

Splitzkrieg!

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Two sets of eyes peek out from the bushes beside a peaceful upper-middle class suburban street.

CHUCK MILLS(13), athletic and muscular, and BEN KIRK(13), pale and slender. They lay on their stomachs side-by-side.

Across the street MADELINE(10), pigtails and overalls, jump ropes. Ben and Chuck speak into walkie-talkies.

CHUCK  
Captain, this is General Mills,  
over.

BEN  
General, this is Captain Kirk, read  
you loud and clear, over.

CHUCK  
Enemy at one o'clock. Over.

BEN  
On your command. Roger, over.

CHUCK  
Over, roger.

COP ON RADIO (V.O.)  
We've got a 5150 in progress-

They do a double take at the radio, shut it off, then arm themselves with a couple foam dart guns.

CHUCK  
CHARGE!

They leap out from the bushes and attack Madeline with a barrage of darts and balls.

Chuck dives onto the pavement and unnecessarily rolls around while he fires.

Madeline screams as she tries to dodge the assault.

MADELINE  
Chuck, I hate you!

CHUCK  
Feeling's mutual, sweetie!

Chuck does another dramatic roll and fires his last dart. It sticks right between Madeline's eyes.

MADELINE

I can't wait till I'm old enough to date and have my boyfriend shove a corkscrew down your throat!

She stomps off while the boys laugh. As they celebrate, swing music emits from one of the neighboring houses.

CHUCK

Man, that was great! Did you see that last shot? Wham!

BEN

That was awesome!

The music gets louder.

CHUCK

You hear that?

They look in all directions until they find its source: a blue house across the street.

EXT. FRONT YARD - JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

They run over to the house where the music resonates from.

CHUCK

This music is awful.

BEN

Didn't that guy move in here last week or something?

CHUCK

Yeah. Have you seen him?

BEN

No. I don't think anyone has.

They creep over to a window and peek in.

Inside is JACK KLARSFELD(85), physically fit and gruff. He goes through some boxes. Chuck and Ben intently watch.

Their mouths drop in unison when Jack pulls something out of a box: An aged orange flag with a swastika printed on it.

CHUCK

Oh my god!

Jack pulls out some more items; SS medallions and a military officer's jacket with medals and swastikas.

CHUCK  
Slavicas! He's got Slavicas!

BEN  
The Nazi sign?

CHUCK  
Yeah, they're called Slavicas. I saw it on the History Channel.

Jack pulls out another item: a pistol. Ben and Chuck duck down in panic.

CHUCK  
He's got a gun!

BEN  
Dude, you've gotta do something!

CHUCK  
Me?

BEN  
He's your neighbor!

CHUCK  
He's your neighbor, too!

BEN  
But you're right next door! He's more your neighbor than mine.

CHUCK  
But he's a Nazi!

They peer back in. Jack unpacks a rifle, cocks it. They hit the deck again.

BEN  
Dude, he's locked and loaded.  
We've gotta tell someone!

CHUCK  
Okay, our first objective is we've gotta be careful. Who knows how many people this guy has killed? Besides, we can't just blurt to someone that a Nazi lives on our street. Who's gonna believe us?  
(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
He's probably trained to pack it up  
and hightail it outta here in  
record time.

They look back inside. Jack examines a Reichsadler medal; a  
badge with an eagle perched above a swastika.

BEN  
I've heard about these guys. They  
were Nazi officers that have been  
hiding for, like, 50 years. Some  
people make big money hunting 'em  
down. Maybe we could do that!

Chuck stares at the Reichsadler.

CHUCK  
Evidence. We need evidence.

BEN  
Evidence?

CHUCK  
We have to get into his house, his  
stronghold if you will, and take  
something as proof.

BEN  
How?

CHUCK  
Well, the Nazis did this thing  
called a blitzkrieg. I read up on  
it while copying articles from  
Wikipedia for my history paper.  
Basically they attacked their enemy  
with full force before they even  
knew what hit 'em.

BEN  
Okay. So how do we do a blisskreig?

CHUCK  
We have to get him to open the  
front door. How we do that, though,  
is beyond me.

BEN  
How about we ring the doorbell?

Chuck does a double take.

CHUCK

...Ben, that's it, dude! We ring the doorbell, we get him outside, and then we launch...Operation Splitzkrieg! When he comes outside we'll give him an atomic wedgie. Nazis hate wedgies.

Jack admires a swastika arm patch and evilly bobs his head.

JACK

Muwahahahahaha!

BEN

We'll need our gear.

INT. CHUCK'S GARAGE - DAY

Plastic guns are loaded with foam darts and balls. Squirt guns are filled with water. Bike helmets are strapped on. Belts of darts are strapped across their shoulders.

They face one another, loaded with guns and ammo; little Rambos. They salute each other.

CHUCK

Good luck, Captain.

BEN

Good luck, General.

EXT. ENTRYWAY - JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

The two soldiers sneak up to the front door.

BEN

Dude, you know there's no turning back now.

CHUCK

He's a Nazi, Ben. He's killed hundreds, thousands of people and needs to be served the justice that he's been running from for years and we can serve that justice to him right now.

BEN

You're right. Let's do it.

Together, they push the doorbell. DING DONG!

They dive into some shrubs. Seconds later Jack opens the door and steps out.

JACK  
Hello?

From the shrubs, Ben and Chuck nod and leap out as one. Chuck grabs the back of Jack's pants and pulls up hard.

CHUCK  
And justice for all, Mel Gibson!

JACK  
AHHHHH!

CHUCK  
Onward, Captain!

They run into the house while Jack rubs his ass.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

They search the room, but it's all boxes.

BEN  
We gotta find that stuff he was  
unpacking earlier!

Jack bursts into the room and roars like an animal.

CHUCK  
FIRE!

POP! Chuck unleashes a barrage of darts while Ben sprays water from his gun.

JACK  
RAAAAAAAAAAH!

Jack attempts to grab Ben, but he rolls between his legs and dashes off. Chuck fires a few more shots and bolts as well.

INT. DEN - JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Chuck enters the room of Nazi memorabilia. Swastikas everywhere. He pockets the Reichsadler.

He pulls out his walkie talkie and speaks urgently.

CHUCK  
Captain, objective is complete.  
I'm already on my way out! Over.

INT. DINING ROOM - JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Ben sneaks around more boxes with his walkie talkie.

BEN  
Roger, General.

JACK  
RAAAAAAAAAAH!

Out of nowhere, Jack grabs Ben, but he wiggles away and drenches Jack with streams from two pistol squirt guns.

BEN  
Backup! Requesting backup!

Chuck bursts into the room and gives Jack another wedgie.

JACK  
AHHHHHHHHHH!

Chuck leads Ben out the back door.

EXT. BACKYARD - JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

They dive into a pit of mud and crawl through the terrain like true soldiers. The side gate is straight ahead.

They reach the end of the pit and hop to their feet...until Ben trips over a hose and falls on his back.

Chuck trips over Ben and falls onto his back as well.

Dazed and peering up at the sky, Jack comes into view overhead and looks down to them.

Chuck anticlimactically fires a dart up. It sticks onto Jack's forehead. He angrily reaches down for the boys.

INT. KITCHEN - JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack forcefully seats Ben and Chuck in chairs at the table and goes to work at the sink. The boys are on high alert.

CHUCK  
You can torture Ben all you want  
but we'll never give you the  
location of the rebel base!

Jack glares at him.



CHUCK

You think you can intimidate me? I get those looks from teachers all the time. I plagiarize, man. I'm a total badass!

Jack looks to Ben and calmly speaks.

JACK

I take it you just do whatever he says, right?

CHUCK

Don't answer that, Ben.

BEN

It was worth fighting for, dude. All those people you killed deserve justice!

Jack finishes his sink work. He holds two mugs.

CHUCK

We don't want your poison!

Jack slides one to each boy; hot chocolate and marshmallows.

CHUCK

Ha! Trying to soften us, huh? I'll never tell you where we put the evidence!

Jack takes a drink from a third mug.

JACK

I must say that I despise your arrogance...yet I admire your courage and bravery.

Chuck does a double take.

CHUCK

Huh?

JACK

You think I'm a Nazi, don't you?

CHUCK

You've got all those Slavicas and guns and stuff. We saw everything.

JACK

Swastikas. Trophies, if you will.

BEN  
Trophies?

JACK  
There's still a few high ranking officials who have been in hiding since the end of the war. I'm the guy who finds them.

Ben looks at Jack with admiration.

BEN  
You're a hunter.

JACK  
A Nazi hunter. Just like you. False alarm this time, though, I assure you.

BEN  
So all those guns and-

JACK  
Memorabilia. They don't even work. Some of the medals were taken from various officers I've tracked down over the years.

CHUCK  
Did you fight the Nazis? Were you in the war?

JACK  
In some form...

Jack rolls up his sleeve to reveal the number 381938 tattooed on his arm. For once Chuck looks empathetic.

CHUCK  
Oh...

JACK  
Six months hard time. Lost a lot of my family. When the war ended I vowed to hunt down those responsible who fled into hiding.

BEN  
How many have you caught?

JACK  
150 or so. Some were easier to find than others.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

There's actually a couple leads of some in the state that I'm looking into. They're older than I am but they need to be punished for their crimes.

BEN

Are you married?

JACK

Was. She passed away a few years ago. I've still got my daughter and grandson. He just started at ICDC College in Glendale.

CHUCK

Did you say ACDC College?

BEN

Yeah, Chuck, ACDC College. He's studying to be a rock star.

Chuck doesn't fight back. Instead he places the Reichsadler on the table.

CHUCK

We're sorry.

BEN

Yeah, we're sorry.

CHUCK

We're also sorry for the wedgies.

JACK

Hey, welcome to my world. Truthfully if I was in your position and thought the old guy across the street was a Nazi, I may have done the same thing. There's a great quote out there said a long time ago by an old British guy named Edmund Burke; goes something like "all that is necessary for evil to succeed is that good men do nothing." I don't condone war, but there are certain evils that must be contained.

Jack takes a sip of his hot chocolate.

JACK

Imagine if I really was a Nazi. You two would be heroes.

Jack picks up the Reichsadler.

JACK  
I suppose you two still can be.

INT. DEN - JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack digs through a box. Chuck uncomfortably looks around at all the swastikas.

JACK  
Ah! Here we are!

Jack pulls out two more medals made of bronze with a red and blue ribbon. He pins one each onto the boys.

CHUCK  
My folks aren't gonna think I'm a  
Nazi are they?

JACK  
Of course not. These are British  
medals that were awarded for acts  
of civilian bravery during the war.  
The Nazis stole 'em from Allied  
POW's. Wish I could track down who  
they belonged to but it's next to  
impossible at this point. But I  
think whoever's they were would  
approve of you taking them. I think  
you both deserve it.

They both admire their medals.

BEN&CHUCK  
Whoooooa!

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

They're all outside the front door.

CHUCK  
Dude, what's your name?

JACK  
Dude, Jack. Jack Klarsfeld.

They all shake hands.

CHUCK  
Name's Chuck Mills.

BEN

Ben Kirk.

JACK

It's a pleasure.

CHUCK

Word. We'll see you around, Jack.

JACK

Be safe, boys.

Ben and Chuck walk toward the street. All of a sudden Madeline emerges from a bush with a giant squirt gun and drenches the two of them.

MADELINE

Ha! How do you like that, buttface?! Ahahahahaha!

CHUCK

Madeline! No! War is wrong! I've just had a religious awakening and don't need you to spoil it! All that's evil for good men to do...wait, no, it was all that's necessary for good evil men-

MADELINE

What website did you copy that from, Charles?

That did it. Chuck loads his darts.

CHUCK

Call me Char...Reasoning is futile with this one! Cover me, Captain!

BEN

Got you covered, General!

Jack smiles and heads back inside.

JACK

What's a wedgie?

FADE OUT.

THE END