

Hanna

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**EXT. FOREST FLOOR. DAY.**

Winter. Silence on the forest floor. Soft snow falls. Then the sound of breathing. The soft footfall of a person running.

HANNA, fourteen years old, long hair, glides through the trees, a bow strapped to her shoulder. She is dressed in animal skins and fur shoes. She blends almost completely into the landscape of trees and snow.

She stops dead. Her breath visible in the icy air.

Her eyes are suddenly alert. She has spotted something. We see what it is. A REINDEER nuzzling the snow, trying to unearth a patch of grass to eat. Its head pops up - danger. Too late. The sudden swoosh and the snap of an arrow piercing its skin.

The deer flops to the ground with a thud. It whines, its feet dig at the earth. Its mouth gnaws the icy air. Steam pouring from its nostrils.

HANNA approaches, removes a fur glove. She pats the animal. Looks at it quizzically. She speaks in English but in a very soft Germanic accent.

HANNA

I just missed your heart.

Then pulls out an old pistol and shoots it in the head.

**EXT. FOREST FLOOR. LATER.**

A knife enters the deer near the anus and HANNA's hand pulls out the internal organs - stomach, intestine. She cuts off the scrotum, penis. She works calmly, without expression.

HANNA suddenly twitches. Senses danger. Turns. To find ERIK, a forty five year old man staring at her. Dressed in skins, beard, wild face, weather-beaten, tough. He speaks in a soft Germanic accent.

ERIK

Too late.

HANNA spins spraying deer-blood on to the snow and brings her fist right to ERIK's face. He blocks and thumps an open palm on to HANNA's shoulder sending her sprawling into the snow.

She leaps to her feet, as ERIK aims a kick at her head. She dodges, punches below his knee cap, and goes for her pistol. ERIK slaps the hand away and pins her to the ground.

HANNA smashes her knee into his stomach, then grabs his neck, wrapping her arms around it, preparing to snap. Then she relaxes as ERIK turns to her.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
Better. But I've already killed  
you. You don't get a second  
chance.

She releases, and ERIK stands, looks at the deer.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
Clear up and bring it back.

He walks into the forest.

3 EXT. FOREST. NORTH SWEDEN. LATER.

3

HANNA clears the kill site. Wipes the last dots of blood on to a stick. No sign she was ever there.

4 EXT. FOREST. NORTH SWEDEN. LATER.

4

HANNA drags the 200lb deer on a makeshift sled. She walks steadily, with purpose.

Now we see ERIK amongst the trees watching her, observing her strength.

5 EXT. LOG CABIN. NORTH SWEDISH FOREST. EVENING

5

An ancient log cabin in the thick forest. HANNA is standing in the snow, stripping the deer with a knife. It's a tough job but she does it no fuss. She hangs the meat in a small wooden smoke house beside the log cabin.

6 INT. LOG CABIN. EVENING.

6

An oak table. Lit by kerosene lamps. Very cold and HANNA and ERIK sit in furs and eat soup. HANNA feels her arm as she eats. ERIK notices.

ERIK  
Are you hurt?

HANNA shakes her head - bravely but it's a lie.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
I was standing behind you for  
three seconds. It's too long.

HANNA  
I'll do better next time.

ERIK  
German.

HANNA (IN GERMAN)  
I'll do better next time.

ERIK  
Spanish

HANNA (IN SPANISH)  
I'll do better next time.

ERIK nods. HANNA smiles slightly - pleased but hiding it. He starts the next game. It's playful but with intent.

ERIK  
Four American football teams.

HANNA  
Minnesota Vikings, Los Angeles  
Raiders, New York Giants,  
Pittsburg Steelers.

ERIK  
Top three best bands ever?

HANNA  
David Bowie, Beatles, Ramones.

ERIK smiles. HANNA smiles back in the warm glow of the lamp. An intimate moment.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
What is it?

HANNA expectant slightly. Eyes wide.

ERIK  
Nothing. Eat your soup.

HANNA  
I've eaten. May I go to sleep?

ERIK nods. She leaves the dining area and enters her room. He watches her as she slides into a rough wooden bed and covers herself in furs.

HANNA lies there, looking at the ceiling. Silently, under her bed-clothes she takes out a small metal nail and carves a dash into the wooden wall. There are thousands of such lines all over the wall. She stares at the wall.

In the dining area, ERIK sits at the table, thinks. He stares at HANNA sleeping in the room.

7 **EXT. LOG CABIN. DAWN.**

7

HANNA watches ERIK as he walks off into the forest. He raises a hand as he goes without looking back.

8 **EXT. NORTH SWEDISH FOREST. DAY.**

8

HANNA stands under the canopy. Listening for an animal's movements, bow in hand.

Then she hears a different sound. An aeroplane overhead. She tries to see it through the trees. But cannot and it fades away. She returns to focus on the animal she is hunting and starts to sprint. She is sprinting faster and faster through the trees. She is bursting a gut and her face has a determination that is close to desperation.

She suddenly stops. Red marks on a tree. Then on others. Red marks, painted on with blood, form a perimeter fence. The animal has gone beyond it. Looks at her. HANNA looks at it, resigned, then turns back the way she came.

9 **EXT. LOG CABIN. DUSK.**

9

HANNA stands cooking soup and watches as ERIK HELLER returns through the forest with a dead animal. He comes and sits by the cabin.

HANNA  
Where do you go each time?

ERIK  
Just hunting.

He sits to eat his soup. HANNA stares at him. Does she believe him?

10 **INT. CABIN. LIVING ROOM/**

10

Dark outside and only dim light in the cabin as HANNA washes the dishes in a bucket of water. She watches her father as he sits outside the cabin.

11 **INT. HANNA'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

11

ERIK is telling HANNA a story from a small old book as he sits at her bedside. ERIK's soft Germanic accent lends the story a strange mystery.

ERIK

The poor child was now all alone in the vast forest. She was so frightened that she just stared at all the leaves on the trees and had no idea where to turn. She started running. Wild beasts hovered round her but did her no harm. She raced over sharp stones and through thorn bushes until at last night fell and she discovered a little cottage and went inside to rest.

ERIK stops. He kisses her head, gets up and leaves her room.

HANNA slides deeper under the bedclothes and scratches another line in the wall.

12 **INT. CABIN DINING AREA. NIGHT.**

12

ERIK watches to check HANNA is asleep then turns and walks into the Log Smoking Room. He closes the door.

13 **EXT. CABIN - SHOOTING RANGE -- DAY**

13

A GUNSHOT breaks a tree apart.

Hanna fires. Another tree breaks apart. She rolls and fires.

She rolls and fires. She reloads. And fires.

ERIK watching.

14 **EXT. CABIN - NORTH SWEDEN -- DAY**

14

A medium size log nailed along two pillars of the cabin acts as a chin-up bar.

Erik and Hanna do chin-ups. Both are fit. Neither will give up. ERIK observing HANNA's power. Both have the sense that he is judging her. HANNA's face fiercely determined.

15 **EXT. FOREST. NORTH SWEDEN.**

15

ERIK and HANNA sit with their backs to a tree in the huge forest as they breathlessly recover from the exhaustion of the exercise. HANNA speaks fast, reciting.

HANNA

I live in Leipzig. German city.  
 Population 0.7 Million people. We  
 live at Number 7 Weissingerplatz.  
 I go to school at the Klaus Kohle  
 Gymnasium and my best friends are  
 Rudi Gunter and Clara Schliess. I  
 like literature and sport, in  
 particular tennis and athletics.  
 I have a dog called Trudi. She  
 always shits on the carpet.

ERIK looks askance at her. HANNA giggles. She added that  
 for fun. Just that tiny hint of rebellion surfacing in her  
 mischievous smile.

16

**EXT. FOREST. NORTH SWEDEN.**

16

ERIK plunges HANNA's head into a bucket of water. He keeps  
 his hand on her head. The seconds pass. Longer and longer.  
 He looks at his watch. Still he does not release.

17

**EXT. FOREST. NORTH SWEDEN.**

17

HANNA, wet hair, is looking at ERIK watching her in the  
 middle of the forest. Suddenly she throws her voice.

HANNA

I'm over here.

Then back to herself but with a different voice, older,  
 deeper.

HANNA (CONT'D)

No I'm here.

Throws her voice again, her normal voice.

HANNA (CONT'D)

No over here.

ERIK nods. Then HANNA, slightly bored, suddenly shouts.

HANNA (CONT'D)

I'm here. I'm here! I'm here!

Top of the lungs. Her voice echoing in the tall trees of  
 the endless forest. But her eyes dark with the odd  
 disquieting knowledge that however loud she shouts,  
 absolutely no one can hear her.

18

**EXT. NORTH SWEDISH FOREST.**

18

HANNA is running, racing ERIK. Fierce determination, almost anger in her eyes. They reach the river and dive in.

19

**EXT. NORTH SWEDISH FOREST - RIVER. DAY.**

19

HANNA and ERIK are swimming hard against the current of the fast-flowing river, working at full pelt just to stay still. They swim and swim, their muscles busting, their lungs bursting.

ERIK

Don't give up! Don't give up!

HANNA's arms burst as she fights against the stream and she screams in pain. She is grabbed under by the undertow and is pulled downwards. For a second she is underwater and in darkness but ERIK's hand pulls her back up and she breaks the surface with a gasp of relief.

20

**EXT. NORTH SWEDISH FOREST. RIVER BANK.**

20 \*

On the bank, HANNA climbs out. ERIK approaches her but, moodily, even angrily, she pushes him away.

HANNA

I didn't need your help.

Her face sullen, she walks away into the forest. He stares after her.

HANNA walks and walks, full of anger, until she reaches the trees marked with red paint. Looks at them. Thinks about running through them, bursting through the forbidden zone. She approaches one of the trees. Puts her head against the paint.

21

**INT. CABIN. HANNA'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

21

ERIK telling more of the story from the small book to HANNA under the covers. But HANNA is only half listening. Other thoughts preoccupy her.

ERIK

The queen was so terrified that she just stood there and couldn't move an inch. Iron slippers had already been heated up for her over a fire of coals. They were brought in with tongs and set up right in front of her. She had to...

ERIK pauses. Stares at HANNA.

HANNA  
What is it?

ERIK  
These stories are too young for  
you now.

And he just closes the book and leaves the room. HANNA stares after him confused.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
Good night.

Outside in the main room, ERIK stands alone, thinking.

22

**INT. CABIN. HANNA'S ROOM. NIGHT.**

22

HANNA is asleep. Another line is carved on the wall.

ERIK enters the room. HANNA sleeping. ERIK approaches the bed, and solemnly takes out a pistol and aims it at HANNA. He is tense with expectation.

Suddenly HANNA bursts from her covers, smashes the pistol from ERIK's hand and smashes him down on to the bed. She grabs the pistol and points it at his face. She is alert, eyes intense, face proud. She speaks quietly.

HANNA  
I told you I'd do better.

ERIK nods, relaxes. It's a false beat. Then he suddenly lunges again at her, really violently, seeming really to be trying to hurt her. But HANNA is ready. She has reached under her mattress and there is a knife - in an instant it is at ERIK's neck. She pricks his neck slightly. It bleeds just slightly. Stillness and silence. HANNA breathless, angry.

ERIK  
You didn't tell me you had a  
knife.

HANNA  
You told me to think for myself.  
Isn't that what you want?

She angry for the first time. ERIK does not answer. Just stares at her.

23

**INT. CABIN DINING AREA. DAWN.**

23

HANNA is drinking hot milk as morning light filters through the door. ERIK enters, HANNA does not look up.

HANNA

We need more wood. I'll sharpen  
the axe.

HANNA looks up. ERIK is in a suit. It's dated and with a strong Eastern European feel, grey, simple, severe. A touch of the old communism, of the Party. ERIK has shaved. He is unrecognisable. HANNA stares at him, her eyes slightly glistening. This is a huge moment between them.

HANNA (CONT'D)

I thought it was many years away.

ERIK

That was to stop you hoping.

HANNA stands slowly and follows ERIK to the Log Smoking Room. She is still in shock. ERIK clears some logs. Behind them is a large cupboard door, locked. He unlocks it with a key.

ERIK opens it and HANNA looks inside. ERIK climbs behind a mass of newspapers. HANNA stares in shock at the newspapers. They reach back for years. One a month. 1st December, 1st November, 1st October. All are Berliner Zeitungs. Photographs of politicians, sportsman, events. The real world. HANNA has never seen them before.

HANNA's eyes focus on a recent newspaper. A headline: "Bank collapse signals global crisis".

Her eyes flick across at ERIK who is reaching to pick up a small tracking device. He slowly gives it to her.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Give me until dusk then turn this  
on. They'll come for you.

HANNA

I want to come with you.

ERIK shakes his head.

ERIK

I need you to do this, you're the  
only who can. You remember  
everything?

HANNA nods.

HANNA  
Marissa Wiegler.

ERIK  
And then?

HANNA  
Photograph and postcard.

ERIK  
Then?

HANNA  
Get to Berlin. Meet you at  
Wilhelm's house.

ERIK nods. HANNA looks attentive, just a little scared. ERIK looks at her with kindness, but can't hide the fact that he is slightly troubled.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
What is it?

He smiles comfortingly.

ERIK  
Nothing. Nothing at all.

ERIK turns to go. HANNA suddenly holds him, animal-like burying her face in his chest.

ERIK delicately cups her face in his hands and looks at her reassuringly.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
You showed me. You are ready.

He hugs her but over his shoulder we see a tension that belies his reassuring tone. Then he turns and walks into the forest. HANNA stares after him.

24

**EXT. NORTH SWEDISH FOREST. DAY.**

24

HANNA alone in the forest. She sits on a tree stump watching a bird feed its young in a tree. Early spring flowers creep through the snow. Hanna alone. She feels the quiet. She turns suddenly. No one there.

25

**EXT. LOG CABIN. NORTH SWEDISH FOREST. EVENING**

25

HANNA stares at the tracking device. It is CIA standard issue. She looks round at her world - the trees, the snow. Eerie silence. Still and beautiful.

\*

HANNA  
Marissa Wiegler.

She turns on the tracking device.

26

**INT. CIA EUROPEAN OPERATIONAL HQ. DAY.**

26

A large, modern, open-plan room of desks, all with CIA officers sitting, staring at screens or on the telephone. A young CIA OFFICER sees a pop-up flash on to his computer screen. He stares in surprise

CIA OFFICER  
What the...

He walks fast across to a private office where WILLIS, 35, American and suited, is on the phone.

CIA OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Sir, you should see this.

WILLIS  
Jack I have to call you back.

WILLIS hangs up, and walks with the OFFICER across to his desk.

CIA OFFICER  
We're picking up a satellite  
signal from one of our tracking  
devices.

WILLIS  
Where's it coming from?

CIA OFFICER  
The middle of the North Swedish  
Forest, one hundred and twenty  
miles North West of Jokmokk.  
Moose and reindeer country.

WILLIS  
Whose signal is it?

CIA OFFICER  
That's the thing. It has none of  
our current coding.

WILLIS  
Why not?

CIA OFFICER  
It looks to me like old stock.  
Whoever's talking to us has got  
to be using kit that's fifteen  
years old.

WILLIS  
So look up the old codes.

CIA OFFICER  
I don't have access sir.

WILLIS goes on to the computer and logs on. He uses an access code. This takes him to a new file. He enters the tracking device number. A name comes up. ERIK HELLER.

CIA OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Erik Heller.

WILLIS  
I thought he was dead.

\*

He clicks on a link. HELLER's file comes up. HELLER's face pops on to the screen, but as a younger man. 14 years ago. East German look and feel. Under his name: COVERT AGENT 1991-95. MISSING.

WILLIS clicks on a link to a newspaper article which comes on to the screen: The headline: MAN KILLS GIRLFRIEND AND DISAPPEARS. A picture of Heller in the article and a smashed car on a rural road. The two men stare at his face.

27

**EXT. LOG CABIN. NORTH SWEDISH FOREST. EVENING**

27

Dusk in the forest as the flickering sun goes down. As peaceful a place as you could imagine. A calm blueness of impending night on the snow.

HANNA is climbing out of the back window of the cabin, her feet in ERIK's huge boots. She then walks very deliberately across the snow, checking that she is leaving the print of his boots in the snow. She reaches the red perimeter marks. With a secret grin of pleasure, she carries on beyond the red marks, until she reaches the deep undergrowth. Then she stops, takes off the boots, and climbing into a tree, begins the journey back to the cabin above the ground.

28

**EXT. EDGE OF NORTH SWEDISH FOREST. NIGHT.**

28

Fifty US Special Forces are leaping out of helicopters on the fringe of the forest.

WILLIS is one of them. He greets the HEAD of SPECIAL OPS and they walk together as they talk.

HEAD OF OPS  
Is this guy one of ours?

WILLIS

Used to be. Tread carefully, he's been in there a long time, he's damaged goods, and he knows we're coming.

29

**EXT. LOG CABIN. NORTH SWEDISH FOREST. NIGHT.**

29

HANNA sits outside the cabin. She listens to the night. Suddenly her ears prick though we hear nothing. Instantly she goes inside the cabin, turns the kerosene light on and waits. Her face is oddly calm.

30

**EXT. NORTH SWEDISH FOREST. NIGHT.**

30

The Special Ops team head through the forest with infra-red vision-goggles on. The Leader of the Op follows the tracker signal. We see through the infra-red vision the endless trees in the pitch blackness.

A sudden swerve in our vision as a noise disturbs the peace. But it is only a deer footing it through the forest's darkness.

31

**EXT. NORTH SWEDISH FOREST. NIGHT.**

31

The special ops forces get closer. They see the cabin in the night - the light that Hanna has turned on. They approach. Silence in the darkness. Just the breathing of men in the icy cold.

The HEAD OF OPS waves two men forward. The rest of the forces surround the cabin but at a distance.

The two men approach the cabin. They approach the wooden door, then suddenly smash it down and enter.

There is a pause outside the cabin. Silence.

The rest of the forces wait for a radio signal. The HEAD of SPECIAL OPS radios.

HEAD OF OPS  
McCullum? Can you hear me?

No response. The HEAD of OPS waves all thirty of his men closer to the cabin. Guns at the ready.

The HEAD of OPS and five other men storm the cabin.

32

**INT. CABIN DINING AREA.**

32

To find HANNA sitting quietly, looking timid and unsure. The two SPECIAL FORCES are dead on the floor. Necks broken. HANNA looks towards the bedroom.

The HEAD of OPS and two other men rush through into the bedroom. The back window is wide open. The HEAD OF OPS looks out into the night, sees what would appear to be tracks of Erik's boots in the snow - the tracks that HANNA made. Two men go through the window out into the night.

The HEAD of OPS stays inside and radios.

HEAD OF OPS

He got away. He's killed two of my men.

He looks back into the dining area.

HEAD OF OPS (CONT'D)

And sir? There's someone else here.

And through the door we see HANNA's face as she sits, apparently frightened and innocent but actually nursing her fingers with which she has just broken two men's necks.

33

**EXT. CIA HQ LANGLEY VIRGINIA.**

33

A smart 45 year old woman in a smart modern suit drives an American car into a designated spot in the CIA HQ's car park.

As she gets out, we see the car parking space is designated for MARISSA WIEGLER.

34

**INT. CIA MEETING. LANGLEY. VIRGINIA.**

34

A large section meeting in an airy meeting room. A bunch of CIA SUITS sit around a table. WIEGLER in the chair. Big meeting, heated discussion.

MARISSA

Bob I don't know how to drum this into people's heads any more loudly without hiring a Caribbean brass band.

CIA HONCHO

You push this through, we are going to be fighting these people with one politically correct arm tied behind our back.

MARISSA  
Our methods have to...

CIA HONCHO  
This is a war, not a schoolyard  
scuffle.

MARISSA  
I am aware of that.

CIA HONCHO  
Our enemy will not be looking  
deep into their liberal  
consciences before they blow up  
some commuter train in  
Milwaukee...

MARISSA  
Which is why we're the good guys  
and they're not. This comes  
direct from the White House.  
Enhanced interrogation  
techniques, black sites - these  
are things we no longer do.

MARISSA's phone rings. She answers.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
What is it?

CIA VOICE (V.O.)  
Sir, I have a call from Dan  
Willis in Paris.

MARISSA  
I'll call him back.

CIA VOICE (V.O.)  
It's about a man called Erik  
Heller. He said you'd know.

MARISSA's face changes.

MARISSA  
What about him?

CIA VOICE (V.O.)  
He's alive. He's killed two of  
our men. And they found his  
daughter.

MARISSA stares in shock.

35

**INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE, Langley. / CIA HQ EUROPE**

35

A 1980's still photo of a young, clean shaven Erik Heller in his Stasi days, standing in a broken down East Berlin district, is flashed up on a screen. Twenty eight years old. We hear MARISSA's voice.

MARISSA (O.C.)

Erik Heller. High level Stasi agent in 1980's East Berlin. I recruited him to our side just after the Wall came down.

A video-briefing. Visual aids show photos of Heller in Stasi days, alone, with fellow officers, and then with Marissa's team, and with a younger Marissa herself.

MARISSA is on a public video-phone link to WILLIS and his team of CIA OFFICERS who are all assembled in the Paris office.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Despite our efforts Heller never adapted to the new political climate. He missed the old East, became increasingly isolated and disturbed. Summer of 1995 his girlfriend took him and their two year old daughter for a weekend on the Baltic coast. He shot the girlfriend dead in his car. We never heard from him again.

We see the article about the killing of the girlfriend. The face of the dead woman, a bullet in the side of her head. Her name printed below it: JOHANNA ZADEK.

PARIS OFFICER

In the article there's no mention of the child.

MARISSA

We thought it best to keep the daughter out of it. It might have stoked just a little too much human interest for our taste.

She smiles.

WILLIS

What do you want us to do?

MARISSA

Take the girl to Camp G. Find out what she knows.

(MORE)

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Close down the Swedish borders  
and operate a shoot on sight  
policy on Heller. And be careful.  
Erik Heller still believes in the  
old Soviet Idea. I have very  
little faith in his state of  
mind.

The video screen flickers off. MARISSA WIEGLER stands in  
the darkness.

36

**INT. CAMP G. HOLDING CELL.**

36

ON CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION:

A cement box. HANNA lies on a small bed. Not moving. Two  
American voices.

VOICE 1 (GUARD)

She hasn't moved since we brought  
her in sir.

VOICE 2 (BURTON)

Ok wash her up and bring her  
through.

37

**INT. CAMP G. CORRIDOR IN SECURE BRIEFING CENTRE.**

37

An apparently near-catatonic HANNA, hair now washed, oddly  
clean, is being walked by a GUARD along an institutional  
corridor in the Camp. She walks past a door with an exit  
sign. It clearly leads out of the high security briefing  
area.

We focus close on her face as HANNA watches a soldier going  
through the door out of the area, pressing a number code on  
the entry-phone. and swiping a security card. HANNA's  
apparently catatonic eyes register the soldier's fingers on  
the number-pad. The order of the numbers. The shape of his  
fingers.

38

**INT. CAMP G. INTERROGATION ROOM.**

38

A bright, white-walled room with a long dark mirror.

HANNA, silent, in a regulation US uniform, is led in and  
sat down in a chair by a GUARD. She immediately gets off  
the chair and sits on the floor against the wall.

We focus in on HANNA half-looking through half-opened eyes.  
She stares at the fluorescent light. The grey-white walls.  
All new. All strange.

A MILITARY DOCTOR comes in with a syringe.

MILITARY DOCTOR  
I just need to take your bloods.

HANNA moves away fast, looks in quiet hostility at the DOCTOR. He tries to take her arm.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
It won't hurt.

But she smacks his arm away. He tries again, there is a small tussle and he seemingly gives up.

MILITARY DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
Ok. We'll leave it til another time.

He smiles, turns and leaves.

HANNA alone with the silent guard. White light. Silence. Then a military psychologist, BURTON, enters the room and approaches the UNIFORMED GUARD.

BURTON  
Has anyone managed to talk to her?

Silence. HANNA curls into a ball, foetus-like.

GUARD  
She still hasn't spoken a word sir. She was scared of the shower.

BURTON  
OK I'll take it from here.

He approaches HANNA.

BURTON (CONT'D)  
Hello there.

\*

Hanna lies motionless.

BURTON (CONT'D)  
My name is Dr. Burton. I've been asked by Lieutenant Hayles to come and talk to you.

Nothing.

BURTON (CONT'D)  
This must all be very strange for you. You've been in the forest a long time. But I want you to know no one's going to hurt you. We just want to talk to you about your father.

Nothing.

BURTON (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me?

Nothing. He offers her a bar of chocolate. She stares at it. She slowly takes it. Tries it. Spits it out. Doesn't bother to clear the spit from her mouth. BURTON stares nervously at the dark window in the room.

HANNA stares ahead at the dark window, which we begin to realise is a two way mirror behind which someone is watching...

39

**INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM.**

39

Behind the mirror, WILLIS sits with the MONITOR watching carefully.

WILLIS  
Plug the CCTV through to Langley.  
Extension 247.

MONITOR presses some buttons as WILLIS calls on his phone and speaks into it.

WILLIS (CONT'D)  
You should have visual on the  
psych eval now.

40

**INT. OBS ROOM. LANGLEY HQ. NIGHT. CONT.**

40

MARISSA, alone in a Langley OBS ROOM. No one else there. Late at night in America. Something secret about Marissa here.

On the screen she sees HANNA in the Interrogation Room. Her screen tells she is watching CAMP G - Interrogation Room 3. MARISSA watches HANNA intently. HANNA does not move under the white glare of the lights.

MARISSA  
What's she saying?

41

**INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM. CONT.**

41

WILLIS  
Nothing. She's not responding to  
any form of stimulation.

MONITOR  
Could be extreme trauma due to  
the change of environment.

42

**INT. OBS ROOM. Langley HQ. NIGHT. CONT.**

42

MARISSA watches HANNA closely. The face. The eyes.

MARISSA  
Could she be faking?

MONITOR (O.S.)  
She could be Dorothy from Wizard  
of Oz as far as I'm concerned.

MARISSA stares at her screen, at the blank face of the fourteen year old HANNA. Focus in on MARISSA's face as she studies this strange young woman. The sense that MARISSA knows more about this girl than she is letting on.

On the screen BURTON continues to probe.

BURTON  
Can I get you something? What do  
you like? Music? Magazines? Just  
say. Anything at all.

HANNA leans forward. Looks at BURTON, who encourages her with his eyes, and whispers.

HANNA  
I want to speak to Marissa  
Wiegler.

Stunned silence in the room. In the Camp G observation room WILLIS speaks into his intercom.

WILLIS  
Did you hear that?

In Langley, MARISSA pauses. Looks at the girl on the screen.

MARISSA  
Tell her I'll be there tonight.

WILLIS  
But...

MARISSA  
Just do it.

MARISSA turns off the comms. Darkness in the room as she sits alone.

43

**INT. CAMP G. MILITARY LABORATORY.**

43

A white space with specialist lighting and the hum of specialised air pressurisers.

A protected environment - this is the DNA lab. MILITARY DOCTOR 1, the one who tried to take HANNA's bloods, is looking at the result of something on a computer. It has shocked and intrigued him. He calls across to another doctor.

MILITARY DOCTOR 1  
John come and have a look at  
this.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2 walks across. He sees what DOCTOR 1 is doing.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2  
I thought you didn't get bloods.

MILITARY DOCTOR 1  
I took a sample of her hair from  
the shower.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2 looks at the results. He stops in shock.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2  
That must be contamination.

MILITARY DOCTOR 1  
I don't think so.

He looks at DOCTOR 2 in slight alarm.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2  
Run the B sample.

44

**INT. CAMP G. HANNA'S ROOM. SECURE BRIEFING AREA.**

44

An institutional room with a bed. HANNA is coiled up in bed, still in uniform.

A metal door drags open. BURTON enters.

BURTON  
Chief Officer Wiegler is coming  
to talk to you. OK?

He smiles. HANNA does not react as she lies there. The door suddenly opens. A pair of smart female shoes enters the room, accompanied by the military boots of two guards.

FALSE MARISSA (O.C.)  
My name is Marissa Wiegler. You  
wanted to speak to me?

HANNA turns to look. It is a completely different woman, dressed in similar clothes to MARISSA but not her. HANNA stares at her.

45

**INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY. CONT.**

45

In the Observation Room WILLIS is looking at a small Monitor. He speaks into a consul's microphone.

WILLIS

You should have visual.

46

**INT. CIA LANGLEY OPERATIONAL HQ. EARLY DAWN. CONT.**

46

MARISSA WIEGLER sits alone in the empty CIA Langley headquarters, watching the CCTV relay.

HANNA (V.O.)

Where am I?

\*

47

**INT. CAMP G. HANNA'S ROOM. CONT.**

47

HANNA stares at FALSE MARISSA awaiting an answer.

FALSE MARISSA

You're in a safe place. Let's talk about your father. You must love him very much.

HANNA

Where did you meet him?

The false MARISSA pauses.

48

**INT. OPERATIONAL HQ. LANGLEY. CONT.**

48

MARISSA hears the question. Thinks fast, her mind totally focussed.

MARISSA

Tell her it was by a news kiosk in Alexanderplatz, East Berlin. Say it was raining.

49

**INT. CAMP G. HANNA'S ROOM IN SECURE BRIEFING AREA. CONT.** 49

FALSE MARISSA pauses looking at HANNA. We see that she has a tiny microphone in her ear.

FALSE MARISSA

At a news kiosk. Alexanderplatz. In the rain.

She smiles reassuringly. HANNA nods, looking at FALSE MARISSA.

50

**INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM. CONT.**

50

WILLIS watches on the screen. But then gets a call from the Military Laboratory.

WILLIS

Willis.

MILITARY DOCTOR

Sir we need to talk to you. We've run tests on the girl.

His voice sounds urgent, concerned. But Marissa has interrupted.

MARISSA (V.O.)

What tests?

As the argument continues, we see and hear on the screen the False Marissa continuing to talk to HANNA.

FALSE MARISSA

Do you know where your father is?

In the OBS room WILLIS, half watching the screen, explains to MARISSA on intercom.

WILLIS

Standard DNA and meds.

51

**INT. OPERATIONAL HQ. LANGLEY. CONT.**

51

MARISSA, alone in Langley, suddenly alert.

MARISSA

Send the results straight to me.

On the screen FALSE MARISSA is talking to HANNA.

FALSE MARISSA

Did he tell you where he was going? We're all worried about him.

On the CCTV Hanna looks at the FALSE MARISSA. She starts to cry. To weep. She holds out her arms.

52

**INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM.**

52

The MONITOR sees her cry and turns to WILLIS who is still half-embroiled in the tests discussion.

MONITOR

Sir look.

WILLIS looks at HANNA.

53

**INT. CAMP G. HANNA'S ROOM IN SECURE BRIEFING AREA.**

53

Hanna holds out her arms to the FALSE MARISSA. The FALSE MARISSA tentatively takes her in her arms.

FALSE MARISSA

It's OK. It's OK.

She looks up to the security camera, slightly concerned. Hanna wriggles in her arms.

54

**INT. OPERATIONAL HQ. LANGLEY. DAY.**

54

MARISSA watches this strange image of her false self hugging this young girl. HANNA begins to weep more and more, flailing uncontrollably On the CCTV we hear.

BURTON (V.O.)

You want me to give her something?

55

**INT. CAMP G. HANNA'S ROOM IN SECURE BRIEFING AREA.**

55

HANNA clutching on to FALSE MARISSA, weeping, moaning.

FALSE MARISSA

I think it might be necessary.

56

**INT. OPERATIONAL HQ. LANGLEY. CONT.**

56

MARISSA watches, now concerned. Something is wrong.

MARISSA

Get her out of there.

57

**INT. CAMP G. HANNA'S ROOM IN SECURE BRIEFING AREA. CONT.**

57

TWO OTHER GUARDS stand at the door watching.

BURTON

Help me administer.

WILLIS (V.O.)

Abort. I repeat. Abort.

Hanna hugs, weeping, on to the FALSE MARISSA. BURTON hears the instruction to abort but too late...

...as suddenly and with total efficiency HANNA SNAPS the FALSE MARISSA's neck.

58 **INT. OPERATIONAL HQ. LANGLEY. DAY. CONT.** 58

MARISSA stares in shock as her false self slumps dead to the floor.

59 **INT. CAMP G. HANNA'S ROOM IN SECURE BRIEFING AREA. CONT.** 59

HANNA grabs the FEMALE GUARD, slips the handgun from the Female Guard's holster--

--She fires two rounds into Burton's skull--

--And two more into the FEMALE GUARD's chest.

The other Guard tries to drag the metal door shut. He hits a fleshy door jam - Burton. Hanna is upon him. Two shots.

60 **INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM. CONT.** 60

WILLIS immediately presses the Alarm Bell.

WILLIS  
Order total lock down.

61 **INT. LANGLEY. OPERATIONAL HQ. CONT.** 61

MARISSA watches HANNA run out of the room. A fear in her eyes.

62 **INT. CAMP G. CORRIDOR IN SECURE BRIEFING AREA.** 62

Alarms are sounding and red lights flashing in the corridor.

HANNA walks fast along the corridor. She ducks into a door to avoid two Centre Guards running past, dives down another corridor and walks through a pair of double doors with warning signs on them. PROTECTED ENVIRONMENT.

63 **INT. CAMP G. MILITARY LABORATORY. CONT.** 63

And finds herself in the specialist Military DNA Laboratory. The MILITARY DOCTORS stare at her. One of them reaches for an alarm but HANNA is too fast. She flies across the desk and smashing a glass test tube, she cuts the doctor's neck, then turns and does the same to the other one. Both lie dead on the floor.

HANNA looks round, trying to find a way out herself. Then she sees something on the desk. It is a photo of herself. And the result of her DNA test.

But before she has time to read them, ears pricked, she hears a female voice from outside the lab.

FEMALE GUARD

This is Sanders. I'm checking  
Zone eleven.

A FEMALE GUARD radios off, then enters. She senses something. The DNA laboratory suddenly seems empty. The buzz of the lab's specialist lighting and the whirr of the specialist air-pressuriser are the only sounds as the GUARD looks around. Then the GUARD hears a female voice, apparently from behind her.

HANNA

I'm over here.

The FEMALE GUARD turns. Then unseen behind her, HANNA rises up and smashes a lab microscope on to the guard's head.

64

**INT. CAMP G. CORRIDOR IN SECURE BRIEFING CENTRE.**

64

HANNA, dressed in the FEMALE GUARD's uniform runs along the corridor. She has in her hands her DNA results. She takes out the swipe-card as she reaches the exit from the Secure Area. She punches in the numbers she remembered from before, and swipes the card. Then goes through.

65

**INT. CAMP G. MAIN AREA. CORRIDOR. CONT.**

65

In the main military area of the complex, HANNA passes a large number of military personnel all running to the Secure Briefing Area.

66

**INT. CAMP G. LOCKER ROOM. CONT.**

66

HANNA enters the locker room and takes out some keys from the GUARD's UNIFORM and opens the locker with one of the keys. Inside are civilian clothes, some money, and a passport which she also takes. HANNA puts the clothes, money and DNA results into her ruc-sac. She looks at the passport - it is a special US Military passport. Name: Rachel Sanders. The woman is 23 years old, short hair (military style). HANNA pockets the passport, tucks her hair under her cap. Then she exits.

67

**INT. CAMP G. CORRIDOR IN BRIEFING CENTRE. CONT.**

67

Back in the corridor, she spots a sign pointing one way to HOLDING and the other way to a Fire Exit sign. She runs towards the Fire Exit sign. Then, struggling for a second with the radio to see how it works, she radios in, in a perfect American accent, mimicking the real Sanders.

HANNA

This is Sanders. We have her in Holding. She's under control. Release all doors.

She walks towards the Fire Exit door and as she gets there hears the security catch release. She presses the Exit release button.

A compression BURST. A door slides open.

Blinding white.

HANNA stands half blinded and in shock and walks out of the door.

\*

68

**EXT. CAMP G COMPOUND / MOROCCAN DESERT**

68

It's now that the heat hits her. HANNA stands in the scalding desert sun staring in shock at the exterior of a desert compound. US military trucks and buses. Motorbikes. Dust, red sand, burning sun. HANNA almost blinded by the glare. The heat new to her but no time to think. There are fifty yards to the compound wire that encloses the camp from the desert. Beyond the wire, an alien desert of almost lunar formation. Sand and white rock. She looks round, locates the Camp Gates, with station-post. Guarded. Beyond the gates the dirt track disappears into the desert.

\*

US military running across the compound. Camp is on alert. HANNA knows she does not have long. She sees a SOLDIER climb into a truck and start it. Keeping her cap over her face, quickly she walks to him.

HANNA

Hayles wants me to come with you.

\*

It's a big risk but the soldier just nods and the truck exits the gates, with both HANNA and the SOLDIER flashing their ID as they pass. Beyond the gates, the truck recedes into the desert landscape until it has disappeared behind the white rock.

\*

69

**INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM.**

69

WILLIS sits in silence. MONITOR looks at him nervously.

MONITOR

She's not in the building.

WILLIS

Send out every unit available.

MONITOR leaves and WILLIS rewinds the CCTV of the moment HANNA snapped the false Marissa's neck...

70

**INT. MARISSA'S APARTMENT. VIRGINIA. USA.**

70

MARISSA enters fast a stunning but somewhat lonely apartment. She lives alone, clearly. No kids. No real feeling of life.

She goes into her hallway, fetches a ladder and climbs into an attic space.

In the attic she pushes stuff aside to get to a blue file at the back of the attic. She takes the file, gets off the chair and, grabbing a metal bucket, walks through her living room on to her outside balcony. She puts the file in the bucket and sets it alight.

She watches it burn. As it does we see the name GALINKA on the file.

MARISSA's face stares at the burning file.

Sudden FLASH-BACK to 1995 and a much younger MARISSA watching a very fast-moving car on a deserted forest road. She takes from her pocket a small detonating device and as the car approaches a bend, presses it. There is a small explosion and the car swerves off the road and smashes headlong into a post. The horn starts to blare. MARISSA approaches the car. The road is empty. MARISSA looks through binoculars at the car. She sees a woman, on the passenger side, head thrust forward. JOHANNA ZADEK. Blood everywhere. MARISSA shoots her in the head just to be sure. But the driver's seat is empty. MARISSA stops dead. Then the back door opens on the other side. A man, a younger ERIK HELLER crawls out. He is holding a two year old child in his hands. The child's coat is covered in blood. MARISSA stares at the shocked child and takes the rifle to her eye to shoot again. As she does, ERIK senses her movement and throws himself to the ground. Through the rifle viewfinder we see just a glimpse of ERIK and the red glare of the coat covered in blood, ERIK HELLER grabbing the child and sprinting for the forest, MARISSA taking aim at HELLER, and then firing as HELLER dives into the forest.

Back on the balcony of the apartment, MARISSA stares at the embers of the burnt file.

She takes out her phone, calls.

MARISSA

Leslie this is Marissa. Cancel my meetings for the next four days. Get me on a flight to Paris tomorrow morning.

71

**EXT. MOROCCAN DESERT**

71

We are in the middle of the desert. The military truck is stationery. Nothing around for miles. We hear a military voice on a radio.

MILITARY VOICE (V.O.)

473 are you receiving me? Can you confirm your position. Subject has escaped.

72

**INT. MILITARY TRUCK. CONT.**

72

The Truck radio is on and we hear the voice.

MILITARY VOICE

Can you confirm your position  
473? Banks? Banks can you hear me?

The camera wheels round to see the SOLDIER trussed up, arms tied, his mouth gagged, lying in the front of his van. The GPS positioning tool smashed beside him.

73

**EXT. MOROCCAN DESERT. DAY.**

73

Later. The sun moving towards evening. HANNA is walking fast across the hot desert, ruc-sac over her shoulders, between the pale rocks - it's a lunar landscape and offers her concealment. The sun tears into her eyes. She has never felt heat like this, never seen such a parched landscape. She puts her US military jacket in her ruc sac so she just has on just a simple green top and plain khaki trousers. Hiding between the rocks, she can see in the distance a US ARMY truck pouring along the dirt desert road looking for her.

Quickly HANNA switches direction and moves between the rocks. Seeking shade, she crawls between two rock formations and walks out to find:

A GIRL standing about thirty yards away from her on a rock. Staring at her. They must be about the same age but there the resemblance ends. HANNA, dusty, bloodied and bruised in military top, trousers and boots stares at this perfect image of western adolescence. Nicely dressed in a top and hot pants, red shoes, drinking a can of coke, no concession to where she is whatsoever. This is SOPHIE. She speaks in French.

SOPHIE

Hi. Are you ok?

HANNA stares at her. Not sure. Who is she? SOPHIE equally wary. HANNA begins to walk away. But sees the US military trucks in the distance. Turns back. Looks at SOPHIE. Like a wary animal.

HANNA speaks in perfect French. Testing her.

HANNA

What are you doing here?

SOPHIE

Ask my dad. It's his stupid idea  
of a holiday. What about you?

HANNA doesn't answer. Then her ears prick. The roar of an engine. She panics, is about to run, but suddenly sees a white Land Rover pull up behind the rock SOPHIE is sitting on.

In the back of the Land Rover are a group of tourists. Two Japanese, two Spanish. And a french family. EMIL DOMERC, his English wife RACHEL and their son THIERRY, aged eight. The Berber driver, YUSUF waits in the front as EMIL cries out.

EMIL

Sophie didn't you hear us call  
you? We have to go!

But now EMIL sees HANNA and pauses. In the Land Rover the tourists stare at HANNA, sunglasses over their eyes, with cameras round their necks, not sure whether to take a picture. HANNA stares at them. She looks uncertainly at the cameras. Who are these people?

74

**INT. LAND ROVER.**

74

HANNA sits in the back of the Land Rover as they drive back across the desert. HANNA takes in the tourists. Two Japanese with cameras. A Spanish couple, middle aged. And EMIL, RACHEL, THIERRY, and SOPHIE. THIERRY whispers to SOPHIE.

THIERRY (IN FRENCH)

Do you think she lives in the  
desert?

SOPHIE (IN FRENCH)

Shut it will you.

HANNA overhears that and also the Japanese talking. She is understanding every word.

JAPANESE WOMAN (IN JAPANESE)

She looks American.

JAPANESE MAN (IN JAPANESE)  
Is she a soldier?

EMIL offers HANNA some water with a smile. HANNA looks cagily at him, but takes and swigs. RACHEL speaks in English.

RACHEL  
How did you end up all the way  
out there?

HANNA does not reply. THIERRY tries his English.

THIERRY  
Do.. You.. Talk.. English?

HANNA  
Oui mais je parle aussi bien le  
francais.

THIERRY looks surprised. RACHEL looks at HANNA, confused.

RACHEL  
Alors vous etes... Francais?

HANNA  
Non.

The FAMILY wait for more but do not get it. HANNA stares out at the landscape. They pass two ARAB WOMEN on the road. HANNA stares at them, all covered up in their burkas. Then she looks at the Spanish woman, who is in a rather revealing top. Then back to the ARAB WOMEN whose black figures recede into the distance. Taking it all in. Thinking: where am I?

75

**INT. PARIS CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT.**

75

WILLIS meets MARISSA at the airport in Paris as she exits the special diplomatic exit. They move as they talk.

WILLIS  
She's somewhere in the desert  
east of Essouira.

MARISSA  
Have you got the tests?

WILLIS  
We can't find them. It's possible  
she has them on her.

MARISSA takes this in.

MARISSA

OK. I want you to focus on Erik Heller. Get him back in our hands by this time tomorrow.

WILLIS

And the girl?

MARISSA

Leave her to me.

An awkward pause.

WILLIS

Why would she want to kill you ma'am?

WILLIS fishing here - a small curiosity.

MARISSA

Just find Heller. OK? \*

76

**EXT. OASIS TOWN.**

76

A busy village centre - motorbikes, trucks, mules and goats. The truck pulls up at a small oasis "hotel", in reality no more than a few simple concrete buildings and some rather beautiful fake Berba huts, for the tourists. YUSUF climbs out.

HANNA climbs out of the back of the truck along with the rest of the tourists.

The impact of the mass of people at market knocks HANNA backwards. The smells of dried fruit, meat tagines, couscous cooking at market stalls. The babble of Arabic. Hanna's ears, nose and eyes sensitive to every conversation, every aroma. All new. An old broken-backed woman inches her way to market. HANNA stares at her in astonishment. Her wrinkled skin. And animals everywhere. New animals. Chickens. Goats. Even a camel, which Hanna can't help finding slightly hilarious.

A motor-scooter flashes by and HANNA clicks back to operation mode. Checks the town for US presence. Nothing. Across the busy square, HANNA watches SOPHIE sit down in the cafe and start to read a magazine. The FAMILY sit with her. From forty yards away, and despite the noise of the village, the chickens, goats and bikes, HANNA overhears. The family speaking in French.

THIERRY (O.S.)

Can we go again tomorrow mum?

RACHEL (O.S.)  
No we have to drive back to  
France tomorrow morning.

THIERRY (O.S.)  
Can't we stay an extra day?

RACHEL (O.S.)  
Your father has to go to work on  
Monday. And you have school.

HANNA hears this and walks into the hotel which is signposted HOTEL SAHARA-SKY. YUSUF is with his brother behind the token "reception" area.

HANNA  
I would like to stay here one  
night.

YUSUF  
You have money?

HANNA  
Money.

HANNA gives him some money from the GUARD's wallet, loads of dollars. YUSUF smiles.

YUSUF  
I wish it was that much.

He takes just one note.

YUSUF (CONT'D)  
What were you doing in the  
desert?

HANNA  
I got lost.

YUSUF  
Where's your family?

HANNA does not answer. She stares at the wall - a tourist poster advertising Morocco as a country of excitement and culture. There is also a map. HANNA approaches it and quietly talks to herself.

HANNA  
Capital city MELILLA. Places of  
interest. Marrakesh. Essouaira.  
Religion Islam.

She turns back to receive a key from YUSUF. Stares at it in confusion.

YUSUF  
The key to your room?

HANNA nods.

77

**EXT/INT. BAR IN PARIS.**

77

A working class district of Paris, tough, unglamorous. MARISSA WIEGLER gets out of a taxi, checks the sign of the bar and crosses the road. She is on the phone and we hear.

WILLIS (O.S.)  
The Swedish borders are sealed. I have Swedish, Norwegian and Danish police all on high alert.

MARISSA  
Let me know when they find him.

MARISSA hangs up, walks down some steps into a dark and silent basement bar. Just old French men drinking alcohol too early in the day.

But in the corner, the reason she is there. MICHAEL ISAACS, drinking a beer, smoking. Mid fifties. English. Rumpled suit, slightly unshaven. A real sense of quiet threat about him. Witty, dangerous. This man does business.

ISAACS smiles at MARISSA.

ISAACS  
Ten years. Did you miss us?

MARISSA  
I missed the coffee.

ISAACS smiles and signals to the bar. Coffee.

ISAACS  
Welcome to the last place in Europe where you can smoke. I thought the Frogs would hold out against the tide but there you go.

He leans in conspiratorially.

ISAACS (CONT'D)  
Also no cameras. Which is a bonus.

He puts out the cigarette.

ISAACS (CONT'D)  
So. I thought the days of us meeting were over.

MARISSA  
Officially they are.

ISAACS is hooked.

ISAACS  
So?

He waits as MARISSA sips her coffee.

MARISSA  
Erik Heller's alive.

ISAACS glances up.

ISAACS  
And just as you begin your new  
era.

MARISSA  
I hear you run a private  
operation now.

ISAACS  
I run several.

MARISSA  
There's only one I'm interested  
in.

MARISSA looks at him, passes him a newspaper. He opens it. Hidden inside is a picture of Hanna. He looks up.

ISAACS  
Is that ... ?

MARISSA nods.

ISAACS (CONT'D)  
Where have they been?

MARISSA  
In a forest in Sweden. He trained  
her, sent her to kill me.

ISAACS  
I never liked him. No joie de  
vivre.

MARISSA  
We need to close this down. The  
search for Heller can be  
official, he's a criminal who  
killed his girlfriend.

ISAACS raises his eyes slightly here. MARISSA eyeballs him. He sips his beer.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
But she's different.

ISAACS  
She certainly is.

This said with a slight meaning.

MARISSA  
She's in Morocco. She'll be  
trying to get out of the country.  
I'd like her to be unsuccessful.

ISAACS  
Permanently unsuccessful?

No answer, she just drinks her coffee and then ups and leaves. Pause as ISAACS considers this. He notes that MARISSA has left an envelope filled with money on the table. ISAACS lights another cigarette. Looks at the money. Takes it.

78

**INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL BEDROOM. EVENING.**

78

HANNA in the hotel room. She can hear sounds from adjoining rooms, her ears able to separate the chatting of Arab cleaners, a German couple making love, the sounds of a crackly radio transmitting French-Moroccan pop music.

HANNA looks at a switch on the wall. Presses it. A fan starts to blow. For a second it frightens her. Then she gets it - it's to cool her. She likes it, the air on her skin, in her hair. She sways in the moving air. Then she enters the small simple bathroom. She sees the tap. Turns it. Water comes out. Turns it off. It stops. Turns it again. Water again. She puts her hand under the water. She wipes her face. Looks in the small mirror. Her face.

She reaches into her ruc-sac. She finds the DNA report. She takes it out, sits down, reads.

The test reads: HANNA HELLER - "SGM+ test results. Interfering sequence present. Abnormal. B sample confirms result"

HANNA stares at the words. "Interfering sequence present. Abnormal." HANNA looks at the photo of herself and those words. What do they mean?

Now she hears another sound from a distant room. RACHEL the English mother.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
We have to leave at eight  
tomorrow. I want you to pack now.

HANNA thinks. Listening hard, she walks out of the bathroom. Quickly she takes off the US military clothes and slips on the civvies she took from the locker. She notices that there are no shoes. She slips barefoot out of the bedroom into the corridor. She passes two other doors outside one of which are a pair of sandals. She steps into the sandals, walks on, then stands outside the hotel room door where the family are staying. She can hear them talking.

SOPHIE

Why do we always have to get up so early?

EMIL

Eight is not early. If you were a Berber shepherd, you'd get up at dawn.

SOPHIE

I'm not a Berber shepherd.

EMIL

Well whatever you are I'm not missing that ferry. It's a long enough journey as it is.

HANNA listens and with a slight intake of breath, knocks at the door.

\*

79

INT. CAR. DAY.

79

HANNA, still in the civvie clothes she stole from the locker, and with the sandals she stole from outside the door, is sitting in the back of a large car, between SOPHIE and THIERRY. In the front EMIL drives. RACHEL sits and chats to HANNA in English as do they all. SOPHIE looks sulkily out of the window. THIERRY plays a small computer game. HANNA looks at the computer game.

HANNA

What is it?

THIERRY doesn't even look up.

THIERRY

It's a DS.

HANNA stares in curiosity. SOPHIE intervenes.

SOPHIE

Let her try.

He isn't willing.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Go on jerkhead.

EMIL  
Sophie!

THIERRY gives HANNA the game. It's a kind of car race. She tries to play but it is too difficult. He explains it superfast, not helping, just nerdily showing off.

THIERRY  
C is accelerate, B slow down,  
use the back button to use your  
turbo, try to hit the golden  
casks then you get on to  
superdrive.

HANNA starts to play. But it is really hard. She crashes. THIERRY smiles a trifle smugly. RACHEL speaks in English.

RACHEL  
So your father is meeting you at  
the port?

HANNA nods, cool as you like. She is still playing the DS. Getting it.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
And your mother?

HANNA  
My mother is dead.

RACHEL  
Oh I'm sorry.

EMIL  
Why isn't your father with you?

HANNA  
There was a problem at work. He  
had to stay in Germany.

RACHEL  
What's his job?

HANNA  
He's an accountant.

EMIL  
Do you live with him?

HANNA  
Yes. In Leipzig. I go to the  
Klaus Kohle Gymnasium. It's a  
very good school.

This totally natural. No one doubts it for a second.

EMIL

And you often travel alone?

HANNA nods, eyes still on the game.

HANNA

I'm encouraged to be independent.

Looks between the parents here. HANNA still playing the DS. THIERRY surprised how quickly she is mastering it.

EMIL

He shouldn't let you come to a place like this alone. It's not safe.

HANNA

I can look after myself.

EMIL is about to continue this line of questioning but RACHEL looks at him and mouths to him that he should leave it. She lightens the tone. HANNA still playing. Intensely.

RACHEL

You speak very good English.

HANNA

My father taught me.

RACHEL

Have you been to England?

HANNA shakes her head.

EMIL

Don't bother. No emotion and lots of rain.

HANNA finishes the race in first place. Gives the DS back, Thierry surprised how good she is. HANNA sees SOPHIE looking at her. SOPHIE has noticed that HANNA's trousers are too long for her. The hems go over her stolen sandals. HANNA braves it out, staring out of the window at a landscape so utterly different to the one she knows.

HANNA

No trees.

And they drive on through the desert.

A busy bustling ferry-port, cars in both directions.

ISAACS is standing at the entrance. He gets out a cigarette, lights it with a HOTEL SAHARA-SKY box of matches.

He looks round, makes silent contact with other men. His men. Four of them dotted around the ferryport.

81

**INT. HIRE CAR. DAY.**

81

HANNA sees they are approaching the ferry-port. She quickly, but with apparent relaxation, turns to RACHEL.

HANNA

Thank you. You can let me out here.

RACHEL

You sure you'll find your father ok?

HANNA

I'm sure.

They stop the car.

RACHEL

Goodbye then.

HANNA says nothing, just gets out and walks into the crowd. SOPHIE watches her, slightly entranced.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

That girl isn't telling us everything.

SOPHIE

I think she's cool.

SOPHIE impressed by HANNA's independence. RACHEL looks with maternal care after the oddly dressed girl as HANNA disappears amongst the throng.

82

**EXT. MELILLA PORT. MOROCCO. CONT.**

82

HANNA, looking for US presence, blends into the crowds of tourists and Moroccans and African pedestrians waiting to walk on to the ferry. She scans the scene, her eyes and ears at their most acute. It's like she's back in the forest. Suddenly she hears something. High pitched. Might it be a radio signal? She traces the sound, sees two men amidst the crowd, standing apparently queuing. Yes, radios. They are looking for her. Another look round - ninety degrees. Two more men checking cars as they enter. Another look round ninety degrees.

She sees ISAACS in a cafe at the ferryport entrance, sitting relaxedly reading a book, smoking, dark glasses. Yes, he's after her. It's as if she can smell it.

She keeps a firm distance from them. She sees customs are checking all the passports of pedestrians entering the boat. She takes out the passport and studies the face of the guard. She enters a small cafe and asks for the toilets.

83

**EXT. MELILLA PORT. EMBARKATION POINT. MOROCCO.**

83

HANNA, with her hair now cut short, and now dressed back in the full US Military Guard uniform walks towards the passport checkpoint. We notice that her long khaki fatigues are covering up the fact that she is still wearing the sandals. HANNA walks close to one of ISAACS's men, REYNOLDS, but as he turns HANNA takes a sharp right and heads towards the STAFF ENTRANCE. As she does she sees a tiny baby crawling along the dusty ground, her mother a way off. HANNA momentarily fascinated by the sight of the baby. She has never seen one before. Then clicks out.

HANNA walks towards a Spanish BARMAN who is entering the ship. She speaks in an American accent.

HANNA  
Passport and staff I.D.

He stares at her. Takes out his passport and staff I.D..

BARMAN  
What's going on?

She doesn't answer.

HANNA  
I'll take you on.

She accompanies the BARMAN on to the ship, past the passport check. She flashes her and his passport at the MOROCCAN clerk.

HANNA (IN AMERICAN ACCENT) (CONT'D)  
It's OK he's bar staff

HANNA enters the ship.

84

**INT. FERRY DECK. MELILLA-MALAGA FERRY.**

84

The FRENCH FAMILY walk along the internal deck of the Ferry.

EMIL

Listen next year you can go on  
your own to some fleapit where  
you can spend all the time going  
to discos and trying to kiss  
boys...

SOPHIE

I don't want to do that!

EMIL

But at least you've learnt  
something here.

SOPHIE

Yeah I've learnt I don't want to  
come back.

SOPHIE leaves the rest to go to the toilet.

\*

85

INT. LADIES TOILET. FERRY

85

SOPHIE enters the ladies toilets on the ferry. She bumps straight into HANNA who has obviously just changed back into her civvies. She has the ruc-sac on. For a second SOPHIE does not recognise her with her short hair. HANNA slightly shocked at having bumped straight back into her.

SOPHIE

Oh my God, your hair! It's so  
cool!

HANNA smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Wait. I have to pee.

She enters the cubicle and pees, not bothering to close the door. HANNA meanwhile is looking at the electric hand dryer. She puts her hand under and jumps slightly when it flicks on.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

So - where's your father?

HANNA

He couldn't come to meet me. A  
tax problem in the office.

SOPHIE

Oh I don't think so.

She smiles at HANNA, leans in, looks her dead in the eyes.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Come on. Why were you all alone  
in Morocco? What's the *real*  
story?

HANNA shocked - SOPHIE does not believe her. Almost  
panicking, her hands tensening, about to act, possibly to  
attack. But SOPHIE smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

It was a boy wasn't it?

Pause. SOPHIE looking dead at her. HANNA smiles just enough  
to lead Sophie on.

HANNA

Maybe.

SOPHIE

I knew it! Did you have a massive  
row and walk out?

HANNA smiles again. SOPHIE laughs, gets off the loo and  
grabs HANNA's hand. Sudden teenage earnestness.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Don't worry I won't say anything.  
It will be our secret ok?

She smiles. HANNA smiles.

86

**INT. FERRY. SHOPPING DECK. CONT.**

86

SOPHIE is walking fast through the retail outlets. HANNA  
following. It's all new to HANNA. Her first view of the  
commercial western world. Slot machines, cafes, shops, duty  
free. Lots of Western families laden with touristic gear.  
HANNA watches the families, ordinary parents with ordinary  
kids, hand in hand, nuclear families, and teenagers with  
bright clothes, tanned legs, eating sweets, drinking cans  
of pop. A consumerist zoo.

HANNA

Why are all these things on a  
boat?

SOPHIE

So people buy them silly.

HANNA curious but bemused by this. Then she sees a  
photograph booth.

HANNA

I have to have a photograph taken  
of myself. I promised my father.

SOPHIE  
Cool! I'll help you.

HANNA looks at the booth. No idea how to work it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Don't you have any coins? Hold  
on. My dad is always giving me  
money to keep me quiet.

HANNA opens the booth and goes in. SOPHIE chucks the coins in. The light flashes, unnerving HANNA. The photo is taken. HANNA about to come out of the booth.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Hold on. Let's do one together!

She piles in and HANNA follows as they take three different photos, each time SOPHIE rejecting it so they can do another one. Hugging, Sophie kissing Hanna's cheek. SOPHIE saying "one for the boys" and pouting then bursting into hysterics. HANNA laughing. Laughing for the first time in a while.

87

INT. FERRY BAR.

87

SOPHIE and HANNA walk into the bar. HANNA is looking out for trouble. So is SOPHIE.

\*

SOPHIE  
If you see my parents, then make  
a run for it. Ok?

She walks up to the bar HANNA sees it is the same barman whose passport she "checked" earlier. HANNA puts a brave face on it defying him to recognise her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Two bacardis and coke.

BARMAN  
How old are you?

SOPHIE  
Old enough for you.

BARMAN  
Do you have proof?

SOPHIE  
Don't be an arsehole man.

BARMAN  
Don't talk to me like that.

He looks at HANNA. Flicker of recognition but he can't work out where. She stares back blankly.

BARMAN (CONT'D)  
You can have two cokes.

SOPHIE  
Bastard.

They pay and sit at a table. SOPHIE sips her drink and looks at HANNA. HANNA is trying her coke. She smiles, hiding her huge delight at the new taste.

\*

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
You're pretty, you know that?

HANNA smiles and shakes her head.

HANNA  
Not really.

SOPHIE  
Sure you are. You're tall. I  
always wanted to be tall. If you  
were a man I might fancy you.

She laughs.

\*

HANNA  
I'm not a man.

SOPHIE laughs even more. HANNA checks out the barman who is still looking at her.

SOPHIE  
You should get some different  
clothes. Show off your figure  
more.

HANNA  
What is my figure?

SOPHIE  
Your body...

HANNA looks down at her body. Then she looks across at a Moroccan woman dressed in a Burka.

HANNA  
Why is she dressed like this. Has  
she done something wrong?

SOPHIE  
They all dress like that here.  
It's twisted misogynist bullshit.  
(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
 And meanwhile all the men think  
 they can fuck the Western girls  
 whenever they want to. Sick.

HANNA  
 What is fuck?

SOPHIE looks at her.

SOPHIE  
 You're joking right?

HANNA smiles, hiding her ignorance. SOPHIE laughs. Then HANNA turns to see the Barman staring at her and calling on his phone. Thinking fast, she leans forward.

HANNA  
 Ok. Dress me more like you.

SOPHIE  
 Really?

HANNA  
 Yeah. Make me beautiful.

HANNA suddenly sees two men in plain clothes enter the far side of the bar. Two of ISAACS's men. They have not seen her. Animal senses heightened, she knows they're after her. She gets up leaves through another door.

SOPHIE  
 All right, hold on... jesus let  
 me finish my drink...

But HANNA is gone.

88

**INT. FERRY CAR DECK.**

88

EMIL, RACHEL and THIERRY are walking back to the car. They are met by SOPHIE.

EMIL  
 Where did you go? We were worried  
 about you.

SOPHIE  
 Get a life dad. Look who I met.

It's HANNA. She has one of Sophie's tops on and pink sunglasses still with the UV label on. With her short hair, it makes her look completely different. French, sexy. \*

EMIL  
 I thought you were meeting...

SOPHIE

He couldn't make it. She has to  
get back to her home in Leipzig.  
I said we could give her a lift  
to Lille.

SOPHIE puts her arm round HANNA. HANNA echoes the gesture.  
Her arm round SOPHIE's shoulders. Slightly embarrassed  
moment.

EMIL

No Sophie... it's not  
appropriate...

RACHEL

Emil.. wait...

They talk apart. An argument. HANNA overhears. She begins  
to get worried.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

She's obviously in some kind of  
trouble.

EMIL

If she's in trouble, we should  
tell the authorities...

RACHEL

What and leave her with a bunch  
of Spanish customs officers?

They continue to debate. The noise of the ferry doors  
opening drowns what the parents are saying. We hear  
snatches of:

EMIL

We have no idea what's going on.

RACHEL

Which is why if we give her a  
lift we can find out more about  
her... I'm not leaving her in  
Malaga, she probably can't even  
speak the language...

HANNA waits, breath baited, her arm round SOPHIE's  
shoulders. On the far side she sees ISAACS enter the deck,  
looking for her. HANNA watches in tension. Are they going  
to give her up? Still the parents discuss. ISAACS is  
getting closer, walking between the cars. The ferry gates  
are open and the noise subsides. Almost without noticing  
HANNA's arm is tightening slightly round SOPHIE's neck, as  
if she could break it any second. Then just as SOPHIE feels  
the discomfort, RACHEL turns to HANNA.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
 We can give you a lift to Lille.  
 OK?

HANNA releases her arm. SOPHIE smiles triumphantly. EMIL suppresses a protest. HANNA quickly climbs into the car. THIERRY turns to SOPHIE and speaks in French.

THIERRY  
 That's your top she's wearing.

SOPHIE smiles as they climb in.

SOPHIE  
 Why, do you fancy her?

And they drive off.

89

**INT. KITCHEN. SMALL HOUSE IN FRANCE.**

89

A well-dressed seventy year old German woman is sitting alone drinking tea in the kitchen of an immaculately tidy and conventional suburban house built in the 60's. Pictures of children and grandchildren on the walls of the kitchen. Through the window and over the fence she sees her male 70 year old neighbour pruning his plants for spring. A cat leaps on to the table as the woman sits listening to the French radio. The cat's ears prick as...

There is a door-bell ring. The woman, SARA FISCHER gets up slowly and approaches the door. A female figure in the glass.

SARA FISCHER  
 Who is it?

No reply. She opens the door a small amount.

MARISSA  
 Hello Sara.

SARA looks in slight fear. MARISSA WIEGLER.

SARA FISCHER  
 What do you want?

MARISSA  
 Has Erik Heller been in touch  
 with you?

SARA FISCHER  
 Erik Heller is dead.

MARISSA  
 No. He's not.

She smiles.

90

**INT. KITCHEN. SMALL HOUSE IN FRANCE.**

90

MARISSA sits at the kitchen table as a shaken SARA FISCHER makes coffee in as civilised a way as she can manage. MARISSA watches through the window the neighbour pruning his dead plants from the winter. An atmosphere of quiet menace pervades the room as MARISSA watches the old woman make the coffee.

MARISSA

It's a very nice set-up you have here.

SARA FISCHER

Would you like milk with your coffee?

She looks across nervously. MARISSA nods.

MARISSA

Hot.

SARA heats the milk, then turns.

SARA FISCHER

Please I don't want anything to do with this. I have a new life now.

MARISSA

So I can see.

SARA FISCHER

What do you want?

MARISSA

Everything you still kept from the old one.

SARA FISCHER

But I have nothing from those days.

MARISSA looks at the man pruning his roses.

MARISSA

I don't suppose he knows about your previous life, does he?

She smiles. Real threat here. SARA looks at her in fear.

91

**EXT. GARDEN OF SMALL FRENCH HOUSE.**

91

SARA leads MARISSA to the shed at the bottom of the garden. She unlocks it.

92

**INT. GARDEN SHED. SMALL HOUSE IN FRANCE.**

92

MARISSA enters the shed. It's packed full of memorabilia. Photo albums, files. MARISSA looks at the walls. Pictures of Sara in Stasi uniform. With Heller. Other men. Heller with other Stasi men. In groups. The network. MARISSA takes out a camera and takes photos.

SARA FISCHER

It's just a memory. Nostalgia.

MARISSA takes some more photos.

MARISSA

Someone will come to collect all  
of these.

SARA bows her head. MARISSA finishes her photographs. Turns to the old woman in her little suburban garden.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I thought I'd won you all over.  
How naive I was.

She heads out of the shed and walks down the garden. We hear the front door click shut. A very frightened SARA FISCHER remains in the shed, trembling. She stares at the pictures of the young and handsome ERIK HELLER.

93

**EXT. / INT BUTCHERS SHOP. SOUTH SWEDEN**

93

ERIK HELLER, twenty years older, more worn, more rugged, in the suit in which we last saw him leaving Hanna in the forest, enters a tiny provincial Swedish butchers shop and walks up to the counter. He checks around to make sure no one is following him before talking to the portly BUTCHER.

HELLER

Three pounds of goose fat.

94

**EXT. SOUTH SWEDISH COAST**

94

A barren rocky outcrop on the South Swedish coast. ERIK HELLER arrives. He has a rucsac on his back.

HELLER undresses and puts his suit and shirt in a plastic bag that he knots tight. He puts the bag into the rucsac and puts it on his back.

Then HELLER starts to cover his body in the goose fat he bought in the butcher's. He stares across the water towards DENMARK in the distance.

95

**EXT. SPANISH MOTORWAY. DAY.**

95

Establisher as the French family's car makes its way on a fast-moving motorway up through Spain on their way home. The car comes off the motorway and heads into a service station.

96

**EXT. SERVICE STATION ON MOTORWAY. SPAIN. DAY.**

96

Emil is filling up the car with petrol. The radio is playing quietly in the car. RACHEL is asleep. THIERRY is buried in his Nintendo DS. Only SOPHIE is watching, listening to music on her IPOD, but staring out of the window at HANNA who is in the service station. And what Sophie notices through the window of the service station, is that HANNA is stealing. A postcard, a stamp-book. A pen. All stolen with utter silent skill. Then HANNA is writing on the postcard, putting it in an envelope, along with the photograph of herself, and posting it with a stamp. It's like watching a ballet to the tune of whatever is on SOPHIE's Ipod. SOPHIE watches amazed and impressed. Just who is this girl?

HANNA returns to the car. Smiles at SOPHIE. Nothing to be said.

Now EMIL has paid and gets back into the car. He has no idea what has just happened.

EMIL

All done. Let's go.

HANNA smiles at SOPHIE. She can't help liking the fact that Sophie is so impressed. It's a new feeling. The respect of one's peers.

97

**INT. CAR. SPAIN. DAY.**

97

In the car as we drive along. HANNA looking at the arid Spanish landscape. Wind in her hair. SOPHIE is listening to the IPOD. HANNA looks at her. SOPHIE takes one earphone out of her own ear and puts it in HANNA's. MUSIC pours into HANNA's ear and she jumps slightly. SOPHIE smiles but says nothing. HANNA listens to the music. Likes it. Feels its rhythm. The two girls together. But interrupted by:

RACHEL

This is all my fault Hanna. I'm afraid of flying.

SOPHIE

I think it's good we came by car.  
Otherwise we wouldn't have met  
Hanna.

But EMIL is still intent on finding out more.

EMIL

So you live in Leipzig?

HANNA

With my father. And my dog Trudi.

\*

SOPHIE

You have a dog? That's so cute.

HANNA

He shits on the carpet.

This as if she has never said it before. They crack up.  
Girls together. The parents raise eyebrows to each other.

RACHEL

You must have school on Monday.

HANNA nods.

HANNA

Klaus Kohle Gymnasium.

SOPHIE

School sucks.

EMIL

Sophie.

HANNA

Yeah it does.

SOPHIE giggles. HANNA smiles, enjoying the lie.

RACHEL

And you get on well with your  
father?

She's fishing. HANNA realises RACHEL is after answers. She  
looks to SOPHIE.

SOPHIE

Stop asking stupid questions mum.  
Leave her alone.

SOPHIE flashes a conspiratorial smile at HANNA who returns  
it. SOPHIE is convinced she's found a new friend. In the  
front RACHEL and EMIL exchange a glance.

98

**INT. HARBOUR CONTROL. MALAGA. SOUTHERN SPAIN.**

98

In a small harbourside office, ISAACS is sitting smoking. His HENCHMEN have tied up the Port Security Camera Monitor who is watching in terror. ISAACS smiles at him.

ISAACS

I'd have a little siesta if I  
were you. We could be a while.

ISAACS and his henchman REYNOLDS continue to look at the ferry CCTV.

99

**EXT. SPANISH HOTEL.**

99

The car is parked and the French family are entering the hotel with HANNA. HANNA looks around and sees a SPANISH BOY standing in the car park looking at her, fancying her. HANNA not used to this feeling of being looked at. This is FELICIANO. He is handsome. She looks away and enters the hotel.

100

**INT. SPANISH HOTEL.**

100

The family are at reception. HANNA with them. HANNA looks at the smart, rather corporate hotel. It's not like anything she's ever seen.

EMIL

Emil Domerc. We have two rooms  
booked for the night.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes. Two adults, two children,  
correct?

SOPHIE

But we have an extra child.

RECEPTIONIST

There is no bed.

SOPHIE

That's ok. She'll stay with me.

She smiles at HANNA. They make their way to a lift. HANNA stops as the door opens.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Don't you like lifts? Would you  
rather take the stairs?

HANNA nods. SOPHIE smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
I'll come with you.

101

**INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

101

THIERRY is in his bed. SOPHIE is sitting on Sophie's bed looking on her laptop at an internet webpage about pop stars etc.

HANNA sits on a couch eating popcorn. She likes the taste. The glow of the television flickers across Hanna's mesmerised face.

HANNA

Have you ever seen this before?

SOPHIE turns to the television.

ON SCREEN: *Tom and Jerry* up to their old tricks.

SOPHIE

Uh like a thousand times.

Hanna's eyes widen.

ON SCREEN: Tom chases Jerry until, finally, he leaps and slams into a wall.

Hanna pops back in shock. A hard CHUCKLE bursts from her lower intestines.

HANNA

HA-HA!...

THIERRY

Haven't you ever seen a TV?

HANNA

We don't have one.

THIERRY

So what do you do in the evenings?

HANNA ignores him and watches the screen again as Tom shatters into a thousand pieces. SOPHIE is on the internet, looking at a pop starlet.

SOPHIE

Hanna look. This is Alizee. She's gorgeous. She's so thin. A real "Lolita!"

HANNA comes to have a look.

HANNA

Why is she bending over?

SOPHIE

Why d'you think? To show her ass  
of course! Thierry. Turn the TV  
off and go to sleep.

THIERRY

I'll go to sleep if you shut up!

SOPHIE in a triumph of secrecy:

SOPHIE

Well we're going out in a moment  
so we won't disturb you any more.

Thierry desperate to know more.

THIERRY

Where are you going?

SOPHIE

None of your business.

THIERRY

I'll tell mum.

SOPHIE

I'll kill you! (to HANNAH) Come  
in the bathroom. Come on.

HANNA

Why?

SOPHIE

Come on!

She drags HANNA into the bathroom.

102

INT. BATHROOM. CONT.

102

SOPHIE

I am going to make you look SO  
HOT!

She starts to makeover HANNA's face.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God your eyes look amazing.  
I don't know why I'm doing this,  
you're going to steal all the  
best guys off of me.

HANNA

What do you mean?

SOPHIE  
Don't play the innocent with me  
my little thief.

A smile between them. HANNA watches herself in the mirror. She has suddenly become sexualised - mascara, eye liner, lipstick. A woman. The feelings this provokes in her are exciting but also disquieting.

SOPHIE finishes HANNA's face, looks at her in the mirror.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Alizee eat your heart out.

103 **EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK. NIGHT.**

103

As dark descends, SOPHIE and HANNA sneak out of the back door of the hotel together and move secretly between the parked cars. HANNA is dressed in some of SOPHIE's clothes, including a short skirt and has the make-up on. They are excited, SOPHIE alive with the thrill of disobedience.

HANNA  
I can't walk in this.

SOPHIE  
Come on you look supercool.

HANNA  
Where are we going?

SOPHIE  
Shhhhh! Into town.

HANNA uncomfortable. Is it too dangerous?

HANNA  
I'm not sure.

SOPHIE  
OK then I'll go on my own.

She heads off down the road. HANNA stops for a second. Then thinks - fuck it - and follows.

104 **EXT. DANISH COASTLINE. NIGHT.**

104

Rain pours down in the darkness on to a beach on the Danish coast. The water ripples and we see a figure come out of the water. ERIK HELLER. His lungs bursting with the exertion. Water dripping from his body. He collapses for a while then stumbles across the beach. He approaches a car park by the beach. Suddenly he sees a POLICE CAR swinging into the car park. He tries to run but too late as its headlights illuminate him.

HELLER starts to walk away but the car starts to follow him. HELLER stops and turns towards the police car. The two policemen get out and approach HELLER who stares at them.

105

**INT. SPANISH NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT.**

105

SOPHIE pulls HANNA into a loud, packed provincial Spanish night club. HANNA not used to the pumping music. SOPHIE goes to the bar, HANNA following.

SOPHIE  
No age limit here!

She orders some drinks. Hands one to HANNA. HANNA sees the boy from the car park across the dance floor. He is looking at her. Now she is approached fast from the other direction by another couple of SPANISH LADS. They speak in Spanish.

SPANISH LAD 1  
Where are you from?

HANNA  
Me?

SPANISH LAD 1  
Yes of course you? Who else? \*

SPANISH LAD 2  
Don't you know where you're from?  
She's pretty vacant this one huh!

SPANISH LAD 1  
But she's pretty pretty. Aren't  
you?

He smiles at her. Fancies her. HANNA's anger rises here. It's as if we see a click into a different person, wildly violent. She is about to attack. But then SOPHIE intervenes.

SOPHIE (IN FRENCH)  
Get lost tosser.

SPANISH LAD 1  
French! You're French.

SOPHIE  
Hey genius, how'd you work that  
out?

She grabs HANNA's hand.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Come on. Let's lose the losers.

She leads HANNA to a bar-high table near the dance floor.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Drink. To our friendship.

HANNA  
What is this?

SOPHIE  
Vodka cocktail.

HANNA  
I shouldn't.

SOPHIE  
Why not?

HANNA  
Alcohol slows the reactions.

SOPHIE  
Who told you that?

HANNA  
My father.

SOPHIE  
And are you always going to do  
what daddy says?

A challenge. HANNA looks at her and drinks, it tastes bitter and she winces slightly. SOPHIE laughs then grabs HANNA.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Come on.

They start to dance. HANNA has not danced like this before and is hesitant.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Dance!

HANNA dances nervously at first but swigs her drink down and begins to enjoy herself. Her body starts to move with increasing energy to the music. Her dance becomes animal, wild in its intensity and SOPHIE whoops as she watches her.

The Port Security Officer is still tied up. Beers, crisps and fag ends litter the small sweaty office as two of Isaacs' henchmen snooze on the floor. ISAACS himself watches the screen. His face has lit up.

This is because he has suddenly found footage of HANNA and SOPHIE laughing as they come in and out of the photography booth. ISAACS watches quietly, focusing on the two girls' faces.

107

INT. SPANISH NIGHT CLUB. LATER.

107

SOPHIE and HANNA are sitting at a table, after a long dance. Exhausted, slightly drunk. HANNA not used to it.

HANNA

I feel strange. Everything is  
tingling.

She laughs. A new feeling. She has not laughed like this.

SOPHIE

We have to go in an hour. Enjoy  
it while you can.

HANNA

Why is that boy looking at me?

SOPHIE turns. The handsome Spanish boy FELICIANO, from the car park is looking at her, accompanied by a friend.

SOPHIE

Take a wild guess. They're coming  
over. Play it cool.

FELICIANO approaches with the friend. The friend eyes up SOPHIE. FELICIANO talks to HANNA.

FELICIANO

Hi.

HANNA

Hello.

HANNA not sure what to say. Shy suddenly.

\*

FELICIANO

You dance well. What's your name?

\*

HANNA

Hanna.

FELICIANO

Have you been here before?

SOPHIE

We're always coming here aren't  
we?

Playing it cool. HANNA joins in. Loving it.

HANNA

Yeah we're absolute regulars.

SOPHIE giggles. HANNA laughs, drunk. FELICIANO takes HANNA's hand.

FELICIANO

Do you want to take a walk?

108

**EXT. SPANISH URBAN PARK NEAR NIGHT CLUB.**

108

HANNA and FELICIANO are sitting on a bench in a small SPANISH PARK in the town. HANNA intense, rigid as he tries to kiss her.

FELICIANO

Have you kissed a boy before?

HANNA shakes her head.

FELICIANO (CONT'D)

Open your mouth.

She does. He kisses her. She responds. Fast.

FELICIANO (CONT'D)

Slowly.

She slows down. They kiss properly.

FELICIANO (CONT'D)

Better.

They kiss, lengthily. He holds her breast. HANNA's reaction is instant, making to grab him by the throat. Then she stops herself.

HANNA

Sorry.

FELICIANO retreats a little.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Please. Don't.

She grabs his hand, puts it to her breast. He looks at her. They kiss again and she holds his hand against her breast. Then she moves his hand down, between her legs. She is being guided now by instinct. What she wants. She starts to unbutton his trousers. Her passion is feral.

\*

SOPHIE

Hanna!

HANNA stops. SOPHIE looking at her. Shocked.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
We have to go.

HANNA stares at FELICIANO.

HANNA  
I want to stay.

SOPHIE  
We have to go. The hotel locks up  
at three.

HANNA stares at SOPHIE.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Hanna! You don't know him!

HANNA gets up, walks away.

FELICIANO  
Can I see you again?

HANNA does not turn. Walks away ahead of SOPHIE. Fast, disturbed by the emotions she has felt. SOPHIE chases, for a moment really shocked and angry.

SOPHIE  
What the hell do you think you  
were doing?

HANNA  
It just felt right.

SOPHIE  
Yeah eventually maybe! But not on  
a first date!

A possibility of a real argument. HANNA furious. SOPHIE suddenly diffuses as only teenagers can.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Christ I thought you were going  
to eat him alive!

She giggles. HANNA smiles too. Then laughs. She makes a fake "roar" sound. SOPHIE bursts into hysterics. They laugh together as they drunkenly weave up the street.

The NIGHT RECEPTIONIST of the Spanish hotel looks up to see a silhouetted man entering the hotel. Behind him another man

NIGHT RECEPTIONIST  
Can I help you?

The man comes into the light. It is ISAACS and his sidekick REYNOLDS.

ISAACS  
I'd like a twin room. With a balcony.

110 **EXT. DANISH COASTLINE. EARLY DAWN.**

110

MARISSA walks along a stunningly desolate patch of Danish coastline. She approaches a Crime Scene. Dogs, markings on the ground. WILLIS is there.

MARISSA looks down.

On the ground lie the two DANISH POLICEMEN. Their throats have been cut.

WILLIS  
The Danes have spotter planes across the country. They've doubled the number of officers on the ground.

\*

MARISSA nods. Looks out at the sea. Did he really swim it?

111 **INT. HOTEL BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

111

A dark hotel bedroom. The sound of sleeping. The door clicks open. ISAACS and REYNOLDS enter the room. They shine a torch on the beds. Thierry sleeping. But no one else there. ISAACS has a moment of confusion. Where is she? Quietly he signals to REYNOLDS and they leave the room.

A pause in the dark room. And then two giggling girls are heard climbing up the balcony and entering the hotel room through the bedroom window. HANNA and SOPHIE. Drunk and entirely oblivious to how close that was to catastrophe.

112 **INT. SPANISH HOTEL ROOM. EARLY DAWN.**

112

HANNA and SOPHIE lie next to each other.

SOPHIE  
Can't you sleep?

HANNA  
No.

SOPHIE giggles.

SOPHIE  
You're not in love are you?

HANNA

I don't know what that means.

SOPHIE

Looked like you did to me...

HANNA

Have you been in love?

SOPHIE

Oh babe. A thousand times...

HANNA smiles.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

No not really. I mean not REALLY.

SOPHIE turns serious. Grabs her laptop.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Hey I want to add you to my  
Facebook friends. Then we can  
chat when you're back in Leipzig.

SOPHIE brings up Facebook. HANNA looks at her. Confused.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Aren't you on Facebook?

HANNA

What is it?

SOPHIE

Hello, it's only how everyone  
meets everyone! Hanna, what  
planet are you on?

SOPHIE giggles. HANNA smiles. SOPHIE nuzzles her face next  
to HANNA's.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Well then, I'll have to come to  
Leipzig and visit you.

HANNA stops smiling. Her loneliness rears up.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Don't you want me to?

HANNA stares at her. Yes she wants her to but...

HANNA

I don't live in Leipzig.

SOPHIE pauses. Looks at her.

SOPHIE

What do you mean? Where do you live?

HANNA

I don't know.

This with a sadness. SOPHIE confused. HANNA suddenly, quietly confides.

HANNA (CONT'D)

I'm going to Berlin. I have to meet my father at Wilhelm's house.

Real need here. She has broken her confidence.

SOPHIE

Who's he?

HANNA

I don't know.

HANNA looking worried here. Serious. SOPHIE snuggles closer.

\*

SOPHIE

Why do you have to go there?  
Can't you say?

HANNA

My father has been protecting me from people who were trying to hurt me.

SOPHIE

What people?

HANNA

He didn't say.

Suddenly she reaches into her bag. Brings out the DNA report. Shows it to Sophie. They read. Interfering Sequence. Abnormal.

SOPHIE

What is it?

HANNA

I think it's about me. What does it mean?

SOPHIE

DNA is kind of how we're made I think. I mean like who we are.

HANNA  
Why does it say Abnormal?

They look at it.

SOPHIE  
Where did you get it?

HANNA says nothing. She just can't.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
You know what I think we should  
do with this?

She scrunches it up. HANNA smiles, grabs the paper, rips it into shreds and throws it in the toilet. She flushes it down the toilet. SOPHIE laughs and HANNA laughs too. But then HANNA looks suddenly terribly vulnerable, there are a few tears on her cheek. SOPHIE kisses her, then takes a bracelet off her own wrist. Gives it to her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Keep this. To remember me.

HANNA takes it, puts it on. Moved. Looks at SOPHIE.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
I've never met anyone like you.

Eye to eye. Teenage love here, intense. But it's getting too close, too painful.

HANNA  
Go to sleep.

SOPHIE nuzzles against HANNA. HANNA strokes her hair and stares at the ceiling as SOPHIE starts to sleep.

Beside them we see that THIERRY has woken and has been listening in the darkness.

113

**INT. DANISH HOSTEL. EARLY MORNING.**

113

ERIK HELLER walks into a small long-established family hotel on a Danish road near the coast. He is in his slightly dated suit he wore when he left the forest. A sixty year old Danish woman stands behind the counter as if she has stood there all her life. Which she has. He speaks to her in Danish.

ERIK  
My name is Peter Olsson. I called  
yesterday. I have a booking for  
today.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes Mr Olsson.

ERIK

I am sorry but I am not able to  
stay after all.

RECEPTIONIST

That's all right. But some post  
came for you.

ERIK

Thank you.

He takes the letter. HANNA's letter. Opens it. Reads the postcard. "Holiday went as planned. See you at Wilhelm's". In the envelope are two of the passport photos of Hanna that she took on the ferry. ERIK smiles and pockets both.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I stayed here fifteen years ago.  
It hasn't changed.

RECEPTIONIST

We don't much like change here.

He smiles at her. Then he leaves the hotel and walks down the road.

114

INT. CAR. FRANCE.

114

The family are driving. HANNA in the middle of the back seat. She is wearing SOPHIE's bracelet and looks a bit worse for wear. SOPHIE asleep. THIERRY in computer-game world. Emil driving. RACHEL turns and asks quietly.

RACHEL

So how was last night?

HANNA looks at her. There's enough in RACHEL's eyes for it to be clear RACHEL knows she and Sophie went out.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I was young once too you know.

HANNA smiles shyly.

HANNA

Were you like Sophie?

RACHEL

No, I was actually much more like  
you.

HANNA

What am I like?

RACHEL

More of a loner. But look at me  
now. Married, two kids...

HANNA looks away hiding a sadness. Will she ever have that?

HANNA

How long until you drop me off?

RACHEL

This afternoon. From Lille you  
can get a train to Berlin.  
Leipzig's just a few hours  
further.

HANNA nods. But looks worried.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Do you not want to go home?

HANNA does not know how to answer. Too complicated a  
question. She looks out the window. Guilty that she feels  
no longer sure she wants to return to Erik.

HANNA feels a hand on hers. RACHEL, looking forward through  
the windscreen, has reached back with her hand and placed  
it on HANNA's. A simple maternal gesture. EMIL pretending  
not to notice. HANNA looks at the hand. Wants to put her  
left hand on top. So wants to. But doesn't.

Behind her we see another car following them. Isaacs' car.

115

**EXT. COPENHAGEN TRAIN STATION. MORNING.**

115

A commuter train pulls into Copenhagen train station and  
amongst the morning commuters alighting the train, we see  
ERIK HELLER. Still in the suit. He looks furtively around,  
and tries to blend in with the crowd.

Now we move to a POV from a walkway above the station.  
Someone is watching HELLER as he tries to conceal himself  
within the throng. A DANISH OPERATIVE, hidden on a metal  
walkway above the platform.

OPERATIVE 1

This is Henson. I think I have  
him.

On the platform HELLER walks amongst the commuters. He  
walks past the ticket collectors, checking for any  
suspicious behaviour, any "tells".

As he moves we hear a CIA voice.

CIA VOICE

Subject may be armed. Proceed with caution. Wait until he's clear of the crowds. Then deal with him.

HELLER walks past an AGENT posing as a commuter but lingers on him. Something not right about him.

HELLER enters a small bar. He walks through the bar into the toilets, finds a FIRE EXIT and walks through the fire exit.

AGENT (V.O.)

He's entered a bar. Watch the back exit.

HELLER comes out of the fire exit, finds himself in a goods yard adjoining the train station. He walks through the goods yard, then suddenly, and apparently for no reason, stops dead, then throws himself behind a skip of empty bottles.

As he does two SPECIAL OPS run round the corner into the goods yard. They radio in.

SPECIAL OPS

He's not here.

They scour the yard. Closer to HELLER's hiding place. HELLER suddenly jumps out of the hiding place and takes the two men on. After a fight in which he injures his leg, he kills both of them. Then takes the radio and radios in, in a perfect imitation of the voice he just heard.

ERIK

He's going back in the bar. We have him cornered.

Then he turns and walks, limping, the other way out of the goods yard. The radio suddenly responds.

VOICE ON RADIO

OK bring him to Marissa Wiegler.  
She wants to talk to him.

HELLER stops dead. MARISSA WIEGLER is alive... He speaks again in a perfect imitation.

ERIK

Is that what she said?

VOICE ON RADIO

That's what she said.

ERIK stands in shock.

\*

116

**INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT.**

116

ISAACS's car draws up to a lovely roadside family French restaurant. ISAACS gets out. He looks between bushes and sees...

The FAMILY and HANNA are dining at the restaurant. They are in a covered conservatory, the late winter sun is shining and they are having a great time. Laughter, jokes. End of holiday meal.

EMIL

No no wine for you!

SOPHIE

Just a glass dad. Je t'en prie!!!

EMIL

No way darling. Hanna, we let her have red wine at New Year. She fell asleep at eleven!

SOPHIE

Dad you're embarrassing me!

EMIL

Well it's true! Rachel, back me up!

RACHEL

And then when she did wake up she did this funny dance.

RACHEL does the dance and they all laugh.

HANNA

That wasn't how she danced last night in the club.

SOPHIE

Don't you dare!

RACHEL

Go on Hanna. Do it!

HANNA, loving the feeling of it all, does the Sophie sexy dance. They all laugh. SOPHIE goes red but laughs too. RACHEL does the dance. EMIL does the dance. SOPHIE does the dance. HANNA and SOPHIE fall into each other's arms laughing. HANNA looks at SOPHIE - a true friend. Then THIERRY speaks with the seriousness that only a ten year old can muster.

THIERRY

My family is so frivolous.

They pause and look at him. Then all burst into laughter. HANNA laughing, sees RACHEL looking at her with a deep love. HANNA looks into the eyes of this mother she never had.

ISAACS smokes his cigarette and watches.

117

**INT. HOTEL INTERCONTINENTAL COPENHAGEN.**

117

MARISSA sits, quietly furious in her room. WILLIS approaches her. Other officers, security etc. Rain on the windows outside.

WILLIS

We've got roadblocks on every route out. We'll find him.

MARISSA does not respond. The hotel phone rings.

MARISSA

Yes.

RECEPTIONIST

Madam this is reception. I have Erik Heller on the line.

MARISSA stops dead. She signals to WILLIS and the others to leave. She is left alone.

MARISSA

Put him on.

The line connects.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

How did you get this number?

A phone booth in a Danish park. ERIK HELLER shivering in the cold as icy rain falls behind him.

ERIK

I have one of your radios.

MARISSA

Then you'll know I'm very much alive.

ERIK

But so is she.

MARISSA

Erik she's not safe to be out there.

ERIK

Safe for who?

MARISSA

For anybody. We have no idea how she may behave. You need to give her back to us.

ERIK stands in the rain.

ERIK

And then what will you do with her?

MARISSA

Hanna was part of something that should never have happened. We both know that and we both know she shouldn't be alone. Just tell me where you are meeting her.

The line goes dead. MARISSA sits alone.

**EXT. RURAL FRENCH ROAD.**

HANNA in the back of the car, smiles sleepily as her head rests on SOPHIE's shoulder. RACHEL driving. EMIL snoozing. HANNA and SOPHIE's hands are entwined.

Behind them we see Isaacs's car. But HANNA is unaware. For the first time her defenses are down.

118 **EXT. WAR MUSEUM VERDUN.**

118

The family's car draws up at the War museum in Fleury near Verdun.

119 **INT. WAR MUSEUM VERDUN.**

119

The family enter the small museum.

SOPHIE

More "education" dad?

RACHEL

Keep your voice down Sophie.

SOPHIE

I'm only joking. I know this place means a lot to you.

SOPHIE goes to her dad and gives him a hug.

EMIL

Look at that, Rachel. A sign of affection from my daughter.

SOPHIE

You know I love you really. Even though you're an idiot.

She hugs him. He holds her and strokes her head. RACHEL smiles too, a family moment. HANNA watches this. It's a moment of acute isolation for her, seeing the family together. HANNA turns away and enters a room in the museum.

120

**INT. MUSEUM MEMORIAL ROOM.**

120

HANNA looks at the memorial. The list of men who died. Hanna runs her hand along the names. She sees an old woman sitting in silent mourning by the epitaph. The meaning of death.

SOPHIE's voice.

SOPHIE (O.C.)

You ok?

HANNA is buried in thought. But makes no reply. Instead she reads.

HANNA

Thirty thousand men killed in one day.

SOPHIE looks at her quietly.

SOPHIE

What is it?

HANNA replies whilst still reading the epitaph so we don't see her face.

HANNA

I don't want to leave.

SOPHIE

Well don't then. We all want you to stay.

HANNA turns to look at SOPHIE. She sees that she has tears in her eyes.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Oh Hanna...

She goes to hug her. Then HANNA suddenly bristles. A sense of something.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

What?

HANNA  
Can't you hear it?

SOPHIE  
No.

HANNA looks out the window to the car park and indeed they both suddenly see ISAACS' car enter the car park. Instantly HANNA is on high alert. She watches as the four men get out of the car and approach the family's car. Among them - ISAACS - directing operations.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What is it?

HANNA  
Nothing. Go back to your mum and dad.

SOPHIE  
No way.

But HANNA is walking out of the room and up some stairs. SOPHIE follows.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Hanna!

They are in a quiet upstairs part of the museum, and HANNA can see the rest of the family downstairs. EMIL is reading the history while THIERRY hugs his mother.

Suddenly HANNA sees down the stairwell to two of Isaacs's henchmen entering the museum. She quickly moves away across the room.

HANNA  
Get away from me.

SOPHIE  
Why?

HANNA  
I'm not safe to be with.

Now there is a voice behind her. HANNA stops dead.

ISAACS  
Hanna? We have your father. You should come with us.

SOPHIE stares.

SOPHIE  
Who is he?

HANNA does not move.

ISAACS

Erik is back at the hotel. He wants to see you.

REYNOLDS

It's all over Hanna. Everything's ok.

REYNOLDS moves forward. Hanna double-kicks him in the chest. SOPHIE screams. REYNOLDS stumbles to the ground.

HANNA runs back across the room towards the stairwell. Now HENCHMAN 3, Scottish and hard as nails, blocks the path.

HENCHMAN 3

I don't think so.

Hanna leaps the railing and free-falls twenty feet into the main vestibule. Screams from a couple of tourists.

MUSEUM SECURITY hears the noise and approaches.

SECURITY

What do you think you're doing?

HANNA elbows SECURITY. From the mezzanine above SOPHIE sees REYNOLDS who is running down the stairs.

SOPHIE

Hanna!

HANNA turns just in time to confront him. She grabs an old first world war bayonet that is on the wall and smashes it against REYNOLDS who collapses to the ground. Now HENCHMAN 4 enters. He lunges at her, ripping her shoulder but she kicks him off, smashes one of the museum chairs over his head and out of pure instinct, grabs his gun.

HANNA takes the gun in her hand, her face coils in rage and determination. Erik's training. HANNA is about to shoot him...

When she sees SOPHIE staring at her in horror. Everything slows down. HANNA's face melts. Utter confusion in her eyes.

A strange moment of quiet. Two 14 year old girls looking at each other.

Then HANNA drops the gun and runs back up the stairs past Sophie. She returns into the upstairs gallery and sprints through several museum rooms, past bewildered tourists, past photos of war, memorials, weapons and war memorabilia. She reaches the final room. She runs to the window.

HANNA turns from the window to see SOPHIE staring at her. There is an eerie silence.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

HANNA shakes her head.

HANNA  
I can't tell you.

SOPHIE approaches.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
Don't come near me.

On the other side of the room HANNA sees a Fire Exit. She dashes to it, quickly smashes open the Fire Exit door. The alarm sounds.

HANNA turns and raises her hand slightly in a mute farewell. SOPHIE stares at her.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

SOPHIE  
Wait.

But there's not time. HANNA turns and with a brief look back closes the door behind her.

SOPHIE stares after her as RACHEL approaches.

121

**EXT. FRENCH FIELD**

121

HANNA is sprinting, full tilt across a field, towards a railway line. Busting a gut.

She reaches a railway, then sees a station up ahead. A train is leaving. She sprints, faster than she has ever run, lungs bursting, along the railway line towards the small station. She leaps up on to the train as it departs, people staring at her in amazement.

122

**INT. FRENCH TRAIN. DAY. CONT.**

122

HANNA looks out of the window as outside the Museum, ISAACS escorts the DOMERC family towards his car. She feels the loss of the family, her chance of an ordinary life disappearing as the train rolls onwards. Holding back the tears, only one life possible now, onwards towards her father.

123

**INT. FRENCH POLICE STATION.**

123

The DOMERC family are ushered into an interrogation room. They sit together.

Now a door opens and ISAACS AND MARISSA enter.

ISAACS

I'm sorry to delay your trip home  
but we'd like to ask you some  
questions.

He smiles. MARISSA steps forward.

MARISSA

Tell me about Hanna.

124

**EXT. LILLE STATION. EVENING.**

124

HANNA gets off the small local train with a suitcase we have not seen before.

She looks up at the giant signboard showing trains. There is a train to BERLIN. She moves quickly to a ticket office.

Back inside the train that HANNA has just left, an attractive young woman is shouting at a guard about her luggage having gone missing.

125

**INT. TRAIN. NIGHT.**

125

The train is hurtling through the late February night towards BERLIN.

HANNA sits in the compartment in new clothes. They are fashionable, rather more sophisticated than what she has worn before and she looks older as a result. The door opens. HANNA instantly recoils. But it is only the TICKET COLLECTOR that enters.

TICKET COLLECTOR

Ticket please.

HANNA shows her ticket.

TICKET COLLECTOR (CONT'D)

Are you alone?

She nods.

TICKET COLLECTOR (CONT'D)

If you are tired, you can fold  
the seat over to make a bed.

He does so.

HANNA

Thanks.

TICKET COLLECTOR

Sweet dreams.

The COLLECTOR leaves. HANNA stares at the ceiling. No chance of sleep tonight.

126 EXT. DANISH COUNTRYSIDE.

126

A Danish bus drives out of the city, reaches a roadblock. The Bus Driver, fat, in cap and dark spectacles, stops the bus. On pour Danish police. Every car is being looked at. The driver asks in Danish one of the policemen.

DRIVER

Manhunt?

POLICE

Guy killed two coastguards. You heading to Aufsburg? Keep an eye out.

He hands him a picture of ERIK HELLER.

On the bus the police check all the passengers. Then they nod and leave the bus which drives on out of Copenhagen. The driver turns the radio back on. Looks in the mirror. It's only now we see that the driver is ERIK HELLER.

127 INT. FRENCH POLICE STATION.

127

ISAACS and MARISSA talking to the family.

RACHEL

I told you, she said she lived in Leipzig. She went to the Klaus Kohle Gymnasium.

ISAACS

There is no Klaus Kohle Gymnasium. It closed five years ago.

Shock on Rachel's face.

MARISSA

Did she give any idea of where she was going?

EMIL

Who are you? Why have you brought us here?

MARISSA shows him her official authorisation.

MARISSA

I work for the American Central Intelligence Agency. We need to find Hanna for her own protection.

SOPHIE

I think she needs protecting from you.

RACHEL

Don't be stupid Sophie.

EMIL

What has she done?

MARISSA

It's not what she's done. It's what her father's done.

MARISSA passes a photo of the two dead DANISH POLICEMEN. The family go silent.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Three days ago Erik Heller killed two Danish policemen.

EMIL

Where is he now?

Pause.

MARISSA

He's still at large. He's a danger to Hanna.

Pause. SOPHIE thinks about it but clams up. Marissa notices.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

If you know anything at all, it's vital you tell us for her own safety. We're worried about her.

But SOPHIE doesn't say a word.

RACHEL

Sophie?

Still nothing. They all look at her. Thierry suddenly speaks.

THIERRY

She's going to Berlin. To  
Wilhelm's house.

SOPHIE (TO THIERRY)

I'll kill you!

RACHEL

How did you know that?

SOPHIE

You traitor!

SOPHIE lunges at THIERRY but EMIL pushes her back.

EMIL

Sophie for God's sake.

RACHEL

What has she told you?

SOPHIE

Nothing.

MARISSA

Is that all she said? Wilhelm's  
house?

THIERRY nods. SOPHIE refuses to speak. Loyal to the last.

RACHEL

Sophie her father is a violent  
man, he could hurt her.

SOPHIE confused, looking at the photo of the dead men.

SOPHIE

She said he was protecting her  
from danger.

RACHEL

He would say that.

RACHEL turns to MARISSA

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Will you make sure he doesn't  
hurt her? Please.

She stares at MARISSA who bats it back with utter sincerity  
as ISAACS stands beside her.

MARISSA

We'll do everything we can.

128

**EXT. BERLIN RAILWAY STATION.**

128

A cold late winter's day as HANNA, in her new clothes, stands in the railway station. It is packed with people, and she is disorientated by the sheer mass of humanity. She looks out for anyone following her, sees German police. She enters the Ladies restrooms.

129

**INT. RESTROOMS BERLIN STATION.**

129

HANNA enters the restrooms. They are lit by UV light to prevent drug use. She stares at the unusual light - it's new to her. She goes to a mirror, checks her appearance, adding make-up for disguise. Then she spots something in the mirror that shocks her. A small fluorescent mark on both sides of her face, only visible in the UV light. She looks at the marks in alarm.

Then out of instinct she turns and pulls up her top revealing her back. Two fluorescent lines stretching right down her back. HANNA looks in horror.

Then she turns to see a middle aged woman also in the restrooms, looking at her in amazement.

HANNA pulls down her top and walks very fast towards the exit.

130

**EXT. BERLIN AIRPORT. / INT. CAR.**

130

MARISSA exits a helicopter at BERLIN airfield carrying a small briefcase. Cold, wintry. She walks fast to a waiting car. Gets in. ISAACS is waiting inside.

ISAACS

I've looked through Heller's contacts from the 1980's. There's no one called Wilhelm.

MARISSA

That's because Wilhelm's dead. He died two hundred years ago.

She shows ISAACS one of the photos she took at SARA FISCHER'S house. ISAACS looks at a photo of two men outside an unusual Berlin building. The men are a young ERIK HELLER and an older man who we will later realise is KLAUS KNEPFLER. The house is very odd - we see fairy tale features - trolls, witches, fairies.

ISAACS

What the hell is this?

MARISSA smiles slightly.

MARISSA  
That's his house.

131

**EXT. BERLIN STREET**

131

HANNA, still shocked by seeing the markings on her skin, arrives in a taxi outside the WILHELM GRIMM HOUSE. It's the house from the photo, a tourist attraction, slightly kitsch-folk, with lots of fairy tale decor, kids entering and leaving. HANNA stands on the street in deep anticipation. Cars pour by as HANNA gathers herself. Then she enters the building.

132

**INT. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE**

132

HANNA approaches the reception desk. She speaks in perfect English.

HANNA  
Excuse me. I'm looking for Erik  
Heller.

RECEPTIONIST  
Does he work here?

HANNA  
No.

RECEPTIONIST  
I'm sorry, I don't understand. Do  
you want to go into the house?

HANNA shakes her head. She hides a terrible sense of disappointment. Then: a voice.

KNEPFLER  
Excuse me young lady?

She turns. A sixty-five year old man is looking at her. It is the man from the photo, but twenty years older. Small, with a wiry intensity.

HANNA  
Are you Wilhelm Grimm?

KNEPFLER  
Not exactly. Come this way.

He leads her into the office.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)  
You are Hanna?

HANNA nods. KNEPFLER looks at her, quietly moved.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)

I am Herr Knepfler. I run the house. Erik used to come here a great deal.

HANNA

Have you heard from him?

He nods.

KNEPFLER

You must wait. He will be here soon.

HANNA stares at him.

HANNA

Was it you who sent him the newspapers?

KNEPFLER smiles. He gives her some money, and new identities, ID cards.

KNEPFLER

Here is some money. And this is your new name.

HANNA looks at the ID cards. To her amazement the photo she sent Erik is in one of the ID cards - with a new name - ANNA-MARIE ELKAN. She takes a deep breath.

HANNA

What is this?

KNEPFLER

We have an apartment ready for you in the south of the country. The car will take you there straight away. You will be based there from now on.

HANNA

Who are you?

KNEPFLER

We are old friends of your father. And now we are friends of you. Your father will explain everything.

He says this with a deep meaning. HANNA does not understand. Then she senses something. And indeed two cars are approaching the house.

KNEPFLER looks at her. KNEPFLER turns to the RECEPTIONIST.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)  
You never saw her. Clear?

The RECEPTIONIST nods, scared. KNEPFLER leads HANNA up some stairs into the fairy tale house, kitschily made out with references to all the Grimm Stories. Dolls, monsters, witches. Below several OFFICERS, led by MARISSA and WILLIS enter but HANNA does not see them as she is led further up the house. OFFICERS start to spread through the house.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)  
Go through the bedroom, take the door at the back. It leads on to the roof. Go to the Heine Hotel. He'll meet you there.

HANNA nods. She moves fast across the writer's 19th century bedroom, complete with wooden desk, drawings of fairy tale characters. But as she is about to reach the back door, she senses something. Forest training. She ducks down as OFFICERS suddenly pour through the back door. HANNA hides under the small 19th century bed. Breathing as quietly as she can. She hears voices on the main stairs.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)  
I told you. There is no one here.

MARISSA (O.C.)  
Check the attic.

Footsteps to the attic.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
Erik Heller? Do you know him?

KNEPFLER  
I have never heard of him.

MARISSA  
Really?

MARISSA shows him the photograph of the two men outside the house.

KNEPFLER  
I don't know this man.

MARISSA  
Don't lie to me!

HANNA holds her breath as she hears MARISSA grab KNEPFLER by the throat. He speaks in gasps.

KNEPFLER  
He called me. She's coming soon.  
To meet him.

MARISSA

When?

KNEPFLER

Tomorrow! Tomorrow morning.

MARISSA lets him go. She turns to ISAACS.

MARISSA

Take him in there. Find out what he knows.

The sound of KNEPFLER being escorted into a next-door room, the door shutting, leaving MARISSA alone in the room. HANNA silent under the bed. The shoes of MARISSA in sight, nothing else.

The shoes come close and HANNA feels the mattress compress as MARISSA sits on the bed. She looks at the shoes as she hears her call.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Leslie this is Marissa Wiegler.

HANNA hears the name. The name of the woman she thought she had killed. Her face pale in shock and fear.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I'm going to be a day later than I thought... Yup... It's all fine.

HANNA hears MARISSA hang up as into the room comes another pair of shoes. Male. ISAACS.

ISAACS

His name's Klaus Knepfler. He's been running a network of old communists, waiting for Heller's return.

MARISSA

And the girl's.

HANNA under bed, listening to every word.

ISAACS

How much do you think she knows?

MARISSA

He's East German. He'll have told her nothing. She probably still thinks she's his daughter.

HANNA's eyes widen in shock. She can barely control her breath.

ISAACS

I'll see what else he has to offer.

He leaves her. MARISSA suddenly senses something. Did she hear an intake of breath? She turns and quickly looks under the bed. No one there. Her imagination maybe.

MARISSA stands and we see the shoes walk away to the door. They reach the door. HANNA, clinging to the bedsprings in mid-air, not breathing. The shoes leave. HANNA breathes.

133      **EXT. BERLIN ROOFTOPS.**

133

HANNA running across the rooftops. Springing, leaping across roofs. All the forest skills in evidence here. HANNA ducks into a rooftop doorway... and starts to descend....

134      **EXT. BERLIN STREET.**

134

Back on street level, HANNA walking fast, in total shock and confusion. Who is she? She walks head down, determined not to be seen. Not knowing where she is going. Her world turned upside down. She sees an internet cafe. Ducks into it.

135      **INT. INTERNET CAFE. BERLIN.**

135

HANNA sits down at a computer. The young OWNER comes up to her.

OWNER

Excuse me. You have to pay first.

HANNA

How much?

OWNER

3 Euros for half an hour.

She looks at the money that Knepfler gave her. It contains Euros. She hands some over to the OWNER.

HANNA

How does it work?

OWNER

You've never used the internet?

HANNA

No.

He smiles in amazement and logs on for her. The owner brings up a search engine.

OWNER

Just type whatever it is you're  
looking for here.

He walks away and HANNA slowly starts to type. The name she types is DNA INTERFERING SEQUENCE.

136

**EXT. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE**

136

ERIK HELLER walks, head bowed, up the street towards the Wilhelm Grimm house. He suddenly stops dead. There is a pot of red flowers on the window sill of the house opposite. HELLER pauses. Looks closely and sees two CIA AGENTS sitting in a car outside the house.

Heller turns and goes in the opposite direction. He is thinking furiously.

137

**INT. INTERNET CAFE. BERLIN.**

137

HANNA sits at the computer, looking at the screen breathless with tension. On the screen she is looking at an image very similar to the lines she saw on her back in the Rest-room. Two florescent lines on a human body.

Phrases from the text leap out at her. "An interfering sequence within the DNA" , "intervention to the mother's uterus during pregnancy." "The trans-gene colour-tagged for future monitoring"

HANNA stands in shock. She reads again. "intervention to the mother's uterus"

HANNA deletes the page. Sits in shock. Then writes in her mother's name. JOHANNA ZADEK.

Immediately the article about JOHANNA's death comes up. HANNA stares at it. She reads it. No mention of a child. There is an address for Johanna Zadek. She came from the Heizinger Buildings area in the suburbs of East Berlin. HANNA writes it down. Gets up.

Thinks. Sits back down.

Quickly she goes on to Facebook and is staring at Sophie's facebook page. It's all pop music, gossip, celeb chat and boys. Hanna thinks about sending her a message. But she is told "You have to create a facebook identity". Hanna thinks. A moment of longing. No, it's too risky. She quits the Facebook site, gets up and leaves.

138

**INT. TAXI IN EAST BERLIN SUBURB**

138

HANNA sits in the back of a taxi as it takes her into a grim concrete jungle of old East German estates. It's like a journey into the past - the bleak world of the old East Berlin, made worse by the inequalities of modern capitalism. Neglected roads. Poor buildings. She has never seen urban poverty like this before.

139

**INT. WILHELM'S HOUSE. BERLIN.**

139

MARISSA and ISAACS wait in the bedroom. ISAAC's phone rings.

ISAACS

Isaacs.

He listens. Puts the phone down.

ISAACS (CONT'D)

A computer in a Berlin internet cafe went on to Sophie Domerc's Facebook page twenty minutes ago.

MARISSA

Hanna.

ISAACS

The same computer also did a web search for the name Johanna Zadek.

MARISSA stops dead. Looks at ISAACS.

MARISSA

She's not coming here.

140

**EXT. ESTATE BUILDINGS. EAST BERLIN**

140

HANNA gets out of the taxi. A series of concrete 60's high-rise estates towards the sky. She approaches one, Heizinger building. Enters the dilapidated building. Looks on all the buzzers. Sees a name scrawled on one - Number 14. Zadek.

141

**INT. ESTATE BUILDING. EAST BERLIN**

141

HANNA climbs the stairs, until she reaches Number 14. Knocks.

Nothing for a while. Then a voice from behind the door.

KATRIN ZADEK (O.S.)

Who are you?

HANNA answers.

HANNA

My name is Hanna Zadek. My mother  
is Johanna Zadek.

Pause. A fifty year old woman, looking worse for wear,  
opens the door. Evidence of alcohol habit. Tired.  
Depressed.

\*

KATRIN ZADEK

Johanna Zadek is dead.

HANNA

I know.

KATRIN ZADEK

She did not have a child.

She tries to shut the door. HANNA firmly puts her foot in  
the door, and gently but with strength pushes the woman  
back into the flat and closes the door.

142

**INT. FLAT IN EAST BERLIN.**

142

HANNA stands in the old living room. It has not been  
modernised at all for at least fifteen years. It has not  
even been cleaned. It has many photos of Johanna Zadek on  
the wall. It's like a shrine to her. HANNA stares at the  
photos. Her mother. The similarities are obvious.

The old woman looks at her with terrified hostility.

KATRIN ZADEK

I'm calling the police.

HANNA walks to the phone, snaps the phone line.

KATRIN ZADEK (CONT'D)

What do you want from me?

HANNA

I want to know what happened to  
me when I was born.

KATRIN ZADEK

My daughter did not have a child.  
She died in 1995, killed by her  
boyfriend.

HANNA stares at her in total confusion. KATRIN is  
suppressing her emotion, scared. HANNA wondering - what is  
the truth? HANNA approaches her.

HANNA

Look. I look just like her.

\*

KATRIN looks at her. Close. Tempted to believe. But refusing.

\*

KATRIN ZADEK  
She did not have a child.

HANNA  
Did she live here?

KATRIN ZADEK  
With her father and me.

Answering HANNA's silent question...

KATRIN ZADEK (CONT'D)  
He's gone. Please leave.

But HANNA bars the front door.

HANNA  
Which was her room?

KATRIN looks at her, then silently gets up, leads HANNA down a corridor into a small room.

The shock - the room has not been changed in 12 years. This family clearly never recovered from her death. HANNA enters, sits on the bed. Stares up at KATRIN. It's as if KATRIN is seeing a flashback, her own daughter on the bed.

\*

Tears in the old woman's eyes. HANNA suddenly starts to search. She looks in the cupboards.

KATRIN ZADEK  
What are you doing?

The 90's teenage clothes are still there. Nothing has changed. HANNA fingers a purple top. Her mother's. But it's not what she is looking for. She searches harder. Throws stuff around.

KATRIN ZADEK (CONT'D)  
What are you looking for?

HANNA  
I don't know.

But now HANNA is ignoring her, just searching. Pulling bedclothes up, tearing at the carpet, just desperate to know what is really going on.

KATRIN ZADEK  
Stop this!

She tries to stop her but with a terrifying ease of strength, HANNA throws her off and continues to plunder the room.

The OLD WOMAN leaves the bedroom in distress. HANNA searches, searches, in more and more desperation. Books are ripped open, carpet ripped up, her fingers tear at the walls, desperation, just to know, to know what is really going on. Then suddenly she hears a quiet familiar voice.

ERIK (V.O.)  
You won't find anything.

HANNA turns in shock.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
We were much too careful for  
that.

HANNA stares at him. ERIK HELLER.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
Sit down Hanna.

HANNA  
Are you my father?

ERIK  
Sit down.

HANNA  
Are you my father?

ERIK  
Please.

HANNA  
Are you?

Moment of electric silence between them. ERIK does nothing but she knows the answer is no.

ERIK  
I was going to tell you.

HANNA sinks on to the bed. Breathing fast.

HANNA  
What's wrong with me?

ERIK flinches slightly.

ERIK  
Nothing.

HANNA  
Where was I born?

ERIK knows he has to tell the truth.

ERIK  
At Galinka.

HANNA recognises the name from Isaacs.

HANNA  
What's that?

ERIK  
It was a secret CIA research  
programme in rural Poland.

HANNA  
What kind of research?

ERIK  
Children.

HANNA stares at ERIK.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
It was run by Marissa Wiegler.  
The science came from the old  
East Germany. The money from the  
CIA. The intention was to  
explore whether small genetic  
changes could be made to  
embryos... to improve them

HANNA (CONT'D)  
Improve?

ERIK looks at her. She looks so young, so numb, so lost.

ERIK  
Reduce capacity for fear. For  
pity. Increase muscle strength.  
Heighten senses. Anything that  
might make a better soldier.

HANNA looks up, stares at him. It's her he's talking about.

HANNA  
How did you know about it?

ERIK's stares right at her.

ERIK  
I worked for it.

She stares at him. He hands her a piece of paper from his pocket.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
This is what you were looking  
for.

HANNA reads. It is an invitation to Johanna Zadek to participate in the Galinka project. A projected date of arrival at the Galinka Centre. A date - 23rd February 1995. An agreed fee to be paid to Johanna. Five hundred American dollars. An agreement to give up the child and have no legal claim over it. The letter is signed by Erik Heller.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I recruited your mother at an abortion clinic in May 1994. She was about to terminate an unwanted pregnancy. Some boy at a disco.

HANNA looks at the paper in shock.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I had recruited twenty women. She was the last. Two years later I heard the programme was to be terminated. The research "disposed of".

HANNA

Disposed of?

ERIK

We tried to save all of you. But you were the only one I was able to rescue.

HANNA stands in shock. She reaches to the window of the room to get some air. She is reeling - faint.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Hanna listen to me.

HANNA

Keep away from me.

ERIK approaches her. With real conviction.

ERIK

It worked. You worked.

HANNA

You mean I'm a killer?

ERIK

No... no...

He makes to touch her. HANNA springs in violent repulsion.

HANNA

Don't touch me.

ERIK

We have a new identity for you. A new life. A new beginning.

HANNA

We?

She stares at him, then pushes past him. ERIK stops, pushes her back but then HANNA grabs a cheese knife.

ERIK

Don't.

She attacks, ERIK pushes her to one side, grabs her. A fight in the apartment. Chaos, photos of Johanna crashing, crockery smashing, lamps and bookshelves falling. HANNA murderous, ERIK just defending himself, not willing to kill her. But then she overpowers him, has a knife to his throat.

HANNA

Let me go.

He releases her. She goes to the door.

HANNA (CONT'D)

I believed every word you said.  
You were my world.

And her look is so full of pain that in that moment ERIK knows he has done a terrible wrong. She starts to leave down the fire escape. ERIK calls after her.

ERIK

Hanna wait.

He looks out to watch her go. It's then ERIK sees the cars coming across the estate scrubland.

ERIK turns in panic. And dashes back into the apartment, runs through the destroyed living room, and down the main stairs. As he leaves the main stairs he runs into full view of the cars, deliberately distracting them from HANNA.

143

**INT. MARISSA'S CAR. CONT.**

143

MARISSA's car is about to turn the corner and bump straight into HANNA when suddenly...

MARISSA sees ERIK leaving the front of the apartment block. She speaks to ISAACS.

MARISSA

That's him.

\*

And the car swerves to follow him. Thus moving unknowingly away from the slight figure of HANNA who has just reached the bottom of the fire escape. HANNA can see the cars in full chase of Erik Heller. He has distracted them.

144

**EXT. STREET. EAST BERLIN.**

144

HELLER sprints fast across the wasteland. Incredible athleticism. He dives down a side alley, losing his pursuers for a second. Takes out a gun, looking for Marissa. Looking to finish it off.

Just as he has done this, REYNOLDS and another HENCHMAN approach from the end of the street. HELLER fires in their direction, starts to run down an alley. He vaults a dividing wall, scratching himself on barbed wire. He sprints round a corner and sees a doorway ahead of him. He walks towards the doorway.

MARISSA (O.C.)

Drop it.

Then, suddenly out of the doorway steps a woman gun trained on him. MARISSA. HELLER stops dead. Drops his gun. Silence between them. HELLER turns. There are men at the end of the alleyway. No escape.

MARISSA hands him some German cigarettes.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Your favorites. They're hard to get these days.

ERIK

Everything's American.

ERIK, exhausted, broken, smiles. Lights one. Inhales deeply.

MARISSA

Where is she?

ERIK

I don't know.

MARISSA

Why did you tell her you were her father?

ERIK slightly abashed.

ERIK

She was too young to understand the truth.

MARISSA

I'm sure she really appreciates  
that now.

MARISSA smiles coolly at ERIK. ERIK takes a drag on his cigarette.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I'm willing to offer you a deal.

ERIK laughs drily.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Maybe you hadn't noticed but  
we're not at war any more. The  
Wall fell down twenty years ago,  
people danced on it...

ERIK

They're not dancing any more.

MARISSA

What does that mean?

ERIK

All systems come to an end. Even  
yours.

He smiles. As he does he feels MARISSA's gun on his temple. She's had enough. Her cold breath on his face. Lethal. \*

MARISSA

That's... enough...

ERIK smiles, the gun right on his temple.

ERIK

You want to know where she's  
gone, let me go. I'll lead you to  
her.

MARISSA

I'm not taking that risk.

ERIK

I don't see what choice you have.

ERIK smiles, throws the butt on the ground, turns and walks back up the alleyway fast. MARISSA watches him go..

MARISSA

I was always very fond of you.

HELLER ignores her. Continues walking. His face grimly determined as he heads towards the end of the alleyway and as MARISSA's eyes bear into the back of his head.

145

**EXT. ESTATE BUILDINGS.**

145

HANNA is walking fast across the grim grey estate to a main road. Suddenly she hears a single gun shot. Stops dead. Knows what it means. An intense conflict of emotions inside her. Her breathing stops for a moment, her world seems to go silent.

Then a car flies by on the main road, almost running her over, and she is woken. She sees a bus stop ahead. On auto-pilot she runs to it, a bus coming, she beckons. It stops and she is on board.

146

**EXT. WASTELAND. EAST BERLIN.**

146

MARISSA stands over the dead body of ERIK HELLER.

MARISSA  
Leave him here.

And they all walk away leaving him alone in the East Berlin dirt.

147

**INT. BUS, EAST BERLIN.**

147

HANNA on the bus. Shaking from the shock of his death, bloodied slightly from the fight. The other passengers stare at her as she forces back the tears. HANNA reaches in her pocket for a handkerchief, but only pulls out the letter Erik showed her. The Galinka letter. She sees the address. Galinka, Ostrovksa district, Poland.

HANNA makes a decision. She is going to where she was born. She must find out who she is.

148

**INT. ESTATE BUILDING. KATRIN ZADEK'S FLAT.**

148

MARISSA enters the apartment. KATRIN ZADEK sitting in shock amidst the mayhem caused by the fight. MARISSA looks at the chaos. ISAACS comes up behind her. HENCHMEN at the door.

ISAACS  
They had a fight.

MARISSA  
She must know the truth.

ISAACS  
Where do you think she's gone?

MARISSA  
Where would you go?

MARISSA turns to ISAACS.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
 I'm closing the CIA operation down. Heller is dead, that's all that matters to them. This we do alone.

ISAACS nods and leaves. MARISSA sees the photos on the wall. Contains her emotions. She walks through the apartment. She stops on seeing Johanna's room. Trashed, utterly trashed.

Enters the room. Shuts the door. Sits in the room. The woman she killed. MARISSA for the first time truly showing the strain of her suppression.

149

**INT. POLISH TRAIN.**

149

HANNA's head rests on the backrest of a train-seat as the train crawls through the Polish/German border. Exhausted, many nights without sleep. Hungry but unable to eat. Needing resolution.

In the same carriage a Polish woman sleeps alongside her child of two, also sleeping. HANNA looks at the child. The peace of the innocent.

150

**EXT. POLISH TRAIN STATION. NIGHT.**

150

The train entering a Polish train station. The town is called Ostrovska. Freezing cold. The town is in the North of Poland and it's very poor. Industrial. Bleak. HANNA exits, approaches a station guard.

HANNA

I am looking for a train to Galinka.

GUARD

Galinka is a small village. No trains. You must wait for bus in the morning.

HANNA

Where can I stay?

He points. HANNA sees the hotel.

151

**INT. POLISH HOTEL. BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

151

HANNA enters the tiny, dank hotel room. She looks at the filthy carpet, the grey ceiling. She turns on the tiny TV. Cartoons. More Tom and Jerry type stuff.

But she doesn't laugh. She flicks channel. Then stands dead still. She is looking at ERIK HELLER's dead body on the ground. The report depicts him as a dangerous criminal. HANNA stares at the image. The death of the man she spent her life with. Lost forever. HANNA's face oddly still in the TV flicker. Then she flicks it off. Leaves the room.

152

**INT. POLISH HOTEL. FOYER/BAR. NIGHT.**

152

HANNA, exhausted, sleepless and starving, comes down the shabby hotel stairs and enters the hotel bar. Grim. Empty room, old carpet, bad smell, dated pop music. Three hard-drinking men stare at her. HANNA is still in the slightly sexy clothes she stole on the train. She is uncomfortably aware of her looks as goes to the bar. A forty-five year old BUSINESSMAN stands there, drinking.

HANNA

Do you have a sandwich?

BARMAN

Kitchen is closed.

The BUSINESSMAN speaks in German.

BUSINESSMAN

Get her something. Poor girl's hungry.

The barman disappears. HANNA looks round, waits.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

I'm from Leipzig. Here on business.

HANNA flinches at the name. Leipzig.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

You?

HANNA

The same.

BUSINESSMAN

You're too young to be a businesswoman.

He looks at her body. HANNA senses it. Her sandwich arrives. It's grim. She leaves it, walks out.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

HANNA

I am tired. I need to sleep.

She leaves the bar. HANNA walks back up the stairs.  
BUSINESSMAN follows.

BUSINESSMAN

Hey.

She walks along the corridor, gets to her room. BUSINESSMAN follows.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

I was just making conversation.  
You shouldn't dress like that if  
you don't want attention.

As she enters her room, he puts his foot in the door.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Let's talk about this.

HANNA kicks his foot out of the door. Hard.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Hey! What the fuck!

He barges into the room and grabs her. Tries to push her on to the bed. He is strong. HANNA is thrust on to the bed, but suddenly turns him over her head and smashes him against a cupboard. BUSINESSMAN grabs her hair and tries to force her on to the bed.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

You fucking whore. I'll teach  
you!

He grabs her and throws her on the bed. Ripping at her dress.

But now HANNA snaps. She starts to roar. It's like an animal, like nothing we have seen before. She rips at his face, grabs a glass, smashes it and cuts his face with it. Pure animal rage. BUSINESSMAN starts to scream, blood pouring from his eyes. He collapses on the floor. She kicks him, punches him, repeatedly in a grief-fuelled rage until she is spent of her primal fury.

When she looks up she sees a mangled bloody body on the floor. He is moaning quietly, pleading for help. She suddenly recoils in horror. Erik's words echo in her mind. "You have less capacity for pity". She goes to the phone.

HANNA

Yes I have a problem in my room.  
Could you come please?

Then HANNA grabs the man's wallet, and leaves the room.

153

**EXT. POLISH STREET**

153

Shaking in shock, HANNA walks out of the hotel and down the street, in a daze, past drunk men, leering at her, no idea where she is going. She starts to run, faster and faster, just running to run out of herself.

Finally she stops and is sick. She looks up. A taxi's yellow light blinks in the darkness. She looks at the businessman's wallet to see how much money is in there. She approaches the taxi.

HANNA

I have this much. Can you take me to Galinka?

154

**EXT. POLISH HILL ROAD.**

154

HANNA is in the taxi as it travels a lonely Polish forest road through undulating snow-covered hills. Cold dawn is arriving. Grey skies lightening through the windscreen. Tall snowy pines tower above the car. No one else on the road, just a horse drawn cart guiding cows to pasture. It is as if from a different age. Quiet, solitary. HANNA checks the paper in her pocket. Still there. Blood on her hands from the businessman. A cut in her arm. Carefully, secretly, she wipes it clean.

Suddenly the taxi stops.

DRIVER

This is as far as the money gets you.

HANNA looks out. Middle of nowhere.

HANNA

How much further?

DRIVER

Twelve miles.

HANNA

Please.

But no smile from him, nothing. HANNA gets out. Starts to walk as the taxi turns and drives back the way it came. She is alone in the forest, freezing, shattered, hungry. Just about dawn. Cold as hell.

She hears a car approach. Tries to hail it but it flies past fast. Blows icy air in her face.

She continues in the freezing cold - sees the road ahead. It's hilly, winding, she isn't going to make it. Too tired. Too shattered.

Time passes. Still she walks. Dead on her feet. Gathering every ounce of energy.

Then the sounds of another car. But it too just flies by, ignoring her waves and cries.

HANNA almost collapses in frustration. But carries on. Carries on walking.

Time passes. Freezing cold. HANNA alone on the road. Can she make it?

Then another car. HANNA turns, waves, cries out. And, almost magically, the car slows and stops. The window winds down.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
I'm going to Galinka. Can you  
help me?

A woman's voice, German, in German.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Yes I can take you there.

And as HANNA gets in, she looks at the comforting, smiling face of MARISSA WIEGLER.

155

**INT. CAR. POLAND. ROAD TO GALINKA.**

155

MARISSA starts to drive, HANNA sits in the front with her. HANNA has no idea who she is. MARISSA speaks in perfect German. Calm, soft, comforting.

\*

MARISSA  
You've hurt your arm.

HANNA  
It's OK.

MARISSA hands her some tissue. HANNA bandages the arm.

MARISSA  
I'm Dagmar.

HANNA  
You're German.

MARISSA  
That's right.

HANNA

What are you doing here?

MARISSA

I'm on my way to my parents. They live out here. You?

HANNA does not know how to answer.

HANNA

Visiting some friends.

MARISSA

Well we'll get you there.

MARISSA smiles at her kindly. HANNA feels safe for the first time in ages. She feels the tears come.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Are you in trouble?

HANNA nods. She fights the tears.

HANNA

Sorry.

MARISSA

It's OK.

MARISSA gently holds her hand. HANNA weeping.

HANNA

I don't know what to do.

MARISSA secretly, genuinely affected by this. Fights the emotion that has surprised her. Human warmth. Then HANNA detaches. Dries her eyes.

HANNA (CONT'D)

I have to be strong.

MARISSA

Who told you that?

HANNA does not answer but goes pale. MARISSA knows who said it.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

You look tired.

HANNA nods, the tears beginning to flow. MARISSA puts on some music. Gentle. Bach maybe.

HANNA

It's beautiful.

MARISSA

Sleep why don't you? It will take half an hour on this road.

HANNA nods. She begins to drift off, so long since she has slept. Her eyes fall shut and her head rests against the window. She is asleep. Vulnerable.

MARISSA drives on down the tiny road. Looks at the sleeping HANNA. MARISSA represses her emotion. HANNA suddenly looking so young as she sleeps the sleep of the innocent. Can she kill this girl?

The rush of emotion shocks her and she nearly crashes the car. Just avoids a tree, jolting HANNA awake.

HANNA

Where are we?

MARISSA calms herself instantly.

MARISSA

Nearly there.

156

**EXT. GALINKA**

156

MARISSA's car slows as it enters a tiny deserted hamlet.

MARISSA (V.O.)

This is it.

157

**INT. MARISSA'S CAR.**

157

HANNA looks around. There is not much to Galinka. She is confused.

HANNA

It's so small.

MARISSA

Yes. Just a few cottages. And the old house.

HANNA

Old house?

MARISSA

Through those trees. I think it's deserted. Well I hope you find your friends.

MARISSA looking kindly at HANNA.

HANNA

Thanks.

MARISSA nods. Watches as HANNA gets out.

158

**EXT. GALINKA. CONT.**

158

HANNA looks around. Desolate. Very rural. Mountainous. Snow on the ground. In the car MARISSA stares at her, then drives off.

HANNA walks through the trees along a track. Overgrown, not used for many years. She reaches a hidden entrance off the track. By the entrance there is an old battered sign.

GALINKA - REFUGE. HANNA looks at the old iron gate. Rusted, locked. It has not been opened in a long time.

She stares at the sign, tries the gate - yes, locked. Then she climbs the gate. She nearly tears her clothes on the spikes at the top of the gate, then leaps over and, exhausted, four days without real sleep, begins to walk up the snow-covered narrow tree-lined driveway.

159

**EXT. GALINKA HOME. CONT.**

159

HANNA approaches the house itself. Tall, grey, imposing. Dilapidated. And suddenly, with remarkable intensity, as she sees it, she remembers.

An instant Flashback. The same house, but with young children running on the lawns. Summer. Green grass. Nurses. It's idyllic, beautiful. Heaven.

Back to now. HANNA's face. She knows she has been here before. What contrast. Now there is snow on the ground. No children. And as she looks closer, she sees the garden is filled with dogs. Dogs sleeping, dogs barking. Some try to rush towards her, but are strained by leashes. Others roam free. Dogs everywhere. And nothing else but cold, greyness and collapse.

HANNA approaches the windows of the house. She sees that many windows are broken. The place is run-down, almost abandonned. Dogs wander in and out of the front door. It's like they've taken over.

Very carefully HANNA enters the front door of the house. We can't help feel that as she does so, she is being watched.

160

**INT. GALINKA HOME. CONT.**

160

At reception there is no one. Inside the main hall dogs play. It is chaos, as if civilisation had been over-run. An empty shell of a building.

Very quietly HANNA enters the reception. The dogs bark but no one comes. HANNA sees a side office and enters.

161

**INT. GALINKA HOME. OFFICE. CONT.**

161

HANNA is in a miserable, bare small office. Nothing in it. HANNA searches through an old metal filing cabinet. But there is nothing there. No computers. No paperwork. No phone. Nothing. She slams the cabinet in frustration.

162

**INT. GALINKA HOME. CONT.**

162

HANNA leaves the office and walks up the main staircase to the first floor, past dozens of dogs snarling, barking. The noise is incredible. She smashes through some double doors into a long corridor. Dogs everywhere, they have over-run the place.

The corridor has various rooms. All filled with animals. She walks down the corridor. Looks through the window in each door. Just dogs. Dogs. Reaches the end. Then stops.

She looks into an empty room with two bay windows, no longer decorated. Two dogs prowl around it. HANNA turns and sees three huge broken UV lights in the corners of the room. The same UV as the restroom.

Another FLASH MEMORY - the room where she slept. A UV lit room, her and three other girls playing. Nurses, kind observing faces, the faces coming into focus in her memory. Observing small fluorescent marks on the children's bodies, lit up by the UV. One of the adult faces gains clarity. ERIK HELLER.

A voice shakes her from her reverie. A female voice.

CARETAKER

Who are you? How did you get in?

An OLD WOMAN stands in front of her.

CARETAKER (CONT'D)

This place is not open to the public.

HANNA

I was born here.

The CARETAKER looks at her in shock.

CARETAKER

What do you mean?

HANNA, shaking with tiredness, shows her the letter. She looks at it.

CARETAKER (CONT'D)

That's not possible.

HANNA

What is this place?

CARETAKER

We collect dogs from the street.  
Bring them here. We are paid by  
the government.

HANNA

Since when?

CARETAKER

It has always been like this.

HANNA

That's not true.

HANNA fierce but controlled. Then looks closer at the  
CARETAKER.

CARETAKER

Please leave or I will call the  
police.

HANNA

Were you here then?

The old woman afraid now. Not speaking.

HANNA (CONT'D)

What happened to the others?  
Please tell me.

CARETAKER

This is a dogs home.

HANNA

Tell me!

She grabs her. The OLD WOMAN looks at her in fear. But just  
simply says.

CARETAKER

It's a dogs home.

HANNA

No. There must be proof.

And HANNA walks past the caretaker, moving into a run, room  
to room, desperate to find the evidence she needs. As she  
does so, she flashes back to two-year-old games of hide and  
seek, in the then beautiful house. Running through the  
house. Laughing. But now every room is empty. Bleak, and  
with no evidence of what once happened here. Increasing in  
despair, HANNA runs along a corridor into and through a  
final small door where she sees...

ISAACS standing staring at her. Gun in hand. HANNA freezes. The gun trained on her.

ISAACS  
Don't do anything stupid. Turn round. Walk down the stairs.

HANNA turns, looks into the calm eyes of ISAACS. She slowly walks down the stairs.

ISAACS (CONT'D)  
Through there.

HANNA walks through a wooden door that leads outside.

163 **EXT. GALINKA. THE BACK GARDEN. CONT.**

163

ISAACS ushers HANNA into the back garden. HANNA sees a woman sitting on a bench, back to us. It's the woman from the car. HANNA now sees the shoes, the same shoes as in Wilhelm's house. MARISSA WIEGLER.

HANNA starts to shake.

ISAACS holds back, gesturing HANNA to MARISSA's side. Gun trained on her. HANNA's dilemma. Does she run? Fight?

HANNA  
You're Marissa Wiegler.

MARISSA does not move. Dead silence. HANNA now sees three other men, ISAACS' HENCHMEN, also in attendance, at a distance, all with hunting rifles. All ready to shoot her should she attack or run. HANNA breathing fast. MARISSA speaks in English.

MARISSA  
Don't do anything. I don't want to hurt you. Sit down.

HANNA does not move. Like a wild animal cornered.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
I could have killed you when you were asleep. Sit down.

HANNA sits slowly. Shaking.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
Did Erik tell you about me?

HANNA trembling slightly. Yes he did.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
About here?

Silence.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
I want to help you.

HANNA  
Did you kill him?

Pause. MARISSA knows that HANNA knows she did. HANNA stands, backs away but knows she is surrounded.

MARISSA  
You won't find what you're  
looking for. There is no evidence  
that this place ever existed.  
Except you.

And suddenly HANNA knows this is true. She feels terribly alone.

HANNA  
Where are the other children?

MARISSA does not reply. HANNA looks at the old overgrown flower beds.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
What did you do to us?

She looks at MARISSA. Who pauses then answers quietly.

MARISSA  
At the start of the second  
trimester we opened up the  
pregnant woman's belly. We  
inserted other foetal material to  
sit alongside the human embryo.  
We had no idea if it would be  
accepted or what would happen.

HANNA  
What "material"?

MARISSA  
It was different in each case.

MARISSA evading but HANNA burning with quiet anger.

HANNA  
What was it in mine?

MARISSA looks at the dogs prowling through the grounds.  
HANNA stares in shock.

MARISSA turns to her. A new sincerity in her.

MARISSA

I can protect you. Give you a new life. No one need know a thing. But you have to trust me.

HANNA looks at her. The killer of her father.

HANNA

And if I say no?

MARISSA looks at HANNA. The alternative is clear. HANNA smiles, looks round the garden.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Is this where you offered the job to Erik Heller?

She looks at MARISSA. And in that moment MARISSA knows that all is lost. HANNA is not going to agree.

MARISSA

Don't.

But before she can move HANNA has started to run.

ISAACS raises his gun but HANNA has already thrown herself over a low wall in the garden. She dives down as bullets spatter the stonework.

And in a second HANNA is back in the mode of the forest. She is crawling through the undergrowth. Smells, hearing, sight all operating at high level. She zooms in on the three POLISH henchmen, mapping their positions. She senses ISAACS moving. She hears the dogs barking. She makes a high-pitched whine whistle. The dogs howl wildly, giving her noise-cover. The dogs start to run madly through the gardens.

HANNA makes a sudden dash for the kitchen door. Bullets miss her by inches as she hurls herself through.

164

**INT. KITCHEN. GALINKA. DAY. CONT.**

164

HANNA in the kitchens, reaches for the huge fridge door. She finds huge amounts of meat, grabs it and pulls it all along the floor. Dogs start to howl, smelling the meat. They start to sprint towards the kitchens. Hungry, ravenous.

HANNA runs with the meat, throws it through a door. A dog pelt after the meat, sprints through the door and is instantly shot. HANNA turns the other way, tries another door, another dog is shot and she turns again and rushes through the pantry areas into the coalyard. No one there.

165

**EXT. COALYARD. GALINKA. CONT.**

165

HANNA shins up the piping to the first floor. She can see one of the HENCHMEN in the gardens, one on the wall of the outhouse.

Suddenly they turn and see her. She leaps from the guttering to a window ledge as gunfire spatters the masonry.

She creeps through a smashed pane in the window into the first floor.

166

**INT. BEDROOM. GALINKA. CONT.**

166

HANNA runs through the ghostly bedrooms. She senses steps coming up the stairs towards her. She hides in a bay window, then sees another HENCHMAN staning outside in the drive directly below the window. He has not seen her.

She turns to see ISAACS and a HENCHMAN coming down the corridor.

And makes her decision.

HANNA smashes through the window and falls thirty feet on to the back of the HENCHMAN.

167

**EXT. FRONT DRIVE. GALINKA. CONT.**

167

HANNA smashes her fist into the HENCHMAN's stomach. She grabs the shotgun and uses the butt end to crack his skull.

She turns and instinctively dives under the porch as ISAACS shoots at her from above.

Dogs scatter as the bullets pound at the gravel driveway.

HANNA turns and shoots up through a hole in the porch's ceiling. The HENCHMAN with ISAACS is hit and plunges from the bay window down on top of the porch and then down on to the gravel where he lies spreadeagled.

But then she feels a presence behind her, turns with the gun to protect her as MARISSA WIEGLER shoots at her through the front door from within the hall.

A bullet grazes HANNA's shoulder, drawing blood. Another bounces off the body of the gun, causing her to drop it. HANNA runs out from under the porch, ISAACS shooting at her, and round the side of the house.

HANNA finds another side door in the house and enters.

168

**INT. LIVING ROOM. GALINKA. CONT.**

168

HANNA, unarmed, is now in the abandoned living room of the house. A smashed up old sofa. A broken hanging light. A disused fireplace. Furniture broken and smelling of dog hair and shit. HANNA checks the exits. The door she came in through. One other door that leads into the house. Two windows looking out on to the back garden. That's it. HANNA feels herself surrounded. ISAACS coming round the side of the house, covering that exit. The final HENCHMAN covering the windows. MARISSA in the hall covering the exit into the house. HANNA stuck, nowhere to go.

In the hall MARISSA calls through.

MARISSA (V.O.)

Hanna, give yourself up. It isn't too late.

Nothing.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Walk out the door with your hands on your head.

Still nothing. MARISSA looks through into the living room but she can't see all of it. She can see ISAACS in the opposite door. She nods at him and they pepper the living room with bullets. The HENCHMAN in the garden follows suit.

Then slowly they all creep into the living room.

It is empty.

MARISSA checks behind the sofa - nothing.

ISAACS spins round in utter confusion

Then MARISSA looks at the fireplace.

169

**INT. CHIMNEY. GALINKA. CONT.**

169

HANNA is pulling herself up through the filthy chimney. She only just fits. The light at the top approaches as she almost chokes on soot. Below she hears a gun being cocked and gasps as she reaches the top and throws herself out on to the roof as a bullet whizzes past her.

170

**EXT. GALINKA. ROOF. / GARDEN. CONT.**

170

HANNA sprints across the roof then jumps down on to a lower roof and on to the ground where she runs into the undergrowth. She reaches a fence, climbs it, cuts herself on the barbed wire and jumps over and into the forest.

Behind her ISAACS sees where she has gone and begins the chase.

171 **EXT. WOODLAND. POLAND. CONT.**

171

Freezing cold morning as HANNA, with the rucsac, sprints through woodland, which becomes thicker and thicker. She feels her bleeding hand from the barbed wire. She tears at her clothes, bandages the hand, continues running. Exhaustion level total. Nothing left to give. Just run.

172 **INT/EXT. GALINKA HOUSE. CONT.**

172

ISAACS and the HENCHMAN tear through the woodland, chasing HANNA.

173 **EXT. WOODLAND. POLAND CONT.**

173

HANNA sprinting, busting a gut, memories of the first scenes in Sweden. Pure terror.

Suddenly she senses something. Stops dead still. Turns. Everything slows down. She sees a deer staring at her. She stares at it. Is it real? So oddly peaceful. He looks at her. Then they hear noises. The deer foots it into the forest. HANNA snaps out, and sprints the other way.

174 **EXT. WOODLAND. POLAND. CONT.**

174

ISAACS tearing through the forest. Moving fast.

175 **EXT. FOREST. POLAND. CONT.**

175

HANNA runs on through the cold. Every tree a danger. Using all the skills Erik taught her.

HANNA moves on, desperately. But she senses the men behind her. Getting closer. Too close. She can't out-sprint them.

She hears something. A stream, a river. HANNA runs towards it.

176 **EXT. FOREST RIVER. POLAND. CONT.**

176

HANNA arrives at a small river cutting down through the forest. It is ice cold. HANNA wades in, winces at the cold. She listens, hears steps approach, then goes under the water, disappearing into the icy water. Under the water she holds her breath.

ISAACS and the HENCHMAN approach the river with a terrible slowness. They look round. Utter stillness. The river just babbling along.

Under the water HANNA holds her breath. Longer and longer. Just as ERIK taught her.

ISAACS waves the henchman across the river. They slowly wade across. Guns high.

HANNA still under water. Lungs bursting.

The HENCHMAN is right above her. His leg nearing her face. His gun trained on the water.

It's now that HANNA attacks.

With one hand HANNA reaches from under the water and grabs the barrel of the gun. She rears up and smashes the gun into his head. Then kicks him in the face and in one movement, pulls the gun round and shoots him.

ISAACS turns to shoot but in one movement HANNA has reached round and shot him in the head. His look is of total astonishment even as he falls into the icy water.

HANNA stands shattered, soaked, freezing, no sleep, no food. She pauses. Thinks. Then turns, climbs out of the river, and goes back the way she came.

177

**EXT. GALINKA. EARLY MORNING.**

177

MARISSA stands on the gravel drive outside the empty Galinka waiting, looking into the forest. Revolver in hand.

She hears a noise behind her. Turns. It's HANNA who smashes the revolver from MARISSA's hand even as she raises it to shoot.

HANNA knocks MARISSA to the ground. Holds the gun and points it at MARISSA. Wanting to kill, desperate to kill.

But then looking at MARISSA's eyes. And changing her mind. Lowering the gun.

HANNA

Don't ever come looking for me.

She grabs the revolver, turns and walks slowly down the driveway of GALINKA. MARISSA watches her go until at last the small lean figure of the girl finally disappears.

178

**EXT. MAIN ROAD. POLAND/GERMANY. DAY.**

178

Cold rain on the windscreen as MARISSA drives through the German-Polish border. Her face scratched and bruised slightly. Nothing that won't heal.

For MARISSA this is a journey back out of the past, the old wars. She goes through the border and continues into Germany.

She talks hands free on the phone.

MARISSA

Leslie I'll be on the plane  
tonight.

Pause

MARISSA (CONT'D)

No there's nothing else I need.

She hangs up and drives out of Poland back on to the fast Autobahn of the new Germany. The West.

179

**INT. THE DOMERC HOUSE. 2 MONTHS LATER. DAY.**

179

It's late spring. Warm. Blue sky outside the window.

THIERRY and SOPHIE DOMERC are watching TV. Cartoons. EMIL enters.

EMIL

Hey I want to see the news. Turn  
over.

THIERRY

After this one.

EMIL

Now!

He turns over. THIERRY sulks. On the News, we see a reporter.

REPORTER

... the new directives announced  
by the President at the press  
conference at Langley today are  
an example of the direction  
American policy is taking under  
this administration.  
(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

My sources tell me that inside the CIA there has been a lot of concern and conflict over just how far the measures go and that the focus on human rights may weaken America's ability to defend...

SOPHIE

Boring.

She gets up and walks away from the television. She goes to the open plan kitchen and opens the fridge. Takes out a carton of juice. Swigs.

RACHEL

Drink from a glass!

RACHEL has just entered from the garden. Sophie sighs, puts the carton back.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And why don't you get some air instead of watching TV all day? It's so beautiful outside.

SOPHIE shrugs, grabs a peach from the fruit bowl and walks out of the kitchen door into the garden.

180

**EXT. GARDEN. THE DOMERC'S HOUSE. DAY. CONT.**

180

SOPHIE stands in the garden. It's a warm day. She walks on to the lawn and lies down to eat her peach on the grass. Behind her a barbecue is on.

She looks around the garden.

Suddenly her eyes seem to see something. A flicker in the hedgerow. A face?

She gets up. Walks towards the hedge. Looks again.

Nothing. She looks questioningly for a while, then returns to the grass and lies down, slightly sad. Behind her THIERRY comes out of the door and starts to play football on the grass.

EMIL comes out with some meat and places some meat on the barbecue.

Now we switch to a different POV. That of HANNA who we see is watching through the hedge. HANNA is cleaner, fresher-looking. Still with Sophie's bracelet on her wrist.

She studies the family closely, with expectation. Cooking, eating fruit, playing football on the grass. All so normal. Her face is suffused with a quiet longing.

EMIL starts to tickle SOPHIE who laughs. THIERRY joins in. They wrestle on the ground. RACHEL comes out of the kitchen and sets the table for lunch.

HANNA moves round to the gate. There is a bell on the gate. She sees it. Looks at it. Nervous.

She moves her hand to ring it. Holds her hand there. Unsure.

As she remains motionless we hear the laughter of the family like tinkling bells.

Her face smiles as she hears the laughter.

She does not move as the warm summer sun falls on her face.

**THE END**