

**Austrian ReViviFilm Presents
A Hapsburg Films Re-Release**

Duchess
Berlin 1928

Zuflucht in Berlin

**A Film by
Amelia Haberman**

Vienna Film Restoration Festival

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

VIENNA FILM RESTORATION FESTIVAL

DUCHESS: BERLIN 1928

(DRAMA – AUSTRIAN – B&W)

A Hapsburg Films (Vienna) release, in association with Restorische Films, with the support of Austrian Revivifilm. (International sales: Lu Lu Rodenfels DVD Ltd, Stamford, CT.) Produced by Isaac Gottlieb. Co-producer, Amelia Haberman from her original screenplay, *Zuflucht in Berlin*. (Sound. 1932) Restoration produced by Fritz Haberman and Maria Nagle, 2000.

Directed, written by Amelia Haberman. Camera (B&W), Bea Brooks; editor, Agnes Tschohl; music, Marta Jean Solomon; art director, Annya Deitwig; costume designer, Helga Kuehner. Original title: *Zuflucht in Berlin*. German and English soundtrack. Running time: 80 MIN.

With Nadja Hoenig, Hannes Mueller, Ilsa Pilvonka.

Now seeming an earnest period film traversing material recently settled (more or less) by DNA testing of royal Romanov remains finally buried decently by post-Soviet Russia, “Duchess: Berlin 1928,” takes a forward-for-its-time romantic look at a woman’s identity crisis. While moody with expressionist

shadows, pic’s story is uncomplicated, simple, and made on a low budget on the backlot at UFA by assistant scriptgirl, Amelia Haberman, whose feature debut lifted her damsel-in-distress material by direction and camera into a luminous complexity here restored by her grandson, Fritz Haberman and his wife Maria Nagle, for Austrian Revivifilm. (All original prints of the 1932 drama, reviewed at the Vienna Film Restoration Festival, were thought destroyed during Nazi occupation of Vienna and UFA.) Scriptor Haberman evidently had a prescience about female history because she early on paid attention to Romanov identity rumors rampant in Europe in the 1920s. Haberman-Nagle’s translation of Amelia Haberman’s simple script make this restoration accessible as historical femme fest-fare and playable on satellite stations devoted to late-night romantic programming.

Is she or isn’t she the Grand Duchess Anastasia, youngest daughter of the murdered Russian

royal family? That is the question when Anya (Nadja Hoenig) turns up mysteriously in Berlin where Frau Teufel (Ilsa Pilvonka in a star turn) tries to exploit her suspicions about Anya's identity. Berlin itself is a character on screen in sets, lighting, and cinematography. The American reporter, John Wilson (Hannes Mueller), asks all the right and wrong questions. The plot is standard girl-meets-boy except that Haberman wisely directs her Anya towards the door like Ibsen's Nora. Film is no "A Doll's House," but piques interest because of female

p.o.v., advanced for its time, but not sensational enough for today's taste. Haberman is courageous. She had one chance to direct in a film industry collapsing under Hitler. Film is a conduit of anxiety in a context of history that swept women and men into anonymity. By the end, pic gives creditable understanding of German film visuals reinterpreted by nearly all-distaff writer, director, crew and as much insight into female identity fears as contempo movies-of-the-week.
—Renalda Becker



The Russian Imperial Family: Czar Nicholas II and Czarina Alexandra with their four daughters and son. Anastasia is on the right.—German postcard, 1913.

A Quick Glossary

SCREENPLAY TERMS

INT. means Interior, inside a house, room, etc.

EXT. means Exterior, out of doors

FADE IN means a dark screen turns slowly into a picture

FADE OUT means a picture turns slowly to a dark screen

FADE TO BLACK means the picture turns to a black screen; can also be **FADE TO WHITE**

DISSOLVE means one image gives way to another, as in, image A, on screen, is momentarily overlaid with fade in of image B, with both existing together, until A fades out, leaving only B

MONTAGE means a mixing and ongoing dissolve of two, three, or four images into a sequence

ESTABLISHING SHOT reveals in broad terms where the action takes place, say, the skyline of a city, a hillside in the Alps, the facade of a building, or a staircase, etc. where subsequent closer action will occur

FULL SHOT reveals a complete view, for example, of a room, showing actors feet to head

MEDIUM SHOT shows actors waist to head

CLOSE SHOT shows actors shoulders to face

CLOSE UP SHOT shows a face; or a thing, very close

TIGHT CLOSE UP SHOT shows features of face

INSERT SHOT is something edited quickly into the action, such as a close-up of a photograph, a newspaper, a hand with a ring, etc.

TWO-SHOT is a shot, medium or close, of two actors

ANGLE is the way the camera looks at the subject or person

ANOTHER ANGLE is a variation on the previous **ANGLE**

WIDER ANGLE is a change of focus moving from, say, a person, wider to include the person's room, surroundings, physical circumstances

FEATURING means favoring a subject/person in the shot

POV is the character's **POINT OF VIEW**, how something looks to the character

TRUCKING SHOT indicates the camera itself is moving one way or the other with the action

VOICE OVER: dialog spoken by an actor who is not on screen when the dialog is heard over the image that is on screen

Duchess Berlin 1928

THEME

Caught in the turmoil of the Russian revolution, a young woman with post-traumatic stress syndrome, fights a Royal Family, political enemies, and an American lover to create her own identity.

24 CHARACTERS

In Russia, 9 characters

NICHOLAS: 50, former Czar of Russia deposed by revolutionaries, a gentle man suffering in exile; now a worried husband and father of five.

ALEXANDRA: 46, former Czarina, born a German Princess, and granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England, a religious royal remaining Czarina even in exile; hard, bitter, righteous.

The four royal teen-aged daughters, the Grand Duchesses, and the one son, the future Czar of all the Russias. Anastasia is the youngest girl. Murdered in the early morning of July 17, 1918, all had mid-summer birthdays.

OLGA: 21

TATIANA: 19

MARIA: 18

ANASTASIA: turned 17, June 18, 1918, 29 days before the murders.

ALEXIS: 12, the only son, the future Czar, often carried in the arms of his father, suffers from hemophilia inherited from his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria of England.

KARKOV: 28, the leader of the Cheka Guard; dark, brooding, mustachioed, burly.

EUGENEV: 20, a handsome Russian soldier, pressed into service by the Bolsheviks; bearded, romantic, and of interest to the young Grand Duchesses.

In Berlin, 15 characters

ANNA EISENSTEIN: 27; is she or isn't she a Grand Duchess? Her demeanor is ambiguity. She is a woman of perplexed mysteries. She is at cross purposes with herself and the world with her. She reads who-dun-its and histories of the Imperial Family. Is she ANASTASIA? Is she an impostor using reverse psychology? Is she possessed/obsessed by ANASTASIA's spirit? Is she Everywoman in search of her own identity, in flight from the identities forced at her by others?

JOHN WILSON: An American reporter for a New York paper; hard-boiled, at 35 he has been around; he has a leading man's smoothness with a cynical edge.

FRAU ILSA TEUFEL: 50ish, she has good bone structure; plump yet stylish; worldly-wise, she runs a sanitarium and she wants out. ANNA is her ticket. In German, her name means *devil*.

OLGA: A Romanov in exile, a Grand Duchess. She is ANASTASIA's aunt and godmother. She wants no Romanov resurrection; for her the past is past. In her 60's, she is short and sharp. She smokes stylish cigars.

ERNST LUDWIG: A Romanov in exile, a Grand Duke. He is brother of OLGA, and ANASTASIA's uncle. He is a short man; a typically aged Imperial officer: 60's and an old fool, but sympathetic.

KATHARINE: the former Imperial Governess and mentor to the five royal children; 40's; patient.

MALENKOV: the villain; a fat-faced Russian Soviet agent of the NKVD. He eats often and well. He speaks no lines. His face is everything.

BORODIN: an ironic male; former Imperial officer; 50ish.

NIGEL ROBERTS: a stereotypical British reporter; his shirt is stuffed and his lip is stiff.

LORRE: German reporter.

POLICEMAN: German, 30.

MONIKA: young German bicyclist.

GUNTHER: second young German bicyclist.

DESK CLERK: German, 25, Hotel Odeon.

MOVIE-GOER: Woman, 50.

SETS

In Russia, Interiors

Act I: THE HOUSE OF EXILE

1. Bedroom of NICHOLAS and ALEXANDRA
2. Hallway of the same old house
3. Bedroom of the four young Grand Duchesses
4. Stairway and landing
5. Cellar

In Berlin, Interiors

Act II:

1. ANNA's sanitarium room

2. A 1928 Rolls Royce: rear seat
3. Foyer of sanitarium, with hallway

Act III:

1. Berlin: a Russian Gypsy Cafe
2. Movie theater seats and aisle
3. ERNST LUDWIG's hotel suite

Act IV:

1. Hotel Odeon Lobby and stairs
2. Hotel Odeon ANNA's room

Act V: Public Hospital room

Act VI: Russian Church

In Berlin, Exteriors

Act IV:

1. Facade of Hotel Odeon
2. Dark streets and canal of Berlin

Act VI:

1. Facade of Russian Church
2. Railroad yard train tracks
3. Boat at dock

ACT I

FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM OF
NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA—NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE logo:
EKATERINBURG, RUSSIA
July 16, 1918

ESTABLISHING SHOT

In the bedroom of the exiled Czar and Czarina, NICHOLAS

and ALEXANDRA, their son, the Czarevitch ALEXIS, 12 years old, sleeps soundly in a bed near them.

The shot PANS SLOWLY into a CLOSE SHOT of a black-and-white, formal photograph of the Russian Imperial Family. A TIGHT PAN moves to each face as the VOICE OVER, the same voice as the American reporter, JOHN WILSON, softly intones:

(Voice Over)

Wilson: In the summer of 1918, in the village of Ekaterinburg, in Russia, a murder was committed. At 3:15 in the morning, July 17, the Red Communist Guard awakened the four-centuries-old Imperial Family of the Romanovs: the father, Czar NICHOLAS II, and his wife, the Czarina ALEXANDRA; their four young daughters, each one a princess: the eldest, the Grand Duchess TATIANA, who volunteered as a nurse in a military hospital; the Grand Duchess OLGA, who danced long evenings at the palace of Peterhof; the Grand Duchess MARIA, who was shy and bookish; the Grand Duchess ANASTASIA who in that murderous summer turned 17; and lastly, the only son and heir to the throne of all the Russias, the Czarevitch, the Crown Prince ALEXIS, 12 years old, incurably ill with the bleeder's disease, hemophilia. On the night of July 16-17, 1918, on this summer night, the Royal Family, deposed and arrested by the Red Communists, were roused from their beds. The guards told them they were to be removed by truck from Ekaterinburg to a safer sanctuary...

The TIGHT PAN LOOSENS AND CONTINUES, PANNING from ALEXIS' portrait face to ALEXIS' real face asleep in the bed next to the bureau holding the family picture.

ALEXIS's face is flushed and almost beautiful in sleep. The PAN continues, discovering the sad royal attempts at making the room comfortable until it holds on a MEDIUM

SHOT OF NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA lying awake and distant in their bed. TATIANA opens the door to the room her parents share with their sickly son.

Tatiana: Father!

Nicholas: Tatiana?

Tatiana: I'm frightened, father.

Nicholas: Come in, my girl.

Tatiana: The noise. Outside. On the other side of the house.

Trucks are gathering. The soldiers are drunk and shouting. We are all frightened, father. Anastasia is crying.

Nicholas: Again.

Alexandra: Anastasia cries enough for all of us. She is a silly girl.

Nicholas: Anastasia is young. Too young. For this.

Alexandra: You spoil our daughters.

Nicholas: (Chucking TATIANA's chin) As beautiful young Grand Duchesses should be.

Alexandra: You fill them with useless dreams, Nikki. The life we knew is destroyed. Gone forever.

Tatiana: Mother!

Alexandra: These are hard new times, Tatiana. Because of these drunken Red soldiers, I am no longer Empress and you are no longer a Grand Duchess.

Nicholas: (To Tatiana) You will always be my little Duchess.

Alexandra: God has told me in a dream. We are the last of the Romanovs... Tomorrow the soldiers will have us scrubbing their lavatories.

A second KNOCK on the door. It is ANASTASIA.
As the door opens, the SHOT PANS to a CLOSE UP of ANASTASIA.

Nicholas: (Voice Over) Anastasia! My Anya... What is it?

Anastasia: In our room. With Olga and Maria. Three soldiers.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nicholas: I'll have them shot!

Anastasia: They ordered us to dress. They want to take us away.

Alexandra: (Sits up with a glimmer of hope) Perhaps our loyal soldiers are closer than we know. Perhaps we have hope yet. O my sweet Savior! To be rescued from this godforsaken place.

Nicholas: Away? Dare they? Away? Where?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Karkov: (Enters and pushes OLGA and MARIA through the door) Away! To wherever I choose to send you and your Duchesses, your “Excellency.”

Olga: Father!

Maria: Mother!

Alexandra: Come to me, Maria.

Karkov: You will have one hour to pack together in one trunk whatever valuables and documents you wish to take with you.

Alexandra: One trunk for an Empress and four Grand Duchesses? One trunk for five royal women?

MEDIUM SHOT FEATURING KARKOV AND ANASTASIA

Karkov: No longer “royal,” Madam Comrade. (Karkov strokes Anastasia’s face) Just women.

CLOSE UP NICHOLAS

Nicholas: Sir!

CLOSE UP KARKOV

Karkov: (His intonation dares a standoff) Sir!...

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING KARKOV

Karkov: ...One hour. One trunk. You will depart before dawn.
(Exits)

Alexandra: (Rises and crosses to Alexis’ bed and touches his forehead) My little Prince.

Nicholas: How is my little man?

Alexis: Is it midnight, father?

Nicholas: Hurry, children. All of you. Dress warmly.

Alexandra: Wear as many clothes as you can.

Alexis: Where will the soldiers take us, father?

MEDIUM ANASTASIA

Anastasia: They intend to kill us.

Nicholas: (Voice Over) Anastasia!

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING ANASTASIA

Anastasia: Outside the guard room. I heard them talking.

Alexandra: That will be, Anya, enough. God is with us.

Nicholas: Go, Anastasia. Go. Go, you girls. Dress. (The four Grand Duchesses exit)

MEDIUM NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA

Nicholas: ...Anya is right.

Alexandra: Never!

Nicholas: I've known all along.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Alexis: Why do the soldiers wish to kill us, father?

Alexandra: Because we are everything they can never hope to be.

Nicholas: Because they believe differently than we.

Alexandra: Communists! Atheists! Godless atheists!

Nicholas: They think to make a whole new world.

Alexis: When I am Czar and have 20 ships, I too will make a whole new world.

Alexandra: Oh my dear Alexei!

Nicholas: (Sadly) ...when you are Czar of Russia...

INT. DUCHESSES' BEDROOM—NIGHT

The FOUR GRAND DUCHESSSES are in a flurry of dressing. Each is pulling on three and four dresses. ANASTASIA accidentally rips the seam in a muff. Jewels spill out. The

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others stoop to help her stuff the jewels back into the lining.

Olga: Anastasia! You are so careless.

Anastasia: Poof. I've decided not to care. When the soldiers drink, they say things they don't mean. When they drink, they sing.

Maria: Silly Anastasia.

Anastasia: When they sing, they dance. That makes me happy.

Tatiana: Foolish Anya. So changeable!

Olga: Soooo romantic!

Tatiana: Will you take along that gangly soldier Eugenev?

Anastasia: I know no soldier Eugenev.

Maria: (Giggling) The Eugenev who kissed you last week.

Anastasia: He did not.

Olga: Kissed you in the hallway.

Anastasia: Eugenev. Poof! I never heard of him.

Tatiana: He has black hair and dark eyes.

Olga: He has a beautiful black beard.

Maria: Does the beard tickle when he kisses, Anya?

Anastasia: I've never been kissed. Not by any soldier Eugenev.
Not by anyone.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Alexis: (Enters on one crutch) Father says to hurry.

Anastasia: When will you learn to knock.

Alexis: Never.

Anastasia: After all, we're DRESSING.

Alexis: You are wearing three coats.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Karkov: (Enters with EUGENEV) Eugenev here... (The GRAND DUCHESSES giggle. ANASTASIA blushes. EUGENEV buries a private smile.) ...Eugenev here will escort you to your parents' room.

Tatiana: Where will you take us?

Karkov: To a secret place.

Olga: Is it safe?

Karkov: Very safe, *Comrade* Olga.

Maria: *The Grand Duchess* Olga is not your “comrade.”

Tatiana: We are none of us your “comrades,” Comrade.

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING ANASTASIA AND EUGENEV

Anastasia: (Closes in a step on EUGENEV) Are we in danger?

Eugenev: For you...no danger.

Anastasia: For my family. You must promise.

Eugenev: As far as I am able.

Anastasia: Just as I thought. “As far as you are able.” Indeed! So much for your talk of your “whole new world.”

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING KARKOV

Karkov: You will follow Comrade Eugenev to your parents’ room. From there you will be escorted to the cellar.

Maria: I don’t like the cellar. It is stone and cold.

Anastasia: Why the cellar?

KARKOV smiles enigmatically, turns, and exits.

Eugenev: Outside the cellar a truck will be waiting... Follow me, please, comrades.

Olga: *Please.* The Red soldier says “please” and calls us “comrades.”

They begin their exit.

INT. HALLWAY—NIGHT

The FOUR GRAND DUCHESSSES and ALEXIS follow EUGENEV into the hallway.

REVERSE TRUCK SHOT

precedes the party down the hall.

SOUND

OUTSIDE THE WINDOWS: RANDOM
GUNSHOTS, SHOUTING, REVVING OF ENGINES.

Alexis: Guns. The soldiers are shooting.

Olga: The “comrade” soldiers are drunk.

Anastasia: They have their guns to protect us.

Tatiana: Anya. Why should they protect us?

CLOSE UP TRUCKING FEATURING ANASTASIA

Anastasia: Because we are who we are.

REVERSE TRUCK SHOT
AS ABOVE CONTINUES

The FIVE CHILDREN walk bravely toward their parents’
door.

INT. BEDROOM OF
NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA—NIGHT

Nicholas: Alex, I am afraid.

Alexandra: Hush, Nikki. We must pray and plan.

Nicholas: Even if they must kill me, they must spare you and the
children.

Alexandra: They will not dare touch us.

Nicholas: Women and children should not be political.

Alexandra: (Stroking the lining of her cape) The jewels are sewn
in safely.

Nicholas: Your cape is very heavy. (Puts it across her shoulders)

Alexandra: We will escape to Finland. Then to England.

Nicholas: (Adjusting the cape) Can you manage, Alex?

Alexandra: (Coldly) I have always managed, Nikki.

Nicholas: A better manager than I.

Alexandra: Slip these pearls into your tunic.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nicholas: (Captures ALEXANDRA’s hand, kisses it, looks
straight into her eyes) For once, and maybe for all, Alex...

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Alexandra: Be strong, Nikki.

Nicholas: ...no matter what has been or has not been between us, I have always, in my way...

Alexandra: Oh...Nikki! I love you too, Nikki. You are my husband.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Eugenev: (Entering) Sir. Madame. You will come with me.

The CHILDREN pour into the room. The entire FAMILY hugs and kisses.

Eugenev: You will please follow me.

The FAMILY pulls itself together and proceeds out.

Camera PANS BACK and rests on the Royal Photograph, left abandoned on the bureau.

THREE BEATS

INT. LANDING AND STAIRWAY TO CELLAR—NIGHT

The FAMILY solemnly descends the stairs. Outside SOUNDS of GUNSHOTS and TURMOIL. SOLDIERS smirk at them on the landing. DRUNKEN SOLDIER #1 drops a bottle which smashes in front of ALEXANDRA's feet.

Soldier #2: Pardon him, Madame.

SOLDIER #3 restrains DRUNKER SOLDIER #1. SOLDIER #2 shakes his head and crosses himself as the FAMILY proceeds past them. NICHOLAS picks up ALEXIS and carries him on his hip. They descend deeper into the cellar. EUGENEV ushers them to the door of the chamber.

INT. CELLAR—NIGHT, BEFORE DAWN

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Nicholas: The cellar is damp for my son.

Alexandra: The Czarevitch is not well...

Nicholas: ...as you can see.

Eugenev: For me, I am sorry. But I have my orders. I can change nothing.

Nicholas: Many crimes are committed in the name of obedience.

Eugenev: You more than anyone know that, Sir.

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING ANASTASIA

ANASTASIA dislikes the exchange. She throws EUGENEV a glance. EUGENEV shrugs. She takes her father's arm.

Anastasia: Come, father.

Nicholas: Thank you, Anya.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The FAMILY sits down to wait. They form a tableau arranged exactly like a living copy of the portrait upstairs.

CLOSE UP ANASTASIA
ANASTASIA is frightened.

SOUND

GUNSHOT

ANASTASIA starts. She clutches her fur muff to her breast. A shadow falls over her, reacting, as the door opens.

LOW-ANGLE MEDIUM SHOT KARKOV
FAMILY'S P.O.V.

Deeply shadowed, KARKOV reads from a paper. His moustache is great and thick. Five Cheka guards armed with rifles and handguns stand beside him.

SOUND

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As KARKOV reads the death sentence, the REVVING SOUND of the trucks increases. Faraway LAUGHTER is heard.

SHOT PANS SLOWLY UP
to the face of KARKOV reading.

Karkov: For political crimes committed against the Russian people, the Committee of the Soviet sentences Nicholas Romanov of the Imperial House of Romanov, his family and heirs...

Although KARKOV's lips continue to read, his voice mixes and drowns in and under the outside SOUND of turmoil.

MEDIUM NICHOLAS

NICHOLAS seems not to comprehend.

ANOTHER ANGLE MEDIUM NICHOLAS
FEATURING ALEXANDRA

ANASTASIA stands halfway up in full realization.

MEDIUM THE FAMILY FEATURING ANASTASIA

The FAMILY is trapped, terrified.

CLOSE UP ANASTASIA

ANASTASIA reaches for her FATHER and her little BROTHER.

MEDIUM ANGLE SAME AS ABOVE

ANASTASIA continues to rise.

Alexandra: My sweet Jesus!

ALEXANDRA's forehead explodes.

ANOTHER ANGLE FULL SLOW MOTION

A volley of gunshots, the family rising, falling, exploding, caroming in slow motion in their white clothes, jewels spilling out.

ANOTHER ANGLE SLOW MOTION
FEATURING CHEKA GUARDS

They shoot coldly, blankly.

INSERT SLOW MOTION

The naked light bulb swinging in clouds of blue smoke.
It slows.

SOUND

SILENCE. Then: a MOAN.

CLOSE ANASTASIA SLOW MOTION

Bloodied, ANASTASIA rises.

MEDIUM FEATURING THE RISING ANASTASIA
SLOW MOTION

A CHEKA butts her chin with his gunstock. She falls. He raises his bayonet.

CLOSE ANASTASIA'S WHITE HIGH-TOP SHOE
SLOW MOTION

GUARD bayonets her foot through her white high-top shoe.

CLOSE ANASTASIA'S UNCONSCIOUS
AND BLOODIED FACE

SLOW CLOSE UP KARKOV

Karkov: Cart the “royal” pigs out to the truck. At the mine shaft is kerosene and lime. Burn them. Not one trace of them shall remain. Not one splinter of bone. Not one relic. The Old Russia is dead. This is the last of the stinking Romanovs.

KARKOV spits.

DISSOLVE

INT. BEDROOM OF

NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA—NIGHT

MEDIUM EUGENEV

EUGENEV stands before the photograph of the Family. His eyes are moist. His finger moves, tremulously, toward the photo. CAMERA TIGHTENS DOWN as his forefinger presses on Anastasia’s face and rubs down to her chest. SHOT holds on her smiling teenage face.

SOUND

MAIN LOVE THEME MUSIC SWELLS

FADE OUT

ACT II

FADE IN

INT. SANITARIUM. ANNA’S ROOM.
BERLIN—NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE logo
BERLIN 1928

CLOSE UP ANNA’S face

pulls back to FULL SHOT ANNA AND TEUFEL

ANNA's CLOSE-UP FACE is virtually a MATCH CUT from ANASTASIA's portrait in previous SHOT. CAMERA TRUCKS SLOWLY BACK from ANNA holding a pillow to her chest and chin as she reclines, half-sitting, in her bed. She stares blankly. The shot becomes a FULL SHOT to include a heavy dumpling of a woman, FRAU TEUFEL, shuffling about the room arranging things. A Russian icon predominates. FRAU TEUFEL lights a new candle. Outside the window, a heavy night rain flashes with lightning and thunder.

MEDIUM ANNA AND TEUFEL

The low-angle candlelight makes TEUFEL's face evil.

Teufel: I know something, Anna...you have a secret.

Lightning flashes. TEUFEL crosses herself.

Teufel: I know something. I know your secret. I won't tell.

TEUFEL moves in close to ANNA.

Teufel: I know who you are.

ANNA seems not to hear.

Teufel: Anna! I said I know who you are.

Anna: I am nobody.

Teufel: A clever nobody.

Anna: I am Anna Eisenstein.

Teufel: *Ja.*

Anna: I am no more, no less.

Teufel: Your secret is safe with me.

Anna: Let me alone, Frau Teufel. Please.

Teufel: At night you cry out in your sleep.

Anna: No!

Teufel: You call for your father. You cry for your sisters and your brother.

Anna: No. Those are your dreams, Frau Teufel, not mine.

Teufel: ...but you never call for your mother.

Anna: My poor mother is dead. My father is dead. My family: all dead.

Teufel: Some there are, they say, who want you dead as well.

Anna: My father was a farmer. He died of hunger.

Teufel: Your father was Czar Nicholas II of Russia.

Anna: You read too many fairy tales.

CLOSE TEUFEL

Teufel: I read only the newspaper. You see. Here. A story by an American journalist. He too writes of rumors running rampant throughout Europe that one of the Czar's daughters, one of the Grand Duchesses, escaped the cellar at Ekaterinburg.

MEDIUM ANNA AND TEUFEL

Anna: Ffff! Everyone knows they all died that night...

Teufel: ...all except one...

Anna: ...and their bodies were cremated and their ashes scattered to the winds.

Teufel: Even the Reds whisper that Anastasia escaped...

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: They were shot and nothing was left.

CLOSE UP TEUFEL

Teufel: The American journalist says a Red guard named Eugenev noticed that the Grand Duchess Anastasia was not dead. He stole her away unconscious.

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: Romantic gossip.

MEDIUM ANNA AND TEUFEL

Teufel: Hear me, Duchess...

TEUFEL pulls at ANNA's shielding pillow.

Teufel: Anastasia's jaw was broken by a rifle butt.

Anna: No!

Teufel: Your jaw has been broken.

Anna: In a train accident in Poland.

Teufel: When?

Anna: Ten years ago.

Teufel: The year the Imperial Family was shot.

Anna: You're a crazy old woman. You scrub toilets in an asylum.

Teufel: I am Head Nurse of this section.

Anna: No one will believe anything you say.

CLOSE UP TEUFEL

Teufel: I say exactly what the American newspaperman says. The Grand Duchess Anastasia is alive and she is in hiding. She fears the Red Communists still wish her dead. The American thinks Anastasia hides in a German convent.

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: The Grand Duchess is not in a convent.

CLOSE UP TEUFEL

Teufel: No. She is like you in an asylum.

TIGHT CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: Anastasia is dead.

TIGHT CLOSE UP TEUFEL

Teufel: You are Anastasia.

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: You are Napoleon Bonaparte. Let me alone.

MEDIUM ANNA AND TEUFEL

Teufel: Anastasia's foot was stabbed by a bayonet.

TEUFEL pulls at the bed covers.

Teufel: Let me see your foot.

Anna: No!

Teufel: On rainy days, you limp. Why?

Anna: The train accident!

Teufel: No!

Anna: Don't touch me.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Teufel: Hear me, Duchess. Miss High and Mighty Grand Duchess. I'll do what I like. This is not old Russia. This is the new Germany. *Verstehst du?* This is a new day. Now you take this news clipping and read it. See, my Romanov sweet, how close the American journalist is on your trail.

Anna: Leave me.

Teufel: Leave you? Ah no. You need me. Now. And I need you.

Anna: You need me?

Teufel: You are my ticket away from this madhouse.

Anna: I am not the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

Teufel: Not now. But once you were. And you will be again.

There is much money...I have written to your relatives.

Anna: What relatives?

Teufel: Your uncle, the Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig. His sister, your aunt, the Grand Duchess Olga.

Anna: Those people are nothing to me!

CLOSE INSERT

NEWSPAPER ARTICLE displaying *New York Blade*

Teufel: (Voice Over) But you are everything to them. You are the sole living heir to all of Russia.

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

MEDIUM ANNA AND TEUFEL

Anna: No.

ANNA cries, buries her face in the pillow. TEUFEL turns smugly into camera and exits. SHOT HOLDS on the sobbing ANNA for three beats.

DISSOLVE

INT. SANITARIUM. ANNA'S ROOM—MORNING

FULL ANNA

ANNA sits in a rocker covered with a lap robe. She has been reading, and she sits in a glow of sunshine. Flowers are at the window. It is springtime in Berlin. FRAU TEUFEL enters. ANNA is startled from her pleasant reverie.

Teufel: A special morning, Duchess.

Anna: I told you. Do not call me that.

Teufel: There are some who remember you were once upon a time somebody very special.

Anna: Never. I am not special. From before my train accident there is little “special” I remember.

MEDIUM ANNA AND TEUFEL

TEUFEL begins to brush ANNA's hair. The girl does not resist.

Teufel: Your mother, the Czarina, was German. You have fled to the proper country.

Anna: Germany?

Teufel: Like you, we understand the political convenience of “amnesia.”

Anna: Sometimes it is better not to remember.

TEUFEL touches some rouge to ANNA's cheeks. ANNA flinches slightly.

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

Teufel: Your face is her face—grown up.

Anna: You paint on a mask.

Teufel: If you will not tell me, the hungry Romanovs will tell me who you are.

Anna: I am nobody.

Teufel: Nobody is nobody. Nobody disappears. Always someone knows. Someone passes in the street and says, “I remember her.”

Anna: I come from nowhere.

Teufel: The left-over Romanov relatives will remember who you are.

Anna: Be suspicious, Frau Teufel, very suspicious of anyone who “remembers” me.

INT. 1928 ROLLS ROYCE. BERLIN—DAY

MEDIUM TWO-SHOT OLGA AND LUDWIG

Driving to the Berlin sanitarium, the Grand Duchess OLGA, the Grand Duke ERNST LUDWIG, and the former Romanov governess KATHARINE are in close conversation as they are chauffeured.

Olga: Spare me more impostors pretending to be my dead nieces.

Ludwig: We must check every possibility.

Olga: They are dead, Ludwig. All dead and lucky.

Ludwig: But if only one of them, only one, is alive. Russia lives.

ANOTHER ANGLE INCLUDING KATHARINE

Olga: Speak to me no more of our Holy Russia. Now it is their Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Katharine, what does that mean?

KATHARINE smiles and shrugs.

Ludwig: If Frau Teufel’s girl is our niece, then Russians everywhere have hope. Anastasia can be crowned empress.

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

Olga: She can sit on an empty throne.

Ludwig: A restoration of the Romanov dynasty is our only hope.

CLOSE UP OLGA

Olga: Dynasties! I hope only for caviar that is black instead of red.

ANGLE SAME AS ABOVE

Ludwig: My dear sister, Olga, you have changed more than Russia.

Olga: I have met three false Tatianas, one ridiculous imitation of Maria, and two pathetic actresses playing my godchild, my dear dead Anastasia.

MEDIUM KATHARINE

Katharine: But, Excellency, what if the rumor is true?

ANGLE SAME AS ABOVE

Olga: The way the world is now, my dear, better we had all died in 1918. I spit on politics.

CLOSE UP KATHARINE

Katharine: I was her nurse, her governess. At night I lie awake, fearing Anya is alive. Alone. Helpless...

ANGLE SAME AS ABOVE. OLGA AND LUDWIG

Katharine: (Voice Over) ...Afraid for her very life.

LUDWIG turns to OLGA who stares stoically ahead. They ride in silence three beats.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SANITARIUM DRIVE AND PORTICO—DAY

HIGH-ANGLE SHOT PANS entering Rolls Royce

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

OLGA, LUDWIG, and KATHARINE exit the car and enter the sanitarium doors.

INT. SANITARIUM ENTRY—DAY

Teufel: Your Excellency! Madame! Miss! Welcome to our little hospital. You will not regret my letter. I am Frau Teufel.

Olga: (To KATHARINE) Ask the woman to show us the girl.

Teufel: Anna awaits you.

Olga: No doubt with bated breath.

Teufel: Not very anxiously, I'm afraid.

Olga: Every cheap little actress so far has champed at the bit to prove to me she is my niece the Grand Duchess.

Teufel: Your niece's health is not the best.

Olga: Do not presume she is my niece.

Teufel: You will recognize her as I did.

Katharine: Ten years is a long time.

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING OLGA

Olga: Wait.

Katharine: Madame?

Ludwig: Olga, not another game?

Olga: You, Katharine, must wear my coat and muff and hat.

Katharine: Yes, Madame.

Olga: And I shall wear yours. We shall fool this cheap little tart in her own charade. She will confuse the Governess Katharine for her aunt the Imperial Grand Duchess Olga.

Katharine: (Embarrassed) Yes, Madame.

Olga: We shall expose her in record time.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Teufel: I think Madame will be pleasantly surprised. This way, please.

INT. SANITARIUM HALLWAY—DAY

A TRUCKING SHOT of OLGA, LUDWIG and

KATHARINE led by TEUFEL
moves down the shadowed hall

Half-mad PATIENTS stand in the corners, sit on chairs,
stare vacantly. OLGA pulls KATHARINE's coat tightly
about herself. TEUFEL knocks on Anna's door, but does
not wait for an answer. They enter.

INT. SANITARIUM. ANNA'S ROOM—DAY

MEDIUM ANNA
FEATURING TEUFEL, OLGA, LUDWIG

ANNA faces indifferently out the window, backed by
LUDWIG.

Teufel: Anna, your visitors are here.

Anna: They are your visitors, Frau Teufel. They are your clients.

Teufel: Say "hello," Anna.

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: (Turning, her delivery is flat, by rote) My name is Anna
Eisenstein.

MEDIUM OLGA AND LUDWIG
FEATURING ANNA

Ludwig: How do you do? I am the Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig.
And this...

Anna: ...is the Grand Duchess Olga.

Olga: I am the Imperial Governess Katharine.

Anna: Madame is mistaken.

Ludwig: The girl is no fool.

Anna: I remember Madame's face.

Olga: You remember.

Anna: From news photos.

Olga: The Imperial Family interests you?

Anna: History is my hobby. Certain history.

Olga: Who are you?

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: (Extremely by rote) My father's name was Josef Chernov. He starved to death in the Ukraine in 1917. I married Alex Eisenstein at Sverdlosk in 1920. My husband was killed in the train accident that broke my jaw. I have no family...

TIGHT CLOSE UP TEUFEL

Teufel: Anna!

TIGHT CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: ...I have no family. My mother died when I was born.

MEDIUM OLGA, LUDWIG, AND TEUFEL

Olga: Your "Grand Duchess," Frau Teufel, is not so very grand. She needs more rehearsal.

Teufel: Please, Anna.

Olga: She has, it seems, learned the wrong part.

Ludwig: The girl is obviously frightened.

Olga: Old men are sentimental old fools around young girls.

MEDIUM KATHARINE

Katharine: Madame, she needs a chance.

MEDIUM TWO-SHOT OLGA AND ANNA

Olga: I'll give her a chance.

OLGA cups ANNA's chin in her hand.

Olga: Look at me, girl. Where was the Imperial Winter Palace?

Anna: I don't know.

Olga: Everyone knows.

Anna: At Tsarskoe Selo.

Olga: And the Imperial Summer Retreat?

Anna: You're hurting me.... They summered at Lavadia on the Black Sea.

Olga: Certainly.

Anna: Everyone knows that.

Olga: Now tell me you are not the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

CLOSE UP TEUFEL

Teufel: (Threatening) Anna!

MEDIUM TWO-SHOT OLGA AND ANNA AS ABOVE

Anna: I am not, I am certainly not, the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

OLGA releases ANNA's chin. OLGA wipes her hands.

Olga: Of course not. Teufel gives you too much powder. Too much rouge.

MEDIUM OLGA AND ANNA FEATURING LUDWIG

Olga: (To LUDWIG) I'll not call anyone here an old fool. Are you satisfied? My instincts were right. A woman can always read...another woman.

Anna: Please, go.

Olga: Come, Ernst Ludwig. Katharine. Let us leave this madhouse. Let us leave Frau Teufel and her rouged little puppet.

OLGA turns on her heel and sweeps grandly out.

MEDIUM TWO-SHOT LUDWIG AND ANNA

Ludwig: ...And when was the last time that Anastasia saw me, her uncle, Ernst Ludwig?

Anna: Some say, Excellency, in 1916 when you entered the back door of the palace in St. Petersburg to effect a separate peace between Germany and Russia.

Ludwig: Only a fool would accuse me of such treason.

Anna: I'm a fool. A fool for everyone.

Ludwig: In Russia! During the war! No, no, no! I was never there. Do you understand? Never there.

Anna: So...you want me to remember...what you want me to remember.

LUDWIG bows curtly and exits.

CLOSE UP KATHARINE AND ANNA

KATHARINE tentatively reaches out toward ANNA, but instead pulls her gesture back to touch her own face. ANNA turns away. Rain has begun to streak the window. KATHARINE exits.

TIGHT CLOSE UP TEUFEL

Teufel: I should turn you out to the streets.

MEDIUM ANNA AND TEUFEL

ANNA leans into her own rainy reflections at the window.

Anna: Leave me. Leave me.

Teufel: My ugly duckling. My ugly, ugly ducking. I'll turn you yet into a swan.

FADE OUT

ACT III

FADE IN

INT. RUSSIAN GYPSY CAFE. BERLIN—NIGHT

SOUND

Gypsy music, up, then under

CLOSE SHOT TEUFEL's

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

face pulls back
MEDIUM SHOT

TEUFEL sits at lined table elegantly smoking a cigarette, European-style, and sipping a small coffee. Activity and atmosphere people fill the set. American reporter JOHN WILSON enters.

Wilson: Frau Teufel?

Teufel: (Ever the coquette) *Mein Herr.*

Wilson: John Wilson of the *New York Blade*.

Teufel: Such an eager Mr. Wilson. Americans are always eager where money is concerned.

Wilson: You write a persuasive letter.

Teufel: My letter was accurate.

Wilson: The Grand Duchess may be the Woman of the Century.

Teufel: Her whereabouts is very valuable to your newspaper?

Wilson: The Duchess is a good human-interest story. A young girl. Exile. Assassination. Lost identity.

Teufel: A melodrama.

Wilson: A fairytale.

Teufel: The Duchess sells newspapers.

Wilson: Frau Teufel, you deliver her to me. You deliver half what your letter promised, and I guarantee your picture on the cover of our Sunday supplement.

Teufel: You perhaps flatter all women, Mr. Wilson. Spare me. I am a faceless nobody.

WILSON makes no comment. A WAITER saves the dead moment between them by serving him a coffee and TEUFEL a pastry.

Teufel: All that concerns me is my dear Anna. I must protect her. She is very valuable to me.

Wilson: Returning her true identity will be her best protection.

Teufel: The Red Communists wish her dead.

Wilson: She will be safe in Paris or London. She may be in exile. But she can enjoy even exile in New York.

Teufel: The Communists have a price on her head.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Wilson: I suspect you shopped around.

Teufel: Her relatives quarrel over her. One says “She is” in private, then in public says “She isn’t.” There is pressure.

Wilson: There is money.

Teufel: A fortune.

Wilson: Rumors of a million dollars in the Bank of England.

Teufel: A million! Ha! Several million, Mr. Wilson. Her father, Czar Nicholas, deposited several million in various banks under code names only his children knew.

Wilson: And this girl knows the names.

Teufel: Anna knows.

Wilson: Anna?

Teufel: She calls herself Anna.

CLOSE WILSON

Wilson: And what, Frau Teufel, do you call yourself?

CLOSE TEUFEL

Teufel: I am the protector of the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

MEDIUM TEUFEL WITH WILSON FEATURED

Wilson: How valuable is your protection?

Teufel: Your *New York Blade* is very wealthy.

Wilson: How much?

Teufel: Understand, Mr. Wilson, I am a business-woman.

Wilson: You are in the “Duchess Business.”

Teufel: Precisely. I have only one piece of merchandise.

Wilson: What’s she worth on the open market?

Teufel: Ten thousand American dollars.

Wilson: Eight.

Teufel: Nine.

Wilson: Sold. Two thousand on delivery. Seven thousand on verification.

MEDIUM TEUFEL

TEUFEL knifes through a rich pastry.

Teufel: Slice it as you wish, Mr. Wilson of the *New York Blade*.
But you will slice it with my name on it. Nine thousand
American dollars from you or forty thousand Russian rubles
from the Reds...

TEUFEL bites into the pastry.

Teufel: ...Anna is merchandise to me.

MEDIUM WILSON

Wilson: There is a name for women like you, Teufel.

MEDIUM TEUFEL

Teufel: And for men like you, Wilson...

TEUFEL wipes her lips.

Teufel: ...You know my business. We needn't name it.

MEDIUM TWO-SHOT TEUFEL AND WILSON

Wilson: When will I see this Anna?

Teufel: Tomorrow afternoon at 2, I will escort the Duchess to
the Kino Cinema. You may observe her there.

Wilson: No good, Teufel. More than see her. For nine thousand,
I talk to her.

Teufel: She is afraid of strangers. She knows people wish to kill
her.

Wilson: After the movie, bring her here. You and I shall pretend,
Teufel, that we are old friends.

Teufel: (Amused) Revolutions and money make strange bed-
fellows, Wilson.

Wilson: In America, we say, when you lie down with dogs, you...

Teufel: (Nonplused) We also have that saying in Germany.

Wilson: Yeah. *Ja. Ja Wohl! Touche!*

Teufel: Because of Anna, Wilson, we shall both be able to afford fumigation.

Wilson: You're a tough old doll.

CLOSE UP TEUFEL

Teufel: Armies have marched over me.

CLOSE UP WILSON

Wilson: I couldn't have stated the obvious better.

CLOSE UP TEUFEL

Teufel: I intend to survive, Wilson. This is Berlin, 1928, and I am a common woman. I am not like the frightened, coddled woman you seek. A woman left over from a world of royalty dead and gone. I take my life into my hands. Red blood, not blue, runs in my veins. Long after the world has forgotten there ever were Grand Duchesses, women like me will survive.

MEDIUM WILSON AND TEUFEL

TEUFEL rises, smiling, self-satisfied.

Teufel: Good-night, Wilson.

TEUFEL exits.

SHOT SLOWLY TRUCKS INTO
TIGHT CLOSE UP of a reflecting WILSON

DISSOLVE

INT. KINO MOVIE THEATER—DAY

MEDIUM ANNA AND TEUFEL

ANNA and TEUFEL are discovered watching a film. Light from the projector triangles down through the darkness over their heads. Behind them an anonymous

MOVIE-GOER sits intent on the newsreel. The NEWS-REEL FOOTAGE screened is of Soviet tanks; Lenin speaking; labor collectives; glorified Revolutionaries.

MEDIUM
holds on ANNA and TEUFEL

Footage Voice Over: “The new Soviet regime, productive, political, on the march...”

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

Marching Soviet troops, tanks.

NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

A quick cut to St. Petersburg. The Russian Royal family, featuring the children, climb into an Imperial Coach, proceeding through crowds. A longshot of the Czar and Czarina waving from a distant white balcony.

Footage Voice Over: “...a far-cry from the long-exiled Romanov dynasty ended ten years ago with the death of Czar Nicholas II...”

MEDIUM ANNA, TEUFEL, MOVIE-GOER

Anna: Am I supposed to enjoy this?

Teufel: Sit quietly.

Anna: Is this another of your tests to see how I react?

Teufel: Quiet.

Anna: I wish to leave.

Teufel: People are watching.

Footage Voice Over: “...The Soviet military might is matched by its political force...At home in Moscow or exiled to Europe, millions of Russians publicly cheer the Soviets and secretly fear the power of the NKVD, the dreaded Russian Secret Police...”

ANNA turns her profile. The SHOT PANS slightly with

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

her turn losing TEUFEL completely. The MEDIUM SHOT then loses focus on ANNA and deep-focuses, as if from ANNA's P.O.V. over her shoulder to rest momentarily on JOHN WILSON smoking nonchalantly in his seat.

The SHOT focuses deeper, past WILSON, catches briefly the face of MALENKOV of the NKVD, dismisses him as negligible, and PULLS focus BACK past WILSON, stopping again only briefly, PULLING BACK to OPENING FOCUS on ANNA. She turns full face back into SHOT that simultaneously PANS BACK to original MEDIUM SHOT of ANNA, TEUFEL, and MOVIE-GOER.

Teufel: You disturb the audience.

Anna: Then I shall leave.

Teufel: You will sit. The cinema relaxes your nerves.

Anna: You are a cruel woman.

Teufel: You are a foolish girl.

Movie-Goer: Shhh!

Anna: I want to go.

Teufel: You are impossible...you are ever the Duchess.

ANNA and TEUFEL rise and exit up aisle.

ANOTHER ANGLE

ANNA and TEUFEL exit past WILSON.

SHOT HOLDS on WILSON

ANOTHER ANGLE PARALLEL TO ABOVE

ANNA and TEUFEL exit past MALENKOV. SHOT HOLDS on the NKVD face of MALENKOV with the light from the screen reflecting on his fat features.

DISSOLVE

INT. RUSSIAN GYPSY CAFE. BERLIN—DAY

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

FULL ANNA AND TEUFEL

ANNA and TEUFEL order under the noise.

SOUND

Cafe music and hubbub drown all voices

WILSON enters, sits, and orders.

MEDIUM ANNA AND TEUFEL

Anna: Who is that man?

Teufel: All men are the same.

Anna: The American who is following us.

Teufel: I can't see him without my glasses.

Anna: Perhaps you know him. He is smiling.

Teufel: Then smile back.

Anna: He is coming to our table. I want to go.

Teufel: "I want! I want!" You are as spoiled as any Romanov.

MEDIUM WILSON—ANNA'S P.O.V.

Wilson: Excuse me. Frau Teufel. Can it be, dear Frau Ilsa Teufel!

MEDIUM ANNA FEATURED
BETWEEN TEUFEL AND WILSON

Teufel: *Gott in Himmel!* Wilson! What a pleasure... It is John Wilson! Such a long time.

Wilson: Since the year after the Great War.

Teufel: Oh...how looong!

Anna: Oh, how touching.

Teufel: Frau Anna Eisenstein, Mr. John Wilson.

Anna: Frau Teufel corresponds these days with so many "old" friends.

Wilson: A few French postcards back and forth...Yes.

Anna: Frau Teufel writes most revealing letters.

Wilson: Revealing?

CLOSE ANNA

Anna: You know the word, Mr. Wilson. I am not stupid. You know words very well, I think, Mr. John Wilson of the *New York Blade*...

Teufel: (Voice Over) Anna!

Anna: ...Mr. John Wilson, reporter, who hounds innocent people. I may be silent, Frau Teufel, but I am not slow. That American newsclipping you showed me weeks ago. The correspondent's name was—no surprise—John Wilson.

MEDIUM TWO-SHOT ANNA AND WILSON

Wilson: You disliked my article?

Anna: A reporter who pays for fact, Mr. Wilson, buys fiction.

Wilson: Your girl is sharp, Frau Teufel.

Teufel: Sharp-tongued!

Anna: I must protect my...

Wilson: ...self...

Anna: ...privacy. I am a very private person.

Wilson: You were once a very public person.

ANOTHER ANGLE INCLUDING TEUFEL

Anna: Pfff! Teufel here has sold you her obsession. She is mad, you know. She should not be the keeper of a madhouse. She should be kept. She fancies I am the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

Teufel: You are Anastasia.

Wilson: Aren't you?

CLOSE ANNA

Anna: I am no more than myself. Poor Anastasia died with her family. I have great sympathy for that poor girl. They were all shot...Everyone knows that.

CLOSE WILSON

Wilson: I don't know that.

CLOSE ANNA

Anna: Mr. Wilson, people never want the rulers they admire, the heroes they adore, ever to die. I have read that in America rumors abound of soldiers and presidents, who have not really been killed, but who have gone into hiding. Even actors. Your Valentino.

MEDIUM ANNA, WILSON, FEATURING TEUFEL

Teufel: Nonsense!

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: Even Jesus, as long ago as Jesus. He was not left for dead. Mary Magdalene saw Him alive. The Apostles saw Him alive. Today most of Europe, most of America, believes Jesus is not dead. They believe in Easter. They believe He rose again.

MEDIUM ANNA, WILSON, AND TEUFEL

Teufel: And her very name...

Anna: ...not my name...

Teufel: ... Anastasia's name. Anastasia's name means in English: The Woman Who Stands Again.

Wilson: Anastasia: The Woman Who Rose Again.

INSERT SHOT FROM RUSSIAN CELLAR
CLOSE ANASTASIA SLOW MOTION

In the cellar, bloodied, ANASTASIA rises.

Insert duration: fast enough to be the observable side of subliminal.

CLOSE TEUFEL

Teufel: The woman who rose again. Indeed!

CLOSE ANNA

Anna: Blasphemy! She was not Jesus. (ANNA crosses herself)

MEDIUM ANNA, WILSON, AND TEUFEL

Teufel: The Resurrection of the Duchess. That is your angle, Wilson. A Princess who would not die.

Anna: An angle on a lie. I am an expert on lies.

Wilson: I'm an expert on deceitful women.

Anna: Men never believe women anyway.

Wilson: Not since Eve taught Adam better. Nice try, Teufel. Find yourself a new Cinderella. (To ANNA) You're a pretty girl...

Anna: ...for me "pretty" is nothing.

CLOSE TEUFEL

Teufel: Anna lies. Of course, she lies. She lies about lies. WILSON!

TIGHT TWO-SHOT ANNA AND WILSON

Wilson: Then I'll ask her once and for all. Are you Anastasia?

Anna: (By rote) I am Anna Eisenstein. My father's name was Josef Chernov. He starved to death in 1917. I married Alex Eisenstein at Sverdlosk. I have no family.

MEDIUM ANNA, WILSON, FEATURING TEUFEL

Teufel: Lies! Liar! Lies!

TEUFEL strikes ANNA with a finger slap.

Wilson: Hold it!

Anna: (Crying) I am Anna Eisenstein.

Wilson: Maybe, sweetheart. It makes no difference who you are. Maybe the better story is about Anna Eisenstein.

Teufel: You make a fool of me.

Anna: You were a fool long before I was born.

ANNA exits.

MEDIUM TWO-SHOT WILSON AND TEUFEL

Wilson: Sorry, Old Girl. I think the bottom just fell out of the

Duchess business.

EXT. BERLIN GARDEN CAFE—DAY

MEDIUM LUDWIG AND ANNA.

ANNA unwraps a small package at the table.

Ludwig: My thanks for your coming.

Anna: A cross, Your Excellency. It is so very lovely.

Ludwig: Olga thinks me foolish.

Anna: Not foolish. Your note spoke with the kindness I needed.

Ludwig: You are easy to be kind to.

Anna: The cross was Anastasia's?

Ludwig: Once Anya lived in Peterhof Castle.

CLOSE ANNA

Anna: I have read Lenin. To the Revolutionaries she was a prop
in a royal play.

MEDIUM ANNA AND LUDWIG

Ludwig: The girl was real. She was warm.

Anna: So much...you miss her?

Ludwig: I miss them all.

Anna: The world has changed.

Ludwig: So Olga says.

Anna: She might at least rent a castle in Spain.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ludwig: Anna?

Anna: Excellency?

Ludwig: Secretly. Trust in an old uncle who longs for his niece,
for his past. Say you are Anastasia.

Anna: Please, Your Excellency.

Ludwig: Anya!

Anna: The person I am is Anna Eisenstein.

Ludwig: Anya, my heart—for all of Russia—hears otherwise.

Anna: I am not...

CLOSE LUDWIG

Ludwig: No. Please. If for you, you must now be Anna Eisenstein, then be Anna Eisenstein.

CLOSE ANNA

Anna: I am not...

CLOSE LUDWIG

Ludwig: But for me, at least do not say you were never Anastasia.

MEDIUM ANNA AND LUDWIG

ANNA tries kindly to leaven the situation.

Anna: Excellency, who I am is easy to say. Who I have never been, ah, that is a list longer than the Berlin telephone directory.

Ludwig: (Smiles) You have reason to trust no one.

Anna: Thank you.

Ludwig: One day yet, Anna Eisenstein, I shall raise you from the underground and prove you and the Grand Duchess Olga royally wrong. She has bet me 10,000 Deutsche marks.

Anna: (Smiles) I am sorry you will lose.

INT. LUDWIG'S GRAND HOTEL SUITE—NIGHT

CLOSE BORODIN REVEALING OLGA

CLOSE SHOT of the jewel-encrusted hand of a male Russian aristocrat, BORODIN, who feeds caviar on a cracker to a hyper-groomed poodle. The dog eats a lick. BORODIN raises the cracker to his own face as the SHOT PULLS BACK. He nibbles and returns the rest to the dog. OLGA, ever the Dowager Grand Duchess, sits

opposite him. They are in the midst of a SMALL PRESS RECEPTION.

Olga: Caviar for the dog?

Borodin: The animal, Olga, has no way of knowing the Great Days are gone.

Olga: But not forgotten.

Borodin: (Baiting OLGA) And perhaps soon revived. A restoration. A return of the Romanovs.

Olga: Nonsense, Borodin.

Borodin: Ernst Ludwig believes he has found her.

Olga: Ernst Ludwig grasps at straws. The way he caters to these foreign reporters...

ANOTHER ANGLE REVEALING
THE THREE REPORTERS
WILSON, ROBERTS, AND LORRE

Roberts: My London editor thinks this new girl an equal fraud.

Lorre: Frankly, so do I.

Roberts: In the last six months, I've interviewed three Tatiana's, one Maria, and a dwarf Czarevitch Alexis.

Lorre: *Ja*. Imagine a dwarf Czarevitch!

Roberts: Sounds economical. He could be his own court jester...

SHOT catches WAITER with tray and PANS with him from REPORTERS as he offers tray to BORODIN and OLGA.

Borodin: ...But what of the Russian throne? What if poor little Anastasia survives alone. Penniless. Terrified.

Olga: I have no more politics. And no more pity.

Borodin: Think of the money Anastasia may claim in the Bank of England.

Olga: Mere rumor! Nicholas had no secret accounts. I would have known.

Borodin: Ah, yes.

Olga: Believe me, if Anastasia had the good fortune to survive,

she'd have the good sense to keep her fortune to herself.

Borodin: Certainly the Grand Duchess Anastasia, when restored, will set up a court in exile.

Olga: So the likes of you can stuff your dogs with caviar? Never!

Borodin: I was an Imperial Officer.

Olga: You were ever impotent, Borodin... Where were you "officers" when the Imperial Family needed rescue? I would not give you a ruble.

BORODIN rises in a huff, tucks his poodle under his arm, and pushes off. The SHOT FOLLOWS him and HOLDS, as he exits out of shot, on the three REPORTERS.

Roberts: (About BORODIN) That is certainly the "end of the line."

Lorre: That man hopes against hope. He has called my newspaper already with two false Anastasias.

Wilson: Even if she survived the shooting, no self-respecting Anastasia could survive this circus.

Roberts: Of those two Anastasias, one was a venereal chambermaid from the Berlin Hotel...

Lorre: ...and the other a lunatic woman from a Bavarian mental ward. Cuckoo.

Roberts: ..."Survive the shooting," Old Man? No one survived the shooting.

Wilson: You miss the point.

Roberts: The point?

Wilson: All accounts agree. All the witnesses agree: Anastasia was not killed in the first volley of shots. She stood up. She rose up among all the bodies of her dying family.

Roberts: But the Chekas clubbed her down again.

Lorre: They bayoneted her right foot.

Wilson: Provable points on any claimant. The chin. The foot. Evidence.

Lorre: Europe is full of wounded people.

Roberts: The entire family of Czar Nicholas Romanov is dead.

Wilson: Then why are you here?

ANOTHER ANGLE ROBERTS AND LORRE
FEATURING WILSON

Roberts: To sell newspapers, Old Boy.

Wilson: So you resurrect Anastasia. Why not the little boy, the little Czarevitch? Why not the direct male heir?

Roberts: My dear Wilson, the Czarevitch Alexis was already at the age of 12 an incurable hemophiliac.

Lorre: He was a bleeder.

Wilson: ...The slightest cut...

Lorre: Hemophiliacs do not survive beatings, shootings, stab-bings.

Wilson: (Dripping irony) You're a delightful little man... But why, Roberts, resurrect Anastasia?

Roberts: Because she was young and pretty. She was only 17 the night of the murders.

Lorre: Death at such an early age is romantic.

Wilson: Romantic?

Roberts: Quite romantic...Quite.

Lorre: ...and her story sells newspapers.

Wilson: Quite.

MEDIUM LUDWIG, OLGA, KATHARINE

LUDWIG makes an entrance escorting OLGA. KATHARINE is two steps behind.

Ludwig: My dear friends. Gentlemen of the Press. My only announcement at this, our monthly official reception in exile, is that we are near, very near, to finding and presenting my niece, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, heiress to all of Russia.

Wilson: Quite.

MEDIUM WILSON FEATURING MALENKOV

Over WILSON'S shoulder, NKVD AGENT, MALENKOV, discovered standing in the doorway, toasts LUDWIG'S announcement with a glass of blood-red wine.

MALENKOV smiles.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT IV

FADE IN

INT. HOTEL ODEON LOBBY—NIGHT

FULL ESTABLISHING
FEATURING WILSON, CLERK, AND MALENKOV

Outside, through the lobby windows, it is raining. WILSON is seen through the window approaching the modest hotel. He enters through door shaking rain from himself in front of a brass plate reading HOTEL ODEON. WILSON crosses the small lobby. A large man, MALENKOV, has his back to WILSON and to the CAMERA as he stands at the registration desk. MALENKOV is completing his transaction.

Clerk: Thank you, Mr. Malenkov. *Danke schön.*

MALENKOV turns into CAMERA and WILSON who pays him no heed. MALENKOV steps into foreground. WILSON glances at MALENKOV who stares back.

MEDIUM WILSON FEATURING MALENKOV

Wilson: The room number of Frau Anna Eisenstein, *bitte.*
(MALENKOV smiles and exits)

Clerk: 203, sir.

INT. HOTEL ODEON LOBBY
FEATURING STAIRS—NIGHT

MEDIUM STAIRWELL WILSON

WILSON climbs to room 203. Knocks. ANNA answers through the door.

Anna: Who is it?

Wilson: John Wilson.

Anna: Go away, Mr. Wilson.

Wilson: I want to talk with you.

Anna: We have nothing to say to each other.

Wilson: Listen, sister, I want to make a deal. (Silence: two beats)
You know what a deal is. (The door opens part way)

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: How did you find me?

CLOSE WILSON

Wilson: I read Frau Teufel's palm. It said "money."

CLOSE ANNA AND WILSON

Anna: For money she told you where I am?

Wilson: For money she'd give you a permanent vacation in
Moscow.

Anna: (Opening door) Come in, Mr. Wilson...

INT. HOTEL ODEON. ANNA'S ROOM—NIGHT

MEDIUM ANNA AND WILSON

Wilson: I believe you're telling the truth.

Anna: What is the truth?

Wilson: You're just a nice kid. You're not Anastasia.

Anna: Thank you, Mr. Wilson.

Wilson: But all the right and all the wrong people insist you are.
Why?

Anna: They wish to use the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

Wilson: Use?

Anna: Come, Mr. Wilson. You understand *use*. American reporters use everyone, everything.

Wilson: Hold it, Duchess.

Anna: Why do you still call me “Duchess”?

Wilson: Maybe it’s habit.

Anna: Habits can be changed.

CLOSE WILSON

Wilson: Maybe if I closed my eyes and believed very hard, I could take you for Anastasia. I’ve studied the royal pictures. Your nose. Your ears. They resemble her nose. Her ears.

CLOSE ANNA

Anna: But my chin is different.

CLOSE WILSON

Wilson: (Almost tenderly with a touch of romance) Broken, you say. Like hers. And your eyes....

CLOSE ANNA

Anna: Yes? My eyes?

MEDIUM ANNA AND WILSON

Wilson: Your eyes say more than your lips. They hide secrets.

Anna: You become too personal, Mr. Wilson. I have led a sad life. Like many Europeans since the Great War. No better, no worse than most. (She lights a cigarette nervously) I smoke too much. Do you smoke too much, Mr. Wilson?

Wilson: Everyone in Europe smokes too much.

Anna: We are a very nervous continent...What is it you want, Mr. Wilson? What is your deal for me? To be Anastasia or not to be Anastasia? That is the question. Will you offer me more than Ernst Ludwig to play the Duchess? Or will you offer me more than his sister Olga to not play the Duchess? They play against each other. Life is a stupid chess game.

Wilson: Either way you can be a rich woman.

CLOSE ANNA

Anna: I am a dead woman.

Wilson: Dead?

Anna: I am followed everywhere by the Soviet Secret Police.

MEDIUM ANNA AND WILSON

Wilson: The NKVD?

Anna: At first I thought my imagination tricked me. The Soviets are everywhere. They want no Anastasia rising from the grave. They want no Duchess around whom the Russian royalists can rally. The Soviets especially fear an imposter Anastasia. She would be a Romanov puppet! Impossible to control.

Wilson: So your game turns dangerous.

Anna: Not my game. I am in danger no matter what I do because of what others wish to believe about me. Belief is always stronger than fact.

Wilson: What are the facts?

Anna: People, certain people, make me very nervous, Mr. Wilson.

Wilson: You have been ill.

Anna: ...and I have been reading. A novel from America...

Wilson: In America we read Russian novels.

Anna: ...a novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne. *The Scarlet Letter*. A story of a marked woman. She suffers because others make her into something she's not.

Wilson: It's about the sin of adultery.

CLOSE ANNA

Anna: No. It's about a sin called the violation of the human heart.

MEDIUM ANNA AND WILSON

Wilson: The violation of the human heart?

Anna: Use, Mr. Wilson. Using another person to get what you

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

want. That's the greatest sin of all.

Wilson: I'm not much on God.

CLOSE ANNA

Anna: I am glad Anastasia is dead. I have read and studied about her. I think I would have liked her. I would not like to think that so simple a young girl should have to suffer so much, be shot, and rescued by a soldier named Eugenev, and then used by her own relatives and hated ten years after by her father's enemies. Because of adventurous reporters like you, Mr. Wilson, her ghost cannot rest.

MEDIUM ANNA AND WILSON

Wilson: Anastasia possesses you?

Anna: (Laughs) No, Mr. Wilson. I need no exorcism. The world, perhaps, needs an exorcism. I need only sleep and safety.

Wilson: Then leave Berlin.

Anna: I have no money.

Wilson: I will pay you for your story.

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: Which story?

CLOSE UP WILSON

Wilson: That you are truly Anna Eisenstein whom the Russian exiles wish to turn into the Grand Duchess Anastasia. (ANNA laughs) Why do you laugh?

MEDIUM ANNA AND WILSON

Anna: Because, Mr. Wilson, you reduce my life to an operetta. You make my life into a silly American musical comedy.

Wilson: Either way, I will give you money. I will see you safely out of Germany. Tonight.

Anna: Not tonight.

Wilson: Then tomorrow.

Anna: Not tomorrow.

Wilson: You are afraid for your life, but you will not leave Berlin.

Anna: The Soviets are in no rush to kill me. They are not fools, even though they are Communists. They toy with me. They play cat-and-mouse with Ernst Ludwig. All these people—these Europeans, these Russians—they love to play politics with people's lives, Mr. Wilson. They love the chase.

Wilson: Will you sell me your story?

Anna: You are charitable, Mr. Wilson. But my story will not make interesting reading.

Wilson: Why not?

CLOSE ANNA

Anna: Because it has no ending.

CLOSE WILSON

Wilson: No ending?

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: Not yet.

MEDIUM ANNA AND WILSON

Wilson: But with your own lips you have said you are not Anastasia.

Anna: And my lips repeat that. My body gives contrary evidence.

Wilson: Your body?

FULL ANNA AND WILSON

Anna: My chin has been broken like hers. (ANNA sits) And look, Mr. Wilson, if you will, as I remove my slipper. She would not remove her slipper for anyone. Look! My right foot has been pierced.

Wilson: Anastasia's foot was pierced by a bayonet.

Anna: My lips say my foot was pierced by a metal slat in the

same train accident that broke my jaw. You see, my story is too contradictory for your paper to buy. My body testifies against my lips.

CLOSE UP WILSON

Wilson: Who are you?

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: I am a chess piece.

CLOSE WILSON

Wilson: You are a woman.

MEDIUM ANNA AND WILSON

Anna: Don't be tiresome, Mr. Wilson. You will please leave now.
I am not feeling myself.

Wilson: Think about my offer.

Anna: I will consider your...deal.

Wilson: Tomorrow I'll call.

Anna: Goodnight, Mr. Wilson.

Wilson: Promise me one thing.

Anna: Yes?

Wilson: Promise me you will not leave this room.

Anna: Single rooms make me nervous. This room makes me claustrophobic.

Wilson: For your own safety, promise me.

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: Perhaps I promise. Good-night, Mr. Wilson.

FULL ANNA AND WILSON

WILSON leaves ANNA alone in the room. ANNA crosses to window, pulls curtain to watch WILSON depart through separate pools of streetlight. ANNA drops curtain

back. She crosses herself in front of an icon. A tremor runs through her body.

SOUND

Faraway the MAIN THEME music
FLOATS FROM A CAFE

MEDIUM ANNA

The curtain at the window rises and falls. The candle before the icon flickers and gutters out. ANNA walks to the table and spills a large quantity of pills across the wood. She pours a glass of water and takes two pills, contemplates and takes two more. She pulls on her coat and slips a careless handful of remaining pills into her pocket and exits.

INT. HOTEL ODEON LOBBY
FEATURING STAIRS—NIGHT

MEDIUM ANNA

ANNA descends the worn but clean stairs of the HOTEL ODEON and exits the lobby into the night.

EXT. BERLIN STREET
LANDWEHR CANAL—NIGHT

LONG SHOT

The night is foggy. ANNA bears a trace of her limp. She walks along the LANDWEHR CANAL. The fog is melancholic. At the water's edge, ANNA stands meditatively. She stares into the water as lights from across the canal reflect.

DISSOLVE INSERT

Over the water shot, MONTAGE appears of happier royal moments which build to a nightmare pitch.

1. CLOSE ANASTASIA's joyous young face; she runs, unlimping, down a flight of stairs.
2. CLOSE UP NICHOLAS' face turning into camera and smiling.
3. DISSOLVE to NICHOLAS' face in the Royal Photograph.
4. SOUND of young Grand Duchesses laughing in echo mixed with the sound of a long-forgotten Imperial Orchestra playing discordantly a familiar and sentimental Russian melody in a minor key.
5. SOUND: a harsh chord.
6. NEWSREEL FOOTAGE from the cinema as seen before.
7. CLOSE UP KARKOV'S face.
8. CLOSE UP ALEXANDRA standing up.

Alexandra: My sweet Jesus!

9. SOUND of gunshots
10. CLOSE UP ANASTASIA

Anastasia: Eugenev!

11. FULL of lonely peasant wagon cutting across the horizon.
12. CLOSE UP ANASTASIA lying unmoving under rags in wagon.
13. MEDIUM EUGENEV turns from driver's seat to look down at her. (Is the handsome young guard hauling her dead body to the secret burial site or is he making good

her escape?)

14. MEDIUM NICHOLAS sitting in cellar chair holding ALEXIS.

Anastasia: (Voice Over) Father!

DISSOLVE

EXT. BERLIN STREET
LANDWEHR CANAL—NIGHT

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: LEAVE ME ALONE!

(Here the tension must build with some ambiguity toward a possible plunge into the canal)

Anna: I...am...not...you. Leave me alone! You will not...possess...me. Leave me. I am not you. Not you!

LONG ANNA

ANNA collapses toward the water, and falls to the edge of the canal.

MEDIUM ANNA REVEALING MALENKOV

Next to ANNA's face, her hand hangs in the murky canal. A pair of Soviet shoes steps in next to her face. A cigarette hits the cobbles and is ground out. Camera pans slowly up the heavy suited body of MALENKOV. He smiles enigmatically.

CUT TO

ACT V

EXT. BERLIN STREET LANDWEHR CANAL—NIGHT

MEDIUM TWO-SHOT ANNA AND MALENKOV

MALENKOV stoops, kneels next to ANNA's body, and rummages through ANNA's pockets. The pills spill out. He pulls her papers and flips through the booklet.

CLOSE UP INSERT ANNA'S PAPERS

ANNA's papers reveal an official photo and her name: ANNA EISENSTEIN.

MEDIUM TWO-SHOT ANNA AND MALENKOV

MALENKOV shrugs. ANNA moans. He begins to roll the unconscious girl over the lip of the canal. A voice calls out.

FULL ANNA, MALENKOV, GUNTHER, MONIKA

A young man, GUNTHER, and a young woman, MONIKA, bicycle up. MALENKOV drops ANNA's papers. GUNTHER and MONIKA dismount. MONIKA kneels next to ANNA. GUNTHER faces the rising MALENKOV.

CLOSE UP GUNTHER

Gunther: Hey!

CLOSE UP MONIKA

Monika: Is she your friend?

MEDIUM SHOT MALENKOV, GUNTHER, MONIKA
FEATURING ANNA

MALENKOV shakes his head *no*. MONIKA picks up a few pills. GUNTHER peddles off toward a police kiosk for an ambulance.

Monika: Help me roll her over.

MONIKA looks around but MALENKOV has disappeared.

DISSOLVE

FULL

ANNA is being loaded in ambulance which pulls out during the following dialog.

Gunther: Who is she?

Monika: Here are her papers. (Policeman takes them) Who is she?

Policeman: Another nobody.

Monika: Where will you take her?

Policeman: To the public hospital.

Gunther: Will she be alright?

Policeman: Who knows. The streets these days are filled with such people. Wanderers.

Monika: A man was with her.

Gunther: He was only passing by.

Monika: Was he?

Policeman: These days everyone is anonymous. (He inspects a key which MONIKA hands him) Hotel Odeon.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM—MORNING

MEDIUM ANNA AND NURSE

ANNA asleep. A NURSE attends her, takes her pulse, touches her fevered forehead.

CLOSE UP WILSON

WILSON, unshaven, sits next to ANNA's bed. His vigil is

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

obvious. The ashtray is full. ANNA stirs in bed.

Wilson: Anna?

MEDIUM ANNA AND WILSON

Anna: You are here.

WILSON rises. ANNA puts out her arms. They embrace.

Anna: Oh, Wilson, I am so afraid. I have never let myself be afraid before. (WILSON kisses her lightly, then fully) Never let me go.

Wilson: I called back to your hotel.

Anna: I was suffocating. I had been reading about...her.

Wilson: I told you to stay put.

Anna: (Pulling out of clinch) Women these days are other than obedient.

Wilson: OK, Duchess. *Touché*.

Anna: Last night you offered me a deal. Perhaps...

Wilson: Anastasia may be the biggest hoax of the century.

TIGHT CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: You asked *me* for *my* story. Not hers.

CLOSE UP WILSON

Wilson: Your story too.

MEDIUM ANNA AND WILSON

Anna: Help me and you may have my story.

Wilson: How can I help you?

CLOSE UP ANNA

Anna: Save my life. Prove to them all...prove that I AM NOT THE GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA!

INT. RUSSIAN GYPSY CAFE

BERLIN—AFTERNOON

MEDIUM SHOT WILSON

Behind WILSON in a phone booth, the Russian Cafe bustles with sound. WILSON, who cannot be heard over the music and chatter, is talking on the phone and is montaged with each of the following talking isolated on the phone. Lips move in heated unheard conversation.

CLOSE UP KATHARINE

KATHARINE nods *yes, yes*.

CLOSE UP LUDWIG

LUDWIG shakes head *no, yes, yes*.

CLOSE UP OLGA

OLGA wags her finger, *no, no, no*.

CLOSE UP TEUFEL

TEUFEL is very animated, furious. She hangs up.

CLOSE UP WILSON

WILSON looks into receiver.

CLOSE UP TEUFEL

TEUFEL places phone call.

CLOSE UP MALENKOV

MALENKOV's Russian-pudgy hand picking up phone. He is slurping borscht. Intercut between TEUFEL and MALENKOV. TEUFEL says silent good-bye and hangs up. MALENKOV replaces receiver on hook, wipes lips, and eats impassively.

INT. HOTEL ODEON. ANNA'S ROOM—NIGHT

MEDIUM ANNA AND WILSON

Wilson: Everything is set.

Anna: Olga will silence Ernst Ludwig?

Wilson: Katharine will see to it.

Anna: And Frau Teufel?

Wilson: Loyal to the highest bidder. I hope I bid high enough.

Anna: Oh Wilson. (ANNA hugs him) I'm not in love with you.
But I love you.

Wilson: You're some kid, Duchess.

Anna: No matter who I am? For now? For this moment?

CLOSE ANNA AND WILSON

ANNA and WILSON kiss. Play this as a "classic" love scene: music full. They embrace. A bare shoulder. They sink to the couch. Pan to the icon and the burning candle. PAN to the rain streaking down the windows. PAN back to the candle burnt much lower, then to the couple lying lovingly together.

ANOTHER ANGLE CLOSE ANNA AND WILSON

Anna: The spring rain changes everything. I think with you I am safe...

EXT. HOTEL ODEON—NIGHT

MEDIUM MALENKOV

EXTREME ANGLE FEATURING HOTEL

MALENKOV, in deep shadows, is loading his pistol.

INT. HOTEL ODEON. ANNA'S ROOM—NIGHT

MEDIUM ANNA AND WILSON

Anna: ...so long as Frau Teufel is silent.

Wilson: As long as Olga keeps Ludwig quiet. He spooks me.

Anna: Why?

Wilson: Ernst Ludwig is a much too ambitious man.

INT. LUDWIG'S GRAND HOTEL SUITE—DAY

CLOSE OLGA

The table is laden with Russian Easter eggs and paraphernalia. OLGA's hands are painting an egg.

FULL OLGA, KATHARINE, LUDWIG

KATHARINE sits across the small table helping.

Olga: No!

Ludwig: Russian Easter is the right time for Anya's resurrection.

Olga: No, Ernst Ludwig. You are my brother, but you are impossible.

Ludwig: A man should never deal with a woman.

Olga: A woman can never deal with a short man.

Ludwig: I am not short.

Olga: I am short...and you are shorter than I. (OLGA fires up a stylish cigar for herself)

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ludwig: It is time to restore a Romanov to the Russian throne.

Olga: Romanov...Romanov.

Ludwig: Not any Romanov will do...

Olga: The girl herself denies she is Anastasia.

Ludwig: She is close enough for me.

Olga: You are mad for power.

Ludwig: I am the head of this family.

Olga: And I am the backbone.

Ludwig: Then I shall break your back.

Olga: It is not because you are short, Luddie, that I look down on you.

Ludwig: Russian Easter is tomorrow. The Sunday papers must carry our official announcement: The Grand Duchess Has Been Found.

CLOSE OLGA

Olga: She is the wrong person.

MEDIUM OLGA AND LUDWIG

Ludwig: You are the wrong person, sister.

Olga: One can't choose one's relatives.

CLOSE UP LUDWIG

Ludwig: In Anastasia's case—I can.

ANOTHER ANGLE MEDIUM OLGA AND LUDWIG

Olga: The poor girl. You will use anyone—anything—to restore your power.

Ludwig: I have expensive tastes.

Olga: In horses and whores!

Ludwig: My niece, the restored Grand Duchess Anastasia, will be most generous.

Olga: Except she denies she is Anastasia.

Ludwig: She lies...I truly believe, sister, that she is our niece.

She looks as the child Anastasia might look as a woman. But more, in her gestures, in her face, ah, in her face is the face of her father, Nicholas.

Olga: Is it now?

ANOTHER ANGLE OLGA AND LUDWIG
FEATURING KATHARINE

Katharine: I too see her resemblance to the Czar, Madame.

Olga: (Grinding out her cigar) If the truth be known...

Katharine: Yes, Madame?

Ludwig: ...nothing. Truth can never be known.

Ludwig: What truth?

Olga: I was closer to Nicholas than to Alexandra. Nikki confided in me. Things...

Ludwig: What things?...Katharine, leave us.

Olga: Katharine, stay.

Ludwig: Olga, you are an insinuating woman.

ANOTHER ANGLE MEDIUM OLGA AND LUDWIG

Olga: ...things Nikki took to his grave.

Ludwig: Women other than Alexandra!

Olga: ...things I will take to mine.

Ludwig: You lie. You will imply anything to stop me.

Olga: True.

Ludwig: Katharine, you heard nothing.

Olga: These days servants hear everything...

Katharine: I will never speak, Sir.

Olga: ...then they write books to tell everything.

Katharine: Madame, I will never speak.

Olga: Then you shall disappoint me, Katharine...I want the world to know the Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig is short—on sense.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ludwig: I am ringing up that English reporter, Roberts.

Olga: If you recognize that girl officially, Luddie...

Ludwig: Yes?

CLOSE UP OLGA

Olga: I shall break with you forever. To me she is dead.

CLOSE UP LUDWIG

Ludwig: To me she is risen.

CLOSE UP OLGA

Olga: I want her to remain dead.

MEDIUM OLGA, LUDWIG, KATHARINE

Ludwig: Then, Madame, good-bye. Good luck. And good ride.

Olga: You short old fool. Come, Katharine.

Katharine: Yes, Madame.

Olga: (Tossing LUDWIG an egg) And to you, brother, a very happy Resurrection!

Ludwig: (Misses the decorated egg which breaks in a splat)

MEDIUM OLGA AND KATHARINE

OLGA and KATHARINE exit.

ANOTHER ANGLE FULL LUDWIG

Ludwig: Operator, ring the Berlin office of *The London Chronicle*...Nigel Roberts, please...Yes, Mr. Roberts. This is Grand Duke Ernst Ludwig. We are about to have a most splendid Easter. I have found my niece, the Grand Duchess Anastasia. (LUDWIG's finger moves about in the broken mess of egg)

FADE TO BLACK

ACT VI

INT. RUSSIAN CHURCH. BERLIN—NIGHT

ESTABLISHING FULL
LOW ANGLE

Pre-dawn of Easter Vigil. ESTABLISHING FULL of church interior heavy with candles and incense. MUSIC is liturgical. FULL SHOT faces of Russian-émigré church-goers. MEDIUM SHOTS of the Russian choir, the pageantry of the priests in their robes swinging censers over the people.

CLOSE UP ANNA

Blue incense smoke billows around Anna's face.

EXT. STREET. RUSSIAN CHURCH. BERLIN—NIGHT

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

WILSON double-times running up steps. A newspaper is folded under his arm.

INT. RUSSIAN CHURCH. BERLIN—NIGHT

In the vestibule light, WILSON opens a newspaper. A box on the front page contains LUDWIG's announcement. WILSON folds paper, slaps his thigh, strides into the church.

MEDIUM ANNA TO INCLUDE WILSON

ANNA is standing. WILSON sidles into frame and stands next to ANNA. Both face into CAMERA. This church exchange is a *sotto voce* whisper. Neither ANNA nor WILSON moves.

Wilson: Happy Easter, Duchess.

Anna: I love you, Wilson.

Wilson: You're a sweetheart of an actress.

Anna: Actress?

Wilson: You've got a show to do. (Flashes newspaper) Ernst Ludwig wants to make you a star.

Anna: Oh dear God! I swear, Wilson, I know nothing about this.

Wilson: "Gold Diggers of 1928."

Anna: Believe me.

Wilson: (Mocking) "Hold me, Wilson." "Never let me go, Wilson." "I love you, Wilson."

Churchgoer: Shhhh!

Anna: I swear I'm telling the truth.

Wilson: You are a creation of lies.

Anna: There is truth in me.

Wilson: Who are you?

Anna: I...don't...know...anymore.

Wilson: So long, sweetheart.

WILSON exits up aisle.

ANOTHER ANGLE MEDIUM ANNA
FEATURING CROWD

ANNA, bewildered and crying, leaves her place and like a boat against the current pushes her way back up the aisle suddenly crowded by a procession of priests and deacons and acolytes, singing, with candles and incense. CAMERA back-trucks partway to show her subjective P.O.V.

CLOSE UP WILSON

WILSON reacts to something fearful he sees outside the door of the church.

EXT. STREET. RUSSIAN CHURCH. BERLIN—NIGHT

FULL
EXTREME ANGLE FEATURING BLACK CAR

A severe black car pulls to the deserted curbing.

MEDIUM TEUFEL AND MALENKOV

TEUFEL sits framed against the backseat window. Her face is lit by a low-angle light. MALENKOV jumps from the car, gun prominently in hand.

EXT. STREET. RUSSIAN CHURCH. BERLIN—NIGHT

MEDIUM WILSON FEATURING ANNA

ANNA catches up to WILSON.

Anna: Wilson!

CLOSE UP TEUFEL

Teufel: (A breathily exhaled whisper) An-na!

EXT. STREETS. BERLIN—NIGHT
MONTAGE OF THE CHASE

MALENKOV running. WILSON grabbing ANNA. Main Theme MUSIC up-tempo and rampant. ANNA and WILSON run down the dark street, through narrower and narrower alleys. Along the Landwehr Canal. MALENKOV chases. The chauffeured car carrying TEUFEL tries to follow. Once the car cuts ANNA and WILSON off. They turn and retrace their steps. MALENKOV fires a shot. They dodge. They catch a moment of safety in the shadows behind some trash bins.

SOUND

WHISTLES, WHEELS, STEAM ESCAPING,
TRAINS CHUGGING

EXT. RAILROAD YARD TRACKS.
BERLIN—NIGHT

ESTABLISHING FULL TILTED ANGLE
RAILROAD YARD

TIGHT TWO-SHOT ANNA AND WILSON

Anna: Leave me here.

Wilson: I love you, Anna.

Anna: More than me, you love the idea of me.

Wilson: You are an obstinate woman.

Anna: Let them kill me if it is so important to them.

Wilson: I love you.

Anna: Let them do me a favor.

Wilson draws ANNA near and kisses her.

SOUND

Faraway train whistle

Wilson: Who are you?

Anna: You hold me. You tell me.

MEDIUM TRUCKING MALENKOV

MALENKOV running.

CLOSE UP MALENKOV

MALENKOV's shadowed face looks right and left.

SOUND

Train whistle

INSERT CLOSE UP TEUFEL

TEUFEL points in the direction she thinks
ANNA and WILSON are hiding.

SOUND

Screeching train whistle

INSERT ALLEY TRASH CANS

EXT. RAILROAD YARD TRACKS.
BERLIN—NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT ANNA AND WILSON

Anna: Other women claim to be Anastasia. Why does no one
believe them?

Wilson: They are too hungry.

Anna: I have never claimed to be the Grand Duchess. Why does
no one believe me?

Wilson: You are not hungry enough.

CLOSE UP ANNA

ANNA screams, hands covering face, seeing MALENKOV.

SOUND

Screeching train whistle

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HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS BOOK

CLOSE UP MALENKOV

FULL RAILROAD TRACKS

A TRAIN in the far distance is rushing toward CAMERA. MALENKOV jumps down into frame and rolls into ANNA and WILSON.

FULL WILSON, ANNA, AND MALENKOV

WILSON and MALENKOV wrestle for MALENKOV's gun. They fall on the tracks.

SOUND

Screeching train whistle

Wilson: Anna! Run!

FULL TEUFEL

TEUFEL exits her car even as it is pulling up to a halt.

MEDIUM WILSON AND MALENKOV

WILSON and MALENKOV struggle to a standing position.

MEDIUM ANNA

ANNA escapes across tracks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

FULL WILSON AND MALENKOV

The train roars down upon WILSON and MALENKOV. The gun is in the air.

TIGHT TWO-SHOT WILSON AND MALENKOV

A struggle to the death.

MEDIUM MALENKOV TO INCLUDE WILSON

The train roars past and, with a mighty surge, WILSON pushes MALENKOV into the side of the passing train. MALENKOV's throat is caught on a hook and he is carried off by the train into the darkness like a dead and broken doll.

CLOSE UP MALENKOV

MALENKOV's face, bulging in the surprise of death as he vibrates hanging on the side of the speeding train.

CLOSE UP TEUFEL

TEUFEL, assessing the situation, is furious, and rushes to the car.

FULL WILSON

WILSON runs toward the car. The DRIVER peels out into the distance making good TEUFEL's escape, as well as her continuing threat. WILSON looks around.

SOUND

The train rattles off into the dark,
then SILENCE

CLOSE WILSON

Wilson: Anna!

FULL WILSON

WILSON cuts across the shadows of the empty train tracks.

Wilson: Anna!

WILSON searches. ANNA is not in sight.

Wilson: Anna!

CLOSE UP ANNA

ANNA is hiding, her face lit by a pinpoint of street-light.

Wilson: (Voice Over) Anna!

ANNA looks in his direction. Ambiguity. Is she about to answer? Then WILSON calls not her name but her controversial title.

Wilson: (Voice Over) Duchess!

ANNA closes her eyes. Nothing will ever change.

Wilson: Duchess!

ANNA opens her eyes crying; then she turns off into the dawn shadows.

LONG WILSON

Wilson: Duchess!

SOUND

Music up. Main love theme swells.

HIGH ANGLE

CAMERA shoots down on WILSON. The BOOMSHOT grows higher and higher as WILSON shrinks on screen into a puzzle of wet cobblestones gray with the coming Easter dawn.

EXT. DOCK AND BOAT RAILING—DAWN

MEDIUM ANNA

ANNA is one of a huddled group of women boarding a

crowded boat.

SOUND

LONELY BOAT HORNS

CLOSE UP ANNA

ANNA's face is partially covered. She turns into CAMERA.
She is crying.

Wilson: (Voice Over: Echo) Anna!

FREEZE FRAME

TIGHT CLOSE UP ANNA

EXT. HARBOR—DAWN

ESTABLISHING HIGH ANGLE
FEATURING BOAT AND HORIZON AT DAWN

Under the FREEZE FRAME of ANNA's face, the boat pulls away into the harbor to grow smaller and smaller. The push-pull energy of this last MONTAGE image should continue as the credits roll over the MAIN LOVE THEME MUSIC.

THE END