

# THE EMBASSY

by

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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE - VARIOUS**

A sequence of broadcast images from 1980s Poland:

- 1980: Shipyard gates. Wałęsa and striking workers. Communist officials signing the Gdańsk Agreement as Solidarity banners wave triumphantly.
- 1981: General Jaruzelski declaring martial law. Tanks rolling through cities. Miners gunned down in Katowice.
- 1982: Beaten protesters. Riot shields. Tear gas clouds. Water cannons. Bullet holes in walls. Pavements stained red.

Foreign leaders condemn the regime. The world watches.

**INSPIRED BY TRUE EVENTS**

**EXT. BERN - DIPLOMATIC QUARTER - MORNING**

A quiet, orderly street in Bern's elegant Kirchenfeld district. A two-storey Neo-Baroque villa displays a sign:

**EMBASSY OF THE POLISH PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC**

A taxi slows to a stop. Four men step out, each carrying a bag:

**FLORIAN** (41) - a small pot belly, side slicked hair, wiry glasses.

**DRAKE** (30s) - bearded "intellectual" with glasses, receding hairline and a comb-over.

**FALCON** (22) - big hair with volume à la David Hasselhoff.

**GRIM** (20) - subtle mullet, stern, intense, out-of-his-depth look.

**!TITLE: BERN, SWITZERLAND - MONDAY, 6 SEPTEMBER 1982 - 9:52AM**

They move toward a smaller annex behind the main embassy building. Their pace is purposeful, but the nerves are visible - in their shoulders, in the silence.

Drake glances back down the street. No witnesses.

Florian unzips a sports bag and distributes the weapons quietly. Hands shake slightly as guns disappear under jackets.

A breath.

Florian buzzes the door.

A pause long enough to question the plan.

Then - a metallic click.

Florian pushes the door open and they surge inside-

**INT. EMBASSY ANNEX - FOYER - CONTINUOUS**

-the foyer - weapons at the ready, charged, high on adrenaline. Drake jabs his gun into MROCZEK's (50s) chest - the man who opened the door - and pushes him to the side. Falcon and Grim fan out, Florian steps in front of the pack.

**MROCZEK** (50s) - the unlucky doorman - freezes as Drake pushes the barrel of his gun into his chest.

At a nearby desk, JANINA, middle-aged, stares in mute horror.

Further down the room, WANDA (25) - visibly pregnant - turns. A folder slips from her hands and lands on the floor.

WANDA  
(quiet, shocked)  
Oh my God.

A beat - awkward, too long.  
No one seems entirely sure what to do next.

These are not hardened mercenaries.  
They look and act like complete amateurs.

Florian steadies himself - and them.

FLORIAN  
(sharp, louder)  
WE'RE THE INSURGENT HOME  
ARMY - AND WE'RE TAKING OVER  
THIS EMBASSY!

The declaration hangs there - heavy, dramatic, almost theatrical.

But it works. The others snap into motion.

FLORIAN  
Falcon - ground floor.

Falcon nods and moves - too fast, almost tripping.

FLORIAN  
Grim - watch them.

Grim ushers Wanda, Janina and Mroczek to the floor.

GRIM  
Down. Please.

They comply – confused, terrified, trying to make sense of what's happening.

FLORIAN  
Drake – with me.

Florian heads upstairs. Drake follows and immediately catches his toe on a step – a near fall.

FLORIAN  
(low, not unkind)  
You alright?

DRAKE  
(embarrassed)  
Yeah. Fine.

They press on – tense, clumsy, determined – a danger precisely because of their remarkable ineptitude.

**KAMUT** (52) appears on top of the stairs and catches them by surprise. Florian raises his gun.

FLORIAN  
Freeze!

Kamut stops dead at the sight of the weapon. Falcon grabs him–

FLORIAN  
Pass him downstairs.

–and roughly manhandles him while Florian – hawk-eyed – surveys the surroundings.

KAMUT  
Easy, easy.

FALCON  
Grim!

Grim appears at the bottom of the stairs. Falcon pushes Kamut towards him. In the BG, Drake is herding more hostages.

Falcon rejoins Florian and the two continue moving together. Florian points at the door they come across.

They position themselves in front of it. A nod, they storm in and... bump into each other. Awkward. But the small room – a utility space of some sort – is empty.

Next door and they get it right this time: a nod, Falcon pushes the door open and covers, Florian storms in: empty.

Back in the corridor, they catch a glimpse of a door in the distance closing.

FALCON  
Over there!

They dash towards it. Guns ready, they look jumpy as hell.

FLORIAN  
Open up or we'll shoot!

The door opens and they charge in.

FLORIAN  
Son of a...!

**PIWOWAR** (44) recoils and takes a step back. **KONRAD** (23) - scared shitless - shrinks away in terror near the desk.

PIWOWAR  
What is this?

FALCON  
Hands up!

They both raise their arms. FLORIAN waves his gun.

FLORIAN  
Check the room.

Falcon runs around checking every corner.

FALCON  
All clear!

FLORIAN  
Alright, let's go!

They file out of the office into the corridor where Drake appears out of nowhere making them jump. Guns aimed at him.

FLORIAN  
Fuck.  
Guns lowered. That was close.

Florian gets a grip.

FLORIAN  
Take these two downstairs.

Florian is about to leave but changes his mind.

FLORIAN  
(pointing at Piwovar)  
Wait. You. You're coming with us.

Falcon jabs Piwovar's back with his gun and lets him lead the way. Drake walks Konrad in the other direction.

FALCON  
Move it.

With Piwowar in front of them, Florian and Falcon walk down the corridor and stop by a door which is reinforced with metal security gate. Florian gives it a tug, looks at Piwowar.

FLORIAN  
Open it.

PIWOWAR  
I... I can't, I don't have the key.

Florian eyes him with suspicion.

FLORIAN  
What's in there?

PIWOWAR  
A shop. I mean... used to be a  
shop. Foreign trade office shop.  
But they moved...

A beat before Florian makes a decision.

FLORIAN  
Carry on.

A staircase going up. Falcon nudges Piwowar with the gun. They climb the stairs.

#### **INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS (D1)**

Another corridor. More anonymous embassy doors.

Florian tries the first door. Empty.  
Second door-

#### **INT. FLAT - CONTINUOUS (D1)**

A modest room: small dining table, sofa bed, armchair.  
Neutral, diplomatic beige.

Florian checks the bathroom. Empty.

He moves past a bookshelf, unaware:

#### **INT. CIPHER ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D1)**

**MATUSIAK** (45) stands flattened against the wall behind the shelf, holding his breath.  
Eyes wide. Listening. Frozen prey.

**INT. FIRST FLOOR CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS (D1)**

Drake and Florian come down the stairs. Grim appears, shotgun in one hand, sports bag in the other. He's panting - proud.

GRIM

I think we have everyone.

Florian shoots him a look.

Grim adjusts.

GRIM

(a correction to himself)  
All rooms clear. Eleven  
prisoners accounted for.

Florian gives Piwowar a smug glance.

FLORIAN

Right. Let's go.

They walk. Florian stops at Piwowar's office.

FLORIAN

Give me the bag.

Grim hands it over.

FLORIAN

Take him downstairs. Wait for me.

Grim and Falcon lead Piwowar off.

Florian calls after them:

FLORIAN

And get changed into your uniforms!

**INT. CIPHER ROOM - DAY (D1)**

Silence.

Matusiak presses his ear to the door. Listening. Nothing.

Pacing now - small, frantic steps as we finally see the room:

Desk with typewriter and phone. A bulky safe. Teleprinter. Coding machine. A surprisingly healthy potted plant.

On one wall: tools for document destruction - hammer, pliers, crowbar.

On another: a small fireplace.

Matusiak stares at the phone. Decides.

He picks it up and dials with trembling fingers.

**INT. BERN CITY POLICE - DAY (D1)**

A **DISPATCHER** answers.

DISPATCHER  
Bern City Police, what's your  
emergen-

MATUSIAK (V.O.)  
(whispering, frantic)  
Bandits! Embassy Polish!  
Fast! Bandits-!

DISPATCHER  
Sir, I can't hear- can you speak-

MATUSIAK (V.O.)  
(whisper-shouting)  
BANDITS! POLISH EMBASSY!  
PLEASE!

The call drops.

The Dispatcher blinks once. Then reaches for another phone.

**INT. PIWOWAR'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)**

The bag sits open: gas mask container, bayonet, camouflage cap, binoculars. Shotgun beside it.

Florian - now in Swiss combat fatigues - buttons the shirt, studying himself in a mirror.

He taps the White Eagle patch on his chest.

Beat.

**INT. POLISH FOLKLORE RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK**

Folk paintings. Carved wooden wolves. Accordion music. Too loud.

Florian and Drake sit at a table.

FLORIAN  
Why the uniforms?

Drake lights up - finally his favourite subject.

DRAKE

Protection. If we wear army uniforms, Geneva Convention recognises us as combatants.  
(sits taller)  
Even caught – we have rights.

Florian nods, sceptical but listening.

Drake digs in his bag – presents sew-on eagles.

DRAKE

Polish Army insignia. Not just any uniform.

Florian frowns.

FLORIAN

They're missing the crowns.

DRAKE

What?

FLORIAN

The eagles are missing the crowns.  
Comms removed them.

Drake inspects them – horrified by his own oversight.

DRAKE

I'll fix it.

Florian almost smiles. Almost.

FLORIAN

And weapons? You can't just turn up unarmed.

Drake leans in, thrilled:

DRAKE

This is Switzerland. You can *buy* guns like you buy milk.

Florian blinks. A thought forms.

# **INT. EMBASSY FOYER – DAY (D1)**

Downstairs. Everyone now in uniform.

Falcon and Drake watch the hostages. Grim guards a window like a man expecting snipers and destiny.

Florian descends the stairs with the confidence of someone narrating his life in real time.

He faces the hostages.

FLORIAN  
Where's the ambassador?

Confused looks.

PIWOWAR  
We... don't have one.

Florian freezes.

PIWOWAR  
We're waiting for a new  
appointment.

The group exchange a look — as if this logistical hiccup is somehow rude.

FLORIAN  
Fine. Who's in charge?

PIWOWAR  
Chargé d'affaires. But he's in  
Poland. On holiday.

Florian blinks. He looks a little flustered.

FLORIAN  
So who's second in command?

Beat.

PIWOWAR  
Me.  
(Small, apologetic shrug.)  
Press attaché. And second  
secretary.

Florian studies him.

FLORIAN  
Well. That wasn't difficult, was  
it?

He clears his throat — begins.

FLORIAN  
All right. Listen.  
You're probably all wondering who  
we are.

Florian pauses for effect.

FLORIAN  
We are the Insurgent Home Army. And  
you — servants of the communist  
regime — are our prisoners.

His comrades straighten — proud.

Florian warms to it:

FLORIAN

Days ago in Lubin, peaceful  
demonstrators were shot dead. Your  
police — your Gestapo — murdered  
them. Protesters who marched  
peacefully demanding bread and  
justice! Your fellow countrymen!

Hostages lower their eyes. Except Irena, who keeps  
discreetly searching the room.

FLORIAN

And those bullets — fired at boys  
asking for bread — have  
consequences.

Janina sags. Wanda supports her. Kamut steps in.

Florian continues, righteous and breathless:

FLORIAN

We're here to end this—

KAMUT

Sorry.  
(indicating Janina)  
Can she sit?

Everything stops.

Florian stares.

FLORIAN

Yes. Fine. Sit.

He pauses — trying to relocate his speech.

DRAKE

(quiet prompt)  
We're here to stop this—

FLORIAN

Right. We're here to stop this—

Grim suddenly stiffens at the window.

Outside: a police patrol car.

Florian crosses to the window. Holds the shotgun where the  
policeman can *very clearly* see it.

The policeman freezes. Raises his hands. Retreats.

Florian closes the curtain, turns back.

FLORIAN

It's on.

A beat. He thinks.

DRAKE

Should we put them all in the other room?

FLORIAN

Yes. Good. Do that.  
And I'll call the police before they do something stupid.

Drake and Falcon herd the hostages.

DRAKE

Let's go, everyone. Move.

Florian watches the patrol car drive off.

FLORIAN

Grim - watch the street.  
Anything strange, call me.

Grim nods. Determined. Dangerous in the wrong way.

Florian walks off - already constructing the next step.

#### **INT. FURGLER'S OFFICE - DAY (D1)**

**KURT FURGLER** (58), combover, oversized glasses, sits neatly behind his desk. His **AIDE** runs through the schedule with bureaucratic calm.

AIDE

Mr. Aubert would like to discuss the Sweden trip.

FURGLER

Schedule lunch. This week.

The aide notes it with precision.

AIDE

Thursday.

FURGLER

And send a thank-you note to Ambassador Bohnert. Sweden was very well organised.

AIDE

Of course.

Another neat note.

AIDE

And Mr.

(MORE)

AIDE (CONT'D)  
Reimann from the Trade Union  
Federation is asking about the  
consultation timeline.

FURGLER  
(sighing)  
I said we'd get back to  
everyone on that—

A knock. A **SECRETARY** enters — breath short, urgent.

SECRETARY  
I'm sorry to interrupt, Mr.  
Furgler... but we have a situation.