

Hanna

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - SWEDEN -- DAY

A young forest with skinny trees. Snow falls in quiet wisps. The ground has a light covering of white.

Everything is still.

The subtle sound of BREATHING and then the soft beat of a person RUNNING.

HANNA (14) glides through the trees, a bow strapped to her shoulder. Her camouflage causes her to fade in and out of the background. She floats through the trees as if she were a ghost.

She slows, spotting something in front of her. She stalks close to the trees trying to hide her skinny frame.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY -- DAY

It seems like a typical office with desks, water coolers, and cubicles, but there's a coldness and precision in the layout.

An AMERICAN (30s, his tie tightly knotted) runs down the hallway passing SECRETARIES, AGENTS, and other tightly knotted Business MEN. The American holds a FILE above his head.

He punches a key code and BURSTS through an office door.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE -- DAY

The American rushes up to a large oak desk and places the file down.

AMERICAN

Intel has confirmed a sighting.  
North west of Jokkmokk, Sweden.

MARISSA (40s, efficient, unemotional) puts down a set of torn out BOOK PAGES and opens the file. She flips through satellite photos and other Intel pages.

MARISSA

How many hostiles?

AMERICAN

None... None that we can see. It's  
a cabin.

MARISSA  
What did the satellite pick-up?

The American pulls out a photo.

AMERICAN  
Smoke. He's using the fireplace. I  
mean he's been using the fireplace.  
They've been there for some time.

Marissa stares at the file. She leans back in her chair and  
rubs her forehead.

MARISSA  
He wants us to see.

She stands and walks to the window. She looks out at a  
SECURITY GATE, protected by heavily armed guards.

She turns back to the American.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
Send O'Reilly and twenty men. I  
want him taken alive. And I want  
the little girl unharmed. Do you  
understand? No fuck-ups.

The American picks up the file

AMERICAN  
Yes. No fuck-ups.

He scurries out of the room.

Marissa stares out the window.

EXT. FOREST - SWEDEN -- DAY

A REINDEER nuzzles the snow and discovers a patch of grass.  
It hears something. Its head pops up. A sudden SWOOSH and the  
SNAP of an ARROW piercing skin.

The deer flops to the ground with a loud THUD. It WHINES. Its  
FEET dig at the earth. Its mouth GNAWS at the air. PUFFS of  
steam shoot from its nostrils.

The quiet CRUNCH of foot steps. Hanna stands above the deer,  
the bow in hand. Her face holds no expression.

She straps the bow to her shoulder and removes a glove. She  
bends to her knees.

She reaches out, and gently pets the animal's frightened face.

She runs her hand down along its neck in towards the wound.

HANNA  
I just missed your heart.

She stands and pulls a small pistol from a waist holster. She SHOOTs the reindeer once in the HEART and once in the HEAD. The deer lays still, bleeding out onto the snow.

EXT. FOREST - SWEDEN -- LATER

The deer lays on its back. A KNIFE enters the deer, near the anus.

HANNA  
(whisper)  
Remove the penis and scrotum. Make a deep, circular cut around the rectum.

Hanna pulls the knife up towards the brisket.

HANNA  
(whisper)  
Cut from the rear to the brisket.

The knife cuts smooth.

EXT. FOREST - SWEDEN -- LATER

The deer lays on its side. Hanna breathes hard. She reaches deep into the body cavity and pulls out intestine, stomach, liver.

She FREEZES.

Her hand is deep inside the animal. She listens. She looks out into the still forest.

ERIK (mid-40s, a mammoth with a leathery face) stands behind Hanna.

ERIK  
You are dead. Right now. I've killed you.

Hanna spins, spraying a semi circle of blood and entrails onto the white snow.

Her fist comes within an inch of Erik's face.

He blocks and THUMPS an open palm into Hanna's shoulder, sending her back over the deer.

She slides across the wet ground and scrambles to her feet.

Erik throws a kick at her head.

She punches below his knee cap, dropping his leg.

She grabs the pistol, but before she draws, Erik slaps her hand away.

ERIK  
Use your hands!

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

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

Hanna clips Erik's temple sending him to the ground. She wraps her arms around his neck, prepping to SNAP.

He throws her over his shoulder. She lands in a pile of intestine and blood.

Erik stands and wipes the snow from his pants. His face holds a touch of frustration.

ERIK  
Never hesitate. You had three seconds. Three seconds. You're dead. I've killed you.

BEAT. Hanna looks up at him.

ERIK  
Stand. Drag the deer back yourself.

Erik walks into the forest.

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

EXT. FOREST - SWEDEN -- LATER

The deer is butchered and attached to a make shift sled or TRAVOIS. The kill site is pristine. No signs of blood or entrails. Hanna runs a branch along the snow, cleaning up the few red dots that remain.

EXT. FOREST - SWEDEN -- EVENING

Hanna drags the 200 lbs. deer on the travois. She lifts her knees high and moves at a steady pace.

INT. PLANE -- EVENING

A BEARDED MAN (O'REILLY) walks up and down an aisle. He's wearing a tacky GREEN PARKA. TWENTY AGENTS sit in various areas of the plane.

O'REILLY

Okay, listen up. We're dealing with at least one hostile. Mid-forties. An ex-agent, highly capable. I know him. He smiles and you love him. You turn your back and you're dead. If possible take him with darts. But don't let him get near you.

(beat)

There is a little girl. She is to be removed unharmed. It's that simple, folks. Rest. We have a good day's hike ahead of us.

O'Reilly takes a seat near the front.

EXT. CABIN - SMOKE HOUSE -- EVENING

A small, ancient, grass roof cabin surrounded by skinny, bare trees on all sides. A light glows from inside. Smoke rises from the chimney.

Hanna stands in the yard. She strips meat off the deer's carcass and hangs it in a smoke house.

INT. CABIN - DINING AREA -- NIGHT

Hanna and Erik sit at a large oak table. Kerosene lanterns light the room. The interior has an ancient feel, like the exterior. There is no stain of the modern world.

Hanna swirls a spoon around in a dish of stew. Erik takes a mouthful. Then rips a hunk of bread.

ERIK

Are you hurt?

She keeps swirling. He dips his bread.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
Eat. You have a full day tomorrow.

She releases the spoon. It CLANKS against the bowl and rests.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
Hanna!

She stares at him defiantly.

ERIK (CONT'D)  
Eat or train.

He stands with authority. She picks up her spoon and takes a mouthful.

Erik sits, watching her.

HANNA  
Father?  
(Beat, OFF his silence)  
Did you really want me to snap your neck?

Erik picks up his spoon and continues to eat.

INT. CABIN - FIREPLACE -- NIGHT

Erik sits in a rocking chair. He holds a leather bound volume of *KINDER- UND HAUSMARCHEN* (*Children's and Household Tales* by the Brothers Grimm). Hanna does sit-ups in front of the fire.

ERIK  
(reading in German w/  
subtitles)  
"He continued on his way, and soon spindle-legged Death came towards him and said, 'Take me as Godfather.' 'Who are you?' The man asked. 'I'm death, and I make all people equal.'"

Hanna stops her sit-ups. Her stomach heaves.

HANNA  
I still don't understand why the tired man with thirteen children wanted Death to be his children's Godfather.

ERIK  
(in German w/subtitles)  
In German.

HANNA  
(in German w/subtitles)  
May I go to bed?

Erik closes the book and hands it to Hanna. She grabs it and trots into her room.

INT. CABIN - HANNA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Her room is bare. A military cot. A table with a kerosene lantern. A medium sized bookshelf adorned with leather bound copies of famous fairy tales by famous authors.

She flips open *Kinder- und Hausmarchen*. She runs a finger along a section of torn out pages.

Erik fills out the door frame.

HANNA  
(in German w/subtitles)  
What story used to be here?

ERIK  
You know I'm not going to answer.  
Why do you always ask?

Hanna closes the book and puts it in its place. She hops into bed, hints of a little girl present in her movement.

She gets underneath the covers.

ERIK  
What did you forget?

Hanna looks up at him. Erik pulls out Hanna's pistol and places it on her bedside table.

ERIK  
You left it by the smoke house.  
What did I tell you?

HANNA  
'Always keep your gun an arms  
length away.'

ERIK  
Don't forget.



Erik tightens her covers and begins to dim the lantern.

HANNA

Father?

ERIK

You have a lot of questions tonight.

HANNA

Tell me the story. Tell me where I came from.

Erik turns the lantern up and sits on the edge of Hanna's bed.

ERIK

Not tonight. You need your rest.

HANNA

Father?

ERIK

No more questions.

HANNA

They're coming? The men?

The room goes dark.

ERIK

You have a full day tomorrow. Get some sleep.

INT. CABIN - HANNA'S ROOM -- DAY

Morning light shines through the curtains. The military cot is empty and made.

On the floor, Hanna does push-ups.

EXT. CABIN - CHOPPING BLOCK -- DAY

Hanna huffs. Steam fogs out her mouth and nostrils. She raises an axe high above her and brings it down, splitting a log.

She grabs another and places it on the block. She cuts through it. It's easy.

EXT. CABIN - SMOKE HOUSE -- DAY

Hanna pulls the smoked meat off its hooks.

She loads it into a barrel.

And places fresh meat on the hooks.

EXT. CABIN -- DAY

Hanna attacks Erik. Hand. Knee. Elbow. Fist. He defends easily.

ERIK

Again.

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

ERIK

Again.

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

EXT. CABIN - SHOOTING RANGE -- DAY

A GUNSHOT breaks a tree apart.

Hanna fires. Another tree breaks apart. She rolls and fires.

She rolls and fires. She reloads. And fires.

EXT. CABIN -- DAY

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

Erik and Hanna do chin-ups. Both are fit. Neither will give up.

INT. CABIN - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Erik preps a deer steak. Hanna lights the gas stove.

ERIK

How much did you pull off the deer?

HANNA

A hundred and twenty with scraps.

ERIK

It didn't seem that big. 200 lbs.

(beat)

You're getting stronger.

He cuts the steak in half.

INT. CABIN - FIREPLACE -- NIGHT

Hanna sleeps peacefully in front of the fire. Erik rocks in his chair.

ERIK

(softly)

Hanna?

He stands and picks Hanna off the floor.

INT. CABIN - HANNA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Erik places Hanna in her cot. He pulls the pistol from her waist and places it on the bedside table.

INT. CABIN - FIREPLACE -- NIGHT

The embers of the fire keep the room lit with an orange glow. Erik rocks in his chair. A large pistol rests in his lap.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Erik keeps rocking, the chair CREAKS under his weight. Another light TAP. Unnatural lights flicker by the windows.

Erik moves to the door, tucking the pistol into his waistband. He picks up a box of matches. He strikes a match and lights a lantern.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

Hanna's bedroom door eases open. Erik shoots her a look and raises a hand stopping her from going any further.

Erik opens the door. There stands O'Reilly in his green parka, his beard a little icy.

O'REILLY

You son of a bitch. Hiding in Sweden. You always were a smart fucker.

O' Reilly smiles and sticks out a mittened hand. In the background, flashlights criss and cross. Erik walks away from the door, taking the lantern with him.

ERIK

Don't you teach them to switch to goggles when they approach. Flashlights are so clunky.

O'REILLY

I wanted to give you a fair chance. If I show you my twenty to your one...

O'Reilly struts into the room and closes the door behind him. He notices Hanna peering from her room.

O'REILLY (CONT'D)

Your one and a half. I figured you'd give up. Like I said, you always were a smart fucker. Things couldn't have changed that much.

O'Reilly glides over to the rocking chair.

O'REILLY (CONT'D)

Only one chair. I was hoping we could catch up. Marissa gave specific orders. Take them both alive, unharmed. I'm hoping to comply.

The room is well lit. Erik walks into the living room.

ERIK

Take the chair.

O'REILLY

She's crazy, man. Marissa's nuts. She's been tracking you since the day you left. But I'm sure you knew that. The spy of spies.

ERIK

You talk too much, O'Reilly.

O'REILLY

So you knew we were coming?

(beat)

I don't get it, bro. You stay hidden in the middle of ass-fuck nowhere for fourteen years and then you sucker us in. What do you have planned?

ERIK

Marissa still in the field?

O'REILLY

No. She's Intel now.

ERIK

And you're running teams, growing beards.

O'REILLY

Yeah. We're all grown up. We have our houses and our white picket fences and we got kids. If you got a beer kicking around, I might just be the spitting image of my father.

O'Reilly sits. Erik moves to within three feet of him.

ERIK

You should've told them to wear the goggles.

Erik throws a hand towards O'Reilly's throat. With his other hand, he pulls the pistol from his waist.

O'Reilly blocks the hand aimed at his throat. He rocks back in the chair kicking out, making the chair fall. He rolls out drawing his own weapon.

Erik fires two shots. They dig into the wood near O'Reilly's head.

O'Reilly fires two darts into Erik's chest.

AGENTS BURST through the front door, flashlights in hand.

Erik keels over and lands with a dull THUD.

SILENCE.

Hanna's door creaks shut.

INT. CABIN - HANNA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

The room is still. The echo of men STOMP around the cabin.

Hanna lays in her cot, curled in a ball, her back to the door. The pistol is missing from her bedside table.

HANNA  
(whispering)  
Use the element of surprise.  
Surprise. Aim for the widest part  
of their bodies.

A light KNOCK.

O'REILLY (O.S.)  
Sweetie. Come on out. I know this  
all seems scary...

INT. CABIN - OUTSIDE HANNA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

O'Reilly and two armed men stand at the door. The others mill about the room.

O'Reilly counts down by hand: Three.

O'REILLY  
Your Daddy is okay. He just went  
sleep, sleep.

Two.

O'REILLY  
So, we're coming in.

One.

MAN ONE turns the handle and eases the door open. MAN TWO steps into the room. Man One trails close behind. They are engulfed by darkness.

TWO SHOTS FLASH. Bodies FALL. The sound of tiny feet SCURRYING. And the SLAMMING of the bedroom door.

The other Agents look up. O'Reilly is stunned.

INT. CABIN - HANNA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

A blue darkness. Light enough to see Hanna strap the fallen's semi-automatics to her back. She drags the agents in front of the door.

HANNA  
(whispering)  
Take the dead. Create obstacles.

She moves quickly to her cot. She flips it up, creating a wall parallel to both the door and the window.

HANNA  
(whispering)  
Create decoys.

She runs up to the bodies and sits a few feet away from the door, her back to the front wall. She has firing positions on both the window and the door.

A criss/cross of light at her window.

INT. CABIN - OUTSIDE HANNA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

O'Reilly stands at the back of Six Agents.

O'REILLY  
Remember, darts only.

One agent sets up to BATTER the door.

INT. CABIN - HANNA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Hanna sits crouched, cat-like, one assault rifle in her hands, the other hanging across her back.

O'REILLY (O.S.)  
Okay, darling. It's time to give  
up.

The door CAVES in. A FLASH GRENADE floats through the air and clanks and rolls along the ground. POP. Hanna shields her eyes and begins to fire blindly at the door.

The first Agent in trips over the dead bodies. A bullet glides through his skull tearing his head in half.

The window CRASHES. Hanna turns her fire to the window killing an AGENT before he lands.

A DART hits her in the neck forcing her to spray bullets into the floor, her bookcase, the cot, and the already dead men piled by the door.

The room spins.

Agents move around her. Removing her weapons. Laying her flat on her back. Tending to her wound.

O'Reilly kneels beside her, looking into her face.

O'REILLY  
You look like your mother.

He taps her face lightly making sure she's out of it.

O'REILLY  
(to the Agents in the  
room)  
You see. Just a little girl with a  
gun.

Tears slip from Hanna's bleary eyes. She lifts a hand into the air.

O'REILLY  
Tougher than an elephant. Look at  
her.

She reaches out and touches O'Reilly's face.

O'REILLY  
Just a sweet little girl.

He bends closer. Her fist CRUNCHES into his nose.

BLACK.

INT. HOLDING CELL

A set of HANDS strain against a pair of cuffs.

The room is a cement box. No windows. A metal table and two chairs. A man, naked, and wearing a black hood, struggles in one chair, his hands cuffed behind his back.

A metal door GRINDS open. O'Reilly enters. He wears a tightly knotted tie and his trademark parka. His nose is crooked, black and blue.

O'REILLY  
Have a headache?



O'Reilly removes the hood to reveal Erik.

Erik slumps in his chair. No movement.

O'REILLY  
You've trained her well.

O'Reilly drags an empty chair away from the table. He sits.

O'REILLY  
Is that what you've been doing all  
these years?

ERIK  
What happened to your nose?

Erik smiles.

O'REILLY  
She killed six agents. And she's  
strong. She was tranq-ed when she  
did this to me. Sucked me right in.

ERIK  
It suits you.

O'REILLY  
Was that the plan? Bring us in. You  
knew that we couldn't harm her.  
Have her kill at will. A training  
exercise.

Erik strains against his cuffs.

ERIK  
Are these necessary?

INT. HOLDING CELL #2

ON CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION:

A cement box. Hanna lies on a cot. Not moving.

VOICE #1  
She hasn't moved since we brought  
her in.

VOICE #2  
Has anyone talked to her?

VOICE #1

Intel ordered you to be first contact. The head is flying in this afternoon. She wants you to assess risk. Then she wants to meet her.

EXIT CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION.

INT. HOLDING CELL

O'Reilly takes out a set of keys and lays them on the table.

O'REILLY

You could've killed me.

ERIK

Yes.

O'REILLY

But you didn't.

ERIK

True. You're talking. I'll give you that.

O'REILLY

You're confident.

ERIK

Isn't this what you wanted to hear? Why your agents warmed me up? Collect intelligence?

O'REILLY

Come on, Erik.

O'Reilly wheezes through his crooked nose, snickering.

ERIK

Have you talked to Marissa?

O'REILLY

She's going to meet the child.

ERIK

Are you still sore? Does it still hurt, having to work with her?

O'REILLY

Do you really think this is going to get those cuffs off?

ERIK  
What are we, Rob?

O'REILLY  
You've lost it a bit. In the head.  
Cabin fever.

ERIK  
What are we, Rob?

O'REILLY  
Old friends sitting and chatting.  
Talking about our kids.

ERIK  
Has she decided what's to be done  
with us?

O'REILLY  
She's going to see her. Then there  
will be a decision.

O'Reilly picks up the keys.

O'REILLY  
Are you planning to kill someone?  
Is that why you taught her all  
those tricks? Maybe you were  
planning to kill me.

Erik smiles.

ON CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION:

Erik's eyes flash the camera.

VOICE #3  
His vitals are stable, but  
O'Reilly's losing it. He's spiking  
all over the place.

EXIT CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION.

INT. HOLDING CELL #2

Hanna lies on the cot. A metal door drags open. A  
Psychologist, BURTON, closes the door behind him.

He walks up to Hanna.

BURTON  
Hello Hanna.

Hanna lies motionless.

BURTON

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

Hanna sits up and hangs her legs off the edge of the cot.

HANNA

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

BURTON

Really. Interesting. What else did your father tell you?

HANNA

Where am I?

BURTON

You're in holding.

HANNA

Where is my father?

BURTON

He's being held elsewhere.

HANNA

Dr. Burton?

BURTON

Yes, Hanna.

Hanna stands up.

HANNA

I need to see my father. Will you let me go?

BURTON

No, sweetie. You have to stay here for a little longer.

Hanna's eyes begin to tear. Her face flushes.

ON CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION:

Hanna crying. The Doctor moves to her side.

VOICE #1

She's crying.

VOICE #2

She's scared. It's understandable.

Hanna begins to flail in a perfect child-like tantrum.

VOICE #1

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Burton moves to her side.

EXIT CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION.

Hanna flails. Burton grabs her. He looks up to the security camera. Hanna wriggles in his arms.

BURTON

Can I get some help in here?

The sound of the METAL DOOR being dragged open.

Hanna calms.

INT. HOLDING CELL

O'Reilly is standing, the keys hanging from his hand. He moves slowly around the table, and pauses behind Erik.

He leans in close, rubbing his whiskers against Erik's ear.

O'REILLY

You touch me and you will never  
find Hanna.

Erik wraps his cuffed hands around O'Reilly's neck and SNAPS it in two.

He slips the keys from O'Reilly's dead hand.

ERIK

I don't have to find her. She'll  
find me.

GUARDS push through the door.

The metal chair careens awkwardly through the air CLANKING into one of the Guards.

Erik follows close behind. The keys stick out, jagged between his fingers.

He SLAMS his modified fist into the Guard's face.

INT. HOLDING CELL #2

The metal door stands ajar. A FEMALE GUARD pushes past Burton.

She strokes Hanna's back.

FEMALE GUARD

It's okay sweetie. It's all right.

TWO OTHER GUARDS stand at the door watching.

Hanna hugs the Female Guard -- and snaps her neck--

She slips the handgun from the guard's holster--

She fires two rounds into Burton's skull--

And two more into one of the Guard's chests--

The other Guard tries to drag the metal door shut. He hits a fleshy door jam, Burton. Hanna is upon him. Two shots.

INT. HOLDING CELL - OBSERVATION ROOM

Monitors, computers, and paper splattered with blood.

Erik holds a smoking gun above THREE dead bodies.

Erik moves around the room, familiar with its layout. He pushes a BUTTON. A compression BURST. A door slides open letting in a gust of cold air and snow.

ON A BLOOD SPLATTERED CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION MONITOR:

Erik walks into the holding cell and strips the parka off O'Reilly's dead body.

INT/EXT. HOLDING CELL #2 -- DAY

A compression BURST. A door slides open. Blinding white. A slow exposure revealing an alien desert containing alien rock formations.

Hanna steps from the cell block into the GOREME VALLEY of Turkey. She has two guns strapped to her back.

EXT. HOLDING CELL - SIBERIA -- DAY

Erik, fully dressed, wearing O'Reilly's parka, walks out from a cement block into a vast ALPINE environment. No trees. No life. Just snow, moss, and rock.

He flips the hood of O'Reilly's parka and begins his trek.

EXT. GOREME VALLEY - TURKEY -- DAY

Large rock formations. "Fairy chimneys". Layer upon layer of history. A prehistoric, volcanic landscape. Not a living soul to be seen.

Hanna runs along the bottom of a crevasse. She sweats. She pauses in the shade. She looks up at the sun.

She moves again, keeping the guns quiet at her side.

EXT. GOREME VALLEY - TURKEY -- LATER

Hanna has slowed. She walks through a dry field of half dead trees. She picks up sticks, twigs and cradles a small pile in one arm.

EXT. GOREME VALLEY - TURKEY -- DAY

THREE off-road vehicles stream through the valley towards the cement block.

They halt.

Marissa steps from the lead vehicle.

The door to the Holding Block is open.

The American steps to Marissa's side.

AMERICAN

What happened here?

Marissa draws her side arm. Other agents pile from the cars.

MARISSA

Johnson and Levalle, take point.

JOHNSON, A 100 dollar hair cut pretty boy, and Lavalle, Johnson's female twin, jog to the entrance, guns at their sides.

They enter.

AMERICAN

Do you think she escaped?

MARISSA

Get O'Reilly on the phone. I need to know what Erik has done.

LAVALLE (O.S.)

It's clear.

MARISSA

And call for reinforcements. Use our people, no locals.

Marissa walks into the building.

EXT. GOREME VALLEY - TURKEY -- EVENING

The sun lowers in the sky. Orange.

Hanna looks up at a tall, wide chimney rock formation. A cave entrance is barely visible.

She drops the sticks and removes one of the guns. She releases the magazine and sticks it in her waist band. She clears the chamber and unlaces the strap. She drops the strap and jogs to a small bush. She tucks the gun away under it's branches.

HANNA

I'll come back for you tomorrow.

She trots back to the sticks and gathers them into a pile. She grabs the strap and begins to bind.

EXT. GOREME VALLEY - TURKEY -- DAY

Hanna has climbed half way up the wall. She has one gun strapped to her back and a bundle of sticks hangs from one arm.

She reaches the entrance and drags her body into the cave.

INT. CAVE - TURKEY -- EVENING

She drops her weapon, her pile of sticks, and huffs out a large amount of air.



A small dark cave. Blue light makes the etchings on the wall barely visible.

Hanna pulls a stone and the clip from her waist band.

She piles the sticks and twigs into a TEPEE.

She holds the rock close to the base of the tepee. She strikes the rock with the magazine. A SPARK. She strikes it again.

INT. CAVE - TURKEY -- NIGHT

The fire glows. Hanna leans against a wall full of etchings. An ancient Christian shrine. She's beginning to doze off.

HANNA

Don't let it burn too long. They  
can see you from miles away.

She falls asleep.

INT. HOLDING CELL - TUNDRA -- DAY

AGENTS flood into the cell. A naked, hooded body sits limp in a chairs.

One AGENT removes the hood.

O'Reilly's dead face. Dried spinal fluid in his beard and his ears. His neck is a dark pink hematoma.

INT. HOLDING CELL #2 - TURKEY -- NIGHT

Marissa sits on the cot in the cell, alone. The American comes in.

AMERICAN

O'Reilly's dead. Ragnorak has left  
the building.

Marissa nods, unsurprised.

MARISSA

And the girl?

AMERICAN

Her code name is Valkyrie.

MARISSA

Have we located the girl?

AMERICAN

The tracking equipment was damaged.  
But we have tech working on it.

Marissa leans back on the cot.

MARISSA

Can you believe she did this?

AMERICAN

No, ma'am. I can't.

MARISSA

It's amazing.

AMERICAN

I don't mean to be rude, ma'am, but  
I've got to orchestrate the  
reinforcements.

MARISSA

It's fine. Go. Get someone on  
Erik's trail. Find out where he's  
going.

The American exits.

EXT. TUNDRA -- DAY

It's early morning.

Erik speeds through a sad looking forest. He hits a back road  
and jogs along it, looking back at intervals.

INT. HOLDING CELL #2 - TURKEY -- MORNING

Marissa sleeps on the cot.

The American rushes in.

AMERICAN

We've got her. We've got a signal.

Marissa rolls out of bed, grabs her jacket from the table,  
and rushes out the door.

EXT. GOREME VALLEY - TURKEY -- MORNING

The convoy of vehicles speeds through the valleys.

AMERICAN (V.O.)  
It's not far. Maybe sixty miles.

INT. CAVE - TURKEY -- MORNING

A GRUMBLE. The CRUNCHING of tire against gravel. The sun shines on half of the cave. Hanna lays in the darkness. She wakes. The fire died hours before.

Hanna snatches her weapon and crawls to the edge of the cave. She peeks over the edge.

A car door SLAMS.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD -- DAY

It's a dark, cold day. Erik races along the frozen back road. Headlights approach from behind him.

Erik checks over his shoulder and then runs off the road taking refuge in a natural ditch.

A loud MOTOR rumbles as the headlights get closer to Erik's position.

Erik breaks a thick, frozen branch away from a tree and crouches ready for an assault.

The lights and rumble turn into a tractor driven by a GREY OLD MAN. Erik steps from the ditch and waves.

ERIK  
(in Swedish w/ subtitles)  
Hello my friend.

The tractor slows and the engine is cut.

TRACTOR DRIVER  
(in Russian w/ subtitles)  
What are you doing out here?

ERIK  
(in Russian w/ subtitles)  
You speak Russian?

TRACTOR DRIVER  
 (in Russian w/ subtitles)  
 Of course. What else would I speak?

The tractor driver gives Erik a toothless smile.

INT. CAVE - TURKEY -- NIGHT

The sounds of a man SPEAKING echo lightly in the cave. Hanna cocks her weapon and peers over the edge.

EXT. CAVE - TURKEY -- MORNING

EROL, a dark Turkish man, with a thick moustache and a heavy pair of crow's feet lined under his eyes, points up at the cave.

A FRENCH FAMILY, dressed in white, cluster together beside a passenger van.

The image of FRED FLINTSTONE is embossed to the side of the van.

EMILE, a portly man with a day old beard, smiles and wraps his arm around his wife. DANIELE, a portly woman, takes snap shots of Erol. Thea, the little, 12-year-old girl, tugs on her mother's hand.

EROL  
 (in broken French  
 w/subtitles)  
 This is what we call a "Fairy chimney." Or a tufa cone. The soft rock was ideal for carving out living quarters. An ancient peoples, the Phrygian, were the first associated with these dwellings. Later, the Christians occupied this space and hid in large cities built in and under these valleys.

Daniele points her camera upwards. Hanna's head pokes out the cave entrance. She dips back into the cave.

DANIELE  
 (in French w/subtitles)  
 Oh my lord. There is someone up there.

Erol turns and looks upwards.

INT. CAVE - TURKEY -- DAY

Hanna shuffles deeper into the cave. Her hand grips the gun tightly.

DANIELE (O.S.)  
 (in French w/subtitles)  
 It was a troll. A monster living in  
 the cave.

EXT. CAVE - TURKEY -- MORNING

Thea grabs her mother's hand and looks up at the cave.

THEA  
 (in French)  
 A monster?

EROL  
 (in broken French)  
 Please, miss. You'll frighten your  
 child. I will see who is there.

INT. CAVE - TURKEY -- MORNING

Hanna stands in the shadow, her gun still in her hands.

DANIELE (O.S.)  
 (in French)  
 If it is not a troll, then it is a  
 bandit. We must protect our  
 valuables.

The sound of Erol SCRAMBLING up the side of the 'chimney'.

Hanna places the gun down. She trots into the light.

HANNA  
 (in French w/subtitles)  
 Please, I surrender.

INT. MOVING PASSENGER VAN -- DAY

The French family sit bunched together in the back. Hanna, looking like a dirty little street kid, sits in the passenger seat. Erol drives.

EROL  
(in French w/subtitles)  
Where's your family?

HANNA  
(in French w/subtitles)  
Are you Arab?

EROL  
(in French w/subtitles)  
I'm Turkish.

HANNA  
(in Turkish w/subtitles)  
I like Turkish very much. It's like  
Japanese. It's big.

Erol takes his eyes off the road.

EROL  
(in Turkish w/subtitles)  
You speak Turkish, Japanese and  
French. You look American.  
(in English)  
You speak English?

HANNA  
Yes. Of course.

EROL  
Where's your family?

HANNA  
I'm in Turkey, so I'm to meet  
Wilhelm Grimm at the German  
Consulate, İnönü Cad., No 16 - 18  
Gümüssuyu, in Istanbul.

EROL  
(in Turkish)  
You're a long way from Istanbul.

HANNA  
Can you take me there?

Erol stares out at the road in front of him.

EXT. CAVE - TURKEY -- DAY

Marissa and her men canvass the area.

Lavalle pops her head out of the cave.

LAVALLE

Looks like she camped here. And she left this.

Lavalle holds out the gun.

AMERICAN

So she dropped one of the guns, she still has the other one.

Johnson bends and pulls the gun out from under the bush.

JOHNSON

Here's the other one.

Johnson removes the tracking device.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

And here's the tracker.

Marissa slams her hand down on the hood of a car.

MARISSA

Damnit. We're so close. She's here.

(Pause)

No more fuck-ups.

EXT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL -- DAY

The van pulls up to a poor replica of BEDROCK. It has a motel feel. White painted rooms/caves that surround an open courtyard.

The French family pile out of the car and shuffle off to their room.

Hanna steps from the car.

HANNA

Do you have lots of people here? It seems like you have lots of people.

Erol pulls a heavy bag of supplies from the back of the van.

EROL

Just the French family. It's low season.

Hanna runs to his aid. She grabs the bag and throws it over her shoulder.

EROL

Thank you. Oh, there's Tabby too.

TABBY, a deeply tanned Australian women, seven months pregnant, in a full leg cast, limps out on crutches.

TABBY

What did you find in the desert?

EROL

Her name is Hanna. She's in transit to Istanbul.

TABBY

Hello Hanna.

Tabby sticks out her hand. Hanna looks at it and then at Tabby's stomach.

TABBY

Don't they shake where you come from?

(to Erol)

Does she speak English?

EROL

And French, and Japanese, and Turkish.

Tabby tucks the crutch tighter under her arm.

TABBY

Really?

Hanna takes Tabby's hand.

HANNA

Hello. Bonjour. Konichiwa. Merhaba.

TABBY

Very impressive. Are you going to be staying with us Hanna?

EROL

Yes. Just until I contact her Guardian in Istanbul.

TABBY

Are you going to be paying for your stay Hanna?

EROL

Tabby. She's our guest.



HANNA

I cannot pay, but I can work. My father told me that I could work for trade, if I needed to.

(Pause)

I like your hands very much. They're soft. I've never seen hands like those. They're very nice.

Tabby turns around on her crutches.

TABBY

Okay. She can stay the night. Are you hungry Hanna?

HANNA

Yes.

TABBY

Then leave that heavy bag for Erol and we'll get you some food and some clothes.

Hanna drops the bag on command. She follows Tabby into the reception/ living area.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - DINING AREA -- NIGHT

Hanna sits across from Erol and Tabby. She sips on a cola. She wrinkles her nose.

HANNA

What is this? It hurts my face.

Tabby smiles.

TABBY

You've never had a soda?

Hanna sips again.

EROL

It's good for you.

Erol gives her a wink. Hanna tilts her head.

HANNA

How did you do that?

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - HANNA'S ROOM -- NIGHT

A light goes on. The room is a cave with cave-like comforts. Animal pelts, horns, and chairs made of tree branches. On a coffee table sits a stack of MAGAZINES.

Erol stands in the doorway, his arms piled high with little girl clothes.

EROL

This is your room. It's the best we've got.

HANNA

Thank you.

Hanna stares at the light switch.

HANNA

Do you have one of these in every part of your home?

EROL

Of course.

HANNA

It's electricity?

EROL

Yes.

HANNA

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

EROL

Some American, I'm sure.

Erol plops the pile of clothes down on the bed.

EROL

You can wear these. Our guests won't miss them.

HANNA

Thank you.

EROL

You're welcome.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - HANNA'S ROOM -- LATER

Hanna stares at herself in a mirror. Her hair is pulled back. She's wearing a *Barbie* T-shirt and baggy jeans. She almost looks like a little girl, but there is something wrong. Something robotic in the way she looks at herself.

She picks up a magazine and sits on the edge of her bed. She thumbs through, staring at the images as they flash past her eyes. Pictures of skinny models and shiny celebrities, smiling, sucking their cheeks in, propping their breasts up.

Hanna mimes the facial expressions. She sucks her cheeks in. She smiles. She tries to find her breasts.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - HANNA'S ROOM -- DAY

Hanna pulls back the covers. She's still wearing her *Barbie* T-shirt and her baggy jeans. She moves to the floor and begins her exercise routine. Push-ups then sit-ups.

EXT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL -- DAY

Hanna looks up at a gigantic rendering of *Fred Flintstone*. She tugs at her jeans trying to keep them up.

Erol takes a spot beside her and stares up at the mural.

HANNA

Who is he?

EROL

He was a cartoon. An American cartoon.

HANNA

My mother's from America.

EROL

So is mine.

(beat)

How about some breakfast?

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - DINING AREA -- DAY

Hanna sits in front of a nice looking spread. Thick pieces of french toast. Bowls of honey and syrup. Powdered sugar. Orange juice. Milk.

Tabby serves Hanna.

HANNA

I don't usually get sweets.

TABBY

These aren't sweets, love. It's a good wholesome breaky.

Tabby spoons the honey on thick. Hanna sips at a tall glass of orange juice. She likes it.

HANNA

What do you call this?

TABBY

You're a strange little girl.

HANNA

Why?

TABBY

You ask a lot of questions.

HANNA

Do I?

TABBY

(smiling)

Yes.

Tabby sits at the table. Erol fiddles with a calculator and a note pad. On the plate in front of him is sliced tomato, goat cheese, bread with a cup of black, black tea, a more traditional Turkish breakfast.

TABBY

Do you think Hanna is a bit weird?

EROL

Sorry?

TABBY

Hanna. Do you think she's a tad weird?

Erol looks at Hanna. He gives her a wink.

EROL

A tad.

Hanna smiles.

HANNA  
I like it here very much.

TABBY  
You keep saying that.  
(beat)  
Well, we like having you around.

EROL  
Oh, I almost forgot, Hanna? Are you  
sure your guardian's name is  
Wilhelm Grimm?

HANNA  
My father told me to meet Wilhelm  
Grimm in Istanbul. If I found  
myself in Turkey, Wilhelm Grimm  
would help me.

EROL  
I called the consulate and a  
Wilhelm Grimm doesn't exist. At  
least not there.

TABBY  
Isn't that an author?

HANNA  
Yes. One of two brothers. But the  
one in Istanbul is different.

TABBY  
I'd guess so.

Hanna takes a large mouthful of french toast and honey.  
She COUGHS at its sweetness.

INT. HOLDING CELL - TURKEY -- DAY

ON A MONITOR: Hanna throwing her fit and then calming as she  
wraps her arms around the Female guard's neck. PAUSE. REWIND.

Marissa holds a remote.

MARISSA  
Watch her.

She points to the screen.

MARISSA (CONT'D)  
Watch her face.

Slow motion: Hanna goes from sad little girl to cold hard killer.

MARISSA

She knew exactly what she was doing. Did we get back a psych analysis?

The American shifts in his seat.

AMERICAN

She killed the psychologist.

MARISSA

I know. But did he have anything to report?

AMERICAN

We didn't retrieve anything but the tape.

MARISSA

Any sightings?

AMERICAN

Not at this time.

MARISSA

And Erik.

AMERICAN

Ragnorak is still missing. He won't make it far. All he's got is O'Reilly's parka.

MARISSA

I want you to listen. I'm going to teach you something.

She presses play.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

A man who could create this...

ON MONITOR: Hanna snaps the Guard's neck and pulls the gun, firing into Burton and the other Guards.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Has resources we'll never know about.

(Beat)

Focus surveillance on the Cabin.  
Call in the Turkish authorities.

(MORE)

MARISSA(cont'd)

Have them go door to door. And keep an eye on the borders. She'll move at some point. And keep things small. She's more important than I realized.

ON MONITOR: All is calm. Hanna walks slowly from the room.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

The tractor rumbles down the road and pulls up to a small patch of forest. Erik pats his new friend on the back and hops off the tractor.

ERIK

(in Russian w/ subtitles)  
I appreciate your help.

TRACTOR DRIVER

(in Russian w/ subtitles)  
I can take you all the way to town.

ERIK

(in Russian w/ subtitles)  
I'm afraid it's out of my way.

TRACTOR DRIVER

(in Russian w/ subtitles)  
Where are you headed?

ERIK

(in Russian w/ subtitles)  
Sweden.

Erik shakes the man's hand.

ERIK

(in Russian w/ subtitles)  
Good bye old man.

Erik walks into the forest and begins to pick up speed. He moves quickly through the trees.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - TV ROOM -- DAY

Hanna sits on a couch eating popcorn. The glow of the television illuminates her face.

Thea, the French girl, stands at one end of the couch staring at Hanna.

THEA  
(in French)  
Hello.  
(and then in English)  
My name is Thea.

The television flickers across Hanna's mesmerized face.

HANNA  
Have you ever seen this before?

Thea turns to the television.

ON SCREEN: *Tom and Jerry* up to their old tricks.

THEA  
Yes.

Hanna's eyes widen.

ON SCREEN: Tom chases Jerry until, finally, he leaps and slams into a wall.

Hanna pops back in shock.

HANNA  
I like this television very much.  
My father told me of them.

THEA  
You've never seen a TV... Where are you from?

HANNA  
The forest.

THEA  
We live near a small forest.

Hanna eats the popcorn one kernel at a time.

THEA  
What's your name?

HANNA  
My name is Hanna.

THEA  
Can I sit with you?

Hanna finally takes her eyes away from the screen.



HANNA

Yes.

Thea sits. She watches Tom and Jerry and laughs. Hanna watches her.

THEA

My mother is going to drop me at the open air museum. Would you like to go?

HANNA

Yes, but why would we go there?

THEA

It's what you do when you go to other countries.

Thea breaks out in laughter. Jerry escapes death once more.

EXT. OPEN AIR MUSEUM -- DAY

A village constructed out of "Fairy Chimneys" and other rock formations.

Hanna, Thea, and Daniele stand at the entrance. Daniele brushes the dust off Thea's shoulder.

DANIELE

(in French w/ subtitles)

I'm going shopping in town.

She hands Thea some lire.

DANIELE (CONT'D)

(in French w/ subtitles)

Buy yourselves a treat.

Daniele gives Thea a peck on the cheek and whispers in her ear.

DANIELE (CONT'D)

(in French w/subtitles)

If she does anything weird just leave the troll here.

(addressing both of them)

Have a good time.

Daniele leaves them.

THEA

Good bye you smelly hag.

Daniele waves.

HANNA  
Why did you say that?

THEA  
She can't understand me.

They approach the ticket SELLER.

HANNA  
But she's your mother.

THEA  
And she's a smelly hag. Two,  
please.

Thea hands the lire to the ticket seller. They walk past the gates into the open museum.

Other TOURISTS approach the ticket seller. On the road, in the background, a Turkish police prowler pulls to a stop. Two fuzzy looking Turkish police officers, DORUK and HILMI swagger from the car and over to the ticket seller. They're Turkish John Waynes.

Hilmi pulls out a grainy, photocopied image of Hanna at the Holding cell. He hands it to the ticket seller.

HILMI  
(in Turkish w/ subtitles)  
Have seen this little girl?

The ticket seller stares at the photo.

TICKET SELLER  
(in Turkish w/ subtitles)  
Maybe. I think she just came  
through.

DORUK  
(in Turkish w/ subtitles)  
Through here.

He puts his hand on his service revolver. He scans the village.

HILMI  
(in Turkish into radio)  
Possible location on subject at the  
open museum outside Urgup.

EXT. HOLDING CELL #2

Johnson, Lavalle, the American and a few other agents stand around their vehicles trying to look busy.

AMERICAN  
Does she seem a little uptight lately?

LAVALLE  
I haven't noticed.

AMERICAN  
I think this mission... whatever this is, it's getting to her.

JOHNSON  
If you have an issue with the Boss maybe you should bring it up to her.

AMERICAN  
Yeah, maybe I should--

The American's cell phone rings. He flips it open.

AMERICAN  
Speak... in Urgup. Tell them not to engage. Tell them to wait for us.

He ends the call.

AMERICAN  
Well that was easy. She's in Urgup being a tourist.

The American opens the driver's side of the car. The door AJAR BEEPS.

LAVALLE  
Aren't you going to tell Marissa?

AMERICAN  
She needs her rest. I can handle this.

Johnson moves to get in the car.

AMERICAN (CONT'D)  
Actually Johnson, you and Lavalle can stay here. Got to give the rookies a chance.  
(MORE)

AMERICAN(cont'd)  
(yells at a bundle of  
agents standing around)  
Monk and Peters, I can use you.

Two Agents peel off and pile into the car. The American slams the door, gives Lavalley a wink, and drives off.

INT. LUFA CONE RESIDENCE -- DAY

Sun shines through a doorway, lighting the room.

Hanna runs her hand along ancient murals. Thea eyes different artifacts.

THEA  
Hanna?

HANNA  
Yes.

THEA  
Did you know that you're weird?

HANNA  
No. Is that bad?

THEA  
It's not bad, it's just weird.

The room suddenly becomes dark. Hanna turns to see Hilmi blocking the doorway and the sunlight.

HILMI  
(poor English)  
Excuse me. We take you.

Hilmi moves forward, letting the light flood in. Thea SCREAMS.

Hanna kicks him in the chest, leaving two clouds of dust floating in the air.

Thea's screams cease. Silence.

Hilmi stumbles back out the door.

EXT. LUFA CONE RESIDENCE -- DAY

The cave entrance is wonderfully engraved with ancient symbols.

Hilmi falls out and bounces down an iron staircase, just missing Doruk, and finally settling at the base of the stairs. He's hurt but he's alive.

Hanna and Thea emerge at the entrance.

DORUK  
 (in Turkish w/ subtitles)  
 Halt!  
 (in English)  
 Please, stop!

Hanna leaps the railing and free falls twenty feet. She lands and looks up. She forgot Thea.

She leaps over Hilmi's heaving body and rushes up the stairs as Dorak rushes down.

Thea watches on, partially afraid and partially amazed.

Hanna and Dorak collide. Hanna heaves Dorak's mass over the railing. He lands on his head, but the drop was only a few feet.

HANNA  
 Thea, come with me.

Thea hops down the stairs and follows Hanna. They leap over Hilmi just as Dorak manages to erect himself.

EXT. OPEN AIR MUSEUM -- DAY

Hanna and Thea rush past the ticket seller and down the road towards town.

THEA  
 Where did you learn how to do that?

HANNA  
 My father taught me.

THEA  
 Don't worry I won't tell anyone.

HANNA  
 Why?

THEA  
 Because you saved my life.

HANNA  
 Your life was never in danger.

THEA

Well, you did something and I won't tell anyone. It will be our secret.

HANNA

We have to find your mother.

EXT. A SMALL MARKET -- DAY

It's a small, outdoor, tourist market just down the road from the museum.

Daniele is red faced and so is the MERCHANT she's arguing with.

DANIELE

(in French w/ subtitles)

One million. That's it.

MERCHANT

(broken French w/  
subtitles)

You can buy nothing with one million.

DANIELE

(in French w/ subtitles)

Fine. Two million.

MERCHANT

(in broken French w/  
subtitles)

It is the same.

Thea and Hanna jog up to Daniele. Thea breaths hard.

DANIELE

(in French w/ subtitles)

What happened to you two?

HANNA

(in French w/ subtitles)

Some police--

THEA

(in French w/ subtitles)

Nothing, mother. We just got bored.

A loud RUMBLE grows in the distance. It turns into a black vehicle driven by the American. He races right by Hanna, Thea, and Daniele, kicking up a dust trail along the way.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - GUEST ROOM -- DAY

The interior is similar to Hanna's.

Hanna and Tabby make the bed. Hanna pulls the sheet tight, she's forceful but knows what she's doing. She smooths the sheet with her hand.

Tabby struggles, balancing on one foot. Her crutches lean against the wall.

TABBY

You and Thea are becoming friendly.

HANNA

Yes. Is that okay?

TABBY

Of course. I have my theories about the French, but they are good people when they're young.

HANNA

Yes, they are.

TABBY

What do you two talk about?

HANNA

Mostly about *Tom and Jerry*. She's strange. She laughs at the most horrific things.

TABBY

What do you mean?

HANNA

When Tom chases Jerry, she laughs.

TABBY

But you're supposed to laugh at *Tom and Jerry*.

HANNA

But they're not funny.

TABBY

What do you find funny?

HANNA

I don't know. I like Rumpelstiltskin.

Hanna smooths the bed cover down.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - TV ROOM -- DAY

Thea and Hanna sit side by side.

Thea cracks up. She's holding her belly.

Hanna imitates her. Awkward at first, but then more genuine.

EXT. HOLDING CELL #2 -- NIGHT

The American and his two agents pull up to the entrance of the holding cell. Lavalley and Johnson lean against another car.

JOHNSON

So where's the girl?

AMERICAN

They engaged before we got there.  
She escaped.

LAVALLE

The boss is pissed.

AMERICAN

Thanks for the heads up.

Lavalley smirks. The American walks into the Holding Cell.

JOHNSON

Good luck.

INT. HOLDING CELL #2 -- NIGHT

Marissa sits quiet in the darkness. The American shuffles in, his head held low.

AMERICAN

I'm sorry.

MARISSA

When I was a young girl, my father took us to live with him on the Airbase. We were one of the only families to live off base, but one year he decided to take us with him.

(MORE)



MARISSA(cont'd)

And he kept us in the house, he took me from school and he taught me all he knew and I hated him so much. He forced me to jog and he called me fat...

Marissa chuckles.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

He was not a kind man.

AMERICAN

Yes, I know, I've heard this before.

MARISSA

... but he taught me how to be cruel and he taught me how to punish. If you defy me again, I'll do more than punish you.

The American clams up.

MARISSA

Take Johnson and Lavalie. Do one more canvas of the area.

AMERICAN

Yes, ma'am.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - DINING AREA -- NIGHT

Hanna, Erol, Tabby and the French family sit at a large table. Dirty plates clutter the surface. The grown-ups are sipping coffee. Hanna pokes at her ice cream with a spoon. Her face glows. She has everyone's attention.

HANNA

Tom put Jerry in his mouth and his face went all like this.

Her face twists.

HANNA

Jerry was running around and Tom's cheeks were all, like bubbling.

Hanna chuckles.

HANNA

It was really funny. Right Thea?

THEA  
Yes. My sides hurt.

HANNA  
Mine too.

A LOUD KNOCK from the front reception area. Erol places his napkin on the table.

EROL  
Excuse me. A little late night business.

HANNA  
Wait! I'll come with you.

EROL  
Finish your supper.

HANNA  
I'm finished.

Hanna drops her knife on her plate with a loud CLANK and stands.

EROL  
You stay.

Erol leaves the room.

DANIELE  
(in French to Emile)  
She's a strange little girl.

EMILE  
(in French)  
Daniele, please. Don't be rude.

TABBY  
Hanna help me with the dishes.

Hanna begins to clear the dishes. She's efficient, stacking the plates one on top of the other. She looks out to reception. She's paranoid.

Tabby picks up her own dish and limps on her crutch out of the room.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - KITCHEN AREA -- DAY

The kitchen is bright and clean. It looks out on Erol chatting with a heavy-set Turkish MAN.

Hanna puts the dishes in the sink.

TABBY (O.S.)  
Don't start washing until I get  
there.

Hanna watches Erol and the Man chat. Her face relaxes. Erol gives the Man a package. The Man is a bit red faced. The Man's lips move. Erol's arms fly up. The Man wags a finger.

TABBY (O.S.)  
What are you looking at?

Hanna turns to see Tabby put her dish in the sink.

HANNA  
I thought he was a policeman. You  
owe money to that man?

Tabby flicks her eyes in Erol's direction and brings them back to Hanna.

TABBY  
Just a little. Why the police?

She turns the tap and water gushes.

HANNA  
He said he was going to hurt Erol.

TABBY  
Are you listening in on Erol's  
conversation? That's rude Hanna.

HANNA  
Is that man going to hurt you?

TABBY  
No, sweetie. He just says those  
things so Erol will keep giving him  
money. He's all bark.

Hanna nods knowingly.

HANNA  
Like the wolf... but the wolf ate  
Red Cap's grandmother.

TABBY  
Darling, I have no idea what you're  
talking about.

HANNA

Why do you keep calling me Darling  
and Sweetie? My name is Hanna.

Hanna starts to wash the dishes.

EXT. CABIN - SWEDEN -- DAY

An AGENT bends down by a tree. The cabin sits dead in the distance.

RADIO CALL (V.O.)

(filtered)

Ragnorak approaching. North by  
Northeast.

The Agent's head shifts, North by Northeast.

Erik moves through the forest. He limps, the hood pulled tightly around his face.

The agent lifts his rifle. A laser sight cuts through the dense, white air and targets Erik's head.

RADIO CALL (V.O.)

(filtered)

Do not engage the Ragnorak. Wait  
for Valkyrie.

The SIGHT lowers.

Erik goes to a pile of logs stacked under an awning of the cabin.

INT. CABIN - FIREPLACE -- DAY

The cabin shows little signs of the violence that went on there days before.

Erik enters with a pile of logs. He drops them in front of the fire place.

He opens the chute and bends to one knee.

The finger tips of one hand are black and dead.

He preps the fire. He lights it.

The glow illuminates the frost that has gathered all over his parka. He stands and unzips the coat.

His flesh is mostly pink and chapped. The tip of his nose, his ears, and a semi-circle of flesh near his eye are dead pieces of flesh.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - TV ROOM -- NIGHT

Tabby, Thea, and Hanna sit on the couch. The baby kicks in Tabby's belly.

TABBY

Ooh, I think we've got a real footballer on our hands.

Thea pats Tabby's belly.

THEA

It's moving.

Hanna touches the belly.

HANNA

I don't feel anything--

A KICK. Hanna jumps back. Silence.

HANNA

I've seen a baby before. When I was hunting with my father.

TABBY

You saw a baby in the forest?

HANNA

It was a baby deer. He told me that it came from the doe.

Hanna strokes the belly. Tabby grabs Hanna's hand.

TABBY

Enough petting for today.

Erol walks in holding a projector and a tray full of treats.

EROL

Okay. It was hard but I got it.

He holds up the projector.

EROL

Movie time.

(to Thea)

(MORE)

EROL(cont'd)

Did you want to ask your mom and  
dad to come watch?

THEA

They don't like American movies.  
And they have to pack.

HANNA

Are you leaving?

THEA

Tomorrow.

EROL

Maybe you should go ask your mom,  
just in case.

Thea jogs from the room.

TABBY

Hanna, why don't you help Erol set  
up the projector.

EROL

Of course, help me set this up.

Hanna jumps to her feet and scurries to his side.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - TV ROOM -- LATER

The projector flickers against the white wall: An ACTION STAR  
jumps off an exploding building.

Tabby tries to cover Thea and Hanna's eyes. They all GIGGLE  
and SCREAM. Daniele has her arms crossed.

DANIELE

I hate American movies.

Tabby gives Daniele a dirty look.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - TV ROOM -- DAY

The credits flick on the wall. Erol shuts off the projector  
and flicks the lights on.

TABBY

What did you think?

THEA

It was scary.

HANNA

I liked it. But when you shoot a man you aim for the widest part of his body. It is very hard to shoot that accurately and... and it is very unlikely that he could be shot that many times and still walk around. It wasn't realistic, but I liked it very much.

An awkward silence.

EXT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL -- NIGHT

Erol walks Thea and Daniele to their room. He knocks. The door opens and Thea goes inside.

Tabby, in a walking cast, and Hanna plod slowly to Hanna's room. Hanna waves at Thea.

HANNA

(in French w/ subtitles)

Good night, Thea.

Thea pops her head out the door.

THEA

(in French w/ subtitles)

Good night, Hanna.

HANNA

(in French w/ subtitles)

Have good dreams.

THEA

(in French w/ subtitles)

I will. Good bye, Hanna.

Thea closes the door.

TABBY

Did you get her address in France?  
Maybe you could visit her.

HANNA

25, rue Jean Zay 69800 St-Priest.

TABBY

Is that where she lives?

HANNA

Yes.

They reach Hanna's door.

TABBY  
Get up nice and early and we'll  
have a big breakfast, okay?

HANNA  
Can we have french toast with  
honey?

TABBY  
Anything you want.

Tabby kisses Hanna's forehead.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - DINING AREA -- DAY

Hanna sits at the table. Erol sits across from her.

Hanna sips a tall glass of orange juice.

EROL  
Aren't you sad?

HANNA  
Why?

EROL  
Thea left this morning.

HANNA  
Yes.

EROL  
Weren't you friends?

HANNA  
Yes. We were.

EROL  
I thought you'd be sad.

HANNA  
Do you want me to be?

EROL  
No, of course not.

HANNA  
Than why do you think I would be  
sad?



EROL

I would be sad if my friend left.

Tabby enters, limping, trying to keep the plate balanced.

HANNA

I will see her again.

Erol nods.

EROL

Me and Tabby were talking...

Hanna grabs the plate from Tabby's hand. She places it on the table. She takes her fork and dishes off four pieces.

EROL

I've been trying very hard to find  
your Wilhelm Grimm and I haven't  
found him.

(beat)

We were wondering...

Tabby takes her spot by Erol's side.

Hanna douses her toast in honey. She takes another gulp of orange juice.

EROL

Would you like to live with us? We  
would hire you on. You could  
translate for our guests. At least  
until we can contact your father.

Hanna cuts her toast.

HANNA

That would be very nice. Thank you.

TABBY

Don't you want to stay with us?

Hanna lays her fork and knife on the plate.

HANNA

Yes. I really want to stay.

Hanna smiles.

HANNA

You are very nice people.

She takes a large, gooey mouthful of toast.

EXT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL -- DAY

Erol and Hanna unload large supply bags from the back of the van.

Hanna heaves a fifty pound bag up onto her shoulders.

HANNA

What's all this for?

EROL

High season. We'll have Americans, Aussies, Germans, French... all these people come here to see the Chimneys.

The Turkish Man approaches from the road.

THE MAN

(in Turkish w/ subtitles)

White slaves. I didn't realize I loaned you that much.

EROL

(in Turkish w/ subtitles)

We found her in the desert. She's not a slave.

THE MAN

(in Turkish w/ subtitles)

Of course she's not. Maybe she's just a friend.

The Man sneers.

EROL

Hanna, take the bag into the kitchen.

THE MAN

(thick accent)

Aren't you going to introduce us?

EROL

(in Turkish w/ subtitles)

Let's leave her out of this.

Hanna drops the bag and sticks out her hand.

HANNA

(in Turkish w/ subtitles)

My name is Hanna.

The Man takes her hand.

THE MAN  
(in Turkish w/ subtitles)  
She speaks Turkish. Have you been  
teaching her?  
(to Hanna)  
You're a very pretty girl.

HANNA  
(in Turkish w/ subtitles)  
I think you should not come here.

THE MAN  
(in Turkish w/ subtitles)  
Really.

EROL  
Hanna. Stop this. Take the bag  
into... into Tabby.

HANNA  
I think I should stay.

THE MAN  
(in Turkish w/ subtitles)  
You have no control over your  
child.

HANNA  
(in Turkish w/ subtitles)  
I am not his child.

EROL  
Hanna, please. Take the bag into  
Tabby.

Hanna stares at the Man. He is twice her size.

She turns and picks up the bag with ease. She jogs into the  
reception area.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - KITCHEN -- DAY

Tabby packs supplies away in the cupboard.

Hanna jogs into the kitchen and drops the bag on the kitchen  
floor.

Tabby freezes.

TABBY  
What's going on?

Hanna jogs back out of the kitchen.

A CLATTER of noise.

EROL (O.S.)  
(in Turkish w/subtitles)  
I will pay you tomorrow.

Hanna walks backwards into the kitchen. Erol lugs a bag into the kitchen. The Man follows close behind.

TABBY  
Hanna come here.

Hanna stands by Tabby's side.

TABBY (CONT'D)  
Erol, what's going on?

EROL  
Be quiet, please.

THE MAN  
How are you today? Me and your husband have a little business to discuss.

EROL  
Please, do not speak to my wife.

The Man puts a hand on Erol's shoulder. The Man's mouth curls at the corners. His eyes wrinkle. Erol slaps the Man's hand away.

THE MAN  
(in Turkish w/subtitles)  
You've become brave with your American child.  
(beat)

You need to pay me that money. I have my own debts to pay.

EROL  
(in Turkish w/ subtitles)  
I don't have it. I told you. Wait for high season.

THE MAN  
 (in Turkish w/ subtitles)  
 Don't make me shame you in front of  
 your child and your wife.

The Man slaps Erol. Erol falls to the floor. Tabby runs to his side. The man grabs Tabby's arm. Hanna moves quickly.

Erol watches Hanna move.

EROL  
 (in Turkish w/ subtitles)  
 Hanna--

Hanna leaps into the air, driving her foot into the Turkish Man's knee. He releases Tabby and drops to his knees. The Man is in shock, all he can do is watch.

Hanna wraps her arms around his neck and pulls up on it. CRACK. Not quite finished. One more tug. SNAP.

The Man's body rolls to the ground, dead.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - DINING AREA -- NIGHT

Hanna sits alone at the dining table. She listens to the argument coming from the kitchen.

TABBY (O.S.)  
 We have to call the police.

EROL (O.S.)  
 She's a little girl. He was going  
 to harm us.

TABBY (O.S.)  
 She killed him.

EROL (O.S.)  
 I don't want to hear this.

TABBY (O.S.)  
 You don't want to hear this? She  
 killed a man. On the floor. He's  
 dead.

A long pause.

EROL (O.S.)  
 But she's a little girl...

TABBY  
I'm calling the police.

EXT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL -- NIGHT

Erol and Hanna rush from the reception area towards the parked van.

HANNA  
What's going on?

EROL  
I have to take you away.

HANNA  
But what about Tabby. What about my clothes?

EROL  
I'm sorry. If you stay here the police will take you away.

Erol opens the passenger door for Hanna.

EROL (CONT'D)  
Get in.

HANNA  
Are you taking me to Istanbul?

EROL  
I'll take you to the train.

HANNA  
What about the Man?

EROL  
It's okay.

Hanna hops into the passenger seat.

INT. PASSENGER VAN -- DAY

The desert and valleys pass by Hanna's window. She stares out.

Erol keeps his eyes on the road and does not speak a word.

INT. HOLDING CELL #2 -- DAY

Marissa has maps and photos strewn across a table. She stares at them. She does not touch them. Her eyes shift from one set to the next.

The American barges in.

AMERICAN  
We got something. A killing in  
Goreme.

MARISSA  
You found her?

AMERICAN  
Not exactly...

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Marissa kneels down beside the Man's dead body. She observes his face. Small bruises in the shape of fingers mark the man's jaw.

MARISSA  
(sotto)  
She's so strong.

Marissa stands and walks into the dining area.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - DINING AREA -- NIGHT

Tabby sits at the dining table. Her face is blank and pale. The American sits across from her. Marissa enters quietly and stands to the side.

AMERICAN  
Where's your husband?

TABBY  
He had errands to run. We're  
preparing for high season. Who are  
you people? I called the police.

AMERICAN  
We're the police.

TABBY  
I called the Turkish Police.

AMERICAN  
Officer Bekir is here.

The American motions to OFFICER BEKIR, a young Turkish police officer.

AMERICAN (CONT'D)  
Who is the man in your kitchen?

TABBY  
He was going to harm me and my baby.

AMERICAN  
I understand. Who is he?

TABBY  
His name is Aktas, I think.

Marissa walks up to the American's side.

MARISSA  
How many months are you?

TABBY  
Seven.

MARISSA  
Into the home stretch. Was there a little girl staying with you?

Tabby falters.

TABBY  
Yes... they were a French family... her name is Thea, but they left yesterday. Why do you ask?

Marissa draws her pistol and shoots Tabby in the head. The American is splattered with blood.

AMERICAN  
What... she was a witness.

MARISSA  
She was lying.  
(beat)  
Wait for the husband. And get somebody on the busses, passenger vans, send somebody to Ankara. Watch the trains. She's heading to Istanbul. She's had her family vacation. She's going home now.



Marissa walks back into the kitchen.

MARISSA  
And clean that mess up. I can't  
stand mothers who lie.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - ANKARA -- NIGHT

Erol and Hanna stand facing each other. Erol hands her a wad of cash.

HANNA  
No. You need it.

EROL  
It's not a problem.

There's a long pause and then Hanna pockets the money.

EROL (CONT'D)  
I have a long drive back.

Erol sticks out his hand.

EROL (CONT'D)  
It was a pleasure.

Hanna shakes his hand.

HANNA  
I'm sorry.

EROL  
Don't be sorry. You did what was  
right... what I could not do. I  
wish you luck on your journey.

HANNA  
Thank you.

Erol turns and walks back to his van. Hanna watches him go.

INT. TRAIN -- NIGHT

Hanna has a cabin to herself. She folds her train ticket in half and places it in her front pocket. She sits and pulls her knees to her chest.

The train WHISTLE sounds and it LURCHES forward.

INT. TRAIN -- LATER

Hanna sleeps. She's curled in a ball. The cabin door slides open. A TICKET TAKER fills the frame.

TICKET TAKER  
(in Turkish)  
Ticket.

Hanna wakes with a start.

HANNA  
(in Turkish)  
A moment please.

Hanna pulls her ticket from her pocket and hands it to the Taker.

TICKET TAKER  
(in Turkish)  
Istanbul?

HANNA  
(in Turkish)  
Yes.

The Taker steps into her cabin.

TICKET TAKER  
(in Turkish)  
That's a long trip.

He bends close to her.

TICKET TAKER (CONT'D)  
(in Turkish)  
You'll need a proper sleep.

He reaches under the seat beside Hanna. He pulls it out flat.

TICKET TAKER (CONT'D)  
(in Turkish)  
You can do this with all the seats.  
You'll have a nice big bed.

Hanna smiles.

HANNA  
(in Turkish)  
Thank you.

EXT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL -- NIGHT

Erol's passenger van pulls up to the hostel. Three black trucks and a Turkish police car fill up the court yard.

Lavalle and Johnson approach Erol's vehicle.

JOHNSON  
Sir, could you please step from  
your vehicle.

EROL  
What's going on?

JOHNSON  
Sir, I need you to step from the  
vehicle.

Erol complies.

EROL  
Where's my wife?

JOHNSON  
Please follow agent Lavalle.

EROL  
Tell me where my wife is.

Lavalle grabs Erol's elbow and forcefully escorts Erol into the reception area.

INT. FLINTSTONE'S HOSTEL - DINING AREA -- NIGHT

Erol sits at the head of the table. The American sits across from him. Marissa stands in the background.

EROL  
Where is my wife?

AMERICAN  
Answer a few questions and you'll  
be with your wife.

EROL  
Who are you?

AMERICAN  
Why don't you answer our questions  
first? Do you know this little  
girl?

The American slides a grainy photo across the table.

Erol picks it up: A PICTURE OF HANNA AT THE HOLDING CELL.

EROL

No. I don't know her.

AMERICAN

Did she kill Mr. Adil Aktas, the man in the kitchen?

EROL

I killed him.

AMERICAN

That's funny. Your wife said she killed him.

MARISSA

My organization is willing to pay well for information on that little girl.

EROL

I don't know her.

MARISSA

Do love your wife Mr. Baris?

EROL

Of course.

MARISSA

Is your wife's life and your child's life worth more than that little girl's?

Erol stares at Marissa.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

We know the little girl was here. We know she killed the man in your kitchen.

EROL

I can't help you.

MARISSA

Fine.

She turns away.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I'm tired of this. Check phone records. And dispose of him.

EROL

But my wife.

The American stands, pistol in hand.

AMERICAN

She's dead, Mr. Baris. I'm sorry.

The American shoots Erol in the chest.

MARISSA

Kill the cop too. And dispose of Mr. Aktas body. I want Lavalley and Johnson on the border. Cover any trace that the girl was here. We're going back to Sweden.

AMERICAN

Why?

MARISSA

Because that is where she is going.

She exits. The American knocks Erol's body to the ground. Officer Bekir has his hand on his gun.

OFFICER BEKIR

(in Turkish w/subtitles)

Why are we killing them?

AMERICAN

(in Turkish w/subtitles)

Because... sometimes you have to do bad things for the better good.

The American turns his gun on the Officer. Two SHOTS.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - ISTANBUL -- DAY

The sun sits blaring in the sky. Hanna walks from an old brick faced building, the Haydarpasa Station.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

EXT. ISTANBUL -- DAY

Hordes of bodies move up and down the streets.

Women in Birkas.

Men with thick moustaches.

Tourists in Gortex with flash cameras.

Minarets pop up throughout the city.

Hanna walks through the crowds, along the banks of the Bosphorus.

Past the Sultanahmet Mosque.

Past Hagia Sofia, a Christian landmark.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

INT. PLANE -- DAY

The American walks up and down the aisle with a modified satellite cell phone to his ear.

AMERICAN

Okay. İnönü Cad., No 16 - 18  
Gümüssuyu. The German Consulate?

The American brings the phone down to his side.

AMERICAN (CONT'D)

The phone records have calls to the  
German Consulate in Istanbul. Who  
do we know at the German Consulate?

Marissa sits at the front of the plane and looks back at the American.

MARISSA

Knefler. Call Leon Knefler. Put the  
Consulate on alert.

AMERICAN

But ma'am, the Valkerie contacted  
the German Consulate, isn't it  
possible...

MARISSA

Don't question me. Alert them.  
She's coming home. We must give her  
a chance to get home.

AMERICAN

But don't we want to capture her?

MARISSA

No. Not yet.

She turns back, ending their conversation. The American walks to the back of the plane, out of Marissa's reach, and dials a number.

AMERICAN

(into phone)

I need fifteen agents in Istanbul.  
Have Peters head the team... No  
this is my deal, do not contact the  
Head...

He looks at Marissa sitting at the front of the plane.

AMERICAN (CONT'D)

Contact Leon Knefler at the  
Consulate. He'll help you.

INT. GERMAN CONSULATE - CONSUL'S OFFICE - DAY

LEON KNEFLER has a swollen, capillary broken face. His elbows squish against an over sized desk. His spittle slaps the black phone receiver he has lodged between his sausage-like fingers.

KNEFLER

Of course. I understand. A little  
girl. If we see her, we'll call  
you. Yes, of course, we will not  
engage the child. Yes, I understand  
she's very dangerous... okay, don't  
worry... no problems... we'll call  
you.

Knefler wipes a slab of hand across his forehead.

EXT. GERMAN CONSULATE - ISTANBUL -- DAY

Hanna sits on a bench. Her eyes canvass the area. Suspicious men and women, out of place tourists, stand at key visual locations.

Hanna rubs her legs. She has a slight glow of sweat on her forehead.

SERHED (O.S.)  
Can I shine?

SERHED, a grimy Kurdish boy holding a shoe shine kit, plops down beside Hanna.

Hanna lifts a white sneaker.

HANNA  
No thank you.

SERHED  
Are you American?

HANNA  
I don't know. My mother's American.

SERHED  
I'm Kurdish. Do you have any money?

HANNA  
Just a little.

Hanna dips her hand in her pocket and pulls out a wad of Turkish lire. She's paranoid and watches the tourists as she interacts with Serhed.

Serhed opens his kit.

SERHED  
Do you have any American? Any foreign?

The kit is covered in cash and coin from around the world.

HANNA  
All I have is this.

SERHED  
Do you want a shine?

HANNA  
No, but can you help me?

SERHED  
What for?

HANNA  
I need to go to the German Consulate.



SERHED

Yes.

Serhed points at the consulate. Hanna knocks his hand down.

SERHED (CONT'D)

But it is right there?

HANNA

I know. I need to get inside... Do you see those people, the tourists standing by themselves?

Serhed looks around.

HANNA

They're here to stop me.

SERHED

I don't understand...

HANNA

I need a knife and I need extra clothes.

Serhed makes his decision.

SERHED

Come with me.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

Serhed moves quickly down the alley. He pushes some boxes and trash away from a little cubby hole against the side of a building. He emerges with a bundle of clothes.

SERHED

Here are the clothes, but for the knife I need something more. I need Deutschemark.

HANNA

There is no more Deutschemark.

SERHED

I need a Deutschemark for my collection.

HANNA

If you give me the knife, I'll ask. And I'll give you all of this.

Hanna waves the wad of lire in front of him.

EXT. GERMAN CONSULATE -- DAY

What seems like the back of young Serhed approaching one of the awkward Tourists.

HANNA  
(her voice slightly more  
masculine)  
Shine?

TOURIST  
No.

HANNA  
Please, sir. Shine?

TOURIST  
Piss off.

The Tourist shoos her away. Hanna turns revealing her face and her new, crudely short hair cut.

She walks up the steps of the Consulate and into the building.

INT. GERMAN CONSULATE - RECEPTION -- DAY

Hanna tip toes against a large reception desk. A sharp featured, dark haired RECEPTIONIST fiddles with a pen.

RECEPTIONIST  
(in German w/subtitles)  
There's no Wilhelm Grimm here. Go  
to the library.

HANNA  
(in German w/subtitles)  
My father told me to meet Wilhelm  
Grimm in Istanbul.

RECEPTIONIST  
(in German w/subtitles)  
Your father is a fool.

HANNA  
(in German w/subtitles)  
He is not.

RECEPTIONIST

(in German w/subtitles)

There is no Grimm in this office.

HANNA

(in German w/subtitles)

He told me if I was in Beijing to go to the British Consulate and ask for Charles Dickens. If I was in Johannesburg, go to the Danish consulate and ask for Hans Christen Andersen. And if I was in Istanbul to ask for Wilhelm Grimm.

RECEPTIONIST

(in German w/subtitles)

Look young man. You see those men...

The Receptionist points to GERMAN MILITARY standing at the entrance.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

(in German w/subtitles)

If you do not leave right now, I will have you thrown out.

Knefler emerges from the stairs. He sees the little boy that sounds like a girl.

HANNA

(in German w/subtitles)

Show me Wilhelm Grimm!

Hanna begins to throw a fit. One Military Man moves to stop her. Knefler drops his briefcase and puts his hands up in a calming fashion.

KNEFLER

(in German w/subtitles)

No... leave her.

The Military Man stops dead in his tracks. Hanna calms, tears in her eyes. Knefler approaches slowly.

KNEFLER (CONT'D)

(in German w/subtitles)

Is your name Hanna?

Hanna wipes the tears from her eyes and nods in the affirmative.

KNEFLER (CONT'D)  
 (in German w/subtitles)  
 You've been a busy girl. Your  
 father has told me a lot about you.

The Receptionist has no idea what's going on. Neither do the  
 guards.

KNEFLER (CONT'D)  
 (in German w/subtitles)  
 Are you hungry?

HANNA  
 (in German w/subtitles)  
 Yes.

Hanna smiles.

INT. CAFE - ISTANBUL -- DAY

A typical Turkish cafe filled with old men playing backgammon  
 and drinking strong tea.

Hanna and Serhed, twins, sit side by side at a small table.  
 Each has a plate full of food and a cup of tea. Knefler stirs  
 condensed milk into his black coffee.

KNEFLER  
 Your father is a great man. He's  
 done great work for my country.

HANNA  
 You are Wilhelm Grimm?

KNEFLER  
 "He continued on his way, and soon  
 spindle-legged Death came towards  
 him and said, 'Take me as  
 Godfather.' 'Who are you?' The man  
 asked. 'I'm death, and I make all  
 people equal.'"

Hanna smiles.

HANNA  
 You are Wilhelm Grimm.

KNEFLER  
 Now tell me your mission.

HANNA

I have to find my father. He will tell me what to do.

Serhed sticks a large piece of chicken in his mouth.

KNEFLER

Who is this boy?

HANNA

He's Kurdish. His name is Serhed. These are his clothes. He wants Deutschemark for his collection.

KNEFLER

But there is no Deutschemark any more.

SERHED

She promised. If I helped her I would receive Deutschemark.

KNEFLER

I'll see what I can come up with.  
(to Hanna)

I will get you documentation, but I cannot guarantee passage into Bulgaria.

HANNA

It's okay. Get me the papers, I'll worry about the borders.

Knefler brings his briefcase up to his lap and pulls out a digital camera. He points at Serhed's white paper place mat.

KNEFLER (CONT'D)

Serhed, could you put that behind Hanna's head?

Serhed pulls the placing out from under his plate.

KNEFLER (CONT'D)

It's too bad about your hair but we'll see if we can fix it.

SERHED

Why am I doing this?

Serhed holds the placing behind Hanna's head.

KNEFLER

It will be easier to modify.

Knefler takes the picture and places the camera in his bag.

KNEFLER (CONT'D)  
Give me six hours. I'll have your  
papers in order.

SERHED  
And the Deutschemark?

KNEFLER  
Yes. I'll have money for both of  
you.

Knefler places a wad of lire on the table.

KNEFLER  
Eat what you want.

He walks away from the table. Serhed takes another mouthful  
of chicken.

SERHED  
He's a funny man. Fat.

HANNA  
Yes.

SERHED  
He knows your father?

HANNA  
Yes.

SERHED  
Why does he ask about your mission?

HANNA  
I'm not sure... Do you have  
parents?

SERHED  
No. They live far away.

HANNA  
My father lives far away too.

Hanna dips a finger into her steaming hot tea.

INT. CAFE - ISTANBUL -- NIGHT

Darkness falls and the lights of the city glow outside. Few  
men linger at the tables in the cafe.

Hanna and Serhed nibble at Turkish Delight.

SERHED  
My stomach hurts.

HANNA  
You'll get used to it.

SERHED  
Is he coming back?

HANNA  
He said he would.

SERHED  
What are you going to do if he does  
not come back?

HANNA  
Live with you I suppose.

Serhed smiles and pops a large piece of Turkish Delight in his mouth.

HANNA (CONT'D)  
You eat more than I do.

SERHED  
It's because I'm a man. I am bigger  
than you.

Serhed flexes a stringy bi-cep. Hanna does the same. Her muscle is fine and chiseled.

HANNA  
My arms are much bigger than yours.

SERHED  
It is because you are older...  
Maybe you're not a girl.

Hanna goes quiet. Serhed watches her, his eyes soften. He pokes at the treats.

HANNA  
Maybe I'm not. Why does it matter?

SERHED  
It doesn't matter. Have some more  
sweets.

Serhed pushes the plate towards her.

INT. OFFICES -- NIGHT

The halls are quiet and dark. A door opens throwing shadow and light down the hall. Marissa walks from her office and closes the door behind. She stands in darkness. She moves down the hall, her heels softly CLIPPING the floor.

She arrives at a door. She places a hand on the door handle and pauses.

AMERICAN (O.S.)  
You didn't see her at all. Fine...  
fine... pull them out...

Marissa punches buttons on a key pad. The RELEASE of a lock. She opens the door and light floods out.

INT. AMERICAN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The room resembles a closet. It's a small box. The American is jammed behind a cheap desk. Stacks of paper frame his head. He hangs up his phone.

AMERICAN  
What's going on? Did we find her?

MARISSA  
Who were you talking to?

AMERICAN  
Just home. The girls miss their  
Dad.

MARISSA  
I've decided that we're not going  
to take her in.

AMERICAN  
Yes, I know. You want her to get  
home. Are you okay?

MARISSA  
I don't want her harmed. Give her  
money, tell her we will let her get  
home.

AMERICAN  
But we haven't found her.

MARISSA  
When we do, tell her.



AMERICAN  
May I ask you a question?

Marissa stares at him for a long beat.

MARISSA  
No.

She turns and pulls the door open. She walks into the dark hall.

INT. CAFE - ISTANBUL -- LATER

Serhed is knocked out. His arms are crossed on the table forming a pillow for his sleeping head. Hanna sits straight backed, wide awake.

An OLD TURKISH MAN sweeps his cafe clean. A door RATTLES. Serhed bolts up awake.

Knefler stands at the door. The old man shuffles to the door and let's Knefler in.

KNEFLER  
(in Turkish w/subtitles)  
I'm sorry.

OLD MAN  
(in Turkish w/subtitles)  
They thought you wouldn't return.

KNEFLER  
I'm here now.

Knefler makes his way to Hanna and Serhed. He places his briefcase on the table, pulls out a chair, and sits.

KNEFLER (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry it took me so long.

Knefler pulls a bundle of Deutschemark from a pocket.

KNEFLER (CONT'D)  
It was hard to find.

He hands the bills to Serhed. Serhed flips through the bills and pulls out a single bill. He hands the wad back to Knefler.

KNEFLER (CONT'D)  
It took me ten hours to find those bills and you won't take it.

SERHED

I only need one.

Serhed brings his shoe shine case up to the table top. He opens the box, revealing his collection. He slips the Deutschemark in behind a two dollar Canadian bill.

SERHED (CONT'D)

Thank you.

HANNA

Do you have anything for me?

KNEFLER

Of course.

Knefler pulls paper and a maroon passport from his case. He slides the documents over to Hanna.

KNEFLER (CONT'D)

This should get you where you're going. There is a bus leaving for Sofia at 400 hours.

HANNA

Thank you.

KNEFLER

I can't stay here. We don't want your mother finding us together.

HANNA

My mother?

KNEFLER

Yes. She is tracking you. Who did you think you were running from?

HANNA

Bad people.

KNEFLER

Yes... well... It was nice meeting you both.

Knefler stands. He lays the Deutsche Mark on the table.

KNEFLER (CONT'D)

I have no use for it anymore. Good luck.

Knefler exits. Serhed turns to Hanna.

SERHED  
Are you leaving now?

EXT. BUS STATION - ISTANBUL -- NIGHT

The sun is beginning to rise. The sky is a light blue. The city lamps glow. Hanna, dressed in her pink shirt and baggy jeans, and Serhed stand side by side staring at a gigantic passenger bus.

Hanna tucks her passport and other papers into the waist of her baggy jeans. She pulls out a mess of lire and hands it to Serhed.

SERHED  
Good luck on your mission.

HANNA  
When it's over I will move to  
France. Maybe you can come visit me  
there.

SERHED  
Maybe.

Hanna boards the gigantic bus. Through the windows, she walks down the aisle and sits at the back.

The bus rumbles to a start and rolls away. Serhed waves. Hanna looks straight ahead.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - BULGARIA -- DAY

From the muted blue-greys and beiges of Turkey to the wet green of Bulgaria. The bus clunks down a country road.

INT. BUS -- DAY

Hanna watches a static ridden TV that shuts on and off with every bump. A Turkish dubbed version of *The Long Goodbye* with ELLIOT GOULD plays.

Hanna's face is cold. Her mind is in another place.

EXT. BUS - STREETS OF SOFIA -- NIGHT

Night falls slowly. Lights flutter by the windows. Cement buildings box in the streets. Signs with Cyrillic writing guide the way.

INT. BUS -- NIGHT

Hanna hugs her knees to her chest. She's curled in a ball, but is still awake.

The bus takes a wide turn into a large Bus Depot.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - BULGARIA -- NIGHT

The depot is surrounded by aluminum shacks. An ancient looking train station sits glowing in the distance.

The bus lurches to a halt. The door CLANKS open. Hanna steps from the bus.

A bundle of prostitutes are gathered at a coffee and tea stand. Hanna eyes them wearily.

Two large back packs, with embroidered Canadian flags, sit at the base of another coffee and tea shack. The packs belong to a puffy orange jacket. It stands out against the denim and dirt clothing of the locals.

Another puffy orange jacket crosses towards the shack and the packs. It's Agent Lavalley looking pretty with cold air streaming from her mouth.

Hanna watches her move. Lavalley turns to her and smiles. Lavalley makes her way to the other orange jacket -- Johnson.

DRIVER (O.S.)

Where are you going?

Hanna looks up to see a tall gray haired man named TONY standing over her.

HANNA

Sweden.

TONY

Eh?

HANNA

(in Bulgarian w/subtitles)  
I'm going to Sweden.

TONY

(in Bulgarian w/subtitles)  
Passport.

Hanna pulls out the maroon passport. Tony grabs it with his thick, muscled hand. He flips it open.

The digital photo of Hanna altered to resemble a passport photo. She sort of looks like a girl. Tony closes the passport revealing a German seal.

TONY  
(in Bulgarian w/subtitles)  
Come with me.

Tony strides across the lot to another rusty bus. Hanna scurries after.

Tony knocks on the door of the bus, it opens. A blonde hair muscle woman lounges in the driver seat. She is ANNE.

ANNE  
(in Bulgarian w/subtitles)  
You stealing little girl's  
passports again?

Hanna snatches the passport from Tony's hand. Anne sits up.

ANNE (CONT'D)  
(in Bulgarian w/subtitles)  
She's fast.

Anne hops off the bus and gives Tony a slap on the shoulder.

ANNE (CONT'D)  
(in Bulgarian w/  
subtitles)  
Don't worry I won't tell anyone.

TONY  
(in Bulgarian w/  
subtitles)  
She wants to go to Sweden.

ANNE  
(in Bulgarian w/  
subtitles)  
And you brought her to me because  
of my blonde hair.

Anne smirks down at the little girl.

HANNA  
Where does your bus go?

ANNE  
You're an American...

HANNA  
 (in German w/ subtitles)  
 No. I was raised here.

Hanna hands Anne the passport.

ANNE  
 My bus goes to Budapest. Is that  
 all right with you?

HANNA  
 I don't have any money.

ANNE  
 Than it looks like Sofia is your  
 new home.

HANNA  
 My father is in Sweden.

ANNE  
 Sorry little girl.  
 (to Tony in Bulgarian)  
 She has no money, why did you bring  
 her over here--

LAVALLE (O.S.)  
 We can pay for her.

Lavalle and Johnson, the orange twins, stand off to the side,  
 their backpacks heavy on their backs.

Lavalle hands one \$100 American bill to Anne. Hanna watches  
 the exchange. Hanna boards the bus.

INT. BUS TO BUDAPEST -- DAY

Anne looks back in her rear view mirror. A few gaunt looking  
 INDIVIDUALS populate the bus. Hanna has two seats to herself.  
 Lavalle and Johnson sit a few rows back, eyeing Hanna.

Lavalle moves across the aisle. The moving bus rocks her back  
 and forth. Hanna exams the back of her hand.

LAVALLE  
 May I sit with you?

Hanna nods, not looking up. Lavalle plops down beside her.

LAVALLE (CONT'D)  
 What's your name?

HANNA

Hanna.

LAVALLE

My name is Max. Maxine.

Lavalle thumbs back to Johnson. She seems slightly nervous, but holds her composure.

LAVALLE (CONT'D)

That's Jack. He's my boyfriend.

HANNA

Oh.

Hanna picks at a small scab on the back of her hand. She seems distant, almost shy, wary of this new person.

LAVALLE

Do you know what a boyfriend is?

HANNA

Of course. I'm fourteen.

Lavalle leans back in her seat, on edge.

HANNA

I have a boyfriend.

LAVALLE

Oh... really. What's his name?

HANNA

Serhed.

LAVALLE

Does he live in Turkey?

HANNA

(beat)

Why are you asking me so many questions?

LAVALLE

You seemed lonely.

HANNA

It's okay. You can go sit with Jack.

LAVALLE

It's a long trip.

HANNA

I'm fine.

Hanna pops up out of her seat and stares at Johnson. Johnson waves.

HANNA (CONT'D)

He looks lonelier.

Hanna returns to picking at the back of her hand.

LAVALLE

Well, maybe we can chat later.

Lavalle crosses back to Johnson.

JOHNSON

(whispering)

What's going on?

LAVALLE

She seems hostile.

JOHNSON

Does she know?

LAVALLE

No way. It's impossible. She's just keeping her distance.

(beat)

We'll try her later.

Lavalle leans back in her seat and shuts her eyes.

INT. BUS TO BUDAPEST -- LATER

Lavalle sleeps soundly against Johnson's puffy shoulder. Johnson reads a Robert Ludlum novel. The bus pulls to a halt.

ANNE (O.S.)

(in Bulgarian w/  
subtitles)

Half an hour.

A few passengers move up the aisle and off the bus. Some stay where they are, looking pale and dead. Hanna approaches Lavalle and Johnson. She has a big smile wrapped around her face.

HANNA

Could you buy me lunch?



Lavalle wipes the sleep from her eyes.

INT. ROADSIDE PUB - YUGOSLAVIA -- DAY

A greasy spoon. A few toothpick tables with toothpick chairs. A pale SERB sits at one of his tables, flirting with Anne.

Hanna, Lavalle, and Johnson sit a few tables away. Hanna pours ketchup on a piece of something that resembles meat. Johnson sips at a Lager, but never really drinks it. Lavalle seems interested in Anne and the Serb.

JOHNSON

Where are you from?

HANNA

You talking to me?

JOHNSON

Sure... yes.

HANNA

I'm from Sweden. Where are you from?

JOHNSON

Canada... Ontario--

LAVALLE

He's from Ontario, I'm from Alberta. Calgary, Alberta. Have you heard of it?

HANNA

Yes. It's funny...

Hanna smirks and licks the ketchup off of one finger.

HANNA (CONT'D)

I thought he was from Texas and you were from Louisiana.

Johnson leans back, hiding his shock. Lavalle keeps her cool.

LAVALLE

What made you think that?

HANNA

Your accents slip in now and again.

LAVALLE

Well, sweetie, you don't exactly sound Swedish. Sometimes people have to hide who they are. So maybe we're not from Canada and maybe we don't want to tell little girls our business.

HANNA

I didn't say I was Swedish. I said I was from Sweden.

Hanna wraps her napkin around her ketchup drenched meat and stands.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Thank you for lunch.

Hanna walks out.

INT. BUS TO BUDAPEST -- DAY

The bus is on the move again. Hanna chews on the meat-like substance. Lavalle plops down beside her. She fiddles with a pack of cards.

LAVALLE

I'm sorry. I'm from New Orleans. He's from Austin. We're pretending to be Canadians because we heard they got treated better over here.  
(beat)

Can we be friends?

Hanna wipes her mouth with her forearm.

HANNA

My dad and I played cards.

LAVALLE

What did you play?

HANNA

Hearts, Go Fish, he taught me how to play solitaire but I didn't like that one very much.

LAVALLE

Do you want to play?

Lavalle breaks the deck and pulls the cards from the box. She shuffles like a pro. The cards flutter together in a magical arc. Hanna is mesmerized.

LAVALLE

Your dad never taught you how to do that.

Lavalle flicks a card into Hanna's lap. In the background, Johnson has a cell phone to his ear.

INT. OFFICES -- NIGHT

Marissa huddles over the phone in her hand.

MARISSA

You're sure it's her... Make sure she eats... take her out again... make sure she's full and then give her your funds... Yes, all of it...

The American walks in carrying a file. Marissa wraps a hand around the receiver.

MARISSA

What are you doing in here?

AMERICAN

I have an update on Ragnorak.

MARISSA

You can't be in here now. And stop using those silly names.

AMERICAN

But it's protocol--

MARISSA

Leave now.

Marissa aims the receiver at the door. Her eyes are a bit wild. The American exits. Marissa waits and makes sure the American is gone.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Johnson, give her the money, tell her to go to her father.

EXT. BUS DEPOT - BUDAPEST -- NIGHT

Anne sees her passengers off the bus. When it's Hanna's turn to exit, Anne puts out a hand and stops her.

ANNE  
(in Bulgarian w/  
subtitles)  
Your friends, they're not good  
people.

HANNA  
I know.

ANNE  
(in Bulgarian w/  
subtitles)  
If you still want to go to Sweden  
walk up that street for ten blocks.  
The Keleti train station is on the  
left. Take it to Munich.

HANNA  
Okay. Thank you.

ANNE  
(in Bulgarian w/  
subtitles)  
Your friends lost their luggage.

Anne gives her a wink. Hanna checks back into the bus to see Lavallo and Johnson searching for their bags.

Hanna sprints away from the depot, down the street towards the Keleti Train Station. She's fast, the buildings blur past her.

Behind her, a commotion breaks out, a person begins to chase, it's Lavallo. Anne and another figure, Johnson, wrestle. There's a flash and a dull POP.

Hanna slows and looks back. She sees Anne fall. She sees Lavallo closing in.

LAVALLE  
Hanna. Stay there.

Lavallo pulls her side arm.

LAVALLE (CONT'D)

We're not going to harm you. You have to come with us. We have to discuss a proposition.

Hanna twists her neck. She can just see Keleti a block away.

INT. UNDERGROUND RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Poorly lit with dark faux-Gothic interior. A place that serves large American portions for large American tourists. It has heavy oak tables and serves food on planks of wood.

Hanna swirls a large spoon around in a bowl of Goulash. Lavalle and Johnson are attached at the hip.

Johnson pulls out a fat money belt and lays it on the table.

JOHNSON

It's twenty thousand dollars.

Hanna eyes the pouch but is unimpressed.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

We've been asked to ensure that you have a good meal and that you receive these funds.

LAVALLE

That's all. You can go back to your father. Take a plane. We've been ask to pull back.

HANNA

Who asked you?

LAVALLE

Our boss.

Hanna sips her soup. She's calm.

HANNA

How did you find me?

LAVALLE

We were watching the borders.

HANNA

But if you were just going to let me get to my father, why are you watching me? Why did you kill that woman?

Hanna's face flushes. She suppresses her anger, but it's beginning to boil.

LAVALLE

She stood between us accomplishing our mission objective.

HANNA

To feed me?

LAVALLE

Yes. And to ensure your safe passage to your father.

HANNA

I made it this far without anyone's help and no innocent people had to die.

LAVALLE

I'm sorry but every where you go, little girl, you leave your mark on innocent people. They become liabilities. That young family in Goreme, you destroyed their lives. Leon Knefler is being terminated as we sit here and now that we have Serhed's name, he'll be easier to find.

HANNA

You killed them all.

Johnson's eyes fill with empathy while Lavalles grow harsher.

LAVALLE

Of course. Don't you know what you are. You are one of us--

Hanna flips the spoon around in her hand and lunges across the table at Lavalles throat. The momentum pushes the table, pinning Lavalles and Johnson to their seats. Johnson has one free hand--

He punches Hanna hard across the cheek. She flops to the ground.

Other patrons fall back, some gasping. A CLATTER of dishes and silverware.

A kindly American tourist leaves his seat to help the little girl but just as he stands--

Hanna is back on her feet. Johnson struggles with the heavy table. Lavalley tries to stand but is pinned. All she can do is grit her teeth. Hanna plunges the spoon into Lavalley's collar bone.

Blood spurts up over Hanna's hands. The HAMMER of a gun being pulled back.

ERIK (V.O.)  
(whisper)  
Three seconds...

Hanna stares down the barrel of a .357 GLOCK 33.

JOHNSON  
Take the money and go to your  
father.

Hanna twists the spoon and Lavalley cries out.

HANNA  
But you can't kill me.

JOHNSON  
No, but I will.

Long pause.

EXT. UNDERGROUND RESTAURANT - TOURIST DISTRICT -- NIGHT

Hanna jogs up a dark staircase and into the lamp lit streets. The money belt waves back and forth in her bloody hand.

INT. BUDAPEST'S FERIHEGY AIRPORT -- NIGHT

Hanna sits in front of a closed Scandinavian Airlines (SAS) ticket counter. She touches her swelling, bruised cheek.

EXT. LULEA AIRPORT - LULEA, SWEDEN -- DAY

The sky is overcast. The ground has a light covering of snow and ice.

Hanna steps out into the fresh Swedish air. Her eye is completely swollen shut. She trudges over to a cab and gets in.

INT. CAB -- DAY

The Cabbie, a young Viking with a long blonde beard and wearing a heavy winter coat, turns in his seat to get a good look at Hanna.

CABBIE  
(in Swedish w/ subtitles)  
Where to, Miss?

HANNA  
Jokkmokk.

CABBIE  
(in Swedish w/ subtitles)  
That's three hours away.

Hanna pulls out the money belt and hands the Cabbie the remainder of her money (approx. \$15,000).

HANNA  
(in Swedish w/subtitles)  
I need to go to Jokkmokk.

INT. MOVING CAB -- DAY

The Cabbie eyes Hanna in his rearview mirror.

CABBIE  
(in Swedish w/ subtitles)  
Why are you going to Jokkmokk? The  
Sami Winter Fair is long over.

HANNA  
(in Swedish w/subtitles)  
My father lives there.

CABBIE  
(in Swedish w/ subtitles)  
Did he do that to your eye?

HANNA  
(in Swedish w/ subtitles)  
No. That was my mother's fault.

EXT. CAB - JOKKMOKK, SWEDEN -- DAY

A quiet, beautiful town. Hanna pushes the cab door open and walks out onto the icy street. She has the Cabbie's giant winter coat wrapped around her tiny body.



EXT. OUTSIDE JOKKMOKK -- DAY

It's late in the day. The air from Hanna's mouth freezes. She pulls the coat tight and hikes down the road. The town disappears in the distance.

EXT. KVIKKJOKK MOUNTAIN RANGE -- NIGHT

Light begins to fade from the sky. Hanna trudges through a beautiful alpine environment. No humans. No animals. Just Hanna alone. The dark outline of trees can be seen in the distance.

EXT. FOREST - SWEDEN -- NIGHT

A healthy fire illuminates Hanna's campsite. She's dug a shallow pit close to the fire. She lays in the pit covering her face from the frigid air.

EXT. CABIN -- DAY

An agent, POSITION ONE, crouches down by a tree. He has an angle into the cabin. Through the window the shape of a man covered in shadow.

POSITION ONE RADIO CALL (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
In position one, south.

POSITION TWO RADIO CALL (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
In position two, south-east.

The agent turns east. Another agent, POSITION TWO, holds, crouching by a tree. Suddenly, he turns his gun on Position One. Position One is confused and then he realizes the gun is not being pointed at him. He looks back--

Hanna flies down crashing her fist into the back of Position One's neck. A CRUNCH.

She rolls behind him, covering her front with his body and her back with the tree.

Position Two SPRAYS bullets. The tree bursts above Hanna's head and shakes her dead shield with fury.

POSITION TWO RADION CALL (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
One is down. The Valkerie has  
returned.

Behind Hanna's position, the trees shift and Agents fade into being. They move quickly shifting from tree to tree.

The dead body weighs against Hanna. She looks to the cabin and through the window. The man's body has not moved from the shadows.

Hanna reaches around and grabs her shield's gun. She stands suddenly, leaping over her man. She runs straight at position two. She fires, filling the man's body with bullets. He falls back slowly, but she's fast. She leaps grabbing hold of his vest and spins him out into the open.

She allows the momentum to pull her out. She rolls, hops up, and enters the cabin before any of the agents has a chance to fire.

INT. CABIN -- DAY

Hanna shuts the door and leans against it. A spectacle of red light bounces through the windows.

HANNA  
Father.

She stares into the darkness. The man's breathing is laboured.

ERIK  
You got your hair cut.

HANNA  
We have to leave. They're outside.

ERIK  
They've been waiting for you.

HANNA  
Please come to me.

ERIK  
I knew you couldn't do it. You didn't have it in you.

HANNA  
I came back for you.

ERIK

I know. I'm happy to see you.

Erik shifts. A little light reveals a black, dead face lathered in sweat.

HANNA

What happened--

ERIK

You need to leave here. You need to be with your mother. That's why we did this. That's why we did all of this.

He's weak.

HANNA

But--

ERIK

Look, little girl, you do what I say. Turn yourself over to those fools out there and you go to your mother.

HANNA

I don't want to.

ERIK

I don't care what you want. Your mother is more important.

HANNA

But I came back for you.

ERIK

I need you to dump the kerosene and I need you to burn this place.

HANNA

Why?

ERIK

My mission is over.

HANNA

But... I--

ERIK

Hanna. My mission is over.

Hanna hesitates and then ducks down moving into the kitchen. She grabs a barrel of kerosene and a box of matches. She moves around the cabin laying down the fluid, wary of the windows.

She works back to the door. She stares into the shadows and fiddles with the box of matches in her hand.

HANNA  
I don't think--

ERIK  
Toss them to me.

Hanna throws the box into the shadows.

HANNA  
I'm sorry.

A flash of light breaks the shadow, a match. It falls to the ground. The floor sparks into flame and it surrounds Erik's body.

His face and body have been brutally disfigured from the cold. He's a monster engulfed by flame.

Hanna does not move from the door. The flame races around the cabin, into Hanna's room, into the kitchen area, up onto the kitchen table. It eats through the leather bound copy of *Kinder- und Hausmarchen*.

Hanna opens the front door.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE -- DAY

The American rushes through the office door.

AMERICAN  
We've got her. She just showed up  
at the cabin. She killed two. We  
have her.

He's almost excited. Marissa looks up from her computer.

MARISSA  
What do you mean 'we have her'?

EXT. CABIN -- DAY

Hanna steps from the cabin. Flame rises up behind her. She raises her hands in the air. The forest seethes with Agents. No room for escape.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Marissa stares at the American.

MARISSA  
I told you to let her go home.

AMERICAN  
(falters)  
But... that's just it. She turned herself in.

MARISSA  
That doesn't make any sense. What about Erik?

AMERICAN  
(almost smirking)  
He's dead. The cabin burned down.

MARISSA  
I want you to let her go.

AMERICAN  
I'm sorry, but I can't let that happen.

The American walks to the door and opens it.

EXT. FOREST - SWEDEN - DAY

The Agents escort Hanna through the trees. They're moving at a nice clip. They carry the fallen's bodies with them. Hanna's face is shut off and cold.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE -- DAY

The American lets two armed agents into the room. They frame the American. An intimidating sight.

AMERICAN

I told the big boys about your maternal decisions "to let the girl go home". And...

He motions to the guards.

AMERICAN (CONT'D)

They gave me a promotion.

The American's lips spread into a wide, ugly smile. Marissa's fingers wrap around the arms of her chair. Her knuckles go white. It's a stand off. She moves. She has a silenced pistol in her hand. Two SILENT BLASTS. The guard's heads fly apart covering the American in blood.

EXT. FOREST - SWEDEN -- DAY

Smoke rises in the distance. A large white van is parked at the edge of the forest. The mass of agents emerge, little Hanna in the middle.

INT. MOVING VAN -- DAY

Hanna has her hands bound by plastic multi-purpose ties. She's surrounded by half-a-dozen AGENTS. Their faces are weathered, tired, and professional.

The agent, SMALL MAN, sitting beside Hanna has a knife out and clears the muck from his boots.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE -- DAY

The American is splayed out across Marissa's desk. Marissa has her pistol pushed hard against the American's cheek bone. He's a slobbering mess. Marissa picks up the phone.

MARISSA

I want you to call your men. I want you to let her go.

AMERICAN

But... but I can't. They're going to be here. They called in eight hours ago.

MARISSA

Don't you understand? She's a robot, a trained robot. Why would she give up?

AMERICAN  
I'm sorry... please...

INT. MOVING VAN -- DAY

The Driver leans into the back. Through the windshield the Stockholm Offices take shape.

DRIVER  
Get ready. We're here.

The van slows at the gate.

EXT. GATE - STOCKHOLM OFFICES -- DAY

A GATE GUARD walks up to the driver's side window. The Driver leans out.

DRIVER  
Prisoner: Valkerie. Number 55671.

The Driver hands the Guard an ID. The Guard checks it over and hands it back.

He circles his finger in the air directing the gate keeper.

GATE GUARD  
Let them through.

A mechanical WHIR. The gate rattles open. The van rolls forward slowly.

INT. VAN -- DAY

Hanna watches as the van passes through the gate. She waits to make sure they're through.

With her bound hands she slips the Small Agent's knife from its sheath and flings it across into another Agent's skull.

An Agent at the back is the first to respond. He fires wildly, grazing Hanna's neck as she lunges across the van for the knife sticking out of the Agent's head.

Bullets chip through the windshield, the driver, and the Small agent. Three down. The van squeals forward.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE -- DAY

The SQUEALING of tires draws Marissa's attention. She watches through her big window as the white van races towards the building entrance.

The American head butts the pistol jamming it into Marissa's hand. He twists an elbow back clipping Marissa's temple and brow. Flesh and blood pours from her eye. She stumbles, the gun still in her hand.

The American is on his feet and moves for the gun. Marissa swings the back of her hand into the American's ear. He trips and slams into the wall.

She turns the gun on him and fires. Silence. And then the van RAMS into the building.

INT. VAN -- DAY

Pure chaos. The van is spinning out of control. Living and dead bodies, the glass from the empty windshield, blood, bullets, all mixing together until -- stillness.

Hanna digs herself out from under the bodies. Blood trickles along her neck. She's a mess. She pulls the blade from the dead man's skull and cuts herself free.

Agents move around but are harmless.

Hanna picks up a rifle and crawls to the front of the van. She pulls herself through the broken wind shield.

EXT. STOCKHOLM OFFICES -- DAY

Hanna slides off the hood of the car and lands on the ground in a heap. She stands and falls again. Her ankle is broken.

GUARD (O.S.)

Stop!

Hanna wobbles to her feet. And then is put down again. A distant GUN SHOT. A fog of red drizzles down around her face. A bullet has taken a substantial amount of flesh from her shoulder.

She rocks to sit up but she has no power left. The GUARD that shot her and two others surround her.



GUARD (O.S.)  
Drop the weapon--

Hanna sprays bullets into their shins and thighs. When their heads hit the pavement, she finishes them off. All but one. He drags himself to safety and MOANS and CRIES.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Marissa walks from her office, her face seething with blood.

INT. OFFICES - HALLWAY -- DAY

The hall is in a panic. Agents are running back and forth.

MARISSA  
I want you... listen... I want you  
all to go back to what you were  
doing. Do not leave this building.  
I want you all to stay here.

She saunters out of the hallway into the emergency staircase.

INT. STAIRCASE -- DAY

Marissa's heels echo as she races down the stairs.

INT. LOBBY -- DAY

Two OFFICE GUARDS crouch behind their desk. Marissa steams right by them.

OFFICER GUARD #1  
Miss... Ma'am... there's hostiles  
still out there. Lot's of them.

MARISSA  
Make sure no one follows me out  
here. No one.

EXT. STOCKHOLM OFFICES -- DAY

It's a war zone. A smoking destroyed van. Dead bodies. Someone moaning and crying. And a little girl laying in a puddle of blood trying to stand up.

The moaning guard is propped up behind a pillar. He sees Marissa.

MOANING GUARD

Help me... please... get help--

Marissa fires two shots silencing the man.

She makes her way over to the little girl. She stands high above her.

MARISSA

What have we done to you?

Marissa drops her pistol and falls to her knees.

She pulls Hanna's body onto her lap. She pulls Hanna's wet hair back away from her eyes.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

Hanna looks up at her. She's weak but she smiles.

HANNA

Are you my mother?

MARISSA

Can't you tell?

HANNA

Yes. We have the same eyes.

A LOUD SHOT. Marissa's white blouse feathers apart and splatters with blood.

Hanna stands and aims the gun at her mother's head. Marissa's face drains and relaxes. One last SHOT.

BLACK.

EXT. LYON, FRANCE -- DAY

The sky is overcast.

A small farm house near a small forest on the outskirts of Lyon. Thea sits at a weather worn picnic table. She has a tall glass of lemonade and is working on her homework.

HANNA (O.S.)

(in French w/ subtitles)

Hello Thea.

Thea turns to see a pale Hanna clean and beautiful except for the healing bruises and wounds. Hanna has a make shift sling around her arm and a splint on her leg.

THEA

(in French w/ subtitles)

Hanna! What are you doing here?...  
What happened to you?

HANNA

(in French w/ subtitles)

I got in a fight with my mother...  
is it all right that I visit?

THEA

(in French w/subtitles)

Of course. I didn't know you had a  
mother.

HANNA

My father told me about her. He  
would tell me stories about her. I  
decided I didn't like her.

Thea hugs Hanna. It's awkward.

THEA

(in French w/ subtitles)

Well, it's okay now. You're here.  
I'm glad to see you again.

HANNA

(in French w/ subtitles)

I'm glad to see you.

Hanna and Thea stare at each other for a long moment. Rain begins to fall.

All is right in the world and it's going to be a nice day.

The End

