Werner looks puzzled.

HANS

More digging in the catacombs beneath the mortuary. It was planned before Sergeant Brandt left.

WERNER

(nods)

Use 175ers. Let their kapo choose.

Werner gestures toward Inviso.

INT. PRISONER MESS HALL - NIGHT

As usual, the 175ers eat alone.

Inviso sits next to Julian, passing him a few slices of sausage under the table.

Sitting nearby, eating his broth and brown bread, Kapo watches Julian put the sausage in his mouth like a dog eager to take his bone away.

INVISO

I have to pick a few men for a work detail tonight.

Inviso surveys the men at the table, all exhausted.

JULIAN

I'll go.

INVISO

Then I will, too. But who else?

JULIAN

The biggest?

He gestures to a TALL PRISONER (20s), newly arrived who's still a fairly healthy weight. Inviso nods.

INVISO

And the meanest.

He smiles at Kapo.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hans straightens the files on August's desk when Stefan enters without knocking.

STEFAN

Where's Sergeant Werner?

HANS

Retired for the evening. Is there something I can help you with, Corporal?

STEFAN

I want to talk to him about tonight. I put in my time today. Why the hell do I have to--

HANS

Sergeant Brandt specifically assigned you to the project before he left.

STEFAN

That son-of-a-bitch!

Stefan storms out, leaving the door open behind him.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - HALL - NIGHT

Stefan's only a few feet down the hall when a GUARD (20s) escorts Kapo toward him.

STEFAN

What the hell is he doing here? He's not a kapo anymore.

Before the guard can open his mouth to speak--

KAPO

No. But I want to be a kapo again.

STEFAN

And I want to have sex with Marlene
Deitrich tonight.

KAPO

Would Sergeant Brandt's dolly-boy do?

Stefan's jaw drops.

KAPO

I take it you didn't know he had a
favorite among the 175ers.

STEFAN

(unconvincing)
Of course, I knew.

KAPO

Then maybe you've already had a taste of
what he gets all the time and aren't
interested in what I have to offer.

Stefan glances at the other guard who nods.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

His hand on the door handle, Hans appears more hurt than
perplexed as he listens to what Kapo has to offer.

EXT. SACHSENHAUSEN - PATHOLOGY BUILDING/MORTUARY - NIGHT

One-story brick building with a long slung ceiling.

Inviso, Julian, Kapo, and the TALL PRISONER (20s) carry
shovels and lanterns.

Four armed guards walk behind them, including Stefan and
the guard from the hallway.

They go behind the building to the 'corpse slide.' One
set of concrete steps on either side of a concrete slide
that leads into the mortuary cellar.

INT. SACHSENHAUSEN - MORTUARY CELLAR - NIGHT

The guards and prisoners make their way warily under
tiled archways past white pathology tables with drains,
stained reddish-pink, in the center like long sinks.

Stefan stops at a doorway.

STEFAN

Open it.

He prods Inviso with his baton.

Reluctantly, Inviso hands Julian his lantern and opens the door - the stench making them both back up.

INT. SACHSENHAUSEN - CATACOMBS - NIGHT

The catacombs are lined with corpses: some fresh, some not-so-fresh. All still in uniform, mostly with triangles of yellow, purple, or pink.

Unlike the prisoners, the guards have a free hand to cover their noses and do so.

Holding a lantern high so they don't trip on the bodies, Inviso whispers to Julian.

INVISO

I'm sorry. They didn't tell me...

Inviso stops, he and Julian staring at--

LEO

Whose rotting corpse lies against the wall, the teenage face beginning to shrivel like an old man's.

STEFAN

Move!

Glancing at the guards' automatic weapons, Julian and Inviso trudge ahead.

LATER/SAME

No more bodies because they've come to the end of the tunnel. Stefan and the other three guards lean against the wall, as he gives the work detail their orders.

STEFAN

Start digging. We'll need more room soon.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Rucksack over his shoulder, August finds Hans asleep at his desk, head resting on folded arms.

August puts his rucksack on a chair and nudges Hans.

Opening his eyes, Hans gazes at August with the usual adoration, until he comes fully awake.

HANS

You weren't due back tonight.

August notes the uncharacteristic disapproval.

AUGUST

Last-minute decision.

Hans rises and starts to leave.

AUGUST

How did things go while I was away?

Hesitating, Hans turns to him.

HANS

Corporal Anspach was angry about the detail in the catacombs until the kapo... the ex-kapo for the 175ers told him about your... dolly-boy.

AUGUST

My *what*?

INT. SACHSENHAUSEN - CATACOMBS - NIGHT

Julian and Inviso dig by lantern light while Kapo and the tall prisoner carry dirt out, using their shirts to hold it. One of the guards follows them out.

As soon as they're out of sight, Stefan points to Inviso.

STEFAN

You can leave. Catch up with the others.

Julian starts after Inviso. Stefan holds out his baton to block his way.

STEFAN

You've still got work to do.

INVISIO

I'll stay and help.

STEFAN

I said, you're done.

With a worried glance at Julian, Inviso leaves.

EXT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

August strides toward the barrack to see the work detail return from a different direction. Julian isn't among the prisoners. Reigning in his anxiety, he asks the guard--

AUGUST

Where's Corporal Anspach?

The guard shrugs.

INVISIO

Still in the catacombs, sir. With one of my men.

The guard backhands Invisio, and we see the yellow-white of Kapo's smile as August nearly runs into the dark.

INT. CATACOMBS - NIGHT

Striped trousers tossed aside, Julian lies on his stomach in the dirt, face turned toward the wall. Shock. Terror. Humiliation.

One of the guards slowly unbuckles his belt.

STEFAN

The rest of us can't wait forever.

GUARD #1

I've never... I mean, with a--

STEFAN

Keep your eyes on his ass and think of Marlene Deitrich or Sonja Henie.

Nodding, the guard lowers himself over Julian.

AUGUST

Flashlight in hand, runs through the tunnel. Stopping, he listens. Nothing but the hammering of his own heart.

Turning a corner, he sees a light in the distance and picks up the pace until he comes to a sudden stop.

Anxiety turns to rage as he sees--

JULIAN

Lying on the ground, the guard GRUNTING as he grinds against him.

AUGUST

Reaches for his revolver.

STEFAN

I'm sure the Commandant knows this kind of thing goes on. But I'm not sure he'd approve of one of his favorite officers having a favorite queer. So why don't you just wait your turn.

August turns his fury to Stefan, whose smirk fades.

STEFAN

Unless you'd rather go next. He's your dolly-boy, after all.

Hand still on the butt of his gun, August looks from Stefan to the other guards. It's clear he wants to kill them all. But then what?

A PAIN-FILLED MOAN from Julian.

Reluctantly letting go of his gun, August yanks the guard off of Julian.

GUARD #1

What the hell...

His annoyance dissipates as soon as he looks at August.

GUARD #1

Sorry, sir. Didn't know it was you.

Backing away, the guard pulls up his trousers.

Julian tries to rise, but Stefan pushes him back down with his boot as he turns to August.

STEFAN

If you'd rather I go next...

With that unthinkable option, August slowly unbuttons his trousers and lowers himself on top of Julian, who trembles beneath him.

August hears a WHIMPER as he penetrates his lover.

Still facing the wall, Julian can't see the wave of emotion hit August like a tsunami.

Rage as Stefan chuckles, and August thrusts harder.

Lust as he becomes more excited by the man he's longed to touch for months, and he penetrates deeper.

And on the other side of climax - utter self-loathing.

With one final push, he leans low and whispers--

AUGUST

I'm sorry.

Recognizing the voice, Julian tenses beneath him.

Pulling out, he turns Julian over.

Julian stares at August and sees his own anguish mirrored there - just before August's fist slams him in the face.

STEFAN

What the fuck...

Ignoring him, August lifts Julian on legs that hold him up just long enough for August to punch him again.

Unconscious, Julian falls. August pulls back his fist again - a bit slower. Waiting for--

STEFAN

I'd rather not fuck a corpse!

August turns away from Stefan and grabs Julian's trousers, pretending to clean himself.

AUGUST

Be my guest. If you don't mind a little shit on your prick.

STEFAN

Filthy queer!

Stefan moves to kick Julian, but not before August grabs him by the arm.

STEFAN

Protecting your dolly-boy?

AUGUST

Does it look like it?

Stefan glances at Julian - barely conscious, left eye already swelling, nose bleeding.

August moves closer to Stefan.

AUGUST

If you ever do this again without my express permission, I'll take you to that special examination room and pull the fucking trigger myself. Are we clear?

Without looking at Julian, August tosses the trousers to one of the guards.

AUGUST

Make sure he has these on before you take him back to his barracks. And no more damage. I want him able to work tomorrow.

Slowly, August starts out of the tunnel, waiting for Stefan to follow.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

August sits at his pouring himself a whiskey. A KNOCK. He drains the shot glass and puts the bottle and glass away.

AUGUST

Come!

Hans opens the door to let Julian inside.

AUGUST

(to Hans)

That will be all. I'll call when you can escort the prisoner back to his barrack.

Nodding, Hans closes the door behind him.

August stands and walks toward Julian, who backs away. While Julian's face has healed, inside he's still raw.

August stops.

AUGUST

I understand if you hate me, Julian. I just wanted to tell you that I never intended to... force myself on you. I just couldn't think of another way to--

JULIAN

Join in the fun?

AUGUST

You think I enjoyed it?

JULIAN

Are you really going to tell me that you took no pleasure in--

AUGUST

I would have gotten a helluva lot less pleasure watching the others--

JULIAN

Why didn't you kill them?!

Julian is more shocked by these words than August.

AUGUST

I wanted to. More than anything I've ever wanted in my life. But if I had, someone would have asked why.

JULIAN

And raping a prisoner is no excuse?

AUGUST

Not here.

JULIAN

Thank you for clarifying. May I go back to my barrack now?

AUGUST

Yes. After you beat me.

JULIAN

Don't tempt me.

Ignoring Julian's balled fist, August pulls a handful of darts from his drawer and points to the dartboard on the back of the door.

JULIAN

If you think I'm going to play--

AUGUST

You win, you leave.

He holds out a dart. Unwillingly, Julian takes it.

Rusty, Julian hits the door instead of the dartboard.

August holds out another dart. Julian takes it, making sure not to touch August.

Aiming, Julian hits the edge of the outer ring.

August hands him another dart, and again Julian takes it making sure not to touch August.

Julian throws and, again, hits the outer ring.

August takes his turn. All three darts hit the bulls-eye.

JULIAN

This is completely unfair.

AUGUST

You are in a concentration camp.

Glaring at August's sarcasm, Julian grabs a dart. About to throw--

AUGUST

Deep breath and focus. Unless you want to stay here all night.

Resigned, Julian takes a deep breath and focuses. Aiming, he hits the edge of the inside ring.

August holds out another dart.

AUGUST

You're getting better.

It's more question than statement coupled with a desperate plea in August's eyes.

Julian reaches for the dart, letting his fingers brush against August's hand.

JULIAN

You're going to lose.

Having no doubt, August smiles anyway.

EXT. ROLL CALL AREA - DAY

NEW PRISONERS make their way through the main gate. Their eyes wide with fright as they take in the ARMED GUARDS, attack dogs, guard towers, and barbed wire. No way out.

August, who appears lighter in spirit than he has in weeks, stands off to the side, signing papers on a clipboard that Hans gives him, so doesn't see--

Stefan motioning the next prisoner forward.

STEFAN

State your name, age and offense.

TEDDY

My name is Teddy... Theodore Richter. I
am forty-two years old.

AUGUST

Pen poised mid-signature, looks up to see Julian's old
friend. Sans scarlet cravat and lipstick, he resembles a
balding baker who sampled too many of his own wares.

TEDDY

I was arrested under Paragraph 175.

STEFAN

I didn't hear you.

Teddy had spoken loud enough, so he understands what the
guard wants.

TEDDY

I was arrested for being a homosexual.

Turning away from Stefan's smirk, Teddy sees--

AUGUST

Who pulls his cap low and walks away.

INT. SACHSENHAUSEN - KITCHEN - DAY

Tear-free, Julian and Inviso peel potatoes.

August enters, shouting orders at the TWO GUARDS (20s),
both standing at attention.

AUGUST

Prisoners may be stealing food.

Hearing him, Julian turns with enough fear to make anyone
think he was guilty.

AUGUST

You search those prisoners.

He points toward the prisoners near the ovens.

AUGUST

I'll take these two.

The guards head to the ovens.

August shoves Julian up against the wall, whispering as
he checks Julian's pockets.

AUGUST
Teddy's here.

JULIAN
Teddy...

AUGUST
He saw me. If he tells anyone--

JULIAN
(whispers back)
You'll join me in my barrack?

There's a hint of smugness in Julian's expression.

AUGUST
They don't imprison Nazi homosexuals;
they kill them.

Julian's smug is replaced instantly by anxiety.

JULIAN
I'll talk to Teddy. He's always had a
crush on you. He'll want to protect--

AUGUST
I'm not asking for me.

For the sake of the guards, and the emotion lodged in his
throat like a rock, August speaks gruffly.

AUGUST
Get back to work.

August motions to Inviso, who takes Julian's place.

August searches him and finds food in one of his pockets.

An 'I'm so fucked' expression on Inviso's face until
August removes his hand, leaving the food behind.

AUGUST
Back to work!

To the guards--

AUGUST
Nothing on these two. Report to me if you
find anything on the others.

August leaves.

Inviso returns to Julian; they both resume peeling.

INVISO

What the hell just happened? He found--

JULIAN

We're getting a new prisoner today. I need you to make sure he gets the bunk next to mine.

INT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Inviso brings Teddy to Ernst's old bunk.

INVISO

And remember, hands outside your blanket.

Teddy nods and doesn't notice Julian until he sits.

TEDDY

Julian...

Looking utterly relieved, Teddy moves toward him for a hug, but Julian holds up his hand.

JULIAN

We're not allowed to touch each other.

Teddy sits.

JULIAN

Wish I could say it's good to see you.

TEDDY

Me too. But you look like shit.

JULIAN

Always appreciated your honesty, Teddy.

TEDDY

Is it as bad as they say here?

JULIAN

Worse.

TEDDY

But I saw...

(whispers)

August. He can help--

JULIAN

No. He can't.

Teddy looks nearly as saddened by this as Julian.

INT. POLITICAL PRISONERS' BARRACK - NIGHT

Main differences between this barrack and the 175ers': the prisoners wear red triangles, and it's dark.

A DOOR CREAKS OPEN, then a SWITCH and the light bulbs come on as TWO GUARDS enter.

Father De Leon gets up and approaches the GUARDS, addressing the older of the two.

FATHER DE LEON

May I help you with something, Corporal?

The OLDER GUARD responds with respect.

OLDER GUARD

We're here for one of the prisoners.

Reluctantly, Father De Leon steps aside but follows the guards down the narrow passage between crowded bunks.

The YOUNGER GUARD yanks SAMUEL (20s) from his bunk.

SAMUEL

What did I do?

Neither Guard responds and turns to take him out.

Father De Leon steps in front of them. Arms down. Tone non-confrontational.

FATHER DE LEON

As kapo of this barrack, may I ask where you're taking Samuel?

OLDER GUARD

Infirmary.

Samuel appears more confused than sick.

FATHER DE LEON

I didn't request a sick visit for this prisoner. Obviously, there's been some kind of misunderstanding.

More plea than warning--

OLDER GUARD

You need to get out of the way.

The priest stands his ground.

FATHER DE LEON
Before you take him, I'd like to speak
with First Sergeant Brandt. I'm sure he
can straighten out--

The Younger Guard jams the butt of his rifle into the
Father's mid-section; he doubles over.

The Younger Guard grabs Samuel by the arm and pulls him
out of the barrack. The Older Guard leans down and
whispers to Father De Leon.

OLDER GUARD
The order came from Sergeant Brandt.

Father De Leon looks as if he's been struck again.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bottle of whisky half empty, August unlocks his bottom
desk drawer and takes out his Bible. Opening it, he
stares at the faded weed.

A KNOCK.

Startled, August puts the Bible back in the drawer.

AUGUST
Come!

Hans enters with Father De Leon. Both spot the whiskey.

AUGUST
I didn't send for him.

FATHER DE LEON
I requested the meeting.

AUGUST
Whatever it is, can wait.

FATHER DE LEON
I don't think it can.

AUGUST
Five minutes.

Hans leaves, shutting the door behind him.

August takes out a set of keys and goes to the cabinet
with things to "trade."

AUGUST
What do you need?

FATHER DE LEON
Samuel Dressler.

August unlocks the cabinet and peers inside.

AUGUST
No Samuel Dressler in here.

FATHER DE LEON
The guards said they were taking him to
the infirmary. Per your order.

AUGUST
I give lots of orders.

He waves to the stack of papers on his desk.

FATHER DE LEON
And with each one, you lose a little more
of your soul.

AUGUST
If you're here trying to save it, you're
wasting your time.

August SLAMS the trade drawer shut.

INT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Lights on, WHISPERS float through fetid air like gnats,
as the inmates quietly gossip before sleep.

Julian lies down, eyes on the CREAKING SLATS over him. He
doesn't look at Inviso, who sits on Teddy's bunk.

JULIAN
Teddy went to the latrine.

INVISO
Then he'll be a while. New guys always
spend a long time in the shitter.

Inviso sits on Teddy's bunk.

INVISO
I know you don't want to talk about what
happened... in the catacombs.

JULIAN
No point. What's done is done.

INVISO

I was thirteen when it was done to me.
They were sixteen.

JULIAN

They...

Julian looks at Inviso - the old pain like a scar across his face.

JULIAN

(whispers)

How many?

Inviso holds up one hand - four fingers.

Slowly, Julian holds up one hand - two fingers.

INVISO

You got off easy.

Inviso gives him a sad smile that Julian can't return.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

August locks the cabinet and goes back to his desk.
Opening the drawer, he tosses the keys next to the gun,
but doesn't close the drawer all the way.

FATHER DE LEON

It will be easier to tell me why you
believe your soul is lost when you accept
the fact that you're not telling Him...

(points skyward)

Anything he doesn't already know.

AUGUST

Then why bother?

FATHER DE LEON

Forgiveness.

AUGUST

Some things can't be forgiven.

FATHER DE LEON

That's for God to decide.

AUGUST

He already has. According to the church.

FATHER DE LEON

Isn't that my area of expertise? Why don't you let me--

AUGUST

Because you can't tell me that God will forgive me for being a homosexual or for... raping the man I love.

There is no judgment in Father De Leon, but there is some shock as he sits in the chair opposite August's desk.

August takes a tumbler out of a desk drawer, fills it, and hands it to the Father, who drinks.

FATHER DE LEON

You said you love him. Does he love you?

AUGUST

Not anymore.

August swigs from the bottle.

INT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Sitting, Julian faces Inviso.

JULIAN

Do you still hate them?

INVISO

Not anymore.

JULIAN

How did you stop?

INVISO

It's hard to hate that much for too long. Takes everything you've got.

JULIAN

Did you ever forgive?

INVISO

Why should I? They never asked.

Holding his stomach and groaning, Teddy returns.

Inviso goes back to his own bunk.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pondering what he's been told, Father De Leon sips his second glass of whiskey.

FATHER DE LEON
Have you asked for forgiveness?

AUGUST
I don't deserve it.

Another long swig from the whiskey bottle.

AUGUST
Things I've done...

FATHER DE LEON
You've shown mercy when you could. I've seen it. And you never took a life.

AUGUST
Because I didn't pull the trigger or put the noose around a man's neck or pump the poison into his vein?!

Standing unsteadily, August puts both hands on his desk and leans toward the priest.

AUGUST
Don't tell me there isn't a special place in hell for people like me.

FATHER DE LEON
I think hell is reserved for the truly evil. Those who don't seek forgiveness because they don't feel they need it. Souls incapable of regret or remorse.

AUGUST
I still did what I did.

August slumps back into his chair.

FATHER DE LEON
Is there anything he could do that you wouldn't forgive?

AUGUST
He would never--

FATHER DE LEON
Let me phrase it a different way. Is there anything he could do that would make you stop loving him?

AUGUST
(without hesitation)

No.

FATHER DE LEON
So you believe that he never loved you as
much as you love him?

AUGUST
It doesn't matter how much--

FATHER DE LEON
Of course it does. If we love each other
as much as God loves us, there is nothing
we cannot forgive.

A glimmer of hope in August.

AUGUST
You really believe that?

FATHER DE LEON
I believe you must ask for forgiveness.
But first, you must atone enough so that
you feel like a man worthy of it. Maybe
you could begin with Samuel?

Shaking his head with sad regret, August begins to
rearrange the cabinets into confession mode.

INT. SACHSENHAUSEN - OFFICERS' SUPPLY BARRACK - DAY

Carrying his rucksack, August enters this small warehouse
full of goods for the officers only.

Shelves are lined with canned food, jars of preserves,
cigarettes, and liquor. At the back hang cured meats.

A GUARD (30s) with an air of ownership steps forward.

GUARD #1
Anything I can help you with, Sergeant?

AUGUST
Hope so. I've been invited to dinner with
the Commandant.

The guard appears duly impressed.

AUGUST
Maybe a bottle of wine or--

GUARD #1

The Commandant likes Schnapps, especially after dinner. At least that's what his cook tells me.

AUGUST

Then Schnapps it is.

GUARD #1

Be right back.

As soon as he's out of sight, August quickly makes his way to the cured meats. Grabbing a ham, he stuffs it in his rucksack and is perusing the preserves by the time the guard returns with the Schnapps.

INT. MORTUARY CELLAR - NIGHT

Carrying his rucksack and a flashlight, August stops at approaching FOOTSTEPS and the light of a smaller flashlight. He turns off his own light until he hears--

FATHER DE LEON (O.C.)

Jesus have mercy.

August turns his flashlight on the Father's grief, as he looks at a body on one of the white pathology tables.

AUGUST

I'm sorry, Father. I only chose this place because the guards are afraid to come down here.

Father De Leon approaches the draining body. It's Samuel - the young man that was taken from his barrack.

FATHER DE LEON

What caused this?

AUGUST

They've been experimenting with something called... potassium cyanide.

FATHER DE LEON

The poison you spoke of?

AUGUST

(nods)

One of them. They want to see how men of fighting age react to it.

August joins him, gazing down at the reaction -- a body covered in burns and ulcers.

FATHER DE LEON

Did you know? When you gave the order
that he be taken to the infirmary?

The priest appears more sick at heart than angry.

AUGUST

If I'd refused to take someone from your
barrack, they would have wondered why.
And if I hadn't given the order, someone
else would have.

FATHER DE LEON

But what if you all refused?

Not expecting an answer, Father De Leon starts to lower
his fingers to the dead man's blistered forehead.

AUGUST

Don't touch him, Father.

FATHER DE LEON

He needs last rites.

AUGUST

It's too late for--

FATHER DE LEON

And He rose on the *third* day.

August looks at the body, not yet decomposed, and nods.

Father De Leon makes the sign of the cross, his fingers
gently anointing tortured flesh.

EXT. PATHOLOGY BUILDING/MORTUARY - NIGHT

August and Father De Leon climb up the stairs on either
side of the slide that led into the mortuary cellar as if
rising from hell itself.

August steps out first, looks around, and motions the
Father forward.

AUGUST

Can you get back on your own?

FATHER DE LEON

One of the guards allows me a brief
nightly walk for prayer in return for
cigarettes and absolution.

August looks surprised.

FATHER DE LEON

You're not the only Catholic who isn't a political prisoner.

With a half-smile, August hands him the rucksack.

AUGUST

Will you share some of this with the kapo for the 175ers?

FATHER DE LEON

Of course.

They leave each other, heading in opposite directions.

INT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

The orchestrated passing of food begins with Inviso.

From under his mattress, he pulls a large chunk of ham. Biting off a piece for himself, he hands the ham to Julian, who takes a bite before handing it to Teddy, who rips off a big chunk.

JULIAN

There are lots of men here, Teddy.

Reluctantly, Teddy takes a bite of the chunk and passes both pieces to the hand outstretched from the bunk above.

Timed exactly with the CLICK/CLACK of the guard's BOOTS so that he can't see what they're doing, every prisoner takes a bite of the ham and passes it to the person in the bunk next to or above his own.

But no one passes it to Kapo, who lies in his bunk knowing something is going on - something he can SNIFF in the air - something that makes the other men smile.

INT. OFFICERS' SUPPLY BARRACK - DAY

Stefan enters with his own rucksack and approaches the same Guard who'd helped August.

GUARD #1

How can I help you, Corporal?

STEFAN

Just the usual for the kapos.

He starts toward the cigarette shelf. The guard follows.

GUARD #1

Personally, I don't think they should get anything until we find out who's been stealing food. Couple of weeks ago it was a ham. Then a block of cheese went missing. A few days later, ten cans of sardines, and just yesterday--

STEFAN

Have you reported this?

GUARD #1

As soon as I did inventory and figured it out, I told Sergeant Brandt. Guess he hasn't found the thief yet.

STEFAN

Guess not.

EXT. ORANIENBURG - BRICKWORKS FACTORY - DAY

Kapo works in the clay pit, swinging the maul with more anger than power.

STEFAN (O.C.)

Kapo!

Surprised to hear his old title, Kapo turns toward Stefan, who holds out a cigarette. Suspicious, Kapo drops his maul and walks over to him.

STEFAN

I need information.

Eyes brightening with the promise of power, Kapo takes the cigarette. Stefan lights it for him.

STEFAN

Have you been getting extra food lately?

KAPO

Not me. But sometimes at night, I swear I can smell it.

STEFAN

Find out what's going on and tell me - not Sergeant Brandt.

He hands Kapo another cigarette.

INT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Food makes its orchestrated rounds, sans Kapo, who quietly gets out of his bunk. Unseen, Kapo slinks along the floor on his belly until he can see and hear--

TEDDY

Reluctantly, pulls only a small chunk of brown bread off a loaf before handing it to Julian.

KAPO

Spots the bread. Outraged he reaches for it.

TEDDY

Remember the night you and August--

Kapo pulls his hand back, lowers his head and listens.

JULIAN

Don't speak his name.

TEDDY

Sorry. I was just thinking about how many of us had a crush on him.

JULIAN

I thought it was only you.

TEDDY

(shakes his head)

We all knew no one stood a chance with him. August was so in love with you.

Smirking, Kapo skulks back toward his bunk.

EXT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

Stefan meets Kapo in back of the barrack.

STEFAN

Tell me what you know.

KAPO

Tell me what I get in return.

Stefan takes a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket.

KAPO

What I have to offer is worth much more than that. It's worth making me kapo.

STEFAN
I can't make you--

KAPO
Yes, you can. After you become the new
First Sergeant.

STEFAN
How?

KAPO
Do we have a deal?

Hesitating, Stefan holds out the pack of cigarettes.

STEFAN
Consider this a down payment.

Smirking, Kapo takes the cigarettes.

EXT. ROLL CALL AREA - NIGHT

Teddy hangs from the post by his wrists. His face a study
in agony.

Standing in front of him, Stefan casually smokes.

STEFAN
Just tell me what I want to know, and
I'll cut you down.

TEDDY
I told you... I don't remember anyone
named August.

STEFAN
Fine. We'll see if a few more hours
improves your recollection.

TEDDY
You can't leave me here for--

STEFAN
I can leave you for as long as I like.

Stefan starts to walk away.

TEDDY
Wait!

All smug satisfaction, Stefan strolls back toward Teddy.

INT. GUARD TOWER A - AUGUST'S OFFICE - NIGHT

August peers with satisfaction into his trade drawer -
stuffed with supplies - when there's a KNOCK.

Closing the drawer.

AUGUST

Come!

Hans enters, papers in hand.

AUGUST

It's late, Hans.

HANS

Requisitions. The more prisoners we get,
the more requisitions there are.

August motions Hans toward his desk, where he sits to
sign the papers. As Hans waits, he gazes out the window.

HANS

Corporal Anspach has another 175er on the
hanging post.

August gets up so fast he knocks his chair back, as he
stares out the window to see the--

DARK FIGURE

Hanging by the post.

AUGUST

Holds his breath, waiting for the--

SPOTLIGHT

From the guard tower that swings around to show--

TEDDY

Tears running over lips that won't stop moving, and--

STEFAN

Taking it all in.

Straining to maintain a steady voice, August faces Hans.

AUGUST

The paper work can wait til morning.

HANS

Yes, sir. Will there be anything else?

AUGUST

No.

Disappointed as always, Hans takes the papers and leaves.

LATER/SAME

Door open, August sits behind his desk, head bent over his paper work.

Looking smug, Stefan enters, closing the door behind him.

STEFAN

Apologies for the late hour.

August nods to the chair opposite him.

STEFAN

No, thanks. This won't take long.

AUGUST

Long enough for a drink?

Opening his drawer, August takes out a bottle of whiskey and two tumblers. He leaves the drawer open.

STEFAN

I suppose one of us might need one.

August pours one tumbler full.

AUGUST

You or me?

He looks up to see Stefan's gun pointed at him.

STEFAN

I just had a very interesting talk with your old friend, Teddy.

Raising his glass to Stefan, August sips his whiskey.

STEFAN

Apparently, he's good friends with your... Lover? Paramour? I'm not sure how queers refer to it. Maybe you can explain the difference to the Commandant.

AUGUST

Or maybe he'll ask you to explain why he should believe a prisoner over--

STEFAN

Two prisoners. Let's not forget *Julian*.

Stefan sees August's jaw clench at the name.

AUGUST

Have you spoken to him?

STEFAN

Not yet. But I look forward to it.

The DOOR OPENS.

Stefan turns to see Hans, who sees--

August pull a gun - lying next to the Bible that holds the weed "wedding" ring - from his drawer.

Hans smiles, trying to keep Stefan's attention.

HANS

May I help you, Corporal Anspach?

STEFAN

Yes, you can...

Suddenly, Stefan realizes what he'd only suspected about August and Hans is true. A smile of amusement plays on his lips until he faces August.

Stefan's amusement turns to surprise in the instant before August SHOOTs him in the heart.

Watching Stefan fall, August looks like a man who's never killed before. Dazed. Unable to move.

HANS

You don't have much time.

August turns away from Stefan's stupefied, staring eyes.

AUGUST

I'll need a head-start before you sound the alarm.

HANS

I'll wait as long as I can, but what should I say?

AUGUST

Tell them you came back for some papers and found him - already dead.

HANS
But won't they suspect you?

AUGUST
By then it won't matter.

HANS
(accepting)
You're leaving.

August rushes out the door.

EXT. ROLL CALL AREA - NIGHT

Tears mixed with blood and snot run down Teddy's face as he hangs by his wrists from the spike in the post.

He hears BOOTS on the concrete, turns and sees a dark figure that he assumes is Stefan.

TEDDY
Please cut me down. I told you everything
I know about August Brandt!

AUGUST
And Julian Müller.

Recognizing the voice, Teddy whimpers.

TEDDY
I'm so sorry, August.

AUGUST
So am I, Teddy.

August pulls out his gun; his hand unsteady.

TEDDY
Please August. I swear I won't tell
anyone else about--

August SHOOTS.

The spotlight from the guard tower moves to--

TEDDY

Bullet hole in the head, he hangs motionless.

The spotlight swings until it finds--

AUGUST

Mournfully stares at Teddy, then throws the gun away,
drops to his knees and folds his hands behind his head.

INT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

All prisoners wake to the sound of the SIREN.

Julian looks for Teddy, whose bunk is empty. Fear spreads
over Julian like a disease.

EXT. ROLL CALL AREA - DAY

Every person who resides in the concentration camp is
present, PRISONERS and GUARDS alike.

Commandant Baranowski oversees the proceedings, gesturing
toward the--

EXECUTIONER (40s) wears an SS uniform and is of average
build. His use of the bullwhip is anything but as he
unfurls it over--

August's back - the jacket with 175 slashed, along with
the flesh under it.

MOANING, August goes limp against the large block of wood
his wrists are tied to as the whip hits him again.

The Executioner puts his bullwhip down and reaches into a
pail. As if about to season a stew, he walks to August,
rips off what's left of his jacket and rubs salt into the
bloody, flayed skin.

Finally, August SCREAMS.

Standing among the guards, Hans lowers his head, unable
to bear it.

Standing among the prisoners, Julian watches August,
unable not to, even though it's ripping his heart out.

The Executioner looks at the Commandant, who holds up a
hand, waiting for the SCREAMS to stop before he speaks.

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI

Per order of Reichsführer Himmler, this
homosexual has been sentenced to death.
But does a traitor who murders a brother
in arms deserve an easy death?!

The guards chant NO! NO! NO!

The Commandant nods to the Executioner, who cuts August from the block. August falls, too weak to move.

The Executioner takes a bowie knife from his belt. Leaning down, he stabs August - over and over - with the precision of a surgeon who knows exactly where to cut without causing immediate death.

August tries to shield himself, holding up his hands - the twisted weed wedding ring visible, but significant to the only one person.

JULIAN

Steps out of line and starts toward August, when Inviso pulls him back.

INVISO

Don't make this for nothing.

Tears streaming, Julian struggles to stay put.

The Executioner stands and steps away. His work done.

August lies on the ground. Motionless. Eyes closed.

JULIAN

(whispers)

No, Auggie. Please...

As if he'd heard him, August opens his eyes. With what little strength he has left, he turns his head toward the prisoners, looking for--

JULIAN

Who steps out of line just enough for August to see him.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight through tall windows onto the bed, where August and Julian lie in each other's arms. Happy. In love.

INT. BERLIN - BAR - NIGHT

A lager in his hand, August smiles with pride as he watches Julian throw the dart and hit the bulls-eye.

INT. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

August and Julian rush in past Stations of the Cross leading to an altar where candles burn bright. August frantic to find a nun. Frantic for--

END FLASHBACK

EXT. SACHSENHAUSEN - ROLL CALL AREA - DAY

Julian steps further out of line.

JULIAN

Last rites!

FATHER DE LEON

Looks from Julian to August, the love in their eyes apparent to anyone looking for it.

Stepping forward, Father De Leon takes the attention away from Julian.

FATHER DE LEON

Commandant Baranowski, may I speak?

COMMANDANT BARANOWSKI

For this... abomination?

Father De Leon lifts his head but not his voice, which is low and respectful.

FATHER DE LEON

No matter our sins, we are all God's children. I beg you to show him some small mercy.

The Commandant gazes out at the prisoners, many weeping. But more appear so outraged that they could storm the guards without care of dying themselves.

Grudgingly, the Commandant nods.

FATHER DE LEON

Thank you, Commandant.

Father De Leon goes to August. Kneeling by his side, he takes his head in his lap. August opens his eyes.

AUGUST

I'm... sorry.

FATHER DE LEON

He knows.

He makes the sign of the cross on August's bloody forehead and speaks for all to hear.

FATHER DE LEON

O Holy Hosts above, I call upon thee as a servant of Jesus Christ to sanctify our actions this day in preparation for the fulfillment of the will of God.

JULIAN

Also speaks for all to hear.

JULIAN

None of this is God's will!

GOD'S WILL is chanted throughout the inmate population, so that no one knows that it was Julian.

Father De Leon continues last rites, as Inviso whispers to Julian, who nods and stays silent, his focus on--

AUGUST

Struggling to keep his eyes on the Father.

FATHER DE LEON

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself. That where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go, ye know, and the way ye know. So it be done. August, do you repent of all your sins?

August can't find breath enough to speak.

FATHER DE LEON

Just nod, my son.

August nods, and Father De Leon makes the final cross.

FATHER DE LEON

By this sign, thou art anointed with the grace of atonement of Jesus Christ, and thou art absolved of all past error and freed to take your place in the world He has prepared for us.

He looks at August, who sees no more, and closes his eyes for him. Gently, the priest places his head on the ground. Slowly rising, he faces the Commandant.

FATHER DE LEON

May God bless you for your compassion.

The Commandant dismisses him with a flick of his wrist, and Father De Leon turns to go back to his line.

The Commandant motions for Sergeant Werner, who leans down to listen. Werner's expression makes it clear that whatever he's hearing is causing him distress.

Nevertheless, he nods.

Standing, Sergeant Werner pulls his weapon, aims at Father De Leon and SHOTS him in the back.

A COLLECTIVE GASP as the Father falls.

JULIAN

Looks from the Father to August, both still, and stumbles backward. Collapsing, the last thing Julian sees is Kapo, grinning down at him.

EXT. ORANIENBURG - BRICKWORKS FACTORY - DAY

Julian and Inviso swing their pickaxes at the clay.

Hands bloody with blisters, Julian drops his pickaxe. Bending down to get it, he picks up several small rocks.

Kapo, green triangle back on his uniform, stands with several guards. All smoking, not paying attention to--

Inviso also drops his pickaxe. Bending down to retrieve it, he picks up several small rocks.

INT. 175ERS BARRACK - NIGHT

All of the prisoners appear to be sleeping. Until Julian and Inviso reach under their mattresses for the small rocks they'd collected at the brickworks.

Moments later - POP, POP, POP and the SHATTERING of light bulbs. For the first time - darkness.

GUARD #2 (V.O.)

Stay where you are! All of you!

SHUFFLING and MOANING before one light bulb comes back on and we see--

KAPO

Neck broken, head twisted, eyes staring at nothing
because there is no one to mourn this man.

JULIAN

In his bed, gazes skyward with a sorrow-filled smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING - 1961

Pushing salt and pepper hair out of his eyes, Julian, now age 59, stares at the ceiling. His left arm stretched across the empty side of the bed, his hand moves over the silk sheet as if still reinforcing the fact that he's not sleeping on a straw mattress.

Lifting his head, he looks at the packed boxes stacked against the wall with a melancholy smile.

INT. JULIAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Dressed in casual clothes, Julian oversees SEVERAL MOVING MEN carrying boxes and furniture out. They maneuver around an ATTORNEY (40s), making his way in, wearing a conservative suit and carrying a briefcase.

JULIAN

Thank you for saving me a trip to your
office. Rather busy, as you can see.

ATTORNEY

Happy to oblige, Mr. Müller.

Julian gestures to the piano, covered by a sheet. The attorney sets his briefcase on top, opens it and takes out several papers.

ATTORNEY

A few signatures and the Brandt trust
will continue in perpetuity.

He hands Julian a pen.

JULIAN

Or at least until the money runs out.

ATTORNEY

Not likely to happen any time soon.

The Attorney smiles, as only an attorney would at the thought, and Julian begins signing.

JULIAN

The apartment?

ATTORNEY

Will also become part of the Brandt trust, per your request.

Satisfied, Julian signs the final paper, and hands it to the attorney.

ATTORNEY

I believe that takes care of everything.

JULIAN

Almost.

EXT. SACHSENHAUSEN MEMORIAL - DAY

The main gate opens to the first group of TOURISTS (teens to the elderly). Except for their clothes and hairstyles, they look much like the people who had first marched into camp 25 years earlier.

SUPER: "Sachsenhausen National Memorial, 1961."

Julian walks among the tourists who stop just inside the camp to listen to the TOUR GUIDE (20s).

TOUR GUIDE

You all have the honor of being the first to enter those gates since Sachsenhausen was closed in 1945.

Julian glances back at the gate and the iron letters spelling out *Arbeit Macht Frei*. Panic sets in as his eyes involuntarily dart to--

GUARD TOWER A

Empty. Gutted. Machine gun and spotlight gone.

Deep breath and Julian turns to see that the tourists and their Guide have moved on.

EXT. SACHSENHAUSEN MEMORIAL - BARRACK - DAY

On his own tour, Julian tentatively approaches the barrack where he was transformed into a prisoner, as if it's a portal that could suck him back in.

He sees, as do we--

YOUNGER JULIAN

Comes out of the barrack wearing his "new" striped uniform with the inverted pink triangle. Looking for which line of prisoners to join, he sees August.

Julian covers his shorn head with a striped cap, eyes tearing with humiliation.

August gives Julian a subtle shake of the head - don't show weakness - and stands up straight.

OLDER JULIAN

Still following August's lead, stands up straight.

EXT. SACHSENHAUSEN MEMORIAL - ROLL CALL AREA - DAY

Deserted except for Julian, who sits on one of several cement benches put there for tourists. He gazes around the camp with fresh grief - and fear.

JULIAN

I don't know how I survived this place
for seven years.

(beat)

Not true. I survived because of you. So
I've come to...

He swallows the emotion getting in the way of the words.

JULIAN

Say goodbye, Auggie.

He waits, as if August will object. Silence.

JULIAN

I leave for San Francisco today. They say
a sexual revolution is starting there.
I'd like to be part of another one before
I'm too old.

He looks down at his hands - a few age spots - and sees a dandelion sticking out of a crack in the cement. Smiling, he picks it, plucks the flower off, and twists the stem.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. POTSDAM, GERMANY - FIELD - SUNSET

Sitting on the blanket, August smiles at Julian.

AUGUST

I love you, Julian Müller. Have since I
first laid eyes on you. My life is yours,
and always will be.

JULIAN

And mine...

Julian ties the twisted weed around August's ring finger.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. SACHSENHAUSEN - ROLL CALL AREA - DAY

Eyes full, Julian stands and gently places his dandelion
ring on the bench.

JULIAN

Is yours. Always.

Letting the tears fall like a cleansing rain, Julian
walks toward the iron gate and out of Sachsenhausen.

SUPER:

Between 1933 and 1945, approximately 100,000 men were
arrested by the German police as homosexuals: 5,000 to
15,000 were sent to concentration camps, where the death
rate for "175ers" was as high as 60 percent.

After the war, some homosexuals were forced to serve out
their imprisonment, regardless of time spent in the
concentration camps.

A version of Paragraph 175 remained part of the West
German penal code until 1994.

FADE OUT.