

***MANON.***

by

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Film pitch.

Logline & synopsis.

Screenplay.

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Film pitch.

*Manon is a wartime drama that follows two German deserters and an orphaned French teenager as they coincide inside a war-torn village to escape their past mistakes and forthcoming enemy forces.*

The screenplay is set during World War Two in the fictional village of Marie-du-Glass (based on Oradour-sur-Glane). This once fairy-tale village is an allegory for the destruction of war upon innocent people, utilising cinematography over action set pieces to convey this.

The primary theme of *Manon* is guilt, exploring it as an essential but dangerous aspect of a person's psychology. Hugo is consistently overwhelmed by guilt, pushing him to make amends for his actions, leading to his downfall. Contrastingly, Hermann feels no guilt or remorse to the point where he ignores culpability, souring him internally. Lastly, Manon allows her guilt to fuel her revenge plot against Hugo and Hermann, who she blames for her families death. As well as these internal conflicts, their differing opinions force them against one another regularly, heightened furthermore by their desperation.

**1. EXT. WESTERN FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY. 1.**

FADE IN: Various shots of the summer landscapes that are neighbouring the quaint little village of Marie-du-Glass. The area is brimming with wildlife, from cows munching on grass to dragonflies hovering around gently lapping streams. It is so naturally peaceful that you wouldn't believe it was 1944.

CUT TO:

**2. EXT. STREAM - DAY. 2.**

Down beside a hidden stream, a girl (17) lies on the grass smoking whilst mid-way through reading '*Le Pere Goriot*'.

TITLE - MANON.

Slowly a shadow looms over the girl, blocking her from the sun. She turns towards the source of the shade - a small boy (13).

WEEDY MATTHIEU

Good morning, Manon.

She stumps out the cigarette with fierce urgency.

MANON

What do you want?

WEEDY MATTHIEU

Your dad orders newspapers from Mr Seidel, doesn't he?

MANON

So?

WEEDY MATTHIEU

Mr Seidel gives me two francs a fortnight for delivering them on time...

He gestures over to his bicycle, a rusty but charming little thing. Wrapped around the handle is a satchel filled with newspapers.

MANON

What are you bothering me for, you know where we live?

WEEDY MATTHIEU

I forgot - you couldn't help me, could you?

Manon snaps her book shut, sighs, and springs to her feet.

CUT TO:

**3. EXT. MARIE-DU-GLASS STREETS - DAY.**

**3.**

OPENING CREDITS.

Manon and Weedy Matthieu walk down the colourful, fairy-tale streets of the village, past family houses, bakeries, and a quaint fountain that sits in front of the central church.

As we see them side-by-side, it is clear that Manon is much older than Weedy Matthieu and approximately a foot taller.

The rusty bicycle separates the two from one another. Attempting to move closer to her, and with the weight of the newspapers, Weedy Matthieu accidentally turns the front wheel into Manon's leg.

MANON

Ouch!!! Watch where you're going, Weed.

WEEDY MATTHIEU.

Sorry.

He isn't strong enough to keep the bicycle from wobbling due to all the newspapers.

MANON

Keep it straight!

WEEDY MATTHIEU

Sorry.

They continue down the street...

Eventually, they arrive outside Manon's front door.

MANON

See, number twenty-three. And here's the letterbox... enjoy your pocket money.

She opens the door.

WEEDY MATTHIEU

If you want we can share it, one franc each?

MANON

No, thank you.

Weedy Matthieu holds out a newspaper to her.

MANON

What?

*(pause.)*

For goodness sake.

Manon snatches the newspaper from Weedy Matthieu and enters her house.

CUT TO:

**4. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - DAY.****4.**

An ordinary 1940s family French home which is well lived in and lively. Manon wipes her feet on the doormat then drops the newspaper on the floor beside a few other letters.

DELPHINE (O.S)

Manon! It's eleven-thirty; I thought we were going to make crêpes?

MANON

Another time.

DELPHINE (O.S)

Your father seems to have lost his cigarettes again. You wouldn't have anything to do with that, would you?

MANON

Has he checked down the back of his draw?

DELPHINE (O.S)

I don't think so.

She takes out her father's cigarettes from her dress pocket and places them down the back of his private draw. She rushes to her bedroom.

CUT TO:

**5. INT. MANON'S BEDROOM, HOUSE - DAY.****5.**

Manon sits quietly beside her windowsill reading her book in peace. Suddenly, the mechanical whirring of military vehicles crashes the gentle atmosphere of the village.

She peeks out of her window towards the large trucks, watching as multiple military soldiers exit their vehicles. They separate out, storming to every door in the street, including Manon's. She observes as they bang on the doors and escort several civilians into the road. PERRIER (51) enters in a hurry...

MANON

What's wrong, dad?

PERRIER

They're gathering everybody down by the church. Have you eaten this morning?

MANON

Why?

Perrier pulls a chest of drawers out from the wall revealing a secret hatch.

PERRIER

It'll be the bloody revolutionaries again.

*(he opens the hatch.)*

Stay in here until we come back.

MANON

What are they doing?

PERRIER

Just some enquiries. Regardless, it won't kill for you to be elsewhere.

MANON

How long will it take?

PERRIER

No longer than an hour. Now, don't come out until your mother or I get you.

Perrier slams the door on Manon. Suddenly there is shouting from outside her window - it is a soldier belching orders. She very carefully approaches the window to see what all the commotion is about...

She peers out as men, women, and children are lead from their homes into a giant heard heading towards the village centre. She continues to watch as a feeble young boy is escorted from his home -- Weedy Matthieu.

He instantly looks towards Manon's house and up to her bedroom window, where he spots her. He looks at her, and she, him, but

they make no effort to draw the soldiers' attention. Manon continues to watch Weedy Matthieu as he turns away and gently walks towards the church beside his mother.

The heard reaches its end, and Manon crawls back from the window.

CUT TO BLACK.

**6. EXT. MARIE-DU-GLASS STREETS - DAY.**

**6.**

THREE WEEKS LATER. We look up to the top of a hill where the main road leads into Marie-du-Glass. HUGO (22) and HERMANN (43) walk up and over the hill towards the village. The two German soldiers look tired, well beaten, and most of all desperate.

They both look at the buildings that surround them. This fairy-tale street has now become a gloomy, empty shell of what it was.

Various shots of the damaged buildings, windows, and scenery.

We focus on a rusty bicycle and sewing machine dumped in the middle of the road.

Eventually, the soldiers stop outside a quaint house in the centre of the street - number twenty-three. There is not too much choice of residence, and this house seems to be the least damaged. Both windows are shattered, and bullets from an MG42 have been forced into the brickwork. Most importantly, however, the sturdy wooden door is perfectly intact.

HUGO

What if somebody's home?

HERMANN

Not likely.

They open the front door.

CUT TO:

**7. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - DAY.**

**7.**

The house is cold and has started to sour. Next to the men's feet are the stack of letters and newspaper. Hermann picks them up and investigates them.

HERMANN

*(reading.)*

Monsieur Perrier L. Archambault.



Hugo looks down and spots a single French franc on the floor beside the door, which he picks up and pockets. Hermann flips to the newspaper.

HERMANN

Look...

*(reading.)*

Twenty-one août.

HUGO

Three weeks, give or take.

A teapot, cups, and stale pastries sit on the table in front of them. Hermann presses his knuckles against the crêpe with a bite mark in it - it's solid. He then rests his hand against the teapot - it's warm.

HERMANN

Keep your eyes peeled.

CUT TO:

**8. INT. LANDING, HOUSE - DAY.**

**8.**

Hermann approaches the closest room at the top of the stairs and opens the door.

CUT TO:

**9. INT. PARENTS BEDROOM, HOUSE - DAY.**

**9.**

Hermann stands beneath the beam of the door. It is both a comfortable and well-kept room, except that the bed has not been made.

CUT TO:

**10. INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - DAY.**

**10.**

Hugo removes his uniform jacket and places it on the table. He turns the tap on the kitchen sink and is greeted by a pathetic trickle of water and nothing more. He resorts to washing his face in some old water left inside a basin.

CUT TO:

**11. INT. LANDING, HOUSE - DAY.**

**11.**

Hermann shuts the bedroom door and walks down the end of the landing towards a broken window. It overlooks the lifeless

street they entered. After checking the rather dull view, he steps back in front of another door.

He puts his hand on the doorknob and twists... nothing. He tries again, putting more of his weight into it, but it refuses to budge. It has clearly been locked from the inside. Hermann drops to one knee and peers into the bedroom. Through the keyhole, it seems to be an ordinary room with nothing out of place.

CUT TO:

**12. INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - DAY.**

**12.**

Hugo has made himself at home, sitting at the table and resting his head on the surface. Hermann stomps across the room...

HERMANN

Have you seen a key lying around somewhere?

He opens the back door and leans outside. Hugo lifts his head.

HUGO

A key?

Hermann closes the door.

HERMANN

Never mind. We should be safe here for the next day or two. For now, you can sleep in the main room upstairs, and I'll take the living room.

Hugo nods.

HERMANN

Urgency, Hugo, I need urgency. We've no idea who could be beyond the top of that hill.

HUGO

Would it matter?

HERMANN

Excuse me.

HUGO

They going to kill us, aren't they.

HERMANN

Not now.

HUGO

But we deserted, didn't we?

HERMANN

I said not now.

HUGO

That's us though, that's who we are; we're deserters, forever damned!

HERMANN

Not now. Not here. Whilst we're here, in hiding, with blood in our bones, we're free! But, yes, keep on with that, and we may as well be. Look where we are... just look... what's the matter with you?

Hugo shakes his head. Hermann knows.

HERMANN

Stop thinking about it-

HUGO

He was young.

HERMANN

He was not!

HUGO

He was practically a boy.

HERMANN

But he wasn't a boy-

HUGO

He was no older than me!

Hermann marches across the room towards Hugo with a familiar rage in his eyes...

He looks ready and desperate to backhand the young soldier, but at the last moment, he snatches Hugo's jacket from off the table...

CUT TO:

**13. EXT. BACK GARDEN, HOUSE - NIGHT.**

**13.**

Hermann drops Hugo's uniform into a small, controlled fire. Already engulfed in flames is his own uniform, leaving both men in shirts and trousers.

HERMANN

I take back what I said. It's clear to me that whilst we're here, we're still very much at war, which means I still have command, which means you follow my lead. From now on, we stay out of sight, inside the house at all times, especially during daylight. I'm not done. No more of your behaviour. No more guilty looks, and no more dragging us down...

*(beat.)*

On the other hand, if you genuinely desire honesty at this stage, then know this... the way I see it, we'll both be dead by the turn of the week. Just make sure it's not on you.

He heads back to the house, barging Hugo's shoulder as he does.

**END OF SECTION 1.**

**20. INT. PARENTS BEDROOM, HOUSE - NIGHT. 20.**

Hugo, wearing nothing but a vest and underwear, stares at the comfortable looking bed intensely. He flips over the bedspread and lies on top of it, desperate to sleep.

CUT TO:

**21. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - NIGHT. 21.**

Hermann, on his side, sleeps comfortably on the sofa.

CUT TO:

**22. INT. PARENTS BEDROOM, HOUSE - NIGHT. 22.**

Hugo gets up, adjusts the bedsheets, then lies back in the bed. No success. He continues to stare at the plain white ceiling - eyes wide awake. He gets up.

CUT TO:

**23. INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - NIGHT. 23.**

Hugo sits on the far side of the table, fiddling with a set of copper bullets. In doing so, he accidentally rolls one off the table, hitting the floor tiles.

CUT TO:

**24. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - NIGHT. 24.**

Hermann wakes and looks up quietly towards Hugo. He continues to watch him.

CUT TO:

**25. INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - NIGHT. 25.**

Hugo picks the bullet up off the floor and reloads the ammunition back into the gun.

CUT TO:

**26. INT. LANDING, HOUSE - NIGHT. 26.**

A close-up on the door handle of the furthest door. A silhouette blocks the light from seeping through the keyhole. Slowly, we hear the mechanical crank of the door unlocking before the door handle twists...

CUT TO:

**27. INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - NIGHT.****27.**

We zoom on Hugo, saddened by guilt.

CUT TO:

**28. INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH IN LYON - DAY.****28.**

FLASHBACK - THREE DAYS EARLIER. The building has just been struck by a bomber plane and looks as such with fire blazing across the area. The church has been utterly decimated to the point where the entirety of the bright blue sky is visible where the ceiling should be.

We focus on a large pile of timber where large beams and splints of wood have fallen. Suddenly, a small piece of wood flies away from the wreckage into the church's central aisle. A hand appears from this pile as a person, with all their might, tries to pull themselves free.

From over the shoulder, we see another ominous figure walk down the aisle towards the man pulling himself out of the wreckage. As we get closer, we realise the man from the pile is Hugo. He is wearing his German army uniform, covered in blood, and in a severe amount of pain. Suddenly, the ominous figure raises a pistol to his head.

We now see that the ominous figure is a British soldier. Both men look the same and are possibly even the same age. Before Hugo can even think about finding his weapon, CLICK, the soldier has his pistol cocked...

Hugo shakes his head, one final plea.

The soldier hesitates; his finger teases the trigger with the barrel pointed at Hugo's forehead.

BANG.

Both men are horrified to see that the soldier has been shot fatally in the side of his stomach...

BANG. BANG. BANG.

The soldier falls.

From overhead, Hermann comes running down the back of the church and pulls the injured Hugo to his feet. Hermann drags him away, leaving the cold body of the young soldier inside the burning church.

CUT TO:

**29. INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - NIGHT.****29.**

Hugo has fallen asleep at the table. From out of the dark, a shadowy figure enters the room and looks at the sleeping soldier. It is Manon. She appears thinner, and her hair is more scatty.

She is shocked to see a German soldier asleep in her home. She leans over and takes hold of the gun. Quietly, she sits on the opposite side of the table and points it towards Hugo.

Suddenly, a loud hideous roaring sound echoes from the living room. Manon, with a sense of urgency, investigates.

CUT TO:

**30. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - NIGHT.****30.**

Standing in the doorway, Manon spots Hermann. He is in a deep sleep on the sofa, snoring. This time, she points the gun at him. She moves to the foot of the sofa to get the cleanest shot possible. She cannot miss...

...with an air of confidence, and revenge in her sights, she pulls the trigger.

CLICK!

The gun fails to fire. Before Manon can react, Hugo has pulled the gun away from her, pushing her onto the sofa.

HUGO

Hermann...!

Everybody panics. Seeing the unfamiliar figure, Hermann stands, drags Manon, and pushes her against the wall. Naturally, she starts screaming and shouting.

HERMANN

Where the fuck did she come from?

Hugo unclips the magazine... all the bullets have been removed from the gun.

HERMANN

Hand me the gun!

HUGO

It's empty.

Manon continues screaming. Holding Manon, Hermann leans over the sofa and retrieves his gun. He points it towards her.

HUGO

NO!!!

Hugo pulls Hermann's arm, firing a bullet into the wall beside Manon. She drops to the floor.

HERMANN

Stay still!

Manon cowers in the corner.

HERMANN

Where did she come from?

HUGO

I don't know; she was just standing there.

Hermann kneels in front of Manon.

HERMANN

What are you doing?

*(beat.)*

Why are you here?

She is silent.

HUGO

She must have lived here.

HERMANN

What's your name?

*(beat.)*

Do you speak German?

Nothing.

HUGO

What if she's a Jew.

HERMANN

Are you a Jew? Is that why you're hiding? Are you Jewish?

She remains silent.

HERMANN

So what do we do, kill her?-

HUGO

No! We can't.



HERMANN

Then what? She wants us dead!

*(He smacks her.)*

Keep the gun on her.

Hermann looks under the sofa and retrieves a long white cable.

HUGO

Why have you got that?

HERMANN

Precaution -- we tie her up and take shifts watching her, okay? If we can keep her alive for long enough, maybe we can use her as leverage.

HUGO

A hostage?

HERMANN

Or a prisoner. Whatever we need to help us escape this mess. If we can make it to the border before the Tommies arrive, we can fabricate a story around her. How we were attacked by her and a gang of revolutionists.

Hugo doesn't look so confident.

HERMANN

Is there a problem?

To Hugo, there are several.

HUGO

My chamber was empty.

HERMANN

I know. I took the bullets out when you were sleeping. I'm not taking any chances.

Hermann pushes the cable into his chest.

HUGO

Tie her up... I'll take the first shift.

Hugo looks towards Manon, who looks like a deer in the headlights. Similarly, she looks up towards Hugo, who remains both conflicted and saddened.

**END OF SECTION 2.**

**40. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - DAY.****40.**

Hugo enters through the front door before slamming and leaning against it. He looks towards Manon. She stares at him. He moves into the kitchen and takes a knife from a draw. Returning to her, he cuts the cable around her.

Shocked and confused, Manon slowly rises to her feet, stumbling slightly as she does. Like a freed animal, she scarpers out the back door.

A thud is heard upstairs.

CUT TO:

**41. INT. LANDING, HOUSE - DAY.****41.**

Hermann exits Manon's bedroom into the path of Hugo.

HERMANN

When did you get back?

He doesn't reply.

HERMANN

Did you find anything?

He doesn't reply.

HERMANN

Not to worry. I've just been looking in her little hideout. There's not much, but there's some leftover pastry that should tide us over-

HUGO

She's gone, Hermann. I cut her free, and she left. She's not Jewish either.

HERMANN

What are you talking about?

HUGO

There's a church up by the centre. A Catholic church for prayer and confession and... See, I walked down these streets, these miserable fucking streets with broken fences and broken roads. I saw a bicycle that had been torn to shreds, a blue bike that used to look like mine. That's when everything started to look different, all of it. Then I saw the church. A church that used to look like the church I'd

attend every Sunday with my mum and sisters - my family. So, naturally, I went inside...

*(beat.)*

I can't explain it, Hermann, but they were all there. People. Actually, it was just the women and children, but they were there all the same. The men are probably locked away somewhere similar, in a barn or something as large and contained.

*(pause.)*

Do you know what it was like to see that? All the...

*(beat.)*

Maybe you should just take a look-

Hugo turns to walk down the stairs.

HERMANN

No!

Hermann takes HUGO's arm and stops him. Something's wrong. Hugo breaks away from him.

HUGO

You knew, didn't you?

*(no response.)*

Who did it, sir?

*(no response.)*

The allies never got this far, not yet, at least. Did you know, sir?

HERMANN

Hugo, I-

HUGO

Did you know?!

HERMANN

Yes.

Hugo steps away from him.

HERMANN

I heard rumours, that's it, rumours. Not even that, a name - Marie-du-Glass.

HUGO

And what? You tied her up, manipulated her, used her for bargaining power-

HERMANN

What else do we do?

Hugo charges down the stairs, and Hermann follows.

CUT TO:

**42. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - DAY.**

**42.**

Hugo opens the door but stops himself from leaving.

HUGO

Do you know the worst thing about all of this - about you? When they killed them, they tried to hide it. And the only reason they did that was because they knew it was wrong. They knew it was wrong, but they still did it.

He slams the door, leaving Hermann alone in the space.

He takes a good look at the room that surrounds him. The books, furniture, decorations... everything that tells him he's hiding in a dead families home.

CUT TO:

**43. INT. BOYS BEDROOM, HOUSE - DAY.**

**43.**

We are in another house - number eighteen. It is remarkably similar to the Archambault house, but it is slightly smaller and more worn. Although the bedroom itself is not as well furnished as Manon's room, there are still a few toys and colourful decorations. Manon sits on the edge of the bed, taking in the character of the room.

Suddenly, a soft metallic rattle is heard. Manon looks down and notices a small tin, which she must have nudged with her leg. She drops to her hands and knees and pulls it out from under the bed. It is a cute money tin with a picture of Peter Pan carved into the metal.

With great caution, she pries open the lid. It is littered with a range of valuable objects: a medal with 'course d'oeufs et cuillères - troisième' inscribed on it; a fossil; a letter; and a small collection of French coins.

The latter sends a shiver down Manon back. She picks up one of the coins and pockets it before placing the lid on the tin and leaving it on the bed.

CUT TO:

**44. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - DAY.****44.**

We return to number twenty-three. Hermann takes a cigarette from Perrier's stash and lights it in his mouth. As he tosses the burnt match into the teapot, he notices a piece of paper wedged under the drinks tray. It is almost entirely hidden by the tray, but not completely...

It is a letter. Curious, Hermann picks it up and starts reading.

We focus on the letter.

DELPHINE (V.O)

*(reading.)*

Words cannot begin to describe just how worried I am just to send this message, never mind what I'm about to write. We've talked it over, and we're both disgusted with what you've done. You are NOT the military. You are NOT the government. And you will NOT escort Diekmann to the gallows like this. Release them now, before they retaliate harder, with more guns. I pray to God he hasn't seen your face, but if he has...

CUT TO:

**45. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - DAY****45.**

FLASHBACK. THREE WEEKS EARLIER. We move away from the letter to see DELPHINE (48) penning it.

The loud sound of trucks and soldiers bellows from the street outside as Perrier crosses the room from the kitchen.

PERRIER

They're back!

DELPHINE

What do they want?

PERRIER

I'm sure your brother would know.

There's a hostile thud at the front door.

PERRIER

Keep them occupied. I'll get Manon.

DELPHINE

Do you need a hand-

PERRIER

The door, Delphi.

He runs upstairs. Delphine answers the door after another loud thud stresses the hinges. Waiting by the doorstep is a GERMAN SOLDIER (32). He is clean-shaven, with green eyes. It is unnerving how handsome such an intense person can be.

GERMAN SOLDIER

Out of the house. Collect the rest of your family also.

Delphine looks desperate to cry but refuses whilst he stands there. This is different from the last time.

CUT TO:

**46. EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE MARIE-DU-GLASS - DAY. 46.**

Hugo treks along a clear gravel road away from the village. On either side of him are large sunflower fields, which stretch on for over a mile. There could be fifty million, all reaching towards the sun, and he is among them.

From some distance, there is an unnatural low-pitched roar. Hugo's head SNAPS upwards. It's an all too familiar reflex. As the roaring grows louder, he darts into the field, off the road.

CUT TO:

**47. EXT. MARIE-DU-GLASS - DAY. 47.**

In a neighbouring garden, Manon picks off a full-skirt dress from a washing line. Hopefully, it'll be something she grows into.

She drops to her knees and opens up a leather satchel littered with mixed goods from leftover food to jewellery, money, and other tools. As she stashes the dress into the bag, the gruff roar ghosts across the village.

CUT TO:

**48. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - DAY. 48.**

At the sound of the roaring, Hermann jumps up from the sofa. The packet of cigarettes falls to the floor as he stands silent and motionless. He attempts to determine if the noise is genuine or just his imagination - hoping for the latter.

The noise doesn't subside, confirming that the threat is very real.

HERMANN

Hugo...

CUT TO:

**49. EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY.**

**49.**

Hugo runs through the field, panting and wheezing as he does. He stumbles slightly but claws himself back to his feet...

...two fighter planes scream over him. He drops, taking cover and shielding his head as the explosive sound of gunfire unloads.

Through the sunflower stalks, Hugo watches as a Supermarine Spitfire and Messerschmitt Bf 109 chase each other, both desperate to catch a tail.

They loop, spin and weave around one another sharply until eventually the Messerschmitt wobbles. Hugo watches as it plummets to the ground, black smoke engulfing it.

He rises as the metallic front blades of the plane speed towards him. He runs...

BANG.

Hugo drops as the plane shatters ahead of him.

Quickly the body of the aircraft becomes the heart of an uncontrollable flame.

Remaining crouched, Hugo slowly staggers towards the fire. Suddenly, he's forced to the floor once more as the Spitfire flies over his head, past the burning plane, and into the summer blue sky - a sore winner.

From cover, he squints and watches in horror as a black silhouette on fire falls from the cockpit.

CUT TO:

**50. INT. CATHOLIC CHURCH IN LYON - DAY.**

**50.**

FLASHBACK. THREE DAYS EARLIER. A snap of the young soldier's dead body with the fire spreading across the church walls.

CUT TO:

**51. EXT. SUNFLOWER FIELD - DAY. 51.**

Hugo continues to watch the burning pilot, unable to move his legs. It can't happen again!

Suddenly, he SNAPS into action, running towards the pilot, towards the fire. He collapses onto him, smacking his back viciously to put out the flames. He rolls him over.

PILOT

*(muttering.)*

The engine crushed my legs.

The pain matched with his dry mouth makes it nearly impossible for him to speak. Hugo drags the pilot's arm and pulls him onto his back in a fireman's lift as he carries him away from the wreckage.

CUT TO:

**52. EXT. BACK GARDEN, HOUSE - DAY. 52.**

As the sun begins to set, Hermann watches as Hugo carries the wounded soldier towards the house -- he's lost for words.

HUGO

I thought you didn't leave the house before dark?

He heads into the house, barging Hermann's shoulder as he does.

CUT TO:

**53. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - DAY 53.**

Hugo rests the injured pilot on the sofa.

CUT TO:

**54. INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - DAY. 54.**

Hugo washes his face in the sink. Hermann watches him from the other end of the room, trying visibly to hold back.

HERMANN

What did you do?

Hugo wipes his face with a cloth.

HUGO

Today -- I saved someone's life.



He smiles.

HUGO (CON'T)

You should have seen the plane; the fire was spreading from the tail all the way to the-

HERMANN

What would you have done if Tommy lost the dogfight?

HUGO

I couldn't let him burn.

Hermann takes a seat and strikes a cigarette, exhaling a large breath of smoke out of his mouth and back up his nose.

HUGO

You found cigarettes?

HERMANN

There was a bottle of 43' mousseux under her bed as well.

*(beat.)*

Wine.

HUGO

You've been drinking? I thought you were keeping guard?

HERMANN

Why scrub the floor if the cat keeps dragging in dead birds? What's your plan when he wakes up?

HUGO

What do you mean?

HERMANN

So there is no plan. I thought so.

HUGO

He can stay with us-

HERMANN

One mistake. That's all it costs, just one.

*(He holds up one finger.)*

Him through there.

*(Another.)*

The girl.

*(Another.)*

You.

*(Pause.)*

I can't keep taking risks, Hugo.

He stubs out his cigarette.

HERMANN (CON'T)

We leave tomorrow without the dead weight.

Hermann removes his pistol.

HUGO

What are you doing?

HERMANN

Making sure he's unarmed.

HUGO

*(standing.)*

Let me do it.

HERMANN

No.

HUGO

Hermann-

HERMANN

No!

*(beat.)*

You can do the work when you have the plan,  
okay?

Hermann puts his hand on Hugo's shoulder and pushes him back into a chair. He takes out a bottle of vin mousseux from the lower draw and pours some into a whiskey glass. He places it on the table and gently pushes it towards Hugo.

After Hermann leaves, Hugo takes a drink - it's disgusting.

CUT TO:

**55. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - NIGHT.**

**55.**

The pilot lies face up on the sofa. HERMANN stands at a safe distance from him.

HERMANN

Are you awake yet?

No response. He looks around the room.

HERMANN

I still haven't got used to sleeping indoors.  
How about you?

Still no response. As a precaution, Hermann draws his pistol. Slowly, he approaches and gently folds back the pilot's burnt jacket, revealing a 7.65mm pistol.

He looks back to make sure the soldier isn't awake...

His eyes are closed.

Before taking the gun, he looks back at the pilot again. Something's not right...

...he leans in closer.

His eyes are closed.

CUT TO:

**56. INT. KITCHEN, HOUSE - DAY.**

**56.**

Hugo pours the glass of wine down the sink as Hermann returns to the doorway.

HERMANN

He's dead, Hugo. He has been for at least an hour.

Hugo stops and stares into the sink.

He goes to speak but stops...

He tries again.

HUGO

He died on my back?

Hermann nods.

HUGO (CON'T)

So nothing's changed then.

HERMANN

It's for the best.

Hugo slings his arm back and hurls the glass off the kitchen wall, SMASHING it into pieces.

HUGO.

I carried him so far...

Hermann walks over to the sink and places a hand on Hugo's shoulder. Startled, he backs away from him.

HUGO (CON'T)

What are you doing?

Hugo exits past Hermann, his eyes fixed firmly to the floor.

CUT TO:

**57. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - NIGHT. 57.**

AN HOUR LATER. Hermann sits at the table, keeping the first watch. He's too familiar with this house.

CUT TO:

**58. INT. BEDROOM, HOUSE - NIGHT. 58.**

Hugo stands facing the comfortable bed. He's still unable to sleep. The pain still continues.

Suddenly, his face widens - a plan!

CUT TO:

**59. INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE - NIGHT. 59.**

The wine has overwhelmed Hermann as he dozes off in the palm of his hand.

HUGO

I have a plan.

Hermann bolts upright.

HERMANN

Huh?

HUGO

She's a civilian and barely an adult at that. Tomorrow, we take her to the border. One more chance. One more risk.

CUT TO:

**60. EXT. MARIE-DU-GLASS STREETS - NIGHT.****60.**

Manon exits the front door of a small, dilapidated house. In her hand is a small box of 9mm bullets. From her satchel, she retrieves a pistol and loads the ammunition with only one intention: the two German soldiers that occupy her house.

**END OF EXTRACT.**