

Werewulf Games

Written by

Paul Serino

Copyright (c) 2024

WGA Reg # 2250605

Draft

2nd Draft 3.19.24

Contact

information: [narcan4u2@yahoo.com](mailto:narcan4u2@yahoo.com)

Werewulf Games

By  
Paul Serino

INT. POW CAMP-- DAY

A NAZI PRISON GUARD, is sitting behind a desk processing new prisoners. In front of him is a meek looking MAN who is clearly terrified.

GUARD  
Name?

PRISONER  
Nikos Antonios.

GUARD  
Age?

ANTONIOS  
Forty-two.

GUARD  
Country of origin?

The Guard is filling out paperwork.

ANTONIOS  
Greece.

GUARD  
Do you have anything you wish to  
declare?

Antonios looks down and shakes his head no.

The guard looks at him with disgust. Then appears to study him for a beat.

GUARD (cont'd)  
What size do you wear?

Antonios looks confused.

GUARD (cont'd)  
You look like you would be a small.

Antonios looks up confused.

ANTONIOS  
Excuse me sir?

GUARD  
Your size. For your uniform. You look like you are a small man. Wouldn't you agree?

Antonios puts his head down and nods.

GUARD (cont'd)  
Say it.

ANTONIOS  
(meekly)  
I look like a small man.

The guard smiles and hands him a folded uniform.

GUARD  
Follow the line and do not talk to anyone.

Looking even smaller than he did, Antonios takes his uniform and does as he's told.

GUARD (cont'd)  
Next!

Next in line is an American soldier, JACK BAKER, mid-20's a tall, handsome man gifted with broad shoulders and an athlete's build. The guard is forced to strain in order to look up and see Baker's face.

GUARD (cont'd)  
Name?

BAKER  
Baker. Private Jack Baker.

GUARD  
Age?

BAKER  
Well let's see...

The guard stops writing annoyed.

GUARD  
You do not know how old you are?

BAKER  
Can you tell me what today is?

GUARD  
What does that have to do with anything?

BAKER  
It's the difference between me being twenty-six years old, or twenty-seven years old. And seeing as how we've just met and it looks like I might be here with you all a while, I'd hate to start off this relationship by lying to you.

GUARD  
(unamused)  
It is the twenty-ninth of November, 1943.

BAKER  
Twenty-seven.

GUARD  
I said the twenty-ninth!

BAKER  
No, I mean if it's the twenty-ninth, then I am twenty-seven years old. Today's my birthday. Sorry if I got you all turned around and mixed up like that. It was in no means my intention.

The Guard is clearly getting frustrated.

GUARD  
County of origin- oh wait let me guess, American.

BAKER  
Ding, ding, get this man a prize. What gave it away?

GUARD  
Two things. The accent and the attitude.

BAKER  
Really?

GUARD

Both of which are going to get you killed in here rather quickly.

BAKER

Sorry, I'll try and tone it down just a skosh.

GUARD

Delightful.

BAKER

Yes to being American. From Dallas, Texas.

GUARD

(dismissing him)

Remarkable.

BAKER

Any idea when we're going to get some chow? I don't think any of us have eaten all day and if I'm being one-hundred percent honest with you, I'm starving.

The guard looks at the giant American and just glares at him. But before he can say anything, a second voice can be heard.

SECOND VOICE (O.S.)

May I ask what it is you do for a living?

Baker seemed caught off guard by the question being thrown at him.

BAKER

Excuse me?

A thin, distinguished looking man wearing the imposing uniform of a high ranking SCHUTZSTAFFEL OFFICER, comes up from behind the prison guard. This is KOMMODORE REINHARDT STRAUSS, a cultured man with unusually refined tastes. He is in his mid 40's.

He appears much friendlier than the guard doing the processing.

STRAUSS

I asked what it is you did for a living. Before this damn war came into being and interrupted all of our lives.

Baker pauses a beat before answering.

BAKER

I was an athlete before I enlisted.

Strauss takes out a pack of cigarettes. He offers one to Baker who declines.

STRAUSS

An athlete? That explains your impressive frame. May I be so bold as to ask what sort of athlete were you? Baseball perhaps?

Again, another beat from Baker before answering.

BAKER

No, not baseball. I was more involved with participating in combat sports. I'm sure it's nothing you would know.

STRAUSS

(excited)

Are you kidding me? I love combat sports. I grew up with my grandfather taking me to the arenas in Hamburg to see the boxing. Are you a prizefighter, like your Joe Louis?

BAKER

No, not a boxer. Never had the footwork for it. No, I'm what you would call a professional wrestler.

STRAUSS

A wrestler? How interesting.

BAKER

Well, yes and no. More tedious than anything. My professional name was Bobby Adonis, maybe you've heard of me?

STRAUSS

No. I am pretty sure I would remember hearing the name Bobby Adonis.

Baker bashfully grins.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Were you a successful wrestler, Mr. *Bobby Adonis*?

BAKER

Well, I guess it all depends on how you define successful. Did I win more than I lost? Yeah, probably. Even managed to pick up a few regional titles along the way. Once, I even managed to last in the ring for an entire hour with the heavyweight champion of the world. Nearly killed me, but I was able to do it. So yeah, I guess you could say Bobby Adonis was pretty successful.

Strauss nods in agreement.

STRAUSS

How tall are you?

BAKER

Right about six and a half.

STRAUSS

I think you are going to be perfect for what I have in mind.

BAKER

Oh, and what might that be?

STRAUSS

I can assure you it's nothing for you to become alarmed about. I am scouring the various prisoner of war camps in the hopes of finding athletic men, such as yourself, who are willing to engage in a series of competitive events against some of Germany's finest athletes.

BAKER

(uncertain)

I don't know.

STRAUSS

I can assure you that you will be treated a hell of a lot better than you would in here as a prisoner. Better food. Better quarters.

BAKER

Speaking of food.

STRAUSS

Are you in?

Baker extends his hand and Strauss shakes it.

BAKER

What else have I got to do?

STRAUSS

That's the spirit!

(to guard)

Get this man cleaned up and ready for transport- but before you do that- get this man a steak.

Strauss winks at Baker.

TITLE CARD:

Werewulf Games

Title card fades into:

Germany  
December 1st, 1943  
(fades into)

Two weeks before the Battle of The Bulge

EXT. GERMAN FOREST-- NIGHT

Two black MERCEDES BENZ 770s slowly wind their way through a snow covered path.

They come to a IRON FENCE approximately eighteen feet high, which the FRONT PASSENGER from the lead vehicle gets out and opens a heavy IRON GATE.

He allows the two vehicles to pass before he locks it behind him.

Both vehicles continue forward through a dark and dense forest. There's no foliage on the trees, making them look quite ominous in the dark. In the headlights we can see snow lightly falling from the sky.

Both vehicles display the Nazi Swastika Flags on their hoods.

At one point the lead car appears to get stuck in the snow, but he guns it a few times and manages to get himself out. The other vehicle follows right behind him.



Eventually they come out of the woods and drive into the well manicured courtyard of CASTLE MONDLICHT.

The vehicles drive into a roundabout where they stop near the walkway into the castle.

Obediently the driver in each vehicle steps out and opens the rear door for their passenger.

Out of the first vehicle steps OBERST KARL HEYDRICH, late 30's, steps out.

SUBTITLE: SS OBERST KARL HEYDRICH

Under Heydrich's name. The subtitle: HEAD OF SS Western Division Mountain Corps

Out of the second vehicle steps, GENERALOBERST GUNTHER SALMUTH. In his late 60s, Salmuth is considerably older than his compatriots. He is also fifty pounds overweight and moving slowly.

SUBTITLE: SS GENERALOBERST GUNTHER SALMUTH- Head of SS 6th Panzer Division Western Front

The driver of each vehicle pulls two large black suitcases out of their vehicles. They immediately sprint up the steps and into the castle.

Three men in high ranking SS Uniforms come down the steps to greet Haydrich and Salmuth.

The first is GENERAL ARMIN STEINHOFF, 40s, his is tall and lean with the look of a cold blooded predator.

SUBTITLE: GENERAL ARMIN STEINHOFF, Field Marshal of SS Medical Division

The other man is GENERAL WILHELM VON KIEL, 50s, a powerfully built man who has enough gravitas to instantly command respect.

SUBTITLE: SS GENERAL WILHELM VON KIEL, Head of SS Death's Head Brigade

Along with these two men is Strauss, who is the outgoing host.

All the men, save Haydrich, appear as if they are long lost friends who appear extremely happy to see one another.

STRAUSS

Gentlemen, I trust the journey was not too painful?

Salmuth sees the men and opens his arms warmly to each of them.

SALMUTH

Strauss! Armin! And Wilhelm! Come over here.

The men hug. Haydrich looks awkwardly on.

STEINHOFF

Forgive us Karl, it seems like it's been forever since we've been here together.

Kiel looks at Haydrich and motions him to join them.

KIEL

Come Karl, you're one of us now. Come and join our pack.

INT. CASTLE PARLOR-- NIGHT

A cavernous room, filled with expensive looking tables and chairs and bookshelves. The heads of various animals common to the Bavarian Alps can be seen mounted on the walls as trophies.

The four officers of the S.S. Retire to the parlor where they almost immediately begin to loosen their ties and remove their uniform jackets. Some even start to unbutton the top button on their shirts.

Soldiers stand at attention waiting to serve.

ANDRE, a seasoned valet, waits silently for his services to be needed.

Kiel motions to one of them.

KIEL

Let's get some brandies and cigars out here.

SALMUTH  
And schnapps. Wilhelm where are the women?

KIEL  
No women.

SALMUTH  
No women?

KIEL  
Nein. Only warriors.

Kiel nods and Andre acknowledges him and disappears.

Kiel then returns his attention to his guests.

KIEL (cont'd)  
I was a bit afraid the weather might affect the ability of some of you to get here this evening.

STEINHOFF  
I don't think it's going to start getting bad for a while.

SALMUTH  
Besides, I've driven in the deserts of North Africa where the sand and wind is so intense, you feel as if your skin is being sandblasted off with a blowtorch. So the cold? The snow? This was nothing.

Andre returns with a bottle of schnapps and a tray filled with shot glasses.

Salmuth smiles and takes the bottle.

SALMUTH (cont'd)  
(to Andre)  
I never want this to be far from me.

Kiel laughs.

Andre smiles and nods.

ANDRE  
Whatever you say general.

Steinhoff and Kiel look at each other and begin to smile. Salmuth is puzzled.

STEINHOFF  
Has something changed about you  
general?

KIEL  
Something, I just can put my finger  
on it.

Salmuth is on to their foolishness and wants no part of it.

SALMUTH  
Oh go to hell.

Steinhoff and Kiel go and touch the old man's belly.

KIEL  
Is it going to be a boy or a girl.

Salmuth laughs.

STEINHOFF  
You look as if you may have put on a  
stone or two, Gunther.

The three men laugh.

SALMUTH  
Actually I've put on close to four  
stone since being promoted. Too much  
damn time spent behind a desk instead  
of out in the field where I belong.

KIEL  
And your lovely wife?

SALMUTH  
Mean as a snake and just as ugly.

The men laugh at the senior officer's joke.

STEINHOFF  
Are you still meeting with that  
blonde French actress you had me so  
jealous about?

SALUMTH  
Simone Antoinette. She's fucking  
crazy, but once you been with her,  
you know why it's worth putting up  
with all of her bullshit.

KIEL

It's good to see you Gunther. I was afraid with all that is going on with the war that you might not be able to make it.

SALMUTH

What and miss all the fun. It's bloody well been the only thing I've had to look forward to these past few months.

STEINHOFF

Things not good on the front?

SALUMTH

It just never seems to end. The fighting, the suffering, the death. The foolhardy decision the Fuhrer made to push our Eastern front so far into Russia. How much more killing can one man do? How much death can one man stand to see?

He takes a shot of his schnapps.

HAYDRICH

Well said, sir.

Kiel looks at Haydrich.

KIEL

Oh really?

HAYDRICH

Times are changing, Herr Kiel. The world does not have to be a place of tyranny where the strong only survive by feeding on the weak.

STEINHOFF

That's evolution.

HAYDRICH

It's shortsighted. We don't have to burn half the world down, just so ours is better. We all benefit if we can learn to live with one another in peace. I ask you Doctor, how much can you learn from a smoldering corpse.

STEINHOFF

You'd be surprised.

Strauss changes the subject.

STRAUSS

General, what news do you have of the planned Ardennes Offensive? The rumors are that it could be any day now.

SALMUTH

Oh it's still on. The Fuhrer has been talking about it for months, but it looks as if it is finally here. I have it on good authority from none other than Himmler himself who said the target date is in two weeks.

HAYDRICH

General do you think that's wise?

SALMUTH

Wise in what way?

HAYDRICH

The allies are continuing their push towards Berlin from both the East and the West. Do you think it not more prudent to hold these men back? Save some of them when it comes time?

KIEL

Time for what?

HAYDRICH

To defend the Fatherland.

STEINHOFF

Where is your aggression Karl? Where is your killer instinct?

HAYDRICH

Laying dead somewhere under a blanket of snow in Russia.

KIEL

You sound as if you've changed.

HAYDRICH

We all change Wilhelm.

KIEL

We can change who we are. It's genetics. We are born with it. You can suppress it. Try to ignore it. But it will always be there.

(MORE)

KIEL (cont'd)  
Just under the surface. All you need  
is someone to help bring it out of  
you.

STEINHOFF  
Well good luck with that.

The men laugh.

SALMUTH  
I'm afraid this war will be the death  
of me yet.

KIEL  
Nonsense general, you look as healthy  
as a horse.

SALMUTH  
Yes, just before he's taken to the  
glue factory.

STEINHOFF  
Where would the Riech be without your  
sage council and leadership?

SALUMTH  
The Fuhrer no longer wants sage  
council or leadership. He has his  
mind set and surrounded himself with  
people who will tell him he's right.  
Even if what he is planning is a  
slaughter.

STEINHOFF  
Careful general, what you are saying  
is tantamount to blasphemy.

SALMUTH  
Bah, let them arrest me. What do I  
care? I'm too old to worry about what  
others in the party might be thinking  
about me. We are headed for disaster.  
I only pray we have not doomed the  
Fatherland to an early grave.

KIEL  
I believe this weekend is just what  
the doctor ordered.

STEINHOFF  
I did.

KIEL

Gentlemen the Fatherland will soon be facing enemies from all sides. In order for it to survive, it cannot have sheep protecting it's borders. It needs wolves. This weekend is to celebrate the wolf.

STEINHOFF

Here, here.

The men drink

KIEL

Do you know what tomorrow is?

SALMUTH

Saturday.

KIEL

Yes. But it's also a total lunar eclipse.

SALMUTH

So?

HAYDRICH

It's a blood moon.

KIEL

Very good Karl. I feel no need to stress the importance of such an event. And like Doctor Frankenstein from the motion pictures, I wish to spark new life into our little galére. To reinvigorate the flame inside us all. We are killers. There is nothing to be ashamed of admitting that. In nature the hawk kills the rabbit, the cat kills the mouse. They kill. It's what makes them what they are. We kill. It's what makes us who we are. It's high time we start to remember that.

The men drink.

STEINHOFF

Well said. But what exactly did you have in mind

KIEL

This weekend will be a celebration of both death and rebirth!



INT. PRISONER HALLWAY-- NIGHT

Two SS STORMTROOPERS armed with MP-40 machine guns, follow Strauss and his valet, ANDRE down a long stark hallway made of stone. He stops at a white door and waits while one of the Stormtroopers uses a key to unlock it.

STRAUSS

Wait outside.

The expression on Strauss' face softens and an innocent smile bursts onto his face as he opens the door.

INT. PRISONER ROOM #1-- NIGHT

Three prisoners, Jack Baker, ETHAN MANCUSO, early 20's Italian-American, and NIKITA PISAREVA 40's, Russian are sitting on cot. Each of them have on matching sweatsuits.

The three men turn and look at the Nazi Kommodore who greets them like long lost friends.

STRAUSS

Hello all.

BAKER

Reinhardt. I was wondering where you gotten off to.

STRAUSS

So many things to take care of. So many decisions to be made. I swear sometimes, if my head were not attached to my body, I would lose it somewhere and never be able to find it.

MANCUSO

How long do you think we are going to be here.

STRAUSS

That's part of the surprise you'll learn about in the morning.  
(reassuring) Don't worry, it's good.

BAKER

Where exactly are we?

STRAUSS  
(excited)  
Germany! Near the Swiss border.

PISAREVA  
Well now that we know the where,  
perhaps you can try explaining the  
why?

STRAUSS  
Of course. You have questions, I have  
answers. I have some answers. And  
will tell you what I know. But first,  
the accommodations? You like?

BAKER  
Well it's not the Waldorf.

STRAUSS  
No I grant you that. But you do have  
to admit it is an upgrade from the  
POW camp you were scheduled to spend  
the rest of the war.

BAKER  
Thank you Reinhardt.

STRAUSS  
(mocking)  
*Thank you Reinhardt.*

PISAREVA  
You were saying.

STRAUSS  
The Russians. So persnickety. Always  
so focused on the most trivial of  
details.

BAKER  
You're stalling Reinhardt.

STRAUSS  
You have all been selected to  
participate in a little bit of a  
contest. A series of athletic events  
if you will.

BAKER  
Why?

STRAUSS  
Who knows? Perhaps because they  
cancelled the Olympics.

(MORE)

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Perhaps because they're bored. Or...  
Perhaps it's because these men enjoy  
honest competition.

MANCUSO  
Competing against who?

STRAUSS  
Each other at first.

BAKER  
Each other as in?

STRAUSS  
Other prisoners at first. There are  
twelve of you in all here. You will  
be paired up in the morning. Six  
events. The winners move on. The  
losers unfortunately do not.

MANCUSO  
You mean?

Mancuso makes a hand gun and pretends to shoot.

STRAUSS  
No... nothing so nefarious as that.  
They get sent back to the POW camp.

BAKER  
And what do the winners get?

STRAUSS  
I really shouldn't.

BAKER  
Spill the beans, mister.

STRAUSS  
OK, but if anyone asks where you got  
this, I'm going to deny everything.

BAKER  
Understood.

STRAUSS  
The Nazi Party has been negotiating  
with the allies on a potential  
prisoner swap. It's all very hush  
hush, mind you. But my colleagues  
upstairs do value honest competition.  
So they feel if they offer something  
worth fighting for-

MANCUSO

They're going to let us go home?

STRAUSS

Yes. The six who win the morning competition will be freed- but they must participate in the evening event as well if they wish to be eligible.

PISAREVA

And the competitions consist of?

STRAUSS

There are certain details even I am not privy to. But I'm pretty certain you can expect things like speed, strength, endurance and agility to be tested. The officers are quite fond of that. So get some sleep gentlemen. I have a feeling tomorrow is going to be a long day.

CUT TO:

INT. PARLOR-- NIGHT

The four Nazi officers are sitting around a table smoking cigars and drinking sifters of brandy. They are raucously laughing about good times.

STEINHOFF

No, it was Hans who cooked the brandy into the cakes.

SALMUTH

And got half the chancellery positively shit faced just before der Fuhrer's was preparing to make his speech.

STEINHOFF

Bormann got so sick he threw up right there on the pages of Hitler's speech.

The three other officers listen rapt by the story.

HAYDRICH

So what happened?

SALMUTH

Ah, the vomit make the speech better.

The four men laugh as Strauss comes in.

STRAUSS

I see you gentlemen were able to overcome your guilt about starting without me.

Strauss' demeanor is much more serious and less playful than it had been with the prisoners. He sits down and pours himself a shot.

KIEL

So how do they look?

STRAUSS

Strong. Just like you asked. A few of them seem to have been blessed with a bit of speed. I'd say the morning is going to be quite interesting.

KIEL

Good. And the night?

STRAUSS

The night? I say, just have fun with them while you can.

KIEL

Send the soldiers back to their squadrons.

STRAUSS

What?

KIEL

All we will need is Andre and the house staff. We don't need anyone connected to the chancellery here to be a witness to this.

STRAUSS

(excited)

I am a witness to this.

KIEL

Yes, well, present company not excluded.

STEINHOFF

I think your plan is fabulous  
Wilhelm.

KIEL

I couldn't have done it without  
Reinhardt.

STRAUSS

Thanks. You know perhaps you three  
shouldn't stay up so late. I may have  
found a few competitors who could  
prove to be tricky.

KIEL

Are you saying we are old?

SALMUTH

Yes are you saying we are old?

STAUSS

I am saying you are seasoned.

KIEL

Bullshit.

STEINHOFF

I have honed my body. Sharpened it to  
a fine point like dagger.

STRASS

Perhaps no more schnapps for Armin.

Kiel laughs.

STEINHOFF

(sounding drunk)

Fuck you, Reinhardt.

KIEL

It's late. We all have a big day  
tomorrow. We should all turn in.  
Tomorrow we hunt.

FADE INTO:

EXT. FOREST SURROUNDING CASTLE MONDLICHT-- DAWN

The sun starts to peer over the horizon casting faint light  
over the forest and courtyard of the castle.

The forest is immense. There is a large frozen lake directly  
behind the castle.

INT. PRISONER'S QUARTERS #1== DAWN

The men are in their beds fast asleep when a knock is heard on the door.

It is Stauss.

STRAUSS  
Good Morning Gentlemen.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISONER'S QUARTERS #2-- DAWN

Three POWs are in bed groggy listening.

STRAUSS  
It is time to wake up. I've laid out  
your athletic uniforms.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISONER'S QUARTERS #3-- DAWN

Three different POW's are in bed rubbing sleep out of their eyes.

STRAUSS  
Please put them on and meet me  
upstairs in the main dining room.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISONER'S QUARTERS #4-- DAWN

Three more POWs are now sitting up in bed listening to Strauss talk to them.

STRAUSS  
Breakfast is in one hour. Please do  
not be late.

Stauss leaves and the men start to stretch and get up.

One of the men, COLIN ARCHER, 30s, British, strikes a match and lights a cigarette.

ARCHER

What do you think lads? You think we have any shot at pulling this off.

The other two POWs, ADALI JOHNSON, 30s, FRENCH and JOSEPH BOWLEGS, late 30s, NATIVE AMERICAN, already has a fair amount of gray showing, look at each other but neither says a word.

ARCHER (cont'd)

Thank you gents. Your enthusiasm is quite reassuring.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISONER'S QUARTERS #2-- DAWN

A lean muscular man, HANS ADDLEMAN, 20s JEWISH, quietly puts his uniform on. While a huge mountain of a man, 6'8" MOSES WASHINGTON, 20s, is behind him having a difficult time putting on his uniform.

WASHINGTON

Shit.

The third man THOMAS HARBOR, 20s CANADIAN, looks absolutely terrified.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISONER'S QUARTERS #3-- DAWN

MAX STORNOWAY, 20s, DUTCH, zero body fat and in perfect shape, is doing stretches. A younger a POW, JEB CARTER, 20s, AMERICAN, tries to do some of the stretches he's watching Stornoway do. He nearly pulls a muscle doing so.

The third POW in the room MARCEL DUMAS, 19, FRENCH shakes his head.

DUMAS

Fucking Americans.

CUT TO:



INT. PRISONER'S QUARTERS #1== DAWN

BAKER  
Let's do this.

INT. DINING ROOM-- MORNING

The POWs are seated together at a table eating when the Nazi Officers walk into the room led by Strauss.

STRAUSS  
Gentlemen, please allow me to introduce you to your host, this is General Wilhelm Von Kiel.

Kiel smiles and nods.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
General Armin Steinhoff.

Steinhoff glares at the prisoners.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Colonel Kurt Haydrich.

Haydrich nods his head.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
And this is Field Marshal Gunter Salmuth.

Salmuth barely acknowledges the POWs.

The POWs look at the older looking S.S. Officers and then at each other. They look as if they are trying to keep from laughing.

Mancuso lets out a snicker.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Is there something funny?

MANCUSO  
No offense but some of your officers look a little past their prime.

KIEL  
So it should be easy then.

MANCUSO  
I guess I just got to get past this morning and we'll find out.

KIEL

I like him. He's got moxie.

STRAUSS

So, we assume by you accepting our invitation to participate that you are at least in this far. We have paired you up and selected a competition we think will showcase your natural talents. The winners are free to relax and rest until sunset when the next challenge will be announced. The losers I'm afraid, your journey will end here and you will be returned to your camp of origin post haste. Thank you for playing.

The POWs look at one another and nod their heads.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Good. First competition starts in one hour. Finish your meal and then we'll see you out front in the courtyard.

The POWs smile and dig back into their food as the S.S. Officers leave.

FADE TO:

EXT. COURTYARD-- MORNING

The four Nazi Officers are standing outside where a patch of snow has been cleared and a soccer goal has been set up.

The twelve POWs walk out and immediately see the goal and start to smile.

LAKE

I knew it would have something to do with football.

JOHNSON

Yeah but what? There isn't enough room to play a game.

STORNOWAY

Whatever it is, you boys are in trouble.

The POWs file in and line up.

Strauss steps up holding a clipboard with papers on it.

STRAUSS

Thank you gentlemen for being so prompt. This is the first event and of course you can see we have erected a regulation size football goal. Same size that the professionals use. Isn't that right Mr. Stornoway?

Stornoway looks at the net and nods.

STORNOWAY

Looks standard regulation.

STRAUSS

And if he doesn't know, I don't know who would. Mr. Stornoway is after all a member of the Belgian National Football team. So it would make sense that he would participate in this event.

Stornoway smiles.

STORNOWAY

Damn straight. Against who?

Strauss looks at his clipboard.

STRAUSS

Marcel Dumas.

Dumas looks up at hearing his name be called. It's clear he is not thrilled about going up against Stornoway in anything having to do with football.

DUMAS

Me?

STRAUSS

Yes, come on out!

Dumas reluctantly steps out. Stornoway looks at him and it's clear he dismisses him as any kind of threat.

STORNOWAY

What is it you want us to do?

STRAUSS

Patience, Mr. Stornoway, patience.  
Mr. Dumas is a metal worker who does  
play football as well on a semi  
professional team back in his  
hometown of Nice.

The officers can be seen kibitzing to each other.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

The challenge gentlemen is penalty  
kicks. Best of five. Winner moves on  
to the next round tonight, loser is  
removed from the games. Are we clear?

Stornoway laughs to himself.

STORNOWAY

Yeah, it's clear.

STRAUSS

Mr. Dumas, is it clear?

Dumas looks at the confident Stornoway and slowly nods.

DUMAS

I'll give it my best.

STRAUSS

And that's all any of us can ever do.

Strauss then address the S.S. Officers.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Do to the inequality of their  
experience, I am offering 100 to 1 on  
Dumas? Any takers?

Haydrich is the only one who raises his hand.

HAYDRICH

One-hundred deutschmarks on the  
Frenchman.

Both Salmuth and Kiel take him up on the offer. Steinhoff  
elects not to.

The Nazis finish conducting their business.

STRAUSS

Who goes first?

STORNOWAY

I'll let him have the choice.

Dumas thinks about it.

DUMAS  
I want him to go first.

STORNOWAY  
I was hoping you'd say that.

STRAUSS  
Fine, please get into place. Mr.  
Dumas, the goal is your to defend.  
Mr. Stornoway, you must get it past  
him and into the net to secure a  
point.

STORNOWAY  
No problem.

STRAUSS  
Competitor's ready?

Both men nod.

STRAUSS  
Then begin.

Stornoway surveys his opponent looking for any potential weakness to exploit. He then kicks the ball which sails untouched by Dumas.

STRAUSS  
Goal! The score is now one to nil.  
You may continue.

The ball is reset and Stornoway looks more confident than ever.

Dumas looks tense and apprehensive.

Another ball flies by him untouched.

STORNOWAY  
Yeah baby!

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE OF TWO MORE SHOTS FLYING BY DUMAS AND INTO THE GOAL.

CUT TO:

DUMAS LOOKING DEJECTED AND DEFEATED.

STRAUSS

Mr. Dumas, the score is four to nil.  
You must stop this next ball if you  
have any hope at moving forward.

Archer raises his hand. Strauss sees him and calls on him.

ARCHER

What happens if there's a tie?

STRAUSS

Good question. In the event one of  
the competitions results in a tie, we  
will move on to sudden death. There  
are no ties.

ARCHER

Understood.

STRAUSS

Mr. Stornoway, this is your last  
ball. You may proceed when you are  
ready.

Stornoway looks at the ball and at his opponent. He looks as if he's done this a million times before. He takes off and kicks the ball. Dumas gets his hand on it, but it still manages to sail into the net.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Foul! Point to Mr. Dumas.

Both Stornoway and Dumas look surprised.

STORNOWAY

What the bloody hell are you talking  
about? That goal was clean!

STRAUSS

No, Mr. Stornoway. Your foot went  
over the line. You committed an  
infraction which resulted in the ball  
being ruled disqualified.

STORNOWAY

That's bullshit, mate.

STRAUSS

Mr. Stornoway, you have accumulated a most impressive score. Be proud of what you have done. Now please switch places with Mr. Dumas.

The two men switch places without saying anything to each other. Stornoway is hopping around jacked up on adrenalin. Dumas is moving slowly.

Dumas places the ball on the appropriate spot.

Stornoway prepares to defend.

Dumas looks where he wants to send it and kicks the ball as hard as he can.

Stornoway is able to stop it easily.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

That is a miss. The score is still four to nil in favor of Mr. Stornoway. Mr. Dumas, you must get this in the goal or the competition is over.

The S.S. Officers look as if they are thoroughly enjoying this.

The other POWs remain quiet.

Dumas places the ball on the ground and walks back a few paces to get a running start at it. He looks at where he assumes Stornoway is weakest and launches the ball.

Again it is caught.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

That is a miss. The final score is four to nil. Mr. Stornoway has won his competition. Mr. Dumas, I will lead you back to the castle in order for you to gather up your things. Thank you for playing, it was an honor.

The POWs are still a little uncertain about what it is they've just watched.

BAKER  
You mean that's it?

LAKE  
Yeah, is this what we've been brought  
out here for.

STRAUSS  
That's it! Now that wasn't so bad was  
it?

Dumas walks off the field with his head down.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Let's give it up to our first  
competitors.

The other POWs applaud Dumas' effort. Even Stornoway comes  
up and gives him a hug.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Mr. Stornoway, you may return to your  
room or watch the rest of the events  
if you wish.

STORNOWAY  
I'll stay and watch thank you.

STRAUSS  
Wunderbar! The next event is at the  
top of the hour. Mr. Dumas, please  
come with me.

The POW's mill about as Strauss and his valet lead Dumas  
away. Strauss is talking with Dumas consoling him by telling  
him he tried his best and that's all anyone can do.

HARBOR  
I don't why I had such a bad feeling  
about this.

ARCHER  
It's not over yet sunshine.

FADE INTO:

EXT. WEST END OF THE CASTLE-- MORNING



A large frozen lake can be seen next to the castle. On the shore is a large oval pit, about twenty feet in diameter.

Washington goes and stands in the oval pit.

WASHINGTON

What do you suppose this is meant to be?

CARTER

It looks like some sort of ring.

The men look at each other.

Strauss walks up with his valet who is holding a piece of rope with two loops on each end.

The Nazi officers follow behind talking among themselves.

STRAUSS

Ah wunderbar, you are all here.

MANCUSO

What is this you got set up over here, Reinhardt?

STRAUSS

Gentlemen, let me introduce you to Push and Shove. The object of this is simple. Two men will go into the pit. Each man will grab a loop on the rope I have here. And through whatever means necessary, you are to try and be the first one with your foot to step outside of the arena. Sound good? Best out of three wins.

ADDLEMAN

Why only best out of three?

STRAUSS

The further we get, the harder the competitions. We figured, best out of three would be sufficient to determine a winner.

The men actually look a bit excited for this.

MANCUSO

Fucking A.

STRAUSS  
Fucking A is right, Mr. Mancuso. You  
are one of the participants.

MANCUSO  
Well alright.

Mancuso takes the rope from Strauss and enters the pit.

MANCUSO (cont'd)  
Who's my opponent?

STRAUSS  
Mr. Mancuso we have selected you to  
face Mr. Adali Johnson from Paris,  
France.

Johnson is not nearly as excited to get into the ring as  
Mancuso.

Johnson looks at Strauss.

JOHNSON  
Losers go back to the camp correct.

STRAUSS  
Absolutely.

JOHNSON  
Well then fuck this. Let's get it  
over with.

Johnson walks into the pit and takes a hold of the other  
loop. Mancuso tries making eye contact with him but Johnson  
doesn't want any part of that.

MANCUSO  
You ready?

Johnson nods.

STRAUSS  
If you let go of the rope, you are  
disqualified. Are you both ready?

Both men say nothing. Mancuso is still trying to intimidate  
Johnson by making crazy killer eyes, but Johnson doesn't  
budge.

Strauss looks at his fellow Nazis.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
I'd have to call this a pick-em. Same height, weight. We should be in for one hell of a match. Have you finalized the wagers.

Steinhoff looks at the men.

STEINHOFF  
A thousand deutschmarks on the Frenchman.

Mancuso looks up at that.

MANCUSO  
What are you fucking kidding me?

Steinhoff looks at Mancuso with a "sorry, I just don't see it in you, look."

MANCUSO  
Let's do this.

STRAUSS  
On your mark, get set, engage!

Both men pull the rope taught as they try to pull the other forward towards the edge of the pit. Then Mancuso spits in Johnson's eyes, which causes him to let go of his rope.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Disqualification. First round to Mancuso.

Steinhoff is livid.

STEINHOFF  
He cheated!

STRAUSS  
There is no cheating. There are no rules save for the ones I detailed.  
(MORE)

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Johnson let go of his rope. The score  
is one to nil, Mancuso.

Both men reset and get to the center of the pit.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
On your mark, get set, engage!

Mancuso tries to wrench back, but Johnson anticipated that and rushes him. He is on top of Mancuso where he starts to pound on the New Yorker's face with devastating blows.

Clearly the Nazis are excited by the violence.

It isn't long before Mancuso has to let go of the rope to protect his face.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Disqualification. Second round to  
Johnson.

Johnson gets up, but Mancuso does not. He is left laying there in the dirt swollen and bloody.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Are you alright Mr. Mancuso? Are you  
able to continue? The game is tied  
one to one. Next point secures  
victory.

Slowly Mancuso starts to pick himself up. He's spitting out blood and teeth.

MANCUSO  
That was a pretty good trick there  
Frenchy.

Johnson does not respond. Instead he just picks up the rope.

The Nazis are much more interested in this contest as it is close. They are laughing and kibitzing among themselves as they trade wagered money back forth.

STRAUSS  
Mr. Mancuso, are you able to  
continue?

Mancuso finally stands and smiles.

MANCUSO

All good.

STRAUSS

Good. The score is one all. The winner of the next point wins the event. Good luck gentlemen. Get ready. On your mark, get set, engage!

Mancuso falls back to the ground holding on to the rope. Johnson almost lets go of it by the sudden shift in weight and direction. Johnson is left bending over Mancuso who is balled up.

Johnson starts to kick and punch at Mancuso trying to get him to get up. Mancuso absorbs the blows. After a minute, Johnson has gassed himself out. Mancuso throws a handful of dirt into Johnson's eyes and quickly springs to his feet. He pulls the rope in tight so that Johnson must follow. Then Mancuso unexpectedly headbutts Johnson right in the nose causing it to explode like an overripe tomato!

Johnson goes down to one knee, still holding on to the rope. Mancuso then levels some good old fashion payback as he explodes with devastating shot after shot until Johnson is knocked unconscious to the floor.

Mancuso takes the rope and leaves the pit.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Incredible match! Incredible match!  
The winner is Mancuso. Mr. Johnson  
must leave the playing field.

Kiel and Salmuth are busy happily collecting their winnings while Standhoff and Haydrich console each other about their losses.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

My valet will escort Mr. Johnson back  
to his room to collect his things.  
Thank you for your participation.

Mancuso is congratulated by Baker and Pisareva on his win.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

The next event gentlemen will be held  
right here and now.

(MORE)

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
So far we have tested skill and  
strategy, now we are going to just  
have a test of strength.

Everyone turns to Baker and Washington.

Two of Strauss' valets come out holding shovels.

STRAUSS  
Gentlemen for this event you will  
have three hours to dig a hole. The  
deepest one wins.

BAKER  
That's it?

STRAUSS  
That's it.

BAKER  
There's no best of three or five or  
any of that shit.

STRAUSS  
No shit, I can assure you.

Washington takes one of the shovels and Baker picks up the  
other.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
This is one that we have been highly  
anticipating. I hope both of you give  
us your all. One hole, deep as you  
can make it. Competitors ready, on  
your mark, get set, dig!

Both men start off strong. They are making deep cuts into  
the hard ground. Both keep an eye on the other in order to  
see how much progress the other has made.

TIME LAPSE:

Both men are sweating. They both have a hole that looks to  
be about waist deep.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Put you back into it men. You both  
are neck and neck. This is anyone's  
match to win.

The NAZI officers are quietly talking among themselves as  
they watch the two men work.

TIME LAPSE:

The men now have dug a hole about neck deep.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
You have approximately 5 minutes  
left. Dig, dig. I believe that  
Washington has the slight edge but  
Baker is still within striking  
distance.

Both men are giving it there all. Both men look as if they  
could collapse from the effort they are putting out. Neither  
man wants to lose.

A whistle is blown.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Time! Gentlemen please put down your  
shovels and step out.

Both men need help getting out of the holes. Baker shows  
Mancuso his bloody hands from where he had been holding the  
shovel.

Strauss looks into both holes. He then looks again.

Both Baker and Washington are nearly too tired to care, but  
they do.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Gentlemen let me first say that you  
were both champions today and you  
should give yourselves a round of  
applause.

The POWs clap for their effort as does the Nazi officers.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
But the winner is Mr. Baker from  
America.

Washington's eyes widen.

WASHINGTON  
The fuck you say.

STRAUSS  
I am sorry but it is true. See for yourself.

Washington walks over and looks into both holes.

WASHINGTON  
They look the exact same.

STRAUSS  
Well then my black friend, you need to have glasses. Because your hole is not as deep. I am sorry.

WASHINGTON  
Man, fuck you. Send me back.

STRAUSS  
And indeed we shall.

One of the valets who brought the shovels takes Washington back to the house.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Thank you for your effort Mr. Washington.

Once he is gone, Strauss looks at the remaining competitors.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Try to have some self respect. If you lose, do so with grace and humility.

The other POWs nod.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
That being said, we are moving on to our next competition.

Two more valets come out carrying PICKAXES and pass right by the POWs as they walk onto the ice on the frozen lake. They walk out about twenty feet from the shoreline and begin to pick away at the ice.

The other POWs watch with confused looks on their face.



STAUSS

You know they say the Germanic tribes descended from Frost Giants who came down from high up in the Alps to breed with the Germanic people. Now, whether this is just fairy tale or not is not what is being challenged here today. The cold gentlemen has always been a friend to the German. You might say we have cold blood running through our veins. This is not something to be ashamed of. Nein, we embrace the cold. It is what makes us who we are. What is being challenged here today is how well two of you can handle being submerged up to your neck in the cold.

The POWs start to talk among themselves.

ARCHER

We'll die of hypothermia out there. No fucking way.

BAKER

Yeah, no way. Find something else for us to do.

STRAUSS

I am afraid all the games have been explicitly picked out for this competition. There will be no changing of events.

STORNOWAY

Who do you have scheduled to play?

STAUSS

We have two Americans. Mr. Bowlegs from New Mexico and Mr. Carter from Minnesota.

The POWs take note of where each of the men is from.

HARBOR

I'm not sure where New Mexico is, but I know it gets cold as hell up there in Minnesota.

Bowlegs stands up and walks up to Strauss. Carter reluctantly does the same. They shake hands.

STRAUSS

Again, the competition is really quite simple. Go out there and jump in. Your feet should be able to touch the bottom. Only your head will be out of the water. First one to quit is the loser.

BOWLEGS

Let's get her fucking done.

Both men walk out to the two holes dug into the ice. The water looks black.

CARTER

You sure this isn't too deep. I can't swim.

STRAUSS

You should be alright.

BOWLEGS

Yeah, easy for you to say.

STRAUSS

Indeed. Point taken.

Another valet comes out holding two large fluffy towels.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

For when you are finished.

Strauss then turns to his Nazi Companions.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Wagers made? This one is going to be good.

The Nazi Officers nod that they are ready.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Good. Men, if you would. Into the water.

Bowlegs is first to jump in. He is not thrilled.

BOWLEGS

Goddamn this cold!

Carter hesitates.

STRAUSS

Mr. Carter you must get into the water or risk disqualification.

The POWs begin to call out to him for motivation.

BAKER  
Think about going home!

HARBOR  
It's only cold for a second kid, then  
your body will adjust.

ARCHER  
(to himself)  
Adjust into a nice cardiac  
arrhythmia.

Carter finally is convinced to get in. He jumps in and immediately tries to get out. Bowlegs helps him.

BOWLEGS  
Relax kid. Don't give them the  
satisfaction. Just concentrate on  
breathing.

STRAUSS  
And they are off!

TIME LAPSE:

Carter's teeth are chattering. Bowlegs looks like he might be dead.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Mr. Bowlegs?

BOWLEGS  
Yeah?

STRAUSS  
I just wanted to confirm that you  
were not dead.

BOWLEGS  
Just resting chief.

STRAUSS  
OK. That is allowed. And you Mr.  
Carter? How are you doing?

Carter's eyes are open but glassed over.

Bowlegs opens his eyes.

BOWLEGS  
Kid, you still with me?

Carter regains some focus in his eyes.

CARTER  
Never better.

STRAUSS  
Wunderbar! I love watching things  
like this. Testing man's limits to  
see exactly what he is capable of.  
Unless we do it, we'll never really  
know.

TIME LAPSE:

Bowlegs is breathing heavy. Ice has matted up into his hair  
and he looks slightly blue.

Carter looks pale and lost.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
You have each been in the water for  
precisely thirty minutes.  
Congratulations.

Both men do not act as if they can hear Strauss. Then Carter  
slips under the surface.

BAKER  
Reinhardt!

STRAUSS  
Mr. Carter you have exactly three  
seconds to bring your head out of the  
water or you will be disqualified.

BAKER  
He's drowning!

Bowlegs opens his eyes and pulls Carter out of the water.

BOWLEGS  
He's not breathing.

STRAUSS  
If he is not breathing, then the  
competition is over.

Strauss goes over and checks on Carter.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Winner by forfeit, Mr. Bowlegs from  
New Mexico.

The POWs race to help Bowlegs out of the water. They pull Carter up but it is too late. He is dead.

The other POWs look at Strauss and the Nazis.

Strauss turns to one of his valets.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Take Mr. Bowlegs back to the house  
and get him something warm to put on  
and something hot inside his belly.

Bowlegs can barely walk, but he is assisted away.

ADDLEMAN  
Oh my god he is dead.

ARCHER  
I think you might be carrying some of  
these games just a tad to far old  
boy.

STRAUSS  
He died in competition. We should all  
be so lucky.

ARCHER  
Speak for yourself. I plan on dying  
as old man with a drink in my hand  
and a satisfied young lady sleeping  
next to me.

STRAUSS  
If you will follow me. The next  
competition is about to begin.

None of the POWs move.

BAKER  
We don't want to play anymore.

ADDLEMAN  
Yes, send me back to the camp. I will  
not participate in this any longer.

Kiel looks at the men.

KIEL  
Gentlemen, let me make something very clear to you. You will play. My friend Reinhardt here has been most courteous, but this is not up for negotiation. You will play, or you will be shot.

The POWs look at each other shocked.

KIEL (cont'd)  
The choice is yours.

Strauss smiles.

STRAUSS  
Gentlemen. This way please.

The POWs follow Kiel and the rest of the Nazis back into the house.

INT. PARLOR-- DAY

In the parlor resting on the table is a box with wires coming off of it. The wires are connected to two metal pipes.

STRAUSS  
This next game is designed to test a man's willpower. To overcome temporary discomfort in the pursuit of a greater goal.

The POWs are listening much more intently than they previously had been.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Much like the first competition, this one is best of five. Two competitors sit across from one another.

(MORE)

STRAUSS (cont'd)

You will hold the two metal pipes in your hands. At various times, a shock will be delivered from the box on the table through the wires and into your hand. If you let go, you lose. The severity of the voltage will increase throughout the game.

HARBOR

Who's playing?

STRAUSS

You, Mr. Harbor from Canada. And your opponent will be our verbose little friend here from England, Mr. Archer. Gentlemen please take your seats.

The two men look at each other and then sit down at the table.

ARCHER

I've never been fond of pain.

HARBOR

I'm not an expert, but I would say that sounds like a disadvantage.

ARCHER

Thanks for that.

STRAUSS

Two competitions left. Two more winners, two more losers. Let's play the game. Competitors ready? Get set and begin.

At first the men stare at the pipes waiting to feel the first shock. It hits Archer.

He does not let go of the pipes.

ARCHER

Damn, that has a bit of a punch to it.

BAKER

You doing ok?

ARCHER

Oh never better.

The next shock hits Harbor. Who almost lets go of the pipe on reflex.

HARBOR

I can see what you mean. Damn.

The next shock hits Archer.

ARCHER

Ouch! Son of a bitch.

The Nazis talk among themselves very interested in how this is playing out.

The next one hits Harbor who lets go.

HARBOR

No, I didn't mean-

STRAUSS

The point is Archer's. The score is now one to nil. Continue.

Archer gets shocked. He grits through it.

TIME LAPSE

A montage of shots as both men keep getting shocked. We can see that the men are having a difficult time just opening their hands to hold the pipe.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

The score is now tied two to two. The winner of the next point wins the competition. Good luck.

Harbor and Archer look terrible.

Both men take a hold of their pipes.

Baker leans over to Mancuso.

BAKER

I don't think either one of them have much left in the gas tank.



MANCUSO  
Shit I thought what I went through  
was bad.

STRAUSS  
Begin.

The first shock hits Harbor. He barely is able to take it.

ARCHER  
(to himself)  
Oh bloody hell.

The next shock hits Archer. He takes it but it hurts.  
Harbor looks at him. The pipe falls out of his hand.

STRAUSS  
Do you submit? Mr. Harbor?

Harbor is exhausted and is only able to nod.

HARBOR  
Please, no more. I can't take no  
more.

The Nazi officers are a buzz with talk.

Strauss looks at his compatriots for a second then nods his  
head.

STRAUSS  
Understood. The winner is Mr. Archer.  
Mr. Harbor is eliminated from the  
competition and will be removed  
immediately. Thank you for playing.

Harbor needs to be assisted out of the chair.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Last competition gentlemen. And I  
must say this one is by far my  
favorite.

Mancuso leans over to Baker.

MANCUSO  
Christ I wonder what this could be.

Baker smiles and shrugs his shoulders.

STRAUSS

So far we have tested elements that make up a man. Strength, skill, endurance and willpower. Now we will test something that is just as important- luck.

A valet comes up and places a revolver pistol on the table.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Gentlemen we have saved the best for last. Our friend from Russia, Nikita Pisareva and our Jew friend from Poland, the prize fighter, Hans Addleman. Gentlemen please have a seat. The game we will be playing is Russian Roulette. There will only be a winner in this competition. The loser will unfortunately no longer be with us in life.

The POWs are shocked.

ADDLEMAN

I won't play.

PISAREVA

Now will I. This is madness.

STRAUSS

Perhaps. But this I can assure you. We will either have one winner that emerges from this competition.

Strauss draws his weapon.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Or we will have two losers. The choice is yours.

ADDLEMAN

I will not be a part of this.

STRAUSS

Yes... yes you will.

Strauss cocks his weapon.

Pisareva knows he is sunk. There's no way out.

He takes a seat.

Addleman watches him and sighs a heavy sad sigh as he nods to his fellow POWs and takes his seat.

ADDLEMAN

God help you for what you are doing.

STRAUSS

God is not here Mr. Addleman. Only the Third Reich is here JEW.

The Nazis are captivated by drama.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

You will each alternate turns. Each one of you will pick up the revolver spin the barrel and then put the gun to their temple and pull the trigger. Simple as that. The first to not get shot- is the winner. Each round the gun will have three bullets in the six round chamber. Your odds of survival each time are exactly fifty percent. Good luck to you both.

PISAREVA

Who goes first?

STRAUSS

Since the game is Russian in origin, I would be honored Mr. Pisareva if you would begin by taking the first turn.

Pisareva looks back at Baker and Mancuso, his roommates, who offer meager signs of encouragement.

Pisareva picks up the gun.

Strauss points his gun at the Russian.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Insurance.

Pisareva spins the barrel and slams it back in. He points the gun at his temple.

ADDLEMAN

Please don't make him do this.

STRAUSS

Quiet.

Pisareva pulls the trigger. *Click*.

He lets out a loud sign and nearly starts crying.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Very good Mr. Pisareva. Now Mr.  
Addleman.

SALMUTH  
Enough.

The other Nazis look at their elder statesman.

KIEL  
Gunther?

Salmuth shakes his head no.

SALMUTH  
This is wrong. And I want no part of  
it.

Salmuth leaves.

Kiel nods to Strauss to continue.

STRAUSS  
I am sorry about that interruption.

Addleman looks hopeful.

ADDLEMAN  
Is it over?

STRAUSS  
We do not yet have a winner.

ADDLEMAN  
But... but he said.

STRAUSS  
Mr. Addleman, pick up your weapon and  
take your turn, or risk being  
disqualified.

Addleman picks up the pistol. He is trembling so bad that he has trouble holding it. He spins the barrel and puts the gun up to his temple. *Click*.

Addleman puts the gun down his eyes watery with tears.

STRAUSS (cont'd)  
Round two. This is exciting.

Pisareva has to dry his hands before he reaches over to pick up the revolver. Sweat is running down his face. He spins the barrel.

Addleman cannot watch and looks away.

Pisareva puts the gun to his temple.

PISAREVA

Hans...

Addleman looks at him.

PISAREVA (cont'd)

Win this.

Pisareva then points the pistol at Strauss and pulls the trigger. *Click*.

PISAREVA (cont'd)

Shit.

Pisareva's chest explodes from gunfire as Strauss and Kiel fire at the Russian sending him sprawling onto the floor.

STRAUSS

Well that was unexpected. The winner is Mr. Addleman. This means that Mr. Baker, Mr. Bowlegs, Mr. Mancuso, Mr. Archer, Mr. Addleman and Mr. Stornoway have reached the finals.

ARCHER

And what exactly does entail?

STRAUSS

The English, so persnickety. Like your Sherlock Holmes, always looking for clues.

ARCHER

I was always more of a fan of Poe than Doyle, but to each his own.

STRAUSS

Understood. By my watch, I have a quarter past four in the afternoon. This gives you a good two hours.

BAKER

Two hours for what?

Kiel steps up and answers.

KIEL

Two hours for a head start.

BAKER

Well that sounds nice, but what exactly are we racing against?

KIEL

Us.

ARCHER

I'm afraid you're going to have to be a bit less cryptic.

KIEL

Tonight is the rise of the December Full moon. Also known as the Cold Moon. When the nights grow longer and the days begin to shrink. Find your way out of my forest by dawn and you will be set free. However, if we find you first, you will lose.

ARCHER

And if we refuse to play?

KIEL

I would advise against that. Refusal to play will constitute a forfeiture. The penalty of which will be your life. But that's not what we want. We want the best you have. We have gone through great expense and traversed a number of tremendous obstacles, of which you will never know, in order to get you here. If we wanted to kill you we could have done it long ago. No, we are hunters. And you are prey.

MANCUSO

What happens if we're caught?

KIEL

Nothing good, Mr. Mancuso. Nothing good. Let that thought resonate in your brain when you feel too tired to keep going. Remember, we won't stop until we find you.

Bowlegs is brought back out by a valet. Bowlegs had been dried off and is looking relatively fresh.

KIEL (cont'd)

Ah, Mr. Bowlegs. Smashing performance today. Tell me, just how did you manage to stay so calm in that frigid water?

BOWLEGS

It was easy. I just stayed focused on something I found pleasant.

KIEL

And what by chance was that?

BOWLEGS

The thought of dismembering you.

Strauss claps his hands together and laughs.

STRAUSS

I love it. The moxie on this one is almost too much to bear.

KIEL

I hope it's me who finds you. Who knows? Maybe dreams do come true.

BOWLEGS

Look forward to it.

Kiel smiles.

KIEL

But nobody has caught anyone yet. Remember, freedom is in your grasp. It won't be easy, but it can be done. So there's really no need to dwell on the morbid. You all have a two hour grace period before we start after you. I suggest you use it. There are no rules. We will do whatever is necessary in order to find you. By this constraint, you must in turn do everything you can to survive. If you manage to make it out, congratulations, you are safe. Do we understand each other?

STRAUSS

Competitors ready? On my word- you are free to go.

The valets open the front door.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Happy hunting.

EXT. SNOW COVERED FOREST-- DAY

The POWs are running down the mountain and through the snow like wild animals. Baker stumbles and falls in the deep snow, but Archer and Bowlegs help him back to his feet.

EXT. BALCONY-- DAY

The S.S. Officers, save for Salmuth, are wearing sunshades and enjoying the afternoon sipping coffee.

STEINHOFF

Damn, I wanted to be the one to  
silence that arrogant Russian prick.

KIEL

I'm sorry Armin. I guess I was still  
distracted by Salmuth's outburst.

STEINHOFF

You were right about him.

Kiel nods sadly. But in an effort to lighten the mood he puts his arm around Haydrich.

KIEL

I'll wager Karl finds the most.

STEINHOFF

You must be joking. I have been  
preparing for this hunt all year.

KIEL

A thousand marks says Karl makes the  
first kill.

STEINHOFF

You are on my friend.

KIEL

(to Haydrich)

Now I'm counting on you. Do not let  
me down.

Haydrich nods reluctantly.

HAYDRICH

Yes Wilhelm, I won't let you down.

Steinhoff throws his cup of coffee against the wall.



STEINHOFF

Why should we be made to wait? I  
thirst for blood now!

STRAUSS

Armin, we've talked about this. We  
must give them the chance to run.  
Otherwise we'll find them within an  
hour and then what will we do for fun  
for the rest of the rest of the  
night.

KIEL

Patience my friend, patience. Let the  
rabbits scatter. We'll find them.

A valet brings Salmuth back to the group.

HAYDRICH

How are you feeling?

KIEL

Gunther! I was worried you had lost  
track of your sensibilities.

SALMUTH

Funny, I was thinking the same thing  
about the rest of you.

KIEL

Come sit and have a drink with us.

Salmuth sighs and sits.

SALMUTH

I'm sorry about that outburst  
Wilhelm. It's just I'm tired.

KIEL

Nonsense you look as fit as ever.

SALMUTH

You always did lie poorly. But it's  
not just my body that's tired. It's  
my mind as well. I just cannot take  
the killing any longer. I hope you  
can understand.

KIEL

Herr Salmuth, you have done more for  
the Fatherland than any of us could  
ever hope to accomplish. You do not  
need to justify yourself to me old  
friend.

The valet brings a tray with four glasses. The color of the liquid in the glasses is amber.

SALMUTH

What have we ran out of schnapps all ready?

KIEL

Ha, hardly general. No, this is something special that I had brought in for just such an occasion.

HAYDRICH

Really? What is it? Brandy?

KIEL

Yes, but a very special brandy that's well over three hundred years old. When you drink it, you may notice a slight metallic aftertaste. Do not be alarmed, that is only traces of blood that have been mixed in with the liquor. I hope you will find it reinvigorating.

SALMUTH

Before we toast, I just want to tell you that I do not believe I will go out with you tonight for the hunt.

STEINHOFF

What? Say that isn't so?

SALMUTH

I'm afraid it is. In fact, I believe I will leave tonight and rejoin my battalion. I appreciate all you have done for my Wilhelm. You have made an old man feel just a bit younger.

KIEL

You are welcome.

SALMUTH

But along with that feeling has come tremendous regret. I do not wish to live forever. Nor do I wish to relive the mistakes of my youth.

KIEL

Well then, my old friend.

Kiel takes his glass.

KIEL (cont'd)  
To not reliving the mistakes of our  
youth.

The men each take a glass and repeat the toast and drink.

Almost immediately, Salmuth knows something is wrong. His complexion turns to a deathly palor.

HAYDRICH  
General is everything alright?

Salmuth appears as if he is struggling to breathe. Steinhoff grabs his wrist and feels for a pulse.

STEINHOFF  
Rapid and weak.

Salmuth is sweating bullets.

SALMUTH  
What... have... you done... to me?

KIEL  
Gunther? Are you sure you haven't  
changed your mind?

Salmuth falls to the floor. Steinhoff checks again for a pulse.

STEINHOFF  
He's gone. I would say it worked.

HAYDRICH  
My god! What has happened?

KIEL  
What has happened Karl is that I  
accepted the only decent option I had  
left available to me. I saved my  
oldest friend from being seen as the  
embarrassment he has allowed himself  
to become. Instead of going out onto  
the battlefield where he was destined  
to lose, because he no longer had the  
will to fight, he will now forever be  
remembered as a hero. A superman who  
fought his enemies without fear or  
remorse. Not the fat buffoon who  
showed up on my doorstep last night  
whimpering about no longer having the  
drive to kill.

STEINHOFF

You did the most humane thing you could.

HAYDRICH

What did you do?

Steinhoff pulls out a vial from his pocket and hands it to Haydrich who opens it and smells it.

He doesn't like the smell.

HAYDRICH (cont'd)

My god what is that?

KIEL

Silver nitrate. Just a little in his drink and let nature take it's own course.

HAYDRICH

The metallic taste.

KIEL

A ruse I admit. But I couldn't risk having him spit it out the moment it touched his lips because he disagreed with the taste.

EXT. FOREST-- DAY

Baker, Archer, Addleman and Mancuso are all running together.

BAKER

You see where the other two went?

ARCHER

I think the Indian is somewhere behind us. That soccer player jackrabbit took off like a bullet.

MANCUSO

Yeah, he didn't seem like he gave two shits about us. He was only out for himself.

ARCHER

We're going to need a plan boys if we hope to get out of this.

BAKER

What did you have in mind?

ARCHER

Call me crazy, but something unexpected!

BAKER

Are you kidding me? I made my living in professional wrestling. Crazy is my middle name.

ARCHER

Mine's Francis. But don't you ever bloody well repeat that.

EXT. FOREST-- DAY

Stornoway is making a bee line through the forest sprinting like his life depended on it. He is jumping and ducking under culverts and low hanging branches with little difficulty.

He looks up at the sky and sees the sun starting to set.

He looks around to see if anyone is close to him. When he sees he's all alone, he smiles.

STORNOWAY

Tossers.

Suddenly he hears heavy footsteps. He stops running and ducks down to hide.

He looks all around but doesn't see anything. He waits and doesn't hear the footsteps any longer.

STORNOWAY (cont'd)

(to himself)

Christ it's nowhere close to being dark yet. Although why would you expect Nazis to keep their word about anything. Fucking lose-

Suddenly a giant brown bear rears up on Stornoway.

STORNOWAY (cont'd)

Fucking hell!

Stornoway tries to outrun the bear. He's moving as fast as he can. The bear right behind him.

Stornoway looks behind him to see how far the bear is when he runs smack into a low hanging branch that knocks the wind out of him.

Laying flat on his back gasping for air, the grizzly comes up on Stornoway and roars.

CUT TO:

EXT. WIDE ANGLE OF FOREST-- DAY

Baker, Archer, Mancuso and Addleman are walking when they hear Stornoway's blood curdling scream, followed by another loud roar.

MANCUSO

What the fuck was that man?

ADDLEMAN

It sounded like a bear.

BAKER

A bear? Aren't they supposed to be asleep right now? It's winter.

ADDLEMAN

We probably woke up whatever was out here.

ARCHER

And I would expect whatever is up here to be looking for something to eat. So let's just be that much more careful.

MANCUSO

That was a dick move for that guy to run off without us.

ADDLEMAN

He was scared. Same as us. A person doesn't know how they're going to react under that kind of pressure.

MANCUSO

Fuck that guy.

ARCHER

I hope you boys realize that the sun is going down faster than we are walking. I say if we hope to be where we need to be, let's cut out the chatter and pick it up double time.

The men start running again.

EXT. SKY- SUN SETTING

A large blood red full moon is hanging low in the sky. The tip of the setting sun can be seen for a second before it dips under the western horizon.

EXT. MONDLICHT CASTLE: COURTYARD-- DUSK

The four S.S. Soldiers walk out into the courtyard. Curiously, only Strauss is still dressed in his military uniform. The others are each wearing loose fitting black robes.

STEINHOFF

I'm telling you we should have at least given a gun. At least try to make it a bit more sporting.

KIEL

No, I've tried that, it doesn't work.

STEINHOFF

Why? Are you afraid of a little gunshot wound Wilhelm?

HAYDRICH

I believe it is quite the contrary Herr Steinhoff.

STEINHOFF

Oh really.

HAYDRICH

Yes. I believe the whole point of this is to hunt and to chase. An animal that thinks it can mount an offensive is more likely to stand their ground.

KIEL

You see, this is why he is my protege. He understands the game we are playing is chess, not checkers. A gun equals hope. And hope is what you endow them with if you want the hunt to last just fifteen minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE MONDLICHT CASTLE-- DUSK

Baker and his crew arrive to find Bowlegs sitting quietly watching the S.S. Officers.

BAXTER

(to Archer)

Looks like we weren't the only ones to think outside the box.

Bowlegs looks at them.

BOWLEGS

You want to keep that shit down boy. I'm trying to work here.

Archer comes up next to Bowlegs and looks at the S.S. Officers who are about one hundred yards away.

ARCHER

What are you thinking old boy?

BOWLEGS

They look like they are about to start the hunt.

BAKER

What the hell wearing.

BOWLEGS

How the fuck should I know? What do I look like a fucking fashion consultant?

Mancuso looks at Baker.

MANCUSO

He's a people person I can tell.



ARCHER

If you have a plan, I'd love to hear it.

BOWLEGS

Wait for them to leave, go in there, get some weapons, find the others and kill everyone I see that looks like a Nazi.

ARCHER

That's your plan?

BOWLEGS

That's my plan.

ARCHER

I love it.

Baker, Mancuso and Addleman look worried.

BOWLEGS

It shouldn't be long now. The sun's already set. They're going to have to move hard and fast if they want to catch us. That should give us a couple of hours at least.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONDLICHT CASTLE: COURTYARD-- DUSK

KIEL

Are you ready Karl?

Karl still looks apprehensive.

HAYDRICH

If this is what you want, Wilhelm.

KIEL

It's what I want.

STEINHOFF

Come let's get on with it.

HAYDRICH

Very well then.

EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE MONDLICHT CASTLE-- DUSK

The POWs are watching the S.S. Officers in the courtyard.

ARCHER

What in the hell do you suppose  
they're talking about.

BAKER

Maybe their upset with Reinhardt for  
ruining their costume party.

Archer rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONDLICHT CASTLE COURTYARD-- NIGHT

Haydrich kicks a bit of snow out of the way as the others  
watch with high anticipation. Haydrich then straightens his  
posture and drops his robe revealing he's wearing nothing on  
underneath.

The other S.S. Officers smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE MONDLICHT CASTLE-- NIGHT

The POW's are watching this and are quite confused by what  
they are seeing.

BAKER

Whoa.

MANCUSO

He's crazy. It's close to freezing  
out here.

ARCHER

Maybe they'll die of pneumonia and  
all our problems will be solved.

ADDLEMAN

I don't like this.

Only Bowlegs doesn't make a comment. He's studying them  
intently. It's clear he sees something he just doesn't like.

EXT. MONDLICHT CASTLE COURTYARD-- NIGHT

Haydrich is standing in the snow covered courtyard in the  
nude, but he is not shivering. Instead his eyes are closed  
and his head moves slightly as if he's to a symphony only he  
can hear.

Then suddenly he opens his eyes: they are no longer human.  
They glow with an eerie unworldliness.

Strauss smiles as he looks at Kiel and Steinhoff who nod in  
approval.

Haydrich lets out a guttural scream as he begins to slowly  
stretch out into a seven-foot tall WEREWOLF.

He looks up at the Blood Moon hanging in the sky and lets  
out a loud howling.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE MONDLICHT CASTLE-- NIGHT

MANCUSO

Jesus Christ, did you see that?

ARCHER

I saw it mate, but still can't  
believe it.

BOWLEGS

Quiet all of you. Do not say a thing.

The three other POWs immediately stop talking.

EXT. MONDLICHT CASTLE COURTYARD-- NIGHT

Haydrich, who is now a full-grown werewolf, walks over to Kiel and hovers over him menacingly. Kiel makes no effort to run. On the contrary, he looks up at the giant beast and smiles.

KIEL

Karl, you've never looked better.

Kiel and Steinhoff then drop their robes as well and within seconds, both begin to go through the same agonizing transformation into werewolves.

Strauss watches and smiles.

STRAUSS

For the Fatherland.

EXT. FOREST-- NIGHT

The blood moon can still be seen as the three werewolves tear out of the castle like a pack of wild animals.

STRAUSS (O.S.)

Happy hunting.

EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE MONDLICHT CASTLE-- NIGHT

Four of the five POWs appear completely shell shocked by what it is they have just witnessed. Only Bowlegs seems to remain calm.

BAKER

What the fuck do you think those things were?

ARCHER

I've seen a lot, but I haven't the foggiest idea what it I have just seen.

BOWLEGS

They're skinwalkers.

MANCUSO

What?

BOWLEGS

Skinwalkers, you know werewolves.  
Creatures able to transform their  
appearance at will.

BAKER

So you've seen this before.

Bowlegs nods.

BOWLEGS

Once, as a child. I watched as a  
medicine woman from my tribe turned  
into a coyote and devoured her  
children.

MANCUSO

You saw this?

Bowlegs nods.

MANCUSO (cont'd)

So how come she didn't eat you?

BOWLEGS

She couldn't. I killed her before she  
had the chance.

BAKER

So you know how to kill them.

BOWLEGS

I do.

BAKER

Care to tell us?

BOWLEGS

Conventional ways of fighting them is  
pretty much useless. They'll take  
what you can give and then smile as  
they bite your face off.

ARCHER

Right. So the good news then?

BOWLEGS

Fire seems to work. But that's more  
hard than you might think. They're  
not just going to stand still while  
you set them ablaze. Also, silver  
seems to work. Bullets, knives,  
spears.

MANCUSO

Does anyone have any silver on them?

Everyone shakes their head.

MANCUSO (cont'd)

OK then. Next.

BOWLEGS

Drowning them and decapitation are about the only other ways I've heard of taking them out.

BAKER

Well aren't you Mr. Sunshine?

BOWLEGS

You were the ones who wanted to know.

BAKER

What about the old man?

ARCHER

Who?

BAKER

The short fat one who left at Russian Roulette? He wasn't out there with them.

ARCHER

Don't know. Difference of opinion perhaps?

BOWLEGS

Don't forget some of our men are still in there.

MANCUSO

That's right the losers.

BOWLEGS

Don't call them that.

MANCUSO

What?

BOWLEGS

Losers. This whole thing has been manipulated from the very start. They've been studying us from the start. Looking for our strengths and weaknesses.

(MORE)

BOWLEGS (cont'd)

They wanted the strongest of us to be sent out for them to hunt. Like a reward.

ARCHER

This whole thing sounds like stinks to high heaven.

BOWLEGS

When we go in, we need to split up. Find Strauss, he's the key. I don't think he's one of them.

MANCUSO

Yeah, he's like the one who cleans the kennel after their done tearing something apart and shitting all over the place.

BOWLEGS

Something like that. He'll be the one who can help us.

BAKER

Help us? He killed Nikita.

BOWLEGS

I didn't say he'd help us willingly.

BAKER

Do you think they're all werewolves?

BOWLEGS

No.

BAKER

No- why are you so confident?

BOWLEGS

Because if they were, they would be out there hunting.

Bowlegs points up.

BOWLEGS (cont'd)

Do you see that? It's called a blood moon. Those things are strong under a full moon. But under a blood moon? Shit I don't even know.

BAKER

So those other Nazis?

BOWLEGS

Bullet, knife, anything conventional will do. Same goes with the help. We see anyone with gun, we kill them. We want Reinhardt. He'll know where the weapons are that can kill these things.

ARCHER

Sound like fun.

BOWLEGS

OK, are we set? Then let's move out.

EXT. COURTYARD-- NIGHT

The POWs are running into the courtyard trying their best to stay quiet. Bowlegs is leading the way.

They look at the robes laying on the ground. Bowlegs stops to pick one up and smell it.

Mancuso goes out of his way to kick one in a melted puddle of ice water.

INT. CASTLE: PARLOR-- NIGHT

The POWs poke their head in and see the half smoked cigars, the empty glasses of wine, brandy and schnapps. They look at each other acknowledging the mess but do not say anything.

INT. CASTLE: KIEL'S OFFICE-- NIGHT

The POW's find Kiel's office and start to investigate.

Addleman closes the door behind them.

ARCHER

Bloody hell it looks like the big man's office.



BAKER (O.C.)  
Hey fellas come over here and take a  
look at these.

Bowlegs and Addleman walk over to see what Baker has.  
Mancuso keeps point.

Baker is holding several official looking documents.

Archer looks at them.

BAKER  
Are these what I think they are?

ARCHER  
Jesus.

MANCUSO  
What is it?

BAKER  
Our death certificates. Already  
filled out. Ha, Mancuso you died  
three days ago. And Bowlegs just died  
today.

BOWLEGS  
Cut it out, this isn't funny. We've  
been set up. Apparently from the very  
beginning. Nobody is going home. And  
nobody's going back to the camp.  
We're all meant to die here.

BAKER  
Son of a bitch. It says I died the  
same day that cagey bastard came and  
found me at that prison. My birthday.

ADDLEMAN (O.C.)  
Hey I found something.

Addleman finds a large caliber pistol under Kiel's desk. He  
immediately hands it to Bowlegs who opens the barrel and  
sees that it's fully loaded.

Baker hears something rolling around. He reaches in and  
finds a single GRENADE. He shows it to Archer.

ARCHER  
Careful with that pineapple, mate.  
That's one luau you don't want to go  
to.

Suddenly the door opens. It's Strauss who is startled by the unexpected site of seeing POWs in the office. He lets out a little yelp.

STAUSS

AH!

Baker hides the grenade in his pocket.

Immediately Mancuso runs up to Strauss and punches him hard in the face sending him sprawling to the floor. The POWs surround him looking down at him.

POV: Strauss looking up. He sees Bowlegs point the revolver at his head.

BOWLEGS

Wanna play a game?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE (TIME ELAPSE)

Strauss is sitting on a sofa with his hands up. Bowlegs has his revolver aimed at him.

STRAUSS

This is most unexpected. I never thought you be so stupid as to waste your one chance at freedom by launching this meager offensive. I would have assumed you to be near the edge of the forest by now. You can still make it if you-

BOWLEGS

Save it Kraut. We saw the certificates. You never offered us a square opportunity to compete. You only offered us an opportunity to perform in your sick little games. I doubt anyone even knows were out here. Who would know? Who would be left to say what happened to us? Missing in action.

STRAUSS

So, as you Americans would say, the jig is up?

BAKER

It is indeed Reinhardt. And here I was almost starting to like you. Piece of shit.

STRAUSS

Oh, Mr. Adonis. You hurt me with your tired overused expletives. Yes, I admit, I was forced to deceive you a bit in order to secure your services. But it was all for a greater good, surly you can see this now.

BAKER

See what? A bunch of monsters who have nothing better to do than kill innocent people?

STRAUSS

And is that the role you are playing, Mr. Adonis? The innocent. Because if it is, you have been poorly cast. No, I didn't pick you for your innocence. I picked you because I wanted strength. I wanted pridefulness. I wanted vitality. And you were perfectly cast for all of those character traits. And as for us being monsters? I am afraid you are mistaken once again. Those men are gods. But even gods can get fat and lazy if they are not challenged.

ARCHER

And that's what we are?

STRAUSS

How do you say- if the shoe fits?

BOWLEGS

I'm tired of talking. You got one chance at still being able to breathe in an hour. Where's the silver in this shit hole?

MANCUSO

And the guns? I want a gun too.

STRAUSS

Silver? I'm afraid you will find no silver in this dwelling. The General absolutely abhors anything made of it.

Bowlegs nods.

BOWLEGS

Well then my friend, you just became extremely unnecessary.

Bowlegs cocks his revolver.

STRAUSS

Wait! You will still need me to find your friends. I know where they are. And besides, are you not afraid the sound of gunfire might alert our friends out there looking for you?

BOWLEGS

I kind of figure we're dead anyway. So at least I'll die knowing I got the opportunity to see you go first. Fuck you.

STRAUSS

Wait... Mr. Bowlegs. Please let's be reasonable. Not only can I help you find your friends, but I can also get you guns. If you have any hope of living to see the dawn, you will need guns. And I am the only one who can get them for you. They are locked away. And only I know how to gain access to them.

Bowlegs smiles.

BOWLEGS

So look who just became important again? Get up and take us there, now!

INT. HALLWAY-- NIGHT

Addleman is looking out the windows as they walk.

STRAUSS

I would recommend staying away from the windows. The snipers in this part of Germany are known for their accuracy.

As they are walking Strauss, Addleman passes by a window and pauses.

ADDLEMAN

Oh my god, no.

The others stop.

BAKER

Hans what is it?

ADDLEMAN

Outside near the lake. Look.

Baker is curious enough to see what Addleman is looking at. Down near the frozen lake where Baker and Washington had dug the two holes, are the bodies of Harbor, Washington, Johnson, Carter, Pisareva and Dumas.

BOWLEGS

What is it?

BAKER

They're all dead. Harbor, Washington, Nikita. All of them. They put them in the holes we dug.

MANCUSO

Son of a bitch! How long have you bastards been planning this?

EXT. FOREST-- NIGHT

Haydrich finds Stornoway. He's buried under a pile of leaves and debris. He's breathing fast and shallow, and looks to have lost a lot of blood.

Haydrich picks his limp body up. Stornoway opens his eyes to see the werewolf holding him. Haydrich's claw disembowels the man, his abdominal organs steaming as they hit the cold snow on the ground.

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY-- NIGHT

Bowlegs has his gun pressed to the back of Strauss' head as they walk down a long hallway.

Andre opens a door and sees them.

STRAUSS  
Run get help!

But Bowlegs shoots Andre before he even had a chance to scream.

He hits Strauss in the back of the head with his pistol.

BOWLEGS  
One more outburst like that and I don't give a shit how valuable a commodity you are, I'll shoot you dead. Do you understand?

Strauss looks at his dead friend laying on the ground with blood running out of his head and then turns to Bowlegs and nods quietly.

INT. CASTLE LOCKED ROOM-- NIGHT

Strauss stops at the door.

STRAUSS  
This is it.

BOWLEGS  
OK well then open it.

STRAUSS  
And then what would I be worth?

BOWLEGS  
I promise I won't kill you if you open the door.

STRAUSS  
On your word of honor.

BOWLEGS  
My word.

Strauss looks Bowlegs in the eyes for a moment.

STRAUSS  
OK Mr. Bowlegs, I trust you to be a man of your word.

Strauss opens the door. Inside the room is nearly empty. Only two DRAGON BLUNDERBUSS PISTOLS are inside. There's also a number of swords, shields and daggers on the wall. Clearly this is an ornamental room and not an armory.

BOWLEGS

Where the fuck are the guns you promised us, Reinhardt?

STRAUSS

You have two right there. Take them, what do I care.

There is a locked metal box on the desk. Baker grabs it and tries to open it.

BAKER

It's locked.

BOWLEGS

Where's the key?

STRAUSS

I swear I don't have it.

BOWLEGS

Search him.

Addleman comes and frisks Strauss. He finds the vial of Silver Nitrate.

Addleman hands it to Bowlegs who opens it and smells it.

BOWLEGS (cont'd)

What is this?

STRAUSS

Clover oil for a toothache I've been having.

Bowlegs puts some on his pinky and puts it in his mouth.

BOWLEGS

Bullshit, that's silver.

Addleman finds a key. He tosses it to Baker. It doesn't fit.

MANCUSO

See if it opens a drawer on the desk.

It does!

Inside is another revolver pistol.

BAKER  
Hey Mancuso. Merry Christmas!

Baker hands him the pistol.

MANCUSO  
Thanks brother.

There is also another key inside the desk. It opens the metal lock box.

Inside is a SILVER DAGGER.

BAKER  
Whoa. Is that?

Addleman nods.

ADDLEMAN  
My father was a jeweler. I know silver. And that's silver.

BOWLEGS  
Makes sense. Why else have the damn thing locked up. Mancuso take over for me.

Mancuso comes and puts his new pistol to Strauss' head.

MANCUSO  
Hey Reinhardt, remember me?

Bowlegs opens the barrel on his revolver and dumps his bullets on the desk top.

He then opens the vial of liquid silver nitrate.

ADDLEMAN  
What is it you are doing?

BOWLEGS  
Improvising.

Bowlegs takes one of his bullets and dips the tip into the silver nitrate.

MANCUSO  
Holy shit! Homemade silver bullets.

Strauss lurches from Mancuso who was caught off guard. He knocks the vial of silver nitrate to the floor where it shatters.



STRAUSS  
No Mr. Bowlegs. Fuck you.

BOWLEGS  
Mancuso.

MANCUSO  
Way ahead of you.

Mancuso shoots Strauss in the head.

Bowlegs tries to salvage the silver, but it's gone before he can get much up.

BAKER  
How many bullets did you manage to coat?

BOWLEGS  
One, maybe two. Not enough.

ADDLEMAN  
We still have our pistols. And the dagger.

Bowlegs takes the dagger and reloads his pistol with the silver bullet in it.

He gives Addleman one of the blunderbuss pistols and Baker the other.

MANCUSO  
How much longer do you think we've got?

BOWLEGS  
Not long. In a frenzy they'll tear up the forest looking for us. But it won't take them long. They'll split up to cover more ground. I'd say, we've maybe got an hour or so.

BAKER  
That should be plenty of time to dig in and prepare for them.

BOWLEGS  
I hope so.

EXT. FOREST-- NIGHT

The three werewolves converge together over Stornoway's mutilated body. And in a second they are off running together through the forest.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE THE CASTLE-- NIGHT

The three werewolves are tearing through the snow towards the castle.

INT. PARLOR-- NIGHT

Mancuso is looking out the window.

MANCUSO

Um guys? I think they're back.

BOWLEGS

(surprised)

Already?

MANCUSO

Yah. Oh shit they're changing.

BOWLEGS

Good. Wait... they're changing into people right?

MANCUSO

What else would they freaking turn- you know what, never mind. And yes it looks like they're turning back into people. Well at least two of them are. Kiel and Steinhoff. The other one looks like he's not changing back.

BOWLEGS

Well, two out of three ain't bad.

MANCUSO

Oh shit they're coming in.

BOWLEGS

Ok, everyone get into place. Nobody make a move until I say so.

The POWs crouch down.

Steinhoff and Kiel come in and close the door behind them. Both are wearing their robes.

KIEL

Let him run. It's his first time  
Armin. He's just had his first kill,  
let him enjoy it.

Steinhoff shaking off his damp robe.

STEINHOFF

I just don't understand how only mine  
could happen to get so fucking wet.

Mancuso smiles from his hiding spot.

KIEL

Is that really what is at the top of  
your priorities. You realize we've  
only managed to find one. And he had  
been hobbled by god knows what. And  
you're concerned about your stupid  
housecoat.

STEINHOFF

I know it was that imbecile who moved  
it! Strauss! Where are you? Get down  
here you little shit!

KIEL

Yes, that is most bizarre. Do you  
suppo- wait, do you smell that?

Bowlegs comes up from his hiding spot. The other POWs follow his lead. Each of them have guns pointed at the two S.S. Officers.

BOWLEGS

Both of you put your hands up.

KIEL

I thought I had smelled something.  
But I thought it was a rabbit.

ARCHER

It was mate, Bugs fucking Bunny. Now  
get your hands up.

Strauss puts his hands up.

STRAUSS

Better do as he says.

Steinhoff raises his hands.

BOWLEGS

Do exactly as I say and we won't kill you.

MANCUSO

We may fuck you up a bit.

Bowlegs looks at Mancuso dissapointed.

MANCUSO (cont'd)

But we won't kill ya.

BOWLEGS

I want you to tell me where you keep the chains and shackles. Places like these always have chains and shackles. No offense, but we caught your little quick change act.

BAKER

Yeah, and that was revolting.

ARCHER

It really was.

BOWLEGS

So if you don't mind, we'd like to have you properly restrained before we decide what it is we want to do with you.

Strauss studies Bowlegs' face. He then looks at Steinhoff.

KIEL

Armin, will be so kind?

Steinhoff smiles.

STEINHOFF

With pleasure.

Steinhoff's eys have changed back into their werewolf state. He rushes Archer who is caught off guard.

Steinhoff leaps on Archer but is shot in the back of the head by Bowlegs, using his one silver bullet.

Strauss looks at Armin's body on the ground and smiles.

KIEL

Oh boy, have you done it now.

The POWs look at each other and then back at Steinhoff's prone body laying on the ground.

KIEL (cont'd)  
(to Steinhoff)  
Enough with the dramatics Armin. Get up and kill them. Armin?

ARCHER  
He ain't getting up mate.

KIEL  
(to Bowlegs)  
What did you do?

Bowlegs pets his pistol.

BOWLEGS  
Silver bullets.

Strauss looks at Armin and his stomach sinks. He really isn't getting up.

KIEL  
How?

BOWLEGS  
The silver nitrate I took off our recruitment agent.

KIEL  
Reinhardt?

BAKER  
Yeah, but don't get mad at him.

MANCUSO  
We already took care of that.

KIEL  
Is he?

BOWLEGS  
He's as dead as this fuck.

Kiel looks down despondant.

ARCHER  
Now be a good dog and tell me where your leash is?

KIEL  
Of course. It's right this way.

Kiel spins around and opens the door, his eyes already turning into their glowing werewolf state.

KIEL (cont'd)

KARL!

Bowlegs fires his weapon at him. It strikes Kiel in the back sending him to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS OUTSIDE CASTLE-- NIGHT

The large werewolf, Haydrich hears Kiel's call and turns around to sprint back towards the castle.

BOWLEGS

Oh shit.

A howling can be heard as Haydrich comes through the courtyard.

Bowlegs aims his gun at Haydrich and fires. It dosen't have silver on it. The gunshot barely slows him down.

BOWLEGS (cont'd)

That ain't gonna work.

Mancuso comes up from behind Bowlegs with his pistol drawn. He fires his pistol at Haydrich.

Haydrich pounces over Bowlegs and onto Mancuso. He quickly rips the soldier's throat out.

Haydrich then turns and is about to pounce on Bowlegs when Addleman shoots him with the blunderbuss.

The force of the blast manages to knock Haydrich down.

Addleman aims his weapon again but Haydrich is after him. Terrified, Addleman runs. Limping and unable to run at top speed, Haydrich follows after.

Addleman runs past the holes with the unburied bodies and out onto the frozen lake.

He runs out about 30 yards.

Haydrich stops at the edge of the frozen lake, seemingly unwilling to follow Addleman out onto the ice.

Addleman looks at Haydrich and laughs.

ADDLEMAN  
YOU FUCKING COWARD!

Haydrich follows him out onto the ice.

Addleman is holding the blunderbuss pistol out in front of him. He watches the angry werewolf stalk out onto the ice coming for him.

Suddenly this doesn't sound like such a good idea.

ADDLEMAN (cont'd)  
Oh boy.

Haydrich roars as he continues forward.

Addleman looks up to the sky.

ADDLEMAN (cont'd)  
Please forgive me.

He waits until Haydrich is just in front of him when he unexpectedly lowers his pistol and fires into the ice.

Both Haydrich and Addleman fall through the broken ice.

Bowlegs runs up to try and help. He stops at the edge of the broken ice.

BOWLEGS  
HANS!

Suddenly Addleman's hand emerges through the water and grasps the edge of some broken ice. His head comes up!

Bowlegs exhales and smiles.

But as Addleman struggles to pull himself out of the ice, Haydrich's ice covered claw breaks through the surface and drags the screaming Addleman back into the water.

BOWLEGS (cont'd)  
NO!

A howling can be heard.

BOWLEGS (cont'd)  
Kiel.

Baker and Archer run out to Bowlegs.

BAKER  
What do you want to do?

ARCHER  
This isn't over.

Bowlegs looks once more back out at the lake.

BOWLEGS  
No it's not. It's our turn. Let's  
hunt this fucker down.

BAKER  
Now you're talking.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE ENTRANCEWAY-- DAWN

Bowlegs, Archer and Baker walk in.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE SERVANT'S BEDROOM-- DAWN

Bowlegs opens the door and fires at the servants sleeping in  
their beds.

CUT TO:

INT. KIEL'S BEDROOM-- DAWN

Bowlegs pulling out a heavy wool hunting jacket. He then  
pulls out a shotgun and hands it to Archer. He then pulls  
out another shotgun.

CUT TO:



EXT. COURTYARD-- MORNING

The three men are now armed and dressed appropriately for the terrain and weather.

EXT. FOREST-- MORNING

BAKER  
Tell me you know how to track this thing.

BOWLEGS  
Why because I'm an Indian?

BAKER  
(embarrassed)  
Well, I uh...

BOWLEGS  
I'm just fucking with you.

BAKER  
(relieved)  
OK, thanks. But you do know how to track this thing right.

ARCHER  
Fucking Americans.

BOWLEGS  
This way.

BAKER  
(to himself)  
I knew it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEEPER INTO FOREST-- MORNING

Bowlegs seems to be following a trail only he is able to see.

They keep moving until Bowlegs suddenly holds up his hand.

BOWLEGS

Don't move.

Archer and Baker freeze in their spot.

Bowlegs listens to the sounds of nature. He takes a whiff of the air around him.

ARCHER

Is there something wrong.

BOWLEGS

I don't know yet.

BAKER

Do you smell something?

BOWLEGS

Yeah. Fear.

BAKER

I think you be a bad guy if you were in wrestling.

BOWLEGS

Shut the fuck up.

BAKER

You'd be a natural. Definite anti social behavior.

ARCHER

Oh my god, we're all going to die.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST-- DAY

Bowlegs finds Stornoway's body. Archer and Baker look repulsed by it.

Bowlegs kneels down and examines it closely.

BOWLEGS

So that's where he went.

Bowlegs stands and they keep moving.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST-- DAY

ARCHER

I'm sorry fellas, but I have to take a quick break.

BAKER

That's OK, I've got to piss anyway.

ARCHER

I can't keep up with you young blokes.

BOWLEGS

I'm older than you. Five minutes, then we keep moving. We're on his trail. We're getting close.

ARCHER

Bowlegs can I ask you a question without you shooting me in the face.

BOWLEGS

No promises.

ARCHER

The skinwalker you saw turn into a coyote.

BOWLEGS

Yes.

ARCHER

Did you know her?

BOWLEGS

I did.

ARCHER

Who was she? If you don't mind me asking.

BOWLEGS

Since we're all probably going to die out here anyway... she was my wife.

Baker comes back from taking a piss and hears the last part.

BAKER

Oh my god.

BOWLEGS

My boy was six. My girl was eight. She didn't want to do it. She couldn't help herself. But I was too late to stop her.

BAKER

I am so sorry.

ARCHER

I don't know how you get over something like that.

BOWLEGS

You don't. You never forget. A part of soul died on that day. You just relearn how to live. Keep their memory alive. Are you married Colin?

ARCHER

No. I haven't even been engaged. In fact the longest relationship I've ever had was with the Royal Army. The women I mingle with just never seem to last. How about you, Baker? You married?

BOWLEGS

I was. But the life of a professional wrestler is not conducive to a stable family life if you get my meaning. I was on the road twenty-seven, sometimes twenty-eight days out of the month. My home life became hotels and long distance phone calls. It wasn't fair to her. She deserved better.

BOWLEGS (cont'd)

You ever wrestle in Albuquerque?

BAKER

Hell yes. Civic Auditorium every Sunday night. It was part of our territory.

BOWLEGS

I thought I recognized you.

BAKER

(suprised)

You came to see me? You!

BOWLEGS

Don't get excited kid, I was probably drunk or bored or both. Not much to do in New Mexico besides stupid shit like that.

BAKER

What did you used to do?

BOWLEGS

I was a firefighter. Hot shot. Mostly wildfires. So hiking like this is a walk in the park. Speaking of that. Breaks over. Let's move.

But before Archer moves he hears something that spooks him.

ARCHER

Do you hear that?

That's when the same giant brown bear lurches up behind Archer who is sent sprawling to the ground.

Baker turns and fires his shotgun at the bear striking it in the chest killing it instantly.

BAKER

Did we get it! Did we kill him?

Bowlegs walks over to the bear's carcass.

BOWLEGS

You killed a bear.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Ah fellas?

Baker and Bowlegs look back and see Archer has fallen back onto a broken tree branch that has pierced through chest.

Baker races for it but Bowlegs stops him.

BOWLEGS

Don't! You move him and he'll bleed out.

BAKER

We can't just leave him here.

Bowlegs thinks.

BOWLEGS

If we break the branch, do you think you can get him back to the castle on your own?

BAKER

My own?

BOWLEGS

I've got to find this thing and end it.

ARCHER

Hang on fellas, let me just enjoy the peace.

BAKER

Is there anything I can do for you?

Archer looks Baker in the eye.

ARCHER

I could sure go for a bite of that pineapple right about now.

Baker looks at him and smiles sadly. He reaches into his pocket and hands him the grenade.

CUT TO:

KIEL'S POV: CIRCLING THE POW'S

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST-- DAY

Suddenly the werewolf Kiel is on them. He viciously throws the bear's carcass aside. Baker points the shotgun at him but Kiel disappears into the forest.

ARCHER

Where are you, you dirty bastard?

CUT TO:

KIEL'S POV: BAKER STANDING HOLDING THE SHOTGUN.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST-- DAY

Kiel jumps out at Baker and slashes him across the face. Archer manages to shoot him with his gun.

Kiel snarls at Archer and disappears back into the dense woods.

Kiel sneaks up on Archer and peers down at him.

Archer strains to look up. Blood coming out of his mouth.

ARCHER

What did you lose your balls when you  
turn into that thing?

Kiel comes at Archer who we see drop the pin from the grenade.

Kiel roars at Archer!

ARCHER (cont'd)

Fuck you.

The grenade goes off sending Bowlegs and Baker up into the air where they land in the snow, dazed but uninjured.

BAKER

Holy crap, he did it!

Bowlegs looks around wildly to see if Kiel is still alive.

BOWLEGS

Where's the body?

BAKER

I dunno, it was a grenade! He's  
probably in a million pieces.

Bowlegs is obviously not so confident. He pulls out his silver dagger just in time to see a horribly burned Kiel comes at them.

Baker fires wildly missing his target.

Kiel swipes at Baker sending him reeling. He then turns and roars at Bowlegs who stands there unafraid.

BOWLEGS

Yeah fuck you too.

He charges the werewolf and stabs him in stomach. Kiel screams in pain and runs off.

Bowlegs immediately runs to Baker.

BOWLEGS (cont'd)  
Kid, you OK?

BAKER  
Did you get him?

BOWLEGS  
I wounded him. He'll be easier to follow now. He's bleeding pretty good. Let's finish it.

Both men pick up the shotguns and follow the trail of blood left in the snow by Kiel.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST-- DAY

Kiel is transforming back into a human. He is burned in several spots and bleeding profusely.

Bowlegs and Baker run up on him.

KIEL  
I surrender, gentlemen. Please, no more. I am your prisoner.

BOWLEGS  
Don't you fucking move.

KIEL  
I won't I promise. I'm hurt, badly. I need medical attention. The border into Switzerland is only a dozen or so kilometers away. Take me into custody. I promise you, I will not put up any further resistance.

BOWLEGS  
No.

KIEL  
No?



BOWLEGS

No. Because you know what? I think I have an even better idea.

KIEL

What? Are you going to kill me like the Indian savage they portray you to be in your American cowboy films? Am I the unfortunate who is about to be scalped by the untamed heathen?

BOWLEGS

Wow, now that is a good idea. It may even be better than the one I had in mind. I dunno...

Kiel swallows a lump in his throat.

BOWLEGS (cont'd)

No, if I do that, I don't think you'd be much up for what I did have in mind.

KIEL

Which is?

BOWLEGS

A contest. I'm interested to see just how strong you skinwalkers really are? I'll give you until sundown to carry every dead soldier you have buried in that hole, all the way to the Swiss border.

Kiel looks at him with disbelief.

BOWLEGS (cont'd)

Now I know what you're thinking. It's impossible. And up until just a few minutes ago, I might have been inclined to believe you. But I have faith in you, Kiel. You can do it. Hell, it's only a few hundred kilometers each way. (slaps him on the back) You do that, and I'll get you a nice bone to chew on.

KIEL

Excuse me?

BOWLEGS

I'll let you live.

Kiel looks at his wound which is still bleeding profusely.

KIEL

I'm injured.

BOWLEGS

Exactly. That's what's going to make this a challenge. You're in a competition not just with time, but with just yourself. How long can your body hold out, before you drop from bleeding out? Even I'm not so certain. But we're going to give it a try.

Bowlegs pulls out his Silver Dagger and shows it to Kiel.

BOWLEGS (cont'd)

But I swear to you old man, if there is so much as one soldier from our side left in this shit hole come sundown, I'll stab you through the fucking eye with your own silver. Comprendo?

Kiel defiantly nods.

KIEL

(growling voice)

Deal.

Kiel opens his eyes and they are lupine. He leaps at Bowlegs who was anticipating it and side steps the injured werewolf. Bowlegs catches him with the dagger in the chest.

BOWLEGS

Yeah that's kind of what I thought.

Bowlegs removes the dagger and Kiel has a fountain of blood rush out.

Bowlegs forces the injured Kiel to his knees and uses his fingers to force Kiel's eye open. He slowly runs the dagger into his the Nazi's eye and into his brain.

BOWLEGS (cont'd)

That's for Archer and the rest of them.

Bowlegs allows Kiel to fall dead into the snow. He then rushes over to help Baker to his feet.

BOWLEGS.  
Come on kid. Let's go home.

The End