Ghosts of the Third Reich
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