

EXT. PRISON. DAY

MICHAEL walks along the road by the prison wall, then goes to the guichet to sign in.

EXT. PRISON YARD. DAY

MICHAEL is waiting in a small barred waiting area as MS BRENNER walks across the yard to open the gate and let MICHAEL in.

MS BRENNER
You're Michael Berg?

MICHAEL
Yes.

MS BRENNER
Louisa Brenner. We were expecting you earlier.

INT & EXT. STAIRS & PASSAGE. PRISON. DAY

MS BRENNER is walking MICHAEL up the steps towards the prison canteen. They pass GUARDS and INMATES.

MS BRENNER
I should warn you: for a long time Hanna held herself together. She was very purposeful. In the last few years she's different. She's let herself go.

INT. CANTEEN. PRISON. DAY

MS BRENNER leads MICHAEL to the door of the canteen.

MS BRENNER
They're in the canteen. They're just finishing lunch.

MICHAEL sees an OLD WOMAN who is sitting at a table. Her blue dress is stretched too tight across her heavy body. Her hair is grey. She has a book in her lap, but she's not reading it. A few PRISONERS are finishing their meal.

It takes MICHAEL a moment to realise the OLD WOMAN is HANNA. Then HANNA becomes aware of being watched. She turns and looks round. At once her face lights up. MICHAEL smiles back, but as he approaches her, he fixes onto her inquiring look and sees the light go out of her eyes, as if she has looked at him and been disappointed. He sits down opposite her. She smiles, weary.

HANNA

You've grown up, kid.

She takes his hand. There is a long silence, MICHAEL unable to think of anything to say. He withdraws his hand.

MICHAEL

I've got a friend who's a tailor, he makes my suits. He'll give you a job. And I've found you somewhere to live. It's a nice place. Quite small but nice. I think you'll like it.

HANNA

Thank you.

There's a moment's silence.

MICHAEL

There are various social programmes, cultural stuff I can sign you up for. And there's a public library very close.

HANNA nods slightly.

MICHAEL

You read a lot?

HANNA

I prefer being read to.

There is a short silence.

HANNA

That's over now, isn't it?

MICHAEL doesn't answer.

HANNA

Did you get married?

MICHAEL

I did. Yes I did. We have a daughter. I'm not seeing as much of her as I would like. I'd like to see a great deal more of her.

After a few moments, he concedes.

MICHAEL

The marriage didn't last.

There is a silence.

MICHAEL

Have you spent a lot of time
thinking about the past?

HANNA

You mean, with you?

MICHAEL

No. No, I didn't mean with me.

HANNA

Before the trial I never thought
about the past. I never had to.

MICHAEL

And now? What do you feel now?

HANNA looks a moment, a haunting look, searching him.

HANNA

It doesn't matter what I think. It
doesn't matter what I feel. The
dead are still dead.

There's a silence.

MICHAEL

I wasn't sure what you'd learnt.

HANNA

I have learnt, kid. I've learnt to
read.

MICHAEL stares, devastated.

MICHAEL

I'll pick you up next week, OK?

HANNA

That sounds a good plan.

MICHAEL

Good. Quietly, or shall we make a
big fuss?

HANNA

Quietly.

MICHAEL

OK. Quietly.