

THE RESISTANCE

Episode 1: Occupation

By

Stacy Milbourn

Based on a true story

15156 Moorpark St. #1
Sherman Oaks, CA 91403

stacymilbourn@gmail.com

906-285-0675

TEASER

HEAVY BREATHING OVER BLACK. THE SQUEAK OF PEDALS TURNING.
VOICES SHOUTING IN GERMAN.

FADE IN ON:

A BUSTLING COBBLESTONE STREET - 1944

KRYSTYNA (34), headstrong, experienced, a woman who yearns to be on the front line of every battle, frantically rides a BICYCLE through the streets. She pedals quickly, breathing hard. Her hair sticks to the sweat on her forehead. She's losing momentum, losing strength. Exhausted.

Her FOOT SLIPS OFF the pedal. She drags her other foot on the ground to stop from losing control, swerving to miss a PEDESTRIAN.

She hits the brakes. The sudden stop jolts her hard into the handlebars.

She takes a deep breath. Rights the bike. Puts her feet back on the pedals. BLOOD DRIPS from her SKINNED HEEL, but she ignores it as she rides on.

LOWER THIRD TITLE: "OCCUPIED FRANCE, 1944. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS."

EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A tall, white building. NAZI FLAGS blow in the wind.

Two gestapo GUARDS in full Nazi regalia stand outside the door. ALBERT SCHENCK (50s), a Nazi Major, walks toward the front door. The guards salute him.

GUARDS

Heil Hitler!

Schenck nervously waves them off. They open the doors and let him into the building.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A NAZI FLAG hangs on the wall. A messy desk full of papers and scribbled-on maps of Germany's war routes sits beneath the flag. There are boxes on the corner of the desk packed with office supplies. Someone's moving out of here.

On the wall are HUNDREDS OF PHOTOS. A plaque above the photos reads, in German, "ENEMIES OF THE REICH."

The photos portray men and women in plainclothes. IDENTITY PHOTOS from travel papers. We see that one of them is KRYSTYNA.

Alongside Krystyna's photo are photos of men we'll meet later: ANDRZEJ, PERKS, and FRANCIS.

Beneath these four photos, we see another sign: "\$2,000,000 REWARD FOR CAPTURE OR DEATH."

SCHENCK walks into the room. A lower-ranked soldier, HOLZER (30s), walks behind him, carrying papers. The OFFICE DOOR SLAMS SHUT behind them.

SCHENCK
(in German)
They should be in Paris by now!

Schenck takes a deep breath. His hands SHAKE nervously. He clenches them into fists.

HOLZER
(in German)
I'm sorry, sir. I've been --

The DOOR OPENS AGAIN. The men stop talking. Turn toward it.

There, in the doorway of the Gestapo Headquarters, is KRYSTYNA. Sweating, exhausted, about to drop. Her knees are skinned and bloody, her skirt is torn. She's been through the ringer.

SCHENCK
(in German)
Who are you?

Krystyna doesn't answer. Her gaze is drawn to the wall of photos. She spots HER PHOTO and the ones of her friends. She stares at them. She's not surprised, but thrown. A flash of nervousness crosses her face.

SCHENCK
(in German)
What do you want?

She rips her eyes away from the photos and looks at Schenck. Holzer pulls out a LUGER and POINTS IT AT HER. Krystyna looks at the gun, working very hard to appear confident.

HOLZER
 (in German)
 Who let you in here?

KRYSTYNA
 (in German)
 English?

Schenck and Holzer look at each other, suspicious.

KRYSTYNA
 I am a special agent for Britain.
 My husband has been arrested. I
 need your help.

Schenck looks at Krystyna, disgusted.

SCHENCK
 (to Holzer; in German)
 Shoot this rat.

Krystyna stays steady. Doesn't miss a beat.

KRYSTYNA
 The Americans are coming.

Schenck's expression falters. Krystyna notices.

KRYSTYNA
 In two days, they will fly in and
 take the city. They have hundreds
 of thousands of troops. They've
 killed every Nazi they've come
 across. And they aren't tired. They
 haven't been fighting for five
 years.

Holzer cocks the gun. Krystyna speaks quickly.

KRYSTYNA
 The war is over. I'm in the
 position to save you and your
 families from death or prison.

Schenck looks out the window. A SOLDIER lowers the Nazi flag.
 It falls to the ground in a pool of red. Schenck looks back
 at Krystyna.

SCHENCK
 Who did you say you were?

KRYSTYNA

I'm a secret intelligence agent for
the British. My photo is on your
wall.

Schenck and Holzer look at one another. Is she bluffing?
Schenck looks back at the photos.

KRYSTYNA

One call to Prime Minister
Churchill, and I can free you from
the torture that's coming. And it
is coming.

Schenck looks away from the spy photos. Thinks long and hard.

KRYSTYNA

Bring me my husband, and I will
make sure you go free.

Another long beat. Schenck motions to Holzer to lower his
gun. Holzer drops it to his side. Schenck looks Krystyna up
and down.

SCHENCK

How did you get here?

Krystyna stares at him.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. HORSE RACE TRACK - DAY

LOWER THIRD TITLE: "TRZEPNICA, POLAND, 1920."

Half a dozen PRE-TEENS race around the track on HORSES. SPECTATORS look on from wooden bleachers. KRYSZYNA (12) is the only girl in the race. She's small, thin, looks like you could snap her in two. Her dark brown curls blow in the wind.

She's in last place.

Standing against the fence near the track are two men: JACEK SKARBEEK (40s), Krystyna's father, and his friend, PAVEL (50s). They smoke expensive CIGARS. Jacek holds a full glass of SCOTCH in one hand and the bottle in the other.

On Jacek's pinkie finger, we can see a GRAND SIGNET RING. This is the SKARBEEK FAMILY CREST.

Pavel watches the race critically. Krystyna's trying desperately to gain speed.

PAVEL

She's not going to make it. She'll never catch up.

Jacek puffs on his cigar. Watches his daughter.

Krystyna stares ahead, determined, crouched forward for maximum speed. As the RIDER in front of her passes another racer, his horse kicks DIRT into Krystyna's goggles. She takes one hand off the reins to wipe it off.

She glares at the rider, who's now in third. She's pissed. She kicks her heel into her horse. Leans farther forward.

JACEK

Don't be too sure.

PAVEL

She's too small. Too thin.

Jacek pours himself some more scotch.

JACEK

Then it's a damn good thing her horse is the one running.

All of a sudden, the SPECTATORS begin to STAND and MURMUR. They look at the track, shocked. Jacek and Pavel turn to see what's happening.

KRYSTYNA BLASTS FORWARD, overtaking all of the riders to FLY INTO FIRST PLACE. The boys can't believe it. The crowd can't believe it. Pavel can't believe it. It's beautiful.

Krystyna is thrilled. Jacek looks on, proud. A VOICE comes over a crackling loud speaker.

VOICE (V.O.)

This is the final lap. Can the Skarbek girl and Bucephalus keep their place in the lead?

Krystyna, smile on her face, stays crouched forward, eyes on the finish line. The racers behind her lean forward now, desperate to gain speed.

Everyone watches in awe as Krystyna maintains her lead. She takes one hand quickly off the reins and pats her horse on the head.

KRYSTYNA

Come on, boy. Almost there. We can do this. Two-tenths of a kilometer.

The FINISH LINE is in view. The head of the second-place boy's horse is in line with the back of Krystyna's. She can feel how close he is. She taps her heel into her horse and RACES THROUGH THE FINISH LINE. She raises one arm in victory.

Jacek smiles and WHISTLES.

JACEK

See? You never can tell what a person is capable of.

Pavel shrugs, grumbles, and takes a wad of cash from his pocket. He hands it to Jacek, who smiles.

In the grass in the center of the race track, Krystyna takes off her goggles and helmet. Her cheeks are rosy with excitement. She lovingly pats her horse's face.

The boys stand by their horses and glare at her, the pain of losing magnified ten-fold by losing to a girl.

Jacek walks up to her and smiles.

JACEK

Good job, Krystyna. I knew you could do it.

Krystyna grins and hugs him around the neck.

JACEK

Let's walk.

Krystyna pulls her horse along with one hand. They start off around the track. She carries her jockey whip in her other hand, thwacking it against the long grass as she goes.

UP IN THE STANDS, we see other GIRLS who are Krystyna's age. The contrast between them is striking: the girls in the stands wear dresses, gloves, their hair in ringlets. Krystyna's dirty, sweaty, in riding pants, with snarled hair.

And the spectators notice. The MOTHERS look at Krystyna and her father with disdain, frowning at his half-gone bottle of scotch and her impatient grass-whipping.

Jacek is not someone who notices these things.

JACEK

Do you know why you won today?

KRYSTYNA

Because I wanted to. I pushed myself as hard as I knew how.

JACEK

Of course you did. But why didn't the boy in front of you increase his speed when he heard you coming?

KRYSTYNA

Because he isn't a good jockey.

Jacek smiles. Takes a drink of scotch.

JACEK

He underestimated you.

Krystyna looks questioningly at her father.

JACEK

Your entire life, people will underestimate you.

KRYSTYNA

Why?

JACEK

Because you are small. Because you are different.

Krystyna looks troubled. Jacek pours himself more scotch. All we hear are horse hooves on the ground and the thwacking of Krystyna's whip on the grass.

KRYSTYNA

So, what? I'm supposed to go on with my life letting people believe I can't do what I say I can?

JACEK

Everyone has to, to an extent. But just remember, you can do anything you set your mind to. Some day it will come in handy. They'll close the castle gates to all of the warriors. And when they see you coming, they'll open them, just a bit. And you'll sneak right in.

Krystyna looks upset.

KRYSTYNA

So why try if people always bet against me?

Jacek thinks.

JACEK

Don't ever be afraid to do what's in your heart simply because no one else agrees with it.

Krystyna takes this in.

KRYSTYNA

You're full of wisdom, Papa.

Jacek holds up his bottle.

JACEK

Just scotch.

They laugh.

EXT. WARSAW STREETS - DAY

It's a beautiful summer afternoon. Jacek and Krystyna, still in her race gear, walk through the BUSTLING CITY CENTER. It's colorful, bright, cheerful.

PEOPLE stroll along, shopping at STREET VENDORS. Buying sausages. Eating ice cream cones. A STREET PERFORMER plays a POLISH FIDDLE. Jacek drops some change in his set-out hat. A FLOWER VENDOR steps out and hands Krystyna a flower.

FLOWER VENDOR

One for the little lady.

Krystyna takes it. Jacek raises an eyebrow at her, then hands the vendor some change.

KRYSTYNA
It's for Mama.

Jacek smiles. They go on their way.

INT. SKARBEEK APARTMENT - DAY

Jacek and Krystyna walk through the door. STEFANIA (40s), Krystyna's mother, dark-haired, stressed, rushes around the house, cleaning. There's a MENORAH stored in the corner of the room.

STEFANIA
Where have you two been?

Krystyna glances at her father.

JACEK
The museum.

Stefania turns away to put blankets in a cupboard. Krystyna and Jacek smile at each other mischievously.

STEFANIA
Why didn't you take Andy? He's been inside all day bothering me.

ANDY (18), Krystyna's studious older brother, comes into the living room, carrying text books.

ANDY
I wasn't bothering you, Mama. I was studying Ernst Mach's *Science of Mechanics*.

Andy looks Krystyna up and down. Notices her racing clothes.

ANDY
How did you get so dirty at the museum?

Krystyna shoots him a look. He smiles and sits on the couch. Stefania turns and looks at her daughter. Notices her clothes, disappointed.

STEFANIA
Krystyna, go get cleaned up. The Goldsteins will be here soon for dinner.

Krystyna shrugs and starts out of the room, handing her mother the flower on the way. She punches Andy in the arm before she leaves. Stefania gives Jacek a look.

JACEK

What?

She shakes her head.

STEFANIA

What kind of lady is she to grow up to be?

Jacek takes a sip of scotch.

JACEK

A great one.

FADE OUT.

EXT. DESERT - CAIRO - DAY

LOWER THIRD TITLE: "SEPTEMBER, 1939."

Sand as far as the eye can see. The PYRAMIDS rise up in the background. Several BEDOUINS ride CAMELS across the sand, herding sheep. As we look closely, we see that one of them is KRYSTYNA (31), clean, polished, full of life.

On Krystyna's RIGHT HAND, we see HER FATHER'S SIGNET RING.

She chases some straggling SHEEP into the Bedouins' herd. One Bedouin, ADIL (40s), shouts to her. He has a thick accent.

ADIL

Krystyna, you are a fine shepherd for a city girl!

KRYSTYNA

I've had fine teachers, Adil!

ADIL

Teachers? What teachers? You are a natural! Where do you learn such things in Poland?

KRYSTYNA

My father had a country house in Trzepnica.

Adil looks confused.

ADIL

You Polish have strange words.

Krystyna laughs, her whole face alive with it.

KRYSTYNA

We had a farm. I used to chase sheep for fun.

ADIL

Well, your fun has paid off.

Krystyna pats the CAMEL she's riding on the side of the face. She whispers to it.

KRYSTYNA

Good work, my sweet boy.

ADIL

You should get back. Your husband will be searching for you.

KRYSTYNA

He's always searching for me.

Adil and the other Bedouins LAUGH. Krystyna sighs.

KRYSTYNA

But I suppose there's nothing left for me here today.
(in Arabic)
Goodbye!

She waves. The Bedouins wave back. Krystyna rides off into the desert.

EXT. CAIRO COURTYARD - DAY

Krystyna and her camel arrive in a courtyard in the TOWN CENTER. She stops at a bench surrounded by palm trees, gets down from the camel's back, and ties him to a pole. She takes a bag from across her chest and sits down on the bench. She removes a PEN AND PAPER from the bag and begins writing:

"Dear Mother, I hope this letter finds you and Andy well."

She continues writing, scratching quickly across the yellowed paper. Farther down the page, we see:

"No matter how I think about it, I cannot believe it has been nine years today since Papa died. It doesn't get easier."

She stops and ponders this. Then, she continues writing. We see the bottom of the page: "Kiss Warsaw hello for me. Love always, Krystyna."

She folds the paper, tucks it into an envelope, then gets up and walks over to a POST OFFICE. She goes inside.

EXT. POLISH EMBASSY - DAY

A large white building with a Polish eagle emblem on the side stands in the sand next to other embassies: British, French, American. Their respective flags fly outside.

In the distance, we see Krystyna riding up to the embassy on her camel. JERZY (50s), large but studious with horn-rimmed glasses and an air of nervousness, RUSHES OUT OF THE POLISH EMBASSY toward Krystyna.

This is Krystyna's husband. He's frantic.

JERZY

Krystyna!

Krystyna meets up with him. She dismounts the camel.

KRYSTYNA

(irritated)

I was only gone two hours --

JERZY

The Germans have invaded Poland!

Krystyna's face falls, any expression she once had replaced with abject horror. She lets go of the camel's reigns and runs toward the embassy. Jerzy follows.

INT. POLISH EMBASSY - JERZY'S OFFICE - DAY

Krystyna, Jerzy, and half a dozen other EMBASSY EMPLOYEES hover around a radio that sits on Jerzy's desk. We see his nameplate amongst the chaos: "JERZY GIZYCKI - CONSUL GENERAL."

PHONES RING. An old, crackling BRITISH RADIO ANNOUNCER delivers the grave news.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Today, October 6, 1939, Germany has sent their troops into Poland. Most of the east has been occupied. The capitol is under their control.

Krystyna stares at the radio. She can't believe this. Jerzy looks at her, concerned. He puts his hand on her shoulder. She doesn't react. The PHONES KEEP RINGING.

SECRETARY

(to Jerzy)

Mr. Gizycki, what do we do?

Jerzy's focused on the radio. Another EMPLOYEE speaks up.

EMPLOYEE 1

Mr. Gizycki, shouldn't you make a statement?

EMPLOYEE 2

Should we contact the President?

Far off, a MORSE CODE MESSAGE clicks in. The secretary rushes out of the room toward the sound. Everyone stares at Jerzy.

JERZY

I have to wait until I hear from the Ambassador before I can act.

EMPLOYEE 1

But you're the Consul General. Surely you can do something.

JERZY

The last word comes from the Ambassador. As you know, he's on business in Addis Adaba --

EMPLOYEE 2

Then call him.

Employee 2 hands Jerzy the phone. Jerzy dials, nervous. He waits. The phone rings and rings. Everyone watches him.

JERZY

I can't get through to anyone.

A LOWER-RANKING COUNSELOR (50s) walks into the room. Unlike Jerzy, he looks like the man in charge.

COUNSELOR

(to employees)

I need you to found up all the Polish citizens living in Cairo. Help them in any way you can. Let them know we are safe here and not to panic.

EMPLOYEE 3
What about Poland, sir?

COUNSELOR
(dour)
We have received a message from
President Raczekiewicz's advisor.
Things are as expected.

Krystyna snaps out of her trance.

KRYSTYNA
What does that mean?

The counselor looks from Krystyna to Jerzy. He says nothing.
The other employees leave the room.

JERZY
(to counselor)
That's enough, Counselor. I had it
under control.

COUNSELOR
Then why weren't you doing
anything?

JERZY
I was waiting for word from --

COUNSELOR
Does it matter who did it?

The counselor shakes his head and leaves.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
There have been reports of the
destruction of government buildings
in Warsaw, as well as several
Jewish nationals being displaced...

Krystyna's face pales. This is even worse. Her mother's
Jewish. Jerzy clutches her hand.

JERZY
Krystyna, my dove, are you alright?

She finally looks at him, fire in her eyes.

KRYSTYNA
How can I be alright when they are
taking Warsaw and tearing it to
pieces? How can I be alright when
my mother is there? My brother?

Jerzy turns the knob on the radio. They're left in silence.

JERZY

They won't let us back there. Your mother... She doesn't practice anymore, does she? They'll have guards at all of the synagogues.

A moment of silence. Krystyna rubs her signet ring.

KRYSTYNA

We have to do something.

JERZY

The Ambassador will find a way for us to get them out. I promise.

He grabs Krystyna's hand tighter. She thinks.

JERZY

As soon as he phones, I'll --

She pulls her hand away from his and RUNS out of the office.

JERZY

(confused)
Krystyna!

He starts to follow her, but the PHONE RINGS. He answers it.

JERZY

(into phone)
Hello, Ambassador. Yes, sir.

He tries to focus on the phone conversation, but can't help but glance at the door.

EXT. CAIRO STREETS - DAY

Krystyna runs through the streets, jostling aside TOWNSPEOPLE, who glare at her. She doesn't care.

MAN

(in Arabic)
Watch out!

She sprints until she gets to the...

SHIP TRAVEL TICKETING OFFICE

And rushes through the doors and to the TICKET WINDOW.

KRYSTYNA

I need the next ship to Europe. I need to get to Poland.

A RADIO with the REPORT OF THE INVASION plays in the ticket booth. The TICKET WOMAN looks at her with pity.

TICKET WOMAN

Ma'am, you cannot get to Poland. All trains there have been suspended --

KRYSTYNA

Just get me on the first ship.

TICKET WOMAN

There's one going to Spain next week, but --

Krystyna pulls SEVERAL EGYPTIAN BANK NOTES from her skirt pockets. She slams them on the counter in a crumpled pile.

TICKET WOMAN

I'm sorry. It's already full.

KRYSTYNA

My family is there. My brother has two little sons. My mother is Jewish. She's all alone. Please.

TICKET WOMAN

There's nothing I can do.

KRYSTYNA

I'll go without a cabin. I don't care. I just need to get back home.

The ticket woman thinks. Jerzy, out of breath, rushes into the office and goes to the window.

KRYSTYNA

(to ticket woman)

If I want to go days sleeping on deck without food, I can. I won't tell anyone you helped me.

JERZY

Krystyna, what are you doing?

Krystyna turns to see him.

KRYSTYNA

I'm going back.

JERZY
You can't do that.

KRYSTYNA
I'm going into Spain --

JERZY
And how will you get to Poland?

KRYSTYNA
I'll take a train.

JERZY
Where? Through Germany?

KRYSTYNA
I'll go around.

JERZY
And when you get to the border? How will you cross?

KRYSTYNA
(irritated)
I smuggled cigarettes into Warsaw for all of 1931. Surely I can find a way.

Jerzy grabs the money off the counter. He grabs Krystyna by her shoulders.

JERZY
This is different. This isn't border police. It's a military invasion.

KRYSTYNA
All the more reason to get my family out!

The ticket woman awkwardly watches their argument.

JERZY
I am your family. I will help you.

Krystyna looks at him, hopeful.

JERZY
They are taking us to London in three days. From there, we will see what we can do. We can't do anything alone. They'll shoot you dead the moment you cross the border.

Krystyna thinks about this. After a moment, she storms out of the office.

JERZY
 (to ticket woman)
 I'm sorry about my wife.

TICKET WOMAN
 I am sorry about Poland.

Jerzy nods. Follows Krystyna out of the station.

INT. JERZY AND KRYSTYNA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

PHOTOS IN FRAMES sit around the room. We see Jerzy as a teenager atop a horse in the American West, a framed MAGAZINE ARTICLE written by JERZY, a happy wedding photo of Jerzy and Krystyna, Jerzy and Krystyna on the slopes in ski gear, and a young Krystyna with her family.

JERZY (O.S.)
 How could you do that?

Krystyna comes into the room, suitcase in one hand, scooping up PHOTOS and other ITEMS with the other. Jerzy follows her.

KRISTYNA
 Do what?

JERZY
 You know exactly what.

KRISTYNA
 Try to help my family?

JERZY
 Storming out of here and running
 across town. You embarrassed me!
 You made yourself a laughing stock!

KRISTYNA
 Nobody is laughing today. Trust me.

Krystyna puts her suitcase down on the sofa and begins shoving blankets into it. She doesn't even look at Jerzy.

JERZY
 We've only been married ten months
 and I haven't seen you longer than
 ten minutes since we got here --

KRISTYNA
 Try not to be so dramatic.

JERZY

Out all day riding camels. How do I explain that to the other diplomats?

KRYSTYNA

You don't.
(to his face)
You married me. Not them.

JERZY

Yes, well, I never expected my wife to go gallivanting around Egypt without me...

Krystyna closes the suitcase and walks toward the hallway. This isn't the first time she's heard this.

JERZY

To nightclubs and swimming holes and riding camels with farmers, for God's sake --

KRYSTYNA

When you were a writer you would've been riding camels with me.

JERZY

That was a past life --

KRYSTYNA

It was seven months ago. Now you're Consul General and you act like politics are all that matter... until it matters most.

Jerzy angrily grabs Krystyna's arm.

JERZY

What's that supposed to mean?!

Krystyna jerks away.

KRYSTYNA

Aren't there more important things to shout about?

She disappears down the hall, frustrated. Jerzy kicks the side of the sofa.

EXT. WARSAW STREETS - DAY

LOWER THIRD TITLE: "WARSAW, POLAND."

NAZIS march through the streets, pushing POLISH PEOPLE aside. They tear down shop signs. Break shop windows with the butts of their guns. One Nazi rips down a POLISH FLAG as another Nazi raises one of his own. They SPRAY-PAINT STARS OF DAVID over broken shop windows.

IN AN ALLEY

ANDY SKARBEEK (37), Krystyna's brother, holds tight to his WIFE, SARA (35), and TWO SONS (9 and 11) as they scurry down the narrow path. The children hang onto Sara's hands, terrified.

As they reach the end of the alley, he pulls them out into...

THE STREETS

And leads them around the violence as they head into a...

SMALL STORE

It's a quaint food market. Two NAZI SOLDIERS stand behind the counter. Andy walks up to them.

ANDY

My name is Andy Skarbek. I am here
for my rations.

NAZI 1 writes down Andy's name as NAZI 2 grabs a SMALL BASKET of food from behind the counter. Andy takes it and looks at it.

ANDY

This is it?

The soldiers stare at him.

ANDY

There is hardly enough here for one
person!

NAZI 1

This is what you get.

ANDY

This is absurd! I have a wife and
two children! How will we survive
on this?

NAZI 1

It is either this or nothing.

He grabs the basket from Andy. Andy grabs it back. Sara puts her hand on Andy's arm. He looks at her. She looks at him, terrified.

SARA
(to Nazi 1)
I'm sorry about my husband. Thank
you.

She takes the basket. Andy glares at the soldiers, then stomps out the door to the...

STREET

And leads his family back into the...

ALLEY

The SOUNDS OF BREAKING GLASS can be heard loudly in the background. The children wince.

ANDY
I will not live like this.

SARA
But what can we do?

ANDY
Fight them.

SARA
You sound like your sister.

Andy's face grows grim.

ANDY
Yes, and if she were here now, she
would agree with me.

Sara glances at the boys, then lowers her voice.

SARA
And when you go out and fight, what
about us? What will we do?

ANDY
What will we do when the Germans
start starving us completely?

Sara looks at him, worried.

SARA
Andy, don't be foolish. You're not
a soldier.

ANDY

Maybe if I had joined the
Independent Army, we wouldn't be in
this position right now.

SARA

You're only one person.

Andy falters. He looks far less confident than he was a moment ago. A GESTAPO appears at the end of the alley. He stands facing them.

ALLEY GESTAPO

(in German)

Papers! Now!

The boys grab onto Sara's hands, afraid. Andy fishes his papers out of his coat pocket. He hesitates. Sara watches him, nervous.

He walks his papers over to the gestapo. The gestapo reads them, looks hard from the kids to Sara to Andy. Sara stands stiff, frightened. The children begin to cry. Sara holds their hands tighter.

ALLEY GESTAPO

(to Sara)

Your name is Sara? Are you a Jew?

Sara's face pales. Andy looks at her, then back to the gestapo.

ANDY

No, she's --

ALLEY GESTAPO

I asked her.

SARA

There's no 'h.' The spelling. I'm
Catholic.

The gestapo looks at Sara, suspicious. After a moment, he shoves the papers back at Andy.

ALLEY GESTAPO

Go home. Hurry up.

Andy puts the papers back in his coat pocket and rushes his family in front of him, out of the alley.

EXT. STEFANIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A tall, old, brick apartment complex in the center of Warsaw, surrounded by chaos.

INT. STEFANIA'S APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Andy knocks on a door. STEFANIA (50s), his and Krystyna's mother, opens it. She's dressed in grand clothes, though it's clear they're at least twenty years old.

STEFANIA

Andy! Where are the children?

ANDY

I left them home. It isn't safe,
Mama.

He walks into the...

APARTMENT

Andy looks around the room. A small table in the corner is set for the Shabbat. Two old, silver candlesticks hold lit candles. A challah plate sits in between them.

Andy looks at the set-up, horrified. He walks over to it, blows the candles out, and picks up the candlesticks.

STEFANIA

What are you doing?

ANDY

They're hunting Jewish people.

STEFANIA

Don't be ridiculous, Andy.

ANDY

Haven't you heard? The Cohens were
arrested in their home last night.
For nothing.

Stefania looks surprised. Andy opens a CEDAR CHEST in the living room and hides the candlesticks inside it. He throws the candles in the garbage bin and rips the challah into pieces. He sets them on the dining room table.

Stefania watches, confused. Andy sits down at the table.

STEFANIA

Are you alright, dear?

ANDY

I just can't stand it. Living in fear. The boys are too afraid to go to school.

Stefania sits down across from him and grabs his hand.

STEFANIA

Bring them here. I can tutor them.

ANDY

You were a French tutor, Mama. Probably not much help with mathematics and history.

STEFANIA

I know a thing or two.
(a beat)
We'll be alright.

Andy looks at his mother, skeptical. Stefania gets up quickly.

STEFANIA

Oh! Look what I got in the mail today.

She disappears into another room and comes back. She hands Andy a LETTER.

STEFANIA

It's from your sister. She's safe in Cairo. See?

Andy reads it.

ANDY

It was written the day they invaded us. Before she knew...

Andy looks up. The gravity hitting them.

ANDY

She won't have stayed there.

Stefania looks at him, serious. The fear she's been trying to deny becomes visible. Andy grabs her hand.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS - DAY

We see a large, old wooden sign for "SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS." Jerzy walks down the ramp, carrying two suitcases. Krystyna follows. He reaches out his arm to her for balance. She takes hold of him.

Up the dock, tied to a post, a DOG BARKS at everyone who walks past. People move away from it, afraid of its bared teeth. Jerzy does the same.

Krystyna lets go of Jerzy and looks lovingly at the dog. She bends down next to it. It stops barking and whimpers. Krystyna slowly reaches her hand out. She pets the dog. It nuzzles her hand. She smiles.

Jerzy watches her. She looks so peaceful. So happy. He hasn't seen that look in a very long time. He masks his sadness and walks over to her.

JERZY

We must go.

The dog looks up at Jerzy and starts barking again. Krystyna looks at the dog, deflated. She gets up. Jerzy walks away. Krystyna takes one last look at the dog and follows Jerzy up the dock.

EXT. BROWN'S HOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

One of oldest hotels in London. Large, with a white brick exterior.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Krystyna paces nervously around the living room, wringing her hands. She hasn't touched her SUITCASE, which lies closed on the sofa, nor the COLD TEA that sits on the small table.

The DOOR OPENS. Jerzy walks in. Krystyna turns toward him.

KRYSTYNA

What did you find out?

JERZY

I spoke with Consul Lapko and
Consul Brixton at the embassy.

JERZY (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, the borders are locked down. Only soldiers are getting through.

KRYSTYNA

And he wouldn't let us enlist?

JERZY

Krystyna, be reasonable.

KRYSTYNA

What? I've been shooting guns since I was six years old! I'm in perfect health!

JERZY

I know that.

Krystyna thinks. After a long moment...

KRYSTYNA

Borders are never really closed.

JERZY

What?

Krystyna rushes over to the couch. Jerzy watches her, confused. She rummages through her SUITCASE. Throws clothes on the floor.

JERZY

What are you doing?

Krystyna unfolds a skirt and finally finds what she's looking for: AN ADDRESS BOOK. She opens it and flips through it.

KRYSTYNA

Perks. Do you remember him?

Jerzy looks at her blankly.

KRYSTYNA

Big British man? I was skiing with him the day we met at Zakopane.

Jerzy smiles, remembering.

JERZY

Oh. Yes. The fellow who challenged you to a race and made you run into me? You were so out of control --

KRYSTYNA

He was my contact when I was working for the black market. He may have ways to help us.

Jerzy's face falls.

JERZY

Getting into Poland illegally probably isn't the best --

She brushes past him, carrying her address book. She grabs her coat and goes toward the door.

JERZY

Where are you going?

KRYSTYNA

I have his home address.

Jerzy shrugs, but walks toward the door.

KRYSTYNA

I should go alone. It's a discreet business.

JERZY

It isn't safe --

KRYSTYNA

I'm going alone.

Without another word, she turns toward the door and leaves. Jerzy sighs.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Brick flats line the street, the sidewalks fairly empty for mid-day. EVERYONE has an air of nervousness about them. PARENTS hold tightly to the hands of their CHILDREN. An apocalyptic vibe.

ARMY PROPAGANDA blows across the sidewalk over Krystyna's shoes. She glances at it, then steps over it and walks toward one of the flats.

She KNOCKS on the DOOR. A smile crosses her face as she waits. The door opens. A short, slender, dark-haired MAN (30s) stands on the other side. He looks her up and down.

MAN

May I help you?

Her smile fades. She looks down at her address book. The flat number matches the one on this building.

KRYSTYNA

Does Harold Perkins live here?

MAN

Perks? Nah, he's been gone a while. Got recruited for military service.

Krystyna's face lights up.

KRYSTYNA

This is perfect! Do you know where he is?

MAN

Only forwarding address he gave me was his mum's house. But he isn't there.

Krystyna sighs.

MAN

He didn't mention a girl before he left.

KRYSTYNA

Oh, no. It isn't like that. I worked with him when he was in Poland.

The man looks at her with realization.

MAN

Are the violets blooming in Nice this time of year?

Krystyna looks at him, surprised.

KRYSTYNA

The purple is magnificent.

The man smiles. Krystyna laughs.

MAN

That's how I met him, too. He led quite an operation. The boys are having a meeting in Regent's Park tonight. Twenty-one-hundred hours. After blackout. Perhaps one of them knows where Perks is.

KRYSTYNA
Regent's Park. Thank you.

MAN
Anything for a fellow runner.

Krystyna smiles, waves, and walks away from the flat.

EXT. MI6 - DAY

Headquarters for MI6, Britain's Secret Intelligence Service.
An unassuming building on an unassuming street.

INT. MI6 - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

LOWER THIRD TITLE: "MI6 Headquarters."

HAROLD "PERKS" PERKINS (late-30s), a loyal, scrappy, broad-shouldered Brit who looks like he could take down a tree with his bare hands, sits across a table from RICHARD (40s), the sophisticated, discreet head of the SIS.

RICHARD
Agent Perkins, you'll be operating out of Budapest. We'll be building up our network, but so far, you'll preside over the following...

He pulls several CASE FILES out of a briefcase and sets them on the table. Perks opens them one by one.

RICHARD
That's Jozef Radzinski, former Polish intelligence agent. Peter Lenkiewicz, international journalist. And that's Andrzej Kowerski.

We see ANDRZEJ (27), dark-haired with a mischievous glint in his eyes.

RICHARD
He's a former Black Army soldier. Stories for days. Don't know how many of them are true, but I'll tell you one that is: he lost his leg in a hunting accident at fifteen and still managed to fight his way out of a Nazi prison.

Perks raises his eyebrow at Richard, impressed.

PERKS

And how'd I get so lucky to preside
over these fine men, sir?

RICHARD

You were the only one who could
speak Polish.

Perks laughs and shakes his head.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - BEDROOM - EVENING

Krystyna sits on the floor, her back against the bed. She's examining a MAP OF EUROPE, deep in thought. She focuses in on POLAND, using her pinkie and pointer finger to measure distances surrounding the country.

JERZY (O.S.)

Dinner, my dear.

Krystyna doesn't hear him. She zeroes in on the map where her fingers have landed: the CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS.

Jerzy walks into the room and looks down at her. MAPS OF EASTERN EUROPE, broken pencils, and a notebook with scribbled writing surround her like the ravings of a mad woman.

JERZY

What are you doing?

Krystyna looks up at him.

KRYSTYNA

Can we get ski gear?

JERZY

What?

Krystyna holds up the map and shows him.

KRYSTYNA

I can come down the Carpathians and
ski across the border into Poland.
This is the route I used for the
cigarettes. It's almost always
empty because the mountains are so
treacherous here. I know a
shortcut. No one would expect --

Jerzy shakes his head, baffled.

JERZY

What are you planning for?

KRYSTYNA

If I'm going to make contact with Perks, I need a plan. I need to show the military I'm an asset.

JERZY

Do you really think this is necessary?

Krystyna looks up at him. She realizes he doesn't.

KRYSTYNA

Yes.

He looks back at her.

KRYSTYNA

You look lovely, Jerzy. Go to dinner without me.

He sighs, upset.

KRYSTYNA

Wait. Come here.

She stands up. For a moment he thinks she might join him. But she only straightens his tie.

KRYSTYNA

There you go. Much better.

He smiles slightly. She sits back down and gets back to work. He slowly walks out of the room.

EXT. REGENT'S PARK - NIGHT

Krystyna walks through the park. It's dark and foggy, lit by small gas lamps. CURFEW SIRENS go off in the background. Krystyna looks around anxiously.

THREE MEN (30s) stand near a park bench, talking quietly to one another. Krystyna walks toward them.

MAN 1

We'll take the Western train into Greenwich. Get off at Holly Hills.

MAN 2

Where's the package?

MAN 1

(suggestively)
I'll tell you where it is!

The men laugh. Krystyna butts in.

KRYSTYNA
Are the violets blooming in Nice
this time of year?

They turn toward her. Man 1 looks her up and down. She crosses her arms over her chest and waits. MAN 3, tall and wiry with BLONDE HAIR and GLASSES, answers...

MAN 3
The purple is magnificent.

The other men look at him, then at Krystyna. The SIRENS BLARE in the background.

KRYSTYNA
I'm looking for Perks. His flatmate sent me here. Told me you might know where to find him.

MAN 1
(RE: flatmate)
Dammit, Henry.
(to Krystyna)
Look, he's gonna be gone a long time. It's best to get over him. I can help ya.

Krystyna stares at him, annoyed.

KRYSTYNA
How do you think I knew the phrase?
Zakopane, '31.

The men look at her, impressed.

KRYSTYNA
My name is Krystyna Gizycki. Now do you know where he is or don't you?

Man 3 shakes his head.

MAN 3
Sorry. He's on some top secret business for the Crown.

KRYSTYNA
What?

MAN 2
It's not military. We dunno what it is.

MAN 1

All he said was he'd be dying for
some fags and he'd be hiring us if
he couldn't get his hands on any.

Krystyna's face falls. She nods. Then, something clicks.

KRYSTYNA

Are any of you in the military? Do
you have access to recruitment?

Man 1 laughs.

MAN 1

We're staying as far away from that
as we can.

They laugh again.

KRYSTYNA

You know, there are some people who
actually want to be of service.

They look away, sheepish.

KRYSTYNA

I'm staying at Brown's Hotel. Leave
me a message at the front desk if
you hear anything from Perks. If
you can find it in yourselves to be
useful, that is.

Krystyna walks off. Man 3 stares after her.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Krystyna sits on the sofa in the dark room. She's been crying. She picks up the PHONE and dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Number, please?

KRYSTYNA
It's international. Stefania
Skarbek in Warsaw.

The operator is silent for a moment. Krystyna listens.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
We've been having many problems
contacting Poland, ma'am.

KRYSTYNA
Please try.

The operator clicks off. There's a long moment of silence. Krystyna waits. Finally, a RING! After a few rings, STEFANIA'S VOICE comes over the crackling line.

STEFANIA (V.O.)
Hello?

Krystyna bursts out in tears.

KRYSTYNA
Mama!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STEFANIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stefania holds onto the phone, in tears.

STEFANIA
Krystyna? Krystyna, is that you?

KRYSTYNA
Yes! It's me. Are you alright?
How's Andy? And the boys? Sara? Are
you all safe?

The line starts crackling louder. Stefania pushes it harder to her ear.

STEFANIA
Krystyna, are you still there?

KRYSTYNA
Mama?

STEFANIA
I can't --

The crackle becomes louder. The CALL CUTS OUT.

KRYSTYNA
Mama?

Stefania shouts into the dead line.

STEFANIA
Krystyna?

She puts the phone down, covers her face, and cries.

END INTERCUT.

Krystyna stares at the phone receiver. She SLAMS it down on the base, upset. And then she slams it over and over, BANGING IT against the base. With one final blow, she pushes the phone off the table. She puts her head in her hands and sobs.

The DOOR OPENS. Jerzy walks in. He sees Krystyna, rushes over to her, and hugs her. She hugs him back.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The next morning. Krystyna grabs her maps and plans, puts on her coat, and heads for the door. Jerzy walks in.

JERZY
Where are you going?

KRYSTYNA
Go back to bed, Jerzy.

Jerzy walks up to her and turns her toward him.

JERZY
Tell me what you're doing.

KRYSTYNA
Something I have to do alone.

JERZY
Krystyna, you haven't been acting right.

KRYSTYNA

And how am I supposed to act when something like this happens?

Jerzy sighs.

JERZY

I just don't want you to get into trouble.

KRYSTYNA

Do you trust me?

JERZY

Of course. You're my wife.

KRYSTYNA

Then let me go.

She leaves. Jerzy watches her go, frustrated.

EXT. BRITISH MILITARY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Krystyna walks toward an old building. As usual, the few PEDESTRIANS on the street are jumpy and move quickly. As Krystyna approaches the building, we see a sign on it: "ROYAL BRITISH MILITARY HEADQUARTERS."

She fixes her hair and adjusts her coat as she walks. A BLACK CAB moves down the street past her.

INT./EXT. BLACK CAB - DAY

Jerzy is in the backseat of the cab, looking alertly out the window. He spots Krystyna.

JERZY

There! Stop here!

The DRIVER pulls over to the side a few-hundred feet in front of Krystyna. She eyes the cab suspiciously, but keeps walking. Jerzy watches out the window, worried.

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING

Krystyna meets a GUARD (40s). She walks up to him and smiles, turning on the charm.

KRYSTYNA

Good morning.

The guard stares stiffly at her. Krystyna smiles bashfully.

KRYSTYNA

Silly me. I suppose you can't talk.
It must get lonely all day, doesn't
it?

The guard looks away from her, back to scanning the grounds.

KRYSTYNA

I'm terribly sorry to bother you,
sir. But my husband is at work, and
there's some very important news I
must share with him.

The guard ignores her.

KRYSTYNA

I normally wouldn't even come here,
of course. But it's... it's his
brother. He's joined the military,
and he'll be going off soon, in
just a few days. And they haven't
spoken in years over a ridiculous
family scuffle. And now, I fear
this may be his last chance.

The guard looks at her again. His stiff look changes.

KRYSTYNA

His brother is here in London for
the day. I just want to help them
fix this before...

The guard thinks. He looks around. Krystyna watches him,
waiting.

He turns toward the building and gestures for Krystyna to
follow him. Krystyna walks after him, breathing a sigh of
relief. They go through the doors and into the...

ROYAL ARMY HEADQUARTERS ENTRYWAY

Krystyna looks around. The room is huge and elegant. Off to
the side, she sees a CONFERENCE ROOM. She heads toward it.

GUARD

No, Miss, you can't go in there!

Krystyna takes off running. The guard chases her.

INT. CAB - SAME

Jerzy nervously shakes his knee. He looks at the building. He
thinks. He pays the driver and gets out of the cab.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THREE MILITARY COMMANDERS sit around a table.

COMMANDER 1

And with this war going on, it's
going to put pressure on --

OUTSIDE THE DOOR, we hear a COMMOTION.

GUARD (O.S.)

Stop this instant!

The commanders look at each other, confused. The HEAVY DOORS SLAM OPEN. Krystyna rushes in like a hurricane. She storms toward the commanders and SLAMS HER HANDS DOWN on the table in front of them.

The guard rushes in after her. Behind him, JERZY RUNS into the room, out of breath. He looks at Krystyna, concerned.

Krystyna doesn't notice him. She leans in toward the commanders, looking them all in the eyes.

KRYSTYNA

If you're wondering how to get
weapons into Poland, I know how.
Me.

The commanders look at one another, confused.

KRYSTYNA

I'm going to ski down the
Carpathian Mountains into Poland. I
can take propaganda, money,
weapons. Anything you want.

The commanders look at one another, confused.

KRYSTYNA

I've been skiing at Zakopane since
I was nine. Those are the highest
mountains in the Carpathian --

COMMANDER 2

(to Krystyna)

Who are you?

Jerzy steps forward.

JERZY

I'm sorry, gentlemen. My name is --

Krystyna notices Jerzy for the first time. She looks at him in disbelief. He catches her eye, sees he's hurt her. He reaches out to her. She steps away from him.

KRYSTYNA
 (to commanders)
 My name is Krystyna Skarbek.

Jerzy's hit by the use of her maiden name.

KRYSTYNA
 If you don't want my help, I'll do it myself. But it will be much slower without you, and any information I garner, I'll give to the French. I've drawn up some plans.

She takes her maps and plans out of her coat pocket and unfolds them on the table. The commanders stare at her. Who is this woman?

She waits, watching the commanders, trying to read them. The guard uses this moment to grab her, pulling her arms behind her back.

KRYSTYNA
 You can't --

Krystyna struggles to get away. She ELBOWS the guard in the chest. He grunts. Pulls tighter on her wrists. He frogmarches her toward the door. Another GUARD rushes in and heads for Jerzy. He puts his hands up.

JERZY
 Wait! I'm a diplomat!

Commander 2 squints to see Jerzy's face.

COMMANDER 2
 Gizycki? Is that you?

JERZY
 Yes! Yes, it's me!

He takes a closer look at Commander 2.

JERZY
 Well, if it isn't Philip Lowe!

COMMANDER 2
 Indeed! How are you, old fellow?

The other commanders track the conversation, uncomfortable.

JERZY

My wife is hysterical at this time.
The invasion of Poland has done a
number on her emotions.

Krystyna glares at Jerzy. She truly can't believe this.

JERZY

She didn't mean anything by coming
in here.

KRYSTYNA

(angry)
Yes I did!

COMMANDER 2

It's alright. Let them go.

The guard hesitates. Commander 1 shrugs and nods in agreement. The guard lets go of Krystyna's arms. She looks at the commanders, the guard, and Jerzy, disgusted, and storms out of the room.

EXT. BRITISH MILITARY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The streets outside the headquarters. Krystyna stomps down the steps, furious. Jerzy follows.

JERZY

You're lucky we weren't both
arrested, Krystyna!

KRYSTYNA

You weren't even supposed to be
here!

JERZY

If I wasn't there, you'd be in
jail! You're lucky Philip Lowe knew
me from the Embassy --

KRYSTYNA

Oh, yes, I'm so lucky.

Krystyna walks down the street, a ball of rage. She brushes past PEOPLE without caring. Jerzy keeps up with her.

KRYSTYNA

Why are you still here? I'm
hysterical, remember?

JERZY

I had to say something!

KRYSTYNA

They would've buckled! I don't need you to rescue me!

PASSERSBY stare at them as they argue.

JERZY

You're making a scene.

KRYSTYNA

Well, for Christ's sake, someone has to!

JERZY

Krystyna, you don't know what you're doing.

KRYSTYNA

Me? Look at you! Carrying on like it's just another Tuesday!

JERZY

Just because I'm not locking myself in the hotel room, scribbling nonsense --

KRYSTYNA

Oh, it's nonsense, is it?

JERZY

Yes! Ever since this happened, you're... you're obsessed!

KRYSTYNA

Of course I am! It's my home! You're just as Polish as I am, Jerzy! Why don't you care? Why don't you want to fight?

JERZY

Because I'm not a soldier and neither are you! This is just another one of your reckless stunts!

This hits Krystyna hard. Silence envelopes them.

KRYSTYNA

Everyone we love will die.

JERZY

And you're going to stop that? You're going to save Poland?

KRYSTYNA

I'm not naive enough to believe I can save an entire country. But I know I can save a few.

Another long moment.

JERZY

There are agencies taking care of this. Skilled, trained people.

Krystyna stares at him. He just doesn't get it.

KRYSTYNA

I don't want someone else to fight for me. I want to fight for Poland.

JERZY

Be reasonable.

Krystyna looks truly beaten for the first time. She walks off. Jerzy watches her go.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Krystyna walks into the pub. Another WAR REPORT plays quietly on the radio in the background. Three MEN (60s) sit at a table, talking in hushed tones, drinking beer. They're the only ones here. They turn and stare at Krystyna.

She walks straight to the bar without glancing at them. She sits on a stool and thinks. The men still stare at her. The BARMAID (40s), Polish, worn, walks over to her.

BARMAID

What can I get you, love?

KRYSTYNA

Scotch.

The barmaid nods. She glances at the men, who are still looking at Krystyna. Krystyna notices and turns around.

KRYSTYNA

(to the men)

Am I not allowed to drink?

The men grumble and look away. Krystyna turns back around. The barmaid smiles weakly and goes to pour the drink. She turns off the radio.

Krystyna touches her FATHER'S SIGNET RING, thinking. The barmaid sets the glass of scotch in front of her. She notices the ring.

BARMAID
You were royalty.

Krystyna looks at the barmaid, confused.

KRYSTYNA
What?

The barmaid touches Krystyna's ring. Krystyna looks at it.

KRYSTYNA
My father was a Count. Long ago.
I'm a Skarbek. We lost all our
money and he's gone. It means
nothing now.

BARMAID
It means everything.

Krystyna stares at her. The barmaid has tears in her eyes.

BARMAID
My husband and our daughter came
here four years ago. We tried to
get our son to come, but he's in
university. Didn't want to leave
until he was finished.

The barmaid shakes her head. She can't go on. Krystyna looks at her, thinking. Realizing. She's not alone.

BARMAID
You let me know if you need
anything else.

She squeezes Krystyna's hand, then walks away. Krystyna takes a drink of her scotch.

OUTSIDE THE PUB

Jerzy walks past the pub toward the hotel, which is NEXT DOOR. He notices Krystyna through the window and stops.

He watches her. On his face, sadness. A man who doesn't know what else to do. After a beat, he walks...

INTO THE PUB

The three men glance at him. He walks up to the bar and sits down two stools away from Krystyna.

BARMAID
 (to Jerzy)
 What can I get you?

JERZY
 A pint.

Krystyna looks over at him. He looks at her.

JERZY
 All I ever wanted was to make you
 happy.

Krystyna looks away. Sips her scotch.

JERZY
 I wanted to provide for you.
 Protect you.

KRYSTYNA
 I never wanted you to do that.

JERZY
 I know. Krystyna, I love Poland.
 But I also love you. And I know
 that if we do this it might be...

He can't think about it. The barmaid sets his beer in front of him. She looks from him to Krystyna and backs away.

JERZY
 I know we have to do something. And
 I want you to know... I'll always
 be on your side.

Krystyna looks over at him. They hold eye contact. He's close to tears. She's grateful. She nods.

INT. BROWN'S HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Jerzy holds the door open for Krystyna. They walk through the lobby to the lift. The CLERK behind the counter looks up.

CLERK
 You're Mrs. Gizycki, aren't you?

Jerzy and Krystyna stop and turn toward the clerk.

KRYSTYNA
 Yes?

The clerk holds up a SMALL PIECE OF PAPER.

CLERK
Somebody left this for you.

Jerzy looks at Krystyna, curious.

CLERK
A tall man. Blonde. Glasses. He
didn't leave his name.

Krystyna's face lights up. She rushes over to the desk and takes the piece of paper from the clerk. She unfolds it. A PHONE NUMBER is written on it. Krystyna pulls the clerk toward her and kisses him on the cheek.

KRYSTYNA
Thank you!

He steps back and straightens his tie, blushing. Krystyna rushes back to Jerzy.

JERZY
What on earth could it be that's --

KRYSTYNA
Perks! His network found the phone
number where he's staying.

JERZY
When did you --

Krystyna ignores him and pushes the button for the LIFT. It DINGS and the DOORS OPEN. She gets inside. Jerzy follows.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Krystyna holds the phone to her ear and paces the room. Jerzy sits on the couch, watching her nervously. Finally, after a DOZEN RINGS, PERKS ANSWERS.

PERKS
What is it?

KRYSTYNA
Perks! It's me! Krystyna Skarbek!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PERKS' FLAT - NIGHT

Perks lies in bed, groggy.

PERKS

You're the only person in the world
who would call a man at bloody
midnight.

KRYSTYNA

I'm sorry. I thought maybe you
could help me.

PERKS

With what?

KRYSTYNA

I want to fight.

Perks sighs. Sits up. Rubs his eyes.

PERKS

So I heard.

KRYSTYNA

You did?

Jerzy looks at Krystyna, concerned.

PERKS

Everyone in the military's talking
about you rushing into HQ. Slammed
your hands down on the desk and
all, didn't you?

KRYSTYNA

No. Of course not.

Perks shakes his head. He smiles. Knows she's lying.

PERKS

First thing I heard about the
occupation, I thought of you.
Wondered where you'd be. If you
were managing to keep out of
trouble.

(beat)

What's your plan, then?

KRYSTYNA

I want to ski down the Carpathians
and bring assistance to the people.

Silence from Perks as he thinks about this. Krystyna takes
his silence for doubt.

KRYSTYNA

I can do it. You know I can. I'm an excellent skier. I'm as willing to die as any man. More, in some cases.

Jerzy winces. Perks thinks for a long moment.

KRYSTYNA

Can you help me or not?

Perks sighs loudly.

PERKS

Well, you've certainly got the bollocks for it.

Krystyna smiles. Jerzy looks at her.

PERKS

Go to 43 Huntley Place in the morning. I can't guarantee anything, but I'll try.

KRYSTYNA

Thank you, Perks!

Perks HANGS UP the phone. Krystyna SQUEALS in excitement.

JERZY

You did it?

Krystyna nods and gives Jerzy a hug, thrilled. Over her shoulder, Jerzy's face falls.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. UNIVERSITY OF WARSAW - DAY

An old university. Andy walks through the hallways, carrying a PHYSICS TEXT BOOK. He's a PROFESSOR. He walks into a...

RESTROOM

Andy sets his text book on the floor. He walks over to the urinal and unzips his pants. A YOUNG MAN (20s) walks into the bathroom, carrying a STACK OF PAPERS. He goes to the urinal next to Andy.

YOUNG MAN
Professor Skarbek. Hello.

Andy smiles politely at him, then goes back to his business. He's uncomfortable. The kid doesn't take the hint.

YOUNG MAN
Crazy world out there.

ANDY
Sure is.

YOUNG MAN
Do you feel as helpless as we do?

Andy thinks.

ANDY
I do.

YOUNG MAN
Don't you wish you could do something about it?

Andy thinks. He's hesitant to say anything. He zips up his pants and washes his hands. The young man finishes peeing and zips his pants. Andy goes to retrieve his text book. The young man sets a PIECE OF PAPER FROM HIS STACK on the sink.

YOUNG MAN
Professor, I think you forgot something over here.

Andy looks confused. The young man walks out of the bathroom. Andy walks over to the sink and picks up the FLYER. It reads: "TAKE BACK OUR COUNTRY! JOIN THE MUSKETEERS!" There's an address on the flyer: 726 Chopin St. Andy considers it.

EXT. THERESA'S HOUSE - DAY

We see the street sign for CHOPIN STREET. Andy walks toward a FANCY, OLD FLAT. He KNOCKS.

THERESA (40s), a wealthy woman with an expensive dress and jewels, answers the door. She looks around, making sure Andy is alone.

THERESA
May I help you?

ANDY
(nervous)
I'm here about the flyer.

Theresa looks at him, confused. Andy gets even more nervous. He takes the FOLDED FLIER out of his pocket and discreetly hands it to her.

ANDY
I'm a professor at the university.

She doesn't say anything. Wants to make sure it's safe.

ANDY
(whispers)
I'm Jewish.

THERESA
Come in.

Andy looks around, then follows Theresa into the flat.

INT. MI6 - LOBBY - LONDON - DAY

This is 43 HUNTLEY PLACE, the address Perks gave Krystyna.

LOWER THIRD TITLE: "MI6, LONDON. BRITISH SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE."

A large, echoing entrance hall greets Krystyna and Jerzy as they walk into the building. Jerzy looks around in awe. Krystyna focuses on the MI6 GUARD (20s) standing in front of closed oak doors.

MI6 GUARD
Names?

KRYSTYNA
I'm Krystyna Gizycki and this is my husband, Jerzy.

The MI6 guard walks over to a large desk. Krystyna and Jerzy follow. He pulls out a THICK BOOK.

MI6 GUARD
Identification, please.

In the book, we see "KRYSTYNA AND JERZY GIZYCKI" written under the "APPOINTMENTS" column.

Jerzy and Krystyna hand over their ID papers. The guard checks them over, then hands them back.

MI6 GUARD
Right this way.

He walks over to the oak doors and holds them open for Jerzy and Krystyna to pass through. Krystyna walks quickly through the doors and into the...

CONFERENCE ROOM

Where Richard and his secretary, MARTHA (20s), sit at a table.

MI6 GUARD
(to Richard)
Mr. and Mrs. Jerzy Gizycki.

Krystyna walks forward and sticks her hand out to Richard.

KRYSTYNA
Krystyna. Thank you for meeting us.

She looks around.

KRYSTYNA
Where's Perks?
(a beat)
Harold Perkins.

RICHARD
He shipped out this morning.

KRYSTYNA
He didn't say he was --

RICHARD
He can't, really, can he? The most important thing about the SIS is discretion.

Krystyna nods in understanding.

RICHARD
Have a seat.

Krystyna does. Jerzy walks over and sits beside her.

KRYSTYNA
I just wanted to thank you again
for giving us a chance. I have been
longing to do something to help.

Richard nods.

RICHARD
Understand this is a difficult time
for us. We all hoped it wouldn't
come to this again.

Richard pauses gravely. He looks down at some paperwork on
the desk in front of him.

RICHARD
Mr. Gizycki, it says here you have
worked as Consul General for Poland
for several months.

JERZY
Yes, sir.

RICHARD
Your connections would be of great
service to us here in London. We
can use you to collect information
and communicate with our Allies in
Poland.

JERZY
In London, sir?

Richard nods. Jerzy glances at Krystyna. She has no reaction
to this news-- only anticipation to hear what's to come of
her. He takes this in. He can't help being relieved.

JERZY
(to Richard)
And my wife will be here with me?

RICHARD
Well, that's another matter.

Jerzy looks upset. Worried.

RICHARD
Mrs. Gizycki. It's going to be much
more difficult to place you.

KRYSTYNA
I'll do anything.

RICHARD
I realize that. But as of right now, we have no female organizations in the works. Unless you're a nurse?

Krystyna shakes her head.

RICHARD
Would you like to become one?

KRYSTYNA
A nurse?

Richard nods.

KRYSTYNA
That line of work really isn't for me.

A beat.

RICHARD
We've never employed female operatives. When Perks explained your plan to me, I realized how you might be able to help. You would certainly be unexpected.

KRYSTYNA
Underestimated.

Richard nods again.

RICHARD
While it's true we had nurses passing information during the Great War, we've never sent a female civilian into occupied territory. Many of my colleagues would think it immoral.

KRYSTYNA
The entire war is immoral.

Richard stares at her. She has a point.

RICHARD
What do you think about this, Mr. Gizycki?

Krystyna looks at Jerzy, almost challenging him. He glances from her to Richard.

JERZY

(resigned)

Of course I do not want my wife to go into a war zone. But once Krystyna gets an idea in her head, there's no shaking it.

RICHARD

(to Krystyna)

What are your skills?

KRYSTYNA

I'm a near expert skier. I can shoot guns and bows. I used to race horses. I speak Polish, French, and English fluently, as well as some German. I'm not afraid to run, to jump, to fly. Whatever you need.

Martha takes all this down. Richard looks back at the files in front of him.

RICHARD

I have to say, your idea about skiing into Poland is...

Krystyna waits with bated breath.

RICHARD

Audacious. But it's also smart. Geographically and strategically. My intel has informed me that every border into Poland is guarded. Except the mountains. And it won't be this way for long.

Krystyna waits. Jerzy grabs her hand.

RICHARD

I think we can use you, Mrs. Gizycki. You will be stationed in Hungary, and when the time comes to move, you will go through the mountains as you suggested. I'll write up the orders. You'll be our first female agent.

Krystyna's entire face lights up. Beaming, she stands. Richard stands, too. They shake hands.

KRYSTYNA

Thank you, sir. You won't be sorry.

Richard takes in her expression.

RICHARD

No, I don't think I will.

Krystyna heads quickly out the doors. Jerzy is upset. He knows he's lost her. Richard looks at him.

RICHARD

You'd think she was going to a party with that expression rather than a war zone, wouldn't you?

JERZY

To her? This is the closest thing she's had to a party her entire life. Goodbye, sir.

They shake hands. Jerzy leaves.

RICHARD

(to Martha)

Bring those orders to Lord Churchill immediately.

Martha nods and gathers up the papers. Close on KRYSTYNA'S FILE: OFFICIAL BUSINESS. SECRET OPERATIONS. HUNGARY.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Krystyna sits on the sofa, writing a letter: "Dear Mother, I can only imagine what you and Andy are going through. Please know that I am doing all I can to help you. Yours always, Krystyna."

The DOOR OPENS. Jerzy walks in carrying two helpings of fish and chips wrapped in newspaper.

JERZY

Fish and chips.

Krystyna folds up her letter, puts it in an envelope, and licks it shut. Jerzy sets the food on the coffee table and sits down next to Krystyna. Krystyna smiles.

KRYSTYNA

Your favorite meal. I've always wanted to try it.

Jerzy smiles and watches her eat.

KRYSTYNA
You were right. It's delicious.

After a long moment...

JERZY
What will come of us?

Krystyna looks at him. Thinks.

KRYSTYNA
All we can hope for is that we can
do some part in helping save our
loved ones from... from the worst.

JERZY
All we can hope for? That isn't
all. We can hope to live. To find
our way back to each other.

Krystyna pauses too long.

KRYSTYNA
Of course.

She gets up from the sofa and walks into the...

BEDROOM

Jerzy follows. Krystyna's suitcase is already open on the
bed, a few items spilling out of it.

JERZY
Do you love me?

KRYSTYNA
This isn't about you.

Krystyna walks around the room, from the wardrobe to her
suitcase, arms full of clothes.

JERZY
You're finally free to run. If we
both survive the war, will you come
back to me? Or will you keep
running?

She stops.

KRYSTYNA
Have you completely lost your
memory? I've been running my entire
life.

KRYSTYNA (CONT'D)

The only reason we ever met is because I ran into you on the ski hill that day. And even then, I was running from my first husband. From the cage he had me in.

A beat.

KRYSTYNA

I never wanted to run from you, Jerzy. I wanted to run with you. But you stopped.

They look at each other. They've both lost something along the way. She finishes packing, then closes her suitcase. Jerzy leaves the room.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. AIRFIELD - RUNWAY - DAY

LOWER THIRD TITLE: "DECEMBER, 1939."

Dozens of ARMED BRITISH AIRMEN scurry around the runway. Jerzy and Krystyna stand in front of a plane. The PILOT steps off. Looks at Jerzy.

PILOT
You Gizycki?

Krystyna steps forward.

KRISTYNA
I am.

This catches the pilot off guard, but he doesn't have time to think about it.

PILOT
(to Krystyna)
Hand me up that kit, won't you?

He gestures to two HUGE MILITARY DUFFELS. Krystyna walks over to them.

JERZY
Let me --

She bends her knees and heaves the bag onto her back. Grunting under the weight of it.

KRISTYNA
You won't be in Hungary with me.

She hoists the bag up onto her back and hikes over to the plane. The pilot grabs the bag.

Krystyna goes for the next one. She sweats as she picks it up. It's heavier. She takes a couple steps and FALLS DOWN. Jerzy rushes to her aid.

KRISTYNA
Step back, Jerzy. I'm fine.

Jerzy stops where he is. Krystyna gets up, brushes the rocks and dirt off of her knees, and picks the bag back up again.

She carries it over to the plane and drops it down on the ground. The pilot steps down from the plane, grabs it, and carries it inside.

Krystyna stretches and takes a deep breath. She takes off her coat and pushes up the sleeves of her blouse. Her arms are red. The back of her blouse is stained with sweat.

The pilot comes back out and looks around. He spots Krystyna's suitcase on the ground.

PILOT

You can't take all of that.

KRYSTYNA

All of what?

PILOT

We don't have room for it.

KRYSTYNA

For my suitcase?

PILOT

No, Miss. If you'd like, I can see if I can fit it on another --

KRYSTYNA

No. It's fine. I never liked things much anyway.

Krystyna bends down, opens her suitcase, and DUMPS the contents out onto the ground.

JERZY

(to pilot)

With all of your other things, surely --

PILOT

She's a last minute addition. Lucky she's small.

The pilot LAUGHS. He goes back into the plane. Jerzy looks after him in disbelief.

Krystyna picks up a dress, a pair of shoes, a wad of cash, and her IDENTITY PAPERS and wraps a PILLOWCASE around it all. She tosses everything else back into the suitcase.

KRYSTYNA

Will you take the rest of it?

JERZY

Of course.

She grabs her bundle and stands up. Jerzy closes the suitcase, grabs it, and joins her.

They stand in silence for a moment. It's awkward, punctuated by AIRMEN SHOUTING in the background and PLANE ENGINES starting up.

Neither Jerzy nor Krystyna knows what to say. It's like they're strangers.

JERZY

Well, it seems my situation will be a little more comfortable than yours.

KRYSTYNA

I've always thought comfort was overrated.

Krystyna smiles. Jerzy shakes his head, smiling slightly.

The other PLANES in the field TAKE OFF one by one.

After another tense silence between them, Krystyna's PLANE STARTS UP. Jerzy grabs her hand.

JERZY

You will be alright, won't you?

A beat. Krystyna has a sparkle in her eye.

KRYSTYNA

We don't ever really know, do we? But I'm finally doing something. Ever since I was a child, I've wanted adventure.

JERZY

Most people's idea of adventure isn't dying in the mountains.

KRYSTYNA

Neither is mine, Jerz.

Jerzy puts his hand on Krystyna's face.

JERZY

Promise me you won't be reckless. Promise me that, when I finally find a way to get back home, you'll be there.

Krystyna stares at Jerzy. Thinks about this.

The pilot comes down from the plane.

PILOT
 (shouting)
 Time to go!

Jerzy looks at Krystyna, waiting. Krystyna puts her hand on Jerzy's cheek.

KRYSTYNA
 Goodbye.

She carries her bundle toward the plane and gets on. The pilot goes back inside. The doors close.

The plane chugs down the runway, the last to leave.

Jerzy watches it go.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Krystyna sits in the rough seat of the plane, holding her small bundle. Her only belongings in the world. She looks out the window as inky clouds float past in the grey sky.

A BRITISH AIRMAN (30s) gazes at her from across the plane. He approaches her, SHOUTING over the noisy motor.

BRITISH AIRMAN
 (RE: her bundle)
 Is that all you brought? My girl
 would've had the whole plane full!

Krystyna stares up at him, unimpressed.

BRITISH AIRMAN
 What about make-up? Hair pins?

KRYSTYNA
 Some of us don't need to hide
 behind lipstick and powder.

The airman looks at her like she's the strangest woman he's ever seen. He shakes it off and sticks out his hand.

BRITISH AIRMAN
 Private Wheatley. Are you a nurse?

Krystyna smiles stiffly at him. Suddenly, the PLANE BEGINS TO SHAKE. The airman grabs onto the back of Krystyna's seat, nervous. Krystyna looks back out the window.

KRYSTYNA
 You should probably strap in.

The airman, terrified, gets back to his feet and makes his way along the seats, back to his own.

Krystyna stares out the window, invigorated, as the plane bumps along.

FADE TO:

EXT. FOREST - FRANCE - NIGHT

LOWER THIRD TITLE: "OCCUPIED FRANCE, 1944."

It's raining. Krystyna stands on the side of a dark lane that cuts through the countryside. A black OPEL KADETT pulls up beside her and stops. SCHENCK gets out of the driver's seat.

SCHENCK

Your husband is in the back.

KRYSTYNA

Well, let him out.

Schenck looks around, nervous.

SCHENCK

And we have a deal? For sure?

Krystyna nods.

KRYSTYNA

Your personal letter of resignation
to the Allies?

Schenck takes an envelope out of his pocket and hands it to Krystyna. It gets soaked in the falling rain. She shakes his hand.

KRYSTYNA

You have my word.

Schenck walks around to the back of the car and opens the door. He leads a PRISONER WITH A BAG OVER HIS HEAD out of the back and pushes him toward Krystyna.

SCHENCK

Your husband.

Krystyna lets out a breath, relieved. Schenck takes the bag off the man's head.

But it isn't Jerzy!

It's FRANCIS CAMMAERTS (20s), the famed SOE spy master we'll meet later. He stares at Krystyna in amazement, shaking his head.

Schenck gets in the Opel and speeds away.

KRYSTYNA
Hello, Sir.

FRANCIS
You saved my life, Agent.

KRYSTYNA
All in a day's work.

Krystyna smiles.

END OF EPISODE