

INCARNATE

"Life Before Life"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. SIMON'S ROOM, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS, FRANCE - AFTERNOON 1  
(13 AUG, 2006)

Silence, but for the incessant BATTER of rain on the window. The 3\* furnishings lie in dim light - a double bed with pillows bearing the logo "Hôtel Sceau", a chaise lounge and two chairs surrounded by camera equipment, a dressing table where SIMON HAYES (23) hunches over his laptop. He looks drawn and haggard. The blue glare reflects off his glasses as he stares unblinkingly at the screen. One of the lenses is badly cracked. His lips move silently as he reads, clicks, reads. Words bounce off the screen at him in a seemingly incoherent jumble.

"...time is an illusion..." "Einstein's theory of relativity..." "...motion warps time..." "Hafele-Keating experiment..." "...atomic clocks on airliners..." "...out of sync..." "...Lorentz Factor..." "...time dilation..." "...the faster one clock travels, the slower it ticks..." "...to travel backwards time essentially must slow to a negative value..." "...assumption that nothing can travel faster than the speed of light is false, providing the object does not consist of mass..."

SIMON

But what if...

He types "mass v. wave speed" into the search engine and chews his thumbnail as he reads. "...electromagnetic waves capable of traveling at the speed of light..." "...brain waves..." "...Dr B.V. Munroe has suggested that thought can potentially travel faster than the speed of light..."  
"...Gamma...Beta...Alpha...Theta...Delta..."

SIMON clears the search field and dictates as he types.

SIMON (CONT'D)

"Brain waves during Past Life  
Regression." Search.

"...Sigma, a brain-wave speed during regression..."  
"...faster than the speed of light..."

SIMON's eyes widen and his mouth falls agape. He jumps at a loud KNOCK on the door. He shakes himself alert and rubs his eyes behind his specs. He stares at the screen for a moment longer, his breath becoming wheezy and he snatches up an

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asthma inhaler as he goes to answer the door.

NICK TAYLOR (23), blond and good-looking, strides in.

NICK

I wanted to get here before Amanda.  
Don't go shooting your mouth off about  
this to her or she'll end up packing  
it all-

SIMON

We can change things, Nick.

SIMON shuts the door and stares wildly at his step-brother.

NICK

(impatiently)  
God, Simon. Please-

SIMON

It's not as fanciful as you think. I'm  
not mad. We can change things. We can  
change history... We can save her.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 EXT. 57 RUE DES JARDINS, AMIENS - DAWN 2

SUPER: 21ST MAY, 1940, AMIENS, FRANCE.

NOTE: THE DIALOGUE IN THIS SCENE AND ALL SCENES HEREAFTER FEATURING CATHERINE JACQUOT ARE SPOKEN IN FRENCH AND SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH.

Smoke hangs over the city, darkening the dawn. A PEASANT FAMILY restacks their cart of belongings in front of an eloquent house pock-marked by bullets.

They leap in surprise when bursting out of 57's front door flies CATHERINE JACQUOT (18), a Jewish girl, flimsy shoes pat-patting on the cobbles. She looks strangely unkempt given the opulence of her residence.

CATHERINE looks around wildly, taking in the rubble and devastation around her. Her gaze continues down the street to an idling lorry. Amidst the belching exhaust fumes, a dark male figure helps others into the back.

CATHERINE

Papa?

She sprints down the street. People skulking in the shadows recoil from what she might be running from. The man heaves a luggage trunk over the tailgate.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Papa?

He hears her, turns, and CATHERINE skids to a halt. It is a stranger, DURAS (40s). He holds out a hand to her.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

My father. Benoit Jacquot...

DURAS

(to lorry inhabitants)

Benoit Jacquot?

A dozen dirty and miserable faces shrouded in shadow stare back at them, eyes dead from the shock of the invasion. CATHERINE clutches the tailgate and leans in further.

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CATHERINE

Have you seen him? He is a doctor.  
Docteur Jacquot.

A couple of heads shake, most continue to stare. CATHERINE pushes herself away in despair. The peasant family trundle past and she darts over to the PEASANT FATHER.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Have you seen my father? Dr Jacquot?

Eyes averted, the PEASANT FATHER keeps walking. CATHERINE tries to waylay the PEASANT MOTHER.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Have you seen him? I'm looking for my  
father. Please!

The PEASANT MOTHER clutches her BABY tighter and hurries after her family. Helplessly, CATHERINE watches them go.

DURAS

Ma'emoiselle. Amiens has been taken.  
The authorities are directing us to  
Paris. If your father's a doctor then  
he's probably been drafted there.

DURAS unravels the dirty canvas over the back of the lorry and skirts around to the cab. He holds the door open for CATHERINE. She hesitates. She looks back up the street to her home, looks up at the smoke against the paling sky.

Uncertainly, she clutches the necklace at her throat, a Star of David pendant inset with a precious sapphire (the FLEUR DE L'ALEXANDRIE). DURAS gestures inside one last time. With a deep breath, CATHERINE steps forward and clambers into the cab.

3 EXT. ROAD, OUTSKIRTS OF BEAUVAIS - NOON

3

Beneath the fierce sun, an endless line of REFUGEES trundle south along a road between vast fields of golden wheat. Abandoned cars have been pushed into ditches. A battalion of FRENCH SOLDIERS struggles through the throngs of people, carts and vehicles in the opposite direction.

Duras' lorry is in the the thick of the Exodus.

4 INT. LORRY CAB (MOVING), BEAUVAIS OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

4

CATHERINE wakes from her uncomfortable slumber with a start.

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The heat of the sun has turned the cab into a furnace and, beneath the Fleur de l'Alexandrie, her chest is slick with sweat. She is squashed between DURAS, rolling a cigarette, and three other dirty-faced PASSENGERS, who smell particularly unsavoury.

CATHERINE

Where are we?

DURAS

Just past Beauvais.

Out of the window CATHERINE spots a fracas up ahead - rifles lifted high, army uniforms - and she stiffens in alarm. She relaxes again as they come closer and she recognises the square cap and brown uniform of the FRENCH SOLDIERS.

DURAS (CONT'D)

Are you thirsty? We may as well stop here for a break.

5 EXT. LORRY (STATIONARY), BEAUVAIS OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

5

CATHERINE climbs stiffly down from the cab after DURAS and is struck by a dizzy spell. DURAS bangs on the side of the lorry to let the occupants know they have stopped. He flicks a match with his dirty fingers and lights his cigarette then hands CATHERINE his water flask. CATHERINE drinks greedily. DURAS gently prises it away from her lips.

DURAS

Leave some for me.

CATHERINE smiles awkwardly but DURAS doesn't care. He pinches his cigarette between his teeth and holds out a hand.

DURAS (CONT'D)

I'm Duras.

CATHERINE

Catherine.

Her hand is gruffly shaken. She turns her attention to the REFUGEES trudging by, shoulders heavy, heads down, old, young, rich, poor. Some take cover from the sun beneath their carts and the occasional tree.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Who are all these people?

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DURAS  
Refugees. Like us.

CATHERINE is taken aback. She has not yet considered herself a refugee. DURAS grins.

DURAS (CONT'D)  
We are all trying to escape the  
Germans, yet what we should be doing  
is climbing one of those hills.

He points to a small humpback cluster of hills across the broad stretch of wheat.

DURAS (CONT'D)  
The Germans hate hills.

He chuckles at his own humour. CATHERINE looks shocked.

CATHERINE  
Where are they all going?

DURAS  
Paris, like us, maybe? Hitler is  
pushing us all south. It is up to him  
how far we must go to escape.

CATHERINE  
And to them.

CATHERINE points to the FRENCH SOLDIERS, red-faced in the heat, wrestling their way north. DURAS shakes his head sadly.

DURAS  
Such young boys. Yesterday, their  
mothers still did their washing.  
Today, they are sent to protect us.  
(beat) So your father is a doctor?

CATHERINE  
Yes. He left to help at the hospital.

DURAS  
Then, like I said, he has probably  
been drafted to Paris. (teasing) If he  
is any good, of course.

CATHERINE  
The best.

She fingers the Fleur de l'Alexandrie at her throat and DURAS

(CONTINUED)

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points to it, twisted cigarette pinched between his fingers.

DURAS

I would keep that hidden if I were you. Soon, it won't be just the Germans who want rid of the Jews. People will do crazy things when they're frightened.

CATHERINE's grip on her necklace tightens and she looks around fearfully. She hastily unclips the necklace and slips it into her dress pocket. DURAS nods his approval and takes a last long drag of his cigarette.

DURAS (CONT'D)

Time to move on. We will need to find fuel from somewhere before long.

CATHERINE

(horrified)

What will we do if we run out?

DURAS

We walk. (laughs at CATHERINE's shocked expression) Fifty miles won't kill you. Some of these people have walked from Holland and Belgium.

His laughter fades as a HUMMING sound drifts their way. A frightened MURMUR ripples through the REFUGEES. The hum becomes a GROWL. DURAS shades his eyes and looks up at the sky. CATHERINE follows his gaze. Little black specks appear on the horizon, grow into Stuka planes.

The REFUGEES are roused from their lethargy as they scramble for cover, but there is nowhere to hide. They latch onto the FRENCH SOLDIERS, who try to shrug them off as they kneel down and steady their rifles.

The planes dive, a high-pitched WHISTLE then a RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT as they open fire. CATHERINE is frozen to the spot.

DURAS (CONT'D)

Get down!

He tackles her to the ground, knocking the air out of her. CATHERINE gasps for breath under the weight of DURAS. Bullets spit up the dusty red earth near her head and she cringes away.

Just as quickly as they appeared, the planes vanish. Their

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growl and angry chatter is replaced by the pitiful WAIL of the wounded and distraught. DURAS still lies atop CATHERINE and she struggles to get free.

CATHERINE

Duras. Duras?

DURAS doesn't respond. With a last shove, CATHERINE rolls him aside and scrambles to her feet. DURAS stares up at her, laughing eyes lifeless, a thin watery trail of blood seeping from the corner of his mouth. A black pool of blood spreads out beneath him.

Trembling, CATHERINE steps back. Her dress is bloody. She pats her body, but she is unharmed. It is Duras's blood. She looks around in panic.

Most of the FRENCH SOLDIERS lie dead, their rifles discarded from limp bloodied hands. More bodies litter the road. A pram lies on its side, its wheels still spinning. An ELDERLY UPPER-CLASS WOMAN cries over a MAN's body. Other survivors crawl out of ditches, looking as terrified as CATHERINE.

She searches the sky for more planes, then around for an escape. There is nowhere. She spots the hills that Duras had pointed to and without a second thought, springs from the road and sprints through the wheat field towards them.

The sounds of the WAILING is replaced with SOOTHING MUSIC.

END OF SUBTITLES.

SIMON (V.O.)

Five...four...three...you are becoming  
more aware of your surroundings...  
two...

6 INT. SIMON'S ROOM, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - AFTERNOON

6

SUPER: 10TH AUGUST, 2006, AMIENS, FRANCE.

AMANDA WOODBINE (24) lies apparently asleep on the chaise lounge. NICK mans a camera tripod while SIMON (glasses intact), his eyes flitting over her beauty, speaks gently.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You are feeling more alert to the  
sounds and smells around...and  
one...you're awake.

AMANDA's eyes flicker open. She sucks in a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

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AMANDA

It worked, didn't it?

SIMON

You okay?

AMANDA

I - I think so. Better than Catherine,  
at any rate.

NICK switches off the camera and unscrews it from the tripod  
to pack away.

NICK

Nothing we can do about it now. But  
it's exactly what we need. Just a few  
more to check out and we'll have a  
BAFTA-winning documentary on our  
hands.

AMANDA

Isn't Catherine's story enough?

NICK

Sorry, darling. Yours is interesting  
though so we might lead with it.  
Unless of course we stumble upon  
Genghis Khan or Napoleon's soul  
festering in someone else's body.

AMANDA

Or Hitler?

NICK

That would be a bit of a coincidence,  
don't you think? Hitler and a French  
Jew in the same PLR study?

SIMON

My past life was from the same era.  
Daniel Burrows could only have been a  
few years older than Catherine.

NICK

A: he was British and B: we haven't  
exactly been able to prove he even  
existed, have we?

SIMON

You think I made him up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

No, but the guy's not on any electoral roll, we can't find any birth or death certificate. Nothing that proves reincarnation exists.

SIMON

I'm just saying coincidence happens...

SIMON trails off when he sees Nick's look of annoyance. He turns to AMANDA, who is stretching her limbs.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Here, let me get you a water or something.

NICK

Fuck that. Let's get a proper drink; check out what Amiens has to offer.

SIMON

But we said we'd go to the library. We need to check these things out, Nick.

NICK rolls his eyes.

NICK

Okay, one hour. Then can we go play?

7 EXT. BIBLIOTHÈQUES D'AMIENS MÉTROPOLE, AMIENS - LATER 7

The yellow stone walls of the library glow golden in the sunlight. The courtyard is busy with tourists and students. SIMON and NICK walk through the gates and head for the entrance.

8 INT. MICROFICHE/COMPUTER AREA, BIBLIOTHÈQUES D'AMIENS MÉTROPOLE, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS 8

NICK half-heartedly flicks through the microfiche. He takes a sip from his styrofoam coffee cup and gags. He glances across at SIMON, sitting at a computer beside him.

NICK

You got anything yet, swot?

NICK wheels his chair over. Simon's screen shows a list of the Amiens' civil servants and minor celebrities. Under a list of doctors and hospital staff, SIMON points to one name: "Jacquot, Benoit. Surgeon."

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SIMON

That could be them, couldn't it?

NICK takes the mouse and clicks on the accompanying link. A scan of a tattered grainy photograph slowly loads, showing in the background a Disney-esque chateau. In the foreground appears a tall Jewish man, BENOIT JACQUOT, and CATHERINE dressed in a modest dress and neat shoes that make her look even younger.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(to himself)

She's beautiful.

NICK moves the cursor along the caption beneath the picture.

NICK

"Amiens surgeon Benoit Jacquot and his daughter Catherine at the family's Chateau de Pierrecourt..." "Benoit Jacquot. Born 10th of December, 1888, Metz. Death recorded 16th of January, 1942, Belzec Extermination Camp."

SIMON and NICK exchange regretful glances.

SIMON

"Catherine Jacquot. Born 16th of August, 1921, Amiens. Detained 22nd of May, 1940..." "Couldn't have been long after she left Amiens with Duras."

SIMON is distraught. He takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes. NICK raises an eyebrow.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Been staring at the screen too long.

NICK

Dead, do you think?

SIMON

She had to die at some point.

NICK

Otherwise we wouldn't have been blessed with darling Amanda.

SIMON shoots him a warning glance and NICK backs off.

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CONTINUED:

SIMON

All it says is that she was detained by some Sturmbannführer Heinrich Schneider, but nothing on what happened next.

The name zaps NICK like an electric shock.

NICK

Who?

SIMON misinterprets Nick's question.

SIMON

Stop it. I don't know how you pronounce it. Sturmbannführer Heinrich Schneider.

NICK hastily tries to compose himself.

NICK

Maybe Amanda can fill in some blanks.

SIMON clicks on the Print icon and gets up to find the printer. NICK watches him go for a couple of seconds then slides his chair closer to the computer. He clicks on the hyperlink on Schneider's name.

A new page slowly loads another old portrait photograph. It reveals a handsome blond man, STURMBANNFÜHRER HEINRICH SCHNEIDER (late 40s), dressed in a Nazi officer's uniform.

NICK is dumbfounded.

SIMON (O.S.)

Sorted.

SIMON returns and NICK quickly closes the page. He beams up at SIMON in false delight.

NICK

Great! What say we go find Amanda now?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9 EXT. RUE DES TROIS CAILLOUX, AMIENS - A SHORT WHILE LATER 9

SIMON strolls down the pedestrianised street surrounded by modern designer shops behind which peeps the city's Renaissance architecture. NICK and AMANDA walk on ahead. SIMON closes his eyes, enjoying the warm sun and the MURMUR of French voices passing him by.

He opens his eyes to see a young couple cuddling and laughing on a bench. The dark-haired GIRL giggles as her BOYFRIEND whispers in her ear. As SIMON stares, she morphs into CATHERINE, beautiful and innocent. He is transfixed.

BOYFRIEND

(sarcastically)(in French)

Can I help you?

SIMON blinks. CATHERINE is replaced by the GIRL staring, affronted, at him, the BOYFRIEND with open hostility.

SIMON

Pardon.

He shuffles away, bumps into a group of GERMAN TOURISTS who mutter at him. He comes face to face with a jewellery storefront. SIMON composes himself, shakes off his embarrassment when his eye is caught by a pretty sapphire necklace. He peers closer at the price: €119,00. He winces.

SIMON glances toward NICK and AMANDA, almost lost in the crowds. He hesitates a moment more then pulls himself together and walks into the store.

10 EXT. HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - EARLY EVENING 10

People dine in pavement cafes lit by the soft golden glow of the evening sun, which reflects off the hotel room windows.

11 INT. SIMON'S ROOM, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS 11

SIMON fiddles with the tripod camera by the chaise lounge. Sunshine streams through the window where the Gothic spires of Cathedrale Notre Dame d'Amiens are just visible. He glances at his watch - 7:10pm. Nick and Amanda are late. He turns on his dictaphone. It BEEPS.

SIMON delves into a side-pocket of his overnight case and

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pulls out a packet of batteries and a torn dog-eared photograph which has become stuck to it.

SIMON darts a precautionary look at the closed door then sits down to study the photograph. It is discoloured with age and shows a thick-set man JOHN HAYES (40s), 80s styled, and a skinny YOUNG SIMON (12) posing in front of a red Peugeot 406. SIMON traces a finger along the jagged edge of the tear. Only a few blonde hairs flying across the tear and a feminine hand around Young Simon's shoulder give away a third person was once in the photo.

12 INT. 1ST FLOOR LANDING, HAYES FLAT, LONDON - DAY (FLASHBACK) 12

A low HUM of a distant car engine steadily drones. A door JINGLES open followed by DRUMMING footsteps up the stairs.

YOUNG SIMON skids on the rug around the corner like a seasoned expert, his rucksack slaps against framed headshots of his mother, actress OLIVIA HAYES-TAYLOR, on the wall.

YOUNG SIMON

Dad?

13 INT. KITCHEN, HAYES FLAT, LONDON - CONTINUOUS 13

YOUNG SIMON pokes his head into the empty kitchen. Darting a look over his shoulder, he whips a couple of ginger biscuits out of the tin then continues his search.

YOUNG SIMON (O.S.)

Dad?

14 INT. 1ST FLOOR LANDING, HAYES FLAT, LONDON - CONTINUOUS 14

YOUNG SIMON stuffs his mouth with a biscuit.

YOUNG SIMON

(spitting crumbs)

Dad! You've got cufftomers in the fop!

YOUNG SIMON pauses to listen. The HUM of the car engine becomes more acute. His tennis shoes bend over the lip of the top step that leads down to the interconnecting garage door. The garage door remains ominously closed.

Suddenly there is a loud BANGING on it.

END OF FLASHBACK.

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CONTINUED:

15 INT. SIMON'S ROOM, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS

15

SIMON is jolted alert by another loud bout of knocking.

SIMON  
Coming! Hold on!

SIMON stuffs the photo back in his case and hurries to open the door. AMANDA saunters in. SIMON is immediately nervous.

AMANDA  
Where's Nick?

SIMON  
Late.

AMANDA surveys her surroundings, looks out of the window.

AMANDA  
You have a better view than me.

SIMON  
We can swap if you like?

AMANDA  
No. Mine's closer to the lifts, to the bar. Speaking of which...

AMANDA spies the minibar. She squats down and surveys its contents. SIMON reaches into his pocket and half-withdraws a jewellery box.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
You want one?

AMANDA pours a little bottle of wine into a glass. SIMON shoves the box back inside his pocket. He shakes his head.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
God, Simon. You need to live a little.

SIMON  
We have work to do.

AMANDA  
He's got to be the laziest person I know.

SIMON  
Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA  
Nick, of course.

SIMON  
He'll be here soon.

AMANDA  
You and me, we work.

SIMON sends her a doubtful look.

SIMON  
Nick doesn't have to work.

AMANDA  
Why do you though? Doesn't your family share its dosh?

SIMON  
(uncomfortably)  
I don't want their money. Besides, we're not family-family.

AMANDA  
(snorts in derision)  
You're mad, Simon. You have all the Taylor riches offered to you on a plate and you choose to run a pawnbroker's shop.

SIMON  
Maybe running a pawnbroker's shop has taught me that money doesn't equate to value.

AMANDA  
What?

SIMON  
People come in with their most prized possessions in exchange but I can never offer them enough to truly equal the sentimental value of the item.

AMANDA  
Who says you can't be sentimental about money? What I'd like is some lonely old fool with more money than he can possibly love alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON

(quietly)

Not if you want to keep the love and respect of your son, you won't.

AMANDA

That won't be an issue. I won't have kids. Pregnancy ruins the body.

SIMON

(distracted)

She gets the roles, but Joe's a bastard to her.

AMANDA

We all have to make sacrifices.

SIMON

Would you sacrifice love for fame?

AMANDA

Same thing, isn't it? With fame comes adoration. Who could be more-

SIMON

Amanda.

AMANDA

Yes?

SIMON fumbles in his pocket for the jewellery box and holds it out to her.

SIMON

I saw this today... and thought of you. (beat) I mean, it's nothing really. Just a-a-

AMANDA opens the box and gasps in delight.

AMANDA

Why, Simon.

SIMON

Actually, it's not nothing. It's special. You're special. To me, I mean. Still. I just wanted you to know that.

SIMON nervously meets her eyes. AMANDA's smile wavers, but broadens again when she extracts the necklace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

Isn't this a sapphire?

SIMON

Do you need a-

But she's already fastened it around her throat. AMANDA picks up her mobile phone and lifts it high, pouting up at it. The camera clicks and she examines the selfie.

AMANDA

Gorgeous.

AMANDA reaches across the table and squeezes SIMON's hand. SIMON searches her face for some sort of return of his affection but she's already posting her selfie to social media. SIMON sighs in disappointment.

There is a quick KNOCK on the door and NICK lets himself in.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Where were you? We've been waiting ages.

NICK

Nowhere. Let's get started, shall we?

16 EXT. GROMAIRE FARM YARD, BEAUVAIS - TWILIGHT

16

A cluster of outbuildings are lit by the rising moon. Scattered alder trees glow silver, rustling in an asthmatic breeze. A mule in a pen crunches through his hay, SNORTING. There is the occasional CLUCK or SNORT of drowsy farm animals and the CHIRP of crickets but otherwise everything is quiet.

An outbuilding door GRINDS against the ground and opens just enough for CATHERINE to slip out through. In the near distance a dog BARKS.

CATHERINE creeps across the farmyard in search of water. She ducks into the mule pen and gives a STRANGLED YELP as the shadowed mule SNORTS and wheels away. She falls backwards into a manure pile as she scrambles out of the pen.

She rounds a barn and stops short. 50 metres away is a four-square farmhouse, windows alight. CATHERINE is torn between the comfort of a home and the threat of strangers.

DURAS (V.O.)

People will do crazy things when they are frightened.

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CATHERINE becomes aware of the sound of water DRIPPING onto tin. She darts one last anxious look at the farmhouse then turns back in search of the water source.

She finds the bucket outside another ramshackle outbuilding and scoops it into her mouth. It tastes revolting and CATHERINE splutters. Such is her thirst though, she scoops again. Unable to scoop any more, she upends the bucket into her mouth. She gets a mouthful of diesel-flavoured silt which had gathered at the bottom and she drops the bucket with a CRASH, gagging and coughing.

The dog BARKS again, more insistent. CATHERINE freezes. She rises to her feet and hastily searches for cover. She skirts around the barn, keeping to the shadows, looking back over her shoulder.

She is brought up short by the CLICK of a rifle hammer. LOUIS GROMAIRE (40s), a portly mustachioed man, stands before her, pointing a shotgun at her. CATHERINE staggers backwards in fright, trips over an apple crate and falls to the ground.

GROMAIRE

Who are you? What are you doing?

CATHERINE

(hyperventilating)

I-I-I... I'm just looking for water.

GROMAIRE pushes the nozzle of the gun against her cheek and she whimpers. GROMAIRE darts an anxious look around.

GROMAIRE

Are you alone?

CATHERINE

(nodding)

They killed Duras. He was going to help me find Papa. It was my fault...

CATHERINE's voice trails off in a pitiful squeak. Tears streak her dirty face. GROMAIRE half-lowers his gun, sympathy tussling with suspicion.

GROMAIRE

You were in the air raid?

She nods pitifully as sobs convulsing her body. GROMAIRE sighs and decocks his gun. He holds out a hand and helps CATHERINE to her feet. Only then does he notice the dark brown stain on her dress.

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GROMAIRE (CONT'D)

Are you hurt?

CATHERINE

(shaking her head)

Duras...

GROMAIRE

You had better come with me.

GROMAIRE starts to walk in the direction of the farmhouse. CATHERINE looks to escape. There are glimpses of the silvery wheat through the trees where she could run. GROMAIRE retraces his steps and takes her by the arm.

GROMAIRE (CONT'D)

(gently)

My family will be worrying. It's been a scary day for us all. What's your name? I'm Monsieur Gromaire.

CATHERINE

Catherine Jacquot. I'm looking for my father Benoit...

17 INT. KITCHEN, GROMAIRE FARMHOUSE, BEAUVAIS - CONTINUOUS

17

Beneath the light of hurricane lamps in a large stone kitchen, sits AGATHE GROMAIRE (40s), a tall broad woman with salt and pepper hair tied back in a severe bun. She strips runner beans into a bowl onto a large wooden table.

On the floor two children, OCTAVE (11) and HÉLÈNE (8) play tug of war with a mongrel puppy.

The door is opened and GROMAIRE appears with CATHERINE in his wake. He kicks out another dog trying to sneak in with them.

GROMAIRE

Maman, we have a guest for dinner.

AGATHE's chair falls back and the bowl clatters as she stands, startled. Instinctively, she rushes to shield OCTAVE and HÉLÈNE behind her heavy skirts.

AGATHE

Who is she?

GROMAIRE

She was caught in the air raid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE

Good evening, madame. I apologise for my intrusion.

GROMAIRE

Catherine Jacquot, please meet my wife Agathe, and my children Octave and H  l  ne.

OCTAVE and H  L  NE peak out from behind AGATHE's skirts.

AGATHE

Louis! What are you doing? You don't know who she is!

GROMAIRE

I couldn't just leave her out there.

GROMAIRE sets his rifle down and pulls off his boots.

CATHERINE

I-I shouldn't stay.

GROMAIRE

Nonsense! I can't possibly allow a young girl to wander around at night. You must stay. Maman?

OCTAVE steps out from behind AGATHE and his expression lights up at the sight of Catherine's dress.

OCTAVE

Is that blood?

H  L  NE cringes away at the prospect and hugs the puppy closer. AGATHE sends a fearful glance her way then confronts GROMAIRE again.

AGATHE

She could be anyone!

GROMAIRE

We must do our part. Besides, she doesn't look dangerous.

GROMAIRE regards CATHERINE doubtfully and she does her best not to look suspicious.

AGATHE

Are you Jewish?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE instinctively reaches for the Fleur de l'Alexandrie at her throat before she remembers it is in her pocket. A moment's hesitation then she shakes her head.

CATHERINE

No, madame. I am just trying to get to Paris to find my father.

GROMAIRE

At least let her stay for dinner.

AGATHE's shoulders finally sink in defeat and, after giving GROMAIRE a filthy look, returns to her runner beans.

GROMAIRE (CONT'D)

Good, good! That's settled then.

CATHERINE musters a smile. She looks at AGATHE watching her under suspicious brows. CATHERINE gulps uneasily.

18 EXT. HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - DAY (11 AUG, 2006) 18

SIMON, NICK and AMANDA disappear through the revolving doors, deep in discussion.

19 INT. FOYER, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS 19

SIMON, NICK and AMANDA reappear through the revolving doors into the light and airy foyer of their hotel.

AMANDA

Then ask your grandfather for more money.

NICK

(annoyed)

It doesn't work like that. This is my test, don't you see? He's not going to hand over Taylor Made Television to me if I can't handle this myself.

SIMON

We could find people who lived through the events Catherine went through and get their first-hand accounts instead.

NICK

We've only got until the end of the week. We can't go around interviewing the entire French OAP population on their war experiences. Besides,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK (CONT'D)  
they've probably all snuffed it.

SIMON  
What about a trip to Beauvais then? We  
at least need to see if the Gromaire  
farm existed.

NICK  
Fine. We can go to Beauvais.

The CONCIERGE sees them and waves to NICK.

CONCIERGE  
Monsieur Taylor! A package has arrived  
for you.

SIMON  
You expecting something?

NICK appears overly nonchalant. The CONCIERGE disappears  
behind his desk and reappears with a box.

NICK  
Oh, I'll pick it up later.

But AMANDA is already at the desk looking at it. SIMON  
follows her over, recognises the Taylor-Made Television logo.

SIMON  
Looks like it's from Joe.

AMANDA  
Why's your grandfather sending you  
things? I thought you wanted to do  
this on your own?

NICK looks unusually annoyed. He scribbles his signature on  
the clipboard and takes the box.

NICK  
It's just a couple of reference books  
I asked him to send, okay? Look, I've  
got a headache. I'll see you guys  
later.

AMANDA  
Whatever.

NICK walks over to the lifts leaving SIMON and AMANDA alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA (CONT'D)

What's eating him?

SIMON

Probably Joe interfering. He can get pushy.

AMANDA

Do you want to go for a drink?

SIMON looks flattered, overjoyed.

SIMON

Yeah, yeah. Of course. Sure.

20 INT. NICK'S ROOM, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS

20

NICK sits on his bed and rips open the packing and unfolds the box. Carefully, he takes out three leather-bound journals, old and creased and dog-eared. A note slips out and NICK picks it up to read it.

"Don't know what you want with these but guard them with your life. Grandpa."

NICK takes a deep breath and wipes his clammy palms on his shirt before picking up the first journal again. He opens it up on the first page then flicks through a few more before stopping again and back-tracking a couple of pages. The heading reads:

"Der 22. Mai, 1940"

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE, BEAUVAIS - NOON (12 AUG, 2006) 21

A hire car pulls up outside and SIMON and NICK exit the car and make for the entrance to the store.

22 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE, BEAUVAIS - CONTINUOUS 22

SIMON and NICK raid the drinks fridge and snack aisle.

NICK

We're wasting our time. They're not listed, we don't have an address. All we have is Amanda's description of a stone farmhouse - whoop-dee-doo, what are the chances in France - a bunch of outbuildings which have probably long since been pulled down and wheat fields which have probably since been developed into housing.

They carry on to the till where an ELDERLY WOMAN and a TEEN GIRL are serving.

TEEN GIRL

Can I interest you in our special on fruit baskets? Only twenty Euros.

SIMON

No thanks. (to Nick) Then we come back with Amanda and see if she recognises anything.

NICK

She stayed how long - a couple of days? - with the Gromaires?

SIMON notices the ELDERLY WOMAN look up sharply at NICK's mention of the Gromaires.

SIMON

Pardon, madame. Have you lived in Beauvais for a long time?

The ELDERLY WOMAN says something scathing in French, slaps SIMON's change on the counter and turns away. SIMON is taken aback. He collects their jumble of junk food and drink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEEN GIRL

You must excuse my grandmother. You are visiting here in Beauvais?

NICK

Actually we're trying to find a farm that was owned by some old friends - well, not our friends. It was during the war, a bit before our-

SIMON

Will you ask your grandmother if she recognises the name Gromaire?

She doesn't need to. The ELDERLY WOMAN gives SIMON a suspicious look. She mutters to the TEEN GIRL.

TEEN GIRL

The Gromaires are still living here.

SIMON nearly drops his Pringles.

SIMON

But we couldn't find them in the telephone directory.

TEEN GIRL

I doubt whether Octave and H el ene have a phone.

NICK

Octave and H el ene?

SIMON

But they must be...

TEEN GIRL

Old. Yes. They live alone in that big farmhouse. No children. Nobody. They keep to themselves.

SIMON

Do you know where the farmhouse is?

TEEN GIRL

That depends. A fruit basket or two would make good gifts if you are planning on visiting the Gromaires.

NICK reluctantly peels €40 from his wallet. The TEEN GIRL beams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

23 EXT. GROMAIRE FARMHOUSE, BEAUVAIS - A SHORT WHILE LATER 23

SIMON and NICK pull up outside the four-square farmhouse, now a shabby shadow of its former self. The window shutters are falling off and the paint peeling. To the side, the outbuildings are now nothing but ruins.

24 EXT. FRONT DOOR, GROMAIRE FARMHOUSE, BEAUVAIS - CONTINUOUS 24

SIMON and NICK pick their way along a path overgrown with weeds and wild flowers to the front door. NICK carries a fruit basket while SIMON carries a tripod and camera bag. NICK knocks on the door. SIMON wrinkles his nose and examines the underside of his shoes.

SIMON

You smell dog shit?

NICK

And chicken shit.

NICK knocks again. The door is opened with a plaintive whine. A frail elderly HÉLÈNE GROMAIRE is bent over a cane.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

Oui?

For a moment, SIMON and NICK stare at her, unable to grasp they have found a real person previously only known through Amanda's consciousness.

SIMON

Bonjour, madame. Parlez-vous anglais?

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

Who are you?

SIMON

Thank you. Are you Hélène Gromaire?

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE hesitates, glances nervously beyond them.

NICK

Madame, we are so sorry to bother you. We hope we haven't interrupted anything. However, we couldn't reach you by telephone. My name is Nick Taylor. This is my brother Simon. We are filmmakers from England.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON

We were hoping you could help us in our search for a woman who might have stayed here.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

We don't do lodgings.

NICK

It would have been many years ago. During the war.

SIMON

Her name is Catherine Jacquot.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

I'm sorry. I don't know anyone by that name.

She goes to shut the door and SIMON puts out a foot to stop it. He pulls out the photo of Catherine and Benoit at Chateau de Pierrecourt and holds it out to ELDERLY HÉLÈNE.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE hooks her glasses over her ears and peers at the photograph. Her frown disappears and her milky eyes widen. She looks up at SIMON, mouth agape.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE (CONT'D)

That girl? Catherine?

SIMON

Yes! You recognise her?

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

I haven't thought of her in years! How do you know her? Why are you looking for her?

NICK

We're making a documentary about her. We would be honoured if you'd be part of it.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE is flattered but hesitant. SIMON takes in the crumbling stone walls and rotting wood beams.

SIMON

We would compensate you for your time, of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

25 INT. FRONT ROOM, GROMAIRE FARMHOUSE, BEAUVAIS - CONTINUOUS 25

SIMON and NICK set up a small camera tripod in the shabby front room. All the furnishings appear tired and threadbare, the few pictures on the wall are black and white photographs, now an aged yellow.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE reappears wearing a more colourful but no less vintage shawl and carrying a shaky tray of coffee.

SIMON

Is Octave here?

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE hesitates and sets about pouring strong black coffee into three cups.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

He is running errands.

SIMON and NICK are disappointed. They take their coffee and sit. NICK scratches at something on the cushion doubtfully.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE (CONT'D)

So how do you know about Catherine? I used to wonder about her. Are you family?

SIMON

No.

NICK

But we were told about her by a distant relative.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

(hopefully)

So she survived the war?

NICK

Unfortunately not.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

Oh. I so hoped she had lived. I'd have been only... eight years old then.

SIMON discreetly switches the camera on.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE (CONT'D)

Octave was older. He probably remembers it better than me. She had the prettiest hair, long and dark and  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE (CONT'D)

thick.

SIMON

So, Catherine really did hide on your farm?

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

Oh yes, but only for the one night. I think there had been some fighting or a bombing on the road earlier that day. Papa was so nervous. He would be pacing around with his gun, looking out every time the dog barked. Then he found Catherine. Mama was not happy about it. It wasn't her fault. She wasn't a bad person, but I think she was afraid - not of Catherine herself - but of what she represented. She was a Jew, non?

SIMON

(nodding)

Is that why Catherine stayed just the one night?

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

A Gestapo officer arrived the next day and... (glances at Octave's empty armchair)...and arrested her.

SIMON

Do you know where he took her?

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

(shaking her head)

A camp maybe, but it was still very early on in the war. I don't believe there were many camps set up that soon, in France at least. I used to wonder what became of her.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE is interrupted by the sound of a door opening and closing. Her face falls in panic.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE (CONT'D)

It is Octave. You must go. I'm sorry. There's nothing more I can say.

SIMON

But, can't you just tell us a bit more  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON (CONT'D)  
about her? What she was like? Did she  
say anything?

ELDERLY OCTAVE, a thickset whiskery man with a perpetual  
frown on his brow appears in the doorway.

ELDERLY OCTAVE  
What is this?

NICK jumps swiftly to his feet and holds out a hand which  
OCTAVE promptly ignores.

NICK  
Monsieur Gromaire, I am Nick Taylor.  
We're making a documentary for Taylor  
Made Television which H el ene has been  
kindly helping us with.

ELDERLY OCTAVE doesn't respond. He simply glares at ELDERLY  
H EL ENE. She climbs to her feet with the help of her cane.

ELDERLY H EL ENE  
I'm sorry. You must go now.

NICK nods to SIMON. SIMON switches off the camera and breaks  
down the tripod. ELDERLY H EL ENE is also disappointed, but she  
keeps a wary eye on her brother's unrelenting frown.

ELDERLY H EL ENE (CONT'D)  
I will see you out.

26 EXT. FRONT DOOR, GROMAIRE FARMHOUSE, BEAUVAIS - CONTINUOUS 26

The front door is opened and SIMON and NICK are escorted out  
by ELDERLY H EL ENE. SIMON pushes some money into her hand.

SIMON  
We're awfully sorry if we upset  
Octave. Is there anything else you can  
tell us about Catherine that you  
remember? Anything at all?

ELDERLY H EL ENE closes the door behind her.

ELDERLY H EL ENE  
She was only with us the one night.  
She stayed up in the attic. The  
Gestapo officer warned Papa-

ELDERLY H EL ENE pauses, frowning.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE (CONT'D)

But he didn't arrest him. Yet... A couple of years later, we hid a British airman. He stayed much longer. David. I remember his name. Ah. He was so tall and handsome. Even Maman liked him. I fell in love with him, how do you say - 'ead over 'eels?

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE's nostalgic smile disappears with the memory.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE (CONT'D)

Octave has always been very... protective. He thought it was dangerous and he was right. David was found, I don't know how. The Nazis were very powerful, very influential. They put him in a truck then the officer shot Papa for collaboration.

SIMON and NICK stared at her in surprise.

SIMON

They shot him? Dead?

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

(nodding)

Dear Papa. He only ever wanted to help

ELDERLY OCTAVE (O.S.)

Hélène!

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

You must go. (whispering) But perhaps you can come back another time? Octave runs errands in his van every morning until about this time. I can make you more coffee and maybe some biscuit.

27 INT. HIRE CAR (MOVING), GROMAIRE FARM YARD - CONTINUOUS

27

NICK reverses out of the farm yard.

NICK

So, what do you make of that?

SIMON

Octave totally ratted out that British airman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

And got his father killed.

SIMON

I wonder why that Gestapo guy who took Catherine - what was his name again? Schmidt? Schrader?

NICK shrugs but clearly knows the name.

NICK

Dunno. Maybe.

SIMON

No. Schneider, that was it. I wonder why Schneider didn't kill Gromaire for hiding a Jew then?

NICK

Maybe it wasn't such a big deal then.

SIMON

Yet he still arrested her.

NICK

Then perhaps he wasn't such a bad guy.

28 INT. ATTIC, GROMAIRE FARMHOUSE, BEAUVAIS - NIGHT

28

By the light of a hurricane lamp, CATHERINE sits on a narrow iron bed towel-drying her thick hair over one shoulder. She wears a borrowed nightgown while her dress hangs damp from a hook. It still shows faint traces of Duras' blood.

The attic stretches across the entire width of the house and is full of dusty broken furniture and apple crates piled high. At the far end overlooking the back yard is a large open window through which she can hear AGATHE feeding scraps and REPRIMANDING the dogs down below by the kitchen door.

Lost in her thoughts, tears well in CATHERINE's eyes. She squeezes them shut.

CATHERINE

(whispering)

Hashem, give me the strength and courage to be worthy of Duras' sacrifice. Blessed be He who lives forever and endures to Eternity; Blessed be He who redeems and saves; Blessed be His name-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE is interrupted by the squeak of the hatch-door opening slightly. Two sets of curious eyes peer in at her.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Hello?

The hatch opens wider and OCTAVE and HÉLÈNE clamber up into the room, carrying blankets. HÉLÈNE clutches a rag doll.

HÉLÈNE

Octave says you escaped from the German soldiers. Did you?

CATHERINE

You could say that.

OCTAVE dumps the blankets on the bed and turns to the much more important task of examining the bloodstains on Catherine's dress.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

That's a very pretty doll. What's her name?

HÉLÈNE

Francoise. Would you like to see?

CATHERINE takes the doll, stroking its woolen braids.

CATHERINE

Nice to meet you, Francoise.

HÉLÈNE

(bashfully)

She can sleep in your bed tonight if you like. She usually sleeps with me.

CATHERINE

Thank you Hélène!

HÉLÈNE

You have beautiful hair.

CATHERINE

Thank you. So do you.

HÉLÈNE

Can I plait it for you?

OCTAVE

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OCTAVE holds up the Fleur de l'Alexandrie he has found in the dress pocket. CATHERINE is on her feet in an instant, dropping the doll.

CATHERINE

Put that away! You aren't to touch it.

OCTAVE

Why? This is the Jewish symbol. You said you weren't Jewish.

CATHERINE lunges at him, but he side-steps her, laughing.

CATHERINE

I'm not. I - give it to me! Please! Give it back!

HÉLÈNE

Are you Jewish?

CATHERINE

No!

OCTAVE

Then why do you carry a Star of David?

CATHERINE

Octave!

The hatch-door whines open again and an angry AGATHE appears. OCTAVE bounces on the bed, making it squeak in objection.

AGATHE

What is going on here?

OCTAVE

She's a Jew, Mama! She's a Jew!

CATHERINE

No! He's lying! Give it back, Octave!

CATHERINE makes another grab at OCTAVE, but he bounces off the bed towards the hatch-door to show AGATHE his find. AGATHE turns puce and steps up into the room fully.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Please, madame. It means nothing-

AGATHE

Come Octave, come Hélène.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HÉLÈNE

Why, Mama? I want to plait her hair.

AGATHE

Now, Hélène! Get away from her.

HÉLÈNE sulkily takes her fallen rag doll and slides through the hatch-door after OCTAVE.

AGATHE (CONT'D)

Louis! Come here quickly! (to Catherine) You selfish girl. What do you think you're doing?

CATHERINE opens her mouth but no words come. She is scared, tired and ashamed to be denouncing her faith.

GROMAIRE climbs into the attic, making the space feel much smaller. CATHERINE backs away until her legs meet the bed.

GROMAIRE

What is the matter?

AGATHE shakes the Fleur de l'Alexandrie at him. He takes it to examine.

AGATHE

She is a liar! She said she was not Jewish! What do you call this?

GROMAIRE

Is it true?

CATHERINE cannot bear his disappointment and she hangs her head, nodding shamefully.

AGATHE

She cannot stay here.

CATHERINE

Monsieur Gromaire, I'm sorry! But please, don't send me to the Germans. Don't send me out there again.

AGATHE opens her mouth to speak but GROMAIRE silences her with a sharp raise of his finger. He steps across to CATHERINE and grabs her lower arm. CATHERINE cringes away. GROMAIRE presses the necklace into her palm.

GROMAIRE

You must carry on your journey...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GROMAIRE (CONT'D)  
 (glances at AGATHE)... first thing  
 tomorrow.

CATHERINE is weak with gratitude. She grasps his hand in both  
 of his and babbles unintelligible thanks.

AGATHE  
 You're letting her stay? Here? While  
 your children sleep below?

GROMAIRE  
 It is just for one night.

AGATHE stomps out of the attic, letting the hatch-door slam  
 behind her. GROMAIRE sighs in resignation and follows her.

Alone, CATHERINE clutches her necklace and collapses onto the  
 bed. Pulling her knees up, she closes her eyes and moves her  
 lips in prayer.

29 EXT. GROMAIRE FARMHOUSE, BEAUVAIS - MORNING 29

Two black vehicles, one an Admiral saloon, the other a small  
 military truck, pull up outside, scattering chickens. GERMAN  
 SOLDIERS disperse from the back of the truck to search the  
 grounds.

30 INT. ATTIC, GROMAIRE FARMHOUSE, BEAUVAIS - CONTINUOUS 30

CATHERINE is dressed and has just finished packing away her  
 bedding, when she hears VOICES and the dog BARKING outside.  
 She jumps at an abrupt knock on the front door. She kneels  
 and peers through a crack in the floorboards.

31 INT. FRONT ROOM, GROMAIRE FARMHOUSE, BEAUVAIS - CONTINUOUS 31

The Gromaire family gather in the front room. AGATHE shields  
 OCTAVE and HÉLÈNE while GROMAIRE goes to open the door.  
 STURMBANNFÜHRER HEINRICH SCHNEIDER, tall, handsome and  
 intimidating in his Gestapo uniform, smiles down at him.

SCHNEIDER  
 Good morning, monsieur. I am with the  
 authorities. May I come in?

GROMAIRE looks uncertainly over his shoulder at his family.  
 His gaze sweeps upward towards the attic before turning back  
 to SCHNEIDER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GROMAIRE

Of course. Please come in. How can we help you?

SCHNEIDER steps over the threshold, tucking his cap beneath his arm to reveal short blond hair styled as precisely as his uniform.

SCHNEIDER

You are aware of the air raid that happened yesterday, I presume?

SCHNEIDER slowly paces the room, nodding and smiling politely to AGATHE as he passes. OCTAVE and HÉLÈNE shuffle closer behind her skirts.

INTERCUT:

CATHERINE watches through the floorboards, barely daring to breathe as SCHNEIDER passes beneath her.

GROMAIRE (O.S.)

Yes, we heard it.

INTERCUT:

SCHNEIDER

The strike was targeting a battalion of soldiers heading north. There's a chance that those soldiers who escaped fled here to your farm.

SCHNEIDER rounds on GROMAIRE and smiles pleasantly.

SCHNEIDER (CONT'D)

You mightn't even know they're here.

GROMAIRE

(strangled)

You can check but there's no one here.

GROMAIRE gestures out the window to the farm outbuildings but his arm trembles so much he quickly drops it.

INTERCUT:

CATHERINE winces at GROMAIRE's obvious discomfort, wills him to keep his nerve.

INTERCUT:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCHNEIDER takes a step towards a tense GROMAIRE, bemused.

SCHNEIDER

You say that with the authority of a man who knows differently, monsieur.

GROMAIRE stands his ground, but a sweat has broken out on his forehead. A muscle pulses in his jaw. SCHNEIDER continues his pacing of the room, his shiny black boots ringing sharp against the wooden floor. All is silent, bar the frantic BARKING outside.

SCHNEIDER (CONT'D)

Do you know there are two types of people in this world that I have little patience for? Hmm?

SCHNEIDER completes his perimeter walk and stops inches from GROMAIRE, invading his personal space. GROMAIRE's eye twitches and he jerkily shakes his head.

SCHNEIDER (CONT'D)

Jews and liars. And you, monsieur, (pokes GROMAIRE in the chest) I'm beginning to suspect are one of the latter.

SCHNEIDER looks around at AGATHE and the children and sees their fear. He smiles apologetically and steps out of GROMAIRE's personal space. He points at OCTAVE and the boy shuffles closer behind AGATHE.

SCHNEIDER (CONT'D)

You know, I have a son - Josef - not much bigger than you, young man. He is young, but he is smart. He knows when to tell the truth. Yet your father here, appears not to.

GROMAIRE

There is no one-

SCHNEIDER spins on his heel and, in a flash, grasps GROMAIRE by his shirt and presses a pistol beneath his jaw.

SCHNEIDER

Don't lie to me, monsieur!

AGATHE screams and HÉLÈNE starts to cry. The BARKING outside rises to a frenzy. A hollow gunshot rings out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INTERCUT:

CATHERINE jumps in fright and covers her gasps with both hands. Through the crack, GROMAIRE is still standing. CATHERINE blinks, trying to understand then realises the dog has gone quiet. Her eyes fill with tears.

INTERCUT:

SCHNEIDER is in GROMAIRE's face.

SCHNEIDER (CONT'D)

You are a fool, monsieur. Why do you put your family in danger like this? What are you hiding?

GROMAIRE

There is no one-

SCHNEIDER

YOU ARE LYING!

SCHNEIDER digs the pistol deeper into GROMAIRE's throat. GROMAIRE blinks sweat out of his eyes but keeps his silence. SCHNEIDER releases him roughly and strides over to AGATHE. He pulls her into a vice, his arm around her chest and the gun digging into her temple. AGATHE WHIMPERS, her knees give way.

SCHNEIDER (CONT'D)

You are willing to sacrifice your family for deserters?

GROMAIRE

(torn)

There is no-

SCHNEIDER

What? Speak up!

SCHNEIDER pushes AGATHE away and pistol-whips her, knocking her to the floor. OCTAVE and HÉLÈNE cry over her but one sure kick from SCHNEIDER's boot sends them sprawling. SCHNEIDER yanks AGATHE to her feet and presses the pistol into her temple again.

SCHNEIDER (CONT'D)

Where are they?

Blood drips into AGATHE's eye as she considers him coldly.

INTERCUT:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CATHERINE watches breathlessly. She shakes her head, hands clutched in prayer and mouths the words "No, no, no."

INTERCUT:

SCHNEIDER cocks his pistol, pressing the barrel deeper into her skull.

OCTAVE

Mama!

SCHNEIDER

WHERE ARE THEY?

OCTAVE

In the attic! She's in the attic!

32 INT. SIMON'S ROOM, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - AFTERNOON

32

AMANDA flinches on the chaise lounge while SIMON hunches over her and NICK watches from behind the camera.

AMANDA

(softly)

The officer is surprised. He's asking Octave who he means by "she".

A rivulet of sweat runs down SIMON's face as he struggles to fill his lungs with air. Catherine's photo lies crumpled and shredded in his hands. He is filled with fear as he opens up the paper to look at her image. A tear has gone through her face.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Sturmbannführer Schneider is going to find me!

SIMON

(wheezing)

It's okay, Catherine.

NICK, from behind the camera, mouths "Amanda" at him, looking amused. SIMON feels sick by comparison.

AMANDA

He's asking Agathe how to get into the attic.

SIMON reads the caption below Catherine's image "detained on the 22nd of May, 1940 by Sturmbannführer Heinrich Schneider." His hands tremble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA (CONT'D)

He's coming!

SIMON balls the photo in his fists, tearing it.

SIMON

Run, Catherine! Get out of there! Run!

AMANDA's eyes shoot open and she sits bolt upright.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 INT. SIMON'S ROOM, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS

33

AMANDA sits bolt upright with a gasp and all three stare at each other.

NICK  
What the hell?

SIMON snaps out of the moment. He sits back self-consciously.

SIMON  
(mumbling)  
Sorry.

AMANDA  
What the hell happened?

NICK switches off the camera, laughing.

NICK  
He shouted at Catherine to run.

AMANDA turns murderous eyes on SIMON who shrinks in his chair. She stands over him.

AMANDA  
You what?

SIMON  
I'm sorry, all right? You were taking us closer and closer and I knew what was coming and I - I - well, I just got a bit too absorbed, that's all.

AMANDA  
Are you insane? You fucking psycho!  
You know how dangerous that is.

SIMON glares in her direction but can't make eye contact. He gestures feebly at her.

SIMON  
You're fine.

AMANDA  
Yeah, no thanks to you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

Wait. What are you guys talking about?

SIMON

It's nothing.

SIMON gets up and fetches an inhaler from his dressing table.

AMANDA

(laughing mirthlessly)

Why am I not surprised? Nick, did you even read the contract you and Taylor Made Television got me to sign?

NICK

Course I fucking didn't. You know me better than that.

AMANDA

Tell him, Simon. Tell him the danger you just put me in with your little stunt.

SIMON leans on the table, his back to the others. He takes a puff of his inhaler, trying to clear his airways.

SIMON

The consciousness can become confused as to which life it's in if you're not brought out of regression gradually.

AMANDA

Leaving me with a dual personality.

NICK

Well, you're not talking French.

AMANDA

For once in your fucking life, will you take this seriously?

SIMON

Strictly speaking, it would be dissociative identity disorder. D.I.D. You won't be half Amanda, half Catherine. You would either be one or the other.

SIMON tries to smooth out Catherine's photo. He is bereft at the tear across her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON (CONT'D)

You would switch between the two.

NICK

Seriously? But how can she become Catherine when we're not even conversing with her? We're just "looking". Besides, she's dead. How can you become a dead person?

SIMON turns to face them both, having recovered sufficiently.

SIMON

What we're doing in these PLR sessions is hacking into the psyche. It's not as simple as just "looking". It doesn't matter if the person's dead or not. Consciousness doesn't die. It can exist beyond our physical lives, but in order to manifest itself it does need a body in which to reside. Depending on numerous conditioning facts the consciousness will differ, hence our different personalities.

SIMON pauses to gauge his audience's understanding. NICK and AMANDA both look lost.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Think of the body as being like a filing cabinet, full of files that together make up the psyche or consciousness, yeah? Each file represents a life. So we're using Amanda's "filing cabinet" to open the drawer and access those "files" and pulling up Catherine's. Okay? If you close the drawer too quickly you mightn't have time to put Catherine's file back in place and pull up Amanda's.

NICK

Then can't you just open the filing cabinet again and put the old file away and bring out the right one?

SIMON

Sometimes. Sometimes not. The psyche is a bit more... complex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK looks AMANDA up and down.

NICK

Well, if you don't mind me saying you are definitely the sexiest filing cabinet I've ever come across.

AMANDA glares for a moment longer then relents.

AMANDA

(fondly)  
Dickhead.

NICK

Great. Glad we got that sorted. Why don't we forget about work for the rest of the day and go for a drink?

SIMON feels like he might blister under AMANDA's glare.

SIMON

You guys go ahead. I-I'll pack up here.

AMANDA flounces out without another word with NICK following.

NICK

(in Southern drawl)  
Run, Forrest! Run!

The door closes behind them and SIMON sighs with relief. He collapses onto the bed and stares up at the ceiling. He is embarrassed by his outburst, but devastated at the thought of Catherine being dragged to her death by Schneider.

Tears of frustration and upset well in his eyes and roll into his hair. Amanda doesn't deserve Catherine as a part of her.

34 INT. BAR/LOUNGE, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - A SHORT WHILE LATER 34

NICK and AMANDA watch the hotel's ONE-MAN BAND perform. NICK winces as the guy hits another bum note.

AMANDA

You know this can't happen again, don't you? You need to control your step-brother or whatever he is to you. I'm putting my life in your hands.

NICK

He won't do it again. Trust me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

Why? He's not... stable, Nick.

NICK

He's fine. Seriously. Yes, we both know he's got a bit of a crush on you, but that doesn't make him a nut job, does it? I mean, on the contrary, he would be crazy not to have a crush on you.

AMANDA

(smirking)

It's hardly a crush though, is it? It's been going on since we first started uni. (beat) It should never have happened.

NICK

Why did it happen? I mean, you're obviously not attracted to him. Why did you hook up?

AMANDA

I was drunk that first night. Looking for a good time. Simon was easy.

NICK

But you were together a couple of months after.

AMANDA

Four weeks. I saw sense.

NICK

He's not such a bad guy.

AMANDA

I've got dreams, Nick. Big dreams. Simon owns a pawnbroker's shop and sits in his flat meditating and reading all day.

NICK

I've heard meditation is quite hip up in the Hollywood Hills.

AMANDA

Why is he even doing this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

What?

AMANDA

The documentary. Working for you and your grandfather. I know how he is.

NICK

He needs the cash. His mum gave up a long time ago trying to give him money so she and Joe hatched this plan to employ him instead.

AMANDA

It wasn't your decision then?

NICK

None of it was. But I have an inheritance I need to look after. I don't mind. It was Simon's idea to investigate reincarnation. He's apparently already "visited" his former life by himself. Sounded pretty cool.

AMANDA

He hypnotised himself?

NICK

That's what he tells me.

AMANDA

He's a psycho, you know that, right?

NICK

He's okay. He's just... emotional. And he's the closest thing to a brother I've ever had. Even if, strictly speaking, he is my step-uncle.

AMANDA

That's fucked up, you know.

NICK

Show me a family that isn't.

35 EXT. BIBLIOTHÈQUES D'AMIENS MÉTROPOLÉ, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS

35

SIMON hurries towards the entrance of the library. It is almost deserted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

36 INT. BIBLIOTHÈQUES D'AMIENS MÉTROPOLE, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS

36

SIMON makes his way to the computer section.

TANNOY

(in French)

The library will be closing in fifteen minutes.

SIMON glances at his watch as he takes a seat and logs on. It is 6.45pm. Soon the page of Catherine and Benoit Jacquot's photo loads. SIMON sighs and gazes at her image for a long moment. He reaches out and touches her face with his fingers.

SIMON

I'm sorry. I'm...

SIMON bites his lip and drops his hand. He clicks the "Print" icon and is about to go find the printer when his attention is caught by the necklace around Catherine's neck.

He opens a new page and types "Fleur de l'Alexandrie necklace" into the search engine. A row of pictures appears, mostly black and white, of Catherine's necklace.

The top article result catches his eye.

"BREAKING NEWS: New York, USA. A \$21 million necklace, the Fleur de l'Alexandrie, has vanished from its display at the tech billionaire and movie mogul, Bernie Costa's home. The 102.51-carat sapphire necklace which has been in the Costa family for generations was found to be missing by a member of staff just before noon today."

SIMON (CONT'D)

(confused)

Generations?

SIMON frowns at the article, scrolls down, snatches of the article leap out "circa 1798 when Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Egypt and seized the city of Alexandria" "The Flower of Alexandria fell into the hands of Louis XVIII" "stone fashioned into his ceremonial sword" "passed down to his brother Charles X" "mistress was an Italian Jew" "fashioned into a Star of David pendant necklace" "eventually sold to the Costa family."

SIMON (CONT'D)

But that's bullshit. It belonged to Catherine's family. In France.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A LIBRARIAN places a hand on SIMON's shoulder, making him jump.

LIBRARIAN

(in French)

Pardon, monsieur. We are closing in five minutes.

SIMON

Oh, er... merci.

SIMON gives the article one last look then logs out and goes in search of a printer.

37 INT. BAR/LOUNGE, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS 37

NICK and AMANDA are getting stuck into the wine.

NICK

France suits you. This suits you.

AMANDA

We're tourists, Nick, staying in a budget hotel whose menu is written in English, drinking cheap plonk and listening to a shit singer. Next week we'll return home to London and the same old shit. (beat) When I'm spending a couple of months a year relaxing on the Côte d'Azur drinking champagne and topping up my tan for the Oscars, then France will suit me.

NICK

And the award for Best Pornographic Actress in an XXX movie goes to Amanda "Woodsucker" Woodbine.

AMANDA gives him a droll look.

AMANDA

Wouldn't that be a film you'd like to watch.

NICK

It would be a way to pass the time.

They maintain intense eye contact that speaks volumes of their desires, before they're interrupted by the MAITRE D'visiting their table on his rounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAITRE D'

I trust you are enjoying your evening,  
madame? Monsieur?

AMANDA

C'est magnifique.

AMANDA flutters her eyelashes at him and the man becomes flustered. NICK watches on, curiously in awe of her bewitching talents.

The ONE-MAN BAND finishes his set to lethargic applause.

NICK

Say, how do you go about booking your entertainment?

MAITRE D'

You are enjoying tonight's performance?

NICK

I'm a solo artist, like tonight's performer, although perhaps with a little more experience.

MAITRE D'

We like to encourage new talent as well as hiring more experienced musicians. We book music twice a week, every Wednesday and Sunday... although not this Sunday. We have been let down.

NICK

I'll play.

Both AMANDA and the MAITRE D' regard him with surprise.

MAITRE D'

(hesitantly)

Well...

AMANDA

Oh, he's very good. He's one of the most sought after solo performers in London.

MAITRE D'

Your name, monsieur?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

Nick Taylor.

The name doesn't register with the MAITRE D' and his smile remains frozen to his face.

AMANDA

You've heard of Roger Taylor from Queen? His dad.

The MAITRE D' looks at NICK in surprise and suddenly takes his hand in a warm gesture.

MAITRE D'

(gushing)

Of course, monsieur! My apologies for not knowing that. I'll book you in for Sunday evening right away. Perhaps a complimentary bottle of wine to thank you?

NICK

Yeah, thanks. Merci.

The MAITRE D' walks away and NICK and AMANDA dissolve into laughter.

AMANDA

I didn't know you played.

NICK

I didn't know you could be so persuasive.

AMANDA

You'll have to play for me.

NICK

You'll hear me on Sunday.

AMANDA

But I've already recommended you. If you turn out to be one of those losers on *Britain's Got Talent*, it could damage my reputation.

NICK

And Roger Taylor's I'd imagine.

AMANDA raises a challenging eyebrow. NICK smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK (CONT'D)  
My guitar's in my room.

AMANDA  
Let's go then.

NICK and AMANDA get up from their table, knowing exactly what they're about to do really. They pass their WAITER on the way out and AMANDA smoothly relieves him of their complimentary bottle of wine.

38 EXT. BIBLIOTHÈQUES D'AMIENS MÉTROPOLE, AMIENS - NIGHT 38

SIMON exits the library and the doors are locked behind him. He carefully folds his newly-printed picture of Catherine into his pocket, and heads back to the hotel.

39 INT. CORRIDOR, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS 39

NICK and AMANDA slip into Room 314, Nick's room. AMANDA hangs the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the outside before pushing it to. The door doesn't close properly.

40 EXT. HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - A SHORT WHILE LATER 40

SIMON arrives back at the hotel and enters through the revolving door.

41 INT. CORRIDOR, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS 41

The lift pings and SIMON exits onto the third floor. He takes a step towards his room then hesitates. His face contorts in anguish. He turns around and heads in the opposite direction.

SIMON stops outside Room 317 and hesitates before knocking.

SIMON  
Amanda? It's me, Simon. Please, I just want to talk.

There is no response and SIMON leans his forehead against the door.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Amanda? Are you in there?

Still no response. SIMON sighs and turns away. He walks down the corridor to Room 314. The door is practically closed but not locked. He reaches out his hand to turn the door knob, but is overcome by a sense of vertigo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

42 INT. 1ST FLOOR LANDING, HAYES FLAT, LONDON - DAY (FLASHBACK) 42

YOUNG SIMON pauses on the top step to listen. All he hears is the HUM of the car engine from beyond the closed door.

YOUNG SIMON

Dad?

YOUNG SIMON steps down the six steps cautiously. His school rucksack slips from his shoulder and tugs at his elbow. At the bottom, he gulps down the last of his biscuit and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

He turns the door knob and opens the door. The hum of the engine increases to a fraught GROWL. YOUNG SIMON is overcome by the acrid stench of exhaust fumes.

END OF FLASHBACK.

43 INT. CORRIDOR, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS 43

SIMON snatches back his hand in a gasp. He staggers backwards, colliding with the opposite wall, coughing uncontrollably. SIMON tries to control his breathing. Deep. Slow. Deep. Slow. He turns away from Nick's door and staggers away to his own room.

44 EXT. HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - MORNING (13 AUGUST, 2006) 44

The streets are busy with people on their way to work. The day is overcast.

45 INT. SIMON'S ROOM, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS 45

SIMON rolls over and winces away from the light. He gets up.

46 INT. CORRIDOR, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS 46

SIMON knocks on Nick's door.

NICK (O.S.)

Did you order breakfast?

The door is opened and NICK stands there in his boxer shorts. His smile falters.

NICK

Simon.

SIMON

I know it's early. You got company?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He peeps around the door frame at the messy bed. NICK tries to block his view.

NICK

Yeah, you know, just a local girl I met last night. Now's not a good time-

SIMON

I know. I just need to tell you quickly what I found out last night. I went back to the library after... after that little hiccup we had-

NICK

Can't this wait?

SIMON

And I looked up the Fleur de l'Alexandrie. And get this - it's not only real, but it was stolen yesterday!

NICK

Si-

SIMON

Don't you think that's weird? The coincidence? It just disappeared. But the other odd thing is its owner...

SIMON pauses as some HOTEL GUESTS pass by, looking Nick over in his boxer shorts.

47 INT. NICK'S ROOM, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS

47

SIMON steps quickly into the room before NICK can stop him.

NICK glances nervously at the closed bathroom door where the HISSING of a shower can be heard.

SIMON

It's owned by the Costa family, the ones who make all those high tech securities systems.

NICK

The Costas? Bernie Costa?

SIMON

Does the name ring a bell?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICK

Sure. Bernie's old friends with Joe,  
but-

SIMON

And guess how much it's worth? Guess!

The shower switches off and NICK clears his throat.

NICK

Simon, look, can we talk about this at  
breakfast maybe? I'm not even dressed.

SIMON

Twenty. One. Million. Doll...

SIMON trails off as he notices a glint of sparkle on NICK's  
bedside table. He steps closer to get a better look and  
recognises Amanda's necklace.

SIMON (CONT'D)

That's... what's Amanda's necklace  
doing in here?

NICK tries to bustle him out of the room.

NICK

Simon, let's talk about this later.

SIMON staggers back. He sees Amanda's dress and underwear on  
the floor and looks at NICK in horror.

NICK (CONT'D)

It isn't what you think. Not really.

SIMON backs out of the room and collides with more GUESTS  
walking past.

48 INT. CORRIDOR, HÔTEL SCEAU, AMIENS - CONTINUOUS

48

SIMON hurries down the corridor to the stairs, brushing  
roughly past the GUESTS. NICK appears behind him, his  
progress curtailed by his awareness of his state of undress.

NICK

Simon! SIMON! Jesus Christ!

SIMON turns the corner and races down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

49 EXT. A16 MOTORWAY TO PARIS, OUTSKIRTS BEAUVAIS - MORNING 49

A hire car races towards Paris amidst fast-moving traffic. It is overcast and dark clouds skulk the horizon.

50 INT. CAR (MOVING), A16, OUTSKIRTS BEAUVAIS - CONTINUOUS 50

SIMON's knuckles are white on the steering wheel. He is visibly upset and angry with himself. Tears fill his eyes. A horn TOOTS as he drifts out of his lane and he swerves back. He tries to wipe his eyes behind his glasses to little effect.

SIMON sees signs up ahead for Beauvais and after a moment's hesitation, he takes the exit.

51 EXT. GROMAIRE FARMHOUSE, BEAUVAIS - A SHORT WHILE LATER 51

SIMON pulls up the hire car outside and gets out. The house and garden are strikingly well-maintained in comparison to yesterday's disrepair.

52 EXT. FRONT DOOR, GROMAIRE FARMHOUSE, BEAUVAIS - CONTINUOUS 52

SIMON knocks on the shiny brass knocker and as he waits, he begins to notice the changes around him. ELDERLY HÉLÈNE answers the door. She too is transformed. Her hair is styled, her clothes bright and she is no longer stooped over a cane.

Behind her the house appears neat and nourished. A large painting of a Spitfire adorns the wall behind ELDERLY HÉLÈNE.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

Yes?

SIMON

(dumbfounded)

Hélène! You look... you look amazing!

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

Pardon?

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE shows no sign of recognition.

SIMON

Do you remember me, Hélène? It's Simon. Simon Hayes. We met yesterday.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

I'm sorry. You must be mistaken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON

No, Hélène. Yesterday... I came with my brother, Nick. We're filming a documentary. You gave us coffee...

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE's expression switches from puzzlement to annoyance.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

I haven't met you before.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE pushes the door closed and SIMON sticks out a foot. He fumbles in his pocket for the printout of Catherine's photo.

SIMON

No, wait. You do know me. It's okay. You told us about this girl - about Catherine Jacquot...

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE doesn't bother looking. She tries again to close the door.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Is Octave here? Is now a bad time?

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE's hand flies to her mouth and her eyes fill with tears.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

Go away! Please, just leave!

SIMON

Hélène, what's wrong? Is Octave okay? Where-

DAVID (O.S.)

Hélène? Is everything all right?

The interruption of a very English voice surprises SIMON.

SIMON

Gosh, I'm sorry. Do you have company? I - I just wanted to ask you about Catherine Jacquot again. I didn't mean to upset you.

DAVID (80s), tall, thin but fit, limps into shot and places a protective hand on ELDERLY HÉLÈNE's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Who are you? What's going on?

SIMON

(bewildered)

I - Where's Octave, Hélène?

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE gives a woeful sob and DAVID glares at SIMON.

DAVID

I don't know who you are, but we don't  
want any trouble. Please just leave.

DAVID goes to close the door but this time ELDERLY HÉLÈNE stalls him.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

No, wait David. I want to know -  
please, how do you know of Octave?

SIMON hesitates. He glances from ELDERLY HÉLÈNE to DAVID then around at his surroundings, as if checking to see he has the right house.

SIMON

We met. Yesterday.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE shakes her head and her shoulders droop.

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

I'm sorry - Simon, is it? You could  
not have met my brother yesterday.  
Octave has been dead for many, many  
years.

SIMON

Dead? But...

DAVID

Octave was killed in the war.

SIMON

But...

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

He angered a German officer and they  
shot him. He was just a boy, trying to  
protect our mother.

SIMON

But...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELDERLY HÉLÈNE

I'm sorry. You must be confusing us  
with someone else. David, please.

DAVID closes the door and SIMON blinks, too astounded to stop him. He backs away from the house, noticing the fresh paint on the walls, the tended flower beds. His breathing becomes wheezy.

SIMON stumbles away and back to the car. He fumbles for the keys in his pocket and his glasses fall off. He steps on them and cracks one of the lenses. He picks them up and gets in the car.

53 INT. CAR (STATIONARY), GROMAIRE FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

53

SIMON shuts himself in, wheezing badly. He takes a puff of his inhaler, but it's empty. He throws it aside and pats his pockets.

SIMON

Shit.

SIMON takes Catherine's photo and fashions a paper bag out of it to breathe into. Soon the asthma attack subsides. He flattens the paper out on the steering wheel and, as he looks at it, his eyes widen.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Where once the caption had read "detained on 22nd May, 1940 by Sturmbannführer Heinrich Schneider", it now reads "captured during the Vel d'Hiv Roundup in Paris, July 1942, later executed at Auschwitz."

FADE OUT.

**END OF EPISODE ONE**