

THE CAGE

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EXT. FORT SHERIDAN-GATE, ILLINOIS - DAY - CARAVAN

Army vehicles weave past. Once inside the gates, the mass of iron divides in every direction.

EXT. SHERIDAN OPERATIONS - VEHICLES

In preparation for a world conflict, Jeeps, large personnel carriers, tanks and artillery are everywhere.

EXT. DRILL TEAM FIELD - DUSK - A BOXING RING

Surrounded by bleachers ten rows high. The entire Fort's officers and recruits, engaged in the nights boxing competition.

EXT. BLEACHERS - NIGHT

Huddled on bleachers, standing with eyes peeled to the ring, are recruits from every state of the Union.

The sounds of cheers are deafening. There is a chill in the air.

EXT. RINGSIDE - NIGHT - FRED

Stretchers carry two recruits from the ring. Bloody and in agony.

Cheering precedes FRED ELLER (22), a handsome, confident Private First Class. Fred walks slowly down the isle, humbled by the attention.

EXT. INSIDE RING - COMMANDER

He grabs the microphone, delivers the introduction.

COMMANDER

Ladies and gentlemen. In the Ft. Sheridan corner, in the one eighty five class, give a warm round of applause for private first class, Fred "Fritz" Eller.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN STANDS - SHERIDAN RECRUITS

Wads of money change hands. The celebration includes discrete gulps of moonshine.

EXT. FT. BENNING STANDS - FANS

Rival fans boo and root for their champion.

EXT. OPPOSITE RINGSIDE - FT. BENNING BOXER

A stout chiseled beast of a man, waves his gloves in the air.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN BLEACHERS - MABEL

MABEL NELSON (21) an attractive, loyal Commander's Maid, yells from an isolated seat in the bleachers:

MABEL
Give em hell, Fritz!

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN CORNER -RINGSIDE - FRED

Ducking between the ropes, Fred enters the ring. His manager checks his gloves and wipes petroleum jelly on his eyebrows and cheeks.

MANAGER
Remember Lad, duck and cover. Keep these gloves up.

EXT. CENTER RING - COMMANDER

He hands-off the microphone. Walks to Fred's corner.

EXT. FT. BENNING CORNER - OPPONENT

Fred's rival pounds his fists and grunts in the corner.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN CORNER - COMMANDER

COMMANDER
Eller. I'm told this guy has a hell of a knock-out punch.

FRED
Yes, sir. I'll go easy on him.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN CORNER - COMMANDER

The Commander questions Fred's confidence.

COMMANDER
Don't be too cocky!

EXT. CENTER RING - FRED/OPPONENT

The two foes enter the center ring. The REFEREE, an ARMY SERGEANT, tattooed and jacked, checks their gloves, holds their shoulders and pulls them closer.

REFEREE
OK men. No kicking, no biting, and for Christ sake, when I say stop, I mean stop! Let's have a clean fight. Are we clear?

EXT. CENTER RING - FRED/OPPONENT

Both fighters nod in agreement, tap gloves. Fred's physic reveals a man in top shape. They both return to their corners briefly.

The Bell sounds. The two fighters quickly circle each other in the center of the ring, sizing up.

Fred immediately covers up and allows several punches. He covers quickly.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN BLEACHERS - NIGHT - MABEL

MABEL
At a boy, coverup!

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - FRED/OPPONENT

- A) Fred covers, his opponent jabs with minimal affect.
- B) Fred circles keeping his distance,
- C) Punches begin to score in the opponents favor.
- D) Fred begins to look for an opening.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN STANDS - MABEL

MABEL
Come on Fritz. Look for it!

EXT. CENTER RING - OPPONENT

Fred looks at the clock with 10 clicks left, raises his hands above his head, looks into the crowd.

EXT. CENTER RING - FRED

An opening is revealed. Fred shuffles quickly to his opponents back. As he turns Fred lands a massive upper cut to his jaw.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN STANDS - MABEL

She lets out a SCREAM, blows a WHISTLE with her two fingers.

EXT. CENTER RING - OPPONENT/FRED

Fred's opponent lands on his backside, sitting upright at waist level, dazed and unable to react. Fred inches closer.

Instead of a final blow, Fred simply holds his left glove at his opponents face. The bell sounds.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN STANDS - MABEL

The crowd, along with Mabel cheers.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN CORNER - FRED/MANAGER

Fred retreats to the corner, beat up but in good shape. His manager pats a bloody lip and drenches his face with a sponge.

MANAGER

What in bloody hell was that?

FRED

I was showing him what he'll see,
right before the lights go out.

MANAGER

Listen here laddie, you know the
object of the match is to land more
punches than him, right?

FRED

Yeah, sure.

MANAGER
You can't take his jabs all night.

FRED
Got it!

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN - CORNER - FRED

Fred looks towards the Commander.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN BLEACHERS - COMMANDER

He raises his fist and nods to Fred.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN - CORNER - FRED

Fred nods to acknowledge. He looks up at the bleachers for Mabel. The bell sounds.

EXT. CENTER RING - FRED/OPPONENT

Fred meets his opponent in the center, raises his gloves.

His opponent land punches to Fred's gloves. He is careful to cover. The Ref gives Fred a warning.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN BLEACHERS - MABEL

MABEL
Ah ref, he's not stalling!

EXT. CENTER RING - OPPONENT/FRED

Fred's opponent is showing signs of exhaustion from his relentless pursuit. He looks towards the crowd in defiance and raises his gloves, conceding his victory. His back towards Fred.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN STANDS - MABEL

MABEL
Show off. Give it to em Fritz!

EXT. CENTER RING - OPPONENT/FRED

He turns towards Fred's direction. Fred has pursued, and from close range Fred delivers a crushing right upper cut under his chin followed by a left hook to his temple.

EXT. CENTER RING-CANVAS - OPPONENT

He falls like a hemlock to the canvas. He is out cold, his arms stiff to his sides.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN BLEACHERS - MABEL

Mabel jumps up and down. She is gleaming.

MABEL
That's my Fritz!

The entire home crowd cheers.

EXT. RINGSIDE - FRED

Fred smiles as he exits the ring, the Commander offers a salute. Fred searches for Mabel, the lights prevent him from locating her.

EXT. FT. SHERIDAN BLEACHERS - MABEL

Mabel is ecstatic. She pushes her way through the crowd towards the winners platform. She struggles to keep her eyes on Fred. They lock eyes.

EXT. CENTER RING - OPPONENT

A Doctor and the boxer's staff attempt to revive Fred's opponent.

EXT. WINNERS PLATFORM - FRED/COMMANDER

Fred walks up the platform to cheers. The Commander places a metal over his head and onto his shoulders.

He grabs Fred's boxing glove and raises his arm.

COMMANDER
Our champ, Fred Eller!

EXT. BELOW WINNERS PLATFORM - MABEL/FRED

Mabel stands at the base of the stairs. Fred drenched in sweat and blood, walks to her side.

Her furrowed brow signals a concern as she gets a closer look at Fred's condition.

MABEL
Oh Fritz, look at you. You're
bleeding.

FRED
Oh, I'm all right.

MABEL
I'll be the judge of that.

FRED
It doesn't really hurt.

Mabel has pulled out a handkerchief, placed one hand on his temple, quickly pats the wound.

The Commander walks by, offers his advice.

COMMANDER
Take good care of him, Mabel.

Mabel smiles, turns to tend to Fred.

FRED
Ouch!

Fred doesn't flinch.

MABEL
Such a baby.

They step closer together, while more recruits congratulate Fred, he can't take his eyes off of Mabel.

FRED
Your baby. Still wanna go to the
movies?

MABEL
You're in no shape to go anywhere.

FRED
I can be ready in fifteen, really.

Mabel looks at his condition, leans in to get a whiff.

MABEL

You'll need a shower, with soap.

Fred puts his gloves gently on her shoulders, attempts to kiss her. Mabel turns away, offers her blushed cheek instead.

MABEL (CONT'D)

Go clean up. I'll meet you there in an hour.

Fred scurries away with recruits in tow. Looks back.

FRED

Love you!

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

On the movie theater marquee, Modern Times - with Charlie Chaplin is displayed.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - SEATS - FRED/MABEL

The film illuminates Fred and Mabel's faces. They both inch closer.

FRED (V.O.)

Shipping out will devastate Mabel.
But duty calls.

Both Mabel and Fred and others around them are troubled by what they see.

Mabel holds Fred's hand. She tightens her grip, lays her head on his shoulder.

The movie on the screen ends, and a Movietone newsreel begins. Tanks enter a city in ruins. The movie scene transforms to real time.

EXT. KATYN FOREST, POLAND 1944 - DAY - ESTABLISHING

In a remote forest, hundreds of Polish officers shuffle aimlessly through a manicured evergreen forest, escorted by heavily armed Soviet soldiers. They are completely unaware of their eminent fate.

In the distance, dozens of machine gun nests are hidden by camouflage. Soviet soldiers are taking aim on two parallel ridges.

SERIES OF SHOTS - KATYN FOREST - DAY

- A) Gunners follow the officers from every possible angle, concealed.
- B) Polish prisoners struggle to walk, a man falls to his knees, officers overcome by starvation line the floor of the forest.
- C) A Soviet officer inhales, places a whistle to his lips, and signals the gunners to begin.
- D) The machine guns blaze the forest with a thunderous evil.
- E) Officers scatter, most are shot from several angles.
- F) Smoke covers the view, the relentless fire subsides, the quiet of the forest signals an end to the massacre.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Fred and Mabel sit on a blanket, below a large Pin Oak. Fred, dressed in jeans and a plaid shirt, gazes up at the sky.

Fred listens for a heartbeat from Mabel's bulge. BONNIE (2) sleeps in a stroller next to them.

FRED

You know, it's getting harder to watch from the sidelines.

MABEL

You've done your time, Fritz. You have a family now.

Mabel repositions, holds her stomach.

MABEL (CONT'D)

And one on the way. Besides, I thought you were going back to school.

FRED

At my age? That ship sailed long ago.

MABEL

The Army will pay for it!

Mabel searches Fred's eyes for an approval.

MABEL (CONT'D)

You can at least get your diploma.

FRED
My entire company is in Europe.

MABEL
Good for them. I talk to their
wives every day. They're scared to
death their husbands will come home
in a coffin.

A tear flows from her cheek, lands on Fred's forehead.

FRED
I didn't mean to upset you.

MABEL
Bonnie needs you here. I need you.

FRED
I'll never see combat.

Mabel wipes her tears from Fred's face.

MABEL
How can you be so sure?

FRED
Troops are headed home. The war is
almost over.

MABEL
So you've made up your mind?

FRED
I haven't said yes. But it's a huge
leap.

Mabel's fingers soothe Fred's busy mind.

MABEL
I'll admit, you've always been a
fighter.
(then)
You're certain you'll be far from
the battles?

FRED
Positive. The Commander promised
I'd re-enlisted as a 1st
Lieutenant, that's a hell of a
promotion.

Fred rolls Mabel over carefully. They kiss.

MABEL
Stop now, you'll wake the baby.

They both looks towards Bonnie, she's watching patiently.

BONNIE
Momma.

EXT. FORT BENNING - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A flurry of activity, soldiers march, vehicles are loaded, an obstacle course, a live firing range.

SUPER OVER: JANUARY 1945

INT. GENERAL PARK'S OFFICE - FRED

The click of Fred's boots and a salute does little to gain the attention of the General.

FRED
Lieutenant Eller reporting for duty
sir.

The General looks up into Fred's face. Struggles with his familiarity.

GENERAL PARK
At ease Eller. I remember you.

FRED
Where from, sir?

GENERAL PARK
It was your upper cut, decked our
best fighter.

FRED
Permission to speak freely, sir.

GENERAL PARK
By all means, Eller

Fred puts down his guard, relaxes.

FRED
He thought he had me beat, sir.
But, I don't quit.

GENERAL PARK
I'd say that's a fair statement.

The General stands and directs Fred to take a seat.

GENERAL PARK (CONT'D)
Please take a seat.

They get comfortable in chairs facing each other.

GENERAL PARK (CONT'D)
I'll be frank son. In considering
your candidacy and the promotion,
I've had to ignore your eighth
grade diploma.

Fred bites his lower lip, exposing a vulnerability.

FRED
I'm honored to serve, General, and
anxious to learn. Best way to say
it sir, I make things right.

GENERAL PARK
Well there's a lot that's wrong
where you're going, so that's a
good thing.

FRED
I learn quickly, sir.

GENERAL PARK
You'll have to learn on your feet,
deal with danger, everywhere.

FRED
I learned that in Boxing, sir.

GENERAL PARK
I'd say you did, son.
(then)
You'll command a prisoner of war
camp. Are you up for the task.

Fred repositions into his chair.

FRED
Why, yes sir.

GENERAL PARK
Prisoners' under your supervision
will be the worst war criminals the
world has ever known.

Fred leans forward and reveals a slight reluctance.

FRED

Where's all the officers?

GENERAL PARK

They're either stateside or on their way. The war's winding down, Eller. General Patton is staying. So, I'm promoting you to 2nd Lieutenant.

FRED

I see, thank you sir.

GENERAL PARK

Your mission is to gain intelligence and then send those bastards back home. Let their own country deal with the vengeance.

FRED

That's fine with me. I was never one to be spiteful, sir.

GENERAL PARK

That suits us both, cause you're the only man for the job, Lieutenant.

FRED

So, who are these prisoners?

EXT. BATTLEFIELD THEATER - DAY - GERMAN DIVISION

A column of battered German Tanks, personnel carriers and officers in jeeps drive on a country road.

GENERAL PARK (O.S.)

Many of these scoundrels have already been captured. Others, are at large, attempting to flee Europe.

PRE-LAP: Sounds of fighter planes and explosions

EXT. PRAGUE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

From atop a ridge in the distance, a small village outside Prague is smoldering, as the war wages in every direction.

EXT. FARMLAND - DAY - US TROOPS

A complete division march down a country road in formation, at an aggressive pace with tanks and artillery.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - GERMAN TROOPS

Young soldiers lumber with each step looking backwards in misery, wearing tattered uniforms, their weapons dangerously placed on their shoulders.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY - NAZI TROOPS

Large vehicles carrying crates head the opposite direction under heavy guard.

EXT. PRAGUE STREET - DAY

Refugees walk through the streets with prized possessions on their backs.

EXT. PRAGUE TOWN SQUARE - NAZI SOLDIERS

An entire division of trucks rolls by.

EXT. PRAGUE MANSION - DAY

BORIS YUSEFF (30'S) A Czechoslovakian refugee, checks his surroundings as he scurries away. He follows the column in search of his family.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - JEWISH CITIZENS

With hands bound behind them, they are assembled in the street, their children loaded into trucks. Without ceremony or warning GENERAL ZACHEROVICH (40's) a cruel, despicable man shouts:

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
(in Russian)
Company, Aim, Fire!

EXT. CENTER SQUARE - JEWISH CITIZENS

Shots ring out. One by one, the women and men fall to the ground. The marksmen laugh and congratulate each other.

EXT. PRAGUE STREET - BORIS

Boris looks back into the square, a witness to the murder of innocent civilians. A few shots finish off the Jews. He begins to run.

INT. PRAGUE MANSION - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Two women, hands bound behind their backs, are paraded by officers up the stairs. Their dresses torn, their faces full of despair.

Nazi Soldiers carry large crates out the front door.

INT. VLASOV OFFICE - RUSSIAN LIEUTENANT

Wearing a German Uniform he clicks his heels and salutes.

INT. VLASOV OFFICE - DAY

GENERAL VLASOV (50'S) An American educated Russian General sits at a large desk. He wears a Nazi uniform.

RUSSIAN LIEUTENANT
(in Russian)
My General!

Vlasov finishes with documents and holds a letter.

GENERAL VLASOV
Please, in English. We need the practice. The Americans have the continent surrounded.

RUSSIAN LIEUTENANT
Stalin knows we have defected.

GENERAL VLASOV
So, he does. The whole world will know soon enough.

RUSSIAN LIEUTENANT
You are not concerned?

GENERAL VLASOV
All of them have lost their minds.

RUSSIAN LIEUTENANT
Rifles aimed at our backs and promises from the Fuhrer, all unanswered.

GENERAL VLASOV

This war will end before we get his support.

RUSSIAN LIEUTENANT

You have a plan, my General.

GENERAL VLASOV

We will take a select group of officers, and the spoils, south through Austria. Here is a list of the officers.

The Lieutenant scans the list and looks surprised.

RUSSIAN LIEUTENANT

This is the entire list?

GENERAL VLASOV

I'm afraid so.

RUSSIAN LIEUTENANT

We numbered eight hundred thousand.

GENERAL VLASOV

That was yesterday. We cannot trust anyone. Do I have your loyalty comrade?

RUSSIAN LIEUTENANT

Yes, sir.

He stands, salutes and stuffs the list into his pocket.

EXT. BAD HERSFELD STATION - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: MAY 7, 1945

An aerial POV of the train station reveals a town torn by the horrors of war.

The train slowly comes to a halt among buildings piled in ruins.

Nearby military vehicles lie smoldering, dozens of coffins drive by.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY - FRED

Fred steps from the train, stiff from the ride through Europe. He scans his surroundings.

EXT. DISTANT PLATFORM - KARL/SERGEANT

Fred's Interpreter, KARL OLDENBURG (27) a thorough genuine man stands along with Fred's Aide, SERGEANT CARLSON (20's) a conscientious and dedicated young Sergeant.

The Sergeant and Karl scurry through townspeople to reach Fred.

KARL
Lieutenant Eller?

From Fred's POV, he turns towards Karl and Carlson.

FRED
Mr. Oldenburg?

KARL
Yes, please, call me Karl.

FRED
Sure thing. My friends call me Fritz.

Karl acknowledges, Sergeant Carlson salutes.

SERGEANT CARLSON
(A deep southern accent)
Evening, sir. Welcome to Baker Company.

FRED
Good Afternoon, Sergeant. A southerner?

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes, sir ree, sir. Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

FRED
Ah, the Crimson Tide

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes, sir! Class of 42.

FRED
Your degree?

SERGEANT CARLSON
I quit my Senior year to join the Army, sir.

FRED
Well, we have that in common.

Fred turns to Karl.

FRED (CONT'D)

So Karl, I see the celebration has made its way to Bad Hersfeld.

KARL

Hitler is dead, the Third Reich is in hiding. All of Germany is picking up the pieces.

FRED

Well, part of rebuilding is our work. We must begin immediately.

KARL

With due haste Fritz. If it were up to me, I'd round up every Nazi.

(then)

Hang them all.

Fred notes Karl's displeasure, sets parameters.

FRED

Revenge is a natural impulse. But, my orders don't include a lynching.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - DUSK - US COMMAND

Carlson unloads Fred's luggage, Fred takes in his surroundings.

KARL

This is one of the few buildings that survived the shelling.

FRED

It's a gem all right. I'm shocked at how little is left standing.

Karl waits, then pierces the silence.

KARL

You should get settled first. We can go to the Cage tomorrow.

FRED

The cage?

KARL

Yes, it's a despicable place. There on the hill.

Fred looks towards the outskirts of town, lights surround a fortress of barbed wire. They begin to walk.

FRED

It looks creepy, that's for sure.

KARL

The German's called it the Cage.
Hundreds of Jews perished there. It
was a place of torture and death.

EXT. BAD HERSFELD STREET - ESTABLISHING

A dozen refugees, walk slowly by Fred. Their bodies emaciated, their feet bare, their faces covered with empty stares.

One of the men stops briefly. He awkwardly attempts to hug Fred. Fred is unprepared to process the gesture. He watches as the man wattles away.

FRED

My God, who would do such things?

KARL

Our own people did this.

The two men stand for a moment. The sounds of celebration among the destruction.

FRED

If you ask me, hate and stupidity
did this, Karl. Thankfully, there's
always hope for something better.

A horn blasts, shots fill the air, airplanes stream by overhead. Fred and Karl walk slowly back to headquarters.

FRED (CONT'D)

You and I have a job to do.

KARL

The German people want justice, at
the end of a rope.

FRED

What I've seen so far, I can see
why. But, the killing, must end.

Fred looks around at his surroundings.

KARL
The human cost and suffering will
be felt for decades.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Fred and Karl have made it back to Headquarters. Carlson
waits patiently at the entrance.

FRED
Can you be here tomorrow morning?

KARL
Sure. Your quarters are on the top
floor.

Carlson who was listening in, pulls out a list.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Sir, I'm sorry to interrupt.

Karl pats Fred on the shoulder.

KARL
I will see you in the morning.

Karl walks away and into the street.

INT. FRED'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The door opens and Fred enters with Carlson handling the
luggage.

FRED
Thank you Sergeant. Just drop em
right there.

Carlson places the luggage carefully on the floor, hands Fred
a stack of folders.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Sir, these are the prisoners we'll
evaluate tomorrow. It includes a
few hand written letters that we'll
need to translate.

Fred looks at them. Hand written in German he just shakes his
head, scans for a simple phrase he knows. He lays them down,
carefully drapes his coat around a chair.

FRED
Carlson.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes, sir.

FRED
At ease.

Fred begins to place his items in their place as he speaks.

FRED (CONT'D)
You've been here a while.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes, sir I have. There ain't
another officer within miles of
this place.

Fred smiles at Carlson's quip and begins to feel at ease.

FRED
Well, I need someone I can depend
on, for just about everything.

SERGEANT CARLSON
I'm your man, sir.

FRED
I believe you are Sergeant.

Carlson puts down his guard and his rank and changes his
tone.

SERGEANT CARLSON
May I be candid, sir?

FRED
Yes, please do.

SERGEANT CARLSON
I was just as overwhelmed by what
I've seen of this war. Being afraid
is a natural reaction. Keeps you
alive.

Fred sighs, appreciates Carlson's candid assessment.

SERGEANT CARLSON (CONT'D)
Hell, when I played ball for the
Tide, I was plenty scared before a
game. Fear makes you focus.

Fred stops what he is doing to let that quip sink in.

FRED
Yes, it does. I've never been
afraid of anything, but failure.

INT. ELLER DANCE HALL - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

A bustling venue, with a large space is covered with dancers. A dance band sets the beat, while a bar keeps the beer flowing.

FRED (O.S.)
My family owned a Dance Hall during
the depression. It was a place
folks came, to forget their
struggle.

Young Fred (6) is being pulled around the dance floor. He studies the crowd as a small boy.

FRED (CONT'D)
Our neighbors had nothing, but
somehow they made ends meet. They
had each other.

Skirmishes over women, moonshine discretely hidden from law enforcement.

FRED (CONT'D)
I watched life as it was. Raw,
passionate.

Big Band plays for jitterbugs, simply dressed, content despite their status.

FRED (CONT'D)
Mom and Dad created a place to get
away, leave the troubled world
behind. (END FLASHBACK)

INT. FRED'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

CARLSON
Sounds great, sir. The world is a
bit upside down here. Takes some
time getting used to.

They both pause for a moment, Fred appreciates the advice.

FRED
Thank you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Have a good night, sir.

Carlson turns and carefully shuts the door behind him.

INT. FRED'S QUARTERS - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Fred enters his room, drops his duffle and briefcase, places it on his bed.

His clothes are immaculate, each item ironed, separated by tissue paper. He marvels at Mabel's attention to detail.

On the top of the clothes is the framed picture of him and Mabel. He places the picture on the night stand.

He glances back at the picture, takes his personal Colt out and places it on the desk. He sits down and begins to write a letter to Mabel.

INT. ELLER HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mabel opens the letter and begins to read.

FRED (V.O.)
My dearest Mabel. I just arrived.
The war has ended, now my duty
begins. I could use your words of
wisdom. Your gentle touch. You are
my compass, my guiding light. Write
when you can. I love you. Fritz.

INT. FRED'S QUARTERS - NIGHT - BEDROOM

He folds the letter, places it into an envelope. He bends to his knees, lowers his head, clasps his hands and begins to pray.

FRED
Dear heavenly father, thank you for
all my blessings. Lord, boy do I
need your help this time. We've got
a lot of work to do, you and I.
Don't forget Mabel, Bonnie and
little Steve. Amen.

EXT. PRAGUE MANSION - MORNING - RUSSIAN OFFICERS

Soldiers load items into large trucks. A squad of British Spitfire's scream overhead, muffling any sound below.

Vlasov lays a map onto the hood of the squad car.

GENERAL VLASOV

Head southwest toward Austria.
Here. Ginzling is about 80
kilometers from Innsbruck. Make
haste. The Americans are rounding
up all officers.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH

Stalin is singing with the
Americans. All of our labors are
meaningless.

GENERAL VLASOV

Not so comrade. We can make it to
the Mediterranean and freedom, if
we hurry.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH

We would make better time if we had
less luggage.

GENERAL VLASOV

We will need these items if we are
to make it to the coast. Our
freedom will not be without cost.

General Vlasov folds up the map, he salutes, Zacherovich follows.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH

We will meet again, comrade.

Without further ceremony they both hop into open German vehicles.

At the edge of town the caravan separates into two columns, led by each of the Generals.

INT. CAMP COMMAND - MORNING

Fred stands in the front of his superior's desk, GENERAL SULLY (50'S) at the Headquarters Office.

GENERAL SULLY

Well Eller, you must have pissed
someone off or you're just damn
smart. Now which one is it?

FRED

My father used to tell me I could
fix anything I put my mind to, sir.

GENERAL SULLY

Well. There's plenty of things that need fixin. This war destroyed just about everything.

Fred acknowledges the General's frankness, changes the path.

FRED

General, I believe in hard work and I never quit.

GENERAL SULLY

Excellent. When I take off this week, you're it.

FRED

I'm sorry sir, I don't follow.

GENERAL SULLY

Eller, you're gunna be the highest ranking officer for miles. Everyone else is stateside or on their way.

FRED

I'm thankful for the promotion, sir.

GENERAL SULLY

Well then, congratulations.

Fred allows it to sink in. General Sully senses the young man's unease.

GENERAL SULLY (CONT'D)

Are you OK son?

Fred quickly collects himself.

FRED

Yes, sir.

GENERAL SULLY

Son, you're due an explanation.
(then)

This was one hell of a war. You're the cleanup committee. You need to make things right. Keep your emotions in check. You understand?

FRED

Yes, sir, I do. I'm thankful for the opportunity.

GENERAL SULLY

Great. So, don't screw it up!

The General smiles, picks up a copy of the camp list and hands it to Fred.

FRED

I'll do my best, sir.

The General ponders a path, proposes a short trip.

GENERAL SULLY

Lieutenant, come with me.

The General grabs a set of keys, throws his coat on, they walk out of the office.

EXT. CAMP COMMAND - ARMY JEEP - DAY

The General and Fred hop in a Jeep. Two soldiers stop to salute.

INT. ARMY JEEP - MORNING

The two men talk as the jeep makes their way to the liberated POW camp.

GENERAL SULLY

We liberated another Nazi concentration camp this morning. I think it'd be wise for you to see where these bastards come from.

The General references his copy of the list, hands it to Fred. Fred scans it as the General talks.

GENERAL SULLY (CONT'D)

Most of these sons of bitches will hang or face a firing squad. In my humble opinion, they deserve much worse. But you Eller, you'll follow your orders, no exceptions. Is that clear?

FRED

Yes sir!

EXT. CONCENTRATION CAMP - JEEP - MORNING

A steady line of liberated Jewish PRISONERS shuffle along the road as the General's jeep drives by.

Approaching the open gate, Fred eyes a group of Army Soldiers assembling NAZI OFFICERS in a group.

ARMY SERGEANT
Mach, Shnell!

The Sergeant rams the butt end of his rifle into an officers back.

GENERAL SULLY
These animals are your next batch.

Buildings with large smoke stacks line the back of the camp.

A bull dozer, covers a mass grave, dead prisoners barely recognizable as humans.

FRED
Was this some sort of factory?

GENERAL SULLY
Those are ovens Eller. This was genocide. Until you see it in person, you can't grasp the insanity.

EXT. POW CAMP - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A group of German officers are escorted towards personnel trucks.

EXT. JEEP POV - FRED/GENERAL

The two men pass a large pile of suit cases, thirty feet high, fifty feet wide. Next to that is a massive pile of shoes.

FRED
How could this happen?

GENERAL SULLY
They're sick mother fuckers, every last one of them.

Fred is angered by what he sees, he trades glances with the Nazi Officers.

FRED
General, I'll be honest. It'll be hard to show any mercy, after seeing this.

GENERAL SULLY

Yep, that's expected! But this is one time you must throw away your vengeance. Just follow the law, let the chips fall where they may.

EXT. LIBERATED POW CAMP - FRED/GENERAL

They turn the jeep around, head back towards the entrance.

They pass a few prisoners attempting to help a JEWISH WOMAN (40's) to her feet.

EXT. LIBERATED POW CAMP - FRED

Fred jumps out of the Jeep. The men are frail, too weak to assist. Fred grabs the woman's arm. A number is tattooed on her forearm.

Once on her feet, two other prisoners take each arm and lead her towards a series of stations, with water, food and clothes.

Fred pauses to watch them shuffle away. He hops back into the Jeep.

FRED

What will happen to these people?

GENERAL SULLY

We're a bit low on resources, but the Army will get them back on their feet and send them home.

FRED

If there's a home to return to.

GENERAL SULLY

That may be the case.

They pass the Nazi soldiers loading into a large truck. The officers all turn to gaze at Fred and the General.

GENERAL SULLY (CONT'D)

One last item Lieutenant. Keep your guard up every second. These fuckers have nothing to lose.

FRED

Understood!

GENERAL SULLY

This was an extermination. Evil men took every thing the Jews had, and every thing they could have been.

FRED

Yes, sir. They did.

EXT. POW CAMP ENTRANCE - DAY - FRED/GENERAL

The two men exchange a glance eye to eye and drive away into the distance. Fred looks to the sky.

FRED (V.O.)

I would never forget what I saw that day. I hid it away in an envelope, and sent it up to God.

EXT. RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS-MINSK - DAY - AZORDOFF

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF (50's) Fred's rival, a very capable military attorney stands before his commanding officer.

RUSSIAN GENERAL

(In Russian)

I want to be certain you understand your duty, Lieutenant. I want every one of those traitors back here.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF

Yes, sir. I leave for Bad Hersfeld tomorrow.

RUSSIAN GENERAL

Any questions?

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF

Who will represent the Americans?

RUSSIAN GENERAL

I am told he is a young Lieutenant, like yourself.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF

A Lieutenant. From the Academy or West Point?

RUSSIAN GENERAL

No. Our intelligence reports he is a school boy from the Midwest.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
They are sending a cowboy?

The two men begin to laugh.

EXT. COMMANDERS OFFICE - MORNING

Fred exits the office and out the front door. Karl is waiting in the car. Carlson opens the door.

Both Karl and Carlson sense Fred is a different man, hardened by his trip with General Sully. Fred keeps his emotions to himself.

FRED
Morning, Sergeant.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Morning, Commander.

Fred fails to reveal a mixture of excitement or anxiety. Carlson circles to the other door and hops in.

Fred picks up a Magazine beside him.

FRED
What's this?

SERGEANT CARLSON
It's official. The article was in this issue of the Stars and Stripes.

Fred glances, he is featured in the article.

KARL
Where to Fritz?

FRED
To the Cage, Karl.

They drive away and travel straight through town to the outskirts of the village. The Cage looms in the distance.

EXT. GINZLING FARM - DAWN - AUSTRIA

General Zacherovich steps from his car. Soldiers carry large crates up a steep hill along with shovels. A few soldiers hold a FARMER and his WIFE on their knees.

An SS soldier pulls a Lugar from his belt, he fires a bullet straight through the wife's skull. Handcuffed, her husband screams in agony.

Without emotion the General issues his commands. Two SS salute.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Follow them. No witnesses.

The SS soldiers follow up the hill and out of sight.

EXT. GINZLING LAKE FARMLAND - DAY

Several Spitfires stream by overhead, in pursuit of a German passenger aircraft.

EXT. GINSLING HILLSIDE - DAY

A US column is seen approaching from the North, they begin their accent down into the valley.

EXT. GINZLING FARM - DAY

Several shots ring out from the woods. The General eyes the column through binoculars, lowers them, watches as his freedom streams away.

INT. GINSLING FARM - BARN - CHILDREN

POV: From inside the barn, two unidentified children watch and sob.

EXT. GINZLING FARM - STREET - ZACHEROVICH

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
We have little time.

A young Russian officer approaches with intelligence.

RUSSIAN OFFICER
General, the road just ends around that ridge. We have nowhere to go.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Any sign of General Vlasov?

RUSSIAN OFFICER

No, sir,
 (then)
 The US column, it will be here
 soon.

Zacherovich looks towards the ridge then quickly back towards his men.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH

Now!

Instantly, SS Officers shoot every soldier. The two SS coming down the hill are shot in a barrage of bullets.

A dozen handpicked officers remain. General Zacherovich surveys the surroundings, folds a map left on the hood of the car, places it into his coat.

FARMER

(in German)
 You'll get yours.

The Farmer spits at Zacherovich. Zacherovich takes a Ruger from his holster, shoots the farmer in the temple.

He aims, shoots his Officer, throws the pistol into the ditch.

EXT. RIDGE OUTSIDE GINZLING - DAY

The US Army column enters the valley. The entire column surrounds the Nazi vehicles. Soldiers jump from every truck, surround the Germans.

The German Officers raise their hands. A US Army General hops out from a Jeep.

US ARMY GENERAL

Lass deine Waffen fallen!

Slowly, each of the officers lay down their weapons. The General surveys the carnage, walks around the group, notices the Nazi/Russian patch.

US ARMY GENERAL (CONT'D)

So these are the Russian deserters.
 Nazi's. General, the war is over.

The Army General eyes Zacherovich and the officers. He takes a few steps closer to Zacherovich now handcuffed, looks at the carnage at his feet.

US ARMY GENERAL (CONT'D)
Killing your own soldiers? Lock em
up.

CORPORAL
You heard the General. Get these
bastards cuffed and chained and in
the truck. Pronto!

The Farmers Son and Daughter, rush down the hill, fall to the
ground, hug their parents lying face first in the dirt.

US ARMY GENERAL
Corporal, I need statements from
those kids, when they're ready.

CORPORAL
Understood!

EXT. THE CAGE - DAWN - ESTABLISHING

The Bad Hersfeld POW camp lies in the distance. Fred's car
drives up to the entrance.

INT. FRED'S CAR - DAY - FRED

From Fred's POV, he studies the garrison and security around
the Cage. He scans the perimeter, several machine gun nests,
at each corner.

Karl sits beside Fred, they digest their surroundings.

EXT. THE CAGE - FRONT GATE - DAY

Carlson stops at the check-point. The GATE GUARD (21) an
alert young Marine, salutes Fred.

CAGE GATE GUARD
Morning, Commander!

Fred looks at Carlson in the mirror, can't hide his grin.

EXT. FRED'S CAR - FRED/GATE GUARD

FRED
At ease Sergeant. I'm 2nd
Lieutenant Fred Eller.

CAGE GATE GUARD
Yes, sir. We've been expecting you.

FRED
Will I see you each morning
Sergeant?

CAGE GATE GUARD
Yes, sir. You will.

FRED
This is my Interpreter, Karl
Oldenburg. He may come and go as
required.

CAGE GATE GUARD
Yes, sir.

The Sergeant salutes, Fred issues a very deliberate salute.

FRED
Onward!

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - ESTABLISHING

The gate is opened, Fred's car proceeds slowly through
several perimeter fences. The gates are quickly closed behind
them.

Fred, Karl and Carlson walk slowly towards the Cage Office.

EXT. CAGE BARRACKS - DAY - GERMAN SECTION

Two privates peel a German officer from the razor and barbed
wire, killed by machine gun fire during the night.

German officers perform basic calisthenics, prostitutes all
look at the car and smile.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - DAY - VON LEEB

GENERAL WILHELM RITTER VON LEEB (60'S) German Field Marshall
of the Wehrmacht stands with GENERAL LIST (40'S).

VON LEEB
He's young. Probably out to make a
name for himself.

LIST
We must stall as long as possible.
The storm troopers are close.

VON LEEB
Stalling will simply postpone the
inevitable. We must gain the
Commanders trust.

LIST
Your day in court is today?

VON LEEB
Yes, it is.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - DAY - GERMAN SECTION

A stretcher carried by two US soldiers contains a dead German officer, his arms dangling from the sides. His wrists and throat slit.

INT. COURTYARD - DAY - FRED/KARL

The new surroundings are daunting to Karl and Fred. For Carlson it is just another day.

FRED
Carlson, the man on the stretcher.
Is that a murder or suicide?

CARLSON
Sir, that's a suicide.

KARL
Fritz, they know their fate. It's
either a noose or desperate
measures.

FRED
Not a great choice. I understand
desperation, but, suicide?

CARLSON
Three every day, sir. Sometimes
more.

Fred stops abruptly. He looks around at his surroundings, all of the prisoners are outside their barracks.

FRED
Carlson.

CARLSON
Yes, sir.

FRED
Have the men assemble.

CARLSON
Now, sir?

FRED
Yes, Sergeant. Karl, I'll need you
to translate.

Sergeant Carlson signals, a horn blows revile, Karl yells
over the commotion.

KARL
Of course, Yes!

The men assemble, prodded by the Army guards. Officers stand
in front of the other prisoners. Fred waits till they are
still.

FRED
Good Morning.

Fred looks to his right to be sure Karl translates. He speaks
slowly.

FRED (CONT'D)
I'm commander Fred Eller. I am not
your friend. A Judge appointed by
the Yalta Accord will sentence you.
All of you will be sent back to
your country, alive.

The prisoners digest what Fred has said, with no emotion.
Fred glances at the Russian delegation vehicles arriving.

FRED (CONT'D)
Did I make myself clear?

Sergeant Carlson wears a boyish grin. Karl smiles quite
comfortable with Fred's delivery.

FRED (CONT'D)
Good. You are all dismissed.

A few of the Generals with a command of English including Von
Leeb and List are the only ones moved.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - GERMAN/RUSSIAN AREAS

German and Russian officers huddle together in the distance.
Several officers neatly dressed, others show months of
neglect.

German, Russian prisoners, separated by a series of barriers and armed guards.

EXT. CAGE COURTROOM - US/RUSSIAN DELEGATION

Russian Lieutenant Azordoff, stands with his loyal interpreter LISENKO (30's).

Fred and Karl walk directly towards the Russian officers, stand at three paces. Fred stands in front of Azordoff. As Fred speaks Lisenko translates for Azordoff.

FRED

Good Morning, Lieutenant Azordoff

Lisenko keeps his eyes towards Fred, turns his head slightly to render a translation.

LISENKO

(in Russian)

Good Morning, Lieutenant

AZORDOFF

(in Russian)

Enough of the pleasantries. Where is your commanding officer?

Lisenko is bothered, his displeasure worn on his face. Karl interprets quickly.

LISENKO

The Lieutenant prefers to begin immediately. He asks to meet with your commanding officer.

Fred pauses, steps forward, tries desperately to conceal his anger from the insulting protocol.

FRED

You can tell Lieutenant Azordoff, I'm Lieutenant Commander Fred Eller. I am the Commander of Bad Hersfeld Prison.

Lisenko frowns, looks towards Azordoff. Lisenko motions with his head towards Fred. Azordoff understands the body language.

LISENKO

I see. We were expecting someone, older. After you.

Lisenko motions for Fred and Karl to precede them. Fred is angered by the disrespect, struggles to conceal it. Carlson joins the group.

Guards are posted on each side of the entrance. The entire group walks up the stairs and into the entrance.

INT. CAGE COURT LOBBY - MORNING

Fred and Carlson both remove their sidearm and hand it to the GUARDS. Fred recognizes the opportunity to lower the tension.

FRED
Gentlemen, your sidearms.

Fred motions for both of the Russians to comply.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
(in Russian)
What is this custom?

Seizing the moment to establish his protocol and control, Fred responds:

FRED
No weapons in the courtroom. No exceptions.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
(in Russian)
I must enter without my weapon?

FRED
Trust is earned.

Lisenko holds his hands out. Lieutenant Azordoff takes his pistol out of its holster and hands it to the GUARDS

LISENKO
I thought we were allies.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
(in Russian)
Highly irregular!

Fred, uneasy yet firm, he waves his arm to usher them into the chamber.

FRED
Gentlemen, after you.

Karl and Carlson both acknowledge Fred's comment, place their hands on each of Fred's shoulders and walk into the court.

INT. CAGE COURTROOM - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Each delegation walks into a large conference room resembling an English court.

A witness stand sits in the middle of the room, three equal tables sit across from the raised witness stand. A US, Russian and German flag designates the seating at each of the three large tables.

A large review area is against the wall, a bleacher erected for dignitaries, the military and off-duty guards.

Guards carry automatic weapons, a .45 sidearm, four strong at each exit. A US Military Judge enters and sits at his elevated chair.

CAGE JUDGE

Gentlemen, please be seated.

The group begins to sit at their seats, some removing coats, others placing documents on the table. The judge continues:

CAGE JUDGE (CONT'D)

We have a large docket today. This preceding is our first official sentencing.

Lieutenant Azordoff places his documents out in front of him, glances at the US table. The Judge looks at a document and continues.

CAGE JUDGE (CONT'D)

We will follow the terms and conditions of the Yalta Accord. It will guide the decisions of this court.

The judge looks towards the German and Russian table, he pauses.

CAGE JUDGE (CONT'D)

Final decisions will be made by the US board of officers. Commander Eller alone will make that call. Are we in agreement?

Fred rotates his right fist into his left palm and exhales slowly.

ALL BOARD MEMBERS

Yes, your honor.

The Judge motions to two guards who hold a German SS Officer. He shrugs defiantly against the US Guards.

CAGE JUDGE

OK, let's review the first case.

The two guards usher GENERAL WILHELM RITTER VON LEEB into the seat, guarded by two additional guards.

General Leeb nods to recognize a fellow SS Officer. Leeb sits down without objection.

CAGE JUDGE (CONT'D)

General Wilhelm Ritter von Leeb, born September 5th 1876? Is that date correct?

GERMAN OFFICER

Yes, that is correct. I hasten to add, General Leeb was relieved of his duty on January 13th 1942, your honor, before the war ended.

CAGE JUDGE

With all due respect counselor, it is the service during the war that interests this court.

The Judge purposely turns towards General Leeb

CAGE JUDGE (CONT'D)

General, you have been found guilty of war crimes against the civilian population. Your SS death squads murdered thousands of innocent Jewish citizens.

General Leeb sits motionless, his eyes forward.

CAGE JUDGE (CONT'D)

Gentlemen from the German delegation, is this correct?

GERMAN PROSECUTOR

That is correct, your honor. I will summarize.

INT. CAGE COURTROOM - DAY - EVIDENCE

The German Prosecutor describes the atrocities committed.

SERIES OF SHOTS - HOLOCAUST EVIDENCE

- A) images reveal evidence of genocide.
- B) An aide flips large pictures on and off an easel.
- C) Shots from Leningrad, emaciated Jewish citizens.
- D) POW Camps in Poland and Germany.
- E) Men, woman and children loaded into boxcars.

GERMAN PROSECUTOR

(V.O.)

Jewish citizens were starved to death in Leningrad. The US Army liberated dozens of death camps. Men, women and children were loaded into box cars and subsequently exterminated.

INT. CAGE COURTROOM - GERMAN DELEGATION

The German Prosecutor looks to the Judge.

GERMAN PROSECUTOR

Based on this overwhelming evidence, it is our recommendation that General Leeb be sent to Nuremberg for sentencing.

CAGE JUDGE

Commander Eller, any objections?

Fred quickly looks back and forth between Carlson and Karl for their reaction.

FRED

Your honor, we have no objections.

CAGE JUDGE

Germany, is this to your liking?

GERMAN CIVILIAN

Yes, it is your honor.

CAGE JUDGE

Very well. General Leeb, it is the decision of this court that you be sent to Nuremberg. Your country will determine your fate.

Leeb is escorted out, he looks straight at Fred who shakes his head.

INT. SERIES OF SHOTS-COURTROOM - DAY

CAGE JUDGE

And the next case.

A) Prisoners come before the court, one by one.

B) Testimony by US, Russian and German delegations.

FRED (V.O.)

Paraded in front of us, were the masterminds of genocide. The architects of the worst global extermination of Jews in modern times.

C) Several officers display futile efforts to object.

D) Many Nazi SS are defiant, struggle with guards.

FRED (V.O.)

For the first time, I hoped a rope would soon take them straight to hell.

INT. CAGE COURTROOM - JUDGE

The judge pounds his gavel one last time. The sound catapults Fred back to his surroundings.

CAGE JUDGE

I see we have one case regarding an alleged civilian.

The Judge looks at the Russian delegation.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF

Yes, your honor.

Fred is taken by surprise by the question. He scans the list quickly, looks back at the judge.

FRED

According to our information your honor, all prisoners under our custody are either German or Russian officers.

CAGE JUDGE
Lieutenant Azordoff?

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
This young officer is surely
mistaken.

Azordoff raises a set of documents in the air.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF (CONT'D)
I have papers from at least a dozen
citizens wrongly imprisoned.

Fred is nervous as the room waits for his reply. He composes himself and replies:

FRED
Your honor, we'd be glad to take a
look. If they are in fact who they
say they are.

Lieutenant Azordoff and his delegation nod in agreement.

CAGE JUDGE
Very well. This court stands
adjourned!

The judge pounds the gavel one last time. The delegations all collect their documents, spill out of the court in different directions.

EXT. CAGE COURTROOM - DAY - AZORDOFF

Azordoff and his delegation wait at the base of the stairs. Fred stops at the bottom. Azordoff hands a set of documents to Fred.

AZORDOFF
You will share your findings with
the court?

FRED
Of course.

Azordoff spots a small golden gloves pin on Fred's lapel. He points to it.

AZORDOFF
What is this?

Fred looks down at his lapel, proud yet reserved.

FRED
That was a long time ago.

AZORDOFF
Ah, boxing!

Azordoff crouches, puts his hands up and stands in a protective stance attempting to intimidate Fred. Fred is serious, not amused.

FRED
So you want to go a few rounds?

AZORDOFF
Why would I want to challenge a golden glove champ?

Fred continues to bait Azordoff.

FRED
Maybe another day.

Fred leaves Azordoff wondering, Karl and Carlson follow, both enamored with their superior.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY - US DELEGATION

Fred is seated at his desk. Karl is seated next to Carlson.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Sir, may I speak freely?

FRED
Sure. Go on.

SERGEANT CARLSON
I think Lieutenant Azordoff is a loose canon. A horses ass, if you ask me.

Carlson retreats, almost sorry he mentioned the confrontation. Fred reassures.

FRED
I don't disagree, Sergeant.

Fred stands, looks out the window into the courtyard.

FRED (CONT'D)
My father taught me to respect our elders, but this guy's making it difficult.

KARL

He is here to battle. That's for certain.

Fred turns back to face Karl.

FRED

I've learned to never reveal my strategy early in a match.

KARL

A sound strategy.

Fred looks around the room at the youth in his office.

FRED

We may be the youngest officers here. We just need to be the smartest.

Carson holds up a telegram.

SERGEANT CARLSON

This just came in.

FRED

Go ahead.

SERGEANT CARLSON

(reading)

Today, allied forces captured a dozen Russian officer's in German uniforms, the group includes two Generals.

Carlson hands it to Fred, he looks it over.

SERGEANT CARLSON (CONT'D)

They'll be here first thing tomorrow.

FRED

Russians in German uniforms.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir. You can't trust your first impression.

FRED

Karl, do you know any Russian?

KARL

Not much. If they were captured in German uniforms, they probably speak fluent German.

FRED

Of course.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Any other concerns, sir?

Embarrassed, Fred reveals his limited English proficiency

FRED

I'll be honest. It would take me days to review the Yalta Agreement. Could you just find any mention of deserters.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir!

FRED

Karl just in case, you may want to brush-up on your Russian.

KARL

Da!

Fred peers out into the courtyard, Sergeant Carlson places a simple dictionary and an English book into Fred's briefcase. He holds a letter.

SERGEANT CARLSON

This came today, sir.

Fred turns around, his joy evident. Carlson walks out. Fred opens the letter and begins to read.

MABEL (V.O.)

My Darling Fritz, We miss you dearly. I'm so glad the war has ended. Bonnie wonders where her father is. My love streams across the ocean and straight to your heart. God Bless you Fritz, remember, he is with you always. Your loving family.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - DUSK

Fred places the letter into his pocket, he walks into the courtyard. Carlson closes the door and drops his satchel. His back to Fred.

EXT. MACHINE GUN NEST - DUSK - SNIPER

A sniper sits next to a machine gun operator. From their POV a lone SS officer walks towards Fred. He pulls a sharp object from his belt, the blade shines from the spotlight.

MACHINE GUN OPERATOR
He's got a knife. Do you have a
shot?

SNIPER
The commander's in the way.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - OFFICE POV

Carlson picks up his satchel turns towards the courtyard, recognizes the danger. He scans the courtyard, the sniper aiming.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - FRED

Fred see's the knife, expects a suicide. Instead, the Officer lunges at Fred.

Fred dodges the blade. The Officer stumbles, stands holding the knife. Fred draws his Colt, prepares to fire.

EXT. MACHINE GUN NEST - DUSK

MACHINE GUN OPERATOR
Take the shot!

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - FRED

BANG! A single shot, bursts through the SS Officers chest.

He falls to his knees just shy of Fred's feet, then with his last breath:

SS OFFICER
Heil Hitler!

Fred watches the SS Officer fall on his face. He looks to his side, Carlson stands next to him.

FRED
Still haven't fired a shot.

Carlson and Fred share a concerning expression.

INT. BAVARIAN BEER GARDEN - NIGHT

Fred, Carlson and Karl sit near the front window. A waitress brings three pints to the table. The three men search for their wallets.

KARL
I've got this.

Karl hands the waitress a wad of cash.

KARL (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Keep them coming.

WAITRESS
Danke shon.

CARLSON
This was a great idea, sir.

FRED
After today, we all need to wind
down a notch.

They clash their pilsner mugs, some beer is lost.

KARL
Zum Wohl!

FRED
What's that?

KARL
It means cheers or bottoms up.

Each of the men guzzles half of the glass.

INT. BAVARIAN BEER GARDEN-ENTRANCE - RUSSIAN DELEGATION

Azordoff, Lisenko and their two colleagues walk in and sit nearby.

AZORDOFF
(In German)
Waitress, we'll have four pints,
please.

Azordoff looks around the room and spots Fred and his colleagues. He nods to Fred.

INT. BAVARIAN BEER GARDEN - FRED'S TABLE

SERGEANT CARLSON
We came here to get away from those bastards.

FRED
Leave it be, Sergeant. There's no reason to pick a fight here.

KARL
It's the only place open Fritz.

Azordoff stands and with great difficulty, staggers towards their table.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Shit! Here he comes.

Azordoff, places his hand on Fred's chair to balance himself.

AZORDOFF
Can you believe, there is not one drop of Vodka in this hell hole.

SERGEANT CARLSON
You must have polished off the last bottle.

AZORDOFF
Commander, he's a funny guy for a Sergeant.

Fred stands, moves the chair, Azordoff loses his balance, is caught off guard.

FRED
Lieutenant, why don't you go back and enjoy your beer.

AZORDOFF
Young man, I'll do what I please.

Fred steps back, takes a defensive position. Karl and the Sergeant are guarded.

FRED
So you're ready to take a punch at
me, are you?

Azordoff steps back a pace, considers his options. Lisenko
walks over puts his arm on Azordoff's shoulder.

LISENKO
Come comrade, the beer is on the
table. Excuse us.

Lisenko leads Azordoff back to the Russians table.

SERGEANT CARLSON
A horses ass.

FRED
Yep!

EXT. COMMANDERS OFFICE - MORNING

Fred exits, Karl is waiting.

FRED
Morning Karl.

EXT. BAD HERSFELD STREET - ORPHANS

As they walk down the street, Fred is inundated with small
children, filthy and starving, with their hands out. He looks
overwhelmed.

KARL
(In German)
Shoo! All of you.

One young orphan has caught Fred's attention. He carefully
touches Fred's cuffs and holds two fingers. He salutes.

HANS
Commandant!

Without a pause, Fred releases the boys grip of his hand,
reaches into his pocket, it includes coin, cash and a red
handkerchief.

He places the contents into the boys hands.

FRED
This is all I have.

Fred stares into his face covered with soot, his pants tied with a rope, his boots stolen from a dead soldier.

The young boy runs away, trying his best to keep the stash away from the other children, most of them older and larger.

KARL

There are hundreds, just like him.
Starving, no parents, no where to
go.

Fred stops to look around him.

FRED

Must be something we can do.

Karl places his hand on Fred's shoulder.

KARL

War effects children in ways we
can't imagine.

FRED

We're all responsible for this.

INT. FRED'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Fred opens his briefcase, finds the books from Carlson. He smiles, places them on the nightstand next to his bed.

He lights a small lantern, climbs into bed and opens the English book. He begins to read.

EXT. ELLER DANCE HALL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING (FLASHBACK)

A POV from high above fields of corn, a stream of cars weave their way to a large barn, surrounded by cars and people.

Women wear simple summer dresses, men and boys wear jeans, cowboy boots, a tight plain shirt and a cowboy hat.

INT. ELLER DANCE HALL - NIGHT

Laurence Welk and his orchestra play a swing, the dance floor is packed, pools of women stand along the corners, hopeful, men surround a burly man and his date.

The young lady, CLAIR (19) cowers attempting to conceal the bruise on her cheek. A young FOREMAN (20) stands next to her.

Fred, now a lean teenager, prods his brothers to confront the troubling sight.

FOREMAN
Boys, meet the Eller's

The Foreman steps to conceal Clair, his men take one step further. Fred and his brothers pull hand-made bats from beneath their pants.

FRED
I see there's been an accident.
Clair, you OK?

Foreman covers Clair, sensing the overwhelming power of the Eller's, Foreman's men slowly walk backwards.

FOREMAN
You need to mind your own damn
business.

Fred looks around him, his brothers step forward again.

FRED
This is our Dance Hall, our
business.

Foreman looks to both sides, realizes he is outmatched.

FRED (CONT'D)
Leave now and we won't break your
legs.

Fred's brothers are swinging bats towards each leg.

FOREMAN
Come on boys. Clair?

Fred has his arm around Clair, they head to the safety of his mother. The Eller brothers, escort the group out the door.
(END FLASHBACK)

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - DAY FRED/GUARD ONE

Fred and Carlson walk through the courtyard. A group of PROSTITUTES surround a German officer.

Several guards attempt to retrieve him but are unsuccessful.

FRED
Private, is this woman in your way?

GUARD ONE
Yes, sir. They all are.

FRED
What's the issue?

GUARD ONE
The German officer, inside the
circle, got VD from one of them.

Fred walks over to one of the Prostitutes.

FRED
Young lady, do you speak English

INGRID
I speak OK English.

FRED
What's your name?

INGRID
My name is Ingrid.

FRED
Ingrid, I need all of you to head
on over to sick bay.

INGRID
Why would we want to do that?

FRED
I'm here to help. All of you need a
shot.

INGRID
We all hate shots.

FRED
Well Ingrid, you're going to have
to trust me on this one.

Ingrid peers into Fred's eyes, she begins to smile.

INGRID
Lady's come with me.

All of the ladies file away, onlookers satisfied with the
solution they witnessed. Carlson is amused.

FRED
Carlson.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir.

FRED

I want the men to build another fence isolating the women away from the men. Pronto.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir!

FRED

And Carlson, while you're at it, have the men increase the fortifications between the Germans and Russians. We don't want another war inside our prison.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir.

FRED

Thank you Sergeant. And Carlson, we need to find a place in town for the women. This is no place for ladies of the night.

CARLSON

Yes, sir. Anything else?

FRED

That will do for now. Let's go have a look at their quarters.

CARLSON

Yes, sir. This way.

EXT. GERMAN CAGE - BARRACKS - FRED/CARLSON

They walk towards the first barrack nearby. A group of officers scatter.

A single officer stands at attention, his wrist gushing with his own blood. He falls first on his knees, then collapses onto his face.

Fred immediately rushes to his aid. Carlson stands above. Fred uses his handkerchief to stop the bleeding.

GERMAN SUICIDE

Heil Hitler!

The Nazi smiles, dies in Fred's arms, his eyes stare into space.

FRED

Poor bastard. What a way to go.

Fred lowers the German to the ground. Closes his eyes.

SERGEANT CARLSON

It's been going on for a while, sir. I guess it beats hanging.

FRED

I've seen what they've done. Perhaps they can't live with the guilt.

Fred looks towards the open mess structure.

INT. MESS PAVILION - GERMAN OFFICERS

Officers shuffle in the food line, their metal trays slide by.

A metal spoon makes its way from tray to tray. An officer discreetly places the spoon in his pocket.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - DAY - FRED/CARLSON

FRED

Carlson.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir.

FRED

We provide silverware to the prisoners?

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes sir, we do.

FRED

That needs to end.

SERGEANT CARLSON

But, how will they eat?

FRED

Go into town. Find a local merchant that will make wooden utensils.

Carlson smiles, is pleased with Fred's logic.

CARLSON

Yes sir. What should we do with the silverware?

FRED

We can hand them out to the folks in town.

Two guards arrive and place the German officer onto a stretcher and carry him away.

FRED (CONT'D)

Thank you men.
(to Carlson)
Come on, show me around.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Private, please escort any prisoners out of those barracks.

PRIVATE 1ST CLASS

Yes, sir.

The guard along with other soldiers enter one side of the barracks and exit the back, escorting several prisoners.

PRIVATE 1ST CLASS (CONT'D)

All clear, sir.

Fred and Carlson enter the barrack. An open area includes a large table with lights hanging from the ceiling. Twenty individual beds line each side of the quarters.

FRED

This is a far cry better than the German POW camps.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Certainly not like home, but comfortable.

FRED

Most of the requests from the prisoners are to get their personal items back.

Fred rummages through some of the bunks and boxes.

FRED (CONT'D)

That's where we'll find the Cyanide and knives.

SERGEANT CARLSON
I'll have a few men go through
their stuff again. Just to be sure.

Fred is satisfied and begins to walk out of the barracks.

FRED
Who is the ranking German officer.

SERGEANT CARLSON
General Von Leeb.

FRED
See that the General is escorted to
my office along with his personal
items.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes, sir.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE CAGE - DAY

Welhelm von Leeb enters Fred's office handcuffed from the front, escorted by two guards. Karl sits to the side of the desk facing Von Leeb.

FRED
Remove the cuffs, gentlemen.

GUARD TWO
Yes, sir. We'll need to stay.

FRED
Very well.

The guards remove the handcuffs, Von Leeb rubs his wrists.

FRED (CONT'D)
(to Leeb)
Have a seat.

VON LEEB
Thank you, Lieutenant.

Von Leeb settles into his seat slowly, taking note of his surroundings.

FRED
Your English is quite good.

Fred raises his hand towards Karl.

FRED (CONT'D)
 This is my interpreter, Karl
 Oldenburg.

Karl is uneasy, obviously intimidated by Von Leeb's
 reputation.

VON LEEB
 My pleasure, Mr. Oldenburg.
 (To Fred)
 You will not be needing his
 services.

Fred takes out the letter from Von Leeb. Karl takes notes,
 Von Leeb continues to look at Fred.

FRED
 General, I see your service spans
 two world wars. A devout Catholic.
 It says here, your orders led to
 the starvation of thousands of
 Russian citizens.

With no emotion Von Leeb replies:

VON LEEB
 They were our enemy, Lieutenant.

Fred notes Leeb's denial, looks over the letter and up at Von
 Leeb.

FRED
 No regrets, General?

VON LEEB
 Like you Lieutenant, I was
 following my orders.

Fred studies Von Leeb. He casually displays no remorse. Fred
 remains on guard.

FRED
 Your orders, I see. What about
 innocent civilians?

VON LEEB
 They were casualties of war,
 Lieutenant. We lost hundreds of men
 in that battle. Is their sacrifice
 no less a cost?

Fred looks to Karl who shows no sympathy, his pencil shatters
 from his thumb.

FRED

Your requests will be honored. But you will be escorted to Nuremburg and stand trial for your, orders.

Fred places a sack near Von Leeb, throws a pack of cigarettes to him. Von Leeb catches them in midair.

FRED (CONT'D)

Your items I am told.

Von Leeb takes a cigarette out of the pack, Fred reaches for his lighter and lights the cigarette.

FRED (CONT'D)

You know those things will kill you.

Karl is surprised by Fred's humanity, Von Leeb draws in and puffs smoke towards Karl.

VON LEEB

Not before the hangman's noose.

Fred chuckles, let's Von Leeb enjoy his cigarette.

FRED

All of us pay for our choices. Even Generals.

Von Leeb notes Fred's frankness, takes another puff and exhales slowly.

VON LEEB

Do you have a family back home Lieutenant?

FRED

Yes, I do. A wife and two children, and you?

VON LEEB

I did. A very large family. We had thirteen grandchildren. They all perished in the allied invasion.

FRED

That's sad. What I've seen of this war, it's a wonder anyone survived.

Another slow puff and exhale, he taps the cigarette in the ashtray.

VON LEEB

Perhaps the next generation will
learn by our mistakes.

FRED

Let's hope so. So far, I can't see
any good reason for war.

Von Leeb leans back in the chair, now at ease with Fred.

VON LEEB

Lieutenant, we are soldiers bound
by our duty. Unable to change the
course of history.

FRED

That may be. But learning to
question our orders, not disobey
them. That would be a first step.

Von Leeb pauses to consider Fred's wise suggestion.

VON LEEB

Perhaps, Lieutenant. Such a wise
man for your age.

A slow inhale from Von Leeb. He looks at Fred and senses an
opening.

VON LEEB (CONT'D)

There is one request I'd like to
make.

FRED

Go on.

VON LEEB

It was denied by your predecessor.

He pauses to enjoy the last puff of his cigarette.

VON LEEB (CONT'D)

My comrades and I would like to
plant a garden.

Fred stands, walks around and sits on the end of his desk.

FRED

I think that's a great idea.

Karl senses that the tension between Von Leeb and Fred has
lifted.

VON LEEB
You know how to farm?

FRED
Absolutely, born and bred, in
Nebraska.

VON LEEB
I have heard of this place.

FRED
Corn as far as the eye can see.

EXT. ELLER FARM - NEBRASKA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Next to rows of corn, Fred hitch-hikes. A flatbed truck
stops, picks him up.

Fred stands with a group of men, all walks of life, hoping to
land a job.

FRED
It was rough in America after the
depression. Folks lost everything,
but they had faith things would get
better. Farmers gave us a job and
hope. (END FLASHBACK)

INT. FRED'S OFFICE CAGE - DAY

VON LEEB
Be nice to see things grow again,
even if it's only one season.

FRED
Justice will still be served,
General.

VON LEEB
Lieutenant, in war there is no
justice, only survival.

FRED
I'll see that you get the supplies
you need. Spring is right around
the corner.

VON LEEB
Thank you, Lieutenant. Just between
you and I, Germany will never
betray the Wehrmacht or my
nobility.

Von Leeb smiles at Fred knowing his fate. He is cuffed and escorted out of the office by two guards.

KARL

Fritz, you are a better man than I.

FRED

Karl, we've got to start somewhere.

EXT. MESS PAVILION - DAY

At breakfast German and Russian officers walk through the line with their trays. Wooden utensils, along with bowls and metal cups are placed on the trays.

At a table, officers struggle with the wooden utensils. One officer holds up a spoon for the others, who's disappointment is on full view.

EXT. CAGE MAIN GATE - DAY

Women and Children with happy faces graciously walk through the bread line.

Hot chocolate is steaming as children grasp a cup to warm their hands.

Women from town are encouraged by the prostitutes to take a handful of silverware, tied with a red bow. The generosity is welcomed.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - DAY - RUSSIAN LIBERATION ARMY

A caravan of vehicles enters the courtyard, escorted under heavy armed guards.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - ARMY CONSTRUCTION

A group of US soldiers are busy constructing a fence that separates the women, another between Russian and German sections.

A double fence lines the space between them, made of razor wire circles.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - RUSSIAN OFFICERS

Fred, Karl and Carlson look on, the guards unload twelve high ranking officers. German Uniforms, they are black.

Two Generals stand in front. Karl translates in German as Fred speaks:

FRED
 Good Morning. I am the prison
 Commander, Lieutenant Fred Eller.

The men are silent, General Zacherovich looks towards his comrade for a signal.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
 (in Russian)
 May I introduce General Andrey
 Vlasov, commander of the Russian
 Liberation Army.

Karl translates. General Vlasov takes a step forward and salutes as a Russian soldier. His handcuffs render his salute awkward.

GENERAL VLASOV
 (in Russian)
 General Andrey Vlasov, Major
 General of the Russian Liberation
 Army.

Fred walks past the soldiers and around the front of Vlasov.

SERGEANT CARLSON
 Sir, these men were captured south
 of here, in Ginsling.

Vlasov stares straight, with his thick glasses. Fred takes note of both Russian and Nazi pins and markings on his uniform, including a patch on Vlasov's shoulder.

FRED
 General, do you speak English?

Karl translates with broken Russian,

KARL
 (In Russian)
 General, do you speak English?

Vlasov looks at Karl and responds to Fred:

GENERAL VLASOV
 Yes, Lieutenant. I speak fairly
 good English. Better than the
 Russian from your translator.

Fred is almost tickled by how well Vlasov commands English.

FRED
You speak better English than me.

GENERAL VLASOV
You are too kind. I see you have a sense of humor.

FRED
That wasn't a joke. A Russian General in a German uniform, now that's a joke.

GENERAL VLASOV
It's not what it seems, Lieutenant.

FRED
From the surface General, I'd say you are a deserter, or you were headed to a costume party.

GENERAL VLASOV
There's that humor again.

Fred smiles but keeps a cautious distance from Vlasov.

FRED
General, I'm confused. I always thought Hitler was worse than Stalin.

General Vlasov pauses before answering, measuring his words.

GENERAL VLASOV
That is very far from the truth Lieutenant. America will learn soon enough, Stalin is not your ally.

Fred's suspicions are raised.

FRED
General, I'm not here to debate the politics of war. If you have committed war crimes, your own country will determine your guilt or innocence.

Carlson motions to the Guards for Vlasov and his comrades to exit, Vlasov offers a respectful nod to Fred.

FRED (CONT'D)
Carlson, bring General Vlasov to my office, once he's processed.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir!

FRED

Karl, come with me.

Karl and Fred walk towards Fred's office.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE CAGE - DAY

Karl and Fred surround his desk with copies of documents.

FRED

This unit avoided capture for weeks.

Fred sifts through the stack of documents for answers.

KARL

Yes. How did dozens of high ranking deserters avoid capture.

(then)

And the Allies had no prior knowledge?

Both Fred and Karl look up, lock eyes in disbelief.

FRED

I find that hard to believe.

KARL

What would make Russian soldiers join the Nazis?

FRED

I don't know. But I aim to find out.

Karl picks up and scans a document from the desk. The document authors, stamped with a swastika in German.

KARL

These men were part of the Russian Liberation Army. Backed by Hitler, they intended to overthrow Stalin.

Fred has been sifting through documents.

FRED

That explains the masquerade, but why? And how did Vlasov convince thousands of his troops to commit treason?

KARL
It was either desperation or
deception.

FRED
Carlson!

Carlson walks into the office.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes, sir.

FRED
I need you to send a telegram to US
Command at the Pentagon. Someone
there has to know about this unit.

Carlson has a pad of paper ready.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Ready.

Fred communicates slow and deliberate.

FRED
US Army Command, Pentagon. Need
confirmation of a Russian unit
eight hundred thousand strong.
Russian 99th Rifle Division.
Commanding officer now in custody
at Bad Hersfeld POW camp. Reply
asap.

INT. RUSSIAN BARRACKS - EVENING

General Vlasov and General Zacherovich are seated at a table.
Officers play cards at a large table behind the Generals.

GENERAL VLASOV
I had hoped our reunion would be a
celebration.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Fortunately for us, the Soviets are
not our captors.

GENERAL VLASOV
If the Americans send us to Minsk,
we are doomed.

General Vlasov sighs, looks towards the other officers,
enjoying their card game.

GENERAL VLASOV (CONT'D)
Have you told our comrades?

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
No. They dream of the thousand ways
they will spend the gold.

GENERAL VLASOV
Did you find a spot to bury the
trunks?

Zacherovich nods, a winning officer pulls the pot towards himself. The rest argue.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - MORNING

Carlson walks through the corridor and sees Azordoff and his assistant, he pauses for a moment.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Lieutenant Azordoff.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
Sergeant.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Lieutenant, with all due respect
you should see by now, Commander
Eller is an honorable man.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
Sergeant, he is young and
inexperienced.

SERGEANT CARLSON
You're wrong. Despite his
education, he's a far better
officer than most Generals.

Carlson realizes the implications. He reluctantly ends the conversation. Azordoff recognizes the slip of the tongue.

Carlson sprints away from Azordoff. Azordoff speaks loudly so Carlson will hear.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
Inexperienced and uneducated.

INT. FRED'S CAGE OFFICE - DAY

Sergeant Carlson interrupts the silence, knocks on the door jam before opening.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Sir, guards have General Vlasov
outside. Are you ready for him?

FRED
Yes, bring him in.

General Vlasov walks into the room, escorted by armed guards.

FRED (CONT'D)
Please, have a seat General.

The General makes note of the nameplate on the desk.

GENERAL VLASOV
Thank you, Commander.

Fred holds an official letter from Congress. He paraphrase's
its contents:

FRED
General, I've received this letter
from several US Congressmen.
Apparently you are a very special
prisoner.

GENERAL VLASOV
Why would they care the least bit
about a General obeying his orders?

FRED
Sergeant Carlson, read our
intelligence to the General.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes, sir. According to our
intelligence, your allegiance with
the Nazis and the Third Reich is
concerning to your comrades in
Moscow.

General Vlasov looks at Fred, composes himself with no
emotion.

GENERAL VLASOV
You can't believe anything you read
in times of war.

Fred scans the intelligence documents.

FRED
Well General, you must be
convincing. Over eight hundred
thousand followers.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)
That's impressive
(then)
For a general doing his duty.

GENERAL VLASOV
What could I possibly add to the
history books in America?

FRED
Well, I guess we're going to find
out. Carlson.

CARLSON
Yes, sir.

FRED
Let's all take a walk.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - DAY

Fred and the General lead, they walk slowly. Carlson and two
Army Guards follow.

GENERAL VLASOV
Will you be part of this
conversation?

FRED
I can't say.

GENERAL VLASOV
A pity. There is much to gain, by
our discussions, Commander.

FRED
How so?

GENERAL VLASOV
Why, we have the same enemy.

FRED
Frankly, it's hard for me to know
who your enemy is, General.

GENERAL VLASOV
America will learn that appearance
and reality are two very different
things.

FRED
If it's true, that Russia is our
enemy, how do we stop world war
three?

The General takes a very serious tone.

GENERAL VLASOV
Eisenhower is right, don't believe
anything they say.

Fred's reaction knows nothing of geopolitical warfare. A motorcade arrives.

An armored vehicle and several Jeeps full of soldiers. A door is opened.

FRED
General, that discussion will have
to wait. In the meantime, we need
to keep you under lock and key.

GENERAL VLASOV
Will we see each other again?

FRED
Perhaps. Look at the bright side.
You'll be the only prisoner in
town.

GENERAL VLASOV
There's that humor again.

FRED
Good bye, General.

Vlasov nods to Fred, convinced he has reached Fred in some way, he holds out his hands, they are cuffed. He enters the vehicle. The motorcade exits.

FRED (CONT'D)
Carlson, inform General Zacherovich
we will speak with him tomorrow.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes, sir.

INT. FRED'S QUARTERS - DAY

Fred gathers his briefcase and places his personal ivory handle Colt into his holster.

He grabs the Cognac bottle pours a small glass, gulps it down and places the glass next to the bottle.

He exits the building and walks towards the train station.

EXT. BAD HERSFELD STATION - DAY

Two cargo boxcars are loaded with forty German soldiers in each car, all handcuffed.

EXT. BETWEEN BOXCARS - DAY

An un-identified civilian throws a burlap sack up into one of the cars.

It hits the floor, metal objects clang. The man throws a milk crate on top and scurries away quickly.

EXT. BAD HERSFELD STATION - CARLSON/FRED

Sergeant Carlson and Fred watch as the soldiers enter each boxcar.

FRED

The German Federation expects these men this afternoon?

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir. We're on time, scheduled to depart shortly.

FRED

Come on. We can ride in the first car.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir.

EXT. BAD HERSFELD STATION-PLATFORM - DAY

Fred and Carlson walk up the platform. A dozen homeless children panhandle.

Fred recognizes a familiar face. The young boy wears Fred's red scarf around his neck.

HANS

Commandant.

Fred smiles and bends down to the boys level.

FRED

Good morning young man.

Fred pulls out a paper bag which was to be his lunch for the ride to Nuremberg.

Without hesitation he hands it to the boy. The boy looks inside the bag and smiles.

HANS
Danke schoen!

FRED
What's your name?

Hans retreats a step, pauses before answering. The other children push to get a look.

HANS
Hans!

The train begins to move. Hans runs away, fights off a few children, Fred waves, looks towards Carlson.

FRED
Don't we have extra grub we could give to the orphans?

SERGEANT CARLSON
Sir, we have a hard enough time feeding our troops and 200 prisoners.

FRED
We gotta do something.

Fred watches with concern as Hans is overwhelmed by the others.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Sir, is that a request?

FRED
Yes, it is, Carlson. I want a table of grub at the front gate every morning, manned by the prostitutes. They need something constructive to do.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Consider it done.

Fred and Carlson smile at each other, turn and walk fast to catch the train already in motion.

INT. OFFICER TRAIN CAR - MORNING

Fred and Carlson walk down the aisle as the train pulls away from the station, only a few businessmen occupy seats, the rest are the German Board Members.

Fred nods to the Germans, sits across from Carlson, already leaning against the window.

Fred gets settled watches the countryside for a few moments and then closes his eyes.

INT. PRISONER TRAIN CAR - DAY - GERMAN OFFICERS

As the train speeds down the tracks, two officers pull out wire cutters and a chain cutter from the burlap sack.

GERMAN OFFICER
(in German)
Hurry, we have less than 5 minutes

One by one the officers are set free.

INT/EXT GERMAN BOXCAR

One of the officers cut through the lock, pulls back the door. He peers out, spots a bridge in the distance.

GERMAN OFFICER
(in German)
Quickly!

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The train approaches a bridge in the distance.

INT/EXT GERMAN BOXCAR - OFFICERS

Anxious to leap to freedom, several officers jump too soon and fall to their death on the rocks.

EXT. SUSPENSION BRIDGE - RIVER POV

In the middle of the bridge an open segment is revealed. A dozen officers jump, splash into the water safely, swim to shore.

EXT. SUSPENSION BRIDGE - BRIDGE POV

Several of the officers slam into the I beams of the span.

Still others jump after the bridge, the velocity of the fall killing them instantly.

EXT. SUSPENSION BRIDGE - BOXCAR POV

The final group, look towards the approaching tunnel, judge their chances and leap.

EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - OFFICERS

All of the remaining officers smash into the mountain to the side of the tunnel and die instantly.

EXT. NUREMBERG STATION - DAY

The train slowly comes to a halt at the platform. Fifty armed guards and police line the entire station.

Several large trucks are backed up to the platform. Armed guards with semi-automatic weapons guard the trucks.

Additional guards run to the position, notice the opened door and empty car.

INT. NUREMBERG STATION-PLATFORM - DAY

The German delegation is waiting on the platform.

INT. OFFICER TRAIN CAR - DAY - FRED'S POV

SERGEANT CARLSON

Sir?

Fred awakens uneasy and embarrassed. He quickly stands and gathers his briefcase.

SERGEANT CARLSON (CONT'D)

We have a situation.

Fred peers outside the window. He notes the number of German guards.

FRED

Regarding?

SERGEANT CARLSON

Apparently some of our prisoners
jumped off the train on the way
here.

Fred composed, walks towards the door and out onto the
platform. A delegation awaits Fred and Carlson.

EXT. NUREMBERG STATION - DAY - FRED/CARLSON

Fred and Carlson watch as the German officers walk by.

FRED

How many are missing?

Sergeant Carlson whispers into Fred's ear.

SERGEANT CARLSON

(sotto)

About half of them.

EXT. NUREMBERG STATION - GERMAN DELEGATION

A group of civilians, dignitaries and the GERMAN PROSECUTOR
(50's) a matter of fact German Federation bureaucrat waits
till Fred and Carlson stop.

GERMAN PROSECUTOR

Prisoners are missing. How do you
explain this?

In rare sarcasm and anger, Fred takes a step forward. The
Prosecutor lurches backwards.

FRED

That's what we get for trusting
German officers. Please accept my
apologies. This won't happen again.

GERMAN PROSECUTOR

Next time, when we request 80
prisoners, we will expect 80.

Fred nods in agreement, his displeasure evident. He pulls
Sergeant Carlson aside as the entire delegation leaves
without ceremony.

FRED

Sergeant, next time we'll chain
those bastards to the wall and lock
the doors from the outside.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir!

In a rare moment of frustration and anger, Fred vents.

FRED

Don't they know the fucking war is over? To hell with protocol!

Carlson hides his guarded reaction.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir.

EXT. PASSENGER TRAIN - NUREMBERG - DUSK

Carlson and Fred board the near empty train. A few passengers walk briskly as the train pulls away.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - FRED

He watches out the window, a burned out town in shambles lines both sides of the tracks as the train heads out of town.

EXT. CAGE EXTERIOR - NIGHT - STORM TROOPERS

A half a dozen STORM TROOPERS wait patiently for a signal inside the compound. Searchlights miss their position.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - GERMAN SECTION - LIST

Hiding behind a barracks, General List nods to one of the escapees, he pulses a small flashlight.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - MACHINE GUN NEST

The Sniper and Machine Gun Operator witness the last flash.

MACHINE GUN OPERATOR

(sotto)

You see that?

SNIPER

Yep.

EXT. CAGE EXTERIOR - NIGHT - TROOPERS

The SS begin to cut the exterior barbed wire.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - GERMAN SECTION

One by one the prisoners dodge the spotlight and wait on the inside of the second fence.

List decides to watch, stays behind the barracks.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - MACHINE GUN NEST

Both men hear the cutting, sense a break, alert the spotlights via radio.

SNIPER

(sotto)

German section, light it up!

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - GERMAN SECTION

All four TOWER SENTRIES swing their lights towards the German section. The Troopers freeze, a barrage of machine gun fire erupts.

The troopers return fire, but are gunned down along with six GERMAN OFFICERS in a barrage of fire. List retreats inside the barracks.

INT. GERMAN BARRACKS - LIST/LEEB

The last few bursts of gunfire ends. List shuts the door. General Leeb sits smoking a cigarette.

LEEB

You had no chance of success.

LIST

It's our duty to escape.

LEEB

Nonsense, the war is over. Go to sleep.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - GERMAN SECTION - DAWN

US Army sentries view the carnage. Check the bodies for weapons.

EXT. GERMAN SECTION - DAY - OUTSIDE FENCES

The storm troopers lie dead, their tools and weapons scattered about. PRIVATES lift the dead SS officers onto a truck.

EXT. GERMAN SECTION - INSIDE FENCE

The escapees, are shot to death near the barbed wire.

Carlson stands next to Fred.

FRED

When did this happen?

GUARD TWO

About midnight, sir.

Fred recognizes the German officers from inside the Jewish POW camp. He rolls one over.

FRED

Besides these bastards, anyone else escape?

GUARD ONE

No sir. Everyone's accounted for.

FRED

Carlson. What I said in Germany was wrong. I hope you'll accept my apology.

CARLSON

Yes sir, it was. But it takes a man of character to admit it, sir.

Carlson nods and offers a warm pat on the shoulder. Fred smiles.

FRED

Good work men. Get all of them to the morgue, and fix that damn fence!

SOLDIERS

Yes, sir.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE - DAY

SERGEANT CARLSON
Good Morning, sir. I have General
Zacherovich outside.

FRED
Thank you, Sergeant.

Carlson places a bag and a folder on Fred's desk. A small
summary is attached to the front. Fred reviews the documents,
looks up at Carlson.

FRED (CONT'D)
By the way, thanks for the
summaries and the books.

SERGEANT CARLSON
You're welcome, sir. In the bag are
two items of concern.

Fred pulls out a picture and a vile containing a capsule.
He holds the vile up into the light.

FRED
These were found on the prisoner at
the first search?

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes sir.

FRED
OK, send him in, handcuffed.

Carlson steps to the door and motions to the three guards to
bring Zacherovich into the office. The group enters.

Two guards stop short of the desk, a third grabs the chair,
the two guards place Zacherovich in the chair.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
(in Russian)
Good Morning, Lieutenant!

Karl begins to interpret, the General looks to Karl first
then Fred.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH (CONT'D)
I will speak in English.

FRED
Very well General, if you are a
General.

Fred stands and walks around the front of his desk.

FRED (CONT'D)
You're wearing a German Uniform.
Both you and I know you're Russian.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Stating the obvious, Lieutenant.

FRED
So you are a deserter?

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Lieutenant, My comrades and I were
faced with a difficult decision.
You wouldn't understand.

FRED
Perhaps. But, desertion is not an
option.
(then)
I have two items here that are,
troubling.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
How so?

Fred lifts the vile up between them so the General can see.

FRED
Our Doctor found this sewed into
your back.

The General simply nods with no emotion or signal.

FRED (CONT'D)
Seems you didn't want to be
captured.

Fred places the vile back into the bag, turns the picture
towards Zacherovich. It is an emaciated Jew placed in an
oven. A German and a Russian posing on either side.

Fred holds it closer for Zacherovich to see.

FRED (CONT'D)
Did you take this picture?

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Yes, I did.

FRED
So how did you happen to be inside
a death camp?

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Lieutenant, the war is over.

Fred holds back his emotion.

FRED
We're only interested in two things. Where you were before the war and what you did during the war.

Fred holds the picture inches from his face.

FRED (CONT'D)
General, you're aware you can hang for war crimes.

He avoids the picture and continues his focus on Fred.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
We had nothing to do with the ovens. May I speak freely?

FRED
Yes, you may.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
For this, I will require only you Lieutenant.

Fred studies Zacherovich before he answers.

FRED
Very well. Sergeant. You and these men wait outside.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Are you sure, sir?

Fred looks straight at Carlson who looks concerned.

FRED
Just outside. He is cuffed.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Men, you heard the Lieutenant.

All of the men walk outside of the room and shut the door behind them. Fred sits lightly on the edge of the front side of his desk.

FRED
OK General, out with it!

EXT. FRED'S CAGE OFFICE - CARLSON

Carlson concerned, holds an ear to the door.

INT. FRED'S CAGE OFFICE

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Lieutenant, I'd like to propose a
life-changing offer.

FRED
You're in no position to negotiate.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
If you give me my cyanide capsule,
I will lead you to a treasure of
gold and jewels. Enough to last a
lifetime.

Fred finds it difficult to hide his emotions, he smiles
instead.

FRED
You expect me to believe that?
Anyone can draw a map.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Not one like this.

FRED
OK, you draw the map. What then?

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
I'll draw the map. You go to the
site and see for yourself. If it's
not there, you don't have to give
me the cyanide.

Fred pauses for a moment to digest what he has learned. His
humble history considers the offer.

FRED
I'll have to give this some
thought.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
What's to consider? The war is
over. You'll be rich and I will die
honorably.

FRED
When did you say you entered
Germany?

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Late 1942

FRED
According to my orders, I must send
you back.

The General ignores Fred's comment.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
It is a reasonable offer. How do
you say? A win, win.

Fred pauses. He steps around the General and instead, opens
the office door. Finds Carlson listening.

FRED
Men, see that the prisoner is
escorted back to his quarters.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes, sir.

Before he leaves the room the General smiles and looks at
Fred.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Enough to last a lifetime.

After the group leaves with the General, Fred looks at his
humble surroundings. He pours a glass of Cognac and gulps it
down.

INT. LOBBY - DAY - FRED'S CAGE OFFICE

On the way out Zacherovich looks straight at Boris Yuseff the
Prague civilian. Boris recognizes Zacherovich but says
nothing.

INT. FRED'S CAGE OFFICE - DAY

Sergeant Carlson knocks on the door.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Sir, one more thing. We have a
Russian who was captured in street
clothes. He'd like a moment with
you.

FRED
Send him in.

Carlson brings BORIS YUSEFF (30's) a Czechoslovakian citizen who was captured by the Allies with no papers.

BORIS YUSEFF

Thank you Lieutenant Commander for seeing me.

Sergeant Carlson hands Fred a few papers, he quickly scans them.

FRED

So how did you get captured by our troops?

BORIS YUSEFF

How you say? Wrong place, wrong time.

FRED

What do you mean?

BORIS YUSEFF

I was searching for my family. In the confusion we were all captured. Nazi's murdered innocent Jews. The German that just walked out was one of them.

FRED

Are you sure?

BORIS YUSEFF

I never forget a face. I am positive.

Fred reviews the report on Boris.

FRED

I see. So you are Czechoslovakian?

BORIS YUSEFF

Yes Commander, I am civilian. I just want to find my wife and my children.

Boris fights to shelter his tears. Fred stands, looks at Boris carefully.

Fred circles around to the front of his desk in front of Boris. He rests against the desk.

FRED

I'll recommend that you be released today.

Boris stands, shakes both of Fred's hands together, repeatedly.

BORIS YUSEFF

Thank you, Commander, Thank you so much.

Boris pulls a blood stone ring from his finger. He looks at it and then up at Fred.

BORIS YUSEFF (CONT'D)

I want you to have this gift. It is all I have, but you must have it.

FRED

I can't take this.

BORIS YUSEFF

Oh but, Commander, you must have it. My family is worth much more than a ring.

FRED

Thank you, Boris.

Carlson has been looking on and offers Fred a smile and a nod.

FRED (CONT'D)

Carlson, see that Boris is released as soon as possible.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir!

INT. COMMAND HEADQUARTERS - DAY - FRED

He stands at attention.

FRED

Good Day, Sir. Thank you for seeing me. I was told every US officer was gone.

The Captain is busy packing and continues during the conversation.

CAPTAIN

I'm just passing through. At ease, Lieutenant. Take a seat. What's on your mind.

Fred sits down and gets comfortable.

FRED

During an interrogation with a prisoner, I listened to a rather odd proposal from one of the Russians. It's one of the officers we captured in German uniforms.

CAPTAIN

Go on.

FRED

General Zacherovich is his name. At least that's what he's told us. Anyway, he offered to draw me a treasure map, if I'd give him his cyanide capsule.

CAPTAIN

He did, did he?

FRED

Yes sir, he did. According to protocol, he'll be escorted back to Minsk for his court marshal.

The Captain has been busy with other duties, but is keenly aware of the conversation. He looks into Fred's eyes.

CAPTAIN

Have him draw the map. What's the harm in playing him Lieutenant? You and I both know he's lying.

Fred is amazed at the Captain's suggestion. He smiles.

FRED

My thought exactly, sir.

CAPTAIN

One more thing before you go.

He pulls a wire off of his desk and hands it to Fred.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

This was addressed to you. It's marked urgent, direct from the Pentagon.

Fred studies it completely scanning the entire document, he slowly cracks a smile.

FRED

So he's been telling the truth.

CAPTAIN

Come to find out your General
Vlasov is a high value prisoner.
You got him under armed guard?

FRED

Yes sir, he's in the Hersfeld jail
by himself.

CAPTAIN

He needs to be in a private cell.
No sharp objects. Make sure he's
locked down.

Fred stands, salutes, folds the Memo and tucks it into his
breast pocket. Pulls out another.

FRED

Yes, sir. I wonder if you could
pass along this request?

The Captain scans the contents.

CAPTAIN

Sure thing, Lieutenant. One last
thing.

FRED

Yes sir.

CAPTAIN

I've heard about all the suicides,
from the Pentagon. We've promised
to hand them over, alive.

FRED

Sir, may I speak freely?

CAPTAIN

By all means, Lieutenant.

FRED

I've found it to be a double-edged
sword, sir. Keeping them from
killing themselves or each other.
Men who have no hope, welcome
death. Men who kill with no
remorse, want to live forever. War
is hell, sir.

CAPTAIN

Yes, it is Eller. These bastards
deserve God's wrath and will swing.
Give it your best.

FRED

Yes, sir.

Fred salutes, turns and walks out.

EXT. BAD HERSFELD STREET - DAY

A group of townspeople crowd around a small body. Fred peeks into the circle, recognizes Hans lifeless beat-up body, his hand still grasping the bag he had given him.

Fred fights back tears. Sergeant Carlson looks on from a distance. Carlson rounds up several soldiers with a stretcher.

While Fred looks on, Carlson directs the soldiers to load and carry the small boy. Carlson walks next to Fred.

FRED

It was probably the bigger kids, he didn't stand a chance.

Carlson places his arm around Fred's shoulder and guides him.

SERGEANT CARLSON

We'll take care of him sir.

Fred increases his gait to keep up with the four soldiers as they carry the small boy amid the rubble.

EXT. SMALL GRAVEYARD - DAWN - FRED

Fred kneels alone near Hans simple grave. He straightens a white cross into the earth.

A small puppy walks gingerly towards Fred and sits at his side.

FRED

(to himself)

Well now, what do we have here?

Fred looks to the sky smiling. He squints in the bright sunlight.

FRED (CONT'D)

A broken heart, then a gift.

Fred begins to sob, uncontrollably. He lowers his face and covers his eyes, tears running wild.

Carlson walks up behind Fred and gives him a moment to compose.

SERGEANT CARLSON

(beat)

Are you OK, sir?

Fred pulls a handkerchief from his pocket, clears his throat.

FRED

It seems I've let my emotions run wild. I never used to cry.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Sir, everyone cries.

FRED

Men don't cry.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Oh, yes they do. A lot. My pastor used to pray to the Lord and ball like a school girl. Out loud.

FRED

I guess it's God's way, helping us with our own sanity.

They both look to the sky, take a moment.

SERGEANT CARLSON

He's got your back, sir.

FRED

That he does.

Fred pets the dog, stands and walks towards the Cage. Carlson and his new friend tag along.

FRED (CONT'D)

You mind if I call you Hans?

SERGEANT CARLSON

That's a great name, sir.

FRED

Come on you two, we've got a busy day.

INT. CAGE COURTROOM - MORNING

Fred, the entire Board and three Congressmen are seated at each table. The Judge enters. General Vlasov is seated in the witness stand.

CAGE JUDGE

Good morning, gentlemen. I understand we have guests from Washington.

The three congressmen nod acknowledging the mention from the Judge. The Judge eyes Vlasov in the witness seat.

CAGE JUDGE (CONT'D)

And I'm told a very important prisoner is here with us.

Fred stands to be recognized. The Judge raises his hand for Fred to begin.

FRED

Yes, your honor. Seated in front of us is General Vlasov. He convinced eight hundred thousand Russian soldiers to desert the Russian Army and join the Nazis.

INT. US DELEGATION - CARLSON

He hands the Judge the US recommendations. The judge looks over the document contents.

CAGE JUDGE

It is the recommendation of this court, that you and your comrades be sent back to Russia.

(then)

Do you have anything to add that may enlighten the court to change course?

GENERAL VLASOV

The Lieutenant's intelligence is correct. Hitler offered us a chance to crush Stalin. Hitler was the best of two evils. We had no other choice.

CAGE JUDGE

I find that hard to comprehend, given what the allies have endured.

Azordoff waves his flag. The Judge recognizes him.

CAGE JUDGE (CONT'D)
The bench recognizes the Russian delegation.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
Your honor. The General must be sent back to Minsk immediately. Every day General Vlasov is in American custody it is a threat to our national security.

CAGE JUDGE
Lieutenant Eller, what is the position of the United States?

Fred glances over at Azordoff, still standing.

FRED
The US believes this is a perfect chance to work together, like allies should.

CAGE JUDGE
Go on.

FRED
Lieutenant Azordoff and I may not agree on many things, but we both agree General Vlasov violated a military code of honor and the Geneva convention.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
Your honor, may I interject?

CAGE JUDGE
Yes, you may.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
The US delegation is correct. General Vlasov is an enemy of Russia and must be returned to Minsk immediately.

Azordoff finishes and sits down as if satisfied.

FRED
Your honor, there is one condition before he is returned.

CAGE JUDGE
And that is?

FRED

Our Congressmen would like to debrief General Vlasov before he is sent back to the Soviet Union.

Azordoff stands abruptly, knocks over his chair and responds:

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF

Absolutely not! We object to any interview or interrogation with the General. This man is a traitor!

The Judge allows the Officer to speak, then pounds the gavel several times.

CAGE JUDGE

I'm going to ignore your objection. General Vlasov is a prisoner of war and in US custody.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF

This is a violation of the Yalta Accord!

The judge ignores Azordoff, recognizes Fred.

CAGE JUDGE

Lieutenant Eller?

FRED

The United States needs to determine General Vlasov's potential threat to US national security.

The entire Russian delegation is livid. One of the officers picks up his chair and bursts out the door.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF

Please accept my apology for the outburst. We are simply attempting to protect our national interests.

The Judge looks at both Delegations and reviews a few documents while Fred and Azordoff trade glances.

CAGE JUDGE

Lieutenant Eller, the key date. Did General Vlasov meet this criteria?

FRED

Yes, your honor. He is a deserter. An enemy of Russia and the US. He must be repatriated.

Azordoff looks towards Fred and nods in agreement and breaks a slight smile. Fred nods and smiles back. He has finally earned Azordoff's respect.

CAGE JUDGE

It is the ruling of this court that General Vlasov be repatriated to Russia immediately following the interview.

The judge slams the Gavel.

CAGE JUDGE (CONT'D)

This court is adjourned.

EXT. CAGE COURTYARD - DUSK

Karl places his hand on Fred's shoulder. They walk towards the main gate.

KARL

These monsters will be out of our lives soon enough.

FRED

Yeah, I'm looking forward to my life as it was.

KARL

Fritz, despite dozens of obstacles, you prevailed.

FRED

Thank you, Karl.

They walk a few steps and then separate into the evening light.

INT. BAD HERSFELD JAIL - DAY

General Vlasov walks out of a single cell, is handcuffed and escorted down a hallway.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONGRESSMEN

Vlasov enters a room with a single table and three chairs. One chair on one side and two chairs on the other side.

Vlasov is directed to the single chair. Two Congressmen walk in the room and sit in the empty chairs. Four guards stay in the room.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - ARMY OFFICERS

A two-way mirror is on the wall facing Vlasov, where Fred sits with members of the US Army.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONGRESSMEN

CONGRESSMAN ONE

Good Morning, General Vlasov.

GENERAL VLASOV

Good Morning, gentlemen.

CONGRESSMAN TWO

We understand you are headed back to Minsk to stand trial. Your fate may be quite evident to you.

GENERAL VLASOV

Gentlemen, you are sending me back to barbarians. There won't be any trial. Lieutenant Eller knows this.

Vlasov looks at the large window, suspects Fred is there.

CONGRESSMAN ONE

That may be the case. So why did you desert the Russian Army and join the Nazis? It doesn't make sense to us. We were on the same side.

GENERAL VLASOV

Stalin killed millions of our own people. Although you may not agree, he was much worse than Hitler. Stalin is the real monster.

CONGRESSMAN ONE

So what was the Russian Liberation Army?

GENERAL VLASOV

My comrades and I knew, even if we won the war, Stalin would enslave our people. We had an opportunity to crush him, until our capture. Frankly, I would advise you to change your strategy with the Soviets.

The two Congressmen look at each other and then straight at the double window.

INT. VIEWING ROOM - ARMY OFFICERS

GENERAL GEORGE PATTON (60) stands with other ranking officers. Fred is by his side.

GENERAL PATTON

I told you those sons of bitches
can't be trusted. Stalin is the
barbarian not Vlasov. Congress
needs to wake up!

General Patton turns to Fred.

GENERAL PATTON (CONT'D)

Lieutenant, thanks for the
invitation. This was the best show
I've seen in weeks. Gentlemen.

FRED

General Patton, sir, the pleasure
was all mine.

General Patton and the large contingent of Officers storm out of the room. As he leaves General Patton quips:

GENERAL PATTON

We need to keep pushing west right
into that bastards front yard.

Fred smiles, pleased he decided to invite the Brass.

INT. BAD HERSFELD JAIL - MORNING

The interview ends. Vlasov stands and holds his cuffed hands in front of him and walks out of the room.

INT. FRED'S CAGE OFFICE - DAY

Fred is busy making preparations for another interview with Zacherovich. Fred's dog Hans, sits comfortably beside his desk.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Sir, I have General Zacherovich
outside, if you are ready.

FRED

Thank you, Sergeant. Please bring
him in. I need to discuss an issue
in private.

Carlson exits and comes back in with Zacherovich, hand-cuffed. Two guards hold his arms, One guard pulls a chair in front of Fred's desk.

Carlson watches. Hans growls. Fred peers over at Hans and looks back at Zacherovich.

FRED (CONT'D)

You may un-cuff the General and wait outside my office.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Yes, sir.

The guards take the handcuffs off General Zacherovich and everyone walks outside. Carlson walks out slowly and then shuts the door.

FRED

General, I have considered your proposal.

Fred stands, takes an empty piece of paper and a pen and lays it on the desk in front of General Zacherovich.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH

I am curious. What made you grant my request?

The General begins to draw and make notations on a crude map.

FRED

If, you are telling me the truth, perhaps that may influence the United States decision. I have my doubts.

The General stops for a moment to read Fred's face.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH

Am I detecting reservations on your part?

FRED

General, you should know that like you, I am bound by my duty.

The General continues to draw the map. Fred looks on.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH

Commander, have you ever killed a soldier in combat?

FRED
No, I have not.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
The war forces us to do things to survive. But, if you send me back to Russia, all of my victories will be forgotten.

The General shoves the Map towards Fred. Fred looks at it briefly.

FRED
General, murder and battlefield deaths are two completely different circumstances.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
That is where we disagree.

FRED
With all due respect General, you have tested my desire for vengeance, many times.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
I see.

FRED
My duty is to send you back to your own country. They will decide your fate, not me. Sergeant!

Fred places the map in his top desk drawer. Carlson and the guards walk in, begin to hand-cuff General Zacherovich.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
You will go to see for yourself?

FRED
I will give it my consideration.

The General looks over at Hans. He growls. The General looks back at Fred and smiles. Carlson glares at Fred.

EXT. GINZLING FARM-AUSTRIA - DAY

Fred drives alone in an Army Jeep along the Zeem River.

From high above a nearby ridge, the road ends at a farm outside Ginzling.

Fred stops, steps out of the jeep. He places the map on the front hood, compares his surroundings.

SISTER CATHERINE (60's) an elderly Catholic Nun is walking with a basket of fresh vegetables and stops to offer assistance.

SISTER CATHERINE

Good afternoon. May I help you find something?

FRED

I'm just trying to see if I'm in the right place.

SISTER CATHERINE

Young man, I'm Sister Catherine.

FRED

Lieutenant Fred Eller, it's a pleasure to meet you.

SISTER CATHERINE

Well Lieutenant, I guess you have found, you are at the end of the road.

FRED

I'm just following this map.

SISTER CATHERINE

Are you looking for someone in particular? I know just about everyone in Ginzling.

FRED

It's related to the war.

SISTER CATHERINE

Well, thanks to the Lord, the war is over. Many of my parishioners lost their lives here.

FRED

I'm sorry to hear that. I've seen the worst of the War, without firing a single shot.

SISTER CATHERINE

Then you are blessed my son.

FRED

What makes you say that?

SISTER CATHERINE

Many Americans died here, saving us from the Nazis. God has spared you, from the agony of killing another man.

The Sister brings out a hidden burden in Fred.

FRED

On the contrary Sister. I'm sending Russians and Germans to the gallows. Why is it up to me?

Sister Catherine senses the burden. Fred masks his tears. She places her hand gently on Fred's cheek.

SISTER CATHERINE

God, punishes the wicked. It is their own choices that led to their demise. You are simply doing your duty.

FRED

It is duty that created these monsters with no remorse, Sister.

SISTER CATHERINE

Yes, my son. It is senseless suffering and misery.

FRED

Thank you Sister. I've seen a lot of suffering in my life.

The Sister detects Fred is troubled, she steps closer. Fred looks into her eyes.

SISTER CATHERINE

What troubles you my son. You are burdened by something?

FRED

Sister, when you collect gifts from the alter, do you care where they come from?

SISTER CATHERINE

They are a gift to God my son, he alone knows where they are from.

FRED

What if the gift was stolen?

SISTER CATHERINE

Well now, if that be the case, it has made its way back to God, has it not?

FRED

I guess it has Sister.

Two young children walk down the path and greet Sister Catherine, stand behind her.

SISTER CATHERINE

These two are victims of war. Both of their parents were murdered by the Germans.

Fred looks at both of the children and beyond them he catches a glimpse of something in the ditch.

He walks over and picks up a rusted Rugar. He walks back, the children still scared of Fred.

FRED

(to the children)

Did you see who killed your parents?

Still afraid, they cower behind the Sister.

SISTER CATHERINE

You can trust this man. Tell him.

DAUGHTER

It was the Nazi's.

SON

We told the US Soldiers.

FRED

Are you sure?

DAUGHTER

Positive.

Fred holds out the gun, shows it to both of the children.

FRED

Was this the weapon?

SON

Yes, it was.

The Sister has detected a resolve from Fred, closing a chapter.

SISTER CATHERINE
Lieutenant, GOD will heal every one
of us. I hope you have found what
you're looking for.

Fred's eyes go from the map to the gun. A decision is made.
He stuffs the map back into his coat pocket.

FRED
I think I have Sister, thank you.

Fred hops into the Jeep and drives away, not looking back.

INT. FRED'S CAGE OFFICE - MORNING

Carlson enters the office with Zacherovich. Two guards hold
him with his hands cuffed. Carlson knocks on the door before
entering.

SERGEANT CARLSON
I have Zacherovich outside.

FRED
Bring him in. And keep him cuffed.

Carlson enters first, noting Fred's displeasure. The guards
sit Zacherovich in a chair in front of Fred's desk.

Once he is settled Fred pulls the Rugar from his drawer and
throws it on his desk for Zacherovich to see.

FRED (CONT'D)
General, do you recognize this
weapon?

Zacherovich looks at the gun and back up at Fred. Carlson
shakes his head, is relieved.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Looks like a German made, nine
millimeter Rugar.

FRED
Come to find out, it's not just any
weapon. It's your gun General.

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH
Lieutenant, you know that can't be
proven.

Fred picks up the signed statements dictated to the US Army
when Zacherovich was captured.

FRED

I have two witnesses that saw you murder two defenseless farmers with their hands tied behind their backs.

General Zacherovich sits silently with no remorse.

FRED (CONT'D)

You expect me to believe you had nothing to do with their murders?

GENERAL ZACHEROVICH

It seems you can not be convinced otherwise.

FRED

That's correct General. Get him out of my sight.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Soldiers, you heard the Commander.

The two guards pull Zacherovich from the chair. He glares at Fred one last time. Fred throws the gun on his desk.

EXT. COMMANDERS OFFICE - MORNING

Fred exits, Carlson throws his cigarette, helps with the bags. Karl is standing with a leash tied to Fred's dog Hans.

KARL

I'll take care of him while you're gone.

FRED

It's only one night.

KARL

My wife and I could use the company.

FRED

Thanks Karl!

Fred hops in the driver seat. They quickly pull away.

INT. ARMY JEEP - MORNING

While driving Fred and Carlson discuss the trip to Minsk.

FRED
Did you install the new chains and rope?

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes, sir. The only way someone gets away is, if they all jump.

Carlson laughs, Fred raises his eyebrows.

SERGEANT CARLSON (CONT'D)
Just kidding. No one can get away. Period.

FRED
That's all I wanted to know.

SERGEANT CARLSON
We've got one car full of officers and one car for everyone else. All Russians.

Fred lowers his guard and opens up to Carlson.

FRED
Carlson, before this assignment, I'd never left the States. Now we're headed to Russia.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes, sir, nothing like this in Bama, that's for sure.

He looks over at Fred who is smiling, Carlson looks to Fred.

SERGEANT CARLSON (CONT'D)
By the way, sir. I was wrong about something.

FRED
Wrong about what?

SERGEANT CARLSON
Let's just say, I misjudged you, sir.

FRED
Carlson, we barely know each other, that's to be expected. No apology needed.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Thank you, sir.

Rather than pry for the reason, they both let it go.

SERGEANT CARLSON (CONT'D)
We'll meet the Russian Delegation
this evening. A dinner and
celebration.

FRED
I just want to deliver the goods
and head back home.

They have reached the train station. Fred parks, they both
gather their things and head for the train.

EXT. BAD HERSFELD STATION - MORNING

Fred and Carlson walk towards the platform, the Russian
officers all smoking cigarettes.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Sir, it looks like the prisoners
are already loaded.

FRED
Great! This exchange can't happen
soon enough.

Lieutenant Azordoff has his hand ready to shake and the other
hand for Fred's shoulder.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
Lieutenant Eller, you will join us
tonight for food and vodka?

FRED
I'm not one for parties. But I'll
make an exception this time.

Fred and Azordoff look towards the entire Russian delegation.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
Never mind them. My comrades always
look angry. We are happy, this will
end soon.

FRED
That makes two of us.

In the distance four dead Russians in German Uniforms are
thrown into one of the cars.

FRED (CONT'D)
Who are they?

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
Four more suicides. They must go
back with the others.

RUSSIAN OFFICER
They will be eaten by rats for
their dishonor.

The train whistle blows. The last group of American and Russian officers board the train, it lurches forward and pulls away.

INT. OFFICER TRAIN CAR - MORNING

Fred and Carlson walk down the isle into a private car.

They place their luggage above and find their seats. They sit facing each other.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Sir, I've got a question.

FRED
Fire away.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Where did you find that Rugar?

FRED
Exactly where Zacherovich threw it
a few weeks ago.

SERGEANT CARLSON
But how did you know where to look?

FRED
I had no idea, really. A
conversation with him lead me to
that spot.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Or fate, sir.

FRED
Carlson, sometimes you need to
listen to that still small voice
inside. Some call it a compass.
Others, think it's your conscience.
I'd like to think it's God sending
you down the right path.

Fred gets settled in his seat. Looks out the window.

Carlson looks like he wants to ask more but doesn't push it.

The two men continue to ride in silence, taking in the scenery. The landscape changes from a fall setting at Gerstungen Station to a snowy landscape in Minsk.

EXT. MINSK TRAIN STATION - DAY

Fred exits the train. The Russian Officers are led single file under armed guard.

Vlasov and Zacherovich lead the group by the American and Russian leadership. Both men acknowledge Fred with a respectful nod.

SERGEANT CARLSON

Sir, they were left with the worst choices of anyone I will ever know.

FRED

That may be true Carlson. But it was their choices that will determine the outcome.

Lieutenant Azordoff steps from the train. He sees Fred and Carlson and stands to wait for them.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF

We have two rooms for you at the Hotel Minsk. I have ordered a car to take you there.

FRED

Thank you, Lieutenant.

Azordoff recognizes a woman, waiting for him. Turns back to Fred and Carlson.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF

I have a car waiting. I will see you both tonight.

INT. MINSK CAB - DAY - FRED/CARLSON

SERGEANT CARLSON

Well, Azordoff is a changed man.

FRED

He was either under pressure from his superiors or just a horses ass.

Carlson chuckles.

SERGEANT CARLSON
May I be candid with you sir?

FRED
By all means Carlson.

SERGEANT CARLSON
I think the highlight of our mission has to be when Azordoff lost it.

FRED
Well, he was a good sparring partner, I reckon.

Fred and Carlson exchange a smile.

FRED (CONT'D)
Azordoff should be happy. He accomplished what he was sent to do.

CARLSON
And we did too. You especially, sir.

FRED
How so?

CARLSON
You changed everything, sir. Many others would have caved given your mission sir. Now, we can all get back to our lives.

Fred grows anxious. Stares out the window.

FRED
If that's even possible.

INT. MINSK THEATER - NIGHT - CELEBRATION

A Soviet band plays music. Large tables are full with drunk officers and prostitutes.

The head table is a mix of Government officials and high ranking Officers of the new Russian Federation.

Fred and Carlson sit at the table with the Soviet Delegation. Both men have a tense and guarded demeanor.

Lieutenant Azordoff is drunk and heads around the table to confront Fred. He puts his arm around Carlson first.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF

This man stood up for you Fritz
when I thought you were just a
school boy.

FRED

Lieutenant, I think you've had too
much Vodka.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF

Nonsense. So Fritz. You and I, how
do you say? We never saw eye to
eye. Yes?

FRED

I believe we agreed to disagree.

He pauses to process what Fred said. He quickly pulls out his
pistol and holds it to Fred's temple.

RUSSIAN OFFICER

Yes, I disagree. Here we have our
weapons. I see you have yours. See,
we both agree, Yes?

The music stops, the entire room watches Fred and the Soviet
officer. Fred locks eyes with Azordoff.

There's a glint in the young man's eye: the fighter in him
stirred. He grins and quickly pulls out his Colt 45 and
pushes it into the Officers chest.

FRED

Yes, we agree to disagree.

From beside Azordoff, a Russian General has crept up
behind, puts his hand on Azordoff's shoulder and slowly takes
the pistol.

The General frowns at Azordoff. He turns his attention to
Fred, still holding his Colt.

RUSSIAN GENERAL

(To Fred)

You'll have to excuse my
Lieutenant. This is big
misunderstanding. Yes?

FRED

Yes it is, General.

The General looks at Azordoff and back to Fred.

RUSSIAN GENERAL
Are we done here?

Fred slowly lowers his Colt, places it back into the holster.

FRED
Yes General, we're done.

RUSSIAN GENERAL
The traitors you brought to us.
Best gift ever!

The General smiles and delivers a stiff smack to Fred's back.

RUSSIAN GENERAL (CONT'D)
(in Russian)
Let the celebration continue.

Once Azordoff and the General are occupied, Fred and Carlson nod to each other and walk out of the hall.

The Russian officer watches as Fred and Carlson leave, smiles and returns to a toast.

EXT. MINSK TRAIN STATION - DAWN

Fred and Carlson stand on the platform as the last few people board the train. On each telephone pole hangs many of the officers the Americans brought from the Cage.

Fred finds it disturbing, Azordoff appears and gestures to the hanging Russians.

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
Look at them swing. They will hang
by piano wire until their heads
roll to the ground.

FRED
Are Vlasov and Zacherovich among
them?

LIEUTENANT AZORDOFF
They are on the first two poles
coming into town. You will see them
last.

FRED
Goodbye, Lieutenant.

Without a response, the Russian Lieutenant turns and walks away.

SERGEANT CARLSON
I really hate that man.

FRED
Yep!

EXT/INT MINSK TRAIN - DAY - FRED/CARLSON

The two men board the train, it begins to pull away from the station.

Both Fred and Carlson find a seat on each side of the car and get settled. On the way out of the station, Fred and Carlson watch out each window.

They both stand, look in the direction of the train's movement.

From each telephone pole a Russian soldier hangs by his neck, some with rope others with a piano wire.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Sir, you see this?

Fred watches out the window without looking at Carlson.

FRED
Yep.
(then)
If we ever end up in a war with the
Russians, they'll never take me
alive.

Carlson looks at the justice differently. He continues to stare out the window.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Sir, I've finally found what is
different at The Cage.

FRED
What's that Carlson?

SERGEANT CARLSON
At the Cage no one wants to leave,
they just want to die. They know,
the world must have their revenge.

FRED
Yes, Carlson, that's exactly right.

EXT. MINSK TRAIN STATION - DAY

On several of the poles the piano wire hangs by itself, the corpse and the head severed and lying at the base of the pole.

INT. MINSK TRAIN-OFFICERS CAR

From Fed's POV he watches as the train pulls away slowly.

FRED (V.O.)
As best I could try, I would never
forget that day on the train.

Hanging Russian soldiers line each side of the railroad track. The train continues out of town slowly, as if the ride was orchestrated for their benefit.

As Azordoff had predicted, Zacherovich and Vlasov are pulled up the pole from a standing position.

FRED (V.O.)
Those images would appear in my
mind over and over.

A group of soldiers hoists them as they struggle, hanging by a noose, their hands tied behind them.

FRED (V.O.)
Vengeance, that continued the cycle
of madness. What we call war.

Each of their families lay below, shot moments ago by a firing squad.

INT. MINSK TRAIN PRIVATE CAR - DAY

Fred and Carlson watch as the train slowly passes the Generals, all of this madness choreographed purposely for their viewing.

Once they are past the Generals, without a word they both find their seat and gaze out the window at the winter scene.

INT. FRED'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

He opens his door, drops his baggage onto the floor and walks over to the table. He pours a stiff one, gulps down the contents.

INT. FRED'S BATHROOM

Fred enters. He washes deliberately, dries off his face and looks into the mirror.

He finds Hans at his feet. He picks him up.

INT. FRED'S BEDROOM

He walks to his bed and sits down on the mattress. Hans jumps out of his grasp and gets comfortable.

FRED
Don't get any ideas.

He lays back onto his pillow, closes his eyes and falls fast asleep.

A pile of books and documents, litter the table beside the bed, his Colt within reach.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE CAGE - MORNING

Fred stands behind his desk, assembling records, pictures of the camp.

He looks at a few, tosses them one by one into a folder. Carlson enters.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Shipping out today, sir?

FRED
Yes, I am. I heard you'll be in charge of the new women's facility. Couldn't happen to a better man.

Hans lays comfortably in the corner, wags his tail.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Thank you, sir. You're taking Hans with you?

FRED
Kinda got attached to him.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Well, have a safe journey home, sir.

He salutes and keeps his hand to his forehead, slowly removes it. Fred salutes. Fred ends the formalities.

FRED
Carlson, it's been a pleasure to
serve with you. Your summaries
helped me focus. I would've failed
without them!

SERGEANT CARLSON
I was honored to serve you, sir.

Carlson breaks a smile, almost a laugh.

FRED
Out with it. You have something to
say?

SERGEANT CARLSON
The men coined a nickname for you.

FRED
And.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Take no prisoners, Eller.

FRED
Really?

SERGEANT CARLSON
I think it fits.

Fred grabs his things and with one arm, pats Carlson on the
shoulder on the way out.

FRED
Reach out once your stateside.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Yes, Sir.

Carlson begins to leave, turns back for one last thought.

SERGEANT CARLSON (CONT'D)
Do you think Azordoff would have
pulled that trigger?

FRED
I'm glad he didn't.

SERGEANT CARLSON
Me too, sir.

Carlson gives Fred a southern hug.

EXT. CAGE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Fred walks out of the office, looks at the building one last time. Karl is smoking a cigarette waiting patiently.

Hans jumps into the Jeep.

FRED

You know those things are bad for you.

KARL

We'll all die some day Fritz. It's how you live that matters.

FRED

Thank you for everything Karl. I'm a long way from home. Your support and friendship made all the difference.

KARL

The pleasure was mine, Fritz. We will see each other again?

FRED

I hope so. Goodbye Karl.

KARL

So long Fritz.

Karl stands at the base of the stairs. He pulls out a cigarette as Fred drives away, down the main road littered with rubble.

Fred's Jeep passes the Cage and Bad Hersfeld and into a sunlit sky.

EXT. NEBRASKA TRAIN STATION - AFTERNOON

Mabel, Bonnie and Steve wait patiently for the train to come to a stop.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN - AFTERNOON

Fred spots Mabel and his children. He hops to his feet and hustles down the aisle.

EXT. NEBRASKA TRAIN STATION - AFTERNOON

Fred runs into Mabel's arms, it's a hug worth two years of loneliness. Bonnie hugs one leg, Steve stands with his Bear, silent. Fred kisses Mabel and bends down on one knee to Steve's level. Hans wags his tail.

FRED
Hello young man.

BONNIE
He's only two dad.

Fred kisses Bonnie on the cheek.

FRED
Hello sweetheart.

Hans begins to lick Bonnie's face.

BONNIE
He's so cute. Is this your dog?

FRED
(to Bonnie)
This is Hans. It's a long story.

Hans takes to Bonnie immediately.

MABEL
I'm sure it is.

Fred picks up Steve, and Bonnie takes the leash as Hans leads the way.

MABEL (CONT'D)
I'm sure your father is anxious to
get home.

Fred carries Steve, Bonnie holds onto Fred's coat tail.

Mabel stares into the eyes of her husband, proud and thankful. Mabel gives Fred a small peck on the cheek.

Fred's eyes full of joy.

MABEL (V.O.)
The Fritz I knew, never returned
from Germany.

Mabel hugs his arm, tears filling her eyes and her face.

MABEL (V.O.)

He carried a weight too heavy to
bear. A scar that would never heal.

The entire family all disappear into the fog.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE CAGE - HERSFELD, GERMANY

- A) B/W photos inside the POW Camp. Suicides, Army guards
- B) B/W photos of Fred and his Russian, German colleagues.
- C) B/W Bad Hersfeld Station, soldiers, trains, officers.
- D) B/W Pictures of Fred, Karl

FADE OUT.

THE END