

SOUVENIRS

For 48 Hours Hell's Address Was Aachen, Germany

A Psychological Drama of the Horror of World War Two

Crafted from interviews with Combat Veterans from Belgium, Germany and the USA.

Logline:

On the front line in 1944 Germany, a squad of honorable, but superstitious, American Soldiers believe their obsession for Nazi Souvenirs is key to their survival in the most dire of situations.

Description:

In 1944 Germany, an exhausted American squad on the front line, struggles to retain a sense of humanity; while fighting enemy machine guns and tanks, clamoring through ruins and mine fields, facing bayonets, rain, exhaustion, fog, artillery, cold and hunger. Terminally undermanned, they follow orders to advance without adequate resupply. Once they begin removing souvenirs from dead enemy soldiers and POWs they find themselves inexplicably lucky and apparently invincible. Their actions, at first taken out of curiosity, become a superstitious habit. When their fellow soldiers die as they refuse to collect souvenirs, the practice takes on a near religious quality for them. When a superior would rather they die, than expose his cowardice they face treachery their newfound luck may not be powerful enough to overcome. Ordered first into battle, then to remain the rear guard on withdrawal their situation is atrocious. Hell is the front line.

From the Novel by: Keith C. Chase

Writer of historically accurate fiction.

Adapted for the screen by: Michael J. Caputo
in collaboration with Keith C. Chase

Talent:

Greg Jackson
Jason Stuart
William Bloomfield
Delno Ebie
Chad Anderson
Scott Bailey
Johanna Taylor

Contact

Michael J. Caputo
PO Box 131
Athol, MA 01331
877-366-2935
617-674-4367
michael@thepromomaster.com

Disclaimer

The makers of Souvenirs deplore Nazism, Fascism and dictatorial rule in all its forms. We acknowledge that most of the men who fought the war, on both sides, were honorable men thrust into the worst conditions, often requiring unthinkable action in order to survive.

Treatment Excerpt 43

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Grant's squad stands in front of the collapsed building. The facade is gone. The road is impassible due to a collection of twisted furniture, doors, bodies, helmets and parts of the stone building and houses across the street. "What a mess." says Mudpie. "More men were in there than I ever considered," says Grant. Stanford spies a closed door on the first floor of the building and points to it. The group clambers over the rubble to the door. The men reload or check the ammo as they go. Reaching the door Grant motions to Mudpie to kick in the door. The others have their rifles trained on it. Mudpie draws back his foot, and indicates he will hit it on "three." On "Two," there is the sound of glass in the next room followed by a heavy footstep. Mudpie fades from the door. Organ music fills the air. Bewildered, Grant and his men briefly confer. Mudpie kicks the door open. On the other side SS OFFICER #1 is standing, arms at his side, uniform well bloodied his face ghoulishly white. "American Bastarden. I die." The Nazi falls face first just short of Mudpie. The men lower their weapons. Mac pushes past them and shoots the Gramophone playing Bach. Unsatisfied he knocks it to the floor and smashes it repeatedly with the butt of his rifle until Grant stops him. Turning to his men Grant finds Stewart watching the door, the rest encircling the SS Officer's corpse like a ring of vultures. Custen reaches in, takes the ribbon bar and pulls it off, handing it to Bates. The picking begun they descend on the corpse, each pulling their souvenir. Stewart leaves his post at the door. "Lemme at him," he snarls. The group turns with a start towards a low guttural grunt. It is Grant squatting, cradling a pistol as if it were a baby. "Are we done here?" Grant asks. The men appear satisfied. "Like Thanksgiving Dinner," says Mac.