

Downfall

"One Choice"

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TEASER

OVER BLACK

The SOUND of men running, panting, pushing themselves.

WILLEM (V.O.)

The reality of it is, none of us has time to rethink life. We're presented circumstance. We make a choice and we move.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT (DUSK)

Four MASKED MEN run down a street and burst into a small storefront Jewelry shop.

WILLEM (V.O.)

Forward. Always forward. Fate? Fuck fate. Fate's what the charlatans of the church would make you believe is theirs to manipulate. But fate's just a figment of a weak imagination.

INT. ROGER'S JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

The men all pull out old-timey, rickety revolvers.

MASKED MAN 1

All the good stuff.

He points his gun and throws a white bag at ROGER (50's) a kind-looking man, who quickly scoops all of the jewels he can out of the glass case and into the bag.

One masked man wildly waves his gun around, looking for something... anything to shoot, while another of the men stands at the door, watching each side of the street.

On the other side of the store, one of the masked men CRASHES through the glass display case and quickly scoops up more jewels. And they run out of the store.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - CONTINUOUS

The four men run as fast as their bodies can take them. As they run, they pull off their masks to reveal they are each in the early 20's.

They round a corner and continue. One of them nearly falls.

Beyond them, in the distance up in the Hollywood hills, the HOLLYWOOD LAND sign is a dank, dirty reminder of what once was. The first 'L' and second 'O' have completely crumbled.

We PAN DOWN from the sign in the distance to a building just down the street. A large Swastika-laden, red and black flag hangs from a first story window.

Below the flag, two uniformed SS OFFICERS, dressed in modern-day uniforms and carrying modern weapons, have their interest piqued by the four young men who just rounded the corner, out of breath, in such a rush:

-- WILLEM STAHL is unremarkable in appearance. Average in every way except intelligence.

-- FREDERICK LAMBERT looks like a senator's son: tall, strikingly handsome. A bit less affable and his hyper-alert, probing eyes would probably weird you out.

-- COLIN O'LEARY is short, stocky and muscular, like a retired middleweight who's packed on a few. His wrong-side-of-the-tracks looks pulls him just south of good-looking.

-- ALEC PAGNUCCI has a macho swagger and a brain running on empty, just smart enough to be dangerous. If he hadn't grown up with these three, he'd never be drafted into this group.

The friends slow their pace, and nod deferentially to the SS Officers, who wave for the young men to come over.

The young men cautiously make their way across the street.

Willem discreetly place the bag of jewels into the back of his pants and covers the bulge with the back of his jacket.

SS OFFICER 1

Vat is going on?

Alec bristles and starts to respond, but Willem quiets him with a hand on his arm.

WILLEM

Just headed home, officers.

The Officer moves closer to Willem, looks him in the eye, then points to the nearby building.

SS OFFICER 1

Against ze vall.

The four move to the wall.

SS OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
Identification papers.

Frederick pulls out a small wad of money, holds it discreetly for the Officers to see.

FREDERICK
Officers, surely there's some way we can figure something out here. We're all tired from a long day of --

SS Officer 1 roughly pushes Colin against the wall, frisks him. Pulls out a small hand gun.

SS OFFICER 1
What haf we here?

COLIN
I've got a license for that.

SS Officer 1 holds the gun up to Officer 2, who leans in to get a closer look.

Alec takes advantage of the split second of distraction, kicks out at Officer 2's knee. Connects. The knee buckles.

Frederick reacts, grabs the end of Officer 2's rifle, as Alec and Colin jump at Officer 1, have him facedown on the ground in split seconds.

Alec pulls out a knife, puts it to the man's throat.

ALEC
Know who you're fucking with, asshole?

He hacks at the man's throat frantically, almost psychotically.

FREEZE FRAME as Blood sprays onto the sidewalk in front of him.

WILLEM (V.O.)
Perhaps a quick understanding of who and what is important helps one understand why this... is very, very bad.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

(NOTE: each profile here is set up the exact same way: a group of people standing almost awkwardly looking into camera, like a group photo being filmed)

About forty SS OFFICERS stand looks straight into camera. Each of the men wears a Schwarzebande arm band around their bicep. There are no smiles in the group.

WILLEM (V.O.)

The SS. In other parts of the world, they're probably just badass, highly trained special forces soldiers.

QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS

-- a SHOP OWNER hands two Schwarzebande a small wad of cash. One of them quickly counts the money.
 -- a small group of Schwarzebande aim guns at a group of four or five MEN, who stand against a wall.
 -- in a seedy brothel living room area, some Schwarzebande play cards, while other fuck PROSTITUTES, just out in the open, while others just watch.
 -- the Schwarzebande throw the small wad of money into the face of the Shop Owner and begin to beat him mercilessly.
 -- the Schwarzebande cock their weapons and shoot the four or five men standing against the wall.

WILLEM (V.O.)

(over the shots)

Here, in Los Angeles, the ghetto of the Third Reich, they use their power and their specially-trained abilities to rule. They charge exorbitant taxes for protection, but really business owners are paying Schwarzebande to fuck them like the whores
 Schwarzebande run all over the city.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

About thirty COPS stand in blue uniforms, looking into the camera (same profile fashion as before).

WILLEM (V.O.)

Cops are figureheads, an attempt by the government to make us Americans feel like we are ruling ourselves. They keep order, they take care of the drunks and they even investigate murders. But they're powerless compared to the SS.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - NIGHT

A massive group of people from every walk of life stare into camera. Willem, Frederick, Colin and Alec stand at the front of the group.

WILLEM (V.O.)

The average person in German-occupied America fears God, loves America and genuinely believes that German rule has helped America become the universal superpower it is today. That the Nazis saved America from itself and its capitalistic bullshit.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Lights on. Every square inch of the football field is covered by uniformed SOLDIERS, all eighteen or nineteen.

WILLEM (V.O.)

There's two ways they make us believe that. One: everyone is required two years military service. The first three months of this time is spent filling our minds with propaganda. And that's after twelve years of propaganda in school.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS - NIGHT

A large group of CARDINALS and PRIESTS stand on the steps of the altar at the front of the chapel.

WILLEM (V.O.)

The second: the state-funded Church of the Saints is perhaps the biggest con in this society. They're talking heads of propaganda for the state.

A QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS

-- a CARDINAL speaks in a packed cathedral of CONGREGANTS hanging on every word he says.
 -- in a home, a FAMILY gathers around a TV and watches said Cardinal speak.
 -- said Cardinal walks down the street and men and women stare and point. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN asks for his autograph, which he gives. This throws down the gauntlet... soon the Cardinal is being scurried away by security as people chase him, wanting just a piece.

-- said Cardinal, in his personal chambers stares ahead. We slowly pan down to reveal the beautiful woman seeking the autograph is now giving the Cardinal a blow job.

WILLEM (V.O.)

(over the shots)

If there's a concept of a star in our society, it's personified by successful politicians... and those who have power within the church. And make no mistake, the more powerful of the two is the church official.

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

CHARLIE WIGHAM (40), pretty, smart and tall. Her beauty not quite muted by the loose men's clothing she always wears. She stands in front of a group of her MEN. They all stare into camera.

WILLEM (V.O.)

Then there's Charlie Wigham and her crew. They're painted as gangsters, but they view themselves as protectors. They fill the void between the average person and the real gangsters: the Schwarzebande.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY (DUSK)

FREEZE FRAME as Alec cuts the SS Officer's throat, blood spraying onto the sidewalk in front of them.

WILLEM (V.O.)

So, attacking and then cutting the throat of one of the real gangsters could prove to be... problematic at best.

BACK TO SCENE

Frederick, Colin and Willem, shocked, look at Alec's work, hear the Officer gurgle, trying to breathe.

WILLEM

What have you done?

Down the street, two blocks away, two more OFFICERS round the corner. They see the scuffle and yell, run towards them.

FREDERICK

Shit!

Willem quickly, calmly assesses the situation, then picks up Colin's gun from the sidewalk, closes his eyes as he aims. Shoots SS Officer 2 in the head. Blood sprays. The German is dead instantly.

Willem then fires two shots at the Officers running towards him. They dive for cover and pull out their guns.

They all put on their masks and run as fast as they can.

The two Officers fire a handful of errant shots and take off after the guys, who run as fast they can, putting their masks back on.

They turn down a street. Beyond the four friends, more of what Los Angeles now is can be seen: tenements; dirty old high-rise apartments jut out of the streets like ugly tent poles teeming with too many people.

The streets are littered with uncollected trash, some in plastic bags - but mostly loose, on the street.

Nazi propaganda papers float along the streets with the breeze, like oddly colorful, Swastika'd tumbleweeds. The whole of Los Angeles looks like a more filthy version of Skid Row. It's not pretty.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

Split up!

They go their separate ways at the end of the street.

WILLEM (V.O.)

Hitler's long dead, but his legacy,
his Reich lives on. My grandmother
said we almost won the war, but
Germany infiltrated the U.S. bomb
program. Winners write history. The
losers lament the almosts. The end
result is the same: The Fuehrer took
what he thought was rightfully his -
(beat)
-- the world.

The chasing officers stop, look around, wonder which way to follow. Then choose, take off after them.

Suddenly, the streetlights turn on in the alleyway. Night is on its way.

END TEASER

ACT ONEINT. ROGER'S JEWELRY STORE - OFFICE - NIGHT

We're staring at a globe. It's odd. Different from our globe. Countries are cordoned off differently. North America is now one country split into three sections -

-- the East to what was once Illinois down to Mississippi is called 'Verschwendete Ostern'.

-- From Louisiana to Colorado is called 'Primzahl'.

-- Utah west to the coast is called 'Scherbenwelt'.

A HAND a spins the globe.

GOEBEL (O.S.)
(slight German
inflection)

It is 2013. Surely your cameras can
keep up with petty thieves.

The hand belongs to JOHANN GOEBEL (40's) who has the hardened face of a career soldier and the tired shuffle of a man counting down the days to retirement.

Behind Goebel, DONALD BAUER (30's), baby-faced, slim, stands watching with a cold stare eerily reminiscent of a shark's.

Roger sits awkwardly in a rolling office chair.

ROGER
My cameras have been down for weeks,
Herr Goebel. I've mentioned it
several times to--

GOEBEL
Were you involved in this heist,
Roger?

ROGER
What? No! Why would I... Johann,
please, I would never --

Goebel forces a smile, grits his teeth, then slowly wipes across his lips with his index finger and thumb.

GOEBEL
Are we on a first name basis?

ROGER
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I --

Goebel holds up his hand.

GOEBEL

Experience taught me long ago to distrust coincidence, Roger.

ROGER

Why would I do this? I... I pay money for protection. Where is my -- ?

Bauer pulls out a modern-looking Luger, moves to Roger and shoots him in the foot. Too late for Goebel to react. Roger howls in pain, drops to the floor to cradle his foot.

Goebel gives Bauer the sternest look possible. Bauer calmly shrugs and moves back to his place. This is no wild-eyed temper tantrum, he did it because he could.

Roger turns and looks down at Roger, eyes filled with what approximates compassion.

GOEBEL

(almost to himself)

Petty fools, this Resistance--they only hurt those they hope to save.

He leans down to Roger, pats the ailing man's face.

GOEBEL (CONT'D)

I will find who did this, Roger. I just pray you were not involved.

BAUER

And if you were, they will tell us when we tear them limb from limb.

Goebel gives Bauer's big talk an annoyed look, then walks to the door, waves in a group of uniformed Nazi soldiers.

GOEBEL

(German, subtitled)

Call a doctor for this man, then get the fucking police in here. Four young Americans robbed him. And shot him in the foot.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Two dirty, bare feet. Tied together. Tied to a chair.

The feet belong to a KID strapped to the chair, mouth gagged, eyes filled with fear as he looks up at Charlie Wigham pacing back and forth.

CHARLIE

This ain't good, kid.

The Kid in the Chair nods furiously.

Charlie thinks, then pulls the gag out of the Kid's mouth.

KID IN THE CHAIR

Miss Wigham! I -- !

CHARLIE

Call me Charlie.

KID IN THE CHAIR

Miss Wigham, Charlie, I didn't mean nothing by it. I just... my little brother hadn't eaten in days.

CHARLIE

You stole from a grocer who is one of us. You pulled out a fucking gun, kid. What does it say if I let this happen in my neighborhood? You pulled a gun, for Christ's sake.

The door to the apartment opens up and two GOONS push OLD MAN JACK, hands tied together, into the apartment.

Charlie puts her arm around the Old Man's shoulder. Leads him towards a nearby window.

OLD MAN

(worried)

Charlie, the money I owe, it's gone. But I can get it back. Just give me another chance. I can get it.

Charlie stops by the window and pats the old man lightly on the face. Then makes his way slowly back towards the kid.

CHARLIE

I'm ten. Pops gets nicked by the Krauts. Leaves nine of us behind. Before the child limit, ya know? I'm the oldest, a tomboy, a little hellion, just doing the best I can to help my family eat. Till I steal from the wrong person.

Charlie holds her left palm up for the Kid to see. An ugly, nail-sized scar in the middle of her palm. Then she looks over at the Old Man.

The Old Man grunts, tries to find solidarity.

OLD MAN

I remember those days. Barbarians.

Charlie smiles at the Old Man.

CHARLIE

Have I not taken care of you, Jack?
Have I not given you chance after
chance after chance?

The wide-eyed Kid glances back and forth between the adults.

OLD MAN

You always done right by me, Charlie.
I'm just saying, I can --

CHARLIE

Jack, I like you. You know I do. But
you have stolen and cheated and
fucked everything up. Again. I got --
I got nowhere else to go with you.

The Old Man looks down, ashamed. He looks up and opens his mouth to respond, but before a word comes out, Charlie strides quickly to him, grabs him by his collar and the back of his pants and pushes him, crashing, through the window.

Charlie looks out the window in time to see the Old Man's body bounce off the pavement twenty-five stories below.

She looks down at the body a beat too long, some kind of sadness crossing her features.

She then nods to the Goons, who untie the kid and hold him down. Charlie picks up a railroad spike and a hammer.

KID IN THE CHAIR

(screaming now)

Please, please, Charlie! It won't
happen again! It won't happen again!

The Goon holding the Kid, pushes him to his knees, splays the Kid's hand out on the chair and holds it there.

Charlie takes the spike and places it on the Kid's hand.

CHARLIE

They say to teach somebody a lesson,
you gotta make sure the punishment's
worse than the crime is good.

KID IN THE CHAIR

I was just trying to be like you and your guys! Please, Charlie, please! I won't -- !

Charlie raises the mallet high in the air. The Kid closes his eyes, braced for impact. Charlie brings the mallet down with a SMACK.

The kid opens his eyes. The railroad spike still rests on top of his hand. The mallet hit the chair beside him.

Wide-eyed, the Kid looks at Charlie, who nods to the Goon to let the Kid go. Charlie lifts the kid's chin and looks straight into his tear-filled eyes.

CHARLIE

You wanna be like me? I don't steal, kid. Me and my guys, we take back what was stolen from us to begin with. I'm not a gangster. I'm a patriot. Don't let the Krauts twist the truth. That's how they win. So, if you need something, you come to me. I'll take care of you.

She stands up and walks to the door of the apartment, then turns back around.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And you be a choir boy, all right?

INT. CATHEDRAL OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A CHOIR BOY (12) lights candles. Beautifully mysterious, Medieval-sounding music plays somewhere in the background.

Over the Boy's shoulder is a large chapel full of pews.

On the rear wall of the chapel, a mural of Bible verses in German, then the English translation: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want... "

A PRIEST (CHRISTOPH, 20's, chubby) briskly moves towards a side door, carrying a pile of small, wet towels. He exits the chapel, out into -

EXT. COURTYARD - CATHEDRAL OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

He continues his brisk pace across the courtyard and through another door into -

INT. ADJACENT BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

-- madness. A large group of robe-wearing religious OFFICIALS (Priests, Cardinals, friars, etc.) yell and scream arguments to each other.

Christoph carries the towels to the front of the room and hands them to CARDINAL ROLAND ALBRICHT (35), who takes the towels and passes them down his table, then gives the Priest a curt nod, sending the man away.

The men use the towels to wipe their faces. They've been at this a long time, with no end in sight.

Roland is good-looking, despite his male-pattern baldness. He's thin and fit, perhaps bordering on gaunt. He quietly watches as these men yell at each other, back and forth.

Around the room, some men wear Swastika'd arm bands, while others wear bands featuring red, white and blue stripes.

Beside Roland, the MONSIGNOR (60's, overweight) picks up a small wooden gavel and pounds it against the table, slowly at first... then picks up momentum, till he has everyone's attention.

He lets a short moment of silence pass before he speaks in calm, assured tones.

THE MONSIGNOR

We rely on the generosity of the state in these economically-depressed times, but our passion and love has always belonged with the people.

Murmurs rise again, cutting him off. The Monsignor holds up his hand for silence. Eventually gets it.

THE MONSIGNOR (CONT'D)

Christ Himself said render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's.

The yelling starts up again. The Monsignor bangs the gavel. Finally gets silence.

THE MONSIGNOR (CONT'D)

We must walk the fine line of supporting our leaders, whom God has allowed to assume power, while leading the people entrusted to us.

An UGLY CARDINAL in the back of the room stands up and yells to the front of the room:

UGLY CARDINAL

But what if the two are mutually exclusive?!

THE MONSIGNOR

They are not, Cardinal. At least we must believe they are not.

A BEARDED PRIEST stands and questions:

BEARDED PRIEST

What of the poor and weak and needy?
The widows and orphans?

ANOTHER PRIEST

We must do more! We are called for more than this, this... half-hearted social gospel!

A BALD MONK

Are you not listening? How can we do more? We are doing our best already!

The crowd of officials devolves quickly again into yelled opinions and loud arguments.

Roland sits back and watches the madness, watches as the Monsignor realizes he's lost control of the room.

The Monsignor gathers his gavel in his hand. Pounds it down, again. The crowd slowly goes silent.

THE MONSIGNOR

We live in difficult times, yes. But we will walk the tightrope as it has been walked for centuries before us.

BEARDED PRIEST

And if we must err, which side must we err on? State or the people?

The Monsignor is lost for how to respond as the crowd goes wild again.

Roland reaches out and touches the older man's arm, then speaks up calmly, above the din of the elders fighting.

Slowly, as he talks, the room comes to silence, listening. Roland is obviously well-respected.

ROLAND

When I was a child, my father was a dockworker in New York.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

In 1983 he received a phone call from a family member in Russia, telling him that the Russian bombs were coming, those bombs that would take half of our beautiful country. My father had to have known many who would die, but told no one. Was he a monster? Was the blood of hundreds on his hands because he had some inkling of what was coming and kept his secret?

Murmurs from the crowd.

UGLY CARDINAL

What does this have to do with the matter at hand, Cardinal?

INT. AIRPORT - DAY - FLASHBACK (30 YEARS BEFORE)

A YOUNG ROLAND and his MOTHER stand in an airport gate and wave to a sad-looking MAN in dock worker overalls.

ROLAND (V.O.)

He put us on an airplane and told us he would follow soon. He, of course, never came. He sacrificed himself. Had he told anyone, panic would have destroyed his chance to save us.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Young Roland stares out the window of the plane.

In the distance far behind them a massive mushroom cloud explodes into the sky. Then to the right, another. And across the horizon to the left, another.

And another, and another. Each successively moves closer to the plane.

ROLAND (V.O.)

I watched as the mushroom clouds enveloped the horizon and understood my father had saved us. At great sacrifice to himself and others he loved.

END FLASHBACK

Roland looks around the room. Silence. He stands, gathers the papers in front of him.

UGLY CARDINAL

But, Roland, Cardinal - what does this have to do with us?

ROLAND

I am saying that we don't get to save everyone. We cannot. We save who we can while doing what we must.

Roland exits the conference room, as the rest of the room stares ahead, silently.

We stay on the DOOR as it closes --

INT. WILLEM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The DOOR to the apartment cracks open slowly and Willem sticks his head in, looks around, then turns on a light and opens the door completely.

WILLEM

Jacque's still at work. Come on.

Frederick and Colin enter quickly and quietly. The three friends look shell-shocked.

The apartment is obviously working class, but it's filled with well-made, European-looking furniture.

A moment later, BANG, BANG, BANG--KNOCKS on the door.

Willem pulls out his gun and looks through the peephole, then visibly relaxes. He puts the gun away, opens the door.

Alec strides in, quite proud of himself.

ALEC

Yeah, assholes, who's a gangster now?

Willem attacks Alec, pummels him with punches. Frederick and Colin quickly pull the two apart.

ALEC (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with you?

FREDERICK

I think all of us could ask you the same question. God, Alec.

Alec straightens out his clothes, leans against the wall.

ALEC

Aw, c'mon, they were fucking with us.

Colin and Frederick sit down, look almost sick. Willem paces back and forth.

WILLEM

You moron. No one gives two shits about a few thousand in jewelry. You just had to up the ante. God dammit.

ALEC

You think we pulled down *that* much?

FREDERICK

If they find us, we are... you don't just get away with killing them!.

WILLEM

They were Schwarzebande.

COLIN

This is bad. Really, really bad.

ALEC

You really think we pulled down a few thousand?

WILLEM

Shut up, Alec! Just shut the fuck up! Let me think.

Silence. They all stare at Willem.

FREDERICK

You shot that man.

WILLEM

He saw our faces, Frederick. I had no choice. Dammit, Alec. You gave me no goddamn choice.

Willem sits down. Color drains from his face.

WILLEM (CONT'D)

The other two who came after us, could they have gotten a good look at us?

COLIN

They were a hundred meters away, at least. And we got our masks on quick.

FREDERICK

There are cameras on that street.

ALEC

(shakes his head)

Nah, remember? That's why we went that way in the first place. Charlie took the cameras out last week for that job she did on seventh.

WILLEM

So, no one could have seen us?

They look to one another and everyone nods. They all slowly-- but visibly--relax. Still concerned, but slightly less so.

JACQUE (20's) steps from a hallway just off the living room.

JACQUE

(smiling)

What'd you guys do now?

Even in a ratty t-shirt and sleep in her eyes, she is stunning -- dark hair, olive-complected skin and gorgeously-wide, bright blue eyes.

WILLEM

Jacque, baby, you're home.

Willem stands and quickly strides over to her and kisses her sweetly on the cheek. She smiles weakly.

JACQUE

I wasn't feeling well.

WILLEM

You don't look so good. Let me get you back into bed, love.

The other three men nod, as she turns to head back to her bedroom. Willem follows her out.

The three friends wait to hear the bedroom door close before picking conversation back up.

ALEC

Damn! Even sick, that bitch is --

COLIN

Shut up, Alec.

WILLEM AND JACQUE'S BEDROOM

Willem helps Jacque into bed. Tucks her in and kisses her on the forehead.

JACQUE

Is everything okay? You guys sound --

WILLEM

This stomach bug is really doing a number on you, huh?

JACQUE

(smiles wide)

Mr. Dunn called again, left a message. Said you got the job!

Excited, they hug.

WILLEM

Oh, baby, that's great!

As they pull apart, Willem looks off, lost in thought. Jacque reaches up and puts her hand softly to his cheek.

JACQUE

Your friends, they haven't seen you in two years, Will. They remember who you were before. It'll just take them a bit to get used to who you are now. You're a good man. My good man.

WILLEM

I love you.

He kisses her on the cheek.

LIVING ROOM

Colin, Frederick and Alec all nurse beers, still look shell shocked, scared.

COLIN

You still think this gangster shit is for you?

Frederick looks at the floor, overcome by guilt.

ALEC

Of course, I'm Charlie's boy.

FREDERICK

(angry)

Shut up, Alec. Just... shut up.

Willem emerges from the hall and leans against the door.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

We killed them. What if they had families? Wives? Kids? I--I feel sick.

A long beat of silence. There's a weight on all their shoulders. Except Alec, who thinks he did something good.

Finally:

WILLEM

As a kid, watching my dad, this all looked so cool. The excitement of being in control, taking what you want. But... I'm done. Jacque and me, we want something different. Better.

(beat)

Dunn offered me a job. I'm taking it.

COLIN

It was fun. Till it wasn't.

ALEC

Damn, Willem, that broad has your balls in a vice.

Colin sighs and stands up. Frederick joins him.

COLIN

I gotta get home.

Frederick nods and Alec stands up.

Willem points at Alec, but addresses them all.

WILLEM

Keep your heads down and mouths shut. They're not gonna just let this go.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

This is no high class Hollywood cathouse. It's got the vibe of a seedy post-Soviet-bloc whorehouse. Four or five tattooed, muscular heavies wearing Schwarzebande sleeve bands are seated strategically around the joint.

On the wall hangs a painting of Hitler in his seventies, old and wrinkled, his signature mustache grey with age.

Goebel and Bauer drink and watch, bored, as a strung-out stripper pole-dances in front of them.

Two girls come to the table. One snuggles right up to Goebel. The other goes to Bauer, but keeps her distance... painfully aware of his inherent menace.

BAUER

He deserved to be shot. I should not be made to feel guilty for it. Two of our men are dead and we should stand by and let these assholes make a mockery of us?

GOEBEL

Dammit, Bauer! Do you have any idea how many of us are stationed here?

BAUER

There are EXACTLY three thousand sixty three, not including the six who have been killed in the last few weeks.

(another drink)

Are you trying to make some point about how many Americans and how few Germans there are?

GOEBEL

Don't think I'll stand for in-subordination just because I'm drunk.

Goebel takes another pull from his beer, thinks for a beat.

GOEBEL (CONT'D)

But that is exactly the point I'm making. You give a choice between the carrot and the stick. All carrot, they don't respect you. All stick and they band together against you.

BAUER

And what of Wigham's bullshit?

GOEBEL

Bauer, this was the ghetto of the undesirables. It's the shithole of the Reich. An eyesore. For god's sake, it had a wall around it till twelve years ago. You wonder why it looks like this?

GOEBEL (CONT'D)

Why these people have the power they do? There's three thousand and sixty-three of us and three point six million of them. It's a delicate balance that could be easily upset by foolhardy idealism.

BAUER

She undermines us at every turn. She must be taken out.

GOEBEL

Do you listen at all? She is untouchable. For now.

BAUER

Then at least go after the kids who killed our men today! It isn't good enough for me--but it's a start!

Goebel stands up, helps his girl to her feet, then motions for the girl next to Bauer to join him. As he turns to leave, he grabs Bauer's shoulder.

GOEBEL

We'll go after them, but carefully. I know you wish for more, but you'll play by my rules. If you want to die in a riot, you do it on your own time and somewhere else. This is my kingdom, I'll rule it as I see fit.

Bauer takes another drink and stands up, calls after Goebel.

BAUER

Then, I'll take care of what you can't. Or won't.

Goebel turns back around, eyes narrowed.

GOEBEL

What have you done?

BAUER

I... have a man in Charlie's camp.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. 15TH PRECINCT POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The precinct is loud, raucous, and filled with mostly overweight COPS dressed in old-timey blue uniforms.

Lieutenant LAWRENCE (30's, upwardly mobile) yells from the center precinct desk over to Captain TINES (40's, chubby), who sits with his feet up on a desk.

TINES

I'm just saying that in the old days, these young cops woulda never had a chance. Too soft.

LAWRENCE

Look at you with your fat ass hunkered down, feet up on the desk. A disgrace. How long has it been since you actually arrested someone? You're getting fat and lazy, brother!

Lawrence takes a bite of a rindswurst (similar to a bratwurst) and pomme frites (German-style french fries).

TINES

Have you ever arrested someone, you ignorant desk jockey? How do you even call yourself a cop?

The other Cops laugh out loud, as the DOOR to the precinct opens and Colin enters.

LAWRENCE

Colin!

Colin waves meekly as all the cops whoop and holler. Lawrence throws a pomme frite at him. They obviously know him, they're excited to see him.

COLIN

He in?

TINES

He's a goddamn workaholic! We can't get him to go home.

Colin moves towards the back of the building, not laughing with the rest of the cops.

LAWRENCE
 (to Tines)
 What's wrong with him?

THE HALLWAY

Colin walks back and stops outside an office. The sign on the door reads "MICKEY O'BRIEN, CHIEF". He opens the door and steps into -

MICKEY'S OFFICE

COLIN
 Pops.

MICKEY (50's), with a blossoming blue alcoholic's nose and a constant devilish look, looks up from his egalitarian desk that is covered with open folders, filled with pictures of dead Nazi soldiers.

MICKEY
 Kid.

Mickey tries to close the folders, but Colin looks closer. The last picture is of SS Officer 1, his throat cut.

COLIN
 (innocently)
 Another one?

Mickey closes the folders and stands up, comes around his desk. He leads his son out of his office.

THE HALLWAY

MICKEY
 Your mom wants you home for dinner.

COLIN
 What about you?

MICKEY
 I can't eat that woman's food anymore, Colin. Twenty-six years I've done it, but no more.

They chuckle. Then Mickey grabs Colin and pulls him close, looks into his eyes.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Goebel's looking for the four kids who robbed a jewelry store and mighta killed a coupla SS Officers. You know anything about that?

Colin considers, formulates an answer quickly.

COLIN

You want me to lie to you?

Mickey lets Colin go, taken aback. He recovers quickly.

MICKEY

There's some punks working out of the Valley. I'll point Goebel that way.

(beat)

Kid, you gotta keep your nose clean.

Colin looks at the floor.

COLIN

I know, I know.

Mickey lifts Colin's chin, looks him directly in the eye.

MICKEY

Goebel's on the war path--and rightfully so. This is serious.

Colin nods, fearful.

Mickey stares at his son for a long moment.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Sure you got nothing else to tell me?

Colin looks at the floor and the moment passes. Mickey walks past Colin out into the main room.

MICKEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Go home and tell your mother you love her god-awful food. I gotta go look into this dead Nazi thing.

INT. LOS ANGELES CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Frederick wanders through the door at the back of the massive, beautiful chapel. He makes his way up to a pew halfway to the front and sits down.

He stares up at a statue of Jesus on the cross.

ROLAND (O.S.)

We're all in need of a quiet place
for meditation from time to time.

Frederick doesn't turn to the voice, knows it well. Roland
sits a few rows back, in the shadows.

FREDERICK

Still trying to scare the shit out of
me from the shadows, eh?

Now, Frederick turns and flashes Roland a smile.

Roland chuckles as he stands then makes his way to sit next
to Frederick. They sit in silence for another long moment.

ROLAND

Every day for thirteen years. How'd
it get to be so long since I saw you?

FREDERICK

Everyone's required military service.

ROLAND

Is Kansas as horrible as I imagine?

FREDERICK

It's not horrible at all. Just, uh,
flat. And wheat-y. And... no you're
right, it's horrible. Awful.

They both chuckle.

ROLAND

I heard you were back in town. You've
been in my prayers daily.

(beat)

What's this I hear you're going to
work for Charlie?

Frederick looks down at the floor.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

This is where you belong. You know
that. You've always known that.

FREDERICK

You know it's not that easy. The God
we see in this chapel isn't the God I
see everywhere else. He's been
twisted into something so perplexing
and confusing, I just...

He fades to silence.

Roland stares up at the cross. Finally:

ROLAND

Not one of us hasn't been where you are. You wouldn't belong here, if you hadn't been where you are right now.

Roland allows silence to envelope them again for a moment.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, I'm headed South. As a Cardinal now, I have more to my responsibilities than just this Parrish. We'll help those less fortunate and perhaps we could spend some time reconnecting.

Roland stands.

FREDERICK

Isn't that what we just did?

Roland exits the row and walks towards the front of the church, then calls back over his shoulder.

ROLAND

You know I won't let you off that easy. Come tomorrow morning. Be here at seven.

EXT. AUF WEIDERSEHN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Raucous MUSIC plays loudly from the well-lit restaurant.

A muscle-bound young man (LINKHART, late 20's) strides up the sidewalk and enters the restaurant. His appearance hasn't quite made the transition from street thug to gang middle management yet.

As the DOOR opens, the MUSIC blares even louder. We follow him into -

INT. AUF WEIDERSEHN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Linkhart walks with purpose, nodding to restaurant employees. He stops and whispers into a beautiful Waitress's ear, then keeps moving towards the back of the restaurant, through a pair of double doors into -

THE KITCHEN

He moves through the kitchen, waves to the Cooks.

LINKHART

Make sure the schnitzel is cooked right, assholes! I got worms last time.

The Cooks hoot and holler back.

COOK 1

Go fuck yourself, Linkhart!

At the back of the kitchen, he goes through another set of double doors into what we'll call -

CHARLIE'S ROOM

It was probably once a warehouse area, but now it's been fashioned into a large hang out for Charlie and her crew.

Her Crew populates the room (as well as some scantily-clad women), sitting on large, comfortable chairs; playing darts; dancing in the middle of the room; sitting around a large oak table -

-- at the head of which, Charlie sits, watching her men. Next to her, Alec sidles close to Charlie.

ALEC

Charlie, I got some ideas, some stuff that I could head up, and --

Linkhart walks briskly to the table and pauses behind Alec, until Alec finally looks up.

LINKHART

You're in my seat, kid.

Alec reluctantly stands up and slinks several chairs down, pouting, as Linkhart takes his seat.

LINKHART (CONT'D)

Good party. Looks like fun.

Charlie keeps her eyes on her men.

CHARLIE

We do this for a reason, Linkhart. Not just for the fun of it.

LINKHART

For the money?

Charlie's face says that this isn't the right answer.

Awkward pause. They watch the men dance, cavort with the women. Linkhart can't stand the silence, suddenly stands up.

LINKHART (CONT'D)

All right. Who needs a drink?

(to himself)

I know I do.

Linkhart heads to the bar and Alec immediately gets up and moves back to his original seat. He just sits there in silence as Charlie stares ahead silently.

CHARLIE'S ROOM - LATER

All of the CREW sit around the table, joking, laughing, eating copious amounts of food placed on the table in front of them.

Alec is back, further down the table from Charlie.

Amongst the crew are some key individuals: YACOV (20's, Jewish, glasses - resident wisecrack), JOEY (20's, Italian, suave) and PAULIE (20's, chubby and hairy).

YACOV

So, this airplane is about to crash, right? I mean, they are sure it's gonna go down. So, this super prime broad stands up and goes, "If I'm gonna die, I wanna die feeling like a woman." She starts stripping off her clothes, gets naked and she says, "Is anybody man enough to make me feel like a woman?" And one guy stands up, takes off his shirt and goes, "Here - iron this!"

The crew busts up laughing, throwing pieces of food at Yacov for his stupid joke.

Charlie bites her tongue. Boys will be boys.

ALEC

Yo, I got one, I got one.

Everyone turns their attention to Alec -- several rolling their eyes as they do. No one seems to really be looking forward to this:

ALEC (CONT'D)

You know how tornadoes and women are
the same?

Groans from the audience.

ALEC (CONT'D)

They both moan like hell when they
come and they take the house when
they leave.

Alec laughs harder at his own joke than anyone else does.

JOEY

Awful!

PAULIE

Worst fucking joke! Ever!

The crew cracks up at the response, as Alec sits back down,
his tail between his legs.

Charlie stands and everyone shuts up.

CHARLIE

I hope you've had fun tonight. Glad
you got to do it on my dime. I'm
proud of you. They try to paint us as
thugs, but we know better. We see
what we're doing, what we're able to
accomplish on a daily basis. We're
making our home a better place, in
spite of the fucking Krauts. Salut.

She holds up her drink and everyone follows her lead.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now, drink your last drink, find
someone take you home and get the
hell outta here! The restaurant's
been closed for two hours already!

The men give her a round of applause, then stand up and
begin to mill about, head towards the doors.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CHARLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Alec stands against the wall in the near dark, smoking a
cigarette.

The door opens and Linkhart exits. He looks behind him,
makes sure no one is coming out, and lets the door close
behind him.

LINKHART

I thought I saw you come out here,
kid.

He takes a cigarette from Alec and lights it.

LINKHART (CONT'D)

You know, I keep hearing about this
crew pulling jobs off the books. Has
some short, loud fucker in it.

ALEC

(worried)

I dunno what you're talking about.

LINKHART

Calm down. I got something for that
crew. You know, if they're available
or whatnot. It'd be bad if someone
had to, uh, tell Charlie what you and
your boys been up to.

Alec glances nervously over towards the door.

ALEC

You don't think she knows, do you?

LINKHART

You'd know if she knew. But how 'bout
you keep your fucking mouth shut for
once in your life?

(RE: Alec's nod)

The job: I'd do it with my guys, but
have a conflict. So it's yours. I'll
get a fifteen percent finder's fee,
but it's yours. Can you handle it?

ALEC

Man, I'm just getting in good with
Charlie. I dunno.

LINKHART

You're nowhere near good with
Charlie. We all had to do something
to impress her. You pull a job--
especially THIS job--then bring her a
taste? Then, you got a chance at
being good.

Alec thinks for a moment, then nods.

LINKHART (CONT'D)

Warehouse down off Broadway. Boxes of
guns.

LINKHART (CONT'D)

You take a coupla trucks, load up,
get outta there. Six figures easy.

Alec tries to play it cool. He's anything but.

ALEC

I'll talk to my guys about it.

LINKHART

Tomorrow night, then. Eight guards.
All of 'em but one takes a thirty
minute break at ten. On the dot. Get
in, get out, done. Don't be late.

The door opens and Charlie sticks her head out.

CHARLIE

Ahh, just the man I was looking for.

Linkhart quickly laughs, and pats Alec on the back. He's a
smooth customer.

LINKHART

This kid's hilarious, right?
Tornadoes and women. Funny shit.

Linkhart steps back inside and gives Alec a look that says
'keep your mouth shut'.

CHARLIE

The guys are tough on their own, kid.
Don't think anything of it.

Alec nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey, bring Will to see me tomorrow. I
need a word with you both.

ALEC

Oh, okay. Sure, boss.

Charlie pats Alec on the shoulder and wanders back inside.

After a moment, Alec throws down his cigarette and takes off
down the street.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Murky darkness between two old buildings. There is no light,
except from the nearby street, where lamps cast off a
yellowish glow... but not enough to invade the darkness in
the alley.

SS OFFICER 5 stumbles by the alleyway on the street. He stops, place his hand on the wall of one building for a long moment to catch his breath. Then he walks on, disappears.

After a long moment, he re-appears at the entrance to the alleyway, then stumbles into the darkness.

He UNZIPS his pants and begin to relieve himself against one of the buildings, as he sings an old German folk tune.

He finishes, ZIPS up his pants and turns -

-- to find a shadowy figure... who immediately attacks him.

In the darkness, we see little, but we hear the SOUND of the folk song being caught in the Officer's throat by vicious PUNCHING and KICKING; the sickening THUD of a head being cracked open against a wall; the SPLATTER of blood on the ground -- then silence.

The Shadowy figure stands over the Officer's body for a moment. In the silence, we hear only one set of BREATHING. The Officer is dead.

The Shadowy figure exits the alley, stops at the street and looks, either way, then disappears to his left.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE WILLEM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alec pounds on the door to #506, the only newly-painted and well-maintained apartment entrance in the hallway.

ALEC

C'mon, I know you're home. Quit your shagging and get out here!

Alec pounds some more. Finally Jacque opens the door. Alec starts to walk in but Jacque doesn't move, blocks his way.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Hey, you feeling better? I heard you weren't feeling good. Lit a candle for ya at the chapel.

Jacque wears a big, fake smile, polite only because this is her fiance's friend.

JACQUE

Will went to the store.

Jacque begins to close the door. Alec sticks his foot in the door. Jacque looks down sternly. Alec puts his hands up in the air, giving up.

ALEC

All right, all right, I'll --

WILLEM (O.S.)

You looking for me?

IN THE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Alec sits at the table. Willem heads into the kitchen to the fridge, as Jacque leaves the room for the bedroom.

ALEC

I got a thing. There's --

Willem looks nervously back towards the bedroom.

WILLEM

Something to drink?

ALEC

Sure. So, this thing. Warehouse in Burbank off Broadway. It's --

WILLEM

Wine? Beer?

ALEC

You're not listening. This thing goes down tomorrow night. It's big. Guns. Six figures big.

Willem looks incredulous at Alec.

WILLEM

How much more clear do I have to make it? I'm out. And even if I wasn't, the job's shit.

ALEC

Just cuz you didn't put it together don't make it shit.

WILLEM

Does Charlie know about this?

ALEC

Everyone knows you gotta do something to impress her. This is it. So, no, she don't know... but she does want to see you tomorrow.

WILLEM

What? Why?

Alec ignores the question. Tries a different tact:

ALEC

(soft, pleading)

You got a head for this kinda thing. Just--just come with me. We'll do this: you, me, Freddie and Colin. It's six figures. We can't walk away from that kind of scratch.

Willem thinks for a long moment. Shakes his head.

WILLEM

I can't do it. I'm sorry.

ALEC

You know what? I'm sorry I asked. Asshole.

He exits, slams the door behind him.

Then Jacque steps in from the bedroom. She leans against the door jam and stares.

WILLEM

You happy for me to walk away from
that kind of score?

JACQUE

Charlie and her ideas are scary
because there's just enough truth in
them to sound good.

WILLEM

Come on, Jacque.

JACQUE

No. I won't come on. You've toyed
with these ideas your whole life
because your father did. But you're
old enough now to know the truth.

WILLEM

I told him I wouldn't do the job.

He crosses to the other side of the room, turns to face her.

JACQUE

I don't just want for you to not do
the job, Will. I want you to
acknowledge that that way of thinking
is dangerous. Not just for you, but
for society.

WILLEM

Been reading up on German sociology?

JACQUE

This isn't a joke. We will never
overcome our past, if we don't learn
from it.

WILLEM

(sighs)

I don't know what you want from me.

JACQUE

What does Charlie Wigham want from
you?

Willem shrugs.

JACQUE (CONT'D)

That woman will get you arrested, put
in prison... or worse.

Willem sits down on the couch, looks frustrated.

WILLEM

I'm not doing the job, Jacque. I'm not working for Charlie. I'm taking a job making...

(shakes his head)

...pennies on the dollar because it's what you fucking want. Okay?

Jacque sits on the other side of the couch. They do not look at each other. Silence.

Finally:

JACQUE

I will not re-enact my mother's life. I will not stand by your side if you go to prison. I--I can't. I won't. And do you really want to end up like your father? Dead? And for what?

Another beat.

WILLEM

We should leave here. Just go somewhere else. Get away from all this shit, live in the mountains. I could grow a long beard and we could just make tons o' babies.

Jacque chuckles, wipes tears from her eyes and slowly moves over to him, sits on his lap.

JACQUE

Maybe someday.

She kisses him. Long and sweet. It slowly becomes more passionate. She pulls away and puts a finger to his lips.

JACQUE (CONT'D)

I don't wanna get you sick.

He picks her up, smiles and carries her into the bedroom.

WILLEM

I'll take my chances.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The once-dark alleyway is filled with lights set up on either side of the taped-off murder site.

The dead SS Officer 5's body is a bloody mess, his head cracked wide open.

Police keep onlookers from moving too close, as Mickey and Colin show up. Mickey shows his badge to the cops, who nod.

MICKEY

He's with me. Showin' him the ropes.

They stop ten feet or so from the scene, where DETECTIVE WALLACE stands writing in a notebook.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Wallace, whattawe got?

WALLACE

Hey, Colin, good to see ya.

(to Mickey)

Another goddamn Nazi dead. L.A.'s already the crime capital of the Reich, now some vigilante prolly thinks he's doing American patriots a favor by knocking off a few Germans.

(shakes his head)

This does no one any good. Status quo is the way to go.

COLIN

Decent rhyme scheme, detective.

Wallace starts to puff out his chest, till he realizes he's being razzed.

WALLACE

(chuckles)

Hey, kid, go fuck yourself.

Mickey and Colin chuckle as they head to the body. They stop at the crime scene.

MICKEY

Whatchu think happened here, kid?

Colin points to the dead man's footsteps in the dirty alley.

COLIN

Looks like our dead Nazi was probably a little drunk, stumbling around. Came in here to take a piss.

He points to the wet spot on the wall.

COLIN (CONT'D)

He finishes --

MICKEY

Wait. How do you know he finished?

Colin points to the dead man's pants.

COLIN

He's zipped up. Pretty sure our
killer didn't bust his head against a
wall, then stop to zip up his pants.

Mickey beams with pride.

COLIN (CONT'D)

So, he zips up and turns, boom!
There's our guy and he just lights
this poor guy up. The fatal blow?
Probably the head cracking against
the wall.

MICKEY

Good work, kid.

COLIN

Trained by the best.

A commotion nearby. Colin and Mickey turn to see Goebel and Bauer storming into the cordoned off area.

Colin moves back, away from the crime scene as Mickey goes to the SS Officers. They've done this dance before.

MICKEY

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Hold up! This is a
crime scene.

GOEBEL

He is one of ours!

Goebel and Bauer move past Mickey to the dead man. They stop, in shock at the state of the body.

BAUER

Mein Gotte!

Goebel turns to Mickey, moves toward him slowly.

GOEBEL

What've you done to find this killer?
We have empowered your nation to have
an effective police force, yet when
my men end up dead, you do nothing!

MICKEY

How many times we gonna do this,
Johann? We're doin' everything we
can!

Bauer steps between the two men, gently pushes Mickey back.

GOEBEL

I should send for a team of investigators from Deutschland who would actually care for these men being... slaughtered!

MICKEY

My men are passionate about finding killers, no matter what political affiliation or nationality they are, so don't start with that again!

GOEBEL

This is the seventh in five weeks, Mickey! And not one clue as to who has done this?

(waves Mickey off)

You--and your men--are worthless.

MICKEY

How about you and your pit bull get outta my crime scene, so me and my men can figure out who did this to your boy.

(beat)

We're on the same fucking team, Goebel!

Colin looks up. The same team? Since when?

Two Police Officers move to Goebel and Bauer and respectfully guide them out of the taped-off area.

Mickey wanders back to Colin.

COLIN

You all right?

They stand for a moment in silence, then Mickey pats Colin on the shoulder.

MICKEY

C'mon, kid. Let's get you home. Your mom'll be pissed, she finds out I brought you.

EXT. TIME-LAPSE OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT/DAY

Lights flicker over the city and eventually the sun begins to peek over the mountains to the East.

INT. FREDERICK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (DAWN)

Grey light peeks through the curtains in Frederick's bedroom. A nearby alarm clock reads 6:01 a.m.

Frederick sits up in his bed, thinking.

EXT. FREDERICK'S APARTMENT - DAY (DAWN)

Showered and dressed, Frederick strides down the steps of his apartment building.

The sun just barely peeks over the mountains to the East.

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF OUR LADY OF ANGELS - DAY

Frederick walks up to a large Mercedes-Benz limousine.

Christoph opens the door to the limo and Frederick gets in.

CHRISTOPH

Freddie.

FREDERICK

Christoph.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Roland wears white, priestly robes and sits facing the rear of the vehicle, smiling, as Frederick steps in, sits down.

ROLAND

I'm glad you came.

FREDERICK

Taking a limo to help the poor.
Classy.

ROLAND

(chuckles)

You always did have a nose for the insincere. The truth is, this is our only vehicle that offers protection. Where we're going, unfortunately, bullet-proof glass is a must.

Roland knocks on the window behind him. The car drives off.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The morning heat glints off the road, as the limo drives briskly away from civilization, out into a desert.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Roland sits, legs crossed, looking at Frederick

ROLAND

So, what has brought on this crisis of faith?

FREDERICK

I should tell you what you already know?

(long beat)

She was a good woman. She didn't deserve to suffer. Not like she did. Not while I was gone.

Frederick watches the desert fly by the car.

Roland follows his gaze. Looks across the desert landscape.

ROLAND

It was desert just like this where He was tempted. The only recorded moment where the devil and Christ stood face to face. Satan offered Him the world. But what can you offer the Son of God that isn't already His?

(beat)

She wasn't yours to give up, as hard as it must be to hear. He giveth and... he taketh away. But I'm sorry.

Silence. Finally:

FREDERICK

Where are you taking me?

ROLAND

The Reich still finds the use of Reservations for holding the undesirable--those of darker skin--to be acceptable. But not for much longer. We are fighting for sanctions, for due process. It will not stand for long.

FREDERICK

I've heard of the reservations. They
sound horrible.

Roland nods.

ROLAND

Beyond.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

In the distance, massive chain-link fences stretch as far as
the eye can see.

Large, Swastika'd red and black flags flap in the desert
wind.

This is The Reservation.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY

Willem steps through the double doors from the kitchen into Charlie's room, where Charlie waits, sitting at the table, nursing a cup of tea.

Willem glances around the room to see Alec standing against the wall nearby Charlie.

CHARLIE

Please, sit.

Willem walks confidently to the table, shakes Charlie's hand, then sits down.

WILLEM

What can I do for you, Miss Wigham?

CHARLIE

Straight to the point. I like that about you, Will. I like it a lot. And it's always Charlie.

Charlie blows on the smoking hot tea for a moment, then takes a long swig of the drink.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Tea never really caught on in this country like it did in England. Coffee, we drink. But tea is a much better option. It wards off cancer, gets rid of bad smells, promotes fertility in men, not that that's desirable. But you see my point.

WILLEM

I don't think I came here to talk about tea, Charlie.

CHARLIE

No, you're right. I think you got alotta guts.

WILLEM

Thank you?

CHARLIE

Pulling jobs in my town, under my nose, without giving me a taste, without following the rules. Right under Goebel's nose?

Alec looks fearful. Willem stares straight at Charlie.

WILLEM

I'm done with all that now.

CHARLIE

No, I'm genuinely impressed. Krauts got no clue. I only know cuz your boy Alec opened his mouth to somebody who told somebody who told me.

Willem glances up at Alec, who now looks embarrassed.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Some people assume I got here because of my father. Nepotism, I think it's called. But if it was just that, then when Daddy died, I'd have been put out to pasture and quick. I'm here because I'm smarter and gutsier than most. And I'm willing to do what it takes to stay here. Brains and balls are a tough combination to find.

WILLEM

I'm still not following.

CHARLIE

I want you to run a crew for me.

Alec looks like he's been punched in the gut.

ALEC

You want HIM to run a crew?

CHARLIE

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

He's already done it better than anyone working for me, kid.

(to Willem)

Your dad worked with mine, Will. You know what we do. We're making a difference. And it doesn't hurt that we're getting rich doing it.

Willem thinks for a long time.

WILLEM

I have so much respect -

CHARLIE

Never a good start.

WILLEM

-- but this life, it's not for me.

CHARLIE

You got balls, kid.

She holds out her hand to Willem, who takes it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

No love lost.

Charlie pulls him close, gets in his face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

If you don't work for me, if you don't follow my rules, then you don't do any dirty work at all. And I do mean AT ALL. Are we clear?

Willem nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Good. I'm gonna finish my tea. Alec can help you get out of here.

Charlie picks up her tea, as Alec and Willem head to the double doors.

THE KITCHEN

As soon as the doors close behind them, Willem takes a deep, deep breath, calms himself, then turns to Alec.

WILLEM

We're lucky she didn't cut our throats. Shit.

(beat)

Alec, if you were still considering doing that shit tonight, now, you gotta just back off.

ALEC

Are you fucking kidding me? You're not even a part of this and she offers you a crew?

(beat)

I'll pull this job and show her what I can do.

Willem reaches for Alec's arm. Alec pulls away.

WILLEM

Oh, come on. This isn't my fault.

Alec gets in Willem's face, points his finger at him.

ALEC

You think you are so fucking smart.
Well, you're not the only one,
asshole. You're not the only one.

Alec storms out.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Jacque still looks unwell, but she's dressed in a black shirt and skirt and wearing an apron, as she carries a small cup of coffee.

She walks out from behind the counter to a table where Bauer sits reading a German-language newspaper.

She sets the coffee down and Bauer quickly folds his paper over, sets it down.

BAUER

You were not here yesterday. Is everything okay?

Jacque touches her stomach.

JACQUE

I haven't been well.

Bauer looks at his coffee.

JACQUE (CONT'D)

Oh, no, no. I'm not contagious. The doctor said it's definitely not a virus. I'm sorry.

BAUER

Please, sit.

Jacque looks around the otherwise empty cafe. Then she sits. As they talk, Bauer is strangely suave and almost sweet.

BAUER (CONT'D)

The Reich should be proud of women like you. You work so hard and for what? One soldier in an empty cafe?

He reaches over and takes her hand in his. She looks down, a little weirded out. She pulls her hand back.

JACQUE

Herr Bauer, I am still engaged.

BAUER

(a perfect smile)

I would not think of altering that
which is in motion, sweet girl. I was
just caught in the emotion.

Jacque stands.

JACQUE

Well, thank you. You're very kind. I
really should get back to work,
though.

BAUER

If the rest of Los Angeles had your
work ethic, it would be a far better
place. Thank you for the coffee.

JACQUE

Always, Herr Bauer.

BAUER

Call me Lukas. Please.

Jacque nods and heads back to the counter, as Bauer sips his
coffee and smiles that shark-like smile.

EXT. RESERVATION - DAY

The limo pulls in front of a small chapel in the midst of
the reservation and is instantly surrounded by hundreds of
kids. Black, Mexican, Indian -- all dark-skinned kids.

IN THE LIMO

Roland chuckles at Fredericks fearful gaze out at the kids.

ROLAND

They won't bite, Freddie.

Roland grabs the door handle, and opens the door.

OUTSIDE THE LIMO

Roland gets out and his white robes are instantly dirtied by
the kids excitedly grabbing at him with their dirty hands.

Roland smiles cheerfully, but looks around carefully for
trouble before he begins to shepherd the children up towards
the chapel.

ROLAND

Come, children, let's go inside.

The kids all cheer and follow Roland into the chapel.

Christoph and Frederick step out of the limo.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Roland sits on a stool, holding a large black Bible, in the midst of perhaps two hundred kids, who sit in a circle around him.

ROLAND

... and do you know why this multi-colored coat was so important to him?

The kids yell out answers impossible to decipher.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Yes, because his father gave it to him. Whose father has given them a coat? What about a MULTI-COLORED coat?

As the kids raise their hands and yell their answers, Roland looks up and catches the eye of Frederick, who stands at the back of the chapel with Christoph.

A nod, a familiar look passes between them.

EXT. RESERVATION STREET - DAY

Roland and Frederick stroll down the street. Behind them, Christoph and the limo driver/bodyguard, ZEKE (40's, muscular, shaved head) follow.

Zeke vigilantly watches around, his hand constantly on his weapon, ready for trouble.

The kids follow them down towards a nearby, tiny Hospital building that features a red cross on its white walls.

FREDERICK

That was one of the first stories I remember you teaching me.

ROLAND

Joseph and his coat of many colors. Yes. It's a lesson for us all, of how important we are to the Father.

He gestures to the children around him.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

The people of the world, we are the
coat of many colors, are we not? Red
and yellow, black and white.

FREDERICK

(chuckles)

Oh, I remember that, also. With your
dreadful singing.

Roland smiles and starts to sing. The kids join him almost
simultaneously.

ROLAND & KIDS

*Jesus loves the little children. All
the children of the world. Red and
yellow, black and white, all are
precious in His sight, Jesus loves
the little children of the world.*

Roland gives Frederick that megawatt smile that could
conquer nations. Frederick joins the singing.

EXT. A TENEMENT APARTMENT COURTYARD - DAY

A group of Nazi soldiers high steps it past the entrance of
the courtyard, chanting in unison.

MARCH LEADER

Seig!

SOLDIERS

Heil!

MARCH LEADER

Seig!

SOLDIERS

Heil!

They disappear around the building, but their marching
chants can still be heard.

In the Courtyard, Alec and Yacov sit.

ALEC

It's gotta be quiet.

YACOV

Ha, you're known for your discretion.

ALEC

We go in at ten tonight, grab the boxes, load the trucks and head out. Gotta be tight. Thirty minutes. You and me and we need two more.

YACOV

Charlie know about this?

ALEC

We do this job, we get on Charlie's radar. I'm cutting her in after. This'll be a big step up for us.

YACOV

All right. Joey and Paulie. We've done work several times. I trust 'em.

ALEC

Joey and Paulie, really?
(beat, sigh)
Okay, fine. I'll grab the trucks.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Colin exits the station and turns to find Alec waiting.

COLIN

Ah, shit.

ALEC

I got a job.

COLIN

I can't do it.

ALEC

Willem called you.

COLIN

I can't take any more chances, Alec, Especially not for something iffy.

Alec turns and storms off.

ALEC

Ahhh, fuck you.

INT. RESERVATION HOSPITAL - DAY

Frederick, Christoph and Zeke stand off to the side as Roland moves from bed to bed. At each stop, he kneels, lays a hand on the sick individual, prays quietly, then moves on.

A NUN/NURSE leads him to whatever is his next stop.

She and Roland whisper to each other.

ROLAND
And this one, sister?

NUN/NURSE
Cancer... of the brain.

Roland turns and waves Frederick over.

FREDERICK
(quietly)
Everything okay?

ROLAND
(to the Nun/Nurse)
His mother was taken by this...
horrible disease.

Frederick looks down in horror at the sick woman.

Roland places both hands on Frederick's shoulders, looks into his eyes.

ROLAND (CONT'D)
You should pray for this woman.

Frederick looks down at the woman, then back to Roland, fear in his eyes.

FREDERICK
I wouldn't know what to say.

ROLAND
Say what comes to you.

Roland kneels beside the bed and takes the sick woman's hand. Frederick looks at the Nun/Nurse and gets a look of encouragement.

Then he puts his hand on the sick woman's forehead and closes his eyes.

FREDERICK
Father in heaven. If you're there.

The Nun/Nurse looks up, alarmed. Roland doesn't move a bit.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

If you're listening. If you're the God everyone says you are, then... heal this woman. Or take her. But relieve her of the--the pain. She doesn't deserve this. Not by herself. Not here, in this...

He breaks down in tears.

FREDERICK (CONT'D)

Just... I...

Frederick rushes from the building.

The Nun/Nurse looks panicked, but Roland still holds the woman's hand, continues praying silently.

EXT. RESERVATION HOSPITAL - NIGHT (DUSK)

Frederick sits on the steps outside the white building, staring off into the distance, his face streaked with tears, though his eyes are now dry.

Roland exits the hospital slowly and sits down next to him.

FREDERICK

It's the suffering that fucks me up. I can deal with what the Krauts do to us, what they do to these people--I mean, look around you. I can give God the benefit of the doubt on this.

(he shakes his head)

But the suffering.

ROLAND

I'm an aloof man. I don't like it about myself. It's a weakness I used to wish I could ferret out and attack like a virus. Just make it disappear. I make up for it by simply forcing myself to listen and try to imagine what these people might be feeling. But empathy isn't easy for me.

He puts his arm around Frederick.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Your empathy is what makes you who you are. You're not a gangster.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

You're not a killer or a thief.
You're just not.

EXT. DINER ON 21ST - NIGHT

Alec waits nervously, smoking a cigarette, as Yacov, Joey and Paulie walk up with some swagger.

Alec throws his cigarette down, grinds it out with his foot, then points over at two trucks parked nearby.

ALEC

Took me forever to get the fucking things. Picked one up, then hoofed it back to pick up the other one.

PAULIE

You know we coulda picked one of 'em up, right?

ALEC

(annoyed)

Let's go -- you're late.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The two trucks roll to a stop just down the road from a massive, fenced-off warehouse.

INT. ALEC'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Alec drives one truck, with Yacov as his passenger.

Alec looks at his watch: 9:48 p.m.

ALEC

Twelve minutes.

Paulie gets out of the passenger side from the other truck and comes to Yacov's window.

PAULIE

Yo, you want me to go check it out?

Alec looks at the dark warehouse and thinks for a moment. Then he nods.

ALEC

Yeah. Give us the signal when you see the security take their break.

PAULIE

Okay.

He turns to leave, then turns back around.

PAULIE (CONT'D)

Wait, what's the sign?

ALEC

I don't give a fuck. Just something.

Paulie thinks for a long moment, obviously mulling it over.

PAULIE

So, what if I give a signal that you think means stay away? Like a fist in the air, you might interpret as stay out. But really I'm saying come on.

ALEC

Sweet Mother of Jesus! Just hold your fucking fist up. That's the sign! That's the sign! Now, go!

Paulie nods and runs down the road, into the gate and up towards the warehouse. Paulie stops at the outside wall and crouches quietly. He turns and gives a thumbs up.

INT. ALEC'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Alec looks at his watch: 9:54 p.m.

INT. ALEC'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Alec looks at his watch: 9:59 p.m.

Alec leans forward and watches the warehouse intently.

After a moment, several Security Guards exit the warehouse, jump into a Jeep and drive off.

Seconds later, Paulie waves one finger into the air and spins it around, wearing a massive smile.

Alec puts the truck in drive.

ALEC

You're friend is a fucking moron, just so you know.

YACOV

I guess you'd know.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The two trucks pull into the fenced off area surrounding the warehouse and quickly park, their rears conveniently pointed towards a nearby set of double doors.

Alec and Yacov get out and Joey joins them.

ALEC

Okay, follow me. Just on the other side of these doors.

Alec pulls open the massive doors and slips into the warehouse. The other three quickly follow.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The warehouse area is foggy and dark.

The four young gangsters make their way in and stop, look around.

PAULIE

I can't see shit.

ALEC

Your eyes will adjust. I think.

After a moment, their eyes do become more adjusted and just ahead of them they see a stack of roughly thirty wood crates.

ALEC (CONT'D)

There they are. Mother. Fucker.

They move toward the boxes, when suddenly from either side four shadowy figures emerge -

-- and begin to fire shots.

JOEY

-- the fuck?!

The four kids run, diving for cover.

More SHOTS PING, piercing the metal walls behind them.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEINT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Colin sits on a long bench, reading an appropriately small-type book titled "Being an Officer of Peace in the Third Reich."

The phone rings and Tines picks it up, listens for a moment, then hangs up. He puts his feet up on his desk.

LAWRENCE

What was that, Tines?

TINES

Shots fired down at some warehouse in Burbank.

Colin looks up from his book.

LAWRENCE

Shots fired? Do we need to send unies out to check it out?

Tines looks as bored as possible.

TINES

It's Burbank. Who gives a shit? Let the shooting stop and we'll head down there. No need to risk anybody.

Colin thinks for a moment, then quietly puts down his book and sneaks back through -

THE HALLWAY

-- and into -

MICKEY'S OFFICE

He shuts the door behind him and thinks for a moment.

Then he picks up the phone and quickly dials a number.

INT. DARK CELLAR ROOM - NIGHT

Six MEN (varying ages, 30's-60's) sit in a circle of chairs quietly. There is one empty chair in the circle.

The SOUND of someone STOMPING down a set of wooden stairs. Charlie slowly comes into view, enters the room.

She looks around, then takes the empty seat. Everyone looks nervous. Somber. Charlie makes eye contact with the men.

CHARLIE

We start something important tonight.
An undertaking bigger than anything
in our lifetimes, maybe in our
fathers' lifetimes, too.

(beat)

The Resistance has been a pipe dream,
a bunch of ragamuffins fumbling
around in the dark. The Krauts have
had us under their thumb so long
we've started believing that this
Occupation is normal, that it's a
good thing for us. And maybe it is.

Grumbles from the men in the circle. Charlie holds up her hand and gets silence quickly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Maybe it is. But even if it is a good
thing, I'd like to think that
freedom, the ability to rule
ourselves as one nation indivisible
under God is better. Much fucking
better. So, tonight is the start. The
beginning of something bigger and
stronger.

The Men look more scared than before. But it's not just fear, but resolve.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let's make the Resistance something
worth fighting for, make this country
something worth fighting for again.

ALL THE MEN

Hear, hear!

Just then another set of feet on the stairs. Everyone watches nervously as Mickey slowly comes into view.

CHARLIE

Chief?

MICKEY

I'm not sure how this works yet,
Charlie. But I think we got some
common ground here.

Charlie looks around the room. The men nod their heads.

CHARLIE

Well, someone of your stature is
always welcome, Mickey.

Mickey takes an empty seat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Now. Where to start?

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The lights are now on, illuminating how big this warehouse really is--it's massive.

Alec, Yacov, Joey and Paulie kneel in a line.

In front of them, two uniformed German officers hold rifles, standing next to Goebel and Bauer.

GOEBEL

Ah, so you are the young men who have
wreaked so much havoc upon my
business. I don't know what I was
expecting. But certainly more than
this rag tag bunch. What about you,
Captain Bauer?

Bauer simply grunts.

PAULIE

Please, Herr Goebel, we ain't never
done nothing like this before, we --

Bauer shoots Paulie in the head. He falls to the ground,
dead and convulsing and the other three burst into
indistinct YELLS for mercy and lenience.

Goebel reaches out and pushes Bauer's gun down.

GOEBEL

Now, now. We see what lies will bring
from now on, do we not? Do we have a
clear understanding?

Joey sobs almost uncontrollably. Yacov angrily looks at the
ground. And Alec has peed his pants.

GOEBEL (CONT'D)

Now, let's ask some questions and see
who might give us the correct
answers.

The young men nod.

GOEBEL (CONT'D)
Does Charlie know about this?

One of the soldiers puts his rifle's barrel under Joey's chin.

GOEBEL (CONT'D)
(to Joey)
You, good sir--please answer.

Joey shakes his head and blows a snot bubble.

JOEY
Charlie would kill us for this shit!

GOEBEL
Then I'm afraid I must kill for -
(disgusted to say it)
-- *this shit*.

He nods and the soldier pulls his trigger and the top of Joey's head disappears. He falls to the ground, dead.

Alec and Yacov are now resigned to their fate.

GOEBEL (CONT'D)
You two look frightened beyond
belief. Don't worry, you're going to
be okay.

Hope lights up in the two young men's eyes.

GOEBEL (CONT'D)
Well, that's what I could say. But
I'd be lying.

Bauer watches this psychological torture with a look that says he's far too comfortable with what's going on.

Hope leaves the boys' eyes.

GOEBEL (CONT'D)
Now, what are your names?

No answer.

GOEBEL (CONT'D)
I am asking you a question, boys.
Please answer.

The soldiers each place their rifles under their chins.

GOEBEL

(smiles)

Flattery will get you nowhere, son.
Though it does give me a little
tickle in my throat that makes me
want to show mercy, but...

Goebel suddenly gets an odd look on his face and he rubs his throat and coughs. He looks down and sees blood on his hand. Blood erupts from a tiny bullet hole in his throat.

He falls to his knees, then to the ground dead, to reveal behind him two masked men: Willem, holding a smoking, silenced 9mm pistol; Colin, a double barrelled shotgun.

In what feels like slow motion, Colin fires and hits one soldier, blowing him back several feet, as Willem shoots the soldier holding the gun to Alec.

Alec leans back and simultaneously pushes the barrel away from him. The gun explodes into the ceiling, but the soldier firing it is dead before he hits the ground, shot between the eyes.

Bauer tries to bring his gun towards Willem, who deftly blocks the weapon--sends it clattering across the floor.

The two men wrestle, as Colin quickly reloads the shotgun and tries to find a good shot.

Bauer easily knocks the pistol from Willem's hand and punches him, knocking him to the ground.

Bauer sees Colin firing and dives. The shotgun blast explodes over his head. He rolls to his feet and takes off running, toward the rear of the warehouse.

Willem rips off his mask, grabs his pistol and quickly fires the rest of his magazine, to no avail. Bauer escapes.

Colin takes off his mask, drops the shotgun and quickly grabs Alec, who's now on the ground, convulsing in tears.

Willem throws his gun to the ground and turns around.

WILLEM

We have to get out of here quick. The
cops'll be here any second.

Willem shoulders Alec and helps him stumble out of the warehouse.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Willem drives, Alec's in the middle and Colin is on the passenger's side.

Alec simply sobs. Colin puts his arm around his friend.

Willem drives as fast as he can, staring straight ahead.

INT. WILLEM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Willem enters the front door, still in shock. He leans against the door for a moment and looks up to see Jacque.

JACQUE

Where have you been?

WILLEM

I would really appreciate you not doing this. Not now. Not tonight. Just come here. Please. Come here.

JACQUE

Are you safe? Is anyone coming for you? Looking for you?

WILLEM

I saved Alec for the last time tonight. I'm done. I'm yours. For good. Forever.

JACQUE

My stomach. The reason I've been sick. I'm -

Her voice trails off.

WILLEM

(confused)

-- you're -

JACQUE

-- having a baby.

Willem runs across the room and takes her into his arms. He holds her close and takes a deep breath. He kisses her sweetly.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

The limo drives briskly down the road, its lights illuminating the desert for miles.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Frederick and Roland both sip from tumblers of whiskey.

Roland's white robes are filthy from his work today.

ROLAND

Perhaps calling is too strong a word,
but I saw it on you today.

FREDERICK

What do you want from me, Roland?
What am I to you?

ROLAND

I was young and ambitious and zealous
when I first took the oath and donned
these robes. I could give up
everything for God, for the cause of
Christ. Then your mother brought you
to me. What were you? Five? Maybe?
And as you grew, for the first time,
I started to understand what I had
given up, what I was missing out on.

Roland takes another drink from the tumbler.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Whether our DNA says so or not--
whether you like it or not--I see you
as my son.

Roland looks out into the darkness.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

What father doesn't desire the best
for his son? You aren't a gangster.
You have the hand of God on your
life, Frederick. You do. You just do.
And now you're at a crossroads. Which
side will win out?

The tires rumble against the highway almost hypnotically, as
Frederick works to figure out how to respond.

FREDERICK

(almost a whisper)

Perhaps one side has already won.

Roland leans forward to hear him better.

ROLAND

What was that?

Frederick looks him in the eye.

FREDERICK
You're right, Roland.

ROLAND
I have men waiting for you in Los Angeles, ready to take you to begin your training.

FREDERICK
What?

ROLAND
Tonight you have a choice, Freddie, between your calling and whatever else is calling to you. I think you know the right choice. Choose it.

Frederick stares at Roland, steels his nerves with another sip of whiskey, then:

FREDERICK
You're right. This is my calling.

INT. BROTHEL - DAY

Goebel's body is laid out on a table. Around him are gathered thirty or so men in SS uniforms and Schwarzebande arm patches. They all look sad, depressed.

In the middle, Bauer stands angrily, still covered with blood.

Just then Linkhart enters and everyone turns to look at him.

BAUER
If I didn't know better, I'd wonder your allegiance.
(beat)
Do you know who is responsible?

LINKHART
Not yet. And I'm blown over there. I can't go back. I'm with you.

Bauer seeths with anger, clinches his fists. Then he turns to his men.

BAUER
(German, subtitled)
This will not stand.

BAUER (CONT'D)

We will destroy those who have not only taken from us our six brothers, but now our leader. We will not stop until this city is but a pile of rubble. We will avenge you!

The Officers nod and grunt approval.

EXT. AUF WEIDERSEHN RESTAURANT - DAY (EARLY MORNING)

Alec sits, his back to the wall of the restaurant, nearly catatonic, as Willem walks up slowly.

Willem leans down and helps Alec up.

WILLEM

Come on. Let's get this over with.

INT. CHARLIE'S ROOM - DAY

Obviously upset, Charlie paces back and forth in front of a still-nearly catatonic Alec. Willem sits nearby.

We slowly realize Charlie's holding tightly to a gun.

CHARLIE

Do you even know the immediate shitstorm this snafu has put me in? It ain't money or respect we're talking about. There's a delicate balance between me and the Krauts that's just been fucked all to shit.

She moves to Alec and puts the gun to his head, cocks the hammer back. The gun look huge in her hand.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You're too much of a liability, Alec.

Willem stands up, reaches out and grabs the top of Charlie's gun. He doesn't push it down or pull it. He holds it steady.

Charlie looks at Willem in shock but does not pull the gun away from Willem's grip.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What. The. Hell. Are you doing, Will?
(off Will's silence)
I appreciate you standing in for your friend here, Willem, but this is none of your goddamn fucking business. You have made that VERY clear.

Charlie's trigger finger begins to squeeze.

WILLEM

Do not pull that trigger, Charlie!

Charlie still doesn't pull the gun away, continues staring straight at Willem.

Willem stealthily puts his pinkie finger between the gun's hammer and the body of the gun.

Charlie's eyes narrow. She sees her chance.

CHARLIE

There's only one option to save him, Will. You come run a crew for me and you guarantee this fuck personally.

WILLEM

You know I can't --

CHARLIE

THIS ISN'T FUCKING MULTIPLE CHOICE!

Charlie composes herself and - finally - shakes Willem's hand off of the gun. She puts the barrel against Alec's head.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You have three seconds.

Willem takes a deep breath and closes his eyes.

WILLEM (V.O.)

We make a choice and we move forward.
Forward, always forward. Fuck fate.

(beat)

But how the fuck did it get to this?

He opens them as Charlie starts to count.

CHARLIE

Three... Two... One...

CUT TO:

BLACK

THE END