

SCRIPT TITLE

REST IN WAR

EPISODE TITLE: PILOT EPISODE - FATES REWRITTEN

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. ROAD NEAR POLISH VILLAGE - DAWN (SEPTEMBER 1939) 1

A dense mist blankets the dirt road. Military boots march steadily, crushing mud and dry leaves. The early morning silence is disturbed only by synchronized footsteps.

CLOSE ON: THOMAS SCHAUREN (19), young and composed, wearing an impeccable SS uniform. His expression is cold, focused, yet subtly uncertain.

A GERMAN OFFICER signals Thomas forward with a sharp gesture.

GERMAN OFFICER
(in German; subtitled)
Schauren. Take the lead!

Thomas immediately steps to the front of the troop, his grip tightening on his rifle.

Ahead, an isolated farmhouse emerges through the fog. A dog begins barking nervously, alerting those inside. Weak lights flicker on behind curtained windows.

The Officer gives Thomas a quick glance—Thomas knows exactly what to do.

Thomas approaches swiftly and confidently, his breathing measured yet tense. He kicks the farmhouse door open and rushes inside, rifle raised.

2 INT. POLISH FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 2

Inside, a terrified family—a father, mother, and teenage daughter—huddles tightly in a corner. The dog barks louder, agitated. Thomas aims his rifle steadily.

THOMAS
 (in German; subtitled,
 firm but young)
 Stay where you are!

The father attempts to rise, protecting his family instinctively.

POLISH FATHER
 (in Polish; subtitled,
 desperate)
 Please! We've done nothing wrong!

Thomas steps forward aggressively, cocking his rifle loudly.

THOMAS
 (in German; subtitled,
 authoritative)
 Silence!

The father freezes. German soldiers storm the farmhouse behind Thomas, tearing through furniture and belongings, searching for evidence.

Thomas notices a hidden object on the floor—a Polish flag, symbolizing resistance. He picks it up slowly, holding it coldly as he stares directly into the father's fearful eyes.

3 EXT. POLISH FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 3

The family is roughly forced outside at gunpoint. The German Officer approaches Thomas, noticing the Polish flag held firmly in his hands.

GERMAN OFFICER
 (in German; subtitled,
 impressed and serious)
 Good work, Schauren. Keep this up,
 and you'll become indispensable.

Thomas nods respectfully, betraying no emotion. The officer walks away.

Thomas breathes deeply, masking any remaining hesitation with

cold determination. He gazes toward the sleeping village in the distance, unaware of the horror about to awaken it.

4 INT. LENA'S HOUSE - DAY (SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1939) 4

The camera slowly moves through Lena's cozy, modest home. Family pictures hang lovingly on the wall. A breakfast table still holds crumbs and empty cups. An old radio softly plays cheerful music.

LENA (28), warm, gentle face, a schoolteacher, sits at the table correcting her students' work. Her husband, JAN (35), calm and collected, also a teacher, reads the newspaper.

WANDA WISNIEWSKI - LENA'S MOTHER (60), serene and quiet, knits sweaters

carefully.

Their young children, ANNA (5), combing the hair of an old doll, and JAKUB (6), concentrating on his drawing, sit quietly on the floor.

Lena watches Jakub, smiling gently.

LENA

What a beautiful drawing, sweetheart. Is that us? And what's this lovely house?

JAKUB (EXCITED)

It's a little farm, Mommy! One day I want us to have a house just like this on a farm, with lots of trees and nature. That's my dream! My friend said if we draw our dreams and color them beautifully, they'll come true!

Lena smiles lovingly, touched.

LENA

That's wonderful. It's my dream now too. And if we all dream together, we have even more chance of making it real because we'll send our wishes out into the universe. God will surely notice.

JAKUB (THRILLED)

Good idea, Mommy! Will you help me color it?

Jakub brings the drawing to Lena. Jan glances up from the newspaper, smiling gently as he watches the family moment. Suddenly, the radio static interrupts the music. Everyone instinctively turns to it.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (IN POLISH, NERVOUS)

We interrupt this broadcast for an urgent message... German troops crossed our border at dawn. Bombings have been reported in multiple cities... Lena immediately looks to Jan, anxious. Lena's mother stops knitting abruptly, tightly clutching the cross pendant around her neck, visibly terrified.

JAN (FORCING CALMNESS)

It's propaganda. They always try to frighten us.

LENA (QUIETLY, WORRIED)

But... what if it's true?

Jan stands slowly and looks out the window, hiding his nervousness.

JAN (TRYING TO REASSURE HIMSELF)

The government won't let this happen. Poland is strong.

Suddenly, a DISTANT EXPLOSION rattles the windows. Lena jumps up in fear. Another louder explosion follows. Small items fall from shelves, shattering on the floor.

Lena runs to the window, her expression changing dramatically. Her eyes widen with terror.

LENA (IN SHOCK)
My God..

LENA'S POV: Thick columns of black smoke rise on the horizon. German planes fly above, dropping bombs in the distance. Engines roar, mingling with screams and chaos from the street below.

6 EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS 6

Chaos fills the streets. German soldiers march aggressively, rifles raised, followed by tanks rolling forcefully down narrow streets. Terrified civilians scatter, desperate for shelter.

Soldiers violently rip Polish flags from homes and storefronts, replacing them with Nazi swastikas.

7 INT./EXT. LENA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 7

Jan quickly opens the door to peer outside. MR. NOWAK, an elderly neighbor, stumbles and falls in front of their door, panicked.

MR. NOWAK (DESPERATELY)
They're here! The Germans! They've
already taken the station!

A young, aggressive NAZI SOLDIER grabs Nowak, violently pinning him against the wall, rifle pressed to his chest. Nowak's desperate eyes plead with Lena through the open door. Lena watches helplessly, filled with sorrow and dread. The soldier leans menacingly closer to Nowak.

NAZI SOLDIER (IN GERMAN; HARSH, COLD)
Go back home. The Reich is in
control now.

Jan quickly closes the door, muffling the scene. He turns immediately toward his family, tense and firm.

JAN
(WHISPERING SHARPLY,
TRYING TO)
(HIDE FEAR)
Close the curtains. Stay silent.

Lena hugs the children tightly, trembling visibly. Gunshots echo distantly, signaling the beginning of a nightmare. CLOSE ON Lena's face: pure, absolute fear reflected in her eyes.

9 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

9

Dim candlelight flickers against the old stone walls. The church is crowded with terrified villagers, huddled together in silent prayer. The atmosphere is heavy, suffocating with fear.

Lena enters, leading Jakub and Anna by the hand. Jan follows closely behind. They find a spot near the front, where an ELDERLY PRIEST (60s) stands before the altar, gripping his rosary tightly.

The wooden doors CREAK as more people rush inside. A YOUNG MOTHER clutches her INFANT, bouncing the child gently in an attempt to quiet his cries.

Lena kneels beside her children, placing a protective hand on Jakub's shoulder. He looks up at her, sensing her unease. The priest raises his hands, his voice trembling but strong.

PRIEST
(in Polish, subtitled)
May the Lord guide us through this
darkness.. and may He not turn His
face from us now.

The mother's infant suddenly CRIES OUT, piercing through the
silence. The mother desperately shushes him, rocking him
harder.

The priest's voice falters. Eyes dart around nervously.

AN ELDERLY MAN
(low, whispering)
They will hear us.

More murmurs spread through the crowd. A woman clutches her
husband's arm, her eyes welling with tears.

Lena watches the young mother, her heart aching at the
woman's struggle.

The baby's cries grow LOUDER.

Outside, the distant RUMBLE of approaching German trucks is
heard.

The priest hesitates. Then, he slowly steps toward the young
mother, kneeling beside her.

PRIEST
(softly, pleading)
Please.. for all of us.

The mother swallows hard, pressing the child's head against
her chest. Tears slip down her cheeks.

Lena closes her eyes, tightening her grip on her children's
hands. The shadows of war loom just beyond the church walls.

10 INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING (TWO AND A HALF YEARS LATER 1942)
 A modest primary school classroom in Nazi-occupied Poland. Rows of wooden desks, a blackboard at the front. The room is filled with YOUNG STUDENTS, their innocent faces hiding the weight of the world around them.

LENA (30), a dedicated teacher and secret member of the resistance, stands at her desk, flipping through a textbook with a tense expression.

Since the occupation, Lena continue teaching but everything is different now.

LENA (V.O.)
 (uneasy, thoughtful)
 What am I even teaching these children?
 This is not right...

She exhales deeply, adjusts her glasses, and forces herself to remain composed.

A STUDENT (BOY 1) hesitantly raises his hand.

BOY 1
 (curiously)
 Miss, why do some people say our people are inferior?
 My father says that's not true...

Before Lena can respond, another boy, Filip, with a stern, serious look, interrupts sharply.

FILIP
 (convinced)
 That's because he's wrong!
 The Germans are superior, and we must obey!

Lena's eyes widen slightly--concerned but careful.

LENA
 (firm yet gentle)
 We should never see people that way.

(MORE)

LENA (CONT'D)
 Everyone has the same worth...
 Who told you that?

FILIP
 (confidently)
 My father. And the books, too!
 The Reich knows what's best for us.

Lena hesitates before responding, fear flickering in her eyes as she carefully chooses her words.

LENA
 (lowering her voice)
 Real knowledge isn't just what's
 written in books.
 We must think for ourselves... and
 treat everyone with dignity.

Filip scoffs and abruptly stands.

FILIP
 (smirking)
 That's weak talk.

LENA
 Where are you going?

FILIP
 (sarcastically)
 To the bathroom, Miss.

Lena watches him leave with concern, sensing something deeper beneath his words.

11 INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

11

The door swings open without a knock.

Filip steps inside, walking with confidence toward the imposing desk of the HEADMASTER STANISLAW KOZLOWSKI(50s), a stern man in a neatly pressed suit. A small Nazi insignia gleams discreetly on his lapel.

FILIP
 Father...

Lena tenses.

A brief hesitation—before she nods slowly.

14 INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE - DAY

14

The door CLICKS SHUT.

LENA stands rigidly near the entrance as KOZLOWSKI takes his seat behind the large wooden desk.

He studies her with a calculated smile, fingers steepled together.

HEADMASTER KOZLOWSKI

Miss Kowalski, it is important that you follow the curriculum precisely. Your personal opinions should be kept... to yourself.

Lena's brow furrows slightly, but she remains silent.

The Headmaster leans forward, his voice lowering—threatening.

HEADMASTER KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)

The resistance is being eliminated, Miss Kowalski. Be careful not to find yourself... on the wrong side of history.

Lena swallows hard, feeling the full weight of his words.

15 INT. LENA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

15

Lena walks through the quiet, dimly lit streets, her footsteps light yet purposeful.

She reaches home. As soon as she steps inside, her CHILDREN rush to embrace her. She kneels, hugging them tightly before

heading to the dining table, where her MOTHER watches the evening news on a small television.

ON SCREEN - A stark news broadcast. The voice of the REPORTER is cold, detached.

REPORTER (ON TV)
Tonight, five more citizens were taken under suspicion of activities against the Reich. The government reinforces that any subversive behavior will be dealt with accordingly.

Lena's mother turns to her, deeply concerned.

WANDA - LENA'S MOTHER
Did you hear that? People are disappearing, Lena!

Lena exhales, trying to maintain her composure.

LENA
I know, Mom.

WANDA
And that teacher who vanished last week? He was a good man. Now, no one speaks of him. It's as if he never existed.

Lena lowers her gaze, forcing herself to breathe calmly.

LENA
Let's have dinner.

Her mother gently takes her hand, placing a small cross pendant in her palm, squeezing it softly.

WANDA
God is always with you, my dear. He will protect you—I know it.

Lena smiles in quiet gratitude, clutching the pendant.

Just then, JAN arrives, tired but smiling. He embraces his children and kisses Lena on the forehead.

JAN
How was your day?

Lena hesitates, then tells him about the Headmaster's son and what happened at school.

Jan listens, his expression growing serious but steady.

JAN (CONT'D)

(firmly)

Don't worry, Lena. The Polish people will never bow to them. We are stronger than they think.

Lena leans her head on his shoulder, seeking comfort.

LENA

What baffles me the most... is how some people have no pride. They surrender so easily—for crumbs, for a pat on the back from the enemy, just to be told they're doing a "good job" and spared from being a target.

JAN

(sighs)

Lena, everyone has their reasons. I'd do anything to protect our family, too.

Lena lifts her head, her conviction unshaken.

LENA

And I know exactly why I won't surrender.

The CHILDREN pull at their hands, excited.

CHILDREN

Mom! Dad! Can we sleep at Grandma's tonight?

Lena and Jan exchange a knowing look.

LENA / JAN

No, Grandma needs to rest too. Say goodnight and get ready for bed.

The children groan playfully, hug their grandmother, and rush to their room.

Lena's mother watches them go, then looks at her daughter and

son-in-law.

WANDA
 Goodnight, my dear children.
 And... be careful where you go.

She pauses, then adds gently:

WANDA (CONT'D)
 Don't forget mass tomorrow.
 I'll see you both there.

Lena and Jan stand together, watching her leave.

The door closes softly. A moment of quiet. Then, Lena and Jan turn to each other and share a tender kiss.

16 INT. GERMAN BARRACKS - MORNING

16

The barracks hum with activity—the rhythmic sound of boots, shouted orders in German.

THOMAS SCHAUREN (21), a newly promoted Unteroffizier (Sergeant), stands before a cracked mirror, meticulously adjusting the buttons of his pristine uniform.

His face is young. But his eyes are heavy, carrying a seriousness far beyond his years.

Behind him, leaning against a bunk, OTTO WAGNER (24), cynical, exhausted, hardened, lights a cigarette. He watches Thomas with amused curiosity.

OTTO
 (smirking)
 The Führer's golden boy...
 Must feel good, huh?

Thomas ignores the mocking tone, focusing on the precision of his collar.

THOMAS
(cold, measured)
I did my duty.

Otto exhales smoke, chuckling.

OTTO
We all do...
Some with more enthusiasm than
others.

The door swings open. HAUPTSTURMFÜHRER MÜLLER (40s)
strides in, holding a sealed envelope.

MÜLLER
Schauren!

Thomas immediately straightens, his posture impeccable.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)
Effective immediately—you're being
transferred to Auschwitz.
They need men like you.
Young... disciplined.

He hands the envelope to Thomas, who takes it with steady
hands, concealing the flicker of pride in his eyes.

OTTO
(mocking)
Looks like they're gonna teach the
kid how to decide who lives and who
dies.

Thomas doesn't react. But the words hang heavy in the air.

MÜLLER
(cutting the silence)
The weak hesitate, Schauren...
But the Reich has no place for
doubt.

Müller steps closer, voice lowering.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)
You're a fine soldier, boy...
You'll get used to it.
Just make sure those pigs produce
something useful for
the Reich before they die.

A smirk tugs at Müller's lips.

CAMERA FOCUSES on Thomas' hand tightening around the envelope.

A flicker of something—not fear, but something close. He is still young, still untested.

But he hides it.

Müller exits.

Otto takes a slow drag from his cigarette, then leans in close, whispering:

OTTO

(low)

Don't get used to it too fast my friend..
Or you'll never be who you were again.

Thomas says nothing.

CAMERA PUSHES IN on his face.

The same tension at the corner of his mouth—a nearly invisible trace of humanity that even he fights to suppress.

17 INT. ZOFIA'S ROOM - NIGHT - POLAND

17

A small, austere room in a temporary military lodging. Beside the door, Zofia's luggage is packed and closed—as if she had accepted her fate long before this moment.

THOMAS stands near the window, his hands resting against the cold glass. Outside, the night looms over the occupied city, quiet but restless.

THOMAS

(low, hesitant)

I thought we'd be leaving together.

Zofia calmly adjusts the buttons on her uniform, deliberate, as if she didn't hear him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(softer)
But they want me to stay.
It's a promotion.

Zofia pauses, still facing away.

ZOFIA
(flat)
A promotion...
Or a punishment?

Thomas frowns slightly. He hasn't yet understood the political game at play. But she has.

ZOFIA (CONT'D)
You know what happens
to those who are left behind in
Poland, Thomas.

Her voice is quiet, cutting like a blade.

THOMAS
I won't be forgotten.

Finally, Zofia turns to face him.

There is no fear in her eyes—only calculation.

ZOFIA
I hope not.

She steps closer.

ZOFIA (CONT'D)
You still have a name to uphold...
Mine.

Thomas reaches for her hands, clasping them. The tension is palpable.

THOMAS
I'll return.
I'll keep my word.
We'll be married.

Zofia tightens her grip, fingers pressing against his

with a force unexpected for someone so delicate.

ZOFIA
(low, firm)
Do your duty here.
Don't disappoint me...
Or my father.

Her eyes gleam—not with love, but with ambition.

They kiss.

No passion. No tenderness. Just a contract, sealed.

As Thomas releases her hands, he lingers for just a fraction of a second—expecting something.

A touch. A soft word.

But nothing comes.

Zofia picks up her bags.

Without another glance, she walks out.

18

EXT. AUSCHWITZ - LATE AFTERNOON - OCTOBER 1942

18

A military truck comes to a halt.

The CAMERA TRACKS as THOMAS SCHAUREN steps down, carrying his bag.

A heavy stench of smoke and decay lingers in the air.

Nearby, Polish prisoners, dressed in rags, haul debris under the sharp bark of German guards.

GUARD (SHOUTING)
Raus! Raus! Schnell!

Thomas scans his surroundings.

The camp is not what he expected.

A SS OFFICER, HAUPTSCHARFÜHRER KARL BREMER (45), approaches.

His face is weathered, scarred from the Great War. There is no warmth in his eyes.

BREMER
(condescending)
Ah... the Führer's newest prodigy.
Welcome to paradise.

Thomas stiffens his posture, unreadable.

BREMER (CONT'D)
(smirks)
What's wrong?
Don't like the smell?

He chuckles.

BREMER (CONT'D)
(low, amused)
Get used to it, boy.
Even the sky stinks here.

Bremer motions Thomas to follow, walking ahead.

BREMER (CONT'D)
I know... not what you expected.
But don't worry, you won't be here
all the time.
Let me show you to our...
accommodations.

Thomas remains silent, masking his discomfort.

Bremer hands him a clipboard, filled with lists of prisoner names.

BREMER (CONT'D)
You'll oversee Labor Commando B12.

Digging trenches, building barracks...

He glances at Thomas, grinning.

BREMER (CONT'D)
You won't have to dirty your hands.
Just make sure they do.

Thomas grips the clipboard tightly.

He hesitates, then nods—still unsure, but eager to prove himself.

THOMAS
I won't disappoint you, sir.

Bremer steps closer, lowering his voice.

BREMER
(low, sinister)
Don't worry, Unterscharführer...
After a few weeks, you won't even
notice when they drop dead.

Thomas doesn't respond.

His jaw clenches.

Bremer claps him on the shoulder and motions for him to
follow.

19 EXT. AUSCHWITZ - SOLDIERS' QUARTERS - LATE AFTERNOON - 19

CONTINUATION

The CAMERA FOLLOWS THOMAS SCHAUREN as he walks alongside
BREMER, weaving through the camp.

The stark contrast between two worlds is evident:

To one side, ragged prisoners haul heavy stones under the
crack of whips.

On the other, German soldiers—well-fed, welldressed—laugh and
smoke cigarettes, indifferent to the

suffering around them.

BREMER
(casual, as if giving a
hotel tour)
It's not as bad as they say...
For those on the right side of the
fence.

Thomas remains rigid, his eyes scanning the scene.

A Jewish boy, no older than ten, stumbles while carrying
two heavy buckets.

A guard barks an order.

The child scrambles to his feet, trembling—too slow.

The guard kicks him hard in the stomach.

Thomas looks away, unsettled.

BREMER (CONT'D)

(smirk)

You'll get used to it, Schauren.
Everyone does.

He chuckles.

BREMER (CONT'D)

Soon enough, you'll be competing
with the others—
Seeing who kicks these rats the
hardest.
It's... quite the stress relief.

Bremer laughs.

Thomas doesn't.

20

INT. OFFICERS' QUARTERS - NIGHT

20

A stark contrast from the wooden barracks of the
prisoners.

A brick barrack. Small windows. Well-built.

Bremer pushes the door open, revealing a simple but clean
room.

A single bed with crisp white sheets, a folded gray
blanket at the edge.

A wooden desk with a lamp.

A small wardrobe.

A bottle of schnapps on the dresser.

A mirror, oval, cracked along one side.

Bremer pats the bed with his hand.

BREMER

Much better than what they offer in
the trenches, don't you think?

Thomas nods, curt.

Bremer opens the wardrobe.

Inside, a pristine black SS uniform.

Next to it, a brand-new Luger pistol, still in its case.

Bremer lights a cigarette, exhaling slowly.

BREMER (CONT'D)

(low, amused)

You'll see...

The work here is much cleaner.

Thomas keeps his gaze fixed on the bed.

The weight of the uniform and the gun in the wardrobe
seems to press on him.

BREMER (CONT'D)

Tomorrow morning, I'll introduce
you to your Kommando.

Thirty men.

Poles. Jews.

People who are already half-dead..

They just need someone to remind
them.

Thomas's jaw tightens. He says nothing.

Bremer studies his silence.

BREMER (CONT'D)

Something wrong,
Unterscharführer?

THOMAS

(cold, automatic)

No, sir.

Bremer exhales a stream of smoke, watching him closely.

BREMER

(whispers)

The weak break quickly here.

I hope that won't be the case for
you.

A beat.

THOMAS
(steady)
You'll see that it won't, sir.

21 SILENCE. 21

CAMERA PUSHES IN on Thomas.

Bremer steps out. The door closes.

Finally alone, Thomas looks around.

The clean bed.

The bottle of schnapps.

The white sheets.

The pistol.

Beyond the wall—the muffled sound of distant screams.

Thomas sits on the bed.

He inhales deeply.

22 CLOSE ON HIS FACE. 22

23 FLASHBACK - QUICK CUTS: 23

- Thomas in battle, firing his rifle during the invasion of Poland.

- A German officer patting his shoulder, congratulating him.

- Polish children watching lifeless bodies in the streets.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Thomas opens his eyes, breathing heavily.

THOMAS
(low, to himself)
Not my problem.

He stands.

Walks to the window.

And closes the curtains.

As if that could block out the world beyond.

24

INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH - WARSAW - SUNDAY MORNING, 1942

24

Soft light filters through stained glass windows, casting gentle hues across the cold stone floor.

The church is full, yet an almost sacred silence reigns—only the echoes of the choir linger in the air.

LENA kneels beside her MOTHER WANDA, hands clasped in prayer. Her white veil drapes over her light brown hair, eyes shut with deep devotion.

The priest's voice resonates in Latin—but for Lena, the words pierce through her soul.

PRIEST (O.S.)
(in Latin, solemn)
"Lord, I am not worthy that You
should enter under my roof,
but only say the word, and I shall
be healed.
Have mercy on Your righteous... and
protect us..."

Lena's fingers tighten around her rosary.

As if holding onto her very existence through that prayer.

Her mother glances at her, proud.

WANDA
(softly, whispering)
You have a pure heart...
God always hears those who walk in
the light.

Lena slowly opens her eyes.

There is an innocence in them—an absolute certainty
that good and evil are unbreakable lines.

In the distance, the statue of the Virgin Mary watches over
her.

LENA
(whispering)
I would rather suffer the whole
world...
than lose His grace.

She closes her eyes again.

LENA (CONT'D)
(whispering, resolute)
Each day that passes, I feel that
fear
is never greater than my courage.
or my conviction in what is right.
I will never surrender to the
enemy.

Her mother smiles, gently stroking her hair.

Lena touches the crucifix around her neck—her faith,
unwavering.

At the altar, the priest raises the Eucharist.

PRIEST (O.S.)
(solemn)
"This is the body of Christ"

Lena bows her head, completely devoted.

In this moment, she believes that nothing in the world can
separate her from God and His protection.

A single oil lamp flickers, casting restless shadows
across damp stone walls.

The air is thick with the scent of old wood and moisture. The door CREAKS slightly as MAREK KALINOWSKI (25) squeezes through, carrying a small sack of stale bread—a cover, just in case.

Around an improvised wooden table, four members of the resistance wait.

PIOTR WOZNIAK (40s, hardened, lost his son to the Gestapo).

ANKA SZEWCZYK (24, an idealistic nurse, the first to suggest taking up arms).

WIKTOR BRODOWSKI (30, former soldier, silent, always armed).

KAZIMIERZ "KAZIK" PAWLAK (18, young, Jewish, full of anger).

Marek nods in greeting—no words, just tension. Every meeting could be their last.

PIOTR
(sober, low)
It's getting harder...
The patrols have doubled in the square.
They arrest anyone who breathes wrong.

ANKA
(bitter)
And meanwhile, children starve in the ghetto...
while SS pigs drink French wine and smoke imported cigars.

Kazik's fists tighten.

He lost his entire family in the first deportation.

KAZIK
(cold, biting)
I say we kill one of them.
Just to remind them we're still here.

Silence.

Piotr gives him a sharp look—but no one outright disagrees.

Because they've all thought about it.

PIOTR
We're not murderers, Kazik.

Wiktor fingers the pistol under his coat.

He's not so sure anymore.

26

THE PLAN IS REVEALED

26

Marek sets the bread sack on the table.

Inside, hidden among the loaves, two small bullet cartridges.

MAREK
(quietly)
Food still gets through... but only
if it's hidden.
The priests can smuggle two, maybe
three sacks a week into
the ghetto...
But it's not enough.

PIOTR
And weapons?

Marek hesitates.

MAREK
(soft, ashamed)
A pistol.
A revolver.
Some ammunition...
Nothing to start an uprising.

ANKA
(scoffing)
But just enough to put all of us on
the gallows if anyone talks.

The tension deepens.

They know they need more men, more supplies.

But the bigger the plan... the bigger the risk.

WIKTOR
We keep using the same faces.
It's going to get us killed.

KAZIK
We need someone... invisible.

A long silence.

The kind where no one wants to ask another to risk their
life.

27

THE TURNING POINT

27

Marek's jaw clenches.

An idea forms in his mind... but he doesn't want to say it.

MAREK
(hesitant)
I... might know someone.

Piotr's gaze snaps to him.

PIOTR
Who?

Marek swallows hard.

MAREK
My cousin... Lena.

CONFLICT
Anka lets out a dry chuckle.

ANKA
That schoolteacher?
The one who spends half her life at
church?
She wouldn't know how to lie even
to a priest.

Marek's stare hardens.

MAREK
(low, firm)
She asked me...
how she could help.
She's braver than you think.

Piotr studies Marek.

He sees the weight of what they're about to ask.

PIOTR
Does she know what she's getting
into?

Marek looks away.

MAREK
She thinks it's just food..
messages... nothing more.

Kazik laughs bitterly.

KAZIK
That's how it always starts.
Until they see their first corpse.

Piotr inhales deeply, weighing the risk.

PIOTR
She's religious, isn't she?

Marek nods.

PIOTR (CONT'D)
Then she'll pray for forgiveness
later..
(lowers voice)
Like the rest of us.

He steps closer.

PIOTR (CONT'D)
(low, final)
You will ask her, Marek.
But if she says yes..
There's no turning back.

Marek hesitates.

He knows he is dragging her into hell.

That maybe he is the one tightening the noose around her
neck.

MAREK
(low, almost pleading)
She only wants to help.

PIOTR
(hard)
They all did..
In the beginning.

END OF SCENE

The camera lingers on Marek's hands—trembling slightly
on the table.

Beside them, the small cartridges of bullets.

Too light in his palm.

But heavy enough to destroy lives.

The oil lamp flickers, casting dancing shadows
against the damp walls.

As if the darkness inside was far worse than anything
lurking outside.

MUSIC SWELLS—low, pulsing, foreboding.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

A single candle flickers on a wooden table.

The damp stone walls and stacks of old hymn books make the
space feel even smaller.

KAZIK PAWLAK (18) paces nervously. His clothes are ragged,
his face smeared with dirt. His hands are restless, rubbing
together as if trying to shake off an invisible weight.

Sitting across from him, FATHER ANDRZEJ (60s) watches with
calm, unwavering eyes.

Kazik exhales sharply and lets out a small chuckle—tired,
ironic.

KAZIK (SHAKING HIS HEAD, SMIRKING)

You know, if my mother knew I was hiding in a church, she'd
probably come back from the grave just to scold me.

Father Andrzej raises an amused eyebrow, but his voice remains gentle.

FATHER ANDRZEJ (SOFTLY)
And why is that?

Kazik gestures vaguely to the cross on the wall.

KAZIK (MOCKING HIMSELF)
Because we're Jewish, Father. Very Jewish.
And now, here I am, a Jew hiding under a Catholic altar.
Life sure has a funny way of playing tricks on us.

Father Andrzej nods, a small smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

FATHER ANDRZEJ (WARMLY)
God does enjoy irony.

Kazik scoffs, leaning back against the cold wall.

KAZIK (BITTER, BUT NOT ANGRY)
Yeah? And where is He now?

The smile fades from Father Andrzej's face. He studies Kazik for a long moment, as if weighing his words carefully.

FATHER ANDRZEJ (SOFT, UNWAVERING)
Here.

Kazik frowns slightly, not expecting that answer.

Father Andrzej leans forward, his tone firm but full of kindness.

FATHER ANDRZEJ (CONT'D)
Not in the buildings men dedicate to Him.
Not in statues or rituals.
Here, Kazik—
In the choices we make.
In the hands that offer shelter, despite differences.
In the courage to keep fighting for life, even when the world tells you to give up.

Kazik blinks, caught off guard by the sincerity in the priest's voice.

For the first time since stepping into the church, he doesn't feel like a stranger.

KAZIK (AFTER A BEAT, QUIETER)
So you're not helping me because
you think I'll convert?

Father Andrzej lets out a small chuckle, shaking his head.

FATHER ANDRZEJ (SMILING SOFTLY)
No, Kazik. I'm not helping a Jew,
or a Christian.
I'm helping a boy who deserves the
chance to live.

Kazik's throat tightens. He looks away, pretending to inspect the candle's weak flame.

For a brief moment, his walls slip.

KAZIK (MURMURING)
My mother would have liked you.

Father Andrzej bows his head slightly, acknowledging the weight of those words.

FATHER ANDRZEJ (GENTLY)
And she would be proud of the man
her son is becoming.

A beat.

Kazik inhales deeply, grounding himself.

He nods once, more to himself than to the priest.

KAZIK (clearing his
throat, forcing a smirk)
So... if I'm staying here, do I
have to say grace before meals?

Father Andrzej chuckles, standing up.

FATHER ANDRZEJ (playful,
but warm)
Just don't steal the communion
wine.

Kazik laughs—genuine, for the first time in a long while.

As Father Andrzej places a reassuring hand on his shoulder, the camera lingers on Kazik's face—torn between defiance and gratitude.

28 INT. SCHOOL OFFICE - GERMAN OCCUPATION ADMINISTRATION - DAY

The air is stale, heavy with the scent of moldy paper and weak coffee.

A crucifix, old and worn, still hangs on the wall—a remnant of what this school used to be.

On the desk: stacks of documents.

Perhaps student records.

Perhaps lists of names that should never be seen.

At the desk sits STANISLAW KOZLOWSKI (50), a weary-looking Polish man, hands perpetually damp—as if carrying

the weight of his own cowardice.

Standing idly by the door is a LOW-RANKING GERMAN

SOLDIER, cold, detached—just another cog in the machine.

Before them, MARIA WOJCIK (40), frail, clutching her small, sickly CHILD by the skirt.

Her voice trembles as she pleads.

MARIA

(soft, desperate)

He's had a fever for days...
Just a little more bread, Mr.
Kozlowski...
Please, have mercy.

Kozlowski exhales loudly.

Feigning sympathy.

But his gaze flickers toward the soldier, waiting for approval.

KOZLOWSKI
(slow, calculated)
Times are difficult for all of us,
Mrs. Wojcik...
But perhaps...
Perhaps we can find a solution.

He adjusts his tight collar, sweat gleaming on his forehead.

Then, after a calculated pause, extends his hand.

Maria freezes.

She understands immediately.

A bribe.

Something. Anything of value.

Her fingers tremble as she removes a thin wedding band from her hand.

She places it gently on the desk.

Kozlowski closes his fingers over it.

Never looking at it.

The soldier watches, silent.

His lips twitch—almost a smirk.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
(lower, warning)
I'll see what I can do...
But remember...
There are eyes everywhere.

Maria nods weakly.

She takes the ration ticket, clutching it tightly as she turns away.

Her head low.

As she exits, Kozlowski exhales.

A beat.

Then, he glances at the soldier.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
 (muttering, smug)
 Pitiful creature.

A pause.

The soldier doesn't respond.

Doesn't smile.

Doesn't react at all.

Just stares.

Expressionless.

Kozlowski lingers, waiting for some kind of approval.

He gets nothing.

Unsettled, he clears his throat.

Then, he rises from his chair and heads toward the
 basement.

29 INT. SCHOOL BASEMENT

29

Cold. Damp.

The walls reek of mildew and old paper.

Stacks of abandoned books lean against the walls, covered
 in dust—forgotten knowledge in a place where knowledge is
 now dangerous.

A single oil lamp flickers, throwing uneasy shadows
 across the space.

At a wooden crate, LENA KOWALSKI and MAREK (25) crouch,
 exchanging small, tightly wrapped packages and
 scribbled notes.

MAREK
 (whispering)
 The next delivery is Wednesday.
 (MORE)

MAREK (CONT'D)
They say weapons are coming...
Not much. Just pistols.

Lena pauses mid-writing, looking up.

LENA
(uneasy)
Weapons...?

The thought unsettles her.

But she doesn't question it. Not now.

MAREK
(low, certain)
It's that...
Or starving to death.

She nods silently and returns to the note, scribbling a short message about the meeting point.

FOOTSTEPS ABOVE.

They freeze.

Wooden planks creak overhead.

A pause.

The steps resume—slow, deliberate, listening.

Lena's pulse pounds in her throat.

A long moment...

Then, the steps drift away.

MAREK (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Kozlowski.

LENA
(soft)
He won't get involved...
He's too afraid.

MAREK
(flat)
Fear can be more dangerous than
hate.

Suddenly—the door to the basement creaks open.
A shadowy figure stands at the top of the staircase.

STANISLAW KOZLOWSKI.

The light from the hallway
silhouettes his frame—his coat
clutched tightly against his chest,
as if shielding his own heart.

KOZLOWSKI
(soft, almost kind)
What are you two doing down here?

Marek rises quickly, subtly shifting to hide the
package behind him.

LENA
(quickly)
Nothing... just cleaning.

Kozlowski watches her.

Too long.

A beat.

Then, he steps down a few creaky steps, slow, measured.

KOZLOWSKI
(smooth, casual)
You know...
These places aren't safe.

A pause.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
(smirking slightly)
Soldiers...
They like to search.
And they always find something.
Even when there's nothing.

Silence.

A single bead of sweat slides down Marek's temple.

Lena's fingers tighten on her skirt, resisting the tremor.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
 (faux sympathy)
 I only want to help.

A whisper, almost sweet.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
 (low, careful)
 I've lost many students...
 Many neighbors.

His gaze lingers.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
 If I knew someone...
 Was doing something dangerous...

He pauses.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
 I would try to protect them.

Lena breathes easier.

She believes him.

But Marek knows better.

LENA
 (earnest)
 Thank you, Mr. Kozlowski...
 We know we can trust you.

Marek stares at her.

Like he wants to scream at her to stop talking.

KOZLOWSKI
 (small, sad smile)
 Of course...
 Of course you can.

Kozlowski adjusts his coat before turning to leave.

A beat.

Then—he plants the seed.

KOZLOWSKI

Oh... Lena...

A casual tone. Too casual.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)

Would your father be able to find
some tobacco?

A pause.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)

I've heard the resistance...
Sometimes knows where to look.

Lena pales.

But masks it quickly.

LENA

(quickly)
My father doesn't get involved in
those things.

A long moment.

KOZLOWSKI

(smirking, pretending to
believe her)

No...
Of course not.

He turns.

Climbs the stairs.

Leaves.

32

THE SEED OF DOUBT

32

As soon as the door closes, Marek exhales sharply.

MAREK

(quiet, absolute)
He knows.

LENA

(defensive, softer)
He wouldn't...
He's a religious man.
He's always helped the school...

Marek's eyes are hard, unmoving.

MAREK
 (flat, final)
 Men like him..

A beat.

MAREK (CONT'D)
 Only help themselves.

Lena doesn't answer.

She doesn't have to.

Because somewhere deep inside her—she knows he's right.

They exit quickly.

33 EXT. AUSCHWITZ - APPELLPLATZ - DAWN

33

The sky is a dead shade of gray.

As if even God has turned away from this place.

A SHRILL WHISTLE cuts through the frozen air.

Prisoners are lined up in the Appellplatz for morning
 roll call.

They shiver violently, some so thin and frail they look
 ready to shatter.

THOMAS SCHAUREN emerges among the guards.

His uniform pristine.

His boots polished.

But his face... thinner. Paler.

And his eyes... slowly turning to glass.

He doesn't need to shout.

He doesn't need to strike.

He has learned that the most effective cruelty is the
 kind that doesn't need to be put on display.

As he walks between the rows, a small notebook rests
in his hand.

To him, every life before him is just a number.

Until—

His eyes lock onto an old Jewish prisoner.

The man is too thin for his age, his body barely held
together by skin and bones.

And yet—

His gaze is not rebellious. Not pleading.

He simply looks at Thomas.

Like a frightened child.

As if quietly asking for mercy.

34

CLOSE ON THOMAS' EYES.

34

A moment.

Just a moment.

A single muscle twitches in his jaw.

But he buries it so quickly, the audience almost doesn't
notice.

SELF-HATRED

Thomas tears his gaze away.

But there's a bitter taste in his throat.

He hates the old man.

Because for a single second, he made Thomas feel
doubt.

And that disgusts him.

THOMAS (V.O.)

I am not weak.

I am like the others.

(MORE)

THOMAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I am a good soldier.
I am... a man.

From a distance—

HAUPTSTURMFÜHRER MÜLLER watches him.

A cigarette between his fingers.

He saw it.

He saw the hesitation.

MÜLLER
(flat, cold)
Something wrong, Schauren?

Thomas turns instantly, rigid.

THOMAS
(quick, sharp)
No, Herr Hauptsturmführer.

Müller smirks.

MÜLLER
(smirking)
Then show me.

A beat.

Thomas' mind goes blank.

He turns.

Eyes locking onto a younger prisoner—a thin man, too
hunched over.

Without thinking, Thomas rips the cap off the
prisoner's head.

THOMAS
(hard, empty)
Raise your head, filthy rat.

The prisoner tries.

But his legs buckle.

Thomas hesitates.

Just for half a second.

Müller is watching.

So—

Something inside Thomas shuts off.

He swings his rifle—

CRACK.

The wooden stock slams into the
young prisoner's temple.

The sound of bone breaking is sickening.

The prisoner collapses.

Thomas feels nothing.

Or perhaps—he feels everything.

But he buries it so deep, his face remains frozen.

MÜLLER walks toward him slowly.

The cigarette smoke curls between them.

MÜLLER
(low, satisfied)
You're finally starting to
understand, Schauern.

Thomas doesn't respond.

He simply nods.

Müller leans in.

MÜLLER (CONT'D)
(quiet, persuasive)
Keep this up..
And maybe Berlin will start to hear
your name.

SELF-HATRED—RISING

As Müller steps away, Thomas
slips the notebook back into his
pocket.

His eyes shift, just for a second—

Back to the old Jewish prisoner from before.

The man is still looking at him.

But now—

There is pity in his eyes.

For Thomas.

Thomas' fingernails dig into his palm.

He turns his back.

And walks away.

35

INT. SOLDIERS' BARRACKS - BATHROOM - NIGHT

35

The door locks.

THOMAS stands alone, shoulders tense, the weight of the day crushing him.

He turns the faucet.

COLD WATER gushes.

He cups it in his hands, splashing it over his face.

BREATHES. HEAVY.

Again.

And again.

Until his skin burns from the cold.

He lifts his head.

And stares at himself in the mirror.

A long, hollow look.

As if searching for something alive behind the mask.

But—

Nothing.

Just emptiness.

His jaw tightens.

His teeth grind together.

THOMAS
 (whispering to himself,
 fierce)
 You will be great.

He points to his own reflection.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
 You will be the best.
 And they will have to recognize it.

But—

36 CLOSE ON HIS HAND. 36

It trembles.

Just a little.

But enough.

37 EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAWN 37

A thin mist clings to the ground, softening the harshness
 of the world.

LENA walks toward the school, her steps quiet, but her mind
 restless.

As she reaches the entrance—

STANISLAW KOZLOWSKI appears.

His coat is new.

Slightly better than before.

A gift from the Germans, perhaps.

A reward for recent information.

KOZLOWSKI
 (smooth, pleasant)
 Good morning, Miss Kowalski...
 Always so dedicated.

Lena forces a polite smile.

But her dark-circled eyes betray exhaustion.

LENA
 (soft, steady)
 Good morning, Mr. Kozlowski.

He steps closer.

Slowly pulls a handkerchief from his pocket.

His forehead glistens with sweat— as always.

KOZLOWSKI
 (lowering his voice)
 I heard..

pauses, watching her

reaction

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
 That your cousin Marek didn't show
 up to help with the firewood this
 morning.

Lena keeps her expression neutral.

But her heart hammers.

LENA
 (casual, controlled)
 He's probably home...
 His little brother had a fever.

Kozlowski nods.

Like he believes her.

But then—

He leans in slightly.

KOZLOWSKI
 (whispering)
 You have a good heart, Lena...

A pause.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
 But sometimes...
 The heart makes us commit mistakes.

A shiver runs down her spine.

LENA
 (low, hesitant)
 I... don't know what you mean.

Kozlowski smiles.

That false, paternal smile—the kind that pretends to protect you... while already slipping the noose around your neck.

KOZLOWSKI
 (smooth, reassuring)
 Of course you don't...
 Of course you don't.

He reaches into his coat.

And hands her something.

A small loaf of bread.

Fresh. Warm.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
 (casual)
 A gift...
 For your family.

Lena hesitates.

Then takes it.

It feels like kindness.

But the audience knows—it is the price of betrayal.

38

THE FINAL BLOW

38

As she holds the bread, Kozlowski whispers—almost like a confession.

KOZLOWSKI
 (soft, slow)
 If you ever need... protection...

A beat.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
Just say the word.
I'm always willing to... negotiate.

A long pause.

Then he walks away.

Leaving Lena standing there.

Bread in her hands.

That same afternoon—

39 SOLDIERS KNOCK ON HER DOOR. 39

40 INT. LENA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 40

The kitchen is warm, filled with the scent of home-cooked food.

LENA and her MOTHER stand at the stove, preparing dinner. Outside, the streets are quiet—but the air feels heavy.

WANDA
Oh, dear, I forgot the dessert!
(turns to Lena)
Anna insisted so much—she wanted
that Makowiec she loves.

She gestures toward the door.

WANDA (CONT'D)
I left it in the icebox at home.
I'll be right back.

LENA
(small smile)
She'll be happy.

The mother nods and exits.

Lena is left alone—stirring a pot, humming softly.

Then—

41 A VIOLENT BANGING ON THE DOOR. 41

Lena freezes.

Then—SCREAMS IN GERMAN.

Her breath catches.

Her hands move quickly, desperately—

Hiding the letters.

Stuffing them into a drawer—behind the bread, beneath the flour.

FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE.

A second—BOOM.

The door bursts open.

42 SOLDIERS STORM IN. 42

Lena barely has time to turn before they are on her.

Hands grab her arms, twist them behind her back.

Cold metal clamps around her wrists.

43 OUTSIDE - THE STREET 43

Lena is dragged out.

Her feet stumble against the cobblestone.

A light drizzle begins to fall.

She lifts her head—

And sees him.

STANISLAW KOZLOWSKI.

Standing on the corner.

A cheap cigarette between his fingers.

He doesn't even look directly at her.

As if he doesn't need to watch.

As if he already knew how this would end.

LENA
(whispering, furious)
Miserable traitor.

44 THE FINAL HUMILIATION

44

As the soldiers tighten their grip on her, Kozlowski
steps forward.

His expression is soft-fake sympathy.

KOZLOWSKI
(low, just for her)
I warned you, Miss Kowalski...

A beat.

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
The heart makes us commit mistakes.

A pause.

Then-

KOZLOWSKI (CONT'D)
But don't worry...
I'll help your family however I
can.

He slips a hand into his coat.

Pulls out a small piece of bread.

And tucks it deeper into his pocket.

Then he walks away.

As Lena is hauled toward the truck.

The rain starts to fall harder.

45 INT. LENA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

45

The door creaks open.

Lena's MOTHER steps inside, a smile on her face, holding a small box—Anna's favorite dessert.

WANDA

Anna will be so happy...

She walks into the small apartment.

Stops.

Something feels wrong.

A faint burning smell.

Her smile fades.

WANDA (CONT'D)

Lena?

She rushes to the kitchen.

A pot on the stove smokes, its contents burnt.

WANDA (CONT'D)

(starting to panic)

LENA?

She spins around, searching.

No sign of her daughter.

WANDA (CONT'D)

(frantic)

LENA?!

Her breathing quickens.

She runs into the hallway, pounding on doors.

WANDA (CONT'D)

Someone help me!

Have you seen my daughter?

A few neighbors peek out.

One steps forward—a middle-aged man, face etched with sorrow.

NEIGHBOR

(soft, hesitant)

Ma'am...

A beat.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
I saw something earlier.

He glances away, uneasy.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
I didn't step outside—I was afraid.
But from my window...

His gaze meets hers.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
I saw her being taken.
By an officer.

A horrified silence.

The mother's eyes well with tears.

Her head shakes, rejecting it.

WANDA
No...

NEIGHBOR
(gently, trying to
reassure)
Ma'am...
(swallows, hesitant)
Some are only taken for
questioning.

He forces a weak smile.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
If she cooperates, she'll be back
soon.

But they both know"

That is a lie.

The mother sobs, shaking her head.

INT. CHURCH - EVENING

A solitary candle flickers against the towering walls of the
old church.

The scent of burnt wax and damp stone lingers in the air.

STANISLAW KOZLOWSKI (50s) enters with slow, deliberate steps. His heavy coat is buttoned too tightly, as if holding something inside.

His gaze moves toward the confessional booth.

He hesitates.

For a brief moment, his fingers hover over the wooden door—then, he pushes it open and disappears inside.

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Darkness.

A wooden screen barely reveals the shadow of FATHER ANDRZEJ (60s).

A deep inhale.

Then, STANISLAW speaks.

STANISLAW
Bless me, Father, for I have
sinned.

FATHER ANDRZEJ shifts slightly in his seat, voice calm and steady.

FATHER ANDRZEJ
How long has it been since your
last confession?

Stanislaw licks his lips, uneasy.

STANISLAW
I... I don't remember.

Silence.

The candle outside flickers, its glow stretching through the carved wooden lattice.

FATHER ANDRZEJ (GENTLY)
Then perhaps today is the day to
start again.

Stanislaw nods, as if convincing himself.

STANISLAW
I did something today.
Something that will change
someone's life forever.

The words hang in the air.

A confession—without truly confessing.

Father Andrzej watches his shadow shift behind the screen.

FATHER ANDRZEJ (LOW, FIRM)
All our choices carry weight, my
son.
But repentance is not only in
words—
it must live in our actions.

Stanislaw's fingers twitch in his lap.

He hesitates.

STANISLAW (CAREFULLY)
But what if...
What if it was necessary?
To protect myself?

Father Andrzej leans slightly forward.

The warm glow of the candle outside casts bars of shadow
across his face—like a silent judgment.

FATHER ANDRZEJ (QUOTING SCRIPTURE)
"Whoever seeks to save his life
will lose it...
but whoever loses his life for
righteousness will find it."

A long pause.

FATHER ANDRZEJ (SOFT, BUT UNWAVERING) (CONT'D)
Do you understand?

Stanislaw stiffens.

He doesn't.

The words slide past him like water over stone.

Yet, he nods.

A forced, shallow nod.

STANISLAW (FLATLY)
Yes... I understand.

Abruptly, he stands.

The wooden door creaks as he exits.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Stanislaw walks toward the offering box.

His steps become lighter, shoulders less tense.

He reaches into his coat pocket, pulls out a handful of crisp banknotes.

The paper is immaculate.

Uncreased.

Untouched.

With an air of finality, he drops them into the offering box.

CLINK. CLINK. CLINK.

The sound reverberates through the silent church.

His lips curve into a small, satisfied smile.

A man relieved.

As if the transaction had been completed.

He turns on his heel, buttoning his coat again.

And walks away.

Father Andrzej watches from the shadows.

His hands tighten around his Bible.

But he says nothing.

The heavy doors of the church swing open, letting in the cold wind—

—and Stanislaw Kozlowski disappears into the night.

48 INT. LENA'S APARTMENT - EVENING

48

The door creaks open.

Lena's MOTHER WANDA steps inside, still holding Anna's favorite

dessert.

Her hands tremble slightly—the terço wrapped tightly around her fingers.

Her eyes fix on the door.

As if willing Lena to walk through it.

But the silence is unbearable.

The burnt smell of forgotten food lingers in the air.

Then—the sound of small footsteps.

The children enter first, giggling softly—innocent, unaware that their world has just shattered.

JAN follows behind, carrying grocery bags.

He laughs lightly, teasing the kids—

Until he notices the silence.

And the smell.

His smile fades.

JAN
(casual, confused)
Hey... look who's here!
(turns to the mother)
Where's Lena?

The mother grips the rosary tighter.

Trying to hold back the tears.

Trying to breathe.

ANNA
(curiously)
Did Mama go out again?

The mother doesn't answer.

She just looks at Jan—
And in her red, swollen eyes, the truth is there.
Something is very, very wrong.
Jan kneels in front of her.
Hands on her trembling shoulders.
His voice lowers.

JAN
(soft, afraid)
What happened?

A long beat.
The mother tries to speak.
Her voice cracks.

WANDA
(whispering, breaking)
They took her.
(swallows)
They took my girl...

Jan's face crumbles.
He closes his eyes.
For just a second—he stops breathing.
The children watch—confused.
Jakub's small voice breaks the silence.

JAKUB
(soft)
Who took Mama?

The mother glances at Jan.
She can't say it—not in front of the children.
Jan understands.
He forces a shaky smile.

JAN
(gently)
Go to your room, kids...
Do your homework.

The children hesitate.

Anna takes Jakub's hand, leading him away.

But before she closes the door-

She looks back.

ANNA
(low, almost knowing)
She's not coming back, is she?

The door closes...

But not completely.

49 THE CONVERSATION IN WHISPERS 49

50 INT. KITCHEN - LOW LIGHT 50

Jan collapses into a chair.

His hands bury into his hair.

Lena's mother finally breaks down.

WANDA
(sobbing)
I left her.

Her voice chokes between the words.

WANDA (CONT'D)
Just for a moment...

Her shoulders shake.

WANDA (CONT'D)
It's my fault...

Jan's head snaps up.

His eyes burn red-anger, grief, helplessness.

JAN
(firm, breaking)
No.

He stands.

JAN (CONT'D)
This is not your fault.

His voice hardens.

JAN (CONT'D)
It's theirs.

A beat.

JAN (CONT'D)
It's always been theirs.

The mother cries.

51 THE CHILDREN LISTEN 51

Through the slightly open door,
Jakub leans against the frame, whispering to his sister.

JAKUB
(small voice)
Do you think the Boogeyman took
Mama?

Anna presses a finger to her lips.

A silent plea for him not to ask.

Because she doesn't want to know the answer.

52 THE WEIGHT OF BEING A FATHER 52

Back in the kitchen.

Jan yanks open a drawer.

His hands search frantically—

Until they find it.

A bread knife.

He grips it tight—

Like he's ready to storm the streets,

Rip her from the soldiers with his bare hands.

But—

The mother's hand clasps his arm.

Her tears stream down, but her voice is soft.

WANDA
 (pleading, broken)
 Jan...

Her voice shakes.

WANDA (CONT'D)
 You have to be strong for them.

A long, painful beat.

WANDA (CONT'D)
 You are all they have now.

Jan's breath shudders.

He knows she's right.

His grip loosens.

The knife clatters onto the table.

The sound is final.

53 THE NIGHT FALLS 53

54 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 54

Jan tucks Anna in.

She doesn't close her eyes.

ANNA
 (low, afraid)
 What if she never comes back?

Jan swallows hard.

He doesn't answer.

Just kisses her forehead.

Then whispers—a lie, maybe.

JAN
 (soft, to her)
 God hears the prayers of the
 righteous.

But—

As he steps away,

The camera lingers on his hands.

He clutches Lena's rosary.

A man praying for a miracle he no longer believes in.

55 THE FINAL IMAGE 55

56 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 56

The apartment is silent.

Jan sits alone at the table.

His mother-in-law prays in the corner.

The children sleep.

The burnt food still sits on the stove—untouched, as if
time has stopped.

Jan picks up a plate.

Serves himself a bowl of cold soup.

Lifts a spoon to his lips.

But—

He can't swallow.

His throat tightens.

A tear falls before he even realizes it.

Then—he turns off the kitchen light.

Sits alone.

Holding the rosary.

Only the soft ticking of a clock fills the room.

57 EXT. ABANDONED TRAIN STATION - DUSK 57

A fading sun bleeds into the sky, swallowed by thick
gray clouds.

A small crowd waits on the platform.

Faces drawn, weary.

Uncertainty hangs in the air.

Armed officers stand rigid, rifles slung across their
shoulders.

No one dares to run.

LENA stands among them.

Her breath is unsteady.

She doesn't know where they are being taken.

And neither does anyone else.

She leans toward a woman nearby—

A frail lady clutching a worn suitcase.

LENA

(soft, cautious)

Do you know where this train is
taking us?

The woman nods faintly.

WOMAN

(relieved)

I was told... we're going to Germany.

Her lips tremble with hope.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

My husband was sent there two weeks
ago.

I'm finally going to meet him.

Lena's stomach turns.

Another voice cuts in.

A mother, clutching two young children.

MOTHER

No, no... that can't be right.

(gesturing to the
children)

We're going to Torún.

She holds onto the small hands tighter.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 My father and husband left three
 days ago..
 They said they needed workers for
 the new factories.

A weak smile forms on her lips.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 The officers told me to wait here..
 For the train that would take us to
 a better life.

A painful silence.

Lena realizes—

They are all being lied to.

But she doesn't know the full truth.

Not yet.

58

THE TRAIN ARRIVES

58

A train screeches into the station.

Small. Old.

Too small for the number of people waiting.

Lena frowns.

She doesn't want to board.

But—

59

A GUARD SHOVES HER FORWARD.

59

GUARD
 (smirking)
 Come on, lady.

A cruel pause.

GUARD (CONT'D)
 Don't worry...

He leans in.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Everyone will arrive at the right
destination.

Lena is pushed inside.

60

INT. TRAIN CAR - CRAMPED AND UNBEARABLE

60

The door SLAMS SHUT.

People are pressed together—standing, shoulder to
shoulder.

No room to move.

Lena glances through the small window.

An officer waves.

The train jerks forward.

The wheels SCREECH.

The engine ROARS TO LIFE.

The passengers wobble with the movement.

A man murmurs a prayer.

Another whispers words of reassurance to his wife.

No one knows they are heading toward hell.

Not yet.

PANIC BEGINS

A frail elderly woman trembles.

Her skin glistens with sweat.

Then—she VOMITS.

The stench fills the car.

Some of it lands on a younger man's coat.

He jerks back, disgusted.

YOUNG MAN
(angry)
Are you insane, old woman?!

He wipes furiously at his sleeve.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
You could've at least turned away!

ELDERLY WOMAN
(weak, gasping)
I... I can't breathe...

YOUNG MAN
That's not my problem!
(furious)
I'm supposed to be interviewing
for work!
How the hell am I supposed to make
a good impression now?

An older man scoffs.

OLD MAN
(smirking, bitter)
A job?

A pause.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
You still believe this train is
taking us to work?

His voice cuts through the air like a blade.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
This train is taking us to our
deaths.

MUTTERING.
People turn toward him.

Mothers clutch their children closer.

MOTHER
(soft, desperate)
No... no, that can't be true...

She covers her children's ears.

The young man sneers.

YOUNG MAN
(irritated)
You're one of those radicals.

Scoffing.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
 All these rumors about "camps"?
 They've been disproven.

(shaking his head)
 The Reich already denied it.

His voice rises.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
 You're just trying to scare us.

61 MURMURS OF AGREEMENT. 61

Some passengers nod weakly.

They cling to hope.

They don't want to believe.

62 A SINGLE CRY BREAKS THE AIR 62

63 A BABY WAILS. 63

The sound cuts through the train car—sharp, shrill,
 endless.

The mother rocks him, desperate.

MOTHER
 (whispering, soothing)
 Shhh, sweet boy... shhh...

But the crying doesn't stop.

People flinch.

Cover their ears.

A man snaps.

ANNOYED PASSENGER
 (harsh, whispering)
 For God's sake, keep him quiet!

The mother's face crumbles.

MOTHER
 (pleading)
 He's hungry... I can't...

ANNOYED PASSENGER
 (whispering, but harsh)
 Do you want them to hear us?

The mother pales.

She clutches her baby tighter.

The child whimpers—his cries muffled against her chest.

Lena watches.

A deep sickness festers in her gut.

People are already turning on each other.

64 LENA SPEAKS UP

64

LENA
 (urgent, steady)
 Everyone, please...

The passengers turn to her.

LENA (CONT'D)
 (firm, pleading)
 We have to stay calm.

A beat.

LENA (CONT'D)
 Panic won't help us.
 (swallows)
 We are many...

Her voice softens.

LENA (CONT'D)
 If we stay together, if we protect
 each other...

A pause.

LENA (CONT'D)
 Maybe we can make it through this.

A long, heavy silence.

Then—some people nod.

Some soften.

For a moment—the car is still.

65 BUT HOPE DIES QUICKLY

65

A woman moves toward the window.

WOMAN
(soft, hopeful)
Maybe... maybe we can open these—

She grips the pane.

Tries to slide it open.

It doesn't budge.

She tries harder.

Her nails scratch against the glass.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
(frantic)
It won't open...

Another passenger tries.

Then another.

Nothing.

The air thickens.

Sweat drips down faces.

A young man collapses.

The heat. The lack of air.

He hits the floor.

People gasp.

Lena closes her eyes.

Sweat beads on her forehead.

She tries to steady herself.

But—

The camera closes in.

Her lips part.

Her breath shortens.

The train rumbles forward.

66 EXT. AUSCHWITZ - TWILIGHT 66

Gray skies.

Cold wind.

67 A TRUCK RATTLES DOWN THE ROAD. 67

LENA sits inside, her hands clutched together, eyes fixed ahead.

Her face is pale.

Her breath, shallow.

Through the metal slits of the truck, she sees it-

68 THE GATES OF AUSCHWITZ. 68

LENA'S POV:

A black iron arch.

The words "ARBEIT MACHT FREI" loom above in twisted metal.

The truck slows.

INTERCUT WITH:

69 ### SCENE 24A 69

70 EXT. AUSCHWITZ - BEHIND THE BARRACKS - EVENING 70

A small boy, EZRA (8), stumbles through the muddy paths.

His tiny frame shivers beneath his oversized prisoner's uniform.

His eyes dart everywhere.

Lifeless.

Their eyes hollow.

Their mouths open in eternal screams.

A hand dangles limply.

A striped sleeve barely clings to a skeletal arm.

Ezra's lips part.

But no sound comes out.

Tears blur his vision.

His small hands tremble.

He takes a tiny step forward.

INTERCUT WITH:

75 ### SCENE 24B

75

76 EXT. AUSCHWITZ GATES - SAME TIME

76

Lena's truck stops.

The metal doors slam open.

The guards bark orders.

Lena stumbles out, dizzy.

The air smells of smoke and rot.

Other prisoners shuffle forward, heads down.

She lifts her gaze.

And sees—

THE CAMP.

Rows of barracks.

The towering fences.

And beyond—the smoke stacks.

The sky glows orange from the crematorium flames.

Her breath falters.

Her legs feel weak.

The full horror of where she is crashes into her.

LENA'S POV:

A group of prisoners drags a body across the mud.

A guard smokes a cigarette, watching indifferently.

A woman clutches her swollen belly, staring into nothing.

Lena presses a hand to her mouth.

Her body trembles.

This is not a labor camp.

This is hell.

Lena looks up at the gray sky, clutching her rosary, and says:

LENA:

Lord.. Can you truly see us now?

A soft melody begins:

ERIK SATIE - GYMNOPÉDIES & GNOSSIENNES

INTERCUT WITH:

77	### SCENE 24C	77
78	EXT. BACK OF CAMP - EZRA	78
	Ezra clenches his fists.	
	Tears spill over his cheeks.	
	He looks down at the bodies.	
	HIS POV:	
	A man's face.	
	Frozen.	
	Eyes half-open.	

Lips blue.

Ezra chokes on a sob.

The corpse is wearing his father's coat.

The same coat Tata wore when they were separated.

EZRA
(broken whisper)
Tata...?

A single tear drips onto the frozen earth.

Ezra falls to his knees.

INTERCUT WITH:

79	### SCENE 24D	79
80	EXT. AUSCHWITZ GATES - LENA	80
	Lena's gaze lifts—	
	And sees the massive gates behind her slowly closing.	
	The cold iron bars clank shut.	
	The world beyond disappears.	
	Lena stares forward—	
	Her eyes dulling.	
	Her shoulders sinking.	
81	HOPE FADES FROM HER FACE.	81
	The camera zooms out.	
	The camp swallows her whole.	
	FINAL INTERCUT:	
	Ezra, kneeling before the pile of	
	corpses, trembling.	
	The music reaches its peak.	

Lena, standing in the mud, lifeless.

The screen fades to black.

The music lingers for a few seconds in the darkness.

WHITE TEXT APPEARS:

REST IN WAR.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.