

The Hangman of Prague

by
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Based on a True Story

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TITLE OVER: *"Based On A True Story. Lidice, Czechoslovakia, March 15, 1939."*

EXT. LIDICE - EARLY MORNING

A peaceful four-hundred year old village lined with worn cobblestone streets. The smoke from early morning fireplaces insulates the village. Two story wooden houses with colorful flower boxes huddle together.

The VOICE OVER is that of a twelve year old boy, TOMAS HORAK.

TOMAS (V.O.)

This is the story about how the Nazi bureaucrats of murder came to my small village outside of Prague and... killed everyone. The village is called Lidice, and my name is Tomas. Tomas Horak.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - MORNING

In the town center, a Gothic Church with two spires - the most prodigious of the surrounding villages. Opposite it, a one story school-house.

Menacing German PANZERS TANKS roar down the streets shattering the peace. The windows open in a panic. Lidice residents, in pajamas, stare agape at the intrusion.

EXT. WINDOW

Ex-Captain PETER HORAK SR., tall, but with a noticeable hunch, frowns at the German presence. Appearing beside him is his 13 year old son, TOMAS HORAK; sparkling blue eyes, gangly.

TOMAS

Papa, why are the Germans here?

PETER SR.

Have they taught you the word 'appeasement' in school?

TOMAS

No. Is that why my brother went to England - to 'please' the Germans?

PETER SR.

No - well yes, the Germans are pleased he's not here.

TOMAS

Why?

PETER SR.

He wants to kill them.

Panzer exhaust inundates them. Peter Sr. covers his mouth.

CLOSE ON: Peter's FOREARM TATOO of an ALLIED WORLD WAR I AIRPLANE [an Airco/de Havilland DH.4]

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATER - LONDON - NIGHT

TITLE OVER: *London, England March 16, 1939*

CLOSE-UP: DIFFERENT FOREARM TATOO. This one an early WORLD WAR II AIRPLANE [Bf 109].

The grip tightens ,crushing the can. Two silhouettes alone in the theater watch a 1939 MOVIE TONE NEWS REAL featuring the NARRATION by LOWELL THOMAS. On screen, Hitler walks through the gates to historic Prague Castle and St. Vitus Cathedral. Next, images of German tanks rumbling through Prague's city Streets.

LOWELL THOMAS (V.O.)

March 15, 1939 will be remembered as a sad day for all in the small Czechoslovak Republic. The Nazis invaded their neighboring country re-naming the occupied lands, 'The Protectorate. No, these aren't ornate trolley cars of Prague's historic past passing on the streets, but Nazi tanks!

The lights in the theater return revealing LIEUTENANT PETER HORAK JR. and his English host, SIMON. Peter Jr. is 24, steel-jawed, poised and cautious. SIMON is wearing a British RAF uniform; Peter in civilian clothes.

SIMON

Cheer up mate. Nothing you can do about the Nazi occupation from here.

PETER JR.

I can't believe... Europe let this happen.

FADE OUT.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - BRATISLAVIA - DAY

TITLE OVER: *Nazi Occupied Czechoslovak Republic - Brno Armaments Factory.*

SHOT - SPRAWLING FACTORY ASSEMBLY LINE

An industrial complex with a hundred workers manufacturing Light HOWITZERS and their MORTARS. German supervisors dressed in BLUE smocks scrutinize the Czech workers, themselves dressed in GREY. Large black name tags adorn the workers' chests.

TOMAS (V.O.)

Our exiled leaders in London were able to coordinate small acts of resistance.

One young man on the assembly line is JOE GABCIK, 22, double chin with a slight muscular vein protruding from his forehead. While a supervisor is off berating a worker, Joe picks up an artillery detonator and heads towards some double doors.

INT. FACTORY HALLWAY

Walking down a deserted hallway, Joe places a different name tag over his. He stops outside a padlocked door and removes a compact pair of bolt cutters and snips off the locks.

Distant FOOTSTEPS!

Quietly, he closes the door behind him.

INT. FACTORY STORAGE ROOM

In front of Joe are rows and rows of mortars. He removes the detonator and small FIFTEEN MINUTE TIMER. He glances at his watch: "5:55."

Joe presses a button and the TIMER begins its countdown.

INT. FACTORY HALLWAY

Joe is hurrying down the hallway when.

GUARD

You! STOP!

A tall German GUARD holding a clipboard confronts Joe.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Your papers.

JOE

I'm new - Kurt Fleisch. Checking for rain leakage.

The Guard flips through some pages on the clipboard. Joe moves towards him.

GUARD

Fleisch, Fleisch - I see no such....

Joe snaps his right hand forward exposing a knife from his sleeve. He plunges it into the Guard's throat - he GURGLES - and dies. Joe drags him into the storage room.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR

Joe returns to his station wearing his original badge. A supervisor appears and stares at Joe disdainfully. A HORN sounds - 6:00 PM - shift change. The workers immediately stop their tasks and head for the exit doors.

EXT. FACTORY

Bedraggled workers trudge outside a guarded barbed wire fence. Joe, popular, is surrounded by backslapping coworkers. He checks his watch and looks over his shoulder.

JOE

Come on everybody - get out!

He hurries past some guard towers stopping at an overflowing bike rack. After yanking his out, he heads solo down a dirt path.

EXT. DIRT PATH

Joe hurriedly peddles down a deserted path through farmland. He glances at his watch.

EXT. FACTORY COURTYARD

Covered from head to toe in BLOOD, the mortally wounded guard stumbles into the courtyard and collapses.

EXT. HOUSE ALONG DIRT PATH

Joe rides past a small house where a pretty woman 'pretends' to hang laundry - coincidentally consisting of her underwear, bras, and a pink negligée. Joe waves to her and rushes on. She stamps her foot in anger, turns her back and returns to the house. Suddenly, he appears and swoops her into the house.

EXT. FACTORY COURTYARD

The motionless Guard is being loaded into a jeep when BOOM - BOOM - BOOM! The jeep is hurled into a group of cigarette smoking Germans - body parts fly. A huge FIREBALL rips into the sky.

EXT. GABCIK COTTAGE

As Joe shuts a small wooden gate outside his parents' manicured house, the fireball rises in the distance behind him. MRS. GABCIK, heavy set, rushes out onto the porch.

MRS. GABCIK

Oh my Lord!

MR. GABCIK, sitting in a wooden wheelchair, wheels himself past his wife. He looks up to the sky astonished.

MR. GABCIK

The factory... Joe.

JOE

Dad -

MR. GABCIK

You lied to us! Saying you wanted to settle down - accept the occupation.

He breaks down and begins to SOB.

JOE

Dad... I... you're right. If the Nazis come by - you never saw me - you assumed I died in the blast!

MRS. GABCIK

Joseph!

JOE

I love you.

He hugs and kisses his mother. He turns to his father, but he's wheeled himself back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. NAZI SS INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A VICTIM in his mid-twenties is tied to a chair. His face is swollen; blood drips from his hand - his middle finger lies on the floor.

Behind him sits REINHARD HEYDRICH, methodically tying a NOOSE. He is tall and slim, with a sharp nose and puffy lips. His eyes are ice blue, and set apart to Aryan specifications: 1 3/8 inches. Leaning up against the wall is a violin.

HEYDRICH

Why did you fail to salute the
Führer?

VICTIM

My child... my five year old boy
had run off during the parade. I
was frantically looking form him
and forget to salute our Führer.

Heydrich shakes his head. He calmly slips the noose around the man's neck and tightens it to a point where the victim is gasping for air. He picks up his violin and with deep passion, he plays a Wagner tune. As his playing reaches a furious crescendo, the victim takes his last breath and slumps over. Heydrich, eyes closed, is temporarily lost in the music. He smiles, sets his violin in its case, and exits the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

TITLE OVER: *"Two Days Later."*

Joe, disheveled, removes a note from a hollowed out log.

CLOSE ON: NOTE. *"BROHM WINERY - CORLINSK"*

EXT. BROHM WINERY - NIGHT

Joe steels pass some an eerie vineyard and KNOCKS on a thick wooden door. Slowly the door opens and beady-eyed CORLINSK peers out. Corlinsk is in his seventies with white hair slicked back.

JOE

"I hear your Merlot is exquisite."

CORLINSK

"Perhaps too acidic."

JOE

Corlinsk?

CORLINSK

Gabcik? Come with me.

INT. WINE CELLAR

Corlinsk removes a large key and unlocks a rusty padlock to a thick door. Joe helps him push it open to reveal... a drunken wrestling match between four young soldiers. Among them, half full wine glasses litter the ground. They are laughing uncontrollably and when they see Joe and Corlinsk, they laugh even louder. Behind them, a sprawling cavern stacked with oak wine barrels. Makeshift mattresses lie on the floor.

CORLINSK

(groaning)

I knew this was a bad combination - young soldiers... confined to a wine cellar. Sergeant Gabcik, meet JAN, GEORGE, CHARLES, AND ANTONIN - I have no idea their rank - but that's your world.

SERGEANT JAN KUBIS, early twenties with massive forearms and sparking green eyes. Brown hair and brown skin.

CORPORAL GEORGE VALCIK, also in his early twenties. His round face accommodates his huge smile. Red hair and freckles - a joker.

CORPORAL CHARLIE CURDA, at nineteen the youngest. Refined accent, well healed. Even though he's been wrestling, his hair is perfect. Shirt off, his body resembles his hair.

FIRST LIEUTENANT ANTONIN RUBY, mid-twenties, muscular with tree trunks for legs. The 'moose' of the group with slick black hair and a perpetual five o'clock shadow.

CORLINSK (CONT'D)

The sergeant was responsible for the explosion at the howitzer factory.

The laughter subsides to an awkward silence.

CORLINSK (CONT'D)

What...?

JAN

He... knows then?

CORLINSK

Knows WHAT?

George picks up a newspaper from the floor and tosses it to Corlinsk - Joe intercepts it.

INSERT - HEADLINE: COUPLE ARRESTED IN FACTORY EXPLOSION - SON IDENTIFIED. There is a photo of Joe's mother and father. Underneath, a picture of Joe.

JOE

Lord... forgive me.

He drops the newspaper; his lips begin to quiver.

CORLINSK

The manhunt will be crushing - we don't have much time. Our government in exile has a plan for you five, but first you must go to England. There you will refine your training.

JAN

What? England?

CORLINSK

That's all I know - but I know this - you will be trained in methods to liberate your country. Trained for revenge.

JOE

(beat)

When do we leave?

CORLINSK

You leave tomorrow night.

FADE OUT/FADE
IN:

EXT. MOVIEZONE DOCUMENTARY - DAY

Black and white footage of some anonymous Nazi bureaucrats observing a giant map of Europe on the wall. Germany occupies eighty percent of the map. They nod and congratulate themselves.

LOWELL THOMAS (V.O)
 August 27, 1941. A map issued by the Nazi Ministry of Education was put on display today in Berlin. Young Germans are being taught that their borders now extend from the Atlantic Ocean to Albania.

FOOTAGE of protestors outside the U.S. Capitol.

LOWELL THOMAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Americans and immigrants from Nazi occupied countries protested by the hundreds outside our nation's Capitol as word of the map spread. One of the countries totally absent from the map is Czechoslovakia, which has a new Nazi Reichprotektor, or Governor, Reinhardt Heydrich. Heydrich, already second in command behind Heinrich Himmler of the feared SS, has already earned the nickname 'Hangman Heydrich' and the 'Blonde Beast.' Said Hitler: He posses what is necessary to further our cause - a heart of steel.

Footage of Heydrich working diligently behind a huge desk - behind him - a picture of Hitler; then driving in his unescorted, convertible green Mercedes through throngs of cheering supporters.

CUT TO:

INT. PRAGUE CASTLE - REICHPROTEKTOR HEYDRICH'S OFFICE - DAY

Heydrich, looking supremely arrogant, is leading a meeting with his immediate subordinates who sit opposite his desk. MAJOR FRANK - State Secretary to the Protectorate. Obedient, short and stocky. Three other Nazi officials round out the quartette. A map is spread out in the middle.

HEYDRICH

A most difficult task we've been given - to liquidate Jews in the Soviet Union. Last July, I was given orders by Reich Marshal Göring to prepare the administrative details and financial measures required to carry out The Final Solution to Europe's eleven million Jews.

(MORE)

HEYDRICH (CONT'D)

I expect to finish shortly and convene a meeting in Wannsee, outside of Berlin, and lay out the solution to the Jewish question. In the meantime, Major Frank!

FRANK

Yes sir!

HEYDRICH

My Czech and Bohemian Republics must become the principle supplier of German weapons. We must turn the inferior Slavs of these territories into the world's most productive workers. We must appeal to their base instincts and encourage them to reach Berlin's quotas. This will be achieved by creating incentives - incentives to meet quotas. More food, time-off, money - I've developed a concept called unemployment insurance in case they get sick - all part of the carrot. Should they not achieve their quotas - the stick. Preferably a noose.

FRANK

And the Jews?

HEYDRICH

We must be harsh when harshness is required. Establish a Jewish ghetto here...

(indicates on map)

... at Theresienstadt. Meanwhile, here is a list here of four-hundred names. See to their execution.

FRANK

Right away, sir!

MONTAGE - PRAGUE, SMALL VILLAGES, UNIVERSITIES

Bodies hanging from neatly constructed wooden platforms made from pine.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIDICE - HIGH ABOVE - DAY

A flock of birds fly below a brewing storm.

TOMAS (V.O.)

It was May of 1941 when my village got its first war refugees - friends of my mother. Olga and her daughter - something happened to Olga's husband, but nobody would tell me.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - OUTSIDE LIDICE - DAY

With the church spires in the background, Tomas, two years older, waits reading a leather bound book and chewing a straw husk. A horse and buggy appear with a driver and two female passengers. Tomas sees MARTINA, 17, mature with dark olive skin, and swallows the straw husk. He coughs uncontrollably as the buggy stops in front of him. Martina and her mother, OLGA ROSSINGER, mid-thirties with dark circles under her eyes, is dressed in grey.

OLGA

Are you okay?

Tomas, embarrassed, gains his composure.

TOMAS

Yes... I'm fine. You must be Mrs. Rossinger and Martina?

OLGA

Yes - you must be Tomas?

TOMAS

I am. Welcome - welcome to Lidice. Please follow me - we have to check in with the... Sicherheitsdienst.

OLGA

The Nazi police....

(shakes her head)

I was hoping we left them behind in Prague.

INT. POLICE STATION - LIDICE

Tomas, Olga, and Martina cautiously enter a large drab room with a single desk and pictures of Hitler and Heydrich on the wall. Behind the desk, POLICE SERGEANT LUDZIN is reading a document. His face is pockmarked and parts of his teeth are brown. Obese and crude, he was put in this remote town for a reason.

TOMAS
 (reserved)
 Yes, excuse me Sergeant Loudzin - I
 need to register some visitors.

Loudzin gives a guttural groan as he looks up. He groans
 again when he sees Olga.

LOUDZIN
 Nature of your visit?

OLGA
 Visiting an old friend

She hands him her papers.

LOUDZIN
 This is your daughter?

OLGA
 Yes.

Loudzin studies her clothing.

LOUDZIN
 Grey is not your color - where is
 your husband?

OLGA
 I believe... it's stated in the
 document.

LOUDZIN
 Says he was hanged for crimes
 against The Nazi Party.

MARTINA
 He gave a lecture on....

Olga grabs her arm.

LOUDZIN
 On...? The two of you sign here.

Olga and Martina sign.

LOUDZIN (CONT'D)
 You're free to go... except you
 Mrs. Rossinger - you will need to
 spend a night in jail... here.

Martina grabs a hold of her mother's arm.

MARTINA
 No! What right...?

LOUDZIN

Then you would like to return to Prague?

OLGA

We can't. Martina it's alright - it's just for one night.

Martina's eyes begin to well up.

OLGA (CONT'D)

I need you to be strong - I'll see you tomorrow.

Martina gains her strength and hugs her mother.

OLGA (CONT'D)

(to Tomas)

Take her to your home. Run along now.

TOMAS

We'll come by first thing in the morning.

LOUDZIN

She'll be fine - sing patriotic songs of the Fatherland around the campfire we will!

Tomas takes Martina by the shoulder and leads her out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALLAIGH, SCOTLAND - COMMANDO TRAINING BASE - DAWN

TITLE OVER: *Mallaigh, Scotland - Allied Commando Training Base*

MONTAGE OF SCENES

A) THE FIVE COMMANDOS - JOE, JAN, GEORGE, CHARLES, AND ANTONIN ARE WEARING BULKY PACKS AND RUN UP A STEEP MUDDY HILL. SCREAMING AT THEM IS COLONEL LESLIE - BRITISH WITH A HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE.

COLONEL LESLIE

Soldiers, I have met with your leader in exile, President Benes, and devised a bold plan, a plan that must... cut off the head of the queen bee - who's laying these eggs or... weapons of destruction.

B) THE SOLDIERS PRACTICE QUICKLY ASSEMBLING A 'STEN' MACHINE GUN FROM A BRIEFCASE, THEN FIRING IT A MOCK CARDBOARD FIGURE OF A NAZI OFFICER.

COLONEL LESLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We must kill Reinhardt Heydrich.

C) IN HIS OFFICE, HEYDRICH SLAMS DOWN A NAZI SEAL ON A DOCUMENT.

D) AT THERESIENSTADT CONCENTRATION CAMP, THE SOUND OF FLOOR BOARDS COLLAPSING AS DOZENS OF INMATES ARE HANGED.

COLONEL LESLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You will parachute into your country. There you will formulate the best plan possible - to kill the Hangman.

INT. BRITISH HALIFAX AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The noise is deafening - the turbulence nauseating. Handshakes are exchanged as three more paratroopers join the other five.

COLONEL LESLIE (V.O.)
You will be joined by three of your countrymen and finalize the training.

CAPTAIN PAUL OPALKA - Twenty-eight and the oldest. Brown hair, scar on cheek.

CORPORAL DAVID SVARC - Twenty-three, curly black hair, brilliant.

CORPORAL OSCAR PUBLIC - TWENTY-ONE, COMPACT AND LIVING HIS COMMANDO DREAM. Twenty-one, compact, and living his commando dream.

Up front, a silhouetted figure standing outside the cockpit.

GEORGE
(shouting)
Who's that?

JAN
Some pilot - Lieutenant Horak.

CLOSE ON: A FOREARM TATOO COMES INTO THE LIGHT - A WORLD WAR II AIRPLANE.

GEORGE
A pilot, why isn't he flying - what an asshole!

A light above the door turns green. One by one, they jump. Peter Jr. steps to the door as the last paratrooper jumps - George.

His chute doesn't open!

Peter Jr. sees this, flips on his chute and jumps.

In midair, George eyes express shear terror as the ground approaches. Suddenly, Peter Jr. slams into him. He fastens a belt around them both and pulls his ripcord. They crash in a heap.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Let me be the first to tell ya -
you're a great guy.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

It is raucous, except for a table tucked away in the far corner where Joe, Jan, George, Antonin, Oscar, Paul, David, and Charles.

JAN

After Heydrich got caught with the Admiral's daughter he got kicked out of the navy.

JOE

And made his way to the SS.

CHARLES

A violinist, a pilot, an organizational genius, a womanizer, and... a mass murderer.

ANTONIN

I'm gonna gut him, like a fish, hang him upside down, and dip him into molten iron.

GEORGE

And if he's still alive - then what?

ANTONIN

(unaware of the sarcasm)
Then... I'd throw him in front of a... in front of an airplane propeller.

OSCAR
 You idiot - you'd ruin the
 propeller!

ANTONIN
 Call me an idiot!

He lunges at Oscar - Joe intercepts him.

JAN
 Look - there's that... weird
 looking bird - Catalina.

CATALINA looks out-of-place in this pale, British world.
 Dark, exotic, Italian/Indian mix.

PAUL
 Weird? She's hot!

GEORGE
 Ask Joe - spent his last dime to
 spend the night with her.

All heads turn to him. The music coincidentally stops.

JOE
 (to George)
 Asshole.
 (somber)
 Her parents were shot by Mussolini;
 she's generous and... she's a
 virgin - If I'm gonna go 'out' on
 this mission, I wanna go out on a
 winning streak.

JAN
 What the hell does that mean?

JOE
 (pause)
 It means... she might be the last
 pure thing I ever see. Damned if
 I'm gonna mess that up.

JAN
 Here's to Oscar then - who's
 already proved that he ain't going
 out on this mission.

GROUP
 Here here!

CUT TO:

EXT. LIDICE POLICE STATION - MORNING

Peter Sr. and his wife HELEN, silver hair with a bright dress, embrace Olga as she exits the police station. She's pale and shaking

CUT TO:

INT. HORAK DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner has finished for Peter Sr., Helen, Olga - Martina and Tomas clear the plates. On a mantle, a number of pictures of Peter Jr. - track and field - in uniform.

OLGA

Have you heard from your son?

HELEN

Once. A letter smuggled in. He was sleeping better - he didn't want to worry his mother - said he was working as a handyman for a Protestant Convent....

After a pause, Olga cracks up.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Tomas washes dishes and hands them to Martina to dry.

MARTINA

I haven't heard her laugh in awhile. Tomas - do you like us?

TOMAS

Well, yeah of course.

She drinks some wine from a half empty glass.

MARTINA

Because we have nowhere else to go.

TOMAS

Hey - it will be fun. You can go to my school.

MARTINA

Do you guys have a track team?

TOMAS

We do - it's popular in this area.

MARTINA

Are you on the team?

TOMAS

Yeah - I run the one-hundred.

MARTINA

Really? So do I.

She smiles at him and sips the wine.

CUT TO:

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - EVENING

Colonel Leslie lights a cigar and passes the rest out to the eight commandos - Joe, Jan, David, George, Oscar, Antonin, Charles, and Paul. Their uniforms are pressed and all are well groomed. In front, a table with a spread of food. Behind that, a table with both a slide and movie projector - a projectionist loops the film.

COLONEL LESLIE

Congratulations men - you're dedication to your training has been inspiring.

Half the men cough upon lighting their cigars. Leslie signals to the projectionist, who dims the lights at puts up a slide of Heydrich... playing tennis.

COLONEL LESLIE (CONT'D)

Reinhard Heydrich. His rise up the Nazi ranks has been meteoric. At age twenty-seven, he became Chief of the 'Sicherheitdienst....'

GEORGE

Chief of a sausage factory?

The men laugh.

COLONEL LESLIE

Quiet! That's... uh Chief of the Secret Police... inside the Gestapo.

JOE

But... the Gestapo is the Secret Police.

COLONEL LESLIE

That's how smart he is - he developed an organization to spy on another organization and made himself head of that organization. Very smart - a direct line to the Nazi elite.

The projectionist turns on the movie and images of Heydrich with Hitler and Himmler.

COLONEL LESLIE (CONT'D)

At twenty-nine, promoted to Head of Munich's Political Police; 1936, at the age thirty-two, the Nazi leaders put him in charge of the SS Schutzstaffel - The Gestapo to you and I.

Next slide: Heydrich playing with his menacing German Sheppard.

COLONEL LESLIE (CONT'D)

Now, at the ripe old age of thirty-seven, he's the Governor of the largest arms producing region of Europe. He's a technocrat of production; a manager of murder for Jews and those non-loyal to the Reich.

Film of Panzers and Howitzers coming off a factory line.

COLONEL LESLIE (CONT'D)

A third of German tanks, a quarter of all lorries, forty percent of all light machine-guns are produced under Heydrich's management.

Next slide: Blurry aerial reconnaissance photo of barracks.

COLONEL LESLIE (CONT'D)

Finally, this information is top-secret and sketchy and best. But reports indicate Heydrich - and his SS roots - is in charge of the... the liquidation of European Jewry.

DAVID

But sir... there's millions of Jews in Europe.

COLONEL LESLIE

More reasons why you're going to kill him.

CUT TO:

EXT. TANGERE AIRFIELD - NIGHT

SUBTITLES: *December 28, 1941. Tangmere Airfield - Southern England*

Colonel Leslie, Peter Jr. next to him, snaps a PHOTOGRAPH of the eight paratroopers. George blows a bubble; Antonin spits out chew.

GEORGE
(yelling over engine)
Cover of Life Magazine!

JOE
(to Oscar)
You know that 'observer guy' -
never did find out where he was
from?

OSCAR
Yeah... what an asshole.

Joe, Jan, George, Antonin, Charles, David, and Oscar board the airplane.

PETER JR.
If they kill Heydrich - the
retribution will be massive.

COLONEL LESLIE
You want to know the number my
office came up with? The number of
civilian deaths?
(Peter cringes)
The Nazi will likely... kill
thousands.

Captain Paul Opalka is the last to board; he and Leslie exchange a warm smile.

COLONEL LESLIE (CONT'D)
You're in charge Captain! Bring
'em back safely.

PAUL
I'll have 'em home by morning.

INT. HALIFAX AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The eight are lost in thought rattling around the cargo hold.

PAUL
(top of his lungs)
Anthropoid one - two minutes to
jump!

David, Antonin, and Charles rise and adjust their packs. Paul opens the jump door - WIND. Above the door, a RED light turns GREEN.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Go go!

David, Antonin, and Charles jump in rapid succession - still five men left behind.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Anthropoid two - ready!

Joe, Jan, and George step forward.

GEORGE

(to Paul)

It's cold and dark - can't we do this later?

PAUL

See you in Prague. Jump!

The three leap into blackness. Oscar and Paul remain.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Oscar, we jump in five, is the transmitter secure?

Oscar smiles and pats a small box strapped to his stomach.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORAK ROOF - LIDICE - NIGHT

Tomas assists Martina from a ladder up to a little roof-top deck. A moonless night, the stars are bright. Tomas points to some stars; Martina listens intently, scooting closer to Tomas.

CUT TO:

EXT. COTTAGE - OUTSIDE OF THE CITY OF PILZEN - NIGHT

Senses alert, Antonin, Charles, and David spy on a dark, lonesome house.

DAVID

That's it....

He motions to Charles, who takes off towards the house. Suddenly, two ROTTWEILERS come out of no where and MOW him down. Antonin leaps forward when the front door opens and a man with a huge round beard appears and calls off the dogs.

BEARDED MAN

Fluffy - Kitten - heel!
Anthropoid... welcome.

The dogs retreat and now Antonin gives chase.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRAGUE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A crisp December night. A thin blanket of white snow gives the city the outer veneer of purity. Its innards, however, are rotting with Nazi fear.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joe, attired as a railroad worker as is Jan, stand outside an apartment door. Joe knocks three times, waits, and knocks four times. The door abruptly opens and a thirteen year old boy, ATA, points a toy pistol at them. They instinctively flinch.

ATA
Bang bang - hah - your dead!

JOE
Not... yet.

Ata is mischievous and in a constant search for play companions.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Ata!

Her shrieking further unsettles Joe and Jan. Ata's mother, MADAME MORACOVA, an aged diva, appears with a towel wrapped around her head.

M. MORAVECOVA
Ata, put that away - I'm so sorry.
And you are?

JAN
We saw your ad in the newspaper,
about a model train for sale - The
Tinplate Passenger Coach.

M. MORAVECOVA
Yes... you've come to the right
place.

She ushers them in.

INT. MADAME MORAVECOVA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is full of beautiful, red Bohemian crystal glassware and folk dolls. Joe, Jan, and Madame Moravecova drink tea.

Out of earshot and drinking milk in the kitchen is Ata.
Madame Moravecova tries to contain her energy.

M. MORAVECOVA

It's been so dangerous in Prague -
Gestapo plants are everywhere.
Even at the Red Cross, we have
informers.

JOE

Yes... we must be careful not to
involve the Red Cross. But we need
papers, medical papers stating we
are unable to work - railroad
injury or something.

M. MORAVECOVA

Yes... I know a doctor.

JAN

Another one of us should arrive
tomorrow - can you arrange a safe
house?

M. MORAVECOVA

That... may be difficult.
Neighbors know neighbors - we're
told to report all strangers. The
hanging bodies. Ata - come here!

Ata yawns as he enters.

M. MORAVECOVA (CONT'D)

Say hello to 'Horace.'

(indicates to Joe)

And 'Stuart.'

(indicates to Jan)

They're old family friends from up
north.

ATA

Do you have any comics books - they
stopped making them here....

JAN

No... but we'll see what we can do.

M. MORAVECOVA

Prague has changed since you've
been gone - joy and laughter went
on hiatus.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Paul and Oscar, absent their parachutes, are huddled over a transmitter; Oscar has on headphones - he smiles.

OSCAR

It's London - we're in business.

PAUL

Transmit - Operation Anthropoid -
underway!

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM - PRAGUE - AFTERNOON

Joe and Jan, dressed in workman clothes, sit calmly in a featureless room. GROANS resonate throughout the room. DR. GERIK, bald, spectacles, late fifties, hurries in looking down at a clipboard.

DR. GERIK

Sorry to keep you waiting....
(looks up)
You don't look sick?

JOE

We've come to pick up some medicine
- for Madame Moravecova.

Dr. Gerik peers more closely.

DR. GERIK

Step into my office.

INT. DR. GERIK'S OFFICE - SLIGHTLY LATER

His office also serves as a bedroom - there's a body underneath a blanket on a wooden gurney.

JOE

Doctor, we need medical papers
stating we can't work.

Dr. Gerik pulls out a key and unlocks a desk drawer. He removes some forms from an envelope with a swastika.

JAN

Doc. - what's going on?

DR. GERIK

A raid late last night - the
Gestapo and a student meeting. The
students lost.

(MORE)

DR. GERIK (CONT'D)

Here, one of you is an epileptic
and the other - an inflamed gall
bladder - impossible to verify.

JOE

That's excellent.

DR. GERIK

(suddenly obsessed)

What else - my wife will want
revenge.

Joe glances at Jan.

JOE

Doctor, we need to know Heydrich's
daily schedule - do you know his
doctor by chance - or a nurse in
Prague Castle?

DR. GERIK

A nurse - no. But a medical
student I know, he polishes the
palace armor.

JAN

He knows when Heydrich arrives,
when he leaves?

DR. GERIK

Perhaps.

There's a KNOCK on the door a city MORGUE WORKER enters.

MORGUE WORKER

I'm here to pick up the body of the
Gerik boy.

Dr. Gerik motions to the gurney.

DR. GERIK

You men - back to work - there be
no such sick days here!

EXT. PRAGUE - THE CHARLES BRIDGE - DUSK

Joe and Jan solemnly walk across the centuries old bridge
lined with statues of famous theologians. Other pedestrians
stroll by. They stop and Jan lights up. George appears!

GEORGE

Gotta light?

Joe pulls out a light and slips George a rolled up paper that
looks like a cigarette.

JOE
You stink.

GEORGE
Why thank you.

He continues on.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLAND - WOLF'S LAIR - DAY

STOCK FOOTAGE of Hitler, Himmler, and Heydrich cohort for the cameras on the veranda.

EXT. POLAND - WARSAW OUTSKIRTS - FOREST - DAY

A German soldier, with a name tag of 'ZIMMER,' cocks his Karabiner 98k rifle. He's one of a dozen Wehrmacht soldiers. FIRE! Their victims are dozens of men, women, and children - Jews. Zimmer looks calm as he reloads.

TITLE OVER: *"On Heydrich's orders, SS squads shot thousands of Jews, Poles, and Russians as they advanced east."*

CUT TO:

EXT. KRKONOSE SKI RESORT - DAY

Heydrich, his wife and four children, enjoy a winter day on the bunny slopes. Heydrich helps his daughter up on her little skis.

CUT TO:

INT. COTTAGE - DUSK

David, Antonin, and Charles study a map spread over a table with a kerosene lamp in the middle. Antonin pets a Rottweiler.

DAVID
Plant the incendiary devices here... here... and here. Explode these fuel tanks, and we give light to the bombers.

ANTONIN
After the bombs fall - we can stand perimeter and shoot the Nazis as they flee towards us.

CHARLES

No dumb-ass - we're high and long
gone by then.

Antonin looks at him disdainfully, then leaps at him, fists flying. David tries to break it up when there are four rapid KNOCKS on the door.

DAVID

It's Paul - get off him!

David goes to the door. Another four KNOCKS and Paul enters.

PAUL

What's going on?... I don't want to
know. I've got the weather
forecast for Friday - it's clear. *

DAVID

Clear, huh? In February?

PAUL

I know - it's a risk - but we must
disrupt Nazi armaments production.

CHARLES

We're ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRAGUE CASTLE - DUSK

Outside the vaulted gates, a preponderance of young girls solicit the attention of the German soldiers; not for their charm, but for extra ration coupons. A young man, who polishes the castle armor, with rags dangling from every pocket is talking to a girl. He kisses her - exchanging a note.

EXT. PASTRY SHOP

The girl passes the note to Joe. Heydrich's motorcade passes by them. KLEIN, the driver, is very tall. The Mercedes is green, has six wheels and is a convertible. Heydrich, expressionless, sits alone in the back.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER THAT NIGHT

At speeds topping ninety, the Mercedes whizzes by George, who is hiding in some shrubs.

EXT. PRIVATE ROAD - HEYDRICH'S ESTATE

His estate, known as Panenske Brezany, is located amid a thick, shady forest. Suddenly, Heydrich stands in the back, pulls his gun and fires. The shot scares the heck out of Klein. In the thick a deer scampers away. It also startles Jan, who's hiding in a hollowed-out log and notes the time Heydrich drives by.

EXT. SMALL CASTLE - HEYDRICH RESIDENT

The Mercedes comes to a halt outside the regal dwelling and its manicured grounds. An attendant opens Heydrich's door; his wife, baby in arms, is followed by his other three young children. He greets them affectionately and whistles for his obedient Dobermans to join the evening reunion.

EXT. WARSAW OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Zimmer, looking utterly drained, loads bullets into his rifle, and fires - more men, women, and children fall into a pit.

CUT TO:

EXT. VACLAVKY NAMESTI [CENTRAL STREET IN PRAGUE] - MORNING

Two GESTAPO AGENTS post a RED LIST of names on a wall. Onlookers quickly gather.

ONLOOKERS

The execution list....

GESTAPO AGENT

Move aside - or you'll be on the list!

Ata and two thirteen year old boys appear. When the Gestapo agents depart, they follow.

EXT. PRAGUE STREET

Ata and his friends have taken a shortcut and are now walking straight towards the Nazis.

ATA

(over-the-top)

Heeeiiiiiiii Hitler!

The Germans stop and look at each other.

GESTAPO AGENT

Very good - can you say: Mein
Führer.

ATA

Mein... mein....

The other two boys begin playing tag around the agents and... slip nailed tacks into the back of their open boot sleeves.

ATA (CONT'D)

Mein... fart!

He turns around and tries... but runs off laughing. The Nazis give chase, but instantly step on the tacks.

GESTAPO AGENTS

OWWWW!

The Nazis quickly remove their boots and shake the tacks out. When they are ready to give chase, the three boys are long gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - LIDICE - DAY

Tomas creeps along a wall leading to a classroom window and peers inside.

TOMAS'S P.O.V. - TEN YOUNG MUSIC STUDENTS. MARTINA IS ONE OF THEM - PLAYING THE CLARINET.

He waves to her; she doesn't see him. He TAPS lightly on the glass. A few students look up and see him, including Martina.

He makes a funny face - Martina smiles. Bent on further annoyances, he ducks and returns to the window holding a stick. As Tomas 'conducts' in earnest, some pupils begin to giggle. He enjoys the attention and becomes even more grandiose in his act when he accidentally STRIKES the window, SHATTERING it!

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - LATER

A door opens and an angry MUSIC TEACHER points emphatically for Tomas to "get out." Around the corner, Martina waits for him. They walk away together in silence.

MARTINA

(eventually)

What did he say?

TOMAS

(holding a note)

I have to pay for the window -
that's what he said. Guess I'll
have to go to work for my father.

MARTINA

In the mines?

TOMAS

Yep.

MARTINA

Poor thing - what's it like?

TOMAS

Well it's dangerous... dark...
cold, and wet. But better than
learning German history.

MARTINA

I've never been in a mine
before....

TOMAS

Yeah? I know of an abandoned one,
but it's kind of scary - lots of
bats.

MARTINA

Scary huh? Let's go!

Tomas grins at her. She grabs his hand and they hurry off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKODA ARMAMENTS FACTORY - FUELING STATION - NIGHT

TITLE OVER: *"Skoda Armaments Factory - 2:22 AM."*

David, covered in black, presses up against a gas pump. He
uses a pocket shovel to dig a small hole. He places a small
bomb in the hole, buries it, and crawls away.

EXT. LORRY PARKING LOT - SKODA ARMAMENTS FACTORY

Charles is lying on his back tightly squeezed underneath a
truck. He attaches a bomb to the fuel tank and sets the
timer when... FOOTSTEPS. Two shiny black boots come to rest
parallel to his head. Faintly, TICK, TICK....

We hear the strike of a MATCH. A few excruciating seconds
pass and... the boots disappear.

EXT. SKODA ARMAMENTS FACTORY - PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT

Charles scrambles up to a fence and removes some brush concealing a hole. As he crawls under, he notices clouds forming. He emerges safely on the other side when....

GUARD
(in German, subtitled)
HALT!

CHARLES
(muttering)
Wonderful....

GUARD
Hands up!

CHARLES
Let me go and I'll introduce you to
a gorgeous brunette....

GUARD
Another word - you're dead.

As Charles stands, he's temporarily aghast - part of the guard's face has been severely BURNED.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Hands up!

Behind the guard, Antonin creeps forward. As the guard removes a walkie-talkie, Antonin lunges forward and in a deliberate motion, SNAPS the Guard's neck. Though he's instantly killed, Antonin swiftly removes a knife and slits his throat! Blood, spurting out with force, splatters on Charles' face. Before the guard falls to the ground, with his head facing sideways, he makes eye contact with Charles. Even on the ground, the guard's dead eyes still stare at Charles - who is stunned by the speed of the brutality!

ANTONIN
Damn Nazis - gotta kill 'em twice -
shit I thought ice-water would gush
out.

Charles tries to shakes off 'the willies.'

CHARLES
Antonin... thank God!

ANTONIN
Lucky for you - we're on the same
side.

(MORE)

ANTONIN (CONT'D)

New orders from Paul - you're to proceed to Kazden immediately - our contact with the German train schedules is being transferred.

CHARLES

(dazed)

Where's David?

ANTONIN

Never mind, did you set your explosives?

CHARLES

Yeah....

Charles' hand is shaking. He can't take his eyes off the Guard - causing Antonin to also look. The body convulses, the eyes remaining on Charles all the while.

ANTONIN

A Nazi with a broken neck and slit throat - stuff dreams are made of.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP OVER PLZEN

Antonin climbs up a steep rocky slope where he sees David, panting for breath on his knees. They nod at each other when....

BOOM! The bombs they set explode! As planned, the fuel tanks ignite giving a clear signal where the arms factory is to the approaching bomber. Only one problem - low clouds have nestled themselves above the town.

CUT TO:

INT. HALIFAX CARGO BAY

A BOMBARDIER looks up from his target mechanism and shakes his head.

BOMBARDIER

DAMN!

(to himself)

Was clear all the fuckin' way until....

PILOT

(shouting from cockpit)

NOW OR NEVER!

EXT. BACK TO HILLTOP OVER PLZEN

David and Antonin watch in despair as bombs fall randomly on Plzen, far north of the factory.

CUT TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE - CHARLES CURDA:

EXT. A MERRY-GO-ROUND - DAY

A happy carnival atmosphere. A ten year old BOY [YOUNG CHARLES] waits in a ticket line holding his mother's hand [EMILY CURDA]. They step forward to a ticket seller - a German guard - the same guard whom Antonin just killed. Along with his partially burned face, there's now a thick white strip of GAUZE wrapped around his throat. Young Charles takes a step back.

EMILY CURDA

Two please.

She smiles down at her son. The guard looks down at Charles, then the mother, then back to Charles. Slowly and deliberately, he peels back the gauze revealing a huge red WOUND with black bristly stitches shaped... like a smile.

Instead of handing them the tickets, he pulls out a gleaming knife. He begins laughing so hard, his stitches begin to burst. Charles screams! The guard lunges at Emily with the knife when....

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Charles, screaming and flailing his arms as if warding off something, awakens! He catches his breath and looks around. Seated opposite, a grandmother with her two grandchildren, stare nervously at him.

CHARLES

Which way... which way to the dining car?

The grandmother points and Charles departs.

EXT. TRAIN STOP - LATER THAT NIGHT

At a desolate stop, Charles staggers out. He looks left, then right before removing a bottle of vodka from his coat pocket. After a long swig, he stumbles ahead.

EXT. A SMALL CHATEAU - NIGHT

Charles stands outside his family's elegant residence - dirty, exhausted. No other houses are in sight. Charles bangs on the door. Silence. He does it again.

CHARLES
Mother! Open up!

A lamp comes on.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Who's there? Be OFF!

CHARLES
It's me Mother. Charles! Let me in!

The door is unbolted. His Mother, EMILY, the same woman in Charles's nightmare, stares at him.

EMILY
(astonished)
Charles! Oh Lord - oh sweet Jesus!
My son! Where have - come in my sweet love!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Emily leads Charles over to the couch. The walls look noticeably stripped.

EMILY
Charles - after three years - you've come back!

CHARLES
Ma you're okay... I was so worried... I thought the war had... had harmed you. Ma... where's all the art work?

EMILY
Gone my love... somewhere in Germany.

He shakes his head and rubs his eyes.

EMILY (CONT'D)
My goodness... I don't know where to begin - where have you... how long are you...?

CHARLES
Where's Papa - wake him.

EMILY

Papa... can't be awakened....

CHARLES

Oh yeah....

An eighteen year old girl appears wearing a white gown and rubbing her eyes. NATALIE, she's pale with straight brown hair, fragile.

NATALIE

Mother? Who's there?

(seeing her brother)

CHARLES? Dear Lord!

Charles hugs her affectionately.

CHARLES

Natalie you've... grown, become a woman. I've seen such dreariness of late... but seeing you two... like seeing two angels. Let's celebrate, have any wine Ma?

EMILY

Natalie, in the cellar. You must be starving - how about some stew?

Charles smiles and closes his eyes.

CHARLES

Yes... stew? Thank the Heavenly Father... you're both safe.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAROMESTSKY NAMESTI (MAIN SQUARE IN PRAGUE) - DAY

One of Prague's most beautiful historic sights. In one corner, the sparkling white St. Nicholas' Church. In another, the famous Staromestsky Orioj Tower [The Old Clock Tower]. Wartime sparse, especially at the few open cafes. There's a lone horse and buggy, with a driver asleep at the reins.

2:00 PM - the clock comes alive! Mechanical, miniature wooden townsfolk appear from the double door above the clock. They pirouette around striking drums and other musical instruments.

In a cafe facing the clock, Joe pretends to watch the mechanical show. But... he's aware as Dr. Gerik, walks up to the horse, pets his nose, and tucks a crumpled piece of paper behind the horse's BLINDER.

Joe pays a waiter, walks up to the horse, pets his nose, and removes the paper.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Joe stops in an alley and removes the paper. It reads:
"Heydrich - Prague May 20-May 30. Transfer to Paris May 31!"

He swallows hard with a look of urgency.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIDICE - A PARK - DAY

A grassy field dotted with sturdy trees ideal for climbing. Tomas, the show-off, climbs to the end of a huge limb and sits precariously. Martina is leaning up against the trunk. Further away, sitting on a blanket, are Peter Horak Sr., Helen, Olga, Raymond and his wife, enjoying the early spring sun.

TOMAS

Come on up.

MARTINA

I would... if my mother wasn't around. Besides, anymore weight, and that branch will break.

A gust of wind shakes the branch causing it to CREAK.

TOMAS

Whoa...!

MARTINA

Tomas....

TOMAS

(jumping up and down)

It's my birthday. God wouldn't let me get injured on my birthday.

The branch he's on suddenly CRACKS. Martina SCREAMS. Tomas leaps to another branch just as it falls! Tomas looks down at Martina.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

(shaken)

Told you so.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Tomas stands in front of the picnickers holding a gift-wrapped box.

TOMAS

It's heavy. Is it a block of iron ore?

PETER SR.

No... shops were sold out.

TOMAS

It wouldn't be a discus?

Helen frowns at Raymond's wife. Tomas unwraps the present. He holds up a box containing a black DISCUS.

TOMAS (CONT'D)

Right again. Wow! It's a beauty.

HELEN

Not many other gifts weigh exactly five pounds.

TOMAS

(holding the discus)
Feels great.

PETER SR.

Well, son, throw it.

TOMAS

I don't know - you think the park's big enough? Hey Dad... count how many times I spin. Should be four.

He concentrates for a moment. Spins faster and faster and wings it. Impressive.

PETER SR.

I counted three - good job son. When's the big track meet?

TOMAS

The end of May - I gotta practice everyday if I'm gonna beat John Chirov.

HELEN

Your brother would be proud....

TOMAS

Yeah... wish he were here. Come on Martina, you gotta try it.

OLGA
Martina will not throw a 'discus.'

MARTINA
Mother...?

OLGA
Martina.

Tomas runs over towards the discus. Martina follows, against the protests of her mother.

TOMAS
(picks up the discus)
Think I can hit the sun, Sunshine?

MARTINA
Tomas... I'm sorry I don't have a gift for you.

TOMAS
That's all right - it's not like you have a job or something.

MARTINA
I was thinking tonight... we could sneak out to the hills and... look for shooting stars.

TOMAS
Yeah, we could bring your mother along too.

MARTINA
Tomas - I'm serious.

Tomas sees something approaching. He frowns.

TOMAS
(looks at the discus)
Too bad this isn't a bomb - I'd blow Loudzin straight to hell.

He indicates to a BMW MOTORCYCLE with a swastika painted on its SIDECAR speeding towards the group. The driver has a machine gun strapped over his shoulder; in the weighted down sidecar, Loudzin. The driver brings the bike to a skidding halt inches from the picnic basket.

LOUDZIN
Horak! There's a problem with the conveyor belt in mine sixteen. You are to report there immediately!

PETER SR.

Mine sixteen - I'm not responsible
for that mine.

LOUDZIN

You are now! Why Reichprotector
Heydrich ever gave you Sundays off
is... makes no sense.

Tomas and Martina join the confrontation at the perimeter.
Tomas immediately begins handling his discus in a threatening
way. Loudzin spies the picnic basket.

LOUDZIN (CONT'D)

What's in THERE?

OLGA

I'm sorry Herr Loudzin....

LOUDZIN

SERGEANT Loudzin!

OLGA

Of course... Sergeant. I don't
believe the word 'extra' appears in
the definition of 'rations.'

LOUDZIN

(he grabs his crotch)

No 'ration' here little woman!

Tomas steps forward, Martina grabs his arm. Loudzin laughs.

LOUDZIN (CONT'D)

(to Tomas)

Oh... you must be the man of the
Horak family.

Tomas grips his discus.

LOUDZIN (CONT'D)

What's in your hands boy?

TOMAS

Nothing....

PETER SR.

It's his birthday present, Sergeant
Loudzin, a discus.

LOUDZIN

I SAID ON YOUR WAY!

Peter Sr., sullen, walks away down a path.

LOUDZIN (CONT'D)
 Target practice - throw it up in
 the air boy.
 (grabs a machine gun from
 the driver)
 Make it fly like a duck.

Loudzin flaps his arms in a grotesque manner.

HELEN
 Please, Sergeant, is this really
 necessary?

OLGA
 Yes, you've stated your business,
 now leave us!

LOUDZIN
 (to driver)
 Such insolence. Throw it boy -
 nice and high - unless you want to
 dig her grave.
 (to Olga)
 And you... quack like a duck when
 he throws it.

Tomas looks at Olga - she's not scared.

LOUDZIN (CONT'D)
 Five, four, three....

Tomas spins twice and tosses it halfheartedly. Loudzin aims
 and fires bullets everywhere... except the disc.

LOUDZIN (CONT'D)
 Terrible throw - not much of an
 athlete are you boy?
 (to Olga, deathly cold)
 I didn't hear you quack....

He points the gun at her. Olga stands. Sweat drips from the
 onlookers. Loudzin fires... but up in the air! He bursts
 out laughing.

LOUDZIN (CONT'D)
 Red's not your color - happy
 birthday boy - you just saved her
 life.
 (to driver)
 To the wounded duck!

The driver kick starts the bike and speeds over to the
 discus. In a maniacal frenzy, Loudzin sprays bullets at the
 discus - obliterating it! Angered, Tomas stares after them as
 Loudzin's fading laughter RINGS louder and louder in his
 ears. Suddenly, he gives chase.

HELEN

TOMAS!

CUT TO:

INT. HORAK HOUSE - TOP OF STAIRS - LATE THAT NIGHT

Tomas and Martina are whispering next to the open window with the accessible drain pipe. Both are wearing heavy dark coats with Martina holding a BLUE BLANKET.

TOMAS

I don't know if this is such a good idea. My birthday's over... and I don't really care about 'shooting stars' anymore.

MARTINA

Come on! I read about this comet - visible to the naked eye - we gotta see it!

TOMAS

No.

EXT. MAIN STREET - LIDICE

Apparently, she's rather hard to resist. Hand in hand, Tomas and Martina run down the street. Directly in front of them lighting their path is a glorious full moon.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Laughing and still hand in hand, the two dodge among the foliage.

EXT. A CLEARING

Martina, running ahead of Tomas, breaks into a grassy clearing, about an acre in size. She pirouettes in the center while gazing at the moon.

MARTINA

Tomas... it's so beautiful. I discovered this place the other day, I think it's magical.

She spreads out the blanket and they lie on their backs gazing up at sky. Silence.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

Can't see any stars....

TOMAS/MARTINA
Moon's too bright.

They smile at one another when Martina sees something.

MARTINA
Shh... look!

Between two trees, the moonlight reveals a giant buck and a doe staring at Tomas and Martina.

MARTINA (cont'd) (CONT'D)
How beautiful. Happy Birthday.

Tomas looks at the deer, then at Martina.

TOMAS
Yes... beautiful.

He pecks her cheek, stares in wonderment at her eyes, then abruptly looks away - unfamiliar waters. She gazes at him, until his eyes return. She guides his mouth to hers.

They kiss, only Tomas can't seem to get his lips, tongue, and breathing in sync. Martina's eyes wander - the deer remain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLEARING - LATER

Still kissing, Tomas's hands are up Martina's sweater. Amazingly, Tomas has found his rhythm, even with the addition of his hands. Martina smiles. She moves her hands lower, out of sight under the blanket. Tomas's eyes suddenly bulge.

TOMAS
What are you...?

MARTINA
Is it... okay?

TOMAS
Well... I... I can wait...
tomorrow's okay!

MARTINA
There's a war - tomorrow may not
come.

Slowly, the virgins begin to make love. Tomas looks down at his pelvis, fascinated by the process. Martina in pain. A flurry of motion and... temporary confusion. Male flight.

TOMAS
We should head back.

MARTINA
 (closing her eyes)
 I don't think so....

FADE OUT/FADE
 IN:

EXT. PRAGUE BICYCLE PATH ALONG THE VLTAVA RIVER - DAY

On a blustery afternoon, Joe and Jan are tracing Heydrich's route via bicycles (Jan is following Joe by some 50 meters). They cross the TRAJA BRIDGE onto a bumpy cobblestone street. A BRIDGE TOLL TAKER watches them pass by. He picks up the phone.

EXT. CORNER AT KOBYLISY STREET - EARLY AFTERNOON

At a sharp HAIRPIN turn, where Kobylisy St. abruptly turns up a hill, Joe stops his bike and waits for Jan to arrive.

They look at one another - YES!

They watch as each CAR coming down the hill slows down to a crawl as it rounds the curve!

JOE
 This is the only stretch we haven't covered -

JAN
 I don't recognize the street - but it's perfect.

JOE
 Look - they had to reroute the road up the hill.

JAN
 Yeah... but why did the Germans reroute the road?

Joe points ahead to a destroyed bridge.

JOE
 That's right, the Nazis blew-up the Strahov Bridge.

JAN
 That's low.

JAN (CONT'D)
 Don't worry... I promise you Mr. Bridge - you'll get your revenge.

Jan looks at a small florist stand where TANYA, nineteen, is staring at him as she tends to a sparse collection of flowers for sale.

JAN (CONT'D)
 (looking at Tanya)
 I'll stay here and see... see what time Heydrich drives by. Do you mind continuing on.

JOE
 Sure.

Looks around - lining Kobylisy St. are apartment buildings with small shops and cafes on the ground floor.

JOE (CONT'D)
 Quiet - nice and quiet.

EXT. CAFE

Jan sits at a table across from the flower store, removes a book, a pen, some cigarettes, and stares at Tanya.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRAGUE CASTLE - HEYDRICH'S OFFICE - 5:00 P.M.

Heydrich is sitting behind his massive desk editing a document. He pushes an intercom button.

HEYDRICH
 Send in Major Frank.

Moments later, the dotting Frank enters.

FRANK
 Heil Hitler.

HEYDRICH
 Heil Hitler. I'm nearly finished editing the minutes from the Wannsee Conference. Hitler will most pleased.

FRANK
 You are a master of implementing his vision.

HEYDRICH
 That's exactly what I have here - the blueprints for The Final Solution.

FRANK

The liquidation of European Jewry.

HEYDRICH

See that this is delivered to
Himmler. And one more thing - I
won't be needing my vehicle
escorted any longer, Major.

FRANK

Reichprotektor, I must protest!

Heydrich raises his hand - silencing him.

HEYDRICH

They are no longer necessary! My
policies of increasing armament
production by offering incentives
to the workers has been an
unparalleled success.

(beat)

Besides, I think the Czechs have
taken rather a liking to me.
Besides... the escorts can't keep
up with me and Klein in the
country. Carry on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE - LATER

Jan is still sitting across from the flower shop and Tanya.
On the title page of his book, he's sketching a picture of
her. It's good.

He watches as two German soldiers stop in front of Tanya.
One grabs her cheeks and pulls her lips to his. Jan stands
up when... Heydrich's Mercedes appears. Like the other cars,
it too slows dramatically while rounding the corner. Klein
looks at Jan as if to say - 'why is he standing?' Jan salutes
Heydrich - easing Klein's conscience. The two other German
soldiers stop harassing the girl and also salute Heydrich.

JAN

(under his breath)

No escort....

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

A heavysset man is putting away the tables around Jan, who
suddenly hops to his feet - Tanya is locking up the flower
store. Jan grabs his bike and crosses the street. A MAN
wearing a wool cap nonchalantly lowers a newspaper and
watches Jan approach Tanya.

Tanya pretends to be startled when Jan speaks to her.

JAN

Excuse me... my name is...
Alexander Baska, would you mind if
I accompanied you on your walk
home?

TANYA

(astute)

Alexander? You don't look like an
Alexander. Nor do you look like a
Nazi sympathizer. What other lies
are in store for me?

JAN

Lie? Why would I lie? What is
your name?

TANYA

Tanya. No lie.

They start walking, Jan pushing his bicycle along.

TANYA (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Do you always draw in your novels?

JAN

Well uhh... no. It's just hard to
find sketch paper these days.

TANYA

Did you finish your drawing of me?

JAN

No I was... I was drawing the
river.

TANYA

Still lying - would you like to
finish it?

She smiles at him and they continue on... followed by the MAN
wearing the wool cap.

INT. TANYA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jan's NOVEL is lying on the floor open to a page where
there's a half finished, reclining NUDE drawn. A pair of
STOCKINGS land on the book.

INT. TANYA'S BEDROOM - LATER

The two are making love. Rolling around. Tanya MOANS and extends her arm over his rear. She feels something and is startled.

INT. TANYA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Jan sits up in bed, smoking a cigarette, staring ahead. Petra rubs his huge forearms. Silence.

TANYA

How did you get those scars?

JAN

Which ones?

TANYA

You know the ones - on your rear.

Silence. Jan inhales.

JAN

I was arrested... soon after the
Nazi occupation....

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

INT. BRICK PRISON CELL - NIGHT

JAN, naked, is tied down on his stomach to a steely prison bed - no mattress. A single light bulb hangs down illuminating the room. His face, covered in sweat, is twisting and grimacing in pain. We hear a SIZZLING sound. SS STORMTROOPER #1, one of five, holds up a BRIGHT RED branding iron, the shape of a swastika, in front of Jan's nose.

STORMTROOPER #1

Sergeant Kubis... every time you
sit, think of me.

JAN

Every time I shit, I'll think of
you....

Laughter. Stormtrooper #1 smiles - a cigarette dangles from his lips. He and the other Nazis are drunk and dishevelled. They wear white tank tops, with black slacks and black boots.

Stormtrooper #1 places the branding iron back into a fireplace full of smoldering coals. Another Nazi takes a swig from a bottle and passes it along.

STORMTROOPER #2
Let's drink to the rest of his
family - the cows in the field!

More laughter. Stormtrooper #2, wearing thick glasses, removes the branding iron. He looks at the glowing swastika up close. In each of his lenses, we see the reflection of the crimson swastika.

STORMTROOPER #2 (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Tell us the names!

Jan doesn't respond.

STORMTROOPER #2 (cont'd) (CONT'D)
The NAMES of the officers who
stayed behind!

JAN
Charles... Charles Chaplin.

STORMTROOPER #2
Charles Chaplin!
(uncontrolled laughter)
CHARLIE CHAPLIN!

Crazed drunken laughter. Stormtrooper #2 adjusts his hat while TWIRLING around the branding iron a la Charlie Chaplin's cane. As he circles by Jan, he GRINDS down the branding iron. They begin singing raucously as we go....

BACK TO TANYA'S BEDROOM

The two stare ahead.

JAN
Luckily... I was rescued....

He blows a perfect smoke ring into the middle of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. TANYA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - 4:00 AM

Jan is about to hop on his bike when a 1938 POPULAR BERLINA skids to a halt. Three men, including the man wearing the WOOL CAP, jump out and abduct him.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY COTTAGE

It's bare, except for a table with wooden chairs around it. Jan sits across from the three men. There's the man wearing the CAP, and another man with a nicotine-stained moustache. Sitting between them is the leader - JINDRA, mid-forties, short, and wearing a slovenly blue suit. Jindra removes Jan's blindfold.

JINDRA

We are with the Czech resistance -
tell us who are you?

Jan coolly pulls out his identification papers. Jindra reads them.

JINDRA (CONT'D)

Otto Sternad... a workman from
Brno? What factory did you work
at?

JAN

Where everyone in Brno works - the
Zeyer Munitions Factory.

JINDRA

Suffering from epilepsy - and
you're convalescing in Prague, huh?

JAN

Is this an arrest or a job
interview?

JINDRA

(looks at paper)
Well gentlemen, I thought we had
one of those paratroopers who
landed near Nehvizdy in late
December.

JAN

Me - a paratrooper?

JINDRA

The paratrooper who is presently
residing in the Hanspaulka District
at 2322 Hradec St.? Who curiously
spends his days... following
Heydrich.

JAN

Nonsense!

JINDRA

We know who you are and what your
plans are! To kill Heydrich!

(MORE)

JINDRA (CONT'D)

You've been very sloppy! If we can deduce this - so can the Germans!

Silence. They stare at one another.

JINDRA (CONT'D)

I want you to listen very carefully to what I... what we have to say. We oppose assassinating Heydrich because... because thousands of Czechs will DIE in retaliation if he is killed! THOUSANDS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE! Cancel the mission.

JAN

Even if I knew what you were talking about. No.

JINDRA

At least let the others know - know of all the buckets and buckets of blood that will be on their hands.

JAN

May I go now?

JINDRA

(calms)
We'll be in touch.

Jan nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MORAVEC APARTMENT

Joe and George are playing cards looking anxious. Jan enters - the two other man jump to their feet.

JOE

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

Jan acts perplexed.

JAN

What? Don't worry... I met a girl - nothing jeopardized.

GEORGE

You were with her all this time?

Jan winks at him and takes a seat.

GEORGE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Tell me everything!

JAN
She was smart - you wouldn't like her.

(changing the subject)
Kobylisy Street is perfect.

JOE
Perfect, huh?

JAN
And... Heydrich's dropped his escorts!

JOE
WHAT!

JAN
Yep... his big car comes to a near stop as it rounds the corner. I see at least a half dozen escape routes as well.

GEORGE
(to Jan)
Were the lights on or off?

JOE
Forget about it - tell him about your meeting with Paul.

GEORGE
(resigned)
After you kill him, he's found a place for us all to hide while things cool down.

JAN
Where?

GEORGE
A crypt.

JAN
A crypt - so I'm gonna kill a guy and then go wait it out in a crypt?

GEORGE
Not to worry, the corpses are so old they no longer stink. How did the girl smell, like jasmine?

JOE
Did you notice anyone following us?

Jan shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. REMOTE COTTAGE - NIGHT

Paul urgently instructs Oscar what to type on the transmitting machine. The cottage is cluttered with Greek and Egyptian antiquities.

PAUL

Train. Pilzen. Fourteen-hundred
hours. Thirty mechanized-vehicles.
Forty-five light artillery.
Mortars. Bomb Masnik Bridge.

A PARTISAN bursts through the door.

COLLABORATOR

(breathless)

Two trucks parked - where the road
ends - Gestapo!

Oscar flips a lid over the transmitter and Paul opens the window. Before jumping out, Paul scatters a few little bite size MORSELS on the floor. They hop out the window and disappear into the black forest. The Collaborator quickly removes his overcoat. Underneath, pajamas - boots off, slippers on.

INT. FRONT PARLOR - SAME

The front door is smashed open. Eight GESTAPO AGENTS burst in - two of them restraining some giant German Shepherds. The Collaborator jumps up from his chair holding a BOOK.

GESTAPO AGENT #1

WHERE IS THE TRANSMITTER?

PARTISAN

How dare you break into my house!

GESTAPO AGENT #1

Shut-up!

PARTISAN

I'm curator of antiquities at The
National Museum - I'm protected
under Geneva Convention Act
number....

The Agent BLASTS one of his artifacts.

GESTAPO AGENT #1
 Take him outside - if he doesn't
 cooperate - shoot him.
 (they hustle him outside)
 Let the dogs pick up a scent.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

As Paul and Oscar dodge between trees, GUNSHOTS.

BACK TO COTTAGE

The German Shepherds, in a sniffing frenzy, come across the MORSELS and instantly gobble them up. One dog sniffs the chair Oscar was sitting on and signals to his Gestapo Trainer.

TRAINER
 He's found it!

EXT. WOODS - SLIGHTLY LATER

The dogs are running through the woods - the trainers barely able to hold onto the leash.

EXT. WOODS - SAME

Paul and Oscar scamper along when they hear a piercing YELP!

PAUL
 (gasping)
 Oscar... stop... it worked!

BACK TO GESTAPO AGENTS

They stand over two convulsing dogs.

GESTAPO AGENT #1
 SHIT!

BACK TO PAUL AND OSCAR

PAUL
 The more we distract the Nazis....

OSCAR
 The better.

Paul puts his arm around Oscar and the two trudge on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN PORCH - DUSK

TITLE OVER: *"May 26, 1942."*

David is smoking a cigarette gazing upon a scenic low-lying mountain lake. Trees grow right up to shore line where tiny, white-capped waves splash against them. Antonin cleans his pistol. Behind him, a broken-down hunter's cabin.

DAVID
(eyes closed, clairvoyant)
Paul is here.

Antonin looks up, but sees nothing when... Paul appears, riding a horse and holding the reins of another horse. David smiles. Paul salutes and jumps off his horse. He's carrying a pack with him.

PAUL
Corporal Svarc! It's a been awhile
- a pleasure as always. Hello
Antonin.

DAVID/ANTONIN
(salutes)
Captain, sir!

PAUL
Urgent news - tonight both of you -
to the crypt.

DAVID
Tonight?

PAUL
Yes, London has given the order.
Tomorrow morning, Heydrich will
wake up in hell. I've got the
transmitter for Corporal Curda.

DAVID
There's a problem with the
Corporal. He had an accident....

ANTONIN
He fucked up his assignment that's
what happened!

PAUL
WHAT?

INT. CABIN

Charles is lying down on a makeshift bed of hay. His ANKLE is wrapped in a light gauze. Antonin, David, and Paul are standing above him.

CHARLES
I'm sorry, sir. I hurt my ankle jumping off a train - it's getting better, though, sir.

Antonin frowns. Silence. Paul stares into Charles's eyes.

PAUL
When you've secured an escape route - contact Madame Morecova.

CHARLES
What if something happens to her - I won't know where you are?

PAUL
The less who know, the better our chances.

CUT TO:

INT. MADAME MORAVECOVA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe and Ata are enjoying a harmless wrestling match while Jan stares blankly at a newspaper. Joe, wearing a tank-top, his muscles rippling, lets Ata pin him. The Madame enters holding laundered clothes.

M. MORAVECOVA
That's enough Ata, time for bed.

ATA
I'm getting pretty good, huh?

JOE
Very good - you should try out for your school's wrestling team.

ATA
You think I'm big enough?

He flexes his thirteen year old biceps - not much.

JOE
 What you don't have in size, you
 make up in guts.

ATA
 Mother, can I try out next year?

M. MORAVECOVA
 Wrestling...? If you promise to be
 the best that you can and gracious
 in defeat - of course.
 (to Joe and Jan)
 Here are your clothes.

JOE
 Thank you once again, Madame. *

THREE deliberate knocks at the door. The Madame unchains the
 door. It's Paul and Dr. Gerik - looking agitated.

PAUL
 Good evening, Madame. Excuse us
 for a moment. *

INT. BEDROOM

They enter, startling George, who is sitting on the bed cross-
 legged cleaning his teeth with a toothpick while looking in a
 small square mirror.

GEORGE
 (sniffing air)
 Damn, Paul - you stink!

PAUL
 The three of you are to carry out
 your plans tomorrow.

JAN
 Tomorrow?

JOE
 We're ready.

DR. GERIK
 There are whispers Heydrich might
 be receiving... shall we say, a
 promotion. To become
 Reichprotektor of a bigger prize.
 Occupied France... or Belgium
 perhaps. If true, he may leave at
 any moment.

GEORGE
 Antonin... and the others?

PAUL
Making their way to the crypt -
except Charles. Men - triple check
your equipment.

Joe and Jan nod. George holds up his mirror to his face and smiles.

GEORGE
I got mine.

PAUL
Tomorrow - the world will know the
Czech resistance is doing its part
to win the war! Good luck.

The five embrace one another.

CUT TO:

INT. TOMAS'S ROOM - HORAKS - SAME NIGHT

Tomas and Martina rest their heads on their elbows whispering to one another. A small oil lamp illuminates their excited faces.

TOMAS
I can never sleep the night before
a big track meet.

MARTINA
I hope you beat Jon Tirac - he's so
conceited.

TOMAS
Yeah.

Martina grimaces slightly and rubs her tummy.

TOMAS (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

MARTINA
I don't know - strange tummy
cramps.

TOMAS
Maybe you're nervous about the
meet?

MARTINA
Perhaps if you rub it, it will feel
better.

Tomas hesitates, smiles. Martina lifts her nightgown exposing her tummy. Tomas rubs it softly.

MARTINA (CONT'D)

It tickles - your hand is rough.

TOMAS

(looks at right hand)

From throwing rocks instead of a real discus. I'll use my left hand.

MARTINA

No. I like it.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jan, wearing underwear, lies on the bed staring at the ceiling - intense. Joe is cleaning his light machine gun, a British-made STEN gun - relaxed.

JAN

There's something I... I didn't tell you - a faction of the Czech resistance abducted me a while back - they had deduced our mission and... wanted to let us know they were opposed to it.

JOE

What?

JAN

They're worried about... about massive retaliations - about thousands of innocent people getting killed.

JOE

They're right. I came to grips with that some time ago.

JAN

How?

JOE

Simple. If Heydrich lives, millions more will die.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEYDRICH'S ESTATE - FRONT YARD - MORNING

TITLE OVER: "May 27, 1942 - 7:00 AM."

A beautiful clear morning. Reinhard Heydrich, in full regalia, throws a stick for his Dobermans to retrieve. As Klein brings the Mercedes to the front of the chateau, Heydrich's wife totes out his sleepy kids to see their father off. Heydrich pecks the kids goodbye while again reading a report.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Heydrich and Klein fly down a road in their three ton Mercedes - top down. An unsuspecting ROOSTER hops to safety just in the nick of time.

INTERCUT - EXT. KOBYLISY ST./TRACK FIELD - MORNING

Joe, wearing a hat and long lightweight coat, sits on a bench where Kobylisy St. makes a sharp turn. He reads a paper, next to him, a BRIEFCASE. Across the street from him, bearded Jan sits smoking a pipe.

Joe looks up to the top of Kobylisy St., where George has set up a shoe-shine station. The trap is set.

EXT. TRACK FIELD - SAME TIME

The JUNIOR NATIONALS Track Meet. Sitting in the stands are Olga, Peter and Helen watching as Tomas and Martina compete in their respective decathlon events. Tomas is running in the 400 METERS! Eight contestants, close, but Tomas comes in SECOND.

ANNOUNCER

The winner of the 400 meters... Jon
Tirac.

Jon is slightly bigger than Tomas and... quite sure of himself.

Next heat, Martina lines up for the 100 meter sprint. The race starter CLAPS two pieces of wood together and they're off! Sprinting like a gazelle, Martina wins easily. Tomas is first to congratulate her.

EXT. KOBYLISY ST.

Jan looks up from his paper to see Tanya from the flower shop walking her bike towards him. He can't be noticed! She strides right past, oblivious.

EXT. TRACK FIELD

Tomas rocks back and forth with his body and runs down the track leading to the LONG JUMP. He lands in a plod of dirt and immediately hops up. A judge marks his spot - beyond the other marks!

ANNOUNCER

The winner of the long jump, Tomas Horak. Our final event in the men's decathlon - the discus throw.

EXT. KOBYLISY ST.

A BRIGHT flash strikes the newspaper Joe's reading. He looks up. George conceals his tiny MIRROR, shuts his shoe-shine case, and leaves the area. Joe grabs his briefcase, and crosses the street to where the hairpin turn begins. Jan also rises and stations himself to where the hairpin turn ends.

Heydrich and Klein appear in the convertible at the top of the street.

EXT. TRACK FIELD - SAME TIME

Tomas steps in the discus circle and takes some big deep breaths. He holds tight to the discus and begins his momentum building spin.

EXT. KOBYLISY ST. CURVE

Joe sets the briefcase down. With his back facing the approaching Mercedes, he removes his STEN sub-machine gun and conceals it in his coat. Heydrich is a hundred feet away.

Klein slows the car as it approaches the curve. Swiftly, Joe hoists his gun out from his coat and aims it at the former SS-Obergruppenfuhrer. Just forty feet away, Heydrich and Klein recoil.

Joe pulls the trigger BUT THE GUN JAMS! Heydrich, realizing his good fortune, stands up in the weaving car and fumbles for his pistol. Jan, ready for anything, rips the pin from a grenade [a Mills bomb] and lobs it at the Mercedes.

SLOW MOTION - GRENADE IN MID-AIR.

EXT. TRACK FIELD

SLOW-MOTION - DISCUS IN MID-AIR.

EXT. KOBYLISY ST. CURVE

SLOW MOTION - GRENADE LANDING IN BACK SEAT. HEYDRICH HORRIFIED.

EXT. TRACK FIELD

SLOW MOTION - DISCUS LANDING AT A WINNING DISTANCE. TOMAS AND MARTINA OVERJOYED.

CUT TO:

EXT. KOBYLISY ST. CURVE

Heydrich quickly tries to jump over the passenger door. Too late - BOOM! Heydrich is blown high in the air. He lands on road - THUD - near Joe. They make eye contact. He's wounded, but not dead. Flesh and bone protrude from his left thigh. He attempts to stand-up, but that proves impossible.

Joe throws down the sub-machine in disgust and runs towards a bike rack. Adrenaline overheating, Jan jumps on a bike and races off. Joe is about to reach the bike rack when Klein appears from behind the mangled car. He FIRES and misses Joe, but shatters his bike chain!

EXT. ALLY

Joe rounds the corner into an alley and removes a small pistol from his coat pocket. Klein follows.

KLEIN

HALT!

A large woman, hearing Klein and seeing Joe run towards her - greets him with a bucket of water. Bullets whiz by.

Joe ducks in a doorway and fires off a couple of shots. Klein is hit in shoulder before he too ducks inside a doorway. Joe sprints away, turning down another street.

EXT. STREET

Joe ducks into a butcher shop as Klein rounds the corner. He looks at his wound and curses.

INT. BUTCHER'S SHOP

Joe dips below the counter and looks up at a dumbfounded BUTCHER holding a big knife. He's round and grizzly.

BUTCHER
What are you doing?

Joe gestures for him to 'shh.' The Butcher sees Klein hurrying down the street with his pistol drawn. The Butcher swipes the knife down at Joe, who rolls over discarded cow organs to avoid death.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
(to Klein)
HERE HE IS!

Joe fires his pistol, shooting the knife out of his hand, then points it at the Butcher's head.

JOE
Dirty collaborator!
(beat - tempted)
Run.

The Butcher runs out the back door. Joe peers over the service counter to... Klein firing! He ducks, returning the fire blindly. Silence, except for Joe's heavy breathing when... LOUD, PLODDING FOOTSTEPS - closer and closer. Joe leaps up to see... Klein, a bullet hole in the forehead - doggedly moves forward. A few more steps and he falls forward doing a face plant into a bucket of cow INTESTINES.

FADE OUT/FADE
IN:

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Charles, asleep, twitches, causing a bead of sweat to roll down his face.

DREAM SEQUENCE - CHARLES CURDA:

EXT. CONCENTRATION CAMP - DAY

Black and white. Between the barracks and the barbed-wire fence, a SOCCER game. Charles is the goalie.

A great pass from one opposing player to another! He dribbles the ball towards Charles. He kicks; Charles guesses LEFT and dives left - but kick is RIGHT - SCORE! Charles gets up shaking his head. The referee blows his whistle and the game stops.

All the other players suddenly look very sad. Emily is led out from a barrack and up the stairs of a wooden structure with a NOOSE hanging from it. Escorting her is the DEAD GERMAN GUARD, now with rotting STITCHES dangling from his neck. He smiles at Charles, pretending to look sad as he places the noose around Emily's neck. Emily looks drearily at her son.

EMILY

My child - you should have guessed right....

The guard pulls hard on a lever - the bottom underneath Emily disappears.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(while hanging)

Right....

BACK TO CHARLES

He awakens YELLING - covered in sweat again. He stares ahead, shaking. Suddenly, he dresses. As he rushes out the door, he looks back at the TRANSMITTER. He picks it up, lifts up a floor board, and places the transmitter underneath it.

CUT TO:

EXT. CURDA CHATEAU - NIGHT

Charles bangs on the door and takes a drink. Emily opens the door and embraces her son.

FADE OUT/FADE
IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

TITLE OVER: *"June 6, 1942 - Ten Days After the Assassination Attempt."*

Reinhard Heydrich is lying in bed looking positively morose. His skin is blueish-grey; his eyes are open but are eerily yellow in color. A nurse dabs his forehead with a wet cloth.

Another nurse changes a large dressing wrapped around Heydrich's thigh. Two DOCTORS converse in the corner.

CLOSE ON: HEYDRICH'S THIGH. A massive wound, putrid green.

When the nurse spreads some ointment on it, the left side of Heydrich's face twitches rapidly. Frank enters.

FRANK

Get out. All of you!

They depart. Frank kneels at his bedside - the wound just to his left. He smells something - he can't stand it! He jumps up and vomits in the sink. Back to his bedside. Heydrich struggles to utter his last words.

HEYDRICH

My... my beloved people... how could they?

FRANK

I've... I've had thousands killed trying to answer that.

EXT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SAME

The two doctors walk down the deserted hallway.

DOCTOR

If Frank had asked?

DOCTOR #2

I'd tell him Heydrich will die of... blood poisoning.

DOCTOR

And the cause?

DOCTOR #2

Caused by fragments of his automobile upholstery lodged in his spleen.

DOCTOR

If the assassins wanted him to die an agonizing death....

DOCTOR #2

They got their wish.

They hear a loud SCREAM - Heydrich.

BACK TO HEYDRICH

White foam emanates from Heydrich's mouth. He convulses and abruptly sits upright. Frank tries to restrain him. A graphic, agonizing death. Another SCREAM - FRANK.

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE OF SCENES - PEOPLE LISTENING TO THE RADIO:

INT. HORAK HOUSE - DAY

Peter Sr., Helen, Tomas Olga, and Martina are listening to their radio.

FRANK (V.O.)

(from the radio)

At 4:30 AM this morning, our beloved Reichprotektor Heydrich succumbed to the wounds he received from a grenade attack on May 27. After his funeral, he will come to rest in the Prague Castle. The perpetrators of this cowardly and criminal act must be apprehended immediately in order for the summary executions to cease.

PETER

They'll continue... until the assassins are apprehended.

EXT. CHURCH OF ST CIRIL AND ST. METHODIUS - ESTABLISHING

A baroque Russian Orthodox basilica.

INT. - THE CRYPT

All the paratroopers, except Charles, share the space with dead dignitaries of the church - twelve small coffins placed in the walls, some of them rotted away exposing the skeletal remains.

They too are listening to a small radio. The ceiling is at street level where a beam of light streams through a tiny 1' by 1' vent. A kerosene lamp, its flame un-nervingly rigid due to lack of circulation, fails to 'brighten' the place. In one corner, a small stove, on the floor space, bedding.

FRANK (V.O.)

(from the radio)

If you have any information on the whereabouts of these assassins, please contact your nearest Gestapo Headquarters. A reward of ten million crowns will be given for information leading to the arrest of the guilty men. I repeat the sum of ten million crowns....

INT. CURDA CHATEAU - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Charles lies on a couch, his ankle elevated and still wrapped in gauze. He holds a glass of vodka, the bottle close by. Sitting on another couch opposite him and listening to the radio, are Emily and Natalie - who's trembling with fear.

CHARLES

Ten million crowns - whoa!

FRANK (V.O.)

(from the radio)

Whoever shelters these criminals, assists them, or, knowing them - does not denounce them, will be shot along... with his entire family.

NATALIE

Shot? SHOT! Oh dear God.

Charles pours himself some vodka. Natalie looks on, horrified.

CHARLES

In case you forgot... I was here on the day of the assassination.

NATALIE

Just tell us then - by you stayin' here - could we be shot if you are discovered?

CHARLES

Since Papa's away, I'm here to protect you....

NATALIE

Papa's not 'away', he's DEAD! Answer my question - please - will we be shot?

CHARLES

No.

NATALIE
 (hysterical)
 Mama - I don't want be shot by
 strange Germans....

EMILY
 Hush hush, Natalie. You will be
 safe.

Charles nods, and BURPS. Natalie runs out of the room
 CRYING.

CHARLES
 Pardon me - can you believe that?
 Ten million crowns....

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH OF ST. CYRIL AND ST. METHODIUS - DAY

Madame Moravecova, carrying a basket, stops at the steps
 outside the church. She pretends to rest, but looks around
 for anybody following her. A few elderly pedestrians stroll
 about. She ducks into the church only... to have her son,
 Ata peak around a corner, noting her disappearance.

INT. FOYER - DAY

The Madame is greeted by a reassuring hand - that of FATHER
 CIKL, late 50's, wearing a chasuble.

The Madame looks admiringly at the walls, ceilings, and
 arches where saints gaze from icons and angels flutter from
 frescoes. She passes through the front of the church
 [Foyer}, in the center with the pews [Nave], to the back
 where there is a large ORGAN. She admires the two marble
 stairwells to the left and right leading to the upper church
 choir.

INT. QUIET ROOM

Father Cikl finishes rolling up an embroidered rug revealing
 a thick wooden trap door while the Madame looks on. He pulls
 back a nearby curtain, removes a cane, and TAPS on the floor
 SEVEN times. Through great effort, the door is pushed to the
 side. Paul appears holding the kerosene lamp.

PAUL
 Good afternoon. This way to your
 table.

INT. CRYPT

Paul assists the Madame down the final step. The other men scurry about trying to make the crypt look presentable.

M. MORAVECOVA
Hello, hello!

A CHORUS of hellos ring out.

PAUL
Nice to see you, Madame. So... the
Hangman of Prague... died of blood
poisoning?

She nods and quickly begins removing some bread, meat, cheese, and potato dumplings from her bag. Antonin looks as if he's just seen the Holy Grail. As the other men argue over who gets what, Paul takes the Madame aside.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Have you heard anything from
Charles?

M. MORAVECOVA
No... I don't understand. He
missed our first rendezvous and not
a word since.

PAUL
He's our only link to the outside
world. I can't believe this.

GEORGE
(interrupting)
How is Ata? Did you bring any of
his comics?

The Madame nods with a warm smile and removes some magazines and books from her deep basket.

JAN
(indicating radio)
We've... we've been hearing some
disturbing news about all the
random executions....

M. MORAVECOVA
My dear young men - please! Enough
of this talk. Eat, eat!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - HORAK HOUSE - DAY

Tomas sits on a couch reading an old track and field magazine he's read a hundred times. He OVERHEARS Olga and Martina speaking from upstairs.

OLGA (O.S.)

Did I hear you vomiting again this morning?

MARTINA (O.S.)

Uhh... just a little.

OLGA (O.S.)

What do you mean just A LITTLE?

MARTINA (O.S.)

Shh....

OLGA (O.S.)

DON'T TELL ME TO.... Martina if you're ill - I want to know why.

(puzzled)

Almost sounds like morning sickness, but that's impossible. At the store, tell Dr. Korda your symptoms - whatever medicine he suggests - buy it.

Tomas sits heavily back in the couch - this information is very confusing.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIDICE - SIDE STREET

Tomas is carrying a small bag of supplies while he and Martina walk slowly down an empty street. It's a blustery day.

TOMAS

You forgot to tell Dr. Korda about... vomiting.

MARTINA

What?

(angry)

What kind of a person eavesdrops on a private...!

TOMAS

Sorry! Couldn't help it. You're mother should learn to whisper.

MARTINA
Plug your ears!

TOMAS
I'm the one who LIVES there!

Martina, susceptible to huge mood swings, begins sobbing uncontrollably.

TOMAS (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry - I Uhh - I didn't mean it! I just want to know why you're vomiting.

MARTINA
BECAUSE - THAT'S WHY.

She runs off leaving Tomas reeling in confusion.

CUT TO:

INT. CRYPT - NIGHT

Everybody's sleeping, except Joe and Jan. They lie on the floor, staring at the ceiling. It's hot - the men sleep in their underwear. Joe takes a slow drag off a cigarette. Beside him, a front page photograph of a group of blindfolded civilians who await execution.

JOE
I thought I could live with... with the slaughter - but I can't.

Jan nods. They rise and shake Paul - startling him.

JAN
We want to turn ourselves in - we can end this insane blood bath.

PAUL
I'll hear no such nonsense!

JOE
Listen - if Charles has gone AWOL, it won't be long before we're discovered. Jan and I will turn ourselves in - claim we acted alone, the arrests will stop - you can escape - and hundreds, maybe thousands will be spared!

PAUL
I have orders to carry out a mission and return you safely home.

JAN

We are home - and we want to be
buried here.

PAUL

There'll be no talk of burials....

He looks around at the coffins, and then at the others.
The absurdity - they break out in laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - PRAGUE - DAY

TITLE OVER: *"June 9th, 1942 - 13 days after the
assassination."*

Deep in the bowels of the building, Major Frank is extracting
a confession from a small, innocent man named KYLE. Next to
Kyle is an unconscious woman - ANITA. Like Kyle, her hands
are tied behind a chair; her chin rests on her naked chest.
Two other Gestapo agents lazily lean up against the walls -
veterans of this type of work. Frank holds a POINTER in one
hand and a LETTER in the other.

FRANK

(reads letter - overly
dramatic)

*Dear Anita, I am sorry I am writing
to you so late... I have done what
I wanted to do. On that fateful
day I slept somewhere at Cabarna.
I am all right. See you this week
and then we shall never meet again.
Kyle.*

(in Kyle's face)

This letter that you sent her...

(points to Anita)

... 'that fateful day' - tell me
how you were involved in the
assassination ON THAT FATEFUL DAY!

KYLE

(gasping)

Please... sir. I don't know
anything about the assassination.
You can ask my boss - I stole money
from his store to... to buy ration
coupons. That's my crime.

FRANK

LIAR!

Frank walks around him very slowly until their eyes meet. He smiles cutely at Kyle and then walks over to a large jug where he takes a swig.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ahhh....

He takes another one, keeping the liquid in his mouth, and approaches Kyle from his back. Frank nods to a Gestapo Agent who ignites his lighter and places the flame between the two. Kyle looks over his shoulders - trembling. Frank sprays the flammable fluid out from his mouth sending a fine mist of flames onto Kyle's back. His SCREAM is so loud it temporarily wakes Anita up. Frank then WHACKS his pointer on Kyle's back.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Where are the other assassins?

Kyle is shaking violently in the chair.

KYLE

Please... please have mercy!

FRANK

Who do you know in the army?

Kyle can only sob.

FRANK (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Answer me!

KYLE

I don't know. The army... I only know... somebody in the air force.

FRANK

One of the assassins?

KYLE

(delirious)

I don't know.

Frank BLOWS another fine mist of flame onto his back.

FRANK

His name!

KYLE

Peter... Peter Horak Jr.- a friend of my sister....

FRANK

Horak - where is he from?

He swats Kyle's back again.

KYLE
 (crying out)
 Where...? I don't remember
 where....

WHACK!

KYLE (CONT'D)
 I don't know - some village -
 outside of Prague - Lidice.

Kyle perks up - eyes swollen, mouth bloody - he's finally
 said something right.

FRANK
 Lidice? Lidice!
 (tearful)
 Mein Heydrich, you will be avenged!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIDICE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA - NIGHT.

TITLE OVER: "*Lidice - Population 483, June 10, 1942 - 5:00
 AM.*"

Lidice. The uneven cobblestone streets, the two story wooden
 houses, the Gothic Church, the schoolhouse.

A RIFLE SHOT shakes the core of these structures. GERMAN SS
 SOLDIERS, numbering in the eighties, march down the main
 street. Leading the soldiers is Major Frank - barking out
 orders through a bullhorn.

FRANK
 By orders of our beloved Fuhrer -
 traitors of Lidice - you have five
 minutes to assemble outside your
 homes! Leave your valuables.
 Failure to comply and you will be
 shot.

The Nazis trample through gardens and pound on the household
 doors rudely awakening the residents. Two soldiers pound on
 the HORAK door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HORAK HOUSE

FRANK (O.S.)
 I repeat - leave your valuables and
 proceed outdoors. Failure to
 comply will result in death.

Helen Horak runs into the room holding a candle - obviously distressed. She proceeds to light some oil lamps illuminating Olga, lying awake on a makeshift bed spread on the living room floor.

OLGA

The devil's servants have arrived.

HELEN

What... what did he say? Fuhrer's orders! Traitors? Who?

Peter Horak Sr. appears adjusting the suspenders to his pants. He pulls back a drape and watches as the soldiers trample over his garden.

HELEN (CONT'D)

PETER - what's going...?

PETER SR.

Quiet. Stay calm. Probably a routine search for shortwave radios or somebody. Get dressed.

Tomas leaps down the stairs wearing pajamas. Jumping over the couch, he stops at the window pulling back the drape to... reveal a German soldier staring right back at him.

SOLDIER

Five minutes!

HELEN

Tomas! Get away from there!

Peter Sr. stares long at Tomas. He grabs him and pushes him into the kitchen.

TOMAS

Hey...?

INT. KITCHEN

PETER SR.

Listen son. God knows why the Nazis have come - but I don't want to lose another son. Leave. I want you to leave - hide in the woods and return when they're gone, when you know it's safe!

TOMAS

Leave...?

Helen overhears.

HELEN
Leave? Peter?

PETER
Until we know why the Germans are here - he's leaving and that's final! Now go Tomas - go by the roof, there's no time!

Tomas embraces his Mother and Father.

TOMAS
Can Martina come with me?

Olga, dressing, overhears.

OLGA
She doesn't leave my sight!

PETER
Of course not, Olga.

Tomas runs up the stairs.

INT. TOP FLOOR - HORAK HOUSE

Tomas runs out of his room wearing black pants and a black wool jacket. He sits on the top of the stairs and hurriedly puts on his boots. Martina appears - anxious.

MARTINA
Tomas? Were those gun shots?

TOMAS
Martina! Outside... Nazis all over the place. My father wants me to go... but I'll be back tomorrow.

MARTINA
Go? Go where?

TOMAS
I asked if you could come, but your mother said no.

MARTINA
But I want... I want to go with you.

TOMAS
Keep an eye on your Mother - make sure she doesn't say anything stupid to the Nazis.

OLGA (O.S.)
Martina! Come down here, now.

MARTINA
Here Tomas... take my necklace.

She removes a silver chain with an opal mounted in the center and tucks it into his coat pocket.

MARTINA (CONT'D)
Tomas... I guess I should tell
you... I think maybe... I'm....

OLGA (O.S.)
Martina!

Olga appears at the bottom of the stairs.

TOMAS
I'll give you back the necklace
tomorrow.

Tomas opens the window and grabs the drainpipe. A final, tender look between the two and Tomas disappears.

MARTINA
I'm pregnant....

EXT. HORAK ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Tomas pulls himself up onto the roof. He drops to his stomach and crawls to the front of the roof where he peers over the side. Underneath, chaos as Nazis herd men and women out of their houses. Tomas crawls to the back corner of the roof and gets on his feet. Adrenaline pumping, he runs and jumps the chasm! He lands safely and still in stride, he jumps to the next roof, then to the next. His black, silhouetted figure disappears

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING LIDICE

Breathless, Tomas arrives at a hilltop where he collapses on his back amidst some knee-high grass.

SHOUTS from the village. Tomas rolls over on his stomach and watches as the NAZIS shove the remaining village men into a large red BARN. MORE SHOUTS. The women and children of Lidice are prodded into the SCHOOL HOUSE.

Next, Tomas watches astonished as the Nazis begin ransacking the houses, including his, for anything of value.

They take his Mother's sewing machine, a violin, the furniture, and the family crystal. Other soldiers leave the houses carrying MATTRESSES and bring them to the BARN where they lean them up against the wall.

FADE OUT/FADE
IN:

EXT. INTERCUT - TOMAS ON THE HILL/SCHOOL HOUSE - LATER

A woman SCREAMS. Slowly, a wedge in the grass separates, revealing Tomas' face. He shivers as he looks down upon his village. SMOKE. A couple of houses are burning.

TOMAS

Why...?

Women and children are being hurried directly from the schoolhouse into two waiting diesel buses. Checking off names is Sergeant Loudzin.

Helen, Olga, and Martina are next and the last to board. Olga's nerves are rapidly becoming unhinged.

LOUDZIN

If it isn't the brooding woman from Prague - you I'll miss - especially watching you undress.

OLGA

Where... are you taking us?

LOUDZIN

For harboring Heydrich's assassins - the spas in Bavaria.

OLGA

What are you talking about - you hideous pig.

Loudzin 'oinks' at her. Olga starts flailing her arms at him.

OLGA (CONT'D)

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING...?

Frank appears from behind and strikes her in the back of the head with his rifle. She collapses.

MARTINA

Mother!

She kneels to help her, but Loudzin kicks her aside.

BACK TO TOMAS

Tomas stands up, exposing himself. He pulls his hair and drops back to the ground in frustration.

BACK TO SCHOOLHOUSE

Helen maintains her dignity as she states her name to Loudzin.

LOUDZIN

Helen Horak... where's your cow-witted son, Tomas?

Frank reacts to hearing her name.

HELEN

Yesterday, we had to send him to the hospital in Prague - appendicitis. The bus was leaving and we couldn't find you!

FRANK

Horak? You must be the mother of Peter Horak Jr.?

HELEN

Yes?

FRANK

(looking around at the smoking village)
I don't think they'll be erecting a statue here in his honor anytime soon.

Both he and Loudzin laugh.

HELEN

What do you mean?

FRANK

We have a full confession.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What hospital is your son at?

HELEN

St. Ignatius... but....

FRANK

(to Loudzin)
Notify the hospital - have him arrested at once.

Frank signals to the lead bus driver and, gears grinding, the bus crawls off... without Olga. Martina's tearful face is pressed up against the window.

LOUDZIN
 (waves to Martina)
 Have a nice trip!
 (to Frank)
 Where are they going?

FRANK
 The women will go to the
 concentration camp at Ravensbruck.
 The children - will end up... like
 this....

Frank stands over Olga and... shoots her twice.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERCUT - THE BARN/TOMAS ON THE HILL - MORNING

Milling around the barn is an SS execution unit. Some inspect their rifles while others stand in groups joking. Bottles of alcohol are passed around freely. Loudzin, red-faced and bellicose, raises a bottle.

LOUDZIN
 To the women of Lidice!

They raise their fists. Major Frank appears and looks at his watch.

FRANK'S EYES - MANIACAL.

FRANK
 Sergeant Loudzin. Bring out the
 first ten. Forget the blindfolds.

Frank looks at a dozen mattresses leaning up against the side of the barn. From the side of the barn, ten bewildered men are lead out. The men, ranging from sixteen to sixty, look at one another.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Criminals from Lidice. You have
 been found guilty of sheltering the
 assassins who murdered
 Reichprotektor Heydrich. The
 punishment for collaborating with
 the enemy is death. Soldiers - on
 my mark!

Eight of Frank's SS men kneel, while eight stand behind them. The village men are dumbfounded - they gesture to wait.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Ready! Aim!

FRANK (CONT'D)
Fire!

The force of the bullets thrusts the ten villagers back against the mattresses. They crumple, leaving behind large grotesque red blotches on the white padding. Tomas pounds his forehead into the grass.

TOMAS
Oh God, no! Please....

DREAMLIKE - SLOW MOTION. WAVY IMAGES OF TOMAS LISTENING TO THE WORD 'FIRE!' HE PLUGS HIS EARS BUT THE WORD 'FIRE' ECHOES LOUDER AND LOUDER UNTIL....

PETER HORAK SR.
Please - Major Frank! My name is Horak. You must stop this insanity!

Tomas springs to his knees. Peter steps forward trying to not step on all the dead bodies lying in ghastly positions.

FRANK
What do have we here, the Horak father?

PETER SR.
We are innocent of sheltering the assassins - you have the wrong the village, the wrong people!

FRANK
Your voice, this town, will remain forever silent.

PETER SR.
Give me your gun - I'll shoot myself. Let the others go.

FRANK
(ponders)
Okay.

He slowly hands Peter Sr. his Lugar. Things go quiet. Peter Sr. raises the gun to his temple. He looks at the men behind them and forces out a laugh.

PETER SR.
You'll be safe....

FRANK

Shoot!

Peter Sr. pulls the trigger and slumps to the ground.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Loudzin)

You have a half-hour to kill all
the others - the bulldozers will be
here shortly.

TOMAS rolls over onto his back - shaking from head to toe.
He crawls over to tree and vomits, eventually rising and
staggering off into the woods.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - THE NEXT MORNING

Tomas is asleep on the same grassy clearing where he and
Martina consummated. He twists and suddenly awakens
screaming.

TOMAS

Martina!

(breaths)

She's pregnant... dear Lord.

He crawls forward until... he hits something unexpectedly -
the legs of a huge grey bearded man named ISIAH - mid-
fifties. An old-timer holding an old rifle.

ISIAH

Easy, boy.

TOMAS

(state of shock)

I have to find Martina, Mother,
Lidice... FATHER!

ISIAH

Lidice? You'd better come along
with me.

TOMAS

Father.

He collapses. Isiah scoops him up and carries him away.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MALLAIGH SCOTLAND - DAY

Colonel Leslie, solemn, walks down a rainy road and stops outside some barracks.

INT. PETER HORAK JR.'S QUARTERS

Peter Jr. sits on the end of his bed in a sparsely decorated room. On the floor, a newspaper with the headline: "*GERMANS RAZE VILLAGE!*" Underneath: "*MEN OVER AGE 16 SHOT FOR AIDING IN HEYDRICH'S ASSASSINATION!*"

He grips a framed picture of his family and WEEPS softly when... a KNOCK.

Peter Jr. doesn't respond. The door opens, Colonel Leslie peers in. He continues to sob as Colonel Leslie enters and shuts the door. Long silence.

PETER JR.

I... never knew there was a place
on earth... such a deep, dark and
lonely chasm... I don't know if...
if I'll ever be able to climb
out....

He continues to weep. Colonel Leslie sits and drops his head into his hand and also laments.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVENSBRUCK CONCENTRATION CAMP - DUSK

TITLE OVER: "*Ravensbruck Concentration Camp for Women. Thirty Miles North of Berlin.*"

A diesel BUS carrying the WOMEN of Lidice drives past an open gate and comes to a stop inside the forced labor camp. Barracks stretch into the distance - some 10,000 women and fewer than a hundred male prisoners work and slowly starve in Ravensbruck.

The bus door opens. Two female GUARDS shout instructions at the terrified women as they exit the bus. One of the guards is SS-HELPERIN FRAULINE HETTNER - mid-thirties, a sadist with a Neanderthal-looking face set on a stocky body. She halfheartedly restrains a rabid German Shepherd on a leash.

HETTNER

OUT OUT! To the left where you
will be issued new clothes!

Some exhausted and shocked women hurry to a row of tables with prison garb stacked on top. An OLD LADY exits the bus and veers towards the Fraulein.

OLD LADY
Please... where are my
grandchildren?

HETTNER
They're swimming in the pool - just
beyond the barracks.

The Old Lady nods - believing. A nearby guard laughs. Hettner studies her clipboard.

HETTNER (CONT'D)
(to another guard)
The women from Lidice. Responsible
for Reichprotektor Heydrich's
death. An SS icon - no more.

Helen Horak steps down followed by Martina. Hettner glares at Martina.

HETTNER (CONT'D)
I once had the honor of shaking
Heydrich's hand! I was especially
fond of him. You're stay will be
memorable - I can assure you that.

She loosens the leash to her German Shepherd. Salivating jaws come inches from biting off Martina's face. Hettner laughs when the bus-driver catches her eye. A sweaty slob - just her type.

HETTNER (CONT'D)
(to bus-driver)
You must be thirsty....

She flips her hair back and approaches him in a come-on manner. Behind her, the women are made to remove their clothes.

CUT TO:

INT. CRYPT - DAY

George is performing a well-intentioned, but rather macabre magic show to the six others. He shows a card, a king of hearts, first to the living, and then to the dead. After placing it in the middle of the deck and having Oscar shuffle, he retrieves it. Antonin yawns.

Next, he takes out a glass-eye and... drops it into a coffin! He walks over to David and... pulls the glass-eye out his ear! Paul can only shake his head.

For his final act, George walks over to the lantern and places the palm directly behind it. He inhales deeply and when he flips back his palm, the flame disappears! Carefully tip-toeing across the crypt, he stops in front of the oldest wall crypt where a skull stares straight at him. He closes his eyes and concentrates and begins shaking violently as if possessed by the dead priest. Suddenly, he exhales and... the flame magically appears in the center of the skull's head! Wow.

ANTONIN
How'd he do that?

GEORGE
Ha! I'll never tell!

ANTONIN
I'm serious!

The confines are having their effect....

GEORGE
I am Jorge' - master magician!

ANTONIN
Tell me!

PAUL
Antonin! Relax - it's....

There are TAPS from above. The seven men look at each other.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Don't just stand there... clean
this place up for Father Cikal!

They scatter about picking up things while Paul, Antonin, and Joe slide back the door.

PAUL (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Father... for what honor do we owe
this... ATA!

ATA
Hey everybody! I....

JOE
(panicked)
Ata - what are you doing here?

FATHER CIKL
He followed the Madame.

JOE
Get down here!

His angry tone frightens Ata, who begins to sniffle.

JOE (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I... I'm sorry Ata... I didn't mean
to yell, but you're endangering
yourself and all of us. How did
you find us?

ATA
I wanted to make sure George had
comic books.

GEORGE
Well Joe... now that he's here,
let's make the best of it!

ATA
(removing backpack)
Hey I brought some magazines, some
big books, a canned ham, that
Monopoly game, and marbles.

JAN
Alright! Ata!

ATA
Boy... it really smells down here.

GEORGE
That's right young fella - and
that's the way we like it! Right
everybody?!

He grins from ear to ear and puts his arms around Antonin.
Soon, everybody's arm in arm and encircling Ata and chanting
his name.

PARATROOPERS
ATA, ATA, ATA...!

Ata's smile returns.

CUT TO:

INT. CURDA LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charles awakes on the couch screaming. He's a wreck - he
again reaches for a bottle and takes a long swig. Emily
appears at the top of the stairs. She looks abnormally pale
and gaunt.

EMILY
Charles... are you okay?

CHARLES
(erratic gasps of air)
Mama - you're alive!

EMILY
Of course... honey. You keep
asking me that.

She makes her way down the staircase, but towards the bottom,
she trips and stumbles down.

CHARLES
MAMA!

Natalie runs out of her room wearing a white nightgown.
Charles bends down over his Mother.

CHARLES (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Are you hurt?

NATALIE
What did YOU do to her?

EMILY
I'm okay....

CHARLES
(helping her up)
Mama you look so weak, have you
been eating?

EMILY
We only you have ration coupons for
two....

NATALIE
You ought to be ashamed Charles -
depriving your own mother of food.
Why don't you tell the German what
you know and collect the reward
money?

CHARLES
(whining)
I don't know... if I know anything.
I don't want them to kill anybody.

NATALIE
What about that man who... who
turned in his brother! He got his
reward money, a new apartment,
everything the Germans promised!

CHARLES
 (suffering from 'the
 shakes')
 Ten million crowns. You'd be set
 for life Mama....

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAD OFFICE OF THE GESTAPO - PRAGUE - AFTERNOON

TITLE OVER: *"June 15, 1942."*

Charles gazes up at one of Prague's most historic landmarks - the thirteenth century Alt-Neu Synagogue. An imposing new plaque: HEAD OFFICE OF THE STATE POLICE. Charles, wearing a suit he's outgrown, shakes his head and looks to the sky.

CHARLES
 Please... forgive me.

He opens his coat pocket and finishes off the remnants of a flask. He ascends the old stone steps, limping.

INT. HEAD OFFICE OF THE GESTAPO

Charles approaches an immaculate receptionist.

CHARLES
 I need to speak with... with Major
 Frank.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISAIAH'S CABIN - DAY

Tomas is chopping wood with a crazed intensity. WHACK! One strike and a clean split. Isaiah appears, his long stride carrying him quickly up the hill.

TOMAS
 Where did they take my Mom and
 Martina?

ISAIAH
 A camp called... Ravensbruck.

TOMAS
 Where the hell is that?

ISAIAH
 Apparently, it's north of Berlin.

Tomas drops his ax and begins walking. Isaiah scratches his head.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

And where might you be going...?

TOMAS

(trance-like)

Ravensbruck.

ISAIAH

(shaking his head)

Can't allow you to go and kill yourself there, young fella. You won't get very far - wanted posters of you at all the train depots.

TOMAS

(stops)

Isaiah... I appreciate what you've done... very much, but I don't need your permission.

ISAIAH

True, boy. But say your mother, your girlfriend come back after the war... I'm the one who's gotta say... I let him walk right outta here - right to his death.

(saddened)

Don't make me have to tell them that, son.

Suddenly, Tomas drops to knees, puts his hands over his face, and screams at the top of his lungs.

TOMAS

There's just... just nothing any more!

CUT TO:

INT. SEWING FACTORY - RAVENSBRUCK CONCENTRATION CAMP - DAY

A massive dark and dirty prison sweatshop. It's summer and the heat is unbearable. Over TWO-HUNDRED WOMEN, heads shaved, sit on stiff chairs hunched over sewing machines. They're making long winter coats for the Wehrmacht. The wool is heavy and difficult to maneuver in and around the clumsy machines - accidents are the norm.

Nazi Guards, both MEN and WOMEN patrol up and down the rows of slave laborers. Hettner moves slowly down a row swatting workers at random. She stops next to Martina and Helen.

HETTNER

(to Martina)

If it isn't 68446 from... from nowhere. Did you hear, Lidice no longer exists. The headlines read: 'Village Razed To The Ground.' Even the gravestones have been uprooted and destroyed. Your town - eliminated from all the maps. Tell me, number 68446, where are you from?

MARTINA

(concentrating on sewing)

Lidice.

Hettner slaps her back hard with her stick.

HETTNER

Where?

Helen looks at Martina - begging her to cooperate. Martina doesn't answer. Hettner swats her back again.

MARTINA

(teeth grinding)

Nowhere.

HETTNER

That's not true.

(smiles)

You're from Ravensbruck.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAWN

Major Frank has a unit of ten men encircle a door. NAME PLATE: "MORAVECOVA." Smiling, Frank cleanly KICKS open the door.

INT. MORAVECOVA LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank points to the bedroom doors - his subordinates crash through them. While Frank calmly lights some kerosene lanterns, two SS soldiers appear holding a calm Madame Moravecova while two others drag Ata out and throw him on the living room floor. Frank steps up and BACKHANDS the Madame.

FRANK

Where... where are Heydrich's assassins hiding out?

M. MORAVECOVA
 Good Lord - is that what this
 madness is about?

Frank kicks Ata. His Mother struggles to intervene, but the
 Major grabs her by the hair.

FRANK
 Tell me... and we will leave in
 peace.

M. MORAVECOVA
 You are mistaken... I work for the
 Red Cross.

FRANK
 This is your last chance - where
 are the criminals?

M. MORAVECOVA
 I don't know what you are
 talking...?

FRANK
 You have been betrayed by the
 paratrooper Sergeant Charles Curda.
 Search this rat's nest.

Frank strolls into the bedroom.

M. MORAVECOVA
 Please... may I go to the bathroom?

The guard reluctantly nods.

INT. BATHROOM - SLIGHTLY LATER

The Madame is about to lift up her gown when she looks over
 her shoulder. The guard slowly turns his head away.
 Quickly, she opens a drawer, grabs a pill and swallows it.
 The sound of her collapsing surprises the guard. He rushes
 to her - too late - Frank runs in.

FRANK
 (to guard)
 You fool!

He stands over her. Her dead eyes meet his. Ata breaks free
 and rushes to his Mother.

ATA
 MOTHER!

Frank kicks him away.

FRANK
 Maybe... maybe the boy knows?

CUT TO:

INT. GESTAPO INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Young Ata's turn. Trembling, his nose and lips are bloodied while his little jaw twitches back and forth suffering from acute dry-mouth. Frank holds up an eight inch NEEDLE centimeters from his Ata's left eyeball. Two other GRUNTS smirkingly look on.

FRANK
 I believe you experience life when you experience pain. Boy, we don't have much time... where is the paratroopers' hideout?

ATA
 (shaking head)
 No... no idea.

FRANK
 But... they stayed in your house?

ATA
 Railroad workers.

FRANK
 You were friends with these two paratroopers - Joe and Jan?

Ata nods his head. Frank abruptly pulls Ata's arm straight along the table and drives the NEEDLE all the way through his hand. He leaves it sticking there... before yanking it out. Ata CRIES out.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Where are the paratroopers?

With a frozen scream plastered on his face, Ata again shakes his head. Frank casually grabs his other hand and jabs the needle all the way through it.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 Where are your friends?

ATA
 I don't know...!

FRANK
 You're lying....
 (musing)
 Get the alcohol!

Ata raises his head and looks at Frank?

INT. GESTAPO INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Using a white cloth napkin, Major Frank gently pats his mouth clean. A large plate full of chicken bones rests on a plate in front of him. A soldier yanks Ata's head back and forces a shot of vodka down his throat. Vomit covers the poor boy's shirt.

ATA
(slurring)
Bleasssse... no more!

FRANK
You're right - I couldn't possibly eat another bite. I think we're ready for the big show.

He signals and the two soldiers exit. Frank then stares at Ata, whose head bobs up and down.

FRANK (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Ata... would you like to see your Mother?

ATA
(squints up at him)
Sheezz... sheezz alive?

FRANK
Oh yes, she's... just cooling off.

The door swings open and two grunts enter carrying what appears to be a heavy FISH TANK - only it's covered by a flag bearing a swastika. When they set it down, water overflows over the sides.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Now Ata, one last time... where are 'your friends' hiding out?

ATA
Pleazzee - can I see my Mother?

FRANK
Why yes - she's in the room Ata - can't you see her?

Ata looks up and squints through his swollen, bloodied eyes.

ATA
No... where?

FRANK

Here.

Like a showman, Frank stands up and casts aside the flag.

QUICK SHOT: MADAME MORAVECOVA'S HEAD FLOATING IN THE FISH TANK.

EXT. GESTAPO BUILDING - SAME

A woman passerby stops momentarily when she hears a faint, HORRIFIC SCREAM coming from deep within the edifice. She stops temporarily - chilled by the agony of the voice - and quickly moves on.

BACK TO INTERROGATION ROOM

Frank lights up a cigarette.

FRANK

Unless you tell me where they are,
Ata, I will bring in all your
relatives to... cool off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH OF ST. CYRIL AND ST. METHODIUS - PRAGUE - NIGHT

TITLE OVER: *"June 18, 1942 - 4:15 AM."*

Trucks loaded with crack SS STORMTROOPERS [two battalions - 740 soldiers in all] pull up along Resslova St. Across the street, the familiar Russian Orthodox Church. Major Frank, a walkie-talkie hanging from his side, signals to his men to surround the church. Second in command is SERGEANT MAJOR PANNWITZ - early 30's, distinguished by his zeal.

FRANK

(to Pannwitz)

Place two units next the river -
they may have escape routes out
through the sewers.

(shouts)

I want them alive!

(to himself)

They shall suffer.

INT. CHURCH - SAME

STEADY CAM: WEAVES QUICKLY THROUGH THE FRONT OF THE CHURCH [FOYER], THROUGH THE MAIN PORTION OF THE CHURCH [NAVE], TO THE BACK UPPER SECTION WHERE THE CHOIR IS [GALLERY]. TO....

INT. CRYPT

Captain Paul Opalka stands on a chair peering out the vent.

PAUL

Wake up. We're being surrounded!
Joe, Jan, grab guns and grenades!
The rest of you stay here and be
quiet!

ANTONIN

Let me go!

PAUL

No! They can identify Joe and Jan
as the assassins, but they may not
even know the rest of us exist.
David, you're in charge.

The three run up the stairs and push aside the crypt door.
After exiting, Antonin adjusts the door back in place.

INT. NAVE - SLIGHTLY LATER

Paul points to the CHOIR GALLERY located upstairs at the back
of the church. On each side of the choir gallery, two giant
PILLARS rise to the ceiling - perfect to hide behind.

PAUL

(covering door with
carpet)

Joe, you shoot from the left choir
gallery, Jan - you from the right.
I'll fire from the middle - behind
the organ - wait till the church is
full of 'em.

(looks around church)

What a shame.

EXT. CHURCH

Frank pounds on the front door of the church. Behind him is
Pannwitz and two dozen other SS Stormtroopers - heavily
armed. Father Cickl, dressed in pajamas and groggy, slowly
opens the door. Frank immediately twists his arm behind his
back to the breaking point.

FRANK

Take me to the crypt.

Father Cickl shouts in RUSSIAN.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What is he saying?

Pannwitz shrugs. Frank pushes Father Cickl to the ground.

INT. FOYER

Frank enters with a group of SS soldiers - a wooden door separates them from the nave.

FRANK
(to soldiers)
Search every corner of this
brothel!

INT. NAVE

Just before the soldiers reaches the altar, GUNFIRE from Joe, Paul, and Jan reverberates throughout the chamber. Confusion among the SS as a half dozen men drop. Jan peers around his pillar and fires again - another hit. The SS men duck behind the pews and randomly fire throughout the nave, unsure where their attackers are. Windows and frescoes explode. Paul and Joe fire, striking down more Nazis.

FRANK
Idiots... REGROUP!

INT. FOYER

His men retreat back into the foyer. Pannwitz is the last to return, still firing up into the choir gallery.

FRANK
How many?

PANNWITZ
Two, maybe three!

FRANK
Taking them alive... difficult.
Maybe we can talk them into
surrendering - bring in CURDA!

EXT. CHURCH

Four Stormtroopers walk across the street in a tight formation. In the center of them, Charles Curda - well groomed in a new suit and sporting a derby.

INT. CRYPT

Antonin is standing on a chair looking out the vent. He jumps down in shocked disbelief.

GEORGE

What?

ANTONIN

They're bringing Charles - he must have ratted!

OSCAR

But... he didn't know where we were?

ANTONIN

He knew enough!

INT. FOYER

Charles enters and salutes Frank. He tows the line with enthusiasm.

CHARLES

Heil Hitler.

FRANK

Heil Hitler - you have the speech?

Charles nods.

CHARLES

(yelling through door)

Hello! It's me Corporal Curda - I was captured a couple of days ago - at the cabin. I've been treated well - they'll treat you well too!

Jan fires his rifle at the door.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Who's up there?

JOE

(shouting)

Traitor!

CHARLES

Joe! It's hopeless - you're surrounded by two battalions!

JAN

Ha! Better bring another!

CHARLES

Jan - think of your loved ones - they want to see you alive!

JOE
This is ridiculous - does anybody
have a shot at him?

JAN
No - but let's see if a grenade
will....

Jan removes one, pulls the pin and tosses it as far into the
nave as possible. Charles sees it coming and closes the door
behind him as the grenade EXPLODES. He looks at Frank.

CHARLES
Perhaps if you offer them money?

FRANK
(opening door)
Scum-bag - only you're of that ilk.

CHARLES
Joe Gabcik and Jan Kubis.

FRANK
If they choose to die - then we
shall oblige them.
(to Pannwitz)
Place a machine-gunner across the
street in the top floor of the
school. We'll shoot from behind
and attack from the front.

INT. ORGAN/CHOIR GALLERY

Paul, Joe, and Jan reload.

JOE
(to Jan)
It's gotta help....

JAN
What?

JOE
Dying in a church.

JAN
Why?

JOE
All that much closer to heaven.

JAN

Good point - too bad you spent the whole time gambling and swearing here.

Paul notices the organ bench has some hinges. He lifts it. Some music papers and... a flask! He smiles, unscrews it, and takes a swig.

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE

A German soldier smashes a window on the third floor of the schoolhouse, sets up his machine gun, and points it towards the church's stained glass windows - behind which is Joe. A radio-man enters and sets up his equipment on a desk next to him. They nod at one another.

INT. FOYER

Frank, surrounded by men, speaks into a radio transmitter.

FRANK

Fire! Attack!

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE

The radio-man signals to the machine-gunner. He squeezes the trigger.

INT. CHOIR GALLERY/NAVE

A hail of BULLETS explodes the stained glass windows. Joe presses up against the wall under a hail of glass.

Pannwitz, followed by waves of other soldiers, rushes the nave. They fire everywhere - the organ is obliterated.

Jan tries to stretch his gun around his pillar, but bullets strike his weapon. Pannwitz stands in the middle blasting each of the giant pillars.

Paul crawls behind a thick bench and fires. Two Germans fall.

INT. CRYPT

George stands on a chair trying to remain concealed while peering out of the vent. David, Antonin, and Oscar surround him.

DAVID

If we fire - we'll give away our position, but fuck it!

GEORGE

I can see the machine-gunner and the radio-man! I can get 'em!

ANTONIN

I'm a better shot!

GEORGE

Bullshit!

DAVID

George has the honors.

OSCAR

If you see Charles - get that little shit too!

George gently squeezes the trigger of his pistol twice.

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE

The machine-gunner is struck in the forehead and the radio-man is hit in the chest.

INT. NAVE/CHOIR GALLERY

Joe gulps air, unfortunately it's smoke and dust.

Below, Pannwitz and five soldiers, crisscross their way towards the LEFT choir gallery door. Another group of six SS Stormtroopers, lead by SERGEANT KROPP, scurries towards the RIGHT door.

At the sound of FOOTSTEPS echoing in the nave - Joe nods to Jan and they extend around their pillars and fire below.

INT. NAVE

Pannwitz and Kropp have made it to the left and right doors underneath their respective choir galleries. In the reflection of some broken glass on the floor below, Paul is able to make out Kropp's shadow!

PAUL

(yelling)

They're coming up the stairs!

Pannwitz and Kropp simultaneously kick open the left and right doors charging up the stairs. Other soldiers storm the nave.

PAUL pulls the pin and pushes a grenade underneath the bench towards the oncoming Stormtroopers.

JOE - pulls the pin to a grenade and tosses it down the left stairwell. Jan does the same on the right side.

FRANK
(screaming into radio)
Where's my gunner?

INT. RIGHT STAIRWELL

Kropp nearly reaches the top of the winding narrow passage when he sees Jan's grenade slowly rolling towards him. He reverses direction running into his own men, but it's too late - BOOM!

At the bottom of the stairs, two men limp out, covered by the remains of others. Even Frank is shocked at the carnage.

INT. LEFT STAIRWELL

Joe's grenade bounces quickly down the stairs. Pannwitz, ahead of his men, JUMPS over it and is able to round a bend in the stairs when it explodes. The soldiers trailing behind are not so fortunate. Pannwitz silently advances.

INT. CHOIR GALLERY

Gasping for air, Jan, who has been hit in the stomach, looks around the pillar and smiles at Joe.

JAN
Remember... the spas at Claverton?

JOE
Yeah....

JAN
I'm getting that warm feeling
again.

JOE
We... accomplished our mission.

Pannwitz hears him and lunges up the remaining stairs. He sees Joe lying on his ground with his BACK to him. Smiling, he lifts his weapon and is about to fire when ... he's SHOT from behind!

He twists around, JAN, who shoots him again! The force of the bullet sends him crashing through the balcony. THUD! Frank stares coldly at the twisted heap resembling Pannwitz.

Joe and Jan are left staring at each other - though both are in great pain - they manage a raspy LAUGH.

INT. FOYER

Frank ponders his predicament. A SOLDIER runs in.

SOLDIER
They're dead in the schoolhouse!

FRANK
Dead? How?

SOLDIER
Shot in the head and chest.

FRANK
Hmmm... there must be others....
Ata - through all that pain - you
still managed to lie. You must be
laughing... in your grave.

INT. CRYPT

Antonin is peering out the tiny vent. George and David anxiously await his assessment. Oscar is playing the harmonica.

ANTONIN
Shit... they're bringing mortar
launchers into the church - they
must still be alive!

INT. CHOIR GALLERY

Joe and Jan lean up against the wall - contemplating.

JOE
Paul... Paul?

No answer.

JOE (CONT'D)
(sputtering)
I don't see any white flags waving.

Jan laughs - then coughs grotesquely.

JOE (CONT'D)
 (peering out window)
 I think we... we better move.
 Bottom of the stairs....

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - RESSLOVA STREET - DAWN

It's silent. Hundreds of SS Stormtroopers are stationed behind makeshift barricades facing the church and manning mortar launchers and rifles.

INT. FOYER

Frank stands in the doorway peering towards the choir gallery. Behind him, an SS platoon harness grenade launchers. Frank looks at his watch.

FRANK
 ATTACK!

The soldiers nearly trample one another rushing the nave.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 FIRE!

EXT. CHURCH

A barrage of mortar and grenade launchers ECHO throughout the city of Prague.

INT. NAVE

The firing continues - for what seems like an eternity. The CHURCH BELL comes crashing down! When they are done, not much is left.

FRANK
 Cease fire! Sergeant - retrieve
 the bodies... and bring me that God
 damn priest!

CUT TO:

INT. BOTTOM CHOIR GALLERY STAIRWELL

Dense smoke. Near the bottom of the left stairwell, Joe is pinned down by the bell. He groans, grits his teeth, and struggles to free himself.

JOE

Jan!

He listens. Nothing. His legs crushed, he crawls head first to the pulpit.

JAN

Here....

Joe crawls to Jan. Throughout all the devastation, a candle in fine Bohemian Crystal cup, remains lit.

JAN (CONT'D)

This place has... some loud church bells.

JOE

Careful... they can kill ya.

JAN

(gasping)

Where we're going - we won't be seeing Heydrich.

JOE

Good thing....

JAN

Why?

JOE

He's pissed at us.

They laugh. Silence. Joe convulses.

JAN

I hope one thing - our country, becomes a country - once again.

JOE

It will. Thanks to you and me, friend. You ready?

JAN

Yeah....

JOE

Yeah... see ya soon.

JAN

See ya Paul.

One last smile at each other. They lift their pistols....

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

Frank lights up a cigarette and draws deeply. Next to him, Father Cıkl and a nun. The Major smiles as he watches his smoke rise until it mixes with the huge plumes of smoke flooding from the church.

A pair of GUNSHOTS RING from within the church.

FRANK

They brought their toughest. Now
Father. I'll count to three....

Frank holds his Lugar up to an elderly church worker's head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to father Cıkl)

How many others are in the crypt?

The Father looks at the nun.

FATHER CIKL

Forgive me Lord. Four.

CUT TO:

INT. CRYPT - MORNING - SEQUENCE OF SCENES

1) THE CRYPT IS HALF FULL OF WATER. GEORGE WINKS AT A SKULL AS IT FLOATS BY. DAVID SHAKES HIS HEAD.

2) INSIDE THE CHURCH, THE RUG IS PULLED BACK EXPOSING THE CRYPT DOOR. FRANK, SURROUNDED BY A DOZEN SOLDIERS, NODS TO THREE OF THEM WHO ARE READY TO PULL THE DOOR ASIDE. THE OTHERS REMOVE GRENADES AND GET READY TO DROP THEM IN.

3) AT THE SOUND OF DOOR BEING MOVED, DAVID QUICKLY MOTIONS FOR THE MEN TO FORM A CIRCLE IN THE BACK OF THE TUNNEL. THE FOUR PARATROOPERS HUDDLE TOGETHER IN A SMALL CIRCLE AND LOOK AT EACH OTHER - RELIEF. ARMS AROUND ONE ANOTHER, THEY AND PRAY.

4) AS THE GERMANS HEAVE ASIDE THE DOOR - FOUR SHOTS REVERBERATE IN THE CRYPT AND ECHO, AND ECHO....

FADE OUT/FADE
IN:

INT. SEWING FACTORY - RAVENSBRUCK CONCENTRATION CAMP - DAY

TITLE OVER: *"Seven Months Later."*

Women labor over their old SEWING MACHINES. Strolling between them, the sadistic Hettner. It's January - and many of the factory windows are broken.

Martina sits behind a sewing machine, her large pregnant belly pressing up against the table. Compared to the other prisoners, she's remarkably healthy. Seated next to her is Helen. A female guard enters and hands Hettner a SEALED DOCUMENT. She reads it and smiles.

HETTNER

(approaches Martina)

Number 68446. You are to leave immediately. They've found a suitable home for the baby in Prague. A relative of yours has agreed to take the baby.

Martina begins to quiver.

MARTINA

What...?

HETTNER

Come now... why do you think you were given extra ration coupons - your relatives - they paid a lot. Nobody wants a sick baby.

MARTINA

Who... I have no relatives!

HETTNER

Take her.

Forcefully, she and the guard grab Martina and drag her off.

MARTINA

Wait no! I want to have my baby here. Helen.

HELEN

Martina - you can't take her!

Helen jumps out of her seat, but another guard strikes her in the head with a metal stick. Helen falls to the ground - unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - PRAGUE - NIGHT

Martina is in labor, a difficult one. Assisting her is a MIDWIFE, very young - a countryman. Outside the open door, an old German GUARD. Martina SHRIEKS.

MIDWIFE

Push... push... push for Lidice!

Martina looks at her and rapidly blows in and out. A tremendous push! A new life enters the world. The midwife carefully wraps up the tiny infant. The Guard steps forward.

MIDWIFE (CONT'D)

(whispers in Martina's ear)

I will try... try to keep track of... your boy.

The midwife looks at Martina reassuringly. Exhausted, she reaches out and tries to grab her baby.

GUARD

Be off!

The midwife exits.

MARTINA

(crying)

Come back! My baby... please?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

As the midwife walks down the empty hall, she pulls back the cloth wrapped around the baby. She looks for something - slight smile.

CLOSE-UP - The baby has a large OVAL BIRTH MARK right in the center of his back.

Echoing in the hallway.

MARTINA (O.S.)

TOMASSSSS...!

GUARD (O.S.)

Tomorrow - back to Ravensbruck.

CUT TO:

INT. ISAIAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TOMAS abruptly sits up in bed. He can't breathe - convulsions before....

TOMAS

MARTINA!

As he gathers his breath, he fondles the OPAL he's removed from his pocket - the same shape as his son's birthmark.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NAZI OFFICER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A German Officer, COLONEL SCHMITT, relaxes on a comfortable sofa reading a German newspaper. On the floor, his WIFE, mid-30's, is changing the diaper of a newborn. She turns the baby on his stomach - the birthmark!

CUT TO:

EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - PRAGUE - DAY

SS soldiers, dressed in pressed black uniforms, hurry in and out of the converted Synagogue. A convertible Mercedes pulls up to the front. CHARLES CURDA - smiling. He too is wearing a pressed black GESTAPO uniform. He's all business, like a good Nazi. Other agents salute him as he hastens up the steps.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVENSBRUCK COMPOUND - MORNING

TITLE OVER: *"November 24, 1944. Two years later."*

Helen and Martina, looking gaunt and dulled, load bodies onto a wooden cart.

ALLIED BOMBERS become momentarily visible through a break in the clouds.

MARTINA

(to Helen)

Another day - another chance to see my son. Your grandson!

Helen nods, and manages a slight smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - DAY

On beautiful clear day, Loudzin is bent over in an implausible attempt fix a broken chain on his BMW motorcycle.

With the exception of the crack of his fat ass on full display, he's alone.

Peering from behind some trees on a hill above is Tomas, buffed out from two years of wood-chopping. He removes a small, discus shaped rock from his bag and descends upon Loudzin.

LOUDZIN
Goddamn chain!

Loudzin pulls out a flask and takes a deep swig. A shadow appears behind him. He looks up, but with the bright sun in his face, he is only able to see Tomas' silhouette.

LOUDZIN (CONT'D)
Help me, you jack-ass.

TOMAS
Doubtful.

LOUDZIN
Can't get this damn chain back on.

TOMAS
(pointing)
That's because you're a dumb bag of shit.

LOUDZIN
What?

He attempts to stand-up, but Tomas kicks him in the kidneys sending him tumbling over. Through the dust surrounding him, he squints up at Tomas.

LOUDZIN (CONT'D)
Where have I... seen you before?

TOMAS
(clutching the rock like a discus)
I'm from a small village outside of Prague, called Lidice.

LOUDZIN
Lidice? Doesn't exist anymore.
(begins to laugh)
Razed the houses, razed the church,
even razed the graveyard - took
nine months - just wheat field now.

Loudzin lunges, but Tomas kicks him hard in the face. With a surreal look of hatred, Tomas spins around once and releases the rock - right at Loudzin's head! Blood splatters over the motorcycle.

TOMAS
You've been razed.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS - RAVENSBRUCK CONCENTRATION CAMP - MORNING

TITLE OVER: *"April 16, 1945."*

Helen, her eyes appearing more dead than alive, runs to Martina's bedside. She shakes her shoulders disturbing a few flies camping in her hair.

HELEN
Martina! Martina! Wake-up -
they're GONE!

MARTINA
(lips cracked)
Gone - who's gone?

HELEN
Hettner, the other guards, the
dogs, all gone! GONE!
(beat)
The war's over! Lord... Lord thank
you.

She begins to cry on Martina's stomach.

MARTINA
We survived...? A miracle... a
miracle!
(jumping up)
Come on! Let's go find my baby!

EXT. RAVENSBRUCK CONCENTRATION CAMP - MORNING

As Martina and Helen walk out, they see a group of women huddled around something. One of them kneels to the ground and pokes a SEWING NEEDLE into something. Upon inspection, they realize it's Fraulein Hettner's body! Her corpse is covered with needles from head to toe - even her eyes.

WOMAN
(to Martina and Helen)
Your turn....

HELEN
We've... we've forgiven her soul.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER HORAK JR.'S QUARTERS - MALLAIGH SCOTLAND - DAY

Peter Jr. is lying on his bed staring up at the ceiling. His door is open. CELEBRATORY SHOUTS echo in the hall. A young OFFICER sprinting by stops at Peter's door.

OFFICER

V-DAY, V-DAY! We did it - yahoo!
Come on Peter - beer and girls at
The King George!

He runs off. Peter Jr. smiles ever so slightly. Colonel Leslie appears at his door holding a SUITCASE and a clipboard. For a moment they look warmly at one another.

COLONEL LESLIE

(looks at suitcase)

The belongings... to those of
Operation Anthropoid. If there's
anybody left, any of their family,
please return these items to them.

Peter Jr. looks at him.

COLONEL LESLIE (CONT'D)

Some good news - your government
just made an announcement - there
are survivors, some women, from
Lidice! Oh... and your younger
brother and mother are alive!

He jumps up and grabs the Colonel's shoulder.

PETER JR.

What?

COLONEL LESLIE

You heard me! It's only a start -
but soon you'll be out of that dark
and lonely place. Now get ready -
you're going home!

Peter Jr. sits overwhelmed with emotions. Leslie hands him some papers.

COLONEL LESLIE (CONT'D)

Your departure papers - it has been
my distinct honor and pleasure
serving with you. I realize
Operation Anthropoid's success has
come at a great cost - to your
family and your country. The free
world thanks you.

Peter nods and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. KLADNO CITY BUS STATION - DAY

A fresh coat of white paint breathes life into the one story bus station. Milling around is a small WELCOMING COMMITTEE consisting of some local dignitaries and family members of the returning Lidice women. About fifty people in all, dressed in their Sunday best. Bright FLOWERS, with cards from countries like Norway and China, line the streets and cover the station. A band, photographers, some NURSES, and a conspicuous absence of children.

Tomas has his arms around his brother, Peter Jr., both ecstatic. Isaiah stands behind them.

A diesel bus comes into view. The crowd cheers and pushes forward as it comes to a noisy stop. The band starts up. Slowly, the door opens....

When the first feeble woman appears at the door, with her frail frame, the crowd hushes. Nurses assist her down the steps into the arms of some WAILING relatives.

Other women slowly disembark until Helen steps off, aided by Martina. Tomas pushes past some people and nearly knocks the two over when he embraces them. A long, weeping embrace.

TOMAS

Mother, Martina. Finally -
finally! Dear Lord - thank you.

HELEN

Tomas!

Martina explores Tomas' face with her hands. Helen sees her eldest son, Peter Jr. and they have a long, tearful reunion.

MARTINA

Tomas - you look so good and... and
I and I....

She begins to WEEP uncontrollably.

TOMAS

You look like an angel, Martina, an
angel. I have... I have something
for you.

He removes the opal necklace and puts it around her frail neck.

TOMAS (CONT'D)
 Here. It saved me from doing
 foolish things.

She smiles and hugs him again.

MARTINA
 (whispering in his ear)
 Tomas... there's something that...
 happened while I was... while I was
 away - I had our baby.

TOMAS
 (eyes swelling)
 I know - I can't explain how... but
 I knew. Do you no where, where he
 or she is?

MARTINA
 (agonizing)
 It's a boy, my love. A boy. Our
 only hope is to find the midwife.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Helen and Martina are lying on couches nursing themselves
 back to health in a nicely furnished apartment. Peter Jr.
 and Tomas enter, excited.

MARTINA
 Did you find the midwife?

TOMAS
 (can't articulate)
 Yes! The clinic, she remembers!

PETER JR.
 She's still there - at the clinic.
 She kept a log, a log of
 distinguishing marks. Especially
 birthmarks.

TOMAS
 She remembers you, and she
 remembers the baby had one right in
 the center. Center of his back!

PETER JR.
 Hopefully... whoever has your
 baby... is from eastern Germany.

HELEN
 Why?

PETER JR.
They don't want to return - the
Russians are there.

MARTINA
He... he would be three by now.

HELEN
Do we have any leads besides the
midwife?

PETER JR.
No, but captured Germans may
provide leads.

He grabs his coat and runs out.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION

A guard leads Peter Jr. to a prison cell. He unlocks a cell
holding six Germans - conditions are meager.

PETER JR.
Prisoners, I'm Peter Horak Jr. -
from Lidice.

The prisoners look at one another - uncomfortable.

PETER JR. (CONT'D)
I need to ask you all one question:
Did any German officers, did they
suddenly appear with a baby boy?

The prisoners look at one another - is that all he wants?

PRISONER #1
Sure - we'll tell you everything we
know.

PETER JR.
Good.

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

The classrooms have been converted into temporary housing for
the WIVES and CHILDREN of imprisoned Nazis officials. A
guard escorts Helen Horak and Isaiah to a woman holding a
THREE YEAR old baby boy.

Helen exchanges a few words with the nervous mother before
lifting up the baby's shirt exposing his back. Nothing.

INT. PRISON CELL -

PETER JR. holds a box of cigarettes to a different group of prisoners and throws it to one. He begins to write down some names.

EXT. BUS STATION - DAY

Tomas and Martina survey the passengers boarding a bus with a "MUNICH" sign in the front. The youngest to board is around eight. They frown at one another.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter Jr. is asleep on the couch - unshaven. A frustrated Martina and Tomas stare into nothingness.

EXT. A CASTLE - MORNING

A century of neglect has left this once proud medieval castle in a crumpled state. PETER JR. skids to a stop in front and rests his motorcycle on its kickstand. A burly FRIEND of Peter's, who suffers from Tourette's syndrome ambles down the stairs smiling all the way.

FRIEND

Hey Junior! Welcome to Alexandria Castle - or Alexandria Prison. Come on - let's go meet some hyena shit.

INT. CASTLE DUNGEON

Peter Jr. and his friend open a thick dungeon door. At the bottom of the steps, forty feet below, a large muddy pit with three husky PRISONERS sitting on the bare ground. Their faces have cuts and abrasions. Rats scurry about.

FRIEND

These three operated Heydrich's gallows - no telling how many they hanged.

As Peter Jr. walks down the steps, he tosses each of the prisoners a pack of cigarettes.

PETER JR.

Hello... friends.

PRISONER

If you're a friend - get us out of here.

PETER JR.

Perhaps. In 1943, did you notice an officer, an officer who suddenly had a baby boy join his family?

Silence.

PRISONER

Yeah, I know somebody who fits the bill.

PETER JR.

I need his name, please.

PRISONER

I need a ticket back to Germany.

PETER JR.

I can't do that - but I'll see you get a fair trial.

PRISONER

I've seen your trials - all guilty.

PETER JR. lunges at the Prisoner and slams his head against the stone wall. He twists his arm back until SNAP! The prisoner CRIES out.

PETER JR.

You pathetic creature - killing you is out of the question - I'll just cripple you for life!

He releases the prisoner - his arm hangs behind him twisted and perpendicular.

PRISONER

(gasping)

Good - I can finally go to a hospital.

Peter Jr. pulls out his gun, grabs the back of his hair, and puts the gun to his forehead.

PETER JR.

His name.

Silence. Peter is shoved aside by his friend, who grabs a dead rat and begins shoving down the prisoner's mouth.

FRIEND

Hungry, mother fucker?

The prisoner reconsiders.

PRISONER

Schmitt's his name - he was a superior.

PETER JR.

Where's does he live?

PRISONER

I heard for his testimony - he's been cleared to return to Dresden.

FRIEND

There's only one train leaving to Germany a week - and it leaves tonight!

CUT TO:

INT. PRAGUE TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

It's crowded and chaotic. There are long queues consisting of vanquished Germans anxious to return home. Peter Jr. runs through the maze and stops in front of a large board listing the arrivals and departures. DRESDEN! Departure time - 8:00 PM. Station #12. He looks at the clock above the board - 7:53. He sprints away - shoving passengers aside.

INT. STATION #12 - SLIGHTLY LATER

Peter Jr. slides to stop at a table where three Czech OFFICIALS scrutinize the departing Germans' papers. Peter Jr. stares in shock - an OFFICIAL is stamping the papers of a man and his wife - she's holding a three year old baby. Colonel Schmitt and his wife.

PETER JR.

What?

Startled, the bespectacled Official looks up at him.

OFFICIAL

His name... Schmitt, why?

PETER JR.

Let me see the baby!

He tugs the baby away from Schmitt's wife.

SCHMITT

What's the meaning of this? Our papers are in order!

Tomas and Martina arrive, also out of breath.

PETER JR.
Tomas - Martina!

MARTINA
Dear Lord....

Peter Jr. lifts up the back of the baby's sweater. Nothing! He can't believe it. A closer look. He spits on his fingers and rubs the baby's back. Slowly, some MAKE-UP disappears - a BIRTHMARK!

PETER JR.
Arrest these two! This isn't their child!

OFFICIAL
Whose is it?

MARTINA/TOMAS
It's our boy!

OFFICIAL
Where's he from?

PETER JR.
He's from a small village outside of Prague, called Lidice.

FADE OUT/FADE
IN:

MONTAGE OF STILL BLACK & WHITE PHOTOS

A) THE EIGHT PARATROOPERS, THEIR ARMS SLUNG AROUND ONE ANOTHER, BEFORE BOARDING THE HALIFAX ON THE NIGHT THEY LEFT ENGLAND.

TOMAS (V.O.)
The paratroopers never made the cover of Life Magazine. After Charles Curda identified the dead paratroopers, the Nazis arrested and executed their immediate family members and all those related to them.

B) THE TOWN OF STERN PARK GARDENS IN ILLINOIS IN 1942.

TOMAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
On July 12, 1942, the town of Stern Park Illinois changed its name to Lidice to keep the memory of the village alive. Fifteen other towns around the world followed suit.

C) FRANK HANGING - MANY ONLOOKERS

TOMAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Karel Hermann Frank was convicted
of war crimes and was hanged in
Prague in 1946.

D) CHARLES CURDA - HANGING.

TOMAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Charles Curda was convicted of
collaborating with the Nazis and
was hanged in 1947.

E) A PLAQUE OUTSIDE OF THE CHURCH OF ST. CYRIL AND ST. METHODIUS.

TOMAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Outside the church, a memorial
plaque forever remembering the
seven men who gave their lives for
their country.

F) PHOTO OF HEYDRICH

TOMAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Reinhard Heydrich created the
infrastructure that made the
Holocaust possible. Had Heydrich
not been assassinated, it's agreed
that perhaps millions more would
have met their deaths due to his
genius in organizing mass murder.
France was Heydrich's next
appointment and his defence of
France against the allied invasion
may also have changed the war
outcome. The Man with the Iron
Heart never had his chance - to
succeed Hitler.

E) PHOTO OF THE MEMORIAL AT LIDICE.

TOMAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
With the help of international aid
donated by over forty countries,
the village of Lidice was rebuilt
next to where it once originally
stood. The old site is preserved
as a memorial to the one-hundred
seventy-three men, the sixty women,
and eighty-eight children who
perished in the massacre.

THE END.