

Triumph of the Dead
by
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FADE IN:

INT. FARMHOUSE. DAY

The kitchen/living area of a ramshackle farmhouse in Eastern Europe, near dusk. Though it is still light outside, shadows already fill the room. Near the window, by the door, is an old shabby bed, occupied by a small, frail shape, a blanket pulled over its head.

As our eyes move from the bed across the room, we see, in a rough semi-circle, facing the bed, their backs against the opposite walls, a half-dozen SS STORMTROOPERS, holding submachine guns at the ready, safeties off. They're all scarred and grizzled, battle-hardened veterans, but we can see that they're frightened of whatever is on that bed.

The door SLAMS and the stormtroopers swing their guns towards it.

WULFF (O.S.)
Stand down, you idiots!

The stormtroopers all snap to attention as SS Obersturmfuehrer HEINRICH WULFF, early 30s, blond, broad shouldered, strides through the door.

With a contemptuous sneer, he signals them to stand down.

WULFF (CONT'D)
(brushing snow from his
uniform)
We've routed the partisans. They won't be
bothering us again.

One of the stormtroopers looks around warily.

FIRST STORMTROOPER
What about the rest of the assault group?

Wulff gives him an icy glare.

WULFF
The partisans won't be bothering us
again. What about the... specimen?

Another stormtrooper points at the figure on the bed. At that exact moment, a SOUND comes from the bed. It is a rattling wheeze, as if someone is trying to breathe with shattered ribs and punctured lungs.

Wulff steps between his men and the bed, calmly drawing his pistol.

The figure sits up in bed, jerkily and slowly.

Wulff aims his pistol, as if practicing on the firing range, AND SHOOTS IT IN THE HEAD.

The figure falls back on the bed, its arm limply hanging off the edge, revealing the worn sleeve of a concentration camp uniform, a Star of David armband on the upper arm. Its hand is withered and crabbed.

WULFF (CONT'D)

Prepare to move out. I want to be gone before nightfall.

Stormtroopers set about packing up equipment.

WULFF (CONT'D)

(as an afterthought)

And bring me the monk.

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD. DAY

A snow-dusted field in the Ukraine, on a foggy afternoon in late fall/early winter of 1943. On the edge of the field, along the side of the road, a battalion of German Tiger tanks have formed a defensive line, with a small infantry battalion digging in alongside them.

Two infantrymen, PRIVATE WILLI SCHWENK, 16, a lanky, cleanfaced boy, and CORPORAL RUDI HAAS, 45, grizzled and tough, are digging furiously.

HAAS

Goddamned idiots!

WILLI

What is it, Corporal?

Haas pauses, leans on his shovel. WILLI keeps digging.

HAAS

This defensive line. It'll barely last a minute if the Soviets send anything our way. Which they will, damn them.

WILLI
 Isn't that what they call, "defeatist
 thinking"?

HAAS
 You plan on reporting me, Private?
 (grinning)
 Get me sent East to fight the Reds?

WILLI
 (voice cracking)
 Whaaat? No - no.

HAAS
 Relax. I'm joking. We like to have fun
 out here. Makes it feel like a vacation.
 (Pause.)
 That's a joke too.

Willi laughs nervously, resumes digging.

HAAS (CONT'D)
 What's your name, son?

WILLI
 Schwenk, sir. Private Wilhelm Schwenk.

HAAS
 I mean, what do your friends call you? At
 school or kindergarten... wherever you
 were before you got drafted.

WILLI
 My classmates called me "Willi".

HAAS
 Well, Willi, my name is Rudi. Rudi Haas
 So you can stow that "Corporal" bullshit.

WILLI
 Yes, si- I mean, Rudi.

Haas stops, throws down his shovel.

HAAS
 Might as well stop. Deep enough. We're
 not building the Westwall.

Willi looks at his shovel.

WILLI
 Shouldn't we dig a little further? Just
 to be sure?

Haas laughs, bitterly. He takes out a pack of cigarettes, taps out a cigarette. He offers it to Willi, who shakes his head "no". Haas shrugs, lights up.

HAAS

How long have you been out here, Willi?

WILLI

I was called up six weeks ago.

Haas whistles and takes a drag on his cigarette.

HAAS

God in Heaven, they must be desperate.

WILLI

I know I'm young- but I'll fight!

HAAS

I'm sure you will. Up until that first Soviet bullet blows your brains out.

Willi turns green. Haas sighs, takes another puff.

HAAS (CONT'D)

Easy, kid. You stick by me, Willi, and you'll be back home, kissing your girl when it's all over.

WILLI

If you say so...

Haas pats the side of the gigantic and well-armed Tiger tank next to their position, which currently has an officer standing in the turret.

HAAS

You don't have to believe me, just believe in this. This Tiger tank can beat anything the Soviets throw at us, any day of the week.

(calling to officer)

Isn't that right, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT FRIEDRICH SCHAEFFER, early 30s, with aristocratically handsome features and blue eyes, looks down at the two enlisted men.

SCHAEFFER

Yes, we can take on any single Soviet tank and best it. Guaranteed.

Haas slaps Willi on the back.

HAAS

See! What did I tell you?

Schaeffer lifts up his field glasses & searches the horizon for approaching Soviet forces.

SCHAEFFER

(to himself)

Problem is, we won't be facing just one Soviet tank.

CUT TO:

INT. TANK. DAY

As Schaeffer closes the hatch and descends back into the hot and stuffy interior of the tank, a grim look passes over his face.

He examines the men under his command: GUNTHER, the gunner, stocky, slovenly, an unlit cigar permanently between his lips; HUGO, the loader, tan, muscular, stolid; MAX, the radio operator, thin and near-sighted, filled with nervous energy; and WERNER, the driver, cool and calm, blonde.

Schaeffer, crouching, sits down next to Werner, spreads out a map.

SCHAEFFER

Werner, if we're overrun and need to pull back, we'll head for this village here
(points at tiny dot on map)
There's an SS detachment there, and Intelligence suggests it's clear of partisans.

Werner gives him a look.

WERNER

Sir -

SCHAEFFER

As long as they can fight, that's all I care about. Understand, Corporal?

WERNER

Yes, sir.

MAX

Lieutenant Schaeffer, I thought our orders were to hold the line at all costs.

SCHAEFFER

Yes, Corporal.

MAX

Orders straight from the Fuehrer himself.

WERNER

Sounds like you don't need the Lieutenant to tell you them, Max.

MAX

I pride myself on following orders, Werner.

WERNER

Yes, Max, we've heard a lot about the Fuehrer's orders from you, from the Lieutenant -

(tips cap)

Begging your pardon, sir -

Schaeffer allows himself a smirk.

SCHAEFFER

Apology accepted, Corporal.

WERNER

And from the Fuehrer himself. Since you're the only one that doesn't outrank me, I suggest you shut your mouth. Before I shut it for you.

MAX

A man with suspect loyalties shouldn't speak so openly. Why, I hear you used to be married to a -

Werner lunges for Max. Hugo holds him back.

SCHAEFFER

Stop it, both of you! How will we stop the Reds if we waste our strength attacking each other?

GUNTHER

Lieutenant's right. Just shut up, will you, and let some of us get some -

The rumble of thunder can be heard in the distance.

WERNER

You were saying, Gunther?

GUNTHER
So much for some rest.

SCHAEFFER
From your lips to God's ears, Gunther.

MAX
God is an outmoded concept!

HUGO
Max.

Hugo picks up a shell in one hand & shoves it into the breach.

HUGO (CONT'D)
Shut up.

MAX
... Alright, Hugo.

EXT. FIELD. DUSK

Haas & Willi huddle in their foxhole. In the distance, the rumble continues.

WILLI
Why aren't we getting hit?

Willi starts to stand. Haas pulls him back down.

HAAS
Get down! You want a sniper's bullet between your eyes?

Haas slowly looks over the edge of the foxhole. The fortifications & tanks around them seem undisturbed.

WILLI
Sorry, Rudi.

Silence as the rumbling continues in the distance.

WILLI (CONT'D)
Rudi?

HAAS
Yes?

WILLI
Do you think we'll lose the war?

HAAS

No.

(grimly)

Now that we've got it, we'll never get rid of it.

(Pause.)

That was a joke.

WILLI

It wasn't very funny.

HAAS

I know.

The rumbling continues.

WILLI

How much longer can it last?

Haas takes out some cards.

HAAS

It's not up to us. You ever play poker, Willi?

EXT. EASTERN EUROPEAN TOWN. NIGHT

Two Stormtroopers load ammo crates into a truck.

STORMTROOPER 1

Hurry up. It's already dark.

The 2nd Stormtrooper stops, wiping sweat from his brow.

STORMTROOPER 2

I'm not worried. We got most of them last night. Alive or dead, any German is worth 100 Jews.

The 1st Stormtrooper shoves the last crate in.

STORMTROOPER 1

Just get the truck started. I can't wait to get out of here.

The 2nd Stormtrooper gets into the truck's cab.

STORMTROOPER 2

We should stay longer...
(Starting the engine)
Make sure the place is -

He turns on the headlights, illuminating a couple dozen people in front of the truck. They're still in shadows, but something seems wrong about them.

The crowd pauses for a second, then surge forward into the headlights. Some of them seem to be badly injured, yet move quickly.

The 2nd Stormtrooper shifts into reverse and peels out, going backwards.

The 1st Stormtrooper barely avoids getting run over, but is crushed against the wall.

The ammo truck barrels into a wall at full speed. Smoke seeps from the engine, then it explodes.

The 1st Stormtrooper staggers to his feet, clutching at his ribs. Behind him, the flaming wreckage cuts off his escape.

The mob stumbles towards him, still mostly hidden by shadow.

Fumbling with his sidearm, he tries to hold it up to his chin and pull the trigger. He merely blows off his jaw.

From outside the alley, all that can be heard is a gurgling sound, then flesh tearing and a series of low, inhuman moans.

EXT. FIELD. EARLY MORNING

Several hours later. The shelling in the distance continues, but at a slower pace.

Haas plays solitaire as Willi fitfully tries to sleep.

The shelling's pace picks up again.

HAAS

Huh. They've been softening those sons of bitches up for a while. I wonder -

CUT TO:

INT. TANK. EARLY MORNING

SCHAEFFER

What's north of us?

WERNER

I think it's a division of French
volunteers, sir.

GUNTHER

... shit. The fucking French! Are you
fucking kidding me?

SCHAEFFER

Let's just hope they're as eager to die
for Germany as we are.

The roar stops. An eerie silence settles over the line.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)

Max?

MAX

Yes, sir?

SCHAEFFER

See if you can raise the French armor
commander on the wireless.

Max starts messing with his radio.

MAX

LVF Armored Battalion... Come in, LVF...
(throws down headset)
Damn it.

The whole crew listens to the silence.

EXT. FIELD. DAY

Haas picks up the cards and starts to deal again. Willi
picks up his cards, trembling.

HAAS

Calm down, Willi.

The rumbling starts again, but at a slightly different
pitch.

HAAS (CONT'D)

Those poor bastards...

WILLI

Wait.

Willi listens carefully.

WILLI (CONT'D)
 Sounds like it's to our west.

They stare at each other.

HAAS
 Shi-

CUT TO:

INT. TANK. DAY

SCHAEFFER
 -it.

Schaeffer grabs his field glasses & opens up the turret hatch. Daylight floods down into the tank, then he jumps back down.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)
 Reverse! Put her in reverse!

Werner starts pulling levers, looking out the slits. Through the narrow vision slits, he can see shadowy lumbering shapes rolling through the mist.

BACK TO:

EXT. FIELD. DAY

Haas & Willi duck into their foxhole as the rumbling grows louder. As they get their bearings, they notice the Tiger tank trying to back over them. They dive back out on opposite sides.

HAAS
 Crazy bastards!

As he shouts, another tank a couple dozen yards away EXPLODES!

HAAS (CONT'D)
 Shit!

Willi stands still, mouth agape...

As a FULL REGIMENT OF RUSSIAN T-34S ROLL INTO VIEW.

BACK TO:

INT. TANK. DAY

Frenzied activity inside the tank.

SCHAEFFER
Traverse! Traverse!

CONTINUOUS WITH:

EXT. FIELD. DAY

The Tiger's turret rotates so that it is firing at the sides of the Russian tanks. As it rotates, shells explode on either side of it...

SCHAEFFER
Armor-piercing.

Hugo loads an armor-piercing shell into the breech, as Gunther lines up a T-34 in his sights. Another nearby explosion rocks the tank.

GUNTHER
Always said Commies can't shoot for shit.

SCHAEFFER
Don't get cocky!

Gunther fires. THE T-34 EXPLODES!

Willi cheers & notices Haas pointing behind them.

Willi looks around...

As does Werner inside the tank...

And they notice half the German tanks already aflame or destroyed.

Willi & Haas, taking cover alongside the tank, fire at Russian troops advancing on their line.

Hugo loads in another armor-piercing round as Gunther lines up another Russian tank in his sights. It seems to hit the enemy tank, but when the smoke clears, it begins to roll forward again.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)
Max, get General Falkenhausen on the line. Tell him we can't hold -

MAX
Our orders are -

SCHAEFFER
(barking)
Goddammit, Corporal, I give the orders
here!

Max gets back on the radio, a dirty look crossing his
face. It passes unnoticed by Schaeffer.

MAX
Sixth Panzer Battalion to headquarters.
Sixth to headquarters, come in,
headquarters...

Only static in response.

Though every other Russian tank is damaged or destroyed,
the remaining T-34s advance implacably. More lightly-
armored, they move more nimbly and there are just too
many of them.

Most of the German line is now shrouded by smoke and
flames. Return fire comes infrequently, often punctuated
by several explosions.

WILLI
There are too many!

HAAS
Don't think! Just shoot!

They open fire on some advancing infantry, a few of whom
fall.

Inside the tank, Max desperately fiddles with the radio,
which is just registering static.

MAX
No response, Lieutenant. Should I try
again?

SCHAEFFER
No. Order a retreat.

MAX
Lieutenant?

HUGO
Max. Shut up.

Surprised, Max does.

SCHAEFFER
Werner, get us out of here!

WERNER

Yes, sir!

Werner throws the tank into gear & starts maneuvering it away from the advancing Russian tanks while avoiding the burning German tanks.

Haas sees the tank pulling out. He pushes Willi up onto the back of the tank, firing off a burst one-handed.

WILLI

What are you doing?

HAAS

Calling a retreat.

WILLI

But you can't do that.

HAAS

Do you see anyone else giving orders?

Crouching, the soldiers fire from the tank's rear, as the Russians return fire.

Haas falls on his stomach on the rear part of the tank. Willi collapses next to him, a second later.

The Russians keep firing. Bullets ricochet off the tank's armor.

HAAS (CONT'D)

When we get back home, you're buying the first round, Willi!

He hits Willi on the shoulder. Willi's form just limply collapses. As Haas takes his hand away, he notices blood on it. He touches Willi and then rolls his comrade's limp body over, revealing a sucking chest wound and frothy blood drying on the young soldier's lips.

The lone tank rumbles down the road towards the village, the sounds of battle fading in the distance.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

Some time later, the Tiger tank is rumbling down a country road, surrounded on both sides by forest. Haas is now blearily slumped on the back of the tank, Willi's corpse lying beside him.

INT. TANK. DAY

Schaeffer & his men are sweaty and bleary-eyed.

GUNTHER

How much further to this SS garrison?

WERNER

Just another few miles.

MAX

No sign of the Soviets. Maybe the line held.

GUNTHER

Doubt it. How good are corpses at defense?

MAX

I doubt the SS will welcome a bunch of deserters like you.

WERNER

What makes you different from us?

MAX

I was following orders!

WERNER

Like that'll make a diff - shit!

Werner suddenly downshifts to a lower gear. The whole crew is shaken.

SCHAEFFER

Watch it, Corporal. The Soviets are doing a fine job killing us without you helping them.

WERNER

Sorry, sir, but -

Werner points ahead. Schaeffer looks out the tank slits.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD. DAY

A couple of wrecked farm wagons block the road. They're riddled with bullet holes and charred. It seems both victims and attackers are long gone.

CUT TO:

INT. TANK. DAY

WERNER
Should we -

SCHAEFFER
Keep driving.

WERNER
But, sir -

SCHAEFFER
There's a superior force behind us. DRIVE
RIGHT THROUGH!

Werner shifts up in gear.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD. DAY

The panzer picks up speed. As it rams the wreckage,
timbers splinter. The tank breaks through with ease...

ONLY TO FALL INTO THE TANK TRAP BEHIND IT.

Haas is knocked against the turret.

CUT TO:

INT. TANK. DAY

The whole crew is thrown about.

MAX
Shit!

Hugo falls on top of Gunther.

GUNTHER
Oof!

The panzer settles at a diagonal angle. Schaeffer grabs
onto his seat and pulls himself up.

SCHAEFFER
Everyone alright?

WERNER
Yes, sir.

MAX

Fine.

HUGO

Sir.

GUNTHER

If this asshole would get off of me, I'd be fine.

A clunk is heard against the turret. Schaeffer gestures to Werner, who nods and draws his side-arm.

Werner opens the turret and rises out, gun drawn...

CUT TO:

EXT. PIT. DAY

...on poor Haas, who is trying to climb up.

HAAS

Hold your fire! I'm German!

WERNER

Lieutenant, you might want to see this...

Werner climbs onto the back of the tank and helps Haas up. Schaeffer climbs up out of the turret.

HAAS

(saluting)

Corporal Rudi Haas, at your service.

WERNER

Corporal Werner Gottschalk. And this is Lieutenant Friedrich Schaeffer.

Schaeffer points at Schwenk's body.

SCHAEFFER

And who's he?

Haas looks down, takes off his helmet.

HAAS

Some poor kid they just sent up. His name was Schwenk. Willi Schwenk.

SCHAEFFER

I'd welcome you, Corporal, but your travelling companions seem to suffer from bad luck.

(MORE)

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)
(shouting into tank)
All clear!

WERNER
(whispering to Haas)
Don't mind him. He's a good commander.
He's just got a bit of gallows humor in
him.

Haas nods.

HAAS
Fair enough. I have a dark streak myself.

The rest of the crew starts clambering out of the turret.
The tank is sticking diagonally into an enlarged shell
crater, with the rear sticking up out of the crater.

SCHAEFFER
Werner, tell me if the tank's alright.
Haas, you and Gunther get out onto the
road and stand guard. Max, try the radio.
Hugo, stick with me.

The men set about their appointed tasks. The forest is
uncannily quiet.

Werner jumps down into the crater. He sees the panzer has
gone off its treads.

WERNER
Sir?

With Hugo standing next to him, Schaeffer leans over to
climb down...

...just as a CRACK is heard and Hugo goes down, a bullet
in his leg.

Werner starts to climb up to see what happened, but
Schaeffer tackles him and the two men fall to the ground.

SCHAEFFER
Sniper! Get down!

Haas & Gunther start firing into the woods. Bullets ping
off the tank's armor, just inches away from Hugo. Max
huddles inside the tank, terrified.

Schaeffer & Werner crawl out of the pit, still keeping
low to the ground. There is a brief pause in shooting.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)
Only one man. Good.

The sniper starts firing again.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)

Cover us!

HAAS

What do you think I'm doing?

Haas & Gunther lay down cover fire, as Schaeffer & Werner creep into the woods.

Bullets keep hitting the tank. One hits Hugo in the arm.

GUNTHER

Why don't you fire at us, you son of a bitch?

Obligingly, the sniper turns his attention to Gunther and Haas.

Werner & Schaeffer creep through the forest, signalling each other as they try to pinpoint the sniper's position. A bullet cracks near Werner.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

(firing again)

We're still here, you bastard!

The sniper returns fire, then pauses to reload again.

Werner spots the glint of a sniper scope in a tree branch, signals to Schaeffer, who aims -

Gunther's head is in the sniper's cross-hairs.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Go fuck a bottle of vodka, you -

A finger closes on a trigger. A shot rings out -

And Gunther's head is blown open.

Werner & Schaeffer fire. A body falls from the tree, landing in the underbrush.

Werner & Schaeffer rush up to the tree, to see the sniper disappearing into the woods. They fire again. The sniper is hit in the back, stumbles, rights himself & keeps running.

Werner starts to follow him. Schaeffer grabs him.

SCHAEFFER

No.

WERNER

That bastard killed Gunther -

SCHAEFFER

And we don't know how many friends that
bastard's got in the woods.

Werner stops and follows Schaeffer back to the others.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST. DAY

The sniper, who is wearing bulky winter clothing several sizes too big, half-runs, half-stumbles through the woods. Only the sniper's anxious, darting eyes, are visible as his face is covered by a scarf.

The sniper trips and falls into a snow-drift, clutching the sniper rifle close. A rather nasty red stain at the sniper's shoulder is rapidly spreading.

As the sniper stands up, the scarf falls away. The sniper is a young Russian woman, barely out of her teens.

She groans as she stands up. She stumbles a couple of feet further before falling to her knees, panting.

She lets go of her sniper rifle. She tries to stand, but collapses into the snow.

She crawls a little further, leaving blood trails in the snow. She stops, just lying in the snow, eyes open, unblinking.

Snow starts to fall.

EXT. PIT. DAY

It's now afternoon at the site of the wrecked Tiger. Max and Haas are shovelling snow over the corpses of Willi & Gunther.

Hugo is sitting against the back of the tank, with debris and a winter blanket creating a tiny lean-to to protect him from the wind. His injured leg is outstretched, a tourniquet on it.

Werner is bandaging his arm.

WERNER

That should do it. It's just a flesh wound.

HUGO

Lucky, huh?

WERNER

Just make sure to release the tourniquet every 15 minutes, or you could lose the leg.

HUGO

Then I'd really be fucked.

WERNER

Just wait, we get out of here and you'll get to go home to some cushy desk job.

Schaeffer walks up.

SCHAEFFER

The ladies love war heroes, Hugo. You won't want for company.

WERNER

Just make sure to remember your old war buddies.

Hugo gives a wan smile.

HUGO

Sure.

Schaeffer gestures to Werner.

SCHAEFFER

Now if you don't mind, Hugo, I've got to talk to the Corporal.

HUGO

Go ahead.

Schaeffer salutes Hugo, and Hugo returns it.

Werner and Schaeffer walk a few feet away and huddle.

SCHAEFFER

How bad is it?

WERNER

Bad. The arm is clean, but the leg...

SCHAEFFER

We can't move him?

WERNER

He'd barely survive a ride in the tank.
If it still worked.

SCHAEFFER

We've got to get going. We're open
targets out here.

WERNER

Damn... Do you want me to -

SCHAEFFER

I'll break it to him. A good leader takes
responsibility.

WERNER

Yes, sir.

SCHAEFFER

Tell Max and that new fellow to finish it
up.

WERNER

Right away, sir.

Werner walks over to Haas & Max.

Schaeffer crouches down next to Hugo.

SCHAEFFER

We have to keep moving, Hugo.

HUGO

Yes, sir.

SCHAEFFER

Once we get to the SS garrison, we'll
send someone back to get you.

HUGO

Sure.

A moment of silence between the two soldiers. Then
Schaeffer hands Hugo a sidearm.

SCHAEFFER

Here.

Hugo takes the gun, checks the magazine, the chamber.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)

It was Gunther's.

HUGO

2 rounds.

SCHAEFFER

All we can spare.

HUGO

More than enough. One for the enemy. One for me.

Schaeffer pats him on the shoulder and starts to stand.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Be seeing you, sir.

Schaeffer's mask of command drops for a moment. He looks tired beyond his years.

SCHAEFFER

I hope not. Not where I'm going.

Hugo nods.

Schaeffer walks over to where his other men are burying Willi & Gunther.

The bodies are buried under a layer of snow, two distinct mounds.

Haas bows his head and prays.

MAX

Stop your feeble prayers. A true German knows the only afterlife is the memory of his race!

HAAS

I don't know about your friend, but this kid deserves more than worms and words stolen from Goebbels.

WERNER

I'm with you, Rudi.

MAX

Makes sense you would pray to a Jew, Werner.

Werner lunges at Max. Haas grabs Werner, holds him back.

SCHAEFFER

Gottschalk! Richter! Stand down! We're alone in hostile territory. We don't need to tear ourselves apart and save the Soviets the trouble.

Werner calms down. Max spits on the ground.

MAX

Fine, Lieutenant. But remember, Werner, the SS aren't any fonder of Jew-lovers than I am.

Haas punches Max in the jaw. Max collapses.

SCHAEFFER

(to Haas)

If you do that again, soldier, I might have to reprimand you.

HAAS

Yes, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE. DAY

Later in the day, the remaining Germans approach a small Eastern European village. It is now quite late in the afternoon.

The village, which must have been ramshackle even in its heyday, has clearly suffered from the war. A few buildings are in ruins, while most of the other ones show the signs of jury-rigged repairs.

As the soldiers entered, the village seems quite deserted. The only sound that can be heard is the wind whistling through the village.

Schaeffer and company walk warily.

HAAS

So where's this garrison?

WERNER

Were they overrun?

SCHAEFFER

I don't see any signs of a battle.

As they push deeper into the village, Werner spots something. He walks over to a snow-covered mound.

Werner uncovers it.

WERNER

Lieutenant?

Schaeffer and the others come over.

Werner rolls the thing over. It's a CHARRED CORPSE.

Werner points at a ring on the corpse's finger. The ring has a death's head insignia on it.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Looks like we've found that SS garrison.

MAX

Who could have done this?

HAAS

Russians? Partisans? Mutinous Germans?
Take your pick.

MAX

You seem to mistake traitorous comments
for humor, Haas.

HAAS

You seem to mistake other people's ideas
for your own, Richter.

Schaeffer bends down and examines the corpse more closely. He gestures to the corpse's arm.

SCHAEFFER

What does this look like to you, Werner?

Werner examines the arm.

WERNER

Bite-mark?

HAAS

No reason to be surprised. There was
plenty of cannibalism at Stalingrad.

In the background, a SHADOWY FIGURE crosses from one building to another.

MAX

Soviet lies.

The shadowy figure disappears around a corner.

SCHAEFFER

What bothers me is that something chewed
on this man AND set him on fire.

A door shuts. In the silence, it echoes like a gunshot.

HAAS

Looks like we're not alone.

SCHAEFFER

Haas, with me. Gottschalk, Richter,
circle around.

Haas & Schaeffer head down the main street, while Max and
Werner head in the same direction the shadowy figure
moved in.

EXT. SIDE STREET. DAY

Max & Werner move down the side street quietly. Max is
nervous, twitching at the slightest noise. Werner stops,
points down an alley.

WERNER

Thought I saw something move down there.

MAX

Then why don't you go? Or are you too
scared?

WERNER

Just cover me.

Werner proceeds down the alley, pistol drawn. Max pauses.
A shadow moves further down the side street. Max turns
and glimpses movement, though of what he can't tell. When
he looks back, it's gone. Nervously, he moves to catch up
with Werner.

EXT. MAIN STREET. DAY.

Schaeffer & Haas move down the main street, alert and
focused.

SCHAEFFER

You're an odd one, aren't you?

HAAS

I'm not going to argue with a superior
officer.

SCHAEFFER

It's not common for someone to strike a man spouting the party line in front of his comrades.

HAAS

I'm already on the Eastern Front. What else can they do to me?

Schaeffer gives him a wry look.

HAAS (CONT'D)

Oh, sure, I know. But I've got more important things to worry about right now.

SCHAEFFER

(bemused)

Do you really think we're facing a cannibal SS garrison?

A HELMETED FIGURE peers down from a rooftop, then quietly withdraws, unnoticed.

HAAS

You said it, Lieutenant, not me.

SCHAEFFER

It wouldn't be that much of a surprise. Those jackals are already devouring Europe and the Fatherland. The next step is individuals.

HAAS

Yet here we are, fighting alongside them, fighting for them. And why?

SCHAEFFER

Ours is not to reason why...

HAAS

You'll have to do better than that, sir. What about, "Battle not with monsters, lest you become a monster."

SCHAEFFER

Haven't you heard, Corporal? It's impossible for Germans to be monsters.

The two men pass by a stable with the door swinging open. They get on either side of the door. Haas gestures to Schaeffer to hold back. Haas goes inside.

Haas comes back out, a grim look on his face.

HAAS

Looks like you're wrong, Lieutenant.
Something monstrous is going on here.

INT. STABLE. DAY.

Inside the stable, flies buzz, the first sign of life inside the town. There's a palpable odor of rot and decay cutting through the musty building.

Haas & Schaeffer stand on bloodstained straw, disgust on their face.

A half-dozen dead horses lying on the ground, their flesh ripped off their bones in ragged chunks, their entrails piled on the floor, half-eaten. The horses' eyes are gouged out, their tongues lolling on the ground.

HAAS

I've never seen anything like this. Even amongst starving soldiers.

SCHAEFFER

We need to find Werner & Max. Now.
Whatever we're dealing with... it's not human.

A SHOT rings out from a couple of buildings over. Schaeffer and Haas start running.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY.

Max fires his rifle at a shadowy figure disappearing around the corner.

WERNER

Stop, you idiot! We don't even know if he's one of ours!

MAX

(running after the figure)
We'll ask questions later.

Werner follows, as the alley opens up into the village square. The figure, which is wearing a Wehrmacht-issue winter coat over flowing robes is running toward the nearest house.

Werner fires into the air.

WERNER

Halt!

The figure freezes. As it lifts its hands up, beads jingle.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Now turn around!

(the figure starts to move)

Slowly!

The figure turns around. He is a TIBETAN MONK, barely 20, wearing a German coat over his Buddhist prayer robes. The monk is frightened and confused.

Max moves forward.

MAX

Where are the rest of your comrades?

WERNER

Keep your distance, Max.

The monk starts chattering in Tibetan.

Max jabs the monk in the stomach with the butt of his rifle.

MAX

Talk in German, you Commie bastard!

Schaeffer & Haas reach the square, guns drawn.

SCHAEFFER

What the hell is going on?

MAX

We caught a partisan, sir!

(hits the monk with his rifle again.)

The monk collapses, gasping for air.

MONK

Stop! [Tibetan]. Please. Stop!

MAX

You want mercy, you bastard? Mercy's for the weak.

SCHAEFFER

You can let up now, Richter. He needs to be able to talk if we want to interrogate him.

Max kicks the monk in the ribs.

MONK

Help! [More Tibetan] Help! Wolf!

SCHAEFFER

That's enough, Richter!

MAX

Wolf? What wolf? Is he hoping his pet will rescue him?

WULFF (O.S.)

I assure you, I am no man's pet.

Obersturmfuehrer Heinrich Wulff steps out of a doorway, pistol trained on Max.

WULFF (CONT'D)

As a matter of fact, you could say this... thing is mine.

Max stiffens. Werner, Haas & Schaeffer train their guns on him.

SCHAEFFER

Put your weapon down and step away. We don't want to shoot you.

WULFF

I'd advise you against that anyhow, Lieutenant. It would not end well for you. Or your friends.

MAX

Big words from a lone man!

WULFF

But I'm not alone.

(shouting)

Private Beck!

PRIVATE BECK, a helmeted SS stormtrooper stands up on the rooftop with a submachine gun aimed in Schaeffer and company's direction.

SCHAEFFER

Stand down.

MAX

But -

SCHAEFFER

You heard me! Stand down. All of you.

Haas, Werner and Max all lower their guns.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)

I presume you're members of the SS
garrison stationed here.

WULFF

Part of it, yes. And you intruders are?

Schaeffer steps forward. Beck starts nervously, but Wulff
gestures for him to calm down.

SCHAEFFER

We are the last remnants of the Wehrmacht
in the Ukraine. Lieutenant Friedrich
Schaeffer.

(pointing out each man in
turn)

Corporal Rudi Haas. Corporal Werner
Gottschalk.

Werner nods warily.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)

And that's Corporal Max Richter.

MAX

Heil Hitler!

Wulff returns the salute.

WULFF

SS Obersturmfuehrer Heinrich Wulff. One
of those "jackals" you accuse of
devouring Germany.

Schaeffer flinches.

WULFF (CONT'D)

Oh, don't be surprised, Lieutenant. We've
learned to be quite careful in these last
few weeks. You and your men were under my
observation from the moment you set foot
in this town.

SCHAEFFER

And where are the rest of your men, Herr
Wulff?

Wulff chuckles, as he strides up to Schaeffer.

WULFF

Your attempts to goad me, Schaeffer,
amuse me.

HAAS

You didn't answer his question. Sir.

WULFF

Much like the regular army, we've suffered some reversals as well. Survival of the fittest, comrades!

Wulff strides back towards the door he came out of, the monk scurrying after him. Schaeffer gestures for the rest to follow.

INT. HOUSE. NEAR SUNSET.

The Germans are in the house from the first scene, though the bed is now unoccupied and stripped.

The enlisted men huddle around the fire, devouring a simple meal of bread and salt pork. The Tibetan Monk crouches outside their circle, shivering and eyeing their food.

Schaeffer and Wulff sit at a small rough wooden table, maps spread out in front of them.

WULFF

-This would be the best way out. Mostly back roads. Unlikely to be any soldiers travelling there.

SCHAEFFER

What about peasants?

WULFF

I can assure you, Lieutenant, we've dealt with them already.

SCHAEFFER

And in the process turned civilians into partisans.

WULFF

And how, may I ask, would you treat civilians who were interfering with your work and sheltering our enemies?

SCHAEFFER

What is your work out here, Wulff? And what does he

(pointing to the monk)

Have to do with it?

WULFF

Trust me, Schaeffer, the project has been approved by the very highest ranking officials in the Reich.

(checks his watch)

I suggest we start moving. We can be out of the area by nightfall, if we start now.

SCHAEFFER

You can't be serious.

WULFF

About what?

SCHAEFFER

Leaving now.

WULFF

We shouldn't wait here for nightfall.

SCHAEFFER

My men are tired, freezing and starving. They need food and rest.

WULFF

This town isn't safe after dark.

SCHAEFFER

So instead of being in a secure house, we should traipse around unknown roads with an entire enemy army about?

WULFF

I say we leave!

Schaeffer notices the whole room is now watching them.

SCHAEFFER

You don't command me, Wulff. So unless you can give me a good reason to head out now, you and your lickspittle can head out alone.

Wulff glares daggers at Schaeffer, but says nothing.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)

It's settled then. We leave tomorrow.

The wind whistles outside. Werner shivers.

WERNER

It'll be rough out there after dark. I hope Hugo's doing okay.

EXT. TANK TRAP. DUSK

Hugo is still huddled in his makeshift lean-to, a small fire still burning. He's eating beans out of a can.

HUGO

Damn. You'd think they went all the back to Berlin.

He scrapes the last few beans out of the can. He pulls his coat tighter around him, and warms his hands over the fire. He hums "Deutschland Uber Alles".

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD. DUSK

The side of the road where Gunther and Schwenk were buried. There is now only one snow-covered mound. The other one has collapsed, as if whatever was in it is gone.

Footprints lead away from the collapsed mound.

EXT. TANK TRAP. DUSK

Hugo sits by the fire, which is now quite low.

Something rustles nearby. Hugo looks around, but it's out of sight.

Hugo pulls out his pistol and takes the safety off.

Hugo hears twigs snap, closer to his shelter. He holds his breath. The steps get closer.

HUGO

Lieutenant? Werner?

The steps are now right by the lean-to. The fire is dying now.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Max?

Someone walks up to the lean-to. Hugo takes his gun and aims...

And then realizes his visitor is wearing a Wehrmacht uniform.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Shouldn't sneak up on me like that. I nearly shot you.

The visitor crouches down. A gust of wind stirs up the flames for a moment. Hugo sees the bloodless face of ZOMBIE WILLI SCHWENK.

Hugo shoots the zombie once, hitting him in the shoulder. The zombie takes a step back, but doesn't fall down.

Hugo shoots again. This time he hits the zombie square in the chest.

The zombie crawls towards Hugo. Hugo pulls the trigger again, but it just clicks on empty chambers.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Shit.

The zombie approaches closer, but pauses. The fire's flames have halted it.

Hugo notices this and grabs a piece of burning wood. Holding it between the zombie and him, he pulls himself along the ground toward the lean-to's opening.

The fire goes out. The zombie draws closer.

Hugo desperately thrusts the torch towards the zombie as he pulls himself out of the lean-to. The zombie is now only a foot or two away.

As Hugo crawls out of the lean-to, the wind picks up...

And his makeshift torch goes out.

HUGO (CONT'D)

Oh god.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD. NIGHT

There are screams, as the rotting corpses of TWO PEASANTS stagger toward the lean-to.

The screams increase, then stop, replaced only by munching noises.

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

Haas gets out a pack of cards and starts dealing to Werner, Beck and Max.

Beck looks at his cards and grins, revealing gold teeth.

BECK
Want to make this interesting?

HAAS
Sure. Cigarettes?

BECK
No.

Beck reaches into his pocket and pulls out a handkerchief. He unwraps it, revealing gold rings, a watch and a necklace. There are even a few gold teeth in there.

A greedy smile crosses Max's face.

BECK (CONT'D)
What do you bet?

HAAS
Can't afford your wager. Our pay's not good enough.

BECK
Oh, I didn't pay for this.
(pointing to the teeth)
These were very easy to get.

WERNER
(getting up)
I'm sure you didn't.

Haas follows him, shooting a wary eye back at Beck.

BECK
What's with him? They just belonged to some Jews.

MAX
Let's just say it hit a little close to home.

Beck shrugs, starts playing solitaire.

Max sees Wulff sitting by the fire, cleaning his pistol. Max approaches him. He steps on a loose floorboard and nearly stumbles.

WULFF
Watch it. The floorboards are warped. Just like everything in this piece of shit country.

MAX
Herr Obersturmfuehrer?

Wulff continues methodically cleaning his weapon.

WULFF
Corporal Richter, is it?

MAX
Yes, Obersturmfuehrer Wulff.

WULFF
What is it, Corporal?

MAX
First, sir, let me apologize for striking your... companion in the street today.

WULFF
No apology necessary, Corporal. No racially pure German need apologize for his treatment of an inferior.

Max breathes a sigh of relief.

MAX
But you seemed so angry...

WULFF
I merely thought it important to establish my dominance in the situation. I bear no ill will.

Max draws closer to Wulff.

MAX
Since we're being frank, sir, I want to warn you. I think the others might be traitors. Corporal Haas keeps expressing defeatist thoughts, and Corporal Gottschalk was once married to a Jewess.

Wulff takes this in.

WULFF
We must be pragmatic.

MAX
Sir?

WULFF
We shall eliminate all enemies of the Reich in due time. For now, they might serve a purpose.

Max looks disappointed.

WULFF (CONT'D)

Are you a member of the party, Corporal?

MAX

Yes, sir! Since 1933!

WULFF

(smiling)

It might surprise you, then, to learn that I am not a member.

Max's face fills with conflicting emotions.

WULFF (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

Rest easy! It's because I find the party too inefficient, too... sentimental. The old party streetfighters, once they get up in the ranks, can be bought off by anyone with enough money.

MAX

The party does have a few bad apples.

WULFF

In Poland, the gauletier let Jews escape internment if they paid him! Letting damned Jews escape!

MAX

It's an outrage!

Wulff finishes cleaning his pistol, stows it back in his holster.

WULFF

When the war is over, I promise, we true Germans will run the show. We will be efficient, we will be unrelenting...

Wulff picks up some wood, tosses it in the fire. As the fire blazes...

WULFF (CONT'D)

We will be thorough!

Wulff offers Max his canteen. Max takes a sip, gasps.

WULFF (CONT'D)

My apologies. That's the best wine this unclean country offers.

(MORE)

WULFF (CONT'D)
(taking a sip at the canteen)
To progress!

MAX
To progress!

Schaeffer comes over. Max stands up in alarm.

SCHAEFFER
Sorry to break up your cozy fireside chat, Wulff, but I thought we might want to discuss our plans for tomorrow.

WULFF
Very well, Lieutenant, but you might soon find yourself wishing we'd left tonight.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF TOWN. NIGHT

A recently-dug mass grave. A groaning emerges from it. The rotting hands of ZOMBIES start clawing up from the dirt.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT

The corpse of the Sniper Girl lies half-covered by snow. Her eyes are frozen open.

Suddenly her fingers start twitching.

Then her legs move.

The SNIPER ZOMBIE gets to her feet, limping in the direction of the village.

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

The fire extinguished, most of the soldiers are sleeping in the main room of the house. Beck is on guard duty.

Haas, still awake, wanders over to Beck. He offers Beck a cigarette.

Beck sneers, his gold teeth sparkling.

BECK
Disgusting habit. Ruins your gums,
destroys your teeth. The Fuehrer himself
abstains.

HAAS
Suit yourself.

Haas settles down and shuts his eyes.

HAAS (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
... you fascist prick.

A low moan comes from outside. Beck looks out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE. NIGHT

The street is deserted and quiet.

Too quiet.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

Beck hears the moan again from outside.

He goes to the cot where Wulff is sleeping & wakes him up.

WULFF
What is it, Private?

BECK
(whispering)
Obersturmfuehrer, I thnk our visitors
have... returned.

Wulff instantly awakes. He goes to the window.

WULFF
There's nothing out there.

As Wulff and Beck talk, a rotting corpse crosses from one shadowy side street to another. They don't notice it.

BECK
But, sir, I heard something.

WULFF
Is that all?

BECK
Perhaps we should wake the others -

WULFF

No. They'd want to know why. We need to keep our - purpose - classified.

BECK

But, sir -

WULFF

If you are so concerned, Private, about this imaginary noise, I order you to investigate it.

Beck looks at him, frightened.

WULFF (CONT'D)

Well?

Beck salutes Wulff shakily and crosses to the door, avoiding the warped spot on the floor.

EXT. VILLAGE. NIGHT

Beck cautiously walks down the center of the empty street, submachine gun at ready.

Beck hears a noise down a dark alley. He enters it.

The other end of the alley is blocked by rubble.

Beck advances closer and closer to the pile of rubble.

When he is only a couple of feet away from the rubble, it starts shifting. A tiny hand reaches out.

Slowly, a YOUNG PEASANT GIRL rises from the rubble. In the shadows, it is hard to tell if she's a zombie or just an abandoned child.

Beck doesn't bother to wait to see the difference. He takes aim and blows her head off.

Relieved, Beck turns back the way he came...

... and sees A HALF DOZEN ZOMBIES STANDING BEHIND HIM.

Beck lets out a scream and fires a burst from his submachine gun.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

The soldiers are woken by the gunfire.

SCHAEFFER

What's going on? Where's Beck?

Schaeffer & his men grab their weapons. Wulff does nothing. The monk huddles in the corner, shivering.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)

Goddamnit, Wulff! He's your man.

WULFF

It's already too late.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT

Beck is out of ammo and there are still 4 or 5 ZOMBIES advancing on him.

The 2 closest zombies, within arm's reach of him, wear the outfits of concentration camp inmates. One of them grabs the struggling Beck.

BECK

No!

The other concentration camp victim zombie grabs Beck's jaw and STARTS RIPPING IT OFF.

Beck screams until his jaw is totally detached. Then, as slobber and drool drips from his mouth, the zombie starts pulling out his gold teeth. The other zombies start eating the rest of him.

Schaeffer and his men reach the mouth of the alleyway in time to see the macabre sight.

WERNER

My god.

A zombie turns and heads for the soldiers. Schaeffer fires his pistol into the zombie's chest. It staggers, but keeps advancing.

Schaeffer backs up, fires again. The others are frozen by shock.

The zombie continues forward.

A bullet cracks its skull and the zombie falls. Wulff, with gun drawn, is standing right behind the others.

WULFF

Aim for the head, you idiots. Aim for their fucking heads.

With this advice, the soldiers are able to take care of the closest zombies. But more moans can be heard from nearby.

HAAS

There are too many!

WULFF

Head for the house!

SCHAEFFER

What about Beck?

The zombies around Beck pause and step aside. ZOMBIE BECK, jaw missing and face mauled, staggers towards them.

Wulff takes aim and blows his head off.

WULFF

What about him?

Max leans over and vomits.

WULFF (CONT'D)

Be sick on your own time, Richter.

Max, Werner, Schaeffer, Haas & Wulff fight their way back toward the house...

Only to find that the street in front of the house is now filled with zombies. The soldiers stop.

HAAS

Shit.

WERNER

Well, what now?

WULFF

(shooting the zombie nearest him)

We split up.

MAX

That's suicide.

WULFF

No, they're slow and stupid. If a few of us run by, they'll follow.

SCHAEFFER

And where do those few go?

Wulff jams another clip in his gun.

WULFF

There's a side entrance, from the alley. I'll go. Who's with me?

HAAS

(stepping forward)

I will.

Wulff calmly blows away another zombie.

WULFF

Stay here, stay silent for 30 seconds. Then head across. Sound and movement attract them, so complete silence for 30 seconds. Understood?

Schaeffer and the others nod.

WULFF (CONT'D)

Good. Heil Hitler!

Max & Schaeffer salute automatically, Werner & Haas reluctantly.

Wulff & Haas run out of the alley, firing at zombies, who start following after them.

SCHAEFFER

30...29...28...

The street begins to clear of zombies. Wulff & Haas barely evade the grasp of one large group of zombies.

SCHAEFFER (CONT'D)

19...18...17...

MAX

(whispering)

Lieutenant.

Max points out a couple of stragglng zombies, heading towards them. SNIPER ZOMBIE leads them.

SCHAEFFER

Not yet. Eleven... ten...

Seeing the zombies move closer, Max panics and shoots at one of the straggler zombies. The sniper zombie groans loudly to her compatriots.

The shot echoes through the town.

As Wulff & Haas run down the alley, some of the zombies turn back.

WULFF

Idiots!

Max bolts across the street to the door, as the street behind him fills with zombies.

WERNER

Fucking coward!

Werner & Schaeffer run across the zombie-filled street.

Wulff pulls open the side door. Haas and Wulff get inside, shut the door and start barricading the door.

Max desperately pounds at the front door.

MAX

Let me in! Let me in!

A few zombies approach Max. He fires wildly at them, missing them.

Werner & Schaeffer are gradually encircled by zombies, as they move closer to the house.

WERNER

There are too many of them!

SCHAEFFER

Get to the door! I'll cover you!

WERNER

Sir?

SCHAEFFER

That's an order, goddamnit!

Schaeffer covers Werner as he runs for the door. Max sees Werner approaching, and gets in front of the door. Werner shoves him aside. He shoots the doorknob and breaks the door in.

Max scurries inside, finding Haas & Wulff just coming into the main room.

Werner turns back towards Schaeffer...

WERNER

Lieutenant!

... to find his commander now completely surrounded by zombies. The clip in his pistol empty, Schaeffer tries to pistol-whip the nearest zombie.

Werner aims his gun, but the zombies are too close to the officer.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Sir, they're too close!

A HANGED PEASANT ZOMBIE bites Schaeffer on the arm. He hits it with the butt of his pistol, but another zombie grasps at his arm.

Then Schaeffer feels something grab at his feet. He looks down to see ZOMBIE HUGO, crawling on his stomach, his legs just stumps.

SCHAEFFER

God forgive me...

Werner is so focused on watching Schaeffer torn apart by the horde of zombies, he doesn't even notice a lone zombie creeping closer & closer to him.

Suddenly a gun fires! Werner jumps, sees the zombie fall over with its head blown away. Haas is standing beside him, his gun smoking.

HAAS

Better get inside, Werner. I don't want to be the only decent one left.

He notices Werner staring at Schaeffer's corpse, which is starting to twitch back to unlife.

HAAS (CONT'D)

He's beyond anyone's help now.

WERNER

No. Not yet.

Werner aims and blows Schaeffer's head off. Werner goes inside the house.

Haas pauses.

HAAS
(over Schaeffer's corpse)
We're all monsters, Lieutenant.

Haas spits, goes inside.

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

All the remaining soldiers are furiously hammering the door shut or moving furniture in front of it.

WULFF
Haas, close the shutters! Richter, put
out the lights!

WERNER
What in God's name is going on,
Obersturmfuehrer? It's like you dealt
with these things before!

WULFF
What's going on here is classified,
Corporal!

Werner grabs Wulff by the collar and shoves him up
against the wall. On the other side of the wall, the
zombies pound louder.

WERNER
You know, Wulff, after nearly getting
eaten by... those things... I'd say the
secret's out!

WULFF
Alright, Gottschalk. You want to know
what those things are? Those things are
an army of reanimated corpses, cursed
with a insatiable hunger for human flesh.

HAAS
Those things are dead?

WULFF
(as if talking to a small
child)
Yes, that's why you have to shoot them in
the head. You can't wound a corpse, after
all.

Everyone stares at him, shocked.

WULFF (CONT'D)
Fire'll keep them away, though.

WERNER

And how do you know all this?

WULFF

Easy. We created them.

Shock.

WULFF (CONT'D)

Really,

(pointing to MONK)

He did, from some spells in the Tibetan Book of the Dead, with the assistance of the finest occultists and anthropologists the SS had to offer. He was the only one to survive their creation.

Wulff curses at the Monk in Tibetan. The Monk draws back, offended.

MAX

And why did you make those things in the first place?

WULFF

We pure Aryans face a demographic problem. We are outnumbered by the mongrel races by 100 to 1. How can we control the world, let alone conquer it, when the subhumans have the resilience and fecundity of cockroaches?

WERNER

But a mindless army of the dead...

MAX

Completely under German control...

HAAS

I'd say the last part still needs some work.

WULFF

But the good news -

WERNER

There's good news?

WULFF

- is that those creatures might be fierce, but they're also stupid. If the barricades hold & we don't draw their attention, they'll lose interest and wander away.

(MORE)

WULFF (CONT'D)

Then we can leave at first light. They
have to return to their graves.

WERNER

And why do they do that?

Wulff shrugs.

WULFF

I don't know. They just do. But if you
speak Tibetan, feel free-
(pointing to Monk)
to discuss it with him.

A quiet settles over the room, save for the sounds of the
zombies outside.

WERNER

Alright then. Until dawn.

FADE TO:

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

Later. The front door is now barricaded.

The remaining Germans now watch the door.

Wulff sits at the table, drinking and humming the Horst
Wessel Song.

MAX

Is there any food left?

Haas & Werner ignore him.

WULFF

Beck kept track of provisions. Whatever's
left is in the kitchen.

Max salutes and goes into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

The kitchen, this late at night, is full of eerie
shadows. The stove, the cutlery, everything looks
malevolent.

Max nervously pats his holster.

Suddenly he hears a creaking from the pantry.

He lights a lantern and draws a gun.

He opens the pantry and aims...

...and finds the monk sitting cross-legged inside, praying.

MAX

Superstitious subhuman!

Max grabs him by the neck and drags him out of the pantry.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'll teach you to hide, you vermin!

Dragging him into the kitchen, Max starts beating him.

Werner rushes into the kitchen, followed by Haas and Wulff.

WERNER

What's going on here?

MAX

This creature snuck up on me. I was teaching him a lesson!

WERNER

You son of a bitch!

(punches Max)

How brave are you against someone who'll fight back?

Max fall to the ground.

MAX

Get that Jew-lover away from me!

Werner starts beating the shit out of Max.

MAX (CONT'D)

Wulff! Help your fellow Aryan!

Wulff sneers.

WULFF

If you can be beaten that easily, maybe you have some Jew blood as well.

Wulff walks away. Haas pulls Werner off of Max. The two men help up the monk and leave.

MAX
You'll all pay for this.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Some zombies still claw at the doors and windows of the house, but more mill about aimlessly.

Sniper Zombie draws close to the house. She notices a shutter move a crack and cocks her head.

A zombie stumbles past her, wandering away. She grabs it and turns it back toward the house. It moans, but she draws its attention to the subtle signs the house is occupied. It staggers back toward the house.

Sniper Zombie then heads over to another group of zombies that are starting to wander away and starts doing the same thing.

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

Max & the monk are huddled on opposite sides of the room, nursing their injuries.

Wulff is now very drunk by the fire.

WULFF
(singing to himself)
"clear the streets for the
brownshirts/clear the streets for the
stormtroopers!"

Werner comes up to him.

WERNER
There's something you need to see.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC. NIGHT

Wulff & Werner enter the attic of the house, a single shuttered lantern lighting their way.

WULFF
How cozy. Thank you for showing me the
attic, Corporal Gottschalk. However, I am
quite familiar with this house.

WERNER

I know you're an SS man, but I thought you had some sense. I'm sorry for the mistake.

(pointing out the window)

Look out there.

Wulff takes out his field glasses and looks through them.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

A small army of zombies staggers down the street towards the farmhouse. The Sniper Zombie is clearly pointing at the door and urging them on.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. ATTIC. NIGHT

Wulff puts down his field glasses, shocked.

WULFF

Incredible. They're planning... thinking.

WERNER

They know we're here. We can't just hide and hope they'll go away.

WULFF

Clearly the Jew's racial instinct to scheme and plot does not end with death.

WERNER

Goddamnit, Wulff, that doesn't matter right now. What matters is that we survive.

A loud, persistent pounding starts downstairs.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Or would you prefer to tell those things about your crackpot theories face-to-face?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

Wulff & Werner return from the attic to find the others sitting around nervously.

WERNER

New plan: we're getting out of here.

MAX

Yeah? And who made you leader? Wulff still outranks you.

WULFF

And if I say we're leaving?

MAX

(gulping)

What an... excellent plan, Obersturmfuehrer.

WULFF

Those creatures aren't giving up. And I doubt our barricades will last the night.

HAAS

So what's the plan?

CUT TO:

INT. VARIOUS PARTS OF HOUSE. NIGHT

WERNER (V.O.)

Max, Haas, you find anything combustible. Coal, gas, oil.

We see Haas & Max ransacking the kitchen & finding a cannister of heating oil.

WERNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Then bring it up to the attic. I'll be pouring it outside onto the ghouls below.

We see Max do this.

WERNER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Wulff, you're our best shot. You'll set up a sniper's nest to pick off the zombies.

We see Wulff loading guns, adjusting sights.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

All the soldiers are gathered back together.

WERNER

Now we just need someone to distract them.

MAX

To serve as bait, you mean? Don't even think about sending me!

WERNER

Even if it had occurred to me, we need anyone who can handle a gun inside, ready to attack.

Wulff smiles.

WULFF

I know who we can spare.

Wulff turns to the monk, who has been watching the preparations warily.

WERNER

You can try, but I don't know why he'd want to do anything for us. Especially with how Max has been treating him.

WULFF

Oh, it's so simple to manipulate subhumans. They're no match for Aryan charisma & intellect.

Wulff goes over to the monk. We see them briefly converse, then the monk nods. Wulff returns.

WULFF (CONT'D)

He's happy to serve.

MAX

Ha! Imbecile!

WERNER

I guess we should get into place.

Werner & Haas take up positions by the windows, Max is at the door.

Wulff takes his place upstairs in his makeshift sniper's nest.

The monk takes off his German weather gear as he stands by the door.

HAAS

He's gonna freeze out there.

MAX

Oh, some of those mongrel races are physically very tough, according to -

HAAS

Do you ever have a thought of your own?

WERNER

Go!

Max opens the door & the monk steps outside...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT

...and is immediately surrounded by zombies.

The monk steps forward. The zombies make room for him to pass through. They watch him but don't attack.

One zombie, already badly burned, steps forward. The burned zombie sniffs him, then steps aside.

CONTINUOUS WITH:

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

HAAS

What the hell is going on?

The monk starts walking through the zombie horde. The zombies silently move out of the way, as he makes his way through.

WERNER

They're not attacking him.

The monk turns back to the house and stares at it, shakes his head, and keeps going.

WULFF

Bastard!

Wulff grabs a gun, aims and fires...

... and the monk goes down, a bullet in his head.

WERNER

Damn you, Wulff!

The zombies begin moaning and head toward the house.

Wulff lights a molotov cocktail & throws it amidst the zombies. Some of them catch fire & stumble around.

Werner & Haas start firing from their positions. More zombies go down.

Out on the street, the Sniper Zombie notices her forces falling to this onslaught. She growls, and the remaining zombies start staggering away.

In a few moments, except for a few headless or burning zombies, the street is deserted.

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

WULFF
(dawning realization)
The street's clear.

WERNER
Where have they all gone?

WULFF
It's all so obvious!

Wulff is all but jumping for joy.

HAAS
What's with him?

Wulff takes out his canteen and downs the last of the wine inside.

WULFF
To the eternal progress of the Aryan race!

WERNER
What the hell are you talking about?

Wulff starts towards the kitchen, but Werner blocks him.

WULFF
(suddenly very serious)
You're interfering with my celebration, Corporal. Some might consider that... insubordinate.

Werner doesn't move.

WERNER
Tell me what the hell just happened.

Wulff laughed.

WULFF

You really don't get it? None of you?

The other soldiers give him blank stares.

WULFF (CONT'D)

It's obvious. All along, it was that little mongrel who was behind all those ghouls. Now that he's dead, they're done.

(breaking into song)

"As long as the linden trees bloom/Berlin is still Berliiiiiin!"

HAAS

I don't know. It seems too easy.

WULFF

Take a look outside yourself. Tell me what you see.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT

We see Haas, Werner & Max look out the window onto the seemingly empty street. Out of their line of sight, a group of legless zombies, led by Zombie Hugo, crawl under the house.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

WERNER

He's right.

HAAS

I still don't trust it.

MAX

Well, we should stay holed up in here. Just to be safe.

HAAS

I don't think anyone's counting on you to take any risks, Richter.

MAX

What's that supposed to mean?

HAAS

Means you haven't stuck your neck out once for anyone since I've met you. Wulff, is this what all your so-called Supermen are supposed to be like? If so, I'll cast my lot with the mongrels.

WULFF

Racial superiority is no laughing matter, Corporal. We'll see how well your sense of humor holds up at your court martial.

The floor under them creaks.

WERNER

Be quiet!

WULFF

I've had enough of your insolence as well, Gottschalk.

WERNER

No, I think I heard something.
(Whispering)
Under the floorboards.

Everyone is silent. There's only a slight creaking sound.

MAX

Now who's the coward?

Suddenly the loud crack of wood splintering can be heard. Max jumps.

MAX (CONT'D)

Where's that coming from?

Haas inspects the door while Werner checks the windows.

WERNER

Nothing out there.

HAAS

Nothing here either.

The noise stops and everyone relaxes.

WULFF

Look at you. Jumping at the slightest noise -

Then the floor gives way under them. Wulff & Max, who are closest to the hole, fall to the dirt underneath the floor. They see the legless zombies crawling towards them, groaning.

MAX

Shit!

Wulff reaches for his gun, only to find it out of his holster. He looks up and sees it a few feet away, just in front of the nearest zombie.

WULFF

Richter! Cover me!

Max draws a pistol and starts firing wildly. One of the zombies falls, but the rest keep crawling, surrounding them.

Werner & Haas stand on the edge of the hole, guns drawn.

WERNER

So much for your theory, Wulff.

Wulff nearly reaches his pistol, when the zombie lunges towards him.

WULFF

Don't talk! Shoot!

Haas & Werner aim but...

WERNER

They're too close!

Wulff grapples with the zombie, holding it's head way from him.

Max empties the clip of his pistol. He looks at the zombie nearest him, which is still moving. It's Zombie Hugo.

MAX

Hugo! It's me. Max! Your friend -

Hugo crawls closer, groaning. Max tries to back up.

Wulff is still wrestling the zombie with one hand & reaching with for his pistol with the other. Another zombie starts crawling towards him.

HAAS

Guess someone's got to save those
assholes. They're bad enough without
trying to devour us.

Haas starts to climb down. Werner makes to follow.

HAAS (CONT'D)

No, I might need a rescue myself.

WERNER

Alright. Just don't be stupid.

HAAS

Don't need to tell me.

Max is still edging away from Hugo, who continues
crawling towards him.

MAX

No, Hugo, don't do this! We were
comrades!

Just as Hugo reaches Max, he pauses. He falls to the
ground, Haas pulling his bayonet from Hugo's skull.

MAX (CONT'D)

Were you trying to let him eat me?

HAAS

I'm trying to save you. Don't make me
change my mind.

Wulff screams. A zombie has bitten off a large chunk out
of his hand, while Wulff's wrestling partner is starting
to overpower him.

Max scrambles out of the hole, leaving Haas behind.
Werner helps Max out.

WERNER

Where are the others?

MAX

(rushing into other room)
Still down there.

WERNER

Goddamn coward.

Haas sticks his bayonet through another zombie's neck,
severing it's spine. It falls and he starts crawling
towards Wulff.

The grappling zombie's slobbering mouth inches closer to Wulff's face.

Finally, Haas plunges his bayonet into the back of the biting zombie's head. He slides Wulff's pistol into Wulff's reach.

Wulff grabs the pistol and shoots the wrestling zombie in the face.

WULFF

Die! Die! Die!

The zombie falls on top of Wulff, pinning him.

WULFF (CONT'D)

Get me out of here!

Haas pulls the zombie off of him.

The two men start climbing out of the pit as another zombie crawls after them.

Haas pushes Wulff up out of the pit as the zombie nears them. He struggles to climb up but one of his pant legs gets snagged on some wood.

The zombie gets closer...closer...

HAAS

I could use some help here.

BANG. The zombie collapses, it's head blown away.

WERNER

Looks like you were right about needing a rescue.

Haas wipes some zombie splatter off of his uniform.

HAAS

Just don't cut it so close next time.

Werner helps Haas up.

They stumble into the kitchen, where Wulff and Max already wait.

WERNER

So these things were under that monk's control?

Wulff sits staring at the bite on his hand. His face is pale & bloodless.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Well, Wulff?

He grabs Wulff and pulls him up.

WERNER (CONT'D)

You know what I think, Obersturmfuehrer?

Max makes a move towards Werner, but Haas trains his gun on him.

HAAS

No, Max. Wulff & Werner are going to have a little chat. No one gets to interrupt.

Max huddles in the corner. Werner shoves Wulff back into his chair.

WERNER

You know what, Wulff? I don't think these things are under anyone's control. I think they just want to eat some Germans. Now why do you think that is?

Wulff just stares at his wound. Werner slaps him across the face.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Answer me, goddamn it!

Wulff shakes his head.

WULFF

We needed specimens. Both living and dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. DAY

Flashback to the town a few weeks earlier. Wary TOWNSPEOPLE are held back by a line of stormtroopers as some trucks roll into the main square.

SS troops surround the trucks as they open up the doors.

WULFF (V.O.)

Where do you think we got them?

In the back of each of truck are several dozen frail CONCENTRATION CAMP INMATES, Stars of David on their prison garb.

WULFF (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We took them from the camps.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD. DAY

A group of inmates are daubed with blood by the Tibetan monk, while scientists in labcoats with Swastika armbands take notes.

WULFF (V.O.)
Of course, you can run out of anything.

The monk steps back & one of the scientists signals to a group of stormtroopers.

The stormtroopers open fire on the inmates with machine guns.

The LEAD SCIENTIST examines his watch as the monk prays. After a few moments, the lead scientist shakes his head.

WULFF (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Eventually, we had to make to do with another source of subhumans.

CUT TO:

INT. HUT. DAY

Stormtroopers kick in the door of a farmer's hut.

They pull a CHILD away from her MOTHER. The FARMER grabs a butcher knife. One of the stormtroopers riddles him with bullets. The blood spatters on the MOTHER & her CHILD.

WULFF (V.O.)
Our SS men improvised wonderfully.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

Wulff coughs. Haas and Werner are both disgusted.

WULFF
Those idiots on the research team only managed to bring them back once they outnumbered us.

Wulff coughs and dry heaves.

WERNER

A little late for an attack of
conscience, Wulff.

Wulff half-laughs, half-gasps.

WULFF

You still don't get it, do you?

WERNER

No. I understand perfectly. It's you and
your kind's insane "racial" theories &
hunger for power that's doomed us.

Wulff coughs harder.

HAAS

Goddamn you, Wulff.

WULFF

You can't preach to me! We're only doing
what we promised from the start.
Eliminate the weak, the impure!

MAX

Heil Hitler!

Haas clocks Max, who goes down.

Werner grabs Wulff by the throat.

WERNER

My wife - my EX-wife - wanted me to leave
with her. With my daughter! Go to
England. America. But I thought it would
all blow over! That if I just waited,
everyone would come to their senses.

Werner hits Wulff hard.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Now I just want to finish what these
ghouls started.

Haas puts a hand on Werner's arm.

HAAS

He's only a little man in a big uniform.

Wulff collapses to the ground, wracked by a coughing fit.

WULFF

Hahaha.

(coughs)

No need to be sad - Gottschalk. I'll be done for- soon enough.

Wulff holds up his injured hand. The bite has already stopped bleeding, but it's inflamed.

WULFF (CONT'D)

You see - they don't need to - kill you to - get you. Just one little bite.

Wulff coughs again, his whole body shaking.

WERNER

How long do you have?

Wulff laughs.

WULFF

Some sympathy for the "little man"? What is about your kind that loves anyone, so long as they're weak?

(pause)

An hour. Maybe two.

WERNER

Shit.

MAX

(wiping blood from his mouth)

At least it can't get much worse.

HAAS

Only idiots ever believe that.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The Sniper Zombie & an army of corpses stand across the street, watching the house.

One lone zombie crawls out from under the house. The Sniper Zombie groans at it. It groans back. She nods.

She moans to the other zombies around her. She points out the house and lets out an inhuman wail.

Her army of zombies stagger across the street to surround the house.

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

Werner, Max, Haas & Wulff hear the wail & the noise of hundreds of limbs tearing at the doors, windows & walls.

WERNER

No way to hold them back now.

MAX

No! No! I won't be eaten alive!

HAAS

Shut up. We're not going to let them eat us.

WULFF

What's the point? Too late for me - too late for you too. You just don't - know it yet.

HAAS

Then let's all just shoot ourselves now. It'll save some time.

Max looks horrified. Haas shrugs.

HAAS (CONT'D)

It'd put us out of their reach, anyhow.

Werner jumps up.

WERNER

That's it! Haas, didn't you say there was a stable nearby?

HAAS

Yes, but -

WERNER

Did it have a hayloft?

HAAS

Maybe, but -

WERNER

Are you sure it had a hayloft?

HAAS

Yes, yes, I'm sure. Are you alright, Werner?

WERNER

I doubt any of us are alright, Rudi, but we might survive.

HAAS

That's the best we can hope for.

MAX

What are you getting at, Werner?

WERNER

Those things are clumsy, right? Strong, vicious, but clumsy. They can't use tools, they can barely do more than grab and stagger.

Haas grins.

HAAS

So we just get up in the hayloft, & pull the ladder up after us.

WERNER

Right.

MAX

Great plan, Werner.

Wulff coughs & spits on the floor.

WULFF

You won't make it five yards. Haas' plan was the right one.

WERNER

I might think you're a bigot, a sadist, and a sociopath, Wulff, but I never thought you'd turn out to be a coward.

Wulff jumps to his feet, eyes ablaze.

WULFF

I'm no coward, Jew-lover! I've killed more men than you could ever count.

WERNER

But you'd just let those ghouls have you, without taking a few with you. That sounds like surrender to me.

Wulff puffs himself up & sneers.

WULFF

I am SS Obersturmfuehrer Heinrich Wulff! I have been personally decorated by Adolf Hitler! I have sent over 200 inferior men to their pitiful Christ. And I - DO NOT - SURRENDER!

WERNER

Then prove it.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT

Sniper Zombie & her army are pounding against the windows and doors.

The zombies pushing on the front door hear something splinter. They push the door in just a crack. They moan in unison and resume pushing.

The Sniper Zombie wails. Victory will soon be theirs.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

The remaining Germans are all locked & loaded. Wulff, looking worse by the minute, has a pistol holstered on each hip, multiple knives sheathed in a bandolier across his chest and carries a submachine gun.

HAAS

They're almost inside.

WERNER

Alright. Everyone ready?

Wulff inspects his weapons, frowns.

WULFF

Give me some grenades.

WERNER

Why? They won't do you any good against them.

Wulff hacks up some phlegm.

WULFF

Then why do you care?

MAX

If it helps, Obersturmfuehrer, I have 2 grenades left.

WERNER

Fine.

WULFF

Good.

Wulff takes Max's grenades & tucks them into his bandolier.

WERNER

Time to take our positions.

Wulff nods and heads to the door to the main room.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Wulff!

Wulff turns.

WERNER (CONT'D)

See you in Hell!

WULFF

Hell is a fairy tale for cretins and peasants. Tonight I shall be in Valhalla!

Wulff leaves.

WERNER

Alright. I'll go first -

MAX

Actually, Werner, if you don't mind, I'd like to go first.

WERNER

Why?

MAX

Werner! I can't believe you're acting like this.

WERNER

Why?

MAX

Whatever our differences, we're still brothers-in-arms.

Haas rolls his eyes.

MAX (CONT'D)

You're the two best men to have my back. We all know that.

WERNER

Fine, you can go first. But no tricks, Max.

Max gives a sickeningly sweet smile.

MAX

I wouldn't dream of it, Werner.

HAAS

Werner, help me move this barricade away.

Werner & Haas move aside some furniture blocking the door from the kitchen to the alley.

HAAS (CONT'D)

Don't tell me you trust him.

Werner looks over at Max, a picture of innocence.

WERNER

What choice do I have? Anyway, at least if he's in front of us, he can't stab us in the back.

Haas grunts.

Werner turns back towards Max.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Alright. When we hear Wulff start, we go.

The three men take up their positions at the door to the alley and wait.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT

The zombies at the front door finally break it open...

Only to find Wulff standing in the doorway. A grin crosses his face.

WULFF

Hello again.

BANG. He blows off one zombie's head. BANG. He gets another zombie right between the eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Werner & company hear the shots.

WERNER

Time to go.

Max throws open the door. A small group of zombies are outside. He shoots the closest one in the chest and it staggers aside.

Haas & Werner open fire & each take down a zombie with a head shot.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Aim for the head, dammit!

MAX

I'm trying!

The three men rush down the alley.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT

Wulff is still taking down a zombie with each shot, but for every one he shoots, two more take it's place.

Wulff finally lets loose with a burst from the submachine gun. Some more zombies go down, but not enough.

A zombie grabs Wulff's arm and bites him.

WULFF

Aargh!

Wulff drops the empty gun, grabs a knife with his free hand and stabs the zombie through the eye. It collapses.

Wulff sees Max, Werner & Haas rush down the street. Some zombies break off to follow them.

WULFF (CONT'D)

Come on, you peasants! See if you can take down a real Aryan!

The zombies turn back, growling at Wulff.

Except for Zombie Willi Schwenk, who continues after the escaping trio.

Wulff smiles and draws his pistols.

He shoots 11 times. He takes down 9 zombies. Even so, Wulff is now completely encircled by the living dead.

The Sniper Zombie wails again.

WULFF (CONT'D)
Shut up, you bitch.

Wulff aims & fires his last bullet...

And hits the Sniper Zombie in the shoulder. She groans.

WULFF (CONT'D)
Shit.

The zombies pile onto Wulff now. He clubs one with a pistol. He draws another knife and stabs another zombie.

A zombie bites him on the leg. Wulff screams.

The Sniper Zombie smiles.

Another zombie bites Wulff on the neck. Wulff screams again.

He reaches for the 2 grenades in his bandolier. He pulls the pins.

WULFF (CONT'D)
Eat me, you bastards!

They oblige him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Max, Werner & Haas hear an explosion & see a pillar of flame from where the house was.

MAX
He blew himself up.

HAAS
Crazy bastard.

WERNER
Probably the only good thing he ever did.

They turn a corner & see the stable. As well as 30 zombies standing in front of it.

They look behind them & see more zombies staggering towards them.

WERNER (CONT'D)
How much ammo have you got left?

MAX

A whole clip in my pistol. A few rounds
in my rifle.

HAAS

A couple rounds in my rifle. What about
you?

WERNER

Just one clip.

A zombie lunges out of an alley. Werner shoots it. The
zombie goes down.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Make that 5 bullets. we run for the
stable. We save our ammo as much as
possible. Got it?

Haas and Max nod.

They run down the street.

Max, in the lead, easily evades the zombies. He dashes
inside the stable & disappears from view.

Werner finds it harder to get through, as the zombies now
expect them.

Haas, slightly behind, struggles to get through the
zombie hordes. He stops to shoot one zombie blocking his
way. It falls, but another lunges at him.

Haas jabs the rifle in the creature's mouth and pulls the
trigger. It's head bursts apart.

Werner watches from the stable door as the zombies
surround Haas.

WERNER (CONT'D)

Haas! Run!

Haas tries to shoot another zombie, but the trigger just
clicks. Out of ammo.

Haas clubs that zombie with the butt of his gun.

A zombie approaches Werner, who shoots it. 4 bullets
left.

A mob of zombies now surround Haas, who is reduced to
clubbing them & stabbing them with his bayonet.

Werner kills one of the zombies around Haas. 3 bullets.
He shoots again. 2 bullets left. And again. 1 bullet.

Haas finally makes an opening and heads for the stable.
Something grabs his arm.

Haas turns & sees Zombie Willi Schwenk. Haas freezes.

HAAS

Willi. God forgive me.

The zombie wraps his arms around Haas, as if hugging him.

WERNER

Haas! No!

And Zombie Willi bites a huge chunk out of Haas' neck.

As a swarm of zombies devour Haas, Werner turns away and
goes into the stable.

INT. STABLE. NIGHT

A zombie standing in the doorway turns around and Werner
shoots him between the eyes.

Werner sees the hayloft. He sees Max sitting in the
hayloft, gun at the ready. There is no ladder.

WERNER

Max! Put down the ladder!

Zombies stumble in to the stable & the ones inside move
towards Werner.

MAX

Do you have any ammo left?

WERNER

No! Why?

Max grins.

MAX

Well, then. Good luck, Werner.

Werner edges away from the zombies.

WERNER

What are you talking about? Get the
ladder.

Max stands still.

MAX

Why? Are you afraid of them? But they're all Jews and peasants. I thought they were your friends.

WERNER

God damn you, you son of a bitch!

Werner grabs a pitchfork & jabs it into the nearest zombie. The zombie is impaled but keeps moving.

WERNER (CONT'D)

At least shoot me, you bastard! You coward!

MAX

And why should I make it easy for you?

The zombies grab Werner. One grabs his arms, another his legs, while the others claw away at his stomach and start devouring his entrails. Werner screams.

MAX (CONT'D)

Goodbye, comrade.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE. MORNING

The sun rises over the deserted village. Except for a few decapitated or burned bodies lying motionless on the street, the zombies are all gone.

INT. HAYLOFT. MORNING

Max, holding on tightly to his rifle, blearily opens his eyes.

He sees light streaming in through the stable doors. He laughs.

MAX

I did it! I did it!

He grabs the ladder and makes his way to the edge of loft.

He sets the ladder down on the ground and climbs down it.

He looks at his rifle, then laughs and sets it down.

He opens the stable doors wide and walks into the sunshine.

EXT. STREET. MORNING

Max walks down the street, grinning ear to ear. He comes to Beck's corpse and stops.

He looks around and sees, covered by a light dusting of snow, a small bundle. It's Beck's handkerchief.

Max opens it up, sees the glimmer of the gold inside, and tucks it inside his coat.

He laughs again and starts walking out of town.

As he reaches the edge of town, his boot strikes a body. He looks down and recognizes the remains of Werner.

Max takes out his pistol and aims...

MAX

Call me a coward, will you?

And fires, hitting Werner's corpse right between the eyes.

Max then empties the rest of his pistol into Werner.

MAX (CONT'D)

Jew-lover!

After a moment, he sighs, smiles and drops his empty pistol next to Werner's body. Max starts walking again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD. DAY

Max walks along the side of a small country road. The road is still shrouded in the morning mist.

Up ahead, Max hears the roar of an engine. He starts walking towards it.

As he walks, he realizes the vehicle is driving away from him. He starts running.

MAX
(waving his arms)
Wait! Stop!

He hears the vehicle start moving closer.

MAX (CONT'D)
Yes! Yes! Over here!

Max is now close enough to see that it's a lone jeep with two soldiers in it.

Max is laughing & crying & waving his arms.

MAX (CONT'D)
I survived! I did it! I-

BANG!

Max stops & looks down at his jacket. Blood is spreading on his jacket.

MAX (CONT'D)
But I - I survived -

BANG!

Max falls to the ground, a puzzled expression forever frozen on his face.

The jeep pulls up in front of his body.

There is a giant red star painted on the side of the jeep.

The DRIVER gets out, drawing his gun, and walks over to the body. Another RUSSIAN SOLDIER covers him from the jeep.

DRIVER
(in Russian, subtitled)
You got him, Sergei!

RUSSIAN SOLDIER
(in Russian)
Great! What's he got on him?

The driver crouches down and searches Max's body. He finds the handkerchief full of gold jewelry.

DRIVER
(in Russian)
He's got gold on him!

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

(in Russian)

I shot him. Half of it's mine!

The driver sighs & stands up.

DRIVER

(in Russian)

Fine.

He gets back in the jeep.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(in Russian)

What was he yelling about, anyway?

The Russian soldier shrugs as they drive past Max's body.

RUSSIAN SOLDIER

(in Russian)

Who cares? He's just another crazy
German.

(spits over the side of the
jeep)

You just have to put them down like a mad
dog.

The Russian jeep drives off into the mist. Max's body
lays out on the road.

FIN.