

Ghosts of the Third Reich

BLACK

DANI (V.O.)

Hey, you've reached Dani. I'm not available right now so please leave a message and I'll get back to ya as soon as I can!

BEEP

PETE (V.O.)

Hey, it's me. Just checkin' in again. The storm's hittin' so I'm here to stay for a while.

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

PETE(30s) sits on a pee-stained bed in a dumpy room. A flickering lamp without a shade, torn wallpaper, and a static-channeled TV are the highlights of this craphole.

Out of place is a hi-tech camera hooked up to his laptop.

Pete looks like a total nerd; thick-framed glasses, messy curly hair, and a shirt that reads "PETE PODOLNIK, PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR" with a printed silhouette image of himself.

A storm rages outside.

PETE

Got some good footage that I'll be editin' till I can get outta here. May finally be our big break. Anyway, just wanted to hear your voice. Give me a ring when you can. See ya.

He hangs up.

Rain and wind smack hard into the windows.

Almost on cue the lights and television shut off. Everything is now a dark eerie blue.

PETE

Fuck South Carolina. Seriously.

Unfazed, Pete watches some video on his laptop. It's footage shot in night vision inside a basement.

PETE ON VIDEO

Graham? Graham can you hear me?
This is Pete Podolnik, Paranormal
Investigator. Lemme tell ya
somethin', fella; this ain't your
house anymore and you're gonna need
to leave. Please acknowledge.

No response.

PETE ON VIDEO

Alright, we got an asshole on our
hands. Prepare for extraction.

He looks right at the camera.

PETE ON VIDEO

See, this is where we attempt to
open a portal and breach the
dimensions via a generator
networked from my DSS in my home
office in Miami in an effort to
allow the poltergeist to pass
through to the-

A light knock is heard on the door. Pete pauses the video.

PETE

Who is it?

More light knocks.

PETE

Everything's fine, I'll manage
without the lights, thank you.

The knocks escalate, louder and harder.

Pete walks over and opens the door.

PETE

Dude, what the fucking fu-

The door is kicked in and Pete crashes to the ground. In
bursts THE CAPTAIN(40s), military uniform and peaked hat.

CAPTAIN

Hi, Pete! Great to see ya!

Pete shoots up and gets into a karate stance.

PETE

I know jujutsu, bitch.

CAPTAIN

Ah, Pete, I don't wanna fight!
Let's just say I owe you my
life...if I had one to give.

The Captain marches over with big strides and speaks right into Pete's face.

CAPTAIN

You have no idea how happy I was to see your beacon of light in my eternal world of darkness. It was as if the Almighty Himself reached down from the heavens to raise me from my personal abyss of torture.

Pete stands tall even though he's about a foot shorter.

PETE

You're in possession of a body that doesn't belong to you. According to the National Paranormal Guild, I'm well within my rights to lethally extract you.

CAPTAIN

Oh! I don't even know what that means but here's the thing: you have a piece of information that we desperately need in order to complete our mission and I need you to cooperate and tell me what I need to know.

PETE

How many of you are there?

CAPTAIN

Plenty. Most weren't able to pass through the door you opened today, so I need the code for whatever you refer to as your DSS in order to open another door for the rest of my men.

PETE

Dimensional Security System, yeah. The thing is, though...

Pete rises to his feet, aims a sleek silver gun at the Captain. Looks like something from the future.

PETE

I don't negotiate with poltergeists.

CAPTAIN

You don't wanna do that, Pete.

PETE

No, I really do. It was a hostile 'geist like you that initially got me into this business. Possessed my niece, refused to vacate, but y'all never have a plan so you're about as relevant as a piece of dogshit smeared on my shoe. So...you need to vacate the host body immediately or I'm gonna terminate your ass back to 1984.

The Captain looks him in the eye.

CAPTAIN

You don't know who I am, do you?

PETE

A little bitch probably.

The Captain laughs and then admires the room.

CAPTAIN

You know what it's like to wander the world in limbo for 65 years? It's a really good way to ruin your day. Like, really. The story of Moses says it took him 40 years to cross the African deserts after passing through the Red Sea. You think God still would have spread the waters if he was crossing the Atlantic with us?

PETE

Well, let's see. You're European obviously. World War II era. Probably a Nazi, right?

CAPTAIN

You really are an investigator, aren't ya? Very good, Mr. P.I. So who am I?

PETE

What, are you Hitler?

The Captain grins.

CAPTAIN

No, the weather made it too dangerous for Der Fuhrer to make the trek out here. Plus our friendship hit a speed bump at the end of the war there, so I'm trying to make it up to him.

PETE

Oh. Himmler?

The Captain strikes a pose.

CAPTAIN

There ya go.

PETE

Wow. Didn't know we had a celebrity in the house.

Pete points the gun at the Captain.

PETE

Later days, douchebag.

CAPTAIN

Your wife didn't pick up, did she?

PETE

What do you know about my wife?

The Captain holds up an iPhone with a pink case.

CAPTAIN

She's a super girl, Pete. And your two girls are lovely. You should be proud.

PETE

A lot of people have iPhones.

The Captain sighs and dials. Pete's phone rings. The caller ID reads DANI.

CAPTAIN

Don't worry, they're all fine. For now. Assuming you tell me what I want to know. She refused to give us the code so it's all up to you.

Pete's teeth clatter.

PETE

What do you want?

CAPTAIN

The code, Peter. Five digits. I got men waiting at your house for the number.

PETE

What are your men gonna do after you get the number?

CAPTAIN

Unfinished business.

PETE

What kinda business?

CAPTAIN

A final solution to a question asked long ago.

The Captain drops the phone on the bed.

CAPTAIN

I'm just one man. Imagine if all of my men were here, in the country that helped jettison our defeat. Imagine the possibilities. We can successfully cleanse the world. We can once again be the dominant race.

PETE

Like a second Holocaust. I'll never contribute to that.

CAPTAIN

Then you'll never see your family again.

The Captain shrugs.

PETE

You know, you don't sound like the guy who organized the systematic slaughter of millions of people.

CAPTAIN

Oh, Petey. Being out on the ocean that long does things to ya. I'm just happy to be back, in some form anyway.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

This fella here looked like a cozy host for the time being, and it's all thanks to you. Now then. The code?

Pete squeezes the gun.

PETE

I'll never give you the code.

CAPTAIN

Well, here's the problem then...

The Captain curiously picks up the video camera and inspects it, then drops it on the ground.

CAPTAIN

My time in this host is temporary. It's a 12 hour window you gave us so at exactly 4:17 AM, one way or another, we're all outta here. You can send me straight to Hell right now and you'll never hear from me again, but then you'll never know where your family is and I don't think that's what you want.

PETE

My family's at home.

CAPTAIN

Were, Pete. They were at home. We moved them. But where? That's the question!

Pete grinds his teeth.

PETE

You fucking asshole.

CAPTAIN

Yes, Peter! Anger! That's great! That's how I felt when you people just had to interfere with our cleansing of the continent. Was it really any of your business?

PETE

When you commit genocide then it becomes everyone's business.

CAPTAIN

Yes, genocide, Holocaust, yes.
Those words actually weren't around
in my day but my host pal here is
giving me all kinds of new wisdom.
Did you know that 2nd Street is the
most common street name in the
country?

Pete puts the gun to the Captain's head.

PETE

WHERE ARE THEY?!

CAPTAIN

What's the code?!

PETE

The code is fuck you! Now where's
my family?

CAPTAIN

If that's your stance then you'll
never see them again!

Pete kicks the Captain to the ground. He laughs
hysterically.

PETE

Tell me where they are!

CAPTAIN

Even if I told ya, you can't go out
there now anyway! The winds are
pushing 160 kilometers! So I
suggest you think long and hard and
when 4:17 comes 'round you'll have
to decide if it'll be you or them!

Pete releases the Captain and marches to the bathroom.

CAPTAIN

Hey! Pete!

The Captain stands straight and delivers a Nazi salute.

WHAM! Pete slams the bathroom door shut. The door mirror
cracks.

INT. BATHROOM - MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Pete's passed out on the floor. He opens his eyes and pulls
out his phone. The time is 4:02.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Captain relaxes on the bed with the laptop. Pete exits the bathroom.

CAPTAIN

You do fantastic work, Pete. I'd love to employ your services for our propaganda team. Joseph could use a guy like you.

PETE

Even if I tell you the code, how do I know you'll honor our agreement? You Nazis made deals with Russia, France, Poland; betrayed all of 'em. So how do I know you won't just do the same to me?

CAPTAIN

That's just it, Pete. You don't. The question is what's more important to you? Your family or my motivations?

PETE

Just please tell me where they are.

CAPTAIN

Just please tell me the code. Then I'll leave, we'll go about our business, and you'll get your family back. I'll never mention your name again and whatever we do you'll be completely diffused from.

Tears come to Pete's eyes. His phone reads 4:15.

CAPTAIN

C'mon. What have you got to lose?

PETE

Okay. I'll...I'll tell you.

The Captain sits up, interested.

PETE

52748.

CAPTAIN

52748.

The Captain nods.

CAPTAIN
Thank you. Thank you very much.

PETE
Alright. Where are they?

4:16. The Captain adjusts his hat. Pete loses it and points the gun at the Captain.

PETE
WHERE ARE THEY?

The Captain laughs. Pete pins him against the wall.

CAPTAIN
Okay, okay. Get your phone out.
I've got a number for you to call.

PETE
A number?! I want a location! You
said you knew where they were!

CAPTAIN
No, if you recall, I said you'd get
them back. I never said how.

Pete pulls his phone out.

PETE
Start singin'.

CAPTAIN
Okay. 555.

PETE
555.

CAPTAIN
2714.

PETE
2714.

He dials. 4:17. The Captain laughs some more.

The other line rings until a bell is heard on the other end.

OPERATOR RECORDING(V.O.)
The number you have dialed is not
currently in service. Please hang
up and try again.

CAPTAIN
Thank you, Peter!

PETE
You son of a-

He gives one more Nazi salute and then collapses to the ground like a rag doll.

Pete gets on top of the body and shakes it violently.

PETE
WHERE ARE THEY?

The Captain's eyes open. He wearily looks around.

CAPTAIN
Where...where am I?

Pete puts his jacket on and dashes out the door. The storm continues to rage outside.

A pad of paper on the night stand has the label:

"SUNSPRING MOTEL. 555-2714".

FADE OUT.

THE END