

TREE IN THE PIT

Written by

Gary J Rose

Groser1@pacbell.net  
(530) 613-9232

FADE IN:

EXT. TREBLINKA EXTERMINATION CAMP - RAIL SIDING - DAWN

A dense pine forest parts to reveal steel rails slicing through fog.

In the distance: the CHUG-CHUG of a locomotive grows louder. A shrill whistle. Smoke billows through the forest canopy.

SUPER: Treblinka Extermination Camp - August 1943

The trees tremble as a transport train groans into view. Covered boxcars—filthy, rusted—creep down the track. SS GUARDS stand on the roofs, rifles slung.

More SS GUARDS, in gray uniforms, wait beside the siding. Behind them, a small group of PRISONERS IN STRIPED UNIFORMS—the Sonderkommando—stand rigid.

Their eyes are hollow. Hair shorn. Faces numb. But as the train screeches to a halt, they perform.

They smile. Nod. One waves—small, practiced.

The metal doors slide open.

Inside: a CRUSH OF HUMANITY—men, women, children—blinking against the light.

Among them stands a man—mid 30s, gaunt, eyes sharp.

This is JAKOB.

He steps down from the boxcar slowly, scanning everything:

—A fake train station sign: Treblinka. —A guard barking warm lies. —A prisoner quietly collecting suitcases.

Jakob's gaze lingers on one prisoner in particular—a thin, pale man who refuses to meet his eyes.

Jakob senses something.

A performance. A warning beneath the silence.

The man glances at Jakob—just for a second.

A flicker of alarm.

Then it's gone.

GUARD (O.S.)  
 (cheerful, rehearsed)  
 Leave your luggage on the platform!  
 You'll be reunited after your  
 shower and medical inspection!

Jakob doesn't move.

A woman's hand—his SISTER—tugs at him.

SISTER (O.S.)  
 Jakob... come on.

Jakob finally steps forward, swallowed by the crowd.

The metal doors slam shut behind them.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. TREBLINKA EXTERMINATION CAMP - RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS  
 LATER

Jakob is herded forward with the others. SS GUARDS bark  
 orders in German.

The crowd shuffles past a fake station building—painted  
 signs, forged timetables, a wooden clock stuck at 6:00.

A GUARD stands beside a crate, shouting.

GUARD  
 (all smiles)  
 Jewelry and valuables! All items  
 will be returned after your shower!

A WOMAN clutches a locket.

WOMAN  
 My mother gave me this—

She's struck across the face. The locket clinks into the  
 crate.

Jakob watches as his sister, pale and shaken, removes her  
 earrings. She places them—delicately—into the pile.

A Sonderkommando prisoner scoops them up without a glance.

INT. "DISINFECTION" BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Men and women are separated—screams echo as families are torn apart.

Jakob's sister is yanked from his side.

SISTER  
Jakob! Jakob!

He tries to follow—two guards shove him back.

GUARD  
(icy)  
This way.

Jakob stumbles into a narrow corridor, flanked by long wooden barracks.

Inside: men stripping. Confused. Ashamed. Silent.

Jakob hesitates, scanning.

He spots the same Sonderkommando from earlier—the one who looked away. The man collects clothes, eyes cast down.

Jakob leans in.

JAKOB  
Where is this shower?

No answer.

JAKOB (CONT'D)  
Whisper it. I won't tell.

The man finally looks up. Haunted eyes.

SONDERKOMMANDO  
There is no shower.

He turns away.

Jakob stands frozen. The words hang heavy.

EXT. TREBLINKA - BARRACKS EXIT / "TUBE" ENTRANCE - MINUTES  
LATER

Jakob—now stripped to his underclothes—steps into the morning light with a group of other men.

Old. Young. Shivering.

Eyes vacant. Breath visible in the cold.

Two GUARDS bark orders in German.

A THIRD GUARD stands before a narrow, camouflaged corridor—fenced in with barbed wire, pine branches woven along the sides.

Above: a crooked wooden sign reads:

“SHOWERS □”

GUARD (O.S.)  
(cheerful, like a  
concierge)  
Through the corridor! Quick, quick!  
Showers are waiting!

The naked, humiliated men shuffle forward toward the entrance of the so-called “tube.”

Jakob hesitates.

To his left—a watchtower.

The barrel of a machine gun pokes through slats.

To his right—behind the barracks—

A plume of black smoke curls skyward. Thick. Endless.

No flames. Just smoke.

Jakob spots the same Sonderkommando, now hauling a crate of shoes.

JAKOB  
What's that smoke?

No answer.

He steps closer. Lowers his voice.

JAKOB (CONT'D)  
What's burning?

The man finally looks up. Eyes hollow.

SONDERKOMMANDO  
People.

A GUARD yanks Jakob forward.

GUARD (IN GERMAN)  
Keep moving, Jew.

Jakob stumbles, shoved toward the mouth of the tube.

Jakob stumbles, heart pounding.

He looks around—everyone else shuffles forward like cattle.

He glances back.

The Sonderkommando is already gone.

INT. GUARD TOWER - SAME TIME

A YOUNG SS GUARD watches the line from above, smoking.

He chuckles as he sees a CHILD trying to hold his grandfather's hand.

Beside him, a SENIOR OFFICER stares coldly.

SS OFFICER  
They never know.

YOUNG GUARD  
Should we tell them?

SS OFFICER  
That would ruin the surprise.

EXT. THE "TUBE" - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Jakob stands shoulder to shoulder with the other naked men, trapped between walls of barbed wire and pine branches.

The path winds forward—narrow, concealed.

No sign of what's at the end.

Only smoke. And a low, mechanical rumble—an engine idling.

Jakob's breathing quickens.

A MAN nearby vomits into the dirt.

Further back, a BOY sobs.

A GUARD cracks his baton across the fence.

GUARD  
Schnell!

The line lurches forward.

Jakob turns his head. His sister is nowhere in sight.

A distant scream—female, muffled. Cut off.

The engine sound grows louder.

INT. GAS CHAMBER - ANTECHAMBER - SAME TIME

Two SONDERKOMMANDO PRISONERS drag a limp body across tiled floors streaked with blood.

Another metal door swings open. Black smoke spills out like ink.

Inside: shadows of bodies, heaped like discarded rags.

The Sonderkommando don't speak. They never speak.

EXT. "TUBE" - CONTINUOUS

Jakob moves forward, one slow step at a time. Sweat beads on his skin despite the cold.

Overhead: barbed wire, knotted like veins. A cage sealed from above.

No turning back.

Five people remain ahead of him. Then four. Then three.

At the end: a thick, metal door, bolted with a crooked sign—

"SHOWERS"

The diesel engine behind it roars  
now—relentless, inhuman.

A GUARD by the door pulls on a gas mask.

Jakob stops.

A MAN behind him shoves his back.

MAN BEHIND HIM

Go. Just go.

Jakob stares at the door.

Frozen.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. TREBLINKA II - ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - SAME TIME

A tidy office. Maps, charts, and typed manifests cover the walls—names of cities, numbers of deportees.

SS CAPTAIN FRANZ STANGL sits behind a clean desk. Smoking. Composed. Detached.

A YOUNGER SS OFFICER stands at attention beside him, holding a clipboard.

STANGL  
(reading aloud)  
Warsaw transport. Six thousand five  
hundred.  
Offloaded in forty-eight minutes.

He signs the form with a fountain pen, casually exhales smoke.

STANGL (CONT'D)  
Sobibor did it in thirty-nine last  
week. Belzec claims thirty-two.

YOUNG SS OFFICER  
That's impossible.

STANGL  
Maybe.  
But they're boasting about it in  
Lublin.

(beat)

We'll shave off five minutes  
tomorrow. Keep the line moving. No  
confusion. No screaming. Just flow.

He walks to the window.

Outside: the now-empty platform—scattered with abandoned shoes, suitcases, feathers, and a doll's leg.

YOUNG SS OFFICER  
One woman bit a guard. She had to  
be—

STANGL  
(irritated)  
I don't want stories. I want  
numbers.  
How many Sonderkommando are left?

YOUNG SS OFFICER  
Thirty-five. Some... slowing down.

STANGL

Then replace them.  
Take new ones from the next train.

YOUNG SS OFFICER

The men from Berlin said we may be  
inspected again next month.

STANGL

Then let them see a model of German  
precision.

He lifts his glass—half whiskey, half ash.

STANGL (CONT'D)

This is a machine.  
It cannot hesitate.

EXT. THE "TUBE" - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Jakob stands frozen. Five paces from the heavy metal door.  
The diesel engine rumbles behind it—relentless. Smoke curls  
up beyond the treeline.

The line inches forward.

A GUARD shouts in German, gesturing toward Jakob.

A SECOND GUARD steps in, clipboard in hand.

SECOND GUARD

(pointing)  
That one. Him.

Jakob is yanked from the line by his elbow. Staggering.  
Confused.

The other prisoners keep walking.

No one looks back.

EXT. CAMP PATHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jakob is dragged down a narrow dirt path between barracks.  
His bare feet slice on gravel.

He passes the rear of the fake station façade— Sonderkommando  
sort piles of shoes and suitcases.

A wagon filled with children's toys rolls by. A prisoner  
scrubs blood from a floorboard.

Jakob's eyes dart, breathing ragged. He trembles.

EXT. SONDERKOMMANDO BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

He's shoved toward a group of prisoners loading debris into a wheelbarrow. One of them turns—the same Sonderkommando who warned him earlier.

Their eyes lock.

A GUARD shouts:

GUARD  
(to the prisoner)  
Train boy's yours. Teach him.  
If he slows you down, shoot him.

The guard walks off.

Jakob stands frozen. The Sonderkommando walks up—hands him a shovel.

SONDERKOMMANDO  
(quiet)  
If you work, you live.  
If you stop, you die.  
That's it.

Jakob nods slowly. He looks back—toward the tube.

But it's gone now. Swallowed by barracks. Smoke. Silence.

He grips the shovel.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN PIT - LATER THAT DAY

Jakob stands at the edge of a mass grave. His hands are caked with filth. His face—sunburnt, slack. Hollow.

He lifts a body. Drops it. Lifts another. Drops it.

We stay on his face.

Still. Unblinking.

FADE OUT.

INT. WOMEN'S UNDRESSING BARRACKS - SAME TIME

Cramped. Dim. Sweltering. The room buzzes with panic and confusion.

Dozens of WOMEN and GIRLS undress under the watch of ARMED FEMALE GUARDS and a few SS MEN.

MIRIAM, early 20s, clutches her blouse. Pale. Terrified. Trying to be brave.

A SONDERKOMMANDO WOMAN in a striped uniform moves down the row, whispering to each woman, helping fold clothes.

SONDERKOMMANDO WOMAN

Fold neatly.  
It helps. They won't notice you.  
Sometimes.

She stops beside Miriam.

SONDERKOMMANDO WOMAN (CONT'D)

(whispers)  
Keep your shoes.  
Tie the laces together. Hide them  
in your sleeve.

Miriam nods, hands trembling. She hides the shoes as told.

From outside: a MUFFLED SCREAM.

The entire room freezes.

SS GUARD (O.S.)

Move! Schnell!

The women are shoved toward a side door. One of the guards laughs.

SS GUARD (CONT'D)

Showers today, girls!  
Nice and clean!

Miriam hesitates. Her fingers brush the silver Star of David around her neck.

She slowly removes it. Places it gently atop the growing pile of clothing.

EXT. THE "TUBE" - WOMEN'S SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

The women file into the narrow corridor—same as the men. The walls of pine branches and barbed wire close in on either side.

Miriam moves in the middle of the group, dazed, robotic.

The crooked "SHOWERS ☐" sign looms ahead.

Behind her, a GIRL begins to cry.

YOUNG GIRL  
Where's Mama?

Miriam turns. Kneels.

MIRIAM  
I'll hold your hand, all right?

She offers her palm. The girl takes it.

Together, they walk forward.

The diesel engine noise grows louder. Smoke rises over the fence.

INT. SONDERKOMMANDO BARRACKS - NIGHT

Dim. Cramped. Dozens of bunk beds, packed wall to wall.

Prisoners lie in silence. No one speaks.

Only the sound of coughing, creaking wood,  
and the low mechanical thrum of engines running outside.

INT. SONDERKOMMANDO BARRACKS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Jakob lies on the bottom bunk. Eyes open. His body coated in blood and ash.

Across the narrow aisle, two men sit beside an ELDERLY PRISONER rocking slowly, rhythmically.

The old man has fashioned a makeshift noose from a strip of cloth, tied to the upper bunk's beam.

Now, he stands. Places the loop over his head.

The two other men rise.

One speaks softly—in Yiddish.

PRISONER #1  
You're sure?

The old man nods. Tears in his eyes. But calm.

PRISONER #2  
We'll help.  
Fast. You won't feel it long.

They take his hands. He grips their forearms.

PRISONER #1  
(soft)  
May your soul fly far from this  
place.

They pull down hard.

The noose tightens. The man's feet leave the ground.

Jakob sits up slowly. Staring.

The man twitches. Gasps once— Then goes still.

A long silence.

The two men hold him for a beat longer... Then gently lower him.

A few nearby prisoners begin to shift. Rearranging bedding. This has happened before.

Jakob rises. Moves to the back wall. Opens a small, broken window for air.

Outside, the night sky is black.

But the smoke never stops.

INT. SONDERKOMMANDO BARRACKS - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Jakob leans against the cracked window frame. Cold night air. Smoke. Silence.

The Sonderkommando—the man who warned him—appears beside him. Worn. Hollow. Still breathing.

SONDERKOMMANDO  
If you want to live...  
don't watch.

Jakob doesn't look at him.

JAKOB  
How long?

SONDERKOMMANDO  
Before they kill us?  
(beat)  
Maybe a few weeks.

Maybe tomorrow. We don't get notice. We get replaced.

A long pause.

JAKOB  
My sister?

The Sonderkommando stares ahead. His jaw clenches.

SONDERKOMMANDO  
You don't want to know.

Jakob exhales— shallow, empty.

They stand in silence. Two ghosts among the dying.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CREMATION PIT - MORNING

Smoke rises in slow, steady coils.

Rusted rail tracks form makeshift grates above mountains of bodies. Flames crawl. Ash falls like black snow.

Jakob stands beside the inferno— shovel in hand, blistered palms raw. His face grey. Unrecognizable.

Beside him: AVRAM—50s, skeletal, eyes sunken but alert—shovels with dead-eyed precision.

The stench is unbearable.

But no one flinches.

EXT. CREMATION PIT - CONTINUOUS

The trio works in brutal rhythm. Each shovelful an assault on body and soul.

Noah struggles to lift a corpse. Jakob moves to help—Avram puts a hand out.

AVRAM

Let him.  
He has to.

Noah finally hoists the body onto the grate. The flesh sizzles, the air warps with heat.

Jakob's eyes shift to the trees beyond the fence. Thick. Impenetrable. A guard tower looms like a hunter's perch.

JAKOB

You ever think about running?

Avram lets out a bitter laugh.

AVRAM

Every hour.  
But the bullets run faster.

NOAH

(low)  
I heard someone made it. A boy from  
Warsaw.

AVRAM

You heard a story.  
This place doesn't let go.

A cart approaches. More bodies. Among them—a woman's red hair glows like fire in the sun.

Jakob freezes.

He steps closer. Carefully. Then he sees it: A necklace.

Tarnished silver. A Star of David pendant, half-buried in ash and blood.

His eyes flood with recognition.

He trembles— Reaches down— Avram grabs his wrist.

AVRAM (CONT'D)

Don't. Not here.

Jakob doesn't move. Fingers curling into a fist around the necklace.

JAKOB

She was mine.

A beat.

AVRAM

Then keep her. But hide it well.

Jakob tucks the necklace under his shirt. Eyes glassy.  
Changed.

EXT. CAMP YARD - MOMENTS LATER

PRISONERS shuffle into rows as the SS bark orders. The roll call is brutal—names called, beatings given at random.

Jakob scans the faces.

He leans toward Avram.

JAKOB

How many are here?

AVRAM

In this sector? Maybe seven hundred.  
The rest—Camp 2. The ones who burn the bodies.

JAKOB

We're not burning bodies now?

AVRAM

(grim)  
We're sorting the living from the already dead.

Jakob sees a PRISONER collapse a few rows down. Too slow. Too weak.

A GUARD pulls him out of line, screaming. He beats the man savagely, even after he's stopped moving.

The rest of the line doesn't flinch. Jakob doesn't look away.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Jakob sits cross-legged in the dirt with Noah and Avram. They draw a rough layout of the camp with a finger.

AVRAM

The main gates are here. Guard towers on every corner.  
Camp 2's behind the tube. Fenced separately. The quarry's a mile that way—Treblinka One.

Jakob traces the imaginary map.

JAKOB  
And the armory?

AVRAM  
Guard barracks. West wall. We're  
not getting near it.

NOAH  
What about tools? Fuel?

Avram eyes the boy—measuring him.

AVRAM  
You think there's going to be a  
war?

Noah just stares. And Jakob—he doesn't answer. But the fire  
in his eyes is no longer hidden.

EXT. COURTYARD - NEXT DAY

SS OFFICER KURT FRANZ struts into view. Young. Handsome. A  
whip on his belt, a pistol on his hip.

He stops in the middle of the yard.

FRANZ  
(in German)  
Bring me two prisoners.

Two guards drag men forward—skinny, terrified.

Franz tosses a knife at each of their feet.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Fight. To the death.

Winner gets an extra ladle of soup.

The men stare, frozen.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Or I shoot you both now.

Jakob watches, horror dawning.

One man lunges first—weak, frantic. They grapple. Slashes.  
Shouts. A shallow cut. Then another.

Blood. Dust. Panic.

Finally, one man falls to his knees, gasping. He opens his arms—accepting it.

The victor, shaking, stabs him through the heart.

The crowd is silent.

Franz claps.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Bravo.

Then, calmly, he draws his pistol and shoots the survivor in the head.

He holsters the weapon and walks away.

EXT. CAMP YARD - ROLL CALL - MOMENTS LATER

Prisoners line up. Some sway on their feet. Others barely stand. A GUARD paces. Whip in hand.

The morning is still. Tense.

A man sneezes.

The guard whips him across the back.

GUARD

You're sick? We'll fix that.

Two other guards drag the man away.

Jakob stands motionless. His face hardened.

AVRAM (O.S.)

That's the morning offering.  
Always blood.

INT. SORTING SHED - LATER

Jakob, Avram, and Noah sort through a mountain of clothes.

Screams echo faintly from somewhere else in the camp.

Jakob freezes. He pulls out a striped scarf—tiny. For a child.

He grips it tight. Breath catches in his throat.

He keeps moving.

Noah finds a woman's coat, elegant, once beautiful.

He turns the pocket inside out—finds a locket.

Inside: a photograph of two sisters. Smiling. Alive.

Noah tucks it under a loose floorboard when the guards aren't looking.

NOAH  
(quietly)  
Let something survive.

Jakob glances at him. Then at the mountain of clothes, as if seeing it for the first time.

JAKOB  
These were lives. Not just things.

AVRAM  
That's why they want us to forget.

INT. SONDERKOMMANDO BARRACKS - NIGHT

The barracks are dimly lit, with prisoners scattered on the floor, sleeping in uneasy silence. Jakob sits across from Avram, both of them leaning against the wall, exhausted from the day's work.

AVRAM  
(quietly, breaking the  
silence)  
Jakob... you see what's happening  
here, don't you?

Jakob doesn't answer right away. His hands are restless, clenching and unclenching as he watches the flickering candlelight.

JAKOB  
(softly)  
I see everything. But what can we  
do?

AVRAM  
(with a weary sigh)  
We endure, Jakob. That's what we  
do. It's the only thing left to us.  
The moment you stop enduring...  
that's when you die. Not just in  
body, but in spirit.

There's a long pause, Jakob's gaze distant. Avram turns his eyes to Jakob, his voice lowering.

AVRAM (CONT'D)

(quietly, more to himself)

I used to believe that... there was some hope beyond this. Maybe a way out. But as the days wear on, I've started to wonder if that hope was ever real... or just something we created to survive.

Jakob's eyes flicker to Avram, surprised by his rare vulnerability.

JAKOB

(concerned, almost tentative)

You don't believe anymore?

AVRAM

(staring at the ground, a sadness in his eyes)

I don't know. I don't know what to believe anymore. Maybe I've outlived my own will to fight... maybe the fight should belong to others now.

There's a painful silence as Jakob processes Avram's words. He's shaken, realizing the depth of Avram's resignation.

JAKOB

(softly, almost urgently)

Avram, you're the reason we've made it this far. You said it yourself—survival's about remembering we're human. We can't just give up. You can't.

Avram looks up, his eyes heavy with the weight of his years. He raises his hand to his chest, where the old scars of survival lie beneath the thin fabric of his prison clothes.

AVRAM

(sighing deeply)

It's not about giving up, Jakob. It's about accepting what we are. What they've turned us into. How long can you keep your soul intact when the world around you only wants to destroy it? You have hope because you're still young.

(MORE)

AVRAM (CONT'D)

You haven't seen enough of the  
abyss yet.

Jakob's face tightens, the weight of Avram's words striking him deeply. The old man's despair resonates with Jakob's own growing conflict. But Jakob doesn't look away.

JAKOB

(resolute)

I will fight, Avram. And you don't  
have to carry this alone. I won't  
let you.

AVRAM

(with a bitter smile,  
almost fond)

You think you can save me, Jakob?  
I've been here too long. Too many  
days spent watching good men die in  
silence. You can't save me... but  
maybe... maybe you'll save  
yourself.

Jakob opens his mouth to argue, but stops. There's a quiet truth in Avram's words, a deep resonance of acceptance. It's not resignation, but an understanding that some battles may be beyond saving. He turns his gaze to the far wall of the barracks, contemplating Avram's perspective.

JAKOB

(whispering, with  
determination)

I won't stop. Even if it's just for  
Miriam... even if it's just for  
you.

AVRAM

(softly, almost a plea)  
You don't understand yet.  
But you will... one day.  
When this place, this  
hell... breaks you,  
you'll see it's not the  
hope that kills you. It's  
the fighting for it.  
(beat) But I see the fire  
in your eyes. I can't  
stop you, Jakob. Just  
know... that fire has a  
cost.

Jakob stares at Avram, his face  
softening with a mix of admiration  
and fear.

(MORE)

AVRAM (CONT'D)

He knows Avram is speaking from experience, and yet he can't turn away from the burning need to act.

JAKOB

(firmly)

I'm ready to pay whatever it takes.

AVRAM

(softly, resigned)

Then, for all our sakes, Jakob, I hope you're right.

Avram leans back, his eyes closing slowly as he exhales, the quiet of the barracks settling over them once again. Jakob watches him for a long moment, the weight of his words heavy in the air. He stands, his body tense but resolved, ready to face the uncertain future.

FADE OUT

EXT. CAMP FENCE - EVENING

Jakob stands alone, staring beyond the wire.

He watches the smoke curl into the dusk sky.

Behind him, footsteps.

Galewski, the elder prisoner and unofficial leader of the resistance, approaches quietly.

GALEWSKI

You're the teacher. From Warsaw?

Jakob turns, startled.

JAKOB

How did you—?

GALEWSKI

You look. You listen.  
You're not like the others.

Jakob doesn't respond.

Galewski steps closer. Lowers his voice.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

If you want to live, that's one path.  
If you want to matter... there's another.

A pause.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
But it ends the same for us all.

Jakob nods—just once.

INT. TOOL SHED - NIGHT

Dim lantern light flickers against wooden walls.

Avram, Jakob, and Noah sharpen tools—hoes, spades, rusted shovels—under the guise of routine maintenance.

A beat of silence.

JAKOB  
What's beyond the fence? East of here?

AVRAM  
Quarry. Treblinka One. Work camp. They keep it separate. Different hell.

NOAH  
A few tried to run that way. Didn't get far.

Avram nods toward the back wall—a crude map etched in dirt on the floor.

Jakob leans in. Avram draws a rough square.

AVRAM  
Reception yard. Tube. Chambers here. Barracks. Sorting shed. Cremation pit. (gently taps the map) We are here.

He draws an X.

AVRAM (CONT'D)  
Every path ends in smoke—unless we make a new one.

Jakob studies the map. Eyes sharp now.

JAKOB  
How many guards?

AVRAM

Too many. Ukrainians mostly.

Drunk by sundown. But quick on the trigger.

NOAH

Some have stolen grenades. Hidden knives.

AVRAM

The older ones don't believe it will work.  
But some of us... we're ready.

A beat.

JAKOB

What would you need from me?

Avram studies him.

AVRAM

Your eyes. Your questions.  
And when the time comes—your hands.

They hold each other's gaze.

From outside: a SHOUT.

GUARD (O.S.)

Lights out!

They scatter the dirt map with their feet.

EXT. CAMP YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Franz walks casually into the center of the open courtyard. A WHISTLE blows.

Guards line up. Prisoners halt.

The entire camp falls eerily still.

FRANZ

(loudly, cheerfully)  
It's time for a bit of... sport.

Two SS GUARDS drag forward two exhausted PRISONERS—bloody, gaunt.

Franz tosses something onto the ground between them—a knife. Then another.

The prisoners stare, confused. Terrified.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Only one of you gets to eat today.  
Unless you both die, of course.  
Then—Barry eats.

He chuckles. The guards laugh on cue.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Begin.

The prisoners hesitate.

Franz nods. A GUARD cracks his whip.

The men circle each other—reluctant. One slashes half-heartedly.

Franz steps closer, watching like it's a fencing match. A crowd of prisoners forms, silent, horrified.

Jakob, Avram, and Noah are among them.

The prisoners clash. One cuts the other's arm.

Then another shallow slice. Until finally, one drops to his knees, gasping.

The other man—barely able to stand—raises his knife.

A long beat.

Then he plunges it into the chest of the kneeling man. A gurgling gasp. A final twitch.

Franz claps slowly.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Bravo.

He walks toward the victor.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

A champion among men.

He raises his pistol—shoots the man in the head.

The body crumples.

Franz holsters his gun, smiling as he strolls away.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Clean this up.

He disappears into the command building.

Barry licks at the blood.

Franz keeps walking, whistling a tune.

Behind him, the prisoners drag the body away.

FADE IN:

INT. SONDERKOMMANDO BARRACKS - NIGHT

Dark. Damp. Claustrophobic.

The barracks creak as wind whispers through the slats. Men murmur softly in different languages—Yiddish, Polish, German.

Jakob sits beside Avram and Noah. None eat. None sleep.

A shadow moves from bunk to bunk, whispering. A man in his 50s, wire-rim glasses, scar on his temple.

This is GALEWSKI.

He crouches near Jakob's bunk.

GALEWSKI  
You asked questions. Dangerous ones.

Jakob sits up, guarded.

JAKOB  
I didn't mean—

GALEWSKI  
You meant everything. That's why I'm here.

He glances around—measuring trust.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
What do you see... when you look at this place?

JAKOB  
A machine. Greased with blood.

Galewski nods faintly. Eyes tired but burning with resolve.

GALEWSKI  
Then maybe you're ready to learn how to jam it.

He leans closer.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
 Tomorrow. After latrine duty. Back  
 wall of the sorting shed.

He stands, vanishes into the dark.

Avram watches silently from the next bunk.

AVRAM  
 Careful what doors you open,  
 teacher.

Jakob meets his gaze.

JAKOB  
 Better than digging graves with my  
 eyes shut.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CAMP PERIMETER - SAME TIME

JAKOB  
 I won't forget.

Avram stops shoveling. Looks at him for a long moment.

AVRAM  
 Then God help you.

They resume working.

EXT. SORTING SHED - LATE AFTERNOON

Jakob hauls a bundle of coats inside. The shed is lined with  
 stolen belongings—suitcases, dolls, torn Torah scrolls,  
 jewelry sorted by weight and value.

He glances around. Empty.

Then: a faint KNOCK from the far wall.

He follows the sound. Near the back, behind a false panel of  
 wood and coats—he slips inside.

INT. SECRET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dim candlelight.

Five men sit on overturned crates and buckets. One of them is GALEWSKI. Another is a wiry man with a deep scar—BLUM. The others are gaunt, worn, but eyes sharp.

Galewski gestures.

GALEWSKI  
Shut the panel.

Jakob obeys.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
This is Jakob. New, but not blind.

And maybe not afraid.

BLUM  
We're all afraid.

GALEWSKI  
Afraid doesn't matter. Ready does.

He passes Jakob a torn scrap of a map—rough drawing of the camp, fencing, watchtowers.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
This is the machine. You said so yourself.

So let's break its gears.

JAKOB  
How?

GALEWSKI  
With fire. With stolen guns.  
With timing. And with luck.

A beat. Jakob studies the map. Then:

JAKOB  
What do you need me to do?

EXT. CREMATION PIT - CONTINUOUS

A second cart rolls up—bodies heaped high. As Jakob and Avram move to unload it, something falls from a corpse's sleeve—

—a small notebook, worn leather cover, splattered with blood.

Jakob freezes. He stares at it.

AVRAM  
Keep moving.

JAKOB  
(soft)  
It's... writing. Someone wrote in  
it.

AVRAM  
Don't be stupid.

Jakob looks around. Guards distracted.

He palms the notebook. Slides it under his waistband.

They lift another body. Jakob whispers:

JAKOB  
I want to show you something later.

Avram doesn't answer. Just keeps moving.

EXT. CAMP FENCE - NIGHT

Jakob and Avram squat beside a low section of fencing where  
the ground is soft.

Jakob pulls out the notebook—opens it to reveal handwritten  
pages, names, prayers, maybe even poems. A message someone  
left behind.

JAKOB  
They wanted to be remembered.

AVRAM  
Then remember them.

JAKOB  
I want to bury it. Beneath the tree  
by the pit.

AVRAM  
You'll be shot before you take  
three steps.

Jakob looks up—at the only tree left standing near the  
cremation grounds. Stark. Alone.

JAKOB  
Then not now. But soon.

Avram studies him.

AVRAM  
You've got fire.  
Just don't burn too fast.

They rise.

EXT. SORTING SHED - LATER THAT DAY

Rows of prisoners—men and women—sort through piles of belongings stripped from the dead.

Clothes. Shoes. Photographs. Jewelry.

Jakob sifts robotically, hands moving without thought—until he freezes.

In his hands: a threadbare scarf, floral pattern.

He lifts it.

Beneath it... a silver Star of David necklace.

Jakob stares—paralyzed.

FLASH TO:

His sister, Miriam, laughing as she adjusts the scarf in a cracked mirror.

The same necklace around her neck.

BACK TO SCENE

His chest tightens. Breath catches. He looks up—no one notices.

He palms the necklace, slips it into his waistband.

NOAH (O.S.)  
(quiet)  
You okay?

Jakob doesn't answer. He moves quickly, returning to the sorting pile.

But his face is changed.

His grief now sharpened—into resolve.

EXT. CAMP BARRACKS - LATER THAT DAY

Jakob stumbles into the shadow of a barracks wall, shivering with fatigue. His shirt clings to his body—soaked in sweat and ash.

He leans down to rinse his hands in a puddle. The water is already stained red.

Noah joins him, silent. A beat.

NOAH  
(quietly)  
There's a girl. New transport. She looked... like she recognized me.

JAKOB  
Did she say anything?

NOAH  
No time. She was herded to the shearing shed.  
(beat)  
I think... I think she was my cousin.

Jakob studies him. No words.

NOAH (CONT'D)  
How do we keep going?

JAKOB  
We carry the names. That's how we win.

A whistle blows. Screams in the distance.

They both look toward the horizon—another train arrives. The engine wails like an animal.

INT. SORTING BARRACK - LATER

Jakob sorts through garments alongside other Sonderkommando—coats, shoes, torn blouses. The pace is relentless.

He lifts a faded dress. Pauses.

Inside the sleeve: a Star of David pendant, silver and familiar.

His hands tremble.

FLASH IMAGE:

—Miriam, laughing in a crowded Warsaw street, the pendant around her neck.

BACK TO SCENE:

Jakob pockets the necklace swiftly, face tight. He turns to hide it.

Just then, a GUARD storms in.

GUARD

Enough daydreaming. Move!

Jakob snaps back to motion, but his eyes are burning now.

The ember is lit. They throw more wood on the fire.

AVRAM (CONTD)

They're still counting.

EXT. CAMP YARD - MORNING

Jakob, Avram, and Noah march in line with other prisoners. The morning sun does nothing to warm the dead air.

SS GUARDS bark orders. One lashes out with a whip for no clear reason—just movement and control.

Jakob's eyes scan. He's not just surviving now—he's observing.

INT. TAILOR BLOCK - LATER

Inside one of the workshops, prisoners hunch over sewing machines, altering clothing stolen from the murdered.

One prisoner works a needle through a pile of coats.

Another uncovers a child's stuffed toy—gutted to check for hidden valuables.

In the back, GALZEWSKI, a wiry older man with intelligent eyes, speaks in hushed tones to two others. His voice is low, almost inaudible under the buzz of machinery.

Jakob, hauling a bin of buttons and clasps, passes nearby.

Their conversation halts the moment they see him.

He slows.

JAKOB  
What are you talking about?

No one answers. One man nods toward Galzewski, who studies Jakob for a long beat.

GALZEWSKI  
Are you a thief?

JAKOB  
No.

GALZEWSKI  
Do you lie?

Jakob hesitates.

JAKOB  
When I need to.

GALZEWSKI  
Then maybe you'll live.

He turns back to his sewing without another word.

Jakob stands there a moment longer, then moves on.

But something has shifted.

NOAH  
Sixteen, sir.

FRANZ  
Sixteen? You're nearly a man, then.  
(beat)  
Prove it. Smile.

Noah forces a weak, trembling smile.

Franz studies it. Shakes his head.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
That's not a man's smile. That's  
fear.  
(to the doctor)  
Mark him for reevaluation.

The doctor nods, jotting something down.

Franz steps past him, casually.

Jakob's fists tighten, but he doesn't move.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Efficiency is compassion,  
gentlemen.

The faster we work, the cleaner this all becomes.

He pivots and walks back toward the front.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Today—let's try a little race.  
To see who's most motivated.

He claps his hands twice.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Run!

The guards crack whips. The rows of prisoners stumble into a ragged sprint—bare feet pounding frozen mud.

Jakob runs beside Avram and Noah.

Around them: coughing, panting, a man collapses.

A shot rings out.

Jakob keeps running.

The shot echoes.

For a second, no one breathes.

Then—

NOAH stumbles back into view, panting. Still alive. His eyes wide, panicked. He limps toward the line.

Franz chuckles.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Not for you.  
(beat)  
The one who fell behind.

Jakob exhales—barely.

Avram mutters under his breath.

AVRAM  
They like the near-misses best. It  
keeps us guessing.

Franz turns back to the assembled men.

FRANZ

Remember—those who slow the  
machine... get replaced.  
Just like parts.

He pivots, satisfied.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Now, back to work. Quickly, before  
we lose the light.

Jakob, jaw clenched, turns to help Noah, who stumbles past,  
barely upright.

JAKOB

Wait here.

Jakob pulls out a dull folding knife. Crosses toward the  
horse. Keeps low.

A shell of a man—OLD VETERAN, maybe 60, missing a leg, eyes  
blank—watches from a stoop. His chest bears the Iron Cross  
from the Great War. Even he doesn't move.

Jakob kneels beside the horse, cutting slowly. His hands  
shake. The blade scrapes bone.

Suddenly—A SHOUT.

GERMAN SOLDIER (O.S.)

Hey!

Jakob freezes. Turns—

A GERMAN SOLDIER rounds the corner, rifle aimed.

GERMAN SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Step away!

MIRIAM (O.S.)

He's just trying to feed me!

The soldier doesn't hesitate. Fires a shot into the air.

Jakob drops the knife. Miriam grabs his sleeve—pulls him  
back.

The soldier advances—but pauses. Sees the old veteran  
watching.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Filthy dogs. Every one of you.

He turns and walks off.

Jakob and Miriam stay frozen a beat.

MIRIAM

(quiet)

One day, they'll answer for this.

Jakob exhales slowly.

JAKOB

Lets get out of here.

He takes her hand. They vanish into the rubble.

FADE TO BLACK.

AVRAM

You were somewhere else just now.

Jakob doesn't answer. Just keeps shoveling.

AVRAM (CONT'D)

The trick is not to remember. But I see you still do.

Jakob lifts another scoop. Dumps it.

JAKOB

I saw my sister in a dream.

Avram stops. Looks at him for the first time today.

AVRAM

Hold on to that. But not too tight.

Jakob nods faintly.

A GUARD shouts in German nearby, herding a fresh line of Sonderkommando toward the pits. A new shift. Ash and smoke swirl.

AVRAM (CONT'D)

Another batch. We'll be relieved soon.

Jakob's face is caked with grime. His eyes are bloodshot. But his hands never stop.

JAKOB

When?

AVRAM

Could be tomorrow. Could be today.

Jakob turns toward the line of new prisoners approaching with shovels.

JAKOB

Then we teach them fast.

The GUARD behind him nudges.

GUARD

Move.

Jakob swallows. Steps forward. Grabs a body by the arms—a young woman with a braid trailing blood.

He lifts. She's limp, heavy. Her eyes are still open.

Jakob drags her slowly toward the door.

His foot bumps the teddy bear. It rolls across the floor.

He doesn't look down.

He doesn't blink.

Outside, Mentz lights another cigarette as Jakob emerges into the dusk.

Jakob loads the body into the wheelbarrow, now streaked with crimson.

He pauses. Looks back at the hut.

JAKOB

(quiet)

There is no Red Cross.

Each sack is labeled. Some read "FERTILIZER."

Jakob wipes sweat from his face. His skin and hair are the same color as the ash now—grey, indistinguishable.

A YOUNG PRISONER beside him stares at a bone fragment in his hand.

YOUNG PRISONER

(tears in his voice)

Is this someone's jaw?

Jakob doesn't answer. He just takes the fragment, tosses it into a nearby barrel marked with red paint.

A GUARD passes by, glancing at their work. Doesn't stop.

Jakob sees a loose board near the shed foundation. Just barely pried up. He lowers his shovel, discreet.

Later - same yard

The sun has shifted. Jakob works with two other men—Avram among them.

Jakob leans close as he shovels.

JAKOB  
(whispers)  
There's a space under the shed.  
Dry. Big enough to hide something.

AVRAM  
(flat)  
There's nothing to hide.

JAKOB  
(beat)  
What if there was?

They keep shoveling. Their rhythm unchanged. But something has shifted.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. CAMP YARD-DAY

The truck engine rumbles to life. It pulls away slowly, dust kicking up behind it.

Jakob watches it go. He looks down at his hands—covered in ash. Then at the bags.

He wipes a streak of ash on his chest. Leaves it there, like a mark. A silent vow.

EXT. CAMP FENCE - LATER THAT DAY

Jakob walks along the inside perimeter, dragging a cart.

Through the slats of barbed wire, he sees a cluster of wildflowers growing just beyond reach.

Color. Life. Mocking him.

A GUARD DOG barks. A warning.

Jakob turns away—but not before pocketing a small stone from the dirt path.

INT. SONDERKOMMANDO BARRACKS - NIGHT

The stone sits on Jakob's bunk.

Avram sees it. Raises an eyebrow.

AVRAM  
You collecting rocks now?

Jakob doesn't answer.

Instead, he unwraps a strip of cloth—revealing a tiny, soot-blackened silver necklace. A Star of David. Miriam's.

He places it beside the stone.

AVRAM (CONT'D)  
(quiet)  
You're not letting go.

JAKOB  
No.  
(beat)  
I'm remembering.

JAKOB (CONT'D)  
Only your wheel's crooked.

A long beat.

The two men study him—measuring.

PRISONER #1  
Where you from?

JAKOB  
Warsaw.

PRISONER #2  
And before that?

JAKOB  
A classroom.

That gets a faint reaction. Almost a smirk.

PRISONER #1  
Teacher?

Jakob nods once.

PRISONER #2

Then maybe you can teach yourself  
to keep quiet.

(beat)

For now.

They return to their work. Whispering again—quieter this time.

Jakob continues sweeping.

But now, every word—every motion—has weight.

FADE OUT.

INT. BARRACKS-NIGHT

AVRAM

Everyone plans something. Escape.  
Revenge. A last word.

(beat)

Most die with it still in their  
mouths.

Jakob leans in, urgent but quiet.

JAKOB

But if there is a real plan—if  
someone's doing more than  
talking—we need to know.

Avram holds his gaze.

AVRAM

Or maybe they need you not to know.

(beat)

Not yet.

He returns to stitching.

Jakob watches him for a moment, then slowly nods. He lies down on his bunk, facing the ceiling.

The candle flickers.

Outside, the wind whistles across the cremation yard.

FADE IN:

EXT. SORTING SHED - DAY

Rows of prisoners sort clothing, boots, and luggage in mechanical silence. Everything removed from the murdered is handled like inventory.

Jakob sifts through a pile of garments, folding them, eyes scanning with quiet urgency.

He pauses—fingers brushing something buried in the fabric.

A familiar necklace. Silver. Star of David. Tarnished but unmistakable.

He freezes.

FLASHBACK TO:

—Miriam clutching the necklace on the train.

—Her face as they're separated.

—The necklace, briefly visible as she dropped it onto the pile.

BACK TO SCENE:

Jakob glances around. No guards nearby.

He closes his fist around the necklace, then slowly slips it beneath his waistband, near his skin.

Jakob's face hardens. His eyes sharpen.

INT. CAMP YARD - LATER

Kurt Franz walks casually across the yard. A whistle dangles from his hand.

He stops. Eyes the prisoners working nearby.

FRANZ

Everyone, courtyard. Now.

The command echoes through the camp. Guards bark. Dogs bark louder.

EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Hundreds of Sonderkommando and laborers gathered. The tension is thick.

Franz steps onto a crate. Smiling.

FRANZ  
Today, we entertain.

He gestures. Two guards drag forward two trembling prisoners.

Each man is handed a knife.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
A gift. A game. One lives. One dies.

The prisoners stare at the blades, horrified.

Jakob watches from the crowd. Jaw clenched.

FRANZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Begin.

The men hesitate. A beat of unbearable silence.

Then—one slashes lightly at the other. A cut. The other responds. The crowd murmurs, shifting.

The "fight" becomes desperate. Awkward swipes. Both men bleed. Neither wants to kill.

Finally, one stumbles, falling to his knees.

The other approaches... places the tip of his knife over the man's chest. Shaking.

A long pause.

Then—a thrust.

Gasps ripple through the prisoners.

Franz CLAPS enthusiastically.

He steps forward. Smiling at the survivor.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Very good. Very brave.

He draws his Luger.

BANG.

The winner drops.

Franz turns. Calmly walks off.

FRANZ  
Back to work.

FADE IN:

INT. TOOL SHED - EARLY MORNING

Jakob sweeps again. Same dull routine. But this time, Galewski—mid-40s, wiry, sharp-eyed—enters. His presence quiets the room.

He notices Jakob.

GALEWSKI  
You're the Warsaw one?

Jakob nods, cautious.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
You still got fire in your eyes.  
(beat)  
That's rare here.

Jakob doesn't respond. Just watches him.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
You see everything, don't you?

JAKOB  
I try.

Galewski leans closer, speaking low, his hands pretending to examine a rake.

GALEWSKI  
Then see this: Some tools are meant  
for more than shoveling.  
(beat)  
Keep that in mind.

He walks off.

Jakob watches him go, heart pounding.

INT. SONDERKOMMANDO BARRACKS - NIGHT

The men shift in their bunks. Jakob lies awake. Overheard, Avram murmurs in Yiddish to another prisoner.

Jakob turns, catches Galewski glancing his way from across the room.

Not a nod. Not a signal.

Just... awareness.

Connection.

JAKOB

Yes.

Galewski eyes him up and down. Then steps in closer, his voice low.

GALEWSKI

I heard about you.

(beat)

You kept your eyes open... and your mouth shut.

JAKOB

Only way to stay alive.

Galewski offers the faintest smile.

GALEWSKI

That's a start.

He turns—seems like he's leaving—then pauses. Picks up a rusted hammer from the bench and casually places it in Jakob's hand.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

Every tool's got a purpose.  
Some more than one.

Before Jakob can respond, Galewski's gone

EXT. YARD - DUSK

The whistle blows. Prisoners move in weary lines.

Jakob walks alone. As he passes a wall of the shed, he traces his finger against the wood right where he saw the carved tree.

Just once.

Then he keeps walking.

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMP COURTYARD - NEXT MORNING

Grey light filters through a misty dawn.

The Sonderkommando stand in rows again. Dirty. Gaunt. Silent.

FRANZ stands before them, sipping from a silver flask, flanked by two guards and Barry, his black dog.

FRANZ

Today... a little sport. No weapons. Just your hands. One will die and this time one will win.

He looks and everyone and laughs.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

One walks away. The other doesn't.

The prisoners stare, frozen.

Franz shrugs.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Or we shoot you both.

Reluctantly the two begin to fight.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

That's not fighting Jews. One must die or you both will.

The fighting increased in furoosity.

One stumbles. Exhausted. Barely conscious.

The other climbs on top and begins strangling the other. Dead.

Silence.

Franz claps once. Smiling.

He strolls to the surviving prisoner. Stands eye to eye. He raised the prison's arm indicating victor before walking away.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
(quietly, almost to  
himself)  
One fewer mouths.

He turns and walks off, Barry trotting at his side.

The camera lingers on Jakob watching from the crowd, face unreadable.

But inside—rage.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. RECEPTION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

The young woman—frail, blinking against the light—scans the scene, confused.

Jakob's breath catches. He steps forward instinctively— —but Avram clamps a hand on his arm.

AVRAM  
Don't move. Don't speak.

Jakob's eyes stay locked on her. It's not his sister. But the resemblance—so close—it stabs like a knife.

Avram follows his gaze, understanding.

AVRAM (CONT'D)  
They come. They go. We stay.

The woman is herded toward the women's barracks.

Jakob watches until she disappears into the crowd.

He finally exhales—barely.

A new voice beside them:

GALEWSKI (O.S.)  
Every train, someone thinks they  
see a ghost.

Jakob turns. Galewski nods at the incoming luggage.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
Keep walking. Eyes down. They're  
watching.

Jakob nods, numb.

The camera lingers on the platform—another train emptied, another group led to slaughter.

The ashes from earlier drift softly down like snow.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. COURTYARD—DAY

A woman struggles to pull a dead female corpse to the crematorium. Two SS guard laugh and make fun of her until aims his rifle shooting her in the head.

JAKOB (SOFTLY)

No.

He stays frozen in place. His heart pounds in his chest as Elsa is ushered forward, disappearing into the crowd.

He stands there for a moment, unable to move, before the reality hits. His sister. His fiancée.

CUT TO:

INT. SONDERKOMMANDO BARRACKS - NIGHT

The barracks are eerily silent. The men lie on their bunks, staring into the darkness. Jakob, wide-eyed, stares at the ceiling, his thoughts consumed by the moment.

AVRAM

(soft, low)

You'll do better to forget them.  
The ones who make it, the ones who  
survive—they forget.

Jakob turns to him, his voice almost a whisper.

JAKOB

I can't forget.

AVRAM

Then you'll die with them.

Jakob sits up, his hands trembling. The weight of Avram's words presses on him. He swallows hard, trying to keep control. The room is too small, the air too thick.

EXT. THE "TUBE" - CONTINUOUS

Jakob's breath catches in his throat. He watches Elsa, helpless, as she walks down the narrow corridor, her gaze still locked with his. Her nod is quiet but resolute, almost like a final act of defiance in a world that's stripped them of everything.

He stands frozen. The moment feels endless.

GUARD  
(voice sharp)  
Move! Schnell!

Jakob's eyes stay on her until she disappears into the shadows of the tube.

He doesn't move until a hand grips his shoulder roughly.

SONDERKOMMANDO  
(quietly, urgently)  
Don't let them see. Go. Move!

Jakob nods without looking at the man. He turns and walks slowly back toward the barracks, heart heavy with grief and anger.

INT. SONDERKOMMANDO BARRACKS - NIGHT

Jakob enters the barracks, his body like lead. The air inside is thick with the stench of sweat, death, and despair. He takes his place on the floor, but he doesn't close his eyes.

Avram is already there, sitting against the wall, his face a mask of weariness.

AVRAM  
You saw her.

Jakob doesn't answer, his mind still back at the tube.

AVRAM (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
It's a small mercy. You can't save them all.

Jakob finally speaks, his voice barely a whisper.

JAKOB  
What if I could?

AVRAM  
No one can. Not here.

Jakob clenches his fist, the urge to do something overwhelming. To act. To resist.

JAKOB

We can do something. We must.

Avram looks at him, measuring him.

AVRAM

Don't get caught up in that dream.  
You have to survive first.

Jakob lies back, staring at the ceiling, his thoughts racing. His sister. His fiancée. The child. They're still out there. But he knows—he knows—he's powerless.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CAMP SQUARE - MORNING (CONTINUED)

The young prisoner struggles, but the guards drag him forward. His feet scrape across the gravel, his body barely able to keep up with the force of the SS. The guards laugh.

GUARD #2

(shouting)

Not so fast now, huh?

The young prisoner stumbles, his knees buckling. He barely manages to catch himself.

GUARD #1

(violently)

On your feet, you vermin!

He kicks the prisoner hard in the back. The sound echoes across the square.

JAKOB

(murmuring)

He's just a kid...

AVRAM

(speaking low, urgent)

Keep your eyes ahead, Jakob. Don't get involved.

Jakob's fists clench at his sides, his eyes burning with hatred. He looks away, but the image of the boy's broken body stays with him, like a wound that won't heal.

The guards drag the prisoner to the center of the square, where a large wooden post is set into the ground. They chain the boy's wrists above his head, pulling the rope tight.

GUARD #1  
(quietly to the other  
guard)  
He stole bread, didn't he?

GUARD #2  
(snorts)  
Doesn't matter.

The first guard steps back, drawing a gun from his belt. He aims it slowly, methodically, as the prisoner trembles, his body hanging limply from the chains.

Jakob watches, his throat tight, his breath shallow.

JAKOB  
(softly)  
Please...

The guard's finger hovers on the trigger. Jakob can't look away.

The shot rings out.

The young prisoner's body jerks violently, a final breath escaping his lips. He falls limp.

The square is silent. Death lingers in the air like smoke.

GUARD #2  
(looking around,  
disinterested)  
Clean it up.

JAKOB  
(quietly, to Avram)  
Why?

AVRAM  
(softly)  
To remind us. To remind everyone.

Jakob's eyes search the square, the faces around him all the same—hollow, resigned, but also numb.

The guards move to drag the boy's body away, but Jakob's gaze lingers on the empty space where the boy stood.

FADE TO BLACK.

The guards drag the boy's limp body off to the side. The whip lies abandoned on the ground, bloodied and twisted.

GUARD #2  
(shouting to the  
prisoners)  
Next time, it'll be you. All of  
you.

The prisoners stay silent, unmoving.

Jakob stares, the sight of the boy's bloodied body burned into his memory. His hands shake slightly, but he doesn't let his emotions show. His gaze locks on the ground, his face expressionless.

AVRAM  
(quietly, but with quiet  
urgency)  
Stay focused, Jakob. We survive by  
forgetting the pain. Focus on the  
work.

Jakob clenches his jaw, his eyes still fixed on the boy's body. He takes a deep breath, as if willing himself to release the image.

JAKOB  
(whispers)  
How do you forget?

AVRAM  
(gravely)  
You don't. You just learn to carry  
it.

Jakob freezes at the sound. His heart skips a beat.

The faint melody of the violin floats through the smoke, haunting and sorrowful.

JAKOB  
(whispers)  
A violin?

Avram, working beside him, doesn't react. He simply shovels ash, as if the music is nothing but an illusion.

AVRAM  
You hear it too, don't you?

Jakob nods, his hands stilling on the shovel. The sound of the violin grows clearer. It's mournful, as though the music itself is mourning the souls lost in the camp.

AVRAM (CONT'D)

(quietly)

There are still souls here. Even  
when the body is gone, the spirit  
stays. But not for long.

Jakob looks at him, unsure if he's speaking of hope or  
resignation.

The violin plays on, a lone voice in the sea of despair.

Jakob turns his eyes toward the horizon, the sound pulling  
him momentarily from the horror around him.

JAKOB

(wistfully)

Do you think they can hear it?

AVRAM

(somber)

They hear it. They just can't tell  
you that they do.

The music fades into the distance, leaving only the smell of  
burning bodies and the weight of silence.

FADE OUT.

EXT. TRAIN ARRIVAL - DAY

The train screeches to a halt. The boxcar doors slide open. A  
new batch of prisoners stumbles out, disoriented, blinking in  
the harsh light.

Among them is a WOMAN IN A BALL GOWN, late 20s, elegant  
despite the dirt, her long hair curled into an updo, wearing  
a shimmering silver gown. She clutches a silk purse. The  
tulle of her dress is dirty from the journey, and yet she  
still looks out of place, too refined for this hell.

She stumbles, looking around in confusion, her expression  
dreamy. She twirls slightly, as if expecting music.

WOMAN IN BALL GOWN

Is this... Vienna?

Her voice is soft, almost as if she's speaking to herself.  
The GUARD barks at her in German, his tone harsh, but she  
doesn't flinch. Instead, she continues to spin, a faint smile  
lingering on her face, as if she's expecting to see something  
beautiful, something normal.

## WOMAN IN BALL GOWN (CONT'D)

My mother said I'd be the belle of  
the season.

The GUARD steps forward with a sneer and slaps her hard  
across the face.

She stumbles, a shocked gasp escaping her lips, the reality  
crashing down upon her. She stands still for a moment,  
blinking, trying to regain her composure, but the world  
around her is nothing like what she imagined.

Jakob, standing nearby, can't tear his eyes away from her.  
His breath quickens, the surreal moment gnawing at him. She's  
lost in the wrong world—a world of her own making, where  
Vienna still exists. But here, the illusion of normalcy is  
shattered by the slap.

The woman steps forward, oblivious to the hell around her.  
She adjusts the strap of her purse, as if at a gala, not an  
extermination camp.

Jakob's heart skips. Her presence is like a ghost from  
another world—so foreign in this place of death.

The SS GUARDS stare at her in disbelief. One of them raises  
his rifle, aiming at her with a steady hand.

GUARD #1

(yelling)

What's this? Some kind of joke?

Jakob's throat tightens. He steps forward, his body moving  
before his mind can catch up.

JAKOB

(hoarse)

No. Please. She's not...

He stumbles toward her, as if he can protect her from the  
inevitable. But the guards don't listen.

GUARD #2

(to Guard #1)

Don't waste time with this one.

Jakob looks at her—her innocence, her confused smile—so  
detached from the horror around her. The gunshot is  
inevitable.

The shot rings out.

Jakob flinches, but he doesn't look away. The woman crumples to the ground, a delicate heap of fabric and shattered dreams.

A SOLDIER approaches her body, pulls the purse from her hand, and opens it, rifling through the contents with casual disinterest.

SOLDIER  
(smirking)  
Nothing but lipstick and dreams.

Jakob turns away, his stomach churning, eyes clouded with a haze of disbelief.

The guards laugh as they toss the purse aside, stepping over her body like it's just another part of the trash.

Jakob's face is still, but the weight of her loss crashes into him like a wave. He stands there, unable to look away from her lifeless body.

JAKOB (TO SELF)  
You didn't deserve this.

Violin music is heard in the distance.

INT. SONDERKOMMANDO BARRACKS - NIGHT

The candlelight flickers. Most prisoners sleep in silence. Jakob sits with an older prisoner, MIREK, 50s, with weathered hands and hollow eyes.

MIREK  
(quietly)  
The worst part... it's not the work. It's the waiting. You wait for the end... and you don't even know what it's for anymore.

Jakob stares ahead, the weight of Mirek's words hanging in the air.

JAKOB  
(softly)  
How do you live like this?

MIREK  
(smirking darkly)  
You don't. You just survive.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

MIREK (CONT'D)

Some of us forget the rest of us  
are human. The trick is to hold  
onto that for as long as you can.

Mirek's eyes seem distant, haunted by memories Jakob can't fathom.

MIREK (CONT'D)

They'll break you if you let them.

Jakob shifts uncomfortably, trying to find the right words. Mirek's bluntness stings more than any lash.

JAKOB

How long...?

MIREK

Until we're no good to them  
anymore. Then it's the pits. Or the  
fires. You can count on that.

Jakob remains silent, contemplating the grim future ahead.

MIREK (CONT'D)

(leans in, whispering)

If you want to live... remember the  
tree.

Jakob looks confused.

JAKOB

What tree?

MIREK

Just remember.

A long silence falls between them. Jakob sits there, trapped in his thoughts, the flickering candle the only light in the cold room.

MIREK (CONT'D)

(quietly)

The forest's that way.

He gestures vaguely toward the horizon. Jakob watches, trying to make sense of the crude lines Mirek is drawing in the dirt.

MIREK (CONT'D)

(continuing)

Follow the train tracks. Once  
you're past the perimeter, you're  
on your own.

(MORE)

MIREK (CONT'D)

But you can't make it alone. The guards, the dogs... they'll tear you apart.

Jakob looks at the rough sketch Mirek has drawn. It's basic—just lines, arrows, a few vague symbols—but it's enough for him to understand the path.

JAKOB

How far?

MIREK

(slowly)

If you're lucky, a few miles. But that's not the hardest part. It's the cold. The hunger. And the fear... you can't outrun that.

Jakob looks down at the floor, lost in thought. Mirek watches him closely, his weathered face unreadable.

MIREK (CONT'D)

(sharply)

But if you try... you have to promise me something.

Jakob looks up, meeting Mirek's gaze.

MIREK (CONT'D)

(softly)

You don't come back. Not even for us.

Jakob swallows, the weight of the promise settling heavily in his chest. Mirek's eyes harden, a silent understanding passing between them.

MIREK (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Now go to sleep. Tomorrow, we burn more bodies. And there's nothing left after that but the ashes.

Jakob nods, his heart heavy. Mirek settles back into his place, and the room falls silent except for the low hum of the dying fire.

Jakob, still gripping the charred stick with the map, looks down at it, the weight of his decision pulling him deeper into the darkness of his thoughts.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CAMP SQUARE - MORNING ROLL CALL

Prisoners stand in rows. Cold. Silent. Breath misting in the air.

Jakob is among them, his face pale and weary. He stands stiff, eyes forward, barely acknowledging the men around him. The SS guards march past, rifles slung over their shoulders, eyes scanning the rows.

KURT FRANZ strides into view, a smirk playing at the corner of his mouth. He stands before the men, arms crossed, taking in the scene with an air of detached amusement. He scans the line slowly, like a predator, making each prisoner feel his presence.

FRANZ  
(eyes narrowing)  
You look tired.

He steps forward, pointing at a man in the front row. The man stiffens, fear clear in his eyes.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
You're not dead yet?

The man trembles but remains silent.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
(smirking)  
Well, that's disappointing. Get used to it. It's what you'll be for the next few weeks—alive enough to suffer.

GUARD  
(in German)  
Report!

FRANZ  
(ignoring the guard)  
Have any of you found the will to live yet?

There is silence. Franz steps closer to Jakob, studying him.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
You.

Jakob stiffens, his heart racing.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
You've got fire in your eyes. I can see it.

Jakob doesn't respond.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
It won't last.

Franz walks away, the guards following his lead.

Jakob exhales quietly, his body still tense from the exchange. The harsh reality of life at Treblinka settles heavier on his chest. The sound of footsteps echoing as the guards move down the line, and Jakob's eyes dart to the other prisoners, their expressions hard and resigned. The silence is suffocating.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CAMP SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

The prisoners remain still, frozen in place. The shot reverberates in their ears, their hearts pounding. No one speaks. No one moves. The only sound is the occasional distant bark of the guard dogs.

Franz stands over the body, his expression unreadable. The dog sits calmly at his side, its tongue lolling, unbothered by the violence.

FRANZ  
(quietly, almost to  
himself)  
Another parasite gone.

He turns and continues walking, the guards following his lead. The other prisoners, still in formation, don't dare move until they are given the order.

JAKOB  
(under his breath)  
Why... why him?

Avram, standing next to Jakob, doesn't answer right away. He simply stares at the ground, his face hardening as he tries to suppress his own emotions.

AVRAM  
(slowly, low)  
It doesn't matter. They don't need  
a reason.

Jakob looks back at the body, his face tense with anger and sorrow.

The guards start ushering the prisoners toward their next task. The sound of boots scraping the gravel fills the air, the oppressive weight of the moment hanging over them.

CUT TO:

EXT. CREMATION PIT - LATER

The prisoners are lined up, shoveling ash, moving like machines. The pit is burning with the endless cycle of death and cremation. Jakob shovels, his face streaked with sweat and soot, his eyes hollow. His movements are robotic, his mind consumed by the image of the young man's body.

Beside him, Avram works tirelessly, sweat pouring down his face. There's no time for grief, no time for anger. Only work. Only survival.

Jakob pauses for a moment, glancing at the pile of bodies being shoveled into the fire.

JAKOB  
(whispers)  
How much longer?

Avram doesn't look at him. He just keeps working.

AVRAM  
(somber)  
Until you stop asking questions.

Jakob swallows, the weight of the world pressing down on him. The fire crackles in the background, the only sound in the otherwise silent world they inhabit.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. SONDERKOMMANDO BARRACKS - NIGHT

The barracks are eerily quiet. Jakob lies awake, staring at the ceiling, his eyes unblinking. The world outside is cold, dark, and full of death. The faint hum of the crematorium's flames is the only sound that fills the silence.

He turns his head to see Avram sitting up on the opposite side of the room. The old man is watching him with a knowing look, as if he can feel Jakob's turmoil.

AVRAM  
(softly)  
The night always feels longer here.  
You get used to it.

Jakob doesn't answer. His mind is racing—thoughts of Franz, of the boy, of his sister. But there is no escape from the dark, from the oppressive weight of the camp, and from the faces he will never forget.

AVRAM (CONT'D)

(quietly)

The dead don't rest. Not here. Not with the smoke in the air.

Jakob closes his eyes, trying to block out the thoughts that threaten to consume him. But it's impossible. The horrors are engraved in his mind, relentless, unforgiving.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. RECEPTION PLATFORM - NIGHT

A full moon lights the platform as another transport arrives. The whistle of the train echoes through the night, haunting and familiar.

Jakob stands with the other Sonderkommando, blank expressions on their faces. The usual dance of arrival unfolds—guards barking orders, prisoners unloading, belongings piled high on the ground.

But this time, Jakob's eyes are sharp. He watches, scanning the faces as the boxcars open. His gaze drifts over the prisoners stepping off the train.

Then, he freezes.

A woman. Late 20s. Thin. Haunted. But there's something in her eyes, something familiar.

JAKOB

(whispers)

Miriam...?

His heart races, his pulse quickening. He takes a step forward—almost without thinking.

SS GUARD

(shouting)

Step back!

Jakob stops, hesitates. His breath catches in his throat. The woman, MIRIAM, doesn't see him—she's being shoved into a line by guards. But for a split second, their eyes meet. Recognition.

MIRIAM  
 (softly, almost a  
 whisper)  
 Jakob...

Jakob moves forward, but a guard spots him.

GUARD #1  
 (shouting)  
 Zurück! Back!

Jakob is shoved back into line by another guard. He stumbles, nearly falling to the ground. Miriam disappears into the crowd.

Jakob stands frozen for a moment, his heart heavy with the sight of his sister, and the realization that he has failed to reach her.

JAKOB  
 (whispers)  
 I'll find you.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WOMEN'S YARD - MIDDAY

The women are lined up in rows, their faces hollow with despair. Some stand straight, others stoop. The sight is haunting—frail bodies, sunken eyes. Every step they take is a reminder of their suffering.

The NAZI DOCTOR raises his head from the clipboard. He looks over the women one by one, calculating, evaluating.

The line is moving slowly. Each woman's fate depends on the cold judgment of the doctor.

DOCTOR  
 (low voice)  
 Next.

A YOUNG WOMAN, barely twenty, stumbles forward, weak, her clothes barely covering her. She's trembling, but her eyes are defiant. She stands tall in front of the doctor, eyes locked on his.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
 (clinically)  
 Age?

YOUNG WOMAN  
(softly)  
Twenty.

The doctor takes his time, scribbling on the clipboard. He doesn't look at her. His eyes are on the paper.

DOCTOR  
(quietly)  
Skinny. Strong enough to work.

Without a second glance, he waves her off.

YOUNG WOMAN  
(under her breath)  
I'm not going anywhere.

The NAZI DOCTOR gives her an unreadable look, but his focus shifts to the next woman. His mind is already elsewhere, and the woman is left standing there, barely breathing.

KURT FRANZ watches all of this with a detached smirk. His black dog is now lying at his feet, the only thing in the scene still.

He gestures to a GUARD, who approaches with a clipboard.

FRANZ  
(speaking softly)  
We need to move faster today. Time  
is precious.

The GUARD nods quickly and rushes off to enforce Franz's command.

JAKOB continues his work in the background, loading crates with the same mechanical precision. His eyes never leave the scene in front of him.

JAKOB  
(whispering to Avram)  
What do you think will happen to  
them?

Avram doesn't respond immediately. He simply keeps working, but his eyes are distant.

AVRAM  
(quietly)  
The same thing that always happens.

Jakob looks back at the women, his heart sinking. He turns away, focusing on the crates in front of him, trying to push the thoughts from his mind.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WOMEN'S YARD - CONTINUOUS

The women continue to circle, their bodies emaciated, their movements mechanical. The dust kicks up with each labored step, swirling in the air like a storm of ash. The guards' voices cut through the air, barking orders, cruel laughter following each step.

The YOUNG WOMAN with blood on her face keeps running. Her steps grow weaker, but she doesn't stop. She makes herself appear stronger than she is, but Jakob sees through it.

JAKOB  
(quietly to Avram)  
She's going to collapse.

Avram doesn't answer, his eyes scanning the yard, searching for more signs of weakness in the prisoners. His face is unreadable.

The DOCTOR makes his judgment with surgical precision. One woman, too slow, is dragged away by a guard. The woman screams in terror, kicking, but her voice fades as she's dragged out of sight. Another woman stumbles, but she's too far gone.

DOCTOR  
(casually, to the guard)  
Make sure she's put down quickly.

Jakob watches, unable to look away. He focuses on the girl with the blood, her chest heaving as she keeps running. She doesn't stop. She won't stop.

Another woman collapses. Guards drag her away. A YOUNG GIRL beside her is left standing alone. Her eyes are wide with fear, her mouth trembling. She looks to the others for any sign of what to do.

YOUNG GIRL  
(quietly)  
What happens now?

But no one answers her. The line of women continues to run. The air thickens with sweat and despair.

JAKOB  
 (to Avram, under his  
 breath)  
 How much longer can they keep this  
 up?

Avram doesn't respond. He doesn't have an answer.

AVRAM  
 Just stay in line. Do your work.

The girl with the blood on her face falters, her legs buckling. The doctor watches her intently, as if deciding her fate in that moment.

Then, a sharp point of judgment. The doctor raises his hand.

DOCTOR  
 (pointing at the girl  
 with the blood)  
 She stays.

A GUARD steps forward, grabs the girl by the arm, and pulls her away from the line. Jakob watches as she is dragged to the side, her body trembling with each step.

JAKOB  
 (softly, to himself)  
 They're going to kill her anyway.

AVRAM  
 (whispering, emotionless)  
 You're right. They all will.

The GUARD who is dragging the girl makes his way to the edge of the yard, as the other women continue to circle, their exhaustion building, the weight of their fates closing in on them.

JAKOB  
 (whispers, almost to  
 himself)  
 It's not enough. No matter how fast  
 they run.

AVRAM  
 (somber)  
 None of it's enough.

The girl with the blood on her face is dragged to the far end, out of sight, and Jakob finally turns away.

But the scene continues in his mind, echoing with the futility of it all. The harsh cries of the others, the blood, the struggle—he can still hear it.

FADE OUT.

JAKOB  
(softly)  
You... know this song?

The old man doesn't answer. He continues scrubbing the floor, his hands moving slowly, methodically. His humming grows quieter, but it still lingers in the air, a fleeting moment of connection to the past.

JAKOB (CONT'D)  
(whispers, to himself)  
Kol Nidre.

The melody wraps itself around Jakob's heart, a bitter reminder of what's been lost—of home, of family, of faith. It's the song of a people who once celebrated their freedom and their beliefs, now reduced to this.

Jakob stands there, frozen for a moment. He doesn't speak. He can't. Instead, he looks down at the buckets in his hands, his fingers tightening around the handles.

JAKOB (CONT'D)  
(quietly, to the old man)  
You still believe?

The old man doesn't look up. He hums, his eyes never leaving the ground, as if lost in the rhythm of his work.

OLD MAN  
(softly, to himself)  
Belief is all we have left.

JAKOB  
(whispers)  
If only it were enough.

The old man doesn't respond. Jakob continues walking, the humming of the song fading as he leaves the latrine behind.

FADE OUT.

JAKOB (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
This is what they leave behind.

Jakob holds the doll in his hands, examining it. The lifeless eyes stare back at him, and for a brief moment, he forgets where he is. His fingers trace the doll's ragged edges, its remaining features—a symbol of innocence torn away.

He drops the doll into the pile, the weight of it heavy on his chest.

JAKOB (CONT'D)  
 (softly, to himself)  
 I will remember you.

The pile of clothing grows, and Jakob moves on mechanically, pulling clothes off the heaps, separating them by size. As he works, he watches the other prisoners, some of them shaking, others numb, all of them carrying the weight of what they've seen.

A sudden crash rings out across the room—another piece of clothing hits the floor. A hand reaches down to pick it up. Jakob's eyes flicker over to see who it was. It's the Cantor. His hand trembles, but he gathers the clothes with a look of quiet resolve.

CANTOR  
 (quietly, almost to himself)  
 We may lose everything... but not our faith.

Jakob nods, his heart heavy with both fear and an understanding of what it means to hold on to something when all else is taken. He looks around at the others, each person swallowed by this place, yet clinging to whatever shred of humanity they have left.

FADE OUT.

JAKOB  
 (softly)  
 Maybe it's the last piece of who they were.

AVRAM  
 (skeptical, but low)  
 Maybe. But you can't carry the dead with you.

Jakob doesn't respond. His fingers linger on the fabric of the coat, tracing the contours of the tiny body in his pocket.

AVRAM (CONT'D)  
 (quiet, almost a warning)  
 One day, the weight will be too  
 much.

Jakob stands there for a moment longer, then exhales deeply, almost as though he's just woken from a dream. He shifts his focus to the endless pile of clothing before him.

FADE OUT.

AVRAM (CONT'D)  
 (softly)  
 They'll all be forgotten one day.

Jakob doesn't look at him. He just keeps shoveling, the ash swirling around them. The fire crackles, sending a shower of sparks into the night air.

JAKOB  
 (quietly)  
 Maybe not all of them.

A long silence hangs between them. The only sound is the distant, steady hum of the flames.

AVRAM  
 (under his breath)  
 You're young. You'll learn.

Jakob's jaw tightens, but he doesn't respond. His eyes stay locked on the fire.

JAKOB  
 (softly, to himself)  
 I won't forget.

The ash rises in the air like ghosts of the past, swirling around them.

FADE TO BLACK

He digs through the bag slowly, each piece he touches feels heavier than the last. A small child's mitten. A delicate handkerchief, embroidered with a name in fading thread.

He stops when he finds a picture-faded, torn at the edges. A family portrait. A mother, father, and two small children, all smiling. He stares at it for a moment, then slips it into his coat pocket.

A GUARD enters, harsh and abrupt.

GUARD

Hurry up! The pile needs to be sorted.

Jakob jumps, quickly placing the picture into his pocket and continuing with his work.

JAKOB

(quietly)

Yes, Herr Oberführer.

The guard doesn't acknowledge him, instead focusing on the piles of clothing and the silent prisoners at work. Jakob keeps his head down, but his mind drifts back to the picture.

FADE TO BLACK.

Jakob stares at his reflection. His face is pale, gaunt, the weight of the camp and its horrors etched into his features. He touches the necklace inside his pocket, his fingers trembling.

The faint sound of violin music plays from somewhere far off, distant and haunting. The sweet melody cuts through the suffocating silence of the camp.

JAKOB (CONT'D)

(whispers to himself)

I will remember you, Miriam.

He blinks, fighting back the tears, and quickly wipes his face. The sound of boots approaching echoes from behind him. He swiftly looks away from his reflection, trying to push down the storm of emotions rising inside him.

A GUARD enters, his boots clanking loudly on the stone floor.

GUARD

(sneering)

Quit dawdling, Jew. Move.

Jakob doesn't answer. He stands quickly, grabbing the towel to dry his hands, and walks past the guard without a word, head low.

EXT. CAMP YARD - DAY

Jakob moves across the yard, the weight of the necklace in his pocket a constant reminder of what he's lost—and what he's still fighting for.

He glances up, catching sight of a group of new arrivals being marched in from a transport.

Among them, a woman catches his eye. She looks lost, fragile. Her face is covered in dirt, but there's a flicker of recognition between them.

For a moment, Jakob falters, his heart racing. But then the guard barks an order, and the moment is lost.

Jakob continues walking, eyes forward, hands clenched around the necklace.

EXT. CAMP SQUARE - THE NEXT MORNING

A whistle pierces the air. All prisoners are herded into the square. Lined up in silence. Jakob stands among them, tension rising.

From the barracks, SS CAPTAIN KURT FRANZ emerges. Polished boots. Immaculate coat. His black German Shepherd trots beside him. He walks to the center of the yard. Waits. The dog sits obediently. Franz scans the crowd. Slowly.

Then—points.

KURT FRANZ

You. And... you.

Two men are dragged forward. One old. One younger. Both trembling. Franz turns to an SS guard, says something in German. The guard hands each man a knife. Rusted. Jagged.

KURT FRANZ (CONT'D)

You will fight.

The two men look at each other, fear in their eyes. The younger one shakes his head, mouth dry. Franz motions for the SS guards to step back, giving the prisoners a moment to comprehend their fate. The guards circle the fight, rifles raised.

Jakob watches. His heart pounds in his chest. The fear in the two men's eyes mirrors his own—fear of the unknown, fear of the brutality that comes next.

The younger man grips the rusted knife, his hands shaking. The older man, barely able to hold the blade, raises it weakly.

KURT FRANZ (CONT'D)

Let it begin.

Franz steps back, a look of amusement on his face, as the two men circle one another, unsure where to begin. The crowd is silent, tense with anticipation.

Jakob watches them closely, his breath shallow. His mind races, images of violence and death flashing through his mind.

The younger man lunges first, clumsy, the knife slicing through the air, barely grazing the older man's arm. The older man stumbles backward, a ragged breath escaping his lips.

JAKOB  
(whispers to himself)  
This can't be real.

The younger man presses forward, desperation in his movements. He's faster, but not careful. He thrusts the knife into the older man's side. The older man falls, gasping.

Franz watches with detached interest. The dog sits by his side, eyes alert.

KURT FRANZ  
(whispers)  
Finish it.

The younger man hesitates.

Jakob's eyes are fixed on the scene. He feels something stir inside him—a desire to do something, anything, to stop this horror.

The younger man stabs the older man in the chest. The older man gasps for air, blood pooling around him as he collapses.

The younger man drops to his knees, his eyes wide with disbelief, his body shaking uncontrollably. His breath quickens as the reality of what he's just done sinks in. He looks to Franz for some kind of acknowledgment, but Franz only nods, signaling for the guards to approach.

KURT FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Take them away.

The guards move forward, dragging both bodies toward the edge of the yard, where the others wait.

Jakob stands still, his hand clenched around the necklace, heart racing. The violence of it all hits him like a wave. The man's last scream still echoes in his ears, a stark reminder of the brutality that rules their lives here.

JAKOB  
(whispers)  
This is our reality.

Kurt Franz remains in the courtyard.

KURT FRANZ  
I want to show you Jews German  
efficiency.

He looks at the prisoners and pick two of the older most frail.

KURT FRANZ (CONT'D)  
Stand back to back.

The prisoners are confused. Franz yells to an SS guard in German who places the two prisoners back to back. Franz pulls out his Luger and places it to the forehead of one of the Jews. He fires. Both prisoners fall to the ground-dead.

KURT FRANZ (CONT'D)  
That is German efficiency. (laughs)

EXT. TREBLINKA - BARRACKS YARD - EARLY MORNING

The morning bell hasn't rung yet. The camp still sleeps.

Jakob crouches by a low wall, scrubbing blood off a shovel under moonlight. His hands shake slightly, the weight of his actions pressing against him.

A SHADOW approaches.

GALÉWSKI (O.S.)  
You work too hard.

Jakob doesn't look up.

JAKOB  
Blood doesn't disappear by itself.

GALÉWSKI  
Neither do questions.  
(beat)  
And you ask a lot.

Jakob finally glances at him. Galewski kneels beside him.

GALÉWSKI (CONT'D)  
I was told you tried to speak to  
the Blue Unit.

Asked about layout. Schedules. Movements.

Jakob stiffens, the sweat from his brow mixing with the cold. He doesn't reply immediately.

JAKOB

I wanted to understand. That's all.

Galewski eyes him carefully.

GALÉWSKI

Do you?

Jakob tightens his grip on the shovel, his knuckles white.

JAKOB

I know there's a camp near  
here—Treblinka One. The quarry.

(beat)

I know there's less smoke now.  
Fewer transports. That means  
they're finishing. And when they  
finish—

GALÉWSKI

—They erase the witnesses.

There's a long silence. Galewski's gaze hardens as Jakob swallows the truth.

JAKOB

So, what happens then?

GALÉWSKI

(shrugs)

You disappear. Or you fight.

(beat)

You choose.

Jakob meets his eyes now, their weight pulling at him.

JAKOB

What's the plan, Galewski?

(beat)

Who's leading this?

Galewski looks around, wary of being overheard. He lowers his voice, leaning closer.

GALÉWSKI

The moment you ask, the moment you  
know, you're already part of it.

(beat)

But you don't ask again.

(beat)

Understood?

Jakob nods, the realization that he is no longer just a survivor sinking in.

JAKOB

I won't.

Galewski stands slowly, looking down at Jakob, almost approving. He gives a curt nod.

GALÉWSKI

Get some rest. Tomorrow... might change everything.

EXT. TREBLINKA - BARRACKS YARD - EARLY MORNING

The morning bell hasn't rung yet. The camp still sleeps.

Jakob crouches by a low wall, scrubbing blood off a shovel under the pale moonlight. His hands tremble, not just from the cold. His body feels like it's betraying him. He wipes his brow, his hands shaking even more as the moonlight dances over his ragged uniform.

A SHADOW approaches.

GALÉWSKI (O.S.)

You work too hard.

Jakob doesn't look up, his gaze fixed on the shovel, still scrubbing furiously.

JAKOB

Blood doesn't disappear by itself.

GALÉWSKI

Neither do questions.

(beat)

And you ask a lot.

Jakob finally glances up at him. Galewski kneels beside him, his expression unreadable.

GALÉWSKI (CONT'D)

I was told you tried to speak to the Blue Unit.

Asked about the layout. Schedules. Movements.

Jakob stiffens. His pulse quickens.

JAKOB

I wanted to understand. That's all.

Galewski eyes him carefully, measuring his reaction.

GALÉWSKI

Do you?

Jakob doesn't answer immediately. He wipes his brow with the back of his hand, sweat and ash mixing.

JAKOB

I know there's a camp near here—Treblinka One. The quarry.

(beat)

There's less smoke now. Fewer transports. That means they're finishing. And when they finish—

GALÉWSKI

—They erase the witnesses.

Jakob absorbs the weight of his words, looking down at the shovel in his hands. Galewski continues, eyes scanning the yard.

GALÉWSKI (CONT'D)

They burn us here. But they're cleaning up now, Jakob.

(beat)

You know what happens when they're done, right?

Jakob's breath catches. He knows.

JAKOB

I've seen the ashes. The bodies.

GALÉWSKI

There's always a choice. You can choose how to die. You can choose to die fighting. You can die running. Or you can die... like this.

(beat)

But, when it starts... you better be ready.

Jakob stares at him, his thoughts churning. Galewski watches him silently for a long beat, then looks down at the dirt.

GALÉWSKI (CONT'D)

I asked you once before... about carrying a message. You said you would.

JAKOB

(quietly)

I will.

GALÉWSKI

Then don't sleep tonight. Meet me  
before dawn.

(beat)

We begin tomorrow.

He stands up and walks off without another word. Jakob watches him go, the weight of what's to come heavy on his shoulders. A quiet resolve fills him.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. TREBLINKA - CENTRAL YARD - LATER THAT DAY

The whistle blows. Prisoners stand in lines. Jakob stands among them, eyes straight ahead, the knot in his chest tightening.

KURT FRANZ strides into the square, exuding power, his polished boots clicking. His crisp uniform stands out in the dirt and grime. A riding crop in his hand.

Jakob stares at him, every muscle tensed. Franz walks down the line, scanning the prisoners like an animal trainer inspecting his stock. The dog trots beside him, as silent as its master.

Franz stops in front of a young man, barely 20, trembling. His eyes flick to the dog, then the knife at his waist.

FRANZ

You.

The young man flinches, stepping forward reluctantly.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Step forward.

The boy does, his hands shaking, but his gaze defiant. Franz looks down at his shoes.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Nice shoes.

(beat)

Take them off.

The boy does as ordered.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Remove the shoe strings.

The boy complies.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
You look hungry. Eat the  
shoestrings.

The prisoner is shocked and looks back at the other inmates upon which time, Franz strikes him across the head.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
I said eat your shoe strings Jew.

The boy tries and begins to choke. Franz shoots him in the head. He looks at the other SS guards.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
That's how you keep order.

Franz, almost bored, walks back to the barracks.

JAKOB  
(whispers, under his  
breath)  
You didn't deserve this.

His voice shakes. His fists tighten. The sound of the body hitting the dirt fills his ears. He doesn't flinch, but his body trembles.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS-NIGHT

Galéwski leans forward, draws his finger through the dirt floor.

GALÉWSKI  
This is the tube.

Here's the gas chambers. Here's the sorting yard... the pit... the false infirmary.

He marks each with grim precision.

GALÉWSKI (CONT'D)  
Here's where they burn us.  
And here--this tree--is where we draw  
the line.

He taps one spot with his knuckle.

Jakob stares down at the crude map. Memorizing it.

GALÉWSKI (CONT'D)

If I ask you to carry a message...  
would you?

JAKOB

Without hesitation.

Galéwski rises.

GALÉWSKI

Then tomorrow... don't sleep.  
Meet me again before dawn.

He disappears into shadow.

Jakob stares at the dirt-map. Then wipes it clean with one  
sweep of his palm.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREBLINKA - CENTRAL YARD - EARLY MORNING

KURT FRANZ arrives.

New boots. Fresh uniform. A riding crop in his hand.

His first morning as official commandant.

Prisoners are lined up for roll call. Jakob among them.

Franz strolls past the line—cold, quiet, smiling.

He suddenly stops.

FRANZ

You.

He points at a small, shivering man in the second row.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Come forward.

The man obeys, trembling.

Franz steps aside and gestures toward another prisoner—a  
muscular young man with bandaged knuckles.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

And you.

Franz motions to an SS guard who throws an rope over an  
overhang. He turns to the muscular young man.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Hang him.

The prisoners freeze.

GUARD

Do it.

A beat.

Then the stronger man steps forward. He places the noose over the older man's head and moves back.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Do it Jew!

The muscular man pulls on the rope hoisting the old struggling man off the ground. The man struggles and then dies.

Franz claps. Cheerful. He looks up at the sky

FRANZ

Looks like it will be a beautiful day.

Then, without hesitation, he draws his pistol and shoots the survivor in the head.

Turns. Walks back toward the barracks.

The blood seeps into the dust. Jakob doesn't flinch.

But his fists are clenched.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BURNING PIT-NIGHT

The camp hums in the distance—boots, barking, engines.

Jakob kneels in a patch of dirt behind the cremation shed. near the only tree by the burning pit. Out of sight.

His hands tremble as he digs a small hole with a shard of wood.

From his pocket, he pulls the silver Star of David necklace.

Miriam's.

He stares at it in his palm. The chain glints in the dying light.

JAKOB (SOFT)  
I'll remember for both of us.

He lays it in the earth. Covers it gently.

His fingers linger on the soil.

Then he stands.

Behind him, Galewski watches.

EXT. BETWEEN STORAGE SHEDS - MOMENTS LATER

Jakob rounds the corner—face stony.

Galewski steps into his path.

GALEWSKI  
Would you have done it?

Jakob blinks. Says nothing.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
Hanging the older man?

Jakob looks away.

JAKOB  
We're all dead anyway.

Galewski studies him.

GALEWSKI  
Not all. Not yet.  
(beat)  
The fire's coming. You'll hear  
whispers.  
(steps closer)  
When it starts... don't freeze.

He turns to walk off, then pauses.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)  
North fence. Behind the latrine. If  
someone tells you to dig—dig.  
If they hand you a rock—carry it.  
(beat) And if you hear a shot...  
run like hell.

Galewski disappears into shadow.

Jakob stares after him.

Then slowly turns to face the smoke curling from the pit.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BETWEEN STORAGE SHEDS - MOMENTS LATER

Jakob rounds the corner—face stony, as the weight of what just happened settles in. His steps are slow, heavy with something darker than exhaustion.

Galewski steps into his path, blocking the way. The older man's eyes are piercing, calculating.

GALEWSKI

Would you have done it?

Jakob blinks, the question landing with force. He stares at the ground for a beat, silence hanging between them like a heavy fog.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

The gladiatorial games. The knife.  
In the chest.

Jakob looks away, swallowing hard. His jaw clenches as he struggles to hold back the emotions that threaten to crack him open.

JAKOB

(quietly, to himself)

You said we're all dead anyway so  
yes, I would do it.

Galewski studies him carefully, his expression unreadable. Then, without warning, he steps closer. The intensity in his eyes cuts through Jakob's emotional armor.

GALEWSKI

The fire's coming. You'll hear  
whispers.

Galewski leans in just slightly, the cold weight of his words sinking in.

GALEWSKI (CONT'D)

When it starts... don't freeze.

He pulls back, his face hardening, giving nothing away. Galewski pauses, his eyes scanning the perimeter, checking for prying eyes. When he speaks again, his voice drops lower, like a warning.

Galewski disappears into shadow, vanishing into the oppressive darkness. Jakob stares after him, confusion and uncertainty warring within him. He doesn't speak. He doesn't move. The words hang in the air.

For a long moment, Jakob remains frozen, his gaze shifting toward the billowing smoke from the pit, the distant hum of machinery and barking guards mixing with the screams that still echo in his ears.

FADE OUT.

INT. MAKESHIFT TOOL SHED - NIGHT

Jakob sits, a heap of tools scattered before him. His hands tremble as he picks through them, trying to focus on the work in front of him. But his mind is elsewhere.

EXT. TREBLINKA - NORTH FENCE - EARLY MORNING

The sound of boots marching reverberates through the cold air as Jakob, now determined, sneaks toward the north fence, the heavy weight of his decision still settling on his chest. The trees sway in the distance, their branches sharp against the gray sky.

Jakob crouches behind a small group of prisoners, making his way to the spot where Galewski had directed him. The latrine is just ahead, its foul stench cutting through the damp morning air. Jakob's fingers twitch with anxiety, the heavy feeling of expectation crawling under his skin.

The darkness from the previous night still clings to him, yet the urgency of the moment forces him forward. He spots a shadow near the fence, a solitary figure, moving slowly in the quiet, their purpose hidden behind a veil of fear.

JAKOB  
(whispers to himself)  
This is it.

Jakob's breath quickens as the shadow grows clearer, his feet pressing against the damp ground. The reality of what he is about to do weighs heavy, but there is no turning back.

EXT. BEHIND THE LATRINE - CONTINUOUS

Jakob reaches the pre-arranged meeting point. He can see the edge of the fence, the place where the rebellion will either be born or buried.

He hides in the shadows, his eyes scanning the perimeter for any signs of movement. The sensation of the moment is suffocating—every second feels like an eternity.

Galewski's earlier words resurface in his mind: "If someone tells you to dig—dig. If they hand you a rock—carry it."

A figure appears from the darkness, close to the fence. Jakob doesn't move, watching the figure's every step, every breath. The air is thick with tension. The figure is silent, their eyes scanning the area, checking if they're being watched.

BORAKS

(softly, emerging from  
the shadows)

It's time.

Jakob nods, still unable to say a word. His chest feels tight, his mind racing. This is it, the moment where everything changes—or everything ends.

BORAKS (CONT'D)

We can't wait any longer. If we  
don't do it now, we'll all die  
here.

Jakob swallows hard, his gaze shifting toward the trees in the distance, the firelight still flickering from the cremation pits, an eerie glow reflecting off the ground. There's no turning back now.

EXT. TREBLINKA - CAMP YARD - SAME

The main camp yard is eerily quiet, only the distant hum of the machinery and the occasional bark from the guards break the silence. The day has barely begun, but the weight of what's coming grows heavier by the second.

Jakob, Boraks, and a small group of others gather together near the fence, clutching weapons and tools, their eyes locked with determination. There's no turning back, only the certainty of what needs to be done.

INT. GUARD BARRACKS - NIGHT

Meanwhile, inside the guard barracks, SS Officers are seated around a wooden table, drinking heavily, the sounds of laughter mingling with the clinking of mugs. Franz is there, his usual cold smile stretched across his face as he boasts about another successful day in the camp.

FRANZ  
 (to his men)  
 We've got them just where we want  
 them.

The others nod, their faces full of cruel amusement, but Franz's demeanor suddenly shifts. He leans forward, his eyes narrowing as he takes a long sip of his drink.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
 (quietly)  
 Do you think they'll ever rise up?

There's a long beat of silence. The men exchange uneasy glances, but none dare speak.

KÜTTNER  
 (cautiously)  
 They're animals, Franz.

FRANZ  
 But even animals can bite.

The room goes cold. The officers exchange uncomfortable looks.

FRANZ (CONT'D)  
 (raising his glass)  
 To victory.

The others raise their glasses reluctantly, their eyes darting back to Franz's calculating stare.

EXT. NORTH FENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Back by the fence, Jakob's hands clutch the tools tightly, every fiber of his being focused on the task at hand. Boraks hands him a makeshift weapon, a small, crude knife, its edge jagged from the crude work of a previous night.

BORAKS  
 You ready?

Jakob nods, his jaw tight. The adrenaline courses through him, but so does the haunting thought of what will happen if they fail.

JAKOB  
 (softly)  
 If we fail, it's over.

## EXT. TREBLINKA - CAMP YARD - THE UPRISING BEGINS

The moment they've all been waiting for arrives. The signal: a sudden flash of smoke from the center of the camp. It's unmistakable—the rebellion is beginning.

Jakob's heart pounds as he and the others move in sync, their bodies fluid as they push through the small gaps in the fence. The camp is chaotic—the crackle of gunfire, the blinding smoke, the sound of prisoners screaming as they begin to fight back.

JAKOB  
(under his breath)  
This is it.

As Jakob and his comrades make their way deeper into the camp, the sounds of chaos grow louder—shouting, shooting, the grinding of metal against metal. Guards are panicking, trying to regain control.

## EXT. CENTRAL YARD - CONTINUOUS

The guards scramble, trying to respond to the uprising, but it's too late. Jakob and his group are already inside the camp's walls, moving quickly through the shadows. The barracks are on fire, and the first shots of rebellion are heard.

Jakob moves quickly, clutching his makeshift weapon, his pulse pounding in his ears. The sounds of chaos fill the air as the prisoners begin their final stand against their captors.

## EXT. TREBLINKA - CAMP YARD - MOMENTS LATER

The camp is now in full chaos, a cacophony of gunshots, yelling, and the crackling of flames. The uprising has begun, and there's no turning back. Jakob, alongside his fellow prisoners, moves swiftly and silently through the yard, trying to avoid detection. His hand tightens around the makeshift knife. His heartbeat thunders in his ears.

The flames from the sorting barracks cast long, sinister shadows across the yard, creating an almost dreamlike distortion of the chaos around them. Jakob's eyes flicker nervously between his comrades and the flashing silhouettes of guards, each one moving in different directions, trying to restore order.

JAKOB  
(whispering)  
This is our chance.

The prisoners push forward, the adrenaline coursing through their veins, yet Jakob feels a strange stillness within him, like this moment is an inevitability, a long-awaited reckoning.

EXT. GUARD TOWER - SAME TIME

The guard tower stands tall above the camp, its silhouette visible against the glowing flames. Inside, a sniper sets his sights on the prisoners below. His cold, focused eyes scan the yard, picking out targets with terrifying precision.

SNIPER  
(under his breath)  
There's too many.

He squeezes the trigger.

BANG—the shot echoes across the yard. A prisoner collapses, blood spraying across the ground. But the others don't stop—they charge forward, spurred on by the loss, by the knowledge that if they don't act now, they may never get another chance.

Jakob's breath catches in his throat. His body tenses as he watches the fall of another prisoner. The chaos only intensifies.

EXT. TREBLINKA - CENTRAL YARD - CONTINUOUS

The flames spread rapidly through the barracks, the heat becoming unbearable. Jakob and his group press forward, pushing through the screaming, panicked masses. Some prisoners are now fighting back, using anything they can find as a weapon—bricks, metal scraps, even broken furniture.

JAKOB  
(gritting his teeth)  
Don't stop. We can't stop.

They push through the madness, their resolve as unyielding as the flames behind them.

As they approach the central fence, guards are seen running to position, rifles raised, eyes scanning for any sign of rebellion. Jakob's eyes flicker to the gate—their last hurdle.

EXT. CAMP GATE - SAME TIME

The main gate is heavily guarded. Two armed guards stand watch, their rifles trained on the prisoners. The last line of defense against the breakout.

BORAKS

(to Jakob, voice shaking  
with urgency)

We have to breach that gate.

Jakob nods, his mind racing. The smoke from the flames thickens, creating a natural cover. The guards' attention is momentarily distracted by the chaos unfolding around them.

BORAKS (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Now. Move!

The prisoners rush forward, guns firing, making their move toward the gate. Screams echo as some are gunned down in their attempts to reach the opening. Gunfire erupts, and guards fall back, surprised by the sheer force of the prisoners' advance.

Jakob's heart pounds as he moves with the others, adrenaline fueling their every step. The gate is in sight, but it is heavily reinforced—barbed wire, thick metal barricades, and guards positioned to prevent any breakthrough.

EXT. TREBLINKA - MAIN GATE - THE FINAL PUSH

The prisoners make their way to the gate, some using stolen weapons, others relying on sheer force. They push against the barricade, shoving, kicking, and pounding the metal. The guards are starting to panic as the wall of prisoners begins to overwhelm them.

Jakob and Boraks are at the front, Jakob's fists clenched tight around the makeshift knife. He grits his teeth, the weight of their future bearing down on him.

BORAKS

(grunting)

Push harder!

The prisoners slam against the gate once more, the noise deafening. With a loud CRASH, the barricade finally gives way. The gate bursts open, and a flood of prisoners pour through, into the open space beyond.

JAKOB  
(yelling)  
We're out! Move!

EXT. TREBLINKA - OUTSIDE THE GATE - CONTINUOUS

The prisoners spill out beyond the gate, into the wilds of the forest that stretches out before them. The sound of pursuit is still faint, but Jakob doesn't dare look back. The trees are their only hope now, their only salvation.

Jakob's feet pound against the earth as he runs, Boraks beside him, Sonia limping behind them. The others are scattered, each fighting to stay ahead of the hounds and SS soldiers closing in.

JAKOB  
(voice tight, to Boraks)  
Keep going. No matter what, don't  
stop!

They race through the underbrush, their breath ragged, hearts pounding as the first shots ring out behind them.

Scene: Jakob's Moment of Reflection (Revised)

EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - NIGHT

The crackling sound of the fire is the only thing breaking the silence of the wilderness. Jakob, Boraks, and Sonia sit in a tight circle around the fire, their exhaustion palpable. Their faces are drawn, their bodies sore from the run, but the air around them feels heavy with something more than physical fatigue. There's a sense of lingering loss, a weight they all carry but cannot shake off.

Jakob stares at the fire, his gaze distant, his fingers lightly rubbing the rough edge of a small, smooth rock in his pocket. It's the only thing he has left to hold onto—a simple stone that once had belonged to Miriam. It's small, insignificant to anyone else, but for Jakob, it's a symbol of everything he's lost and what he's still fighting for.

BORAKS  
(softly, breaking the  
silence)  
We made it, Jakob. You led us out  
of there.

Jakob doesn't respond at first. He remains still, his thoughts miles away.

His eyes flicker momentarily toward Boraks, but he looks away quickly, his hands tightening around the rock.

JAKOB  
(quietly, almost to  
himself)  
We're out... but it doesn't feel  
like freedom.

Boraks looks at Jakob, a flicker of concern crossing his face. Sonia shifts next to him, her body tired, but her gaze soft as she watches Jakob carefully.

BORAKS  
What do you mean?

Jakob inhales deeply, the weight of everything pressing down on him. His voice is low, barely above a whisper, but it carries the depth of his anguish.

JAKOB  
(softly, eyes fixed on  
the fire)  
We escaped... but what did we  
really escape? Death? It's still  
here, in my head. Every moment,  
every face I saw. Miriam's face.  
The faces of the others.

He pauses, his breath shaky as he tries to compose himself. He rubs the smooth stone in his hand, his fingers tracing the familiar contours of the small object.

JAKOB (CONT'D)  
It's like we're running... but I  
can't outrun what happened. I can't  
outrun what's inside of me. I  
thought when I got out of that  
place, I would feel free. But  
nothing's changed. I'm still  
trapped. Trapped in this... this...  
war.

A long silence falls over the group. The fire flickers, casting long shadows on the faces of the prisoners.

SONIA  
(gently)  
You're still breathing, Jakob.  
That's more than we can say for so  
many others.

Jakob looks at Sonia, but there's no real comfort in her words. He nods slowly, but his gaze quickly returns to the fire, his eyes clouded with doubt.

JAKOB  
(whispers)  
Surviving isn't the same as living.

Sonia opens her mouth to respond but holds back. She doesn't know how to ease Jakob's pain. Boraks watches the fire too, the crackling flames illuminating his weathered face, but his words are few.

BORAKS  
(somberly)  
What are you going to do now?

Jakob remains silent for a long moment, his mind racing with the questions he doesn't have answers for. He exhales slowly, his fingers still gripping the stone.

JAKOB  
I don't know. But I can't forget.  
Not just for me, for Miriam... for  
everyone who didn't make it. I owe  
them that.

His voice is stronger now, an undercurrent of determination woven through the sorrow. He leans forward, his gaze intense as he watches the flames flicker.

JAKOB (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
I'm going to make sure they know  
what happened. I'll make sure their  
deaths weren't in vain. No matter  
where I go, no matter how far I  
run... I can't just let it all  
disappear.

There's a long pause, the weight of Jakob's words hanging in the air. The fire crackles, and the silence that follows feels almost sacred, as though Jakob has just made a quiet vow to himself and to those lost in the camp.

SONIA  
(gently)  
You're not alone in this, Jakob.

BORAKS  
We'll stand with you. You've  
already led us out of hell.  
Whatever's ahead, we face it  
together.

Jakob doesn't respond immediately. He just stares into the fire, his expression unreadable. The flickering flames reflect in his eyes, his determination growing. This moment isn't the end for him—it's the beginning. The beginning of something more.

He stands slowly, his legs stiff from the journey, but his resolve is clear now. He turns away from the fire, his silhouette merging with the darkness of the forest.

JAKOB  
(whispers to himself)  
I'll remember for all of us.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WARSAW - DAY - A YEAR LATER

The scene shifts to Warsaw, now in ruins. The once vibrant city is now a shell of its former self, scarred by war. The smoke of bombed-out buildings drifts through the streets.

Jakob, now a different man, walks through the ruins, his face tired and weathered. His clothes are tattered, his hands rough, but there's a determination in his step.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER - WARSAW

He clutches a paper slip tightly in his hand—an official Red Cross form, now yellowed and torn. The name on the form: Miriam Stein—presumed dead.

Jakob stops at the entrance of a ruined building, the sounds of war still reverberating in the distance. He stands there, silent, staring at the rubble around him.

JAKOB  
(whispers)  
I didn't forget you, Miriam. I  
never will.

He walks forward, leaving behind the ruins of the city, his journey far from over.

EXT. TREBLINKA - EDGE OF THE PIT - DAY

Jakob stands at the edge of the pit, the wind stirring the tall grass, a quiet but heavy silence in the air. The devastation of Treblinka stretches out before him, silent and desolate. The once-thriving camp is now gone, replaced by barren earth.

His eyes are drawn to The Tree in the Plot, standing alone among the wildflowers and grass, the only piece of life in this wasteland.

Jakob steps forward and kneels by the base of the tree. He digs slowly in the earth, the soil dark and damp beneath his fingers. His hands tremble as he scoops, revealing the rusted tin container that once held the Star of David necklace—Miriam's necklace.

He pulls it out carefully, his fingers brushing against the cold metal. The chain glints faintly in the sunlight as he holds it, feeling the weight of it in his palm.

JAKOB  
(softly to himself)  
I'll remember for both of us.

He places the necklace in his hands, just as he had done all those years ago, laying it gently back into the earth.

Jakob pauses for a long moment, his fingers lingering on the soil, before standing. His gaze falls on the tree. There's something profound about it, something that transcends the devastation of the camp.

The tree stands alone, surrounded by grass and wildflowers. No other tree or shrub has grown here. Only this tree—the one symbolizing his sister's memory and the lives lost.

Jakob looks at the horizon, his chest heavy with emotion. This tree is all that remains, standing tall amidst the ruins.

JAKOB (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
The only thing left standing.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSED  
TEXT:

In the fall of 1943, Heinrich Himmler ordered Treblinka II dismantled to hide evidence of genocide. By the time Soviet forces arrived in 1944, nothing remained but ash and silence. Between 700,000 and 900,000 Jews were murdered here in just over a year. Only 67 survivors of the August 2, 1943 revolt are known to have lived.

The camera slowly rises, panning over the empty, scarred landscape of the camp.

The lone, crooked tree stands proudly in the foreground, the only sign of life in the desolate wasteland.

FADE TO BLACK.