

# 092 The Ten Percent Solution

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Director: Michael Preece

Cast:	Richard Dean Anderson	MacGyver
	Nehemiah Persoff	Sam
	Barbara Stock	Laura
	Gretchen Wyler	Madame Brandenburg
	Garry Chalk	Sergeant Gray
	John Novak	Lyle Hoggart

Story: MacGyver looks into a concentration-camp survivor's familial claim to a masterpiece painting, and the two uncover a neo-Nazi group that's auctioning off stolen artworks to finance it's plot to create an "Aryan Nation".

Mac: Hi, Pete.

Pete: MacGyver, you look terrific. You should wear tux more often.

Mac: Strictly camouflage. As long as I have to be here I might as well blend in.

Pete: Well, this is why the Foundation launched it's art aquisition programme. You realize how many great works of art like this disappear in the corporate bolts every year? It's criminal!

Mac: Well, how many are you planning on getting?

Pete: Well, we've already raised about 4 million dollars. And when that runs out, we'll start pounding the pavements again. Here. I wanna show you something. This is one of the paintings that we're gonna be bidding on tonight. Now, you tell me, would you rather see a painting like this hidden away in some private collection or out on display in a public gallery where everyone can enjoy it?

Mac: Pete, you don't have to convince me. Just make sure you get your money's worth.

Pete: Oh, that's covered. That's why our art consultant is meeting us here. In fact, I'm gonna look for doctor Sand. Excuse me.

Mac: Hi.

Laura: Hi.

Mac: Quite a painting, huh?

Laura: Peter Paul Rubens. "The Hills North of Antwerp". About 1625.

Mac: 1625? I wouldn't give you 15 bucks for it. Sorry.

Laura: I know where you can get a great deal on a matador painting on black velvet.

Mac: Now you're talking art!

Pete: Ah, here you are! So you two have met?

Mac: Almost, not quite.

Pete: Well then let me formalize it. MacGyver, this is Dr. Laura Sand, our new fine arts expert. She advises us on all our purchases.

Mac: Mine too. Nice to meet you, Dr. Sand.

Laura: Likewise.

Man running the bidding: Sold! For 670,000 dollars. Congratulations. Next, catalogue item 52. A work by Peter Paul Rubens, painted by the noted Flamish artist near Antwerp in 1625. We shall open the bids at 300,000 dollars. 300,000? We have 300. Do we have 325?

Laura: Now would be a good time to make your first bid?

Man running the bidding: 325 for this fine work, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you, sir. We have 325. Do we have 350, anybody?

Cabbie: Hey pal, would you mind paying your fare?

Man running the bidding: I have 400,000 dollars. 410, anyone? We have 410. Do I hear 415? Thank you, sir. 415,000 is the bid.

Hogarth: We are up to 415,000.

Man running the bidding: We have 420? We have 420. Do I hear 425?

Laura: I'd go one more.

Man running the bidding: 425, ladies and gentlemen, for one of Rubens's finest landscapes. 425, anyone? We have 425. 430, anyone? Going once, for 425,000. 425,000, going twice. Any other bids?

Sam, entering the sale-room: My God! It's true!

Man running the bidding: 425,000 going three times.

Sam: Sir!

Man running the bidding: Sold! To Mr. Peter Thornton of the Phoenix Foundation.

Sam: No, no! You cannot sell this painting, it's my painting! No, it's my painting, it belongs to my family! This is my painting!

Pete: Hey, wait a minute!

Sam: Oh God, on no! Oh my God!

Pete: Hey, what are you doing?

Sam: Please, believe me, I'm not insane!

Pete: Look at that! Why did you do that?

Sam: Whoever is in charge, this is my painting! It was stolen from my family!

Hogarth: We have some trouble. I'll be right back.

Sam: You're hurting me! Please!

Mac: Hey, come on guys. Take it easy, huh?

Sam: Sir! The ERR. They stole this painting from my family! Please believe me. You do believe me, don't you? It's the truth. It's... It's the truth, it's my painting.

Man running the bidding: Get that man out of here! Call the police!

Sam: The painting is mine. I can prove it. Please, I'm not insane! I'm not trying to make trouble here! Please, it's my family painting!

Pete: But how can you be so sure he's telling the truth?

Mac: The guy had numbers tattooed on his arm, Pete. This is not just some lunatic looking for attention.

Pete: Well, having been in a concentration camp doesn't prove his story, MacGyver.

Mac: Pete! The old guy was hurting. You've seen the look in his eyes?

Reporter in TV: Mr Brand, I'm Bill Smith, Journal Report. In a congressional district plagued with violence in our streets and our parks, what do you intend to do if elected, Mr. Brand?

Brand in TV: We cannot let the punks and criminals of this world run free and control our lives. We must make the streets safe for our children. That's what America is all about - freedom. Freedom to take charge and protect our loved ones. It's time the leaders of this great nation did just that - lead.

Laura: I don't know, it's a big job.

Veronica: It's a shame, it's so beautiful.

Pete: Doctor! What's the prognosis?

Laura: Well, I think we can restore it but it's gonna take some time.

Pete: Is there any possibility that that old man has a claim on this picture?

Laura: Well, he did mention the ERR.

Pete: The ERR? What is that?

Laura: Einsatzstab Rosenberg Reichsminister. Hitler's personal band of art thieves. His goons ransacked Europe during World War II. Looting and stockpiling tremendous works of art. Nothing was safe.

Mac: So it's possible this painting belonged to his family. He did say he can prove that.

Pete: Well then why didn't he prove it instead of charging into that art auction like a madman? Look what he did...

Mac: I don't know, Pete, but don't you think we should at least... Ask?

Pete: Yes, you're right. We should. And he's still in custody over at the police station.

Mac: I'm on it.

Pete: You know, if he's right, if that old man is telling the truth, then I'd just purchased a stolen painting!

Laura: A damaged, stolen painting. Has the art gallery sent over the provenance yet?

Pete: No.

Laura: I'd like to compare the history of ownership with our research sources.

Pete: Oh, I'll go get it myself. The sales receipt lists Lyle Hogarth as the seller.

Guard: Mr. Hogarth. Go right in, sir.

Madame Brandenburg: So, what have you found out?

Hogarth: His name is Sam Bolinski. A Jew.

Madame Brandenburg: A survivor?

Hogarth: Possibly.

Madame Brandenburg: What is this proof he claims to have?

Hogarth: I don't know. It may just be talk.

Madame Brandenburg: Or it is possible he has something that could prove damaging to us.

Hogarth: Don't worry. There is no way anyone can trace the Rubens to you.

Madame Brandenburg: And the Van Dyck's we sold in San Francisco?

Hogarth: There'll never connect any of the sales to the campaign funds.

Madame Brandenburg: We cannot afford to have questions raised. The old Jew, must never be allowed to produce this proof of his. Have him killed.

Mac: All I wanna do is talk to Mr. Bolinski. Ask him a few questions.

Gray: Look, everybody at that auction saw him trying to steal that painting. The old guy still insists it belongs to him.

Mac: Oh, it could belong to him. He says he can prove it. I just wanna give him a chance.

Gray: Well, it's your painting. Guess there's no harm in talking to him... Yeah, Bolinski, Samuel. He's in Holding 3. You wanna bring him up to the squad room? Great, thanks. Buy you a cup?

Mac: No, thanks.

Mac: Knife!

Gray: Drop it! Freeze!

Mac: Are you OK?

Sam: I think so. You're from the auction?

Gray: Is he dead?

Mac: I'm afraid so.

Gray: Thought I could make it to pension without ever having to use this thing on anybody.

Mac: I could've disarmed him, you know.

Gray: Well, looks like he was disarming you. You'd better get that looked at.

Sam: Why would he attack me?

Gray: Ever seen this slime before?

Sam: No, never! Forgive me, officer. You saved my life, I... I don't know how to thank you. And thank you, my friend.

Mac: MacGyver.

Sam: My friend MacGyver.

Brand: More trouble?

Madame Brandenburg: Everything is under control, Wilhelm.

Brand: You said Bolinski was under control. Now he's on the street. Who knows what he's told this man from the Phoenix Foundation.

Madame Brandenburg: One old man is not going to destroy years of planning and preparation...

Brand: Grandmother, the election is only 2 days away. One quiff of a scandal, any scandal, could sink me. And if I go down, we all do, you know that.

Madame Brandenburg: That is why you must let me handle this matter, Wilhelm. We will be protecting you. Your Chamber of Commerce speech is at 4. Wear your blue suit.

Madame Brandenburg: Now, Hogarth, about this Bolinski.

Hogarth: He's with the man named MacGyver, at the Phoenix Foundation.

Madame Brandenburg: If the old man shows proof of his claim to anyone, I want them stopped as well. Do you understand me?

Hogarth: Yes, madame.

Laura: MacGyver! Pete told me about what happened at the police station.

Mac: Oh, yeah. No permanent damage. Ah, Sam? This is Dr. Laura Sand. She's repairing the Rubens.

Sam: A doctor and so beautiful. Eh, you make your parents proud, yes?

Laura: Are you sure you're OK?

Sam: Don't worry for me, I'm a survivor.

Laura: Well, I found something strange on the Rubens. Here, take a look at this. Some sort of odd residue.

Sam: What kind of residue?

Laura: We're not sure. The lab's still breaking down it's full analysis. You know, Rubens painted a lot of Antwerp landscapes, Mr. Bolinski. Are you sure this one is yours?

Sam: Listen, doctor. This painting used to hang over our fireplace. As a boy, I would stare into it and wondered what was behind that hill, what was beyond those trees. I grew up in this painting, Dr. Sand. It's part of me.

Mac: And you say the Nazis stole it?

Sam: Yes. They took everything. My family had one of the finest art collections in Izbica. In all of Poland, I dare say. Before the Nazis.

Mac: Oh, what would Hitler want with all this artwork?

Laura: Let me show you something. Hitler wanted to use the ERR to create a museum of the master race. Over 12 million pieces of art and valuables was stolen. 17,000 objects were labeled "Degenerate" and either sold off or destroyed. A lot more ended up in SS officers private collections. After the war

the allies found thousands of paintings hidden in warehouses and salt mines. Oh... I'm so sorry. I didn't know that was on there.

Sam: For you these are only pictures. For me, it's not just a... Movie.

Mac: Ah, Sam. You remember when the painting was stolen?

Sam: October 12, 1940. It was a Saturday morning. It just happened to be Yom Kippur.

Laura: I've been going through the ERR records from Washington all day. There's no record of a Bolinski family.

Sam: The records are not there because I have them.

Laura: You have the original ERR records? But how?

Sam: Those of us the Nazis could use, they kept alive. I knew about art, so I volunteered to be a clerk for the ERR. I was then sent to Auschwitz for four years.

Laura: You actually worked for them?

Sam: My other choice was a gas chamber. One day, I found the pages where my family's art was catalogued - I ripped them from the ledger.

Mac: Where are the pages now, Sam?

Sam: At my home.

Laura: I'd like to take a look at those documents, if you don't mind, Mr. Bolinski.

Sam: Will be my pleasure. But... The name is Sam.

Mac: OK, Sam, let's go get those papers, right now.

Sam: Yes. Is Sand your real name?

Laura: Actually, it was Sandberg. My grandfather changed it when he arrived at Ellis Island.

Sam: Changing your name, you can do. But changing who you are - this you can never do.

Hogarth: Here's the address. The old man lives out in San Tofino. Take him straight to the mine.

Bad guy: Got it, Mr. Hoggarth.

Pete: Laura, where is MacGyver?

Laura: He took Mr. Bolinski home to get the ERR records. Mr. Bolinski says they'll prove the painting was stolen from his family in 1940.

Pete: Well, according to this provenance from the auction house, the painting was sold to the Hoggarth family 8 years earlier in 1932.

Laura: Oh, they can't both be right.

Pete: You know, I'm gonna call the National Archives in Washington D.C. See if they could shed a little light on this. They owe me one anyway.

Laura: Veronica, hold down the fort. I'm gonna see if Mr. Hoggarth will can clear up a few of these questions himself.

Veronica: All right.

Sam: That was one bumpy ride. But we made it.

Bad guy, outside: Jackpot.

Sam: I know I should have made a copy of the document years ago. Hello, Mrs. Jackson. But I thought the painting was lost forever. Ah, there's a box under the counter. If you can help me... My back has been bothering me since the night of the auction. Yes, over here on the table, please? Thank you. Oh, here, that's my family. That's me, my father, he was killed when they first invaded.

Mac: What about your mother and sister? And the baby?

Sam: That's my other sister. You see, there came a pogrom. They wanted all of the Jews out of Izbica. So we were sent to Sobibor. Within an hour, my mother and my sisters... I can still see the black smoke...

Laura: Mr Hoggarth?

Hoggarth: Look, whatever it is, it'll have to wait.

Laura: I'm with the Phoenix Foundation. It's about the Rubens painting you sold yesterday at the auction.

Hoggarth: What about it?

Laura: The provenance you gave the auction house. There seems to be a problem.

Hoggarth: You have a problem? Talk to my lawyer!

Laura: Well, if that's how you wanna handle it? But I should warn you that we found evidence that directly contradicts your claim.

Hoggarth: What kind of evidence?

Laura: ERR documents that prove the painting is stolen.

Hoggarth: Somehow I don't think anyone's going to see those documents. Do you?

Sam: From Auschwitz. Before they sent me back to Sobibor, one of the worst death camps. Most new arrivals were gassed within 2 hours when they got there. Life had no place in Sobibor. Ah, here. Here, here. Here, you see?

Mac: My German is a little rusty.

Sam: All right, Rubens, Antwerp Landscape, year of confiscation 1940. You see, just as I said.

Bad guy, appearing: Don't move!

Pete: Sergeant Gray?

Gray: Yes?

Pete: Hi, I'm Pete Thornton.

Gray: Oh, hi Mr. Thornton. Nice to see you.

Pete: Thanks for calling. So what did you find? You have anything to go on?

Gray: Not much. We do have a witness but all she saw was four guys in ski masks hustling your friends off into a van.

Pete: So what's next? Where do we start?

Gray: Normally you hang tough and wait for a ransom demand.

Pete: Oh, I think there's more to it than a simple ransom. Our art expert, Dr. Laura Sand, is missing too. And I think it's related.

Gray: How's that?

Pete: Well, she went to check on the painting's provenance with the previous owner, a man named Hoggarth. And she hasn't come back. I can't find her. And he's nowhere to find either.

Gray: Oh, look, I'll get an APB on them right away.

Pete: Good. Thanks. Listen, while you're at it, will you have your people check on any silvermines operating in the area?

Gray: Silvermines?

Pete: Yeah. Dr. Sand had our lab run an analysis on some particles that we found on the painting. Well, the lab confirms that those particles are lead sulfide which is a common residue from silvermining... Well, it's worth a try.

Gray: Oh, it's great. I'll get right on it. Ah, look, you keep me posted if anything new turns up, all right?

Pete: Don't worry. You'll be first to know. And return the favour, OK?

Bad guy: Here, the ERR records.

Sam: What is this place?

Mac: I don't know, Sam.

Bad guy: Inside!

Hoggarth: Take the van around the back.

Bad guy: Come on, go!

Laura: MacGyver! Sam!

Mac: Laura? What happened? How did you get here?

Madame Brandenburg: She made the same mistake you did, young man. She asked too many questions.

Sam: Ja wohl, Frau Brandenburg.

Madame Brandenburg: We have met?

Sam: No, we were never formally introduced. She would come to Sobibor, always first on line, she and the wives of the other officers. They would pick through the deads valuables like vultures. You! Oh yes, Frau Brandenburg! I know you!

Hoggarth: Here are the ERR documents.

Gray: Get me madame's office.

Hoggarth: Hello? What? How? A-ha.

Mac: I see you're a Brand supporter.

Madame Brandenburg: Yes. My grandson is about to become a congressman.

Laura: Brand is your grandson?

Sam: Brand? Brandenburg? You can change what you're called but not what you are.

Hoggarth: I'll take care of it. Trouble. Someone named Thornton from the Phoenix Foundation has asked the police to check out all silvermines in the area. We have to evacuate to another base.

Madame Brandenburg: Yes. Be sure everything is moved.

Laura: Those are historic documents!

Madame Brandenburg: And now they are historic ashes.

Mac: You know, burning those papers won't change the truth.

Madame Brandenburg: You want the truth, Mr. MacGyver? Here is the truth. Our master plan. The 10% solution. California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho. Five of your fifty states will become the new Aryan nation.

Sam: My God!

Laura: You can't be serious.

Madame Brandenburg: Oh, I am. See, it is already happening. We have judges, public officials, school teachers, police chiefs, people of influence. All of them our people. Looking out for our interests. The purity of the white race.

Mac: Didn't a guy named Adolf trie that once before?

Madame Brandenburg: Hitler moved too fast. We have learned patience. First infiltrate, then we dominate. It may take 10, 20 years but it will happen.

Sam: You would do that again? You would unleash your horror on the world?

Madame Brandenburg: Take them to the mine.

Sam: We will see each other again.

Madame Brandenburg: Not in your lifetime, old man.

Hoggarth: Move!

Bad guy: Come on, let's go! Load it!

Laura: That's a Renoir. That painting was listed destroyed in 1940. Monet, Rembrandt... MacGyver, these paintings are priceless!

Hoggarth: Congressional elections are expensive.

Mac: So is buying cops. Hello, Gray.

Gray: They didn't have to buy me, MacGyver. I was sold on them years ago. Now, had you left well enough alone, the old man would be dead and I wouldn't have had to gun down one of our own people. Come on, let's go.

Hoggarth to a bad guy: Bring that welding rig.

Hoggarth: Keep going, through that door. Come on, move it! This is where we say goodbye. This isn't Sobibor but we'll try to make you feel at home.

Mac: Hey, come on... Take it... He's been hit au! He gets unconscious...

Hoggarth: Make sure the line feeding the acetylene is airtight.

Gray: This is nuts! Why don't we just shoot them?

Hoggarth: Madame is feeling nostalgic.

Sam: Gas... The animals! They're gassing us! You can't do this! You animals! You can't do this!

Hoggarth: Let's go.

Sam: Please, you can't do this! Please, please!

Laura: MacGyver! MacGyver! Please, come out of it. You've gotta help us. MacGyver!

Laura: They're gassing us, MacGyver.

Sam: It smells like garlic.

Mac, awaking: That must be acetylene. Will fill from the top of the room first. So get down. Stay down.

Laura: We're going to die.

Sam: No! We will not die. We will get out of this place. It's only a matter of how, is it not, MacGyver?

Mac: Ah, yeah, right.

Laura: But this is impossible.

Sam: Sobibor was impossible. 500 stormed the gates. 200 died but 300 of us lived. We must escape to make sure this horror does not happen again.

Mac, looking around the room and the door: All right. I think I got it.

Laura: What?

Mac: Well, this is a fire door. It's hollow. Metal on 2 sides, air in the middle.

Laura: But how's that going to help us?

Sam: Let him work.

Mac: Laura, give me one of your earrings.

Laura: What for?

Sam: Go on, go on. He has an idea.

Veronica: Here's the last of it, Mr Thornton.

Pete: Oh, never mind. I've got it. Bonaventure Silvermine. Hoggarth is a shareholder.

Veronica: He's got some prominent partners. Judge Turpin, Dean Smithers at San University. Hoggarth keeps pretty good company.

Pete: Get Sergeant Gray on the line. I wanna see if we can tie this in with anything else he's picked up on Hoggarth.

Veronica: Hello, police? I'd like to speak with Sergeant Gray... (Pete interrupts the connection) Mr. Thornton, what's wrong?

Pete: Look who's a shareholder.

Veronica: Harold Gray?

Pete: Yeah, as in Sergeant Gray.

Veronica: My God, he's part of it.

Pete: He sure is...

Mac: All right. Now I need a spark to ignite it. Take cover. Back here.

Sam after Mac broke through the door: Some idea, huh, doctor?

Hoggarth: Should be over for them. Get a gas mask from storage. Dump the bodies down the shaft. I'll fill up the truck.

Bad guy #2: Yes, sir.

Mac: I should be able to get to as far as the art truck in this outfit. I'll bring it around and pick you up.

Sam: But the Nazis, we can't just let them walk away!

Mac: One step at a time, Sam.

Hoggarth: Well?... Great! How long till we're ready to pull out?

Gray: About ten minutes, maybe less.

Laura looking for Sam: Sam!

Gray: OK, let's go! Oh, no, come on, man! Let's get this thing out of here! Come on, let's go!

Mac: Where's Sam?

Laura: Over there. He knocked out Hoggarth and went inside.

Mac: Aw man... Come on...

Pete: Come on! Well, Mr. Brand! Looks like your popularity is taking a nose dive. Get him out of here.

Sam: It ends here, Frau Brandenburg.

Madame Brandenburg: Revenge? Is that it?

Sam: Some would call it justice.

Madame Brandenburg: You will not kill me. You Jews are weak.

Sam: No, we are not. In fact, you hate has made us even stronger.

Mac, appearing in the room: Sam!

Sam: No, don't stop me. You deserve to die. The world will be a better place without you and your kind.

Madame Brandenburg: The feeling is mutual. Perhaps we're not so different - you and I.

Sam: No, we are very different. Outside, now! Macht schnell! Raus!

At least, Mac looks to the map, shaking his head, speechless.

THE END