

SWING KIDS

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In the late 1930's there was a new movement on the rise among the youth of Hamburg, Germany. Its followers were antagonistic to the Hitler Youth, wore their hair long, and were obsessed by American and British culture. They called themselves "Swing Kids."

INTERIOR. MOVIE THEATER -- LATE DAY.

ON 2 TEENAGE BOYS, with long hair, watching a movie in progress. One of the boys, PETER, strikes a match lighting his friend, THOMAS's cigarette. Thomas takes a drag and passes it back.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

All those of "viking age" long for risk and adventure and dream of heroic deeds.

REVERSE ON SCREEN: NEWSREEL (BLACK AND WHITE)

A GROUP OF YOUTH, 14 to 17, clean cut, in brown boy-scout-like uniforms, hiking, canoeing, singing songs around a campfire.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Many outings are undertaken to foster appreciation of the land we live in, and simultaneously to hone the young body and mind into a fortress of stamina and resiliency.

BACK ON PETER AND THOMAS

coughing in cigarette smoke. Bored, they "hiss" at the screen.

THOMAS

Pansies!

PETER

Come on, bring on the cavalry.

They laugh, trading elbows in mutual appreciation. A patron "Shushes" them. They laugh some more. Suddenly they stop.

ON SCREEN

A smiling ADOLF HITLER embracing a group of the "Boy Scouts."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The future of the fatherland is in their blood. Its purity guarantees the 1000 year Reich has nothing to fear from within.

BACK ON PETER AND THOMAS

PETER

Let's go already.

The music for the feature starts. The boys whistle, cheer.

ON SCREEN CREDITS ROLL: "CECIL B. DEMILLE PRESENTS... THE PLAINSMAN. STARRING GARY COOPER..."

EXT. THE STREET -- EARLY EVENING.

Two umbrellas coming down the street.

THOMAS
Murderistic. Killa dilla, man.

PETER
Beat me right down to my socks.

THOMAS
The wild west, that's where we belong.
I bet things were really casual there.

PETER
Yeah, Buffalo Bill, now he was sleazy.

PAN up to reveal PETER MUCHIN and THOMAS BERGER, 17, dressed identically in pegged pants with baggy knees, white shirts with high english collars, wide ties with matching stickpins and scottish waistcoats. Longish hair sticks out underneath their bowler hats... Simultaneously they both "draw" their umbrellas.

PETER AND THOMAS
POW POW POW.

They jiggle as if riddled with bullets, laugh... Something brings them up short.

THEIR POV: A CAN OF PAINT and 2 brushes left out in an alley.

They look at each other mischievously.

(MUSIC STARTS OVER: "Life Goes To A Party." MR. BENNY GOODMAN)

EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- EARLY EVENING.

The paint can being carried along... It comes to a stop.

REVERSE ON: A WALL COVERED WITH POSTERS

One shows a parade of youth marching towards "NATIONAL YOUTH DAY, JULY 20TH." Another shows an 'ideal' family on vacation -- a promotion for the "STRENGTH THROUGH JOY" movement. The 3rd shows a huge hand outstretched in the nazi salute, with the slogan: "THIS HAND GUIDES THE REICH."

The brushes dip into the red paint.

The boys furiously work over the posters. They step back and admire their handiwork.

The first poster now reads: "SWING DAY, EVERYDAY." The perfect family now encourages "STRENGTH THROUGH SLEAZE." And Hitler's hand now "GUIDES THE BAND."

The boys blow on the "smoking brushes," laugh, clasp hands triumphantly. As they turn to go, they see...

A well dressed MAN, and his 16 year old DAUGHTER walking by. Peter focuses on the girl. She is blond blue-eyed perfection, and is wearing some kind of school uniform.

The man looks at the vandalizations, glares at the boys. Thomas favors him with the nazi salute, brush in hand.

THOMAS

Heil Benny Goodman!

PETER

(still eyeing the girl)
Swing heil!

Thomas chucks his brush over the wall. Peter follows his lead. As they take off though, Peter turns for one more look.

GIRL'S FATHER.

Hooligans.

He takes the girl's hand. Doesn't notice her head sneaking...

CREDIT SEQUENCE BEGINS.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- NIGHT.

Thomas and Peter turn the corner. THE CAMERA RISES BEHIND THEM as they go towards a NEON SIGN flashing above the entrance to "CAFE BISMARK." Life Goes To A Party comes from within.

INT. CAFE BISMARK -- NIGHT.

The boys come in, taking in a scene which challenges the word "decadent" to redefine itself. The club is jammed with hundreds of "SWING YOUTH" jitterbugging like mad to a band equally possessed. Not even the Beatles's concerts were this far gone.

Two boys dance with one girl throwing her back and forth under their legs and through the air like a sack.

A few boys can be observed dancing together, two cigarettes in the mouth, one in each corner.

Several couples form a circle and start jumping, slapping hands and rubbing the backs of their heads together; then with the top half of the body hanging loosely down, long hair flapping into the face, they drag themselves round practically on their knees.

The music and dancing build to a truly feverish climax.

INSERT TITLE: "HAMBURG GERMANY, 1939."

A FEMALE SINGER approaches the mic to sing: "Whacky Boogie."

FEMALE SINGER
MACKIE TANZTE DER BOOGIE...

A TABLE IN THE CLUB -- SAME TIME.

Peter and Thomas join 3 of their compatriots. KARL and OTTO wear "standard attire", bowler hats and umbrellas. ARVID, or "HERR HITMAN" shows his own flair, sporting white gloves, dark shades and a thin, Django Rheinhart mustache. He also has a guitar.

THOMAS
What's doing, you reefed up hobos?

OTTO
He's an idiot. Artie plays rings around Benny and has one peachy ork.

KARL
Are you nuts? You hear that? He's nuts. Shaw! Tell him, Herr Hitman.

ARVID
(disdainfully)
Shaw's good, but he's not original. The drum solo on "Chant" is stolen straight from "Sing Sing Sing."

Thomas makes a face, looks around.

THOMAS
Who cares? Same bands, same clubs, same chicks. I'm getting sick of it all.

Thomas's eyes light on TWO GIRLS nearby. One of them is pretty. Peter laughs at his friend's hypocrisy.

THOMAS
(bridles)
She's better than the ones you go for. Like that priss we just saw.

PETER
What about her?

THOMAS
Come on, your tongue was hanging down to your knees.
(to the girls)
Want a beer?

The pretty girl looks at her friend. She turns back and nods.

Thomas looks to Peter. Peter frowns, reaches into his pocket, hands him cash, gives a "What a sucker I am" look to Arvid.

ARVID
I'm buying a Blaupunkt.

Peter doesn't know what he's talking about.

ARVID
(continuing)
Those Czech radios I was telling you about. They finally got them in at Kiel's.

PETER
Oh yeah. How much?

ARVID
300 marks. Another gig and I'll have just enough.

THOMAS
If I had 300 marks I wouldn't spend it on some radio.

PETER
But with a set of tubes like that we can get New York. Listen to Benny live.

THOMAS
So what? For that kind of dough you could get a motorbike. Anytime you want, just get on it and cut out.

Abruptly the band switches to another German song, but this one doesn't swing. The boys look at the CLUB OWNER who's just hung up the house phone. He nervously watches the front of the club.

A Gestapo officer comes in with 5 boys in brown uniforms bedecked with swastika armbands. The Hitler Jugend (Youth) police.

KARL
Scheisse patrol.

The Gestapo man speaks to the owner. The patrol postures by the door. Peter eye's light on ONE of the HJs in particular.

PETER
It's Emil.

OTTO
So it's true.

THOMAS
Traitor.

PETER

How could he?

ARVID

He was probably forced into it. It is compulsory, after all.

THOMAS

Yeah, compulsory... They're too busy trying to figure out who's jewish to try keeping track of who's an HJ. Every time they asked me, I just said I already was a member.

PETER

Yeah, but maybe Arvid's right. Maybe he really had to. Come on, he couldn't be a traitor, not Emil.

ARVID

Of course I'm right. Nobody who likes swing can become a Nazi.

The patrol marches out. A waiter signals Arvid. He picks up his guitar, heads for the stage. Thomas laughs it off for the girls.

THOMAS

I don't know how they can stand it, anyway. Marching up and down all day to that farting music.

ON THE STAGE: The BAND LEADER speaks into the microphone

BAND LEADER

All right you hepcats, get ready to really jump up and down... Herr Hitman plays Django.

Arvid plays the intro. The song is "THE CONTINENTAL."

FEMALE SINGER

BEAUTIFUL MUSIC/ DANGEROUS RHYTHM.

The band kicks in, and the place erupts with wild dancing. Thomas drags the pretty girl into the melee. Her friend looks to Peter, but his eyes are back on the door, thinking about Emil.

EXT. CAFE BISMARCK -- NIGHT.

ON Thomas and the pretty girl, "talking intimately." A little up the street Peter, Arvid, and her homely friend, HELGA stand. Arvid is talking her up. Peter looks at his watch, anxious.

ARVID

He's super-mergentroid.
(MORE)

ARVID (CONT'D)

I don't know how he does it.

(his last two fingers)

I've even tried taping these down
and then playing. It's impossible.
And he can play a fifth progression.

PETER

Thomas! We'll miss the tram.

HELGA

Why does Django use only three
fingers? Isn't it harder?

ARVID

The others were paralyzed in a fire.

PETER

Thomas!

Thomas and the girl finally disengage. Her friend smiles at Arvid, who doesn't know what to do. She and her friend leave. Thomas joins the boys, grinning. Peter annoyed, starts off.

THOMAS

What's the rush? Mama waiting up for you?

PETER

Stuff it. Babysit your own leftovers.

Arvid has to hustle to keep up. He walks with a SLIGHT LIMP.

THOMAS

You didn't like Helga? Herr Hitman
seemed to hit it off with her.

ARVID

(embarrassed)

I did not. I was just being nice.
What do I look like, a zookeeper?

Thomas laughs. Peter sees something.

PETER

Oh no. Hey stop!

Up the block the streetcar is passing by. It doesn't stop.

PETER

Great. We're screwed. The next one's
not for an hour.

THOMAS

(that mischievous look)

Yours may be... Last one on's an HJ
pansy.

Thomas takes off after the tram. Peter can't help but smile. Arvid begs him with his eyes not to... Peter gives him a "You can do it" look, takes off after Thomas. Arvid makes a face, starts running as best he can.

(MUSIC OVER: BENNY AND HIS BOYS KICK IN WITH "ROLL 'EM.")

EXT. THE NEXT STREET -- NIGHT.

ON the boys running after the tram. Thomas leads with Peter right behind. Arvid, lugging the guitar and limping, lags.

The tram stops at a light. Thomas jumps on the back, Peter after him. They turn and encourage Arvid, who's giving it all he's got. But it's not enough, the light changes and the car speeds up, leaving him behind. He stops, wheezing. Scowls at them.

THOMAS AND PETER

riding the back of the tram. Thomas waves, laughing. He glances at Peter, who looks back guiltily, and then at him.

THOMAS

Don't look at me, you're the one...
Oh hell, if he can't keep up...

EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- NIGHT.

Arvid walking alone, grim. Suddenly Peter and Thomas step out from around a corner. They laugh. He's unappreciative.

PETER

We weren't going to leave you.

Arvid looks at Thomas, he's not so sure.

THOMAS

Come on, Herr Hitman. We looove you.

He laughs, tries to put his arm around him. Arvid shakes him off, indicating A FIGURE in the shadows walking towards them. The boys tense. The figure WHISTLES a tune at them. We'll hear it again. The song is "HARLEM." They relax. Peter whistles it back.

The figure comes out into the light. He's a swing kid.

SWING KID

Got a cig?

Peter gives him one, lights it.

The kid nods his thanks, moves on. The boys look at each other relieved. But Arvid isn't ready to make peace with Thomas, and sets off ahead, pouting.

EXT. THE HAMBURG CANAL -- NIGHT.

The boys walking next to the canal. Thomas and Arvid won't look at each other. Peter, in the middle, feels bad... his fault.

Suddenly he jumps up on the ledge of the canal wall, uses his umbrella as a balancing pole. He walks the tightrope. It's a 50 foot drop. His friends protest.

THOMAS

Are you crazy, man?

ARVID

You're going to fall.

Peter carefully turns and faces them, his feet precariously balanced on the edge. He laughs at his accomplishment.

PETER

I don't care. At least then I'd be in swing heaven. I bet things are really casual there. Can you imagine? All day swinging to the latest english hits, absolutely smashed, and eternally surrounded by really amazing women!

He lifts his arms up, ecstatic.

CLOSE SHOT: HIS LEFT SHOE SLIPPING...

He loses his balance and starts to fall backwards.

His two friends reach out and grab him just in time, pulling him down on top of them. Peter laughs some more.

THOMAS

Man, you are really cracked, you know it.

They laugh together, get up, look to Arvid. He's examining the guitar to make sure it's all right. He looks at them.

ARVID

Swing heaven, huh?... That could be the sleaziest party ever.

He smiles at them. They "whoop" it up... Suddenly the SOUND OF WHISTLES up ahead. Peter turns.

HIS POV

FLASHLIGHTS on the run, shouting. Scan to pick up a MAN being chased by the lights. He races onto a small bridge. MORE FLASHLIGHTS run at him from the other side. He's trapped.

ON PETER

He starts going towards the bridge. His friends chase after.

ON THE MAN

looking both ways as soldiers shout for him to "HALT." He turns and throws himself off the bridge. They SHOOT into the water.

The boys stop, gasping with fear. They don't see...

TROOPER

Halt there!

A FLASHLIGHT shines in their faces. TWO Gestapo TROOPERS stand with guns pointed at them. The boys freeze, except Peter.

PETER

(still trying to see)
We were just...

The trooper HITS him with the butt of his rifle. Peter goes down.

2ND TROOPER

Move along. That way.

The boys bend down to pick Peter up.

1ST TROOPER

Quickly.

They pick him up and move off in the prescribed direction.

THOMAS

You okay?

PETER

Yeah. Bastards.

ARVID

That was close.

Peter holds his jaw -- still he can't help turning back towards the bridge for another look.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Peter lying asleep in bed. A hand shakes him awake. He looks up. His brother NEDDIE, age 9, stands before him in his bathrobe.

NEDDIE

What happened to you?

Peter winces in pain, feels his jaw. It's swollen.

INT. THE BATHROOM -- MORNING.

Peter examines his bruise in the mirror.

NEDDIE

Who gave that to you, the HJs?

PETER

Gestapo.

NEDDIE

You were fighting with the Gestapo?!

PETER

No, we got in their way. They were chasing someone at Mannken bridge. But he jumped off before they could get him.

NEDDIE

Did he live?

Peter hasn't considered this possibility. He suddenly turns...

INT. THE BEDROOM -- FOLLOWING.

Peter rushes back in and hurriedly starts getting dressed.

NEDDIE

Let me come with you.

PETER

Forget it.

NEDDIE

I'll tell mama.

Peter grabs his arm and twists it behind his back.

NEDDIE

(continuing)

Hey, that hurts.

PETER

It'll hurt more when it's broken. I tripped getting into bed last night, hit my jaw.

(twists harder)

Get me?

NEDDIE

Yeah.

Peter lets him go, resumes getting dressed.

INT. THE MUCHIN KITCHEN -- MORNING.

ON an old fashioned RADIO set to a station featuring the German Army Marching Band.

FRAU MUCHIN, a striking woman, late 30's, in factory work clothes, is standing next to a cabinet holding a half a can of jam. She's upset, calls into the hall.

FRAU MUCHIN

Mama Klara!

Peter comes in followed by his brother, kisses her.

PETER

Good morning mama.

He turns, goes for the bread, hoping she won't notice.

FRAU MUCHIN

What happened to your face?

PETER

(casual as he can be)

Oh. When I came in last night, I tripped and hit it on the bed, almost knocked me out. Right, Neddie?

Neddie nods without much conviction. Frau Muchin knows better. Peter, a piece of bread in his mouth, takes the jam from her.

PETER

Jam. What's the occasion?

FRAU MUCHIN

(takes it back)

It takes four ration cards for just one can. We had three cans only a few weeks ago. Now this.... Mama Klara! Your grandmother waits till we're gone and then gorges herself on it.

PETER

I've got to go.

FRAU MUCHIN

Where are you off to in such a hurry?

PETER

(leaving)

Herr Shufler needs me this morning.

FRAU MUCHIN

Who were you fighting with?

Peter stops, shoulders sink. Neddie hides behind a copy of ILLUSTRITE ZEITUNG. The magazine cover shows a SMALL BOY wearing a GAS MASK SUIT.

PETER

Mama I told you what happened. Don't worry. All we do is dance.

FRAU MUCHIN

Maybe Thomas's parents are so well placed they don't have to worry, but if you lose your place in school you'll be working at the factory like me.

PETER

I won't mama. You'll see, I'm going to be an engineer. There's a great need for engineers now. I'm off.

He kisses her and runs out. She knows she's been had. Neddie walks over and turns off the radio. Frau Muchin looks at him.

NEDDIE

It's farting music.

INT. PHONE BOOTH -- MORNING.

Peter on the phone.

PETER

Meet me at the bridge in an hour.

INT. THOMAS'S HOUSE -- SAME TIME.

Thomas on the phone in the hallway of a very grand house. His eyes stay fixed on the open door to the dining room.

THOMAS

Why?

INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM.

PETER

They'll be dragging the canal. See if he made it.

THOMAS

Forget it, he's a thing of the recorded past.

PETER

Maybe not. He could have...

A VOICE calls to Thomas from the open door. Angry.

VOICE

Thomas!

THOMAS

Got to go. See you at the hot club.

PETER

Wait.

The line is dead. Peter hangs it up.

INT. THE BERGER DINING ROOM -- MORNING.

Thomas walking into the elegant dining room. Immediately there's something different about him. The brashness is gone, his manner seems almost timid. He joins his FATHER and MOTHER at the table.

BERGER

Didn't you hear me calling you?

THOMAS

Yes Papa. Morning mama.

FRAU BERGER

Good morning Thomas.

Thomas sits at his place. A maid serves him.

BERGER

Morning -- that's about what time you got in last night, isn't it? I suppose you don't care that you kept your mother up worrying about you.

THOMAS

(looks down)

I'm sorry.

BERGER

It's a little late for that.

The maid finishes serving, leaves. Thomas can feel his father's cold eyes still on him. He braces himself.

BERGER

What is going to become of you Thomas? I've given up hoping anything good for you. Lord knows, I've done everything I can. They won't take you back in school, I tried.

Thomas's head sinks deeper. His mother looks at him concerned.

FRAU BERGER

Dietrich, please. Can't we at least have breakfast...

BERGER

It's a disgrace. I don't understand it. I graduated first in my class. Sometimes I wonder whose son he is.

Frau Berger sits tight-lipped. Thomas's face is full of shame

FRAU BERGER

Eat, before it gets cold.

Obediently, Thomas starts to eat.

EXT. THE MUCHIN HOUSE -- DAY.

Frau Muchin walking down the street in her work clothes. Something up ahead makes her slow.

At the end of the block she sees a rough-looking man, 40'ish in a Nazi party uniform talking to a shopkeeper. This is BLOCKLEADER HINZ.

Frau Muchin would like to avoid him, but can't. She puts her head down and tries to walk by.

Hinz turns and starts along. He sees her, head down, coming his way. The sight of her immediately straightens him up into a pathetically preening posture. His hand goes from his mouth to his head, matting down what few hairs he has left.

HINZ

Good day Frau Muchin.

FRAU MUCHIN

(barely looking up)
Good day Herr blockleader.

HINZ

How have...

FRAU MUCHIN

I'm sorry. I'm late for work.

She keeps right on going.

HINZ

Oh, of course.

He looks after her, angry.

HINZ

(continuing, to himself)
Some other time then.

INT. SHUFLER'S BOOKSTORE -- DAY.

Peter, hands drumming impatiently, looks towards the back of the cluttered old bookstore. The clock chimes nine o'clock.

Finally HERR SHUFLER, late 40's, emerges energetically from the back. Shufler is a small, fiercely intelligent man. His almost jovial manner masks a probing eye which doesn't miss a detail. He carries what looks to be 3 books wrapped in brown paper.

SHUFLER

We'll have to skip Herr Manglesdorf again today. No one is answering. I do hate leaving him off, though. These older customers are the only ones who read anymore. Everyone else is too busy going to parades.

Peter takes the books and starts out.

SHUFLER

Wait, don't you need the addresses?

Peter comes back. Shufler looks him over.

SHUFLER

In a hurry today.

PETER

No.

SHUFLER

(writing)
Nasty bruise. Trip or something?

Peter considers... then blurts it out.

PETER

I saw someone jump off a bridge last night.

SHUFLER

Really?

PETER

Whoever it was, was being chased by the Gestapo. They had him cornered. I got hit when I got too close.

SHUFLER

It's better to stay as far away as possible from anything like that. Count yourself very lucky.
(feigning disinterest)
What bridge was it?

PETER

(excited)

Mannken. You should have seen it. He wasn't going to let himself get caught. What do you think he did?

SHUFLER

I don't know. He must have done something, though. They don't chase people for nothing. Probably a black marketeer or a communist.

Peter thinks about this. Shufler surreptitiously looks up at him.

PETER

At least he didn't just wait for them.

Shufler holds the list out towards him. But Peter, lost in thought, doesn't notice it.

A small bell on the door jingles as it opens. Blockleader Hinz comes in. He carries some rolled-up posters under his arm.

HINZ

Heil Hitler.

SHUFLER

Herr Blockleader, Heil Hitler.

Peter looks at Hinz. His reaction is nothing like his mother's. Just a generic nervousness. Hinz looks at him with some recognition, but can't quite place him.

HINZ

How is business today, Herr Shufler?

SHUFLER

Business is good everyday in the Dritte Reich.

HINZ

Just so. I came by because you do not have the new posters in your window. Didn't you receive notice?

SHUFLER

Oh, yes. I meant to get them. How stupid of me.

HINZ

I thought you might have forgotten, so I took the liberty. It is a shop for readers, let them read this.

He hands him a poster from under his arm. Shufler unfurls it.

The poster reads: "SEND THE TRAITOR JEW FROM OUR MIDST."
Underneath the slogan is a grotesque caricature of a Jew: horns grow from his forehead; he has a tail and green eyes.

SHUFLER

How kind of you.

Peter doesn't react to the poster. He is however self-conscious under Hinz's continuing stare. Hinz looks at the packages.

SHUFLER

This is Peter, Herr Blockleader. He works for me. Do you know Frau Muchin?

HINZ

(the light dawns)
Frau Muchin, of course. A good, loyal, hard-working German woman. And this is her son.

Hinz smiles at Peter, who looks away. Shufler holds out the list.

SHUFLER

Peter, here it is.

PETER

Huh? Oh. Thank you, Herr Shufler.

Peter turns and goes out the door. Hinz continues to stare after him. As Peter goes out a MALE CUSTOMER comes in.

BOOK CUSTOMER

I'm looking for a rare edition of "Faust." It's for a present.

SHUFLER

(searching a shelf)
I think I may have just the thing.

HINZ

I'll be going then, Shufler.

SHUFLER

Thank you again, Herr Blockleader.

Hinz turns and heads out of the store... Shufler pulls out a book, continues talking to the customer, but his eye is on Hinz.

SHUFLER

Is this what you're looking for?

The door shuts. The two men look at each other. Shufler whispers.

SHUFLER

The boy. Last night he saw someone avoid the Gestapo by throwing himself off manken bridge.

BOOK BUYER

Manglesdorf?

SHUFLER

I don't know. If it was him, then
at least he didn't...

The man nods, looks around cautiously, opens his briefcase,
takes out an envelope. Shufler looks over some papers inside.

BOOK BUYER

The boy, who is he?

SHUFLER

He knows nothing. I've just been
using him for deliveries. He's
Wilhelm Muchin's son.

BOOK BUYER

Muchin's son? Still, be careful
Hermann. These swing hooligans, who
knows what they believe in.

EXT. A STREET -- DAY.

Peter, packages in hand, hurrying down the street. He rounds the
corner towards the canal and almost runs into 3 GIRLS. He sees
that they are wearing the same school uniforms as his dream girl
from last night. His eyes follow them up the street.

They go into a building with many more girls. Peter goes along,
searching the crowd. He can't believe it but there's his blue-
eyed beauty, laughing obliviously in a group. His eyes swoon.

EVEY, 16, senses him staring, turns. It takes her a second to
realize. She smiles, but quickly looks away before her friends
catch on. As she goes in, she gives him one more look.

Peter breaks into a big smile, looks at the name above the front
door: "FRAU REMER'S ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES." Beat. He remembers
the bridge, turns and races full tilt down the street.

EXT. MANNKEN BRIDGE -- DAY.

Peter races up to a corner across from the bridge, panting. He
can see boats in the water with dredging equipment. He wants to
get closer but the bridge is crawling with Gestapo.

ON A BLACK MERCEDES,

Two small nazi flags framing either side of the hood, pulling up
to the bridge. The door opens and MAJOR KNOPP gets out. Knopp is
in his late 30's. He's tired, and has a cold. He blows his nose,
walks to the bridge and looks down a long flight of steps.

Coming up the stairs towards him are 2 medics carrying a body covered with a sheet. Knopp stops them, raises the sheet. He shakes his head, uncomprehending. Covers the body back up.

A GESTAPO LIEUTENANT snaps to attention in front of him.

GESTAPO LIEUTENANT

Heil Hitler!

KNOPP

(less enthusiastically)

Heil Hitler. I thought he was to be taken alive.

Knopp stops the officer from explaining by raising his hand.

ON PETER WATCHING FROM ACROSS THE STREET,

disappointed, as the body is loaded into a van. He suddenly notices Knopp surveying the street, ducks out of sight.

ON KNOPP

scanning the street. He doesn't see Peter. He turns back towards the officer and blows his nose again.

GESTAPO LIEUTENANT

I trust Herr Major will be feeling better soon.

Knopp sizes up the concern mixed with suspicion

KNOPP

It's just a cold, Lieutenant. People do get them, you know.

EXT. THE NEXT STREET -- DAY.

Peter going into a building with only one package left. Short pause. He comes back out, minus the package and turns...

A HITLER JUGEND, his age, is coming down the street towards him. Peter nervously looks away. He feels the HJ looking him over very carefully. As the two pass, he is surprised to hear the HJ WHISTLE. It's "HARLEM."

Peter keeps walking, not knowing what to make of this. At the corner, he turns and looks. The HJ is gone. Peter reflects. His face slowly breaks out into a huge grin.

INT. ARVID'S ROOM or "THE HOT CLUB OF HAMBURG" -- DAY.

A portable phonograph playing silky-smooth swing. Low down and hot. A SIGN on the door reads "THE HOT CLUB OF HAMBURG."

A GARGANTUAN RECORD COLLECTION lines the walls along with photos of OLD COWBOY STARS(long hair, sideburns), PRE-WAR BRITISH POLITICIANS(bowler hats, umbrellas) and the QUINTETTE DU HOT CLUB DE FRANCE (we can see Django's deformed fingers on the guitar)

Otto, Karl and Thomas lay about lazily, sharing a cigarette. Arvid sits opposite them wearing a BLINDFOLD. Karl hands him the cig. The record ends. Arvid takes a long drag, exhales.

ARVID

I grooved this platter from the first lick. "Uptown Blues." December 14, 1938. The Harlem express.

KARL

The hitman never misses.

Arvid removes the blindfold. Underneath he's still wearing his shades. He ever-so-carefully returns the record to its jacket.

KARL

When it comes to playing hot, nobody beats Jimmie, he sends me.

OTTO

We should send you to a mental home. Dorsey has it over Lunceford like a tent.

KARL

Dorsey! Did you hear him, Herr Hitman?

ARVID

Tommy's the berries when it comes to playing sweet, but he's no ride man.

Karl's triumphant again. But Thomas can't bear it.

THOMAS

Can't we ever talk about anything else?

Peter comes barging in the door, excited.

PETER

You won't believe what happened.

THOMAS

Don't tell me the stiff made it?

PETER

No. You were right. They got him.

Thomas reacts with smug satisfaction.

PETER

(continuing)
But get a load of this.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Afterwards I was making my deliveries, and this HJ walks by... whistling "Harlem."

The boys look amazed.

PETER

(continuing)

It's just like Herr Hitman said. A hepcat can't be broken.

THOMAS

What if he was just trying to trick you? What if they know the signal?

Peter's obviously worried about this possibility.

ARVID

Come on. It took you forever to learn how to whistle "Harlem."

THOMAS

What's that supposed to mean?

ARVID

Just use your head. How could they learn the signal if they never were swing boys? And if they were swing boys then they're not really HJs.

Thomas watches as they pass a new cigarette around.

THOMAS

What, are we just gonna hang around here all day? Let's do something.

KARL

Like what?

THOMAS

Go to the docks, sneak onto one of the boats.

OTTO

Did that last week.

THOMAS

We didn't go to the red light district.

PETER

(guarding his pocket)

We didn't have enough money.

THOMAS

Arvid's got some dough.

ARVID

It's Herr Hitman or Djangoman and
I'm saving it for the Blaupunkt not
for some tart.

THOMAS

That's because even if you paid her,
you couldn't get one to go with you.

They glare at each other. Peter tries to intervene again.

PETER

Look, can't we go out later. I just
got here.

ARVID

Yeah. Peter pick a platter. They
haven't picked a good one yet today.

THOMAS

What about me?

ARVID

The ones you pick even Otto could
identify.

(putting on the blindfold)

Go on Peter.

Peter gets up...Thomas motions him away, goes to the collection
himself. He looks over the records trying to make up his mind.

ARVID

Well...

Thomas picks "LOCH LOMAND." Peter shakes his head, but Thomas is
sure he's got a winner. He goes to put it on. As he brings the
needle over his hand slips and... SCRATCH. They freeze.

Arvid removes the blindfold, looks at Thomas, the scratch.

THOMAS

My hand slipped, sorry.

ARVID

Get out.

PETER

Come on, Herr Hitman. He didn't mean
it, really. We'll replace it.

ARVID

Oh, you will. All the platters have
been re-labeled to get by the censor.

(MORE)

ARVID (CONT'D)

You have to know what you're looking for. And none of you idiots do.

THOMAS

Oh, sorry were not as smart as you. The only reason you know all the hits is 'cause you can't dance to them.

Arvid SMASHES the record on the floor.

PETER

All right, calm down.

ARVID

Screw off. I wanted you to pick, but you always have to go along with his stupid jokes. Well you get out too. All of you. This is my hot club. I don't know why I let any of you be members in the first place.

THOMAS

Up yours. You can have your club. Sit around here all day with your damn records, whacking off.

PETER

(pulling his arm)
Come on, lets just go.

The four boys gather their things, head out the door. Peter looks back. Arvid is picking up the pieces. He looks up, looks away.

EXT. A NEWSSTAND ON THE STREET -- DAY.

The OPERATOR looking at Thomas disapprovingly, hands him a German "GIRLY MAGAZINE." Thomas looks to Peter, Peter pays him. As he does, he casually looks at the headlines on the newspapers below.

"AUGUST 1ST.

POLISH ARMY IN ANOTHER VIOLATION OF FRONTIER. FUHRER DECLARES HE WILL NOT DESERT DANZIG."

Thomas is busily flipping through the mag. Karl and Otto scramble to look as well. They laugh lasciviously, as only teenage boys can do, at the semi-naked pictures.

They pass the magazine around as they continue down the street.

PETER

You shouldn't have said that thing about Arvid not being able to dance.

THOMAS

Why not? It's true. I'm sick of him acting so superior all the time. Thank God at least I won't be going back to school with him and the rest of those egghead fucks.

PETER

What do you mean. Wasn't your father...?

THOMAS

Oh you know, he's a jerk. He said he couldn't get me back in, but I bet he didn't even try.

PETER

(understanding)

Ah, to hell with him. To hell with all of them. It doesn't matter anyway. After this year we'll all be in the labor service.

THOMAS

To hell with that. I'm not going to shovel cow shit on some farm in Alsace. We got out of the HJ.

PETER

It's not the same. The labor service is part of the army. They draft you. And they check up.

OTTO

Yeah. Nobody gets out of it.

THOMAS

We'll think of something.

But nobody believes it. They walk along, depressed. Karl has been looking over his shoulder.

KARL

I think someone's following us.

The boys turn. A figure darts behind a car. Peter's not fooled.

PETER

Neddie, come out of there.

His brother steps out into sight.

PETER

(continuing)

I told you never to follow us again.

NEDDIE

I can be sleazy. Just give me a chance.

PETER

Forget it. Go home to mama.

The boys crack up. They start off.

NEDDIE

Bunch of HJs are beating up a swing
boy in the alley around the corner.

Thomas and Peter exchange looks. Peter looks back at his brother.

PETER

You better not be lying.

EXT. THE ALLEY -- LATE DAY.

5 HJs are gathered around a FALLEN FIGURE kicking him. His black hat has tumbled off and lies at the entrance to the alley.

THOMAS

Playing cowboys and indians?

The HJs turn. Thomas, Peter and the boys stand facing them.

THOMAS

(continuing)
Can we play too?

Now we see why swing kids carry their umbrellas at all times. They raise them at the ready like weapons. The HJs look nervous.

THOMAS

(continuing)
What's a matter? Four against five,
that's still not a fair fight.

NEDDIE

I'll fight.

PETER

(pushes him away)
Get out of here.

The HJ leader, RUGE, pulls a saber shaped knife, standard issue.

RUGE

What about one against one? swing heine.

Ruge suddenly lunges forward. Thomas ducks, barely getting out of the way. Ruge lunges again. This time Thomas knocks the knife from his hand with one swift WHACK of the umbrella. Then it's umbrella to the STOMACH, umbrella to the NOSE, umbrella to the JAW. BLOOD SPURTS OUT. Ruge goes down hard.

THOMAS

Anybody else?

The other HJs back up. Ruge looks up from the ground.

RUGE

What are you, a kike lover?

THOMAS

Just because I hate you, doesn't mean I love Jews.

PETER

(pointing)

Thomas.

Peter is indicating the sprawled teenager who is now lifting himself up. Though he's dressed somewhat like them with longish hair (payes), this is not a swing kid, but a YOUNG ORTHODOX JEW. He looks at the swing boys, at their style of dress, uncomprehending. He nervously gathers up his books, runs away.

RUGE

(getting up)

Keep helping them and we'll deal with you the way we deal with all the traitors of Germany.

Thomas SLAMS him in the stomach once more.

THOMAS

I'm not a traitor. I'm a cowboy. And you're a pansy.

Thomas turns, the rest follow him.

EXT. THE STREET -- EARLY EVENING.

The group of five walking along in silence. Neddie hangs back.

NEDDIE

He looked just like a swing boy. How was I supposed to know?

It's clear that Thomas and the boys don't know what to feel.

PETER

That HJ sure didn't know what hit him, though, did he?

KARL

Yeah. That was the most murderistic, killa dilla I ever seen.

OTTO

Really socko.

THOMAS

I beat him right down to his socks,
didn't I?

They crack up. Neddie steps forward.

NEDDIE

Sent him special delivery, right
into that mellow groove.

They look at him... crack up, shove him around affectionately.
Neddie smiles. They "whoop" with triumph.

INT. THE MUCHIN HOUSE -- EARLY EVENING.

Peter and Neddie come in the front door, still full of victory.
SOUND OF a SLAP from the kitchen.

HINZ (O.S.)

Who do you think you are, telling me
to get out?!

The boys hurry towards the door.

THE KITCHEN -- FOLLOWING

They find Frau Muchin holding her face, while Hinz stands
opposite her, his hand still raised. They in turn see the boys.
Peter starts to advance on Hinz.

FRAU MUCHIN

Peter no! I'm all right. Herr Hinz
was just leaving.

HINZ

I'll leave. I was being kind. I have
my choice of any woman on this
block. I thought a woman with your
special background might value my
protection.

FRAU MUCHIN

We have nothing to fear. For six
years I have proven my loyalty...

HINZ

The new order demands absolute
loyalty. I'm sure the authorities
will be curious as to why during
those same six years you have kept
your son from becoming a member of
our state youth core.

Peter looks at his mother.

HINZ

(continuing)

Our education system is not for delinquents. Youth of his sort belong in a work camp. Good day.

Hinz straightens up into that preening pose again, mats down those few strands of hair and turns to leave.

FRAU MUCHIN

Herr Hinz, wait...

He turns, smiling.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

HINZ

Who are you expecting?

FRAU MUCHIN

No one.

The KNOCKING persists.

FRAU MUCHIN

Peter, tell whoever it is to go away.

PETER

But mama...

FRAU MUCHIN

You heard me.

Peter reluctantly goes to answer the door.

INT. THE HALLWAY -- FOLLOWING.

Peter opens the door. He is shocked to see Knopp, the Gestapo Major with a cold, standing in front of him. Knopp is wiping his nose again. He removes his hat. Peter tries to suppress his fear.

KNOPP

Good evening. Is Frau Muchin at home?

Peter doesn't know what to do. Hinz comes charging out...

HINZ

Who is it?

He is stunned when he sees Knopp, snaps to attention.

HINZ

(continuing)

Heil Hitler.

KNOPP
 (the lazy salute again)
 Heil Hitler. Who are you?

HINZ
 The blockleader, Herr Major. I was
 collecting for the winter relief.
 May I be of some use to you?

KNOPP
 No, you may go.

Hinz nods, shoots a look back at the kitchen, goes out the door.
 Frau Muchin comes out.

FRAU MUCHIN
 Peter...

It's clear that Knopp is immediately struck. He clicks his heels.

KNOPP
 Frau Muchin? I am sorry to disturb
 you. I am Major Knopp.

His eyes go right to her cheek which is CUT. She reaches up...

KNOPP
 (continuing)
 Are you all right?

FRAU MUCHIN
 Yes. It's nothing.

NEDDIE (O.S.)
 Please don't take my mama.

They turn to see Neddie staring at Knopp.

FRAU MUCHIN
 Neddie.

KNOPP
 Nobody's going to take away your
 mother, young man. Though so beauti-
 ful a lady, it is quite tempting.

Frau Muchin looks away nervously. Knopp blows his nose again.

KNOPP
 Excuse me. It seems I cannot shake
 this cold. It's become my perpetual
 companion. Really though, you should
 see to that cut. Is there some iodine?

INT. THE KITCHEN -- EARLY EVENING.

Frau Muchin sits in a chair, as Knopp bends down to apply the iodine. The boys watch. She winces in anticipation.

KNOPP

It will only sting for a moment...
There. See, that didn't hurt very
much. It should heal in no time.

FRAU MUCHIN

Thank you.

She looks at him frightened, not knowing what to expect.

KNOPP

Ah yes, I can see you are wondering.
Regrettably, I am here on official
business. But I hope we can conclude
that as quickly as possible. Do you
know a Karl Manglesdorf?

FRAU MUCHIN

I did. A long time ago. He was an
associate of my husband's.

KNOPP

You have not seen him recently?

CLOSE ON PETER: realizing.

FRAU MUCHIN

No, the last time was probably six
years ago, before my husband...
passed away. What has he done?

KNOPP

It is unimportant. Have any other of
your husband's associates tried to
contact you?

FRAU MUCHIN

No. Since his death I have had
nothing to do with any of his
friends. I took a job at the Farben
factory and have devoted myself to
the Reich and my children.

Knopp looks over at the boys. Peter can't look at him.

KNOPP

You have raised two fine sons. I see
the resemblance.

(Peter's bruise)

Or is it just a family proclivity
for facial abrasions?

Frau Muchin can't help but smile.

MAMA KLARA (O.S.)

Do you have news of my son?

They turn to see MAMA KLARA, 70's, in a ratty old bathrobe and slippers, standing in the doorway. She is "distracted."

FRAU MUCHIN

Excuse her. She's not felling well.

KNOPP

Dear lady, please, it is I who must excuse myself. I have all the information I need.

(hands her a card)

If anything else occurs to you or if there's anything I can do, anything at all. Good day.

FRAU MUCHIN

Good day.

He blows his nose, pats Neddie on the head, and leaves.

MAMA KLARA

Did he come about Wilhelm?

FRAU MUCHIN

Wilhelm is dead, Mama Klara! If only he would stay dead and let us get on with our lives.

PETER

I remember Herr Manglesdorf. He used to come to see papa.

FRAU MUCHIN

Forget those times, do you hear me?

PETER

But they were friends.

FRAU MUCHIN

You don't know the first thing about it. They were fools. You'd be better off forgetting all of them. Now take your grandmother back to her room.

Peter takes Mama Klara's hand and starts out into the hallway, but we see in his eyes that only now is he beginning to remember.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

Peter lying with his eyes open in the dark. Neddie speaks to him

from the other bed.

Peter? NEDDIE

Yeah. PETER

Neddie sits up, looks at him.

NEDDIE
Was Papa a communist?

PETER
Where did you get that idea?

NEDDIE
I don't know. Isn't that why they
arrested him?

PETER
He wasn't a communist.

NEDDIE
Then what did he do?

PETER
(avoiding)
What do you think, I know
everything? It was six years ago.
I don't remember.

NEDDIE
You remember more than I do. I was
only three. I remember they took
him away, and then he came back
after I don't know how long, and
he was sick.

PETER
So?

NEDDIE
Did they make him sick in prison?

PETER
(sharply)
I don't know. Go to sleep.

Peter turns over. Neddie lies back down. Pause.

NEDDIE
But he loved us, didn't he?

Peter lets the question hang in the air.

EXT. STREET -- DAY.

Peter walking down the street, 4 packages under his arm.

(MUSIC STARTS OVER: "THE MAN FROM HARLEM," CAB CALLOWAY)

CAB

It was up at Mike's the other night/
There was really quite a sight/
Tables were filled with bloody
trails/Chewing on the fingernails/
They were waiting for the man from
Harlem...

Peter looks across the street to "KIEL'S RADIO STORE." He goes up to look in the window. The BLAUPUNKT SHORT WAVE is displayed. It has every kind of dial imaginable with markings all the way to China. He continues on.

EXT. FRAU REMER'S ACADEMY -- LATE DAY.

Peter, two packages left, anxiously searches the sea of faces as the girls leave the school. He thinks he sees Evey, rushes up... It's another girl.

PETER

Sorry.

He keeps looking. The crowd thins: Evey's nowhere in sight.

CAB

Everyone was in a daze/Women watched
him with amaze/Each one said she'd
have the man from Harlem. Can you
blame them?

INT. A BUILDING -- LANDING -- DAY.

Peter, one package left, coming up a staircase to the 3rd floor landing. He searches the numbers on the doors, finds number 6.

He's about to knock, when he hears a phonograph playing CLASSICAL MUSIC coming from inside. He is surprised by what he hears. Finally he knocks. FOOTSTEPS approach, the eye slot opens.

PETER

Delivery from Herr Shufler

The door opens. Peter is surprised to see a very BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, early 20's.

PETER

(continuing)
Frau Linge?

FRAU LINGE

Yes.

(sees his confusion)
The book for my mother. She's
bedridden. How very kind of Herr
Shufler to send it. Thank you.

Peter hands over the package. She's about to close the door, sees
that Peter is frozen there, almost leaning in towards the music.

PETER

That's the Archduke trio. Beethoven.

FRAU LINGE

...Yes, that's right. Are you a
student of classical music?

PETER

My father...I think he's the violinist.

FRAU LINGE

Wilhelm Muchin? Really? He was a
great musician. You must be very proud.

Peter nods, embarrassed. He turns to go.

PETER

Well goodbye.

FRAU LINGE

Goodbye.

She watches him go down the stairs.

INT. ALBERTI'S MUSIC STORE -- LATE DAY.

Peter comes in. For sale along with the records are musical
instruments and sheet music. There's an enclosed piano room for
sampling, and a glass listening booth.

Peter heads for the "Classical section," pulls out a record.

INSERT THE RECORD:

"BEETHOVEN: THE ARCHDUKE TRIO

RUPERT PLIETH piano. PAUL LANTZ,
cello, WILHELM MUCHIN, violin."

There's a picture of the three players on the cover. Peter stares
at the picture of his father.

INT. THE LISTENING BOOTH -- DAY.

Peter in the booth listening intently to the BEETHOVEN TRIO.

He looks up. Through the glass pane of the booth he sees Evey come into the store. She glides around the stacks curiously flipping through, pulling out, and examining records. She goes to the jazz section, pulls out something, and with it turns and moves towards the booth.

That's when she sees Peter staring at her. She's startled and embarrassed, starts nervously flipping through another stack.

Peter, all thumbs, tries to get the record back into its jacket. Finally does, steps out of the booth.

She looks up at him. He's about to say something, but a sudden shyness overcomes him. He starts off...

EVEY

Don't you want to listen to it again?

PETER

(Looks at her)

What?

EVEY

The good songs I like to listen to a couple of times in a row.

PETER

No, no, you can...

EVEY

It wasn't good?

PETER

No. Yes, I mean it was.

She takes the record from him. He's embarrassed. She looks at the jacket, looks at him surprised, almost disappointed.

EVEY

Don't you listen to swing music?

PETER

Yeah, sure... But classical's super-mergentroid too.

Despite the bluster she's out of her depth.

EVEY

Super...?

PETER

It's the universal language... music, I mean.

EVEY

Oh right.

PETER

Doesn't matter what kind, anybody can understand it. It's the soul speaking... At least that's what my father used to say... That's him.

EVEY

I see.

PETER

But he liked swing too. He really had an alligator ear.

He takes her selection, looks it over.

EVEY

(anxious)
It's good, huh?

PETER

Oh yeah, it's the best.

EVEY

(confused)
Isn't Benny Goodman the best?

PETER

This is Benny Goodman. Gene Krupa.

She looks at the record jacket. It says "GENE AND HIS BAND."
Peter sees none of it is making sense to her.

PETER

(continuing)
Benny is banned, so... See, Krupa's his skin beater... But the authorities don't know... It takes them forever to catch on. They haven't even banned Arshawsky yet.

She looks at him blankly.

PETER

(continuing)
Artie Shaw... He's jewish. And you can still get Jelly Roll Morton.

EVEY

(one last stab)
...Isn't that the name of a dance?

PETER

(cracks up)

You don't know anything about swing,
do you?

EVEY

Of course I do, what do you...?

She can't fake it anymore, fesses up with an intoxicating smile.

INT. LISTENING BOOTH -- DAY.

Peter and Evey sit cramped in the booth. As the song plays, their eyes play hide and go seek. The song is "YOU GO TO MY HEAD."

SINGER

You go to my head/ And you linger
like a haunting refrain/ And I find
you spinning round in my brain/ Like
the bubbles in a glass of champagne.

PETER

What do you think? It's super-
mergentroid, huh?

She nods, tentatively; points. Peter looks to see Arvid outside the booth, a record in his hand. Further away, ALBERTI, 40'ish emerges from a trapdoor in the floor. Peter and Evey step out of the booth.

ARVID

Sorry...

PETER

Herr Hitman this is...

EVEY

Evey.

ALBERTI

Well are you going to buy it, or not?

Arvid goes into the booth with it.

ARVID

I have to listen to it first. "Jean
and His Band." It could be anyone.

EVEY

That's Benny Goodman. Gene Krupa.

ARVID

Jean, spelled with a "J".

Evey looks embarrassed.

ALBERTI
Who cares? They all sound the same.

ARVID
That's because you're tone deaf.

Arvid puts the record on. It starts playing: the song is "CLEMENTINE". After about two bars he has it.

ARVID
Ah yeah. Jean Goldkette. Hear that?
(to Peter, about the trumpet)
Biederbecke. Unmistakable.

EXT. ALBERTI'S -- DAY.

The three kids come out of the store. Arvid's bought the record.

ARVID
Look, about the other day...

PETER
Forget it.

ARVID
You think Thomas...

PETER
Nah, he's forgotten it too.

Arvid looks at Evey, nervous. He pulls out some money.

ARVID
Played another gig. I'm on my way to get the Blaupunkt right now. You cats should come by. On Tuesdays the sandman broadcasts from the Manhattan room.

PETER
(3's a crowd)
Wouldn't miss it. See you then.

ARVID
Yeah. See you.

Evey smiles at him. Arvid nods, sets off limping, alone again.

EVEY
What's wrong with him?

PETER
What? Oh that. He just has a bad leg.

EVEY
Oh... Who's the sandman?

Peter smiles.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- LATE DAY.

Arvid walking alone down a small street next to the canal.

Suddenly 2 HJs step out in front of him. It's Ruge and another of the ones who beat up the Jewish Boy earlier.

RUGE
Where are you going, swing boy?
Think you can just sleaze around the
streets, doing whatever you please?

Arvid realizes he's in trouble, looks for an escape route.

RUGE
(continuing, knocks his hat off)
You need a haircut. Even my girlfriend
doesn't wear her hair as long as that.

Arvid bends down and picks it up, looks Ruge right in the eye.

ARVID
Pigs don't have hair, just fuzz.

Arvid suddenly makes a break for it, knocking past a third HJ behind him. He runs for his life, but a few yards up his leg gives out underneath him. They catch up.

Ruge stands above him.

RUGE
A cripple too. Pick him up.

The HJ does.

RUGE
(continuing)
Think you're pretty funny, don't
you? Well the fun's over. You're
fucked now. What's your name?

ARVID
Django Rheinhart.

Ruge hauls off and slugs him in the stomach. Arvid doubles over.

RUGE
Your name.

ARVID
Toots Mondello.

Ruge hits him again.

ARVID
(barely gets it out)
Dave Tough.

He goes to hit him again.

VOICE (O.S.)
I know his name.

Arvid looks up, sees the third HJ. It's...

ARVID
Emil.

Arvid smiles in relief for a moment, then in realization his face grows dark.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY.

Peter and Thomas stand looking grave next to Arvid's bed. Arvid's head is SHAVED and MANY OF HIS FINGERS ARE TAPED UP. He laughs.

ARVID
I said, come on, Jimmy can swing but he's been blowing the caps off "Parade of the Milk Bottles" lately and it's becoming old hat. He took offense. Some people have strong opinions about music.

The boys don't laugh with him. Peter's eyes narrow.

PETER
Emil.

THOMAS
I told you.

ARVID
The joke's on him. They said I'd never play the guitar again. He forgot about Django, eh?

He holds up his fingers up. THE LAST TWO ON THE LEFT HAND ARE WITHOUT BANDAGES. They look CROOKED.

ARVID
(continuing)
I wouldn't let the doctors set these fingers. See. they're already starting to look like his.

Peter and Thomas look concerned.

ARVID

(continuing)

It's too bad about the Blaupunkt,
though. We'll miss Benny tomorrow.

PETER

No we won't. We'll go get it for
you. Just give us...

Arvid looks down, they've taken the money too. Peter is really
angry now. He gets an idea.

PETER

Those shits. Don't worry. We'll take
care of it. Come on, Thomas.

Thomas looks at him, uncomprehending. They set off down the ward.

THOMAS

You think Emil isn't going to be
waiting for us?

PETER

We're not going to Emil, we're going
to Kiel's, get the radio.

THOMAS

What, you got three hundred marks?

PETER

Why? Arvid already paid for it,
didn't he?

Peter gives him the mischievous look. It takes Thomas a sec...

INT. KIEL'S RADIO STORE -- DAY.

A bespectacled SALESMAN looks Peter over warily.

PETER

I want to look at a Blaupunkt, please.

RADIO SALESMAN

It's 300 marks.

PETER

Is that all? My father said I could
spend up to 500.

RADIO SALESMAN

(changes his tune)

I'd be happy to show it to you, sir.

He goes to get it. Peter looks at Thomas, who's standing...

EXT. THE STORE -- SAME TIME

Thomas scans the street: a few passerbys but no uniforms.

INT. THE STORE.

The salesman lays the radio on the counter. Peter looks it over.

PETER

Is this the best you have?

RADIO SALESMAN

Well I have a German model that's comparable, but it's more expensive.

PETER

Can I see it?

The salesman nods, goes down the counter to fetch it. Peter watches him. He turns to look at Thomas, who is facing away.

EXT. THE STORE.

Thomas sees TWO REGULAR POLICE coming down the street, about 30 yards away. He turns back only to see Peter grabbing the radio. Thomas tries to call out...too late.

SALESMAN

Hey, what are you doing? Stop!

Peter runs out right past Thomas. Thomas starts after him.

THOMAS

Goddamn police.

Peter looks back. The Police haven't seen him yet.

PETER

(determined)

They won't catch us.

The salesman runs out into the street screaming.

SALESMAN

Somebody stop that boy. He stole a radio.

The police see them now, give chase.

(BENNY AND THE BAND kick in with "SWINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES")

TRAVELING SHOT: THE BOYS

barreling through pedestrians. Peter begins to labor with the heavy radio. Looks over his shoulder, the cops gaining.

THOMAS

Come on, this way.

They turn right at the next corner, the cops in hot pursuit.

EXT. STREET MARKET -- DAY.

They've run right into a street market. They fly down the busy street, crashing into, ducking around, down and over VEGETABLE STANDS, VENDORS and PATRONS.

ON PETER RUNNING

He's really laboring now. Thomas is way ahead. But the police are delayed by a screaming vendor whose stand they've knocked over.

Peter smiles, he thinks he's going to make it. He doesn't see that they are approaching...

A FISH STAND. ICE is splattered all over the ground. Thomas makes it through with no problem. But when Peter turns to look his feet catch the ice and he goes down. The RADIO SMASHES APART.

Thomas looks over his shoulder. Sees his friend in distress, stops. Peter, shaken, tries to scramble up, keeps slipping.

Thomas gauges the distance. The police are coming hard and fast. He can't make it back in time.

PETER AND THOMAS: THEIR EYES MEET.

Thomas runs away. Peter watches his receding form with disbelief, looks back. The police grab him, roughly lift him to his feet.

POLICEMAN

Get up.

He's conscious of the watching crowd as they take him away.

EXT. PETER'S STREET -- EARLY EVENING.

Thomas, still running, races down the street and into Peter's building.

INT. THE LANDING -- LATE DAY.

Thomas runs up the stairs, knocks on the door, breathless. Frau Muchin opens it, sees who it is. Her manner turns abrupt.

FRAU MUCHIN

Oh. Thomas. Peter's not home. I'll tell him you came by.

She starts to close the door.

THOMAS

No...Frau Muchin.

FRAU MUCHIN

I'm sorry, I don't know where he is.

She goes to close it again... sees the panic in his face. The realization slowly sets into her features.

INT. THE KITCHEN -- SOON AFTER.

Frau Muchin frantically searching through a drawer. She pulls out ration cards, rubber bands, pencils.

MAMA KLARA (O.S.)

What's the matter? Did that Major take Peter too?

She turns on her mother-in-law, who stands looking at her with an almost spectral quality.

Frau Muchin goes back to searching through the drawer. Finds what she's looking for. It's KNOPP'S CARD.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY.

On Peter's face, tight, full of shame. His hair has been CUT VERY SHORT. It's ragged, uneven. He is sitting on a chair facing the YOUTH ADMINISTRATOR. Someone else is talking. It's...

HINZ

These sort of youth are incurable, Herr administrator. Even Herr Himmler has said so. Why not put them all in work camps and be done with it.

ADMINISTRATOR

Because the army might need him, Herr blockleader, Better a juvenile home where he will be disciplined but kept healthy.

Hinz looks at Peter as if his time will come. Peter looks at him, defiant. Suddenly the door opens. A Gestapo officer steps in, salutes. He is followed by Major Knopp. Peter is shocked to see him. Knopp acts as if he's not there. He hands some papers to the administrator. Hinz tries to fade into the woodwork.

KNOPP

If they are in order...

ADMINISTRATOR
(after reading them)
Yes, Herr Major. Heil Hitler.

Knopp doesn't even bother to salute. He starts out. Peter doesn't move. Knopp looks back.

KNOPP
Come along.

Peter gets up warily, follows. Hinz glares after him.

INT. KNOPP'S CAR -- DAY.

Knopp and Peter sit in the back seat as the car moves along.

PETER
Where are you taking me?

KNOPP
Home.

PETER
(worried)
Does my mother know?

KNOPP
I think so, since she's the one who called me.

Peter looks at him, surprised, angry.

KNOPP
(continuing)
Lucky she did, otherwise you would be on your way to a juvenile home or work camp by now.

Peter stares icily out the window.

PETER
I don't care.

KNOPP
Well, however small your concern may be for your own well being, you might want to consider that there are others who could be endangered by your recklessness.

PETER
I'll work to replace the radio.

Knopp waves this off, offers him a cigarette.

KNOPP

I'm cutting down. I've got to shake this cold. Please, you can have the whole pack. They're American.

Peter still doesn't take it.

PETER

What do I have to do?

KNOPP

Only the same as most boys your age are doing. I have told the local HJ commander of your situation. You can begin training immediately.

PETER

I'm not joining the HJ.

KNOPP

(the threat still there)

Of course it is your choice. I'm just trying to help.

PETER

I don't want your help. Why should you care anyway?

KNOPP

You may not believe this, Peter, but I was once very much like you. I understand how confusing things can seem when a young boy loses his father.

Peter looks at him.

KNOPP

(continuing)

Mine died when I was only nine. In the war. I couldn't understand it. I blamed him. I blamed the army. I even blamed myself. I left school. Left home. Went from one odd job to the next.

C.U.: KNOPP, reliving the stirring experience.

KNOPP

(continuing)

But then one day I heard a man speak in Munich. Somehow he knew the helplessness I felt, the yearnings I had. That day I learned I was not alone. And that while I had been helpless to save my father, there was still much I could do to help save something far greater: the fatherland.

The car stops. The door opens.

KNOPP

(continuing)
Think it over.

He puts the pack of cigarettes in Peter's pocket.

KNOPP

(continuing, pointedly)
I hate to see waste. Give my regards
to your mother.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- DAY

His mother opens the door, sees him standing there. In spite of her enormous relief, she holds herself in check, regarding him sternly. Peter can't meet her eyes.

FRAU MUCHIN

Are you all right?

He nods. Slowly he looks up at her, ashamed.

PETER

I'm sorry mama.

She relents, takes him in her arms. Tears of relief stream down her face.

INT. PETER'S BATHROOM -- LATE DAY

Peter sits on the toilet cover as his mother works on his hair with a scissors, evening it out. Neddie watches from the hall.

NEDDIE

God, you're practically bald.

Peter rises to go after him. His mother restrains him.

FRAU MUCHIN

Peter... Neddie leave your brother
alone. Go on.

Neddie turns away resentfully. Frau Muchin closes the bathroom door. Peter looks down, upset. She raises his head.

FRAU MUCHIN

(continuing)
Come on. It will grow back. Let me
finish.
(finishes cutting)
See, it's not so bad.

He meets her eyes in the mirror. She gently brushes his hair back with her hand.

FRAU MUCHIN

(continuing)

It's my fault. I have been too lenient. I can't discipline you.

PETER

You don't understand. These HJs beat up Arvid and they stole...

FRAU MUCHIN

I don't want to hear it.

PETER

But...

FRAU MUCHIN

You cannot help everyone, Peter. I don't know how to convince you.

Their eyes meet in the mirror again.

PETER

(barely audible)

I'm supposed to join the HJ.

She knows what he feels about this, is sympathetic, but...

FRAU MUCHIN

Then you must.

Peter looks away.

FRAU MUCHIN

(continuing)

It was a mistake to allow you not to join in the first place. You knew how I felt. I just couldn't bear to see you in that uniform. But the past is past. You have to think of your future.

PETER

(pleading)

Mama.

FRAU MUCHIN

Do you want them to start watching the house again? Do you remember what that was like? Your father just waiting for them to come. All of us waiting. Jumping at every knock. It was unbearable. Until I wished they would just take him and get it over with.

(stops herself, ashamed)

Oh God.

(MORE)

FRAU MUCHIN (CONT'D)

Don't think badly of me, my darling. I loved your father with all my heart. That's why I'd rather die than go through that again.

She stifles her tears, collects the newspaper that she's laid down to protect the floor and leaves the bathroom. Peter looks up at himself in the mirror.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER -- DAY.

Thomas stands outside the theater, waiting. Above him, the marquee reads: "SHIRLEY TEMPLE IN LITTLE MISS MARKER."

Thomas spots Peter coming down the street. Peter nervously fidgets with his hair as he approaches, embarrassed. Thomas tries to hide his own dismay.

THOMAS

Hey.

Peter tries to smile. They stand in silence for a moment.

PETER

Shirley Temple, huh? They haven't had a western in weeks.

THOMAS

Yeah.

(he's been saving this up)
Look, I'm sorry. I let you down. But if I'd come back, we'd both have gotten caught.

PETER

Forget it. I would have done the same thing. It's no big deal. I figure I go a couple of times, then they'll forget about me.

Thomas nods. He's got something else on his mind, though, and he's even more hesitant about this.

THOMAS

You didn't say I was there, did you?

PETER

(angry)
Do I look like Emil already?

THOMAS

No, I was sure you didn't. I...

PETER

I suppose Djangoman and the rest are going to think I've turned into Emil too.

THOMAS

Just let someone mouth off, see how nice their teeth look in their stomach. Emil was always a fink.

PETER

Yeah.

Thomas indicates the theater.

THOMAS

You want to go anyway?

PETER

Nah, I'll just go home.

THOMAS

I'll walk with you.

PETER

No thanks.

THOMAS

Look, I'm sorry. I wish I could...

PETER

Thanks. I'll see you at the hot club.

THOMAS

Right.

Peter turns to go. Thomas calls after...

THOMAS

Heil Benny.

Peter turns back, tries to muster it, but it's not there.

PETER

Yeah. Swing heil.

Peter heads off on his own. Thomas watches him, upset.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM -- DAY.

Peter stands in his underwear as a doctor listens to his chest with a stethoscope. A very ugly nurse stands by. The doctor speaks to her, she checks off things on a chart.

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY.

Peter, still in his underwear, proceeds down a hallway carrying a bundle. He follows two slightly younger boys, with bundles of their own, and the back of someone in uniform.

INT. ROOM -- DAY.

PAN UP SLOWLY TO SEE PETER dressed in an HJ UNIFORM. A hand comes and puts something around his arm. It's a SWASTIKA.

C.U: PETER'S FACE: he can barely mask his revulsion.

CUT TO:

INSERT: A MAGAZINE

A SCISSORS cutting HITLER out of a photo of him reviewing troops. Once it's cut out, THE SCISSORS SLICE OFF HITLER'S HEAD.

CUT TO:

The scissors DECAPITATING GOERING after cutting him out of a festival.

CUT TO:

The scissors DECAPITATING GOEBELLS after cutting him out of making a speech.

CUT TO:

The scissors cutting out a picture of THREE BATHING BEAUTIES.

CUT TO:

INT. HJ HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

A group of HJs gathered around in the hallway. They're calling other members over, pointing and laughing at something on the bulletin board.

Peter comes down the hallway. He goes into the group to see what they're looking at.

HIS P.O.V.: The bulletin board.

Pinned up is a collage using the heads of Hitler, Goering and Goebells pasted on the bodies of the bathing beauties.

Peter enjoys the joke along with the rest.

A BANNFUHRER shoves his way in, looks at the collage, rips it down.

BANNFUHRER

Who is responsible for this? Speak up?

(no response)

Get to your meetings. right now.

Peter and the others scatter. Peter he heads down the hall. He stops, can't believe what he sees.

IT'S THOMAS

his hair cut short, dressed in an HJ uniform, standing at the other end of the hall. He furtively raises his right hand, revealing a PAIR OF SCISSORS.

Peter breaks into a big smile. He goes up to him.

PETER

What are you doing here?

THOMAS

I joined up. What did you think, I was going to let you have all the fun by yourself?

PETER

It's not going to be fun.

THOMAS

Look if I'd come back for you I would have had to join anyway.

PETER

I already told you I would have done the same thing. You didn't have to do this.

Thomas looks at him meaningfully.

THOMAS

Yes I did. They're not going to split us apart.

Peter smiles gratefully. They clasp hands.

PETER

Well maybe it won't be so bad. Don't forget that one who whistled "Harlem."

THOMAS

Yeah. I bet the place is crawling with hepcats. It's the perfect cover. HJ by day swing kid by night.

Peter likes this idea. They turn to go down the hallway together.

PETER
What about your hair?

THOMAS
Oh you know, I was getting sick of it.

They crack up.

(MUSIC OVER FOLLOWING: "THE HORST WESSEL" SONG -- an HJ favorite)

INT. HJ CLASSROOM -- DAY.

The bannfuhrer gives racial instruction, showing pictures of "Nordic skulls" versus "African Skulls" and diagrams depicting the Jew as an octopus encircling the world.

Peter looks over at Thomas who rolls his eyes, bored to death.

CUT TO:

EXT. HJ TRAINING BUILDING -- SECOND STORY WINDOW -- DAY.

Down below on the ground, the bannfuhrer screams up at the troop of boys lined up by the open window.

BANNFUHRER
Jump!

THE BOY in the window nervously looks down.

BANNFUHRER
(continuing)
Where's your courage? I said jump.

The boy does, lands on his feet and is fine.

BANNFUHRER
(continuing)
Now let's go, all of you.

Thomas and Peter in line.

THOMAS
(whispers)
Some test. They should try walking on the ledge of the canal wall.

QUICK CUTS OF ALL THE BOYS jumping out the window. Thomas and Peter both do it with ease.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREET -- LATE DAY.

The troop marching double file in cadence.

Thomas is making FARTING NOISES on cue. Peter's body shakes with laughter, as he tries to hold it in.

UP AHEAD a GROUP OF GIRLS in Frau Remer Academy uniforms come down the street. The boys all look.

BANNFUHRER

Eyes front.

THOMAS

Just your type. Cow patrol.

Peter turns white, looks down. Thomas makes "Mooing" sounds as they pass. Evey is not among them. Peter looks relieved.

Thomas nudges him seeing...

Emil standing with some other HJs across the street watching with amusement. He sees Thomas and Peter, smiles smugly.

Thomas can't wait to get his hands on him.

INT. "THE HOT CLUB" -- LATE DAY.

Peter and Thomas, in uniform, are sitting with the rest of the boys. Everyone is clearly uncomfortable. Arvid is sitting in his bed, bald, his hands still bandaged up. "Goody Goody" plays on the phonograph. They pass a cigarette around. It comes to Peter.

PETER

No thanks.

Thomas passes too. Karl and Otto look at them suspiciously.

PETER

(continuing)

Can't, they smell your breath.

Otto feeds Arvid the cig.

ARVID

Maybe we shouldn't play this music.
They might listen to your ears.

THOMAS

Lay off, will you. He stole the radio
for you.

ARVID

I know. It's just a joke.

THOMAS

He didn't want to join. He had no
choice.

ARVID
What's your excuse?

THOMAS
Fuck you.

Thomas grabs the cig, takes a drag. Peter does too.

KARL
Have you run into Emil?

PETER
Not yet.

THOMAS
When we do...Pow.

OTTO
What's it like, anyway?

PETER
Oh there's nothing to it. The worst is you have to sing the Horst Wessel song until you want to vomit. But mostly you just memorize a bunch of crap about "The period of struggle." It's boring, that's all.

The boys sit in silence for a moment, not knowing what to say.

OTTO
Did you hear Glen Miller replaced Tweet Peterson with Les Biegel?

KARL
Les Biegel! you've got to be kidding.

THOMAS
Talk about boring!

There's a knock on the door.

ARVID
Come.

The door opens. It's Helga, the homely girl from Cafe Bismark, The boys look surprised to see her. Arvid smiles.

ARVID
Come in, Helga. Join the group.

THOMAS
What's are you talking about? She's a girl.

ARVID
If we can let HJs in, we can let her in.

Helga comes in, looks at Peter and Thomas.

HELGA
Is this a joke.

ARVID
Yeah, some joke.

THOMAS
It's your fault. If you could just
run... or fight.

ARVID
Maybe I should join the Hj, learn how.

THOMAS
They wouldn't accept you.

PETER
Come on you two. Cut it out.

Thomas is steaming. He gets up.

PETER
(continuing)
Where are you going?

THOMAS
We have that meeting, remember?

PETER
Oh right.

THOMAS
Are you coming?

PETER
(gets up)
Yeah. Hopefully it will be as short as
the one last week. The youth leader
tried to lead a discussion of "Mein
Kampf," only nobody'd read it.

Thomas and Peter laugh as they leave.

ARVID
(to Helga)
Get me those scissors.

OTTO
What are you going to do, you don't
have any hair left to cut.

ARVID
I'm going to cut off these bandages,
stupid.

HELGA

(with the scissors)

Don't you think you ought to wait
until the doctor tells you it's all
right to take them off?

ARVID

I have to start practicing again.
Django didn't wait for the doctors.

EXT. ALBERTI'S MUSIC STORE -- DAY.

Peter, out of uniform, nervously waiting by the store.

He sees Evey coming down the street, tenses. She's smiling. He
watches to see if her expression changes as she comes close. It
doesn't.

EVEY

Hi. I'm glad you called. I didn't know
what happened to you.

Peter doesn't know where to start.

EVEY

(continuing)

I like your haircut.

PETER

You do?

EVEY

Yeah, it's cute.

PETER

(gravely)

Look, you don't understand, they made
me join because....

EVEY

(puts a finger to his lips)

It doesn't matter. I only have one
question.

PETER

(worried)

What?

EVEY

Super-marga.

PETER

Super-mergentroid.

EVEY

What does it mean?

PETER

(a little stumped)

What do you mean?...It means what it means.

EVEY

See. I bet you don't know what it means either.

PETER

Don't be silly. Of course I do.

EVEY

Then why do you keep saying it over and over again?

PETER

(a last stab)

Because you're supposed to.

They look at each other, crack up. She surprises him with a kiss. Grabs his hand, pulls him along.

EVEY

Come on.

PETER

Where are we going.

EVEY

Does it matter?

He smiles and goes willingly. They start running hand in hand.

INT. THOMAS'S HOUSE -- EARLY EVENING.

Thomas, in uniform, comes in the door, opening and closing it as softly as he can. As he moves stealthily through the opulent front hallway, we can hear the sounds of VOICES coming from the den.

BERGER (O.S.)

Hitler's a madman. He's trying to get us into a war with the whole world.

Thomas stops just shy of the doorway to listen.

MALE GUEST (O.S.)

The army will put a stop to that.

BERGER (O.S.)

(sarcastically)

Yes, we must rely on the army.

FRAU BERGER (O.S.)
 I wish you would stop talking politics. My father always said, a man with a family shouldn't even think about politics.

Thomas moves on, but as he does, he accidentally knocks against the hall table. It rattles.

BERGER (O.S.)
 Who's there?

Thomas freezes.

BERGER (O.S.)
 (Continuing)
 Thomas is that you?

Thomas breathes, deeply.

THOMAS
 Yes papa.

BERGER (O.S.)
 Come in and say hello to our guests.

Thomas opens the large doors and steps into the den

INT. THE DEN -- FOLLOWING.

Thomas comes in to see his parents and ANOTHER COUPLE, elaborately dressed for dinner. His mother smiles at him.

FRAU BERGER
 Thomas. You remember the Kepplers.
 They're here from Berlin.

Thomas nods. Herr Keppler looks him over, surprised he's outfitted the way he is.

HERR KEPPLER
 Thomas... So I hear you're studying engineering.

Berger looks embarrassed.

THOMAS
 No, I'm starting as a machinists apprentice in the fall.

Now it's Herr Keppler who looks embarrassed.

FRAU KEPPLER
 How nice.

BERGER

Go get cleaned up for dinner.

THOMAS

Yes, papa.

He goes out. The door closes behind him. An awkward silence comes over the room.

HERR KEPPLER

I didn't know...

BERGER

He was expelled. So he will go to work.

FRAU BERGER

He'll be all right.

FRAU KEPPLER

Of course he will.

BERGER

We'll see.

(looks at his wife)

If I think about my family I suppose I should hope that the Nazi's stay in power forever. Who knows, with them in charge, maybe even a misfit like my son has a chance to make something of himself.

FRAU BERGER

Dietrich please, he might hear you.

CUT TO:

THOMAS IN THE HALL -- SAME TIME

Indeed he has. His face is full of hatred. He turns away from the door and begins ascending the staircase.

INT. A GYMNASIUM -- DAY.

Peter and Thomas along with the rest of the troop, stripped down to the waist for boxing. The bannfuhrer addresses them.

BANNFUHRER

You are all required to participate in Kampf sports, in order to develop your fighting spirit. Tomorrow we will start fencing, today boxing.

THOMAS

(whispers, to Peter)

I could take all these pansies with my pinky.

A door opens at the end of the gym. Thomas and Peter both react as they see Emil come into the gym wearing his boxing shorts and carrying two pairs of gloves in his hands.

BANNFUHRER

Patrol Leader Lutz was the boxing champion this year in your division. He will be instructing you in the basic techniques.

Emil sees his former friends, but shows no emotion.

BANNFUHRER

I'll leave you to it.

EMIL

Yes, Herr Bannfuhrer.

The Bannfuhrer leaves. Emil regards the troop with disdain.

EMIL

Will someone volunteer to demonstrate, or do I have to pick?

THOMAS

I'll volunteer.

EMIL

Good. I'm glad to see a new recruit so eager. Herr...?

THOMAS

Berger.

Emil throws him a pair of gloves and gets into the ring.

Peter helps Thomas tie on his gloves. He's concerned.

PETER

Do you know what you're doing?

THOMAS

Don't worry. I used to take him all the time.

PETER

Those were regular fights. Have you ever boxed before?

THOMAS

Sure. What do you think?

Peter's not so sure. Thomas gets into the ring.

INSIDE THE RING. Emil addresses the group.

EMIL

Boxing is a sport of skill. Not brute strength. I will demonstrate how the more skillful combatant can always wear his opponent down, no matter their difference in size.

Thomas looks somewhat dubious about this. They punch gloves.

Emil moves in slowly, smiling like an assassin. Thomas plays it cagey for a second then suddenly he explodes, swinging a roundhouse for Emil's head. Emil easily ducks and staggers Thomas with a punch right on the chin. Peter covers his eyes.

EMIL

You must keep your punches close to your shoulder otherwise you leave yourself wide open. Keep your attack contained. Wait for the opening and then strike.

Emil motions with his hands for him to continue.

Thomas swings for Emil, who easily dodges the punches.

EMIL

You're telegraphing your punches.

Thomas continues to try and miss. Now Emil begins to work Thomas's body, hitting him repeatedly in the stomach.

EMIL

Attacking your opponent's body will bring his hands down and make his head more vulnerable.

Thomas tries to keep his hands up and down at the same time, but can't do it. Emil jabs him back against the ropes.

EMIL

Never be caught against the ropes.

Now its like target practice as he picks Thomas apart. With every punch Peter winces. Emil lands a hard uppercut. Thomas folds, going down with a thud. Emil stands over him.

EMIL

Thank you Berger. You've been most helpful.

Thomas looks up at him defiantly.

THOMAS

Go to hell. Traitor.

EMIL
Well, in that case, we'll call that
the end of round one. Saved by the bell.

Peter jumps into the ring and helps Thomas to his feet. He gets him back to the corner. Thomas hangs on to the ropes precariously. Peter takes off his scarf and wipes his face with it.

PETER
Quit for heavens sake.

Thomas shakes his head.

PETER
He's murdering you.

THOMAS
I'll get him this next round.

PETER
You haven't hit him once.

THOMAS
(Dazed)
I did. Didn't I? I'm sure I hit him
once.

PETER
You're just standing there. Remember
the newsreel of Louis versus Schmelling?

THOMAS
Yeah. Which one am I?

Emil motions to another HJ who rings the bell. Thomas gets up. Emil comes right after him. He's not giving lessons anymore. He lands at will.

EMIL
I'm not a traitor. I just wised up.
You will too.

Thomas staggers back, flat footed against the ropes. Emil moves in, measuring him.

PETER
Get out of there?!

Thomas stays put, getting the crap beat out of him.

PETER
Duck, do something...
(Suddenly getting an idea)
Dance!... Dance!

Peter starts a rendition of "IT DON'T MEAN A THING."

But Thomas seemingly can't hear. Emil hits him with blistering rights and lefts. Peter goes over to the bell and tries to ring it. The HJ won't let him. Emil measures him for a knockout. Peter starts desperately DRUMMING along with the whistling. Emil swings, but this time Thomas ducks his punch.

PETER

That's it. DANCE, MAN!

Emil swings again. Thomas dances off the ropes and out of the way. He's groggy but he's got the message.

Emil pursues Thomas. Comes in swinging. Thomas dances out of the way, this time landing a punch. Emil glares at him.

EMIL

What are you doing? Box.

Thomas dances by and lands a big one.

THOMAS

I am boxing.

(MUSIC OVER: DUKE AND THE BAND join Peter)

Emil comes in ferocious. But Thomas has got his rhythm back, he ducks, deflects, and lets Emil have it with counterpunches. Peter pantomimes the punches along with him. Emil can't adjust.

THOMAS

Forgotten how to dance?

We take in the rest of the match in QUICK CUTS. Thomas is ducking and dancing and landing and Emil is becoming more and more worn down. Emil tries one more assault and Thomas furiously pulverizes him with a left, then a right. He's about to hit him again when Emil crumples to the canvas, out cold.

Peter jumps into the ring and raises Thomas's hands in victory.

PETER

Herr Danceman!

INT. THE "HOT CLUB" -- LATE DAY.

PETER AND THOMAS come bursting in the door to Arvid's room. They are now dressed in full swing regalia.

Arvid is doing scales on the guitar, trying to get his hands back in shape. He looks up at the two grinning boys, looks back down, continues to practice.

PETER

We got him!

Arvid's concentration is on his hands as he tries a cord progression. It's still very awkward.

ARVID

Who?

PETER

Emil. It was Thomas, not me. You should have been there. He pulverized him. It was supposed to be this Hj boxing lesson...

THOMAS

But I beat him right down to his socks.

Arvid doesn't look up at him.

ARVID

So you're fitting right in.

He continues to try the cord progression over and over until he gets it.

THOMAS

What do you mean by that? I beat him up because of what he did to you.

ARVID

I didn't ask you to, did I? Once you stoop to their level you're no better than they are.

THOMAS

What's he talking about?

PETER

Herr Hitman. Emil almost killed you. Now we got him back.

ARVID

So you're even. Now everybody can be friends.

THOMAS

That's gratitude for you. You know, I've had it with your bullshit.

Arvid looks up at him, coldly.

ARVID

The trouble is it's all the same to you, isn't it? Wear the same clothes as everyone, listen to the same songs, get into fights. It's practically like being a swing kid.

(MORE)

ARVID (CONT'D)

Only it's better 'cause you never
really did like swing, did you?

That's it. Thomas goes for him. Peter has to hold him back.

ARVID

That's right. Take a swing at me.

PETER

You're not being fair. You don't know
what you're talking about.

ARVID

Believe what you like. Now if you'll
get out. I've got to practice.

Thomas glares at him.

EXT. ARVID'S HOUSE -- NIGHT.

Peter and Thomas walk down the street.

THOMAS

Little pansy asks for it. I don't
blame them for beating the crap out of
him.

PETER

Oh come on, ever since it happened
he's been in Djangoland. He's not
himself. Forget it.

Thomas continues to sulk.

PETER

Come on. What are we going to do just
stand around here doing nothing? Swing
kids by night, right?

Peter starts doing an imitation of the opening DRUM RIFF from the
Goodman Band's most famous number. He beats on trash cans, the
tops of cars, etc, to approximate Krupa's incendiary rhythms.

PETER

Herr Danceman.

He starts beating the rhythm out on Thomas. Thomas fights him
off, they start laughing. Thomas joins in the rendition. They
dance and holler down the street.

INT. CAFE TRICHTER -- NIGHT.

A DRUMMER'S HANDS POUNDING out the beat with his sticks.

PULL BACK TO SEE the drummer in a band at the Trichter. The other band members join in with the WAILING HORNS and they're off into the fabulous "SING SING SING".

ON PETER AND THOMAS

in the middle of a packed house not so much dancing as flinging themselves around. They crash and bang into each other, lost in the wild music.

The drummer takes over again for his solo. The kids form a huge circle. One couple at a time come out into the middle and mix attitude walking with wild dance moves. There's also a lot of flashing from the girls and cheering from the crowd as skirts and sweaters fly up.

Peter and Thomas watch from the front of the circle, whistling their encouragement. Peter pushes Thomas and a girl in.

PETER

Come on, kick it. Break it down. Send me swing happy.

Thomas grabs the girl and starts jitterbugging. Peter cheers.

As Peter watches, somebody sneaks up behind him, covering his eyes with their hands. He turns around.

At first he doesn't recognize the girl in front of him. Evey has shed her finishing-school uniform in favor of a very short skirt, baggy sweater, her fingernails pointed and painted, hair curled to her shoulders, a necklace around her waist and bright red lipstick. She's a knockout. She greets him with a big smile.

EVEY

How do I look?

Peter is speechless.

Before Peter can say anything, Thomas comes back and pushes him and Evey out into the circle. Everyone is watching.

EVEY

Don't worry, I've been practicing. I'm going to be the sleaziest swing girl you ever saw.

They start to dance. She has in fact caught on very quickly. She slides between his legs, jumps up and wraps around his waist. He throws her and she slides the length of the floor, then they gyrate towards each other. The circle loves it. She smothers him with flirtatious kisses.

The rest of the band jumps in for the roaring finale and everybody lets loose. But the leader stops the band just short of the end jumping into another riff. It's "HARLEM." The crowd

immediately turns and faces them. They put their arms over their heads and sway back and forth, whistling along to the music.

On the TRICHTER OWNER who tries frantically to signal the band. But he just looks like he's waving along with the rest.

Suddenly the doors to the club burst open and about 2 DOZEN Hitler Youth Police come in led by a GESTAPO CAPTAIN.

The music abruptly stops. The crowd turns to face them.

The Gestapo Captain speaks through a bullhorn.

GESTAPO CAPTAIN

We are closing this club. Everyone will leave immediately. You must give your names at the door.

The crowd groans.

GESTAPO CAPTAIN

IMMEDIATELY!

He motions to members of the patrol and they start herding the crowd. As they do they shove and prod the swing kids with their clubs. The ones who resist are treated to a beating. Things quickly get out of hand and a brawl ensues.

The girls scream with panic. Peter looks around for Thomas.

EVEY

Let's get out of here.

PETER

Wait. Where's Thomas?

He doesn't see him. A hand touches his shoulder. He wheels, umbrella at the ready, expecting an HJ...It's Thomas.

THOMAS

Hold it. I'm on your side.

PETER

(ready for a fight)

Let's go get 'em.

He turns towards the front of the club to join in the fight. Thomas pulls him back.

THOMAS

Don't be stupid. If we get caught here, we're screwed.

Peter thinks about it. He wants to join in.

EVEY

Peter, please. Let's go.

But which way, the front of the club is jammed.

THOMAS

Out the back. The alley.

Peter relents. He and Evey follow Thomas. The stream is all going the other way. The three push through the crush towards a side door. Thomas yanks it. It's open.

EXT. BACK STREET -- FOLLOWING.

With them as they run out into the empty street and keep going, They pull up realizing they're in the clear, and laugh with exhilaration. But Peter can't help looking back towards the fight he should be part of.

DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. CAFE TRICHTER -- MORNING.

Peter and Thomas march along in formation with their troop of HJs. They carry materials for putting up posters. As they approach club, the two boys look at each other apprehensively.

The Bannfuhrer stops them in front of the club. Peter and Thomas look at the entrance disbelieving. It has been BOARDED UP.

He motions Peter and Thomas over with him to the door. He holds a WOODEN SIGN in his hands, has the boys hold it up as he hammers it into one of the boards. The sign reads:

"SWING PROHIBITED"

Peter looks at the sign, upset.

The Bannfuhrer turns and motions another boy to hand out posters.

BANNFUHRER

You will put them up along these four streets.

Peter unfurls his poster.

The poster depicts a black man with exaggerated lips, an earring in his ear, top hat and tails, the star of David sewn into his lapel, blowing on a saxophone. It reads:

"NIGGER-KIKE MUSIC"

BANNFUHRER

Is something wrong, Muchin?

Peter snaps to attention.

PETER
No, Herr Bannfuhrer.

BANNFUHRER
Then get to work.

The boys reluctantly set off with the posters.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET -- DAY.

Peter and Thomas with the rest of the troop putting the posters up on a blank wall. The Bannfuhrer paces behind, lecturing them.

BANNFUHRER
The child who is most diligent in protection of the State stands highest in favor. The German folk are not spies, but he who does not report observations makes himself guilty of the crime as if he had committed the error himself and will be so punished.

Peter watches over his shoulder, when the Bannfuhrer isn't looking he does a little silent imitation of him for Thomas. Thomas laughs.

The Bannfuhrer turns and looks at them.

BANNFUHRER
Absolute loyalty is demanded. If I should see my own brother or father against the wall when I am in a firing squad, it is my duty to shoot when the command is given.

At this they are silent. Some of the other boys are finished.

BANNFUHRER
All right you and you, next street. Berger and Muchin finish up here.

Peter waits until they're gone before speaking.

PETER
I knew it. The only thing they really train you to do as an HJ is to be a fink.

He looks to Thomas for the same response. Thomas is thinking.

THOMAS
Yeah. Still can you imagine the look on my father's face if he was up against the wall and I was in the firing squad.

(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)

"Thomas what are you doing there? Get up to your room and study. You'll never amount to anything." Sorry dad, it's my duty.

(He lets him have it)

POW POW POW!

Peter doesn't know how to react.

SWING KID (O.S.)

HJ scum!

They turn. UP THE STREET is a SWING BOY watching them. He quickly beats it, giving them the finger.

Peter looks at Thomas. He just shrugs.

EXT. HJ HEADQUARTERS -- LATE DAY.

The troop marches back with their supplies. They halt. One of them collects the leftovers.

BANNFUHRER

Dismissed.

Peter and Thomas head off together.

VOICE

Berger.

Peter and Thomas turn. They are surprised to see Emil walking towards them. Emil sticks out his hand. Thomas finds himself shaking it.

EMIL

I just wanted to say that was good boxing the other day. The best man won. You showed me that spirit can overcome skill. An important lesson. I won't forget to include it from now on.

All Thomas can do is nod.

EMIL

(continuing)

Well... How is the rest of your training progressing?

THOMAS

Very well.

EMIL

I have told Bannfuhrer Pohl that I think you are patrol leader material.

(MORE)

EMIL (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Who would have thought it, to look at us a year back, eh?

Thomas laughs with him. Peter doesn't.

EMIL

(continuing)

Anyway, keep up the good work. You'll go far. Heil Hitler.

THOMAS

Heil Hitler.

Emil looks at Peter.

PETER

Heil Hitler.

Emil nods, walks away.

THOMAS

(with satisfaction)

Well maybe he's not so bad after all, eh? At least he knows when he's been licked.

Peter's response sticks in his throat.

PETER

Yeah. Come on let's get out of here.

EXT. PETER'S APARTMENT HOUSE -- EARLY EVENING.

Peter comes down the street to see Knopp coming out the door of the apartment building. Peter stops, hanging back. Knopp starts across the street towards his car. He stops, sensing... Turns and sees him. He smiles.

KNOPP

Ah Peter. Good. I wanted to have a word with you.

INT. KNOPP'S CAR -- FOLLOWING.

Knopp and Peter sit in the back seat. The driver waits outside.

PETER

Where are we going?

KNOPP

Nowhere. I just wanted to tell you that the reports on your progress have been very good.

(MORE)

KNOPP (CONT'D)

Your training looks well on you. How do you feel?

PETER

(grits his teeth)

Never better.

KNOPP

I am most gratified. I knew you would take to it. I was also thinking... About your grandmother.... Maybe what she needs is a trip to the country. What do you think?

PETER

(he doesn't know)

Maybe.

KNOPP

Good, then I will arrange for it.

Peter gives the response he thinks is required.

PETER

Thank you.

KNOPP

No, it is my pleasure. Well that's everything. I just wanted to tell you how I pleased I am. Keep it up.

Peter looks at him to check if he can go, moves for the door.

KNOPP

Ah. I almost forgot. One more thing. It would be wise if you stopped working for that bookseller. What's his name?

PETER

Herr Shufler. Why?

KNOPP

He is under suspicion. I don't want you to get mixed up in it.

PETER

I haven't been working for him since I joined the HJ.

KNOPP

Ah well. Good.

Peter tries to stop from saying something, but can't help it.

PETER
What has he done?

KNOPP
Oh... What did you do for him?

PETER
I just delivered books.

KNOPP
Didn't that seem at all strange to you? Don't most people come to pick out the books for themselves?

PETER
It was for old people who couldn't go out.

KNOPP
And how do you know they were just books? Did you ever open them?

Peter doesn't respond.

KNOPP
(continuing)
See you must always look inside before you agree to be part of something...
(as if the thought has just come to him)
However, if you were to go back and look, and it turns out that there is nothing, well then you might help to clear him.

Peter knows what he's being asked.

KNOPP
(continuing)
Of course you mustn't let him know.

CLOSE ON PETER: he feels trapped.

KNOPP (O.S.)
(continuing)
Well goodnight, and keep up the good work. I have great hopes for you.

EXT. PETER'S APARTMENT HOUSE -- LATE DAY.

Peter ascending the staircase, trying to puzzle things out. He gets to the door. He's surprised by the SOUND he hears coming from inside.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 Double your pleasure/Double your
 fun/With doublemint, doublemint,
 doublemint gum.

INT. THE APARTMENT -- FOLLOWING

Peter comes in the front door. The sound of the radio is coming not from the kitchen but the living room. He goes towards it.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM -- FOLLOWING.

A BLAUPUNKT SHORT WAVE plays a commercial.

ANNOUNCER
 The cool, clear refreshing taste of
 doublemint gum...

Neddie and Mama Klara sit in front of it. rapt. Neddie turns, sees him.

NEDDIE
 It's America.

PETER
 But who...?

FRAU MUCHIN (O.S.)
 Isn't it beautiful, Peter?

Peter turns to see his mother.

FRAU MUCHIN
 Herr Knopp, brought it. I told him we
 couldn't accept it, but he insisted.

She kisses him on the forehead.

FRAU MUCHIN
 (continuing)
 Anyway, I thought you'd like it.

Peter looks at the radio. Then to his grandmother.

PETER
 Grandma, shouldn't you be in bed.

MAMA KLARA
 No. I'm fine. I'm enjoying listening
 to the wonderful music.

Peter looks again at the radio. He doesn't know what to feel.

ANNOUNCER
 You're listening to the Columbia
 broadcasting...

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Peter undressing in the dark room. Without even knowing he's doing it, he carefully HANGS UP HIS HJ UNIFORM JACKET and TROUSERS, and then begins FOLDING his shirt.

He turns, realizing Neddie is staring at him from the other bed.

Peter stops folding the shirt, chucks it onto the floor, gets into bed.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE IN THE DARK: eyes wide open.

INT. SHUFLER'S BOOKSTORE -- MORNING.

Shufler looks up from his ledger to see Peter, not wearing his uniform, coming in the store.

SHUFLER

Ah Peter. I've been wondering about you.

PETER

Good day Herr Shufler.

Shufler looks him over, gives no indication how he feels.

SHUFLER

Your mother told me that you wouldn't be coming to me for a few weeks. But I was beginning to think you were never coming back. All the customers kept asking, "Where's your Mercury." I've had to make all the deliveries myself.

PETER

I'm sorry, but I have time again now.

SHUFLER

Really? Don't they keep you very busy, with all those activities and competitions?

PETER

I don't always have to go.

That doesn't seem to convince him.

PETER

(continued)

...And I don't always go even if I have to.

SHUFLER

Ah well, I don't have any for you today. But when I do...

PETER

Well, thank you.

Peter turns away, relieved.

SHUFLER

Oh, you know I heard a song the other day that made me think of you.

Peter turns back.

SHUFLER

(continuing)

On the BBC. It was one of your swing songs I think. How did it go?

(talks it)

There's a new killer diller/There's a new Harlem Thriller/A new way to ruin the rugs/A new dance for jitterbugs.

PETER

The flat foot floosie with the floy floy.

SHUFLER

That's it. A wonderful song. What does it mean?

PETER

I don't know.

SHUFLER

Ah well, I don't think it matters. It's the feeling it gives you, eh?

Peter nods, lamely.

SHUFLER

(continuing)

Is everything all right?

SOUND of the PHONE RINGING in the back.

SHUFLER

(continuing)

Oh excuse me. That's the phone in my apartment. Can you watch the store for a moment?

Peter nods, full of dread. Shufler disappears out the back.

Peter nervously looks around. He doesn't know what he's looking for exactly. He flips open a few books, finds nothing. Wants to stop there, but curiosity drives him behind the counter. He furtively looks towards the back of the shop.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

in the shelves underneath are some books. He opens two. Nothing. Then he comes to a copy of "FAUST."

He opens it, begins flipping through. As he does, a FEW PAPERS fall out. He bends down and picks them up.

INSERT THE PAPERS:

The first one reads.

"CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH.
WOLFGANG HEISS
APRIL 8, 1889
RACE; ARYAN."

As he looks at the other two we see that they are all birth certificates with German-sounding names, and all have "Aryan" listed as their racial designation.

SOUND OF MOVEMENT from the back. Peter quickly stuffs the papers back in the book, it onto the shelf, and comes out from behind the counter just as Shufler reemerges.

SHUFLER

You're in luck, Peter. I have a delivery for you.

Peter nervously watches as he takes out the same copy of "FAUST" and wraps it up. Shufler hands it to him.

SHUFLER

You know where Frau Linge lives, don't you?

Peter nods.

INT. FRAU LINGE'S APARTMENT -- DAY.

Peter stands in front of the door with the package. Frau Linge opens the door.

FRAU LINGE

Ah Peter, thank you.

She takes the package. Peter looks at it, at her, all with burning curiosity.

PETER

Is she feeling better? Your mother.

FRAU LINGE

I'm afraid she's in the hospital. But this will help.

Peter tries to look behind her into the apartment. She looks him over again, decides to take a risk.

FRAU LINGE

Would you like to come in? Have some tea. Perhaps talk about music.

Peter's curiosity drives him forward. He nods.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM -- FOLLOWING.

They come in. She motions for him to sit on the couch.

FRAU LINGE

Have a seat, I'm just going to put the kettle on.

Peter sits on the couch as she goes into the kitchen. He looks about the room. His eyes are drawn to framed photograph on the piano. He gets up and goes over.

INSERT: THE PHOTO

It is of a young man posed with a violin.

The face is familiar, but Peter can't place it. He looks from the photo to the piano keys. He reaches out to touch them.

FRAU LINGE

Do you play?

Peter turns to see that she's come back into the room.

PETER

No.

FRAU LINGE

Never?

PETER

Well I used to, but I don't anymore.

FRAU LINGE

Why not?

PETER

I wasn't any good.

FRAU LINGE

I doubt that. The tea will be ready in a minute.

PETER

(about the photo)

Who's this?

FRAU LINGE

That was my husband... Do you recognize him? I thought you might. He was a student of your father's.

Peter looks at the picture again.

FRAU LINGE

His name was Carl Bohlander.

That clicks it in for Peter.

FRAU LINGE

(continuing)

After he was killed, I changed back to my maiden name. It was safer.

PETER

I'm sorry.

The tea kettle whistles.

FRAU LINGE

Ah, the tea.

THE LIVING ROOM -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

They sit on the couch. She pours the tea.

PETER

Thank you.

(sips it. nervously)

Did you know my father?

FRAU LINGE

No, unfortunately. I met my husband while he was studying in Berlin. We didn't move here until after your father's death. My husband spoke very highly of him, though. I remember he was very upset when we heard.

PETER

(tentatively)

What did you hear? I mean, about why he was arrested.

FRAU LINGE

We just heard he'd given a speech at the university after the expulsion of all the Jewish professors. What happened after that, was very sketchy.

She looks to him. He looks down.

PETER

I was very young. I don't really know. I mean, I know they took away his permit to teach, stopped all his students from coming. But he kept writing letters and articles. And one day they just arrested him.

She watches Peter's hands on the tea cup. They are shaking.

FRAU LINGE

He was a brave man.

Peter puts the cup down.

PETER

I don't understand why he did it. He had to know what they would do, what would happen. I mean the Jews weren't his problem, were they?

FRAU LINGE

Maybe he didn't see them solely as Jews, but fellow human beings, and colleagues who were being unjustly persecuted.

PETER

But what about us? He left us without anything. My mother had to go to work in the factory.

FRAU LINGE

I'm sure it was very difficult for you.

Peter holds in the tears. Abruptly he stands up.

PETER

I have to go now. Thank you very much for the tea.

He stumbles on his way out, almost knocking the tray over. She looks after him with great sympathy.

EXT. MANNKEN BRIDGE -- LATE DAY.

Peter comes onto the bridge, reliving the night of the attempted escape. He looks out onto the canal, thinking.

SUDDENLY AN ARM GRABS HIM from behind in a HEADLOCK.

VOICE

Okay, swing boy you're dead.

Peter terrified, struggles to break the hold. He does, comes face

to face with Thomas.

THOMAS
Had you pissing in your pants.

Peter explodes with anger.

PETER
Son of a bitch. What do you think
you're doing?!

THOMAS
Hey relax. I was just riding by. It
was a joke

PETER
(breathing hard)
It wasn't funny.

THOMAS
Okay, calm down. Sorry.

Thomas grins at him, as if he has a secret.

THOMAS
(continuing)
Don't you want to know what I was
riding by on?

He points to the street. Peter follows with his eyes. They come
to rest on a small MOTORBIKE.

THOMAS
It's mine.

PETER
(incredulous)
Where'd you get it?

THOMAS
Emil got me into the motorized HJ and
they just gave it to me. Can you
believe that? Not bad, huh. It may not
look like much, but it can really fly.

Peter doesn't look too excited.

THOMAS
(continuing)
Don't you want to take a spin?

PETER
No, not right now.

THOMAS
What are you doing out here?

PETER

Just thinking.

THOMAS

You look worried about something. What's to worry? It's been just like I said, hasn't it? We have it both ways. What could be better?

PETER

I don't know.

THOMAS

What are you talking about?

PETER

I just don't know.

THOMAS

There's nothing to know. It's easy. All we have to do is play along and we get whatever we want.

PETER

Yeah, but do you think...
(suddenly pulls up)
Did they tell you to talk to me?

THOMAS

Who? Have you flipped?

PETER

Sorry.

THOMAS

Lighten up, will you? You've been listening to Arvid too much. One thing I know is that that weirdo looks at everything ass backwards.

PETER

Yeah maybe.

THOMAS

Definitely. Now what about it? Just once around the block.

PETER

No... Thanks. I just don't feel like it today.

THOMAS

(looking towards the water)
All right. Just don't throw yourself in.

He gets on the bike, revs it.

THOMAS
 (continuing)
 See you tomorrow.

Peter nods. Thomas zooms off. Peter watches him go. He looks back into the water, as if somewhere out there lies the answer.

INT. SMALL CLUB -- EVENING.

ARVID'S HANDS

playing "TIGER RAG" on the guitar. He is almost playing with the same fluency as before although his broken "Django fingers" don't yet get into the act. More instruments are playing than the guitar, and we...

PULL BACK TO SEE

that he is part of a quartet playing in a small club. There's a VIOLINIST who mimics Grappelli's style of play. They zoom through the high energy number.

Unlike Cafe Bismark, this club has just a small stage. It's also a restaurant and tables are gathered around it.

At ONE OF THE TABLES sit Peter and Thomas (in attire that's neither swing nor HJ) with Helga and Evey.

Peter smiles at Arvid's recovery.

PETER
 He's his old self again, eh? Herr Djangoman.

EVEY
 He's super-mergentroid.

HELGA
 Yeah, but he still can't play a fifth progression.

Peter looks at Thomas who is not really paying attention to Arvid's playing. He is absorbed with another table not too far from them, At the table sit a group of slightly OLDER YOUTHS drinking beer, dressed in the uniforms of the LUFTWAFFE. They also seem to be enjoying the music. Thomas's eyes keep going over to the aviators. He listens in, laughs at their jokes.

PETER
 Where's Otto and Karl? They should be here to see this.

HELGA
 Didn't you know? Otto was taken for the labor service.
 (MORE)

HELGA (CONT'D)

Since then Karl hasn't been coming around.

PETER

I didn't know Otto was eighteen already. Did you Thomas?

THOMAS

Huh?

(uninterested)

No.

Arvid and his band finish. Peter and the girls applaud and whistle. The young aviators applaud just as loudly. Thomas looks over towards them again. He gets the courage to speak to them.

THOMAS

Hey fly boy.

One of them looks over.

THOMAS

(continuing)

Did you ever take a phonograph up in a plane, listen to the music while you're flying around?

LUFTWAFFE 1

Sure all the time.

Thomas looks at Peter, beams.

THOMAS

Did you hear that?

EVEY

I'd get dizzy.

THOMAS

Not me. I wouldn't mind learning how to fly, eh? That would be a kick.

PETER

Knowing you, you'd probably get sick of it in no time.

Thomas looks back at the flyers. One of them has motioned the head waiter over and has given him a request for the band, along with a few bills.

The head waiter goes over to the OWNER and tells him of the request. The owner heads for the stage, whispering in Arvid's ear. Arvid shakes his head. The owner looks at him as if to say: either play it or get out.

Peter and the boys have picked up on the disagreement by now. The owner looks nervously at the soldiers. Peter looks worried. The rest of the band gets into it, their voices get louder.

VIOLIN PLAYER

Djangoman, what are you doing? Think of us.

Arvid thinks about it, stands up.

ARVID

No. You can keep your money. I don't play for money.

The owner looks shocked.

OWNER

That's good because you're never going to play any clubs again, I'll see to that.

Arvid doesn't react, he walks with his guitar towards his friends' table. One of the FLYERS stands up as he passes.

1ST FLYER

We liked your music. We just wanted to hear Lily Marlene. It's a good German song.

Peter looks nervously at Arvid.

ARVID

There are no more German songs. are only Nazi songs.

(He looks back at the owner)

There are no more Germans, only Nazis.

A 2nd FLYER pulls Arvid's arm as he tries to get past.

LUFTWAFFE 2

Wait a second.

Arvid turns to look at him. He's not backing down.

ARVID

You want to hear "Lily Marlene". Play it yourself.

It looks like he's about to slam him with the guitar but instead he just holds it out.

ARVID

Go ahead, take it.

The soldier does.

ARVID

(continuing, to the whole club)
 What's the matter with all of you?
 Can't you see what's been happening,
 or don't you want to look? We're
 murdering Austrians, Czechs. Next it
 will be Poles. Not to mention the
 Gypsies, and the Jews, since they're
 unmentionable. Do you think just
 because you're not doing it your-
 self, you're not part of it? Well,
 I'm through doing my part. Get me?
 You can find someone else to keep up
 your morale.

They all look at him stunned.

ON PETER: amazed by Arvid's stance. He watches him walk out.

The soldiers stare at their table. Thomas looks embarrassed. The soldier with the guitar shrugs, begins to play "LILY MARLENE." The band joins him, the other soldiers sing along.

Peter goes out the door after Arvid. The girls follow. Thomas hangs back a little longer to hear the music.

EXT. THE CLUB. -- NIGHT.

Peter comes out into the street, looking around for Arvid. He's up ahead, hobbling along, not waiting for them.

PETER

Herr Hitman, wait up. Djangoman...

Arvid turns.

ARVID

Call me Arvid. Djangoman, Herr Hitman, that's a laugh. How could I have been such an idiot?

HELGA

What do you mean? You've been practicing for tonight for weeks. He only wanted to hear one song.

ARVID

It's not just one song or that song.

HELGA

I don't understand.

Arvid looks at Peter. Peter thinks he does.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Oh man, you've finally flipped your lid completely.

They turn to see Thomas who has come out of the club.

THOMAS

What was that speech about? The Jews and the gypsies. What about the cripples and the retards? That's who you belong with.

PETER

Thomas.

ARVID

I'd rather belong with anyone than belong with the Nazis like you do.

THOMAS

Yeah? That's because you've got everything ass backwards. And you always said I was stupid. The nazis do anything they please, go anywhere and everyone gets out of our way. Turns out I'm the smart one, eh Djangojew?

Arvid looks at Peter. He turns and walks away.

Helga looks at them. Runs and catches up with Arvid. She takes his arm. They walk off together.

Peter turns on Thomas.

PETER

What the hell's gotten into you?

THOMAS

Gotten into me. He's...

PETER

The things you were saying... I can't believe...

THOMAS

I was saying!

PETER

You don't really believe all that do you?

THOMAS

Believe what?

PETER

About the Jews... about us being better or something?

THOMAS

That's nothing knew. Everyone knows that.

PETER

No they don't! It's propaganda.

THOMAS

You're the one who's got your head filled with propaganda!

PETER

But Benny is jewish!

THOMAS

Yeah. And see what that music has done to Arvid, it's perverted his brain.

Peter finally sees it.

PETER

I can't believe it. Arvid was right about you.

THOMAS

You've always taken his side, haven't you? Whether he was right or wrong.

PETER

He's right! You're turning into a fucking nazi.

THOMAS

So what?! Open your eyes. Oh, I forgot, your father, he was Jew lover too, wasn't he?

Peter jumps him, sending them both to the ground. They tussle. Thomas comes out on top. He pins Peter's arm behind his back.

THOMAS

Don't feel so bad. My father's the same. Only I've wised up. You better wise up too.

He lets him go, stand up, looks at him. Peter suddenly leaps up, SLAMS him in the face with his fist. Thomas goes down. He tastes blood, smiles. Gets up ready to fight. Evey jumps between them.

EVEY

Peter. Stop it! Both of you. What are you doing? Come on, you're best friends. Don't let this stuff come between you. It's not worth it.

Thomas looks at Peter, softens.

THOMAS

Evey's right. Look, I'm sorry. It's Arvid's fault. Let's forget it, huh? Go back in. Those fly boys are okay.

EVEY

Yeah, come on. No reason we still can't have a good time.

THOMAS

(sticks out his hand)

What do you say?

But Peter isn't ready to forgive. He doesn't take it. He turns and walks off. Thomas calls after him.

THOMAS

Peter. don't be an idiot.

EVEY

Come on, Peter!

CLOSE ON PETER: it isn't easy, but he keeps walking.

INT. HJ CONFSSIONAL -- DAY.

ON ONE HJ giving his report. The Bannfuhrer stands taking notes. Peter and Thomas sit apart from one another in the semi-circle.

HJ FINK

He is always grouching and complaining about the lack of raw materials. He said they're being used up by the army and that this is hurting all the small businessmen.

BANNFUHRER

Very good Herr Stahlecker.

It is Thomas's turn. He has no hesitation about this.

THOMAS

I overheard my father speaking out against the Fuhrer. He said he was a madman who was dragging the whole country down with him.

Peter looks at Thomas, who doesn't look back.

BANNFUHRER

Did he suggest any course of action to remedy this?

THOMAS

No. My father is too weak. He just talks.

BANNFUHRER

Talk can spread.

He writes the information down, turns to Peter.

BANNFUHRER

(continuing)

Herr Muchin?

Peter hesitates for a moment, then speaks in a clear voice.

PETER

I have nothing to report, Herr Bannfuhrer.

The two boys don't look at each other.

INT. THE MUCHIN KITCHEN -- NIGHT.

Peter sits tight-lipped in his uniform at the table. Around him sit Frau Muchin, Neddie, and Knopp who is their guest.

Frau Muchin looks different than we have ever seen her, dressed to the nines and full of life. FRENCH ACCORDION MUSIC plays on the Blaupunkt.

FRAU MUCHIN

I can't think of when we've eaten so well. I don't know how to thank you.

She's referring to a large array of delicacies on the table: including a fruit basket, sausages and wine.

KNOPP

It's my pleasure entirely. It is not often that I get to share the hospitality of such charming company.

FRAU MUCHIN

Thank you. And thank you again for that beautiful radio. We've all been enjoying it.

She looks over at Peter, as does Knopp. Peter gives away nothing.

KNOPP

Well I know how fond this family is of music.

FRAU MUCHIN

And how is your cold?

KNOPP

My cold. What do you know? I'd forgotten all about it. Look at that. It seems to have deserted me.

They laugh.

KNOPP

(continuing)

Peter, I hope you haven't caught it.

He's referring to Peter's plate, still laden with food.

FRAU MUCHIN

Yes, you've hardly touched your food.

She goes to feel his head. He pulls away.

PETER

I'm all right.

KNOPP

Are you sure your mother wouldn't like something?

Peter looks concerned down the hallway.

FRAU MUCHIN

My mother-in-law. Oh no, none of these rich foods would be good for her. But she is so looking forward to her vacation.

KNOPP

To the Reich.

He raises his glass. Frau Muchin follows, Neddie looks at his brother who merely stares at his glass. Frau Muchin looks at him nervously. Knopp zeroes in.

KNOPP

At least drink some wine, Peter. It's a curative.

Peter suddenly stares straight at him.

PETER

I don't want any wine. Keeping the body free of foreign elements, whatever they might be, is the central principle of our Fuhrer's weltanschauung. Drink makes us weak. Strength comes from purity.

Neddie looks at his brother not sure what he is up to.

Neither is his mother. Knopp laughs.

KNOPP

It is gratifying to know that the Hitler Jugend is still training their recruits so effectively. If only I was young and had not acquired all these bad habits. Comfort is the curse of age.

He drinks as does Frau Muchin.

PETER

Everyone in Germany, regardless of age must aspire to the highest principles of National Socialism.

FRAU MUCHIN

Peter, don't be rude.

KNOPP

No, he is quite right. Go on son, what else about me do you have objections to?

PETER

(picks up the items as he goes)
Polish sausage, French wine, Swiss chocolate. I would be more satisfied with just good German fare. And the music.

He gets up, goes into the living room and switches to a station playing GERMAN ARMY MARCHING MUSIC.

PETER

What kind of loyal national socialist would listen to anything else?

FRAU MUCHIN

Peter I won't have you talking this way to our guest.

KNOPP

Ah now, no apologies. Not only the wrong music, but a Czech radio besides. He has found me out. You must go report me Peter. For surely I would not be wearing this uniform if they knew.

(He laughs)

How I envy the young. For them everything is so clear. Things seem to be either one way or the other. No in between.

(MORE)

KNOPP (CONT'D)

It is only with age that you begin to see life as a series of compromises. But even in compromising one must draw a line, and I see I have strayed from duty far enough. Thank you, Peter. It is true what our Fuhrer says, in Germany today it is our youth who lead the way.

(looks at his watch)

Regretfully, I must go. Dear lady, it has been delightful.

He gets up. Frau Muchin looks at Peter angrily.

FRAU MUCHIN

I'll walk you to the door.

Frau Muchin accompanies Knopp out. Neddie stares at Peter trying to figure him out.

NEDDIE

I thought this was farting music.

Peter doesn't respond. He's too busy trying to figure out Knopp.

SOUND of intimacies being exchanged at the door. It closes. His mother comes back in, furious.

FRAU MUCHIN

I don't know what's come over you, Peter. The Major has done so much for you, for us. Herr Hinz I could understand, but Herr Knopp is a good man.

PETER

He's a nazi.

FRAU MUCHIN

And what's wrong with that? The whole country is nazi.

PETER

He asked me to spy on Herr Shufler.

Frau Muchin takes this in.

FRAU MUCHIN

Then he must have a reason.

PETER

I will not have him sitting or sleeping where my father did!

Frau Muchin SLAPS him. He looks at her coldly.

FRAU MUCHIN

Do you want to end up like him? I don't know what you think happened. All his great principles! What good did his principles do us? What good did they do anyone, including him? By the time the Gestapo was finished, he was willing to say or sign anything to stop the pain!

Peter flies into a rage knocking the food and plates from the table. They SHATTER on the floor. He runs into the living room,

We see the radio go flying and hit the floor smashing apart. The German army marching band comes to an abrupt halt.

Frau Muchin reaches out and tries to pull him towards her, to make him stop.

FRAU MUCHIN

Peter, I just don't want you to be hurt. Forgive me...

He pulls away, runs out of the living room and down the hallway towards his room.

Frau Muchin stands shaking, Neddie terrified.

INT. THE HALLWAY -- FOLLOWING

Peter going down the hallway towards his room. He stops, tries to get a hold of himself. He looks at the door to his grandmother's room. Thinks for a second, knocks, goes in.

PETER

Grandma.

INT. MAMA KLARA'S ROOM -- FOLLOWING.

The room is dim and stuffy. A sick room. Bottles of pills crowd the night table. Mama Klara lies in between sleep and waking, life and death, in bed.

MAMA KLARA

Peter, is that you?

He approaches the bed.

PETER

Yes. How are you feeling?

MAMA KLARA

What was that crash? I heard a crash.

PETER
Something in the street.

MAMA KLARA
It sounded so close, it frightened me. What happened to the music? It stopped.

Peter looks at her. Their eyes connect.

MAMA KLARA
Oh. Is he gone?

PETER
Yes.

For the first time she seems almost lucid.

MAMA KLARA
Finally. Bavarian bastards. They can keep their free vacation. Your father had them figured out from the start. He knew what they were up to.

PETER
But it didn't do any good, grandma. What can anybody do?

She seems to reflect on this for a moment.

MAMA KLARA
Your grandfather and I...often we talked of traveling, of going to America. But we never did. We never even left Germany.

He realizes she's out of it, kisses her on the forehead.

PETER
Go to sleep grandma.

EXT. SHUFLER'S BOOKSTORE -- MORNING.

PETER standing across the street, staring at the entrance to the bookstore. He makes a decision, crosses the street.

He gets to the door, tries to open it. It's locked. He looks inside, all is dark. Distressed, he pounds on the door.

PETER
Herr Shufler. Open up. I have to speak to you. Herr Shufler.

No response. He knocks some more.

PETER
Herr Shufler. It's Peter.

VOICE
He's gone.

Peter turns to see a LITTLE GIRL, age five holding a doll.

LITTLE GIRL
This is Bibsi. She's my best friend.

PETER
What do you mean he's gone? Did the soldiers take him away?

LITTLE GIRL
No soldiers. He was all by himself.
I saw him.

She points to a window across the street.

LITTLE GIRL
(continuing)
It was at night. Bibsi saw him too.

Peter looks relieved, but also feels as if he's been deserted.

LITTLE GIRL
(continuing)
Bibsi's very smart. She can speak in three different languages. She can salute Heil Hitler. Sing Bravo King George. And say okay Roosevelt.

Peter stares at the dark empty store. Where to turn?

EXT. THE CANAL -- DAY.

The water as tranquil as can be. No boats in sight. In the distance SOUND OF a phonograph playing a record.

A CANOE appears around the bend. The song is "JAPANESE SANDMAN," Benny and the boys.

Peter paddles slowly from the stern alternating sides. Evey reclines against some pillows in the front striking a very sensual pose. There's a portable player balanced in the middle, along with a small stack of records. They glide along.

EVEY
Let's never go back.

PETER
Huh?

EVEY

I said let's just keep riding out to the river, on and on.

Peter doesn't seem to be there.

EVEY

What's the matter?

PETER

What? Sorry.

EVEY

You're not still thinking about what happened the other night. You and Thomas will make up, you'll see.

Peter doesn't seem so sure. She gets up and walks back towards him, destabilizing the canoe.

PETER

Hey. You'll tip us over. Sit down.

EVEY

Only if you stop thinking about it.

PETER

I can't. It's more than just Thomas...

She touches him on the lips again.

EVEY

Whenever I start to thinking about something that hurts, I pretend I'm somebody else and that whoever I am has no troubles.

(lies back in his arms)

Just pretend we never have to go back. That we can just be like this forever. Our little canoe, the phonograph, a few good platters. What more do we need?

PETER

What about food, shelter and water?

EVEY

Don't you have an imagination? Pretend that it will be like this everyday. The sky will be this beautiful. I'll always be this beautiful, and you'll always love me.

(Beat)

You're supposed to say I don't have to pretend that.

He's zoned out again.

EVEY

(continuing)

Click, click, click. You can't hear the music when you're brain is making so much noise.

She gives him a long kiss, puts his hand on her breast.

EVEY

(continuing)

Have you ever done it in a canoe?

Peter looks surprised.

PETER

Have you ever done it?

EVEY

Sure. Haven't you?

She tickles him. He tickles her. She screams with laughter. He's on top of her now. Looks at her tenderly. They kiss passionately.

EVEY

Be careful you'll tip us over.

The CAMERA PULLS AWAY FROM THEM, PANNING over the side and down to the water. It ripples as the canoe gently rocks.

EXT. THE CANAL. -- LATER

The bow of the canoe cutting through the water. Peter paddles, with Evey leaning back against him. They are happily disheveled, at peace now. No record is playing.

The sound of MUSIC playing comes from out on the water.

EVEY

(points)

Look.

She is pointing at a gathering of FOUR CANOES up ahead. The music plays on the phonograph in an empty canoe in the middle. Its couples have abandoned it for another. The three other couples are all standing along with them and dancing in their canoes.

Peter and Evey look at each other, smile. He paddles them alongside to join in the fun. They get up, start dancing along, precariously balanced in their canoe. The couples start dancing wilder and wilder, taking more chances. One by one, they go over the side. Peter jumps in with the rest. Evey tries to hold on, but... SPLASH.

EXT. THE STREET -- DAY.

Peter and Evey, soaking wet walking down the street, laughing. They stop. A tremendous ROAR is coming from around the corner.

They are astonished to see a HUGE MARCHING TROOP turning onto their street. It's headed straight for them. This is no troop of boys, but SOLDIERS in full battle fatigues. And this is no parade. TANKS and ARMORED VEHICLES follow them.

The people on the street who stop to watch look just as surprised and awed as Peter and Evey do. But as they watch the spectacle, Evey's eyes fill with excitement, Peter's with dread.

Peter drags Evey up the street to where some people are gathered in the doorway of a shop listening to a RADIO BROADCAST.

Peter asks one of the listeners...

PETER

What's happening?

LISTENER

We're finally helping our German brothers in Poland.

Peter realizes... turns to Evey.

PETER

War.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: A RADIO

It plays HITLER'S WAR DAY speech (In German)

Pull back to see Berger and his wife sitting and listening, IN THEIR DEN.

Berger turns it off, disgusted.

BERGER

He'll have the whole country believing Poland invaded us. Except England and France know better now. It's finished.

SOUND OF SOMEONE POUNDING ON THE FRONT DOOR.

Frau Berger looks at him fretfully.

BERGER

I'll get it.

He gets up and goes into the hallway.

INT. THE HALLWAY -- FOLLOWING.

Berger opens the door. The Gestapo Lieutenant we saw earlier with Knopp and another officer barge in.

BERGER

What is the meaning of this?

LIEUTENANT

Dietrich Berger?

He nods.

LIEUTENANT

You will come with us for questioning.

His wife comes out into the hallway.

FRAU BERGER

Dietrich, what is it?

BERGER

Questioning. About what? There must be some mistake.

LIEUTENANT

There are no mistakes. You will come with us now.

FRAU BERGER

You can't just take him.

BERGER

Schhh. I'll be all right. Can I get a few things?

LIEUTENANT

You won't be needing anything. You'll be back in the morning.

Berger knows better than to believe this. Something makes him turn and look up. He sees...

Thomas standing at the top of the staircase looking down at him.

BERGER

Thomas.

Thomas can't meet his father's eyes. He turns away.

CLOSE ON HIM as he heads back towards his room. The realization of what he's done sets into his face. The rush of regret and dismay are too much for him. He walls off his feelings. His features go dull.

Go from his face to...

A SEA OF YOUNG FACES all wearing an almost intoxicated expression, hands raised in the NAZI SALUTE. We are...

EXT. A SPORTS STADIUM -- NIGHT.

Behind the boys FLOODLIGHTS illuminate huge Nazi banners. "DEUTSCHLAND UEBER ALLES" is being played.

ON PETER

Swallowed up by the crowd. His arm is raised, but only because everyone else's is. He is overwhelmed by the spectacle. He tries to look around for Thomas. But they're are just too many of them.

Dead silence other than the music. The music ends.

ON JUGENFUHRER SHIRACH (Youth Leader of Germany) standing before a microphone on the platform in front. As he speaks we take in the ornaments of the spectacle, The huge flags flapping in the wind, the grandiose eagle emblem, the ribbons on the uniforms of the elite core surrounding the platform, etc...

SHIRACH

National Socialism is humanity's greatest experience. It is man gloriously in search of his soul. For too long, the German people were suffering from "ich leide sellisch." Soul sickness. And in our sickness we grew soft, covetous, mean and timid.

ON PETER

watching. he can feel the massive enthusiasm around him. He feels terribly alone.

SHIRACH

(continuing)

But our Fuhrer has rejuvenated us. He has given us spiritual release by self-forgetfulness in common effort -- exultation to all who have been afraid of life and its insecurities -- and shown us great moments of disciplined fury that are possible when souls rise and mingle in divine comradeship. Man's salvation is in our hands. And the Hitler Jugend are the guarantors of that future. You are the lifeblood of Germany. The entire life and struggle of the Fuhrer culminates in you. As he is to Germany, you are to him: the beginning and the end. Woe to those who do not understand you! Three times woe to those who oppose you! Zieg Heil!

The stadium roars and salutes in response.

STADIUM
ZIEG HEIL! ZIEG HEIL! ZIEG HEIL!

Peter salutes along with the rest, but without the words, his face full of fear.

He spots Thomas two rows down. Thomas salutes as if in a fever.

THOMAS AND THE REST
ZIEG HEIL!

ON THE LAST ROAR WE SIMULTANEOUSLY CUT TO:

A RECORD BEING SMASHED OVER A KNEE. It falls to the floor amidst a pile of similarly broken records.

We PAN UP to Arvid's face. It is full of self-destructive desperation. We are...

INT. ARVID'S ROOM -- LATE DAY.

Arvid picks out another record jacket. The "QUINTETTE DU HOT CLUB DE FRANCE. SOME OF THESE DAYS." He decides to put that one carefully aside. Takes another, removes it from its jacket and SMASHES IT. He looks along the shelf. He's still got a lot to go.

He starts sweeping them all off the shelf and STOMPING on them.

CUT TO:

THE SHELVES NOW EMPTY. SHARDS OF BROKEN RECORDS are piled on top of each other.

Arvid reaches down into this pile and pulls out one shard. He stares resolutely at its jagged edge.

CUT TO:

ARVID'S BATHROOM. Hands come and turn on the bath faucets. The bathtub begins to fill with water.

CUT TO:

ARVID'S PORTABLE RECORD PLAYER balanced on the toilet cover. The end of "Some of These Days" plays.

PAN SLOWLY over to the bathtub. Arvid is in it, eyes locked open. The water still running.

FROM ABOVE.

Arvid lying naked in the tub, his hands held out, thin streams of blood flowing from his wrists.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The red water starts to seep over the edge of the tub.

The song concludes. The needle slides to the end. It skips over and over, riding the empty band.

We go from that to....

A hand picking up one of the shards

INT. ARVID'S ROOM -- DAY.

It's Peter. He stands amidst the rubble of broken records, taking it in. He looks as if he has been cracked in two as well.

The room is a shambles. Along with the mountain of broken records, all the pictures have been ripped from the walls. The only one left up is of Django's deformed hand.

EXT. HAMBURG CEMETERY -- MORNING.

On Peter's face. The grief has been sucked down so deep inside that all he can feel now is numb.

He and Helga, dressed in black, stand alone beside Arvid's grave, Helga is weeping profusely. But Peter can't manage a tear. He turns to start back. Helga can't move. She is fixed to the spot. Peter goes on without her.

ON PETER

walking by himself past all the gravestones. He looks out at them, oppressed by their weight.

UP AHEAD

he sees Thomas standing on the road, waiting by his motorbike, in full HJ uniform.

The two old friends look at each other. Thomas's eyes are warm, welcoming. Peter doesn't turn away. Thomas comes towards him and locks him in an embrace.

CLOSE SHOT: THOMAS'S ARM

swathed in THE SWASTIKA, wrapped around the back of Peter's neck.

EXT. FRAU REMER'S FINISHING SCHOOL -- LATE DAY.

Peter waits outside the school looking anxiously for Evey as the girls pile out. He is surprised to see her in a group who have traded in their school insignias for BUNDISCHE UNIFORMS.

Evey sees him, breaks from the group, comes over. He stares at her uniform.

EVEY

Hi. I can't talk now. I've got to go to a meeting.

PETER

Why didn't you come today?

EVEY

I hate funerals... Was Thomas there?

He nods.

EVEY

(continuing)

Good.

They stand awkwardly, nothing to say.

PETER

He was right you know. Arvid, I mean. He said Poland was next.

EVEY

Is that what you came to tell me?

One of her bundische friends calls to her.

BUNDISCHE 1

Evey, come on.

EVEY

I'll be right there.

She looks at him, expectantly.

PETER

No...I came because I thought we might...

EVEY

Might what?

PETER

...I don't know.

EVEY

Not if you're going to be like this.

PETER

How do you want me to be? I mean, Arvid killed himself.

EVEY

Well I know. That should tell you something. Shouldn't it?

Peter is still struggling with his feelings.

EVEY

(continuing)

Look around you. Do you want to be left behind? I mean, swing was fun. But things are so exciting now. Don't you feel it? There's nothing we can't do. Think what we have to look forward to.

She sees he doesn't feel the same way. She kisses him.

EVEY

You love me, don't you?

He's not responding the way she wants.

BUNDISCHE 1

Evey.

EVEY

I'm coming.
(to Peter, aggravated)
You're hopeless.

She looks at him for one more second, turns away and rejoins her friends. They go off.

He watches her go, really torn. It's as if everyone else is speaking a foreign language. Exhausted, he turns. He can't think anymore.

INT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS -- MORNING.

3 PACKAGES WRAPPED IN BROWN PAPER sitting on a desk.

Pull back to see Peter standing at attention before them. The Gestapo lieutenant sits behind the desk.

LIEUTENANT

It is an honor to be chosen for this detail Herr Muchin. You will answer no questions, Just make sure you deliver the packages to whom they are intended.

He hands Peter a list. Peter looks at the list, dully, salutes.

PETER

Yes, Herr Lieutenant. Heil Hitler.

Peter picks up the packages without looking at them and leaves.

INT. HAMBURG STREET -- DAY.

Peter, his eyes front, walking briskly down the street.

In the crook of his arm he carries the 3 PACKAGES.

EXT. A HOUSE -- DAY.

Peter handing a woman one of the packages and marching away. She stares at it, trepidatiously.

EXT. ANOTHER HOUSE -- DAY.

Peter knocking briskly on the front door. He has 2 PACKAGES left.

The little girl with the doll opens it. Peter is surprised to see her. She smiles at him.

LITTLE GIRL

Oh Hello. Do you want to play?

Peter, swallows hard, holds out the package.

PETER

No. Give this to your mother.

LITTLE GIRL

Is it a present for me from my daddy? He's coming home soon, isn't he? They took him away last month. But he said he would come home soon.

PETER

(breaking a little)
Just give it to your mother.

Suddenly A WOMAN appears at the door.

WOMAN

Bibsi, who are you talking to?

When the woman looks at Peter her eyes register fright. She looks from him to the package.

WOMAN

What do you want?

PETER

You are to have this.

He tries to force it on her.

WOMAN

What is it?

PETER

You are to take it.

She does. Peter turns to go.

BIBSI

(Salutes)
Heil Hitler!

Peter walks away as fast as he can. He tries not to think as he walks. He shifts the remaining package from one hand to the other. He starts to shake.

EXT. THE LAST HOUSE -- DAY.

Peter approaches the door. He moves his hand to knock. He's shaking uncontrollably now. He finally lets his hand fall, looks down at the package.

EXT. THE CANAL -- DAY.

Peter sits near the bottom of steps leading down to the canal, out of sight from the street, staring at the package. Full of fear, he slowly tears off the wrapping. It appears to be nothing more than a BOX OF CIGARS. Peter looks at it with relief.

He thinks again. Tries to break the seal. It won't budge. He takes out his HJ knife, cuts and lifts... All at once, IT BURSTS OPEN.

SOME KIND OF FINE GREY ASH blows out of the box propelled by the force of the opening and the wind around the canal.

The ash blows into Peter's face. He coughs, choking on it. He stands up, dropping the box, trying to get the ash out of his eyes. His hands are also covered with it. In horror, he realizes what it is. He reaches down for the box.

On the inside lid of the box there is a word printed in red.

INSERT THE LID:

"TRAITOR"

Peter recoils. He convulses, throwing up.

He staggers down the remaining steps to the water and splashes some on his face, his hands, trying to get the ash off him.

CLOSE SHOT: PETER

dousing his face and hands over and over with water. He starts weeping uncontrollably, rocking back and forth. A word escapes his lips.

PETER

Poppa.

INT. FRAU LINGE'S APARTMENT-- HER BEDROOM -- DAY.

Frau Linge is packing a suitcase. She's not taking much and is in a great hurry.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

Her heart leaps into her throat. The KNOCK comes again. She waits.

PETER (O.S)

Frau Linge. It's Peter. Peter Muchin.

She breathes a sigh of relief, closes the suitcase and hides it under the bed. She goes to the door.

THE HALLWAY -- FOLLOWING.

She opens the door. Peter stands in front of her, his face ravaged with tears. She looks him over.

FRAU LINGE

Peter. I can't see you right now.

He starts to shake again.

PETER

Please...My father...

FRAU LINGE

What is it?

He can't phrase an answer. She looks about cautiously.

FRAU LINGE

(continuing)

All right. Come in.

INT. LINGE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY.

Peter sits on the couch. Frau Linge brings him a glass of water. He gulps it thirstily.

FRAU LINGE

Slow. Slow.

He slows down. She looks at him.

PETER

I want to help.

FRAU LINGE

I don't know what you mean.

PETER

I know what you're doing. I looked in one of Herr Shufler's books. They asked me to spy on him, but I didn't tell them anything... Is Herr Shufler safe?

She doesn't know whether to tell him.

PETER

He left the country, didn't he?

She decides to trust him.

FRAU LINGE

No. he's still here. He won't rest until Germany is free of the Nazis.

PETER

That's how my father felt, isn't it?

FRAU LINGE

Yes... I found something after you left the last time.

She gets up and goes to a desk. She opens a drawer and takes out a letter. She holds it out to him.

FRAU LINGE

It's a letter from your father to my husband.

Peter is almost afraid to touch it.

FRAU LINGE

(continuing)

Shall I read it to you?

Peter nods. She begins to read.

FRAU LINGE

(continuing)

"We must all take responsibility for what is happening to our country.

(MORE)

FRAU LINGE (CONT'D)

If those of us who have a voice do not raise it in outrage at the treatment of our fellow human beings, we will have collaborated in their doom. It is not good enough to raise these voices in our homes. Many Germans do this. Many Germans wish to see the scourge of Nazism removed from the country. But outside their doors all they hear is Hitler's voice of hate, his promises of glory. All they see are the rows of arms and legs moving in one direction... And the youth, I fear from them the most. We let Hitler get rid of the Communists for us. But now, like those poor townspeople who wanted their rats removed at any price, we watch helplessly as the pied piper takes our children from us." He goes on later in the letter to talk about you. He had great hopes that you would be a fine musician.

She looks at him. He is pale. He tries to say it, starts to cry.

PETER

They made me... They killed all their fathers and they made me... I didn't... ask what was inside. I knew it, but I wouldn't...I didn't ask...

FRAU LINGE

What Peter?

PETER

Ashes. They made me deliver their ashes. I didn't want to know. I couldn't... I didn't know what to do. My friend, he...killed himself. And my mother... I was just so scared. What could I do?

LINGE

It's all right.

PETER

No it's not. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. The night they took my father away, we were in the middle of dinner and they just came in and we couldn't do anything. He told us not to do anything.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

He was so calm. He didn't seem scared at all. But then when they brought him back four months later, I wasn't sure it was him, he looked so different. He was so weak, he couldn't even speak. He didn't go near the violin, He was so scared he wouldn't leave the house. He wouldn't pick up the telephone. And I didn't know what they had done to him, my poppa. He was so brave, he was so wonderful, and they...

He breaks down sobbing. She pulls him into her shoulder.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM -- A LITTLE LATER.

Peter has fallen asleep in Frau Linge's arms on the couch. Carefully, she gets up, trying not to disturb him. She covers him with a blanket, and goes into the other room.

INT. HER BEDROOM -- SOON AFTER

She finishes packing the suitcase, closes it.

A RECORD comes on in the living room. She walks out.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM -- FOLLOWING

SINGER

"Oh baby I don't want you to croon
soft and mellow/Let me warn you in
advance/Sing me a swing song and
make me dance."

Peter sits listening to the record player.

FRAU LINGE

Are they any good, my records?

PETER

Oh yeah. This is Murderistic, Killa
Dilla, super-mergentroid.

She laughs.

PETER

(continuing)
I didn't know you liked swing.

FRAU LINGE

There's no other kind of music like
it. It reminds me of free people.

He sees the suitcase.

FRAU LINGE

(continuing)

You must go now.

PETER

Where are you...?

FRAU LINGE

(interrupting)

It's better you not know.

PETER

But what do I do?

FRAU LINGE

What you can. Someone will be in touch, I promise. Your time will come to fight.

(She gives him a kiss
on the cheek)

Be careful Peter.

He smiles at her with deep gratitude.

EXT. FRAU LINGE'S BUILDING -- EVENING.

Peter comes out, and heads down the street. He doesn't notice...

THE BLACK MERCEDES parked down the street in the other direction.

INT. THE MERCEDES -- THE SAME.

Sitting in the back seat, Knopp watches Peter head away from the building. His eyes register no emotion. He signals 2 Gestapo in the car. They get out and head towards Frau Linge's building.

INT. THE MUCHIN APARTMENT -- EVENING.

Peter walks in to hear LAUGHTER coming from the living room. He knows who it is. His face grows tense.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM -- FOLLOWING.

Peter comes in to see Thomas laughing with Neddie. Thomas is showing Neddie his HJ knife. Peter doesn't want Thomas anywhere near his little brother.

THOMAS

Where have you been? I've been waiting for you.

PETER

(to Neddie)
Did mama get back from taking
grandma yet?

NEDDIE

No. Thomas was just...

PETER

Give him back the knife.

Neddie does. Thomas is picking up Peter's hostility.

THOMAS

Neddie, Peter and I need to talk for
a minute.

Neddie looks at Peter, realizes something's up.

PETER

Go on.

Neddie, feeling left out again, leaves the room. The two old
friends face each other. The tension between them is palpable.

THOMAS

He's going to make a fine soldier
someday.

PETER

I hope not.

Thomas sees that his fear is confirmed.

THOMAS

...Yeah, the way we ran over Poland
he'll probably never get into it,
anyway. We might not even get a
chance. I hope we do. I mean now
that something finally happened.

Peter doesn't respond.

THOMAS

(continuing)
I told you though. We're unbeatable.
I bet the English and the French are
quaking in their boots.

PETER

What do you want?

THOMAS

Nothing. I just... wanted to talk.

PETER

About what?

THOMAS

I'm just worried about the way
you've been acting lately.

(his eyes entreat him)

I know Arvid's death shook you up.
But you've got to forget about it.

Peter gapes at him, astonished.

PETER

Forget about it!

THOMAS

You have to. He's just one person.

PETER

He was our friend!

THOMAS

It doesn't matter. You can't save
everyone, Peter. There are more
important things now. We're at war.

Peter eyes become steely.

PETER

That's right. If you side with the
Nazis, we're at war. You and me. I'm
not going to forget about Arvid. They
murdered him. They murdered my father!

THOMAS

Wait a second. What are you talking
about? Arvid killed himself. He was
a cripple. He didn't belong.

PETER

He was a human being! And he killed
himself because he didn't want to
become a murderer. Don't you see
that's what they're trying to make
us into?!

THOMAS

Stop talking that way. You've got to
forget it, Peter. Just go along and
make the best of things.

PETER

They had me delivering ashes. In
cigar boxes! People's ashes to their
families! Don't you understand?! God
knows what else they'll do.

THOMAS
We're not in charge, we can't know
what's really going on.

PETER
They're evil, Thomas!

Thomas grabs him by the arms.

THOMAS
Shut up! I'm not hearing this. You
don't know what you're saying. I
don't want to have to...

His grip on Peter becomes almost pleading.

THOMAS
(continuing)
...Look, we said they'd never split
us apart, didn't we?

Peter nods, softens for a second.

THOMAS
(continuing)
You're like my brother, you know
that, don't you? You have to listen
to me.

Thomas lets him go, looks down. He can barely say it.

THOMAS
(continuing)
They've been asking questions about
you.

Peter takes this in.

THOMAS
(continuing)
If they knew I was telling you...
(looks up at him)
Do you understand, now? So, you've
got to do what I say.

Thomas is shaking. By force of will he brings himself under control.

THOMAS
(continuing)
There's an operation at Cafe Bismark
tonight. We can be part of it. You
can still... Please, Peter. It will
all be okay, if we just stick
together.
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 (he smiles, hopefully)
 You'll see. Just follow my lead,
 like always. I'll get you through.

Peter stares at him, incredulous.

THOMAS
 (continuing)
 It's you and me, right. Who else is
 there?

He looks at his friend hopefully. All that registers on Peter's
 face is sadness.

THOMAS
 (continuing)
 Eleven o'clock. I'll be looking for
 you.

Thomas turns to go. Turns back, gives him one more look of
 entreaty and leaves.

Peter watches him go out the door. It shuts. His face hardens. He
 knows what he has to do.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

Peter standing in front of the mirror staring at himself in his
 HJ uniform... HE RIPS THE SWASTIKA OFF HIS ARM.

CUT TO:

PETER CHANGING

into his swing clothes. Piece by piece he puts them on, as if
 girding himself for battle. The pegged pants, the long scottish
 waistcoat, the bowler hat, and finally...the umbrella.

Neddie appears in the doorway.

NEDDIE
 Take me with you.

PETER
 No. Stay and wait for mama. She'll
 need you...to be here when she gets
 back.

NEDDIE
 I don't want to stay. I want to come
 with you.

Peter looks at his little brother, tries not show what he feels.

PETER

Stay with mama.

Peter leaves. Neddie's about to burst.

EXT. CAFE BISMARK -- NIGHT.

THE CAMERA SWEEPS IN FROM ON HIGH ON THE ENTRANCE TO THE CLUB.

Above the door the HJ sign is posted.

"SWING PROHIBITED"

A paint brush comes and crosses the second word out, replaces it with another. The sign now reads.

"SWING REQUIRED."

INT. CAFE BISMARK -- NIGHT.

THE SINGER'S RED LIPS as she sings.

SINGER

BEI MIR BIST DU SHON/PLEASE LET ME
EXPLAIN/BEI MIR BIST DU SHON/MEANS
THAT YOUR GRAND.

She is singing to a rapt audience, who instead of dancing stand enthralled. Tonight there's real feeling in the air. Real swing.

SINGER

I COULD SAY...

The crowd sings at her prompting.

CROWD

BELLA BELLA.

SINGER

EVEN SAY...

CROWD

WUNDERBAR.

SINGER

EACH LANGUAGE ONLY LETS ME TELL YOU/
HOW GRAND YOU ARE/I'VE TRIED TO
EXPLAIN/ BEI MIR BIST DU SCHON/SO
KISS ME AND SAY YOU UNDERSTAND.

The band jumps into the break. The audience ecstatically applauds and starts jitterbugging.

EXT. CAFE BISMARCK -- SAME TIME.

Three vans pull up in front of the club. DOZENS OF HJ pile out of each and arrange themselves in formation in front.

Thomas stands in formation. He looks up the street, hoping to see Peter. But it's empty. He grips the night stick in his hand, his features hardening into anger.

Emil stands in front of the troops.

EMIL

On my signal.

The other HJs raise their truncheons.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CLUB: THE DRUMMER OF THE BAND

begins to hit the cymbals producing a radically different rhythm. It is the rhythm of jewish kletzmer music (like the Hora dance hotted up). The rest of the band joins in. The music builds to a frenzy.

CUT TO:

EMIL'S HAND COMING DOWN.

CUT TO:

THE H.J. BURSTING IN THE CLUB.

They charge into the crowd swinging for their heads. The swing kids fight back with everything they've got. It's life and death. This is no longer just umbrella fighting. They use chairs, tables, anything they can get their hands on. The band keeps on playing as long as they can, sounding the call to rebellion. But none of this is a match for the HJ clubs.

ON THE BACK OF ONE HJ

slashing his way through swing kids.

It's Thomas and he's out of control. He pummels one after another, his uniform splattering with blood. After clearing a path, he searches the crowd for Peter. There's no sign of him. Thomas assaults his next victim.

ON THE GUITAR PLAYER

from the band, fighting an HJ with his instrument. Bits of the guitar are shearing off with every swing. The HJ tries to fend him off with his club. But the guitarist has the upper hand until ANOTHER HJ SLAMS him from behind. The swing kid crumples, grabbing his back. Now both HJs start to club him, savagely.

Suddenly the GUITAR slashes into one of the HJ's heads, knocking him senseless. The other HJ turns to see...

PETER

Umbrella to the arm, umbrella to the stomach, umbrella to the jaw. The HJ goes down.

Through the crowd Peter sees Thomas staring at him from across the room. A mass of fighting bodies separate them. But Peter doesn't have time to worry about Thomas....

A CLUB smashes painfully into Peter's chest, stunning him momentarily and dropping him to his knees. He's defenseless. The HJ rears back for a final blow... A DRUM comes crashing over the HJ's head pinning him to the floor.

Peter looks gratefully at the DRUMMER behind him. Peter picks up his umbrella and he and the drummer rejoin the melee, fighting their way through like avenging angels.

Peter floores another HJ. He turns around in a circle looking for someone else to fight. He turns once more and comes face to face with...

THOMAS.

Thomas doesn't let him think. He lunges for him, all his fury boiling over. Thomas's hands are in Peter face, on his shoulder. He wrenches him, locking around Peter's head with his arm. Thomas begins to choke him.

THOMAS

WHY WOULDN'T YOU LISTEN TO ME?!

Peter can't break the hold. Thomas tightens his grip. Peter backpeddles sending them crashing into others. He thrashes every which way trying to break free. But Thomas won't let go.

A wave of swing kids rushing to get out slams against them. With the crowd they are propelled out the side door and into...

EXT. THE ALLEY --

Peter and Thomas come crashing out onto the pavement. The force breaks Thomas's hold. Kids continue to rush by, trying to escape.

Peter scrambles to his feet, tries to follow. Thomas flings him against the alley wall. He begins to choke him again. This time head on.

Their eyes lock. Peter tries to find his friend behind the cold fury in Thomas's stare. But Thomas is past any connection now. His hate and fear propel him blindly. He wedges his elbow in, and presses harder, trying to break Peter's neck.

PETER

Thomas, you're not a murderer.
You're not like them.

But Thomas can't hear him. His eyes narrow, blank, almost inhuman. He's going to kill him. Suddenly his vision snaps back. He sees what he's doing. It takes him a second before he can stop his hands. He backs away.

Peter holds his throat, gasping for breath.

Thomas looks at him, tears streaming down his face.

More swing kids pour out the door. Down the far side of the alley, Peter sees HJs blocking the way. Peter looks towards the open end. That's where he's got to go.

The two friends know they'll never see each other again. The love they have for each other almost keeps Peter from moving. He wants Thomas to come with him. Thomas can't. His eyes beg Peter to run, to escape.

Peter wrenches himself away, makes a break for the open street.

THE STREET

Peter runs out from the alley. It's a trap. More HJs are waiting, grabbing each swing kid that comes out.

TWO grab him, start pulling towards a van.

VOICE

Wait.

IT'S KNOPP. He's standing by his car, with the Gestapo.

KNOPP

Bring that one here.

The Gestapo grab him. Knopp and Peter stare at each other.

KNOPP

(continuing)

It's such a waste. So much passion
for nothing.

Peter glares at Knopp defiantly.

KNOPP

(continuing)

You can take him now.

Peter turns to find Hinz and two soldiers behind him. Hinz smiles sickly, grabs a hold and drags him towards a separate car.

Knopp watches him, shakes his head. Out comes the handkerchief and he wipes his nose. The cold has come back.

ON PETER

as he is shoved in the car door. He turns his head.

Thomas is watching. Their eyes meet.

Hinz pushes Peter. Gets in behind him. The car starts off.

Thomas wipes the tears from his face and turns away, stiffly. As he goes, Emil falls into step next to him.

ANOTHER ANGLE: THE STREET

At the end of the block someone peaks out from behind the corner. It's Neddie. He has seen everything. He stares after the car driving away with his brother.

INT. THE MUCHIN HOUSE -- NIGHT.

Frau Muchin comes into the apartment. She calls out.

FRAU MUCHIN

Peter? Neddie?

The house is quiet.

The CAMERA STAYS STILL as she goes through the kitchen, living room, bedrooms.

FRAU MUCHIN

Peter. Neddie?

She comes back out into the hallway. A foreboding comes over her.

EXT. CAFE BISMARCK -- NIGHT.

The street is now empty. Eerily silent after the battle. The only remnant is...

A SWING KID'S UMBRELLA

lying in the street.

Neddie picks it up. He stares at it, turns and starts walking.

Up ahead, he sees a lone FIGURE turning the corner.

As they get closer he can see it's a swing kid, his age. The kid WHISTLES "HARLEM."

CLOSE ON NEDDIE'S FACE:

He makes his defiant decision. He whistles "Harlem" back.

The kid and he nod as they pass.

The camera stays still and watches Neddie go. The whistle echoes down the empty street, reverberating like a call...

It wafts down the canal and out towards the sea.

"DESPITE ALL NAZI ATTEMPTS TO STIFLE
THE SWING MOVEMENT, IT CONTINUED TO
GROW. FROM 1941 ON THERE WERE MORE
SWING KIDS IN HAMBURG THAN THERE
WERE HITLER YOUTH."

MUSIC OVER END CREDITS: "SING SING SING"