

# **LIBERATION**

Based on the Life of Captain Nancy Wake

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SUPER: During World War II, Britain recruited women into its military intelligence service for the first time. This is the story of its most decorated heroine.

**INT. BLACK MARKET DEN - EVENING**

A hulking BLACK MARKETEER looms behind the counter, negotiating over the package laid before him --

BLACK MARKETEER  
One thousand and not a franc less.

Reveal that he's speaking to NANCY WAKE (30), a woman he outsizes by six inches and a hundred pounds. And yet, her incandescence dominates this dingy room --

NANCY  
You're new to the black market, so I'll be gentle. The White Mouse doesn't tolerate war profiteering.

BLACK MARKETEER  
He isn't here--

NANCY  
Stake your life on it?

BLACK MARKETEER  
Unless he's hiding in your purse--

NANCY  
Perhaps he has eyes and ears everywhere. Perhaps he sends me as his courier precisely because mental deficients can see only a harmless housewife.

Nancy grabs the package, but so does he -- a standoff. She bores into him with her unblinking gaze --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Perhaps he'd be very fucking angry if he found out that you're charging him housewife prices.

Intimidated, the Black Marketeer lets go, allowing Nancy to take the package and back her way out the door --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Or perhaps I'm just a housewife.

And she is gone.

LOUDSPEAKER (PRE-LAP)  
We are here to liberate you.

**EXT. BOMBED-OUT STREET - MARSEILLE - MOMENTS LATER**

A Gestapo wanted-poster hangs on a brick wall. It offers 100,000 francs for the capture of a French Resistance figure known only as "The White Mouse", whose crimes include smuggling over 500 "enemies of the Reich" out of France.

Suddenly, Nancy dives behind the wall, clutching the package, careful not to let it fall. She peers back over --

And spots THREE GERMAN SOLDIERS closing fast, searching the burning wreckage of this recently-bombed street. In the smoky distance, she discerns the ominous mass of a Panzer tank trundling toward her, its loudspeaker repeating --

LOUDSPEAKER

We are here to liberate you.

SUPER: MARSEILLE, DECEMBER OF 1942

Nancy draws a revolver from her purse. But as one of the Soldiers comes perilously close, looming on the other side of the wall, she does something we'd never expect --

She unloads the bullets and tosses them into a pile of cinders across the street. The Soldier is about to turn the corner and see her, when --

The bullets explode from the heat, drawing his attention. All three Soldiers fire blindly at the sound. Nancy uses this momentary distraction to slip away, darting down --

**AN ALLEY**

She sprints past boarded-up shops, taking a turn, but ahead --

FIVE MORE GERMAN SOLDIERS hold a FRENCHMAN at gunpoint, forcing him to his knees. Nancy ducks into an alcove, watching as a Soldier aims, about to perform the execution --

But the Frenchman lunges away -- desperately racing down the alley toward Nancy -- and the Soldier shoots him in the back.

Jackboots approaching, Nancy tucks herself deeper into the alcove. She watches as the Soldier stands over the dying Frenchman -- and fires a bullet into his skull. Blood pooling in a cobblestone crack at her feet, Nancy tries to remain hidden, as the Soldier looks around... Finally --

GERMAN SOLDIER

Supper time.

The Soldier heads off, but Nancy remains, staring at the body, color draining from her face. Echoing in the distance --

LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)  
We are here to liberate you.

**EXT. HENRI'S MANSION - MARSEILLE - MOMENTS LATER**

A grand, old-money home near the center of the city. Nancy composes herself, as if trying to hide what she just witnessed. She knocks -- three taps then a kick. We hear a heavy beam slide out of the way, and the door opens --

HENRI FIOCCA (late 40s), a greying Frenchman in a tuxedo, is relieved to see Nancy --

HENRI  
Thank God you're safe--

NANCY  
Scold me inside, Henri, it's past curfew.

She hurries into --

**THE MAIN HALL**

Where a DOZEN STAFF prepare for a sumptuous party. In the drawing room, we glimpse elegant WEDDING GUESTS. Henri bars the door, his relief turning to frustration, almost like a father chiding his rebellious daughter --

HENRI  
Where the hell were you?

Nancy shows him the package --

NANCY  
Freeing France.

HENRI  
I asked for one day, just one, and you couldn't even give me that.

She opens the package, revealing neither bomb, nor gun, nor top-secret file -- but rather, a bottle of 1928 Krug champagne. Henri's reaction tells us that it holds an acute personal significance, but he's still frustrated --

HENRI (CONT'D)  
You really shouldn't have.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - HENRI'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER**

Henri zips the back of Nancy's blue-silk wedding dress --

HENRI

Are we going to talk about this?

Deflecting, she turns to face him --

NANCY

How do I look?

HENRI

Gorgeous, of course, but--

She glances at the vanity mirror, styling her hair --

NANCY

Up or down?

HENRI

Nancy, the Krug--

She kisses him before he can say more --

NANCY

I'm so glad you like it.

And she heads for the door, avoiding the conflict.

**INT. MAIN HALL - HENRI'S MANSION - NIGHT**

A cork pops and 1928 Krug bubbles as a WAITER pours for Nancy, who now wears a diamond wedding ring. Henri is next to her, sharing the head of the table: A marriage of equals.

Nancy stands and taps her glass, calling the attention of the Wedding Guests seated all around --

NANCY

My father couldn't be here, so I'm afraid you'll have to suffer through my feigned propriety.

(scattered laughter)

Thank you all for coming, especially under the circumstances.

(re: her glass)

1928 Krug, not easy to come by of late. But back when France was free, a lonely girl in a nightclub was charmed by a suave older man, who sent over a bottle. The Nazis can't stop us from drinking it. Not today. And if we're free, a part of France is still free with us.

(to Henri, sincere)

Darling, I know I'm brash. I know I try your infinite patience.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)  
But I also know that you're my  
bedrock. To you, my love.

She toasts with Henri, who sips his Krug --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
To hell with propriety.

Nancy gulps hers, and the Wedding Guests clap.

**LATER**

The party is in full swing. Everyone is happy, except Henri's father, CLAUDE, who is seated near the end of the table --

CLAUDE  
--and where is her father, anyway?  
Dead of shame, I'd wager. A blue  
wedding dress. She'll ruin my son,  
so impertinent.

Nancy's friend, PHILIPPE, disagrees --

PHILIPPE  
If you haven't noticed, there's a  
war on and we need all the  
impertinence we can get.

Philippe stands and heads to the far corner, where Nancy is holding a furtive conversation with several MALE GUESTS, all of whom are members of her Resistance network --

NANCY  
--just shot him dead, right there  
in the street. Not even the  
pretense of legality, anymore.

Nancy drains her glass, grabs the bottle of Krug off the table, and refills. One of the men, ANTOINE, speaks up --

ANTOINE  
Perhaps we should suspend  
operations until things calm.

PHILIPPE  
He has a point. I didn't want to  
broach it on your big day, but I  
hear the Gestapo's doubling down  
and bringing in a new spy-hunter--

NANCY  
Well, the only way to beat a bully  
is to break his goddamn nose--

PHILIPPE

Nancy, you're not hearing me, he's  
after The White Mouse--

NANCY

He'll never suspect I'm a woman--

PHILIPPE

But what about the *men* around you?

That lands, the men nodding gravely. But Nancy avoids the  
hard question, draining her glass and pouring another --

HENRI (O.S.)

You promised me a full day, Nan.

She turns to see Henri, who gently takes her glass and sets  
it down, as the BAND LEADER calls out --

BAND LEADER

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to  
present Monsieur and Madame Fiocca.

Everyone claps, as Henri takes Nancy to the dance-floor and  
THE BAND plays a waltz. He leads and she follows, and now  
that he finally has her undivided attention --

HENRI

I'm sorry, but I have to say it.  
Risking your life for the Krug--

NANCY

For you--

HENRI

Then why are you swilling it?  
Christ, this-- It's not a game,  
Nan. If you must, *must* be The White  
Mouse, fine. I'll support you. But  
not if it means burying my wife--

NANCY

Alright, Monsieur Fiocca.  
(re: her wedding ring)  
As your wife, I vow: If the Gestapo  
get close, I'll quit.

Henri nods, comforted, but as Nancy leans in to kiss him --

A nearby bomb-blast shakes the building's foundation,  
frightening the Wedding Guests. Off the foreboding ripples  
forming on Nancy's glass of 1928 Krug, we --

CUT TO:



**INT. CELLAR - NIGHT**

Antoine's lifeless eyes stare up at us, his skull split open by a bullet, brain exposed.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

His body lays on a blood-stained table. Philippe and a half-dozen more RESISTANCE MEN mourn, some openly weeping --

But Nancy stands off to the side, notably apart, avoiding Philippe's recriminative eyes.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - HENRI'S MANSION - LATER**

Nancy brushes her hair before the vanity mirror, while Henri readies for bed --

HENRI

I'll see that his family is cared for, of course.

Nancy nods and continues brushing... Then --

NANCY

Lost the small arms, too. Fifty thousand worth. We have people in Cannes depending on them--

HENRI

Nan, I thought we agreed--

NANCY

Yes, darling, but they're not close. This was just bad luck, that's all. Bad luck.

She stops brushing and meets his gaze in the mirror --

NANCY (CONT'D)

Please?

Henri lets out a sigh -- then, unable to deny her, he nods.

**INT. SHIPPING WAREHOUSE - DAY**

The slender, bookish CAPTAIN BÖHM (early 40s) glides through the warehouse, flanked by THREE GESTAPO. FRIGHTENED EMPLOYEES turn and stare as they pass --

CAPTAIN BÖHM

She wants a pony. My wife believes it's decadent, but I'm inclined to indulge her.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN BÖHM (CONT'D)  
 Early childhood forges the psyche.  
 On the one hand, we need every  
 horse for the war effort. On the  
 other, war is troubling, so I want  
 her to have something innocent.

Böhm stops at the corner office and knocks politely, as one  
 of the Gestapo interjects --

GESTAPO  
 Perhaps a puppy, sir?

Böhm shrugs, and the office door opens, revealing Henri on  
 the other side.

**EXT. HENRI'S MANSION - MARSEILLE - LATER**

Philippe sprints up, out of breath, pounding the front door.  
 After a few moments, Nancy answers --

NANCY (PRE-LAP)  
 I demand to see my husband.

**INT. RECEPTION - GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - LATER**

Cowed FRENCH PEOPLE await their fate on benches, but Nancy is  
 at the front desk, frantic, arguing with the GESTAPO CLERK --

GESTAPO CLERK  
 I'm sorry, madame, but they have  
 him sequestered--

NANCY  
 (calling out)  
 Henri? Henri?

GESTAPO CLERK  
 Madame, please--

NANCY  
 HENRI--

The door to the back offices opens, revealing Captain Böhm --

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
 No need for hysterics, Madame  
 Fiocca.  
 (a proper bow)  
 Captain Böhm, at your service.

**INT. INTERROGATION - GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy sits across from Henri, while Böhm stands in the  
 corner, observing with a keen eye --

HENRI

We have the best lawyers on it,  
Vichy lawyers--

NANCY

What are you charged with?

HENRI

Don't worry yourself--

NANCY

(to Böhm)

What are the charges?

CAPTAIN BÖHM

One of your husband's employees  
alerted us to a conspiracy at  
Fiocca Shipping. It seems a large  
sum of money is missing--

NANCY

I'm sure Henri has nothing to do  
with it--

CAPTAIN BÖHM

Then I take it that you're familiar  
with his finances?

NANCY

I don't appreciate your tone--

CAPTAIN BÖHM

Because we have reason to believe  
that it's being funneled to the  
Resistance--

NANCY

That's goddamn absurd--

HENRI

The only thing my wife knows about  
my money is how to spend it on  
herself.

(firm)

Go home, Nancy.

Nancy relents, playing the obedient housewife --

NANCY

You know best, darling.

She stands and Böhm graciously leads her to the door --

CAPTAIN BÖHM

Just one more thing, Madame Fiocca:  
I must request that you remain in  
Marseille, as I may have further--

Nancy brushes him away --

NANCY

You think I'm the type of woman who  
takes a holiday while my husband's  
being railroaded by the Gestapo?

(to Henri)

I'm not going anywhere without you.

HENRI

Of course not.

Nancy smiles, hopeful that she won't have to leave Henri  
behind. She opens the door, about to exit --

HENRI (CONT'D)

Hey, Nan?

(she turns back)

Tell my mother not to worry.

A sledgehammer. Nancy knows from this coded message that  
Henri is indeed telling her to escape Marseille without him,  
the distance between them now a widening chasm --

NANCY

I'll tell her you love her.

Henri nods, holding back tears, as they stare into one  
another's eyes for what may be the last time...

#### **EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - MARSEILLE - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy hurries down the steep staircase, which is framed with  
imposing Nazi flags. Desperation building, she tries to  
remain calm as she passes a GESTAPO GUARD, signaling to --

#### **A TAXI**

She climbs in, barely hanging on --

NANCY

Drive-- Fucking drive.

The DRIVER pulls away -- and Nancy begins shaking,  
vertiginous under the immense weight of her guilt. She  
glances out the back window and spots a black Mercedes  
following. We push closer and closer on her face, flushing  
crimson as she hyperventilates.

**INT. MAIN HALL - HENRI'S MANSION - EVENING**

Nancy's still-shaking hand brings a shot to her lips, clearly not her first. Philippe is with her --

NANCY

I-- If I'd quit-- But no, not me, I  
just had to keep *pushing him*--

PHILIPPE

Shhh. Henri made his choices, don't  
take that from him.

Nancy pours herself another. Philippe peers out the window and spies the black Mercedes parked down the street --

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

Now it's time to make yours.

She ignores him, continuing to drink --

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)

If not for you, then for him.  
They'll force him to watch you  
suffer, and you will *suffer*.

Nancy knows he's right. She looks around at the life she's abandoning, awash in liquid melancholy --

NANCY

This was my first real home.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - HENRI'S MANSION - NIGHT**

A ghostly Nancy walks through, feeling her first real home for one last time. She draws her hand across the oak table, grazes the delicate lace curtains --

And stops at the mantle, where her wedding photo with Henri is displayed proudly, as we --

MATCH TO:

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - HENRI'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER**

A photo of Henri's mother, with a lifespan engraved on the frame, indicating that she died in 1939. We now understand the full meaning of Henri's coded message, as --

Nancy takes the photo off the wall and removes the back of the frame, revealing a set of forged travel papers, which will take her all the way to London. We notice that they're in her maiden name: "Nancy Wake". She places them in her suitcase, then removes her wedding ring and tucks it away.

Finally, she lays on the bed in the quiet darkness, feeling the spot where Henri used to sleep...

**LATER - DAWN**

Nancy checks her watch: Nearly 6AM. She peeks out the window to see that the black Mercedes is still parked out front --

But suddenly, smoke begins to pour from the bakery across the street. As the fire grows, distant sirens sound.

**EXT. HENRI'S MANSION - MARSEILLE - MOMENTS LATER**

A fire truck screams up, blocking in the black Mercedes. As FIREMEN race out to battle the conflagration --

Nancy exits the mansion's side door, suitcase in hand, absconding in the chaos.

**INT. BOARDING ZONE - TRAIN STATION - MORNING**

Nancy stands at the front of a line of TRAVELERS. She hands her forged papers to a GESTAPO, who gives them a long look, tension building... But he waves Nancy through, as we --

**BEGIN MONTAGE:**

-- Nancy rides in a first-class train car through occupied France. Refugees, bombed buildings, Nazi flags, and German troops abound. No sign of an organized Resistance yet.

-- Sitting alone in the dining car, a sullen Nancy sips wine and watches a happily married couple enjoy their supper.

-- A cattle-train packed with bedraggled Jewish prisoners passes by Nancy's, heading in into the maw of the Reich.

**EXT. STEAMER SHIP - SAN SEBASTIAN DOCKS - EVENING**

Nancy boards first-class, surrounded by other WEALTHY PEOPLE fleeing the war. But her eyes go lower, to --

**THIRD-CLASS**

Teeming with JEWISH REFUGEES. Nancy focuses on a Jewish girl, ARIANNE (16), who is riding alone, clutching her things, forced to sit on the filthy deck because every seat is taken.

**INT. FIRST-CLASS CABIN - STEAMER SHIP - NIGHT**

Nancy leads Arianne into her luxurious cabin --

NANCY

--was your age, I ran off from home, steamed from Australia all the way to Canada, flat broke. Trick is to tease an older man into buying you dinner, then get him so drunk, he can't remember how to remove his trousers.

Nancy wastes no time in pouring them both stiff drinks --

ARIANNE

I don't know how to thank you for your kindness, Madame...?

NANCY

Nancy Wake.

Nancy hands her the drink, which Arianne doesn't even sip --

ARIANNE

Arianne. Smith. Arianne Smith--

NANCY

I was a reporter for years, dear, hesitation's sure a sign of a lie. Next time, use something natural. Take me: Wake's my maiden name.

ARIANNE

I-- I'm not Jewish--

NANCY

As far as I'm concerned, we're all Jews now. Trust me, this helps.  
(toasting)  
L'chaim.

Arianne takes a sip, and Nancy gulps hers, as we --

CUT TO:

# **EXT. VIENNA STREETS - NIGHT**

A rock smashes a Jewish shop window, as BROWNSHIRT THUGS riot in the center of the city. Nancy watches, horrified. The badge on her shirt says she's a reporter for Hearst. Suddenly, a sight defying all decency and reason, as --

A massive wooden wheel rolls past, with a BLOODIED JEWISH FAMILY tied to the spokes, turning round and round, as a pack of Brownshirts push them onward. A sick game.

Nancy locks eyes with a TERRIFIED GIRL, who resembles Arianne. As she churns away, disappearing into the flaming night, we --

CUT TO:

**INT. FIRST-CLASS CABIN - STEAMER SHIP - DAWN**

Nancy snaps awake, a half-empty bottle of booze laying next to her. She looks over and sees Arianne, sleeping peacefully in bed. Nancy slips a roll of bills into her ragged purse.

**EXT. DOCKLANDS - LONDON - DAY**

Having just disembarked, Nancy spots a CHAUFFEUR holding a placard with her maiden name. A number of CHAUFFEURS greet other WEALTHY WOMEN, all sent to England to wait out the war.

But as Nancy is led to her car, she passes DOZENS OF ROYAL NAVY MEN, her gaze lingering...

**INT. ROLLS ROYCE / EXT. LONDON STREETS - MOMENTS LATER**

The Chauffeur drives through a besieged London, while Nancy rides in back --

NANCY

I was hoping for word from my husband.

CHAUFFEUR

Apologies, ma'am, I have none.

They round a corner, revealing that the entire block has been reduced to rubble --

CHAUFFEUR (CONT'D)

Not to worry, ma'am, where you're going, it's still quite lovely.

Nancy watches a weary GRANDMOTHER pick through the ruins with her GRANDCHILDREN, trying to salvage rations... Finally --

NANCY

I'm not going to the countryside.

**EXT. FREE FRENCH HEADQUARTERS - LONDON - AFTERNOON**

A French flag flies atop the seat of General Charles de Gaulle's government in exile, located at 3 Carlton Gardens, blocks away from Buckingham Palace --



FRENCH OFFICER (PRE-LAP)  
I'm sorry, madame, but the Free  
French simply do not accept women.

**INT. RECRUITING OFFICE - FREE FRENCH HQ - CONTINUOUS**

A vexed Nancy sits across from a FRENCH OFFICER --

NANCY  
Horseshit. The Gestapo have my  
husband. Every second I'm not  
fighting to liberate France is a  
second more he's suffering--

FRENCH OFFICER  
My sympathies, madame, but I'm  
afraid it's a strict policy--

NANCY  
What would you have me do instead?  
Bake him a fucking cake--

FRENCH OFFICER  
You are, by nature, unsuited for  
warfare. It's a scientific fact--

NANCY  
You're a soldier *and* a scientist?  
Impressive. So, scientifically,  
it's my-- What's the scientific  
term? Oh, yes -- *vagina*. My vagina  
makes me unsuited for warfare--

FRENCH OFFICER  
Madame, it's your demeanor. You're  
far too emotional. Clearly, your  
loss has driven you to this crazed  
airing of your... *womanhood*--

NANCY  
You can't even say it. Vagina--

FRENCH OFFICER  
Dear God--

NANCY  
That's it! That's how we win the  
war: Show the Nazis my vagina and  
they'll piss themselves--

FRENCH OFFICER

*Silence.* Madame, if you wish to help the war effort, I suggest you volunteer as a nurse, succoring our brave men. Indeed, you seem to know a great deal about anatomy.

NANCY

I'd gladly take a scalpel to your bollocks.

Nancy heads for the door, offering a parting shot --

NANCY (CONT'D)

But I suspect they've already been removed!

And she slams the door, shaking the whole room.

**EXT. FREE FRENCH HEADQUARTERS - LONDON - EVENING**

Nancy walks out, frustrated. Her eyes scan the street and settle on a pub. She heads for it, passing by --

AN ENGLISHMAN, who is sitting on a bench and pretending to read a newspaper -- a headline about a "LOOMING ALLIED INVASION OF EUROPE" -- but in truth, he is watching Nancy...

**INT. PUB - NIGHT**

The Englishman sits in the corner, furtively observing Nancy, who drinks with a group of ENLISTED MEN at the bar --

NANCY

--then he called it my *womanhood*.

The men laugh, good and drunk, as Nancy takes another shot --

ENLISTED BRIT

Beginning to think that's where you store all your booze.

More laughter --

ENLISTED SCOTSMAN

I volunteer to scout the territory.

NANCY

What are you, fifteen? Wouldn't even know where to plant your flag.

Huge laughter from the men -- but Nancy catches her thoughts returning to Henri, no matter how much she imbibes --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Besides...

A moment of silence, as the men can see that Nancy is pained... But she swallows it, turning to the BARKEEP --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
To hell with it. Champagne.

He pops the cork and pours a glass, which she raises --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
To Henri.

She drinks, the Englishman still watching. And perhaps Nancy notices, because she pockets a paring knife off the bar...

**EXT. PUB - LONDON - NIGHT**

Nancy stumbles out, trudging around a corner. The Englishman is close behind, following her into --

**A DARK ALLEY**

But Nancy is gone. The Englishman takes a few tentative steps into the darkness, as --

She appears behind him, holding the knife to his throat --

NANCY  
You've been following me since I  
left the Free French Headquarters.

ENGLISHMAN  
I've been following you since you  
disembarked. You're good, but not  
nearly as good as you think--

In a flash, the Englishman knocks the knife from her hand, flips her over his back, and slams her to the pavement --

Stunned, Nancy gasps for breath. The Englishman bends down, places a calling card in her hand, and walks away. Gulping air, she regains her bearings and reads the card: "64 Baker Street". Off this cryptic image, we --

MATCH TO:

**EXT. 64 BAKER STREET - LONDON - MORNING**

The address, etched in stone, marking a nondescript office building. A hungover Nancy limps up the steps.

**INT. RECEPTION - 64 BAKER STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

A modest setup, ostensibly selling war bonds. Nancy is struck by a propaganda poster, which depicts a Nazi Stormtrooper trying to rape "Mother Britain". She approaches the --

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST

Purchase war bonds, ma'am? Do your part to help our boys win.

NANCY

No, I-- I'm not actually sure why I'm here.

ENGLISHMAN (O.S.)

Thus is the human condition.

Startled, Nancy turns to see that the Englishman is standing in a doorway that wasn't there before, opened via a panel in the wall. He offers a handshake, revealing himself to be --

MAJOR GIELGUD

Major Gielgud.

NANCY

Forgive me if I don't shake your hand. A strange man assaulted me last night, so I'm feeling shy.

MAJOR GIELGUD

Good, then we won't have to hear about your vagina today.

With that, Gielgud turns and heads back through the door. Nancy stands there for a moment, then follows him into --

**THE HIDDEN HALLWAY**

She hurries to catch up with Gielgud, who is stopped at a checkpoint manned by BRITISH SOLDIERS. They search Nancy's purse, ushering her through a heavy metal door, to --

**A CATWALK**

Suspended over a vast hall, filled with hundreds of MEN ON CODING MACHINES, orchestrating an inscrutable mechanical symphony. Nancy doesn't have time to take it all in, following Gielgud to the end of the catwalk, now entering --

**A LIFT**

It takes them down into the depths of this strange edifice --

NANCY

Just going to play it coy, then?

Gielgud doesn't respond. Rather, he slides open the lift door and proceeds into --

#### **THE SUB-BASEMENT HALLWAY**

Nancy follows him down the hall, coming at last to --

#### **COLONEL BUCKMASTER'S OFFICE**

Wherein every flat surface holds maps, files, and photos of France. Seated behind an oak desk is a rangy Oxford man with probing eyes: COLONEL BUCKMASTER (41). Rather than offer Nancy a seat, he ignores her and speaks to Gielgud --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER

I ask for recruits, you bring me a battered drunk.

MAJOR GIELGUD

Afraid the war's killed off all the good ones, sir--

NANCY

Excuse me--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER

Prettier in her photos.

Buckmaster pulls a thick file from a drawer and throws it on his desk. It's marked "Nancy Wake AKA The White Mouse" --

NANCY

So you're in intelligence--

MAJOR GIELGUD

It's the nose, sir, much bigger. Less in the chest, though--

NANCY

Now look here, goddamnit--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER

Perhaps we can salvage her as a secretary.

Buckmaster rings a bell, as if calling Nancy for service. In response, she grabs the teapot off the nearby tray --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)

Assuming she's even capable of making a proper cup of--

And she smashes it on the floor, causing Buckmaster to at last address her directly --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
 Never had anyone do that before.  
 (gesturing broadly)  
 Welcome to the Special Operations  
 Executive. I'm Colonel Buckmaster,  
 head of the French Section.

NANCY  
 Then France is surely lost.

MAJOR GIELGUD  
 I think we hurt her feelings, sir.

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
 I'm afraid she'll endure a helluva  
 lot worse if she's going to war.  
 (to Nancy)  
 That is what you want, isn't it?

Gielgud pulls out a chair across from Buckmaster, offering it to Nancy... And sure enough, she decides to sit --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
 Good, because unlike the Free  
 French, I might just be foolish  
 enough to give you the opportunity.

Buckmaster points to a portrait of Winston Churchill --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
 Prime Minster wants us to "set  
 Europe ablaze" -- and you fancy  
 yourself a veritable pyromaniac.  
 (re: her file)  
 You lived in France since the age  
 of twenty--

NANCY  
 I started as a reporter for--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
 Hearst, yes, shabby prose. And when  
 Hitler invaded in '40, you used  
 your husband's wealth to establish  
 a Resistance network in Marseille.  
 Called yourself "The White Mouse"--

NANCY  
 Hold on, it wasn't vanity, that's  
 what the Germans called me--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
And you had some success--

NANCY  
Some? I ran guns, intel, many of  
your POWs--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
Ever kill anyone, Nancy?

NANCY  
(she's hasn't)  
I-- I don't--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
Easy to play spy in a mansion, far  
harder to fight in the mud, which  
is what you'd be doing. If you make  
it through training--

MAJOR GIELGUD  
--a very big if--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
--we'll send you back into occupied  
France. You'll be one of several  
dozen operatives working with the  
Resistance. But the French are a  
congenitally slipshod bunch, and  
it's ten-fold harder to make them  
obey a woman. You'll likely fail  
and end up dead or captured, just  
as most of the men--

MAJOR GIELGUD  
--and the few ladies--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
--we've recruited.

NANCY  
If you're so damn certain I'm  
doomed, then why the hell send me?

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
Because even after I've insulted  
you, abused you, and threatened you  
with agonizing demise -- you still  
want to go--

NANCY  
Absolutely.

COLONEL BUCKMASTER

Which brings us to the crux: Why?  
Why do you wish to return to France  
so exigently, Nancy?

This time, instead of invoking Henri, Nancy tries a more  
Masculine approach --

NANCY

It's simple, really: The Nazis are  
bullies, and I won't tolerate that  
shit. Certainly not in my home.

But Buckmaster and Gielgud exchange a dubious glance --

MAJOR GIELGUD

Bloody noble sentiment, sir.

COLONEL BUCKMASTER

Which means it can't possibly be  
the whole truth.

(to Nancy)

Go ahead, ask about him.

(she remains silent)

Nancy, we all know you desperately  
want to, so just ask--

NANCY

Alright, have you heard anything  
about Henri--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER

No and it doesn't bloody matter.  
I'm sending you to help liberate  
all of France, not one Frenchman.  
If by some miracle you live long  
enough to let him get in the way of  
your mission, I'll charge you with  
desertion. Clear?

(she again remains silent)

Clear?

NANCY

Fine. Now are we going to dance all  
night, or are we going to fuck?

Buckmaster looks to Gielgud, they both nod in agreement -- so  
Buckmaster stands and offers Nancy a handshake, as we --

CUT TO:



**EXT. SOE TRAINING GROUNDS - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN**

A boot trips Nancy mid-jog, sending her hard into the rainy muck. A strapping REDHEAD RECRUIT looms, taunting. Other MALE RECRUITS jog past, splashing mud on her, and we --

CUT TO:

**INT. DR. TIMMONS' OFFICE - DAY**

An inkblot, held in the hands of DR. TIMMONS. Nancy sits across from him, undergoing psychological evaluation --

NANCY

Looks like you spilled.  
(he writes this down)  
Why throw good ink after bad?

DR. TIMMONS

It's a test. Mental health is just as important as physical. Perhaps more so, in your field.

CUT TO:

**EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

Nancy crawls beneath razor-wire, bullets zipping overhead, fired by SOE INSTRUCTORS. The Redhead Recruit passes by, knocking her face into the razor-wire --

DR. TIMMONS (V.O.)

Tell me about Australia. Your childhood. Did you get along with the other children?

CUT TO:

**INT. MESS HALL - DAWN**

Her face now lacerated, Nancy eats breakfast alone. She takes a bite and a droplet of blood falls onto her tray, just as an apple hits her on the back. She turns --

NANCY (V.O.)

I was perfectly happy.

Revealing a TABLE FULL OF MALE RECRUITS. Nancy is the only woman in a class of 37, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. RIFLE RANGE - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

Nancy fires her Bren Gun, hitting the target three shots in a row. The Instructor gives her a thumbs-up --

DR. TIMMONS (V.O.)  
So you had many friends?

The Instructor heads down the line to yell at a slim Recruit, who can't even graze the target: DENIS RAKE (42) --

NANCY (V.O.)  
I had a few very close friends.

CUT TO:

**INT. DR. TIMMONS' OFFICE - DAY**

DR. TIMMONS  
And what about your parents?

NANCY  
They were perfectly happy, too.

DR. TIMMONS  
Then why did your father run out on his wife and six children?  
(she doesn't answer)  
You were only five years old, Nancy, that must've been rather difficult to process--

NANCY  
My father didn't run out, alright?

CUT TO:

**INT. BATHROOM - WOMEN'S DORM - NIGHT**

Nancy studies her scabbed face in the mirror --

NANCY (V.O.)  
My mother, she was a bully. She drove him away.

She opens her mouth, revealing a chipped tooth, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. DR. TIMMONS' OFFICE - DAY**

DR. TIMMONS  
So you see it as her fault, then?

NANCY  
Of course.

CUT TO:

**EXT. JUMP TRAINING TOWER - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

Suspended 50 feet above a lake. All the Recruits are in parachute gear, taking the plunge into the icy water below. But as Nancy approaches the edge, she reels back, afraid --

DR. TIMMONS (V.O.)  
Is that why you flew the proverbial  
coup at just sixteen?

The Redhead shoves her off, sending her into a dangerous fall, and as she hits the water with a deafening slap, we --

CUT TO:

**INT. DR. TIMMONS' OFFICE - DAY**

NANCY  
I couldn't tolerate her Bible-  
beatings. Her petty tyranny. I  
despise bullies--

DR. TIMMONS  
Yes, you've made that abundantly  
clear. And yet, here you are.

CUT TO:

**INT. MESS HALL - EVENING**

Hair still wet, half of her body bruised from smacking the water, Nancy hunches over her plate, alone again -- while the Male Recruits enjoy a camaraderie --

DR. TIMMONS (V.O.)  
A distinctly male institution.

Across the room, Denis Rake also eats alone, another outcast for some as-yet-unknown reason, and we --

CUT TO:

**INT. WOMEN'S DORM - NIGHT**

A vast hall full of empty bunks, save one. Nancy enters, covered in muck, to find that her sheets have been ripped to shreds and her belongings are scattered --

DR. TIMMONS (V.O.)  
They incessantly bully you.

CUT TO:

**EXT. SOE TRAINING GROUNDS - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN**

Back on the jogging-scene. Nancy wallows in the rainy muck, the Redhead looming over her. But as he raises his boot to push her face down into the mud --

DR. TIMMONS (V.O.)  
But you persist.

Nancy catches his leg and flips him to the ground, straddling him. At last, the other Male Recruits stop jogging past and cheer for her, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. DR. TIMMONS' OFFICE - DAY**

DR. TIMMONS  
In my line of work, you come to understand that nobody really does anything for King and Country. They do it to satisfy a deep need--

NANCY  
You think I *need* their abuse?

DR. TIMMONS  
I think you *feel* like you need it--

NANCY  
Do they actually pay you for this--

DR. TIMMONS  
Feelings by definition aren't rational, particularly when tied to severe childhood trauma--

NANCY  
Oh, come off it--

DR. TIMMONS  
Your mother beat you and your father abandoned you, Nancy.

These stark words hit her, exposing a chink in the armor --

DR. TIMMONS (CONT'D)  
 You married a man twice your age,  
 and when you lost that, you threw  
 yourself into a world of pain. See  
 a pattern here?  
 (holding up inkblot)  
 So let's try this again...

CUT TO:

**EXT. SOE TRAINING GROUNDS - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN**

Back on the jogging-scene once more. Straddling the Redhead, Nancy looks around at the cheering Male Recruits, finally feeling like she has won. But then, she realizes that they're not cheering for her --

DR. TIMMONS (V.O.)  
 What do you see, Nancy?

They're jeering at her. Because beneath her, the Redhead is making a sexual thrusting-motion with his hips, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. DR. TIMMONS' OFFICE - DAY**

Nancy stares at the inkblot for a long time, masking her vulnerability with contempt --

NANCY  
 What do I see? An able-bodied man,  
 hiding behind a Cambridge degree  
 and a smear of ink. That's what I  
 see, Dr. Timmons.

Dismayed, Dr. Timmons writes this down, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. MESS HALL - EVENING**

Nancy eats alone yet again, when an apple hits her on the back. She ignores it. Another apple hits her, which she also ignores. Until a third apple hits her, square in the head --

Fed up, Nancy stands, clenching her fists. She turns toward the Male Recruits, only to find Denis Rake --

DENDEN  
 They throw apples because they're  
 still cross about Eve. Denis Rake --  
 but my friends call me Denden.

He offers a handshake, which Nancy accepts --

NANCY  
Care for a nightcap, Denden?

**INT. WOMEN'S DORM - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy digs through her things, as Denden surveys the vast, lonely room, his voice echoing --

DENDEN  
At least you get some privacy with  
your isolation.

NANCY  
I requested to live with the men,  
but they said the showers would be  
a goddamn stampede.

DENDEN  
Yet they expect me to control  
myself.  
(off her look)  
That's why they hate me, my dear.  
We both like cock.  
(off her surprise)  
Unless you swing the other way?

NANCY  
No, I-- How can you be so...?

DENDEN  
Myself? Because if I can't be who I  
am, the goose-steppers already have  
their jackboot on my throat.

Nancy finds what she's looking for: A bottle of booze --

DENDEN (CONT'D)  
Besides, the only reason all those  
leather-clad krauts aren't queer is  
because they haven't tried it with  
me yet.

Nancy bursts into laughter, forming an alliance of outcasts.

**EXT. JUMP TRAINING TOWER - ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT**

Nancy and Denden sit on the tower platform, gazing upon the moonlit countryside, sharing the bottle --

NANCY  
Did he use the ink-stain on you?

DENDEN  
 (pretentious voice)  
 "What do you see?"  
 (they both laugh)  
 Oh, and he had an absolute field  
 day when I told him my mother sold  
 me to the circus at the age of six.

NANCY  
 He actually believed that?

Denden takes the bottle from Nancy, caps it and turns it  
 upside down, then balances it on his forehead --

DENDEN  
 He actually believed it, Nancy--

He flips the bottle up and catches it behind his back --

DENDEN (CONT'D)  
 --because it's actually my life.  
 (bowing)  
 Denden, the orphaned circus queer.

NANCY  
 (clapping)  
 Bravo. You'll be a hit in France.

Denden sits next to Nancy and takes a drink --

DENDEN  
 Unfortunately, the shrink doesn't  
 agree. Says I'm not fit because I  
 refuse to hide my "homosexual  
 illness". I'm afraid he's going to  
 fail me.

Processing, Nancy comes alight with a drunken notion --

NANCY  
 Wanna do something foolish?

#### **EXT. SOE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER**

A brick building near the dorms. Denden stands guard, while  
 Nancy kneels at the side door, picking the lock...

#### **INT. RECORDS ROOM - SOE OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy and Denden scan the shelves of SOE Recruit files and  
 find theirs, which they begin to read --

NANCY

I get excellent marks in combat,  
tactics, explosives, *lock-picking*.

DENDEN

"Rake's among the best radio  
operators we've seen, but--"  
Christ. A one in marksmanship. What  
can I say? I loathe guns.

NANCY

Well, I got a two on that damned  
jump training.

DENDEN

Actually...

Denden grabs a pen off the nearby desk and changes his "1"  
into a "7" -- then he changes Nancy's "2" into --

DENDEN (CONT'D)

You got an eight.

They continue through their files, arriving at the  
"Psychological Profile" --

DENDEN (CONT'D)

Ah, here we are. From the good Dr.  
Timmons: "Rake's shameless  
perversion is a danger to troop  
cohesion." Not true, I just want  
every man to get even closer.  
"And his obsession with--  
(chuckling)  
--*scrotums* indicates a severe  
mental illness." I couldn't help  
myself, he squirmed every time I  
mentioned bollocks.

They both laugh, as Nancy begins reading her profile in the  
same jocular tone --

NANCY

"Wake is extraordinarily motivated  
to return to France--"

DENDEN

I think that's his version of nice--

NANCY

--but this bravado masks deep  
insecurity and a remarkable lack of  
self-awareness. The guilt over her  
husband's--"



Nancy pauses at the mention of Henri, her mood darkening --

DENDEN

Alright, that's quite enough--

NANCY

--her husband's capture, coupled with childhood trauma, compounds the danger of grave instability. It is my judgement that she is not..."

She looks up at Denden, wounded by the harsh judgement --

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm not fit for command.

DENDEN

Psychobabble horseshit.

Denden pulls the page from her file, motioning to the typewriter on the desk --

DENDEN (CONT'D)

Let's tell our own story, shall we?

#### **INT. MESS HALL - MORNING**

Nancy and Denden finish breakfast, and as they walk out together, they pass the table of Male Recruits --

And Nancy drops an apple-core in front of the Redhead.

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (PRE-LAP)

"Wake is very popular with her peers."

#### **INT. COLONEL BUCKMASTER'S OFFICE - 64 BAKER STREET - DAY**

Now in uniform, Nancy and Denden stand at attention before Gielgud and Buckmaster, who review their doctored files --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER

That's what her file says. Funny thing, though: We employ Dr. Timmons to find flaws, not praise.

MAJOR GIELGUD

Perhaps we've been duped, sir.

Buckmaster stands and slowly walks around his desk, looming, as Nancy and Denden shift nervously under his glare --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
 If a German spy were to penetrate  
 the SOE, he -- or maybe *she* --  
 would surely covet access to our  
 personnel records...

Buckmaster draws his sidearm, tension building --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
 I'm only going to ask nicely once:  
 Whose idea was it to break in?  
 (to Denden)  
 Was it you, Rake?

Denden stays silent, refusing to rat out Nancy. Without  
 warning, Buckmaster pistol-whips him --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
 Answer me! Did the Germans send a  
 queer into our midst?

But Denden keeps his now-bleeding lips shut. Buckmaster turns  
 to Nancy and opens the chamber, revealing the bullet inside --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
 Or did they send a bitch?

He presses the pistol to her forehead, her pulse racing --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
 Who was it? *Who?*  
 (cocking the pistol)  
 LAST CHANCE -- WHO?!

His finger tenses on the trigger -- but Nancy still doesn't  
 crack -- he squeezes -- CLICK. A dummy bullet.

Shaken, Nancy catches her breath. Buckmaster calmly holsters  
 his sidearm and offers Denden a handkerchief for his lip --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
 Good show. A silent man may yet hold  
 information, so he stays alive.  
 (to Nancy)  
 But a woman, she must ingratiate.  
 Play the part, grovel, cry--

MAJOR GIELGUD  
 --fuck if you have to--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
 --swallow that pride. Because in  
 France, the bullets will be real.

Nancy and Denden exchange a glance: They're going to France --

NANCY  
Yes, sir.

DENDEN  
Thank you, sir.

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
You'll share the rank of Captain,  
but as your radio man, Rake will  
report to you, Nancy.

Buckmaster nods to Gielgud, who pulls down a detailed map of  
France, which is divided into SOE regions --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
Each region represents an active  
SOE operation. Smuggling in Paris,  
foundering U-boats in Cannes. Even  
got a woman who blew up a munitions  
factory in Toulouse last week.

He points to the Auvergne, a mountainous, remote region in  
central France, with train-lines running throughout --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
You're assigned to the Auvergne.  
Not far from Vichy, teeming with  
Germans. Mud and blood. Harsh  
weather, impossible terrain,  
befitting the Resistance fighters  
who operate there: The Maquis--

MAJOR GIELGUD  
--name themselves after scrub-brush  
because they're hard to kill--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
--and control. Your predecessor  
didn't last a week before they ran  
him out. Man before that got  
dysentery and they left him--

MAJOR GIELGUD  
--shit himself to death, alone in  
the woods--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
--doubtful you'll do much better.  
Your first mission is to establish  
command over the largest band of  
Maquis in the region. They're led  
by Major Gaspard--

MAJOR GIELGUD  
--a right prick--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER

--who hates the SOE. He fears that, once we clear out the krauts, we're fitting to keep France for ourselves. Fortunately, he's low on supplies, which we can provide.

NANCY

And if he won't cooperate?

COLONEL BUCKMASTER

You will bring him to heel or die trying. The Auvergne is centrally located, crucial for moving resources throughout France. We must control it if the coming Allied invasion is to be a success. So time is of the essence--

NANCY

We'll prepare to ship out at once--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER

Ship out? No, I'm afraid not.

(to Denden)

You'll be dropped at Montlucon, where there's a radio waiting.

(to Nancy)

And you're dropping near the Cantal Mountains, where Gaspard and his Maquis are hiding.

(Nancy blanches)

Relax, Captain. You got excellent marks on your jump training.

PRE-LAP: Propellers beating and flak exploding...

#### **INT. LIBERATOR BOMBER - NIGHT**

Wind whips past the open door of the Liberator, which is jumping up and down, taking heavy flak over occupied France. Nancy huddles nearby, vomiting ignominiously into a bag.

SUPER: MARCH 31, 1944

The AIRMAN approaches. Helping Nancy up under the staggering weight of her pack, he leads her to the open door. She gazes out into the darkness, afraid... But before she can even think of turning back, the Airman shoves her out into --

#### **THE NIGHT SKY**

Nancy whips through void -- static line jerking -- her chute opens as flak explodes nearby, sending her into a spin -- she tries to pull out of it, aiming for a fallow field, ground rushing up, terrifyingly disorienting --

She misses the mark and crashes into the branches of a tree, scratching her face and leaving her stuck hanging, hopelessly tangled. She tries to get her bearings, but down the road --

An ARMED FIGURE approaches. Nancy has no idea if he's friend or foe. She reaches for the pistol at her side, but she's too tangled to grab it. She strains, pulse pounding, as --

He steps into a beam of moonlight, revealing a kind, soulful French SOE contact: LIEUTENANT TARDIVAT (mid 30s) --

TARDIVAT

If only all the trees in France  
could bear such beautiful fruit--

NANCY

Just get me down, and cut out that  
French shit!

Welcome back, Nancy.

**EXT. AUVERGNE COUNTRYSIDE - MOMENTS LATER**

Tardivat helps Nancy down from the tree, offering a handshake -- but she draws her knife instead --

NANCY

The milk is sour.

TARDIVAT

But the cream is fresh.

Nancy nods, satisfied with the code, sheathing her knife --

TARDIVAT (CONT'D)

Lieutenant Tardivat. I'll be your  
liaison with the Maquis.

NANCY

Captain Wake. Where's your spade?

TARDIVAT

Sorry?

NANCY

Get with it, Lieutenant.  
(re: her parachute)  
Protocol dictates that we bury this  
before the Germans find it--

TARDIVAT

I haven't seen this much silk since  
Paris fell--

NANCY

Did you not hear the Captain part?

TARDIVAT

Forgive me if this is more French  
shit, but I was a tailor long  
before I was a soldier.

Nancy's first test of leadership. Respecting the sentiment,  
she chooses to ignore protocol and gives him the parachute --

TARDIVAT (CONT'D)

Thank you, *Captain*--

On the road, headlights appear around the bend. Tardivat  
yanks Nancy into the ditch, hiding in the tall grass, as --

A VW Kubelwagen rolls up, freighted with GERMAN SOLDIERS.  
They shine a spotlight into the ditch, tension building...

But they drive onward.

#### **EXT. OUTSKIRTS - CHAUDES-AIGUES VILLAGE - LATER**

Nestled in the foothills of the Cantal Mountains. Tardivat  
leads Nancy around the perimeter, avoiding the GERMAN  
CHECKPOINTS. But Nancy stops, training her binoculars on --

#### **THE VILLAGE SQUARE**

BINOCULARS POV: A spotlight illuminates a Nazi flag. A DEAD  
WOMAN hangs beneath it, with a sign around her neck: "Maquis  
Bitch". Just below that, her belly has been knifed open,  
viscera spilling out. And on the ground --

A dead fetus.

#### **EXT. CANTAL FOOTHILLS - DAWN**

Tardivat leads Nancy through the thick, hilly forest --

TARDIVAT

We're getting close--

Suddenly, a rifle-butt blasts Nancy on her forehead, knocking  
her to the ground. An ARMED MAN looms, aiming at her. More  
ARMED MEN appear, rifles trained on Tardivat.

**INT. CELLAR - FARMHOUSE - DAY**

A hood is ripped off Nancy's head, revealing a nasty gash, dried blood on her face. She is tied to a chair, sitting across from MAJOR GASPARD, who wears a patch on his left eye. He is flanked by a half-dozen BATTLE-SCARRED MAQUIS --

GASPARD

They send a girl this time, hoping her tits will save her neck. But do you know what I see? The Crown's cunt, plotting to rule us.

He leans close, right in Nancy's blood-caked face --

GASPARD (CONT'D)

Isn't that right, *cunt*?

NANCY

That's right, Major Gaspard. They told me to grovel and cry and even fuck into your good graces.

The Maquis are surprised, if not impressed, by her candor --

NANCY (CONT'D)

But I prefer to offer honest aid. Your Maquis are in need--

GASPARD

SOE propaganda--

NANCY

I can supply you--

GASPARD

A deal with the devil to steal our homeland--

NANCY

And you know you can trust me--

GASPARD

No more than the Germans--

NANCY

Because I'm Nancy Wake, The White Mouse of Marseille.

That lands, silencing Gaspard --

NANCY (CONT'D)

Yes. I am The White Mouse, and I love France as much as any man here. I don't plot to be your ruler, I only hope to be your ally.

We sense the room beginning to shift in her favor, but --

GASPARD

Forgive me, I didn't realize we were in the presence of greatness--

NANCY

Hardly--

GASPARD

But from what I've heard, the real story isn't so great: You seduced an old fool, blew his money, and left him to rot in prison for your mistakes. Which explains why I found this in your pack--

Gaspard produces Nancy's wedding ring--

GASPARD (CONT'D)

--instead of on your finger.

He knows he has hit a nerve, as Nancy flushes red --

NANCY

I-- I took it off to protect him--

GASPARD

But I'm sure you can get another rich man to finance your escapades--

NANCY

Give it back--

GASPARD

In fact, you already have, and he's a big step up: The King of England. But unlike you, I'm loyal--

NANCY

Give it back, goddamnit--

GASPARD

And I don't want to end up buried next to your forgotten husband--

NANCY

GIVE IT BACK!



Nancy lunges at Gaspard -- but she's restrained, so she just tips herself over and writhes helplessly on the ground, the gash on her forehead now bleeding again. Gaspard straddles her, verging on sexual violation --

GASPARD

See? Her tits make her top-heavy.

He raises his fist and swings at her temple, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERROGATION - GESTAPO PRISON (MARSEILLE) - NIGHT**

Henri huddles in a dark corner, shivering, his naked body covered with infected welts and burns. The door opens and Captain Böhm enters. He approaches Henri, who reels in fear --

CAPTAIN BÖHM

Shhh, it's alright. Breathe...

Böhm takes off his jacket and wraps it around Henri --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (CONT'D)

She's alive, Henri. I've just learned that she escaped through Spain and took a ship to England. Do you have any idea how many people we have there? We will find her, whether you tell me or not. So for your sake, please -- where did you hide her?

Henri takes a long beat, perhaps wavering... But he throws off the jacket, unwilling to cooperate. Böhm sighs, grabs it off the floor, and heads for the door. As he exits, TWO GESTAPO enter, armed with batons --

HENRI

No, NO--

CUT TO:

**INT. CELLAR - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT**

Nancy regains consciousness, still tied to the tipped-over chair, Tardivat cutting the ropes and jostling her --

TARDIVAT

Captain?

He helps Nancy to her feet, giving back her wedding ring --

TARDIVAT (CONT'D)  
 He said take it and go. I agree.  
 They'll never accept you.

Rather than hide it in her pack again, Nancy puts the wedding ring on her finger, considering her next move... Then --

NANCY  
 No. No, Gaspard already accused me  
 of running out on my husband--

TARDIVAT  
 I know a village where you could  
 have a warm bed, a hot meal--

NANCY  
 Running confirms his narrative--

TARDIVAT  
 He'll kill you--

NANCY  
 I'm *not* running.

**EXT. GASPARD'S CAMP - CANTAL FOOTHILLS - LATER**

Situated around an old farmhouse in the forested foothills.  
 We glimpse roughly 100 MAQUIS eating dinner throughout.  
 Gaspard holds court at the center fire-pit, as --

Nancy and Tardivat sit on the perimeter. Nancy digs into her pack and produces a bottle of chilli-sauce, dousing her rotten mutton. Meanwhile, Tardivat tailors the parachute --

NANCY  
 Something for your wife?  
 (he nods)  
 Do you feel guilty, leaving her to  
 go fight?

TARDIVAT  
 It's the second World War in twenty  
 years. We're all guilty.

Nancy nods, trying to put Henri out of her mind. She looks around at all the hostile faces, watching her --

NANCY  
 So how's Gaspard going to kill me?

TARDIVAT  
 Not openly, not a woman. We may all  
 be guilty, but not that guilty.

NANCY  
Poison, then.

Nancy pushes away her plate of rotten mutton, hyper-alert, surrounded by potential assassins...

TARDIVAT  
Captain, we can still go--

But she waves him silent, as a handsome Frenchman, FRANC, approaches from across the camp --

NANCY  
Of course, he sends the pretty boy.

Franc saunters up, addressing Nancy --

FRANC  
Apologies, madame. As a proud chef,  
I must admit, this slop isn't fit  
for your lips.

Nancy glances at Gaspard, who's trying to hide the fact that he's observing this interaction --

NANCY  
And what should my lips enjoy?

FRANC  
A serviceable bordeaux in my tent?

Nancy stands and allows Franc to lead her into his tent. Both Tardivat and Gaspard watch, tension building... Then a shriek erupts and the whole camp turns to look --

As Nancy exits the tent, leaving a pained Franc sprawled on the ground, holding his crotch. She heads directly to Gaspard and tosses the bottle of chilli-sauce at his feet, speaking loudly enough for all the Maquis to hear --

NANCY  
I'm hiking to the plateau to help  
any Maquis who's willing. When  
you're done starving, come find me.

#### **EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - CANTAL MOUNTAINS - DAY**

Exhausted from the long hike, Nancy and Tardivat trudge up the steep trail. They hear the rumble of an engine and take cover behind a tree, drawing their pistols, as --

A motorcycle approaches from behind. As it nears, Nancy recognizes Denden, who's riding on the back --

NANCY  
Sonofabitch.

She flags him down. The MALE DRIVER parks and Denden hops off, carrying a rucksack. He leans in to kiss the Driver, who reels, afraid of open affection, then speeds off, as --

Tardivat turns to Nancy, surprised, as Denden runs up --

DENDEN  
(hugging her)  
When I heard you'd left Gaspard, I  
convinced a lovely young man to  
give me a ride.  
(off Nancy's look)  
What?

Nancy just shakes her head and smiles.

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - LATER**

A squalid fire-pit and some moldy blankets. Flies swarm the half-butchered cow that hangs from a branch. 30 THREADBARE MAQUIS chat idly. Their grizzled leader, FOURNIER, picks a filthy cigarette butt out of the mud and smokes it, as --

Nancy, Denden, and Tardivat approach. All the Maquis turn and stare, a few reaching for their ancient, rusty guns --

But Nancy raises her hands in peace, as we begin --

**A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:**

-- Denden unzips his rucksack, revealing radio components, as we hear the famed Radio London opening --

RADIO LONDON BROADCASTER (V.O.)  
This is London.

-- Denden masterfully assembles complex tubing and wires --

RADIO LONDON BROADCASTER (V.O.)  
The French speaking to the French.

-- Denden runs the long antenna up a tree --

RADIO LONDON BROADCASTER (V.O.)  
Before we begin, please listen to  
some personal messages...

-- Finally, Denden sits before a fully assembled SOE radio, adjusting dozens of dials --

RADIO LONDON BROADCASTER  
 Jean has a long mustache. There is  
 a fire at the insurance agency. The  
 frog croaks thrice--

He turns it down, as Nancy addresses the gathered Maquis --

NANCY  
 Gentlemen, this is not gibberish.  
 It's code that can bring you canned  
 meat and orange juice. Chocolate  
 and cigarettes--

FOURNIER  
 French cigarettes?

NANCY  
 French cigarettes. Tents to shield  
 you from the French rain. Boots to  
 tromp through French mud. And  
 penicillin for the clap you get  
 from the French whores.  
 (the Maquis laugh)  
 Most of all, it's guns to kill the  
 Nazis who are occupying French  
 land. Because this is not at all  
 gibberish -- it's your *salvation*.

The Maquis seem cautiously amenable. Nancy nods to Denden,  
 who begins to tap morse code over the radio, and we --

CUT TO:

**INT. CODING HALL - 64 BAKER STREET - DAY**

The vast hall that Nancy glimpsed from the catwalk, filled  
 with men on radios and coding machines. A RADIO OPERATOR  
 decodes a message and raises his hand --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (PRE-LAP)  
 She's alive, at least.

**INT. COLONEL BUCKMASTER'S OFFICE - 64 BAKER STREET - LATER**

Gielgud shows Buckmaster the transcription from Nancy --

MAJOR GIELGUD  
 For now, sir. But she's fallen in  
 with bloody dregs. No real  
 victories. Best known for pilfering  
 livestock from nearby farmers.

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
 Well, tell her she's got eight  
 weeks to turn them from rabble with  
 guns into a disciplined regiment.  
 Eight weeks, then all hell breaks  
 loose.

Buckmaster motions to his desk, which features plans for the  
 imminent D-Day invasion, code-named "Operation Overlord" --

CUT TO:

**INT. LIBERATOR BOMBER - NIGHT**

Engines roaring, BRITISH AIRMEN sweat and strain, heaving a  
 supply-crate out the bay doors, to --

**THE NIGHT SKY**

The parachute opens and the crate floats down, visible from --

**AN OPEN FIELD ON THE CANTAL PLATEAU**

Where Nancy, Tardivat, Fournier, and three Spanish Brothers --  
 RODRIGO, JUAN, and MATEO -- watch from behind a rock --

NANCY  
 As soon as it lands, we haul it  
 away to safety--

Ignoring Nancy, Fournier and the Spanish Brothers sprint into  
 the middle of the field, ripping open the supply-crate the  
 moment it touches down. Fournier grabs the cigarettes --

NANCY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You're dead, Fournier.

He turns to see Nancy, pointing her pistol at him --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 The Germans have radar. They could  
 be on us within twenty minutes, and  
 you're standing here, in the middle  
 of a fucking field, smoking fucking  
 cigarettes.

In response, Fournier blows cigarette-smoke in her face.

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - LATER**

Fournier and the Maquis enjoy the SOE's bounty, trading tins  
 of meat, cigarettes, and bottles of wine. Nancy walks up --

NANCY  
 Into your bags. We have a long day  
 tomorrow and every day after.

FOURNIER  
 (saluting)  
 Yes, sir!

Vexed, Nancy grabs a bottle of wine from the crate and heads off, as the Maquis continue reveling.

**EXT. HOT SPRING - CANTAL PLATEAU - DAWN**

Nancy bathes in the hot spring, a rare moment of peace, interrupted by a rustle in the bushes. She grabs her pistol --

NANCY  
 Show yourself.

Rodrigo, Mateo, and Juan appear, hands raised --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 Rodrigo, Mateo, and Juan, the  
 Spanish Brothers. You survived a  
 civil war, came all the way here to  
 fight the fascists, and I could've  
 shot you dead -- for what?

Nancy rises from the water, exposing her flesh. At first, the Spanish Brothers gawk. But the longer she stands naked, the less sexual she is -- now just a human being. She steps toward them, gun still aimed, getting very close --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
*This?*

Deeply ashamed, now, the Spanish Brothers look away --

NANCY (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)  
 Yes, I've got hole.

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - MORNING**

The hungover Maquis are lined up at attention. Nancy walks past the Spanish Brothers, who are unable to meet her gaze --

NANCY  
 You think this makes me weak.

Fournier is at the end of the line, smoking a cigarette --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 You think I'll faint at the sight  
 of a little blood.

Nancy smacks the hell out of him, sending his cigarette flying. He stands there, shocked --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
I've been bleeding my whole life.

And she smacks him again. Enraged, Fournier throws her down and pins her with his size advantage. He raises his fist to strike, but can't bring himself to do it, as we --

FLASH TO:

**INT. NANCY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT**

NANCY'S MOTHER clutches a Bible in one hand, her other raised to strike YOUNG NANCY, as we --

FLASH TO:

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - MORNING**

Nancy spits in Fournier's face, so he cracks her on the jaw --

NANCY  
My fucking mother hit harder--

Fournier hits her again and again, a series of sickening thuds -- and Nancy takes it, showing the Maquis that she can endure a brutal beating, as we --

FLASH TO:

**INT. NANCY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT**

NANCY'S FIVE SIBLINGS watch as Nancy's Mother lays into Young Nancy, striking her repeatedly, as we --

FLASH TO:

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - MORNING**

Fournier relents, unpinning Nancy, who lies bleeding. Disgusted, he turns his back on her and walks away --

But Nancy isn't finished: She grabs the lit cigarette off the ground, stalks up behind Fournier -- and burns it into his cheek, flesh searing, he screams --

And Nancy puts him in a headlock. Writhing desperately, he pulls her hair and bites her arm -- but Nancy holds fast, choking Fournier into passing out. Covered in mud and blood, she stands and faces the Maquis --

Who stare in shocked silence.



**EXT. CANTAL PLATEAU - MORNING**

With Nancy in the lead, the Maquis jog through the rugged forest. Fournier pukes up last night's wine --

GERMAN PROPAGANDIST (V.O.)  
Women of France, we are here to  
liberate you.

Nancy offers a helping hand, but he pushes her away, spitting flecks of vomit on her boots, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - DAY**

The Maquis assemble their new Bren Guns --

GERMAN PROPAGANDIST (V.O.)  
Your countrymen do not respect you.

Fournier points his Bren Gun at Nancy's back, making a firing motion, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROCK WALL - FOURNIER'S CAMP - EVENING**

Nancy diagrams battle tactics, using a stone to make white marks on the rock --

GERMAN PROPAGANDIST (V.O.)  
They do not listen to you.

When she turns, she sees that the Maquis aren't paying attention, but rather talking and smoking, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - DAWN**

Nancy squats behind a tree, urinating. She hears a rustle in the bushes, pulls up her pants, and turns --

GERMAN PROPAGANDIST (V.O.)  
They impose sexual submission.

To see the back of a Maquis who is running off, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - EVENING**

Nancy hands out supplies to the Maquis, who grab everything as fast as they can --

GERMAN PROPAGANDIST (V.O.)  
They usurp your body.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CANTAL PLATEAU - DAY**

The Maquis fire their new Bren Guns at targets, but most miss. Nancy tries to demonstrate proper technique -- but a bullet slams into the tree by her head --

GERMAN PROPAGANDIST (V.O.)  
They violate your soul.

She whips around to see who fired, suspecting Fournier, but nobody will make eye-contact, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - EVENING**

Fournier and the Maquis sit by the fire-pit, eating dinner, clearly at odds with --

Nancy, who eats by the radio with Denden and Tardivat --

GERMAN PROPAGANDIST  
Turn in your traitorous husbands  
and brothers to the Gestapo, and  
you will be welcomed into a new era  
of freedom--

Nancy turns off the radio --

NANCY  
Goebbels is clever, I'll grant him  
that.  
(re: the Maquis)  
Half a mind to turn them in myself.  
(off Tardivat's shrug)  
Go on then, spit it out.

TARDIVAT  
Respectfully, Captain: A leader  
with no victories earns no respect.

DENDEN  
Oh, to hell with them, Nan, just  
respect yourself.

Nancy processes their dueling advice... Then --

NANCY  
You're both right.

She turns the radio back on --

GERMAN PROPAGANDIST  
--women of France, we are here to  
liberate you--

NANCY  
Where's this shit spewing from?

Thunder cracks in the distance, and we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. BROADCAST STATION - CHAUDES-AIGUES VILLAGE - NIGHT**

BINOCULARS POV: Rain pours, muting the three spotlights posted at the corners of the razor-wire fence that surrounds the radio tower. ARMED GUARDS patrol the perimeter --

NANCY (O.S.)  
I need five brave men.

We PULL OUT to --

**THE FORESTED OUTSKIRTS**

Where Nancy hides with her Maquis, scouting the target with her binoculars. Tardivat steps forward without hesitation --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Nobody else?

Rodrigo steps forward, his taciturn brothers following --

RODRIGO  
We owe amends.

NANCY  
Then you'll take the spotlights.  
Now I need one more man...?  
(nobody volunteers)  
This is the same village where a  
woman was hung in the-- Do I really  
have to remind you? With the baby?

At last, Fournier steps forward --

FOURNIER  
Her name was Chloe.

NANCY

I assume you meant to miss me with that shot in the forest?

(he nods)

Good, then you're our sniper. Wait for the lightning, count to three, fire with the thunder.

TARDIVAT

What about us, Captain?

Nancy opens her pack, revealing bricks of C-4...

**EXT. FENCE-LINE - BROADCAST STATION - MOMENTS LATER**

Mateo, Rodrigo, and Juan split up, crouching along the fence-line, each heading for one of the three spotlights, as --

**ON A NEARBY ROOFTOP**

Fournier finishes climbing a drainpipe and lays down in sniper position, calibrating his rifle-scope, as --

**AT A SPOTLIGHT**

Rodrigo skulks up behind a GUARD, draws his knife -- and plunges it into the Guard's neck. He takes hold of the spotlight, dipping the beam slightly. In the rainy distance, another spotlight beam dips, then the third, as --

**AT THE MAIN GATE**

FOUR GUARDS are alerted, calling out for their compatriots. Two of them head off toward the spotlights to find out what happened, leaving only two Guards left at the gate, as --

**BEHIND A NEARBY TREE**

Tardivat preps the C-4, while Nancy scouts --

NANCY

It's time.

She draws her knife, which shakes in her hand --

TARDIVAT

Your first kill?

But she masks her fear with bravado --

NANCY

You have your orders, Lieutenant.

He ducks low and heads toward the Guard on the south side of the main gate, as --

We stay with Nancy, who skulks toward the Guard on the north side. She sneaks up behind him, just a few feet away, knife poised, hands really shaking now, as --

To the south, Tardivat stabs his Guard, causing a commotion. The other Guard spooks, turning back -- and he sees Nancy. They both stand, frozen for a moment... Then the Guard lunges at her, grabbing the knife, as --

#### **ON A NEARBY ROOFTOP**

Fournier sees this struggle in a flash of lightning, aiming --

FOURNIER

One... Two...

#### **BACK AT THE MAIN GATE**

Nancy's losing, arms trembling as the Guard presses the knife to her throat, but --

Thunder cracks, masking the sniper-shot that sends a bullet through the Guard's temple, spraying blood on Nancy, as --

Tardivat runs up, shaking her out of it, no time to process. Together, they open the gate and slip into the --

#### **BROADCAST TOWER COMPOUND**

A broadcast building and a tall tower, which is supported by three struts. Nancy and Tardivat grab C-4, as --

#### **AT A SPOTLIGHT**

One of the Guards who left the main gate stands over the dead body of his compatriot. Alarmed, the Guard immediately flips the spotlight back on, illuminating the --

#### **BROADCAST TOWER COMPOUND**

Where Nancy is rigging C-4 to one of the struts, setting a short fuse, just as the beam of light hits her --

NANCY

RUN!

Tardivat lights the fuse on his C-4 and takes off, sprinting for the main gate, as --

#### **ALONG THE FENCE-LINE**

The two remaining Guards aim their rifles, about to shoot Nancy -- BANG -- one of them is taken out by Fournier's sniper bullet, which isn't masked by thunder this time. The remaining Guard ducks low, running for cover, as --

#### **IN THE BROADCAST TOWER COMPOUND**

Nancy finishes rigging the final strut with C-4, setting the fuse even shorter. She sprints for the main gate --

But she's tackled by the last Guard. They roll around in the muck, rain hammering down, as --

#### **ON A NEARBY ROOFTOP**

Fournier aims but doesn't have a shot, he'd risk killing Nancy, and the village alarm starts blaring --

So Fournier switches his aim to the German barracks across the village, where A DOZEN SOLDIERS rush out, heading for the broadcast station. Well out of range, Fournier fires off a fusillade, trying to delay them, as --

#### **AT THE MAIN GATE**

The Guard shoves Nancy's face into a puddle, so that she's sucking muck, almost passed out --

The first C-4 pack explodes, shrapnel flying --

Giving Nancy an opening to buck the Guard --

The second C-4 pack explodes, tilting the tower --

This time, Nancy doesn't hesitate: She chops the Guard's throat, crushing his windpipe, watching him gasp his final, pained breath, the light leaving his eyes --

The third C-4 pack explodes, toppling the tower, metal shrieking and groaning like a death knell --

Just as an old bus pulls up to the main gate. The doors open, it's Tardivat. He runs to Nancy, who is transfixed on the body of the first man she killed. He pulls her away, into --

#### **THE OLD BUS**

Rodrigo drives. Mateo and Juan are here, too. Fournier hangs out the window, laying cover fire. They speed off, as --

The tower collapses in a heap of metal and flames --

And a shell-shocked Nancy stares at her bloody hands...

FOURNIER (PRE-LAP)  
She killed him *bare-fucking-handed*.

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - DAWN**

Nancy slugs wine, repressing her conflicted emotions, as the Maquis celebrate their first major victory --

FOURNIER  
(re: his scarred cheek)  
I thought this was rough, turns out  
it's her version of a kiss.

Everyone laughs, so Nancy forces a smile. Fournier stands and holds up his wine --

FOURNIER (CONT'D)  
To Captain Wake.

They all raise their glasses and drink. Fournier nods to Denden, who turns on the radio, which is just static --

DENDEN  
Seems something happened to the  
Nazi radio station.  
(raucous laughter)  
Let's try the BBC, shall we?

He adjusts the dial and lively music plays. Without warning, the Maquis hoist Nancy and start dancing around her.

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - EVENING**

Catharsis. The Maquis clap as Denden puts on a circus show --

But Nancy sits off to the side, drinking alone --

TARDIVAT (O.S.)  
It gets easier.

She turns to see Tardivat, who sits next to her --

NANCY  
I've witnessed plenty of killing.  
But it was removed. Almost...  
exciting? That seems goddamn  
idiotic, now.

She holds up her bruised, and now *lethal*, hands --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
My husband took me to get my nails  
done, every Monday. He wouldn't  
even recognize them anymore.

TARDIVAT

My wife is many things, it doesn't  
stop me from loving her.

As Nancy fiddles with her wedding ring, we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARK - MARSEILLE - DAY**

FRENCH FAMILIES stand aside, as Captain Böhm takes a stroll through the park, hand in hand with his YOUNG DAUGHTER, who has her German Shepherd puppy on a leash --

CAPTAIN BÖHM

--can't let him off the leash,  
honey. You see, this park, it runs  
on rules. It's up to good men like  
papa to enforce these rules.

He points to his prominent swastika arm-band --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (CONT'D)

That's why this symbol is so  
important. It means order. Like...  
well, like a papa for everyone--

Böhm stops when he sees his AIDE rushing up, winded --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (CONT'D)

It couldn't wait?

AIDE

Sir, there's news from the  
Auvergne. Rumors of a woman.

CUT TO:

**INT. NANCY'S TENT - MORNING**

A frantic Denden shakes Nancy awake --

DENDEN

There's trouble!

**EXT. CANTAL PLATEAU - MOMENTS LATER**

Leaving the camp behind, Nancy follows Denden, running through the forest --

NANCY

What-- What is it?



DENDEN

No time to explain, just hurry--

They come to a clearing that is the now-familiar --

### **HOT SPRING**

ALL THE MAQUIS

SURPRISE!

Nancy is shocked to find the Maquis, covered in grime, as if they've been working through the long night. They part, revealing the old bus from the raid --

DENDEN

Your new home, Nan.

NANCY

How the hell did you get it up here? We stalled out in the foothills.

DENDEN

(re: the Spanish Brothers)  
They pushed it. All night.

RODRIGO

We thought you deserved some privacy, Captain.

Nancy smiles as Tardivat leads her into --

### **THE OLD BUS**

To reveal that several rows of seats have been ripped out, the cushions made into a full mattress. There are curtains hanging on the windows, and in the very back, laid out --

A silk nightgown tailored from Nancy's parachute, wan morning sunlight filtering through. Nancy tries it on --

NANCY

Tardivat, it's perfect. But it's for your wife.

TARDIVAT

As is everything I create -- but she can't wear it.

(off Nancy's confusion)  
She died in '41. She'd want you to have this.

Touched, Nancy hugs Tardivat, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. GASPARD'S CAMP - CANTAL FOOTHILLS - EVENING**

Thin soup is ladled into a bowl. Franc serves the gaunt, Maquis, who sit around the fire. Gaspard swats a fly, as --

We hear the ominous drone of aircraft engines. Suddenly, four Luftwaffe Focke-Wulf fighters appear on the horizon --

GASPARD

TAKE COVER--

Off the banshee scream of machine-guns, we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - MORNING**

Nancy and her Maquis eat breakfast around the fire -- as a man on guard-duty runs up, out of breath.

**EXT. CANTAL PLATEAU - MOMENTS LATER**

Perched on a rock, Nancy looks through binoculars, at --

**THE FOREST BELOW**

Where the blood-spattered Gaspard limps slowly up toward the plateau, leading his INJURED AND EXHAUSTED MAQUIS...

**INT. THE OLD BUS - DAY**

Gaspard sits unbound in a chair. Nancy sits across from him, with Fournier, Tardivat, and Denden at her back --

NANCY

Do you know the real difference  
between men and women, Gaspard? And  
please don't say tits again--

GASPARD

Fuck you--

Fournier backhands Gaspard, silencing him --

NANCY

See? Men solve problems with  
violence. The Germans were violent  
to you, which brings you here.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

And you were violent to me, which makes my men want to hang you from the highest tree. But lucky for you, Gaspard, I've been thinking about how women solve problems. We do it by talking -- talking about our dreaded feelings. Right now, you feel fear. Anger. But beneath that, *shame*. We both know that acid churn. Exactly as you feel now, you made me feel. And I could've stayed in your camp, puffing my chest, until some man murdered me. I could've died of shame. But that would be a shamefully stupid way to die, don't you agree?

As Gaspard grudgingly nods assent, we --

CUT TO:

**INT. MEDICAL TENT - DAY**

Denden tends to the wounded with SOE medical supplies --

NANCY (V.O.)

Good. D-Day is imminent, and I need every soldier I can get. So I'm going to heal your Maquis.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CANTAL PLATEAU - MORNING**

Nancy watches as the growing Maquis -- ROUGHLY 100 MEN -- perform target practice with their new Bren Guns, hitting their marks nearly every time --

NANCY (V.O.)

I'm going to nurture them.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROCK WALL - FOURNIER'S CAMP - EVENING**

Nancy once again diagrams military tactics on the wall, but now, she commands every Maquis' keen attention --

NANCY (V.O.)

I'm going to school them.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE OLD BUS - DAY**

Back on Nancy and Gaspard --

NANCY

All you have to do is accept that  
I'm now your commanding officer.  
Since you're a Major, let's say  
I'm... Colonel?

GASPARD

Fine. Alright, yes.

Nancy leans in and runs her hand through his hair, grabbing a tuft and yanking his head back --

NANCY

Yes?

In answer to her question, we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - AFTERNOON**

The Maquis stand in perfect formation, garbed in crisp, new uniforms. Gaspard is at the front, leading as they call out --

ALL THE MAQUIS

YES, COLONEL!

And they all salute Nancy, who stands before them, proud.

**LATER - EVENING**

Now adequately supplied, Franc prepares a proper French feast of lamb, vegetables, tarts, etc --

NANCY (O.S.)

No chilli-sauce required.

He turns to see Nancy and bows, obsequious --

FRANC

Colonel, let me apologize--

NANCY

Easy, Franc, you're useful.

(tasting the tart)

A man who bakes can make bombs.

**LATER - SUNSET**

The Maquis are seated around a long table packed with food. Nancy is at the head, giving a toast, an echo of her wedding night that shows just how far she has come --

NANCY

Enjoy, boys, because this may be  
your last supper.

(gallows laughter)

Very soon, we'll get our orders,  
and we'll begin the real fight to  
take back our home. So I suppose,  
in a way, that makes us family.

All the Maquis toast to family, then --

NANCY (CONT'D)

But don't think of me as your  
mother, I'm not a bitter old bitch.

Everyone laughs again, commencing the feast. And as the sun dips below the horizon, darkness falling, we --

PRE-LAP: The rhythmic clang of metal hitting stone...

**LATER - NIGHT**

The fire rages out of control. Shirtless Maquis drum their rifle-butts on the rocky ground and dance in a circle, slamming their drunken bodies into each other. It's primitive and raw, like a barbarian bloodlust ritual before battle --

But Nancy stands to the side with Denden, mere observers --

A piercing yawp. Everyone turns to see Gaspard emerge from the dark forest, knife in hand. He heads to the center of the circle, perilously close to the fire, where he wordlessly drags the blade across his scarred chest, drawing blood --

One by one, the Maquis pass by, swipe some of Gaspard's blood -- and smear it on their faces. A rite of passage in which even Tardivat takes part --

While Nancy and Denden are still left out --

DENDEN

Christ, why don't they just fuck  
already--

But Nancy's feet are suddenly moving, summoned into the circle by a force far deeper, and more ancient, than words --

Guns hammering granite -- sweaty flesh -- howls --

Nancy approaches Gaspard, meeting his eyes in the firelight. She reaches out, places her hand on his chest --

And she rubs his blood on her face, unleashing a primal scream. All the Maquis scream with her, sweeping her in a wave of orgiastic bodies, consumed by the Masculine...

FADE TO:

**INT. DENDEN'S TENT - DAWN**

A hungover Denden lies half-asleep, entwined naked with a YOUNG MAQUIS, the radio playing low. A broadcaster cuts in, startling him with the famed verse that will shift the tides of history --

RADIO LONDON BROADCASTER  
Longs sobs of autumn violins wound  
my heart with monotonous languor.

No time to throw on clothes, Denden snaps to and begins transcribing, because --

BUCKMASTER (PRE-LAP)  
D-Day is upon us.

CUT TO:

**INT. MEETING ROOM - 64 BAKER STREET - DAWN**

Suspended on the wall is a map of France, which Buckmaster references as he briefs the SOE PERSONNEL --

BUCKMASTER  
Within the hour, Allied forces will begin storming France in what is the largest amphibious assault in history. If it fails, the Nazis will dig in and Western Europe will be lost indefinitely. Fortunately, we have the element of surprise. Thanks to an aggressive psychological op, Reichsmarschall Goering believes we're landing at Pas de Calais, which he has fortified heavily. What he doesn't know is, we're actually landing at Normandy, where our troops should encounter light resistance. But only if the Germans can't send reinforcements. Thus, the critical objective of the SOE is to sabotage their supply-lines.  
(re: the map of France)  
(MORE)

BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
 We're hitting bridges in the north,  
 shipping-lines in the south. And in  
 central France--

As we ZOOM ON the map marking German trains-lines running  
 through the Auvergne, we --

MATCH TO:

**EXT. ROCK WALL - FOURNIER'S CAMP - MORNING**

A rendering of the same map of German train-lines --

NANCY (O.S.)  
 --is where we come in.

Nancy addresses her battle-ready Maquis --

SUPER: JUNE 6, 1944

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 There are three German train-lines  
 we have to hit -- all at the same  
 time. If we're off by even a few  
 minutes, we miss our window. So we  
 split into three teams.

As we ZOOM ON one of the three train-lines, we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. CANTAL VALLEY - DAY**

Gaspard and his team of 50 MAQUIS stalk through the forest.  
 Up ahead, nestled in the valley, we spy a German fuel-train  
 rolling up to refill at a fuel depot --

NANCY (V.O.)  
 Major Gaspard, you and your men  
 must destroy a fuel-train as it  
 resupplies. But be stealthy,  
 they've got artillery.

We spy artillery fortifications and DOZENS OF GUARDS, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. RIDGE ABOVE TRACKS - CANTAL MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

Fournier and SIX MAQUIS are hidden on a sheer ridge that runs  
 alongside the tracks. In the distance, a munitions-train  
 approaches, chugging up the inclined bend --

NANCY (V.O.)  
Captain Fournier, you're going to  
blow up a munitions-train by  
igniting its cargo. But there's a  
catch: It isn't scheduled to stop.

Fournier and his men prepare to jump onto its roof, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. RAILWAY BRIDGE - CANTAL MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

Spanning a river-gorge, with FIVE GUARDS patrolling. In the distance, we can hear the troop-train whistle blow --

NANCY (V.O.)  
And my team will derail the troop-  
train carrying reinforcements to  
Normandy. Now, gentlemen, let me  
reiterate: Timing is paramount.  
Synchronize your watches--

Reveal Nancy and Franc climbing the struts beneath the bridge, suspended above a yawning chasm, a river far below --

NANCY  
--five minutes, we have to hurry.

Franc removes a bomb from his pack and hands it to Nancy. As she rigs a strut, the train whistle gets closer, and we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. RIDGE ABOVE TRACKS - CANTAL MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

The munitions-train chugs below, moving slowly enough to make a jump feasible. Fournier and his Maquis wait, then --

Two men jump, landing on the roof of the train safely, then the next two. Just Fournier and the last two, now. One goes --

But the last man slips -- Fournier tries to catch him -- but his momentum takes both of them over, slamming onto --

**THE ROOF OF THE TRAIN**

Fournier holds on -- but the man he fell with slides off, crushed beneath the train, as we --

CUT TO:



**EXT. FUEL DEPOT - CANTAL VALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Gaspard and his Maquis skulk to the edge of the forest, depot in sight. Gaspard checks his watch: 10:57 --

GASPARD

Three minutes--

Suddenly, one of the Maquis steps on a land-mine and the blast lifts Gaspard off his feet, throwing him, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. RAILWAY BRIDGE - CANTAL MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

A Guard patrols overhead, visible through the slats -- as Nancy and Franc rig bombs to the struts below. Nancy strains, hands sweating, she slips, the bomb falls --

And clangs off a strut, alerting the Guard. He looks down, about to spot Nancy and Franc, tension sky-high --

But another Guard calls to him from the guard station, waving the radio. The Guard runs off, alarmed, as --

NANCY

*Shit.* Something's gone wrong.

In the near distance, we see the troop-train round a bend, accelerating to maximum speed --

CUT TO:

**INT. ARMOR CAR - MUNITIONS-TRAIN - CONTINUOUS**

Fournier and his remaining five Maquis stalk through the car, which is full of armored plating, as --

FOURNIER

The munitions should be just ahead--

The brakes squeal and the train slows. Suddenly, the door to the next car is kicked in and EIGHT GUARDS start firing, bullets flying, one grazing Fournier's arm, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FUEL DEPOT - CANTAL VALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Gaspard pulls a piece of shrapnel from his leg, as his Maquis drag him to safety behind a tree. They're taking heavy fire from the German artillery, bodies falling all around, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. RAILWAY BRIDGE - CANTAL MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

The troop-train bears down, full-speed, moments away from crossing the bridge. One of the alerted Guards spots Nancy, hanging below. He raises his rifle to fire -- but a bullet splits his head open --

Fired by Tardivat from a cave below. He's with the Spanish Brothers, who lay cover for Nancy and Franc. In the crossfire, a bullet strikes Franc in the gut, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FUEL DEPOT - CANTAL VALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Gaspard watches his men get shredded by a minigun, bullets hammering the tree he's hiding behind, wood-chips flying --

MAQUIS

Sir, we must retreat--

GASPARD

I won't be upstaged by that cunt.

Gaspard peers around the tree and takes stock: The fuel-train is pulling away, almost out of reach. Then he spots the solution: A unmanned mortar-station, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. ARMOR CAR - MUNITIONS-TRAIN - CONTINUOUS**

Bullets slam into a stack of armor, behind which Fournier and his Maquis take cover, two of them nursing flesh-wounds, as --

Fournier peers around the edge and sees that, past the Guards, there's a pallet of grenades in the next car. He takes a grenade of his own and heaves it --

But the Guards bat it back -- so Fournier grabs an armor plate and slams it down on the exploding grenade, knocked back by the blast, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. RAILWAY BRIDGE - CANTAL MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

Franc bleeds out, losing his grip on the strut. Nancy puts pressure on his bullet-wound with her free hand, blood pouring over her, far too much to staunch.

Meanwhile, Tardivat and the Spanish Brothers try to hold off the Guards, laying cover-fire from the cave below --

But the train will cross the bridge within 30 seconds --

NANCY

It's over, we missed--

FRANC

(coughing blood)

No, I-- I can finish.

Nancy holds Franc's gaze, knowing exactly what he means... And she starts climbing down toward Tardivat, leaving Franc hanging there, the train bearing down, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. ARMOR CAR - MUNITIONS-TRAIN - CONTINUOUS**

Ears ringing from the grenade explosion, Fournier gets his bearings. Two of his men are dead, limbs blown off, two more badly injured. He peers around the armor stack --

The Guards are advancing, nearly on them --

FOURNIER

Get out.

The two surviving Maquis limp out the back, leaving only Fournier. He grabs a Bren Gun, it's broken. He grabs another, one bullet left in the clip, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FUEL DEPOT - CANTAL VALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Gaspard dives behind the mortar station. In the distance, the fuel-train pulls away, almost out of range, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. RAILWAY BRIDGE - CANTAL MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

The troop-train reaches the bridge, speeding over. Franc fumbles with the detonator, trying to rig the last wire, but the rumbling of the train overhead makes him slip, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FUEL DEPOT - CANTAL VALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Gaspard launches his mortar, arcing through the air, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. ARMOR CAR - MUNITIONS-TRAIN - CONTINUOUS**

Fournier leans out from cover, aiming, and he finds an angle on a grenade resting on a pile in the munitions car. His trigger-finger tenses, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. RAILWAY BRIDGE - CANTAL MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

Troop-train screaming overhead, Franc finally manages to get the last wire in place, just as the last car passes --

He presses the detonator, leaving this world in a gorgeous and terrible flash, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. ARMOR CAR - MUNITIONS-TRAIN - CONTINUOUS**

Fournier fires, bullet zipping past the Guards -- it hits the grenade, triggering a chain-reaction that explodes all the grenades in the pile --

As Fournier sprints out the back, and we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FUEL DEPOT - CANTAL VALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

The mortar slams into the fuel-train, sending a fireball outward that ignites the entire fuel depot, a column of black smoke climbing into the sky, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. RAILWAY BRIDGE - CANTAL MOUNTAINS - CONTINUOUS**

The troop-train is nearly over -- but the bridge collapses, taking the last few cars with it, which pull the entire train down, a twisting mass of metal falling past --

**THE CLIFF-SIDE CAVE**

Where Nancy, Tardivat, and the Spanish Brothers watch. For a split-second, Nancy locks eyes with a TERRIFIED GERMAN SOLDIER who's looking out the window in his last moment, as --

The train crashes into the raging river below. Eyes glazing over, Nancy looks down at the wreckage she's wrought...

**A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:**

-- Back at camp, a blood-soaked Nancy holds down a wailing Maquis, while Gaspard removes a bullet from his shoulder.

-- Denden cinches a belt around the thigh of the terrified Young Maquis he slept with, as another Maquis begins to saw his leg off below the knee.

-- Nancy drags a dead body over to a pile of carcasses and lays it down, confronting the dehumanizing toll of war.

**EXT. OPEN FIELD - CANTAL PLATEAU - DUSK**

Distant churchbells echo throughout the mountains, as the sun sets over fresh graves. The surviving Maquis pay respect. Nancy is at the fore, still covered in blood, somber --

TARDIVAT

In France, we have a belief that,  
if you can hear your churchbells  
ringing, you fight that much  
harder. L'esprit de clocher. Today,  
they ring for our victory--

NANCY

(re: the graves)  
Fucking *victory*?

DENDEN

Don't beat yourself up, they knew  
the risks going in--

GASPARD (O.S.)

Brave words from the fairy who  
didn't fight.

Denden turns to see Gaspard, whose leg is now bandaged --

DENDEN

The radio's my weapon--

NANCY

Just shutup, both of you.

And Nancy storms off.

**INT. THE OLD BUS - NIGHT**

Nancy sits before a mirror, cleaning the dried blood off her face. She reaches into her pack and pulls out a tube of lipstick. She applies it slowly, deliberately, as if trying to regain some lost part of herself.

**INT. MEDICAL TENT - LATER**

Nancy pads through, passing wounded men, who moan deliriously in their blood-stained cots. She comes to a Maquis who is weeping softly, and when he turns over, she sees that half of his face is badly burned.

Rather than turn away, she embraces the vulnerability and sits next to him, holding his hand, bearing his pain, softly soothing him to sleep as a mother would her child...

**LATER - DAWN**

Nancy has been here all night, silently watching over the burned Maquis, who is now sleeping peacefully --

FOURNIER (O.S.)  
Colonel!

She looks outside to see Fournier running up.

**EXT. CANTAL PLATEAU - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy stands with Fournier at the edge of the plateau, looking through binoculars at --

**THE FOREST BELOW**

BINOCULARS POV: SCORES OF FRENCHMEN make their way up toward the plateau to join the Maquis, as we go --

**BACK TO THE PLATEAU**

The normally stolid Fournier smiles --

FOURNIER  
France is rising.

At last, this is enough to lift Nancy's spirits.

**INT. THE OLD BUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Revitalized, Nancy sits before the mirror, removing her lipstick, as if returning to her duty as a leader of men.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DESTROYED RAILWAY BRIDGE - CANTAL MOUNTAINS - DAY**

Captain Böhm stands at the ragged edge of the destroyed bridge, as if meditating on the meaning of it --

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
Describe her to me, please.

He turns, revealing the sole surviving bridge Guard --

GUARD

I'm sorry, sir, but there was so much happening--

CAPTAIN BÖHM

Perfectly understandable that your mind would block a painful memory. May I try a technique?

GUARD

Of course, sir--

Böhm grabs the Guard and yanks him perilously close to the edge, holding him over the void --

GUARD (CONT'D)

STOP-- STOP, NO--

CAPTAIN BÖHM

Struggle and you fall. Just *feel*.

The Guard ceases struggling, now staring in wide-eyed fear at the carnage far below --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (CONT'D)

The Jew Freud theorizes that inducing the emotions of a repressed trauma will bring it back with vivid terror.

Böhm pulls the shuddering Guard back to safety, straightening his askance collar --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (CONT'D)

Now close your eyes and return to the attack.

(he does)

Who do you see?

CUT TO:

# **INT. THE OLD BUS - DAY**

A Gestapo wanted-poster -- "Nancy Wake AKA The White Mouse, terrorist of the Auvergne" -- with a reward of 1,000,000 francs. Nancy stares at it, absorbing its grim implications --

NANCY

They upped my bounty ten-fold.

DENDEN

Don't let it go to your head, Nan--

NANCY

(snapping)

It's not funny. These sick bastards have my husband. Which means, from now on, every victory I win, they'll take it out of *his* hide--

DENDEN

Sorry, I was just trying to lighten the mood--

NANCY

Because it's all one big fucking joke to you, isn't it?

DENDEN

Excuse me?

Normally, Nancy would ease up, but this revelation regarding Henri has hit a deep trauma, so she lashes out --

NANCY

You know, Gaspard has a point. I'm responsible for hundreds of lives, but you prance around like you're on holiday--

DENDEN

Here we go--

NANCY

--sticking your cock in every arse--

DENDEN

--unleash your guilt on the queer--

NANCY

--while we're out sacrificing everything--

DENDEN

--all of your self-loathing--

NANCY

--and you won't even pickup a gun, because you're a *coward*.

That cuts --

DENDEN

Apologize. You're under a lot of stress, so I'm giving you a chance. Apologize this instant, Nancy.



NANCY  
It's Colonel--

DENDEN  
Apologize, goddamnit--

NANCY  
It's Colonel, so I don't have to.

That cuts even deeper. Wounded, Denden salutes --

DENDEN  
*Colonel.*

And he departs, Tardivat and Fournier following close behind. Nancy is left alone, staring at the wanted poster for a long time -- at herself... And just when it seems like she might finally cry, she resorts to anger instead --

NANCY  
FUCK!

She rips her own image in half, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. COLONEL BUCKMASTER'S OFFICE - 64 BAKER STREET - DAY**

Buckmaster looks over a map of France: The Allies are pushing in from the coast, but the Germans still control plenty of territory, including Paris in the north and Marseille in the south. Meanwhile, Gielgud reads Nancy's latest transmission --

MAJOR GIELGUD  
Sir, she's requesting leave to go  
to Marseille--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
*Leave? What does she think she's  
going to do? Single-handedly spring  
her husband from the bowels of a  
Gestapo prison in an occupied city?*

MAJOR GIELGUD  
Well, sir, Rake warns that she's  
become a bit unstable--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
Regardless, she's a soldier and  
we've got a war to win. A war.

MAJOR GIELGUD  
Yes, sir, but-- If we don't let her  
go, she may just... go.

COLONEL BUCKMASTER  
Bloody fool woman...

Buckmaster ponders for a moment... Then --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
Very well. Tell her she doesn't  
need leave. If she's hell-bent on  
Marseille, we'll send her there,  
free of charge.

He grabs a file marked "Operation Dragoon" --

COLONEL BUCKMASTER (CONT'D)  
But she's bloody well going to  
fight for it.

He opens the file, revealing a map of German fortifications  
all along the southern coast of France --

NANCY (PRE-LAP)  
D-Day was only the first major  
landing. Operation Dragoon is its  
equivalent on the Mediterranean.

#### **INT. THE OLD BUS - MORNING**

Nancy briefs Gaspard, Tardivat, Fournier, and the Spanish  
Brothers, but Denden is notably absent --

NANCY  
Allied forces will storm the  
beaches, from Cannes to Marseille.  
We've been ordered to provide  
support. If successful, we'll  
liberate southern France. But  
success is by no means guaranteed.  
For the first time, we'll engage in  
open battle with Panzers. Our only  
hope of defeating them waits in  
Courcais, where I'm to meet an SOE  
contact who can supply heavy  
armaments. While I'm gone--

#### **EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - DAY**

Nancy now stands before her swelling ranks of Maquis --  
ROUGHLY 500 YOUNG MEN -- mostly unfamiliar faces --

NANCY  
--Major Gaspard and Captain  
Fournier are your ranking officers.  
Listen to them. Respect them. Train  
as if your life is at stake.  
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Because when I return -- we're  
going to all-out war.

The youthful Maquis whoop and cheer, but --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
GET TO WORK.

The Maquis fall into line, as Gaspard begins to drill them.  
Nancy approaches Fournier --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
(re: Gaspard)  
Don't let him forget his place.

Fournier nods, and she heads over to where three stolen VW Kubelwagens wait. Tardivat drives the front car, Rodrigo and Juan in the next, and Mateo in the third. Nancy hops in next to Tardivat, and as the convoy rolls out of camp --

Nancy locks eyes with an embittered Denden...

#### **BEGIN MONTAGE:**

-- Nancy's convoy speeds across the countryside, which is littered with bombed-out armored vehicles and rotting, bloated German corpses. The blood-dimmed tide is turning.

-- Rolling through a village square, the convoy is greeted as heroes. Tardivat gives the villagers a French flag, inspiring them to tear down the Nazi flag and replace it.

-- Waving the stolen Nazi flag, the convoy rolls up to a German outpost. Two German soldiers come out to greet them, not realizing until too late that Nancy has a Molotov cocktail. She tosses it as they speed past, inured to the horrific sight of the flaming Germans in the rear-view.

#### **EXT. OUTSKIRTS - COURCAIS - EVENING**

The convoy is parked on a hill just outside the ancient, idyllic village, which is seemingly untouched by war, but --

TARDIVAT  
We should be cautious, Colonel.

He points to a pole that flies the Milice flag, denoting a French paramilitary group that collaborated with the Nazis --

TARDIVAT (CONT'D)  
Courcais has fallen to the Milice.

NANCY  
 Goddamn traitors.  
 (to the Spanish Brothers)  
 Wait here. If we're not back in an  
 hour, get help.

Nancy hops out of the Kubelwagen and chambers a round in her  
 pistol, addressing Tardivat --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 Let's take a stroll.

**EXT. COURCAIS - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy and Tardivat walk through the quiet streets, arm in  
 arm, like an innocent couple. But as they pass the houses,  
 WARY RESIDENTS watch through shuttered windows, tense...

**EXT. TAVERN - COURCAIS - MOMENTS LATER**

They approach the village's sole tavern --

NANCY  
 This is the rendezvous.

TARDIVAT  
 Only one exit.

NANCY  
 Just a quiet drink, that's all.

He nods and they walk into --

**THE TAVERN**

Where FOUR MILICE PATRONS turn and stare, suspicious. Nancy  
 and Tardivat take a seat in the corner, talking low --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 Don't see any gingers, our man must  
 be running late--

TARDIVAT  
*Shit.* Above the bar.

Nancy glances over: Her wanted-poster hangs prominently --

TARDIVAT (CONT'D)  
 Let's go while we still can.

Tardivat readies to leave -- but as Nancy looks around at the  
 Milice Patrons, glaring at her, she begins to seethe --

TARDIVAT (CONT'D)  
I said, let's--

NANCY  
You know what? I could really use  
that drink.

TARDIVAT  
Colonel--

Under the table, she hands her pistol to Tardivat --

NANCY  
Be ready--

TARDIVAT  
Nancy--

Ignoring his pleas, Nancy stands and walks over to the young  
barmaid, ANNE (17), all eyes on them --

NANCY  
Vodka, dear.

Anne pours Nancy a shot, which she drinks --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
And what's your name?

ANNE  
Anne.

Anne refills, and Nancy drinks again --

NANCY  
I love that name. From "Anne of  
Green Gables".

ANNE  
One of my favorites--

NANCY  
Where are my manners? Striking up a  
literary conversation without  
properly introducing myself.  
(re: her wanted-poster)  
I'm Nancy Wake.

The Milice Patrons stir, tension building, as one of them  
slowly reaches for his pistol --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Know why the Gestapo offer steep  
rewards for people like me?  
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

It's not to motivate the Germans,  
no. It's for the French. Clever.  
Makes us wary of friends and  
neighbors. My husband, he's rotting  
in prison because one of his  
spineless employees ratted him out.  
But here's the thing: Collaborators  
won't get to spend their reward.  
No, we're going to find them --  
every Vichy politician, every  
*Milice thug* -- and we're going to  
hang them by their quisling necks--

Enraged, the Milice Patron draws his pistol and aims -- but  
Tardivat guns him down. Another Milice lunges at Nancy --

So she grabs a knife off the bar and whips it, hitting him in  
the throat. He dies badly, gurgling blood, just as --

A REDHEADED MAN walks in, incongruously carefree when he sees  
the carnage, breaking out in hysterical laughter --

RENE (PRE-LAP)

My Christian name is Rene Dussaq.

#### **INT. BARN - NIGHT**

Rene clears away a pile of hay, revealing a hidden door --

RENE

But the Nazis bring hellfire.

He opens the door, leading Nancy down into --

#### **A PITCH BLACK CELLAR**

RENE (CONT'D)

And in that hellfire, I am reborn.

Lighting a lantern, he reveals many crates of bazookas --

RENE (CONT'D)

Call me *Bazooka*.

Off Bazooka's crazed smile, we --

CUT TO:

#### **INT. CAPTAIN BÖHM'S OFFICE - GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS (MONTLUCON) - NIGHT**

Out the window, we glimpse the town of Montlucon, located in  
the Auvergne. Hanging on the wall, we note a PhD in  
Psychology from Cambridge and a Tibetan mandala.

On the floor, we find Captain Böhm meditating, seated in the center of a Tibetan rug that features a swastika.

A knock on the door. Böhm opens his eyes as his Aide enters --

AIDE

Just confirmed, she's in Courcais.

As Böhm rises from his meditative pose, we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. BARN - COURCAIS - NIGHT**

On the edge of town, shrouded in heavy mist. The Spanish Brothers help Bazooka pile the bazooka-crates onto a trailer, while Tardivat and Nancy stand guard with Bren Guns --

NANCY

On the double, if you want to make it back to camp alive.

Furious about what went down in the tavern, Tardivat pulls Nancy aside --

TARDIVAT

Hell's wrong with you?

NANCY

You told me it gets easier--

TARDIVAT

That doesn't mean seek it out--

NANCY

I shouldn't fear them, they should fear me--

TARDIVAT

Well, now they're blocking the fucking road--

(re: Bazooka)

--and we've picked up a fucking lunatic--

A clatter nearby, so they turn, on guard -- as Anne appears through the mist, hands raised --

NANCY

Christ, you followed us? Liable to get yourself--

ANNE

Take me with you. I can cook, I can clean--

NANCY

Anne, I can't--

ANNE

I want to fight, my family is Milice--

BAZOOKA

Ah, we don't know her--

TARDIVAT

We don't know you, either--

ANNE

But I know a back way out of town.

That lands. Nancy looks to Tardivat, who nods grudgingly --

NANCY

We'll call it my penance.

**INT. VW KUBELWAGEN / EXT. DIRT TRAIL - NIGHT**

The convoy drives out of town, headlights off, taking an overgrown dirt trail running along a wooded stream. As they round a bend --

Three Panzers wait in the distance, blocking the main road. But instead of heading that way, Anne points them to a shallow part of the stream. They cross, home free, until --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (O.S.)

Nancy? It's Captain Böhm, remember me? I certainly haven't forgotten you. I know you're out there...

Nancy waves the convoy to a halt. She looks back through the tenebrous mist to see the outline of a man clad in the Gestapo's black leather, standing atop a Panzer, talking through a loudspeaker --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You've been a bad girl, Nancy. That ugly business in the tavern. Very foolish. As if you want to get caught. Poor thing, the guilt has driven you mad. I wonder how your men feel? Do they know that you're leading them to reckless ruin, just as you did Henri?



Tardivat shifts uncomfortably --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Turn yourself in. If you do, I'll  
 allow Henri to live. If not, your  
 petty little rebellion will get him  
 and the rest of your men killed.

On edge, Nancy begins to crack, her jaw clenching --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You will come to me. You will  
 submit. Because we both know, what  
 you really want, deep down in that  
 self-loathing psyche-- What you  
 crave in the marrow of your bones,  
 Nancy, is a damn good *spanking*.

Enraged, Nancy draws her pistol, about to get out --

TARDIVAT  
 NO.

Tardivat yanks her back, driving away before she can take the  
 bait. Fading behind them, we hear the nightmarish slap of  
 Böhm repeatedly spanking his thigh...

**INT. VW KUBELWAGEN / EXT. AUVERGNE COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN**

Tardivat drives. Nancy sits in shotgun, staring straight  
 ahead, rattled by Böhm's morbid prophecy. Anne rides in back  
 with Bazooka, who pats Nancy on the shoulder --

BAZOOKA  
 Cheer up. You're a bit crazy, yes,  
 but that's a good thing. To quote  
 Saint-Exupery, "Perfection is  
 achieved, not when there is nothing  
 more to add, but when there is  
 nothing left to take away." And so,  
 a perfectly sane woman could never  
 achieve true perfection--

Bazooka unbuckles and stands, unsteady, allowing the wild  
 wind to whip through his long, red hair --

BAZOOKA (CONT'D)  
 --because she'd never do this shit!

But as Nancy watches Bazooka, perched so perilously, she  
 finds no solace in his off-kilter mien.

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - EVENING**

The convoy arrives back at camp, exhausted from travel, when a frantic Fournier runs up to Nancy.

**EXT. PRISON PIT - FOURNIER'S CAMP - MOMENTS LATER**

A group of young Maquis recruits stand in a circle, jeering. Nancy pushes through the frenzy, until she sees a drunken Maquis pissing down into a freshly-dug hole --

Where the bloodied, brutalized Denden huddles. As the pissing Maquis turns to see Nancy, she punches him, sending him to the ground, and everyone falls silent --

NANCY

Where's Gaspard?

(no answer)

Where is that sonofa--

GASPARD (O.S.)

Yes, Colonel?

Gaspard steps forward, parting the crowd --

NANCY

Explain yourself.

GASPARD

He was caught defiling a recruit,  
plied the poor boy with wine--

NANCY

I'm sure it was mutual--

GASPARD

A crime against man and God--

NANCY

(re: the prison pit)

And this? What's this?

GASPARD

My orders were to hold him safely  
for trial, nothing more--

NANCY

Get him out--

GASPARD

Colonel, he's a perverse coward--

NANCY

And you need him!

(to all the Maquis)

You'd have no radio, no food, no weapons. All of you brave men would be utterly helpless without this perverse coward.

(back to Gaspard)

So get him out. Now.

Several of the Maquis grab a ladder and lower it, but --

NANCY (CONT'D)

No.

(in Gaspard's face)

You.

She's daring him to challenge her... But Gaspard climbs down into the hole to pull Denden out.

**EXT. HOT SPRING - CANTAL PLATEAU - NIGHT**

Nancy helps Denden out of his soiled uniform --

NANCY

Gaspard will pay for this--

DENDEN

It's nothing--

NANCY

It's an outrage--

But Nancy stops mid-sentence, gasping when she sees that Denden's back is covered in old scars --

DENDEN

It's *nothing*.

(then)

Before we met, I toured Europe with a circus troupe and passed information for the Allies. The Gestapo got me in '42, held me for six long months.

NANCY

Why didn't you tell me?

DENDEN

Because I joined the SOE to prove that I'm more than my scars.

Denden gets into the hot spring, washing off the filth --

DENDEN (CONT'D)  
 Life keeps handing me buckets of  
 shit -- so it's either laugh, or  
 cry. And if I cry, I'll just be  
 another queer coward.

Nancy flushes with abject shame --

NANCY  
 Denden, I'm sorry, I didn't mean  
 what I said--

DENDEN  
 Then why'd you say it?

NANCY  
 I don't really-- I don't know--

DENDEN  
 You're not getting off that easy.  
 Why'd you say it, Nancy?

Nancy sits at the edge of the hot spring, looking down at her  
 soaking feet, unable to meet his gaze... Finally --

NANCY  
 When I saw my wanted-poster, I-- I  
 really had to face it: I hurt my  
 husband, I drove us apart. And  
 suddenly, all I could hear was my  
 mother's voice, growling at you...  
 (then, looking up)  
 I'm fucked up, aren't I?

DENDEN  
 Damn good thing you'll always have  
 me to keep you in check.

And they embrace.

#### **INT. THE OLD BUS - LATER**

Nancy readies for bed, pulling out her silk nightgown. Anne  
 brushes her hair in front of the mirror and hits a tangle --

NANCY  
 Let me, dear.

Nancy takes the brush and works it through in long, even  
 strokes. In this light, Anne looks a bit like Arianne, the  
 girl Nancy took in on the steamer. They share a wordless  
 smile in the mirror, a moment of maternal affection...

#### **LATER - PRE-DAWN**

Nancy sleeps peacefully, while Anne lies awake next to her, wearing Nancy's silk nightgown. She gets up quietly, careful not to disturb Nancy's slumber.

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - MOMENTS LATER**

Anne kneads dough at a table, preparing to bake bread for breakfast.

**LATER - MORNING**

Anne serves fresh bread to the Maquis, Gaspard at the head of the table. An easy camaraderie, until Nancy approaches and they go silent. Gaspard stands and salutes officiously --

GASPARD

Colonel.

All the other Maquis stand and salute. But there's a mutinous undercurrent, as the Maquis who got his nose broken glares from behind two black eyes --

NANCY

(to Anne)

I'll take breakfast with my officers, please.

**INT. THE OLD BUS - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy reviews a map of southern France with Denden, Tardivat, Fournier, Bazooka, and the Spanish Brothers. They've marked where the German Army is fortified around Marseille --

NANCY

We've been ordered to attack the German Army's flank, drawing them off the beach and giving the Allies a clear landing at Marseille.

FOURNIER

It's going to be a helluva fight, they have a dozen Panzers--

A knock at the door, as Anne enters carrying a tray of fresh bread. She sets it down before Nancy --

NANCY

Thank you, dear.

Anne hurries out, as everyone grabs a slice. Mateo devours his, and Nancy nearly takes a bite, but stops --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 Right, the Panzers. We'll need  
 higher ground to stand any chance--

Mateo starts coughing. Slowly at first, then it builds --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 Have some water--

Suddenly, he's spewing blood, frothing at the mouth. Rodrigo and Juan panic, trying to revive their brother, as he clutches his throat in mortal agony --

And Nancy drops the slice of bread in her hand, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. CANTAL PLATEAU - MOMENTS LATER**

Anne sprints through the forest, tripping, running again -- but she comes to a sheer cliff, nearly tumbling over, as --

Nancy appears behind her --

NANCY  
 Wait. Just wait.

Fearful, Anne steps even closer to the edge, inches away --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 I won't hurt you.

Anne looks over the edge, as Nancy holds out her hand --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
 I promise.

At last, Anne steps away, taking Nancy's hand.

**INT. THE OLD BUS - LATER**

Nancy pours two cups of tea and gives one to Anne. Wary, she waits for Nancy to take a sip, then sips hers --

NANCY  
 My better angels whisper that women  
 solve their problems by talking.

ANNE  
 The-- The Germans, they have my  
 brother-- He forced me, Nancy--

NANCY

So it wasn't the Milice? Captain  
Böhm sent you?

ANNE

He said he'd protect me--

NANCY

Well, he sure as hell can't. Only I  
can do that, Anne, so tell me  
everything. Where is he now?

ANNE

Montlucon, I think? I-- I swear,  
Nancy, that's all I know.

Nancy studies Anne for a hard beat... Then --

NANCY

You're a fool. A goddamn idiot  
little girl--

ANNE

I'm so sorry--

NANCY

But I'm going to let you live to  
regret it.

ANNE

Thank you, thank you so much--

NANCY

Now, until this is over, I can't  
just send you home--  
(then, realizing)  
Sonofabitch. He told you to pose as  
a runaway, didn't he?

Anne nods. Nancy processes, her visage darkening --

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm a runaway, Anne. He-- *Fuck*. He  
knows this-- Knows *me*...  
(really hitting her)  
Because he tortured my husband.

Anne starts shaking with fear, rattling her teacup --

ANNE

I-- I didn't know--

NANCY

You used his suffering.

The teacup rattle builds --

ANNE  
Nancy, have mercy--

Nancy grabs Anne's hand, holding the teacup steady --

NANCY  
Enough. Talking.

PRE-LAP: Anne's strident wailing...

**EXT. CANTAL PLATEAU - DAY**

Juan and Rodrigo drag a weeping, struggling Anne through the forest, as Nancy follows. They come to a clearing --

NANCY  
Stop here.

Rodrigo and Juan let Anne go, as Nancy draws her pistol --

ANNE  
No, please--

NANCY  
Shutup.

Nancy offers the pistol to Rodrigo --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
She murdered your brother.

But he won't take it --

RODRIGO  
She's just a girl, Colonel--

ANNE  
You can let me go--

NANCY  
I said, shutup.

Nancy offers the pistol to Juan, who also refuses --

ANNE  
You'll never see me again--

NANCY  
SHUTUP!



Nancy cocks the pistol, aiming at Anne, who ducks behind Rodrigo for protection. And as Nancy lunges for her, we --

FLASH TO:

**INT. NANCY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT**

Young Nancy cowers under the kitchen table, as Nancy's Mother lunges for her, and we --

FLASH TO:

**EXT. CANTAL PLATEAU - DAY**

Nancy grabs Anne by the hair, violently dragging her away from Rodrigo, and we --

FLASH TO:

**INT. NANCY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT**

Nancy's Mother drags Young Nancy out from under the kitchen table, and we --

FLASH TO:

**EXT. CANTAL PLATEAU - DAY**

Nancy throws Anne to the ground, aiming her pistol --

ANNE

*Please. You-- You promised.*

Nancy bends down, smoothing Anne's hair once more...

BANG -- she fires a bullet through Anne's chest. Rodrigo and Juan have to look away, but Nancy can't. Eyes glazing over, she gazes upon the slumped body as the red stain grows, like a broken heart writ large...

**MOMENTS LATER**

Now alone, Nancy stumbles into a forest clearing, falls to her knees -- and vomits. Verging on breakdown. But instead of letting it all out --

TARDIVAT (PRE-LAP)

*This is suicide, Nancy.*

**INT. THE OLD BUS - AFTERNOON**

Haggard and unhinged, Nancy prepares her gear for a raid. Tardivat and Denden try to dissuade her, while Bazooka, Fournier, Rodrigo, and Juan look on --

TARDIVAT

You can't just up and decide to  
raid a Gestapo Headquarters--

DENDEN

Dragoon is in five days--

TARDIVAT

You're putting the mission at risk--

DENDEN

Taking his bait--

NANCY

*Enough.* Gentlemen, I appreciate  
your concern. You're right to be  
wary, and you don't have to come.  
But I will not--

She locks a clip into her pistol --

NANCY (CONT'D)

--*can not* let this stand.

Bazooka is the first to step forward, undaunted --

BAZOOKA

Fantastic, I'm in.

Rodrigo and Juan step forward next. Then Fournier. Tardivat  
sighs, heading for the door --

TARDIVAT

I won't help you destroy yourself.

And he is gone. Nancy turns to her volunteers --

NANCY

Thank you. Be ready in one hour.

The men salute and exit, leaving only Denden --

DENDEN

Nan--

NANCY

If I don't make it back, carry on.

Denden nods, knowing he's not going to change her mind. He  
heads out, offering a last word --

DENDEN  
Make it back.

CUT TO:

**EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - MONTLUCON - NIGHT**

BINOCULARS POV: A formidable stone edifice, located in the center of Montlucon. GUARDS patrol the main gate --

NANCY (O.S.)  
They expect a frontal assault.

BINOCULARS POV: We sweep the windows of the Headquarters, focusing on the second-floor dining hall, where GESTAPO OFFICERS are drinking with their dinner. We watch as one of the Officers gropes a FRENCH SERVANT GIRL...

**INT. BROTHEL - LATER**

Nancy negotiates with a shrewd FRENCH MADAME and THREE PROSTITUTES, while Fournier and Rodrigo guard the door --

NANCY  
I'll pay a thousand francs.

FRENCH MADAME  
How can you be so sure they won't recognize you?

NANCY  
They're not looking at your faces.

The Madame looks to her Prostitutes, who nod --

FRENCH MADAME  
A thousand francs for *each* of us--

NANCY  
I don't have four thousand--

FRENCH MADAME  
That'll do just fine.

She points to Nancy's wedding ring. Nancy hesitates a moment... Then slides it off and gives it to the Madame.

**EXT. SERVANT'S ENTRANCE - GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - LATER**

Now made-up, Nancy approaches with two of the Prostitutes. They're met by a PAIR OF GUARDS. One of them pats down Nancy, finding only the vial of perfume in her pocket --

GUARD  
Usual girl's fatter.

PROSTITUTE  
Sophie's sick. From your men.

The Guard looks at the wanted-poster sketch of Nancy, in military attire, then at Nancy herself, tension building...

PROSTITUTE (CONT'D)  
We charge by the hour.

The Guard relents and waves them inside. Nancy makes sure to take her vial of perfume, and we --

MATCH TO:

**INT. DINING HALL - GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy furtively pours the vial into fresh mugs of beer -- which she then serves to the FIVE DRUNK GESTAPO OFFICERS, who are enjoying the company of the Prostitutes. As they begin to drink their beers --

We PULL OUT to --

**A NEARBY ROOFTOP**

Where Fournier watches through his sniper-scope. He raises a small mirror, reflecting the moonlight, as --

We PULL OUT to --

**THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN**

Where Bazooka spots the signal through his binoculars. He is at the wheel of a Kubelwagen, with Rodrigo and Juan riding in back. They light Molotov cocktails.

**INT. DINING HALL - GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS**

Back inside, Nancy watches as the Gestapo Officer who groped her begins to cough. Slowly at first, his drunk friends laughing at him -- but they start coughing, too. Soon, all five Gestapo Officers are hacking uncontrollably, spewing blood. Poisoned.

And now, we SWITCH TO --

**NANCY'S CRAZED POV:**

Adrenaline pumping, we grab the pistol and knife off a dying Gestapo Officer. We glance out the window, as --

### **IN THE STREET BELOW**

We glimpse the Kubelwagen as it speeds past the main gate. Rodrigo tosses a Molotov cocktail, engulfing a guard station in flames, creating a diversion, as --

### **BACK IN THE DINING HALL**

Alarms start blaring, as we race into the --

### **HALLWAY**

And we dive behind a column, just as SIX GUARDS run past, heading down the stairs, en route to provide backup. Once they're gone, we run to a hallway-door and open it --

### **AN EMPTY CLOSET**

We try another door -- locked. We kick it open, revealing --

### **A BEDROOM**

Where a HALF-CLOTHED GESTAPO is cowering in bed with a FRENCH GIRL. He holds her in front of him like a human-shield --

But we shoot anyway, hitting him in the temple. The French Girl screams, spattered with blood, as we go --

### **BACK INTO THE HALLWAY**

Explosions echo outside and smoke wafts in. Breath heaving, we sprint onward, rounding a corner --

And we run into a GUARD. We raise our pistol, but he grabs our hand. We slash our knife, but he grabs our other hand --

Berserk insanity, as we smash our head into him, breaking his nose, blood in our eyes --

Then we yank our pistol up under his chin and pull the trigger, taking off his jaw --

And we run down the hall, finding a door at the end, which leads us into --

### **CAPTAIN BÖHM'S OFFICE**

Where his Aide carries a box out, preparing a retreat. When he sees us, he drops the box, raising his hands --

But we shoot him in the chest and he falls. We close the heavy metal door behind us and lock it, as we SWITCH --

### **OUT OF NANCY'S POV:**

Revealing that she's covered in blood and bruises, her darkest self made visible, as she at last comes face-to-face with the unarmed Captain Böhm --

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
I knew you'd come--

She pistol-whips Böhm, sending him to the floor, where the Aide's blood is pooling on the Tibetan swastika rug --

NANCY  
Is my husband still alive?

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
Why kill a man who's helping me?

NANCY  
Bullshit--

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
He's told so me much about you--

NANCY  
*Bullshit.* Anyone would break under torture--

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
--he feels used. *Abandoned.* Did you ever really love him, Nancy?

Nancy begins to shake. Böhm can see that he is breaking her down, cutting deep, as he points to the swastika rug --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (CONT'D)  
Do you know what this symbol means?  
It's Tibetan in origin.

CUT TO:

**INT. STAIRWELL - GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS**

Bazooka charges down the hall toward Böhm's office, but a GUARD leaps out from behind a column --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (V.O.)  
It represents the sun.

And Bazooka plunges a blade into his gut, howling madly as viscera spills out, and we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROOFTOP - MONTLUCON - CONTINUOUS**

Fournier aims through his scope, following a GUARD from window to window in the Gestapo Headquarters, leading him --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (V.O.)  
The triumph of the will.

He fires, hitting the Guard just as he appears in the next window, a hideous mist of bone and blood, and we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - MONTLUCON - CONTINUOUS**

The brutal epitome of Masculine violence. Amidst the flaming chaos out front, Juan gets shot dead by a GUARD. Screaming with fraternal bloodlust, Rodrigo pounces, clubbing the man again and again, caving in his face --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (V.O.)  
The Supreme Masculine.

Finally, Rodrigo snaps the Guard's neck, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. CAPTAIN BÖHM'S OFFICE - GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS**

Nancy looms over Böhm, who is splayed on the swastika --

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
The Fuhrer calls Germany the  
Fatherland. We all strive to please  
Him. And how old were you, when  
father left? Five, was it--

She shoots Böhm in the leg, making him wail --

NANCY  
Is Henri alive?!

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
Yes! I can give him back to you.

A firefight reverberates in the hallway, as boots slam against the metal door, and we SWITCH BACK TO --

**NANCY'S POV:**

Our pulse races, the sound of our breath drowning out the chaos, our consciousness flickering, overwhelmed as we consider his offer --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (CONT'D)  
I can give him back, Nancy--

But a white-hot explosion sends us tumbling into --

**MUTED FLASHES FROM NANCY'S POV:**

-- Bazooka drags us from the destroyed office, beating out the flames on our dress.

-- Bazooka carries us over his shoulder, down a hallway, but we glimpse a Guard behind him, about to shoot us -- until he's knifed in the back by one of the Prostitutes.

-- Fournier and Rodrigo meet us at the back entrance and help throw us into a Kubelwagen.

-- The last thing we glimpse as we speed up into the foothills is the outline of Luftwaffe bombers flying far overhead, bound inexorably for the Cantal plateau.

**BLACKNESS.**

**EXT. FOURNIER'S CAMP - CANTAL PLATEAU - DAWN**

Nancy awakens into hell. Acrid smoke engulfs the Kubelwagen as they pull into camp --

Which has been leveled by a bombing raid. Trees flattened, fires still burning, corpses laying curled in agony.

Everyone is dumbstruck. Nancy stumbles out, trying to find her bearings, soon covered in black ash. Up ahead, in the distance, she discerns a form --

It's Denden, his face a mask of soot. He tries to piece together what little is left of the destroyed radio --

GASPARD (PRE-LAP)  
This is your fault.

**EXT. WATERFALL CAVES - CANTAL PLATEAU - MORNING**

The remaining Maquis -- ROUGHLY 200 MEN -- have retreated to the safety of the caves above a waterfall. Gaspard has assumed command. He stands on a boulder, looking down upon --

Nancy. She still has the loyalty of Denden, Tardivat, Fournier, Rodrigo, and Bazooka, who stand with her --

GASPARD  
That little cunt spy you coddled?  
She gave up our position--



NANCY

I made a mistake--

GASPARD

You should've been here! Thirty  
dead, two hundred more deserted--

NANCY

A fucking travesty. I'm nothing,  
I'm shit. But it doesn't change the  
fact that we only have four days to  
regroup--

GASPARD

How? Without your rich men in  
London, you have nothing. No food,  
no guns -- and no soldiers.

NANCY

(to all the Maquis)

Is that true? All of you?

In response, Gaspard simply turns his back on Nancy -- and  
the other Maquis follow suit. A vote of no-confidence.

**EXT. THE OLD BUS - HOT SPRING - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy picks through the bombed-out wreckage of her old home,  
salvaging scraps of fabric. Tardivat and Denden watch as her  
balance gives out, and Denden grabs her --

DENDEN

You need rest--

NANCY

I need a radio, I can get it from  
the SOE man in Saint-Armand--

TARDIVAT

That's thirty-five kilometers--

NANCY

Twenty over the mountains--

TARDIVAT

Two of the Kubelwagens are  
destroyed, the third has no fuel--

NANCY

So get me a bicycle--

DENDEN

Slow down, Nan--

NANCY

Look, I know I've been a damn fool,  
but this isn't foolish. I fucked it  
up, I alone have to fix it.

Denden and Tardivat exchange a look: She's dead-set on this --

DENDEN

I'll find a bike.

He runs off on a search, leaving Tardivat, in whose hands  
Nancy shoves her scraps of fabric --

NANCY

How fast can you make a new dress?

# **LATER - AFTERNOON**

Nancy sits on a rickety bicycle, disguised in a matronly  
dress and bonnet made from the salvaged fabric. Denden and  
Tardivat are with her --

TARDIVAT

What if the Germans stop you?

NANCY

You still don't understand: They  
don't see me.

(re: her dress)

They see a helpless widow.

Tardivat takes off his crucifix necklace and gives it to  
Nancy. She tries to refuse, but --

TARDIVAT

War widows need God, trust me.

Nancy grudgingly dons the necklace -- then sets off pedaling  
on her long journey...

# **BEGIN MONTAGE:**

-- Nancy pedals over rocky ground, tumbling and gouging her  
leg. But she gets up, gets back on, and keeps going.

-- Nancy loses her brakes down a hill and has to use her feet  
to slow, rubbing them raw.

-- Nancy hides under a bridge, checking her saddle-sores --  
while a haggard German Army unit marches overhead.

-- As the sun sets, Nancy approaches the sleepy hamlet of  
Saint-Armand, where Nazi flags still fly.

**EXT. COTTAGE - SAINT-ARMAND - NIGHT**

Bloody sores on her feet, Nancy pedals up. She approaches the front door, which has a Nazi flag hanging above it, and cautiously knocks. No answer.

She knocks again -- still nothing.

She's about to knock a third time, when an OLD MAN peeks from behind a curtain, motioning her around to --

**THE SIDE DOOR**

Which he cracks open, but won't allow Nancy inside --

NANCY

I'm looking for a friend--

OLD MAN

He had to flee. Try the barkeep in Chateauroux.

He tries to close the door, but she holds it open --

NANCY

That's a hundred-fifty kilometers--

Down the street, the Old Man spots a GERMAN PATROL coming, so he pushes Nancy back and slams the door in her face.

**EXT. OUTSKIRTS - SAINT-ARMAND - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy pedals along the road out of town, cresting a hill to see a German checkpoint just ahead. Too late to turn back, so she pedals to --

**THE CHECKPOINT**

Where she sees her wanted-poster hanging prominently. One of the GUARDS approaches, shining a lantern on her --

GUARD

Papers?

NANCY

I couldn't get them in time. My son, he's sick in Chateauroux.

The Guard inspects her face, tension building... So Nancy digs her bloody foot into her pedal, summoning a few tears --

NANCY (CONT'D)

He's very sick--

Not wanting to deal with a sobbing mother, he waves her on --

GUARD

You'll never make it on that bike.

**CONTINUE MONTAGE:**

-- Nancy struggles in darkness over difficult terrain. She has to get off and push, slipping on a rock and re-opening the gash on her knee.

-- Nancy pedals through dawn rain, getting splashed by a farm truck as it rolls by.

-- Eyelids heavy, Nancy slaps herself to stay awake as she pedals onward, saddle-sores now bleeding through her dress.

-- Bloody and bedraggled, Nancy passes a sign that says:  
"Chateauroux - 16 Kilometers".

**EXT. OUTSKIRTS - CHATEAUROUX - AFTERNOON**

Nancy pedals up, half-dead and hoping to rest -- but she sees that the town is crawling with GERMAN PATROLS. She rides through a back alley, avoiding the main road.

**EXT. TAVERN - CHATEAUROUX - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy pedals up and stops, her feet covered in sores, her legs barely able to walk under the stress, as she enters --

**THE TAVERN**

Where a few PATRONS sip wine. They turn and look at Nancy, suspicious. She sees her wanted-poster, hanging above the bar. She takes a risk and approaches the BARKEEP --

NANCY

A friend in Saint-Armand said you  
pour a fine wine.

He nods and pours her a glass, motioning her around back...

**EXT. TAVERN - CHATEAUROUX - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy limps around and knocks on the back door. When it opens, the Barkeep shoves a shotgun in her face --

BARKEEP

I don't know you.

NANCY

The wanted-poster above your bar.

Now seeing through the disguise, he ushers her into --

### **THE BACK STAIRS**

And climbs them with ease. But Nancy is daunted by this simple task, each step agony, as she enters --

### **THE RADIO ROOM**

A cramped space tucked above the bar, with an SOE radio in one corner and a cot in the other --

BARKEEP

Rest, you need it.

Nancy sits down on the cot, a wave of relief washing over her. The Barkeep sits before the radio, turning it on --

BARKEEP (CONT'D)

What do you want the message to say--

Suddenly, there's shouting downstairs. The Barkeep runs to the window -- where he sees GESTAPO raiding the tavern --

So he yanks Nancy back to her raw, bloody feet. In a blur, she helps him load the radio into a pack and strap its immense weight to her weary back. They hurry to the stairs --

But THREE GESTAPO charge up. The Barkeep slams the door, pushing his weight against it, pointing Nancy to the window --

And she hurries over, climbing onto the ledge, a fifteen foot drop with a heavy pack on her back. She wavers, just as bullets pierce through the door --

And Nancy tumbles out badly, slamming to --

### **THE HARD GROUND**

Twisting her ankle, but no time to feel anything. She jumps on her bike and rides toward the woods, surging with the last of her adrenaline, Gestapo in pursuit, as we --

CUT TO:

### **INT. COLONEL BUCKMASTER'S OFFICE - 64 BAKER STREET - EVENING**

Buckmaster and Gielgud review a map of southern France, which displays placements of Allied Navy along the Mediterranean coast. Operation Dragoon is imminent --

MAJOR GIELGUD

Allies are set to begin shelling  
the coast at anytime, sir. All of  
our remaining teams are in place--

COLONEL BUCKMASTER

Still no word from Captain Wake?

MAJOR GIELGUD

Afraid not, sir.

COLONEL BUCKMASTER

Where the bloody hell is she?

CUT TO:

**EXT. FOREST - AUVERGNE COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT**

Dogs barking in the distance, Nancy pedals for dear life,  
straining through intense pain, pack weighing her down --

And the dogs are getting closer.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - AUVERGNE COUNTRYSIDE - MOMENTS LATER**

Spotlights and dogs close behind, Nancy pedals up to a  
farmhouse. She pounds on the door and a light comes on. A  
French woman, CELESTE, cracks it open, and the moment she  
sees Nancy, she knows exactly what it's about --

CELESTE

I'm sorry, I can't--

NANCY

*Please.*

The barking grows louder, the spotlights visibly nearing  
through the forest. Celeste tries to close the door --

But Nancy wedges it open with her bloody, swollen foot. Her  
eyes dart around, finding the Mother Mary painting hanging  
near the doorway. She reveals her crucifix necklace --

NANCY (CONT'D)

One Christian to another.

Celeste stares at the crucifix, weighing her morals...

**INT. CELLAR - FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy hides behind the stairwell, and as boots tromp  
overhead, she can hear the voice of --

GESTAPO (O.S.)  
We're looking for a woman. A very  
dangerous woman.

CELESTE (O.S.)  
I have nothing to hide--

GESTAPO (O.S.)  
Then you won't mind if we search.

The cellar door opens. Nancy huddles in the darkness behind the stairwell, watching as a GESTAPO climbs down, holding a lantern. Celeste follows him, as --

He shines the light around the earthen-walled room, Nancy trying to make herself as small as possible in the shadows, holding her breath. He's about to reveal her, when --

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)  
Mama?

The form of a LITTLE GIRL appears at the cellar door --

CELESTE  
It's fine, dear, go back to bed.  
(to Gestapo)  
Time to leave, you're scaring my  
daughter.  
(he lingers)  
Unless you think a four-year-old is  
a dangerous woman?

The Gestapo takes one last look around, then heads upstairs -- and Nancy collapses in relief.

# **INT. KITCHEN - FARMHOUSE - LATER**

A ravenous Nancy devours bread and drinks water, while Celeste watches --

CELESTE  
Who are you, dangerous woman?

Nancy tries to speak through her full mouth, but --

CELESTE (CONT'D)  
Nevermind, it's best I don't know.  
I just hope you're giving as good  
as you're obviously getting--

A creak in the floorboards, and they whip around to see that it's only Celeste's daughter again, holding her teddy bear --

CELESTE (CONT'D)  
Back to bed this instant--

LITTLE GIRL  
But I'm not tired--

CELESTE  
(harsh)  
To bed.

The Little Girl throws down her teddy bear and storms back to bed, slamming the door as she goes --

NANCY  
Dangerous woman, indeed.

Celeste picks up the teddy bear, brushing it off --

CELESTE  
She thinks I'm a tyrant, but I'm  
just trying to survive.

This hits Nancy deep inside, resonating with her own fraught childhood with her mother, tears welling --

But she still won't let herself cry.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - AUVERGNE COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN**

Nancy straps on her cumbersome pack and gets back on her bike, but the sores covering her legs are excruciating. Celeste rips off a piece of her dress and hands it to Nancy --

CELESTE  
A trick I learned in labor: Bite  
this for the pain.

NANCY  
Thank you.

Celeste turns to head inside, but before she's gone --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Celeste?  
(she turns back)  
You're a good mother.

Celeste smiles, and Nancy pedals away...

**CONTINUE MONTAGE:**

-- Biting the fabric, blood streaming down her legs, Nancy pedals over rocky terrain, every inch a lifetime of pain.



-- Delirious, Nancy pedals under the glaring mid-day sun, as if the celestial symbol of the Fatherland beats down upon her with personal menace. She passes a sign, which she can barely read: "Cantal Mountains - 84 Kilometers".

-- Nancy slumps behind a boulder, as a Gestapo patrol rolls by. The flesh on her legs is now totally raw. Everything has been stripped away.

**EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT**

Nancy's wheel hits a gnarled root and she flips off the bicycle, slamming to the ground. But unlike the times before, she doesn't get up. She lies here, trembling, as we --

FLASH TO:

**EXT. NANCY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY**

Nancy's original wound: Young Nancy stands on the front porch, tears in her eyes, holding her FATHER tight --

FATHER

Big girls don't cry, Nancy.

FLASH TO:

**EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT**

For the first time in our story, tears stream down Nancy's face, powerful sobs wracking her entire body. Baring her soul. A catharsis far deeper than physical pain, as we --

FLASH TO:

**EXT. NANCY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY**

Nancy's Father gets into a waiting taxi. As it pulls away --

FATHER

Mind your mother now.

And he recedes into the hazy distance, disappearing from Nancy's life forever, as we --

FLASH TO:

**EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT**

Nancy cries for everything she's lost -- and we begin to wonder if she's ever going to get back up, as we --

FLASH TO:

**INT. NANCY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY**

Young Nancy finds her Mother sitting at the kitchen table, clutching a Bible and crying. In this new light, she's not a menacing monster -- but rather, an abandoned woman with six children, just trying to survive.

Blessed with this measure of understanding, and thus forgiveness, we --

FLASH TO:

**EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - NIGHT**

Nancy's teary eyes and find the full moon above, cradling her in the mysterious grace of its supernal womb...

And she picks herself up again.

FADE TO:

**EXT. WATERFALL CAVES - CANTAL PLATEAU - DAY**

Gaspard and his Maquis sit around the fire, eating their scant lunch. Then a faint sound, a rhythmic squeaking in the distance, as if from a mouse...

And Nancy pedals into camp, strangely placid, driven by a power infinitely greater than herself. A hushed awe falls over the men as they gaze upon the indomitable woman who just biked 400 rugged kilometers in less than three days.

Denden rushes up to help -- but Nancy won't allow it. She climbs off the bike, removes her pack and hands it to him --

And she collapses.

FADE TO:

**INT. CAVE - NIGHT**

Nancy awakens in a dark cave. Her clothes are fresh, her wounds dressed. She hears the echoing of excited voices. She stands, heading out to the --

**MOUTH OF THE CAVE**

Where the Maquis are celebrating around a roaring fire, music playing on the new SOE radio. Denden sees her, elated --

DENDEN

She is risen!

Denden tries to start dancing with her, but --

NANCY

Easy, my legs are still marzipan.  
How long have I been out?

DENDEN

Thirty hours or so--

NANCY

What? What are you fools doing, we  
have a--

DENDEN

Dragoon's done, Nan. They didn't  
need us. As soon as the shelling  
began, the krauts tucked tail and  
ran. It's a full retreat.

Nancy looks around at all the celebrating Maquis --

NANCY

So... it's over?

A drunken Gaspard approaches, kissing her on both cheeks,  
ready to make peace --

GASPARD

It's over!

Gaspard starts dancing with her around the fire.

#### **LATER - DAWN**

Nancy awakens to find everyone sleeping off last night's  
victory celebration. Everyone except Denden, who's huddled  
over the new radio, furiously transcribing a message, as --

Nancy walks over, and he looks up from his work, the gravest  
we've ever seen him --

NANCY (PRE-LAP)

It's not over.

#### **LATER - MORNING**

The Maquis pack up camp, preparing to go home -- but Nancy  
speaks with Fournier, Bazooka, Denden, and Gaspard --

NANCY (CONT'D)

We have one more sacrifice to make.  
The Germans are in full retreat,  
yes, but their aim is to get back  
to the Fatherland, dig in, and  
prolong the war indefinitely.

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

That could mean millions more lives lost. So we've been called upon to stop them. The SOE wants us to hold two battalions at Cosne-d'Allier--

GASPARD

That's at least five thousand soldiers--

NANCY

Please, don't interrupt me, Major--

GASPARD

It's General.

(off her confusion)

I really didn't want to get into this with you, but... When you were gone, I received word: I've been promoted to General of the Auvergne by de Gaulle, and from our perspective, the war is over. I'm not sending anymore Frenchmen to be cannon-fodder for your King.

Nancy gives Gaspard a hard glare... Then pushes past him and wordlessly climbs to the top of --

### THE BOULDER

Where she stands above all the Maquis. She pulls out her pistol and fires into the air --

NANCY

Your General says you're going home. After all the Germans have done to you, you're going to let them scuttle off without so much as a kick in the ass.

The Maquis who got his nose broken by Nancy pipes up --

MAQUIS

Haven't seen my wife in six months.

A second Maquis joins him --

MAQUIS 2

My boy was killed and I've yet to visit his grave.

Other Maquis nod in agreement --

NANCY

You think I don't want to see my loved ones? Marseille is liberated, I could quit. But we have a duty--

GASPARD

There is no "we" anymore, Colonel. You're finished, go home.

The Maquis go back to packing, but Nancy calls out --

NANCY

Wait. What General Gaspard fails to realize is that he's superseded by the Field Marshal of France--

GASPARD

Outrageous, there is no--

NANCY

There is and it's me. I declare myself Field Marshal Nancy Wake--

GASPARD

Outrageous--

NANCY

Yes! Yes, it's outrageous, all of it -- ranks, medals, flags. The whole fucking war's outrageous. The only true authority I claim is that I love France. How do you think I rode that goddamn bicycle four hundred kilometers? She sustained me. Just as She sustains you. So now we have a choice, each of us. A moral reckoning.

Nancy points to the Maquis, calling them out, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - MONTLUCON - DAY**

A French flag now hangs above the Gestapo Headquarters that Nancy raided. She stands under it, speaking passionately to the TOWNSPEOPLE, hoping to recruit more fighters --

NANCY (V.O.)  
 We can let the Brits and Yankees  
 fight for us -- but that will only  
 confirm what the world already  
 believes: France is weak.

CUT TO:

**EXT. OPEN FIELD - AUVERGNE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

Nancy and her swelling Maquis -- ROUGHLY 500 MEN -- watch  
 supply-crates parachute down in huge quantities --

NANCY (V.O.)  
 Or we face the Germans in open  
 battle.

Bazooka opens a crate packed with bazookas, laughing, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. BROADCAST STATION - CHAUDES-AIGUES VILLAGE - DAY**

Nancy stands before the destroyed German broadcast tower,  
 again speaking passionately to the assembled TOWNSPEOPLE --

NANCY (V.O.)  
 We show the world that we're free.  
 That we've always been free.

More YOUNG MEN volunteer, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. COSNE-D'ALLIER - DAY**

An establishing shot of the village, which rests upon the  
 banks of the wide Allier River --

NANCY (V.O.)  
 We make a stand. No matter how many  
 men they have, no matter how many  
 lives they take -- we hold our  
 ground.

We note a formidable stone bridge spanning the river, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE - COSNE-D'ALLIER - EVENING**

Nancy stands in the town square, where a massive cathedral  
 with a belltower looms behind her --

NANCY

Most of all, we send a message so  
loud, it echoes through history:  
Don't fuck with Mother France --  
because she's one mean bitch!

Reveal that she's standing before ROUGHLY 1000 MAQUIS, who  
are in formation in the town square. They raise their guns  
and cheer wildly --

And even General Gaspard gives Nancy a respectful nod.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CHATEAU - NIGHT**

An ancient stone edifice, complete with tapestries and fine  
woodwork. Nancy gazes out the window at the town square  
below, which has been evacuated. There are sandbag  
fortifications setup to block the main road, which leads to  
the bridge just beyond.

DENDEN (O.S.)

Nerves?

She turns to see Denden in the doorway --

NANCY

Bed's too goddamn soft.

DENDEN

I'm sure the owner won't mind if we  
snag a bottle from his wine cellar--

NANCY

No. I want to feel this.

(then)

Besides, shouldn't you be searching  
for some pretty young thing? By all  
means, don't let me stop you--

DENDEN

I'm exactly where I want to be,  
Nan.

Denden puts his arm around Nancy and they stand here in  
silence, gazing out the window, as we FADE TO --

**SERENE DARKNESS.**

PRE-LAP: The ominous tromping of thousands of heavy boots...

**EXT. FORESTED OUTSKIRTS - COSNE-D'ALLIER - DAWN**

An amalgam of two battered German Battalions march along the narrow road into town, which is lined by thick forests on either side. We glimpse a long cavalcade of roughly 5,500 HAGGARD SOLDIERS, five dilapidated Panzers, and a few dozen beat-up Kubelwagens --

One of which carries Captain Böhm, who carries a crutch since Nancy shot him in the leg. He's riding with the GERMAN MAJOR GENERAL in command. Suddenly --

BANG -- a nearby soldier gets taken out by a sniper-shot --  
BANG-BANG -- two more fall, as --

**UP ON A FORESTED RIDGE**

Fournier takes shots, drawing German fire. A Panzer turret cranks around toward him, as --

**IN THE FOREST ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD**

A camouflaged Bazooka fires his namesake --

**EXPLODING THE FIRST PANZER**

Flaming chaos in the German ranks, as --

**IN BÖHM'S KUBELWAGEN**

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
It's an ambush.

GERMAN MAJOR GENERAL  
The Allies are less than a day  
behind us. We have to take the  
bridge before they blow it.  
(calling out)  
FULL FORWARD!

And the German Soldiers rush toward the town square, as --

We PULL OUT to --

**THE CATHEDRAL BELLTOWER**

Where Denden watches through binoculars. He sees the German forces incoming, so he holds up a red flag, signaling to --

**NANCY'S SANDBAG FORTIFICATION**



Down in the town square, where she waits with 100 MAQUIS. Across from her, Tardivat and another 100 MAQUIS also wait behind sandbags. Together, they guard the main road that leads to the bridge, which is visible in the distance, as --

Bazooka sprints into the town square, diving for cover behind Nancy's fortifications --

NANCY  
INCOMING--

#### **THE FIRST WAVE OF GERMAN SOLDIERS HITS**

They flood the town square, getting cut down by the Maquis, staining the cobblestones red, until --

#### **A PANZER ROLLS IN**

And fires on Tardivat's sandbags, vaulting Maquis into the air. Using the Panzer for cover, another wave of Germans crash in, advancing toward --

#### **NANCY'S SANDBAG FORTIFICATION**

Where she and her men endure heavy fire, a Panzer bearing down. Bazooka launches a shell -- but it bounces off the armor and explodes just overhead, shrapnel raining down, as --

In the chaos, Rodrigo sees a German Soldier aiming directly for Nancy -- so he dives in front of her, taking a shot in the chest, as --

He reaches out, gurgling blood, and Nancy takes his hand, comforting him as he dies... She looks at his body, then at the overpowering waves of Germans advancing all around, slaughtering her men --

NANCY (CONT'D)  
FALL BACK!

Her Maquis lay cover-fire as they scatter from the town square, and we go to --

#### **THE CATHEDRAL BELLTOWER**

Where Denden sees Nancy's retreat and holds up a yellow flag, which is visible down in --

#### **TARDIVAT'S SANDBAG FORTIFICATION**

Where Tardivat suffers heavy losses, men falling all around, a second Panzer looming. Upon seeing the signal, he calls out --

TARDIVAT  
FALL BACK!

And his Maquis retreat as well, allowing the Germans into the square, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. BRIDGE - COSNE-D'ALLIER - CONTINUOUS**

We sweep along the Gothic bridge, revealing packs of C-4 rigged beneath every arch, connected to a detonator at --

**THE FRONT OF THE BRIDGE**

Where Gaspard waits with another 100 MAQUIS, fortified behind sandbags, the last line of defense, vastly overmatched as --

Two Panzers roll straight for them, leading a charge of roughly 200 German Soldiers, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. SIDE DOOR - CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS**

Brutal bedlam as Maquis exchange fire with German Soldiers, more and more enemy forces charging into the square with each passing second, as --

Nancy runs up to a side door. She's about to head in -- but a German Soldier pounces from behind, slamming her head into the wall. He pulls his pistol and fires --

But it jams, as Nancy draws her knife and runs him through. She opens the side door and ducks into the cathedral, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT OF THE BRIDGE - COSNE-D'ALLIER - CONTINUOUS**

Gaspard and his Maquis open fire on the Panzers, but the bullets bounce off --

And the Panzers return fire, demolishing the fortifications, throwing up sand and blood --

So Gaspard grabs the detonator and plunges it down -- but nothing happens. He presses the detonator again -- nothing --

GASPARD  
*Shit--*

And we PULL OUT to --

**BÖHM'S KUBELWAGEN**

Parked on a nearby hilltop, where the German Major General is watching through binoculars --

GERMAN MAJOR GENERAL  
Their explosives failed.

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
Are you certain?

Ignoring Böhm, the Major General turns to his RADIO MAN --

GERMAN MAJOR GENERAL  
Full forward across the bridge.

As the Radio Man transmits the orders, we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT OF THE BRIDGE - COSNE-D'ALLIER - CONTINUOUS**

Gaspard sees the two Panzers accelerating toward his position, so he drops the useless detonator and yells --

GASPARD  
RETREAT!

His Maquis retreat over the bridge, and we --

CUT TO:

**INT. STEEP STAIRWELL - CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS**

Nancy runs up as fast as she can, stumbling and almost falling -- but she picks herself up and continues as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE - COSNE-D'ALLIER - CONTINUOUS**

Bullets zipping past, the Maquis next to Gaspard gets shot and falls. They're running to the far end of the bridge, two Panzers and 200 German Soldiers in pursuit, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE - COSNE-D'ALLIER - CONTINUOUS**

Tardivat takes a bullet in the shoulder but keeps firing, cornered behind a pile of rubble, overwhelmed by the Germans, who have now completely overtaken the town square, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. STEEP STAIRWELL - CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS**

Lungs on fire, Nancy finally reaches --

**THE CATHEDRAL BELLTOWER**

Where Denden hands her the binoculars, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FAR END OF THE BRIDGE - COSNE-D'ALLIER - CONTINUOUS**

Three more of Gaspard's Maquis fall, dropping like flies, as he reaches the far end of the bridge, and we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. BELLTOWER - CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS**

Nancy watches it all from high above. The Germans have almost taken the bridge. The town square is awash in German Soldiers. All appears to be lost...

But Nancy knows that perceived weakness can be her greatest strength, as --

She rings the churchbell, a clarion call transcending the horrific thrum of war, as we --

CUT TO:

**INT. BÖHM'S KUBELWAGEN / EXT. HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS**

Böhm hears the ringing and knows it means doom. He turns to the German Major General --

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
PULL BACK--

CUT TO:

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE - COSNE-D'ALLIER - CONTINUOUS**

Nancy's plan reveals itself, as the 700 MAQUIS we haven't yet seen charge out to the rooftops of the buildings surrounding the square, armed with Bren Guns and bazookas, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FAR END OF THE BRIDGE - COSNE-D'ALLIER - CONTINUOUS**

Hearing the bells, Gaspard grabs a pack hidden in the bushes and pulls out a second detonator, plunging it down as --

We PULL OUT to --

**THE FULL BRIDGE**

The first C-4 explodes from beneath the center arch, throwing ancient stones and dust, setting off calamitous tidal waves in both directions --

Hurling the two Panzers and 200 German Soldiers into the river, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. BELLTOWER - CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS**

Nancy watches as all 700 Maquis unleash death from above, firing from the rooftops, raining down upon the German Soldiers trapped in the town square, and --

Nancy grabs a bazooka of her own, prepared to fire --

DENDEN

Let me.

She hands the bazooka to Denden. He lifts the hulking weapon onto his shoulder, aims awkwardly --

And fires a round that incinerates a Kubelwagen, arcing flames. He lets out a primal yell, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. ROOFTOP - CHATEAU - CONTINUOUS**

Fournier leads a team of MAQUIS SNIPERS, picking off Germans with lethal efficiency, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT OF THE BRIDGE - COSNE-D'ALLIER - CONTINUOUS**

300 GERMAN SOLDIERS and the two remaining Panzers reel from the destruction of the bridge, trying to regroup, but --

BOOM -- a Panzer explodes, throwing off hot metal, hit by a shell fired from --

**A NEARBY ROOFTOP**

Where a laughing Bazooka and Tardivat are aiming bazookas, along with 50 MORE MAQUIS, as we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. BELLTOWER - CATHEDRAL - CONTINUOUS**

Nancy watches her Maquis decimate the Germans in the town square, dead bodies piling up, men dying all around --

Then Nancy sees the first German throw down his gun and put his hands up in surrender. Then another, and another, a wave of defeated men --

And Nancy stops the churchbell's ringing.

FADE TO:

**EXT. CATTLE FARM - COSNE-D'ALLIER OUTSKIRTS - EVENING**

The surviving Germans -- roughly 4000 MEN -- have been lined up by the Maquis. They're being searched, then corralled in a fenced-in field. Nancy surveys the proceedings, her gaze falling upon a familiar face --

Captain Böhm.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Unable to stand on his injured leg, Böhm sits in the muck by the fence-line. Nancy approaches, pistol in hand. The other Germans back away, but Böhm simply awaits his fate --

NANCY  
Is Henri alive?

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
I'll tell you, but you must do one thing for me.

He produces a letter --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (CONT'D)  
Get this to my daughter.

She takes the letter --

CAPTAIN BÖHM (CONT'D)  
Do I have your word?

NANCY  
Yes, now answer me.

CAPTAIN BÖHM  
The answer is in your hand. That's a farewell letter. Because I know that you're going to execute me -- just as I did your husband. Life has a cruel symmetry--

Nancy cuts him off, pressing her pistol to his forehead...  
But then, she lowers it --

NANCY

No. No, you'll stand trial for your  
crimes.

She drops the letter in his lap --

NANCY (CONT'D)

I want your daughter to know what  
kind of man her father really is.

Nancy turns and leaves. And from the expression on Böhm's  
face, we gather that this punishment -- this psychological  
torture -- is far worse than death.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy walks out past the fence-line, where Denden is waiting.  
The only thing he can do is hold her and let her cry...

NANCY (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

I was going to toast those we've  
lost.

#### **INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CHATEAU - NIGHT**

A wistful Nancy spends one last night drinking with her  
friends: Denden, Tardivat, Fournier, and Bazooka --

NANCY

But I think I've drunk enough to  
the past. What about the future?

FOURNIER

(patting his rifle)  
We're going to Berlin.

They all toast --

TARDIVAT

I suppose I'll try to find another  
woman to make dresses for.

Another round of toasts --

BAZOOKA

I'm going back to writing  
children's books.  
(everyone laughs)  
What?

TARDIVAT  
Is your pen name Bazooka?

More laughter, as everyone toasts again.

**LATER - MORNING**

Nancy awakens to find Denden nudging her gently --

DENDEN  
One last surprise, Nan.

He helps her out of bed and leads her out to --

**THE BALCONY**

Where she gasps, amazed and humbled, because down in the town square below --

ALL THE MAQUIS have lined up in perfect formation. Gaspard stands at the fore, leading them --

GASPARD  
Field Marshal Wake, we salute you.

SUPER: AUGUST 30, 1944

Gaspard marches beneath the balcony, saluting Nancy. Then the next man follows, and the next, and the next --

A parade of proud Maquis, honoring their Field Marshal...

FADE TO:

**INT. JEEP / EXT. MARSEILLE - MORNING**

Nancy drives, Denden in shotgun. They roll into the recently-liberated city, which is just beginning to rebuild, French flags once again flying proudly.

**EXT. HENRI'S MANSION - MARSEILLE - LATER**

Nancy and Denden walk up. The shrubs are overgrown, the windows are broken, and front door has been kicked in --

NANCY  
I'd like to do this alone, please.

Denden nods, taking his leave, as Nancy makes her way inside.



**INT. MAIN HALL - HENRI'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy surveys the barren place that was once her home. Looters have taken everything of value, leaving only smashed vases, stained rugs, and faded memories.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - HENRI'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER**

Nancy sifts through the torn clothing and tossed papers. Under a pile of cushions, she sees it --

A scrap of her blue wedding dress. She picks it up, holding it close --

PHILIPPE (O.S.)  
Welcome home.

She turns to see Philippe, standing in the doorway. Like everyone, the war has changed him: He has a scar running down the side of his face and a bad limp --

PHILIPPE (CONT'D)  
When I heard you were back, I had to come see you.

Nancy embraces him, motioning to his scar --

NANCY  
What happened?

PHILIPPE  
They arrested me right after Henri. I was in the cell next to his.

NANCY  
I left him in hell. Be honest, old friend: Did he die hating me?

PHILIPPE  
That's what I came to tell you, Nan. When they offered him a last meal, what do you think he requested?  
(she waits, hoping)  
A bottle of 1928 Krug.

Tears of longing and hope well in Nancy's eyes. Philippe heads out, allowing her to be alone. Clutching the scrap of her blue wedding dress, she lies down on the bed and feels the spot where Henri used to sleep...

But then, she hears a commotion outside. She gets up and heads over to the broken window, morning sunlight filtering in through the torn curtain --

In the street below, a FRENCH GIRL has spilled a wheelbarrow full of bricks. She's loading them back up, doing her part to rebuild. Nancy leaves the frame, but we stay in the window, watching the Girl struggle...

And then, after a moment, Nancy appears by her side, loading the last of the bricks. Together, they lift the wheelbarrow and begin the long work of pushing it up the hill.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: For her heroic contributions to the war effort, Nancy Wake was awarded France's highest merit, the Order of the Legion of Honor. She was also awarded the George Medal and the Defense Medal by the United Kingdom, the Companion of the Order of Australia, and the United States Medal of Freedom.

She died in 2011, at the age of 98, and requested that her ashes be scattered to the winds of the Auvergne.