

DEADMAN'S LAND

by

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Based on the

Graphic novel Deadman's Land

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

THE MAN staggers through the snow-covered forest. His breathing is harsh, rapid, and fogs on contact with the freezing air. He wears a torn and tattered, blood-soaked gray uniform. The insignia are either missing or too blood-stained to clearly make out.

A WOLF... GROWLS!

He comes to a complete standstill, searches the forest around him and holds his breath, straining to hear. His own heartbeat thunders in his ears. Blood seeps from a deep gash on his forehead and into one eye blurring his vision. He seems not to notice nor care.

A MURDER OF CROWS perched high in the branches of a tree watch, eager spectators.

A branch... SNAPS!

Snow CRUNCHES under a huge white wolf's paw.

THE MAN is alerted to the approaching danger and staggers toward...

In the distance; a voice barking marching orders in German and rumbling engines give him a glimmer of hope, spurring him on.

The retina of a crow reflects the movement of the huge quadrupedal beast as it breaks cover.

(POV) THE BEAST moves with incredible speed and slams the man into the snow with ease.

THE MAN looks up into the jaws of death and a short-lived scream is torn from his throat.

Blood and sinew cover the snow as the beast rips its meal apart.

The crows sway in anticipation of the leftovers to come.

Over the nearest snowbank a Tiger Tank turns as it approaches a bridge spanning the river to the village. The screeching tracks blend in and drown out the sound of the fighting beasts.

Hundreds of German troops march into a rustic Italian village with armoured support at their head.

A huge full moon claws into the night sky above the village and eerie long shadows are cast across the pristine white snow.

The crows take to the air with a thunderous beating of wings and mask the frame.

EXT. DOUGLAS C-47 - NIGHT

A SQUADRON OF DOUGLAS C-47s drone toward their destination.

TITLE CARD: ITALY, DECEMBER 7 1943.

LIGHT ACK-ACK FIRE peppers the sky.

INT. DOUGLAS C-47 - CONTINUOUS

The JUMP-LIGHT at the rear of the aircraft casts a red pallor over the interior.

Twenty-eight nervous looking grunts dressed in American Paratrooper uniforms line the fuselage. This is a squad of soldiers contemplating the battle to come with uncertainty. As we track past the various faces of the soldiers, we hear a voice off screen recounting a story.

MALLOY (O.C.)

A woman driving down a back road through an Indian reservation sees an old Navajo woman walking along the side of the road.

We move past CAPTAIN TERRY HELLER, 40s, brooding good looks, an air of deep sadness in his eyes, a prominent shrapnel scar that runs diagonally across the left side of his face, gazing fixedly at the opposite side of the fuselage; lost in thought.

MALLOY (O.C.) (CONT'D)

It's a hot day so she stops and asks her if she'd like a ride, and the Navajo woman slides in.

Now we move to SERGEANT PETE COOK, 40s, a tough as nails muscular Australian. He is dozing with his head propped up against the fuselage.

Next to him is LUCKY KENNEDY, 20s, expertly walking a PENNY across his knuckles again and again.

MALLOY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 They chat for a while, then the old Navajo woman asks about the brown bag on the floor of the car:
 "What's in the bag?" The woman replies, "It's just some new shoes I got for my husband."

The aircraft shakes as we track **past** LARRY "VALENTINE" TALBOT, a 20-something kid with movie star good looks, combing his hair. Across from him is DAVE "MARSHY" MARSH, a lanky Kentucky hunter.

Finally the camera comes to rest on the man telling the joke: MIKE MALLOY, a mid-western mechanic in his 20's.

Some of the younger soldiers lean in, straining to hear the punch line.

MALLOY (CONT'D)
 For a moment the Navajo woman goes real quiet, then she says...
 (A beat for effect)
 "Good trade."

As everyone laughs, we reveal JOE AHIGA, 20s, a solidly built, full-blood Navajo Indian wind talker, with a huge hunting knife strapped to his hip in a sheath. He stares coldly at Malloy.

MALLOY (CONT'D)
 Good trade. She thought the shoes...

Mike tries nervously to hold Joe's gaze.

MALLOY (CONT'D)
 Come on, Joe. I didn't mean any disrespect.

Joe draws the blade from its sheath and holds it up for Malloy to see - Malloy is sweating bullets.

JOE
 This blade belongs to my grandfather, Malloy. Do you know how many white scalps it's claimed?

Malloy too scared to open his mouth, just shakes his head - no.

JOE (CONT'D)
Hundreds, maybe thousands, and it's
always hungry for one more.

MALLOY
Shit, Joe, I'm really sorry. It was
just a joke.

SHAMUS O'HALLERAN, 20s, a stocky Irish immigrant is on Mike's
other side. He bursts out laughing at his discomfort and Joe
joins him. MALLOY realizes now that the real joke is on him.

MALLOY (CONT'D)
Oh, that's funny. Very bloody
mature.

JOE
Hey Malloy, just how much paler can
a pale skin get?

Now the entire group of soldiers start laughing at the
expense of MALLOY. Even as they do however, something
happens; something bad.

Ratta, tatta, tat, tat, tat!!!

From out of nowhere; a burst of machine-gun fire, fifty
caliber rounds, punch through the fuselage of the C-47,
tearing two soldiers apart and splattering the guys opposite
them in flesh and blood.

PETE wakes with a start, takes in the situation in an instant
and gets to his feet, struggling to maintain his footing.

PETE
SECURE WEAPONS.

At the other end of the plane, the photograph of Terry's
family is ripped from his grip by the wind shrieking through
the gaping hole in the fuselage.

TERRY
FIGHTERS!

The sound of a FIGHTER AIRCRAFT passing dangerously close is
deafening.

Six more men are badly injured. Another screams in agony, a
red hot piece of shrapnel buried in his neck.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Jock, Jimmy, do what you can.

IAN 'JOCK' MCGRATH, 20s, a wiry Scotsman, goes to the injured man's aid and pulls the shrapnel out with his bare hands, burning himself in the process.

JIMMY

Use your hand. Put pressure on the wound.

JIMMY PICKET, 30s, the squad's medic, joins him, already pulling a field dressing from his medical supply bag, but it's too late, the injured man bleeds out within seconds.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He's gone.

They take his dog tags and move on to the next injured man.

PETE

Easy now boys.

TERRY hurries toward the cockpit and wrenches open the door.

INT. DOUGLAS C-47 (COCKPIT) - CONTINUOUS

TERRY is greeted by the sight of the DEAD CO-PILOT with a gaping bullet wound to the chest.

The PILOT fights the controls.

PILOT

Bastards cut us to pieces. They came out of nowhere.

Through the cockpit window: mid air carnage. Fighters blowing transport planes out of the air.

TERRY

Jesus...

A plume of smoke trails from the tail of a second Douglas C-47, as it spears earthward.

PILOT

Get your men out now, Captain. I don't know how long I can... (hold them off)

The sound of a fighter aircraft diving fills the air.

A German fighter plane drops into a head-on collision course with the C-47.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Go.

The fighter opens up with its wing-guns and the cockpit window shatters under the onslaught.

The pilot's head is blown apart and splattered across the cockpit.

TERRY draws his service semi-automatic Colt 45, steadies himself, and screams in rage as he fires at the fighter coming straight toward him.

TERRY

Come on, you son of a whore.

More rounds slam into the cockpit around TERRY.

The C-47 bucks violently upward, and then noses toward the ground in an uncontrolled dive.

TERRY is grabbed by PETE and dragged back into the cargo bay.

INT. DOUGLAS C-47 - CONTINUOUS

TERRY and PETE hit the deck hard and the photograph wrapped in the telegram falls from Terry's pocket.

TERRY tries to stand, but gets knocked back down again. All around him are dead and dying men - it is absolute carnage.

The plane shudders and bucks under the sheer force of the descent.

PETE

What the hell was that?

PETE crawls through the thickening smoke and pulls TERRY to his knees.

TERRY

We have to jump - now!

TERRY fights his way toward the jump door, clambering over torn, bloodied bodies.

PETE clocks the telegram and picks it up. The bullet falls out into his hand. He jams it all into his trouser pocket, turns to the surviving troops and barks an order.

PETE

Check your gear.

A burst of flame lights up the sky beyond the window.

TERRY

Hook on and hit the silk. Move.

The survivors - JOCK McGRATH, JOE AHIGA, DAVE MARSH, LUCKY KENNEDY, IAN ROBERTS, JIMMY PICKETT, SHAMUS O'HALLERAN, LARRY TALBOT, ERIC GIVENS, DOUG BEATTIE, TOM O'HERN and MIKE MALLOY all hook onto the static line and shuffle toward the jump door.

An AIRMAN, wearing HEADPHONES, frantically motions them forward.

AIRMAN

GO! GO! GO!

The airman pushes out three equipment canisters.

JOCK

I bloody hate heights. Push me,
Jimmy, push.

JOCK leads, but only after JIMMY pushes him through the door, and the rest quickly follow.

JOCK (CONT'D)

(Plummeting)

Bastard!

A burst of machine gun fire tears into the Airman, driving him across the fuselage with a canister still in his grip.

PETE is hit by the body of the airman holding the heavy ammunition canister and is pinned against the fuselage.

Detaching from the jump line, TERRY struggles to release PETE as the fire rapidly spreads towards them.

PETE

Save yourself. Jump.

They only have seconds before they'll both die. But TERRY remains firmly in place.

TERRY

I'm not leaving you.

PETE

You stubborn bastard - lift damn
it.

PETE puts everything he has into pushing the dead weight off him as TERRY pulls with all of his strength - finally the dead body and heavy canister slide off.

With no time to lose, TERRY and PETE snap their ripcords onto the line.

Moments later PETE hurls himself through the door with TERRY right behind him.

EXT. DOUGLAS C-47 - NIGHT

TERRY, PETE and the rest of the squad drift toward the earth with their silk chutes billowing above them.

The sky is alive with German fighter planes. One of them banks hard toward them with murderous intent.

The GERMAN FIGHTER PILOT banks hard and opens fire on one of the helpless parachutists. The fifty-calibre forward-mounted guns spit death, cutting the man in two.

PETE

Bastard.

The same plane now banks toward Terry and Pete. Both men draw their sidearms and fire ineffectually at the cockpit until the mags are empty.

A British Spitfire dives from above.

Terry reaches for his chute release; rather fall than be blown away.

PETE (CONT'D)

(Pointing up)

NO!

Behind the canopy the pilot's eyes narrow and a savage smile pushes up the corners of his mouth.

At the last possible moment a British Spitfire dives from above, opens up on the cannons, and blows the German plane out of the sky.

Pete howls in victory and raises his arms to the British pilot as he roars past them.

He clocks Terry and the apparent look of disappointment on his face concerns him.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The field bears the scars of many a furious battle. Blast craters. Barbed-wire. Metal stakes. Everything covered in snow.

There is a low fog that restricts visibility.

Ten parachutes float toward the earth.

The remaining C-47s limp for home and the fighter escorts still battle it out above.

Terry and Pete hit the ground, tuck and roll, quickly get to their feet and bundle up their chutes.

Twelve other men hurry over to join them, carrying a heavy equipment canister between them.

TERRY
(Quietly)
Everyone accounted for?

PETE
Everyone that made it out...
(Scans their faces)
Where's Lucky?

JOE cracks open the equipment canisters and passes out a FLAMETHROWER with the name BERTHA painted on it to SHAMUS.

JOE
He went out before me, but I lost sight of him on the way down.

MARSHY glimpses a parachute billowing in the breeze.

MARSHY
There...

They move as one toward the parachute, staying low.

Pete has point and is the first to see Lucky, on his knees and facing away from him, partially obscured by the parachute.

PETE
Lucky?

LUCKY
Got the bloody wind knocked out of me, Sarge.

PETE

Any excuse to skive off. Come on...

PETE pulls the silk out of the way and discovers a metal stake has skewered Lucky through the chest and punched out of his back.

LUCKY

I just need a minute to catch my breath, just a minute...

LUCKY spews up a fountain of blood onto the snow.

LUCKY (CONT'D)

Oh, shit...

The lights go out for Lucky.

PETE

Christ.

JIMMY moves toward Lucky while pulling his medical bag from his shoulder.

PETE holds up his hand, there's no use. He crouches down in front of Lucky, while the others gather around.

PETE (CONT'D)

Rest up a while, mate.

He undoes LUCKY'S top pocket and removes a WELL WORN PENNY, then snaps the chain holding his DOG TAGS. He shoves the penny into his pocket and hands the dog tags to Terry.

TERRY

Get him off that thing and bury him.

JOCK

Jimmy, give me a hand.

JOCK and JIMMY take either side of LUCKY'S body and carefully pull him off the metal stake.

JOCK (CONT'D)

(To Lucky)

Easy does it, lad. We've got you.

They lay his body out on the hard snow-covered ground and begin digging a grave.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The men are all gathered around Lucky's grave. His helmet is perched on top of the mound.

TERRY

You've done your duty, Lucky. Now it's time to head home and be with your loved ones.

SQUAD

Rest easy soldier.

The sound of running feet gets their attention and they spin around with weapons ready to fire.

BILLY (O.S.)

Am I glad to run into... Jesus, don't shoot.

TERRY

Hold your fire.

BILLY SCOTT, 20s, wearing the uniform of the Canadian 101st, comes to a complete standstill, hands held in a gesture of surrender.

BILLY

Take it easy, fellas. I'm a friendly.

TERRY

Identify yourself.

BILLY

Corporal Billy Scott, Canadian, sir. Translator and E-O-D.

Terry and his men lower their weapons.

TERRY

It looks like it's your lucky night, Corporal.

BILLY

Believe me, sir, it couldn't get much worse.

Jock hoists a Vickers machine gun over his shoulder and carries a heavy ammo box with his other hand.

JOCK

Don't bloody bet on it.

ANTHONY 'TOFF' ROBERTS, 20s, with a PIAT ANTI-TANK GUN on his shoulder, and JIMMY PICKET, 20s, the medic, carry a second ammo-box between them.

TOFF

Anybody know where we are?

BILLY

About ten miles behind enemy lines,
give or take a mile.

TERRY

More like fifteen.

LARRY 'VALENTINO' TALBOT, 20s, movie star good looks and ego scans the horizon.

VALENTINO

Which way to our lines?

BILLY

(Pointing)

North, north east - that way.

TERRY

Malloy take point. Move out.

MALLOY

Right, sir.

Valentino moves toward the friendly lines and the rest of the squad follow Malloy deeper into enemy territory.

Valentino stops when he realizes he is alone and stares incredulously at the retreating backs of his squad.

VALENTINO

Shit.

He turns and hurries to join them.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)

You guys - you're going the wrong way.

He hurries after the others leaving the burial mound and helmet as a grim marker of their passage.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Joe leads the squad in a formation across the ridge, sticking close to the tree line to minimise their visibility.

Terry sidles up beside Pete with the dead soldier's dog tags in his hand.

TERRY
(Quietly)
Two thirds of them, gone in the
blink of an eye.

He deposits the dog tags into a webbing pouch.

PETE
It's unsettled the rest of them.
Are you sure trying to take the
bridge with these numbers is the
right move?

TERRY
I'm sure.

Terry pulls a map and compass from his tunic pocket and holds up his hand for the squad to halt.

He opens up the map and points out their present location.

TERRY (CONT'D)
As near as I can tell we're twenty
five miles East of Orsogna. Our
bridge is right here.

Terry taps a point on the map.

PETE
She'll be heavily defended.

TERRY
The Canadians are pushing hard from
the south. They can't be more than
two or three days out. We'll take
the bridge and hold it until they
arrive.

Pete interjects.

PETE
Maybe with a full squad, but a
dozen men...

TERRY
I'm all ears if you've got a better
plan?

PETE

We stay hidden, keep the bridge under surveillance and wait until the 101st arrive.

TERRY

And if they try and blow the bridge before then?

PETE

We'll be in a position to pick them off with our snipers.

TERRY

Let's get there and evaluate the situation. Fair enough?

PETE

Fair enough.

Terry raises his hand and motions to the squad to move on.

Toff, carrying the Piat anti-tank gun over his shoulder, sidles up to Billy.

TOFF

E-O-D?

BILLY

Explosive Ordnance Disposal.

TOFF

And translator - interesting combination.

BILLY

Mom's German, dad's Canadian.

TOFF

Shit, your mom's a Kraut, really?

(With a smirk)

Better watch this one fellas. We could have a Jerry spy in our midst.

Billy darkens in anger.

BILLY

Two five two six.

TOFF

That tattooed on your mom's ass?

SHAMUS

Toff, leave the kid be.

TOFF

Fuck off, Irish, maple leaf's a big boy.

(A beat)

Alright, I'll bite. What's two five two six?

BILLY

The presidential proclamation that had my mother locked up in an American internment camp.

TOFF

Lock 'em all up and throw away the key I reckon. Or better yet, send them all back to the Fatherland where they belong.

SHAMUS

Toff, take a day off. You can't be a prick three-hundred-and-sixty five days a year.

Toff smiles thinly and holds his tongue.

Billy picks up the pace and sidles up to Shamus.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)

So, how did you end up on the Canadian side of this?

BILLY

My dad moved us across the border to get my mom out of the camp.

Shamus simply nods his head; he gets it.

BILLY (CONT'D)

What about you?

Shamus opens his mouth to speak, but Toff jumps in first.

TOFF

Irish is a big time criminal, deported for stealing a loaf of bread wasn't it?

SHAMUS

It was your sister's virginity, Toff.

TOFF
Fuck you, Irish.

 SHAMUS
That's exactly what she said.

 TOFF
I'll gut you like a pig, you Irish
fuck.

Shamus pulls up sharply and turns to Toff.

 SHAMUS
Come on then.

Toff dumps his gear and drops his hand to his bayonet.

 TOFF
I'll kill you.

Pete steps between the two men with his sidearm drawn.

 PETE
That's enough. The fight's ahead of
us. Not with each other. Now pick
your shit up and keep moving.

Toff bites his tongue, knowing not to push it with the Sarge.

 TOFF
(Under his breath)
This isn't over, Irish.

 SHAMUS
I'll be looking forward to it.

 PETE
Shut it - both of you.

They walk on in silence and Billy takes in his surrounds.
Something seems out of whack to him.

 BILLY
You hear that?

Shamus listens.

 SHAMUS
No?

 BILLY
No birds, insects, nothing.

Shamus takes a sweeping look around. Billy is right; it's too quiet.

Pete quickly moves forward and stops beside Terry.

PETE

Thanks for saving my arse up there.

TERRY

You've done the same for me.

PETE

But you took a hell of a risk.

TERRY

Duly noted, Sergeant. Next time I'll let you burn.

PETE

That's not what I'm saying.

TERRY

Up ahead...

Terry raises his hand motioning the squad to halt and then motions them to squat.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Jerry machine gun nest.

Terry points out the rise ahead and the glimpse of a German half-track and sandbags.

PETE

Check your ammo and keep a lid on it until we get back.

Terry and Pete stay low and cautiously make their way toward the rise.

EXT. THE RISE - DAWN

Terry and Pete crawl to the crest and peer over.

At the far end of a paddock are a German machine gun post and a half-track troop carrier covered in snow.

There are a half-dozen blast craters between their position and the fortifications.

Terry pulls out a small scope and scans the area.

TERRY

By the look of those blast craters
they've already been softened up by
the RAF.

Terry slides back down the rise with Pete following on his heels.

TERRY (CONT'D)

They won't be expecting company
this far behind their own lines.

PETE

We could just go around them.

TERRY

And leave them for **the** next poor
bastards to run into?

Terry doesn't wait for a reply. He stays low and moves back to the squad.

PETE

No, but we don't have **to** win this
bloody war single-handed either.

Pete pulls Lucky's coin from his pocket, flicks it spinning into the air, catches it in the palm of his hand and slaps it onto his other arm.

PETE (CONT'D)

Wadda'ya reckon, **Lucky**?

Pete slides his hand away and reveals the coin, heads up.

PETE (CONT'D)

Alright mate, let's do this.

He pockets the coin and follows Terry back down the rise.

EXT. MACHINE-GUN NEST - DAY

The half-track is blown apart by a well-lobbed grenade.

Terry is the first to leap into the sandbag-fortified pit with guns blazing and a snarl on his lips.

The rest of the squad appear over the top of the sandbags and gather beside him.

MARSHY

Bloody hell...

Terry is standing in a wide pool of crimson-colored mud.

Strips of torn flesh, shredded German uniforms, discarded helmets and weapons lie in the mud.

There are no bodies, the air is rancid and flies swarm above.

BILLY

The stench - it's...

Billy throws up all over Shamus's feet.

SHAMUS

Just fuckin' wonderful that is.

Terry climbs out of the pit and scans the area for signs of the enemy. His disappointment at the lack of contact is written all over his face.

TERRY

We're done here.

Pete is aware of that look and it bothers him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Move out.

The men gather in formation and follow Terry back down the hill.

Pete holds his position on the hill for a long moment and watches Terry's retreating back before following the others and covering their six.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The squad stops on the outskirts of a small battle-damaged, snow-covered village. It lies beyond a wide river, spanned by a small stone and metal bridge.

There is a tall shrapnel-riddled bell tower in the center of the village.

A horse drawn hay cart lies overturned on the side of the road.

Billy spots a pool of blood underneath the cart and slowly moves to investigate. He reaches the cart and cautiously looks behind it.

BILLY

Over here.

Joe, Shamus and Valentino usher Billy aside and drag the cart out of the way to reveal a partially consumed DEAD HORSE and a frozen patch of blood-soaked snow.

VALENTINO
Hi-Ho Silver away.

BILLY
What do you think did this?

JIMMY
Dogs - most likely.

Terry and Pete take a look at the layout of the village before turning to the men and laying out the tactics.

TERRY
Pete. Take Jock, Toff, Shamus, Malloy, Givens and Joe. Go right, cover us. I'll go straight up the middle.

PETE
All of you stay put.

TERRY
Sergeant, I gave you an order.

PETE
Sir, you said we'd evaluate the situation and wait it out if needs be. We don't know what's waiting for us on the other side of that bridge.

TERRY
I'm giving you a direct order to take the bridge. Now!

Terry looks from Pete to the rest of the men. None of them are moving.

TERRY (CONT'D)
I'll see you all in hell.

Terry turns and races toward the bridge before anyone can stop him.

PETE
Don't be a fool.

Terry hits the beginning of the bridge and fires a short burst before striding forward.

PETE (CONT'D)
Take cover and lay down cover.
(Under his breath)
Crazy bastard.

The rest of the squad spread out and search for targets.

Marshy finds Terry through his scope and then pans forward to cover the sandbagged gun emplacement.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Terry strides onto the bridge firing short bursts as he heads toward the sandbags on the far side.

There is no return of fire and this just seems to anger him further.

TERRY
Come on you Kraut bastards - shoot.

He fires another short burst, breaks into a sprint and leaps over the sandbags to discover...

The posts are deserted.

TERRY (CONT'D)
No. No. No. No.

He opens fire in sheer rage. Empty cans and sandbags bear the brunt of his assault.

Pete and the others crest the sandbags behind him and survey the area.

PETE
Have you done?

Pete checks the machine gun. It's out of ammunition. He also checks a couple of discarded rifles; also empty. The ground is littered with spent casings.

PETE (CONT'D)
They threw everything they had at
whoever hit them.

Terry scopes the blood trails all over the road.

TERRY
Blood trails everywhere - but where
are the bodies?

PETE
I don't like this.

VALENTINO
Geez Sarge, don't look a gift horse
in the mouth.

Terry picks up a dried, half-eaten can of meat from the lid of an ammo-box and takes a smell. It hasn't been left long enough to rot.

TERRY
They pulled out in a hell of a hurry.

PETE
Maybe they took their dead.

TERRY
Maybe.

BILLY
It's been like this since the machine gun nest - dead.

Terry motions Billy, Beattie, O'Hern, Malloy and Givens over.

TERRY
Secure the bridge. Six hour rotation.

MALLOY
On it, sir.

Terry looks over the bridge railing at the explosives strapped to the support beams.

TERRY
(To Billy)
Time for you to earn your keep, Corporal.

Billy leans over the railing and studies the mass of explosives and detonator wiring.

BILLY
No problem, but I could use another pair of hands down there, sir.

PETE
I can handle it.

TERRY
I've got it.

Terry drops his kit and prepares to go with Billy.

PETE
A word, sir.

Pete takes Terry aside. He pulls the telegram, photograph and bullet from his pocket.

PETE (CONT'D)
You should have told me.

TERRY
Where..?

Pete hands Terry the telegram and photograph, but hangs onto the bullet.

PETE
You dropped it in the plane.
(A beat)
I'm sorry for your loss, I really am, but these guys are relying on you to get them home. I'm relying on you. After that...

Pete flicks the bullet toward Terry and he catches it on the fly.

PETE (CONT'D)
If you want to suicide by Kraut -
be my guest.

Terry takes a long moment to let Pete's words sink in while the men watch on.

TERRY
Are we done?

PETE
For now.

TERRY
Good. Now find somewhere dry and out of sight to set up base camp. Drop your kits and keep out of sight. There could still be snipers around.

PETE
Yes, sir.

Pete moves off and gathers the men around him.

TERRY
Marshy. Joe.

PETE
Keep it tight and keep your eyes
peeled.

Pete leads the others off the bridge and through an alley between two buildings leaving Joe and Marshy with Terry and Billy.

TERRY
Marshy, the bell tower. I want
numbers and positions.

MARSHY
On it.

Marshy slings his rifle across his back and Terry hands him a MOTOROLA HAND HELD-RADIO.

TERRY
(To Joe)
Cover Marshy, then fall back and
watch our six.

JOE
Will do, boss.

Joe takes Marshy's hand in a solid grip.

JOE (CONT'D)
Leave a couple of scalps for me,
okay?

MARSHY
Not a chance, you're big enough and
ugly enough to get your own.

Marshy darts across the street and disappears into an alley.

Joe runs over to a wall and quickly scales it to cover Marshy's back.

Terry and Billy climb over the railing and down to the bridge supports.

INT. CHURCH TOWER - DAY

Marshy enters the bell tower on his belly and slithers across the floor.

The bell mounting has blast damage. The large bell hangs precariously by a thick rope.

Marshy adjusts his sights and does a meticulous scan of the snow-covered village square.

In the center of the square is a fully enclosed armored personnel carrier. The hatch is open, but there is no sign of the crew.

MARSHY

(To himself)

Twas the night before Christmas and
all through the house, nothing
stirred, not even a mouse.

He moves on and picks up movement under the bridge. Terry and Billy move along the bridge supports.

EXT. BRIDGE SUPPORTS - CONTINUOUS

Terry and Billy trace the blasting wire to the first lot of high explosives.

TERRY

They weren't taking any chances.
There's enough H-E to take out this
bridge twice over.

Terry reaches for the detonation cap but Billy stops him.

BILLY

I've got this. They're pretty
tricky.

Billy carefully removes the detonation cap, cuts the explosives away and hands them to Terry.

TERRY

You don't have to worry.

BILLY

About what, sir?

Terry smiles knowingly.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Taking on the German army single
handed could be considered a little
suicidal.

TERRY

Maybe, but I'm not homicidal, so
you're as safe as can be -
considering.

BILLY

Thanks, sir, that made me feel a
whole lot better.

They move on to the next charge.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Pete, Jock, Toff, Jimmy and Shamus are at the base of a
rubble-pile.

They climb to the top and look over the village square.

There are a few blast craters from recent air-raids, but the
village is otherwise undamaged.

The centerpiece of the square is a beautiful ornate church.

SHAMUS

(Almost to himself)

What in the name of the sweet
Christ happened here?

The armored half-track troop carrier is directly in front of
them.

TOFF

Who gives a shit? Rather them than
us, right?

PETE

Irish is right. This place should
be crawling with Jerrys.

(A beat)

This place makes my balls itch.

SHAMUS

That's probably the chlamydia you
picked up in France, Sarge.

The men stifle a laugh.

PETE

You pushing for double guard duty,
Irish?

SHAMUS

Not another word from me, Sarge.

JOCK
I doubt that, Irish.

JIMMY
What about the locals?

They scan the buildings. Nothing moves, and the eerie silence only adds to the already chilling atmosphere.

PETE
Move out.

They move down the rubble pile with their eyes peeled looking for danger.

INT. CHURCH TOWER - DAY

(POV) Marshy has the squad in his sights. He follows them across the square, along the dirt road and up to a majestic double storey villa, perched on a rise that overlooks the bridge.

This has an eight foot high stone wall perimeter with heavy metal access gates leading into a big open courtyard.

The squad passes through the gates and enters the courtyard.

Marshy pans the scope away from them and searches the surrounding area.

EXT. VILLA (COURTYARD) - DAY

Pete leads the squad through the gates and into the huge courtyard.

The men immediately find concealment, covering each other as they move toward the large wooden front doors of a two storey structure.

Pete and Jock take either side of two heavy wooden doors and simultaneously push them open.

INT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

The doors crash open. Pete and Jock quickly enter with weapons drawn, searching for targets. Nothing moves. The room is empty.

PETE
Clear.

The rest of the squad files in behind them. Eyes dart everywhere looking for any sign of the enemy.

Sandbags line the walls and stack up against the windows, leaving just enough space to shoot through.

An ornate staircase winds up from either side of the room and forms a balcony, where another set of heavy wooden doors lead to the upstairs rooms.

In the foyer there is a partially open door leading down to a cellar. Four other doors lead to a kitchen, dining room, lounge room and laundry.

Candles circle the room on every ledge.

Pete points to Jock and Toff and motions for them to clear the upper level.

He indicates for Jimmy and Valentino to take the other downstairs rooms.

Pete cautiously pushes open the cellar door with the muzzle of his rifle and steps into the dark stairwell with Shamus behind him.

INT. VILLA (MEDICAL ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

Valentino and Jimmy enter what used to be the laundry.

VALENTINO

Oh, shit.

Two big basins take up one side of the room and a long clothes folding table takes up another.

JIMMY

Butchers.

An operating table takes up the center of the room with a flyblown, eviscerated corpse splayed open on it, still partially clothed in a blood-soaked German uniform.

There is a selection of draconian operating instruments, trays, bloody swabs, long glass syringes, dirty test tubes and a centrifuge on the folding table.

VALENTINO

We're clear.

They back out of the room, unable to drag their eyes away from the corpse.

INT. VILLA (CELLAR) - MOMENTS LATER

Pete and Shamus reach the bottom of the stairs and take a moment to listen.

VALENTINO (O.C.)
First floor, clear.

Pete turns on his torch and sweeps the beam across empty wine racks, broken bottles and a pile of holed casks at the back of the cellar.

SHAMUS
Bastards.

Shamus picks a cork up from amongst the broken glass and sniffs it lovingly.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)
Not a single bloody drop left.

PETE
Give me a cold beer any day.

SHAMUS
Colonial heathen.

Shamus tosses the cork onto the floor and we follow it as it rolls into the shadows.

PETE (O.C.)
Coming from you Irish, that's a compliment.

SHAMUS (O.C.)
Take it any way you want it, Sarge.

PETE (O.C.)
We're clear.

The cork rolls behind a stack of empty casks and finally comes to rest beside a rusted metal grate leading down to the sewer.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Terry and Billy carefully pack the last of the explosives into the second of two large ammo-boxes.

TERRY
This should be safe enough for now.

They conceal them against the side of the railing and shovel snow over them.

BILLY

What do you think happened here?

Terry looks up and clocks the bell tower. It's the highest point in the village.

TERRY

I don't have a clue.

Marshy appears for a moment and signals the direction the squad has gone.

Terry and Billy leave the bridge and head in the direction Marshy has indicated.

Joe silently slips out of the shadows and falls in beside them to cover their backs.

INT. VILLA (FOYER) - MOMENTS LATER

Pete and Shamus exit the cellar.

Jimmy looks down at them from the first floor balcony.

JIMMY

Sarge, you might want to take a look at this.

Pete and Shamus quickly climb the stairs and Jimmy leads them into the upstairs room.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy, Pete and Shamus enter the room.

Pete and Shamus stop dead in their tracks with a look of disbelief on their faces.

The room is filled with piles of stolen art treasures, furniture, jewelry, paintings and sculptures, some crated, some not.

Valentino sits amongst it all like some kind of conquering king.

VALENTINO

Can I get a hallelujah?

PETE

Fuck me!

VALENTINO

Close enough.

There is an ordinary WOODEN BOX lying on an Edwardian writing table. Shamus picks it up and almost absentmindedly slides the lid open.

The box is filled to the brim with GOLD AND SILVER TEETH. Some of them fall free and clatter across the floorboards.

SHAMUS

Jesus...

The men can't seem to tear their eyes away from the teeth on the floor.

VALENTINO

Least we can do is give the chompers a decent burial, but as for the rest of this stuff...

TERRY (O.S.)

You planning on humping it out of here on your own, Val?

Valentino turns toward the door, surprised.

VALENTINO

Sir - I figure we could hide it somewhere, maybe bury it, and come back for it when it's all over.

Terry, Billy, and Joe enter the room.

TERRY

Got it all figured out, have you?

VALENTINO

As my old man used to say "It's up here for thinking and down there for tap dancing".

Terry's icy-cold look is enough to shut Valentino up.

JIMMY

(To Terry)

Sir - there's more.

Jimmy leads the way to the next room and stops at the door to allow Terry and Pete to pass.

INT. VILLA (BUNK ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Terry and Pete enter the room.

Every available space is taken up with cots and kits.

Rifles lie discarded on the floor.

Pictures of soldiers' families are tacked to the blood-spattered walls.

Boots stand silent sentry at the end of the blood-soaked cots, guarding mess trays bearing half-consumed rotting meals.

PETE

What in God's name happened here?

JIMMY

There's a med room downstairs with a pretty chewed up Kraut corpse on the slab.

Terry slowly scans the carnage.

TERRY

We've walked into the middle of something, but I'm damned if I know what.

Terry spots a blood-spattered journal lying on one of the cots, picks it up and thumbs through the pages.

TERRY (CONT'D)

(To Joe)

Get Corporal Scott up here.

Joe double times away to carry out the order.

Terry looks at the photographs pinned to the wall.

Joe enters the room with Billy in tow.

BILLY

Sir?

Terry tosses Billy the journal.

TERRY

Can you make anything of this?

Billy opens it up and takes a look.

BILLY

My oral skills are better than my
written, but I'll do my best.

Billy sits on the edge of a bunk and begins reading the first page.

TERRY

See if you can find anything that
makes sense of this mess.

(To Pete)

Take three men and sweep the south
end of town. If there's anyone
still alive bring them in.

PETE

Jock, Val, Jimmy, on me.

Pete quickly leads his men out of the room.

INT. CHURCH TOWER - DAY

Marshy picks Pete and his men up in his sights and pans with
them toward an entrance of an underground storage facility.

The substantial metal double doors are wide open.

Pete leads Valentino, Jock and Jimmy inside.

INT. FUEL DUMP - CONTINUOUS

Pete leads Jimmy, Valentino and Jock into the storage
facility.

It is a massive cavern with air shafts spaced every twenty
feet in the ceiling for ventilation.

The entire back half is filled with 44 gallon fuel drums.

(POV) Something silently stalks them from behind the cover of
the drums.

Pete takes the middle of the room, while the other three fan
out and cover the flanks.

A figure - big, fast, distorted by the backlight, cuts across
the entrance way.

Pete catches the movement out of the corner of his eye and
spins to face the entrance...

...There's nothing there.

A scratching sound coming from amongst the fuel drums gets Valentino's attention.

He approaches slowly, rifle held ready for action.

(POV) The thing watches him approach.

The scratching sound comes again, louder, agitated.

Valentino leans forward, peering into the dark shadows.

(POV) The thing crouches back on it's haunches.

A black hairy creature bursts from between the drums and spears toward Valentino's face.

He stumbles onto his ass, fires a wild shot and hits his attacker out of sheer luck.

It is hammered against the wall, a bloody, furry mess.

Pete and the others hurry over and Pete takes a look at the creature's body.

PETE

Congratulations, sport. You just
wasted a very nasty looking pussy.

VALENTINO

Aw, damn it!

Pete laughs loudly and the others join in, even Valentino finally sees the funny side.

EXT. FUEL DUMP (VENTILATION SHAFT) - CONTINUOUS

(POV) Something watches from above as Pete, Jimmy, Valentino and Jock laugh.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - EVENING

Shamus and Terry sit on the floor against the wall, watching Billy read the journal as they eat their rations.

TERRY

Anything?

Terry removes a photograph from the wall and finds himself looking at a young German mother and her son.

BILLY

There's a lot of stuff about his wife and kids. He goes on to talk about how low morale is. They'd been here for six weeks with no resupply.

Billy turns the page, skims down the text, stops and goes back a few lines.

BILLY (CONT'D)

He mentions a unit called der Das Wolfsrudel, led by an SS Major, Hauptman.

TERRY

Das Wolfsrudel?

BILLY

The Wolf Pack - It sounds like he was nervous about their guests.

TERRY

Why be nervous of their own troops?

BILLY

Irgendetwas, das nicht sterben kann.

TERRY

What does it mean?

BILLY

Cheating death or no death - I'm not sure.

Billy closes the journal.

BILLY (CONT'D)

That's the final entry.

Terry replaces the photograph and his eyes linger on it for a moment, lost in a painful memory it has dredged up from his past.

TERRY

(Reflectively)
Nobody cheats death.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

A huge full moon rises over the snow-covered rooftops.

INT. VILLA (COURTYARD) - NIGHT

Jimmy, Toff and Valentino add the last of the sandbags to the gun emplacement at the front gate.

TOFF

And I'm telling you, we were doing just fine until that bastard Kraut showed up.

Jock locks the Vickers machine gun onto a tripod behind the sandbags. He has a view right down to the bridge.

JOCK

Leave off, Billy's a good lad and no Kraut.

TOFF

Didn't you hear him? It's in the blood.

JIMMY

Toff...

TOFF

Yeah?

JIMMY

You're an idiot.

Toff huddles up against the sandbags and sulks.

Valentino pointedly clocks the second storey window.

VALENTINO

(Conspiratorially)

How much do you think's up there?

Jimmy takes a seat on the sandbags, lights a cigarette and takes a deep drag.

JIMMY

Forget it, Val. You heard the Captain.

He passes a cigarette to Jock.

Jock lights up, grabs a can of gun oil and wipes down the Vickers.

VALENTINO

We've got a golden opportunity here, fellas.

(MORE)

VALENTINO (CONT'D)

All we have to do is stash it somewhere where no one would think to look. Then we come back when it's all over, dig it up, and Bob's your auntie.

JIMMY

Assuming we all make it to come back.

VALENTINO

Come on, we're bullet proof, right?

Jimmy tosses aside his cigarette, grabs Valentino by the webbing straps, and slams him against the sandbags.

JIMMY

You dumb son-of-a-bitch.

VALENTINO

What..?

JIMMY

Look around you. Our mates are gone. Weren't they bullet proof too?

VALENTINO

Take - your - hands - off - me.

Valentino grasps Jimmy's hands, removes them from his webbing, and moves out of reach.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)

So you're just going to let the opportunity of a lifetime slip through your fingers?

JOCK

Know what..?

Jock draws back on the cigarette, and thoughtfully exhales a long slow stream of smoke into Valentino's face.

JOCK (CONT'D)

I reckon we are.

Valentino leans in and greedily sucks up the smoke.

VALENTINO

Give me lemons and I'll make lemonade.

He turns his attention back to the second storey window and exhales the second hand smoke.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)
I'll buy my own studio. Only lead roles for the kid from now on.

TOFF
Reckon it's about the only way you'll ever get one.

Jock, Toff and Jimmy burst into laughter, but Valentino seems oblivious to it.

VALENTINO
(To himself)
Gable. Flynn. Talbot. A bloody star.

Terry appears at the second storey window.

TERRY
Jimmy, take Toff and station yourselves at the east and west of the village. Stay out of sight and on comms.

TOFF
Send the Maple Leaf, sir. He needs to earn his keep, right?

Jimmy boots Toff hard on the leg.

TOFF (CONT'D)
Fuck!

JIMMY
We're on it, sir.

Jimmy and Toff move off.

TOFF (O.C.)
You didn't have to kick me.

JIMMY (O.C.)
Shut up, idiot.

Terry disappears back inside the second floor room.

INT. CHURCH TOWER - NIGHT

Marshy stifles a yawn as he pans the scope across the village square.

He picks up a couple of rats making baby rats.

MARSHY
(Quietly)
Get a room.

He pans away from the mating rats and checks out the windows of the buildings across the street.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT

A large humanoid shape moves between the mountains of rubble. Only glimpses of its body can be seen, as it blends in with the snow.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT

(POV) Glowing golden vision guides the beast along the piles of rubble.

I/E. BOMB DAMAGED HOUSE - NIGHT

Toff is partially concealed in a blast-hole in the side of the house.

TOFF
(Bitterly to himself)
Jesus, it's colder than a bloody
witches tit.

He slips back deeper into the shadows. Only the rising steam from his breath gives his position away.

INT. CHURCH TOWER - NIGHT

Marshy picks up movement in his scope. He pans with it and almost misses the shape against the snow-covered rubble.

MARSHY
Hello...

He pans with his target, but it vanishes behind a snowdrift.

INT/EXT. CHURCH TOWER - NIGHT

(POV) Glowing golden vision lights up the doorway to the church tower, enters, and stealthily climbs the stairs.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

A flurry of snow and mist are pushed around by a light breeze.

Givens, Beattie, O'Hern and Malloy huddle close to the sandbags to keep warm.

O'HERN
I'm freezing. Can't we light a
fire?

Beattie reaches for him with open arms and a wide grin.

BEATTIE
Come on then, give us a hug. I'll
warm you up.

O'Hern is not amused.

O'HERN
I'll pray for your soul, sinner.

BEATTIE
Good luck with that. That ship
sailed a long time ago.

MALLOY
We'll be getting relieved in a few
hours, so keep it down.

A low guttural growl comes from somewhere in the mist.

GIVENS
Jesus Christ. You guys hear that?

O'HERN
Blasphemer.

O'Hern is ignored.

O'HERN (CONT'D)
It sounds close.

Malloy looks around and sees nothing except moonlit snow drifts.

MALLOY
I didn't hear squat.

BEATTIE
Something's out there, Malloy.

MALLOY

Jesus, you guys - okay, lock and load.

O'HERN

Blasphemers, all of you.

Givens, Beattie and O'Hern slip the safety catches off their rifles and watch Malloy.

O'HERN (CONT'D)

You'll burn in the fiery pits of hell.

MALLOY

I'm telling you...

Malloy crawls up the sandbags, peers over the top and scans the length of the bridge.

The fog has cut visibility right down, but it appears clear.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

...you guys...

Malloy turns to look down upon the anxious faces of the other three.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

...are jumping at shadows.

SOMETHING VERY BIG, WHITE, AND HAIRY, rises up behind Malloy.

Givens, O'Hern and Beattie stare up at it in slack jawed terror.

(POV) The creature drives toward Malloy with a blood curdling snarl.

INT. CHURCH TOWER - NIGHT

The bestial howl echoes around the bell tower, followed by a number of human screams, then an eerie silence.

MARSHY

Shit...

Marshy scans the area and fails to find his own men through the fog and snow flurries.

He picks up movement at the corner of a building near the bridge. It could be a German Arctic Combat Uniform, but he isn't certain.

MARSHY (CONT'D)
(To himself)
Come on. Give me little bit more.
That's it. That's...

A stair groans below.

Marshy keeps his eyes on his target and listens intently.

MARSHY (CONT'D)
Son of a...

Marshy grabs the radio and presses the send button.

MARSHY (CONT'D)
Hotel Quebec, this is Hawkeye -
over.
(A beat - nothing)
Piece of... (shit)

Marshy slings the radio and unsheathes his knife. He slithers across the floor and takes a peek down the stairwell.

A partial shadow splashed on the lower level wall reveals someone big coming his way.

He places his rifle on the boards and leans across the open space to reach the bell rope.

MARSHY (CONT'D)
Each man's death diminishes me, for
I am involved in mankind.

He sees through the rope, but it's thick and his knife a little blunt.

MARSHY (CONT'D)
Oh, come on...

The rope separates, painfully slow.

MARSHY (CONT'D)
Therefore, ask not for whom the
bell tolls...

The shadow moves closer toward him growing in size.

The rope begins to fray but still holds fast.

MARSHY (CONT'D)
Shit...

He realizes that he may not cut through the rope in time and reaches for the rifle.

A guttural snarl comes from the stairs.

The shadow picks up pace and races toward him.

Marshy only has a second and the rifle is just out of reach.

MARSHY (CONT'D)

...For it tolls for thee.

He mule-kicks the bell with both feet and it swings away from the damaged mount.

A huge hand, powerful, furry, claw-like fingers, slams onto the boards and just misses Marshy's foot.

The rope finally snaps and the bell drops with one last mournful bong, slamming into the creature and burying it beneath tons of rubble.

Marshy takes a moment to catch his breath and notices deep grooves in the boards where the beasts claws were.

Marshy climbs down the bell tower using broken twisted bricks.

Down below; the bell has smashed through the basement floor. Hundreds of torn, partially consumed, frozen remains of German soldiers lie tangled together.

Marshy barely manages not to vomit and quickly exits through a window onto the adjacent roof.

EXT. BOMB DAMAGED HOUSE - NIGHT

The sound of the fallen church bell echoes through the street.

Toff sticks up his head for a look.

(POV) A Werewolf charges him.

Toff screams in sheer terror, backs into the house and plummets out of sight as the floor gives way beneath him.

The rest of the wall falls behind him bringing the beast up short.

INT. VILLAGE (DRAINAGE DITCH) - NIGHT

Jimmy watches Marshy scramble out of the bell tower and onto the roof.

JIMMY
Marshy...?

Jimmy reaches for the Motorola handset to call Terry.

An inner sense warns him of approaching danger and he turns to face...

(POV) The beast hurtles toward Jimmy with a bestial snarl and Jimmy tries to get off a shot - he's not fast enough.

INT. VILLA (FOYER) - NIGHT

Valentino warily pokes his head out of the upstairs door and looks down on the other squad members.

TERRY
The 101st can't be more than a couple of days away. We'll hold the bridge until they arrive.

Terry, Pete and Joe are seated against the far wall, having a smoke, and studying a map of the area.

PETE
We can hump it along this pass to the south and from there onto Orsogna.

Valentino slinks back into the room and quietly closes the door.

INT. VILLA (BUNK ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

Valentino drags a rug loaded with stolen loot into the bunk room.

He looks around the walls for a loose board, anything that could make a good hiding place.

His eyes travel up to the ceiling. There is a pull-down trapdoor.

VALENTINO
Beggars can't be choosers.

He carefully and quietly drags a cot beneath the trapdoor, finds the access rope tucked up and out of sight and pulls it down. The door opens and a ladder folds out to the floor.

Valentino takes as much loot as he can carry and climbs into the gloomy attic.

INT. VILLA (ATTIC) - CONTINUOUS

Valentino stumbles over the last step and almost drops a solid-gold candelabra.

VALENTINO
(Under his breath)
Shit!

The attic is gloomy. The light of the full moon streams through the far window.

Valentino takes his torch from his webbing and turns it on. The light is weak, but it helps.

He carefully places his feet to stay on the support beams.

He steps on something that crunches under foot. He lifts his boot and shines the torch on a rat's skeletal remains.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)
Rats!

He lowers the torch and lights up a dozen more rat remains scattered across the floor.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)
I hate rats.

There is a pile of moldy furniture beside him. Something moves behind it.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)
Here kitty, kitty, kitty...

Valentino turns the beam onto the furniture, slowly lowers the loot and reaches for his knife.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)
Come on, let's go two for two.

A filth-encrusted, unshaven, WILD-EYED MAN, dressed in a tattered German corporal's uniform lunges at him.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)
What...?

Valentino is taken off guard. They grapple. The knife falls free.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)
WAIT!

The man is in a crazed state, eyes bulging, drool running from his mouth. He scratches, punches and tries to bite Valentino.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)
GET THE FUCK OFF ME!

Valentino spins the man around and throws him across his hip.

The man goes down hard but retains his hold on Valentino's uniform.

The attic floor gives way under their combined weight and they crash through into the room below.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

Terry, Pete, Billy and Joe race into the room with their weapons drawn, ready for anything.

VALENTINO
Get off - get the... fuckin' hell.

Valentino is lying, dazed and confused, beneath the inert body of a GERMAN SOLDIER.

PETE
Where the hell...

VALENTINO
The attic. He was...

Terry pointedly looks at the candelabra and other loot lying scattered around Valentino.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)
...hiding up there.

Terry nudges the candelabra with the toe of his boot.

TERRY
I'll deal with you later.

Valentino rolls the soldier off and climbs stiffly to his feet.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Is he still alive?

Billy checks the German soldier's pulse and breathing.

BILLY
Yeah. Just out cold.

VALENTINO

Do you think it was him, I mean,
who killed his own men? The way he
came at me; twisted as a mad
woman's shit.

PETE

When he wakes up, we'll ask him.

Pete and Billy drag the German soldier across the room and prop him up in the corner.

INT. BOMB DAMAGED HOUSE (CELLAR) - NIGHT

Toff slowly regains consciousness and opens his eyes. He is flat on his back and can barely make out the ceiling above in the gloom.

His nose is assaulted by the pungent stench of human decay and he pukes.

He grabs a Zippo lighter from his tunic pocket and spins the flint.

It sparks, but no ignition...

The flash reveals a human face behind Toff's shoulder, but he hasn't seen it yet.

He strikes the flint again and it ignites the gas.

A small area of the cellar is bathed in the light from **the** flame, exposing the partially consumed bodies of dozens of German soldiers and Italian civilians. All have missing limbs, partially consumed flesh, chest cavities ripped open and missing hearts.

Toff screams, totally freaked out. **The** flame goes out.

A Werewolf howls outside; it's close.

Toff puts his hand over his mouth to stifle the scream. He lights the Zippo again and **looks** around the cellar.

There is a Nazi flag draped across one wall with a couple of framed pictures **and candles** on a table beneath it. It looks like a shrine of sorts.

A Nazi SS Major's uniform hangs across a chair.

Toff carefully shuffles over the bodies to get a closer look at the photos.

One of the photos is of Adolph Hitler.

The second is of a young German boy standing beside an older man. They bear a stark resemblance to each other; father and son.

The third is of a Nazi SS Major wearing the uniform that's currently gracing the back of the chair.

We do not get a look at the officer's face.

The Werewolf howl comes from outside; followed by razor sharp claws scraping against the rubble.

Toff pockets the lighter, burrows amongst the dead, and pulls a couple of bodies over him.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

Feet moving quickly across the roof tiles. Reaching the end of the building he's on, Marshy climbs down using a crumbling wall as a ladder.

He sinks into the shadows and carefully scans the surrounding area before making another move.

That's when something catches his eye, something that takes the breath right out of his lungs.

MARSHY

Jesus Christ.

At the far end of the street, a TALL, LONG-HAIRED, BEARDED WILD MAN with a distinctive STREAK OF WHITE HAIR amongst the jet black, stumbles around the corner, naked and covered in filth.

In the shadows, Marshy carefully unslings his rifle.

Three more men, also naked and sporting long hair, stumble into sight.

All four men look like Jewish death camp prisoners. They are filthy. Ribs are sticking out and bellies distended.

MARSHY (CONT'D)

You poor bastards.

Marshy lowers his rifle and slowly steps out of the shadows with his hands held up as a gesture of peace.

MARSHY (CONT'D)

(Quietly)

It's okay, I'm an American. You're safe now.

The first of the men and the others turn to Marshy and cower away at the sight of his rifle and lower their eyes to the ground.

Marshy stops, slowly squats, and lays his rifle down.

MARSHY (CONT'D)

See? No rifle. Understand?

He stands and moves closer to them.

MARSHY (CONT'D)

The German soldiers, are they gone?

(Butchered Italian)

I soldati tedeschi , sono andati?

Another four bearded, filth-encrusted men enter the alley. Marshy observes them with compassion.

MARSHY (CONT'D)

We're here to help. We have food.
Medical supplies.

(A beat)

Do any of you speak English? No, of course not.

The leader of the group growls, low and guttural. Marshy steps forward.

MARSHY (CONT'D)

What?

The leader of the group lets out a louder, more dangerous sounding growl this time that stops Marshy in his tracks. Something doesn't seem quite right about this. Even as Marshy starts to back up now, the leader slowly raises his head, saliva running from his slathering jaws.

MARSHY (CONT'D)

Shit me...

The leader and his men move along the alley toward Marshy now - their movements suddenly strong and assured. And even as they do, they let out a tremendous howl in unison.

Stumbling backward Marshy falls over and the men immediately leap toward him, their eyes suddenly glowing yellow. But before they reach him, Marshy leaps through a hole in the building beside him and sprints for dear life.

The leader and his men pick up the pace and break into a loping, animalistic run. Half of them follow Marshy into the building and the others go further up the alley to head him off.

EXT. VILLA (COURTYARD) - NIGHT

Valentino and Joe swing open the heavy courtyard gates.

Two hundred yards away, Marshy races out of a side street, almost loses his footing, straightens up and sprints toward the gates.

Jock clocks the movement and swings the Vickers machine gun onto target.

JOCK
It's Marshy.

The leader and his men move fast. They round the corner thirty yards behind Marshy.

VALENTINO
KRAUTS! NAKED KRAUTS!

Joe and Valentino raise their rifles and take aim.

Terry joins them.

TERRY
WAIT UNTIL MARSHY'S IN THE CLEAR.

Marshy has a hundred and fifty meters to go.

JOE
(To Marshy)
COME ON. MOVE YOUR ASS.

TERRY
WAIT...

The Germans quickly close the distance on Marshy.

They drop to all fours on the run and Morph into OPAQUE WHITE WEREWOLVES, except for **the** leader, who is pitch black.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Jesus...
(All business)
Pick your targets. FIRE!

Jock opens up the Vickers with a deafening roar.

The Werewolves are dropped by the hail of led.

Pete and Billy fire round after round from the upstairs windows.

PETE
KEEP AT THEM!

TERRY
MARSHY! BEHIND YOU!

Two Werewolves spear out of the shadows, almost on top of Marshy.

Shamus strides out of the courtyard with the flamethrower strapped to his back and nozzle in hand.

SHAMUS
BERTHA WANTS A FUCKIN' WORD! FIRE
IN THE HOLE!

Marshy dives through the air and lands in a bomb crater.

Two Werewolves veer after him, but before they can get there...

Shamus sends a stream of LIQUID HELL straight into their muzzles.

The Werewolves are instantly consumed by flames and die writhing in agony.

Shamus sends a blast of flame across the front of the others. They quickly retreat out of range and disappear amongst the shadows.

Marshy scrambles out of the bomb crater and sprints the rest of the distance to the villa.

MARSHY
(To Shamus)
I think you singed my ass.

SHAMUS
Bertha just gave you a little kiss,
that's all.

They all back into the courtyard and Shamus covers their retreat.

Shamus backs inside and past the machine gun nest.

Jock sweeps the Vickers from left to right searching for a target.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

A chilling bestial howl comes from the village. It reaches across the open space and echoes throughout the room.

BILLY

Wolves?

Billy scans the landscape.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Sarge...

There is a sense of urgency in Billy's voice that prompts Pete to look in the same direction.

PETE

O'Hern.

EXT. VILLA - NIGHT

All of the Werewolf corpses have vanished except for the two that were burnt.

In the background, Billy and Pete gaze out from the upstairs window.

O'Hern staggers out of the shadows and stumbles toward the villa. His arm has been torn off at the shoulder, his eyes are missing and his blood-soaked uniform is shredded.

O'HERN

Our Father, which art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom
come. Thy will be done, on earth as
it is in heaven.

Two Werewolves lope out of the shadows behind him, seemingly in no hurry.

O'HERN (CONT'D)

Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses, as
we forgive those that trespass
against us.

O'Hern stumbles forward, aware they are behind him.

PETE

O'Hern! MOVE MAN!

O'HERN

Sarge? I can't see you.

PETE

Follow the sound of my voice.
You've got to move, man.

Pete fires a couple of rounds at the two Werewolves, but they aren't phased by them in the slightest.

PETE (CONT'D)

Run.

O'Hern breaks into a stumbling trot, trips and falls, and screams in agony as his bloody raw stump hits the ground.

O'HERN

And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil. For thine
is the kingdom, the power, and the
glory, forever and ever.

He rolls over and sits up; blindly facing the approaching beasts. They steadily close on him until they are divided by mere inches.

The foul stench of the Werewolves' breath hits O'Hern full in the face, but he doesn't back away. He reaches up with his remaining hand and touches the creature's muzzle.

O'HERN (CONT'D)

Amen.

The first Werewolf clamps its jaws around the extended arm and the second lunges for O'Hern's neck. They lock on and pull him apart like a blood-filled Pinata.

PETE

FUCKING BASTARDS!

The leader; naked, dirty, dishevelled, blood caked to his mouth and chin, emerges from the shadows and gazes silently up at the second storey window.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

The German soldier, KURT ULRICH, 30s, opens his eyes and crawls across the floor toward the bunk room. He is terrified.

KURT

(Mumbling to himself)
Sie kommen. Die eine ist , dass
nicht sterben kann ..

(A beat)

(MORE)

KURT (CONT'D)
Wir müssen gehen. Wir müssen
laufen.

Pete snaps his rifle up to his shoulder and fixes Kurt firmly
in the sights.

PETE
Don't fucking move.

Kurt looks back, sees Pete about to shoot him and holds his
hand up, but he still keeps moving backward.

KURT
Diejenigen, die nicht sterben kann.

Billy places himself in front of Pete, blocking his shot.

PETE
Get out of the way.

BILLY
(To Kurt)
Er ist verrückt , er wird dich wie
ein Hund schießen , wenn Sie nicht
seinen Befehlen gehorchen.

Kurt stops moving.

PETE
What did you say?

BILLY
I told him you're crazy, and you'll
shoot him like a dog if he doesn't
obey you.

Pete quickly steps past Billy and smashes the stock of his
rifle into Kurt's face, knocking him unconscious.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Christ, Sarge, that wasn't
necessary.

Pete fronts up to Billy, nose to nose.

PETE
Be real careful boy or you'll be
the one doing the bleeding.

Pete returns to the window and searches for a target through
his sights.

BILLY
(Quietly)
Asshole.

PETE
And some. Now secure the prisoner.

Billy stares at Kurt's blood-covered face for a moment longer and then drags him back to the wall.

INT. VILLA (FOYER) - CONTINUOUS

Terry and Shamus take up positions at the windows overlooking the courtyard and the open ground.

TERRY
Conserve your ammo. Pick your targets.

Joe and Valentino race past them and take up a higher firing position at the balcony windows.

VALENTINO
Did you see them? Christ! Did you bloody see them?

TERRY
They must have been watching us since we got here, waiting for the right time to strike.

SHAMUS
After that spanking, they'll think twice before they try it again.

VALENTINO
Spanking? We barely slowed them down.

This little fact causes them all to take pause.

EXT. VILLA (COURTYARD) - NIGHT

Jock and Marshy scan the open ground for signs of enemy movement - nothing moves out there.

INT. VILLA (CELLAR) - CONTINUOUS

Water drips down the stone walls and cobwebs stretch from ceiling to floor.

The room is filled with rows of empty wine racks. At the end of the rows are stacked casks, some broken, all dry.

Behind the casks is a metal grate leading down to a SEWERAGE TUNNEL.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Hundreds of squealing, terrified rats race along the tunnel, scrambling over each other.

INT. VILLA (FOYER) - CONTINUOUS

Terry's eyes rove from the windows to the door, constantly alert.

Shamus is beside him, flamethrower ready to go to work.

Valentino and Joe are on the balcony.

VALENTINO

(Quietly)

I'm telling you, I've got the worst kind of feeling about this.

Movement from the cellar door on the ground floor catches Valentino's eye.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)

What the..?

Hundreds of big black rats pour out of the cellar and into the foyer.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)

RATS!

Terry turns to the cellar door and realizes what the rats mean.

TERRY

The cellar...

(A beat)

THEY'RE COMING UP FROM THE...
(CELLAR!)

The cellar door is driven off its hinges.

Two Werewolves crash into the foyer and turn to face their enemy with a bestial snarl.

TERRY (CONT'D)
OPEN FIRE!

The Werewolves go down under the onslaught of firepower.

EXT. VILLA (COURTYARD) - NIGHT

The sound of gunfire rips through the courtyard.

Marshy points to the distant shadows on the edge of the village.

MARSHY
Twelve o'clock.

Jock swings the Vickers toward eight charging WEREWOLVES and opens fire - the Vickers roars.

The Werewolves take the hits and keep on coming.

MARSHY (CONT'D)
We're not doing shit.

JOCK
Fall back inside, laddie.

MARSHY
I'm not leaving you.

JOCK
I can handle these big hairy bastards.
(Glares at him)
Now be a good lad and piss off.

Marshy hesitates for a moment and then backs away toward the villa.

INT. VILLA (FOYER) - MOMENTS LATER

Shamus and Terry back up the steps, firing into the smoke filled room.

TERRY
CEASE FIRE!

The gunfire ceases. A layer of thick gun smoke hangs over the floor obscuring the bodies.

The Vickers roars outside.

The doors crash open and Marshy stumbles in.

TERRY (CONT'D)
(To Marshy)
Up here. Move.

Marshy closes the doors and hits the stairs on the trot.

The Vickers falls silent.

An eerie silence falls over the room.

The doors are driven open. Jock's bloody torn body hits the floor with a sickening thud.

MARSHY
JOCK.

A low guttural snarl comes from within the room.

The two Werewolves rise through the smoke until they reach their full imposing height.

VALENTINO
Sweet Jesus...

Valentino quickly shuffles along on his ass to the safety of the art-room.

TERRY
(Almost inaudible)
Fall back...

Terry and Shamus are momentarily stunned and unable to tear their eyes away from the bullet-riddled beasts.

The two Werewolves stalk toward the stairs.

TERRY (CONT'D)
FALL BACK!

Joe gets a clear view of what lies on the other side of the doors and his eyes lock onto it.

JOE
(Almost reverently)
Wendigo.

EXT. VILLA (COURTYARD) - CONTINUOUS

Golden Werewolf eyes lock onto Joe and his face is reflected in its pupils.

INT. VILLA (FOYER) - CONTINUOUS

Shamus steps toward the Werewolves with the flamethrower, but Terry stops him.

TERRY

Wait - you'll burn the place down around us.

They back toward the second floor.

Marshy grabs Joe and drags him into the other room.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Chew on these.

Terry tosses a COUPLE OF GRENADES into the room.

The Werewolves quickly lope back through the door to escape the blast.

The upstairs doors slam shut behind Terry and Shamus.

The grenades go off - BOOM! BOOM!

The blast tears the stairs loose. They crash into the foyer in a pile of rubble and a cloud of dust.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

The roar of the explosions shake the room.

Marshy double checks that the bar is firmly in place across the doors.

PETE

Jock?

TERRY

Gone.

MARSHY

Jimmy and I think Toff bought it too.

TERRY

The bridge?

VALENTINO

(Almost to himself)
Nothing stops them.

MARSHY

All dead. I couldn't warn them.
Bloody cold killed the radio
battery.

VALENTINO

They just keep coming. We threw
everything we had at them and they
just fucking kept coming.

PETE

Larry.

VALENTINO

We're fucked.

PETE

Talbot.

VALENTINO

I shouldn't be here. I should be in
Holly 'fucking' wood with a half
dozen starlets fighting over who
gets to suck my big dick first.

PETE

Shut the fuck up or I'll put us all
out of our misery and shoot you
myself.

Valentino steadies himself and takes a couple of deep
breaths.

VALENTINO

Yeah right, Sarge. Nice one.

(A beat)

Alright. I'm alright.

TERRY

You called them something out
there?

All eyes turn to Joe.

JOE

There's a myth amongst my tribe. A
creature, not man nor beast -
Wendigo. He's said to have the
head, hands and feet of a dog, but
the body of a man. I figured it was
just a bedtime story to scare us
kids. Be good or you'll wake up in
the Wendigo's belly.

(A beat)

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

I looked into the Wendigo's eyes
and I saw myself dancing before
Yoolgai Asdzaa.

PETE

What in the name of Christ are you
on about?

JOE

When the Wendigo's gaze is upon
you; death is swift to follow.

TERRY

Stow that shit. No one else is
dying tonight.

There is an awful heavy silence, albeit, brief.

PETE

Can somebody just tell me in the
Queen's bloody English, what the
hell we're up against?

VALENTINO

Beware the moon, when man shall
become beast and the Wolf-bane
blooms.

PETE

Val...

VALENTINO

Lon Chaney junior. Paramount
pictures. It's all real.

Pete looks helplessly at Terry for some kind of rational
explanation.

PETE

(To Terry)

Please tell me you're not buying
into this bullshit?

TERRY

I can only believe what I've seen
with my own eyes.

PETE

Yeah, well, I can recommend a good
optician.

JOE

We all saw the same thing, Sarge.

TERRY

Okay, what do we know about these things, other than bullets just seem to piss them off?

Shamus shrugs the flamethrower off his back.

SHAMUS

They aren't all that keen on Bertha's wicked tongue.

TERRY

What else?

VALENTINO

Silver - Claude Rains bashed Lon Chaney Junior's head in with a silver tipped cane in the Wolfman.

PETE

Jesus...

MARSHY

I can reload spent casings with silver bullets if we could scrounge some up.

Valentino searches the floor for the fallen teeth.

VALENTINO

The teeth - the fillings in the teeth.

TERRY

They're gold.

Valentino picks a tooth up and holds it out for all to see.

VALENTINO

All that glitters...

TERRY

Silver - see if there's any more.

Valentino picks up the box of teeth and searches for more silver fillings.

Terry quietly crosses to the window and looks out at the buildings opposite.

The Werewolf leader appears at a hole on the second floor, his face almost completely masked by deep shadow. Only his luminescent golden eyes betray his position.

He insolently locks eyes with Terry and the illusion of space coming together is created. It appears as if these two foes are physically face to face...

...The moment passes as quickly as it came.

The Werewolf leader slowly backs deeper into the shadows and is completely swallowed up by the inky blackness.

KURT (O.S.)
(Groggily)
They will be back.

They all turn toward Kurt.

KURT (CONT'D)
They are starving now.

Terry grabs Kurt by his tunic and drags him onto his feet.

TERRY
What the fuck are those things?

Kurt glares defiantly into his eyes.

KURT
Nothing I can say can help you now.

TERRY
Then you're of no use to me.

Terry pushes the barrel of his service revolver into Kurt's mouth and puts pressure on the trigger.

KURT
(A mouthful of metal)
Wait...

Terry eases the pressure off the trigger and eases the barrel from Kurt's mouth.

TERRY
I'm having a really bad day, so
start talking or you end your time
on earth right now.

KURT
I understand how you feel, Captain,
believe me. Major Hauptman was very
thorough in his annihilation of my
unit also.

TERRY
Hauptman?

KURT
You've already met. The pack
leader.

Terry releases Kurt and lowers his revolver.

TERRY
Acquaint me with him.

Kurt takes a moment to gather his thoughts and a slight smile touches his lips.

PETE
What's so funny?

KURT
Not funny, Sergeant, ironic.

INT. VILLA (BUNK ROOM) - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A dozen GERMAN SOLDIERS take it easy on their bunks. Some play cards at a table and others eat their evening meal from mess tins.

KURT (V.O.)
Heidleman's snoring saved my life.

Kurt, and a second snoring soldier, lie on their bunks.

KURT (V.O.)
The man could drown out the sound of an air raid siren. I could only imagine how relieved his wife must have been when he was sent to the front.

Kurt pulls his pack and sheets from his bunk, goes to the end of the room, pulls down the attic steps, climbs up and pulls the steps up behind him.

KURT (V.O.)
I took my bedding into the attic to get a few hours of uninterrupted sleep.

The doors opens and an SS Major enters the room. His hat conceals his features.

KURT (V.O.)
Shortly after that, Hauptman and his men arrived.

He is followed by twenty troops.

They arrogantly stride through the room.

Every one of the off duty soldiers watch them as they pass.

Kurt's eye peers through a crack in the ceiling.

KURT (V.O.)

They called themselves der
Wolfsrudal - The Wolf Pack.

The SS Major and the twenty troops reach the far end of the room.

The SS Major marches back between the bunks, leaves the room, and closes the doors behind him.

The remaining twenty SS troops scan the soldiers faces as a predator would its prey, and begin to remove their uniforms.

The German soldiers look on in confusion; surely this is some kind of joke?

INT. VILLA (ATTIC) - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Kurt slowly crawls along the floor toward the next room.

He finds a crack between the boards and peers through it.

GIMMEL (O.S.)

I would have appreciated some kind
of forewarning of your visit Major
Hauptman, or does the Fuehrer think
so little of his officers in the
field?

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Kurt's eye peers through the crack in the ceiling at...

MAJOR HANS GIMMEL, 50s, running to fat from the excesses of a gluttonous lifestyle, sits almost comically pompous at the Edwardian desk.

The SS Major stands in front of him and we still cannot see his face.

In the background; the doors to the bunk room are closed.

HAUPTMAN

Would you like me to pass on your
dissatisfaction to him?

GIMMEL

No, I simply meant... no, that won't be necessary.

HAUPTMAN

Good.

GIMMEL

Why are you here, Major?

HAUPTMAN

My men are tired and hungry. We haven't eaten adequately for some time.

GIMMEL

I don't see how we can help you. I barely have enough rations for my own...

HAUPTMAN

I understand. Supply line are stretched to breaking point. This needn't concern you any longer.

GIMMEL

Needn't concern me? I have almost twelve-hundred Vermach bellies to fill. How can this not be of concern to me?

The sound of a scuffle comes from the bunk room.

HAUPTMAN

Judging by the size of your gut, I could be forgiven for believing that your men would still go hungry if it meant your plate would not go unfilled.

Gimmel's mouth flaps as his brain searches for an appropriate response to this verbal abuse.

HAUPTMAN (CONT'D)

Besides, you have already done more than enough, Gimmel.

GIMMEL

I'm sorry - I don't...

Hauptman stands and carefully removes his coat.

GIMMEL (CONT'D)
I have been unable to give you
anything, except an outlet for your
obvious, and I may add,
misdirected...

The SS Major groans in pain at the sound of cartilage grinding, and bones bending unnaturally.

GIMMEL (CONT'D)
(A whimper)
...Impertinence.

The doors to the bunk room slowly open behind the SS Major as he removes his shirt.

HAUPTMAN
But you are mistaken, Gimmel.

TWO WEREWOLVES stalk into the room, saliva and blood dripping from their slathering jaws.

They take up a position on either side of Hauptman.

HAUPTMAN (CONT'D)
You have been bestowed the greatest
honor.

Behind them; in the bunk room...

CARNAGE - Torn bodies and feeding Werewolves.

GIMMEL
(Fear chokes him)
Gott im Himmel.

Major Gimmel stares at the beasts in slack-jawed fear.

HAUPTMAN
You are witness to the ultimate
evolution of the master race. An
army of Aryan purity.

The sound of machine gun fire comes from outside, followed by a terrifying snarl, and then a shrill piercing scream.

HAUPTMAN (CONT'D)
And you of all people should
appreciate the irony in this,
Gimmel.

The SS Major drops his pants to reveal a huge hairy cock and balls.

Tight on canine teeth as they push through the gums and the human teeth fall from slathering jaws.

HAUPTMAN (CONT'D)

An army marches on its belly.

Gimmel is unable to look away, even after the truth explodes into his consciousness like a star burst...

...he has become part of the supply line.

Through the crack in the ceiling; Kurt watches, too terrified to look away.

The Werewolves SNARL.

Gimmel SCREAMS.

Flesh is ripped and bones crushed.

KURT (V.O.)

I don't know how long I slept.
Perhaps a day, maybe two...

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - NIGHT

The squad listens to Kurt, transfixed by his story.

KURT

Even after I woke, I could do
nothing. Fear had frozen my limbs.

He looks at the faces of the men around him, tears of self-loathing brim in his eyes.

Valentino pauses in his search through the box of teeth.

VALENTINO

Werewolves are human by day. Why
didn't you just make a run for it
then?

Kurt looks contemptuously at him.

KURT

Perhaps in American movies, but
then this is not Hollywood and
Major Hauptman is not Ron Chaney.

VALENTINO

(Under his breath)
It's Lon - Asshole.

Valentino holds out a handful of silver fillings.

Unseen by the others, Kurt flinches at the sight of the silver.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)

How about we give these chompers something to chew on.

Terry turns to Marshy.

TERRY

Marshy?

Marshy ferrets through his pack and digs out a bullet mold and a small press.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - LATER

Pete stands guard over Kurt and literally bores a hole into the German soldier with his unwavering and unreadable expression.

KURT

Is this really necessary?

Pete's gaze doesn't waver.

Billy approaches with a canteen of steaming coffee.

BILLY

Coffee?

PETE

Reckon I could murder one right about now. Ta.

Billy hands Pete the canteen of coffee.

KURT

(Do not trust your friends
 . You understand, yes?)
 Nicht Ihre Freunde vertrauen. Sie
 verstehen , ya?

BILLY

Was?

KURT

(Not all are killed for
 food. Some are recruited.
 Once you become...)
 (MORE)

KURT (CONT'D)
Nicht alle sind für Nahrung
getötet. Einige sind rekrutiert.
Sobald Sie werden...

Pete has heard enough. He tosses the last of his coffee into Kurt's face.

PETE
Shut the fuck up.

The coffee runs down Kurt's face as he gives Pete the evil eye.

BILLY
(I'm sorry)
Es tut mir Leid.

Pete motions Billy to move along.

KURT
(Do not trust anyone)
Vertraue niemandem.

Pete lashes out with a kick that sends Kurt scurrying back against the wall.

Valentino and Joe are watching at the windows while Marshy heats up the silver over a small gas stove.

Billy joins them, but can't stop thinking about Kurt's warning and glances around the room at the others while he's speaking.

BILLY
Are you a full blood Navajo, Joe?

JOE
Right down to my moccasins.

MARSHY
(Laughs)
My red brother was brought up in
the white man's boarding school.
He's pale skin on the inside.

JOE
Don't mind him, he's just a poor,
simple minded, smelly, New Mexican
pig farmer.

MARSHY
Who are you calling smelly?

Marshy dismisses Joe with a good natured two fingered salute and preps the bullet mold.

BILLY

Joe Ahiga - you ran in the Berlin Olympics in thirty-six, didn't you?

JOE

Yeah, that was me.

BILLY

And you took the silver.

JOE

It should've been the gold, but the Nazis liked the idea of a red skin winning on their turf about as much as they'd like to see Eva Braun giving me a blow job.

Billy stifles a laugh.

BILLY

They boxed you in from start to finish. No way you could have won against those kind of tactics.

JOE

There was a moment there...

(For Marshy's ears)

Still, not too bad for a bloody red skin, hey?

Billy takes a look at the US insignia on Joe's uniform.

BILLY

So, how did you end up in the Airborne?

Marshy Navajo code breaker. He's worth more than ten of us to Uncle Sam.

Marshy heats the silver fillings over the gas ignition flame of the flamethrower - they slowly liquefy.

MARSHY

(To Terry)

Sir, there's probably enough here for eight, maybe nine rounds at best.

He pours some of the silver into the mold, waits a moment for it to cool, cracks the excess off and pops out a perfectly formed projectile.

TERRY

We've got the flamethrower and twelve grenades between us.

SHAMUS

Bertha's got half-a-bellyful. After that she'll be blowing nothing but hot air.

JOE

What about the Piat?

PETE

The Piat made it out of the plane, the same can't be said for the shells.

TERRY

Did anybody get a head-count?

PETE

At least eighteen.

SHAMUS

Scratch the two I flambéd.

TERRY

We can't let our guys walk into this meat-grinder and that's exactly what will happen if we don't stop them here.

Marshy knocks the edge of another projectile, pops it out onto his hand, and holds it up for inspection.

MARSHY

Then let's put that myth to the test.

The candle light dances across the projectiles almost flawless reflective surface.

INT. BOMB DAMAGED HOUSE (CELLAR) - NIGHT

The torn, bloody, bodies rise and tumble aside as Toff pushes them off him.

Toff, blood-soaked and filthy, holds the lighter up and scans the cellar for a way out.

His eyes wander over the photograph of the German SS Major and he spits at it. The spit slides down the glass and Toff grins.

At the back of the desk is an ornate LEATHER BOUND BLOOD SPATTERED DIARY with the initials **S K H** ENGRAVED ON THE COVER.

Toff grabs the diary and stuffs it down the front of his tunic.

TOFF

Sieg Heil this, asshole.

He clocks a dead German officer with a **LUGER** IN A HOLSTER ON HIS HIP. He takes the weapon, checks the mag for rounds, and slips it out of sight down the back of his pants.

After a quick search he finds a drainage grate leading down to the sewers, pries it open and squeezes through the tight opening.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

Marshy loads his magazine with five of the silver bullets, places the remaining three in his webbing, clips the mag into place and smacks the bottom of the mag to ensure it's secure.

Joe wanders over to Pete, standing vigilant guard over Kurt.

JOE

Take a break, Sarge. I'll keep an eye on Herr **Goering** for a wee while.

Pete nods his thanks and joins the others watch Marshy perform his magic.

Marshy scrapes some dust and lint off the floor, tosses it out of the window, watches it intently for approximate wind direction and speed and then adjusts his sights accordingly.

He places a small sandbag on the ledge and uses it as a brace to keep the rifle stable.

MARSHY

Now we wait.

He settles into a comfortable firing position with a straight line of sight and enters what the Buddhists would call a Zen state.

INT. BOMBED OUT BUILDING - NIGHT

(POV) The beast moves through the house, its path lit by golden Wolfen vision.

It mounts the stairs to the second level in two almost effortless bounds of its powerful hind legs.

The beast moves from room to room until it finds one where the wall has been blown apart and left gaping.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - NIGHT

Marshy settles his sights on the gaping hole on the second floor and waits.

MARSHY

It is not the killing that defines me, but how I view the kill, with respect and honor...

Two yellow orbs blink open and peer out of the darkness in his direction.

MARSHY (CONT'D)

A perfect split second point, where life and death converge in the same space...

Billy looks to Joe for an answer on Marshy's sublime monologue.

JOE

(Hushed)

He does this.

Marshy's finger squeezes the trigger while he slowly breathes out...

MARSHY

Indivisible in the eyes of God.

The last of his outgoing breath and the pressure on the trigger meet in perfect symbiosis...

The silver bullet explodes from the barrel in super slow motion and spirals toward its target.

EXT. BOMBED OUT BUILDING - NIGHT

The Werewolf staggers out of the shadows with a neat entry hole punched between his eyes.

He lurches toward the blast-hole like some kind of macabre puppet, pitches forward through the hole, and crushes his skull on impact with the ground.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - NIGHT

The men let out a collective breath and watch the body for signs of life.

MARSHY

One myth proven, I reckon.

An infectious smile spreads from man to man.

TERRY

There's still a long way to go
before we're home free. Pete,
Billy, get some sleep. You get the
next watch.

Billy slouches toward the bunk room, already half asleep on his feet and Pete follows.

PETE

(To Joe)

Watch him.

KURT

(Sleep with one eye open,
boy)

Schlaf mit einem offenen Auge ,
Junge.

PETE

And if he opens his trap one more
time, gag him.

Kurt watches Billy and Pete leave the room before turning his attention to the remaining men and the rifle loaded with silver bullets.

EXT. BOMBED OUT BUILDING - NIGHT

The Werewolf leader slides out of the shadows with his eyes locked on the villa.

He crouches down beside the body of the Werewolf Marshy has killed and touches the bullet wound with his fingers.

The skin of his fingers immediately begin to smoke and he jerks them back.

He locks that icy glare back onto the villa as he slides back into the shadows and disappears from sight.

INT. VILLA (BUNK ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Pete enters the room and goes to one of the only cots not covered in dry blood.

Billy enters and throws himself onto a bunk on the opposite side. He pulls out his cigarettes and offers one to Pete, who takes it and lights up.

PETE

Ta.

Both men smoke in silence. Billy thoughtfully watches the glowing red tip of his cigarette burn down.

BILLY

Sarge?

(A beat)

What's the story with the Captain?

(A beat)

He takes a lot of risks.

Pete pulls out Lucky's coin and walks it across the back of his hand.

PETE

This squad's been through hell and high water together. We'd never lost a single man, until this mission.

The penny moves from knuckle to knuckle as it moves back the way it came.

BILLY

And he blames himself? That's just crazy.

Pete takes a look at the door to make sure they are alone.

PETE

He lost his wife and son in a car accident before this mission.

BILLY

Oh shit.

PETE

Oh shit is right. It's got his head all messed up. He thinks it's bad luck dogging him - like he's cursed.

BILLY
What do you think?

Pete flips the penny into the air and catches it against his forearm.

PETE
Call it.

BILLY
Tails.

Pete lifts his hand to reveal the penny, heads up.

PETER
Everybody's luck runs out
eventually, kid.

Pete pinches out the glowing embers and closes his eyes.

Billy stubs out his cigarette and stares up at the ceiling. Something bothers him, but he can't quite identify it.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - NIGHT

Marshy scans the area for another target. His sights fall on the village square and he is hit with a sudden realization.

MARSHY
(Almost to himself)
The half-track.

He turns excitedly to the others.

MARSHY (CONT'D)
The God-damn half-track! It's armor
plated with a dirty great fifty cal
mounted on top like a fucking
cherry.

Terry joins him at the window. The others watch on, curious.

TERRY
Let's suppose we go for it, but
she's a no-go?

MARSHY
We have to try, I mean, anything's
gotta be better than sitting here
with our thumbs up our asses,
right?

Kurt watches them intently.

TERRY

There's a lot of open ground to cover.

SHAMUS

They came through the tunnel beneath the cellar. Why can't we just go out the same way?

Valentino looks at Shamus as though he's grown a second head.

VALENTINO

Am I the only sane voice here? The things with really big teeth are probably still down there.

Shamus picks up Bertha and brandishes her deadly nozzle.

SHAMUS

Then they'll have to talk to Bertha.

JOE

And we've got a handful of grenades between us.

VALENTINO

So why not all go? It makes more sense than splitting us up doesn't it?

MARSHY

If the half-track is a no-go we'll all be caught out in the open.

VALENTINO

This is suicide.

He looks around at the rest of the squad's faces and sees that they are already resigned to their fate.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Pete slouches into the room looking no more rested for the few hours sleep he's had.

PETE

I miss anything?

TERRY

Nothing to write home about.

Marshy hands the rifle with the silver bullets to Terry, digs the three spare rounds from his webbing pouch, and hands them over too.

MARSHY

Wouldn't be wise to keep all our eggs in one basket.

(To Joe)

You up for a bit of a run, you shiftless red bastard?

Terry pockets the spare rounds.

JOE

(Grinning)

Try and keep up with me.

Joe and Marshy take each other's hand in a firm grip, mates to the end.

INT. CELLAR - LATER

Shamus leads Joe and Marshy to the back of the cellar. The casks lay scattered around the floor and the grate lies propped against the wall.

Shamus holds his hand up motioning the others to wait behind him.

He pushes the nozzle of the flamethrower into the manhole and squeezes the trigger.

INT. TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

A wall of fire expands down the tunnel consuming dozens of rats in its path.

Shamus climbs down the ladder and peers into the gloom.

He fires a quick burst in either direction.

SHAMUS

Clear.

Marshy climbs down, followed by Joe.

They move a hundred or so yards down the tunnel.

JOE

Wait up.

They stop under another grate.

(POV) A WEREWOLF rushes toward their backs, but stops and slowly backs away when Shamus turns toward it and Bertha's ignition flame comes into view.

JOE (CONT'D)

This will buy us some time if we have to come back this way in a hurry.

Joe pulls a piece of wire and a grenade from his webbing. He lodges the grenade into a gap in the tunnel wall, twists the wire around the pin, runs it across to the other side, and anchors it.

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay.

Shamus leads them down the tunnel at a steady pace.

Toff, blood-soaked, clocks Shamus, Marshy and Joe from the tunnel he is moving down. He opens his mouth to call out but something further up the tunnel freezes the sound in his throat. He drops back into the shadows.

Marshy pauses; sensing something, he turns and scans the pitch black tunnel behind him.

(POV) The Werewolf pulls further back out of sight.

Marshy shakes it off and hurries after the others.

(POV) The Werewolf keeps its distance as it follows them.

Toff lets the beast pass. It doesn't even register his presence. He lifts his hands and looks at the gore covering his uniform and skin. They can't smell him. He stealthily moves off in the opposite direction.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - NIGHT

Terry leans the rifle loaded with the silver bullets against the Edwardian desk and joins Pete at the window.

Valentino leans against the wall, lights a cigarette, and gazes longingly at the treasures.

Kurt's eyes move to the rifle and he calculates the distance.

INT. VILLA (BUNK ROOM) - NIGHT

Billy's eyes snap open, instantly alert.

He scans the ceiling above him, searching.

It suddenly crystallizes into full blown realization. The floor boards fit perfectly together on the ceiling above him.

BILLY

Shit!

He springs to his feet and charges out of the room.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Kurt lunges toward the rifle.

Billy races out of the bunk room, clocks Kurt moving toward the rifle and narrowly beats him to it.

BILLY

Back off!

He drives the muzzle against Kurt's forehead forcing him back.

VALENTINO

What happened?

Valentino drops his cigarette and fumbles his rifle up to aim at Kurt.

BILLY

Go on, give me an excuse...

Kurt slowly raises his head to look at Billy. His eyes are golden; the eyes of a Werewolf.

PETE

Christ! He's one of them.

Terry and Pete join Billy with their guns trained on Kurt.

TERRY

(To Billy)

How did you know?

BILLY

He told us that he watched Hauptman through a hole in the bunk-room floor. It's really beautiful craftsmanship up there. The boards are beveled and grooved - no gaps - no holes. The only way he could have seen was from down here. He had to have been in the room.

Kurt hesitates and looks at them with contempt.

BILLY (CONT'D)

MOVE!

Kurt slowly moves backward to the wall, his eyes searching for a way out.

TERRY

What in God's name are you?

KURT

Gott hatte nichts, mit ihm zu tun.

Terry glances at Billy "What did he say?"

BILLY

God has nothing to do with it.

Kurt looks at him defiantly, eyes blazing with hatred.

TERRY

If he's one of them why is he hiding in here?

VALENTINO

It.

BILLY

I don't know.

Tears brim in Kurt's eyes and spill down his cheeks and he looks up at Terry.

KURT

Do you have a family, Captain?

The question brings a twang of pain with it.

TERRY

I did, yes.

KURT

Did?

(A beat)

I'm sorry for your loss. I too have a wife and children. Two little girls and a boy.

(To Billy)

My only crime is wanting to see my family again.

TERRY

So why are you still here?

KURT

I am as much a prisoner here as you and your men are.

BILLY

He was hoping we'd take care of his problem for him.

(Indicating the rifle)

I guess he figured he didn't need us anymore. Not if he had the silver bullets in his hands.

VALENTINO

Paws.

BILLY

He knocks off Hauptman...

PETE

Then comes back with the other mutts to wait us out or burn us out. Either way you slice it, they get a hot lunch.

KURT

You're wrong - but none of that matters now. I have come to realize that I would be a threat to those I love.

PETE

Bullshit.

Terry holds up his hand motioning Pete to be silent.

KURT

I can still think and I can still love as a man, but the beast is wild, unpredictable, and it has an unquenchable hunger.

TERRY

Why not just take your own life?

KURT

Believe me I have tried, but the beast also has a powerful will to survive.

PETE

I say we send him out there with his Nazi friends and let them sort it out amongst themselves.

VALENTINO

I'll second that.

TERRY

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't listen to them and cut you loose?

KURT

I can't give you one.

Billy aims at Kurt's head and puts pressure on the trigger.

BILLY

One thing's for sure, if I hadn't got to the rifle first you'd have killed us all. Now, move!

KURT

You will be signing my death warrant.

Kurt reluctantly steps back toward the doors.

PETE

Val, put this mutt out.

Valentino quickly moves toward the door and grabs the locking bar and lifts it out of the cradle.

KURT

You still need me, Captain. I beg of you.

Terry holds his hand up motioning Val to wait.

TERRY

Have you heard the fable of the Frog and the Scorpion?

Kurt shakes his head, no.

TERRY (CONT'D)

A Scorpion asks a Frog to carry him across a river. The Frog hesitates, frightened of being stung, but the Scorpion says that if it did, they'd both drown. Considering this, the Frog agrees, but midway across the river the Scorpion does sting the Frog, dooming them both. When the Frog, on his final breath, asks the Scorpion, why?

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

The Scorpion replied - it's in my nature.

Pete takes the rifle from Billy and Kurt smiles thinly.

KURT

You will still have to face the pack and I can help.

PETE

We don't need your help. We've still got the silver bullets, enough grenades and the flamethrower to do the job, fucko.

KURT

Yes, but half of your firepower is with the others and I can assure you, if they are not already dead - they soon will be.

Pete takes a step closer to Kurt, reinforcing his willingness to pull the trigger.

PETE

I say we kill it right now.

Kurt turns to him with a snarl on his lips.

The room reverberates from a solid bashing on the doors.

They raise their weapons as the doors burst open and a blood-soaked figure bursts through - Toff.

Billy fires a shot that hits the door frame beside Toff's head.

TOFF

Don't shoot.

Billy lowers his weapon.

BILLY

Jesus, Toff.

TOFF

You nearly fucking shot me - asshole.

Kurt slowly backs away and Toff takes a good look at him.

TOFF (CONT'D)

Hey, I know you.

TERRY

What are you talking about?

TOFF

I saw a picture of him in the village, but he was in an SS Major's uniform.

TERRY

Son of a bitch...

Kurt's jaw elongates and fills with razor sharp teeth as he partially transforms.

Toff freaks at the sight of Kurt transforming and dives for the floor.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Kill it.

PETE

With pleasure.

Pete instinctively snaps the rifle to his shoulder, but at the last second, Kurt deflects the barrel...

Pete pulls the trigger - Bam!

The bullet slams harmlessly into the wall, sending an explosion of debris slicing through the air.

Kurt lashes out and knocks the rifle from Pete's hands, sending it sliding across the floor. It comes to rest below the windows.

Terry draws and fires a couple of rounds into Kurt's chest.

Toff crawls back toward the doors in a bid to escape.

Kurt slams Pete back into Terry with a bone-crunching backhand. They are both driven into the far wall and knocked senseless.

Terry tries to stand, but his leg gives way beneath him and he screams in pain. The ligaments on his knee are torn.

Kurt transforms more with every passing second, while Valentino stands before him, frozen.

VALENTINO

It's not meant to happen like this.

BILLY

Val, move.

Valentino throws his rifle at Kurt, now fully transformed and towering above him.

Val raises his rifle, but it is effortlessly batted away.

VALENTINO

Not like this.

(Tears)

I'm just an actor.

Billy pulls his bayonet from his webbing but he can't strike - Valentino is between him and Kurt.

BILLY

Get out of the way.

Kurt lunges, locks his jaw around Valentino's shoulder, and lifts him from the floor.

Billy takes the shot and drives the bayonet up to the hilt between Kurt's ribs.

Kurt howls in pain, but it is not enough to stop him for long.

Terry crawls after the fallen silver bullet loaded rifle, with his injured leg dragging behind him.

Kurt uses Valentino like a sledgehammer, swatting Billy across the room, before hurling Valentino into the opposite wall.

Kurt clocks Terry reaching the rifle, lopes toward the window, and leaps out into the night.

PETE

What the hell was that?

TERRY

The fox was in the hen house.

They all gather at the window and look out into the cold dark night, but Kurt is long gone.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Shamus, Joe and Marshy reach the end of the tunnel.

A hundred feet behind them lies a bend in the tunnel.

Marshy motions the others to wait and crawls out for a better look.

MARSHY

It looks clear, but I don't want to take the risk of getting cut off with nowhere to fall back to.

SHAMUS

I'll cover you from here. If it all goes south I can keep them off you and we go back the way we came.

Bertha's ignition light goes out with a quiet puff.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)

Shit.

He strikes the flint - nothing.

(POV) The Werewolf lopes toward the bend in the tunnel.

Shamus strikes the flint again - nothing.

(POV) The Werewolf picks up speed and reaches the bend.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)

Come on you prissy bitch.

He strikes the flint, the gas ignites, and a short stream of flame blows back down the tunnel.

(POV) The Werewolf screeches to a halt and watches from the bend.

Marshy swings back into the tunnel.

MARSHY

All clear. Let's roll.

They exit the tunnel and scramble up the riverbank.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - NIGHT

Toff drops the bar back into place across the doors and joins the others as they comfort Valentino.

Pete has Valentino seated against the wall while he applies a second field dressing to the bite area.

PETE

How's that?

Billy remains behind Terry, looking unsure about what to do.

VALENTINO

I wanted to move, I just couldn't.
I almost got us all killed.

TERRY

Let it go, Val. How do you feel?

VALENTINO

Like yesterday's leftover roast.

TERRY

It doesn't look that bad.

VALENTINO

Don't bullshit a bullshitter, sir.

Tears slide down Valentino's cheeks. He angrily wipes them away.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)

The old Gypsy lady was right. He
who is bitten by a Werewolf and
lives, becomes a Werewolf himself.

Pete ties off the bandage and backs away to stand beside Billy.

TERRY

We don't know that for sure.

VALENTINO

You heard the Kraut...

A pause. They all know he's right.

BILLY

He said something to me before; not
all are food, some become part of
the pack - don't trust your
friends.

TERRY

He was trying to get into your
head. Who knows what the truth is?

TOFF

I reckon it could be in here.

Toff pulls the diary from his tunic and holds it up for all to see.

BILLY

K H.

TERRY
Kurt Hauptman.

Toff hands the diary to Billy and he flips it open.

BILLY
November twelfth nineteen-forty
two. Our orders have come from the
Fuehrer himself. We are to travel
to Bavaria.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A huge full moon hangs over the forest almost touching the
tree tops and casting eerie shadows.

KURT (V.O.)
There have been reports, wild
stories, of a beast stalking the
peasants.

A painfully thin POLISH PRISONER, 40s, shaking from cold and
fear, stands in the middle of a clearing, wearing a
threadbare pair of trousers, light jacket and a tattered cap.

KURT (V.O.)
We arrived during the morning and
staked out a little live bait. I'm
hoping the wildlife has a taste for
Jew flesh. We waited for nightfall,
but I'm expecting to catch nothing
more than a cold.

The MAN holds his breath straining to listen and backs away
to the limit of the chain, his terror filled eyes dart from
place to place.

The hazy image of a massive charging BEAST is mirrored on his
retina.

KURT (V.O.)
What I and my men saw that night
made believers of us all.

(POV) The Werewolf quickly closes the distance between itself
and the man.

It is almost upon him, when...

...A flurry of snow and leaves erupt as the beast trips a big
game net and it is swept into the air with a deafening roar.

INT. SURGICAL TABLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A surgical table has a straggly, unconscious old man strapped to its surface. A transfusion tube runs from his arm to a blood filled glass container.

SS Major Kurt Hauptman watches from the side with burning intensity.

KURT (V.O.)

Our scientists studied the beast
before bleeding it dry and
separating a strange unknown third
element from its blood.

The old man's eyes flutter. The pulse in his neck ceases to throb. His eyes snap open and stare sightlessly up at the ceiling.

INT. CENTRIFUGE - NIGHT

A spinning centrifuge loaded with blood-filled test tubes.

KURT (V.O.)

The Fuehrer's belief in the occult
was already strong, so when I
informed him of a serum derived
from the blood of a Werewolf...

INT. GERMAN BARRACKS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Hauptman's men line up at the end of their bunks.

KURT (V.O.)

...He immediately ordered it be
used on my elite SS unit. I am
honored by this decision.

Kurt Hauptman enters the barracks with a tray of syringes filled with a luminous gold colored fluid.

KURT (V.O.)

We are about to take the next step
in our evolution. The perfect
soldiers. Part man. Part beast. All
Aryan.

The soldiers roll up their sleeves and hold out their forearms.

KURT (V.O.)
I do this for my father and the
Fuehrer.

Hauptman stops in front of the last man, slides the needle of the syringe into his arterial vein, and pushes the golden serum into his body.

KURT (V.O.)
I do this with an open heart, open
eyes, and an undying love for the
Fatherland.

The man's eyes roll back in his head. When they roll back they are **the** same colour as the serum. The bones in his face crack and bend as he begins morphing into the beast.

The tortured scream that tears from his throat quickly turns into a howl and he drops to all fours.

EXT. BATTLE FIELD - NIGHT

SIX PANZER TANKS, guns thundering, rumble toward a British held village.

KURT (V.O.)
The fools have turned us into
hunting dogs. They are afraid of
us; for good reason.

Twenty Werewolves bound between the tanks and pass them.

The Panzers cease fire.

EXT. BRITISH TRENCHES - NIGHT

SIX PANZER TANKS roll to a halt in front of the trenches.

The hatch clangs open on the lead tank. The Commander climbs halfway out and stares at the brutal aftermath of the attack in awe.

KURT (V.O.)
They were arrogant enough to
believe they could subjugate us.

Dozens of British troops lay torn and bloody in the snow.

The Werewolves appear through the low drifting haze, over the brow of a trench.

They stay low, stalking the tanks. Their intent is obvious - they are still ravenous.

(POV) The White Stripe charges the tank commander.

He moves to get back inside his tank, but he's not fast enough.

The White Stripe slams into him, lifts him bodily out of the hatch, and tears him limb from limb.

KURT (V.O.)

They were wrong.

A second Werewolf races past the carnage, slides inside the hatch, and deals to the rest of the crew.

The tank crews' screams drift across the transition.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - NIGHT

We pull back out from Val's eyes; transformed golden bestial.

VALENTINO

Don't let me become...

Valentino pointedly looks at the rifle in Billy's hands.

Billy looks at Terry, pleading.

BILLY

There's gotta be another way?

Valentino goes into convulsions and repeatedly hammers back into the wall.

VALENTINO

Jesus Christ! My fucking blood's boiling!

Billy is rooted to the spot, tears well up in his eyes. He can't pull the trigger.

Toff quietly backs away.

TERRY

It's okay Billy. I've got this.

Terry takes the rifle from Billy's hands and kneels down beside Valentino.

VALENTINO

Do it, sir.

TERRY

These things could spread like locusts, Val. We need to get a sample back to our guys. Can you fight this long enough for me to do that?

The convulsions suddenly cease and an eerie calmness overcomes him.

VALENTINO

You'd better hurry. I can feel it eating me up from the inside.

TERRY

Billy, I need a needle kit from downstairs. Toff, go with him and cover his ass.

Billy and Toff make a hasty exit and Pete bars the door behind them.

VALENTINO

I can remember things, but they're not my memories...

(A beat)

Hunting on a wide open plain.

PETE

Take it easy, Val. Save your strength.

VALENTINO

Brontosaurus, they're hunting bloody dinosaurs.

Valentino spits a few of his teeth into his hand and grimaces.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

Joe and Marshy dart from the cover of the shadows to the cover of an alley. Ahead of them lies the half-track.

In the background, Shamus scans the area for Werewolves.

JOE

I'll have to make a run for it across open ground.

MARSHY

You mean we, right?

JOE
You'd only slow me down. Just keep
them off me for as long as you can.

Joe and Marshy grasp each other's hand.

MARSHY
Bring home the gold, red man.

JOE
Shit - legs feel like rubber.

Joe sprints toward the half-track.

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

(POV) A Werewolf watches Joe run across the open ground.
It looks down at Marshy covering him and edges closer.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

(POV) A second Werewolf moves through the rubble beside the
river.

Shamus is two hundred feet in front of it and the gap closes
quickly.

EXT. ROOF TOP - CONTINUOUS

(POV) The Werewolf has Marshy firmly fixed in its sights and
moves closer to the edge.

Its paw pushes a little loose snow and debris over the edge.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Loose snow hits Marshy alerting him to danger from above.

MARSHY
(Quietly)
Shit.

He consciously forces himself not to look up.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Joe reaches the half-track, leaps onto it without breaking stride and immediately goes to work opening the hatch - the mechanism is jammed.

JOE
Come on you...

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Werewolf leans out from the roof top.

More debris and snow falls onto Marshy. He prepares to swing around and open fire, but a flash of movement catches his eye in the square.

He sights the White Stripe moving quickly along the low wall toward the half-track.

MARSHY
That's it - stick your head up,
sunshine.

Marshy focuses on the moving target in his sights.

MARSHY (CONT'D)
That's it.

The White Stripe leaves the cover of the wall, leaps on top of it, pushes off and spears toward Joe.

MARSHY (CONT'D)
Lights out.

Marshy pulls the trigger at the instant the Werewolf attacks from above.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Joe spins to face the oncoming danger, reaching for his rifle.

The White Stripe flies through the air toward him, jaws wide open, claws extended, a truly terrifying sight.

The bullet hits it in the head sending it crashing to the ground.

Joe shoots a quick look toward his savior Marshy only to see the other Werewolf ripping him apart.

JOE

NO!

He slams the hatch handle with his boot loosening it, pulls open the hatch, climbs inside, and quickly closes the hatch behind him.

The White Stripe leaps onto the vehicle a second later with a gaping wound across its skull.

INT. HALF-TRACK - MOMENTS LATER

The locking catch turns as the White Stripe attempts to gain entry.

Joe slides his bayonet into a space between the catch and the armor plated body. The catch jams on the blade.

A furious, deafening howl echoes through the vehicle. It violently shakes as the White Stripe vents its rage.

JOE

SUCK MY BIG NAVAJO DICK.

He slumps into the driver's seat.

JOE (CONT'D)

Marshy...

Tears of grief well in his eyes.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Shamus backs toward the sewerage outlet.

He sees the Werewolf ripping Marshy apart, but he doesn't have the range to do anything about it.

SHAMUS

There's only one thing I hate worse than Nazis...

Movement off to the extreme left captures his attention.

Five bulky shapes move through the rubble toward him.

Shamus bides his time and draws them in.

(POV) The lead Werewolf slowly stalks Shamus, seemingly unaware of its proximity, and charges.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)
...And that's Nazi fuckin'
Werewolves.

(POV) Shamus spins toward the beast and sends a wall of liquid fire directly into its face.

The lead Werewolf is engulfed in flame, as are the two directly behind it.

The remaining two Werewolves throw themselves through the window of a house to escape the sting of Bertha's tongue.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - NIGHT

There is a needle buried in Valentino's arterial vein. The barrel fills with blood as Terry draws the plunger back.

TERRY
That's it Val. You've **done** well.

Valentino is mid transition.

VALENTINO
I can feel me slipping away, a room
in the back of my mind, something
else is moving in, something dark.

Terry swaps the syringe for the rifle loaded with silver bullets.

Valentino grabs the muzzle of the rifle with a partially transformed hand and holds it against his forehead.

VALENTINO (CONT'D)
Don't let me become...

Terry squeezes the trigger. The rifle's report echoes across the transition into...

EXT. HALF-TRACK - NIGHT

The shot echoes across the village square.

The **White Stripe** tears at the hatch and the vehicle shakes from the sheer force of it.

INT. HALF-TRACK - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle shakes violently.

Joe presses the ignition button on the console.

JOE
Okay, let's get this show on the
road.

The starter motor turns over, but the engine refuses to catch.

JOE (CONT'D)
Come on...

He presses it again.

JOE (CONT'D)
Come on...

The starter motor turns over, weaker this time.

The engine still refuses to catch.

JOE (CONT'D)
How do you Krauts expect to win a
war if you can't even build an
engine that bloody works?

He pumps the gas ped~~al~~ a couple of times and reaches for the ignition button.

His finger hovers over the button for a moment.

JOE (CONT'D)
Haashch ee Oolt ohi, deity of the
hunt, I ask that you watch over me
until it is my time to cross into
the spirit world.

The shaking stops and a deathly hush follows.

Joe cautiously flips open the driver's viewing port.

He has a restricted view of the foreground...

It looks clear...

He leans closer to get a better look...

The slit instantly fills with snapping jaws and flying saliva.

Joe pulls back out of reach, removes the big knife from the leg sheaf, and splits the Werewolf's snout wide open.

The Werewolf retreats and a howl of pain fills the air.

JOE (CONT'D)
That's for Marshy.

Joe pushes the ignition button and holds it down.

JOE (CONT'D)
Start you bucket of...(shit)

The starter motor turns over sluggishly, dies to almost nothing, then catches and the engine roars into life.

JOE (CONT'D)
YES.

He puts the vehicle into gear and carefully creeps forward.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The half-track rumbles down the street toward Shamus.

SIX WEREWOLVES appear from the shadows between them.

Shamus motions toward the villa before quickly climbing down to the sewerage outlet.

Joe guns the engine and tries to run down a couple of the beasts, but they avoid him with ease.

TWO WEREWOLVES scramble down the river bank and enter the tunnel in pursuit of Shamus.

The remaining four leap onto the half-track.

INT. TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Shamus hurries along the tunnel using the ignition flame of the flamethrower to light his way.

He stops inches away from one of Joe's grenade booby traps, passes beneath it and waits.

The sound of claws on concrete and harsh bestial breathing comes from the gloom.

SHAMUS
That's it boys, keep coming.

Shamus continues along the tunnel as fast as the light and footing will permit.

A moment later the Werewolves appear. They scent the ground where Shamus had stood.

The lead Werewolf trips the booby trap.

The pin flies free from the grenade.

The lead Werewolves scrambles past the booby trap.

The second is caught by the full brunt of the blast and blown apart.

The remaining beast picks itself up, shakes it off, and continues on.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

The half-track turns into the street at speed, smashing the corner off a building.

The four Werewolves tear at the hatch, driver's viewing port, anything that may get them inside.

One of them tries to take a bite out of the front tire. The half-track rolls right over its head, driving it into the mud.

The Werewolf pulls itself free of the quagmire and races after the vehicle again.

INT. HALF-TRACK - CONTINUOUS

Joe can see the end of the villa through the driver's viewing port.

JOE
Anybody call for a taxi?

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Shamus reaches the second grenade booby trap and carefully passes beneath it.

He takes two more grenades from his webbing pouch, checks them, and replaces them in an easier to reach position.

Behind him, a ladder leads up to an open manhole. The light of the full moon shines through, creating a soft spotlight effect.

The Werewolf appears out of the gloom and moves toward the wire.

SHAMUS

Come on you flea ridden bastard.

Shamus moves backward, leading it deeper into the trap.

He casually lights the ignition flame of the flamethrower, but keeps the nozzle out of sight beside his leg.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)

Come and get it. One hundred percent prime Irish stock.

The Werewolf almost reaches the wire and pauses achingly close.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)

What are you fuckin' waiting for?

The Werewolf crouches low and passes beneath the wire.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)

Sure, you're a smart fucker, I'll give you that.

Shamus backs toward the ladder below the manhole.

He waits until the Werewolf has no chance of escape, aims the nozzle at it and squeezes the trigger.

The ignition gas runs out. He tries it again, nothing happens.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)

Just like a fuckin' woman, all hot air and no substance.

The Werewolf advances, tasting victory.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)

As me old dad used to be fond of saying...

Shamus backs up and slowly removes the grenades from his webbing.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)

Particularly after a few ales at his local...

He slides the index finger of each hand through the pins and removes them as he enters the shaft of moonlight.

A low, menacing growl comes from the darkness behind him.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)

We're put on this earth for a good
time...

Shamus lowers his hands to his sides, positioning the
grenades beside the flamethrower's fuel tank.

SHAMUS (CONT'D)

Not a long time.

The Werewolves simultaneously attack.

Shamus releases the pins and they slowly spin across the
moonlit opening.

The Werewolves tear into him in a feeding frenzy and rip him
apart.

EXT. VILLA - DAWN

The half-track, covered in Werewolves, races toward the villa
gates.

A massive explosion tears a hole in the street.

The half-track is thrown into the air and comes crashing down
on its side.

The four Werewolves hit the ground hard, but immediately get
back up.

Billy, Pete and Terry watch helplessly from the second floor
windows of the villa.

INT. HALF-TRACK - MOMENTS LATER

Smoke fills the interior.

Joe, bruised and bleeding, removes the bayonet from the hatch
lock, opens it and crawls out with his knife in hand.

EXT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

Joe exits the half-track and rolls through the mud, still
disoriented from the blast.

A Werewolf hurtles toward him but goes down hard and slides
to a stop at his feet - the report from the rifle follows a
microsecond later.

Terry is at the window with the rifle containing the silver bullets. He aims and fires once more, killing a second beast.

Billy and Pete fire standard rounds, hitting everything they aim for, but it does no good, the beasts are up again in an instant.

BILLY

Joe! Get out of there.

Joe raises the knife, a warrior ready for battle.

JOE

It's time to show you my dance,
Haashgh ee Oolt ohi.

Terry fires at and misses another of the Werewolves as it passes close behind Joe.

Eight Werewolves emerge from the shadows and form a line between Joe and the villa.

Joe rips off his tunic and turns to face them.

One of the Werewolves charges...

Terry shoots...

The firing pin falls on an empty chamber.

A FIERCE HOWL from the village causes the charging Werewolf to abort its attack at the last moment.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - MOMENTS LATER

Pete, Terry and Billy watch helplessly.

PETE

What the hell are they waiting for?

Terry looks past the burning vehicle toward the village.

The first rays of the sun peek over the roof tops.

TERRY

Hauptman.

Kurt Hauptman emerges in human form from the shadows and lopez toward Joe. Its face is already healing from the injuries inflicted by his knife.

EXT. VILLA - CONTINUOUS

The pack move back and make way for Hauptman.

JOE
I'm prepared for the final journey,
Wendigo.

Joe fearlessly turns to face the White Stripe.

JOE (CONT'D)
Are you?

Hauptman lunges and retreats, playing with his prey.

Joe lunges forward with a furious bellow, the knife raised high. He strikes and narrowly misses.

Hauptman counterattacks with incredible speed.

Joe steps into the attack and buries the knife up to the hilt in his shoulder.

Hauptman barely blinks as he pulls the blade free, drops in behind Joe, and locks him up in a vice like grip.

HAUPTMAN
It's such a shame that your blood
is impure. A warrior such as you
would have been a great asset to
the pack.

JOE
I'm more than happy to disappoint
you.

KURT
Still, red meat is supposed to be
good for the diet.

Hauptman keeps his grip on Joe as he morphs into the beast and his claws rip into his flesh

JOE
We will meet again in the spirit
world, Wendigo.

The beast tears Joe's head from his neck, tosses the body to the slathering pack and looks into the blinking eyes for a long moment, before hurling it into the shadows.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - CONTINUOUS

Terry carefully loads the last six rounds into his hand gun, while Billy finishes strapping a pair of splints to his injured leg.

PETE
Ammunition check.

TERRY
I've got six rounds for the Colt
and three for the M1.

PETE
I've got four for the Lee.

Billy picks his rifle up by the muzzle and swings it through the air.

BILLY
I've got a pretty good club.

Toff pulls the Luger from beneath his tunic.

TOFF
A full clip.

TERRY
Hauptman knows that we've lost the
flamethrower and the grenades. The
only thing keeping them from
storming us right now is the silver
bullets.

Terry slides the clip into the Colt, holsters it and painfully hobbles over to the window.

TERRY (CONT'D)
It'll be daylight in a few hours
and there's a storm moving in.

Terry scans the distant buildings.

PETE
So, the question is: do we stay
here and starve to death or do we
take our chances out there with
them?

TERRY
We wouldn't make it to the bridge
before they were all over us.

TOFF
They were crawling all over the
sewer tunnels.

BILLY
(Quietly)
The bridge...

Billy sits up with a start.

BILLY (CONT'D)
God damn it! The explosives are
still sitting where we left them on
the bridge.

PETE
Lot of good that does us in here.

The wind picks up and snow begins to fall.

Billy and Pete join Terry at the window.

BILLY
I'd have a good chance of reaching
the bridge if I stay down wind,
under the cover of the storm.

TOFF
I'll go with you and cover your
back.

Billy is taken aback by this change of heart from Toff.

TOFF (CONT'D)
I was wrong about you, okay? You're
a feisty little prick.

BILLY
Thanks Toff, but I'd move faster on
my own and draw less attention.

Toff gets it and nods his head.

PETE
It's worth a shot.

BILLY
It's our only shot.

TERRY
Alright, but *if* you get the chance,
if you can't make it back, *you* head
toward our lines.

Terry hands the syringe full of golden Werewolf serum to Billy.

TERRY (CONT'D)
You warn them - okay?

BILLY
You've got it, sir.

Billy slips the syringe into the top pocket of his tunic and buttons it.

Through the window, the village has all but disappeared behind a thick blanket of wind driven snow.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Snow drifts along the empty streets lowering the visibility to a few feet at best.

EXT. BRIDGE TOP - DAY

The snow and ice drape over the bridge like a shroud.

Snow flurries move on the wind and create threatening shapes.

Billy keeps to the riverbank and runs, staying low.

A small avalanche of snow cascades down the slope.

A fierce howl cuts through the fog. It sounds close - too close.

BILLY
(Under his breath)
Christ...

Billy dives to the ground and remains motionless.

A long moment passes and Billy crawls the rest of the way to the bridge, to the spot where he left the explosives, now buried under a snow drift.

Billy frantically digs through the snow.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Come on. Where is it?

The howl comes again - almost upon him.

Billy slides beneath the railing and climbs down to the support beam.

A Werewolf appears through the storm.

It sticks its head over the edge of the bridge and scents the air.

Billy is barely two feet below the beast.

The steam from his breath is caught on the wind and pushed away from its snout.

Saliva drips onto Billy's face from the slathering jaws.

Billy holds his breath and remains absolutely still.

The Werewolf pulls back and moves on.

Billy waits for a long moment before climbing back up.

EXT. VILLAGE (SHED) - DAY

Billy crawls through the snow dragging both of the ammunition boxes with him.

He passes a shed with its doors ajar.

A howl echoes around the village.

Snow crunches under paw.

Billy quickly crawls into the shed and quietly closes the door behind him.

INT. VILLAGE (SHED) - DAY

Billy scans the shed.

It is empty except for a large tarpaulin-covered object.

He lifts the corner of the tarpaulin, and grins at his discovery.

EXT. VILLAGE (SHED) - MOMENTS LATER

A Werewolf scents its way up to the shed doors and sniffs the ground.

A roar comes from within.

The Werewolf rears onto its hind legs and rips the doors from their hinges.

It is instantly lit up in a stark white light and met with a thunderous roar.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - DAY

Pete sits on the window ledge staring out into the waning storm.

PETE
Come on, kid.

Toff is huddled in a corner with his arms wrapped around his legs to keep warm.

Terry sits on the floor and trails his fingers lovingly over the photograph of his family.

He hangs the photograph from a protruding nail on the wall. His fingers trail lovingly across the image of his wife and son.

TERRY
(To himself)
Keep going, Billy.

The sound of a high revving engine reaches them through the storm.

PETE
Hear that?

They move along the windows to get a better look.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Billy, wearing goggles, tears along the street on a German dispatch rider's motorcycle with two panniers full of explosives.

Behind him, four Werewolves race out of a darkened building.

Billy clears the buildings, slews across an ice patch, almost loses control, and races toward the villa.

The Werewolves lose ground on the ice and fall behind.

Billy nears the courtyard wall, still fighting to control the bike.

A Werewolf reaches the gates before Billy, and he has to change plans on the fly.

The pursuing Werewolves quickly close the distance.

Billy steers toward a bomb crater nearest the wall, guns the throttle, and uses the piled earth as a launch ramp.

Bike and rider soar through the air and scrape snow off the top of the wall as they barely clear it.

EXT. VILLA (COURTYARD) - CONTINUOUS

Billy lands the bike heavily, lays it down on its side, and slides to a jarring halt against the side of the villa.

He grabs the panniers from the bike, scrambles inside, slamming the doors shut just as two Werewolves slam into them.

INT. VILLA (ART ROOM) - DAY

Pete and Terry help Billy with the panniers as he climbs through the doors.

BILLY
(Laughing)
That was fucking great.

Pete slams the doors and drops the bar back in place.

PETE
You're as mad as a cut snake, mate.
But you have no idea how glad I am
to see you.

BILLY
Then this should really brighten
your day.

He places the panniers on the desk and opens them. They are filled with high explosives and fuses.

TERRY
It looks like we're back in
business.

PETE
Reckon this oughta be enough to do
the trick.

TERRY
Did you write off the bike?

BILLY

Bent it a bit, but it should still run. What are you thinking?

Terry picks up a stick of dynamite and inserts a fuse into it.

TERRY

I'll string a little bait to the bike, use a little of the explosives to get their attention, and lead them into the fuel dump.

PETE

Where we'll have the rest of the explosives wired to the fuel drums.

TERRY

Toff, you'll hide above the bunker doors. They pass through and you'll lock them in.

PETE

We detonate the lot and send them all to the sweet bye bye.

TERRY

It's the best I can come up with at short notice.

TOFF

Sounds pretty good to me.

BILLY

What's my role, sir?

TERRY

Rig the bunker and be ready for my arrival.

Terry takes a couple of steps and nearly collapses. Pete catches him before he can fall and steadies him.

PETE

How are you going to handle the bike with your leg twisted up like that?

TERRY

Once I'm on it I'll be fine. The alternative is that one or more of you will have to carry me and we both know that will get us all killed.

Pete digs Lucky's penny out of his pocket.

PETE
We toss for it. Fair enough?

TERRY
Pete...

PETE
Heads I go, tails you.

He flicks the penny high into the air. It spins toward the ceiling, reaches the pinnacle of its arc, and falls back toward his hand.

Terry's hand snaps out and catches the coin on the fly.

TERRY
You didn't think I knew about
Lucky's double headed coin, Pete?

He flicks the coin to Billy - *it* is a DOUBLE HEADED COIN.

TERRY (CONT'D)
We make our own luck, Billy.
(Quietly to Pete)
Everything I was over here fighting
for is gone. There is no "back
home" for me anymore.
(A beat)
Get Toff, Billy and yourself back
to our lines. Make sure they know
what happened here.

Pete reluctantly nods his head.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Alright, I need about twenty feet
of rope.

He hobbles over to the treasure trove to look for some with Pete at his side.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The face of the German soldier with Marshy's silver bullet lodged in his brain, stares blankly...

A noose is tied securely around his neck...

The roar of a high-power engine fills the air...

The rope snaps taught...

The German soldier is yanked violently from his prone position and dragged through the snow.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Terry rides the motorcycle through the village square with the torn and bloody corpse of the German soldier behind him and pulls up on the far side with the engine idling.

TERRY
ALRIGHT YOU LAZY FUCKERS!

He pulls a stick of dynamite from the pannier and lights the fuse from the glowing cigarette tip.

TERRY (CONT'D)
HANDS OFF COCKS AND ON WITH SOCKS!

He throws the dynamite into the center of the square...

...WHOOMP!

A cloud of snow and debris are thrown into the air.

A DOZEN WEREWOLVES slowly appear in the doorways and windows of the buildings.

Hauptman lops into the street behind Terry and howls.

The rest of the pack take up the call and howl with him.

Terry hurls a stick of dynamite at Hauptman who morphs into the beast as he dives away from the explosive.

INT. FUEL DUMP - DAY

The sound of the explosion echoes throughout the chamber.

Toff stands guard at the doors while Billy and Pete rig the explosives throughout the fuel drums and run the detonator wires up through the ventilation shaft.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DAY

Terry slides around the corner barely in control of the bike.

The German soldier's corpse whips into the building with a sickening squelch.

The pack race around the corner close behind him...

Terry tosses a stick of dynamite...

The explosion goes off behind the pack, just missing them.

(POV) A Werewolf closes on Terry from the rooftops.

EXT. FUEL DUMP - DAY

Billy and Toff spool out the detonator wires toward a stone wall over two hundred feet away.

The sound of the approaching motorcycle and another explosion spurs them on.

Billy climbs up the fuel drums stacked on top of each other with the wire in hand and climbs up through the air vent using a rope.

Pete follows him up.

EXT. FUEL DUMP - DAY

Terry passes the last of the building and labors toward the entrance of the fuel dump...

A Werewolf on the rooftop leaps toward Terry.

The German soldier's body breaks apart and slips through the noose.

The bike surges forward with the loss of drag.

The Werewolf misses by a few feet and slams into another Werewolf. Both beasts hit the building on the opposite side of the street and the wall collapses on top of them.

One is left pinned while the other beast regains its feet and charges on.

The packs' blood lust is piqued - nothing will stop them now.

Terry hits the down ramp and enters the fuel dump at speed.

INT. FUEL DUMP - CONTINUOUS

Terry flies into the chamber, locks up the brakes, lays the bike down on its side, and slides to the base of the fuel drums stacked almost to the ceiling.

Directly above is the ventilation shaft leading to the surface and the rope dangling above the barrels.

Terry slides on his butt until his back is against the fuel drums, draws his weapon, and awaits his end.

PETE (O.C.)
You're wrong.

Pete hits the ground behind Terry with a thud, startling him.

PETE (CONT'D)
You've still got a family and we're not leaving you to die alone.

Pete offers Terry his hand.

TERRY
Leave me, God damn you.

PETE
You don't climb, we both die. Make your choice.

Terry takes Pete's hand and gets to his feet. Pete hauls him up the barrels and lifts him toward the ventilation shaft.

PETE (CONT'D)
Grab that bloody rope and climb like a bastard, because I'm gonna be right up your arse.

Terry grabs the rope on the first try and climbs hand over hand.

He climbs with every ounce of strength he has left.

PETE (CONT'D)
That's it, climb. Life's up there.

The pack, snarling and howling in fury, pour into the chamber and charge straight toward them.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DAY

Kurt Hauptman, in human form, rises from beneath the rubble of the wall, shakes off the brick dust, and lopes after the pack.

EXT. FUEL DUMP - CONTINUOUS

Toff drops down from his place of concealment above the doors, closes them and slides the locking mechanism home.

TOFF
Dumb mutts.

He races up the ramp and disappears from sight.

INT. FUEL DUMP - DAY

Pete reaches for the rope but misses as it swings past his reach.

It swings back and he gets one hand on it.

The first Werewolf slams into the fuel drums knocking them askew.

 PETE
Son-of-a...

Terry glances down and sees that Pete is in trouble.

 TERRY
Pete.

Pete locks eyes with Terry. He knows it's too late.

 PETE
It's up to you now. Get them home.

The rest of the pack hit the base of the drums and topple them.

 TERRY
No...

Pete falls amongst the pack and they are on him in an instant.

Terry climbs higher and disappears into the ventilation shaft.

EXT. FUEL DUMP (VENTILATION SHAFT) - CONTINUOUS

Billy and Toff pull Terry out of the shaft and Billy goes back to look for Pete.

 BILLY
Sarge?!

 TERRY
He's gone.

They help Terry toward the stone wall, scramble over, and hit the ground in a heap.

EXT. FUEL DUMP - DAY

Kurt Hauptman cautiously approaches the closed doors.

He scents the air apprehensively and stops, sensing that something is awry.

EXT. STONE WALL - DAY

Terry takes the detonator handle while Billy and Toff watch the fuel dump.

TERRY

Burn, you sons of bitches.

He twists the handle without further hesitation.

INT. FUEL DUMP - DAY

The Werewolves rip Pete's corpse apart.

One of them looks up, sensing danger, jaws full of dripping meat.

The charges detonate.

The explosion fills the chamber, engulfing the Werewolves in a hellish fireball.

EXT. FUEL DUMP - CONTINUOUS

The doors explode outward slamming into Hauptman and burying him beneath them.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Terry is propped between Toff and Billy, exhausted. They stumble through the quiet smoke-filled square.

Toff hangs back slightly from the other two. His mind is racing over the dark future he now faces.

BILLY

We did it - didn't we?

TERRY

Yeah, Billy, we did it.

Billy reaches into his tunic pocket and pulls out Terry's family photograph, the telegraph, and the serum filled syringe.

BILLY

Then I guess you'll need this back.

TERRY

(Smiles)

Reckon I will. Thanks.

Terry pockets it all in his tunic.

The three of them continue on toward the bridge.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Terry, Billy and Toff reach the beginning of the bridge.

TERRY

The 101st will be here soon. We could hole up here and wait for them.

BILLY

Or we could put a whole lot of distance between us and this place.

TERRY

I hear that.

TOFF

Me too.

A low belly growl comes from somewhere very close by.

Toff draws the Luger and looks for the beast.

TOFF (CONT'D)

Oh shit, did you hear... (that?)

The White Stripe Werewolf, fur singed and smoking, leaps across the bridge's stone wall.

TOFF (CONT'D)

Fuck...(me)

It locks its jaws around Toff's throat and rips his head off in a spray of blood and gore.

Toff's body convulses and his finger tightens on the Luger's trigger.

The Luger discharges a round that hits Terry in the right side of his chest puncturing a lung and exiting out of his back.

BILLY

TERRY!

Terry falls back against the rail, gasping for breath.

TERRY

Billy, run...

Billy backs away, waving his arms to get the Werewolf's attention.

BILLY

Hey!

The Werewolf studies Terry and gauges that he is no threat in his current condition.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Come on.

The Werewolf stalks Billy with saliva dripping from its powerful jaws.

Terry slowly, painfully, pulls himself up to a sitting position and slumps against the bridge railing.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You don't scare me, you big ugly son of a bitch.

TERRY

(Gasping)

No...

Billy backs away from the approaching Werewolf. He pulls a stick of DYNAMITE from his back pocket and fumbles for a lighter.

BILLY

Come on.

Terry tries to stand, but he has no strength left.

TERRY

Not the kid.

Terry wraps his hand around his sidearm, brings it up to aim, and fires - Boom!

The bullet hits the Werewolf in the hind leg and it barely flinches.

He drops the sidearm, removes the syringe from his tunic pocket and flicks the cover from the needle.

TERRY (CONT'D)

If you want a fight...

He drives the needle directly into his heart and depresses the plunger.

The golden serum disappears through the needle and Terry rips it from his chest.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Let's see you pick on someone your own size.

Terry's eyes roll over in his head, and he snarls. The metamorphosis happens very quickly.

The **White Stripe** Werewolf turns its attention back to Terry and snarls.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Billy...

Terry stands, morphing as he moves, almost all Werewolf now.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Run!

BILLY

I'll never forget you.

Billy seizes the opportunity and runs for his life.

Terry, now all Werewolf, hurtles forward like a freight train.

The **White Stripe** Werewolf leaps with a roar of fury.

They come together in a clash of teeth and claws in a monumental battle of sheer fury.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The full moon has reached its peak in the night sky.

Billy races through the forest, exhausted, but too scared to stop or even look back.

The big crow lands on the high branches of a tree above him and Billy is reflected in its bottomless black eyes.

A howl rips the still night apart and Billy picks up the pace.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The two Werewolves tear at each other's flesh, claws rake bloody channels through fur, blood splashes across the pristine white snow.

There is so much blood matting their fur that neither beast can be identified.

Hauptman, in human form, is on his back with horrific wounds covering his body. He tries to crawl away, but is too weak.

Terry, in Werewolf form, moves in above him, jaws dripping bloody saliva.

KURT

You have won nothing. This doesn't end with my death.

Terry opens his jaws wide and every muscle tenses.

KURT (CONT'D)

You are only just becoming. Soon you will be nothing but a distant memory; host to the true master.

Kurt bears bloody teeth and laughs in the face of his imminent death.

KURT (CONT'D)

Our race will... (survive)

Terry drives down, rips open Kurt's chest, tears out his heart, and consumes it.

He raises his head to the moon. A howl rips from his chest.

A tear spills from one of his golden eyes.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: "BATTLE NOT WITH MONSTERS LEST YE BECOME A

MONSTER AND IF YOU GAZE INTO THE ABYSS THE ABYSS GAZES

INTO YOU" ~ FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

INT. NAZI LAB - DAY

DOCTOR JOSEF MENGELE, 40s, wearing a white lab coat gazes into a glass fronted refrigerator, lost in thought. The blue light from its interior splashes across his face lighting up his eyes.

NURSE (O.C.)
Herr doctor...?

He is lost in his own thoughts and fails to hear her.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Doctor Mengele?

DOCTOR MENGELE
Yes?

NURSE (O.C.)
The men are ready.

Mengele slides open the refrigerator, removes a bottle filled with golden serum, and turns to face two dozen elite German storm troopers.

DOCTOR MENGELE
You men are the pride of your country. True Aryans; each and every one of you. You are the best of us. You are the future.
(A beat)
Let us begin.

He drives a needle into the rubber diaphragm and draws the serum into the syringe.

FADE OUT.