



Scripts.com

# The Pianist

By Ronald Harwood

**FADE IN:**

INT. WARSAW (ARCHIVE) - DAY

Black and white. Street scene. People toing and froing. A man rattles by.

SUPERIMPOSE CAPTION:

WARSAW 1939

INT. STUDIO, RADIO STATION, WARSAW - DAY

WLADYSLAV SZPILMAN plays Chopin's Nocturne in C sharp minor,

Posthumous. He's twenty-eight years old, elegant and handsome.

In the booth, separated from the studio by a glass screen, an engineer, wearing collar and tie, monitors the broadcast.

Behind him, a window to the street with strips of paper taped on it as protection against blast.

Without warning, a bomb drops nearby, then another and another. The whole building shudders alarmingly and the window in the booth shatters.

The engineer and Szpilman exchange a look as a man enters the booth and talks urgently to the Engineer, then goes. The engineer makes a 'cut-throat' gesture, but Szpilman shakes his head, determined to play on.

He plays, then glances at the booth. The engineer has gone, but through the shattered window he sees fires raging.

Very near, a loud, terrifying explosion. The reverberations cause plaster to flake and dust to trickle down over his face.

And then a bomb explodes even closer. The glass screen separating booth from studio implodes, showering Szpilman with glass. He stops, frozen.

INT. STAIRS AND LOBBY, RADIO STATION - DAY

Pandemonium. Chaos. People rushing in all directions, many carrying files, boxes, papers, shouting, calling. Some of the men in military uniform. The bombing continuous. Szpilman fights his way down the stairs. He has a small cut on his forehead and is dabbing it with his handkerchief.

He has a dazed look. Halfway down the stairs, A young woman,

DOROTA, tugs at his sleeve:

DOROTA

Mr. Szpilman.

He turns, to see an extremely pretty young woman gazing adoringly at him while they're jostled and shoved. His eyes light up.

SZPILMAN

Hello.

DOROTA

I came specially to meet you today.  
I love your playing, but what a day to choose.

SZPILMAN

Who are you?

DOROTA

My name's Dorota, I'm Jurek's sister. oh! You're bleeding.

SZPILMAN

It's nothing.

JUREK pushes in beside them and takes her arm.

JUREK

C'mon, Dorota, you can write him a fan letter later, this isn't the best time, c'mon.

Jurek, pulling Dorota, fights his way down the stairs.

SZPILMAN

(calling)

Jurek, why have you been hiding her?

And he, too, is carried with the flow into the lobby. Debris

everywhere. Szpilman fights to get to the main door, when another bomb explodes, filling the air with dust and debris,

obscuring him and everyone else.

INT. WARSAW APARTMENT - DUSK

The Szpilman family in panic: coming and going out of rooms,

packing clothes and belongings into open suitcases and a trunk in a comfortable, tastefully furnished bourgeois apartment, the living room lined with books, paintings and boasting a boudoir grand, silver platters and candlesticks. The family consist of MOTHER, in a state of great anxiety, FATHER, REGINA, twenty-six, HALINA, twenty-two, and HENRYK, twenty-four, the only one not in movement. He sits by the radio set, ear to the speaker, trying to tune to a station. No bombs now, just the distant sound of artillery fire.

Father, holding a silver-framed photograph, crosses to Mother.

FATHER

What you think, should I take Uncle Szymon's photograph?

MOTHER

Take it, don't take it, take what you like. Can't you see I'm worried sick?

FATHER

He'll come home, he'll be all right. He goes into his room. She can barely control her tears and hurries into the kitchen just as the front door opens and Szpilman enters, looks round bemused by the activity.

REGINA

Mama, Wladek's home. Mother dashes out of the kitchen.

MOTHER

Thank God - Wladek! You're wounded.

SZPILMAN

It's a little cut, nothing.

MOTHER

I've been worried sick.

HENRYK

I told her not to worry. You had your papers on you. If you'd been hit by a bomb, they'd have known where to take you. The girls suppress smiles.

MOTHER

Henryk, don't say things like that, God forbid, God forbid.

HALINA

(calling through a door)

Papa, Wladek's home. Father appears in the doorway, beaming, clutching a violin case.

FATHER

What did I tell you?

SZPILMAN

(looking around the room, bemused)

What are you doing?

REGINA

What's it look like we're doing?  
The toing and froing continues non-stop.

SZPILMAN

(to Henryk)

They bombed us, we're off the air.

HENRYK

Warsaw's not the only radio station.

MOTHER

Pack, darling, get your things,  
pack.

SZPILMAN

Where are we going?

MOTHER

Out of Warsaw.

SZPILMAN

Out of Warsaw. Where?

REGINA

You haven't heard?

SZPILMAN

Heard what?

REGINA

Haven't you seen the paper? Where's  
the paper?

She starts to look. The others continue to bustle and pack.

HALINA

I used it for packing.

REGINA

(exasperated)

She used it for packing.

FATHER

The government's moved to Lublin.

HALINA

All able-bodied men must leave the  
city, go across the river and set  
up a new line of defence, that's  
what it said.

FATHER

There's hardly anybody left in  
this building, only women, the men  
have gone.

SZPILMAN

And what do you think you'll do  
while you're setting up a new line

of defence? Wander round lugging  
your suitcases?

MOTHER

Pack, Wladek, there's no time.

SZPILMAN

I'm not going anywhere.

HALINA

Good! I'm not going anywhere either!

MOTHER

Don't be ridiculous, we've got to  
keep together.

SZPILMAN

No, no, no, I'm staying put. If  
I'm going to die, I prefer to die  
at home.

MOTHER

God forbid!

HENRYK

Sssh!

Crackles, whistles and static from the radio.

HENRYK

Ssh! I've got something, listen...  
They gather round.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

... an important announcement.  
News has just been received through  
the BBC that Great Britain, having  
had no reply...

(static)

...and therefore has declared war  
on Nazi Germany...

(a collective gasp)

... next few hours... awaiting  
latest news...

Henryk hits the set.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

... but France is expected to make  
a similar announcement...

(static)

... Poland is no longer alone.

The Polish national anthem plays. All are still.

INT. WARSAW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Father pours liqueur into glasses.

The family are seated around the dining table, having just

finished a meal. The table groans with the remains of the dinner. Szpilman has a plaster over his cut.

HENRYK

(lighting up a  
cigarette)

Mama, that was a great dinner.

SZPILMAN

It certainly was.

MOTHER

When there's something to celebrate,  
you've got to make an effort.

The glasses are handed round.

FATHER

Here's to Great Britain and France.  
They all clink glasses and drink.

FATHER

I told you. Didn't I tell you? All  
will be well.

EXT. RUINED WARSAW STREET - DAY

A column of German Soldiers, led by an officer on horseback,  
march into view.

On the sidewalk of the street, with its buildings in ruins,  
smoke still rising, stand onlookers, including Szpilman  
and Henryk, and a little behind them, Father, craning to  
see. They watch, expressionless, as the Germans march past.

INT. WARSAW APARTMENT - DAY

Regina is opening and closing the window, examining the  
frame with her fingers. Halina is on a box, removing and  
replacing books. Mother sits at one end of the table,  
polishing a man's watch and chain. At the other end, Father  
sits counting a small stack of notes and coins. Henryk is  
deep in thought and Szpilman is fiddling with his father's  
violin. The apartment has less furniture now and the silver  
has gone.

FATHER

(finishing the  
counting)

Five thousand and three.

MOTHER

Is that all?

FATHER

Yes, five thousand and three zlotys,  
that's all we've got left.

REGINA

It's three thousand and three zlotys  
too much,

(reading from  
newspaper)

'Re: Further restrictions regarding  
liquid assets: Jews will be allowed  
to keep a maximum of two thousand  
zlotys in their homes.'

MOTHER

What are we supposed to do with  
the rest?

HALINA

Deposit it in a bank. Blocked  
account.

HENRYK

Banks? Who'd be stupid enough to  
deposit money in a German bank?

REGINA

We could hide the money here in  
the window frame.

FATHER

No, no, no. I'll tell you what  
we'll do. We'll use tried and tested  
methods. You know what we did in  
the last war? We made a hole in  
the table leg and we hid the money  
in there.

HENRYK

And suppose they take the table  
away?

MOTHER

What d'you mean, take the table  
away?

HENRYK

The Germans go into Jewish homes  
and they just take what they want,  
furniture, valuables, anything.

MOTHER

Do they?

FATHER

Idiot! What would they want with a  
table?

All look at the table: it's covered in stains and the veneer



is coming away at one end. A table like this?  
He pokes his finger under the veneer. It snaps, revealing  
bare wood beneath.

MOTHER

What on earth are you doing?

HALINA

There's a good place under the  
cupboard.

HENRYK

No, no. Listen, I've been thinking --

SZPILMAN

That makes a change.

HENRYK

You know what we do? We use  
psychology.

SZPILMAN

We use what?

HENRYK

We leave the money and the watch  
on the table. And we cover it like  
this.

(covers it with the  
newspaper)

In full view. The Germans will  
search high and low, I promise  
you, they'll never notice it.

SZPILMAN

Of course they'll notice it. But  
look--

(lifts the violin  
fingerboard.)

This is a good place for something.

HENRYK

A good place for what?

(to the others')

He's insane!

SZPILMAN

Just shut up.

FATHER

(overlapping)

My violin?

They all talk at once.

REGINA

Quiet! Quiet! Order, please, order!

HALINA

She's a lawyer, she likes order.

REGINA

Listen, just listen. Let's come to an agreement. We jam the money in the window frame. The watch we hide under the cupboard. And the chain we put in the violin.

A brief silence.

FATHER

Will I still be able to play?

SZPILMAN

Let's find out.

They start to hide the things.

INT. WARSAW PHARMACY - DAY

Szpilman is on the public telephone, waiting for someone to answer his call. Then:

SZPILMAN

Jurek? Wladek Szpilman.

JUREK

(filtered)

Wladek! How are you?

SZPILMAN

Fine, we're fine, thank you, and you?

JUREK

(filtered)

Fine, we're fine in the circumstances. But I can guess what you've called about. There's nothing we can do; they won't reopen the station--

SZPILMAN

(trying to interrupt)

Yes, I know, but Jurek, Jurek...

JUREK

(filtered)

...not even music, nothing, no radios for the Poles. But I'm sure you'll find work, Wladek, a pianist like you.

SZPILMAN

Maybe, maybe not, but, Jurek, don't

be offended, I didn't call to  
discuss my future career.

EXT. WARSAW STREET AND CAFE PARADISO - DAY

Szpilman and Dorota stroll along a tree-lined street with  
bombed-out buildings and rubble. She flicks admiring, almost  
loving glances at him as they walk and talk. And he is  
smiling, touched by her.

DOROTA

I nagged Jurek for weeks and weeks.  
And at last he gave in and said,  
'All right, come with me tomorrow,'  
and so I came and they bombed the  
station.

SZPILMAN

You know something? Meeting you  
like that was absolutely wonderful.

DOROTA

Really?

SZPILMAN

Yes!

(he looks at her,  
smiles)

It was...it was unforgettable.  
She's embarrassed.

DOROTA

I've always loved your playing,  
Mr. Szpilman.

SZPILMAN

Wladek, please.

DOROTA

No one plays Chopin like you.  
She begins to laugh.

SZPILMAN

I could accompany you, me on the  
piano, you on the cello.

They become almost helpless, holding on to each other.

DOROTA

Oh, Mr Szpilman, you're quite...  
quite wonderful.

SZPILMAN

Wladek, please.

Amidst their laughter, he takes her hand and kisses it.

INT. WARSAW APARTMENT - NIGHT

The family are gathered around the table, listening to Father reading from the newspaper.  
The apartment has even less furniture now. The paintings are gone.

FATHER

(reading)

'Re: emblems for Jews in the Warsaw District. I hereby order that all Jews in the Warsaw District will wear visible emblems when out of doors. This decree will come into force on the 1st December 1939 and applies to all Jews over twelve years of age. The emblem will be worn on the right sleeve and will represent a blue Star of David on a white background. The background must be sufficiently large for the Star to measure eight centimetres from point to point. The width of the arms of the Star

(reading)

must be one centimetre. Jews who do not respect this decree will be severely punished. Governor of Warsaw District, Dr. Fischer.'

Silence. Then:

HENRYK

I won't wear it.

REGINA

won't wear it. I'm not going to be branded.

SZPILMAN

(grabbing the newspaper)

Let me see this.

FATHER

Doesn't it say we have to provide these armbands ourselves? Where will we get them?

HENRYK

We're not going to get them. We're not going to wear them!

Silence, each locked in their own thoughts.

EXT. WARSAW STREET - DAY

Father, wearing the Star of David armband, walks slowly along, carrying a string bag containing potatoes and carrots, his eyes fixed on the pavement as if his thoughts are a million miles away.

He passes two GERMAN OFFICERS. They stop.

GERMAN OFFICER

(a harsh shout)

You!

Father stops, turns fearfully and approaches the Germans.

GERMAN OFFICER

Why didn't you bow?

FATHER

(removing his hat)

I'm sorry I...

I German Officer cracks him hard across the face, catching his ear. Father reels, collects himself as best he can and starts to shuffle on -

GERMAN OFFICER

(calling after him)

You are forbidden to walk on the pavement. Walk in the gutter!

Father steps off the pavement and walks in the gutter. The German turn and go. Father walks on.

INT. WARSAW APARTMENT - EVENING

Szpilman composing at the piano. He plays, makes adjustments

with a pencil to the manuscript, plays again. The flat is almost bare. Halina, enters with a newspaper.

HALINA

Have you seen this?

SZPILMAN

(irritated)

What, I'm working, what?

She hands him the paper. He looks at it. His expression darkens.

INSERT:

the newspaper. A map of the proposed Jewish area: two distinct districts, one large, one smaller.

SZPILMAN'S VOICE

What is it?

HALINA'S VOICE

That's where they're going to put us.

SZPILMAN'S VOICE

What d'you mean, put us?

THE APARTMENT:

She looks over his shoulder and reads. As she does so, the door of Henryk's room opens and he stands leaning in the doorway, watching, as if amused.

HALINA

'By order of the Governor of the Warsaw District, Dr. Fischer, concerning the establishment of the Jewish District in Warsaw. There will be created a Jewish District in which all Jews living in Warsaw or moving to Warsaw will have to reside." And look here: 'Jews living outside of the prescribed area will have to move to the Jewish district by 31st of October 1940.'

Szpilman gazes at the map, horrified.

SZPILMAN

But...they won't get all of us... we'll...it's too small...there's four hundred thousand of us in Warsaw!

HENRYK

No. Three hundred and sixty thousand, so it'll be easy.

He laughs but they're disturbed by a sound from another room, the sound of crying. They look at each other puzzled, then Halina opens a door and looks in. Szpilman and Henryk join her.

BEDROOM:

Father is asleep but Mother is sitting on the bed, holding a purse, crying. Halina sits beside her, puts an arm round her.

HALINA

Mama, what is it?

Mother opens the purse to reveal a crumpled note.

MOTHER

Twenty zlotys. That's all we've got left. What can I buy with twenty zlotys?

(breaking down)

I'm sick of cooking potatoes,  
potatoes, potatoes.

She weeps. Halina tries to comfort her. Szpilman and Henryk watch.

INT. SZPILMAN APARTMENT, SLISKA STREET - NIGHT

Hands on the piano keyboard. Podgy, hairy hands with dirty nails. They play an octave, harsh, toneless, with straight fingers.

The hands belong to Mr Lipa, a dealer, early fifties. He sits at the piano, now examining the lacquer. Regina stands in the bow, watching him. Henryk is at the table, also watching intently.

Szpilman sits apart, aloof, his back to the piano and to Mr Lipa.

MR LIPA

That's the price. That's what I'm offering. And my advice is to accept. You won't get more from anyone else.

REGINA

But...but it's a Steinway, Mr Lipa...

MR LIPA

Two thousand. My advice is to take it. What you going to do when you're hungry? Eat the piano?

Henryk suddenly makes a lunge for him, grabs hold of him, a rough struggle takes place and during it Mother and Father

appear at their bedroom door to watch, appalled.

HENRYK

Get out! You're a thieving bastard, we don't want your money, get out! We'd rather give it away! Get out!

Regina tries physically to restrain him.

MR LIPA

(overlapping, warding  
off Henryk)

Hey! Hey! What's the matter with you? Haven't you eaten today, what you suffering from? Hey!

REGINA

(overlapping)

Henryk, stop it, leave him alone.

MR LIPA

(recovering, catching  
his breath,  
overlapping)

You people are crazy! I'm doing  
you a favour, two thousand, and  
I'm paying for the removal, I'm  
not even charging for the removal.

Henryk subsides, glowering at him.

MR LIPA

You haven't eaten today, you're  
crazy...

Suddenly:

SZPILMAN

(turning to them,  
severe)

Take it.

EXT. STREET LEADING TO GHETTO - DAY AUTUMN

A great column of Jews of all ages make their way towards  
the area that will become the ghetto. On foot, on bicycles,  
on horse-drawn platforms, some pushing prams loaded with  
belongings. A great moving mass of humanity.  
They're watched on either side of the street by Poles.  
On a horse-drawn platform, the Szpilman with their  
belongings. All wear armbands.  
Szpilman, Halina and Henryk walk beside the platform with  
Mother, Father and Regina seated on it.  
Szpilman catches sight of someone among the onlookers,  
smiles and pushes through the crowd to Dorota, close to  
tears.

SZPILMAN

Dorota!

DOROTA

I didn't want to come, I didn't  
want to see all this, but I couldn't  
stop myself.

SZPILMAN

How are you doing?

DOROTA

Fine, no, not really, they arrested  
my cousin, but Jurek says they'll  
let him out.

(stops, tears in  
her eyes.)



This is disgraceful.

SZPILMAN

Don't worry, it won't last long.

DOROTA

That's what I said, it's so - it's too absurd!

SZPILMAN

I'll see you...soon.

He smiles and runs to catch up with his family. He looks back, but Dorota is lost to sight and the procession continues on its way.

INT./EXT. GHETTO APARTMENT AND STREET - DAY

Two rooms on the third floor: a living room and a kitchen. The Szpilman's are unpacking their belongings in silence. Father pauses for a moment to take stock.

FATHER

To tell you the truth, I thought it would be worse.

SZPILMAN

How will we sleep?

MOTHER

I'll sleep with the girls in the kitchen. You, Henryk and Papa in here.

HALINA

(at a window)

Look! Come and look!

They all go to the window and look out.

Their POV - the street.

Further along, men are building a wall across the street.

EXT. GHETTO WALL - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

THE WALL. THE WALL. THE WALL.

EXT. MARKET AREA, GHETTO - DAY

Winter. Cold, freezing day. Slush underfoot. Great activity.

People selling shoes, clothes, carpets, curtains, food. A woman offers cakes under a barbed-wire cover. Noise, bustle,

restless wing and froing.

Among the traders, Henryk, slightly shabbier now, and at his feet a basket with books. He holds a couple of volumes in his hands, trying to interest passers-by.

Szpilman, also a little shabbier, wends his way through

the setters and buyers, the beggars, the passers-by, and reaches Henryk.

Henryk drops the two volumes into the basket, takes a handle

one side of the basket, Szpilman the other. They set off. As they walk, carrying the basket between them, passing beggars and children asking for food:

SZPILMAN

You sell anything?

HENRYK

Just one. Dostoevsky. The Idiot.  
Three zlotys.

SZPILMAN

That's better than yesterday.

HENRYK

Three lousy zlotys. And there are people here making millions.

SZPILMAN

I know.

HENRYK

You don't know, believe me. They bribe the guards. The guards turn a blind eye. They're bringing in cartloads, food, tobacco, liquor, French cosmetics, and the poor are dying all around them and they don't give a damn.

Suddenly, a WOMAN appears in front of them, barring their way. She's brightly rouged with thickly painted eyebrows, dressed in an old green velvet curtain with an unsteady mauve ostrich feather rising from her straw hat.

THE FEATHER WOMAN

Excuse me, but have you by any chance seen my husband Izaak Szerman?

SZPILMAN

I'm afraid not.

THE FEATHER WOMAN

A tall handsome man with a little grey beard?

They shake their heads.

THE FEATHER WOMAN

No?

(she is near to

tears, then smiles  
artificially.)

Oh, do forgive me.

(as she goes)

Goodbye, sleep well, if you see  
him, please do write, Izaak  
Szerman's his name...

She wanders on. Szpilman and Henryk, too, continue on their way. And as they go:

HENRYK

Sometimes I wish I could go mad.

EXT. CHLODNA STREET - DAY

A stream of cars and trams. Jewish policemen and German soldiers much in evidence.

Szpilman and Henryk join a large crowd of Jews waiting at a barrier to cross the intersection. The crowd is agitated, impatient for a policeman to stop the traffic and let them through.

A MAN next to Szpilman and Henryk is becoming more and more distraught, shifting his weight from foot to foot, taking off and putting on his hat.

THE NERVOUS MAN

This is totally insane; why do we  
have to have a gentile street  
running through our area? Can't  
they go around?

HENRYK

Don't worry about it, they're about  
to build a bridge, haven't you  
heard?

THE NERVOUS MAN

A bridge, a schmidge, and the  
Germans claim to be intelligent.  
You know what I think? I think  
they're totally stupid. I've got a  
family to feed and I spend half my  
time here waiting for them to let  
us through.

Meanwhile, a street band begins to play a waltz. Jewish policemen and German soldiers are clearing a space, shoving Jews out of the way, including Szpilman, Henryk and the nervous man. Other soldiers are clearing a space. Two GERMAN SOLDIERS pull out of the crowd a tall woman and a short man and haul them into the cleared space.

THE GERMAN SOLDIER

Dance!

The couple dance to the street band's waltz.  
At intervals, German soldiers select even more unlikely couples: a fat woman with a painfully thin man, a young boy with an elderly woman, two men, and two cripples. The German soldiers are, to various degrees, amused. One of them is almost hysterical with laughter.

SOLDIERS

Faster! Go on, faster! Dance!

The couples dance as fast as they can. A soldier kicks one of the cripples who can't go on any more.

SOLDIERS

Dance! Dance!

Then a whistle blows, a policeman stops the traffic, the barrier swings open and people swarm across in both directions.

INT. GHETTO APARTMENT - DAY

Szpilman and Henryk enter and stop. Uneasy.

MOTHER

Good, they're here. Yitzchak  
Heller's been waiting for you,  
Henryk.

Seated at the table with Mother and Father is a uniformed young man, YITZCHAK HELLER, unusual appearance, a man with red hair and a Hitler moustache.

Heller remains seated, just nods at the brothers.

HENRYK

What's this about?

MOTHER

Sit down, have tea, I'll start  
lunch when the girls get back.

Henryk and Szpilman sit. They eye Heller suspiciously.

HENRYK

So, what are you doing here?

FATHER

He brought cakes.

Awkward silence.

FATHER

His father's back in the jewellery  
business and doing well, isn't  
that so, Yitzchak? Amazing.  
Jewellery.

He runs dry. Another awkward silence. Then:

HELLER

We're recruiting.

HENRYK

Who's recruiting?

HELLER

Don't be clever with me, Henryk. I've come here as a friend. They're bringing Jews in from all over the country. Soon there'll be half a million people in the ghetto. We need more Jewish police...

HENRYK

(sarcastic)

Oh? More Jewish police? You mean you want me to wear a cap like yours, beat up Jews with my truncheon and catch the Gestapo spirit. I see!

HELLER

(eyes narrowed,  
dangerous)

Someone's got to do it, Henryk.

HENRYK

But why me? I thought you only recruited boys with rich fathers. Look at my father, look at us, I mean...

HELLER

(interrupting,  
flaring)

Yes, I'm looking at you and that's why I'm here. Your whole family can have a better life. You want to go on struggling for survival, selling books on the street?

HENRYK

(a smile)

Yes, please.

HELLER

(to Szpilman)

I'm doing you people a favour. And what about you, Wladek? You're a great pianist. And we've got an excellent police jazz band. They'd

welcome you with open arms. Join  
us. You've got no work...

SZPILMAN

Thank you. But I've got work.

Silence. Heller rises angrily.

INT. CAFE NOWACZESNA, GHETTO - DAY

On a platform, Szpilman plays at a piano, but he can hardly  
be heard above the noise of chatter and laughter.  
The large cafe is crowded, hot and smoke-filled. Well-heeled

customers, pimps, whores, businessmen sit at little tables,  
eating, talking, laughing, almost drowning the piano music.  
Some dance.

A couple of tables back from the piano, a customer is doing  
business with a friend. The customer has a small stack of  
coins, some of them twenty-dollar gold pieces. He folds  
back the tablecloth to reveal a marble surface beneath. He  
drops a coin on the marble and listens but the noise is  
too loud. He sees the cafe owner, BENEK, fiftyish, and  
makes gestures, pointing at Szpilman. Benek pushes his way  
through to Szpilman.

BENEK

(whispering into  
Szpilman's ear)

I'm sorry, Mr Wladek, he wants you  
to stop.

SZPILMAN

(continuing to play)

Who wants me to stop?

Benek points to the customer, who makes an imploring gesture

to Szpilman. Szpilman stops playing.

The friend watches the customer intently as he drops the  
coins one by one onto the marble. He drops them, puts his  
ear close and listens. Two or three he discards, but he  
smiles when coins make a pure tone, and he keeps them.  
Szpilman exchanges looks with a pretty whore, who makes  
eyes at him.

Satisfied, the customer beams, nods his thanks to Szpilman,  
who resumes his piano playing.

EXT. GHETTO STREET - DUSK

Szpilman walking. He passes emaciated children and beggars.  
He steps over the corpses lying on the sidewalk.

EXT. STREET NEAR WALL - DUSK

The wall runs the length of the street, dividing it in half and narrowing it. Buildings on one side, the wall on the other.

Szpilman walks along. A piercing whistle from the Aryan side. Szpilman stops.

Two women appear from a doorway, approach the wall and look up. Two or three packages come flying over from the Aryan side. The women grab them and disappear.

Szpilman walks on and sees a child appear through a hole at ground level. The child wriggles through then turns, pulls a package after him and runs.

Szpilman walks on, hears a noise, looks back to see a SECOND

CHILD trying to wriggle through the same hole. But he's stuck. Angry German voices from the Aryan side.

2ND CHILD

Help me! help me!

Szpilman goes to him, pulls him with all his might but the boy is jammed in the hole.

From the other side of the wall, the sound of an angry German voice and of a boot stamping violently on the boy. The boy screams in agony.

Szpilman continues to try to pull the boy through.

The sound of the German voice swearing and the dull, crunching noise made by the boot smashing into the boy continues, and with every thud the boy screams in terrible pain.

Szpilman struggles to help the boy whose screams are becoming weaker yet increasingly desperate.

Szpilman pulls his arms and finally manages to get him through. The boy lies moaning.

Szpilman takes the boy's face in his hands, tries to comfort

him, revive him, but the boy has stopped moaning. His head lolls and his jaw sags. He is dead. Szpilman stands quickly and hurries away.

EXT. COURTYARD AND HOUSE - EVENING

Szpilman approaches the house through a shabby yard.

INT. JEHUDA ZYSKIND'S ROOM - EVENING

The noise of a mimeograph machine. A huge, CHEERFUL MAN with a perpetual cigarette in his mouth.

JEHUDA

I always say look on the bright side. You're in the small ghetto,

intellectuals, professional people,  
you're better off than us. Here,  
in the large ghetto, it's a  
cesspool. But you, you're living  
in Monte Carlo. You could say you're  
privileged and that, of course,  
goes against my principles.

Nevertheless...

He laughs and coughs, starts looking through papers. His  
room is piled from floor to ceiling with old papers and  
stuff. Dark, shabby, run-down.

One of his sons, SYMCHE, is operating the mimeograph  
machine. The other, DOLEK, is sorting the sheets as they  
come off the roller. MRS. ZYSKIND, holding a toddler, is  
cooking at a small stove.

JEHUDA finds what he's been looking for, a newspaper made  
up of a few sheets.

JEHUDA

Ah, here. Today's news from the  
other side.

SZPILMAN

You're amazing, Jehuda.

JEHUDA

No, I'm a socialist. I have brothers  
everywhere. They bring me news and  
food. We care about our fellow  
human beings. Workers of the world  
unite.

SZPILMAN

So, what's the news?

JEHUDA

(scanning the paper)

The Germans are advancing on  
Kharkhov.

SZPILMAN

I don't know why I come here every  
evening, it's always such bad news.

JEHUDA

Bad news, you crazy? You have no  
world view, Wladek, that's your  
trouble. The news couldn't be  
better. The moment Hitler invaded  
Russia, I knew we'd be all right.  
Remember Napoleon. Same business.



The Germans will freeze to death,  
please God.

He beams. Szpilman leans over, takes a sheet from the mimeograph.

SZPILMAN

Jehuda, give me something to do.

JEHUDA

You're an artist, Wladek, you keep people's spirits up. You do enough.

SZPILMAN

But I want to help, I want to.

JEHUDA

You're too well known, Wladek. And you know what? You musicians don't make good conspirators. You're too...too musical.

He loves this, laughs, coughs.

SZPILMAN

There are notices going up. The city's to be cleansed of undesirables.

JEHUDA

There are always notices going up.

A distinctive knock on the door. Szpilman tenses but Jehuda beams. To one of his boys: Symche - The boy opens the door to admit a short, neat man, MAJOREK.

MAJOREK

Hello, Symche, Dolek, Mrs Zyskind, Jehuda. Working hard?

He stops, seeing Szpilman.

JEHUDA

Majorek, this is the greatest pianist in Poland, maybe in the whole world. Wladyslaw Szpilman. Meet Majorek.

MAJOREK

(shakes Szpilman's hand)

I know your name. I've never heard you play.

JEHUDA

Majorek used to be in the army. Brilliant man. He's got a mind like a searchlight. The only thing

I've got against him is he's not a socialist.

(he looks out of the window.)

You'd better go now, Wladek. It's nearly curfew.

(he hands over pamphlets to Majorek.)

You see these, Wladek? You know how many copies we print of our newspaper?

Szpilman shrugs.

JEHUDA

Five hundred. You know how many people on average read one copy? Twenty. That makes ten thousand readers. These will start the uprising. Majorek hides them in his underpants. And leaves them in toilets.

SZPILMAN

Toilets?

MAJOREK

As many toilets as I can find. Germans never go into Jewish toilets. They're too clean for them.

Jehuda loves this too, but his laugh makes him cough appallingly.

INT. GHETTO APARTMENT - EVENING

Summer. The windows are open and the sounds of the ghetto can be heard in the background. The family sit round the small table as Mother comes with a saucepan of soup and starts to serve.

MOTHER

And, please, tonight, for once, I don't want anything bad talked about. Let's enjoy our meal.

HENRYK

Okay, then I'll tell you something funny. You know who I mean by Dr. Raszeja.

REGINA

The surgeon?

HENRYK

The surgeon. Well, for some reason, don't ask me why, the Germans allowed him into the ghetto to perform an operation...

HALINA

On a Jew? They allowed a Pole to come in to operate on a Jew?

HENRYK

He got a pass, that's all I know. Anyway, he puts the patient to sleep and starts the operation. He'd just made the first incision when the SS burst in, shoot the patient lying on the table, and then shoot Dr. Raszeja and everybody else who was there. Isn't that a laugh? The patient didn't feel a thing, he was anaesthetised -

He laughs. No one else does.

MOTHER

Henryk, I said nothing bad.

HENRYK

What's the matter with you all? Have you lost your sense of humour?

SZPILMAN

It's not funny.

HENRYK

Well, you know what's funny? You're funny with that ridiculous tie.

SZPILMAN

What are you talking about, my tie? What's my tie got to do with anything? I need the tie for my work.

MOTHER

Boys, boys...

HENRYK

Your work, yes, playing the piano for all the parasites in the ghetto, they don't give a damn about people's sufferings, they don't even notice what's going on around

them!

FATHER

I blame the Americans.

The others look at him.

SZPILMAN

For what? For my tie?

FATHER

American Jews, and there's lots of them, what have they done for us? What do they think they're doing? People here are dying, haven't got a bite to eat. The Jewish bankers over there should be persuading America to declare war on Germany!

Suddenly, there's a roar of engines and a screech of brakes.

Slamming of doors.

The family rush to the windows.

EXT./INT. BUILDING OPPOSITE AND GHETTO APARTMENT - NIGHT  
A Gestapo vehicle has entered the street and screeched to a halt. Helmeted, jackbooted SS MEN, led by an NCO, pour out of the vehicle.

The Szpilmans gather at their open window to watch. Regina turns off the lights before joining them. They are all terrified. Their half-eaten meal still on the table behind them.

POV - from Szpilman apartment: the building opposite. The SS men pouring into the building opposite. Sound of the jackboots on stairs. Lights go on floor by floor. In an apartment directly opposite, a businessman, his wife, three young people and an old man in a wheelchair sit at their dining table. The SS men burst in, machine pistols at the ready. The family is frozen with horror, remain seated.

The NCO scans their faces.

NCO

(in a towering rage)

Stand up!

The family rise to their feet fast, except for the old man in the wheelchair. The NCO bears down on him.

NCO

Stand up!

The old man in the wheelchair grips the arms of the chair and tries desperately to stand. But he can't. Without

warning, the SS men seize the chair with the old man in it, carry him out on to the balcony.

THE SZPILMANS:

Mother SCREAMS, Father shrinks back, Halina comforts him and Regina comforts Mother.

Szpilman's and Henryk 's POV - the apartment opposite:  
The SS men throw the old man in his wheelchair over the balcony. He seems to hang in the air for a second then drops out of the chair and out of sight. But there's a terrible thud as his body hits the pavement and a clatter as the wheelchair follows him.

THE SZPILMANS:

Mother sobbing. The others, still horrified.

REGINA

(softly, to Mother)

Be quiet, Mama, for God's sake, be quiet!

Then sound of shots, slamming doors, screams, shouts.

Szpilman and Henryk hurry to another window so that they can see what's going on.

Their POV from second window building opposite and street:  
SS Men herding a couple of dozen prisoners from the building

opposite.

People watching from the windows but trying not to be seen. The headlights of the SS vehicle are switched on and the SS Men are forcing their prisoners to stand in the beam.

A GERMAN VOICE

Run! Run!

The prisoners start to run.

The SS men open fire with a machine gun mounted on the vehicle. People in the building opposite begin to SCREAM. The prisoners are being shot down. They are lifted into the air by the bullets, turn somersaults, fall dead. One man escapes by running back in the opposite direction, out of the beam of light and is lost to sight for a moment. The escaping man, a silhouette, out of the light, runs with all his strength, putting distance between himself and the SS. He starts to scale a wall. He looks as though he's getting away.

But there's a floodlight on the SS vehicle. It flares into light, swivels and finds the man. A volley of shots. The man drops from the wall, dead. The SS men get into the vehicle and speed off, driving over the dead bodies.

THE SZPILMANS:

Szpilman and Henryk stare at the scene, silent, shocked. The only sounds, the weeping of the people opposite and, nearer, Mother crying softly.

INT. CAFE NOWOCZESNA - DAY

Szpilman, as if in another world, playing the piano. The cafe is full of customers but the atmosphere is much more subdued than previously, the mood is sombre.

EXT. CAFE NOWOCZESNA - DAY

A doorman with a cudgel beats away the beggars from the door as Halina, distraught and out of breath, runs to the cafe entrance. The doorman lets her in.

INT. CAFE NOWACZESNA - DAY

Szpilman snaps out of his reverie, seeing, across the heads of the customers, Halina, in a state of great anxiety, beckoning urgently.

Szpilman quickly brings the piece to a close, stands, steps off the platform, threads his way through to Halina. She's shivering, almost unable to speak.

SZPILMAN

What's happened?

HALINA

(almost incoherent)

Oh my God, it's terrible, you've got to do something, oh my God!

SZPILMAN

(shaking her)

Calm down, what, what is it?

HALINA

They're hunting people on the streets. They've picked up Henryk.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Szpilman running. Streets crowded. Corpses. Szpilman, sweating, dodges and sidesteps. Then, suddenly, a woman bars his way. She's the Feather Woman, brightly rouged, with her thickly painted eyebrows, the unsteady mauve ostrich feather rising from her straw hat.

THE FEATHER WOMAN

Excuse me, but have you seen my husband Izaak Szerman?

SZPILMAN

I'm afraid not.

He tries to dodge past but she grabs his arm.

THE FEATHER WOMAN

He's tall, he's handsome. He has a little grey beard. If you see him, please do write, Izaak Szerman's his name, don't forget.

Szpilman manages to free himself and runs on.

EXT. LABOUR BUREAU BUILDING - DAY

A mob of men in front of the building being herded this way and that by Jewish policemen. More and more captive men are brought in by the German Schutzpolizei (Shupos). The mob constantly swelling.

Szpilman reaches the back of the crowd.

SZPILMAN

(to an elderly man  
nearest him)

What's happening?

THE ELDERLY MAN

They've got my grandson in there.

They pick 'em up, they take 'em away. What do they do to them?

I've stopped believing in God!

Szpilman scans the mob. The Jewish policemen using batons and whips to herd the men. No sign of Henryk. Szpilman becomes alert. He's seen someone he recognises. Heller, with his red hair and Hitler moustache, wielding a baton, driving men into the building. With difficulty, Szpilman pushes his way through the mob and gets nearer to Heller.

SZPILMAN

(yelling)

Yitzchak!

Heller doesn't hear.

SZPILMAN

Yitzchak!

Heller glances round.

SZPILMAN

Here, please! Wladek Szpilman!

Heller shoves someone aside so that Szpilman can approach, but he continues to beat and manhandle people.

SZPILMAN

Henryk's in there.

HELLER

I haven't seen him.

SZPILMAN

Believe me, they've picked him up.

HELLER

Tough luck.

SZPILMAN

Can you help?

HELLER

Oh, you need me now, yes, now you need me!

SZPILMAN

Can you help us?

HELLER

It costs.

SZPILMAN

I've no money.

HELLER

Then there's nothing I can do. He should've joined us when I gave him the chance..

SZPILMAN

Yitzchak, they told me you had influence.

HELLER

Who told you?

SZPILMAN

People I know. They said you're an important man.

Heller just glares at Szpilman and then moves away. Szpilman

stands, jostled by the crowd, uncertain, forlorn.

EXT. ALLEY AND LABOUR BUREAU, LATER - MID-AFTERNOON

Szpilman, keeping to the shadows of the alleyway, watches the front of the building. Comings and goings. German Soldiers in evidence. The mob is smaller now.

Szpilman waits and watches, and then a POOR WOMAN passes, carrying a can wrapped in newspaper followed by a RAGGED OLD MAN, dragging himself along. He's shivering with cold, his shoes with holes show his purple feet.

The ragged old man suddenly lunges forward and tries to grab the can from the poor woman. They struggle desperately.

POOR WOMAN

(screaming)

A snatcher! Help me, a snatcher!

The can falls to the pavement and thick, steaming soup pours into the dirty street.

Szpilman watches, rooted to the spot. The ragged old man stares at the can, lets out a groan, more like a whimper,



and throws himself full length in the slush, licking the soup up from the pavement. The poor woman starts to howl, kicking the old man and tearing at her hair in despair. Then:

RUBINSTEIN'S VOICE

Boys, keep your peckers up! And girls, keep your legs crossed!

RUBINSTEIN, a ragged, dishevelled little man, Chaplinesque, waving a stick, hopping and jumping, approaches the Germans outside the bureau.

RUBINSTEIN

Don't let 'em get you down -  
He approaches a couple of Shupos.

RUBINSTEIN

Bandits! Crooks! Thieves!  
He waves his stick at them. They laugh. One of them bows low.

1ST SHUPO

Good day, Herr Rubinstein.

RUBINSTEIN

If that means good day, I'm your man, you gangsters, robbers, pirates!

2ND SHUPO

(tapping his head)

Mad!

RUBINSTEIN

Ich bin meshuge, you bandit!  
Almost in tears with laughter, they give him a cigarette and he goes on his way.  
Szpilman almost smiles, then looks again at the building. He waits.

EXT. ALLEY AND LABOUR BUREAU, LATER - DUSK

Sun just setting.

From the shelter of the alleyway, Szpilman continues to watch the entrance of the bureau. No mob any more, but people come and go - jewish policemen, shupos, a few jews. Almost continuous sounds of distant shots and screams. Then, Heller appears at the entrance, looks this way and that and goes back inside the building. Szpilman alert. Again Heller appears in the entrance. He beckons someone inside. Henryk shuffles out. Heller shoves him into the street. Henryk stumbles, falls. Szpilman runs to him, helps him to his feet.

HENRYK

(immediately on the  
attack, furious)

You go to Heller, did I ask you to  
talk to him?

SZPILMAN

You're out, aren't you?

They start to walk.

HENRYK

Did you beg, did you grovel to  
that piece of shit, that cockroach?

SZPILMAN

I didn't grovel, I asked him to  
help.

HENRYK

What did you pay him?

SZPILMAN

Pay him? With what? With what could  
I pay him? Every zloty I earn we  
spend on food!

HENRYK

I can look after myself!

SZPILMAN

They were taking you away.

HENRYK

It's nothing to do with you. It's  
me they wanted, not you. Why do  
you interfere in other people's  
business?

SZPILMAN

You're mad, that's your trouble,  
you're mad.

HENRYK

That's also my business.

They walk on.

EXT. CHLODNA STREET BRIDGE - DUSK

A wooden bridge has been constructed, linking the small  
ghetto to the large ghetto. Few people about, mostly beggars

and children.

Szpilman and Henryk climb the stairs of the bridge, but as  
they reach the bridge itself Henryk stumbles, sinks to his  
knees. Szpilman gets hold of him, tries to help him stand.

SZPILMAN

What's the matter? Are you sick?

HENRYK

Hungry.

EXT. CAFE NOWOCZESNA - NIGHT

Szpilman supports Henryk, helps him towards the back of the cafe.

INT. KITCHEN, CAFE NOWOCZESNA - NIGHT

Henryk, finishing a bowl of soup and a piece of bread, sits at a worktop with Szpilman and Benek. The kitchen is small and busy with cooks, waiters, washers-up.

SZPILMAN

What's that mean, no employment certificate?

HENRYK

You have to have an employment certificate to work for one of the German firms in the ghetto, otherwise...

SZPILMAN

Otherwise what?

HENRYK

You'll be deported.

BENEK

So the rumours were true...

HENRYK

They're going to resettle us. Send us to labour camps. In the east. And they're closing the small ghetto.

Silence.

EXT. CHLODNA STREET - DAY

A dense crowd of people crossing the bridge in both directions.

Szpilman, shabby and unshaven, hurries along and meets Jehuda Zyskind coming towards him, accompanied by the small man, Majorek.

JEHUDA

Wladek!

Szpilman stops.

JEHUDA

I thought you'd be off on tour, playing London, Paris, New York?

SZPILMAN

(trying to smile)

Not this week.  
They're buffeted by the crowd. In the street below them,  
cars, trams, pedestrians and German guards.

JEHUDA

I have to say you look terrible.  
What's the trouble?

SZPILMAN

You've heard the rumours they're  
going to resettle us in the East?

JEHUDA

(dismissing him)

Rumours, rumours, you take it all  
too much to heart, Wladek.

SZPILMAN

I've been trying to get a  
certificate of employment for my  
father. I've managed to get  
certificates for me and the rest  
of the family but I need one more  
for my father. I've been trying  
all the firms, the shops...

JEHUDA

Why didn't you come to me?

SZPILMAN

I didn't know you were in the  
certificate business.

JEHUDA

I'm not, but Majorek is.

SZPILMAN

(to Majorek)

Can you help? I've no money...

JEHUDA

Please, don't insult us.

(to Majorek)

Can you do something for him?

MAJOREK

Be at the Schultz Workshop,  
tomorrow, four o'clock.

JEHUDA

You see what a wonderful piece of  
luck you've had today? That's die  
historical imperative in action  
and that's why I always say, look  
on...

SZPILMAN

(joining with him)

...the bright side, yes, I know.

INT. OFFICE AND FLOOR, SCHULTZ FACTORY - DAY

The name 'Samuel Szpilman' being written on a certificate.  
The clatter of sewing machines.

SCHULTZ, a fat, sweaty German is filling out the form at his desk. Majorek beside him, standing, chatting to him and having a quiet laugh. In the doorway, Szpilman and Father.

The small office is on an upper level with a window looking down on the factory floor where Jewish men and women are hard at work on sewing machines making the terrible clatter. Schultz stamps the certificate, hands it to Majorek, who gives it to Father.

FATHER

(doffing his hat)

Thank you.

SCHULTZ

(beaming, German  
accent)

My pleasure. It won't help you  
anyway.

EXT. CHLODNA STREET BRIDGE - DAY

A great mass of agitated people crossing only one way: from the small ghetto to the large ghetto, carrying their belongings. A German film crew records the scene. The Szpilmans among the crowd, lugging suitcases and bundles, Henryk with a few books, Father carrying his violin case. They struggle across the bridge.

EXT./INT. YARD AND WAREHOUSE - DAY

A truck backing up. The tail-gate is opened to reveal a huge load of furniture, linen, clothing, mirrors, carpets, bedclothes. Three Jews inside the van start to unload the stuff, dumping it in the yard.

Other Jews stand ready to start sorting the load, among them the Szpilman family. Shupos and Jewish policemen supervise.

Each has their allotted task: Szpilman and Henryk sort out carpets, Father mirrors, Regina linen, Halina and Mother, clothing.

The sounds of trains not far off.

They carry the stuff into the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Szpilman and the others bring their piles of things into the warehouse, which is crammed with similar objects, an Aladdin's cave.

The activity continuous.

INT. SLEEPING QUARTERS, ABOVE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT  
semi-darkness. A large room with an improvised partition of blankets to separate the men from the women. Three-tiered bunks.

On the men's side, Father is on the upper bunk, Henryk on the lower. Szpilman, stripping down to his underwear, is preparing to climb into the middle bunk.

FATHER

At least we've got work in the ghetto. At least we're still together.

Szpilman nods, climbs into his bunk, settles down. Somewhere near, the sound of a train.

Then a volley of shots, German voices shouting. Szpilman slips off his bunk, hurries to the door, opens it and comes face to face with a German NCO and soldiers.

NCO

Out! Assemble in the yard!

SZPILMAN

We're employed here, we've got certificates -

The NCO cracks Szpilman across the face, turns and goes. Szpilman retreats into the room, his nose bleeding. The women are watching from behind the blankets, but Mother hurries towards Szpilman. She wipes his nose.

Shots, shouts, a scream.

EXT. WAREHOUSE YARD - DAWN

Still quite dark. The Szpilmans and about twenty others lined up under lights shining on them from a couple of German vehicles.

The NCO goes along the line, making a selection, using his pistol to prod people into moving. When he gets to the Szpilmans he selects Henryk and Halina. Then, he turns to those who are left:

NCO

The rest of you get dressed then report back here. Bring your belongings. Fifteen kilos only.

A YOUNG WOMAN

Where are you taking us?

The NCO turns his pistol on the young woman and shoots her through the head. He marches off while she lies on the ground with blood spurting out of her.

INT. SZPILMAN ROOMS, WAREHOUSE - DAWN

The partition has been pulled aside. People, including the Szpilman, are dressing or dressed, packing up their belongings.

SZPILMAN

I'm sorry, I did my best, I thought the certificates would save us all.

MOTHER

Stop it, Wladek.

REGINA

Let's just hope that Henryk and Halina will be better off -

Sounds of shots, screams, shouts, a piercing whistle.

EXT. STREET LEADING TO UMSCHLAGPLATZ - MORNING

Hot, fine summer's day. Jews, among them Szpilman, Mother, Regina and father, clutching their meagre belongings, walk towards wooden gates and come to a halt. Jewish policemen approach and order the people about, pushing and shoving them into line.

REGINA

(to a Jewish policeman)

Where will we be going?

JEWISH POLICEMAN #1

You're going to work. You'll be much better off than in this stinking ghetto. The gates are

The gates are opened.

JEWISH POLICEMAN #2

Move!

They shuffle forward.

EXT. UMSCHLAGPLATZ - DAY

Szpilman, Mother, Regina and Father, with others, enter through one of the gates, which closes on them. They pause for a moment to take in their new surroundings.

The Szpilman and their POV:

Their first sight of the large rectangle, walled on two

sides and overlooked by buildings. Several hundred people. People walk up and down.

SZPILMAN

Let's sit over there.

But he stops again, and so do the others. Something they see causes them to stand stock still, expressionless.

THE SZPILMANS' POV:

An unoccupied space at the edge of the compound where bloated, decaying bodies lie near to a wall. The wall itself

is spattered with blood. Large flies walk over the dead. Nobody goes near.

THE SZPILMANS:

Szpilman turns away and leads the others to another space. Later:

Glaring sun. The Szpilmans have settled down on the kerb of a pavement and are waiting. Szpilman stands, observing the scene.

Mother sits on a bundle of things, staring vacantly, her hair hanging down in strands. Regina, beside her, has her hands over her face and is weeping, the tears running through her fingers.

Father walks nervously up and down, hands behind his back, four steps one way, four steps back. Near them, a YOUNG WOMAN begins to wail.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Why did I do it? Why did I do it?

A young man, beside her, whispers to her, but she does not seem to take in what he's saying. Her cries continue at intervals.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Why did I do it? Why did I do it?

The sound of trucks. Everyone looks towards the gates. More Jews are being unloaded from trucks and are marched through the gates. Mothers, children, old people, begging, most of them holding papers. Pandemonium.

Later:

The sun high, blazing. Szpilman is wandering around, occasionally greeting people. The place is crowded now, packed. Trucks bring more and more Jews at intervals. Old people lying down, exhausted, impossible to tell whether

some of them are alive or dead. Women carrying dehydrated children drag themselves from group to group. One WOMAN



approaches Szpilman.

WOMAN WITH CHILD

He's dying, don't you have a drop  
of water? My child's dying of  
thirst, he's dying, he's dying, I  
beg you!

Szpilman shakes his head sadly. The woman with child wanders  
off to another group.

A MAN'S VOICE

I'm telling you, it's a disgrace.  
Szpilman turns to see a man, DR. EHRLICH, haranguing Father.

FATHER

I can hear you.  
Szpilman goes to them.

DR. EHRLICH

(overlapping)

We're letting them take us to our  
death like sheep to the slaughter!

FATHER

Dr. Ehrlich, not so loud!

DR. EHRLICH

Why don't we attack them? There's  
half a million of us, we could  
break out of the ghetto. At least  
we could die honourably, not as a  
stain on the face of history!

Another man, Grun, joins in.

GRUN

Why you so sure they're sending us  
to our death?

DR. EHRLICH

I'm not sure. You know why I'm not  
sure? Because they didn't tell me.  
But I'm telling you they plan to  
wipe us all out!

FATHER

Dr. Ehrlich, what do you want me  
to do? You want me to fight?

GRUN

To fight you need organisation,  
plans, guns!

FATHER

He's right. What d'you think I can

do? Fight them with my violin bow?

GRUN

The Germans would never squander a huge labour force like this. They're sending us to a labour camp.

DR. EHRLICH

Oh, sure. Look at that cripple, look at those old people, the children, they're going to work? Look at Mr Szpilman here, he's going to carry iron girders on his back?

A loud cry from Mother. Szpilman and Father spin round.

MOTHER

Henryk!

REGINA

(glancing up, shocked)

Oh my God!

Near the gates, among a large bunch of new arrivals, Henryk and Halina.

MOTHER

Halina! Henryk!

Regina and Szpilman also call and wave. Henryk and Halina struggle through to them. Halina falls into Mother's arms and they hug.

HALINA

We heard you were here...we...didn't want...we...we wanted to be with you.

Mother comforts her. And so does Regina. Father smiles sadly.

SZPILMAN

(shakes his head,  
almost to himself,  
a forlorn smile)

Stupid, stupid!

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Why did I do it? Why did I do it?

Szpilman stands and stares at her.

Later:

The sun lower but the heat still intense.

The place is now packed to suffocation. People calling out names, trying to find each other. The wailing of women and the cries of children.

A cordon of Jewish policemen and SS guards are, almost surreptitiously, ringing the compound. The Szpilman sit in the same place, with Henryk sitting a little apart and now reading a small book.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Why did I do it? Why did I do it?

HALINA

She's getting on my nerves. What did she do, for God's sake?

Grun leans across to her.

GRUN

(quietly, to Halina)

She smothered her baby.

Halina looks at him in disbelief.

GRUN

They'd prepared a hiding place and so, of course, they went there. But the baby cried just as the police came. She smothered the cries with her hands. The baby died. A policeman heard the death rattle. He found where they were hiding.

Later:

Szpilman and Henryk.

SZPILMAN

What are you reading?

HENRYK

(a crooked, ironic smile)

'If you prick us, do we not bleed?  
If you tickle us, do we not laugh?  
If you poison us, do we not die?  
And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?'

Szpilman takes the book and reads the title page:  
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SZPILMAN

Very appropriate.

HENRYK

(taking the book back and resuming his reading)

Yes, that's why I brought it.

Later:

The Szpilmans seated on the kerb. Their attention is caught by a BOY who has a box of sweets on a string round his neck. And he's setting the sweets, pocketing money.

HENRYK

Idiot. What's he think he's going to do with the money?

Father calls to the Sweet Boy and beckons him over.

FATHER

How much for a caramel?

THE SWEET BOY

Twenty zlotys.

FATHER

What? For one caramel? What d'you think you're going to do with the money?

THE SWEET BOY

Twenty zlotys.

FATHER

(turning to the family)

Have we got twenty between us?

They search their pockets and handbags, hand over to Father what change they can find. He, in turn, hands the money to the Sweet Boy, who hands over one caramel and goes on his way.

Father holds the caramel between thumb and forefinger and examines it carefully. Then, carefully takes out his penknife and with great care divides the caramel into six pans. He hands a part to each of the family.

They all exchange a look, an acknowledgement of each other, almost like a toast, and then they chew, slowly, deliberately.

The whistle of a locomotive. Sound of trucks rattling over the rails.

At once, a sound of great agitation from the Jews in the compound.

EXT. RAILWAY SIDING - DAY

The locomotive pulling cattle and goods trucks comes into sight, rolling slowly towards the boundary of the Umschlagplatz and coming to a halt.

EXT. RAILWAY SIDING - DAY

A cordon of Jewish policeman and SS guards. Among the great throng of people, the Szpilmans trudge towards the train.

Szpilman and Halina walking.

SZPILMAN

Halina?

HALINA

What?

SZPILMAN

Funny time to say this.

HALINA

What?

SZPILMAN

wish I knew you better.

HALINA

(a smile)

Thanks.

THE TRAIN:

The Szpilman near the train. The first trucks are already full, the people inside pressed close together, SS men pushing them with their rifle butts.

People in the trucks cry out in desperation.

The Szpilman are pushed along by SS men along the cordon of Jewish policemen, past loaded trucks.

Then, suddenly:

A VOICE

Szpilman! Szpilman!

A Jewish policeman grabs Szpilman by his collar and pulls him back out of the police cordon. It's Heller. The rest of the family have reached the next truck to be filled.

A scuffle as Szpilman tries to resist. Another Jewish policeman shoves him.

Szpilman stumbles, falls to the ground, in front of him the closed ranks of the Jewish policemen's backs.

He stands, runs at the cordon, seeing between their heads, shoulders, Mother, Regina, Henryk and Halina clambering into the trucks. Father is looking around, bewildered.

SZPILMAN

(yelling)

Papa!

Father sees him, takes a step towards him, but stops, smiling helplessly. He raises his hand and waves, then turns and goes towards the trucks.

Again, Szpilman flings himself at the policemen's shoulders.

SZPILMAN

(desperate)

Papa! Mama! Halina!

Heller turns on him.

HELLER

What do you think you're doing,  
Szpilman? I've saved your life!  
Now, go on, save yourself!

Szpilman stands for a moment, confused, terrified. Then he turns and starts to run.

HELLER

Don't run!

Szpilman drops to walking pace, makes for the gates. Workers are pushing carts piled with the bloated corpses that lay against the wall. Szpilman falls in with them and they pass through the gates.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The doors of the trucks are closed. The train begins to move. Slow, laborious. From the trucks, the faint cries of the occupants.

EXT. STREET BY THE SIDING - DAY

Szpilman catches his breath by a building. An SS man and Jewish policeman emerge. The Jewish policeman is servile, crawling to the German. He points to the train -

JEWISH POLICEMAN

Well, off they go for meltdown!

They laugh as they walk away. Szpilman turns and stumbles down the empty street. The cries from the trucks fading. He begins to weep, loud, agonised sobs, and staggers on.

EXT. GHETTO STREET - EVENING

Szpilman, lost, empty, aimless, tries to catch his breath in the aftermath of his tears.

He wanders forlornly down the street, passing empty buildings with their doors open, windows smashed. Furniture, torn mattresses and pillows lie scattered. Feathers fly. Desolation.

He turns a corner.

EXT. COURTYARD, JEHUDA'S STREET - EVENING

Szpilman comes into the courtyard. He stops, his face blank. Lying outside the door, the bodies of Jehuda, Mrs. Zyskind, their two sons and the toddler. Szpilman steps across the bodies.

INT. JEHUDA ZYSKIND'S ROOM - EVENING

Chaos. Papers, pamphlets strewn all over the place. The mimeograph smashed.

Szpilman enters, stands, surveying the devastation.  
Distant sounds of shooting, shouts, cries.  
He gathers up some papers in a pile, takes off his jacket  
and covers the pile of papers, making a pillow. He lies  
down on the floor.

He stares into the darkness, expressionless, empty.

EXT. STREET NEAR CAFE NOWOCZESNA - DAY

Szpilman shuffles along, comes to the cafe. No sign of  
life, but the door is wide open. He goes inside.

INT. CAFE NOWOCZESNA - DAY

A shambles. Szpilman wanders through the upturned tables,  
broken chairs. Stops, looks about. Nothing.

Distant shots, automatic fire.

He turns and makes for the door. Then he hears an urgent  
hiss. He turns sharply and tries to find the source of it.  
He hears the hiss again.

Now he sees, hiding under the platform, Benek, beckoning  
to him. Szpilman hurries over and crawls on his back until  
he's beside him. Benek replaces a plank and they are hidden  
from view.

INT. UNDER THE PLATFORM, GHETTO CAFE - DAY

Thin slivers of light illuminate the two men on their backs  
in the cramped space.

BENEK

(looking at him,  
mystified)

Why are you here, Mr. Wladek?

SZPILMAN

It's like this... I...we...all of  
them.

He can't continue. Benek nods.

BENEK

Perhaps they're lucky. The quicker  
the better.

(Brief pause.)

It isn't over yet. We'll stay here  
for a couple of days. Until things  
die down.

(Another pause)

I've bribed a policeman. He'll  
come when it's over.

EXT. GHETTO STREET - DAY

In bright sun, Szpilman and Benek march in a column, four  
abreast, under the command of two Jewish foremen, guarded

by two German policemen. They are being marched out of the ghetto gates.

SZPILMAN

(to Benek)

My God. I haven't been outside for -  
it must be two years.

FELLOW WORKER

(on the other side  
of him)

Don't get over-excited.

EXT. ZELAZNA BRAMA SQUARE - DAY

Street traders with baskets full of wares, fruit, vegetables, fish, tins of preserves. Women bargain with them, making purchases. Lively, colourful. Dealers in gold and currency calling monotonously.

DEALERS

Gold, buy gold! Dollars! Roubles!

Later:

Szpilman, on top of a free-standing scaffold, Benek and the others demolishing a ghetto wall, wielding skdgehammers.

They work slowly.

A smartly dressed young couple are passing, but stop. They stare. The young woman is extremely attractive and knows it. The foremen, workers and the German policemen ogle her.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Look - oh, do look!

Her young man is puzzled; she points.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Jews!

THE YOUNG MAN

Can't be the first time you've  
ever seen Jews.

Embarrassed, she giggles and they go. Szpilman, Benek and the others continue to work.

The foremen sit, sunning themselves, and the German policemen stand, deep in conversation, ignoring the workers. Szpilman suddenly stops work. He has seen something in the square that alerts him.

At the furthest stall, he sees a woman, attractive, chic, in her thirties, buying vegetables at a stall. Her name is JANINA GODLEWSKA.

Surreptitiously, Szpilman raises a hand, trying to catch



her attention. But he's frightened of alerting the German policemen and the foremen. Benek has noticed.

BENEK

Someone you know?

SZPILMAN

Yes.

Again Szpilman tries, but Janina, her profile to him, doesn't see.

BENEK

A beauty. Who is she?

SZPILMAN

A singer. Her husband's an actor.  
I knew them well. Good people. I'd  
like to talk to her.

BENEK

(playful)

Don't forget, Mr. Wladek, they  
hang them for helping Jews.

He goes back to work.

The German policemen wander over to one of the stalls to buy fruit. The moment they do so two Jewish workers scamper across to another stall to buy bread.

Szpilman glances across the square: Janina is still at the stall.

He comes to a decision. He jumps down, is about to dash towards Janina, but stops dead.

Janina is no longer there.

EXT. GHETTO STREET - DAY

As before, Szpilman and Benek march towards the ghetto gates in the demolition column, four abreast, under the command of the Jewish foremen and guarded by the two German policemen.

Suddenly:

YOUNG SS MAN

Halt!

The column halts before a young SS man, wild-eyed, with his sleeves rolled up and wielding a pistol. He talks excitedly to the policemen then turns, walks along the column dividing them up: some men to the right, others, seven of them, to the left. Benek he orders to the left, Szpilman to the right.

Young SS man turns to those on the left.

YOUNG SS MAN

Lie down!

Terrified, they obey. He stands over them and, one by one, shoots them. When he comes to Benek, the seventh man, his pistol runs out of ammunition. He changes the clip, shoots Benek and marches off.

EXT. BUILDING SITE, OUTSIDE GHETTO - DAY

Szpilman, bent almost double, carries a hod on his back piled with bricks. He is mounting a wooden ramp that runs up beside scaffolding on a small building site where an extra floor is being added to a house. There are Polish workers, too, who don't, of course, wear armbands as the Jews do. There's a wooden hut serving as a store on the site.

Halfway up the ramp, Szpilman hears someone whistle. He stops, turns to see, at the bottom of the ramp, Majorek, smiling and giving a discreet wave.

Later:

Szpilman and Majorek sip gruel out of mugs. They sit apart from the others who are also taking a break.

SZPILMAN

How long have you been here?

MAJOREK

Since last night. I was pleased to see you.

Brief silence.

MAJOREK

They're going to start the final resettlement now. We know what it means. We sent someone out. Zygmunt. A good man. His orders were to follow the trains out of Warsaw. He got to Sokolow. A local railwayman told him the tracks are divided, one branch leading to Treblinka. He said every day freight trains carrying people from Warsaw forked to Treblinka and returned empty. No transports of food are ever seen on that line. And civilians are forbidden to approach the Treblinka station. They're exterminating us. Won't take them long. We're sixty thousand left. Out of half a million. Mostly young people. And this time we're going

to fight. We're in good shape.  
We're organised. We're prepared.

SZPILMAN

If you need help...

Whistle blows.

A little later:

Szpilman again mounting the ramp with a hod full of bricks on his back. The noise of airplanes overhead.

EXT. SKY - DAY

A swarm of Russian bombers. Anti-aircraft fire. Puffs of exploding shells.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

The workers look up. So does Szpilman and, as he does so, the bricks slide off his hod, crashing to the ground below.

ZICK-ZACK

You!

An SS man, ZICK-ZACK (his nickname), with a whip, approaches

Szpilman.

ZICK-ZACK

Here!

Szpilman goes to him. Enraged, Zick-Zack grabs him by the hair and presses his head hard between his thighs and then beats him mercilessly.

ZICK-ZACK

(with every stroke,  
hissing through  
clenched teeth)

Und-zick! Und-zack! Und-zick! Und-zack!

After a dozen or so strokes, Szpilman falls forward and lies in the dirt. Zick-Zack nods, satisfied.

ZICK-ZACK

Get him away from here.

Two Poles, without armbands, one of them Bartczak, drag him away.

Bartczak and the other man help Szpilman to his feet.

BARTCZAK

Hope you played the piano better than you carry bricks.

POLISH WORKMAN

He won't last long if he goes on like this.

BARTCZAK

I'll see if I can get him something better.

INT./EXT. STORES AND BUILDING SITE - DAY

Winter. Rain. Cold. The store, a wooden hut, contains wood, nails, tools, paint, metal brackets.

Szpilman sits at a table, where a line of workers has formed. Szpilman makes a record in a ledger of the tools each worker takes out on the site.

A worker puts his head into the store.

WORKER

(hissing)

Trouble.

A GERMAN VOICE

Assemble! Fall in! Only the Jews!

Poles go on working! Only the Jews!

Poles go on working!

The Jewish workers start to assemble on the site in haphazard ranks as an SS Captain strides in.

The SS Captain, with much jollity and jokes, hops up on to scaffolding and stands, beaming broadly, surveying the workers.

SS CAPTAIN

(in English)

I have important and good news for you. There are rumours circulating that resettlement measures are again going to be taken.

A glance between Szpilman and Majorek.

SS CAPTAIN

(in English)

I want to assure you personally that no such measures will be taken now or in the future. Posters will be going up also to this effect.

As proof of our good will, we want you to select a delegate, who will be permitted to go into town once a day to buy, on each worker's behalf, five kilos of potatoes and one loaf of bread, which you will be allowed to take back into the ghetto. Now, why would we do that if we meant to resettle you?

He beams; no reaction from the workers.

SS CAPTAIN

(in English)

You can do good business on what  
you don't eat. Isn't that what you  
Jews are best at? Making 'geld'?

Rubs thumb and forefinger and leers; still no reaction;  
his smile vanishes.

SS CAPTAIN

(in English)

Carry on.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

Snow. Majorek pulls a barrow by a rope attached to its  
shaft across the site. On the barrow, five sacks. The Jewish  
workers are phased to see him.

Majorek pulls the barrow to where Szpilman waits.

MAJOREK

(under his breath)

The smaller one. At the bottom.

Szpilman nods and starts unloading the sacks as Majorek  
moves away.

INT. STORES - DAY

Szpilman has unpacked the sacks and laid them in the corner.

He kneels before the smallest of the sacks and unties the  
string around its neck.

He puts his hand inside the sack and potatoes tumble out.  
He reaches to the bottom and is still as his hand finds  
something. Carefully, he removes a pistol, then another,  
both wrapped in oil cloths. He hides them under his jacket.

INT./EXT. STORES AND BUILDING SITE - NIGHT

Szpilman and a Jewish worker distribute the potatoes to  
the other Jewish workers lined up with empty containers of  
various kinds. There are scales on the table, and they  
weigh out five kilos of potatoes, pour them into the men's  
containers and drop in a loaf of bread.

EXT. STREET LEADING TO GHETTO - NIGHT

The Jewish workers, all carrying their parcels of potatoes  
and bread, march back towards the ghetto gates escorted by  
two Polish policemen. Szpilman walks beside them. Ahead of  
him, Majorek near the front of the column.

As the column nears the ghetto gates, Majorek tosses his  
package over the wall and when Szpilman reaches the same  
spot, he throws a similar package. The column marches on.

INT. JEWISH BARRACKS - NIGHT

A small room with several three-tiered bunk beds. The sound of men's heavy breathing and snoring.

Szpilman lies awake, staring at the ceiling. He reaches inside his jacket, finds a scrap of paper and a pencil, writes something.

He slips off his bunk and crosses to another set of bunks, crouches down at the bottom one, where Majorek sleeps.

SZPILMAN

(whispered)

Majorek!

Majorek is instantly awake.

SZPILMAN

Have a favour to ask. I want to get out of here.

MAJOREK

It's easy to get out, it's how you survive on the other side that's hard.

SZPILMAN

I know. But last summer, I worked for a day in Zelazna Brama Square. I saw someone I knew. A singer. Her husband's an actor. They're old friends. (

(He holds out the " piece of paper.)

I've written their names down. And their address. If they're still there. Janina Godlewska and Andrzej Bogucki. Good people. Majorek, you go into the town every day. Would you try and make contact? Ask them if they'd help me get out of here?

Majorek takes the paper but says nothing. He turns over and goes back to sleep. Szpilman returns to his bunk.

INT. STORES - DAY

Szpilman has unloaded the sacks of potatoes into the corner and is kneeling, about to untie the string on the smallest sack. A sound alerts him. He looks round.

An SS Lieutenant has entered the stores, sucking his finger, which is bleeding.

SS LIEUTENANT

Any fucking plaster?  
Szpilman immediately hurries to a cupboard, finds a First Aid tin, removes a plaster and gives it to the SS Lieutenant.

SS LIEUTENANT'S VOICE

(while he applies  
the plaster to his  
finger)

What were you up to?

Nothing from Szpilman.

SS LIEUTENANT'S VOICE

What the fuck are those?

He indicates the sacks with his chin.

SZPILMAN

(in German)

We're allowed to take food into  
the ghetto. Five kilos of potatoes  
and a...

The SS Lieutenant walks over to the sacks and kicks the smallest one.

SS LIEUTENANT

Open it.

SZPILMAN

It's only potatoes and bread.

SS LIEUTENANT

Fuck that, you're lying, I can  
smell it. Open it.

Szpilman tries to untie the string, but he's too terrified and can't manage it. The SS Lieutenant shoves him out of the way, then takes from his belt a dagger and cuts the string.

The SS Lieutenant reaches in and withdraws a handful of long yellow beans. He glowers at Szpilman, reaches in again, produces a handful of oatmeal.

SS LIEUTENANT

You're all the same. Give a Jew a  
little finger, he takes the whole  
hand.

He throws the oatmeal in Szpilman's face.

SS LIEUTENANT

You lie to me again and I'll shoot  
you personally.

He kicks Szpilman viciously and marches away. Szpilman

catches his breath, then quickly reaches into the bottom of the sack and finds a pistol and ammunition. He hides them under his clothes.

EXT. STREET LEADING TO GHETTO - NIGHT

Freezing cold. The Jewish workers, with their bundles of potatoes and bread, march back towards the ghetto gates escorted by the two Polish policemen. In the column, Szpilman, near the policeman with the moustache, and a little behind them, Majorek. Distant sounds of gunfire. Majorek falls in beside Szpilman.

MAJOREK

I tried your friends. They're not at that address any more. But.

SZPILMAN

You made contact?

MAJOREK

Be ready to leave in two days' time. Same place as last night.

Sudden, frantic cries from the head of the column, which comes to a stop.

Two SS men, blind drunk, drinking vodka from bottles, are lashing the column with whips. One of them is Zick-Zack, .

SZPILMAN

Oh, shit!

As the SS men advance on Szpilman and Majorek's section, Majorek slips back to his place in the column. Szpilman hides his package inside his coat.

Zick-Zack lashes out at the workers blindly.

ZICK-ZACK

Und-zick! Und-zack!

He takes a swig of vodka and comes face to face with Szpilman.

ZICK-ZACK

(shouting")

I'll soon teach you discipline!

Jew pigs!

He is staring directly at Szpilman with glassy eyes. Szpilman is terrified, trying as surreptitiously as possible to cover his hidden package with his hands. A moment of danger. Zick-Zack grabs Szpilman by the cottar.

ZICK-ZACK

Know why we beat you?

No response; shaking him.



ZICK-ZACK

Know why we beat you?

SZPILMAN

(tentatively, in  
German)

No. Why?

ZICK-ZACK

To celebrate New Year's Eve!

He and his comrade find this hilarious; recovering from  
his laughter.

ZICK-ZACK

Now, march! Go on, march!

The column starts to march. ....

ZICK-ZACK

And sing!

(he belches.)

Sing something cheerful!

(laughs.)

And sing it good and loud!

A brief silence, then from the back, a solo voice starts  
to sing, 'Children of Warsaw will go to fight!'

Szpilman glances back, sees that it's Majorek singing.

Szpilman smiles, Majorek nods. Szpilman joins in. Now, so  
do the others.

They march on, singing lustily.

ALL WORKERS

(singing)

Hey, ranks unite

And follow the White Eagle!

Stand up and fight

Our mortal enemy.

Riflemen, hey!

Let's give them fire and brimstone.

We'll blow away

The yoke of slavery.

Punish and rout

The rapists of our nation.

We'll smash the knout

To save our dignity.

Soon we'll be proud

Of our liberation -

Hey, take your sights!

Aim sharply at the heart.

Hey, load! Hey, shoot!  
Hey, load! Hey, shoot!  
Give 'em a bloody start!  
Hey, load! Hey, shoot!  
Aim sharply at the heart.

The column reaches the lamp posts near the ghetto gates.  
Szpilman his package over the wall. So does Majorek.

INT./EXT. STORES AND BUILDING SITE - EVENING

The Jewish workers lined up to get their potatoes and bread.

Szpilman and two others weigh the potatoes.

GERMAN VOICES

Get on with it and fall in! Fall  
in!

Calmly, Szpilman leaves the table with the scales, walks  
past Majorek and the others, who, having got their potatoes,

are assembling in a column, preparing to march back into  
the ghetto. The Polish workers have packed up their tools  
and are talking among themselves, also about to leave the  
site but in a casual way.

The SS guards shout orders for the Jewish column to move  
off. Szpilman seems as if he's going to join them, but at  
the last moment turns and falls in with the Polish workers,  
beside Barczak, who just glances at him then moves so that  
Szpilman is in the middle of the group.

Szpilman slips off his armband, stuffs it into his pocket.  
The group walk into the darkness.

EXT. WISNIOWA STREET - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Empty street. Szpilman walks fast to the corner,  
stops, looks round anxiously. Nothing. He takes the armband  
from his pocket and drops it through the grating of a drain  
in the gutter just as there's movement in a darkened  
doorway. Szpilman tenses.

Then, out of the darkness of the doorway, a woman: JANINA  
GODLEWSKA.

She turns and starts to walk quickly. Szpilman, putting  
the collar of his coat up, follows, keeping pace. A  
pedestrian walks past in the opposite direction but pays  
them no attention.

Janina and Szpilman walk on.

EXT. BOGUCKI BUILDING - NIGHT

Janina comes to the front door, opens it with a key, goes  
in. Szpilman, a little distance behind, catches up and

follows her inside.

INT. HALL, STAIRS AND 3RD FLOOR, BOGUCKI BUILDING - NIGHT  
Janina waits as Szpilman closes the front door, then starts up the stairs. Szpilman follows. She stops, turns to him, smiles, kisses him on the cheek, then continues up the stairs.

INT. BOGUCKI APARTMENT - NIGHT

ANDRZEJ BOGUCKI, a handsome man, fortyish, tries to conceal his sense of shock at seeing Szpilman. He holds out his hand and Szpilman shakes it.  
Szpilman looks around the nicely furnished, large apartment.

He looks at Bogucki and Janina. Tears well up in his eyes. He fights it hard, not to cry. So does Janina.

BOGUCKI

We haven't much time.

INT. SMALL BATHROOM, BOGUCKI APARTMENT - NIGHT

Szpilman lies in a steaming bath, eyes closed, as though he's in a trance.

A gentle knock on the door and Bogucki slips in with some clothes. He gazes at Szpilman, whose eyes remain closed.

BOGUCKI

You must hurry.

Bogucki holds up a towel. Szpilman lifts himself out of the bath and dries himself.

BOGUCKI

We're going to have to keep moving you. The Germans are hunting down indiscriminately now. Jews, non-Jews, anybody, everybody.

(handing him the clothes')

See if these fit. And, Wladek, you'd better shave. Use my razor. In the cabinet.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BOGUCKI APARTMENT - LATER

The ceramic stove. Szpilman's ghetto clothes, torn into strips, are being stuffed into it and burned. Janina shoves the strips of clothes into the stove. Szpilman, now wearing Bogucki's suit and clean-shaven, watches the clothes burn while he spoons hot soup into his mouth.

SZPILMAN

Thank you, I don't.

BOGUCKI

You'll be looked after by Mr  
Gebczynski. He's on the other side  
of town. You'll stay there tonight.  
Then we'll find you somewhere else.  
Janina adds the last strip of clothing.

JANINA

I'll bring you food.

BOGUCKI

Let's go.

EXT. WARSAW STREETS - NIGHT

A rickshaw carrying Szpilman and Bogucki travels along the  
dark streets.

EXT. GEBCZYNSKI'S STORE - NIGHT

The rickshaw comes to a halt outside a store. The moment  
it stops the shutters of the store are raised and Bogucki  
escorts Szpilman to the door, then quickly returns to the  
rickshaw, which moves off fast.

INT. GEBCZYNSKI'S STORE - NIGHT

GEBCZYNSKI shakes hands with Szpilman, ushers him in and  
then pulls down the shutter.

Gebczynski's store is for sanitary furnishings and supplies:

lavatories, basins, baths, taps etc.

GEBCZYNSKI

I'll show you where you're going  
to sleep.

He leads the way and as he goes he picks up a cushion from  
a chair and a blanket. Szpilman follows.

STAIRS TO BASEMENT:

Gebczynski leads Szpilman down the stairs.

BASEMENT STORE ROOM:

Dark, shadowy. Shelves with taps, washers, pipes. Gebczynski

leads the way to a particular set of shelves. He puts aside  
the cushion and blanket, then starts to push at the shelves.

Szpilman, although puzzled, helps. Slowly, the shelves  
move to reveal a secret compartment.

GEBCZYNSKI

It's not going to be very  
comfortable.

SZPILMAN

I'll be fine.

GEBCZYNSKI

You'll have to stay here until  
tomorrow afternoon.

He helps Szpilman into the compartment.

GEB CZYNSKI

We've got a flat for you. Near the  
ghetto wall. But it's safe.

He hands over the cushion and the blanket to Szpilman;  
then, putting his back to the shelves and his feet against  
the wall, he pushes the shelves back into place so that  
Szpilman is now hidden.

INT. SECRET COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

In the cramped space, Szpilman is not quite able to stretch  
full out. With difficulty, he puts the cushion behind his  
head, starts to cover himself with the blanket but stops,  
seeing something.

In niches, neatly stacked: rifles, pistols, grenades,  
ammunition

Szpilman stares, expressionless.

EXT. TRAM STOP, WARSAW STREET - AFTERNOON

Szpilman and Gebczynski wait with others at the stop as  
the tram trundles towards them and comes to a halt.

As they board:

GEB CZYNSKI

(quietly, to Szpilman)

Go as near to the front as possible,  
to the German section.

INT. TRAM (TRAVELLING) - AFTERNOON

Gebczynski and Szpilman apprehensive, push through the  
rear section, packed with Poles, seated and standing, until  
they reach a chain and a sign:

GERMANS ONLY

In the German section, only three or four passengers. Some  
read newspapers, others stare into space or out of the  
windows, but never looking at the Poles.

Szpilman tries to appear as inconspicuous as possible. The  
tram rumbles on its way.

INT. 1ST APARTMENT, 4TH FLOOR LANDING AND DOOR - AFTERNOON

Gebczynski and Szpilman come up the stairs to the landing  
and to a door. Gebczynski unlocks the door and they go in.

INT./EXT. 1ST APARTMENT, 4TH FLOOR, AND GHETTO - AFTERNOON

A charmingly furnished bed-sitting room with a comfortable  
divan. Gebczynski leads the way in. Szpilman glances around,

goes to the window, looks out.

SZPILMAN'S POV:

He can see a section of ghetto wall below. Beyond it, inside the ghetto, a narrow street leading to deserted buildings. Gebczynski comes up behind him.

GEB CZYNSKI

Must feel better this side of the wall.

SZPILMAN

Yes, but sometimes I'm still not sure which side of the wall I'm on.

GEB CZYNSKI

Here.

He leads Szpilman to the small kitchen. Gebczynski opens a cupboard to reveal potatoes, bread.

GEB CZYNSKI

I'll come again. And Janina Bogucki will visit twice a week. Bring more food. See how you are.

He closes the cupboard.

THE MAIN ROOM.

Gebczynski makes for the front door, stops.

GEB CZYNSKI

Yes, now, this is very important. In case of emergency, I mean emergency, go to this address.

He hands over a scrap of paper, shakes Szpilman's hand and goes quickly.

Alone, Szpilman stands, lost for a moment. Then, he takes off his shoe and stuffs the scrap of paper into it. While he does so, his eyes light on the divan bed.

He goes to it, slips off his other shoe and lies down, testing the divan's springiness with his whole body.

He smiles beatifically. He shuts his eyes and is instantly asleep.

INT./EXT. 1ST APARTMENT - DAY

Szpilman still fast asleep. Voices wake him. He opens his eyes. He's not certain where he is for a moment.

He hears the voices again, coming from the adjoining flat. Intrigued, he rises, goes closer to the wall, puts his ear against it, listens. After a brief silence:

KITTEN'S VOICE

(angry)

Puppydog, what d'you mean, you forgot?

PUPPYDOG'S VOICE

What d'you think I mean, Kitten? I forgot, that's what I mean.

KITTEN'S VOICE

You know what? You treat me like dirt!

PUPPYDOG'S VOICE

I treat you like dirt because you are dirt.

KITTEN'S VOICE

Pig!

PUPPYDOG'S VOICE

Cow!

KITTEN'S VOICE

Pig!

PUPPYDOG'S VOICE

Bitch!

KITTEN'S VOICE

Dirty pig!

PUPPYDOG'S VOICE

You're a dirty pig!

KITTEN'S VOICE

Takes one to know one! Pig!

Silence. Szpilman is enjoying himself.

Then the sound of a piano being played with great feeling but a lot of wrong notes.

PUPPYDOG'S VOICE

You play like an angel, Kitten.

The piano continues for a moment, but suddenly stops:

KITTEN'S VOICE

If I play like an angel, why don't you listen?

PUPPYDOG'S VOICE

I was listening, Kitten.

KITTEN'S VOICE

Liar, you fell asleep. Pig!

A door slams.

PUPPYDOG'S VOICE

(wheedling)

Kitten, let me in.

Silence. Szpilman smiles but then hears the sound of rifle shots and a huge explosion.

He crosses quickly to the window, looks out.

SZPILMAN'S POV - THE GHETTO.

Deserted. Stillness. Silence. From the ghetto smoke drifting slowly.

INT./EXT. 1ST APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Szpilman asleep on the divan. The roar of motor car and motorcycle engines. Sporadic firing.

He wakes, rushes to the window.

SZPILMAN'S POV:

A German personnel carrier, an open car carrying officers, and a motorcycle and sidecar roar down the narrow street below towards the buildings at the far end. German soldiers follow behind on the trot, pulling a field gun. Unseen marksmen fire down on the Germans from the buildings.

As the German soldiers dismount from their vehicles one of them is hit and falls. The others rush for cover.

EXT. INSIDE THE GHETTO - MINUTES LATER - EARLY MORNING

The German Commander and two officers alight from the car and take cover.

The Commander orders the field gun to be trained on the buildings. Spasmodic firing continues.

He gives the order to fire.

The gun roars. The shell tears into the building. At once the German soldiers open fire with their rifles and lob grenades into the building. The gun fires again.

The building begins to burn. Flames and smoke.

German soldiers with flame-throwers advance carefully then unleash their fire into doorways and windows, and quickly retreat.

At ground level, Jewish fighters try to fight their way out and are mowed down.

The fire spreads quickly through the building. Smoke begins to pour from the upper floors.

The Germans, less cautious now, stand and watch.

A woman struggles out on to her narrow third-floor balcony. She climbs over, holds on to the wrought-iron railings and hangs on for dear life. Shots ring out and she drops like a stone.

From inside the building, screams and shouts.

From another upper window, a man in flames jumps and falls to his death on the pavement below.

The Germans have stopped firing. They stand, spectators,



watching the building burn.

INT./EXT. 1ST APARTMENT - LATER - DAY

Szpilman at the window, watching, his mood downcast.

The noise of a key in the door.

He turns to see the door of the flat open. Janina enters with a parcel of food. She kisses Szpilman on the cheek.

JANINA

wanted to come earlier but...

She hands him the parcel.

SZPILMAN

Thank you.

He goes into the small kitchen and unpacks the contents while Janina gazes out of the window.

JANINA

No one thought they'd hold out so long.

SZPILMAN

should never have come out. I should've stayed there, fought with them.

JANINA

(turning to him)

Wladek, stop that. It's over now. Just be proud it happened. My God, did they put up a fight.

SZPILMAN

Yes, so did the Germans.

JANINA

They're in shock. They didn't expect it. Nobody expected it. Jews fighting back? Who'd have thought?

SZPILMAN

Yes, but what good did it do?

JANINA

(passionate)

What good? Wladek, I'm surprised at you. They died with dignity, that's what good it did. And you know something else? Now the Poles will rise. We're ready. We'll fight, too. You'll see.

she turns to look again out of the window.

EXT. INSIDE THE GHETTO - EVENING

The building burning. Corpses lie scattered on the pavement.

The Germans stand about chatting and laughing.  
A handful of Jewish fighters are lined up and shot.  
Satisfied, the Commander returns to his car. Another officer

confers with him before the engine starts up and he is  
driven away. The building burns.

EXT. 1ST APARTMENT, SZPILMAN'S POV - DAY

Blazing sun. The ghetto buildings now burned-out shells,  
the street empty.

EXT. 1ST APARTMENT - SZPILMAN'S POV - DAY

Autumn leaves falling and gusting in the wind. Szpilman  
gazes out.

EXT./INT. 1ST APARTMENT - DAY

Snow. Ice on the windows.

The sound of the key in the door.

Szpilman turns as the door opens and Gebczynski enters,  
distraught. Whispered, at speed:

GEB CZYNSKI

Get your things together, you have  
to leave!

SZPILMAN

What's happened?

Gebczynski takes out a cigarette and lights it. While he  
does so:

GEB CZYNSKI

I'm on the run!

SZPILMAN

What's happened?

GEB CZYNSKI

The Gestapo found our weapons.  
They've arrested Janina and Andrzej.  
They're bound to find out about  
this place, too - you must get  
away at once.

SZPILMAN

Where do you want me to go? Look  
at me. No, no, I'm not leaving.  
Can't I take my chances here?

GEB CZYNSKI

That's your decision.

(Stubs out cigarette.)

But when they storm the flat, throw  
yourself out of die window - don't

let them get you alive. I have  
poison on me, they won't get me  
alive either!

And he goes. Szpilman listens to his footsteps clattering  
down the stairs.

He sees the cigarette stub, takes it, lights it, coughs,  
smokes awkwardly.

Later:

Szpilman hears a car engine and the screech of brakes. He  
tenses. German voices shouting and their heavy footsteps  
on the stairs.

He goes to the window, opens it. He gets a chair, places  
it sideways in front of the window to make a step. He's  
working out how best to throw himself out.

He leans against the wall near the door and waits..

Slamming of doors, German shouts, a scream.

Szpilman steels himself, ready to jump.

Again footsteps on the stairs, but this time descending. A  
door slams.

He cautiously goes to the window and looks out.

INT./EXT. 1ST APARTMENT - DAY

SZPILMAN'S POV - THE STREET.

In the street below, he sees SS men escorting two prisoners  
and shoving into a car. The car speeds off. The street is  
empty.

INT. 1ST APARTMENT - DUSK

Snow. Howling wind.

Szpilman lies on the divan. He is cold, unshaven, hair  
filthy and long. He manages to rise.

THE SMALL KITCHEN.

A mess. Szpilman goes into the kitchen. From a bread tin  
he takes a small, flat greaseproof paper parcel and unwraps  
it. A slice of bread, stale and mouldy. He tries to bite  
it but can't. He finds a knife and tries to chop a piece  
off the bread but knocks the bread tin, which falls to the  
floor with a clatter.

He continues to try to cut the bread, when there's a loud  
hammering on the front door.

Szpilman stiffens.

THE LIVING ROOM.

The hammering continues as Szpilman stumbles into the room,  
looks around, confused, not knowing what to do.

From the other side of the door female voices, words  
indistinct, and then:

KITTY'S VOICE

Open this door at once, or we'll  
call the police!

He is galvanised into action, puts on a crumpled jacket,  
grabs his tattered coat and scarf, collects up a few of  
his things, stuffs them into a paper bag.

The hammering stops. Szpilman cautiously approaches the  
door, listens, then opens it quietly and slips out.

INT. 1ST APARTMENT, LANDING AND DOOR - DUSK

He slips out of the flat, goes to the stairs and stops  
dead. KITTY, young and fierce, stands on the stairs,  
blocking his way.

KITTY

Are you from the flat in there?  
You're not registered.

SZPILMAN

It belongs to a friend of mine. I  
came to visit but I must have just  
missed him.

KITTY

(shouting)

Have you got your identity card?  
Let me see your identity card!

Szpilman hesitates; she shouts more loudly.

KITTY

I want to see your identity card!

On various floors, doors open, tenants put their heads out  
to see what's going on.

Summoning all his strength, Szpilman makes a dash for it,  
pushing past Kitty.

KITTY

(screeching)

He's a Jew! He's a Jew! Stop the  
Jew! Don't let him out!

Szpilman clatters down the stairs, reaches the ground-floor  
landing. Another woman tries to bar his way but he pushes  
past her and out of the house.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Heavy snow. Szpilman stumbles into the street and runs. He  
darts down a side street.

EXT. SIDE STREET - EVENING

Szpilman lurches into the narrow street. No one about. He  
stops, almost collapses, but manages to keep hold of  
himself. He puts on his coat and wraps the scarf round his

neck. He leans up against a wall.

He removes a shoe and takes out the scrap of paper Gebczynski gave him. He reads it.

EXT. NARBUTT STREET - NIGHT

Szpilman drags himself along, trudging through snow and slush. Passers-by give him a wide berth. He tries to walk normally, with dignity, but he's weak and slips, and finds the going hard.

He comes to a villa.

INT. VILLA, NARBUTT STREET - NIGHT

He goes to the front door, rings the bell and waits.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(from behind the  
door)

Yes?

SZPILMAN

Mr Gebczynski sent me.

The door opens and Dorota stands there. She is pregnant. They stand for a moment staring at each other.

DOROTA

(a whisper)

Wladyslaw Szpilman.

SZPILMAN

Dorota.

DOROTA

Come in! come in!

INT. DOROTA'S VILLA - NIGHT

Szpilman follows Dorota into the living room.

DOROTA

Sit.

SZPILMAN

I'm sorry - I was given this  
address. I'm looking for a Mr--

(He checks the scrap  
of paper.)

-- a Mr Dzikiewicz.

DOROTA

(nodding)

Michal Dzikiewicz. He's my husband.

Szpilman sits down slowly.

SZPILMAN

I need help.

DOROTA

He'll be back before curfew.

SZPILMAN

I've been in hiding. I need  
somewhere to stay.

DOROTA

He'll be here soon.

Awkward silence. He gazes at her. She looks away.

SZPILMAN

How long have you been married?

DOROTA

Just over a year.

He nods. Brief silence.

SZPILMAN

And how's Yurek?

DOROTA

Dead.

Again, the awkward silence.

SZPILMAN

When's your baby due?

DOROTA

Christmas.

(A pause.)

This is not a good time to have  
children. But then...

The door opens and Michal Dzikiewicz enters. He sees  
Szpilman and stops. Szpilman stands.

DOROTA

This is my husband. Wladyslaw  
Szpilman. Marek Gebczynski sent  
him.

MICHAL

Oh, yes. I remember.

He shakes hands with Szpilman.

SZPILMAN

Mr Gebczynski said to contact you  
only in an emergency, but...

MICHAL

Don't worry now. We can't move you  
tonight.

Szpilman, dizzy, leans on the table for support.

MICHAL

You'll sleep on the sofa.

He and Dorota look at him.

SZPILMAN

Excuse me, could I have a piece of

bread?

MICHAL

Yes, of course, we'll eat.

INT. DOROTA'S VILLA - MORNING

Szpilman asleep on the sofa. The sound of a cello. He opens his eyes. Listens.

He swings his legs off the sofa, stands, and crosses to a door. Quietly, he opens it a little.

Szpilman and his POV - another room.

Dorota, partially turned away from him, plays Bach on the cello.

Szpilman watches her and listens.

INT. 2ND APARTMENT (4TH FLOOR), LANDING AND DOOR - NIGHT

A padlock being unlocked. Then, a key is inserted into the Yale lock, turned, and the door opens.

Michal and Szpilman on the landing, enter the flat.

INT./EXT. 2ND APARTMENT AND STREET - NIGHT

A large room, sparsely furnished but with an upright piano and a bed.

Michal carries a bag of provisions and puts them on a table while Szpilman goes immediately to the window and looks out.

SZPILMAN'S POV:

There are views of the city, but in the street below, opposite, is a hospital and, on the corner, a building flying a Nazi flag and guarded by a sentry, standing at his sentry-box.

Michal comes up behind Szpilman.

MICHAL

(in whisper)

You're in a very German area. The building opposite is a hospital, taking in wounded from the Russian front. Next door is the Schutzpolizei. It's the safest place to be. Right in the centre of the lion's den.

THE APARTMENT:

Michal makes for the door.

MICHAL

I'll be locking you in. No one knows you're here. So keep as quiet as possible.

He nods and goes. The sound of the padlock closing. Szpilman

takes in the room. He sees the piano, is still for a moment,  
then goes to it.

He sits on the piano stool and adjusts its height. He opens  
the lid. A cloth covers the keys. He removes the cloth. He  
gazes lovingly at the keyboard. He flexes his fingers.  
Then, without touching the keys, his fingers floating just  
above them, he plays. Silently. Passionately.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE. POINT OF VIEW THROUGH WINDOW - DAY  
Snow falling.

INT. 2ND APARTMENT - DAY

Szpilman alert, hearing the padlock being unlocked and  
then iheYdle. The door opens and Michal enters, accompanied  
by a man, aged about thirty, Szalas, confident, a little  
brash.

In whispers:

MICHAL

All well?

SZPILMAN

Thank you.

MICHAL

This is Antek Szalas.

Szalas and Szpilman shake hands.

MICHAL

He's going to look after you. I've  
given him a second key. He'll bring  
you food. See that you're all right.  
He's with the underground, a good  
man.

Szalas produces a quarter bottle of vodka, thumps the back  
of the bottle so that the cork flies out. He finds glasses  
and pours. While he does all this:

SZALAS

You don't remember me, Mr. Szpilman?

SZPILMAN

No, I don't think so?

SZALAS

Warsaw Radio. I was a technician.  
I saw you almost every day.

SZPILMAN

Sorry, I don't remember.

SZALAS

Doesn't matter. You've nothing to



worry about. I'll visit often.

MICHAL

And you'll be pleased to hear the  
Allies are bombing Germany night  
after night - Cologne, Hamburg,  
Berlin.

SZALAS

And the Russians are really giving  
them hell. It's the beginning of  
the end.

He gives the others their vodka.

MICHAL

Let's hope so. I don't know when  
I'll see you again?

They clink glasses and drink.

EXT. 2ND APARTMENT - DAY

Summer. Trees in leaf.

Comings and goings at the Schutzpolizei building. And an  
ambulance draws up at the hospital, disgorging a couple of  
stretcher cases, who are carried inside.

INT. 2ND APARTMENT - DAY

very weak and his skin yellowish, drops four beans into  
boiling water.

The Sound of the padlock being opened.

Szpilman hurries to see the door open and Szalas enter  
with a small and grinning cheerfully.

In whispers:

SZALAS

Still alive then, are you? Here.  
Sausage. Bread.

He hands over the package. You still got that vodka?

Szpilman stares at the package.

SZPILMAN

How long is this meant to last?

Szalas shrugs, finds the vodka, pours two glasses

SZPILMAN

think I've got jaundice.

He unwraps the package to reveal sausage and bread. He  
takes a bite of sausage, chewing deliberately, slowly.

SZALAS

You don't want to worry about that.  
My grandfather was jilted by his  
girl friend when he got jaundice.

(chuckles.)

In my opinion, jaundice is not very serious. Drink up.

SZPILMAN

Why didn't you come sooner? It's been over two weeks.

Szalas goes to the window, looks out.

SZALAS

Problems. Money. I've got to raise money to buy the food. I need things to sell, it's not easy.

Szpilman thinks for a moment, then takes off his wristwatch, hands it to Szalas.

SZPILMAN

Sell this. Food's more important than time.

Szalas pockets the watch, makes for the door, stops.

SZALAS

Oh, yes. I meant to tell you. The Allies have landed in France. The Russians'll be here soon. They'll beat the shit out of the Germans. Any day now.

He grins, downs Szpilman's vodka, gives a mock salute and goes. The padlock is locked on the other side. Szpilman enjoys his sausage.

INT. 2ND APARTMENT - DAY

Sunshine floods in through the windows.

Szpilman lies inert on the bed, weak, starving, ill.

The sound of the padlock. He doesn't stir.

Dorota, no longer pregnant, and Michal enter, come to the bed.

In whispers:

DOROTA

Wladek? Wladek!

(to Michal)

I knew it, I knew this would happen!

Szpilman barely has strength to open his eyes and focus on them. He mutters incoherently.

DOROTA

I'm going to get a doctor.

MICHAL

You can't, it's too dangerous.

DOROTA

I'll get Dr Luczak, we can trust him.

MICHAL

Dorota, don't be ridiculous, he's a pediatrician.

DOROTA

He's still a doctor.

She starts for the door.

MICHAL

No, you stay, I'll go.

He leaves. The padlock sound.

Dorota goes to the kitchen, wets a towel, comes back to the bed, kneels it, places the towel on Szpilman's brow. He focuses on her, smiles.

DOROTA

We came to say goodbye. We're going to stay with my mother in Otwock. The baby's already there. It's safer. There's talk that the uprising will begin any day now.

Szpilman suddenly winces with pain.

DOROTA

That man Szalas should be shot. He's been collecting money on your behalf all over Warsaw. Apparently, people gave generously. So he collected a tidy sum. He told us he was visiting you daily.

She looks at him; barely audible.

DOROTA

Oh God!

Later:

Szpilman looks up at Dr Luczak, who has a stethoscope in his ears. Dorota and Michal stand behind him.

DOCTOR

Acute inflammation of the gall bladder. Liver the size of a football. But he'll live. I'll try to get hold of some levulose, but it's not easy.

DOROTA

Can you visit him again?

DOCTOR

Who knows?

SZPILMAN

Doctor, thank you.

DOCTOR

Don't speak. Rest.

The Doctor and Michal leave his line of vision.

Dorota moves in beside him.

DOROTA

Michal brought food. I'll prepare something now for you, then we must go.

Szpilman tries again to say something, but he can't, just lies there, distressed.

EXT./INT. APARTMENT - SZPILMAN'S POV - DAY

Szpilman looking down from the fourth-floor window.

Peaceful. A few pedestrians. An everyday atmosphere.

At the far end, at the T-junction with a main road, a tram rumbles down the street and comes to a halt, disgorging passengers on the far side and so out of sight.

The tram continues on its way, now revealing the few passengers who alighted '97 women, an old man with a stick.

Last, three young Poles, carrying long objects wrapped in newspaper.

One of the men looks at his watch, glances around, then suddenly kneels and puts the package he's carrying to his shoulder. The sound of rapid firing, which makes the newspaper at the end of the packet glow to reveal the barrel

of a machine gun.

His two companions have also put their packages to their shoulders and begin shooting, all aiming their fire at the Schutzpolizei building.

The sentry is hit and falls in front of his box.

As if these young men have given a signal, now from all over the city comes the sound of gunfire.

The pedestrians have scattered except for the old man, gasping for breath, hobbling on his walking stick, who eventually manages to disappear inside a building.

Rifle and machine-gun fire from the Schutzpolizei building. The firing intense. The three young Poles manoeuvre to the corner opposite the Schutzpolizei and toss grenades into the building.

EXT. DOWN IN THE STREET - DAY

A battle raging.

The Germans firing from the hospital.

The three young Poles have been joined by other fighters and they the Schutzpolizei building.

Grenades thrown, machine-gun fire exchanged.

The sentry box blows up, splinters of wood cascading. A couple of Poles make a dash for it and enter a building opposite to the Schutzpolizei.

EXT./INT. 2ND APARTMENT - SZPILMAN'S POV - DAY

Szpilman watching from his window, looks in the opposite direction and sees smoke rising.

When he turns back to look towards the T-junction, he sees a Panzerfaust anti-tank rocket firer poking out from a window in the next-door building but on the floor below.

The Panzerfaust fires. The shell hits the hospital.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

The city in flames.

Sound of firing becoming sporadic, less intense. Isolated explosions.

INT. 2ND APARTMENT - NIGHT

Szpilman, lying on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

EXT. 2ND APARTMENT - SZPILMAN'S POV - DAY

The interior of the Schutzpolizei building burnt to cinders. An ambulance is being loaded with patients from the hospital.

A horse-drawn cab rounds a corner and clatters down the street.

INT./EXT. 2ND APARTMENT - SZPILMAN'S POV - DAY

Szpilman at the window, watching.

The horse-drawn cab clatters out of his sight. He is about to draw back when he sees, directly beneath him, a man and woman walking with their hands in the air. Then, a German soldier, pointing his rifle at their backs, appears.

Suddenly, the man and woman begin to run.

The man turns and disappears. The woman also turns, but the German soldier drops to one knee and fires.

The woman clutches her stomach, drops slowly to her knees and collapses on the street in an awkward kneeling position,

and that's how she remains.

Szpilman watches, aghast. Then, he hears voices outside his door, shouts, footsteps, panic.

THE APARTMENT:

He runs to his front door and listens.

VOICES

(confused)

Where? Where? Just get out!

Everywhere! Get out into the street!

More clatter of footsteps. Then:

A MAN'S VOICE

Get out now! The Germans have surrounded the building! They're going to blow us to pieces.

Footsteps descending stairs, more shouts, and:

THE MAN'S VOICE

(further off)

Everyone out, please! Leave your flats at once, please!

Szpilman runs to the door, tries it but it's padlocked and he can't open the door.

In panic, he runs back to the window.

His eyes grow wide with terror.

SZPILMAN'S POV: AGAIN THE STREET.

A German tank bringing its gun to bear on the building next to his.

The gun jerks back and there's a great roaring noise.

The whole building shakes. Szpilman reek back, falls, gets to his feet and crawls back to the window.

He sees the tank turret swivelling slowly, bringing the gun to bear directly on a lower floor of his building. The roaring noise again.

A terrific explosion. His windows are shattered. Glass everywhere. He is thrown back across the room. Smoke begins to billow and fill the room.

INT. 2ND APARTMENT AND ADJOINING APARTMENT - DAY

Smoke filling the room. Szpilman gets to his knees, peers through the smoke and sees that the wall separating his apartment from the one next door has been partially destroyed, with a large hole blasted in it. He stumbles into the next-door apartment and out of the front door.

INT. 4TH AND 5TH FLOOR LANDINGS - DAY

Smoke everywhere. Szpilman staggers up to the fifth-floor landing. There's a metal attic door.

Szpilman pushes open the door and steps into the attic.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

The roof space with laundry drying on lines. Szpilman enters

the attic, closes the door, leans on it.

GERMAN VOICE

Fourth floor, Fischke!

He looks round, sees that the roof has been shattered, leaving a large, jagged gap. He climbs through the gap, on to the roof at the back of the building.

INT. 4TH FLOOR LANDING - DAY

The attic door being kicked in by a German boot. A German soldier, wearing his gas mask, bayonet fixed, enters the attic, looks round, sees nothing, then:

GERMAN VOICE

At the double, Fischke!

The soldier turns and hurries out.

INT. ROOF, BACK OF BUILDING - DAY

On the sloping roof, Szpilman clutches the skylight and has his feet in the roof gutter.

He listens - all quiet in the house.

And then a bullet ricochets off the tiles beside him.

Szpilman, terrified, drops, involuntarily catching a lower edge so that his feet dangle above a balcony below. More shots. He drops on to the balcony and looks back.

EXT. ROOFTOP, TWO STREETS AWAY - DAY

Two German soldiers are firing at Szpilman.

INT. ROOF, BACK OF BUILDING - DAY

Szpilman clambers back into the building through the smashed

balcony door. A couple of shots dangerously close.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

Smoke. Szpilman staggers down the stairs, stumbles over a corpse and almost falls headlong.

EXT. GARDEN AND BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun is setting.

Szpilman crawls into the backyard. He hears German voices shouting commands. He hides behind three garbage bins by the wall.

He waits. Listens. Silence

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Deserted. Buildings on fire but dying out. Corpses in the street, including the woman who was shot, still in her strange kneeling position.

EXT. FRONT DOOR AND STREET - NIGHT

Szpilman watches from the doorway. Then, dropping down, he crawls across the road on his stomach, threading his way through the dead bodies, now besieged by flies, and makes for the hospital opposite.

German soldiers appear from around a corner. Szpilman

immediately lies still, pretending to be just another corpse. Flies alight on him. When the Germans pass, he sets off again.

INT. RUINED HOSPITAL, OPERATING THEATRE - NIGHT

Dark. Szpilman crawls into a corner, rests. He's exhausted. He tries to take stock of his surroundings. He can make out the operating table. He manages to drag himself on to it.

He lies there, his eyes grow heavy. He sleeps.

EXT. RUINED HOSPITAL - DAY

German soldiers dragging the corpses into a pile. A sergeant douses the bodies in petrol, then sets them alight.

The bodies burn.

INT./EXT. RUINED HOSPITAL - SZPILMAN'S POV - DAY

From a shattered window on the first floor, he looks at the burning bodies.

Two German soldiers wander into his eyeline. He draws back a little but watches them warily.

They sit just beneath him, chatting, and take out their food-tins, drink coffee and eat bread.

INT. PASSAGE AND WARDS, RUINED HOSPITAL - DAY

Szpilman wanders down the passage, sees into the wards, the empty beds, the broken furniture and medical equipment.

INT. KITCHEN, RUINED HOSPITAL - DAY

Szpilman opens cupboards, drawers, searching, but trying to be as quiet as possible.

He sees the refrigerator, quickly gets to it, pulls open the door. Empty.

He looks around and notices a red fire bucket with a spade and a box of sand next to it. The bucket is full of water, covered with an iridescent film and full of dead flies.

He drinks as much water as he can without swallowing the flies and, while he's doing so, he spots a couple of sacks. He opens the first: potatoes. The second contains barley. He tries to eat the uncooked barley but can't.

Later:

A fire on the floor. Szpilman holds a saucepan over it and is cooking the barley and some potatoes. He manages to scoop out a spoonful, blows to cool it, then eats.

INT./EXT. RUINED HOSPITAL - SZPILMAN'S POV - DAY

Szpilman at a window sees autumn leaves thick on the ground.

And at the end of the street, a line of Poles, some with



their hands in the air, others with hands on heads, being marched away by German soldiers.

INT. WARD. RUINED HOSPITAL - DAY.

Szpilman lies in bed under several layers of blankets. Ice on the windows. He hears German voices shouting commands. He sits up.

INT./EXT. RUINED HOSPITAL, SZPILMAN'S POV - DAY

Szpilman gets to a window and looks out.

German soldiers with flame-throwers are burning the buildings opposite.

One soldier, with a bucket of white paint and a brush, numbers the building.

Szpilman cranes to see them reach the end of the street, then cross over and start on the buildings on his side, working their way towards the hospital.

He pulls away and makes for the back of the hospital.

INT. BACK OF RUINED HOSPITAL - DAY

Szpilman goes to a window, jumps out. He twists his ankle. He's in pain. He crawls across the back garden and climbs over the wall.

EXT. RUINED STREETS - DAY

Devastation, not a human being in sight.

Nothing. Emptiness.

He is alone.

Szpilman hobbles away.

EXT. RUINED VILLA - EVENING

Cautiously, Szpilman limps towards the villa, a once grand building, but now partly damaged by shell fire.

He makes his way in.

INT. HALL, RUINED VILLA - EVENING

Szpilman enters the hall, still showing signs of its former opulence. I Silent. Ominous.

He looks round anxiously, then sees the stairs leading down to the basement. He hurries towards them and descends.

INT. KITCHEN, RUINED VILLA - EVENING

Dark, shadowy.

Szpilman comes down a flight of wooden stairs that had directly into the kitchen.

Immediately, he begins to search frantically, opening cupboards, drawers. He finds a can with a label illustrating

pickled cucumbers. Desperately, he searches for something to open it with.

He discovers a pair of scales with a variety of weights.

He seizes one of the weights when, very close, he hears the sound of a car coming to a halt, then the car door slam, a German voice giving commands.

He drops the weight but, holding the tin, he scampers up the stairs.

INT. BACK STAIRS, RUINED VILLA - EVENING

Szpilman, clutching the unopened tin, makes his way up the narrow, wooden staircase.

INT. TOP FLOOR, RUINED VILLA - EVENING

Szpilman, panting heavily, reaches the top floor. He sees a small door, tries it. It opens.

INT. ATTIC AND LOFT, RUINED VILLA - EVENING

Szpilman enters, closing the small door behind him. He leans back, resting, recovering.

And then he hears from down below a piano playing a Beethoven piece.

After a few bars, the music stops. Szpilman listens anxiously. Silence.

He looks around, finding himself in an attic space filled with junk, a ladder, rotting material, travelling trunks. Last light of day filtering through a dormer window.

There's a ladder leading up to a trapdoor. Szpilman climbs the ladder.

He crawls into a small empty space. With enormous effort he pulls up the ladder and closes the trapdoor.

Exhausted and trying to catch his breath, he gazes at the unopened tin. He peers through the darkness but sees nothing.

His eyes begin to droop.

EXT. WARSAW CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

Artillery fire. Fires glow on the horizon.

INT. LOFT, RUINED VILLA - NIGHT

Szpilman wakes suddenly. He listens. Silence but for the distant gunfire. He sees the unopened tin of pickles, stares

at it. He opens the trapdoor.

INT. BACK STAIRS, RUINED VILLA - NIGHT

Szpilman, a shadow, a spectre, creeps down the stairs.

INT. KITCHEN, RUINED VILLA - NIGHT

Szpilman has placed the tin and the weight on a shelf and is engrossed in searching again. He finds a pair of chicken scissors. Using the weight, he starts to hammer the point of the scissors into the tin making a perforation round the rim.

The tin slips off the shelf and rolls across the floor coming to rest at a pair of highly polished jackboots. Szpilman stifles a gasp. On the stairs, in silhouette, gazing down at him, the figure

of a GERMAN CAPTAIN, the thumb of one hand caught in his belt above his pistol.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

(stern)

Who the hell are you?

Szpilman just stares at him.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Who are you?

No response.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

What the hell are you doing?

SZPILMAN

(barely audible, in German)

I was... I was trying to open this tin.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Where do you live?

No response.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

What's your work?

SZPILMAN

I am... I was a pianist.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

A pianist.

He studies Szpilman for a moment, then with a nod orders him to follow. Szpilman picks up the tin and follows.

INT. ROOMS, RUINED VILLA - NIGHT

Szpilman follows the German Captain through a double door, hanging off its hinges, into a room with a broken table in the centre, what once was the dining room. And then through another set of doors. The German Captain's boots echo. They come into a spacious room. Faint moonlight filters through the large windows. Fallen masonry and broken glass.

A couple of chairs. And a grand piano in the corner.

The German Captain points at the piano.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Play.

Szpilman hesitates, then limps to the piano, puts down the tin, and opens the lid. He turns and drags one of the chairs

over and sits.

The German Captain stands and watches.

Szpilman glances surreptitiously at his hands, and then he plays Chopin.

The German Captain listens, expressionless. The pale moonlight shows him to be a handsome, elegant man.

Szpilman finishes playing.

Silence.

Somewhere, a cat mews. Distant burst of rifle fire.

The German Captain stares at Szpilman. After a moment:

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Are you hiding here?

Szpilman nods.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Jew?

Long pause. Szpilman just stares at him.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Where are you hiding?

SZPILMAN

(in German)

In the attic.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Show me.

Szpilman hesitates, takes the tin and then shuffles past the German Captain towards the door.

INT. ATTIC AND LOFT AREA, RUINED VILLA - NIGHT

Szpilman and the German Captain enter.

The German Captain takes out a flashlight, sees the ladder in place, leading up to the loft.

Szpilman climbs the ladder, squeezes into the loft and looks down at the German Captain, who shines his light on him.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Have you anything to eat?

Szpilman shows him the tin.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

I'll bring you something.

He goes quickly, leaving Szpilman in darkness. Szpilman, overcome by relief, can barely catch his breath.

EXT. RUINED VILLA - NIGHT

The German Captain strides out of the villa, down the front

steps to a waiting car and a driver. He gets into the car. The driver starts the engine and the car speeds off into the night.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Szpilman hears the car's engine growing fainter. He starts to tremble and then begins to cry. He weeps uncontrollably.

INT. HALL, ROOMS, RUINED VILLA - DAY

Much activity: officers coming and going, orderlies typing. Officers king on field telephones. Desks, filing cabinets. The German Captain, carrying a bulging shoulder bag, marches

into a room just off the hall and goes to his desk just as an orderly drops papers in his in-tray. On the desk, there's

a framed photograph of him nth a woman and two children. German Captain glances at the papers, takes a pen, initials one or two and then goes.

THE GRAND STAIRCASE:

The German Captain marches up the stairs purposefully, as if he's on urgent business.

INT. LOFT AND ATTIC - DAY

The German Captain enters. He puts two fingers in his mouth and whistles.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Open up.

After a moment, the trapdoor shifts and Szpilman looks down.

The German Captain takes a package from his shoulder bag and throws it up into the loft. He turns to go.

SZPILMAN

Please.

The German Captain stops.

SZPILMAN

What's all that gunfire?

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

The Russians. On the other side of the river.

(Turns to leave,  
stops; with a touch  
of irony:)

All you have to do is hang on for  
a few more weeks.

He goes quickly.

Szpilman opens the package, finds bread and marmalade.

Then he finds a tin-opener.

EXT. RUINED VILLA - DAY

Snow. The sound of distant gunfire.

The Germans are evacuating the villa. Men carry out boxes, filing cabinets, desks, papers and load them into trucks. They're careless, leaving a trail of debris. No sentries now.

INT. ATTIC AND LOFT AREA, RUINED VILLA - DAY

Szpilman, listening and shivering with cold. He hears the whistle. He opens the trapdoor to see the German Captain in the attic, carrying a package.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Come down.

Szpilman descends.

SZPILMAN

What's happening?

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

We're getting out.

Szpilman faces the German Captain.

SZPILMAN

(in German)

Are the Russians here?

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Not yet.

He hands Szpilman the package. Szpilman opens it to find inside several loaves of bread.

SZPILMAN

I don't know how to thank you.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Don't thank me. Thank God. It's His will that we should survive. Well. That's what we have to believe.

Silence. Szpilman shivers with cold. The German Captain takes off his coat and gives it to him.

SZPILMAN

What about you?

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

I've got another one. Warmer.

(brief pause)

What will you do when it's all over?

SZPILMAN

I'll play the piano again. On Polish

radio.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Tell me your name. I'll listen out  
for you.

SZPILMAN

Szpilman.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

Szpilman.

(a crooked smile)

Good name for a pianist.

EXT. STREETS NEAR RUINED VILLA - DAY

Freezing weather.

Empty streets.

Then the sound of recorded music, as a car, with a  
loudspeaker and a Polish national flag, comes into view,  
the Polish national anthem blaring out from the speaker.

INT. LOFT - DAY

Szpilman, wearing the German Captain's coat and under the  
eiderdown, hears the strange sound of the music, which he  
recognises.

He's astonished, puzzled. He comes to a decision and starts  
to leave.

INT./EXT. HALL AND STREET, RUINED VILLA - DAY

Cautiously, in his German military overcoat, Szpilman trots  
down the staircase into the empty hall.

He goes to the front door, opens it a crack and cautiously  
goes out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Szpilman looks around, hearing the car loudspeaker  
indistinctly.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

...German army! Polish soil  
liberated! Official!

His excitement grows and he walks out into the street.

He sees at one end soldiers serving soup from a field kitchen

to a group of people.

On the opposite side of the street, he sees a man and a  
woman who have left the field kitchen. The man carries a  
two-tiered canister.

Szpilman rushes towards them, grabs hold of the man and  
tries to kiss him. The man, totally bewildered, tries to  
fight him off. The woman is terrified.

THE WOMAN

German! German!

She runs, yelling, towards the field kitchen. So does the man.

Szpilman stands and stares, then sees one of the soldiers cock his rifle and fire at him.

Szpilman runs, the firing continuing.

EXT. RUINS - DAY

Szpilman bolts into the doorway of a ruined building. He peers out to see Polish soldiers beginning to surround the ruined building, firing shots, lobbing in a grenade or two.

SZPILMAN

(shouting)

Stop, for God's sake, I beg you,  
I'm Polish!

More shots and another grenade explosion.

SZPILMAN

Don't shoot! I'm Polish!

The Polish soldiers: Two of the officers stand near the entrance, hearing Szpilman's shouts.

1ST POLISH OFFICER

He's Polish!

2ND POLISH OFFICER

(yelling)

Come out with your hands up.

SZPILMAN

(obeying)

Don't shoot! I'm Polish! Please,  
please! I'm Polish!

1ST POLISH OFFICER

Yes, he's Polish!

2ND POLISH OFFICER

(as Szpilman  
approaches')

Why the fucking coat?

SZPILMAN

I'm cold.

The Polish officers confer briefly in whispers. Then:

2ND POLISH OFFICER

Take him to headquarters.

And they march him off.

EXT. LONG COUNTRY LANE AND HOLDING CAMP - DAY

Spring. Idyllic.

A column of men and women stretching along the length of



the lane. A couple of horse-and-carts. One or two bicycles. Some of the people wear concentration camp garb, others in tattered clothing.

Four men walk together and when they come to a narrow junction, stop, seeing something

Behind barbed wire, German prisoners of war, guarded by Russian soldiers. Desolate place. No shelters, no tents. The POWs sit or lie on the ground, silent, broken, shattered.

The four men gaze at them. :

1ST MAN

Look at them - bastards!

2ND MAN

German fuckers!

3RD MAN

I prayed for this, never thought  
I'd see it.

The fourth man, ZYGMUNT LEDNICKI, approaches the barbed wire.

LEDNICKI

Murderers! Assassins! Look at you  
now! You took everything I had!  
Me, a musician!

(wagging his finger  
fiercely)

You took my violin! You took my  
soul!

He stands glowering at them, then sees a POW rise from a group, wretched, shabby, unshaven. It's the German Captain, uniform tattered, a wreck. He comes to the barbed wire.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

(urgent) (in German)

Do you happen to know another  
musician, a Mr Szpilman? A pianist!  
Polish radio?

LEDNICKI

Yes, of course, I know Szpilman.

THE GERMAN CAPTAIN

(desperate)

I helped Mr Szpilman when he was  
in hiding. Tell him I'm here. Ask  
him to help me...

A RUSSIAN GUARD, inside the compound, approaches, grabs hold of the German Captain.

RUSSIAN GUARD

(to Lednicki, in  
Russian)

Hey! No talking to the prisoners.  
Get away from there!

He drags the German Captain away from the wire.

LEDNICKI

(as he backs away,  
calling)

What's your name?

The German Captain is being bundled away by the guard, who aims a kick at him. The German Captain shouts out his name but it's unintelligible.

LEDNICKI

What?

The German Captain and the guard have disappeared. Lednicki stands for a moment, then turns and goes.

INT. STUDIO, WARSAW RADIO STATION - DAY

Szpilman playing the piano. He looks something like his former self, fairly well dressed and groomed.

He glances towards the glass booth and sees Lednicki with the technicians. He smiles. Lednicki nods, smiles back.

EXT. SITE OF POW CAMP - DAY

Szpilman and Lednicki looking around an empty field.

LEDNICKI

It was here, I'm certain of it.

SZPILMAN

It's not here now.

LEDNICKI

I shouted abuse at them, I'm not proud of it, but that's what I did, and, I'm certain, I stood where you are now. There was barbed wire, and this German came up to me.

SZPILMAN

You didn't catch his name.

LEDNICKI

No. I'll ask at the factory. They may know something.

Lednicki goes.

Szpilman stands, looking around the empty field. He is filled with sadness. He sits. He closes his eyes and put his face to the sun.

SUPERIMPOSE CAPTION:

IT WAS LATER DISCOVERED THAT  
THE NAME OF THE GERMAN OFFICER  
WAS CAPTAIN WILM HOSENFELD.

ALL THAT IS KNOWN IS THAT HE DIED IN  
A SOVIET PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP IN 1952.  
WLADYSLAW SZPILMAN CONTINUED TO LIVE  
IN WARSAW UNTIL HIS DEATH ON 6 JULY 2000.  
HE WAS EIGHTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD.

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Szpilman plays Chopin's Piano Concerto No 1 with full  
orchestra and conductor. He plays superbly. The music is  
glorious.

FADE OUT:

THE END: