

THE KEEP

by

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"THE KEEP"

EXT. DINU PASS - WIDE - DAY

Sheer mountain walls a thousand feet high on either side of the pass are slate grey granite. The pouring rain washes in darker, more reflective rivulets down the stone. It is impossibly steep: jagged slabs with narrow ledges and precipitous drops. A few stunted and bare trees. We hear the deep RUMBLE of VEHICLES. HOLD: nothing. Then:

CLOSE TRACKING: WOERMANN'S ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER (APC)

with German markings on the front, rumbles along the ledge halfway between the raging stream and the floor of the pass twenty feet below and the top of the granite a thousand feet above. Following Woermann's command car are two trucks carrying soldiers and weapons. All vehicles bear German World War II markings.

SUPER: RUMANIA, DINU PASS, 1941

CUT TO:

INT. ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER (APC) - WOERMANN - DAY

WOERMANN is dark haired, scarred and battle-weary. The consummate combat veteran. His grey Wehrmacht uniform is rumpled and unbuttoned. He won the iron cross in the First World War but doesn't wear it. A Hamburg dockworker's son and a member of the Spartacist Bund in his youth, he took part in the 1918-1919 mutiny of the German soldiers and sailors against the right wing militarists at the end of the war. He fought in the street battles against the British, French, American and rearmed German police that put down and smashed the nascent Hamburg Soviet. Like many rank and file members of the German Social Democratic Party, after it was smashed between 1933-37, Woermann ironically found himself drafted into the Third Reich's Wehrmacht.

OVER WOERMANN'S SHOULDER: THE PASS

winds through the brown-grey wet granite down the precipitous ledge. Across the gorge the escarpment begins to jut out into a slab of rock. Just then...

(CONTINUED)

## FLASH OF LIGHTNING

and a BLAST of THUNDER rages and reverberates, dying into a RUMBLE through the narrow confines of the granite gorge.

## WOERMANN

reacts not at all. Repeated squalls swooping through the pass, spear LIGHTNING in all directions. They threaten to bring the mountains down with their thunder. None of it disturbs the battle-weary ennui of this man.

## WOERMANN'S POV: DINU PASS

The opposite wall's ledge - seen from the vibrating APC POV - reveals: the Keep.

JUMP CUT TO:

## CLOSER: THE KEEP

sits on the slab. Its walls are forty to fifty feet high. Made of the same granite block, it melts seamlessly into the mountainside at its rear. It is a triangular fortress with one solitary tower at the apex.

## INT. APC - WOERMANN

reacts to the Keep as he did to the lightning: not at all.

CUT TO:

## EXT. VILLAGE - APC + TWO TRUCKS - DAY

pull into view around the Pass. The village is a small collection of white stucco-walled, shake roofed huts with one two-story inn. Not a soul is in sight. The German convoy stops in front of the Inn. A timbered causeway supported by stone columns spans the two hundred feet across the rocky gorge. It is the Keep's sole link to the world.

## INT. APC - WOERMANN + OSTER

SGT. OSTER is driving the APC. He kills the engine and looks around as does Woermann.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOERMANN

Well, Sergeant, what do you think of your new home?

OSTER

Not much, sir.

WOERMANN

Get used to it. You'll spend the rest of the war here.

OSTER

We should be in Greece.

WOERMANN

For what?

OSTER

For the fighting, sir.

WOERMANN

You could transfer, but by the time you got there, the war in Greece would be over, too... There's no fighting left.

(sarcastic)

We are the masters of the world...

There is a deep cynicism in his last statement. Oster looks away. We sense their disagreement of perspective.

WOERMANN

(continuing)

Does that enthrall you, Oster?

OSTER

Yes, sir!

WOERMANN

(tired)

Good! But you have the misfortune of being under my command... here is where they put me... so here is where we'll stay...

(beat)

You will please tell the men to get out and stretch. You will inspect the causeway to see if it will support the vehicles while I go over and take a look inside...

CUT TO:

EXT. KEEP - WOERMANN - DAY

strolls through the wide open wooden gates into the cobblestone courtyard. It's cool and quiet. The tower looms over him: grey walls surrounding on every side. Something catches Woermann's eye.

WOERMANN'S POV: CROSSES

more like an upright "T". The inner courtyard walls are studded with hundreds of them... thousands of them... all the same size and shape and unusual design.

CLOSE: WOERMANN

something disturbs him. He looks over his shoulder.

WOERMANN'S POV: VILLAGE ROOFTOPS

alive with birds.

WOERMANN'S POV: KEEP TOWER

no birds. The sudden quiet tells us.

CLOSE: WOERMANN

wondering... suddenly there's a SOUND. Woermann whirls, unsnapping the safety on his submachine gun.

DOORWAY

with steps leading up into darkness. Resounding FOOTSTEPS are heard APPROACHING. There is no attempt at stealth.

WOERMANN

legs spread wide, his weight in his hips, left hand over the submachine gun anticipating its rightward, upward crawl under full automatic fire, is prepared to blow away whoever enters.

DOORWAY: FEET

coming down the stairs reveal an old man, ALEXANDRU.

WOERMANN (O.S.)

What are you doing here?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TWO SHOT: WOERMANN + ALEXANDRU

in a woolly caciula.

ALEXANDRU

I'm the caretaker, sir.

The polite tone relaxes Woermann. Woermann moves from the brass and nickel crosses...

ALEXANDRU

(continuing; offers)

There's 16,807 such crosses embedded in the walls of the Keep.

WOERMANN

You counted them? Or is that something you tell your tour customers?

ALEXANDRU

I'm Alexandru. My sons and I work here.

(beat)

And no one... tours this place.

WOERMANN

I thought the Keep was unoccupied.

ALEXANDRU

We go home at night. We live in the village.

WOERMANN

Where's the owner?

ALEXANDRU

I have no idea.

WOERMANN

Who is he?

ALEXANDRU

I don't know.

WOERMANN

Who pays you, then?

ALEXANDRU

The Innkeeper. Someone brings him money twice a year. The Innkeeper pays us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOERMANN

Who tells you what to do?

ALEXANDRU

We do what needs doing. My father spent his life doing it. His father before him. And so on. My sons will continue after me.

Woermann's gaze roams over the solemn walls, half in shadow, and down the courtyard again.

WOERMANN

Very well. You may continue your maintenance after we settle in.

ALEXANDRU

You cannot stay here.

WOERMANN

And why not?

ALEXANDRU

It is forbidden.

WOERMANN

(wry smile)

Who forbids?

ALEXANDRU

It has always been that way. No one trespasses.

WOERMANN

No one?

ALEXANDRU

Some travellers have stayed... We do not resist them. But they never stay the night...

WOERMANN

(laughs)

Ghosts? Chain rattling spectres?

ALEXANDRU

No. No ghosts here.

WOERMANN

Deaths then? Gruesome murders? Suicides?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEXANDRU

No one's ever died here.

WOERMANN

Then what drives trespassers out  
in the middle of a rainy night?

ALEXANDRU

Dreams.

WOERMANN

(laughs)

Nightmares?

(cynical)

Old man: the nightmares man has  
made upon other men in this war?  
The bad dreams of your Keep are  
a nursery rhyme in comparison.

ALEXANDRU

It is my duty Herr Captain to  
inform you that no lodgers are  
allowed here in the Keep.

WOERMANN

(dismissing)

Consider your duty faithfully  
discharged... I want a tour...

The trucks start moving across the causeway.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DOOR - DAY

opens. Peering out is a close-cropped white head of  
FATHER FONESCU. At forty-two he is an even-tempered,  
reasonable man with the hard features of the Transylvanian  
Alpine life. His blue eyes stare with the distaste of the  
Rumanian peasant at the German vehicles crossing into  
the Keep. He shakes his head. We don't know if it's  
about the danger that may lurk in the Keep or in dis-  
approval of the Wehrmacht. He wears a long black  
cassock. His sheepdog, Petru, is black and grey and  
lame in one paw. Fonescu whistles, Petru returns to  
the church. The DOOR SLAMS shut resoundingly.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - FATHER FONESCU - DAY

crosses through the white stucco walls and sparse

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

byzantine crucifixes to the altar. This is a rural peasant's Christianity. It is unguilt and unadorned. There are no ecclesiastical politics here. This is a hard-working peasant's history and cultural identity encoded into religious ritual of confession, mass and the celebration of the blood and flesh of Jesus Christ. Father Fonescu kneels in front of the alter and begins to pray...

CUT TO:

INT. THE KEEP - WOERMANN + ALEXANDRU - NIGHT

moving through passages.

WOERMANN

Who built the Keep?

ALEXANDRU

Ask five people, you will get five answers. Some say Turks, some say the warlords of Wallachia, one of the Popes... who knows for sure? Truth shrinks and vanishes in five centuries.

WOERMANN

You really think it takes that long?

A reference to something else.

WOERMANN

(continuing)

One thing...

(beat)

Where are the birds?

ALEXANDRU

(a tired question)

There are never birds in the Keep.

WOERMANN

Doesn't that strike you as odd?

Before Alexandru can answer he hears HAMMERING and starts to go berserk.

ALEXANDRU

Herr Captain! Stop them!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOERMANN

Stop what?

ALEXANDRU

The spikes! They are opening  
the walls!

WOERMANN

Nonsense. They're hammering in  
nails for wires. We have two  
generators. The Wehrmacht does  
not live by torchlight...

And as they round a corner, Alexandru the Rumanian  
stops cold.

ALEXANDRU

(harsh whisper)

And is he stringing lights?

REVERSE: LUTZ

does not see Woermann and Alexandru behind him as he  
pries at one of the inlaid crosses with the point of  
his bayonet.

WOERMANN

(rage)

Soldier!!

Lutz almost has a heartattack as he whips around to see  
his commanding officer standing over him. He scrambles  
to his feet and salutes.

WOERMANN

(continuing)

What is your assignment?

LUTZ

To string lights, sir!

WOERMANN

Then what the hell are you  
doing!

No answer.

WOERMANN

(continuing)

Answer!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUTZ

Gold, sir. The talk among the men... the castle hides papal treasure... and the gold and silver crosses...

WOERMANN

Private Lutz, it's been a profitable day for you. You've not only learned the crosses are made of brass and nickel rather than gold and silver, you've earned yourself a place on first watch! All week! Get out!

Lutz leaves.

ALEXANDRU

Never touch the crosses! Never!

WOERMANN

And why not?

ALEXANDRU

You must not stay here...

WOERMANN

Good evening, Alexandru.

Woermann walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. INN - TOMESCI - NIGHT

The ceilings are wide and high with rough hewn timber against white stucco. It has a Rumanian alpine simplicity with natural wood on white stucco. Tomesci is huddled over a table with Alexandru, Alexandru's son and Father Fonescu, who ruffles Petru's fur.

TOMESCI

They are there?

ALEXANDRU

Yes.

TOMESCI

How long will they stay?

ALEXANDRU

I did not ask them. I think they believe they will stay for a long time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER FONESCU

Did you warn them...

ALEXANDRU

I warned them.

TOMESCI

No one has ever stayed in the  
Keep. I wonder what will become  
of the Germans...

(laughs)

Then again:

(spits)

Who cares...

Thomasci and Alexandru's son laugh at the thought.  
Alexandru does not share his humor. Neither does  
Father Fonescu:

FATHER FONESCU

When night falls, Tomesci, it  
falls on us all...

Thomasci looks at the priest. The smile falls off his  
face and he drinks his drink.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KEEP - PRIVATE LUTZ - NIGHT

on watch. Leaning against the wall. His eyes start  
to close. They close and he leans his head back.

VERY WIDE - LUTZ

very alone in the vast space with the hundreds of crosses  
on every granite block.

CLOSE: LUTZ

snaps awake. OFFSCREEN he hears the LAUGHTER and some  
low SINGING of the bivouacked SOLDIERS. He's freezing  
in the cold. He wraps his arms around him and stamps  
up and down trying to resurrect circulation and stay  
awake. The Schmeisser is across his shoulder over his  
back. He turns and pushes his arms against the wall  
and steps back stretching the muscles and tendons in  
his legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ECU: LUTZ'S FACE

his forehead leaning against the cold granite. His eyes close. He opens his eyes and stares at the cross in front of him.

LUTZ POV: THE CROSS

Brass and nickel. WIDEN. Lutz shakes his head in cynical disbelief at his stupidity to get himself assigned to two weeks' worth of night watch over brass and nickel.

LUTZ

Brass and nickel. Stupid!

He taps his head against the granite in self-punishment. He turns and leans his back against the wall again, closing and opening his eyes in the agony of maintaining wakefulness. Lutz is on the far right side of the FRAME. OUT OF FOCUS, beyond him in the distance of the hall, a small diffused GLOW of yellow light appears. The symmetrical pattern of crosses on every granite block are like vectors of force that thrust towards the back wall. The yellow GLOW on one block at the end of the hall is more apparent now. It seems to beckon.

CLOSE: LUTZ

yawns. He turns... and then... sees the GLOW.

TRACKING LUTZ

Curious now, he walks through the room towards the back wall. Once he looks over his shoulder to make sure nobody sees him leaving his post.

BACK WALL: CROSSES

The central one has a golden sheen and a light that seems to emanate from its interior. Lutz enters the frame and kneels down to examine this one cross. He starts to get excited. He whips out his bayonet.

ECU: GOLD CROSS

Lutz's bayonet enters and etches into it. It is soft metal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUTZ

LUTZ  
 Brass and nickel? Yes! Brass  
 and nickel... but not this one!

WIDE FROM ABOVE - LUTZ

runs the length of the hall to the entrance.

LUTZ  
 (continuing;  
 low)

Otto!

Other sentry -- OTTO -- joins Lutz crossing back to the back wall. Their heavy BOOTS ECHO on the granite floor. Lutz looks over his shoulder making sure no one else enters or sees them. Otto is reluctant. Lutz pulls him forward.

LUTZ  
 (continuing)

Hurry...

BACK WALL - LUTZ + OTTO GRUNSTADT

enter and kneel in front of the gold cross.

OTTO  
 I'm supposed to be on duty above.  
 If I'm caught...!

LUTZ  
 Look! The others are all brass  
 and nickel! But look at this  
 one...!

Otto pulls his bayonet and scratches the cross. Otto's face lights up in amazement:

OTTO  
 Gold... it's gold all right.

LUTZ  
 This is the only one that's  
 worth anything. All the others  
 are brass...

Both men are using bayonets and start to dig the cross out of the granite block.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The soft metal bends at the top. But the silver shaft below will not budge out of the granite. Both men insert their bayonets and push at the top deep into the granite, using it as the fulcrum of a lever.

CLOSE: CROSS

doesn't budge. But...

ALONG THE WALL

the stone block shifts outward an inch.

OTTO

The block! Look at the block...

LUTZ

Do you know what this means!? This is the only gold one? Then it is a sign: there may be more gold behind this block. None of the others move...

LUTZ + OTTO GRUNSTADT

in frantic avarice around the cross. Otto rips off his belt and winds it around the bent top shaft. Bracing one leg against the wall, they use their thighs and backs and pull the stone.

GRANITE STONE

moves not at all. Then it gradually eases out.

LUTZ

(continuing; laughs)

Ready to be rich?

OTTO

Always.

The granite block pulls out of the wall and hits the granite floor with a THUD. The LIGHTS DIM momentarily. The men glance around, then ignore it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LUTZ

raises the flame of the Kerosene lamp and holds it to the opening.

LUTZ

I knew it! I feel it!

OTTO

Let's take this cross, replace the block and come back later!

LUTZ

Are you crazy? And share this?

Lutz belly crawls into the opening, pushing the lamp ahead of him. Grunstadt bends down to see.

INT. SHAFT - LUTZ

crawls towards us. The narrow granite walls press in on his shoulders and back. He's lit by the yellow kerosene flame. He stops. He crawls back out.

INT. CHAMBER - LUTZ + OTTO

OTTO

What's the matter?

LUTZ

Road block.

He grabs the two bayonets and then crawls back into the shaft.

INT. SHAFT - LUTZ' POV: THE SHAFT

ends at another granite block with another inlaid cross. Lutz twists in the confinement of the shaft and digs the point into the second cross. It sinks easily.

LUTZ

(over his shoulder to Otto)

Gold, too. This is it!!

He jabs at the second cross. Instead of the gold bending out as the first cross, the whole granite block moves inward...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GRANITE BLOCK

sliding away from Lutz under its own momentum, disappears leaving a black, cold, square hole. Cold wind blows his hair.

THE HOLE

Black space.

CLOSE: LUTZ

surprise crosses his face. Then determination born of avarice is resurrected.

LUTZ

Tie the belt around my ankle!  
Hold on! I'm going further down.

OTTO (O.S.)

Wait until tomorrow... when it's light!

LUTZ

Don't be an old woman! Tie the belt and hold on... This could be a burial chamber...

OTTO (O.S.)

Hurry... I don't like this anymore...

Lutz pushes forward the kerosene lamp.

KEROSENE LAMP

its wick dies into a tiny blue-white flicker. Lutz pulls it back. The wick flame brightens into yellow again underlighting his face. His shoulders and head fill the shaft. The granite presses in on him. It is made-to-order claustrophobia.

LUTZ'S POV: KEROSENE LAMP

Lutz pushes it forward into the blackness again. It dims again. Determined, he starts inching forward into the cold complete darkness anyway...

CUT TO:

## INT. CHAMBER - OTTO

sitting on the floor with both feet braced against the granite wall, holding the thick leather belt wrapped around Lutz's ankles. Otto shoots a glance back over his shoulder -- fearful of discovery by his Sergeant. Suddenly: he is jerked forward and banged into the wall. A RUMBLE and SHRIEKING seems to resonate through the wall.

## THE STRAP AROUND LUTZ'S ANKLES

whips, thrashes and writhes madly. There is no way to see what is happening to Lutz in the shaft.

## LUTZ'S LEGS

writhe and thrash against the confinement of the granite walls. Otto Grunstadt -- panicked -- hauls at Lutz's legs. He can't pull him out of the shaft.

## OTTO

Lutz! Lutz!

There's no answer except Lutz's frantic movements which suddenly stop.

## GRUNSTADT

hollers and pulls on the belt with everything he has. Lutz's legs appear. Grunstadt grabs his hobnail boots. He pulls. Nothing. Suddenly: Lutz springs free.

## WIDE AND LOW: LUTZ

jerked out of the shaft.

## GRUNSTADT

ends up on the floor in a heap intertangled with Lutz.

## GRUNSTADT

(near Lutz's feet)

Hans! Hans!

He scrambles around to see Hans...

## OVERHEAD: GRUNSTADT + HANS

and the penetrated wall. And Otto Grunstadt begins to SCREAM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And the SCREAMS ECHO through the granite chamber, REVERBERATING off the walls with their crosses. The whole front of Hans Lutz's head and torso have been clawed away. It is an animal horror beyond war wounds made by men and machines.

WIDE FRONTAL: GRUNSTADT

locked into the screaming terror at the sight of his friend, does not see above and behind him.

WIDER:

the granite wall above Otto begins to bulge outward. Cracks appear. Jagged crevices open SCREECHING of stone on stone. Otto looks up and ducks... as the WALL EXPLODES over him in a final convulsion. Grunstadt rises out of the dust and debris. Astounded. He stares at it strewn across the hall. He does not see: SOMETHING BLACK and HUGE looming over him, behind him.

CLOSE: OTTO GRUNSTADT

senses... He starts to look above and behind him... as a red part of the blackness SLAMS into him...

REVERSE: OTTO GRUNSTADT

catapults across the Chamber and splatters onto the opposite wall. He sticks for a second. Then his lifeless body slides down to the granite floor... like some smashed insect.

CUT TO:

INT. WOERMANN'S ROOM - WOERMANN - NIGHT

asleep. A sudden SHRIEKING outside and SPORADIC FIRING. Woermann catapults out of his bedroll -- trembling and sweating. He throws on his tunic and trousers, grabs his Schmeisser and races out the door...

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWER - WOERMANN - NIGHT

running down the stairs into the courtyard.

EXT. COURTYARD - WIDE

Other combat groups man machine guns and small arms.

EXT. THE KEEP, FORECOURT - WOERMANN

barks to a tense Sergeant Oster.

WOERMANN

Report!

SGT. OSTER

Sir! Perimeter defense secure.

WOERMANN

Partisans? Who fired?!

Sergeant Oster looks at Woermann. Woermann looks around.

WOERMANN'S POV: THE KEEP FORECOURT

empty. Woermann's POV PANS across the crenelated fortress to the town. It is silent. Asleep. There is no activity.

SGT. OSTER

just stares at Woermann... there is no answer...

SENTRY

stands guard at the edge of the line under a lightbulb.

THE LIGHTBULB

dims from tungsten yellow... into a red ember...

SS SENTRY

slowly raises his head and looks up at the dimming bulb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROFILE: WOERMANN

scanning the village across the pass...

WOERMANN

Train the Panzerbuchse .38's  
on the bridge...

Woermann does not see the OUT OF FOCUS dimming of  
the bulb over the sentry beyond him.

THE SENTRY

has. He looks up...

WOERMANN

scanning the causeway and village, when from behind  
him comes a SHRILL SCREAM. Woermann whirls.

SENTRY

is revealed in darkness. It dissipates. The lightbulb  
above him resumes its glow. And it reveals he no longer  
has a head. Blood arcs out from the severed neck.  
Slowly... like a felled tree... his body falls to  
the ground.

WEHRMACHT SOLDIERS

FIRE at the wall around the downed sentry.

WOERMANN

Cease firing! Cease firing!

Panicked, his eyes dart for targets.

OTHER WEHRMACHT SOLDIERS

with weapons moving, searching... nothing. The men  
are pale. Tense. Fear-struck.

ANOTHER SOLDIER

hollers:

WEHRMACHT SOLDIER #1

There!! There!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOERMANN

swings around behind him.

OVER WOERMANN'S SHOULDER: TWO SENTRIES

directly in his view, crouch in the inside corner for cover. They gape at the lightbulb above them. It starts to dim. One starts SHRIEKING. Their eyes are upraised... as if in church... The side of Woermann's face watches with horror and his mouth drops open. The blackness extinguishes the bulb. They both begin to SCREAM. And Woermann stares incomprehensibly, unbelievably as the black opaqueness dissipates...

INSIDE CORNER

... it reveals the clawed apart bodies of the two soldiers hanging upside down their legs entwined in the light brackets. Their limbs spasm in death throes. Blood pools beneath them. They look like slaughtered beef.

ECU: WOERMANN

in shock, nausea, disbelief... The horror has begun.

EXT. PORTUGUESE BEACH + FISHING VILLAGE - WIDE - NIGHT

Breakers roll in reflecting the moonlight in their rococo smashing and arching of foam. Fishing boats are beached up the shore.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORTUGUESE FISHING VILLAGE - CLOSER - NIGHT

A collection of huts. Totally quiet. Still. The village sleeps the sound sleep of hard manual labor, of fouled nets and rough seas.

CUT TO:

INT. HUT - REAR SHOT: GLAEKEN - NIGHT

sits bolt upright in his bed. We don't know who he is...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANNING the furniture is black and simple. We don't see the man's face. In the sleeping village we have no idea why this man is suddenly awake. Something has stunned him.

CLOSE FRONTAL: GLAEKEN'S FACE

His eyes staring sightlessly into the distance. We get the feeling Glaeken is responding to the horror we saw begin in the last scene.

A CRASHING BOLT of lightning and THUNDER illuminates the stark white village through the windows, RATTLES the GLASS and luminesces the amethyst irises of Glaeken's eyes...

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - WIDE: GLAEKEN - NIGHT

It's pouring rain now. More LIGHTNING SOUNDS in the distance. The village still sleeps. Glaeken, in oil skins and heavy fisherman's boots, has a bag over his shoulder and a long, narrow thin case under one arm.

CLOSER: GLAEKEN

approaches a fishing boat on the sand tied to a piling (in case of a freak tide).

CUT TO:

INT. FISHING BOAT - WIDE: GLAEKEN - NIGHT

climbs in. He throws with anger, nets, gear and a wooden box of tools and tackle onto the sand. He stows his case and small bag in the now empty boat. From the bag he pulls a money belt. From the money belt he rummages through a fortune in gold coins, taking four.

PILING POST

The four coins are held to the post by Glaeken's hand. A nail is centered over the top coin. One smashing blow of the hammer nails the four gold coins into the post. The blow was struck with an anger that's unexplained.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLAEKEN

drops the hammer. He looks at the village.

GLAEKEN

(mutters)

Good-bye Pereira. Até logo,  
Amigos.

WIDE: THE BEACH - GLAEKEN

unties the boat and pushes it into the surf. He jumps in. Grabs the oars. He rows past the breakers, ships the oars, and hauls the single sail to the top of the mast. In the storm and black sea clouds and lightning, the lone white sail moves out into the Atlantic...

CUT TO:

INT. RSHA MINISTRY - ERICH KAEMPFER - DAY

walks up the staircase in his black leather coat to a door. An SS Einsatzkommando's Guard salutes.

SUPER: "Warsaw, Poland. Monday, 28 April, 1941,  
0815 hours."

Kaempfer knocks on a door that bears a legend:  
"SS-Oberfuhrer W. Hossbach, RSHA - Division of Race  
and Resettlement, Warsaw District."

A corporal opens the door.

KAEMPFER

Sturmbannfuhrer Kaempfer.

CORPORAL

(leading him  
inside)

Oberfuhrer Hossbach will see  
you now, Herr Major.

Kaempfer follows the Corporal into an inner office.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSSBACH'S OFFICE - HOSSBACH - DAY

rises from behind his desk with joviality.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He is an avuncular bureaucrat. The office is littered with loot... some of it is gold menorahs stripped out of synagogues.

HOSSBACH

Ah, Erich! Good morning!  
Coffee?

KAEMPFER

No thank you, Wilhelm .

HOSSBACH

Very well, then. Take off your coat. Get comfortable! By the way, congratulations on your promotion and new assignment.

KAEMPFER

Thank you.

HOSSBACH

I'm sure you will fulfill our expectations.

Kaempfer has taken his coat off and now sits in the chair. Hossbach stares at him and smiles. The smile and general manner bode ill to Kaempfer. A little anxiously with his own cold smile:

KAEMPFER

Is there some way I may be of service to you?

HOSSBACH

There is a little problem in Romania at the moment. An inconvenience, really...

(pause)

A small Wehrmacht detachment in the Alps is suffering losses... seven to date... apparently due to partisan activity. The officer wishes to abandon his position...

KAEMPFER

That's an Army matter. That has nothing to do with the SS.

HOSSBACH

But it does. The high command passed this on to Obergruppenfuhrer Heydrich's office. And... I am passing it on to you. It might be fitting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAEMPFER

(cold smile)

Why fitting?

HOSSBACH

The officer in question is Captain Klaus Woermann. Politically questionable. Refused to join the Party. Won the Iron Cross in the first war... We like war heroes in the Party...

KAEMPFER

And since I'll be in Rumania this is to be dumped in my lap.

HOSSBACH

You know, the Ploiesti assignment... I considered requesting that for myself...

KAEMPFER

Sir. You considered requesting it for yourself? Or you did request it for yourself?

HOSSBACH

(laughs; doesn't answer directly)

Your year's tutelage at Auschwitz should not only have taught you how to run an efficient camp, but how to deal with partisan locals.

KAEMPFER

I am well equipped.

HOSSBACH

Good! All of us at RSHA all the way up to General Heydrich are most interested to see how you fare in this... before you move onto the major task at Ploiesti.

The emphasis on the word "before" is not lost on Kaempfer. It is Hossbach -- the competitor -- putting Kaempfer to an additional test, a trial Kaempfer did not need.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KAEMPPFER

May I see the message?

Hossbach hands him a piece of paper.

KAEMPPFER

Was this decoded properly?

HOSSBACH

Yes. I thought it rather odd myself. I double checked it. It's accurate.

KAEMPPFER

(reading the message)

'Request immediate relocation. Something is murdering my men.'

(beat)

The word 'murder?' What does he mean by 'something?'

HOSSBACH

Are you certain you can handle this?

KAEMPPFER

I foresee no problems. I'll leave at once with two squads of Einsatzkommandos. We'll be there this evening.

Keampfer smiles, stands, salutes, throws his SS great coat over his arm and walks out the door...

CUT TO:

INT. PLOIESTI RESETTLEMENT CAMP - MAGDA - DAY

kneels in front of a gypsy woman sitting on a trunk with her two sons behind her. The trunk in front of her has regular playing cards. She is MAGDA CUZA, auburn hair and twenty-five and with a wry sense of humor.

MAGDA

Come, phuri dai. do the cards for me.

DOAMNA JOSEFA, an old gypsy with raven hair streaked with silver and a shruken body, laughs like music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's pouring rain. The hastily constructed barbed wire and crude wooden shelters: the sign and symbols of the camps.

DOAMNA JOSEFA

That is for the gadje. For tourists. Girls looking to find a wonderful man. And the gadje men whose business ventures will always bear fruit!

She laughs.

WIDER - THE CAMP

to REVEAL General Antonescu's Iron Guards who guard the camp with a smattering of German SS Einsatzkommando officers in the distance. Three hundred people are herded together at this way station. Next to Magda is her father DOCTOR JACOB CUZA. He looks seventy-five. He is a shrivelled animated skeleton with damp reddish blonde hair and dead looking skin. His stiff fingers are thick and crooked and gnarled. He is fragile, frail, brittle.

MAGDA

Do you play the 'naiou?'

DOEMNA JOSEFA

Ah! A gadje girl who knows how to 'rokker!'

The gypsy woman reaches into her bag and pulls out the naiou: a set of wooden pipes.

DOAMNA JOSEFA

(continuing)

I don't play naiou here. Doamna Josefa not happy here. When we arrive at the happy place they say we are going, then I play the naiou for you, gadje girl.

DOAMNA JOSEFA'S SON

There are farms and wheat fields there, they say.

DOAMNA JOSEFA

(to Magda)

And why are you here, gadje girl?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGDA

We are jews. The gypsies are  
not the only ones out of favor...

DOAMNA JOSEFA

We Rom are always out of  
favor. We are used to it.

(beat)

But I do not worry. Cut a gypsy  
into ten pieces and you have not  
killed him. You have only made  
ten gypsies.

CUZA

(smiles)

Cut a Jew into ten pieces. And  
what you are left with is one  
dead jew.

Magda and Doamna Josefa laugh.

DOAMNA JOSEFA

What do they call this resettlement  
place

With the open face of complete 1941 innocence:

MAGDA

(evenly)

They call it Auschwitz.

We hear a TRAIN WHISTLE and STEAM LOCOMOTIVE in the  
distance...

CUT TO:

~~EXT. DINU PASS - SUN - DAY~~

rises in the east bathing the pass with a warm golden  
light. It looks like a picture postcard of a historical  
monument.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KEEP, WOERMANN'S CHAMBER - DOOR - DAY

opens. Oster enters.

REVERSE: WOERMANN

turns from his desk and looks at Oster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE: OSTER

a grim expression on his face. To Woermann's questioning look:

OSTER

Steiner.

(pause)

He didn't arise at roll call.  
He didn't get out of his bedroll.  
His body is gone... just the  
head in the bedroll...

Woermann turns back to the table. Normal and calm in his drinking of coffee. Beneath it is a torrent of frustrated rage and anguish against the unexplained. OFFSCREEN we hear the RUMBLE of APPROACHING TRUCKS. Both Oster and Woermann react and start out as...

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - KAEMPFER - DAY

arrives with his black uniformed, death's head insigniaed Einsatzkommandos.

WIDER VILLAGE

Kaempfer barks orders and the black uniformed Einsatzkommandos armed with Schmeissers run to individual houses and start pulling the occupants into the square. Kaempfer stays in the command car.

THE CAUSEWAY: WOERMANN + OSTER

running across. Woermann is pulling on his tunic while Kaempfer continues to bark orders.

REVERSE: KAEMPFER

KAEMPFER

There are partisans operating against the Third Reich in this village. You, you, you...

FATHER FONESCU

rushes from the church.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FONESCU

What is this?! Stop this!

KAEMPFER

cocking his Schmeisser submachine gun.

KAEMPFER

The first three hostages will  
be executed immediately.

Kaempfer has singled out an old man and two younger  
men. He FIRES a THREE SHOT BURST into each man.

VILLAGERS

die. Women SHRIEK. Children CRY.

KAEMPFER

is grabbed and jerked around by Woermann. Other  
Einsatzkommandos start to react. Oster -- confused  
for a second -- fulfills his basic loyalties to his  
officer and draws down on the other Einsatzkommando.

WOERMANN

Are you insane?

VERY CLOSE: KAEMPFER

pulls himself erect. Behind his eyes there is rage  
of insulted authority.

KAEMPFER

I am not insane! What I am is SS  
Einsatzkommando Sturmbannfuhrer  
Kaempfer! You are Captain Klaus  
Woermann. I outrank you. You  
will not interrupt our actions  
here.

(to Einsatkommando  
troopers)

The rest of these villagers are  
hostages of the Third Reich! One  
will be killed each day until we  
receive information. Bring them  
to the Keep!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FATHER FONESCU

FATHER FONESCU

Sir! These men know nothing.  
There are no partisans in these  
hills...

KAEMPFER

disregards the priest.

KAEMPFER

(to Sgt. Oster)

You'll see to it that my  
Einsatzkommando are quartered  
immediately!

He raises his right arm.

KAEMPFER

(continuing)

Heil Hitler!

And he kicks the armored car. The driver pulls immediately across the causeway into the Keep leaving Woermann seething and foolish in his unbuttoned tunic. His eyes meet the priest's. They exchange a look of scepticism and frustration. Woermann walks across the causeway after Kaempffer. Among the hostages is Thomasci the Innkeeper.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KEEP, WOERMANN'S TOWER CHAMBER - KAEMPFER - DAY

throws his great coat on the bed, taking possession. He looks over the quarters with distaste as the door opens and Woermann enters.

KAEMPFER

(whirling on him)

We will have an immediate  
understanding! German soldiers  
have been killed by one or more  
Rumanian partisans...

WOERMANN

Those hostages are Rumanian  
citizens! We are an ally state!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KAEMPFER

It is highly unlikely General  
Antonescu will be overly concerned  
over the deaths of a few  
communists!

(beat)

The following is what will occur:  
word is being spread through the  
village. If one more German  
soldier dies, all five remaining  
locals will be shot immediately.  
And five more will be shot every  
time another German is killed. We  
will continue until the partisan  
activity stops! Or we run out of  
villagers.

(beat)

The SS-Einsatzkommando has more  
experience in dealing with partisans,  
communists and terrorists than the  
Wehrmacht, Herr Captain.

WOERMANN

(acid)

Where? In Auschwitz?

KAEMPFER

(bridles)

Yes!

WOERMANN

Listen to me: to whomever or  
whatever is killing us, the  
lives of ten villagers mean nothing!

KAEMPFER

Why do you say 'whatever?'

WOERMANN

Panzerbuchshe 762's cover the  
causeway! Lights illuminate the  
two thousand foot precipice behind  
us! And something gets in?  
Nothing we do, no security, works!

KAEMPFER

(laughs)

So! You talk of a 'whatever?!'  
A 'something?!' You are trying to  
create a mystery to excuse your  
incompetence!

CONTINUED: (2)

WOERMANN

(explodes)

My 'competence' was proven on the field of battle! In combat with soldiers who shoot back! Not slaughtering civilians...

KAEMPFER

And I am a political soldier! And your security doesn't work, because fear is the answer. We take the offensive this instant! The killer will be afraid to kill. He will fear the price others will pay for his actions.

WOERMANN

(soft)

And what if the killer is like you? What if he doesn't give a damn about these villagers? Then does your fear work?

Kaempffer has no answer.

WOERMANN

(continuing)

Take back to Auschwitz with you that lesson when you go. If you go...

(laughs)

Because here -- in this Keep-- Herr Sturmbannfuhrer Kaempffer... you may learn something new...

CLOSE: KAEMPFER

is chilled.

KAEMPFER

I doubt if either you or the Keep can teach me things.

(beat)

And my destination... is not Auschwitz...

(pause)

So! Temporarily you will pack your belongings and find other quarters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOERMANN  
(suddenly tired)  
You are not moving in here.

KAEMPFER  
Correction: I outrank you,  
Captain.

Woermann sits and puts his feet on the table.

WOERMANN  
SS rank? Worthless! My sergeant  
is four times the soldier you are!

KAEMPFER  
That iron cross you received  
carries you only so far! You  
are already under investigation  
because of your pre-war political  
activities. Worry less about  
Rumanian villagers, and more  
about yourself and the report  
I write!

Kaempfer believes he has intimidated Woermann. Then:

WOERMANN  
(tired)  
Get out.

KAEMPFER  
You cannot order --

Woermann jumps up, grabs Kaempfer by his black uniform  
in one hand, throws Kaempfer's coat over his shoulder  
with the other, opens the door to his quarters and  
throws Kaempfer out.

WOERMANN  
Out!!

Woermann -- going insane -- takes Kaempfer's suitcase  
to throw it down the stairs. As he reaches the door,  
Oster is coming up. His face is ashen.

OSTER  
We found Steiner...

This freezes Woermann. Kaempfer's suitcase drops  
from his hands. Kaempfer glares at Woermann from  
halfway down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOERMANN

Come SS-Einsatzkommando  
Sturmbannfuhrer Kaempffer!  
Come... Let's see what little  
present our friend has left us.

He shoulders Kaempffer aside and follows Oster.  
Kaempffer, pulling his black tunic together, follows  
down the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KEEP, CELLAR CORRIDOR - WRITING - DAY

The writing is in Rumanian. Then up into the FRAME  
rises the head of Woerman. He had been kneeling down  
over the unseen corpse. Woermann looks at the ashen  
Kaempffer.

KAEMPFER

is leaning against the wall trying not to vomit from  
the sight he does not want to look at.

WOERMANN + KAEMPFER

WOERMANN

(insane laughter)  
What? Are you disturbed by a  
little blood?

KAEMPFER

'Little blood?' The man is  
inside out! I have never seen...

WOERMANN

(grins)  
Not very sanitary, is it!?  
Not like mental patients,  
homosexuals, leftists, Catholics,  
Jews on I.G. Farben and Krupp's  
neat assembly lines! Are you  
used to neat corpses? A neat  
assembly line of death!

(beat)

Nothing orderly here, Kaempffer...!

(shouts)

This is what kills us!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Major Kaempffer whirls on Woermann.

KAEMPFER

The others?

WOERMANN

The same... or different...  
or worse...

KAEMPFER

What can do this?

WOERMANN

(to Oster)

Bring Tomasci the Innkeeper  
and get Father Fonescu the  
priest to translate this scrawl  
on the wall...

Kaempffer struggles for self-control through external  
action.

KAEMPFER

(to SS. Sgt.)

Hans! Go along! If the priest  
refuses, kill him!

WOERMANN

(tired)

The priest will come! He will  
come...

(to Sgt. Oster)

Clean up the remains...

CUT TO:

SAME - TOMASCI - LATER

KAEMPFER (O.S.)

What does this mean?

The writing in blood is apparently Rumanian.

TOMASCI

I don't know, Herr Officer!  
Please...

Kaempffer knees Tomasci in the stomach and smashes him  
in the side of the head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOERMANN

looks on.

KAEMPFER

Who owns the Keep?

TOMASCI

I don't know!

KAEMPFER

(slapping him  
again)

Who gives the money to pay  
the caretakers?

TOMASCI

A messenger.

KAEMPFER

From whom?

TOMASCI

A bank messenger. Twice a  
year he comes. I sign a letter.  
It says the Mediterranean Bank  
of Switzerland. In Zurich.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KAEMPFER

How does the money come?

TOMASCI

In twenty-lei gold pieces. I pay Alexandru. He pays his sons. It has always been this way.

KAEMPFER

What do these words say?

TOMASCI

I don't know, Herr Officer!  
I don't!

KAEMPFER

(screams)

You lie! Those words are Rumanian!  
I want to know what they say!

TOMASCI

They are like Rumanian, Herr Officer. But they are not.  
I don't know what they say!

Kaempffer punches him in the stomach. Tomasci doubles over.

FATHER FONESCU

runs through the corridor. His lame black and grey dog, Petru, follows. He appeals to Woermann:

FATHER FONESCU

(to Woermann)

Make him stop!

Woermann looks at Father Fonescu. He cannot stop Kaempffer.

WOERMANN

(to Fonescu)

What do you suggest I do?  
Arrest him?

KAEMPFER

(to SS)

Teach him the art of translation.

One of the guards starts kicking Thomasci.

WOERMANN

That will be enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Kaempffer wheels to confront the direct challenge to his authority. Woermann's hand rests on the butt of his Walther P-38.

WOERMANN

(continuing)

You will beat him to death?  
That will get you what you want?  
How intelligent!

FATHER FONESCU

He is telling the truth!

KAEMPFER

(shouts)

I did not ask you, priest,  
but you may be next!

FATHER FONESCU

Herr Officer: this writing is  
like Rumanian... but different.  
It is meaningless. It is not  
the Daco-Rumanian dialect...

WOERMANN

(to priest)

What can you tell us about the  
Keep we don't know already?

FATHER FONESCU

Nothing. But there is one man  
who can. He is a teacher at the  
University of Bucharest. An expert  
in the history of this region.  
Perhaps he can translate this...

KAEMPFER

Who is he?

FATHER FONESCU

Professor Jacob Cuza. He has  
studied the Keep. But he was  
very ill the last time he was here...

KAEMPFER

The SS will bring him from  
Bucharest. Today...! Also:  
the bank in Switzerland. We  
will find who owns the account.

(to Woermann)

Those are SS results, Captain...

Kaempffer starts off.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FATHER FONESCU

Herr Officer: he is not in  
Bucharest.

WOERMANN

Where?

FATHER FONESCU

Professor Jacob Cuza is a Jew.  
He is wherever you have take  
the Jews...

Kaempffer is silent. Woermann cracks up. Woermann  
pulls Tomasci to his feet.

WOERMANN

(to Kaempffer)

Let us hope the efficient wheels  
of the SS-Einsatzkommando are  
grinding a little slowly today.  
Otherwise they may have slaughtered  
the one man who may know how to  
keep a few of us alive...

Woermann -- guiding Tomasci out of the cellar -- renews  
the laughter as he walks away from Kaempffer. The  
LAUGHTER ECHOES off the granite walls.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACK SEA PORT - PORT - TWILIGHT

Two story brick and stucco houses crowd to the  
water's edge. Their red tile roofs almost match the  
deepening color of the sun.

SUPER TITLE: "Karaburun, Turkey. Tuesday, 29 April.  
1802 Hours.

We hear the deep RUMBLE of a powerful ENGINE. Entering  
the FRAME is a thirty foot motor launch pulsing up into  
the Black Sea.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTOR LAUNCH, HELM - CARLOS - TWILIGHT

CARLOS is forty-five, overweight, black haired, black  
mustachioed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSER: CARLOS

His eyes dart, watching, searching... Next to him is Glaeken.

GLAEKEN

When do we make the delta of the Danube?

CARLOS

By morning... if there are no patrols to avoid.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTOR LAUNCH - GLAEKEN - LATER

asleep on one of the two double bunks. PAN LEFT to the hatch door. It opens.

CLOSER: STARLIGHT

Then the bulk of Carlos is framed briefly as he soundlessly moves into the cabin.

CARLOS

approaches Glaeken and draws a steel blade. Holding the knife in his fist, low, Carlos starts a massive overhead downward thrust with all his weight behind the blade that's descending towards Glaeken's chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE: GLAEKEN'S

left hand catches Carlos' wrist. The knife point is frozen an inch over Glaeken's heart. Carlos is shocked at Glaeken's strength. He weighs one hundred pounds more than Glaeken. He cannot move his hand.

GLAEKEN

Why?

CARLOS

Give me the gold! I saw the gold when you paid me...

GLAEKEN

I would have given you more if you'd asked. Why try to kill me?

CLOSE: CARLOS

trying a different tack -- relaxes.

CARLOS

I was only going to cut your belt off.

GLAEKEN

The belt is around my waist. Your knife is over my chest.

CARLOS

It's dark in here.

GLAEKEN

Not that dark... How much more do you want?

Glaeken releases Carlos' wrist. Carlos swings into an underhanded gutting move.

CARLOS

(growling)

All of it!

Glaeken catches the wrist again and turns the knife inwards towards Carlos. Carlos throws all his massive weight behind the blade in his fist. Then Carlos groans in pain and fear as tendons rupture and bones break. The point of the knife is now directly over his chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARLOS  
(fear struck)

...no!

GLAEKEN

You had a chance. You threw  
it away.

In the blackness Glaeken drives the knife into Carlos' chest. Carlos' body goes limp.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTOR LAUNCH, THE HELM - GLAEKEN - NIGHT

emerges from the doorway. He carries the heavier Carlos -- as if he were a light suitcase -- in his right hand.

WIDER: GLAEKEN

-- with the lifeless form of Carlos in one hand -- pushes both throttles to full and the twin ENGINES HOWL. The launch catapults through the Mediterranean swells.

CLOSE: GLAEKEN

The look on his face is of frustration and anger. Not remorse.

WIDEN: GLAEKEN

like a discus thrower -- hurls the body of Carlos into the sea. Carlos catapults fifty feet through the air. He is lost in a SPLASH in the dark WATER.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KEEP - THEODORE CUZA - LATE AFTERNOON

is wheeled by two SS guards down the corridor. Trailing are Kaempffer, Woermann, Oster, Father Fonescu and an Einsatzkommando detachment. Plus Magda.

KAEMPFER

Jew! We must know the history  
of the Keep. Legend! Everything!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGDA

My father is tired. It can  
wait until morning.

KAEMPFER

(explodes)

Tonight!

WOERMANN

We no longer think there's a  
political or partisan unit active  
here.

CUZA

Then who?

WOERMANN

We're not even sure it's a  
'who.'

Magda and Jacob Cuza look at each other.

CUZA

The supernatural, gentlemen?  
Because you can't find the killer?  
And you don't want to think a  
partisan is getting the better of  
you? You look to the supernatural?

KAEMPFER

Silence, Jew! The only reason you  
are here is the fact you are an  
expert on Rumanian folklore and  
have researched the Keep. So far  
you have given me no reason not  
to shoot you and your daughter at  
once!

CUZA

(stares at  
Kaempfer)

I know the Keep because I grew  
up near here as a boy. My research  
has yielded absolutely nothing.  
It is the mystery it was when I  
first saw it.

(beat)

From what you told me the obvious  
assumption is that something was  
released when the first soldier  
broke into the wall.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUZA (CONT'D)

But to my knowledge there has never been a single death in the Keep before this. So: unnatural explanations or partisans, there is one simple solution.

Magda -- seeing her father shiver -- takes off her coat and covers the front of him.

WOERMANN

What is that?

CUZA

Leave!

KAEMPFER

Out of the question!

(beat)

We are searching for the owner through bank records. We are...

CUZA

(interrupts)

You mean the Mediterranean Bank in Zurich? Don't waste your time. The trust account was set up in 1844. Before that it was paid through a similar account in a different bank. I made the search twelve years ago. Leads nowhere...

KAEMPFER

(explodes)

What good are you, then!

CUZA

I will do what I can.

WOERMANN

What about the crosses?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUZA

(dismisses)

I've searched through countless volumes of the early Christian church, the Roman church, the Byzantine church, Slavic history. Nowhere have I found a cross resembling these. The Keep is a mystery.

WOERMANN

(to Guard)

Bring him along...

While wheeling Cuza down the chamber towards the writing.

WOERMANN

(continuing)

The best is last: a message has been written to us.

KAEMPFER

And know this: I demand a quick solution. You and your daughter have three days. Three... days...!

CUZA

What solution can an old man give you? You may as well send us back to the resettlement camp now...

KAEMPFER

(stops Cuza's chair;  
smiles)

I will tell you a secret that few know, Cuza. The millions who go to these camps? There are only two doors. One in and one out. The one out is a chimney.

(beat)

So do not tell me you, too, cannot read it.

They reach the message in blood.

INSCRIPTION ON THE WALL

WOERMANN

What does it mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE: JACOB CUZA

a long strange pause.

WOERMANN

Can you understand it?

CUZA

Yes...

CLOSE: KAEMPFER

KAEMPFER

Well?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CLOSE: CUZA

CUZA

The form is in the imperative.  
It says... 'Strangers, leave my  
home...'

KAEMPFER

So we do have partisans!

Theodore Cuza shakes his head slowly 'no.'

CUZA

Old Slavonic. It is written  
in Old Slavonic.

(beat)

Your killer is writing to you  
in a language, gentlemen, that  
has been dead for a thousand  
years...

Kaempfer turns away, chilled...

CUT TO:

INT. THE KEEP, TOWER CHAMBER - CUZA - NIGHT

is wheeled into the room. It is a barren granite cell.

WOERMANN

I'll have Sgt. Oster arrange  
for bedrolls for you two.

MAGDA

Wood. We'll need some wood for  
a fire.

WOERMANN

It doesn't get that cold at  
night...

MAGDA

My father's hands... if they  
act up he won't even be able  
to turn pages.

WOERMANN

Why do you wear the gloves?  
What is wrong with your hands?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUZA

(tired)

Herr Captain Woermann: how  
old do I look?

Magda turns away.

WOERMANN

Seventy-four or seventy-five.

CUZA

I am forty-six. I am dying  
slowly of scleraderma. Temperature  
changes cause my blood vessels to  
constrict. One hour in the cold  
and I will have gangrene in ten  
fingers.

(smiles)

I won't last Major Kaempffer's  
three days. I apologize for  
the inconvenience...

WOERMANN

You'll get the wood.  
(starts to go;  
stops)

Let me tell you two something.  
The Major will snuff you out  
with no more thought than  
putting out a cigarette. He  
has his reasons for a quick  
solution. I have mine: I  
don't want anymore of my men  
to die. find a way to defeat  
this thing and I may be able  
to get you to Bucharest and  
keep you safe.

MAGDA

(sceptical)

And then again, you may not...

WOERMANN

(grim)

And then again I may not...

He leaves Cuza, Father Fonescu and Magda alone.

FATHER FONESCU

waits for the door to close. Then he and Jacob  
extend their arms and the two men embrace like brothers.

CUZA

Mikhail: how did you manage  
this!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER FONESCU  
I didn't think I could! The  
Nazis: they are as ignorant  
as they are arrogant.

CUZA  
You rescued us from the camps,  
Mikhail: for me, it doesn't  
matter, for my daughter...

He can't finish.

FATHER FONESCU  
(embarrassed; then:)  
What choice did I have: for  
thirty years since we were herding  
sheep, you and I have had our  
theological debates about the  
Messiah...

(Jacob laughs)  
He arrived in the blood and  
flesh of Jesus Christ! No he  
didn't! Jesus was a rabbi,  
a teacher. The messiah is still  
to come. No he's not! He's  
here...

Magda smiles.

FATHER FONESCU  
(continuing)  
My oldest friend; if I allow these  
Nazis to take you, how can I ever  
win!

CUZA  
(smiles; takes  
Fonescu's hand)  
What fairy tales did you spin?

FATHER FONESCU  
They've made up their own.  
They're struck with fear. I  
used your expertise as a  
medievalist who can solve  
their problems, to get you out  
of the camps. Now, we must  
get you away!

Cuza smiles an emotional sardonic smile and pats the  
priest's black and grey dog, Petru, with the bad paw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUZA

How?

FATHER FONESCU

I need tomorrow to make arrangements. The day after, you ask to study the ancient manuscripts in the church. I will get you out of here to a shepherd's hut. From there a guide will take you across the mountains to Turkey. From there: anywhere.

CUZA

How far do you think I'd get?

FATHER FONESCU

I will carry you on my back if I must! This Hitler, and his Rumanian puppet, Antonescu, are rounding up Jews, Freemasons, Gypsies, Muslims... They will kill two, three million people... This traitor Antonescu and his Iron Guard! This is the end of ancient peoples, this is the end of Rumania... You must try!

CUZA

All right.

Father Fonescu starts to leave.

CUZA

(continuing)

One more thing, Mikhail...

FATHER FONESCU

Yes?

CUZA

There is... something... here, you know. It has changed.

Magda is chilled. So is Father Fonescu. He approaches Theodore Cuza and kneels in front of his wheelchair.

FATHER FONESCU

This is a favor you do for me, to make me feel easier, old friend. Keep this with you for tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER FONESCU'S HAND

pulls from his cossack an antique silver cross. He puts it on the table next to Jacob Cuza. Jacob Cuza's sardonic smile...

FATHER FONESCU

A favor to me... just for this one night.

He rises, kisses Magda's cheek. She hugs him. Father Fonescu leaves the Keep.

CUT TO:

THE KEEP, WEHRMACHT MESS - SOLDIERS - NIGHT

The grey uniformed Wehrmacht and the black uniformed SS-Einsatzkommando do not intermingle. There is noise in eating. The two groups are separated into pockets by their uniform color. One man is wolfing down soup and stops the spoon midway to his mouth and turns to stare.

WEHRMACHT SOLDIER POV: MAGDA CUZA

walks through the soldiers' stares feeling extraordinarily self-conscious. She carries two steel bowls. WIDEN to include Sgt. Oster. He hollers at the Mess Sergeant to fill her bowls with food.

OTHER MEN

notice the good-looking woman under the sweaters and skirts and babushka. Men start WHISTLING. Others start BANGING their CUPS.

MAGDA

gets angry. She straightens. She is strong and proud as she walks back through the gauntlet of JEERS and banging utensils. One Wehrmacht Trooper blocks her path and grabs her arm.

WEHRMACHT TROOPER

Fraulein! Allow me to carry...

MAGDA

Get out of my way!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SGT. OSTER

smiles:

SGT. OSTER

Setzen Sie sich, Fritz.

WIDE: THE MESS

Magda exits.

TWO SS-EINSATZKOMMANDOS

whisper to one another. The second man LAUGHS. They wait a few moments. They look around to see they're not observed as the mess returns to normal. They button their tunics, grab their Schmeissers and leave. PAN them to the doorway... following Magda...

CUT TO:

INT. THE KEEP, CORRIDOR - TRACKING MAGDA - NIGHT

through the granite walls. The corridor is lit with a string of red lightbulbs. The corridor is thirty yards long. Doors are on the left. As Magda moves past one of the other passageways, suddenly:

A HAND

jerks her into an alcove. We think for a moment it may be the darkness that has killed the other men, until we REVEAL:

WIDER: SS-EINSATZKOMMANDOS #1 AND #2

grab Magda. This is no seduction. This is violent rape. The man holding her from behind covers her mouth with his left hand. She cannot scream. His right hand rips open her sweater exposing her right breast which he grabs and fondles. His partner lifts Magda's legs, each hand grasping a thigh. Moving himself into her writhing hips, he's going to rape her, standing. The men are grinning. Magda struggles. None of them SEE...

WIDE: THE CORRIDOR

Lightbulbs at the end begin to go out. Darkness is moving towards us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVERSE: THE CORRIDOR'S OTHER END

Darkness moves towards us from this end, too. It is approaching the alcove from both ends simultaneously. Two laughing Einsatzkommandos are struggling furiously with Magda who suddenly goes limp. Unconsciousness. The man between her legs likes action: he slaps her face. She doesn't come around. He does not notice the darkening corridor behind him.

EINSATZKOMMANDO #2

Come on! Come on! Wake up!

Suddenly all the lights are out. There is only the faintest of red glows. Now he senses something is very wrong... He turns from side to side. Then he looks up... above and behind him... And suddenly his head and top right quarter of his throat EXPLODE...

EINSATZKOMMANDO #1

his mouth agape, is white and speechless with terror. Magda slips -- unnoticed -- from his grasp. As he starts to scream, something red slashes across the front of his body, turning him into raw meat.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - REAR SHOT: MOLASAR - NIGHT

Magda is carried by an eight foot towering presence -- more like a cloud than a form. As Molasar progresses down the hall, the lights dim. As he passes, the yellow sparks return to red.

TRACKING SHOT FROM THE FRONT: MOLASAR REVEALED

He is now seen fully for the first time in the motion picture. The black mass forming his shape is roughly humanoid. There are no facial features and no opaqueness. Where there ought to be eyes we see two diffused red orbs connected by red optic nerves to a diffused red brain. From the brain stem a few inches of spinal cord are seen. The hands holding Magda are nerve branches, like a crushed root system. All in diffused red. It's as if we're seeing a nightmare x-ray image shrouded in black.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KEEP, CUZA'S TOWER CHAMBER - CUZA - NIGHT

poring over some manuscripts from the trunk. Lost in his work. Behind him is the door. He is completely oblivious of it. He makes notes and comparisons and consults a Latin dictionary. Slowly the kerosene lamp in his room starts to dim. Cuza -- half oblivious -- turns up the flame. It does no good. He looks at the lamp. While he is looking at the lamp he fails to notice that the door behind him is starting to swell and splinter. Suddenly: a tremendous wind races into the room. Cuza wheels around in his chair as

THE DOOR

SMASHES open revealing, against the starry night, the nightmare form of Molasar carrying Magda in his arms.

CUZA

recoils.

THE FIRE

in the fireplace goes out.

WIDE: THE ROOM

Magda is settled onto the bedroll. The shape of Molasar turns to Dr. Cuza. Dr. Cuza wheels his chair to his daughter. She is breathing...

CUZA

(in old Slavonic)

What happened to my daughter?!

MOLASAR

(in old Slavonic)

You. Your daughter! You will live because you are Wallachians...

(in a distorted  
rumble)

How do you come to know the old tongue?

CUZA

(in old Slavonic)

I -- I've studied it for years. Many years.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MOLASAR

(distorted rumble)

Speak the Daco Rumanian dialect...

CUZAR

Who are you?

MOLASAR

Last? Last I was known as Radu  
Molasar. This region of Rumania  
was once mine.

CUZA

A Boyar?

MOLASAR

With Vlad -- the one they called  
Tepes, the Impaler. I was there  
when we impaled the thirty thousand  
Turks. I was there until his end  
outside Bucharest.

CUZA

That was in 1476!

MOLASAR

(remembers)

I was there when the blood ran  
like rivers. When Ramal Khan's  
mongols pillaged the plains...

CUZA

How did you...

MOLASAR

There are invaders in my Keep!  
How are you here? Do you betray  
Wallachia?!

CUZA

No! They brought me here against  
my will!

CUZA'S HAND

covertly reaches for a mirror under the book. He points  
it in Molasar's direction and looks in the mirror. In  
the mirror Molasar shows no reflection.

CUZA

They thought I could find what  
was killing the soldiers. And  
I have... haven't I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLASAR

Yes. Who are these trespassers upon our lands?

CUZA

Germans.

MOLASAR

They conquered the Wallachians...?

CUZA

No. The dictator -- General Antonescu invited them in.

MOLASAR

I will slaughter this Antonescu traitor. After I slaughter the outlanders. What is this Rumania?

CUZA

Moldavia and Wallachia were joined. Wallachia is now called Rumania...

MOLASAR

What year is this?

CUZA

1941.

MOLASAR

(laughs)

A long time...

CUZA pulls out the cross Father Fonescu gave him and holds it low in his hand. There is a sudden part-gasp and part-growl from Molasar.

MOLASAR

(continuing)

Put that abomination away!

CUZA

It affects you?

MOLASAR

(awful rumbling)

Put it away!!!

CUZA puts it away.

MOLASAR

(continuing)

Are you an ally against the outlanders...?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUZA

No!

MOLASAR

(enraged)

If that were true, you would  
not bring that abomination in  
this room and expose it to me!

The wind is blowing the papers and books and Cuza's  
hair. He's struggling to see in a torrent of dust  
and debris.

CUZA

(shouts over  
the wind)

I am also a scientist!

(beat)

Why do you spare my daughter  
and me?

MOLASAR

Are you stupid as well as  
crippled?! I can no more  
tolerate two Germans defiling  
a woman of my country than I  
could five hundred years ago  
when it was Turks! Then I  
allied myself with Vlad Tepes.

(beat)

Today. You will ally yourself  
with me! I regain my substance.  
In three days I will be complete.  
Then I will drive the outlanders  
from my Keep and lands!

CUZA

There are stronger allies than  
me! I am a dying man...

Molasar approaches Dr. Cuza. Dr. Cuza wheels his chair  
backwards in fear. Molasar towers over him and the  
blackness encircles Dr. Cuza. The red glowing root  
system of nerves that is Molasar's hand touches the  
chest of Dr. Cuza. FLASHES of white energy blast  
through Dr. Cuza's body. An electricity arches the  
old man in the wheel chair. He lapses into unconscious-  
ness. Molasar leaves.

CUT TO:

SAME - CLOSE: MAGDA - MORNING

stirs awake. Her face betrays none of the trauma of last night. Then suddenly it comes back at her and she jerks upright. Her father is where Molasar left him in the chair. His hands are not covered. The blanket normally over his legs is at his feet. Magda rushes to her father.

MAGDA

Papa!

(beat)

Papa!

Dr. Cuza is not dead. He struggles awake and looks at Magda. Magda recoils from her father's face. Magda takes his hands...

FRONTAL: DR. CUZA

his face has changed. He looks younger. The black circles and pouches and liver spots on his face are gone. His hands are not gnarled roots. They appear strong.

MAGDA

(continuing)

What happened? Your hands.  
Your face.

Cuza raises his hands and looks at them. He looks at Magda in amazement.

CUZA

... They're warm! My body...!

He touches the bruise on Magda's face. She pulls away in anger and shame.

CUZA

(continuing)

I know. He brought you here.

MAGDA

Who?! The two --

CUZA

No! He stopped them. He carried you here...! His name is Molasar. He dwells in the Keep. This Keep is his...! He is the answer to what this place is...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dr. Cuza trails off...

MAGDA

(soft; chilled)

How has he...

CUZA

I don't have the slightest idea.  
For him this is Wallachia.  
Bloody, brutal, Wallachia. Now  
occupied by Germans, outlanders,  
he calls them.

(beat)

Magda: I will use him against  
these Nazis...

MAGDA

He will kill you  
in the end!

CUZA

I don't care for me!

MAGDA

(disbelieving)

You've hallucinated...

CUZA

(shouts)

Look at my hands! Look at my  
face! He touched my body!

Magda has nothing to say.

CUZA

(continuing)

I will bargain with  
this Molasar...

MAGDA

Is it a bargain with the devil?

CUZA

The devil of the Keep wears a  
black uniform with a silver  
death's head on his cap and calls  
himself a 'Sturmbannfuhrer.'

FOOTSTEPS approach Cuza covers himself with the shawl  
and puts on his white gloves. He wants to maintain  
his earlier presence. The DOOR SLAMS OPEN. Woermann  
enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOERMANN

There were two more deaths last night. In addition your daughter nearly caused a riot in the mess.

MAGDA

(explodes)

'I' caused?! What was 'cause' upon me was --

CUZA

(cuts her off)

She... was merely bringing food.

Magda sees his eyes and says no more. Cuza doesn't want revealed Molasar's role.

WOERMANN

I want you packed to leave for the Inn immediately. You have two minutes.

MAGDA

I will not leave!

CUZA

(low)

Yes. You should go.

MAGDA

I will not leave!

WOERMANN

You now have a minute and forty-five second.

KAEMPFER (O.S.)

A minute and forty-five seconds for what?

Kaempffer enters.

WOERMANN

(to Kaempffer)

Fraulein Cuza is packing her things and moving herself to the Inn.

Kaempffer opens his mouth to counter Woermann's order. He is cut off by:

CUZA

(fast)

I forbid it! I will not permit you to send my daughter away!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAEMPFER

(furious)

You! You forbid? Let me tell  
you something: You forbid  
nothing around here! Nothing!

The old man bows his head in feigned resignation.

KAEMPFER

(continuing;  
to Woermann)

See that she's out of here  
immediately. She's a trouble  
maker.

Kaempfer leaves. Woermann is bemused.

WOERMANN

(to Cuza)

Do you manipulate everyone this  
way?

CUZA

People assume a crippled body  
means a crippled mind.

MAGDA

(to Woermann)

Take care of him, Captain.

CUZA

(to Magda)

It is better. Believe me, daughter.  
You will be safe. You are the  
treasure of my heart.

Magda, irritated at her father's role in manipulating  
her expulsion, relents. She covers him with another  
blanket and touches his face. Before Woermann and  
Magda leave, Woermann sees Father Fonescu's cross on  
the table.

WOERMANN

(wry)

What is this? A Jew needs the  
protection of the cross?

CUZA

It is the gift of a friend. And  
why not? Jesus was a Jew. And  
his followers and the apostles  
were Jews.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUZA (CONT'D)

And the early church was a dispute among Jews. Some Jews followed Jesus, some Jews did not. As all men -- we are linked.

(beat)

So listen to me, Captain Woermann: You take it. I pass this gift onto you. Because you are a humane man. And you... may need it.

Woermann is slightly chilled by the veiled warning and superior information Cuza seems to possess. He does not reply. He takes the cross and slips it in his tunic. He takes one of Magda's bags and they exit.

REVERSE: CUZA

alone in the room. He takes off his gloves. He looks at his hands. He shrugs the shawl from his shoulders. He throws Magda's blanket off his legs. He is still bent in the chair. Slowly... he straightens and stands on his own two legs, but still hunched over. Then... slowly testing it... Cuza straightens his body. He resurrects before us. He takes a deep breath and now he assumes the stature of his undiseased manhood: Tall with wide, muscular shoulders.

EXTREMELY CLOSE: CUZA

looks at his left hand. He pushes up his sleeve. Beneath is the forearm of a man who did farm work in his youth.

EXTREMELY CLOSE: CUZA'S HAND

clenches into a fist.

CUT TO:

INT. THE INN - TOMASCI AND MAGDA - DAY

Tomaschi is carrying Magda's bags. He looks over his shoulder and speaks to her clandestinely and low: He pulls a newspaper out from under his shirt.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TOMASCI

This is three weeks old. Greece fell. France. Poland. Holland. Belgium. Norway. They have all of Europe. Only England, pushed back to their island, defies them. They have taken over the world...

MAGDA

They have yet to deal with the Russian Bear. And if America comes into the war...

TOMASCI

If... if... if! If we're still alive! I fear it will be too late for us...

Tomasci opens the door to the one room overlooking the Keep. They enter.

TOMASCI

(continuing)

Mariska will bring you dinner. Anything, Domnisoara Cuza, that you would like, you call Tomasci. Do not hesitate.

MAGDA

Thank you, Tomasci. My father has some money. I will get some from him to pay you...

TOMASCI

No, no... You don't concern yourself. You and your father have always been generous to us. It is our honor to help good friends in trouble...

MAGDA

(firm)

Thank you. But we will pay...

Tomasci exits and closes the door. Magda goes and looks out the window at the Keep.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINU PASS - GLAEKEN - TWILIGHT

on a BMW motorcycle plunges through the foothills --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

--towards the southeast entrance to the Dinu Pass. He approaches the bottle-neck leading into the Pass through the massive granite mountains he and we SEE a sentry station.

REVERSE: SENTRY STATION

TWO IRON GUARD of General Antonescu tiredly wave for him to stop. They are armed with Swiss Carcano carbines with bayonets.

IRON GUARD #1

Where to in such a hurry,  
goatherd?

GLAEKEN

Into the Pass. To my village.  
My father is sick.

IRON GUARD #1

How far up do you go?

GLAEKEN

To the Keep.

(beat)

Why are you stopping me?

IRON GUARD #1

You do not question the Iron  
Guard. Get down from there.

Glaeken gets off the motorcycle leaving it running.

IRON GUARD #1

(continuing)

Papers.

GLAEKEN

I'll go get them.  
I left in a hurry...

IRON GUARD #2

No papers?

He slams Glaeken in the ribs with the butt of his rifle. Glaeken feigns injury and backs away. His eyes tell us it is a pretense. Iron Guard #2 begins to search him. He finds the money belt. They open it and see the gold inside.

IRON GUARD #2

Where'd you steal this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLAEKEN

It's mine. It's all I have.  
You can have it if you let me  
be on my way...

IRON GUARD #1

We'll keep it. And what else  
have you?

(to Iron Guard #2)

Open the case...

He refers to the flat leather case.

GLAEKEN

stares at them. Then:

GLAEKEN

Don't touch that!

IRON GUARD #1 + #2

react to the menace in Glaeken's voice. They both stop  
and stare at him. The Iron Guard #1 works up a rage...

IRON GUARD #1

You!

Iron Guard #1 thrusts his rifle and bayonet at Glaeken's  
lower abdomen in an upwards, gutting move. Glaeken  
grabs the rifle from Iron Guard #1, rips it out of his  
hands, spins the butt around and cracks it against the  
man's jaw. Iron Guard #2 is unslinging his weapon as  
Glaeken drives the butt into his stomach. Iron Guard #2  
folds over the butt. Glaeken slams the butt down on the  
back of the man's neck. Glaeken gets back on the motor-  
cycle and rides on into the Pass...

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER - DR. CUZA - NIGHT

is alone in the cold and darkness. He walks the room  
and sits in his chair. The shawl is over his now erect  
and muscular shoulders. We do not see his face.

CLOSE: DR. CUZA

turns into camera. More years have sloughed off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks like a strong man in his late forties. The white stringy hair has been resurrected to the reddish-blond of his youth. He anxiously stares at the door, expecting Molasar to enter.

WIDEN TO REVEAL:

Molasar is already in the room, towering behind him. Dr. Cuza turns back to his chair. He recoils and sees Molasar.

DR. CUZA'S POV: MOLASAR

is now more completely formed. Before all that existed was the crimson glowing central nervous system and brain and optic nerves. Now Molasar is a red skull with eyes in it. The red eyes with yellow irises burn into Cuza. A deeper red glow emanates from his interior and spills out of the mouth and nasal cavities in shafts of light. He is shrouded in black. The death's head grin of Molasar:

CUZA

You've changed.

MOLASAR

I will change even more.

CUZA

How do you enter and leave this place?

Molasar doesn't answer. Instead he stares deeply into Dr. Cuza's soul:

MOLASAR

You have death around you...

CUZA

At your hands?

MOLASAR

No.

CUZA

What you sense is my fate in Major Kaempfer's death camp.

MOLASAR

A place where people gather to die?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUZA

No. A place where people are  
dragged off to be murdered.

MOLASAR

(in sudden fury)

To kill Wallachians? A German  
is here to kill my people!

CUZA

They are not your people. They  
are Jews and gypsies and leftists  
and trade unionists and teachers  
and professors... not the sort  
you would concern yourself with.

MOLASAR

(angry)

I decide what concerns me!

(beat)

Were these people born here?

CUZA

Yes, but --

MOLASAR

Then they are Wallachians!

CUZA

But their ancestors -- my  
ancestors -- were immigrants.

MOLASAR

How many generations of your  
people have lived in Wallachia?

CUZA

My family came here in the  
seventeenth century. Three  
hundred years. Maybe twelve  
generations.

MOLASAR

I am a Wallachian of only two  
generations. My grandfather came  
from Hungary. Am I, who was born  
on this soil, any less a Wallachian  
for that?

CUZA

Of course not!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MOLASAR

Then these people you speak of?  
They are Wallachians! They are  
my countrymen!

(roars)

No outlander may come into my  
country and kill my countrymen!

(beat)

How many go to these camps?

CUZA

Thousands. Perhaps millions.  
From all over Europe.

MOLASAR

Who sends them to do this?

CUZA

Their leader.

MOLASAR

Their Voevod, their War Lord!  
When I am complete, I will drink  
his life!

CUZA

You can't! He's protected!  
He's in Berlin!

CLOSE: MOLASAR

his teeth bare in his death's head in an approximation  
of a smile. The thought of Dr. Cuza to Molasar is an ab-  
surdity. Red light shafts at Cuza from the interior  
of Molasar's skull.

MOLASAR

You! This War Lord in Berlin!  
All are to me as insects. You  
have no comprehension...

Cuza is struck with a hope greater than he ever dreamed  
possible. He has succeeded in arousing Molasar's rage.

CUZA

(whispers)

When?

MOLASAR

In two nights I shall be complete.  
I will drink their lives. All  
their lives...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CUZA

What can I do?

MOLASAR

A talisman -- an object --  
precious to me and the source  
of my strength must be removed  
from this place. It must be  
safely hidden in these hills.  
Then I will be free to drink  
the lives of these enemies...

At eight feet tall the death's head grin under the  
shroud of Molasar stares into the eyes of Dr. Cuza  
two feet below him.

CLOSE: DR. CUZA

is filled with hope for salvation.

CUT TO:

INT. KEEP TOWER - FATHER FONESCU - DAY

enters Dr. Cuza's chamber.

FATHER FONESCU

Have you gotten their permission  
to come to the church?

CUZA

Old friend and brother! You  
would not believe what happened  
here last night!

(beat)

I cannot leave yet.

FATHER FONESCU

Why?! Did they not give  
permission?

CUZA

I didn't ask.

FATHER FONESCU

What insanity is this?!

CUZA

There is something here! A  
thing that calls himself Molasar.  
We must delay the escape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER FONESCU

Where's the cross  
I gave you? What twisted curiosity  
could make you stay in this place?!

CUZA

I gave the cross to Captain  
Woermann. He will need it.

FATHER FONESCU

What is this?!

CUZA

Old friend: listen to me. In  
this being, liberated by these  
Germans, is our salvation!

Curiously Father Fonescu doesn't care. He is obsessed  
about the cross:

FATHER FONESCU

Why... will Captain Woermann  
need the cross? What of the  
cross?

Father Fonescu's attitude becomes aggressive, inter-  
rogating...

CUZA

(dismissing)

The cross repelled Molasar.  
He called it an abomination and  
I put it aside... Maybe it will  
protect Woermann from what is  
to come.

FATHER FONESCU

(shouts)

If it is repelled by the cross  
it is evil!

CUZA

(irritated)

I disregard whatever heathenism  
he was part of! He can help us!

Dr. Cuza's statement rocks the priest. It is total  
anathema:

FATHER FONESCU

(fanatical)

The cross repelled him! It  
is the proof of the old debates  
between you and me!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

FATHER FONESCU (CONT'D)

It is proof the Messiah existed.  
 He was born, flesh and blood, in  
 Bethlehem from the Virgin Mary!  
 He existed two thousand years  
 ago and he has arisen to join  
 his Father in heaven! I have  
 been right! And you, Jacob  
 Cuza, have been wrong!

CUZA

Forget our debates! We are talking  
 of lives. Lives!

FATHER FONESCU

(unhearing; sneers)

Unbeliever! I understand you!  
 You would defend a monstrosity  
 rather than accept the  
 proof of the arrived Messiah?!  
 Rather than be wrong, you would  
 worship the anti-Christ?!

CUZA

(astounded)

Fonescu! What are you saying?!  
 Stop this!

FATHER FONESCU

(raging)

Stay here! With your daughter!  
 Rot with the other Jews and  
 gypsies and misfits and heretics  
 who would worship monsters! I  
 won't lift a finger to help you.  
 You can burn in their ovens.  
 You can burn in hell, Cuza!

The transformed Father Fonescu slams out of Dr. Cuza's  
 room. We end on Dr. Cuza staring after him at the door.

CUZA

(mumbles to  
 himself)

Oh God. Help me, your humble  
 servant, find the answer to your  
 trials. Help me be strong.  
 Help me to aid the innocents.  
 All the peoples. Help me persevere...  
 to save and preserve them...

The prayer trails off into the oblivion and anxiety  
 of his desparation...

CUT TO:

INT. INN, MAGDA'S ROOM - MAGDA - DAY

it is strangely still. She goes to the window to look out and sees the insanely angered Father Fonescu -- his black cassock whipping in his angered, fast strides -- crossing the causeway and heading towards the church. His dog, Petru, trots behind him on three legs. Magda calls to him. He doesn't answer. She is worried. She looks down at the window sill and then recoils...

MAGDA'S POV: BIRD NEST

baby birds. They are silent. They are dead. The absence of birds in the Keep has now extended into the village.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - MAGDA - DAY

rushes towards the church and throws open the doors to find Father Fonescu.

REVERSE: THE ALTAR

The church is small and Magda is half way across it by the time she sees the scene at the altar.

CLOSER REAR SHOT: FATHER FONESCU

the back of his head. He is kneeling in prayer in front of the altar. He drinks from the communion chalice. He appears to be saying a mass. Perhaps for Dr. Cuza. Then...

CLOSER: FATHER FONESCU

turns to face us. Magda jumps back from him.

MAGDA'S POV: FATHER FONESCU

with sightless eyes. His face is awash in blood. He smiles...

WIDER:

his dog is dead and draped over the altar. Its fangs exposed in death's grin. Father Fonescu is drinking it's blood...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGDA

runs out of the church leaving the doors open.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - MAGDA - DAY

running across the village courtyard to the Inn for help.

MAGDA

Tomasci...!

Suddenly she's alarmed. She circles around something...

MAGDA'S POV: THE COURTYARD

It is Alexandru. He is dead on the cobblestones. An axe is buried in his back. Drinking from a flask and moving away from the body are Alexandru's two sons... They've just killed their father. Magda rushes towards the Inn for shelter and help from Tomasci

MAGDA

Tomasci, Tomasci!

CUT TO:

INT. INN - MAGDA - DAY

running in the door is met by Tomasci.

TOMASCI

(concerned)

Magda?

MAGDA

Alexandru... Fonescu...

TOMASCI

(slowly he smiles)

Where are you going?

MAGDA

Tomasci! Father Fonescu...  
Alexandru is dead in the street!

TOMASCI

Alexandru was too arrogant...  
He got what he deserved... but  
you? Where are you going?

MAGDA

(confused)

To my room!

TOMASCI

Where is the money? You have no  
money? You have no room! You  
sleep in the street or you pay!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Magda pulls herself together. She realises something is terribly wrong. Tomasci grins. Magda gets cool...

MAGDA

I will get my suitcases. I will go back into the Keep...

TOMASCI

No. I keep the suitcase and what you have in lieu of paying for the room. You sleep out in the street.

(laughs)

Maybe... you pay Tomasci in kind...

Some terrible mentality has emanated from the Keep. It now pervades the village. Tomasci's hands start to move towards Magda's waist and down her hips...

TOMASCI

is suddenly spun around and thrown against the counter. He starts to react violently. A large hand anneals him to the wall.

REVERSE: GLAEKEN

is at the other end of the hand. Tomasci is fearful.

GLAEKEN

Is this how you treat your guests, Innkeeper?

TOMASCI

Who are you?

GLAEKEN

I want a room.

TOMASCI

There is one room. Her room.

GLAEKEN

Does it overlook the Keep?

TOMASCI

It is the only room that overlooks the Keep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLAEKEN

I will take it.  
 (to Magda)  
 Come. Get your things...

CUT TO:

INT. INN, MAGDA'S ROOM - ENTER, GLAEKEN + MAGDA - DAY

GLAEKEN

Who are you?

MAGDA

Magda Cuza. I will get my bags  
 and go back into the Keep...  
 Thank you for...

GLAEKEN

(stopping her)  
 What are you doing in the Keep?

MAGDA

My father, Professor Cuza, is  
 kept there by the Germans...

He sees the tiny dead birds in the nest. He picks one  
 up in his hand.

GLAEKEN

(turns from the  
 window to her)  
 This place is changing. It is  
 happening very fast.

MAGDA

What do you know of it?

GLAEKEN

It is why I am here.

MAGDA

I must go.

GLAEKEN

(grabbing her arm)  
 It is very important for you  
 to tell me what has occurred.  
 It is very late... You will  
 stay here. I will not molest  
 you. It is too late for you to  
 go back into the Keep...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE: MAGDA

is chilled by Glaeken's statement. She looks into his eyes. Glaeken's eyes burn with an authority and intensity that she believes. Next: We TRACK AND WIDEN to REVEAL the bureau against the wall. On the bureau is a mirror. In the mirror is Magda. Alone. Glaeken casts no reflection. Neither did Molasar. Only we see this. Magda is unaware of it.

CUT TO:

SAME - CLOSE: MAGDA - LATER

asleep in the bed in her clothes. She rolls over. Suddenly she jerks upright, awake. She looks around. Glaeken is nowhere to be seen.

WIDER - MAGDA

looks through the room. The mirror has been taken off the bureau and stood on the floor with the reflective surface against the wall. Magda goes to it finding that strange. Next to the mirror is Glaeken's long flat leather case.

MAGDA

approaches the case, curious...

CLOSE: THE CASE

is worn, ancient leather with brass fittings. Magda's hands enter. She knows she shouldn't be doing this. Nevertheless curiosity has overwhelmed her and she looks once at the door and then opens the snaps and opens the case...

EXTREMELY CLOSE: THE CASE

opens REVEALING a metal object of dark blue steel. Its shape is of an elongated wedge pointed at the top and very sharp along both its bevelled edges. The bevelled edges end halfway. Below the broad edged piece is a three foot steel shaft. It is not a sword. But it is a fearsome and strange weapon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGDA

closes the case.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVINE - WIDE - NIGHT

Nothing. It is dark. No birds chirp. A RUSTLING becomes Magda who is walking along the edge of the abutment overlooking the Keep across the gorge. She looks for Glaeken. She slips in loose shale. She starts sliding into the gorge, one hundred feet below.

CLOSE: MAGDA'S

losing her hold. Branches snap away. Suddenly an arm grabs her. It is Glaeken. He pulls her to a ledge he is standing on.

GLAEKEN + MAGDA

She tries to stand and cannot. Her knee is cut and bruised. Glaeken motions for her to be quiet. He was surveilling the Keep. Supported by Glaeken she tries to walk and cannot. Glaeken picks her up...

WIDE AND LOW: GLAEKEN

carries Magda in his arms. He easily mounts the brow of the ravine and starts back towards the Inn.

INT. INN, MAGDA'S ROOM - THE DOOR - NIGHT

opens. Glaeken carries her in and puts her on the bed. He crosses to the basin and puts water on a rag, rips away her stocking and covers her knee which is bruised and bleeds. Immediately the bleeding stops.

MAGDA

Feels warm.

GLAEKEN

Find what you were looking for?

Magda jumps at the accusation in his voice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGDA

Glaeken, I...

GLAEKEN

(cool)

What did you hope to find in the case?

MAGDA

I wondered where you went...  
I was looking for you. I  
-- wanted to be with you...

Magda is confused... the last thing she had intended was to make that admission.

GLAEKEN

(smile)

Did you expect to find me in the case?

MAGDA

(angry)

I was curious about you! It won't happen again. Tomasci will find me a room or I will sleep in the front hall!

She starts to rise.

Glaeken turns her sholders and crushes her against him...

GLAEKEN

Magda...

Magda tries to resist. She looks into Glaeken's eyes. And it is as if she is mesmerized. She slips her arms around Glaeken's neck and pulls him to her, losing herself in the glow that envelops her. Glaeken's hands begin to roam her body, carressing her buttocks, moving over her compressed breasts...

MAGDA

(mumbles)

No...

but she doesn't stop. Glaeken's hands rise to her neck and untie her kerchief and open the buttons of her sweater.

CLOSE: MAGDA

is surprised by her own directness.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Her will to resist what she internally desires is shattered. She doesn't want to stop him.

MAGDA

What is happening to me?

GLAEKEN

What you want to happen...

The front of her sweater is parted and she gives herself with the same vital force that burns in the core of both of them. Glaeken pushes the tight bandeau down to her waist allowing her breasts to spring free. And he carries her to the bed. She helps him rip off his own clothes. And they make love. Both embrace in a vital direct passion... as a release from the malevolence across the causeway.

We are left with a strange feeling: Magda's resistance smashed by something inside of Glaeken. It leaves us with a sense he has seduced her. It is a contradiction to conventional attitudes of 1941. It makes us wonder about Glaeken. For Magda, it is magic.

CUT TO:

SAME - GLAEKEN - LATER

at the window staring across the gorge at the Keep. Glaeken's face is a mask. He is naked. He crosses to the bed and stares at the sleeping Magda. We have no idea what is on his mind. He appears beyond her somehow. He covers her bare shoulder with the blanket. There is a sadness to him.

GLAEKEN

crosses to the case that Magda had examined. One latch is still open. Glaeken opens the case.

VERY CLOSE: THE WEAPON

Glaeken's hand reaches out and touches it. Instantaneously the WEAPON HUMS and takes on a cobalt blue electric glow.

CUT TO:

EXT. KEEP, CAUSEWAY - DR. CUZA - MORNING

wheels his own chair across the causeway. The shawl is over his head to hide the resurrection of his vitality. He wheels the chair toward the Inn. At the windows is Magda, she sees him wheeling his own chair, comes running down the stairs and greets him in the courtyard.

MAGDA + DR. CUZA

CUZA

(softly)

Wheel me around to the side.

Magda is amazed at his ability to propel himself and the further changes she notices in him.

CUT TO:

EXT. INN, SIDE YARD - MAGDA + DR. CUZA - DAY

enter.

CLOSE: MAGDA

walks around to the front of the chair and stares at her father.

CLOSE: DR. CUZA

smiles. He throws back the shawl. Magda is astounded at the transformation. Then Dr. Cuza stands out of the wheelchair and opens his arms. He and his daughter embrace. Tears are in her eyes.

MAGDA

It is a miracle!

CUZA

I'm free of disease. It's as if I never had it!

SIDE CORNER - GLAEKEN

is revealed observing the scene. There is no joy in his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGDA

Glaeken! Look!  
 (beat)  
 Now we'll be able to get  
 away from here...

GLAEKEN

(approaching)  
 What price have you paid?

The emotion floods out of Dr. Cuza and he stiffens at the stare in Glaeken's eyes. They are antagonists.

CUZA

Who are you?

MAGDA

A friend...

GLAEKEN

I am a traveller.

CUZA

I paid no price.

GLAEKEN

Nothing is free.  
 (beat)  
 You have received payment for  
 a service you have not yet  
 rendered?

CUZA

This is not payment. There is  
 no Faustian bargain. There is  
 no need of one. My bond with  
 the being in the Keep is our  
 common cause: the elimination  
 of Naziism.

GLAEKEN

That's what he promised you?

CUZA

What do you know of it?  
 (to Magda)  
 What have you been doing?

MAGDA

I have been with Glaeken.

It is a direct statement. "Been" in the biblical sense...  
 The accusatory look in her father's eyes means to Magda  
 that he understands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGDA

(continuing;  
defending her  
father to Glaeken)

Don't you see what this means?  
We can leave! And you will  
help us?

GLAEKEN

Ask your father if he wants  
to leave.

CUZA

(to Magda)

I must go back. Not for myself.  
I don't matter. I have to  
perform a task. Then we can  
walk out of here.

Cuza and Glaeken lock in an icy stare. The conflict  
is between the now statuesque forty-seven-year-old  
father and the lover of his daughter, Glaeken.

GLAEKEN

You have been deceived. You will  
set Molasar loose upon the world.

CUZA

What is loose upon the world is  
much worse than what Molasar  
can ever reek.

GLAEKEN

It is the same. And it is  
worse.

CUZA

No! It is not. You are the  
deceiver!

GLAEKEN

When darkness falls, it falls  
upon us all.

Glaeken walks away.

CUZA

(to Magda)

He's your lover?

MAGDA

(soft; determined)

Yes. He is...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CUZA

(long pause;  
then:)

Push me back to the Keep!

CUT TO:

INT. KEEP, TOWER - DR. CUZA'S CHAMBER - TWILIGHT

Dr. Cuza's DOOR SLAMS OPEN. Kaempffer enters.

KAEMPFER

What do you want?

CUZA

There is a stranger at the Inn.  
He asks questions. I believe  
he is connected to the people  
who pay for the Keep's maintenance...

KAEMPFER

(to Sgt. Oster)

Get four troopers down here  
on the double! Arrest the  
man! Bring him to the Keep.

Kaempffer slams out. Cuza closes the door and wheels  
back into the center of the room when in front of him  
appears a wall of blackness.

MOLASAR

appears. He has changed yet again. He is now complete.  
Pale skin covers the death's head we saw before. His  
eyes are red orbs. His head is bald underneath the  
black shroud. The strange thing about Molasar is that  
his face resembles Glaeken's, except pale white and  
sunken. When he talks a RED LIGHT will glow from his  
interior and it comes out of his mouth as well as his  
eyes.

MOLASAR

Very good, Old Man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUZA

You are complete?

MOLASAR

Yes. And tonight I will move  
upon this world.

CUT TO:

EXT. INN - WIDE - TWILIGHT

Kaempffer is at the door. Four Einsatzkommandos march  
Glaeken outside and head him to the causeway. Magda  
enters.

MAGDA

No!

She tries to interfere. Kaempffer backhands her aside.

GLAEKEN

Stay back Magda!

KAEMPPFER

(to troopers)

Take him across!

THE CAUSEWAY - GLAEKEN, KAEMPPFER AND EINSATZKOMMANDOS

crossing the bridge into the Keep. In the b.g. Magda  
stumbles towards the causeway.

CLOSE: GLAEKEN

seeing the approaching Keep, seems to falter. For some  
reason he cannot enter. He appears to stumble. As one  
Einsatzkommando reaches for him, Glaeken pivots and slams  
him through the railing over the causeway into the gorge.  
Then Glaeken himself dives to the edge of the causeway...

MAGDA

screams.

EINSATZKOMMANDOS

FIRE streams of BULLETS into Glaeken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The muzzle FLASHES are deafening in their prolonged ROAR. Glaeken was leaning over the edge of the causeway when the first bullets caught him. Now Magda sees his body twist and jerk as more streams of bullets stitch red perforations and lines across his legs and back. He is spun around by the impact of the bullets into his chest and abdomen. His body folds over the edge. Then he is gone.

MAGDA

has fallen unconscious onto the ground.

EINSATZKOMMANDOS

stare over the edge of the causeway and return to the Keep...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE KEEP, FORECOURT - WOERMANN - TWILIGHT

rushes down the stairs with his Schmeisser, his tunic open. He's been drinking. He's unshaven.

WOERMANN

What was the shooting?!

Kaempffer and the others enter the forecourt.

KAEMPFER

Nothing. A civilian resisted arrest for interrogation.

WOERMANN

Another civilian? The courageous SS-Einsatzkommando strikes again!

Woermann returns to his chamber. This time Kaempffer is hot. He follows after Woermann.

KAEMPFER

Woermann!

Woermann dismisses Kaempffer with a gesture and closes the door to his room.

CUT TO:

INT. WOERMANN'S CHAMER - KAEMPFER - NIGHT

barges in.

KAEMPFER

I will not...

WOERMANN

(interrupts; drunk)

You 'will'... nothing. You  
'will' die. All of us 'will'  
die!

KAEMPFER

You're falling apart Woermann...  
(beat)

You envy us our ruthlessness?!  
You do not grab history by the  
throat and write the next one  
thousand year future without  
boldness and ruthlessness.

WOERMANN

(cracks up)

Fairytales, Kaempffer! Gothic  
Fairytales you tell yourself.  
Then dress up in black and silver  
to believe them.

(beat)

I was at Posnan a year and a  
half ago in Poland. Helpless!  
While your Einsatzkommandos were  
lining up Jews -- men and women  
of all ages. And children.  
Children!! For God's sake!  
Slaughtering children!

(beat)

They were told they were being  
resettled. They were told to  
put tags on their luggage.  
Everything will be fine. Treated  
genially. Courteously. By  
Einsatzkommando guards. Only  
at the end at the ravine when  
the bullets came -- did they  
realize they were not going  
on a trip. They were tricked.  
They were being murdered. You  
denied them even the dignity  
of fighting for life. What were  
the guards afraid of?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WOERMANN (CONT'D)

The rioting of old women and  
children?

(beat)

Bold ruthlessness! Courage!  
SS-Sturmbannfuhrer Kaempffer!  
Have you wet your bed lately?

Woermann cracks up in drunken laughter.

KAEMPFER

You talk to me of courage? You?  
The spineless Social Democrat?  
If you had courage, why weren't  
you in the German Communist  
Thaelmann Brigade fighting us  
Fascists in Spain? Why did you  
not shoot the Einsatzkommando  
at Posnan? You have the  
debilitating German disease:  
a liberal guilt that allows  
you to feel morally superior,  
and yet stay safe cause you  
risk nothing. Take no action.  
Your sentimental suffering makes  
me sick! Because it is so safe...

WOERMANN

(drunk)

For once, Kaempffer, you are  
correct! You are right. I am  
discovering I am only half a man!  
All that we are, is coming out,  
in this thing, here in this Keep!

KAEMPFER

A miracle! The man sees the  
truth!

WOERMANN

But what truth do you see? What  
are you discovering about yourself,  
Kaempffer? In all the dark places...  
in the core of you. What desperate  
inferiority? What self-loathings  
are you feeling?..that you invented  
black uniforms and flags and  
shouting to make go away.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOERMANN (CONT'D)

(wiggles his hips)

You and the paper-hanger pervert  
in Berlin. With his wide woman's  
hips and narrow shoulders and  
short legs. Does he still make  
Henny Hoffmann squat over his  
face and urinate on him, Kaempffer?  
No! She killed herself as did  
his other paramour: his niece,  
Geli.

(laughs)

The Aryan ideal! VonShirach  
and his little boys...!

(beat)

Your Nazi fantasy of power?  
It is to overcome the inferiority  
you feel in the depth of your  
soul. You are the expression of  
the darkest, most diseased psyches  
scooped out of the German gutter...  
and you have infected millions!  
Evil? Magnificent evil? Evil is  
nothing but disease! And what has  
sprung from that?!

(shouts)

Are you meeting yourself, Kaempffer,  
in these granite corridors?

Before Kaempffer can rage back at Woermann their  
argument is interrupted by SHRIEKING and MASSED FIRING.  
A battle. Kaempffer spins. Woermann is stunned.

KAEMPFER

No! It is happening again...

SILVER CROSS:

Woermann's hand grabs it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAEMPPFER

sees Woermann grab the cross. He sees it is a lifesaver from the horror. Kaempffer pulls his Walther P38 and SHOTS Woermann in the back THREE TIMES. Kaempffer reaches across Woermann's body and takes the cross. He runs out the door. Meanwhile the shooting has sputtered out...

CUT TO:

EXT. KEEP, COURTYARD - KAEMPPFER - NIGHT

runs down the stairs and finds himself alone in a scene out of hell. The shock on his face is of total disbelief. He surveys everything around him...

KAEMPPFER'S POV: THE COURTYARD

a fog lays on the ground. In the fog, draped across vehicles and machine gun emplacements are the dead bodies of the entire Wehrmacht and SS detachments. They are all dead. Arms stick up. Bodies are draped over the parapets. Over vehicles.

KAEMPPFER

alone. He wheels in abject fear, looking for escape. He is hysterical. He backs towards the causeway to get out of the Keep. He scans both sides for danger. The cross is in front of him, to guard and protect him from evil.

WIDE AND LOW - KAEMPPFER

stumbles back towards us -- out of the Keep -- scanning for danger. He senses something. Slowly he turns to camera:

KAEMPPFER

No...!

KAEMPPFER'S POV - MOLASAR

towers in front of Kaempffer. His eight foot height glides slowly towards Kaempffer. The cloak billows in the SLOW MOTION.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It stirs the low fog at Molasar's feet. Kaempffer is frozen. He thrusts forward the cross. Up high in front of him. To protect him...

THE CROSS

in Kaempffer's hands. Its silver reflects light. Kaempffer pushes it towards Molasar.

MOLASAR

stops at the sight of the cross. It repelled him when Dr. Cuza held it. A glimmer of hope crosses Kaempffer's face that the gothic cross may save him.

KAEMPFER

(mumbles)

Blood of the lamb of the  
Lord Jesus! Protect me!!  
Protect me...

MOLASAR

is expressionless. Then slowly he reaches out towards the cross. Like a curious child. Kaempffer backs away...

KAEMPFER

(continuing)

Who... who are you? Where do  
you come from?

MOLASAR

smiles. RED LIGHT shafts out from his mouth and the orbs of his eyes. He gently takes the cross from Kaempffer's hand. Molasar then crushes the cross. As if it were made of tin. Kaempffer is studden into paralysis. Molasar's earlier fear was a deception.

MOLASAR

Where? Where am I from?

(laughs)

Don't you know?

(reaching for

Keampffer's throat)

I come... from you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WIDE AND LOW: MOLASAR

picks up Kaempffer by the throat. Kaempffer is screaming and wriggling like a trapped animal. Molasar throws Kaempffer...

REVERSE: KAEMPPFER

as if shot from a cannon, slams upside down into the rear wall and EXPLODES like a splattered insect. Meanwhile:

WOERMANN

staggers out and falls down the stairs to the forecourt. Critically wounded he tries to rise. He cannot. He collapses. His face is half in the fog layered on the cobblestones. He coughs blood. One eye looks up. Then it widens...

WOERMANN'S POV: MOLASAR

towering above him.

WOERMANN

is suddenly jerked upright. Molasar didn't touch him. He controls Woermann's body as if it were a puppet on strings. Woermann mechanically moves to a wall. A chain winds itself up the wall over a bracket. Woermann can't even scream. His limbs work against his volition. His hands make a loop. He puts his neck in the loop. He struggles to stop. He can't control his hands. They grasp the other end of the chain and they pull. Molasar has made Woermann hang himself. Molasar walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. THE KEEP, SUBCELLAR - DR. CRUZ - DAY

drags into a pit with a spade. It contacts something hard.

CLOSE: THE GROUND

Dr. Cuza's hands push the dirt away from a leather case. He opens it. It contains an object wrapped in ancient cloth. The cloth is embroidered with runes.

CUZA

staring at it transfixed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carefully he parts the folded covering. His face is underlit with blue light from the object in his hand. The talisman is the gold and silver original of all the crosses studding the walls of the Keep. Cuza raises it in front of his face. It radiates electric running through it. It is of silver. The cross piece is solid gold.

MOLASAR (O.S.)

Put it away!

Cuza surprised, looks up to see Molasar at the edge of the pit. Molasar backs away... out of sight.

MOLASAR

(continuing)

Cover it and carry it from this place. Let no one stop you. Let no one touch it...

Beat.

Molasar's voice has drifted off.

MOLASAR

(continuing;  
fading away)

Put it away...

Dr. Cuza re-wraps the talisman. As he starts out of the pit...

CUT TO:

EXT. GORGE - MAGDA - NIGHT

is dragged across the grounds in jerks. It wakes her up. A peasant woman is trying to get her mother's wedding ring off her finger. She fights off this woman who runs away...

MAGDA

races to the edge of the gorge and looks over. She HEARS something. She listens. She HEARS it again... LABORED BREATHING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGDA'S POV: A HAND

rises out of the fog and claws the soft earth near the gorge's rim. It is followed by another hand. Then by a head: it is Glaeken.

MAGDA

Glaeken!

She scrambles down the brow and pulling and sliding, struggles to help Glaeken onto level ground.

GLAEKEN'S

clothes glisten darkly with blood.

MAGDA

You should be dead!

She smoothes the hair from his face and examines his wounds...

GLAEKEN

(weak; dry)

...to my room... go to...

MAGDA

I'll take you there as soon as Tomasci...

GLAEKEN

(cuts her off)

Listen to me: get the... case... you saw yesterday... bring it to me. Nothing else!

Magda breaks away from him staring. Then she bolts...

CUT TO:

INT. GLAEKEN'S ROOM - THE CASE - NIGHT

FOOTSTEPS. DOOR OPENS. Magda's hand grabs the case.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GORGE - GLAEKEN - NIGHT

stares into the starry congress of the night sky above the Keep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The fog washes the lower parts of his body. He coughs blood. Then FOOTSTEPS across the broken shale. Magda enters.

GLAEKEN  
(dry; rasping)  
The blade...!

Magda pulls the blade from the leather case and passes it to his outstretched arms.

CLOSER: THE BLADE

when it contacts, Glaeken, SCREAMS in energy release. It haloes blue. He positions it along the length of his body. He folds his arms over it. His features relax, losing their pain. He closes his eyes.

MAGDA

covers Glaeken with her shawl and lays next to him...

CUT TO:

INT. KEEP, CORRIDORS - THE WALL - NIGHT

The crosses on all the walls now glow faintly. FOOTSTEPS. Dr. Cuza enters holding the talisman. As he passes the cross-like replicas of the talisman in the granite, each replica glows brighter. They brighten as he nears and fade as he passes. He appears alone. He approaches steps. Trials of fog ooze down the steps toward him as he climbs up...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GORGE - MAGDA + GLAEKEN - NIGHT

Magda watches him. Intently. Glaeken's eyes open with a start.

GLAEKEN  
I must go inside...

MAGDA  
No. I have to get you out of here!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Glaeken starts to struggle up. He cannot. His breath comes in dry rasps.

GLAEKEN

I must get into the Keep...

(beat)

Your father is carrying it out... It must not leave! Only it holds Molasar inside.

(pause)

It is my fault... this...

MAGDA

What are you talking about!?

GLAEKEN

I built the Keep...

Magda looks at Glaeken again almost fearfully.

GLAEKEN

(continuing)

I should have destroyed him. We are dependent opposites. If I kill Molasar, I, too, go... I faltered. I built the Keep to contain him. So I could cling to life. I was weak... now others pay... Help me stand. I've got to stop your father.

MAGDA

(rebels)

I won't help you leave me...! I won't agent your death... I'd rather live in hell with you than here, alone!

Glaeken tries to rise on his own. He collapses... onto all fours. His eyes roll back. His mouth drips some substance. It HISSES when it contacts earth... Glaeken's eyes bore into Magda.

GLAEKEN

Think! Magda!... you must.

MAGDA

(caves into despair; then:)

Then I will meet my father at the gate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLAEKEN

...no.

MAGDA

You can't move. I can talk to him...!

GLAEKEN

He won't listen!

MAGDA

There's nothing else. I will go.

GLAEKEN

Don't cross the threshold!  
Don't step into the Keep. It is Molasar's now!

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - DR. CUZA - NIGHT

crosses through the fog and the dead bodies. Nowhere is Molasar to be seen. He approaches the gate to the Keep carrying the covered talisman.

REVERSE - DR. CUZA'S POV: THE THRESHOLD

Suddenly Magda emerges on the other side.

MAGDA

Father!

CUZA

I have it!

MAGDA

(stalling)

Let me see...

CUZA

There's no time!

MAGDA

Go back, father. That's not the source of Molasar's power. It is not his talisman. It is what he fears because it imprisons him in this Keep! He is the deceiver of everything!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUZA

Lies!

(beat)

I am your father! I command  
you!

MAGDA

framed in the arch of the threshold Glaeken cautioned her not to step beyond. Magda breathes hard and steps inside. As she does, a chill racks her body. The malevolence pervades her. Dr. Cuza is advancing towards her.

CUZA

Get out of my way...

WIDE - NEAR THE THRESHOLD

Magda throws herself at her father and tears the talisman from his grip. They slip and fall in amongst the dead bodies and gore and fog that litter the ground of the Keep. Dr. Cuza -- now a veritable Judah Maccabeas -- easily turns on top of his daughter and takes back the talisman. She is underneath him. His hand is on her throat. The cover falls away from the talisman. Suddenly a booming voice: Molasar in the b.g.

MOLASAR

Kill her! Prove yourself to me.  
As your God spoke to Isaac!  
And he obeyed! Kill her.  
Trust me. Isaac trusted his  
God.

(beat)

And take the talisman from here:

WIDE AND LOW: MAGDA + DR. CUZA

He is astride her and he raises the exposed talisman which glows with a golden light over his head to strike a killing blow upon his daughter. He hesitates. He arcs back again...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE: DR. CUZA

Magical insight transforms the blood rage on his face. There is a wisdom that is ancient that seems to suffuse him. Born in the desert five thousand years ago among Nomads arguing and reasoning with words about an oasis water deity called Jaweh. It is that Hebraic desert logic with which Dr. Cuza now lowers the talisman, stands and approaches Molasar:

CUZA

If you are truthful and the talisman is the source of your power, then you take it from the Keep! If you cannot? Then the talisman is not yours. And then this is your prison. And you are untruthful...

(shouts)

So take it from here yourself!  
Take it!!!

He shoves the talisman towards Molasar.

MOLASAR

with rage fired crimson shafting from his eyes and mouth -- backs away:

MOLASAR

Welcome back your illness!  
Revel in your pain!

Dr. Cuza is struck and crumbles forward with a groan. His spine curves and agony seeps through every pore of his body trying to curl in on itself. He is once again the aged, gnarled deformity.

MAGDA

rushes to protect him. And she grabs the talisman.

WIDE: THE FORECOURT - THE BODIES

slowly start to rise. Heads are missing. Arms and limbs are gone. Throats are ripped open. They approach Magda and Dr. Cuza at Molasar's bidding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOLASAR

Throw the hilt through the gate  
and you will save him! Remove  
that thing from these walls and  
you live!

Magda sees the approaching legions of the dead and sandwiches the talisman between her and the prostrate body of her father. The dead Wehrmacht and Einsatzkommando Troopers start ripping at her with their claws.

MOLASAR

looks up from the scene. Something takes his attention. Then he backs away... furious.

MOLASAR

You!

Magda twists away from the clawing corpses and sees standing there a weak, pale, caked with dried blood Glaeken.

MAGDA

throws the talisman to him. It lands at his feet. An Einsatzkommando corpse rips at her hair.

GLAEKEN

barely able to walk, slams the talisman over the three foot long shaft at the bottom of the blade. We SEE the talisman is in fact a hilt. The weapon is a six foot long medieval pike. As the hilt slams home...

WIDE - THE KEEP COURTYARD

a FLASH of LIGHT cuts like a scythe across the space. Glaeken and his weapon are amplified by the images of the hilts inlaid throughout the Keep. They too radiate a brilliance. The weariness floods from Glaeken. It is replaced by rage.

GLAEKEN

slams the blade in a wide arcing circle through the corpses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Where it strikes, they fall away as if struck by a blast from a furnace. The fog melts around them and Glaeken as if it never existed.

WIDER: MOLASAR

is gone.

MAGDA

Leave with us!

GLAEKEN

Magda. Good-bye.

(beat)

Take your father out of here.

(beat)

Out of this place...

Magda starts pulling her unconscious father across the threshold towards the causeway...

MAGDA

(to Glaeken)

Are you coming back...!

Glaeken? Glaeken!

REVERSE: GLAEKEN

is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER - GLAEKEN - NIGHT

climbs the interior circular stairs. The PIKE HUMS and radiates light.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWER ROOF - WIDE: MOLASAR - NIGHT

waits.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWER - GLAEKEN - NIGHT

climbs the last steps towards the roof.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The opening reveals the starry night above the Keep.

CLOSER: GLAEKEN'S FACE

feels sifting sand and dust.

GLAEKEN

throws himself against the wall. The entire ceiling collapses along with the stairs with tons of granite debris. Glaeken now clings to the wall. The joints between the granite blocks provide finger and toe holds. Glaeken climbs the sheer wall interior to the top.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TOWER'S ROOF - GLAEKEN - NIGHT

emerges into the night. As he turns his head he confronts Molasar. Seeing the two of them together in the same frame we realize they are aspects of the same person. Their faces are almost identical. Except Glaeken's hair is red and his skin is almost olive. Molasar's face is ashen grey.

MOLASAR

Welcome my friend to the time  
that never ends...

(beat)

The ancient dichotomy.

As Glaeken circles towards Molasar, Molasar circles away. Then Molasar stops and speaks. Molasar's back is to the dawn that is starting to crest in the east.

MOLASAR

(continuing)

Kill me and you seal your own  
doom! Eliminate me and you  
eliminate your reason for being.  
Kill me and you kill yourself!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Glaeken pauses.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAUSEWAY - MAGDA

sees the two beings on the tower's parapet high above. Seh sees the red of Glaeken's hair start to turn to fire as the sun crests the walls of the Dinu Pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWER PARAPET - GLAEKEN - DAWN

senses the feelings. Briefly, for a split second, as if he wished to see her once before he leaves her forever -- he glances towards the causeway...

MOLASAR

has the moment he waited for. The sun strikes full into Glaeken's face. He leaps...

GLAEKEN

spins to encounter Molasar's movement. He is blinded by the sun in his eyes. He realizes this is why Molasar manipulated him into this position and then stalled...

GLAEKEN + MOLASAR

in SLOW MOTION. Glaeken lifting the pike high above his head. Molasar coming in low below it -- his arms outstretched to knock Glaeken and the pike beyond the Keep and free himself from his imprisonment.

CLOSER: GLAEKEN + MOLASAR

in SLOW MOTION. Glaeken takes the impact. But he spins himself and Molasar, who is locked to him, away from the edge. Glaeken screams rage and agony. And slams the huge blade through Molasar's back. Light flashes. Molasar screams. His black eyes bulge towards Glaeken. He rebels against the belief he is dying.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GLAEKEN + MOLASAR

locked together. Glaeken's pike impaling Molasar. Molasar's arms locked onto Glaeken... And they they topple. Into the tower...

CUT TO:

EXT. CAUSEWAY - MAGDA - DAWN

screams.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TOWER - OVERHEAD - DAWN

SHOOTING down the cylindrical hollow as Glaeken and Molasar crash towards the floor. The floor disintegrates, EXPLODES away...

COMPUTER ANIMATION AND SPECIAL EFFECTS PHOTOGRAPHY:  
GLAEKEN + MOLASAR

locked together, plummet into an endless pit. They fall towards an apparent floor. They smash through that floor and drop through another shaft. And smash through another floor with runes inlaid into it. The next shaft is lined with glowing rings. Made of stone it appears both man made and supernatural. They smash through another floor and emerge...

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - GLAEKEN + MOLASAR

falling through a cloudy sky towards a cracked red desert. Just before they hit...

CUT TO:

INT. SHAFT - NOTHING

Suddenly Glaeken + Molasar appear and plummet down its infinite depth...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE KEEP - HIGH ANGLE OF THE TOWER CAUSEWAY  
AND VILLAGE - MORNING

below in LONG SHOT we SEE Magda and her father on the causeway. Some villagers -- Tomasci and Father Fonescu run to help carry the old man. We HOLD. The crumbled masonry of the Keep's tower is in foreground. The people are small below. A bird lands on the masonry parapet. There is a piece of grass in its beak. It flies away. HOLD. Magda stares back at the tower, at us. The bird returns with another piece of grass and pushes the two together. Into a crevice. It is building a nest. The bird stands on the edge of the parapet and surveys the causeway, the village, Magda and the people, the Dinu Pass and everything beyond it in the morning sun.

THE END