

# **Ghosts of the Camp**

by  
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Inspired by True Events

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EXT. EXCURSION INLET, ALASKA 1945 - DAY

Dawn breaks over dramatic snow-capped peaks and glacial moraines that descend into the dense forest surrounding Excursion Inlet. Two men, just small black specks from a distance, race long the rugged and rocky shoreline.

The echo of barking guard dogs and the slow and ascending whine of a warning siren begins to fill the morning silence.

The men stop for a moment to catch their breath. They both wear black khaki prisoner garb with P W stenciled in large white letters on each shoulder and each leg.

HANS STEIN, 25, blond, blue eyes, tall and slender, silently points to a small stream that flows into the bay. He gestures up the stream. CURT STEIN, 19, brown hair, wiry, nods in approval. Curt looks back in the direction of the barking and siren as Hans jumps the stream and sprints up the rocky beach a hundred yards and then turns and wades ankle deep into the ocean and begins moving back down the shore.

As Hans approaches, still in the water, Curt opens a small pack and removes a Colt Officer's Model revolver. He tucks the pistol into his waistband and puts the pack on his back. He jumps into the stream, as Hans arrives and the two run up the creek. Hoping to delay detection, they disappear in to the dense forest.

EXT. EXCURSION INLET, PRISONER OF WAR CAMP

The siren sounds and a group of TROOPS muster at the gate a United States Prisoner of War Camp, in Excursion Bay, Alaska, of all places.

The camp is simple. Long rectangular quarters, tents, and box-like buildings, some constructed of simple rough log-pole design, make up the four acre compound. A tall wire fence surrounds the entire camp. This feels nothing like a secure military fortress.

Hundreds of GERMAN PRISONERS, all half-dressed, stand in lines to be accounted for. Many of the men try to pull on their black prison garb as they shiver in the morning cold.

CAPTAIN BERLINER, 25, handsome, and something of a jester, walks through the prisoners while PRIVATE FRANKLIN, takes role. A group of his men stand with dogs at the gate, awaiting his orders. The Captain points to the soldier cranking the siren.

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CAPTAIN BERLINER

That's enough. They know we'll be looking for them. How many are gone?

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Two. Two brothers. Hans and Curt Stein.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

(loud enough the prisoners can hear)

Brothers. Draft a letter for their mother. Terrible to lose two sons.

A SOLDIER aching to turn his dog loose calls out to the Captain.

SOLDIER

We're ready, Captain!

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Not yet. Open the gates and then step aside.

SOLDIER

Yes, sir.

The soldier passes along the command, the gate swings wide and the American soldiers step aside.

Captain Berliner points to the open gate.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Gunter, translate. Anyone else want to join their fellow Jerries? Be my guest. You feel this German obligation to escape? Well? What are you waiting for? The Alaskan winter awaits you! Bears. Wolves. And if the beasts in the forests don't kill you, or the natives don't cook you and eat you alive. Winter will. It will be here before the next supply boat. You'll be bones for the ravens by then.

As Captain Berlin rattles off his warning, GUNTER, 18, a short stocky German standing at the front, translates in machine-gun staccato German.

After the captain finishes, and Gunter translates the last sentence, they all stand silently. His bluff works.

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CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Close the gates! Let's eat breakfast. If the dogs can't find them, the bears will.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

For all the brother's know, they are running for their lives. They sprint through the dense underbrush and alders, trying to put as much ground between them and the US soldiers.

They break out of the alders and into forest. The trees are monstrous Sitka spruce and they weave in and out of the trunks, at times running far apart to spread their scent. Hans stops and whistles. Curt stops. Hans points to a small black-tailed deer. Curt smiles makes a shooting gesture. They run on.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - DAY

Curt and Hans emerge into a small clearing. They stop and rest on a rock outcropping. Curt opens the pack and offers Hans a drink from a steel canteen. They can see Excursion Bay far below them. The ocean stretches out to the west and the mountains around them are covered in glaciers and crested with snow.

Curt points towards the camp.

CURT

(whispering in  
German)

There. A boat. And men along the shore. Two dogs.

HANS

(German)

English. We must speak English. Even now. Why are we whispering? They are just now leaving for us.

CURT

(in German)

I don't want to speak English.

HANS

(more refined  
English)

We must. That's the only way we'll ever get home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT

(in German)

Let's make sure we're free first.

Hans nods. He looks at his watch.

CURT (CONT'D)

(in German)

I think we should continue on this ridge, and then drop down into the bay on the other side. Follow the shore. It will be easier travelling there.

HANS

The boy said the bay goes like this.

He points to his hand, and traces a map.

Hans looks back down at the camp below them.

HANS (CONT'D)

(in German)

Why would they take so long to begin searching?

Curt throws the pack back on and begins walking.

CURT

(in German)

The Captain wants the others to believe his lies about the bears and the hostiles.

Hans watches the soldiers below for a moment and then follows his younger brother.

EXT. EXCURSION INLET, SHORELINE - DAY

The dogs bark and lead a half-dozen armed soldiers up the beach. They stop at the stream. The dogs are momentarily confused and then cross and continue up the beach.

A small skiff floats out in the bay and Captain Berliner sits with Private Franklin. YAGO, 16, Aleut, works the oars. The captain peers through a pair of binoculars, scanning the shore where his men have turned back and are retracing their steps.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Tell me, son. How is the hunting in these parts?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The boy shrugs.

YAGO

I don't know. I'm not from here.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Call him sir, or Captain, when you speak to the captain.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

He's fine, Private. Where are you from, Yago, it is Yago, right? Fitting. Where do you hail from, Yago?

YAGO

From the islands, sir.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

What islands? We're surrounded by islands.

YAGO

Aleutians.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Where the Japs landed?

Yago nods.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

How'd you get here?

YAGO

Helped build that camp, they said I had to stay and work.

He points back to the prison camp.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

No. How did you get to here, to Southeast, Alaska? That's almost a thousand miles or more, isn't it?

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

I believe so sir. I think they found the trail sir. They're heading into the woods.

Berliner watches the men enter the woods.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

How long until they get lost, Private.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRIVATE FRANKLIN  
The Krauts?

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
No. Our men.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN  
I don't know, sir.

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
You know why you're out here,  
Yago?

YAGO  
No, sir.

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
Are you a good swimmer?

Yago shakes his head.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)  
No?

YAGO  
I never learned. The water's too  
cold where I come from. We don't  
swim much.

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
Well, I'm afraid you're going to  
have to swim back to camp unless  
you start talking.

YAGO  
I am talking. Sir.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN  
He means tell us how you helped  
the escapees, smart ass. Tell us  
everything or you're going in the  
drink.

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
Easy, Private. I don't want you to  
have to swim back, too.

Berliner and Yago share a brief glance. The boy looks  
away, shyly.

Suddenly the boy pulls the oars from their locks, tosses  
the oars overboard and dives into the water. He plunges  
down deep into the clear ocean water and swims beneath  
the surface.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Berliner and Franklin struggle to reach the oars that float just beyond their grasp.

Yago surfaces twenty feet away, swimming hard towards shore. Berliner points to a pack near Franklin's feet.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Toss me that. My pistol.

Franklin throws the pack to him. Berliner opens it, digs, and pulls out his issued holster. Empty.

Yago makes the shore and disappears into the woods.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Shit!

Private Franklin looks at the holster.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

I wasn't going to shoot him,  
Private.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE - EVENING

Hans and Curt hike along a high ridge, as the sun sets into a sea of mountains to the west. They move on silently. Confident.

EXT. EXCURSION INLET, PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - NIGHT

Captain Berliner waits, chewing on sunflower seeds, at the gate as the soldiers return empty handed. Both dogs and men are tired and lathered wet from the search.

He looks back towards the dimly lit camp, knowing the eyes of the prisoners are on him. He greets the first soldier and claps him on the back.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Well done, boys! One of you hand me your rifle. I want two of you to come with me. The rest, I want you to head into the camp jubilant. The whiskey is on me tonight if you play this right. Not a word of the outcome. Plenty of mention of bears and Indians, is fine. Look excited, men. Look successful. Like you caught them. You two follow me. Leave the gate open wide.

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CONTINUED:

Berliner and three men head into the darkness. The other soldiers enter, suddenly invigorated and cheery. They make their way through camp, laughing and making merry.

After a few moments a SHOT rings out. Followed by another. And then a third.

Yago watches from the woods. He waits until the Captain and his men go back into the camp and close the gate. He reaches down into a hole behind a tree, pulls something out, and runs. He sprints towards the shore, carrying a small satchel.

At the dock he throws the satchel into the rowboat, jumps into another boat for a moment near the motor, then gets back into the rowboat, unties, pushes it off as quietly as he can, and hops in.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Hans and Curt sit beneath a tree. Both are exhausted. Streaks of moonlight cut through the forest canopy above. Curt points at the big dipper and traces his finger across the sky to the North Star. Hans nods. They have some destination in mind.

Curt puts the pistol on his lap. They nod off to sleep, sitting close to each other for warmth. The moon moves across the sky and the men are surrounded by WHISPERS.

Curt awakes with a start, holding the pistol out in front of him. Hans is dead asleep. Curt grimaces at the sound of the whispers. He's had these dreams before. He lowers the pistol and tries to relax. Hans sleeps, unaware of his brother's restlessness.

EXT. FOREST - MORNING

Hans is ripped from his sleep with Curt screaming in German and pushing the pistol into his face. Curt's eyes are open, but he's obviously having some kind of flashback.

HANS

Curt! Curt!

He slaps his brother. Curt's demeanor changes and he tucks the pistol into his waistband and walks off. Hans struggles to his feet to follow him.

EXT. EXCURSION INLET, SHORELINE - MORNING

Captain Berliner and Private Franklin stand at the dock. The row boat is gone from shore. He looks at the small skiff that is left, partially sunk, the motor submerged.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Why didn't he take the boat with the motor?

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Because he's smart, Private. He knows we would have heard him, and probably shot him. When is the next ship?

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Two weeks.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Get the motor out of the water and have them flush the engine out. One week's R and R in Seattle for the man who can get it running. I'm going to catch that kid and he's going to get my pistol back. And get me a map of the area.

Disgusted with himself, Berliner walks up the beach, heading away from camp.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Hans and Curt make their way through the forest without talking. Curt leads. Silently. Ashamed. Hans wants to ask Curt about his dreams, but for some reason can't. Hans tries to make small talk.

HANS

(in German)

What's the first thing you'll eat when we get home.

Curt says nothing.

HANS (CONT'D)

I dream of Mom's blueberry kuchen. Something sweet and warm. Maybe Laura's vagina, too.

Hans can't even get a laugh out of Curt.

They continue on in silence.

## EXT. OCEAN - EVENING

Yago rows slowly. He's tired from rowing all night and day. The placid water reflects the mountains and glaciers. He stops as if he hears something. He takes an oar out from the oar lock, slips the paddle into the water, and presses his ear against the end of it, like some sort of telephone receiver. He listens, then smiles.

He sits silently for a moment as a pod of Orcas slip past him. Their giant black fins gracefully glide through the water.

He continues on.

## EXT. ABANDONED FISH CANNERY - NIGHT

Hans and Curt slowly emerge from the forest. They scan the shore and see no signs of life. At the end of the bay a decrepit pier rises out of the water. The pier is connected to the shell of what was once a huge fish processing cannery. The windows are broken out, and the building has a dark and haunting aura.

They sit and watch the building for a while. When they are sure it is devoid of people, they make their way up the rocky beach.

## INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

Curt flicks a lighter and holds the flame up to light their way as they enter the cannery. The place is dark and they can't see anything.

CURT  
(whispering in  
German)  
Too dark. I don't like this.

HANS  
We'll find some candles or  
something.

CURT  
Ahhh!

The light goes out. All is black. Someone breathes heavily and struggles.

HANS  
Curt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT

I fell. Don't move. Holes in the floor.

The lighter is reignited and Curt shines it on a hole by their feet that seems to go forever into the darkness.

HANS

What's that?

Curt turns with the flickering lighter. He holds it out and peers into the darkness. There is a table with a kerosene lantern.

Carefully, Curt walks to the table, and lights the lamp.

A heavy THUMP THUMP THUMP moves across the ceiling above them.

HANS (CONT'D)

(whispering in German)

Turn it off!

They wait in silence.

Curt relights the lamp.

CURT

(in German)

Just some animal.

The lantern casts light into the room. It leads to a hallway and a large open space, but they can't see beyond that.

HANS

(in German)

There has to be a bed in here. Somewhere to sleep.

They start down the hallway. They are nervous and a little spooked.

CURT

(in German)

Watch your step. It looks like you could fall into the water below.

Something flies past them. Curt reels back and the glass top of the kerosene lamp shatters on the floor.

CURT (CONT'D)

(in German)

What was that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HANS

A bird I think. Careful with the lamp. Here, let me go first.

Hans takes the still-lit lamp and Curt falls in behind him. They move down the hallway. The walls are covered in strange Chinese and Filipino graffiti. The hallway opens to an immense open room. Sheets dangle like ghosts here and there, creating makeshift partitions. Ravens roost in the rafters above.

HANS (CONT'D)

Beds.

He points to two beds, but the entire room appears to be some sort of makeshift dormitory.

CURT

(whispering)

I'm not sleeping in here. With them. There has to be a better place.

They press on. The sheets sway. The ravens watch silently.

The two enter a small room off another hallway. The room has two beds. There are wool blankets, musty and damp, but better than nothing.

Curt sets the pistol beside the lantern and turns the lamp down. The light slowly fades.

HANS

I was a little scared there for a minute.

CURT

My big tough brother scared?

HANS

Even I can get scared.

CURT

What do you think this place is?

HANS

The boy said the Americans kept his people here, like prisoners.

Curt doesn't seem to like this news. He turns away from his brother. Hans doesn't seem to notice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HANS (CONT'D)

Before that it was cannery. I wonder if there are any old cans of fish. I don't care how old it is. I'm hungry. Do you remember what father said he loved most about Alaska?

No response.

HANS (CONT'D)

The people and the fish. I remember how he said he loved the fish. Fish and Eskimos. Remember?

The light fades.

HANS (CONT'D)

Good night, brother. Think of father when you dream tonight.

Curt lies with his eyes wide open.

The light goes out.

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

Curt sits up in the dark. A sliver of moonlight shines in through the cracked window. A rail thin, ghostly pale person flashes past the doorway, silently. Curt looks at his brother, who sleeps soundly. Another figure flashes past. Then another.

The door to the room SLAMS.

Hans, suddenly awake, grabs the pistol. Curt is curled up on his bed, shivering in fear. Hans tries to light the lamp, but the lighter flickers.

HANS

(whispering in  
German)

Just the wind. Curt?

CURT

They've come for me.

Hans sets the pistol down and crosses the room to his brother who shivers silently. He helps him lie back down and then lies next to him and holds him.

The wind picks up and the old building creaks and groans, and somewhere in the large building a door SLAMS again and again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sound is too disconcerting for them to sleep.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The screen door to his cabin rattles in the wind. Inside, Captain Berliner sips whiskey and stares at a map of the area. He traces his finger to a spot on a map marked with some small buildings, two ridges over from their camp. He then traces a line around the islands, via the water, back to his camp.

He takes another sip.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

(to himself,  
sarcastically)

At least you're not going to war,  
she says.

He turns down the lantern and blows out the flame.

INT. CANNERY - MORNING

At dawn, Hans wakes and slips from the bed, leaving Curt to sleep. Silently, he leaves the room without the pistol and heads out into the cannery to explore.

He walks into the room with the soiled and tattered hanging sheets and the ravens. The wind has died down, but the sheets flutter in the light breeze that comes through the broken windows. The ravens stare at him. One makes a strange water DRIP noise at him.

HANS

I know. This is your place now.  
I'm just checking things out. We  
won't be here long.

Hans looks around the sheets at the beds, looking for anything useful. He picks up an old tobacco tin, but its empty. He pushes through the sheets and carefully watches his step. At points he can see down to the rocks and ocean below. The building is elevated, high above the ground and water on long pilings.

Something FLASHES behind him, silently. He spins but sees nothing.

HANS (CONT'D)

(Whispering in  
English)

Is someone there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shakes it off, like he must have imagined it.

CURT

Hans?!!

Curt's loud voice startles Hans and frightens the roosting ravens. They take to wing and this scares Hans even more. He swings at the fluttering and sheets and yells out at he falls back on a cot and tumbles over.

The ravens fly out past Curt, who dodges them, and he runs to Hans, who is a mess on the floor. He looks down at him and laughs. Hans, angry at first, laughs. They look about the big building, and shake their heads at how they spooked themselves for nothing.

HANS

We let a couple old fish ghosts scare us last night.

Curt helps Hans to his feet.

CURT

(joking)  
You should be demoted for being such a coward.

HANS

I'm not a brave SS Officer like my younger brother.

A door creaks before Curt can respond.

Curt pulls the pistol from his waistband, and signals for Hans to duck down.

With the pistol close to his chest, Curt carefully moves through the sheets. He's instantly switched to combat mode. The shadow of someone moving through the room can be seen through the fluttering sheets.

Curt leaps forward, through a sheet, knocking the shadow to the ground and holding the pistol to its head. He's in some sort of flashback, again.

CURT

(in German)  
Get in! Get in, Jew Rat! I'll kill you.

YAGO

Don't shoot. It's me, Yago. Don't shoot! Please...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

HANS  
(in German)  
Curt! Curt! Soldier! Disarm!

Hans puts his hand on the revolver and moves it from Yago's sheet covered head. Curt backs off, and Hans puts the pistol away as he removes the sheet covering Yago's face.

HANS (CONT'D)  
(in English)  
What are you doing here?

He helps the boy to his feet.

YAGO  
They knew I helped you. I had to  
leave or they would find you.  
What's wrong with him?

Curt heads down the hallway and closes the door to the room they slept in.

HANS  
He's fine.

YAGO  
He almost killed me.

HANS  
You surprised us. I'm sure he's  
sorry.

Hans extends a hand to Yago.

HANS (CONT'D)  
Thank you for helping us. I'm  
sorry you got into trouble.

YAGO  
Anything to eat here? I'm  
starving.

HANS  
We still have the ham you gave us.  
I'll cook it for you, German  
style.

YAGO  
How's that?

HANS  
Cold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

YAGO

Sounds like Aleut style, to me.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Captain Berliner sits across the table from Gunther and another PRISONER. Private Franklin stands at the door.

Berliner rises and goes to the stove. He carries a pot of coffee back to the table.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Coffee?

The two German men nod. He pours each a cup. The men drink and they sit in uncomfortable silence. Berliner stands and paces the room.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

I'm upset as you about what happened to your comrades.

Gunther exchanges glances with the other soldier.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Tell me how they escaped and I'll let you in on a little secret.

The two men sit in silence.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

He understands me?

Gunther nods.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Tell me how the native boy helped them. Or I'll shoot you like I shot your comrades.

PRISONER

(rough English)

Captain, how long you plan on pretending they don't have your weapon. You think your shots and tricks fool us? Those brothers, you will never catch. Their father, great German explorer. He teach them about Alaska, and about these hostile natives you speak of. They know more than you will ever know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Private, go check the progress on the motor.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Sir.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Leave us.

Private Franklin leaves. Berliner takes out some whiskey. He pours some into his coffee and offers some to the men. They nod.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

I'll be honest with you. I could give two shits about your friends out there, them or the boy. I already have a good idea where they went, and as soon we get our motor running, they'll be back here in solitary confinement. And you're right. I didn't shoot them. We're Americans. We operate under the 1929 Geneva Convention. You've heard of it? Yes?

The men nod.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Winter is coming, and I don't want their deaths on my head. Tell me, where are they going to escape to? There's nothing out there.

He takes a long sip from his mug and sighs.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Just tell me what you know. I'll double both your tobacco rations.

The two men look at each other and smile.

GUNTHER

They think they can get back to Germany.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

How?

PRISONER

(laughing)

They are like Eskimo in their minds. Build Eskimo boats and boat across Bering's Sea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Captain Berliner laughs. The other two laugh. They have another drink.

EXT. CANNERY DOCK - DAY

Yago, Curt, and Hans sit on the dock looking out at the bay. Hans points at the boat.

HANS

We should hide the boat.

CURT

(in German)

They will find us for sure now.

YAGO

What did he say?

HANS

(in German)

Speak English for the boy.

CURT

(in German)

He's going to get us killed.

HANS

(in German)

The boy is why we are free. Get over yourself.

Curt stands up and walks off.

HANS (CONT'D)

Don't mind him. He's been through terrible things in the war. How is the boat?

YAGO

Slow. Not good in waves.

HANS

It will have to work. We'll could make some skin boats. Are there many seals here?

YAGO

Not like home. We had a hard time finding enough in the camp. You know how to make a skin boat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANS

A kayak. We can make one in a day. Something our father learned when he was here in Alaska. Curt is better than me at making them, though. We used a special material. Lightweight and waterproof. Not many seals in Germany.

A single gunshot echoes across the bay.

HANS (CONT'D)

Curt. Curt!

Hans jumps up and runs. Yago follows him. They run behind the building.

HANS (CONT'D)

Curt?!

He sees Curt up through the trees, on the ground, bent over. At first he appears hurt.

Hans rushes forward. Just as he reaches him, Curt turns, blood on his hands. At his feet lies a small Sitka black-tail deer.

Curt smiles.

CURT

(in German)  
Dinner.

HANS

You scared us.

CURT

(in German)  
Just the ghosts of fish, remember?

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

Hans cooks meat on a skillet over a crackling woodstove. Yago stands near the stove and Curt cleans the pistol. A box of shells sits on the table.

He reloads the revolver and sets it aside. Curt breaks the silence.

CURT

What is your last name, Yago?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YAGO

Why do you care?

CURT

Our father said Aleut blood was contaminated by the first Russians who came here.

YAGO

The same Russians who beat you in the war.

HANS

He never said that. Our father didn't think that way. He said Aleuts were the best hunters. They fought off the Russians for years.

CURT

Our father was an idealist. He was weak. Always wanting mankind to return to the land and live like Indians.

YAGO

There are worse ways to live. I'd live like an Indian before I'd live like a German. And Aleuts don't like Indians so much.

CURT

You think you are a man?

YAGO

I'm not afraid of you.

HANS

(in German)

That's enough. What's wrong with you.

Hans carries the skillet the table.

HANS (CONT'D)

The meat is ready. Yago, I'm sorry. My brother seems to have lost his manners.

They sit down and begin eating. Hans swallows a piece of meat.

HANS (CONT'D)

Good shot, brother. Fresh meat tastes great. Tell me why you're here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YAGO

Here with you two?

Hans shakes his head.

HANS

No. Away from your islands. How does an Aleut get to Southeast Alaska?

YAGO

It's a long story.

Hans nods at him to begin. Yago begins to tell his story as they continue to eat.

EXT. ALEUTIAN ISLANDS - DAY

Hundreds of ALEUT MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN are loaded into the dark hold of the U.S. DELAROF. The people are dressed simply and carry little if anything but the clothes on their back. Armed AMERICAN SOLDIERS yell out at them to hurry and the Aleuts move quickly and quietly, save for the few cries of children.

YAGO (V.O.)

The soldiers came in the summer, 1942. June, I think. They said it was for our own protection. They said the Japanese were coming and they would do terrible things to us. The Japs had bombed Dutch and were on their way to our villages, they told us. So we all got into the bottom of the Delarof, and they just kept stuffing more and more people in there. It was so dark and full of scared people. Sick people. That's when I heard someone say the soldiers were burning our village. It got really quiet and then some started to cry.

The boat pulls away from the island and a thirteen year old Yago pushes his way to the door of the hold. He bangs on the door. A soldier opens it, and Yago forces his way past.

He runs to port-side of the ship to see the village houses burning.

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

Outside the rain has started, a heavy downpour. The three sit around the table. The lantern light flickers on their faces. Yago appears to be reliving the experience as he tells his story. Hans is listening intently. Curt seems to be seeing his own war experience.

EXT. GERMANY - DAY

Hundreds of JEWISH MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN are forced into train cars. Curt stands at the door to one car, a leather horse crop in his hand. He pushes and shoves the people into the cars.

YAGO (V.O.)

We stopped at a couple more places and the door would open and more people were forced inside. There were hundreds of us.

A woman smiles gently at him and hands her child to Curt and climbs up into the car. He hands the child to her and tries to act tough as he closes the doors to the train and the car begins to roll.

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

And they wouldn't tell us where we were going, or when we would get there, and somehow we knew it was going to be bad.

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

Curt pushes his chair back from the table. He stands. He's had enough of Yago's tale.

CURT

(in German)

You should have fought back. Only the weak allow themselves to be rounded up like pigs. I'm going to bed.

Hans puts his hand on the pistol.

HANS

(in German)

I'll keep this tonight.

Curt walks down the hallway and slams his door.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

YAGO

What did he say?

HANS

He said, "Sometimes the wolves  
don't know any better."

Hans runs a finger across his plate and licks it.

HANS (CONT'D)

Go on...

INT. US DELAROF - DAY

The dark hold of the Delarof is crammed with people. The ship tosses and rocks in the waves. Some cry. Some cough. Some are sea-sick. One expecting mother holds her stomach and grimaces silently with birthing pains. The conditions are miserable and cold. Three MALE elders speak in Aleut, discussing the situation. Yago listens intently.

ELDER ONE

(in Aleut)

Three days already. Where are they  
taking us?

ELDER TWO

(in Aleut)

The mother's child will arrive  
tonight.

An older WOMAN coughs deeply. Pneumonia.

ELDER ONE

(in Aleut)

There is a doctor above. Why won't  
he come down here?

YAGO

(in English)

Because he is a coward and doesn't  
want to get sick from the dirty  
natives.

The door to the hold opens. A soldier sets a steaming bucket and a some bowls on the floor.

SOLDIER

Meal-time, folks.

He goes to close the door. Yago stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YAGO

You can't keep us in here like this! We have a woman how is having a baby. People are sick! Let us at least go up for fresh air.

SOLDIER

I'll pass your request along to my superior.

He closes the door and Yago bangs against it.

YAGO

She needs a doctor!

Yago slumps down against the door. All is silent for a moment.

ELDER ONE

(in Aleut)

Speak to us like dogs. And feed us like dogs. This is not how you treat human-beings.

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

Curt sits up on his bed. He's flipping through a journal, written by his father. The walls are thin. He can still hear Yago and he's listening to the story, but still seeing his past. The past that haunts his every waking moment.

He flips to a page with dimensional drawings of a kayak. In his father's perfect German penmanship the writing reads: "Aleuts, incredible people, the true Admirals of the Ocean. The most seaworthy boat, ever."

Curt closes the book. In the other room, Yago continues his story. He closes his eyes.

YAGO (O.S.)

The mother had her baby that night. The baby died the next day and they dropped her in the ocean near Kodiak. They just wrapped her in a blanket and dropped her into the sea.

EXT. GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMP - DAY

JEWISH prisoners unload from the train. They are directed in to different groups, families separated in anguish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Curt stands atop a train car with a SUPERIOR. The superior is obviously giving him orders on what to do next, and Curt nods.

YAGO (V.O.)

It took us six days to get to the camp. We were hungry and sick. Only the baby had died, but others would follow. Our boat pulled up to the old cannery. Just like this one and they just kicked us off.

He watches as a soldier tears a baby away from the woman he helped into the train. The soldier carries the baby away and the mother collapses to the ground, crying. Others help drag her into the camp. Her shoes come off as she kicks. She claws at the ground, screaming.

YAGO (CONT'D)

No medical care. No clean water. Nothing. They just unloaded the boat and drove off.

The train begins to pull away for another load.

EXT. FUNTER BAY - DAY

Rain pours in a deluge from the sky. Several hundred Aleuts stand on the dock of the Funter Bay Cannery. The Delarof sits away from the dock. Others unload from small boats. A look of shock covers the faces of most of the people. The children cling to the legs of their parents.

Yago looks up at the big trees, half amazed, half scared.

YAGO (V.O.)

Funter Bay was where they dropped many of us. Huge trees. We weren't used to trees. And we just stood there at first, shocked and scared mostly. Then the white government guys told us to go inside and get out of the rain.

JOHN, a tall lanky white male, 35, directs the people inside. He pats Yago on the back, somewhat apologetically.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

A storm has set in and the rain rattles the metal roof of Captain Berliner's quarters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sits at his desk with Franklin sipping whiskey. Two unopened files sit on Franklin's side of the desk.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

What sort of photographer?

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Ethnographer. Apparently a pretty famous one.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Famous for what?

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Northern exploration. Documenting skins.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Pardon me?

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Skins. That's what we call 'em back home. Indians.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Are you a racist, Private Franklin.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

No. No, sir. Of course not.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Good, because I didn't want to have to lecture you and remind you that this country, Alaska included, belonged to Native Americans. They deserve our respect.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

No disrespect, sir, but I must have learned my history a little different from you. Way I recall, we kicked their ass pretty good.

Captain Berliner polishes off his cup and stands. He steadies himself a bit. He's obviously been drinking for a while. He goes to the window and looks out at the pouring rain.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

This land here was Tlingit and Haida territory. Some of the fiercest warriors that lived.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

They actually fended off the  
Russians back in the early 1800's.

Franklin rolls his eyes and pours himself another glass  
of whiskey. He's in no mood to be lectured.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Pour me another, too. So this  
ethnographer, tell me his name.

Franklin looks at the last name on the two folders.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Stein.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Otto Stein.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

How did you know?

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Damn it. I should have put that  
together.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Captain?

He comes back to the desk and sits down. He cradles the  
whiskey and takes a swig.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

I studied him. Read translations.  
Looked at his photos.

He takes another drink.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Germans. They have more museums  
and collections of American Indian  
and Eskimo antiquities than we do.  
Whole schools of Germans would  
study our natives, even learn sew  
their own skin clothes. Did you  
know that?

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

No, sir. That's odd sir.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Why do you say that?

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

With, you know, the concentration  
camps, sir. Killing jews.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Who do you think Hitler and his goons studied to draft his master vision? Us. The US. Our government. The Vermont Eugenics plan, for one. Look, another bottle and I could quickly dispel what little you actually know about our country's history.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Sir, back to why the boy helped the prisoners escape.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

I've already figured that one out.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Captain?

Captain Berliner slams the rest of his drink.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

You can go now. Leave the files. Go.

Private Franklin polishes off his drink and heads for the door. At the door, Captain Berliner calls to him.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Private. The answer is easy. The prisoners befriended him. Their father probably taught them the boy's damn language for all we know.

Beside the door hangs the captain's officer issued holster. The private looks at it.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

But that still doesn't explain why he took your pistol, does it?

Before the captain can answer, the private steps out into the rain.

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

The rain pours outside and in some places in the dark building water streams through the ceiling. The room is awash in dripping and dropping. Hans and Yago sit quietly looking around the huge dark room. The lamp flickers and casts shadows that seems to writhe themselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YAGO  
 (whispering)  
 Your dad. He really could speak  
 Aleut?

Hans nods.

YAGO (CONT'D)  
 I don't even speak it. Only hear  
 it and understand.

HANS  
 He learned two or three languages  
 in Alaska.

A large CRASH comes from across the building.

YAGO  
 (scared)  
 What was that?

Curt calls from down the hall.

CURT  
 Hans?

HANS  
 Was that you?

CURT  
 (in German)  
 No.

Curt appears from the dark.

HANS  
 Probably just something shifting  
 from all the rain.

Yago looks at him doubtful.

HANS (CONT'D)  
 We should sleep if we're going to  
 leave tomorrow.

Somewhere in the building a door SLAMS.

YAGO  
 (whispering)  
 Probably spirits here.

CURT  
 (doubtful)  
 Spirits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

YAGO

There's a graveyard right back in the trees. Not far from where you shot the deer. You didn't see it?

Curt ignores him.

CURT

(in German)

I thought the noise came from you two. Lets go to bed. We'll take the boy's boat in the morning while he sleeps.

YAGO

(to Curt)

You don't think these spirits know what you're saying? You don't think they are mad they died here because of your stupid war? You better be respectful.

Curt snatches the pistol off the table and aims it at Yago.

CURT

I should have shot you this morning.

HANS

(in German)

Put it down. We need the boy to find our way out of here. You know that.

A door creaks open and FOOTFALLS are heard moving down the hallway. Another door SLAMS. Curt puts picks up the lantern and moves out into the building. The gun held out in front of him.

CURT

(in English)

Who is there? Come out our I'll kill you.

He walks into the large room with the hanging sheets. He looks around a couple of them and then gets frustrated. He puts the pistol in his waistband and begins tearing down the sheets that hang on ropes strung across the large room. As he moves through the room a figure appears behind a sheet. He grabs at it, pulls the sheet away and sees the emaciated face of a Jewish prisoner standing and staring blankly at him. He drops the lamp.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

The lamp CLANGS against the ground and fuel spills out and ignites along the wood floor.

HANS

Curt!

The voice comes to Curt from afar. He turns slowly. Flames envelope his feet and spread across the floor, igniting some of the hanging sheets.

Curt is still stunned.

HANS (CONT'D)

Curt! Yago, water! Get some of those buckets.

Hans grabs an old wool blanket and throws it at the ground around Curt's feet. Curt still stands, staring blankly.

Yago throws water on the fire and suddenly the room is black.

CURT

(whispering in  
German, then  
English)

Someone is here. Someone is here.

Down the hall a small black figure stands bathed in a pale light from outside and disappears after a split second. A door SLAMS.

HANS

(in German)

It's nothing. Snap out of it.

YAGO

(whispering)

He's right. Someone is here. I saw it too.

Hans fumbles with a lighter and reignites the lamp. The light reveals the fear in Yago and Curt's eyes. Hans is stoic.

HANS

You're scaring yourselves like little girls. There's nothing to be scared of here. Let's go to bed.

YAGO

I want to go. I don't want to stay here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HANS

And go where? Out in the rain?

YAGO

You don't understand. People died here. My people died in this horrible place. Their spirits are still here.

HANS

You can stay in the room with us.

INT. FUNTER BAY CANNERY - NIGHT

Aleut families lie wrapped in old wool blankets, shivering and coughing in the dimly lit room. They are packed together, each family only separated by hanging sheets. Babies cry. The building is cold. The conditions are wretched.

Yago sits on the cool floor, his sick mother MOLLY, 35, lies on a cot. She's sick with tuberculosis. She coughs and he holds a rag up for her and wipes her mouth.

YAGO

(whispering)

I'm sorry, mommy. They say a doctor is coming. Please, don't give up.

MOLLY

(in Aleut)

Be strong, Yago. Be like your great great grandfather. He was a hero to our people. He was a warrior. He fought for us to be free from the Russians. Someday we'll be free again.

She begins coughing uncontrollably.

Yago stands.

YAGO

John! Mister Walsh! Mister Walsh!  
John!

John, the tall lanky American comes running from his office on the other side of the building.

JOHN

Shhh. What is it, Yago? People are trying to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YAGO

My mother. She needs a doctor.  
Now. Right now! Take her in your  
boat to a doctor!

JOHN

I know. Calm down, son. There are  
many people who need to see a  
doctor. I'm doing the best I can.

Yago lunges at him and shoves the much taller man.

YAGO

Do more! She's sick!

John struggles with the boy, until he's got a hold of  
him. He holds the boy, hugging him. Yago tries not to  
cry.

YAGO (CONT'D)

(whispering)  
You can't just let her die.

JOHN

I'm doing everything I can.

YAGO

Do more. We have to do more.

He looks at the cot where his mother was, but her face is  
covered with a blanket. He pushes away from John and  
pulls the blanket back. The face that stares back at him  
is pale, dead, the eyes fixed open, the mouth in scream.

CUT TO:

INT. CANNERY - ROOM - NIGHT

Yago wakes screaming. Hans, on a cot in the middle of the  
floor jumps up and tries to wake him. Curt sits up,  
annoyed. He lights the lamp.

HANS

Yago! It's just a dream. It's  
okay. Breathe. Breathe...

The boy realizes he's dreaming and takes a deep breath.

HANS (CONT'D)

Just a dream. You're okay.

YAGO

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hans nods.

HANS

Go back to sleep.

Curt turns the lamp off and the flame slowly burns out. They lie quietly for a while.

YAGO

(whispering)

My mom died at the camp. My sisters. My aunt. Most my relatives. I just watched them die. America just let them die.

Curt turns his back on them. He faces the wall. He fights back tears, rage, or both.

YAGO (CONT'D)

Did you kill people in the war, Hans?

HANS

No. I was just a sailor.

YAGO

Curt?

Curt doesn't respond.

HANS

No. He didn't. He was in our security force. He protected our leaders.

YAGO

(whispering)

I knew you were human beings.

HANS

What do mean? Of course we are.

YAGO

The way you treated me back at the camp. Like I mattered. That's the other reason I helped you escape.

HANS

What's the first reason?

YAGO

Because I wished someone would have helped my family escape our camp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The door knob turns and twists. All three of them sit up. The door slowly swings open. No one is there.

YAGO (CONT'D)  
(Whispering)  
Something is wrong here. We need  
to leave.

Hans gets up. He lights the lamp and walks to the door. He looks down the hallway both directions. Something moves, but he doesn't see it.

HANS  
(half-mocking, trying  
to be tough)  
Ghosts? Spirits? Let us sleep will  
you? We are human beings. We mean  
you no harm. Please. Just one  
night of sleep and we will leave  
in the morning.

He turns back to them in the room.

HANS (CONT'D)  
Should I tell them in German, too?

YAGO  
I wish you could tell them in  
Aleut.

HANS  
Who knows. They could be Chinese  
or Filipino ghosts.

Hans pulls the door shut and puts a chair against it.

HANS (CONT'D)  
There. Now we can sleep.

EXT. CANNERY - DAY

Dawn breaks over the bay. Clouds hang low. The water, dead calm. A wolf howl echoes across the water. Then another.

INT. FOREST - MORNING

A pack of wolves lope through the forest. They are on the hunt, coordinated, and keenly intelligent. Something runs ahead of them. It's Yago.

Terrified, Yago sprints blindly around the moss covered monstrous Sitka Spruce trunks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's tired and constantly looking behind him. The wolves YIP and HOWL behind him, as if already celebrating their kill.

Yago races around a tree and a large brown bear HUFFS in anger at him. The bear stands on it's hind legs. Yago is frozen in terror.

A Raven CAWS.

INT. CANNERY - ROOM - MORNING

The men suddenly awake to the sound of a raven crying out. Yago tries to shake the nightmare from his mind. The raven continues to call out.

HANS

Yeah, yeah. Good morning to you,  
too, Mister Raven.

He turns to Curt, and then Yago.

HANS (CONT'D)

(in German)  
Good morning, brother. Good  
morning, Yago.

INT. CANNERY

Yago steps out into the main cannery room. His eyes are wide in amazement. A raven sits on the rafter. It CLUCKS at him and then stares back. The sheets have been put back up. The room returned to its original state before Curt tore all the sheets down.

YAGO

(whispering)  
Guys?

The two German men walk out and stare at the room. They say nothing.

The Raven CLUCKS at them.

YAGO (CONT'D)

(whispering)  
I think it's time to leave.

INT. PRISONER OF WAR CAMP - MAIN BUILDING - DAY

A group of German prisoners stand in line at a counter. A sign over the counter reads: KANTINE. Gunter, on the other side, of the counter doles out tobacco and other rations. The men pay with tickets.

Captain Berliner approaches.

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
Good morning, gentleman.

The men nod back at him.

GUNTHER  
(in German)  
Good morning, Captain.

Berliner points to a tin of Prince Albert.

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
I'll take a tin, Gunther.

Gunter pulls down a tin, hands it to the captain, and makes a notation on a clipboard.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)  
And some chocolate, too. Tell me, Gunther, what sort of prison camp has a Cantina? Who gives tobacco and candy to their captives?

Gunther smiles.

GUNTHER  
Only in America, sir.

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
That's right. Only in America.

GUNTHER  
Have you received word when we'll be leaving, sir? The men are getting worried we will be stuck here for winter.

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
Not to worry. There's enough tobacco to last the winter.

Gunter is taken back by the Captain's statement. He doesn't get the sarcasm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNTHER

But, sir. The war is over. Surely we get to go home sometime soon?

The Captain looks away and nods, chewing on a piece of chocolate.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Some of you. Yes. Some of you may be tried for war crimes.

GUNTHER

War crimes? But we're mostly sailors.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Mostly.

Captain Berliner begins to walk off.

GUNTHER

(in German)

Stupid Americans. Your most important prisoner already escaped. With your pistol.

The other men laugh.

The Captain stops, turns, and walks back. He finishes his last piece of chocolate and then reaches over the bar and grabs Gunther.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

(in German)

You're lucky I don't treat you like you treated the people in your camps. Surprised? Yes, I speak German. And what you've done with a language and country I loved makes me sick.

He shoves Gunther and walks away.

GUNTHER

We didn't know.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

So now you know. I speak German. Why else would they stick me out here in Alaska with a camp full of Jerries?

GUNTHER

Not that. Most of us didn't know what they were doing in the camps.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

And those who knew were afraid to speak up. We had a saying. "Dear God make me mute, so I won't get sent to Dachau."

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Well, your silence was deafening.

The Captain turns to walk away, again.

GUNTHER

The boy. He wanted revenge.

EXT. CANNERY DOCK - DAY

Hans and Yago carry arm loads of blankets and clothing down the dock. Curt has the deer meat slung over his shoulder. Hans and Curt wear clothing they found in the cannery. The pants are too short, the tops worn and goofy looking.

They set the stuff down at the edge of the pier and look down over the edge to where the boat should be. The rowboat is gone. They look down in the deep clear water, then out at the empty bay.

YAGO

Look.

The rope that had been tied to the boat is cleanly cut and hanging.

Yago looks back at the cannery. He is visibly spooked.

CURT

You did this.

YAGO

Me? No way.

HANS

He never left our sight.

YAGO

Now what? I'm not spending another night there.

Curt and Hans exchange glances.

HANS

We'll need to make one.

CURT

Or the two of us start walking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YAGO

You're not leaving me here.

Curt says nothing. Yago looks at Hans.

HANS

We're not leaving you. But we're going to have to stay here until we make a new plan.

They all look back up at the cannery.

EXT. CANNERY - BACK OF BUILDING

Curt hangs the deer carcass. He skins back some of the hide and cuts meat away from a leg with a knife. He's lost in thought. Behind him the pretty Jewish mother from the concentration camp appears.

MOTHER

(in German)

Your father would be proud of you.

He spins around and she's gone. He's holding the knife and a large bloody chunk of meat. The deer carcass sways behind him.

CURT

(whispering in German)

Please. I'm sorry. I didn't know what to do.

She appears again, further off in the woods. She turns and begins walking away. He sets the meat down on a board and follows her. He carries the knife at his side. She looks back coyly, laughs, and begins running into the forest. He follows.

EXT. FOREST

Curt spins around and around. The woman is gone, but her soft laughter echoes around him. He spies a thin young JEWISH BOY running through the trees and races after him.

Suddenly he's standing in a cemetery, surrounded by white Russian Orthodox crosses. The crosses bear the names of Aleut men, women, and children. He's stunned back to his senses. Overcome with emotion, he drops to his knees and covers his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT  
 (whispering in  
 German)  
 God forgive me.

Someone stands over him. Two skinny legs. He lifts his eyes and sees a face. A pale ghostly face. A flash of Aleut, then Jewish. One leg swings.

CUT TO:

BLACK.

EXT. FOREST - EVENING

Hans and Yago walk side-by-side calling for Curt. As they approach, Curt slowly rises and then topples over. They run to him.

HANS  
 What happened? Why are you out here?

Curt sits on the ground and rubs his head.

CURT  
 Someone attacked me.

He looks at Yago, accusingly, but then looks away and rubs the side of his temple. Hans helps him to his feet.

CURT (CONT'D)  
 The knife. I had the knife.

They look around, but can't find it.

YAGO  
 (scared)  
 I told you there was a graveyard. This is like at our camp. Full of people.

HANS  
 You'll be okay, Curt. Let's get back before it gets too dark. We'll find the knife.

CURT  
 (in German)  
 You don't believe me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANS  
(in German)  
Let's just get back.

EXT. CANNERY - NIGHT

They arrive back at the cannery just as it gets dark. The deer carcass swings as if someone has just pushed it lightly.

Curt points to where he put the chunk of meat.

CURT  
It's gone, too. The meat I cut.

He reaches out to the deer. A hind quarter is missing. He runs his hand along the cut.

CURT (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Someone is here.

YAGO  
That's what I've been trying to tell you guys.

HANS  
You hit your head, Curt.

CURT  
(in German)  
Look at it damn-it! Someone took a hind-quarter. Someone attacked me!

Curt sees a flash of something round the building.

CURT (CONT'D)  
There!

He runs towards it and once around the corner sees nothing. He stops, leans against the building, and holds his head.

Yago and Hans help him inside.

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

They sit around the table eating another meal of deer meat. They say nothing. Yago continually looks around the room.

YAGO  
How much lantern fuel we got?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANS

Enough.

YAGO

Why aren't you scared?

HANS

Who says I'm not?

YAGO

Are you?

HANS

No.

YAGO

Why not?

HANS

Because ghosts can't hurt us.

YAGO

They hurt him.

Curt looks up from his plate to check his brother's response.

HANS

It's not ghosts from here that are hurting him.

YAGO

Sometimes I still hear them crying. Mostly when I sleep.

CURT

Don't start telling your stories again, please. Not tonight.

Yago looks at him questioningly.

CURT (CONT'D)

You're not the only one who has lived through tough times, kid.

YAGO

Who hurt you? Why are you so angry and mean?

Curt swallows hard and pushes back from the table.

HANS

Just leave him alone. He just needs some time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CURT

(in German)

Time? What do you know? How will time erase what I've seen? It's so easy for you. The war for you was just one long boat ride. You don't know what it's like.

Curt winces and holds the side of his head.

HANS

(in German)

You need to go lie down.

CURT

(in German)

You don't know what I need.

HANS

(in German)

You're right. I don't know. I only know what you say in your sleep. I only know that my brother, who was once a man, has been reduced crying himself to sleep.

Hans pushes back from the table and storms off. He slams the door to their room. Curt and Yago look at each other. Curt looks away.

YAGO

I wish you guys wouldn't fight.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Captain Berliner takes a drink of whiskey and sighs. He refills his glass and slides the bottle across the desk to Private Franklin.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Ever imagine what this assignment would be like if we were still at war?

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Sir?

CAPTAIN BERLINER

I mean some of these men could be holding secrets. It would be up to you and I to ferret out that information. How far would you go to protect your country, Private?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

I would do anything, sir. Whatever it took.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

In another time, a less civilized time, we would bring in each and every one of those prisoners out there and they would tell us what we need to know. They would tell us how those two escaped. They would tell us state secrets. They would cry for their mothers.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Captain?

CAPTAIN BERLINER

I'm talking about making conditions unbearable for our enemies.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

The war is over sir.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Are you not capable of a theoretical discussion, Franklin? I'm not talking about pulling out the fingernails of our prisoners. I'm saying that if our country was more like their country, things would be different.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Yeah. We would have lost the war.

Captain Berliner looks at Franklin for a moment, then erupts in laughter. He takes another drink and laughs again. He raises in a toast.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

May our country always be on the winning side.

Franklin raises his glass.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

The right side.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

God's side.

They clink.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

You believe.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Sir?

CAPTAIN BERLINER

In God. No in ghosts. Christ. Yes.  
God.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

I don't know, sir.

Captain Berliner erupts in laughter again.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

How do you not know?

INT. CONCENTRATION CAMP BUILDING - DAY

Curt stands beside four groups of German soldiers administering tatoos. A line of prisoners extend out of the building. The Germans have a needle device they apply to the left forearm of each prisoner. The prisoner winces, the device is removed, and ink smeared in with the blood of the number outline.

The men are efficient and like automatons. Curt stands over them, watching them work.

CURT (V.O.)

We had camps, too. Huge camps of people. I was there...

YAGO (V.O.)

You were in a camp, too?

Curt walks through a bunk house of sick and dying prisoners. He appears detached from the horrors around him.

He stands in front of a enormous pile of shoes.

CURT (V.O.)

I worked there. I was supposed to find efficiencies. I was supposed to help make the camp work faster.

He picks up a SHOE that might have been on the mother whose baby he held.



INT. FUNTER BAY CANNERY - DAY

Yago walks through the camp with his head down. He's depressed and obviously grieving. Some men are working on a coffin. While some children play. As he walks past, people try to console him.

CURT (V.O.)

There were times when I became someone else. Something else. I couldn't feel or hear what was happening around me.

Yago keeps walking. He moves straight through the camp, headed outside, towards the water.

EXT. FUNTER BAY CANNERY - DAY

Rain pours outside the cannery. Yago emerges from the building, trancelike. Faces appear in the doorway and in the windows.

CURT (V.O.)

Sometimes, I wished it was me, who was dying.

He walks down the pier and straight off the high dock, tumbling down, and splashing into the water.

John and others rush out into the rain and run towards the water.

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

Curt and Yago sits across from each other. The lamp flickering. They each seem to be lost in their own thoughts.

HANS

(in German)  
You didn't tell me you were at the camps.

Hans appears from the darkness.

CURT

(in German)  
Where did you think they sent me?

HANS

(in German)  
How could I know. Everything was such a big secret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT

(in German)  
I didn't know what was really  
happening.

HANS

(in German)  
How could you? After all Father  
taught us. How could you help them  
with their sick plan?

Tears stream down Han's cheeks.

YAGO

Please. I don't want you to fight.  
I don't like fighting.

CURT

(in German)  
Every day I wished I could be you.  
Out on a boat, in the sea, never  
seeing the faces of the people I  
was killing.

HANS

(in German)  
I never killed anyone.

CURT

(sarcastically in  
German)  
Your boat never fired a shot.  
Sure. The pride of the Reich's  
fleet didn't harm a soul.

A door SLAMS.

CURT (CONT'D)

(in German)  
Give me the pistol. I'm going to  
find who that is.

HANS

(in German)  
And what? Kill them?

YAGO

(whispering)  
Stop! You're making the spirits  
here angry.

CURT

Look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Curt points. A black figure stands at the end of the hallway, framed in the doorway, barely visible.

CURT (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Hans, give me the pistol.

YAGO  
(whispering)  
It's a ghost. You can't shoot him.

HANS  
Hello?

The figure disappears.

YAGO  
You saw it, too?

CURT  
You saw it?

Hans nods.

HANS  
I believe you now. But it's a person. Someone else is hiding here like us.

YAGO  
Not a person. A spirit.

A voice outside lets out a CRY, a long echoing WHOOP.

YAGO (CONT'D)  
A spirit. I think we should leave now.

HANS  
It cut our boat free. Took our meat. It's not a spirit.

Hans looks at Curt.

HANS (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
You remember when we were kids? The hiding game? Come out, come out?

Curt nods.

HANS (CONT'D)  
Let's play. Can you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Curt bites his lower lip and nods.

CURT  
What about him?

HANS  
Yago. You go in the room. Lock the door. Don't open it for anyone but us. Here.

He slides the pistol over to Yago.

YAGO  
Don't leave me.

HANS  
We're not going to. Go.

Hans carries the lamp to the center of the room. He pulls the sheets down and clears a space. He hangs the lantern up so that it dimly lights the entire place. Curt and Hans disappear into the shadows as Yago closes the door to the room.

INT. CANNERY - ROOM - NIGHT

Yago checks the room thoroughly for signs of life. A chair leans against the doorknob. He sits back on a bed, holding the pistol.

He hears the calls of Hans and Curt outside, echoing through the building.

HANS  
(in German)  
Come out! Come out!

CURT  
(in German)  
Catch me if you can!

HANS  
(in English)  
Come out! Come out!

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

Hans creeps through the building, trying to be as silent as he can.

Curt hides at the end of the hallway behind a door. He's struggling to keep his composure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A pale figure moves silently past, but he closes his eyes. He knows it's not real. Then another. Then another.

Across the building a door SLAMS. The sound startles Curt, but he stays strong.

Hans continues his creeping through the building. He sees a shadow moving across the other side of the room. He watches it move silently at the end of the light. He waits.

Hans lunges out into the light and yells.

HANS  
(in German)  
Hey!

The shadow screams back and runs.

HANS (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
Attention! Attention! Curt!

Curt hears footsteps pounding down the hallway towards him, but he's frozen in fear. The shadow rushes past and disappears into the darkness.

Hans comes running down the hall.

HANS (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
What happened? Why didn't you  
close the door? We had him.

Curt remains motionless, silent, and trembling.

INT. CANNERY - ROOM

They lie in their bunks staring at the ceiling. As if waiting for the strange sounds to begin. The lamp remains lit. The door to the room is closed, but there is no chair blocking it.

YAGO  
(softly)  
What did he look like?

HANS  
I don't know. I could only see his  
shadow.

YAGO  
I still think it's spirit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANS  
(trying to be funny)  
Can you scare a ghost? Because I  
scared the shit out of him.

They don't laugh.

YAGO  
(broken English)  
I think we should leave tomorrow.  
Even we don't have a boat. We can  
walk.

HANS  
We'll figure it out tomorrow.

CURT  
Or we build a boat. Like he taught  
us.

Hans nods.

YAGO  
I don't like night time. Bad  
dreams.

They say nothing for a while.

CURT  
I don't like it anymore either.

Yago and Hans both look at him. Hans turns the lamp down.

YAGO  
Should I put the chair on the  
door?

HANS  
I think we'll all sleep good  
tonight. Our little ghost isn't  
coming back.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Captain Berliner lies in bed reading. Sounds of someone  
pounding on his door startles him. The door opens a  
crack. It's Private Franklin.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN  
I hope I didn't wake you, Captain.  
I saw your light.

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

The motor, sir. One of the boys  
got it running.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Tell him I'm good for the leave I  
promised. First ship headed south.  
Have them mount the motor back on  
the boat right away.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

Captain?

CAPTAIN BERLINER

I'm heading out first thing in the  
morning. Get the motor on tonight.

PRIVATE FRANKLIN

To where, sir?

CAPTAIN BERLINER

To get my pistol back and bring  
the two Jerry's home.

Private Franklin closes the door.

INT. CANNERY - ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. A short, skinny, dark figure stands in  
the doorway holding a knife at his side. Before anyone  
can react he screams and lunges into the room, landing on  
Curt.

The figure continues screaming in Aleut as Hans dives on  
him and pulls him off Curt.

HANS

Light the lamp!

Yago, frozen in terror against the wall comes to his  
senses and lights the lamp.

Curt lies on his cot, holding a bleeding shoulder and a  
slash on his neck. There is blood everywhere.

The boy rages in Han's arms. This is PAUL, 12, Aleut.  
He's malnourished and ghostly pale. His hair long and  
matted. His clothing rotting and in tatters.

PAUL

(in Aleut)

Go away, ghosts! You can't be  
here! Go away!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANS  
(in German)  
Curt, are you okay?

CURT  
(in German)  
I'm fine. Flesh wounds.

Curt sits up. He looks at his hand, which holds the blade of the knife. He's somehow pulled the knife away, blade-first. His fingers and palm bleed. Yago stares wide eyed at the boy, who is still struggling in Hans' arms.

YAGO  
Paulie? Paulie? Is that you?

The boy stops struggling. He's breathing hard. His eyes wide with fear and rage.

Yago comes close.

YAGO (CONT'D)  
Paulie? It's me, Paulie. Your  
cousin from Atkan. Me. Yago.

The boy suddenly bites Hans on the arm. He lets go and the boy runs for the door. Yago dives on him and they fall to the floor.

YAGO (CONT'D)  
Paulie!

They struggle on the ground. Yago pins the boy down and sits on top of him. He looks down into Paul's face.

YAGO (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
It's okay. I'm your cousin. Yago.  
Remember?

PAUL  
(crying)  
No. You're a ghost. Only ghosts  
here. Everyone's dead.

YAGO  
(smiling)  
I thought you were a ghost.

Paul looks at the German's suspiciously.

YAGO (CONT'D)  
They're real too. They're nice.  
They'll keep us safe.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Paul's eyes well with tears. Yago hugs him.

YAGO (CONT'D)

We're both safe now.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - MORNING

Captain Berliner stuffs some supplies into his pack. Some wax paper wrapped sandwiches, binoculars, flashlight, and a bottle of whiskey. He takes one last look at the map, and rolls that up and stuffs it into his bag.

He stops at the door and looks at his holster. He goes back to his desk. He opens a drawer and removes a box of bullets. An M-1 leans in the corner. He picks it up and heads out the door.

EXT. EXCURSION INLET, SHORELINE - MORNING

A group of tired soldiers look on as Captain Berliner motors out into the bay by himself. The rifle leans in the bow with his pack. He grins as the boat putts out on the glassy bay. He glances back at the camp, for a moment, and then takes in the beauty that surrounds him. The tall mountains, the timber, the clear calm water.

Thoroughly enjoying himself, he drums the side of the small skiff with his free hand.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

(singing)

All the nice girls love a sailor.  
All the nice girls love a tar. For  
there's something about a sailor,  
well you know what sailors are!  
Bright and breezy, free and easy,  
he's the ladies pride and joy. In  
love with Kate and Jane, then he's  
off to sea again, ship ahoy! Ship  
Ahoy!

INT. CANNERY - MORNING

Yago and Paul stand near the stove warming up. Hans turns a piece of deer meat in a skillet. The meat sizzles and pops. The boys watch him. Paul, appears especially interested in the meat. He licks his dry and cracked lips.

YAGO

What did you eat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL  
(whispering)  
Whatever I could find.

HANS  
How long have you been here?

Paul shrugs.

YAGO  
Since they put our people here?

Paul nods.

HANS  
Here. This meat is ready.

He forks some on a plate and Paul begins eating his before he gets to the table. By the time he reaches the table his meat is gone.

Yago looks at his meat. Paul looks at his meat. Yago stabs it with a fork and flops it on Paul's plate. Hans does the same.

Yago stares at Paul, still amazed to see another Aleut boy, his cousin no less.

HANS (CONT'D)  
I'll cook more. Curt?

Curt comes out of the room. He's got makeshift bandages on his wounds. He's sore and moving slow.

HANS (CONT'D)  
You okay?

CURT  
Just stiff. That's all.

Paul looks up at him. He's scared.

CURT (CONT'D)  
It's okay, kid.

Paul looks down at his plate and continues to eat. He finishes a bite and speaks, still looking down.

PAUL  
(whispering)  
I'm sorry.

Curt nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CURT

I'm guessing you know every nook and cranny of this place. Where can we find some tools and material to make a boat. Do you know?

Paul nods, glances at Hans cooking, and then looks down again.

CURT (CONT'D)

He'll cook up more meat for you, don't worry.

PAUL

I know where's stuff. I show you.

Yago runs a finger across his empty plate and licks the residue from the deer meat.

YAGO

How come you never left here with everyone?

Paul lifts his head and their eyes connect. He smiles, and then his eyes seem to see past Yago. He's seeing the story he's about to tell.

INT. CANNERY - DAY

The cannery is crammed with sick and freezing people. Outside a light coat of snow covers everything. Inside, plumes of steam come from each person's mouth and nose as they breathe. They are cold and miserable.

Paul kneels beside a cot with a sick old woman. He pats her hand, trying to reassure her. He kisses her forehead and begins to leave.

PAUL (V.O.)

I wanted to try to catch something for us to eat. We were hungry and cold.

Paul makes his way through the sick and the young kids playing in filth. He heads out the back door with a homemade spear.

EXT. CANNERY

Paul walks through the snow in his rubber boots. He's poorly dressed, and cold, but determined to bring food back to his people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hasn't gone twenty yards from the building and he's in full hunt mode. In the distance a ship approaches the cannery, but he's not looking out at the water. He's interested in game found out in the woods.

PAUL (V.O.)

We were dying. Sick. Cold.  
Starving. I told myself I would go  
out and hunt until I brought back  
food. Just like I was taught by  
our elders.

EXT. FOREST

Paul continues hunting deep into the forest. He's looking for tracks, for sign, for anything. He spots a hare and begins to stalk it.

He throws his spear. The hare runs. He's discouraged but doesn't give up.

PAUL (V.O.)

I almost had a hare, but I rushed.  
So I kept on until night.  
Following him into the forest. Not  
paying attention where I was  
going.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Paul huddles beside a small fire. He's cold and hungry. Alone and scared. A heavy snow falls. His tracks are slowly being covered over.

PAUL (V.O.)

It snowed that first night.  
Covered all my tracks. When  
morning came I was lost, but I  
didn't care. I promised myself I  
would bring meat back, and I did.

EXT. CANNERY - DAY

Paul emerges from the woods carrying a large rabbit. He's got a big grin, but the grin shifts as he sees that something is wrong.

He drops the rabbit and begins running.

INT. CANNERY - DAY

Paul enters the cannery and its empty. Everyone is gone. He cries out and runs around, looking for people. His grandmother's cot is empty.

PAUL (V.O.)

When I come back. Everyone gone.  
Only one's left is me. And the  
ghosts.

INT. CANNERY

Yago's eyes move around the cannery. Paul's story has him spooked again.

YAGO

Don't talk about the ghosts. I  
don't like this place.

PAUL

(whispering)  
Me either.

Hans puts more meat on Paul's plate. He begins to eat it, as if he hasn't eaten in days. Hans drops some on Yago's place. He begins to eat as well.

HANS

I don't understand these places  
you boys talk about why would your  
country put you in such horrible  
places?

CURT

(in German)  
You know the answer to that.

Curt stands at the stove, warming his hands. Hans looks up at his brother.

HANS

(in German)  
I'm sorry that you think you do.

PAUL

Thank you for the meat. I'll give  
what I took back to you. Let me  
show you where the tools are.

YAGO

They know how to make a qayaq.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAUL

You do? How you know that?

HANS

Our father taught us.

PAUL

Wow. Too bad I never knew that. I would have made my own boat and left paddled out of here.

CURT

Why did you cut the rope to the boat?

PAUL

I never.

The three share a look.

YAGO

You didn't cut the rope on the rowboat?

Paul shakes his head.

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

Captain Berliner eases up on the throttle and kills the engine. He opens up his pack and takes out a sandwich. As he eats he admires the mountains and bays that surround him. He takes a look at the map, tucks it away, and takes a swig of whiskey to wash his lunch down.

He tucks the pack away and tries to restart the motor. Nothing. It won't start.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Don't do this to me now. Come on girl. I'm banking my career on you.

He pulls some more. Nothing. He curses and slumps against the side of the boat and covers his face in angst. Then he sits up and looks at the motor.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Sorry girl.

He turns the kill switch and pulls. The motor fires.

He pats the motor, lovingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Thanks.

He motors on...

INT. CANNERY STORAGE SHED - DAY

An old door opens with a rusty screech to reveal the inside of a shed with lumber and tools. Curt and Hans instantly begin pouring over the supplies.

HANS

(in German)

This will be good. We could use those sheets.

CURT

(in German)

Or the material in the cots.

HANS

We're going to build a frame, then stretch material over it.

Yago and Paul nod their heads.

HANS (CONT'D)

Paulie, do you know where there might be something we can use?

PAUL

I know where's canvas. An old tent. They brought us some tents to use here, but we never put them up.

Hans looks at Curt and smiles.

HANS

Yes. Canvas. That will be great.

Paul motions with his head.

PAUL

Come with me.

Hans and Paul leave. Curt picks up some tools and examines the wood.

YAGO

You think you can make a boat to fit us all?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT

Don't worry. You'll be in the boat.

YAGO

Will it be safe in the ocean?

Curt turns to Yago.

CURT

I learned how to make boats from my father. He learned from the Aleuts.

Curt pats him on the back.

CURT (CONT'D)

He said they were the best boat makers in the world. The best sailors in the history of mankind.

YAGO

Will you teach me?

Curt nods.

CURT

First thing you learn. German's like clean workspace. Help me clear this out.

The two get to work.

Soon all four of them are working. Curt and Hans are diligent and meticulous. They cut and fit the wood together. They stretch their arms and make measurements not with tapes but with their bodies.

The boys watch, but they are also learning. Repeating the actions of Curt and Hans.

A kayak frame begins to take shape.

EXT. OPEN WATER - DAY

The boat is slowly making progress. Slowly. Captain Berliner is getting impatient at his lack of progress. He turns to look back in the direction he came and spies something. He slows the engine.

He cuts the engine and digs in his pack. He pulls out a pair of binoculars. He scans the water and spies the rowboat, adrift.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The boat appears empty and floating on it's own. He watches and waits.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

The jig's up, boys.

He focuses the binoculars. The boat appears empty.

He sets the binoculars down, reaches for the rifle and makes sure it's loaded. He looks at the boat again.

With the rifle resting across his legs, he fires up the motor and turns the boat. He begins motoring towards the rowboat, floating far off in the distance.

When he gets close, he slows again and looks through the binoculars. The boat still appears empty. A rope hangs from the bow into the water. Captain Berliner wrinkles his brow in thought. He's perplexed.

He motors closer. When in range of yelling he stops.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Hello? Make yourself known! I'm armed.

He waits for a response. He fires a round in the water near the boat. He motors even closer.

The boat is empty. He pulls up alongside it and looks inside. Nothing.

He moves up to the front of the boat and pulls up the cut rope from the water.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

What the bloody hell?

He looks around. He lifts the binoculars and scans the shore.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Please tell me you're all right, kid. I don't need any deaths on my hands.

He ties the rope off to his boat and begins motoring again. This time the going is even slower, as he pulls the rowboat behind. He glances at his clock, realizing nightfall is approaching.

## INT. CANNERY STORAGE SHED

Hans and Curt work on stretching canvas over the frame of one kayak. They work silently. Yago and Paul watch closely, as they carve single blade kayak paddles. The two boys share stories.

YAGO

Was there a government person here, too?

Paul nods.

YAGO (CONT'D)

Our guy's name was John. He was nice. Really tried helping. Yours?

Paul shakes his head.

PAUL

Ours was bum. He didn't care.

## INT. FUNTER BAY CANNERY - OFFICE

John sits at a desk typing furiously. He pulls out a sheet. Reads it and crumbles it up. Yago watches from the doorway. John holds his head in frustration. He begins to type again: FUNTER BAY CAMP CONDITIONS PERILOUS. He looks up and sees Yago.

YAGO (V.O.)

I don't know how good people can have to do such bad things.

JOHN

My little man. How can I help you?

YAGO

They elders say we need clean water. That's why so many are sick. Can we at least get clean water somewhere?

JOHN

I know, Yago. I'm trying.

YAGO

(in Broken English)  
Why they doing nothing?

JOHN

There's a war going on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YAGO

And we don't matter?

JOHN

I didn't say that.

YAGO

We need a doctor.

JOHN

Yeah. And medical supplies, and adequate housing, and blankets, and food, and clean water. Kids wallowing in excrement. I know. I'm stuck here, too.

YAGO

What's ex-cre-ment?

JOHN

Poop.

Yago nods, sadly.

YAGO

It's everywhere.

JOHN

I'm going to quit if they won't help you here, Yago.

YAGO

Quit?

JOHN

It's the only way. I need to send the Bureau a message that they understand. My pleas for help haven't been enough.

YAGO

You can't leave us.

JOHN

I think I have to. It's the only way they can see how horrible the conditions are.

YAGO

If you quit and leave us, you're just like the people who put us here.

Yago storms out. John looks out over the bay through his window and then turns back to his typewriter.

## INT. CANNERY STORAGE SHED

Yago runs his hand over the covered keel of the kayak in admiration.

Hans and Curt stand back and admire their work. The kayak is nearly complete. It's long and big, a double.

HANS

Did he leave?

YAGO

Nope. He tried to quit, but they wouldn't accept his resignation.

PAUL

There's a cave back there where our government man put bodies after there was no one to dig graves.

Hans, Curt, and Yago turn to Paul. He points his half-finished paddle into the woods.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I seen more ghosts back there.

HANS

More ghosts?

The boy nods his head and looks out towards the woods.

HANS (CONT'D)

We're done for today?

Curt nods.

CURT

We're done.

HANS

Show me this cave.

## EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - EVENING

Curt, Hans, and the two boys approach what appears to be a natural cave with a makeshift enclosure. Paul stops short, and Hans and Curt proceed, with Yago following closely behind.

PAUL

(whispering)  
I'm not going any closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hans pulls open the door and squints into the darkness.

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE - EVENING

Just enough light comes through the opening to see bodies. Stacks of Aleut bodies. Emaciated and desiccated corpses appear to be stacked like cord-wood.

Hans winces at the sight. Curt recoils and steps out. Yago leans in closer. Scared and horrified, yet amazed and becoming angry. He steps in to take a closer look. He's becoming stronger. Less afraid.

YAGO

(whispering)

So many of them. My relatives. My people...why didn't they take care of the bodies.

A bat suddenly flies out scaring Hans. Yago doesn't flinch.

YAGO (CONT'D)

This isn't right. I will make sure you are remembered.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE

Yago closes the door with reverence. Paul watches from afar. Curt stands off to the side, leaning against a tree. He's struggling with his own demons, again. The vision of the bodies in the cave was too much.

Hans approaches Curt and puts his arm around him.

HANS

(in German)

I'm sorry, brother.

CURT

(in German)

I can't escape them. The ghosts of the camp.

HANS

(in German)

You will. In time you will.

EXT. BAY - EVENING

Captain Berliner enters the bay. The small boat motor filling the tranquil evening with the misplaced sounds of man and machine. He spots the dark cannery building at the head of the bay and eases up on the throttle, then quickly kills the engine.

He pulls out the binoculars again and scans the building. He spies a small tendril of smoke and grins.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

I knew you'd be here.

He pulls the motor up and begins rowing to shore.

At the shore he ties up the small rowboat and takes another glance through the binoculars at the cannery. This time he spots a small light coming from inside.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Do I surprise you now, or in the morning?

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

The four sit around the table eating deer meat. They are quiet. The only sounds coming from the knives on their metal plates. Yago pours some hot water from a pot into a coffee mug. He drinks it and sighs, happily.

YAGO

We'll build another boat tomorrow, eh?

Curt shakes his head.

CURT

One is enough.

Hans cocks his head, questioning Curt's response.

YAGO

We can't all fit in there.

CURT

You three will go.

HANS

(in German)  
What? No. We'll build another boat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT

(in German)

There are not enough supplies to make another boat, half as good as that one.

HANS

(in German)

We need two boats. One isn't safe enough.

CURT

(in German)

There's no time. They will be coming for us.

HANS

(in German)

You should go then.

CURT

(in German)

Why, so I can continue to protect those who are responsible? No.

He turns and looks at Paul and Yago.

CURT (CONT'D)

(in English)

No. I will go back to the camp. I will tell Captain Berliner that the hostile Indians got my brother.

YAGO

No. You have to go with us. Or I'll stay here with you.

PAUL

(to Yago)

I don't want to stay here, no more.

YAGO

It's okay, Paulie.

CURT

We will try the boat, and you will leave in the morning.

HANS

You don't have to go back.

CURT

I do.

EXT. CANNERY - NIGHT

Captain Berliner approaches. He's rowing and being as quiet as he can. A light snow is beginning to fall. From the shore his boat is barely visible.

Curt stands beside the building, relieving himself. He reaches a palm out and catches a snowflake. He turns his face to the sky and lets the snow fall on his face.

He hears an oar scrape the side of the boat and spots the approaching skiff. He ducks back inside.

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

Curt rushes in, the three are laughing and joking about something. They see Curt's face and know something is wrong.

CURT

(whispering)

Someone is coming. One man, in a boat. He'll be here any minute. Paul, can you become a ghost again?

Paul nods his head.

CURT (CONT'D)

Good. Hide. Wait until it's late and create a distraction.

YAGO

Should I go with him?

Curt and Hans share a glance.

CURT

Yes. Give him the pistol.

Hans pulls the pistol from his waistband and hands it to Yago.

CURT (CONT'D)

Go. Disappear. Go!

HANS

(in German)

What do we do?

CURT

(in German)

We sit here and play stupid.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

HANS  
(in German)  
Scared.

Curt smiles.

CURT  
Haunted by Aleut ghosts.

EXT. CANNERY DOCK - NIGHT

Captain Berliner is in stealth mode. He quietly pulls up to the dock and ties the boat. He shoulders his pack and the rifle and climbs up the pier ladder. He notices the tied boatline, cut.

When his head is just at dock level he pauses and surveys the area. All is quiet.

He slips across the dock and approaches the door. He can hear voices inside. He sets the pack down outside the door, lifts the rifle and slowly opens the door.

He winces as the door CREAKS.

HANS (O.C.)  
(in German)  
Did you hear that?

CURT (O.C.)  
(in German)  
Its nothing.

HANS (O.C.)  
(in German)  
I heard something.

Berliner creeps into the building. Rifle at the ready.

INT. CANNERY

Hans and Curt act as if they are just finishing dinner, as if they don't know someone approaches. Hans adjusts the lamp light, making the room brighter.

HANS  
(in German)  
I feel like something is in this building.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURT

(in German)  
You are such a child. How are you  
the older brother?

Hans makes a mock fist gesture at Curt.

HANS

(in English)  
There are spirits here. I can feel  
them.

CURT

Huh. No such thing.

HANS

What about the baby crying and the  
doors slamming.

CURT

Your imagination.

Captain Berliner steps into the light. He's got the rifle  
pointed at the back of Curt's head.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

(in German)  
Good evening. Don't move.

CURT

(in German)  
Don't shoot.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

(in German)  
Put your hands on the table.

CURT

(in German)  
I told you he spoke German. I  
could tell by how you pronounced  
names.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

(in English)  
I enjoyed your little ghost  
stories.

HANS

It's true. You will take us back  
tonight?

CURT

Don't listen to him. He's a baby.  
Scared of his own shadow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HANS

This place. I want to be anywhere  
but this place.

Captain Berliner moves around the table. He takes a piece  
of meat and eats it, while holding the rifle out.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

(chewing)

Where's the boy? Where's my  
pistol?

Hans and Curt look at him, feigning bewilderment.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Don't pull my turtle. Where's the  
boy? I found the boat. Now where's  
the Aleut boy that helped you  
escape?!!

He pushes the rifle into Hans' chest.

HANS

We don't know. We never saw him.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Wrong answer. He was here. I saw  
the rope.

The two look at each other and shrug.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

And where's my pistol?

HANS

We don't have it.

He makes Hans stand and frisks him, while pointing the  
rifle at Curt. Then he repeats the process with Curt. He  
grabs another piece of meat and chews it.

He pulls up a chair and sits by the stove.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Look. I came here to save you  
guys. It's snowing out. Winter is  
here. You won't make it. I don't  
care how much your famous daddy  
taught you.

HANS

You don't know anything about our  
father.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Ah, but I do. That's why I bothered coming out here. You plan to escape home is noble, but ridiculous. You're going to be set free soon enough anyway. The war is over and unlike your country, we don't just keep people in prison until they die.

CURT

Unlike our country? Unlike our country? What do you call this place?

HANS

Curt.

CURT

No. He struts about like his country is somehow superior to ours when they've done the same thing.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Easy soldier. Calm down. I know we're not perfect. But we don't slaughter innocent men and women just because of their race or religion.

Curt scoffs.

CURT

You hide behind your flag in the name of freedom and allow your own to suffer and die.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

(to Hans at first)

Can you believe this? I'm being lectured to by someone who helped run a prison camp. Oh yes, I know, Curt. Your boys told me back at camp. What did they call you? 'The Problem Solver.' You made things run a little smoother.

CURT

Of this I am guilty. I've never denied that. But I want you to acknowledge what you've done here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Sure. Tell me where the boy is,  
and where my damn service revolver  
is and I'll acknowledge whatever  
you want.

A door slams.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

I knew he was here.

Hans shakes his head.

HANS

(whispering)

I warned you.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Yago!? Come out. It's okay, son.  
You're not in trouble. I just want  
to get you back home safe and  
sound.

He turns to Curt.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Go on. Tell the boy it's okay.  
Look. I don't believe in ghosts.  
So if the plan was to scare me out  
of here, it's not going to work.

Someone runs down the hallway and another door slams. The  
lamp flickers. Hans and Curt share a glance.

Suddenly outside an ENGINE is heard.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Go! Outside! Now! Grab the light.

EXT. CANNERY DOCK - NIGHT

The men emerge on the dock, moving quickly in the dark.  
Hans carries the lamp. They arrive at the edge as the  
boat heads out into the bay. Empty.

Snow continues to fall.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Shit!

HANS

I told you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN BERLINER

You're telling me the boy didn't  
do this?

They look up at the cannery as the door swings closed. As if on its own.

The Captain glances at Hans and then Curt.

HANS

Now what?

CAPTAIN BERLINER

You tell me. There goes our ride  
out of here.

CURT

Let's get out of the snow.

HANS

I don't want to go back in there.

CURT

(in German)  
Where else do we have to go?

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

Captain Berliner and the two brothers sit around the fire. They pass a bottle of whiskey back and forth. The Captain keeps the rifle across his legs.

CURT

I'm glad you brought the whiskey.

HANS

Me too. Thanks.

Hans opens the wood-stove and puts another piece of wood in.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

So have you seen one? A ghost?

Curt points at Hans. Hans nods.

HANS

He doesn't believe.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

So tell me. Since we're going to  
be here all night. Why is a place  
out in the middle of nowhere have  
ghosts. Why would they bother?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANS

Because they died here.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Who?

HANS

Aleuts.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Here? This isn't Aleut territory.  
Why would Aleuts be here?

CURT

(in disbelief)  
You don't know?

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Know what?

CURT

About this camp. The other camps.  
Where your government imprisoned  
Aleuts and let them die.

Captain Berliner laughs and takes a swig from the bottle.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

We've done some bad things, but we  
didn't hurt any Aleuts. Kiowa,  
Sioux, Apache, sure --- but not  
Aleuts.

CURT

Back in the woods, back there,  
there's a graveyard and a cave  
full of bodies. The boy? The one  
who helped us escape. Your country  
burned his village and forced his  
family into a place like this.

Captain Berliner takes another swig and swallows hard.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Explains why he took my pistol for  
you... Could have been in the rush  
to clear the Aleutians before the  
Japanese hit. I never heard about  
it. People were held here, you  
say?

He looks around the room. A door slams. He's still not  
scared. More intrigued.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

Show me. Show me these bodies.

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The door to the cave swings open. Captain Berliner shines a flashlight into the darkness. He runs the light over some of the bodies. His face is a mixture of horror and disgust.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

(to himself)

What have we done?

Curt stares blankly, struggling with his own horrible visions again.

The Captain turns to Hans and Curt. They stand outside the entrance, while he's halfway inside.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

(whispering)

How did they die?

HANS

Sickness. Hunger.

Captain Berliner looks out from the cave and sees Paul holding the lamp. Paul appears gaunt and emotionless.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

(whispering)

I see one.

They turn and look.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

(whispering in awe)

Oh my god. A real live spirit.

Hans and Curt slowly step away from Berliner, who stands staring at the boy in shock. The door slams shut, locking Berliner inside.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Curt, Hans, Paul, and Yago stand outside the door. Berliner pounds on the door. Yago and Paul silently dance in celebration for their smarts.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (O.C.)

Let me out. Come on. Don't leave me in here. Please...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Yago slams on the door.

YAGO

You stay in there. Suffer like they did. You treated us like dogs! You'll die like one.

HANS

He didn't do it, Yago. We can't leave him in there.

YAGO

Why not?

CURT

We can't.

YAGO

We're just going to let him go? He's going to take you back to the camp.

PAUL

I don't want him to stay in there with them. Let him out.

YAGO

No.

Yago takes the pistol out and cocks it. He holds it against the door. He's crying.

YAGO (CONT'D)

Someone has to pay for what they did to us. I'll kill him.

Curt puts his hand on Yago's shoulder.

CURT

He's not the one.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (O.C.)

Please. Let me out. I'll let you all go. I'll take you home myself. Please.

Curt slowly takes the pistol away from Yago. He holds Yago.

CURT

Slide the rifle under the door.

The rifle comes out through a crack on the bottom of the door. Hans picks it up. Yago steps back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Curt opens the door, the pistol extended and pointed at Captain Berliner.

Berliner steps from the cave. He's pale and scared.

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
(whispering)  
Thank you.

He shines his light on Paul. The boy squints at the light.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)  
Who is he?

HANS  
(smiling)  
Our ghost.

Captain Berliner turns to Yago.

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
I will have this investigated, son. These people will be properly buried. Someone will answer for this, I assure you.

YAGO  
(whispering)  
If you don't, they're going to haunt you forever.

CAPTAIN BERLINER  
They will anyway.

EXT. CANNERY SHORE - MORNING

Hans paddles the kayak with Paul on his lap. They tow the rowboat. Paul has a huge grin.

Curt, Yago, and Captain Berliner stand at the shore. Berliner looks through binoculars and can see the other boat up on the bank.

A fresh blanket of snow covers everything.

CURT  
(in German)  
Any leaks?

HANS  
No. She's seaworthy. Nice work, brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN BERLINER

It seems risky to me. They'll come for us in a day or two. The boys can go back with me. I'll make sure they get home. You two can go. Escape.

YAGO

I'm not going with you.

PAUL

Not me, too.

Paul and Hans exit the kayak. Curt and Yago pull the rowboat up on the beach.

HANS

Your boat is across the bay. Up on the beach. Probably out of gas.

Curt loads some gear into one of the kayak openings.

CURT

(in German)

Travel safe. Travel smart.

HANS

(in German)

Come with us. We'll build another boat.

CURT

(in German)

Do what father would have done. Take the boys home.

They hug.

HANS

(in German)

You're doing what father would have done, too.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

What's going on?

CURT

I'm going back with you.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

I said I wouldn't come after you. Why?

CURT

We need to pay for our crimes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Captain Berliner shakes Hans' hand.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Good luck.

He pats Paul on the head and then shakes both boys' hands.

CAPTAIN BERLINER (CONT'D)

I promise you - their bodies will  
be taken care of.

YAGO

Promise?

Captain Berliner nods.

They load up into the boats. Paul disappears in the hold, and Hans and Yago sit inside. Hans and Curt shake one last time. Hans stuffs the rifle down into the boat.

HANS

I'm keeping this, sorry.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

That's fine.

YAGO

Curt will give you your pistol.  
Sorry I took it. I didn't know you  
were a good guy.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

It's okay, kid.

Curt leans down and shakes Yago's hand.

CURT

Thank you.

YAGO

You'll be able to sleep at night  
now, Curt. They'll leave you  
alone. You saved us. Me and  
Paulie.

They start to paddle off.

CAPTAIN BERLINER

Hey! Which one of you started the  
boat last night?

Yago shrugs and looks down into the kayak at Paulie.  
Paulie shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAUL

I never.

YAGO

Me either.

Yago and Hans begin paddling off. Curt and Captain Berliner watch them and then turn and look up at the cannery.

Curt hands the pistol to Captain Berliner. They load into the row boat. Berliner sits in the back. Curt sits at the oars. He begins paddling out into the bay.

Curt looks back. Slowly, the ghosts of hundreds of Aleuts begin to come out of the woods and the cannery. They walk towards the dock, as if waiting to be taken home.

Curt nods and continues rowing.

CAPTIONS:

IN 1945, OVER 600 GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR WERE HELD IN ALASKA'S EXCURSION INLET CAMP.

TWO ESCAPED BUT WERE LATER CAUGHT.

NO GERMAN PRISONERS DIED.

OVER 800 ALEUT PEOPLE WERE RELOCATED TO CAMPS DURING WWII. OVER TEN PERCENT OF THEM DIED OF SICKNESS AND STARVATION. IN 1988, THE US GOVERNMENT FINALLY APOLOGIZED.

Further out in the bay Hans and Yago paddle effortlessly through the water.

They are surrounded by the ghosts of ALEUT WARRIORS, paddling skin kayaks, leading them home.

FADE TO BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED :