

TWO CROWNS

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. POLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK - 1906

Golden light falls through mist as the countryside quiets.
Wind brushes tall grass. Somewhere, a church bell TOLLS.

A DIRT PATH curves through a forest.

KNEELING in the center of it is a SMALL BOY -

RAYMUND KOLBE (12)
Eyes shut. Hands folded. Lips
trembling in whispered Latin.

Suddenly, the WIND stills. Everything hushes.

From behind him, a GLOW builds - soft at first, then
dazzling.

Raymund opens his eyes.

He turns.

A WOMAN in brilliant robes stands above him.

OUR LADY (O.S.)
My son... do you wish to accept one
of these?

She holds out TWO CROWNS:

One WHITE - gleaming with purity. One RED - deep, ominous.

RAYMUND
What are they?

OUR LADY (O.S.)
The white means you shall live in
chastity. The red means you will
die a martyr.

Raymund looks at them. Then -

RAYMUND
I choose both.

CUT TO:

INT. KOLBE HOME - NIGHT

Dimly lit. A modest, poor kitchen. RAYMUND sits at the table, head bowed. Across from him -

MOTHER KOLBE
You saw her again, didn't you?

He nods. She puts a hand over her mouth.

MOTHER KOLBE (CONT'D)
And you chose both?

He nods again.

MOTHER KOLBE (CONT'D)
Then I have already lost you.

She gets up and walks out. A DOOR creaks. RAYMUND is left alone.

INT. CHURCH CONFESSIONAL - DAY

RAYMUND kneels. The screen slides open.

PRIEST (O.S.)
Go ahead, my son.

RAYMUND
I wish to love as Christ did. Even
if it means suffering.

PRIEST (O.S.)
That is a dangerous prayer,
Raymund.

RAYMUND
I know.

PRIEST (O.S.)
And yet you ask it.

RAYMUND
I want to be his knight. I want to
wear both crowns.

The PRIEST remains silent.

PRIEST (O.S.)
Then prepare your heart. Because
God will not forget this.

EXT. SEMINARY COURTYARD - DAY - YEARS LATER

RAYMUND (now 18), dressed in a modest cassock, walks with a satchel under one arm.

Other young men laugh, argue, whisper about politics.

But Raymund walks in silence.

He pauses to look up at the crucifix in the courtyard.

RAYMUND (V.O.)
Take everything, Lord. My mind. My
body. But let me keep my soul for
you.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE OVER: "BASED ON A TRUE STORY"

FADE IN:

EXT. POLISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT - 1894

A clear sky. Stars flicker above dense woods and crooked homes.

In the distance - church bells ring.

INT. FAMILY SHRINE ROOM - NIGHT

A humble, candlelit corner. Threadbare curtain. Dirt floor.

RAYMOND KOLBE (10) kneels before a modest statue of the Virgin Mary.

His face is tear-streaked, hands clasped in prayer.

RAYMOND
(whispers)
Why did You make me? What do You
want from me?

A sudden light swells behind the statue - not from the candle.

He gasps.

THE VIRGIN MARY appears in ethereal light. Serene. Radiant. She holds two crowns:

- One white, glowing softly
- One red, burning faintly

VIRGIN MARY
One is for purity.

The other... for martyrdom.

Raymond trembles. A breath. Then:

RAYMOND
I choose both.

The vision grows brighter - engulfing everything.

SUPERIMPOSE:

"Based on a true story."

INT. FRANCISCAN SEMINARY - CHAPEL - DAY (1908)

Dim morning light slants through tall stained glass windows.

YOUNG KOLBE (14), in his humble brown habit, kneels rigidly in a pew. Sweat beads on his brow. His lips move in silent, fervent prayer.

KOLBE (V.O.)
Mother of God, help me suffer well.
To carry whatever cross You send.

His hands tighten on the rosary - white beads like bone.

A BELL rings. He rises.

INT. SEMINARY DINING HALL - DAY

Spartan and quiet. Boys eat in silence.

Kolbe stares at his bowl of gruel but doesn't eat. Beside him, BROTHER PIOTR (15), wiry and bright-eyed, leans over.

PIOTR
You'll fade into the walls at this
rate.

Kolbe manages a faint smile.

KOLBE
Christ fasted for forty days.

PIOTR
You're not Him.
(beat)
Not yet.

INT. SEMINARY LIBRARY - NIGHT

Candlelight. Kolbe pores over a Latin Bible. Piotr sprawls nearby, bored.

PIOTR
If we're called to be martyrs,
shouldn't we do something first?
Like live a little?

KOLBE
Saints don't live for themselves.

PIOTR
Maybe not. But they smile
sometimes.

Kolbe looks up - and actually chuckles. A rare moment of warmth.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - POLAND - DAY (1910)

Two young seminarians walk in cassocks. A MILITIA TRUCK rolls past, German officers riding in back.

Kolbe turns his head away - but Piotr stares, defiant.

PIOTR
They think Poland is theirs.

KOLBE
God alone decides what is His.

EXT. MONASTERY GARDEN - SUNSET

Kolbe kneels under a fig tree, eyes closed.

KOLBE (V.O.)
I will be the instrument. Your
voice. Your sword. Your silence.

INT. SEMINARY INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Piotr lies on a cot, pale and feverish. Kolbe sits beside him, praying softly.

PIOTR (WEAK)
Promise me something.

KOLBE
Anything.

PIOTR
When the time comes... You won't
run from the fire.

Kolbe clasps his hand.

KOLBE
I won't. I promise.

CUT TO:

INT. VATICAN COURTYARD - DAY (1912)

A YOUNG KOLBE (now 18), sharp-eyed and solemn, bows before a
CARDINAL.

CARDINAL
And if the call demands your life?

KOLBE
Then I give it gladly.

The Cardinal nods, moved.

CARDINAL
Welcome to Rome, Brother
Maximilian.

FADE OUT.

EXT. POLAND - MORNING - 1938 - 44 YEARS LATER

Sun rises behind the sprawling Niepokalanów Monastery.

A horse-drawn cart bumps along the dirt road. Crows scatter.

Bells toll as friars in gray robes bustle through the
compound gates.

A painted sign reads:

NIEPOKALANÓW - CITY OF THE IMMACULATE.

INT. PRINTING PRESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Massive printing presses thunder. Steam rises. Metal clanks.

Magazines pour out - clean, defiant, sharp:

"KNIGHT OF THE IMMACULATE"

Truth Over Tyranny

Faith Under Fire

FATHER MAXIMILIAN KOLBE (44) - lean, focused, kind - inspects pages mid-roll.

A young friar, BROTHER PIOTR, rushes over with ink-stained hands.

BROTHER PIOTR

Father! We crossed one million
copies last week!

Kolbe gently adjusts the type rollers.

KOLBE

One million seeds. Let's hope they
land on thirsty ground.

They share a quiet smile.

EXT. MONASTERY COURTYARD - LATER

A battered wagon pulls in. Inside: a Jewish couple, a wounded soldier, a mother with two children.

Kolbe and friars approach. Gently help them down.

KOLBE

You are safe here.

You are always welcome.

He places a hand on the soldier's shoulder. The man can barely speak, eyes full.

INT. MONASTERY DINING HALL - THAT EVENING

Friars share a simple meal. Bread. Soup. Humble.

Low chatter. One friar reads the newspaper.

FRIAR ANDREI
The Reich invades Czechoslovakia.

They march closer to our door.

Tension rises.

FRIAR JAN
If they come, we must shut the
press.

Kolbe sips calmly from a tin cup.

KOLBE
No. We speak louder.

INT. KOLBE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Candlelight glows on religious icons and pages of hand-edited galleys.

Kolbe reads a letter:

"You are ordered to cease publication of subversive material or face seizure."

He places the letter down. Folds it. Lights it on fire over a tin tray.

INT. MONASTERY CHAPEL - LATE NIGHT

Kolbe kneels alone.

KOLBE
They do not fear guns.

But they fear words.

Let Yours be louder than theirs.

He kisses his rosary. Outside, distant thunder rumbles.

EXT. NIEPOKALANÓW - PRE-DAWN

Fog creeps across the courtyard.

Kolbe walks quietly, passing friars still sleeping. He stops to cover one with his robe.

Then looks toward the gates... where black trucks wait in the mist.

KOLBE (V.O.)
To be holy is not to be safe.

It is to be willing.

FADE OUT.

EXT. POLISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT - 1894

The stars blanket a quiet village outside Zduńska Wola.
Horses snort in their stalls. A dog barks, distant.

A flicker of candlelight glows from a small wooden home.

INT. FAMILY CHAPEL - SAME

A humble corner shrine. A statue of the Blessed Virgin stands
above a homemade altar.

Kneeling before it, RAYMOND KOLBE (10) - thin, wide-eyed -
clasps his hands tightly.

Tears stream down his face. He whispers:

RAYMOND
Why am I alive? What do You want
from me?

The candlelight wavers. A breeze?

A sudden celestial glow fills the room.

Raymond blinks.

Before him stands a vision of the VIRGIN MARY, luminous,
serene. In her hands - two crowns:

- One white for purity.

- One red for martyrdom.

VIRGIN MARY
Which will you choose?

Raymond's breath catches. A pause. Then...

RAYMOND
Both.

The vision brightens-

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. NIEPOKALANÓW MONASTERY - MORNING - 1938

A bell tolls. Crows lift from the trees.

The vast Franciscan monastery rises like a fortress of faith, surrounded by workshops, dormitories, and farmland.

A hand-painted sign:

Niepokalanów - City of the Immaculate.

Dozens of friars in gray habits move briskly through the grounds.

INT. PRINTING PRESS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Metal clanks. Presses thunder.

Stacks of "Knight of the Immaculate" magazines fly off the rollers.

At the center, FATHER MAXIMILIAN KOLBE (44) - wiry, calm, eyes sharp with focus - inspects each bundle.

A junior friar, BROTHER PIOTR, approaches excitedly.

BROTHER PIOTR
Circulation passed one million,
Father.

Kolbe offers a warm smile. Picks up a copy:

HEADLINE: "The Nazi Lie vs. Christ's Truth"

KOLBE
The devil roars loudest before his
fall.

He gestures to adjust the type.

EXT. MONASTERY COURTYARD - LATER

A battered wagon pulls up. In it: Jewish refugees, a widow clutching her child, a burned-out teacher, a crippled soldier.

Friars rush to help them down.

Kolbe stands at the gate, greeting each personally. A hand to a forehead. A whispered blessing.

INT. MONASTERY OFFICE - DAY

A typewritten Gestapo order lies on the desk. Kolbe reads aloud to FATHER JAN, older, nervous.

KOLBE
 "Cease all anti-Reich publication.
 Failure to comply will result in
 closure and detainment."

Jan stiffens.

FATHER JAN
 They'll come for you next.

Kolbe sets the paper down without blinking.

KOLBE
 They'll come for someone.

INT. MONASTERY CHAPEL - NIGHT

Candlelight shimmers on polished wood.

Kolbe kneels, praying silently. He fingers his rosary, worn smooth.

His eyes open - not afraid, but ready.

INT. MONASTERY LIBRARY - EARLY MORNING

FATHER JAN slams down a pamphlet on the table.

FATHER JAN
 You've called Hitler a devil,
 Kolbe.

You publish sermons in six languages. You're sheltering Jews in the dormitories.

Kolbe calmly drinks tea.

KOLBE
 Yes.

FATHER JAN
 This is no longer spiritual
 resistance. It's suicide.

KOLBE
 If truth costs nothing, it is not
 truth.

Jan exhales. Beat.

EXT. MONASTERY STABLE - LATER

Kolbe loads a cart with food and cloth.

DAVID (8), the Jewish boy, helps him tie it.

KOLBE

We're going to town, brave one.
Think you can guard me?

David nods, serious.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Kolbe and David walk alongside the donkey cart.

In the distance - a Nazi flag hangs from a train station.

They pass a burned-out farmhouse. Smoke still rises.

Kolbe pauses. His eyes narrow.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

German SS soldiers herd villagers into a line. A woman clutches her baby.

Kolbe tenses - shielding David behind him.

SS OFFICER (IN GERMAN)

No papers. She goes.

A soldier raises his rifle.

Kolbe takes a step forward-

-David pulls him back.

The rifle fires.

The woman drops.

Screams.

Kolbe turns away, trembling.

INT. PHARMACY - SHORTLY AFTER

Kolbe pays for bandages, avoiding eye contact.

The PHARMACIST slides over the medicine.

PHARMACIST
Leave quickly, Father. They're not
arresting - they're erasing.

EXT. ROAD BACK TO MONASTERY - EVENING

David is silent.

DAVID
Why didn't you stop them?

Kolbe swallows hard.

KOLBE
Sometimes... even God weeps.

INT. MONASTERY CHAPEL - NIGHT

Kolbe kneels alone. The doors creak open.

BROTHER MAREK enters, nervous.

MAREK
More people came. A man with a
broken hand.

A woman missing half a foot.

Kolbe nods.

MAREK (CONT'D)
What if they find them? What if
they find us?

Kolbe opens his eyes.

KOLBE
Then we'll be found doing what's
right.

INT. MONASTERY LAUNDRY - NEXT DAY

Refugees huddle in the corner. A woman shushes her coughing child.

Kolbe distributes food. A man in tattered clothes – ABRAM – confronts him.

ABRAM

They say they'll shoot anyone who
hides us.

You'll die for people you don't know?

KOLBE

I know you now.

Abram doesn't respond. But he eats.

EXT. MONASTERY FIELD - EVENING

Friars pray the rosary as the sun sets.

A military truck approaches on the road.

Tension spikes.

Kolbe raises a hand – the friars freeze.

The truck slows...

...and rolls past.

Only after it's gone do they exhale.

INT. KOLBE'S QUARTERS - LATE NIGHT

Kolbe sits at his desk. A single candle flickers.

He takes out a notebook and writes:

If I die, let it be as a witness. If I live, let it be in
service.

He closes the book. Eyes toward the dark window.

In it, his reflection stares back at him.

INT. MONASTERY KITCHEN - DAWN

David plays near the wood stove.

Suddenly – a shout.

He ducks under a table.

Outside the window – TWO SS SOLDIERS walk the outer wall.

David freezes. One soldier's boots pass inches away.

Kolbe enters, spots the boy trembling.

He gently reaches in and pulls him close.

KOLBE

Shh. You're safe. You're always
safe here.

The soldiers pass.

David clings to him tightly.

FADE OUT.

EXT. MONASTERY – DAWN

A black Gestapo truck rolls through the fog. Boots crunch gravel. Soldiers fan out.

Kolbe walks out calmly, hands folded.

A Gestapo officer reads from a list.

OFFICER

Maximilian Kolbe?

KOLBE

I am he.

They seize him. He nods once to Jan – no words.

INT. PRISON TRANSPORT TRUCK – MOVING – LATER

Dark. Cramped. Packed with priests, dissidents, and Jews.

Kolbe steadies a man who is collapsing. Hands him half his bread.

A guard slams the butt of a rifle against the wall.

GUARD

Quiet!

Kolbe lowers his voice to a whisper – barely audible.

KOLBE

Hail Mary, full of grace...

EXT. AUSCHWITZ - GATES - MORNING - 1941

Barbed wire. Guard towers. Smoke from chimneys.

A line of shaven-headed prisoners shuffle forward. Rain falls.

Kolbe steps off the truck, steadies himself.

He stares at the gate.

ARBEIT MACHT FREI

INT. BLOCK 14 - DORMITORY - LATER

Crowded bunks. Moans. Rats.

Kolbe climbs to a top bunk. Next to him - FRANCISZEK GAJOWNICZEK (30s), gaunt but alert.

Kolbe extends a hand.

KOLBE
Maximilian.

Franciszek nods, reluctant.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Prisoners dig trenches. Guards shout in German.

Kolbe lifts a shovel, hands shaking. The man beside him collapses. A guard approaches, whip raised.

Kolbe steps subtly between them.

The guard glares. Moves on.

Franciszek watches.

INT. BLOCK 14 - NIGHT

Whispers. Shivers. A man coughs blood.

Kolbe pulls off his cloak and drapes it over a dying man.

Franciszek watches from across the bunk.

FRANCISZEK
You give too much.

KOLBE

There is no "too much" in love.

Silence.

A distant gunshot cracks the air.

EXT. PRISON YARD - TWO DAYS LATER - MIDDAY

A siren blares. Guards rush. Prisoners freeze.

Word spreads: A man has escaped.

Commandant FRITZ KRAUS storms out with his men.

KRAUS

Ten men will die for the one who
fled!

Gasps. Panic. Men fall to their knees.

Kolbe looks to the sky. He knows what's coming.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PRISON YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Guards shove prisoners into tight rows. Whistles scream. Dogs bark.

GUARD

Face forward! Eyes down!

Kolbe and Franciszek stand shoulder to shoulder. The tension is suffocating.

From the back row, a YOUNG MAN (20s) stifles sobs.

YOUNG MAN

They'll kill us all... they'll-

A rifle butt crashes into his back.

Kolbe glances. The man can barely stand. No one dares help him-except Kolbe.

He subtly shifts, bracing the young man upright.

Franciszek whispers under his breath:

FRANCISZEK

You're going to get yourself shot.

Kolbe doesn't answer.

INT. BLOCK 14 - NIGHT

Cramped. Nearly silent. Just the sounds of coughing, whimpering, rats.

Prisoners lie awake. No sleep tonight.

Franciszek stares at the ceiling.

FRANCISZEK

You really believe He's here? In this place?

Kolbe sits across from him, hands folded over a worn wooden rosary.

KOLBE

Especially here.

FRANCISZEK

I used to pray. Before I had sons.
Then I prayed harder.

(beat)

Now I just... beg.

Kolbe looks at him with the gentlest expression.

KOLBE

And that, too, is prayer.

EXT. WORK SITE - THE NEXT DAY

Kolbe and others move gravel. Guards bark orders. Whips crack.

A prisoner collapses. A guard draws his pistol without pause.

Kolbe steps forward instinctively—hands raised.

The guard halts. Sneers.

GUARD

You want to join him, priest?

Kolbe stares him down without blinking.

KOLBE
I want only to help.

The guard snorts and waves him off.

Kolbe kneels and helps lift the fallen man's head.

Franciszek watches from across the yard, stunned.

INT. BLOCK 14 - NIGHT (LATER)

Thunder outside. Rain taps the leaking roof.

Franciszek clutches a scrap of paper - a torn photo of a woman and two children.

Kolbe sits beside him in silence.

FRANCISZEK
Her name is Helena. That's Marek
and little Józef.

He rubs his thumb over their faces.

FRANCISZEK (CONT'D)
I begged them not to send me back
to the front.

Begged.

Kolbe places a hand on his shoulder.

KOLBE
They will know you loved them. That
you tried to return.

Franciszek breathes deep, closes his eyes.

EXT. PRISON YARD - NEXT MORNING

Gray. Muddy. The entire block is forced outside again.

COMMANDANT FRITZ KRAUS strides in, flanked by SS guards.

He stops before the assembled line.

KRAUS
One prisoner has escaped.

Ten of you will die for his cowardice.

Gasps. Moans. A man vomits.

Kraus begins walking the line, pointing with his riding crop.

KRAUS (CONT'D)

You.

You. ...You.

Men scream. Collapse.

He points to FRANCISZEK.

Franciszek lets out a strangled cry – crushed.

FRANCISZEK

My wife! My sons! Please—

Kolbe steps forward.

A single, steady step.

Eyes on the Commandant. Calm. Resolved.

INT. MONASTERY INFIRMARY – MORNING

BROTHER HENRYK, elderly and coughing, lies on a cot. Kolbe gently wraps his chest.

HENRYK

Don't waste linen on this bag of bones.

KOLBE

We are all linen in God's hands.

A soft smile. Henryk coughs a laugh.

EXT. MONASTERY GROUNDS – LATER

Kolbe walks with FATHER JAN.

FATHER JAN

You push the press harder. You shelter more people.

And now this pamphlet on Hitler's lies?

Kolbe stops.

KOLBE

If we wait until it's safe to speak truth,

truth never gets spoken.

A long beat. Jan doesn't disagree.

INT. MONASTERY PRESS ROOM - NIGHT

Pages fly. Headlines speak fire:

"Pride of the Reich is the Mask of the Devil."

BROTHER PIOTR reads aloud nervously.

BROTHER PIOTR
 "...and whoever denies justice to
 the weak, denies Christ himself."

He swallows.

BROTHER PIOTR (CONT'D)
 They will arrest you.

Kolbe takes the page, nods.

KOLBE
 They will. But not today.

INT. CHAPEL - LATER

Candles flicker. Rain taps windows.

Kolbe kneels alone. Then - he hears footsteps.

BROTHER MAREK (30s) enters, eyes darting.

MAREK
 They're coming, aren't they?

Kolbe doesn't answer.

MAREK (CONT'D)
 You should burn the archives. Hide
 the press.

Kolbe looks at him for a long moment.

KOLBE
 Would you rather live quietly with
 lies...

or die loudly with the truth?

Marek doesn't respond. Then leaves.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

BROTHER MAREK stands near a uniformed man. Tries to blend in.
He passes something - a folded letter - quickly.

INT. MONASTERY KITCHEN - DAY

Kolbe prepares stew with refugees and friars.
One young boy, DAVID (8), wipes flour on his sleeve.

DAVID
Are you Jesus?

Laughter. Kolbe kneels.

KOLBE
No. He just loaned me His kitchen.

EXT. MONASTERY GATES - NIGHT

Two black trucks arrive.
Gestapo soldiers jump out - efficient, armed.
The commander, a grim man in a leather coat, leads the way.

INT. MONASTERY REFECTORY - MOMENTS LATER

Doors SLAM open. Soldiers flood in.
Screams. Friars shoved to the ground.
Kolbe stands tall amid the chaos.

GESTAPO COMMANDER
Maximilian Kolbe?

KOLBE
Yes.

GESTAPO COMMANDER
By order of the Reich, you are
under arrest

for anti-state activity and subversive publishing.
Kolbe glances at the frightened faces around him.
Then calmly places his hands behind his back.

EXT. MONASTERY COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Kolbe is marched through the courtyard. The friars line the walk, silent.

He passes Brother Marek - eyes lowered.

Kolbe stops briefly.

KOLBE
Forgive them, Lord.

He steps into the truck. The doors slam.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - LATER

Kolbe sits between political prisoners, their faces gaunt.

He closes his eyes.

FLASHES of:

His printing press running.

David laughing.

The Virgin Mary holding both crowns.

His lips move silently in prayer.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. AUSCHWITZ - PROCESSING YARD - MORNING

Rows of new arrivals - priests, Jews, dissidents - stand naked in the cold.

Guards bark in German. Hair is shaved. Names replaced by numbers.

Kolbe steps forward. A number is tattooed on his arm.

SS GUARD
Prisoner 16670.

Kolbe winces. Doesn't flinch.

INT. DELUSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Prisoners are sprayed with disinfectant and doused with buckets of water.

Kolbe helps an elderly man who collapses.

A guard stomps over – whip in hand.

GUARD

Let him drown, priest.

Kolbe holds the man up anyway. The whip slashes his back.

He grits his teeth – but stands firm.

EXT. CAMP BLOCKS - DAY

Prisoners march in rows. Head shaved. Eyes blank.

Kolbe stares ahead, jaw set. The camp gates loom behind.

INT. BLOCK 14 - BARRACKS - EVENING

Cramped, damp. Rats scurry beneath bunks.

Kolbe is assigned an upper bunk.

Beneath him – FRANCISZEK GAJOWNICZEK (30s) watches with guarded eyes.

No words exchanged.

EXT. WORK SITE - NEXT DAY

Prisoners dig trenches in frozen mud.

Guards patrol with rifles and dogs.

Kolbe slips in the trench. A guard kicks him hard in the ribs.

Franciszek sees this. Looks away.

INT. MESS HALL - NIGHT

Slop is dumped into wooden bowls.

Kolbe receives his. Sees a man next to him passed out.

He gives the man his bread.

Franciszek watches from across the table. Confused.
Intrigued.

INT. BARRACKS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Whispers. A man sobs. Another coughs blood.

Kolbe prays quietly.

Franciszek sits up.

FRANCISZEK

You pray like we're not in hell.

Kolbe looks at him.

KOLBE

That's why we pray.

Franciszek chuckles - bitterly.

EXT. ROLL CALL SQUARE - MORNING

Hundreds stand at attention in the snow.

COMMANDANT KRAUS steps forward - wolfish in appearance.

KRAUS

Some of you still believe you are
men.

Let me remind you - you are numbers.

He motions.

A random prisoner is pulled out of line. Shot in the head.

Kolbe closes his eyes.

Franciszek opens his - horrified.

INT. BARRACKS - THAT NIGHT

Franciszek looks at a torn photo of his wife and children.

Kolbe notices.

KOLBE

They are beautiful.

Franciszek nods, quiet.

FRANCISZEK
I don't know if I'll ever see them
again.

KOLBE
They see you now.

EXT. WORKSITE - LATER

Kolbe struggles to lift a beam.

Franciszek silently steps in, helping him shoulder the weight.

No words.

Just the beginning of trust.

FADE OUT.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Frozen gravel. Gray skies.

Kolbe and others lay rail ties in silence.

A prisoner drops one. A guard beats him without pause.

Kolbe watches. Fists clenched. He lowers his eyes, breathes deep.

INT. BARRACKS - LATER

Kolbe wipes blood from his shirt. He helps a younger prisoner bandage a hand.

PRISONER
Why do you help me?

KOLBE
Because someone once helped me.

The boy stares - not sure what to make of that.

EXT. GUARD TOWER - SAME TIME

COMMANDANT KRAUS surveys the yard. Cold. Precise.

His adjutant approaches.

ADJUTANT

The priest. He gives his bread
away. Tends the sick.

The men whisper prayers at night.

Kraus snorts.

KRAUS

Break him.

INT. INJECTION ROOM - NIGHT

Kolbe and a few others are summoned.

Inside - brutal medical experiments underway.

Kolbe is forced to hold a man down.

The man screams as a needle pierces his stomach.

Kolbe whispers Latin prayers beneath the screams.

INT. BARRACKS - LATER

Franciszek sits beside Kolbe in the dark.

FRANCISZEK

Do you think God watches this?

Kolbe doesn't answer.

FRANCISZEK (CONT'D)

Because I do. And I think He does
nothing.

Kolbe turns slowly.

KOLBE

Then scream at Him.

That too is faith.

EXT. PRISON CAMP CHURCH RUINS - NEXT DAY

Prisoners shovel debris from a bombed-out chapel.

Kolbe finds a broken crucifix beneath the rubble.

He tucks it under his shirt, hidden.

INT. MEDIC TENT - EVENING

Kolbe secretly hands off a wadded cloth rosary to a sick man.

No words. Just eye contact.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Franciszek coughs violently. Feverish.

Kolbe soaks a cloth and presses it to his forehead.

Franciszek mumbles.

FRANCISZEK

You... you're not afraid of dying?

Kolbe smiles faintly.

KOLBE

I'm afraid of not loving enough
before I do.

INT. BURNT-OUT CHAPEL - NIGHT

What's left of the chapel is a skeleton of beams and soot.
Cold wind moves through the ruins.

A wooden crucifix, charred but intact, leans against the
wall.

Kolbe kneels before it.

His face - no longer calm.

KOLBE (WHISPERED)

I was afraid once.

He exhales slowly, the weight of it pressing from his chest.

KOLBE (CONT'D)

When they came to my first church
in Warsaw...

I ran.

(beat)

I told myself I had to survive. That I was needed. That I could help more... alive.

(beat)

But the boy I left behind – Stefan – He didn't run. He stayed with the sick. And they shot him.

Kolbe lowers his head.

KOLBE (CONT'D)

I've carried his name every day since.

(beat)

I never told the friars. I said he died a martyr.

But the truth is...

His blood was on my shoes when I escaped.

A single tear rolls down.

He clenches his fists. Breath shaking.

KOLBE (CONT'D)

So maybe You brought me here.

Not to save anyone.

(beat)

But to finish what I left undone.

He raises his eyes to the cross.

KOLBE (CONT'D)

If fear comes for me again...

Please – let me stand this time.

Kolbe closes his eyes. Peace doesn't return... ...but resolve does.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP YARD – DAWN

A siren wails. Prisoners freeze.

A man has escaped.

The rhythm of death is coming.

EXT. CAMP WALL - THE NEXT MORNING

A prisoner sprints toward the outer fence.

A siren erupts.

Gunshots.

Guards rush.

Kolbe freezes. So does Franciszek.

No one speaks.

INT. BLOCK 14 - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

All men lined up. Guards furious.

Kraus storms in.

KRAUS

One has escaped.

Ten of you will die in his place.

Panic. Screams. Franciszek goes pale.

Kolbe... closes his eyes.

FADE OUT.

EXT. PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS

Prisoners frozen in tight rows. The silence is suffocating.

COMMANDANT KRAUS walks the line with slow, deliberate menace.

KRAUS

You.

You. ...You.

Each point is death. Guards pull the chosen men roughly from the line.

Screams erupt.

He points to Franciszek.

Franciszek staggers backward, horrified.

FRANCISZEK

My wife! My sons - please!

He collapses.

FRANCISZEK (CONT'D)

No – not like this – God, please!

A few men look away. Most stare, paralyzed.

Then – from the second row, a figure moves.

One calm, steady step forward.

Kolbe.

Gasps ripple through the yard.

Guards raise rifles.

Kraus turns, amused.

KRAUS

And what's this?

Kolbe removes his cap. Meets Kraus's eyes.

KOLBE

I wish to take his place.

A long beat.

KRAUS

You want to die?

KOLBE

He is a husband. A father.

I am a Catholic priest. I have no one.

Kraus studies him – a mixture of confusion and contempt.

KRAUS

And why would I trade a healthy
man...

for a worn-out priest?

Kolbe's voice remains steady.

KOLBE

Because your system is built on
fear.

Let mercy be your surprise.

Kraus chuckles darkly.

He waves a hand.

KRAUS

Very well.

Remove the family man. Add the martyr.

Franciszek collapses in shock. Tears pour freely.

FRANCISZEK

No... why? Why would you—?

Kolbe turns to him, gentle.

KOLBE

Live. That's all I ask.

Guards seize Kolbe roughly. He doesn't resist.

The ten men — now including Kolbe — are pulled into formation.

One begins sobbing.

Another wets himself.

Kolbe begins to hum.

A simple, soft Ave Maria.

The sound spreads — trembling lips, cracked voices.

The hum becomes a prayer.

Kraus turns away, unsettled.

EXT. YARD - LATER

The ten men are marched slowly across the compound.

Kolbe glances up — a single beam of sunlight cuts through the gray clouds.

He closes his eyes briefly.

INT. STARVATION CELL - BLOCK 11 - MOMENTS LATER

A concrete room. No light. No windows. Just a steel door slamming shut.

Kolbe kneels. Beside him, the others drop one by one — sobbing, praying, screaming.

He whispers calmly:

KOLBE
We are not alone.

FADE OUT.

INT. STARVATION CELL - DAY ONE

The steel door slams. The air is already heavy.

TEN MEN sit spaced apart. Eyes wide. Breaths shallow.

Kolbe is in the center. Calm. Still.

A man, MICHAL (40s), pounds the wall.

MICHAL
They can't just let us rot!

We're human beings!

No response. No guards. No food. No water.

INT. STARVATION CELL - NIGHT ONE

Whispers in Latin. Kolbe leads a prayer.

Some follow. Others stare at the wall.

A man in the corner, GABRIEL (20s), rocks slowly.

INT. GUARD POST - OUTSIDE CELL - SAME

Two guards listen through the hatch.

GUARD
They're... singing?

The older one shrugs.

OLDER GUARD
Let 'em. Their tongues will dry
soon enough.

INT. STARVATION CELL - DAY TWO

MICHAL collapses. Kolbe crawls to him.

Soaks a rag in moisture from the wall. Places it to his lips.

MICHAL
It hurts...

KOLBE
Then let me help carry it.

INT. STARVATION CELL - NIGHT TWO

Screaming.

A man convulses. Another claws at the door.

Gabriel sobs.

Kolbe holds him, arms wrapped around his back like a father.

INT. STARVATION CELL - DAY THREE

The first man has died. Covered with a shirt.

Kolbe whispers a prayer over the body.

Only nine remain.

INT. BLOCK 14 - NIGHT THREE

Commandant Kraus walks the corridor with a doctor.

KRAUS
And the priest?

DOCTOR
Still conscious. Still leading
prayers.

Kraus says nothing. Walks on.

INT. STARVATION CELL - DAY FOUR

GABRIEL claws at the wall. Laughing now.

GABRIEL
This is God's joke! That's what it
is!

Kolbe doesn't flinch.

He kneels by the crucifix etched into the wall.

KOLBE
You are loved. Even here.

INT. STARVATION CELL - NIGHT FIVE

Another man dead.

Kolbe helps place the body respectfully in the corner.

Gabriel is fading. Michal leans on Kolbe's shoulder.

INT. STARVATION CELL - DAY SIX

Only six remain.

Kolbe speaks to each by name.

Tells them stories of heaven. Of their mothers. Of saints.

He smiles through tears.

INT. BARRACKS - SAME NIGHT

Franciszek lies awake. Listening.

He presses a hand to the floor.

FRANCISZEK
(whispers)
Let him hold on.

INT. STARVATION CELL - DAY SEVEN

Gabriel dies in Kolbe's arms. Peacefully this time.

Kolbe kisses his forehead.

Only four remain now.

INT. GUARD STATION - THAT NIGHT

A young guard removes his cap.

YOUNG GUARD
It's quiet in there... like a
chapel.

The older guard nods - shaken.

INT. STARVATION CELL - NIGHT EIGHT

Kolbe, weaker now, leads a final hymn.

Three men hum with him.

A faint beam of moonlight hits the wall.

He touches the crucifix again.

INT. BLOCK 14 - GUARD OFFICE - DAY NINE

Kraus signs the execution order.

KRAUS

Enough.

INT. STARVATION CELL - FINAL DAY

Only Kolbe remains.

Sitting upright. Silent.

When the doctor enters, Kolbe turns to him.

No fear.

Just mercy in his eyes.

The doctor injects carbolic acid into his arm.

Kolbe closes his eyes.

KOLBE

Ave Maria... gratia plena...

FADE OUT.

INT. STARVATION CELL - BLOCK 11 -

Dark. Damp. The walls sweat.

Ten men sit in silence, backs against cold stone. No food. No water. No light except the slit under the door.

Kolbe hums quietly - a soft Latin hymn.

One prisoner - GABRIEL (20s) - bangs on the wall.

GABRIEL
They're not feeding us? Not at all?

No one answers.

INT. STARVATION CELL - DAY TWO

Whispers. Moaning.

MICHAL, an older man, clutches his chest.

Kolbe crawls to his side, dabs his lips with a damp scrap of cloth.

MICHAL
You're wasting your strength.

KOLBE
Then I'll waste it on you.

INT. GUARD ROOM - SAME TIME

GUARDS listen at the door, waiting for panic, madness.

Instead... chanting.

Soft. Unified.

One guard shifts uncomfortably.

INT. STARVATION CELL - NIGHT THREE

The men are too weak to stand.

Kolbe kneels in the center. Praying aloud.

KOLBE
Lord, carry their pain.

Let them not feel the cold. Let them remember love.

Gabriel weeps softly in the corner.

INT. STARVATION CELL - DAY FIVE

One man has died.

The body lies still in the corner, covered by a shirt.

Kolbe leads prayer over him. Michal's voice cracks with grief.

MICHAL

What if He doesn't hear us?

Kolbe doesn't flinch.

KOLBE

Then we speak louder.

INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

KRAUS reviews reports. Taps a pencil.

ADJUTANT

They sing.

KRAUS

Let them.

It won't save them.

INT. STARVATION CELL - DAY SEVEN

Only five remain.

Franciszek's name is etched into the wall by one - before collapsing.

Kolbe places a hand on his shoulder.

Kolbe's flesh is paper-thin, his eyes still bright.

INT. STARVATION CELL - NIGHT EIGHT

Kolbe whispers alone. Barely audible.

KOLBE

For Stefan... for the child I left.

He touches the wall. Traces a cross with one finger.

INT. GUARD ROOM - DAY NINE

A doctor stands beside Kraus.

DOCTOR

They'll last another day, maybe two.

Except the priest.

KRAUS

Of course.

Give him the injection.

INT. STARVATION CELL - FINAL DAY

Kolbe is the last man alive.

He sits upright, hands folded in his lap.

The door creaks open. The doctor enters.

Kolbe doesn't move.

Just raises his eyes.

INT. CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Kolbe lies still.

Peaceful.

The doctor wipes the needle. Stares at him.

Silence.

FADE OUT.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Franciszek lies awake. Surrounded by other prisoners, yet utterly alone.

He clutches a piece of fabric from Kolbe's habit - now frayed.

Whispers drift around him:

PRISONER 1 (O.S.)

He should've refused.

PRISONER 2 (O.S.)

No one's worth dying for in this place.

Franciszek curls tighter. Shakes.

INT. SHOWERS - NEXT DAY

Franciszek stands under a freezing spout.

Water pours - but he doesn't move.

A tattooed number bleeds slightly down his forearm.

His lips move. Silently.

FRANCISZEK
Why me? Why me?

INT. MEDICAL ROOM - SAME DAY

Dr. KUHN, the same doctor who injected Kolbe, stares at his own trembling hand.

He drinks from a hidden flask.

GUARD (O.S.)
The priest say anything?

Kuhn wipes his mouth.

DR. KUHN
He forgave me.

INT. CELL BLOCK 11 - NIGHT

A new group of prisoners is marched past the starvation cell.

One glances inside.

A faint humming can be heard. A hymn. Kolbe's.

INT. GUARD POST - SAME NIGHT

GUARD EBERHARDT, once cruel, now sits shaking.

He watches the cell from a slit in the wall.

EBERHARDT
They're dead.

Why do I still hear him?

INT. PRISONER BARRACKS - NIGHT TWO

Franciszek wakes screaming.

Kolbe stands in a dream – radiant, eyes full of light.

KOLBE (V.O.)

Live well.

Live for the ones we could not save.

Franciszek sobs, collapsing to his knees.

EXT. CREMATORIUM YARD – DAWN

Franciszek walks near the crematorium, ashen-faced.

He approaches the edge of the pit...

Looks down...

Steps forward...

Then stops.

A shaft of sunlight hits the ground.

He backs away.

INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE – DAY

Kraus is gone. A new officer reads reports.

Among them: "Unrest among guards. Whispered tales of 'the saint.'"

He crumples it.

NEW OFFICER

Witchcraft nonsense.

INT. BARRACKS – LATE NIGHT

Franciszek wakes again. Sits up.

He begins to write, on scraps of paper:

"His name was Maximilian Kolbe. He died... for me."

INT. BLOCK 11 – DAYS LATER

A new inmate is placed in Kolbe's old starvation cell.

He looks to the wall.

A faint glowing crucifix – etched by Kolbe – shimmers.
He touches it. Breathes deeply.

FADE OUT

INT. BARRACKS – EARLY MORNING

Franciszek sits at the edge of his bunk.
Eyes red. Hollow.
He hasn't eaten in days. Food sits untouched.
He watches rats crawl between bunks – and doesn't flinch.
A fellow prisoner, PIOTR (60s), leans close.

PIOTR
The priest... did he say anything?

Franciszek doesn't answer. Then:

FRANCISZEK
He said... to forgive.

Piotr scoffs and walks off.

INT. PRISON INFIRMARY – LATER THAT DAY

Dr. Kuhn injects a prisoner. His hands shake.
Behind him, nurses whisper.

NURSE
They say he sings... even now.

Dr. Kuhn slams the door.
He grabs a cloth and wipes sweat from his neck.
He looks to the medicine cabinet... Then locks it.

INT. STARVATION CELL – FLASHBACK – NIGHT (DREAM)

Kolbe sits in silence.
One by one, ghostly forms of the prisoners appear beside him.
They all hum.

Their lips are cracked and bleeding – but they sing.
Kolbe lifts his eyes – light breaks from a crack in the wall.
He smiles.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Franciszek wakes with a gasp.
He looks around. No one else stirred.
He whispers:

FRANCISZEK
I saw him.

INT. GUARD SHACK - NIGHT

Eberhardt scribbles in a journal.
Each page is filled with erratic, desperate phrases:
"He forgave me." "He sang." "He looked at me – like I was
worth saving."
He rips the page, then slams his head into the desk.

INT. CHAPEL RUINS - SECRET AREA - SAME NIGHT

A small group of prisoners kneel.
A hidden crucifix, made of tin scraps and wire, rests on a
crate.
An elderly man speaks.

OLD MAN
There are saints... and there are
martyrs.

But this man... he made a prison into a sanctuary.
They bow their heads.

INT. BARRACKS - NEXT DAY

Franciszek is pulled into a work detail.
He stumbles. Drops a crate.

A guard lifts his baton—
—and freezes.

Eberhardt stares at Franciszek. Something stops him.
He lowers the baton.
Walks away.

EXT. YARD - SUNSET

Franciszek drags a bucket toward a latrine.
A cross made of twigs is tied to the fence.
He freezes.
Looks around.
No one else sees it.
He removes it — hides it in his coat.

INT. STARVATION CELL - NIGHT (DREAM OR VISION)

Kolbe again.
This time, in white robes. Peaceful. Glowing.
He walks toward Franciszek.

KOLBE
You've carried enough guilt.

Franciszek weeps.

FRANCISZEK
I would've taken your place.

Kolbe places a hand on his shoulder.

KOLBE
That was never your burden.

Now — carry the light.

INT. BARRACKS - NEXT MORNING

Franciszek wakes — renewed.

He rises. Walks with purpose. Eyes forward.

INT. BUNKHOUSE LATRINE - LATER

Franciszek kneels, scrubbing the floor.

Another prisoner mutters:

PRISONER
He's cracked.

But another whispers:

PRISONER 2
No... he's blessed.

FADE OUT

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Franciszek walks the narrow corridor between bunks.

A prisoner spits at his feet.

PRISONER (COLD)
You walk. He rots.

Franciszek doesn't respond. He keeps moving. But his chest tightens.

From behind:

VOICE (O.S.)
Better a priest than a father.
Right?

He hurries to his bunk. Clutches Kolbe's frayed robe.

INT. GUARD ROOM - NIGHT

Eberhardt stares at himself in a broken shard of mirror.

He mutters, eyes wild.

EBERHARDT
They sang...

I heard them sing while they starved.

He punches the mirror. Blood smears across the wall.

EXT. POLISH COUNTRYSIDE - FLASHBACK - DAY

A young boy (Kolbe, 12) runs through a golden field. Wind whips his hair.

He stops short - a bright light rises behind a hill.

A figure - the Virgin Mary, radiant - stands before him.

She holds two crowns.

MARY (V.O.)
One white... for purity.

One red... for martyrdom.

Kolbe kneels, trembling.

MARY
Which do you choose?

The boy reaches for both.

KOLBE (YOUNG)
Both... if You'll let me.

She smiles.

INT. BARRACKS - PRESENT - NIGHT

Franciszek jolts awake, tears on his face.

INT. CHAPEL RUINS - NEXT NIGHT

A dozen prisoners huddle inside. A rusted crucifix leans against the wall.

Franciszek stands at the front, unsure.

He opens his mouth - nothing comes.

Then finally:

FRANCISZEK
Blessed are the persecuted...

One by one, the others join.

ALL
...for theirs is the Kingdom of
Heaven.

A spark ignites in his eyes.

INT. CAMP COURTYARD - MORNING

Franciszek walks with purpose.

A guard passes him - doesn't look twice.

He kneels near a broken fencepost.

Pulls a twig cross from his pocket.

Plants it in the soil.

Stands.

Walks on.

INT. INFIRMARY - NIGHT

DR. KUHN drinks from a brown glass vial. His hand trembles.

Behind him, a corpse covered in a sheet.

He stares at the foot - a visible number tattoo.

DR. KUHN

He forgave me.

He pulls open a drawer filled with empty syringes. A photo of his wife and daughter is taped inside.

He slams it shut.

INT. BARRACKS - SAME NIGHT

Franciszek lies awake.

Whispers drift through the dark:

PRISONER (O.S.)

He prays now. Thinks he's holy.

PRISONER 2 (O.S.)

He's marked. The devil won't even take him.

Franciszek closes his eyes, curling tighter.

A tear slides into his ear.

INT. BLOCK 11 - STARVATION CELL - VISION (DREAM)

Kolbe, emaciated but radiant, kneels among the skeletal bodies.

He hums a hymn - one the viewer now recognizes.

He turns.

Franciszek stands outside the bars, watching.

KOLBE
They died with peace.

FRANCISZEK
I still feel... unworthy.

Kolbe nods slowly.

KOLBE
Then live in their place.

The bars vanish.

EXT. CAMP PERIMETER - PRE-DAWN

Franciszek scrubs latrine buckets near the frost-covered fence.

A guard tower searchlight swings past him - but doesn't stop.

He glances at the tower...

No guard inside.

INT. GUARD BARRACKS - SAME TIME

Eberhardt sleeps in uniform - twitching.

He bolts awake, sweating.

On his desk:

A rotted apple

A page torn from the Bible

A drawing of Kolbe's face, childlike and angelic

He backs away like it's burning.

INT. PRISONER LATRINE - MORNING

Franciszek kneels, scrubbing blood from a wall.

Something etches through the grime as he cleans:

A faint crucifix.

He stares, breathes heavy.

INT. BARRACKS - LATER THAT NIGHT

PIOTR, the older prisoner from earlier, pulls Franciszek aside.

PIOTR

They say the Red Army is close.

FRANCISZEK

I heard the same. Maybe tomorrow.

PIOTR

Then let tomorrow find us clean.

Franciszek stares - unsure if it's hope or madness.

INT. CHAPEL RUINS - LATER

Another prayer circle. This time larger. More prisoners kneel.

Franciszek begins to read from a crumpled scrap.

FRANCISZEK

Though I walk through the valley...

The others join in:

ALL

...I will fear no evil.

EXT. CAMP YARD - DUSK

Franciszek helps a limping prisoner carry a shovel back toward the tool shed.

They pass a row of barbed wire - small twig crosses have been tucked discreetly into the posts.

Franciszek glances up - no guards on the tower.

Only an abandoned searchlight swaying in the wind.

INT. GUARD BARRACKS - SAME TIME

Eberhardt digs through his footlocker.

Pulls out his old military coat.

Something falls out - a medal.

He stares at it... then throws it into the stove.

The fire roars.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Rain drums against the tin roof.

Franciszek lies awake, eyes wide.

Suddenly - he hears the singing again. Soft. Ghostly.

He sits up. The others remain asleep.

He steps into the corridor-

INT. BLOCK 11 - STARVATION CELL - DREAM SEQUENCE

Kolbe stands surrounded by shadows of men - faces blurred, glowing faintly.

He motions to Franciszek.

KOLBE

Not all martyrs die once.

Franciszek steps forward, trembling.

KOLBE (CONT'D)

Your pain is not punishment.

It is passage.

Franciszek falls to his knees.

The shadows reach out - not to harm, but to lift.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - NEXT DAY

A small procession of prisoners walk quietly.

One carries a makeshift wooden cross.
Guards watch but don't interfere.
A dog barks in the distance – but no boots follow.
The grip of tyranny... loosening.

INT. GUARD HEADQUARTERS – DAY

SS COMMANDANT GOTTSCHKE stares at a radio.
Crackling Russian voices filter through the static.

RADIO OPERATOR
Front line broken.

Repeat – Soviet advance confirmed.
Gottsche wipes his face.

GOTTSCHKE
Burn the files. All of them.

EXT. FIRE PIT – LATER

Stacks of papers, ledgers, photographs go up in flames.
Among them – inmate files, medical logs.
Franciszek watches from a window.

INT. BARRACKS – NIGHT

PIOTR leans close to Franciszek.

PIOTR
If they run... they'll kill us
first.

No witnesses.
Franciszek nods.
But doesn't break.

FRANCISZEK
Then we die standing.

INT. STARVATION CELL - FINAL VISION

Kolbe, serene, illuminated.

Behind him, the twelve other men now sit upright – alive in vision only.

Kolbe speaks to the audience – almost as a priest would.

KOLBE

We were not forgotten.

We were sanctified.

The walls begin to dissolve.

EXT. CAMP GATES - MORNING

In the distance – the low rumble of tanks.

A young boy prisoner runs forward.

BOY

They're coming! The Russians!

INT. BARRACKS - EARLY MORNING

Franciszek sits against the wall, arms wrapped around his knees.

A distant thud rolls through the ground – like thunder.

Outside, a sharp whistle.

He gets up.

EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

A few prisoners gather near the gate. More join. Silent. Watching.

On the horizon – a column of smoke rises.

No guards in sight.

The watchtowers are empty.

A murmur ripples through the yard.

PRISONER

They're gone.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - SAME TIME

Papers still smolder on the floor. Drawers lie open, files scattered.

A single SS cap sits on the desk.

Deserted.

EXT. CAMP ROAD - DAY

Franciszek walks slowly, cautiously.

Past the medical block. Past the execution wall.

He stops.

The starvation cell block.

He places a hand on the cold bricks.

Closes his eyes.

Kolbe's final hymn drifts in - faint, ghostly.

INT. BLOCK 11 - STARVATION CELL - FLASH VISION

Kolbe sits with the others.

He looks up - eyes glowing with peace.

KOLBE
You walked through the fire.

He smiles.

KOLBE (CONT'D)
Now carry the light.

INT. BLOCK 11 - STARVATION CELL - NIGHT

Kolbe blinks slowly - tears in the corners of his eyes.

Another prisoner, half-conscious, watches him.

Kolbe reaches out - touches the man's shoulder gently.

KOLBE
Love... always.

FLASHBACK: EXT. NAGASAKI HILLSIDE - JAPAN - 1931 - DAY

A lush, mountainous village on the outskirts of the city. Trees sway in the breeze. Kolbe, thinner, weary but radiant, walks alongside a local Japanese novice, KENJI (17), toward a rising hill.

Kolbe shields his eyes from the sun.

KENJI

You still look pale, Father.

The doctor said-

KOLBE

We have no time for weakness,
Kenji.

These children... they need us.

They crest the hill. Below them: the partially built friary - a wooden cross stands amid the rubble of post-earthquake damage.

Kolbe's eyes soften at the sight.

INT. MAKESHIFT ORPHANAGE - LATER

Kolbe kneels beside a sick Japanese child. He gives him medicine, then wraps him in a blanket.

Other friars serve rice to hungry orphans. The walls are cracked. Wind leaks through. But laughter is heard.

Kenji watches Kolbe move from cot to cot - blessing each child.

KENJI (V.O.)

They said he came to convert us.

But really... he came to love us.

EXT. FRARY COURTYARD - NIGHT

Kolbe prays under moonlight.

He opens his journal. Draws a small white and red crown.

Then... he coughs violently. Wipes blood from his sleeve, quickly hiding it.

INT. CHAPEL - NEXT MORNING

Kolbe preaches in halting but fluent Japanese.

KOLBE

Love... does not demand.

It gives. Always.

Even to the point of... death.

He glances toward Kenji. Their eyes lock. A silent understanding.

EXT. HILLSIDE - SUNSET

Kenji and Kolbe sit overlooking the harbor.

KENJI

Why here, Father? Why Nagasaki?

Kolbe gazes out.

KOLBE

Because the world must know...

love can rise where everything else falls.

He closes his eyes, whispering a prayer.

SUPER: "Nagasaki, 1931 - Ten Years Before the Bomb"

INT. MODERN SHRINE - NAGASAKI - PRESENT DAY

Kenji - now elderly, dressed in formal robes - places flowers beside Kolbe's bust in a quiet shrine.

OLD KENJI

You saved us long before the world ended.

He presses a rosary to the statue's hand and bows.

CUT TO:

EXT. GATEHOUSE - MIDDAY

The main camp gates creak open.

A small Russian reconnaissance team enters, weapons drawn.

They stop – stunned by what they see.

Gaunt faces. Shaved heads. Hollow eyes.

Franciszek stands at the front.

No words spoken.

Just a long, breathless silence.

Then...

A young Russian soldier lowers his weapon.

Steps forward. Offers a piece of bread.

Franciszek does not reach for it.

He raises his eyes to the sky.

It's the first time we've seen him smile.

EXT. CAMP – LATER

The Red Army floods the area.

Prisoners are herded gently toward trucks and tents.

Franciszek walks against the current, back toward the barracks.

He enters.

INT. BARRACKS – MOMENTS LATER

He kneels by a wooden bunk.

Lifts a hidden scrap of parchment tucked behind a beam.

It's Kolbe's tiny drawing of the two crowns – white and red – sketched in charcoal.

Franciszek folds it.

Places it inside his shirt.

EXT. CAMP GATES – DAY

Red Army medics help prisoners toward trucks.

A soldier offers a blanket to Franciszek.

He refuses. Not out of pride – but stillness.

He watches two other prisoners lift a body onto a stretcher.

It's Piotr – lifeless, but eyes wide open, frozen in death.

Franciszek steps forward, closes Piotr's eyes with trembling fingers.

INT. TEMPORARY RED CROSS TENT – NIGHT

Dozens of bunks. Moaning. Shivering.

Franciszek sits on a cot, eyes vacant.

A NURSE, Soviet, speaks softly.

NURSE (GENTLE)
Name?

He stares at her.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Name?

He whispers:

FRANCISZEK
Franciszek Gajowniczek.

She writes it down.

NURSE
Family?

Beat.

FRANCISZEK
Wife.

Two sons. I think...

Tears spill silently. She places a hand on his arm.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM – WEEKS LATER

Refugees and survivors flood a Polish station.

Franciszek steps down from a cattle car, carrying a tin box of personal effects.

He scans the crowd. No familiar faces.

A woman grabs a child and backs away, staring at his shaved head, sunken cheeks.

INT. SMALL POLISH HOME - DAY

A knock at the door.

His wife, HELENA, now older and thinner, opens it.

She gasps. Covers her mouth.

HELENA
Franciszek?

He nods.

His sons peek around her legs - confused.

Franciszek drops to his knees and weeps into her hands.

INT. CHURCH CONFESSIONAL - MONTHS LATER

Franciszek kneels inside the booth.

No priest visible. Just his whisper into the screen:

FRANCISZEK
I should have died.

I still see him. Hear him. Sometimes I... envy him.

A long silence.

Then, a voice - gentle and male - but unseen.

PRIEST (O.S.)
And yet you live.

INT. WAR TRIBUNAL - YEARS LATER - DAY

Franciszek sits in a crowded hearing room in Warsaw.

Flashbulbs pop. Translators whisper. A plaque before him reads: Witness: Franciszek Gajowniczek

He clears his throat.

FRANCISZEK
He asked to die in my place.

Not for glory. Not for history. Only for love.

Gasps. Scribbling. Silence.

FRANCISZEK (CONT'D)
And I carry that... every day.

He lowers his head.

INT. VATICAN BASILICA - YEARS LATER - DAY

Sunlight streams through stained glass.

A young seminarian sets a framed image of Kolbe beside a row of candles.

We see it's part of a small exhibit labeled: "Servant of God - Maximilian Kolbe."

Tourists pass by.

One stops. It's a young man in military fatigues.

He lights a candle.

Walks away without a word.

EXT. CEMETERY - WINTER - DAY

Franciszek walks a snow-dusted path, older now.

He stops before a simple headstone marked with:

Maximilian Kolbe Greater love hath no man...

He kneels, brushing snow away from the base.

A small, wooden crown of thorns sits beside the grave - handmade, woven from twine.

He touches it gently.

INT. FRANCISZEK'S MODEST HOME - NIGHT

A fire crackles in the hearth.

Old letters and clippings spill across a table.

His wife HELENA brings him tea, sets it beside a worn folder marked: "Canonization Proceedings."

She touches his shoulder.

HELENA

They want you in Rome next spring.

Franciszek nods – unsure if it's pride or pain that fills him.

INT. TRAIN TO ROME – MONTAGE

A Polish countryside rolls past.

Franciszek folds Kolbe's sketch of the two crowns into a breast pocket.

He grips a rosary in his hand, the beads worn smooth.

EXT. ST. PETER'S SQUARE – ROME – DAY

Massive crowds.

Banners wave: "Maximilian Kolbe – Martyr of Charity"

Pope John Paul II, in full regalia, stands at the altar.

The Vatican choir begins to sing.

INT. CANONIZATION CEREMONY – ST. PETER'S BASILICA – LATER

Franciszek sits near the front, honored guest.

Camera bulbs flash. Reporters whisper.

The POPE raises his voice:

POPE JOHN PAUL II

By the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ... ..we declare Maximilian Kolbe a saint of the Church.

Thunderous applause. People weep openly.

Franciszek bows his head – hands trembling.

EXT. BASILICA COURTYARD – MOMENTS LATER

Franciszek steps into the light, crowd swirling.

A young man – early 20s, Polish – pushes forward, extending a medal of Kolbe.

YOUNG MAN
You were the man he saved?

Franciszek nods.

The young man clasps his hand tightly.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
Then he saved us all.

INT. FRANCISZEK'S ROOM - YEARS LATER

The folder sits on a shelf, untouched.

The two crowns sketch now framed, hanging above his bed.

He lies beneath it - frail, near death.

A nurse reads aloud from a letter:

NURSE
"They buried Father Kolbe's ashes
here in Niepokalanów. The shrine
draws pilgrims from all over the
world..."

She looks up. Franciszek is smiling.

INT. POLISH SCHOOLROOM - DAY (LATE 1970S)

A TEACHER addresses a class of children. On the chalkboard:
"Saints of the 20th Century"

A slide clicks - an old black-and-white photo of Kolbe fills
the screen.

TEACHER
This is Saint Maximilian Kolbe.

He gave his life so another could live.

The students are silent.

One boy raises his hand.

BOY
Is the man he saved still alive?

EXT. CHURCH COURTYARD - SAME DAY

Franciszek, older and gray, sits beneath a statue of Kolbe.

The same boy approaches, shyly.

BOY
Are you him?

Franciszek smiles.

FRANCISZEK
Only what's left of him.

The boy offers a handmade crown of red paper.

Franciszek holds it, eyes misting.

INT. FRANCISZEK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He opens a worn scrapbook.

Inside:

Photos of Kolbe's friary

Canonization articles

A sketch of barbed wire turning into a rosary

He traces Kolbe's name with his fingertip.

INT. CHURCH CONFESSIONAL - FLASHBACK (YEARS EARLIER)

Kolbe sits on one side of the screen, young and serene.

Franciszek is unseen - just his whispered words.

FRANCISZEK (V.O.)
I carried your life inside me...

and I'm still afraid I'll drop it.

Kolbe smiles faintly.

KOLBE
You haven't dropped it.

You've passed it on.

EXT. VATICAN - NIGHT (1980S)

Pilgrims light candles beneath a Kolbe mosaic.

A teenage girl kneels, praying. Behind her, her father watches – reverent, silent.

We catch a glimpse of a Kolbe medallion around her neck.

INT. FRANCISZEK'S HOME – LATE NIGHT

Franciszek struggles to write a letter.

His hand trembles. Words are smudged.

He finally scrawls:

"He showed me how to die. I tried to learn how to live."

He folds it, seals it, and places it inside a Bible beside his bed.

INT. HOSPICE ROOM – FINAL DAYS

Nurses whisper in the background.

Franciszek lies peacefully. His breathing is shallow.

A rosary rests in his hand.

In the window, the moonlight shines softly through a frosted pane.

A shape in shadow – a man in robes – seems to stand just outside.

Franciszek blinks. Smiles.

INT. HOSPICE ROOM – NIGHT

Franciszek's breath rattles faintly in the silence.

Beside him, the framed sketch of the two crowns hangs like a holy relic.

Outside, snow falls softly.

INT. HOSPICE ROOM – LATER

Helena sits at his bedside, holding his hand.

HELENA You carried it longer than anyone ever should have.

Franciszek stirs. Barely a whisper:

FRANCISZEK

I was only...

borrowed time.

She kisses his hand.

INT. HOSPICE ROOM - DEEP NIGHT

Lights dim. Nurses move silently outside.

Inside, only the sound of wind beyond the window.

Franciszek's eyes flutter open - not in fear, but peace.

A faint light glows in the corner.

He sees...

KOLBE - in his white robes, standing silently in the shadows.

No words.

Just a long, still gaze.

Kolbe raises one hand - open palm.

Franciszek lifts his weak hand... and clasps it.

The light grows bright.

INT. CHURCH - FUNERAL MASS - DAY

Chanting echoes through the cathedral.

Franciszek's casket, simple and wooden, is adorned with two hand-carved crowns - one red, one white.

Children in altar robes carry candles behind it.

The priest intones:

PRIEST

Greater love hath no man than this...

EXT. CHURCH CEMETERY - SAME DAY

Mourners gather.

Among them: clergy, survivors, children.

A little girl breaks from the crowd, kneels at the grave.
She sets down a drawing – two crowns sketched in crayon.

INT. VATICAN ARCHIVES – MONTAGE

A relic: Kolbe's rosary under glass.

A photo of Franciszek, later in life, labeled "He lived because another chose to die."

A wall of saints. One plaque reads: Maximilian Kolbe Martyr of Charity

EXT. MODERN CITY STREET – NIGHT

Crowds rush past neon signs.

A HOMELESS MAN sits with a cardboard sign that reads:

"Love one another."

A woman pauses. Gives him a coat.

He smiles – revealing a Kolbe medallion around his neck.

EXT. SKY – FINAL VISION

A boy walks through a field of tall grass.

He looks up – sunlight glinting.

Two crowns float in the air, drawn in fading light:

One white, glowing with peace

One red, flickering with flame

They merge into the sky.

FADE TO BLACK.

"No one has greater love than this,
to lay down one's life for one's friends."

– John 15:13

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - PRESENT DAY - POLAND

A young woman, early 30s, stands at a podium before rows of students.

She clicks through slides behind her - one is Kolbe's prison photo, another of Franciszek and the Pope.

YOUNG WOMAN

My grandfather survived Auschwitz...

because a priest took his place. He lived to tell the world who that man was.

She pauses.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

And I've spent my life doing the same.

The crowd is silent. Deeply moved.

EXT. AUSCHWITZ - PRESENT DAY

Tourists walk the gravel paths in silence.

A GROUP OF TEENS stands outside Block 11, the starvation bunker.

One boy hangs back, staring at the plaque beside the wall.

He fingers a small rosary in his pocket.

INT. ST. MAXIMILIAN MUSEUM - NIEPOKALANÓW - DAY

Display cases house relics.

Kolbe's glasses

A torn page of his writings

A replica of his friary cell

And in a spotlighted case: the two paper crowns drawn by a child

A TOUR GUIDE leads a group forward.

TOUR GUIDE

This sketch was found folded in Kolbe's breviary.

He told others he had seen it as a child... Two crowns – one white for purity, one red for martyrdom. He accepted both.

A pilgrim – a young seminarian – weeps quietly.

INT. VATICAN INTERIOR – ARCHIVAL ROOM – NIGHT

A lone MONSIGNOR moves through aisles of saintly artifacts.

He retrieves a thick dossier: Canonization of Kolbe, 1982

Within it: letters, testimony, photos of Franciszek and Helena.

He whispers a prayer.

MONSIGNOR
May we never forget what love
costs.

EXT. SMALL POLISH CEMETERY – SUNSET

A simple grave marked Franciszek Gajowniczek sits beside his wife's.

A child kneels there, placing a drawing of two crowns and a flower.

His mother watches from a path.

MOTHER
He saved a man who became your
great-grandfather.

The child looks up, confused.

CHILD
But they're both gone?

She nods.

MOTHER
Not really.

INT. CHURCH – EVENING MASS – PRESENT DAY

A large painting of Kolbe dominates the altar.

Candles flicker.

The congregation recites a litany.

Camera slowly pans upward...

EXT. HEAVENS - SUNSET VISION

Vast skies. A golden horizon.

Two crowns drift once more across the clouds - radiant and eternal.

As they slowly fade into light...

FADE TO BLACK.

"Two paths. One love.

One sacrifice that lit the world.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - KRAKÓW - 1960s - NIGHT

Franciszek speaks into a microphone, nervous but clear.

FRANCISZEK

His name was Maximilian Kolbe.

He took my place... and gave me the rest of my life.

The producer signals "on air."

FRANCISZEK (CONT'D)

I speak not to make sense of it -
but to make sure you remember.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Families across Poland lean toward radios.

A mother cries quietly. A priest closes his eyes. A boy scribbles the name "Kolbe" on a notepad.

EXT. JAPAN - MONASTERY GROUNDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Monks in white robes tend to a garden.

One places a flower beside a statue of Kolbe.

MONK (JAPANESE, SUBTITLED)

He taught us peace can bloom... even
in rubble.

A plaque nearby:

Saint Maximilian Kolbe - Martyr and Missionary

INT. ARCHIVES - LATE NIGHT - MODERN VATICAN

A young DEACON reads a preserved letter.

"He told me the two crowns were not a dream, but an invitation."

He gently replaces the letter into a leather folio: 'Sancti - Kolbe'

EXT. AUSCHWITZ - BLOCK 11 - PRESENT DAY

A priest leads a small group of visitors in silent prayer.

One woman in the back breaks down sobbing.

The priest walks over, gives her a small medallion of Kolbe.

PRIEST

He stood in this exact spot.

When death called - he answered with love.

INT. FRANCISZEK'S STUDY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Franciszek looks through a stack of letters - all thanking him for telling Kolbe's story.

He opens one, written in a child's handwriting:

"Thank you for helping me believe heroes are real."

He places it into a drawer full of similar letters - hundreds of them.

INT. CLASSROOM - UK - MODERN DAY

An English teacher shows a photo of Kolbe on a Smartboard.

TEACHER

Who knows what the word martyr means?

A girl raises her hand.

GIRL
Someone who doesn't just die...

but chooses to.

EXT. WARSAW STREET - EARLY EVENING

A busker plays a mournful tune on violin.

Behind him, a mural of Kolbe spans the wall - white robes, barbed wire, two crowns hovering behind him.

People pause. Some cry.

A young boy leaves a white paper crown at the mural's base.

INT. FRANCISZEK'S BEDROOM - BACK IN TIME

A final moment - Franciszek lying peacefully, the two-crowns sketch pinned above his bed.

A breeze lifts the paper slightly.

Outside, church bells ring.

He breathes his last - eyes gently shut, a half-smile remaining.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAWN

Snow dusts the grass.

Mourners place red and white flowers beside Franciszek's stone.

A plaque nearby now reads:

He lived for another and carried his name to the world.

EXT. AUSCHWITZ - BLOCK 11 - PRESENT DAY - DAY

A TOUR GROUP walks slowly down the gravel path, hushed.

They stop outside the darkened starvation cell window.

A YOUNG TOUR GUIDE, early 30s, speaks softly - practiced but full of emotion.

TOUR GUIDE

And this... is where he chose to die.

(pauses)

His name was Maximilian Kolbe.

A prisoner had been sentenced to starvation – he had a wife, children. Kolbe stepped forward... and asked to take his place.

The group is stunned. Some tear up.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

They say he died with a prayer on his lips...

and peace in his eyes.

The guide looks at the dark window.

Inside, only shadows.

INT. STARVATION CELL - CONTINUOUS

Light spills gently through the barred window.

We see the faint outline of two paper crowns – one red, one white – placed carefully in the corner.

A symbol.

EXT. AUSCHWITZ - EXIT PATH - LATER

Visitors quietly depart.

One child stops – pulls from her pocket a folded drawing.

She runs back to the window... and tucks it between the bricks.

A crayon sketch of a man holding two crowns.

EXT. SKY ABOVE - FINAL SHOT

Clouds part as sunlight beams through.

In the light: Two glowing crowns, slowly drifting upward and merging into a single radiant point.

FADE TO BLACK.

"He chose love over life.

And in dying... became eternal."

Title Card:

SAINT MAXIMILIAN KOLBE

Canonized by Pope John Paul II in 1982.

Declared "Martyr of Charity."

"Greater love hath no man..."

EXT. ST. PETER'S SQUARE - ROME - MORNING

A sea of thousands. Flags wave. Pilgrims fill every corner of Vatican City.

Latin chants echo. Banners flap in the wind.

A giant portrait of Maximilian Kolbe hangs from the colonnades - flanked by red and white flowers.

INT. VATICAN HOLDING CHAMBER - SAME

FRANCISZEK GAJOWNICZEK, now elderly, adjusts his suit in a mirror. His wife helps him pin a cross to his lapel.

He stares at his reflection, trembling.

FRANCISZEK

He should be here, not me.

WIFE

You are here because of him.

A long beat. Franciszek nods.

EXT. PAPAL BALCONY - LATER

POPE JOHN PAUL II, dressed in immaculate white, steps to the podium.

The crowd falls silent.

JOHN PAUL II

Today, we raise to the altar of sainthood a man who offered his life in love - not for his own country, not for his own people, but for a stranger.

He pauses, overcome.

JOHN PAUL II
Saint Maximilian Kolbe has shown us
the perfection of charity.

His death... was not a defeat. It was his victory.

EXT. CROWD - SAME

Franciszek looks up at Kolbe's image. His lips move in silent prayer.

He reaches into his coat - pulls out the old rosary that Kolbe gave him in the camp.

Tears fill his eyes.

INT. BASILICA - LATER

Franciszek kneels beside the reliquary of Kolbe's ashes.

FRANCISZEK
I have lived your life for you.

He lowers his forehead to the cold marble.

EXT. ST. PETER'S SQUARE - EVENING

The crowds are leaving. A choir sings softly in Polish.

Franciszek stands alone under the banner - as it's slowly lowered from the balcony.

The sky begins to darken.

MONTAGE: (INTERCUT)
Nuns in Africa teaching children
about Kolbe

A shrine in Nagasaki with candles glowing

A teenager in South America holding a comic book about Kolbe

The starvation cell, lit only by a candle, now part of the museum tour

SUPER:

“Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

- John 15:13

EXT. RURAL UGANDA - DAY

Children sit cross-legged under a tree as a young nun teaches catechism.

She opens a worn book. On the page: an illustration of Kolbe embracing a dying man.

NUN
And he said, "I will take his
place."

The children gasp - then fall silent.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - MEXICO CITY - NIGHT

A troubled young man stares at a revolver on his kitchen table.

He turns on a dusty television. A black-and-white documentary flickers to life - Kolbe's face appears.

VOICE (TV)
He was called "the martyr of love."

The young man listens. Slowly... he slides the gun away.

EXT. SHRINE OF THE IMMACULATE - NAGASAKI - NIGHT

Elderly Kenji (from earlier) walks past lit candles. He kneels, bows, and leaves a paper crane.

INT. SCHOOL - POLAND - DAY

A teenage girl recites before her class:

GIRL
"Only love creates."

- Maximilian Kolbe

The teacher nods, impressed.

EXT. STREET - BUENOS AIRES - EVENING

A peace protest winds through the city. A young priest holds a sign:

"Maximilian Kolbe Lives in Us."

INT. MONASTERY - ROME - NIGHT

A monk in robes bows before a relic of Kolbe's habit, encased in glass.

He lights a candle. The flame flickers... but does not go out.

EXT. AUSCHWITZ - PRESENT DAY - DUSK

The sun sets over Block 11.

The camera drifts slowly toward the open door... toward the starvation cell.

We do not enter yet. We simply feel the pull.

SUPER:

"Only love creates." - Maximilian Kolbe

INT. AUSCHWITZ - BLOCK 11 - STARVATION CELL - DAY

Dark. Damp. Silent.

The once ten prisoners are now six. Huddled in corners, gaunt and barely recognizable.

Kolbe sits upright against the stone wall, whispering prayer. His eyes are sunken but glow faintly with peace.

KOLBE

Ave Maria, gratia plena...

Beside him, a YOUNG PRISONER moans faintly. Another rocks back and forth, mumbling.

KOLBE (CONT'D)

Dominus tecum...

INT. STARVATION CELL - NIGHT

Moonlight spills through the barred window.

Kolbe cradles the head of a DYING PRISONER in his lap. He sings softly:

KOLBE (SINGING)

Regina caeli, laetare, alleluia...

The prisoner exhales one final breath. Stillness.

Kolbe crosses himself. Then slowly looks up.

KOLBE (V.O.)
You asked me to choose. And I did.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MONASTERY GARDEN - SUNSET (YEARS EARLIER)

Kolbe kneels as a boy beneath the fig tree.

KOLBE (V.O.)
I chose the red crown.

BACK TO:

INT. STARVATION CELL - DAY

Only four men remain. Kolbe leans against the wall, swaying, lips cracked.

GUARD (O.S.)
He's still alive.

INT. AUSCHWITZ INFIRMARY - CELL - DAY (AUGUST 14, 1941)

Kolbe lies on a wooden bench. Frail, skeletal, yet strangely serene.

The SS DOCTOR prepares the injection. A GUARD holds Kolbe's arm.

Kolbe nods.

KOLBE
Ave Maria...

The plunger sinks.

CLOSE ON KOLBE'S FACE - his eyes slowly shut. A final breath.

FADE TO:

INT. AUSCHWITZ - MODERN DAY - TOUR GROUP - DAY

A GUIDE stands before the starvation cell, now a candle-lit shrine.

TOUR GUIDE

Six of the ten men died within two weeks. Only one was still fully conscious. His name was Maximilian Kolbe.

Tourists listen silently. A CHILD holds his father's hand.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

He died by lethal injection on the eve of the Assumption of Mary – August 14th, 1941.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

This cell is now a shrine. His image hangs in churches across Europe. He was beatified in 1970... canonized in 1982.

CHILD

Why did he do it?

The father kneels beside the child, eyes glassy.

FATHER

Because love is stronger than fear.

FADE OUT.