

ALL THE LIGHT WE CANNOT SEE

EPISODE 1

Written by

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Based on the novel, 'All The Light We Cannot See'
By Anthony Doerr

1 OPEN ON BLACK

1

Over black we hear a deep, throbbing rumble of many large engines. We also hear the crackle of radios and then an American voice (who we will learn is a pilot)...

AMERICAN PILOT (OOV CROSS TALK)
OK, twenty seconds....

A second American voice begins to count down from twenty to one but this voice is distant and half lost in crackle. The count down forms a drum beat...

COUNTER (OOV CROSS TALK)
Twenty, nineteen, eighteen...

As the count and cross talk continues, we realize the black we opened on is actually the black of an ocean at night which we are skimming over at ten thousand feet. Very quickly we begin to see the reflections of dim lights on two small islands (Petite Be and Grande Be), then the foam of breaking waves and the pale sand of a beach.

AMERICAN PILOT (OOV)
It's going to come at us thick...

From the darkness of the ocean we see a squadron of American bombers. We come around and see the lights of a town (St.Malo) which is to be their target. We see the silhouette of a castle...

AMERICAN BOMBARDIER (OOV CROSS TALK)
I see the castle. Right there.
Bridge, you ever blown a castle
before?

COUNTER (OOV CROSS TALK)
...ten, nine, eight...

AMERICAN VOICE 1 (OOV)
Put it below me I'll blow it. Ah
Fuck....

All around is now a firework display and the smash of explosions. The Bombardier is grave...

COUNTER (OOV)
Three, two, one....

AMERICAN PILOT (OOV)

Let 'em go...

We instantly come close to the bomb doors opening against a half Moon. The first stick of bombs begin to fall.

Caption: 'St. Malo France, August 1944'

From below we see almost a dozen identical Liberators flying in formation and they all begin to drop their bombs. Triple 'A' explodes all around and lights up the sky. Below, the town of St.Malo begins to light up too as the bombs explode.

The Liberators then bank left and right in formation. The triple A intensifies and we hear a pilot who is calm beyond reason...

AMERICAN PILOT (OOV) (CONT'D)

OK now let's deliver the mail....

Once again we come close to the bomb doors, which are still open. This time it is not bombs but hundreds of thousands of leaflets which begin to fall.

We stay with the cloud of leaflets and begin to fall with them as they float down through the flashing light of exploding artillery shells. We see in the distance the squadron of bombers wheeling around for a second sortie but the leaflets continue to fall...

As we fall we mute the sound of the air raid and float down. Then we hear the voice of a girl (we will learn it is the voice of MARIE-LAURE, an eighteen year old girl and our hero). Her voice also crackles with radio static....

MARIE-LAURE (OOV)

Papa? Uncle Etienne? If you can hear me you must come home. The bombs are falling. I think the invasion has reached us at last...

...

2

EXT. RUE VAUBOREL, ST. MALO

2

Thousands of leaflets fall down from the night sky and we TILT DOWN with them to reveal a tall and distinct house, the cobblestone street below it littered with fallen and smashed slate roof tiles.

3 INT. MARIE-LAURE'S ATTIC-- THAT SAME HOUSE

3

...A bomb explodes outside the attic of a four storey ocean front house and the rafters shake.

The attic is lit by moonlight and the faint glow of an old stove.

We can hear but not yet see Marie, whose voice is now pure and not covered by radio static....

MARIE-LAURE (OOV)
Uncle Etienne it is not just that I
am alone here. I am also very
worried about you...

As she speaks, we pass two cans of food without labels on a plain wooden shelf.

MARIE-LAURE (OOV) (CONT'D)
...You said you would be gone one
hour. It has been two days. If you
are hiding from the soldiers, use
the bombs to get back home....

We move on to see the back of Marie, dressed in home stitched clothes with her hair pulled back. She is speaking into a radio transmitter which is evidently home made. Wires are stretched between glowing valves...

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)
And Papa, you said you would be
gone six days. It has been more
than a year...

We arrive at Marie and slowly come around on her face as she speaks into the microphone...

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)
But Papa. Wherever in the world
you are. If you can hear me. I love
you....

We see Marie's face for the first time. Still a child but with a face etched with anxiety. She appears to stare straight ahead.

Just as we establish Marie's face, another bomb explodes outside and several windows in the apartment are smashed and the shutters are thrown open violently.

Tiles on the roof above are shaken loose and dislodged, allowing slivers of moonlight to slice into the attic.

Marie-Laure is half thrown and half jumps for cover from her chair. Debris flies around. It takes a while for Marie to recover but she gropes back to her chair and rights it and sits on it.

Night air and smoke drifts into the room and the sound of the air raid is now three times louder. Even so Marie hooks back strands of hair that fell loose and composes herself.

Her stare is unflinching and she is making a great effort not to break. Her voice is calm out of quiet defiance as she speaks into the microphone...

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)

And now, for those of you who listen to my broadcasts for pleasure...

She reaches into the candlelight and gropes with her fingers for a book. It is heavy with a leather cover but with no title we can understand. Instead the title is embossed in the dots of Braille.

We will now learn that Marie is blind.

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)

...I will continue with my reading of '20,000 Leagues Under the Sea', by Jules Verne.

Marie opens up the book and we see the Braille text.

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)

It was given to me by my Father for my birthday. When we were in Paris and at peace...

Marie controls emotion. More bombs fall across the city. Marie soothes her voice as she begins to use her fingertips to read the book.

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)

'The great depths of the ocean are unknown to us. Soundings can not reach them....

On an explosion outside we cut...

4

INT. BEES HOTEL, BASEMENT

4

...A scene from hell as the same bomb explodes. In cracks of light and the glow of radio cathodes, we glimpse death and destruction. Marie's broadcast continues in voiceover...

MARIE-LAURE (OOV)

...What passes in those remote depths, what beings live or can live twelve or fifteen miles beneath the surface of the waters we do not know. No one knows...

We are in the basement of a once grand hotel. A German soldier lies dead with a horrific wound to his chest. Another soldier is dying. A third soldier swigs from a brandy bottle. He is indistinct but casts a huge shadow on the crumbling wall.

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)

...It is plain that either we do know all the varieties of beings that live on our planet, or we do not.

We find a young German soldier wearing heavy bakelite headphones, listening to the radio.

We will learn that this is WERNER PFENNIG.

Marie continues in voiceover as we study Werner's look of concentration....

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)

If we do not know them all, if nature still has secrets, then...

Werner pushes the headphones tighter to his ear to combat the sound of an explosion.

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)

...we should consider that any species of monster is possibly out there in the darkness and in the depths...

The German soldier who was drinking Brandy from the bottle in the shadows (FRANK VOLKHEIMER) suddenly pulls Werner's headphones off his head. He looms over Werner and we see his massive bulk and height.

VOLKHEIMER

Werner? You want to take a last drink before we die?

Volkheimer is offering the bottle of brandy.

VOLKHEIMER (CONT'D)

Brandy. Older than both of us. Older than we will ever be.

(MORE)

VOLKHEIMER (CONT'D)

We are about to die Werner and
you're listening to the fucking
radio.

Bombs whistle and explode all around, the bombardment
reaching a crescendo. Werner takes a swig of brandy and
wipes his mouth. Volkheimer looks over Werner's shoulder...

VOLKHEIMER (CONT'D)

What are you listening to anyway?

He peers at the lights of the frequency reading beside the
valves. It says 'SW 13.10' (this frequency will become
important)...

WERNER

I'm listening to a girl reading a
book...

Werner looks to Volkheimer and completes softly...

WERNER (CONT'D)

...She is reading in French.

Werner takes another swig, his headphones around his neck.
Volkheimer is surprised...

VOLKHEIMER

You don't speak French.

WERNER

Yes I do.

As Volkheimer reacts Werner holds one half of the headphone
to one ear. A bomb explodes above their heads...

WERNER (CONT'D)

...And when a bomb falls outside, I
hear it on the radio. Which means
the girl I'm listening to is here.
She is in St. Malo...

Werner screws the cap back on...

VOLKHEIMER

You never told me you speak French.

A closer explosion rocks the world above. Werner looks to
Volkheimer, amused, defiant.

WERNER

In the moments before you die you
tell people your secrets.

(MORE)

WERNER (CONT'D)

Before they put me in this uniform
I used to listen to a French radio
station...

Volkheimer is horrified.

VOLKHEIMER

You did what?

WERNER

(nods)

I broke the Fuhrer's rules. There
was this voice I listened to. Since
I was a boy. He was a Professor...

Werner half laughs at the extent of the memory...

WERNER (CONT'D)

I learned French and I learned lots
of true things about the world...

Volkheimer is puzzled and half laughs.

VOLKHEIMER

Listening to foreign broadcasts is
punishable by death Werner...

WERNER

So what? Ten seconds, a hundred,
we're both dead anyway.

He hands the brandy back and his eyes burn. He announces with
gravity.

WERNER (CONT'D)

The radio station that taught me
French was on Short wave frequency
13.10.

Werner gestures at the glowing numbers on the radio...

WERNER (CONT'D)

Ever since we left Ukraine I've
been tuning to that frequency...

Werner sits heavily on a lump of debris...

WERNER (CONT'D)

...Until now all I got was white
noise...

They both hear the whistle of a falling bomb, very close,
almost intimate.

WERNER (CONT'D)

And now, now when it's too late the frequency comes alive and I hear a girl reading a book...

They both look up...

WERNER (CONT'D)

...And I will never know who she is.

The whistling is louder. Volkheimer swallows more brandy..

VOLKHEIMER

Goodbye Werner...

The whistling is deafening. Werner turns back to the glowing frequency on his radio.

WERNER

Goodbye.

A huge explosion above causes a wooden beam to give way and the floor above comes crashing down onto the two German soldiers....

5 INT. MARIE-LAURE'S ATTIC

5

We hear the same bomb explode and then another flurry of bombs falling across the town. The apartment shakes and this time Marie covers her ears.

She waits with her ears covered then removes them. She listens intently. The sound of aeroplanes is dying and then it is gone. In it's place there is silence. Marie closes her book and whispers...

MARIE-LAURE

That is the end of tonight's broadcast. I hope you will tune in tomorrow. If there is a tomorrow.

She flicks off the radio and stands and walks slowly toward the broken window. The crunch of broken glass makes her slow. As we come around to see through the window we see that in the silence a shower of leaflets is now falling through the smoke.

As she approaches two leaflets blow in through the empty window frame and Marie feels one float by. She hears them sliding on the floorboards and reaches down to pick one up.

Over her shoulder we see the words are in French but we get subtitles. *'Urgent message to the inhabitants of St. Malo. Bombing will resume tomorrow at MIDNIGHT. Depart immediately to open country'*.

Of course Marie cannot read the message. Instead she feels the paper and sniffs it then puts her hand out of the shattered window and lets the leaflet go....

6 EXT. ST. MALO - NIGHT 6

...In wide we see Marie at her window letting the leaflet go, lost among a patchwork of other windows in houses and apartments where lights are beginning to come on now that the raid is over.

But the scene is dominated by thousands and thousands of leaflets falling on the town like snow. Fires burn and smoke swirls and we follow a particular leaflet to the ground...

7 EXT. RESTAURANT 'BOUCHE EN FOLIE' 7

...The leaflet falls and lands on the street outside what was once St. Malo's most exclusive restaurant. It is now a pool of candlelight and reflected flame in the smoky darkness near to the Cathedral St Vincent.

Through the window in this pool of light we see a man in his late thirties dressed in a German gestapo Officer's uniform which is too big for him. He looks like a man who has lost weight quickly and recently. This is VON RUMPEL.

He is sitting at a table shucking oysters with an oyster knife and eating them off the blade. After moment we move through the shower of leaflets, through the window to join Von Rumpel.

8 INT. 'BOUCHE EN FOLIE' 8

...As we join, Von Rumpel is putting a shucked oyster to his lips and sucking. There is a fine bottle of vintage claret on the table and he washes the oyster down. The pleasure he gets from both appear to be felt through a bandage of deep physical pain to which he has become accustomed.

There is a revolver on the table beside his plate. As he discards the empty shell he listens and hears silence.

He sips his wine and looks out at the leaflets swirling in the smoky air. He is amused and looks into the shadows beyond the candlelight...

VON RUMPEL

Garcon...

The shadow comes to life in the form of a gaunt French RESTAURANT OWNER in his fifties. Von Rumpel gestures at the leaflets...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

Tell me what the Americans are saying.

The waiter goes outside and grabs a leaflet. He returns and offers the leaflet to Von Rumpel. Von Rumpel guzzles another oyster and doesn't look at the leaflet...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

Read it to me.

The owner is looking for excuses not to cooperate....

The restaurant owner swallows four years of resentment and decides to summarize rather than read word for word...

RESTAURANT OWNER

It says they will be back tomorrow at midnight. Everyone in the town must leave.

The restaurant owner stands and stares out at the flames engulfing his city. Another oyster, another swig....

VON RUMPEL

Bravo. Then this is it. The beginning of the end.

The restaurant owner speaks without looking back from the inferno...

RESTAURANT OWNER

They are telling us to leave but you have locked the gates of the City.

Von Rumpel eats the last oyster....

RESTAURANT OWNER (CONT'D)

You bastards have closed the gates so we can not leave.

Von Rumpel takes a breath to smother pain. He then swigs wine from the bottle...

VON RUMPEL

Do not blame me. I am not here to execute the war.

A pause. He puts the bottle down.

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

I am a jeweller. My job is to track down and identify all the finest jewels in Europe and deliver them to the Fuhrer.

He takes another swig, his teeth blackened by the red wine...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

Since almost all of the other jewelers in Germany were Jewish, and since the Reich, in its endless wisdom has decided to gas, shoot, hang or starve all the Jews of Europe to death, I am the only one of my profession still at large.

He takes a moment to ease himself through a bolt of pain.

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

And in pursuit of my mission I am here in this ill fated City to find someone who I believe has something I want. A girl. A blind girl. Who I know is in St. Malo...

The restaurant owner doesn't turn. Von Rumpel dabs his mouth with his napkin...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

When I arrived here tonight I said I would give you the time it takes for me to eat a dozen oysters and drink a bottle of wine to give me what I want.

The restaurant owner flickers a little. Von Rumpel puts the wet oyster knife next to the revolver...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

Now the wine is gone and the oysters eaten. You have ten more seconds...

Von Rumpel casts his napkin aside and continues casually...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
...to give me the address of
Mademoiselle Marie-Laure Le Blanc.
The blind girl who the whole town
must know but who no one can
recall.

A pause. The restaurant owner's voice is strained with
emotion...

RESTAURANT OWNER
I told you I have no idea who you
are talking about...

Instantly...

VON RUMPEL
Ten, nine...

The restaurant owner weighs his life as he continues to
stare.

RESTAURANT OWNER
Go to hell.

VON RUMPEL
My friend please don't be
ridiculous. It is quite plain we
are in hell already. Six, five,
four, three...

Von Rumpel sighs.

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
And now your ten seconds is
done....

Von Rumpel picks up the revolver and shoots the restaurant
owner in the back of the head. He falls to the floor. Von
Rumpel finishes the bottle of wine and gets to his feet.

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
I will find her without your help.

He wipes the oyster knife dry on his jacket and puts it into
his pocket. He steps out of the restaurant into the night.

9 INT. BEES HOTEL, BASEMENT

9

Water now drips into the basement. In smoking rubble there
is silence. We can see that the radio valve survived and a
light is glowing. Volkheimer is dead, crushed by a massive
wooden beam. The brandy bottle is broken in his hand.

Then, movement. A hand and then an arm. We find Werner, who painfully sits up and reacts to a broken rib. He looks around, sees Volkheimer.

Then he sees the headphones which are cracked but still hooked to the radio. He goes to the headphones first. In pain, and in hope, he puts the headphones onto his head and listens...

10 INT. MARIE-LAURE'S ATTIC/BATHROOM- DAWN 10

...As we rejoin the wrecked apartment, the first rays of sunlight are streaking the sky and we see that one side of the apartment looks out onto the English Channel. Birds are beginning to sing.

Marie is walking toward the open door of a bathroom on the attic landing. She kneels down next to the bathtub which is filled with water and leans over, gulping in huge mouths of water.

11 INT. MARIE LAURE'S HOUSE, STAIRCASE 11

For the first time we see Marie descending the stairs from the attic. She has a hand on the rail as she walks down a staircase she knows well...

12 INT. MARIE LAURE'S HOUSE, PARLOUR 12

We are inside the parlour, which has windows looking out into the square below. We hear Marie approaching and as we survey the parlour we see an extraordinary thing.

It is a replica model of St. Malo, carved from wood and scraps of metal, complete with cathedral spires, an open market, every detail.

Marie enters and goes to the scale model...

She begins to run her fingers along the streets and gently caresses the tops of buildings which are now destroyed. She feels the breeze from the open window and smells the smoke. She speaks softly as she continues to feel her way across the town as if trying to find something....

MARIE-LAURE

Uncle Etienne. Papa. Please. Where
are you?

We come close to her fingers as she skims the alleyways. Then her hand leaves shot.

When the hand re-appears it is the hand of an EIGHT YEAR OLD GIRL and the model is not a model of St. Malo, it is a model of Paris.

As the small hand gently strokes the dome of the Sacre Couer we see a caption....

Caption: Paris, France, April 1934, ten years earlier....

13

INT. MARIE-LAURE'S PARIS APARTMENT, 1934.

13

We pull wide to see an EIGHT YEAR OLD MARIE exploring the scale model of Paris, kneeling up on a chair. Beside her is a man in his early forties, academic, handsome but harried by fate. We will learn this is Marie's father, DANIEL LE BLANC.

He reaches out and takes Marie's hand and guides it away from the dome of the Sacre Couer...

DANIEL

Please don't get distracted by the fancy places...Concentrate on the task at hand. At hand, you see, a joke.

MARIE-LAURE

Papa in order to be called a joke it must be funny.

Marie's finger is drifting down a wide Boulevard and into a band of blue...

DANIEL

Ah now look. You were so busy making fun of Papa that you fell into the River Seine.

Marie chuckles. Daniel takes her hand and places it back in the model.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Now, let's go back to the beginning. This is us, this is here, this is home. Now your task is to find your way to my office at....

He lifts her hand and places her still outstretched finger on top of a squat Victorian looking building ten blocks away...

DANIEL (CONT'D)

...the very grown up and dignified National Museum of Natural History.

Daniel begins to drift Marie's finger through the streets as he describes the various turns...

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Starting from home you go left, second right, first left, on and on until you come to this park.

He breaks off....

MARIE-LAURE

Which park?

DANIEL

The park where I proposed to your mother...

MARIE-LAURE

Tell me...

DANIEL

I've told you many times.

MARIE-LAURE

Tell me again. You always stop after Mama says yes...

Daniel reacts...

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)

And then you go quiet...

Daniel composes himself...

DANIEL

Marie we are on a journey and we have already left the park behind us...

We are at the level of the model and see the exquisite detail. Daniel has poured his love for Marie into every element. He puts her hand back to the beginning....

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Now. You. All alone in Paris with
an important message for Papa. Go.
Find me.

Marie takes a breath and begins to move her finger slowly. As she begins to attempt her task, Daniel peers at her with a brimming emotion which never reaches his voice. We see how desperately painful it is to see his daughter like this but the sorrow is only in his eyes...

MARIE-LAURE

First I go right and on and on. No,
that's wrong. I turn left and *then*
I go on and on...

DANIEL

Left and then on and on. Bravo.

Her finger moves slowly up the Boulevard...

MARIE-LAURE

And on and on....

Suddenly...

14

EXT. BOULEVARD SAINT-GERMAIN

14

We are now out in the streets on a bright busy day in Paris a few months later, with the sound of horns hooting. Marie is leading Daniel by the hand and repeating...

MARIE-LAURE

....And on and on and on...

DANIEL

Being sure to keep away from the kerb...

Daniel pulls her up at a kerb side.

MARIE-LAURE

Is on and on done yet?

Daniel stops.

DANIEL

It is done. So what is ahead?

MARIE-LAURE

The park where you proposed to Mama.

DANIEL

Yes. So what do we do?

Marie takes a moment and breaths deeply.

MARIE-LAURE

We buy me a crepe for my birthday?

Daniel smiles and picks Marie up and hugs her.

DANIEL

Not just any crepe but a chocolate crepe with a mountain of whipped cream on top. And then, for your other birthday treat, I will show you around my wonderful place of work.

15 EXT. NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY 15

Daniel and Marie enter the museum.

16 INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY- STAIRWELL 16

Marie holds Daniel's hand as they walk quickly....

MARIE-LAURE

Papa, I don't hear anyone. There's normally lots of people here on my birthday...

Daniel chuckles as he sorts the first set of keys....

DANIEL

The museum is closed because it is Sunday. But someday your birthday will, no doubt....

He starts looking through his keys for one in particular.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

...be a public holiday in the whole of France.

17

INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, AVIARY

17

The door opens and immediately we see that the vast space is filled with stuffed birds of every variety from around the world.

MARIE

Wait. You've changed things since we last came.

DANIEL

How do you know?

MARIE

Always the first room we come to smells of sand. Now it smells of...

A pause.

DANIEL

...Feathers and beaks and claws. It is now the Aviary. It is full of birds...

They walk...

MARIE

Real birds?

DANIEL

Stuffed. Dead for many years. But since I knew you would be visiting I decided to bring them to life with this...

Daniel goes to a shelf and finds a wind up gramophone. He winds it and then carefully takes a vinyl record from its sleeve. He put the record on and we hear a cacophony of bird song begins. Marie stops in wonder.

MARIE-LAURE

Papa? Living things!

DANIEL

Almost. Their songs are alive....

The birds chatter and sing and Daniel peers at his daughter's delighted face....

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Remember Marie. Every thing has a voice...

Daniel now closes his eyes and listens...

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You just have to listen.

They enjoy the sounds together for a moment and Marie tugs her father's hand to pull him close, as if to whisper in his ear. Instead she touches his closed eyes to confirm what she knew.

Daniel will not allow sentiment. He straightens, still with eyes closed....

DANIEL (CONT'D)
And now after a feast for your
ears, a treat for your hands.
Come....

He leads her on....

18

OMITTED

18

19 INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, PRECIOUS STONES VAULT 19

We are inside a room where diamonds, emeralds and other precious stones are kept. We drift across several drawers and vaults that have been opened...

CLOSE on a shimmering stone in Marie's palm.

DANIEL

You felt this one before, just now.
Can you remember which one it is?

MARIE-LAURE

I thought this wasn't school.

DANIEL

Everything is school.

MARIE-LAURE

Not for you.

DANIEL

Especially for me.

Marie feels the jewel in her hand.

MARIE-LAURE

Emerald.

DANIEL

Bravo. You see Marie, the world is still the world whether you can see it or not. Your fingers are your eyes. And you have ten fingers. Most people only have two eyes. So you are five times better off because five times two is....

MARIE-LAURE

Ten. Are there diamonds?

DANIEL

(smiles)
There are.

Daniel unlocks a vault and removes a diamond, placing in the diamond in her hand and she squeezes then gently feels the contours of the facets.

MARIE

It feels beautiful!

A huge emotion comes to Daniel's face but again it does not reach his voice...

DANIEL
Happy birthday Marie.

She feels the smooth faces....

MARIE-LAURE
Can I keep it?

Daniel laughs.

DANIEL
Keep the memory. It is the same.
And it can never be taken.

A pause. Marie feels with wonder....

MARIE-LAURE
Is this the most valuable thing in
the whole museum?

Daniel darkens a little...

DANIEL
No. There is one other precious
stone. More valuable than all the
rest put together...

Marie clutches the diamond and hears a change in tone in her
father's voice....

DANIEL (CONT'D)
It is called the Sea of Flames...

MARIE-LAURE
Will you fetch it?

DANIEL
It is not allowed.

MARIE-LAURE
Why is it not allowed?

Daniel realizes he has accidentally aroused Marie's interest. He gently takes the diamond from her hand and begins to lock it away.

DANIEL
It is kept in its own safe in another part of the vault...

Daniel evades crisply. He checks his pocket watch.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
...and it's already lunch time.
Let's go and eat.

20 INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, PALEONTOLOGY 20

Daniel and Marie are walking back briskly through the museum's Paleontology department but Marie is now a dog with a bone....

MARIE-LAURE
Why Papa? Why am I not allowed to touch the Sea of Flames....

DANIEL
Where do you want to eat, Marie?

Marie pulls her hand free and stops.

MARIE-LAURE
Papa. Why? I won't eat until you tell me.

Daniel takes a moment then turns and comes close.

DANIEL

Some people do not like to touch
it. It is an absurd legend, Marie.

Marie folds her arms. We now see that this subject has deep
resonance for though again his voice is even....

DANIEL (CONT'D)

The legend says the stone they call
the Sea of Flames....

A pause....

DANIEL (CONT'D)

...Is cursed. There...

MARIE-LAURE

There is more. I hear it hiding in
your voice.

A pause before an even more difficult revelation...

DANIEL

The legend is from times when
people believed many things that
weren't true. It says whoever
touches the stone is also cursed.

Marie is now hooked. She whispers....

MARIE-LAURE

And what is the curse?

Daniel takes a long moment.

DANIEL

The curse is that if you touch the
Sea of Flames, everyone you love
will suffer terrible misfortune.

He peers at Marie then looks away.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

But if you possess the stone, you
yourself will never die.

Marie is in awe of the concept...

DANIEL (CONT'D)

So as you can immediately tell from those two physically impossible things, the legend is simple nonsense.

MARIE-LAURE

Have you ever touched the Sea of Flames?

Daniel's face betrays something deeper, but his voice is brisk....

DANIEL

Come Marie. Let's eat.

21 INT. MARIE-LAURE'S KITCHEN - MORNING 21

A metal food tin without a label is smashed against the kitchen counter.

Caption: St. Malo - August 1944

Marie is beating the food tin against the edge in an attempt to get it open. She hits it again very hard.

She wipes her brow with her arm and gets mad at the injustice. She beats the tin three times in quick succession....

At last the tin perforates. A small hole from which peach juice drips. She puts the opening to her lips and sucks. She sucks and sucks as she steps back from the window.

At last the thick juice is all consumed and Marie puts the tin down. She is still starving.

She goes to a drawer and finds some coins which she scoops up.

21A INT. MARIE-LAURE'S FOYER 21A

CLOSE ON a white cane resting against the entry wall.

Marie takes hold of the cane and unlocks the front door with the key in its lock. She opens the door to the outside world, taking a deep breath before heading out.

21B EXT MARIE'S HOUSE- CONINUOUS

21B

Marie exits and heads up the road towards town. Camera STAYS CLOSE with her face and cane tip as we experience the journey as Marie does, passing details of sound and voice.

22 INT. HOTEL BEES, BASEMENT

22

Werner has now cleared away some rubble and put the bodies of his dead comrades into a corner and covered them with coats and blankets. Daylight streams in from the high windows coated in ash. The ominous content of the pile in the corner is only betrayed by the buzzing of flies around it.

Werner is hard at work on the radio. Mostly it was smashed but the valve and the casing of the transceiver are in one piece. The antennae is gone.

Werner reacts to pain in his rib as he puts hands on hips to examine the possibilities. He says one word....

WERNER

Wire....

He turns and clambers over a fallen beam toward a hole in the ceiling.

23 EXT. ST. MALO STREETS- DAY

23

The streets are strewn with rubble from last night's raid and people are either trying to board up broken windows or sitting in quiet despair.

Buildings are still smouldering.

Seagulls peck at rubble, looking for corpses.

Werner climbs over a pile of smouldering rubble and almost slides down the other side to the street. He walks through the shattered landscape, his uniform wrecked but recognizable. He has his revolver in the holster and keeps his hand on it. As he passes people sullenly dare to call out...

CITIZEN

Why don't you open the fucking gates so we can leave? There is no food...

CITIZEN 2

You want us all to fry with you, you bastards....

Werner walks on, concentrating only on his task at hand. He sees a pile of masonry with what looks like wire tangled up in it. He goes to the wire and tugs it but he sees it is steel wire which is too thick and too entrapped by the rubble. He walks on...

As he walks by the window of a small baker's shop and exits frame, we HOLD for a moment before panning to the door...

23A INT BAKERY- CONINUOUS 23A

Marie taps her way into the baker's shop and calls out...

MARIE-LAURE
Monsieur Caron?...

The rough voice of Monsieur Caron calls out from the back room...

CARON (OOV)
No bread here today. No bread
anywhere today.

CARON emerges. He is a big man with a tender heart. He reacts with instant alarm when he sees Marie...

CARON (CONT'D)
Marie, what are you doing on the
street? It is dangerous.

MARIE-LAURE
Monsieur Caron, I'm so hungry. Do
you have any bread.

She holds out her few coins.

CARON
Keep your money. I only have a few
stale scraps, but take them. Here.

He puts the scraps in her hands.

CARON (CONT'D)
And I also have something else.

Caron goes to the door to the back room and knocks in code.

ON MARIE, who hears the back door open, instantly sensing a new presence in the room.

MARIE-LAURE
Uncle Etienne?

REVEAL:

UNCLE ETIENNE.

He is a man in his early sixties, grizzled and worn by life and inner turmoil and even though he is no action man, he is handsome and brave.

ETIENNE

Marie.

(they embrace)

I'm sorry I couldn't come home.

*
*
*

MARIE-LAURE

Where have you been?

*

ETIENNE

I am doing important work on behalf of the Americans and the British who will soon come to free us. But I'm afraid I've caught the attention of the Germans, and if I came back it would put you in grave danger.

(Then)

Are you still broadcasting?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

MARIE-LAURE

Yes. Jules Verne. The copy of the book Papa gave me...

ETIENNE

Good. You are reading the pages I told you to read.

MARIE-LAURE

Chapter sixteen, pages 214 to 215.

*

ETIENNE

Marie, I think you know by now that you're not just reading Jules Verne. You are passing on messages in code that will help win the war. Now I want you to skip ahead to chapter twenty. Broadcast the first page of Chapter twenty. Then advance to chapter twenty one and read only the second page.

*
*
*
*

Marie nods.

MARIE-LAURE

Twenty then twenty one, first and second...

ETIENNE

Right. Good. Now you must go home,
quickly.

CARON

He's right. It's not safe out here.
There is a German officer in town
offering food and money in return
for information...

*

A pause...

CARON (CONT'D)

About you, Marie.

ETIENNE

(concerned)

Why would anyone look for her?

CARON

I don't know. No one does. But so
far no one has spoken...

ETIENNE

When you get home, lock the doors.

MARIE-LAURE

Have you heard anything from Papa?

*

ETIENNE

Your Papa is with you always.
Chapter twenty, page one, twenty
one page two...

*

*

*

*

(As he leads her towards
the door)

*

*

Hurry. Be careful.

*

24

EXT. ST. MALO STREET- DAY

24

Werner has found what he is looking for.

A piece of piano wire protrudes from a pile of rubble and charred furniture. He goes to it and begins to pull it free.

In the near distance we see a Gestapo officer (CAPTAIN MUELLER) step into the street. He notices Werner...

Werner is in pain and he is undernourished too. The work makes him fight for breath. Then suddenly the Captain Mueller is at his shoulder...

MUELLER

What are you doing soldier? Looters will be shot.

Werner straightens and salutes crisply through pain.

WERNER

Corporal Werner Pfennig Sir. I am with the *Wermarcht* radio surveillance unit.

Captain Mueller brushes dust from his uniform to confirm his rank.

WERNER (CONT'D)

My unit was deployed to St. Malo to locate illegal radio broadcasts which may be of use to the enemy. Last night my transceiver was damaged. I need wire to continue my work. Sir.

Mueller winds the wire around his leather gloved hand and it comes free easily.

MUELLER

You are very weak.

A pause. Captain Mueller hands over the length of wire.

MUELLER (CONT'D)
Do you read French?

WERNER (LYING)
No Sir.

MUELLER
Last night the Americans dropped a leaflet in French telling everyone to leave St. Malo.

WERNER
I see.

MUELLER
Tell your unit that no one is leaving or will be allowed to leave. We stay in St. Malo to the last man.

WERNER
My unit is all dead Sir. I am the last man.

Captain Mueller darkens, examining the reply for sarcasm. He detects none in Werner's earnest, burning stare. Finally....

MUELLER
Where are you billeted?

WERNER
The hotel of Bees, Place de Concord.

Mueller nods gently.

MUELLER
Your work is important. I will do what I can to help.

Werner salutes, takes the wire and hurries away.

25 INT. HOTEL BEES, BASEMENT

25

Werner slithers down through the hole in the ceiling. He immediately takes out his length of wire and begins to prepare the transceiver to be mended.

As he winds the wire around a solenoid, we come close to his face. He half smiles at a vivid memory.

We come close to his hand as he winds the length of wire. As with Marie his hand leaves shot and when it returns it is the hand of a ten year old boy....

Caption: Victoriastrasse Orphanage, Essen, Germany. November 1934.'

26

INT. ESSEN CHILDREN'S HOUSE ORPHANAGE

26

We pull wide to see WERNER AS A TEN YEAR OLD BOY winding the wire onto a home made radio, which Werner himself has built from scraps and salvage. It has a solenoid from a discarded doorbell and a cat's whisker stretched between two screws.

Behind Werner in a semi circle of assorted furniture sit twelve children of various ages and a Protestant Nun (FRAU ELENA). The children are filled with anticipation as Frau Elena addresses them, pushing her owlsh spectacles up her nose....

FRAU ELENA

Remember boys and girls Werner has built this radio contraption himself out of things other people threw away...

A pause.

FRAU ELENA (CONT'D)

So often people discard things of no use to them which are precious to others. Just as Werner and all of you are precious to me.

Werner makes last minute adjustments to the kit....

FRAU ELENA (CONT'D)

No one taught him what to do. Werner is a mixture of genius and persistence and bits from books. If it works it will be a small miracle.

One of the girls (JUTTA who we will learn is his sister) rolls her eyes. Werner sits back and rubs his hands in preparation.

FRAU ELENA (CONT'D)

Is it ready Werner?

WERNER

I hope so Frau Elena.

FRAU ELENA

Then turn it on.

Werner flicks a switch. We hear a crackle of static. There is a small length of tuning wire made from polished steel which is unmarked. He begins to adjust its length and we hear more static and odd interference. Frau Elena speaks softly....

FRAU ELENA (CONT'D)

Children, we must not forget that this is Werner's first attempt...

JUTTA

About his ten millionth attempt....

FRAU ELENA

Hush Jutta.

Werner is lost in his calling. He adjusts and twists and alters the aerial. Then suddenly they all hear the voice of a man through thick static. The man sounds angry...

VOICE FROM THE RADIO.

...Is it any wonder that courage, confidence, optimism in growing measure fill the German people? Is not the faith of a new flame rising from this sacrificial readiness...

The children are all stunned at first to hear the voice but then break out into spontaneous clapping. Frau Elena's spectacles have misted up and she takes them off to wipe them and hide her emotion...

FRAU ELENA

There, I never doubted him for a moment...

The voice from the radio is ever angrier...

VOICE FROM THE RADIO.

...we hope only to work, to work and work and work, to go to glorious work for the greater glory of Germany the Fatherland....

Frau Elena now registers the content of the broadcast as she puts her spectacles back on.

FRAU ELENA

Werner, now perhaps you might be able to find us some nice music.

27 INT. ESSEN CHILDREN'S HOUSE ORPHANAGE, COMMUNAL DORMITORY 27

We find a row of beds with sleeping boys inside a sparse rectangular room with barred windows. In Moonlight outside we see the smoke stacks of an industrial ghetto.

One of the beds is a hill of blankets. Someone is under the covers and through the thin material of the blanket we see a light glowing.

We go under the covers and find ten year old Werner wearing headphones and holding a flashlight while he listens to his homemade radio that is tucked into the pillow.

Suddenly a hand on the blanket and Werner jumps. He pulls the blanket back and finds Jutta. Werner whispers...

WERNER
Girls are not allowed.

JUTTA
Hush, I'm your sister.

She crawls under the blankets and lies beside Werner. We go inside with them....

JUTTA (CONT'D)
What have you found?

Werner speaks in a whisper with wonder in his voice...

WERNER
I have found the whole world Jutta.
And I have marked the tuning coil
frequencies. Vienna 65, Dresden
88, London 100.

He takes off the headphones and offers them to Jutta.

WERNER (CONT'D)
But late at night I get this from
France....

A pause....

WERNER (CONT'D)
Short wave. 13.10.

(We should recognize the frequency as that used by Marie).

WERNER (CONT'D)
The most wondrous Professor. He is
saying the most wondrous things.
(MORE)

WERNER (CONT'D)

And it is only for children to hear.

Jutta puts on the headphones and we study her face and Werner's face as she listens. We hear the music 'Clair De Lune' playing and over it a rich voice speaking with a pure love of life....

VOICE FROM RADIO

...The human brain is locked in total darkness of course children...

Jutta reacts....

JUTTA

He is speaking in French. It is forbidden....

WERNER

If you listen you will learn. You will learn many things...

VOICE FROM RADIO

...your brain floats in a clear liquid inside the skull, never in the light...

28 INT. MARIE-LAURE'S PARIS APARTMENT, BEDROOM

28

...It is late at night and we find Marie still as an eight year old....

Caption: Paris, November 1934.

Marie is also in bed listening to a shop bought radio, wearing headphones. Her eyes are wide open.

We hear what she can hear. The same music (Clair De Lune) and the same Professor, speaking on the same evening....

VOICE FROM RADIO

...and yet in this darkness the world the brain constructs is full of light. It brims with color and movement. What may be the most complex object in existence; one wet kilogram within which spin universes."

Marie-Laure smiles....

VOICE FROM RADIO (CONT'D)
*...So how children does the brain,
which lives without a spark of
light build for us a world full of
light?*

Suddenly the bedroom door open. Marie's father, Daniel enters. Marie snatches off the headphones and tries to hide them. Daniel smiles and tries to scold...

DANIEL
It is very late Marie.

MARIE-LAURE
He only broadcasts when it's late.

DANIEL
Who does?

Daniel holds the headphones...

MARIE-LAURE
A Professor who explains to
children everything in the whole
world. Even darkness and light.

Daniel smiles and lifts the radio from the bed.

DANIEL
That's fascinating. But it's late,
and school starts early... time for
a little rest.

She lies down and closes her eyes. Daniel peers down on her with love then turns for the door. As he walks...

MARIE-LAURE
He says the most important light is
the light you cannot see.

Daniel stops in the doorway for a moment, intrigued.

DANIEL
What does that mean?

Marie has her eyes closed as she smiles...

MARIE-LAURE
If you hadn't interrupted me I
would have found out.

Daniel relents and smiles too...

DANIEL

Tell you what: If the Professor explains what he means, then perhaps tomorrow you can explain it to me.

Daniel leaves. After he has gone she feels in the darkness and grabs the headphones again. She puts them on and pulls up the covers. We hear the music and the voice again...

PROFESSOR (OOV)

...The truth is, the light exists to us only as a reaction. And the light we can see is an infinitesimal fraction of all the light that passes through the universe...

29

EXT. ST. MALO - DAY

29

Marie is arriving back at home. We hear the music and the Professor continuing....

PROFESSOR (OOV)

...Less than one ten trillionth of all the light in the universe is visible to our eyes. And even in complete darkness, there is still light inside your mind...

Caption: St. Malo August 1944.

As she walks and taps her cane, she mumbles the remembered words of the Professor softly...

MARIE-LAURE (TO HERSELF)

...Professor. There is still light inside my mind...

Marie enters her house.

30

OMITTED

30

31 INT. MARIE-LAURE'S ATTIC 31

Marie enters.

Marie goes to the desk where she broadcasts and feels for her copy of '2000 Leagues'. She advances through the book, feeling chapter headings. She does this quickly and expertly. When she has found chapter twenty she prepares to broadcast.

Then she makes a decision. She reaches down to a cardboard box under the desk where the radio sits. From it she takes an old fashioned wind up gramophone. She then takes a single vinyl album from the box.

We glimpse the cover and see it is a recording of *Clair De Lune*. Marie begins to wind up the gramophone angrily, with great purpose. She then switches on her radio and speaks into the microphone.

MARIE-LAURE (ANGRY)
Ladies and gentlemen. Before I
begin my broadcast today I have
something to say. Something from
my own heart...

She puts the record on the turntable and it spins....

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)
Many years ago a great Professor
used to offer words of wisdom to
children. On this very frequency...

32 INT. HOTEL BEES, BASEMENT 32

Werner is sleeping among the rubble with his headphones still on. In his sleep he hears Marie's voice. He rouses and reacts with delight....

MARIE-LAURE (OOV)
...He spoke to children all across Europe. And when he spoke he always played a particular piece of music. It was this...

33 INT. MARIE-LAURE'S ATTIC 33

Marie puts the needle on the record and *Clair De Lune* begins to play.

MARIE-LAURE
In this time of stupid darkness, this time of ridiculous old men invading cities, stealing whole towns like bullying children stealing toys. Killing children for their own vanity. Putting rocks in the road and making street lights bow down to them, I thought I would try to remember some of the things the Professor said and share them. Because he spoke always about light....

34 INT. BEES HOTEL, BASEMENT 34

Werner listens and we see a deep emotion on his face as the music plays...

MARIE-LAURE (OOV)
...I can't speak as well as the Professor once did but I will try. He said the light that comes when you burn coal or charcoal or peat....

35 INT. MARIE-LAURE'S ATTIC 35

Marie sweeps the hair away from her face....

MARIE-LAURE
...he said that light is....

She takes a deep breath...

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I'm so hungry and so angry, my mind is shaking.
(MORE)

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)

But the Professor said the light you get from a piece of coal is actually sunlight from a billion years ago. I don't speak as well as him but he said the point is that light lasts forever. For a billion years inside a piece of black coal. But darkness. The Professor said darkness...

36 INT. HOTEL BEES, BASEMENT

36

Werner hears and then Werner and Marie complete the sentiment out loud almost in unison....

WERNER/MARIE-LAURE (TOGETHER)

...darkness lasts not even for one second when you turn on the light.

Marie concludes.

MARIE-LAURE (OOV)

That is all I wanted to say.
Now...

We see Werner's reaction to her heartfelt message. He takes a moment...

MARIE-LAURE (OOV) (CONT'D)

Two thousand Leagues under the sea
by Jules Verne. Chapter twenty...

At that moment Werner hears a voice from above through the hole in the floor. A harsh voice....

MUELLER

Corporal Pfennig. Get up here....

Werner takes off his headphones and shuts off the radio.

MUELLER (CONT'D)

Move!

Werner hurries, straightens his uniform and then clambers up through the hole above.

37 INT. HOTEL BEES, BAR

37

The hotel was once a grand affair and the theme in the stone work and artwork is bees and their hives. The ceiling is high and vaulted and the windows were once large but most now are shattered and there is broken glass all across the floor.

Werner clammers out of his hole and salutes the Mueller and a JUNIOR OFFICER (SCHMIDT) who is almost the same age as Werner. Captain Mueller has a large leather bag at his feet.

MUELLER

Why are you hiding?

WERNER

It is as good a bomb shelter as any.

MUELLER

From now on you will work up here. In the light. Where we can see you.

Werner instantly feels the threat as the officer circles him.

WERNER

Yes Sir.

Mueller picks up a shard of stained glass and examines it. The bombs are still falling outside...

MUELLER

It is now confirmed that last night's bombing of St. Malo was not random, it was targeted. They are hitting our artillery positions with great accuracy. Someone is giving them information.

A pause.

MUELLER (CONT'D)

Have you detected any radio transmissions from inside the city walls?

A pause.

WERNER

No Sir.

The two officers glance at each other. Mueller drops his shard of glass with a tinkle...

MUELLER

Even seemingly harmless messages can contain coded information.

WERNER

Yes Sir. I am also trained in code breaking.

(MORE)

WERNER (CONT'D)

I was top of my class at the National Political Institute of Education in Berlin. And the Berlin institute is the best in Germany.

Mueller interrupts and gestures at the younger officer....

MUELLER

Yes. Corporal Schmidt was also at the Institute in Berlin. Top of his class in 1942, yes?

Werner reacts with surprise and stares at Schmidt. Schmidt nods once then looks down at his shoes (this will play later). Captain Mueller puts his hand on Schmidt's shoulder.

MUELLER (CONT'D)

Schmidt has just arrived from Paris. You said your unit is gone. Schmidt will, from now on, accompany you and help you in your work.

Werner glances at Schmidt then stares straight ahead.

WERNER

Yes Sir.

MUELLER

Possession of any radio broadcast equipment inside the city walls of St. Malo is now punishable by death.

WERNER

Yes Sir.

The officer lifts and opens the leather bag. Inside we see a gleaming new Radio Transceiver...

MUELLER

And from now you won't be reliant on stray pieces of wire.

WERNER

Yes Sir. Thank you Sir.

Captain Mueller leaves. Without a word Schmidt picks up the leather bag and quickly walks away through the wrecked reception area. Werner watches him go...

There is a huge portrait of Hitler dominating the main wall of the bar.

Beneath it there is an oak desk which has survived the bombing. Schmidt places the radio on the desk and begins to unpack it.

Werner watches him. His rib is now a constant ache that affects the way he moves. The bar is still stocked with alcohol. Werner decides to test his new comrade's character....

WERNER (CONT'D)
Hey. Do you want a drink?

Schmidt stays busy with the radio.

SCHMIDT
Do you want to win this war or not?

Werner studies Schmidt and goes behind the bar anyway. He pours himself a glass of Brandy and Schmidt looks up....

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
I am the ranking officer. You are not allowed to drink on duty.

Werner sips his brandy and stares at Schmidt....

WERNER
Tell me about your time at Institute in Berlin.

Schmidt puts his head down again and continues to unpack. Werner half smiles and swigs back his drink.

38 EXT. ST. MALO STREET - NIGHT 38

Von Rumpel walks painfully past the burnt out shell of a car. There is rubble and glass and torn curtains blowing in the breeze. Von Rumpel walks toward a particular apartment block and sees a red light glowing in a second floor window.

The street door is open and he goes inside.

39 INT. SMALL APARTMENT, BEDROOM 39

The red light glows against net curtains. The room has a bed, a chair and a bottle of Absinthe on the window ledge which glows blue. On the chair a woman in her forties (SANDRINA) is reading a book which we glimpse is called 'Teach yourself English'. She speaks softly to herself...

SANDRINA

'We can be friends'. 'I hope we
can soon be friends'.

She turns a page. Her door suddenly opens and she almost jumps out of her skin. Von Rumpel enters. Sandrina very quickly puts the English language book under a pillow. Von Rumpel sees the move and is amused. His revolver is prominent. He grabs the book from under the covers and reads and smiles...

VON RUMPEL

Preparing for happier days to come,
yes?

Sandrina has lived a hard life and is tough and defiant...

SANDRINA

My profession was once to cut and
arrange flowers. I hope some day it
will be again. For now it is about
welcoming all nationalities and all
cultures.

Von Rumpel likes her already. He sits on the bed. Sandrina stands and begins to unbutton her blouse.

SANDRINA (CONT'D)

It is ten Francs...

Von Rumpel takes her hand....

VON RUMPEL

No, no, no, that is not the purpose
of my visit.

A pause.

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

I am no longer interested in sex. I
am taking some very serious
medication for a very serious
medical condition.

A pause. Von Rumpel peers at her and almost smiles...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

In truth, losing my libido has been
like being unchained from a
lunatic.

Sandrina half smiles.

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

But the idea of losing my life does not appeal to me...

SANDRINA

You are dying?

VON RUMPEL

Like everyone else in this town I am trying not to die. But my most dangerous enemy is within my own body. Sit.

Sandrina sits back down. Von Rumpel peers out of the window toward the ocean, where the Moon reflects on breaking waves...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

You may have heard rumors around town about a particular German officer who is in St. Malo to find a particular girl. But now that the outcome of the war is in grave doubt I am having difficulty getting people to give me information.

Sandrina is lighting a cigarette....

SANDRINA

People really don't think the outcome is in doubt.

Von Rumpel admires her courage but is sickened by her smoke. He tolerates it...

VON RUMPEL

Also, from the way people protect this girl I am beginning to sense that her family were somehow involved in the resistance. Her father. An uncle called Etienne. A spy of some kind....

Sandrina shrugs wearily....

SANDRINA

I wake, I work, I sleep.

VON RUMPEL

People are now more afraid of the resistance than they are of me. So they tell me nothing.

Von Rumpel begins to produce French bank notes of large denomination. He counts them out silently onto the bed. He has already placed two month's salary...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

That is why I decided to make inquiries with someone for whom straight forward financial transactions are not cluttered up with moral considerations.

Sandrina stares at the money. Von Rumpel looks up at Sandrina...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

This girl is called Marie-Laure Le Blanc. She is blind. I need her address.

He twists his torso in pain....

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

I am not in the best condition for this task. I do not recommend mixing morphine with Beaujolais.

He picks up his pistol...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

But I am in a hurry.

40 INT. MARIE LAURE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM 40

Marie is lying on her bed, trying to sleep. After a moment she makes a decision. She gets up and exits.

41 INT. MARIE-LAURE'S ATTIC 41

Marie enters and goes to the desk and prepares to broadcast. She quickly puts on her headphones and turns on the transceiver...

MARIE

I have one more thing to say. To my father. Papa I imagine you somewhere with only my voice for company. I can not leave you alone. I will talk for a little while and give you reason to hope...

42

INT. HOTEL BEES, BAR

42

In the half light Hitler glowers down. Schmidt is asleep in an armchair and Werner is awake, too anxious to sleep. He blows smoke at the ceiling then looks down to see the transceiver light has come to life. We see the frequency 'SW 13.10' glowing on the monitor. Werner instantly covers it with his arm. Schmidt sleeps on. Werner very quietly reaches for a wire to pull it from its socket to close the radio down.

He pulls the wire and the red light shuts off. But, as he does, the socket clicks. Schmidt rouses, opens his eyes and looks around, reminding himself where he is. He wipes his eyes and looks to Werner.

SCHMIDT

Anything?

WERNER

No.

Schmidt is fastidious. He stretches and then gets to his feet.

SCHMIDT

My turn. You get some sleep.

WERNER

I don't sleep much. I never have.
I can take your shift if you want.

Schmidt looms over the radio.

SCHMIDT

I said it's my turn. I don't give
a fuck if you sleep or not.

Werner takes a moment. Then he gets to his feet, thinking fast. Schmidt sits and pulls on the headphones. He begins to listen. He instantly detects a lack of power and reacts....

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Holy shit. No wonder you don't
hear anything Werner, the power
wire worked loose. Jesus....

He plugs the power back in. The monitor glows. Instantly, to distract Schmidt, Werner growls and grabs his shoulder...

WERNER

Yeah, well you know what? I did
that to check you out.

(MORE)

WERNER (CONT'D)

To see if you knew anything at all
about radio transceivers.

Schmidt gets to his feet. The frequency glows but his back is
turned to it...

SCHMIDT

What are you talking about?

WERNER

I'm talking about I don't remember
you at the National Institute. You
told the officer you were class of
'42, I remember who came top of the
class in '42 and it wasn't fucking
you.

Schmidt blinks. The red light still glows behind him. Schmidt
tries to maintain defiance.

SCHMIDT

So I didn't come top of my class.

Werner senses there is more to come. He now feels he has the
power. The frequency still glows.

WERNER

I don't remember you at all. How
long did you last?

Schmidt looks deeply uneasy. Werner presses on....

WERNER (CONT'D)

The National Institute in Berlin
is an elite school. Sixty three
percent of the intake don't make
it. I've got an idea about you
Schmidt. You are one of the sixty
three...

Behind his bluster Schmidt is weak and now he is anxious as
hell. Werner steps closer.....

WERNER (CONT'D)

All this chaos, paperwork burned, a
lot of rejects saying all kinds of
things officers want to hear.

Schmidt looks away, dangerously close to seeing the red
light.....

WERNER (CONT'D)

Look at me Mr Sixty Three...

Schmidt turns and stares at Werner...

SCHMIDT

It was lie or get sent East.

Schmidt looks away again. Werner is thanking his luck but maintains his disgust.

WERNER

I was frozen, beaten, run half to death in that fucking school and I earned my commendation. I still correspond with the Commandant. One word from him and to the East you will go.

Schmidt looks up with emotion brimming, framed by the portrait of Hitler. The red light still glows behind him.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Now. You and me are going to have a glass of Schnapps to toast the Fuhrer then we will sit down together as equals.

SCHMIDT

I don't drink.

WERNER

Yes you do.

Werner ushers Schmidt toward the bar. Werner grabs a bottle of Schnapps and pours two shots. He pushes one to Schmidt, who is now exactly half the man he was thirty seconds ago. In the half light the frequency is still a smudge of red. Werner raises his glass....

WERNER (CONT'D)

To the Fuhrer. And the truth.

Schmidt raises his glass, prepares and knocks it back. He coughs on the unaccustomed sting. Werner pours him another...

43

INT. MARIE-LAURE'S ATTIC

43

Marie is at her microphone...

MARIE-LAURE

Whoever you are, thank you for listening. That is the end of tonight's broadcast.

She turns off the radio. She gets to her feet too quickly and almost faints from hunger.

44 INT. MARIE LAURE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN 44

Marie crosses in and over to the punctured can and she tries to suck some juice.

She hammers the can against the counter once more and cuts her finger. She sucks blood from her finger the way she sucked peach juice.

Then she makes a decision. She opens a closet. Inside there is a cane exactly like her white cane but it is painted BLACK.

45 EXT. MARIE-LAURE'S HOUSE 45

Outside, smoke still swirls from the fires that continue to burn. The street looks a lawless and dangerous place as a stray dog sniffs among the debris for corpses.

The apartment door opens and Marie appears with her black cane and a dark coat wrapped around her. With the blackout, she will almost be invisible. The cool of the night hits her and she can hear the gentle rush of waves on the nearby beach.

We come close as she gathers courage and speaks softly...

MARIE-LAURE (TO HERSELF)

Don't worry Papa. For me, night and day are the same....

Suddenly a blast of jazz saxophone...

46 EXT. PARIS, PIGALLE - NIGHT 46

...We are back in a back street in Paris, where the wildest jazz is played and the revelry continues until morning.

Caption: Paris, April, 1940

Car horns hoot, and we glimpse traffic down alleys. The dome of the Sacre Couer glows like ivory on the hill top.

Then we see Marie and Daniel among the throng. Marie is using her cane and Daniel is staying close but not guiding.

MARIE IS NOW FOURTEEN YEARS OLD (played by the same actress as in St. Malo). She looks brighter, rounder, brimming with life. Her hair hangs loose and she is dressed for warm weather.

As we join she repeats the line that Marie just delivered...

MARIE-LAURE (A REPEAT)

Don't worry Papa. For me night and day are the same.

Daniel eases Marie around the more dangerous looking characters...

DANIEL

But Marie, night and day are *not* the same. Especially in this neighborhood.

MARIE-LAURE

This is the quickest way home from the Sacre Couer. My fingers taught me that. And anyway I love this neighborhood! Smell it, listen to it.

DANIEL

I smell it and hear and it makes me sad.

Daniel navigates Marie through the teeming life of Paris. Marie drinks in the energy of the Pigalle...

MARIE-LAURE

Why would it make you sad?

DANIEL

Because I love it so much. Because it sounds and smells like freedom.

MARIE-LAURE

And you are sad because you think soon freedom will be taken away...

Daniel is a little wrong-footed by Marie's observation...

DANIEL

What makes you say that?..

MARIE-LAURE

I hear the news on the radio when
you listen...

Daniel takes a moment...

DANIEL

And what do you hear?

MARIE-LAURE

That the Germans are a river that
has burst its banks. That nothing
will stop them, and that they are
coming...

DANIEL

They will not come into our life. I
won't allow it...

MARIE-LAURE

How will you stop them coming into
our life. How can we hide from
something so strong?

DANIEL

We will stay invisible.

Marie leaps on the word....

MARIE-LAURE

Invisible. The Professor says
mathematically, all light is
invisible. It is only in your head
that it makes pictures...

Daniel continues to lead Marie through the teeming throng...

MARIE-LAURE (CONT'D)

Papa, I can tell by the way you
grip my hand that you are worried,
so maybe you should change the
frequency on your radio and not
listen to the news anymore...

DANIEL

That won't make the bad news go
away Marie...

MARIE-LAURE

Does listening to it make it go
away?

Again Daniel is disarmed by Marie's impeccable logic. He
stops and smiles...

DANIEL

No. It does not...

MARIE-LAURE

Maybe you should listen only to the
Professor...

DANIEL

Maybe I should. Nothing else I hear
on the radio is making much sense
anymore...Just news of a world
where stupid men are doing stupid
things for stupid reasons....

MARIE-LAURE

Papa, you are allowed to use bad
words other than 'stupid', you
know. I hear them at school.

Daniel is once again disarmed by the wise candor of his
daughter. He gathers himself and leans close to Marie.

DANIEL

Please understand: No matter what happens, no matter what the world becomes, I will never leave you.

A pause.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Never in a million years.

47 INT. HOTEL BEES, BAR

47

Schmidt is throwing up into a metal bucket in the corner of the room, where broken glass has been swept into a heap.

Werner is playing solitaire at a table away from the radio with a pack of cards decorated with swastikas. The Schnapps bottle is on the table. Schmidt wipes his mouth...

SCHMIDT

People drink that stuff to celebrate? Jesus...

Schmidt goes to his overcoat and takes out a pack of cigarettes. The radio transceiver is between Werner and Schmidt. ..

WERNER

How long did you really last at the Institute?

SCHMIDT

Two weeks. Two wild pig hunts. I was the wild pig both times.

Schmidt lights a cigarette. Werner lays a card. Schmidt takes something else from his coat which we don't identify...

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

You said you know Commandant Bastian...?

WERNER

I remember his rules. Whoever finishes the assault course last gets a twenty second head start....

Schmidt buries something under his jacket. Werner is busy with his cards. Schmidt strolls toward Werner....

SCHMIDT

Twenty seconds was not enough for me. I got caught both times. I was beaten and tied to a tree and pissed on and buried in the snow....

Werner nods gently as he recalls a quote (which we assume is from Bastian, who we will meet in the next episode).

WERNER

'You die like a lion or you go over like a glass of spilt milk'.

SCHMIDT

My father hasn't spoken to me since I was dismissed. I am a glass of spilt milk.

Schmidt has arrived at the table and looks down on Werner.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

But I am not an idiot.

Werner looks up. Schmidt has pulled a revolver and is pointing it at Werner. He sits down across the table with the gun pointed.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I have a secret, you have a secret...

A pause.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

When I turned on the radio, someone was broadcasting.

Schmidt draws on his cigarette....

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Who?

48

EXT. ST. MALO - RAMPART WALL STREET

48

Marie is walking with her cane. To comfort herself she hums 'Clair De Lune' under her breath. Her cane finds the metal of a gate. She creaks it open. There is a steep staircase heading down into darkness.

She takes a breath and begins to tap the steps and walk down into shadows.

49 INT. HOTEL BEES, BAR

49

Werner slugs his drink down in one. Schmidt still has the gun pointed as he sits down...

SCHMIDT

On the transceiver I saw short wave
13.10. What is that?

A pause. At the point of a gun Werner decides on the truth.

WERNER

It is a frequency I have listened
to since I was child. There was a
Professor. He told us facts. Facts,
when everyone else was giving us
opinions.

Werner stares at Schmidt, careless of his revelation....

WERNER (CONT'D)

He used to say: 'Open your eyes,
and see what you can with them,
before they close forever'.

A pause. Werner peers at the radio transceiver as if it were a destination in itself...

WERNER (CONT'D)

I have tried to do that. But most
of what I have seen I would sooner
forget. Since I became a radio
operator I have found hundreds of
frequencies and located the
transceivers. I have watched the SS
burn the radios and shoot the...

Werner stops and takes a moment, filled with bad memories. Schmidt fills the gap....

SCHMIDT

...shoot the enemies of the Reich
who were operating them....

Werner nods....

WERNER

As I was trained to do. Yes. Shoot
them in the back of the head.

A pause.

WERNER (CONT'D)
But when I'm alone wherever I've
been I check out
Short wave 13.10.

Schmidt nods.

WERNER (CONT'D)
Always there was silence until I
reached St. Malo. Then I heard a
girl reading a book.

SCHMIDT
What girl?

A pause.

WERNER
I don't know. Maybe the Professor's
daughter. Maybe someone else who
used to listen to him just like
me...

A pause.

WERNER (CONT'D)
Someone from our generation who
thought if you open up the
frequency again and talk reason and
sense and literature to people the
way the professor used to do then
the insanity of this old man's war
might come to an end.

Werner sighs and looks at the revolver pointed at him.

WERNER (CONT'D)
Whoever she is, she's OK. 13.10 is
in good hands.

Werner composes himself. He is still staring at the revolver
and drawing conclusions....

SCHMIDT
So I have your secret. But I can't
trust you with mine. I can't go
East.

A pause.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

This is war. One more added to
fifty million. I'm sorry Werner.

Schmidt cocks the trigger.

WERNER

Will you track down the girl?

Schmidt smiles...

SCHMIDT

I will do my duty. What do you
care?

He is about to shoot. Instantly in one last desperate throw
of the dice Werner forgets the pain in his rib and uses both
hands to turn the table over and fly at Schmidt.

As playing cards scatter, Werner strikes the first blow and
bites Schmidt's wrist to get him to loose the gun. Schmidt
digs him hard in the broken rib and Werner rolls away...

Schmidt gets up on his knees and points the gun. Werner
hurls the bottle of Schnapps at his face. As Schmidt ducks
away we see an animal fury take over Werner's body and he
pins Schmidt to the floor. He twists the gun out of
Schmidt's hand and points it.

Werner painfully gets to his feet and aims the gun.

WERNER

Like they said, you die like a lion
or fall like a glass of spilt milk.

Schmidt is bleeding, pleading with his eyes...

SCHMIDT

Please. Spare me...

A pause. The lights go out in Werner's eyes...

WERNER

I will spare short wave 13.10.

Werner fires once into Schmidt's forehead. Smoke curls from
the gun which he then drops. He sits back down on the chair
which now has no table, playing cards around his feet.

In a shaft of moonlight he puts his arm over his eyes...

50

INT. MOONLIT WALL GROTTA

50

The moonlight means we see the interior in glints and blades of light. It is a vast, high cave and sea water is ankle deep.

The wall grotto was once a place where dogs were kept. Guard dogs. The remains of functional iron kennels remain with chains and locks rusted by sea water and sea air.

We see Marie entering from the stone staircase and immediately reaches out to two smooth outcrops of rock that act as navigation points. A chain on an old dog kennel rattles as she passes and she grips it for comfort, a familiar thing.

She makes her way toward the wall of the wall grotto. She feels the wall and finds a ledge. On the ledge there are two small oyster knives. In a glint of moonlight we see one is labelled 'Marie' and the other 'Papa' in thick paint.

Marie grabs the first oyster knife and feels the lettering in paint.

MARIE-LAURE (SOFTLY)

I will use yours Papa.

She begins to explore the wall grotto walls with her hands. She finds an oyster and tugs it from the rock. She quickly and expertly opens the oyster with her knife and slugs it down.

The taste of the oyster is ecstasy and Marie reacts. She then goes about her frantic work.

She has her back turned to the entrance of the grotto. She is reaching for an oyster....

THEN A LIGHT COMES ON.

A lamp has been switched on and the wall grotto is now flooded with light but Marie is unaware. She continues to grab the oyster and open it and swallow it down.

Then an oyster knife clatters on the rocks near to her feet. (We might see that it is the oyster knife Von Rumpel took from the restaurant). She hears the sound of the knife and freezes. Then a voice...

VON RUMPEL

Why don't you use this one. It will be sharper.

We come around and see Von Rumpel framed by moonlight at the foot of the stone steps with a lamp sitting on a rock at his feet. Marie reacts. She grips her knife hard.

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

I couldn't get your address. But someone told me that you and your Papa used to come here at low tide. You look hungry.

He smiles...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

Then again, I suppose everyone is hungry in St. Malo right now.

They both hear the rumble of approaching airplanes. Marie, in growing panic, resorts to a formal response...

MARIE-LAURE

I need to go now, please. My uncle is waiting.

She goes to walk but Von Rumpel grabs her arm.

VON RUMPEL

Marie....

Marie reacts to her name being used.

MARIE-LAURE

Who are you?

VON RUMPEL

Someone who means you no harm if you give me what I want.

MARIE-LAURE

What do you want?

A pause. The sound of approaching bombers is louder now and Von Rumpel half turns to see the silhouettes of planes against the Moon...

VON RUMPEL

This war. This madness. All these lives. Nothing to me. I just want to continue living my own. And I believe you can help me.

Marie suddenly tries to make a break for it but Von Rumpel easily restrains her and twists the knife out of her hand. She falls back against a smooth shelf of rock.

Outside the first bomb explodes on the town. In the flash Von Rumpel sees the word 'Papa' written on the knife....

MARIE-LAURE
How can I help you?

Von Rumpel puts the knife aside...

VON RUMPEL
Your father once worked in the
museum in Paris, yes?

Von Rumpel takes silence as confirmation...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
He had in his care many precious
stones...

Von Rumpel studies Marie's reaction, eager for clues as to what she knows....

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
There was one stone in
particular....

He allows the comment to hang. Three bombs explode in quick succession. Marie allows a flicker of reaction and Von Rumpel smiles...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
Vision is a wonderful thing. You
see truth in faces. I see you know
the particular stone I'm talking
about.

More bombs explode and Marie shrinks back.

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
The stone was called the Sea of
Flames. The legend says it can
cure any illness. And whoever
possesses it will live forever...

Marie reacts, incredulous.

MARIE-LAURE
My father said that was just an
idiotic legend. A fable. Only
believed by fools...

She hears Von Rumpel taking his revolver from his pocket. He begins a casual commentary....

VON RUMPEL
Marie, I am now taking a military
issue P08 pistol from its
holster...

He takes a single bullet from a belt around his waist and loads it....

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
I am loading a single bullet into
the chamber.....

He snaps it shut....

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
And now I am pointing the revolver
at your pretty head.

Marie reacts with defiance...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
You and your father fled Paris when
the war broke out. He took with
him many jewels to keep them out of
the hands of the Nazis.

More bombs explode as the plane engines drone....

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
I am not interested in the diamonds
or the sapphires.

A pause. Von Rumpel engages the gun with a click....

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
I am only interested in the Sea of
Flames.

Marie reacts....

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
Which I believe your father left in
your possession.

Another stick of bombs....

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
Marie-Laure, I want you to tell me
where it is.

A pause.

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
You have ten seconds.

A small wave rolls into the wall grotto. The tide is coming in.

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
Ten...

We are tight on Marie's face. Suddenly a fast flashback...

51 INT. MARIE-LAURE'S PARIS APARTMENT 51

We are close on Marie's hand as she runs her fingers over the model of Paris...

VON RUMPEL (OOV)
Nine.

52 INT. MOONLIT WALL GROTTTO 52

A bomb explodes in the city. A wave floods the rocks around Von Rumpel's feet...

VON RUMPEL
Eight. Speak Marie..

Marie closes her eyes. We flashback again...

53 INT. NATIONAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, PRECIOUS STONES VAULT 53

We see Marie and her father in a pool of light as Marie feels the diamond he has put in her hand...

VON RUMPEL (OOV)
Seven...

54 INT. MOONLIT WALL GROTTTO 54

Marie has her eyes closed tight. A wave floods around her feet and she speaks quickly, her voice shuddering...

MARIE-LAURE
My father told me about that stone
but I don't know where it is...

VON RUMPEL
Six.

A pause.

MARIE-LAURE
I swear I don't know where it is.

VON RUMPEL
Five.

A bigger wave breaks in the mouth of the wall grotto and rolls in....

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
Four.

We flashback...

55 INT. MARIE-LAURE'S PARIS APARTMENT, BEDROOM 55

We see young Marie in bed, wearing headphones with her eyes closed. We hear the Professor's voice under the sound of rushing water from the wall grotto...

PROFESSOR (FROM RADIO)
The most important light of all is
the light we cannot see....

56 INT. MOONLIT WALL GROTTA 56

We are close on Von Rumpel's anxious face....

VON RUMPEL
...My life depends on this. Please
Marie, just *tell me*...

A rush of water. An even bigger wave rolls into the wall grotto. Marie opens her eyes. Von Rumpel engages the gun as the wave reaches Von Rumpel's lamp and lifts it and spins it face down...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
Three....

For a moment a bubble of light glides under the water.

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)
Two...

The flooded flashlight goes out. The screen is now completely dark. In the blackness...

VON RUMPEL (CONT'D)

One....

We hear a gun shot....

THE END