

Wolf Tone

by

Merlin Love

Based on a True Story

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FADE IN:

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

The center of a round table has an unlit candle, a bottle of wine, and two half-full wine glasses - one imprinted with bright red lipstick.

SUPER: Paris, 1944

A woman's hands strike a match and light the candle.

JEAN LUCELLE (Nordic, Male, 30s) lights a cigarette from the flame. He has an underlying formality and rigidity.

From the other side of the table, a beautiful French woman, SABINE, leans in and lights her cigarette. They're both in a state of undress.

The room is Jean's apartment. Simple. Humble. The bed in the corner is in a state of disarray. This is a transactional encounter, but not without passion or familiarity.

CONVERSATION IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED

SABINE

Where did you get the wine? It's not so easy to come by in times like these.

JEAN

Didn't you know? You're spending an evening with a very important person.

SABINE

(She nods and clicks her glass against the bottle of wine)
So it would seem. And what is it that you do that's so important?

JEAN

I am a translator. Occasionally, I play the violin.

SABINE

Ah. So you're a famous violinist? And what do you translate?

JEAN

I'm not overly famous. I suppose well-known is more accurate. And I translate whatever they need translating. Usually nothing of consequence.

SABINE

And who is they?

JEAN

The Germans. Though translation is a stunningly boring occupation, as is music nowadays, working for the Germans has certain benefits.

Jean clinks his glass to hers, picks up the bottle, and refills their glasses.

SABINE

So, you speak German?

JEAN

I speak many languages.

SABINE

How many is *many*?

JEAN

(nonchalant)

I speak French, German, Swedish, English, Norwegian, Spanish, Italian, and Dutch-- and I can get by in a few others.

SABINE

Very impressive.

(In English; French accent)

And what did you do before you were a Nazi?

CONVERSATION SWITCHES TO ENGLISH

JEAN

I'm not a Nazi.

SABINE

But you work with them.

JEAN

I work for them, but this is not my fight. Germans. French. British. Americans. What's it to me?

SABINE

And before the war? What did you do? Were you a translator then, or just a musician?

JEAN

A musician. I was a Violinist in the Symphony. It's a silly profession.

He motions to an instrument case sitting on the dresser.

SABINE

What made it silly?

JEAN

Oh, the whole idea. What purpose did it serve? Nothing.

SABINE

And do you still play?

JEAN

When I'm paid to.

SABINE

And tonight you pay me. Would you play for me anyway?

Jean is reluctant, but he's a few glasses of wine in.

JEAN

No--

SABINE

Please? It will- happy me this evening. Is that the right word? Pleasure me. Please me.

JEAN

Fine. If you wish.

Jean opens the case - it's a beautiful, well-loved instrument, with a photo of a woman, ELSE, tucked inside.

SABINE

She is beautiful.

JEAN

It's served me well.

SABINE

I meant the woman.

JEAN

Ah. Yes. She was.

SABINE

Your wife? A friend? A lover?

JEAN

Just- someone. We all have a
someone in our past, don't we?

SABINE

We do. Did you love her? Your
someone.

JEAN

Like music, love is for the
foolish. Love is for those that
dream.

SABINE

And do you ever?

JEAN

Ever what?

SABINE

Dream. Of something more than this?
Of what life was. What it could be
after all this ends?

JEAN

I don't know what more there is
than this. Foolish as it may be,
don't we have love tonight? We have
passion. We have wine.

SABINE

Oh, this is love, is it?

JEAN

Yes, it is love. I've paid to love
you tonight. I might love another
tomorrow- but I feel love. I know
how to love. And I dream.

There is no malice in what he says, nor does she take it that
way. She's a pro. He's a john.

THE CONVERSATION SWITCHES BACK TO FRENCH, SUBTITLED

SABINE

This is not love; this is
loneliness. And business.

JEAN

This is love. Passion is love. Sex is love. And if we don't yet have love, let us make some.

SABINE

It's your money. But first, play me something sad. Something for the times. Something melancholy.

She moves to the bed.

JEAN

Not something more romantic?

SABINE

The world has lost its romance.

He brings the violin up into position, taking a moment to find himself.

He draws the bow and begins to play "*Baal Shem Three Pictures of Chassidic Life: I. Vidui. Un poco lento - Contrition*" by Ernest Bloch.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Jean is in the same playing position center stage in a theater. The background and his clothes and hair are the only things that shift.

He's younger. More bright.

He's wearing a tuxedo, standing for a solo in front of an orchestra, playing the same piece note for note.

BACK TO:

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

The background and clothes change again, and Jean is back in the apartment playing for Sabine.

She watches as his eyes are closed. He's experiencing something beyond the music.

He's there in the humble surroundings of his flat, and then the background and clothes shift again--

BACK TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Jean finishes his solo, and the crowd roars, giving him a standing ovation. He soaks in the applause, bowing to the audience.

INT. CONCERT HALL - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

SUPER: Norway - 1934

The backstage is bustling with activity.

Jean wades through the sea of congratulatory praise and sees the only person he wants to talk to, ELSE (female, early 20s, Norwegian).

JEAN

How was I?

ELSE

Wonderful, as usual. They're going to love you in Paris.

JEAN

(Pained)

Let's not talk about that.

An OSLO MUSICIAN walks by and stops to talk to Jean.

OSLO MUSICIAN

Beautiful work, Jean. Good luck in Paris! We'll miss you.

Paris is an inescapable topic, and Jean sighs, resigned that he will have to talk about it.

JEAN

(to the Oslo Musician)

Thank you. It's a wonderful opportunity.

OSLO MUSICIAN

You get to play for Maurice Ravel! You lucky dog. You're going to be wonderful. They say his compositions favor the Violinist! Simply marvelous.

JEAN
I appreciate you saying that.

OSLO MUSICIAN
If they need a flutist, I'm ready.

JEAN
I'll keep that in mind.

They shake hands, and the Musician walks away.

JEAN (CONT'D)
(To Else)
Let's go before we're further
accosted with praise and well
wishes.

EXT. OSLO STREETS - EVENING

Jean and Else walk together down the cobblestone streets of Oslo. The evening is cold, and they're intertwined for warmth. They are in love.

JEAN
I don't know if I should go.

ELSE
You must. This is the chance of a
lifetime! You get to play for
Maurice Ravel and study at the
Paris Conservatory. Every person in
that concert hall would trade
places with you in an instant.

Jean is conflicted.

ELSE (CONT'D)
You will go to Paris and tour
Europe, and then come home to me,
the most famous Violinist in the
world!

She laughs, enjoying the dream.

JEAN
And then I suppose we'll marry.
Perhaps have children.

ELSE
Children? How many?

JEAN

Just one. Maybe more. We'll have a daughter. We'll call her Aimee, I'll teach her to play violin, and you'll teach her to dance.

Jean steps in front of her and takes a few awkward ballroom dance steps with an invisible partner. Else laughs at the seriousness intertwined with the silliness of his movements.

ELSE

It certainly won't be you giving her dance lessons.

She laughs but then stops. Something is on her mind.

JEAN

What? What is it?

ELSE

What if you forget me?

He leans in and kisses her.

JEAN

I could never. Would never. My future always has me coming back to you.

ELSE

The world is a big place. Paris is so far.

JEAN

Far? Maybe. But I'll write. You'll write. And then I'll come back to you.

ELSE

Do you promise?

JEAN

I do. I would walk across all of Europe if it meant seeing you on the other side.

She melts into him, and they kiss.

INT. CONCERT HALL - PARIS - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Paris, 1939

An orchestra plays. Jean is the violin's first chair. The rehearsal ends, and Jean begins to put away his instrument with reverence. The picture of Else is in the case.

A fellow violinist, EMIL GENDELAV (60s, male, Eastern European) is putting away his instrument and sees the photo. Emil is Ukrainian and speaks little French, instead relying on English to communicate with his colleagues. He speaks with a thick accent but is pleasant with an undercurrent of flamboyance.

EMIL

Wonderful as always, Jean. I understand why you're in such high demand.

JEAN

Thank you, my friend. I do try my best.

EMIL

Are you coming to Shabbos dinner, Jean? Then we can go to the tavern with Patric for a drink. I will tell him the story about the time I played for Royalty.

JEAN

If you're going to go on again about your time playing for the Romanovs, I'll need an entire bottle for myself. Twenty cities we toured and I somehow heard the story at least forty times.

EMIL

(Indignant but playful)
You always have a bottle for yourself, and they loved how I played! Anastasia stood up and swayed. SWAYED. Her mother fell in love with me.

Jean smiles and rolls his eyes at a story he's heard many times.

EMIL (CONT'D)

My playing was so beautiful I seduced a Russian Queen!

(MORE)

EMIL (CONT'D)

The wife of a Czar! I could have asked her to run away with me on the spot.

JEAN

And then what would you have done with her?

EMIL

Why, danced, of course! Who wouldn't want to dance with a Queen? Wouldn't that make me a king?

Emil formally bows to an invisible partner and begins to waltz with no one, reminiscent of how Jean had danced for Else.

INT. EMIL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Emil's house is that of a humble musician, but more lived in that Jean's apartment. Photos on the wall show a younger Emil playing in various performances. They also show a picture of him and his daughter, SARAH GENDELAV (20s, female, Jewish)

A candle sits alone on a table, similar to the opening scene. A match is struck and comes in to light the candle.

The hand belongs to Emil.

EMIL

Barukh ata Adonai Eloheinu, Melekh
ha'olam, asher kid'shanu
b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu l'hadlik ner
shel Shabbat.

He recites the prayer and motions with his hands to bring the candlelight to his eyes.

Jean stands respectfully at the table, as does Sarah.

INT. EMIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The three laugh in pleasant conversation as the meal concludes, and Sarah begins to clear the plates; Jean and Emil help her.

JEAN

Thank you, thank you. Wonderful as always.

EMIL

I may not be the best man in the world, but I think I'm a good father, a good Jew, and a good cook-- and I have the most wonderful daughter.

JEAN

And not a bad musician--

Emil puts on his jacket.

EMIL

Coming from the *famous* Jean Lucelle, that's quite a compliment. Shall we head to the tavern for that drink?

(To Sarah)

Just one bottle, I promise.

Emil and Sarah embrace warmly. He looks at her with beaming pride.

SARAH

(To Jean, in French;
Subtitled)

Keep an eye on him.

JEAN

Of course, Mademoiselle.

Jean kisses Sarah on each cheek.

EMIL

Careful with those lips, Monsieur. She's going to marry a nice Jewish boy.

Emil and Jean leave.

INT. PARIS TAVERN - NIGHT

Jean and Emil sit at a table in a Parisian tavern with PATRIC BOUCHER (30s, Male, French). Patric is proper, educated, from a good French family. The tavern is crowded as people drink and socialize.

They drink wine, with a couple of empty bottles on the table. They are all mid-laugh as Emil finishes telling a story.

Jean rolls and lights a cigarette.

EMIL

--and Anastasia danced--

PATRIC

Bah. Royalty. And what happened to the Romanovs, dear friend? Perhaps Anastasia should have run away with you.

JEAN

I'd choose their fate over listening to Emil's stories repeatedly. You need new adventures, my friend.

EMIL

I'm too old for new adventures. I prefer the old ones.

PATRIC

Dreadful tragedy, The Romanovs. We French know what it's like to deal with royalty properly.

Patrick mimes, slitting his throat with his finger.

EMIL

It's been said that the princess survived and is here in Paris. She may still live here. Perhaps she'll come to one of our performances, recognize me, and we'll meet again.

JEAN

Unlikely, my friend.

PATRIC

Even if she were still alive, she'd be wise to leave before the Germans decide to invade.

EMIL

I heard from a friend that they mean to. They're coming, friends. Whether the French or the world want them to.

JEAN

Impossible.

EMIL

Nothing is impossible, particularly when it comes to the ambitions of men and power. The Polish said it was impossible.

PATRIC

Hitler is a madman. A bully. They say he only has one ball.

JEAN

One might be enough. I detest their politics, but I detest all politics. Politics is for those who can't make music.

EMIL

The Germans may come, but while the French men drink wine, the French women will fend them off, right Patric?

PATRIC

What do you know about French Women?

EMIL

I know the French. And I know women. I was married. I have a daughter- besides, I was a woman in a past life.

Emil bats his eyes at Patric.

PATRIC

(Dismissing Emil)

The Germans seek power. Hitler seeks conquest.

EMIL

There's nothing wrong with a bit of conquest-the right kind, anyway.

Emil looks across the bar and makes eye contact with a handsome gentleman. ARNAUD (30s, male, handsome). He's significantly younger than Emil.

JEAN

The Germans. The French. What do I care who has power? As long as I have my wine and my music, Alexander, the fucking Great can conquer Europe. Again.

EMIL

(To Jean)

You only say that because you're famous in Germany. How can you be so ambivalent?

JEAN

I'm hardly famous-- and I'm not ambivalent. Politics, like many things made by man, is boring. I'm not saying the Germans are good. I'm saying it doesn't affect me.

EMIL

Bah. You're more famous than us. Touring all over Europe. And People are dying, Jean! They're running death camps. And what do you mean boring? Is music boring?

JEAN

(A little surly)

People die all the time. As long as there are governments and borders, people will die. And Music has no value. It's silly. The audience are children who forgot to grow up; we are merely the clowns who entertain them.

PATRIC

You must be drunk.

JEAN

I don't see any intrinsic value in what we do. I play. They clap. I get paid. That's why I do it. Because someone continues to pay me to. The music is my job. The wine-

Jean finishes his glass.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Is my joy. And the Germans, if they come, won't change Paris. They're not so uncouth or uncultured as that.

EMIL

You're wrong about the Germans, my friend. They won't stop until they've remade the world into what they want.

JEAN
Wars are fought. It's the nature of
things. It has nothing to do with
me.

He finishes his glass, stands up, and puts on an overcoat and
gloves.

JEAN (CONT'D)
It's late. I'm tired.

EMIL
(Eye fucking Arnaud while
putting on his coat)
It is late--

As Emil makes eye contact with Arnaud, Jean finishes putting
on his coat and gloves and heads toward the door.

Emil throws on his coat and follows.

Patric also follows suit. Arnaud quickly finishes his drink
and puts on his coat to follow.

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

The three musicians step out into the night from the tavern.
They are drunk and mostly in good spirits. A moment after
they exit the tavern, Arnaud steps out and walks with
intentionality behind them, keeping a respectable distance.

EMIL
(to Jean)
What will you do if they do?

JEAN
If who does what?

EMIL
The Germans. Invade.

JEAN
I don't know. I'll continue to
play, I suppose. I don't mind the
Germans. They like music. As long
as they keep paying me to play,
I'll play.

PATRIC

(Drunk)

I hope those bastard Nazis try and test the French resolve. Viva La France! Triomphe Napoleon!

EMIL

Napoleon lost, you fool. To my people.

(In Russian; subtitled)

Victory to Russia!

PATRIC

Ah. Yes. C'est La Vie. Russian winters. Bah.

Patric stops and begins to relieve himself against a wall. Jean and Emil stop.

EMIL

(To Jean)

You didn't mean what you said?

JEAN

About what?

EMIL

About not caring that people are dying? And about music? That it serves no purpose?

JEAN

Maybe. I want to care. I do. I disagree with what the Germans are doing, but I'm only one man. I make no difference.

EMIL

But you can't be serious about music. Music is life.

JEAN

I'm bored of it all. Play this piece. Play that piece. The world is on fire, and still, we play. The boat sinks and we play. The sun rises and we play. It's what we do.

Patric
 (To Jean, still peeing
 against the wall)
 You need to drink more wine, fuck
 more women, and if the Germans
 invade, then we draw our bows and
 fight.

Patric mimes a brief sword fight with his free arm.

JEAN
 I'm no fighter, and I think you've
 had enough wine for all of us.

Patric
 (Holding himself up by
 the wall of a building)
 Perhaps so.

Patric finishes, and they walk on, coming to an intersection.
 Patric collects himself and turns away from them, walking
 away.

Patric (CONT'D)
 Bon nuit, Mes Amis.

JEAN
 Bon Nuit. Get home safely.

EMIL
 Bon Nuit, Patric. You'll be coming
 to Shabbos dinner next Friday, yes?

PATRIC
 (Walking away)
 Yes, Emil - I'll be there with my
 funny little hat on. Triomphe
 Napoléon! Fuck the Germans!

Patric walks off while Emil and Jean watch him go. Arnaud,
 who had continued to walk behind them, stopped some distance
 away.

He makes eye contact with Emil briefly. Jean notices and
 understands that Arnaud and Emil have plans that don't
 involve him.

EMIL
 (To Jean)
 You'll come for dinner next week
 too?

JEAN
 Oh, yes. Of course.

EMIL

Good.

(beat while they walk)

I hear Stravinsky is leaving Paris.
Milhaud and Kurt Weil as well.
Soon, no one will be left to
compose the symphony but me.

JEAN

You in charge? That would be a
disaster. Are they that afraid of
Hitler? He can't be that mad.

EMIL

He is that mad. The Nazis don't
care how well you write a symphony
if Jewish blood runs in your veins -
or you have other -
(Glances at Arnaud)
-Interests.

JEAN

Where will they go?

EMIL

America, I suppose.

JEAN

America. Bah. Paris is the center
of the universe.

Jean lights a cigarette and looks at Arnaud, who shyly looks
away.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(To Emil)

Are you afraid?

EMIL

I am. You'd be fine, my Nordic
friend, but no religion gave me
this nose - and well - it's not the
only thing about me they find
distasteful.

JEAN

If it comes to that, lie to them.

EMIL

Lie? What, tell them I'm Greek? I
don't even like Greek food. Greek
men, on the other hand.

They both laugh awkwardly at the joke.

JEAN

Will you run?

EMIL

Jean, my friend- That woman in your violin case- Who is she?

JEAN

Just someone from home.

EMIL

Terrible times are coming. No-- terrible times are here. Hitler is an evil unlike any the world has seen. The only way to combat such evil is with love. And music-- and to me, those are the same. If you love her, that woman in your case, don't let the stubbornness of Paris keep you from her. The world has gone mad, my friend; find sanity in the only insanity that makes sense.

JEAN

You're drunk.

EMIL

I am drunk. But I'm right. And your ambivalence will eventually give way to the reality of the world.

JEAN

I'm not ambivalent about the world. I accept the realities of it.

Emil grabs Jean by the shoulders and kisses him on the cheek sweetly.

EMIL

You are who you are, and for that I love you, but for that one day you may pay a price.

JEAN

We'll see my friend. Good luck.

Jean crosses the street to leave Emil and Arnaud alone.

EMIL (O.S.)

Monsieur Arnaud, Ça va?

ARNAUD

Ça va bien, Monsieur--

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: June 1940

A series of booms can be heard, and Jean's eyes snap open as the percussive wave shakes the room and rattles the windows. He frantically scrambles out of bed to his second-story window and looks down at the street below.

It's chaos as THE PARIS EVACUATION HAS BEGUN.

EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

Jean emerges from his building to find Paris has been overtaken with panic as the Germans are drawing ever closer to the city.

Bombs ring out as German planes drop ordinance.

There is a frantic and frenetic desperation to escape.

People have piled belongings onto wagons and carriages and are walking toward the city's edge with family members. Jean walks, avoiding arguments, fights, travelers, and chaos.

He finds the tavern he and his friends frequent is boarded up and closed. Amidst the confusion and desperation to leave, Jean continues to walk.

EXT. EMIL'S HOUSE - DAY

Jean knocks on a door and waits. A carriage topples over in the street, and the contents spill out. Things are tense. Fights break out. Children cry.

Emil finally answers the door.

EMIL

Jean! Come in quickly.

JEAN

This is madness.

INT. EMIL'S HOUSE - DAY

Jean comes in and moves to look out the window at the street beyond.

JEAN

The world has turned upside-down.
How can everyone be so afraid?

More explosions in the distance.

EMIL

They're here, Jean. Those damn Nazis have brought their German barbarism to our beloved Paris.

JEAN

(Still looking out the window)
They're not here yet.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(Turning to Emil)
What will you do?

EMIL

I got my daughter out weeks ago. It cost me every Franc I had. She went to a village in the north where I have a cousin.

JEAN

Emil, you don't think you're in danger?

EMIL

We're all in danger! Some of us more than others.

JEAN

If you're so afraid, why not leave? Go now.

(Points out window)

With them. I'm sure you can slip out of the city. Head north to be with Sarah.

EMIL

No. I'm too old to flee. This is my home. My daughter will be safe, and I'll stay. If I can seduce a Russian queen, I can fool a German soldier.

Emil goes to a bureau, removes a series of papers, and hands them to Jean, who looks over them, confused.

JEAN

What is this?

EMIL

My Greek heritage.

JEAN

You're not serious. You can't leave your fate up to these-- forgeries. This could make it worse if you're caught.

EMIL

I'm a deviant Jewish musician who enjoys the company of men, Jean. There is no place for someone like me in the Nazi's perverse view of the world.

JEAN

Those are just stories, Emil. You don't believe that?

EMIL

Stories, Jean? They're exterminating Jews! Gypsies! Anyone who doesn't fit their twisted idea of purity!

(He makes a spitting motion in disgust)

It's happening, and now it's happening here. They're fucking savages.

JEAN

No one, not even Hitler, would commit such evil.

EMIL

You're mistaken, my friend. But I love you anyway.

JEAN

Emil, it's going to be okay. Trust me.

Emil laughs nervously, resigned to the fate he sees coming. Jean turns to look out the window, worried that maybe Emil is right. Another explosion can be heard.

Emil pours them both a drink and hands Jean a glass. They both need it.

EMIL

To tempting fate.

They clink glasses and drink.

EMIL (CONT'D)

What about you? What will you do?

JEAN

They've not taken the city yet.
Perhaps it won't go as they think.

He looks out the window again at the chaos.

EMIL

The Nazis have steamrolled their way here. The French are too weak to stop them. The British can't organize. The Americans don't want to get involved. Mark my words, Jean. The Germans will take this city. Maybe the world.

JEAN

We'll see first hand,
won't we?
(Under his breath, more
distraught - still
looking out the window)
Triomphe Napoleon.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - DAY

FOUR YEARS LATER, THE MORNING AFTER JEAN AND SABINE'S ENCOUNTER.

Jean is looking out the window of his second-story flat. He's dressed in a suit with a small swastika pin affixed to his lapel.

The table still has the two wine glasses and the empty bottle from the night before. Sabine is asleep in his bed. Jean puts money, payment for services rendered, under the base of her glass.

He closes and picks up his violin case before grabbing his passport and papers, one stamped with a swastika.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - DAY

Exiting the building, Jean retrieves his bicycle from a spot on the side and begins to ride through the somber streets of Paris. It's still Paris, but it's muted by despair.

He arrives at a bustling office building. Nazi soldiers move in and out along with numerous civilians. Jean steps off his bike and parks it, grabbing his violin off the back where it's been strapped.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A busy office full of desks and people working. Jean goes to one of the desks and sits at a typewriter. He opens a drawer, removes a file, and begins to look over the papers, which are in various languages. Choosing a handwritten letter in English, he puts it in front of him on the desk and begins to type the translation into German.

In a crisp black uniform, a man steps up to his desk, ominous and imposing.

He is Standartenführer FRANZ WOLFE (40s, male, Aryan). His smile is menacing. All wolf, no sheep.

CONVERSATION IN FRENCH, SUBTITLED.

WOLFE
Monsieur Lucelle?

JEAN
Yes, Sir?

WOLFE
The world-famous violinist Jean
Lucelle?

JEAN
I don't know about the world-
famous, but yes, sir.

WOLFE
Ah! Amazing! My name is
Standartenführer Wolfe. I'm told
that, beyond your skill with a
violin, you're also one of our
finest translators.

JEAN
Thank you. Yes, I think I do an
adequate job.

Wolfe looks over Jean's shoulder and begins to read the letter over his shoulder.

WOLFE
(In English; German
accent)
"Tell Ma and the girls I miss them
and that I'll be home soon."
How touching.
(In French again)
(MORE)

WOLFE (CONT'D)
Do you like this work, Monsieur
Lucelle?

JEAN
I don't mind it so much.

CONVERSATION SWITCHES TO ENGLISH

WOLFE
In English, please. It will take
time before the English and
American cowboys learn to speak
German.

(Looks at the Violin
Case)
May I see it?

JEAN
See what, sir?

WOLFE
Your instrument, of course.

JEAN
Oh, yes.

Jean opens the violin case, and Wolfe looks at the beautiful,
well-kept instrument. He also sees the picture of Else.

WOLFE
May I?

JEAN
Of course.

Wolfe lifts the instrument out and inspects it with
reverence.

WOLFE
She is wonderful.

JEAN
Thank you, sir. Do you play?

WOLFE
I have been known to now and again.
I'm sure I'm not the accomplished
musician you are.

Wolfe puts the instrument back into it's case.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

Mr. Lucelle, Do you have a moment to speak with me about a matter of some import?

JEAN

Of course, Herr Standartenführer.

WOLFE

Good. Come.

Wolfe walks away toward an office, and Jean hastily follows.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - WOLFE'S OFFICE - DAY

Wolfe sits down behind a desk and motions for Jean to close the door and sit down. The office is a bastion of cleanliness and order. There is nothing personal in the office. It's pure utility.

WOLFE

I'm told that you're playing at the reception later, yes?

JEAN

Yes.. I'm looking forward to it.

WOLFE

I like it here. Food. Wine - though I prefer German wine - and, of course, the culture of Paris.

JEAN

Paris is a special place.

WOLFE

Before this conflict, I saw you play once in Berlin. You were quite good.

JEAN

(Nervous)

Thank you Herr Standartenführer. Yes. I played the violin for Ravel and had the opportunity to tour Europe with him before returning to the Paris Conservatory. Before the war, of course.

WOLFE

Yes, you played the most beautiful solo. It's a shame that war has to disrupt such things.

JEAN
Yes, Herr Standartenführer.

WOLFE
I feel as though we're perhaps
coming to our inevitable victory.
Don't you?

JEAN
(As convincing as he can
be)
Fuhrer willing, Sir.

WOLFE
He does will it. And now, instead
of studying at the Conservatory,
you translate letters from American
GIs to their poor mothers back
home.

JEAN
My time at the conservatory had
ended, and we all do what we must.

WOLFE
(Friendly)
Of course, of course. Since I
arrived in Paris last month, I've
heard great things about your work.
The Reich is not about one man but
the men who strive for the vision
of the Fuhrer. For every General
and soldier, somewhere there is a
man-- a man like you, doing the
work needed to secure this vision.
Do you believe in the vision,
Monsieur Lucelle?

JEAN
Oui, Monsieur.

WOLFE
Good. Oslo symphony. Paris
Conservatory. Very impressive-- but
perhaps you're most important
contribution has yet to come.

JEAN
I-- hope to be useful, Sir.

WOLFE

Monsieur Lucelle, I'm here in Paris because I have recently been tasked with combating the sad French resistance - if it could be called such a thing - and ensuring that any remaining unsavory elements have been purged. We cannot achieve this vision until we have razed the filthy barbarians to the ground. With victory within our reach, we must continue making the world as we want. As it needs to be. For men, for people-- like us.

He removes a file from the desk's top drawer and places it open before Jean. It is a dossier and photograph of Emil.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

You know this man, yes?

Jean tries not to look surprised at seeing his friend.

JEAN

(Conflicted)

I-- I do. Yes.

WOLFE

You played together in the symphony, yes?

JEAN

Yes.

WOLFE

And where is this man now?

JEAN

(Hesitates for a beat,
trying to sound calm)

I don't know, Sir. I haven't seen him in some time. Is he in trouble?

Wolfe stares at Jean, determining if he is trustworthy.

WOLFE

No, no, no. We only wish to speak with him. He may have some information we are interested in. Do you know how to find him?

JEAN

No Sir. I'm afraid I don't.

WOLFE

If you hear from him, you will tell me, though, yes?

JEAN

(meek, unsure)

Yes. Of course.

WOLFE

(Reassuring)

I know he is your friend. I promise he's not in any trouble. Quite the opposite, actually - He's been helping us.

JEAN

Helping, Standartenführer?

WOLFE

Yes. He's provided insight into helping us cleanse this beautiful country of some of its more distasteful elements. Sadly, we've been unable to contact him recently. He's been an excellent resource; I'd hate to lose such a valuable asset.

JEAN

Of course, Sir.

WOLFE

(Cheerful, in German;
subtitled)

Wonderful. You may return to your duties. Thank you, Mr. Lucelle.
Heil Hitler.

JEAN

Heil Hitler.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jean returns to his desk and sits for a moment to collect himself.

Knowing he's probably being watched, he picks up the letter he was translating and gives it a quick read.

CLOSE-UP ON THE LETTER

It's a heartfelt letter home from an American soldier to his father. The bottom is flecked with blood.

Still outwardly emotionless, Jean begins to translate the letter into German again.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - NIGHT

Emil walks the streets of Paris, trying to look inconspicuous.

He is distraught. He rounds a corner and sees Nazi soldiers are standing in front of his house.

Emil turns and walks away.

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

A string quartet, Jean, Patric, and two other musicians in formal attire stand in a corner and play a pleasant and upbeat composition.

They dutifully play for a party full of uniformed Nazi officers and several beautiful women, one of which is SABINE, who's now in the service of another paying gentleman.

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

Jean and Patric walk down the empty sidewalk of a dark Paris street.

Their bowties are now undone, and they shuffle away from the banquet with relief and tiredness. They both have their instrument case and a bottle of wine in one hand- payment for their efforts.

CONVERSATION IN ENGLISH

PATRIC

These Germans have no passion. No class.

(Looks at the bottle in his hand)

At least it's French wine and not some disgusting German ripple.

They walk for a moment, quiet and contemplative.

JEAN

Patric - do you know where Emil is?

PATRIC
I don't. Why do you ask?

JEAN
No reason.

PATRIC
When was the last time you saw him?

JEAN
Some time ago. A few months, maybe.

PATRIC
Do you think he's okay?

JEAN
I don't know.

PATRIC
Hopefully, he hasn't gone off and done something stupid. You know Emil.

JEAN
I do. That's what I fear. Once the Conservatory was closed, we lost touch.

PATRIC
Be careful, Jean. These are dark times.

A small military truck convoy rolls by.

JEAN
I'm not sure being careful is enough these days.

PATRIC
Maybe he fled Paris?

JEAN
I don't think he'd leave.

PATRIC
Do you think we should have left?

JEAN
The whole world is at war. Europe is occupied. Japan comes from the East. Where would we have gone?

PATRIC
There are places.

JEAN

Like America? No. Once this war is over, regardless of who controls it, Paris will still be Paris.

PATRIC

Jean, look around. Paris barely looks like herself anymore. Paris isn't Paris.

(Beat)

I'm leaving.

Jean stops in his tracks.

JEAN

Leaving? You can't leave! Where are you going?

PATRIC

I've got connections that can get me across the channel to England. From there to Canada.

JEAN

Canada? Patric, that's nonsense. We've survived this long. It hasn't been so bad.

PATRIC

Not so bad? Jean, these Nazis are evil. Tyrants. They kill indiscriminately. They have no soul. No humanity. People are shot in the street every day. They are trying to snuff out the soul of this country. Of the goddamn world.

JEAN

Patric, be reasonable. You can't just leave.

PATRIC

I am leaving. Come with me.

JEAN

I can't. I have no place in England, Canada, or America.

PATRIC

That's nonsense. Wherever there are ears to hear you play, you have a place.

JEAN

It's not that I don't see it.

Jean takes a moment.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You and Emil were right. And you're right about Paris. I know you're right.

PATRIC

Then come with me.

JEAN

I can't.

PATRIC

(Looking at Jean's violin case)

Then consider going home. I'm sure someone has a place for you there. You don't need to be famous violinist Jean Lucelle right now. Just be a person.

JEAN

Norway is occupied.

PATRIC

Yes. The whole world has gone mad.

JEAN

(Searching his soul)

I can't go home. I can't go to Canada. Here is where I belong. In Paris.

PATRIC

Then I have to bid you farewell, my friend. It has been a pleasure and an honor to play with you.

Patric hugs Jean and clinks his wine bottle against Jean's before he walks off into the night.

JEAN

(Shouting after Patric)

Patric! Be reasonable!

PATRIC
(Turning to yell back at
Jean)
If you make it to Quebec, look me
up. I'll always need someone to
accompany me.

Patric waves once more and walks off. Jean watches his friend
leave, confused about his place in the world.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jean sits alone at his table, drinking wine.

Sabine's lipstick-flecked glass remains on the table, but the
money is gone. He turns the glass toward him to look at the
lipstick imprint and glances at his empty bed. He's in a foul
mood.

He looks out the window at the quiet darkness of Paris.

KNOCK AT THE DOOR

JEAN
(In French, subtitled)
Who's there?

EMIL (O.S.)
(In accented English)
Jean - it's me.

Jean opens the door to find Emil looking disheveled and
nervous. Emil is distressed. He comes in, and Jean closes the
door quickly.

JEAN
Emil! My god, come in. Where have
you been? It's been months!

EMIL
I don't know how they found out
about me, but they did. I think
that they have taken Arnaud-- I
haven't seen him in days. I've been
staying at his house. I told him we
should leave Paris, and he refused.
He refused! He hasn't been home. I
know they've taken him.

JEAN

Emil, calm down. I know they're looking for you, but it's not what you think.

EMIL

(Skeptical)

What do you mean you know they're looking for me?

JEAN

This German commander today - Wolfe - He asked me about you. Emil, I don't think it's you that they're after. He told me they want to talk to you. That you've been helping them. It's probably some member of the resistance who they're after.

EMIL

Helping them? Me a collaborator? What a bunch of fucking bullshit. You know me. You know I would never help them! They know about me, Jean. I'm telling you they know, and they took Arnaud.

Emil picks up the wine on the table and drinks straight from the bottle.

JEAN

What are you saying? Stop being foolish.

EMIL

These German bastards can't win, Jean. We needed to fight back, so I fought back. In the only way I could. With information.

JEAN

(In denial)

Emil, you're being nonsensical. This probably isn't about you, but about the, you know-- Perhaps you should talk to them?

EMIL

I know because I know. Talk to them? That would be suicide. Do you know what they do to people like me, Jean? To people like Sarah? To people like Arnaud? Beautiful Arnaud!

JEAN

Emil, please tell me what's happening.

EMIL

I went home, and they got there just before I did. They came to arrest me. I ran. I ran here. I waited for you outside, and when I knew you were alone, I came to say goodbye. And give you this.

Emil hands Jean an envelope and a silk yarmulke, the same one he wore at the Shabbat dinner.

JEAN

Emil--

EMIL

I can't risk them finding my beloved Sarah. I won't put my daughter at risk. You must find her. Give her this.

JEAN

Find her? What are you talking about? Where are you going?

EMIL

I can't run forever, my friend. I have to find Arnaud. I have to know what happened to him. You must do this for me, Jean. Find Sarah for me. After her mother died, I was all she had. Find her. Give her the letter. She is in Abbeville, near Belgium. She is living under the name Sofie Herve. Promise me you'll do this. Say her name back to me so I know you know it.

JEAN

Emil - I can't leave Paris. This is nonsense.

EMIL

You can. You must. Say her name.

JEAN

Sofie Herve.

EMIL

Give her the letter. Find her and tell her that I love her.

(MORE)

EMIL (CONT'D)

That I will always love her. To live a good life. She is the light in the darkness.

JEAN

Emil, be reasonable.

EMIL

There is no reason anymore. Here, take this too.

Emil pulls a small black pistol from his pocket and hands it to Jean.

JEAN

Emil, no--

Emil places his hands on Jean's cheeks, embracing him, placing a tender kiss on Jean's lips, which Jean accepts.

EMIL

Don't let their inhumanity silence the music, Jean. I have thought of you as a son. I love you.

Emil leaves.

Jean looks at the envelope and silk yarmulke and pistol in his hands.

A moment later, there is a commotion on the street, and Jean walks to the window to see three Nazi soldiers have stopped Emil. Putting the yarmulke and envelope on his table and the gun in his pocket, in a flash, Jean is out the door.

EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT

Jean quickly approaches the three soldiers surrounding Emil, pointing their weapons at him. The soldiers are SCHULZ, WEBER, and WAGNER (All 30s, Male, German).

Emil stops and drops to his knees, his hands on his head.

CONVERSATION IN GERMAN; SUBTITLED UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

JEAN

Wait! Wait! I work in the office of Standartenführer Wolfe.

(MORE)

JEAN (CONT'D)

This man has been assisting the Reich! He's done nothing wrong.

SCHULZ

We need to see this man's identification.

JEAN

(To Emil, in English)

They need to see your papers!

EMIL

(In English)

Dammit, Jean, you must tell them to let me go!

JEAN

(to the soldiers)

Standartenführer Wolfe wants to talk to this man. Please Do not hurt him. He has important information about the resistance. He is an informant.

SCHULZ

Standartenführer Wolfe?

JEAN

Yes! Yes! I work for him.

Emil starts to get up. One of the Nazi soldiers, WEBER, hits him with the butt of their rifle and knocks him down, causing a head wound.

Jean looks on in horror before going to help Emil up and roughly getting shoved back. The soldier's guns are pointed at Jean, who instinctively puts his hands up.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Wait! Wait!

EMIL

(In English, quietly on the ground, dizzy from the blow to his head)
Jean! Find Sarah. Promise me--

JEAN

Emil! It'll be okay. I'll talk to Wolfe. Just go with them. Don't fight. You will only make it worse. I'm sure we can clear this up.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 (to the soldier, in
 German, subtitled)
 Where are you taking him? His name
 is Emil Gendelav. He is a musician
 with the Paris Conservatory. He's
 done nothing wrong.
 Standartenführer Wolfe has asked
 that he be treated well.

Weber looks over some paperwork and shows the other two Nazis something on the page.

WEBER
 (to Schulz and Wagner,
 pointing at the paper)
 Emil Gendelav.

Jean is shoved back and watches as the soldiers put Emil into the back of the truck before they climb in and drive away with his friend. Emil's face, blood flowing from a head wound, looks back at Jean with a resolute grim.

Emil sees death coming but chooses dignity over concession.

INT. BACK OF NAZI TRUCK - NIGHT

Emil sits. He is resigned to his fate. His head bleeds from the blow. He watches Jean as they pull away. Jean runs after them, fearing the worst for his friend.

EMIL
 (In broken German,
 subtitled)
 Where are you taking me?

WEBER
 (In German; subtitled)
 Be quiet, Jew.

Emil knows they know precisely who he is.

Emil kicks one of the soldiers and leaps from the truck in an attempt to escape as Jean looks on from down the street. Emil runs away as fast as he can. WEBER and SCHULZ jump out after him with their rifles, aiming at Emil as he runs.

Jean catches up to the truck and spooks Schulz, who turns and hits Jean in the head with the butt of his rifle. Jean crumples.

JEAN
 (Meek, losing
 consciousness)
 Emil!

A gunshot rings out into the otherwise silent night. The thud of a body hits the pavement.

The soldiers look unbothered by the murder. WAGNER steps out of the truck cab. Jean lies on the street, nearly unconscious.

CONVERSATION STILL IN GERMAN; SUBTITLED

WAGNER
 He's an old man. How could you let
 him jump out?

SCHULZ
 Why did you stop the truck?
 Nevermind. Doesn't matter.

WEBER
 (Motioning to Jean)
 What should we do with him?

SCHULZ
 Leave him. He's of no concern.
 (Motioning toward Emil)
 Bring the body.

WEBER
 Dead, deviant Jew. We should leave
 him in the street.

Weber and Wagner walk up to Emil's limp body, which lies face down in the street. They roll him over and see he's still alive, moaning.

EMIL
 (Laboring)
 --And Anastasia swayed--

Emil struggles to hum a small piece of music as he lay dying.

WAGNER
 He's still alive.

SCHULZ comes up, annoyed. He draws a pistol from a hip holster and aims.

EMIL
 (Quietly)
 Triomphe Napoleon.

He shoots Emil point blank in the head, killing him instantly.

The Paris street runs red with his blood.

They pick up Emil's body and toss it, with no respect, back into the truck, driving off into the night, leaving Jean in the street.

Jean stands up and reaches into his pocket for the gun--

SABINE

No. They'll kill you too.

She stops him, helping him get to his feet.

JEAN

Emil--

He looks at the pool of blood left behind. Sabine helps him back toward his home.

INT. JEAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jean lays in his bed, his head wound bandaged. He wakes to find Sabine sitting next to him and bolts upright.

CONVERSATION IN ENGLISH

SABINE

You're okay. Don't do too much.

JEAN

I'm-- um-- how did--?

SABINE

I came by to see you and found you in the street. Helped you inside and to bed? You don't remember?

Jean touches the bandage on his head, trying.

JEAN

Emil?

SABINE

Your friend.

JEAN

They killed him.

SABINE
The man in the street?

Jean nods solemnly.

SABINE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Jean stares at her for a beat before hastily putting his clothes on, grabbing his satchel, and leaving. Sabine, sitting at the table smoking a cigarette, watches him go.

INT. FRENCH OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Jean enters, looking distraught, and heads directly to Standartenführer Wolfe's office.

INT. FRENCH OFFICE BUILDING - WOLFE'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jean calms himself, removing his bandage, revealing a bruise and cut on his forehead.

He clears his throat to announce his presence.

JEAN
(In German; subtitled)
Herr Standartenführer. May I have a word?

WOLFE
(In English, accented)
Ah, Monsieur Lucelle. Yes, of course. Please, sit. My goodness, what's happened to your face?

He motions to the chair on the other side of his desk. Jean dutifully sits down.

JEAN
It's nothing, Sir. Yesterday, you asked me about a man I played with at the Paris Conservatory.

WOLFE
Yes. Emil Gendelav. I'm told that we have you to thank.

JEAN

(Holding in his anger)

But, respectfully, sir, you told me he wasn't in trouble.

WOLFE

I'm sorry about someone you considered a friend, but he was a liar. He was a member of the resistance. What's more, he had forged his identity and hidden the filth inside him. But the truth has a way of coming out. Sadly, like the coward he was, he tried to run. I suppose it's for the best - the camps are-- less pleasant. Truly, an act of mercy.

Jean looks sucker punched but tries to maintain composure.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

And so, the resistance has lost another pawn in their ridiculous, futile crusade.

Wolfe sees turmoil and emotion on Jean's face.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

I can see this whole ordeal is upsetting to you. That's understandable. To find out someone we consider a friend has been lying about who he truly is can be quite troubling. Knowing that someone you trusted lied to your face, over and over. Unsettling. And that he was trying to undermine the very thing we're building here? A pity. Take the rest of the day, Jean. You've done well. You've helped the Reich. Is there anything else?

JEAN

(Beat to collect himself)

No, Sir.

WOLFE

Heil Hitler.

Jean exits Wolfe's office, doing his best to contain his emotions.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jean returns to his desk and sits briefly to collect himself. He's on the verge of crying but is holding it together.

A moment later, Wolfe walks by in conversation with someone, HUBER, a fellow uniformed soldier. Huber is small and deferential. Not someone meant for fighting, but someone meant for serving.

Jean watches Wolfe and Huber go by, and something shifts in him. He quickly gets up and returns to Wolfe's office.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - WOLFE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jean enters the office and opens Wolfe's desk drawer, finding the file for Emil and a dozen other files on various people, all presumably either in the resistance, known Jews, or other people wanted by the SS.

Emil's picture has the word "Verstorben" (deceased) stamped across it. He lingers for a beat on the photo of his friend before he takes all the files and hurriedly heads back toward his desk.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

At his desk, Jean puts the files in his satchel, along with the various letters on his desk. He's taking anything that looks important.

He walks toward the door; Wolfe, still conversing with Huber, catches a glimpse of him and watches him leave - a look of suspicious knowing on his face.

INT. PARIS APARTMENT - MORNING

Jean enters his apartment, distraught. Sabine is still there, sipping wine. Nothing makes sense. He picks up an empty wine bottle and throws it against the wall, shattering it.

JEAN

Emil was right. These goddamn
Nazis. How could I be so blind? So
goddamn naïve?

Sabine says nothing.

On the table is the pistol, the letter, and yarmulke. Jean stares at them for a beat before he begins to weep as he crumbles to the floor. Sabine moves to comfort him.

SABINE

The world is full of evil.

JEAN

(sobbing)

He was so kind. His music was so lovely. So pure.

They sit there for a moment as Jean cries. He looks up to see the case of his violin still open and the picture of Else staring back at him.

Jean collects himself before standing up, bracing himself with a chair. He lifts the violin and puts the pistol under it, along with the letter and yarmulke.

He's not composed.

He's not resolute.

He's a mess.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You should leave Paris. There is nothing but death here.

SABINE

Even Death needs a concubine.

JEAN

Au revoir, mademoiselle.

SABINE

Au revoir, Monsieur Lucelle.

Carrying his satchel and violin case, Jean stops in the doorway to look at her and his apartment one last time.

EXT. PARIS STREETS - MORNING

Jean ties his violin case to his bicycle and swings his satchel over his shoulder.

Slowly, he begins pedaling, intermittently unable to hold back the tears.

MONTAGE AS JEAN RIDES THROUGH PARIS

He rides through the city, processing grief and anger.

- Occupied Paris, military trucks. Nazi soldiers.
- The Eiffel Tower is in the background to his left.
- Past the Arc de Triomphe
- A Bridge across The Seine
- He crosses the Seine again as he rides north

As he rides, He weeps for Emil, but he also weeps for the world, as his eyes are finally open to what he's been willfully ignoring.

He's seeing precisely what Patric had said- that their Paris, the Paris they all loved, was gone.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS - AFTERNOON

Jean has made his to the edge of the city. He continues to ride until he reaches a German checkpoint.

He stops. They are wary of him.

CONVERSATION IN GERMAN; SUBTITLED, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1
What is your business? Papers
please.

Jean doesn't react at first. He's frozen, standing with his bicycle between his legs. Another soldier at the checkpoint tightens his grip on his MP40 machine gun.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
(In French; subtitled)
Papers, now.

Jean finally snaps to attention.

JEAN
Yes. Of course, apologies.

He opens his satchel and finds what he's looking for, handing his identification papers to the Guard, who carefully examines the documents.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1

Where are you going?

Jean thinks momentarily, stuttering a bit before settling on the right story.

JEAN

I'm-- I'm-- I'm going to Amiens to deliver important communiqué from Standartenführer Wolfe on a series of known French resistance sympathizers.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1

You're going to Amiens? On a bicycle?

Jean nods, trying to look calm.

The Checkpoint Guard stares him down and then looks back over his papers.

He laughs heartily and turns to the other soldier guarding the checkpoint.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1 (CONT'D)

(speaking to
the other soldier)

He says Standartenführer Wolfe has sent him to ride his bicycle from Paris to Amiens.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 2

That sounds like something Wolfe would do.

They laugh at Jean's predicament before the soldier returns the papers to Jean.

CHECKPOINT GUARD 1

(Snarky)

On your way, then. Have a nice ride.

The soldiers continue laughing as Jean starts on his bicycle again and rides down the road.

MONTAGE OF JEAN TRAVELING OUT OF PARIS

Jean continues to ride away from Paris.

- The city gives way to the countryside.
- The day gives way to the late afternoon.

EXT. ABANDONED BATTLEFIELD - DUSK

Jean pedals his bicycle through a foggy, desolate landscape. The soft, orange glow of the setting sun barely pierces through the mist, casting long shadows over the terrain. The sounds of his bicycle wheels crunching on loose gravel are the only noises, amplified by the eerie silence.

Scattered across the field are remnants of a recent conflict: helmets, dented canteens, barb wire.

A muddy, forgotten trench cuts through the earth like an open wound, its wooden supports splintering and sagging. Jean slows to a stop, his breath visible in the cold air.

Jean dismounts, setting the bicycle down so as to not hurt the case strapped to it. He cautiously steps forward, the squelch of mud underfoot mingling with the faint whistle of the wind.

A bird suddenly flutters away from a skeletal tree, its sudden motion startling Jean. He exhales sharply, looks up at the sky, and then back to the field. At the base of a tree he sees a dog, a German Shepherd, tangled in barb wire, laying very still.

JEAN

You. Dog. Are you alive?

The dog let's out a low whimper.

Jean approaches cautiously. The dog lets out a growl but doesn't move. Slowly, Jean pulls the barb wire from the dog until it moves and frees itself. The dog takes a moment to look at Jean before running off.

Jean picks up his bicycle, mounts it, and rides on.

As the sun reaches the horizon, Jean sees a farmhouse not far away and steers his bicycle in that direction.

EXT. LAMBERT FAMILY FARM - DUSK

As Jean approaches, a young woman, MARION (20s, Female, French), fills a jug from a pump well. She is young, in her early twenties, dressed modestly. This has been her home her entire life.

She sees Jean.

CONVERSATION IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED

MARION
 (yelling to the house)
 FATHER!
 (To Jean, firmly)
 Stop right there. My father is
 inside.

Jean stops pedaling and stands in place, his bicycle between his legs. He is exhausted.

JEAN
 Apologies Mademoiselle. I mean no
 ill will or harm. I just mean to--
 rest.

The sun glints off Jean's swastika pin on his lapel, and Marion notices.

MARION
 Your people have already come. I
 have nothing else for you. There is
 no resistance here. There are no
 Jews here. We have already
 cooperated with the Commander of
 this area.

Jean sees her look at his pin, shakes his head, and holds his up hands in denial.

JEAN
 No, I'm not a Nazi.

Jean goes to step off his bike, but the cuff of his pants catches a bicycle gear, and he, the bike, and everything tumble to the ground.

He tries to stand up, but the gear still has his pants leg. Once free, he realizes his violin case has taken a fall. It's undamaged. He breathes a sigh of relief. He stands and dusts himself off before looking at Marion to continue.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I'm not a Nazi. I am a-- transla-- musician. Violin. I play the violin. I've just come from-- well, from Paris.

MARION

(Suspicious, but amused by his bumbling fall)
You rode here from Paris? On a bicycle?

JEAN

(Exhausted, defeated)
Yes.

Marion's father, LAURENT LAMBERT (50s, male, French), emerges from the farmhouse holding an axe at his side. He is a rugged man who has worked his land and raised crops.

He knows that anyone visiting requires the firm hand of defense or the deference granted to the occupiers.

He sizes Jean up as to which one he is.

LAURENT

What is your business here?

JEAN

Bonjour Monsieur. Apologies for coming to your home in these troubled times. My name is Jean, and I've come from Paris on my bicycle. I'm a violinist. I am on my way to--

He trails off, unsure of where he's going.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I'm on my way to Abbeville. I have to find the daughter of a friend who was-- well, he was killed.

He's too tired to lie.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I just need a place to rest. I can stay in your barn. I am unarmed. I am not dangerous. I can work if need be.

Laurent steps very close to Jean. Laurent sees in his eyes that the world is weighing on this man, and Laurent softens.

LAURENT

Come inside. Have something to eat.

He turns to Marion.

LAURENT (CONT'D)

Prepare a room for Monsieur--

JEAN

Lucelle. My name is Jean Lucelle.

LAURENT

Monsieur Lucelle. I am Laurent Lambert. This is my farm. Come, come.

Laurent puts an arm around Jean and leads him toward the house.

Jean, exhausted, leans into him, accepting the kindness and strength of this stranger holding him up.

He leads Jean inside, and trailing behind him Marion sees down the same road Jean came, the dog, looking at her.

INT. LAMBERT FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Jean, Marion, and Laurent sit around a table.

The family home is well-lived and rustic but not without years of family treasures.

The table is hardy and handmade. There is a basket of bread and bowls of some stew in front of them, along with glasses of wine. They eat by the light of a small oil lamp.

CONVERSATION IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED

LAURENT

I'm sorry I don't have more to offer. Times are - well, times are what they are.

JEAN

(Eating slowly)

This is wonderful. Thank you so much. It's nice to know there is still kindness in the world.

Jean takes his last bite, and Marion stands and begins clearing the table.

LAURENT
Your friend.

JEAN
Yes?

LAURENT
Abbeville has seen much fighting.
I'm not sure how much is left. What
if you can't find his daughter?

JEAN
I have to try. I owe it to him. Her
father did not deserve what
happened to him, what I did to him.

LAURENT
No one deserves any of this, and
what is it you think that you did
to him?

JEAN
I betrayed him. I told him to go
with the soldiers. I told them who
he was. He told me what would
happen. I didn't believe him. I
thought he would be alright. They
killed him. I saw it happen.

There is a silence between the men as they contemplate the
world and their place in it.

LAURENT
The times we are in make our
choices muddled. The best we can be
is the best we try to be. Your
friend knew your heart. That's why
he entrusted you to find his
daughter. You loved him, yes?

JEAN
I did. How can I live with myself?

LAURENT
You must repent. Not to God, but to
yourself. To the memory of your
friend. To what he believed. To
your love for him.

JEAN
And how do I do that?

LAURENT
 (picks up wine and sips)
 You start with wine. You finish
 with tears and forgiveness.

They sit in a comfortable silence for a few moments.

JEAN
 Do you think he forgives me in the
 afterlife?

LAURENT
 I don't know about an afterlife. I
 know that no hard-hearted person
 weeps over the death of another
 like you are. I know that his life
 and his cause are something you
 believe in more than any symbol or
 flag. And I know your eyes are open
 to the sordid reality of now.

JEAN
 Before the Germans invaded, I told
 him I didn't care if they came.
 That it was all just horror
 stories. I was wrong.

LAURENT
 Wrong and right are written by
 historians. Good and evil are in
 the hearts of people.

Jean ponders Laurent's words for a moment.

LAURENT (CONT'D)
 Before we turn in, I have a small
 request to impose on you.

JEAN
 You and your daughter have shown me
 such kindness. I am happy to do
 anything I can to repay you.

Laurent motions toward Jean's violin case, sitting on a
 nearby table.

LAURENT
 Will you play for us? It's been so
 long since we've heard live music.
 I would take Marion into the city
 now and again to see the symphony.

Jean momentarily wrestles with this request before realizing
 it is a small price for a meal and a bed.

LAURENT (CONT'D)

If it's too much, I understand.

JEAN

No. I can. Of course - of course,
I'll play.

Jean stands and walks over to pick up his case and moves to the other side of the room. Marion and Laurent sit.

Jean opens the case and pulls his violin and bow from the case. Under the instrument, tucked into a small pouch is the letter from Emil, the Yarmulke, and the Pistol.

He plucks the strings lightly to check if it's in tune and once satisfied that it is, he lifts it into position under his chin and pauses.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Is there anything specific you like
to hear?

MARION

Do you know any Mendelssohn?

JEAN

Yes.

Jean draws his bow and pauses momentarily, searching his memory for what to play.

He plays Felix Mendelssohn's "*Violin Concerto in e minor, Op64*", beginning with trepidation before closing his eyes and falling into the piece.

In his mind, he begins to hear the rest of the orchestra as if they were behind him as if Emil was in the chair next to him.

The only light is the flickering oil lamp that dances across their faces. He plays, finding his passion for the piece, as tears begin to stream down his face. It is a requiem for his friend. For the world.

As the piece ends, everyone is quiet momentarily as Jean awkwardly stands before them. Laurent finally breaks the silence. Tears streak his face as well.

LAURENT

Thank you, Monsieur. That was--
That was lovely.

MARION

Yes, lovely.

Jean sits for a moment, taking a breath.

INT. LAMBERT FARM HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laurent leads Jean into a spare bedroom.

CONVERSATION IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED

LAURENT

This was my son's room.

JEAN

Your son? Where is he now?

LAURENT

To war. I don't know if he's dead or alive. When you came toward the house, and Marion called out to me, for a moment - just a moment - I thought you might have been him. You have a similar build.

JEAN

I'm so sorry.

LAURENT

He isn't much younger than you. A strong man. Brave. Bold. A Laurent.

JEAN

I appreciate your hospitality, sir. This kindness is more than I deserve.

LAURENT

It is what I hope someone would do for my son.

JEAN

What is his name?

LAURENT

Andre.

JEAN

If I hear anything about him. I'll send word.

LAURENT

I appreciate that, but I know his fate is in the hands of circumstance. Letting them leave the nest is the hardest part of being a parent.

What will you do? Will you return to Paris or continue on to find your friend's daughter?

JEAN

I don't know.

LAURENT

Don't worry. Sleep will help. Your heart already knows.

For tonight, you're safe here.
Goodnight Monsieur Lucelle.

INT. LAMBERT FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Jean is asleep. We hear a car approaching from outside. Marion bursts into the room.

CONVERSATION IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED

MARION

Monsieur Lucelle, don't be alarmed.
German soldiers are coming.

Jean sits up and looks out the window to see a black car and a troop truck approaching. He frantically gets out of bed and starts gathering his things before Marion grabs his arm and sits back down.

MARION (CONT'D)

It's okay. We know them. My father gives them eggs and cheese. Wait here.

Jean looks out the window again and sees Laurent greet the vehicles. A NAZI FIELD OFFICER gets out of the car and speaks to Laurent.

After a moment, the Officer waves to the troop truck, and two soldiers jump down and walk toward the house before reappearing a moment later with baskets of eggs and parcels of cheese.

Jean watches as the soldiers get back in the vehicles and depart. Laurent comes back into the house, and we hear his footsteps approaching the bedroom door.

The door opens, and Laurent looks at him casually and unconcerned.

LAURENT
Breakfast, Monsieur?

There's a beat as Jean looks at him quizzically.

JEAN
Breakfast?

LAURENT
Come. The soldiers brought me wine and coffee. We'll start with the coffee.

Jean sits for a moment, looking both relieved and confused.

INT. LAMBERT FARMHOUSE - MORNING

Jean enters and sits at the table where Marion and Laurent sit, drinking coffee and eating bread and soft cheese.

CONVERSATION IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED

MARION
Good morning. Coffee?

JEAN
Yes, thank you.

Jean sits, and Marion pours him a cup of coffee as Jean tears a hunk off the loaf of bread and takes a bite.

LAURENT
The soldiers come every couple of weeks. I give them cheese and eggs; they provide me with coffee and sometimes wine and otherwise leave us alone.

JEAN
Yes, Marion told me.

Beat while they chew.

MARION
A life without coffee and wine is
no life at all.
(To Jean)
Is it okay?

JEAN
Oh, yes. Thank you. This is
wonderful.

Marion finishes her cup, gets up from the table, and walks
away.

LAURENT
Yes, in these times, we do what we
must.

JEAN
Yes--

LAURENT
As you do what you must. I must be
here for when my son returns. I do
what I must to make that happen.
Will you continue for your friend?
Will you do what you must?

Jean looks inside himself for an answer.

LAURENT (CONT'D)
You have to decide what song plays
in your heart. Are you a pin on
your coat, the violin in your case,
or the promise to your friend?

JEAN
I don't know who I am.

LAURENT
That is a good thing. You get to
find out.

Marion brings a wrapped parcel to the table and puts it down
before Jean.

JEAN
What's this?

MARION

Some food. For your journey.

It seems everyone, but Jean knows what he's going to do, and he knows in his heart that they are right.

JEAN

Thank you.

MARION

And this is for your dog.

She puts another small bundle down.

JEAN

Dog?

MARION

Yes. He followed you here. I put out some food and water. He's in the barn.

Jean looks to Laurent.

JEAN

How did you know I wouldn't go back to Paris?

LAURENT

I knew yesterday what kind of man you are. I saw as you played for us that you also played for yourself. A man's soul is laid bare by his art, and you, Monsieur Lucelle, know that your journey is just beginning.

JEAN

I--

LAURENT

Come with me.

Laurent stands up from the table and leads Jean outside.

EXT. LAMBERT FAMILY FARM - DAY

Outside, Laurent leads Jean to his bicycle.

A new basket has been affixed to the back. Inside is a small blanket and a parcel of supplies. Jean looks back at Laurent with surprise.

CONVERSATION STILL IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED

LAURENT

Abbeville is Northwest. There has been much fighting there. It will be dangerous, but there aren't many places left that aren't.

Jean is overcome with emotion and holds a hand out to Laurent, who takes it and shakes it.

Walking out of the house, Marion brings Jean's blazer, his overcoat, and the two parcels from the table, putting it in his bicycle basket.

The dog walks out of the barn and up to Jean. Marion has bandaged one of his paws. Jean puts his hand out to the dog who licks his hand.

MARION

Some bones, a little extra bread and cheese. A flint and a couple of candles.

JEAN

Merci, Mademoiselle.

(To Laurent)

I'll never be able to repay this kindness.

MARION

Kindness isn't transactional. It's not a commodity. We pluck it out of the air endlessly and give it away freely. That's the difference between us and them.

Marion hands Jean his blazer, which he puts on. He finds a new brass button sewn directly behind the spot on his lapel where the swastika pin is.

JEAN

(To Marion)

What is this?

MARION

A reminder.

JEAN

Of what?

MARION
 (she points to the
 swastika)
 That you are not that.

Jean understands and nods.

JEAN
 Thank you.

MARION
 What's her name?

JEAN
 Who's name?

MARION
 Your dog.

JEAN
 Oh. Sadie. Her name is Sadie.

Marion bends down and scratches the dogs ears.

MARION
 You take care of him, Sadie. He'll
 need it.

JEAN
 May I play for you again before I
 leave?

LAURENT
 I'd love that, thank you.

Jean opens his violin case and puts the instrument in
 position, ensuring it's ready and in tune.

He doesn't take long to choose a more upbeat and less
 melancholy selection. Sadie watches him before laying down at
 his feet.

After a few moments, he finishes. Marion steps up and kisses
 him on the cheek.

MARION
 Thank you. That was wonderful.

JEAN
 (To Marion)
 Thank you for everything.
 (To Laurent)
 I hope your son returns. If I hear
 of him, I'll send word.

LAURENT

Take care of yourself Monsieur
Lucelle. When all else fails, play
until the world stops spinning
around you.

Jean gets on his bicycle and begins to pedal away. Sadie trots beside him.

MONTAGE OF JEAN AND SADIE RIDING ACROSS THE FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE

Jean rides through France.

Signs of war pock the earth. Craters. Muddy fields where battles took place.

- Jean walks his bike across parts of the road that are damaged, Sadie steps gingerly across.

- Coming to another checkpoint, he stops and talks to more German soldiers who let him through again, laughing at his supposed predicament of having been sent on a fool's errand.

In the afternoon, the clouds roll in. It begins to rain as Jean and Sadie take refuge under the remnants of a small bridge. Sadie curls up in Jean's lap as he wraps the blanket around both of them to sleep.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - WOLFE'S OFFICE - DAY

Wolfe arrives at his office the next morning, sits at his desk and opens his drawer to find his files are missing. He looks up to see that Jean is not at his desk.

He knows.

CONVERSATION IN GERMAN; SUBTITLED

WOLFE

(Yelling)

Huber!

HUBER, a soldier and the principal assistant to Wolfe steps into the office.

HUBER

Yes, Herr Standartenführer?

WOLFE

I want to visit the prison in Amiens. Make the preparations.

HUBER

Yes, sir.

WOLFE

Also, I need you to check on someone for me. Jean Lucelle.

Wolfe looks entertained, almost amused.

HUBER

Yes, sir. Of course. And when I find him?

WOLFE

Have him brought to me.

HUBER

(with delight)

Yes, Sir. May I ask what you intend to do?

WOLFE

We must have our little entertainments.

EXT. FRENCH TOWN - TWILIGHT

A cold rain falls.

Jean rides into a small town with Sadie trailing behind.

The town has seen heavy fighting.

Buildings have been leveled, with only a few walls remaining upright. Jean carries his bike over rubble toward a two-story home, missing its entire front wall. Sadie sniffs around.

JEAN

(To himself)

Merde.

INT. BOMBED OUT FRENCH HOUSE - NIGHT

A match strikes, and Jean's cold, wet hand lights a small bundle of wood made from cupboards and furniture in house's still standing fireplace.

Jean sits, eating some of the bread that Marion has given him by the light of the fire.

His coat and clothes are drying nearby. He has the letter from Emil and looks at it in the firelight, deciding whether or not to read it.

Sadie is curled up near, but not next to him.

JEAN
(to Sadie, in French)
What do you think, girl?

Sadie doesn't move.

JEAN (CONT'D)
(Speaking German)
Do you prefer German?

Sadie still doesn't move.

JEAN (CONT'D)
(Now in English)
Maybe you're British or American?

Sadie lifts her head and looks at Jean.

JEAN (CONT'D)
(In English)
Ah, English it is. Here--

He tosses a bit of bread and cheese to her, which she greedily accepts. She sits properly looking at Jean, who tosses her another bite.

She moves closer and now sits at his feet. He pets her, glad for the company. She rolls and shows him her belly, which he scratches.

He opens the envelope, damp from the rain, and pulls out the letter within - but before he reads it, his eyes focus on a pair of tiny boots in the rubble. Seeing the shoes, he looks around the room and sees more signs of the family that had previously lived there. The life of a family ripped apart by war. He reads the letter to himself, a tear running down his face. Sadie looks up at him as if to comfort him. He pats her.

JEAN (CONT'D)
It's okay, girl. I'm just sad and miss my friend.

Opening his violin case, he tucks the letter behind his picture of Else.

He reaches under the instrument and touches the handle of the pistol. Leaving the case open as he lays next to it, staring at the image of her as he falls asleep next to Sadie.

INT. BOMBED OUT FRENCH HOUSE - MORNING

Jean is asleep when he's poked with the muzzle of a gun.

He stirs awake to see a MEIER, a Nazi soldier, standing over him. MEIER is young and innocent, early 20s.

He wears his nervousness on his sleeve, just above his nazi armband.

CONVERSATION IN GERMAN; SUBTITLED

MEIER

Who are you? What are you doing here?

JEAN

(Nervous, scattered)
Wait! Wait! Wait!

Jean looks at his violin case and the pistol within, and starts to reach for it cautiously.

MEIER

Last chance.

Jean hurries to his feet, holding his hands out in front of him. Sadie is nowhere to be found.

JEAN

Standartenführer Wolfe... has sent me to... Amiens to deliver some communique on members of the French resistance. Let me show you my papers!

Jean reaches for his case again, and the soldier gets more aggressive and fearful.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Wait, wait! It's fine.

He points to the swastika pin on his jacket, which hangs next to him where it was drying the night before.

JEAN (CONT'D)

My papers are in my satchel. Let me get them.

Holding the gun on him, the soldier acquiesces to Jean and gives him a nod to get his papers. Jean slowly and cautiously reaches past his violin case and into his satchel.

He hands them over to the soldier who looks at them, making the connection on who Jean is.

MEIER

You are Jean Lucelle? The Violinist, yes?

JEAN

I am.

MEIER smiles broadly and offers a hand to help Jean reach his feet.

MEIER

I am Soldat Walter Meier. I saw you play in Berlin! You were wonderful.

JEAN

(Surprised)

Oh?

MEIER

It must have been-- six years ago? Before the war. My father took me to the symphony. You played the most fantastic solo I'd ever seen.

Jean is standing but hasn't moved. It's a very awkward encounter.

MEIER (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

JEAN

The storm. As I said, I'm on a mission from Standartenführer Wolfe in Paris to deliver some communique to Amiens.

MEIER

On a mission for the Reich, and you're sleeping here? No. That's no good. You'll come with me.

Meier waits momentarily as Jean gathers his things and grabs his bicycle to walk outside.

As they exit the bombed out house, Jean sees Sadie a distance away, scared. He tries to shoo her away.

A small handful of other Nazi soldiers move about the town's wreckage.

Meier talks to the other soldiers, explaining who Jean is, excitedly telling them they have a celebrity in their midst. Meier beckons Jean toward the back of the same truck, and Jean climbs in, wary. The truck begins to drive away, leaving a dozen or so German soldiers to pick over the wreckage of the town.

One of the soldiers, NAZI SOLDIER 5, sees Sadie. He pulls his pistol out of a hip holster and shoots at her, missing her. She runs away, but not far enough, watching Jean drive away. Another soldier, NAZI SOLDIER 6 walks up.

NAZI SOLDIER 5

(In German)

What are you shooting at?

NAZI SOLDIER 4

(In German)

Just a dog. Probably scavenging for food.

Jean watches in horror as the NAZI Soldier 5 pulls his own gun out of a hip holster and aims at Sadie.

He also misses, but this time Sadie runs away.

EXT. NAZI ENCAMPMENT - DAY

The truck arrives at a Nazi base camp in another small but relatively unscathed town.

The area is teeming with Nazi soldiers and equipment.

Jean is helped out of the back of the truck as he's trying to maintain his composure. Meier smiles broadly as he leads Jean to a house co-opted by the German battalion for the encampment's command center.

INT. NAZI ENCAMPMENT - COMMAND HOUSE - DAY

Jean enters the house with Meier, who salutes the Nazi Commander, RICHTER, a decorated soldier in a crisp, black uniform.

Richter sits behind a desk, looking over numerous papers.

CONVERSATION IN GERMAN; SUBTITLED

RICHTER
Meier, whom do we have here?

MEIER
Greetings, Sir. This is Jean Lucelle. He is on a mission for Standartenführer Wolfe in Paris.

RICHTER
Standartenführer Wolfe, you say?

JEAN
Yes, Sir.

RICHTER
And what are you doing so far out of the city?

JEAN
Well, Sir, I've been tasked by the Standartenführer to deliver some files and communicate on the French resistance to Amiens on his behalf.

RICHTER
And what kind of communique?

JEAN
I honestly didn't ask, Sir. I'm to deliver it to Amiens.

RICHTER
To the prison?

JEAN
Yes, sir. Exactly. I believe they are files on resistance members that the officials must cross-check against the prisoner's records.

RICHTER
And you're traveling-- On foot?

JEAN
Bicycle.

RICHTER
(Suspicious)
On a bicycle?

JEAN
Yes.

There's a beat while Richter assesses the believability of Jean's story. Richter laughs.

RICHTER
I know Wolfe. That sounds like him.
May I see them?

JEAN
See what, sir?

RICHTER
The files.

JEAN
Oh, Of course.

Jean removes his satchel from his back and opens it, pulling out the numerous dossiers he'd stolen from Wolfe's desk.

Richter looks at them.

A tense moment passes. He hands them back to Jean.

RICHTER
Whatever you did must have pissed
Wolfe off for him to send you on
such a task. These dossiers -
French resistance?

JEAN
That's my understanding, sir.

Richter crosses to Meier, who is holding Jean's violin case. Richter opens the case and looks inside, seeing the photo of Else, the letter, but the pistol is hidden underneath the instrument.

RICHTER
And what is this?

MEIER
Herr Lucelle is a great musician,
Sir. I saw him play in Berlin. He's
quite famous.

RICHTER
 (To Jean)
 Famous?

He plucks the photo of Else from the case.

JEAN
 I don't know about famous, Sir. I
 played in the Paris Symphony and at
 the Paris Conservatory.

Richter approaches Jean and gets uncomfortably close.

RICHTER
 And who is this?

JEAN
 My-- wife, Sir. I sent her to
 Berlin for Safety to stay with
 family.

Richter stares down Jean, hoping to see a hint of deception.
 Jean is stoic.

RICHTER
 Well, if you are that good, Mr.
 Lucelle, you will play tonight for
 us, yes?

JEAN
 Sir, I don't think-

RICHTER
 Nonsense. You will stay tonight and
 play here. You know any German
 pieces?

Jean has no choice.

JEAN
 (acquiescing)
 Of course.

RICHTER
 Then it's settled.

Richter crosses back to Meier and slides the picture back
 into place in front of Emil's folded letter, not even paying
 it or the pistol any mind. He closes the case.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
 (To Meier)
 Take Mr. Lucelle to get cleaned up.
 (MORE)

RICHTER (CONT'D)
He's agreed to play a concert for
the men.

MEIER
(Excited)
Yes sir.

Meier escorts Jean from the house.

INT. NAZI ENCAMPMENT - TENT - EARLY EVENING

Jean waits in a barracks tent. He has shaved the three days
of chin stubble off his face. His hair is combed. He holds
his instrument nervously.

Meier enters the tent excitedly.

CONVERSATION IN GERMAN; SUBTITLED

MEIER
(Eager)
Herr Lucelle - Are you ready, sir?

Jean composes himself and takes a deep breath.

JEAN
I am.

INT. NAZI ENCAMPMENT - COMMAND HOUSE - NIGHT

Jean stands in front of a makeshift performance space inside
the house. Chairs have been set up, and a few dozen soldiers
sit before him, with more standing behind.

The room is intensely quiet.

He lifts the instrument into place, tucking it under his
chin.

Slowly, he drags the bow across several strings, ensuring
they're in tune before finally taking a breath as he starts
to play Bach's "*Partita for Violin Solo No. 1 in B minor*".

As he plays, he finds the center of himself.

The soldiers disappear, and to him there is no one in the
room except for him and his instrument.

Then he's not alone.

Emil watches.

Patric watches.

Laurent and Marion watch.

His younger self watches.

Else watches.

Under one of the chairs, he sees the pair of child's shoes from the house he'd slept in the night before.

Emil, sitting quietly enjoying Jean's playing, has a growing wound from the gunshot on the street cascading blood across The front of his shirt.

Time passes fast.

He completes the piece, and the crowd of soldiers politely clap, returning Jean to reality.

He shows no emotion as he graciously bows.

INT. NAZI ENCAMPMENT - TENT - MORNING

Jean is in his tent, arranging his belongings, having spent the night in the Nazi encampment. He lifts his violin out of the case

Meier enters the tent, and Jean quickly puts the pistol in his pocket.

CONVERSATION IN GERMAN; SUBTITLED

MEIER

(Still star-struck)

Good morning, Mr. Lucelle. What a wonderful performance last night! Did you sleep well?

JEAN

I did, thank you.

EXT. NAZI ENCAMPMENT - MORNING

Jean walks his bicycle toward the road at the end of the encampment. Meier walks with him, escorting him back to the main road. Meier is eager and innocent in his tone.

CONVERSATION IN GERMAN; SUBTITLED

MEIER

May I ask you a question, Herr
Lucelle?

JEAN

(Walking hurriedly)
Of course.

MEIER

How old were you when you started
playing?

JEAN

Playing what?

MEIER

Violin, sir.

JEAN

(flustered as he's trying
to go)
Oh, I was four. My father taught
me.

MEIER

He must have been a great man.

JEAN

All fathers are great in the eyes
of their young children. Do you
have any children?

MEIER

I do. A son. Klaus. He's three.

Jean stops to look at Meier and sees him as a naïve young man
caught up in the zeal of war and nationalism.

JEAN

When this war is over, Herr Meier,
be there for him. A child needs
their father.

MEIER

I will. I hope he can become a
famous musician like you when
Germany wins the war. Tour the
world.

JEAN

(terse)

No one wins a war. When this is happening all over the world, it will never be the same, regardless of who thinks they are the victor.

MEIER

(Eager)

That is why The Reich must win. We can make the world a great place-- for people like us!

Jean is caught off guard in the moment. They've reached the road.

MEIER (CONT'D)

The world will be so much better without the vermin and filth holding us back. Once we cleanse these lands to purity, the world will be as we see fit.

Jean snaps and gets into Meier's face.

JEAN

Vermin? Filth? Is that what you see, Meier? You talk of cleansing, of purity, but do you know who these 'vermin' are? They are sons, daughters, mothers, and fathers. Flesh and blood, just like you. Like me. They are the hands that built the roads you march on, the voices that sang the songs of your childhood, the hearts that dared to hope for a future.

Jean steps closer, his voice rising in defiance, a tremor of suppressed fury in every word.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You call them filth because it makes it easier, doesn't it? Easier to turn away from their cries, to ignore the trembling hands reaching out for mercy. Do you know the names of those you've condemned? Can you look them in the eye as they beg for their lives, or do you avert your gaze like a coward?

His voice softens, but only to a knife's edge of controlled pain.

JEAN (CONT'D)

I have seen the faces of those you brand as vermin. They are not your enemy, Meier. They are your mirror. And in your hatred, in your blind obedience, you destroy what makes us human.

Jean's gaze locks with Meier's, unyielding, his voice now laced with contempt.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You call them 'vermin' because you are too afraid to call them people. Too afraid to see that every life you crush under Germany's boot is a life that could have been your own. But make no mistake, Meier, history will remember. It will remember the names of the oppressors and the complicit, and it will judge you for what you truly are.

Meier holds eye contact with Jean for a tense moment.

MEIER

I think, perhaps, it's best if we return to camp.

Meier's hand starts to move toward his sidearm. Jean pulls the pistol from his pocket and nervously points it at Meier.

JEAN

No. Let me go.

MEIER

You-

Meier is shocked for a moment, but holds his ground.

JEAN

I'm sorry, Soldat. You're wrong. Hitler is wrong. This war is wrong.

MEIER

No. Hitler is a great man. Not weak like you. You won't shoot.

Meier's hand reaches his pistol, his hand slowly closing around it.

JEAN

Don't do this. Let me go.

Meier pulls his gun from the hostler and a shot rings out, but not from Jean. Meier is shot in the chest. He falls to the ground with a thud.

Jean is frozen for a moment, unsure of what to do. He doesn't know where the shot came from.

BRITISH SOE AGENT (O.S.)
On the ground!

Jean complies.

A dozen armed men walk up. They pat Jean down on the ground and pull the pistol from his hand.

One of the soldiers helps him to his feet. He is AGENT BLACKWOOD (30s, male), a British agent of the Special Operations Executive (SOE). He speaks with a posh British accent.

Another one of the soldiers picks up Jean's bicycle with the violin case strapped to it. He opens the case to look inside, lifting the violin out to look underneath.

JEAN
Please be careful with that!

AGENT BLACKWOOD
We wouldn't hurt such fine instrument, Monsieur Lucelle.

JEAN
How do you know my name?

AGENT BLACKWOOD
Ah, well, let's say we have a mutual farmer friend who mentioned you might be headed this way.

Blackwood reaches up to Jean's lapel and rolls it outward, exposing the brass button Marion had sewn inside.

JEAN
Laurent?

AGENT BLACKWOOD
Indeed. He said you could be trusted, and so I shall. You can be, yes? Trusted?

JEAN
Yes.

AGENT BLACKWOOD
Good. How many?

JEAN
How many what?

AGENT BLACKWOOD
Men. In the encampment. How many men?

JEAN
Oh. Fif- maybe sixty?

Agent Blackwood starts making hand motions to the men behind him, who begin moving down the road.

AGENT BLACKWOOD
I suggest you be on your way. Here-
He hands Jean back his pistol.

AGENT BLACKWOOD (CONT'D)
It's a dangerous out here.
Jean looks at Meier, dead on the ground.

JEAN
I couldn't do it. I wouldn't have been able to do it.

AGENT BLACKWOOD
I watched that man put a bullet in a child's head two days ago. He was a true believer. I suggest you get going. Things are about to get a little raucous.

Blackwood begins moving down the road toward the encampment.

Jean watches him for a moment before a shot rings out, followed by several more.

Jean hastily picks up his bicycle and mounts it, taking one last look at Meier on the ground, feeling sadness for the man and the world.

MONTAGE OF JEAN TRAVELING THE ROAD

Jean is once again on the road, pedaling across the countryside of northern France.

- From morning to noon, to afternoon.
- It's still cold, but he's enjoying the sun on his face.

For the first time, he's feeling a sense of freedom. As he rides, he closes his eyes to feel the breeze and sun on his face.

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

Jean has stopped riding and sits under a bridge over a small creek. He's built a small fire.

It's quiet and peaceful. He pulls out his violin and positions it under his chin.

Jean begins playing, starting an original composition. A melancholy piece, sad and emotional.

From the brush, Sadie walks up and sits, watching him. It takes a moment for Jean to notice, but when he does he stops, and goes to her.

JEAN

You're okay! You're okay. How is this possible?

He hugs the dog for a moment, checking her for wounds. She licks his face.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Are you hungry, girl?

He reaches into his satchel and grabs some bread.

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The fire burns low. Jean sits at the edge of the firelight with his violin, Sadie lays at his feet.

He begins to play again. As he gets into it, he hits a note that makes an odd, deep vibrational howling sound, stopping him.

He looks at the violin and plays the note again. It howls again. He backs up a few notes and plays again, hitting the odd, howling note a third time.

He's found the wolf tone on his instrument.

Planes fly overhead in the dark, and he hears bombs drop off in the distance.

EXT. NAZI ENCAMPMENT - DAY

A black Mercedes adorned with Nazi flags arrives at the camp. Huber drives. In the back is Standartenführer Wolfe. The car pulls up to the Command house, and Wolfe gets out and walks in.

Bodies are strewn about. A battle has taken place.

INT. NAZI ENCAMPMENT - COMMAND HOUSE - DAY

Wolfe walks in. Richter stands and salutes. His other arm is in a sling.

CONVERSATION IN GERMAN; SUBTITLED

RICHTER
Herr Standartenführer.

WOLFE
Heil Hitler.

RICHTER
Heil Hitler. Welcome. It's an honor to have you, Sir.

WOLFE
Report. What happened here?

RICHTER
(flustered)
Yes sir. We've been holding here on orders of the General for three weeks. A group of men ambushed the camp yesterday. We took heavy losses before they ran off like cowards.

WOLFE
How many lost?

RICHTER
Twenty-two.

WOLFE
And the remaining men?

RICHTER
Some injured. We believe the raiding party has moved to the south, toward Paris. We've received orders to move West.

(MORE)

RICHTER (CONT'D)

We are making preparations to move out by first light tomorrow.

WOLFE

I'm sorry for the loss of your men. These savages fight like barbarians.

RICHTER

Thank you, Sir.

Wolfe notices the chairs, still arranged for Jean's concert.

WOLFE

What- What was going on here?

RICHTER

Oh, we had a violin player in camp. He played for us.

WOLFE

(Pleased)

A violin player? Jean Lucelle?

RICHTER

Yes sir. He said he was sent to deliver some communique on your behalf to the prison in Amiens.

WOLFE

Did he now?

RICHTER

Yes sir. I reviewed his credentials, and everything checked out. I looked at the files myself. Is there a problem?

Wolfe is surprised but also amused.

WOLFE

No. No problem. Is he still here?

RICHTER

No Sir. He left before the attack. On his bicycle.

WOLFE

Bicycle?

RICHTER

Yes sir. He said you'd sent him via bicycle to Amiens. Is that not true?

Wolfe is lost in thought.

RICHTER (CONT'D)
Herr Standartenführer?

WOLFE
No, no. It's true. And he continued
to Amiens?

RICHTER
Yes.

WOLFE
Did he speak with anyone else?

RICHTER
Soldat Meier.

WOLFE
May I speak with this Soldat Meier?

RICHTER
No, Sir. He was killed in the raid.

Wolfe ponders for a moment.

WOLFE
It seems everything is in order
here. Apologies for making my visit
so brief, but I must go.

RICHTER
(Flustered)
Go? But Herr Standartenführer-

WOLFE
Yes. You have your orders?

RICHTER
Of course, sir.

WOLFE
Then that is your mission. Heil
Hitler.

Wolfe exits the house and returns to his car and driver.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF AMIENS - DAY

Jean continues to ride through war-torn Northern France. Sadie running by his side.

As the sun sets, he arrives in Amiens and stops to look at the town before entering. It's damaged but intact.

Jean rides toward a German checkpoint. Jean talks to them briefly but is allowed to pass and enter Amiens.

INT. AMIENS INN - NIGHT

Jean steps through the door into an Inn. He's fashioned a leash from a rope for Sadie.

Jean steps up to the counter where an old Frenchman, the INN KEEPER, stands.

CONVERSATION IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED

JEAN
(Exhausted)
Good evening. I'd like a room,
please.

The Inn Keeper eyes Sadie, then looks at Jean's Swastika pin.

INN KEEPER
No dogs.

JEAN
I'm sure we can come to some kind
of arrange-

Sadie stands on her hind legs and looks over the counter at the Inn Keeper, who softens.

INN KEEPER
No dogs in the rooms. Leave her
with me. I'll take care of her.

JEAN
Oh, thank you sir.

Sadie comes off the counter and Jean leans down to talk to her.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Take care. Tomorrow we deliver the
letter and- I don't after. We'll
figure it out.

Sadie licks his face.

INT. AMIENS INN - JEAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jean sits on the small bed, working on his compositions again, hitting the same whining wolf tone.

Slowly, he starts to play around with it, doing the same sequence of notes but jumping the wolf and avoiding it, creating a new progression.

The pistol back in it's place, Jean puts the instrument back over it into the case and pauses, looking at the photo of Else for a moment.

INT. AMIENS INN - JEAN'S ROOM - MORNING

Jean wakes up and bolts upright in bed. He's not alone.

Wolfe sits across from him.

He's been watching Jean sleep. Wolfe holds the various files, letters, and papers from Jean's satchel.

CONVERSATION IN ENGLISH

WOLFE
Monsieur Lucelle. Good morning.

JEAN
(Surprised)
Herr Standartenführer?

WOLFE
Shhhh.

Jean gets quiet, unsure of what to say. He glances to his open violin case, the pistol visible underneath the instrument.

Wolfe begins reading one of the letters in his hand in a hokey American accent.

WOLFE (CONT'D)
 "How is your father's health? I hope I can come home in time for him to walk you down the aisle."

Wolfe examines the blood stain on the letter and shows it to Jean.

WOLFE (CONT'D)
 I don't think he was able to make it back to his bride. Another sad story. Wouldn't you agree?

Jean says nothing. Looking down. Wolfe stands up and backhands Jean. The blow stuns Jean, but Wolfe seems unaffected.

WOLFE (CONT'D)
 And your story, Monsieur Lucelle. What is it you are doing here in Amiens?

JEAN
 Well, Sir - I, uh -

Wolfe hits him again.

WOLFE
 Don't worry. I'm not mad at you. I'm curious.

Wolfe softens, but his affect makes it seem more menacing than altruistic. Jean is still in bed, in his underclothes, and Wolfe turns away in faux embarrassment.

WOLFE (CONT'D)
 Apologies. Stand up. Please, get dressed.

Jean does as he's told, pulling on his clothes. He eyes the pistol again, tempted to grab it.

WOLFE (CONT'D)
 (still facing away)
 Are you hungry?

JEAN

No.

WOLFE

Come on then.

Jean finishes pulling on his shoes, and Wolfe hands him his blazer.

JEAN

Where are you taking me?

WOLFE

Come.

They exit, leaving behind Jean's violin case.

EXT. AMIENS STREETS - MORNING

Wolfe walks with Jean closely following behind.

Just behind Jean and Wolfe are two soldiers with rifles following along.

Walking down a street along a tall stone wall, they come to a large iron gate of the Amiens prison. German guards dot the front of the facility.

WOLFE

Seven hundred and twelve, Mr. Lucelle.

JEAN

I'm sorry?

WOLFE

Seven hundred and twelve prisoners are housed here. The facility was only supposed to hold five hundred, but these are troubled times. Perhaps your friend Emil would have been sent here if he hadn't died.

A soldier opens the gate, and Wolfe continues on toward the prison.

Jean hesitates before one of the soldiers following pushes him in the back with his rifle. Jean falls to his knees before the soldiers pick him up and march him forward.

INT. AMIENS PRISON - MORNING

Jean sits on the floor in the corner of a holding cell. We don't know how long he's been there, but it's been a few days because of his beard growth.

A door opens, and Wolfe enters.

WOLFE
(To two soldiers)
Bring him.

JEAN
Where are you taking me?

WOLFE
To Lunch. You look famished.

The two soldiers open his cell and get him to his feet. He shakes them off and walks on his own power, maintaining a sense of dignity.

INT. AMIENS GERMAN COMMISSARY - LATE MORNING

Wolfe leads Jean into the German soldier's prison commissary. Wolfe is saluted as he walks in, and a young Nazi soldier in a beige uniform guides them to an empty table. No one seems to care that Jean looks haggard, with dried blood and dirt on his face.

A waiter brings them both coffee.

Jean looks petrified and confused at the same time.

WOLFE
Cream?

Jean remains quiet. Wolfe finishes doctoring his coffee and takes a sip, letting out a satisfied sigh.

WOLFE (CONT'D)
I'd first like to apologize for the time you had to spend in that cell. I had some business here at the prison, and I didn't want you to leave before I could finish our conversation.

Jean remains quiet.

WOLFE (CONT'D)
Now tell me, Monsieur Lucelle, where are you going?

JEAN
Nowhere, Herr Standartenführer.

WOLFE
No, no. I mean on your bicycle.
Where are you going? Why are you
here?

Jean thinks for a moment before answering with the truth.

JEAN
Home.

WOLFE
And where is home?

JEAN
Norway. Oslo.

WOLFE
Oslo?

Wolfe laughs heartily.

WOLFE (CONT'D)
You were going to ride your bicycle
to Norway?

JEAN
Well, I-

WOLFE
I like you, Jean. You're
interesting. A true conundrum. A
famous musician working as a
translator, who has decided to ride
his bicycle a thousand kilometers
across a war!

Wolfe laughs again at the ridiculousness of the situation.
Jean stays stoic, scared out of his mind. Wolfe sips his
coffee and then cheerfully continues.

WOLFE (CONT'D)
I like you enough to give you two
choices. The first choice is to
ride your bicycle back to Paris,
and I'll see you back at your desk -
let's say on the following Monday.
You continue to do your work, and
if I ask you about one of your Jew,
deviant friends, you tell me where
I can find them.

(MORE)

WOLFE (CONT'D)

You will play whenever you're asked
for whomever you're asked.

I love the way you play the violin.
It would be terrible to lose an
artist such as yourself. Do that,
and I will forget this nonsense,
and we will return to being
partners. Partners, Jean! Partners.
Then we will have a pleasant meal
here, and you will head back to
Paris.

Jean finds the resolve in himself.

JEAN

What is the second choice?

WOLFE

The second choice is less pleasant
for both of us. You are arrested
right now for your crimes as a
seditionist and aiding the pathetic
French resistance. You go back to
being prisoner number seven-hundred
and thirteen here in Amiens, and I
never think about you again. You
die, are forgotten, and anyone who
knew you will be too afraid to
speak your name again for fear of
being associated with you.

Wolfe stares at Jean for a beat.

WOLFE (CONT'D)

And, sadly, you have to decide
right now.

Wolfe sits back, staring at Jean. Jean reaches up and grabs
the lapel of his blazer, feeling the small brass button that
Marion had sewn in.

JEAN

(In German)

Herr Standartenführer, I reject
your offer outright. And not just
the position, but everything you
stand for. I will not play for your
receptions, nor will I lend my
music to your empty pageantry.

He looks up locking eyes with Wolfe, his tone dripping with
contempt.

JEAN (CONT'D)

You think this war can be waged on lies and blood and silenced voices, but let me tell you—your power is an illusion, built on the suffering of others. Men like Emil Gendelav, a better musician than you or I could ever hope to be, butchered in the street because your cause demands it. For what? Your twisted sense of superiority? Your 'Thousand-Year Reich'? It will crumble under the weight of its own hatred.

Jean's voice rises, carrying the fury of every injustice he has witnessed. Other people in the room are now paying attention. Wolfe begins to look uncomfortable.

JEAN (CONT'D)

(addressing the room)

You call yourself civilized, but your actions prove otherwise. You are not leaders—you are tyrants. You do not inspire loyalty—you breed fear. And I, Herr Standartenführer, will not be a part of it. Not for your promises, not for your threats, and certainly not for your Reich.

Wolfe looks miffed. Put out. Jean switches to English.

JEAN (CONT'D)

So no, I will not play for you. I will not serve you. And if my defiance costs me my life, as it has Emil and so many others, so be it. I would rather die with the music than live silenced by men like you. You and your Germany can rot in the hell you've created.

Jean picks up the untouched coffee and pours it out on the table. Wolfe stares at Jean momentarily before laughing manically until it fades into a sinister but disappointed stare.

WOLFE

You do interest me so, Mr. Lucelle.
Waste of talent.

(Loudly, in German;

(MORE)

WOLFE (CONT'D)
subtitled)
Take him!

Two German soldiers walk over and pick up Jean from his chair to haul him away. Jean gives no resistance, resigned to his choice.

Wolfe watches, sipping his coffee.

INT. AMIENS PRISON - EARLY AFTERNOON

Jean is in front as Nazi soldiers lead Jean back to his cell. Jean has a blank expression of resolute acceptance.

EXPLOSION.

The prison is torn apart by an explosion as planes fly overhead.

The Ally's famed OPERATION JERICHO has commenced.

Jean is knocked down, ears ringing.

He's lying face down with the two German soldiers dead on top of him. They took the shrapnel from the prison walls directly to the back, protecting Jean and killing them. It takes a minute, but Jean frees himself, stands up, and collects himself enough to move.

Another bomb somewhere rattles the prison, and a path through a wall opens. Jean is shaken, but he runs.

EXT. AMIENS STREETS - DAY

Jean and many others run out of the prison as bombs explode all around.

INT. AMIENS INN - DAY

Jean bursts through the Inn door and up the stairs. Bombs rattle the building and city.

INN KEEPER
Wait! I have it. Your case!

Jean stops and turns. The Inn Keeper lifts the case to Jean, who opens it, sees it's completely intact. He removes the pistol and closes the case.

JEAN
Where is my dog?

INN KEEPER
She ran off when the bombing
started.

JEAN
If she comes back, take care of
her, please. She is special.

INN KEEPER
Oui, Monsieur. She is.

EXT. AMIENS STREETS - DAY

Jean exits the Inn and runs, gun in hand.
More bombs explode, shaking the earth and buildings.
More Allied planes fly overhead.

EXT. AMIENS PRISON - DAY

EXPLOSION!

The wall of the prison has been bombed and collapses.
Another bomb rips another hole in the perimeter wall of the
prison.
Screams. Terror. Gunshots.
More prisoners begin streaming out, escaping, running through
the now collapsed walls into the streets of Amiens.
One of the escaping prisoners is a haggard-looking ARNAUD who
runs away from the prison for freedom.

EXT. AMIENS STREETS - DAY

Jean runs, and suddenly, he's among the escaping prisoners as
they also frantically run. Gunfire rings out. More bombs are
dropped.

It's Chaos. Bedlam.

German soldiers are in the street shooting at them. The
prisoners are fighting hand-to-hand with the soldiers.

Among the chaos, Jean sees Wolfe. They make eye contact. Wolfe smiles, before lifting his pistol toward Jean.

Just as he's about to pull the trigger- Sadie attacks. Wolfe fights her off, and a gunshot rings out. Sadie crumples to the ground, whining. Jean now has his pistol aimed at Wolfe.

Wolfe looks up to see Jean and as he raises his gun again, Jean pulls the trigger, killing Wolfe, who falls to the street with a thud.

Jean runs and picks up Sadie, carrying her through the streets. He ducks into a building and down some stairs into a basement for safety.

INT. AMIENS BASEMENT - DAY

The basement has twenty or so people sheltering, including a dozen or so grade-school-aged children and their.

Bombs rattle the building above.

Jean gently puts down Sadie, who is bleeding. He knows he can't save her.

A tense moment passes, and another bomb lands close. Children cry.

One CRYING CHILD is inconsolable.

Another bomb impact is felt.

A MAN IN THE BASEMENT is scared and has had enough.

CONVERSATION IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED

MAN IN BASEMENT
(Yelling aggressively)
Shut that girl up!

The little girl continues to be inconsolable. Jean comforts a dying Sadie.

MAN IN BASEMENT (CONT'D)
(To the woman minding the
children)
Shut that child up, or I will.

The room erupts into conflict as someone yells at the aggressive man, and the children's fear goes from a whimper to a cry.

A bomb hits that shakes the room violently, and everyone gets quiet and fearful. Gunfire and the sound of fighting is heard on the street above.

Another bomb shakes the room.

A soft violin note rings out.

The room quietens, and turns to Jean, who draws his bow across the strings again. Everyone is fearful but confused.

Jean plays for Sadie, but the room is listening.

He plays the beginning part of his original composition. As he plays, now very softly, he speaks to Sadie.

JEAN

It's okay. It's okay.

Jean looks up at the crying child, watching him play.

CONVERSATION IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED

JEAN (CONT'D)

Do you like music?

The child, face full of tears, nods.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Do you know what a wolf tone is?

The child wipes her tears with her hand and shakes her head. Jean continues playing as he talks.

JEAN (CONT'D)

Everything has a resonant frequency. The exact note that penetrates the soul of a thing. It causes it to shake. Like this room, this instrument has one. On a violin, we call this the wolf tone.

The child has stopped crying. Gunshots and fighting continue. Bombs occasionally shake the room.

Jean plays on. Sadie's lays, still breathing.

In a moment between bombs, Jean drags his bow over a note that sounds odd, whining. The wolf tone. Then, he continues to play the soft, clear tones of the piece.

JEAN (CONT'D)

And if you know where the wolf on
your instrument is, you dance over
it.

He continues the piece, each note perfect and precise. No
vibration.

JEAN (CONT'D)

And if you do play that note -

He purposely plays the note, and the whining blends into the
piece he's playing.

JEAN (CONT'D)

That's okay. You play on.

The child is calm. The room is quiet. Jean plays on. Bombs
continue to shake the room but get further away.

JEAN (CONT'D)

The wolf tone of an instrument
doesn't make it wrong. It makes it
unique. You have a wolf tone. That
man who was yelling has a wolf
tone. We all do. Do you understand?

CRYING CHILD

(nods, hushed tone,
listening to him play)

Oui.

Jean continues to play.

JEAN

It's okay, girl.

Sadie's breathing slows as she dies. Jean's final note rings
out as tears stream down his face. The room is quiet, as they
all mourn the moment.

EXT. AMIENS STREET - AFTERNOON

Jean walks out of the building onto the street, carrying
Sadie. It's eerily quiet. Some hours have passed.

He walks toward the edge of town, looking back at the Crying
Child, who's also come out of the basement with the rest of
her class. She waves at Jean before her teacher moves the
group of children in the opposite direction.

Jean walks away.

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

Jean finishes burying Sadie. He pulls out his violin and plays a requiem as the final tendrils of the daylight grasp at the night sky.

MONTAGE OF JEAN WALKING TO ABBEVILLE

Jean's journey continues.

He stops for the night at a farmhouse. He plays the violin for them. The following day they wave him goodbye.

Jean walks. And walks. And walks.

He's playing again, this time for American soldiers around a fire.

He reaches another house in the rain. He plays for them.

He walks again through the day, finally making it to Abbeville. It's had its share of bombing and fighting and is German-occupied, like Amiens.

INT. ABBEVILLE POST OFFICE - DAY

Jean, haggard, walks into a post office. An older man, the POSTAL WORKER, stands behind the counter. Across the room, a German soldier sits at a desk, reviewing mail.

CONVERSATION IN FRENCH; SUBTITLED

POSTAL WORKER

Bonjour. How can I help you today?

JEAN

I'm hoping you can help me locate someone. A young woman named Sofie Herve.

A glint of sunlight reflects off Jean's chest, and the Postal Worker looks and sees the Swastika pin.

POSTAL WORKER

(Nervous, but defiant)

I'm sorry, Sir. I don't know who that is.

Jean follows the Postal Worker's eyes.

He removes the pin and puts it on the counter between them. Jean's eyes well up as he looks at the Postal Worker. The soldier isn't paying them any mind.

Jean speaks in a hushed tone.

JEAN

Monsieur - My name is Jean Lucelle.
I have come here from Paris to
deliver a message from her father
to Sofie Herve.

He puts the violin case on the counter, opens it, and removes the envelope, holding it reverentially.

JEAN (CONT'D)

He was a good father. A good man. A
wonderful musician. He played so
beautifully-- So beautifully.

A tear runs down his cheek.

JEAN (CONT'D)

He once played for the Romanovs.

Jean smiles at the memory of his friend through his tears and collects himself.

JEAN (CONT'D)

He wrote this letter. He told me to
do this for him. I have to do this
for him. His daughter deserves to
know what happened to her father.
That he was brave. That he was part
of the resistance, that all he
cared about was her being able to
grow up in a world where she was
safe. Please, sir. Please help me
find her.

Jean is exhausted in every imaginable way and is all but defeated. The Postal Worker stares back at Jean for a beat before he softens.

POSTAL WORKER

Come back tomorrow.

JEAN

Tomorrow?

POSTAL WORKER
 (implying he'll help)
 Come back tomorrow.

Jean gets it, glancing at the soldier.

JEAN
 Yes. Yes, of course. Tomorrow.
 Thank you.

Jean exits, leaving the swastika pin on the counter.

INT. ABBEVILLE INN ROOM - NIGHT

Jean sits on a bed, softly playing his original piece, Sadie's Requiem, still discovering the where the piece will go. He hits the wolf tone and plays on, smiling a bit as he does.

INT. ABBEVILLE POST OFFICE - DAY

Jean waits in line. The person in front of him finishes their business and leaves. Jean and the Postal worker are alone, save for the soldier sitting at the desk.

The Postal Worker slides a small slip of paper across the counter to Jean. Jean unfolds it and sees that It's an address.

JEAN
 Merci.

The Postal Worker gives him a nod.

INT. SOFIE HERVE'S HOUSE - DAY

There is a knock at the door, and SARAH HERVE answers, carrying an infant. It's Sarah. She is older, now in her late twenties. She bears a resemblance to her father. Jean waits for her on the other side.

CONVERSATION IN ENGLISH

JEAN
 Sarah? You have a baby?

It takes a minute for her to reconcile who is standing before her.

SARAH

--Jean?

Someone walks by on the sidewalk behind Jean. Jean clears his throat.

JEAN

Good day, Madame. Are you Sofie Herve?

Sarah eyes the stranger on the sidewalk and plays along with Jean.

SARAH

Oui?

JEAN

May I come in?

SARAH

Of course.

Jean Enters.

INT. SOFIE HERVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Sofie / Sarah puts the baby in a bassinet. Jean looks down at the child and laughs.

JEAN

What is his name?

SARAH

Emil.

Jean looks at her and smiles.

JEAN

Ah, Bonjour Emil. Is your husband home?

SARAH

No. He's gone to Belgium on business for the Germans. We do what we must to survive.

JEAN

Does anyone suspect?

SARAH

No. I'm just another French girl. My father?

Jean looks at her and gives her a solemn nod. She weeps. Jean momentarily waits before retrieving the letter from his pocket.

JEAN
This is for you.

He hands her the letter. It's a little worse for wear but still intact. She opens it and reads it silently as Jean waits, exhausted and shattered but glued back together. She finishes and smiles through her grief. She takes a harder look at Jean.

SARAH
Did you read this?

JEAN
I did.

SARAH
Then you know that he loved you.

JEAN
I do.

SARAH
He said to tell you, "Don't let the music stop."

JEAN
Yes. I told him I wouldn't.

SARAH
Thank you, Monsieur.

JEAN
He said to tell you that he loved you. That he would always love you. That you should live a good life. And that you were light in the darkness.

Sarah smiles through her tears. She can feel the presence of her father in Jean's message.

JEAN (CONT'D)
I also want to give you this.

Jean hands Sofie his violin case. She takes it, opening it to look inside. The picture of Else is gone.

JEAN (CONT'D)
It's for Emil. I hope one day he
plays like his grandfather.

SARAH
Thank you, Monsieur. It's very
kind.

She closes the case reverentially.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Do you want to stay? It's Shabbat,
and I'm sure it's been quite the
journey. I don't ever light
candles, because--

JEAN
Because--

SARAH
Yes. Stay for dinner. Light the
candles with me.

INT. SOFIE HERVE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Sarah, Jean stand at places around a simple dining table, a
candlestick and loaf of bread sitting on top.

SARAH
Do you know the prayer?

JEAN
I do.

SARAH
Would you mind?

JEAN
But I'm not Jewish.

SARAH
You're family. That's Jewish
enough.

A single candle sits on a table, reminiscent of the opening
scene. A match is struck. Jean lights the wick.

JEAN
Barukh ata Adonai Eloheinu, Melekh
ha'olam, asher kid'shanu
b'mitzvotav v'tzivanu l'hadlik ner
shel Shabbat.

Jean looks at Sarah to see if he's done it correctly.

SARAH

That was perfect. My father would
be proud.

INT. BOAT WASHROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Copenhagen, Six weeks later.

Jean looks into a mirror and straightens a crisp white bowtie. He pulls on a white coat over his white shirt.

He ensures his hair is perfect, gives his face a once over, and exits the small room.

EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

Jean takes a seat on a small stage with three other musicians.

Jean pulls out a new-to-him violin from a different violin case, and they begin playing, as the boat -a passenger ship- pulls out of port.

As they play, Nazi soldiers and civilians move about.

INT. BELOW DECK - NIGHT

Jean lays in a bunk, eyes open, conducting an imaginary symphony with his fingers, working on his piece in his head as he holds the picture of Else in his hands.

EXT. TØNSBERG BOAT DOCK - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Tønsberg, Norway

The passenger ship has docked. People disembark. Luggage is removed. Soldiers move about. Norway is also German occupied, but the end of the war is near.

Jean steps off the boat, carrying his new violin case and small satchel. The sun is out and though it's now late spring, it's still cold. Jean flips the collar of his overcoat up for warmth as he walks.

EXT. JOHNSON HOME - DAY

Else works a tiny bit of land where she grows small crops for food.

She is ten years older. Mature.

She sees a man coming up the road. With the sun in her eyes, she doesn't recognize him at first, but soon she sees it's Jean.

It's been a decade.

He sees that she sees him, and he is trying not to show his nervousness. She stands still, waiting, as he walks up to her.

They face each other, standing about ten paces apart.

ELSE

Jean?

JEAN

(Beat to take a deep
breath)

I said I'd walk across all of
Europe for you.

ELSE

You did.

JEAN

It took longer than I expected.

They stand facing each other, waiting for someone to make a move. From the house, a young girl, AIMEE (9, female) comes outside. Her hair is the same color as Jean's.

AIMEE

Mommy, who is this man?

Jean and Else hold each other's gaze. Jean is frozen. Else breaks eye contact to look at the girl.

ELSE

Come here. I want you to meet
someone.

Jean is shocked. He steps forward and kneels to be at eye level with Aimee.

JEAN
(Nervous, shaking)
Hello. My name is Jean. What's your name?

She is hesitant.

ELSE
Don't be afraid. Tell him your name.

Aimee looks at him and takes an inventory of him.

AIMEE
(Shy)
Aimee, sir.

JEAN
Aimee! That's a beautiful name.

Jean looks up at Else with a questioning look on his face. She meets his gaze and gives him a slight nod.

Jean is her father.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Why didn't you write to tell me?

ELSE
I wanted to write to you. I've written that letter a dozen times. Then the Germans came and--

Jean isn't mad. His confusion turns to joy as he looks at his daughter for the first time. He ventures to touch her hair.

AIMEE
What's in that case?

JEAN
A violin. Do you play?

AIMEE
No Sir.

JEAN
Would you like to learn?

Overcome with emotion, he pulls Aimee into a hug. Else steps in and joins them. Jean cries as he holds them close. His journey is over.

INT. JOHNSON HOME - NIGHT

Aimee stands holding a violin playing scales.

Her notes are excellent, as Jean instructs her. A German Shepherd puppy gnaws on a bone nearby.

She hits a note that causes the instrument to make a howling noise - the wolf tone. She plays on.

A photo of the real Jean Lucelle, holding his violin, is shown on the screen.

SUPERIMPOSE: Inspired by a True Story

FADE OUT

THE END