

THE WOMAN WITH RED HAIR

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**BASED ON TRUE EVENTS**

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FADE IN:

EXT. GROTE MARKT - NIGHT

Superimpose: Haarlem, Netherlands. 1945.

The normally bustling market square sits quiet. Businesses closed for the night. The beautiful St. Bavo Church providing the only light. Its Gothic bell tower dominating the skyline.

By a sewer drain, a MOUSE picks at food scraps, unaware of the STRAY CAT eyeing it from a few feet away. Suddenly--

The cat pounces. The mouse scurries away. The chase turns into an--

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

And past HANNIE SCHAFT (24). Studious but with an intensity in her eyes only a few possess. Her focus on a FIGURE, donning an overcoat and hat, standing on the street corner fifty yards away. Then--

The Figure tugs their hat three times. *A signal.*

Hannie then slides a pistol from the pocket of her cardigan. A long beat--

And WILLEM ZIRKZEE (47) turns the corner, heads towards Hannie. A Hakenkreuz (swastika) pin on his jacket.

Hannie slips into the shadows, listens as Zirkzee's footsteps near. She brushes her **jet black hair** from the lenses of her horned rimmed glasses. She's calm. *As if she's done this before.* Then--

Zirkzee enters the alley, oblivious to Hannie's whereabouts. As he passes, Hannie quietly steps from the shadows. She aims at the back of Zirkzee's head and pulls the trigger--

But her pistol jams!

The "click" catches Zirkzee's attention. He turns, startled to see Hannie. He hastily grabs his own pistol and takes off, firing wildly as he does. Bullets ricochet off the pavement!

Hannie ducks behind a nearby dumpster for cover but not before she's hit in the leg! She cringes with pain.

His clip emptied, Zirkzee turns to flee just as Hannie corrects the malfunction. She stands and fires--

Her first bullet hits Zirkzee in the back. He drops to his knees, his pistol falling from his hand. Hannie fires again and again hits her mark. Zirkzee falls forward. Dead. Silence follows. Then--

A clamoring of German voices nearing. Urgency in their tone.

Off Hannie, sensing the impending danger--

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Superimpose: Seven Years Earlier. Haarlem.

Amongst the sea of TRAVELERS is Hannie (now 18 and who for the time being will be known by her birth name, JOHANNA).

What stands out immediately is the absence of glasses and the fact her jet black hair is its natural color: Red.

A final boarding call for the train to Amsterdam sounds.

JOHANNA

That's me.

She turns to her parents, PIETER (53) and AAFJE (53). Both intellectuals dreading the fact their child has grown up. Aafje fusses with Johanna's cardigan, making sure it's snug.

AAFJE

Call in every night, Johanna. And familiarize yourself with all doctor's offices and hospitals in the city. The moment you feel even the slightest touch of illness--

Johanna takes her mother's hands.

JOHANNA

I'll be okay. I promise.

Aafje's eyes well as she looks over her little girl.

AAFJE

We are very proud of you.

(then)

And I know she is as well.

That last sentiment clearly meant a lot to Johanna. They embrace. Johanna then turns to Pieter.

PIETER  
Give 'em hell, Jo.

Johanna clutches her father tightly. Whether she admits it or not, leaving is just as hard on her as it is them. Johanna then boards--

INT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

She takes her seat and immediately finds her parents on the platform. Johanna kisses her hand and presses it against the window. The train releases its brakes. Steam fills the air. The Schafts hold their looks on each other until it's no longer possible to do so. Johanna then turns from the window. Blinks back her emotions. The rest of her life begins now.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF AMSTERDAM (UVA) - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Superimpose: University of Amsterdam. Four months later.

Johanna sits at a table surrounded by notes. Her work ethic tenacious. When her eyes finally break from her work, she spots a FEMALE STUDENT a few tables away. The only other body in the library.

The Female Student looks up, then smiles and waves. As Johanna is about to wave back, three FEMALE STUDENTS walk past her. They meet the single Student. Hugs exchanged.

Johanna masks her embarrassment. She watches as the group of friends walk out, a touch of jealousy to her look.

Now alone in the cavernous room, Johanna returns to her work.

EXT. UVA - LATER

Books in her arms, Johanna weaves through pockets of socially adept STUDENTS. She passes a building, notices a large banner hanging above the entrance: (subtitled in English) *The Amsterdam Female Students Association*

Johanna nervously kneads her cardigan in her hands as she watches FEMALE STUDENTS enter the building. A beat--

And she starts towards the building's entrance.

INT. UVA BUILDING - LECTURE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Johanna sits towards the back, still unsure with her decision. The other STUDENTS all seemingly paired up.

Johanna then spots a GIRL sitting by herself, eating a pastry. She drops some on her blouse. Two PRETTY STUDENTS see this. They whisper and laugh. The Girl becomes embarrassed.

Johanna feels for her. But rather than do nothing, Johanna acts. She crosses towards the trio like a protective parent.

JOHANNA  
Was something funny?  
(off Pretty Students)  
I saw you laughing so I figured  
there must be something amusing  
about my friend here. So please.  
Enlighten me.

Busted, the Pretty Students move seats. After they're gone--

GIRL  
Thanks. Would you like to sit?

Johanna does so.

GIRL (CONT'D)  
I'm Sarah Feldt.

JOHANNA  
Johanna Schaft.

They shake hands. SARAH FELDT (18) is a quick talker. Cute and slightly overweight. She offers Johanna a piece of pastry. Johanna happily accepts.

SARAH  
I love your hair.

Johanna self consciously tucks her **red hair** behind her ears.

JOHANNA  
I've never been that fond of it.

SARAH  
And I've never been that fond of my weight but it's who I am. You know the Russians say that women with red hair are either violent or false.  
(then/playful)  
Which one are you, Johanna Schaft?

The two exchange smiles. A FEMALE STUDENT takes the podium.

FEMALE STUDENT  
Welcome to this year's first meeting of the AVSV!

The crowd applauds.

FEMALE STUDENT (CONT'D)  
You can do better than that!

The crowd applauds louder. Sarah whistles. Johanna works up to a shout. The girls laugh. At ease with each other already.

INT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sarah peruses Johanna's bookshelves. They overflow with texts in Dutch, German, English, French. Law the dominant subject.

SARAH  
So I take it you're studying law?

JOHANNA (O.S.)  
International law.

SARAH  
I'm linguistics. I've always liked talking so I figured what the hell? I'll make a career out of it. But do you know what chapter we're on now? *Sign language*. Go figure.

Sarah pulls a book from the shelf: Frederick Pollack's "The League of Nations." It's worn, the pages littered with handwritten notes. On the title page, written in the left hand corner, the name "A. Schaft."

Johanna emerges with two cups of tea. Hands one to Sarah.

JOHANNA  
(re: book)  
That's my favorite of them all.

She takes the book, smiles fondly. *This book means something.*

JOHANNA (CONT'D)  
And it's where I hope to work one day. If I'm lucky enough.

SARAH  
Really? Politics?  
(off Johanna)  
Come on, Johanna. After everything that's happened and with Adolf and his ugly little mustache running around, you're going to tell me world peace is a reality?

JOHANNA  
I believe it is.

SARAH  
And I say you're crazy.

JOHANNA  
I do. I believe that just because  
you're Jewish and I'm not does not  
mean we must hate each other and go  
to war.

(then)  
The League is fighting for what is  
right. And that's what I want to be  
a part of.

Sarah sees firsthand the convictions Johanna holds. She  
grins. Impressed.

SARAH  
I think you're going to do great  
things, Johanna Schaft.

She raises her cup to Johanna. They toast.

INT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Superimpose: March 1939.

Johanna and Sarah once again toast, but this time their  
glasses filled with champagne. A box sits on the table.

SARAH  
Well! Open it already!

Johanna grins and tears into the box like an excited child on  
Christmas. She pulls out a pamphlet: (subtitled) *Make Your  
Voice Heard! Join 'Gemma' Today! Gemmare e minoribus  
appentinus!*

Johanna turns the page and what she sees renders her  
speechless. CLOSE ON pamphlet: (subtitled) *President- Johanna  
Schaft.*

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Gemmare e minoribus appentinus.

JOHANNA  
From small things we aspire towards  
the great.

Johanna's sense of pride is unmistakable. Sarah then places a  
festive headdress atop Johanna's **red hair**.

SARAH  
Now we celebrate!

JOHANNA  
What is this?

SARAH  
It's Purim!

Sarah playfully dances around the room.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
(off Johanna)  
Don't make me beg.

She drops to her knees and theatrically begins to beg--

JOHANNA  
Alright!

SARAH  
Wonderful! Let's get dressed!

INT. AMSTERDAM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A festive Purim celebration in full swing. GUESTS donning costumes, some more elaborate than others, dance and sing traditional Jewish songs. A good time had by all.

Johanna sits off to the side, her foot tapping along to the music. Her attention drawn to two YOUNG SISTERS. The eldest playfully spins the youngest around. It's sweet. Tender. Johanna smiles. Her mind taken back--

CUT TO:

INT. SCHAFT HOME - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Johanna (5) plays with her older sister ANNIE (12). Studioius. Her brown hair and fair skin resembles her parents.

The two girls mimic each other's mannerisms. A tongue stuck out. Eyes crossed. A funny face. Annie then grabs Johanna and tickles her. Johanna giggles uncontrollably.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Jo!

CUT TO:

## INT. AMSTERDAM APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - BACK IN SCENE

Johanna is pulled from her daze by Sarah tugging at her arm. Resistance is futile. Johanna joins the dance circle and despite herself, lets loose. The crowd cheers her on. She and Sarah link arms, swing around. Johanna howls with delight. And in this moment, all is right within Johanna's world...

BBC BROADCASTER (O.S.)

(on radio)

*BBC news alert for the tenth of May, nineteen-forty. The German army invaded Holland early this morning by land and by landings from paratroops...*

## EXT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT - ROOF - NIGHT

Johanna and Sarah watch, their faces wrought with fear and confusion, as the distant horizon lights up with flashes from German bombs. The delayed rumblings of each explosion follow.

SARAH

We were neutral. But he invaded anyway.

Off Johanna, unsure of the future that awaits--

## EXT. AMSTERDAM STREETS - DAY

Johanna (20) rides her bike. The occupation in full swing. Nazi flags hang in store windows. GERMAN SOLDIERS loiter on corners. Supply trucks rumble down the street.

Johanna stops at an intersection. Her eyes drawn to a LITTLE BOY proudly saluting a passing truck. Johanna watches in disbelief before a car beeps at her and she peddles off--

## EXT. AMSTERDAM STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

And ends up on a street lined with cafes. Johanna comes to a stop when she notices a group of *Weeraafdeling* (WA) (Dutch Nazi police) and *GRÜNE POLIZEI* (Green Police) hanging signs in display windows. The signs read: *No Jews Allowed*.

A CAFE OWNER cuts off a Green Police Officer as he goes to hang a sign. A heated argument ensues. Other DUTCH MEN come to the Cafe Owner's defense. More Green Police join in. Then--

A WA Officer throws a rock through the window of the cafe! And in a flash, a brawl ensues.

The WA and Green Police show no mercy. The Cafe Owner and his supporters are hit with clubs. Kicked. Stomped on.

Johanna's appalled by the brutality. She steps off her bike and starts towards the melee but another RESIDENT grabs her arm. His look says, "You don't want to do that."

Johanna can only watch helplessly as the WA and Green Police continue their beating. The cafes looted. Windows smashed. The environment in Amsterdam quickly deteriorating.

EXT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT - LATER

As Johanna approaches, she finds Sarah sitting on the front step. Her eyes red from crying.

JOHANNA

Sarah? What's wrong? Are you hurt?

Sarah hands Johanna her ID card. On it, a large black "J" predominately stamped. Sarah has been branded.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

Let's get inside.

As Johanna helps Sarah up, she spots her ELDERLY NEIGHBOR watching from his doorstep. *As if he doesn't approve of Johanna's kindness to this Jew.*

Unsettled by the Elderly Neighbor's judgemental look, Johanna hurries Sarah inside and shuts the door.

INT. UVA BUILDING - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Johanna addresses Gemma Members. A somber tone to her voice.

JOHANNA

Last night the Germans abducted four hundred and twenty five Jewish men from their homes.

EXT. JEWISH QUARTER - NIGHT

SS Soldiers and Green Police barge through apartment doors, pull JEWISH MEN from their homes. NSB (Dutch Nazis) applaud the raid. Some spit and throw trash on the frightened Jewish Men as they're hoarded onto trucks headed for imminent death.

INT. UVA BUILDING - CLASSROOM - BACK IN SCENE

One GEMMA MEMBER cries, is consoled by another. Johanna then holds up a flier. On it: a Hakenkreuz crossed out. Below that reads: (subtitled) *Strike! Strike!*

JOHANNA

There's been a call to shut down Amsterdam and I for one, applaud it. It's time we, as proud Dutch citizens, stood up and showed the Germans that we will no longer tolerate their injustice. We will no longer tolerate their savagery.

(then)

Let's go make our voices heard.

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREETS - DAY

Superimpose: February 1941.

THOUSANDS pack the streets for the first mass protest of anti-German measures by an occupied territory. There's TRAM DRIVERS. FACTORY WORKERS. DOCK WORKERS. BUSINESSMEN. STUDENTS. JEWS. NON-JEWS. All united in defiance.

In the midst of it all is Johanna and her Gemma Members. Johanna leads chants. Holds an anti-Nazi banner with Sarah. Johanna's convictions on full display.

As the crowd continues their demonstration--

Three German trucks approach. SS SOLDIERS spill out and position themselves in every direction. They shout commands through megaphones. Attempt to break up clusters of Protestors, but they're drastically outnumbered.

Verbal confrontations escalate to physical ones. A Protester waves a sign in a Soldier's face and is thrown to the ground. This draws more Protesters. Then more Soldiers. Pushing and shoving. Insults hurled in both directions.

Similar skirmishes follow. The peaceful rally quickly deteriorating. Fear and confusion spread amongst the crowd. Some retreat. Others instigate. But Johanna stays.

More SS arrive. Brawls in every direction. It's chaos. A Soldier hits a Protester in the head with his rifle. The Protester drops to his knees. A gash opened on his forehead.

Another Protester then body checks the Soldier to the ground. Enraged, the Soldier fires--

The *pop* of the rifle startles everyone. The Protester looks to his chest, sees blood seeping through his white button down shirt. He collapses. Blood pools around his body.

*All hell breaks loose.* Protestors charge Soldiers who retaliate by firing wildly. A Protester is hit. Then another.

People run for their lives. Screams of terror and panic fill the air. A Soldier is knocked out. Another Protestor hit.

SARAH  
We have to leave!

Johanna looks to the Protestor's lifeless body before taking off with Sarah. The sounds of gun fire erupting around them.

INT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Distraught, Sarah paces back and forth. Johanna's attention out the window, watching the same Elderly Neighbor talk with another MAN. The Elderly Neighbor adamant with his points.

SARAH  
It's only a matter of time before  
they take me.  
(then)  
When they come, I want you to kill  
me.

JOHANNA  
Sarah--

SARAH  
I can't go to the camps, Jo. I'll  
never survive.

JOHANNA  
No one is going to take you away.  
Do you understand me? I won't let  
anything happen to you.

Sarah's eyes well. Johanna brings her friend close, frightened for the both of them.

INT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sarah's asleep. Her head resting on Johanna's lap. Johanna eyes Sarah's ID card on the table. The large black "J" staring back at her. The difference between life and death.

Johanna then covers the "J" with her hand. A beat. And it suddenly dawns on her what she must do...

INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - DAY

SWIMMERS do laps. WOMEN gossip on lounge chairs. CHILDREN horseplay. The war seemingly an afterthought here.

Johanna enters, head down, and crosses towards a room in the rear. A sign on the door reads: (subtitled) *Women*. A sign below that: (subtitled) *No Jews Allowed*.

INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - CHANGING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It resembles a locker room. The back wall lined with "changing stalls," similar to bathroom stalls.

What's immediately evident is the absence of lockers or attendant. Belongings are simply left out in the open unguarded. (No doubt a much more trustworthy time.)

Johanna takes a towel and sits on the edge of a bench. She slowly unbuttons her cardigan, but has no real intent to remove it. Her attention on a group of CHATTY WOMEN by the changing stalls. The room's only other occupants.

They leave their belongings on a bench and head for the pool. Johanna casually shields her face from view as they pass. Once the women leave, Johanna hurries to their belongings.

She rifles through the nearest purse. Her heart beating through her chest. Eyes darting to the entrance every few seconds. The ramifications of being caught are drastic.

The purse's main compartment yields no results. She quickly tries a side pocket. There, she finds an ID card. Then--

Two voices near. Johanna stuffs the ID card into her cardigan pocket. She feigns tying her shoes as two YOUNG WOMEN enter. They walk towards the stalls, paying no attention to Johanna.

Once the stall doors close, Johanna speed walks out--

INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

And never sees the ELDERLY WOMAN entering the changing room. They bump into each other. The card drops. *The actual woman's photo lying face up for all to see.*

ELDERLY WOMAN  
I apologize, dear. Allow me.

Before Johanna can protest, the Elderly Woman reaches down for the card. Johanna maps out the quickest escape route in her head. Ready to literally run for her life. However--

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I'm as blind as a bat without my  
glasses.

She hands the card to Johanna, ignorant to the fact it's not hers. Johanna can't believe her luck. She smiles, allows the Elderly Woman to pass and then hurries out.

INT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Johanna works on a new Gemma flier. Sarah's on the sofa, marveling at the craftsmanship of her new ID card. *Sans branding.*

SARAH  
The forger did wonderful work.  
How'd you find him?

JOHANNA  
Bribing bartenders goes a long way  
in this city.

SARAH  
Hello. My name is Perle Abelen.  
(then)  
Do you think that's what Perle  
would sound like?

Johanna smiles. It's nice to hear a joke again. There's a knock at the door. A knowing look comes over Sarah.

Johanna opens the door and finds two FEMALE STUDENTS. They look tired. Unkempt. They've no doubt been in hiding.

FEMALE STUDENT 1  
Johanna Schaft?

JOHANNA  
Yes?

FEMALE STUDENT 2  
Is it true you get new ID cards for  
Jewish students?

Johanna glances back to Sarah. Sarah's look says, "They need you." And Johanna realizes that.

She turns back to the Female Students with a welcoming smile.

JOHANNA  
Please. Come in.

INT. INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - CHANGING STALL - DAY

Johanna sits on a small bench. A purse on her lap.

JOHANNA (V.O.)

*The way this works is simple. I'll be acquiring the IDs from my various sources...*

She pulls out an ID card from the side pocket.

INT. THEATER - CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Similar to the pool.

JOHANNA (V.O.)

*Sources that are better left unknown to you...*

Johanna lifts cards from multiple bags.

INT. CONCERT HALL - CHANGING ROOM - NIGHT

Johanna casually lingers by a stall.

JOHANNA (V.O.)

*But ones you can trust will always deliver...*

A WOMAN exits and leaves her purse behind. Johanna makes her move and skillfully swipes the ID card.

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREET - NIGHT

Johanna waits by an open door. A STUDENT approaches.

JOHANNA (V.O.)

*Once I have the card, I'll send word for you to meet me...*

The two head into--

INT. ART STUDIO - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Johanna's now with a SECOND STUDENT. Amongst the paint, canvases and brushes are tools of forgery. A forger, KLAUS (30), takes the Second Student's photo.

JOHANNA (V.O.)

*You'll have your photo taken...*

The bulb flashes--

INT. ART STUDIO - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A THIRD STUDENT places his finger in some ink.

JOHANNA (V.O.)  
*Apply your own fingerprint...*

The Third Student carefully leaves his fingerprint on the back of his photo. Klaus then takes the photo to his desk--

INT. ART STUDIO - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Klaus finishes a forgery. Satisfied, he walks it from his desk and over to a FOURTH STUDENT.

JOHANNA (V.O.)  
*And receive your new identity...*

The Fourth Student's overcome with gratitude. She embraces Johanna--

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREET - GERMAN CHECKPOINT - DAY

A FIFTH and SIXTH STUDENT approach an SS Soldier.

JOHANNA (V.O.)  
*Now I don't want you to worry. The forger's work is undetectable...*

The Fifth and Sixth Students gladly hand over their papers. The Soldier inspects them.

JOHANNA (V.O.)  
*The SS won't suspect a thing...*

Satisfied, the Soldier hands the papers back. The Fifth and Sixth Students continue on their way--

INT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Johanna sits on the sofa. Her eyes closed. A SEVENTH, EIGHTH and NINTH STUDENT emerge from the kitchen with a cake. The best 'thank you' they could muster under the circumstances.

JOHANNA (V.O.)  
*Now I know these cards won't end your suffering, but they'll keep you alive.*

Johanna opens her eyes and is truly touched by the gesture.

INT. ART STUDIO - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Johanna watches Klaus as he meticulously works on an ID card.  
A TENTH STUDENT observes paintings nearby.

JOHANNA  
I wanted to thank you, Klaus.

KLAUS  
It's no bother. Besides...

He skillfully removes the original photo.

KLAUS (CONT'D)  
I think I'm pretty good at it.

JOHANNA  
The best.

Klaus gets to work placing the Tenth Student's photo onto the card. He motions for Johanna to hand him a tool. She does.

KLAUS  
By the way, how much you getting?

JOHANNA  
Excuse me?

KLAUS  
Per card.  
(off Johanna)  
You're charging them, aren't you?  
Forgery's a lucrative racket.

JOHANNA  
Charging? No. How could you even--

KLAUS  
Just wanted to make sure.

A test. Klaus then pulls a letter from his desk drawer.

KLAUS (CONT'D)  
You're from Haarlem?

JOHANNA  
Yes. Why do you ask?

Klaus hands the letter to Johanna.

KLAUS  
I could make an introduction.

Johanna looks to the letter. It's an underground, resistance newsletter. The title: (subtitled) *The Truth*. Printed by: (subtitled) *The Council of Resistance*.

JOHANNA  
A communist group? I'm not--

KLAUS  
This ain't about political allegiance. It's about action. They're one of the only groups offering an armed resistance. The only ones *doing* something. They could use someone like you, Jo.

Off Johanna, her interest clearly piqued--

EXT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Superimpose: Spring 1943.

Tulips in full bloom. Johanna parks her bike against the fence. She notices an envelope addressed to her in the mailbox. The official Reich Commissioner's seal stamped prominently, dwarfing the UVA seal.

INT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A worked up Johanna stands before Sarah.

JOHANNA  
(reading from letter)  
"Any student who does not fulfill his obligation to declare loyalty to the Third Reich will face immediate expulsion. Furthermore, it is the obligation of all graduating students to accept relocation to Germany for work in their related field for a period of five years."  
(then)  
BASTARDS! How can they expect--

She quickly realizes who she's talking to.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I'm being selfish.

SARAH  
It's okay, Jo.

Johanna sits. She takes her copy of "The League of Nations" in her hands. The harsh realization of what refusing loyalty means for her has already sunk in.

JOHANNA  
I used to dream about the moment I was handed my degree. How it'd signify that I was one step closer to the League.

She opens to the title page, runs her hand over the name "A. Schaft." Sensing her friend's vulnerability, Sarah takes Johanna's hand.

SARAH  
You'd have made a hell of a lawyer.

They lean their foreheads together. The truest of friends. Their lives forever linked by the consequences of war.

JOHANNA  
Come with me back to Haarlem. You could stay in my parents home until we made arrangements to move you to the countryside.

Touched by the gesture, Sarah embraces her friend.

SARAH  
(re: letter)  
What're you going to do with that?

Johanna notices a lit candle on the coffee table. She dips the corner of the letter into the flame, then drops it into an empty waste bucket.

She and Sarah watch as the flames quickly spread. The entire letter disintegrating and with it, any loyalty Johanna would ever declare to the Nazis.

INT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sarah packs up her belongings. Johanna emerges from her bedroom.

JOHANNA  
I have to drop off the key with the landlord. You'll be okay here?

SARAH  
I'll be fine.

JOHANNA  
I won't be long.

EXT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Johanna unchains her bike from the fence. As she rides off, she passes the Elderly Neighbor's home. No sign of him. Johanna continues on down the street.

Off the Elderly Neighbor's home, ominous--

INT./EXT. OFFICE - LATER

Johanna shakes hands with her LANDLORD then exits the office. As she crosses towards her bike, a German truck races by. Three SS SOLDIERS aboard.

The urgency with which the truck races by unsettles Johanna. She quickly mans her bike and peddles in the same direction.

EXT. JOHANNA'S STREET - LATER

As Johanna turns onto her street, she spots a crowd of ONLOOKERS. Her fears confirmed when she sees the German truck parked in front of her apartment.

She picks up her pace. A COUPLE sees her coming. The WIFE breaks away from the crowd, stops Johanna.

WIFE  
Don't come any further, dear.

Johanna cranes her neck to see the activity. Her heart breaks when she sees Sarah being led away by SS Soldiers.

WITH SARAH

Her fear palpable. Her eyes fixated on the truck, realizing each step she takes brings her closer to the camps.

Unable to accept this fate, she panics--

And pushes free from the Soldiers and takes off!

WITH JOHANNA

Sees this. She goes to scream out for Sarah, but the Wife covers her mouth.

WIFE (CONT'D)  
*They're looking for you too.*

WITH SARAH

Running for her life, tears streaming down her face.

Behind her, one of the Soldiers steps forward and nonchalantly aims his pistol. Fires--

The bullet rips through Sarah's back. She drops instantly.

WITH JOHANNA

As if she were shot herself. Her legs give out. Face glazes over. The Wife turns to her HUSBAND.

WIFE (CONT'D)  
Help me get her inside.

As the Couple covertly helps Johanna into their home, the Elderly Neighbor's house comes into Johanna's view--

And she sees a Nazi flag now proudly displayed out front.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Pieter and Aafje scan the faces of each PASSENGER disembarking the train from Amsterdam. Finally--

Johanna emerges. She finds her parents and crosses towards them. Her emotions then take hold. She dissolves into tears as Aafje takes her in her arms.

INT. SCHAFT HOME - JOHANNA'S ROOM - LATER

Johanna sits on the edge of her bed, a photo of her and Sarah in her hands. Both smiling wide, arms wrapped around each other. A Gemma banner behind them: *From small things we aspire towards the great.*

A beat--

And Johanna comes to a conclusion. She crosses to her dresser, rummages through her clothes until she finds--

The resistance newsletter from Klaus.

INT. SCHAFT HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Johanna quietly descends the stairs. Finds her parents in the living room, listening to a radio broadcast.

She then carefully heads back up. She looks to Klaus' number on the newsletter and dials on the hallway phone.

JOHANNA  
(hushed/into phone)  
Klaus? It's Jo.  
(then)  
Make the introduction.

INT. SCHAFT HOME - JOHANNA'S ROOM - EVENING

Johanna looks to a scrap of paper in her hand, an address written on it. She then looks to her reflection in the mirror, exhales heavily.

INT. SCHAFT HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Johanna makes her way towards the stairs, she passes a bedroom door. She stops. Slowly opens the door to--

INT. SCHAFT HOME - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

And takes a cautious step inside. Quite possibly the first time she's been here in years.

An impressive display of academic accolades hang on the wall. All displaying the name *Annie Schaft*.

Johanna crosses towards a bookshelf. She takes a book down, opens the title page and sees "A. Schaft" handwritten in the left hand corner.

As she places the book back, something catches her eye--

An empty space where a single book once sat.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHAFT HOME - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Johanna (7) helps Annie (14) stack the same bookshelf. Johanna grabs the next book to be put up: Frederick Pollack's "The League of Nations."

YOUNG JOHANNA

Annie? Is this where you want to  
work when you're older?

ANNIE

It is. Do you know why?

(off Johanna)

Because they're fighting for what  
is right. Just like you should  
always do, Jo. Can you promise me  
you'll do that?

YOUNG JOHANNA

I promise.

Annie smiles. Johanna returns it. The admiration Johanna has  
for her big sister is palpable. She idolizes her.

Annie then places the book onto her shelf and as she does,  
she coughs. It's painful.

Not wanting to alarm Johanna, Annie shakes it off and forces  
a smile. But something isn't right...

INT. SCHAFT HOME - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

A new day. Johanna races in, a paper in her hand. She's  
stopped by the sight of Pieter and Aafje standing over Annie  
in bed. Their concern written on their faces.

YOUNG JOHANNA

Mama? What's wrong?

Pieter and Aafje share a heavy look. Pieter kneels to  
Johanna's level.

PIETER

Annie's not feeling well. Why don't  
you give her some rest?

Johanna looks towards her sister. Unsure of what's happening.

YOUNG JOHANNA

(re: paper)

I got the highest grades in class.

PIETER

That's wonderful, Jo. You can tell  
your sister all about it later.

He gives Johanna an encouraging smile, but it's forced.  
Johanna reluctantly leaves.

INT. SCHAFT HOME - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Another day. Johanna watches her parents talk with a DOCTOR in the dining room. Their voices hushed, but audible.

DOCTOR

The diphtheria has spread to her heart, leading to myocarditis.  
(then/somber)  
Her organs are failing.

Aafje loses herself to tears. Johanna jumps off her chair and races up the stairs--

INT. SCHAFT HOME - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

And bursts in. Annie lies on the bed. Her skin pale. Lips blue. Nostrils stained with blood.

YOUNG JOHANNA

Wake up, Annie!

She shakes the mattress with everything she has.

YOUNG JOHANNA (CONT'D)

WAKE UP! You're scaring Mama!

She shakes harder, trying to will her big sister awake. Her face streaked with tears--

CUT TO:

INT. SCHAFT HOME - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - BACK IN SCENE

Johanna's snapped from her trance by Pieter.

PIETER

Supper's ready.

Johanna holds her look on the empty space on the bookshelf a moment longer before exiting.

INT. SCHAFT HOME - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Johanna and Pieter join Aafje at the table. Aafje fills a bowl with stew, hands it to Johanna.

AAFJE

I was thinking that you and I could knit later. Like we used to.

(MORE)

AAFJE (CONT'D)  
 It might help to take your mind off  
 everything.

Johanna stirs her stew idly for a moment.

AAFJE (CONT'D)  
 Jo?

JOHANNA  
 I can't...  
 (off Aafje)  
 I'm seeing a friend from  
 University.

Aafje throws a look towards Pieter.

AAFJE  
 You've only been back a few days.  
 Don't you think it'd be better for  
 you to stay in?

JOHANNA  
 It's just that we were very close.  
 And I think it'd be good for me.

Aafje doesn't like this. Pieter then takes her hand as if to say, "It's okay." Aafje reluctantly relents.

AAFJE  
 Don't be out too late. And don't  
 forget your cardigan. It's still  
 getting cool at night.

JOHANNA  
 I know, Mama.

She puts on a good face, but lying to her parents kills her.

EXT. ABANDONED BARN - NIGHT

Secluded. Johanna and Klaus wait by their bicycles. Johanna's nerves getting the best of her.

KLAUS  
 Will you relax? You're making me  
 nervous. Just be yourself.  
 (then)  
 I did tell'm your name was Hannie.  
 (off Johanna)  
 It's better you don't use real  
 names. Don't you like Hannie?

JOHANNA  
 (not wanting to admit)  
 It's fine.

The sound of a motorcycle approaches. Johanna readies herself. The motorcycle emerges from the shadows. JAN BRASSER (35) steps off. A clean cut man. Diplomatic.

BRASSER  
 Were you followed?

KLAUS  
 No. We were careful. Jan Brasser, I present Hannie Schaft.

Brasser looks her over. Her **red hair**. Unstylish wardrobe. Innocent face. More librarian than resistance fighter.

BRASSER  
 Klaus tells me you did fine work in Amsterdam.

A beat.

JOHANNA  
 I could have done more.

BRASSER  
 Is that why you're here? To do more?

JOHANNA  
 I'm here for the same reason you are, Mr. Brasser. Resistance.

Brasser gives Johanna another once over. Contemplating. He then hands her a small piece of paper.

BRASSER  
 In the office upstairs is a list of prominent NSB. You'll steal it on Tuesday.  
 (off Johanna)  
 This is what you wanted, isn't it?

JOHANNA  
 Yes.

BRASSER  
 Good. The apartment is only empty from eight to nine at night. If you're caught... don't get caught.

And with that, he rides off. Klaus takes Johanna's hand.

KLAUS  
It's just like taking IDs. And  
you're damn good at that.  
(off Johanna's smile)  
I'm needed back in Amsterdam. You  
take care of yourself. *Hannie*.

They share a sincere embrace. Klaus then rides off. Johanna stands alone. Her life never to be the same. (**Note: Johanna will now be referred to as Hannie in all scenes.**)

INT. SCHAFT HOME - JOHANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT

A worried Aafje watches Hannie pack text books into her bag.

HANNIE  
And while I was buying groceries, I  
struck up a conversation with the  
store owner. He told me that his  
daughter was part of a group of  
students who have been meeting in  
cafes to continue their studies. He  
asked if I'd like to join.

Aafje remains unsure. Hannie pours it on.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
My studies are important to me.

AAFJE  
(reluctant)  
Well, if you must. Just don't--

HANNIE  
Forget my cardigan. I won't.

She kisses Aafje and hurries out, leaving Aafje to worry.

EXT. APARTMENT - LATER

Nondescript. Hannie checks the street. No witnesses. She takes a book from her bag and with the spine, covertly breaks the glass pane on the door. She checks for witnesses again. Clear. She then slides her hand in and unlocks the door--

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Quiet. Hannie's pulse quickens, unsure of what lies around each corner. She heads--

INT. APARTMENT - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Three doors. The first a bedroom. Second a bathroom. Hannie quietly nears the final door. She turns the knob and enters--

INT. APARTMENT - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She turns the light on and is startled to find a GIRL behind the desk! Hannie shrieks! She turns to run but a YOUNGER GIRL is behind her and shuts the door! Hannie's trapped! But then--

YOUNGER GIRL

I knew she'd show up! You owe me  
five guilders!

Hannie's panic is quickly replaced by confusion. The older girl looks out the window for an approaching ambush. Clear. She then produces a pistol from her pocket, clicks the safety on.

OLDER GIRL

I'm not paying you anything.

This is TRUUS OVERSTEEGEN (20) and her sister FREDDIE (18). Both a little rough around the edges. Truus is taller than most girls. Her hair a light blonde. Braided. Freddie's more slender. Her hair a dark brown.

Truus crosses towards a confused Hannie and grabs her bag. She searches it and finds the books.

HANNIE

They're from University...

TRUUS

This isn't University.

She pushes Hannie's belongings back into her chest.

TRUUS (CONT'D)

Follow us.

HANNIE

Are you going to kill me?

TRUUS

Not unless you give me a reason to,  
Hannie Schaft. Now follow us. I  
know you can understand what that  
means. You went to University.

She walks out. Hannie then notices Freddie eyeing her with a sense of awe.

FREDDIE  
Did you really go to University?

Hannie nods. Freddie lights up. Extends her hand.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
I'm Freddie. That was my sister  
Truus. Welcome to the Council.

And then it dawns on Hannie. *The theft was a test.*

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - LATER

As the girls enter, a small bell over the door rings. The BUTCHER pays them no mind as he continues slicing meat.

Truus eyes Hannie with a particular sense of judgement. *Who is this red headed intellectual wanting to join her ranks?*  
The girls enter--

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - MEAT LOCKER - CONTINUOUS

Bloody slabs of meat hang on hooks. Truus opens a hidden panel in the floor and turns to Hannie.

TRUUS  
After you, professor.

Hannie descends the hidden staircase to--

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - BOMB SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

The makeshift headquarters of the Council of Resistance. MEMBERS tend to various tasks. One works a printing press. Another forges papers. A third builds illegal radios while a fourth sorts weapons and ammunition.

Maps hang on walls. Shelves stacked with equipment and food. A photo of QUEEN WILHELMINA proudly displayed.

Hannie's overwhelmed. Dorothy seeing Oz for the first time.

Through an open door leading to a smaller room, Hannie spots Brasser and another man, JAN BONEKAMP (30). A cigarette rests between his lips. His thick brown hair and chiseled features seem better suited for the silver screen.

FREDDIE  
That's Jan Bonekamp. He's been with  
the Council since the start.

Hannie watches the two men discuss plans of some sort. They seem urgent. Intense.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
They're deciding who dies next.

The gravity of Hannie's situation sets in. *This is much more than lifting ID cards from unattended changing rooms.*

Feeling Hannie's gaze, Jan looks up. Their eyes meet. Jan nods a hello. Hannie blushes. The moment is cut short by Brasser shutting the meeting room door.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
This way. I'll introduce you to  
Helena.

Hannie holds her look on the door for a beat before joining Freddie. On a table she sees a baby doll wrapped in blankets and a large rounded cushion connected to suspenders.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
We distribute supplies across the  
city. But if the Jimmies saw us  
they'd shoot us where we stood.  
(re: doll)  
That's where Helena comes in.

She pops a latch inside the stroller and reveals a hidden compartment. Freddie then places a stack of newsletters inside. She then closes it up and places the doll on top.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
Or you could be expecting.

Freddie places the suspenders over Hannie's shoulders so the cushion is situated over her stomach. She looks pregnant.

Freddie then unzips a compartment on the cushion and inserts supplies. Hannie grins at the ingenious of it all.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
They were Truus' idea. She likes  
making things.

HANNIE  
They're very good, Truus.

But Truus has no time for niceties or compliments.

TRUUS  
We have a run.

She brushes past Hannie.

FREDDIE  
(to Hannie)  
Come. I'll help you get ready.

EXT. HAARLEM STREET - LATER

Truus and Freddie push the stroller. Hannie walks along side, the fake belly protruding from underneath her cardigan.

HANNIE  
You were *thirteen*?

FREDDIE  
Uh-huh. Truus was *fifteen*.

HANNIE  
And your parents allowed you to join the resistance that young?

FREDDIE  
Are you kidding? Our mother got us started. We'd house refugees from Germany. Distribute food and supplies. One big happy family. Right, Truus?

TRUUS  
Will you two shut your mouths.

FREDDIE  
Don't mind her, Hannie. She's just jealous you can read.

Truus hits her younger sister in the arm. Freddie retaliates.

TRUUS  
(to Hannie/defensive)  
I can read. I just think there's better ways to spend your time than going to University.

HANNIE  
Academics are a good thing, Truus.

TRUUS  
They don't feed your family.

FREDDIE  
You can stay and work. I'm going to learn. Travel. Move to Paris!

TRUUS  
So I've heard.

FREDDIE

I will! So have fun slaving away in  
the fields while I'm sipping  
champagne with my French lover.

TRUUS

You can't even speak French.

HANNIE

I speak French.

TRUUS

*Of course you do.*

HANNIE

(in French/subtitled)

I could insult you and you wouldn't  
even know it, skank.

FREDDIE

That's beautiful!

TRUUS

What did that mean?

HANNIE (CONT'D)

I could help you learn if you'd  
like, Freddie.

FREDDIE

That'd be swell!

(to Truus)

See? She's not a stuck up rag like  
you said she'd be.

The revelation puts a touch of awkwardness in the air. The  
three continue their journey in silence for a moment. Then--

HANNIE

Who does the Council kill? SS?

FREDDIE

Some. But mostly it's Dutch NSB.  
Traitors. They make deals with the  
Jimmies for profit.

(then)

So Jan puts a bullet in their  
heads.

And in this moment, Hannie knows this is the place she needs  
to be.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Speaking of Jimmies...

Up ahead, a group of SS OFFICERS chat with a group of PRETTY  
WOMEN outside of a bar. Hannie tenses.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
Just relax. And remember you're  
pregnant.

As the girls approach the Officers, Hannie readies for questioning. But to her astonishment, *they walk right by without even a glance from the Officers.*

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
Jimmies hate anything with a  
stroller or a big belly. *Pigs.*

Hannie watches as the Officers and Women flirt. A seductive touch. A whisper exchanged in close quarters.

Hannie takes mental note of it all.

With their attention on the group of Officers, the three girls never see the SS Soldier smoking on a bench.

SS SOLDIER  
Good evening, ladies.

He catches the girls off guard. They politely smile. Their pace quickened a bit. But the Soldier follows.

SS SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
Boy or girl?

TRUUS  
Girl.

SS SOLDIER  
Do you mind if I hold her?

TRUUS  
She's sleeping.

SS SOLDIER  
I'll be gentle. I have a newborn in  
Germany. I miss their smell.

At discovery Helena is simply a doll they're all dead. Truu's eyes the pistol taped to the inside of the stroller. The last option. Then--

Hannie doubles over in "pain."

SS SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
Are you alright? Do you need help?

HANNIE  
Just a rough kick but I think it's  
time we got home.

FREDDIE

I knew you shouldn't have come.

A quick glance towards Truus.

TRUUS

Yes. We told you it was a bad idea.

HANNIE

You know me. I love my walks.

SS SOLDIER

I could drive you where you needed to go.

HANNIE

You're too kind. But we're just up the block. I can manage from here.

FREDDIE

Don't take her rejection the wrong way. She's always this stubborn.

HANNIE

Have a lovely night.

The girls walk on. Once they're clear, Truus and Hannie catch eyes. Truus gives her a nod of appreciation. *Maybe this red head isn't so bad after all...*

FADE TO:

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT

Hannie, Truus and Freddie prepare small supply bags consisting of fruit, crackers and other similar items.

HANNIE

(in French/subtitled)

What is your name?

FREDDIE

(in French/subtitled)

My name is Freddie.

HANNIE

Very good.

Freddie smiles proudly. As the girls continue their prep work, Hannie glances towards Brasser and Jan in the smaller meeting room. Hannie's schoolgirl crush on Jan is evident.

Jan looks towards her and embarrassed, Hannie quickly averts her attention back to the supply bags. Jan smiles to himself.

EXT. ABANDONED BARN - LATER

Hannie, Truus and Freddie help guide a truck as it slowly backs up towards the barn. The girls open the barn doors and usher a group of JEWISH CHILDREN onto the truck, giving each a small supply bag.

Hannie hands the TRUCK DRIVER a stack of forged ID cards.

HANNIE

Phone when you've reached the safe house.

The Driver nods. Truus and Freddie help the remaining children aboard. Truus then hits the side of the truck and the Driver pulls away. As the truck drives off, a little JEWISH GIRL waves goodbye. Then--

*The distinct sound of gun shots takes us to--*

EXT. HAARLEM STREET - DAY

The colors of fall evident in the city's foliage. On his bike, Pieter comes upon a crime scene. A MAN's lifeless body in a pool of blood. A group of aggravated SS Officers try to piece together what happened. In one of their hands, a copy of "The Truth."

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - BOMB SHELTER - LATER

Hannie descends the stairs and notices her fellow Council members huddled around a radio. Freddie motions to her.

FREDDIE

The Queen's broadcasting from London.

VOICE

(on radio)

*Dear listeners, her majesty the Queen...*

QUEEN WILHELMINA

(on radio)

*We must be aware that this war will reveal its true character and will be, in essence, a fight between good and evil...*

Jan then descends the stairs. Hannie watches as he heads for the smaller room and meets with Brasser.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (CONT'D)  
(on radio)

*Although the enemy has occupied the ground of our fatherland, the Dutch will fight and establish a free and happy future once again...*

Brasser then draws a large **black line** through a MAN's photo. The same Man Pieter saw dead in the streets.

Hannie watches this all with great interest. She crosses towards the meeting room. Eavesdrops on the conversation.

JAN (O.S.)  
I want Ragut next.

BRASSER (O.S.)  
We've talked about this, Jan. He's too dangerous a target. I won't sign off.

Hannie furrows her brow. *Who is Ragut?*

Suddenly, Jan comes storming out of the room. Hannie looks inside. Brasser sees her and shuts the door in her face.

INT. SCHAFT HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Aafje and Pieter seem in the midst of a serious discussion when Hannie enters and heads up the stairs.

AAFJE  
Jo? Could you come in here for a moment?

HANNIE  
Yes, Mama?

AAFJE  
I don't want you meeting with your study group any longer.

HANNIE  
What? Why not?

AAFJE  
It's just no longer safe.

HANNIE  
But they depend on me.

AAFJE  
They'll understand.

HANNIE  
Why are you doing this? You gave me  
your blessing.

AAFJE  
That was before communist  
resistance groups started killing  
Germans and NSB in Haarlem.

HANNIE  
Perhaps they're doing it because no  
one else will.

AAFJE  
Don't be ridiculous, Jo. All  
they're going to do is provoke the  
SS into more violence. And you of  
all people should know what that  
violence can lead to. You're not to  
go out anymore. You can continue  
your lessons here with us.

HANNIE  
You can't force me to stay in.

AAFJE  
I am your mother. That is exactly  
what I can do.

HANNIE  
I'm almost twenty-three years old.  
I'm not a little girl anymore!

AAFJE  
I am not going to lose another  
daughter!

PIETER  
Enough.  
(then)  
We will not let this war rip this  
family apart.

AAFJE  
It's too dangerous, Jo.

HANNIE  
(towards Pieter)  
I can take care of myself.

Pieter senses something different about his daughter. A beat--

PIETER

The moment there's trouble you come home.

AAFJE

You're letting her go?

Aafje can't believe it, but Pieter's decision is final. Aafje stalks out of the room.

HANNIE

Thank you, Papa.

She gives him a kiss on the cheek and exits. Pieter watches her with pride yet concern. *Does he know of her resistance work?*

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - BOMB SHELTER - NIGHT

Superimpose: October 1943.

Hannie (23) gets her makeup and hair done by Freddie.

TRUUS

Focus on officers. They've got the most information.

FREDDIE

Give 'em the impression you're interested. Laugh at their jokes. And no matter what spews from their pig mouths, just nod and smile.

HANNIE

Nod and smile. Sounds easy enough.

Freddie adds a final touch to Hannie's hair and nods to Truus. Truus then holds a mirror up to Hannie.

TRUUS

What do you think?

Hannie's taken aback by what she sees. Her **red hair** beautifully styled with curls. Lipstick. Blush. Eye shadow. She looks gorgeous.

TRUUS (CONT'D)

Remember. It's just an act.

FREDDIE

(in French/subtitled)

Good luck.

Hannie gives Truus and Freddie an embrace. As Hannie crosses towards the stairs, other MEMBERS wish her good luck as well. Except one.

A man working on a radio, NIELS (30), eyes her with judgement.

NIELS  
You best shower before you come back here.

The comment throws Hannie for a moment. Niels holds his look of contempt before taking his radio and walking off.

Hannie decides to let it go. *For now.* She ascends the stairs--

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - BACK - MOMENTS LATER

And finds Jan loading his truck with a few suitcases.

HANNIE  
Running away?

Jan turns and is rendered speechless by Hannie's new look.

JAN  
Hannie... you look beautiful.

A moment. Jan catches himself staring.

JAN (CONT'D)  
(re: suitcases)  
I'm heading north on a supply run.

HANNIE  
I didn't know you went on runs.

JAN  
I promised someone I would.

There's clearly more there, but Hannie doesn't push.

HANNIE  
My train departs for Amsterdam soon. I should go.

JAN  
Of course. Good luck.

There's a bit of an awkward beat before Hannie walks off. Jan watches her turn the corner then shakes his head at himself. He tosses the last suitcase into the truck and drives off.

INT. AMSTERDAM NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Filled to capacity with a clientele that could only be brought together by war. NSB. SS OFFICERS. SOLDIERS. BUSINESSMEN. LOCALS. WOMEN. All drink and socialize.

In the midst of this all is Hannie. It's not only her **red hair** that causes her to stick out, but also her clear indifference to the debauchery around her.

She idles up to the bar. Spots a WOMAN flirting with an SS OFFICER. Hannie studies how the Woman sits. How she moves her hands. Bites her lip. Hannie emulates the Woman's mannerisms for a moment but quickly becomes self conscious.

She tries to get the BARTENDER'S attention, but fails. Then--

VOICE (O.S.)  
Allow me.

Hannie turns to see an SS OFFICER standing by her side. Overweight and balding, his collar badges label him as STURMBANNFÜHRER (Major) KNOPF (51). He snaps his fingers and the Bartender hustles over.

BARTENDER  
Yes, sir. What can I get you?

Knopf looks towards Hannie, "Go ahead."

HANNIE  
Champagne.

KNOPF  
No. No. A fine woman deserves a fine drink. Two cognacs.

The Bartender gets to work. Hannie feels Knopf's eyes all over her.

KNOPF (CONT'D)  
Before I arrived here, I heard this vicious rumor that Dutch women were more beautiful than German.

He lightly brushes Hannie's **red hair** from her shoulder.

KNOPF (CONT'D)  
But now I must admit that rumor is true.

HANNIE  
You mean you doubted it?

Knopf grins. The Bartender places their drinks down. Knopf raises his glass for a toast.

KNOPF  
To the Führer.

Those words are nails on a chalkboard to Hannie, but she does the only thing she can do. Nod and smile.

INT. AMSTERDAM NIGHTCLUB - LATER

Hannie and Knopf have moved to a private booth. Knopf shovels oysters into his mouth as if he hadn't eaten in months.

KNOPF  
Your Dutch forces are fine but the SS... the SS is the future.

He sips another cognac, clearly intoxicated. His ogling of Hannie confirms as such. He slides closer to her.

KNOPF (CONT'D)  
Do you like jewelry? Who am I kidding? You're a woman! Of course you do! Always babbling with your friends about whose collections are the prettiest.

HANNIE  
Yes. Yes that's true.

KNOPF  
I will see to it that our next shipment contains the finest jewels from around Europe. A gift for my cherry headed fräulein.

He laughs, polishes off his cognac and extravagantly motions for another. The word "shipment" catches Hannie's attention.

HANNIE  
You're too kind. When will that be?  
I would love to model them for you.

But Knopf is too busy cheering on the new musical act that has taken the stage. A WAITER drops off another cognac. Knopf takes a hefty pull.

Hannie realizes she needs to remove him from this environment. She leans in and whispers into Knopf's ear. Her words immediately grab his attention.

INT. KNOPF'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Hannie sits on the sofa. Her hands clammy with nervous sweat. As Knopf pours two drinks, he sways from intoxication.

KNOPF  
(re: apartment)  
What do you think?

HANNIE  
It's lovely.

KNOPF  
Its previous owner had a one way  
ticket to Auschwitz.

He chuckles at the thought of this. It turns Hannie's stomach. Knopf then crosses to her, hands her a drink. Takes a long pull from his own.

His eyes undress Hannie. It's impersonal. Hannie's glass trembles in her hands.

KNOPF (CONT'D)  
You've no reason to fear me.

Knopf takes Hannie's drink from her hands and places it onto the table. He then slides his arm around her. Smells a handful of her **red hair**. Her body stiffens.

Knopf's other hand then slides her dress up her thigh. She can only withstand it for a short moment before rising.

HANNIE  
Allow me to freshen up first.

Annoyed, Knopf motions towards the bathroom.

INT. KNOPF'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hannie locks the door and fights off her tears. She looks to her reflection in the mirror. Gathers herself.

HANNIE  
It's just an act.

Something on the sink then catches her attention. Knopf's razor. A quick slit of his throat would do the trick. She looks back to her reflection. Into the eyes of a woman capable of much more than she ever thought possible. Then--

The sound of glass breaking comes from the living room--

INT. KNOPF'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hannie finds Knopf passed out on the sofa. His glass of cognac broken on the floor. Hannie waves her hand in front of his face. Nothing. Only his loud snoring. He's out.

Hannie takes the opportunity to rummage through the apartment. She looks through bookcases. Drawers. Cabinets.

She then notices an official looking note pad by the liquor. As she scans through it, her face lights up. Jackpot. She quickly transcribes the information into her own note pad.

As she turns to leave, she notices Knopf's Hakenkreuz pin on the label of his jacket. A beat.

Then Hannie crosses over and defiantly rips the pin off. As she exits--

The popular love song "*Lili Marlene*" begins playing...

SINGER (O.S.)  
*Outside the barracks/By the corner  
 light/I'll always stand and wait  
 for you at night...*

INT. AMSTERDAM NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A beautiful SINGER stands on stage under spotlight. Amidst the packed dance floor is Hannie and an SS OFFICER.

SINGER  
*We will create a world for two/I'll  
 wait for you the whole night  
 through/For you Lili Marlene, for  
 you Lili Marlene...*

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Jan sets spike strips in the road, then fades into the woods just as a German supply truck approaches. It's followed by a staff car holding the SS Officer Hannie was just dancing with.

SINGER (O.S.)  
*Bugler tonight, don't play the call  
 to arms/I want another evening with  
 her charms...*

The truck can't avoid the spikes. The tires pop! The truck veers into a ditch. Supplies spill out onto the road. Ruined. The staff car pulls over. The SS Officer furious.

INT. AMSTERDAM NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Hannie dances with a SECOND SS OFFICER.

SINGER

*Then we will say goodbye and  
part/I'll always keep you in my  
heart/With me Lili Marlene, with me  
Lili Marlene...*

INT. HOME - OFFICE - DAY

Jan inserts the combination to a safe. A photo of the Second SS Officer on the desk behind him.

SINGER (O.S.)

*Give me a rose to show how much you  
care/Tie to the stem a lock of  
golden hair...*

The safe opens. Among Nazi paraphernalia are stacks of cash. Jan takes them all.

INT. AMSTERDAM NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Hannie's with a THIRD SS OFFICER.

SINGER

*Surely tomorrow you'll feel  
blue/But then will come a love  
that's new/For you Lili Marlene,  
for you Lili Marlene...*

He whispers something. She laughs. If we didn't know better we'd think she were a Nazi.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - BOMB SHELTER - DAY

Hannie gives her new information over to Brasser and Jan.

SINGER (O.S.)

*When we are marching in the mud and  
cold/And when my pack seems more  
than I can hold...*

From across the room, Niels eyes Hannie with great disdain.

INT. AMSTERDAM NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Hannie's with a FOURTH SS OFFICER. He eyes her tenderly.

SINGER

*I'll long for you, and use my  
might/I'm warm again, my pack feels  
light...*

And then something unexpected happens...

SINGER (CONT'D)

*It's you Lili Marlene, it's you  
Lili Marlene...*

The Fourth SS Officer kisses Hannie. She recoils. Horrified. Until now she's been able to avoid this.

SINGER (CONT'D)

*My love for you renews my might/I'm  
warm again, my pack is light...*

Unable to stand it, Hannie runs off.

SINGER (CONT'D)

*It's you Lili Marlene, it's you  
Lili Marlene.*

The band plays out the melody. The crowd breaks into enthusiastic applause. The Fourth SS Officer left wondering what went wrong.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - BOMB SHELTER - DAY

Hannie descends the stairs. A look of determination on her face. She heads straight for Brasser and Jan in the meeting room when--

NIELS (O.S.)

Hannie!

The room falls uncomfortably silent. Hannie turns to Niels.

NIELS (CONT'D)

You don't belong here.

He slowly makes his way towards her.

NIELS (CONT'D)

How does it make you all feel that  
while you fight she's spreadin' her  
legs like a red headed Jimmy whore.

BRASSER

Niels--

HANNIE

Let him talk.

NIELS

She's not one of us.

The two are now inches apart.

NIELS (CONT'D)

She thinks she's better than we are. Looks down on us. But she's nothin' more than a well read traitor. And all traitors should hang.

Hannie's words are concise, but coated with rage.

HANNIE

I want you to listen to me carefully. Everything I do is for the resistance. Every distribution run. Every surveillance mission. Every lie I tell my parents. It's all for the resistance same as you. So you can call me a whore. A snob. But the one thing you will not call me is a traitor. And the next time you do, I promise those'll be the last words you ever speak.

The tension in the room is palpable. Hannie's new found intensity a shock to the others. Except Jan. He's impressed.

BRASSER

Come on, Niels. Why don't you step out for some air.

As two other Members lead Niels away, he never breaks from Hannie, nor she from him.

NIELS

She's goin' to get us all killed!

As Niels disappears up the stairs, Hannie finally lets out a breath. She looks towards Truus and Freddie, "I'm okay."

BRASSER

(to Hannie)

Come with me.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - BOMB SHELTER - MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brasser shuts the door once Hannie and Jan enter.

BRASSER

Christ, Hannie! What in the hell  
was that?

HANNIE

He hurls accusations and I don't  
have the right to defend myself?

BRASSER

You threatened to kill him.

HANNIE

Because no one calls me a traitor.  
Now if we can move past this, I'd  
like to discuss my role within the  
Council.

BRASSER

Your role? Your role is defined.

HANNIE

*By you.* But I can be much more than  
just a woman pretending to be  
pregnant or some "Jimmy whore" as  
Niels so eloquently put it.

BRASSER

What are you talking about?

HANNIE

Liquidations.

Brasser and Jan exchange a weighty look.

BRASSER

Hannie--

HANNIE

How much more do I need to prove  
myself to you?

(then)

Do you know how many different  
career paths there are in the field  
of linguistics? Dozens. I wasn't  
aware of that until I met Sarah  
Feldt. She was deciding between  
translator or speech therapist. I  
always told her that she'd be great  
at either one. But she never got  
the chance to make that choice  
because she was murdered after a  
traitor gave her up. After I  
promised I'd keep her safe.

(to Brasser)

(MORE)

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
You asked me if I was here to do  
more. So let me do more.

Brasser remains unsure. But Jan's seeing Hannie in a whole new light. He eyes her with respect and adoration. Then--

JAN  
Krauts would never suspect a woman assassin.

BRASSER  
You think this is a good idea?

Jan looks to Hannie. This fierce. Devoted. Intelligent. Beautiful **red headed** woman. He smiles.

JAN  
Yeah. I do.

And with that, there is no more debate.

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Hannie heads for her bike. Jan catches up to her.

JAN  
You showed a lot of guts back there.

HANNIE  
I don't think Brasser likes the idea very much.

JAN  
He's a father. I think he's just protective of you girls. He'll get over it. And if not, I'll set him straight for you.

They exchange smiles. A beat. Then--

JAN (CONT'D)  
Do you want to have a drink with me, Hannie Schaft?

Hannie blushes, pins her **red hair** behind her ears.

HANNIE  
I'd love to.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Hannie and Jan sit on a blanket underneath the star filled Netherlands sky. A bottle of wine rests between them as does a comfortable silence.

JAN

I used to sit and listen like this  
as a child. I thought the sounds of  
nature protected me. If I focused  
on them I'd be safe.

This softer side of Jan surprises Hannie. But she admires it.

JAN (CONT'D)

Try it.

Hannie closes her eyes and listens. Slowly, the sounds of nature amplify. A cricket. A frog. An owl. The leaves rustling in the breeze. It all comes together to form a beautiful symphony.

HANNIE

Yes. I hear it...

She smiles, lost in the serenity of it all. Jan watches her. Completely taken. She turns towards him and catches him looking at her. A beat. Then Jan readjusts.

JAN

I spent most of my childhood doing  
that.

HANNIE

I spent most of mine in my room  
studying.

JAN

You think we would have gotten  
along as kids?

HANNIE

I don't think you would have even  
known I existed.

JAN

Why do you say that?

HANNIE

Because no one ever did.

Hannie feels Jan's gaze and turns towards him. But this time he doesn't look away.

JAN  
I see you now.

HANNIE  
What do you see?

JAN  
A leader.

A charged moment. Sparks. Jan brings his hand to Hannie's cheek. She turns into it, feels his touch.

They kiss. It's passionate. Meaningful.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
(on radio)  
*Today, we have to admit that no  
happiness can be expected in this  
world...*

EXT. AMSTERDAM GHETTO - DAY

Surrounded by barbed wire. Now the "home" for every Jew in the Netherlands. Squads of SS Soldiers force FAMILIES, now branded with Star of David patches, into trucks.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
(on radio)  
*If those who are solely responsible  
for the present situation are not  
stopped in their course of  
unscrupulous destruction...*

A JEWISH MAN breaks towards his SON. He's gunned down.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Hannie, Truus and Freddie watch a train filled with JEWISH PRISONERS roar past them.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
(on radio)  
*And disregard of law and the most  
elementary principles of  
morality...*

Brief glimpses of FACES herded together in cattle cars.

EXT. POWER PLANT - VELSEN-NOORD - NIGHT

Each carrying a bag, Hannie and Jan sneak towards the outer fence of the large facility. A GERMAN GUARD stands watch by the entrance a hundred yards away.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
(on radio)

*This war is world wide to ensure  
that those who are willing to do  
good will not be obstructed...*

Jan climbs over the fence. Then Hannie. The pair then cautiously enter the power plant unseen.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Hannie takes aim at a half dozen targets set up on a fallen tree trunk. Jan observes from behind. Hannie fires--

But misses every target.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
(on radio)

*Brute force is not able to take  
away the conviction of a people...*

Jan places his hands over hers. Instructing. Hannie soaks it in with great focus.

EXT. HOME - ATTIC - NIGHT

A FAMILY assists their JEWISH REFUGEES in lighting a menorah.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
(on radio)

*Just as weapons and fire, poverty  
and suffering could not exterminate  
our freedom of conscience and our  
freedom of religion...*

Feeling a wave of emotion, the JEWISH FATHER brings his family together in his arms.

INT. POWER PLANT - VELSEN-NOORD - NIGHT

Conveyor belts feed coal into boilers that glow red and orange.

Hannie and Jan remove explosives from their bags.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
 (on radio)  
*It is a fight that is necessary for  
 me to say will happen on a  
 spiritual level and be fought deep  
 in the heart of the people...*

Quickly, the pair set their explosives on the conveyor belts. Wires connected. Fuses inserted and lit.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Amidst a steady rain, Hannie aims her pistol at her targets. Jan watches. She takes a deep breath and fires--

And hits three of six.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
 (on radio)  
*So I feel convinced that we as a  
 people will emerge stronger from  
 this...*

Hannie reloads. She brushes her wet **red hair** from her eyes, takes aim again. Jan gives a last piece of instruction.

EXT. GERMAN GARAGE - NIGHT

Moving through the shadows, Hannie and Jan make their way to a line of supply trucks.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
 (on radio)  
*That for this noble goal, for which  
 thousands of courageous people have  
 already given their lives, was not  
 in vain...*

They slash tires. Damage fuel tanks. Cut brake lines.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Hannie aims her pistol. She's relaxed. Confident. She fires--

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
 (on radio)  
*I pray that our allied cause be  
 blessed...*

And hits all six targets. Full of excitement, she races towards Jan. They kiss.

INT. POWER PLANT - VELSEN-NOORD - NIGHT

The lit fuses on each explosive grow shorter.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
(on radio)  
*And that the dawn of the day...*

EXT. POWER PLANT - VELSEN-NOORD - CONTINUOUS

Hannie and Jan climb back over the fence. They hurry into the back of a waiting truck. It drives off.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
(on radio)  
*When freedom will be restored in  
the Netherlands...*

INT. POWER PLANT - VELSEN-NOORD - CONTINUOUS

The fuses dwindle.

QUEEN WILHELMINA (V.O.)  
(on radio)  
*And to all other victims of German  
aggression be near.*

### **AN EXPLOSION!**

The conveyor belts ripped apart, collapsing inward. Support beams buckle. Fire engulfs the entire plant. German Soldiers and workers frantically try to contain the blaze.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Hannie interlocks her fingers with Jan's, rests her head on his shoulder. They watch until the flames fade from view.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - BOMB SHELTER - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Brasser circles the table, handing intelligence to Hannie and Jan. Jan looks exhausted, but he'd never admit it.

BRASSER  
This is Pieter Faber.

JAN  
Why not give us Ragut? He's killing  
more resistance fighters every day.

BRASSER

*This is Pieter Faber. A Dutch businessman who's made a small fortune aiding the SS.*

Jan shakes his head at Brasser's unwillingness to okay the hit on this *Ragut*.

Hannie looks to the photo of PIETER FABER (53).

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Faber shares a list of names with an SS OFFICER. Pleased, the Officer returns the favor with a stack of cash.

INT. HOME - ATTIC - NIGHT

A MAN helps JEWISH REFUGEES settle in. Suddenly, a group of SS Soldiers burst in and forcefully take them all away.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - BOMB SHELTER - MEETING ROOM - BACK IN SCENE

Hannie burns Faber's face into her memory. Brasser drops another photo onto the table. This one of a proud Faber in front of a Nazi flag. His arms around two YOUNG SS SOLDIERS.

BRASSER

Those are his sons.

Another photo drops. This one a home.

BRASSER (CONT'D)

He's taken precaution for his safety and he's renting this home in Heemstede. He cycles the same route every day before work.

Brasser opens a map. A route highlighted.

BRASSER (CONT'D)

This road here. Lombokstraat. It's the least populated. This is where you'll kill him.

The severity of the situation hits Hannie hard, but this was what she wanted.

JAN

(points to map)

I can wait here with the truck.

(MORE)

JAN (CONT'D)  
(to Hannie)  
Once you fire, don't stop peddling  
until you reach me.

Brasser places a single cyanide capsule in front of Hannie.

BRASSER  
If you're caught just bite down.

If there was ever a time to back out, now is it. A beat.

And Hannie slips the capsule into her bra. She catches eyes with Jan. He gives her an encouraging nod.

The meeting is then interrupted by a loud banging on the door. Brasser opens it to a COUNCIL MEMBER--

COUNCIL MEMBER  
You must come and listen!

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - BOMB SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

The three join the others huddled around a radio.

BBC BROADCASTER  
(on radio)  
*I repeat. Under the command of General Eisenhower, Allied naval forces supported by strong air forces, began landing Allied armies this morning on the northern coast of France...*

A cautious optimism fills the room. A MAN breaks from the group, turns to the photo of Queen Wilhelmina and starts singing the Dutch national anthem, "Wilhelmus."

MAN  
(singing)  
*William of Nassau, am I, of Dutch blood. Loyal to the fatherland, I will remain until I die...*

Hannie, her arms linked with Truus and Freddie, sings along with her countrymen at full volume. Jan joins them.

GROUP  
(singing)  
*A prince of Orange, am I, free and fearless...*

The entire room bursts with pride. They will not go quietly.

INT. SCHAFT HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Superimpose: June 8th, 1944.

Hannie watches Aafje wash dishes from the doorway. Knowing these could be the final moments she has with her mother, Hannie crosses towards Aafje and wraps her arms around her.

HANNIE

I love you.

AAFJE

I love you too, Jo.

INT. TRUCK - LATER

Jan drives. A cigarette between his lips. In the passenger seat, the ball of nervous energy that is Hannie. Suddenly--

HANNIE

Pull over.

Jan does so. Hannie opens the door and vomits onto the road. When she's done, Jan hands her a canteen. She chugs it down.

JAN

Just think of what this man has done. He deserves to die.

(takes Hannie's hand)

This is for Sarah.

Off Hannie, knowing Jan is right--

EXT. HEEMSTEDE - LATER

Superimpose: Heemstede.

Narrow, tree lined streets. Rows of similar looking homes attached to one another. Tranquil.

Faber exits his home. A Nazi flag proudly displayed out front. He mans his bicycle and peddles away--

WITH HANNIE

A good fifty yards away. She pursues--

WITH FABER

Enjoying his ride. The warm sun on his face. He nods to NEIGHBORS as he passes. Turns right onto *Timorstraat*--

WITH HANNIE

Turns onto *Timorstraat*. Keeps her distance--

WITH FABER

Turns onto *Lombokstraat*. Passes a GARDNER pruning some bushes. The Gardner nods hello, then continues his work. He kneels and becomes obstructed by the wall of bushes--

WITH HANNIE

Turning onto *Lombokstraat*. Picks up her pace. As she passes the Gardner's home, he stands. She did not see him.

Hannie removes her pistol. Her pulse quickens. The gap between she and Faber continues to shrink. Fifty feet... forty... thirty... twenty... ten... five...

IN SLOW MOTION:

Hannie comes along Faber's left side. Sensing her, he glances over. His eyes land on the pistol in her hand. A split second of realization. Then--

IN REAL TIME:

Hannie pulls the trigger three times!

Faber slumps forward. The bike careens left. Its front tire catches the curb and sends Faber crashing to the pavement.

WITH THE GARDNER

Hearing the shots, he races into the street. Sees Faber lying dead on the ground and a woman with red hair peddling away.

WITH HANNIE

White knuckling the handlebars. She turns a corner and finds Jan waiting by the truck.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Jan speeds through the narrow streets. With her adrenaline pumping, Hannie grabs Jan. They kiss hard.

EXT. THE BROWN HOUSE - DAY

Superimpose: Berlin.

The headquarters of the Nazi Party.

INT. THE BROWN HOUSE - SECRETARIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Typewriter keys punching at paper. Dozens of SECRETARIES write memos on official Nazi letterhead.

A BLONDE SECRETARY finishes one such memo. She places it into an envelope and stamps it: (subtitled) *Chancellery of the Führer of the Nazi Party*

She walks it over to a COURIER. He hurries off.

INT. EL-DE HAUS - DAY

Superimpose: Cologne.

The headquarters and prison for the Gestapo.

INT. EL-DE HAUS - INTERROGATION CELL - CONTINUOUS

An ominous 30x30 cell. A PRISONER, face bludgeoned, sits tied to a chair. A GESTAPO OFFICER beside him.

Across from them sits OBERSTURMBANNFÜHRER (Lieutenant Colonel) CARVER (40) of the SD. Impeccably groomed and dressed. A man that loves the sound of his own voice.

CARVER

You hold the power to end this.

The Prisoner remains silent. Carver's eyes shift to the Gestapo Officer. Heavy punches then rain down upon the Prisoner. Blood spatters onto the floor.

As the brutality continues, Carver takes a sip of coffee. Flinches as he burns his tongue.

CARVER (CONT'D)

(mumbled)

God damn it...

He dabs his mouth with a handkerchief. There's no rush to end the punishment. Finally, almost as an afterthought--

Carver nods. The Gestapo Officer stops. Blood pours from the Prisoner's mouth. He spits out a tooth. Then another.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Where are your accomplices?

Silence. Before Carver can give another signal, loud banging comes from outside the cell door.

Irritated that someone would bother him during his work, Carver reluctantly opens the door. The Courier from earlier hands him the envelope. Snaps his heels together and salutes.

COURIER  
Heil Hitler!

He exits. Carver sees the stamp on the outside of the envelope. *This is important.* He opens it, pulls out the memo. The contents coming as a surprise.

While still reading, he crosses back towards the Prisoner. Calmly removes his pistol from its holder. He places the barrel to the Prisoner's forehead and pulls the trigger.

The Prisoner's body goes limp. Blood spills onto the ground. Carver sits back down and has another sip of coffee. The Gestapo Officer stands awkwardly by the dead Prisoner. Unsure of what to do. Carver finishes reading. Then--

CARVER  
A woman with red hair?

INT. SCHAFT HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Schaft family spends a rare night together. Pieter reads while Hannie and Aafje knit. There's a knock at the door.

HANNIE  
(to Aafje)  
Sit. I'll get it.

She crosses to the front door. Her heart jumps to her throat when she sees Jan.

She instantly knows something isn't right.

INT. SCHAFT HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The mood is tense.

PIETER  
You're sure of this?

JAN  
We have a contact within the Dutch police. He caught word of it. Hitler has tasked the SD with finding the woman with red hair.

Aafje silently weeps. Pieter processes this news. Nothing any parent wants to hear.

JAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry but it's no longer safe  
for Hannie in Haarlem.

Unable to hear more, Aafje hastily leaves the room. Hannie's heart breaks. Eyes welling, Pieter embraces his daughter.

INT. SCHAFT HOME - JOHANNA'S ROOM - LATER

Aafje sits on the bed. A photo of Annie and Hannie in her hands. A heartsick mother longing for simpler times.

Hannie emerges in the doorway, then joins Aafje on the bed.

AAFJE  
I see so much of her in you.  
(then)  
You really did those things?

HANNIE  
Yes.

It hurts Aafje in more ways than one to hear that.

AAFJE  
You took a man's life, Jo.

HANNIE  
A traitor. Liquidation is the only  
way to stop them. The only way to  
prevent what happened to Sarah  
happening to someone else.

She takes Aafje's hand in hers. Emotions run high.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
This isn't your fault. You are a  
wonderful mother. You showed me  
what it was to be compassionate to  
others. Raised me to see the good  
in people. You encouraged me. You  
taught me. You protected me.

Aafje weeps. Hannie squeezes her hands tighter.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
I want to make sure every child has  
the chance to experience the same  
love from their mothers as I've  
felt from mine.

Aafje pulls Hannie close, tears flowing. An embrace neither of them wants to end.

There's a timid knock on the door and Pieter enters.

PIETER  
Jan wants to get you on the road.

The women separate. Hannie then crosses to her father. It's a moment that mirrors when Hannie left for University. Only the stakes are much higher. Still, Pieter has the same advice--

PIETER (CONT'D)  
You give 'em hell.

Hannie buries her head into Pieter's chest. He kisses her forehead. Face wrecked with emotion.

INT. SCHAFT HOME - ANNIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hannie steps in, the copy of "*The League of Nations*" in her hand. She crosses towards the bookshelf and slides the book into the empty space. Its original home.

Her eyes then land on a photo of Annie. A beat--

HANNIE  
I promise I won't stop fighting.

EXT. DE WITT HOME - LATER

Superimpose: Limmen.

A modest farm home. Isolated. ISA DE WITT (62), maternal, awaits out front along with Brassier.

Jan's truck travels up the long dirt road. Comes to a stop in front of the house. Isa meets Hannie with a warm smile.

ISA  
Welcome. Let's get you cleaned up.

She leads Hannie inside. Brassier and Jan stand in silence. Jan lights a cigarette, takes a long drag. Then--

JAN  
What?

BRASSIER  
I met with the Council.

JAN  
Did you now?

BRASSER

We all agreed that it'd be best if  
you laid low for the time being.

JAN

*Laid low? Is that a joke?*

BRASSER

You've been putting in a lot                   JAN  
of work--   It's not happening.

BRASSER

Look at yourself for Christ sake.  
You look like shit, Jan.

JAN

Appreciate your concern. But if  
Hannie isn't stopping, I'm not  
stopping. End of discussion.

BRASSER

No one is denying the importance of  
what you two do but there comes a  
time when we have to be smart.

JAN

And this is smart to you? Hiding?

BRASSER

Think about it. They've known who  
you were for a while and now they  
know Hannie.

JAN

They have the color of her hair.

BRASSER

Damnit, Jan! This is bigger than  
you. We have to think about the  
resistance.

JAN

We are the resistance!

INT. DE WITT HOME - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The argument outside can be heard. Hannie strains to listen.  
Isa unpacks a hair dye kit.

ISA

Come. Come.

She gently leans Hannie's head under the faucet.

EXT. DE WITT HOME - CONTINUOUS

JAN

If we lie low, people die. Families are destroyed. I can't live with that. So tell the Council that Hannie and I will stop the moment Hitler's hung by his God damn neck. Not a second sooner.

BRASSER

Jan--

JAN

So in the meantime, you can go back to Haarlem, talk to whoever you need to talk to and okay the fucking Ragut hit.

He flicks his cigarette away and walks back to the house.

BRASSER

She looks up to you. She'd do anything you tell her to.

Jan pauses.

BRASSER (CONT'D)

It's not just your life you have to worry about anymore.

A beat. Without looking back--

JAN

You're wrong. I look up to her.

And with that he heads inside.

INT. DE WITT HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - LATER

Jan sits on the bed. The photo of Hannie and Sarah hung on the wall behind him.

HANNIE (O.S.)

Are you ready?

JAN

On the edge of my seat.

The door to the bathroom opens. Hannie steps out.

Her signature red hair now jet black. A pair of horn rimmed glasses on her face. She playfully spins.

HANNIE

Well?

JAN

Like a starlet.

Hannie smiles. The two fall onto the bed, lips interlocking.

INT. DE WITT HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - LATER

Hannie's awoken by the sound of a car engine outside. She soon realizes Jan's not in the room.

She crosses to the window and sees Jan loading the truck. He drives off, leaving Hannie puzzled by his secrecy.

INT. GERMAN STAFF CAR - DAY

Carver sits in the back, observing the passing scenery with a curiosity which resembles that of a tourist on vacation. The car comes to a stop. He exits to--

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - CONTINUOUS

A squad of SS Soldiers await his arrival. They salute. Carver straightens his uniform jacket and heads inside.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Three Soldiers surround the nervous Butcher as Carver peruses the shop. He samples a piece of sausage. Shrugs. "Not bad." Then--

CARVER

I don't want to have to hurt you.

He calmly walks to the counter and holds his look on the trembling Butcher. He knows he has him.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Just tell me where.

The Butcher's eyes shift to the meat locker--

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - MEAT LOCKER - CONTINUOUS

The Soldiers ready their rifles. Carver gives the signal and the panel in the floor is opened--

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - BOMB SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Cleaned out. A Soldier checks the meeting room. Empty. Carver's attention falls on the only items left behind.

Knopf's Hakenkreuz pin that Hannie ripped off and a single piece of paper. On it: (subtitled) *Hang all traitors.*

Carver smirks. He appreciates a challenge.

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The Butcher watches Carver and the Soldiers reemerge. Carver gives the slightest of looks to one Soldier then politely smiles towards the Butcher.

CARVER

Thank you for your time.

The Butcher relaxes, believing this ordeal to be finished.

But then the Soldier Carver looked to steps to him, unholsters his pistol and coldly shoots the Butcher in the heart.

The bell on the door then rings as Carver walks out.

EXT. DE WITT HOME - DAY

Hannie and Isa harvest potatoes from the garden while Jan partakes in target practice in the field.

HANNIE

I wanted to thank you, Isa, for allowing me to stay here.

ISA

You're welcome, dear. But you aren't the first in need of refuge to walk through these doors.

(towards Jan)

He's spent many a nights in this very house for the same reason. So is life in the resistance, yes?

*So is life in the resistance.*

ISA (CONT'D)

You know he speaks about you often. He's very fond of you.

Hannie looks to Jan warmly. Yet, there's still one issue--

HANNIE

Do you know where he goes on his supply runs? Why the secrecy?

Isa clearly does know, but knows it's not her place to discuss it. She quickly changes the subject.

ISA

I need to get these cleaned if we're to eat on time. Could you get some carrots?

She heads inside with the potatoes, leaving Hannie still searching for answers. The *pop* of Jan's pistol echoing in the distance.

INT. DE WITT HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Isa takes Hannie and Jan's plates to the sink.

JAN

You've done it again.

ISA

You'd eat anything.

Jan lights up a cigarette. Through the window he spots the approaching headlights of a car traveling up the dirt path. He looks towards the clock.

JAN

Brasser's early.

EXT. DE WITT HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jan steps from the house and quickly realizes it's not Brasser. In a way, this is far worse for him.

The car comes to a stop. The door opens and a pretty young woman, EMILY (29), steps out.

EMILY

Hello, Jan.

Before Jan can respond, Hannie emerges. She and Emily regard each other. *Which is exactly what Jan was trying to avoid.*

EMILY (CONT'D)

I thought she'd be older.

HANNIE

I'm sorry? Who are you?

EMILY

Jesus. The least you could have done was tell her. I was his wife.

And in an instant, Jan's "supply runs" make perfect sense to Hannie. Isa steps onto the front porch.

ISA

Come inside, Hannie.

Hannie does so, giving Jan a hurtful look as she passes. Once she and Isa are inside--

EMILY

She's pretty.

JAN

Don't. Why are you here, Emily?

EMILY

I came to tell you that Henry and I are moving up north to his family's farm in Drachten. We won't need your supplies any longer.

JAN

You couldn't have written a letter?

EMILY

Trust me I wanted to. But Henry thought you deserved to hear it face to face. We'll pay you as soon as we have the money.

JAN

Keep it. Safe travels.

He starts into the house--

EMILY

You aren't a soldier, Jan. Even if you view yourself as one.

Jan stops. Turns back.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What do you think you'll accomplish? You can't defeat the Germans. They own all of Europe.

JAN

I know. You'd have me adapt like your precious Henry.

EMILY

Don't bring him into this.

JAN

You ran to him first.

EMILY

Because you were never there! You had these illusions that you could single-handedly win the war and be hailed a hero. It's been four years, Jan, and the Germans are still here. What have you done?

JAN

I've done something! And that's what you never understood. I was never okay just surviving. This is my country God damn it!

A heavy beat.

EMILY

That's where you're wrong. It's theirs now. We just live in it.

(then)

Goodbye, Jan.

She gets back into her car and drives off. As Jan turns to head inside, he notices Hannie in the upstairs window. She heard everything.

INT. DE WITT HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - LATER

Hannie lies on her side. She senses Jan in the doorway.

HANNIE

Your wife?

JAN

I should have told you. I'm sorry.

HANNIE

So what am I? Just you're own Jimmy whore to play with.

JAN

No. Not at all.

Jan crosses to the bed.

HANNIE

Tell me what happened between you and her. I think you owe me that.

JAN

You're right.

(then)

We got married young because we thought that's what we were meant to do. We were happy for a time. And then the Germans came.

He takes a moment. The memory still an open wound.

JAN (CONT'D)

They destroyed everything. Built barracks and supply depots where schools and churches had been. Made an entire population homeless.

(then)

After that Emily and I weren't the same. We fought every night. She didn't want me to join the Council but I had to. So I left for Haarlem and she went to stay with her mother. I helped with supplies but we both knew our marriage was over.

Jan's hand finds Hannie's.

JAN (CONT'D)

You're the one I want to be with.

A beat. And Hannie pulls her hand away.

HANNIE

You still lied to me, Jan.

She gets up to leave.

JAN

I fell in love with you, Hannie.

Hannie stops. Jan crosses towards her.

JAN (CONT'D)

You were different. I could see it in your eyes. You knew what needed to be done just like I did and you were willing to do it.

He places his hands on her shoulders. She sinks into his touch. These two love each other deeply.

But Hannie's too proud to allow herself to forgive so quickly. She steps from his arms.

HANNIE  
Brasser will be here soon.

She exits, leaving Jan to lick his wounds.

INT. DE WITT HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Isa welcomes Brasser inside. Hannie greets him with a hug.

BRASSER  
(re: hair)  
It suits you.

Hannie smiles graciously.

BRASSER (CONT'D)  
I come bearing gifts.

He pulls a letter from his bag, hands it to Hannie.

HANNIE  
From my father!  
(reads from page)  
"Your mother sends her love. She  
wanted me to ask you if you've been  
wearing your cardigans."

Hannie's eyes well. Reminded that letters are now her only contact with her parents. Brasser and Jan give her a moment.

BRASSER  
If you wish to write a response I  
can take it to them.

HANNIE  
Thank you.

BRASSER  
Shall we?

INT. DE WITT HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The three of them sit around the table. Isa makes tea. With a touch of hesitation, Brasser hands a photo of WILLEM RAGUT (51) to Hannie.

BRASSER  
Captain Willem Ragut of Zaandam.

JAN  
He's killed more resistance  
fighters than any other NSB.

EXT. DUNES - DAY

Ragut, in police uniform, stands before a group of MEN. Their faces hidden by cloth hoods. Shallow graves behind each one. A group of SS Officers watch from afar.

Ragut gives the signal and two WA Officers gun down the group of Men. Their bodies crumbling into the graves. Ragut then fires a shot from his own pistol into each one of the Men's bodies.

INT. DE WITT HOME - KITCHEN - BACK IN SCENE

Isa shudders at the thought as she places tea on the table.

BRASSER  
Two other groups have already tried  
to liquidate him and have failed.  
Their operatives were tortured for  
information and then executed.

Hannie and Jan share a heavy look. Brasser's reluctance to sign off now clear.

BRASSER (CONT'D)  
That's why you need to be precise.

EXT. VINKENSTRAAT - ZAANDAM - DAY

Ragut's WIFE hands him his lunch. He's then met by two WA Officers. His escorts. They ride off on their bicycles.

BRASSER (V.O.)  
*You must learn all you can...*

Hannie watches from across the street. Concealed within her newspaper is a note pad. She jots down Ragut's movement.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Ragut prays alongside fellow NSB.

BRASSER (V.O.)  
*His comings and goings...*

Jan documents the action from a pew in the back.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ragut chums it up over drinks with another NSB OFFICIAL. Hannie and Jan observe from a table across the room.

BRASSER (V.O.)  
*His habits and tendencies...*

The pair spot two pistols holstered on Ragut's person. A weighted look passes between them.

EXT. ZANDAAM POLICE STATION - EVENING

Ragut converses with two SS Officers.

BRASSER (V.O.)  
*Who his friends are...*

Jan rides by on his bike and clocks the interaction.

EXT. BOTENMAKERSSTRAAT - ZAANDAM - DAY

A popular street for PEDESTRIANS. Ragut rides alone. *The only time he has been.* Hannie tails.

BRASSER (V.O.)  
*And what secrets he has...*

Ragut stops outside a home and is met by his YOUNG MISTRESS. He crudely grabs her backside as they disappear inside.

BRASSER (V.O.)  
*You never know what could be used to your advantage.*

Hannie's attention is then drawn to a squad of German bomber planes passing directly over the Mistress' home.

INT. DE WITT HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Surveillance notes strewn across the room. Maps marked with locations and times. Routes highlighted. Hannie and Jan pour over it all.

JAN  
He's a cautious son of a bitch I'll give him that.

Hannie remains focused. Jan rubs the fatigue from his eyes.

JAN (CONT'D)  
I need coffee.

He exits. Hannie looks to the map. Scans a page of notes. Compares it with another. Back to the map. Nothing seems to fit. She sits on the edge of the bed, pondering.

Her mind sifts through the mountains of information in front of her. This street. That location. This time. Her brain working at full capacity, connecting the dots. Then--

HANNIE  
The bombers...

She quickly searches pages of notes until she finds the one she's looking for. She scans the information and checks it with the map. The same with another page. Then a third. A fourth. Her eyes go wide. *She's discovered something.*

Jan then enters with two cups of coffee.

JAN  
(off Hannie)  
What?

INT. DE WITT HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hannie paces with excitement. Jan looks through the notes. He's yet to see what she does.

HANNIE  
He ends up on Botenmakersstraat to see his mistress every Wednesday at the same time. It's the only time he's without escorts.

JAN  
Because Botenmakersstraat's always flooded with witnesses. And he knows that. We wouldn't get ten feet after we pulled the trigger.

HANNIE  
You're right. But what if no one ever knew we fired?

JAN  
What do you mean?

HANNIE  
The bombers, Jan. There's flights every Wednesday at the same time Ragut's there.

(MORE)

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
And their flight path takes them  
directly over Botenmakersstraat.

A beat. And Jan finally catches on--

JAN  
They'll drown out our shots.

HANNIE  
They'll drown out our shots!

Jan kisses Hannie hard on the lips. They lock eyes. Jan leans in for another kiss... but Hannie turns away. Not ready to forgive just yet.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
We need to make sure this succeeds.

Jan masks his disappointment and nods in agreement.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
I'll shoot first. And then you  
finish it.

Jan looks to the map and points to a location.

JAN  
Ride straight here and wait for me.  
(then)  
Now let's go kill the bastard.

INT. DE WITT HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Superimpose: June 21, 1944.

Hannie prepares for liquidation. Cyanide capsule tucked inside her bra. Blouse adjusted. Knee length A-line skirt pulled to her waist, then buttoned and zipped. Feet slipped into ankle high socks, then flat shoes. Laces tied. **Black hair** pinned back. Fake glasses positioned. As her arm slides through the sleeve of her cardigan, she stops. Suddenly reminded of something--

CUT TO:

INT. SCHAFT HOME - JOHANNA'S ROOM - FLASHBACK

Aafje dresses Hannie (7) in a cardigan. Hannie fights it.

YOUNG HANNIE  
Mama. Why do I have to wear this?  
It's warm outside.

AAFJE  
It's so you never catch a cold.

YOUNG HANNIE  
Like Annie?

Aafje collects her thoughts. Annie's death still fresh. She looks Hannie in the eyes. Caring. Loving.

AAFJE  
As long as you wear this, nothing will ever be able to hurt you.

Hannie considers this. Accepts. Aafje kisses her.

CUT TO:

INT. DE WITT HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - BACK IN SCENE

Hannie pulls the cardigan on and considers herself in the mirror. She's certainly come a long way. She loads her pistol and slides it into her cardigan pocket. She's ready.

EXT. VINKENSTRAAT - ZAANDAM - LATER

A bright summer day. RESIDENTS go about their business. A cafe bustles with PATRONS. CHILDREN play. Hannie stands by her bike. Jan awaits a block away. Inconspicuous. Then--

Ragut exits the front door of his home. He says goodbye to his unsuspecting Wife and peddles off.

Hannie follows. A beat--

And Jan follows suit.

WITH RAGUT

A leisurely pace. He turns left onto *Zeemansstraat*--

WITH HANNIE

Keeping her distance. She follows onto *Zeemansstraat*--

WITH JAN

Fifty yards behind Hannie. He glances to the sky for the bombers. No sign of them. He turns onto *Zeemansstraat*--

WITH RAGUT

Unaware of what's lurking. Mind on his upcoming rendezvous.

He comes to a busy intersection. Maneuvers around a delivery truck, then banks another left onto *Stationsstraat*--

WITH HANNIE

Peddles around the activity. Follows onto *Stationsstraat*--

WITH JAN

Approaches the truck. The DELIVERY MEN lose their grip on their crate. Fruits and vegetables spill onto the road, blocking Jan's path. Then--

The faint roar of the bombers approaching in the distance--

WITH HANNIE

Hears them too. She tosses a look back to Jan. Notices he's caught up.

He emphatically motions for her to push ahead. She picks up her pace--

WITH JAN

Finally manages to get around the debris. Now further back than he'd like to be. The bombers closing fast--

WITH RAGUT

Continuing on *Stationsstraat*. Over his shoulder, Hannie closes in--

The bombers come into view. The roar growing louder. Ragut hangs a right onto *Herenstraat*--

WITH HANNIE

Closing the distance. She turns onto *Herenstraat*. The bombers approaching. RESIDENTS look to the skies in anticipation--

WITH RAGUT

Turning right onto busy *Botenmakersstraat*--

WITH HANNIE

Peddling with a purpose. Turns onto *Botenmakersstraat*. She pulls her pistol from her cardigan.

The bombers directly overhead. Their roar resounding. CHILDREN cover their ears.

Hannie pulls along side an unsuspecting Ragut and fires!

It's muted by the bombers but effective. Ragut slumps to his right and drifts into a wall.

Hannie speeds off.

No one notices the fallen Ragut. Their attention on the bombers above--

WITH JAN

*Just now turning onto Botenmakersstraat.* He sees Ragut lying against the wall and picks up his pace. The cover sound from the bombers fading. RESIDENTS begin to look away.

Jan nears Ragut's fallen body. Aims his pistol--

JUST AS RAGUT TURNS WITH HIS OWN PISTOL!

They both fire! Ragut is hit again. Dies instantly.

BUT HIS SHOT HITS JAN IN THE STOMACH!

Jan tries desperately to maintain control but can't. He slams into a mailbox with a sickening thud. He's thrown from his bike and into a flower bed.

RESIDENTS hear the shots. Unsure if they came from the bombers. Panic ensues--

WITH HANNIE

Peddling like the wind. Unaware of the events unfolding behind her--

WITH JAN

Struggling for air. Stomach bleeding profusely. He stumbles through a small gate and staggers towards the back entrance of a home--

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

An ELDERLY COUPLE enjoy lunch. Suddenly--

Jan's blood soaked body crashes through the door! The Elderly Woman shrieks!

Jan collapses, his pistol skidding across the floor. His cyanide capsule falling from his pocket.

As the Elderly Man rushes to Jan's aide, he unknowingly kicks the capsule under the refrigerator.

EXT. VALKSTRAAT - MOMENTS LATER

Bordering a canal. Hannie comes to a stop. Breathing hard. Drenched in sweat. She looks to the direction she just came, anticipating Jan's arrival at any moment...

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jan's breathing is labored. The Elderly Man attempts to control the bleeding but has little success.

ELDERLY MAN  
He needs help! Get the police!

His Wife hurries out--

EXT. HOME - CONTINUOUS

Residents now swarm Ragut's lifeless body. *Did you see anything? Did you?* The Elderly Woman notices a POLICEMAN.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Officer!

The Policeman senses her urgency. He follows.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jan reaches towards the capsule. Unaware of Jan's intention, the Elderly Man holds his arm down.

ELDERLY MAN  
Don't strain yourself.

The Elderly Woman enters with the Policeman in tow. He's shocked by the sight of Jan's bleeding body.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)  
He needs medical attention right away.

The Policeman spots the pistol and puts the pieces together. Jan grabs the Elderly Man's shirt with his blood covered hand. He tries to speak, but the words don't come.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)  
We're going to get you help, son.

Jan does not want to be taken in, but there's nothing he can do to prevent it. He looks helplessly at the capsule.

EXT. VALKSTRAAT - LATER

Hannie waits... and waits... and waits. The loneliness is unsettling, but the dread of not knowing Jan's fate is worse.

She knows she can't wait forever. It wasn't the plan. She finally peddles off against everything telling her to stay.

EXT. DE WITT HOME - LATER

The sun sets, drenching the sky in a brilliant shade of pink. Isa waters her garden. Then--

HANNIE (O.S.)

ISA!

Isa spots Hannie peddling hard up the dirt road. Dust sticking to her sweat covered face. Isa instantly knows. *Something went wrong.*

She drops her watering pot and races to meet Hannie. Hannie jumps off her bike. It careens unmanned into the house.

HANNIE (CONT'D)

Has Jan arrived? JAN?!

She races around the house. Into the field. Frantic. Eyes darting in every direction in hopes Jan will appear.

ISA

He's not here, Hannie. What happened?

HANNIE

I don't know! I fired and rode off.  
I waited for him by the canal but  
he never showed.

Concern fills Isa. Jan wouldn't deviate from a plan.

ISA

I'll phone Brassier.

HANNIE

I'm going back for him.

Isa grabs her arm.

ISA

You can't.

HANNIE

Let go of me!

Hannie rips her arm free. She boards her bike. Isa steps in front and grabs the handlebars. She's strong for her age.

ISA  
Listen to me! I know you're upset.  
But you can't go back, Hannie.

Hannie knows this to be true, even if she doesn't want it to be. She reluctantly drops her hands from the handlebars.

INT. ZAANDAM POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - LATER

Flanked by two SS Soldiers, Carver strides purposefully towards a DOCTOR.

CARVER  
Where is Bonekamp? Is he conscious?

DOCTOR  
Yes. However, his injuries are too severe to be treated here. He needs a hospital.

CARVER  
Done. Thank you, doctor.

The Doctor knows better than to linger. He walks off. Carver steps into the doorway of a room. Inside, Jan lies in bed. A NURSE dabbing his forehead with a wash cloth.

A pleased look comes over Carver. He knows the importance Jan has in his quest for the woman with **red hair**.

Down the hallway, a DUTCH POLICEMAN observes this all with great concern.

INT. DE WITT HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amidst an anxiety filled silence, Hannie waits with Truus, Freddie and Isa. A long beat. Then--

The room's illuminated by the headlights of an approaching car. Hannie darts for the front door--

EXT. DE WITT HOME - CONTINUOUS

As Brasser exits the car Hannie's there to meet him.

HANNIE  
Where is he?

Truus, Freddie and Isa emerge from the house.

BRASSER  
He was taken to Amsterdam.

HANNIE  
He's alive?

BRASSER  
Yes...

Tears of relief. Hannie quickly gathers herself. There's work to be done.

HANNIE  
We must go to Amsterdam at once.

BRASSER  
We can't, Hannie.

HANNIE  
Why not?

BRASSER  
He was shot. The SD have him.

All oxygen leaves Hannie's body. Isa, Truus and Freddie hear the devastating news.

Hannie drifts away. Dazed. She leans against Brasser's car for support, trying to comprehend what she just heard. She's unable to accept it.

HANNIE  
You're wrong. He's hiding  
somewhere. Waiting for us to come  
and get him and we're wasting time.

BRASSER  
No he's not.

HANNIE  
How can you be certain? Did you see  
the SD take him with your own eyes?

BRASSER  
I was told by our contact in the  
Dutch police.

Hannie absorbs this. Another blow.

HANNIE  
(determined)  
Then we must go back for him.

Her nonacceptance is difficult to take. Hannie clocks the somber looks of those around her.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
We can rescue him, can't we?  
(through tears)  
Tell me we can bring him back.

Her sobbing grows more intense. As if she herself is finally realizing the reality of the situation.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
TELL ME!

But Brassier can't tell her that. Because it's not true.

BRASSIER  
He's gone, Hannie.

Hannie breaks completely. She drops to her knees, sobbing uncontrollably. Truus and Freddie rush to her side but Hannie's beyond consoling. Her world has been shattered.

EXT. WILHELMINA HOSPITAL - LATER

SS and WA GUARDS stand watch. Security on high alert.

INT. WILHELMINA HOSPITAL - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jan lies in bed. His chest rising up and down slowly. Labored. Carver sits in the corner, reveling in this serendipitous turn of events.

CARVER  
Are you a philosophical man, Mr. Bonekamp? I am. I often find myself pondering my own existence. How my life could have been altered by one decision or moment that happened or did not. Like this moment here. If it were not for the war, I would not be in this chair nor you that bed. Neither of us would have ever known the other existed. And in that scenario, the absence of war would have been very beneficial to you and your future.

He walks closer to the bed.

CARVER (CONT'D)

But the absence of war would have also prevented you from ever crossing paths with the woman with red hair. Someone who I can tell you care very much for. Perhaps even love.

Jan blinks away a tear. Carver leans even closer.

CARVER (CONT'D)

So the question I pose to you is this, Mr. Bonekamp. Which existence would you choose? No war? And save thousands of lives but deny yourself love. Or would you choose war and your woman with red hair? Knowing all the death and destruction it brings.

A tense stare down. Despite Jan's current state, his face fills with defiance. Carver's eyes glisten maniacally.

CARVER (CONT'D)

*I'd choose war too.*

INT. WILHELMINA HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Carver approaches a DOCTOR.

CARVER

Jan Bonekamp is to be transferred to prison immediately.

DOCTOR

That's not possible.

Carver's taken aback by the perceived insubordination. He's shot men for less. The Doctor clears his throat. Readjusts.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There is massive internal bleeding.  
He will die within hours.

Off Carver, processing this undesirable news--

INT. WILHELMINA HOSPITAL - ROOM - LATER

The door to the room slowly opens, bathing Jan with light from the hallway. He sees a NURSE quietly entering. She locks the door behind her and crosses to the bed.

NURSE  
Jan Bonekamp?

Jan nods. The Nurse speaks in hushed tones.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
My name is Laura Peters. I'm a  
supporter of the resistance.

A smattering of voices in the hallway. Laura throws a look towards the door and waits until the voices fade.

LAURA  
We don't have much time. Are there any loved ones you wish for me to contact for you? So you could relay a proper goodbye.

Laura senses Jan's skepticism. She takes his hand and smiles warmly. There's sincerity behind her eyes.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
You can trust me.

Jan takes a moment before confidently nodding his head. Laura leans in. Jan then whispers in her ear. We don't hear all of what's said but what we do hear is: *Hannie Schaft*.

When he's finished, Jan leans his head back. A look of relief on his face. Laura holds her look for a beat, her face suddenly not as warm or approachable. Then--

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Jan furrows his brow and a sickening realization settles over him. He angrily reaches for Laura but she easily side steps his grasp. She then pulls a syringe from her pocket and crosses towards Jan's IV hook up.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
This will stop your heart.

Jan's breathing increases as he helplessly watches Laura inject the poison into his IV.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Ms. Schaft will suffer the same  
thanks to your cooperation.  
(then)  
Heil Hitler.

She exits, leaving Jan to die knowing he just named Hannie...

INT. SCHAFT HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

All traces of Hannie have been removed. Aafje pours tea for herself and Pieter. A knock at the door. Aafje opens it to--

CARVER

Good afternoon, Mrs. Schaft.

INT. SCHAFT HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Pieter and Aafje sit side by side, hands clenched tightly together. Overwhelmed with fear of the situation. Carver sips a cup of tea. Observes the room like a welcomed guest.

CARVER

You have a lovely home.

His pleasantries only add to the tension. A Soldier enters.

SS SOLDIER

Clear, Obersturmbannführer.

Carver nods. The Soldier salutes then exits. Carver helps himself to more tea. The Schafts are on his time. Not the other way around.

CARVER

When I received the orders tasking me with finding your daughter, I thought my career was over. I thought I had disappointed the Führer somehow so as punishment he banished me to the Netherlands in search of a rumor. A fairy tale. But then I arrived in your beautiful country and not only did I discover that the woman with red hair was real, but so were the unspeakable acts of terrorism of which she was accused. And I was then hit by this overwhelming sense of pride. The Führer was not banishing me. He was not punishing me. He had chosen me.

Carver unholsters his pistol and places it on the table.

CARVER (CONT'D)

I knew then that I had to do whatever it took to find your daughter.

His officer's dagger is next.

CARVER (CONT'D)  
 And reward the Führer's trust that  
 he had so graciously placed upon  
 me.

Pieter shifts his body in front of Aafje. Carver lets the moment hang there. His weapons laying inches from the frightened couple. The message is clear: *I could kill you at any moment I wish.*

PIETER  
 We don't know where--

Carver pounds his fist onto the table. Tea spills onto the floor. The unexpected outburst startles Aafje. Carver unclenches his fist. Readjusts his uniform.

CARVER  
 She is a fugitive of the Third  
 Reich. Wanted for the murder of two  
 loyal men.

PIETER  
 Loyal to a dictator.

Carver smirks. The Schafts refusal to cooperate is clear. But killing them would only incite Hannie. He's got other plans.

CARVER  
 Very well, Mr. Schaft. We shall see  
 if your daughter's loyalty for you  
 is as strong as yours is for her.

As he holsters his weapons, two Soldiers emerge. They handcuff Pieter and Aafje and force them from the home.

EXT. SCHAFT HOME - CONTINUOUS

Pieter and Aafje are led into the back of a truck.

CARVER  
 Burn it.

Two Soldiers light torches and throw them through the window. From the back of the truck, Pieter and Aafje watch helplessly as the flames engulf their beloved home.

INT. DE WITT HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hannie stares out the window. A blank look on her face. Truus, Freddie, Isa and Brasser fill the room with her.

BRASSER

They were taken to the camp in  
Westerbork.

Hannie remains still. Her attention on a flock of birds outside.

BRASSER (CONT'D)

Hannie?

Her attention remains on the birds. They continually shift directions in unison. It's beautiful to watch. Finally--

HANNIE

Take me to Westerbork.

The others exchange looks.

BRASSER

That's not an option.

HANNIE

Excuse me? Do not presume to tell me what is or isn't an option when regarding my family.

BRASSER

You can't--

HANNIE

They are my parents! It's my fault that they were taken. It's not them who the Jimmies want. It's me.

BRASSER

And that's exactly the point. It's a trap. Your surrender won't save them. If you walk up to the gates of Westerbork you will die along with your parents.

HANNIE

It's better they die with me than alone for something I did.

BRASSER

They won't die.

HANNIE

And how are you so certain?

BRASSER

If the SD wanted them dead they'd already be dead.

(MORE)

BRASSER (CONT'D)  
But they have to keep them alive  
because they know it's the only way  
to get to you.

HANNIE  
So what would you have me do, Jan?  
Allow my parents to rot in a  
concentration camp? What if it were  
your parents? Would your reasoning  
be the same then?

TRUUS  
Hannie.

Truus' harsh tone immediately has Hannie's attention.

TRUUS (CONT'D)  
I know this is hard, but Jan is  
right. And you know he is.

FREDDIE  
You can't go, Hannie.

Hearing it from these two strikes a nerve. Hannie softens.

HANNIE  
I'm sorry. I...

She fades off. Her mind a mess of emotions.

ISA  
Come help me put on some tea, dear.

Isa guides the fragile Hannie from the room. Brassier waits  
until she's out of earshot.

BRASSER  
If Jan gave up Hannie's name,  
there's no telling what else the SD  
may know.

A frightening uncertainty.

BRASSER (CONT'D)  
Keep communications to a minimum.  
Work from our homes until we can  
centralize somewhere safe.

TRUUS  
What about Hannie?

Brasser looks sadly towards Hannie.

BRASSER  
I've made arrangements for her.

EXT. MULDER HOME - LATER

Superimpose: Amsterdam.

Subtle. Quiet. MRS. MULDER (60) helps Hannie inside. Brasser shakes the hand of MR. MULDER (65).

MR. MULDER  
We'll take care of her as if she  
were our own.

FREDDIE  
(in French/subtitled)  
We love you, Hannie.

Hannie doesn't respond as she disappears inside the Mulder's home. A cloud of concern settles over Brasser, Truus and Freddie. Unsure of what's to become of their friend.

INT. MULDER HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

Hannie's sound asleep when she's suddenly awoken by--

The sound of bombers. She races to the window but soon realizes the sounds come from the hallway.

Confused, she slowly makes her way towards the door. She turns the knob and is suddenly standing in the middle of--

EXT. BOTENMAKERSSTRAAT

She sees Ragut lying on the ground ahead of her. A beat.

And Jan zips by on his bike.

HANNIE  
No...

She takes off running. Jan and Ragut both fire. Jan falls from his bike. Hannie reaches him and presses hard onto his wound. Blood quickly covers her arms and nightgown. Tears cascade down her face.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

Life escapes Jan's eyes. Hannie looks down the street.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
SOMEONE HELP!

When she looks back, the body in her arms changes into Sarah... then Pieter... then Aafje... and finally Annie--

ANNIE  
You killed them, Jo.

CUT TO:

INT. MULDER HOME - BEDROOM - BACK IN SCENE

Hannie awakes in a panic. Drenched in sweat. Mr. and Mrs. Mulder come into the room.

MRS. MULDER  
Hannie? What's wrong?

HANNIE  
I have to save them all!

She springs from the bed and races towards the door. Mr. Mulder grabs her by the waist.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
LET ME GO!

Hannie struggles to get free. Arms swinging. Feet kicking.

MR. MULDER  
Get the sedative.

Mrs. Mulder hurries from the room. Hannie strains to break free from Mr. Mulder's grip.

HANNIE  
THEY NEED MY HELP!

MR. MULDER  
They're already gone, Hannie!

Mrs. Mulder returns with the sedatives. Hannie continues to struggle. Mr. Mulder manages to hold her head steady while Mrs. Mulder pries her mouth open and inserts a sedative. She then cups her hand over Hannie's mouth.

MRS. MULDER  
Swallow.

Hannie continues to fight. Face red with expended energy. Cheeks shining with tears. With her free hand, Mrs. Mulder calmly strokes Hannie's hair and begins singing a lullaby.

MRS. MULDER (CONT'D)  
*Sleep, baby sleep/Outside there  
 walks a sheep/A sheep with white  
 feet/Who drinks his milk so  
 sweet/Sleep, baby sleep...*

Slowly, Hannie's struggling ceases. Mrs. Mulder removes her hand from Hannie's mouth. Hannie drops her head into Mr. Mulder's chest and dissolves into heavy sobbing.

FADE TO:

INT. MULDER HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Truus and Freddie, faces wrought with concern, sit with the Mulders.

MRS. MULDER  
 She doesn't talk much. She won't eat. She has nightmares nearly every night.

MR. MULDER  
 It might do her good to see some familiar faces.

INT. MULDER HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Truus and Freddie enter. Truus carries a tray of food, Freddie a bag. Hannie lies in the fetal position on the bed. Her **red roots** growing in. Cheek bones sunken from weight loss. Dark circles under her eyes from insufficient sleep. A permanent state of depression.

TRUUS  
 Hannie? It's Truus and Freddie.

Silence. Truus sits on the bed with the tray of food.

TRUUS (CONT'D)  
 Mrs. Mulder said you weren't eating. You need to try. It'll make you feel better.

She extends a spoonful of soup towards Hannie but it goes unclaimed. At a loss, Truus sets the tray down and changes the subject.

TRUUS (CONT'D)  
 The Jimmies surrendered Marseilles. Brasser thinks the war might end in the coming months.

Ignored again. Freddie then tries to lighten the mood.

FREDDIE

Look at this hair! How about we re-dye it for you?

Freddie pulls a pack of dye from the bag. Hannie remains motionless. Freddie's enthusiastic smile fades. She places the dye on the night stand.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

We brought some of your things from Isa's house.

She places the bag next to the dye. Seeing Hannie like this gets to the tough nosed Truus. She swallows her tears.

TRUUS

Okay, Hannie. We don't have to talk if you don't want to.

She takes Hannie's hand and the three sit in total silence.

INT. MULDER HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING

Hannie peers out the window and spots the Mulders mulling about their garden. She's alone. *What she's been waiting for.*

She locks the bedroom door then hurries to her night stand. She drops to her knees and rummages through the drawer, causing the bag Truus and Freddie left for her to tip over. Its contents sliding onto the night stand.

But Hannie doesn't notice. Her attention instead on her cyanide capsule.

Her breathing quickens as she eyes the capsule in her hand. Then--

She inserts it into her mouth. Tears flow as she tries to convince herself she can bite down and finish the job. Bring release from this pain and anguish.

And it seems that she will...

Until she notices the photo of her and Sarah on the night stand, having slid out of the bag.

Seeing Sarah's warm smile once again gets to Hannie. She weeps and--

Spits the capsule onto the floor. She falls back against the bed, emotionally and physically wrecked.

INT. MULDER HOME - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hannie lies in bed, photo of her and Sarah in her arms. Remembering better days. As her attention falls on the Gemma banner in the photo--

VOICE (O.S.)  
*From small things we aspire towards  
the great.*

Hannie looks up, but the room is empty. She looks back to the photo. She can't give up. She must continue on for Sarah. Her eyes then land on the hair dye. And her resolve returns--

INT. MULDER HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mr. Mulder reads a book while Mrs. Mulder prepares supper. A noise catches their attention. In the doorway they see--

Hannie. Cardigan and glasses on. Hair freshly dyed **jet black**.

HANNIE  
May I join you?

Mrs. Mulder smiles. Mr. Mulder pulls out a chair.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Moderately busy. What's evident right away is the absence of any SS or NSB. This is a friendly establishment.

Hannie (24) scans the faces around her and finds Truus and Freddie sitting at a corner table. They spot Hannie and the trio exchange smiles from across the room.

INT. CAFE - CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

The new headquarters of the Council of Resistance. Much smaller in scale, but still a flurry of activity. Members welcome back Hannie with exuberance. Niels then steps forward. The former adversaries face off for a beat. Then--

NIELS  
Welcome back.

His face says, "I was wrong about you."

HANNIE  
Thank you, Niels.

She then spots Brasser waiting for her across the room.

INT. CAFE - CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

Hannie and Brasser sit at a table pushed into the corner. The de facto meeting room. Brasser slides an ID card towards her.

BRASSER  
A gift from Klaus.

CLOSE ON card: Hannie's photo (**black hair** and glasses) above the name: *Johanna Elderkamp*. Birthplace: *Geneva, Switzerland*.

BRASSER (CONT'D)  
He wanted me to tell you that he's not charging you.

Hannie laughs to herself. *Still the same old Klaus.*

BRASSER (CONT'D)  
Hannie. I wanted to apologize.  
(then)  
If I never okay'd the Ragut hit...  
Jan might still...

HANNIE  
Don't do that. Ragut needed to go.  
What happened isn't your fault.

She takes Brasser's hand with compassion. The forgiveness he needed. He readjusts. There's business to attend to.

BRASSER  
A lot's happened since you've been away. Prince Bernhard called for all underground groups to unite.

HANNIE  
Ambitious. And it's worked?

BRASSER  
There were some leadership issues, but it's come together lately.

Brasser unfolds a map and points to a location.

BRASSER (CONT'D)  
A group just north of Haarlem.  
Truus and Freddie have been assisting them with supply runs.

Hannie's eyes shift to Truus and Freddie. Proud.

HANNIE  
I'll do it.

Brasser smiles. As if that were ever in doubt. He crosses to a small safe and removes a bundle wrapped in cloth.

BRASSER  
That belongs with you.

A beat. Hannie removes the cloth, revealing her pistol. She runs her hands over the barrel. Feels the steel against her skin once again. She's now whole.

INT. CAFE - WOMEN'S WASHROOM - LATER

Hannie, Truus and Freddie ready themselves for their run. Hannie stops and looks to their reflection in the mirror. Being with these two is home to her. She smiles and links her arms with theirs. Sisters reunited.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - LATER

Varied arrangements decorate the shop. The girls are led through them by MAARTEN KLINE(40).

MAARTEN  
The sisters have told me much about you, Hannie. Allow me to extend my gratitude for your help in continuing our cause here.

HANNIE  
No need.

Hannie takes in the details of this man. Slicked back hair. Gold pinky ring. Gold watch. Pressed suit. Not the customary underground resistance fighter's uniform.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

No printing presses. No forging equipment. Only a handful of MEN packaging parcels for delivery. Hannie finds this odd, but Truus and Freddie don't seem to mind or notice. Maarten walks the girls over to a pair of strollers.

MAARTEN  
They've been loaded. These parcels are very important. A timely delivery on your part will result in a handsome compensation.

HANNIE  
Compensation?

MAARTEN

For a job well done of course.  
(off Hannie)  
Do you have a problem with our  
practices, Ms. Schaft?

Hannie holds her look on Maarten. *Something seems off.* Truus then takes Hannie by the arm.

TRUUS

No problem.

She leads Hannie to the strollers. Then, quietly--

TRUUS (CONT'D)

This is how it is now.

EXT. HAARLEM STREET - LATER

A clear, cool night. The girls push their strollers along in silence, until Hannie can no longer hold it in--

HANNIE

Do you know what we're delivering?

Truus and Freddie share a look. They don't. A beat. Then--

Hannie pops open the hidden compartment in her stroller and removes the package. Stunned at what's inside. Gold jewelry.

Truus and Freddie open their package. Tobacco.

Off Hannie, enraged--

INT. FLOWER SHOP - CELLAR - OFFICE - LATER

Focused on counting his money, Maarten never sees the girls enter. They dump the jewelry and tobacco onto his desk. It spills onto the floor and into his lap. *Now he sees them.*

HANNIE

Dutch are being betrayed. Jews  
slaughtered. And you're profiting.

Maarten clocks the girl's pistols. He raises his hands.

MAARTEN

I'm a businessman.

HANNIE

You're a leech.

MAARTEN

Don't be so naive, Ms. Schaft.  
War's the greatest job market on  
Earth.

His eyes shift to his own pistol in his desk drawer. Hannie notices and in a flash, has her pistol trained on Maarten. Truus and Freddie follow suit.

HANNIE

I've killed men more dangerous than  
you could ever dream of being, Mr.  
Kline. You do not want to test me.

Hannie steps forward with a menace we've not seen before.

HANNIE (CONT'D)

Your "business" ends effective  
immediately. Understood?

Her subtext is clear: *We'll kill you if you don't stop.* Petrified, Maarten can only manage a weak nod. The girls walk out. The sister's lips slowly turning up into a smile.

INT. CAFE - CELLAR - DAY

Hannie sits across from a distraught Brasser.

BRASSER

I thought he was an honest man.

HANNIE

Maybe once upon a time he was.

BRASSER

This God damn war. I just want it  
to end so life can go back to  
normal. Or what's left of normal.

HANNIE

We all want that. But until that  
time comes we have work to do...

Brasser immediately knows what she's getting at.

BRASSER

You're sure?

HANNIE

Jan never stopped. Why should I?

Brasser knows her mind's made up. He removes a folder from the safe and slides it to her. She removes a photo of WILLEM ZIRKZEE, the man from our opening scene.

BRASSER  
Willem Zirkzee. Dutch police.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Zirkzee watches an SS OFFICER peel bills from a wad of cash.

BRASSER (V.O.)  
*He's paid fifty guilders for each Jew he leads the SS to.*

The Officer then slides the bills to Zirkzee.

INT. HOME - ATTIC - NIGHT

A JEWISH FAMILY in hiding. Frightened faces. Suddenly, the door's kicked in and a squad of SS Soldiers barge in. The family's dragged away.

INT. CAFE - CELLAR - BACK IN SCENE

HANNIE  
It'll be done.

She starts off.

BRASSER  
Truus can accompany you.  
(off Hannie)  
She's proved herself more than capable since you've been away.

Hannie processes this. She looks to Truus, cleaning her own pistol across the room.

INT. CAFE - WOMEN'S WASHROOM - LATER

Truus and Hannie prepare. Hannie applies makeup. Styles her hair. Truus on the other hand dons an overcoat. Her hair in a bun, covered by a hat.

HANNIE  
How many?

Truus continues perfecting her outfit for a moment.

TRUUS  
One more than I ever thought I'd  
kill.

Hannie knows the feeling. She takes Truus' hand.

HANNIE  
I wanted to thank you. For  
everything.

TRUUS  
It's what sisters do.

They exchange smiles. A beat.

TRUUS (CONT'D)  
What'd you say to me in French on  
our first mission together?

HANNIE  
That I could insult you and you  
wouldn't know it. And then I called  
you a skank to prove my point.

Truus processes this.

TRUUS  
I guess I was cold to you.  
(then/in French/subtitled)  
But I'm not a skank.

Hannie's eyes go wide. Her grin from ear to ear.

TRUUS (CONT'D)  
Freddie's taught me some. Shut up.

HANNIE  
It's very good!

Truus shies away from the compliment. She's still tough and  
academics are still dumb after all.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
(re: hat)  
You're very convincing by the way.

Truus playfully hits Hannie in the arm. They laugh. A rare  
moment of lightheartedness in an otherwise dark world.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Truus stands inconspicuously on the corner, her eyes fixated  
on an office building.

The door opens and Zirkzee emerges. He shakes hands with an SS OFFICER and starts off in Truus' direction.

Truus turns towards Hannie waiting in the alley and tugs on her hat three times.

Zirkzee continues on, politely nodding towards Truus as he passes. He then turns the corner, heading towards Hannie.

Truus waits and we wait with her...

Then--

*Gun fire erupts.*

But the amount of shots unsettles Truus. *Something went wrong.* But just as she's about to take off towards the alley--

SS SOLDIERS emerge from the building Zirkzee was in. Commands are shouted, rifles gathered. A hunt is about to take place.

Truus knows she can't be seen. She scans the street for a way out and reluctantly takes off in the opposite direction--

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Different than the one the Zirkzee hit took place. Hannie runs down the darkened alley, clutching her pistol. Adrenaline pumping.

The German voices grow closer. Then--

A German truck slowly passes by, search light blazing. A half dozen SS SOLDIERS walk behind, eyes shifting from side to side. Hunting. Rifles ready to fire.

Hannie quickly ducks into the shadows, narrowly escaping the search light. As she waits, a *dripping* sound catches her attention. She looks down--

And realizes the *drip-drip-drip* is her own blood hitting the pavement. She swallows the pain.

She looks back towards the street and sees the last of the Soldiers pass. Hannie then quietly heads towards the opposite end of the alley--

Only to stop at the sound of approaching footsteps.

Hannie backs up, shields herself behind a group of trash bins. The footsteps round the far corner, head down the alley towards her.

Hannie calms her breathing. She slides her finger over the trigger of her pistol, ready to go out fighting--

VOICE (O.S.)  
(hushed)  
Hannie?

The familiar tone causes Hannie to perk up. She slowly gets to her feet, looks around the trash bins and sees--

Truus standing in the alley. Her hat gone. Hair down. Hannie lets out a sigh of relief.

TRUUS  
You didn't think I was going to leave you here, did you?

She slides Hannie's arm over her shoulders and the two girls slink away in the shadows.

INT. MULDER HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

Hannie lies in bed, her leg wrapped in bandages. There's a quiet knock on the door and Brasser enters.

BRASSER  
How's the leg?

HANNIE  
I'll live.

Brasser smiles, but his body language tells a different story. Hannie senses it.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
What happened?

BRASSER  
The Germans retaliated.

EXT. HAARLEM STREET - NIGHT

As a crowd of HAARLEM RESIDENTS watch, five MEN, all handcuffed together, are led from the back of a truck. They're then lined up in the middle of the street as three SS SOLDIERS stand before them, rifles drawn.

Carver makes his way behind the line of Soldiers. He eyes the handcuffed Men, who to their credit, stand tall. A beat.

CARVER  
Fire.

The Soldiers obey. The five Men drop instantly. A RESIDENT screams. Carver then flicks his hand--

And five more handcuffed Men are pulled from the truck.  
They're stood over their dead comrades.

Carver then turns towards the crowd of frightened Residents,  
*as if wanting to make sure they're all watching--*

CARVER (CONT'D)  
*Fire.*

The rifles explode once more--

INT. MULDER HOME - BEDROOM - BACK IN SCENE

BRASSER  
There were fifteen in total. All  
captured resistance fighters.

The news hits Hannie hard.

BRASSER (CONT'D)  
A meeting was called to discuss any  
further liquidations.  
(then)  
We're not to stop.

Hannie holds Brasser's look. A beat.

HANNIE  
Then we won't.

EXT. HAARLEM STREET - NIGHT

Superimpose: March 15, 1945.

A German staff car pulls up to a crime scene. Carver steps out. Slumped against a wall he finds KO LANGENDIJK (35).

Carver inspects the body, notices Langendijk's Hakenkreuz pin spotted with blood.

SS SOLDIER  
Local barber Ko Langendijk. NSB. A  
man and a woman were seen fleeing.

CARVER  
A woman? And you weren't able to  
apprehend her?

The Soldier looks away sheepishly. Carver snaps.

CARVER (CONT'D)

A woman is making a mockery of your

Führer! Have you no pride?!

(re: Langendijk's body)

She is spitting in the face of the  
Third Reich!

The Soldiers avert their eyes from Carver's wrath. His rage slowly subsides. He brushes his hair back into place. Smooths his jacket. Dabs saliva from his chin with his handkerchief.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Double the number of checkpoints. I want every woman inspected from here forth. If they resist, shoot them. If they run, shoot them. And any woman with red hair should be brought to me immediately.

SS SOLDIER

Yes, Obersturmbannführer.

The Soldier salutes and walks off. Carver runs his thumb across Langendijk's Hakenkreuz pin, wiping away the blood.

His inability to catch the woman with **red hair** has gotten under his skin. And for the first time, his self confidence is questioned.

INT. CAFE - CELLAR - DAY

Superimpose: March 21, 1945.

Hannie loads a stack of newsletters into her bag.

TRUUS

Where're you off to?

HANNIE

Velserbroek.

TRUUS

That's a long trip, Hannie. Even by bike. I'll go with you.

HANNIE

No. It's alright.

Hannie loads her pistol into her purse.

HANNIE (CONT'D)  
I'll be fine.  
(off Truus)  
I'll be fine.

Truus lets it go. If anyone would be fine, it'd be Hannie.

TRUUS  
Just avoid any main roads.

HANNIE  
I know.

TRUUS  
You're almost ready for a touch up  
on that hair of yours.

Hannie playfully brushes her hair back.

HANNIE  
When I return, darling.

She gives Truus a kiss on the cheek on her way out.

EXT. SPAARNWOUDERSTRAAT - HAARLEM - LATER

Hannie rides. She hangs a right onto the--

EXT. TORENSLUIS BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

And discovers a German checkpoint. *This was unexpected.* Hannie slowly turns her bike around, cautious not to draw attention to herself when--

VOICE (O.S.)  
To the right.

Hannie looks back and sees an SS SOLDIER motioning at her.

SS SOLDIER  
To the right.

If Hannie runs, she's dead. Her only move is to comply. She waves in acknowledgment and gets in line behind other RESIDENTS.

The Soldier walks to her, eyes her suspiciously. Hannie avoids eye contact. A tense beat. And the Soldier moves on.

The first resident, an ELDERLY MAN, walks through the checkpoint. He's patted down, his papers inspected by another SOLDIER. Once cleared, he's allowed to continue.

A second ELDERLY MAN goes through the same procedure. Once he moves on, the Solider motions Hannie forward.

SOLDIER  
Arms.

Hannie spread her arms as the Soldier frisks her. He takes her ID, compares the photo to Hannie. A beat. And he smiles.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
My Grandmother was from Geneva.

He hands Hannie back her ID. A sense of relief washes over her. She smiles.

HANNIE  
A fine woman I'm sure.

She starts forward--

SOLDIER  
I'll need to see your bag, Ms.  
Elderkamp.  
(off Hannie)  
New protocol.

The Soldier senses Hannie's reluctance. He grips his rifle. *He's going to see her bag one way or another.*

She reluctantly hands her bag over. The Soldier opens it, immediately spotting the newsletters.

The Soldier then dumps the remaining contents onto to the pavement. The pistol hits the ground with a thud.

It takes the Soldier a moment to realize what he's looking at. But when he does--

SOLDIER (CONT'D)  
DOWN!

He trains his rifle at Hannie. Another Soldier quickly moves in and forces Hannie to the ground. Handcuffs her.

EXT. HAARLEM PENITENTIARY INSTITUTION - LATER

An intimidating dome structure dominating the city's skyline.

INT. HAARLEM PENITENTIARY INSTITUTION - CELL - CONTINUOUS

Hannie sits on the small metal cot. The sound of footsteps approach. The door opens revealing Carver.

He's flanked by an SS Soldier and a DUTCH POLICEMAN. The same one who took concern with Jan's capture.

CARVER

Ms. Elderkamp, is it? From Geneva.

Silence. Carver then produces the newsletters, pistol and cyanide capsule, taken when Hannie was searched upon arrival.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Do you care to explain these?

Hannie gives him nothing. Carver takes her in. Her **jet black hair**. Glasses. He knows there's more here.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Very well, Ms. Elderkamp. Perhaps another night or two in your cell will jog your memory.

He walks off. The familiar Policeman, DIEDERICK ZEELEN (33), connects eyes with Hannie before shutting the cell door.

EXT. CAFE - LATER

Freddie parks her bike outside. She enters--

INT. CAFE - CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

And is immediately hit with the somberness in the air. All eyes glued to Brasser as he speaks with Diederick.

WITH BRASSER

BRASSER

You're sure?

DIEDERICK

From the description you gave me, yes. It's her.

WITH OTHERS

Truus notices Brasser's shoulders drop. It tells her everything she needs to know.

TRUUS

They've caught Hannie.

INT. CAFE - CELLAR - LATER

Truus, Freddie, Brasser and Diederick sit around the corner table. Truus and Freddie keeping their emotions in check as best they can.

DIEDERICK

I can't get close to her. SS are with us at all times. But nurses...

Truus perks up.

DIEDERICK (CONT'D)

Nurses administer shots and checkups to all prisoners. Alone.  
(to Truus)  
I could get you a uniform.

TRUUS

Yes.

DIEDERICK

The infirmary is located on the lower floor. There's a window. You could climb down and have transport waiting.

TRUUS

When?

DIEDERICK

If we hurry we can get you there tonight.

BRASSER

Are you sure about this, Truus?

TRUUS

She'd come for us.

And Brasser knows that's the case.

BRASSER

Be careful.

Truus and Diederick start out. Freddie grabs her sister's hand, her eyes welling.

FREDDIE

Bring her back, Truus.

Truus nods. Determined.

EXT. HAARLEM PENITENTIARY INSTITUTION - LATER

Truus, donning a nurses uniform, crosses to the entrance. She hands her ID to the GUARD. He looks it over. Hands it back. Motions for the gate to be opened.

Truus walks through, immediately struck by the scale of the massive structure.

INT. HAARLEM PENITENTIARY INSTITUTION - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

The area swarms with SS, SD, WA, Green Police. Truus is in the hornet's nest. She calmly walks to the OFFICER behind the front desk and salutes--

TRUUS  
Heil Hitler.

The Officer salutes in return.

TRUUS (CONT'D)  
I'm here to administer tests on new inmates.

Names? **OFFICER**

TRUUS  
Elderkamp.

The Officer pulls the inmate log from its holding area. Flips a page. Another. Another. Shakes his head.

OFFICER  
No Elderkamp.

TRUUS  
It was a woman. Black hair.  
Glasses. Brought in earlier today.  
It's urgent that she be checked.  
She's at risk of spreading disease.

The Officer gives another look through the logs. Nothing.

OFFICER  
No Elderkamp.

And then Truus realizes what's happening. They've erased Hannie from the records. She forces a smile.

TRUUS  
Thank you.

EXT. HAARLEM PENITENTIARY INSTITUTION - MOMENTS LATER

Truuus hastily walks out the gate. She turns a corner--

And immediately breaks down. Her patented toughness gives way to tears. She knows her friend is gone.

INT. GERMAN TRUCK - NIGHT

Hannie looks out the window at the fortress-like Amsterdam House of Detention.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dimly lit. Hannie is led past cells. The shadowy inhabitants of which hidden in corners. The Soldier pushes her into--

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL - CONTINUOUS

And locks the gate behind her. Only a water bucket and waste bucket. No windows. Claustrophobic is being generous. Hannie curls up in the corner. The devastating reality she's facing becomes too much to bare. Her face cracks with tears.

FADE TO:

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL - DAY

Hannie lies in the corner. Her cardigan draped over her body for warmth. Her face covered in grime.

A Soldier opens the gate and places her refilled water bucket into her cell.

Hannie maneuvers towards the bucket, closer to the light from the hallway. As she does this, the Soldier notices something and reenters the cell.

Hannie scrambles back to the corner, fearing violence.

The Soldier pulls her into the light. His eyes go wide when his suspicions are confirmed.

Hannie's **red roots** are growing in.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - INFIRMARY - MOMENTS LATER

A Soldier holds Hannie's head under a faucet while a second forcefully washes her hair with a bar of soap. She struggles.

The Soldier grips the back of her neck tighter.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - INFIRMARY - MOMENTS LATER

Another washing. The Soldier's scrub hard. Rough. Black dye trickles down the drain.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - INFIRMARY - MOMENTS LATER

A third washing. The Soldiers scrub strenuously. Blood dribbles down Hannie's face, mixing in with the black dye and water swirling down the drain.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - INFIRMARY - LATER

Carver enters, grins when he gazes upon what waits for him.

CARVER

I was beginning to think you may  
have been a ghost.

We then see Hannie. Her hands tied to a chair and--

Vibrant red hair returned.

Carver then breaks into laughter.

CARVER (CONT'D)

I must admit I'm a bit nervous.  
Here she is. The woman with red  
hair sitting before me.

He claps his hands together like an excited child.

CARVER (CONT'D)

The stories of your escapades made  
you out to be a giant. Ten feet  
tall. I have to say that I'm a bit  
disappointed that you are not. What  
a wonderful story that would have  
made for my grandchildren.

Hannie keeps silent. Carver's smile slowly fades.

CARVER (CONT'D)

But now it's time you told me a  
story, Ms. Schaft. You can spare  
yourself a lot of pain and  
suffering if you give me the names  
of your co-conspirators right now.

A tense beat. Hannie turns her head away. As if she's saying, "Do your worst." Carver laughs to himself. Knowingly.

CARVER (CONT'D)  
No. I didn't suspect you'd make it  
that easy on me.

He snaps his fingers. A Soldier unties Hannie and forces her out of the room. Carver follows.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - INTERROGATION ROOM -  
MOMENTS LATER

Hannie watches fearfully as a Soldier fills a large tub with ice water. A second Soldier then violently strips her nude.

Carver sits in a chair, pours himself a cup of tea. Hannie stands vulnerable. Arms covering her private parts.

CARVER  
Give me their names.

Hannie says nothing. Carver drops a sugar cube into his cup. He looks to Hannie as if to say, "Are you sure?"

She stands firm. Carver shrugs. He nods to the Soldier who then drags Hannie into the tub. She shrieks! The freezing water piercing her skin like a thousand knives.

Carver takes a sip of tea and nods again.

The Soldier then plunges Hannie's head under water! Her arms and legs thrash about. Water spills over the edges.

And Carver flicks his hand. The Soldier pulls Hannie up. She gasps for air. Lips turning purple.

CARVER (CONT'D)  
Names, Ms. Schaft.

Her teeth chattering, Hannie refuses to speak. Carver gives another signal. The Soldier dunks Hannie back under. She fights for the surface, but the Soldier's too strong.

Carver watches... and waits... and waits... and waits. Allowing Hannie's oxygen level to hit critical levels. As her struggling begins to slow, Carver nods.

The Soldier pulls Hannie up. She coughs. Sucking oxygen in as fast as she can. Carver crosses closer to her.

CARVER (CONT'D)  
Tell me what I want to know.

Hannie's entire body shivers. Her muscles lock up. She looks Carver square in the eyes... and readies herself for more. Irritated, Carver nods and Hannie is forced under again.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL - LATER

Hannie is thrown into her cell. Her nude body still shaking. She curls up into the corner, trying to find warmth. A long silence. Then--

VOICE (O.S.)  
Hey. Are you alive?

Hannie's eyes scan the cell. *Did she really hear that?*

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Are you?

HANNIE  
Who are you...

VOICE (O.S.)  
My name is Edwin.

A tap-tap-tap on the bars from the cell next to Hannie. EDWIN is a prisoner.

EDWIN (O.S.)  
So. Is it really you? Are you  
really the woman with red hair?

HANNIE  
Yes...

EDWIN (O.S.)  
I knew it! We've heard stories  
about you. It's an honor. Here.  
Take this.

A small blanket lands in front of Hannie's cell.

EDWIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
It'll keep you warm.

Hannie quickly grabs the blanket. She hurries back to the corner and wraps herself up. It may not be much but to Hannie it feels like a bear skin blanket.

HANNIE  
Thank you.

She closes her eyes, trying to find sleep--

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL - NIGHT

Hannie, now wearing prison clothing, is awoken by a Soldier entering her cell. He forcibly removes her.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hannie's strapped to a chair. Her eyes glued to the two Soldiers in the room. One heats an iron poker in fire. The other holds a leather whip.

Carver slowly walks around her, like a predator stalking its prey. He truly does enjoy this.

CARVER

Have you ever smelled burning flesh, Ms. Schaft?

Hannie says nothing. Instead, she's preparing mentally for the pain that's about to be felt.

Carver nods and the Soldiers move in. The first Soldier presses the red hot iron into Hannie's palm! Her skin sizzles! She screams in agony.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Who are your superiors?!

Remarkably, Hannie still refuses to talk. The second Soldier then whips Hannie's shins! Her skin welts and then tears.

CARVER (CONT'D)

NAMES!

The whipping continues. Flesh torn from the bone. Hannie's hysterical from the pain but still doesn't talk.

Enraged, Carver grabs the poker and brings it close to Hannie's face, illuminating her skin with its glow.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Tell me.

Tears pour down Hannie's face. Her breathing labored. Body consumed with pain. She turns to Carver... and spits into his face. Furious, Carver presses the poker onto Hannie's palm.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hannie's screams echo off the walls. One after another. Each one seemingly louder and more painful than the last.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL - NIGHT

Hannie lies in the corner, wrapped in Edwin's blanket. Her shins raw, bloodied. Burn marks covering her hands and arms.

HANNIE

Edwin...

EDWIN (O.S.)

Yes, Hannie?

HANNIE

Where are you from?

EDWIN (O.S.)

Rotterdam.

HANNIE

Do you have a family?

A beat.

EDWIN (O.S.)

They were killed in the air raids  
during the invasion.

HANNIE

I'm sorry.

(then)

What were their names?

EDWIN (O.S.)

Margreet was my wife. We had a  
daughter. Paulien.

HANNIE

Those are lovely names.

EDWIN (O.S.)

Did you have a family?

Hannie contemplates that question. Her mind drifts--

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - BOMB SHELTER - DAY

The entire Council together. Hannie, Jan, Truus, Freddie, Brasser. There's togetherness. Sisterhood. Love. Camaraderie. They were, in the truest sense of the word, *family*.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL - BACK IN SCENE

Hannie manages a smile.

HANNIE

Yes. I did.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Hannie sits in the middle of the room. No restraints. No whips. No tubs. Carver enters and sets his chair across from her.

CARVER

You knew Jan Bonekamp, yes?

Hannie shifts slightly.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Of course you did. Tell me. Was it  
love?

Silence.

CARVER (CONT'D)

He also refused to answer that  
question.

(then)

Right before he named you.

Hannie refuses to let the mind games work.

CARVER (CONT'D)

He looked me in the eyes and made a  
deal with me. In exchange for your  
name, he was to be released. A free  
man and a man who would declare his  
loyalty to the Third Reich. But as  
we both know, his wounds were too  
severe and sadly, he did not live  
to see that freedom.

Hannie's mind races. *Was that true?*

CARVER (CONT'D)

How does that make you feel,  
Hannie? Angry? Revengeful? Knowing  
that the man you loved valued his  
life more than he did yours. Jan  
Bonekamp is the reason your parents  
were arrested. Jan Bonekamp is the  
reason you are here now. He  
betrayed you. You owe him nothing.  
You owe the resistance nothing.

(then)

But you can make it right.

(MORE)

CARVER (CONT'D)

You can make them suffer as they  
have made you suffer. Just give me  
their names and this all goes away.

A beat. Hannie coming to a conclusion. Carver can sense it.

CARVER (CONT'D)

Tell me...

Then--

HANNIE

Pieter Faber. Willem Ragut. Willem  
Zirkzee. Ko Langendijk. Those are  
the men I killed. They are the real  
 betrayers.

Carver exhales. He's fighting a losing battle and knows it.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - CELL - NIGHT

Hannie lies under her blanket. Her eyes land on a small piece  
of rock broken off from the wall. Its edge pointed. She picks  
it up, barely able to hold it tight enough.

She then scratches it against the masonry wall, as if using a  
pencil.

INT. AMSTERDAM HOUSE OF DETENTION - HALLWAY - DAY

Carver and a Soldier walk towards Hannie's cell. But this  
isn't for torture. *This has a feel of finality.* The Soldier  
removes Hannie. Carver then notices something and steps into  
the cell--

WITH HANNIE

She glances towards Edwin's cell, catching a glimpse of him  
for the first time. Skinny. Beard overgrown. Caked in dirt.  
They lock eyes. Two patriots paying the ultimate price.

The Soldier leads Hannie away. As he does, Edwin begins  
banging on his cell bars. Other PRISONERS follow suit as  
Hannie passes their cells. A send off for one of their own--

WITH CARVER

Standing in Hannie's cell. The commotion in the hall growing  
louder and louder. He stares in disbelief at what Hannie had  
written on the wall the night prior:

*From small things we aspire towards the great.*

## INT. TRANSPORT TRUCK - LATER

Hannie sits flanked by two Soldiers. Carver faces her. The only sounds coming from the truck's engine.

Hannie keeps her eyes on Carver and he on her. It's tense. Two heavyweights squaring off one final time. Hannie's courage, fight, resolve never more evident than in this moment.

There's no hint of fear. No panic. Then, it happens...

Despite his power, ruthlessness and intimidation, this **red headed** woman got the best of Carver. She may be heading towards her death, but she defeated him. And he knows it. So like a dog running off with its tail between its legs--

Carver looks away first.

Hannie manages a smile to herself. One final victory.

## EXT. SAND DUNES - LATER

The truck comes to a stop. Carver steps out. The Soldiers follow with Hannie. The group walks towards the sea.

As they get further into the dunes, Hannie closes her eyes and listens. Slowly, the sounds of the men behind her fade. No longer can she hear their boots in the sand. The rustling of their uniforms. The straps of their rifles.

All she can hear is the music of the sea. The waves crashing. Breeze blowing. Seagulls squawking.

She lifts her head towards the sky, allowing the warm sunlight to cascade over her freckled skin. Her vibrant **red hair** gently rustling in the breeze.

Carver and the Soldiers stop walking. Carver then aims his pistol at the back of Hannie's head.

But she doesn't notice. She's lost in the symphony of nature. As she feels the sunlight on her freckled skin for the final time, the corner of her lips turn up into a smile.

She's safe.

CUT TO BLACK.

*The distinct pop of a pistol.*

Johanna "Hannie" Schaft was executed on April 17th, 1945. Three weeks before the end of the war.

She was 24 years old.

Her body was one of 422, many resistance fighters, found in shallow graves at the dunes of Overveen.

Of those, she was the only woman.

After realizing their trap had failed, the Nazis released Hannie's parents after nine months in captivity.

On November 27th, 1945, Hannie was reburied in a ceremony overseen by Queen Wilhelmina in which the Queen referred to Hannie as "the symbol of resistance."

Hannie also received a posthumous Medal of Freedom from General Eisenhower.

On May 3rd, 1982, a bronze statue was erected in Kenaupark in Haarlem to memorialize Hannie's efforts.

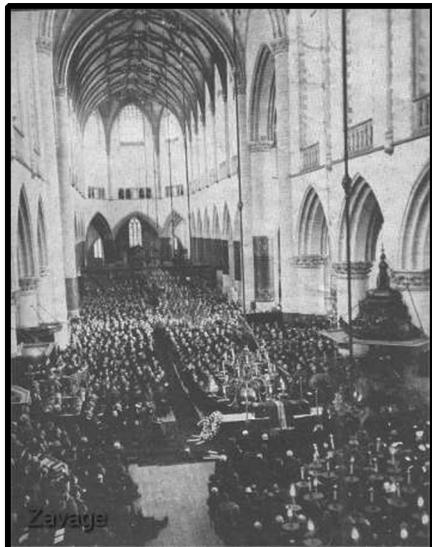
The statue was designed by Truus Oversteegen.



**Hannie Schaft**



**Hannie Schaft (right) with  
Truus Oversteegen (left)**



**Funeral proceedings  
overseen by Queen Wilhelmina**



**Hannie Schaft memorial  
in Kenaupark**



**Entrance to the Hannie Schaft school in Haarlem**