

BEHIND THE WALL

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ARRIVAL MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A)INT. PLANE - DAY - Staff Sergeant MAX TATE (34) sits in the window seat. As the plane turns he looks out the window to see Berlin.

B)EXT. AIRPORT - DAY - Max walks up to a SERGEANT (25) who stands next to a civilian car. The two shake hands before Max throws his duffel bag into the back seat then gets in the car.

C)EXT. ANDREWS BARRACKS - DAY - Max gets out of the car and is greeted by another STAFF SERGEANT (30) who beckons for him to follow into the barracks.

D)INT./EXT. QUARTERS - DAY - Max sets his duffel bag on his bed and looks around his new room. Hearing some yelling he opens the door. Across the hall is a naked woman pounding on the door.

WOMAN

At least give me my clothes, you
bastard!

END OF MONTAGE

INT. MP OFFICE - DAY

Max enters the office. Telephones are constantly ringing and there are many men either behind desks or moving from one office to the next. Max walks up to the first desk where Corporal FLOYD WATTS (21) sits.

MAX TATE

Sergeant Tate, Max reporting for
duty.

Max holds his orders out. Floyd looks up from his papers, looking Max over for a moment.

FLOYD WATTS

Thank god. Hang on a moment.

Floyd reaches for the phone on the desk. After hitting a few keys he holds the receiver to him.

FLOYD WATTS (CONT'D)

Dead man walking, sir... Right
away, sir.

Max waits for Floyd to hang up the phone.

MAX TATE

Uhm, what was that about?

FLOYD WATTS

Letting Captain Greene know you arrived.

MAX TATE

Dead man walking?

FLOYD WATTS

I'll let him explain that.

JACK GREENE (O.S.)

Sergeant Tate, please come in.

Both Max and Floyd look over to see Captain JACK GREENE (43) standing outside his office. Without another word Max walks over and into the office.

INT. GREENE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack closes the door behind them, motioning for Max to take a seat. Max waits until Jack sits before he does the same.

JACK GREENE

Welcome to the two seventy second, Sergeant Tate. I trust you had a pleasant trip?

MAX TATE

Thank you, sir. I did, sir.

Jack holds his hand out to Max who hands over the orders. He leans back and looks it over.

JACK GREENE

I've been looking over your file. Impeccable record. Most who just start I would usually assign day patrols, but with your history you wouldn't mind if I assigned you to night patrols.

MAX TATE

Not at all, sir.

JACK GREENE

At ease, son. You'll find that despite the security concerns this unit runs like a well-oiled machine.

MAX TATE

What about the dead man walking comment?

Jack nods then leans back in the chair.

JACK GREENE

So you heard that then? I told Watts he needs to be more careful with those comments.

MAX TATE

What does he mean?

JACK GREENE

Our job was difficult enough before they decided to build the wall.

MAX TATE

How has it made things more difficult?

Jack stands, walking to a map on a nearby wall.

JACK GREENE

These lines mark the line of the new anti-fascist protection rampart, or at least that's what the GDR calls it.

Max gets up to stand near Jack, keeping a close eye on the map.

JACK GREENE (CONT'D)

Sergeant Morris will be giving you a more in depth 'welcome to Berlin' speech, but I wanted to deliver this part personally.

MAX TATE

Sir?

JACK GREENE

You will see people trying to cross the wall, climbing, running, swimming, I believe there was even an attempt by balloon.

Jack turns to Max.

JACK GREENE (CONT'D)

Under no circumstances, no matter how close they get, are you allowed to help any defectors.

MAX TATE

You can't be serious, I thought we were-

Max is cut off by Jack's raised hand.

JACK GREENE

Too much can go wrong and the last thing that we want to do is to start a fire fight. Do not help them unless they have completely made it to our side.

There's a knock at the door.

JACK GREENE (CONT'D)

That should be Sergeant Morris.

EXT. MP OFFICE - LATER

Max and LEON MORRIS (35) walk to a Ford Taunus parked outside. They both hop in before Leon starts it and the two drive off.

INT. TAUNUS - CONTINUOUS

Max looks around as Leon points to various thing.

LEON MORRIS

And there's the chow hall. They feed us pretty well out here, plus we've got access to the NAAFI.

MAX TATE

Thank god for little miracles. How is it out here? Ignoring what Greene said.

LEON MORRIS

Quiet. You get the occasional call for possible break-ins but mainly just keep the peace and the drunks quiet. Oh! See the mountain up there?

Max looks to where Leon is pointing.

MAX TATE

Kind of.

LEON MORRIS

That is Teufelsberg, better known as the devil's mountain. After the war they piled up brick and other debris and now it's that.

MAX TATE

Interesting. Why is it called devil's mountain?

Leon turns to stare briefly at Max in disbelief.

LEON MORRIS

It was literally built off of remnants of the Reich, need I say more?

MAX TATE

Guess that was a stupid question. Speaking of, has that been an issue at all?

LEON MORRIS

Not really.

The two ride in silence.

MAX TATE

So, what do you guys do for fun around here?

LEON MORRIS

Lots of clubs, my friend. Trust me, I'll show you the ropes both on and off duty.

MAX TATE

Sounds like you guys have it pretty easy. Can't say I'm too upset with the transfer.

LEON MORRIS

That's what you think! Still have school of standards to go through. One whole week of everything you wanted to learn about Berlin and more.

MAX TATE

You're kidding...

LEON MORRIS

Luckily for you, your file says
you're fluent in German. That'll
help you greatly.

As the drive continues, Max sees a green Lada that is driving
towards them.

MAX TATE

That doesn't look like one of ours.

The Lada drives past. On the side of the car is the Russian
star; inside there are four Russian officers.

LEON MORRIS

They are our comrades, no pun
intended. Probably just finished
their version of the school of
standards and came to see our side.
Now be quiet, I'll show you where
Hitler's bunker is.

INT. KURFESTDAM CLUB - NIGHT

The club is packed Max stands with Leon, Floyd, RICK WATSON
(29) and CESAR WELCH (25). They all raise their shot glass.

LEON MORRIS

Having successfully graduated the
school of standards, I propose a
toast to the latest fool to join
us.

They share a laugh then down their drinks.

CESAR WELCH

Going to be nice to have some new
blood.

FLOYD WATTS

You guys are going to have to break
him in.

RICK WATSON

That won't be a problem. Hopefully
he won't get chapter eight like the
last guy.

Max beckons for more then turns.

MAX TATE

Wait, chapter eight? Doesn't that
mean-

LEON MORRIS

(Interrupting)

That means you are a welcome member
of our little group.

The bartender sets out another set of shots for them, which they all take happily.

CESAR WELCH

Just ignore Rick. Keep calm and
it'll be easy.

MAX TATE

But what happened for him to get
that kind of discharge?

Cesar looks to Rick who shrugs and sets his glass down.

RICK WATSON

Occasionally there's an odd sound
or sight. Spooks some of the guys
more than it should, but you get
used to it.

FLOYD WATTS

I still think it was the last alert
that did him in. Not that it's an
excuse but it's more believable
than the place is haunted.

LEON MORRIS

Don't let him scare you. You'll get
used to the early morning alerts.
Though I'll admit, driving through
the deserted city is a bit creepy.

CESAR WELCH

At least we only had to guide
traffic on that one.

Leon nudges Max.

LEON MORRIS

Bird on your six.

All the men look toward LINDA BURGE (40) sitting at the bar
with a glass of wine.

LEON MORRIS (CONT'D)

Way to be conspicuous. Go say
something.

MAX TATE

Think she'd actually be interested?

RICK WATSON

Go for it! Show us what you learned
in class.

Max shakes his head, then adjusts his collar. After a moment
he approaches Linda.

MAX TATE

Guten abend, mein name ist Max. Was
ist deine?

LINDA BURGE

Sie können mich anrufen Linda, du
bist ein Amerikanischer nehme ich
an?

MAX TATE

Sie sind richtig, aber das sprechen
der sprache sollte mir besser als
die meisten zu beweisen.

LINDA BURGE

I will give you credit. Of all the
men they've sent over you're the
first to speak German.

The sounds of laughter can be heard coming from the other MPs
behind him. Max shoots them a look.

MAX TATE

And now I feel like an idiot.

Linda pats his hand and motions for the bartender.

LINDA BURGE

Eine Berliner Weisse für den guten
mann. You at least tried, welcome
to Berlin.

MAX TATE

This is not the first time they did
this to you?

Leon and Cesar walk over to the two.

LEON MORRIS

Not in the least and still you
never give any of us the time of
day.

LINDA BURGE

I am talking to you now aren't I?

LEON MORRIS
You know what we mean.

Linda finishes her glass of wine then hands the bartender a few bills.

LINDA BURGE
And it will be something you will forever need to ponder. Max, it was a pleasure. I am sure I'll be seeing you around.

The three watch as Linda walks off.

INT. QUARTERS - MORNING

Max is sound asleep; it is still dark outside. The sounds of people shouting and knocking on doors grow louder. Max groans, rolling over before pulling his blanket over his head. His peace lasts only moments when there is a pounding at his door.

CQ RUNNER
Alert! We've got an alert! Up and at 'em!

Scrambling out of bed, Max throws on a pair of pants. He reaches the door and opens it right as Cesar is running by.

MAX TATE
What's going on?

CESAR WELCH
Alert, get dressed and get downstairs. Need to arm up before we leave.

The statement sobers Max up, he puts his boots on then grabs his shirt before running out of his room. Throwing on his cover he runs down the hallway, which is full of other soldiers scrambling to get to their stations.

INT. BASEMENT - BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Max finishes buttoning his shirt as he arrives in the basement where SCOTT COOPER (33), the armorer, is handing out weapons to the MPs.

SCOTT COOPER
Five seven eight nine one. This is now your baby. Treat her well.

Scott hands the M-16 to the MP who takes it and walks off. Rick steps forward, waiting to be addressed.

SCOTT COOPER (CONT'D)
Watson, right? Good. One moment.

Walking deeper into the room, Mario pulls out an M-16 from the rack.

UNKNOWN VOICE
(Whispered)
Sie werden nächste.

SCOTT COOPER
Who's there?

He levels the M-16, looking around frantically.

RICK WATSON (O.S.)
Hurry up! Got to get to my post.

SCOTT COOPER
Someone's back here with me.

RICK WATSON (O.S.)
What? Oh for the love of god. I'm coming back there.

The sounds of a bolt being slid open and a door opening and shutting can be heard. Scott still has the M-16 level at his side when Rick gets to him.

SCOTT COOPER
I heard it. Someone said something in German.

RICK WATSON
You're the only one back here.

SCOTT COOPER
I know what I heard!

Rick walks the length of the room all within the sight of Scott.

RICK WATSON
No one. You are safe. Look, I don't have time for this right now. Are you willing to file a report?

SCOTT COOPER
Yes.

RICK WATSON

Fine, when we're done I'm going to send Sergeant Tate to you. We'll file the report and take it from there.

EXT. BARRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

Soldiers are going every which way. Many are piling into cars which take off quickly. Rick approaches his friends who are waiting for him.

CESAR WELCH

Took you long enough.

RICK WATSON

You don't even want to know. Max, you're going to have to take a report from the armorer when we get back.

MAX TATE

Why?

RICK WATSON

Said he heard someone, it'll be a basic report.

Leon nods then climbs onto the hood of the car.

LEON MORRIS

(Yelling)

Anyone need a ride down to headquarters?

A few calls of 'no' can be heard before the CQ runner appears at the front doors to the barracks.

CQ RUNNER

You got your answer, Morris! Now go!

Leon gets off the car, flipping off his friends who are laughing at him.

LEON MORRIS

Just trying to be helpful and this is the thanks I get.

They pile into the car and drive off.

INT. MP OFFICE - DAY

The office is busy with soldiers going in and out. Floyd sits at his desk both working the phone and guiding people. To the side Max sits behind a typewriter, typing away as he reads off a report to his side. He is approached by Second Lieutenant TONY MARTINEZ (40).

TONY MARTINEZ
Got the report done yet?

MAX TATE
Almost finished now.

TONY MARTINEZ
Were you able to get what he
claimed was said.

Max nods, turning in his seat to face Tony.

MAX TATE
He couldn't remember word for word
what was said, but the gist of it
was "you're next".

TONY MARTINEZ
Interesting. When you're finished I
want the report on my desk.

MAX TATE
Yes, sir. I'll make the copies in a
minute.

Tony crosses his arms.

TONY MARTINEZ
I don't think you understood me. I
want the report. Period. No copies.

Max looks from Tony, to his reports, then back.

MAX TATE
With all due respect, sir, what I'm
supposed to do-

TONY MARTINEZ
(Interrupting)
Don't tell me what standard
procedure is. I am giving you an
order and you will follow it or
this will be referred to JAG. Am I
clear?

MAX TATE

Yes, sir. I understand, sir.

Tony nods then pats Max on the shoulder a couple times.

TONY MARTINEZ

You're still a bit new to this place. I can respect you're still adjusting. What you need to understand is. On occasion things happen where rules need to be adjusted to ensure the follow-through.

Max leans back in his chair as Tony returns to his office. His peace is interrupted by Floyd throwing a wadded-up paper at his head.

FLOYD WATTS

The first scolding! Should we document it?

MAX TATE

Thanks for the support.

Max turns back to finish typing the report. Floyd pushes his chair over toward Max.

MAX TATE (CONT'D)

Don't have the time. I need to finish this.

FLOYD WATTS

I was only kidding.

The typing continues. After a few moments Floyd gives up then pushes himself back to his desk. Max finishes typing, pulling out the report before signing it. He walks back to Tony's office and hands him the report. The two speak briefly before Max walks back out to Floyd's desk.

MAX TATE

That report is never going to see the light of day, is it?

FLOYD WATTS

Most likely it will, just not to our people.

Max eyes Floyd curiously.

FLOYD WATTS (CONT'D)

What was this one? Something moved? Voices?

RICK WATSON
 Couple of gruney pigs ran those
 privates up the tree.

Brett marches up to the privates who are still at attention.

BRETT KLEIN
 Private Dawson... and Private
 Lovett.

PRIVATE 1
 Yes, sir.

PRIVATE 2
 Yes, sir.

BRETT KLEIN
 You two will finish this exercise
 but on Monday if you're not sitting
 in front of my office at zero seven
 thirty you will be on the first
 plane out.

The two privates snap a salute.

PRIVATE 1
 Yes, sir!

PRIVATE 2
 Yes, sir!

Brett glares at the two then gets back into the jeep. The
 jeep takes off again.

INT. LOUNGE - BARRACKS - EVENING

Max sits on the couch, polishing his boots. He is surrounded
 by other MPs and his friends.

FLOYD WATTS
 And then the two privates went wee
 wee wee all the way home.

The group begins to laugh.

MIKE REYNOLDS
 Glad you guys got it figured out.
 Klein blew a gasket when everything
 shut down.

LEON MORRIS
 Bottom line is we got it taken care
 of and we survived another
 exercise.

They cheer. HOWARD LUCAS (28) walks to the center of their
 cleaning party, setting down a box full of hard liquor and
 beer.

MAX TATE

Voices.

FLOYD WATTS

Probably going to make the rounds
of the higher-ups, then get buried.

Max grabs a chair, sitting down quickly.

MAX TATE

How common is this?

FLOYD WATTS

It's not as common but enough that
we have our own protocol about it.

MAX TATE

No one told me about this.

FLOYD WATTS

It's not something they want to be
yelling from the rooftops. I don't
know if you've been paying
attention but if something happens?
We're the largest POW camp in the
world! Last thing we need is them
thinking we're a bunch of nut jobs.

INT. KURFESTDAM CLUB - NIGHT

Max sits at the bar, nursing a stein of beer. He stares at
the mug in front of him.

LINDA BURGE (O.S.)

On your way to becoming a regular,

I

see.

He turns to see Linda walking towards him. She takes a seat
next to him. The bartender immediately sets a glass of wine
in front of her.

LINDA BURGE

Danke.

MAX TATE

If I would get that kind of service
I may have to do that.

Linda takes a sip of her wine, closing her eyes as she tilts her head back with a sigh.

LINDA BURGE

Will the rest of your motley crew
be joining us?

Max shrugs, downing a decent amount of his beer.

MAX TATE

If they do, it's not by invite. Are
they that much of a bother?

LINDA BURGE

I wouldn't say a bother, but it's
nice to just relax.

They sit in silence.

LINDA BURGE (CONT'D)

You were much livelier the other
night. Long day?

MAX TATE

Early morning alert, just went from
there.

Max mimics a plane diving with his hand.

LINDA BURGE

I can assume since I'm not on a
plane out of here that it was
merely an alert and nothing worse.

Offering a smile, Linda mimics a plane taking off. Max looks to Linda then laughs.

MAX TATE

You know the drill well.

LINDA BURGE

After a while you get used to it.
Can you talk about it?

He shakes his head. She responds with a knowing nod.

MAX TATE

Just still getting used to things
here I guess.

LINDA BURGE

We sit in a city steeped in
history, not just from the second
world war.

(MORE)

LINDA BURGE (CONT'D)

Founded in eleven sixty three, went through wars, plagues, plenty of devastation.

LINDA BURGE (CONT'D)

Yet the citizens were resilient and always came back strong. Incredible city.

MAX TATE

Thank you for that little history lesson. Should I be taking notes?

LINDA BURGE

Perhaps. What can I say? It comes with the job.

MAX TATE

And what job is that exactly?

Linda laughs as she sips on her wine.

LINDA BURGE

I'm one of the lucky ones who work for the chief of staff.

MAX TATE

No wonder you're so chipper, you didn't have to go for the alert.

LINDA BURGE

One of the many benefits of being a civilian employee.

Max finishes his beer, pushing the empty stein away from him.

MAX TATE

Just like you don't have to get up early for PT. Another benefit?

LINDA BURGE

You're the one listing them. I'm just here to enjoy a quiet drink.

The bartender places a full stein in front of Max, who stares at it momentarily.

MAX TATE

You've been here for awhile, right?

LINDA BURGE

Going on my third year. Why?

MAX TATE

People come and go, but have you noticed anything odd? Like people leaving for, you know... mental reasons?

LINDA BURGE

That's an area I'm not too familiar with. I've seen one or two go for inability to acclimate but nothing too bad. Is there something troubling you?

Max shakes his head.

LEON MORRIS (O.S.)

There he is!

Max and Linda turn. Leon, Rick, Floyd and Cesar approach them, rapidly ordering drinks. Linda places a finger over her lips to quiet Max then gives him a wink.

EXT. GRUNEWALD FOREST - DAY

The forest is alive with infantry units jogging along, jeeps and trucks driving up and down the various paths. At an intersection farther down the path Cesar stands, guiding the vehicles along with flash batons. A jeep drives over then stops in front of Cesar. Jack is in the passenger seat.

JACK GREENE

Any problems?

CESAR WELCH

No, sir. Had a five ton get stuck a couple miles back. Already out and traffic is back to usual.

JACK GREENE

Perfect. Let's go.

The jeep takes off. Cesar walks out into the path, then jumps back when an ambulance speeds past him. Rick and Max approach. Both men are muddy.

CESAR WELCH

Don't you two look like little rays of sunshine.

RICK WATSON

Water buffalo. Since your five ton took priority we had to push it out.

Ourselves.

CESAR WELCH
We're MPs, Rick. To help those in
need.

CESAR WELCH (CONT'D)
Think of the service you did for
those soldiers who will be grateful
that you assisted in the
deliverance of their water.

MAX TATE
Is he always like this?

RICK WATSON
You'd think with all the preaching
he does he would have been a
chaplain.

CESAR WELCH
I try to make our job sound that
much better and this is the thanks
I get.

The sounds of screams followed by a succession of gunshots
interrupt their conversation. The three pull their side arms.

MAX TATE
Came from the west.

Rick turns the opposite way, cupping his free hand around his
mouth to yell.

RICK WATSON
Levi! Hit up the captain. All
traffic stops till further notice.

The three take off in the direction of the gunshots. As they
run they do their best to avoid the various trees and
overgrowth. More gunshots ring out. They run faster till they
reach a clearing.

PRIVATE 1 (O.S.)
Help!

They take off in the direction they heard the call from. They
approach a tree where two privates are high up in it. On the
ground a couple of wild boars are circling the tree. Max has
his pistol trained on the boars while Rick and Cesar holster
their own.

CESAR WELCH
Gruney pigs!

PRIVATE 2

Call them what you want! Just get them away from here.

RICK WATSON

We only use blanks on exercises, what the hell were you thinking?

PRIVATE 1

I thought it'd scare them off.

Cesar looks around then picks up two sticks. He starts to clap them together in rapid succession as he rushes the tree. The boars run back into the forest.

CESAR WELCH

The big bad boars are gone, you can come down now.

The privates begin to climb down. Max finally holsters his own pistol.

RICK WATSON

Never ever going to get tired of them.

PRIVATE 2

Sticks? That's all it took? We shot at them!

CESAR WELCH

With blanks, and you ran from them. Of course they weren't afraid of you.

A jeep breaks through from the forest. Jack still sits in the front. General BRETT KLEIN (58) stands in the back. It pulls to a stop in front of the men. Brett hops out, the men stand at attention and salute.

BRETT KLEIN

First I hear traffic has been stopped. Then I hear all operations halted until further notice. There better be a damn good reason.

MAX TATE

Sir, that would be our doing. We heard screams followed by gunshots. We thought it would be best to cease operations until we could determine the threat.

BRETT KLEIN

Good. You used your head. Now
answer my damn question. What.
Happened.

CESAR WELCH

Took you long enough.

HOWARD LUCAS

Blow me, you wouldn't believe what
just happened.

MAX TATE

Are you waiting for an invitation?

Howard grabs a beer then flops back onto an open space on the
couch.

HOWARD LUCAS

So we had some Ruskie officers
shopping at our PX. And me and Pete
were loading up for tonight. Next
thing we know we hear some yelling.

PETER CURRY (24) stands and moves into the center of the
room.

PETER CURRY

Buck private not even here twenty
four hours walks up and goes, you
commie bastard, what are you doing
here?

Peter puts his fists up, taking the stance of a boxer.

PETER CURRY (CONT'D)

Doesn't say another word and just
decks him. Knocks him out.

The group begins to jeer and wince.

MIKE REYNOLDS

Feel bad for the schmucks on duty
right now.

RICK WATSON

Better them than us, drink up while
we still can.

The group continues to clean their boots and uniforms. They
all pause as the sound of a siren winds up.

HOWARD LUCAS
Someone's trying. Alright, pony up
time.

Howard pulls out a small note pad out of his pocket and starts jotting names down.

Everyone grabs money out of either their wallets or pockets, tossing whatever they could into the center of their circle.

HOWARD LUCAS (CONT'D)
Make it?

Several hands shoot up. Howard makes ticks next to some of the names.

HOWARD LUCAS (CONT'D)
Doesn't?

Different hands shoot up this time; Max is included in this group. Howard makes more ticks. Leon leans close to Max.

LEON MORRIS
Mister optimism is finally becoming
one of us?

They sit in silence; some are staring at the window. Seconds tick by, then a series of shots ring out. The men who had their hands up for making it let out a groan.

HOWARD LUCAS
Now, now, we all can't be winners.

Howard divides the cash between the winners of the bet. Max smiles happily as he counts out his portion of the winnings.

LEON MORRIS
Why'd you go for not making?

MAX TATE
I listened to Greene.

Leon nods and pats his shoulder.

LEON MORRIS
Fitting in quite well I'd say.
Quite well.

INT. MP OFFICE - MORNING

Max and Leon sit across from each other at a table behind Floyd's desk. their .45s are stripped down as they clean.

Floyd looks up when the door opens and Linda walks in, pausing in front of the desk.

FLOYD WATTS

Good morning, Ma'am. He's ready for you.

Max looks up, kicking Leon under the table to get his attention. Linda walks directly back to Jack's office, closing the door behind her.

LEON MORRIS

What the hell is your problem, Tate?

MAX TATE

Linda's here.

Leon looks back to Jack's office then back to Max.

LEON MORRIS

Yeah, she pops in here every once and a while.

MAX TATE

Why?

Leon throws his hands up before returning to cleaning the pistol.

LEON MORRIS

I don't know. Do you expect me to just say, "hey why do you show up at our shop?"

MAX TATE

Seriously? This from the one who sends virgins to be sacrificed at the bar.

LEON MORRIS

That's after hours. Entirely different story.

The door to Jack's office opens and Linda steps out. Carrying a taped-up box. She walks out without saying a word. Max puts down the pieces in his hands and stands to go after her.

JACK GREENE (O.S.)

Tate, in my office. Now!

Max begins to reassemble the pistol.

LEON MORRIS
Must have pissed her off good.

MAX TATE
Shut up.

Once the pistol is reassembled, Max holsters it then goes to Jack's office.

INT. GREENE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack stands behind his desk, nodding towards the door when Max enters. Max closes the door behind him and stands at attention.

JACK GREENE
At ease. Your report on the situation in the armory just made it to the head shed.

MAX TATE
Sir, with all due respect, I don't wish for the report to be reflective on my abilities.

JACK GREENE
You took the report, that's all you did. The fact of the matter is it was reviewed and they want photographs from where it occurred.

MAX TATE
Sir? It's over and done with. Why photographs?

JACK GREENE
Because I asked you to.

He opens a drawer, draws out a camera and hands it to Max.

JACK GREENE (CONT'D)
As many photos as you see fit, but document the entire armory. When you are done, drop off the camera with the photo lab.

MAX TATE
Don't you mean the film?

JACK GREENE
No. That roll is not to leave the camera until it's in the developer's hands.

INT. BASEMENT - BARRACKS - MOMENTS LATER

Max stands holding the camera in hand, while Scott stands next to him pointing towards the back of the room.

SCOTT COOPER

It came from back there.

MAX TATE

And you are absolutely sure no one was back here? Playing a joke?

SCOTT COOPER

No one is allowed back here but me. I hand out the weapons. If someone was back here we have bigger problems.

MAX TATE

Nothing personal, just the usual questions I have to ask. If you could stand guard at the door I'll be out of your hair as soon as possible.

Scott nods, leaving Max behind. Max starts to photograph the room.

MAX TATE (CONT'D)

All this training and I'm shooting an empty room.

UNKNOWN VOICE

(Whispered)

Sie sind neu.

He jerks around, looking frantically for the voice. He looks to the ceiling.

MAX TATE

No vents. Maybe it's the quiet.

He starts taking photos again. From the farthest wall a sling falls from an M-16. The metal clinks when it hits the ground. Max jumps when he hears the sound.

MAX TATE (CONT'D)

Is... is there anyone in here?

Taking a few deep breaths, Max takes a few more photos. The sounds of footsteps starts to fill the room; the sounds grow louder. He hangs the camera from his neck, stepping backwards as he reaches for his side arm.

UNKNOWN VOICE

(Whispered)

Ich werde nächstes kommen für sie.

Max's hand rests on his side arm, shaking badly. Scott turns the corner just as Max draws his side arm.

MAX TATE

Stop where you are!

SCOTT COOPER

Don't shoot!

Scott ducks to the side holding his hands up in surrender as Max falls back, landing in his butt. His side arm is still in his hand as he attempts to catch his breath.

SCOTT COOPER (CONT'D)

God damn! Could have blown us sky high.

MAX TATE

Sorry, I thought... never mind.

SCOTT COOPER

See? Not so crazy, am I?

MAX TATE

Ventilation. Is there any down here aside from the door?

SCOTT COOPER

None. I'm allowed a fan but that's the extent of it.

Max nods, reholstering his side arm. Scott stands, offering his hand to Max who takes, it allowing himself to be pulled up.

SCOTT COOPER (CONT'D)

Be honest with me, what's going on?

MAX TATE

I wish I could tell you, but your guess is as good as mine. We'll get an answer for you, I promise.

INT. MP OFFICE - MORNING

Floyd sifts through the morning reports. Jack stands at a window looking out at the parade field in front of him.

JACK GREENE

The men will have their hands full this weekend.

FLOYD WATTS

Pay day is both a blessing and a curse. Should make for some interesting reports though.

JACK GREENE

Very true. Hopefully this won't end with any of the gruney pigs being released in the barracks again.

FLOYD WATTS

Come on, he would have made an excellent mascot for us. We would have kept him fed and watered.

JACK GREENE

Just like we do with you.

Floyd looks up at the comment; Jack hasn't moved from the window. The phone rings. Floyd answers it.

FLOYD WATTS

Two seventy second military po...
slow down!

Jack turns eyeing Floyd with suspicion. Floyd looks to him shaking his head.

FLOYD WATTS (CONT'D)

Slow down, what is going on?

JACK GREENE

Who is it?

Floyd puts his hand over the receiver.

FLOYD WATTS

German, but don't know who yet.

Floyd removes his hand.

FLOYD WATTS (CONT'D)

Verlangsam! Wir können ihnen helfen, einfach erklären Sie uns, was falsch ist? Mein gott!

Jack moves closer. Floyd hangs up the phone.

FLOYD WATTS (CONT'D)

It's bad. Get ready.

As the sounds of several phones ringing fills the room, Floyd dashes over to the window and opens it.

FLOYD WATTS (CONT'D)

All members of the two seventy
second! Suit up and load up!

Jack crosses his arms while Floyd moves back to a filing cabinet. He pulls out one of the drawers until he finds the file he is looking for. He pushes past Jack, going back to his desk as he begins to fill out paperwork.

JACK GREENE

Would you like to tell me what is
going on.

Floyd holds his hand up, finishing writing on the document in front of him. As soon as he finishes he holds it out to Jack. Jack snatches it, looking it over.

JACK GREENE (CONT'D)

God help them all.

EXT. DAYCARE CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Several German police officers are standing arm to arm as they block off the daycare center. A crowd surrounds them, all trying to catch a glimpse of what is going on. Tony walks up to the human barricade with the group of MPs behind them. The Germans allow them past the barricade. Second Lieutenant BRIAN COBB (29) runs up to them.

BRIAN COBB

We got here just before you guys
did.

TONY MARTINEZ

Status inside the center?

BRIAN COBB

Haven't evacuated anyone yet.
Wanted to wait till you guys got
here to make it easier.

RICK WATSON

If you don't mind me asking, how
did this get found?

BRIAN COBB

Construction team was starting to
refit the plumbing. They started
digging further and hit gold you
could say.

They continue their walk to the building, pausing as they reach a construction hole. Looking into it they see a large bomb surrounded by several EOD soldiers.

TONY MARTINEZ

That's one hell of a nugget.

BRIAN COBB

Two thousand pound British blockbuster bomb.

TONY MARTINEZ

How far should the evacuation zone be?

Brian looks at the bomb then back to the MPs.

BRIAN COBB

I'd feel comfortable if you got them to Potsdam.

Tony turns to the MPs as Brian climbs into the hole.

TONY MARTINEZ

Alright, we're going to evacuate the center one classroom at a time. Tell them it's a field trip, promise them candy. I don't care. Don't let them see. Don't let them know.

LEON MORRIS

Do the teachers know?

TONY MARTINEZ

They do. They're doing their best to keep the kids calm.

MAX TATE

What about candy?

Tony pauses, waiting for Max to continue.

CESAR WELCH

Should probably actually have some to give them.

TONY MARTINEZ

Start getting those kids evacuated, and I'll take care of everything else.

The MPs salute Tony then jog into the daycare center.

INT. DAYCARE CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

The four enter the center, where they are immediately met by

JUDITH SLAUGHTER (40).

JUDITH SLAUGHTER
Thank you for coming so quickly.

LEON MORRIS
It's what we're here for, Ma'am.

JUDITH SLAUGHTER
We were asked to keep quiet about this but I called ahead to the sports hall and they've agreed to take all the kids until the parents can pick them up.

Cesar steps past them, looking up the stairs.

CESAR WELCH
Two floors and how many students, Frau...?

JUDITH SLAUGHTER
Frau Slaughter. Is there transportation for them?

CESAR WELCH
No, brass thought it'd make things calmer if we walked them like a field trip.

Judith turns, clapping her hands. A few teachers and several children peek out from classrooms on both floors.

JUDITH SLAUGHTER
Wir arbeiten an einer exkursion kinder gehen. Diese nette männer von der Amerikanischen armee werden uns begleiten.

MAX TATE
Und es werden süßigkeiten da sein! Es wird nur für die gute kinder zu sein, sind wir alle gut sein?

JUDITH SLAUGHTER
Lassen sie uns in unsere linien zu erhalten, wie wir noch praktiziert wird.

The children run to the front door, lining up behind their respective teachers.

LEON MORRIS
Bereit für unser kleines Abenteuer?
Lass uns gehen!

EXT. DAYCARE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The children walk behind Leon in rows of two, the teachers lead the children in songs as they leave the scene. Max and Cesar are left behind with Tony.

CESAR WELCH
They're off. How's the bomb?

TONY MARTINEZ
Same as it was when we got there.
EOD wanted to wait until the kids
were gone.

Brian looks up from the hole.

BRIAN COBB
We good?

TONY MARTINEZ
Are you sure we can't pull it out?
Deal with it elsewhere?

BRIAN COBB
I'll tell you in a moment.

They watch as two of the EOD men work on removing the nose cone. After a few moments they grab onto each side then slowly pull it off. Other EOD men run over to take the cone from them, removing it from the hole. Max and Leon run over, carrying the cone away. As one of the EOD reaches into the opening there is a scream from the crowd. The EOD man falls backward. Brian scrambles out of the hole then looks around.

BRIAN COBB (CONT'D)
You need to get them out of here.

Tony motions to Cesar and Leon, who then walk over to speak with the German police. The police speak in hushed tones to the crowd who begin to disperse. There are still a few stragglers as the EOD men return to working on the bomb. One stands, moving to speak with Brian who has returned to the hole. Tony kneels at the entrance to the hole.

TONY MARTINEZ
What's going on?

BRIAN COBB

Can't move it. If you see us
running you may want to follow.

TONY MARTINEZ

Right, good luck.

Tony moves back to stand with the rest of the MPs.

MAX TATE

And?

TONY MARTINEZ

Let's not try to think about that.
If anyone tries to break that line
we have got to stop them.

They stand in silence, watching the EOD members working together. Pliers and cutters are passed between them, cutting and moving. Moments later the men pull a long rod from the bomb. They carry it over, placing it on a small pile of sandbags near by. The MPs step closer to the hole after seeing the movement.

BRIAN COBB

We're all going home tonight!

INT. QUARTERS - NIGHT

Max is wrapped up tight in his blankets, sleeping soundly. He groans, pulling his pillow over his head when he hears singing.

UNKNOWN VOICE

Wir kämpften schon in mancher
schlacht, In Nord, Süd, Ost und
West. Und stehen nun zum kampf
bereit, gegen die rote pest.

MAX TATE

Quiet down... people are sleeping.

UNKNOWN VOICE

SS wird nicht ruh'n wir vernichten,
bis niemand mehr stört Deutschlands
glück. Und wenn sich die Reihen
auch lichten, für uns gibt es nie
ein Zurück.

Max reaches out from the blanket, hitting his night stand a few times until he reaches his radio. It is off but he still hits it as if it was on and he was turning it off.

MAX TATE

Finally.

Max stretches out, attempting to drift back to sleep. His eyes shoot open. He stares at the turned off radio as the singing continues.

UNKNOWN VOICE

Wo wir sind da geht's immer
vorwärts, Und der feufel der lacht
nur dazu! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

He lets out a yell as he scrambles to leave his bed, falling flat on the floor while still wrapped up in the blankets. After extracting himself he moves to his footlocker, grabbing his anglehead flashlight.

INT. BARRACKS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is dimly lit. Max steps into the hallway then turns his flashlight on. He looks up and down the hallway before hearing more singing.

UNKNOWN VOICE

Wir kämpfen für Deutschland.

He attempts to locate where the singing is coming from. Looking down the hall he notices light coming from under the door of the communal bathrooms. He starts to make his way down the hall.

UNKNOWN VOICE (CONT'D)

Wir kämpfen für Hitler.

At hearing the name Hitler, Max stops dead in his tracks. His grip tightens on the flashlight, then he continues his walk.

UNKNOWN VOICE (CONT'D)

Der Rote kommt nie mehr zur Ruh!

He reaches the door to the bathroom. He places his ear on the door. He can hear whistling from inside.

UNKNOWN VOICE (CONT'D)

Der Rote kommt nie mehr zur Ruh!

Max kicks the door open, rushing into the bathroom.

INT. BARRACKS - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Max makes it half way into the bathroom, holding his flashlight like it was a pistol.

MAX TATE
Hands up where I can see them!

A toilet flushes. Leon steps out from a stall.

LEON MORRIS
Can't a man take a leak in peace?

Max lets out a breath of relief, dropping his hands to his side.

MAX TATE
Sorry, thought I heard something.

LEON MORRIS
Little bit creepy at night. I
whistle to break the monotony.

Setting the flashlight down, Max walks to the sink, splashing his face a few times as Leon washes his hands.

MAX TATE
Were you singing?

LEON MORRIS
I'm not drunk, so no.

MAX TATE
I heard singing.

LEON MORRIS
Not you too!

Max turns quickly.

MAX TATE
What do you mean?

LEON MORRIS
It's late. We're not going to this
now. Not now, not ever.

Leon walks towards the door, Max rushes him and grabs his arm.

MAX TATE
We're supposed to trust one another
right? You have my back, I have
yours. Please.

Leon lets out a defeated sigh.

LEON MORRIS

You've heard the stories, and given what just happened, you've heard things yourself.

LEON MORRIS (CONT'D)

This has been going on since before I got here, and will most likely continue after I leave. His name was Ivan Hoffman.

MAX TATE

The one I replaced?

He nods.

LEON MORRIS

Good guy, bit older than us. He always made sure we were taken care of. Then he began to experience things.

MAX TATE

What all of us have been experiencing.

LEON MORRIS

We were always told to blow it off, just our minds playing tricks on us. Screaming here, crying there, papers or other things moved. With Ivan it just seemed to get worse.

Leon pauses, Max motions for him to continue.

LEON MORRIS (CONT'D)

He started saying he was seeing people. No one else had ever reported anything like that till he said it.

MAX TATE

That would mean people have been seen since.

LEON MORRIS

Not as frequently as the other incidents but yes. Now are you going to let me finish?

MAX TATE

Sorry.

LEON MORRIS

Any ways, he kept talking about what he heard and saw. We thought he was just trying to scare us.

LEON MORRIS (CONT'D)

One night we were going back to our quarters when one of the plaques ripped itself off the wall, shot his way and almost nailed him in the head. He ran off. Found him curled up at the stairs to the basement. Kept saying they got his family and they were going to get him.

MAX TATE

After what you all saw, they just chaptered him out?

LEON MORRIS

Better to bury it than cause a commotion. Besides, you know army policy. Deny, deny, deny.

The door opens, Scott looks at the two.

SCOTT COOPER

You guys done? I don't like story time when I go.

INT. BASEMENT - COMBAT SUPPORT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Captain TREVOR PATTERSON (37) makes his way down the stairs to the basement. As he reaches for the keys in his pocket he passes by Captain ZACH TODD (39).

ZACH TODD

Afternoon, Trevor.

TREVOR PATTERSON

Afternoon, Zach. Got you guys running around too?

ZACH TODD

Everyone and everything has to look their best for the parade.

TREVOR PATTERSON

What was the saying again? I love a parade, as long as I'm not in it?

ZACH TODD

That's why you're leading the band.
Must have love for it somewhere.

TREVOR PATTERSON

It is what it is; just wish they
didn't shove us in the basement.

TREVOR PATTERSON (CONT'D)

All those damn instruments up and
down, up and down.

ZACH TODD

You guys have the most expensive
non combat equipment here. Of
course they'd shove you where it'd
be hard to steal.

TREVOR PATTERSON

If you'll excuse me, need to get
the room unlocked and ready for
them.

They part ways. Trevor continues down the hallway, unlocking
the room at the very end of the hall. He enters the room.
There is wire fence further inside the room kept locked by a
chain and padlock. He reaches to turn the lights on, but
before he can he spots something behind the bass drum.

TREVOR PATTERSON (CONT'D)

(Whispered)

Shit.

Trevor backs out of the room as quietly as possible, then
runs down the hall, nearly running Zach over.

ZACH TODD

You ok?

TREVOR PATTERSON

Someone's in the room.

ZACH TODD

There can't be anyone in the room.
No one's been down here but me.

TREVOR PATTERSON

Come with me.

The two make their way down the hall. Zach enters first,
followed closely by Trevor. Trevor points to the drum. The
two spot a tall man in a black uniform. Zach motions to the
hallway and the two back out of the room.

ZACH TODD

I'll ring the MPs. Stay here in case he tries to get out.

Zach jogs to the opposite end of the hallway, reaching for the phone before he even has a chance to sit down.

ZACH TODD (CONT'D)

This is Captain Todd down at combat support, need you guys down here... intruder in the band room... Thank you.

EXT. COMBAT SUPPORT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

A Ford Taunus pulls up outside of the building. Leon, Rick, Cesar and Max all pour out of the car and start to make their way to the door.

RICK WATSON

Two by two, I'll take Cesar and you'll go with Max.

MAX TATE

They've kept everyone out of the basement.

LEON MORRIS

Exactly what we wanted to hear.

INT. BASEMENT - COMBAT SUPPORT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The MPs are greeted by Zach, who leads them in the direction of the band room.

ZACH TODD

Captain Patterson will be able to tell you more. Only thing I did was witness the person.

RICK WATSON

Can you tell us who else has access to the band room?

ZACH TODD

Only four people have a key to access the room. Of the four, the captain has been the only one in today.

They stop in front of Trevor.

LEON MORRIS

We need you to unlock the room,
then step back.

LEON MORRIS (CONT'D)

Do not enter the back part until we
have given the all clear.

Trevor nods. They enter the band room. Trevor holds a large key ring with many keys on it. He unlocks the padlock, removing it and the chain after hooking the key ring back on his belt.

TREVOR PATTERSON

All yours.

The MPs remove their side arms and they enter the back room.

CESAR WELCH

Stand and keep your hands up.

They continue their search until they make it to the end of the room. Lowering their side arms they look at each other.

MAX TATE

No one's here.

RICK WATSON

Never would have guessed.

TREVOR PATTERSON (O.S.)

Hey!

The four turn just in time to see the padlock and chain ripped from Trevor's hand. It hovers for a moment. The wire door shuts with a clink, the chain places itself back through the wire door, the padlock following shortly after then locks itself. The MPs rush to the wire fence, only to see the key ring lift from Trevor's belt and hover in the air. The keys begin to spin around on the hovering key ring. They spin faster and faster till the ring disappears and the keys go flying in every direction. The lights shatter, spraying glass across the room. All the men drop to the floor, covering their head with their hands.

TREVOR PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Everyone ok?

The MPs mutter affirmatives as they start to look around before pushing themselves up.

LEON MORRIS

Just let us out.

Trevor walks to the wire door, looking the padlock over. He pulls on it a few times.

TREVOR PATTERSON

Going to have to find a pair of bolt cutters or you'll have to wait for the NCOIC to get here.

CESAR WELCH

Like hell! There's four of us! Rip the damn thing off.

Cesar and Leon begin to pull on the wire fence.

TREVOR PATTERSON

Stop! There's got to be a pair up stairs, please. If I have to sleep down here to protect the instruments while I wait for the fence to be replaced, each and every one of you will join me.

The two stop pulling on the fence. Trevor leaves the room. Max begins to look around. He notices spaced every few feet there are metal rods in the wall about six feet off the ground. He runs his fingers over one then continues to walk.

MAX TATE

Any of you know what these are?

CESAR WELCH

Don't look at me.

RICK WATSON

I heard they were hooks. Gestapo used them to interrogate prisoners.

Max jerks his hand back from the rod he was touching.

LEON MORRIS

Wouldn't surprise me though. Lots of stories about these buildings.

MAX TATE

None of you thought you should find out?

Cesar hits the wire fence then turns to face Max.

CESAR WELCH

No offense, but we're here to protect, not here to study.

MAX TATE

With what just happened, you're not even a bit curious?

TREVOR PATTERSON (O.S.)

Sorry that took so long.

The four turn, watching Trevor cut the padlock.

INT. BOARD ROOM - LATER

The four MPs, Trevor and Zach sit at a long table. Seated across from them are Brett and Jack.

BRETT KLEIN

Understandably, this was a very traumatic incident. You will all be granted a week of rest.

ZACH TODD

Sir, will this be brought up in our promotion board?

BRETT KLEIN

Not at all. As protocol commands, you will all have to write out an incident report. That will be the last time this incident will be spoken of.

MAX TATE

We just witnessed something that could change everything. You can't just say it didn't happen.

BRETT KLEIN

I can and I did, Sergeant. You all did Berlin brigade proud.

MAX TATE

Sir, this presents security issues we don't even know how to combat. You can't just sweep this under the table.

LEON MORRIS

(Whispered)

Max, shut it.

MAX TATE

I'm not going to be quiet.
Everything else has been hearing
things or the occasional shadow.
This could have hurt us all!

JACK GREENE

General, he's a good soldier. This
just rattled him more than usual.

BRETT KLEIN

He needs to learn when to shut his
mouth, Jack.

MAX TATE

Gestapo. Is it true?

The room goes quiet.

BRETT KLEIN

Excuse me?

MAX TATE

Did the SS torture people down
there during the war?

BRETT KLEIN

This conversation is over.

The men stand at attention while Brett stands up. They all
salute stopping once they are saluted back. They take a seat
when he leaves.

JACK GREENE

When you finish your reports, bring
them to me. Your leave will start
immediately after.

Jack nods, the remaining men leave. All pick up their nearby
pens and start to fill out their forms.

MAX TATE

None of you at all are bothered by
any of what is going on?

TREVOR PATTERSON

You don't make waves, keep your
nose down and do your job.

Max slams his fist onto the table.

MAX TATE

No! I'm tired of hearing that same
old garbage. Things are happening.

RICK WATSON

Whoa, calm down. We'll hash this out later. Keep running your mouth now and they'll chapter you out.

The room returns to silence as they all go back to writing out the reports. One by one the men begin to leave once they've finished. Zach and Max are the only ones left. Zach turns in his chair to face Max.

ZACH TODD

Nice meeting you. Wish it was under better circumstances.

Zach holds his hand out to Max. Max looks up from his report then reaches to shake the offered hand. There is a sound of paper crinkling while they shake. When Max looks at his hand there is a piece of paper with an address on it.

MAX TATE

What is this?

ZACH TODD

The brigade has a historian, who also keeps track of things as it happens currently. You seem to want to know more. He may be your best bet.

MAX TATE

Thank you, sir.

ZACH TODD

Just do me two favors.

MAX TATE

Of course.

ZACH TODD

Wait a couple days before you go to see him and if this happens again, don't make waves. We need to keep as many of the hard workers as we can.

Zach grabs his report and walks off. Max looks to the open door then back down to the piece of paper.

INT. HALLWAY - HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Max holds the paper in one hand as he walks down the hallway. He looks at the writing on each door.

He reaches the last door on the left and sees 'Historian' written on the window. He knocks then lets himself in.

INT. HISTORIAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with books, news papers and photos strewn about on every available surface. A large safe sits in the corner.

MAX TATE

Uhm... hello? Is there anyone here?

Max turns at the sound of books dropping onto the floor.

MAX TATE (CONT'D)

Sorry to disturb you, sir. I was told you may be able to help me.

From behind a couple of book cases filled to the brim, the sound of foot steps grows louder. Suddenly, Linda walks out from behind them.

LINDA BURGE

No sirs here, Max. Perhaps I could be of some assistance?

Linda grabs a stack of papers from the nearest book case, then pushes past Max to get to her desk.

MAX TATE

I didn't expect to see you here.

LINDA BURGE

This is my office after all.

Max rubs his forehead, taking a seat across from her.

MAX TATE

The guy I got the address from thought you were a he.

LINDA BURGE

It's fine. Many don't want to think a woman is capable of such a job. What can I do for you?

MAX TATE

The combat support building. What was it used for during the war?

LINDA BURGE

Ah, yes. I assume it's what you saw in the basement?

Linda walks to a near by filing cabinet. She opens the drawer and begins to finger through the files.

MAX TATE

How much do you know about that?

She pulls out a file then closes the drawer before facing him.

LINDA BURGE

Most people are curious about the rods. Or at least that's what I hear at the bar.

MAX TATE

Sorry; it's been a rough couple days.

LINDA BURGE

Quite alright. To answer your question the building was used as for garrisoning some of the schutzstaffel, or SS as they are referred to.

She returns to her seat, opening the file to show Max some photos of the nearby locations as they were.

LINDA BURGE (CONT'D)

In fact, next time you look out into the courtyard next to the building? You're looking at where some of the executions took place during the night of the long knives.

MAX TATE

That answers some of the questions, but what about the rods? Were they hooks?

LINDA BURGE

Yes, they were. Now whether it was the gestapo who used them or the SS is still up for debate. What we know for sure is that they were used for torture.

Max leans back in his chair, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

MAX TATE

(Under his breath)

That explains some things.

LINDA BURGE

Hm?

MAX TATE

Nothing, just things fitting into place.

LINDA BURGE

The hauntings I presume?

MAX TATE

Yes... actually. What do you know about them?

LINDA BURGE

I am paid to know the history of this city, Max. Even if the ties to history are current.

She returns to the filing cabinet, putting the file away.

MAX TATE

That's why you came to our office. You have the reports we filled out.

LINDA BURGE

Correct, and I also have the reports you filled out three days ago. Physical manifestation at that. Shame I wasn't able to witness it.

MAX TATE

Then you can help me! We can show the world what is going on!

Linda shakes her head, leaning against the filing cabinet.

LINDA BURGE

You know we can't do that, Max.

Max shoots up from his chair, walking over to Linda.

MAX TATE

No, don't give me this cover up routine. Things are happening, people can get hurt.

LINDA BURGE

There is no cover up proper. The situations have been documented and addressed in the proper channels.

MAX TATE

And the ones who actually deal with it are told to shut up and pretend that nothing happened.

LINDA BURGE

I admire your want to show the world the truth. We are here to protect the citizens.

MAX TATE

How are we supposed to protect them from Nazi ghosts!

LINDA BURGE

We don't. We protect them from the truth. Do you not understand the repercussions if this was to get out?

MAX TATE

No, I don't. Project blue book-

LINDA BURGE

(Interrupting)

Is the perfect example of why these things need to be kept under wraps. A test run of sorts to see how the public would react.

Max looks to the floor, nodding as he stands and heads towards the door.

MAX TATE

Thank you. I got all I wanted to know.

Linda reaches for Max's hand, giving it a gentle squeeze.

LINDA BURGE

We're all here to do the same thing, make a better future for our loved ones. You may disagree with how we go about it but it's for the best.

Max returns the squeeze, leaving the room without another word.

INT. LOUNGE - BARRACKS - NIGHT

Max sits on the couch, beer in one hand. A few empty beers sit in the table in front of him.

He takes a swig before setting the beer down. Leon walks past, pausing when he spots Max.

LEON MORRIS

Starting early, I see! Good idea.

Leon grabs a beer from the table, flopping back onto the couch next to Max.

MAX TATE

Don't think it's really going to be a party night for me.

LEON MORRIS

Come on, Kurfestdam club is calling for us. Linda will probably be there.

Max lets out a snort, taking another swig.

MAX TATE

Not exactly the woman I want to see tonight, but I appreciate the offer.

LEON MORRIS

Cheer up! We had a week off, today was pay day, I don't know what else you'd need to make it a good day.

MAX TATE

I don't know. The whole thing just isn't sitting right with me. 'Protect and serve' my ass.

LEON MORRIS

Oh, no no no. You are not starting work complaints right now. We're off duty with pockets full of money!

MAX TATE

But.

LEON MORRIS

Nope!

Leon finishes his beer, tossing the empty bottle onto the table.

LEON MORRIS (CONT'D)

Let's make a bet. I'm going to show you something that you won't be able find at any other post.

(MORE)

LEON MORRIS (CONT'D)

If I'm right, you shut up and drink with us. If I'm wrong, we'll come back and I'll listen to all your complaints.

MAX TATE

No way I'm getting out of this, am

I?

LEON MORRIS

With me as your battle buddy? Not in the least.

EXT. BUNKER - LATER

The Ford Taunus pulls up in front of the bunker. Leon and Max step out of it. Moonlight is their only source of light but they can still make out the outline of a large metal door.

MAX TATE

What is that?

Leon and Max turns their flashlights on. They both aim them toward the door, which they can see now that the metal is encased in concrete.

LEON MORRIS

That, my friend, is a one hundred percent genuine Nazi bunker.

Max grins while he approaches the door, which is opened slightly.

MAX TATE

No joke?

LEON MORRIS

Not in the least. A few of them still remain.

Leon hands his flashlight to Max, then pulls the door open the rest of the way. Max steps closer, shining the light into the opening. The bunker is flooded. They are only able to go down a few steps.

LEON MORRIS (CONT'D)

Russians flooded them. Kind of disappointing. Who knows what was down there?

They both shine their lights into the water, looking at each other when they see something.

MAX TATE

I may not be a scientist but I'm
willing to bet there's not supposed
to be anything living in there.

Leon shakes his head as he kneels, attempting to see better.

LEON MORRIS

Give me your knife.

Max pulls out a pocket knife, extending the blade before handing it to Leon. As the blob in the water gets closer, Leon holds the knife up ready to strike. Suddenly the head of KEITH COOK (28) pops out of the water. Leon falls backwards with a yell.

KEITH COOK

Morris! What are you doing here?

LEON MORRIS

Damnit, you scared me!

Leon tries to catch his breath. Lance pulls a bag up from his side, tossing it out of the water before he gets out himself.

LEON MORRIS (CONT'D)

Max, this is Keith, Keith, Max.
He's a photographer with the
Observer.

KEITH COOK

The best one at that.

LEON MORRIS

And full of himself.

MAX TATE

What were you doing down there?

Keith opens his bag. Water-soaked uniforms and rusted pistols fall from it.

KEITH COOK

My retirement fund!

LEON MORRIS

You're still doing it?

MAX TATE

Doing what?

He starts to put everything back in the bag.

KEITH COOK

All those college kids coming here?
Looking for the real deal kind of
stuff? I'm their man.

MAX TATE

That's actually genius.

KEITH COOK

You want in on it? Double the man
power, we can clean out more.

LEON MORRIS

Just say no, Max.

MAX TATE

You were the one encouraging me to
get out more.

LEON MORRIS

With us, not one of these "Look at
me I can take photographs" guys.
Now that I won the bet, ready to go
to the club?

Max hesitates.

MAX TATE

I'll meet you down there. I have an
idea I want to run by Keith real
quick.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The sun is just rising as the MP platoon runs in formation.
They are led by Jack with Floyd right behind carrying the
guidon.

JACK GREENE

Keep up the pace, men!

Max, Leon, Cesar and Rick all run aside each other.

CESAR WELCH

Oh captain, my captain!

MAX TATE

Just one run I would love to go
without hearing that.

RICK WATSON

Ha! See? Not just me complaining about it.

CESAR WELCH

You know, I try to enlighten you all with a little Walt Whitman and all I get is crap for it.

LEON MORRIS

If you responded with anything besides the same thing day after day we'd be more appreciative.

Rick throws his fist up in victory as a few calls of yes can be heard from behind them.

JACK GREENE (O.S.)

You're not getting paid to chatter chatter ladies.

LEON MORRIS

(Under his breath)

Nope, just you are.

From the back someone yells in coming and the entire platoon moves to the side. They are passed by two ambulances and a loaded jeep, a few men hanging from the side.

FLOYD WATTS

Whoa!

Floyd stumbles after he runs into Jack, who's come to a complete stop. The rest of the platoon stumbles as they begin to run into each other.

JACK GREENE

I know we've nearly completed the morning run, but anyone up for a change of scenery for the rest of it?

Jack turns around looking out at the men who respond with a loud 'hooah'. Jack claps his hands together.

JACK GREENE (CONT'D)

That's the kind of response that shows we're the best.

After another 'hooah' the men line up in formation once more. They run off in the direction the vehicle drove off in. Leon looks back as he's tapped on the shoulder by Peter.

PETER CURRY

Lucas is taking bets. Any of you want in?

RICK WATSON

Ten says someone got chained to a light pole again.

Peter turns, relaying the message back to the soldier behind him. Once he's done that he turns to the four once more.

PETER CURRY

Anyone else? Bigger pot than scaling the wall.

LEON MORRIS

Twenty says running their mouth.

Peter turns again to relay the message before returning his attention to the four.

PETER CURRY

Last chance, going once, going twice, and done!

The run continues in silence until they reach the swimming pool hall. Many vehicles surround the hall including the ones that passed them. Jack leads them to the front of the building.

JACK GREENE

Platoon, halt! At rest!

The platoon follows the orders, all attempting to catch a glimpse of what is going on. Jack walks over to speak to a few officers standing at the entrance. The platoon all attempt to speak with one another, never letting their right foot move.

HOWARD LUCAS

I don't think anyone is going to win this pot.

LEON MORRIS

Maybe someone drowned?

CESAR WELCH

CID would have been here though. Why do they need all the MPs?

Their attention turns to Jack and the officers who seem to be engaged in a heated argument.

MAX TATE
That doesn't look good.

Jack returns to the platoon.

JACK GREENE
Platoon! Attention!

The platoon snaps to attention.

JACK GREENE (CONT'D)
There's been a change of plans. We will be taking over the night patrols. When we finish our PT you will return to your quarters to rest for tonight.

PETER CURRY
Permission to speak freely, sir?

JACK GREENE
Go ahead.

PETER CURRY
What happened?

JACK GREENE
Not for you to worry about right now. If things change you will be briefed. Now let's go!

The platoon responds with a loud 'hooah' while they take off running again.

INT. MP OFFICE - NIGHT

Max and Leon sit at a desk, both ripping up a newspaper then balling up the strip before tossing it into the waste bin. Peter is occupying the desk Floyd usually has.

MAX TATE
And Tate takes the lead, three to two in the final seconds. The crowd goes wild! Can he maintain the lead? We will just have to see.

Leon looks to Max then tosses a balled up paper at his head.

MAX TATE (CONT'D)
Hey!

LEON MORRIS

The crowd is going to push Tate over if he doesn't shut up.

PETER CURRY

No, the crowd is going to tape both of you down if you don't shut up. How Watts puts up with you all I don't understand.

MAX TATE

Try to make the best of a bad situation. You didn't whine this much last time we did overnight.

PETER CURRY

I was ready for that, you can plan in advance. Proper sleep, proper eating.

LEON MORRIS

Proper pain in the ass.

PETER CURRY

Well thank you for the support.

The phone rings. Peter reaches over to answer it.

PETER CURRY (CONT'D)

Two seven- oh! Mitch, good hearing from you... what... alright... yeah... sending them right now.

Max and Leon both stand as Peter hangs up the phone.

PETER CURRY (CONT'D)

I don't know if this has anything to do with earlier, but he's saying there's a sailboat in the pool.

MAX TATE

A sailboat? He's sure?

PETER CURRY

Swears up and down there's one there. Don't forget they practiced sailing for the Olympics in there.

LEON MORRIS

Either way we need to go check it out. How stupid was I thinking we'd have a nice quiet night.

Leon heads out the door, Max follows after him. Peter returns to his paperwork, looking up when Max runs back in.

MAX TATE
Can you do me a favor?

PETER CURRY
Depends...

Max grabs a scrap piece of paper, jotting a number onto it before handing it to Peter.

MAX TATE
Call him, tell him I need him at the pool now.

PETER CURRY
I hope you know what you're doing.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Max and Leon stand outside the building both looking in through one of the windows. An old sailboat is floating in the middle of the pool.

LEON MORRIS
This is insane.

MAX TATE
Like everything else hasn't been insane?

LEON MORRIS
No, the insanity is getting worse. It's happening more, and just getting more intense.

A hand grips each of their shoulders. Both men let out a strangled cry, turning to face their presumed assailant.

MAX TATE
What the hell is your problem sneaking up on us like that?

LEON MORRIS
More importantly what are you doing here?

KEITH COOK
Pete called me, told me I needed to get down here.

Keith holds up one of the cameras hanging from his neck.

MAX TATE

Got here just in time, take a look
inside.

Keith pushes past them, pausing when he sees the boat.

KEITH COOK

Please tell me you're getting me
inside.

INT. SWIMMING POOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

The three men enter the hall. All is quiet except for the sound of water moving. They stare at the sailboat in the middle of the pool. Keith takes photos.

KEITH COOK

Are we for sure that's not one of
ours?

LEON MORRIS

Too old, plus it wouldn't have been
left in there.

KEITH COOK

I'm just saying, it's not
disappearing or anything. Kind of
unusual even by our standards.

MAX TATE

Is... is there someone on the boat?

The three step closer to the pool edge trying to make out what the movement on the boat is.

LEON MORRIS

I think it's just the-

Leon stops when a man in an Heer uniform stands up on the boat.

UNAMED HEER OFFICER

Sie töteten mich. Kannst du das
glauben?

LEON MORRIS

Können sie mich hören? Fühlst du
dich gut?

The Heer man turns to face the three. Blood is seeping from a large cut across his neck. Keith cycles through the cameras he has on him, attempting to document every moment.

UNAMED HEER OFFICER

Nein ich bin nicht in ordnung! Sie töteten mich! Ich habe alles für das Vaterland und das ist, wie ich dankte?

KEITH COOK

Only thing I could make out is being killed, help me out on the rest.

MAX TATE

That's what he's saying, that and can we believe it?

LEON MORRIS

Haben sie medizinische hilfe brauchen?

The Heer officer begins to laugh heartily.

UNAMED HEER OFFICER

Wie sie uns besiegt werde ich nie verstehen. Ich wurde ermordet! Wie kann man sogar fragen, ob sie mir helfen?

MAX TATE

That's not good.

KEITH COOK

What?

LEON MORRIS

He pretty much said he's dead.

UNAMED HEER OFFICER

Endlich! Der große sieger verstehen! Sie werden für meinen tod erleiden, Sie alle werden!

The Heer officer lets out a yell but as he does so a firey skull escapes his mouth. The boat and man disappear as the skull begins to circle the pool. The skull pauses over the pool, facing the men.

FIERY SKULL

Sie alle zahlen!

The skull shoots towards the men, they all hit the deck as it dissipates over them. Keith lays on his back, cradling his cameras as if they were children.

LEON MORRIS
You got that, right?

KEITH COOK
Damn right I did! Hello Pulitzer
prize!

MAX TATE
Priorities.

LEON MORRIS
He has them.

INT. GREENE OFFICE - DAY

Max and Leon stand at attention; Jack circles them. Several
MPs are staring through the window at them but Jack does not
send them off.

JACK GREENE
In my many years commanding the
troops I don't think I have ever
come across anyone as stupid as you
two! Especially you, Morris. Great,
you two are friends but you were
supposed to guide him! Not indulge
in this behavior! You both are
lucky I don't chapter you out!
Conduct unbecoming! Disobeying a
direct order!

MAX TATE
Sir, this was my idea. Leon was
just-

JACK GREENE
(Interrupting)
Along for the ride. Trust me, I've
read your reports, and seen those
damn photos.

Jack walks back to his desk and takes a seat. He flips
through the photos on his desk which show what was seen in
the swimming pool hall.

MAX TATE
We are told to document everything
to the best of our abilities. We
did exactly what you commanded us.
It's not like these reports are
going to see the light of day.

Jack slams his fist against the desk.

JACK GREENE

What happens to those reports is none of your concern. What you should be concerned about is standing in front of the promotion board and trying to explain bad write ups.

LEON MORRIS

It proved something was there. Call after call we have had with seeing things or hearing things and now we have proof that they weren't out of their minds.

JACK GREENE

We have never chaptered anyone out for those things.

MAX TATE

What about Hoffman.

JACK GREENE

Excuse me?

MAX TATE

You chaptered out Ivan Hoffman for seeing things.

JACK GREENE

Not that I have to explain my decisions but since you so kindly asked, he was chaptered out for dereliction of duty. When you go on alert you want to make sure everyone can do their job.

Jack stands, resting his fists on the table.

JACK GREENE (CONT'D)

Now do either of you idiots want to dig a deeper hole for yourselves?

MAX TATE

No, sir.

LEON MORRIS

No, sir.

He looks to the photographs, putting them back in the file before closing it.

JACK GREENE

I need the negatives, and any other copies of the photographs.

LEON MORRIS

That's all of them, sir. We were able to develop them but the negatives were destroyed in the process.

JACK GREENE

Proof you were meant to be MPs, not photographers.

JACK GREENE (CONT'D)

You are dismissed but I promise you both, one more incident and you will be on the first flight out to Leavenworth. Have I made myself clear?

MAX TATE

Yes, sir.

LEON MORRIS

Yes, sir.

Jack sits back down, motioning to the door. Max and Leon snap to attention, saluting before leaving.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Leon and Max enter the hallway. Rick and Peter are waiting for them.

RICK WATSON

So? You guys getting court martialled?

LEON MORRIS

Not yet.

PETER CURRY

Haven't heard Greene so mad in I don't know how long.

MAX TATE

Well worth it, we've got actual photos this time.

PETER CURRY

That's why you had me drag Cook out of bed.

MAX TATE

Does anyone else know he came out with us?

PETER CURRY

Nope, figured you guys were up to no good.

LEON MORRIS

Always! Makes it that much better that we finally corrupted Max.

They share a laugh but quiet quickly when they see Brett and Linda walking towards them. The men snap to attention as Brett walks by them; they offer a salute. Dropping their hands when the salute is returned. Linda smiles to them.

LINDA BURGE

Hello, Max.

MAX TATE

Ma'am.

Linda enters the MP office, closing the door behind her. The men stare at Max.

MAX TATE (CONT'D)

What?

RICK WATSON

(Feminine voice)

Hello Max, I may know everyone in front of me but I said hi to you.

MAX TATE

Very mature, guys. Amazing what happens if you give someone a little respect.

LEON MORRIS

Give him a little credit and he wants more.

MAX TATE

And on that note, I'm going down to see Keith.

Max turns to leave just as Jack opens the door to the hallway.

JACK GREENE

Tate, Morris, Watson! Office. Now.

MAX TATE

Or not.

INT. GREENE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brett sits behind the desk watching Linda sort through the photographs on the desk. Max, Leon and Rick enter the office, standing at parade rest when Jack closes the door behind him.

LINDA BURGE

These photographs are incredible.
So much detail, and the Heer
captain?

BRETT KLEIN

What do you make of him?

LINDA BURGE

A captain was murdered in the
building in thirty five, I've yet
to find anything that gives a hint
to the motive. I don't understand
why he was on the boat.

BRETT KLEIN

Was it not used for training?

LINDA BURGE

Yes, it used to prepare for the
thirty six Olympics, then converted
over to train SS men. The captain
wasn't involved with either of
those.

Linda holds up a photo of the skull flying towards the camera.

LINDA BURGE (CONT'D)

This, on the other hand, I've never
seen in any of the reports.

BRETT KLEIN

I figured as much, thank you for
your help on this Miss Burge. I'm
sure we'll see you again soon
enough.

Linda nods to Brett with a small smile, turning to walk to the door she mouths 'Good luck' to the MPs. Jack followed behind, ensuring the door was closed.

BRETT KLEIN (CONT'D)

In all my years of commanding I
have never dealt with anyone as
stupid as you three!

RICK WATSON
Sir, I wasn't with them when it happened.

JACK GREENE
Are you associated with them?

RICK WATSON
Yes, sir.

JACK GREENE
There's your answer.

Max brings himself to the position of attention.

MAX TATE
Permission to speak freely.

Brett leans back in the chair, crossing his arms as he looks Max over.

BRETT KLEIN
Make it good.

MAX TATE
Our duty is to protect the people in Berlin. What we did was to assist in our mission, I'm sorry you didn't like what we did. That was our reasoning.

Uncrossing his arms, Brett leans forward his hands on the desk now.

BRETT KLEIN
Do you know why you were selected for Berlin? In fact, do any of you know why you were selected?

The three try to look at each other without moving their head. Brett stands, circling them now.

BRETT KLEIN (CONT'D)
Each and every one of you showed you were the best. You passed the school of standards with flying colors, and this is how you repay me.

Max tries to speak but is cut off by Brett.

BRETT KLEIN (CONT'D)
Men, second general order!

MAX TATE/LEON MORRIS/RICK WATSON
I will obey my special orders and
preform all of my duties in a
military manner!

Brett nods, returning to the seat behind the desk.

MAX TATE
Tate, at ease. You're all about to
get a special order. Saturday night
I will grant you the chance to do
whatever you want to satisfy
yourself about all this ghost
nonsense.

LEON MORRIS
The parade is that night, we we're
supposed to direct traffic.

JACK GREENE
Not anymore, or do you wish to turn
the general's offer down?

MAX TATE
No sir, but I would like to make
one request.

BRETT KLEIN
Make it good.

MAX TATE
I want Staff Sergeant Cook with us.

BRETT KLEIN
Cook?

LEON MORRIS
Staff Sergeant Keith Cook, he's a
photographer with the paper, sir.

Brett looks back to Jack, who nods once they look at each
other.

JACK GREENE
I'll get ahold of the NCOIC of
public affairs, and see if he's
available.

BRETT KLEIN
You tell no one of this, and if you
want to keep these little escapades
up after. Nothing will keep you
here, do I make myself clear?

MAX TATE/LEON MORRIS/RICK WATSON

Yes, sir!

The three move to the position of attention, all saluting Brett. Brett returns the salute then motions for them to leave. The three turn around, saluting Jack before filing out of the office one at a time.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Max rubs his forehead as they make their way back to the MPs office.

RICK WATSON

Great going, Max. Couldn't just leave well enough alone.

MAX TATE

I'm sorry, I didn't think he'd throw you in with us.

Rick turns to Max, Leon steps between the two holding his hands up between them.

LEON MORRIS

It is what it is, what are we going to do from here? We're MPs not ghost hunters.

RICK WATSON

What about a chaplain?

LEON MORRIS

Oh that's great, hey padre. Can you offer us some tips? We're going to try to communicate with some spirits.

RICK WATSON

I'm not hearing any other suggestions!

MAX TATE

I've got it!

LEON MORRIS

No offense, Max. Last time you had an idea you got us all wrangled into whatever this is.

MAX TATE

Yeah, and I know how to get us out of it.

LEON MORRIS

Does that include not having to do
Saturday night?

MAX TATE

No but it may make the night that
much easier.

EXT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Max, Leon, Rick and Keith make their way up the stairs. Leon and Keith both carrying a couple bags each. Max pulls a medium sized envelope from under his arm. Taking a look at the note on it, he turns to the door to knock.

LINDA BURGE (O.S.)

(Muffled from behind the
door)

Be there in a second!

Keith and Rick begin to grin.

KEITH COOK

You didn't tell us this is where we
were going.

RICK WATSON

Does she even know we're coming?

MAX TATE

No, that's why I told you to wait a
few seconds.

They drop into silence as the sounds of the door opening. Linda rolls her eyes when she see who else had come.

LINDA BURGE

I did not agree to have any of
these men join us for this evening.

MAX TATE

We're in a situation and we really
need your help, please.

Linda looks the men over, shaking her head as she steps back to allow them all in. Keith starts walking in first, holding up the bags as he walked by.

KEITH COOK

This is all your place? Civilian
clothes, no PT or morning
formation? Where did I go wrong?

RICK WATSON

You signed on the dotted line.

KEITH COOK

Your boyfriend brought you some photos, and of course I brought the food. Was going to get us some KFC but that already closed.

LINDA BURGE

He's not my boyfriend.

MAX TATE

We're not dating!

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rick and Keith set the bags on the table, Keith is quick to start pulling things out.

KEITH COOK

Whatever helps you sleep at night. Since this is going to take awhile we came prepared. Brats, gyros, kebabs, frites. What more could you ask for?

LINDA BURGE

I'm sure I can think of a few things.

Rick holds up his bags, starting to put the contents on the table as Keith is doing.

RICK WATSON

Beer and wine! That should help.

LEON MORRIS

Show her the pictures!

Max clears his throat, handing over to Linda the envelope he'd brought with him. Sitting down at her table, she glares at Rick and Keith.

LINDA BURGE

In the kitchen, nothing wet or greasy gets set on my table. I'm not about to have my work damaged because of you all.

Waiting till Rick and Keith clear off the table, Linda opens the envelope to spread the photos across the table. The photos are more from the event at the swimming pool.

LINDA BURGE (CONT'D)

Where do you get these from? That's definitely the captain, that ship has civilian markings. Don't tell me you were holding out on me.

MAX TATE

Our photographer took them, we just didn't turn over everything. It's also why we're here tonight.

Linda looks through the photos one by one, she shakes her head as she holds one up.

LINDA BURGE

Are you going to tell me? I'm trying to figure out why this impromptu picnic has to happen.

KEITH COOK

I tried to get us KFC but that was closing too soon.

LEON MORRIS

Max opened his mouth now the general is giving him a night to do his little ghost hunt.

LINDA BURGE

You cannot be serious.

Max looks away embarrassed, the rest of the men quickly nodding.

MAX TATE

He's giving us Saturday night to do whatever we see fit. After that we have to drop the situation or we're getting kicked out of Berlin.

RICK WATSON

I told him it wasn't worth it but what do I know?

LINDA BURGE

So you're all insane, what do you want from me though.

MAX TATE

We need to know what we're going up against, and quite frankly we're open to any ideas you have about what we're going to do.

Keith returns to the room, a plate full of food. He pulls a seat back, digging in as he spoke.

KEITH COOK

As long as I get the chance to take photos it'll be good.

LINDA BURGE

I have too many questions, more importantly what is your goal with all this? The photos prove something exists.

MAX TATE

This may sound stupid but we were all tasked with protecting this place. How are we supposed to protect when we can't even figure out what's causing the problems?

LEON MORRIS

We know what's causing the problems, I guess the question is what do we do about it.

LINDA BURGE

I'll help you all I can, but I'm just a historian.

KEITH COOK

A historian, and a friend. Max said you'd be able to help us.

LINDA BURGE

I can give you the history of wherever you choose to do... whatever it is you're doing. As civilian employee I don't know what more I can do.

RICK WATSON

You can help us understand what we're going against. That would have to give us a leg up on the situation.

Linda looks at the men surrounding her, letting out a sigh she nods.

LINDA BURGE

What I'm going to tell you cannot leave this room.

MAX TATE

Just like what we're about to do
can't leave here either.

Max and Linda share a look, Linda begins to nod.

LINDA BURGE

Break out the food and liquor,
we're about to have a long night.

EXT. LINDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Leon and Keith stumble out of the front door to the apartment building, making their way to Max's car. Rick follows close behind, carrying a bag. He tries to keep the other two in line as they drunkenly try to get into the car. Linda and Max follow behind, pausing their walk.

MAX TATE

Thank you for your help, and
tonight.

LINDA BURGE

This place is just as much a part
of me, as it is of you. I just tend
to live in the yesteryears of
Berlin.

MAX TATE

No one else really wants to pay
attention to this, I didn't know
what else to do.

LINDA BURGE

If you haven't figured out we're
not in the most normal of places.
How much of what we've seen can be
explained off by Russian
interference.

Max nods slowly, looking to the car his friends are still
trying to get in.

MAX TATE

I guess some of it could, but
there's so much that's happened
that-

LINDA BURGE

(Interrupting)

The pool photos are incredible, and
for what it's worth I believe you,
and believe in what you're doing.

(MORE)

LINDA BURGE (CONT'D)

There's things I've seen I can't explain, but we don't know what the Soviets have at their fingertips.

Max nods, the two share a hug. Leaving the embrace he begins to walk to the car. Stopping when Linda calls out to him. She glares at Keith who's whistling out the car window.

LINDA BURGE (CONT'D)

Try not to get yourself killed, you're one of the better ones to have around.

MAX TATE

I'll see you on the other side. Hopefully after we've made some history.

Linda offers a small smile, watching Max get into the car. Driving away with Keith and Leon hanging out the car's windows.

INT. BAND ROOM - NIGHT

Keith sets up various film cameras on tripods, ensuring every inch of the room is covered. Rick walks in as Keith moves over to set up a few tape recorders.

RICK WATSON

Don't you think this is a bit overkill?

KEITH COOK

How many times do you get offered a night off to possibly catch Nazi ghosts, on film yet!

Rick rolls his eyes, reaching out to touch one of the film cameras. Keith slaps his hand away.

RICK WATSON

I was only looking!

KEITH COOK

Last thing I need is for you to screw up one of my cameras. Let the photographer take care of his work and you MP can do whatever MPs do.

After checking the film camera, Keith walks over to one of his bags then tosses it to Rick.

KEITH COOK (CONT'D)

Here, find something useful.

Rick catches the bag, then starts to rummage through it. He looks up to Keith incredulously. He holds up a few Nazi badges.

RICK WATSON

Just couldn't help yourself, could you?

KEITH COOK

Maybe they'll want their badges back... or maybe they'll tell me where to dig some more up.

The two share a laugh, settling in to getting ready for the adventure ahead.

INT. BASEMENT - COMBAT SUPPORT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Leon paces near the band room, wringing his hands as he does. Max walks down the hall, stopping when he sees Leon.

MAX TATE

Ready?

LEON MORRIS

I don't know if I can do this.

MAX TATE

Why not? In the grand scheme of things, this is FUBAR but we'll be fine.

LEON MORRIS

How do you know that?

MAX TATE

It just has to be. No other choice. In a few hours we'll be sitting in the barracks drinking a cold one, and tomorrow you'll all be back to trying to screw with Linda.

Leon shakes his head, laughing some before returning his attention to Max.

LEON MORRIS

Guess that what happens when you can talk the talk.

MAX TATE

Yes, now are you going to tell me what's wrong?

Leon frowns, starting to wring his hands. He looks towards the band room as he shakes his head.

MAX TATE (CONT'D)

You've been one of my closest friends since I've gotten here. What's wrong?

LEON MORRIS

I'm Jewish.

MAX TATE

So?

Leon stares at Max, Max's eyes go wide when he figures out what just got said.

MAX TATE (CONT'D)

Leon, I didn't mean it that way.

LEON MORRIS

But you get why I'm nervous.

MAX TATE

Yeah, but you'll be fine. We'll be fine. I got your back, you have mine. Besides, if the gruney pigs haven't done you in, ghosts shouldn't bother you.

Rick walks up to them.

RICK WATSON

Let's do this! I put off a date with a beautiful fräulein for this.

MAX TATE

Alright, alright. I'll even pay for your date in thanks.

LEON MORRIS

Guess it's time to start. Lead us to victory, oh captain-

RICK WATSON

(Interrupting)
No! Not starting that!

KEITH COOK (O.S.)

My captain!

Rick snarls as he pushes past Leon and Max who follow him close behind.

EXT. BAND ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The four stand together, all looking to each other before their others focus on Max.

MAX TATE

I'd love to give a big speech but we all know what we're up against. I just figure if we have proof we'd have some leeway with what we can do with everything.

RICK WATSON

Gets us out of traffic duty and I'll get a full night date next week. I'm good for whatever we do tonight.

LEON MORRIS

If we get stuck against, can we cut the fence?

Max shrugs.

MAX TATE

Cut it if we need to, if anyone says anything I'll take the blame for it. If there's nothing else...?

Keith grins, turning on his heel to go into the band one.

KEITH COOK

What are we waiting for?

INT. BAND ROOM - LATER

The men are sitting around looking bored. Rick is almost asleep, slumped across several chairs.

LEON MORRIS

It's been four hours and absolutely nothing has happened.

MAX TATE

Let's hear some suggestions then?

KEITH COOK

We've been sitting here just waiting. What if we can provoke them?

Rick sits up, looking to Keith.

RICK WATSON

What do you have in mind?

Keith stands, reaching into his pocket. He pulls out a totenkopf skull insignia, an iron cross and a Nazi party badge. He tosses them onto a near-by table.

KEITH COOK

Just what I said. I mean think about it. They were this grand military and we're sitting here enjoying the fruits of their labor.

Rick moves closer to the other men, picking up the party badge to look at it.

RICK WATSON

You've got to wonder if they would have done better if they spent more time fighting and less time looking pretty.

They all look up as the lights begin to flicker.

LEON MORRIS

I think we're in business now.

KEITH COOK

You're right, though. Just look at what we're doing now. All of our sectors, celebrating victory.

A chair flies across the room.

RICK WATSON

Keith, tell me. How is business? Big market for loser relics?

KEITH COOK

It's going pretty well actually. Everyone wants a piece of the thousand year Reich that didn't quite last that long.

The door slams shut, the lights continue to flicker. Leon jumps up, looking around frantically.

MAX TATE

Calm down, Leon. Seems it's the
only thing they know how to do.
Throw temper tantrums.

The lights go off completely. The sounds of chairs being
thrown about can be heard. Within seconds the lights of their
flashlights are seen.

RICK WATSON

And too much of a wimp to show us
what they're made of.

The lights turn back on. Standing in front of the door are
three SS men.

LEON MORRIS

We've got company.

The men look over to see the SS men. They scramble to stand
close to each other.

SS CAPTAIN

Not so brave now? You want our
attention. You have it.

MAX TATE

You speak English?

SS CAPTAIN

Of course we do! We are the best of
the best! You don't think they'd
just let anyone into the SS?

KEITH COOK

(Interrupting)

Best of the best and still lost.

The SS captain glares at Keith, a chair is flung at him. He
ducks but gets a cut across the forehead from the leg of the
chair.

LEON MORRIS

Hey!

SS SERGEANT

The untermensch speaks!

Leon balls his fists up, Rick puts an arm across him to hold
him back.

RICK WATSON
He may be untermensch but he's a
far better soldier than you ever
were.

Rick leans back to speak with Leon.

RICK WATSON (CONT'D)
What's an untermensch?

LEON MORRIS
Sub-human.

Rick clears his throat, scratching the back of his head.

RICK WATSON
You know-

LEON MORRIS
(Interrupting)
It's fine.

MAX TATE
Why are you doing this? I've read
the reports. Why now?

The SS captain ignores Max, looking over to one of the walls.

SS CAPTAIN
So many good times here.

SS SERGEANT
Matches under the nails was one of
my favorites.

The two men share a laugh.

SS SERGEANT (CONT'D)
You weren't with us yet, Fritz.

The SS corporal nods, keeping an eye on the American
soldiers.

MAX TATE
Answer my question. Why are you
doing this now?

SS CORPORAL
Sollten wir ihm antworten.

SS SERGEANT
Machen sie warten wir nun die
kontrolle haben.

LEON MORRIS

Wir verstehen sie. Wir wollen, dass
unsere antworten.

RICK WATSON

Bunch of useless pricks, couldn't
hack it in the war and can't hack
it in the afterlife.

The SS captain turns to Rick. With a wave of his arm Rick
flies backwards and hits the wall, taking a film camera out
with him. Keith runs to his camera as Leon and Rick rush to
Rick.

SS CAPTAIN

You Americans are all the same.
Arrogant, and you don't understand
what we were. What we fought for.

LEON MORRIS

You fought for falsehoods and crap!
Are you proud? You died for a man
who couldn't hack it as anything
other than a messenger.

SS CORPORAL

Shut your mouth, swine!

Leon stands, moving closer to the trio.

LEON MORRIS

Hurts to hear the truth, doesn't
it? None of you even fit the bill
of a perfect Aryan. You know who
was the only one to do it? An
officer who was assassinated by a
bunch of Poles.

MAX TATE

Leon, calm down.

LEON MORRIS

No, they need to know the truth.
Their perfect Aryan? Created by
nothing more than a beady-eyed
chicken farmer!

A hook extends from one of the rods. Leon is thrown across
the room, landing on the hook which embeds in his back. He
hangs from it as Max rushes towards him. He doesn't make it
across the room before he himself is flung against a wall.

RICK WATSON

Whoa, whoa, come on. Maybe we've gotten off on the wrong foot. Just soldier to soldier trying to understand each other. Right?

SS CAPTAIN

Wrong. You want your answer? You want to know why you will never be left alone?

RICK WATSON

Just tell me.

Max scrambles over to where Leon is hanging. Blood is trickling from his mouth. Max grabs him around the waist, trying to pull him off the hook.

SS CAPTAIN

The werewolf program was set up for a reason.

Max stops what he's doing to face the SS captain.

MAX TATE

To attack us after the surrender.

SS SERGEANT

Wunderbar! They aren't as stupid as we thought.

MAX TATE

You guys lost! You're dead for Christ's sake. How much longer are you going to hold onto that!

SS CAPTAIN

We may have lost the war, but I assure you. No one will forget who we are. Or when we bring back our Reich!

The three SS men begin to disappear, as they do everything that is not nailed to the floor begins to circle the room. The lights flicker once more, when the SS men disappear completely every light bulb bursts, raining a shower of glass onto the men on the ground. The room goes quiet as they sit in the dark. Max gets to his feet, flashlight in hand. The hook has disappeared. Leon sits against the wall. Max kneels beside him.

KEITH COOK

That's it? It's done with?

RICK WATSON
Apparently, go raise the alarm.

Keith runs from the room guided by his flashlight. Rick walk over to Leon and Max, but remain standing.

MAX TATE
You're going to be ok, it's going to be ok. You'll be back to screwing with Linda in no time!

LEON MORRIS
(Laughing)
I think you're going to have to take over for me for a bit.

MAX TATE
Why do you screw with her anyway?

LEON MORRIS
It's fun. Gives you something to think about while I'm in the hospital.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

Max stands in front of the mirror in his room, he finishes adjusting his tie before throwing his coat on. On his way out the door he runs into Rick and Keith.

RICK WATSON
Where are you off to tonight?

MAX TATE
Linda and I are going to watch the Tattoo.

KEITH COOK
Isn't that sweet, do I need to supply your wedding.

Rolling his eyes now, Max punches Keith in the arm.

MAX TATE
Then you wonder why she won't visit you guys.

RICK WATSON
I'm sorry, we can't all act prim and proper.

Cesar walks up to the trio.

CEASAR WELCH

Has any of you seen Leon? Couldn't
find him anywhere.

The trio stay silent for a moment before shaking their head
in near unison.

CEASAR WELCH (CONT'D)

What do you mean, he still owes me-

RICK WATSON

(Interrupting)

No. Drop it.

Ceasar stares at them incredulously before walking down the
hall away from them. He passes by an open door, there are
four bunks inside the room.

INT. BARRACKS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Three of the four beds are made perfectly, the fourth has
it's mattress rolled up. A set of sheets, pillows and pillow
cases lay next to the mattress. In front of the bunk there's
a name-tag that reads 'Morris, L.', suddenly it's pulled from
the slot.

THE END.