

**Hanna**

Screenplay by Seth Lochhead and David Farr  
Story by Seth Lochhead

1 **EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY.**

1

Sparse forest. Snow falls.

Breathing and the BEAT of a person running.

HANNA, fourteen years old, long hair, eyes like blue ice, dressed in animal skins, glides through the trees, a bow strapped to her shoulder.

She slows, crooks her head, listening, her breath visible in the freezing air.

A FEW HUNDRED YARDS away

A REINDEER nuzzles the snow, searches for grass.

Its head pops up. It looks at the trees but doesn't see her.

The bow string STRETCHES. Her blue eyes focus. She exhales deeply and releases.

The arrow glides and SNAPS into the deer's side. It flops, its feet running without ground, frantic.

It resurrects itself, blood slipping from its side, and sprints. She sprints after it, the trees strobing past her.

She follows the trail of blood in the snow.

The deer stands in a clearing, waiting for her.

Steam pours from its mouth and nostrils.

HANNA approaches, removes a fur glove.

She reaches out and gently pets the animal's frightened face. She runs her hand down along its neck, in towards the wound.

HANNA

I just missed your heart.

She pulls out an old pistol from her waist holster, pauses, and then-- POP. POP. into CAMERA.

CUT TO TITLE: HANNA

2 **EXT. FOREST FLOOR - LATER.**

2

A knife enters the deer near its anus.

HANNA

(whisper)

Remove the penis and scrotum, make a deep, circular cut around the rectum.

HANNA pulls the knife up towards the brisket.

HANNA (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Cut from the rear to the brisket.

She works calmly without expression.

The deer lies on it's side.

HANNA breaths hard. She reaches deep into the body cavity and pulls out intestine, stomach, liver.

She freezes, sensing danger.

Her hand deep inside the animal. She listens. She looks out into the still forest. No sound.

ERIK, mid forties, a mammoth with leathery face, stands behind her like a ghost.

ERIK

You're dead. Right now. I've killed you.

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

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

ERIK (CONT'D)

Use your hands!

She goes for the gun again and again he stops her.

He moves in tight, pulling the gun from its holster and tossing it deep into the forest.

HANNA clips ERIK'S temple sending him to the ground.

She wraps her arms around his neck preparing to snap...

... but she can't.

He throws her over his shoulder into a pile of snow.

ERIK stands and wipes the snow from his pants. His face shows a touch of frustration.

He plods into the forest.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Drag it back yourself.

HANNA drags herself to the deer's side. She stares at its dead face.

4 OMITTED 4

5 **EXT. FOREST FLOOR - EVENING** 5

HANNA drags the 200 lb deer on a makeshift sled. She lifts her knees high and moves at a steady pace.

Hidden among the trees, a little way off, ERIK is watching her.

6 **EXT. LOG CABIN. NORTH FINNISH FOREST - EVENING** 6

A log cabin built around an ancient tree surrounded by the thick forest. HANNA is standing in the snow, stripping the deer with a knife. It's a tough job but she does it no fuss.

7 OMITTED 7 \*

8 **EXT/INT. LOG CABIN - LATER** 8 \*

Hanna hops up onto the porch and drops a bucket full of bloody tools by the door as she enters. \*

INSIDE \*

Very primitive. Cave-like. Everything they own they've built themselves. There's a few "modern" items, old and worn. \*

HAND PRINTS of increasing size (marking Hanna's age) run up one wall. \*

Erik sits in the dark, the fading sunlight just barely illuminating him. He restrings a bow and watches Hanna. \*

Hanna removes her coat and hangs it near the hearth. She's a bit stiff. \*

ERIK

What's wrong? Are you hurt?

She grabs a shutter and begins closing up the cabin for the night. Erik strides across the room for his knife. \*

ERIK (CONT'D)

You were half asleep.

Hanna grabs another shutter, puts it in place a little too hard. \*

ERIK (CONT'D)

Always be ready. Even when you're sleeping. Think on your feet. Adapt...

HANNA  
 ...or die. I'll do better next  
 time.

ERIK  
 German.

HANNA  
 (In German w/ English  
 subtitles)  
 I'll do better next time.

ERIK  
 Italian.

HANNA  
 (In Italian w/ English  
 subtitles)  
 I'll do better next time.

ERIK  
 Spanish.

The room darker and darker as Hanna closes up the last few \*  
 openings to the outside world. \*

ERIK (CONT'D)  
 (insistent)  
 Spanish.

HANNA  
 (In Spanish w/ English  
 subtitles)  
 Did you really want me to snap your  
 neck? \*

He pulls the string taught, slices excess away. \*

ERIK  
 How much did you pull off the deer?

HANNA  
 A hundred and twenty with scraps.

ERIK  
 About 200 pounds in total? \*

HANNA  
 I think so. \*

ERIK  
 That explains it.

HANNA  
 What?

ERIK  
 How you beat me. You're getting  
 strong.

Hanna puts the final shutter in place.

\*

The room at its darkest.

\*

ERIK (CONT'D) \*  
 (In Spanish w/ English  
 subtitles)  
 I'm glad you didn't snap my neck.

9 INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT 9 \*

HANNA sits cross legged, back straight, on the floor. \*

She pokes a stick into the glowing logs of the fire and tiny \*  
 embers float into the darkness and disappear. It's one of her \*  
 most favourite things. \*

Erik sits in a chair and reads from a large ENCYCLOPEDIA. \*

ERIK  
 The Great Blue Whale is the largest  
 animal to have ever existed. A blue  
 whale's tongue weighs over two and  
 a half tons and its mouth is large  
 enough to hold 90 tons of food and  
 water.

HANNA  
 How much is that?

ERIK  
 It's bigger than the cabin. Its  
 heart weighs thirteen  
 hundred pounds and a male has seven  
 gallons of testicles.

Hanna smirks.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
 The Blue Whale's "music" can be  
 heard for over 500 miles.

HANNA  
 What does music feel like?

Erik flips through the pages.

ERIK  
 (reading)  
 'Music. A combination of sounds  
 with a view to beauty of form and  
 expression of emotion'.

HANNA  
 I want to hear it for myself.

ERIK  
 We have all we need right here.

HANNA  
 It's not enough.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONT'D)

She stares up at him.

HANNA

I'm ready.

They look at each other - he weighs it up but lets it go.

ERIK

Go to sleep. We have an early day  
tomorrow.

He closes the book, pushes himself out of the chair, and  
picks up the used dishes from an earlier meal.

Hanna's eyes follow him around the room. Then, she lays the  
stick in the fire and stands.

9A **INT. HANNA'S ROOM. LOG CABIN. NIGHT.** 9A \*

Hanna, in bed, covers herself in animal skin blankets,  
straightens them and makes sure they're covering her feet.  
She lays back, pulls the covers up to her neck as a test. Her  
feet stay covered.

She sits back up, peers over the edge of her loft.

Below, Erik rinses the dishes in a bucket.

Hanna reaches under her bed and pulls up a copy of *GRIMM'S  
FAIRY TALES*. It has a noticeable gap where pages have been  
ripped out. *It's bruised and battered and splattered brown  
with old blood.*

Hanna opens it to the book mark: a photo booth photo.

She stares at it.

10 **INT./EXT. LOG CABIN - MORNING** 10 \*

THROUGH THE WINDOW \*

ERIK walks through the trees, a pistol in his hand. \*

11 **INT. HANNA'S ROOM. LOG CABIN - MORNING** 11

HANNA wakes. She still holds the photo booth photo pinned to  
her chest. She lifts it up, looks at it - a row of four  
pictures each of JOANNA ZADECK (Hanna's mother) in different  
contortions of silliness. In the last picture, Joanna in  
profile showing off her swollen belly. \*

HANNA tucks the photo back into her childhood book and places  
it gently under her bed.

12 **EXT. LOG CABIN. SHOOTING RANGE - MORNING** 12

A GUNSHOT breaks a tree apart. Erik out focus, gun aimed. \*



They reset. She repeats the motion. Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Again.

Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist. She's getting faster. Her strikes are solid.

14 **EXT. LOG CABIN - DAY** 14

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

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

15 **EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY** 15

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

HANNA

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

15A **EXT. NORTHERN FINLAND, FROZEN LAKE - DAY** 15A

A mile wide sheet of ice surrounded by sparse forest.

Hanna and Erik race across. Full sprint.

ERIK

Keep up.

Erik pulls ahead, pumping his arms, leaving her behind. A smile creeps onto his face. He's having fun. His foot STRIKES hard. The ice cracks but does not break.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Keep up Hanna. I'm not that fast.

He turns back. But she's gone.

50 yards away, a small hole in the ice.

ERIK (CONT'D)

HANNA!

UNDER THE ICE

Hanna writhes in the murk. A current pulls her along. Her fingernails rip, frantic, along the icy ceiling. She slams her fists and feet into it, trying to break it.

Erik's voice filtered through the ice and water.

ERIK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hanna!

His shadow crosses above her. She throws her fists and feet hard, desperate--

ERIK on the surface hears the CREAKS and THUDS of her movements--

He sees her - the diffused shape of her - struggling and sliding under the ice--

His eyes follow where the current is pulling her--

Yards ahead, he sees a heavy branch sticking out of the ice. He sprints, takes hold of it, wrenches it back and forth, he slams his feet down, breaking it apart--

Her shape is coming. It will pass-by, just a few feet out of his reach. He works faster, more panicked, more desperate--

UNDER THE ICE

Hanna struggles to breath, the bubbles of air escape her lips and race along the ceiling searching for an exit--

ERIK on the surface. He's broken enough ice and jumps in with a splash--

He breaches back to the surface and hammers his forearm through the weakened ice, over and over again, splitting the skin in many places.

Each STRIKE breaks through. His strength and will is impressive. He will not let her die. He never could.

He makes up those few final feet just as--

Hanna slides by--

He dives under, one hand holding to the surface, and snatches her under the arm.

18      **EXT. NORTH FINNISH FOREST. LAKE SHORE.**      18

Erik strides through the trees at a steady pace. Hanna lingers behind him on the path. He stops, waits.

ERIK

I don't understand why you're so upset.

She ignores him, walks past him.

His temper and patience are about to give.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Tell me what's wrong.

HANNA

I would've found a way. I could've broken through. I'm strong.

ERIK

There was no time. It wasn't an exercise. You could've drowned.

HANNA

I would've found a way if you let me. I didn't need your help. I don't need it.

She turns from him and trudges into the forest.

19      OMITTED      19

20      **INT. CABIN. HANNA'S ROOM - NIGHT.**      20

HANNA sleeps.

ERIK stands over her in the dark, a gun outstretched, pointed at her head.

HANNA bursts from her covers, smashes the pistol from ERIK's hand and smashes him back into the wall. The whole cabin SHAKES.

She grabs his pistol, points it at his face.

He snatches it quick.

She snatches it back.

He SMACKS it out of her hand.

He lunges at her. He seems intent to hurt her, more than ever before.

HANNA slips her hand into her mattress, grabs a flint knife. She slices Erik's forearm and spins him around until she has the tip digging into the side of his neck.

HANNA breathless, angry.

HANNA

I'm ready. I'm ready already.

They both breath heavy. Hanna drops the knife and exits.

Erik sits there, utterly defeated. He knew this was coming, he just hoped it never would.

21      **EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT**      21

ERIK takes long lunging strides straight out from the cabin. He counts his paces.

ERIK

One, two, three, four...

22      **EXT. LAKE - DAY**      22

HANNA, alone, racing across the lake, the hole where she fell through already frozen over.

ERIK (V.O.)

...five, six, seven, eight...

23      **EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT**      23

ERIK

...nine, ten.

After 10 paces, ERIK makes a 90 degree turn and enters the tree line. The snow and mud crunch under his boots.

ERIK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One, two, three...

We continue to inter-cut the following with more close-ups of HANNA training without Erik: climbing, fighting, chin-ups, shooting.

ERIK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...four, five, six...

After 40 paces, with the cabin light distant, ERIK falls to his knees. He unsheathes a large knife and jams it into the frozen earth.

24 **EXT. NORTH FINNISH FOREST - MORNING** 24

HANNA in an isolated part of the forest.

She spies a fox pup staring at her from the tree line. She crouches and holds out her hand, scratching the ground gently.

HANNA  
Hello little foxy... foxy loxy...

The pup approaches, excited but weary.

HANNA shuffles in her crouch, slowly making up the distance, She reaches out a hand and rubs its tiny head.

The pup gnaws at her open palm, its pin-like teeth doing minimal damage. Its paws wrap around her wrist, hug it. She pushes it over on its back and rubs its protruding belly.

It grunts and growls and HANNA mimics it perfectly.

Suddenly, the pup rights itself as a low BUZZ fills the air.

HANNA looks up through the trees. The BUZZ grows closer.

HANNA jumps to her feet, sprints toward the sound, through the trees, to a clearing as--

--a PLANE roars overhead.

HANNA watches, barely a speck against the endless, snowy reaches of her isolated domain.

25 **INT. CABIN - MORNING.** 25

Erik sits at a table. A metal box caked with frozen dirt sits open in front of him.

Footsteps. HANNA enters, excited. \*

HANNA \*  
Did you see it? Did you hear it? \*  
Like thunder. It was so beautiful. \*  
(MORE) \*

HANNA (CONT'D)

It shook the snow from the trees. \*

She sees the strange box sitting in front of him. She reaches a hand out to touch it. \*  
\*

HANNA (CONT'D)

What is it?

ERIK

It tells Marissa Wiegler where we are. When you want to leave here all you have to do is flip that switch. \*

She approaches the box and places a single finger on the small red switch.

ERIK (CONT'D)

But once it's done, there's no going back. She'll never give up until you're dead, or she is. You understand? I won't be there to hold your hand. So be sure. Be sure it's what you really want. \*

Her finger lingers on the switch.

ERIK (CONT'D)

It's here. There's no rush.

HANNA pulls her finger away slowly and places her hand by her side.

ERIK reads from the encyclopedia, Hanna snuggled close, watching the sun fall.

ERIK

Laika, a mongrel dog from the streets of Moscow, was the first animal to orbit the Earth. She was launched into outer space on the third of November, 1957. Scientists believed humans would be unable to survive conditions of outer space, so flights by animals were viewed as an experimental precursor to human missions. Her rocket was not designed to be retrievable, and Laika had always been intended to die.

HANNA

But she didn't, did she?

ERIK

They couldn't bring the rocket back, remember.

HANNA

I remember, but sometimes I wish you would read it differently.

ERIK, more sad than Hanna will ever know, turns the page and changes the subject.

ERIK

When a star collapses, the supernova explosion is 10 billion times brighter than other stars.

HANNA shuts her eyes and tries to imagine how bright that might be.

27

**INT. LOG CABIN - MORNING**

27

ERIK and HANNA go about their morning routine as if the ice hadn't broken and the box didn't exist. There's a melancholy between them, something lost they can never get back.

ERIK straps the bow to his chest and grabs a quiver of bolts.

ERIK

Will you hunt with me?

Hanna is sweeping the ground.

HANNA

If you want.

He wants.

ERIK  
It's up to you.

HANNA  
Me?

ERIK  
Yes.

HANNA eyes the box sitting open.

HANNA  
I'll stay.

ERIK leaves without saying a word.

HANNA looks at the box and walks over, the broom still in her hand. She pokes around it, examining all its electrical weirdness.

She places her finger to the switch, loses her nerve, and exits the cabin.

28      **EXT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS**      28

HANNA strides across the property and into the forest. She stops, turns back, and stares at her home.

HANNA  
(whispering to herself)  
Marissa Wiegler.

29      **INT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS**      29

CLOSE ON - the metal box.

HANNA enters. The room is still and quiet. She approaches the metal box and FLIPS THE SWITCH before she loses her nerve.

A little red light begins to flash.

HANNA  
(whisper)  
Come and find me.

An ALARM CLOCK begins to ring as we cut to -

30      **INT. MARISSA'S APARTMENT. VIRGINIA. USA - EARLY MORNING**      30

CLOSE ON - a bedside alarm clock ringing loudly.

MARISSA WIEGLER, a handsome Texan in her mid-40's with red hair, reaches over and slams the alarm clock off.

She's alone in her bed. She always is. She has no children. She's made choices in her life and lives without looking back.

She walks into her ensuite bathroom and looks at herself in the mirror.

Her bathroom cabinet is filled with the tools of a dental fixation.

She collects a state of the art electric toothbrush and bares her teeth in a snarl as she brushes them in strict order.

31 **INT. LOG CABIN - DAY**

31 \*

HANNA tends to boiling pots. She's cooking a feast. ERIK enters. He stamps his feet shedding ice at the door.

He walks by the box and sees the little red light flickering HANNA sees this and sees him smile, but she knows he's sad.

ERIK

You were lucky to grab that deer.  
There was nothing out there today.

ERIK looks over at the meal HANNA is preparing. He dips his finger into the pot scalding himself.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Ouch.

HANNA

It's hot.

He smiles at her. One of the few he's shown her.

ERIK

I'm really hungry. And it smells so good. Is it almost ready?

He wraps an arm around her shoulder and looks into the pot. They don't hug much and it shows. But HANNA's not going to let go first. She leans into his heavy coat, briefly, and takes a deep breath.

The smell from that giant coat. It wraps her all up and makes her feel like nothing in the whole wide world could ever hurt her.

31A **EXT. CIA HQ LANGLEY VIRGINIA - DAY**

31A

An establisher. A flat circular building set into a perfectly manicured lawn tended by an automatic sprinkler system.

32 INT. CIA HQ LANGLEY VIRGINIA - DAY 32

MARISSA, wearing a sharp business suit, walks down a set of stairs with her TECH ONE. \*

TECH ONE  
We've picked up an unencrypted signal, one of ours. We think it's Erik Heller. \*

She's not surprised or at least she doesn't show it.

MARISSA  
When? \*

TECH ONE  
0632 eastern standard. Triangulated 60 miles below the arctic circle. Near Kuusamo. \*

MARISSA  
Finland. \*

He hands her a coffee and she hands him some files. \*

TECH ONE  
You were his handler, right? \*

MARISSA  
Sure. The name sounds familiar. \*

But the name is more than familiar. \*

33 **EXT. LOG CABIN - EVENING**

33

ERIK is leaning over a pail of water, cutting his beard off with a knife.

Hanna sits at a table utterly fascinated by her father's transforming appearance.

MARISSA (V.O.)  
Erik Heller. Recruited in 1991.

\*

CUT TO

Erik clean shaven. Hanna saws off chunks of his long hair. She saws one area too close to his head, creating a very uneven divot. His whole head of hair is full of uneven divots.

ERIK  
How does it look?

She steps back, sizes him up.

Her eyes widen and a smile cracks.

HANNA  
Good.

ERIK  
Good?

HANNA  
Almost good.

33A **INT. ERIK'S ROOM - NIGHT**

33A

ERIK opens a WOODEN CHEST in the corner of the room. He takes out an old folded three piece suit and rolled shirt...

MARISSA (V.O.)  
An agent to the Clandestine  
Operations in Poland and a former  
FSK operative, he was integral to  
paramilitary operations in Eastern  
Europe and Central Asia. The file  
ends in '94. There was no sign of  
life until April 18, 1996 when his  
fingerprints appeared on a .22  
caliber Luger found beside the body  
of one Johanna Zadek.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

... he unholsters his gun and lays it down. He removes his giant coat, folds it with care and places it in the box.

34 INT. VIDEO CONFERENCE ROOM, LANGLEY. 34

Suspended from the ceiling are a number of screens showing a feed to the European HQ where a young agent, LEWIS, is in attendance.

ON ANOTHER SCREEN - a newspaper article, the headline: POLICE HUNT FOR MURDER SUSPECT. A picture of a Young Erik in the article beside another picture of the burnt out carcass of a car tilted at an odd angle against a tree.

ON ANOTHER SCREEN - A photo of JOHANNA ZADEK. She's the woman \*  
from Hanna's photo booth pictures.

WALT and BOB, Marissa's bosses, sit at a wide table. Marissa, like a teacher, lectures her students.

MARISSA

Johanna Zadek. Born 1970. German. \*  
Spotted and developed by Heller in \*  
1994 but never recruited. \*

WALT

Why was she being developed? \*

Marissa opens another file, reads.

MARISSA

That's not in the file. Let's stay on task. Erik is a rogue asset. I propose we go in and pull him out. \*

WALT

Isn't that an over reaction? \*

MARISSA

No. \*

BOB

Give it to Interpol, for Christ's sake. We have bigger problems, bigger fish, Marissa, than some loon who went survivor man on us. \*

MARISSA

Interpol nabs him, that exposes him to FSB, BND, France. Do you really want every intelligence agency in Europe scratching at this thread? It's a very thick sweater. There'll be enough yarn to hang us all. \*

WALT

Lewis? \*

MARISSA

We need to keep this contained, gentlemen. Keep it small. I worked with this man, he knows things I don't think you want to know-- \*

BOB

Okay. I hear that. \*

She smiles, these guy's are fucking idiots. \*

Walt leans back in his chair, thinks about the horrible things he knows and the horrible things he's not supposed to know.

WALT

Lewis? \*

LEWIS

One man. One day operation. \*

34A INT. LANGLEY - OUTSIDE VIDEO CONFERENCE ROOM

34A \*

The hall is empty. \*

Marissa leans against a wall, her head down, her breathing controlled.

\*  
\*

MARISSA  
Fuck Erik. Why now?

\*  
\*

HANNA and ERIK, face to face. Erik, dressed incongruously in the suit and tie, ready to go.

ERIK  
Tell me again?

HANNA  
Marissa Wiegler.

ERIK  
Then?

HANNA  
Postcard.

ERIK  
Then?

HANNA  
What?

ERIK  
The address where we meet.

HANNA  
Wilhelm Grimm's house.  
Stephanstrasse 260. 10559, Berlin.  
Germany.

ERIK  
What else?

HANNA  
Adapt or die.

ERIK  
Think on your feet.

HANNA  
Even when I'm sleeping.

ERIK moves a strand of hair from HANNA'S forehead and looks at her with paternal worry.

He stands and quietly goes to the door.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
Papa...

He doesn't turn around.

ERIK  
Remember what I've taught you.  
You'll be fine.

She smiles at his back.

HANNA  
I'll see you there.

36 **EXT. LOG CABIN. NORTH FINNISH FOREST - DUSK** 36

ERIK comes out of the cabin carrying a small rucksack. He closes the door behind him and takes a deep breath.

37 **INT/EXT. HANNA'S ROOM. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS** 37

HANNA goes to the door, cracks it open and watches Erik walk into the calm blueness of impending night.

38 **EXT. EDGE OF NORTH FINNISH FOREST. NIGHT.** 38

Almost pitch, save for the glow of white snow. And quiet--

--a series of ropes break the top frame and THIRTY US SPECIAL FORCES dressed in white snow gear silently abseil down to the ground.

39 **INT. HANNA'S ROOM. LOG CABIN - NIGHT** 39

HANNA doing push-ups on her bedroom floor.

40 **EXT. FOREST/CABIN - NIGHT** 40

Infra-red POV as the SPECIAL OPS TEAM head through the forest wearing night vision-goggles.

We see LEWIS who follows close behind the Leader of the Operation who himself follows the tracker signal.

LEWIS  
He's one of ours. Watch your step.  
He knows we're coming.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*





VOICE 1

They want a psych evaluation before  
they interrogate.

HANNA lies on the cot. She's been cleaned up and is wearing an army regulation jump suit. The metal door drags open.

A Doctor, BURTON, wearing a pair of thick framed GLASSES, closes a heavy, mechanized door behind him.

He walks up to HANNA, crouches down so he can be at her level, symbolically.

BURTON

Hello Hanna.

HANNA

Hello.

BURTON

My name is Dr. Burton. Would you like to talk to me?

HANNA sits up and hangs her legs off the side of the cot.

HANNA

I was told by my father to gain the upper hand.

BURTON

That's interesting. What else did your father tell you?

HANNA

Where am I?

BURTON

You're in holding.

HANNA

I've never been in a room like this. It's cement.

BURTON

That's right. This must all be very strange for you. How long have you been in the forest?

HANNA

As long as I can remember.

BURTON

Interesting. Were there other people there?

HANNA

Just me and my Papa.

HANNA seems to be staring up at the ceiling.



49           **INT. OBS ROOM. LANGLEY HQ. NIGHT. CONT.**           49

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

On the screen BURTON continues to probe.



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

52

A white space with specialist lighting and the hum of specialised air pressurizes. A protected environment - this is the DNA lab. A MILITARY DOCTOR is looking at the result of something on a computer. It has shocked and intrigued him. He calls across to another doctor.

MILITARY DOCTOR 1  
John come and take a look at this  
kid's blood sample.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2 walks across. He sees the sample on the screen.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2.  
Is that right? That can't be right.

MILITARY DOCTOR 1  
And I got a sample of her hair.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2 looks at the results, baffled.

MILITARY DOCTOR 2  
It's contaminated. Run it again.

53 **INT. HANNA'S HOLDING CELL.**

53

HANNA is sitting on her cot with her back against the wall.

A metal door drags open.

A pair of smart female shoes enter the room, accompanied by the military boots of two guards.

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

HANNA turns to look.

It is a completely different woman, dressed in similar clothes to MARISSA but not her.

HANNA stares at her, then looks at the two guards.

FALSE MARISSA (CONT'D)  
(to the guards)  
You can wait outside.

The guards exit and the door slams shut behind them.

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

54

In the Observation Room LEWIS is looking at a small Monitor. He speaks into a consoles microphone.



56 **INT. HANNA'S HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS** 56

HANNA stares at FALSE MARISSA awaiting an answer.

FALSE MARISSA  
You're in a safe place.

HANNA  
Where did you meet my father?

The false MARISSA pauses.

57 **INT. OPERATIONAL HQ. LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS** 57

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

MARISSA  
Erik. I met him by a news kiosk in  
Alexanderplatz, East Berlin. Say it  
was raining. He had just arrived  
from Prague.

\*  
\*

58 **INT. HANNA'S HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS** 58

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

FALSE MARISSA  
You mean Erik?

Hanna nods.

FALSE MARISSA (CONT'D)  
Yes. I met him at a news kiosk.  
Alexanderplatz. In the rain. He had  
just arrived from Prague...

HANNA, looking at FALSE MARISSA, reading her face.

59 **INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 59

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

LEWIS  
Go ahead. \*

MILITARY DOCTOR  
Sir, we've completed the tests on the girl. \*

MARISSA (V.O.)  
Who authorized tests? \*

On screen: FALSE MARISSA and HANNA. \*

FALSE MARISSA  
Do you know where your father is?

LEWIS, half watching the screen, talking to the intercom.

LEWIS  
I authorized them. Blood, urinalysis, hair. All standard. \*

60 **INT. OPERATIONAL HQ. LANGLEY - CONTINUOUS** 60

MARISSA, alone in Langley, suddenly alert.

MARISSA  
Send the results directly to me.

LEWIS  
Walt and Bob-- \*

MARISSA  
If Walt and Bob come asking, send Walt and Bob directly to me. \*

FALSE MARISSA  
(filtered) Did he tell you where he was going? We're all worried about him. \*

ON CCTV: Hanna cries, holds out her arms. \*

61 **INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 61 \*

MONITOR  
Sir look.

LEWIS turns to the screen as FALSE MARISSA tentatively takes HANNA in her arms. \*

LEWIS  
Agent keep your distance. \*

62 INT. HANNA'S HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS 62

The FALSE MARISSA tentatively takes HANNA in her arms.

FALSE MARISSA  
It's OK. It's OK.

HANNA coils her thin arms around the FALSE MARISSA'S neck, clinging to her like a monkey.

The FALSE MARISSA looks up to the security camera, slightly concerned. Hanna wriggles in her arms, to get a better grip...



69 **INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM. CONT.** 69

LEWIS immediately presses the Alarm Bell.

LEWIS  
Holy hell! Wiegler, Wiegler?

On another screen LEWIS watches as the other Guard tries to drag the metal door shut. He hits a fleshy door jam - Burton. Hanna is upon him. Two shots.

70 **INT. LANGLEY. OPERATIONAL HQ. CONT.** 70

MARISSA watches HANNA aim straight at camera. HANNA'S fierce eyes looking at her, MARISSA cant help but pull away from the screen. HANNA fires and the screen goes blank.

71 **INT. CAMP G. OBSERVATION ROOM. CONT.** 71

LEWIS watches as, one after another, his camera's go down. But still there's no sign of HANNA.

LEWIS  
She's a child for Christsake!

72 **INT. CAMP G. CORRIDOR IN SECURE BRIEFING AREA.** 72

Alarms are sounding and red lights flashing in the corridor.

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

73 **INT. CAMP G. MILITARY LABORATORY. CONT.** 73

She finds herself in the specialist Military DNA Laboratory. The MILITARY DOCTORS stare at her. One of them reaches for an alarm--

Hanna slides across the desk, her body rams him into the wall, she KNOCKS him out with an elbow and he slides, stunned to the ground.

The other Doctor puts his hands in the air. He drops files and the pages flutter about his feet.

DOCTOR  
Please.

Amongst the papers, a PHOTO of Hanna clipped to a single page document. She picks it up, scans it-- "DNA." "Abnormal."

She eyes the doctor for an answer.

But he just presses deeper into the wall, slides to the floor, scared out of his mind.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Don't hurt me.

GUARD (O.S.)

This is Sanders. I'm checking Zone eleven.

Hanna puts a finger to her mouth (Shoosh).

A GUARD radios off, then enters. She senses something.

She walks into the lab, gun ready.

The DNA laboratory suddenly seems empty. The buzz of the lab's lighting and the whir of the air-pressurizes are the only sounds as the GUARD looks around.

She walks around a table revealing the unconscious Doctor and the very scared One staring up at her.

Then a rustling from behind the Guard. She tenses up, turns, but HANNA is gone.

74           **INT. CAMP G. CORRIDOR IN SECURE BRIEFING CENTRE.**           74

HANNA, runs along the corridor. She has in her hands the DNA results which she scrunches up and jams into a pocket.

75           **INT. CAMP G. AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT ABOVE CORRIDOR. CONT.**   75

HANNA eyes the vent above her. She peers around a corner - her only other route of escape and sees:

76           **INT. CAMP G. CORRIDOR. CONT.**                                   76

MILITARY PERSONNEL reach the intersection close to HANNA and spread out, all going in different directions but none coming towards her.

The last pair of personnel start heading towards her. She looks up at the duct again and a length of ducting along the wall, about waist height.

She puts a foot on a rail, halls herself up towards the vent. She fiddles with the vent, eventually opening it as the personnel are almost upon her.

77           **INT. CAMP G. AIR-CONDITIONING VENT. CONT.**                   77

She crawls through the narrow air-conditioning duct. She stops, alert to the sounds beneath her. Through small perforations in a vent she sees more MILITARY PERSONNEL running down the corridor.

78           **INT. CAMP G. AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT ABOVE CORRIDOR. CONT.**   78

The duct bends to a vertical angle. She begins to crawl up a steep gradient towards a crack of light.

79

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

79

LEWIS sits in silence. MONITOR looks at him nervously.

MONITOR  
You think she's out?

LEWIS  
She can't get out.

LEWIS picks up an internal telephone.

LEWIS (CONT'D)  
(into telephone)  
Who's on the perimeter? Detail  
every unit available.

80 **INT. CAMP G. AIR-CONDITIONING VENT. CONT.**

80

HANNA is sweating, exhausted, blinking in the darkness, trying to make out what the light source is.

The gradient has got steeper and she starts to slide backwards on the smooth metal surface. She digs her fingers into the rivets joining the plates of stainless steel, trying to get a purchase.

She summons the last of her strength and reaches a crest. She rests a moment, then hauls herself over the crest and immediately starts sliding... she tumbles, gathering pace, falling down a long chute into the blackness. She has no idea where she is or what's happening, but she's covering a lot of ground.

She hits the bottom with a crunch and cries out.

When she opens her eyes she sees more tunnel - and at the end light. She crawls quickly towards it and stops at a kind of manhole cover with a sprung lever - she wrenches the lever and pushes against it. After a little effort the cover gives way and light floods in, blinding her.

HANNA recovers and tentatively pokes her head out into:

81 **EXT. MOROCCO/DESERT. CONT.**

81

BLAZING SUN -

HANNA sticks her head out of a hole in the ground in the middle of the Moroccan desert. It takes her eyes a moment to adjust to the blinding light. Blearily she looks out across this alien environment.

After a moment her ears prick up. She turns just in time to see a column of Military Jeeps rise over a sand dune a little way behind her. The jeeps are racing straight towards her. She quickly ducks back down into her rabbit hole.

The Military Vehicles pass right over HANNA. When the last vehicle has past we see that the air-conditioning duct is empty.

CUT TO:

HANNA is clinging to the axle, hanging upside down underneath. Her face is pressed to the oily metal, her back just an inch from the desert floor flashing beneath her.

The jeeps now take a track along the edge of a steep dune. HANNA takes her chance and lets go of her grip. She clenches her eyes shut as the jeep passes over her. As soon as the jeeps clears she rolls herself over the edge of the dune.

HANNA rolls down the sand dune at speed until finally she slows and stops. She lies still and shocked by the quiet as the Jeep disappears into the distance. Then she sits up and looks around herself. She has no conception of this landscape, no idea where she might be.

|    |  |    |
|----|--|----|
| 82 | OMITTED  | 82 |
| 83 | OMITTED (CONTENT IN SCENE 81)                          | 83 |
| 84 | <b>INT. MARISSA'S APARTMENT. VIRGINIA. USA - NIGHT</b> | 84 |

MARISSA moves between her wardrobe and a suitcase packing clothes, underwear, another power suit.

Fully packed she goes to the back of the wardrobe and pulls aside some dresses to reveal a hidden safe. She keys in the security code, the safe door opens. \*

She withdraws a fat manila envelope. She opens it. Inside, a few stacks of American bills. \*

She reaches back into the safe and retrieves a blue file. On the file, in large blunt letters: GALINKA. \*

|    |                                     |    |
|----|-------------------------------------|----|
| 85 | <b>EXT. ROAD - DUSK (FLASHBACK)</b> | 85 |
|----|-------------------------------------|----|

1995.

MARISSA presses against a tree beside the road.

She tries to control her breathing. Her hands shake as she checks the clip of a small pistol.

She peers through the trees, the shine of headlights makes her close her eyes.



In the distance, Erik, Hanna cradled in one arm, drags  
 Johanna's limp body along the ground, desperate to save her,  
 but knowing it's too late. If he wants to save Hanna, he has  
 to let Johanna go. \*

So he does.

Two-year-old Hanna, clings to Erik's neck, her *Grimm's Fairy  
 Tales* draped, open, across his back and held there by one of  
 her tiny hands, doesn't scream, but her eyes linger on her  
 mother lying in the field.

Pages of the book tear against his shirt. Some tear free and  
 twist away across the field.

The whole time Marissa sprints.

She passes the burning wreck, its bumper angled up the trunk  
 of the strange, lone tree.

She AIMS her gun, she can't fire. Erik is across the field,  
 too far, just out of reach. \*

Marissa slows and stops beside Johanna's crooked body. \*

Marissa rolls her over. Johanna's neck and face and clothes  
 are covered in mud. It hides her gruesome injuries. Erik  
 dragged her an admirable distance from the wreck. \*

She's barely alive. It's horribly quiet.

A few pages of *Grimm's Fairy Tales* float past Johanna's face. \*

JOHANNA \*

She'll never be yours... \*

Following a page drifting away as we hear a GUNSHOT.

87 **EXT. MOROCCAN DESERT - LATER**

87

The sun has dipped a little now, the shadows of the dunes are  
 longer, but the heat is still intense.

HANNA's throat is parched by the dry heat, her pale eyes  
 scorched by the angry sun. She walks purposefully but with a  
 growing awareness of her tiny scale in this seemingly endless  
 sea of sand. She has no conception of this landscape, no idea  
 where she might be.

HANNA climbs a steep dune, eyes down, feet pounding. A shadow  
 falls across her path and she looks up to see the shape of a  
 GIRL standing at the top of the dune silhouetted by the sun.  
 HANNA's hand goes to the concealed gun.

The GIRL stares at HANNA. They must be about the same age but  
 there the resemblance ends.

HANNA, dusty, bloodied and bruised in military top, trousers and boots stares at this perfect image of western adolescence.

Dressed flamboyantly and drinking a can of coke, no concession to where she is whatsoever. This is SOPHIE.

SOPHIE

Hello.

HANNA stares at her, then abruptly turns to walk in opposite direction until she sees another convoy of US military trucks in the distance.

HANNA turns back. Looks at SOPHIE. Like a wary animal.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Don't you speak English?

In Sophie's world, everyone her age wants to talk to her, so this can be the only explanation. The truth is: HANNA is simply unsure how to speak to this strange person.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

It's not your fault if you can't.  
M.I.A couldn't speak English until she was eight, because she was, like, a refugee from Sri Lanka. And now she's a pop star, in America too. So don't worry if you can't speak English yet.

At that moment SOPHIE'S brother, MILES, eight years old, rises over the dune and stands by SOPHIE'S side. In his hand is a stills camera, not digital, film. MILES stares at HANNA while talking to SOPHIE.

MILES

Who's she?

SOPHIE

I found her. She can't speak English. She's from Sri Lanka.

Hanna is compelled to speak, disturbed by someone creating a new identity for her for their own amusement.

HANNA

I'm from Germany.

SOPHIE

Oh yeah?

HANNA

I live in Leipzig. Population 0.7 Million people. We live at Number 7 Weissingerplatz. I like literature and sport, in particular tennis and athletics. I go to school at the Klaus Kohle Gymnasium and my best friends are Rudi Gunther and Clara Schliess.

SOPHIE  
They sound dull.

Hanna turns to walk away. A thought strikes Sophie.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
What's the age of consent in  
Germany? It's something nasty like  
fourteen, isn't it?

Beat.

Thrown, desperate:

HANNA  
I also have a dog called Trudi.

MILES  
We had a dog called Vincent, but he  
went mad and died.

From over the dune comes the voice of SOPHIE and MILES'S  
mother, RACHEL.

RACHEL (O.S.)  
Come on, Sophie! We'll miss the  
light.

MILES raises his camera to his eye and snaps a picture of  
HANNA.

MILES  
Bye.

SOPHIE  
See you.

Offhandedly:

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
I'm Sophie and this is my brother,  
Miles.

SOPHIE takes one more puzzled look at HANNA, then turns and  
disappears over the sand dune.

HANNA rises to the top of the dune. SOPHIE turns back to  
HANNA.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Do you need a lift somewhere?

HANNA  
No. I prefer to walk.

Beat.

SOPHIE  
Suit yourself.

SOPHIE and MILES head back towards their nouveau hippy parents, RACHEL and SEBASTIAN who are waiting for them beside an old VAN parked by a tarmac road that cuts straight through the desert.

Hanna turns back into the desert.

88 **INT. AEROPLANE - NIGHT.** 88

MARISSA sitting in first class, not trying to hide the fact that she's on her cell phone mid-flight. There's turbulence.

LEWIS(O.O.V)  
Tactical says she's in the desert  
south-east of Essaouira.

\*

MARISSA  
Focus all operations on Erik  
Heller.

A sweet-faced male AIR STEWARD hovers over MARISSA.

AIR STEWARD  
Excuse me Madame, airline  
regulations state that -

MARISSA  
I'm in conference.

AIR STEWARD  
All the same -

MARISSA  
Back off.

MARISSA'S response is quietly scary. The attendant is not sure what might happen if he asks her again. He stands there, dumbfounded.

LEWIS (O.O.V)  
Are you saying the child is not of  
interest to us?

MARISSA  
She's of interest, of course,  
Lewis, but not an immediate threat  
to the security of the United  
States of America. Erik Heller is  
the immediate threat. Focus on  
Heller.

She hangs up.

89 **EXT. DESERT/OASIS - DUSK** 89

Hanna amongst slightly elevated desert rocks. She approaches the edge--

Down below, a tuft of green trees surrounding a small body of water - an oasis.

89A **EXT. OASIS - DUSK**

89A

The CHATTER of female voices.

Hanna sneaks through the trees toward a small body of water.

A group of BERBER WOMEN (non-arab), knee deep, beat clothes against the rock. They speak one of the many Berber dialects (with subtitles).

## FIRST BERBER WOMAN

The hairs in his nose are so long...

The women are laughing. She watches them from the trees, fascinated. Women. Just like her. But not like her at all.

## FIRST BERBER WOMAN (CONT'D)

I can feel them when he kisses my cheek.

Hanna sneaks around the edge of the water, careful where she steps, making sure she's not seen. There's a clothes line not far from her, strung up between two trees.

Hanna grabs a few items without the ladies noticing.

89B OMITTED

89B \*

\*

89C EXT. OASIS VILLAGE - DUSK

89C \*

A sea of CAMELS. Hundreds of them. MEN steer them, try to keep them tight and together.

The CAMELS moan and croak. Some nip at each other. Most are passive and chew their cud.

Hanna stands amongst them in her stolen pantaloons and top. She's staring in one's face. It's staring back into hers. \*

It's nose is pierced with a rope. She touches the rope with her finger. The camel doesn't mind. \*

MUSIC floats over the camel's moans. She follows the sound and walks between the camels legs and under their long necks until she finds a sea of human beings. A bazaar. It's so overwhelming. \*

And so loud. And the music, from some unseen buskers, so beautiful. \*

Over this, HANNA hears:

RACHEL (O.S.)  
(calling)  
Miles!

And then HANNA sees him, the little, shy boy from before - MILES - running through the crowd carrying a bag of cherries.

RACHEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Miles!

She follows him toward a mud built HOTEL.

He runs up the steps toward his mother - RACHEL.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
What did I tell you?

MILES  
I wanted cherries.

She grabs him by the arm, maybe a little too hard.

MILES (CONT'D)

Ouch.

She relaxes her grip, takes his hand, gently, and walks him toward the hotel.

HANNA follows.

Rachel and Miles enter the hotel and so does Hanna.

90 OMITTED 90

91 **INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL RECEPTION - EVENING** 91

HANNA stands at the reception desk. A kindly looking HOTEL OWNER is eating a jammy biscuit. He's a little confused by HANNA.

HOTEL OWNER

Where's your family?

HANNA

Are you Arab?

HOTEL OWNER

I'm Moroccan.

HANNA looks at an array of tourist POSTCARDS displayed on the reception counter.

HANNA

Morocco. Capital city Rabat. Places of interest. Marrakesh. Essouaira. Religion Islam. Language Arabic (in Arabic w/ English subtitles)

I like Arabic very much. It's like Japanese. It's big.

The HOTEL OWNER nearly spits out his biscuit in shock. Meanwhile HANNA pockets a POSTCARD OF A CAMEL.

HOTEL OWNER  
(in Arabic w/ English  
subtitles)  
You speak Arabic?

HANNA  
(in Arabic w/ English  
subtitles)  
Yes, of course.

HOTEL OWNER  
(in Arabic w/ English  
subtitles)  
Where's your family?

HANNA  
(in Arabic w/ English  
subtitles)  
I need a room for one night. Can  
you help? I don't have any money.

92

**INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL BEDROOM - EVENING**

92

The HOTEL OWNER leads HANNA down some stairs and into a utilitarian whitewashed room with twin beds. There is a vacuum cleaner and mop and bucket stood by the door, a used coffee cup and a newspaper open on the table.

They speak in Arabic with English subtitles.

HOTEL OWNER  
It's the best we've got.

HANNA  
Thank you.

HANNA stares at the light switch.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
Do you have one of these in every  
room?

HOTEL OWNER  
Of course. All mod cons.

HANNA  
It's electricity?

The HOTEL OWNER looks at HANNA askance.

HOTEL OWNER  
Yes.

HANNA  
I know a little bit about  
electricity. They say Edison  
discovered it, or was it Franklin?

HOTEL OWNER  
Some American, I'm sure.

He picks up an electric kettle.

HOTEL OWNER (CONT'D)  
Electric kettle for the English -  
they like to make their own tea.

He switches it on, Hanna stares as it heats up noisily.

He goes to a small wall mounted TV, switches it on for her, a fuzzy, terrible picture of an Arabic TV show. HANNA is fascinated, doesn't take her eyes off the TV as she sits on the edge of the bed.

HANNA  
What is it?

HOTEL OWNER  
It's the best we can do.

She stares at the picture, bemused.

HOTEL OWNER (CONT'D)  
Where do you come from?

Distracted, HANNA is caught off guard.

HANNA  
The forest.

The HOTEL OWNER smiles, himself a little puzzled by this strange encounter, and leaves.

She just sits there staring at the TV as it's volume seems to increase.

Meanwhile the electric kettle begins to boil. Steam pours from its spout and the whole contraption starts to rattle violently.

HANNA gets up and approaches the kettle very warily. She tries the light switch in an attempt to stop the kettle, but it keeps boiling and making its strange rattle. HANNA tries another switch, the ceiling fan begins to turn, confusing HANNA even more.

On the TV the news shows footage of war in the Middle East, the sound of gunfire.

The ceiling fan is at its top speed, it's blades cut the air like a helicopter.

A telephone beside the bed starts to ring.

Combined the noises rise to a terrifying crescendo.

HANNA backs away towards the bathroom. She stumbles and falls through the bathroom door straight into the shower, inadvertently turning the taps on. Water pours down on her.

HANNA springs up and turns to face the stream of water as if it were an attacker. She runs back into the bedroom.

In the bedroom the kettle is still having a violent tantrum, the TV is still screaming, the fan still cutting, the phone still shouting.

HANNA pulls at the exit door, but doesn't know to turn the handle. She panics. Smashes at the door. Eventually she falls through the door and into the corridor.

93                   **INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL CORRIDOR - EVENING**                   93

Silence as HANNA sits on the corridor floor catching her breath.

A little way down the corridor MILES and SOPHIE emerge from their bedroom.

MILES

Look. It's her again.  
(calling to Hanna):  
Hey German! Hey girl!  
Hey, German girl!

He nudges SOPHIE.

HANNA eyes them suspiciously.

SOPHIE

Is 'Kraut' an ethnic slur?

HANNA

*What?*

SOPHIE

Like "queer" or "lesbo"?

She glances at Hanna to see her reaction.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'd like to be a lesbian. But not  
one of the fat ones. One whose a  
supermodel.

(thinking)

But I'd only hold hands. And I'd  
probably marry a man.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MILES

She looks different.

They all regard her clothing.

SOPHIE

Do you want to hang with us?

MILES

Are you hungry?

Hanna shakes her head.

SOPHIE

Are you on a diet?

94 **EXT. STRIP CLUB. HAMBURG - NIGHT** 94

The Reeperbaln, the main street of Hamburg's red light district. Tough and unglamorous.

MARISSA gets out of a taxi, checks the sign of the strip club and crosses the road. \*

94A **INT. STRIP CLUB. HAMBURG - NIGHT** 94A

On a small stage a TIRED STRIPPER is performing a snow white routine.

At the far end, MICHAEL ISAACS. Late 40s. A creepy uncle in a tailored white suit. \*

He ogles the stripper, but gets no pleasure from it. He gets very little pleasure from anything.

He sips from something pink.

Nearby are his two "boys", a big Russian with dead eyes called TITCH and a scrawny teenager called RAZOR, who will stab a man for 10 Euro's.

Marissa enters the bar.

Isaacs smiles, briefly, as she walks toward him. \*

She sits and avoids touching anything with her skin. \*

ISAACS \*

No kiss? \*

Marissa eyes the stripper. \*

MARISSA \*

She's a bit old isn't she. \*

ISAACS \*

She has male and female genitalia. \*

MARISSA \*

And you love her just the way she is. \*

ISAACS \*

I give people what they want. Vera make my friend something sweet. \*

MARISSA \*

I'll save it for when I need it. \*

ISAACS

What do you want, Marissa?

\*  
\*

Marissa smiles. If there's one thing she likes about Isaacs it's that he doesn't bullshit. The second thing is he's the most coldly violent person she's ever met.

The stripper removes her skirt.

MARISSA

Erik Heller's still alive.

ISAACS

Yes. Of course.

MARISSA

And the girl.

Isaacs sips his drink as Razor places Marissa's down.

ISAACS

Why are you here? Be concise.

The stripper unbuttons her corset, one button at a time.

MARISSA

I need you.

ISAACS

You need me? Little ole me? I'm very flattered. You have an entire agency. 5000 strapping young men at your disposal.

MARISSA

I need your talents, darling. I need you to do things my agency will not let me do.

\*

Marissa eyes her drink, doesn't touch it. Then the stripper, her corset open now, barely covering her breasts.

ISAACS notices something, he stands--

ISAACS

(in German)

STOP.

\*

Marissa stands too, puts a few feet between him and her, not sure he might bite. She's not scared of him, just cautious.

STRIPPER

What's wrong, daddy?

ISAACS  
 (to Razor and in German) \*  
 Again. Start again. AGAIN!

Saliva bursts from his mouth.

Razor scurries up on stage and disappears into the back to restart the music.

Isaacs sits, calms, sips his pink drink.

ISAACS (CONT'D)  
 Money. \*

Marissa pulls the fat manila envelope from her inside pocket and drops it on the table. \*

ISAACS (CONT'D)  
 The girl or Erik?

MARISSA  
 She's in Morocco. It's all in the envelope. Let me worry about Erik. \*

ISAACS  
 Shall I kill her? \*

Marissa pauses as Razor comes back on stage giving Isaacs the thumbs up as the music spins something whimsical.

MARISSA  
 Just find her. \*

The stripper, almost completely dressed again, swings her hips and begins to remove her clothes again.

Marissa begins to leave.

As Marissa reaches the door:

ISAACS  
 Did she turn out as you hoped? \*

She pauses at the door, letting the busy street noise in. \*

MARISSA  
 Better. \*

She exits.

95 **EXT. NIGHT MARKET RESTAURANT. OASIS TOWN - NIGHT** 95

HANNA is sitting at a table with the FAMILY who are all eating falafel while HANNA eats meat.

SOPHIE and MILES parents, RACHEL and SEB, have some difficulty relating to their daughters attitudes. They belong to a generation of counter cultural radicals whose priorities have, over the past decade, shifted and they're now trying to assimilate into mainstream society whilst still holding on to their ideals of autonomy and social liberation.

They felt genuinely troubled when Kate Winslet and Sam Mendes got divorced. \*

SOPHIE is describing a recent cultural phenomenon while she picks at her food. \*

SOPHIE \*

She was married to this footballer  
and, you know, she really loved him  
and gave him lots of advice about  
how to dress and how to spend his  
money and do his tax. Because even  
though she's beautiful, she's  
actually brilliant with money.  
Like, when he said to her for their  
anniversary, "Here's fifteen grand,  
do you want a Hermes Kelly bag or a  
boob job?" she said she knew the  
implants have to be replaced every  
ten years, but that the Kelly bag  
never depreciates in value. \*

Sophie sits back. \*

SOPHIE (CONT'D) \*

That's just common sense. That's  
why everyone loves her. \*

Meanwhile HANNA eyes the crowd, constantly on the look out. \*

SOPHIE (CONT'D) \*

Mum is against plastic surgery. \*

RACHEL \*

I am. \*

SOPHIE \*

Mum doesn't even wear make-up. \*

RACHEL \*

I don't. I think it's dishonest.  
This is my face. Take it or leave  
it. \*

SOPHIE \*

(whispers to Hanna)  
Leave it. \*

RACHEL \*

If you study Anthropology, or  
History of Art, \*

SEB \*  
Rachel - Sophie's Mum - did a \*  
double major at Cambridge. \*

RACHEL \*  
...you learn that red lipstick \*  
mimics arousal and suggests the \*  
geography of female genitalia. \*

SOPHIE \*  
PUKE. \*

RACHEL \*  
(a bit vain) \*  
But I have a lot of pigment in my \*  
lips naturally, so I never needed \*  
it. \*

SOPHIE \*  
VOMITORIUM. \*

SEB \*  
Oh, grow up, Sophie! \*

SOPHIE \*  
Grow up? Oh. Because yesterday Mum \*  
said I shouldn't act beyond my \*  
years. \*

RACHEL \*  
That does leave her with mixed \*  
messages, darling, when I'm trying \*  
so hard to get Sophie to appreciate \*  
her childhood. \*

SEB \*  
I just want her not to say \*  
"vomitorium". \*

Miles mimes being sick. \*

SEB (CHANGING SUBJECT.) (CONT'D) \*  
I'm pretty impressed that you're \*  
travelling on your own, Hanna. \*

HANNA \*  
My father encourages me to be \*  
independent. \*

RACHEL \*  
That's wonderful. \*

(she is now rather \*  
competing with Sophie for \*  
Hanna's attention, and to \*  
impress her) \*

I was backpacking at your age. \*  
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Spent a heavenly summer island hopping around Greece. \*

SEB \*

(under his breath) \*

Bed hopping around Greece. \*

Rachel flashes him a look. \*

SEB (CONT'D) \*

(quietly to Rachel) \*

No, no, it was valuable. Our experiences make us who we are. \*

(to the table) \*

Are your parents still together, Hanna? \*

HANNA \*

My mother is dead. \*

SEB \*

Oh. I'm so sorry to hear that. I lost my mother young, too. See, kids. All the things you complain about. Your shoes aren't the right brand. The Tivo doesn't work... \*

MILES \*

(going with it) \*

My ipod doesn't have enough gigabytes. \*

SEB \*

You don't know real sadness. \*

HANNA \*

It's ok, it was a long time ago. \*

MILES \*

What did she die of? \*

With great relish: \*

HANNA \*

Three bullets. \*

RACHEL \*

Oh My God. How appalling. \*

RACHEL and SEB are appalled, SOPHIE's cool deserts her, she is weirdly impressed. \*

97 OMITTED 97 \*

98 **INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT** 98

The TV flickers illuminating HANNA as she sits on her bed looking at the DNA report folded up into a tight wad. She smooths it out and reads.

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

HANNA stares at the words. "Interfering sequence present. Abnormal." HANNA looks at the photo of herself and those words.

HANNA  
"Abnormal"

What does it mean?

99 **EXT. SOUTH SWEDISH COAST - PRE-DAWN** 99

A barren rocky outcrop on the South Swedish coast. Erik arrives. He has a rucksack on his back.

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

He stares across the water towards DENMARK in the distance. Then he begins to wade into the water.

100 **EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK. - PRE-DAWN** 100

In the parking lot, Seb struggles with the family's luggage. \*  
He shoves the bags in and, no matter how hard he tries, they \*  
just won't fit. He stomps his feet a bit, a grown child. \*

Hanna watches him, unseen. \*

101 **EXT. VAN/ROOF - PRE-DAWN** 101

Hanna lurks around the van and tries the doors. All locked. \*  
She climbs up onto the roof. \*

The sun roof is open a few inches. \*

She slips her fingers into the gap and pries it open. \*

102 OMITTED 102 \*

103 OMITTED 103

104 **INT/EXT. VAN/ATLAS MOUNTAINS - DAY.** 104

THE FAMILY travels through a mountain pass, sleepy and grumpy, yawning, looking around.

MILES  
It's cold in here.

The sun roof to the rear, above the breakfast table and bench seats, is wide open.

SEB

Well, somebody broke the sun roof.  
And since your mother and I are  
adults and we respect property...

MILES

I didn't break it.

RACHEL

Seb, leave it. I'm sure it's  
insured.

SEB

Do people insure sunroofs? Do they?  
The last time I checked, they do  
not. Just you wait. No vacation  
next year. No new clothes or ipods.

SOPHIE

We didn't do it.

MILES

I already have an ipod.

105 OMITTED 105

105A **EXT. FERRY PORT - DAY** 105A

The FAMILY VAN pulls up to a busy ferry port.

Across the sails of tiny fishing boats, the enormous hull of  
a modern PASSENGER FERRY gliding into dock.

105B OMITTED 105B \*

\*

105C INT. MOROCCAN HOTEL OFFICE - DAY

105C

ISAACS is at a small TV speeding through CCTV footage of the hotel carpark. TITCH stands over the now bruised HOTEL OWNER.

HOTEL OWNER

Who are you? What is your business with the girl?

\*  
\*

ISAACS

Oh, I'm her uncle. We're very concerned about her well-being.

\*  
\*

HOTEL OWNER

I don't know what - what you're looking for. She came, she was nice, she left.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

TITCH hits him.

\*

ISAACS

There we are.

\*  
\*

ON TV: footage of HANNA climbing into the Family's VAN through the sunroof.

ISAACS (CONT'D)

Has this van checked out?

\*

HOTEL OWNER

Today.

ISAACS

North or south?

HOTEL OWNER

The ferry, they catch the ferry to Spain.

ISAACS

Very good. Titch, princess...

\*

Titch flips open a KNIFE--

106 INT. FERRY CAR DECK. - DAY

106

Cars are parking, their headlights on in the dark hull, horns blowing, FERRY GUARDS directing people to parking spaces - it's chaos.

SEB parks the van with some difficulty, complaining all the while.

SEB  
Typical. They're worse than  
Italians.

They get out, taking with them anything they might need - knapsacks, computer games, suit cases.

They head off towards the stairs up to the decks as we hold on the van.

106A **INT. HANNA'S HIDE OUT. VAN - CONTINUOUS** 106A

HANNA lies quietly, cramped into a tiny space. Her eyes glistening in the dark. She listens to the strange sounds of the ferry beginning to leave dock.

106B **EXT. FERRY PORT - DAY** 106B

ISAACS arrives at the ferry port, but is too late. He looks out to sea where, on the horizon, he can see the ferry sailing into the distance.

He pulls out his cell phone and punches in a number.

107-113 OMITTED 107-113

114 **EXT. DANISH COASTLINE - DAY** 114

Dark rain pours down onto long WOODEN WALKWAYS that stretch out into the sea.

A figure slides through the water. Then, like a monster from the deep, ERIK emerges. He pulls himself free. Water dripping from his body.

He takes a deep breath, tries to shake off the unbearable cold. His lips, fingers, and toes are almost blue.

At the far end of the walkway

TWO POLICEMEN approach.

DANISH POLICEMAN.

It's a little cold for a swim isn't it?

115 **EXT. MOTORWAY/SOUTHERN SPAIN - DAY** 115

The FAMILY'S van speeds up through Spain.

Hills are emerging and the land is turning green.

They pass a lay-by where RAZOR is waiting on a motorbike. He sees the van, drops his helmets visor, and follows.

115A INT. HANNA'S HIDE OUT. VAN - DAY 115A

HANNA is still in her tiny hide out. There is a small spy hole through which she can see glimpses of the family who are all singing along with great enthusiasm to final bars of SOME CLASSIC SONG.

Miles notices the shadows and light moving in the peep hole. He knows she's there.

116-119 OMITTED 116-119

120 EXT. DANISH COASTLINE - DUSK 120

Marissa watches as-- \*

a crane pulls out the limp, icy body of a DANISH POLICEMAN, his face a beaten, abstract pulp. \*

Lewis strides down the walkway and reaches Marissa's side. \*

LEWIS \*

I've alerted Interpol. We can't keep this to ourselves anymore. \*

MARISSA \*

On who's authority? \*

LEWIS \*

HQ. \*

MARISSA \*

Were you not listening? \*

LEWIS \*

He killed two police. He's reframed the situation, it's out of our control. \*

MARISSA \*

Then we must regain control of our story, Mr. Lewis. I'm the first and last person Erik Heller will see. Are we clear? \*

Lewis watches the water drip off the policeman's body. \*

MARISSA (CONT'D) \*

Are we clear, Mr. Lewis? \*

LEWIS \*

Yes. We're clear. \*

120A INT. HANNA'S HIDE OUT. VAN - DUSK

120A

The van has stopped and HANNA is listening for sounds of the family. They seem to be out of the van. HANNA decides to take her chance at escape.

She begins to lift the lid of her hide out.

121 INT/EXT. VAN/SPANISH CAMPSITE - DUSK

121

A cushion moves and then a box slides forward. HANNA climbs out--

CLICK. Miles sits in the back of the van, his camera pointed at Hanna.

She tries to stand but her legs give way and she falls to the floor. She rubs her legs quickly bringing them back to life.

Miles GIGGLES. He's too shy to speak, but he's slowly becoming bolder. Hanna isn't sure what to make of him. He doesn't seem to be a threat so she ignores him, gazes out the window.

The campsite is heaving with humanity, thousands of EUROPEAN CAMPERS who have turned the site into what amounts to a shanty town - a small city with its own shops, drainage, borders and rules.

Families come here from cities across Europe and bring their whole lives with them.

A GERMAN family is walking around in skimpy swimming costumes.

RACHEL reads a translation of THE MANDARINS by Simone De Beauvoir, the straps of her bathing suit loose from a day of avoiding tan lines.

SEB peels potatoes.

SOPHIE, a little way off, chats with two SPANISH BOYS, FELICIANO and his BROTHER. FELICIANO is very handsome.

Sophie eyes her Mom. Rachel looks up from her book at Sophie, a little concern over the cute boys chatting up her daughter.

BEHIND RACHEL

HANNA steps out of the van wary of being seen.

She runs from the van, through the tent city.

RAZOR, straddling his bike, a cell phone to his ear, watches Hanna scurry through the tents.

RAZOR

Got her.

122 OMITTED (CONTENT IN SCENE 121) 122

123-125 OMITTED 123-125

126 **INT. CAMPSITE PUBLIC BATHROOM - NIGHT** 126 \*

HANNA is drinking from a bathroom tap, trying to quench a thirst that has built up over her hours of confinement. \*

SOPHIE enters with her make-up bag. \*

SOPHIE \*

Oh, my God. What are you doing here? \*

HANNA \*

I'm thirsty. \*

SOPHIE \*

Yeah, that's not what I meant, actually. So come on, out with it. \*

HANNA \*

Out with what? \*

SOPHIE \*

The whole story. Did you have a fight with your dad, or something? \*

HANNA \*

Yes. \*

SOPHIE \*

Was it bad? \*

HANNA \*

No. I won. \*

SOPHIE \*

So, how did you get here? \*

SOPHIE puts two and two together. \*

SOPHIE (CONT'D) \*

Oh my God, the sun roof! Was it you? \*

HANNA \*

Would it be very bad if it was? \*

SOPHIE \*

You mean you were in the van the whole time? My dad'd have a heart attack if he found out. \*

HANNA \*  
Will you have to tell him? \*

SOPHIE \*  
Hanna! You are SO mental. Of course \*  
I'm not going to tell him. I think \*  
it's brilliant. Have you got \*  
anywhere to stay? \*

HANNA \*  
No. \*

SOPHIE \*  
Yes you do, you're staying with me. \*

HANNA \*  
I am? \*

SOPHIE \*  
Yeah, obviously. I'm sneaking you \*  
in. On one condition. \*

HANNA \*  
What? \*

SOPHIE \*  
I've met these boys, Spanish, \*  
gorgeous, but not all preen-y about \*  
it like the footballers. \*

Hanna stares at her. \*

SOPHIE (CONT'D) \*  
They haven't got their eyebrows \*  
waxed, or anything. \*

Hanna still staring. \*

SOPHIE (CONT'D) \*  
Anyway, we're meeting them tonight \*  
and you have to come. \*

HANNA \*  
All right. \*

SOPHIE \*  
God, you're not hard to convince. \*  
Hoe. \*

Hanna smarts. Sophie continues, lovingly. \*

SOPHIE (CONT'D) \*  
Have you got something to wear? \*

HANNA looks down at the clothes she's wearing. \*

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You can't wear those! You'll look  
like some mad German.

\*  
\*  
\*

126A **EXT. SPANISH ROAD - NIGHT**

126A

A lonely street lamp beside a big row of bushes. RAZOR's bike lies on the side of the road. Razor is no where to be seen.

Isaacs' car pulls up. He honks.

The bush shakes. Razor exits the bush buttoning his fly.

126B OMITTED

126B \*

126C **EXT. SPANISH ROAD - NIGHT**

126C

The two SCOOTERS race down the road, the headlights vibrating, crossing back and forth over each other.

Hanna, her balance unsure, holds onto the back of Feliciano's scooter, trying not to touch the boy in front of her.

FELICIANO  
(yelling over the wind)  
Hold on.

He speeds up. Hanna is forced to hug and hold on to him.

A car comes from the other direction and PASSES--

It's ISAACS' RENTAL CAR headed toward the camp.

126D **EXT. HUNGAROS (GYPSY) CAMP - NIGHT**

126D

A small caravan of Gypsies.

The atmosphere is warm and familial. A small group are playing Flamenco music around a camp fire. There's a singer, a guitar player, someone sitting on a cajon - tap, tap, tapping - a few large men, wearing heavy gold rings, doing palmas. Their kids sit around watching, their chubby cheeks resting on their mother's laps.

Hanna, Sophie, and the two boys sit on a log in front of a big FIRE. Hanna is fascinated. She turns to FELICIANO.

HANNA  
What is this music?

FELICIANO  
Flamenco. You never hear? Is all about death and love and death...

Feliciano makes a face, takes a drag on a hash pipe, offers it to Hanna.

FELICIANO (CONT'D)  
It's good for the lungs.

Hanna smells it, wrinkles her nose and passes it on to Feliciano's brother. He takes a long drag, suppresses a cough, tries to be cool.

\*

They all look so very young and inexperienced.

\*

A YOUNG DANCER stands, poised, back straight, arms raised. He catches the rhythm like a bullet and begins to dance, his heels sending sparks flying from the fire.

Hanna has never seen anything so passionate. She grabs onto Feliciano's leg out of sheer excitement for what she's seeing.

Feliciano slips his arm around her back. Hanna doesn't acknowledge this, but doesn't mind. She too wrapped up in what she's seeing. This is life like she never experienced it.

126E **EXT. HUNGAROS (GYPSY) CAMP - NIGHT**

126E

Hanna and Feliciano are standing behind one of the Gypsy caravans, just out of reach of prying eyes.

(The following is inter-cut with close-ups of the Flamenco dancing from the previous scene).

HANNA

Are we going to kiss now?

FELICIANO

Would you like to?

She looks at him, weighing up his question.

HANNA

Kissing requires a total of thirty-four facial muscles and 112 postural muscles.

Feliciano closes his eyes, leans in.

HANNA (CONT'D)

The most important muscle involved is the orbicularis oris muscle --

She feels the warmth of his face nearing hers, before he kisses her--

HANNA (CONT'D)

--which is used to pucker the lips--

She grabs him, throws him to the ground, presses her knee into his back, holds his head as if to snap.

SOPHIE and Feliciano's mate come around the corner, shocked.

SOPHIE

Hanna! You mentalist

\*

FELICIANO

Please, don't hurt me.

(to SOPHIE)

Please, tell your friend, I just  
wanted a kiss...

HANNA looks up at SOPHIE. Now that she has FELICIANO on the  
ground she doesn't know what to do with him.

HANNA

Should I let him go?

SOPHIE

As opposed to what? Yes, you should  
let him go.

HANNA whispers into FELICIANO'S ear.

HANNA

I'm going to go now.

FELICIANO

Sure.

HANNA

It was nice.

127 OMITTED

127

128 OMITTED

128

129 OMITTED 129 \*

129A **INT. KATRIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 129A \*

The room is dark. \*

With a torch, MARISSA methodically searches the apartment. \*

She searches the kitchen drawers. \*

She searches the bathroom. \*

129B **INT. KATRIN'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM - NIGHT** 129B \*

She pauses and looks at her reflection in the mirror - she's looking increasingly tired and strained. \*

She bares her teeth... she eyes the toothbrush at the sink... it's a weird compulsion... she overcomes it and stalks out. \*

129C **INT. KATRIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 129C \*

She walks down the hall to the spare bedroom, tries the door and enters. She sees the walls covered in newspaper clippings and photographs relating Johanna's murder. But also the picture of other MISSING WOMEN from around the same time. MARISSA stares at their faces for a moment then looks to her feet where she finds a box of old cassette tapes. She stops to inspect one of the tapes. A label reads: 'Johanna no. 24'. \*

OMITTED \*

130A OMITTED 130A \*

130Aa **INT. CORRIDOR APARTMENT BLOCK. OLD EAST BERLIN HOUSING PROJECT - NIGHT** 130Aa \*

A well-dressed woman in her 60's, KATRIN ZADECK approaches the door to her apartment. \*

A quiet voice murmurs inside. \*

JOHANNA (V.O.) \*

Mama... \*

130B **INT. KATRIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT** 130B \*

JOHANNA (V.O.) \*

(in German) \*

Mama, I know you're disappointed in me, I know it. I'm so sorry, Mama. \*

But I have found maybe a way to make it better... \*

The whirl of the tape being fast forward. Katrin walks down  
the hallway following the sound of her daughter's voice.

JOHANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
They're such a lovely couple, Mama.  
Americans. So rich. They'll be good  
for the baby. They're keeping good  
care of me. Vitamins. All the food  
I could ever eat. I'm so fat.

In the lounge, Marissa sits smiling, a tape player on the  
coffee table.

JOHANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
The husband, Erik, he helped me  
make these tapes for you-

Marissa presses STOP.

MARISSA  
Idiot.

KATRIN  
(in German)  
How did you get into my house, Ms.  
Wiegler?

MARISSA  
(in German)  
I'm looking for Erik.

KATRIN  
(in German)  
He said you were dead.

MARISSA  
(in German)  
So you've seen him?

KATRIN  
(in English)  
He sent word.

MARISSA  
(in English)  
Where's Hanna?

Katrin senses a weakness, smiles.

KATRIN  
(in German)  
Did you ever have children of your  
own?

MARISSA  
(in English)  
I made certain choices.

KATRIN

(in German)

Then you will never understand what  
it's like. To lose your child. To  
not know what happened. The years  
of waiting, of watching from the  
window.

Marissa unholsters her gun and pulls a silencer from her  
pocket. She begins to screw it in place.

Katrin stands, turning her back on Marissa and paces over to  
a picture hanging on the wall.

KATRIN (CONT'D)

(in German)

Have you seen her? Hanna. Can you  
tell me what she looks like?

A SILENCED GUNSHOT.

Katrin falls.

MARISSA, her silenced pistol raised, smoke swirling, looks at  
the photograph, revealed, of JOANNA.

MARISSA

(in German)

Like her mother.

She fires again. The frame SHATTERS.

130C **EXT. VAN/CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

130C

The VAN rocks with the quiet knocking of kitchen implements.  
Inside SEB and RACHEL are having sex.

Isaacs approaches the Family's tent with a torch.

He unzips it, shines the light in, looking for Hanna--

Miles shades his eyes.

MILES  
Sophie is that you?

Isaacs reaches a hand in, lightly pinches Miles' cheeks.

ISAACS  
(in French, whispers)  
It's the sandman. Go to sleep.

Isaacs, frustrated, zips up the tent and creeps away.

Just as he disappears

Hanna and Sophie, arm in arm, walk from the entrance of the campsite toward the rocking van.

SOPHIE  
Oh, God. They're at it like rabbits. So gross.

HANNA  
At what?

131 **INT. TENT. SPANISH CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

131

HANNA and SOPHIE lie next to each other with a sleeping bag over them and a torch between them.

SOPHIE looks at HANNA.

SOPHIE  
Hanna?

HANNA  
Yes?

SOPHIE  
Where do you really come from?

HANNA  
Leipzig, I live in Leipzig -

SOPHIE loses her patience.

SOPHIE  
If we're going to be friends you have to be honest with me. Them's the rules.

HANNA is taken aback.

HANNA  
Are we friends?

SOPHIE

Yes. I like you.

HANNA

I'd like to have a friend.

SOPHIE

I mean you're a freak and everything, but I like you.

HANNA

I like you too. I really do. But there are things I can't tell you. Do you understand?

SOPHIE

Yes... Actually, no, I don't.

HANNA

There are people that want to harm me. Bad people.

SOPHIE

I see.

HANNA

And they wont stop.

SOPHIE

Right.

HANNA

So for your own safety...

HANNA looks into SOPHIE'S eyes.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Can we still be friends?

SOPHIE

I don't know. I mean, I don't really know who you are. Do I?

HANNA

That's just it. Neither do I.

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

SOPHIE

What is it?

HANNA

It's something about me. I know what DNA is. I don't understand the rest of it.

SOPHIE

Are you sick?

HANNA  
I don't feel sick.

SOPHIE  
What's wrong with you?

HANNA  
Nothing's wrong with me.

They look at it, puzzling.

SOPHIE  
What are you going to do?

HANNA  
I'm going to Berlin. I have to meet  
my father at the house of Wilhelm  
Grimm.

SOPHIE  
As in "Grimm's Fairytales"?

HANNA  
That's right.

SOPHIE sighs at HANNA.

SOPHIE  
If you say so.

HANNA  
Did I say the wrong thing again?

SOPHIE looks at HANNA, sees she's vulnerable. She takes a  
bracelet off her own wrist. Gives it to her.

SOPHIE  
Keep this. To remember me.

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

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
It's a friendship bracelet.

HANNA  
Thank you.

HANNA stares at the ceiling, looks over at SOPHIE who's  
starting to sleep. HANNA reaches out and touches her hair.

Beside them, separated by a thin piece of fabric, we see that  
MILES has woken and has been listening in the darkness.

\*

132A OMITTED 132A \*

132B OMITTED 132B \*

133 OMITTED 133

133A **INT. DANISH HOSTEL/BATHROOM - EARLY HOURS** 133A

ERIK in the first hot shower he's had in 14 years. His hands are swollen and black and the skin broken at the knuckles.

133B **INT. DANISH HOSTEL - EARLY HOURS** 133B

Erik has wrapped his waist, shoulders, and hooded his head in towels. He sits on the edge of the bed staring at the bedside table. On it, a POSTCARD with a camel.

He picks it up, turns it over, and reads (probably for the 100th time): MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

He smirks. His little girl has done it and soon he will see her again.

133C **INT/EXT. TENT. SPANISH CAMPSITE - MORNING** 133C

SOPHIE, still wearing her clothes from the night before, wakes to find HANNA has gone.

SOPHIE climbs out of the tent and rubs her bleary eyes.

SEB and RACHEL are preparing breakfast while MILES sits yawning on the steps of the van.

SOPHIE  
Where's Hanna?

RACHEL  
You look rough. Do you want tea?

SEB  
Hanna who?

SOPHIE  
The girl we ate dinner with in Morocco. She's here. Or was. She came out with me last night.

SEB  
How did she get here? Is she with her dad? \*

SOPHIE  
No. She came on her own. \*  
(to Seb) \*  
Why are you frowning? \*

Rachel looks pointedly at Sebastian. \*

RACHEL  
We have to let other parents have their own style of parenting. He's promoting independence. \*

SEB  
That's too independent for my tastes. You can call me conservative, but... \*

RACHEL  
You are inherently conservative, darling. \*

SEB  
No I'm not! \*

SOPHIE  
I said we'd give her a lift to Lille. We are going to Lille, aren't we? \*

HANNA appears from the woods carrying TWO BLOODIED, SKINNED RABBITS. \*

She lays them in front of the family, they hit the table with a wet SMACK. \*

HANNA  
Breakfast. \*

SOPHIE lets out a shriek of nervous laughter, while SEB and RACHEL are confused as to what the appropriate reaction might be. \*

SOPHIE \*

That's gross. \*

MILES \*

That's amazing! \*

He looks at Sophie accusingly: \*

MILES (CONT'D) \*

I bet Cheryl Cole can't do that! \*



RECEPTIONIST

So soon?

ERIK

Just a short business trip. I'm  
headed home now.

\*  
\*

RECEPTIONIST

Well, be careful. You heard about  
the manhunt? A man killed two  
coastguards.

\*

She hands him his bill.

ERIK

I'll be careful.

He's still smiling and charming. He picks up the pen with his  
swollen hand, his knuckles torn, and signs the bill.

She's sees it and he knows it.

Her eyes betray her - she's scared.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He lays down the pen and exits, pausing at the door,  
contemplating how to cover his tracks-- but he can't do  
what's necessary-- and exits.

The receptionist PICKS UP THE PHONE.

138

**INT. BERLIN MAIN STATION - DAY.**

138

A commuter train pulls into the vast station. Amongst the  
morning commuters alighting the train is ERIK HELLER. He  
looks furtively around, and tries to blend in with the crowd.

POV - from a walkway above the station - someone is watching  
Erik as he tries to conceal himself within the throng. A  
DANISH AGENT, hidden on a metal walkway above the platform.

On the platform Erik walks amongst the commuters, past the  
ticket collectors, past another DANISH AGENT posing as a  
commuter - he stops and lingers by him, noting something not  
right.

He moves off and walks through a tunnel towards the  
underground station car park.

The second AGENT immediately follows and from the walkway,  
the other rushes downstairs to give chase too.

138A INT. UNDERGROUND STATION CARPARK - DAY

138A

Erik runs through the carpark towards an open area with wide pillars.

He steps behind one of the pillars just as FOUR AGENTS appear from each of the four exits.

AGENTS signal to each other, he must be in here but they can't see him.

AGENT

We've got him. Picking up now.

Erik suddenly jumps out of the hiding place and grabs the AGENT with the radio, head-butts him, the radio goes flying.

He spins around and kicks the other in the chest.

He boots the first guy in the nuts.

He plants an elbow in the neck of the third guy...

One of the AGENTS draws his hand gun.

Erik produces a knife out of nowhere and launches at the man, cutting him on the hand, making him drop his gun.

The radio suddenly responds.

VOICE ON RADIO

OK bring him to Wiegler. She wants to talk to him. I repeat, Marissa Wiegler will ID and interview...

Erik stops dead. MARISSA WIEGLER is alive.

Another AGENT comes at him. ERIK, more ferocious than ever given what he's just heard, stabs the AGENT in the side and the man falls to the ground squealing.

All FOUR AGENTS lie groaning and disabled on the ground.

ERIK picks up the radio and speaks into it with a perfect American accent.

ERIK

Is that what she said?

VOICE ON RADIO

That's what she said.

ERIK stands in shock.

139 OMITTED

139

140 **EXT. FRENCH ROAD - DAY** 140

The FAMILY van is making its way up through France.

Following in the black rental car, a few cars behind, ISAACS, TITCH and RAZOR are biding their time.

RAZOR is killing time buy taking the bullets out of a cartridge, and rolling one back and forth across his knuckles.

TITCH unwraps a Chuppa Chup and sticks it in his mouth.

141 **INT. VAN/FRENCH ROAD - DAY** 141

RACHEL is driving, while HANNA rides in the front seat.

RACHEL

I feel so much more grounded when I'm in the countryside. The city stifles me... emotionally, creatively, spiritually. Places like this bring us closer to God.

HANNA

"God?"

RACHEL

Oh, not in any monotheistic sense, of course. Buddha. Krishna. The God inside you. Or whatever you believe in. What do you believe in, Hanna?

HANNA is looking in the side view mirror. She sees ISAACS rental car. She doesn't panic, but it begins to stir in her gut.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Nothing.

(laughs to herself)

I used to be just like you, free as the wind... I slept with a man in India, once, because I thought he looked like Krishna.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL makes a turn and HANNA checks the side view mirror again. Yes, the rental car is still there. HANNA becomes anxious.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Everything all right?

HANNA

I think so.

But HANNA'S face betrays her concern.

142 INT. HOTEL SUITE. BERLIN - NIGHT 142 \*

MARISSA in the bathroom wearing pyjamas and no make up. She's brushing her teeth, pressing the brush into her lower, central incisors. Blood streaks as she listens to: \*

-- a portable cassette machine on the bed in her bedroom playing one of Johanna's tapes. \*

JOANNA (V.O.) \*

...I'm not sure if it's true that \*

the baby can hear me, but at night \*

I sing. I hope it hears me... \*

She spits blood into the sink. \*

She pads over to the tape machine and presses fast forward. \*

Then play - \*

JOANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D) \*

...was it like this for you, Mama? \*

I think I know what the baby looks \*

like. I can see it when I close my \*

eyes. \*

Marissa closes her eyes. \*

JOANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D) \*

I can hear it inside me. Moving. Is \*

that silly? I think it's a girl. I \*

hope so. \*

The phone rings. It's shocking. The phone rings again. \*

Marissa lifts the receiver. \*

MARISSA \*

What? \*

Nothing. Dead air. \*

MARISSA (CONT'D) \*

Lewis? For Christ's sake-- \*

ERIK (ON PHONE) \*

Hello Marissa. \*

MARISSA stops dead. Johanna GIGGLES. Static CRACKLES \*

JOHANNA (V.O.) \*

(in German) \*

...I think he likes me. Even though \*

he knows all about me. He looks at \*

me. He doesn't judge me... \*

ERIK (ON PHONE) \*

What are you listening to? \*

Marissa stops the player. \*

MARISSA \*  
 Self help. \*

ERIK \*  
 Are you in need of help? \*

Marissa picks up her cell, texts Lewis: \*

GET TECH. COME UPSTAIRS. \*

MARISSA \*  
 It's good to hear you. I didn't \*  
 imagine we'd get the chance to \*  
 talk. \*

ERIK \*  
 You were supposed to be dead. \*

MARISSA \*  
 Oh, Erik. You're such a flirt. \*

Lewis enters, a little too loudly. \*

LEWIS \*  
 Tech's on the way up-- \*

Marissa puts a finger to her lips, points to the phone. He \*  
 shuts the door. \*

MARISSA \*  
 You were a good agent Erik. It was \*  
 sad to see you go dumb. \*

ERIK \*  
 I couldn't do it anymore. \*

MARISSA \*  
 What did I miss? \*

ERIK \*  
 Love. \*

There's a subtle BASS coming from the hallway. Maybe people \*  
 talking. \*

MARISSA \*  
 I'm sorry? With Johanna? \*

ERIK \*  
 No, with Hanna. \*

MARISSA \*  
 So why come back now? \*

A KNOCK at the door. \*

Lewis mouths: TECH GUYS and moves to answer it. \*

MARISSA

Erik? I asked you a question. Erik,  
are you still there?

Lewis bends to the peep hole, stares through--

ERIK (ON PHONE)

I'm still here.

The bass vibrates low through the walls and echoes Erik's  
voice through the phone--

Marissa drops the phone, reaches out to Lewis--

LEWIS' POV, PEEPHOLE--

The cavernous barrel of a gun. A white flash--

A loud SHOT.

In a mirror on the far side of the room, Lewis falls in  
reflection. Red drops dabble on its surface like fresh rain--  
another SHOT-- the mirror splinters the reflection, pieces  
flood onto the floor.

Marissa slides across the bed for her gun, snatches it, FIRES  
wild, in motion, at the door. She slides off the bed and  
smacks into the far wall.

FROM OUTSIDE, unseen, Erik fires back.

A storm of smoke and slivers of wood and bullets. Loud,  
deafening CRACKS and POPS. Until all the sound that is left  
is just few clicks of Marissa's empty gun.

Marissa lays crooked against the far wall under a window. One  
hand reaches up and clings to the curtain above her. As she  
applies her weight, it slowly tears from its hooks.

She holds her empty gun at the door, unable to move save for  
her heaving chest up and down.

MARISSA

(whispers)

Move. Get up.

Her gun hand quivers.

A LOUD STRIKE. The door frame cracks.

Another QUICK STRIKE. The door caves.

Erik is in, gun RAISED. His eyes search the room quickly with  
only slight awareness of self-preservation (he just needs to  
live long enough to kill her).

He clears the room with a quick sweep of the gun.

But Marissa is gone. All that is left of her is a slightly  
torn curtain blowing in the gust of an open window.

\*  
\*

143-144 OMITTED

143-144

145

**EXT. BRIDGE OVER INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT**

145

The FAMILY'S van drives - behind ISAACS rental car tails it.

146 INT. VAN. BRIDGE OVER INDUSTRIAL AREA - NIGHT

146

HANNA sits beside her in the passenger seat, her anxiety growing.

RACHEL is still at the wheel, watching the bright headlights behind.

RACHEL  
Shit. Shit, shit, shit. I think  
we're lost, Hanna.

HANNA checks the side view mirror again and sees ISAACS rental car. She's knows that whoever is driving that car is after her.

She looks back and sees SEB, SOPHIE and MILES all comfortably asleep. MILES' fingers wrapped around a Transformers toy.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
I need to pull over.

HANNA  
No, don't.

RACHEL  
I've got to check the map.

147 EXT/INT. CAR/CONTAINER PARK - NIGHT

147

The van slowly pulls in at the side of the road.

RACHEL waits for the ISAACS' car to pass but instead it pulls in behind the van.

On either side of the road is an enormous container park. The containers are piled on top of each other like a giant baby's building blocks.

RACHEL  
Why won't that car pass? He has his  
lights on high beam, I was doing  
everything I could to get out of  
the way...

SOPHIE wakes up in the back.

SOPHIE  
Are we stopped? I need to pee.

RACHEL  
Well, I don't want you going too  
far right now.

HANNA  
I think you should stay where you  
are, Sophie.

HANNA doesn't take her eyes off the mirror. She can see the silhouettes of ISAACS and his MEN. They don't move and neither does HANNA. Both are waiting for the other to make the first move.

RACHEL

Hanna, what's going on. Seb, wake up.

HANNA

Please.

SOPHIE

This is creepy. You're creeping me out.

SEB

(groggy)  
Are we in Lille?

HANNA

I'm sorry. But you really mustn't get out of the van.

HANNA climbs into the back of the van and comes very close to SOPHIE.

HANNA (CONT'D)

What ever you do, don't follow me.  
Promise not to follow me.

SOPHIE

I promise.

RACHEL

Hanna, tell me what's going on or Seb will go over to that car and find out.

SEB

Like fuck I will. Everyone stay put. Where's my phone?

HANNA

(to SOPHIE)  
Thank you for being my friend.

HANNA looks back at ISAACS car. All at once all four of the car doors open.

In a flash, HANNA pulls open the van's side door and bolts from the van.

RACHEL

Hanna!

RACHEL sees ISAACS and TITCH chase after HANNA. RAZOR appears at her drivers window, puts a finger to his lips, shows her his gun.

RAZOR.

Just stay where you are and you'll  
be fine.

148 **EXT. CONTAINER PARK - NIGHT**

148

HANNA sprints, her pink converse slap the hard tarmac. \*

She enters a long corridor, the walls of containers' rising  
and stretching in front of her. \*

ISAACS \*

Hey girlie. Your pop pop's been  
missing you. \*

ISAACS voice echoes as he slips down a side corridor. RAZOR  
flanks to the far side. TITCH follows her up the middle. \*

ISAACS (CONT'D) \*

We were so close. The things Erik  
and I did. I could tell you  
stories, princess. \*

Containers swing from cranes, block light, throw Hanna in and  
out of dark shadows. \*

Isaacs appears in front of her. She tries to slip down  
another alleyway but Titch is there. \*

Behind her, Razor, his balisong singing in his hand. \*

RAZOR \*

Don't move. It's cleaner that way. \*

They converge. She fights them off. Escapes. Disappears. \*

The trio split apart, search for her. \*

ISAACS \*

Where did you go, meine liebbling? \*

FEET beat atop the containers like tin drums. Hanna leaps  
over Isaacs' head. \*

She speeds over the vast field of containers and leaps gaps  
with ease. \*

She drops back down into the corridors, turns around and sees \*

Sophie, alone, at the far end of the corridor. \*

SOPHIE \*

Hanna. \*

Titch and Razor enter, dividing the corridor in half, putting themselves between Hanna and Sophie. \*

Titch runs at Hanna. Razor runs at Sophie. \*

Hanna sprints, leaps, snaps two fists into Titch's throat and continues on to Razor just as his knife darts out at Sophie's head-- \*

Hanna snatches his wrist, slips the knife from his hand-- \*

Isaacs appears behind them-- \*

ISAACS \*

Don't. \*

She wheels the knife around, slices arteries in the groin, armpit, and neck. A mist of red mingles with a small tornado gray dust. \*

Sophie in shock. Hanna stares at her, the balisong dripping in her hand, Razor bleeding out around her feet. She doesn't understand why Sophie is so horrified. \*

BOOM. BOOM. Isaacs FIRES. \*

Hanna grabs Sophie's hand, drags her around the corner, out of sight of Isaacs and Razor's body. \*

But Sophie is dead weight. \*

She releases Hanna's hand. \*

She leans and then slides down against a container wall unable to look up at her friend. \*

Titch rounds the corner. \*

Hanna has to run. She has to lead them away from Sophie. \*

Hanna runs. Titch follows. \*

And somewhere behind them, lost in the maze, Isaacs cradles his little Razor and cries. \*

149

**EXT. SCRAP METAL YARD/CANAL - NIGHT**

149 \*

HANNA sprints full tilt out of the container park and through a scrap metal yard. Either side of her rise mountains of waste.

HANNA reaches the edge of an industrial canal where the scrap metal is unloaded. A large industrial barge is chugging towards her, only a few hundred meters. \*

HANNA jumps into the water.

150

**INT. HOLDING CONTAINERS. DAWN**

150

Four containers from the park, in a row, each one holding a member of the family.

SEB paces around his cell.

RACHEL sits stoically in hers.

SOPHIE cries in her cell.

MILES climbs on all the boxes of loot. He imagines he's in the Alps.

SEB'S CELL

SEB

She was odd. I'll give you that.  
Disconnected. I mean I get on with most kids, you know, have a rapport. But, this one -

MARISSA

You know, Sir, it's days like these that I really hate my job.

SEB

I'm sure you do.

MARISSA

It's a very, very difficult thing to do.

SEB

Absolutely.

MARISSA

But sometimes children are bad people too.

SOPHIE'S CELL.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Stop crying.

SOPHIE

I'm not telling you anything.

MARISSA grits her teeth, shows SOPHIE a photo of FELICIANO.

MARISSA

Do you know him?

SOPHIE

No.

MARISSA

He knows you.

SOPHIE looks away.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
Your friend is in a lot of danger.

SOPHIE  
I don't know anything!

MILES' CELL

Miles sits at the top of the boxes looking down at Marissa sitting below.

Her voice is soft and warm. Almost motherly. She's very good at her job.

MARISSA  
Will you come down here, sit with me?

Miles shakes his head 'no.'

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
Please. I have something to show you.

She pulls out a photo envelope.

MILES  
What is it?

MARISSA  
You'll have to come down here to see.

Miles begins to climb down butt first. He's half way down when Marissa takes him under the armpits and helps him the rest of the way.

She sits him down in the chair and fixes his shirt, brushes the hair out of his face then holds his face a moment too long.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
There. That's better, isn't it?

She sits. He stares at the envelope in her hand.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
Do you want to see what's inside?

MILES  
Yes.

(CONT'D)

MARISSA

Please?

MILES

Please.

RACHEL'S CELL

RACHEL

She said she lived in Leipzig. She went to the Klaus Kohle Gymnasium and her best friends are Rudi and Gunther. She likes tennis. She has a dog named Trudi.

MARISSA

She lied to you.

Rachel takes a moment not sure if she's hurt by this or not.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

You smuggled her into port and helped her gain illegal entry -

RACHEL

She smuggled herself.

MARISSA

She's a minor.

RACHEL

She seemed lost. Like she needed taking care of. A bit of mothering.

MARISSA shows her the photograph of JOANNA ZADEK.

MARISSA

This was Hanna's mother-- biological mother. Fifteen years ago Hanna's father shot her to death on a camping holiday by the Baltic.

RACHEL swallows, goes pale.

151

**EXT. BARGE. RURAL FRANCE INTO GERMANY. DAWN**

151

HANNA sits on the edge of the barge, an oily canvas over her shoulders. Innocent. Almost sweet.

She watches as the sun rises over the misty fields either side of the canal. It's a beautiful sight.

HANNA is strangely peaceful.

151A INT. HOLDING CONTAINERS. DAWN. (CONTENT FROM SCENE 150) 151A \*

MILES' CELL

He opens the envelope, pulls out the photos...

MARISSA

You're a very talented little boy.

He flips through them one by one. They're all of Hanna. He looks up at Marissa and gives her a prideful smile.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

You like her, don't you?

His pride turns to embarrassment. Girls are, of course, very yucky.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

It's okay. I won't tell anyone.  
She's very pretty.

Miles looks at the photo and agrees.

MILES

Where is she?

MARISSA

You tell me.

He stares at Hanna's photo, the one of her getting out of her hiding spot.

MILES

Is she in lots of trouble?

MARISSA

The worst kind sweetie. Bad men are looking for her. I need to get to her first, so I can protect her.

He flips through the photos, spreads them out on his lap, drops them, tries to pick them up, drops some more.

MILES

Sophie says every time I snitch,  
when I'm swimming - even in a lake!  
- a whale will gobble me up. I  
searched online and there was no  
whales in lakes. Only the ocean.

\*

MARISSA

Hanna is in danger, Miles. She could be hurt very badly. Do you understand, Miles? Do you want Hanna to get hurt?

He looks down at the photos.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Tell me where she is, darling. I  
promise no whale will gobble you  
up.

MILES

To Berlin. To Wilhelm Grimm's  
house. To meet her dad.

MARISSA

That's a good little boy.

Marissa stands and --

Miles holds out a single PHOTO.

MILES

Will you give this to her? When you  
see her.

It's a photo of Hanna and Miles and Sophie, in crooked self-  
shot, the red of Morocco or Spain behind them.

Marissa stares at it, takes it, and leaves without another  
word.

152-155 OMITTED

152-155

155A **EXT. CANAL , BERLIN - DAY**

155A

HANNA hops off the barge and waves as it chugs away.

155B **OMITTED**

155B \*

156 OMITTED

156

157 **EXT. ABANDONNED AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY**

157

HANNA skirts along a wire mesh fence. Behind her, an enormous steel works spews man-made clouds into the sky.

She ducks through a rusted split in the fence and emerges into a surreal playground long disused. She meanders through a field of toppled dinosaurs, their legs snapped revealing their fibreglass innards.

In front of her, rising above the park and surrounded by a muddy moat, a big ferris wheel.

In front of it, a tiny house - WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - a fairytale theme 'Fun House' in the process of being digested by nature.

She stands in front of the house in deep anticipation. She walks up the small steps that lead to the front door and knocks. She waits, heart sinking at the thought of there being no-one home.

Then, ever so slightly, the door opens and peering out at her is a man with the sad face of an out of work clown. He's as old as Erik but doesn't wear it as well, but there's something child-like about him.

He stares at her a moment, the street light giving him a twinkle in his eye.

He opens the door wide and lets Hanna walk in.

158 **INT. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - DAY**

158

It's old and full of hoarded junk, antiques, boxes, books, dusty china, lamps, figurines - an old man's home.

He stops to look at her and then keeps on moving.

Hanna, mesmerized by the magical junk.

KNEPFLER

Come. Come. This way. I've been waiting for you a long time.

He wobbles through the house, a very strange creature.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)

What has Erik told you about me?

HANNA

Wilhelm Grimm's house.  
Stephanstrasse 260. 10559, Berlin.  
Germany.

KNEPFLER

That's it. He didn't tell you about my magic?

He pulls a coin from his pocket, does a few quick hand movements, until the coin disappears.

HANNA

How did you do that?

Knepfler does a few more hand movements and produces a letter, hands it to Hanna. She's very impressed.

She opens it and the coin slips from the envelope into her hand. She looks up at him to make sure she can keep.

KNEPFLER

It's yours. But read. Read.

She puts the coin in her pocket and reads: Klaus, 28/03. See you soon, Erik.

HANNA

What day is it?

KNEPFLER

That's today, my dear.

He giggles sharing her excitement.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)

Come. Come.

KNEPFLER leads HANNA to the kitchen.

159 **INT. KITCHEN. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

159

KNEPFLER

Sit. Sit. You're hungry. Waffles!

HANNA sits at the old kitchen table on a wooden bench, while KNEPFLER goes to the stove.

An antique CROSSBOW hangs by the door, a decorative piece.

He puts out the ingredients, including a carton of eggs.

HANNA

May I have one?

KNEPFLER

An egg? Of course. You can eat whatever you want. My shoe?

Hanna laughs. She takes an egg, taps it on the table, and pecks off the top gently.

Knepfler watches her with interest and joy.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)

Oh, my dear. I almost forgot.

KNEPFLER pulls out a buff envelope and lays it on the table.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)

A present.

She looks inside - some money, a passport, ID cards.

Knepfler continues to put together his waffles, whisking eggs, dumping flour.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)

You'll need a fresh photograph. But everything's in order, yes?

HANNA looks at the passport with a new name - ANNA-MARIE ELKAN. She takes a deep breath, not really comprehending.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)

ID. Identity. Erik didn't tell you?

HANNA

Why do I need a piece of paper to tell me my name? I'm Hanna.

KNEPFLER

Not you. Not you, my dear. Everyone else. We need paper and computers so we don't have to ask people their names or look them in the face.

He grabs her chin, looks her in the face.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)

You have a good face. You look just like your Dad. And you walk like him too.

He does a little Chaplin doing a little Erik. Hanna laughs, she sees it, the oafish gait.

HANNA

I don't walk like that.

KNEPFLER

You do, my dear. You do.

HANNA

Did you know my mother too?

KNEPFLER

But of course. She was a singer. A wonderful singer. Do you sing?

HANNA

Papa-- Erik didn't teach me.

KNEPFLER

You poor child! He has truly limited you from all the wonderful things the world has to offer. No magic. No music. Don't worry, my dear. I will teach you!

He brings his whisk into the air, triumphant. His gaze turns out the window, his smile fades.

Hanna turns--

HANNA  
Is that him?

She runs to the window but instead of ERIK she sees ISAACS' rental car and another car pull up right behind it.

Erik has limited her from magic and music, but has also protected her from the horrible evil about to enter Wilhelm Grimm's house.

KNEPFLER  
Upstairs with you, my dear.

KNEPFLER leads HANNA out of the kitchen.

160      **EXT. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**      160

The driver of the second car gets out and opens the back door for MARISSA. She gets out and looks up at the house.

161      **INT. RECEPTION. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**      161

KNEPFLER points HANNA towards a set of stairs.

KNEPFLER  
Upstairs. Upstairs. Quick.

HANNA  
Come with me.

KNEPFLER  
I'm too fat to hide in this tiny house. Upstairs with you.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

HANNA begins to climb the stairs while KNEPFLER approaches the front door.

He pauses, takes a breath, opens it-- Isaacs SLAMS him in the face. Knepfler stumbles back as Titch and Razor run in, grab him by the throat, force him to the ground, and rope him like a calf.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)  
The park is closed, gentlemen.

Knepfler giggles. He's been beaten before.

Marissa walks in behind them, looking around at the odd interior.

162 INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 162

HANNA enters a room that's been designed to look like Grandma's bedroom from Little Red Riding Hood.

On the bed, a mannequin of a wolf in Grandma's bed clothes.

HANNA slides under the bed. Breathing as quietly as she can.

163 INT. RECEPTION. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - DAY 163

MARISSA crouches down by Knepfler's bloody nose.

MARISSA  
Where's Erik?

KNEPFLER  
Erik. Erik. There's lots of Eriks--

MARISSA shows him a photograph of JOANNA, ERIK and KNEPFLER outside the house.

Her PHONE begins to RING.

KNEPFLER (CONT'D)  
I haven't seen him in 15 years...

MARISSA  
Herr Isaacs.

Marissa checks her phone. ON THE CALL DISPLAY: Walt.

Ring. Ring.

Isaacs takes a silk hanky from his pocket, grabs Knepfler by his broken nose, and twists.

Knepfler's eyes widen, he doesn't scream, but fuck it hurts.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
Tell me. Quickly now. I have to take this call.

KNEPFLER  
She's coming to meet him.

MARISSA  
When?

KNEPFLER  
Tomorrow! Tomorrow morning.

MARISSA stands.

MARISSA

Take him in there. Find out what else he knows. And, darling, put something in his mouth.

Ring. Ring.

Titch picks Knepfler up.

Marissa begins to walk up the stairs. RING--

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Hello Walt.

She just missed it.

164

**INT. GRANDMA'S ROOM. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - DAY**

164

The sound of footsteps coming into the room. The door opens. Hanna pushes herself deeper under the bed, holding her breath.

MARISSA'S GREEN SHOES enter the room.

They shuffle toward the bed.

The mattress compresses, the spring inches from Hanna's face.

She looks out at the shoes.

Marissa kicks one off, stretches her toes, sighs.

Isaacs enters, wearing his white suede loafers.

MARISSA

That was quick.

ISAACS

He doesn't know much or he's a very good liar. He knew Johanna.

\*

MARISSA

Of course.

ISAACS

Bits and pieces about the programme. Not a lot, but enough.

MARISSA

What does he know about Hanna?

\*

ISAACS

He thinks Erik's the father.

MARISSA

Well that's rich.

## ISAACS

Everybody thinks Erik's her father.  
*Erik* probably thinks he's her  
father.

HANNA's eyes widen in shock.

She can barely control her breath.

Marissa's phone RINGS.

Marissa answers.

## MARISSA

This is Marissa Wiegler. (pause)  
Oh, Walt. Hello. I was just about  
to call you--

Wiegler. Hanna covers her mouth before she gasps.

Isaacs exits. Marissa stands, paces.

## MARISSA (CONT'D)

We all loved Lewis. (pause) I  
would've called it in-- Lewis was  
already dead. (long pause)

MARISSA suddenly senses something. Did she hear an intake of  
breath? She crouches down, peers under the bed.

## MARISSA (CONT'D)

He was shooting through the door,  
Walt (pause)

\*

It's an odd angle, no one's there. She bends further, the  
edge of Hanna's clothes almost visible-- suddenly, Marissa  
stands.

## MARISSA (CONT'D)

I'm not standing down. We're inches  
away-- (pause) That's fine, Walt.  
(pause) Listen. Walt. No. No. Fuck  
you, Walt--

\*

\*

\*

\*

She hangs up. If she could slam the thing down, she would.

The green shoes leave, the door SLAMS.

Hanna climbs out from under the bed and goes to a back door,  
to a fire escape.

165 **EXT. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE - DAY** 165

HANNA sees Titch peeing against a bush.

She runs toward the farside of the field of dinosaurs and ducks into the undergrowth and escapes without Titch stopping his stream.

It's at this moment that ERIK climbs the fence and jumps down into the Amusement Park.

He suddenly stops dead and ducks behind a fallen fiberglass dinosaur as he sees TITCH still peeing.

ERIK watches for a moment or two.

Then, keeping low, he makes a run toward the house.

Erik throws himself against the back wall of the kitchen. Then turns and rises to look through the kitchen window.

Inside, the back of Marissa's head, Isaacs picking his finger nails with a bloodied knife.

ERIK crouches back down against the wall.

Then sprints back across the Amusement Park.

166 **EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY** 166

HANNA walks fast, tries not to bring attention to herself. Her mind spins - who is she? Who is Erik?

She sees an internet cafe and ducks in.

167 **INT. INTERNET CAFE, BERLIN - DAY** 167

Hanna sits at a computer.

The OWNER, a Turkish man, approaches.

OWNER

Excuse me.

She hands him a twenty from the Euros Knepfler gave her.

HANNA

How does it work?

OWNER  
 You've never used the internet?

HANNA  
 No.

He logs in for her and brings up a search engine.

OWNER  
 You type whatever you want here,  
 and the internet gives it to you.

He types "French mustard cream cheese" and presses SEARCH.

OWNER (CONT'D)  
 Make sense?

HANNA  
 Makes sense.

He walks away as Hanna pecks out a few words: D-N-A I-N-T-E-R-F-E-R-I-N-G S-E-Q-U-E-N-C-E. And presses SEARCH.

The page fills with text: "An interfering sequence within DNA", "...intervention into a mother's uterus during pregnancy."

There's so much information.

Hanna pecks two new words: E-R-I-K H-E-L-L-E-R. Search.

An article about Joanna Zadek's death pops up. Hanna reads, "...Erik Heller is wanted in connection with her death..." and "...Zadek lived with her mother in the Heizinger buildings in the suburbs of East Berlin...."

Hanna whispers to herself as she types:

HANNA (CONT'D)  
 The Heizinger buildings.

168 OMITTED 168

169 OMITTED (CONTENT IN SCENE 167) 169

170 **INT. TAXI. EAST BERLIN SUBURB - DAY** 170

HANNA sits in the back of a taxi as it takes her into a grim concrete jungle of old East German housing projects.

She looks up at the thousands of tiny windows, so many lives being lived in unawareness. Is this normality? Is this the world she longed to be a part of?

171 OMITTED 171

171A **EXT. GRIMM'S HOUSE - DAY** 171A

MARISSA's phone RINGS--

MARISSA

Yes. \*

ISAAACS watches Marissa talk on the phone, as Titch and Razor kick a flat football back and forth.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

A public computer at a Berlin internet cafe. A search for DNA interfering sequence.

ISAACS

Leaving bread crumbs.

Marissa hangs up.

MARISSA

She was looking for her daddy and found her dead mommy.

Isaacs smiles.

ISAACS

Off to grandmother's house we go.

172 **EXT. KATRIN ZADEK'S APARTMENT BLOCK. EAST BERLIN HOUSING PROJECTS - DAY** 172

HANNA gets out of the taxi and looks up at an enormous grey housing block - the Heizinger building.

She approaches the entrance and looks on all the buzzers. Sees a name scrawled on one - Number 14. Zadek.

She presses the buzzer. Waits. No answer.

173 OMITTED 173

174 **EXT/INT. BACK OF KATRIN APARTMENT/KITCHEN. EAST BERLIN** 174  
**HOUSING PROJECT - DAY**

HANNA walks round to the back door of the apartment and approaches the kitchen window. She peers through.

The kitchen seems to have been disturbed, drawers and kitchen implements are scattered across the floor.

HANNA quickly moves to the door, tries to force it. She looks around, no-one's coming. With a sharp kick she smashes the glass and climbs through the broken glass into the kitchen.

175 INT. KATRIN ZADEK'S APARTMENT - DAY

175

HANNA walks down the hall and into the lounge.

The lounge has been over thrown. Cushions ripped, shelving pulled down. HANNA stares at the destruction wrought by MARISSA'S hunt for information.

The air is thick with the buzz of Bluebottle flies.

HANNA sees the photograph of JOANNA, speckled with blood, a bullet hole in her cheek.

With some trepidation she moves round the sofa and sees the body of KATRIN ZADEK.

HANNA steps back. She's seen a dead body before, but it's still disturbing.

HANNA turns, walks back down the hall, passing the tiny second bedroom. She stops and enters.

The room had been turned into a home office, there are newspaper clippings relating to JOANNA'S MURDER and photographs of JOANNA herself covering every available wall space.

HANNA begins to search the room for clues. Anything that will help her understand who she is and where she came from.

Then suddenly she hears a quiet familiar voice.

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

HANNA turns in shock.

She stares at him. A man she's known her whole life, her father, a lie.

ERIK  
Sit down.  
  
HANNA  
Are you my father?

He's stern.

ERIK  
Sit down, Hanna.  
  
HANNA  
Are you my father?  
  
ERIK  
Please.

HANNA

Are you?

He YELLS.

ERIK

OF COURSE I'M YOUR FATHER.

Hanna flinches at the loudness. He's never yelled at her. He's shocked by his emotion too.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I'm your father, Hanna. I raised you.

HANNA

But Marissa said...

ERIK

I'm your father, Hanna.

HANNA

You're lying to me.

ERIK

I'm your father. I've been with you all your life. I cared for you like you were my own flesh and blood.

HANNA

But I'm not your flesh and blood. I'm a freak. I'm abnormal.

ERIK

No.

HANNA

Where was I born?

ERIK

Hanna. Please.

HANNA

Tell me the truth.

ERIK

Hanna.

Erik didn't want it to happen this way.

ERIK (CONT'D)

A research facility in rural Poland.

HANNA

What was the research?

ERIK

They made small changes to  
fertilized embryos... to improve  
them.

She looks so young, so numb, so lost. He doesn't want to tell  
her anymore.

ERIK (CONT'D)

To reduce the capacity for fear.  
For pity. Increase muscle strength.  
Heighten senses. Anything to make a  
better soldier. The perfect  
soldier.

Hanna's shrivelled self contradicts everything he just said.

But she can't see that.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I recruited your mother at an  
abortion clinic.

HANNA doesn't understand fully, but this is Erik's confession  
more than Hanna's education.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I recruited twenty women the same  
way.

HANNA

There were other children?

ERIK

When you were two, Marissa Wiegler  
closed down the program. The  
research was disposed of. Do you  
understand?

She understands.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I love you very much. You need to  
know that.

HANNA

Because I'm a super soldier. I'm a  
freak.

ERIK

Because you're my child.

He's about to break, he's showing Hanna a whole range of  
emotions she didn't know he had.

HANNA

You used me to kill a woman you  
hate. I don't know Marissa Wiegler.  
I know you and you used me.

ERIK

It was the only way we could get  
close. Hanna. It's the only way you  
and I could live in the world  
together, without having to always  
look over our shoulders.

She tries to push past him, but he blocks the door.

ERIK (CONT'D)

We're not finished here.

HANNA

I'm finished.

She pushes his chest. He pushes her back.

She picks up a letter opener-- lunges--

He snatches her wrist.

ERIK

Stop this.

She twists her wrist free-- attacks.

Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist.

Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist.

Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist.

Furious. Fast. Tireless.

HANNA

Let me pass.

Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist.

ERIK defends, not willing to hurt her, taking a beating he  
feels - rightly or wrongly - he deserves.

Finally, she gets up high, clips his temple, lands on one  
knee--

He drops, stunned.

They both pant. Look at each other, more emotionally spent  
than physically.

She gets up and runs through the kitchen and jumps over the  
back wall.

176

**EXT. KATRIN ZADEK'S APARTMENT.  
EAST BERLIN HOUSING PROJECT - DAY**

176

HANNA rushes from the housing project into row upon row of empty clothes line "wickets." Erik follows.

ERIK

Hanna.

She slows down, but doesn't stop.

ERIK (CONT'D)

Hanna. Please.

She turns around, looks at her Dad.

ERIK (CONT'D)

I tried to prepare you for what  
your life would be.

HANNA

You didn't prepare me for this.

TWO CARS speed across the estate scrublands, headed directly for them. It's Marissa and Isaacs.

ERIK

Run.

He turns and sprints towards the cars.

Hanna, wants to follow him for the briefest moment, but doesn't. She turns and sprints.

Erik cuts right in front of the lead car.

They take the bait and follow him--

177

OMITTED

177

177A **EXT. EAST BERLIN HOUSING-PROJECT. DAY.** 177A

Engines ROAR. Tires squeal and spin and rip up dirt.

Isaac's car chases Erik across the scrubland. Marissa's car has split off and races around the otherside of Katrin's building.

Erik sprints hard. Isaacs gains.

100 yards. 75 yards.

ERIK sees a narrow gap between buildings, RACES for it--

50 yards.

25 yards.

He's not going to make it--

Isaacs' car BREAKS, skids sideways, as Erik just slips into the gap.

177B **INT. ISAACS CAR - DAY** 177B

Titch, in the passenger seat, EXITS. \*

TITCH  
I got this boss. \*

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Titch spins open a BALISONG KNIFE and slides across the hood and SPEEDS into the gap after Erik. \*

\*

178 OMITTED (CONTENT IN SCENE 177A) 178

178A **EXT. EAST BERLIN HOUSING-PROJECT. DAY.** 178A

IN THE GAP

Erik has almost reached the end. Titch is close behind. And Isaacs trails. \*

\*

Erik EXITS first, disappears around the corner--

Titch NEXT-- \*

Erik SLAMS into Titch. The Balisong drops, spins into the dirt-- \*

\*

as the two, entwined, twist and fall. They roll out onto a small playground and spin over each other, grappling-- \*

Until Erik pins Titch against an old round-about. \*

Erik pushes Titch's neck against a thick, metal hand hold. Their bodies rock, grinding the round about on its joint, popping it like a knuckle over and over-- \*

ISAACS emerges at the gap. He picks up the Balisong knife-- \*

and strides toward Erik, still on the ground, still entwined. \*

Erik pushes an open palm hard into Titch's face, the neck twists against the metal bar-- \*

SNAP. Titch relaxes-- \*

The BALISONG darts out at Erik's throat. He lifts his arm in time, takes the blade deep into his armpit, closes his arm around Isaac's hand, and flips him-- \*

Erik's fist SNAPS into Isaacs' nose-- once, twice-- \*

Isaacs falls limp. \*

Erik's chest heaves. He's utterly spent. \*

He stays kneeling over Isaacs body for a bit, trying to compose himself, trying to summon the energy to stand. \*

Behind him, a FIGURE approaches - Marissa - her gun raised. \*

He uses the round-about to stand up, his back to her. He leans on it afraid to let go. \*

He turns around and they're face to face for the first time in 14 years. \*

\*

178B OMITTED 178B \*

179 OMITTED 179

180 **EXT. STREET. EAST BERLIN - CONTINUOUS** 180

MARISSA with her gun still aimed. She's solid, no shakes.  
She's perfectly hardened over.

MARISSA

Why now, Erik?

He still can't articulate his emotions, but he tries.

ERIK

Kids grow up.

He lets go of the round-about, uses all his strength to keep  
himself standing.

Marissa hesitates, not sure he might come at her. But he  
doesn't. The muscles in her gun hand CONTRACT--

181 OMITTED 181

181A **EXT. EAST BERLIN HOUSING PROJECTS. CONTINUOUS** 181A

HANNA's sprint slows to a jog. She looks back over her  
shoulder at the housing projects in the distance--

She hears TWO gun shots. Slows to a dead stop. Takes a few  
steps back toward the housing projects--

Her breathing stops for a moment, everything goes quiet--

\*

182 **EXT. WASTELAND. EAST BERLIN.** 182

Erik's body spins slowly round and round on the old round-about. Titch and Isaacs lie in statuesque positions of rigour. \*

Marissa is gone.

183-184 OMITTED 183-184

185-200B OMITTED 185-200B

200C **EXT. BERLIN. NIGHT.** 200C

ON CCTV

*Channels flick and pan... Drunk party goers in Prenzlauer Berg... traffic jams near and around Alexanderplatz... and then Hanna, alone, negotiating the sidewalks of the financial district. She seems lost, unsure, aimless.*

*As she turns a corner, a new CCTV angle.*

VOICE

(filtered)

We have contact. Walking east.  
North-east. On Kurfürstendamm.

*Giant glass and steel buildings mix with ancient architecture. Flick. She passes a tall windowed structure full of porsches. Flick. A window full of Cell Phones. Flick. A window full of Mannequins dressed in lingerie.*

*Everything is so big and Hanna is so small and alone. Throngs of human beings engulf her.*

200D **INT. CAR. NIGHT.** 200D

MARISSA'S POV:

A voice on the radio crackles.

VOICE

Contact has turned south on  
Joachimsthaler Str.

Out the passenger side window, the car slows and watches as Hanna opens the door to a SUPERMARKT and walks in. \*

200E      **INT. BERLIN SUPERMARKT. NIGHT.**      200E      \*

Hanna rides a moving walkway down into the mouth of the      \*  
basement level.      \*

The ceilings are low and the plumbing exposed. Fluorescent      \*  
light hums.      \*

There's an eating area. A TV hangs from the ceiling and plays      \*  
24 hrs news, the sound off.      \*

Hanna's face is dirty and so are her clothes. Just over the      \*  
hum of the fluorescent, CLASSICAL MUSIC.      \*

Hanna pulls a PEPSI from an ice bed and cradles it like a      \*  
doll. She shuffles through all the packaged food, the hair      \*  
products, the rows of produce, the ornaments of a plastic      \*  
wilderness.      \*

Down one aisle, a shape passes by - perhaps a woman with      \*  
green shoes carrying a red basket.      \*

Hanna stops and stands in front of a well lit, clinically      \*  
clean case of meat. Brisket, ribs, loin.      \*

CLERK      \*

(in German)      \*

Do you want something?      \*

She stares at the meat.      \*

HANNA      \*

(in German)      \*

I don't know.      \*

MARISSA (O.S.)      \*

(in German)      \*

Turkey and cheese sandwich.      \*

Hanna looks up to a WOMAN's face. Marissa. Hanna has never      \*  
seen her before.      \*

HANNA      \*

(in German)      \*

Is it good?      \*

MARISSA      \*

(in German)      \*

I like it.      \*

Hanna thinks. She digs into her pockets and pulls out the      \*  
shiny magic coin. She hesitates, she doesn't want to give it      \*  
away.      \*

CLERK  
 (in German)  
 You can't use that. It's not real.

HANNA  
 (in German)  
 It's real.

Marissa lays 50 Euros on the counter.

MARISSA  
 (in German)  
 Two sandwiches please.

HANNA  
 (in German)  
 Thank you.

Hanna picks up her sandwich tray and sits at a table, her back to the television.

She lays the MAGIC COIN onto the table top and watches Marissa walk from the till and take a seat a few tables away.

Marissa opens her sandwich and picks off all the vegetation. Hanna does the same.

Marissa closes it and proceeds to cut it into quarters. Hanna does the same.

Marissa takes one quarter, eats it. And Hanna does the same.

MARISSA  
 (in German)  
 So? Do you like it?

Hanna`s mouth full.

HANNA  
 (in German)  
 Very much.

Marissa smiles, she's almost human.

She picks up her tray and stands.

MARISSA  
 (in German)  
 May I sit with you?

Hanna nods, her mouth brimming with food.

Marissa walks over to Hanna.

Something wonderful, gentle, maybe Bach, plays.

Marissa sits, smiles at her. They stare at each other, listen to the music. The atmosphere and food make Hanna feel warm and safe. \*

HANNA

(in German) \*

Did you know the blue whale's "music" can be heard for over 500 miles?

MARISSA

(in German) \*

No. I didn't know that.

HANNA nods.

HANNA

(in German) \*

It's true.

She fights the tears.

MARISSA

(in German) \*

What's wrong, sweetie? Are you in trouble?

Hanna pokes at the quarters of her sandwich, running through the horrible adventure she's endured. \*

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(in German) \*

I'm sure there's no problem we can't fix.

HANNA

(in English) \*

Nothing is what I thought it would be. It's all... ugly and cruel...

MARISSA looks past Hanna, at the TV, at ERIK'S MUG SHOT.

Hanna licks mayo off her fingers, picks up the coin, fiddles with it, tears brim in her eyes. \*

HANNA (CONT'D)

(in English) \*

And... and... I don't know what I want anymore. Or what I am. I'm all alone now...

She looks up into Marissa's hollow face, looks for someone to understand how she feels, but Marissa is still looking past her at the TV. Hanna turns, but Marissa grabs her chin, hard, and forces it to stay. \*

MARISSA

(in English)

You're not alone Hanna. I'm here  
now.

\*

Hanna stands, shocked by Marissa's awkward touch and the  
sound of her name on a stranger's lips.

The MAGIC COIN falls, bounces, spins.

\*

She BACKS AWAY, crashes into a row of apples. They spill and  
bounce across the shiny, white floor.

\*

\*

CLERK

(in German)

Hey.

\*

\*

\*

Hanna looks up at the mug shot of her father on TV and back  
as the coin spins and apples roll into Marissa's GREEN SHOES.

\*

\*

Marissa smiles.

\*

MARISSA

(in English)

Don't do anything stupid, darling.

\*

\*

\*

Hanna doesn't know where to look. Her father on TV. Marissa  
Wiegler.

\*

\*

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Hanna.

\*

\*

CLERK

(in German)

What's going on? Who will clean  
this up?

\*

\*

\*

\*

MARISSA

Hanna.

\*

\*

Hanna still frozen. Marissa reaches out to her--

\*

Hanna knocks her hand away and stumbles toward the moving  
walkway. She falls and the walkway pulls her up, pulls her  
away from Marissa.

\*

\*

\*

ON THE MAGIC COIN

\*

As its spin turns into a slow wobble--

\*

200F **EXT/INT. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE. NIGHT.**

200F

Hanna sneaks over the fence and scurries through the property and into the house.

HANNA

Mr. Grimm?

The interior is very dark. The mushrooms hang like bodies from the ceiling.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Mr. Grimm?

And then there is a body hanging from the ceiling. Hanna stands in front of Knepfler, staring up at him.

Everyone in her world is gone.

She unties the rope holding him up and eases him down. She's still very strong.

OUTSIDE the sun RISES, a grey dawn.

She lays him on the mirrored floor, kneels by his face, looks at it. She touches it gently. Both of them floating in a false sky.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry Mr. Grimm.

THE FRONT DOOR

The handle JIGGLES.

And a soft voice.

MARISSA  
Hanna.

Hanna jumps up, freezes. Listens.

She creeps toward the window, peaks out.

Marissa at the front door-- KNOCK. KNOCK.

Hanna back peddles, trips over Knepfler's body. His head moves, ghastly, stares at her.

She struggles up, runs into the KITCHEN as

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS--

200G     **INT. WILHELM GRIMM'S HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAWN.**     200G

Hanna grabs the CROSSBOW from the wall, turns and faces the hallway to reception.

She fumbles with a BOLT, trying to slide it into place, her eyes dancing back and forth between the CROSSBOW and the empty hallway. She can't load the CROSSBOW but she can feel the hallway fill with a presence she can't see.

She opens the back door and dashes out--

200H     **EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK. DAWN.**     200H

Hanna throws the CROSSBOW over her shoulder, LEAPS into the moat, lands onto the backs of a few paddle boat swans, and PULLS HERSELF up onto a decomposing gang plank.

She SPRINGS over wide gaps, rotted wood breaks away as she lands-- she approaches an impossible gap-- leaps-- lands on the far shore still running.

She sprints across the grounds, enters a SPARSE forest full of overturned, once pink TRAIN CARS.

She sprints along a train track. It winds into a clearing and rolls out across the middle of a man made pond and into the dark mouth of a miner's tunnel.

She takes each tie two at a time--

IN FRONT OF HER, GREEN SHOES step out of the tunnel--

Marissa smiles, her gun in her hand but aimed sideways.

MARISSA

Don't worry sweetie.

Hanna tries to STOP, she stumbles to her knees, but corrects herself into a firing position, swings the crossbow off her shoulder, aims it at the wide part of Marissa's chest.

HANNA

Don't. Don't come any closer.

MARISSA

Hanna. I can help you.

HANNA

Please. I don't want to hurt anyone anymore.

Hanna stands, keeps the CROSSBOW aimed.

HANNA (CONT'D)

It's over now. Just let me go.

She walks back, finding each tie with a blind foot.

Marissa growing frustrated.

MARISSA

I just want to talk.

Hanna getting farther away.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

HANNA. Don't walk away from me.

Marissa RAISES her gun--

Hanna flinches, FIRES. Marissa fires.

The bolt strikes Marissa in the chest.

The bullet strikes Hanna in the hip.

Hanna falls onto the tracks, the crossbow falls into the water, blood pours out of her side.

Hanna struggles to sit up-- adapt or die, quickly.

AT THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL. Marissa has disappeared.

CUT TO

Marissa climbs a utility ladder, a few inches of the bolt sticking out of her chest.

She emerges through a hatch and crosses into a mausoleum - the exposed, perforated innards of a giant rocky mountain. Light sneaks into all the cracks and holes and catches the dust in the air.

She trips up an IRON WROUGHT spiral staircase, always looking back as she's moving forward, until she's standing at the top \* of a steep, man made slope.

She turns back into the darkness, stares down the staircase.

A SHADOW moves--

She steps back, panicked-- her green shoe slips, she twists, falls, rams the bolt deeper into her chest, she rolls once, and then slides, face up, into a foot deep puddle of murkiness.

She takes a deep breath, the pain unbearable, mud speckles her face. She looks up at the grey sky, her body limp like Millais Ophelia.

A small breeze catches the blossoms and pulls them to the ground like snowflakes.

She hears Hanna coming down the slope.

She sees her.

Hanna slowly approaches and crouches by Marissa's face.

She runs her hand along Marissa's body in toward the wound. This is the way the world works. Marissa stares at her, ready to be put out of her misery.

HANNA

I just missed your heart.

Hanna removes the pistol from Marissa's hand, stands...

...and fires-- POP. POP. into CAMERA.

CUT TO BLACK.

HANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(from the encyclopedia)

The Earth is the third planet from  
the Sun and the fifth-largest of  
the eight planets in the Solar  
System.

201-205B OMITTED

201-205B

205 C **EXT. THE FAMILY'S HOME. LONDON - DAY**

205 C \*

Sophie comes out in her school uniform. It's a bright summer's day. As she walks down the garden path, she reaches and meets the Postman.

SOPHIE  
Morning handsome.

He hands her a POSTCARD. Sophie opens the garden gate, reading the POSTCARD, there's nothing on the back. On the front, PLANET EARTH. Sophie knows exactly who it's from.

HANNA (V.O.)  
...Earth is the only place in the universe where life is known to exist.

She walks down the street and the vast cityscape of LONDON spreads out in front of her.

206 **EXT. FOREST. NORTH FINLAND. DAY.**

206

A wide shot of the CABIN, wisps of smoke rise from its chimney.

206A **INT. CABIN, NORTH FINLAND. DAY.**

206A

It's all as it was.

The few possessions they brought with them, old and worn, still there. And their hand made furniture. And the fire pit, glowing...

HANNA (V.O.)  
Sixty five million years ago...

...and the scars in the wood marking Hanna's height.

It's all still there.

HANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...seventy per cent of the earth's  
 living species were extinguished  
 when the earth was bombarded with  
 asteroids...

But the room is empty.

206B **INT. ERIK'S ROOM . DAY.**

206B

The Fox pup is on Erik's bed. He's bigger, an adolescent now. Lanky and awkward. He's watching Hanna.

She's standing over Erik's WOODEN CHEST, staring at something, remembering.

She pulls out his GIANT COAT and hugs it.

HANNA (V.O.)  
 Scientists consider it to be one of  
 the world's all time worst days.

The smell wraps around her.

206C **EXT. NORTH FINLAND. DAY.**

206C

Hanna steps out of the cabin, the pup follows.

She leads him into the forest. He races ahead. She chases him through the skinny trees, her father's coat on, a bow strapped to her shoulder.

She over takes him and he struggles to keep up.

HANNA (V.O.)  
 Nevertheless, it recovered...

She smiles.

**THE END.**