

OCTOBER CROSSING

Written by

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Inspired by true events.

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EXT. BARN - DANISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

A biting wind tears across the fields. The thatched roof of the barn creaks beneath a sky choked with cloud.

Dim lamplight flickers behind the wooden slats. Inside, a crowd murmurs - low, uneasy.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Shadows stretch across bales of straw. At the center, a JEWISH MAN IN HIS 40s kneels, hands tied behind his back, face bruised and bleeding.

A semicircle of VILLAGERS stand quietly, faces unreadable. No one moves.

A sharp step breaks the silence - GESTAPO OFFICER BECKER, tall, neatly pressed, steps forward. A soldier stands beside him, rifle slung and ready.

Becker unfolds a paper. His voice is calm, unhurried.

BECKER
(in German, subtitled)
Falsification of documents.
Harboring fugitives. Failure to
report for relocation.

He folds the paper. Nods once.

BECKER (CONT'D)
Punishable by death.

No protest. No defense. Just the sound of someone in the crowd exhaling, sharply.

MADS SØRENSEN (30s), local and known to many, watches from the rear. His eyes flicker to the condemned man - then away.

Behind a hay cart, nearly hidden, LENA ABRAMSON (17) crouches. Her coat is torn, her face streaked with tears and dirt. In her lap, a scuffed violin case.

Her eyes find the man kneeling - her father. Their gazes lock.

LENA'S FATHER
(barely audible)
Don't look away.

A beat.

The rifle cracks.

He crumples forward. Straw darkens with blood.

Lena gasps – a muffled, involuntary sound. Her hands fly to her mouth as her violin case slips from her lap and hits the floor with a dull thump.

A villager glances toward the sound – but says nothing.

The crowd disperses in silence.

EXT. DANISH VILLAGE - EARLY MORNING

Cobblestones glisten with frost. Thin mist curls through the narrow streets.

A column of GERMAN SOLDIERS marches past shuttered shops, rifles high, boots pounding in rhythm.

Above them, fighter planes slice across the sky – engines shrieking.

Along the alley walls, fresh posters flap in the wind.

One is tacked to a bakery door. We read:

ALL JEWS MUST REPORT TO THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES BY OCTOBER 3.

FAILURE TO COMPLY IS A CRIMINAL OFFENSE.

A boy walks by with a basket of bread. He doesn't stop.

INT. CLINIC - SAME

A cold, clean room lined with supply shelves and chipped enamel basins.

INGRID THOMSEN (40s) gently wraps a bandage around a child's arm. Her fingers are precise, practiced. She barely glances up as the boy winces.

Outside the window, a Gestapo staff car glides by – slow, deliberate.

In the doorway stands her son, FREDERIK (12). Small, quiet, holding a dented lunch pail in one hand and an old compass in the other.

Their eyes meet. They say nothing.

The child hops down from the table and leaves. Ingrid pulls the curtain closed.

A distant rumble – planes again.

She tilts her head and listens. Her hand rests on the windowsill. Her jaw tightens.

EXT. INGRID'S HOUSE LATER THAT DAY

Ingrid locks her bicycle against the fence. She stands there for a moment, staring at the horizon.

Just beyond the trees, smoke rises. A thin line. A warning.

She exhales – slow and steady.

And steps inside.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. INGRID'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The front door creaks shut behind her. Ingrid sets her bag down, removes her coat.

A sound – a faint knock at the back door.

She freezes.

Slowly, she moves through the kitchen and opens the rear door.

LENA ABRAMSON (17) stands in the cold. Pale. Hollow-eyed. Dressed in worn clothes far too thin for autumn. Her violin case dangles from her fingers.

LENA
(quietly)
They took her.

INGRID
Come in. Quickly.

INT. INGRID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The stove crackles with low heat. Ingrid pours hot water into a chipped cup.

Lena sits stiffly at the kitchen table. Hands curled around the violin case like it's the only thing tethering her to the world.

INGRID
Where's your mother?

Lena doesn't answer.

INGRID (CONT'D)
(softly)
Lena?

LENA
(barely audible)
They kicked the door in.

She pushed me out the back.

I heard—

Her voice catches. Ingrid sets the cup down beside her. Sits across from her.

INGRID
You'll stay here. For now. No one knows.

LENA
(mechanical)
Mads does.

Ingrid freezes.

INT. INGRID'S HOUSE - ROOT CELLAR - LATER

Wood creaks as Ingrid lifts the hatch behind the pantry. She descends carefully, lantern in hand.

Lena follows, violin case hugged to her chest.

Stone walls. Damp earth. Shelves of preserved jars. A single cot covered in a wool blanket.

INGRID
This is all I can offer.

LENA
It's enough.

Lena crouches and tucks the violin case under the cot. She doesn't look at Ingrid.

LENA (CONT'D)
He didn't want me to look away.

INGRID

Then don't.

But don't let it break you either.

Above them – a sudden knock at the front door.

They both freeze.

INT. INGRID'S HOUSE – FRONT DOOR – MOMENTS LATER

Ingrid opens the door, guarded. MAD SØRENSEN (30s) stands on the step. Smiling. But his eyes... too curious.

MADS

Morning, Ingrid. Cold one, huh?

INGRID

Mads.

MADS

Thought I'd see if you've got any of that elderberry tonic. My aunt's got that cough again.

INGRID

I can mix some.

MADS

Appreciate it.

Lot of sick folks lately. You'd think nerves could cause illness.

He steps just inside the threshold – uninvited.

MADS (CONT'D)

Funny, isn't it? Everyone so... jumpy lately.

INGRID

Maybe because they're watching.

A pause. The wind howls outside.

MADS

Just doing my part.

She hands him a small vial.

INGRID

And I'm doing mine.

Their eyes hold. Mads offers a small nod – unreadable – and leaves.

INT. ROOT CELLAR – SAME

Lena crouches near the hatch, listening. Heart pounding.

She doesn't breathe until she hears the door close above.

She glances at the violin case. Her fingers tighten around the latch.

EXT. INGRID'S HOUSE – FRONT STEP – CONTINUOUS

Mads walks back into the fog. He pauses at the edge of the path. Looks back at the house.

Then continues on.

INT. ROOT CELLAR – NIGHT

The lantern glows low. Shadows dance along the stone.

Lena sits on the cot, knees pulled to her chest. Her face is blank – too tired to cry.

She opens the violin case. Inside: the instrument, cracked across the back, but intact.

She runs her fingers along the wood. Then slowly, shakily, raises it to her shoulder.

No bow. She hums instead – the motion of the violin against her neck a comfort more than a performance.

A whisper of melody escapes her lips. Something sweet. Something mournful.

She stops mid-note. Shuts the case.

INT. INGRID'S KITCHEN – SAME

Frederik sits at the table, a spoon in one hand, poking half-heartedly at his dinner.

Ingrid stands by the stove, staring at the dark window.

FREDERIK
Who was at the door?

INGRID
Mads Sørensen.

FREDERIK
I don't like him.

INGRID
Neither do I.

FREDERIK
Is she staying here?

Ingrid turns. Meets his eyes. He's not asking out of fear – but out of something deeper. Loyalty.

INGRID
She doesn't have anywhere else.

Frederik nods once. That's all.

FREDERIK
I won't say anything.

INGRID
I know.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NEXT MORNING

Clouds hang low. A bitter chill in the air.

A Gestapo truck idles near the church. Soldiers flank the steps.

A Jewish merchant – elderly, gray-bearded – is dragged from his shop by two officers. His wife screams, trying to follow.

GESTAPO OFFICER
Back!

She's struck with the butt of a rifle. Collapses.

The man shouts – in Danish, in desperation – but he's forced into the truck.

Villagers stand at a distance, watching. Some turn away. Others stare.

Among them: Mads, arms folded. Watching Ingrid from across the street.

She pulls her scarf tighter and walks on.

EXT. HARBOR - LATER THAT DAY

The tide rolls in under a dull gray sky. Small fishing boats bob gently.

Karl Mikkelsen (40s), grizzled and quiet, smokes a stub of a cigarette beside his boat. He watches Ingrid approach, but doesn't move

KARL

Didn't think I'd see you again.

INGRID

I need a crossing.

KARL

For who?

INGRID

A girl. Seventeen.

Karl stares out at the sea. Silent.

KARL

Patrols have doubled. They're shooting now.

INGRID

I'll pay.

KARL

Not about the money.

He stamps out the cigarette.

KARL (CONT'D)

Three nights from now. After dark. No delays. You get to the docks, you wait ten minutes. If I'm not there—don't wait.

INGRID

And if someone follows us?

Karl looks at her, long and flat.

KARL

Then no one makes it.

EXT. INGRID'S HOUSE - EVENING

Ingrid pedals her bicycle up the road. The sky is the color of ash.

She stops halfway to the door. Notices a small folded scrap of paper wedged beneath the front gate.

She pulls it free. Opens it.

Four words, scrawled in quick block letters:

"THEY'RE WATCHING. BE CAREFUL."

She looks down the street. Empty.

No sign of who left it.

But she knows.

She hurries inside.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - NIGHT

Lena sits on the cot, arms wrapped around her knees. A candle burns low.

Frederik climbs down the ladder, holding a folded blanket. He sets it on the edge of the cot.

FREDERIK

Mum says it gets colder tonight.

Lena doesn't speak. Just nods.

Frederik starts back up, then pauses.

FREDERIK (CONT'D)

I used to hide down here when it thundered.

No response.

FREDERIK (CONT'D)

She always knew. She let me anyway.

He climbs up and disappears.

Lena blinks fast. Doesn't cry. But she clutches the blanket like it might disappear.

INT. INGRID'S KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Ingrid pours coffee into a tin cup. Through the window, a German staff car idles outside the bakery across the road.

Two Gestapo officers speak to the baker's wife. She's trembling. Gesturing toward the alley.

Frederik watches beside Ingrid. She pulls him back from the window.

INGRID
Don't look.

FREDERIK
What if they come here?

INGRID
Then we tell them the truth.

He looks up, confused.

FREDERIK
What truth?

INGRID
That we have nothing to hide.

A knock at the door.

Ingrid freezes. She puts down the cup.

INT. INGRID'S ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

She opens the door. Mads stands there again.

MADS
Morning.

INGRID
You were just here.

MADS
Becker asked me to check on the clinic staff. Routine. Just a few questions.

INGRID
(tight)
I already answered them last week.

MADS
People talk. We follow up.

He steps in. Uninvited. Again.

His eyes scan the room. Floor. Corners.

MADS (CONT'D)

Heard a rumor. Something about a girl from the north. Traveling alone. No papers.

Ingrid folds her arms.

INGRID

Then she's probably already dead.

Mads studies her. Maybe believing. Maybe not.

MADS

Let me know if anyone shows up needing care. Wouldn't want you caught up in something...

He lets it hang. Smiles faintly. Then leaves.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - SAME

Lena sits motionless. She heard the whole exchange. Her eyes are wide.

She opens the violin case. Nestled beneath the instrument is a bundle of faded identification papers.

She lifts them gently. Hesitates.

INT. INGRID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. Ingrid kneels by a basin, washing her hands.

On the nightstand sits Lena's papers.

She looks at them. Then at the small lamp.

She lights a match. Holds it to the corner of the documents.

They curl and blacken. The flames consume the name, the photo, the birth date.

She drops them into the basin. Watches them smolder.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT (LATER)

Karl stands at the end of the pier, staring out at the black water.

A seagull lands beside him, then takes off again.

From behind: Ingrid approaches, her coat wrapped tight.

No words between them.

She hands him a cloth bag. He nods.

He lights a cigarette. She turns and walks away.

A small flash of flame behind her, then darkness.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - EARLY MORNING

A sliver of light cuts through a vent. Dust dances in the beam.

Lena curls under the blanket, eyes open. She hasn't slept.

A faint noise above - a footstep. Then another.

She tenses.

The hatch creaks open.

Ingrid descends with a small tray - bread, butter, a boiled egg, and a tin mug of warm milk.

INGRID

Eat what you can.

She sets the tray down and turns to go.

LENA

(quietly)

Did you know?

Ingrid pauses.

LENA (CONT'D)

Did you know what they were doing?
To people like us?

INGRID

We heard rumors. Then the rumors
stopped being rumors.

LENA

They told us we were being
relocated. Work programs.

But people didn't come back. Not ever.

INGRID
 (softly)
 No one came back from
 Theresienstadt either.

That name lands like a blow. Lena swallows hard.

LENA
 She was all I had. My mother.

INGRID
 You still have yourself.

LENA
 (tears finally rising)
 Then why don't I feel like it?

She tries to eat but can't. Her hand shakes. The cup spills slightly. She shoves the tray away – food hits the stone floor.

LENA (CONT'D)
 I don't want your pity.

INGRID
 Good. I'm not offering it.

A long beat. Lena breaks. She curls in on herself and weeps.

Ingrid kneels beside her. Places a hand on her back. Says nothing.

INT. GESTAPO FIELD OFFICE - VILLAGE - LATER

A modest, repurposed building. Stark interior.

Becker reviews a small stack of reports. Mads stands nearby.

BECKER
 You're sure it was her?

MADS
 Description fits. Same age, same
 instrument case.

Becker taps a pencil rhythmically.

BECKER
 Who was she seen speaking to?

MADS
 The old butcher's wife. Before the
 raid.

BECKER

And now?

MADS

She's not speaking to anyone.

A thin smile from Becker. He scribbles something on the report.

EXT. INGRID'S YARD - SAME

Linens flap in the wind. Ingrid pins a sheet to the line.

Down the street, an older neighbor woman, Mrs. Kjaer (60s), stands at her gate, watering flowers. Watching.

She nods at Ingrid, friendly. Ingrid nods back.

Behind her, Frederik emerges carrying a pail of potatoes from the cellar. He sees Mrs. Kjaer watching.

He hesitates - then steps back inside quickly.

Mrs. Kjaer keeps watering. But her eyes linger on the cellar door.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - EVENING

The violin case sits open. Lena cradles the instrument again, this time bow in hand.

She draws it slowly. No music yet. Just the feeling of motion. Familiar weight.

Ingrid stands at the hatch above, listening.

INGRID

I can take you to the water.

There's someone who'll ferry you across.

LENA

(still facing away)

How do you know I'll make it?

INGRID

I don't.

LENA

Then why help me?

INGRID
Because if I don't... I'll remember
your face every time I close my
eyes.

Lena lowers the violin. For the first time, she turns to look
Ingrid in the eye.

LENA
Okay.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - MORNING

A soft knock. Lena sits up. Ingrid lifts the hatch and climbs
down with a satchel.

INGRID
There's a search today. They're
sweeping the east side.

LENA
What about here?

INGRID
Not yet. But it's coming.

Lena looks toward the tiny, dirt-crusted window vent.

LENA
Why do they even bother pretending?

INGRID
Because the uniform makes the lie
feel lawful.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - MIDDAY

A Gestapo officer blows a whistle. Two trucks idle nearby.

Becker steps from the front vehicle, gloves in hand.

BECKER
Papers out. Line up by household.

Villagers begin assembling. Tense silence.

A Jewish tailor and his family - wife, teen daughter, and
young son (10) - are pulled to the center.

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BECKER (CONT'D)
This family has failed to report
for registration.

Gasps from the villagers.

Becker crouches before the boy. Calm.

BECKER (CONT'D)
What's your name?

BOY
(scared)
Aron.

BECKER
Aron, I want you to help me. Choose
who comes with us. One person may
stay behind.

The boy trembles. Eyes flood with tears. His mother cries
out.

MOTHER
No—please—

Becker holds up a hand. She's silenced.

BECKER
If you don't choose, I will. And
I'm not feeling generous.

The boy stammers. Looks to his mother. Then father. Then back
to Becker.

BOY
(barely a whisper)
Take me.

A pause. Becker stands. Cold.

BECKER
All of them, then.

He walks away. The soldiers seize the family.

The crowd stays silent. No one moves.

INT. INGRID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Ingrid watches from behind the curtains. Frozen.

Frederik stands beside her, mouth slightly open. Pale.

FREDERIK
They didn't do anything.

INGRID
That's what terrifies them most.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - SAME

Lena heard it. All of it.

She backs into the corner, hands pressed to her ears, eyes shut tight.

Frederik climbs down the ladder, carefully.

He doesn't speak. He sits across from her. After a long beat—

FREDERIK
You can hold the compass, if it helps.

She opens her eyes. He hands her his father's dented compass.

FREDERIK (CONT'D)
When I'm scared... I look at it.

LENA
Do you think it works?

FREDERIK
I think it points somewhere better than here.

She takes it.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

Karl loads crates into his boat.

Ingrid approaches, eyes burning.

INGRID
We can't wait. Too many patrols.

KARL
You said three nights. I have to time the tide.

INGRID
Then we go in two. Or not at all.

Karl looks at her. The wind shifts. He nods.

INT. CLINIC - LATE MORNING

Ingrid checks the pulse of an elderly man lying on a cot. His breathing is labored.

The bell above the door jingles. She looks up.

Becker steps inside. Alone.

He removes his gloves carefully, like a gentleman entering a parlor.

BECKER

Frau Thomsen. Forgive the intrusion.

INGRID

You're not intruding. But I'm not taking new patients.

BECKER

(mild)
I'm not ill.

He takes a slow look around. Noticing everything. His hands rest on the back of a chair.

BECKER (CONT'D)

A girl. Seventeen. Violin. Missing since the raids.

INGRID

A tragedy.

BECKER

Witness says she ran east. Maybe she's still hiding. Brave girl. Or stupid.

He finally meets her eyes.

BECKER (CONT'D)

Have you seen anything unusual? Anyone asking for medicine... shelter...

INGRID

Not lately. Though it's hard to know what's "unusual" anymore.

BECKER

(smiles)
Quite right.

He places a small silver pin on the counter – a Star of David, bent and cracked.

BECKER (CONT'D)

Found in the gutter. Just thought I'd leave it here, in case anyone came looking.

He leaves it on the counter and walks out without another word.

Ingrid doesn't touch it.

EXT. VILLAGE PATH - LATER

Frederik walks along the muddy road, lunch pail in hand.

From behind:

MADS (O.S.)

Off to school?

Frederik turns. Mads walks up, hands in his coat pockets.

FREDERIK

Home.

MADS

Good boy. Not many your age behave these days. So many lies flying around. So much hiding.

He crouches down to meet Frederik's eye level.

MADS (CONT'D)

If you ever hear anything strange at your house... music... or voices in the night... You'd tell your mother, right?

Frederik's jaw tightens.

FREDERIK

She hears everything first.

Mads studies him. Then smiles and walks away.

Frederik watches him go. The lunch pail rattles in his shaking hand.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - SAME

Lena stands in the alley behind the bakery, peering around the corner.

A column of arrested townspeople is marched past - mostly men.

Among them, a teenage girl - MARTHE, maybe 16 - her schoolmate.

Eyes wide. Bruised. Hands bound.

Lena ducks back behind the wall, breath caught in her throat.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

Lena paces. Stops. Then yanks the violin from its case.

She starts to play - loud, raw, broken notes.

The bow screeches across the strings.

Upstairs, Ingrid hears. She opens the hatch, descends fast.

INGRID

Lena! Stop.

LENA

They took Marthe. She was just walking. She didn't even look scared!

INGRID

You can't help her now.

LENA

Then what are we doing? Hiding while they take everyone?

INGRID

We survive. Then we fight. But not today.

Lena lets the violin fall to her side.

LENA

She used to braid my hair after school. We weren't even friends, really... but she was kind.

A long pause. Ingrid crosses the cellar, kneels, and gently takes the bow from her.

INGRID

You will outlive them. All of them.
That's what they fear most.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

Karl lifts a fishing net out of the boat. Water pours from it in heavy clumps.

He looks up and sees a figure watching from the treeline â€” too far to identify.

He reaches slowly for the pistol stashed behind a crate.

But the figure is gone.

He scans the trees a beat longer, then gets back to work.

INT. INGRID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candlelight. Ingrid carefully peels the laminate from a dead patient's ID - steam from a kettle loosens the edges.

She slides Lena's faded photo beneath the plastic.

Lines it up. Smooths it.

Her hands tremble slightly. Not from the work. From what it means.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - SAME

Lena traces the compass needle with her finger. She glances at the hatch.

LENA

I always thought when I left... it
would be different. School,
Paris... something good.

FREDERIK

Maybe this is the part that comes
before the good.

She doesn't smile - but she holds the compass a little tighter.

EXT. HARBOR - EARLY MORNING

Fog hugs the waterline.

Karl lowers two barrels into the hull – carefully labeled “pickled herring.” Inside, under linen: forged documents and emergency rations.

A WHISTLE pierces the fog.

He tenses.

A NAZI PATROL approaches on foot. Three soldiers. One officer.

Karl stands by his boat casually, wiping his hands.

OFFICER
Morning tide. Always a busy time,
eh?

KARL
Better than the wind. That's what
kills your catch.

The officer nods. Doesn't smile.

OFFICER
We'll inspect your hold.

Karl steps aside.

The soldiers climb aboard. One kicks a barrel. Another lifts a lid – just fish.

SOLDIER
Smells like death.

KARL
That means it's fresh.

The officer glances at Karl. Steps close.

OFFICER
You've been on this pier a long
time, ja?

KARL
My father fished here. His father
before him.

OFFICER
And no Jews ever asked for help?

KARL
Jews don't like fish.

A pause. The officer studies him.

Then gestures. The patrol moves on.

Karl exhales – slow and quiet.

EXT. INGRID'S YARD - LATE MORNING

Mrs. Kjaer kneels in her garden as Gestapo soldiers pass down the street.

One of them glances at Ingrid's home. Points.

Mrs. Kjaer stands and calls out.

MRS. KJAER

Nurse Thomsen's son is ill again.
You want disease?

The soldier shrugs and keeps walking.

From her window, Ingrid watches Mrs. Kjaer... stunned.

Mrs. Kjaer doesn't look back.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - EVENING

Ingrid lowers a wrapped loaf of bread into Lena's hands.

INGRID

We leave tomorrow night. No matter what.

LENA

I don't think I've ever been truly afraid until now.

INGRID

That's how you know you're still alive.

She starts to leave.

LENA

What happens to you if they find out?

Ingrid turns back.

INGRID

They won't.

She closes the hatch above.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DUSK

The sun is low. Long shadows stretch across the buildings.
The air is still.

Lena walks quietly beside Ingrid, hoods pulled low. They carry a small crate of medical supplies – a delivery for the church clinic.

Up ahead, a commotion.

A YOUNG MOTHER, maybe 30, walks with her infant wrapped in a shawl, pressed close to her chest.

A DRUNKEN SS OFFICER, staggering slightly, stops in the street. His eyes lock on the woman.

SS OFFICER
(slurred German)
Halt.

The woman freezes.

The baby coos softly.

The officer steps forward, one hand on his pistol, the other motioning lazily.

SS OFFICER (CONT'D)
Take off the coat.

MOTHER
(nervous, broken Danish)
Please... he's cold-

SS OFFICER
I said... take it off.

She hesitates – then gently peels the coat from her shoulders. Underneath: a simple blouse, torn at the collar.

He stares at her chest.

SS OFFICER (CONT'D)
Hm. Nothing special.

He steps closer. Too close. The mother flinches but doesn't move.

SS OFFICER (CONT'D)
Hold him up. I want to see him.

She doesn't understand.

SS OFFICER (CONT'D)

Hold. The baby. Next to your face.

Lena stares, frozen. Ingrid pulls her back behind a cart. They watch through the slats.

The woman slowly obeys, lifting the baby beside her cheek.

MOTHER

(soft)

Shhh... It's okay.

The SS officer draws his sidearm.

Without warning, he shoots.

The bullet tears through the baby's skull and into the mother's temple.

She crumples instantly, body folding like paper.

Blood sprays across the cobblestones.

Gasps ripple from nearby windows. Someone sobs behind a shutter.

The SS officer holsters his pistol, straightens his uniform, and continues walking.

No one stops him. No one speaks.

BEHIND THE CART

Lena breaks. She surges forward.

LENA

No—!

Ingrid grabs her. Slams her hand over Lena's mouth. Pulls her back into shadow.

INGRID

Don't. Don't you dare. You'll get both of us killed.

Lena fights her for a moment — then collapses into her arms, trembling, whispering.

LENA

He shot the baby... oh my God...

EXT. UPPER STREET - SAME

Becker steps from the bakery. Hears the cry. The gunshot.
Sees the SS officer stroll past.

Then he turns.

In the distance, he sees a figure duck behind a cart.

Too far to identify.

He walks toward the scene.

EXT. BEHIND THE CART - MOMENTS LATER

The body lies twisted in the street. Blood pooling into the gutter.

Lena stares in horror, rocking.

Ingrid watches Becker approaching.

She grips Lena's shoulders, leans in close.

INGRID
We move. Now.

EXT. SIDE ALLEY " MOMENTS LATER

Ingrid half-drags Lena down a narrow side street.

They vanish into the fog.

EXT. CART " MOMENTS LATER

Becker reaches the scene. Looks down at the woman and child.

He removes his gloves.

Then kneels beside the body.

Looks up the street. Then toward the alley.

His eyes narrow.

He stands.

INT. INGRID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door shuts softly. Ingrid guides Lena inside.

Lena's face is pale. Empty.

She sits at the kitchen table without removing her coat.

Frederik peeks from the hallway.

FREDERIK

What happened?

INGRID

Nothing. It was just—someone got hurt in the square.

FREDERIK

I heard people screaming.

INGRID

(gentle, firm)

Don't ask again.

He hesitates... then nods and disappears back into his room.

Ingrid pours a cup of water. Hands it to Lena.

INGRID (CONT'D)

You need to sleep. Tomorrow we run.

Lena nods. But doesn't move.

EXT. MRS. KJAER'S YARD - NEXT MORNING

Becker stands at her gate. Calm. Cordial. Almost polite.

Mrs. Kjaer prunes a rosebush, careful with each stem.

BECKER

Such care for something that bleeds so easily.

MRS. KJAER

Everything worth keeping does.

BECKER

You've lived next to Ingrid Thomsen for how long?

MRS. KJAER

Twenty-three years. Since her wedding day.

BECKER

She's... quiet. Keeps to herself.

MRS. KJAER

She's a nurse. It's what good ones do.

BECKER

You haven't noticed anything strange? Visitors? Movement in the cellar, perhaps?

MRS. KJAER

Just dust and mice down there. But if I see any trouble, I'll be sure to knock on your door.

Becker studies her. She holds his gaze, unflinching.

BECKER

(smiling faintly)

I think you would.

He turns. Walks on.

Her smile fades the moment his back is turned.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - SAME

Lena lies curled on the cot, the violin beside her.

Ingrid sits on the steps, knees tucked to her chest.

A beat.

LENA

I keep hearing the sound.

INGRID

I know.

LENA

The baby didn't even cry.

INGRID

(quiet)

That's why he did it. He wanted someone to scream.

A long silence. The lantern flickers.

INGRID (CONT'D)

Tomorrow night. We go. You need your strength.

Lena pulls the blanket tighter. Doesn't answer.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

Karl checks the engine on his fishing boat, shielded by crates.

He loads a satchel into a dry compartment: flares, oilcloth, a pistol wrapped in canvas.

Mads, farther down the dock, watches from the shadows.

Karl doesn't see him.

Mads eyes the boat. Then turns and disappears into the fog.

INT. INGRID'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Candlelight. Ingrid sets out coats, small food packets, dry shoes.

She walks quietly into Frederik's room.

He's asleep, curled against the wall, his father's compass under his hand.

She watches him a long moment.

A soft knock at the front door.

She stiffens. Doesn't move.

A louder knock. Then boots on the step.

She crosses the room silently, peers through the curtain.

Two soldiers. Becker behind them.

They don't knock again. Just wait.

Then—without a word—they turn and continue down the street.

Ingrid collapses into a chair. Breathing hard.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

She descends the ladder.

INGRID
Pack your things. It's time.

INT. ROOT CELLAR - EARLY MORNING

Lena folds the blanket with care. She tucks it under the cot.

Her violin case sits closed. Cleaned. Wrapped in cloth.

She looks around the cellar - the dirt, the jars, the flickering lantern.

css

Copy

Edit

LENA
I hated it here.

She pauses. Then:

mathematica

Copy

Edit

LENA (CONT'D)
I'll miss it anyway.

Frederik appears at the hatch.

css

Copy

Edit

FREDERIK
It's time.

INT. INGRID'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A cloth satchel sits on the table: food, forged papers, dry socks.

Ingrid pulls a coat onto Lena's shoulders and tightens the buttons.

She pulls up Lena's hood and cups her face.

css

Copy

Edit

INGRID

No talking. No eye contact. If they
speak to you, you don't speak back.

Lena nods.

Frederik opens the back door.

A gust of cold fog rushes in.

EXT. VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - LATER

The three of them move carefully along a side path. Trees
line the road. Fog clings low to the ground.

A distant dog barks. A bell tolls once. Then silence.

Up ahead: the Gestapo checkpoint - a small wooden outpost on
the edge of town.

A searchlight sweeps back and forth. A truck idles nearby.

INGRID

Remember the signal. One knock, two
slow. One fast.

FREDERIK

If we're separated?

INGRID

Get to the harbor. Karl will wait.

They nod.

EXT. CHECKPOINT - MOMENTS LATER

Two Gestapo officers stand in the fog, rifles slung.

The trio approaches slowly. Ingrid in front, Frederik at her
side, Lena just behind.

OFFICER

Halt.

They stop.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Papers.

Ingrid hands him the bundle.

The second officer circles slowly behind them.

He stops near Lena.

OFFICER 2
Is she mute?

INGRID
Born that way. Can't speak. Can't
hear.

OFFICER 2
Pretty.

Lena stares straight ahead.

OFFICER
(to Ingrid)
You're taking her to the
sanatorium?

INGRID
Yes. Her father died two months
ago. Her mother last week. I'm all
she has.

He stares at her. Long and slow.

Then stamps the paper.

OFFICER
Move along.

They walk.

No one breathes until they've passed the checkpoint.

EXT. HARBOR HILL - LATER

The fog thickens. The ocean smells closer now.

They pause beneath the hilltop overlooking the docks.

In the distance, Karl's boat waits in the shadows.

A lamp flickers once.

INGRID
Go straight to the dock. No stops.

Frederik leads. Lena follows. Ingrid looks back once, then
moves.

INT. GESTAPO OFFICE - SAME

Becker sits at his desk, reviewing a list.

Mads enters.

MADS

The girl's name is Lena Abramson.
Confirmed from school records.

Becker circles the name slowly.

BECKER

Find every address linked to the
family.

Grandparents. Cousins. Classmates. Neighbors.

MADS

Already started.

BECKER

Start earlier.

He looks up. Cold.

BECKER (CONT'D)

Someone took her in. That makes
them the next target.

He sets the paper down.

And underlines the name.

LENA ABRAMSON.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

The fog rolls thick and cold. The tide slaps against the dock
pilings.

Karl's fishing boat rocks gently. Its lamp flickers once -
the signal.

Ingrid, Lena, and Frederik move quickly but carefully across
the dock.

A metal ring CLANGS under Frederik's boot.

All three freeze.

No one speaks. The sound fades.

Karl emerges from the wheelhouse, waves them aboard.

INT. KARL'S BOAT - MOMENTS LATER

Below deck - dim, tight space.

Karl locks the hatch behind them.

KARL

Stay below. We push off in five.
Engines will mask your breathing.

He grabs the pistol from the crate, checks it.

INGRID

Any sign of patrols?

KARL

Nothing yet. Let's pray it stays
that way.

EXT. HARBOR STREET - SAME

Two Nazi soldiers walk along the sea wall, rifles over
shoulders.

Footsteps echo off the stone. One gestures toward the fog.

SOLDIER

Boat running without permit?

SECOND SOLDIER

Let's have a look.

They change direction - toward Karl's dock.

INT. KARL'S BOAT - SAME

Karl hears the footsteps.

KARL

Stay down. No matter what you hear.

He heads topside.

EXT. HARBOR DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Karl lights a cigarette. Acts calm.

The two soldiers approach through the fog.

SOLDIER
You're not on the manifest.

KARL
I fish at night. Always have. Fog
keeps the engines cool.

SECOND SOLDIER
Step aside.

Karl hesitates.

EXT. HARBOR PATH - SAME

Mrs. Kjaer appears suddenly at the edge of the dock, coat
pulled tight, carrying a basket of bread.

She calls out—

MRS. KJAER
Officers? Is something wrong?

They turn.

MRS. KJAER (CONT'D)
My husband's waiting for fish. If
you delay this boat, I'll be the
one who starves. Not him.

SOLDIER
This area is restricted.

MRS. KJAER
Then arrest me for buying
groceries.

A long pause.

The soldier eyes her. She doesn't flinch.

Karl lowers his cigarette. Tense.

SECOND SOLDIER
Next time, get a permit.

They turn and walk off.

Mrs. Kjaer doesn't move until they vanish into the fog.

Then she turns back. And disappears into the mist.

INT. KARL'S BOAT - BELOW DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Ingrid watches through a slit in the hull.

INGRID
That was her.

LENA
Who?

INGRID
The woman who watches roses bloom
in the frost.

Karl fires the engine.

The hull begins to rumble.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

The boat pulls away from the dock, swallowed by fog.

The engine fades into the vast, dark sea.

EXT. KARL'S BOAT - OPEN SEA - NIGHT

Thick fog blankets the water. The boat cuts silently through the mist.

Below deck, the engine hums low.

INT. KARL'S BOAT - BELOW DECK - CONTINUOUS

Ingrid sits with Lena, brushing her hair with her fingers. Frederik leans against the wall, nodding off.

Karl checks the engine housing. Frowns. Hears something.

KARL
Ingrid. We have to stop the motor.

INGRID
Why?

KARL
Patrol boat. I hear it. Starboard side.

He shuts the engine off. The boat drifts.

Silence.

Then... a faint rumble grows.

EXT. OPEN SEA - SAME

Through the fog, the silhouette of a Nazi patrol boat cruises parallel.

A SEARCHLIGHT sweeps across the water. Misses Karl's boat by meters.

INT. KARL'S BOAT - BELOW DECK

The beam of light passes overhead. The hull creaks. Everyone freezes.

Lena clasps her violin case tightly, trembling. A small noise escapes her throat.

Ingrid covers her mouth. Holds her close.

The patrol boat moves on.

Silence returns.

Karl exhales. Slowly starts the engine.

INT. GESTAPO REGIONAL HQ - DENMARK - NIGHT

A polished, mahogany room. Maps of Denmark cover one wall.

A swastika flag hangs between crossed rifles.

BECKER stands with two high-ranking NAZI OFFICERS.

MAJOR KRUGER

Helsingør. Odense. Svendborg. All
scheduled for sweep within five
days.

OFFICER SCHMIDT

Local police are... hesitant.

BECKER

Replace them. Volunteers or not.

Kruger unrolls a scroll of paper - lists of Jewish names.

MAJOR KRUGER

Berlin demands shipment to
Theresienstadt. But... noncompliance
has consequences.

OFFICER SCHMIDT
Resistance cells are hiding
children.

BECKER
Then we stop being gentle.

He walks to the map, points to red circles along the coast.

BECKER (CONT'D)
Begin with the harbors. Anyone
caught with forged papers or hiding
fugitives...
(beat)
Shoot them. Publicly.

Kruger nods.

MAJOR KRUGER
What about teachers? Doctors?
Priests?

BECKER
Make examples of them.

He looks out the window. Fog outside. A ship horn echoes in
the distance.

BECKER (CONT'D)
They think the water will save
them.
(beat)
Let the water run red.

EXT. OPEN SEA - LATER

Karl's boat slices through the fog. The Danish coast vanishes
behind them.

Below deck, Lena plays a few trembling notes on her violin.
Soft. Barely audible.

Frederik listens. For the first time, he smiles.

Ingrid watches the fog thicken ahead.

INGRID
How much farther?

KARL (O.S.)
A few miles. Then Sweden.

She closes her eyes.

INGRID
Let them hold.

FREDERIK
Who?

INGRID
The stars. Let them hold above us a
little longer.

The violin music continues, trembling but true.

FADE OUT.

EXT. KARL'S BOAT - OPEN SEA - LATER

The fog deepens. Water slaps rhythmically against the hull.
Karl keeps the wheel steady. Tension clings to the air.

INT. KARL'S BOAT - BELOW DECK - SAME

Ingrid listens closely. Something is wrong.

INGRID
Karl?

No answer.

She climbs topside.

EXT. KARL'S BOAT - WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Karl stares ahead. Still.

INGRID
What is it?

KARL
We have a leak.

She looks down - water seeps from a jointed seam near the
starboard base.

INGRID
Can we patch it?

KARL
Yes. But we need to be fast.

He scrambles down.

INT. KARL'S BOAT - BELOW DECK

Karl grabs tools and a strip of canvas. Hands moving quickly.

Frederik watches, silent. Lena keeps playing, nervously.

Karl patches the leak with rough precision. The groaning hull settles.

KARL

We hold. For now.

EXT. GESTAPO REGIONAL HQ - SAME

Becker steps into the corridor. Lights flicker overhead.

He meets a MESSENGER OFFICER.

MESSENGER

Report from Elsinore. Fishing
vessel spotted off north bay.
Matches description from the tip.

Becker's eyes narrow.

BECKER

Launch intercept. Now.

He walks back into the war room.

BECKER (CONT'D)

Prepare to welcome our ghosts.

EXT. OPEN SEA - NIGHT

A thin line of moonlight breaks through the fog.

The boat continues, unaware.

FADE OUT.

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAWN

The first hint of sunrise stains the fog pink. The sea is eerily calm.

Karl's boat glides silently, its patched hull holding - but barely.

INT. KARL'S BOAT - BELOW DECK - CONTINUOUS

Ingrid dabs Lena's forehead. The girl is pale and feverish.

INGRID
She's burning up.

KARL (O.S.)
We can't stop. We're close now.

Frederik offers Lena his canteen. She drinks, weak.

LENA
I dreamed of him again.

INGRID
Who?

LENA
Papa. In the barn.

Ingrid grips her hand tightly.

INGRID
That's behind us. We go forward.
Always.

INT. GESTAPO COASTAL PATROL BOAT - BRIDGE - SAME

Becker peers through binoculars, the sea stretching endlessly ahead.

NAZI HELMSMAN
Fog's clearing to the west.

BECKER
Good. Bring us around.

He lowers the binoculars. Behind him, a radio operator listens intently.

RADIO OPERATOR
We intercepted a signal. Possibly
Morse - from a fishing vessel.

BECKER
Coordinates?

RADIO OPERATOR
North by northwest. Fifteen
kilometers off coast.

BECKER
That's them.

He turns to the helmsman.

BECKER (CONT'D)
Full speed.

EXT. KARL'S BOAT - OPEN SEA - LATER

A shadow forms ahead - low hills. A distant coastline.

KARL
That's Sweden.

Ingrid squints into the rising sun.

INGRID
We're going to make it.

Suddenly -

WHUMP. A distant echo. Then another.

Karl looks back. Thin columns of smoke rise far behind them.

KARL
They're bombing the harbor.
Covering their pursuit.

EXT. GESTAPO COASTAL PATROL BOAT - SAME

The boat surges forward. Becker adjusts his coat, stepping into the wind.

BECKER
Find them. No prisoners.

His voice cuts like ice.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. OPEN SEA - NEARING SWEDEN - MORNING

The fog is lifting. Sunlight cuts through in shafts.

Karl's boat groans as it pushes through light chop. The Swedish coast grows clearer with every meter.

INT. KARL'S BOAT - BELOW DECK - SAME

Lena's breathing is shallow. Ingrid wets a cloth and places it on her head.

FREDERIK
She's not waking up.

INGRID
Keep talking to her. She needs to hear us.

Karl drops below deck.

KARL
Another thirty minutes. We need her strong enough to walk.

INGRID
She will be.

Lena stirs faintly.

LENA
Papa said... stars never drown.

Ingrid freezes. Tears well, but she forces a smile.

INGRID
He was right.

EXT. GESTAPO COASTAL PATROL BOAT - DECK - SAME

The German boat cuts hard through the water. Faster now. The Swedish coast in their sights.

Becker grips a railing. A junior officer joins him.

JUNIOR OFFICER
Visual confirmation. Civilian vessel, under sail and motor. Unflagged. Likely target.

BECKER
Ready the guns. Intercept angle - now.

He steps into the bridge.

BECKER (CONT'D)
No warning shots. No mercy.

EXT. KARL'S BOAT - SAME

A distant HUM. Karl looks up.

A speck grows larger - the Nazi patrol boat.

KARL

Ingrid!

She rushes topside, sees it.

INGRID

They're coming.

Karl guns the motor. The boat shudders.

KARL

I need more speed - even if it
blows the damn thing.

The engine WHINES.

INT. KARL'S BOAT - BELOW DECK

Frederik wraps his arms around Lena.

FREDERIK

You can't leave. We're almost
there. Please...

Lena's eyes flicker open.

LENA

Music.

FREDERIK

What?

LENA

Play something. Play me something.

He looks around. Finds the violin case. Hands trembling, he opens it.

He draws the bow once, unsure.

Then again - a soft, rough tune. Barely music. But Lena smiles.

EXT. OPEN SEA - CONTINUOUS

The Nazi patrol boat is closing. Its deck gun pivots.

Suddenly -

A SIREN. From the north.

A SWEDISH COAST GUARD CUTTER appears from the haze.

The Nazi boat veers off.

Karl's boat sputters but holds. The Swedish flag now visible ahead.

Ingrid collapses in relief.

INGRID
Stars held.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SWEDISH COAST - DAY

Karl's boat approaches the rocky shoreline. The Swedish cutter guides them in.

EXT. SWEDISH HARBOR - MOMENTS LATER

A pair of uniformed SWEDISH SOLDIERS assist the passengers off the boat. Medics rush forward.

Lena is lifted gently onto a stretcher. Ingrid walks beside her, never letting go of her hand.

SWEDISH MEDIC
We have a clinic. It's safe now.

Karl climbs onto the dock, scanning the coast behind them - haunted.

KARL
That's one crossing.

He looks at the horizon. The Danish shore now invisible in the mist.

INT. SWEDISH SHELTER - NIGHT

A small, warm room. Cots. Steam rises from bowls of soup. The refugees eat in silence.

Ingrid sits beside Lena, who stirs groggily. Her fever has broken.

LENA
Are we... really here?

INGRID
Yes. We're safe.

A beat.

LENA
Where's Papa?

Ingrid hesitates. Brushes a curl from Lena's forehead.

INGRID
He's in the stars.

Lena closes her eyes. Silent tears. Ingrid wipes them away.

EXT. DANISH VILLAGE - NIGHT

Torches blaze.

Gestapo soldiers march through the village square. Becker leads them.

He stops at a house - the home of MADS SØRENSEN.

INT. SØRENSEN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sørensen stands with trembling hands as Becker paces.

BECKER
You failed to mention the second child.

SØRENSEN
I didn't know! I swear -

Becker pulls his sidearm. Points it at Sørensen's wife.

BECKER
You should've known.

He fires. She drops. Sørensen screams.

BECKER (CONT'D)
Keep screaming. I want the whole village to hear it.

EXT. DANISH COUNTRYSIDE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A barn burns. Flames lick the sky. Cattle run loose.

Gestapo trucks roar down the road, headlights cutting through smoke.

A new round of **retribution raids** begins.

INT. SWEDISH SHELTER - SAME

Frederik lies awake. He hears distant wind, rattling windowpanes.

He glances at the violin case beside Lena's bed.

FREDERIK (V.O.)
We escaped fire. But some fires
chase us.

He turns away, eyes wide open.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. SWEDISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Rolling fields under cold sun. A TRUCK marked with a red cross speeds down a gravel road.

INT. SWEDISH CLINIC - DAY

Lena lies on a clean hospital bed. A nurse adjusts an IV. Ingrid watches quietly from the doorway.

NURSE
Her fever's down. She's strong.

Ingrid nods, gripping the doorway for balance.

KARL (O.S.)
I spoke with the Red Cross. They'll
start paperwork for asylum.

Karl steps in, tired but calm. He looks down at Lena.

KARL (CONT'D)
She made it.

INGRID
What about the others?

Karl's silence says everything.

EXT. GERMAN OCCUPATION HQ - COPENHAGEN - DAY

A brutalist building. Black flags with the swastika flap in the wind.

INT. OCCUPATION HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM

Two Danish villagers sit, bloodied. One sobs. Becker lights a cigarette.

BECKER
So many good Danes... willing to
die for strangers.

He turns to a Gestapo CAPTAIN.

BECKER (CONT'D)
Burn every farm east of Helsingør.
Hang three at random.

The captain nods. Leaves.

Becker stares at the prisoners.

BECKER (CONT'D)
I hope your wives aren't waiting.

He exits. Behind him, the sobbing continues.

INT. SWEDISH REFUGEE OFFICE - DAY

Papers shuffle. Stamps slam down.

A YOUNG CLERK speaks with Karl and Ingrid.

CLERK
The government's overwhelmed.
Lodging is limited. But we'll place
you.

KARL
And the others?

CLERK
More are coming every day.
Hundreds. Maybe thousands.

EXT. SWEDISH TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A crowd of displaced Danes gathers. Families huddle. A violin plays - slow and mournful.

Frederik stands beside a local statue, holding Lena's violin.

He plays to no one. Or maybe to ghosts.

Ingrid watches from afar. Wipes her eyes.

FADE TO:

EXT. DANISH FARM - NIGHT

The sky glows red. Another barn on fire.

A lone figure - an OLD MAN - watches from the woods. Silent. Eyes burning.

OLD MAN (V.O.)

They came for neighbors. Then for
sons. Then for songs. But the fire
will remember.

The barn collapses.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SWEDISH LAKESIDE COTTAGE - DUSK

Karl, Ingrid, Lena and Frederik approach a modest cottage near the water's edge. A SWEDISH WOMAN in her 60s opens the door.

SWEDISH WOMAN

The church sent word. You'll be
safe here.

She ushers them inside.

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

A fire crackles. Frederik dozes beside it. Ingrid tucks a blanket around Lena.

Karl steps outside for air.

EXT. COTTAGE PORCH - NIGHT

Karl lights a cigarette. Eyes scan the horizon.

KARL (V.O.)

They say the war is far away now.
But it still whispers across the
water.

INT. GERMAN PUB - NIGHT

Drunken Gestapo officers sing loudly. A younger officer,
ERNST, stumbles out into the alley to piss.

He hears crying.

Down the alley: a small group of Danish refugees - a woman
and two children - huddled in shadow.

Ernst approaches, amused.

ERNST

Well well. Look what floated in.

He pulls the woman to her feet. Her children scream.

Suddenly - a FIGURE darts out of the dark. A rock smashes
against Ernst's temple.

He falls. The woman grabs her kids and runs.

The figure steps into light - a TEENAGE BOY. He stares at the
blood on his hands.

INT. SWEDISH COTTAGE - SAME

Karl enters. Ingrid looks up.

INGRID

More came today.

KARL

Then we'll need more boats.

She nods.

INGRID

Are you going back?

Karl looks at Lena, sleeping. Then at Frederik.

KARL
Someone has to.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FISHING VILLAGE - NIGHT

Rain lashes the dock. A SMALL BOAT bobs at the end of a rotted pier.

Karl loads crates of blankets and bread onto it.

An ELDERLY DANISH FISHERMAN helps, eyes wary.

FISHERMAN
Two boats were caught last week.
They shot the men. Put the women in
the train.

KARL
That's why we go tonight.

The fisherman nods. Hands him a slip of paper.

FISHERMAN
This family's hiding in Vejby. The
girl has asthma. They'll need
speed.

Karl folds the note, tucks it into his coat.

EXT. VEJBY COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Shadows move between rows of trees. Dogs bark in the distance.

Karl creeps toward a stone farmhouse. A dim lantern flickers inside.

INT. STONE FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A MOTHER, FATHER, and their TWO CHILDREN sit in silence.

Karl knocks once. Then again.

FATHER
(to his wife)
It's him.

She gathers the girl's inhaler. They move quickly.

EXT. ROADSIDE CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

A pair of Nazi SOLDIERS wave down Karl's wagon.

He nods, casual. The family hides under tarp in the back.

A flashlight sweeps through the tarp - catches nothing.

SOLDIER grunts and waves them on.

Karl doesn't breathe until they're out of sight.

EXT. COASTLINE - NIGHT

The boat waits. Wind howls. Waves crash.

Karl and the family scramble aboard.

A GUNSHOT cracks the air.

Karl shoves the throttle. The boat lurches forward.

Behind them, silhouettes of Nazi soldiers on the cliffs.

Bullets strike the water.

The boat vanishes into the dark.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. SWEDISH SHORELINE - DAWN

Karl's boat bumps softly against the dock. A RED CROSS worker helps the asthmatic girl off first.

RED CROSS WORKER

You're lucky. They hit a boat an hour before yours.

Karl looks out across the foggy water.

KARL

We need more luck.

INT. REFUGEE PROCESSING STATION - DAY

Children wait in rows. Medical staff move quickly. Ingrid helps pass out soup.

She spots Karl across the room. Their eyes meet – tired but grateful.

EXT. DANISH VILLAGE – DAY

Posters now show more aggressive orders:

TEXT (DANISH): ALL HARBORING JEWS WILL BE EXECUTED.

INT. GESTAPO FIELD OFFICE – DAY

Becker sits at a long table with a Nazi GENERAL.

GENERAL

Your district has the highest
escape rate in the Reich.

BECKER

Because the Danes have boats. And
hearts.

GENERAL

Then take their hearts.

He slides a paper across. Becker reads it, his expression
hardening.

BECKER

Public executions.

GENERAL

Every Friday. Until morale
improves.

EXT. CITY SQUARE – COPENHAGEN – DAY

CROWDS are forced to gather.

A DANISH PRIEST is dragged forward, bloodied but defiant.
Children cry in the crowd.

Becker watches as the priest is hanged. A violin plays
faintly in the distance – off-key, broken.

INT. SAFEHOUSE – NIGHT

Resistance members light candles. A large wall map shows
crossings and checkpoints.

Karl leans over the table with a YOUNG RESISTANCE COMMANDER.

COMMANDER

If we can get the next group to
Fyns Hoved, we can launch from
there.

KARL

How many?

COMMANDER

Forty-two.

Karl swallows hard.

KARL

Then we'll need two boats. And
silence.

The commander nods.

COMMANDER

What about the violin kid?

Karl looks over – Frederik sits in the corner, tuning
strings.

KARL

He stays.

Frederik looks up. Quiet understanding in his eyes.

FADE TO:

EXT. DARK BEACH – NIGHT

Torches blink three times from the trees.

Karl stands beside two small boats, checking fuel. Refugees
huddle in the shadows.

Suddenly – WHISTLING. Nazi GUARDS appear at the treeline.

Shouts. Chaos.

Karl yells –

KARL

Get them on! Go!

He fires a flare into the sky.

As bullets fly, one boat speeds away. Karl covers the second with a pistol.

A bullet grazes his leg – he falls, clutching the sand.

A young refugee boy grabs him.

BOY

Come on!

They lunge onto the final boat just as it pushes off.

Behind them, flames rise along the tree line.

FADE OUT.

INT. SWEDISH HOSPITAL – DAY

Karl lies in a bed. Bandaged. Lena sits beside him, holding a newspaper.

LENA

You're in the paper. "Ghost of the Øresund."

Karl smiles faintly.

KARL

Let's hope they keep chasing ghosts.

She kisses his forehead. Outside the window, snow begins to fall.

INT. GESTAPO BRIEFING ROOM – COPENHAGEN – DAY

A thick blackboard filled with red X's. Becker paces in front of a map.

BECKER

Every harbor, dock, and inlet. If it floats, we sink it.

Gestapo officers take notes. A large photograph of Karl is pinned to the board.

BECKER (CONT'D)

He's not a ghost. He's a man. And men bleed.

INT. SWEDISH REFUGEE COTTAGE - NIGHT

Lena paces the living room, reading a Danish newspaper.
Ingrid stirs soup over a modest fire.

LENA

They hung a doctor. Right in front
of his patients.

INGRID

They're trying to crush hope.

LENA

Then we can't give them that.

A knock at the door. Karl limps to open it.

It's the YOUNG RESISTANCE COMMANDER.

COMMANDER

We have another list. They're in
hiding. But they won't last long.

Karl takes the paper. Reads. Looks to Ingrid.

KARL

One more trip.

INGRID

And then?

KARL

Then we teach others to steer.

FADE TO:

EXT. DENMARK COASTLINE - DAWN

A fresh group of terrified souls gather in the dunes. Lena
tunes her violin. Frederik helps children stay quiet.

Torches flash once.

Karl motions - they run to boats hidden under netting.

In the distance: the WHINE of German patrol boats.

KARL (V.O.)

There's no end to this tide.
Only how many we can carry across.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. COPENHAGEN STREET - DAY

A line of captured Danes kneels in the road. GERMAN SOLDIERS pace.

A MOTHER holds her SON close. A PRIEST murmurs a final prayer.

A GESTAPO OFFICER lifts a pistol - cold, mechanical.

BANG. BANG. BANG. Three fall.

LENA (O.S.)
The price of silence was always
blood.

INT. SWEDISH SCHOOLROOM - DAY

Children sit quietly. Lena teaches them Danish.

She writes HOPE on the board.

LENA
Hope is stronger than fear.

One little girl raises her hand.

GIRL
Will we go back?

Lena kneels beside her.

LENA
Someday.

EXT. COTTAGE HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Karl, older now, sits with Frederik beside a fire.

FREDERIK
Do you miss it?

KARL
Every day.

Frederik plays a soft tune. Lena joins them.

LENA
They'll tell stories about the
crossings.

KARL
Let them. But not about us.

FADE OUT.

EXT. COPENHAGEN ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Rain drizzles. A dim lantern flickers over a loading door.

A battered truck idles. Karl lifts crates inside - blankets, medicine. Lena checks a list.

LENA
They're just children this time.

KARL
Children are harder to hide.

A distant whistle - three short blasts.

Karl tenses. Lena extinguishes the lantern.

KARL (CONT'D)
Time to go.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The truck rumbles along. Frederik peers out the back, clutching a teddy bear someone left behind.

FREDERIK
Do we always go this way?

KARL
Never twice.

Suddenly - headlights behind. A motorbike.

INGRID (O.S.)
Company.

Karl doesn't speed up. The motorbike draws closer.

Frederik tightens his grip. The bike pulls alongside - a NAZI PATROLMAN.

He stares in, matching speed - eyes locking with Frederik.

Then... he nods. Speeds off.

KARL
That wasn't luck. That was mercy.

EXT. COASTLINE DROP ZONE - NIGHT

Refugees huddle in wind-whipped coats. Waves crash.

Karl, Ingrid, Lena and Frederik unload supplies. Two small boats, camouflaged.

LENA

This many won't fit.

KARL

We make two trips.

INGRID

No. We send the children first.

Frederik hands a coat to a sobbing girl.

FREDERIK

I'll see you there.

INT. GESTAPO OFFICE - NIGHT

Becker stands before a massive map - escape routes crisscrossed in red.

A RADIO OPERATOR steps in.

OPERATOR

Message from Helsingør: patrol boat disabled.

Becker slams his fist.

BECKER

They're ghosts in water. Damn fishers and farmers playing heroes.

OFFICER

The priest talked.

Becker looks up sharply.

BECKER

When?

OFFICER

Before he hanged. Names. Locations.

Becker's eyes narrow.

BECKER

Then tomorrow, we kill heroes.

EXT. VILLAGE CHURCH - DAY

The doors are torn open. Soldiers drag out ELDERLY MEN, a PREGNANT WOMAN, and a YOUNG TEACHER.

Villagers scream - forced to watch. Becker addresses the crowd.

BECKER

This town fed traitors. You will starve on their behalf.

He signals. Soldiers torch the food stores.

BECKER (CONT'D)

Every potato, every crumb - gone.

A CHILD faints. No one moves to catch her.

BECKER (CONT'D)

You want mercy? Then give us ghosts.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WOODLAND PATH - NIGHT

Karl carries a young boy on his back. Ingrid helps an old woman walk.

INGRID

There's another checkpoint near the mill.

KARL

Then we go through the marsh.

Lena moves ahead, scouting with a dim lamp.

LENA (O.S.)

This way!

Gunfire echoes in the distance. A FLARE lights the sky.

KARL

They're close. Run!

They disappear into the fog.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MARSHLAND EDGE - NIGHT

Mud sucks at their boots. Karl helps Lena pull an elderly refugee from a ditch.

KARL
We're losing light.

LENA
And time.

Behind them, the SOUND of distant DOGS - barking, closing in.

INGRID (O.S.)
I see lights - to the east!

Karl scans the horizon. Flashlights. Too many.

KARL
That's no rescue.

He grabs a broken tree limb, shoves it across a path - booby-trapping it.

KARL (CONT'D)
We scatter. Meet at the second inlet.

FREDERIK
What if someone doesn't-

KARL
Then we wait. No one gets left.

They vanish into the tall reeds.

EXT. NAZI CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

A flatbed truck passes. A GESTAPO GUARD flags it down.

In the back - crates of turnips... and children beneath a tarp.

The DRIVER, weathered and calm, lights a cigarette.

DRIVER
Harvest run. From Sørengen.

The guard eyes him. Strolls toward the back.

Tension builds. A child coughs - barely audible.

The guard lifts the tarp-

—Just vegetables.

He grunts. Waves them on.

The truck rolls away. The child who coughed — buried beneath the crops — exhales.

CHILD (WHISPERS)
I'm hungry.

DRIVER (O.S.)
You'll eat when we reach Sweden.

FADE OUT.

EXT. GESTAPO FIELD HQ — TEMPORARY BARRACKS — NIGHT

Under canvas tents and floodlights, Becker studies a captured map. Rain hisses on the canvas roof.

A CAPTURED RESISTANCE COURIER, bloodied and bruised, kneels in front of him. A nearby table holds items — forged papers, ration books, an encrypted ledger.

BECKER
You're not from around here.
Stockholm? Malmö?

No reply. Becker nods to an SS SOLDIER who steps forward and calmly breaks the man's finger.

BECKER (CONT'D)
You are all so predictable. So
noble. So weak.

The man gasps but stays silent. Becker kneels beside him.

BECKER (CONT'D)
This is no longer Denmark. This is
Reich territory. And I do not lose
what belongs to the Reich.

Becker straightens, wiping his gloves clean.

BECKER (CONT'D)
Dump him with the others.

The man is dragged out — leaving a smear of blood.

EXT. SECLUDED INLET - NIGHT

Moonlight dances across the water. Two small fishing boats return from the first run. One is half full - the other nearly swamped.

Karl leaps out, helping Lena and Ingrid anchor. A couple children sob. One is missing a shoe.

FREDERIK

We made it.

Karl counts silently - eyes scanning the group.

KARL

Where's Elise?

Lena scans the boats. No response. Then, from the shadows-

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)

Here!

A girl - soaked, shivering - emerges from the brush, holding a stuffed rabbit.

LENA

You scared us.

YOUNG GIRL

I hid like you said.

INT. SAFEHOUSE CELLAR - NIGHT

Lit only by a single oil lamp. Lena tunes her violin softly - fingers trembling. The refugees sleep in clumps, bundled in coats and rags.

Karl stares at a crack in the wall. Ingrid approaches, handing him a flask.

INGRID

Tomorrow's storm won't be weather.
It'll be boots.

KARL

We only need two more days. Just
two.

INGRID

They won't give us two.

Lena starts playing - quiet, mournful. A lullaby. One child turns over and sleeps.

INT. SAFEHOUSE ATTIC - NIGHT

Rain drums on the tin roof. A single candle flickers. Refugees rest, whisper, doze. Frederik lies next to Lena, wide awake.

FREDERIK
Why don't we fight them?

LENA
We are. Just not with guns.

FREDERIK
But we have some, right?

LENA
(small smile)
A violin. A boat. A voice. That's
what we fight with.

A beat.

FREDERIK
What if they catch us?

Lena pulls the blanket over them both.

LENA
Then they'll have to silence every
song, every whisper, every
heartbeat.

She kisses his forehead.

EXT. DOCKSIDE SHANTY - EARLY MORNING

A weather-beaten fisherman, JONAS (60s), smokes a pipe near a dinghy. Karl approaches from the fog, soaked.

KARL
Ten more. Tonight.

JONAS
Too many. I'll swamp.

KARL
We take turns bailing.

Jonas sighs. Nods once.

JONAS
They better not cry.

KARL
They're too tired to.

INT. GESTAPO BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Officers gather around Becker. Maps, photos, resistance leaflets. Red string marks a net tightening around the coast.

BECKER
We squeeze Helsingør. They'll flee
to Gilleleje - where they drown.

He slams a folder onto the table - photos of captured children.

BECKER (CONT'D)
Mercy is infection. No more
arrests. Just bullets.

SS OFFICER
And if they're unarmed?

Becker turns slowly.

BECKER
So were the rats in Warsaw. Did we
ask them?

Silence.

EXT. SECLUDED WOOD - NIGHT

Karl, Lena, and Ingrid lead the next group toward a new cove. Rain pelts down. A baby begins to cry.

They stop. Panic.

Lena kneels beside the mother.

LENA
You must hush him. Just for five
minutes.

The mother tries. The crying grows louder.

KARL
We have to split up.

Suddenly - a SNAP of twigs.

Figures in the trees. Gun barrels gleaming.

INGRID

Get down!

A SHOT rings out.

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Suddenly – a SNAP of twigs.

Figures in the trees. Gun barrels gleaming.

INGRID

Get down!

A SHOT rings out.

EXT. SECLUDED WOOD – CONTINUOUS

Gunfire rips through the trees. Screams. People scatter.

Karl yanks Lena down, shielding her with his body.

KARL

Stay with me!

Ingrid pulls the crying baby from its mother – tucks it into a hollow beneath tree roots.

INGRID

Shhh. Don't make a sound.

MOTHER (O.S.)

No – please!

The mother bolts from cover – too late.

RAT-A-TAT! Machine gun fire cuts her down.

Frederik crouches behind a log, shaking, his eyes locked on the fallen mother.

He starts to cry – then clamps his hand over his mouth.

EXT. EDGE OF COVE – MOMENTS LATER

The survivors burst through the brush, gasping.

Jonas is there, already prepping the dinghy.

JONAS

Go now or don't go at all!

Karl helps people climb in. Ingrid arrives, blood on her hands.

INGRID

We lost two. Maybe three.

LENA (O.S.)
Frederik?!

They all freeze. He's not with them.

KARL
I'll find him.

JONAS
No time! The tide's shifting!

Karl locks eyes with Ingrid – torn. Then leaps back into the trees.

EXT. SECLUDED WOOD - NIGHT

Flashlights sweep across the forest floor.

Frederik hides under brush, barely breathing. A boot steps inches from his face... then moves on.

Karl moves silently through the trees.

A snapping twig. He freezes.

KARL (WHISPERS)
Ace...

A hand tugs his coat – Frederik. Eyes wide, terrified.

Karl lifts him into his arms and bolts.

EXT. COVE - NIGHT

The boat is halfway out. Jonas sees Karl emerging with Frederik.

JONAS
Paddle in! Now!

The boat swings around. Gunfire cracks behind Karl. He ducks low, sprinting through sand.

Lena reaches from the bow – grabs Frederik.

Karl leaps in as bullets strike the water.

Jonas pushes off. The little dinghy disappears into the mist.

FADE OUT.

EXT. GILLELEJE COAST - NIGHT

Moonlight shimmers off cold waves. The dinghy reaches shore. Wet, exhausted refugees stumble onto Danish sand.

JONAS

There'll be guards inland. Stay low
till the barn.

Karl lifts Frederik out. Ingrid wraps him in a blanket.

LENA

We need to change routes again.
They're learning.

KARL

They're adapting faster than we
are.

EXT. GESTAPO COMPOUND - NIGHT

Inside a locked barn repurposed for detainment, a half-dozen CAPTURED REFUGEES - elderly, bruised - sit under flickering bulbs.

Becker enters, flanked by two SS guards.

He scans their faces. Stops at an OLD MAN in prayer.

BECKER

Still praying? After all this?

The old man doesn't answer.

Becker pulls a pistol, SHOOTS him in the head.

BECKER (CONT'D)

God doesn't hear cowards.

He gestures to the others.

BECKER (CONT'D)

Load them. And find their shepherd.

INT. BARN LOFT - NIGHT

Karl stares at a makeshift map. Strings. Pins. Photos of those already ferried out.

Ingrid sits nearby, hand trembling as she stitches a wound.

INGRID
Becker's burning villages now.

KARL
He's close.

LENA (O.S.)
Then we disappear.

She enters holding a new manifest.

LENA (CONT'D)
One last group. Thirty-seven. All
that's left.

KARL
One trip?

LENA
One chance.

A long beat.

INGRID
And then?

KARL
Then we stop being ghosts... and
become legends.

EXT. COUNTRY INN - NIGHT

Becker speaks with a Danish informer - a nervous shopkeeper.

INFORMER
He pays the fishermen with silver.
Has the girl with the violin.

BECKER
Violin?

The man nods.

Becker's mouth curls into a grim smile.

BECKER (CONT'D)
I know her father. He made fine
music. Before I buried him.

FADE OUT.

EXT. COASTAL RIDGE - NIGHT

The boat has vanished into the mist.

Karl, winded, lies back in the wet sand. Gunfire fades.

He sits up - breath steaming - staring toward the open sea.

Behind him, a distant rumble... ENGINES.

INT. GESTAPO TRANSPORT - MOVING - NIGHT

Becker rides in the back with two SS GUARDS. One checks a list.

BECKER

No names. No trials. Just bodies.

SS GUARD

What if they're Danish?

Becker lights a cigarette.

BECKER

Then their king can count coffins.

EXT. COTTAGE RUINS - NIGHT

Ingrid and Lena hide with the remaining refugees in the blackened shell of a burned-out cottage.

The walls are still warm from flame.

A baby stirs. A grandfather coughs. Tension unbearable.

Frederik leans against Lena.

FREDERIK

How many more nights?

LENA

As many as it takes.

EXT. FIELD NEAR THE SOUND - DAWN

Karl and Jonas bury a body wrapped in tarp - one of the refugees who didn't survive the crossing.

Jonas pats the dirt silently.

JONAS

Even if we lose some... we save
more.

Karl doesn't speak – just stares at the grave.

EXT. SHORELINE PATH – NIGHT

Wind lashes the dunes. Lena and Ingrid trudge ahead, soaked,
leading a line of refugees.

INGRID

We're ghosts already.

LENA

Better ghosts than ashes.

KARL (O.S.)

Wait!

Karl catches up, Frederik in tow.

FREDERIK

I didn't mean to fall behind.

KARL

It's not your fault. It's mine.

They walk in silence. Waves crash louder now.

INT. GESTAPO FIELD TENT – NIGHT

A soldier peels off wet gloves. Becker hunches over a crude
radio.

RADIO STATIC

...escaped...six missing...officer
down...

Becker crushes a cigarette in his palm.

BECKER

They still think they can win.

GESTAPO OFFICER

What's the next move?

Becker looks up – eyes gleaming.

BECKER

We torch the town.

NT. BARN - DAY

A group of captured refugees - men, women, children - huddle in silence. The barn doors open.

BECKER enters, flanked by SS soldiers.

vbnet Copy Edit

BECKER

For every ghost we fail to catch,
we take three from the living.

He nods.

Three men are yanked up. One struggles. A child screams.

Becker draws his pistol - walks up to the first man.

markdown Copy Edit

BECKER (CONT'D)

Your crime? Hoping.

BLAM. Shoots him point-blank.

The second man vomits. The third begins to sing softly - a Jewish hymn.

Becker hesitates. His jaw tightens.

He fires anyway.

The music stops.

EXT. SHORELINE BLUFF - NIGHT

The small dinghy bobs just offshore, cloaked in fog. The sea is calm - too calm.

A Nazi SEARCHLIGHT cuts through the mist. The boat halts. Everyone freezes.

LENA

Stay low.

The light sways away.

Karl peers at the approaching shoreline of Sweden - a faint silhouette.

KARL

Almost there.

Behind them – a distant BOOM. Flames rise on the Danish side.
A village burns.

Frederik clutches Karl's coat.

FREDERIK
That's where she lived.

Karl doesn't respond. Just stares.

EXT. GILLELEJE HARBOR – NIGHT

Becker storms along the dock, barking orders. Burned-out
boats and scattered bodies.

BECKER
Block every road north. Every cove.
I want them in chains – or ash.

A JUNIOR OFFICER runs up.

OFFICER
The priest's daughter escaped.
Witnesses say... with the boy.

Becker grits his teeth.

BECKER
They think they can rewrite God's
will with oars and fairy tales.

He snatches the officer's pistol – fires into the sea.

BECKER (CONT'D)
Not on my coast.

EXT. OPEN SEA – NIGHT

Fog thickens again. The shoreline has vanished. The boat
drifts in still water.

Below deck, the air is damp. Claustrophobic.

INT. KARL'S BOAT – BELOW DECK

Ingrid strokes Lena's sweat-damp hair. Frederik holds a
lantern, trying not to cry.

FREDERIK
Will they find us?

KARL (O.S.)
They're already looking.

Karl drops into the hatch, eyes grim.

KARL (CONT'D)
We can't reach the coast directly.
There's a blockade. Patrol boats,
checkpoints.

INGRID
Then what?

KARL
We wait. Drift further north.
There's a rocky inlet they won't
risk.

LENA
We'll make it, won't we?

Karl hesitates. Then nods.

KARL
We have to.

EXT. OPEN SEA - HOURS LATER

The boat hugs the coast, engines off. Oars now. Quiet.
Stealth.

Suddenly-

FLASHLIGHTS in the distance. A small fishing vessel is being
boarded by NAZIS.

KARL
(low)
God help them.

They watch, frozen, as a woman screams. Gunfire erupts. A
flare lights the sky blood red.

INGRID
We keep going.

Karl rows harder. Faster.

INT. GESTAPO COASTAL COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Becker paces in front of a sea chart. A radio operator
adjusts knobs.

RADIO OPERATOR
Another crossing detected. Debris
found—clothes, a violin case.

Becker's jaw tightens.

BECKER
Send a diver team. No survivors.

He turns to his aide.

BECKER (CONT'D)
We're being mocked. Ghosts dancing
past our guns.

AIDE
Should we issue new orders?

BECKER
No.
(beat)
We issue punishment.

EXT. SWEDISH INLET - EARLY DAWN

Karl's boat finally bumps against rocky sand. The cliffs
above are steep, the trees dense.

KARL
This isn't the usual landing, but
it's safe.

He climbs out, helps Ingrid and Lena.

Suddenly—SHOUTS from the treeline. Not German. Swedish.

A SEARCHLIGHT hits them.

SWEDISH GUARD (O.S.)
(armed, shouting)
Hands! Show your hands!

KARL
We're refugees! Danish! With
children!

SWEDISH GUARD
Approach slowly!

They move forward — terrified, hands raised.

The guards lower their rifles. A woman in a Red Cross vest
appears.

RED CROSS WOMAN

You're safe now. You're in Sweden.

Lena collapses to her knees.

FREDERIK
She can't walk!

SWEDISH GUARD
We'll carry her. Come.

They lift Lena and help Ingrid as Karl sags with exhaustion.

INT. SWEDISH FIELD CLINIC - LATER

Lena lies on a cot, IV in her arm. Ingrid sleeps beside her, head on the edge of the bed.

Frederik stands by the window.

A DOCTOR enters.

DOCTOR
She'll live. But she needs rest.
You all do.

Frederik looks out the window, distant.

FREDERIK
We can't rest.

DOCTOR
You're safe here, son.

Frederik shakes his head.

FREDERIK
No. We left them behind.

He walks out.

INT. COPENHAGEN - GESTAPO FIELD HQ - NIGHT

Becker stands alone in his office. The war map is in shreds. Red pins pulled.

A bottle of cognac sits untouched. He stares at a grainy photo of Karl, Ingrid, and Lena - captured from a confiscated document.

OFFICER (O.S.)
Berlin radio says it's over. Troops
are retreating.

Becker doesn't look up.

BECKER
Too late. The ghosts already won.

He opens a drawer. A pistol waits.

FADE TO:

EXT. CITY SQUARE - MORNING

A small Danish crowd gathers. Word spreads fast.

A poster reads:

"BECKER DEAD - APPARENT SUICIDE. WAR ENDS."

Someone tears it down.

Below it: children chalk stars into the pavement.

INT. SWEDISH SCHOOLROOM - YEARS LATER

Frederik, now 17, plays violin at the front of a classroom.

Lena - mid-20s, strong, composed - writes on a blackboard
behind him.

HOPE

FORGIVENESS

REMEMBRANCE

LENA
Class, who remembers what today is?

GIRL
The day the boats came.

LENA
That's right. The day a hundred
ghosts crossed the water.

She looks out the window – a breeze stirs the trees.

EXT. SWEDISH CEMETERY – DAY

Ingrid places a single flower on a modest stone:

“For the ones who rowed, and the ones who waited.”

Karl stands beside her, older now. His limp still visible.

KARL

They want to give me a medal.

INGRID

Will you take it?

KARL

Not until they give one to every
fisherman who didn't come back.

They walk on.

INT. DANISH CHURCH – POST-WAR TRIBUNAL – DAY

A modest crowd. A panel of judges.

A surviving Nazi CAPTAIN stands on trial.

FACES in the crowd: some of the rescued. A Danish priest
reads names aloud.

PRIEST

...Lena Abramson. Ingrid Thomsen.
Frederik Thomsen...

Lena stands. The courtroom quiets.

LENA

(soft, steady)

You tried to kill our bodies.

But we built bridges out of grief.

She holds up her violin.

LENA (CONT'D)

And we played.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWEDISH COASTLINE - SUNSET

Karl, Lena, Frederik and Ingrid walk the beach.

Children run with kites behind them. Laughter in the air.

LENA
Think they'll ever know?

KARL
Only if we tell them.

Frederik looks to the horizon.

FREDERIK
Tell them the truth?

LENA
Yes.

She lifts her violin.

LENA (V.O.)
That monsters walk in daylight.

But courage... rows in silence.

She begins to play - slow, haunting. A song for ghosts.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COPENHAGEN - MODERN DAY

A bronze statue. A fisherman. A girl with a violin. A small boy offering a compass.

A plaque below:

"To Those Who Rowed Against the Darkness"

Visitors stand silent. Some cry. Children leave folded paper boats on the stone.

FINAL IMAGE:

The sea, calm now. Stars above. And somewhere, far off...

A violin plays.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. SWEDISH SHORELINE - NIGHT

The boat beaches gently. Karl helps Lena and Frederik out. Ingrid limps behind them.

No welcoming party. Just moonlight, sand, and stillness.

INGRID
We're... here?

Karl nods. He lifts Frederik onto his shoulders.

KARL
One more trip. Then another. Until they're all across.

LENA
And us?

KARL
We go back.

They walk into the dark, leaving wet footprints on a free shore.

FADE OUT.

EXT. COPENHAGEN SQUARE - MORNING

Post-war.

Children play where soldiers once marched. A violinist plays a soft Danish hymn.

Frederik - now 17 - watches from a bench, older, solemn.

A YOUNG GIRL beside him holds a worn teddy bear.

GIRL
Did you really cross the sea in a fishing boat?

FREDERIK
Many times.

GIRL
Why?

He looks out toward the sea.

FREDERIK
Because monsters can't swim.

FADE OUT.

INT. COPENHAGEN WAR TRIBUNAL - DAY

A packed courtroom. Danish and Swedish officials. Survivors. Press.

Lena stands at the witness podium, older, poised.

LENA
They told us we were vermin. That
silence was survival.

But in silence, we sang. In darkness, we rowed.

(beat)

I saw children become anchors. And I saw strangers become stars.

The room is still. A tear slips down Frederik's cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Ingrid confronts a Nazi doctor - pale, old, shackled.

INGRID
You called it hygiene. I called it
rape with paperwork.

DOCTOR
I only followed orders.

INGRID
Then may your grave follow you
quickly.

She turns, leaves. The doctor stares at the wall, unmoving.

EXT. DANISH COAST - YEARS LATER - NIGHT

A small boat rocks near a sea wall.

Karl, gray and limping, helps a YOUNG MOTHER and INFANT into the hull.

FISHERMAN

You're too old for this.

KARL

They said that last time.

He pushes off.

EXT. OPEN SEA - LATER

A storm builds. The baby cries. The engine sputters.

Karl steadies the wheel, soaked and freezing.

The motor cuts out. Waves slam the hull.

KARL

No, no—come on—

He grabs the oars. Rows furiously. His chest heaves.

The light of Sweden flickers far ahead.

INT. SWEDISH REFUGEE STATION - MORNING

The mother sobs — alive, soaked. She clutches the baby.

No sign of Karl.

But the boat? Empty... save for the compass.

She kneels beside it. Kisses it. Whispers: *"Takk."*

EXT. SWEDISH MUSEUM - YEARS LATER - NIGHT

Crowd gathers at the steps. A new exhibit banner:

"The Ghosts of the Øresund: Denmark's Hidden Resistance."

Inside: photos, violins, forged papers, children's shoes.

Lena steps to a podium.

LENA

Not all heroes carry guns.

Some carry soup. Some carry children.

And some... row toward the edge of the world and never turn back.

She holds up a restored violin – her father's.

Then plays – the same melody from the cellar... now full and unbroken.

Visitors stand in reverent silence.

EXT. SEA - NIGHT

Stars shimmer over black water.

The same melody continues.

And beneath it, a final line:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

"Over 7,000 Danish Jews were ferried to safety between 1943-1945.

Fewer than 500 were caught.

Many of their rescuers remain unnamed to this day."

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END