

PAPERCLIP

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. WINDOWLESS OFFICE - NIGHT

A single desk lamp illuminates black and white photographs on a large, wooden table. An American flag hangs from a pole in the corner.

The top image is of an over-sized tank with an enormous turret. A swastika is painted on the hull.

COLONEL BERNARD WILLIAMSON (50), a grizzled veteran with a sharp crew cut, leans over the table across from a SUITED MAN (43).

SUITED MAN

When can we proceed with the operation?

Colonel Williamson places another picture down on the table. It is of a rocket-propelled aircraft.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON

Our forces will encroach on Berlin in a matter of months.

He sets down an image of a cylindrical particle accelerator.

The suited man removes a handkerchief from his jacket pocket and dabs his brow.

SUITED MAN

I'll see what I can do about the funds.

The suited man gathers up the photographs and walks to the door.

SUITED MAN (CONT'D)

In the mean time, begin gathering your personnel.

He exits the room and shuts the door behind him.

EXT. SNOWY FOREST - NIGHT

Snow falls on a vast pine forest. A spine of mountains impales the northern sky.

BOOM! An explosion shakes snow from the trees.

"BATTLE OF THE BULGE - JANUARY 1945"

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! Muzzle flashes from an M1919 Browning machine gun illuminate a foxhole.

FOXHOLE

CORPORAL BUCK MADISON (25) looks over the M1919 and scans the battlefield. He shifts a large wad of chew in his mouth. A silhouette scampers for the treeline.

Madison spits out a stream of tobacco juice and jerks the gun to the right.

POP! POP! POP! The silhouette collapses.

He takes cover and looks down at his ammo sleeve. Gunfire resounds.

MADISON

I'm dry, I need another box!

DANIEL CONNER (25), a United States Army Private First Class, swings his M1 Carbine over his shoulder and slides down the edge of the foxhole.

He digs through an ammo satchel and removes the final ammo box. He crawls up next to Madison.

CONNER

This is it, Buck.

Conner hands him the ammunition.

BOOM! A nearby mortar blast shakes the ground. Gunfire echoes in the distance.

CONNER (CONT'D)

I gotta get more. I'll be back real quick.

Madison nods his head. He takes off his helmet and wipes his forehead. His short, blonde flat-top is drenched with sweat. He replaces the helmet. He brushes snow from his shoulders.

MADISON

I know you will.

Conner rolls over to the opposite edge of the foxhole.

MADISON (CONT'D)

I'll cover you!

Madison unloads a few rounds of suppressive fire into the treeline as Conner gets up and sprints away.

MADISON (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 I better make it back to  
 California, god damnit.

Snow falls and lands on his face. He rubs snowflakes from his nose.

MADISON (CONT'D)  
 I fuckin' hate Germany!

He yells and unloads into the treeline.

ALLIED FORWARD COMMAND

Conner runs with his M1 behind foxhole after foxhole of Allied soldiers. He carries the empty ammo satchel on his back. Bullets whiz overhead.

LIEUTENANT JACK STEVENS (34), a tall, weathered man with a 5-o'clock shadow, steps out from an entrenched tent. A Thompson machine gun hangs over his shoulder.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
 Conner!

Lieutenant Stevens waves him over.

CONNER  
 Yes, sir!

Conner runs toward Lieutenant Stevens.

CORPORAL RANDY WATTSON (28), a tall, muscular black man, lays down suppressive fire near Lieutenant Stevens with his BAR machine gun.

CLICK! CLICK!

WATTSON  
 Damnit! Already?!

Wattson slouches down in cover with his back against the dirt. He reaches into his breast pocket then frantically searches his whole body.

Wattson sighs in relief as he pulls out a pack of cigarettes from his pants. He removes one and places it in his mouth beneath his thick handlebar moustache.

He lights the cigarette and casually pops a new magazine into his gun. He spins around and continues to fire.

Conner crouches beside Lieutenant Stevens.

CONNER

Sir!

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

How are you and Corporal Madison holding up?

CONNER

Nazis filtering our way. We need more ammo, bad.

BOOM! A mortar shell explodes nearby.

WATTSON

Jesus!

Wattson readjusts his helmet and resumes his suppressive fire.

Lieutenant Stevens marches over to a stockpile of ammunition. Conner follows close behind. He grabs four boxes and shoves it into his satchel.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Make 'em count, soldier.

CONNER

Yes, sir!

Lieutenant Stevens pats him on his shoulder.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Stay low! Go!

Conner hoists the satchel over his shoulder and runs off through the snow. The rattle of machine gun fire increases.

FLANK

Conner rushes past more entrenched soldiers. He crouches against a tree and peeks around the trunk.

Two NAZI SOLDIERS pop out of a foxhole.

Conner leans out from cover and unleashes a volley of bullets. The Nazi Soldiers howl as they fall to the snow.

BOOM! Another mortar lands near a foxhole. U.S. Soldiers scramble away from the blast.

THWACK! A shot narrowly misses Conner and smacks into the nearby tree. Conner rolls away down a hill.

He picks himself up and brushes off the snow. He adjusts his helmet and continues down the flank.

FOXHOLE

Madison fires into the forest. He peers out over his gun.

A large group of Nazi Soldiers coalesces near the treeline.

MADISON

Shit.

He glances over his shoulder and sees Conner in full sprint. Madison turns back and sprays the last of his ammo at the enemy force.

FLANK

Conner runs through the snow as Madison unloads the M1919.

A high-pitched squeal faintly sounds. Conner approaches the foxhole and stops.

The sound crescendos. Madison looks at Conner.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Get d--!!

BOOM! A mortar shell lands in the foxhole and blows Madison's body apart.

Conner is knocked off of his feet. His hearing fades and his vision goes white.

He gets up and staggers around. He strains his eyes as a blurred image appears in the trees.

DISEMBODIED VOICE

(German accent)

Conner.

Conner looks up. He sees the silhouette of a man beckoning him toward a distant object. He can't make out the contraption.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (CONT'D)

(German accent)

Stop him, Conner!

Conner reaches out to the blurry figure. Moonlight flares off of the figure's glasses.

THUD! Conner stumbles backward, eyes wide and mouth agape. He looks down as blood seeps through his uniform.

Nazi soldiers appear through the trees.

THUD! Another bullet tears into him. Conner collapses to the ground.

INT. INFIRMARY TENT - NIGHT

CONNER opens his eyes as he's being carried into a tent. Four medical personnel surround his stretcher. A MEDIC (29) walks alongside Conner.

MEDIC

...Appears to have a concussion.  
Gunshot wounds to the chest and  
right arm...

Conner's head flops to the side. Rows of limbless and wounded soldiers pass through his vision.

MEDIC (CONT'D)

Extraction required on limb.

Conner's vision blurs and he passes out.

Conner snaps his eyes open as he screams in pain. The Medic stands over him and digs forceps into his arm.

MEDIC (CONT'D)

Morphine him, now!

Another medical personnel slips a large needle into Conner's arm. Conner's eyes dart between the two medics. His eyes roll back into his head as he loses consciousness.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - DAY

Rows of beds filled with wounded soldiers line the walls.

ROSE-MARIE POTPOURRI (26), a beautiful, brown-eyed nurse, walks in. She carries a clipboard and heads over to CONNER's bed. Her soft, brown hair falls in front of her gentle face.

Conner sits up and stares at her.

ROSE-MARIE

I see you're finally awake. How's  
your arm doing? Do you need any  
water?

She replaces the charts at the foot of his bed.

CONNER

Fine, thank you. And, yes.  
Please.

Conner tugs at her sleeve.

CONNER (CONT'D)

Um, would you mind putting this in  
the mail?

Conner holds out a letter. Rose-Marie takes it.

ROSE-MARIE

Writing to your mother again?

CONNER

Yeah, my father passed shortly  
after I was drafted. It's been  
hard for her.

Rose-Marie smiles.

ROSE-MARIE

Sure thing, honey. Your mother  
must be proud. I need to do a  
checkup when I come back, okay?

She smiles and walks out of the room. Conner looks around.

RORY KOWOLSKI (20), the patient next to Conner, leans over  
the edge of his bed. He is paralyzed from the waist down.  
T.J. WITHERSPOON (26), a black soldier who suffers from a  
double leg amputation, rests in the bed across from Conner.

RORY

Before you woke up she checked me  
out so good. You're gettin' those  
sloppy seconds, Conner.

Rory holds his hand out and signals toward Rose-Marie as she  
closes the door.

Conner chuckles.

CONNER

Shut up, Kowolski.

T.J.

Yeah right, Kowolski, you wish.  
She stuck a thermometer up your  
ass... and you couldn't feel a damn  
thing!



Rory leans back into his bed and pulls the covers up to his chin.

RORY  
That's cold T.J., just cold.

Conner and T.J. laugh.

Rose-Marie re-enters followed by LIEUTENANT STEVENS. He waits at the door.

Rose-Marie walks over to Conner and hands him a cup of water.

ROSE-MARIE  
Here. You have a visitor, as well.

Conner nods. Rose-Marie turns to the Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Stevens walks up to Conner and takes off his hat. He smiles and nods at Rose-Marie as she walks over to T.J.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Conner.

Conner nods.

CONNER  
Sir.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
How are you holdin' up, son?

Conner looks at himself in the hospital bed.

CONNER  
Best I can, sir. Any word on Madison's body?

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
We still haven't found him.

Conner shakes his head.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Let's get some fresh air, okay?

CONNER  
Alright.

He adjusts his bandaged arm and grimaces in pain.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Need any help?

CONNER

I'm okay, sir. Just a little sore.

Conner slowly gets out of bed.

EXT. HOSPITAL COURTYARD - DAY

LIEUTENANT STEVENS walks down a path beside CONNER. The courtyard is sparsely populated with injured soldiers.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

I need your help.

Conner looks at Lieutenant Stevens curiously.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

We got some new orders from higher up. I'll be taking a small group back into the fray.

Conner looks around and then fixes his gaze on Lieutenant Stevens.

CONNER

What's this about? And what brings you to me?

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

I can't reveal many details, but we need units with plenty of Airborne experience, preferably from people I can trust. You will be fully briefed if you accept.

CONNER

Where would we be heading?

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Germany. You speak a little German, right?

Lieutenant Stevens smirks.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

The project won't start for another month or so. I've already spoken with your doctor, and she's assured me you'll be cleared by then.

CONNER

I don't know. I am scheduled to go back to Chicago.

(MORE)

CONNER (CONT'D)

My father recently passed, and my  
mom's all alone.

They stop. Lieutenant Stevens stares at Conner.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

The compensation for your  
additional service would more than  
assist you in taking care of your  
mother.

Conner shakes his head.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

This war doesn't end when you go  
home, son. People still fight;  
people still die. At least, here,  
you have some say in it.

Conner sighs, looks about the courtyard, and then back to  
Lieutenant Stevens.

CONNER

How long?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

"GERMANY - APRIL 1945"

A row of trucks packed with infantry and supplies travels  
down a dirt road. A cloud of dust is kicked up in its wake.

CONNER sits amongst a dozen soldiers in the back of a truck  
across from LIEUTENANT STEVENS. He stares out the back of  
the truck at the passing terrain.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

You good?

CONNER

Yeah.

Artillery rumbles in the distance.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

The Russians are surrounding  
Berlin.

CONNER

So what are we doing, then?

The convoy rolls up to an Allied base. Soldiers unload boxes  
from supply trucks.

Lieutenant Stevens hops off the back of his truck.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
The Colonel is waiting for us.  
Let's move.

Conner and the other soldiers file out of the truck as it pulls to a stop.

EXT. ALLIED BASE - DAY

CONNER and LIEUTENANT STEVENS approach a small clearing in the forest. Camouflage netting covers a table with maps and a radio. A group of soldiers surrounds three OFFICERS.

The highly decorated COLONEL BERNARD WILLIAMSON stands between two SECOND LIEUTENANTS (30s).

Lieutenant Stevens approaches the Colonel and salutes.

Conner stands amongst the other soldiers.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON  
Thank you, gentlemen, for meeting  
me here.

Conner looks over at WATTSON. A cigarette protrudes from below his moustache. He exhales; smoke wraps around his face.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
As you very well know, this war is  
coming to a close. The Russians  
are preparing to surround Berlin as  
we speak.

Conner looks down the line. PRIVATE FIRST CLASS BENJAMIN RILEY (19), a dark-haired country boy, stands with an M1 strapped across his back. He adjusts some tobacco in his mouth and spits.

HENRY GERHARDT (28), a German expatriate with a blonde flat-top, stands next to Riley. He makes eye contact with Conner and sizes him up.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
As the Germans retreat, we will be  
securing targets of opportunity  
before they are destroyed or fall  
into unfavorable hands.

CORPORAL TAD JANSEN (24), short in stature but with chiseled features, stands on the end of the line.

He holds his Thompson machine gun in both hands. He stares at the Colonel intently.

JANSEN  
The Russians, sir?

COLONEL WILLIAMSON  
Yes, and others.

The soldiers look around at each other.

CONNER  
The British?

Colonel Williamson nods.

RILEY  
You want us to sneak right under those butter tooth T-forces? Oh, shit!

Riley claps his hands together and grins.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON  
It is in the United States' best interest to secure this intelligence.

Colonel Williamson looks around at the gathered soldiers.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
You six are tasked with retrieving - or eliminating, if necessary - Dr. William Niles, a German scientist and, if intelligence is correct, an integral part of Germany's military operations.

Lieutenant Stevens steps forward.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Intelligence shows that he has been extensively working on government-based weapons projects for the past three years.

GERHARDT  
"Wonderwuffen."

Everyone looks at Gerhardt.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON  
I see.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Secret machines capable of  
tremendous power. It's possible  
that they could turn the tide of  
the war.

Wattson flicks his cigarette on the ground.

WATTSON  
What do they look like?

COLONEL WILLIAMSON  
That is unknown.

WATTSON  
Well, that would make them a little  
hard to find, wouldn't it?

The group chuckles.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Cool it, Wattson.

The Colonel raises his hand at Lieutenant Stevens and stares  
at Wattson.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON  
Correct, Corporal Wattson. Part of  
your job is to figure that out for  
us.

He scans the group of men.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
We have mister Niles' home address.  
However, he hasn't been seen at  
that location in a number of weeks.

RILEY  
So we're just gonna waltz around  
krauts, Ruskies, and Brits until we  
hopefully find this guy and his  
Wonder Waffle, or whatever?

The Colonel shoots Riley a stern glare.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON  
Don't fuck with me, Private. This  
is top priority. If you so much as  
jerk-off while you're out on this  
mission, I will find you, and  
personally tear you a new asshole!

Riley rubs his nose.

RILEY

Yes, sir.

Colonel Williamson looks at Lieutenant Stevens.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON

Lieutenant Stevens will brief you further on the specifics.

The Colonel whispers into Lieutenant Stevens' ear.

Lieutenant Stevens nods as Colonel Williamson and the two Officers leave the clearing.

He turns and faces the group.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Now, for the fun part. We're going up with tomorrow night's bombing run. We'll break course and get dropped off in the countryside near Frankfurt.

Lieutenant Stevens moves toward the map and points. The soldiers gather around him.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

We will land here and head southeast down this road toward our target destination. We will not have a radio with us.

He looks around the group.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

It is imperative we all remain alert. This is top priority. We must complete this mission at all cost.

Conner looks at the other soldiers. Riley nods zealously.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

Dismissed!

EXT. SKIES OVER GERMANY - NIGHT

A fleet of B-17 and B-29 bombers soar over the German countryside.

A lone C-47 Skytrain breaks formation and peels away from the group.

EXT. FRANKFURT HILLSIDE - NIGHT

A light breeze blows through the tall grass. A low murmur resounds from the sky off in the distance.

An ASSASSIN (28) in a ghillie suit makes his way across the countryside. A katana is sheathed at his waist and a pair of nightvision goggles rest on his head.

ERRRRRR! The soft drone of a plane carries through the night sky.

The Assassin stops, lowers his goggles, and activates them. The lenses glow red and focus on the distant C-47 Skytrain.

INT. C-47 SKYTRAIN - NIGHT

CONNER sits in the plane. He hunches over in his seat and absently stares at the ground.

Across from him, JANSEN watches curiously.

A red light fills the cabin and LIEUTENANT STEVENS opens the jump door. Air rushes in.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Get ready!

The light turns green. The soldiers stand up and file toward the door.

WATTSON is first to jump followed by GERHARDT and Jansen. RILEY walks up with a large bag and dives out of the plane.

Conner steps up to the door and jumps. Lieutenant Stevens follows immediately after.

The team deploys their chutes and glides through the night.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF FRANKFURT - NIGHT

The ground trembles from a distant battle. WATTSON is at the point. He slowly walks through a forest parallel to a nearby dirt road.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS follows Wattson. JANSEN, CONNER, and GERHARDT are close behind.

RILEY brings up the rear. He turns around and backpedals as he surveys the field, then returns forward.

Jansen slaps a bug against his neck.



JANSEN  
Map said, what, about twenty miles?  
Right, L.T.?

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Twenty-six.

Conner and Jansen walk beside each other. Jansen pats Conner on the arm.

JANSEN  
So, from what I gather, you got  
blasted by an artillery shell?

Conner looks down.

CONNER  
Something like that.

JANSEN  
Don't mean to be nosey, or nothin'.

CONNER  
That's fine. I lost my best friend  
during that battle.

JANSEN  
I'm sorry to hear that.

Conner picks his head up and stares forward.

CONNER  
Madison, my buddy from Indiana. We  
grew up in the same neighborhood.  
He moved to California a couple  
years before the draft.

JANSEN  
No shit? Buck Madison? I went to  
boot with him.

CONNER  
Yeah, I was getting more ammo. I  
didn't even make it back to our  
hole. He took a direct shot.

JANSEN  
You lose any skin?

Riley nudges Jansen.

RILEY  
He's probably a bit more Jewish  
now. Get it?

Riley laughs at his own joke.

JANSEN

Is that true? Did it nip the tip?

Jansen chuckles. Conner shakes his head and smirks.

The party walks into a clearing.

JANSEN (CONT'D)

Madison was a real badass, though.  
Just reckless enough; had to patch  
him up multiple times.

CONNER

Did you know he used to play ball?  
Almost got drafted by the Yanks.

Watson turns around from up front.

WATTSON

Who's talkin' bout my Yankees?!

CONNER

I am!

The group laughs, but Lieutenant Stevens remains stoic.

RILEY

L.T.! How come you never talk  
about nothin'?

Lieutenant Stevens grunts.

Conner peers into the distance. Explosions flash on the horizon. Jansen taps him on the shoulder.

JANSEN

(whispers)

So, like, you nearly get blown up  
by some fuckin' Nazis; you were in  
the hospital for months. It sounds  
like an easy way to get out. Why  
come back?

Riley walks backward.

RILEY

That's a good fuckin' question.

JANSEN

Eavesdropping, Riley? I swear to  
god if I get shot in the back--

Jansen turns back to Conner.

JANSEN (CONT'D)  
Really though, why come back?

Conner and Jansen look at each other.

CONNER  
I don't think I should leave my  
brothers behind... not after losing  
Madison.

Jansen nods.

JANSEN  
Well if it was me, I would have  
ditched this place so fast. Get me  
a nice li'l place out in  
California. Find me a nice li'l  
mama and have myself three boys,  
and maybe a girl to round it out...  
Maybe.

RILEY  
Don't you have enough little  
bastards runnin' around Europe?

Lieutenant Stevens spins on the group.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Hey! You guys are getting too  
chummy. Stay alert.

FWEEP! Wattson whistles from ahead of the party.

WATTSON  
We got company!

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Cover!

The group crouches. Lieutenant Stevens runs, hunched over,  
to Wattson.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
What are we looking at?

Lieutenant Stevens peers into the distance. Two trucks  
travel down a dirt road.

WATTSON  
Looks like two light trucks.

Lieutenant Stevens rubs his chin as Riley crawls up beside them.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Alright, let's take 'em. Riley,  
you get the first one. Hold your  
fire 'til they pass the tree, then  
light em up. I'll move in with a  
small group.

RILEY  
Yes, sir.

Riley unties his bag and removes a bazooka and two rockets.

Lieutenant Stevens moves back to the others.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Conner, Jansen, you're with me;  
we're flanking. Gerhardt, Wattson,  
fire on Riley's mark.

Lieutenant Stevens peeks at the oncoming convoy.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Let's move.

Lieutenant Stevens, Conner, and Jansen take off toward the dirt road. They scramble across and take cover behind a cluster of trees.

Lieutenant Stevens stares down the convoy. Riley peeks from behind his cover and shrinks back down. He cracks his neck, grips his bazooka, and steps out.

FWOOSH! Riley fires at the side of the first truck.

BOOM! The truck explodes.

BANG! BANG! Wattson and Gerhardt rise up and fire their rifles.

The second truck skids to a stop.

TRUCK

PING! PING! PING! The TRUCK DRIVER (19) ducks under his steering wheel.

TRUCK DRIVER  
(in German)  
Shit! Fuck!

He kicks open the driver's-side door.

PING! PING! A bullet flies through his leg.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh!

He clutches his wound and shuts the door. Seven NAZI SOLDIERS leap out of the truck's back opening.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! The first three soldiers get torn apart by Wattson's and Gerhardt's crossfire.

The three remaining Soldiers and their SERGEANT (28) take cover on the passenger's side of the truck.

NAZI SERGEANT

(in German)

Stay strong! Haroldson, check the front!

A Nazi soldier nods, runs to the front of the truck, and peeks around the corner.

PING! PING! Bullets ricochet off the car. He scrambles back.

NAZI SOLDIER

(in German)

Two hostiles!

The Sergeant throws his left hand out.

NAZI SERGEANT

(in German)

To the ba--

BANG! BANG! BANG! Lieutenant Stevens and Jansen ambush and cut down the Nazi Soldiers. Conner brings up the rear.

Conner catches a TERRIFIED SOLDIER (18) in his sights. The soldier stumbles away and looks back over his shoulder.

Images of Madison's death flash through Conner's mind. The mortar lands and shreds Madison apart. Conner lowers his rifle. The Nazi soldier bursts into a sprint.

BANG! The soldier falls to the ground. Conner snaps his head to the right.

Lieutenant Stevens looks down the barrel of his Thompson.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

No one can know we're here. Stay frosty, son.

Conner stares blankly at the Nazi Soldier's corpse.

The Truck Driver peers out the window. He scrambles for the radio. He dials in the proper frequency.

TRUCK DRIVER  
(in German)  
Hostiles have compromised the  
shipment. We are under attack.  
Repeat. We--

KNOCK! KNOCK! Jansen taps on the glass. The Truck Driver drops the microphone and slowly looks over.

Jansen points his Thompson at the driver's head. The driver shrinks back down into his seat and prays.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
Oh, god!

Jansen points his gun at the passenger's-side door.

JANSEN  
Still one in here, L.T.

Riley and Gerhardt walk up, guns pointed at the cabin. Wattson steps out of the forest and looks at the carnage.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Hold up. Gerhardt, get this guy  
out here.

Gerhardt walks around to the passenger's side. He looks at Jansen.

JANSEN  
I got you.

Jansen locks his sights onto the driver's head.

GERHARDT  
(in German)  
Come out. We won't kill you.

The Truck Driver stays hunched over in the cabin.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

GERHARDT (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
We just need to talk.

TRUCK DRIVER  
(in German)  
No!

WATTSON  
Just drag his ass out!

Gerhardt scowls at Wattson and then turns back to the truck.

GERHARDT  
(in German)  
If you give us what we need, we  
will not hurt you.

Wattson throws his hand up in disbelief and walks away.

TRUCK DRIVER  
(in German)  
Okay... Okay, I will come out.

Gerhardt nods at Lieutenant Stevens.

The door unlatches and the Truck Driver hobbles out. He favors his right leg.

Jansen notices the radio.

JANSEN  
Damn! We got a problem: He called  
for backup.

Riley grabs the Truck Driver, pins his arms behind his back, and kicks him to the ground.

Gerhardt positions himself in front of the Truck Driver.

GERHARDT  
(in German)  
Who'd you call?!

The driver cowers.

Lieutenant Stevens walks over next to Gerhardt.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Ask him where they were headed.

GERHARDT  
(in German)  
What was your destination?

The Truck Driver shifts uncomfortably. Riley socks him in the back of the head and shakes him. Conner flinches.

RILEY

Answer the fuckin' question, kraut!

The Truck Driver pants.

TRUCK DRIVER

(in German)

Black Forest... eighty kilometers.

Gerhardt turns to Lieutenant Stevens.

GERHARDT

He said they were headed toward the Black Forest about fifty miles from here.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

There's no military installation in that area; why is he taking soldiers there?

Lieutenant Stevens turns to Wattson and Conner.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

Check the truck. Something's up.

Wattson and Conner nod and walk toward the bed of the truck.

GERHARDT

(in German)

What is out in the forest that you need to fortify?

The Truck Driver looks back and forth between Lieutenant Stevens and Gerhardt.

TRUCK DRIVER

(in German)

I don't know...

GERHARDT

(in German)

Horse shit! You were transporting soldiers. Something is there.

The Truck Driver recoils.

TRUCK DRIVER

(in German)

I just drive the damn truck!

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

What's he saying?



Gerhardt backs away from the Truck Driver.

GERHARDT  
He says he doesn't know.

Lieutenant Stevens pulls out a pistol and points it at the Truck Driver's forehead.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Then he's useless.

The Truck Driver yells.

TRUCK DRIVER  
(in German)  
No! Please!

The Truck Driver looks at Gerhardt.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
It's an outpost! SS... I know  
nothing further!

Gerhardt places his hand on Lieutenant Stevens' arm.  
Lieutenant Stevens lowers the pistol.

GERHARDT  
He says it's an SS outpost.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Ask him about scientists.

Gerhardt kneels down next to the Truck Driver.

GERHARDT  
(in German)  
Is it a science facility? Weapons?

The Truck Driver's eyes dart back and forth.

TRUCK DRIVER  
(in German)  
No.

GERHARDT  
(in German)  
Are you lying to us?

The Truck Driver gazes into Gerhardt's eyes.

TRUCK DRIVER  
(in German)  
Please do not kill me!

The Truck Driver looks around at everyone.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
Please!

The Truck Driver bursts into tears. He leans forward and sobs. Riley struggles to hold him upright.

GERHARDT  
(in German)  
We aren't going to kill you! Just  
tell us if there are scientists  
there.

The Truck Driver hesitates. He takes a deep breath.

TRUCK DRIVER  
(in German)  
I am unsure. I was tasked with  
transporting a group meant to  
reinforce the outpost.

Gerhardt looks to Lieutenant Stevens.

GERHARDT  
He doesn't know about scientists,  
but his mission was to transport  
reinforcements.

Lieutenant Stevens nods at Riley and then looks back at Gerhardt.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Let's move. We're losing daylight.

Lieutenant Stevens turns around and walks away.

Riley kicks the Truck Driver in the back. He falls forward on his face.

TRUCK DRIVER  
No! Please!

The Truck Driver scrambles forward as Riley hoists up his M1.

Wattson hollers after the Lieutenant.

WATTSON  
Yo! I got something!

Riley and the Truck Driver snap their heads toward Wattson. Lieutenant Stevens heads to the back of the truck.

Conner stands over Wattson as he opens a small case. Lieutenant Stevens removes a glass cylinder with a purple, liquid metal inside. He turns the bottle over in his hand; the liquid moves with the consistency of mercury.

Jansen walks up next to Conner and lets out a low whistle.

JANSEN

Jackpot.

Lieutenant Stevens, Conner, Wattson, and Jansen head back to the front.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

What is this?

The Truck Driver panics.

TRUCK DRIVER

(in German)

I don't know what that is! They don't tell us what's in the crates!

Lieutenant Stevens stares him down.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Must be something important based on that reaction. Something real important.

TRUCK DRIVER

(in German)

I do not know! I swear it! I do not know!

Lieutenant Stevens puts the cylinder back in the case, nods at Riley again, and then walks away with Wattson, Gerhardt, and Jansen.

BANG! Riley fires a single shot into the back of the Truck Driver's head. Skull fragments and gray matter splatter on the ground. He spits on the corpse, steps over it, and walks away.

Conner stares at the slain Truck Driver. He slips into a trance.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT - VISION

A small home sits on the edge of a forest. Its light blue paint is chipped and worn. A gentle breeze blows through the tall grass. Ominous storm clouds approach from the east.

DISEMBODIED VOICE  
 (German accent)  
 Here.

A light turns on in one of the rooms.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (CONT'D)  
 (German accent)  
 Do not leave me.

A blurred figure emerges from the forest and enters the cottage's back door.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF FRANKFURT - NIGHT

JANSEN walks over to CONNER.

JANSEN  
 Are you all right?

Conner snaps out of his daze.

CONNER  
 Yeah. Yeah, I'm good.

Jansen examines Conner.

JANSEN  
 You don't look it. I saw you earlier... you've been looking like shit, as a matter of fact. Hell, I imagine I'd feel a little gun-shy, as well, if I'd gone through wh--

CONNER  
 I'm fine! Okay?!

Conner stares intently at Jansen.

JANSEN  
 Alright, alright! Jeez! I'm just looking out for a brother.

Conner looks away and sighs. They follow behind the rest of the group.

JANSEN (CONT'D)  
 Well, what do you think that stuff was?

Conner shrugs.

CONNER

No idea.

JANSEN

What if it's a bomb?

Jansen cracks a smile as Conner scoffs.

JANSEN (CONT'D)

Seriously! We don't know what it is!

Jansen punches Conner on the arm. Conner forces out a smile and they press on.

INT. NAZI CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A group of NAZI OFFICERS (30s-40s) sits at a circular table across from three NAZI SCIENTISTS (50s). A map of Germany and its occupied territories hangs from the wall behind them.

MAJOR ERICH RICHTER (36), pale with blue eyes, sits in the middle of the Officers. He wears a long, black trench coat with his medals on the left lapel. A black hat with a thin rim and a double-headed eagle emblem rests on his head.

The door opens and a thin, blonde secretary, IRMA VERTER (23), steps into the room with a clipboard in hand. She closes the door and makes her way to a seat next to Major Richter. She immediately scribbles down notes.

CAPTAIN MALTE STURM (30), tall and fit with jet black hair and a thin scar through his eyebrow, produces an envelope and places it in front of the Major.

CAPTAIN STURM

(in German)

For your review, sir.

Major Richter reaches out with his left arm and opens the envelope. His right arm rests behind his back.

CAPTAIN STURM (CONT'D)

(in German)

This new group adapts much quicker with blank slates. They should be ready for combat within a week.

Major Richter pulls out various files.

CAPTAIN STURM (CONT'D)

(in German)

These reinforcements will greatly  
aide your plans for a counter  
attack.

The Major puts the files down on the table, looks up, and  
locks eyes with the middle Scientist.

MAJOR RICHTER

(in German)

Mister Mueller.

GREGORY MUELLER (60), balding with thick glasses and adorned  
in a lab coat, jumps in his seat. He nervously adjusts his  
glasses.

MUELLER

(in German)

Y-Yes, Major Richter?

The Major glares at Mueller.

MAJOR RICHTER

(in German)

The Bio-Technology. How is it  
coming along?

Mueller frantically searches through a stack of papers.

MUELLER

(in German)

I-It's coming along very well,  
actually. I just need to make a  
few more adjustments and we--

BAM! Major Richter violently slams his hand down on the  
table. The Scientists stare in fear while the Officers  
glance back and forth at each other.

Irma looks around the room and smirks. She goes back to her  
notes.

MAJOR RICHTER

(in German)

That is too long.

The Scientists sigh in relief.

MUELLER

(in German)

W-Well, if we had more time we  
could perfect it.

KNOCK! KNOCK! Everyone snaps their eyes to the door.

Irma stands up and walks over to the door.

A NAZI PRIVATE (21) hands her a telegram and whispers into her ear.

She strides over to Major Richter, hands him the telegram, and whispers to him.

Major Richter reads the message and snarls. He wads it up and throws it at Captain Sturm.

The telegram bounces off Captain Sturm's chest. He picks it up, unfolds it, and reads.

CAPTAIN STURM  
(in German)  
I see.

Captain Sturm quickly gets to his feet, salutes, and leaves the room.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
You have your orders. Carry them out.

The Scientists and Officers file out of the room while Irma finishes up her notes.

Major Richter stands up and faces her.

MAJOR RICHTER (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
Any update?

Irma places her clipboard down and looks up at Major Richter.

IRMA  
(in German)  
He says Niles wasn't at the house, sir. But he's reporting an American team, possibly special forces, has landed outside of Frankfurt.

Major Richter bares his teeth.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
Have him follow them.

She heads toward the door.

MAJOR RICHTER (CONT'D)  
 (in German)  
 Ah-ah...

Irma stops. She glances back at him and unbuttons her top button. Major Richter grins and undoes his belt buckle.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MAINZ - NIGHT

LIEUTENANT STEVENS, CONNER, GERHARDT, WATTSON, JANSEN, and RILEY walk along a dirt road just outside of a small town.

Conner leads the group with Wattson close behind him.

WATTSON  
 It's gonna take forever to find  
 this guy.

The low rumble of thunder sounds in the distance. Conner scans the horizon; storm clouds billow to the east. He stops in his tracks.

Riley and Jansen pass him by with Lieutenant Stevens close behind. The Lieutenant stops and turns back to Conner.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
 You coming?

Conner stares blankly into the distance.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
 Conner. You okay?

CONNER  
 I've seen that house before.

Conner points to a small, blue cottage.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
 What?

CONNER  
 I... We have to check it out.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
 Intel said Niles' house isn't for  
 another mile, at least.

CONNER  
 I've got a feeling he's in there,  
 Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Stevens sighs.



LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Alright...

He turns back to the others.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

Boys! We got a change of plans!

Gerhardt, Jansen, Riley, and Wattson stop and turn around, confused.

INT. WILLIAM NILES' COTTAGE - NIGHT

BAM! RILEY kicks down the front door. He steps inside with his rifle drawn.

RILEY

Clear!

GERHARDT and LIEUTENANT STEVENS step in after him.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Smells like sausages.

Lieutenant Stevens flicks on a flashlight. Dust hovers in the air. Over a dozen clocks line the walls, all set to different times.

GERHARDT

Looks empty.

RILEY

What the hell is with all these clocks?

Riley walks over to a larger, wooden clock. He spins the hour hand forward with his index finger.

CUCKOO! A green bird pops out from the clock.

Riley jumps back. He grabs the bird and breaks the wooden arm. He throws the bird across the room.

Lieutenant Stevens illuminates a table: Pictures of William Niles, his wife, and two children. Next to them is a series of blueprints scattered across the tabletop.

Lieutenant Stevens removes the plans for an acorn-shaped machine. He places them into his satchel.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Look for anything we can use.  
Quick.

He takes one of the family pictures from a frame, folds it, and places it in his chest pocket.

Riley kicks aside a chair.

Gerhardt opens a bedroom door. No one; but sheets are strewn about the floor.

GERHARDT  
Left in a hurry.

Gerhardt walks in the room and checks under the bed.

EXT. WILLIAM NILES' COTTAGE - NIGHT

CONNER and JANSEN stand in a grass field outside the cottage.

WATTSON stands off to the side, cigarette in his mouth, and stares into the distance.

WATTSON  
We better find this mother fucker soon.

Jansen looks over.

JANSEN  
Soon isn't going to happen; he's obviously not here.

Wattson tosses his cigarette on the ground.

WATTSON  
Then what the fuck are we standin' around for?

JANSEN  
You got somewhere better to be?

WATTSON  
Yeah. Yeah, I do, s'a matter of fact!

Wattson pulls out a black and white picture and shows it to Jansen. The picture is of a gorgeous woman in a corset. A lipstick kiss adorns the top right corner.

Wattson holds it in front of Jansen and Conner.

JANSEN  
Oh, yeah? Lemme see that!

He reaches out to grab the photo. Wattson pulls the picture away.

WATTSON  
Not for you rookies.

JANSEN  
Oh give me a break.

Wattson tucks it inside his front pocket.

JANSEN (CONT'D)  
What about you, Conner? Got anyone back home?

CONNER  
Nah. Well, there is someone. A nurse back at the hospital.

Jansen pats Conner on the back and winks.

JANSEN  
They hide the cute ones at the hospitals. Makes ya try just hard enough out in the field.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS, RILEY, and GERHARDT step out of the cabin and join the others.

JANSEN (CONT'D)  
Any luck?

RILEY  
Ain't shit in there.

Lieutenant Stevens steps forward.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Good call on the house, though, Conner.

He shows the picture of the Niles family to everyone in the party.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Looks like this is our guy. Wife, two boys.

He tucks the picture away and removes his map.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Lets head further north.

He points.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
We're going to go house by house  
until we get more information.

The group groans.

RILEY  
Fuck, man.

JANSEN  
There's gotta be a better way, L.T.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
This is top priority, soldier.

Conner looks back at the window that was lit in his vision.  
A glint of light flares up from inside.

CONNER  
Hey-- You guys!

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
What is it?

CONNER  
Someone is in there.

The group turns around and gazes at the window.

INT. WILLIAM NILES' COTTAGE - NIGHT

WILLIAM NILES (40) peeks out his window at the group. He wears glasses and is dressed in a white button-down shirt with slacks.

A bead of sweat drips down his forehead.

The soldiers walk back toward the cottage.

WILLIAM NILES  
(in German)  
No! No! No!

Niles slowly backs up from the window pane.

He looks around the cottage; his eyes fixate on the empty picture frame.

He checks his pockets for his pistol, finds it, and scrambles out the back door.

EXT. WILLIAM NILES' COTTAGE - NIGHT

Fifty yards away, LIEUTENANT STEVENS, CONNER, WATTSON, RILEY, JANSEN, and GERHARDT watch as WILLIAM NILES flies out the door and runs through the field.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Boots up! We need this one alive!

The group gives chase.

Just ahead, Niles hops over a busted wooden fence and into the adjacent forest.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Fan out!

The group spreads out, clears the fence, and pursues Niles into the thick woods.

EXT. THICK WOODS - NIGHT

CONNER and RILEY tread through the forest, rifles at the ready. Twigs snap with each footfall.

RILEY  
I can't wait to kill this fuckin'--

CONNER  
What? We can't kill him!

RILEY  
A kraut's a kraut!

Riley and Conner stop and stare each other down.

CONNER  
We have orders to capture him first. If we can't do that, then we kill him.

Riley smirks.

RILEY  
We'll see 'bout that.

BANG! A gunshot resounds through the forest. Conner and Riley snap their heads toward the source.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

They look at each other and then sprint off.

DEEPER IN THE FOREST

Conner runs through the forest just behind Riley.

WATTSON (O.S.)  
Fuck! Shit!

They pick up their pace.

WATTSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Jansen!

RILEY  
Shit! He's calling for the medic!

Riley and Conner run up on Wattson who leans against a tree trunk. He clutches his left shoulder.

CONNER  
Which way did he go?

Wattson points with his left arm. He grimaces in pain.

Conner looks over his shoulder, then to Riley.

CONNER (CONT'D)  
Stay with him... I used to run track.

RILEY  
Get that som'bitch.

Conner takes off.

FOREST CLEARING

Conner brushes aside a branch and steps into a clearing.

Niles stands in the middle of the clearing with his back to Conner. His right hand clutches the pistol.

Conner points his rifle at the back of Niles' head.

CONNER  
(in German)  
Surrender! Don't move!

Niles spreads his arms out.

CONNER (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
Gun down! Turn!

WILLIAM NILES  
How can we have faith in a humanity  
whose only desire is chaos?

Niles slowly turns.

CONNER  
Drop the fucking gun!

WILLIAM NILES  
Where all should see beauty, some  
see opportunity.

CONNER  
Drop the gun, now!

Niles steps forward.

WILLIAM NILES  
I'm sorry about your friend. Is he  
all right?

CONNER  
He'll be fine, just drop the damn  
gun!

WILLIAM NILES  
What will you do with me if I  
comply?

CONNER  
Are you Dr. William Niles?

WILLIAM NILES  
I am.

CONNER  
I am going to take you to my  
Lieutenant; you won't be harmed.

WILLIAM NILES  
Yes, but after that?

CONNER  
You will be taken to the United  
States as a high-priority target of  
interest.

Niles holds the gun out to his side and lets go. Conner  
slowly walks closer to him.

WILLIAM NILES  
But you do not understand. I  
cannot leave Germany.

CONNER

That's not for us to debate. Hands  
up. Move!

Niles puts both his hands in the air. Conner signals Niles to walk forward. He positions himself behind the doctor, rifle aimed at his back.

They start to walk forward as Lieutenant Stevens enters the clearing, gun drawn, with Gerhardt right behind him.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Conner! Is this him?

CONNER

Yes, sir.

Lieutenant Stevens lowers his gun.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Well done. Let's meet up with the  
others.

Niles perks up.

WILLIAM NILES

We can go back to my house! I have  
bandages to care for the wounded  
one.

Lieutenant Stevens stares Niles down.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Good, my men are on their way now.

They walk out of the clearing.

INT. NAZI BATHROOM - NIGHT

MAJOR RICHTER leans over a sink. The hot water runs and steam rises up past his face.

He coughs. Blood splatters in the basin.

The Major throws his hat behind him and looks up in the mirror. His parted blonde hair is ruffled and sweat drips down his forehead. He slowly takes off his jacket with his left hand.

He tosses it to the side and looks back at the mirror. A man with a hideously deformed right arm stares at him.



His arm is blackened, shriveled, and covered with pus-filled sores. He stretches it out and clenches his miniature fist.

A sore bursts and Major Richter sneers in agony. He reaches for a nearby towel and dabs the spewing lesion.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! A NAZI PRIVATE pounds on the restroom door.

NAZI PRIVATE  
(in German)  
Sir? Are you all right?

BOOM! Major Richter slams his left fist on the counter.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
I am fine!

NAZI PRIVATE  
(in German)  
We've made contact. Your assassin  
is awaiting further orders, sir.

The Major's eyes widen.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
You've got him on right now?

INT. BUNKER RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

MAJOR RICHTER, re-adorned in his coat and hat, strides into the dark room filled with a wide array of intricate electronics. He walks over to IRMA who sits in front of the radio next to a NAZI RADIO OPERATOR (21).

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
How is the signal?

The Operator nods and hands Major Richter the microphone and a pair of headphones. Major Richter dismisses him and hands Irma another pair of headphones.

MAJOR RICHTER (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
This is Major Richter, do you read  
me?

The ASSASSIN's voice breaks through the static.

ASSASSIN (V.O.)  
(in German)  
Yes.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
What do you have to report?

ASSASSIN (V.O.)  
(in German)  
I have tracked down our target, but  
the Americans are here.

The Major looks at Irma.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
How many?

ASSASSIN (V.O.)  
(in German)  
Six. One is injured.

Major Richter fidgets and adjusts his collar.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
Are you still able to acquire the  
target?

A lengthy drone of static overtakes the headphones.

ASSASSIN (V.O.)  
(in German)  
Yes.

Major Richter smirks.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
Very good. Out.

INT. WILLIAM NILES' COTTAGE - NIGHT

RILEY stands with his arms crossed and stares out a window.

WATTSON sits on a couch with his shirt off. He pulls the  
cigarette out of his mouth and takes a swig from a bottle of  
liquor.

WATTSON  
All I'm sayin' is the Yankees are  
uncontested for the pennant.

Riley scoffs.

JANSEN leans over Wattson.

JANSEN  
Hold still. And put that damn  
thing out.

Jansen smacks the cigarette out of Wattson's hand and glares at him.

JANSEN (CONT'D)  
It's getting in my eyes.

He digs a pair of forceps into Wattson's shoulder. Wattson winces. Jansen removes the bullet fragment from Wattson's shoulder.

WATTSON  
Urgh! Fuck! I just realized I'm  
gonna miss another Opening Day.

RILEY  
Why do you care? The Yankees are  
garbage.

Wattson flips off Riley. Riley grins. Jansen starts to stitch up the wound.

Wattson stares at the procedure and absently lights up another cigarette. Smoke floats in front of Jansen's face.

Jansen stands up and stares at Wattson.

JANSEN  
You're kidding, ri--

The front door swings open and LIEUTENANT STEVENS, GERHARDT, CONNER, and WILLIAM NILES enter the cottage.

The cigarette drops from Wattson's mouth.

WATTSON  
Son of a bitch... You son of a  
bitch! I'm gonna kick your ass!

JANSEN  
Calm down! You still need  
bandages!

Wattson jumps up off the couch. Jansen struggles to hold him back.

RILEY

Let him go, Tad. I wanna see this.

JANSEN

Sit down, damnit! You're reopening your wound!

WILLIAM NILES

I am sorry for shooting you. I only did what I had to.

WATTSON

You what?!

Wattson thrashes about in Jansen's grasp.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Wattson! Relax!

JANSEN

Just smoke and shut the hell up!

Wattson calms down and pulls out another cigarette. He sits back down on the couch.

Lieutenant Stevens turns to Niles.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

You. Sit down.

Niles takes a seat. He looks at Wattson.

WILLIAM NILES

I truly am very sor--

WATTSON

Fuck you.

Wattson exhales smoke. Jansen wraps a cloth around the wound and prepares a sling.

WILLIAM NILES

Understand why I was so defensive. You see, I was expecting my captors to be slightly more... German.

Conner meanders off to the side, enamored by the array of clocks.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

We met 'em; nice guys. We're resting up here for the night, and taking Niles to the Colonel in the morning.

Niles stands up.

WILLIAM NILES

No! You cannot do that!

Lieutenant Stevens puts his hand on Niles' shoulder and sits him back down.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

We will do as I say.

WILLIAM NILES

You don't understand. I am useless to you.

Conner positions himself beside a table. He notices an intricate gold watch with multiple faces. He picks it up; it's broken. The watch shows the date "December 9th, 1965." He replaces it on the table.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Then why shouldn't I kill you right now?

Niles' eyes dart around the cabin. His gaze lands on the confiscated case atop a coffee table.

WILLIAM NILES

If you are looking for me, then you are interested in The Bell, no? Die Glocke?

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

I have received no information concerning a bell.

WILLIAM NILES

My work, the reason you seek me.

Lieutenant Stevens backs off.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Do you mean the "Wonderwuffen"?

WILLIAM NILES

Yes, yes! The power to destroy worlds! My information is still within my lab. I, alone, am useless to your Commander.

Lieutenant Stevens pulls out his map.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Where?

Niles points to the Black Forest. Lieutenant Stevens folds the map back up and turns to his men.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
 Rest up. Watch him in shifts, two  
 at a time. We'll take him back in  
 the morning.

Conner glances over at the cuckoo clock Riley destroyed. He bends over to pick it up.

Niles grabs Lieutenant Stevens' arm.

WILLIAM NILES  
 I need to go with you. It's well  
 hidden; you won't be able to get my  
 files without me.

Lieutenant Stevens ponders the thought and then looks at Wattson.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
 Are you good?

Wattson takes another drink and nods. His wounded arm rests comfortably in Jansen's sling.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
 Alright. Gerhardt, Conner, you're  
 up first. I'll sleep on a plan,  
 and we'll regroup in the morning.

Conner snaps out of it and stands upright. He and Jansen salute as Lieutenant Stevens walks down the hall into the bedroom. Wattson gulps down the rest of the liquor and curls up on the couch.

EXT. WILLIAM NILES' COTTAGE - NIGHT

GERHARDT sits on the porch wrapped in a blanket. He leans up against the cottage's wall. His breath coalesces into a fog.

He stares, lost in reflection.

The cottage door swings open and CONNER walks outside. He leans up against the cottage. Gerhardt pulls out a cigarette.

GERHARDT  
 Want one?

CONNER  
 Meh.

Gerhardt flips him the cigarette and removes another one.  
Conner catches it.

CONNER (CONT'D)

Thanks.

GERHARDT

Got a light?

Conner pats himself down and tries to find his lighter.

Conner looks to Gerhardt and shakes his head. Gerhardt fishes around for a matchbook.

GERHARDT (CONT'D)

Cold as death out here.

CONNER

You're used to it, though.

GERHARDT

I try to forget.

Gerhardt strikes a match. He lights Conner's cigarette and then his own.

GERHARDT (CONT'D)

How's Randy?

CONNER

Passed out.

Conner takes a drag from his cigarette.

GERHARDT

And the prisoner?

CONNER

He seems to be asleep, but you never know.

Gerhardt puffs his cigarette.

CONNER (CONT'D)

Anything out here?

GERHARDT

I see flashes in the distance, but nothing to worry about.

CONNER

Yeah.

Smoke rolls out of Conner's mouth.

CONNER (CONT'D)

When did you leave this place?

Gerhardt takes a long hit off of his cigarette.

GERHARDT

Six years ago; around the start of the war. My family was displeased with the direction the government was headed. They seized our family's business assets, so we moved to New York City.

CONNER

Do you ever feel like you're betraying your homeland?

Gerhardt glares at Conner. A stream of smoke steadily rises from the tip of his cigarette.

GERHARDT

Germany betrayed me. My family used to be very well off. Now we are poor as dirt.

Conner looks down for a moment.

CONNER

When I caught Niles in the woods, he mentioned the wonder weapons. He said they would destroy the planet.

Conner looks back to Gerhardt.

CONNER (CONT'D)

You probably know better than most of us. What are we after?

GERHARDT

I do not know what they look like. I've only heard rumors: Artillery that can assault nations, aircraft that defy gravity, and bombs more powerful than either you or I could comprehend.

Conner shakes his head.

CONNER

That can't be true; there's no way any country has those kinds of resources.



Gerhardt smiles.

GERHARDT

Then why are we out here? Surely the United States would love to get its hands on that kind of power.

CONNER

But why do we need them if this campaign is almost over?

GERHARDT

Protection from the next threat.

Conner rubs his hands together and blows into them.

CONNER

Won't that just start another war? Shouldn't we destroy them rather than seizing 'em?

Gerhardt shrugs.

GERHARDT

That's not for us to decide. I have to get some sleep, though, and you have a post to watch.

Conner looks at Gerhardt uneasily, drops his cigarette, and crushes it under his boot. Gerhardt stands up and heads inside with his blanket.

INT. WILLIAM NILES' COTTAGE - NIGHT

GERHARDT walks inside the main room. JANSEN is already asleep on the floor wrapped in a blanket of his own.

CLANK! The empty liquor bottle hits the floor. WATTSON is sprawled out on the couch. His snores fill the small room.

RILEY stands in the corner and hovers over WILLIAM NILES.

GERHARDT

Ben.

Riley stares intently at the sleeping scientist.

GERHARDT (CONT'D)

Ben. Has he moved?

RILEY

I know this kraut's awake. Hearin' everything we say.

GERHARDT

Conner said he was asleep this whole--

RILEY

I swear if he tries anythin' funny on my watch, I'll gut him.

Riley violently rips out his bowie knife.

GERHARDT

Relax!

Gerhardt grabs Riley's arm. They glare at each other.

GERHARDT (CONT'D)

Sit down, at least.

Riley stares, wide-eyed. He slowly nods his head. He turns around, grabs a nearby chair, and slides it inches from Niles.

Jansen rolls over.

JANSEN

Shut the hell up! Jesus Christ!

He pulls the blanket over his head.

Riley sits down and leans forward, his eyes fixated on Niles.

Gerhardt shakes his head and lays down on the floor next to Jansen. He pulls the blanket over himself and rolls on his side; he sees Riley out of the corner of his eye.

RILEY

Don't worry 'bout me. I got this.

Gerhardt hesitantly goes to sleep.

EXT. WILLIAM NILES' COTTAGE - NIGHT

CONNER sits on the porch with his back against the door. He stares out into the silence, exhausted.

His eyelids drop lower and lower as he nods off to sleep.

EXT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT - VISION

RILEY stands in the darkness, his face contorted with rage. His facial expression slowly morphs to surprise as he looks down to his chest.

Blood seeps through his uniform.

A bright white light overtakes him. As it fades, Riley is sprawled out on the floor.

A U.S. SOLDIER steps over Riley and raises his rifle.

DISEMBODIED VOICE  
(German accent)  
At all cost.

BANG!

EXT. WILLIAM NILES' COTTAGE - NIGHT

CONNER jerks from his sleep, wide-eyed. He breathes heavily and gathers himself. He looks around at the quiet, empty fields.

Conner stands up and looks in one of the cottage windows. It's dark and everyone inside is asleep.

HMMM! A faint electronic hum breaks the silence.

Conner turns and scans his surroundings. A quick blur moves out of the corner of his eye, and he jumps back. A silver streak flashes by him.

Conner holds his gun up.

CONNER  
What the hell?!

The streak flashes upward. His gun is knocked to the side.

BANG! BANG! Conner fires wildly.

A sharp pain courses through him. His pinky severs from his hand.

CONNER (CONT'D)  
Aah!

THUD! Conner is bludgeoned in the chest and falls backward.

THWACK! The cottage door slams open and LIEUTENANT STEVENS steps outside followed closely by RILEY.

Conner looks up. The transparent ASSASSIN above him turns and slashes at Lieutenant Stevens.

CONNER (CONT'D)  
He's right in front of you!

## LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Where--

Lieutenant Stevens sees the silver flash of the Assassin's katana and ducks at the last moment.

Riley runs out on the porch. His knee suddenly buckles inward.

THUD! Riley's head torques to the side and blood trickles from his nose. He falls to the ground, dazed.

BANG! BANG! Lieutenant Stevens fires. The rounds connect with the Assassin's back. He staggers forward, recovers, and throws a spinning back kick at Lieutenant Stevens.

The Assassin knocks the gun from Lieutenant Stevens' hands.

BZZZZT! The Assassin's cloaking device sparks and fails. A man dressed in black with a mechanical vest stands before them.

The Assassin lunges forward and knees Lieutenant Stevens in the gut. He grabs the Lieutenant's wrist, elbows him in the nose, and hammerfists the back of his head.

GERHARDT runs out of the cottage and takes aim at the Assassin.

The Assassin spots Gerhardt, slides forward, and throws an upward elbow into his chin. Gerhardt's head snaps back.

The Assassin slashes Gerhardt's chest, spins around, and cuts open his stomach. Gerhardt collapses to the ground as blood gushes from his body.

The Assassin turns back to Lieutenant Stevens and raises his sword as JANSEN steps outside.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Jansen unloads. The Assassin drops his katana and lurches over.

WATTSON steps outside, shirtless, and with BAR in hand.

JANSEN

Check on Conner; I got Gerhardt!

Jansen runs over to Gerhardt as Wattson assists Conner to his feet.

CONNER

He got my hand...

Conner clenches his teeth and shows Wattson his maimed finger.

Jansen slides to the ground next to Gerhardt's motionless body.

JANSEN

Shit! Wattson, I need you to get  
me my pack!

Wattson runs into the cottage. Conner wraps his left hand in his shirt to slow the bleeding. He drops to his knees and looks over at Jansen who voraciously works on Gerhardt.

Jansen removes his own shirt, wads it up, and places it on Gerhardt's wounds. He checks Gerhardt's wrist and neck for a pulse. He places his hand near Gerhardt's mouth and nose - nothing.

Wattson runs out with Jansen's medical pack. Jansen unzips it and removes a roll of gauze.

Gerhardt's body violently twitches. Blood seeps past his lips. He chokes as his body continues to convulse.

He stiffens. Jansen looks down at him in horror.

Gerhardt's eyes roll back in his head and his body suddenly relaxes. A final exhale escapes his lifeless corpse.

Jansen stands up and looks over to Lieutenant Stevens.

JANSEN (CONT'D)

L.T.?

Lieutenant Stevens gathers himself, stands, and walks over to Gerhardt. He looks down and somberly shakes his head. He turns around and strides over to the Assassin. A mechanical chest piece flickers, sparks, and then turns off completely.

Lieutenant Stevens flips the Assassin's body over and removes the chest piece. He murmurs aloud.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

What in the hell...?

He picks it up, as well as the katana, and walks inside the cottage.

INT. WILLIAM NILES' COTTAGE - NIGHT

LIEUTENANT STEVENS, katana strapped to his back, tosses the Assassin's mechanical vest onto the table. WATTSON, RILEY, and WILLIAM NILES stand around him.

JANSEN patches up CONNER's wound. He stitches up Conner's third finger and cauterizes his pinky wound.

JANSEN

Probably wouldn't even gotten attached in a hospital, neither.

Conner smirks.

Lieutenant Stevens looks over to Niles.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Well, you're the scientist. What is this?

Niles grabs the vest and turns it over in his hands.

WILLIAM NILES

Electronic camouflage. I've seen it, but never worked on the project.

RILEY

This is the kinda shit you guys're workin' on?

WILLIAM NILES

No, normally on a much larger scale.

Niles glances at Riley. Riley seethes.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

This is something we could use. Can you fix it?

Niles inspects the vest again.

WILLIAM NILES

I have some tools here, but it will take some time.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Bring them with you. We can't stay here. We're moving out.

Conner looks up at Lieutenant Stevens.

CONNER  
What about Gerhardt?

Riley scoffs.

Lieutenant Stevens glares at Riley and looks back to Conner.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
We'll honor him.

EXT. WILLIAM NILES' COTTAGE - NIGHT

LIEUTENANT STEVENS, CONNER, and WILLIAM NILES stand around JANSEN and RILEY as they dig a grave behind the cottage. WATTSON leans up against the cottage and smokes a cigarette. GERHARDT's corpse lies a foot from the fresh hole.

Riley jabs his shovel into the dirt, wipes his forehead, and steps out from the grave.

Jansen continues to toss dirt over his shoulder.

RILEY  
Why in the hell are we doin' this  
in the first place? He's just a  
kraut.

Riley taunts Niles. Niles adjusts his glasses and looks away.

Jansen looks up at Riley.

JANSEN  
What the hell did you just say?

CONNER  
He gave his life for us!

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
He was an American soldier, and you  
will show your respect.

Riley reels back.

RILEY  
I'm just sayin' this ain't worth  
our time. Y'know, better him than  
one of us, right?

Conner steps forward and squares up with Riley.

CONNER  
He was one of us, Ben.

Wattson steps closer toward the confrontation and puts a hand on Riley's shoulder.

WATTSON  
Cool it, man--

Riley swats Wattson's hand away.

RILEY  
No! He wasn't! You've seen what they've done to the Jews... the concentration camps! The Germans are volatile!

CONNER  
That has nothing to do with Gerhardt. You are the one acting volatile!

Riley shakes his head.

RILEY  
A kraut's a kraut, damnit!

Lieutenant Stevens steps between them.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Don't let your emotions compromise the mission.

He stares Riley down.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Now, get back to work.

Riley steps back down into the grave and grabs his shovel.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF FRANKFURT - DAY

LIEUTENANT STEVENS, CONNER, JANSEN, RILEY, WATTSON, and WILLIAM NILES walk through a grassy field.

Jansen looks down at Wattson's bandages. They are saturated with blood and caked with dirt.

JANSEN  
Woah... woah! Hold up!

The group stops and turns around.

JANSEN (CONT'D)  
Lemme change his bandages real quick. He's leakin' pretty bad.



LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Okay. Conner you watch over  
Jansen. Riley, we're going on  
ahead.

Lieutenant Stevens and Riley walk further into the field.

Conner stands guard as Jansen changes Wattson's bandages.  
Niles sits on a stone and stares at Conner.

Conner gives Niles a sideways glance. After a moment, Niles  
breaks the silence.

WILLIAM NILES  
Thank you for not shooting me.

Conner hesitates.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)  
Near my house. Thank you.

Conner and Niles look away from each other. Niles inhales  
sharply.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)  
I believe you have a good heart.

Conner stares blankly in reflection.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)  
Is something on your mind?

Conner casts a suspicious look at Niles.

CONNER  
Earlier... I watched a man die.

Conner breaks out into a cold sweat. He wipes his forehead.

CONNER (CONT'D)  
As I stared at his body, I lost  
myself. I could've sworn I had a  
vision.

Niles looks at him, curiously.

WILLIAM NILES  
Of what?

Conner inhales and looks at Niles.

CONNER  
A small cottage with chipped, blue  
paint in a field next to a forest.

WILLIAM NILES

My house?

CONNER

Your house.

Niles nods.

CONNER (CONT'D)

What do you think it means?

WILLIAM NILES

Your vision could be a synthesis of past experiences mixed with fantasies.

Niles adjusts his glasses.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)

You've been through a lot; you are a soldier. Explosions... death... It could merely be a result of head trauma.

Riley walks up to Conner and nudges him. Conner jumps, but quickly regains his composure.

RILEY

Stevens wants us. Ain't got all day.

Riley snickers as he walks away.

EXT. BLACK FOREST'S EDGE - DAY

THREE GERMAN SENTRIES (28) stand outside of a single-story bunker. It is covered with leaves and overgrown vines.

A light truck pulls up in front of the bunker. CAPTAIN STURM steps out of the passenger's door. The Sentries stiffen up and salute him.

Captain Sturm lazily returns the salute and heads for the bunker door. He stops, turns around, and barks out a series of orders at the Sentries. They fearfully nod in response.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS, CONNER, RILEY, WILLIAM NILES, WATTSON, and JANSEN move through the forest. Lieutenant Stevens signals for the group to halt behind a giant tree trunk.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

(whispers)

Alright, boys.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

The vest isn't working yet, so stay put, cover me, and fire on my command. Jansen, you hang back with Niles.

Conner and Jansen look at each other as Lieutenant Stevens crouches down and proceeds forward.

RILEY

Where the hell's he goin'?

WATTSON

To get a better view of the bunker.

Riley scoffs as he stares at the three Sentries.

RILEY

You don't need to try hard outsmartin' krauts.

Riley turns to the group and snarls with glee.

BUNKER

SNAP! A branch cracks close by. The German Sentries point their guns in the direction of the sound.

GERMAN SENTRY

(in German)

Who's there?!

He steps toward the noise.

GERMAN SENTRY (CONT'D)

(in German)

We will open fire!

FOREST

Lieutenant Stevens lets out a short burst of blind fire from behind a tree.

Conner, Wattson, and Jansen watch as the German Sentries return fire on Lieutenant Stevens' position.

Riley stands up and launches his final rocket at the bunker. It collides with the door and erupts. Chunks of ripped metal fly forward.

The Sentries stagger about, disoriented.

JANSEN

Let's move!

The four soldiers leap from cover and rush the German Sentries.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! The group opens fire.

One shot clips a Sentry in the face. He drops to the ground. The other two Sentries notice the ambush and retreat for the bunker.

Lieutenant Stevens runs out from the forest and signals for a full charge.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Get to the door!

Jansen tracks one of the fleeing Sentries and sprays him with gunfire.

The remaining Sentry scrambles for the door. Conner stares him down through his sights. His heart rate increases. His index finger trembles on the trigger.

CONNER

Shit!

His whole body is consumed with the shakes. A piercing whistle drowns out the calamity.

Conner hears a faint shout. It resembles the voice of Madison.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Riley fires at the German Sentry.

The German Sentry trips and falls to one knee, and crawls inside the bunker amidst a hailstorm of bullets.

Riley walks up to Conner and socks him in the arm.

RILEY

Conner! What the fuck was that?  
Kill that kraut, come on!

Riley runs up ahead. Conner snaps out of it, spots Jansen, and sprints over to him.

Jansen takes cover on one side of the mangled bunker door. Conner slides up against the other side. He nods at Jansen.

Jansen removes a grenade from his belt, pulls the pin, and flings it into the bunker.

BOOM! Jansen and Conner burst into the bunker.

INT. BUNKER - DAY

Smoke and dust fill the room. The GERMAN SENTRY lays in the hallway, unconscious. CONNER and JANSEN step over him and into the main room.

A DAZED GERMAN SOLDIER (23) stumbles across the room. Jansen lights him up.

BANG! BANG! Two muzzle flashes illuminate the far corner of the bunker.

Jansen ducks and Conner returns fire.

CAPTAIN STURM moans.

CAPTAIN STURM  
(in German)  
I'm hit! I'm hit!

Jansen pops back up and continues to attack. Conner runs to the side of the room and takes cover.

JANSEN  
How many?!

Conner jumps up and fires a couple of suppressive rounds.

CONNER  
One left, I think!

Jansen crouches and runs to the opposite side of the bunker.

BANG! PING! A bullet ricochets off of the wall near Conner. Conner takes cover as Jansen advances.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Jansen ducks as bullets land inches above his head.

Conner rolls out from behind cover and unloads the rest of his clip. The magazine ejects from his gun.

THUD! The REMAINING SOLDIER (26) plops to the floor. Jansen looks at Conner and stands up.

Captain Sturm gargles and coughs in the back corner of the bunker.

BANG! Jansen drops back into cover. RILEY shoots the German Sentry in the hallway and peeks his head through the door.

RILEY  
Damn, you guys made a mess in here.  
Clear?

Jansen stands up and brushes himself off. Conner looks at Riley and nods.

CONNER

Secured. One wounded in the back.

RILEY

You let one of these maggots live?  
Where's he at?!

Conner heads over to Captain Sturm. Riley follows and looks around the room.

They all approach Captain Sturm. A stream of blood trickles from his mouth. He coughs.

Riley points his gun at the Captain's face. Jansen lowers Riley's barrel with his hand.

JANSEN

He's decorated. We should get  
information.

Riley shoves Jansen. Conner pushes him back. Riley looks back and forth between the two of them.

RILEY

You boys sure like defendin' the  
enemy.

Conner turns to the door.

CONNER

We got a wounded officer!

LIEUTENANT STEVENS, WATTSON, and WILLIAM NILES walk into the bunker. Riley and Jansen settle down.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Alright, Niles. Get your files and  
let's go.

Niles moves to the back of the bunker with Lieutenant Stevens right behind him. He looks around the room.

WILLIAM NILES

Were there no more people in here?

Conner and Jansen look at him in confusion.

Niles spots Captain Sturm and shoves Riley out of the way.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
Where are they?!

Captain Sturm stares blankly at Niles.

RILEY  
Hey, what the fuck?!

Riley aims his gun back and forth between Niles and Captain Sturm.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Lower your weapon, Private!

Riley scoffs and slings his M1 over his shoulder.

WILLIAM NILES  
(in German)  
Where's my family?!

Captain Sturm coughs.

CAPTAIN STURM  
(in German)  
What are you doing... with the  
Americans?

WILLIAM NILES  
(in German)  
I do what I must. Where did you  
take my family?

Captain Sturm laughs.

CAPTAIN STURM  
(in German)  
To the grave. I had them executed  
last week with the rest of the  
traitorous scum.

Niles pounces on Captain Sturm and socks him repeatedly in the face.

Lieutenant Stevens pries Niles off of Captain Sturm. The Captain scrambles backward and pulls out a pistol.

He points it at Niles.

BANG! Captain Sturm's eyes roll back and he falls to the floor, limp.

Niles looks up at Conner who stares down his iron sights. A thin stream of smoke wisps up from his barrel.

Niles tentatively nods at Conner in thanks. Conner lowers his rifle and reaches his hand out to Niles. Niles grabs it and gets to his feet.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Hey!

Niles looks at the Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

Where the hell are your files?!

He takes a deep breath.

WILLIAM NILES

They're not here.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Excuse me?!

Riley bursts out laughing.

RILEY

Of course!

Riley snarls as he paces behind Lieutenant Stevens' back.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Why should we trust him? This is the same guy who fuckin' shot Wattson!

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Private, get the hell out of here.

RILEY

We shouldn't be takin' advice from these fuckin' krauts!

Lieutenant Steven spins around and stands face-to-face with Riley.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Private Riley, if you don't get the fuck out of this bunker, I will force you out!

They glare at each other. Riley rubs his nose.

RILEY

Yes, sir.

Riley exits the bunker. Jansen follows him outside of the bunker.



LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
If your files aren't here, then  
where are they?

WILLIAM NILES  
They are deeper in this forest; in  
a secret laboratory.

Lieutenant Stevens grabs Niles again and shakes him.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Well, then why in the hell did you  
bring us here?!

Conner steps closer.

CONNER  
Sir...

Lieutenant Stevens snaps out of it and lets go of Niles.

WILLIAM NILES  
My family. They were imprisoned  
here.

Niles sighs.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)  
But they have been put to death.

He slumps against the wall and slides to the floor.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)  
And I'm afraid it was all because  
of me.

Niles buries his head in his hands and sobs in defeat.  
Wattson walks over and kneels down beside Niles.

WATTSON  
You can make this all right by  
telling us where your lab is. We  
can avenge your family.

Niles looks at Wattson and then to Lieutenant Stevens. He  
takes a few deep breaths and stares forward.

WILLIAM NILES  
I have made up my mind.

EXT. BUNKER - DAY

RILEY and JANSEN sit next to each other against the side of the bunker.

Riley puts a wad of chewing tobacco in his mouth.

JANSEN  
Where did that come from in there?

Riley smiles.

RILEY  
I dunno. I can get carried away.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS, CONNER, WILLIAM NILES, and WATTSON exit the bunker.

Riley stands up.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Permission to speak freely, sir.

Lieutenant Stevens sizes up Riley.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
We can't trust the kraut doctor.  
He's just buyin' time so he can  
escape.

Lieutenant Stevens scratches his chin.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Lure us to some bunker deep in a  
forest, and hopefully we die!

The group exchanges glances.

JANSEN  
He's got a point, Lieutenant.

WILLIAM NILES  
You must look at it from my  
perspective! I needed you to save  
my family. Would you have saved  
them if you had received my work  
first? I don't think so.

Riley shakes his head in silence.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
You used us and lied to us. Why  
believe you now?

WILLIAM NILES

I swear on it. A prototype of my work is still in the hands of my superiors. If you do not retrieve it, then they will use it to end this war.

Lieutenant Stevens hesitates.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

My orders are to secure y--

WILLIAM NILES

Or it could fall into the hands of the Soviets.

Lieutenant Stevens looks over to Wattson. Wattson nods. He turns back to Niles.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

What are we up against?

WILLIAM NILES

One of the most heavily guarded secrets in Germany.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

You know anything about their personnel?

Niles sighs.

WILLIAM NILES

Yes, unfortunately. Their commander oversaw my division of the research department. Major Erich Richter.

Lieutenant Stevens' eyes narrow.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Richter, hrm? I've heard that name before.

WILLIAM NILES

His view of science is... maniacal. He's been known to use himself as a test subject for even the most insane experiments.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Alright, I'll keep an eye out.

Lieutenant Stevens leans back to the other soldiers.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
We're moving out, shortly, boys.  
Saddle up!

Everyone gets up and grabs their gear.

INT. NAZI SECRET OFFICE - DAY

MAJOR RICHTER sits in a chair in the middle of a hastily-constructed lab, shirtless. His shriveled, dying arm is strapped to the arm rest. Six different syringes, hooked up to tubes, pump an array of colored liquids into his disfigured limb.

MUELLER stands nearby over a control panel. IRMA sits in a corner with her clipboard. She takes sporadic notes as she cautiously watches.

MUELLER  
(in German)  
Vitals are nominal. Any sensation?

Sweat pours down Major Richter's forehead and he grits his teeth.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
Yes...

Major Richter's deformed arm twitches. His crippled fingers struggle to unclench and expand. His veins engorge and he grimaces in pain.

He suddenly exhales. His arm recoils back into a fist and he slumps forward.

MUELLER  
(in German)  
Yes... with a few adjustments...  
Yes, we can work with this.

Mueller grins. Irma stands up and steps forward.

IRMA  
(in German)  
Your body cannot sustain this,  
Erich!

She places her hand on Major Richter's shoulder. He shrugs her off.

MUELLER

(in German)

Quiet, woman! You know nothing of science! It's either this, or the mutation will slowly kill him.

IRMA

(in German)

Erich... Mark my words, this will kill you sooner than you think.

Major Richter's face hardens.

MAJOR RICHTER

(in German)

Not if we find Niles.

Major Richter rips out the syringes and stands up. The various liquids seep from the holes in his arm.

MAJOR RICHTER (CONT'D)

(in German)

Then I will have all the time in the world.

Irma purses her lips, turns around, and walks out of the room. Major Richter stares after her as she slams the door.

Mueller walks over to a blueprint tacked onto the wall. He rips it down and marches over to Major Richter.

Mueller holds it up in front of him.

MUELLER

(in German)

Don't listen to her. This! This is your future.

Major Richter stares at the designs for a robotic arm exoskeleton.

MAJOR RICHTER

(in German)

Yes... the future.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

CONNER walks along the side of the road at the point. LIEUTENANT STEVENS, WILLIAM NILES, WATTSON, JANSEN, and RILEY follow several yards behind.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

How much further do we follow this road?

WILLIAM NILES

We should come upon a bridge over a stream shortly. From there, we turn into the forest on the other side.

Explosions go off in the distance.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Keep your eyes peeled for activity.

Conner looks back at Lieutenant Stevens and rushes ahead.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

Hold!

The party comes to a halt. Conner climbs a nearby ridge.

RIDGE

Conner hoists himself up the ledge, crests the ridge, and rests against a boulder. He peeks out from the edge of the rock.

A Russian tank in the distance barrels across a stone bridge toward the party. One hundred RUSSIAN SOLDIERS trudge behind.

CONNER

Shit!

Conner jumps down from his perch.

FOREST ROAD

Jansen moves up alongside Wattson.

JANSEN

How's your arm holding up?

WATTSON

What's another bullet? Just adds to my collection.

The two of them laugh.

Conner hops down and returns beside Lieutenant Stevens.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

What is it?

CONNER  
Russians. Coming up from the east.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
We got company. Off the road!

The squad runs into the forest and gathers together. The ground trembles.

Lieutenant Stevens motions for the party to stay low. He peeks out from cover. A Russian T-34 tank rumbles onto the dirt road.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
A T-34.

Conner looks from the edge of his cover.

CONNER  
Looks like about a hundred  
Russians.

JANSEN  
Some serious shit, L.T.

Lieutenant Stevens rubs his chin.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
(to William Niles)  
Road's out of the question. We  
need another way to get to our  
destination.

WILLIAM NILES  
It has to be the bridge! The river  
does not narrow for at least twenty  
kilometers down.

Lieutenant Stevens pauses in contemplation.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Let's cross at nightfall.

Lieutenant Stevens points at Niles.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
How far is the bunker once we cross  
the bridge?

WILLIAM NILES  
Not far at all.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Can you have that device repaired  
before then?

WILLIAM NILES

I think I can get it working, but  
there's no guarantee it will be at  
one-hundred percent capacity.

He takes another look from behind his cover.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Alright, let's move.

Conner leads the team away from the road deeper into the  
forest. The Russians continue on behind them.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

CONNER crouches down and creeps along a stone bridge.  
LIEUTENANT STEVENS, WATTSON, JANSEN, and WILLIAM NILES trail  
close behind. RILEY brings up the rear.

Conner jogs up ahead, looks back, and waves.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Alright, let's go.

The group stands up and quickly moves toward the opposite end  
of the bridge.

The ridge of trees in front of them light up. Wattson spots  
a Russian Light Truck.

WATTSON

Hey! Off the bridge!

Everyone looks up, sees the truck's headlights, and panics.  
They sprint for the opposite end.

Riley blazes past Wattson and Niles who struggle to keep up  
with the rest of the group.

Wattson grabs Niles with his free arm and pulls him along.

WATTSON (CONT'D)

Move, damn it!

The light intensifies as the truck rounds the corner.

Lieutenant Stevens and Conner dive behind a boulder past the  
bridge while Jansen and Riley slide down the embankment.



The truck approaches the bridge and the headlights flood the area.

Wattson looks back once more.

WATTSON (CONT'D)  
We're outta time!

Wattson grabs Niles and jumps off the side of the bridge. They slam into the river embankment and roll down. Dirt flies up as they roll toward the water.

Wattson braces his arm against the rocks and catches himself and Niles before they hit the river.

A rock slices into Niles' arm.

WILLIAM NILES  
Ahh!

They look up and see the Russian Light Truck drive along the bridge.

Lieutenant Stevens and Conner maneuver along the boulder, out of sight of the truck, as it passes by.

EXT. ELBE RIVER BANK - NIGHT

LIEUTENANT STEVENS and RILEY stand near the edge of the river with their guns at the ready.

WILLIAM NILES sits next to JANSEN who tends to his wound.

RILEY  
You need help with that? You look like a goon doin' it yourself.

Jansen looks up at Riley.

JANSEN  
Have you washed your hands once this month?

Riley looks down at his hands. They are caked in dirt.

RILEY  
I guess. Maybe. Once.

Jansen shakes his head and continues to wrap Niles arm.

CONNER and WATTSON step out from the forest. Riley and Lieutenant Stevens turn with their guns drawn.

WATTSON

Woah, just us. Calm down. Clear  
back that way.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

We need to keep moving. Who knows  
what else is crawling around out  
there?

Jansen tears the piece of gauze he's wrapped around Niles  
arm.

JANSEN

Your set, good as new.

He carefully places the medical tools back in his pack.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Alright Niles, which way?

Niles gets up from the ground. He points down the river.

WILLIAM NILES

We need to go further into the  
forest along the river.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Jansen, you ready?

Jansen closes his bag.

JANSEN

Ready.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Let's move. Conner lead us in.  
Niles, stick close to me.

Conner leads them into the forest.

EXT. BLACK FOREST - NIGHT

CONNER leads LIEUTENANT STEVENS, RILEY, WILLIAM NILES, JANSEN  
and WATTSON through the thick forest.

Riley stumbles over a root.

RILEY

I can't see shit.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

How much further?

Niles walks forward and stares at the ground.

WILLIAM NILES

The facility has a cooling system.  
The piping runs straight to the  
Elbe.

JANSEN

So we just follow the piping to the  
facility?

WILLIAM NILES

Precisely.

The party marches forward and scans the ground.

CONNER

I got something!

Conner kneels over a pipe running through the dirt.  
Lieutenant Stevens lights up the area with his flashlight.

WILLIAM NILES

Yes, this is it!

Niles bends over and puts his hand on the pipe.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)

It's still running!

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

What's still running?

Niles runs his fingers along the pipe.

WILLIAM NILES

It's warm. They've been testing  
it.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Testing what?

Niles looks directly into Lieutenant Stevens' eyes.

WILLIAM NILES

Die Glocke. It's here.

Lieutenant Stevens looks around at the party.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

It's here? But you told us we were  
just retrieving information.

Niles stares at the Lieutenant.

WILLIAM NILES

We are.

EXT. DEEP IN THE BLACK FOREST - NIGHT

CONNER, LIEUTENANT STEVENS, RILEY, WILLIAM NILES, JANSEN, and WATTSON follow the pipe. The darkness envelopes the party.

The pipe bends straight into the ground.

WILLIAM NILES

We're on top of it.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

So how do we get in?

WILLIAM NILES

We continue in the same direction a hundred meters to a hill. The entrance is at the base; it is well protected.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

What kind of defenses?

WILLIAM NILES

There are two hidden machine guns on either side of the entrance.

Lieutenant Stevens looks down in contemplation.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Can we use the device?

Niles looks up.

WILLIAM NILES

We can try.

EXT. SECRET BUNKER - NIGHT

CONNER creeps through the forest. He looks down nervously at the cloaking machine strapped to his waist.

The ground gradually ascends. A faint ember glows from one of the machine gun nests.

Conner presses a button on his chest panel.

HUMMM! The electronics kick on, and Conner is enveloped in an invisible shroud. He looks down and his now transparent hands.

CONNER

Unreal.

He rushes over to the closer of the two machine gun nests.

INT. WEST MACHINE GUN NEST - NIGHT

A BORED NAZI (24) rests on his mounted MG42. Sandbags and camouflage netting surround him and another PORTLY NAZI (26) guard.

The Portly Nazi yawns and picks up his binoculars. He peers into the thick woods.

THUD! The Portly Nazi's head jerks sideways. He falls backward and plops to the ground.

The Bored Nazi watches the spectacle in confusion.

The blade of a knife flashes and slices the Bored Nazi's throat. He reaches for his neck, gargles, and keels over.

The Portly Nazi looks up as an invisible shroud is upon him.

CRUNCH! The Portly Nazi's nose shatters and his head reels backward. Blood pours out as he rolls onto the floor, unconscious.

INT. EAST MACHINE GUN NEST - NIGHT

A NAZI SERGEANT (24) scouts the forest's edge through his binoculars. He looks over to the Western Machine Gun Nest; no movement.

The Nazi Sergeant taps the NAZI GUNNER (19) on the arm.

NAZI SERGEANT

(in German)

I haven't heard anything from them,  
yet. And shouldn't that idiot be  
smoking a cigarette by now?

He scans the area around the other nest.

A small flash sparks up and CONNER briefly appears between the two nests, but disappears again.

The Nazi Sergeant drops his binoculars and pulls out a Luger.

NAZI SERGEANT (CONT'D)

(in German)

Ambush!

BANG! BANG! The Nazi Sergeant fires at Conner's location.

EXT. SECRET BUNKER - NIGHT

CONNER takes cover up against a tree. He peeks out and spots the machine gunners as they reposition their MG42.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Conner jumps out from behind the tree and rolls up against a rock. The MG42 blasts the tree to splinters.

Conner looks down at the cloaking mechanism. It sparks and flares up. He quickly takes it off and tosses it to the side.

Gunfire erupts from treeline aimed at the bunker.

EXT. TREELINE - NIGHT

LIEUTENANT STEVENS, WATTSON, RILEY, and JANSEN unload at the Eastern Machine Gun Nest.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Move forward! Go! Go!

Jansen and Riley sprint toward the bunker. Lieutenant Stevens and Wattson fire suppressive rounds at the nest as they reposition the MG42.

WHIR! WHIR! THWACK! Bullets sail past Jansen's face. Riley and Jansen dive down and return fire.

EXT. SECRET BUNKER - NIGHT

CONNER peeks out from behind cover.

TING! A bullet ricochets off of the boulder. Conner ducks back down.

Conner takes a deep breath and leaps up. He fires at the NAZI SERGEANT who ducks down from within the bunker.

Conner sprints forward as the Nazi Sergeant pops back up.

BANG! Conner fires another shot and the Nazi Sergeant ducks back down.

Conner feels for a grenade, bites out the pin, and hurls it into the bunker. He dives to the ground.

The NAZI GUNNER repositions his MG42 and takes aim at Conner.

BOOM! The grenade rips apart the two Nazis.

EXT. SECRET BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

LIEUTENANT STEVENS, WATTSON, RILEY, JANSEN, and WILLIAM NILES meet CONNER who hunches over in front of the Eastern Machine Gun Nest.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
What happened back there?

CONNER  
(exhausted)  
No clue.

Jansen pats Conner's shoulder.

CONNER (CONT'D)  
It worked fine, then just shorted  
out before the second nest.

Lieutenant Stevens casts a sideways glare at Niles.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Well, good work, men. Our primary  
objective is retrieving Niles'  
documents. Take whatever we can -  
if not, destroy it.

Lieutenant Stevens walks up to Niles.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
We brought you here, now get us  
inside.

Niles nods.

WILLIAM NILES  
There's a hatch in this nest that  
leads directly into the bunker.

Niles points at the Eastern Machine Gun Nest.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Alright, Jansen, stay on top of  
Niles at all times. Consider  
everyone within the bunker hostile.

RILEY  
Music to my ears.

Lieutenant Stevens looks around at the team.

CONNER  
And the scientists, sir?

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
No difference.

JANSEN  
You got it, boss.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Good. We all know what to do?  
Remember the mission. In and out.  
Move!

INT. SECRET BUNKER - NIGHT

A stone tile lifts up from the floor. CONNER climbs out of a hidden passage and into the bunker. RILEY follows behind him.

Two NAZI SOLDIERS run around the corner at the end of the hall.

BANG! BANG! BANG! They exchange gunfire.

Conner peers down his sights and tracks a Nazi Soldier. He inhales sharply. The Soldier aims his rifle at Conner.

BANG! BANG! Conner and Riley fire. They each connect with a Nazi Soldier.

CONNER  
Clear!

Conner and Riley creep down the hall on either side.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS, WILLIAM NILES, JANSEN, and WATTSON enter the hallway.

The team moves down the corridor toward a door on the opposite end. The low rumbling of footsteps and muffled voices resonate from within the room ahead.

Lieutenant Stevens unpins a grenade and signals to the group. He opens the door and tosses it into the next room.

GERMAN COMMANDER (O.S.)  
(in German)  
Grenade!



INT. WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A desk sits just inside the room, against the corner, and rows of chairs line the walls. A grenade lightly rolls into the room.

BOOM! The grenade explodes. Shrapnel rips through the GERMAN COMMANDER'S (32) chest.

GERMAN COMMANDER  
(in German)  
No! Jesus Christ!

His yells turn into gurgles as blood spews from his mouth.

The team storms into the waiting room. The German Commander is sprawled on the ground.

BANG! BANG! BANG! NAZI SOLDIERS fire at CONNER. Conner and RILEY return fire and take cover behind a support pillar.

Three NAZI SCIENTISTS in white lab coats sprint out of a nearby room toward a staircase.

Riley peeks out from cover.

RILEY  
Runners!

He traces a scientist with his rifle.

BANG! Riley's bullet flies through a scientist's head. The other two flee.

ERR! ERR! ERR! An alarm resounds as the Nazi Soldiers continue to fire.

WATTSON puffs a cigarette.

WATTSON  
You want to play like that, huh?

He tosses out his cigarette, grips his machine gun, and steps out from cover.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

The Nazi Soldiers scramble around a corner.

LIEUTENANT SEVENS runs behind a desk on the opposite side of the room from Conner. He sticks his gun out, blind fires, and then runs to a another section of cover closer to the pinned down Germans. He unholsters his pistol.

Lieutenant Stevens waits for a lull in gunfire and jumps up. He sees one Nazi Soldier's head rise from behind a crate and another soldier lean around a corner.

POP! POP! Lieutenant Stevens connects both shots. The alarm continues to resound as the two Nazi Soldiers drop, lifeless. He replaces his pistol.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Let's go. Clear the rooms up here.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

CONNER walks into the conference room.

A projector runs a grainy video of hospital patients with missing limbs.

Blueprints for complex electronics line the walls.

INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RILEY creeps into the break room. He opens the refrigerator.

RILEY

Some bull.

THUD!

Riley spins around. He points his gun at the cupboard below the sink.

Riley smiles.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Come out, come out, wherever you are.

A whimper emits from a cabinet.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Gotcha.

BANG! BANG! The bullets rip through the cabinet doors.

A NAZI SCIENTIST slumps out. Blood pours from two holes in his back.

Riley snickers, spits on the corpse, and walks out.

INT. NAZI SECRET OFFICE - NIGHT

MAJOR RICHTER enters the office, shirtless, and sits in the chair. IRMA sits off in the corner and takes notes. MUELLER walks over and straps him in. He inserts the syringes and walks over to the pump machine. He nods at Major Richter.

Major Richter looks at him and nods.

Mueller flips a switch and the machine activates. The various fluids travel through the tubes and into Major Richter's decrepit arm.

Major Richter stiffens as the fluids enter his body. Mueller wheels a set of machinery next to him as well as a pair of mechanical, exoskeleton arms.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The alarm blares as LIEUTENANT STEVENS leads CONNER, RILEY, and WATTSON down a wide corridor. JANSEN follows closely behind WILLIAM NILES. They approach a smaller, intersecting hallway.

The alarm stops. The group pauses.

RILEY

What the hell? It stopped?

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

They still know we're here!

TING! TING TING! A grenade gently bounces up to the group.

WATTSON

Oh, shit! Grenade!

Jansen bear-hugs Niles and everyone dives for cover. Jansen lands on his shoulder and his pack slips off.

BOOM! Wattson shields his face with his gun, and shrapnel rips through his right arm. Wattson rolls over on his stomach and clutches his wounds. He writhes in agony.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Wattson!

Wattson rolls over.

WATTSON

Fuck! I'm fine! Fuck!

Lieutenant Stevens jumps out from cover and unloads on the Nazi ambush. Conner, Riley, and Jansen follow suit and return fire down the hallway.

Conner connects with a Nazi Soldier's chest and instantly drops him.

Jansen looks over his shoulder. Niles scrounges through Jansen's pack. He rips out the mercurial fluid case and looks Jansen in the eyes.

JANSEN  
Hey! Wait!

A second grenade bounces in near Riley.

CONNER  
Grenade!

Riley thrashes his leg and kicks the grenade away. It bounces off the wall.

BOOM! The grenade explodes in the middle of the hallway.

Three Nazi Soldiers advance.

Niles sprints down the smaller side hallway. Jansen turns to follow. Bullets ricochet off the wall near his head.

Jansen dives to the floor.

JANSEN  
Christ!

He picks himself up and continues after Niles.

JANSEN (CONT'D)  
Get the hell back here!

Lieutenant Stevens watches as Jansen rounds a corner. He turns back and unleashes several rounds.

BANG! BANG! Two bullets tear through the first soldier's chest; he drops in agony. Riley takes cover as return fire cascades past his face.

Conner leans out from his side and shoots.

A bullet rips through the closest soldier's knee. He crashes to the floor. Another bullet clips the farthest soldier's jaw. Conner ducks back behind the wall - beads of sweat form on his forehead.

Riley spins toward Lieutenant Stevens.

RILEY  
That damn kraut's gettin' away!

Lieutenant Stevens continues to fire.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
No! Jansen's got it!

He unloads a few more rounds. Two Nazi Soldiers fall to the ground.

INT. NAZI SECRET OFFICE - NIGHT

MAJOR RICHTER opens his eyes and looks around the room in a daze. MUELLER stands above him and drills a metal plate into his shoulder.

IRMA walks up behind Mueller. Major Richter stares at her.

IRMA  
(in German)  
I can't let this go on any longer.

Mueller brushes her off.

MUELLER  
(in German)  
Not now, woman! Sit back down and take your notes! He's not at full power; he needs our full attention in case something goes wr--.

CLICK! Irma cocks her Luger and places the barrel against the back of Mueller's skull. Mueller's jaw drops. He slowly raises his hands.

IRMA  
(in German)  
The Fuhrer doesn't trust you... and it looks like his judgement wasn't misplaced.

Major Richter's eyes widen. He forces words through his clenched, strained jaw.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
What... are you... doing, Irma?

BANG! Mueller's brains come through his forehead and splatter on the wall behind Major Richter.

Irma holsters her pistol.

IRMA  
(in German)  
You've put your own desires before  
the nation's.

Major Richter looks over at the charging mechanism - 10%.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
You think... you can... stop me?

Irma grins.

IRMA  
(in German)  
I don't need to stop you.

She pulls out a set of files from her jacket.

IRMA (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
You need to stop me.

Irma picks her Luger up. Major Richter closes his eyes.

BANG! KZZT! She fires into the charging mechanism's  
monitor. Major Richter's charge percentage disappears.

His face contorts with rage as Irma takes Mueller's lab coat  
off and places it on herself.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
You bitch! Bitch! I will kill  
you!

She smirks, exits the lab, and closes the door behind her.

INT. SIDE PASSAGES - NIGHT

JANSEN rounds a corner. He sees WILLIAM NILES duck out of  
sight far down the hallway.

Jansen breaks out into a sprint. A side door opens up;  
Jansen halts and takes a step back. He raises his Thompson  
as IRMA walks out of the room adorned in Mueller's lab coat.

Irma cowers near the floor as she grips a number of files  
hidden beneath the coat. She places the files between her  
and Jansen to shield herself.

Jansen aims at her head. He takes a deep breath and lowers  
his gun.

JANSEN  
(in German)  
Go.

Irma stands up, looks Jansen in the eyes, and quickly flees.  
Jansen continues after Niles.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

LIEUTENANT STEVENS takes cover. He taps RILEY on the arm.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
You and Conner clear this hallway.  
Find me when you're done.

Riley glances at CONNER. Conner nods.

Lieutenant Stevens turns to WATTSON.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
Can you move?

Wattson gives a thumbs-up.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)  
We're going after Niles.

Lieutenant Stevens tosses a grenade down the hallway. Conner and Riley simultaneously jump out and empty their clips.

Lieutenant Stevens picks up Wattson and they rush across the hallway.

Conner and Riley retract and reload. Bullets ricochet off the walls.

Riley signals to Conner. Conner pops out from behind the wall and immediately rolls back. The NAZI SOLDIERS release a volley of gunfire.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Riley tears through his uncovered opponents.

RILEY  
Got em!

Conner peeks back around the corner.

A Nazi Soldier scrambles across the hallway and blind fires.

PING! PING! Conner quickly takes cover. He wipes his forehead and signals to Riley.

INT. SIDE PASSAGES - MOMENTS LATER

LIEUTENANT STEVENS leads the way. WATTSON limps close behind.

Another NAZI SOLDIER runs out from a side door.

BANG! BANG! Lieutenant Stevens drops him.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Keep moving!

Wattson mumbles as blood drips from his wounds.

WATTSON  
Leave me!

Wattson pushes Lieutenant Stevens away.

WATTSON (CONT'D)  
Go!

Lieutenant Stevens watches as Wattson slumps against the wall.

WATTSON (CONT'D)  
I got this.

Wattson smiles and adjusts his BAR into his left arm.

WATTSON (CONT'D)  
Still got one good arm. This is  
what I do best: Drinkin' liquor,  
smokin' 'baccy, an' killin' Nazis.

Lieutenant Stevens hesitates and salutes.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
It's been good, soldier.

Lieutenant Stevens ventures further into the bunker. Wattson smiles and then looks down at his front pocket. He fishes a cigarette out with his mouth.

INT. CONTROL ROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nazi propaganda lines the hallway. Large, black swastikas are prominently displayed against blood-red backgrounds.

JANSEN proceeds, gun at the ready. He slides around a corner.

Empty.



JANSEN

Damn it.

He jogs down the hallway and turns another corner.

He focuses. Double-doors appear at the end of the passage. Bright, white lights filter through the opaque bay windows. He creeps closer.

INT. SIDE PASSAGES - NIGHT

LIEUTENANT STEVENS pushes open a heavy, metal door. He steps into a corridor devoid of Nazi Soldiers.

He cautiously proceed forward, and scans the wall placards as he passes a few doors.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

"Research and Development."

He moves over to the door and slowly opens it.

INT. MACHINE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

LIEUTENANT STEVENS pokes the barrel of his Thompson through the doorway.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Holy shit.

He stares up at a massive tank turret cradled in a bed of machinery. The gargantuan 800mm barrel extends over 100 feet down the machine shop.

Lieutenant Stevens looks around the facility. He spots an office door nearby, opens it, and walks in.

Ten sets of blueprints are nailed to the back wall. He positions himself near a set that displays the turret on top of a humongous tank.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

"Landkreuzer." One-thousand tons.

His eyes dart back and forth. He sees designs for a large rocket propulsion system to the left. To the right he sees plans for a circular-shaped aircraft.

Lieutenant Stevens hoists his pack off of his shoulder. He rips the blueprints from the walls, one-by-one, and shoves them into his pack.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

RILEY jumps out from behind cover and unleashes a wave of gunfire. Two NAZI SOLDIERS howl in pain and hit the floor as three more advance down the hallway.

RILEY

Conner!

CONNER

Got it!

CONNER unpins a grenade and hurls it toward the oncoming Nazis.

NAZI SOLDIER

(in German)

Grenade!

BOOM!

The explosion rattles the hallway and loosens a light fixture.

INT. SIDE PASSAGES - NIGHT

WATTSON empties his clip on another encroaching wave of Nazis.

Bodies are piled up at the end of the passageway.

WATTSON

Keep comin', ya sons'a bitches.

More NAZI SOLDIERS round the corner and charge. Wattson inhales sharply; the ember burns the final portion of his cigarette.

He pops in another clip and spits out the cigarette butt.

WATTSON (CONT'D)

All day, baby! All day!

He clutches the trigger. BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

INT. LABORATORY ANTEROOM - NIGHT

JANSEN steps into the small, white room flooded with bright, fluorescent light. Two chairs sit up against a wall next to a water cooler.

There are two doors across the room. The left door is slightly ajar.

JANSEN  
Son of a bitch... Niles!

Jansen moves over to the left door and opens it further. The room is pitch black.

Sweat forms on his forehead.

JANSEN (CONT'D)  
Niles!

Silence. Jansen steps into the room.

INT. LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

JANSEN nervously clutches his gun and flicks on the flashlight attached to his uniform. The beam of light illuminates the ground in front of him.

SLAM! The door closes behind Jansen.

JANSEN  
Fuck!

He spins around and tries to open the door. It's locked. Jansen pounds on the door and rams it with his shoulder.

JANSEN (CONT'D)  
Niles! Niles!!

He lines up to kick the door down. A light turns on behind him. He spins about; the light emits from an observation window along the wall.

He walks over to the heavily-tinted window. A silhouette stands before him.

An intercom clicks on.

NILES  
(over intercom)  
Jansen, is it?

JANSEN  
Niles, what the fuck?!

Jansen socks the window.

JANSEN (CONT'D)  
Let me out of here!

NILES  
(over intercom)  
Oh. I wouldn't do that if I were  
you.

WILLIAM NILES taps on the glass.

NILES (CONT'D)  
(over intercom)  
These windows are made to  
withstand... immense pressure.

Jansen stares at Niles.

JANSEN  
What the hell is going on? Open  
the door.

NILES  
(over intercom)  
I want you to see why you are here;  
why you have hunted me down.

Niles moves away from the window.

JANSEN  
Open the fucking door!

Jansen punches the window again.

JANSEN (CONT'D)  
Now!

Lights in the laboratory flicker on. Jansen turns around.

A massive, acorn-shaped object rests in the middle of the room. Thick chains extend from the machine to three surrounding pillars. Strange hieroglyphics are engraved all along the object.

NILES  
(over intercom)  
Die Glocke.

Jansen stands, awestruck.

JANSEN  
Jesus Christ. What the hell is  
this?

NILES  
(over intercom)  
My vision of what the world should  
have become.

Niles turns to a control panel.

NILES (CONT'D)  
(over intercom)  
But they took it away from me when  
they used my dreams for their own  
gains.

He flips a switch. A low hum resounds from the machine.

Jansen beats the window with the butt of his gun.

JANSEN  
Let me out!

Jansen aims the gun at Niles. The acorn-shaped machine rumbles.

NILES  
(over intercom)  
I am truly sorry, but it must be  
this way.

Niles presses a button. The cylindrical sections of the machine spin against each other and slowly gain speed.

Jansen turns around. As the machine spins faster, it gradually lifts off the ground. The chains grow taught.

The lights flicker as the machine approaches the ceiling. Wind kicks up and blow Jansen's pack straps about.

Jansen spins back to Niles. He points his Thompson at the window.

JANSEN  
Let me the fuck out right now!

NILES  
(over intercom)  
I'm sorry.

He yells and opens fire. The glass withstands the barrage.

He turns and shoots at the door, rams it with his shoulder, and kicks it repeatedly.

The machine spins violently behind him.

BZZT! Electricity arcs from the machine to a pillar. Jansen backs up against the door.

BZZT! BZZT! More arcs crackle against the walls and floor.

Jansen rushes over to the window and places his hands on the glass.

JANSEN  
Please... Please!

NILES  
(over intercom)  
No. I must have what is mine.

Niles throws a switch. A blue light overwhelms the laboratory.

BZZT! An arc connects with Jansen. He screams in agony as his body burns and shatters. The pieces disintegrate before they hit the ground.

The power to the entire bunker cuts out and the machine slams back to the ground.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The structure quakes as a deep rumble resonates through the hallway. The lights dim and then cut out.

RILEY looks at CONNER nervously.

RILEY  
You feel that?

CONNER  
Yeah.

The back-up generator kicks on and flashing, red lights fill the bunker. Every flicker temporarily illuminates the pitch-black surroundings.

RILEY  
The fuck was that?

Conner shrugs.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Somethin's going on.

Riley re-situates his pack and gun.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
And I ain't missin' out on it!

Riley peeks out from cover. He sprints across the hallway past Conner.

BANG! BANG! The Nazis open fire.

CONNER

Wh-- Hey, wait!

Conner looks down the hallway. Two remaining NAZI SOLDIERS push closer.

He reloads his M1 and opens fire.

INT. NAZI SECRET ROOM - NIGHT

MAJOR RICHTER sits strapped into the chair in the middle of the dark room. The emergency lights illuminate his menacing glare.

He rips the ties from his exoskeleton. The charging machine flies across the room. Major Richter stands up but quickly falls to his knees under the weight of his new gear.

He coughs violently and twitches.

He continues to hack as he stumbles to his feet. His eyes are bloodshot, and his face is covered in mucus and tears.

Major Richter gathers himself and holds his arms out. He turns them over and moves each massive robot finger.

Major Richter clenches his fists and marches toward the door. He slams into the frame and rips it off its hinges. He tosses it off to the side and continues down the hallway.

INT. SECRET BUNKER SIDE PASSAGES - NIGHT

The flashing, red light reveals dozens of Nazi corpses in the passage.

WATTSON slumps up against the wall. Blood seeps out from several new bullet wounds that saturate his uniform.

He breathes slowly and heavily. His hand shakes as he lifts an unlit cigarette to his mouth. His arm falls limp to his side.

WATTSON

You don't fuck with us Yankees.

He exhales and lights the cigarette.

MAJOR RICHTER turns the corner and stares down Wattson. His blood-red eyes focus in on him.

Wattson coughs and slowly raises his BAR. Major Richter breaks into a run.

BANG! BANG! Wattson fires as smoke pours out of his mouth. Major Richter holds up his hand.

TING! TING! The bullets connect with his metallic palm and fall to the ground. He breaks into a sprint.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! Wattson unloads at him. More smoke billows out from under his moustache.

Major Richter deflects the rounds and slams into Wattson. He wraps his metal hand around Wattson's head and lifts him off the ground.

Wattson drops his BAR and kicks his feet as he's raised higher.

He makes eye contact with Major Richter and blows the final hit from his cigarette in the Major's face.

Major Richter snarls and clenches his fist.

Wattson's howl ceases when his head crushes beneath the Major's force. Richter tosses Wattson to the side.

Major Richter catches his breath, unsuccessfully wipes the mucus from his face, and continues his march down the hallway.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

WILLIAM NILES releases a lever at the control panel. The door to the laboratory unlatches.

He turns around, grabs the canister of purple fluid off of a desk, and walks into the laboratory.

INT. SIDE PASSAGES - NIGHT

LIEUTENANT STEVENS hurries down the passage. He opens door after door in search of JANSEN.

He kicks open one to a medium-sized storage room.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Jansen!

He moves over to another door in the passage. It's a bathroom.



Lieutenant Stevens continues down the hallway.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS (CONT'D)

Tad!

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

WILLIAM NILES grips the canister and approaches the machine. He runs his hand along the engraved hieroglyphics. He stops at a small cap. He unscrews it to reveal a hole.

He lines up the bottom of the canister with the hole, presses a release switch, and a bubble forms within the fluid. It slowly rises through the purple liquid.

The canister gradually drains. Niles takes a deep breath as he tosses the empty phial off to the side.

He turns and slowly walks back to the observation room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

WILLIAM NILES moves over to the console. He looks up through the window at the motionless machine.

He punches in a series of numbers and flips a switch. The machine begins to whir. A droning hum grows in volume. The chains rattle.

The cylindrical sections start up.

INT. SIDE PASSAGES - NIGHT

CONNER sprints down the passage and frantically pursues after RILEY. The emergency lights illuminate the path.

He turns down a hallway. The walls are lined with various Nazi propagand posters.

CONNER

Riley!

BANG! BANG! Gunshots reverberate through the passage. Conner throws himself against the wall, rifle ready.

He turns his head back and forth. Conner feels his way along the wall.

BANG! Another gunshot resounds.

Conner's fingers find a door handle, he forces the door open, and swiftly enters the room.

INT. BIO-CHEMISTRY FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

CONNER spins into the facility and closes the door behind him.

The red emergency lights flash and reveal mechanical pods that line all four walls. The pods are filled with a transparent liquid. Dark figures are suspended in the fluid.

Conner slowly walks toward the pods. His jaw drops. He backs up, horrified.

The pods contain four sets of clones at different stages of maturity. They are unconscious and underdeveloped.

Conner hoists up his rifle and repeatedly fires into the pods. The glass shatters and liquid pours out past his boots.

Conner turns and rushes back into the side passages.

INT. SIDE PASSAGES - CONTINUOUS

CONNER continues down another hallway. He suddenly stops.

Dozens of Nazi bodies litter the hall. He inches forward and steps over the corpses.

A single body lies at the end of the hall, slumped against the wall.

Conner sprints toward the lone warrior.

The emergency lights radiate down on a familiar figure. WATTSON sits, dead, riddled with bullet wounds, and skull completely smashed in.

Conner notices a crumpled photograph in Wattson's hand. He grabs it and opens it up. It's of the woman in the corset with the lipstick kiss.

Conner crumples it up and puts it back in Wattson's hand.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

WILLIAM NILES stands over the control panel and enters a series of commands. He lifts his head and stares through the glass at the acorn-shaped machine.

RILEY (O.S.)  
Hold it right there!

Niles steps back and raises his hands.

WILLIAM NILES  
Why do you want to kill me?

RILEY tensely grips his gun and jerks it at Niles.

RILEY  
Face me!

Niles turns, arms still raised.

WILLIAM NILES  
Answer my question, please.

RILEY  
'Cus you're the fucking enemy!  
You're a filthy Nazi! Now, where's  
Jansen?!

WILLIAM NILES  
Gone.

Riley walks toward Niles.

RILEY  
You mother fucker! What did you  
say?!

LIEUTENANT STEVENS barges into the observation room.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Riley! Stand down!

Riley spins on Lieutenant Stevens and aims the rifle at his face.

Lieutenant Stevens' eyes widen.

RILEY  
Go kick rocks, Stevens!

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Riley! That's an order!

RILEY  
I know what's going on, here!

LIEUTENANT STEVENS  
Put the fucking gun down, Riley!

Riley fidgets.

RILEY

Fuck you!

Riley turns back to Niles. Niles raises his hands and freezes.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Tell him!

Riley's face explodes with anger and his veins bulge.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Tell him where Jansen is!

Lieutenant Stevens steps closer to Riley. Riley spins back on the Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT STEVENS

Riley...

He stares Riley down. Riley hesitantly lowers his rifle.

Riley looks past Lieutenant Stevens and sees MAJOR RICHTER through the observation room door. The Major's eyes bulge out and his mouth foams as he charges forward.

Riley stands and takes aim.

RILEY

Lieutenant!

CRASH! Major Richter slams through the doorway and into Lieutenant Stevens. Niles shields his face and cowers next to the wall.

Major Richter turns the Lieutenant around and socks him in the chest. Lieutenant Stevens flies backward, slams against the wall, and falls to the floor.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Riley fires but the bullets bounce off of his exoskeleton.

BANG! BANG! Riley continues to fire. One slips through the metal and tears into his stomach. Major Richter strides toward him, unaffected.

RILEY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

Riley takes cover as CONNER bursts into the observation room. Major Richter grabs Riley and hurls him at the observation window. He bounces off it and smacks against the floor.

Conner raises his rifle. Major Richter ducks down, grabs the unhinged door, and flings it at Conner.

Conner dives out of the way. Niles makes a break for the exit.

MAJOR RICHTER  
(in German)  
Where does the little traitor think  
he's going?

Riley's jaw drops as Niles dashes out of the room.

RILEY  
What the hell? You talk?!

Major Richter spins on Riley.

MAJOR RICHTER  
Yes, I talk, you pathetic swine!

Lieutenant Stevens staggers to his feet and repeatedly fires at Major Richter. Bullets rip into him as he flails about. His metallic forearm bludgeons Lieutenant Stevens in the temple. He falls over, unconscious.

CONNER  
Lieutenant!

Conner gets back up and unloads. Major Richter steps toward Conner, grabs him, and hurls him across the room near Lieutenant Stevens' body.

Major Richter's deformed arm twitches. He glances down at it.

MAJOR RICHTER  
I don't have time for this. Where  
is the Xerum-525?!

Conner and Riley glance at each other.

MAJOR RICHTER (CONT'D)  
I know you raided the trucks!  
Which one of you has it?! My time  
is not up yet!

Riley looks back at the observation window. Conner looks down at Lieutenant Stevens' body and spots the katana strapped to his back.

INT. LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

WILLIAM NILES stands in front of the machine with his back to the door. He empties the last few drops of the Xerum-525 cannister into The Bell. The machine's cylinders spin faster; it lifts off of the ground.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MAJOR RICHTER sees WILLIAM NILES through the glass and laughs.

MAJOR RICHTER

You let the doctor keep it? You didn't actually trust him, did you? He lead you into a death trap; he was hoping none of you would survive.

Richter makes eye contact with Niles.

MAJOR RICHTER (CONT'D)

And now I will take what is rightfully mine. Once I have Die Glocke, I will wield power previously reserved for the gods.

CONNER slips his hand under LIEUTENANT STEVENS' body and grabs the katana's hilt.

Major Richter turns around and heads toward the laboratory.

RILEY springs to his feet, pulls a knife from his belt, yells, and leaps on Major Richter's back. He jabs the knife into his shoulder.

Major Richter grabs Riley and tosses him over his shoulder. He stands atop Riley and raises his fists above his head.

Richter snarls.

SLIT! Conner impales Major Richter, through his back and out his chest, on the katana blade.

Major Richter's eyes widen and his jaw drops. Blood trickles from his mouth as he stumbles forward.

Conner grips the hilt and twists the blade. He lets go. Major Richter writhes in agony.

The Major grasps for the sword blade but snaps it in half as he struggles to pull it out. He reaches behind his back for the hilt, but his bulky arms limit his range of motion.

Major Richter coughs up a wad of blood and falls to his knees. He gasps for air as he slowly drowns on his own fluids. He collapses onto his face, lifeless.

Conner and Riley pick themselves up. Conner moves over to Lieutenant Stevens and checks his pulse in futility.

Riley grabs his gun and hobbles over to Major Richter's body.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Riley fires into the back of Major Richter's head. Conner sighs and leans up against the wall.

RILEY

Look alive, Conner, we still got  
one more kraut to kill.

Riley limps out of the observation room.

CONNER

Riley! Ben! No!

Conner scrambles to his feet, grabs a rifle, and chases after Riley.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

BAM! CONNER bursts into the laboratory.

RILEY aims his gun at WILLIAM NILES who takes cover behind one of the pillars.

RILEY

The game's over, kraut!

Riley opens fire. Bullets ricochet off of the spinning machine; two lodge into the pillar near Niles' head.

Conner steps through the entryway, rifle at the ready.

CONNER

Riley!

Riley pauses.

RILEY

So this is what it's come down to?  
You versus me?

CONNER

I don't know what you're talking  
about, but we don't have to kill  
him! Just lower your gun!

RILEY

That's not how I see it.

Riley smirks. He spins around and fires three shots.

The first lands in the wall to Conner's right. He ducks back into the anteroom as the other two bullets whiz through the doorway.

Niles leaves the cover of the pillar and runs next to the circuit breaker. He hides behind what little cover it provides.

Conner spins around and returns fire from behind the laboratory threshold at Riley.

Riley moves to another pillar. He removes his empty clip and loads his final replacement.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I'm finishing this mission, Conner.

CONNER

I'm trying to finish the mission,  
too!

Riley laughs.

RILEY

Not our mission; not my mission.

Conner rests his hand on one of his last grenades.

RILEY (CONT'D)

We can't take these people back,  
Conner. You saw that abomination.  
He wasn't human!

CONNER

That's not our call!

RILEY

Well, it should be! You've seen  
what they're working towards. He  
wanted Niles for a reason, Conner!

Conner stammers.

RILEY (CONT'D)

We can't bring this back home!

Riley spits blood.

Conner re-focuses and slowly unpins the grenade.



RILEY (CONT'D)  
And I'll be damned if I let my  
country turn into a bunch of Nazi  
robot freaks!

Conner underhands the grenade into the laboratory as Riley jumps out and takes aim at Niles.

The grenade bounces against Riley's ankle. Riley looks down. It spins inches from his foot.

Riley panics and dives for the floor.

BOOM! The grenade explodes. Shrapnel rips through Riley's leg.

Niles ducks against the circuit breaker. A piece of shrapnel slams into the circuit breaker's metal housing and deflects off to the side.

Riley howls as he writhes on the floor, face down. His foot dangles by the ligaments.

Conner steps toward him. Riley situates his gun under his right hand.

Riley spins onto his back.

BANG! Conner fires into Riley's shoulder.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Argh!

Conner gets within feet of Riley, rifle pointed at his chest.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
You heard that other psychopath:  
Niles purposefully led us into a  
death trap; I was right all  
along...

Riley breathes heavily. Blood trickles from his lips.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Do it, Conner, kill him for us.

Riley reaches up and grabs for Conner's rifle.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Kill him! Or kill me!

Conner hesitates and trembles. The rifle shakes in his hands.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Do it!

Riley jerks the rifle toward his chest. Conner recoils and discharges the gun.

BANG! Riley convulses on impact and goes limp. Conner watches as Riley draws his final breath.

Conner yells and throws his rifle on the ground. He shrinks up against the wall and sobs.

Niles steps out from behind the circuit breaker. He cautiously approaches Conner.

WILLIAM NILES

You're coming with me. I want to help you.

CONNER

What?

The acorn-shaped machine spins faster; it floats a foot off the ground.

WILLIAM NILES

Remember when you mentioned you had a vision of my house?

Conner nods with a puzzled look.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)

It wasn't a coincidence you saw that.

Niles adjusts his glasses.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)

That probably wasn't the only vision, was it?

Conner looks on shocked.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)

I led you to me.

Niles shoots Conner an ominous glare.

CONNER

But how?

WILLIAM NILES

I had dreams of a better society;  
this is why I worked on a device  
that can transcend time.

Niles moves around the pillars into plain sight.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)

Richter desired to use my discovery  
for his own gains. Time could  
never cure the sickness that he so  
desperately tried to escape.

Conner hesitates.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)

That's why I ran. I understood its  
potential. I could never let a  
machine of that magnitude fall into  
the devil's hands.

CONNER

I don't understand. What do you  
mean?

Niles smiles.

WILLIAM NILES

I possess the ability to travel to  
any point in time. Past or future.

Conner grabs his rifle and stands up.

CONNER

That's impossible. Time is  
straightforward; you can't change  
something that's already happened.

WILLIAM NILES

Only because that's all you've  
experienced. I am going to create  
a new world. All you need to do is  
let me.

Niles turns his back to Conner and walks toward the circuit  
breaker.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)

This is Die Glocke. The Bell, as  
you know it, was intended to be a  
particle accelerator to enhance  
Germany's nuclear program.

Conner listens intently.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)  
I found a way to enhance the  
mercury, and amplify the machine's  
capabilities.

Niles opens the circuit breaker. A large red-handled lever  
is attached to the electronics.

Conner hoists his gun up.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)  
Spare me, and our efforts will mend  
the atrocities committed by mankind  
in this reality. All of these  
wrongs shall be undone.

Conner stares at Niles as he places his hand on the circuit  
breaker lever.

CONNER  
What's in it for the rest of us?  
The people you're leaving behind.  
What's in it for me?

WILLIAM NILES  
What do you want?

Conner pauses for a moment.

CONNER  
Undo all of this. Save my team.  
Bring them all back.

Niles sighs.

WILLIAM NILES  
You know I cannot do that; it's too  
much.

Conner looks away disdainfully. He suddenly jerks his head  
up.

CONNER  
Madison. Save Madison. He had  
nothing to do with any of this.

WILLIAM NILES  
If that is what you desire.

Conner slowly lowers his rifle.

Niles throws the switch.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)  
I knew you were different from the  
others, Conner.

The bunker's light systems replenish to a bright white and the machine whirs into overdrive. The chains grow taught as it quickly rises to the ceiling.

The clamor crescendos in intensity as Niles positions himself under the machine. Rock chips loosen themselves from the pillars.

WILLIAM NILES (CONT'D)  
I will speak of your triumphs in  
the new world!

BZZT! Electricity arcs overhead. A pale-blue, translucent sphere encompasses Niles, the machine, and the pillars.

Conner backs up to the door as the silhouette of Niles levitates, arms extended. Three other forms gather around him: A woman and two small children. They embrace Niles.

A final burst of energy elicits a blinding flash. The observation window shatters. Conner is blasted through the door.

The surroundings blend into blue and white streams of light.

THUD! THUD!

EXT. SNOWY FOREST - NIGHT

CRUNCH! CONNER falls backward into a mound of powdered snow. He opens his eyes and stares up at the starry night sky. A crisp breeze blows across his face.

He lifts his head up and scans the surrounding forest. A few feet away, MADISON writhes, face-first, on the ground. He moans in agony.

Conner exhales sharply and passes out.

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - DAY

Rows of beds line the walls filled with wounded soldiers.

ROSE-MARIE walks in. She carries a clipboard and heads over to CONNER's bed.

Conner sits up and feels the side of his head. It is partially bandaged.

ROSE-MARIE

I see you're finally awake. Do you need any water?

She replaces the charts at the foot of his bed.

Conner hesitates.

CONNER

Yes... Yes, thank you.

ROSE-MARIE

Sure thing. I need to do a checkup when I come back, okay?

Conner nods nervously as she walks out of the room.

He observes his surroundings. A disheveled soldier lays opposite of Conner, asleep. On his right, a paraplegic African-American soldier wheels himself beside a bed; he stares at Conner, curiously.

On his left, MADISON lays still in his bed. The covers are drawn over most of his face.

Rose-Marie re-enters the infirmary followed by two OFFICERS and COLONEL WILLIAMSON. They wait at the door.

Rose-Marie walks over to Conner and hands him a cup of water.

ROSE-MARIE (CONT'D)

Here. You have visitors, as well.

Conner nods. Rose-Marie turns to the officers.

ROSE-MARIE (CONT'D)

Colonel Williamson?

The Colonel walks up to Conner.

Rose-Marie moves over to the left. She positions herself next to Madison.

ROSE-MARIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's time for your medicine, Bucky.

Conner curiously watches Rose-Marie tend to his friend.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON

Private.

Conner focuses on the Colonel and gingerly salutes. He groans as his shoulder pops.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
How are you feeling?

CONNER  
As best I can, sir.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON  
We have a problem, son.

Conner sits up in bed.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
Would you care to explain why we  
found you miles away from your  
designated location?

Conner looks at the Colonel in confusion.

CONNER  
Sir?

The Colonel shoots his flanking Officers a knowing glance.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON  
Where is the rest of your team?  
And why were you found with a man  
presumed to be dead for months?

CONNER  
I-I... I don't--

COLONEL WILLIAMSON  
I personally watched you leave  
twelve hours ago on a plane, yet  
here you are.

Colonel Williamson leans in closer.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
Now, tell me what happened.

Conner returns the Colonel's glare.

CONNER  
Well, the plane must've been shot  
down.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON  
Strange. There were no signs of a  
crash.

Colonel Williamson nods to one of the Officers. The Officer  
pulls out a folder and hands it to Colonel Williamson.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
I would like to thank you for your  
service unto this great country.  
Your government, and its people  
alike, praise your heroic doings.

Colonel Williamson glares at Conner ominously.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
While we respect your contributions  
to the mission, we regret to inform  
you that, for your personal safety,  
we must re-assign you under a  
completely different identity.

Conner throws his blanket off.

CONNER  
What?!

Rose-Marie rushes over to Conner's bedside.

ROSE-MARIE  
You mustn't jostle yourself. That  
will reopen your wounds.

Conner looks down and sees his chest wrapped in more  
bandages.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON  
You are not well, son.

Conner locks eyes with the Colonel.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
You are required, under Federal  
law, to agree to these terms, or  
face a court-martial. You cannot  
speak of your mission to anyone.  
Do you understand me?

Conner's stomach drops.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
Good. It is in everyone's best  
interest to ensure you live a nice,  
quiet life secluded from the prying  
minds of the public. Do you accept  
these terms?

Conner looks down, lost in thought.



CONNER

What about the Lieutenant, Jansen,  
Ril--!?

COLONEL WILLIAMSON

That's enough!

CONNER

They should be honored!

He looks back up and is met with Colonel Williamson's  
piercing stare.

CONNER (CONT'D)

Tread lightly son. You wouldn't  
want to say the wrong thing.

CONNER (CONT'D)

This isn't why I went back.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON

We needed you to serve your country  
and you have done just that.  
Correct?

CONNER

And what of my mother?

COLONEL WILLIAMSON

She'll be taken care of. Don't you  
worry about that. I recommend you  
accept these terms... for her sake.

Conner sighs and nods.

Colonel Williamson hands him the folder.

A black and white mugshot of Conner is paperclipped to the  
cover.

COLONEL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)

I am sorry, soldier, but you have  
been exposed to too much.

The Colonel walks away followed by the two Officers.

Colonel Williamson leaves and shuts the door behind him.

Conner looks down at the photo. Below his image, in fine  
print, reads his new identity: "Gordon Horowitz; Born: June  
7th, 1921; Profession: Automotive Mechanic; Residence: Boise,  
ID; SS#: 176-29-5681"

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - NIGHT

"December 9th, 1965 - Kecksburg, Pennsylvania"

A fireball streaks across the sky over fields and forests.

BOOM! The fireball crashes into a section of woods and rips a number of trees out of the ground.

A FARMER (60) rushes out from his house. Bluish smoke rises from the forest.

FARMER

May! Call the police!

The farmer grabs a shotgun near the door, puts his coat on, and hurries toward the crash site.

EXT. CRASH SITE - NIGHT

The FARMER approaches a massive crater. The surrounding plant life is scorched.

FARMER

Well, I'll be damned...

The bluish smoke clears and the farmer peeks into the crater.

A large, automobile-sized machine radiates heat from within the hole. Strange hieroglyphics adorn the entire acorn-shaped contraption.

More VILLAGERS appear around the crater. They stare curiously at the unidentified object.

FARMER (CONT'D)

What in the hell--?

The low rumbling of a Jeep engine sounds from behind the farmer. He spins and faces a pair of headlights. He shields his eyes and squints through the bright light.

GENERAL BERNARD WILLIAMSON (70) steps forward flanked by four U.S. SOLDIERS. A cluster of stars and badges adorn his uniform. The Soldiers point their rifles at the townspeople.

GENERAL WILLIAMSON

Step away; hands in the air!

The farmer drops his shotgun and puts both of his hands up.

GENERAL WILLIAMSON (CONT'D)  
Secure a perimeter. This site is  
now under the control of the United  
States Army.

General Williamson walks up to the crater. He notices something in the dirt. He bends over and picks up a pair of busted glasses.

Dozens of Soldiers pour past him and surround the crash site.

EXT. BOISE, IDAHO PARK - DAY

CONNER (70s) and MADISON (70s), sit across a chess table from each other. Madison hangs his head as he observes his lackluster strategy quickly unwind.

MADISON  
Oh, all that work for nothing!

Conner nods as he checkmates Madison. He notices a young family off in the distance.

An unchanged WILLIAM NILES tosses bread crumbs to a group of nearby ducks. His two SONS chase after the birds while his WIFE tends to the picnic basket.

Niles sees Conner and waves.

Conner cracks a smile. Madison turns around.

MADISON (CONT'D)  
Who's that?

CONNER  
An old friend.

Madison turns back around.

MADISON  
Older than me?

The two laugh as Madison resets the chess board.

FADE OUT.