

THE CAMP OF WOLVES

Written by

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WE OPEN WITH A BLACK SCREEN AND TEXT:

Between 1933 and 1945, Nazi Germany and its allies established more than 44,000 camps and other incarceration sites (including ghettos). The perpetrators used these locations for a range of purposes. These purposes included forced labor, detention of people deemed to be "enemies of the state," and mass murder. Millions of people suffered and died or were killed. Among these sites was Dachau, the longest operating camp.

FADE OUT

EXT. MUNICH - SPRING 1939 - DAY

Germany, Spring 1939 - pride hangs in the air like smoke.

Red banners flutter. Crowds chant. But beneath the boots, something darker stirs.

A military band blares down a bustling Munich square. Swastika banners wave from the rooftops. The crowd cheers as rows of SS officers march past in perfect unison.

FRANZ HARTMANN (19), sharp-jawed, fresh-faced, stands tall in his pristine black SS uniform. Franz, fresh-faced, marches with the crowd - but his smile is unsure, flickering. He poses stiffly beside his proud mother (40s), who adjusts his collar.

MOTHER

You look just like your father when
he left for the front.

FRANZ

He never made it back.

MOTHER

You will. You're with the SS now.
You'll do great things, Franz.

FRANZ

I just want to serve.

A local photographer snaps their photo. FLASH. The camera clicks again as Franz turns toward the departing convoy of trucks.

MOTHER

Write me. And don't forget your
scarf-your throat always gets dry
in the spring.

FRANZ (SMILING FAINTLY)
I'll be fine, Mutter.

A truck full of SS recruits idles nearby. The driver waves Franz over. He lifts his duffel, throws it in the back, and climbs aboard.

As the truck pulls away, Franz looks back at his mother, who waves, her eyes glassy.

MOTHER (V.O.)
You'll make us proud.

The city disappears behind them. Ahead: the tree-lined countryside.

INT. HARTMANN FAMILY APARTMENT - FLASHBACK-NIGHT - 1934

Dim. Quiet. Seven-year-old FRANZ peeks through a doorway. In the next room, his FATHER (mid-30s, wearing a World War I uniform) argues with an SA OFFICER.

FATHER
I fought for Germany. Bled for her.
And now you come knocking to tell
me I'm unpatriotic?

SA OFFICER
The Reich is rising. Fall in line,
or be crushed beneath it.

MOTHER (O.S.) (NERVOUS, PLEADING)

Please—our boy is watching.

The officer leaves. Franz steps into the light. His father kneels beside him.

FATHER
They don't care about men like me
anymore. But you, Franz... You can be
someone.

He hands the boy his Iron Cross.

FATHER (CONT'D)
Wear it proudly. But never forget
who you are.

CUT TO:

EXT. DACHAU CONCENTRATION CAMP - HOURS LATER - DAY

Franz and a half-dozen SS recruits disembark.

The camp looms ahead—bleak, gray, sprawling. Barbed wire snakes along the perimeter. A large iron gate bears the words:

“ARBEIT MACHT FREI”

A chill wind blows. One recruit shivers. Franz stares, jaw tight.

An older SS CAPTAIN, RICHTER (50s), hawk-nosed and cold-eyed, steps forward.

RICHTER

Line up! You are no longer
civilians. You are no longer men.
You are instruments—of discipline.

They obey. Richter paces before them.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

Dachau is not a prison. It is a
forge. It purifies Germany of
disease. And you? You are the
flame.

One recruit stifles a cough. Richter eyes him.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

Any man here who hesitates will be
broken like the rest.

He gestures toward the gate.

RICHTER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Welcome to the future of Germany.

The gates creaks open.

Franz and the others step forward, their boots echoing on the cold cement.

FADE OUT.

INT. SS TRAINING ROOM - DAY

The cadets sit stiff as mannequins, faces blank. On screen: Jews herded like cattle. Romani children scream as they're dragged from wagons.

The walls are lined with banners bearing the swastika and Hitler's portrait.

At the front stands DR. HEINRICH SEIDEL (40s), a gaunt, precise man in round spectacles. He exudes academic menace—like a surgeon preparing to dissect the soul.

DR. SEIDEL
Germany is not at war. It is at war
with rot. With decay. With
weakness.

He clicks on a projector. The film whirs to life.

ON SCREEN: GRAINY PROPAGANDA FOOTAGE — images of Jewish families, disabled children, Roma villages, political protestors.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The disease infects our soil... our
minds... our future.

The camera cuts to a Jewish man with a large hooked nose, a deformed child, a Social Democrat rally.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Through sterilization, isolation,
and reeducation, we shall cleanse
the Reich of its poison.

Some recruits nod with passive interest. Franz watches intently.

DR. SEIDEL (O.S.)
Compassion has no place in survival
nor the SS.
Compassion is betrayal. Mercy is a
cancer. The Jew, the Roma — all rot
to be excised.

A new reel clicks in: footage of prisoners being whipped, lined up in rows, bodies in snow. No soundtrack. Just flickering silence.

Franz shifts in his seat. One recruit behind him chuckles nervously.

DR. SEIDEL (CONT'D)
The weak do not deserve our pity.
They demand our discipline.

Beat.

DR. SEIDEL (CONT'D)
Dachau is not about punishment. It
is about correction.

He walks among the recruits, stopping beside Franz.

DR. SEIDEL (CONT'D)
Stand.

Franz rises. Straight posture. Seidel looks him over.

DR. SEIDEL (CONT'D)
What is Germany's greatest enemy?

FRANZ
Bolshevism, sir.

DR. SEIDEL
Incorrect.

Beat. Tension.

DR. SEIDEL (CONT'D)
Sympathy.

Seidel smiles faintly. He turns and walks away.

DR. SEIDEL (CONT'D)
You will unlearn it here.

CLICK. The projector stops. The room sits in darkness—only
the red Nazi banners remain visible, glowing like blood in
the low light.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP YARD - LATER THAT DAY

The sound of boots on concrete.

FRANZ marches in step behind an ole34 SS CORPORAL (30s,
rough), who leads the new recruits through the camp like a
tour guide from hell.

SS CORPORAL
You'll rotate between perimeter
patrol, roll call, work details. We
rotate often. Too much time in one
area breeds... attachment.

They pass rows of prisoners, heads shaved, striped uniforms
hanging loose on emaciated frames. Eyes avert or stare dead
ahead.

SS CORPORAL (CONT'D)
These are Poles. Over there, the
communists. The ones with pink
triangles—degenerates. And the
black triangles—useless eaters.

A low moan escapes from a nearby barracks. The corporal
doesn't flinch.

SS CORPORAL (CONT'D)
Most of them want to die. Don't
give them the satisfaction.

INT. BLOCK 5 - TORTURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They step briefly into a sterile chamber lined with hooks,
batons, and chains. A bloodstained drain in the center.

SS CORPORAL
This is Block 5. Discipline room.

Franz lingers a moment, unsettled.

SS CORPORAL (CONT'D)
Keep moving, recruit.

EXT. BLOCK X - DAY

They reach a smaller building. A MEDIC exits, lighting a
cigarette.

SS CORPORAL
Block X. Medical experimentation.
Don't wander near it unless you
want to see what happens when mercy
gets dissected.

As they pass, a low groan escapes from within. Franz pauses.
The corporal notices.

SS CORPORAL (CONT'D)
What, never heard a man scream
through a crushed windpipe?

Franz says nothing.

They continue walking.

A steel door SLAMS shut behind them. Franz marches with SS
recruits past frost-rimed windows, each one dark as a blind
eye.

Across the yard, a guard has knocked over a food bucket. A prisoner scrambles to collect the spilled contents.

KURT WEISEL (50s)—prisoner number tattooed across his forearm—leans against the fence, arms crossed, watching it all with quiet contempt.

He and Franz lock eyes. Kurt gives a subtle, almost mocking nod.

KURT

Welcome to paradise, soldier boy.

Franz looks away.

SS CORPORAL (GRUFF)

That one's been here since '33.
First shipment. Thinks he knows
everything. Keep your distance.

FRANZ

What's he in for?

SS CORPORAL

Journalism.

Franz blinks.

SS CORPORAL (CONT'D)

Dangerous man, truth-tellers.

They continue on, boots echoing in the vast, gray expanse.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. FRANZ'S BUNK - NIGHT

Franz lies awake. The room is quiet, save for distant muffled SCREAMS. His eyes remain open.

EXT. CAMP YARD - DAWN

Snow drifts lazily through the bitter cold. Prisoners, wrapped in threadbare uniforms, struggle to dig trenches near the electrified perimeter fence. Their breath forms pale clouds in the morning air.

FRANZ stands with a small group of SS GUARDS watching the work detail. Boots polished, rifle slung.

SS CORPORAL (O.S.)
Keep them moving. Cold slows the
weak, but stops only the dead.

A prisoner slips on the frozen ground, landing hard. His
shovel skitters away. He tries to stand but collapses
again—gasping, shaking.

Franz watches him. The man is rail-thin, with purpled fingers
and a split lip.

SS CORPORAL (CONT'D)
Hartmann! Step forward.

Franz hesitates—then moves.

SS CORPORAL (CONT'D)
Discipline the worker. For the
benefit of the others.

FRANZ
He's freezing.

SS CORPORAL
Then let pain warm him.

Franz stares at the prisoner, who lifts his eyes. Bloodied.
Hollow. But not pleading.

Franz grips his baton. Beat. The wind howls.

SS CORPORAL (SHARPER) (CONT'D)
Do it.

Franz raises the baton—then stops. The prisoner flinches.

One of the other guards snatches the baton and delivers a
brutal strike across the prisoner's shoulders.

The man cries out—collapsing entirely.

SS CORPORAL (TO FRANZ) (CONT'D)
Compassion is disobedience.
Remember that.

The guards move on.

Franz stares down at the prisoner, now motionless in the
snow.

PRISONER (WEAKLY, TO FRANZ)
Do they beat you... when you fall?

Franz freezes.

A nearby siren blares.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER COURTYARD - LATER

Two prisoners kneel in the snow beside the wall—hands bound, shirts removed.

A Captain reads from a slip of paper. An SS FIRING SQUAD lines up.

Franz watches from a distance. His knuckles white.

SS CAPTAIN
For attempted escape and sabotage.

PRISONERS (SIMULTANEOUSLY)
Heil Deutschland.

GUNFIRE.

The bodies slump forward.

Franz blinks—expression unreadable.

SS CORPORAL (O.S.)
This is not war. It's discipline.

Franz walks away slowly.

FADE TO:

INT. PROCESSING BLOCK - LATE AFTERNOON

The room is clinical and echoing—like a butcher's prep station. A guard at a desk records names as a new transport of prisoners files in.

The air reeks of disinfectant, sweat, and fear.

FRANZ stands by the door with two other SS guards. He watches blankly as prisoners are shaved, stripped, and issued camp uniforms.

A commotion. Two guards drag in a woman—MARTA ADLER (30s)—mud-spattered, hair matted, yet fierce-eyed. Her coat is torn but she clutches it like a uniform of pride.

GUARD

Found this one with forged documents in Linz. Claimed to be a nurse.

SECOND GUARD

Jewish. No tattoo. But carrying these.

He tosses a small satchel onto the desk. It spills open—maps, ration cards, and resistance leaflets marked with the Star of David.

Marta stands tall, shoulders back.

GUARD

Orders?

OFFICER (READING PAPERS)

Political detainee. High-value. Send her to Isolation until assigned.

Marta's lip is split but she stares at the officer without blinking.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Remove the coat.

MARTA

It's mine.

A slap across the face. She stumbles but does not fall.

Franz flinches.

GUARD

I said take it off!

She slowly peels off the coat and tosses it toward the desk. Her blouse underneath is stained with blood.

GUARD (CONT'D)

You'll last a week.

MARTA (SOFTLY, WITH STEEL)

Then you'll be one week closer to the end.

The guard grabs her by the arm.

GUARD

Let's see how brave you are in Block 14.

As she's dragged past, she locks eyes with Franz.

A long beat. He can't look away.

Then she's gone.

The clatter of the door echoes after her.

INT. FRANZ'S BUNK - NIGHT

Franz sits on the lower bunk, polishing his boots in silence. Around him, others play cards or smoke.

He glances at the small satchel of resistance leaflets now sitting on a shelf above the desk—confiscated but not yet burned.

His hand trembles for a moment then steadies.

FADE TO:

INT. PRIEST BARRACKS - NIGHT

Dim, cold. The barracks are lined with bunk beds, most occupied by priests of various nationalities—Poles, Germans, French. Many clutch rosaries made from knotted twine.

FRANZ steps inside, rifle slung casually. He begins pacing the aisle.

The men freeze momentarily, then resume a quiet chorus.

PRISONERS (SOFTLY)
Pater noster, qui es in caelis...

Franz's boots echo on the wood floor. He pauses near the center.

FATHER TOMASZ (60s), seated on the lower bunk, leads the prayer. He looks thinner now—sunken cheeks, bruised knuckles—but still serene.

FRANZ
This is not allowed.

FATHER TOMASZ (WITHOUT LOOKING UP)
We follow the law that predates
theirs.

FRANZ
What good does prayer do here?

Father Tomasz finishes the prayer. He looks up at Franz.

FATHER TOMASZ
It reminds us we are still men.

FRANZ
Men who die in the snow.

FATHER TOMASZ
And yet die knowing who they are.

A long pause.

FATHER TOMASZ (CONT'D)
What are you, Franz Hartmann?

Franz stiffens.

FRANZ
I'm a soldier of the Reich.

FATHER TOMASZ
No. That's your uniform.

He returns to his rosary.

Franz stands frozen in the aisle. His hand brushes the rifle sling.

From outside, a whistle blows—changing of shifts.

Franz finally turns and walks out.

EXT. BARRACKS CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The door creaks shut behind him.

He exhales into the cold.

Then walks off into the fog.

FADE TO:

EXT. ROLL CALL YARD - EARLY MORNING

The yard is a frozen slab of concrete, shrouded in fog. Hundreds of prisoners stand in lines—motionless, skeletal, shivering.

A WHISTLE shrieks.

Franz stands beside SS CORPORAL and two other guards.
Clipboard in hand. Steam rises from the prisoners' breath.

SS CORPORAL
Row twelve. Begin.

Franz steps forward, begins calling out numbers in clipped German.

FRANZ
Acht-null-vier... Acht-null-fünf...

A man in the fourth row collapses silently, his knees folding beneath him.

No one moves to help him.

SS CORPORAL (TO FRANZ)
Record him absent.

FRANZ
He's not dead.

SS CORPORAL
Yet. If he rises, erase the mark.

Franz hesitates--then scratches a line beside the number.
He continues.

FRANZ
Acht-null-sieben...

Another man vomits blood and leans against the man beside him, who instinctively moves away.

SS CORPORAL
Filth spreads like rot. Isolate him.

Two guards approach. The man tries to stand, but they grab him by the arms and drag him across the yard, leaving a streak of red.

Franz watches. He turns back to his list.

FRANZ (QUIETLY)
Acht-null-acht...

KURT (O.S.)
You'll run out of numbers before winter.

Franz looks up. KURT WEISEL, same row, arms crossed despite the cold. His tone isn't rebellious—it's bone-weary truth.

KURT (CONT'D)
Or maybe you just recycle them.

Franz says nothing.

A bell rings. The whistle shrieks again.

SS CORPORAL
Return to posts.

The yard begins to break. Prisoners shuffle away like broken machinery.

Franz lingers, staring at the body still lying in the snow.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S BARRACKS - NIGHT

A single flickering bulb hangs from the ceiling. The air is rank-sweat, mildew, disinfectant.

MARTA is shoved inside by a female guard.

GUARD
Barrack 28. Bottom bunk. If it's empty, it's yours.

The door slams.

Inside, rows of bunks stretch in dim symmetry. Shadows of women sit in silence—some coughing, some murmuring prayers.

Marta walks past them slowly, her boots squelching on a damp floor. She spots an open space—a bottom bunk beside a Polish girl no older than sixteen.

The girl—ANIKA—looks at her, wide-eyed.

ANIKA (SOFTLY, IN GERMAN)
You're new.

MARTA
So are you.

Anika nods, clutching something—a piece of cloth twisted into a doll.

ANIKA
They said you talked back.

MARTA
No. I spoke clearly.

Anika offers a faint smile.

Marta sits. A moment of stillness.

A cough echoes from above.

Another woman whispers something in French.

PRISONER (O.S.)
The first night is the hardest.

ANIKA
The second is worse.

Marta glances around. Eyes watching her in silence. No one sleeps.

She reaches into her waistband and pulls out a folded prayer page, hidden from the guards.

She tucks it beneath the wood slats.

MARTA (TO HERSELF)
One piece at a time.

She lies back on the rough mattress eyes open, staring at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT

The moon hangs low, casting silver across the camp's outer edge.

FRANZ walks alone along the fence line. His breath clouds the cold air. The watchtowers loom in the distance. All is still.

He rounds a corner near the supply shed, barely lit.

Then—a muffled voice. A whimper.

Franz slows. Listens.

PRISONER (O.S., WEAK)
Please... I didn't take anything...

Franz stops. Shadows shift near the shed.

He edges closer. In the half-dark, he sees:

An SS GUARD with a prisoner on his knees. The prisoner's hands are bound with wire. His face is bruised.

GUARD

You think we don't see you? Bread goes missing, you're the one chewing.

PRISONER

I was hungry... my bunkmate died-

The GUARD raises a pistol.

Franz instinctively steps forward.

FRANZ

Wait-! He hasn't been logged for punishment.

The guard freezes. Looks up. Smirks.

GUARD

Who's logging anything? He'll disappear, just like the others.

FRANZ

There's a process.

GUARD

There's a fence. You saw him trying to escape, didn't you?

Beat. Franz stares at the prisoner—who looks up at him, terrified but still human.

FRANZ

...Yes.

GUARD

Then close your eyes.

A single gunshot. The prisoner crumples.

Blood spreads over the snow.

The guard holsters his pistol, lights a cigarette, and walks past Franz casually.

GUARD (CONT'D)

You'll get used to it. Or you won't.

Franz remains rooted, staring at the body.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANZ'S BUNK - LATER

Franz scrubs his hands at the wash basin. Scrubs again. And again.

The water runs pink.

He looks at his reflection in the cracked mirror. His own eyes won't meet.

FADE TO:

INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT

The barracks are dark save for a small lamp near the entrance. Rows of prisoners try to sleep. Coughs echo. Rats skitter beneath beds.

SUDDENLY—a SCUFFLE. A SHOUT. A bed crashes.

Franz bursts in with two other guards, rifle at the ready.

FRANZ

Back! Against the walls—now!

Two PRISONERS are tangled on the floor—one much older, his face bloodied; the other, a younger man with a swollen eye.

GUARD

What the hell is this?

No one answers.

GUARD (CONT'D)

You want your teeth kicked in?

Franz moves closer, eyes narrowed.

FRANZ

Who started it?

Silence. The older man wipes blood from his lip.

OLDER PRISONER

We argued. It's done.

GUARD (TO THE YOUNGER)

He insult your mother?

YOUNGER PRISONER
I don't have one.

Chuckles from the bunks. One of the guards raises his baton, but Franz holds up a hand.

FRANZ
No punishments tonight. Move them apart.

GUARD
You're getting soft, Hartmann.

FRANZ
I said move them.

The prisoners obey. Beds creak back into place.

Franz lingers. He catches the older man glancing across the room—to a sliver of wood that's been pried loose from the floor.

Franz follows the look. Walks over.

Inside the floor gap: a torn scrap of resistance literature—handwritten.

FRANZ (QUIETLY) (CONT'D)
This wasn't about an argument.

The older man doesn't respond.

Franz tucks the scrap into his coat.

FRANZ (CONT'D)
I didn't see anything. Go to sleep.

He exits.

INT. GUARD BARRACKS - LATER

Franz sits on his bunk, staring at the note.

He doesn't read it.

He just stares.

FADE TO:

INT. BLOCK X - OUTER MEDICAL LAB - DAY

Franz steps into the corridor of Block X, boots echoing on tile.

The air is antiseptic and unnervingly cold.

Through a small, reinforced window, he sees a prisoner strapped to a table, limbs bound, a breathing mask fitted to his face.

DR. HEINRICH SEIDEL appears from a side room—buttoning his coat, blood on his gloves. Calm as a man who's just trimmed hedges.

DR. SEIDEL
Hartmann. You're punctual.

FRANZ
I was told to report.

DR. SEIDEL
You were told correctly. Come.

INT. BLOCK X - INNER LAB - CONTINUOUS

Franz follows Seidel inside.

The walls are lined with charts, anatomical drawings, and vials of blue and yellow fluids. An old chalkboard reads:
"Hypothermia Trial #47 - 23 Minutes in Ice."

DR. SEIDEL
Have you ever been cold, Hartmann?
I mean *truly* cold—bones aching,
breath slowing, mind fading?

FRANZ
In training, during winter field
drill.

DR. SEIDEL
No. That's discomfort. We're
studying limits. Survival
thresholds.

They stop at a metal tub filled with water—ice clinks inside. Nearby, a naked prisoner sits in a chair, trembling uncontrollably.

DR. SEIDEL (CONT'D)
The Reich's pilots go down in the
North Sea.
(MORE)

DR. SEIDEL (CONT'D)
If we understand how long the body
can endure freezing... we save lives.

FRANZ
Whose lives?

Seidel turns. Smiles faintly.

DR. SEIDEL
The ones that matter.

Franz looks to the tub. Then to the trembling prisoner.

FRANZ
He's volunteered?

DR. SEIDEL (ALMOST AMUSED)
Every subject here has
volunteered—for the Reich. Just not
in the way you mean.

Franz doesn't move.

DR. SEIDEL (CONT'D)
You'll be assisting these sessions
as needed. Observation. Security.
Disposal, if required.

FRANZ
Disposal?

DR. SEIDEL
A cold body is still a body. You'll
grow used to it.

Seidel exits through a rear door, unbothered.

Franz remains. The prisoner looks up at him—blue lips, hollow
eyes.

PRISONER (BARELY AUDIBLE)
Just tell them... tell them I tried
to pray.

Franz says nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. GUARD WASHROOM - NIGHT

Bare fluorescent light flickers overhead. The tiled room is
empty—rows of cracked mirrors, iron sinks stained with rust.

FRANZ stands at the sink, still in uniform. He grips the porcelain edge. His knuckles whiten.

He looks up at his reflection.

His own face stares back, unreadable. Pale. Blank.

He reaches into his coat and pulls out the scrap of resistance literature from the barrack floor.

Franz smooths the torn edge. He stares at the handwriting—small, cramped, desperate.

No words are spoken. Only the distant murmur of guards laughing in another room.

He opens the faucet. Cold water gushes.

Franz cups his hands and washes his face, slow and deliberate. Over and over.

Drips fall into the sink—water, then blood.

His knuckles are cracked.

He grips the basin again, staring down into the pool forming beneath him.

Behind him, the door creaks open slightly—then closes. Someone may have seen. Or maybe not.

He doesn't turn around.

He simply says, under his breath:

FRANZ
This isn't what I became a soldier
for.

Silence.

He folds the resistance scrap... and pockets it again.

FADE TO:

INT. WOMEN'S BARRACKS - DAY

Muted daylight filters through slats in the wood walls. Marta sits beside ANIKA, both pretending to mend worn shirts.

Marta's fingers tremble slightly as she folds a small piece of linen—something written inside.

MARTA (SOFTLY)
You said they let you scrub laundry
near the clergy barrack.

ANIKA (NODDING)
Thursdays. And Sundays, if they're
short.

MARTA
I need you to carry something. Hide
it in your hem.

ANIKA
What if they search me?

MARTA
Then say you don't read.

She hands over the folded linen.

MARTA (CONT'D)
Give it to the man with the bruised
eye and the wooden rosary. He won't
speak to you, but he'll take it.

Anika hesitates—then tucks it into the hem of her skirt.

ANIKA
Are you starting something?

MARTA
I'm continuing something.

INTERCUT TO:

INT. PRIEST BARRACKS - LATER THAT DAY

Father Tomasz kneels beside a cot, repairing a torn blanket.
His hands are swollen, bandaged.

A GUARD unlocks the door. Prisoners freeze.

Anika enters with a laundry cart.

She begins collecting worn garments.

Their eyes meet. No words exchanged.

She passes close—rops the linen scrap behind the cot.

Tomasz waits. After she's gone, he slowly retrieves it.

Unfolds it.

We don't see what's written. Only his face.

A flicker of recognition. Hope. Resolve.

He presses the linen to his lips like a prayer.

FADE TO:

INT. SS ADMINISTRATION HALL - DAY

A tall-ceilinged room with Nazi flags draped from iron beams. SS OFFICERS and RECRUITS stand in formation. Brass buttons glint under the hard white lights.

At the front, SS CAPTAIN RICHTER addresses the men.

RICHTER

In a time of weakness, we forge
strength. In a time of confusion,
we demand clarity.

He steps toward FRANZ, who stands at attention.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

This man has displayed obedience,
composure, and efficiency under
stress.

Franz doesn't blink. His boots are shined. His uniform perfect.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

Promotion to Scharführer. Effective
immediately.

He pins a new insignia on Franz's collar. Applause follows—sharp and mechanical.

RICHTER (QUIETLY) (CONT'D)

The others are watching. Show them
what reward looks like.

Franz salutes. Nods.

But as the crowd claps again, his eyes drift toward the back of the hall—where a boyish recruit, maybe seventeen, stares at him with open awe.

Franz looks away.

INT. SS LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Franz opens his locker. Inside, folded perfectly, is a fresh uniform tunic with his new rank.

He doesn't put it on.

He just stares at it.

His reflection in the locker's metal glints back at him—fractured, smeared.

FRANZ (V.O.)
If this is what victory looks like...
I want no part of it.

He shuts the locker. Hard.

CUT TO:

EXT. EXECUTION YARD - DUSK

The sky is bruised purple. Snow falls lightly.

A single prisoner kneels beside the wall. Hands bound. Eyes swollen shut from a beating. He's barely conscious.

A rifle is handed to FRANZ.

SS CAPTAIN RICHTER (O.S.)
Your promotion isn't just a pin,
Hartmann. It's a test.

Franz holds the rifle. Heavy. Too heavy.

RICHTER
Orders are orders. This one
attacked a guard. Do your duty.

FRANZ
Is he even awake?

RICHTER
Awake enough to die.

Franz steps forward.

The prisoner lifts his face—barely. One eye opens. It's not Kurt, not Tomasz. Just another anonymous soul.

He doesn't beg. He just waits.

Franz raises the rifle.

Beat.

His finger hovers over the trigger.

Then—he lowers it.

FRANZ

I won't shoot a man who can't
stand.

Gasps from a few nearby guards.

RICHTER

You just pissed on your rank,
Hartmann.

FRANZ

Then take it back.

Franz turns and walks away.

The prisoner exhales. Still alive—for now.

Richter stares after Franz, jaw tight.

RICHTER (TO GUARD)

Finish it.

A single SHOT rings out.

Franz doesn't flinch.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMEN'S BARRACKS - NIGHT

Silence. A breathless stillness.

MARTA lies on her bunk, eyes open. Listening. Not to the
guards outside, but to the unspoken current inside.

Across the room, two women whisper in Polish. Then silence
again.

A third woman, older, leans toward Marta's bunk.

WOMAN (SOFTLY, IN GERMAN)

They say... one of them wouldn't
shoot.

MARTA

Who?

WOMAN

A young one. Clean uniform. Said
no. Walked away.

MARTA

And the prisoner?

Beat.

WOMAN

Didn't last long. But someone still
said no.

Marta stares at the ceiling, mind racing. Her hand slides to her hip, where the hem of her dress hides the next message she's been writing.

MARTA (QUIETLY)

Then maybe it's not just us
anymore.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

A gray office. Filing cabinets. A wall map of the Reich. The smell of ink and mildew.

FRANZ stands at attention before CAPTAIN RICHTER and DR. SEIDEL, who sits to the side, cleaning his spectacles with a cloth.

RICHTER

Do you know what I told Command
this morning?

FRANZ

No, sir.

RICHTER

That we've got a boy here who's
confused. A boy who needs to learn
the difference between a soldier
and a soul searcher.

Franz stays silent.

RICHTER (CONT'D)

If this were '41, I'd put you on a
train to Minsk and let the Red Army
finish your education. But men are
short, and bodies are plenty.

He slides a form across the desk.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
Effective immediately—you're
stripped of rank. You will report
to corpse processing detail under
Sergeant Fuchs. Night shift. No
patrol. No weapon.

FRANZ
Understood.

RICHTER
No—you don't understand. You're
being kept here because you're
expendable. Not valuable. Not
redeemable.

Seidel finishes polishing his glasses.

DR. SEIDEL
There's still value in observation.
Corpses tell us more than
complaints ever will.

Franz meets Seidel's gaze. A thin smile from the doctor.

RICHTER (COLDLY)
Dismissed.

Franz turns. Opens the door.

Before he leaves—

RICHTER (CONT'D)
And Hartmann...

Franz looks back.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
Everyone is watching. Don't make us
watch your funeral.

Franz nods once, then exits.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLOCK X - PRESSURE CHAMBER OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

A sterile room with gleaming metal walls. HISSING valves.
Dials twitch under low red lights. In the center: a square,
coffin-sized chamber with a thick glass window. Inside, a
prisoner sits strapped to a chair, eyes wide, trembling.

Franz enters, flanked by a stone-faced guard. His eyes scan the bizarre instruments. Gauges. Oxygen tanks. Bloodied notes.

DR. SIGMUND RASCHER (40s) stands near the control panel. Neat. Crisp. Radiates cruelty disguised as curiosity.

DR. RASCHER
Ah, Scharführer Hartmann—no, wait.
Just Hartmann now, isn't it?

Franz stiffens.

FRANZ
I was told to assist.

DR. RASCHER
You're here to observe. Assist if
you're able. Learn something,
perhaps.

He turns to the control panel and gently adjusts a valve.

DR. RASCHER (CONT'D)
This cabinet replicates rapid
atmospheric shifts. Altitudes above
15,000 meters... oxygen
deprivation... a void so perfect it
tears lungs from the inside.

Inside the chamber, the prisoner begins to panic. His breath fogs the glass. He claws at the straps.

FRANZ
He volunteered?

DR. RASCHER (DRYLY)
They always do—when given no
choice.

Rascher flicks a switch. The machine WHIRS louder. The dials drop. The prisoner's lips turn blue.

PRISONER (MUFFLED)
Bitte... bitte... (Please...)

Franz takes an unconscious step forward.

FRANZ
He's suffocating.

DR. RASCHER
He's teaching us. Pay attention.

Inside, the prisoner convulses. His mouth opens in a scream—but there's no sound in the vacuum.

Then—he slumps forward. Blood leaks from his ears.

Rascher notes something on a clipboard.

DR. RASCHER (CONT'D)
Six minutes, seventeen seconds.
Below Luftwaffe expectations.

Beat.

FRANZ
That was an execution.

DR. RASCHER
No. It was data.

He gestures to the next subject waiting outside—a young Russian barely twenty, pale, shaking.

DR. RASCHER (CONT'D)
Reset the chamber. Bring him in.

Franz doesn't move.

DR. RASCHER (SHARPER) (CONT'D)
You're here because you failed to
follow orders, Hartmann. Don't make
it a habit.

Franz finally opens the chamber. The dead prisoner tumbles out, eyes glassy. Blood spatters the floor.

Franz kneels, hand trembling, trying to close the man's eyes. They won't stay shut.

DR. RASCHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
If you want redemption, Hartmann...
prove you're worth more than the
corpses.

Franz rises. Cold. Haunted.

INT. BLOCK X - BACK HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Franz staggers out. Leans against the wall. He looks at his blood-stained hands.

The door behind him CLANKS shut.

From within, another WHIR begins.

Franz turns—walks away, stiffly, like a ghost.

INT. BLOCK X - IMMERSION CHAMBER - DAY

Steel walls. A massive vat of freezing water sits center-stage. Condensation fogs the air. Pipes RATTLE above as chilled liquid circulates.

Nearby: a stretcher, folded wool blankets, and a clipboard listing names—all crossed out.

Franz enters with a GUARD. Across the room, DR. RASCHER waits, adjusting his notes. Two naked prisoners, wrists bound in front, shiver nearby, teeth chattering violently.

RASCHER

We'll begin once the temperature
reaches two degrees Celsius.

He glances up.

RASCHER (CONT'D)

Hartmann. You'll monitor pulse and
body reflexes. When I say "remove,"
you will assist with revival.

FRANZ

And if he doesn't revive?

RASCHER

Then you take notes. And prepare
the next.

RASCHER signals to the GUARD. One prisoner is hoisted, chained at the wrists, and slowly lowered into the icy vat.

He gasps. Then SCREAMS.

PRISONER

Mein Gott... es brennt! (My God... it
burns!)

FRANZ winces but moves closer. His breath is visible in the freezing air.

The prisoner thrashes—then weakens.

RASCHER

How long before motor reflexes
fail? Watch the fingers. They're
always first.

FRANZ

This isn't medical science. It's—

A DOOR OPENS SHARPLY.

Silence falls.

A group of high-ranking SS OFFICERS enters—including HEINRICH HIMMLER, dressed immaculately, his pince-nez glinting.

The guards and doctors snap to attention. Even Rascher stiffens.

HIMMLER

Carry on, Doctor.

RASCHER nods. Returns to his work.

Rascher observes a prisoner submerged in a steel tank of freezing water. The man trembles violently, lips blue, eyes wide. Electrodes pulse faintly from his skull.

RASCHER

(clinical)

Extend exposure. Five more minutes.

He scribbles a note as the man's moan is cut short by a convulsion.

RASCHER (CONT'D)

Time elapsed?

FRANZ (QUIETLY)

Four minutes, twelve seconds.

HIMMLER walks slowly to the vat. Peers inside, dispassionately.

HIMMLER

We will need reliable data for the Eastern Front. Pilots will crash. Soldiers will drown. We must know what separates survival from statistics.

He turns to Franz.

HIMMLER (CONT'D)

And you, Hartmann. Are you learning?

Franz's mouth opens—but no sound comes out.

HIMMLER (COLDLY) (CONT'D)
Compassion is inefficient. Remember
that.

The prisoner in the vat slumps, unconscious. Rascher checks
his pulse.

RASCHER
Weak. Begin revival.

He nods at a FEMALE ORDERLY and two women—naked, wrapped in
wool blankets—are ushered forward. Prisoners from
Ravensbrück.

Franz looks away. Ashamed.

The unconscious prisoner is dragged from the vat and placed
between the two women on a wooden cot. One wraps her arms
around him, tears in her eyes.

ORDERLY (TO FRANZ)
Blankets. Now.

Franz obeys silently.

Himmler watches for another beat, then turns.

HIMMLER
Send the results to Berlin. And
make sure the next subject is
Russian. They last longer.

He exits. The air feels heavier in his wake.

INT. GUARD BARRACKS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Franz sits alone at a desk. The revival charts sit before
him. Blank lines. Ink-stained fingers.

A knock at the door.

He opens it. Father Tomasz stands there—face bruised, eyes
red.

FATHER TOMASZ
We heard the name Rascher again. It
means someone's about to disappear.

Franz stares at him, breath unsteady.

FRANZ
Why do you keep praying?

FATHER TOMASZ
Because men like him keep
breathing.

Franz looks at the papers. Then back to Tomasz.

FRANZ
If I gave you names—would you
remember them?

FATHER TOMASZ
Every one.

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FATHER TOMASZ
Every one.

INT. BLOCK X - BLOOD COAGULATION LAB - DAY

A sterile white room—more clinic than dungeon. Stainless steel tables. Vials. A centrifuge hums.

DR. RASCHER stands over a restrained PRISONER—arms and legs secured to a surgical gurney. A shallow pan of blood rests on a tray nearby.

RASCHER
The tablets were administered this morning?

ORDERLY
Yes, Doctor. 300 milligrams. Empty stomach.

Rascher nods. He inserts a needle into the prisoner's arm and draws blood with clinical ease.

FRANZ, standing off to the side, watches stiffly.

RASCHER (TO FRANZ)
Bring the sample to the analyzer. Carefully. That blood is time-sensitive.

Franz steps forward, eyes on the restrained man.

The prisoner turns his head slightly—

It's the same man Franz failed to protect in the trench-digging yard. The one who asked him, "Do they beat you when you fall?"

Their eyes meet again.

The prisoner tries to speak—his lips cracked, barely forming words.

PRISONER (WHISPERS)
I remember you.

Franz freezes. The vial trembles in his grip.

RASCHER
Now, Hartmann.

Franz carries the sample to a coagulation timer, hands shaking.

Rascher tightens straps around the man's legs.

RASCHER (TO ORDERLY) (CONT'D)
We'll create a laceration just below the kneecap. Note time to clotting.

The scalpel glints under the overhead light.

The prisoner gasps—not in fear, but with quiet, tired defiance.

PRISONER

It's not the dying that frightens me... it's what you call living.

Rascher doesn't blink.

RASCHER

The body lies. The blood tells the truth.

He slices. A small but deep wound. Blood flows.

Franz watches the red line on the chart begin to form—ticking forward.

Tick... tick... tick...

ORDERLY

Pulse dropping.

RASCHER

Good. That means we're close to the threshold.

Franz looks away.

But the prisoner speaks again, his voice barely audible:

PRISONER

You could stop this. Just one switch. One lie on paper.

Franz doesn't answer.

RASCHER (TO FRANZ)

If it clots before 45 seconds, the dosage is confirmed. If not... we'll retry with the next subject.

He pulls a second sheet from the clipboard. Another name.

RASCHER (CONT'D)

We have sixteen scheduled today. Maybe more.

Franz slowly lowers his pen. The line flattens. The clotting failed.

The prisoner exhales.

Rascher makes a quick note.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
 Unsuccessful. But the patient died.

He says it like he's announcing the weather.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE CELLAR - NIGHT

Franz sits in near darkness, hidden beneath the stairs near the furnace room. A single candle stub burns on the floor.

In his lap: a small notebook, the kind prisoners used to smuggle coded messages. Inside: names, times, wounds, deaths.

He adds another name "just a number now.

The page is bloodstained.

He hesitates. Then, for the first time, he writes the name of a guard. His own.

"Hartmann, F."

He stares at it.

Then turns the page.

INT. CORPSE PROCESSING BLOCK - NIGHT

A cavernous, cold room. Dim overhead lights buzz. The air is thick with disinfectant, rot, and burnt hair.

FRANZ stands beside two other SS men—SGT. FUCHS (50s, brutish) and a YOUNGER GUARD (20s, blank-faced). Before them: a heap of bodies, dumped like garbage.

Some are stiff. Others still twitch faintly.

SGT. FUCHS
 Night shift's easy. Just sort and tag.

He pulls out a clipboard. The younger guard stifles a yawn.

SGT. FUCHS (CONT'D)
 This stack goes to Barrack X. The others go to the ovens. Strip 'em first. Uniforms get laundered. Teeth go in the bucket.

He kicks a steel pail at Franz's feet—half-filled with gold teeth.

Franz stares.

SGT. FUCHS (CONT'D)

Don't look like that. They won't need 'em where they're going.

He drags a corpse by the wrists toward a nearby chute.

FRANZ

Some of them... aren't dead.

SGT. FUCHS

That's the medic's job. Ours is to clear the floor.

YOUNGER GUARD

Last week one grabbed my boot. Just reflex. Like a chicken.

He laughs. Fuchs joins in.

Franz kneels beside a body—a woman, maybe late twenties. Her eyes are open, staring.

He moves to close her eyelids—then sees her chest rise. Barely.

FRANZ

She's breathing.

SGT. FUCHS

Not for long. If she's still twitching when the cart comes, they'll call it mercy.

Franz stands.

FRANZ

That's murder.

FUCHS

That's the job.

He slaps a label on her leg—black ink smudged across "Unfit - Disposal Approved."

FUCHS (CONT'D)

We don't kill here, Hartmann. We clean up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CREMATORIUM YARD - PRE-DAWN

A wheeled cart loaded with corpses rolls across the snow. Franz and the younger guard push from the rear. The wheels bump over uneven ground.

In the distance, the furnaces glow, faint orange against the purple sky.

They pass a group of prisoners in striped uniforms, hauling coal.

A PRISONER with sunken eyes meets Franz's gaze as he passes.

PRISONER (QUIETLY)
You still think you're not one of
us?

Franz doesn't answer.

The cart halts at the door to Barrack X.

An SS OFFICER emerges. He lifts the tarp on the pile, inspects the bodies.

SS OFFICER
This batch goes straight inside.
Rascher wants samples.

Franz blinks.

FRANZ
Samples?

SS OFFICER
Kidneys. Livers. Skin. Doesn't
matter. They'll get catalogued.

He waves them in.

Franz doesn't move.

YOUNGER GUARD
You gonna stand there all morning?

Franz grips the handle.

FAINT SOUND - A COUGH.

He looks down. One of the bodies—a boy, no more than 15—coughs blood.

Eyes flutter open. Barely alive.

Franz stares, frozen.

FRANZ
He's alive.

SS OFFICER (SHRUGS)
Not for long.

The furnace door swings open.

Franz steps back.

The boy's eyes meet his—pleading, terrified, lucid.

BOY (GASPS)
Bitte... nicht...

Franz can't breathe.

FLASH CUT TO:

The prayer circle in the priest barrack.

Marta hiding messages in threadbare clothes.

The prisoner in the ice tub whispering, "Tell them I prayed."

BACK TO PRESENT:

Franz grabs the tarp, yanks it over the boy's face.

FRANZ
He's dead.

A beat.

The officer nods, satisfied.

The cart continues forward—into the belly of hell.

Franz turns away.

He doesn't cry.

He doesn't speak.

But his hand—hidden in his coat—clenches tight around the note from Tomasz.

INT. WOMEN'S BARRACKS - NIGHT

MARTA huddles with ANIKA and an older woman, GRETA (50s), her voice low, urgent.

MARTA

The coded phrases are ready. Names are initials only. Tomasz will pass them to others inside the priest block.

She unfolds a small patch of linen, edges frayed. Hidden beneath the stitching—a list of prisoners, a map, and dates.

ANIKA

Why now?

MARTA

The Luftwaffe arrives next week. Rascher wants a demonstration. If they see how easily we die, they'll never ask how.

GRETA nods grimly.

GRETA

Then it's time we start asking back.

Marta cuts the stitching open with a sharpened hairpin. Hands the cloth to Anika.

MARTA

Same path. Laundry cart. Make sure it gets to Tomasz.

ANIKA (QUIETLY)

And if it doesn't?

MARTA

Then you'll still have done something. And that's more than most ever get to say.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIEST BARRACKS - EARLY MORNING

The air is colder here. Frost clings to the corners of the bunk frames.

FATHER TOMASZ kneels in prayer, whispering Latin under his breath.

The door opens. A GUARD enters with the laundry girl—Anika. He waves her in, distracted.

She sets down a bundle of shirts, clearly trembling.

Tomasz rises. As she turns to go, he nods once.

After the guard exits, Tomasz retrieves the bundle. Within it—the stitched cloth, now unrolled.

He hides it beneath the mattress and crosses himself.

TOMASZ (WHISPERING)
Domine... da nobis pacem... et
patientiam.

He looks to the door.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)
And the courage to die with
purpose.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP INFIRMARY - DAY

Rows of skeletal men line the cots, their chests rising shallowly. A nurse secures leather straps on a whimpering prisoner.

FRANZ
(quiet, shaken)
He won't survive another round.

NURSE
(without emotion)
That's not our concern.

Rows of filthy beds. Prisoners cough blood into rags. A sickly sweet stench of chloroform and gangrene hangs in the air.

FRANZ pushes a cart of discarded linens. He stops when he sees:

DR. RASCHER, barking at a nurse and two assistants.

RASCHER
We test the new suits tonight. If
they don't survive four hours,
they're defective.

He turns to Franz.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
You. Corpse boy. You're on standby.
We may need you after the fourth
hour.

FRANZ
Yes, Herr Doctor.

As Rascher turns away, Franz's eyes fall to the clipboard in the assistant's hand—

"List of Subjects - Flight Suit Trial #11."

Kurt Weisel's name is second.

Franz stiffens.

The clipboard is set down, unattended.

Beat.

He inches forward—rips a page from the bottom of his own pocket pad, folds it neatly, and slips it in place of the real list.

The original list disappears into his coat.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIEST BARRACKS - THAT NIGHT

TOMASZ reads by candlelight. A quiet knock.

The door creaks open—Franz enters, alone, face pale.

He kneels beside Tomasz, silently holds out the stolen list.

Tomasz takes it. Eyes scan the names. His jaw tightens.

TOMASZ
How?

FRANZ
Rascher thinks I'm dead inside.
That's useful.

A beat.

TOMASZ
It won't save them all.

FRANZ
Then maybe it saves one.
(Softer)
Or maybe it condemns me. But I'm
not letting them burn alone.

Tomasz folds the list, hides it in his Bible.

TOMASZ
Then let's begin.

INT. CAMP INFIRMARY - NIGHT

The air hangs thick with antiseptic and despair. Rows of cots line the walls—moaning prisoners lie motionless under thin blankets.

Franz moves quietly between them, pushing a cart of linens. He checks a clipboard—names, codes, locations. But he's not reading for orders. He's searching for one.

He slows beside Kurt Weisel's cot. Kurt is barely conscious, a bandage over his temple, eyes sunken.

KURT
(hoarse)
Didn't think you'd be the one
pushing sheets.

FRANZ
They demoted me. Night shift. Trash
detail.

KURT
(smirks weakly)
Fitting. You're finally swimming
with the rest of us.

Franz sits beside him, glancing around. No guards nearby.

FRANZ
You're on Rascher's list. For the
flight suit test.

Kurt doesn't react. Just stares up at the ceiling.

KURT
I've seen the suits. Stiff canvas.
Waterlogged death sentences.

FRANZ
I can get you moved. Falsify a
transfer. Maybe the clergy block—

KURT
(interrupting)
No.

Beat.

KURT (CONT'D)
You start pulling names... people
will notice. That's how they catch
hope—when it sticks out.

FRANZ
Then what do I do?

KURT
Not everything is a rescue.
Sometimes... it's just a record. A
witness. A second set of eyes.

Franz looks away.

KURT (CONT'D)
You write, don't you?

Franz nods faintly.

KURT (CONT'D)
Then write me down.
(smiling faintly)
And spell my name right.

He closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. BLOCK X - NIGHT

Franz stands alone in the corridor outside the pressure
chamber. The hum of machines echoes through the metal walls.

From inside, muffled screams. A fist pounds weakly against
glass.

DR. SEIDEL emerges from the lab, removing his gloves. He
doesn't even look at Franz.

DR. SEIDEL
The lungs collapsed at 3 minutes,
58 seconds. A new record.
(beat)
Tell Rascher. He'll want it for the
Berlin report.

He walks off without another word.

Franz doesn't move.

Then, slowly, he pulls a folded scrap of paper from his
pocket.

He unfolds it--the resistance ledger.

He writes:

"Unnamed. Male. Approx. 30. Pressure chamber. March 17."

He waits.

Then adds:

"Face swollen. Eyes open. Never stopped screaming."

INT. CAMP LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

The room steams with heat and sweat. Prisoners scrub blood-stained uniforms in troughs of gray water. Piles of SS coats sit like silent witnesses.

MARTA hauls a soaked bundle from the vat. Her fingers raw, bleeding.

Across the room, GRETA kneels beside a sewing machine. She motions Marta over.

GRETA

The dye you asked for--hidden in the lining. One coat per day, no more.

MARTA

That's enough.

She pulls a needle from a hidden fold of cloth.

GRETA

You sure this is worth the risk?

MARTA

If one of them wears our message...
in plain sight...

(beat)

It's worth everything.

She begins stitching.

INT. BLOCK X - BIOPSY LAB - DAY

Franz enters with a fresh cart of "subjects." The room is spotless. Sterile. Sinister.

DR. RASCHER slices a liver on a metal tray, humming.

RASCHER
We're switching to live extraction.
Orders from Himmler. Better enzyme
readings.

Franz stiffens.

FRANZ
They won't survive it.

RASCHER
Neither did our pilots. That's the
point.

He glances at Franz.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
You're unusually talkative lately.

Franz doesn't answer.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
Should I worry you've become...
invested?

FRANZ
I'm just... recording results.

Rascher smiles faintly.

RASCHER
Then record this.
(gestures to the next
victim)
We'll test without anesthetic.

INT. PRIEST BARRACKS - NIGHT

Father Tomasz opens the latest bundle of laundry from the
women's block. Inside: a stitched Nazi patch-coated with
faint blue ink.

He holds it to the candlelight.

Tiny script is etched in the seam:

"We know who dies. We will name who kills."

Tomasz exhales, shaken. He crosses himself.

INT. GUARD BARRACKS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Franz scribbles frantically in his ledger. He's not copying orders now—he's chronicling atrocities. Names. Experiments. Notes.

He flips to the back page. In the center, he writes:

"What is remembered lives."

The door creaks.

MARTA enters—her face gaunt, eyes blazing.

FRANZ

How did you—

MARTA

Your Corporal plays cards with mine. Doors open for cigarettes.

She sets a bundle on his bunk.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Inside are the first names. Clergy, Romani, Jews. Sealed in wax. You get them to Tomasz. Tomorrow.

FRANZ

And after tomorrow?

MARTA

After that... we burn louder.

She leaves without another word.

INT. BLOCK X - PRE-DAWN

Franz returns the next morning. New clipboard. Same stench.

But something's different.

A corpse on the table has a red X painted on his chest—not from medical ink, but a symbol Marta's crew designed.

Franz stares.

It's proof.

They've infiltrated the medical corpses. The message is clear:

We see you.

INT. SS CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME DAY

A hush over the room. RICHTER, RASCHER, and two LUFTWAFFE OFFICERS stand around a model chart of the camp.

LUFTWAFFE OFFICER
This demonstration... it's essential
for our Arctic campaign.

RASCHER
They'll see what they came for.

RICHTER
What they must see... is that
resistance is illusion.

Behind the door, Franz listens silently, eyes flickering with fury.

INT. CORPSE CELLAR - NIGHT

Franz lights a candle, opens his ledger.

He writes a new title across the front:

The Camp of Wolves

Witness Notes - Hartmann, F.

He tucks it behind the pipes—sealed in oilcloth.

Just in case.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLOCK X - STORAGE CLOSET - LATER THAT NIGHT

Franz slips inside the narrow space lit only by a single hanging bulb.

He opens the satchel Marta delivered—inside: wax-sealed envelopes, cloth tags with ID numbers, and a torn corner of an SS personnel roster.

He unfolds a cloth scrap. Stitched in faint black thread:

"THE WORLD WILL KNOW."

Franz exhales. Shaken but resolved.

He pulls a small tin from beneath the shelf—unscrews the lid.

Inside: his hidden notes.

He adds the newest names.

Then seals the lid, tucks it back beneath the floorboards.

EXT. PRISON YARD - EARLY MORNING

A thick fog hangs over the camp. The PA system crackles to life.

VOICE (V.O.)
All personnel to readiness
stations. Transport inspection
begins at dawn.

Prisoners line up for roll call. Silent. Hollow-eyed.

Franz walks the line, clipboard in hand. His boots splash through puddles of blood-tinged meltwater.

He approaches Kurt Weisel, who now limps visibly.

FRANZ (LOW)
You're not scheduled today.

KURT
They changed it. Said I looked
sturdy. Must be the limp.

Franz glances around. Slips something small into Kurt's hand—a scrap of folded linen.

FRANZ
Pass it to the priest. No names
spoken.

KURT (DRYLY)
Funny. I used to pass letters to
editors.

Now it's to God.

INT. BLOCK X - PREP ROOM - LATER

Two PRISONERS are dressed in prototype flight suits, wrists chained, lifejackets inflated. A huge vat of icy water churns behind them.

RASCHER checks a stopwatch. Assistants scribble data on clipboards.

RASCHER
Flight Suit Trial #12. Initial body
temp—?

ASSISTANT
Thirty-six-point-four Celsius.

Franz steps into the room.

Rascher doesn't look up.

RASCHER
You're early. Curious?

FRANZ
Watching men drown used to make me
sick.

Now I just take notes.

RASCHER (SMIRKS)
That's growth.

The first prisoner is lowered into the vat.

A muffled gasp. His body tenses. Then begins to thrash.

Rascher speaks calmly over the screams.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
If the bladder fails, the suit's
useless.

Note discoloration of the lips.

FRANZ
You're noting trauma. Not
protection.

RASCHER
I'm noting truth.

The prisoner begins to convulse.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
Four hours. Or until cessation of
response.

Whichever comes first.

He turns to Franz.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
Think you can last four hours,
Hartmann?

Franz doesn't answer.

But his hand slides discreetly into his coat—fingering the folded roster list he stole the day before.

INT. PRIEST BARRACKS - THAT NIGHT

Father Tomasz unfolds the list Franz delivered.

His lips move in silence—reading name after name. All slated for testing.

He turns the paper over. Scrawled in faint ink:

"Not if we burn the lab first."

Tomasz closes his eyes.

Then slowly, carefully, tears the list into two pieces—and hands one to the prisoner beside him.

TOMASZ
It's time we remind them what fire
can do.

INT. GUARD MESS HALL - SAME NIGHT

A dozen SS GUARDS drink and laugh.

Franz sits at a side table alone. His tray untouched.

Across the room, RICHTER enters—coat damp with snow, cap under his arm.

RICHTER
Command inspection tomorrow.
Uniforms pressed. Boots shined.
Blood cleaned.

The laughter dies down.

Franz's gaze drifts to the corner—where a janitorial cart sits near the door.

Inside it: a laundry bag. One corner is marked subtly with blue ink stitching—Marta's signature.

Franz rises. Picks up his tray.

On his way out, he lifts the bag without a word.

INT. WOMEN'S BARRACKS - LATE NIGHT

Marta crouches beside Anika, unrolling a new hand-drawn map of Block X—air vents, incinerators, chemical storage.

MARTA

Three entry points. One guard rotation every hour.

But the flame? That'll be the trick.

GRETA

We don't need fire. We need proof.

MARTA

We need both.

She opens a cloth bundle—inside: small glass vials with oil-soaked wicks.

Improvised firebombs.

MARTA (QUIETLY) (CONT'D)

You show them bodies, they'll say disease.

But you show them smoke?

You'll choke their lies.

Anika shivers, eyes wide.

ANIKA

Will it hurt?

MARTA

Not as much as watching and doing nothing.

EXT. CAMP YARD - NIGHT

Heavy snow falls. Spotlights sweep across the compound, halos of light cutting through the fog.

INT. CORPSE PROCESSING BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Franz moves silently among the body carts. His coat is dusted with frost. A clipboard clutched tightly in his gloved hands.

He checks each corpse for identifiers, quietly tagging the ankles. One prisoner's eyes flutter open as Franz approaches.

PRISONER (WEAKLY)
Please... please...

Franz kneels beside him. The man is bleeding from the nose, barely conscious.

FRANZ
What's your name?

The man doesn't respond—only blinks. Franz marks the clipboard.

FRANZ (V.O.)
They taught us names didn't matter.
Numbers were cleaner. Easier to
dispose of. But I remember this
one. Blue scarf. A cough like
gravel. He used to hum when he
worked.

Franz places a blanket over the man. It's the only one.

CUT TO:

INT. BLOCK X - PRESSURE CHAMBER - NEXT DAY

Rascher prepares for another trial. Charts. Assistants. A new prisoner strapped in.

FRANZ stands in the corner, holding a logbook. Rascher reads off the metrics.

RASCHER
Altitude simulation: 17,000 meters.
Oxygen intake: reduced in 30-second
intervals.

He flicks a dial. The hum begins. The prisoner tenses.

RASCHER (TO FRANZ) (CONT'D)
Note pupil dilation. Pay attention
to vein pressure around the
temples.

Franz doesn't write. He watches.

Rascher notices.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
You're not recording.

FRANZ

There's nothing left to record. You already know what happens.

RASCHER (COLDLY)

Then document the inevitability.
Berlin expects thoroughness.

The prisoner begins to convulse.

FRANZ (V.O.)

This one had no name either. Just a mark on his file. Russian. Saboteur. Twenty-two. I counted the blinks before he stopped breathing.

The machine continues to hiss.

Franz turns his head.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIEST BARRACKS - NIGHT

TOMASZ and two others whisper by candlelight. A hidden map is spread between them.

TOMASZ

The outer wall by the laundry carts. Weakest point. If we create a diversion in the medical lab—

PRISONER #1

We'll need someone outside to disable the spotlight grid.

TOMASZ

Franz may help. If he survives the week.

PRISONER #2

You trust him?

TOMASZ

No. But I believe he's trying to find something left of himself.

A distant scream cuts through the barrack walls. They all freeze.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)
And time is running out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP INFIRMARY - NEXT MORNING

A new shipment of frostbite victims lie groaning on cots. A NURSE peels a sock from one man's foot--his toes are black.

Franz enters quietly. He sets down a tray of gauze and iodine.

RASCHER (O.S.)
You're early.

Franz turns. Rascher stands in the doorway, holding a folder.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
We're trialing the seawater
ingestion protocol today.
Starvation begins now. No food.
Just saline.

FRANZ
That will kill them.

RASCHER
Only the weak ones. We need
baseline readings.

He hands Franz the folder. A list of 90 names.

Franz glances through them. Several marked "Romani." Some marked "children."

FRANZ
There are minors on here.

RASCHER
Their physiology is valuable. Youth
adapts differently. If they die
slower, that tells us something
too.

Franz lowers the folder.

FRANZ
They won't survive the week.

RASCHER
Then take comfort. Their deaths
will be efficient.

He walks off.

Franz looks down at the list.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. WOMEN'S BARRACKS - NIGHT

MARTA passes along another hidden note. Anika hides it in a shoe heel. Greta nods.

GRETA

We move soon. Before the next demonstration. The message is spreading. Prague. Warsaw. Even neutral hands.

MARTA

It's not enough. We need the world to hear before the ovens drown us out.

GRETA

Then we make them listen.

CUT TO:

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT

Franz stands post under a moonlit sky. He opens his coat pocket, pulls out the bloodstained notebook.

One page left.

He writes a final name. A final number. Then adds his own again—crossing it out.

He closes the book.

FRANZ (V.O.)

Not for redemption. Not for revenge. Just so someone, somewhere, someday... remembers.

FADE OUT.

EXT. BLOCK X - REAR LOADING AREA - NIGHT

A faint snowfall. The rear of Block X is quiet—no guards in sight. A pair of searchlights sweep lazily across the grounds.

Franz steps into view, glancing both ways. He clutches a wrench and a folded schematic—the tunnel map Tomasz had drawn.

He kneels beside a drainage grate, concealed beneath frost and leaves. With effort, he pries it open.

INT. UTILITY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Franz crawls inside, flashlight clenched between his teeth. The walls are damp, carved decades ago. Pipes hiss above him. Rats skitter.

He stops at a junction—three paths. One marked with chalk: "L" for Laundry.

He takes it.

INT. LAUNDRY BUILDING - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The tunnel ends beneath the camp's laundry room. A rusted ladder leads up.

Franz climbs. Emerges inside a storage room stacked with linens.

He cracks open the door and peeks out—guards shuffle on the far side, unaware.

INT. WOMEN'S BARRACKS - SAME TIME

MARTA readies her group—Anika, Greta, and two others. Each woman carries a bundle of laundry. Hidden within—messages, wire cutters, scraps of food.

MARTA

To the laundry. Slowly. When the bell rings, we move.

They nod.

EXT. LAUNDRY YARD - MOMENTS LATER

The women exit the barrack, stepping in rhythm. A GUARD scans them, then waves them through. They vanish inside the laundry building.

INT. LAUNDRY BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Franz emerges from the shadows.

MARTA (WHISPERING)
Is it clear?

FRANZ
For now.

He pulls open the trapdoor.

GRETA
We won't all fit.

FRANZ
Go in pairs. Fifteen minutes apart.
By morning, no one will know who
left when.

They begin descending.

INT. UTILITY TUNNEL - LATER

Greta and another woman scurry forward, hands brushing the walls. In the distance—whispers. Then light.

They reach a junction—Father Tomasz and three men wait.

TOMASZ
Go. Follow the curve to the
culvert. Past that—it's the woods.

GRETA (SOFTLY)
What about the others?

TOMASZ
We'll be right behind.

She nods, disappears into the dark.

INT. BLOCK X - PRESSURE CHAMBER - SAME TIME

Rascher prepares another test. A young woman is strapped in. An assistant adjusts the controls.

RASCHER
Altitude: 20,000 meters.

He flips the switch—

—but nothing happens. The chamber lights flicker. Power fails.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
What the hell—

INT. CAMP POWER ROOM - SAME TIME

Franz slams a pipe into the backup generator's fuse box.
Sparks fly.

EXT. CAMP YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Lights across the camp dim. Searchlights shut off. Guards shout.

SIRENS BLARE.

INT. SS COMMAND OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

RICHTER storms in, furious.

RICHTER
Find Hartmann. Now!

INT. UTILITY TUNNEL - SAME TIME

Franz meets Tomasz at the junction. Last in line.

TOMASZ
You'll need to go now. They'll lock
it all down within the hour.

FRANZ
You first.

TOMASZ
I'm not the one they'll shoot on
sight.

Franz hesitates.

Then:

He pulls the trapdoor closed behind them.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WOODED RAVINE - PRE-DAWN

Low fog crawls across the tree line. The tunnel exit gapes open at the base of a hill—just beyond the camp's perimeter.

One by one, survivors emerge—Greta, Anika, Marta, Tomasz, and the others—drenched, shivering, but free.

Franz is last. He scans the trees.

TOMASZ

(softly)

We need to move. They'll check the forest first.

A distant SHOUT. Then gunfire.

MARTA

Come on!

They vanish into the woods.

INT. BLOCK X - MEDICAL LAB - DAWN

Rascher rages, throwing charts and smashed vials across the floor.

RASCHER

Sabotage! This entire section must be locked down!

An ASSISTANT enters, panicked.

ASSISTANT

Sir—ten bodies missing from today's list. Women and clergy. All unaccounted for.

Rascher freezes. Then whispers:

RASCHER

Hartmann.

EXT. CAMP PERIMETER - LATER

SS patrols sweep the edge of the forest. Dogs bark. Spotlights blaze.

Footprints vanish into the frost.

A TRACKER kneels, studies a crushed blade of grass.

TRACKER
They split. Two directions.

RICHTER (O.S.)
Then we chase both.

Richter arrives, eyes bloodshot. A beat.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
Bring Rascher with you. Let him see
the damage his science couldn't
prevent.

EXT. OLD RAIL BRIDGE - EARLY MORNING

Franz leads the survivors under an abandoned railway trestle,
hidden by vines and shadow. A trickle of water runs below.

Tomasz stumbles—Marta catches him.

FRANZ
We rest for ten minutes. No fires.
No voices above a whisper.

Marta approaches.

MARTA
What's the plan after this?

FRANZ
There's a farm three miles west.
The owner helped someone once.
Maybe he still remembers how.

MARTA
And if he doesn't?

FRANZ
Then we keep walking. South.
Switzerland's a week away if we
live that long.

TOMASZ (O.S.)
Then let's live that long.

Franz allows the faintest smile.

INT. CAMP - RASCHER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Rascher stands before Himmler, who listens, unmoved.

RASCHER

I need more men. We've lost weeks
of data-subjects, notes, test
environments.

HIMMLER

You lost control, Doctor.

He sets a folder down-Franz's file.

HIMMLER (CONT'D)

This one knew more than you
thought.

RASCHER

Give me two days. I'll find him.

HIMMLER

You have one.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SUNSET

The group crawls through a frozen field toward a shuttered
barn.

A BOY (10) stands in the doorway, holding a lantern.

He doesn't scream.

He just nods once-then opens the barn door wider.

MARTA (TO FRANZ)

Looks like someone remembers.

FADE OUT.

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thought.

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HIMMLER
You have one.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SUNSET

The group crawls through a frozen field toward a shuttered barn.

A BOY (10) stands in the doorway, holding a lantern.

He doesn't scream.

He just nods once—then opens the barn door wider.

MARTA (TO FRANZ)
Looks like someone remembers.

FADE OUT.

INT. FARMHOUSE BARN - NIGHT

The survivors huddle in the hayloft, wrapped in old burlap sacks and moth-eaten quilts. The boy's MOTHER (40s, wary but kind) ladles soup into tin cups. A rooster clucks somewhere in the rafters.

Franz sits near the doorway, rifle across his lap. Every creak of wind outside has his eyes darting.

MOTHER
I don't want to know names. If
someone knocks, you never stayed
here.

She moves to Marta, pressing a steaming cup into her hands.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
But there's a priest among you. I
saw the collar.
(beat)
Say a prayer for my husband. The
Reich took him in '42. Never sent
him back.

FATHER TOMASZ
He's not forgotten.

She nods once and retreats to her own corner.

Anika curls beside Greta, who strokes her hair. Marta leans against a post, sipping slowly.

Franz stares out through a crack in the wood, into the dark.

MARTA (SOFTLY)
You're allowed to rest too.

FRANZ
Rest is for after.

She watches him. A long silence. Then:

MARTA
If we make it—if we cross the
border—what will you be?

Franz doesn't answer.

MARTA (CONT'D)
You can't go back to being a
soldier.

FRANZ
I'm not sure I was ever one.

MARTA
Then start being whatever comes
next.

He finally looks at her.

FRANZ
You sound like someone who believes
there's a next.

MARTA
There has to be.

FAINT IN THE DISTANCE—a single SHOT echoes through the forest.

Everyone freezes.

Franz grips the rifle tighter.

FRANZ
They're close.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FARMHOUSE BARN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Dim moonlight filters through the cracks in the wood slats. The barn is old but dry. Hay is stacked high. The group is huddled in scattered pockets—some asleep, others keeping watch.

Franz sits with Tomasz, sharing a tin cup of weak broth.

TOMASZ
This is the first time I've seen
stars without barbed wire in the
way.

Franz glances up at the rafters.

FRANZ
Funny. I used to feel safer behind
the wire.

TOMASZ
Because you thought it protected
you from monsters.
(beat)
Turns out the wire just kept them
in.

Franz doesn't reply.

Across the barn, Marta tends to a wounded woman with a fevered brow. Anika curls against Greta, shivering.

MARTA (TO FRANZ)
The girl needs warmth. Blankets, if
there are any.

Franz rises, scanning the barn. Finds a threadbare saddle blanket in the corner. He walks it over, hands it to Marta without a word.

She catches his eye.

MARTA (CONT'D)
You don't have to carry all of it.

FRANZ
Yes, I do.

He walks away before she can answer.

INT. BARN LOFT - NIGHT

Creaking wood. Wind whistles through the slats. The survivors huddle in the loft above the livestock, wrapped in old quilts. Steam rises from their breath.

Franz sits at the edge, staring out through a cracked board at the dark horizon. Marta climbs up beside him.

MARTA

You didn't have to come this far.

FRANZ

Didn't know how not to.

A pause. Below, Anika sleeps curled next to Greta, murmuring softly in her dreams.

MARTA

What if this is it? Just running.
Hiding.
No justice. No reckoning.

FRANZ

Then we leave behind the ones
who'll make it right.

She studies him. Then quietly—

MARTA

You ever wonder if God forgives
people like you?

FRANZ

Every hour.
(beat)
But I don't think He's listening
anymore.

Marta reaches into her coat. Pulls out a folded page—Franz's own handwriting, one of the names he recorded.

MARTA

Tomasz kept it. Said it might
remind you who you were trying to
be.

Franz looks down at the page. The candlelight flickers. His name is near the top.

FRANZ

He shouldn't have kept this.

MARTA

He said it wasn't a list of the
dead.

It was a confession. And a map.

Outside, the soft RUMBLE of a distant truck. Lights sweep
across the distant road.

Franz rises.

FRANZ

We'll move again before dawn.

MARTA

We always do.

She watches him descend the ladder. Then looks at the list
again—folds it tight.

FADE TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SUNSET

The group crawls through a frozen field toward a shuttered
barn.

A BOY (10) stands in the doorway, holding a lantern.

He doesn't scream.

He just nods once—then opens the barn door wider.

MARTA (TO FRANZ)

Looks like someone remembers.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Dim lantern light casts shadows on wooden beams. The
survivors rest among hay bales and old farming tools. Anika
leans against Greta, already asleep.

Franz kneels beside a small basin, washing dried blood from
his hands. Marta approaches, her voice hushed.

MARTA

How long can we stay?

FRANZ

Till the boy's father returns. Then
we'll know if we're safe—or moving
again.

She sits beside him.

MARTA

You know Rascher won't stop.

FRANZ

No. But he bleeds like anyone else.

A beat. The barn creaks with the wind.

TOMASZ (O.S.)

We should pray.

They turn to find Tomasz, seated with his hands folded. He
glances at Franz.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

Not for deliverance. For resolve.

Franz meets his gaze. Then nods.

FADE TO:

EXT. DACHAU CAMP - NIGHT

Searchlights sweep over the empty barracks. Rascher storms
through Block X with two guards.

RASCHER

He thinks he can run. He thinks
conscience redeems betrayal.

He opens a drawer—Franz's old notebook. Names. Notes.
Evidence.

RASCHER (CONT'D)

But every man has a threshold.
We'll find his.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Everyone sleeps—except Franz.

He sits by the barn door, rifle across his knees. Through a
crack in the wood, he watches the treeline.

The list of names sits in his lap.

He reads them—each one.

Then folds the page. Tucks it inside his coat.

FRANZ (V.O.)

I thought the flames would end with
the furnaces. But the real fire...
lives inside those who remember.
Who carry names forward. Who refuse
silence.

A soft SNOW begins outside.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - PRE-DAWN

A narrow dirt road twists along the edge of a forested hill.
The sky is a bruised purple. Snow falls gently, blanketing
the ground.

An OLD TRUCK rattles down the road—its exhaust coughing in
the cold. Behind the wheel: the FARMER, late 50s, jaw tight.
His SON (the boy from the barn) rides beside him.

In the truck bed, hidden beneath a tarp, FRANZ, MARTA, ANIKA,
GRETA, and FATHER TOMASZ lie silent. Breaths shallow. Eyes
wide.

The truck slows.

Up ahead: a checkpoint. Two GERMAN SOLDIERS wave flashlights.

FARMER (GRUNTING)

Wood delivery. East sector.

One soldier peers in the cab. The other walks around back,
tapping the tarp with his rifle.

SOLDIER

What's under the canvas?

FARMER

Tools. Maybe a rabbit if I was
lucky this morning.

The soldier narrows his eyes. Pauses.

Then—waves him through.

SOLDIER
Move along. Watch for ice.

The truck rumbles past.

INT. TRUCK BED - MOMENTS LATER

Franz exhales. Marta grips his hand tightly. Anika stifles a cough.

FRANZ (WHISPERS)
That was too close.

TOMASZ
So is freedom.

EXT. FOREST PATH - LATER

The truck is gone. The group now treks on foot—snow crunching beneath worn boots.

The trees open to a VAST RIDGE, revealing distant lights of a village below.

GRETA
That's Switzerland.

Tears fill her eyes.

FRANZ
It's just a few more miles.

Suddenly—a FLARE streaks the sky behind them.

They all turn.

MARTA
They've found the truck.

FRANZ
Run.

They do.

EXT. FOREST RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The group barrels downhill—branches whipping past. In the distance, a HUNTING DOG BARKS.

Gunshots CRACK behind them.

Franz turns and FIRES once—then again.

MARTA

Come on!

Anika stumbles—Tomasz catches her.

TOMASZ

Don't stop.

They disappear into the trees.

FADE IN:

EXT. BAVARIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

The rising sun stains the snow-covered fields in hues of pale orange and gold.

A train whistle echoes distantly.

INT. BARN - MORNING

The group stirs slowly. Frost clings to the window panes. Anika wraps herself tighter in a wool blanket.

Franz paces quietly, scanning the horizon through a small slat in the barn wall.

BOY (O.S.)

He's back.

Franz turns. The farmer from the photo steps into view—gray beard, deep creases on his face, tired but not surprised.

FARMER

You've brought ghosts to my doorstep.

FRANZ

They're not ghosts. Not yet.

The farmer nods, solemn.

FARMER

The border's closer now than your past. But not by much.

He tosses Franz a folded map.

FARMER (CONT'D)

Paths change daily. This one's
still good—for now.

MARTA

And the boy?

FARMER

Stays here. He's done enough.

Franz steps forward.

FRANZ

We won't forget.

FARMER (GRUFFLY)

Just survive. That's thanks enough.

EXT. FOREST PATH - HOURS LATER

Franz leads the group through a wooded ridge—Marta beside
him, Tomasz supporting Greta.

They move in silence, the weight of exhaustion etched across
their faces.

A distant RUMBLE.

Franz drops to one knee—raises a hand.

FRANZ

Stay low.

Through the trees: a Luftwaffe transport convoy—trucks
rumbling up the mountain pass.

MARTA

They're heading to the research
outpost.

TOMASZ

Rascher's not done. He's just begun
again.

Franz looks to the others.

FRANZ

Then neither are we.

He looks down at the list of names in his hand—his thumb
resting on Kurt Weisel's.

FRANZ (CONT'D)
We bury them... or we burn the
machine down.

Marta meets his gaze.

MARTA
So what now?

A beat.

Franz tears the map in half—hands one piece to Tomasz.

FRANZ
You lead the rest to the border.
I'll finish what I started.

TOMASZ
Alone?

FRANZ
Not alone. Just first.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FOREST EDGE - DAWN

Snow dusts the trees like ash. The sun is just beginning to rise, casting a dull orange glow through skeletal branches.

Franz hikes uphill with Marta, Tomasz, and Greta. Anika follows, bundled in a tattered coat too large for her frame.

Each step is slow. Careful.

They reach a rocky outcrop overlooking a frozen road.

FRANZ
This is where the transport will
pass.

MARTA
You're sure?

FRANZ
Every Tuesday. Prisoners from
Salzburg to Flossenbürg. If we
intercept it... we can get them
out.

TOMASZ
Intercept it with what?

Franz opens a burlap sack. Inside: a rusted grenade, a flare gun, two pistols—each barely serviceable.

FRANZ

Hope. And enough noise to make them stop.

GRETA

And if they don't?

FRANZ

Then we pray the snow muffles screams.

A beat.

MARTA (QUIETLY)

Then let's start clearing cover.

They begin working—gathering branches, piling stones. Preparing an ambush.

INT. DACHAU - BLOCK X - MORNING

Rascher rages through his lab, smashing glass. Charts, folders, blood samples fly. He grabs a guard.

RASCHER

Every border. Every outpost. I want posters. Lists. Burn his name into the wind if you have to.

He shoves a photo of Franz into the guard's chest.

RASCHER (SEETHING) (CONT'D)

Hartmann dies screaming. Or I do.

INT. BARN - SAME TIME

INT. BARN - SAME TIME

Anika wraps strips of cloth around her shoes — makeshift snow covers. Her hands tremble slightly.

Greta checks over the flare gun. Tomasz scribbles a prayer onto a torn page, the ink blotting with urgency.

TOMASZ (GENTLY, TO ANIKA)

If things go badly, take this. Run east. Never look back.

He tucks the page into her coat.

ANIKA

I can fight. I'm not afraid.

TOMASZ

That's why you'll live.

(beat)

We need someone to carry the truth
if the rest of us don't make it.

He presses a kiss to her forehead. Her eyes well – but she nods.

Franz watches from the shadows, silent, haunted.

EXT. FOREST ROAD – LATER THAT DAY

The ambush point is set. Snow has thickened. Visibility is low.

Franz and Marta crouch behind a ridge. Greta holds the flare gun, finger trembling. Tomasz clutches the grenade.

EXT. FOREST ROAD – LATER THAT DAY

The ambush is ready. Snow falls heavier now, shrouding everything in fog and silence.

Franz and Marta crouch behind a ridge. Greta's knuckles whiten around the flare gun. Tomasz steadies the grenade, lips moving in a quiet prayer.

A low RUMBLE in the distance.

A transport truck grinds into view – canvas-covered, SS insignias stamped like scars along the side.

FRANZ (WHISPERS)

Wait for the bend...

The truck begins the turn, tires crunching ice.

Franz raises his hand— BANG! The flare gun arcs through the sky like a dying star.

FLASH CUTS:

SS driver shouting, slamming the brakes

Prisoners jolted awake in the back

Gunfire rips into trees

Tomasz lobes the grenade.

BOOM! A violent blast under the chassis – the truck jerks sideways, metal shrieking.

Franz and Marta sprint downhill through gunfire. Anika ducks behind a fallen tree, eyes wide.

At the rear of the truck, prisoners SCREAM.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

Open it!

Greta fights the latch – click – it swings wide.

Six stunned, skeletal prisoners squint against the light.

MARTA

Move! Go! Run!

A guard stumbles from the smoke, coughing – rifle raised–

Tomasz intercepts. He barrels into him. Both men crash into the snow.

GUNSHOT. Tomasz jerks–slumps motionless.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Tomasz!

Franz returns fire – the guard drops.

They haul the dazed prisoners into the woods.

FRANZ (TO MARTA)

We can't stay!

Marta's eyes lock on Tomasz, still in the snow. A frozen breath.

She turns. Follows Franz.

They vanish into the white.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WOODED HILLSIDE – LATER

The group runs. Breathless. Disoriented. The forest blurs past as rifle shots echo behind them.

Greta stumbles—Franz catches her.

FRANZ

This way—keep to the ravine!

They scramble down a narrow gully, half-frozen, lined with jagged rocks. One prisoner collapses—Marta helps him up.

MARTA

Don't stop. You stop, you die.

They push forward.

EXT. FOREST RIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Franz and Marta drag the stunned prisoners deeper into the snow-thick woods.

Anika limps behind them, clutching one prisoner's arm for support. Greta reloads the flare gun with shaking fingers.

Marta halts. Turns back.

Through the drifting flurries, Tomasz's body lies motionless in the road. Blood melts through the snow beneath him.

FRANZ

Marta—please.

She doesn't move. Frozen.

FRANZ (SOFTER) (CONT'D)

He bought us this chance.

Marta shuts her eyes—just for a breath—then turns. Nods.

They vanish into the forest.

INT. BLOCK X - INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Rascher slaps a map onto a table, his finger stabbing at the region around Flossenbürg.

RASCHER

That's where they'll go. They'll think it's safe—neutral ground. I want dogs, I want planes. I want every eye turned toward that forest.

He turns to the guard with Franz's photo.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
Find him. Find her. I want my
ghosts back.

EXT. MOUNTAIN FOREST - DUSK

Branches whip past as Franz and Marta push forward, breath
ragged. The rescued prisoners stumble behind them, bundled in
salvaged coats and stolen boots.

ANIKA
I can't feel my feet.

GRETA
We'll find shelter soon.

A distant howling - but not wolves.

Dogs.

Franz freezes. Listens.

FRANZ
They've released the hounds.

GRETA
Then we move. Fast.

They veer off the trail into thicker brush. One prisoner
falls-Greta helps him up, eyes darting.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

A full moon spills silver over snow. The group collapses in a
circle, hidden beneath low-hanging branches.

MARTA (TO FRANZ)
We can't keep running. Not like
this.

FRANZ
We buy time. Split into pairs.
Scatter the trail.

He kneels beside Anika.

FRANZ (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)
You'll go with Greta. Circle east.
Cross the old railway if you find
it.

ANIKA
Will you come?

FRANZ
Soon. I promise.

She nods, fighting tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - ELSEWHERE - NIGHT

Rascher marches through the snow, flanked by SS soldiers and snarling hounds.

RASCHER
Burn every thicket if you must. I
want him before sunrise.

One of the dogs catches a scent—barks savagely.

A SOLDIER
They've been here. Fresh tracks.

Rascher smiles — a predator's grin.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The group trudges through snow under a pale moon. The rescued prisoners stagger, exhausted. One collapses—Greta helps him up.

MARTA
We need shelter. They won't stop
hunting tonight.

FRANZ
There's a forester's hut. About two
kilometers. If it's not burned.

PRISONER (GASPING)
Why did you come for us?

Franz looks at him—young, barely older than Anika.

FRANZ
Because no one came for me.

They press on.

INT. RURAL HUT - LATER

The group crowds inside a decrepit wooden hut. Straw on the floor. Cracks in the walls. But warmer than outside.

Anika stokes a tiny fire from gathered twigs. Marta wraps bandages around a wounded prisoner's leg.

Greta stares out the window.

GRETA

No dogs. That's something.

MARTA (TO FRANZ)

You okay?

FRANZ

I keep hearing Tomasz's voice. Even though he's not here.

MARTA

He is. He's why you didn't leave anyone behind.

Beat.

ANIKA

We can't keep running forever.

Franz kneels beside the fire.

FRANZ

No. But if we get them across the valley, there's a resistance contact in the hills. From there—freedom's possible.

MARTA

And you?

FRANZ

I never had a plan for after. But I won't go back.

GRETA

They'll be looking for a ghost.

Franz nods.

FRANZ

Then let's haunt them.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

The group scrambles through waist-deep snow, breath ragged, branches slapping their faces.

The rescued prisoners stagger. One collapses—Anika grabs his arm, urging him forward.

MARTA
Just over this ridge!

Franz turns back—sees flashlight beams dancing through the trees. Shouts in German echo behind.

FRANZ
They're tracking by blood trail. We
have minutes—maybe.

GRETA (BREATHLESS)
We can't outrun dogs.

FRANZ
Then we don't. We mislead them.

He kneels—draws a jagged line in the snow with his blade, pointing downslope.

FRANZ (CONT'D)
They'll follow this ridge.
Marta—you lead the others east,
across the frozen creek. I'll draw
them off.

MARTA
You won't make it.

FRANZ
I don't plan to. But you will.

She grabs his hand—tight.

MARTA
Then don't be noble. Be smart. We
all walk out.

Beat.

Franz nods, reluctant.

FRANZ
Then let's give them a ghost story.

EXT. FROZEN CREEK - MOMENTS LATER

The group slinks across the ice. It cracks beneath their weight. One prisoner slips—Greta grabs him.

Anika reaches the far bank. She scans the tree line, then—

DOGS BARK. Gunshots behind.

GRETA

Faster!

Suddenly—

A FLARE ignites behind them. Red light floods the trees.

MARTA

That's Franz.

They break into a run.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The group huddles beneath a rock ledge. The wind howls above. Greta tends to a wounded prisoner—his leg shredded with shrapnel. Anika wraps her arms around him.

Franz stands watch, staring into the darkness.

Marta joins him, silent.

MARTA

He saved them. He didn't hesitate.

FRANZ

He died with purpose.

A beat.

MARTA

Then we make sure it mattered.

From the trees—distant shouting. Dogs.

GRETA

They're close.

Franz turns—face set.

FRANZ

No more running.

He reaches into his coat—pulls the last flare.

FRANZ (CONT'D)

We draw them here. You take the others east—there's a railway spur by the ravine. Follow it. Hide until dark.

MARTA

No. Not again.

FRANZ

You're the one who changes things. You speak, people follow. I'm a ghost. Let me haunt them.

Greta places her hand on Marta's shoulder.

GRETA

He's right. We won't get another chance.

Franz looks at Anika—nods once.

Then he steps out into the trees.

EXT. RIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Franz climbs the ridge. Snow swirls around him. He strikes the flare—a red bloom of light erupts into the sky.

Below—flashlights converge. SHOUTS. Dogs BARK.

He turns to face them—gun in hand, breathing hard.

FRANZ (V.O.)

If death is the cost... let it buy them something worth living for.

The flare burns brighter.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DUSK

The group hikes through deepening snow. The rescued prisoners stumble, malnourished and dazed. Greta helps an elderly man. Anika clutches Marta's hand.

Franz leads, eyes scanning the horizon. Every sound tightens his shoulders.

A SHOT rings out in the distance.

They all freeze.

GRETA
They're tracking us.

FRANZ
They will be. Rascher won't stop.

He turns to Marta.

FRANZ (CONT'D)
How many can still walk?

MARTA
Maybe four. Barely.

FRANZ
Then we split. I'll lead them off.

ANIKA
No—!

FRANZ
It's not a choice.

He digs into his coat, pulls out the flare pistol—only one flare left.

FRANZ (CONT'D)
Head north. The river's frozen. If you make it across, you're in neutral ground. Austria's border isn't far.

MARTA
You'll never outrun them.

FRANZ
I don't plan to.

He offers her a small folded note. The prisoner list. Blood-stained. Names.

FRANZ (CONT'D)
Give this to anyone who still listens.

Marta takes it—hands trembling.

FRANZ (SOFTER) (CONT'D)
If they burn it... burn louder.

He turns—walks back the way they came.

EXT. FOREST RIDGE - NIGHT

Franz climbs the ridge alone. Lights flicker behind the trees. SS shouts echo.

He stands at the crest—breathing hard.

Then—fires the flare.

It explodes in the sky like blood and fire.

He drops the pistol. Draws the rusted sidearm from his belt.

A long beat.

Then—shouting. Barking. Flashlights converge.

Franz stands tall.

FRANZ (V.O.)
If I must die, let it be in the
open. Let the wolves know I howled
back.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. DACHAU - BLOCK X - NIGHT

Glass SHATTERS as Rascher flings a vial across the lab. Charts, folders, and blood samples crash to the floor. Assistants cower. He grabs a stunned SS guard by the collar.

RASCHER Every border. Every gate. I want posters. Alerts. Whispers in every barrack and brothel.

He slams a crumpled photo of Franz into the guard's chest.

RASCHER (SEETHING)
Hartmann dies screaming. Or I do.

EXT. WOODED PATH - NIGHT

The sky is black velvet above the canopy. Snow crunches beneath fast steps. Franz, Marta, Greta, Anika, and the freed prisoners move through the forest with what strength they have left.

One stumbles. Franz lifts him.

FRANZ
Almost there. Keep going.

MARTA
How much farther?

FRANZ
Another kilometer. There's a rail
tunnel. It hasn't been used since
the spring thaw.

Greta slows—coughing violently. Blood flecks her scarf.

GRETA
Don't wait for me. I'll only slow
you—

MARTA
Shut up and walk.

They crest a hill—revealing an old rail line, long disused,
half-buried in snow. A narrow tunnel yawns ahead.

Franz waves them toward it.

FRANZ
Inside! We'll rest, regroup.

They slip inside. The tunnel swallows them.

INT. ABANDONED RAIL TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

EXT. RAIL TUNNEL ENTRANCE - PRE-DAWN

Franz and Marta reach the tunnel carved into the mountain.
The opening looms like a gaping wound.

Greta, Anika, and the remaining prisoners are already
inside—huddled by an abandoned mining cart.

FRANZ

This'll take them under the border. If they make it through...

MARTA
If?

Franz hands her his pistol.

FRANZ
You'll lead them from here.

MARTA
You're not coming?

He looks out toward the approaching ridge.

FRANZ
I hear wolves.

A beat. Then, Marta pulls him into an embrace. Fierce. Final.

MARTA
Don't be a martyr. Be a witness.

FRANZ (QUIETLY)
I've already seen too much.

He slips a worn locket into her hand.

FRANZ (CONT'D)
For Anika. When she's old enough to
ask why.

He turns. Heads toward the rising howl.

a SCENE: DEFIANCE IN THE SNOW

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - MINUTES LATER

Snow falls like ash. Franz stands alone, coat open to the cold, gun lowered at his side.

SS TROOPS emerge through the trees. Rascher steps forward, pistol raised.

RASCHER
Hartmann.

FRANZ
You taught me obedience.
(beat)
But you forgot about memory.

RASCHER
You think anyone will remember your
name?

FRANZ
No. But they'll remember theirs.

He raises his arms, defiant.

Gunshots echo across the trees.

EPILOGUE - YEARS LATER

EXT. WAR MEMORIAL - DAY

A small plaque sits beneath an old pine tree. Weather-worn but legible:

"To those who howled back."

Anika, now a young woman, kneels beside it. She places the locket at its base.

Behind her, Marta stands quietly. Watching. Remembering.

FADE OUT.

EXT. RAIL TUNNEL ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

SS TRUCKS pull up. FLOODLIGHTS flick on. Dozens of ARMED MEN disembark-Rascher at the front.

His face is ice. Unblinking.

RASCHER
Burn them out.

He lifts a megaphone.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
You can't save the dead, Hartmann.
Come out and be buried with them.

A moment of silence.

Then-

A FLARE arcs from the tunnel-blazing into the sky.

YELLING. GUNFIRE erupts.

Franz and Greta step into the light, drawing fire. Marta and the others sprint from the tunnel's rear, vanishing into the forest.

Rascher sees them-snaps.

RASCHER (CONT'D)
AFTER THEM! NOW!

Bullets spray. Greta is hit-falls hard.

FRANZ (YELLING)
Keep running!

He fires-takes out a soldier. Rascher raises his own gun-

BANG! Franz drops to one knee.

Rascher stalks forward, triumphant.

RASCHER
You're no wolf, Hartmann. Just
another sheep who forgot who held
the knife.

Franz bleeds—but smiles.

FRANZ
You were never the hunter.

He lifts the flare gun—fires straight into the ammo truck
behind Rascher.

EXPLOSION.

Rascher's world turns to fire.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - DAWN

A snowy slope. Marta leads the survivors upward. Behind
them—smoke plumes rise from the valley.

Anika clutches the bundle of names.

MARTA (V.O.)
They tried to erase the names.

But we remembered.

They crest the hill.

A TRAIN WHISTLE echoes from beyond the ridge.

MARTA (V.O.)
They burned the records.

We became the pages.

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN.

TEXT:

Between 1942 and 1945, more than 2,000 prisoners at Dachau
were subjected to inhumane medical experiments under the
guise of science.

Only a fraction survived.

None were ever compensated.

FADE OUT.

END: THE CAMP OF WOLVES