

"SCHINDLER'S LIST"

BY

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Final Draft

IN BLACK AND WHITE:

TABLE

pulled.
alongside

TRAIN WHEELS grinding against track, slowing. FOLDING
LEGS scissoring open. The LEVER of a train door being
NAMES on lists on clipboards held by clerks moving
the tracks.

CLERKS (V.O.)

...Rossen... Lieberman... Wachsberg...

train.

BEWILDERED RURAL FACES coming down off the passenger

straightening

FORMS being set out on the folding tables. HANDS
pens and pencils and ink pads and stamps.

CLERKS (V.O.)

...When your name is called go over
there... take this over to that
table...

KEYS

TYPEWRITER KEYS rapping a name onto a list. A FACE.
typing another name. Another FACE.

CLERKS (V.O.)

...you're in the wrong line, wait
over there... you, come over here...

of

on a

NAME.

A MAN is taken from one long line and led to the back
another. A HAND hammers a rubber stamp at a form. Tight
FACE. KEYS type another NAME. Another FACE. Another

CLERKS (V.O.)

...Biberman... Steinberg...
Chilowitz...

MUSIC,

and the

As a hand comes down stamping a GRAY STRIPE across a
registration card, there is absolute silence... then
the Hungarian love song, "Gloomy Sunday," distant...
stripe bleeds into COLOR, into BRIGHT YELLOW INK.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CRACOW, POLAND - NIGHT

The
clothes

He
tie,
pocket,

And
swastika)
dinner

He
Zwittau --

The song plays from a radio on a rust-stained sink.
The light in the room is dismal, the furniture cheap.
curtains are faded, the wallpaper peeling... but the
laid out across the single bed are beautiful.
The hands of a man button the shirt, belt the slacks.
slips into the double-breasted jacket, knots the silk
folds a handkerchief and tucks it into the jacket
all with great deliberation.
A bureau. Some currency, cigarettes, liquor, passport.
an elaborate gold-on-black enamel Hakenkreuz (or
which the gentleman pins to the lapel of his elegant
jacket.
He steps back to consider his reflection in the mirror.
likes what he sees: Oskar Schindler -- salesman from
looking almost reputable in his one nice suit.
Even in this awful room.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - CRACOW, POLAND - NIGHT

to a

taken
officers and
thrown

the
settling
higher

A spotlight slicing across a crowded smoke-choked club
small stage where a cabaret performer sings.
It's September, 1939. General Sigmund List's armored
divisions, driving north from the Sudetenland, have
Cracow, and now, in this club, drinking, socializing,
conducting business, is a strange clientele: SS
Polish cops, gangsters and girls and entrepreneurs,
together by the circumstance of war.
Oskar Schindler, drinking alone, slowly scans the room,
faces, stripping away all that's unimportant to him,
only on details that are: the rank of this man, the
rank of that one, money being slipped into a hand.

WAITER SETS DOWN DRINKS

lieutenant, in front of the SS officer who took the money. A
he's at a table with his girlfriend and a lower-ranking
officer.

WAITER
From the gentleman.

where The waiter is gesturing to a table across the room
the Schindler, seemingly unaware of the SS men, drinks with
best-looking woman in the place.

LIEUTENANT
Do I know him?

His sergeant doesn't. His girlfriend doesn't.

LIEUTENANT
Find out who he is.

accepts The sergeant makes his way over to Schindler's table.
There's a handshake and introductions before -- and the
lieutenant, watching, can't believe it -- his guy
the chair Schindler's dragging over.

he's The lieutenant waits, but his man doesn't come back;
and forgotten already he went there for a reason. Finally,
there. it irritates the SS man, he has to get up and go over

LIEUTENANT
Stay here.

table. His girlfriend watches him cross toward Schindler's

him for Before he even arrives, Schindler is up and berating
at leaving his date way over there across the room, waving
slide the girl to come join them, motioning to waiter to
some tables together.

WAITERS ARRIVE WITH PLATES OF CAVIAR

and another round of drinks. The lieutenant makes a
halfhearted move for his wallet.

LIEUTENANT
Let me get this one.

SCHINDLER
No, put it away, put it away.

paying,
where a
SS

Schindler's already got his money out. Even as he's his eyes are working the room, settling on a table girl is declining the advances of two more high-ranking men.

added
either

A TABLECLOTH BILLOWS
as a waiter lays it down on another table that's been to the others. Schindler seats the SS officers on side of his own "date" --

again

SCHINDLER
What are you drinking, gin?

He motions to a waiter to refill the men's drinks, and, returning to the head of the table(s), sweeps the room with his eyes.

having
have
--
is,

ROAR OF LAUGHTER
erupts from Schindler's party in the corner. Nobody's a better time than those people over there. His guests swelled to ten or twelve -- SS men, Polish cops, girls and he moves among them like the great entertainer he making sure everybody's got enough to eat and drink.

officer
get

Here, closer, at this table across the room, an SS gestures to one of the SS men who an hour ago couldn't the girl to sit at his table. The guy comes over.

SS OFFICER 1
Who is that?

SS OFFICER 2
(like everyone knows)
That's Oskar Schindler. He's an old friend of... I don't know, somebody's.

her
drops

GIRL WITH A BIG CAMERA
screws in a flashbulb. She lifts the unwieldy thing to face and focuses.
As the bulb flashes, the noise of the club suddenly out, and the moment is caught in BLACK and WHITE: Oskar Schindler, surrounded by his many new friends, smiling urbanely.

EXT. SQUARE - CRACOW - DAY

A
to the
trucks,
Clerks
names.

A photograph of a face on a work card, BLACK and WHITE.
typed name, black and white. A hand affixes a sticker
card and it saturates with COLOR, DEEP BLUE.
People in long lines, waiting. Others near idling
waiting. Others against sides of buildings, waiting.
with clipboards move through the crowds, calling out

CLERKS

Groder... Gemeinerowa... Libeskind...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CRACOW - DAY

hallway.

The party pin in his lapel catches the light in the

SCHINDLER

Stern?

softly.

Behind Schindler, the door to another apartment closes
A radio, somewhere, is suddenly silenced.

SCHINDLER

Are you Itzhak Stern?

manner
like his

At the door of this apartment, a man with the face and
of a Talmudic scholar, finally nods in resignation,
number has just come up.

STERN

I am.

reaches

Schindler offers a hand. Confused, Stern tentatively
for it, and finds his own grasped firmly.

INT. STERN'S APARTMENT - DAY

apartment,

Settled into an overstuffed chair in a simple
Schindler pours a shot of cognac from a flask.

SCHINDLER

There's a company you did the books
for on Lipowa Street, made what,
pots and pans?

Stern stares at the cognac Schindler's offering him. He
doesn't know who this man is, or what he wants.

STERN

(pause)

By law, I have to tell you, sir, I'm
a Jew.

Schindler looks puzzled, then shrugs, dismissing it.

SCHINDLER

All right, you've done it -- good
company, you think?

He keeps holding out the drink. Stern declines it with
a slow shake of his head.

STERN

It did all right.

Schindler nods, takes out a cigarette case.

SCHINDLER

I don't know anything about
enamelware, do you?

He offers Stern a cigarette. Stern declines again.

STERN

I was just the accountant.

SCHINDLER

Simple engineering, though, wouldn't
you think? Change the machines around,
whatever you do, you could make other
things, couldn't you?

Schindler lowers his voice as if there could possibly
be someone else listening in somewhere.

SCHINDLER

Field kits, mess kits...

He waits for a reaction, and misinterprets Stern's
silence for a lack of understanding.

SCHINDLER

Army contracts.

But Stern does understand. He understands too well.

Schindler grins good-naturedly.

SCHINDLER

Once the war ends, forget it, but
for now it's great, you could make a
fortune. Don't you think?

STERN

(with an edge)

I think most people right now have

other priorities.

Schindler tries for a moment to imagine what they could possibly be. He can't.

SCHINDLER

Like what?

simple,
a
Stern

Stern smiles despite himself. The man's manner is so so in contrast to his own and the complexities of being Jew in occupied Cracow in 1939. He really doesn't know. Stern decides to end the conversation.

STERN

Get the contracts and I'm sure you'll do very well. In fact the worse things get the better you'll do. It was a "pleasure."

SCHINDLER

The contracts? That's the easy part. Finding the money to buy the company, that's hard.

abruptly
aside --

He laughs loudly, uproariously. But then, just as as the laugh erupted, he's dead serious, all kidding

SCHINDLER

You know anybody?

another

Stern stares at him curiously, sitting there taking sip of his cognac, placid as a large dog.

SCHINDLER

Jews, yeah. Investors.

STERN

(pause)

Jews can no longer own businesses, sir, that's why this one's for sale.

SCHINDLER

Well, they wouldn't own it, I'd own it. I'd pay them back in product. They can trade it on the black market, do whatever they want, everybody's happy.

Stern.

He shrugs; it sounds more than fair to him. But not to

STERN

Pots and pans.

SCHINDLER

(nodding)
Something they can hold in their
hands.

salesman Stern studies him. This man is nothing more than a
with a salesman's pitch; just dressed better than most.

STERN
I don't know anybody who'd be
interested in that.

SCHINDLER
(a slow knowing nod)
They should be.

Silence.

EXT. CRACOW - NIGHT

a
DRAINS OF A mason trowels mortar onto a brick. As he taps it into
place and scrapes off the excess cement, the image
COLOR.

foot Under lights, a crew of brick-layers is erecting a ten-
wall where a street once ran unimpeded.

EXT. STREET - CRACOW - DAY

trucks A young man emerges from an alley pocketing his Jewish
armband. He crosses a street past German soldiers and
and climbs the steps of St. Mary's cathedral.

INT. ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL - DAY

A dark and cavernous place. A priest performing Mass to
scattered parishioners. Lots of empty pews.

Pfefferberg, The young Polish Jew from the street, Poldek
young kneels, crosses himself, and slides in next to another
pad man, Goldberg, going over notes scribbled on a little
shoe inside a missal. Pfefferberg shows him a container of
polish he takes from his pocket. Whispered, bored --

GOLDBERG
What's that?

PFEFFERBERG
You don't recognize it? Maybe that's
because it's not what I asked for.

GOLDBERG
You asked for shoe polish.

PFEFFERBERG

My buyers sold it to a guy who sold it to the Army. But by the time it got there -- because of the cold -- it broke, the whole truckload.

GOLDBERG

(pause)

So I'm responsible for the weather?

PFEFFERBERG

I asked for metal, you gave me glass.

GOLDBERG

This is not my problem.

PFEFFERBERG

Look it up.

and
ignoring
Goldberg doesn't bother; he pockets his little notepad
intones a response to the priest's prayer, all but
Pfefferberg.

PFEFFERBERG

This is not your problem? Everybody wants to know who I got it from, and I'm going to tell them.

and,
and
Goldberg glances to Pfefferberg for the first time,
greatly put upon, takes out his little notepad again
makes a notation in it.

GOLDBERG

Metal.

he
He flips the pad closed, pockets it, crosses himself as
gets up, and leaves.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

another
wearing
little
Pfefferberg at the front desk of a sleepy hotel with
black market middleman, the desk clerk. Both are
their armbands. Pfefferberg underlines figures on a
notepad of his own --

PFEFFERBERG

Let's say this is what you give me. These are fees I have to pay some guys. This is my commission. This is what I bring you back in Occupation currency.

over
envelope
the
to
but

The clerk, satisfied with the figures, is about to hand to Pfefferberg some outlawed Polish notes from an envelope when Schindler comes in from the street. The clerk puts the money away, gets Schindler his room key, waits for him to leave so he can finish his business with Pfefferberg... Schindler doesn't leave; he just keeps looking over at Pfefferberg's shirt, at the cuffs, the collar.

PFEFFERBERG

That's a nice shirt.

to
short
the

Pfefferberg nods, Yeah, thanks, and waits for Schindler to leave; but he doesn't. Nor does he appear to hear the short burst of muffled gunfire that erupts from somewhere up the street.

SCHINDLER

You don't know where I could find a shirt like that.

end of
could

Pfefferberg knows he should say 'no,' let that be the end of it. It's not wise doing business with a German who could have you arrested for no reason whatsoever. But there's something guileless about it.

PFEFFERBERG

Like this?

SCHINDLER

(nodding)

There's nothing in the stores.

this

The clerk tries to discourage Pfefferberg from pursuing this transaction with just a look. Pfefferberg ignores it.

PFEFFERBERG

You have any idea what a shirt like this costs?

SCHINDLER

Nice things cost money.

that

The clerk tries to tell Pfefferberg again with a look that this isn't smart.

PFEFFERBERG

How many?

SCHINDLER

I don't know, ten or twelve. That's a good color. Dark blues, grays.

bills,
being
pushing
that
instance

Schindler takes out his money and begins peeling off waiting for Pfefferberg to nod when it's enough. He's overcharged, and he knows it, but Pfefferberg keeps it, more. The look Schindler gives him lets him know he's trying to hustle a hustler, but that, in this at least, he'll let it go. He hands over the money and Pfefferberg hands over his notepad.

PFEFFERBERG

Write down your measurements.

to

As he writes down the information, Pfefferberg glances the desk clerk and offers a shrug. As he writes --

SCHINDLER

I'm going to need some other things.
As things come up.

EXT. GARDEN - SCHERNER'S RESIDENCE - CRACOW - DAY

gown,
reception
lawn.

As Oberfuhrer Scherner and his daughter, in a wedding dance to the music of a quartet on a bandstand, the guests drink and eat at tables set up on an expansive

CZURDA

The SS doesn't own the trains, somebody's got to pay. Whether it's a passenger car or a livestock car, it doesn't matter -- which, by the way, you have to see. You have to set aside an afternoon, go down to the station and see this.

Other SS and Army officers share the table with Czurda.

doesn't
Ingrid.

Schindler, too, nice blue shirt, jacket, only he seem to be paying attention; rather his attention and affections are directed to the blonde next to him,

CZURDA

So you got thousands of fares that have to be paid. Since it's the SS that's reserved the trains, logically they should pay. But this is a lot of money.

(pause)

The Jews. They're the ones riding

the trains, they should pay. So you got Jews paying their own fares to ride on cattle cars to God knows where. They pay the SS full fare, the SS turns around, pays the railroad a reduced excursion fare, and pockets the difference.

off,
saddled-up,
He shrugs, There you have it. Brilliant. He glances
sees something odd across the yard. Two horses,
being led into the garden by a stable boy.

SCHINDLER
(to Ingrid)
Excuse me.

and
Schindler gets up from the table. Scherner, his wife
daughter and son-in-law stare at the horses; they're
beautiful.

hands
Schindler appears, takes the reins from the stable boy,
one set to the bride and the other to the groom.

SCHINDLER
There's nothing more sacred than
marriage. No happier an occasion
than one's wedding day. I wish you
all the best.

with
groom.
Scherner hails a photographer. As the guy comes over
his camera, so does just about everybody else. Scherner
insists Schindler pose with the astonished bride and

Big smiles. Flash.

INT. STOREFRONT - CRACOW - DAY

tables. At
Max
A neighborhood place. Bread, pastries, couple of
one sits owner and a well-dressed man in his seventies,
Redlicht.

OWNER
I go to the bank, I go in, they tell
me my account's been placed in Trust.
In Trust? What are they talking about,
whose Trust? The Germans'. I look
around. Now I see that everybody's
arguing, they can't get to their
money either.

MAX REDLICHT
This is true?

OWNER

I'll take you there.

Max looks at the man not without sympathy. He's never heard of such a thing. It's really a bad deal. But then --

MAX REDLICHT

Let me understand. The Nazis have taken your money. So because they've done this to you, you expect me to go unpaid. That's what you're saying.

The owner of the place just stares at Redlicht.

MAX REDLICHT

That makes sense to you?

The man doesn't answer. He watches Max get up and cross to the front door where he says something to two of his guys and leaves. The guys come in and start carting out anything of any value: cash register, a chair, a loaf of bread...

EXT. CRACOW STREET - DAY

Max strolls along the sidewalk, browsing in store windows.

People inside and out nod hello, but they despise him, they fear him.

Just as he's passing a synagogue, some men in long overcoats cross the street. Einsatzgruppen, they are an elite and wild bunch, one of six Special Chivalrous Duty squads assigned to Cracow.

INT. STARAR BOZNICA SYNAGOGUE - SAME TIME - DAY

The Sabbath prayers of a congregation of Orthodox Jews are interrupted by a commotion at the rear of the ancient temple.

Max Several non-Orthodox Jews from the street, including Redlicht, are being herded inside by the Einsatz Boys.

They're made to stand before the Ark in two lines: Orthodox and non. One of the Einsatzgruppen squad removes the parchment Torah scroll while another calmly addresses the assembly:

EINSATZ NCO

I want you to spit on it. I want you to walk past, spit on it, and stand over there.

the
too

No one does anything for a moment. The liberals from street seem to say with their eyes, Come on, we're all sophisticated for this; the others, with the beards and sidelocks, silently check with their rabbi.

The
exchange
doesn't.

One by one then they file past and spit on the scroll. last two, the rabbi and Max Redlicht hesitate. They a glance. The rabbi finally does it; the gangster

After a long tense silence.

MAX REDLICHT

I haven't been to temple must be fifty years.

(to the rabbi)

Nor have I been invited.

smiles to

The Einsatz NCO glances from Max to the rabbi and himself. This is unexpected, this rift.

MAX REDLICHT

(to the rabbi)

You don't approve of the way I make my living? I'm a bad man, I do bad things?

Max admits it with a shrug.

MAX REDLICHT

I've done some things... but I won't do this.

amused.

Silence. The Einsatz NCO glances away to the others,

EINSATZ NCO

What does this mean? Of all of you, there's only one who has the guts to say no? One? And he doesn't even believe?

(no one, of course

answer him)

I come in here, I ask you to do something no one should ever ask.

And you do it?

(pause)

What won't you do?

Nobody answers. He turns to Max.

EINSATZ NCO

You, sir, I respect.

the He pulls out a revolver and shoots the old gangster in
head. He's dead before he hits the floor.

EINSATZ NCO

The rest of you... ..are beneath
his contempt.

rifles He turns and walks away. The other Einsatz Boys pull
and revolvers from their coats and open fire.

EXT. CRACOW - DAY

thrown In BLACK AND WHITE and absolute silence, a suitcase
As from a second story window arcs slowly through the air.
it hits the pavement, spilling open -- SOUND ON -- and,
returning to COLOR --

streets of Thousands of families pushing barrows through the
Podgorze, Kazimierz, dragging mattresses over the bridge at
forced carrying kettles and fur coats and children on a mass
exodus into the ghetto.

parade Crowds of Poles line the sidewalks like spectators on a
sensing route. Some wave. Some take it more soberly, as if
they may be next.

POLISH GIRL

Goodbye, Jews.

EXT. GHETTO GATE - DAY

up The little folding tables have been dragged out and set
again, and at them sit the clerks.

something Goldberg, of all people, has somehow managed to elevate
himself to a station of some authority. Armed with
the more frightening than a gun -- a clipboard -- he abets
the Gestapo in their task of deciding who passes through
ghetto gate and who detours to the train station.

PFEFFERBERG

What's this?

that
armband

Pfefferberg, with his wife Mila, at the head of a line
seems to stretch back forever, flicks at Goldberg's OD
with disgust.

GOLDBERG

Ghetto Police. I'm a policeman now,
can you believe it?

PFEFFERBERG

Yeah, I can.

Pfefferberg

They consider each other for a long moment before
leads his wife past Goldberg and into the ghetto.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, GHETTO - NIGHT

liberal

Dismayed by each others' close proximity, Orthodox and
Jews wait to use the floor's single bathroom.

INT. GHETTO APARTMENT - NIGHT

cantor.
more of
Schindler.

From the next apartment comes the liturgical solo of a
In this apartment, looking like they can't bear much
it, sit some non-Orthodox businessmen, Stern and

SCHINDLER

For each thousand you invest, you
take from the loading dock five
hundred kilos of product a month --
to begin in July and to continue for
one year -- after which time, we're
even.

(he shrugs)

That's it.

from his
together
declines.

He lets them think about it, pours a shot of cognac
flask, offers it to Stern, who brought this group
and now sits at Schindler's side. The accountant

INVESTOR 1

Not good enough.

SCHINDLER

Not good enough? Look where you're
living. Look where you've been put.
"Not good enough."

(he almost laughs at
the squalor)

A couple of months ago, you'd be
right. Not anymore.

INVESTOR 1
Money's still money.

SCHINDLER
No, it isn't, that's why we're here.

Schindler lights a cigarette and waits for their
answer. It
doesn't come. Just a silence. Which irritates him.

SCHINDLER
Did I call this meeting? You told
Mr. Stern you wanted to speak to me.
I'm here. Now you want to negotiate?
The offer's withdrawn.

He caps his flask, pockets it, reaches for his top
coat.

INVESTOR 2
How do we know you'll do what you
say?

SCHINDLER
Because I said I would. What do you
want, a contract? To be filed where?
(he slips into his
coat)
I said what I'll do, that's our
contract.

The investors study him. This is not a manageable
German.
Whether he's honest or not is impossible to say. Their
glances
to Stern don't help them; he doesn't know either.
The silence in the room is filled by the muffled
singing
next door. One of the men eventually nods, He's in.
Then
another. And another.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

A red power button is pushed, starting the motor of a
huge
metal press. The machine whirs, louder, louder.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE - SAME TIME - DAY

Schindler, at a wall of a windows, is peering down at
the
lone technician making adjustments to the machine.

STERN
The standard SS rate for Jewish
skilled labor is seven Marks a day,
five for unskilled and women. This
is what you pay the Economic Office,

the laborers themselves receive
nothing. Poles you pay wages.
Generally, they get a little more.
Are you listening?

Schindler turns from the wall of glass to face his new
accountant.

SCHINDLER

What was that about the SS, the rate,
the... ?

STERN

The Jewish worker's salary, you pay
it directly to the SS, not to the
worker. He gets nothing.

SCHINDLER

But it's less. It's less than what I
would pay a Pole. That's the point
I'm trying to make. Poles cost more.

face
fool.
Stern hesitates, then nods. The look on Schindler's
says, Well, what's to debate, the answer's clear to any

SCHINDLER

Why should I hire Poles?

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Another machine starting up, growling louder, louder --

EXT. PEACE SQUARE, THE GHETTO - DAY

German
proof
folding
of
To a yellow identity card with a sepia photograph a
clerk attaches a blue sticker, the holy Blauschein,
that the carrier is an essential worker. At other
tables other clerks pass summary judgment on hundreds
ghetto dwellers standing in long lines.

TEACHER

I'm a teacher.

claim
The man tries to hand over documentation supporting the
along with his Kennkarte to a German clerk.

CLERK

Not essential work, stand over there.

onto
reluctantly
Over there, other "non-essential people" are climbing
trucks bound for unknown destinations. The teacher
relinquishes his place in line.

EXT. PEACE SQUARE - LATER - DAY

time
The teacher at the head of the line again, but this
with Stern at his side.

TEACHER
I'm a metal polisher.

is
Blauschein
He hands over a piece of paper. The clerk takes a look,
satisfied with it, brushes glue on the back of a
and sticks it to the man's work card.

CLERK
Good.

The world's gone mad.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

points
Stern.
Another machine starting up, a lathe. A technician
things out to the teacher and some others recruited by

The motor grinds louder, louder.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

There's
looking
Schindler wanders around a large empty apartment.
lots of light, glass bricks, modern lines, windows
out on a park.

INT. THE APARTMENT - NIGHT

in
Oberfuhrer
particularly
The same place full of furniture and people. Lots of SS
uniform. Wine. Girls. Schindler, drinking with
Schnerer, keeps glancing across the room to a
good-looking Polish girl with another guy in uniform.

SCHERNER
I'd never ask you for money, you
know that. I don't even like talking
about it -- money, favors -- I find
it very awkward, it makes me very
uncomfortable --

SCHINDLER
No, look. It's the others. They're
the ones causing these delays.

SCHERNER
What others?

SCHINDLER

Whoever. They're the ones. They'd appreciate some kind of gesture from me.

Just Scherner thinks he understands what Schindler's saying.
in case he doesn't --

SCHINDLER

I should send it to you, though, don't you think? You can forward it on? I'd be grateful.

Schermer nods. Yes, they understand each other.

SCHERNER

That'd be fine.

SCHINDLER

Done. Let's not talk about it anymore, let's have a good time.

INT. SS OFFICE - DAY

Schermer at his desk initialing several Armaments contracts.

The letters D.E.F. appear on all of them.

EXT. FACTORY - DAY

Men and pulleys hoist a big "F" up the side of the building.

Down below, Schindler watches as the letter is set into place --
D.E.F.

INT. FACTORY OFFICES - DAY

The good-looking Polish girl from the party, Klonowska, is shown to her desk by Stern. It's right outside Schindler's office. This girl has never typed in her life.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

Furnaces. The flames ignite with a whoosh in one of the huge furnaces. The needle on a gauge slowly climbs.

EXT. CRACOW - DAY

Mercedes. A garage door slides open revealing a gleaming black Mercedes. Schindler steps past Pfefferberg and, moving around the car, carefully touches its smooth lines.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Another machine starts up. Another. Another.

EXT. PEACE SQUARE - DAY

affixes Stern with a woman at the head of a line. The clerk
the all-important blue sticker to her work card.

INT. FACTORY DAY - DAY

the Three hundred Jewish laborers, men and women, work at
long tables, at the presses, the latches, the furnaces,
turning out field kitchenware and mess kits.

gold Few glance up from their work at Schindler, the big
party pin stuck into his lapel, as he moves through the
place, his place, his factory, in full operation.

secretaries He climbs the stairs to the offices where several
desk process Armaments orders. He gestures to Stern, at a
covered with ledgers, to join him in his office.

INT. SCHINDLER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The accountant follows Schindler into the office.

SCHINDLER

Sit down.

place in Schindler goes to the wall of windows, his favorite
pours the world, and looks down at all the activity below. He
out two drinks from a decanter and, turning back, holds one
to Stern. Stern, of course, declines. Schinder groans.

SCHINDLER

Oh, come on.

behind He comes over and puts the drink in Stern's hand, moves
his desk and sits.

SCHINDLER

My father was fond of saying you
need three things in life. A good
doctor, a forgiving priest and a
clever accountant. The first two...

for He dismisses them with a shrug; he's never had much use
either. But the third -- he raises his glass to the

accountant. Stern's glass stays in his lap.

SCHINDLER
(long sufferingly)
Just pretend for Christ's sake.

Stern slowly raises his glass.

SCHINDLER
Thank you.

Schindler drinks; Stern doesn't.

INT. SCHINDLER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

reveals a
Klonowska, wearing a man's silk robe, traipses past the
remains of a party to the front door. Opening it
nice looking, nicely dressed woman.

KLONOWSKA
Yes?

quickly,
A series of realizations is made by each of them,
silently, ending up with Klonowska looking ill.

SCHINDLER (O.S.)
Who is it?

INT. SCHINDLER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

wife.
Schindler sets a cup of coffee down in front of his

hurriedly
Behind him, through a doorway, Klonowska can be seen
gathering her things.

SCHINDLER
She's so embarrassed -- look at her --

the
Emilie begrudges him a glance to the bedroom, catching
girl just as she looks up -- embarrassed.

SCHINDLER
You know what, you'd like her.

EMILIE
Oskar, please --

SCHINDLER
What --

EMILIE
I don't have to like her just because
you do. It doesn't work that way.

SCHINDLER
You would, though. That's what I'm

saying.

she
from
thoroughly

His face is complete innocence. It's the first thing
fell in love with; and perhaps the thing that keeps her
killing him now. Klonowska emerges from the bedroom
self-conscious.

KLONOWSKA

Goodbye. It was a pleasure meeting
you.

the

She shakes Emilie's limp hand. Schindler sees her to
door, lets her out and returns to the table, smiling to
himself. Emilie's glancing around at the place.

EMILIE

You've done well here.

He nods; he's proud of it. He studies her.

SCHINDLER

You look great.

EXT. SCHINDLER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

of
offers

They emerge from the building in formal clothes, both
them looking great. It's wet and slick; the doorman
Emilie his arm.

DOORMAN

Careful of the pavement --

SCHINDLER

-- Mrs. Schindler.

clearly,
Mercedes

The doorman shoots a glance to Schindler that asks,
Really? Schindler opens the passenger door of the
for his wife, and the doorman helps her in.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Nodding

A nice place. "No Jews or Dogs Allowed." The maitre 'd
welcomes the couple warmly, shakes Schindler's hand.
to his date --

SCHINDLER

Mrs. Schindler.

The maitre 'd tries to bury his surprise. He's almost
successful.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER - NIGHT

glass,
cigarette,

No fewer than four waiters attend them -- refilling a
sliding pastries onto china, lighting Schindler's
raking crumbs from the table with little combs.

EMILIE

It's not a charade, all this?

SCHINDLER

A charade? How could it be a charade?

signs
Schindler

She doesn't know, but she does know him. And all these
of apparent success just don't fit his profile.
lets her in on a discovery.

SCHINDLER

There's no way I could have known
this before, but there was always
something missing. In every business
I tried, I see now it wasn't me that
was failing, it was this thing, this
missing thing. Even if I'd known
what it was, there's nothing I could
have done about it, because you can't
create this sort of thing. And it
makes all the difference in the world
between success and failure.

says,

He waits for her to guess what the thing is. His looks
It's so simple, how can you not know?

EMILIE

Luck.

SCHINDLER

War.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Emilie
he

"Gloomy Sunday" from a combo on a stage. Schindler and
dancing. Pressed against her -- both have had a few --
can feel her laugh to herself.

SCHINDLER

What?

EMILIE

I feel like an old-fashioned couple.
It feels good.

meet

He smiles, even as his eyes roam the room and find and
the eyes of a German girl dancing with another man.

INT. SCHINDLER'S APARTMENT - LATER - NIGHT

on
Schindler and Emilie lounging in bed, champagne bottle
the nightstand. Long silence before --

EMILIE
Should I stay?

SCHINDLER
(pause)
It's a beautiful city.

it.
That's not the answer she's looking for and he knows

EMILIE
Should I stay?

SCHINDLER
(pause)
It's up to you.

That's not it either.

EMILIE
No, it's up to you.

look
Schindler stares out at the lights of the city. They
like jewels.

EMILIE
Promise me no doorman or maitre 'd
will presume I am anyone other than
Mrs. Schindler... and I'll stay.

He promises her nothing.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

compartment
as
of the
supervising
- the
Emilie waves goodbye to him from a first-class
window. Down on the platform, he waves goodbye to her.
the train pulls away, he turns away, and the platform
next track is revealed -- soldiers and clerks
the boarding of hundreds of people onto another train -
image turning BLACK AND WHITE.

CLERKS
Your luggage will follow you. Make
sure it's clearly labeled. Leave
your luggage on the platform.

EXT. D.E.F. LOADING DOCK - DAY

back to
confer

As workers load crates of enamelware onto trucks --
COLOR -- Stern and Schindler and the dock foreman
over an invoice.
More to Stern --

FOREMAN

Every other time it's been all right.
This time when I weigh the truck, I
see he's heavy, he's loaded too much.
I point this out to him, I tell him
to wait, he tells me he's got a new
arrangement with Mr. Schindler --
(to Schindler)
-- that you know all about it and
it's okay with you.

SCHINDLER

It's "okay" with me?

he's
On the surface, Schindler remains calm; underneath,
livid. Clearly it's not "okay" with him.

STERN

How heavy was he?

FOREMAN

Not that much, just too much for it
to be a mistake -- 200 kilos.

Stern and Schindler exchange a glance. Then --

SCHINDLER

(pause)

You're sure.

The foreman nods.

INT. GHETTO STOREFRONT - DAY

door,
Pfefferberg and Schindler bang in through the front
startling a woman at a desk.

WOMAN AT DESK

Can I help you?

the
full of
They move past her without a word and into the back of
place, into a storeroom. They stride past long racks
enamelware and other goods.

Schindler's
The
A man glances up, sees them coming. He's one of
investors, the one who questioned the German's word.
man's teenage sons rush to their father's defense, but

his Pfefferberg grabs him and locks an arm tightly around neck.

Silence. Then, calmly --

SCHINDLER

If you or anyone acting as an agent for you comes to my factory again, I'll have you arrested.

INVESTOR

It was a mistake.

SCHINDLER

It was a mistake? What was a mistake? How do you know what I'm talking about?

INVESTOR

All right, it wasn't a mistake, but it was one time.

SCHINDLER

We had a deal, you broke it. One phone call and your whole family is dead.

and He turns and walks away. Pfefferberg lets the guy go follows. The investor's sons help their father up off the floor. Gasping, he yells.

INVESTOR

I gave you money.

coming -- but Schindler and Pfefferberg are already gone, through the front office and out the front door --

EXT. STOREFRONT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

from the -- to the street. Pfefferberg looks a little shaken experience. Schindler straightens his friend's clothes.

SCHINDLER

How you feeling, all right?

PFEFFERBERG

Yeah.

SCHINDLER

What's the matter, everything all right at home?

(Pfefferberg nods)

Mila's okay?

PFEFFERBERG

She's good.

wrong. He

Well, then, Schindler can't imagine what could be
pats Pfefferberg on the shoulder and leads him away.

SCHINDLER

Good.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

eat

The long tables accommodate most of workers. The rest
their lunch on the floor. Soup and bread.

INT. SCHINDLER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME - DAY

glass of
a

An elegant place setting for one. Meat, vegetables,
wine, all untouched. Schindler leafing through pages of
report Stern has prepared for him.

SCHINDLER

I could try to read this or I could
eat my lunch while it's still hot.
We're doing well?

STERN

Yes.

SCHINDLER

Better this month than last?

STERN

Yes.

SCHINDLER

Any reason to think next month will
be worse?

STERN

The war could end.

report

No chance of that. Satisfied, Schindler returns the
to his accountant and starts to eat. Stern knows he is
excused, but looks like he wants to say something more;
he just doesn't know how to say it.

SCHINDLER

(impatient)

What?

STERN

(pause)

There's a machinist outside who'd
like to thank you personally for
giving him a job.

Schindler gives his accountant a long-suffering look.

STERN

He asks every day. It'll just take a minute. He's very grateful.

Stern
his
Schindler's silence says, Is this really necessary?
pretends it's a tacit okay, goes to the door and pokes
head out.

STERN

Mr. Lowenstein?

Schindler
makes
his
the
An old man with one arm appears in the doorway and
glances to the ceiling, to heaven. As the man slowly
his way into the room, Schindler sees the bruises on
face. And when he speaks, only half his mouth moves;
other half is paralyzed.

LOWENSTEIN

I want to thank you, sir, for giving me the opportunity to work.

SCHINDLER

You're welcome, I'm sure you're doing a great job.

Stern
Schindler shakes the man's hand perfunctorily and tells
with a look, okay, that's enough, get him out of here.

LOWENSTEIN

The SS beat me up. They would have killed me, but I'm essential to the war effort, thanks to you.

SCHINDLER

That's great.

LOWENSTEIN

I work hard for you. I'll continue to work hard for you.

SCHINDLER

That's great, thanks.

LOWENSTEIN

God bless you, sir.

SCHINDLER

Yeah, okay.

LOWENSTEIN

You're a good man.

Get Schindler is dying, and telling Stern with his eyes,
this guy out of here. Stern takes the man's arm.

STERN
Okay, Mr. Lowenstein.

LOWENSTEIN
He saved my life.

STERN
Yes, he did.

LOWENSTEIN
God bless him.

STERN
Yes.

meal. They disappear out the door. Schindler sits down to his
And tries to eat it.

EXT. FACTORY - DAY

factory. The Stern and Schindler emerge from the rear of the
Mercedes is waiting, the back door held open by a
driver.

Climbing in --

SCHINDLER
Don't ever do that to me again.

STERN
Do what?

knows. Stern knows what he means. And Schindler knows he

SCHINDLER
Close the door.

The driver closes the door.

EXT. GHETTO GATE - DAY

is the Snow on the ground and more coming down. A hundred of
Schindler's workers marching past the ghetto gate, as
Street, custom, under armed guard. Turning onto Zablocie
trucks. they're halted by an SS unit standing around some

EXT. ZABLOCIE STREET - DAY

it Shovels scraping at snow. The marchers working to clear

an
the
from the street. A dialog between one of the guards and
SS officer is interrupted by a shot -- and the face of
one-armed machinist falls into the frame.

INT. OFFICE, SS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

actually
Herman Toffel, an SS contact of Schindler's who he
likes, sits behind his desk.

TOFFEL

It's got nothing to do with reality,
Oskar, I know it and you know it,
it's a matter of national priority
to these guys. It's got a ritual
significance to them, Jews shoveling
snow.

SCHINDLER

I lost a day of production. I lost a
worker. I expect to be compensated.

TOFFEL

File a grievance with the Economic
Office, it's your right.

SCHINDLER

Would it do any good?

TOFFEL

No.

disgust.
Schindler knows it's not Toffel's fault, but the whole
situation is maddening to him. He shakes his head in

TOFFEL

I think you're going to have to put
up with a lot of snow shoveling yet.

leave.
Schindler gets up, shakes Toffel's hand, turns to

TOFFEL

A one-armed machinist, Oskar?

SCHINDLER

(right back)

He was a metal press operator, quite
skilled.

Toffel nods, smiles.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

wasteland
factories --
From a distance, Stern and Schindler slowly walk a
that lies between the rear of DEF and two other

a radiator works and a box plant.

from Stern's doing all the talking, in his usual quiet but persuasive manner. Every so often, Schindler, glancing his own factory to the others, nods.

INT. SCHINDLER'S OFFICE - DAY

are The party pins the two other German businessmen wear nothing compared to the elaborate thing in Schindler's lapel.

Hitler He sits at his desk sipping cognac, a large portrait of hanging prominently on the wall behind him.

SCHINDLER

Unlike your radiators -- and your boxes -- my products aren't for sale on the open market. This company has only one client, the German Army. And lately I've been having trouble fulfilling my obligations to my client. With your help, I hope the problem can be solved. The problem, simply, is space.

gentlemen Stern, who has been keeping a low profile, hands the each a set of documents.

SCHINDLER

I'd like you to consider a proposal which I think you'll find equitable. I'd like you to think about it and get back to me as soon as --

KUHNPAST

Excuse me -- do you really think this is appropriate?

look The man glances to Stern, and back to Schindler, his discuss saying, This is wrong, having a Jew present while we admit business. If Schindler catches his meaning, he doesn't it. Kuhnpast almost sighs.

KUHNPAST

I can appreciate your problem. If I had any space I could lease you, I would. I don't. I'm sorry.

HOHNE

Me neither, sorry.

SCHINDLER

I don't want to lease your facilities,

I want to buy them. I'm prepared to offer you fair market value. And to let you stay on, if you want, as supervisors.

(pause)

On salary.

There's a long stunned silence. The Germans can't believe it. After the initial shock wears off, Kuhnpast has to laugh.

KUHNPAST

You've got to be kidding.

Nobody is kidding.

KUHNPAST

(pause)

Thanks for the drink.

He sets it down, gets up. Hohne gets up. They return the documents to Stern and turn to leave. They aren't quite out the door when Schindler wonders out loud to Stern:

SCHINDLER

You try to be fair to people, they walk out the door; I've never understood that. What's next?

STERN

Christmas presents.

SCHINDLER

Ah, yes.

The businessmen slow, but don't look back into the room.

EXT. SCHERNER'S RESIDENCE - CRACOW - MORNING

Pfefferberg wipes a smudge from the hood of an otherwise pristine BMW Cabriolet. As Scherner and his wife emerge from their house in robes, Scherner whispers to himself --

SCHERNER

Oskar...

EXT. KUHNPAST'S RADIATOR FACTORY - DAY

Workers high on the side of the building toss down the letters of the radiator sign as others hoist up a big "D." Under armed guard, others unload a metal press machine from a truck.

INT. RADIATOR FACTORY / DEF ANNEX - DAY

place.
Technicians make adjustments to presses already in

forcibly
Others test the new firing ovens. Kuhnpast is being
removed from the premises.

INT. GHETTO EMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY

gone
lines,
Crowded beyond belief, the place is like a post office
mad. Stern, moving along one of the impossibly crowded
pauses to speak with an elderly couple.

EXT. PEACE SQUARE - DAY

another.
A hand slaps a blue sticker on a work card. Slap,

And another. And another.

INT. D.E.F. FRONT OFFICE - DAY

closed
Christmas decorations. Klonowska at her desk, her eyes
tight.

SCHINDLER

All right.

poodle
dog
faced.
She opens her eyes and smiles. Schindler is holding a
in his arms. She comes around to kiss him. He sets the
on the desk. Stern, across the room, watches blank-

GESTAPO (O.S.)

Oskar Schindler?

Gestapo
Schindler, Stern and Klonowska turn to the voice. Two
men have entered unannounced.

GESTAPO

We have a warrant to take your
company's business records with us.
And another to take you.

slips
Schindler stares at them in disbelief. Stern quietly
one of the ledgers on his desk into a drawer.

SCHINDLER

Am I permitted to have my secretary
cancel my appointments for the day?

some He doesn't wait for their approval. He scribbles down names -- Toffel, Czurda, Reeder, Scherner. Underlining Scherner, he glances to Klonowska. She understands.

INT. OFFICE, SS HEADQUARTERS, CRACOW - DAY

and A humorless middle-level bureaucrat sits behind a desk D.E.F.'s ledgers and cashbooks.

GESTAPO CLERK
You live very well.

offer of The man slowly shakes his head 'no' to Schindler's his a cigarette. Schindler tamps it against the crystal of gold watch.

GESTAPO CLERK
This standard of living comes entirely from legitimate sources, I take it?

Schindler lights the cigarette and drags on it, all but ignoring the man.

GESTAPO CLERK
As an SS supplier, you have a moral obligation to desist from blackmarket dealings. You're in business to support the war effort, not to fatten --

SCHINDLER
(interrupting)
You know? When my friends ask, I'd love to be able to tell them you treated me with the utmost courtesy and respect.

itself, The quiet matter-of-fact tone, more than the comment throws the bureaucrat off his rhythm. His eyes narrow slightly. There's a long silence.

INT. HALLWAY/ROOM - SS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

hallway. The two who arrested him lead Schindler down a long

door They reach a door, have him step inside and close the after him.

INT. SS "CELL" - EVENING

man Schindler knocks on the inside of the door. A Waffen SS thick opens it. The "prisoner" peels several bills from a wad.

SCHINDLER

Chances of getting a bottle of vodka
pretty good?

He hands the young guard five times the going price.

WAFFEN GUARD

Yes, sir.

The guard turns to leave.

SCHINDLER

Wait a minute.

He peels off several more bills and hands them over.

SCHINDLER

Pajamas.

INT. SS "CELL" - MORNING

works

Perched on the side of the bed in pajamas, Schindler
on a breakfast of herring and eggs, cheeses, rolls and
coffee.

Someone has also brought him a newspaper. There's an
apologetic knock on the door before it opens.

GUARD

I'm sorry to disturb you, sir.
Whenever you're ready, you're free
to leave.

INT. FOYER, SS HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

officers

Schindler, the Gestapo clerk and one of the arresting
cross the foyer.

GESTAPO CLERK

I'd advise you not to get too
comfortable. Sooner or later, law
prevails. No matter who your friends
are.

front

Schindler ignores the man completely. Reaching the
doors, the clerk turns over the D.E.F. records to their
owner
and offers his hand. Schindler lets it hang there.

SCHINDLER

You expect me to walk home, or what?

GESTAPO CLERK

(tightly)
Bring a car around for Mr. Schindler.

EXT. D.E.F. FACTORY - DAY

factory,
officer,
waits
him.

A Gestapo limousine pulls in through the gates of the parks near the loading docks. The driver, the same SS waits for Schindler to climb out, but he doesn't; he for the SS man to come around and open the door for him.

SCHINDLER
If you'd return the ledgers to my office I'd appreciate it.

laborers
suited

There are no less than forty able-bodied Jewish working on the docks, any one of which would be better to the task. The Gestapo man calls to one of them.

SCHINDLER
Excuse me -- hey --
(the guy turns)
They're working.

ledgers.

The guy just stares. Finally he heads off with the

He

The poodle bounds out past him and over to Schindler. gives the dog a pat on the head.

EXT. SCHINDLER'S BUILDING - EVENING

Klonowska
waiting
shadows of

Elegantly dressed for a night out, Schindler and emerge from the building. As they're escorted to the car, Schindler hesitates. A nervous figure in the an alcove is gesturing to him, beckoning him.

joins the

Schindler excuses himself. Klonowska watches as he man in the alcove. Their whispered conversation is over quickly and the man hurries off.

EXT. PROKOCIM DEPOT - CRACOW - LATER - NIGHT

splattered
lot

From the locomotive, looking back, the string of livestock carriages stretches into darkness. There's a of activity on the platform.

and
force

Guards mill. Handcards piled with luggage trundle by. People hand up children to others already in the cars climb aboard after them. The clerks are out in full

travelers to

with their lists and clipboards, reminding the
label their suitcases.

heard of
and

Climbing from his Mercedes, Schindler stares. He's
this, but actually seeing the juxtaposition -- human
cattle cars -- this is something else.

moving
faces

Recovering, he tells Klonowska to stay in the car and,
along the side of the train, calls Stern's name to the
peering out from behind the slats and barbed wire.

AN ENORMOUS LIST OF NAMES --

-- several pages-worth on a clipboard; a Gestapo clerk
methodically leafing through them.

SCHINDLER (O.S.)

He's essential. Without him,
everything comes to a grinding halt.
If that happens --

CLERK

Itzhak Stern?
(Schindler nods)
He's on the list.

SCHINDLER

He is.

him.

The clerk shows him the list, points out the name to

SCHINDLER

Well, let's find him.

CLERK

He's on the list. If he were an
essential worker, he would not be on
the list. He's on the list. You can't
have him.

SCHINDLER

I'm talking to a clerk.

to a
ready --

Schindler pulls out a small notepad and drops his voice
hard murmur, the growl of a reasonable man who isn't
yet -- to bring out his heavy guns:

SCHINDLER

What's your name?

CLERK

Sir, the list is correct.

SCHINDLER

I didn't ask you about the list, I asked you your name.

CLERK

Klaus Tauber.

As Schindler writes it down, the clerk has second thoughts and calls to a superior, an SS sergeant, who comes over.

CLERK

The gentleman thinks a mistake's been made.

SCHINDLER

My plant manager is somewhere on this train. If it leaves with him on it, it'll disrupt production and the Armaments Board will want to know why.

The sergeant takes a good hard look at the clothes, at the pin, at the man wearing them.

SERGEANT

(to the clerk)

Is he on the list?

CLERK

Yes, sir.

SERGEANT

(to Schindler)

The list is correct, sir. There's nothing I can do.

SCHINDLER

May as well get your name while you're here.

SERGEANT

My name? My name is Kunder. Sergeant Kunder. What's yours?

SCHINDLER

Schindler.

The sergeant takes out a pad. Now all three of them have lists. He jots down Schindler's name. Schindler jots down his and flips the pad closed.

SCHINDLER

Sergeant, Mr. Tauber, thank you very much. I think I can guarantee you you'll both be in Southern Russia before the end of the month. Good

evening.

sergeant
possibility
somehow

He walks away, back toward his car. The clerk and smile. But slowly, slowly, the smiles sour at the that this man calmly walking away from them could arrange such a fate...

ALL THREE OF THEM --

along the

-- Schindler, the clerk and the sergeant -- stride side of the cars. Two of them are calling out loudly --

CLERK & SERGEANT

Stern! Itzhak Stern!

yelling

Soon it seems as if everybody except Schindler is out the name. As they reach the last few cars, the accountant's face appears through the slats.

SCHINDLER

There he is.

SERGEANT

Open it.

climbs
list

Guards yank at a lever, slide the gate open. Stern down. The clerk draws a line through his name on the and hands the clipboard to Schindler.

CLERK

Initial it, please.
(Schindler initials
the change)
And this...

slide the
for

As Schindler signs three or four forms, the guards carriage gate closed. Those left inside seem grateful the extra space.

CLERK

It makes no difference to us, you understand -- this one, that one. It's the inconvenience to the list. It's the paperwork.

to
out,
away.

Schindler returns the clipboard. The sergeant motions another who motions to the engineer. As the train pulls Stern tries to keep up with Schindler who's striding away.

STERN

I somehow left my work card at home.
I tried to tell them it was a mistake,
but they --

glances Schindler silences him with a look. He's livid. Stern
down at the ground.

STERN

I'm sorry. It was stupid.
(contrite)
Thank you.

hurries Schindler turns away and heads for the car. Stern
carefully after him. They pass an area where all the luggage,
tagged, has been left -- the image becoming BLACK and
WHITE.

EXT./INT. MECHANICS GARAGE - NIGHT

which Mechanics' hood-lamps throw down pools of light through
briefcases, me wheel handcarts piled high with suitcases,
steamer trunks -- BLACK and WHITE.

garage Moving along with one of the handcarts into a huge
past racks of clothes, each item tagged, past musical
instruments, furniture, paintings, against one wall --
children's toys, sorted by size.

and The cart stops. A valise is handed to someone who dumps
taken sorts the contents on a greasy table. The jewelry is
bays to another area, to a pit, one of two deep lubrication
filled with watches, bracelets, necklaces, candelabra,
tossed Passover platters, gold in one, silver the other, and
in.

sift and At workbenches, four Jewish jewelers under SS guard
brooches sort and weigh and grade diamonds, pearls, pendants,
uniformed children's rings -- faltering only once, when a
with figure upends a box, spilling out gold teeth smeared
blood -- the image saturating with COLOR.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

earth Fractured gravestones like broken teeth jut from the

the
of a neglected Jewish cemetery outside of town. Down
road that runs alongside it comes a German staff car.

INT. STAFF CAR - MOVING - DAY

flask
In the backseat, Untersturmfuhrer Amon Goeth pulls on a
Schindler's;
of schnapps. His age and build are about that of
his face open and pleasant.

GOETH

Make a nice driveway.

Hujar --
The other SS officers in the car -- Knude, Haase and
aren't sure what he means. He's peering out the window
at
the tombstones.

EXT. GHETTO - DAY

and
The staff car passes through the portals of the ghetto
down the trolley lines of Lwowska Street.

INT. STAFF CAR - MOVING - DAY

like a
As the car slowly cruises through the ghetto, Knude,
tour guide, briefs the new man, Goeth --

KNUDE

This street divides the ghetto just
about in half. On the right -- Ghetto
A: civil employees, industry workers,
so on. On the left, Ghetto B: surplus
labor, the elderly mostly. Which is
where you'll probably want to start.

would,
The look Goeth gives Knude tells him to refrain, if he
from offering tactical opinions.

KNUDE

Of course that's entirely up to you.

EXT. PLASZOW FORCED LABOR SITE - DAY

quarry
buildings
structures,
Outside of town, a previously abandoned limestone
lies nestled between two hills. The stone and brick
look like they've been here forever; the wooden
those that are up, are built of freshly-cut lumber.

being
There's a great deal of activity. New construction and
renovation -- foundations being poured, rail tracks

of
uphill
laid, fences and watchtowers going up, heavy segments
huts -- wall panels, eaves sections -- being dragged
by teams of bescarved women like some ancient Egyptian
industry.

with
Goeth surveys the site from a knoll, clearly pleased
it.

woman's --
But then he's distracted by voices -- a man's, a
arguing down where some barracks are being erected.

of her
man,
coming
The woman breaks off the dialog with a disgusted wave
hand and stalks back to a half-finished barracks. The
one from the car, Hujar, sees Goeth, Knude and Haase
down the hill and moves to meet them.

HUJAR

She says the foundation was poured
wrong, she's got to take it down. I
told her it's a barracks, not a
fucking hotel, fucking Jew engineer.

take
over.
Goeth watches the woman moving around the shell of the
building, pointing, directing, telling the workers to
it all down. He goes to take a closer look. She comes

ENGINEER

The entire foundation has to be dug
up and re-poured. If it isn't, the
thing will collapse before it's even
completed.

Goeth considers the foundation as if he knew about such
things. He nods pensively. Then turns to Hujar.

GOETH

(calmly)

Shoot her.

the
gives
It's hard to tell which is more stunned by the order,
woman or Hujar. Both stare at Goeth in disbelief. He
her the reason along with a shrug --

GOETH

You argued with my man.

(to Hujar)

Shoot her.

side.
Hujar unholsters his pistol but holds it limply at his

their The workers become aware of what's happening and still
hammers.

HUJAR

Sir...

the Goeth groans and takes the gun from him and puts it to
woman's head. Calmly to her --

GOETH

I'm sure you're right.

gun to He fires. She crumples to the ground. He returns the
his stunned inferior and, gesturing down at the body,
addresses the workers.

GOETH

That's somebody who knew what they
were doing. That's somebody I needed.

(pause)

Take it down, re-pour it, rebuild
it, like she said.

He turns and walks away.

EXT. STABLES - DAWN

The Stable boys lead two horses into the pre-dawn light.
glass; animals' hoofs shatter tufts of weeds like fingers of
fog plumes from their nostrils.

EXT. PARK, CRACOW - DAWN

curling In addition to the exhaust from idling trucks and the
is smoke from the Sonderkommando units' cigarettes, there
excitement in the chilly pre-dawn air.

EXT. GHETTO - DAWN

few of An empty street. Rooftops against a lightening sky. A
amber; the the windows in the buildings are lighted, glowing
majority are still dark.

EXT. STABLES - DAWN

the The stable boys hoist saddles onto the horses, cinch
Schindler straps. Leaning against the hood of the Mercedes,
and and Ingrid, in long hacking jackets, riding breeches

boots, share cognac from his flask.

EXT. PARK, CRACOW - DAWN

stands
his
boys,
Untersturmfuhrer Goeth, soon to be Commandant Goeth,
before the assembled troops with a flask of cognac in
hand. He looks out over them proudly; they're good
these, the best. He addresses them --

GOETH

Today is history. The young will ask
with wonder about this day. Today is
history and you are a part of it.

EXT. PEACE SQUARE, GHETTO - DAWN

pulling
Ghetto
there. The
tables,
A fourteen year old kid hurries across to the square
on his O.D. armband. Several others of the Jewish
Police, Golberg among them, are already assembled
clerks, the list makers, scissor open their folding
set out their ink pads and stamps.

GOETH (V.O.)

When, elsewhere, they were footing
the blame for the Black Death,
Kazimierz the Great, so called, told
the Jews they could come to Cracow.
They came.

EXT. STABLES - DAWN

the
toward a
Ingrid climbs onto one of the horses, Schindler onto
other. As the animals gallop away with their riders
wood, the stable boys wave.

GOETH (V.O.)

They trundled their belongings into
this city, they settled, they took
hold, they prospered.

EXT. PARK, CRACOW - DAWN

to
The fresh young faces of the Sonderkommandos, listening
their commander.

GOETH

For six centuries, there has been a
Jewish Cracow.

EXT. WOODS - DAWN

ground, The horses panting hard. Their hoofs hammering at the climbing a hill. Riding boots kicking at their flanks.

EXT. PARK, CRACOW - DAWN

on The boots of Amon Goeth slowly pacing. He stops. Tight his face, smiling pleasantly.

GOETH

By this weekend, those six centuries, they're a rumor. They never happened. Today is history.

EXT. HILLTOP CLEARING - DAWN

on a The galloping horses break through to a clearing high the hill. The riders pull in the reins and the hoofs rip at earth.

sun Schindler smiles at the view, the beauty of it with the just coming up. From here, all of Cracow can be seen in striking relief, like a model of a town.

ghetto He can see the Vistula, the river that separates the from Kazimierz; Wawel Castle, from where the National Socialist Party's Hans Frank rules the Government General of Poland; beyond it, the center of town.

the He begins to notice refinements: the walls that define notices ghetto; Peace Square, the assembly of men and boys. He Bridge, a line of trucks rolling east across the Kosciusko along and another across the bridge at Podgorze, a third spokes to Zablocie Street, all angling in on the ghetto like a hub.

EXT. GHETTO - DAY

Lwowska The wheels of the last truck clear the portals at Street and the Sonderkommandos jump down.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDINGS - DAWN

be Families are routed from their apartments. An appeal to unannounced allowed to pack is answered with a rifle butt; an move to a desk drawer is countered with a shot.

EXT. STREETS, GHETTO - DAWN

lines
without regard to family consideration; some other
unfathomable system is at work here. The wailing
protests of
a woman to join her husband's line are abruptly cut off
by a
short burst of gunfire.

EXT. HILLTOP - DAWN

From here, the action down below seems staged, unreal;
the
rifle bursts no louder than caps. Dismounting,
Schindler
moves closer to the edge of the hill, curious.

His attention is drawn to a small distant figure, all
in
red, at the rear of one of the many columns.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

Small red shoes against a forest of gleaming black
boots. A
drift,
with
up
the street.

EXT. HILLTOP - DAWN

Schindler watches as the girl slowly wanders away
unnoticed
by the SS. Against the grays of the buildings and
street
she's like a moving red target.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

A truck thundering down the street obscures her for a
moment.

Then she's moving past a pile of bodies, old people
executed
in the street.

EXT. HILLTOP - DAWN

Schindler watches: she's so conspicuous, yet she keeps
moving --
past crowds, past dogs, past trucks -- as though she
were
invisible.

EXT. STREET - DAWN

white,
The
behind

Patients in white gowns, and doctors and nurses in
are herded out the doors of a convalescent hospital.
small figure in red moves past them. Shots explode
her.

EXT. HILLTOP - DAWN

stars.

Short bursts of light flash throughout the ghetto like

her

Schindler, fixated on the figure in red, loses sight of
as she turns a corner.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

inside

She climbs the stairs. The building is empty. She steps
an apartment and moves through it. It's been ransacked.

As

she crawls under the bed, the scene DRAINS of COLOR.

The gunfire outside sounds like firecrackers.

EXT. HILLTOP - NIGHT

NIGHT Silence. Schindler and Ingrid are gone.

darkness.

Below, the ghetto lies like a void within the city, its
perimeter and interior clearly distinguishable by

Outside it, the lights of the rest of Cracow glimmer.

INT. D.E.F. FACTORY - NIGHT

presses and
zero.

Tables and tools and enamelware scrap. The metal
lathes, still. The firing ovens, cold. The gauges at

factory

Against the wall of windows overlooking the empty
floor stands a figure, Schindler, in silhouette against
the glass, black against white, not moving, just staring

down.

EXT. FOREST - PLASZOW - MORNING

forest

Bloody wheelbarrows, stark against the tree line of a
above the completed forced labor camp, PLASZOW.

EXT. PLASZOW FORCED LABOR CAMP - MORNING

Names on lists. Names called out. Tight on faces.

Goldberg at one of several folding tables. The
gangsterturned --
ghetto-cop is now the Lord of Lists inside Plaszow.

He and other listmakers call out names, accounting for
those
and now
thousands who survived the liquidation of the ghetto
stand before them in long straight rows.

INT. GOETH'S BEDROOM, PLASZOW - MORNING

Amon Goeth stirs, wakes, glances at the woman asleep
beside
him. Hungover, he drags himself slowly out of bed.

EXT. GOETH'S BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

Goeth steps out onto the balcony in his undershirt and
shorts
and peers out across the labor camp, his labor camp,
his
kingdom. Satisfied with it, even amazed, he's
reminiscent of
Schindler looking down on his kingdom, his factory, as
he
loves to do, from his wall of glass.

Life is great. Goeth reaches for a rifle.

EXT. PLASZOW SAME TIME - MORNING

Workers loading quarry rock onto trolleys under
Ukrainian
guard and a low morning sun. Every so often, one
glances
with anticipation to the balcony of Goeth's "villa" --
which
is in fact nothing more than a two-story stone house
perched
on a slight rise in the dry landscape.

EXT. GOETH'S BALCONY - CONTINUED - MORNING

The butt of the rifle against his shoulder, Goeth aims
down
at the quarry -- at this worker, at that one --
indiscriminately, inscrutably. He fires a shot and a
distant
figure falls.

INT. GOETH'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME - MORNING

The woman in bed groans at the echoing shot. She's used
to
it but she still hates it; it's such an awful way to be
woken.

(mutter)
Amon... Christ...

pads She buries her head under a pillow. Goeth reappears. He
to his bathroom, goes inside and urinates.

EXT. PLASZOW - DAY

warehouses Schindler's Mercedes winds through the camp, past
and workshops, trucks full of furs and furniture, work
wears details, barracks, guard blocks. A man standing alone
a sign around his neck -- "I am a potato thief."

EXT. GOETH'S VILLA - PLASZOW - DAY

parked on The Mercedes pulls in next to some other nice cars
a driveway made of tombstones from the Jewish cemetery.

EXT. PATIO, GOETH'S VILLA - DAY

and A patio table set with crystal, china, silver. Goeth
Hujar are there, in pressed SS uniforms, and two
empty. industrialists, Bosch and Madritsch. One chair is

HUJAR

Your machinery will be moved and
installed by the SS at no cost to
you. You will pay no rent, no
maintenance --

in Hujar glances off, interrupted by Schindler's arrival.
Although he's never been here, the industrialist comes
like he owns the place. All but Goeth rise.

SCHINDLER

No, no, come on, sit --

Madritsch He works his way around the table, patting Bosch and
who he on the back -- he knows them -- shaking Hujar's hand,
doesn't know. He reaches Goeth.

SCHINDLER

How you doing?

Goeth takes a good long look at the handsomely dressed
entrepreneur and allows him to shake his hand.

GOETH

We started without you.

SCHINDLER

Good.

nods
him.

Schindler takes a seat, shakes a napkin onto his lap,
to the servant holding out a bottle of champagne to

SCHINDLER

Please.

Goeth watches him. The others watch Goeth.

SCHINDLER

I miss anything important?

HUJAR

I was explaining to Mr. Bosch and
Mr. Madritsch some of the benefits
of moving their factories into
Plaszow.

SCHINDLER

Oh, good, yeah.

Schindler clearly doesn't care, but nods as though he
did.

He drinks. Goeth just watches him with what seems to be
growing amusement. He nods to Hujar to continue.

HUJAR

Since your labor is housed on-site,
it's available to you at all times.
You can work them all night if you
want. Your factory policies, whatever
they've been in the past, they'll
continue to be, they'll be respected --

glances

Schindler laughs out loud, cutting Hujar off. Hujar
over to Goeth nonplussed.

SCHINDLER

I'm sorry.

food

He's not sorry at all, and starts in on the plate of
that's set down in front of him.

GOETH

You know, they told me you were going
to be trouble -- Czurda and Scherner.

SCHINDLER

You're kidding.

Goeth slowly shakes his head no... then smiles.

GOETH

He looks great, though, doesn't he?
I have to know -- where do you get a

suit like that? what is that, silk?
(Schindler nods)
It's great.

SCHINDLER
I'd say I'd get you one but the guy
who made it, he's probably dead, I
don't know.

just
they're
He shrugs like, those are the breaks, too bad. Goeth
smiles. The others watch the two of them, unsure how
supposed to react.

INT. GOETH'S OFFICE - PLASZOW - LATER - DAY

now.
The others have gone. It's just Goeth and Schindler

Goeth pours glasses of cognac.

GOETH
Something wonderful's happened, do
you know what it is? Without planning
it, we've reached that happy point
in our careers where duty and
financial opportunity meet.

at
by --
Schindler nods pensively, perhaps in agreement, perhaps
some other thought. There's a silence, broken finally

SCHINDLER
I go to work the other day, there's
nobody there. Nobody tells me about
this, I have to find out, I have to
go in, everybody's gone --

GOETH
They're not gone, they're here.

SCHINDLER
They're mine!

from
His voice echoes into silence. An acquiescent shrug
Goeth finally. And a nod; Schindler's right.

SCHINDLER
Every day that goes by, I'm losing
money. Every worker that is shot,
costs me money -- I have to get
somebody else, I have to train them --

GOETH
We're going to be making so much
money, none of this is going to matter --

SCHINDLER

(cutting him off)
It's bad business.

GOETH

(shrugs)

Some of the boys went crazy, what're you going to do? You're right, it's bad business, but it's over with, it's done.

(pause)

Occasionally, sure, okay, you got to make an example. But that's good business.

nurses
to
Schindler pours himself another shot from the bottle, it. He's in a foul mood. They study each other, trying to determine perhaps who's more powerful. Eventually --

GOETH

Scherner told me something else about you.

SCHINDLER

Yeah, what's that?

GOETH

That you know the meaning of the word gratitude. That it's not some vague thing with you like with some guys.

SCHINDLER

True.

Goeth tries to put the situation in perspective:

GOETH

You want to stay where you are. You got things going on the side, things are good, you don't want anybody telling you what to do -- I can understand all that.

(pause)

What you want is your own sub-camp.

about
Schindler admits it by not disagreeing. Goeth thinks it, nods to himself again, then frowns.

GOETH

Do you have any idea what's involved? The paperwork alone? Forget you got to build it all, getting the fucking permits, that's enough to drive you crazy. Then the engineers show up. They stand around and they argue about drainage -- I'm telling you, you'll want to shoot somebody, I've been through it, I know.

SCHINDLER

Well, you've been through it. You know. You could make things easier for me.

not." A
Goeth mulls it over, his shrug saying "maybe, maybe
silence before --

SCHINDLER

I'd be grateful.

There's the word Goeth was waiting to hear.

EXT. D.E.F. SUBCAMP SITE - DAY

the
flag
An SS surveyor, with even paces, measures a distance of
bare field adjacent to the factory. He sticks a little
into the ground.

EXT. D.E.F. SUBCAMP SITE - DAY

the
barbed
post
feet,
A watchtower, half-erected, the little flag still in
ground. Laborers hammer at it while others roll out
wire fencing. A surveyor supervises the placement of a
and carefully measures its heights; it has to be nine
exactly.

Schindler
Plaszow --
At a folding table in the middle of the field,
signs checks made out to the Construction Office,
requisitioning more lumber, cement and hardware.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION OFFICE, PLASZOW - DAY

supplies --
Plaszow prisoners load the requisitioned building
the lumber, cement and hardware -- onto trucks.

EXT/INT. WAREHOUSE, CRACOW - DAY

the
Inside
goods:
The trucks parked not at Schindler's sub-camp, but at
loading dock of Goeth's private warehouse in Cracow.
the building can be glimpsed all kinds of Plaszow
clothes, food, construction equipment, furniture.

Schindler
time
Checkbook laid out on the hood of his Mercedes,
pays for the requested materials a second time -- this

hands with a check made out to Amon Goeth personally -- and
it over to his bagman, Hujar.

EXT. D.E.F. SUBCAMP FIELD - DAY

Schindler Some SS architects groan over a set of blueprints.
and an SS officer walk by.

SS OFFICER

You have the Poles beat the Czechs,
you have the Czechs beat the Poles,
that way everybody stays in line.

SCHINDLER

All I have is Jews.

has He shrugs, Too bad, what're you going to do? The SS guy
yank to think. Yeah, that's a problem. Two huge leashed dogs
another SS man across their path.

EXT. D.E.F. - DAY

the As five hundred Plaszow prisoners are marched back onto
completed -- grounds of D.E.F., any hope they may have had of a more
and looks like a fortress: barbed-wire, towers, SS guards
dogs.

INT. D.E.F. FACTORY - DAY

of Where once they glimpsed the not too threatening figure
workers Oskar Schindler strolling through the factory, the
And who dare glance up now find armed guards moving past.
moving further up, behind the wall of windows, Schindler
around, entertaining SS officer.

INT. GOETH'S VILLA - NIGHT

accordion, The Rosner brothers in evening clothes, Leo on
keep it Henry on violin, playing a Strauss melody, trying to
which muted, inoffensive. Few of the guests pay attention,
is fine with them. An SS officer chats with Schindler.

LEO JOHN

-- she's seventy years old, she's
been there forever -- they bomb her
house. Everything's gone. The

furniture, everything.

SCHINDLER

(well aware the man
is lying)

Thank God she wasn't there.

the Schindler, with yet another girl on his arm, endures
officer's lies while sweeping the room with his eyes.

LEO JOHN

I was thinking maybe you could help
her out. Some plates and mugs, some
stew pots, I don't know. Say half a
gross of everything?

Schindler looks at him for the first time, knowingly.

SCHINDLER

She run an orphanage, your aunt?

LEO JOHN

She's old. What she can't use maybe
she can sell.

Schindler's girl excuses herself to get a drink.

SCHINDLER

You want it sent directly to her or
through you?

LEO JOHN

Through me, I think. I'd like to
enclose a card.

room Schindler nods, Done. Both watch his date across the
there. getting a drink. As usual, she's the best-looking on

LEO JOHN

Your wife must be a saint.

with Whatever tolerance Schindler's had up to this point
pure John leaves his face; the looks he gives him now is
contempt.

SCHINDLER

She is.

INT. GOETH'S VILLA - LATER - NIGHT

places a Goeth's girl tonight, a Pole, eighteen, nineteen,
end of hand on Schindler's sleeve. They're at the important
John the large table with Goeth, along with Czurda and Leo

and their girlfriends.

GOETH'S GIRL

You're not a soldier?

SCHINDLER

No, dear.

CZURDA

There's a picture. Private Schindler?
Blanket around his shoulders over in
Kharkov?

Everyone laughs.

GOETH

Happened to what's his name -- up in
Warsaw -- and he was bigger than
you, Oskar.

CZURDA

Toebbens.

GOETH

Happened to Toebbens. Almost. Himmler
goes up to Warsaw, tells the armament
guys, "Get the fucking Jews out of
Toebbens' factory and put Toebbens
in the army," and -- "and sent him
to the Front." I mean, the Front.

Everybody laughs.

GOETH

It's true. Never happen in Cracow,
though, we all love you too much.

SCHINDLER

I pay you too much.

Another round of laughs, only this time it's forced.

Everybody knows it's true, but you don't say it out
loud,
they'll
and Schindler knows better. Goeth gives him a look;
talk later.

EXT. GOETH'S VILLA - LATER - NIGHT

Goeth finds Schindler alone outside smoking a
cigarette.

Schindler acknowledges him, but that's about it.
Finally --

SCHINDLER

You held back Stern. You held back
the one man most important to my
business.

GOETH

He's important to my business.

SCHINDLER

What do you want for him, I'll give it to you.

GOETH

I want him.

(turning back)

Come on, let's go inside, let's have a good time.

finishing
Goeth heads back inside. Schindler stays outside,
his cigarette.

EXT. PLASZOW - LATER - NIGHT

of
fifth
A folding table outside the prisoners' barracks. At it,
playing cards, two night sentries. A figure appears out
the darkness. Schindler. He sets down on the table a
of vodka.

EXT. BARRACKS - LATER - NIGHT

digs
drinking
Rosners'
Stern, summoned from his barracks, watches as Schindler
through his coat pockets. Nearby, at the table,
now, the sentries. From the hill, the villa, the
music, faint, can be heard.

SCHINDLER

Here.

retrieves
commodities.
He discreetly hands over to the accountant some cigars
scavenged from the party. From another pocket, he
and hands over some tins of food -- all valuable

who
From another pocket, perhaps not so valuable, but then
knows, a gold lighter. Regarding this last item --

SCHINDLER

This, I don't know, maybe you can trade it for something.

STERN

Thank you.

stand
Sorry I
Schindler shrugs, It's the least I can do. The two
around a moment more before Schindler shrugs again,

shoulder, can't do more. He reaches out, pats Stern on the
and, turning to leave.

SCHINDLER
I got to go, I'll see you.

STERN
Oskar --

maybe Schindler comes back, but, out of embarrassment or --
he wants to get back to the party -- waits with some
impatience for Stern to tell whatever it is he wants to
tell him.

Lowering his voice --

STERN
There's a guy. This thing happened.
Goeth came into the metalworks --

CUT TO:

INT. METALWORKS - PLASZOW - DAY

goodnatured Goeth moves through the crowded metalworks like a
good foreman, nodding to this worker, wishing that one a
level of morning. He seems satisfied, even pleased, with the
particular production. Goldberg is with him. They reach a
pleasantly bench, a particular worker, and Goeth smiles

GOETH
What are you making?

the Not daring to look up, all the worker sees of Goeth is
starched cuff of his shirt.

LEVARTOV
Hinges, sir.

a The rabbi-turned-metalworker gestures with his head to
more pile of hinges on the floor. Goeth nods. And in a tone
like a friend than anything else --

GOETH
I got some workers coming in
tomorrow... Where the hell they from
again?

GOLDBERG

Yugoslavia.

GOETH

Yugoslavia. I got to make room.

He shrugs apologetically and pulls out a pocket watch.

GOETH

Make me a hinge.

hinge
cutting
edges,
ticking

As Goeth times him, Rabbi Levartov works at making a
as though his life depended on it -- which it does --
the pieces, wrenching them together, smoothing the
all the while keeping count on his head of the seconds
away.

floor.
He finishes and lets it fall onto the others on the

Forty seconds.

GOETH

Another.

Again the rabbi works feverishly -- cutting, crimping,
sanding, hearing the seconds ticking in his head -- and
finishing in thirty-five. Goeth nods, impressed.

GOETH

That's very good. What I don't
understand, though, is -- you've
been working since what, about six
this morning? Yet such a small pile
of hinges?

stands
shoulders. He
pulls

He understands perfectly. So does Levartov; he has just
crafted his own death in exactly 75 seconds. Goeth
him against the workshop wall and adjusts his
pulls out his pistol, puts it to the rabbi's head and
the trigger... click.

GOETH

(mumble)

Christ --

back
the

Annoyed, Goeth extracts the bullet-magazine, slaps it
in and puts the barrel back to the man's head. He pulls
trigger again... and again there's a click.

GOETH

God damn it --

rabbi
face, he

He slams the weapon across Levartov's face and the slumps dazed to the floor. Looking up into Goeth's knows it's not over. As Goeth walks away --

CUT

BACK TO:

EXT. BARRACKS - CONTINUED - NIGHT

Tight on Schindler, a pensive nod, then a shrug.

SCHINDLER

The guy can turn out a hinge in less than a minute? Why the long story?

INT. D.E.F. - DAY

table
dares

Rabbi Levartov, brought over to D.E.F., works at a with several others. As Schindler strolls by, the rabbi to speak --

LEVARTOV

Thank you, sir.

out who

Schindler has to think a moment before he can figure the grateful man is.

SCHINDLER

Oh, yeah. You're welcome.

EXT. PLASZOW - DAY

some
twenty or

A dead chicken dangling from Hujar's hand, evidence of kind. Goeth slowly pacing before a work detail of so men standing still, silent, in a row.

GOETH

Nobody knows who stole the chicken.
A man walks around with a chicken,
nobody notices this.

from
this
stole

No one confesses. Goeth nods, All right, takes a rifle a guard and shoots one of the workers at random. With added incentive, he waits for someone to tell him who the chicken. No one does.

GOETH

Still nobody knows.

and a

He shrugs, Okay, points the rifle at another worker --

line. boy of fourteen, shuddering and weeping, steps out of

GOETH

There we go.

relative to Goeth goes over to the boy, and, like a distant
a small child, tries to get him to look at his face.

GOETH

It was you? You committed this crime?

BOY

No, sir.

GOETH

You know who, though.

The boy nods, weeps, screams --

BOY

Him!

entire He's pointing at the dead man. And Goeth astonishes the
assembly of workers and guards by believing the boy.

stares He returns the rifle to the guard and walks away. Hujar
after him, then knowingly at the boy.

EXT. PLASZOW - DAY

it A truck being loaded with supplies. Schindler signs for
and, appearing as rushed as he always does, returns the
clipboard to Stern.

SCHINDLER

Yeah, sure, bring him over.

INT. D.E.F. - DAY

they're Schindler comes down the stairs with Klonowska. As
crossing through the factory --

BOY

Thank you, sir.

SCHINDLER

(distracted)

That's okay.

INT. MECHANICS' GARAGE - PLASZOW - DAY

Leaning A mechanic peering under the hood of Goeth's Adler.
into the in he accidentally knocks a wrench off the radiator

dies. The

fan and there's an awful clatter before the engine
mechanic glances up horrified.

EXT. GOETH'S VILLA - DAY

from
Stern

As servants hoist a heavy, elaborately tooled saddle
Schindler's trunk - a gift for Goeth -- Schindler sees
coming toward him and glances skyward long-sufferingly.

INT. D.E.F. - DAY

glances

The mechanic, making adjustments to a metal press,
up as Schindler moves past.

MECHANIC

Thank --

SCHINDLER

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

EXT. D.E.F. FACTORY - DAY

faded
cross

Across the street stands a nervous young woman in a
dress. She seems to be trying to summon the courage to
over and onto the factory grounds.

INT. D.E.F. FACTORY - DAY

telephones
from
appears at
disapprovingly

Just inside the factory, she waits as a guard
Schindler's office. She can see the wall of windows
where she's standing, and Schindler himself as he
it, phone to his ear. He glances down at her
and the guard hangs up.

GUARD

He won't see you.

INT. APARTMENT - CRACOW - DAY

stockings.

The woman alone in a dismal room pulling on nylon

provocative
mirror.

At a mirror, she applies make-up. She slips into a
dress. Puts on heels. A Parisian hat. And looks in the

INT. D.E.F. - DAY

Schindler waits for her on the landing of the stairs.

He

unfortunately
Reaching
doesn't recognize her, but smiles to counter the possibility she's some old girlfriend he's forgotten. him, she offers her hand.

SCHINDLER
Miss Krause.

MISS KRAUSE
How do you do?

relieved. He
He can tell now she doesn't know him. He seems leads her past Klonowska's desk and into his office.

INT. SCHINDLER'S OFFICE - DAY

cabinet.
He arranges a chair for her, goes to his liquor

SCHINDLER
Pernod? Cognac?

MISS KRAUSE
No, thank you.

smiles,
He pours himself a drink, warms it in his hands, clearly take with her.

SCHINDLER
So.

point
she
The grace with which she's carried herself up to this seems to evaporate as she struggles to find the words wants.

MISS KRAUSE
They say that no one dies here. They say your factory is a haven. They say you are good.

of
the
Schindler's face changes like a wall going up, a mask indifference like in the portrait of Adolf Hitler on wall behind him.

SCHINDLER
Who says that?

MISS KRAUSE
Everyone.

suddenly,
Schindler glances away from her. He seems weary depressed.

MISS KRAUSE

My name is Regina Perlman, not Elsa Krause. I've been living in Cracow on false papers since the ghetto massacre.

(pause)

My parents are in Plaszow. They're old. They're killing old people in Plaszow now. They bury them up in the forest. I have no money. I borrowed these clothes. Will you bring them here?

Schindler glances back at her, his face hard, cold, and studies her for a long, long moment before --

SCHINDLER

I don't do that. You've been misled. I ask one thing: whether or not a worker has certain skills. That's what I ask and that's what I care about, get out of my office.

tears She stares at him, frightened and bewildered. She feels welling up.

SCHINDLER

Cry and I'll have you arrested, I swear to God.

She hurries out.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - PLASZOW - DAY

aggressive Schindler barges into Stern's office. In a foul and admonish mood, he dispenses with pleasantries in order to the accountant --

SCHINDLER

People die, it's a fact of life.

his Stern has hardly had time to look up from the work on desk.

SCHINDLER

He wants to kill everybody? Great. What am I supposed to do, bring everybody over? Is that what you think? Yeah, send them over to Schindler, send them all. His place is a "haven," didn't you know? It's not a factory, it's not an enterprise of any kind, it's a haven for people with no skills whatsoever.

better. Stern's look is all innocence, but Schindler knows

SCHINDLER

You think I don't know what you're doing? You're so quiet all the time? I know.

STERN

(with concern)

Are you losing money?

SCHINDLER

No, I'm not losing money, that's not the point.

STERN

What other point is --

SCHINDLER

(interrupts; yells)

It's dangerous. It's dangerous, to me, personally.

Silence. Schindler tries to settle down. Then --

SCHINDLER

You have to understand, Goeth's under enormous pressure. You have to think of it in his situation. He's got this whole place to run, he's responsible for everything that goes on here, all these people -- he's got a lot of things to worry about. And he's got the war. Which brings out the worst in people. Never the good, always the bad. Always the bad. But in normal circumstances, he wouldn't be like this. He'd be all right. There'd be just the good aspects of him. Which is a wonderful crook. A guy who loves good food, good wine, the ladies, making money...

STERN

And killing.

SCHINDLER

I'll admit it's a weakness. I don't think he enjoys it.

(pause)

All right, he does enjoy it, so what? What do you expect me to do about it?

STERN

There's nothing you can do. I'm not asking you to do anything. You came into my office.

But it isn't Stern who needs convincing; it's Schindler himself. It's doubtful he even realizes this, but it's

clear

itself,
right in
conducts
it:

to Stern. Schindler sighs either at the predicament
or at the fact that he's allowed Stern to place him
the middle of it. He turns to leave, hesitates. He
a mental search for a name and eventually comes up with

SCHINDLER
Perlman, husband and wife.

He unstraps his watch, hands it to Stern.

SCHINDLER
Give it to Goldberg, have him send
them over.

He leaves.

EXT. BALCONY - GOETH'S VILLA - NIGHT

Brothers way
Up
drunk
kingdom.

Distant music, Brahms' lullaby, from the Rosner
down by the women's barracks calming the inhabitants.
here on the balcony, Schindler and Goeth, the latter so
he can barely stand up, stare out over Goeth's dark

SCHINDLER
They don't fear us because we have
the power to kill, they fear us
because we have the power to kill
arbitrarily. A man commits a crime,
he should know better. We have him
killed, we feel pretty good about
it. Or we kill him ourselves and we
feel even better. That's not power,
though, that's justice. That's
different than power. Power is when
we have every justification to kill --
and we don't. That's power. That's
what the emperors had. A man stole
something, he's brought in before
the emperor, he throws himself down
on the floor, he begs for mercy, he
knows he's going to die... and the
emperor pardons him. This worthless
man. He lets him go. That's power.
That's power.

restraint,
stares
wondering

It seems almost as though this temptation toward
this image Schindler has brush-stroked of the merciful
emperor, holds some appeal to Goeth. Perhaps, as he
out over his camp, he imagines himself in the role,
what the power Schindler describes might feel like.

smiles. Eventually, he glances over drunkenly, and almost

SCHINDLER

Amon the Good.

EXT. STABLES - PLASZOW - DAY

arrives. A stable boy works to ready Goeth's horse before he

blanket He sticks a bridle into its mouth, throws a riding
Goeth. onto its back, drags out the saddle Schindler bought

tries Before he can finish, though, Goeth is there. The boy
less. to hide his panic; he knows others have been shot for

STABLE BOY

I'm sorry, sir, I'm almost done.

GOETH

Oh, that's all right.

himself, As Goeth waits, patiently it seems, whistling to
the stable boy tries to mask his confusion.

EXT. PLASZOW - DAY

high Goeth gallops around his great domain holding himself
himself to in the saddle. But everywhere he looks, it seems, he's
confronted with stoop-shouldered sloth. He forces
smile benevolently.

INT. GOETH'S VILLA - DAY

worker Goeth comes into his bedroom sweating from his ride. A
with a pail and cloth appears in the bathroom doorway.

MORE TO THE FLOOR --

WORKER

I have to report, sir, I've been
unable to remove the stains from
your bathtub.

almost Goeth steps past him to take a look. The worker is
expects shaking, he's so terrified of the violent reprisal he
to receive.

GOETH

What are you using?

WORKER

Soap, sir.

GOETH

(incredulous)

Soap? Not lye?

drifts
stares
stand
stains
himself.

The worker hasn't a defense for himself. Goeth's hand
down as if by instinct to the gun in his holster. He
at the worker. He so wants to shoot him he can hardly
it, right here, right in the bathroom, put some more
on the porcelain. He takes a deep breath to calm

Then gestures grandly.

GOETH

Go ahead, go on, leave. I pardon
you.

just
power
feel

The worker hurries out with his pail and cloth. Goeth
stands there for several moments -- trying to feel the
of emperors he's supposed to be feeling. But he doesn't
it. All he feels is stupid.

EXT. GOETH'S VILLA - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

villa.

The worker hurries across the dying lawn outside the

a

He dares a glance back, and at that moment, a hand with
gun appears out the bathroom window and fires.

EXT. BARRACKS, PLASZOW - NIGHT

Schindler's
barracks.

The sentries at their little table again, drinking
vodka. Nearby, Schindler and Stern outside Stern's

The accountant's tone is hushed:

STERN

If he didn't steal so much, I could
hide it. If he's steal with some
discretion...

CUT TO:

STERN'S OFFICE, PLASZOW - DAY

and
cursory

Goldberg delivers a stack of requisitions and invoices,
leaves without a word. Behind his desk, Stern takes a
look at them and shakes his head in dismay.

Goldberg's
hear it --

INT. GOLDBERG'S OFFICE, PLASZOW - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Stern comes in with the requisitions. Now it's
turn to shake his head in dismay; he doesn't want to

STERN
There are fifteen thousand people
here --

GOLDBERG
Goeth says there's twenty-five.

STERN
There are fifteen. He wants to say
sixteen, seventeen, all right, maybe
he can get away with it, but ten
thousand over? It's stupid.

GOLDBERG
Stern, do me a favor, get out of
here. You want to argue about it, go
tell Goeth.

rice
halt.
half

LOADING DOCK, PLASZOW - DAY

Stern watches truck being unloaded of bags of flour,
and other supplies. Goeth nods to Hujar. Hujar calls a
halt.

The workers climb down, close up the trucks. And, still
full, the trucks rumble off.

STERN (V.O.)
The SS auditors keep coming around,
looking over the books -- Goeth knows
this --

warehouse.
down the
the

EXT. CRACOW - DAY

The trucks at the loading dock of Goeth's private
warehouse.

Polish workers, under Hujar's supervision, throwing
"surplus" bags of flour and rice -- the supplies for
phantom 10,000 prisoners.

STERN (V.O.)
-- you'd think he'd have the common
sense to see what's coming. No, he

steals with complete impunity.

CUT

BACK TO:

BARRACKS - CONTINUED - NIGHT

moving
on up
eventually

They can see Goeth's villa up on the hill; figures around behind the windows. There's another party going there. Down here, as he nurses a drink from his flask, Schindler thinks about what Stern has told him, and shrugs, Fine, fuck him.

SCHINDLER

So you'll be rid of him.

But Stern slowly shakes his head 'no.'

STERN

If Plaszow is closed, they'll have to send us somewhere else. Where -- who knows? Gross-Rosen maybe. Maybe Auschwitz.

could

There's the irony -- bad as it is, evil as Goeth is, it get worse. Schindler understands.

SCHINDLER

I'll talk to him.

STERN

I think it's too late.

SCHINDLER

Well, I'll talk to somebody. I'll take care of it.

leaves.

He hands over to Stern some negotiable items and

INT. NIGHTCLUB - CRACOW - NIGHT

share a

Schindler and Senior SS Officers Toffel and Scherner table in same smoke-filled nightclub they met in.

SCHINDLER

What's he done that's so bad -- take money? That's a crime? Come on, what are we here for, to fight a war? We're here to make money, all of us.

TOFFEL

There's taking money and there's taking money, you know that. He's taking money.

SCHERNER

The place produces nothing. I shouldn't say that -- nothing it produces reaches the Army. That's not all right.

SCHINDLER

So I'll talk to him about it.

SCHERNER

He's a friend of yours, you want to help him out. Tell me this, though -- has he ever once shown you his appreciation? I've yet to see it. Never a courtesy. Never a thank you note. He forgets my wife at Christmas time --

SCHINDLER

He's got no style, we all know that. So, we should hang him for it?

TOFFEL

He's stealing from you, Oskar.

SCHINDLER

Of course he's stealing from me, we're in business together. What is this? I'm sitting here, suddenly everybody's talking like this is something bad. We take from each other, we take from the Army, everybody uses everybody, it works out, everybody's happy.

SCHERNER

Not like him.

Schindler glances away to the floor show, nods to himself.

Glancing back again, he considers the SS men with great sobriety.

SCHINDLER

Yeah, well, in some eyes it doesn't matter the amount we steal, it's that we do it. Each of us sitting at this table.

His thinly veiled threat of exposure escapes neither SS man.

The air seems thicker suddenly.

SCHERNER

He doesn't deserve your loyalty. More important, he's not worth you making threats against us.

SCHINDLER

Did I threaten anybody here? I stated
a simple fact.

threat
just
The threat still stands, despite Schindler's assurance
otherwise, and they all know it. So does Scherner's
back to him, and they all know that, too. But Schindler
grins, and, glancing away --

SCHINDLER
Come on, let's watch the girls.

INT. D.E.F. FACTORY - DAY

bowls
several
thank
In addition to the mid-day soup and break, there are
of fruit on the long work tables. At one of them,
workers are debating which of them will go upstairs to
Schindler.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICES, D.E.F. - SAME TIME - DAY

over
garrison.
In honor of Schindler's birthday, Goeth has brought
Stern and the Rosners -- the musicians, at the moment,
accompanying the best baritone in the Ukrainian

cake.
Surrounded by his friends and lovers, Schindler cuts a

present and
Goeth.
He receives congratulations from the many SS men
the embraces, in turn, of Ingrid and Klonowska and

From Stern he gets a handshake.

timidly
men
comes
A Jewish girl from the shop floor is admitted and
approaches the drunken group around Schindler. The SS
consider her as a curiosity; Schindler, as he would any
beautiful girl. The music breaks and out of the silence
a small nervous voice:

FACTORY GIRL
...On behalf of the workers... sir...
I wish you a happy birthday...

swastikas
beautiful
She hesitates. She's surrounded by SS uniforms and
and holstered guns. Schindler smiles; this is a
girl.

SCHINDLER

Thank you.

around
head
He kisses her on the mouth. The smiles on the faces
them strain. Stern glances to heaven. Amon cocks his
like a confused dog. The kiss is broken, finally, and
Schindler smiles again with impunity.

SCHINDLER

Thank them for me.

now is
gets
song.
The girl backs away nodding anxiously; all she wants
out before someone -- her, Schindler, both of them --
shot. Henry Rosner nudges Leo and they begin another

And the party tries to resume.

EXT. APPELLPLATZ - PLASZOW - DAWN

would
up
Were they not asleep in their barracks, the prisoners
no doubt shudder at the sight: the clerks are setting
their folding tables.

murky
filing
phonograph,
Other figures move around the parade ground in the
dawn light: these raising a banner, those wheeling
cabinets across the Appellplatz, this one wiring a
that one saturating a pad with ink from a bottle.

handing
with
Goldberg, Lord of Lists, moves from table to table
out carbons of lists and sharing morning pleasantries
the clerks.

lenses of
Some men in white appear like ghosts. A doctor's kid is
opened, a stethoscope removed. Another cleans the
his glasses. Someone sharpens a pencil.

EXT. DEPOT - PLASZOW - DAWN

slowly
couples to
A trainman waving a lantern guides an engineer who's
backing an empty cattle car along the tracks. It
another empty slatted car with a harsh clank.

EXT. APPELLPLATZ - PLASZOW - DAY

78. The
The needle of the phonograph is set down on a pocked

camp
first scratchy note of a Strauss waltz blare from the
speakers.

EXT. BALCONY - GOETH'S VILLA - DAY

first
wafting
In his undershirt and shorts Goeth calmly smokes his
cigarette of the morning as he listens to the music
up from down below.

the
prisoners.
Down there on the Appellplatz, the entire population of
camp has been concentrated, some fifteen thousand

EXT. APPELLPLATZ - PLASZOW - DAY

country
out
unhealthy.
Though the music and banners struggle to evoke a
fair, the presence of the doctors belie it. A sorting
process is going on here, the healthy from the

several
makes
one
A physician wipes at his brow with his handkerchief as
prisoners run back and forth, naked, before him. He
his selections quickly: this one into this line, that
into that, and Goldberg moves them recording the names.

doctors
The sun
Other groups of people run naked in front of other
and clerks. Notations are made and lines are formed.
beats down and the music lies.

EXT. DEPOT - PLASZOW - DAY

wave of
slides
group
Some still pulling their clothes back on, the first
the "unfit" is marched onto the platform. A guard
open the gate of a cattle car and this first unlucky
climbs aboard.

EXT. APPELLPLATZ - PLASZOW - DAY

hope
of adding a little color to her skin.
Behind the camouflage of other women prisoners, Mila
Pfefferberg rubs a beet against her cheeks in desperate

rolled up,
chats with one of the doctors as another group strips.
Amon Goeth, his shirtsleeves uncharacteristically

unseasonable

Whether the topic is this Health Aktion or the weather is unclear, but he nods approvingly.

PFEFFERBERG (O.S.)
Commandant, sir.

off
that
turns

Goeth glances up, finds Poldek among the group taking their clothes. Pfefferberg appeals to him with a look asks, Do I really have to go through this, and Goeth to a clerk.

GOETH
My mechanic.

okay, he
out

Pfefferberg is motioned away from the others; he's doesn't have to be put through this indignity. He calls to the Commandant again --

PFEFFERBERG
What about my wife?

okay,
notation

Goeth thinks about it a moment before he nods, Yeah, sure. A clerk accompanies Pfefferberg and, making a on the way, finds Mila.

EXT. DEPOT - PLASZOW - DAY

arms
exchange

The sun is higher, the cattle cars hotter. Prisoners' stretch out between the slats offering diamonds in for a sip of water.

EXT. PLASZOW - LATER - DAY

record,
(Mommy,

The needle of the phonograph is set down on another a children's song, "Mammi, kauf mir ein Pferdchen" buy me a pony).

Wailing
shots,

Children are yanked from the arms of their parents. protests quickly escalate to brawls with the guards. Revolvers and rifles aim at the sun and fire. Music, wails.

INT. BARRACKS - SAME TIME - DAY

at the

Guards traipse through a deserted barracks peering up

looking rafters, pulling planks from the floor, upending cots,
for some children.

EXT. BARRACKS - SAME TIME - DAY

barracks, A small figure in red sprints across to another
past it, to a crude wooden structure beyond it.

INT. MEN'S LATRINES - SAME TIME - DAY

herself An arm held out to either side, the small girl lowers
into a pit into which men have defecated. She works her
way slowly down, trying to find knee and toeholds on the
foul walls, ignoring the flies invading her ears, her
nostrils.

submerge, Reaching the surface of the muck she lets her feet
then her ankles, her shins, her knees, before finally
touching harder ground. As she struggles to slow her
breathing, her racing heart, she hears a hallucinatory
murmur --

BOY'S VOICE

This is our place.

already She sees eyes in the darkness; five other children are
there.

EXT. DEPOT - PLASZOW - LATER - DAY

cattle Waves of heat rise from the roofs of the long string of
as cars. Inside, those who "failed" the medical exams bake
they wait for the last cars to be filled.

other Schindler's Mercedes pulls up. He climbs out and stares
to transfixed. He notices Goeth then, standing with the
industrialists, Bosch and Madritsch, and strolls over
them.

GOETH

I tried to call you, I'm running a
little late, this is taking longer
than I thought. Have a drink.

SCHINDLER

What's going on?

GOETH

I got a shipment of Hungarians coming

in, I got to make room for them.
It's always something.

partially
the
He glances away at the train. The idling engine only covers the desperate pleas for water coming from inside slatted cars.

GOETH
They're complaining now? They don't know what complaining is.

It's
He grins. Schindler watches as another car is loaded. like they're climbing into an oven.

SCHINDLER
What do you say we get your fire brigade out here and hose down the cars?

think-
calls
Goeth stares at him blankly, then with a What-will-you-of-next? kind of look, then laughs uproariously and over to Hujar --

GOETH
Bring the fire trucks!

HUJAR
What?

turns to
Hujar heard him, he just doesn't get it. Finally he another guy and tells him to do it.

fire
the
gratitude.
STREAM OF WATER CASCADE onto the scalding rooftops. The trucks are there, the hoses firing the cold water at cars on the people inside who are roaring their

GOETH
This is really cruel, Oskar, you're giving them hope. You shouldn't do that, that's cruel.

officers
one
still
returns to
And amusing, not just to Goeth, but to the other SS standing around as well. Oskar moves away to talk with of the firemen. At full extension, apparently the hoses only reach halfway down the long line of cars. He Goeth.

SCHINDLER

I've got some 200-meter hoses back
at D.E.F., we can reach the cars
down at the end.

Goeth finds this especially sidesplitting, and hollers

--

GOETH

Hujar!

the
and
THE D.E.F. HOSES have arrived and are being coupled to
Plaszow's. As the water drenches the cars further back,
people inside loudly voice their thanks, and the guards
officers outside grin at the spectacle.

GUARD

What does he think he's saving them
from?

the
by
string of
The joke takes on new dimension when, from the back of
D.E.F. trucks, boxes of food are unloaded. Accompanied
the laughter of the SS, Schindler moves along the
cars pushing sausages through the slats.

GOETH

Oh, my God.

the
the
countless
recklessly
Goeth is almost hysterical. But slowly then, slowly,
amusement on his face fades. His friend moving along
cars bringing futile mercy to the doomed in front of
SS men, laughing or not, is not just behaving
here, it's as though he were possessed.

The water rains down on the last car.

EXT. D.E.F. - DAY

blocking
A German staff car pulls in across the factory gate,
it. Two Gestapo men climb out.

INT. D.E.F. FACTORY - DAY

birthday
through the
and,
The girl who brought Schindler best wishes on his
glances up from her work to the Gestapo crossing
factory. They climb the stairs to the upstairs offices
moments later, appear behind Schindler's wall of glass.

INT. SCHINDLER'S OFFICE - DAY

calmly Schindler leaning against his desk, drink in his hand,
tries to assess his humorless arresters.

SCHINDLER
I'm not saying you'll regret it, but
you might. I want you to be aware of
that.

GESTAPO 1
We'll risk it.

office,
make Schindler glances beyond them to a point outside his
to Klonowska. She nods, she knows what to do, she'll
the phone calls, call in the favors.

SCHINDLER
All right, sure, it's a nice day,
I'll go for a drive with you guys.

He snuffs out his cigarette.

INT. GESTAPO CAR - MOVING - DAY

idly
looks Settled comfortably in the backseat, Schindler glances
out the window. As the car makes a turn, though, he
back. Apparently he expected it to turn the other way.

SCHINDLER
Where are we going?

time,
building The guys up front don't answer. Concern, for the first
registers on Schindler's face. The car approaches a
block long with an ominous sameness to the windows.

INT. MONTELUPICH PRISON - CRACOW - DAY

cigarettes,
raised
narrow Schindler is made to empty his pockets, his money,
everything. Around him clerks speak in whispers, as if
voices might set off head-splitting echoes along the
monotonous corridors.

INT. MONTELUPICH PRISON - DAY

tunnel.
crouched He's led down a flight of stairs into a claustrophobic
He's taken past darkened cells. Past shadowy figures
in corners and on the floor.

INT. CELL, MONTELUPICH PRISON - DAY

a
his
before his
forever,

A water bucket. A waste bucket. No windows. This is not
cell for dignitaries; this arrest is different.
Schindler, incongruous with the dank surroundings in
double-breasted suit, slowly paces back and forth
cellmate, a soldier who looks like he's been here
his greatcoat pulled up around his ears for warmth.

SCHINDLER

I violated the Race and Resettlement
Act. Though I doubt they can point
out the actual provision to me.

(pause)

I kissed a Jewish girl.

serious,

Schindler forces a smile. His cellmate just stares. Now
there's a crime; much more impressive, much more
than his own.

INT. OFFICE - MONTELUPICH PRISON - DAY

of
colonel

In a stiff-backed chair sits a very unlikely defender
racial improprieties -- Amon Goeth. To an impassive SS
behind a desk, Goeth tries to highlight extenuating
circumstances:

GOETH

He likes women. He likes good-looking
women. He sees a good-looking woman,
he doesn't think. This guy has so
many women. They love him. He's
married, he's got all these women.
All right, she was Jewish, he
shouldn't have done it. But you didn't
see this girl. I saw this girl. This
girl was very good-looking.

face is

Goeth tries to read the guy behind the desk, but his
like a wall.

GOETH

They cast a spell on you, you know,
the Jews. You work closely with them
like I do, you see this. They have
this power, it's like a virus. Some
of my men are infected with this
virus. They should be pitied, not
punished. They should receive
treatment, because this is as real
as typhus. I see this all the time.

anywhere
Goeth shifts in his chair; he knows he's not getting
with this guy. He switches tacts:

GOETH

It's a matter of money? We can discuss
that. That'd be all right with me.

a
before
official.
In the silence that follows, Goeth realizes he has made
serious error in judgment. This man sitting soberly
him is one of that rare breed -- the unbribable

SS COLONEL

You're offering me a bribe?

GOETH

A "bribe?" No, no, please come on...
a gratuity.

thoroughly
he
just
Suddenly the man stands up and salutes, which
confuses Goeth since Goeth is his inferior in rank. But
isn't saluting Goeth, he's saluting the officer who has
stepped into the room behind him.

SCHERNER

Sit down.

next
The colonel sits back down. Scherner pulls up a chair
to Goeth.

SCHERNER

Hello, Amon.

GOETH

Sir.

it's
grace.
Scherner smiles and allows Goeth to shake his hand, but
clear, even to Goeth himself, that he has fallen from

INT. GOETH'S VILLA - PLASZOW - NIGHT

the
Rosner brothers.
A tall, thin, gray Waffen SS officer has a request for

SS OFFICER

I want to hear "Gloomy Sunday" again.

feet
son --
He's drunk, morose; it seems unlikely he'll be on his
much longer. Indeed, as Henry and Leo Rosner begin the

commits
a
it.

an excessively melancholy tale in which a young man
suicide for love -- the field officer staggers over to
chair in the corner of the crowded room and slumps into

SCHERNER

We give you Jewish girls at five
marks a day, Oskar, you should kiss
us, not them.

Schermer.
Goeth laughs too loud, drawing a weary glance from

worse
Taking
confidence --

Schindler smiles good-naturedly. He's out, a little
for wear perhaps, a little more subdued than usual.
him away from the others, taking him into his

GOETH

God forbid you ever get a real taste
for Jewish skirt. There's no future
in it. No future. They don't have a
future. And that's not just good old-
fashioned Jew-hating talk. It's policy
now.

musicians,
swaying precariously, a drink in his hand --

THE THIN GRAY SS OFFICER is back in front of the

SS OFFICER

"Gloomy Sunday" again.

crowded
the

Again they play the song. Again he staggers across the
room to his chair in the corner, paying no attention to
visiting Commandant from Treblinka or anybody else --

TREBLINKA GUY

-- We can process at Treblinka, if
everything is working? I don't know,
maybe two thousand units a day.

unclear.
He shrugs like it's nothing, or with modesty, it's

Goeth is dully impressed; Schindler, only politely so.

TREBLINKA GUY

Now Auschwitz. Now you're talking.
What I got is nothing, it's like
a... a machine. Auschwitz, though,
now there's a death factory. There,
they know how to do it. There, they
know what they're doing.

AGAIN THE GRAY OFFICER wavering before Henry and Leo.
This time they don't wait for him to ask for it --
LEO ROSNER
"Gloomy Sunday" As the man stumbles back to his chair,
the Rosners not only play the song again, they play with
it, and him, this one somber man in the corner staring at them
almost gratefully, wrenching from the song all the
sentimentality they can, as if they could actually drive him to kill
himself.
No one else in the room is aware of the exchange going
on between them -- this man and this music -- which the
brothers play as if it were an invocation. Eventually, though,
someone does become aware, if not of the intention, at least of
the repetition, and interrupts the spell --
GOETH
Enough -- Jesus -- God --
The music falls apart. The brothers find Goeth in the
crowd looking at them like, Come on, for Christ's sake play
innocuous something else. Which they do -- defeated -- some
Von Suppe. Goeth turns back to one of his guests.
Glancing back, as they play, to the corner, the Rosners
see the gloomy SS officer getting slowly up from his chair.
He stands there for a moment, staring at nothing, then
slowly makes his way out onto the balcony where he stands in
the night air, absolutely still, in silhouette to the
Rosners.
And, ruining a perfectly good party, he takes out a gun
and shoots himself in the head.
EXT. D.E.F. - DAY
From a distance, Schindler can be seen arguing with an
SS officer who's trying to hand him papers, orders of some
kind, which the irate industrialist refuses to accept.

Schindler's
factory and

Schindler
climbs

umbrella
knees
distracted

graves
ghetto

line.

wheelbarrow
body
another

and

reached
it

Here, closer, carrying blankets and bundles,
workers are marched under heavy guard out of the
its annexes and across the fortified yard.
His people are being taken. Where, is unclear.
Schindler abruptly breaks off the discussion with the SS man,
into his car and drives off.

EXT. FOREST - PLASZOW - LATER - DAY

A creek flowing gently through marshy ground under an
of trees. Leo John and his five year old son, on their
catching tadpoles, seem unaware of, or at least not
by, a ghastly endeavor going on beyond them:
Bodies being exhumed out of the earth, out of the mass
in the forest. The dead lay everywhere, victims of the
massacre, victims of Plaszow.
Arriving, Schindler sees Goeth standing up at the tree
line.
Approaching him, furious, he hesitates. He sees a
trundled by Pfefferberg, a corpse in it. He fears the
is Mila's, but then sees her trundling another barrow,
corpse in it. Goeth calls to Schindler --

GOETH
Can you believe this?

Goeth shakes his head, dismayed. Schindler joins him
and
stares at a pyre of bodies built by masked and gagging
workers, layer upon layer.

GOETH
I'm trying to live my life, they
come up with this? I got to find
every body buried up here? And burn
it?

It's always something. He glances off. The pyre has
the height of a man's shoulder. The workers move around
dousing it with gasoline.

SCHINDLER
You took my workers.

GOETH

(indignant)

They're taking mine. When I said they didn't have a future I didn't mean tomorrow.

(pause)

Auschwitz.

SCHINDLER

When?

GOETH

I don't know. Soon.

of his
the
He sighs at the unfairness of it all, the dissolution of his kingdom. His glance finds his man, Leo John, over at the stream.

GOETH

This is good. I'm out of business and he's catching tadpoles with his son.

Behind
Tight on the gleeful boy with a tadpole in his hand. Behind him, smoke from the pyre rises into the sky.

INT. D.E.F. FACTORY - NIGHT

stares
dark
Schindler, in silhouette against the wall of glass, stares down at his deserted factory, his silent machines, the dark empty spaces.

INT. SCHINDLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

the
personal
Light pouring in through the windows. White sheets over the furniture like shrouds over the dead. Schindler's personal things are gone.

EXT. POLAND/CZECHOSLOVAKIA BORDER - EVENING

suitcases.
Schindler's Mercedes, the backseat piled high with suitcases.

is
A border guard returns his passport to him. The barrier is lifted and he crosses into Czech countryside.

INT. SQUARE, BRINNLITZ, CZECHOSLOVAKIA - MORNING

priest and
from
A church in the main square of a sleepy hamlet. A priest and his parishioners, including Emilie Schindler, emerging from

it, morning Mass over.

notice
hotel.

Some guys outside a bar/café, hanging out, drinking,
the elegantly dressed gentleman outside the town's only
They recognize him. They come over.

SCHINDLER

Hey, how you doing?

BRINNLITZ GUY 1

Look at this.

great

Schindler, the clothes, the car, the suitcases, the
difference between their respective stations in life.

do

Somehow their old ne'er-do-well friend has managed to
quite well, and it amazes them.

But

Across the square, Emilie has noticed him; and he, her.

walks

neither makes a move toward the other. Finally she

Yes,

away; which Schindler interprets correctly to mean,

and

check into the hotel. He tips the porter extravagantly

turns back to the guys from the bar.

SCHINDLER

Let me buy you a drink.

INT. BAR - BRINNLITZ - NIGHT

the

Except for the clothes of the working class clientele,
scene is reminiscent of the SS nightclub in Cracow:

around the

Schindler, the great entertainer, working his way

making

tables making sure everybody's got enough to drink,

gestures

sure everybody's happy. A guy at a table with a girl

him over.

BRINNLITZ GUY 2

Oskar - my friend Lena.

SCHINDLER

How do you do?

(to them both)

What can I get you, what're you
drinking?

BRINNLITZ GUY 2

Nothing's changed. Then again,
something has changed, hasn't it?

SCHINDLER

Things worked out. I made some money over there, had some laughs, you know. It was good.

BRINNLITZ GUY 2

Now you're back.

SCHINDLER

Now I'm back, and you know what I'm going to do now? I'm going to have a good time. So are you.

his
over
He gestures to the bartender to refill his friend's and date's drinks, pats the guy on the shoulder and wanders to the next table.

GIRL

Who is he?

because
know
The guy has to think; not because he doesn't know, but his old friend Oskar is so many things it's hard to which description to use. Finally --

BRINNLITZ GUY 2

He's a salesman.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - BRINNLITZ - NIGHT

his
stares
A woman asleep in the bed. The girl from the bar. In robe, at the window, Schindler calmly smokes as he out at the NIGHT

EXT. BRINNLITZ - DAWN

mountains.
The town, off in the distance, nestled against the

structures,
The sun, just coming up. Closer, here, ramshackle a long abandoned factory of some kind.

Moto-
through
Schindler, in leather riding gear, climbs down off a Guzzi motorcycle. He slowly wanders around, peers in broken windows, wanders around some more.

hating
it.
Tight on his face, torn between conflicting choices, or realizing there's no choice, or only one choice, and

SCHINDLER

Goddamn it.

EXT. BALCONY, GOETH'S VILLA - PLASZOW - DAY

Schindler and Goeth on the balcony of the villa,
drinking.

GOETH

You want these people.

SCHINDLER

These people, my people, I want my
people.

lies
Goeth considers his friend, greatly puzzled. Below them
the camp, still operating, at least for now, until the
shipments can be arranged.

GOETH

What are you, Moses? What is this?
Where's the money in this? What's
the scam?

SCHINDLER

It's good business.

GOETH

Oh, this is "good business" in your
opinion. You've got to move them,
the equipment, everything to
Czechoslovakia -- it doesn't make
any sense.

SCHINDLER

Look --

GOETH

You're not telling me something.

SCHINDLER

It's good for me -- I know them, I'm
familiar with them. It's good for
you -- you'll be compensated. It's
good for the Army. You know what I'm
going to make?

SCHINDLER

Artillery shells. Tank shells. They
need that. Everybody's happy.

GOETH

Yeah, sure.

on
Goeth finds this whole line of reasoning impossible to
believe. He's sure Schindler's got something else going
here he's not telling him.

GOETH

You're probably scamming me somehow.

If I'm making a hundred, you got to be making three.

Schindler admits it with a shrug.

GOETH
If you admit to making three, then it's four, actually. But how?

SCHINDLER
I just told you.

GOETH
You did, but you didn't.

Goeth studies him, searching for the real answer in his face.

He can't find it.

GOETH
Yeah, all right, don't tell me, I'll go along with it, it's just irritating to me I can't figure it out.

SCHINDLER
All you have to do is tell me what it's worth to you. What's a person worth to you.

Goeth thinks about it in the silence. Then a slow nod to himself. He's going to make some money out of this even if he can't figure it out. He smiles.

GOETH
What's one worth to you? That's the question.

CUT TO: HARD

184 THE KEYS OF A TYPEWRITER slapping a name onto a list --
184 LEVARTOV -- the letters the size of buildings, the
sound as
loud as gunshots --

HINGE- TIGHT ON THE FACE OF A MAN -- Rabbi Levartov -- the
maker

Goeth tried to kill with a faulty revolver --

THE KEYS HAMMER another name -- PERLMAN --

parents TIGHT ON TWO ELDERLY FACES -- a man, a woman -- the

--
Labor
Schindler's

of "Elsa Krause." IN HIS SMALL CLUTTERED PLASZOW OFFICE
Stern transcribes D.E.F.workers' names from a Reich
Office document to the list in his typewriter,
List.

NAME -- A FACE -- NAME -- FACE -- NAME --

TIGHT ON SCHINDLER slowly pacing the six or seven steps
Stern's cramped office allows, nursing a drink.

SCHINDLER

Poldek Pfefferberg... Mila
Pfefferberg...

MILA'S

THE KEYS typing 'PFEFFE- PFEFFERBERG'S face, tight.
face, tight.

looks

CURRENCY, hard Reichmarks, in a small valise. As Goeth
at it, he mumbles to himself --

GOETH

A virus...

of
rolls in

MOVING DOWN THE LIST of names, forty, fifty. The sound
the keys. Stern pulls the sheet out of the machine,
another, types a name.

Plaszow

EQUIPMENT BEING LOADED onto trucks outside Madritsch's
factory.

SCHINDLER

You can do the same thing I'm doing.
There's nothing stopping you.

appeal to

Madritsch is shaking his head 'no' to Schindler's
make his own list, to get his workers out.

MADRITSCH

I've done enough for the Jews.

a

THE KEYS typing another name -- A FACE, a man, A FACE,
woman, A FACE, a child --

COGNAC SPILLING into a glass. The glass coming up to
Schindler's mouth, hesitating there.

SCHINDLER

The investors.

investors.

A NAME -- A FACE -- one of the original D.E.F.

ANOTHER NAME -- ANOTHER FACE -- another of the Jewish investors.

SCHINDLER

All of them. Szerwitz, his family.

he's
Schindler,
faces
Stern,

STERN GLANCES UP with a look that asks Schindler if sure about this one. He is. The keys type SZERWITZ -- TIGHT ON THE FACE of the investor who stole from the one he threatened to have killed by the SS, and the faces of his sons --

THREE OR FOUR PAGES of names next to the typewriter. trying to count them, estimates --

STERN

Four hundred, four fifty --

SCHINDLER

More.

takes a
brother,
The
answer,

THE TRUNK OF SCHINDLER'S MERCEDES yawning open. He small valise from it and heads for Goeth's villa.

THE KEYS typing ROSNER --

TIGHT ON Henry Rosner, the violinist. TIGHT ON his Leo, the accordionist.

SCHINDLER AND BOSCH, the other Plaszow industrialist. same appeal Schindler made to Madritsch; the same 'no.'

MOVING DOWN another page of names.

STERN (O.S.)

About six hundred --

SCHINDLER (O.S.)

More.

"chicken
pit

THE SOUND OF THE KEYS OVER the face of a boy, the thief." Over THE FACE OF A GIRL, the one who hid in the of excrement. Over the FACES we've never seen.

STERN (O.S.)

Eight hundred, give or take.

SCHINDLER

(angrily)
Give or take what, Stern -- how many --
count them.

to
STERN RUNS HIS FINGER down the pages of names, trying
count them more precisely.

and
BLACKJACK, dealt by GOETH. They're betting diamonds, he
misfortune. Schindler. A queen falls and Goeth groans his

THE FACE OF Goeth's maid.

a
GOETH SWEEPS his hold card against the table, is thrown
four, sweeps it again and gets a jack.

A NAME we don't recognize is typed.

A FACE we don't recognize.

INT. STERN'S OFFICE - PLASZOW - NIGHT

them,
quietly
Schindler leafing through the page of names, counting
drinking, to the sound of the typewriter. Eventually,
to himself --

SCHINDLER
That's it.

Stern heard him and stops typing, glances over.

SCHINDLER
You can finish that page.

again.
Stern resumes where he left off, but then hesitates

There's something he doesn't understand.

STERN
What did Goeth say? You just told
him how many you needed?

He's
with
It doesn't sound right. And Schindler doesn't answer.
avoided telling Stern the details of the deal struck
Goeth, and balks telling him now. Finally awkwardly --

SCHINDLER
I'm buying them. I'm paying him. I
give him money, he gives me the
people.
(pause)
If you were still working for me I'd
expect you to talk me out of it,

it's costing me a fortune.

Stern had no idea. And has no idea now what to say.

it Schindler shrugs like it's no big deal, but Stern knows
is.

SCHINDLER

Give him the list, he'll sign it,
he'll get the people ready. I have
to go back to Brinnlitz, to take
care of things on that end, I'll see
you there.

What he Stern is really overcome by what this man is doing.
can't figure out is why. Silence. And then --

SCHINDLER

Finish the page.

nothing Stern turns back, does as he's told. Schindler drinks.
Nothing but the sound of the typewriter keys. And then
at all. The page is done. The rest will die.

INT. TOWN COUNCIL HALL - BRINNLITZ - NIGHT

his Schindler in front of a large assembly, party pin in
him. lapel, as usual, imposing SS guards on either side of

SCHINDLER

This is my home.

Brinnlitz, He looks out over his audience, the citizens of
bewildered local government officials, many of them appearing
by him or the "situation" that has arisen.

SCHINDLER

I was born here, my wife was born
here, my mother is buried here, this
is my home.

drinking His estranged wife is there. So are the guys he was
with.

SCHINDLER

Do you really think I'd bring a
thousand Jewish criminals into my
home?

been Everyone seems to breathe sighs of relief as if they've

rumors waiting for him to say this, to dispel the disturbing
they've heard.

SCHINDLER

These are skilled munitions workers --
they are essential to the war effort --

Raising The noise begins, his audience's angry reaction.
pitch of his own voice --

SCHINDLER

-- It is my duty to supervise them --
and it is your duty to allow me --

out. He barely gets it all out before the protests drown him

point The uproar reaches such a clamoring level there's no
in his continuing.

GOETH'S VILLA - PLASZOW - DAY

tedium Goeth, at his writing desk, endures the bureaucratic
of signing memoranda, transport orders, requisitions.
He comes to Schindler's list, initials each page and signs
the last with no more interest than the others. He hands
the whole stack of paperwork to Marcel Goldberg, Personnel
Clerk, Executor of Lists, Gangster.

INT. OFFICE, ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - PLASZOW - DAY

typewriter. Goldberg has the signature page of the list in a

space He carefully aligns it and types his own name in a
allowed by the bottom margin.

EXT. SCHINDLER'S BRINNLITZ FACTORY SITE - DAY

Schindler At a folding table in the middle of the field,
Evacuation signs his name to Reich Main Office directives,
contracts. Board and Department of Economy form, Armaments

fences Around him, the new camp is taking shape: Electric
are going up, watchtowers, barracks; shipments of heavy
equipment, huge Hilo machines, are being off-loaded
from

at flatbed train cars; SS engineers stand around frowning
the lay of the land, some drainage problem no doubt.

EXT. DEPOT - PLASZOW - DAY

away A train full of people destined for Auschwitz pulls
from the platform. As Goldberg gathers his paperwork, a
prisoner approaches him.

PRISONER
Am I on the list?

GOLDBERG
What list is that?

he He knows what the prisoner means and the prisoner knows
knows. He means Schindler's List.

GOLDBERG
The good list? Well, that depends,
doesn't it?

to The prisoner knows that, too, and discreetly turns over
coat. Goldberg a couple of diamonds from the lining of his

INT. GOLDBERG'S OFFICE - PLASZOW - NIGHT

types Names on a notepad, the first few crossed out. Goldberg
into the the next name onto a page of The List, squeezing it
upper margin, and crosses that one out on the pad.

the He rolls the page down, types another name, tires of
the exacting task, tears the handwritten page of names from
notepad, crumples it and throws it away.

EXT. BRINNLITZ - NIGHT

of Schindler, on his way back to his hotel after a night
ground drinking, is jumped by three guys, wrestled to the
and brutally kicked.

glimpse As the forms of his attackers move away, he catches a
he of one of them -- his "friend" who admired his car when
first arrived back in town.

INT. MECHANICS GARAGE - PLASZOW - DAY

car,
Pfefferberg, his head under the hood of a German staff
adjusting the carburetor. Goldberg comes in.

GOLDBERG
Hey, Poldek, how's it going?
(Pfefferberg ignores
him)
You know about the list? You're on
it.

PFEFFERBERG
Of course I'm on it.

GOLDBERG
You want to stay on it? What do you
got for me?

Pfefferberg glances up from his work and studies the
blackmailing collaborator for a long moment.

PFEFFERBERG
What do I got for you?

GOLDBERG
Takes diamonds to stay on this list.

hand,
Pfefferberg suddenly attacks him with the wrench in his
beating him across the shoulders and head with it.

PFEFFERBERG
I'll kill you, that's what I got for
you.

knees, the
Goldberg goes down, tries to scramble away on his
blows coming down hard on his back.

GOLDBERG
All right, all right, all right.

He makes it outside the garage and runs.

EXT. DEPOT - PLASZOW - DAY

into
shuffle
out
A cattle car is coupled to another, the pin dropped
place. On the platform, clerks at folding tables
paper while others mill around with clipboards, calling
names.

onto
already in
of one
Thousands of prisoners on the platform, some climbing
strings of slatted cars on opposing tracks. Some
them, most standing in lines, changing lines, the end

another.

virtually indistinguishable from the beginning of

off. Paperwork. Lists of names. Pens in hands checking them

they Some bound for Brinnlitz, the rest for Auschwitz, if
can be properly sorted from one another.

his A boy is allowed to remain in a line with his father;
girls. mother is taken to another line composed of women and

on; This segregation is the only recognizable process going
clerks the others, if they exist, are apparent only to the
and guards, and maybe not even to them. It is chaos.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A train snakes across the dark landscape.

INT. CATTLE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

car. Stern, wedged into a corner of an impossibly crowded

it is This train may be headed for Schindler's hometown, but
Auschwitz -- no more comfortable than the others on their way to
Birkenau.

EXT. CROSSING - POLAND - DAY

slats, The train idles at a crossing in the middle of nowhere.
aboard. Moving across the faces peering out from between the
it becomes apparent there are only male prisoners

watching. Below, on a dirt road, a lone Polish boy stands

direction Just before an empty train roars past from the other
making obscuring him, his hand comes up and across his neck
the gesture of a throat being slit.

EXT. DEPOT - BRINNLITZ - DAY

The The train pulls into the small quiet Brinnlitz station.
At doors are opened and the prisoners begin climbing down.

guards,
has
the far end of the platform, flanked by several SS
stands Schindler. To his customary elegant attire he
added a careless accouterment, a Tyrolean hat.

EXT. BRINNLITZ - DAY

"criminals"
taunts
good
Leading a procession of nine hundred male Jewish
through the center of town, Schindler ignores the angry
and denouncements and the occasional rock hurled by the
citizens of Brinnlitz lining the streets.

INT. BRINNLITZ MUNITIONS FACTORY - DAY

bread
Schindler
Under the towering Hilo machines, a meal of soup and
awaits the workers. As they're sitting down to it,
addresses them --

SCHINDLER

You'll be interested to know I
received a cable this morning from
the Personnel Office, Plaszow. The
women have left. They should be
arriving here sometime tomorrow.

imperceptibly,
He sees Stern among the workers, smiles almost
turns and walks away.

EXT. RURAL POLAND - DAY

a
place in
into
A train backs slowly along the tracks toward an arched
gatehouse. The women inside the cattle cars don't need
sign to tell them where they are, they've seen this
nightmares. Pillars of dark smoke rise from the stacks
the sky.

It's Auschwitz.

EXT. AUSCHWITZ - DAY

immense
they're
truncheons,
a
The stunned women climb down from the railcars onto an
concourse bisecting the already infamous camp. As
marched across the muddy yard by guards carrying
Mila Pfefferberg stares at the place. It' so big, like
city, only one in which the inhabitants reside strictly
temporarily. To Mila, under her breath --

WOMAN

Where are the clerks?

clipboard,
now,
their

So often terrified by the sight of a clerk with a
it is the absence of clerks which unsettles the woman
as though there remains no further reason to record
names.

the

Mila's eyes return to the constant smoke rising beyond
birch trees at the settlement's western end.

INT. OFFICES - BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

desk,

Schindler comes out of his office and, passing Stern's
mumbles --

SCHINDLER

They're in Auschwitz.

Before Stern can react, Schindler is out the door.

EXT. BRINNLITZ FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

men who

As he strides across the factory courtyard toward his
motorcycle, Schindler is intercepted by some Gestapo
have just emerged from their car.

GESTAPO

Your friend Amon Goeth has been
arrested.

SCHINDLER

(pause)

I'm sorry to hear that.

GESTAPO

There are some things that are
unclear. We need to talk.

SCHINDLER

I'd love to, it'll have to wait until
I get back. I have to leave.

anywhere.

The looks on their faces tell him he's not going

SCHINDLER

All right, okay, let's talk.

GESTAPO

In Breslau.

SCHINDLER

Breslau? I can't go to Breslau. Not
now.

These guys are serious.

EXT. AUSCHWITZ - DAY

A young silver-haired doctor moves slowly along rows of Schindler's women, considering each with a pleasant smile for the even as he makes his selections, with tiny gestures, death chambers. He pauses in front of one.

YOUNG DOCTOR
How old are you, Mother?

She could lie, and he'd have killed her for it. She could tell the truth, and he'd have her killed for that, too.

WOMAN
(pause)
Sir, a mistake's been made. We're not supposed to be here, we work for Oskar Schindler. We're Schindler Jews.

The doctor nods pensively, understandingly, it seems. Then --

YOUNG DOCTOR
And who on earth is Oskar Schindler?

He glances around hopelessly. One of the SS guards who accompanied the women from Plaszow speaks up --

PLASZOW GUARD
He had a factory in Cracow.
Enamelware.

The doctor nods again as if the information were valuable, as if it meant something to him. It doesn't.

YOUNG DOCTOR
A potmaker?

He smiles to himself and gets on with the "examination," this woman to this line, this other one to that.

INT. CELL - SS PRISON, Breslau - DAY

In a dank cell, in uniform, Amon Goeth waits. Schindler is on his way, hopefully. Maybe he's already here. Schindler will vouch for him. Schindler will straighten this out.

INT. SS PRISON, Breslau - DAY

twelve
court.

In a large room, Schindler sits before a panel of
sober Bureau V investigators and a judge of the SS

INVESTIGATOR

Everything you say will be held in
confidence. You are not under
investigation. You are not under
investigation. Mr. Goeth is. He is
being held on charges of embezzlement
and racketeering. You're here at his
request to corroborate his denials.
Our information onto his financial
speculations comes from many sources.
On his behalf there is only you. We
know you are close friends. We know
this is hard for you. But we must
ask you --

SCHINDLER

He stole our country blind.

INT. BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

the
process of
there's
produced.

In Schindler's absence, the workers attempt to operate
unfamiliar machines, to figure out the unfamiliar
manufacturing artillery shells. There's movement,
noise, the machines are running, but little is being

Schindler's
impromptu
nine,
or

Untersturmfuhrer Jose Liepold, the Commandant of
new subcamp, moves through the factory conducting an
inspection. He points out to a guard a kid no more
sorting casings at a work table, and another boy, ten
eleven, carrying a box.

EXT. BARRACKS - AUSCHWITZ - NIGHT

hundred
smoke
women,
metal

Mila and another woman cross back toward their barracks
carrying a large heavy pot of broth. Not more than a
meters away stand the birch trees and crematoria, the
pluming even now, at NIGHT out of the darkness appear
"apparitions," skeletal figures which surround the two
or rather the soup pot between them, dipping little
cups into it, over and over.

apparitions

Too startled to speak, Mila can only stare. The

clamor around the pot a moment more, than furtively
slip
and
back into the same darkness from which they came. Mila
the other woman exchange a glance. The pot is empty.

MILA
Where's Schindler now?

INT. HOSS' HOUSE - AUSCHWITZ - NIGHT

In his en, over cognac, Auschwitz Commandant Rudolf
Hoss
list, the
nods
considers the documents Schindler has brought: the
travel papers, the Evacuation Board authorization. Hoss
at them, then at Schindler.

HOSS
You're right, a clerical error has
bee made.
(pause)
Let me offer you this in apology for
the inconvenience. I have a shipment
coming in tomorrow, I'll cut you
three hundred from it. New ones.
These are fresh.

Schindler seems to think about the offer as he nurses
his
drink. It's "tempting."

HOSS
The train comes, we turn it around,
it's yours.

SCHINDLER
I appreciate it. I want these.

The ones on the list in Hoss' hand. Silence. Then:

HOSS
You shouldn't get stuck on names.

Why, because you get to know them? Because you begin to
see
feeling
look.
them as human beings? Schindler suddenly has the awful
that the women are already dead. Hoss misinterprets the

HOSS
That's right, it creates a lot of
paperwork.

EXT. CONCOURSE - AUSCHWITZ - DAY

A large assembly of women. Guards calling out names
from a

list. As each woman steps out of line, a guard
unceremoniously brushes a swathe of red paint across her clothes. New
columns are formed.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - AUSCHWITZ - DAY

Schindler, standing at the end of the platform stone-
faced, watches the women whose names he is "stuck on," whose
clothes are slashed with red paint, climbing onto the cattle
cars.

As the cars fill, a train on another track arrives. The
closed "fresh" ones Schindler turned down. As the gates are
and on the women's cars, the gates of the others are opened
the people spill out.

A horrified cry suddenly breaks through the noise of
the engines. One of Schindler's women, locked in, has seen
her son among those coming down off the train on the
opposing track.

Another cry erupts, and another, another, as the women
spot their children, confiscated from the Brinnlitz factory,
brought here.

Schindler becomes aware of what's happening and,
passing over other children, tries to corral these particular
boys, many of whom have noticed their mothers now and are
echoing their tortured cries with their own.

Schindler manages to gather them together, the fifteen
or twenty boys, and, in the middle of the crowded
platform, appears to a guard:

SCHINDLER

These are mine. They're on the list.
These are my workers. They should be
on the train.

He points across to the women's train, then down to the
boys.

SCHINDLER

They're skilled munition workers.
They're essential.

anxious The guard glances from the frantic gentleman to the
brook around him. These are essential workers?

GUARD

They're boys.

SCHINDLER

Yes.

women Schindler is nodding his head, trying to think. The
it are shrieking their sons' names. The guard, who heard
all, every excuse imaginable, is just turning away when
Schindler thrusts his smallest finger at him.

SCHINDLER

Their fingers. They polish the insides
of shell casings. How else do you
expect me to polish the inside of a
45 millimeter shell casing?

The guard stares at him dumbly. This he hasn't heard.

EXT. BRINNLITZ CAMP - DAY

the Like a mirage in the distance they appear -- the women,
toward children, guards, Schindler, marching across a field
the factory.

watch the At the perimeter of the camp, at the wire, the men
women approaching procession. It appears to them that the
They're are covered in blood -- or -- could it be paint?
walking, they're fine, some are even smiling.

not on Liepold isn't smiling. Neither is Schindler; at least
the outside.

INT. BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

in The machines are silent, the people are not. Women are
food their husbands' arms, sons in their fathers'. There's
taking on the tables but it's largely ignored, the reunion
precedence.

INT. SS MESS HALL - SAME TIME - DAY

are Schindler stands before the assembled camp guards. They
waiting seated at the long tables, their food getting cold,

for him to say whatever it is he has to say.

SCHINDLER

Under Department W provisions, it is unlawful to kill a worker without just cause. Under the Businesses Compensation Fund I am entitled to file damage claims for such deaths. If you shoot without thinking, you go to prison and I get paid, that's how it works. So there will be no summary executions here. There will be no interference of any kind with production. In hopes of ensuring that, guards will no longer be allowed on the factory floor without my authorization.

return to His eyes meet Liepold's, hold his icy stare, then the guards, most of whom look like tired middle-aged reservists.

SCHINDLER

For your cooperation, you have my gratitude.

They As he steps away he gestures to some kitchen workers. bottles tear open cases of schnapps and begin setting the out on the tables.

INT. BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

place is Schindler strolls through his factory looking over the out shoulders of the workers, nodding his approval. The caseload. in full operation, finally; the people, having figured the complicated Hilos, turning out shells by the

Schindler pauses at one of the machines.

SCHINDLER

How's it going?

WORKER

Good. It's taken a while to calibrate the machines, but it's going good now.

SCHINDLER

Good.

the Schindler nods. Then frowns. He leans down and taps at crystal of one of the gauges.

SCHINDLER

This isn't right, is it?

him. The worker kneels down, takes a look. It looks right to

the Reaching over, Schindler changes the calibration of the machine with a cavalier adjustment to a knob -- and all gauge readings shift.

SCHINDLER
There. That looks right.

screwed He wanders off. The worker stares after him. He's just up settings that took weeks to get right.

Schindler comes up to another worker, Levartov, the hingemaker.

He's at a machine buffing shells.

SCHINDLER
How's it going, Rabbi?

LEVARTOV
Good, sir.

away. Schindler nods, watches him work, eventually glances

SCHINDLER
Sun's going down.

Levartov, following Schindler's gaze, nods uncertainly.

SCHINDLER
It is Friday, isn't it?

LEVARTOV
Is it?

SCHINDLER
You should be preparing for the Sabbath, shouldn't you? What are you doing here?

allowed, Levartov just stares. It's been years since he's been indeed inclined, to perform Sabbath rites.

SCHINDLER
I've got some wine in my office. Why don't we go over there, I'll give it to you. Come on, let's go.

Schindler heads off. The rabbi keeps staring. Schindler gestures back to him, offering casually --

SCHINDLER
Come on.

and Levartov looks around. Finally, he hangs up his goggles follows after Schindler.

INT. WORKERS BARRACKS - NIGHT

Under the shadow of a watchtower, among the roof-high tiers of bunks strung with laundry, Levartov recites Kiddush over a cup of wine to workers gathered around him.

INT. GUARDS BARRACKS - NIGHT

and On their bunks, the guards relax with schnapps, cards magazines. One of them becomes distracted by a distant sound. Some of the others begin to hear it.

GUARD

What is that?

quiet, Conversations cease. The barracks gradually becomes like... silent, all the guards straining to hear. It sounds singing. It sounds like Yiddish singing.

EXT. BRINNLITZ CAMP - SAME TIME - NIGHT

coming On a watchtower, a night sentry, unsure where it's it's emanating from the surrounding hills, from the trees.

INT. LIEPOLD'S QUARTERS - SAME TIME - NIGHT

denouncing At his small desk, Liepold is typing a letter, sounds Schindler most likely. The pounding keys bury all other it, but when he pauses to reread what he's typed, he hears peers the singing, faint, far away. He goes to his window, out, listens for a moment more, then hears nothing. Only the night creatures.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BRINNLITZ - NIGHT

revealing The door to an apartment opens from the inside her Emilie Schindler. She coolly considers the visitor on usual, doorstep, her estranged husband, looking great as

wrong
world.

bottle of wine in his hand, smiling as if nothing is
between them, as if nothing is wrong in the entire

INT. EMILIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

apartment,
something,
right.

The two of them at the kitchen table in a modest
drinking, at least he is. He's trying to ask her
but he's not sure how to put it, he wants to get it

Finally the words just tumble out --

SCHINDLER

I want you to come work for me.

Emilie's

There, he's said it. But the bewildered look on
face wonders, That's what was hard for you to say?

SCHINDLER

You don't have to live with me, I
wouldn't ask that.

(pause)

It's a nice place. You'd like it. It
looks awful. You get used to that.

nothing.

She's the only woman he's even known who could make him
nervous just sitting across a table from him, saying

SCHINDLER

All right --

(now he'll be honest)

We can spend time together that way.
We can see each other, see how it
goes -- without the strain of --
whatever you want to call it when a
man, a husband and a wife go out to
dinner, go have a drink, go to a
party, you know. This way we'll see
each other at work, there we are,
same place, we see how it goes...

She
too.

His voice trails off. A shrug adds, What do you think?
doesn't answer, but she does love him. He loves her,

and

It really is a shame they're not right for each other
never will be.

INT. OFFICES - BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

have

Stern glances up from his work; Schindler and Emilie

He come in and are walking toward the accountant's desk.
gets up.

SCHINDLER
Itzhak Stern, Emilie Schindler. My
wife.

his Like the doormen and waiters of Cracow, Stern too never
imagined Schindler was married and has trouble hiding
astonishment now. He extends his hand to her.

STERN
How do you do?

EMILIE
How do you do?

STERN
Stern is my accountant and friend.

say It sounds strange to Stern hearing Schindler actually
it.

He's never said it before.

SCHINDLER
Emilie's offered to work in the
clinic. To... work there.

nurse He's not sure what she's going to do there, she's not a
or a doctor.

STERN
(to her)
That's very generous of you.

SCHINDLER
Yes.

his Schindler nods, looks around, shrugs, offers his arm to
wife, perhaps to take her on a tour of the place.

STERN
It was a pleasure meeting you.

EMILIE
Pleasure meeting you.

and The Schindlers leave. Stern sits back down at his desk
smiles. He's never seen Schindler so uncomfortable.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

a Schindler comes in carrying a radio. He sets it down on

machine bench where Pfefferberg's working on the frame of a motor with a blow torch.

SCHINDLER
Can you fix it? The radio.

PFEFFERBERG
What's wrong with it?

SCHINDLER
How should I know? It's broken. See what you can do.

switches He leaves. Pfefferberg plugs it into an outlet and it on. It works perfectly. A waltz.

INT. BARRACKS - BRINNLITZ CAMP - NIGHT

Pfefferberg In a male barracks, a group of workers including through huddle in a corner around the radio, straining to hear London, a heavy static a broadcast by the BBC, the Voice of Russian sketchy report of an Eastern offensive by Allied forces.

INT. CLINIC - BRINNLITZ CAMP - DAY

Schindler As a camp doctor attends to sufferers of dysentery, parcel, and Emilie sort pairs of prescription glasses from a shipped from Cracow. Stern comes in.

STERN
We need to talk.

SCHINDLER
Stern.

comes Schindler sifts through the glasses still in the box, quite up with a particular pair and holds them proudly. Not sure what he's seeing is real --

STERN
They arrived.

SCHINDLER
They arrived, can you believe it?

Stern allows himself a smile, a rare thing for him.

Schindler carefully slips the new glasses onto the accountant's face. He looks around the clinic, Stern,

near
he'd
in
eventually settling on Emilie, crystal clear, standing
a picture on the wall which, in other circumstances,
find less than reassuring: Jesus, his heart exposed and
flames.

INT. CLINIC - LATER - DAY

on
In a quiet corner of the clinic, Schindler concentrates
the disquieting news Stern has brought him:

STERN

We've received a complaint from the
Armaments Board. A very angry
complaint. The artillery shells, the
tank shells, rocket casings --
apparently all of them -- have failed
quality-control tests.

a
Schindler nods soberly. Then dismisses the problem with
shrug.

SCHINDLER

Well, that's to be expected. They
have to understand. These are start-
up problems. This isn't pots and
pans, this is a precise business.
I'll write them a letter.

STERN

They're withholding payment.

SCHINDLER

Well, sure. So would I. So would
you. I wouldn't worry about it. We'll
get it right one of these days.

But Stern is worried about it.

STERN

There's a rumor you've been going
around miscalibrating the machines.

(Schindler doesn't
deny it)

I don't think that's a good idea.

SCHINDLER

(pause)

No?

Stern slowly shakes his head 'no.'

STERN

They could close us down.

Schindler eventually nods, in agreement it seems.

SCHINDLER

All right. Call around, find out
where we can buy shells and buy them.
We'll pass them off as ours.

are
eventually
heads
Stern's not sure he sees the logic. Whether the shells
manufactured here or elsewhere, they'll still
reach their intended destination, into the hearts and
of Germany's enemies.

STERN

I know what you're saying, but I
don't see the difference.

SCHINDLER

You don't? I do. I see a difference.

STERN

You'll lose money. That's one
difference.

SCHINDLER

Fewer shells will be made.

That's another difference. The main one. The only one
Schindler cares about. Silence. Then:

SCHINDLER

Stern, if this factory ever produces
a shell that can actually be fired...
I'll be very unhappy.

INT. BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

stands
getting
which
A nineteen year old boy with his hands in the air
terrified before Commandant Liepold and the revolver he
wields. Workers, trying to reduce the likelihood of
hit by a stray bullet when Liepold fires on the boy --
seems a certainty -- scramble out of the way.

SCHINDLER (O.S.)

Hey.

for
aims
Liepold swings the gun around at the voice, pointing it
a moment at Schindler, who is striding toward him, then
the barrel back at the boy's head, and yells --

LIEPOLD

Department W does not forbid my
presence on the factory floor. That
is a lie.

He waves a document at Schindler, throws it at him.

pointing at

Schindler doesn't bother picking it up. Instead,
the boy, he yells to Liepold --

SCHINDLER
Shoot him. Shoot him!

shoot. He

Liepold is so startled by the command, he doesn't
doesn't lower the gun, though, either.

SCHINDLER
Shoot him without a hearing. Come
on.

frustrated,
without
down.

His finger is on the trigger, Liepold is torn,
hating the situation he has created. As the moments
a blast stretch out, both and Schindler begin to settle

LIEPOLD
He sabotaged the machine.

beside
To the

Schindler glances to the boy. Then at the silent Hilo
him. Part of it is blackened from an electrical fire.
boy, concerned --

SCHINDLER
The machine's broken?

The boy, too terrified to speak, nods.

LIEPOLD
The prisoner is under the jurisdiction
of Section D. I'll preside over the
hearing.

SCHINDLER
But the machine.

the

Liepold glances to him. He seems almost distraught by
destruction of the machine, Schindler.

SCHINDLER
The machine is under the authorization
of the Armaments Inspectorate. I
will preside over the hearing.

Liepold isn't sure that's correct, but he has no
documentation, at least not on him, to refute it.

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

been set

In the machine-tool section, a "judicial table" has

officers, and up. At it sit Schindler, Liepold, two other SS
"saboteur," an attractive German girl, a stenographer. The
the boy, Janek, stands before the court.

JANEK

I'm unfamiliar with the Hilo machines.
I don't know why I was assigned there.

out. Commandant Liepold was watching me trying to figure it
All I I switched it on and it blew up. I didn't do anything.
did was turn it on.

familiarity. He Gone tonight is Schindler's usual shop-floor
studies the boy solemn-faced.

SCHINDLER

If you're not skilled at armaments
work, you shouldn't be here.

JANEK

I'm a lathe operator.

of his Schindler dismisses the defensive comment with a wave
before hand and gets up. He comes around and paces slowly
the boy. Eventually, Janek dares to speak again --

JANEK

Sir?

Schindler glances up at him distractedly.

JANEK

I did adjust the pressure controls.

boy. Schindler stops, looks to the panel, and back to the

SCHINDLER

What?

JANEK

I know that much about them. Somebody
had set the pressure controls wrong.
I had to adjust --

Janek's Schindler slams the back of his hand so hard across
others face, the boy almost falls. He's stunned. So are the
at the table. They've never seen such violence from the
Direktor. He roars --

SCHINDLER

The stupidity of these people. I

wish they were capable of sabotaging
a machine.

expecting
Schindler's hand comes up again and Janek recoils,
another blow. Schindler manages to hold it.

SCHINDLER
Get him out of my sight.

glance
groans
A guard escorts the prisoner away. The panel members
among themselves. Is that it? Schindler faces them and
in dismay.

INT. LIEPOLD'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

no
Liepold at his desk, typing again. This time there is
doubt he is composing a letter denouncing Schindler.

INT. HOUSE - BRINNLITZ - NIGHT

anyway.
and
tightly.
Schindler and Emilie, her arm in his, stand around like
unwanted guests at the party. They probably are. Him
The other guests include local politicians who fought
failed to keep his camp out of Brinnlitz.
Whenever his glance meets one of theirs, they smile

SCHINDLER
(to Emilie)
Isn't this nice.

he's
someone
hand
It's not at all nice. He feels out of place, a feeling
not accustomed to. Fortunately, a man in uniform,
Schindler can relate to, approaches cheerfully, his
outstretched.

RASCH
Oskar, good of you to come.

SCHINDLER
Are you kidding, I never miss a party.
Police Chief Rasch, my wife Emilie.

RASCH
How do you do?

EMILIE
You have a lovely home. It is nice.
Big.

The man lives well.

RASCH

Thank you.

SCHINDLER

I need a drink.

RASCH

Oh, God, you don't have a drink?

SCHINDLER

(to Emilie)

Wine?

She nods. Schindler goes off in search of the bartender.

Rasch watches after him.

RASCH

Your husband's a very generous man.

EMILIE

(wry)

He's always been.

INT. RASCH'S STUDY - LATER - NIGHT

Rasch and Schindler sharing cognac in the privacy of the Police Chief's study. Beyond the closed doors, the party continues, the sounds filtering in.

SCHINDLER

I need guns.

Rasch calmly nurses his drink, his eyes revealing nothing of what's going on behind them, except that the statement requires some elaboration.

SCHINDLER

One of these days the Russians are going to show up unannounced at my gate. I'd like the chance to defend myself. I'd like my wife to have that chance. My civilian engineers. My secretary.

RASCH

(pause; then,
philosophically)

We're losing the war, aren't we.

SCHINDLER

It kind of looks that way.

RASCH

(blithely)

Pistols?

SCHINDLER
Pistols, rifles, carbines ...
(long pause)
I'd be grateful.

officials Rasch smiles faintly. Yes, he's familiar, as are
throughout much of Europe, with the gratitude of Oskar
Schindler.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - BRINNLITZ CAMP - NIGHT

points Poldek Pfefferberg holds up a pistol, feels its weight,
it.

SCHINDLER
(calmly)
Careful.

open Pfefferberg smiles, lowers the gun, kneels beside an
old crate of weapons: a couple of revolvers and rifles, an
carbine.

INT. FACTORY - DAY

the From high above the factory, Stern can be seen among
returns machines talking with a worker. The man points up and
to his work.

connects Stern stares up, puzzled. He locates a ladder that
the shop-floor to a series of overhead planks and, with
trepidation, climbs.

navigates He reaches a shaky landing high above the machines,
large the primitive catwalks with great care, comes to a
water tank near the workshop ceiling.

SCHINDLER
Stern.

Schindler's Above the rim of the tank, amid rising steam,
rungs head appears. Then disappears. Stern climbs a set of
in on the tank, reaches the top and finds inside, lolling
stenographer the steaming water, Schindler and the blonde
from the trial.

STERN
Excuse me.

girl
Neither Schindler nor the blonde seems the least bit embarrassed. Only Stern. He tries hard to pretend the isn't there, but he just can't.

STERN
I'll talk to you later.

SCHINDLER
No, no, what, what is it?

report
Finally,
Schindler floats over closer to him, waits for him to whatever it is he has come to report, leans closer. quietly --

STERN
Do you have any money I don't know about? Hidden away someplace?

Schindler thinks long and hard...

SCHINDLER
No.

joking --
Silence except for the gently lapping water. Half-

SCHINDLER
Why, am I broke?

And a
upon
face.
Stern glances away, doesn't answer, just stares off. slight, slight smile, a gambler's philosophical smile being purged of his wealth, appears on Schindler's

EXT. RURAL BRINNLITZ - DAY

winter
cold
In the distance, a lone boxcar, stark against the landscape. There are patches of snow on the ground. A wind blows through bare trees.

SCHINDLER (V.O.)
Poldek.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - BRINNLITZ CAMP - DAY

mask.
Tight on Poldek Pfefferberg's eyes behind a welder's

his
He turns from his work to the voice, welding torch in hand.

EXT. RURAL BRINNLITZ - DAY

white The torch firing at ice as hard as metal, blue flame,
steam. Pfefferberg's eyes behind the mask again,
concentrating.

stand Around the abandoned boxcar, in the gruesome cold,
guards, Schindler, Emilie, a doctor, some workers and some SS
watching, waiting.
Pfefferberg steps back. Sledge hammers pound at locks.
Hands pull at levers. The doors begin to slide.

slide Out of darkness, from inside the boxcar as the doors
for an open, Schindler's face is revealed, tight. He stares
interminable moment before walking slowly away.

corpses, Inside the boxcar is a tangle of limbs, a pyramid of
frozen white.

guards From a distance, a tableau: the boxcar, the workers and
several and Emilie outside it, Schindler, off to himself
steps away, all of them still as statues.

small EXT. CATHOLIC CEMETERY - OUTSIDE BRINNLITZ - DAY
Beyond a country church, among the stone markers of a
cemetery, walk Schindler and a priest.

offers an

SCHINDLER
It's been suggested I cremate them
in my furnaces. As a Catholic I will
not. As a human being I will not.

alternative --

PRIEST
There's an area beyond the church
reserved for the burial of suicides.
Maybe I can convince the parish
council to allow them to be buried
there.

provisions

SCHINDLER
These aren't suicides.

The priest knows that. But he also knows that the
of Canon Law regarding who can and cannot be buried in
consecrated ground are narrow.

SCHINDLER

These are victims of a great murder.

INT. BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

In a corner of the factory, workers hammer at pine
lumber.

They are building coffins.

EXT. BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

As workers harness horses to carts, others hoist the
coffins
at
felled by
into them. Schindler is there, watching. He glances up
one of the guard towers, expecting, perhaps, to be
a bullet.

EXT. BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

Beyond the wire, Rabbi Levartov leads the horse-drawn
carts.

Around him walk a minyan -- a quorum of ten males
necessary
for the rite. A few guards lag behind.

INT. BRINNLITZ FACTORY - SAME TIME - DAY

Work continues, but it's apparent in their eyes they
are
alongside
the carts, one great moral force.

The roar of a machine suddenly, inexplicably, dies.
Then
power
plunges
another. And another. Schindler, standing at the main
panel, pulls the last of the switches, and the factory
into absolute silence.

EXT. CATHOLIC CEMETERY - DAY

Just beyond the perimeter of the Catholic cemetery, the
minyan
their
quickly and quietly recites Kaddish over the dead as
coffins are lowered into individual graves.

Then, there is only a low breathing of wind.

EXT. BRINNLITZ CAMP - ANOTHER DAY

Amon Goeth, in civilian clothes, emerges from a car.
His

fortified eyes, sallow from inadequate sleep, sweep across the compound with envy. It's a nice place Oskar's got here.

INT. OFFICE - BRINNLITZ FACTORY - SAME TIME - DAY

car. Stern, at a window, stares down at Goeth beside his

Softly, gravely --

STERN

What's he doing here?

him. Schindler appears beside Stern, glances down. He's lost weight, Goeth. The old suit he wears seems too big for

Alone down there he seems disoriented.

SCHINDLER

Probably looking for a handout.

INT. BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

of Workers glance up at a horrible apparition from the pit their foulest dreams -- Amon Goeth crossing through the factory.

he Schindler, his arm around the killer's shoulder as if floor, were a long lost brother, leads him across the shop- machines. proudly pointing out to him the huge thundering Hilo

INT. OFFICES, BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

sets Schindler takes an old suitcase from his office closet, Goeth's it on his desk, snaps it open revealing clothes, the uniforms, his medals. The ex-Oberstrumfuhrer touches friend. fabric gently, then glances up gratefully to his

GOETH

Thank you.

INT. OUTER OFFICES - BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

Stern Beyond the frosted glass of Schindler's office door, members can see the wavering forms of the two Nazi Party sharing cognac and stories.

INT. BRINNLITZ FACTORY - DAY

the
side,

a
has

he
who
confused,

Warmed by cognac and friendship, Goeth comes through
factory again carrying the suitcase, Schindler at his
steering him to some degree.

Goeth's hand comes up to his cheek as if to brush away
bothersome fly. But it isn't a fly. One of the workers
spit on him. He turns in disbelief.

Silence as his hand drops to his side, to the holster
forgets isn't there. He glances around for SS guards...
aren't there. He looks to Schindler, thoroughly
and whispers --

GOETH
Where are the guards?

SCHINDLER
The guards aren't allowed on the
factory floor. They make my workers
nervous.

worker who

power
her

Goeth stares at him bewildered. Then again at the
spit. Then at other workers, the resolve in their eyes.

They know he has no power here, and sense he has no
anywhere. His own eyes drift to a woman with yarn in
lap, knitting needles in her hands. Is this a dream?

SCHINDLER
I'll discipline him later.

shoulder
Germans

Schindler good-naturedly throws an arm around Goeth's
and leads him away. The workers watch as the two
disappear out the factory doors.

INT. GUARDS' BARRACKS - EVENING

losing
languages,

A guard slowly turns the dial of a radio, finding and
in static several different voices in several
none of them lasting more than a moment.

are
some
window

Depression hangs over the barracks. Most of the guards
straining to hear the news they've been fearing for
time now, some on their bunks just staring, one at a
window

expecting,
appear.

peering out at the black face of a forest as if
at any moment, to see Russian or American troops

INT. WORKER'S BARRACKS - SAME TIME - EVENING

hear.
Another radio. Workers, like the guards, straining to

idiosyncratic

The dial finds, faint, mired in static, the
voice of Winston Churchill.

INT. LIEPOLD'S QUARTERS - SAME TIME - EVENING

considering
out
before

Schindler on Liepold's doorstep. The two men
each other across the threshold. Radio static filters
from Liepold's room. The word "Eisenhower" cuts through
the speaker's voice is buried again.

SCHINDLER

It's time the guards came into the
factory.

He turns and walks away.

INT. BRINNLITZ FACTORY - NIGHT

gathered

All twelve hundred workers and all the guards are
for the first time on the factory floor. Tension and
uncertainty surround them. It's ominously quiet. Then -

-

SCHINDLER

The unconditional surrender of Germany
has just been announced. At midnight
tonight the war is over.

his
doubts

It is not his intention to elicit celebration. Indeed,
words, echoing and fading in the factory, echo the
they all feel.

SCHINDLER

Tomorrow, you'll begin the process
of looking for survivors of your
families. In many cases you won't
find them. After six long years of
murder, victims are being mourned
throughout the world.

men,

Not by Untersturmfuhrer Liepold. He stands with his
dying to lift his rifle and fire.

SCHINDLER

We've survived. Some of you have come up to me and thanked me. Thank yourselves. Thank your fearless Stern, and others among you, who, worrying about you, have faced death every moment.

(glancing away)

Thank you.

thoroughly
where

He's looking at the guards, thanking them, which confuses the workers. Just when they thought they knew his sentiments lay, he's thanking guards.

SCHINDLER

You've shown extraordinary discipline. You've behaved humanely here. You should be proud.

SS as
and
remain
like

Or is he attempting to adjust reality, to destroy the combatants, to alter the self-image of both the guards and the prisoners? Moving across the SS men's faces, they remain inscrutable. Schindler turns his attention back to the workers, and, not at all like a confession, but rather like simple statements of fact:

SCHINDLER

I'm a member of the Nazi party. I'm a munitions manufacturer. I'm a profiteer of slave labor, I'm a criminal. At midnight, you will be free and I will be hunted.

(pause)

I'll remain with you until five minutes after midnight After which time, and I hope you'll forgive me, I have to flee.

That worries the workers. Whenever he leaves, something terrible always seems to happen.

SCHINDLER

In memory of the countless victims among your people, I ask us to observe three minutes of silence.

the
teenagers,
families
both

In the quiet, in the silence, drifting slowly across faces of the workers -- the elderly, the lame, wives beside husbands, children beside their parents, together -- it becomes clear, if it wasn't before, that

Brinnlitz

as a prison and a manufacturing enterprise, the
camp has been one long sustained confidence game.

does

Schindler has never stood still so long in his life. He
now, though, framed by his giant Hilo machines, silent
at
the close of the noisiest of wars, his head bowed,
mourning
the many dead.

last to

When he finally does look up he sees that he is the
do so. The faces, few of which he recognizes, are all
at him. He turns to speak to the guards along the wall

looking

again.

SCHINDLER

I know you've received orders from
our Commandant -- which he has
received from his superiors -- to
dispose of the population of this
camp.

Apprehension spreads across the factory like a wave.

coat.

Pfefferberg tightens his grip on the pistol under his

ersatz

His ragtag irregulars do the same, the rest of their
"arsenal" concealed behind a machine. To the guards:

SCHINDLER

Now would be the time to do it.
They're all here. This is your
opportunity.

moment

The guards hold their weapons, as they have from the
they arrived here tonight, at attention, waiting it
seems,
to be given the official order from their Commander,
Liepold,
who appears ready to give it.

seems,

Liepold,

SCHINDLER

Or...
(he shrugs)
...you could leave. And return to
your families as men instead of
murderers.

lowers

Long, long silence. Finally, one of the guards slowly
his rifle, breaks ranks and walks away. Then another.
And
another. And another. Another.

And

When the last is gone, the workers consider Liepold. He appears more an oddity than a threat. He is more an

than a threat. And he knows it. He turns and leaves.

EXT. BRINNLITZ CAMP - NIGHT

A watchtower. Abandoned. The perimeter wire. No sentries.

The guard barracks. Deserted. The SS is long gone.

EXT. COURTYARD - BRINNLITZ CAMP - NIGHT

Schindler and Emilie emerge from his quarters, each carrying a small suitcase. In the dark, some distance away from his Mercedes, stand all twelve hundred workers. As Schindler and his wife cross the courtyard to the car, Stern and Levartov approach. The rabbi hands him some papers.

LEVARTOV

We've written a letter trying to explain things. In case you're captured. Every worker has signed it.

Schindler sees a list of signatures beginning below the typewritten text and continuing for several pages. He pockets it, this new list of names.

SCHINDLER

Thank you.

Stern steps forward and places a ring in Schindler's hand.

It's a gold band, like a wedding ring. Schindler notices an inscription inside it.

STERN

It's Hebrew. It says, 'Whoever saves one life, saves the world.'

Schindler slips the ring onto a finger, admires it a moment, nods his thanks, then seems to withdraw.

SCHINDLER

(to himself)

I could've got more out...

Stern isn't sure he heard right. Schindler steps away from him, from his wife, from the car, from the workers.

SCHINDLER

(to himself)

I could've got more... if I'd just...
I don't know, if I'd just... I
could've got more...

STERN

Oskar, there are twelve hundred people
who are alive because of you. Look
at them.

He can't.

SCHINDLER

If I'd made more money... I threw
away so much money, you have no idea.
If I'd just...

STERN

There will be generations because of
what you did.

SCHINDLER

I didn't do enough.

STERN

You did so much.

too. Schindler starts to lose it, the tears coming. Stern,

the The look on Schindler's face as his eyes sweep across
faces of the workers is one of apology, begging them to
forgive him for not doing more.

SCHINDLER

This car. Goeth would've bought this
car. Why did I keep the car? Ten
people, right there, ten more I
could've got.

(looking around)

This pin --

his He rips the elaborate Hakenkreuz, the swastika, from
lapel and holds it out to Stern pathetically.

SCHINDLER

Two people. This is gold. Two more
people. He would've given me two for
it. At least one. He would've given
me one. One more. One more person. A
person, Stern. For this. One more. I
could've gotten one more person I
didn't.

emotion He completely breaks down, weeping convulsively, the
he's been holding in for years spilling out, the guilt
consuming him.

SCHINDLER

They killed so many people...
(Stern, weeping too,
embraces him)
They killed so many people...

below,
and
pulls
From above, from a watchtower, Stern can be seen down
trying to comfort Schindler. Eventually, they separate,
Schindler and Emilie climb into the Mercedes. It slowly
out through the gates of the camp. And drives away.

EXT. BRINNLITZ - NIGHT

of
Suddenly
--
rolls
A panzer emerges from the treeline well beyond the wire
the camp and just sits there growling like a beast.
it fires a shell at nothing in particular, at the night
an exhibition of random spite -- then turns around and
back into the forest.

EXT. BRINNLITZ CAMP - SAME TIME - NIGHT

witnessed the
of
waiting
From a watchtower, a couple of workers, having
tank's display of impotent might, can make little sense
it. Below, many of the workers mill around the yard,
to be liberated. No one seems to know what else to do.

EXT. BRINNLITZ - DAY

down
wire,
rifles
Some Czech partisans emerge from the forest. They come
the hill and casually approach the camp. Reaching the
they're met by Pfefferberg and some other workers,
slung over their shoulders. Through the fence --

PARTISAN

It's all over.

PFEFFERBERG

We know.

PARTISAN

(pause)

So what are you doing? You're free
to go home.

PFEFFERBERG

When the Russians arrive. Until then

we're staying here.

toward

The partisan shrugs, Suit yourself, and wanders back
the trees with his friends.

EXT. BRINNLITZ CAMP - NIGHT

motorcycles
onto the
shutting

Five headlights appear out of the night, five
marked with the SS Death's-head insignia. They turn
road leading to the camp gate and park, the riders
off the engines.

SS NCO

Hello?

Shapes materialize out of the darkness within the camp.
Several armed and dangerous Jews.

EXT. BRINNLITZ CAMP - LATER - NIGHT

from
them. The
the

As the cyclists fill their tanks with gasoline borrowed
the camp, the workers keep their rifles pointed at
NCO in charge lines the gas cans neatly back up against
wire.

NCO IN CHARGE

Thank you very much.

theirs.

He climbs onto his motorcycle. The others climb onto

And drive away.

EXT. BRINNLITZ CAMP - DAWN

rope for
becomes
that
stirrups

A lone Russian officer on horseback, tattered coat,
reins, emerges from the forest. As he draws nearer, it
apparent to the workers assembling on the camp yard,
the horse is a mere pony, the Russian's feet in
nearly touching the ground beneath the animal's skinny
abdomen.

and,
standing

He reaches the camp, climbs easily down from the horse
in a loud voice, addresses the hundreds of workers
at the fence:

RUSSIAN

You have been liberated by the Soviet
Army.

say
Finally --
This is it? This one man? The workers wait for him to
more. He waits for them to move, to leave, to go home.

RUSSIAN
What's wrong?

talk
A few of the workers come out from behind the fence to
with him.

WORKER
Have you been in Poland?

RUSSIAN
I just came from Poland.

WORKER
Are there any Jews left?

not
The Russian has to think. Eventually he shrugs, 'no,'
that he saw, and climbs back onto his pony to leave.

WORKER
Where should we go?

RUSSIAN
I don't know. Don't go east, that's
for sure, they hate you there.
(pause)
I wouldn't go west either if I were
you.

ribs.
He shrugs and gives his little horse a kick in the

WORKER
We could use some food.

hamlet of
mile
The Russian looks confused, glances off. The quiet
Brinnlitz sits there against the mountains not half a
away.

RUSSIAN
Isn't that a town over there?

walk
rides
Of course it is. But the idea that they could simply
over there is completely foreign to them. The Russian
away.

EXT. BRINNLITZ - DAY

behind All twelve hundred of them, a great moving crowd coming forward, crosses the land laying between the camp, them, and the town, in front of them.

Tight on the FACE of one of the MEN.

Tight on TYPEWRITER KEYS rapping his NAME.

POLISHER" on Tight on A PEN scratching out the words, "METAL a form.

in Tight on the KEYS typing, "TEACHER." Tight on his FACE the crowd.

keys Tight on the face of a woman in the moving crowd. The typing her name. The pen scratching out "LATHE OPERATOR."

Keys The keys typing "PHYSICIAN." Tight on her face.

Face. Tight on a man's face. His name. Pen scratching out "ELECTRICIAN." Keys typing "MUSICIAN." His face.

Keys A woman's face. Name. Pen scratching out "MACHINIST." typing "MERCHANT." Face.

Face. "CARPENTER." Face. "SECRETARY." Face. "DRAFTSMAN."

"PAINTER." Face. "JOURNALIST." Face. "NURSE." Face.

"JUDGE." Face. Face. Face. Face.

CUT TO: HARD

EXT. FRANKFURT - DUSK (1955)

A street of apartment buildings in a working class neighborhood of the city.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

familiar The door to a modest apartment opens revealing Oskar Schindler. The elegant clothes are gone but the smile remains.

SCHINDLER

Hey, how you doing?

It's Poldek Pfefferberg out in the hall.

PFEFFERBERG

Good. How's it going?

SCHINDLER

Things are great, things are great.

but
behind

Things don't look so great. Schindler isn't penniless,
he's not far from it, living alone in the one room
him.

PFEFFERBERG

What are you doing?

SCHINDLER

I'm having a drink, come on in, we'll
have a drink.

PFEFFERBERG

I mean where have you been? Nobody's
seen you around for a while.

SCHINDLER

(puzzled)

I've been here. I guess I haven't
been out.

PFEFFERBERG

I thought maybe you'd like to come
over, have some dinner, some of the
people are coming over.

SCHINDLER

Yeah? Yeah, that'd be nice, let me
get my coat.

disappears

Pfefferberg waits out in the hall as Schindler
inside for a minute. The legend below appears:

SALUTE,

AMON GOETH WAS ARRESTED AGAIN, WHILE A PATIENT IN AN
SANITARIUM AT BAD TOLZ. GIVING THE NATIONAL SOCIALIST
HE WAS HANGED IN CRACOW FOR CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY.

hall,

Schindler reappears wearing a coat, steps out into the
forgets something, turns around and goes back in.

MARRIAGE,

OSKAR SCHINDLER FAILED AT SEVERAL BUSINESSES, AND
AFTER THE WAR IN 1958, HE WAS DECLARED A RIGHTEOUS

PERSON BY

THE COUNCIL OF THE YAD VASHEM IN JERUSALEM, AND INVITED

TO

PLANT A TREE IN THE AVENUE OF THE RIGHTEOUS. IT GROWS
STILL.

THERE

hand,

He comes back out with a nice bottle of wine in his
and, as he and Pfefferberg disappear down the stairs

together --

SCHINDLER'S VOICE

Mila's good?

PFEFFERBERG'S VOICE

She's good.

SCHINDLER'S VOICE

Kids are good? Let's stop at a store on the way so I can buy them something.

PFEFFERBERG'S VOICE

They don't need anything. They just want to see you.

SCHINDLER'S VOICE

Yeah, I know. I'd like to pick up something for them. It'll only take a minute.

faint
wire,
Their voices face. Against the empty hallway appears a trace of the image of the factory workers, through the walking away from the Brinnlitz camp. And the legend:

POLAND
THE
THERE ARE FEWER THAN FIVE THOUSAND JEWS LEFT ALIVE IN TODAY. THERE ARE MORE THAN SIX THOUSAND DESCENDANTS OF SCHINDLER JEWS.

THE END