EXT. DERELICT PUBLIC SQUARE - DAY

A MOTHER (20’s) kneels on a cobble stone street, holding the lifeless body of a SMALL BOY. She rocks back and forth, and SCREAMS.

SUPER: Adolf Hitler Platz, Nuremberg - 20th April 1945

From across the street a soldier in US Army uniform looks on at the woman, sympathy in his eyes. This is PRIVATE R. QUINCY (23), a lean young man with a five o’clock shadow.

Quincy continues to stare at the Mother for a beat, before he slowly shakes his head and turns around to find a large group of US SOLDIERS, wildly celebrating and raising the US Flag over the square.

He gathers his bag and rifle from the ground and dodges rubble as he walks over towards his elated comrades.

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK: "QUINCY, G.I."
INT. BEER HALL - NIGHT

A dilapidated room, with no glazing left in the window arches and a shredded Swastika flag hanging in the corner.

Soldiers sit at rows of wooden tables. The alcohol flows and the feeling of victory is in the air.

SUPER: Munich, 8th May 1945 - V-E Day

Quincy, beer in hand and cigarette in mouth, sits with LT. ERNEST "THREE BEARS" MONTGOMERY (20’s), a large, muscular Native American soldier.

The red and golden Thunderbird emblem of the 45th Infantry Division dons both of the men’s shoulder sleeves.

QUINCY
You never gave him a chance.

ERNEST
He never gave me a choice.

QUINCY
Whatever you say, Ernest, you were like some wild animal.

ERNEST
Guess that’s why they call me Three Bears. You saw what they did to those men, women and children though. Didn’t you?

Quincy’s face drops as Ernest’s memory hits home. The two men are joined by PRIVATE FRANK PAWLOWSKI (20’s), short and stocky.

FRANK
So what are you two talking about?

QUINCY
Some broad I met before I came out here, went by the name of Mrs. Pawlowski.

FRANK
Aw, leave my mother out of it for one night will you? It’s fucking V-E Day, can’t you think about anything else?
ERNEST
I hear she makes good cookies.

QUINCY
You know what else she makes?
Beautiful sweet, sweet love.

One step too far for Frank, who rises to his feet and shakes a clenched fist at Quincy.

FRANK
You better shut your mouth before I shut it for you.

QUINCY
Relax you angry little Polak, I’m just messing around.

Frank starts to return to his seat when his attention is drawn to the main door. THREE SOLDIERS, headed by DONALD RAE (23), muscular with blond unkempt hair, enter the room.

FRANK
Here comes trouble.

QUINCY
What, those three?

FRANK
Some Southern fuckers from the 3rd Infantry, not the nicest.

Just as Frank finishes, they display their niceties when Donald wanders over to a nearby table of 2 BLACK SOLDIERS.

DONALD
I think you’re in my seat, boy.

The Black Soldier doesn’t respond. Donald wrinkles his nose.

DONALD
I said, boy, I think you’re in my seat.

Donald flings his helmet down on the table, knocking over the Soldier’s beer, before he leans in close and whispers something in his ear.

QUINCY
(to Ernest)
If I go here are you going to back me up?
ERNEST
I’ve got you.

Just as Quincy starts to edge himself out of his seat, the two Black Soldiers get up from their table and walk out of the beer hall.

The room watches in silence as Donald and his friends take the table for themselves.

DONALD
(shouting)
What’ch y’all looking at, ya soft negro loving bastards. The war’s over, drink your fucking drinks.

A beat, before the silence is broken by the SCREECH of a chair on the floor, followed by HEAVY FOOTSTEPS. Donald drinks a beer and talks to his friends as the footsteps get closer, before they stop right behind him.

He turns to find DESMOND BISHOP (20’s), a large, black soldier, dressed in a British Army uniform.

DESMOND
(in a Creole accent)
Hello blondie.

Donald gets to his feet and moves his face so close to Desmond’s that their foreheads brush. Quincy and Ernest slowly move towards the two men.

DONALD
So they make you in British uniforms too? You should follow your friends outta here before you get hurt.

Quincy’s steps pick up pace but he’s grabbed from behind and turns to face GILES DOW (30’s), dressed in a British Officer’s uniform.

GILES
Leave Desmond to it, son. Watch and learn.

Silence, neither Desmond nor Donald blink.

DONALD
You niggers just don’t fucking listen, do you?
Suddenly, Donald feigns a turn to his left before he quickly returns back with a clenched right fist aimed at Desmond’s chin.

QUINCY
Watch out!

Nonchalantly, Desmond intercepts the fist with his massive left paw, from which a brightly colored beaded bracelet dangles.

Desmond crushes Donald’s fist. The American starts to grimace in pain.

DESMOND
It’s alright, I think I’ve got him.

With his free right hand Desmond grabs Donald’s groin, causing him to SCREAM in agony.

DESMOND
Now, boy. You gonna leave this hall and not come back?

DONALD
Go fuc...

Desmond increases the intensity of his grip. Donald writhes in agony.

DESMOND
I said go, now fuck off.

Desmond walks Donald backwards towards the main door, before he loosens his grip and kicks the soldier out of the room.

DESMOND
(to Donald’s friends)
You want some loving too?

The remaining two Soldiers go white as a sheet, and scurry out of the exit.

Desmond turns around to face the silent room.

DESMOND
Whatch’all looking at? You heard what blondie said, the war’s over so drink your fucking beers!

A massive CHEER from the men in the hall. Quincy turns and shakes the hand of Giles as Desmond walks back to his table.
MONTAGE VARIOUS

A) INT - BEER HALL - NIGHT - Giles and Quincy sit talking, beers in hand. They share a laugh then down their drinks.

B) INT - BEER HALL - NIGHT - A large group of Soldiers stand around a table and watch Ernest and Desmond, who are locked in an arm wrestle. Ernest slams Desmond’s hand down and the group cheer and exchange money between themselves.

C) EXT - TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT - A military band plays on a makeshift stage. Throughout the square soldiers dance, some with local women.

D) EXT - STREET - NIGHT - Quincy and Desmond stamp and kick a toppled carved Swastika. They step back as Ernest and Frank stumble towards it with a massive ROCK, which they proceed to slam down on the symbol.

E) EXT - PARK - NIGHT - A field full of ARMY TENTS. Quincy drunkenly stumbles over guide ropes and falls half into the entrance of a tent. He rolls onto his back and falls asleep.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The morning after the night before. Frank hurriedly stumbles towards Quincy, who is still asleep in his tent’s entrance. He kicks his comatose friend’s boots.

    FRANK
    Quincy, wake up.

No response. Frank kicks him again, this time with force.

    QUINCY
    What? Oh god, my fucking head...

    FRANK
    Forget about your head, we’ve got a problem.

    QUINCY
    Your mom got loose again?

Quincy slowly sits up, rubs his eyes and looks at Frank’s panic stricken expression.

    QUINCY
    What’s going on?
FRANK
You’ve gotta come with me now.

Frank bends down and helps Quincy get to his feet.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Frank drags a confused, and probably still drunk, Quincy through the fields of tents.

QUINCY
This better be good, Pawlowski.

FRANK
You think I’d be out of bed myself if it wasn’t important?

The men turn a corner and find a small group of MILITARY POLICE standing beside a tree.

Quincy quickens his pace and marches over to the Police, where he finds the body of Desmond on a patch of blood soaked grass, a puncture wound in his throat.

FRANK
They found him an hour ago.

MILITARY POLICE OFFICER
What are you doing back here? We told you to leave last time and I’ll tell you again.

FRANK
And like I told you before, he had a run in with that Donald Rae scumbag from the 3rd. Go do your job and lift him before he runs.

MILITARY POLICE OFFICER
Do my job? I’ll tell you my god damn job...

As Frank argues with the Police Officer, Quincy walks around Desmond’s corpse and assess it.

He squats down and takes a look at his now stiff hand and finds a blond hair under his fingernails. He studies the ground and amongst the military boot prints finds a series of small indentations.

The senior military police officer, LT. DANIEL HOLMES, walks over to Quincy’s side.
DANIEL
What do you see?

Quincy turns and acknowledges Daniel.

QUINCY
He’s got blond hair under his finger nails, an impact wound to his throat, probably from a knife, and he had a bracelet with bright beads on it last night which has gone.

Daniel squats down beside Quincy and extends his hand, which he shakes.

DANIEL
Lieutenant Daniel Holmes, Military Police.

QUINCY
Private R. Quincy. Holmes...really?

Daniel smirks, not the first time he’s heard that question.

DANIEL
Anything else?

QUINCY
There doesn’t appear to be any sign of a struggle and rigor mortis has set in, so he died anywhere between two to six hours ago.

DANIEL
Ah, we have a medical man.

QUINCY
I was a third year medical student in Denver before I joined Uncle Sam.

Daniel attempts to lift Desmond’s hand, which is now rock solid.

DANIEL
I’d say closer to six hours.

QUINCY
You need to get over to 3rd Infantry and arr...
DANIEL
Private Rae. I already have him in custody.

The two men get back to their feet.

DANIEL
This seems pretty open and shut, but I’m going to need a statement from you later.

QUINCY
Whatever you need. Can we help with anything else?

DANIEL
Maybe try to locate his superior, Captain Giles Dow. Oh, and your friend here tells me that Lieutenant Montgomery can’t be found, maybe check he’s okay.

QUINCY
(panicked)
Shit, Three Bears.

INT. BEDROOM – DAY

In a luxuriously decorated bedroom, Ernest lies asleep on a massive bed next to a naked BRUNETTE.

Through an open patio door in the foreground we see a SMASHED JEEP, wrapped around a carved column, and Giles asleep against the wheel arch.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE – DAY

Quincy and Frank sit on a bench next to a burned out town hall.

FRANK
That scumbag Rae, I hope he gets the firing squad for this.

QUINCY
He’ll get the firing squad alright, but I hope he’s the guy they’re after.
FRANK
What are you talking about? He’s the guy, that black hating bastard did it for sure!

QUINCY
I don’t know, he didn’t seem the type that’d be able to use a knife like that, more of a brawler.

FRANK
Desmond was drunk, he was an easy target.

QUINCY
Easy target? You saw him in that beer hall last night, no chance.

Frank stops and tries to fight through the beer haze from the night before.

QUINCY
Plus, there wasn’t any sign of a struggle and it looked like he was stabbed from the front. It just doesn’t add up.

FRANK
Shit, I’ll leave this bit to you.

Quincy turns around to find Ernest and Giles staggering towards them.

ERNEST
Good night, guys?

A beat, Quincy looks at Giles, he hesitates.

ERNEST
Quincy?

QUINCY
Giles, there’s been an incident. It’s Desmond.

INT. MILITARY POLICE STATION - NIGHT

In a poorly lit room, Quincy sits opposite Daniel.

DANIEL
Thanks for coming in. Let me be the first to inform you that Private
DANIEL
Rae was found guilty of murder, and he’s facing the firing squad tomorrow.

QUINCY
It all seems a bit rushed, doesn’t it?

DANIEL
Given the altercation in the beer hall and the blond hair under the finger nails it’s gotta be him. Also, word got back to the Brits and they’re furious.

QUINCY
Rae is a scumbag, that’s not in question, but where was the struggle? Did he have an alibi?

DANIEL
Just his two friends. No one else could, or would, vouch for him.

QUINCY
Nothing is adding up here. I just don’t think Rae could have taken Desmond on, regardless of his drunkenness and certainly not with such ease.

Daniel takes out a pack of Lucky Strikes, and gives one to Quincy. He strikes a match and lights the cigarette.

DANIEL
We can’t do anything, not even if we wanted to. The British demanded action and the powers that be have passed judgment.

Quincy shakes his head and looks to the ceiling.

DANIEL
My advice, go join your friends and just forget about this. You’ve seen enough bloodshed in the last few months, you didn’t have to see this one but the likely perpetrator has been caught.
QUINCY
Whatever you say, Holmes.

Quincy rises to his feet and heads to the door. He starts to open it but stops and turns back to Daniel.

QUINCY
If he’s innocent though, he’ll just become another young soldier needlessly losing his life. Scumbag or not, he has a family and his name is about to be damaged beyond repair.

Quincy exits the room.

INT. BEER HALL - NIGHT

Giles, Ernest and Frank sit around a table. Their faces sullen and beers barely touched.

Quincy enters the room and approaches them.

GILES
Well, what did Holmes have to report? Good news I hope.

QUINCY
Depends on what way you look at it.

ERNEST
Meaning?

QUINCY
Meaning that Private Rae is to be executed by firing squad tomorrow morning. Turns out you Brits got involved and lit a fire under the process.

GILES
Too bloody right we did. Frank was telling us that you had some sympathy for the animal.

QUINCY
Sympathy? If you call potentially executing a young man for a crime he didn’t commit then yes, I have some sympathy.

Giles SMASHES his fist down on the table and eyeballs Quincy.
GILES
You listen here, Private. I served with Desmond all across the Med and Italy. The heroism that soldier showed was second to none and if you think...

QUINCY
I’m not questioning any of that, just saying...

GILES
If you think that reprobate Rae can just commit murder because of the color of someone’s skin, then you’re just as bad as he the fucking Nazis.

Quincy’s face starts to boil. He turns to his side and points to the Thunderbird emblazoned on his sleeve.

QUINCY
Look, do you see this? Before you start calling me a 3rd Reich supporter, have a word to young Three Bears there and ask him what this badge stands for.

Giles and Quincy lock eyes for a beat.

QUINCY
You know what? You guys enjoy your night toasting another fucking death. Just do one thing for me, will you?

ERNEST
What’s that?

QUINCY
Just check your consciences. Why are you celebrating a potentially innocent man’s death more than you appear to be mourning a murdered friend’s life?

Quincy turns tail and leaves the table in silence.
EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Quincy walks alone down a cobbled street. All is silent, but then we hear sharp footsteps from behind.

He stops and turns, only to see the flash of a white coat turning down an alley way.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

A door swings open and a SOLDIER leads out Donald, his face bloodied and his hands cuffed behind his back.

The Soldier drags him over to a WOODEN STAKE that has been placed in front of a whitewashed wall.

DONALD
(terrified)
I didn’t do anything, why the hell are you doing this to me?

The Soldier ties Donald’s hands to the wooden stake. Donald squirms and tries to shake his hands loose but it’s no use, he turns to face ahead.

DONALD’S P.O.V. - FOUR SOLDIERS

The Soldiers aim their rifles ahead. Everything goes WHITE as a blindfold is pulled down over Donald’s eyes. Silence, apart from Donald’s labored breaths.

INT. TENT - DAY

Quincy lies asleep on a military camp bed. There is a rustle outside, the tent door is flung open and Frank staggers in. He shakes Quincy awake.

QUINCY
What now, Pawlowski?

FRANK
I hate to do this to you again but you’ve gotta come with me.

Quincy sits up and rubs his eyes.

QUINCY
Again? What do you mean "again"?
FRANK
Get your pants on, we need to go.

Quincy takes in Frank’s worried expression and slowly makes his way out of the camp bed.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Lieutenant Holmes stands with a group of Military Police Officers around a cordoned off area. Quincey and Frank approach him.

QUINCY
Frank says I’ve got to speak to you.

DANIEL
Has he told you anything?

Quincy shakes his head.

DANIEL
Thanks, Pawlowski. You could have at least told him yourself, he was your friend too.

QUINCY
Friend? What the hell is going on here? Let me see.

Frank tries to stop Quincy as he moves towards the cordon, but it’s no use. Quincy dodges past him and finds a white sheet with the outline of a body beneath it.

QUINCY
Who is it?

No answer.

QUINCY
Who the hell is it?
(beat)
Fine, if you two won’t man up and tell me I’ll just do it my...

Quincy lifts back the sheet to find Ernest, his face lifeless and skin pale. He has a puncture wound to his neck, identical to that inflicted upon Desmond.

QUINCY
Have they executed Rae?
DANIEL
Not now Quin...

QUINCY
Answer the god damn question. Has Rae been executed already?

FRANK
He was shot at dawn.

Quincy pulls the sheet down further. All is normal but for the Thunderbird badge, which has been torn from Ernest’s sleeve and in its place a Swastika has been drawn.

He pulls the sheet back over Ernest’s body, ducks under the cordon and walks away from Daniel and Frank.

DANIEL
Where are you going?

QUINCY
To find a fucking drink.

Just as Quincy is about to leave the alleyway a patch of thick mud on the ground catches his eye. He stops and stares at it for a beat, assessing a line of small triangular imprints.

FRANK
First one’s on me.

Frank grabs Quincy’s arm and drags him away.

INT. BEER HALL - NIGHT

Quincy and Frank sit at a table covered in empty beer glasses, both inebriated.

FRANK
Why a Swastika? Was it a Nazi with a grudge?

QUINCY
You know what I know? I know a thing or two about the 45th and the Thunderbird.

FRANK
And?
QUINCY
We used to have Swastikas on our sleeves.

FRANK
You’re drunk.

QUINCY
Yes, yes I am, but I’m also right.

Quincy picks up a glass and downs the dregs.

QUINCY
Ernest and his Indian friends used the symbol in their art, and as there are so many of them in the 45th we used it as a tribute.

FRANK
Bullshit.

QUINCY
Red background, golden Swastika. Changed it in 1939 when it stopped standing for them and stood for someone else.

A beat, Quincy puts a cigarette in his mouth and attempts to strike a match.

FRANK
So what does it mean?

QUINCY
It means that whoever is killing these soldiers knows their history.

FRANK
And knows our unit.

QUINCY
How many of these Nazi bastards do you think know their American history that well?

FRANK
I’d be surprised if any of them do. Shit, I never knew it, so that means...

QUINCY
That means he’s one of us. The killer isn’t Rae, but he’s one of us. We’ve gotta tell Holmes.
Quincy staggers to his feet and drags Frank out of his seat. The two men exit the bar and enter...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Quincy and Frank stumble out of the beer hall, and onto a bomb scarred street. They attempt to walk in a straight line but the beer has left them uneasy on their feet.

FRANK
Do you not think this could wait till the morning?

QUINCY
Two murders in two nights and you want to leave this till the morning? Where’s your head at?

FRANK
I just don’t get it. If the killer’s in our ranks, how haven’t we spotted him until now?

QUINCY
For the last year we’ve all been killers! Where’s the best place for a murderer to hide? In amongst a pack of killers.

Frank stops and takes in Quincy’s words, registering the death he’s dealt to others. Quincy walks on ahead. All is quiet, until suddenly we hear a loud metallic CLANG.

FRANK
(screaming)
Grenade!

Sobriety grips Quincy for a second, and he spins around to find a GERMAN GRENADE lying between himself and Frank. To his left stands a YOUNG BOY (10) dressed in a Hitler Youth uniform.

YOUNG BOY
(German accent)
Heil Hitler!

BANG. A massive explosion erupts as the grenade goes off, throwing Quincy backwards into a wall and cobble stones into the air.
A beat, before quiet returns to the street once more. Quincy and Frank lie motionless either side of the crater left by the explosion.

FADE TO BLACK:

FROM BLACK:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Quincy lies unconscious on a hospital trolley that is being dragged down a corridor by a DOCTOR and two NURSES. His face is bloodied and his uniform torn to shreds.

He slowly starts to come to as they wheel him into...

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

The trolley is pushed against a wall, jolting Quincy into some kind of semi consciousness.

QUINCY
(mumbling)
Frank...where’s Frank?

DOCTOR 1
He’s coming to. Quick, get me some morphine.

Quincy feebly attempts to wrestle with Nurse 1, but it’s no use. Nurse 2 rakes around in a bag, hunting for a syrette.

QUINCY
What are you doing? Where’s Frank?

DOCTOR
Just take it easy, your friend is fine.

QUINCY
Where is he? What have you...

Quincy once more starts to lose consciousness, but as he does his eye catches Nurse 1 from behind.

He studies the back of her head and finds blond hair. His eyes fall to her shoes and find that they have small, mud covered triangular heels.
QUINCY

Shit...

Finally, just as she heads to the door and leaves the room, his eye catches her wrist and he finds Desmond’s brightly colored bracelet.

QUINCY

Doctor...get me out of here...Lieutenant Daniel...

Quincy’s face wrinkles in pain as the Doctor jabs his arm with a small METALLIC SYRETTE.

QUINCY

What have you done, you idio...

His eyes roll back into his head, and Quincy collapses into his pillow.

FADE TO BLACK:

END.