

# **The Empty Mirror**

screenplay by

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Story by

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FADE IN:

1 PROLOGUE - (ACCOMPANIED BY A WAGNERIAN OVERTURE)

A SERIES OF GRAINY IMAGES

Snow blows over dead soldiers in a road.

A grainy image: A woman drags an emaciated corpse, its foot leaves a shallow furrow in the sand.

A grief stricken mother caresses the face of her dead child.

The images dissolve into a gray, swirling, grainy abstraction.

2 SWIRLING, OUT-OF-FOCUS SHAPES, BLACK AND WHITE

On the sound track: VOICES, distorted, animalistic.

The TITLE comes up over the abstract images. Some of the letters are runic, mystical. The title fades out.

The VOICES distill to one familiar VOICE.

The swirling shapes begin to focus as we MOVE back. We're watching a "screen" suspended in space.

ON THE SCREEN: An impassioned man speaks to a rapt crowd of Hitler Youth. ADOLF HITLER, at the peak of his power.

HITLER (*German, no subtitles*)

We will pass from the scene, but for you, Germany will live on. And when we are gone, it will be your duty to hold high in your clenched fist the banner which we raised out of nothingness. And I know it cannot be otherwise, for you are flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood, and the same spirit that rules us burns in your young brains.

Today, standing on this stage, I am but a tiny part of that which extends beyond, over the whole of Germany, and we want you, German boys and German girls, to absorb all our hopes for the future of that Germany. We want to be one nation, and you, my youth, shall become that nation.

We want an end to classes and class divisions, and you must keep such ideas from looming within yourselves.

As he forcefully gesticulates, we MOVE further back from the screen and PAN across a dark, DANK, DUNGEON-LIKE CELL.

HITLER (*O.S. in German*)

We want to see one Reich in the future, and you must prepare yourselves for it. We want this nation to be obedient, and you must practice obedience. We want this nation to be peace-loving but brave as well, and you must be peace-loving. You must be peace-loving and brave at the same time.

3 THE SPEECH NEARS IT'S END, THE CAMERA FINDS A SHADOWY FIGURE.

Standing alone in the cell, near an old projector, studying, mesmerized by the images on the screen (the "cell-screen").

Wearing a suit from the thirties, this man resembles the man on the screen: Hitler.

The projector's reels turn. The speech continues. The man in the cell becomes increasingly prideful, strong.

HITLER (*O.S., in German*)

Germany lies before us, Germany marches within us, and Germany comes after us!

The crowd answers, roaring: Sieg Heil! Ein Volk! Ein Reich! Ein Fuhrer!

As the chanting fades, we get our first clear look at the man in the cell, basking in the adulation. It's confirmed: this is ADOLF HITLER.

He turns a switch to reverse the film, stops, switches it forward. Adolf studies the last moments of the speech again. The projected images allow him to drink from the memories of his old power. He is Narcissus at the pond.

Off-frame, we hear the climax of Hitler's speech; and the crowd's roaring chant: "SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL!"

Adolf stands watching. (we'll call him "Hitler" in historical images, "Adolf" when in the cell)

The light reflects off the screen onto his face. As the CHEERS begin to fade, the film clip comes to an end; followed by clear film leader. Adolf continues staring at the screen, rapt.

DISSOLVE TO: INSIDE THE PROJECTOR - IMAGES IN THE "GATE"

During the long dissolve, Adolf is temporarily superimposed over the sprockets and gears and film strip of the projector's gate mechanism. The end of the leader SLAPS through the gate. The projector lamp switches off.

MUCH WIDER: The room goes dark.

Adolf turns toward us, speaks the last lines of the speech, repeating the gestures he used, perhaps trying to improve.

ADOLF

Germany lies before us, Germany marches  
within us, and Germany comes after us!

We realize he's watching his reflection in a mirror.

After a few moments he lifts both hands, fingers spread wide near his face. Imploringly, he shakes them, this time with no emotion -- just scrutinizing the body language.

He smoothes down his suit jacket. Checks it for flaws, then throws back his shoulders, stiffens his back and CLICKS his heels. He half-salutes himself.

We MOVE closer. Time SLOWS almost to a freeze. It's a long, uncomfortable moment.

It's interrupted by a TAPPING from off screen. Adolf snaps to guarded alertness.

4 A LAMP ON A TABLE IS QUICKLY DOUSED.

The cell goes to shadows.

CUT TO: A JAILER in a plain guard's uniform, tapping on the wall with a long club (don't see his face here).

He passes behind Adolf, who now sits in a chair drawing in a sketchbook. The images: Nazi architecture, massive buildings and shrines for a new city.

In the background, the Jailer pokes around Adolf's bed with a club, probing.

Apparently satisfied for now, the Jailer exits frame.

Adolf turns the light back on, relaxes slightly, his face droops with fatigue. He strokes the back of his hand.

IMAGES FLASH:

5 A WOMAN'S LONG BLONDE HAIR - MOSTLY ABSTRACT.

We study its soft, appealing texture.

Inexplicably, a swarthy hand rises up through the hair, and then disappears back down into it.

DISSOLVE TO:

6 STEAM. WHITE, SWIRLING.

The steam thins. We see Adolf's chest, his suit, a pin on the lapel -- a swastika in a circle.

Hot water pours from a faucet into an old porcelain sink. Adolf turns it off, dips his hands into the steaming water.

The steam rises in front of his face. He cleans his hands, nervous. Focused.

He begins to WHISTLE to himself -- a few bars from Wagner. (along with the sound track, as if he "hears it")

SOUNDS: Distant SCREAMS, distant EXPLOSIONS, a ROARING inferno. If Adolf hears them, its impossible to tell.

He dries his hands, and exits. We MOVE through the steam to:

7 THE WALL

It's dark stone surface is rough, moist, with veins of black minerals.

We move along the wall, and pass a distinct opening, a crumbling, rough hole created by a vertical crack in the stone. A faint bluish light shines through from the other side.

We continue along the wall to a table, on which we discover two framed photos. One of Adolf's mother: Large, light-gray eyes with dark, penetrating pupils and a plain, anxious face. Then the eyes of Hitler as a child.

Nearby is a partial wooden mask of Hitler, upside down.

Finally, we discover Adolf, lying in his bed, his back to us.

With his right hand, he pinches compulsively at his left wrist, as if trying to get at something crawling just under the skin.

We MOVE slowly in towards the back of his head until the frame is filled with blackness.

FADE UP FROM THIS BLACKNESS TO:

the gray, textured wall (an intentional repeat). We glide along this surface, past the back-lit opening in the wall.

Again, we arrive at a table, with the two framed photos. One of Klara, the smaller one of Hitler as a child. And again, the Hitler mask lies on the table, but in a slightly different position.

Finally, as before, Adolf is revealed lying in his bed, facing away from us. This time, he is still. We move slowly in towards the back of Adolf's head, filling the frame with BLACKNESS.

OVER THE BLACKNESS:

ADOLF (*O.S., dictating*)  
At the extreme one becomes a symbol.

8 ADOLF IN A SINGLE POOL OF LIGHT

Pacing.

ADOLF  
Every man who desires adulation will  
recognize in me the pure manifestation of  
that dark part of himself.

An old typewriter appears in the foreground, fingers TYPING. Adolf turns, struts a few steps, looks at the mirror.

ADOLF (*continuing*)  
I am the perfect reflection of each man with  
a lust to dominate, who has some bias or  
prejudice... some unsatisfied craving.

ON THE CELL SCREEN IN THE BACKGROUND: Townspeople greet Adolf's car as he enters an invaded city.

ADOLF  
Some will condemn me morally, but they cannot  
escape the power of my image.  
Their self-righteousness will dissolve as  
their hearts beat with the rhythm of my  
essence.

Even those poor souls who hate me will  
privately envy me, because I fulfilled my

dreams while others repress their true desires.

Thus, have I guaranteed my immortality; the essential Hitler has a hold on every human heart.

Adolf stops, very satisfied. But insecurity re-emerges.

He turns to the TYPIST, who for now is always seen from the back. (he is Nordic, with blonde hair, a chiseled face, dressed in a black SS uniform. He is eager, dutiful.)

ADOLF (*to the Typist*)  
Does that sound cliched?....  
(*the Typist does not answer*)  
Anyway, let's end this on a poetic note:  
Will to power, will to form, will to beauty.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON ADOLF: After pausing to appreciate his words, he turns and walks out of frame, leaving blackness.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 OMITTED

10 ADOLF, AT THE PROJECTOR

Carefully threading the projector. He switches on the lamp. Its brilliance leaks from cracks in the housing. The motor DRONES up to speed.

The film CHATTERS through the gate. The tiny images come to life, suspended upside-down behind the lens. Colorful this time. We follow the beam of light through the lens outward into the cell to the cell screen.

ON THE CELL-SCREEN: Eva, wearing her peasant dress (smiling into the camera), on the porch of their mountain retreat. Then on the beach, frolicking in her bathing suit. These are 'home movie' images. She seems remarkably innocent and young.

The camera BOOMS DOWN to Adolf in the foreground, silhouetted against the cell-screen images of Eva.

We drift around to Adolf's face, which has softened with nostalgia. We drift behind him again. He stands up, blocking out the images. Hold on the blackness.

11 FADE IN: A MAGNIFYING LENS IN ADOLF'S HAND.

Animated shapes swirl in the glass. It moves aside, revealing a photographic proof sheet that captures sampled motion picture frames, taken from a speech.

Adolf scrutinizes them with unnatural intensity.

SOUNDS: We hear a distant crowd: Sieg Heil! Echoed. It rises in volume to a ROAR.

12 VAST RANKS OF SOLDIERS MOVE IN AND OUT OF FOCUS.

It's the 1934 party rally at Nuremberg. The ranks of soldiers, out of focus, form abstract geometric shapes.

ADOLF

Nothing is more important to me than the preservation of these images.

Adolf stops fiddling with the lens, crosses and sits stiffly. Imperious. We discover DR. JOSEPH GOEBBELS kneeling on one knee at Adolf's feet. He is short and thin, dark-haired and ferret-faced. One leg is crippled.

ON THE CELL-SCREEN: The formations and movements are strikingly choreographed. Formal and angular.

ADOLF

Power, order, solemnity. Look at the men, Goebbels. The geometry. The classic lines.

Goebbels limps up to the cell-screen, moves his hands to outline the formations.

GOEBBELS

You know what I like most? Your decision to break the formation here and here. Not only did it serve the composition, it gives the impression of the Cross.

He draws the cross on the cell-screen as he's speaking, showing the pattern.

ADOLF (*nodding*)

Mmmm... the Messiah theme.

He crosses back to Adolf, retakes his position at his feet.

GOEBBELS

Ah... Here it is.

CELL-SCREEN: Hitler walks slowly up the middle of the vast formation of standing soldiers.



ADOLF

Do you think I should have walked down the aisle alone?

GOEBBELS

An interesting question.

ADOLF

My instinct was that a loner would be viewed as less trustworthy. Better to be surrounded by faithful lieutenants.

ADOLF (cont'd)

*(studies the unfolding pageantry)*

Those men, Goebbels. What are they thinking?

GOEBBELS

A person wants to be part of something beyond his small self. To escape. To be lost in a historic moment.

ADOLF

I wonder if their feet hurt.

Goebbels hesitates, unsure if Adolf is making a joke.

GOEBBELS

You organized us on a whole new basis.

Adolf stares questioningly.

GOEBBELS

By invoking Aryan superiority... You enabled us to transcend regional and religious rivalries. Even trivial issues of gender, age. And class distinctions.

CELL SCREEN: Soldiers representing numerous German communities eagerly answer a roll call (played in silence). Propaganda footage, swastikas, idealized Aryan youth, zealous crowds, build to grandiose scale.

ADOLF (*stands*)

I created a great circulation of energy, self-replicating, self-reaffirming.

*(after a few beats, erupts)*

My god!

Pumped with adrenaline, Adolf stands near a table that displays a model for a Nazi city. In the foreground of our shot: massive buildings.

FADE TO BLACK

13 OVER BLACK: THE CROWD SOUNDS FADE AND DISTORT

*FADE IN: A montage of fragmented, abstract images: An ancient Norse hammer (Thor's) arcs through blackness. Firelight flickers off eight test-tubes of blood. Details of human shapes, abstract, black and white. Black hair being pulled out of sand. Abstract details of a skull-like death-mask. Red liquid oozes from a crack in the ceiling.*

FADE TO BLACK

13A OVER BLACK - WE HEAR METAL SPIKES RAKING ON STONE

The Jailer's club, its tip menacingly wrapped in barbed wire, appears out of the darkness, dragging along the walls. The Jailer's eyes glow from the dark like a wolf's in firelight.

14 ON THE TYPIST

Inscrutable, unemotional, the typist types Adolf's words. Adolf's mood has gone dark and bitter, full of hate.

ADOLF

In the first world war, the Jews and the  
Bolsheviks stabbed Germany in the back.

ON THE CELL-SCREEN: The propaganda images. Night rallies.

ADOLF

Even as German blood spilled in our just and  
noble cause, the enemy within sought to  
destroy us with treachery. The bad within  
must be extracted. We must protect Germany. I  
MUST save the motherland from this  
defilement!

The veins on Adolf's face bulge with rage. He begins to COUGH, with increasing violence, until he's hacking up phlegm. Out of respect, the Typist averts his gaze.

Adolf hurries to wipe his mouth with his handkerchief. Adolf pants for breath. He crosses past the cell-screen, and into the darkness.

15 CLOSE: ADOLF UNBUTTONS THE CUFF OF HIS SHIRT SLEEVE.

A woman's hands stick the needle of a syringe into the top of a small bottle of whitish liquid. The plunger sucks up the liquid into the syringe. Adolf lowers his arm in readiness.

16 SEVEN HITLER YOUTH, FOUR BOYS, THREE GIRLS.

The girls, feminine and petite, sit on a bench facing Adolf. Behind them, the boys, tall and angular, stand "at ease". We keep our distance (wider shots). Adolf paces.

ADOLF

Film is the magician's mirror. The first art form that allows the artist to project his dreams and fantasies into the inner life of the viewer. To reshape and capture his soul.

He stops, turns towards the rapt twelve-to-sixteen-year-olds.

ADOLF (cont'd)

Who's the tallest here? Among the girls?

They hesitate. A tall girl bravely raises her hand. Adolf motions for her to stand, come nearer. She does.

ADOLF

Kneel down.

She obeys, shyly. From her POV, he now looms above her. Her tension is vaguely sexual.

ADOLF

Tell your classmates what you have experienced.

YOUTH GIRL

I will obey my Fuhrer.

Adolf gently helps her up. She walks back to the bench.

ADOLF

What I did, I did for film. To create a perfect reality indelibly imprinted in the minds of billions. My works of grandeur and destruction live on. They will touch and transform even the unborn.

CELL-SCREEN: Spectacular Nazi parades: Soldiers, armaments, throngs of people waving along the routes. Adolf standing in an open car, moving in isolation among the crowds like a rolling statue. Adoring crowds chanting Heil Hitler.

IN THE CELL, Adolf increases the volume to deafening levels.

ADOLF

I am the artist. I am the art work.

A TALL BOY'S GLASSES reflect images from the cell screen, which progress to night parades - thousands carrying torches.

Adolf walks into the projector beam, his shadow on the screen surrounded by the torch-bearing crowd.

ADOLF

I was Homer, I was Ulysses, I was the  
Odyssey.

The images transition to night battles; all around Adolf's shadow, which continues to grow, explosions flash, fire rages. Heroic soldiers charge into battle.

WIDER: The Youth in the foreground, the cell-screen in the background.

ADOLF (cont'd)

I enlisted powerful men, courageous men, to  
the task of fulfilling my artistic destiny.

17 A FILE DRAWER IS SLAMMED SHUT

Adolf seems nervous, disconcerted. He yanks open another file drawer.... flips hurriedly through it, searching. Again, is frustrated. SLAMS this drawer closed... Tries to collect himself, to stem the panic.

ADOLF

Where was I.... Oh... I remember now...

Adolf waits. Off screen, the Typist hits the carriage return.

ADOLF

One power alone makes a great leader:  
imagination, divine vision.

*(aside, to the Typist)*

I took those words from someone...  
I can't remember who.

He inflates himself, then exhales, relaxing, content.

ADOLF

Ah, it's good to be writing again.

Adolf watches the Typist to see if he will react. He doesn't.

18 DISSOLVE TO: THE RECORD PLAYER.

Adolf puts a record on the machine. He moves the stylus to a specific piece. It SCRATCHES as he sets it down.

THE MUSIC: An instrumental portion of Handel's *Messiah*.

Adolf reacts; this isn't the part he was looking for. He moves the stylus, but again, wrong section.

He tries once more. At last, he finds the portion he desires. He moves his hands in small rhythmic motion, humming with the music.

BACKGROUND CELL-SCREEN: A "cathedral of lights", created by German search lights in the night sky (from "Olympia").

OPERATIC CHORUS

For unto us a child is born.  
Unto us a son is given,  
and the government shall be  
upon his shoulder, and his name  
shall be called Wonderful, Councilor,  
the mighty God, the everlasting Father,  
the Prince of Peace.

As the music rises, his arm movements get broader and more energetic. He loses himself in "conducting" his orchestra.

He begins to 'sing' the voices of the instruments, becoming so consumed that he takes on an almost possessed quality.

The music crescendos; Adolf ends posed with one hand reaching for the heavens, the other clutched desperately over his chest, suggesting either divine inspiration or insanity.

19 OMITTED

20 OUT OF THE BLACKNESS BEHIND HIM, A BLONDE WOMAN APPEARS

Stepping into the projector's beam. Her diaphanous gown glows in the light. She seems to descend gradually, angelic. As she approaches, the light on her face becomes luminous. She seems innocent, with large blue eyes that soothe and tempt. We notice a cross around her neck. This is EVA BRAUN, as seen and idealized from Hitler's point of view.

Her motions, and time, slow down.

Adolf senses her, turns, backing out of the frame as she comes closer. His dark hair edges off frame, which fills with whiteness.

FADE TO PURE WHITE.

21 FULL FRAME WHITE

A hand enters, caresses the smooth, white skin. Track with the hand along her body, deliberately framing out her face.

MACRO CLOSE on the back-lit blonde hair of Eva's thigh as Adolf's fingers move along the "horizon," then push against her flesh.

Extreme close on Adolf's lips, close to her ear.

ADOLF (*whispers*)  
Your fairness cleanses me....  
(*lies next to her*)  
To make love to you is to make love to all of  
Germany.

She runs her hands sensually along the straps of his uniform, his leather belt. Fondles his iron cross.

EVA (*playfully*)  
My Fuhrer.

ADOLF (*smiles*)  
My little Bavarian angel.

She responds affectionately, and for a few moments, they are lost in each other. She pulls his hand to her mouth, kisses it. Then moves to kiss his face.

A MENTAL IMAGE FLASHES: The profile of a SWARTHY MAN'S face, looking down, moving downward through space, very slowly, very dreamlike.

IN THE CELL: Adolf grimaces. The light on his face dims.

AGAIN, THE IMAGE FLASHES: The Swarthy Man's face descending through space, his eyes focused downward.

IN THE CELL: Adolf has become agitated. He FREEZES, hearing the Jailer's club RAKING on stone. He sits up.

EVA  
What?

She reaches for him. Disgusted, he pushes her hand away. She recoils, confused.

LOW ANGLE, BOOTS IN FOREGROUND: Adolf pulls one boot on.

ADOLF

I represented the rejection of the modern...

EVA (*sits up behind him*)

What is it, Adolf?

With his back to her, he pulls on the other boot. While he's struggling, he grumbles to himself.

ADOLF

(*O.S., the Typist TYPES*)

...a return to the world of Homer....

In which war is not about massive destruction, but remains first and foremost an instrument to enhance a hero's personal glory.

He pauses. Then stands up. We pull away with him from Eva. He walks off frame, his boots LOUD on the floor.

CUT TO: He lays unframed kitschy paintings on a table. Hold on the last one, a woman nursing a baby.

FADE TO BLACK.

22 PULL BACK FROM THE BLACK FIELD

and discover it's a black section of one of the so called "degenerate" paintings: an expressionistic painting of a woman.

The middle of the painting starts to blacken. Eventually, it catches fire.

PULL BACK TO reveal this painting is on the top of a pile of paintings, all aflame.

CLOSE ON ADOLF: The fire reflecting off his face.

ADOLF (*to the Typist, O.S.*)

Modern art is the enfevered fantasies of an incurably sick people. The fact that nine tenths of artistic trash, literary filth and theatrical idiocy can be traced to the account of one people, constituting hardly one percent of all the country's inhabitants can simply not be talked away. It's the plain truth.

ON THE CELL SCREEN: The most "Norman Rockwell" of Nazi Art.

IN THE CELL: Another "degenerate" painting, and then another are tossed onto the flames: but these are recognized as great art (Van Gogh, Matisse - from the "degenerate art" exhibit). Their empty frames lie in a stack nearby, efficiently saved.

The TYPING diminishes to a CLICKING. Adolf turns to see:

23 A WOMAN'S LEGS, SEEN FROM CALF TO THIGH

walk into a black frame, the hem of her black dress fluttering. We HEAR her high heels on the floor.

TILT UP to her hand carrying a ceremonial dagger with a long gilded blade and circular swastika attached to the end of the grip (we don't see her face).

ADOLF

watches the paintings burn. The CLICKING of the woman's shoes gets louder. He tries not to notice.

24 KEYS TYPE ON WHITE PAPER, THE HEADING:

"Reason is the devil's whore."

The Typist hits the carriage return several times. Reads the words. Adolf closes a folder, having read a page inside.

ADOLF (*with malice*)

The Jewish - Christian creed with its effeminate ethics undermines our vitality. Morality is decay, a blemish like the Hebrew circumcision. The German people must learn to distrust reason; the dirty and degrading idea of conscience.

CELL SCREEN: Soldiers goose-stepping. The POUNDING of boots on pavement continues throughout the scene.

IN THE CELL: The Typist dutifully hammers the keys in rhythm.

ADOLF

What number was the last footnote?

TYPIST

Twenty-eight.

ADOLF

Footnote twenty-nine. The Fuhrer wrote these words for the first draft of Mein Kampf...



The morning of May 2, 1924 in Landsberg  
Prison.

He walks over, drops the folder on the Typist's desk.  
To the sounds of MARCHING from the screen, Adolf turns to the  
mirror, pushes his hair back and adjusts his uniform.

ADOLF (*to the Typist*)  
In other countries, why do they keep the  
German title, "Mein Kampf", instead of  
translating it to "My Struggle?"

ON THE CELL SCREEN: Hitler reviewing the troops at a parade, then  
more of the soldiers goose-stepping (abstracted).

25 THE MIRROR - THE REFLECTION ON IT IS FROZEN, OUT OF FOCUS

The image focuses: Adolf lit by one source, off screen, his face  
rimmed in light, still "frozen".

He moves. He seems to have a lamp in his hand, just off frame.  
He moves his arm slowly in an arc, studying the way the lamp  
affects the moving light and shadows on his face.

He moves the lamp behind his head, "back-lighting" himself,  
throwing his face into darkness.

ADOLF (*to the Typist, O.S.*)  
The sun is uncontrollable, unforgiving.  
With the sun you can't shape or sculpt  
reality.

When in front of him, the lamp has a flattering effect on his  
wrinkles. He lets it linger here.

ADOLF  
I hate the sun.

He "places" the light, and takes a dramatic-speech pose.

ADOLF'S POV: A vague outline of a camera stands behind and to the  
side of the mirror.

ON ADOLF: He checks his pose in the mirror again.

CLICK: The image freezes into a still photograph.1

CUT AHEAD TO: Adolf, unsatisfied, places the still photo on an  
easel, studies the pose captured there, and then the mirror, and  
then repeats the pose, to perfect it.

CLICK: Another portrait is taken. The image freezes to a still.

CUT AHEAD TO: Adolf, still unsatisfied, again places the still photo on an easel, nervously pushes his hair back from his face, and then obsessively uses the mirror to improve.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Photo after pose after photo after pose. He never quite gets it right. But it gets better. By the last pose, it's a striking freeze-frame of passion and righteous rage.

FADE TO RED

26 FADE IN: RED LIQUID PUDDLES IN A CORNER OF THE CELL

SERIES OF SHOTS:

*Hot coals turn from red to black as they cool. Details of horrific "degenerate" art (by Otto Dix). Chunks of mortar between stones in a Speerian cell wall crack and crumble away -- pressure from beyond the wall, barely revealing human bones underneath. The image shakes subtly, a deep vibration, as if in an earthquake.*

27 A HAND-WRITTEN ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO THE FUHRER

A hand pulls a letter from the envelope. It's worn and tattered, obviously read and re-read many times.

ADOLF

Let's enter one more into the record.

*(pulls it from envelope, reads as the Typist types, O.S.)*

This is from April, 1935. A woman from Berlin. "My fervently adored Fuhrer. You have a birthday, and we know only two ardent wishes: May everything in our fatherland be now and in the future just as you want it to be and may God provide that you be preserved for us forever. Your loyal, E.E."

ON THE CELL SCREEN behind him: boy and girl members of the Hitler Youth exercise in strict, attractive formation.

Adolf smiles pridefully, puts the letter into a basket full of hundreds more letters like it. Affixed to each is a postage stamp of a Hitler portrait. Adolf sorts through them, selects another one he likes.

28 MOVE THROUGH MODEL CITY TOWARDS GIANT DOME (BG: CELL SCREEN)

It's a fantasy land, a future Nazi utopia.

The architecture is huge stone slabs, thick columns. Towering over all is the "main building," a gargantuan exaggeration of scale with a huge dome.

Looking up from inside this misproportioned city, we see Adolf lean over the buildings. His hair fallen down over his forehead. Goebbels appears behind him.

ADOLF

There is magic in enormity, my Little Doctor.

He lifts a scaled model of the Eiffel tower into view, sets it down next to his own eagle-topped tower. He seems disappointed to discover that the French tower is taller.

CLOSE ON THE BASE OF THE NAZI TOWER

Adolf lifts it, slips a block under it. We TILT UP to see that it is now just taller than the Eiffel Tower. Adolf underplays his pleasure.

ADOLF

Overwhelming, like a dominant father.

GOEBBELS

Yes, but the art is in disguising the technique. Brutality must be wrapped in velvet. That's what distinguishes us from, say... a thug like Stalin.

Goebbels pulls a three-inch roll of red cloth from his pocket. It's tied up with gold string. Goebbels reaches to attach it to a building...

Adolf walks toward the Typist, begins dictating quietly.

ADOLF

Wagner made the exorbitant demand that the stage become an hypnotic instrument under the power of the artist.  
I imposed the same demand on Germany.

He walks back to Goebbels, who has decorated Germania for a parade, turning the main mall into something almost festive.

ADOLF

History is an error to be rewritten by the  
visionary playwright.

FROM GERMANIA STREET LEVEL

Looking up at the front of the massive main building.

The entire "mall" is now decorated with Nazi flags on buildings,  
flags suspended from light poles, etc.

Dr. Goebbels, just above the skyline, unfurls a long roll of red  
cloth -- the largest red Nazi flag. It drops down the length of  
the tall tower.

Adolf inspects it, nods.

A TOY SOLDIER STANDS ON A STREET OF THE MODEL CITY

Adolf's hand picks it up. We follow it along the street  
towards the huge dome. The dome's top is lifted off.  
We rise up over the lip, hearing CROWDS!

INSIDE THE DOME

Adolf's hand places the toy soldier on a giant podium.  
We discover ADOLF'S FACE, peering in over the top.

ANGLE UP at the tiny man on the huge podium, Adolf's  
proportionately enormous head looking down on us.

ADOLF

While Wagner brought the German myths to the  
operatic stage, I brought them to the world.  
I am the superman, a Teutonic knight on the  
quest for the Holy Grail. Compared to me,  
Wagner was a minimalist.

He says it with no self-irony. Goebbels watches him with a  
chameleon face that serves whatever Adolf projects onto him.

WAGNERIAN MUSIC builds aggressively, as if to dominate Adolf. To  
put him in his place. Adolf's mood changes. The hollow bravado  
waned. Humility overtakes him.

The music crescendos. Followed by the roar of applause.

BEAMS OF LIGHT form a mini "cathedral of lights" behind the dome.

TINY SWASTIKAS flutter down onto Germania. Adolf hears the applause, re-inflates himself. He gently sprinkles swastikas from his hand, like a gardener, from above the city.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

29 HITLER STARING OFF INTO SPACE (NO CELL SCREEN)

ADOLF

Wait... I thought you said our count was five million seven hundred thousand.

Hands roll a map of 1930's Europe onto a war table.

GOERING

They're using the six million figure.

GENERAL GOERING is dressed in one of his elaborate uniforms with numerous medals. Dangling from his belt is a large ceremonial battle sword in its ornate scabbard. He stands back, with his fist on its handle.

ADOLF

Typical. A clever exaggeration.

*(thinks)*

Let's use that figure, Goering. All the better for us. History likes round numbers.

Adolf jots figures on a piece of paper near the map. He looks out over Europe.

ADOLF

The war total was 55 million....

ADOLF (cont'd)

Out of that the camps and the death squads were responsible for only eleven or twelve million.

GOERING

Twelve.

ADOLF

Could we say that over half of those were non-Jews?

GOERING

We could say that over fifty percent were Christians, atheists and Pagans.

ADOLF

Awkward language.

GOERING

What term covers Gypsies, Polish intelligentsia, Russian upper strata, prisoners of war, French and Yugoslavian partisans, political opponents...

ADOLF

Should we use "gentiles?"

*(calculates in his mind)*

But... if twelve million were liquidated and six million were Jews... Or is five point seven...? Scheissa! Why can't I get accurate numbers?! Where's Himmler?!

GOERING

I would stand behind this wording: "Almost half the dead were from the Christian world."

Adolf considers, then nods, resigning himself to this.

ADOLF

Yes... And yet the Jews take they're removal so personally.

GOERING

What strikes me is that little notice is taken of the fact that the first biological cleansing eliminated German nationals: The disabled, the retarded, the mentally ill...

ADOLF

And the bed wetters....

ADOLF (cont'd)

*(shakes his head)*

The useless eaters. Commenced, September one, nineteen-thirty nine.

GOERING

Actually it was October first. You back-dated the decree one month to correspond with the first day of the war.

ADOLF

Tidier... War for living space. War for race purification. All begun on the same day.

He says this without emotion. All business. Cold.

DISSOLVE TO:

29A OMITTED

30 CUT TO: SIDE VIEW OF AN SS UNIFORM

Move up along the side of the uniform, to discover a long dagger in its sheath, hanging from the belt. We travel further up along the side, around to the front, to above the collar where a post sticks out to hold up the hat.

31 ON THE CELL SCREEN: IMAGES OF HITLER WEARING HATS

Followed by other peaceful images of life at the Berghof.

IN THE CELL: Eva watches these images while Adolf flips through loose photos lying on open pages of a photo album.

EVA (V.O.)

Look at you posing for my camera, as if you didn't know I was there.

Adolf ignores her, stays focused on the images. They're "home photos," of Hitler with Eva, with his dog, in various home settings. Adolf wears a hat in a few of them.

ADOLF (O.S.)

Do I look more mysterious in a hat?

Eva turns from the home movies, shakes her head. He then puts the hatless picture on top of the hat picture, and moves on.

She notices a photo of Hitler with Himmler and Goering. Compared to their costumes, Hitler's is noticeably plain.

EVA

Why did you never wear an official army, SA or SS uniform?

ADOLF

Better to remain undefined.  
(stops, reflects on this)  
Suggestive indefiniteness.

She finds one of Hitler smiling.

EVA

There are so few public pictures of you smiling.

ADOLF

Before I became Chancellor, there were none.  
Nor any with children or small animals.

While Adolf continues looking at photos, Eva goes back to the home movies.

ON THE CELL SCREEN: Adolf with puppies running around at his feet. He remains standing, stiff, unwilling to bend to them.

Then, images of Eva on an ocean liner.

EVA

The Iceland vacation was a joyous time for my sisters and me. You should have come with us. You were always inspired by the Viking sagas.

*(she pauses to remember)*

The only flaw in the trip was a delay before we departed from Hamburg.  
A family was removed from the ship...

ADOLF

*(cuts her off)*

I had no time for holiday trips.

EVA

The police came just before we were to leave.  
I'll never forget the cries of the woman.

ADOLF *(roars)*

Be quiet! Never mention that again.

EVA

I don't understand how a family with children could be a threat to any of our...

Adolf suddenly becomes extremely angry, knocks aside the photos and albums he's sorting. He jumps up and walks toward us until he's EXTREMELY CLOSE.

ADOLF

*(grumbles under his breath)*

The greater the man, the more insignificant should be his woman.

In the background, Eva waits for him to calm down. Like a retriever dog, she looks around for something to offer, picks up the photo album, brings it to him, holding it up.

EVA *(meek, O.S.)*



Look...

It's a photo of herself when she was young, blonder and fatter (Hoffman 242-EB-32-1B). Adolf ignores her at first. Finally looks at the photo. Eva hurries to ingratiate.

EVA

Did you like me better when I was blonde with baby fat or later when I was brunette and thin?

ADOLF

*(still dominant)*

I liked you when you were blonde and thin.

FADE OUT:

32 FADE IN: THE WOMAN IN THE BLACK DRESS

stands in her own light.

She is tall, black haired, domineering, dressed in a sleek, formal gown in the style of the thirties. Shoulders and cleavage revealed, very white skin. Made up and styled to look mysterious, alluring.

Her black dress blends with the dark background so that her body -- from bust up -- seems to float in space.

33 AT THE PROJECTOR, HITLER'S ALONE, WITHOUT EVA

He's still a little lost in the thought. After a beat, he smooths back his hair, tries to recompose himself.

He becomes aware of someone in the cell... turns.

ADOLF

Freud?

ADOLF'S POV:

Across the room is SIGMUND FREUD, who appears as one would expect: archetypal. As if in a classic portrait.

Adolf keeps his eyes on Freud, steps towards him, circles him. Takes a posture of strength.

ON THE CELL SCREEN behind him: abstract turbulence.

FREUD keeps his eyes on Adolf, studying him. Adolf clearly doesn't like being measured.

ADOLF

You could never understand a man of will.

FREUD

You prefer the cloak of enigma.

ADOLF

The problem with you Jews is you think you know so much.

Freud looks back at him, indifferent.

ADOLF

The inside of a man, this foolishness about the id, and... superego...  
A man is the sum total of his acts! Success justifies all.

FREUD

Interesting. So, what can we learn from your actions?

ADOLF

A man is his own creation, his own artwork. To use only reason is to close the door to the power of an idea like, "blood and soil."

FREUD

What of your inner world?

ADOLF

I know myself completely. I know my personal myths. That is enough.

He walks away from Freud, stops, straightens his jacket.

ON THE CELL SCREEN in the background: More abstract turbulence -- made to look like a Rorschach test.

ADOLF

With the answers to a thousand questions, you and your kind could not begin to understand me. Only a poet can touch the edge of the Fuhrer mystery.

Freud carefully considers Adolf's words. ADOLF stares back with ominous intensity. Adolf then takes an abrupt, aggressive step towards Freud, rising even further in the frame.

FREUD - slows to freeze frame, literally, with his hand frozen awkwardly at the tip of his beard. He is dehumanized. The SOUNDS also "freeze", clipped, echoing to nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

34 THREE BLONDE CHILDREN, SIX YEARS OLD, PLAYING

Two girls and a boy are sitting on his lap. Another girl plays with the hair of the first. Filling the frame, Adolf is surrounded by fair-haired youth. He's very playful, comfortable, more loose than he ever is with adults.

They lift his spirits. He keeps them close as he dictates to the Typist.

ADOLF

From Latvia to Lithuania. From Estonia to Slovakia. From Russia, from Poland to the Ukraine -- wherever we found them...

250,000 blonde-haired, blue-eyed nuggets harvested for the Third Reich...

*(as an afterthought)*

Nordic nuggets, to lighten up the dark Bavarians.

TYPIST *(stops typing)*

We took children from their parents?

ADOLF

They were misplaced Germans. We brought them home.

ON THE TYPIST: He gazes at Hitler, as if he might question further, but then nods and goes back to work.

35 FADE IN: A PAINT BRUSH DIPS IN COLOR, MOVES TO A FACE

As the brush adds finishing detail, we PULL BACK to reveal a self-portrait of Adolf, which depicts him in an overcoat with collar up, dramatically knight-like and "Aryan." Behind him in the portrait are glorious, unpopulated mountains and plains: living space.

WAGNERIAN MUSIC accompanies his work. Along with TYPING.

For reference, Adolf glances at a classical bust of the ideal Aryan - high cheek bones, square jaw, full lips and near perfect nose.

ADOLF

When I was a small boy in Linz, I frequently played alone. I would walk to the top of a hill overlooking the city. In dark solitude, I imagined that I had absolute command of those heights and all the lands below.

Only the trees on the hillside heard my cry:  
HEIL HITLER! HEIL HITLER! Those private moments stayed with me through the darkest days.

Adolf stops painting, satisfied at first. But as he scrutinizes the self-portrait, insecurity re-emerges.

ADOLF

The tragedy of every charismatic leader is to be imprisoned by his fate. His triumphs are finite, his needs infinite.

DISSOLVE TO:

36 ADOLF'S HAND AUTOGRAPHS A POSTCARD PRINT OF THE PAINTING

ADOLF (*to the Typist, O.S.*)

The Fuhrer cult was the fulfillment of a mysterious longing.

We realize he's autographing a large stack of the postcards made from the painting of himself.

ADOLF (*O.S.*)

Nazism and Christianity are based on the same idea that one individual could provide salvation. A simple man from a small cottage...

IN THE CELL, another photograph is autographed.

...could work a miracle of enlightenment and faith in a world of skepticism and despair.

ON THE SCREEN: night rallies build to mystical ritual, torches and giant red Nazi flags, storm troopers marching. Tribal, animalistic, CHANTING.

ADOLF (*in cell to Typist*)

My need to control fulfilled others' need to be controlled. That was my euphoric discovery. The union of my urges and the German people's desires.

If you unite a powerful people whose first duty is obedience, you can do anything.

*(stops and thinks)*

God I loved order.

Then daylight, and shots about the individual becoming part of a larger cause, merging into the crowd. Then SIEG HEILS.

37 CELL-SCREEN: YOUNG WOMEN IN WHITE DANCE IN A FIELD

ADOLF *(to himself)*

Every woman a potential source of soothing, warmth, love. Every man, a rival.

Adolf walks into the shot, his back to us, silhouetted. Approaching the women.

ADOLF *(pre-lapped)*

"The most German of Beings."

DISSOLVE TO:

38 ADOLF'S CHIN LEANS ON THE HILT OF A MEDIEVAL SWORD

Adolf lifts his head, puts the sword down.

ADOLF

*(continuing, O.S. at first)*

"...I am the German spirit. Consider the incomparable magic of my works."

We notice Freud. Hitler's back is to him.

FREUD

Did you write that?

Adolf lifts a medieval book that lies open near him.

ADOLF

"...the incomparable magic of my works."

*(turns to Freud)*

It's Wagner.

He closes the ancient book, stands and recites from memory.

ADOLF *(cont'd)*

"Man is a beast of prey, developing through constant progress. The beast conquers, founds great realms by the subjugation of other subjugators, forms states and organizes civilizations, in order to enjoy his booty in

peace... Attack and defense, suffering and struggle, domination and servitude, all sealed with blood...."

FREUD

Are those Wagner's words?

ADOLF

We are both illusionists and showmen.... I made my life so different, so vibrant, so extreme... This is how I have accumulated power. I wrapped blood and iron in a cloud of mystic communion with the German 'Volk.'

*(he extends the book, shaking it)*

Whoever wants to understand Hitler must first know Wagner.

He drops the book for emphasis, notices that Freud is scribbling on his analyst's pad. Frustrated, Adolf suddenly jumps up grabs the pad from Freud's hand.

He crosses to the wood stove, opens the door, tosses it into hot embers. The pad FLAMES up.

ON FREUD

As Adolf approaches, defiant, hands him a new pad.

ADOLF

Here. Write this: Fire fascinates Hitler. It consumes without accepting or rejecting.

He stares at Freud, daring him to analyze it and write.

39 OVER BLACK: FAINT, DISTANT SCREAMS.

*SERIES OF SHOTS DISSOLVE THROUGH: Black and white images of abstract body forms that begin to evoke death. Hitler's image in a warped mirror: grotesque. Ominous images of huge gears grinding together, dragging stills from "Triumph of the Will" into the machinery.*

FADE TO BLACK

40 A MIRROR - ADOLF EXAMINING HIS TEETH

He pulls his lip down, examines his front teeth. He rubs them with his finger as if trying to scrub something off.

42 ON THE CELL SCREEN - HITLER RIDING IN A CAR

CELL SCREEN: Hitler riding in parades, past Hitler Youth, hysterical women. (We HEAR Adolf and Goebbels OFF SCREEN).

ADOLF (V.O.)  
Goebbels, did you write this speech?

GOEBBELS (V.O.)  
Mmmm...

ADOLF (V.O.)  
"To be allowed to be Adolf Hitler's mason, carpenter and lowliest day laborer is a gift of heaven."

GOEBBELS (V.O.)  
I always avoided exaggeration.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
Ah, listen... From one of your speeches: "In the personality of Hitler, a million-fold longing of the German people has become reality..." What a thrill to play Fuhrer. For twelve years, the supreme father figure.

GOEBBELS (V.O.)  
A role to surpass even Lohengrin.

By the end of the montage, Hitler's image is enlarged to the point of extreme graininess, and slowed to almost a freeze.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 TWO BLONDE CHILDREN ARE TRANSFIXED BY SOMETHING OFF SCREEN

ADOLF (O.S.)  
Read the last sentence back to me.

TYPIST (O.S.)  
"We made the sound so overwhelming, the attitude so certain, the level of force so high, the spectacle so grand, that no one could see anything at the center but the symbolism."

REVEAL: A third child, his head, nose, etc., being measured by adult hands, using scientific calipers.

ADOLF (O.S.)

Yes, good. The symbolism at the center...

TILT TO DISCOVER: Adolf is the adult doing the measuring.

ADOLF

Like the sun. No one could look at me without the pain and punishment of blindness.

Number two: The receptivity of the masses is unlimited, yet their understanding is feeble. They quickly forget.

Three: The masses tell each other small lies. It would never come into their heads to construct colossal tales. Thus the bold myths work best.

Four: Effective propaganda must be confined to stereotypes. Always focus people's attention on a single foe. To have multiple enemies confuses people.

My genius was the combining of two enemies -- Jews and Marxism -- into one: Jewish Marxism. A synthesis that was key to my success.

Weave this in: Crude simplifications, endlessly repeated will influence the supple -- Goebbels' realm. For the non-supple, the stubborn, terror is necessary -- Himmler's responsibility.

The typist glances up at mention of the SS leader.

43 A GIRL-CHILD'S HAND REACHES FOR ADOLF'S

The BAVARIAN GIRL is six years old, blonde, dressed in folk-Bavarian clothing. On the other side of Adolf is a nine-year-old BAVARIAN BOY. He leads them by the hand away from us.

The view is diffused, dreamy. The sounds of an off-screen PARADE drown out the children's voices.

Adolf lifts the little girl to see Germania, the model city.

ADOLF

This was to be built for you.

She reacts. The nine-year old plays with toy soldiers from the checkpoint gates.



The children run off. We follow them until they exit frame.

We PUSH slowly toward the wall to discover reddish water seeping in at the floor-wall seam, then up along the wall's surface past a vague outline of human ribs just below the plaster of the wall, past a wall-painting of a half-man, half beast (inspired by Von Stuck), then further along the wall...

ARRIVE AT:

44 THE CELL SCREEN

BLONDE CHILDREN, AT PLAY AND AT WORK, LOYAL TO THE PARTY.

ADOLF (*watching*)  
We bred blondes.

ADOLF.... leans near the opening in the wall, watching. The sight of the children seems painful to him.

We watch through Adolf's eyes: more images of the innocent young Germans, the future. Sadness wells up in him.  
The newsreel footage ends.

The light reflecting back on Adolf flickers dimly, then goes out, leaving him only in the bluish light from the opening in the wall. He moves closer to it, seems to address someone on the other side of the wall, conspiratorially.

ADOLF  
What will they think of us?....  
History... those who study our lives? Will we  
be judged by what we say, by our deeds, by  
the monuments and images we leave behind...?  
(*pauses to think*)  
...Or something else? Something we can't  
control?

This is an unsettling thought: Not to be in control.

The JAILER appears, his stick rattling along the surface of the cell, past the opening in the wall, whose light has suddenly extinguished. Adolf is now across the room.

CLOSE ON THE JAILER: His face, oblong, fills the frame.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

45     NEGATIVE IMAGE OF A LARGE REEL OF FILM

Turning on the projector's front spindle.  
DISSOLVE TO the positive-image version of the shot.

ON THE CELL-SCREEN

Crowds at a rally, people waving, reaching, crying...  
Then Hitler (Feb 10, 1933) looking awkward before a speech.

ADOLF (O.S.)

It would never occur to people that I am shy.

He continues to wait awkwardly before speaking. But then more adoring crowds, which fuel him as a speaker. Back and forth between crowds encouraging him, to bigger and bigger moments as a speaker -- the crowds pushing the man instead of the other way around.

Later in the same (or another) speech, his arm is out, his fingers are shaking. The CAMERA suddenly jumps from his face down his arm to his two shaking fingers. Huge ROARS of crowds.

Adolf beams, prideful. Then deflates for a moment. Reflects. It's never enough. It doesn't satisfy his boundless hunger.

FLASH CUT TO: Adolf's hand, his sleeve rolled up, his fist clenching and unclenching. The nurse's hands bring the hypodermic needle close to a vein (to inject a drug).

WAGNERIAN CHORUSES -- singing his praises -- accompany the images on the cell-screen.

ON ADOLF

Light from the screen, from the admiration of the crowds, bathes his face. Adolf walks into the beam, lifts his arms, closes his eyes, turns his body slowly in the warmth.

Adolf sits into his chair, still vaguely unsatisfied.

A woman's hand slides into frame, caresses his cheek, shoulder, neck... EVA. His hand touches her, warmly, acknowledging.  
(Read: "Keep touching me. Be here for me.")

From the crowds on the screen. Great CHEERS.

EVA (O.S.)

They adored you.

ADOLF

They were stupefied by the Fuhrer cult.

ON THE CELL-SCREEN: The crowds are now hysterical in their efforts to pay homage to Hitler. Men cheer, salute. Women cry, throw flowers, reach out to him.

ADOLF

So hungry for me... as if I could fill their emptiness...

But his own emptiness is vast. Still trying to sate himself, he repeats the footage without the sound, and in slow motion.

EVA

By feeding them hope, you stimulated their craving.

ADOLF

*(trying to go with it)*

Yes... The desire to be the desired object.

EVA

For women, you were the ideal lover.  
The perfect father.

ADOLF

Fleeting. The thrill quickly loses its impact.

*(turns to Eva)*

You were the one thing... that brought me peace.

IN THE CELL, Adolf gestures for her to kneel beside him. He gestures for her to let her hair down. She picks up a mirror.

ON THE CELL-SCREEN: Eva at her most playful.

IN THE CELL, Adolf glances at her. We see that the mirror she's using has two sides (one is a magnifying mirror). He's distracted by his own reflection, slightly magnified, covering most of her face.

PUSH IN to the mirror, with part of Eva visible behind it. LAUGHTER comes up on the sound track.

DISSOLVE TO: reflections of Eva and Adolf in warped carnival mirrors. Huge elongated head, tiny dwarf-like body. Then long, long skinny body. Then tiny head. Back and forth.

The laughter builds to a point. They get caught up. But then the voices and laughter begin to distort, the mood changes. The faces become less funny, more grotesque, revolting.

DISSOLVE BACK TO: Adolf's reflection in Eva's mirror. Upset by the fantasy, Adolf pushes the mirror away.

ADOLF

I told you to destroy that footage...

EVA

What footage?

She looks up at the screen.

EVA

What's wrong?

Exasperated, Adolf strides to the projector, rewinds it, then runs it backwards in slow motion. Eva reacts.

EVA

I took care of most of it.

ADOLF

Look!

*(points at the screen)*

You don't understand!

At the projector, he winds off the offending footage, finds where it begins and ends by holding it up to the light, then tears it out. He rolls up this piece of embarrassing footage, puts it in the front pocket of his pants.

He splices the film on the reels, sits back down, and re-watches the section, now edited.

The sequence is followed by shots of Hitler in the home movies looking exalted.

IN THE CELL: Close on Eva, head down, eyes looking up to the screen. Adolf's hand enters the frame, pets Eva's hair. He's forgiven her.

DISSOLVE TO:

46 EVA AND ADOLF IN BED

Adolf is still wearing his uniform. Eva lies on her back, listening to him. He absentmindedly pets her hair.

ADOLF

What I hated most about the war was fighting the English. The fair Brits, our racial brothers, our natural allies. Saxons. Anglos. The very word means angels, doesn't it?

ON THE CELL SCREEN, in the background: Stonehenge. From both the air, and from low on the ground.

EVA

It's a tranquil image. All the Germanic peoples coming together.

IN THE CELL: Eva touches his face, stroking his arms. Adolf doesn't pay attention.

ADOLF

The traitor Churchill never told his countrymen that I offered an alliance, a union of racial brothers, and protection of the British Empire.

She unbuttons his uniform shirt, puts her hand inside his shirt. She slowly gains his attention.

Adolf pulls the blouse off her shoulder, strokes her white skin, explores the surfaces and creases of her skin.

His hand pushes her blouse further down, revealing her lace-covered breast. He is aroused, but seems awkward, incapable of closing the distance... To connect deeply, meaningfully.

The compositions of her body become formal, isolated, fragmented. The MUSIC changes from melodic to odd.

HER BLONDE HAIR

He pulls her hair towards his cheek, rubs his own skin with it. He lays it over his other hand, studies it against his skin... He becomes narcissistically and obsessively absorbed in the relationship of bloneness to his hand.

EVA

Wolfie...

PUSH IN CLOSE ON ADOLF'S FACE. He registers no awareness of her call. His expression is vacuous, detached.

He turns away from Eva, away from us.

EVA (*soft, far away*)  
Wolfie?

ON ADOLF'S FACE. As her hand slips off and away, we drift around to profile. He gazes off at:

47 A YOUNG BLONDE WOMAN IN A WHITE LIMBO SPACE, HER BACK TO US

She's wearing a white summer dress and a summer bonnet. Her long hair is in braids that fall down her back.

ADOLF

on the edge of the bed moves upward through the frame.

We DOLLY with him as he walks toward the young woman, anticipation on his face.

We move with him as he circles her, revealing that beyond her there are one... two... ten more BLONDE YOUNG WOMEN, similarly dressed, waiting. Each woman stands in a different subtle pose, innocent, yet alluring and sensual. Robust.

CELL-SCREEN: Barely noticeable in the background, are abstractions of men goose-stepping, standing at attention (all the images are extremely masculine).

IN THE CELL: Very CLOSE on Adolf as he weaves through the women. He brushes against them purposely, also unavoidably. We lose track of which woman he is touching; they are interchangeable.

THE MOOD OF THE SCENE CHANGES

ADOLF'S FACE becomes alive with arousal, but also distraction, as he seems to be looking ahead, past each woman he encounters. Hungry. Insatiable. He would like to have them all, but can't connect with even one of them.

The young women suddenly seem older, more mature, "less innocent". Their faces are made up. The necklines of their dresses, which now are satiny like evening gowns, have plunged to reveal more skin. Braided hair is replaced with evening coiffures. Long white gloves, white high-heeled shoes, and white hats with thin white veils attached. Their faces are also more pale, more tired, empty, less full of life.

We reveal that Adolf is now shirtless. His aged skin is pale and loose, splotched with graying hair.

ADOLF (*commands*)  
Closer.

They respond, close in around him.

HIGH ANGLE (OVERHEAD): He closes his eyes, and forces himself through them like a cell among other cells on a two-dimensional slide.

CLOSE ANGLES of his body parts rubbing against their body parts.

We DISSOLVE THROUGH CLOSE SHOTS emphasizing contact... hips brush hips... arms against breasts... He touches the skin behind their knees... the curve between the hips and the waist... the shoulder/collarbone... the space between the breasts... the curve between the back and the buttocks.

His boots step on their shiny pumps, his legs are in a forest of long white feminine legs. Partly titillating, partly overwhelming. His hands move through their lush blonde hair.

Their hands drift toward the center... touching Adolf's face and body.

TIGHT ON ADOLF: He's surrounded by blondeness, womanness. The women seem to become lifeless, empty, sterile. One is wearing a white half-mask. Adolf turns, and sees:

48 A PALE BLONDE WOMAN

Floating under water in an aquarium, a white diaphanous gown swirling around her. Her blonde hair floats in the water.

She looks towards Adolf, beckoning.

ADOLF is all alone in the space, now. He takes a step towards the woman in the aquarium. The frame WHITES OUT.

49 FADE IN: A HAND HELD MIRROR

Reflects short blond hair. We follow with the mirror as it moves around the head. We see hair, forehead, blond eyebrows. A hand presses the fake blond eyebrows into better position. The mirror extends out to reveal Adolf. His mustache is also blond. His face has become more pale.

He adjusts the blond wig, cut as his own hair. He pushes his hands through it in his characteristic way, pressing it into place. The effect is odd, surreal.

He turns to appreciate the full effect in the large mirror a few feet away. Then tries some of the gestures we saw him rehearse earlier.

ADOLF

...think of Volk and Reich, our great nation...

He studies himself. Ponders the implications.

50 WHITE DISSOLVES TO GRAINS OF SAND

*SERIES OF SHOTS: In negative, a woman's hair is pulled up through the sand.*

*An, ODD-LOOKING MAN looks up and smiles. Chunks of plaster falling through the light from the opening in the wall. Red liquid puddles on a floor, among bits of broken glass.*

51 ADOLF LIFTS UP A STONE FROM A LEDGE, NEAR THE OPENING

(Note: He's no longer blond.) In the hole beneath the stone is an old metal box (like a WWI ammo box) labeled with runic letters. He pulls it up and carries it to the steps near the opening, sits and opens the box. Adolf glances sideways, nervously reaches into his pocket and pulls out the rolled-up film segment of his "jig" and drops it in the box.

He again glances around to be sure he's alone, then sifts through objects in the box.

He re-discovers old family photos, negatives, occultish objects, and a few more rolled up pieces of film. He finds a piece of paper, begins to unfold it.

ON THE PAPER: It's a receipt from "The Feingold Gallery" - with Hitler's name on it. He speaks as if to the opening (not to the Typist).

ADOLF

*(much of it off screen)*

When I was homeless during a cold Vienna winter, a Jewish art merchant gave me an overcoat. I even had a Jewish friend at the men's shelter with whom I spent many pleasant afternoons....

Maybe there would have been an advantage in not exterminating the Jews....

*(pauses)*

For a long time we considered a territorial solution. We would put them in reservations or ship them to Madagascar.



In fact, we encouraged mass emigration. Eichman's assignment in the 30's was to find places to move them to, but few countries would take more than a handful. Someone even proposed a mass sterilization plan.

He hesitates, then begins to re-fold the piece of paper.

ADOLF (*shakes his head*)  
....an ugly necessity.

52           A PAGE TURNS QUICKLY

It's a photo album. A school class photo, out of focus.

A magnifying glass enters, enlarges the images, focussing onto: Hitler at age ten, his arms crossed, posturing.

REVERSE ANGLE: ADOLF'S SEARCHING EYE

magnified by the thick glass. The eye probes.

ADOLF (*anxious*)  
Let's finish this section...

TYPIST (*reading*)  
"Enigma, carefully manipulated, enhances one's power and fame."

ADOLF  
Make that power, fame and immortality. For example, never will they discover written authorization from me concerning the special treatment of the Jews. This simple missing link will intrigue scholars for generations. Hitler scholars.....

PUSH IN to the photo. To Hitler as a child.

ADOLF  
Obfuscation keeps people guessing. The little feints, the ambiguities, contradictions... The surprises..... Paragraph.

ON THE CELL SCREEN behind Hitler, enigmatic shots of Hitler, especially from stills, and random, unrelated images.

ADOLF

My first four years as head of the Nazi party, I forbade photos to be taken of me.

There were things about myself that were best kept out of the public eye.

To my surprise, the efforts to keep these things hidden created a cloak of enigma. People want to know. They talk. They were kept on edge.

ANOTHER PAGE FLIPS: Again, the glass draws us to Hitler, age ten, this time set off from the other children. A hurt look on his face. PUSH IN closer and closer, all the way to THE GRAIN.

Through the magnifying glass, the big EYE GAZES... BLINKS CLOSER on the child's face. Clearly troubled.

ADOLF

We better ex out the last section.

TYPIST

You mean starting with the line "obfuscations".

Hitler gets up, walks over to the table near his bed. We see the photo of him next to the photo of his mom.

ADOLF

No, no... Starting with: "There were things about me that I am not comfortable with..."

TYPIST

With respect, Mein Fuhrer ... What would you need to hide?

The Typist's tone is a bit more probing than we've heard from the Typist, but Adolf's mind is on the photos.

ADOLF

No sense stimulating interest in the vicious lies about my family.

When we cut to his POV, the photo is now of him as a child. HOLD on that, until his fingers begin to slide the photo out of the frame. Behind it is revealed another photo (his father). Before it can be totally revealed, we

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

53 ADOLF'S FACE - ENRAGED

ADOLF (*screaming*)  
GET OUT! GET OUT!

The angle jumps down his arm, to his hand, his two fingers shaking (as before), pointing off screen.

HIS POV: The Jailer is just visible in the shadows.

ADOLF  
YOU'LL GET NOTHING FROM ME! NO MERCY. YOU  
TELL THEM HITLER HAS ICE IN HIS VEINS! ICE!!

Adolf turns and KICKS the wood stove's door closed.  
SPARKS fly up.

Adolf calmly turns to someone off screen. He whispers.

ADOLF  
I'm the greatest actor in Europe.

REVEAL: He's speaking to Goering, who's wearing another outlandish uniform. Goering nods; he's heard it before.

ADOLF  
I'm the greatest actor in Europe.

When he's satisfied with the effect, he lets himself go "out of character."

He strides over to the Typist, who's poised to resume typing.

54 MOVE ACROSS ARYAN LOOKING SS SOLDIERS, GET TO HIMMLER

Goebbels steps up to the screen. When Himmler moves across the screen, Goebbels limps in the cell with him, towards us. We dolly back, keeping them both in a two shot. They stop, Goebbels turns, looks off screen.

GOEBBELS  
Look at Himmler.

ADOLF (O.S.)  
You're no Clark Gable, yourself, Goebbels.

ON THE SCREEN: Himmler salutes to someone.

IN THE CELL: Adolf absentmindedly salutes back.

ON THE SCREEN: The image slows artificially.

ADOLF

Himmler looked like a weasel.

GOEBBELS

Making our enemies look bad was often easier than making us...

ADOLF (*cuts him off*)

The perfect Aryan Superman. A weak stomach in the presence of violence.

(*pause*)

Heinrich Himmler...

He shakes his head. Then walks over to the projector, freezes the film on a close-up of Himmler.

ADOLF

Didn't anyone notice?

GOEBBELS

He was ruthless, but not careless. And Hitler-loyal. Who better to run the SS?

Adolf shakes his head in astonishment.

ADOLF

Art must be plausible.

(*beat*)

If you wrote a script about Aryan superiority and cast Himmler, people would laugh, walk out of the theatre.

But in real life, Himmler runs an Aryan superiority organization and it plays.

GOEBBELS

On the political stage, you can do anything.

ADOLF

Let's put up another reel.

Adolf reaches for more film.

GOEBBELS

Images to blur facts.

He SNAPS the film gate shut. ON THE CELL-SCREEN: Film leader, some sort of countdown sequence... three, two, one...

55 ON THE CELL SCREEN: HITLER SLAPS HIS KNEE TRIUMPHANTLY

Just after invading France.

IN THE CELL

Adolf flips through a stack of magazines. Stops at one.

ADOLF

They made me man of the year.

GOERING

What?

Adolf holds up the magazine (we only get a glance).

ADOLF

Time Magazine. They made me man of the year... I was on the cover of six issues.

*(lays the stack on the table -- we see him on the cover)*

I conquered Poland, Norway, Denmark, France. Americans love a winner. Of course it mean's nothing. They made Roosevelt Man of the Year three times.

GOERING

And he was a cripple.

They both laugh out loud.

56 TWO YOUNG BLONDE CHILDREN PLAY WITH BLOCKS

They're completely absorbed in their play, completely innocent. After a few moments, they run to...

ADOLF, who lets them swarm over him.

ADOLF (V.O.)

I dressed a nation in costumes and we played cowboys and Indians. Anyone who takes all this too seriously has no sense of the absurd.

57 HANDS TUG ON A BOOT ENTHUSIASTICALLY

We see that the other boot is already on (we stay on the boots throughout the scene). The boots, which come up to just below the knees, "stand" and begin to walk.

ADOLF (O.S.)

Next section:

Off screen, we hear the Typist typing...

ADOLF (O.S.)

Number one: Only a charismatic leader could heal the wounds of the great war inflicted on us by the November criminals.

Number two: Hitler's charisma was as much created by the German masses as it was imposed upon them.

Number three: In peacetime, stability and routine undermine charisma. In war time, the great threat is defeat.

We come up to a riding crop in his hands, which he flicks. He exits frame. We hold for a beat on liquid that has seeped into the cell through cracks where the wall joins the floor.

CUT BACK TO: THE BOOTS, PACING

ADOLF (O.S.)

Number four: It was the failure of the will of the German people that fatally undermined my charisma.

Number five...

The boots hold still for a minute. He can't finish. He turns and walks straight away from camera, off into blackness.

58 ON ADOLF, HIS BACK TO US

He hears a woman laugh, turns toward us.

HIS POV: The mirror. His reflection only partly captured in it.

The WOMAN IN BLACK appears from behind the mirror, steps in front of it, replacing Adolf's reflection.

His jaw tenses, eyes narrow.

She smiles, lifts the ceremonial dagger into frame, the grip end toward Adolf, the blade in her palm. Another offering.

This time, after a few moments of hesitation, Adolf slowly reaches for it. As he does, he realizes he's reaching for a reflection of the dagger. She moves the real one out of reach, and LAUGHS.

FLASHES OF LIGHT unnaturally white out her face.

59 ON THE CELL SCREEN: THREE FLASH-EXPLOSIONS ON THE SCREEN

Anti-aircraft explosions against the night.

HOLD IN BLACK, then slowly fade up to:

60 ADOLF ON THE FAR EDGE OF FRAME, GAZING INTO A MIRROR

We hear on the sound track the MUSICAL THEME associated with the twelve blonde women. Adolf reacts.

A BLONDE WOMAN appears on the other side of our frame, walking towards Adolf in the reflection. (as Eva did when she appeared earlier).

As the woman approaches, she becomes brighter and brighter. She begins to unclasp and unzip the front of her dress; she spreads the top of the dress apart, revealing skin.

She passes Adolf, and stops between him and the mirror. They're both facing the glass.

HIS POV: She continues to reveal skin, enticingly, but something is very odd about her.

CLOSE ON ADOLF'S HAND: As Adolf reaches around to touch the revealed skin, her hand embraces his.

He notices with alarm that the skin is hairy, masculine. (she is a female impersonator)

FLASHES OF LIGHT (from the screen, off camera) white her out, garishly.

CLOSE: the blonde. Adolf's suspicions are confirmed.

Adolf struggles to zip the dress up; the blonde resists. But he succeeds in keeping her covered. Female.

60A SKIN AND WATER

Adolf scours his hands under the faucet at the sink. Adolf hears DOGS BARKING, glances sideways.

The Jailer watches suspiciously from the shadows.

61 SLOW MOTION: TWO GLOVES SLAM ONTO A TABLE (BG: CELL SCREEN)

Dust flies, sound echoes. Adolf's hand enters our frame, picks up one of the gloves.

SOUNDS: (in echo) German shepherds BARKING as they attack. People YELLING and SCREAMING as they are rounded up.

Adolf begins to put on the glove.

ADOLF

You take an ordinary man...

The Typist types. Very slowly, with great care, Adolf stretches the glove over his hand. He reaches for the other.

ADOLF

...dress him in a uniform...

He squeezes both hands against each other. The camera follows as he reaches for the riding crop on its hook.

ADOLF (cont'd)

*(off cell-screen)*

...and that man will commit acts he would have never before imagined.

He slides the riding crop in his hand from the base to the tip. Slaps it into his palm.

He puts on a formal military hat with a short brim that shadows his eyes.

WIDER: Adolf assumes a pose of command, then glances over his shoulder at the unseen typist.

ADOLF

You can turn a runny-nosed, bed-wetter into a ruthless warrior.

PUSH IN TO HIS FACE: He looks forward again, confident, a man of steel, the ruthless warrior. But it's a pose that cannot be sustained. FIRELIGHT flickers on the side of his face.

62 ADOLF STANDS NEAR THE MIRROR, BEGUILED, TRANSFIXED

He breathes deeply to calm himself. He hitches up his belt, reasserting his masculinity.



The Woman in Black approaches from across the room.

Unnerved, Adolf SNAPS to a position of authority, CLICKING HIS HEELS together, jerking his arm up and out. The camera starts high, looking down on him, then slowly BOOMS down and circles part way around, until he stands above us, statue-like, filling the frame, his arm diagonal across the image.

The Woman continues her approach.

He SLAPS his thigh with his free hand, demanding her obedience. She remains unimpressed, and walks under his outstretched hand.

Now, his rigid arm disappears into darkness, three or four inches from his shoulder (appears cut off, emasculated).

Adolf can't hold his arm up much longer. He sweats, straining with effort.

Finally, he lowers his hand, clasps it with the other in front of his crotch.

DISSOLVE TO:

63 ON THE CELL SCREEN

We see Hitler in front of a huge crowd at an indoor arena. He waits unusually long for the crowd to calm down.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
Enough talk, Freud....

Watch how I use my nervous energy to subdue  
and control the crowd...

CELL SCREEN: Hitler nervously positions a table near the microphone.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
Every thing I do here is entirely  
calculated...

FREUD (V.O.)  
Mmmmmm....

CELL SCREEN: He takes an unusual amount of time standing in front of the crowd without speaking.

ADOLF (V.O.)

The crowd is a hesitant female.

CELL SCREEN: He keeps the crowd waiting to build tension, gather power over them.

ADOLF (V.O.)

Their bodies and souls await penetration.

Something blocks the image.

64 CUT TO: BRIGHT LIGHT, BLOCKED BY A HAND AND CLOTH

It's Adolf cleaning the front of the lens with a piece of lacy cloth. The color from the images illuminates the cloth.

ADOLF (O.S.)

Isn't desire the great motor of life?

We dolly back with Adolf, discover Freud sitting in the foreground, watching the screen.

CELL SCREEN: Eva in home movies: in the water, at waterfalls, doing exercises, gymnastics. Adolf paces back and forth across the images.

FREUD

Where does morality fit?

ADOLF

Decay, diminishment, slander. The beginning of the end.

FREUD

Annihilation of self. So, for you, what redeems life?

ADOLF

The purely artistic. Read Nietzsche.

FREUD

But what of the spiritual dimension?

ADOLF

To be a creative artist, one inevitably walks the spiritual path. In fact, they are the same path.

FREUD

Ah... good, good. But there is more to understand, Adolf. So many died...

ADOLF

Stop! Conscience is the Jewish invention.

For National Socialists, action follows  
thought as quickly as thunder follows  
lightning.

SERIES OF SHOTS: Hot coals, fire moving along a surface.

65 AN L-SHAPED SLIVER OF LIGHT UNDER A DOOR (NIGHTMARE  
SPACE)

SOUNDS: A heavy man marching up stairs, out of view.

IN THE CELL, the sounds frighten Adolf.

NIGHTMARE: The heavy footsteps stop right outside the door. The  
door slowly opens.

IN THE CELL: Adolf watches, tense with fear.

NIGHTMARE: Silhouetted in the doorway is a huge, puffy-faced,  
barrel-chested man, wearing a civil servant's uniform from the  
1880's. Smoke rises from a pipe in his hand. The man steps toward  
us, and towers over Adolf, threatening.

LOOKING DOWN AT ADOLF

Adolf cowers, anticipating a blow.

Close on the riding crop as it rises through the air. (in the  
foreground: the swastika on Adolf's arm, so we know it's Adolf).  
He raises this short whip.

It glides in slow motion through the air, SLAPS hard against the  
outside of Adolf's thigh.

In negative, a burning apartment building crumbles. Heard in the  
distance: THUNDEROUS CONCUSSIONS.

ON ADOLF: The fear has been denied, but it slowly overtakes him  
again. The CAMERA DRIFTS UP, looking down on him. He's small,  
cowering. HIS EYES WIDEN.

A CONCUSSION, low, deep THUD -- an enormous bomb EXPLODING far  
away.

66 A FLASH OF WHITE, FOLLOWED BY BLACKNESS

*Over black, the sound of more BOMBS exploding.*

*SERIES OF OTHER IMAGES: The twisted, red face of a man from a painting by Otto Dix. A holder with eight test tubes full of blood, light sparkling through them. Next to them, in their slots, eight more empty test tubes.*

67 OMITTED

68 THREE BLONDE CHILDREN INTERACT

With Adolf. He seems playful, spontaneous, kind.

Adolf watches them, inspired by them, moved.  
He's dressed in his white Nazi uniform.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
In World War One, I was a messenger.  
I never killed anyone.

There's a FLASH. The image "freezes" into a photograph: Hitler posed with children. FADE TO BLACK. Fade up on Hitler moving with the children again. The cycle repeats with each claim.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
I am a vegetarian. I never eat dead animals.

FLASH - FREEZE FRAME. Fade to black, then back to Adolf.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
I loathe big game hunters.  
A gruesome blood bath.

FLASH - FREEZE FRAME. Fade to black, then back to Adolf.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
I would not allow smoking in my presence. We  
outlawed tobacco advertising.

FLASH - FREEZE FRAME. Fade to black, then back to Adolf.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
The health of the body is of supreme  
spiritual value.

FLASH - FREEZE FRAME. Fade to black, then back to Adolf.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
I insisted on the humane treatment of pets  
and farm animals.

FLASH - FREEZE FRAME. Fade to black, then back to Adolf.

ADOLF (V.O.)

I even issued a decree regulating the cooking of lobsters to minimize their suffering.

Fade to black, then back to Adolf. Adolf has again pumped himself up with his affirmations.

ADOLF (V.O.)

I reduced chemicals in fruits and vegetables. The SS planted organic gardens.

ADOLF

*(this one on screen)*

I am not a brutal man by nature.

FLASH - FREEZE FRAME

69 FREUD, DEAD-STILL, FACING STRAIGHT AHEAD

Adolf appears behind Freud, hands him the photos from the kinder photo session (above). He whispers, sinister.

ADOLF

Think of us National Socialists as gardeners. We cultivated the flowers and plucked out the weeds.

70 THE SEVEN HITLER YOUTH SIT FOCUSED ON ADOLF AS HE SPEAKS

We see the boys first, in profile. We dolly to the girls, boom down to the level of their hands.

ON THE SCREEN: Dynamic images from Triumph of the Will.

Adolf walks in front of the screen.

ADOLF

We preferred the spoken to the written word. More so, symbols to any kind of words. And above all, pageantry, spectacle and music. We wrapped all this in solemn ritual to create vibrant and dynamic images.

The screen images transition to images that emphasize the black-uniformed and black-helmeted SS.

ADOLF

I mobilized an entire nation to create my art. And while I love opera, and architecture, my true passion is film.

Rethink the Hitler Era in artistic terms.

People thought I choreographed the 1934 Nuremberg Rally to make the documentary "Triumph of the Will". The critics lack the imagination to see that I orchestrated World War Two for the same reasons.

The invasion of countries. Mobilization of millions of extras to create the most magnificent and historic film footage.

Footage delivered nightly from the front by courier for my personal review.

We MOVE along behind the children, watching Hitler address them.

ADOLF

So my sons and daughters, take guidance from the arts. To write a best seller, or stir a nation: Simplify.

Your hero must have no fears and your villain no need for affection.  
The fair maiden must be blonde, and the villain must wear dark clothing and a mustache.

Lost in the thought, Adolf walks in front of the girls.

He stops before one of the girls, picks up her hand, inspects it for cleanliness, then puts it back down in her lap.

ADOLF

Life is ambiguous. None of us can stand ambiguity. Me, most of all.

If you told the truth, both the teller and the listener would go insane.

71 ON THE CELL SCREEN - HITLER AT THE EIFFEL TOWER

We hear the TYPIST hurrying to keep up with something Adolf has just said. He is poised mid-thought.

ADOLF

Stop...

*(the Typists stops)*

I must rethink this... If I'd stopped with the conquest of France, I would have gone

down in history as the greatest conqueror since Alexander the Great...

No, no, no... "The greatest military genius in history".

Wait, what do you think... Well, no... Ah! Here it is: "Greatest empire since Caesar." That... That's it...: Let's make it "if I had I stopped with the conquest of France, I would have built the greatest sustained empire since Caesar Augustus."

He turns to the CELL SCREEN behind him, watches the triumphant ride through Berlin after taking France.

ADOLF

What drives the great leader beyond his destiny?

Weakened by the sense of loss, he has to lean on a table.

72 FADE UP ON: BUILDINGS, NAZI ARCHITECTURE - TWILIGHT

It's GERMANIA. Much of it in shadows and reddish low sunlight. We move across the town, as if in an aerial shot. The PARADE sounds continue.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

72A NIGHT SHOTS OF BURNING BUILDING

THEN TO: AERIAL SHOT OF BOMBED-OUT GERMAN CITY

Miles and miles of gutted structures. Destruction. No life.

CLOSE ON THE TYPEWRITER'S KEYS

ADOLF (O.S.)

The war would have never started...

CLOSE on Hitler's lips.

ADOLF

...if it wasn't for the Jews.

(pause)

And their puppet, Churchill.

CUT OUT TO A WIDER SHOT: Adolf takes a pose, bent over, using a ceremonial sword as a walking stick, and speaks like Churchill.

ADOLF

"We will fight them on the landing strips, we will fight them on the beaches, we will fight them wherever the enemy does engage us..."

73 OMITTED (INCORPORATED INTO CONTINUOUS 72)

74 ARCHETYPAL STALIN IMAGES ON THE SCREEN

Stalin prepares for a radio speech in his office.

ADOLF (O.S.)

You little babushka... You were going to invade me, but I invaded you first.

ANGLE: Adolf and Goebbels watch.

ADOLF

An engineer of souls.

GOEBBELS

What?

ADOLF

He called himself an engineer of souls.

GOEBBELS

Ridiculous concept.

ADOLF

I wish I had said it.

Goebbels yawns slightly, suppresses it. Hitler can't help yawning himself, only he yawns much wider.

ADOLF

We must suppress yawning... And we must eradicate the yawners.

Goebbels and Hitler share a mean smile. They continue studying Stalin on the cell screen. After a few beats...

ADOLF

There, did you see that?

Adolf winds back, slows down the footage to show Stalin waving at children marching by in Moscow.

ADOLF

He looked directly into the camera lens.



GOEBBELS

Mmmm... A small error in the presentation.

ADOLF

No, no. Trivialities often go unnoticed....  
I find them to be the best clues to a man's  
character.

75 OMITTED

76 A STUDIO PORTRAIT OF HITLER IN HIS BROWN SHIRT UNIFORM

Hitler is posed looking directly into the lens. He is dull-  
looking, lifeless. (start without mustache; then it fades in)

ADOLF (O.S.)

In every society there are pent up hatreds.  
For example, in the United States, it's  
against the blacks. In Russia, the  
successful.

A politician must mobilize these hatreds.

Adolf ties the ribbon around the stack of sleeved photos.

ADOLF

Reason must be trained to think in historical  
dimensions.

77 MOVE THROUGH BLACKNESS

We don't know we're moving until we find: ADOLF, lying  
horizontal, seemingly floating in space. Thinking. We push up  
to him slowly. When we're close...

ADOLF (*to himself*)

The lie that Jesus was a Jew....  
It's impossible.

As we float past him in the shadows, we see that he's pinching at  
his skin below his ear, as if to crush something under the skin.

DISSOLVE TO:

78 THE CELL WALL

Moisture seeps in through cracks where the wall meets the floor.  
The liquid has a slight reddish tint to it.

Dolly along the floor to discover a wooden mask, lying on the floor. The mask is of Adolf's face, in a "silent scream".

DISSOLVE TO:

79 A LIGHT BEAM EMANATES FROM THE OPENING IN THE WALL

Adolf holds a photo negative of one of his portraits in the beam. The negative casts odd patterns onto his face. Adolf leans close to the opening.

ADOLF

Am I mad?

*(waits for an answer)*

Am I mad?

Adolf turns, looks almost into the lens.

VERY LONG DISSOLVE TO:

80 OMITTED

81 LOW ANGLE OF GRANDIOSE BUILDINGS IN THE MODEL OF A CITY

Our view scans the skyline, looking for the best composition.

This city is magnificent, splendid. The buildings are Albert Speer's style: Classic forms gone extreme, tall columns, huge domes. Enormous concrete icons: the swastika, the eagle.

We reveal that Adolf is looking through a small downward periscope that allows him to see the skyline from the ground level of his ideal city, Germania.

Finally, his view locks on a classic composition. Adolf is pleased. But Goering's head dips into the frame, ruining the composition.

Adolf angrily gestures for Goering to move. Adolf jams his eye back against the eyepiece of the periscope.

ADOLF

If I hadn't been called into politics,  
I would have been the great German architect.

When he doesn't hear Goering respond, he looks up, glaring.

GOERING

Yes, Fuhrer.

Goering stares straight ahead. Adolf rises up, walks around him. Goering's eyes dart nervously.

ADOLF

My tombstone should bear the inscription: "He was the victim of his generals."

The invincible Luftwafe commanded by the great General Goering.... humiliated by the British air force! A swarm of mosquitoes.

GOERING

What about Dunkirk? Their army was cornered, but you let them escape.

ADOLF (SCOWLS)

You may look Nordic, but you lack Nordic spirit.

Goering almost replies, but Adolf silences him with a stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

82 OMITTED

83 END ON: ADOLF

ashen gray, standing with his arm out. He holds this salute for an unnaturally long time.

ADOLF

Two solid hours... Like granite. Goering despises me for it. That I have this power, also astonishes me.

We drift around him to see that he is standing at the mirror, watching himself strain. A smirk of pridefulness.

ADOLF

Only twice in my life have I been afflicted by weakness: at the death of my Mother, and at the betrayal of my Motherland.

FREUD (O.S.)

When I was growing up Germany was always referred to as the fatherland.

ADOLF

Mmmmm...

Adolf's arm begins to quiver with fatigue. Sweat beads on his forehead. The soft light is overpowered by a harsher light, causing the wrinkles on Adolf's tired face to be more pronounced.

FREUD

walks around Adolf, close to him. He stops at the end of Adolf's quivering arm.

FREUD

Is your will alone enough, Adolf?

Adolf concentrates on keeping his arm up. Freud is cool.

FREUD

Is your desire for power rooted in a feeling of powerlessness?

Adolf continues to strain. (All but a few inches of his arm are cut off by shadows, again "emasculated.")

FREUD

Perhaps one hears only the questions for which one has answers.

ADOLF

For us Pagan German Nationalists, knowledge comes to the Volk from a higher power. Knowledge through blood.

At the limit of endurance, Adolf notices his Nazi arm band hanging near the mirror. He glances at Freud to see if he is watching, then calmly lowers his arm, moves to the arm band and puts it on. Adolf gives Freud an indifferent half-salute, palm up.

ON THE CELL SCREEN: A photograph of Adolf as a child on his mother's knee.

ADOLF

*(defensively)*

When you assume absolute rule, a beast climbs onto the throne with you.

CELL SCREEN: Dissolve to the father's image.

84 A METAL AND GLASS SYRINGE. THE PLUNGER COMES OUT, BLOOD FLOWS

A nurse's finger enters frame. The needle is pulled out, replaced with cotton. Adolf's finger presses on the cotton. He bends his arm up.

LOW ANGLE ON ADOLF: with arm in foreground.

ADOLF  
Hitler and German History...

ADOLF'S POV: The NURSE squirts the blood into a test tube. We see her mostly from the back. (she's beautiful, Teutonic, one of the eleven blondes, barely recognizable, with her hair in a French twist).

ADOLF  
Every philosopher, politician, poet,  
composer, general. Each will be  
viewed in light of my legacy. They are  
precursors; threads woven into the tapestry  
of the Hitler Era.

People will be drawn to my doings, as to a  
fiery, multi-car wreck on the Autobahn.

I stole German History.

The nurse hands him the test tube of blood. He dips his little finger into the blood, then touches it to his tongue.

He corks the test tube, holds the blood up to the light from the opening in the wall. The light refracts onto his face.

ADOLF  
Here's an additional idea: I have stolen  
Germany's future. For generations, all of  
German history will be viewed through the  
lens ground by the accomplishments of the Era  
of Adolf Hitler.

The nurse puts a cotton ball on the hole in his arm, folds his arm up for him. He writes on the test tube's label himself, hands it back to her.

ADOLF  
Losing the war would not steal my singular  
place in history.

She puts the test tube into a wooden holder where eight other test-tubes already are stored. There are now seven empty tubes in their slots.

Adolf is slumped in the chair, close to falling asleep.

85 GLOWING EMBERS BEGIN TO TURN BLACK

*SERIES OF OTHER IMAGES: Abstraction of a test-tube of blood just as it shatters on the floor (in black and white).  
A photo of a Hitler cave painting, projected onto smoke.  
A detail image from Otto Dix's painting: "Sex Crimes."*

86 A SHEET OF ICE - VAGUE IMAGES MOVE BEYOND IT

A swastika is embossed on the ice's surface.  
Suddenly, "Thor's Hammer" STRIKES the glass, fracturing but not shattering it. The fractures fan out like veins.

The images are now even more distorted, fragmented.  
FADE TO BLACK. Over black....

ADOLF

The Jew is always within us; we can never get rid of him

87 A GIANT SWASTIKA (B.G.: CELL SCREEN)

Hitler moves away, revealing that the swastika is on his arm. His face is full of extreme bitterness. Seething.

ADOLF

Yes... I hated Vienna.  
(*he's pained to remember*)  
It was dark and cold. There was shit on the street. Stray dogs...

FREUD

And Germany?

Freud is sitting opposite.

ADOLF

Young, blonde, alive. A fair maiden.  
Austria was like an old, broken-down man.  
An empire with no territories. Impotent, old fool. All pretense and no substance. But Germany... Bright, fresh, clean.

FREUD

Impotent?

ADOLF

What?

FREUD  
You said impotent.

ADOLF  
No, I did not.

FREUD  
Hmmm.

Adolf stands, casually walks over and picks up a letter from the bushel basket of letters, fidgets with it.

ADOLF  
Austria had its day; an illegitimate marriage with Hungary. An empire rotten to the core. Czechs, Croatians... Slavs. Only the mating of Austria with Germany could save her.

On the cell screen behind him: Footage of Hitler youth girls doing choreographed exercise.

FREUD  
You were born in Austria.

ADOLF  
*(picks up photo of his mother)*  
But my mother, she was an angel.  
A true German. Skin as white as fresh-fallen snow.

See Adolf's face over hers, reflected on the frame.

FREUD  
And your father?

Adolf turns, looks at Freud. Freud strokes his mustache with his thumb and forefinger, thoughtfully. Patient.

ADOLF  
Why does the Oedipus complex provide deeper insight into man's struggle than my racial theories?

Freud does not respond.

ADOLF

You call yourself a doctor, a scientist, but what proof do you have of your theories?

FREUD

Your confusion arises out of a common misconception. Think of the Oedipus complex as a metaphor, an allegory if you like, to help explore our inner world.

ADOLF

A tool to help people understand.

FREUD

Yes. A technique to reveal deeper truths.

ADOLF

To help people feel better about themselves.

Freud watches Adolf pace, anticipating what he's getting at.

ADOLF

My ideology has helped the German people feel better.

FREUD (*nods*)

By dividing the world between good and bad... Maybe this is where you strayed from your spiritual path.

Adolf stands over Freud now.

ADOLF

It is a law of nature. A man must put others down to feel good about himself.

Freud is intimidated. Adolf smiles, walks away.

FREUD

So you explain the world using the symbolism of ethnic conflict.

ADOLF

Race is everything... Upon the ancient foundation of race, I forged religion, science, magic and politics into a single world view. I gave them something to believe in. Someone to blame.

FREUD



Is it possible your enemy lies not without,  
but within?

ADOLF

All you do is help people cope with the day-  
to-day neurotic story line. You perpetuate a  
bourgeois existence that offers no salvation.

FREUD

The aim of my work is to help people escape  
their inner prisons and to reach their --

ADOLF (*cuts him off*)

My mythology captured the people's  
imagination. The visionary will to create  
mankind anew. A chariot for  
transcendence...

He notices Freud staring, shaking his head subtly.

ADOLF

Besides, the roots of National Socialism are  
hidden in secret places. It's beyond your  
grasp.

Freud's reaction is ambiguous. But Hitler interprets it as  
defeat. Satisfied, he sits and crosses his arms.

88 ADOLF'S HAND SKETCHES FACES ON PAPER

Behind him in the background, his self-portrait painting.

We realize that the dozen faces laid out on the paper are  
categorized by race -- some Nordic, some clearly not.  
One of the faces is a sketch of the Typist.

We hear TYPING, and CUT TO the Typist's fingers. They hurry to  
record an earlier thought... then stop. We TILT UP to the Typist,  
who seems frustrated with Adolf.

TYPIST

I typed the words, but I don't understand  
them.

ADOLF

The German people were hopelessly fragmented  
by wealth, class, education...

Adolf draws lines separating the faces on his sketch pads into  
groups.

ADOLF (*continuing*)  
...country of origin, ancestry, nobility...  
those kinds of issues.

He draws more lines, some intersecting. Then picks up a red pen and begins to draw a red arc.

ADOLF  
By uniting the Germans on the basis of blood,  
we eliminated these differences.

We follow his red pen around the page, then pull back to reveal that the lines he's been drawing form a swastika, now inside a red circle. The Typist begins to get the meaning.

TYPIST  
So if a man is from the lower middle class,  
born outside Germany, lacking noble ancestry,  
a high-school dropout perhaps... He would  
hence forth feel included, not excluded?

Ignoring him, Adolf draws quick facial caricatures of non-Aryan races outside the circle.

ADOLF  
Exactly. To downplay the internal  
differences, we focused on external  
differences: Those of us with German blood  
versus Jews, Slavs, Gypsies...

TYPIST  
What about what we did with the German  
mentally ill, the retarded... their German  
heritage?

ADOLF  
And the homosexuals. We needed to eliminate  
the malformed, purge our bloodline of  
impurities.  
(*builds to a fever pitch*)  
National Socialism was not a political party,  
but a sacred crusade against those inimicable  
to the pure Nordic super-race - a holy duty  
to all born with Germanic blood in their  
veins.

The Typist struggles to understand.

TYPIST  
"Nordic Super Race..." The movement was  
founded on the idea of an "Aryan" Super Race.

After you secured power, you narrowed the ideal. You forbade SS men from marrying German women who weren't blonde. How was this explained?

Adolf can't answer. He points insistently at the typewriter. The Typist hesitates, then begins to type.

DISSOLVE TO:

89 CELL SCREEN: NORDIC LOOKING SOLDIERS IN STRIKING UNIFORMS

CUT TO: EXTREME CLOSE on GOERING'S MEDALS (closer than in scene 55). A drop of clear liquid drips onto them.

TILT to reveal that Goering's uniform is damp around the collar, and further up to reveal Goering's face, another drop of perspiration ready to fall. Tense, Goering follows someone off screen.

ADOLF (O.S.)  
Uniforms arouse women.

ADOLF'S HANDS enter the shot, draping a ceremonial sash around Goering's overly adorned chest. Goering watches -- steely, masculine -- as he awaits his "torture."

ADOLF  
First, women crave authority. And men who will control them. Passivity is the central female characteristic. It's nature's law.

The Typist sits poised to type, but he does not, until Adolf turns and glares at him.

Adolf pulls a chair over to Goering, climbs on top of it and bends down to place Goering's hat on his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

90 A BARE SHOULDER, WITH A BLACK SLIP STRAP

Black satiny fabric begins to slide down over it.

DOLLY BACK to reveal the Woman in Black, in the process of dressing herself. Her arms raised high, pulling on a black evening dress. She is strikingly sexual.

There is only a glimpse of her breast from the side. We DOLLY around her as she arches her back. We follow the satiny gown down

her body. Her stockings are seamed and she wears black high-heeled pumps.

At the end of the shot, we reveal Adolf, sitting at a table, small in the distance, her calf in the foreground.

CLOSE ON: ADOLF. He shifts in his seat, frequently glances sideways in the direction of the woman.

HIS POV: The Woman in Black walks slowly towards him, holding the tip of her dagger pressed against the flat of her palm.

Her expression is intimidating, superior. Adolf weakens.

She stops near the table, standing above him, the dagger flashing in her hand.

Slowly, she reaches past him, picks something up, lifts it in her fist. She pours something from her fist over the dagger's shiny blade. It's blood.

Adolf sees the end of a test-tube protruding from below her fist. He GASPS slightly.

CUT AHEAD TO:

The dagger, now clean, is held in Hitler's hand, with the woman's hand around his, controlling it. She stands above him. She guides his hand, gliding the dagger tip down her cheek, along her neck, along her collarbone, down between her breasts....

ADOLF'S EXPRESSION becomes one of shame; submission.

DISSOLVE TO:

90A STARS IN A NIGHT SKY

Pull back over the buildings of Germania in "moonlight", set against the night backdrop.

ADOLF (*prelapped*)

We strove for the most extreme  
intensification of possibilities.

We hear BOOTS ON PAVEMENT, crowds CHANTING.

91 CELL SCREEN: SS SOLDIERS GOOSE-STEP PAST CROWDS OF WOMEN.

Children in uniforms, standing at attention, in salute. Tanks, trucks, artillery, in symmetrical arrangements.

THE NAZIS AT NIGHT.

Torches march in the darkness, become choreographed ritual.

ADOLF

Disciplined spontaneity. We elevated passion  
above reason.

IN THE CELL Adolf picks up pieces of broken mirror from a pile  
on the table, lays them out in a mosaic pattern on a flat tray.

ADOLF (O.S.)

We rescued the German people from their drab,  
predictable lives. We gave them a sense of  
heroic belonging. A vision of victorious  
triumph over evil.

SOUNDS FROM THE CELL SCREEN: Barking dogs. Whistles blowing.  
People running, shouting. The Typist types.

ADOLF

A man will do anything so long as you take  
him step by step. Break a shop window. Then  
rough up a labor leader. Turn a neighborhood  
into a ghetto. Shoot a man. Eliminate a  
race.

The camera MOVES to an angle that puts Adolf's face in the  
distorted reflection off the fragmented mosaic.

ADOLF

If you asked a civilized people to do this  
last step first, it would be impossible....

On the paper being typed onto. Adolf's hand reaches in, grabs  
it.

ADOLF

Give me that.  
(he yanks it from the typewriter,  
wads it up)  
Let's start over.

CLOSE ON THE WOOD STOVE: He tosses it in.

CLOSE: The WHITE NURSE'S FINGERS push the plunger of a syringe,  
whose needle is inserted into his arm... The drug enters his  
blood.

ON THE CELL SCREEN: Images of idyllic "Volk". The light, heroic  
tone is reset.

ADOLF

Only as each order was followed with absolute fidelity did I recognize the

ADOLF (cont'd)

possibilities. My mind leapt ahead to the most extreme, fantastic scenarios.

But my advice is to go slow. Each desire fulfilled must be followed by a somewhat larger request, a slightly greater brutality. Let the momentum build. Men comply.

ON THE CELL SCREEN: The images take on a metallic texture.

ADOLF

To my astonishment, I could experience the sensation of absolute power. The whole system functioned to obey my commands. Each member of the armed forces swore unconditional obedience to me. The nation celebrated my birthday. Every German schoolboy pledged:

"I swear to devote all my energies, all my strength, to the savior of our country, Adolf Hitler. I am willing and ready to give up my life for him, so help me God. One *Volk*, one *Reich*, one *Fuhrer*."

Dry, Adolf stops, drinks water, looks off. When he exits frame, we see the Typist, sitting dutifully erect, typing.

ADOLF

A mere flicker of my imagination could be transformed into a giant deed. Sketch a museum, it is built. Envision new living space, a country is invaded. When a hatred matures, this group or that group... is eliminated.

For others, it becomes...

*(mockingly)*

"...My job is. I will complete this on time. I will perform with excellence. I am in charge of this. My aim in life is..."

*(returning to normal voice)*

...no matter how harsh, extreme or murderous, the resulting reality.

CELL SCREEN: The images are oddly fragmented.

ADOLF stands near the projector. It's beam glances off the tray of mirror fragments, then ricochets wildly toward the screen.

ADOLF  
One can write new commandments.  
Thou shalt kill.

92 A TORCH IS IN THE CELL

We move back as Adolf walks towards us with it, attaches it to a flexible stand. It ROARS, its flame wildly animated. He adjusts the position, for some off screen effect.

CUT TO: EIGHT CURVED LINES, FLOWING TO A CENTER

CLICK. The lines begin to rotate: It is a large fan. Adolf walks past it.

We follow his feet to Eva, who is perched on a short pedestal, draped in white cloth -- a classical Greek pose.

The camera lovingly explores her idealized form.

Adolf adjusts the folds of the material across her waist.

He hears WHISPERING from off screen. Adolf turns, sees the silhouettes of two men - seemingly the Jailer and another man we don't recognize - who sit in the shadows. He strains to hear their words, but cannot.

At the Jailer's feet, Adolf notices the Jailer's club TAPPING on the floor near his feet. The tip of the club is wrapped in barbed wire, stained with blood. A GUARD DOG growls nearby.

CUT TO, EXTREMELY CLOSE: A brush dips into paint. It moves toward the corner of a canvas, where we discover:

A GREEK GODDESS, in stone, positioned on a vast plain.

The face and body of the goddess are Eva's. Adolf stops, looks up at Eva in the cell.

ADOLF  
Hold still.

We PULL BACK and see that the Eva-inspired statue is only a background detail in a larger painting, whose subject is Hitler. A self-portrait.

ADOLF fights to ignore the unintelligible whispering. He busies himself painting, he turns back to Eva.

AGAIN, THE IMAGE FLASHES: The Swarthy Man's face descending through space, his eyes focused downward.

IN THE CELL: Losing control, infuriated, Adolf approaches Eva, blocking her torchlight, then whirls and KICKS the torch. SPARKS AND EMBERS scatter across the frame.

93 RED LIQUID CONGEALS ON THE CEILING... BEGINS TO DRIP

*SERIES OF IMAGES: The puddle of red liquid settles after the drip, revealing a hint of a dead, emaciated body underneath. X-rays of distorted bones.*

*Fast-cut stills of racial types, non-Aryan, in German uniforms. And obese men. (Goering)*

94 ADOLF'S FINGERS ADJUST THE KNOB ON A LARGE CALIPER

adjusting it to measure the size of his hand. He compares the results to a life-size palm tracing of Frederick the Great in a large book. (a print of Frederick's painted portrait is on the facing page of the book).

ADOLF (V.O.)

There is no essence beneath appearance. Only a series of appearances, each arising out of the one before and giving birth to the next.

Only a series of appearances, each arising out of the one before and giving birth to the next.

95 PAGES IN ADOLF'S PHOTO ALBUM

Adolf glues archival photos onto pages of an extremely large photo album. They're of nineteen-twenties Hitler, as speaker, leader of a small party.

ADOLF

The horrors of World War I... The turmoil of the postwar years...

By the nineteen thirties, Germany was an abused child.

From her wounds grew National Socialism. The great healer... The great healer.



SOUNDS: Speeches, crowds, radio addresses.

ADOLF (O.S.)  
I was thinking back...

We hear the Typist typing.

ADOLF (O.S.)  
I remember the first time I spoke publicly.  
It was in 1920... Or was it 1919?

Adolf stops, frowns, then goes back to work on the photos.

ADOLF  
For the army, after the first world war. A crowd of veterans. Disheartened, broken men who had spent four agonizing years in the trenches, only to return unappreciated.... Civilians could never know.

We get to photo of Hitler on a hill with an old soldier behind him. Then to another of him watching a parade in Munich, with old men next to him.

ADOLF  
(*low, to the typist*)  
They were moved by my words, my fervor. I could speak. I remember one young man in a wheel chair, who had lost his legs... There was an ecstasy in his face.

DISSOLVE through more of the early photos of the Nazi movement. Among them are some with Hitler standing with hands folded over crotch.

ADOLF (O.S.)  
I knew joy. I had the power to heal the sick.

ON ADOLF: He LAUNCHES into an angry, passionate speech, all off screen. In giant contrast to his private self.

ADOLF  
With will of steel, the purified Volk, united as one, will repel all its enemies for the sake of peace! So god demands!

The Typist does not type the speech. Without transition, Adolf resumes dictating to the Typist, who again types.

ADOLF (*off screen*)

Dreams for the dispirited, an outlet for the angry.

A page of the photo album, which has become even larger, holds a photo of a Speer massive building. When the page turns, the building comes crashing onto our view.

ADOLF

As with Wagner's music, the people could lose themselves in the totality of my voice.

FREUD

One must be cautious. All people want to be Gods. Unfortunately, some don't recognize the impossibility of it.

ADOLF

You're wrong. All people have god within them. Fortunately, most people don't recognize this.

He continues, examines a series of photographs of himself in various speaking poses, taken by Hoffmann in a studio, with a black back-drop.

We hear less and less of the Typist typing. He gets to a photo of himself at an awkward moment. In another photo, wearing a hat, he looks like an old man.

He tries to peel one apart from the others, struggles with it. It rips. He CURSES. Stands up suddenly. His head and limbs JERK and SPASM. His body is unnaturally rigid.

He takes a breath, resumes dictating. When he paces, he crosses in front of an enormous image of himself on the cell screen.

ADOLF

Through the magic of my oratory and the clarity of my ideas, I could turn my daydreams into history, my private fantasies into public policy.

If my will was strong, I could perform world historic deeds.

ANGLE ON THE OPENING IN THE WALL

Adolf enters. Stands next to it.

ADOLF

Do you follow?

He waits for an answer. But there is none.

ADOLF

Answer me.

His will cannot force an answer. The CAMERA FLOATS up and away from him, drifts along the wall to reveal HUMAN BONES imbedded in the wall, just visible.

FADE TO BLACK.

96 THE PROJECTOR LAMP ARCS ON - A BRIGHT BEAM EMANATES

The film reels begin to turn. We MOVE down the beam, to see Adolf on the other side of the beam.

ON THE CELL-SCREEN: Stalin.

IN THE CELL: ADOLF watches attentively, studying his nemesis.

He freezes the image, then imitates the expression frozen on the cell-screen.

He walks toward the cell-screen, looks up towards it.

He whirls and shouts up into a corner of the cell, as if to someone up there.

ADOLF

We were each islands of strength and will, surrounded by great mutton-herds of sheep-like followers... We knew that liberty, equality and democracy are the grandest nonsense, that war is the most simple affirmation of life.

(beat)

But I do not admire him!

He squints into the darkness. HIS POV: We make out vague shadows that seem almost like they're made by human shapes.

ADOLF

Envy? Stalin? Ha! A footnote! A footnote if he's fortunate! I stole his place in history.

Adolf steps into the projection beam, his shadow small in relation to the overblown image of Stalin. He begins to walk forward, his shadow growing over Stalin's face as he walks.

We HEAR the Typist hit his carriage return, typing.

ADOLF

Stalin killed millions of his own people, but he killed without grace. He ruled by fear. I ruled by passion and ecstasy. Stalin had no sense of form.

The projector beam shuts off; the cell-screen goes dark. The room also goes dark.

SOUNDS FROM ACTION IN THE DARK: The projector grinds. Adolf BASHES into something, apparently hurting himself. Lashes out! Breaks something. Frustrated, he rants and raves.

ADOLF (*in darkness*)

Yes, he got people's attention -- but with force and random brutality. A barbarian of genius. So what? He offered nothing to hypnotize and transform his people. Where are the unifying themes? What is the drama in slaughtering well-to-do farmers?

CLICK. A lamp CLICKS on, illuminating: ADOLF'S FACE - CLOSE

ADOLF

Stalin misunderstood the principles of opera.

97 CELL SCREEN MONTAGE: OPERATIC ELEMENTS OF THE NAZI MOVEMENT

Edited to Wagner music: Night rallies, over-scaled eagles and swastikas. Progressing to medieval battle footage.

98 OMITTED

99 KLARA HITLER, IN THE PHOTOGRAPH NEAR ADOLF'S BED

After a few moments, Adolf's reflection off the frame's glass becomes apparent.

He's in a state of anxiety from the previous scene. We PUSH in to "their" eyes.

RED CLOTH flashes through the frame. It's a large Nazi flag. Adolf has just thrown it over his shoulders, wrapping himself in it. Wearing it almost like a cloak, he paces back and forth near the opening in the wall, stopping once to kiss a corner of the flag.

ADOLF

According to the eternal laws of nature, the soil belongs to those who conquer it.

We must purge our people of their softness and sentimental philistinism.

The light through the opening diminishes almost undetectably by the end of this monologue.

ADOLF (cont'd)

On this point I am icily cold: All life is paid for in blood.

I crush the skulls of my enemies.

I made the death winds blow.

He pulls the flag up over his head, making it into a hood.

The beam of light becomes narrower, dimmer. We dissolve into the next scene so that it seems to come through the eye of:

100 A WOLF MASK

A hand reaches in, removes the mask, revealing the face of a small blonde child (age 5 or 6). The hand is Adolf's.

Adolf hears someone arrive, looks up to see: GOEBBELS.

ADOLF

Ah, my Dwarf among giants.

He turns back to the children, four in all, ages 5-8.

ADOLF

Run along my golden Nordic nuggets.

They scamper away. Adolf's mood drops visibly as the uplifting presence of children dissipates.

Goebbels stares at Adolf like he's mad.

ADOLF (*shrugs*)

When your personal and political mythology is threatened, you take steps to affirm it.

CAMERA DRIFTS to a chair that has "bars" in its back. We look through the chair's back at Adolf.

In the background on the cell screen are propaganda posters and postcards.

Adolf moves to the wood stove. There's a file box there. He casually begins to remove papers and photographs one at a time from the files and feed them into the wood stove.

ADOLF (O.S.)

"The Prophet," "The Fighter," "The Last Hope of the Masses," "The Shining Symbol of the German Will to Freedom..."

GOEBBELS

With respect, Mein Fuhrer... You created the Fuhrer role. You were the director. I only helped stage it.

ADOLF

My God, Joseph, it became a terrible burden.

Goebbels appeals to Adolf's ego with great skill. But Adolf continues burning the items from the file box.

GOEBBELS

Mein Fuhrer, future generations will pay exorbitant sums for your paintings, your letters, your pistol... To feel your presence in them.

ADOLF

I was a victim of Nazi propaganda. The invincible Fuhrer...

Goebbels keeps beating the flattery drum.

GOEBBELS

Historians will scrutinize your childhood, examine your relationships, your dark secrets.

ADOLF

It warped my judgement.

GOEBBELS

They will exaggerate your slightest scribbles into profound, irrefutable, "clues"...

Adolf stops burning the contents of folders, looks down at them, perhaps newly aware of their potential historic value.

ADOLF

...Perhaps.

Goebbels kneels down near him, begins sorting the papers and photos that were about to be burnt, to preserve them.

GOEBBELS

Some fool, probably a psychologist, will explore the issue of your appearance to understand your deeper reality, and believe it to be a profound question.

ADOLF

*(finally falling for it)*

The imbecile will not understand that appearance versus reality is the central question of all art. It will not be a unique study. It will be cliched, mundane, commonplace.

*(thinks a beat)*

The idiot.

GOEBBELS

For a thousand years, in each generation, there will be petty bourgeois cretins with their academic degrees who will dedicate their lives to understanding you.

ADOLF

There's my thousand-year Reich.

Goebbels sees that he has Adolf going. Goebbels is sorting piles of photos and notes. Making stacks for the PhD's.

GOEBBELS

At universities around the world, there will be courses: Hitler, Architecture and Politics.

ADOLF (NODS)

Hitler, Salvation and Human Evolution.

GOEBBELS

Or... Hitler, Wagner and Voyeurism.

Adolf turns to the cell screen; again loses himself in the images, becomes serious again.

ADOLF

And artists too. Careers devoured, trying to bridge the distance... striving for comprehension....

Hitler likes this. Then smiles sadly to underplay it.

ADOLF

We gave them all much to brood over, didn't we, Goebbels?

He doesn't sound all that confident. The MUSIC is discordant. Adolf's panic builds anew.

101 A ROLLED UP X-RAY IS REMOVED FROM THE AMMO BOX

Adolf's hand unrolls the X-ray, reveals that it's of a human face (his). He moves it around in front of a candle, which illuminates it from behind, projecting the image onto him.

ADOLF (O.S.)

Blood and race...the only true source of artistic inspiration.

ON ADOLF

ADOLF

Art is a sacred mission that requires the artist to be a fanatic.

ON THE X-RAY The candle behind it has been replaced by the intense fire of the incinerator.

ON ADOLF The X-ray stencils the light from the fire into odd shapes on his face.

ADOLF

All unrest is creative.

DISSOLVE TO: (inserted stock footage) A German Bomber flies over Berlin, dropping thousands of swastikas, which flutter down to the cities below.

SOUNDS: Repeated whistles of bombs dropping, overlapped, without "landing" or exploding.

DISSOLVE TO:

102 OMITTED

103 BOMBS EXPLODE AT NIGHT



*SERIES OF IMAGES: A massive stone swastika is dynamited to dust. A Freakish Man in an SS uniform leers. A warped mirror turns Eva into a gargoyle.*

104 MIST

Move through it to discover Adolf, lying in bed, his hands behind his head, looking up at the ceiling. The White Nurse is barely visible several feet away, shrouded in mist.

NURSE'S VOICE (O.S.)

And so the beautiful blonde maiden is falsely accused and menaced by her lecherous guardian, Frederick of Telramund...

DISSOLVE THROUGH: Images from German mythology. Knights. Wotan, characters Adolf turns to for strength.

NURSE'S VOICE (V.O.)

...To her rescue comes the gallant, pure-souled, silver armored knight Lohengrin, bearing the redemptive power of the Holy Grail...

WHITE OUT

ADOLF (*prelapped*)

The wise man understands what is true for all men. That we are eternal. The soul and the mind migrate just as the body returns to nature.

105 ON THE CELL SCREEN: A LITTLE GIRL, CIRCA 1919

ADOLF

Thus life is eternally reborn from life.

We PULL BACK slightly to reveal Adolf in profile, close in the foreground, lying on his back. His face is a "horizon" against the cell screen images.

The CELL SCREEN images progress to strobing, dream-like footage of the riots of 1919. Then to Hitler speaking at a rally in the twenties.

ADOLF

Stop typing....

In a different era, the parts of me that were compassionate and sensitive might have developed. But in my era, there were forces and attractions that led me to become the founder and perfect leader of a new religion.

TYPIST

A new religion... Is that why SS members couldn't belong to any church?

Adolf gestures subtly in the affirmative, then quickly recomposes himself back to his work mode.

His lips are still, but his secret thoughts continue; we hear them, low and conspiratorial.

ADOLF

(V.O.- *internal*)

I shall attain immortality even if the whole German nation is obliterated in the process.

106 CLOSE: THE NURSE'S SYRINGE

She pulls up the plunger. It sucks up blood from Adolf's veins.

ANGLE ON: ADOLF, in a suit, talking loud. He's annoyed at having to explain something for the fiftieth time. In the background, on the cell screen, huge, is Hitler giving a speech, step printed, from his early days.

ADOLF

World War One was lost because Germany was stabbed in the back. The worst crime in history was to surrender while Germany's armies were still fighting on French soil. Our factories were producing at record rates. We were a strong nation.

TYPIST (*skeptical*)

Was that one of the colossal tales we told the masses? The Americans had entered the war. Hadn't our armies begun to collapse?

ADOLF (*outraged*)

We had the will to fight on. We could have won... Thus the need to cleanse our nation.

The Jews, Gypsies, the retarded. Germany must be pure.

TYPIST

With our purified Germanic nation, why did we fare so poorly in World War Two?

Adolf can't answer. The screen behind him goes black.

TYPIST

During the first World War, Germany was never invaded. Yet by the end of the second, we were overrun by foreign armies, our cities and towns were bombed to rubble. Millions of German women were raped by invading Russian soldiers. Over five million Germans had been killed.

ADOLF

The German officer corps turned out to be a pack of mutineers and cowards.

TYPIST

But the officer corps was pure German blood.

Adolf glares, his anger building to irrational rage.

ADOLF (*yells*)

If I hear the words -- "the most complete and utter defilement of a nation" -- one more time, I'll scream!

TYPIST (*contemplative*)

Five and a half million Germans...

Adolf spins away from the Typist, turns toward us, starts walking quickly. We dolly quickly back with him.

107 LOW ANGLE, ADOLF WALKS FASTER AND FASTER

Now he's in his military outfit, leaning forward, walking as if up a hill (shot with actor on a treadmill - close to his face)

He thrusts his arm out, two fingers jabbing forward, and SHOUTS AT THE TOP OF HIS LUNGS.

ADOLF

TROOP STRENGTH...!!!!? I don't give a DAMN about TROOP STRENGTH!!! You are a general in the army of the Third Reich.

A German officer! An instrument of conquest!  
Invincible! If you even mention retreat,  
you're a coward... a traitor! A JEW!

HIGH, WIDE ANGLE

from high over Adolf's shoulder. The cell is empty. There is no one on the receiving end of his furious diatribe.

ADOLF

Retreat is not acceptable! Losses can never be too high! Only success guarantees vitality! I am a man who knows only one thing:

CLOSE ON HITLER: Adolf's face goes extremely red.

ADOLF

STRIKE! STRIKE! AND STRIKE AGAIN!

NEW ANGLE: ON HIS MOUTH, OFF ANGLE (spit spraying)

ADOLF (cont'd)

This is a battle of will! A fight for existence! A FIGHT TO THE DEATH!

He spews his last words at peak intensity, then coughs violently, hacking up phlegm.

Then he is spent. He stops several paces away from the camera. Panting, exhausted, dripping with sweat.

His right hand moves to his chest, rests there, claw-like, as if he's in pain. But he seems to have escaped the voices of accusation.

TYPIST

I've always wondered... Late in the war you issued an order to level every German village, burn every church, destroy every home in the face of the Russian invaders...

ADOLF (*gasping for air*)

Standard military procedure. To deny the Slavs the spoils and satisfaction of conquest.

TYPIST

Destroy every German home?

ADOLF (*last gasp*)

Every defeated people must die to be reborn and begin anew. When Albert Speer disobeyed this order, he betrayed German history and the German people.

TYPIST

That would mean your final public policy for Germany was national death.

Adolf's body goes completely limp.

DISSOLVE TO:

108 HITLER - MID-TIRADE (INSERTED STOCK FOOTAGE, SILENT)

In his mightiest speech voice:

ADOLF (V.O.)

Never again will there be the stigma of cross-fertilization. The mix of good blood with bad. Never again! NEVER AGAIN!

His last line is thunderous.

109 ADOLF - SITTING, STARING OFF INTO SPACE

Adolf is in deep despair, agony.

ON THE CELL SCREEN (seen in fragments only): Dark, obscure images of unrecognizable machinery from the 1930's.

Adolf is sitting on the step-stool next to the projector, facing mostly away from the cell screen.

We hear APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS. Eva appears on the other side of the projector beam, veiled by the brightness projected on the dust in the air.

EVA

Wolfie?

ADOLF (*not all right*)

I'm all right, Eva... Go away...

EVA

But Sweetie... Why are you...

ADOLF

It's... I... Artistic anxiety.

We see her back into the darkness.

110 ADOLF'S HANDS FRANTICALLY PULL FILM OFF A TAKE-UP REEL

We look through the spinning wheel at Adolf's face. He's eyes madly scanning the images on the film for something specific.

INSERT: One of the images is a small white coffin.

ON THE FLOOR: The ribbon of film tangles in a pile.

DISSOLVE IN a feint image of Von Stuck's Medusa, with hair of serpents, and then an equally feint image of Klara Hitler.

FINALLY, DISSOLVE TO:

111 A MUD COVERED SNAKE WEAVES THROUGH THORNY BRAMBLES

We PULL BACK and RISE up, discovering more of the thicket, and then a tiny white coffin on an adult-sized rack (cold mist cascading onto it from above).

We look over the coffin to discover the face of a young boy, whose eyes are unusually light, like Klara Hitler's. This is YOUNG ADOLF, eight years old. His hair is greased back, but a few sprigs have fallen forward. He wears a turn-of-the century suit, with a flower in its lapel. He stares straight ahead, sadness in his eyes.

We PULL BACK to see that he is standing in a graveyard (projected backdrop) with the casket, all alone.

CLOSE: He raises his hand and flattens his hair, away from the part in both directions (as the adult Hitler did).

ON THE CASKET: The snake crawls across the white surface, leaving a filthy smear, then down toward Young Adolf's legs.

111A THE JAILER WATCHES ADOLF FROM A DARKENED CORNER

MOVE DOWN and discover a large, black GERMAN SHEPHERD, growling, but muzzled and leashed at the Jailer's side.

Adolf's hands move over photos of himself looking stern. 2Another page turns: Another angry photo. Very similar. Another photo... Another.

112 SILHOUETTES OF HITLER YOUTH AGAINST THE CELL-SCREEN

They face away from us, toward the cell-screen. We TRACK along behind them as if the camera is from Adolf's POV.

He speaks conspiratorially, divulging delicate information.

ADOLF

Never forget what you're about to hear. Not only was the Third Reich the most filmed event in world history, it was also the most carefully edited.

We reveal Adolf. He paces behind them, in their shadows.

ADOLF

This is the magic..... In 1926, when walking up to a podium for a speech, I stumbled. This film footage I personally impounded.

ON THE CELL SCREEN: footage of Adolf at his public best.

ADOLF

On unbearably hot days, when I would sweat, the footage would not only be edited out, but physically eradicated. Any error in a speech, any miscue, had to be eliminated.

IN THE CELL, Adolf has stopped near the end of a row.

ADOLF

What is preserved on film, remains in men's minds. Flawless speeches. Unflappable will. One hundred thousand cheering citizens. Women in tears. An unassailable Thor, thundering from the tower.

This in contrast with the Adolf we're watching, who is "unedited" ruffled, a little bit off... not perfect.

ADOLF

Future fuhrers must understand: no matter how carefully you plan and execute your production, and no matter how good your people are, you cannot control a change in lighting due to unexpected weather conditions, or that a car stalls in a parade, or a background person carelessly stares into the camera. You can never get it exactly right.

He lowers his voice, whispers to the closest boy.

ADOLF

But with editing.... The Black magic... I have edited the imagination of people not yet born. The original footage, the original reality, the truth.... is now lost to them forever.

BLONDE ARYAN BOY

In a way, the out-takes, the flaws... These were like the Jews.

ADOLF

I never thought of it like that.

CUT TO: Autographed 8 1/2 x 11 photos of Hitler are handed to the first girl in line. We DOLLY along as each girl takes one and passes it down.

DISSOLVE TO: Four metal eagle/swastika flag-pole tops, passed similarly down the row of boys. We dolly with them as they're passed down, keeping them centered in our frame.

DISSOLVE TO:

113 A "NEGATIVE" OF SHOT OF A GRAY RECTANGLE

Two men slowly become visible inside the rectangle. We realize it's a window. But everything's still in negative.

DISSOLVE TO THE POSITIVE OF THE SAME SHOT

The two men are in a booth that sits in the middle of the cell. They're under a single bluish overhead light: Adolf sits in a chair, wearing his double-breasted suit. Near him, stands a tall man, wearing the striped uniform of a concentration camp prisoner. Adolf is talking to the man, but we can't hear -- the booth is soundproof.

A silhouetted figure steps into the foreground of our frame, watching these two men: Adolf. Watching himself with the tall man.

Looking over Adolf's shoulder, we notice more about the tall man. His cheeks are hollow and his wrists and neck are bony. His hair is short. He is stooped over slightly at the waist.

FADE TO BLACK.

114 CLOSE: HITLER - FRANTICALLY WASHING HIS HANDS

ADOLF



I dealt with pain by causing pain.  
(*O.S., breathless*)  
No, no... Ex that out.

Adolf finishes washing, paces. His hand on his temple.

ADOLF  
It is a ridiculous notion.  
(*the Typist catches up*)  
That personal pain causes one man to injure  
another...

SOUNDS: The concussive blows we previously associated with his  
father terror.

115 ADOLF STANDS IN A COLUMN OF LIGHT, DELIVERING TREATISE

He uses extreme, dramatic gestures, almost like "flexing" for  
each statement. After each declaration, a STROBE flashes RED that  
washes out the image, then a frozen image of the "pose" appears  
in negative. As he starts to move again, we dissolve to the  
"positive" image, until the next red flash.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
To protect Germany. An act of self defense.

FLASH to RED, fade in a FREEZE FRAME in NEGATIVE. Then as Adolf  
moves again, dissolve back to positive.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
To punish the German nation for undermining  
my charisma.

FLASH to RED, fade in a FREEZE FRAME in NEGATIVE. Then as Adolf  
moves again, dissolve back to positive.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
To guarantee my singular place in history.

FLASH to RED, fade in a FREEZE FRAME in NEGATIVE. Then as Adolf  
moves again, dissolve back to positive.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
To take their breath away... The broad-  
sweeping historical gesture.

FLASH to RED, fade in a FREEZE FRAME in NEGATIVE. Then as Adolf  
moves again, dissolve back to positive.

ADOLF (V.O.)

As the dream of conquest faded, the SS needed a new mission to sustain vitality.

FLASH to RED, fade in a FREEZE FRAME in NEGATIVE. Then as Adolf moves again, dissolve back to positive.

ADOLF (V.O.)

To brand the German people with this crime for all time.

FLASH to RED, fade in a FREEZE FRAME in NEGATIVE. Then as Adolf moves again, dissolve back to positive.

ADOLF (V.O.)

To add my chapter to the history of the chosen people. Their eternity is my eternity.

FLASH to RED, fade in a FREEZE FRAME in NEGATIVE. Then as Adolf moves again, dissolve back to positive. A voice speaks from behind the camera - Freud.

FREUD (O.S.)

What about your fear of being one quarter Jewish? Where did that fit in?

ADOLF

My final enigmatic act.  
My postwar surprise to the world.

FLASH - THEN WHITE TO RED

116 SERIES OF IMAGES

*The cell walls bulge slightly from external pressures, crumbling slightly. Fire "waves" in extreme slow motion (black & white). Abstract images of the bodies of the twelve blonde women. A flash of made-up eyes: the Woman in Black She rises into frame - her black dress overtaking us.*

117 BLACK FRAME

Adolf walks away from camera, formerly blocked by his back.

We discover a body, lying on its back on a table, covered by a white satin sheet.

Adolf blocks our view of the head end of the body.

FROM DIRECTLY OVER ADOLF: A slight breeze may cause the soft, silky material to shimmer. The contours of the sheet make it plain that the woman is naked under the cloth.

Adolf walks around the table to the other side. He stands at her waist, extends both hands out, his left hand rests on her stomach, his right rests on her head. Slowly, he brings his hands together, allowing them to glide along just above the surface of the woman's body.

As he does this, the CAMERA BOOMS DOWN to below the body, then TILTS UP to Adolf. He raises his hands, as if in prayer, his eyes on the woman's covered head. There is sadness in his expression, but no tears.

He sits heavily on a stool near the table on which she lies, then slowly reaches toward the head, gently pulls back the sheet. The sheet moves through the bottom of the frame.

Then, with sudden violence, he yanks the sheet away.  
(part way through the motion, becomes extreme slow motion)

OVER THE WHITENESS

FREUD (*pre-lapped*)  
What do you mean when you say, "erotic  
affinity with death?"

DISSOLVE TO:

118 THE CAMERA MOVES ALONG THE FLOOR

Discovers Adolf near the opening in the wall, barely lit.

ADOLF  
Unspeakable desperation... Anxiety.  
A hungry wolf, out to kill, eat and  
survive.... That I could sit calmly at a  
party rally and then get up to speak. This  
was the true triumph of my will.

ADOLF (cont'd)  
By comparison, the conquest of France was  
nothing.

He turns to the opening.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 A SOFT-FOCUS FIELD OF COLOR

It's part of a painting. Working at his self portrait.

ADOLF (*defensive*)  
...because it doesn't matter if an idea is true or false, only that it serves my purposes.

Adolf is dissatisfied with his painting. Frustrated, he dabs cotton into paint thinner, begins to smear a large portion of his image, creating something unintentional: A half-distorted, impressionistic piece of modern art.

FREUD  
(*sympathetically*)  
But members of your family suffered from mental illness. Didn't you fear insanity?

ADOLF  
I wasn't put in a lunatic asylum  
I created a lunatic asylum.

120 ADOLF'S HEAD MOVES DOWN THROUGH SPACE

(similar to the Swarthy Man), ends up in Eva's arms, against her chest. The camera keeps moving past them, into blackness where his body would be.

ADOLF (*O.S.*)  
What desperate void draws me to you... to conquest?

121 ADOLF LOOKS AT HIMSELF IN A MIRROR

CLOSE: Adolf pulls his lips back from his teeth with one hand, brings up a magnifying glass so he can see them in the mirror greatly enlarged.

ADOLF  
If I had not been ashamed to smile...

121A ON HITLER AT THE MIRROR

He's at the junction between Speer and primitive. He seems fragmented, disheveled, out of sorts. (the lighting is shadowy, dark; the mood is nightmarish).

CUT TO: A HAND LOWERS THE STYLUS ON THE VICTROLA.  
WAGNERIAN MUSIC fills the cell.

AT HIS MIRROR, Hitler turns to find the source of the music.

AT THE VICTROLA: We tilt up to find Goebbels in CLOSE UP looking down at the machine. He turns and smiles at Hitler.

CUT BACK TO A WIDE SHOT: Of the two giant statues standing at the end of the cell.

ON THE CELL SCREEN (REAR SCREEN) behind him: a huge Citizen Kane sized head of Hitler.

Goebbels beckons to Adolf with his hand, indicating something off screen.

ON ADOLF: He reacts by not.....

BACK TO GOEBBELS:

GOEBBELS

The first day I heard you speak, you looked at me, your blue eyes met my glance, like a flame. This was a command. At that moment, I was reborn. I knew which road to take!

Goebbels snaps his hand and a brilliant spotlight reveals the mannequin with no head atop the classical pedestal. The mannequin wears Hitler's gold party uniform, locked in a speaking pose, only the metal rod holding up its hat.

GOEBBELS

At last an epic worth writing.

ADOLF

But only you, a failed playwright to write it.

ADOLF'S POV: The statues and the mannequin have gone dark. The CELL SCREEN image has fragmented.

GOEBBELS

There was nothing wrong with the play. The greater your failures and the more empty and desperate you became, the more brutal and grotesque the propaganda had to be to hide the truth.

Hitler turns to his reflection in the mirror. BLOOD pours down the glass, obliterating his image.

122 ENORMOUS METAL TEETH

inside a dark chamber. Light leaks into the chamber through angular cracks. The mechanical shapes are hard to make out. A long cylindrical shaft disappears into the distance.

There is a DISTORTED GROAN of metal; the square teeth begin to turn. This is a metal gear. We MOVE BACK along other gears and mechanisms, all interconnected, then out through an opening in the chamber, revealing that we've been inside the film projector.

123 ANGLE FROM OVERHEAD

Adolf is sitting down frame left, gulping from a large water glass, as if to quench a deep, deep thirst.

Freud remains standing behind him, suggesting the classic analytic relationship to his patient.

ADOLF

*(thinking back)*

...My mother's long, sustained moans, the shortness of breath, the occasional high, rising voice... What happens to a little boy when he hears such a thing?

FREUD

At what age?

ADOLF

I don't know... Six. Or nine...  
He would never know whether she's  
experiencing pleasure or pain.

*(waits for Freud to respond)*

Well, say something.

FREUD

Would the little boy feel shame about what  
his parents are doing? Or guilt for  
listening?

Adolf stiffens.

ADOLF

Stop. No ethics. Our Christianity  
is the same as your old Jewish swindle.  
Germany needs free men who feel and know that  
Wotan is within them. In their own destiny.  
In their own blood...

ADOLF (cont'd)

One is either a German or a Christian. We cannot be both. We will tear out Christianity root and branch. Annihilate it.

FREUD

Are you afraid that the Christian way of life would lead to the dissolution of masculine vitality?

Adolf glares at Freud.

ADOLF

*(with sudden fury)*

Bolshevik hogwash.

We HEAR the Typist typing his remarks. Freud silently scrutinizes Adolf.

ADOLF

What are you looking at?

TICK-TICK-TICK he hears the Typist's fingers. Adolf whirls, infuriated that the thoughts are "getting out."

124 THE BLONDE IN THE AQUARIUM

Adolf walks towards her. Her blonde hair floats hauntingly.

She watches him from in the water. When he gets to the glass, his fingers silently probe, yearning to merge.

125 THE WATER GLASS IN ADOLF'S HAND

Adolf's staring off into space.

FREUD

Perhaps shame leads to concealment...

Again, the fingers TICKING on the typewriter keys. Again, he turns to listen. But another sound blends with the keys:

The CLICK, CLICK of high-heeled shoes on a hard floor (WOMAN-IN-BLACK musical theme).

He turns to the direction from which that sound is heard.

126 AN SS UNIFORM ON IT'S HEADLESS, LIMBLESS "FORM"

The CAMERA moves from the hat, down the spike where the neck would be, along the tie, diagonally down the leather strap, to the long knife, hanging in its scabbard from the belt.

The knife is similar to the ceremonial knife established earlier.

FEMININE HANDS

reach in, grasp the knife, lift it slowly from its sheath.

TRACK WITH IT AS IT MOVES THROUGH SPACE

It approaches a swastika arm band on an outstretched arm. We PULL BACK to reveal Hitler, saluting. The blade's tip slides under the swastika...

Hitler's face becomes a picture of anxiety.

The woman in black stares blankly at Adolf. She SLICES the knife through the fabric.

The swastika FLUTTERS limply through the air. ADOLF, standing nearby, feels no power from his stiff salute. He simply lowers his arm.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

peels off her stockings.

Adolf's face has gone flat. We PUSH PAST HIM to where the wall meets the floor. The severed swastika arm band lies in tatters near seeping red liquid.

The CAMERA DRIFTS across the surface of the wall.

ADOLF (O.S.)

What is bad, we expel from us.

What is bad does not belong to us.

DISSOLVE TO:

127 A SIMILAR MOVE ACROSS THE TEXTURE OF A BLACK STOCKING

A shape moves towards the stocking from behind it (towards us). Comes into focus as it contacts the net: Adolf's eyes, turned ninety degrees (vertical).

CUT TO: His POV looking through the black stocking at Eva, who lies underneath him. He pulls and stretches the material to provide different views of parts of her body.

He moves the net away from his own face, presses the material around her face to distort her actual features. She nervously allows him to experiment. Part fear, part arousal.



He reaches into his scabbard, produces the ceremonial dagger he used with the woman in black. He stands above Eva.

We see there is blood on the dagger.

ON EVA'S FACE

She is blank, dehumanized by his action.

Adolf bends down and cuts the straps of her slip. A drop of blood stains her white shoulder.

ON HER BACK: The white slip slides off her skin.

It lands on the floor of the cell near her feet. Red liquid, and begins to soak up the liquid.

ADOLF

Germany is not worthy of me. Let her perish.

AN IMAGE FLASHES: The profile of the exotic Man's swarthy face, looking down, moving through space, very slowly.

128 FADE IN FROM BLACK TO:

*A SERIES OF SHOTS: A white light WHIPS past the lens, flaring it. Metal teeth inside the projector GRIND film.*

*A character from an Otto Dix painting HOWLS at us.*

*Gaunt, starving, hollowed faces dissolve through each other. Hitler's face is distorted by the warped mirror. The woman in aquarium floats, still and pale just below the surface.*

FADE TO BLACK.

129 CLOSE ON ADOLF - HOURS LATER (B.G.: CELL SCREEN)

After a long moment, he runs his fingers through his hair and begins a long soliloquy.

ADOLF

*(anguished)*

Russia... Russia was my abyss.

Fingers on keys hurry to record. Adolf rubs his eyes.

ADOLF

It was the beginning of the end. It was the end. The dark valley of that defeat in 1941 was unbearable. The magnificent peaks... Then to fall so low... like Napoleon. Death in the snow.

ADOLF (cont'd)

Since 1933, an unbroken chain of political, economic and military conquests... Waves of adulation... I was unstoppable.

But then... Russia.

(slowly, shaking his head)

Invincibility undone! My circle of perfection... crushed under the boots of... Slavs, no less! Stalinites. Untermenschen!

The Fuhrer Myth... ..shattered.

The typing stops.... Adolf glances over, frowns.

He takes a long breath, stands and begins to pace. He moves in and out of the light, as if dodging it.

ADOLF

A quarter million of my young soldiers slaughtered in the snow. My most humiliating experience. I was naked before the German people. The world. And then I had to continue with my role; to take the stage again. Only my will allowed me to remain in character.

(he pauses)

A childhood nightmare returned...

(thinking back)

Running home naked from school in the snow... Hiding behind bushes -- trying to avoid being seen, to avoid ridicule, exposure.

(he wipes perspiration from his lip, lowers his head)

I pondered many options. Calling a world conference for peace. I could be the great peacemaker, voluntarily withdrawing to our old borders -- we would keep only Austria.

I considered retiring, going back to my painting. I longed to paint, to create, to build....

(continues, thinks back)

I should have been an architect. Has a great ruler ever simply disappeared from the public stage, changed his identity? "Let someone else play Hitler," I thought... "Give someone else the role!"

ADOLF (cont'd)

*(gestures wildly, then relaxes)*

The stain of defeat would not fade.

Then it came to me... Slowly at first, like a blossom on a tree in spring.

What I could do next... An old image...

A primal hatred... crystallized. The answer...

By this point, he's away from the cell screen. We don't see it behind him. We only HEAR the sounds of train cars on old tracks. The WAILING of human beings.

ADOLF

It obsessed me and lifted my spirits.

A new plan for these terrible times. It was the one thought, the one idea, that brought me peace enough to sleep.

I could systematically and completely destroy all the Jews.

If my role as great conqueror had ended, a new part beckoned -- The Great Destroyer.

*(a silent moment)*

I would be the architect of the greatest catastrophe of all time... That's how I would be remembered, gain my immortality.

*(with steely calm)*

Destroy all Jews.

Off screen, we HEAR the typist stop before typing the words. Hitler notices, looks over at him. The typist begins typing again... slowly.

CLOSE ON THE PAGE: as he types: "Destroy all Jews."

Before he finishes typing:

SMASH: a test-tube of blood smashes on the ground. Before it's on the screen very long, we FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK: Music and sound effects evoking deepest, darkest tragedy.

130 A MASK HANGS AGAINST BLACKNESS

The camera moves past it, discovers more masks, each with Adolf's face in a range of emotions: Enraged. Defiant. Triumphant. Proud. Angry. Charming. Ecstatic.

WE HOLD ON: The "triumphant" mask.

ADOLF (V.O.)

Stripped of grandeur... exposed.... nerve endings.... a tender fetus poked unmercifully by a long sharp, metal rod...

131 PUSH IN TO A PHOTO: HITLER AT AGE TEN, HIS ARMS CROSSED.

ADOLF (V.O.)

Sometimes it feels as if my body has been partially cut out, never grown.

132 STOCK FOOTAGE: DOLLY ACROSS FACES IN A CROWD - EXTREMELY SLOW

The faces are mid-rapture as they watch Hitler.

ADOLF (V.O.)

We were stuck in a mutually reciprocal dream play.

Figures twirling with no ground.  
Images with no object.

A mass hallucination.

133 BLACKNESS - SOMETHING COMING TOWARD US

As it quickly fills more and more of our frame we see that it's a campaign poster of Hitler, just his face on a black field (note: not cell screen).

It grows and grows, until it's overwhelmingly large, then push in further, until it's just litho dots.

ADOLF (V.O.)

Only my image... No swastika, no party name, no program. My image stands for discipline, will, resoluteness. For Germany's destiny.

What it did not stand for was me.

134 HUGE BLOWN-UP IMAGES OF HITLER DISSOLVE ONTO EACH OTHER

ADOLF (V.O.)

That a people would give all power... Turn  
their lives and wills over to a single man...  
It's insane.

135 EXTREME CLOSE, ABSTRACT OF ADOLF'S ACTUAL MUSTACHE (MACRO)

A sharp blade cuts through hairs in slow motion, accompanied by  
SCRAPING, STRETCHING, RUMBLING.

CUT TO: Extremely close on hairs falling on white porcelain.

SLOWED: Adolf slowly rises into frame, revealing his hairless  
lip and mouth.

His despair at seeing himself without the mustache is extreme. He  
feels naked. Part of the mask is gone.

He tries a posture of authority, confidence, but it doesn't fit.  
He jerks his arm out in salute, holding it for several moments...  
Then snaps his arm back. Anxious.

ADOLF CONTORTS HIS FACE, WATCHES HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR.

He speeds through different expressions: Willful. Contempt.  
Curiously piqued. Scorn. Arrogance. Amused. Anger. Jump-cut  
together. Each is convincing. But the hurt expression returns,  
the hair falls down again.

He tries anguish, grief. But he can't hold it.  
He moves his shoulders quickly up and down as one would do when  
sobbing, but it feels extremely forced.

ADOLF (V.O.)

The cruelest man is the one who has  
experienced the deepest personal suffering.

SOUNDS: The concussive BLOWS we've tied to his father terror.

Again, his face goes blank, emotionless.

136 CLOSE: A ROUND HAND MIRROR.

It turns to reveal Adolf in magnified distortion.

His features, enlarged out of proportion, ripple and bulge. His  
nose is huge, grotesque. His eye looks malignant, ready to pop.

In the background, the set moves, as if he's spinning in space as he examines his face.

SOUNDS: Adolf breathing rapidly. WHISPERS from off screen.

137 DANCING FEET, OUT OF FOCUS (STOCK FOOTAGE, NON-CELL SCREEN)

Hitler clowning on the patio of his mountain retreat. (the footage he earlier edited out in front of Eva.)

This "eradicated" footage is followed by stills where he looks weak, or effeminate, wearing Lederhosen, photos showing him tired, old, uncharacteristically Hitler. Photos that reveal the man beneath the masks/personas.

The images begin to repeat.

The images become over magnified, hugely grainy.

138 CLOSE/ABSTRACT ON A PIECE OF FLESH-COLORED NETTING

With short hairs attached. It's a fake mustache.

Theatrical make-up glue is applied. The mustache is pressed against Adolf's upper lip.

ADOLF (V.O.)

As if the hero had no fears and the villains  
had no need for affection.

PULL BACK QUICKLY to Adolf, in conventional MEDIUM SHOT, reflected in the full-length mirror. He wears the same dark suit he wore at the beginning of the film.

His panic begins to subside as he recognizes his old self in the mirror's reflection.

MUSIC: Discordant, tuned to Adolf's inner tension.

SOUNDS: The Jailer's baton raking along the wall.

Adolf glances slightly sideways, to his right.

139 ON THE SCREEN: ADOLF GIVING A VITRIOLIC SPEECH WITHOUT SOUND

The cell-screen images are Nazi surreal. Steel-helmeted SS soldiers, the black metal gleaming in the sun. Arms with swastikas swinging. Shiny boots goose stepping. Slow motion, dream like.

We BOOM down, revealing the side-back of Adolf's head, and then body, as he watches his image. We dolly slowly around behind him, keeping the images on the screen beyond (ending almost in profile from the other side).

ADOLF (V.O.)

My youth was an emptiness, a black mirror  
laced with panic.

ADOLF (cont'd)

As Fuhrer, my mirror filled with my image,  
but the glow was brief.

And when the brightness fades at twilight,  
the brutality has begun. Finally when the  
beast is spent, the black night returns.

CELL SCREEN: A FRAME OF HITLER FREEZES, THEN STARTS TO MELT

The image is of Hitler speaking at night.

ADOLF (ON SCREEN)

The only remedy is to lash out. Ever so  
slightly the fog lifts. It doesn't go away,  
but it is tolerable.

FADE TO BLACK.

SOUNDS a DEEP RUMBLING, like THUNDER, but vaguely suggesting a  
distant battle.

140 ADOLF IN SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE SCREEN... WATCHING....

CELL SCREEN: A soldier dead in the snow. An icy wind blows. He's  
already partially buried in the drifts.

The camera MOVES off the man's face to the snow.

We slowly DISSOLVE TO: A hollow-eyed, skeletal face, slowly  
starving, near death.

His emotionless eyes stare directly at us, but the gaze is  
distant, almost lifeless.

The face fades out. Just snowy white field.

141 A MOVING WHITE FIELD - THE NURSE'S UNIFORM

Move down the Nurse's arm to her hand as she removes a vial of  
blood from the box of test tubes.

She turns to hand it to Adolf. We see her face and hair. She's not blonde. Her hair is now black. She's the Woman in Black. Adolf reacts -- horror.

As she hands the vial of blood to Adolf, it slips.

WE TRACK IT IN SLOW MOTION (nurse's uniform in B.G.).

The vial of blood SHATTERS on the ground.

142 A DEATH MASK IS LIFTED TOWARDS US

*SERIES OF IMAGES: The slow-motion, abstract fire. Red liquid drips onto the floor from somewhere above. A wolfen German Shepherd LUNGES, snarling, its fangs dripping blood. The death mask CRASHES into the fire bowl, sending sparks; goes up in flames.*

*On the sound track: DISTANT, MUFFLED SCREAMS. RUMBLING.*

143 CLOSE: A PAGE IN THE TYPEWRITER - WORDS STILL BEING TYPED

"Destroy all Jews."

A hand enters and YANKS the sheet of paper from the machine, reads it carefully. Then....

ADOLF

My god... This is powerful writing. "Like a blossom in spring.".... Add this note.

The Typist puts another piece of paper into the typewriter. Hitler pauses to compose in his mind.

ADOLF

"The seeds of this obsession were planted long ago and now sprang forth from the black soil of war". Or should I say the black soil of defeat...?

TYPIST (*cold*)

Isn't defeat what you mean?

ADOLF

Wait... Something's out of order. Before the defeats... I'm trying to remember... The SS death squads eliminated hundreds of thousands of Jews and communists in the course of the invasion of Russia... Of course that was mostly a military security issue.



He puts down the prized piece of writing, frantically searches through nearby folders, looking for new facts.

He finds a page, clipped to others. He flattens it out, scans it. It's a record, with dates.

ADOLF

So long ago so much has happened...

*(he searches through papers)*

I know I declared war on the United States  
December eleven -- one week after the first  
defeats in Russia...

ADOLF (cont'd)

*(he stands and paces)*

I was desperate to transcend the agony... To  
appear strong.

*(considers)*

Maybe I need to say...

"Men may see my actions as atrocities of epic  
proportions. I saw them as a way to relieve  
tension."

Or... "In a mere fortnight, I sealed  
Germany's military and moral fate."1

Or...

*(pause)*

...let's just leave it the way it is.

Still unsettled, pondering the dilemma, Adolf hands back to the Typist the piece of paper containing the explanation for killing the Jews. The Typist studies it for several long beats.

144 AT THE OPENING IN THE WALL

Adolf leans down, as close to the opening as he's ever been.

ADOLF

*(anxious)*

Why do men act as they do?

Adolf ponders this, then reasserts his will.

ADOLF

People act out of fear. Every time...

*(straightens)*

Fear and self preservation.

The presence on the other side remains silent.

145 FILE BOXES FULL OF FOLDERS

With increasing desperation. Adolf flips through folders full of unsorted photographs. Desperately searching.  
PUSH IN on his face.

SNAP, SNAP, SNAP he puts the photos down like dealing cards. This pile, that pile.

He jerks his head around, looks off screen, paranoid.

SNAP SNAP... more photos.

THE WOOD STOVE DOOR flips open. Photos drop in, catch fire.

ADOLF

After 1941, I rarely spoke in public.

*(looks at more photos)*

No more adulation...

He looks at a few more photos.

ADOLF

I would not waiver... My place in man's memory depended on a consistent presentation... I would be a martyr to my historic destiny.

ADOLF

All that remained was to perform the denouement...

SNAP, SNAP, SNAP more photos get sorted. Folders full of writings are grabbed up, sorted through.

Adolf pushes his hair back, turns to someone off screen.

ADOLF

Destroy Warsaw. Burn Paris.

FADE OUT.

146 FADE IN: ADOLF, STANDING STIFF, ARM OUT

Adolf gestures with two fingers, his arm shaking with will.

ADOLF *(at the Typist)*

No, no. I am an artist and a German Nationalist! I never killed a single person with my own hands! My whole life was

dedicated to fighting the schemers who plotted to take over the world!

He SMACKS his fist into his hand. Then whips it down. The Typist, appears behind Adolf and whispers into his ear.

TYPIST

Your every aversion matured to a murderous extravaganza.

149 AN ARYAN BUST

A hand SQUINCHES through the top of its clay head.

146A THE JAILER'S DOG SNARLS MENACINGLY BEHIND ITS MUZZLE

The German Shepherd strains at the end of its leash, focused on something off screen, coiled to attack.

The Jailer's hands slowly unbuckle the dog's muzzle. He then unhooks its leash! The dog LUNGES, jaws SNAPPING.

147 CUT TO: GOERING STANDS STILL, FAT IN A GARISH DRESS UNIFORM

His sword is huge. Adolf walks up behind him, as if at an inspection. The lens makes Goering look like a hog. Goering sucks in his gut. Hitler walks behind him, KNOCKS off his hat.

ADOLF

You're an embarrassment.

Rips off an epaulette, then another one... medals, his ceremonial sword...

ADOLF

You're a pathetic heap of flesh.

And your mismanagement of the Luftwaffe...  
Eine Affenschande - shameful even for a monkey.

Suddenly, Adolf jerks a hand around Goering's head, hooks Goering's mouth with his index finger, yanks him around to face him.

ADOLF

(in his ear, menacing)  
You fat oaf.

150 ADOLF, VERY PARTIALLY LIT

He's crouched by a primitive portion of the cell, painting on the wall with crude tools. The image is part man, part beast (antlers growing from its head, inspired by Von Stuck).

ADOLF

I devoured past and future.  
I devoured....

I fused the symbolic with the real.

I exuded spiritual terror.

ON THE SOUND TRACK: A mad SCREAM, that becomes a SCREECH, a distant voice, HOWLING -- The agony of a man and of all mankind. Time is warped into SLOW MOTION.

FADE TO BLACK

148 GOEBBELS REHEARSES A HITLER SPEECH IN A THREE-SIDED MIRROR

With self-righteous rage. Looking debonair in his leather coat and his party hat. Is he mocking the Fuhrer, or rehearsing to take the Fuhrer's place on the stage?

GOEBBELS (*speech voice*)

Nazism and Christianity are based on the same idea that one individual could provide salvation. A simple man could work a miracle of enlightenment and faith in a world of skepticism and despair!

Goebbels stops, examines his final pose for effect.

He stops when he hears a voice behind him.

ADOLF

You, too, Goebbels? A Judas. A Jew.

ADOLF steps into the light. Goebbels turns cautiously to him.

151 OMITTED

152 ADOLF CHANTS NEAR THE OPENING IN THE WALL

The light through the opening is as dim as it's ever been.

ADOLF (*rhythmically, chanting*)

There is not a drop of Jewish blood in my veins. My father was a great man.

The photos with my hands folded over my groin had nothing to do with any genital peculiarities.

Never did I use my official position to amass great personal wealth.

What I did was for the good of Germany. The Jews caused World War II, not me.

The rumors that I had women urinate on me are totally unfounded.

The relentless lies told about me, a simple and straight-forward man, were greater than ever told about any man in history.

Adolf waits and waits for any sign whatsoever...  
He closes his eyes, full of self-torment.

FREUD (O.S.)

You're in pain.

Blood rushes to Adolf's cheeks. Anger swells. He whirls (slow-motion).

ADOLF

LIES!

Adolf fights to control it.

ADOLF

Come here, Freud. Look at my new Jerusalem.  
The new Germany.

CUT TO: the thick, angular architecture of the city, ending on the giant tower. Freud takes all this in, nodding. Adolf hates this.

FREUD

*(still trying to help)*

And about this rage...?

PUSH IN to Adolf's EAR as cheers and chants from passionate crowds rise in DEAFENING echoes.

In an explosion of rage, Adolf SLAMS his fist down on Germania, the model city, destroying a corner portion of it.

SUPERIMPOSE: FAINT TRACE OF A CHURCH EXPLODING IN FLAMES

DISSOLVE TO: FREUD'S FACE. He gazes at Adolf empathetically. Adolf misreads Freud's reaction as being unimpressed.

Enraged, he lifts Thor's Hammer into frame. Freud continues to gaze back at him. Adolf menacingly raises the hammer higher.

Is he going to destroy Germania?

The hammer moves in SLOW MOTION through black space. The CAMERA follows it to its destination: Freud -- visible just long enough for us to recognize his image. Then...

SMASH! Freud is shattered.

The pieces of glass recede - in slow motion - into total blackness. This takes a long time.

153 SERIES OF IMAGES RELATING TO ADOLF'S RISING ANXIETY

(note: these images are not on the cell screen)

*Adolf rubbing his hands, as if to rub off a stain.*

*The "Nordic Nugget" children hold hands, one looks back, afraid, then they run away. (from Adolf)*

INTERWOVEN INTO:

*Where the wall meets the floor, moisture seeps through into small, dark-red puddles... The surface of the wall glistens.*

DISSOLVE TO: Wet paint on the self-portrait canvas. Much of the paint has been wiped away. Revealed underneath the paint is a photograph.

EXTREMELY CLOSE: THE NEEDLE OF THE SYRINGE

*as is sucks up a milky drug with spots in it.*

A distant WOMAN'S SCREAM. Not pain, but existential angst.

SOUNDS: loud battle, explosions, machine gun fire, men yelling, screaming.

*The blonde transvestite. Glorious Germany in ruins. Marching soldiers superimposed over symmetrical grave yards. The concentration camp prisoner who Adolf spoke to in the booth in the cell. A vial of Adolf's blood smashing. A vestige of a mask is peeled off, revealing only another mask.*

*Grotesque paintings by the surrealist, Otto Dix.*

*Adolf's mother. Swastikas. Contorted dead, frozen soldiers. Adolf's body with no head, only a backbone sticking up where the neck used to be. Glass breaking. Germania burning. Images where freakish Nazis appear, looking inbred, deformed.*

*Images we've seen earlier on the screen, flipped, off center. Hitler's image saluting, and then sliding off the cell screen. Costumes and props of Nazi era. Out-take photos, like the shot of Adolf in process of sitting down.*

*The syringe plunger is pressed in. Pressed in again. Again.*

154 THE CAMERA PANS FROM BLACKNESS TO ADOLF'S HAND

holding the handle of Thor's Hammer. After a beat, he releases it. The handle drifts away from the hand, to the right of frame, then off frame.

Adolf picks up a piece of mirror. Sees his reflection on it. An awkward composition. A tired, anguished face. There is stubble on his chin, his hair is out of place. His uniform is unbuttoned.

At the edge of our frame, a slice of Adolf's profile appears, just more than a bare outline, Adolf looking at himself in the glass. (lighting on the background barely fades up)

Adolf gazes into the glass, then turns away. He sees Freud sitting in the room just as before, not "shattered."

ON ADOLF: He reacts.... stunned.

DISTORTED GRINDING metal fills the sound track.

155 HIGH-WIDE SHOT - ADOLF PACING AROUND IN PANIC

ADOLF

I am.... I can't find...

(suddenly shouts out)

I am Hitler! Sieg Heil!

IN THE BACKGROUND ON CELL SCREEN: Fragmented images.

Panic. Camera follows, HAND HELD. Adolf blurts out partial sentences, broken streams of consciousness. (Most is "internal monologue", i.e., we only occasionally see his lips move when he speaks.)

He grabs for loose files, flips urgently through them, then DROPS the papers. The Typist just stares blankly back.

ADOLF

Power... Infinite. If I could just...  
Discipline!

I am... A. Hitler... Thousand year...  
THOUSAND... ! Reich! Destroyer!  
Masculine... The Immortal...!

He stops, stares at his reflection in the cell's mirror. Frowns. Twice he jerks his head, as if to orient himself.

ADOLF

But I... This can't....

He weakens. The panic subsides. He waits for a clear thought before speaking again. Tiny shock waves pulse through his brain. He gains control over syntax, but his voice fluctuates from soft and droning to percussive outbursts.

ADOLF

Every... Every.. person... Every nation  
must be as granite in this terrible world...

A man needs strength in the face of danger;  
women need protection.

ADOLF (cont'd)

A man builds himself from nothing.  
All life is paid for with blood. Boldness  
has genius. Boldness has genius.  
I must be a harsh master.

He ends up near the opening in the wall, his back to it.

He leans over, puts his hands on his knees and pants for air like a sprinter runner who can't catch his breath.

After several long moments:

ADOLF

When you... When you say people act from  
either love or hate... what does... People  
want immorality... Immortality.

I... I don't understand...

The camera PANS over to the opening in the wall.



No response. It pans back to Adolf. He begins to lose control again.

ADOLF  
I created myself...!

A violent spasm shoots through his body, his muscles clenching as his nerves misfire. His limbs contort, as if in seizure. He tries to speak... nothing comes out... He opens his mouth... and SCREAMS. We see the scream in his reddening face, only we don't hear the sound. Then, gasping...

ADOLF  
I am .... I created my...! greatest self!  
I am... A. Hitler... Thousand year...  
THOUSAND... ! Reich! Destroyer!

Power... Infinitely infinite. Beyond the infinite.

Adolf waves his hand with contempt, walks away.

ADOLF  
(*under his breath*)  
Ridiculous. Lies!

He stop, turns back, then walks away again. He exhausts himself... Gathers his breath again, and calls out, weakly.

ADOLF  
Eva.

Adolf tightens grotesquely, like a warped human spring. Then his limbs snap out, uncoiling violently.

CUT TO: A membrane... Adolf tears through it towards us...

ADOLF  
(*shouts*)  
EVA!!

Adolf tries to walk away, but he has lost much body control.

156 A FIELD OF WHITE SLIDES DOWN THE FRAME

Revealing twin white fields. We realize it's the hem of Eva's SLIP, sliding down frame, revealing her thighs.

ANOTHER ANGLE: still looking down, but from a position 180 degrees around from the last (so the hem is moving up).

A dark object moves up frame behind the hem. Eventually, we realize it's the back of Adolf's head, nestling face down, childlike, between Eva's white thighs, a soft, safe refuge (we do not see Eva's face).

AN IMAGE FLASHES: the SWARTHY FACE moving down, down. Finally, Eva's lace-covered breast appears at the bottom of frame. The swarthy face moves to it.

BACK IN THE CELL

Adolf YANKS UP as the CAMERA WRENCHES down to his level.

His face fills our frame - a picture of rage. Seething rage. The horror of horrors.

157 THE BLONDE WOMAN IN HER AQUARIUM

She looks up to see: ADOLF. He walks with determination, swings his fore-arm, SMASHES THE GLASS.

Water cascades out.

Adolf stands in the middle, looking around for the woman. An apparition, she is gone.

On the sound track: DISTANT HOWLS. HORRIBLE HUMAN DESTRUCTION.

158 CAMERA IS HIGH ANGLE, STRAIGHT DOWN ON ADOLF

He's standing, looking up at us, almost into the lens, his face knotted in physical/mental agony.

The CAMERA begins to twist on lens axis. Room spins.

159 GLOBS OF WHITE LIQUID

float slowly through the air. The cell walls appear in the background. The CAMERA lyrically follows the globs down until the high-pointed, majestic tips of Germania appear at the bottom of the frame.

Its broad vistas and magnificent structures spread out before us as "rain" pours upon it, sparkling in a back-lit dance.

DISSOLVE THROUGH slow motion angles of "rain" falling on various parts of Germania - streets, tanks, churches, etc.

The "rain" is unusual. It wets one section, then circles to another, as if a single, dark cloud dances overhead.

When Germania is soaked, the deluge stops. Quiet returns. Music from Wagner's Gotterdammerung rises up.

We hear a distant rumble.

A BRILLIANT EXPLOSION OF LIGHT

in the foreground whites out the bottom portion of our frame.

Then resolves to a single flame. A long, wooden match with a hardy flame is poised in Adolf's shaking fingers. It moves towards Germania, and the gasoline-soaked miniature city explodes into flames.

ADOLF'S FACE - ALIGHT WITH FLICKERING LIGHT

The flames consume the model.

DISSOLVE TO: SERIES OF ABSTRACT SHOTS OF FLAMES

Flares. Fire storms. Walls of fire. Slow motion, fast motion, step-printed.

SUPERIMPOSE: Texture of blonde hair blowing, blended almost subliminally with the flames. It suddenly blackens.

DISSOLVE TO:

160 ON THE CELL-SCREEN - MOVING IMAGES OF DEFEATED GERMANS

German soldiers starving in the snow in Russia. Ghostly, hollowed-out faces. Prisoners of war behind barbed wire.

Adolf walks close to the opening in the wall, leans down towards the light coming through.

ADOLF (O.S.)

What does the future bring?

IN A CORNER OF THE CELL: A puddle of red liquid grows steadily, now. The outer pressure is great.

Human bones become visible in the wall as mortar falls away.

ON THE CELL SCREEN: Other images that show the suffering of German people. Not just soldiers: Generals. Civilian men, out of work, homeless.

ADOLF (O.S.)

No one questioned me. Further and further  
down the path... No one said stop...  
The whole apparatus said yes, go on.

Women in rags. Orphaned children. Slowed down, step-printed,  
almost "still". Others are stills.

ON THE SCREEN: Children with their hands up being held by a  
machine-gun toting soldier; women crying.

ADOLF (O.S.)

Repeating cycles of affirmation.  
Echo. Echo. It was all so abstract. Living  
space, the racial theories. Aesthetics.

At a parade, a small girl cries, Adolf pats her cheek.

ADOLF (O.S.)

I never touched the suffering.  
I kept it so distant...

The footage slows almost to a freeze.

EXTREME CLOSE on Adolf's face. He turns to look almost directly  
at us, so that one bloodshot eye fills the middle of the frame.

DISSOLVE TO: Another angle of Adolf, looking up a bit, facing us,  
the eye of the outgoing shot dissolving such that it's over his  
forehead, and a little bit bigger than the eyes in the incoming  
shot. ("third eye of expanded perception")

Red-liquid seepage at the corners of the cell turn to steady  
drips, then to red rivulets. Red liquid runs down the bio-  
textured walls. Cracks appear in the ceiling...

Plaster crumbles from the ceiling and upper walls.

DISTANT SCREAMS. Adolf looks up.

ON THE SCREEN: Images of death. Dead soldiers in the snow. Two  
dead men lying on a sidewalk in a ghetto. Men with a wood cart  
pick them up, join other carts of dead people.

Soldiers open fire on helpless civilians holding shovels, who  
fall into graves they've dug themselves.

Women drag thin dead bodies through ash, dump them on piles of  
other dead. Bulldozers push naked dead bodies into pits.

ON ADOLF: He sees. Maybe for the first time, he sees.

He moves closer and closer.

Until, as we look at him from behind, he is surrounded by death. We push past him to the screen. The images slow down; so they are even more unavoidable.

SLOW DISSOLVE: Adolf's face (during the long dissolve, his face is superimposed over the images of death).

He backs towards the wall, his hands out to keep himself from falling against it. When he's pressed against the stone, nowhere else to go, he's forced again to face the screen.

We see his hands grope the wall behind him, as if unconsciously looking for a way to climb up it. We notice shapes in the wall: bones, perhaps the eye-sockets of a skull, barely protruding from the "stone" of the wall (like dinosaur bones in an archaeological dig.)

Finally, Adolf glances at the place where his hand seeks a hold, sees that it's a skull. He's surrounded by bones. His hands are covered in blood.

Adolf's eyes expand, almost beyond normal size (exaggerated optically), as they absorb the horror. He opens his mouth unnaturally wide (exaggerated optically) to scream.

We FREEZE his face, mid-scream, just as the scream begins on the sound track

FADE TO BLACK.

Another SCREAM, and then another, and then another, each overlapping the previous, each louder and more horrific, more animalistic than the last. As if he will scream forever.

AS THE SCREAMS ECHO...

DISSOLVE TO:

161 A PRISON WALL BEGINS TO COLLAPSE

As the stones and mortar collapse, bones and corpses imbedded into the walls are revealed. They collapse with the walls.

Then another, bones and rock and mortar, collapses.

Yet another.

The SCREAMS continue.

A red torrent crashes in, as if from a damn breaking.

The red flood sweeps up everything in its path: the flags, the uniform mannequins, the paintings, the sculptures, the files. The typewriter.

The flood rushes over us.

All is lost.

FADE TO BLACK:

162 SLOWLY PULL OUT AND BACK FROM THE BLACKNESS

until we see that the black is that of a pupil. We keep backing out, to see the iris, then the whole eye.

Eventually, we've pulled out to Adolf's face, which is now gaunt, hollow. He is older. His hair is grayer, thinner, longer. His skin is dry, talc-like. Aged.

The only sounds: His BREATHING. Until...

THE CAMERA RISES UP

to see that Adolf is slumped in a near-fetal position, in the far corner of the cell, small and vulnerable. He is down to his trousers and a torn, stained shirt.

Slowly rocking himself. He is without will. Spineless. (as a drunk wallowing in the streets, or a man in a mental institution who's lost all trace of human spirit).

ADOLF'S HAND

slowly reaches out, slides across the floor of the cell.

HIGHER, WIDER ANGLE

The cell, totally empty except for Adolf.

We see that the cell, dry now, is completely empty. Barren. Washed clean of every last scrap of Adolf's trappings and "history." The screen in the background is pitch black, a black rectangle against a slightly lighter wall. Emptiness.

The walls appear to be made of cloth, with the texture and color of the earlier rigid walls painted on them. Torn and gaping in places, they billow in a mysterious breeze.

The light is flat... stark... dim. No drama or dynamism to it whatsoever.

CLOSE ON ADOLF

There's a long, pause. The sense of a presence on the other side of the wall, through the opening, is slightly greater (strongest light and music motif). We hear Adolf's voice, but his lips do not move.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
All this madness... The destruction... The human suffering...

He can barely speak. Chilled, he shivers.

ADOLF  
I too was trapped in the whirlwind we created...

An empty mirror filled with hate.

Adolf turns, looks up toward the opening in the wall, where the light emanates. The light is whiter, more intense.

ADOLF (V.O.)  
I expected God to reach down (gestures) and stop me... But he never did...

We dissolve to the opening in the wall.

We dissolve back to Adolf. He listens for an answer, makes no move.

We dissolve back to the opening in the wall: silence.

ADOLF  
Please...please say something...  
Please help me.

Only more silence.

FROM OFF SCREEN: THE SOUND OF THE PROJECTOR

163 ON THE SCREEN: SLOW MOTION HITLER SPEAKING FROM ON HIGH

Impassioned. Enraged. The quintessential Hitler, but in total silence.

ADOLF, in the cell, stands close to the screen, his head tilted back to look up at the cell-screen from an extremely oblique angle.

ON THE SCREEN: His image towers above him.

IN THE CELL: Adolf steps into the projector's beam, his shadow falling on the cell-screen. In contrast with Hitler on the screen, Adolf's rigid spine of will has curved and slouched with age.

He turns toward the projector, his historical image projected onto his face in the cell. He squints into the light, moves slowly toward it.

ON THE SCREEN BEHIND HIM: More quintessential Hitler from the days of his rise to power.

ON THE SOUND TRACK: Distorted music, effects and speech derived from sources such as Wagner, parade cheers, rally chants, Hitler's speeches, and bonfires, etc... We hear in the SCORE strains of "Dies Irae." (the music of death).

ADOLF'S POV: A small circle of white against a black field. The circle gets larger as he moves toward the projector.

ON ADOLF: The projector's flicker slows so that we see the black/white contrast clearly. (we HEAR a slow motorized clicking on sound track). His expression is strangely calm.

The light is so bright as he approaches, Adolf's figure begins to white out entirely.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND ADOLF

Rays of light knife between his arms and legs as he moves, outlining him, blasting outwards like laser beams.

ADOLF

is almost totally white. The tempo of flashing light on him is at its slowest. The CHATTER of the machine is a high-pitched POUNDING...

164 THERE IS A SUDDEN FLASH OF BRILLIANT WHITE.

The explosion of light and sound is followed by fuzzy smears of shadow and light.

ON ADOLF



He continues on, directly towards a strange mechanism at the end of a dark tunnel. Projected onto him: vibrating, out-of-focus smears of shadow and light.

ADOLF FROM BEHIND ADOLF

Beyond him, we see for the first time: The film gate. A large frame, about six feet high by ten feet wide.

Behind it is bright light, filtered now by the colors and patterns streaking through the "gate." Above the gate is half of the next "frame". Below, half of the last.

The shadowy, nondescript machinery makes LOUD, DISTORTED noise, as dreamlike as the images.

Adolf approaches in SLOW MOTION. (When he blinks or moves, it is surreal, haunting).

165 A FEW FEET FROM THE FILM PLANE

Adolf stops. The images cease streaking and become visible at normal speed.

Mostly, they are images that represent the "illusions" created by the Adolf and the Nazi party, all of which we have studied throughout the film: Rallies, parades, flags, uniforms, etc... The images change every three or four seconds.

Adolf reaches out one hand, and SLOWS THE IMAGES, so that we see the figures moving at about half speed.

He puts out both hands. Now we see them move at quarter speed.

He slows the images even more, so that we almost see each individual frame slammed into the gate, then held there, then yanked away and replaced by the next.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND ADOLF, LOOKING AT FILM PLANE

He pulls back, pausing. The images speed up again.

He reaches in a finger and lets his fingernail scrape the film. The film SCRATCHES, transmitting a jagged streak of white light.

With increasing confidence, and a consistently calm attitude, Adolf now leans back, closes his hands together (almost prayer-like), and firmly pushes them through the film, splitting, releasing more white light. The images part like water coming down a waterfall.

The shape of the tear suggest the shape of the opening in the wall. The light beams through it, just as it did from the opening in the wall, only a hundred times brighter.

CLOSE ON ADOLF'S FACE - fear, apprehension... but also eagerness, hope.

Adolf spreads his hands apart, using considerable effort to widen the rend in the elastic film, splitting the film in two.

Brilliant white light FLARES the lens, almost whites out our entire frame.

Adolf closes his hands again, then opens his palms against the flow, to force open the rend to about three times the width of the first opening.

He leans toward the opening. The light GUSHES through, onto Adolf. There is a CHORUS of voices.

For a moment, Adolf looks directly into the light, but quickly grimaces at its unbearable purity and brilliance. He squints his eyes, turns away, unable to look into it, and raises his hand to block the intense rays.

The instant he lets go of the ripped film strip to shield his eyes, the film-strip curtain closes, again filtering out the light. The images on the film strip once again take shape.

ON ADOLF'S BACK

He takes a moment to recover from the trauma of the light. When he has, he turns toward us.

As he looks at us (into the lens) we PUSH slowly closer.

The expression on his face is one of profound realization, and extreme sadness and anguish. (slow-motion)

On the sound track: dissonant music, distant human screams.

OPTICAL: The film frame zooms back slightly, creating a thin, but slowly expanding border around the last shot.  
(like a Chinese box within a Chinese box)

We DISSOLVE into an actual photo of the man (or live action).

Then DISSOLVE to red.

DISSOLVE TO WHITE. THEN TO BLACK. THEN TO WHITE.

THEN TO SWIRLING GRAIN

THE END.

BLACK CREDITS ROLL OVER WHITE

*"The Filmmakers wish to acknowledge a variety of great works of literature from which a modest number of lines of dialogue were borrowed."*