

BIRTH RITES
(S01E04 - "Valkyries")

a screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INSERT CARD: DECEMBER 1943

EXT. CONCENTRATION CAMP - FENCE-LINE - DAY

In a far-off, rocky area of the encampment, the overcast sky bleeds down on a small, frail boy, ADAM. Kneeling, the five-year-old boy pulls the last remaining wildflowers from a fence's base. He stares at them quizzically, then pockets them.

Then, a ragged, skinny man, ISAAC, appears on the other side of the fence. His long beard and skinny face elicit a frightened look from Adam.

Then, the man begins to cry. His arm comes through the gate in a plea.

ISAAC
(Jewish)
Please.

Adam picks up a stone and throws it at the man. Then, another.

FURTHER DOWN THE FENCE-LINE:

A German Colonel, WERNER, walks the fence with Mr. Connor. Werner's arm is wrapped in the Nazi Swastika.

Werner nods to a GERMAN LIEUTENANT, who scurries over with a large bag.

WERNER
(German accent)
Your payment.

Mr. Connor takes the bag. He pushes his hat back and shakes his head.

WERNER (CONT'D)
It's there. And we have acquired a house in Berlin for you and your family.

MR. CONNOR
I have no family.

WERNER
No difference.

Mr. Connor closes the bag and studies Werner. Then, he reaches into his jacket and pulls out a ring-box.

MR. CONNOR

The organization will send someone
for you.

He hands it over. Werner takes it and opens it, revealing Alwin's engraved tooth. Werner studies the tooth with a small smile.

WERNER

If you are as good as your reputation
states, then we're not even talking
right now. Besides, it isn't for
me.

A boy's scream interrupts the conversation. Werner and Mr. Connor look back to find Isaac's hands through the fence, clenched around Adam's throat.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Adam!

Werner sets forward to the boy but Isaac's head explodes and blood sprays onto the boy. Everyone stops, stunned.

Mr. Connor is the first to drop to the ground. In a flash, his gun is in his hands.

MR. CONNOR

It's them. They're here.

Adam begins to cry. Werner crawls to the boy, glances at the bloody mess, and pulls the boy in close, cradling him in his chest.

WERNER

(German)

Sound the alarm!

A few yards away, Mr. Connor notices that the German Lieutenant is down now, blood covering his body. Mr. Connor slides behind a rock.

A TWANG sounds from near Werner. The German pulls the boy closer to him and curls into a ball.

Mr. Connor unloads his pistol into the distance. Seconds after the shots, an alarm begins to blare. Mr. Connor's breathing doubles, then redoubles. Then, he sprints off into the distance. Shots follow him.

Mr. Connor dives into a field and out of sight.

His eyes closed in fear, Werner cradles his son, who cries. The alarm howls in the distance.

SMITH (O.S.)

Open your eyes.

Werner does so. Standing tall over him, Smith, his face blackened by face-paint, stares down. In Smith's hand, a .45 with a suppressor.

SMITH (CONT'D)

The box.

Werner shakily retrieves the box and throws it at Smith's feet. Smith studies the man once more, then fires a bullet in his head. Werner slinks down to the ground. Adam's cries grow. Smith leans, grabs the box, then disappears.

Adam hugs tightly to his father, his cries drowning in the pierce of the siren.

INT. WARREN'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

INSERT CARD: PRESENT DAY

Standing in a corner, Carpenter, stolidly silent, watches Alina, who sits in a chair. Warren stands over Alina.

WARREN

Your sister. Family.

Alina looks down.

WARREN (CONT'D)

Family is essential. Crucial. The spine of the sanity. Or insanity at times.

(beat)

Your rage, your fear, your blood, the bond; they drive you. The white fire beneath your skin. If we were made of only such parts, you and I would find little differences. See, I too, lost...*someone*. Taken before I was born. When my father was a child. He was a champion among men. He fought. He bled. He died...for his beliefs. But he was taken. And now, he drifts above us...

Warren leans close to her.

WARREN (CONT'D)

The angel of righteousness. Of battle. War. A demigod in life. A valkyrie in death.

(beat)

They say time heals all wounds.

(MORE)

WARREN (CONT'D)

I will have my time. All of it.
Forever. Then, I will dispatch of
my enemies, one by one.

Her eyes watch as Warren and the small doctor speak. Joshua's
moans bellow from another room.

Alina turns her glare to Carpenter. His face remains unmoved.
Warren finishes with the doctor, who returns to the back
room. Warren walks to Alina.

WARREN (CONT'D)

We have to leave.

CARPENTER

(Australian Accent)

And her?

WARREN

In the practical art of war, the
best thing is to take the enemy's
country whole and intact. She...

(looking at Alina)

Is their country.