

WEREWÜLF GAMES

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2nd Draft

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A BRIGHT FULL MOON

We hear the sounds of artillery fire and machine guns rattling off rounds.

EXT. COMPIÈGNE FOREST- NIGHT (1918)

We see an expansive forest, once lush with majestic OAK and BEECH TREES, now scarred with patches of pockmarked battlefields.

TITLE CARD:

NORTH FRANCE

COMPIÈGNE FOREST

A beat.

1918

A WORLD AT WAR

We see an artillery shell fall just shy of a group of young scared GERMAN SOLDIERS taking refuge from the onslaught in a trench dug into the ground. The blast sends mounds of dirt down on them.

One poor soldier wets himself from fear.

Others keep their heads down praying for the bombardment to stop.

All except one young GERMAN SOLDIER, with blonde hair and piercing blue eyes, is clutching his rifle, who remains unnaturally cool under fire.

The shelling continues.

One soldier who is trembling looks at the cool GERMAN SOLDIER and is amazed.

GERMAN SOLDIER #1

My god Reinhardt. How do you do it?

Reinhardt offers the scared soldier a cigarette. He refuses. Reinhardt manages to open his lighter and light his cigarette despite the cacophony that's going on around him.

REINHARDT

Do what?

Suddenly Reinhardt and the other soldiers see a MUSTARD GAS canister land near them.

The soldier's begin to panic as the gas begins wafting into their trench.

Most die trying to put their gas mask on.

Reinhardt begins to put his gas mask on, but the soldier who wet himself runs up to him in a panic. He isn't wearing a mask and rips Reinhardt's away from him. The scared soldier tries leaving the trench but is immediately shot.

Forced to flee, due to the Mustard Gas, Reinhardt runs as fast as he can, bullets whizzing by him. One even manages to strike him in the arm, sending a splash of blood erupting out of his shoulder.

But he does not stop. He continues running until he is deep in the forest.

He looks around. The fighting sounds distant. He breaths a sigh of relief.

But then he hears something rustling around in the dark forest.

Reinhardt lifts his weapon and strains to listen.

He hears a deep growl coming from out of the forest as he continues to hear tree branches break from something BIG moving around out there in the darkness.

WE DO NOT SEE THE WEREWOLF AT ANY POINT IN THIS SCENE!

WEREWOLF POV: we fly at Reinhardt in a rush. Reinhardt doesn't have time to fire. He is on his back.

And the last thing we see, is the German Soldier put his arm up to protect his face and scream!

REINHARDT (cont'd)

NO!!!!

The camera pans back up to the FULL MOON as we hear a HOWLING from somewhere in the forest down below.

TITLE CARD:

THE WEREWÜLF GAMES

25 YEARS LATER

A beat.

NAZI GERMANY

THE SUN

We pan down to see a GERMAN PRISONER OF WAR CAMP.

TITLE CARD:

STALAG 6

We see a long line of prisoners waiting patiently to be processed through.

We see a cold persnickety looking NAZI SOLDIER sitting behind a desk performing the unenviable task of in-taking new soldiers.

We see a meek looking man standing in front of him waiting to be acknowledged.

Finally, after a few tense moments, the man behind the desk speaks.

GUARD

Name?

PRISONER

Marco Pappas.

The Guard writes his name on the paperwork he is filling out on his desk.

GUARD

Age?

PAPPAS

Thirty-Seven.

After the prisoner answers this question, we hear a match being struck from somewhere behind the GUARD. Smoke starts to waft over the GUARD and past PAPPAS.

VOICE (O.S.)

My apologies, please continue.

GUARD
Country of origin?

PAPPAS
Greece.

GUARD
City of birth?

PAPPAS
Naxos.

GUARD
Do you have anything you wish to
declare?

Pappas looks down and shakes his head no. He is clearly
terrified and doesn't appear to want to draw attention to
himself.

The Guard looks at him with disgust. Then appears to study
him for a beat.

GUARD (cont'd)
What size are you?

Pappas doesn't look up. Nor does he answer.

GUARD (cont'd)
You look like you would be a small.

Pappas lifts his head with a confused look on his face.

PAPPAS
Excuse me sir?

GUARD
Your size. For your prison uniform.
You look like you are a **small** man.
Wouldn't you agree?

Pappas seems afraid to answer.

GUARD (cont'd)
Well?

PAPPAS
If you say so sir.

GUARD
Say it!

PAPPAS
(meekly)
I look like a small man.

This causes the Guard to smile.

GUARD
There, that wasn't so hard now was it?

Pappas looks mentally broken. The Guard hands him a pile of folded uniforms.

GUARD (cont'd)
Follow the line and do not talk with anyone. I'm sure I will see you later.

The Guard laughs as Pappas is lead away.

GUARD (cont'd)
Next.

The Guard is busy finishing Pappas' paperwork when a shadow falls over him. The Guard is forced to crane his neck upwards in order to see the prisoner standing before him.

It is an American Soldier, JACK BAKER, mid 20's. He is a tall, handsome man gifted with broad shoulders, bulging muscles and an athlete's build.

GUARD (cont'd)
Name?

BAKER
Baker. Private Jack Baker. Dog Tag number 058632...

The Guard stops writing and looks at him. Baker notices and stops talking.

The Guard sarcastically smiles his appreciative *thank you*.

GUARD
Age?

BAKER
(closes his eyes)
Well let's see...

The Guard again stops writing. This time obviously annoyed.

GUARD

You cannot possibly be that stupid.
Not to know you're own age.

BAKER

No I know. But first, can you tell me
what day it is today?

GUARD

What the fuck does that have to do
with anything?

BAKER

Well depending on the day, I'm either
twenty-six today or twenty-seven. And
seeing as how we've just met and it
looks like I might be here with you a
while, I'd hate to start off this
friendship by lying to you over
something silly like my age.

VOICE (O.S.)

It's Wednesday. The 13th of December.

Baker looks at the man, who we have not seen, and smiles.

BAKER

Well, happy birthday to me. Twenty-
seven it is.

GUARD

Country of origin- oh wait... let me
guess, American?

BAKER

Ding, ding, give this man a prize.
Got it with the first guess. What
gave it away.

GUARD

City of birth.

BAKER

Austin.

VOICE (O.S.)

Texas, right?

BAKER

Yes sir. The Lone Star State.

We finally get to see from Baker's angle who has been
standing behind the Guard.

He is a tall, distinguished looking man wearing the imposing uniform of a high ranking S.S. Officer.

We see him coolly light a cigarette and take in a deep drag. This is DOCTOR REINHARDT STRAUSS, a man with piercing blue eyes that radiate an air of both authority and intelligence.

He smiles and offers Baker a cigarette.

Baker politely declines.

STRAUSS

May I ask what it is you do for a living Mr. Baker? Before this damn war came and interrupted all of our lives.

Baker pauses for a beat before answering.

BAKER

I was an athlete before I enlisted.

STRAUSS

An athlete? I could see that. It explains your impressive frame.

BAKER

Genetics and hard work is all it takes.

STRAUSS

Genetics? Good genetics. Nothing more important. May I be so bold as to ask what sort of athlete you were. American Baseball perhaps? Yankees? Babe Ruth?

A sheepish looking smile crosses over Baker's face, which Strauss picks up on and mimics.

BAKER

No, not baseball. I was more involved with participating in one on one combat sports. I'm sure it's nothing you would know.

STRAUSS

(excited)

Are you kidding me Mr. Baker? I live for combat sports. I practically grew up in the stinking boxing areas around Hamburg where my grandfather lived. Are you a prizefighter? Like your Joe Louis?

BAKER

Strike two. But you're getting closer. I'm a professional wrestler who goes by the name Bobby Adonis.

STRAUSS

Bobby Adonis? How interesting.

BAKER

Ever heard of me? I wrestled a lot in New York. More though in the southern states.

STRAUSS

I am fairly certain I would remember hearing the name Bobby Adonis.

Baker bashfully grins.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Were you a successful wrestler, Mr. Bobby Adonis?

BAKER

Successful?

STRAUSS

Yes, were you victorious more times than you were defeated. Were you a ever a champion?

BAKER

I held my own. I held a few regional titles. Headlined some pretty big wrestling cards. Even managed to last for an entire hour with the heavyweight champion fo the world.

STRAUSS

A whole hour?

BAKER

It nearly killed me, but yeah, I wrestled "The Golden Greek" Jim Londos and lived to tell the tale. Lost about a gallon of blood on that one but yeah, I guess you say I was pretty successful in the squared circle.

GUARD

Squared circle?

BAKER
It's what they call the ring we
wrestle in.

Strauss nods in agreement and tells the Guard to shush.

STRAUSS
How tall are you?

BAKER
I'm just under six and a half.
Actually I'm six-two. But Bobby
Adonis is billed at a full six and a
half.

STRAUSS
I think you're going to be perfect.
You are just what we've been looking
for.

BAKER
Oh, and what might that be?

STRAUSS
Well first off, I can assure you it's
nothing to be alarmed about. In fact,
it's quite the contrary. I can tell
just by speaking with you that you
are a sports fan.

BAKER
Of course.

STRAUSS
A man who appreciates good
competition.

BAKER
What red blooded American doesn't.

STRAUSS
Love the Americans. Anyway, a few of
my comrades and I have been pining
for the Olympic Games. This is the
second one they've cancelled. Who's
to say it won't be three?

BAKER
Or even more!

STRAUSS

Exactly! So, as a sort of fun distraction, we have been scouring POW camps looking for athletic prisoners such as yourself, so that we may recruit them.

BAKER

(suspicious)

Recruit them for what?

STRAUSS

(excited)

Our own version of the Olympic Games!

BAKER

(uncertain)

I don't know.

STRAUSS

I can assure you that you'll be treated first class. No more rations. Real food. No more cots. Real beds. Real private quarters.

BAKER

And who will I be competing against?

STRAUSS

Other prisoners. Let me explain, my job is sort of like public relations. Propaganda, literature, that sort of thing. Now I believe a friendly competition between athletic prisoners might be just the sort of thing both sides could be proud of.

BAKER

You recruited all the athletes.

STRAUSS

It is my job.

BAKER

(leaning in)

How do you think I would do?

STRAUSS

(feigning humility)

You are Bobby Adonis!

BAKER

You had mentioned something about food.

STRAUSS

Are you in?

Baker extends his hand and Strauss happily shakes it.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Smashing, just smashing. Welcome to the games.

Strauss looks at one of the guards.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Please, take this man and let him get cleaned up. But first... get this man a steak!

Strauss winks at Baker who happily smiles back.

Once Baker is gone, Strauss immediately loses his smile.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

For fuck's sake. How many more?

GUARD

It never ends sir.

STRAUSS

Well I think I've seen enough. I have found the one. And one I think is quite enough. Thank you.

Strauss starts to gather up his things.

GUARD

Very good sir. (shouting to the next prisoner) Next!

One of the guards at the door opens it and in walks a broad-shouldered prisoner still in shackles.

GUARD (cont'd)

Name?

Strauss continues preparing to leave, not at all interested in even looking at another prisoner.

The shackled prisoner says nothing.

GUARD (cont'd)

NAME?

The prisoner looks at the Guard with nothing but HATE in his eyes.

The Guard looks annoyed.

GUARD (cont'd)
Are you deaf? I asked you for your
name.

The prisoner relents.

WHITE CLOUD
White Cloud. Joseph White Cloud

The Guard writes the name down.

Strauss seems intrigued by the prisoner's name.

GUARD
What sort of ridiculous name is White
Cloud?

WHITE CLOUD
Fuck you.

The Guard stops what he's doing.

Strauss is now definitely interested.

GUARD
What did you say to me?

STRAUSS
He said "fuck you".

GUARD
(annoyed)
Age?

WHITE CLOUD
Why?

The Nazi Soldier guarding the door strikes White Cloud
across the back with a baton. White Cloud takes the blow
without so much as a grimace.

GUARD
Age?

White Cloud looks at the Soldier how he hit him with the baton
before answering.

WHITE CLOUD
Thirty-three years old.

Strauss is now completely invested in how this little drama
out.

GUARD
City of birth?

The Nazi Soldier is standing behind White Cloud prepared to hit him again if he doesn't answer.

WHITE CLOUD
Navajo Nation. New Mexico.

This answer causes Strauss to come out from behind the desk.

STRAUSS
You are an Indian are you not?

White Cloud doesn't answer.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
You know, I love the cinema. I take my family every chance I get. And the ones that are always my favorite are the ones which have the Cowboys and Indians.

Strauss starts to circle White Cloud as if he's inspecting a side of beef.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
You are I must admit, a bit of a let down from what I have seen your people in the movies. Without your long hair in your face, you are definitely less impressive in person. Still... I have never actually met a real Indian before.

WHITE CLOUD
Look, if this ends with you trying to suck my dick or something... let me save you the trouble.

STRAUSS
(overjoyed)
Marvelous! Can I ask what it is you do in the Navajo Nation?

WHITE CLOUD
I handle rattlesnakes.

STRAUSS
(genuinely surprised)
You handle rattlesnakes. That is stupendous! I love it! Tell me more. Please!

WHITE CLOUD

That's all there is to tell. My brother is a tribal police officer. Sometimes I'll ride along if he thinks he might need help.

STRAUSS

A lawman? Like the sheriff in the western movies. Does what you do put you into contact with violent criminals?

WHITE CLOUD

It can.

STRAUSS

And I take it because you're standing here in front of me, that you must be fairly decent fighter. Or is it warrior? Which do you prefer?

WHITE CLOUD

(losing his temper)

Listen Adolf, I don't give two drops of piss what you want to call me. Just put me in a cell and leave me the fuck alone.

The Guard and the Nazi Soldier holding the baton standing behind White Cloud are flabbergasted by how direct this prisoner is.

But Strauss is looking at him like he just found the diamond in the rough.

STRAUSS

You are absolutely perfect!

FADE TO:

EXT. WEWELSBURG-- DUSK

We see the headlights from a caravan of FIVE expensive looking vehicles winding their way through a small GERMAN VILLAGE. The poor German people watch the odd caravan pass through their village and slowly up a hill that leads to the Gothic high walls of CASTLE WEWELSBURG.

At the front of the caravan are two black Mercedes Benz 770s, both displaying NAZI GERMANY Diplomatic flags on the hoods.

They slowly wind their way down a narrow snow covered road.
They pass a sign post that says : WEWELSBURG

They continue driving on a narrow road that seems to cut
through a large timber forest.

A beautiful FROZEN LAKE is just outside the castle walls.

A SENTRY is posted at a heavy IRON GATE. He scrutinizes the
vehicles as they pass.

SUBTITLE:

East Germany

Die Burg Wewelsburg

After a beat: the English translation replaces the German

Castle Wewelsburg

EXT. CASTLE WEWELSBURG-- COURTYARD- CONT'

The cars begin to file in and park in the courtyard.

Once parked, the drivers spring out and rush around to open
the door for their passengers.

The driver from the first car to stop steps out to open his
passenger door.

Out steps OBERST KARL HEYDRICH, late 50's.

SUBTITLE: SS OBERST KARL HEYDRICH

Under Heydrich's name, the subtitle: HEAD OF SS WESTERN
DIVISION MOUNTAIN CORPS

Out of the second vehicle steps GENERAL OBERST GUNTHER
SALMUTH. In his late 60's, Salmuth is considerably older
than his compatriots. He's grossly overweight but doesn't
seem to let that stop him from having his fun!

SUBTITLE: SS GENERAL OBERST GUNTHER SALMUTH- DEPUTY COMMANDER
SS DEATH'S HEAD DIVISION

Strauss comes down from the entranceway and across the courtyard to greet them.

STRAUSS

My friends, I'm so happy you could come! I trust the drive here was...

SALMUTH

It was dog shit Reinhardt. Heinrich you really needs to get someone out there to fill in those goddamn divots.

Salmuth looks around.

SALMUTH (cont'd)

Where's Heinrich.

STRAUSS

Herr Himmler unfortunately was called back to the Wolf's Lair this morning on urgent matters. It was without notice. I can assure you all he was... not pleased.

HEYDRICH

I should say so. This bloody night has been all he's been talking about for months.

SALMUTH

That's just more schnapps for me!

Strauss understands the message.

STRAUSS

I see.

A large, bombastic MIDDLE AGED MAN comes out of one of the other vehicles.

SUBTITLE: HENRY TYLER

A beat then: SUBTITLE: PRESIDENT OF TYLER OIL, USA

He is obviously grouchy from the long trip and trying his best to shake the wrinkles out of his Brooks Brothers Suit.

TYLER

Jesus Christ, Reinhardt! When you said deepest, darkest, fucking Africa, you were not shitting around. Where in the fuck have you got me?

Strauss turns to the American with a wide smile.

STRAUSS

Ah Henry! How are you my friend?
What's the good from the other side?

TYLER

Same as it is over here, Reinhardt.
Power! Who has it. And who wants it.

STRAUSS

But your wealth has already brought
you tremendous power, Mr. Tyler.

TYLER

That it has. But even with my kind of
wealth, there are still limits to
what I am allowed to do in my own
homeland.

STRAUSS

Granted, you do have rather exotic
tastes.

TYLER

Speaking of which. You told me there
was going to be a least a few Heeb
in this bunch for me to sink my teeth
into, am I correct?

STRAUSS

Oh, you are correct. And don't you
worry, Mr. Tyler. I have personally
selected the contestants who will be
competing in this weekend's events.
I'm certain you will find a
smorgasbord of delights to satisfy
your palate. Including, shall we say,
fresh Kosher treats.

TYLER

I like that. Fresh Kosher treats.
Very good.

STRAUSS

Just one thing, Mr. Tyler. The card
we sent you. May I see it?

Ford reaches into his vest and pulls out the same card the
Inquisitor was holding.

Strauss smiles.

BIANCHI (O.S.)
Be careful with those you dumb ass!

Strauss excuses himself from Ford and walks to the last car where the driver accidentally has dropped a piece of expensive looking luggage.

The owner of the expensive luggage is CATERINA BIANCHI, a beautifully pale, slender woman in her early 30s.

SUBTITLE: CATERINA BIANCHI, WORLD RENOWN OPERA SINGER

Strauss looks at her like he was fawning over a piece of beautiful art.

STRAUSS
My god, Caterina, my little songbird,
is that really you?

Bianchi is still upset with her clumsy driver mishandling her luggage.

BIANCHI
This shit has scratched my bag. (to
driver) Do you know this luggage
costs more than you make in an year!
Do you understand me?

The driver is meek and timidly nods.

Strauss tries to intervene.

STRAUSS
Even angry, your voice could fill
seats.

Strauss kisses her hand.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Thank you for coming.

Receptive to his courtesy.

BIANCHI
Grazie, Herr Strauss. Anything a
starving singer can do to help the
Reich.

STRAUSS
And the piece I requested for you to
sing tonight?

BIANCHI
Il mondo della luna.

STAUSS

The World In The Moon. My favorite.

BIANCHI

And where would you like me to perform?

STRAUSS

If you would be so kind. Tonight after dinner. And then Il mondo della luna, tomorrow before our final event.

BIANCHI

Splendid.

STRAUSS

Until then, I've arranged a room for your comfort. Please try to refrain from wandering the castle without an escort. The castle is beautiful but old. She can be quite treacherous if you're not careful.

BIANCHI

Just show me to my room and let me know when you want me to sing.

STRAUSS

Do you know I saw you in Berlin three years ago performing The Marriage of Figaro. It was life changing for me.

BIANCHI

I remember that production. Figaro was a drunk. And the director tried to rape me.

STRAUSS

(gasps)

My god.

Bianchi smiles.

BIANCHI

Oh he wasn't successful. And after the production was over, I made sure he wasn't successful at breathing any longer either.

STRAUSS

I love a happy ending.

Bianchi bows, like she had just given a quick impromptu performance.

We see the occupant of the last vehicle, exit.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Fraulein, if you would excuse me.

The last person is JACINTO MOLINA ÁLVEREZ, a man in his 50s who appears to be a bit frazzled by the journey.

He is wearing a high dollar business suit and has the look of someone who is used to getting his way.

SUBTITLE: JACINTO MOLINA ÁLVEREZ, PRESIDENT, CAFE LUNA NEGRO COFFEE, BRAZIL

Strauss kisses Bianchi on the cheeks and moves on to see his final guest.

ÁLVEREZ
We couldn't have done this somewhere
a little less remote?

STRAUSS
My apologies to the both of you. I
know it was quite a distance for you
both to travel. But I am certain you
will happy with what I have planned.

ÁLVEREZ
Thank you for your hospitality.

The cars that brought the guests to the castle immediately begin to leave.

Tyler obviously doesn't like this.

TYLER
Hey where are they going?

STRAUSS
Back to Berlin.

The guests start to look at one another.

TYLER
Back to Berlin?

STRAUSS
Yes. They won't be needed. Now, may I
show you all to your rooms.

INT. CASTLE WEWELSBURG-- DINING ROOM-- NIGHT

The five members of this strange PENTAGRAM CLUB walk into the dining room of Castle Wewelsburg where they see a large table with a pentagram in the center.

Strauss directs them to each take a seat.

Servants dutifully come out to pour the five members a glass of red wine.

STRAUSS

My friends... I know your trip was long, but I think when you find out what I have in store for you this weekend, you will be most pleased you have chosen to make the effort. Welcome, my friends, to the first Werewolf Games.

The guests smile and stand, each raising their glass up high.

EVERYONE

(simultaneously)

To the werewolf games!

When they sit, the servants come out with hot plates of food which they place in front of each guest.

When the silver lids are removed, everyone is happy to see rare lamb chops on their plates. Very bloody.

STRAUSS

Bon appetite.

The members, especially the American Tyler, smile at their host and start in on their meal.

TIME LAPSE

LATER THAT EVENING

Deserts are brought out... GERMAN CHOCOLATE CAKE.

The members seem to be laughing and enjoying each others company.

HEYDRICH

No, it was HANS who cooked the brandy into the cakes.

SALMUTH

Ya and got half the chancellery
positively shit faced just before
Hitler was to speak.

HEYDRICH

(laughing)

That idiot Bormann became so ill he
threw up right there on the pages of
the Fuhrer's speech.

CATERINA

(disbelief)

No he did not.

SALUMTH

No, that really happened.

Everyone is waiting.

ÁLVEREZ

Go on, so what happened with the
speech?

HEYDRICH

Hitler just wiped the sick off of it
and read it as if it were pristine.

STRAUSS

And that's why he's the Fuhrer.

SALUMTH

Ah, the vomit probably made it
better.

The group laughs.

TYLER

Tell me Herr Strauss. What gave you
the idea for these Werewolf Games.

HEYDRICH

I think the guest list speaks for
itself.

TYLER

Not the guests, Karl. The games.

STRAUSS

(being coy)

Oh, a most special occasion.

TYLER

Care to enlighten us, Reinhardt?

STRAUSS

In two nights, we will be the start
of the total eclipse.

ÁLVEREZ

A blood moon.

STRAUSS

Exactly.

SALMUTH

A blood moon? I wasn't even aware.

STRAUSS

With the war effort going the way it
is, it's easy to understand.

ÁLVEREZ

So you brought us all the way out
here to celebrate an eclipse?

STRAUSS

Not just any eclipse, Mr. Álvarez.
This one just happens to coincide
with our proximity of the moon.

SALMUTH

You mean...

STRAUSS

An Engorged Blood Moon.

HEYDRICH

My god, when was the last time that
sort of thing has occurred?

SALMUTH

Not for sometime now. At least five
years.

STRAUSS

Seven actually.

ÁLVEREZ

And what is so special about this
'Engorged Blood Moon'?

HEYDRICH

Jacinto, when did you happen to
become a member of this club?

Álvarez has to think.

ÁLVEREZ

A little more than five years ago.
While traveling through Belgium.

HEYDRICH

So you have never experienced
something like this before?

ÁLVEREZ

I suppose not.

The other members of the group look at each other and smile,
as if they know exactly what the Brazilian Coffee Magnate is
about to experience.

ÁLVEREZ (cont'd)

What?

STRAUSS

We don't want to spoil the surprise.
But let's just say, you can thank us
all after the games are over.

TYLER

Speaking of which Reinhardt, just
where in the hell are you keeping
these contestants of yours?

INT. PRISONER'S BARRACK-- NIGHT

Baker and White Cloud are standing next to each other in a
large barrack along with ten other men.

BAKER

Where the hell are we?

JOHNNY MANUCSO: A short wiry Italian-American in his early
20's walks past Baker.

MANCUSO

Yeah you tell me stretch.

COLIN ARCHER: A British soldier with the RAF walks by.

ARCHER

At least they weren't lying about the
food.

MANCUSO

Or the quarters. I saw those beds at
that POW camp. No thank you.

An icy blonde Russian soldier, NIKITA PISAREVA 30's, discovers twelve boxes containing athletic uniforms of matching design and color. Their names are on the back of each uniform. Along with a flag of the player's home country.

PISAREVA

Appears as if we are to put these on.

Mancuso finds his uniform and sees the Stars and Stripes. He smiles.

MANCUSO

There she is! Old glory!

ARCHER

I damn well hope they got my size right.

He looks at the Union Jack flag and rolls his eyes.

The rest come up to get their uniform. All except White Cloud who hasn't moved or said a thing.

Archer taps Baker on the shoulder. He motions over his shoulder at White Cloud.

ARCHER (cont'd)

Say mate, your friend is he alright?

Baker looks at White Cloud standing their not mingling with anyone.

BAKER

Who Joseph? He's fine.

Baker breaks off from Archer and goes over to White Cloud.

BAKER (cont'd)

Hey Joseph, you doing OK?

WHITE CLOUD

(not making eye
contact)

Now what makes you think I wouldn't be doing fine.

BAKER

OK. Good talking with you.

A HUGE French Soldier, that makes Baker look small by comparison, RENE ROUSSIMOFF, is the last to collect his uniform.

He looks at White Cloud's Uniform still laying their uncollected.

He looks around at who doesn't have their uniform. When he sees White Cloud still standing there without one, he picks up White Cloud's uniform and throws it at him.

It falls to the floor.

ROUSSIMOFF
Your uniform.

White Cloud doesn't move a muscle.

Roussimoff tries pushing White Cloud to intimidate him.

ROUSSIMOFF (cont'd)
Pick it up.

White Cloud has to look up to meet Roussimoff's gaze.

WHITE CLOUD
Fuck you.

Baker, Mancuso and Archer look at each other like "Oh shit, what did he just say?"

Roussimoff stops dead in his tracks.

ROUSSIMOFF
What did you say to me?

White Cloud still not moving.

WHITE CLOUD
I said fuck you. You pick up my uniform.

ROUSSIMOFF
(threatening)
Or what?

WHITE CLOUD
I don't want to ruin the surprise if I tell you.

Again the rest of the team is looking at White Cloud like he is fucking crazy.

Roussimoff takes a giant swing at White Cloud who ducks and kicks the Frenchman in the balls. The blow brings the giant man to his knees.

White Cloud then sends an open handed chop right to Roussimoff's throat, dropping him like a stone.

The giant falls to the floor landing right next to White Cloud's uniform. White Cloud reaches down and picks it up.

WHITE CLOUD (cont'd)

Surprise.

Then White Cloud looks at the team.

Baker is the only brave enough to check on Roussimoff.

BAKER

Jesus! You killed him!

WHITE CLOUD

OK, so which one of these fucking beds is mine?

The team look at each other in stunned silence.

INT. PARLOR-- NIGHT

The guests are sitting on plush high back chairs and red velvet sofas. Most are smoking cigars and all are holding sifters of brandy, except for Tyler, who is drinking a stein of beer.

TYLER

This is some fine grog you got here.

STRAUSS

Thank you, it's French.

Tyler savoring the taste.

TAYLOR

French? I've been there a bunch of times. Never had anything quite as good as this.

STRAUSS

It's from the village of Compiègne.

Salmuth looks at Strauss.

Tyler is oblivious to this.

TYLER

Well if you see him again, give him my address. I'll buy forty kegs from the little son of a bitch ever year!

HEYDRICH

(laughing)

And to think we've been at war with your country for over 3 years now.

TYLER

It may be my country, but when you're as rich as me you quickly find out that that money has no borders.

ÁLVEREZ

Belgum, Herr Strauss? Is that where you became a member?

STRAUSS

Yes. During the first war. In the forest just outside of Compiègne in fact.

SALMUTH

There was a blood moon in the sky that night as well. The boy was lucky to be left alive.

Tyler is the first to put it together.

TYLER

You mean... Gunter. Was the one?

An embarrassed grin comes over Strauss' crimson face.

HEYDRICH

Tell them how you fought like a tiger!

STRAUSS

I was just a boy.

SALMUTH

A right tasty boy if I remember correctly!

The members laugh.

A servant comes and whispers something into Strauss' ear. He nods and sends him away.

STRAUSS

And now my friends. May I present to you, all the way from Rome, the prima donna of the Berlin Opera House, Caterina Bianchi.

The members applaud as Caterina comes out and performs a beautiful piece that highlights her high soprano range.

When she is done, the members are overcome. They applaud Caterina and she takes a gracious bow.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Encore! Encore!

Caterina smiles.

TYLER

Please come and sit with us. It's boring just sitting here chewing the cud with nothing but bulls in the stall.

CATERINA

Thank you.

HEYDRICH

Drink?

CATERINA

Schnapps.

Heydrich point to a servant who obediently disappears to fetch the Songbird her drink.

SALMUTH

You truly do have a beautiful gift.

CATERINA

Well thank you, Herr General.

ÁLVEREZ

Where did you study.

CATERINA

I trained in Vienna. But it wasn't until Berlin that I became noticed.

STRAUSS

The Fuhrer himself is a fan.

CATERINA

And when might I be able to finally meet the Fuhrer? You've been promising me that for years.

The group laughs.

CATERINA (cont'd)

I'm serious. I've performed for monarchs, prime ministers, czars, and presidents. But never before, have I sang, to a Fuhrer.

STRAUSS

The Fuhrer is a busy man.

CATERINA

You must really tell me all you can. I find the man so incredibly fascinating.

Strauss changing the subject.

STRAUSS

Thank you my love for a wonderful performance. But I must now insist that you return to your room.

CATERINA

More dirty boy talk?

STRAUSS

What we have to discuss, you would find trite and boring. Believe me. I'm doing you a favor by letting you go.

CATERINA

This isn't the easiest job I've ever had. (winking at Tyler) But it's pretty darn close.

Tyler smiles. The members stand as Caterina gets up and is escorted out.

Once the door is closed behind her, a wicked smile comes over Strauss' face.

STRAUSS

Alright! Now who's up for making some wagers on tomorrow's events.

ÁLVEREZ
I'd have to see the merchandise
first.

The group quickly agrees with him.

STRAUSS
You really want to see the
participants for our very first ever,
Werewolf Games!

Everybody says yes.

Strauss claps his hands and a servant quickly comes over.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
(to servant)
Wunderbar! Inform the guards, that
we'd like to see a parade of nations
please.

INT. PRISONER'S BARRACK-- NIGHT

Guards open the door. All prisoners, with the exception of
the giant Frenchmen, are in bed.

SOLDIER #1
On your feet! They want to take a
look at you in your uniforms.

Everyone, who can, gets up and gets into a line. Last one
out is White Cloud.

GUARD
(to White Cloud)
What's with him? (pointing to
Roussimoff's corpse lying on the
ground)

WHITE CLOUD
He has trouble taking orders.

INT. PARLOR-- NIGHT

The prisoners line up in front of the guests.

Strauss immediately notices his prized jewel Roussimoff is
missing.

As we watch the guests walk amongst the participants
grabbing, poking, and prodding them as if they were slaves
at an auction, Strauss is told by a guard of Roussimoff.

Strauss immediately stands up and excuses himself.

The guests watch puzzled as Strauss storms off.

Baker turns to White Cloud.

BAKER

Surprise.

White Cloud doesn't even bother to acknowledge the large wrestler.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISONER'S BARRACK-- NIGHT

Baker standing at attention, along with the other participants of the games.

Strauss is livid.

STRAUSS

Explain what happened to my Colossus?

Nobody says anything.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

ANSWER ME! WHO THE FUCK KILLED THIS
MAN?

It is the first time that the team has seen "the other side" of Strauss.

WHITE CLOUD

I did it.

Strauss looks at White Cloud with disbelief.

STRAUSS

Excuse me? What did you say? You did
what?

WHITE CLOUD

I said...

STRAUSS

He was my biggest and our strongest
find. Our *cours final*! What have you
done you fucking little savage?
You've ruined the games!

All the prisoners look to see how White Cloud is going to react to this.

The Indian remains cool and expressionless.

WHITE CLOUD
He put his hands on me.

STRAUSS
I don't give a shit if he grabbed
you, spun you upside down and fucked
you in the ass!

White Cloud doesn't respond.

Strauss is livid.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Well this is great... just great.

Baker tries to appease.

BAKER
How about I take the big fella's
place. Put me in twice coach. I can
take it.

Strauss looks at Baker and smiles.

STRAUSS
No. The little fucking savage killed
him. So the little fucking savage can
take his place.

Strauss starts imitating an Indian war cry he's seen from
black and white American films.

The sound fades into the sounds of crows cawing at the
morning light.

FADE TO:

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD- DAWN

The castle is essentially a massive grass field maintained
within the walls of the castle.

NAZI RIFLEMEN are seen posted in strategic areas to protect
the guests.

A NAZI wearing goggles and driving a motorcycle with a side
car containing another NAZI holding a machine gun, drives
around the perimeter of the field.

The competitors are standing together in their uniforms in
front of Strauss and his guests.

INT. CASTLE- KITCHEN- CONT'

Strauss is walking out when he sees Caterina sitting by herself eating a bowl of fruit.

STRAUSS
Good morning, fraulein, enjoying your breakfast.

CATERINA
(glum)
Yes. Very much.

Strauss notices her voice.

STRAUSS
Is there anything the matter?

CATERINA
I'm bored, Herr Strauss.

Strauss nods.

CATERINA (cont'd)
What is it you are doing today?

STRAUSS
I don't think you would like it.

CATERINA
Why don't you try me?

Strauss smiles.

EXT. COURTYARD- MORNING

Caterina walks out the field with Strauss. The rest of the members take note but nobody says anything.

Strauss is back to his friendly self.

STRAUSS
Thank you to everyone. My name is Doctor Reinhardt Strauss and on behalf of myself and my colleagues, I want to welcome you, to the 1st Annual Werewolf Games.

BAKER: standing with the competitors listening.

BAKER
(whispers to Mancuso)
Doctor? He told me he was in PR.

Mancuso shrugs.

BACK TO STRAUSS: still speaking.

STRAUSS
May our friendly competition be an
inspiration for all the world. To
victory!

EVERYONE
To victory!

They all applaud, except White Cloud.

WHITE CLOUD
Why werewolf?

The applause stops as everyone turns to look at White Cloud.

STRAUSS
Excuse me? What did you say?

WHITE CLOUD
I asked you why this shit parade is
called the Werewolf Games.

STRAUSS
Excellent question, Mr. White Cloud.
(leaning to the guests) He is the one
I have been telling you about.

TYLER
The Indian?

Strauss nods and then returns to answer White Cloud.

STRAUSS
The werewolf is a perfect symbol for
both competition and war, Mr. White
Cloud. Passive and cerebral during
the day, brutal and savage under the
light of the moon. A soldier must be
capable of being both. Don't you
agree? Understanding both man and
beast. Knowing when it's appropriate
to become the hero or the horror.

White Cloud just stares at him unflinching.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
And so that is what these games are
designed to do. Test your
capabilities.
(MORE)

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Each competition will challenge both
your physical as well as intellectual
prowess.

The men seem excited.

WHITE CLOUD
And what do we get if we win this
bullshit? A fucking medal?

STRAUSS
Well, we didn't think you men would
go in for something so... sentimental
as a medal. No, we have something in
mind, I'm sure you'll find just a tad
bit better.

White Cloud stares daggers into Strauss.

Baker, Archer and Mancuso look at White Cloud like he's the
most crazy person they've ever seen.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
How about a pardon? And an
unconditional release?

ARCHER
On the level?

STRAUSS
I know this isn't exactly what you
would choose to be doing right now. I
understand that. So to show you my
appreciation, I have convinced my
superiors, to allow you to be
released on a prisoner exchange with
the Allies. You're going home.

Archer and Baker look thrilled.

White Cloud remains expressionless.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
And while here, as you can attest,
you will receive top service. You
will be pampered like you were at a
Swiss resort.

The men look excited!

HEYDRICH
Now is that something worth playing
for!

The men start cheering raucously. All of course except for White Cloud.

STRAUSS
There are twelve, I'm sorry,
eleven...

Shoots daggers at White Cloud who stands there unfazed.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Competitors for the games.

MANCUSO
Do the winners of each event get
anything?

STRAUSS
Of course you do, Mr. Mancuso. We
wouldn't think you'd try your hardest
if you didn't.

Mancuso smiles.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
For every competition there will be a
winner and a loser. The winners will
be hold a distinct advantage over the
losers when it comes down to the
final event.

WHITE CLOUD
And what in fucks name is that?

STRAUSS
(excited)
A game of Hide and Go Seek.

WHITE CLOUD
Hide and Go Seek. Are you fucking
kidding me?

STRAUSS
Starting at dusk.

WHITE CLOUD
So you are bullshitting me.

STRAUSS
No, I am not, Mr. White Cloud. Any
competitor who can remain hidden
throughout the night, will receive
ten thousand Reichsmark.

PISAREVA

But the losers still get to go home
as well, correct.

STRAUSS

Nikita, have I lied to you this far?

Pisareva shakes his head no.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

You have my word. Anyone who plays,
goes home.

The competitors cheer enthusiastically!

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Sound good! Well then my friends,
who's ready to start the Werewolf
Games!

EXT. REAR OF THE CASTLE-- MORNING

There is snow on the ground and the guests are each wearing
warm jackets.

Soldiers are out on the frozen lake shooting their guns into
the ice to break it up.

There are two soccer balls on the ground.

STRAUSS

This event was something I was most
curious about. I wanted something
that tests both physical endurance as
well as mental endurance. And so I
came with this. Water Polo... or at
least, our version of water polo.

The competitors are looking suspiciously at the frozen
water.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Both competitors will pick up a ball
hold it over their heads and walk out
into the lake until they are
submerged up to their neck.

The men seem confused.

BOYLE

What then mate?

STRAUSS

And that's it. The first man to let their ball touch the water, is disqualified and loses the competition. And the advantage in tomorrow night's final event.

The team seem to understand.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Good. For our first event, we have Abraham Lebowitz, from Poland.

One of the teammates who hasn't been interacting with the others. ABRAHAM LEBOWITZ, is a soldier who somehow managed to escape the death camps. He is tapped and told it is his turn.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

And competing against Mr. Lebowitz, will be Douglas Lawson, from the vast country of Canada.

LAWSON, a well built athletic looking man steps forward.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

You may take off your clothes or stay in them. The choice is yours.

A translator tells Lebowitz the options. He doesn't want to take off his clothes.

Lawson does and strips naked.

Both competitors stand there in front of the guests.

ÁLVEREZ

It doesn't seem like much of a contest.

TYLER

The polish kid looks like he can barely stand, Strauss.

STRAUSS

May I inform you Mr. Tyler that this man represented his country in the 1932 Olympic games in Lake Placid. He holds a world record in downhill skiing. So ice runs through his veins.

The guests begin to wager heavy money on the two competitors.

SALMUTH
I'll put 200 on the Canadian.

ÁLVEREZ
I'll take that bet.

TYLER
That water has to be zero degrees.

SALMUTH
Judging from the size of those ice blocks, I'd say that you'd be pretty accurate.

When the guests are done making their wagers, both competitors pick up their soccer ball and walk out into the ice cold water.

Almost instantly they start showing signs of hypothermia. Teeth chattering. Shivering.

They make it out to where they need to be. Lawson has to go out a bit further than Lebowitz as he's a few inches taller.

In no time their faces are blue. Lebowitz start jabbering nonsense that is nonsensical and non comprehensible.

STRAUSS
What is he saying.

PISAREVA
(trying to make sense)
He's... just... babbling nonsense.

White Cloud gets mad.

WHITE CLOUD
Goddamn it you're killing them! Tell them to get out of the water.

STRAUSS
Get out? They just barely got in.

We see Caterina snap a discreet picture from a spy camera she has concealed in her handbag.

Nobody notices.

WHITE CLOUD
At that temperature they'll freeze.

STRAUSS
It's a good thing then that I'm a doctor.

Pretty soon Lebowitz looks as if he's having trouble keeping his head above the water. His head goes under and then finally he drops his ball.

HEYDRICH
The winner is Mr. Lawson

Lebowitz goes under the water completely.

STRAUSS
OK, Mr. Lebowitz. You may come out of the water now.

The water where Lebowitz was is still.

WHITE CLOUD
Go out and get him!

Strauss does not move.

WHITE CLOUD (cont'd)
Goddamn it!

White Cloud runs out into the freezing water, followed by Baker and Mancuso, the three of them, together with Lawson, help drag Lebowitz back to the shore.

More snaps from Caterina's camera.

Strauss raises his hand and two armed soldiers come running.

STRAUSS
(to soldiers)
Please take Mr. Lebowitz back to the infirmary and make sure he is properly warmed and medically tended to.

The soldiers carry Lebowitz back to the castle.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
You have my word he'll be taken care of.

Strauss walks over to Lawson.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Fine showing.

Tyler smiles at winning his wager.

TYLER
Oh I think I'm going to like these games.

CATERINA watches White Cloud with great interest.

STRAUSS (O.C.)
Let's move back inside for our next
event!

As the Guests walk back, The Inquisitor holds Salmuth back.
She looks at Caterina, which Salmuth acknowledges.

SALMUTH
Watch her.

FADE TO:

EXT. COURTYARD- DAY

The Contestants are taken to the grass field, where a circle
has been drawn into the ground.

MANCUSO
Wonder what the fuck this is?

Once the Guests are assembled, Strauss walks excitedly into
the center of the circle.

STRAUSS
That first event was a doozy. We can
only hope that the second one, does
not fall flat like a souffle.

The Guests laugh. The Contestants do not.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
The second event, is one that I have
been positively bursting at the seams
to see, Greco-Roman Wrestling!

Baker drops his head, knowing he's about to be called.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
The rules are simple. Force your
opponent off his feet, or outside of
the circle earns you a point. First
one to three points wins.

The Contestants nod, as do the Guests.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Excellent! Now then, for the
competitors! First, representing the
United States of America, by way of
Texas! Bobby Adonis!

MANCUSO
Who the fuck is Bobby Adonis?

Baker, embarrassed, slowly lifts up his hand.

BAKER
I am.

Baker gets to his feet and makes his way to the circle.

ARCHER
I thought the blokes name was Baker.

Mancuso shrugs his shoulders like he's not sure about anything anymore.

Baker stands in the center of the circle stretching out and nervously pacing around.

BAKER
(whispering to
himself)
Please not him... Please not him...
Please not him.

STRAUSS
And facing Mr. Adonis! From the
Navajo Nation!

Baker's shoulders drop.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Joseph, the savage Indian, White
Cloud!

White Cloud stands up and walks to the circle.

The guests inspect them.

Tyler points at Baker.

HEYDRICH
So much taller. More definition.

ÁLVEREZ
This one will be good. A pick em'.

Salmuth leans into to Caterina.

SALMUTH
Who's going to win this one,
Songbird?

CATERINA
I think the Indian is going to win.

Salmuth smiles.

SALMUTH
Reinhardt! Fifteen-hundred on the
Indian.

TYLER
(to Baker)
Where you from boy?

BAKER
Texas!

TYLER
Shit hell's to hells, ten thousand
dollars for the Yellow Rose of Texas
there!

Baker smiles at the endorsement, but his face then notices
something strange.

ÁLVEREZ
You got it!

CATERINA
I'll take that bet!

Both Heydrich and Salmuth look at Caterina placing a bet and
smile.

HEYDRICH
As will I!

Tyler's grinning from ear to ear.

TYLER
Anyone else?

No other takers.

TYLER (cont'd)
Easy money! Kick his ass Bobby!

White Cloud just stands there in the center of the circle
just staring at Baker.

BAKER
(to himself)
Oh boy.

STRAUSS

Begin!

The two men start circling each other. Baker tries to lay his hands on White Cloud, but he keeps deflecting them.

BAKER

Come on man, you gotta work with me.

Baker tries to lock up with White Cloud, but instead gets a thumb to the eye.

Baker winces in pain, as White Cloud easily pushes him out of the circle.

Snap from Caterina's camera.

STRAUSS

Point, White Cloud!

Baker can't believe it.

BAKER

He cheated! He poked me in the eye!
You never said we could poke each
other in the eye!

STRAUSS

In Ancient Greece, there were no
rules.

MANCUSO

Or fucking crybabies!

Baker shoots Mancuso a disappointed look.

STRAUSS

Knock your opponent off his feet or
out of the circle... by any means
necessary.

Baker and White Cloud look at each other with a bit more wariness.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Begin.

Baker and White Cloud circle each other. Then Baker stops and spits at White Cloud. Phlegm hits White Cloud in the face.

White Cloud is stunned.

WHITE CLOUD
You motherfu...

Before White Cloud can finish his curse, Baker has picked him up and slammed him hard to the ground.

More snaps of Caterina's camera capturing the moment White Cloud hits the ground and his breath is pushed violently out of his lungs.

ARCHER
That was bloody brilliant!

MANCUSO
I've done that before.

Archer looks at Mancuso like he's full of shit.

STRAUSS
The winner of the second point! Is Bobby Adonis!

Tyler cheers his Texas brethren on.

TYLER
Way to go Bobby!

Baker offers his hand to White Cloud who accepts it. Baker helps him to his feet.

WHITE CLOUD
That was a pretty neat trick.

BAKER
Surprise.

Some of the guests make last minute wagers. We see Caterina make her way towards Strauss.

STRAUSS
The third round. Winner takes all.
Begin.

Baker and White Cloud again start circling each other. Both not trusting the other. Both looking for their opening to strike.

CATERINA: standing next to Strauss watching the match.

CATERINA
Tell me more about the Indian.

THE RING: Baker and White Cloud are still circling each other, fists raised.

BAKER
Hey, let's not hurt each other.

White Cloud doesn't respond.

BAKER (cont'd)
It's not worth it. Whatever they're
offering isn't worth us killing each
other.

White Cloud smiles (barely).

WHITE CLOUD
So put down your hands. Walk out of
the circle.

Baker doesn't like it but.

BAKER
All right I will.

Baker starts to slowly lower his hands. White Cloud keeps
his eyes on him.

Suddenly Baker comes at White Cloud who was ready for it.

BAKER (cont'd)
Didn't think you'd be so fast.

White Cloud delivers a brutal right cross that nearly puts
Baker down.

WHITE CLOUD
Shit that wasn't fast.

White Cloud delivers four rapid shots to Baker's face that
busts his nose open.

WHITE CLOUD (cont'd)
Now that was fast.

Baker falls to one knee.

Snap from Caterina's camera.

TYLER: Stands up at the prospect of losing.

TYLER
Come on Bobby! Get your ass up!

White Cloud comes in for the kill shot. But Baker catches
him in the midsection.

White Cloud doubles over.

Baker gets back to his feet and walks over to White Cloud. He delivers a brutal left.

White Cloud staggers back. He answers with a thunderous right cross that nearly breaks Baker's jaw.

Baker staggers back. He looks like he is almost about to black out.

White Cloud rushes him and at the last minute, Baker drops to a knee and uses White Cloud's momentum to flip him out of the circle.

TYLER: Erupts in celebration!

TYLER (cont'd)
Yellow rose of Texas!

RING: Baker bends over and helps White Cloud to his feet.

BAKER
We good?

White Cloud spits out a bloody wad of mucus, before looking at Baker and nodding.

WHITE CLOUD
We're good.

STRAUSS
Winner of the wrestling event! Bobby
Adonis!

Baker walks back to the contestants.

MANCUSO
(to Baker)
Why the heck does he keep calling you
that?

BAKER
Long story.

White Cloud is still in the circle. Strauss walks over to him.

STRAUSS
You lost.

WHITE CLOUD
Like I give a shit.

STRAUSS

You say that now, yes. But come tomorrow night, you are going to want to have that advantage.

WHITE CLOUD

I don't need an advantage. I don't need your fucking money. I just want to go home.

STRAUSS

Then don't piss me off.

Caterina takes one more snap of her camera. This time, Heydrich notices.

Tyler comes up to Strauss.

TYLER

Tenderizing the meat are we?

STRAUSS

I call it whetting the appetite.

Tyler smiles.

TYLER

Just don't take all the fight out of them. I need to burn off some steam.

STRAUSS

Don't worry, my American friend. It will be just like your game of Candy Land.

INT. CATERINA'S QUARTERS- DAY

The Heydrich comes into Caterina's room.

He immediately begins to go through the Songbird's belongings. He goes through the drawers where her fancy undergarments are kept.

He sifts through her wardrobe.

Not finding anything, he starts to leave when he sees Caterina's expensive luggage, on the ground piled up next to her bed.

He sees the one Caterina was complaining got scratched.

Haydrich opens it up. It's empty. He feels along the lining and notices that it is held there by velcro.

Heydrich tears back the lining to discover, a DERRINGER PISTOL and a SILVER DAGGER.

HEYDRICH
Well, well, well...

Also in the secret compartment he finds a large MANILA FOLDER.

He opens it up and finds BLACK AND WHITE surveillance photos of STRAUSS, SALMUTH, TYLER and even himself.

SCHUMACHER
That bitch.

He sees no photos or information on ÁLVEREZ.

Heydrich puts the photos back into the folder and returns the suitcase back so that it looks as if it were never disturbed.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD-- AFTERNOON

The Competitors are feeling a bit wary about the safety of these games.

The Guests are oblivious as they continue to make wagers with each other. All except Caterina, who notices Heydrich missing.

She tugs on Strauss' coat.

CATERINA
I must use the ladies room.

STRAUSS
But of course.

CASTLE ENTRANCEWAY: Heydrich comes walking out of the house as Caterina is walking towards it. They pass each other and smile at one another.

HEYDRICH
Fraulein.

CATERINA
Herr Heydrich.

FIELD:

STRAUSS

Perhaps the most classic of all Olympic events, it tests both stamina, conditioning, strength and determination. The Foot Race!

The Competitors look at each other trying to gauge who might be chosen.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Only with a slight twist.

The Guests watch as SOLDIER come out of a doorway holding a terrifying looking GERMAN SHEPHERD.

He takes the dog behind the competitors so that it is barking and leaping at them.

The soldier appears to have a hard time controlling his animal as it continues to lunge at them, with only a foot of space separating them.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

For this competition I have selected Juan Carlos Martinez, from Los Angeles, USA.

JUAN CARLOS MARTINEZ, 18 y/o is a Mexican-American who looks like a baby. English is most definitely his second language.

None of the Competitors are anxious to be a part of anything having to do with this dog.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

And his opponent, Colin Archer from England.

Mancuso and Baker look at Archer who smiles weakly.

ARCHER

Bloody hell, I hate running.

Baker pats him on the back.

STRAUSS

This is the one event where I think records might be broken. Given the proper motivation, people can soar to new heights.

ARCHER

What's wrong with this dog, mate? He rabid or something?

STRAUSS

Forgive him. The person we have feeding him is old and forgetful. Hopefully he's been fed, but I don't know.

ARCHER

Oh, that's fucking fantastic.

STRAUSS

The rules are simple. We will give you a head's start of precisely two minutes? Then we release the dog.

ARCHER

Great. How do we know who wins then?

STRAUSS

The first one who is bitten, loses.

ARCHER

Oh is that all.

STRAUSS

Sound fun?

BAKER

It sounds barbaric.

ARCHER

Thank you! It sounds fucking barbaric!

HEYDRICH

Not for the dog.

STRAUSS

Quite right. Competitors ready?

Martinez and Archer get into a starting position. The dog is going absolutely wild wanting to get at them.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Go!

Both men start running. It doesn't take Archer or the others long to see that Martinez is much faster.

Strauss taps Heydrich on the shoulder.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

I thought he'd be fast, but my God.

HEYDRICH
The Brit doesn't look like he's even
trying.

Both competitors are running as fast and as hard as they
can.

Heydrich is looking at his watch.

HEYDRICH (cont'd)
Ten more seconds.

Archer stops running. Martinez is already 100 meters ahead
of him.

HEYDRICH (cont'd)
Release the dog!

The soldier drops his leash.

Archer turns to prepare himself. He stands there thinking of
his wife and family. In seconds the dog is on him.

The British soldier covers up as the dog reaches him. Archer
offers him his arm, which the dog bites down hard on.

The Nazi soldier quickly rushes to pull his dog off of
Archer.

DOG SOLDIER
Nien! Nien!

Archer's arm is horribly mauled.

The teams are obviously horrified by this. But are held back
by the machine guns of Nazi Soldiers.

STRAUSS
The winner is Martinez.

Tyler sees the blood dripping off of Archer's arm and licks
his lips.

TYLER
Fucking A, that's what I'm talking
about.

INT. CATERINA'S QUARTERS- DAY

Caterina runs into her room and shuts the door behind her.
She rushes to her suitcase and opens it up.

HEYDRICH (O.S.)
We're you looking for this, Songbird?

Caterina spins around to see the high ranking Nazi in her room holding her silver dagger.

CATERINA
This isn't what it looks like.

HEYDRICH
No? Because it looks like you are a spy.

Caterina approaches Heydrich.

CATERINA
Give me back my dagger.

HEYDRICH
Oh I'm going to give it to you.

Heydrich and Caterina begin to fight with each other over the dagger. Heydrich underestimates Caterina who delivers an unexpected kick to his chin.

The blow causes Heydrich to fall over backwards, releasing the dagger.

Heydrich pulls himself up and attacks. He gets in several brutal shots that have Caterina reeling.

However, after being forced to withstand a number of solid blows, Caterina is able to begin dodging Heydrich's more cumbersome blows.

Caterina is able to smash a heavy statue over Heydrich's head.

Caterina leaps over and grabs the fallen dagger and plunges it into the Nazi officer's back.

Heydrich's eyes change to a glowing yellow as her hands start to stretch and her teeth begin to extend and sharpen.

But before she can change any further he dies.

Nearly out of breath, Caterina lights a cigarette and looks at herself in the mirror.

She sees a large bruise starting to form on her left cheek.

CATERINA
Damn.

INT. FIREPLACE- CONT'

Caterina throws the Manila Folder into the fire and watches as the evidence against her burns. She then puts the camera under her bed and the pistol in her garter belt.

She looks at the silver dagger and shakes her head.

CATERINA
(to herself)
Damn

EXT. COURTYARD- CONT'

The medics come and carry Archer away.

The Competitors look beyond frazzled.

Strauss is still his pleasant, upbeat self.

STRAUSS
Let's break for lunch?

Suddenly the sounds of Caterina screaming startle Strauss and everyone around him.

CATERINA
(hysterical)
HE TRIED TO KILL ME! HE TRIED TO KILL
ME!

The soldiers lead the Competitors back to their barracks.

INT. CATERINA'S QUARTERS- DAY

Tyler is down on the ground checking Heydrich's body.

TYLER
Yeah, he's dead.

SALUMTH
I just don't understand. Why would
Karl attack her.

ÁLVEREZ
And why would he have a silver dagger
here in the first place?

TYLER
The man's got a point Renihardt. What
the hell is going on here?

STRAUSS

(flummoxed)

I really can't say. I've known the man for ten years. (to Salmuth)
Gunther? What do you make of this?

Salmuth looks down at the body of Heydrich. He then stares intently at Caterina.

SALMUTH

As far as I'm concerned, the man snapped. The war, the pressure, the engorged moon. It was all too much for him. The poor lad went mad.

TYLER

And the dagger?

Strauss who had been comforting Caterina steps up.

STRAUSS

I'll take possession of the dagger.

ÁLVEREZ

You, why you?

SALMUTH

It's his home.

STRAUSS

Thank you. I'll lock the dagger in my desk. Where it won't harm anyone else.

CATERINA

And the body?

SALMUTH

Burn it.

INT. TEAM STRAUSS BARRACKS-- DAY

The team comes back into their barracks and immediately cover their noses to an awful smell awaiting them.

They come in to find nobody has taken Russimoff's corpse out of the room.

ARCHER

Are you fucking kidding me?

BAKER

What is this some kind of a sick joke?

MANCUSO

You really did some number on this fella there Tonto.

Mancuso struck a nerve.

WHITE CLOUD

Call me that again stick dick.

MANCUSO

Or what? They're going to kill us.

PISAREVA

I never believed them.

Baker comes between Mancuso and White Cloud.

BAKER

Fellas, I don't want to have to get physical.

WHITE CLOUD

Wouldn't want you to get hurt Mr. Bobby Adonis.

BAKER

That wasn't my idea for him to call me that.

WHITE CLOUD

Why? You're a wrestler.

BAKER

(shocked)

Wait, you know who I am.

WHITE CLOUD

You wrestled quite a bit in Albuquerque and Gallup. I went to a lot of those matches.

BAKER

Why didn't you say anything?

WHITE CLOUD

The fuck am I going to say?

BAKER

That you were a fan.

White Cloud lets out a laugh.

WHITE CLOUD
A fan of yours? Are you that thick?
You wrestled against Chief Iron Bow.

BAKER
Iron Bow? That guy is a cheat! A bad
guy! A heel!

WHITE CLOUD
Iron Bow is ten times the man you
are.

BAKER
He's a shit ass drunk who we put in
the matches because we feel sorry for
him.

WHITE CLOUD
Take that back.

BAKER
No.

WHITE CLOUD
I said take it back!

BAKER
How about, fuck you!

White Cloud sends a straight right to Baker's nose.

Baker recoils from the sudden shot.

BAKER (cont'd)
Are you fucking nuts?

White Cloud hits him again. Same shot. Same place.

BAKER (cont'd)
Motherfucker!

Baker bull rushes White Cloud and they start fighting in the
barracks. They trade haymaker blow after haymaker blow.
Blood is spewing out of both their mouths.

Finally the rest of the team break them apart.

White Cloud is laughing.

Then Baker starts laughing.

WHITE CLOUD
Holy shit, I just went toe-to-toe
with Bobby fucking Adonis.

Baker smiles.

BAKER
You hit just about as hard as anyone
I've ever been in the ring with.

WHITE CLOUD
No shit.

BAKER
No shit.

WHITE CLOUD
I've been hit harder.

Baker and White Cloud laugh.

BAKER
No you haven't.

WHITE CLOUD
A lot harder. By girls even.

BAKER
Do you think they're really going to
let us out of here?

White Cloud thinks for a moment.

WHITE CLOUD
No. I don't.

BAKER
I'm starting to think that way too.
What do you want to do?

WHITE CLOUD
Only thing we can do.

BAKER
Which is?

WHITE CLOUD
Escape.

The rest of the team that are in the barracks with them, Mancuso, Archer, Pisareva, Martinez, Lawson, along with SIMON BOYLE, an AUSTRALIAN, CAMPBELL PERKINS, a tall broad shouldered kid from Kansas, and MONTGOMERY JAMES, an ENGLISHMEN, all indicate that they are in.

MANCUSO

What about the boys in the infirmary.

WHITE CLOUD

We'll have to find out where that is.

BAKER

Did anyone see anything out there that looked promising.

PISAREVA

Promising for what.

WHITE CLOUD

A breakout.

BOYLE

Without shovels, digging is going to be out of the question.

WHITE CLOUD

So it's over the walls then?

BOYLE

Unless we can get a hold of that motorbike with the sidecar. Then we could probably put some distance between us and the castle before anyone can come after us.

BAKER

Even if we do, that's good for just two people.

WHITE CLOUD

I say if they let us outside of the walls again for another competition, we make a break for it. Hit the closest person with a machine gun and run for the treeline.

BOYLE

Yeah but what then? For fucks sakes if we know where we are.

WHITE CLOUD

Anywhere is better than here.

BAKER

Hey, did you notice that one guy who was rooting for me?

MANCUSO

Applause? You're looking for applause
you fucking creep.

BAKER

No, dumb ass. I think that guy was
American! Maybe even a Texan.

WHITE CLOUD

You know I think you might be right.

MANCUSO

So he's Texan. So what? They're
freaks, man. Sadistic freaks.

WHITE CLOUD

No. It means, that man is committing
treason.

BAKER

A crime punishable by death.

WHITE CLOUD

And we're all witnesses.

BAKER

To a high crime.

MANCUSO

Oh shit, man. They're going to kill
us.

Baker and White Cloud calm Mancuso down.

BAKER

(to Mancuso)

Hey, when we go back out there. We
have to act like we don't suspect a
thing. You understand me?

WHITE CLOUD

If they think for a second that we
know what's going on, we're all dead.

BAKER

So play it cool, Mancuso.

MANCUSO

Cool.

BAKER

Iceman cool.

EXT. COURTYARD- DAY

The Guests are already assembled as the Competitors come filing in.

STRAUSS

I trust your lunch was scrumptious.

White Cloud looks at Strauss

WHITE CLOUD

We didn't get anything?

STRAUSS

I wasn't talking to you, savage.

CATERINA

Lunch was... interesting.

STRAUSS

Good. The competition is Tug of War.

There is a length of rope on the grass with a ribbon tied in the center. Two penalty lines are on either side of the ribbon.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Two competitors will grab each end and pull until they have the ribbon. You cannot be pulled past the penalty line, or you will be disqualified. For this match I have chosen Simon Boyle from Australia.

Baker pats Boyle on the back.

BAKER

Go get em' mate!

BOYLE

Fuck you, Bobby Adonis.

STRAUSS

And competing against Mr. Boyle will be, Campbell Perkins, from Kansas, United States.

The stocky Perkins walks towards the field.

Baker and Mancuso look at each other like Boyle doesn't stand a chance against this corn-fed Midwest Kid.

Heydrich looks very pleased. Strauss acknowledges that was a strong pick.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
For our team, I have selected, Colin
Archer, from England.

Boyle lets out a long sigh.

BOYLE
Guess it's now up to me lads.

He taps hands with Baker and Mancuso. White Cloud reaches his hand out. Archer is surprised, but taps it. White Cloud leans in.

WHITE CLOUD
He's a lot heavier than you. But he's
clumsy. Get him off balance. Then
take it.

BOYLE
Thanks old boy.

Boyle walks out to the field and takes his end of the rope. Perkins takes the other.

HEYDRICH
Competitors ready. Begin!

Boyle and Perkins pull with everything they have. Boyle quickly loses ground. Then braces himself.

Perkins tries to pull, but can't. He expends a tremendous amount of energy trying to bring the rope closer.

Finally, when he looks out of breath, Boyle comes to life and catches Perkins off guard. He sends the stocky man off balance.

Boyle races to reel in the rope.

Finally winning the competition after a grueling battle.

Strauss applauds!

STRAUSS
Very good! The point is the
Englishman's. Marvelous performance.
Ten thousand Reichmarks for Mr. Simon
Boyle of Australia! Well done! Bravo!

Strauss leans in to Salmuth and Tyler.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
(pointing at Boyle)
He's going to be a fun one to catch.

Caterina snaps a picture of Strauss and Salmuth with Tyler.

EXT. REAR CASTLE- DAY

The Guests and Competitors walk to the rear of the Castle where a square has been drawn into the grass.

BAKER
I wonder what the hell this one is going to be.

MANCUSO
I dunno. But odds are pretty good it's going to be me going in there.

Baker looks at the smaller man and nods.

BAKER
You'll be fine.

Strauss walks to the center of the square.

STRAUSS
I have a special spot for this event. Growing up it was always my favorite. To me the Boxers were like gods. Masters at physical combat.

Mancuso leans into to Baker.

MANCUSO
Boxing? No sweat.

Baker doesn't look as confident.

BOYLE
Who do you think is going in?

STRAUSS
I select, from the United States of America, Mr. Johnny Mancuso.

MANCUSO
It's go time boys.

BAKER
Give em' hell!

Mancuso walks into the square.

It's either Piareva or the Englishman Montgomery James. Both stand silent and still.

STRAUSS

Battling Mr. Mancuso, will be from
London, England, Mr. Montgomery
James.

James looks like a soccer thug. He slams his fists together and slaps his face.

JAMES

About fucking time.

James walks into the square and immediately, Mancuso and him start the stare down.

Strauss likes the building tension between the two.

STRAUSS

There are no rules. The loser is the
one who is knocked unconscious or
cannot answer the bell. Do you
understand.

Both Mancuso and James (still locked in a stare down) nod.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Good. Now... begin!

The moment Strauss says begin, Mancuso snaps a straight fist into James' nose causing it to bleed.

The Englishman smiles at the sight of his own blood, wiping it away and then licking it off his hand.

They begin fighting with each other. James rallies off three unanswered right jabs before crushing Mancuso with a stunning left cross.

Mancuso goes down.

Strauss starts to count to 10. The guests join in.

Mancuso is able to get up before they reach 4.

They continue to exchange blows until James knees Mancuso in the balls.

Mancuso goes down.

Baker stands up!

BAKER
He kicked him in the balls!

STRAUSS
No rules, Mr. Baker.

After rolling around on the ground, Mancuso is able to pick himself up by the count of 8.

He shakes it off as best he can and is able to catch James coming in and delivers a brutal haymaker.

James tries to clinch.

Mancuso bites his already bleeding nose.

When Archer bends over to let the blood drain, Mancuso kicks him savagely in the face. James falls backwards in a heap.

Archer looks at Baker

BAKER
Well that looks like it might be it.

BOYLE
If he's lucky!

James' eyes are starting to roll into the back of his head. Thick white foam is starting to come out of his mouth.

8... 9... 10!

STRAUSS
It's over! The victor is Johnny
Mancuso from the USA!

The competitors erupt in cheers.

COMPETITORS
(in unison)
Johnny! Johnny! Johnny!

Caterina leans over to Strauss.

CATERINA
He seems quite popular.

Strauss can't help but agree.

Snap photo taken of Johnny Mancuso as he celebrates in the squared circle.

TYLER and ÁLVERZ: Exchanging wads of cash with Heydrich and Salmuth.

Caterina taking it all in.

More snap shots of Salumth and Heydrich exchanging money with Tyler and Álvarez.

Salmuth leans in to whisper into Caterina's ear.

STRAUSS

You might want to skip the last event for the day.

CATERINA

(disappointing)

Must I? I am having such fun!

STRAUSS

Are you?

CATERINA

You forget, Herr Strauss. I once spent a weekend in Florance with Il Duce and his browncoats. This is pale by comparison.

Strauss looks at her with revelry.

STRAUSS

My god, you are an amazing woman.

CATERINA

So can I stay?

STRAUSS

How can I say no to the Songbird?

Snap shot of Strauss capturing this moment forever on grainy 1800 speed Black and White film.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD-- MID-MORNING

In the yard is a table with two chairs facing each other.

In the center is a revolver pistol.

Strauss escorts Caterina to a tent where the guests have gathered to watch.

STRAUSS

This is the one I think I have been most looking forward to seeing.

(MORE)

STRAUSS (cont'd)
It's where we, how would you say Mr. Mancuso, separate the men from the boys.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
I have been saving this one since I first recruited him. The moment I saw him, I said to myself, nobody would be better for this competition than him. For the next event, I select Nikita Pisareva, from Russia.

Baker whispers to Archer

BAKER
Sounds like he likes Russians?

Archer shrugs his shoulders.

STRAUSS
And since we are one man short, thanks to Mr. White Cloud.

Archer looks at Baker.

ARCHER
Oh boy.

Baker raises his eyebrows in response.

STRAUSS
I think it's only fitting that Mr. White Cloud be allowed to take his spot.

White Cloud doesn't move.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Mr. White Cloud if you please.

Standing his ground.

WHITE CLOUD
What's the competition?

STRAUSS
Sit down and I'll tell you.

WHITE CLOUD
You can tell me now, or you can go fuck yourself.

Caterina is shocked. She looks at Strauss who is barely able to keep a smile frozen on his face.

STRAUSS
The game is Russian Roulette.

WHITE CLOUD
Well I ain't doing it.

Strauss looks at his guests embarrassed.

STRAUSS
You will do it.

WHITE CLOUD
Or what? We're not going to be set free?

STRAUSS
Freedom, Mr. White Cloud, I can assure you, will be the least of your concerns.

White Cloud doesn't move.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Sergeant Schultz!

A solid looking NAZI COLONEL answers the call.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Sergeant Schultz, if this man is not sitting on that chair in the next five seconds... shoot every competitor down until there is no one left standing. Do you understand me.

SCHULTZ
Yes doctor.

Strauss starts the countdown.

The competitors look at White Cloud who starts moving at three. By five he is sitting down.

TYLER talking to ÁLVEREZ:

TYLER
Goddamn I hate losing one of em'. But Hell's Bell's if this ain't intense.

As soon as both men sit down, soldiers come with straps to secure their arms and legs to the chairs.

PISAREVA
What are you doing.

STRAUSS

Just getting you prepared for the event.

When both men have been properly secured, the soldiers give Strauss the thumbs up.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

I wanted a game of pure luck. Because as we all know, much of life is decided just purely on luck. Take you for instance Mr. White Cloud. You probably should be in a prison cell somewhere being sodomized by the larger prisoners. But instead you are here. Fresh air. The thrill of competition. All based on the lucky chance I picked you out of all those others who I could have chosen. Why you?

WHITE CLOUD

Lucky me.

STRAUSS

Lucky you.

Stauss points the pistol at Pisareva's head and fires. Dry fire.

A puddle forms under the Russian, causing both Tyler and the S.S. Officers to break into laughter.

Caterina fakes a smile.

Pisareva lets out a relieved exhale of oxygen.

Strauss laughs.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

That was with no bullets in the gun. Consider that round one. Round two?

He picks up a bullet and puts it into the barrel. He spins the chamber.

He points the weapon at Pisareva. Dry fire.

Pisareva breaks into tears and starts jabbering in Russian.

Strauss looks at Pisareva.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

What's he saying.

CATERINA
Exactly what you think he would be
saying.

Strauss points his weapon at White Cloud's head. The Indian remains stoic. But does wince when Strauss pulls the trigger.

Dry fire.

Pisareva is now nearly catatonic with fear.

STRAUSS
Congratulations! You both have made
it to round two!

Strauss picks up another bullet.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Two in the chamber. The odds are now
still in your favor!

Strauss spins the chamber. And fires his weapon. BAM! He shoots Pisareva in the head. The poor Russian's body is still twisting violently when Strauss points the weapon at White Cloud.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Winner! Mr. White Cloud. You are back
on the winning side. Good for you.

White Cloud focuses on Pisareva's body sitting in front of him.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Wunderbar! And that concludes the
first part of our Werewolf Games! I
don't know about you, but I'm
famished.

Strauss throws the empty pistol on the table and offers his arm to Caterina.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Shall we my dear?

INT. PRISONER'S BARRACK-- NIGHT

The prisoners are in a panic!

MANCUSO

They're going to kill us man! I know they are, man. They're going to fucking kill us!

BAKER

I think Johnny's right.

ARCHER

OK, so what do you want to do?

BOYLE (O.C.)

Come over here for a second fella and have a look at this.

Baker, Archer and Mancuso are curious enough to see what the Australian soldier is looking at.

Under the beds, Boyle has found a couple of loose floorboards. Baker lifts it up and sees that it leads under the barrack.

BOYLE

It's too small for any of us to get through, unfortunately.

ARCHER

(pointing at Martinez)

It's not too small for him though.

Martinez, the skinny Hispanic kid who won the foot race, sits on the other side of the barrack blissfully unaware of what the others are talking about.

CLOSE UP MARTINEZ: staring straight into the camera.

BAKER (O.C.)

This is very important. You know what to do.

Martinez nods.

ARCHER (O.C.)

Just get as far away from here as you can. And then find someone who can send us help!

BAKER (O.C.)

Run as fast as you can. Do you understand me.

Martinez nods once again.

BACK TO NORMAL:

Martinez shimmies his way into the crawlspace. He wiggles his way towards the edge of the barracks. He looks back and forth to see where the guards are.

A spotlight passes in front of him.

Martinez waits for the spotlight to pass once more and then he rolls out from under the barracks and he is off.

EXT. COURTYARD- NIGHT

Martinez manages to get to the wall. He waits for the gate to open and he slips out into the night.

EXT. WOODS- NIGHT

Martinez manages to run into the dark woods that surround Castle Wewelsburg. The uneven terrain and gnarled branches cause Martinez to stumble and fall a number of times, but he continues to get right back up and run.

Then he hears a growl.

Martinez stops dead in his tracks. We see the sweat running down his face as he breaths heavy, but strains to listen.

He hears another growl and something rustling in the trees.

MARTINEZ

Dios mios.

Martinez turns just in time to see a large WEREWOLF'S CLAW strike him in the face.

The blow knocks Martinez to the ground.

And we see Martinez dragged out of frame by something very strong.

MARTINEZ (O.S.)

AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. PRISONER'S BARRACK-- NIGHT

MANCUSO

Man I hope that kid makes it.

BAKER
Well let's not put all our eggs in
one basket. First chance we get...

The door to the Prisoner's Barracks opens and Caterina Bianchi comes in.

Even White Cloud is surprised by this.

ARCHER
Are you lost, lass?

CATERINA
(excited)
I need you all to listen. You are all
in great danger.

BAKER
Well thank you Mrs. Obvious.

MANCUSO
What gave it away? When your Nazi
buddy shot our friend in the head?

CATERINA
Quiet! I work for an American agency
who's been tracking these men down
for months!

ARCHER
You're a spy.

CATERINA
I'm a patriot.

BAKER
So what about these men?

CATERINA
That's just it, Mr. Adonis. They are
not men.

WHITE CLOUD
What do you mean, they're not men?

CATERINA
The games... the name of the games.

WHITE CLOUD
What about em?

CATERINA
They're really werewolves!

INT. CATERINA'S QUARTERS- NIGHT

Salmuth and Strauss looking at a NAZI SOLDIER holding Caterina's suitcase with the secret compartment.

The camera is inside it.

STRAUSS

Find her.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISONER'S BARRACK-- NIGHT

Caterina is still in there.

CATERINA

You're best chance is not letting on that you know.

She pulls her Derringer Pistol out from her garter belt and hands it to White Cloud.

CATERINA (cont'd)

Two shots. Silver bullets.

MANCUSO

What about the rest of them.

CATERINA

There's a silver dagger I brought with me, locked away in Strauss' desk.

WHITE CLOUD

The Nazi who went missing after the morning games. Heydrich?

CATERINA

He found out.

WHITE CLOUD

With the dagger?

Caterina nods.

BAKER

Any idea what advantage the winners have over the losers?

CATERINA

No idea. But I'm certain they do not intend for any of you to make it out of here alive.

White Cloud puts the pistol in his waistband.

WHITE CLOUD

Thanks for the heads up. You better get back before they notice you're gone.

CATERINA

Do you mind, Mr. White Cloud, what tribe you are with?

WHITE CLOUD

Navajo. Why?

CATERINA

I just hope we never have to go to war with the Navajo nation.

Caterina leaves.

INT. ENTRANCEWAY- NIGHT

Caterina enters the castle and tries to quietly scurry up to her room.

However when she is halfway up the stairs.

STRAUSS (O.S.)

I was worried about you.

Caterina stops.

CATERINA

I was restless, so I made the decision to walk outside in the moonlight. The air was crisp. It was exhilarating.

STRAUSS

May I escort you back to your room.

CATERINA

No, don't bother yourself, Herr Strauss. I know the way.

STRAUSS

No bother. Happy to accompany such a world famous performer such as yourself.

CATERINA

Merci.

INT. CATERINA'S QUARTERS- NIGHT

Caterina opens the door to her room, only to see all of her clothes and garments torn up and destroyed.

Her luggage, with the compartments are all open and exposed. The spot where her camera was, is empty.

Salmuth is inside with two armed SOLDIERS who place Caterina under arrest.

Strauss pulls out the spy camera.

STRAUSS

Looking for this?

Caterina doesn't say anything.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Who are you working for? MI6? OSS?
KGB?

Caterina remains silent.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

It doesn't matter. You're days of spying will soon be at an end.

Salmuth looks at Caterina like he wants to eat her.

SALMUTH

Throw her into the mix, Reinhardt.
This hunt could use a little soft meat.

Strauss smiles at the suggestion.

INT. ENTRANCEWAY- NIGHT

Strauss is whistling to himself on his way to retire for the evening when he sees Tyler come bursting through the front door, NAKED and smeared with blood.

STRAUSS

Mr. Tyler?

TYLER

You better go and have someone check
on that chicken coop of yours.

Strauss looks at him puzzled.

TYLER (cont'd)

Cause one of them little birdies
found his way out.

EXT. PRISONER'S BARRACK-- NIGHT

Five ARMED SOLDIERS are now posted outside the prisoner's
barracks.

INT. PRISONER'S BARRACK-- NIGHT

Mancuso is looking out.

BOYLE

Shit, they must have caught him.

MANCUSO

How can you tell?

BOYLE

They wouldn't have just quadrupled
the number of guards, if didn't think
they had a leak.

MANCUSO

Shit.

Suddenly the door opens and two Soldiers bring Caterina in
and leave without a word.

BAKER

Well that didn't last long.

INT. TYLER'S QUARTERS- NIGHT

Tyler is now in a robe and his face is cleaned off.

Strauss and Salmuth are with him.

Tyler is sipping on something strong.

STRAUSS

So say it once more from the beginning.

TYLER

I was feeling hot. You know that hot you get right before you... start to change. I knew there was no holding this one back. So I made my way out to the forest. Thought maybe I could run it out of my system. But then I saw that little Mexican kid who did all the running today. Jesus that kid is fast. Well I knew nobody was supposed to be out here yet, so I stopped him. And, well you know. Things got messy.

STRAUSS

Messy? We still haven't found his head, Henry.

TYLER

Fuck him. Who's going to even miss that little shit? Little bastards like that are a dime a dozen.

STRAUSS

Nobody is blaming you Henry. That's not even really why we brought you in here.

TYLER

Why then?

SALMUTH

The girl. Caterina Biachi. Have you ever met with her before today?

TYLER

The singer? No I hadn't.

SALMUTH

You're certain.

STRAUSS

Think hard about this. It's rather important.

Tyler thinks.

TYLER

Fellas. I've never met her before.

Strauss smiles.

STRAUSS
Alright. We were just curious.

Tyler smiles... and then a gush of blood comes erupting out of his mouth.

Salmuth is standing behind Tyler, holding the dagger he just plunged into his back.

Tyler tries reaching out for Strauss who just watches the life leave his eyes.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Americans. So stupid.

Salmuth wipes the dagger on Tyler's robe.

SALMUTH
What about the Brazilian?

Strauss shakes his head no.

STRAUSS
No. We might need him one day.
(Looking at Tyler) But this one... he
was unreliable.

Salmuth opens one of Tyler's bags. It is stuffed with bricks of cash.

SALMUTH
He came ready to gamble.

STRAUSS
He lost.

INT. PRISONER'S BARRACK-- AFTERNOON

Caterina is sitting there with the prisoners waiting for the final game of Hide and Go Seek to begin.

CATERINA
There's five of them.

MANCUSO
FIVE?

Caterina nods.

BAKER
That means they can't take us all.

CATERINA

Says who.

Baker doesn't have a response.

CATERINA (cont'd)

Listen to me. These things are big and their fast and they will take no prisoners. If they find you. They will kill you.

WHITE CLOUD

So how do you know so much about these things?

CATERINA

I told you. I work for the American government. It's my job to know about these things.

WHITE CLOUD

Werewolves?

CATERINA

You sound skeptical.

WHITE CLOUD

Not at all. In fact, I've even seen a werewolf before. In New Mexico on the high desert plains. We call them, skinwalkers. But they pretty much sound like the same thing.

BAKER

OK, so how do you kill these werewolf, skinwalker things?

WHITE CLOUD

Silver will do the trick. So will fire.

CATERINA

Bullets will only slow them down. Oh, and beheading them seems to work as well.

BAKER

Beheading them seems to work as well? OK.

ARCHER

Is there a friendly town near here. One that might be willing to lend us some assistance?

CATERINA

The village is only three kilometers away.

ARCHER

Well that doesn't sound so far.

CATERINA

Don't underestimate it. That's a rough forest you'll have to go through to get there. And those things can move quick in the thicket.

BAKER

Hide and Go Seek.

WHITE CLOUD

Ready or not... here they come.

FADE TO:

EXT. COURTYARD-- DUSK

A large SUPER FULL MOON is hanging low in the sky.

The players are out there standing in two groups:

The Winners, which include: White Cloud, Baker, Mancuso, Boyle, and Lawson

The Losers, which include: Archer (still nursing an injured arm), Lebowitz, Perkins, and James.

Caterina is standing between them.

The Soldier on the motorbike with sidecar rides by them.

From the ENTRANCEWAY- comes Strauss, Salmuth and Álvarez. They are wearing purple velvet robes, with apparently nothing on underneath.

WHITE CLOUD

A wolf in asshole's clothing.

Strauss ignores the insult.

STRAUSS

And here we are at last, at our final event. Hide and Go Seek. The game is simple.

(MORE)

STRAUSS (cont'd)
All you have to do is remain hidden
until dawn. Do that and you win.

WHITE CLOUD
Sounds like a picnic.

BAKER
You had mentioned something about an
advantage for the winners.

Strauss smiles and shakes his head.

STRAUSS
Mr. Adonis. The winners have most
certainly earned themselves an
advantage. The winners, will get a
twenty minute head start. While the
losing contestants will only be
allowed ten.

BAKER
Are you keeping us caged in here? Or
are you opening the gates and letting
us run for it?

STRAUSS
Mr. Adonis. It wouldn't be a
challenge if we kept you locked up in
here with us.

WHITE CLOUD
Where's the American that was with
you? The Texan?

STRAUSS
He didn't make the cut.

WHITE CLOUD
Well, well, well... down to three of
you.

Strauss shoots the Navajo Rattlesnake Handler a withering
look.

STRAUSS
Caterina my dear. You will be joining
the losers for this competition.

The gates to Castle Wewelsburg are opened up.

STRAUSS (cont'd)
Winners on your mark... Get set...

The contestants are looking at each other like their Nazi host has gone mad.

STRAUSS (cont'd)

Run.

Baker looks at Mancuso, Boyle and White Cloud.

BAKER

Let's get out of here.

The Winners take off towards the gate. The Losers watching them go.

ARCHER

Get out of here boys!

EXT. FOREST- NIGHT

We see the winners tearing down through the forest. The Canadian, Lawson, is moving slowly and stumbling, causing him to fall behind.

MANCUSO, BAKER, WHITE CLOUD and BOYLE are all sticking together running in a tight pack.

MANCUSO

Do you think we should try and hide?
Or keep running.

WHITE CLOUD

Keep running.

EXT. COURTYARD- NIGHT

The losers are waiting anxiously for their chance to run.

The three remaining members of the Pentagram Club look up at the large BLOOD MOON that seems to cover the sky above them.

STRAUSS

The Engorged Moon!

Suddenly Salmuth looks as if he can't control himself. The old Nazi tears off his robe and falls to all fours, as he starts changing into a werewolf.

Archer looks at Salmuth and screams!

ARCHER

Mother Mary of God!

Álvarez and Strauss soon shed their robes and begin to change.

James is the first to break off from the Losers group.

Archer sees him leave and taps Caterina on the shoulder, she seems fixated on watching the Nazi's change into werewolves.

ARCHER (cont'd)
Come on, we got to go!

Perkins follows behind.

Lebowitz seems frozen to the spot he's standing on. He seems to terrified to move. And when Salmuth is the first to finish changing, it is Lebowitz who is the first to be killed.

ARCHER/BIANCHI- hear the high-pitched screams of Lebowitz being torn to pieces.

ARCHER (cont'd)
Keep going, don't stop!

COURTYARD: Strauss and Álvarez finish changing into large ferocious werewolves. They tear off towards the gate and into the forest.

SALMUTH finishes devouring a large piece of Lebowitz's flesh before he follows the other two out of the castle gates.

FOREST:

Lawson is lost and alone. He tries running but he physically just cannot keep going.

He hears movement somewhere out there in the dark forest all around him. He tries crouching down and hiding behind a large rock.

We see Lawson scared and silently saying a prayer to himself.

Then we hear the growl.

We see tears start to run down Lawson's face.

LAWSON
(to himself)
Please... oh please... go away.

We hear heavy footsteps crunching dry leaves.

Then we see Strauss standing in full view of Lawson as he reaches down and picks the Canadian up off the ground. We see Lawson's feet dangling.

Strauss' breath blowing on Lawson's face. Before the werewolf tears him in two and throws him into the trees.

JAMES:

In another part of the forest, Englishmen Montgomery James is running as fast as he can.

But he can hear something running somewhere in the thicket with him.

He stops and looks around.

JAMES
Bloody werewolves.

He turns to start running again but sees Álvarez and Strauss standing in front of him about a 100 meters away.

Their shadowy form and glowing yellow eyes are about all James can make out.

He starts running away from the two werewolves and directly into Salmuth who literally bites his face off.

WHITE CLOUD/BAKER/MANCUSO/BOYLE- Still running in a different part of the forest.

BOYLE
Christ almighty, I feel like we've
just been through this same patch of
real estate before.

WHITE CLOUD
He's right. We're running in circles.

MANCUSO
So what the fuck do you want to do.

BAKER
Well I know what I don't want to do!
Run until I'm tired and
those things find me.

Suddenly they hear footsteps in the forest.

WHITE CLOUD
Quiet down.

They four men listen.

Suddenly a wild boar comes tearing out of the forest startling all the men.

MANCUSO
Jesus that was...

The three other men turn to see why Mancuso stopped talking. And see a CLAW punched through Mancuso's chest.

Mancuso's spits up a mouthful of blood.

It's Salmuth.

White Cloud pulls out the Derringer, Caterina handed him and fires it.

Bam!

It strikes Salmuth in the chest. He looks up and roars at White Cloud. He rushes him and White Cloud is forced to fire the second bullet in his gun.

Bam!

It hits Salmuth directly in the head.

The werewolf goes down. He shivers and convulses. Then he slowly turns back into the naked figure of Gunther Salmuth.

White Cloud kicks the old Nazi in the stomach.

WHITE CLOUD
Fuck you Nazi.

ARCHER/BIANCHI/PERKINS=

Moving through another part of the forest.

BIANCHI
Did you hear that?

ARCHER
Sounded like a gun.

BIANCHI
Yes, my gun. The Indian must have shot it at one of them.

ARCHER
Let's hope the old boy got one or two of them.

PERKINS
Archer?

Archer looks at the large Perkins. He looks scared and possibly may be a little slow.

ARCHER
Yeah Perk?

PERKINS
I'm real scared.

ARCHER
Yeah me too.

BIANCHI
They won't stop until we're all dead.

ARCHER
Yeah but why?

BIANCHI
Werewolves are evil creatures ruled
by the cycles of the moon.

Archer looks at the giant Blood Moon hanging over them.

ARCHER
And so a moon like this.

BIANCHI
Bat shit crazy.

ARCHER
How far until we get to the village?

BIANCHI
If we're lucky and we don't twist our
ankles somewhere in the dark. We can
make it there in less than an hour.

ARCHER
How do you know so much about these
things?

BIANCHI
When I was little my father was a
cheese maker in Florence. Part of his
responsibilities after all the
churning and cutting and aging the
cheese, was for him to deliver his
cheese. This responsibility he took
very seriously. It was also a
responsibility that often took him
deep into the forest.

(MORE)

BIANCHI (cont'd)

And one night when he was returning home from his duties, he was attacked on the road by one of those things. He was left there on the street bleeding. No one to help him.

ARCHER

Did he die?

BIANCHI

No. My father was a strong man. Full of life and vigor. In time he healed. We thought it was a blessing. But it turned out to be a most hideous curse. And when my father turned into a werewolf, he killed my mother and my grandfather. He would have killed me too had it not been for the gypsies who lived nearby. They were the ones who knew what my father had become. And they were the only ones who knew how to destroy the monster my father had become.

ARCHER

And the American's know about this.

BIANCHI

They suspect it's true. I was supposed to be their proof.

ARCHER

Well we're not out of it yet. We just got to get someone to help us.

BIANCHI

In the heart of Nazi Germany?

ARCHER

What are you worried about? I got a charming face.

BIANCHI

Oh my god, we're doomed.

WHITE CLOUD/BAKER/BOYLE-

White Cloud checking on Mancuso after killing Salmuth.

BAKER

So?

WHITE CLOUD

Oh he's fucked.

BOYLE

Don't suppose you have any more of those little bullets for your keen little gun there.

WHITE CLOUD

Nope.

BAKER

So it looks like we're all fucked.

White Cloud thinking.

WHITE CLOUD

Not necessarily.

BAKER

Not necessarily?

BOYLE

What are you thinking, mate?

WHITE CLOUD

Something that lady said. A dagger.

BAKER

That's right! She mentioned something about it being locked up in a desk back at the castle.

BOYLE

You're not really thinking of going back there?

BAKER

They wouldn't be expecting something like that.

WHITE CLOUD

Nope. They wouldn't be expecting something like that.

BOYLE

Madmen. Fucking Americans. All of them.

EXT. TREELINE- NIGHT

The small village of Wewelsburg can be seen just down the hill. Archer, Bianchi and Perkins look at it in almost disbelief.

ARCHER
(pointing)
Look there.

The town looks quiet and asleep, blissfully unaware of the horrors taking place just up the hill at the castle.

However, Archer has spotted one building with lights on that appears to be open.

CATERINA
Do either of you speak German?

Both Archer and Perkins shake their heads no.

CATERINA (cont'd)
Then you better let me do all the talking.

INT. BIG BAD TAVERN-- NIGHT

The tavern only has a stocky German Beer Drinker named KARL, who looks as if he might have had one pint too many. He's busy laughing it up with the INNKEEPER and his WIFE who appear to be in their late 50s.

The raucous laughter comes to a complete silence when the three strangers come stumbling in.

ARCHER
Fucking hell.

EXT. CASTLE WEWELSBURG-- NIGHT

Baker and Boyle scope out the castle. They see three soldiers standing at attention.

And we also hear the roar of the motorbike and sidecar as it drives by patrolling the area.

BAKER
We're going to need to find a more discreet way into the castle.

BOYLE
Doesn't look like it's going to be too easy. (noticing White Cloud is missing) Say yank, where's the Indian?

Baker looks around.

BAKER

I don't know. I thought he was right here with us. (spots him, down near the castle walls) Oh shit... there he is.

Boyle spots him.

BOYLE

(disbelieving)

What the hell is that crazy bastard doing?

White Cloud has snuck down as Boyle and Baker watch in stunned silence.

White Cloud grabs a German Soldier and covers his mouth before he can scream. He pulls him down to the ground where the darkness obscures them.

Then White Cloud's head pops up. He points at Baker and then points at his own eyes, before pointing at TWO MORE GERMAN SOLDIERS, waiting to be picked off.

Baker looks at the unsuspecting soldiers and taps Boyle on the shoulder.

BAKER

Let's go.

INT. THE BIG BAD TAVERN--NIGHT

A dark pint of beer is slammed down in front of Karl.

The Innkeeper looks at Perkins.

They speak German, but have subtitles.

INNKEEPER

He even old enough for a pint?

CATERINA

(translating)

Don't worry, (pointing at Archer) that his father.

The Innkeeper looks at Perkins suspiciously before agreeing to pour him a drink.

The INNKEEPER'S WIFE, a short stocky lady, who does not look like she suffers fools lightly comes up to Archer.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE

You had your drink. Now please leave.

CATERINA

I would if we had anywhere to go.

INNKEEPER

(angry)

You came here from the castle. The
Nazi's castle. Himmler's castle.

Boyle and Martinez not liking the tone, look to Caterina.

CATERINA

Please, we need help.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE

We have no help for you.

Suddenly Karl, the drunk who's been drinking at the bar,
finishes his mug and stares intently at Caterina.

Baker notices this and doesn't like it.

BAKER

(pointing at Karl)

Something the matter with this one?

CATERINA

Shut up.

Karl speaks in English!

KARL

Wait a minute?

CATERINA

Yes.

KARL

Aren't you Caterina Bianchi?

CATERINA

You know me.

KARL

Know you? I love you! Come now
please. Sit and let me buy you a
drink.

Karl says something in German to the Innkeepers who don't
seem as thrilled to have a world famous singer in their
establishment.

Karl pulls out a rumpled wad of Reichmarks.

KARL (cont'd)
Drinks for everybody!

Baker and Boyle smile at each other as a round of drinks are laid out before them.

CATERINA
Thank you!

KARL
I am Karl Becker, the Burgomaster.
And you are the Songbird. Please, you
must simply tell me all about
yourself.

CATERINA
Please, I need your help.

Karl is very drunk and keeping him focused is a chore.

KARL
What sort of perfume are you wearing?

CATERINA
Herr, Becker, I must really...

KARL
What is Paris like?

CATERINA
Herr, Becker. I am in danger and I
need your help!

This seems to sober the Burgomaster up a bit.

KARL
Tell me, how I can help you! It would
be my honor.

Archer lets out a sigh of relief as Perkins tries sipping on the beer in front of him.

INT. CASTLE WEWELSBURG-- NIGHT

White Cloud, Baker and Boyle walk into the castle wearing the ill-fitting Nazi uniforms they have stolen.

Each of them is carrying a sub-machine gun they have taken from the soldiers they roused.

BAKER

Where do you suppose that Nazi's
office might be?

Both White Cloud and Boyle shrug their shoulders.

BOYLE

There's got to be a hundred rooms in
this place.

A quiet SERVANT GIRL walks by. She neither looks at the
three soldiers, nor wants to know what they are doing.

White Cloud grabs her and covers her mouth.

BAKER

Oh shit.

White Cloud forces the girl into a coat closet.

INT. CLOSET- NIGHT

The girl is terrified. Baker and Boyle immediately try to
calm her down.

White Cloud isn't so concerned.

WHITE CLOUD

Do either of you know how to say
office in German?

Baker and Boyle shake their heads.

BAKER

You probably should have asked that
before taking a hostage.

Boyle snaps.

BOYLE

Hold on... (he looks at the girl)
Schreibtisch... Schreibtisch.

WHITE CLOUD

What the hell are you telling her.

BOYLE

About the only word in German I know.
Desk.

BAKER

Desk?

BOYLE

I wasn't a very good student in
gammer school. German was the worst.
Everyday my teacher would tell me to
sit down at my desk in German. It's
the only thing I can remember. (to
Girl) Schreibtisch?

She begins to nod.

WHITE CLOUD

Yah?

The girl nods.

SERVANT GIRL

Yah.

INT. CASTLE- LIBRARY- NIGHT

The girl is walking with the three disguised soldiers
walking right behind her.

She leads them to a desk in the library.

White Cloud searches it. No dagger.

WHITE CLOUD

It's got to be another desk. Strauss'
personal desk. Ask her again.

BOYLE

Herr Strauss, schreibtisch?

She stares at Boyle uncertain of what he is trying to ask.

BOYLE (cont'd)

Herr Strauss... Schreibtisch.

SERVANT GIRL

Yah.

INT. BIG BAD TAVERN- NIGHT

The burgomaster is discussing something in German with the
Innkeepers.

ARCHER

What the hell are they talking about?

CATERINA

Helping us.

ARCHER

And?

CATERINA

They don't want to.

ARCHER

But?

CATERINA

It sounds like they are.

The Burgomaster motions Caterina over to him. Archer and Perkins follow her over.

KARL

This has not been easy, Songbird.

CATERINA

I appreciate this sir.

KARL

(pointing to the Innkeepers) These people are not quite as sophisticated as you or I.

CATERINA

I understand.

KARL

But I have assured them that you are known throughout the entire world and that you are wealthy beyond the measures of Croesus.

CATERINA

That's very kind of you.

KARL

It didn't matter.

CATERINA

(disappointed)

Oh. I see.

KARL

But I have arranged to make a most wonderful deal.

CATERINA

(upbeat)

A deal?

KARL

Yes. Because what you need is silver.

CATERINA

Yes, silver!

KARL

Unfortunately, as you know, silver is quite expensive.

CATERINA

Yes, it is.

Karl points to the Innkeeper who reluctantly pulls something from under the bar. It's a cane, with a solid Silver Handle.

KARL

It's solid silver. Been in his family for years.

CATERINA

It's beautiful.

KARL

He's willing to allow for a temporary trade.

CATERINA

A trade? What sort of a trade?

KARL

You can have the cane to help you with your friends.

CATERINA

In exchange?

KARL

To ensure that your friends will return with the cane, I have arranged for you to stay here with us and perhaps treat us by singing us a few songs.

CATERINA

I really don't think I can...

KARL

No Songbird. No cane.

Archer looks at Caterina.

ARCHER

Blimey.

INT. STAUSS' QUARTERS- NIGHT

The room is perfectly in order and immaculate.

The Servant Girl points to a beautiful desk Strauss uses. White Cloud immediately starts tearing through it until he finds, the silver dagger.

WHITE CLOUD

Got it.

BOYLE (O.S.)

Holy Jesus, will you look at this?

Baker and White Cloud walk over to the bed, where the bag of cash, TYLER brought with him is laying.

Tyler and Baker begin putting all the cash they can carry into their pockets.

WHITE CLOUD

Let's hurry this up.

BOYLE

You don't want any, mate?

WHITE CLOUD

(shakes his head)

Blood money.

BOYLE

I'm OK with that.

BAKER

What about her? We can't kill her.
She just helped us.

BOYLE

What about just locking her up in
there?

Boyle points to a small wardrobe.

INT. ENTRANCEWAY- NIGHT

Now that they've gotten what they came for, the three soldiers are waking with purpose out of the castle.

They walk past bored German Soldiers who don't notice them. Then Baker accidentally drops a passport out of the uniform he is wearing.

Baker doesn't notice.

A young GERMAN SOLDIER notices and walks over to pick it up. He calls over to Baker in German who doesn't respond. The Young German Soldier then runs up to Baker and is about to hand him the passport back.

But before he does, he opens it up to see the picture inside. He sees that it is not Baker. The Young Soldier's Eyes register the deception immediately.

However before he has a chance to scream, White Cloud already has the silver dagger buried in his chest.

WHITE CLOUD

Surprise.

We watch in slow motion as the surprised Young Soldier falls to the floor.

The three other Nazi Soldiers in the room cannot believe what they are seeing. They scramble for their guns, but Boyle and Baker are ready for them. They spray their machine gun fire at the Nazi's killing them instantly.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST- CONT'

The massive frames of Strauss and Álvarez as werewolves on the hunt are shown responding to the loud gunfire. They look at each other and then the castle before tearing off towards it.

INT. BIG BAD TAVERN- NIGHT

Archer and Perkins are handed two ancient looking pistols and the Silver Cane.

KARL

You bring back that cane back to me undamaged, and I'll let you have the Songbird back.

Archer looks at Caterina.

ARCHER

We shouldn't be too long.

CATERINA

Please come back.

ARCHER

If we don't. It's only because we
can't.

The two kiss passionately.

CATERINA

Be careful.

EXT. COURTYARD- NIGHT

White Cloud/Baker/Boyle start running towards the door. They make it outside as the soldier riding the MOTORBIKE and SIDECAR rushes up to investigate what's going on.

The driver and passenger are shot by Baker who immediately climbs on.

White Cloud looks at Boyle.

WHITE CLOUD

Get on and get down the hill.

BOYLE

What about you.

White Cloud holds up the Silver Dagger.

WHITE CLOUD

I'll be down in a little bit. Now go!

Boyle jumps into the sidecar as White Cloud runs off.

BAKER

Where's he going?

BOYLE

He said get down the hill!

Suddenly, Álvarez makes it to the Courtyard entrance. He roars at Baker and Boyle.

BOYLE (cont'd)

Get us the hell out of here Yank!

Baker starts up the motorbike and takes off. Álvarez in hot pursuit.

Baker looks at his side mirror and sees Álvarez right behind them gnashing his teeth.

Baker revs the motorbike just as the werewolf takes a swipe at them that is close enough to them to tear Boyle's jacket.

The Entrance to the courtyard is just ahead of them.

BAKER

Hang on!

Baker guns it. Only to see that he is now racing as fast as he can towards Strauss, who appears in the entranceway.

BAKER (cont'd)

Shit!

Baker is forced to turn sharp to avoid running into Strauss. The sudden turn causes Baker to flip his bike, tossing him and Boyle from the wrecked motorbike.

Strauss howls at the SUPER LARGE BLOOD MOON over them. He begins to approach them from the left, Álvarez from the right.

Boyle starts firing his machine gun at Strauss, which causes him to back off. They fire until they're out of bullets.

Álvarez growls at them as he rushes them. However, before he can get there, White Cloud jumps on the werewolf's back.

Álvarez tries to reach for White Cloud, who has the Silver Dagger in his hand. He plunges it into the back of the werewolf's neck.

He continues this until Álvarez drops to one knee. White Cloud stabs the werewolf once more in the chest. Álvarez has just enough strength to run off with the dagger still in him.

He runs a few hundred yards until White Cloud watches him drop and fall to the ground lifeless.

White Cloud checks on Boyle and Baker. He helps them up.

WHITE CLOUD

You alright?

Baker is amazed by what he has just seen.

BAKER

That was the single most badass thing I have ever witnessed.

WHITE CLOUD

Let's go home.

EXT. CASTLE WALLS- CONT'

The men walk outside the castle, thinking they're free.

BAKER
Seriously, the most badass.

WHITE CLOUD
Then you need to New Mexico and visit
the Navajo Nation.

BAKER
Deal.

BOYLE
Hey before you two yanks start
sucking each other's dicks, least I
remind you we're still in the middle
of Nazi fucking Germany?

BAKER
You think anyone else made it?

WHITE CLOUD
Hard to say.

They begin to walk past the frozen lake. Baker is excited to
be going home.

Boyle is looking at the stars trying to gauge their position
and which way to go.

BAKER
Hey Copernicus, you know what you're
doing?

BOYLE
Listen sunshine, I grew up looking at
these stars. Do you see the Big
Dipper right there.

Boyle points to it.

BAKER
Yeah.

BOYLE
Well follow my finger. Just below it,
right there is Polarius, the North
Star. It's the tail of the Little
Dipper.

BAKER
Well all be goddamn. Thank god I got
you here.

Baker looks at Boyle and sees the two glowing YELLOW eyes of the werewolf standing right behind him.

Boyle sees the change in Baker's face.

BOYLE
Bloody hell.

The Werewolf's CLAW comes smashing through Boyle's neck, splashing Baker with his blood.

BAKER
NOOOOOOO!!!

Strauss rips Boyle's head off before throwing it into the dark.

Baker raises up his fists and swings at the Werewolf. He hits him right in the chest without much affect. He fires off three more brutal shots that would knock almost any man down. But the Werewolf stands there amused.

Baker hauls off and hits the werewolf with everything he has. It staggers the giant beast who was not expecting that.

Strauss swipes wildly back at Baker who manages to duck it.

Baker gets off another devastating right cross which again staggers the werewolf.

Baker kicks the werewolf in the gut sending the werewolf to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. WRESTLING ARENA-- NIGHT

And for a second, Baker looks around and sees the crowds from a packed wrestling auditorium. He smiles at them before spitting up a mouth full of blood.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE -- NIGHT

The Werewolf has ripped open Baker's chest.

Baker has that "thousand yard stare".

CUT TO:

INT. WRESTLING ARENA-- NIGHT

Baker going down to the canvas. A REFEREE starts dramatically counting Baker out. One... Two...

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE-- NIGHT

The werewolf is on top of Baker eating his entrails. Baker's eyes are open and looking up at the stars.

CUT TO:

INT. WRESTLING AREA-- NIGHT

Referee's hand comes down for the final time. Three.

EXT. LAKESIDE-- NIGHT

The Werewolf stands over Baker and Boyle and howls loudly.

Then he hit with machine gun fire. It knocks the werewolf down.

White Cloud comes out from the shadows and is firing a machine gun.

He is driving the werewolf back.

The Werewolf looks at White Cloud and angrily roars.

White Cloud runs.

The Werewolf slowly gets up and starts after him.

WHITE CLOUD: running as fast as he can.

He hears Strauss following him.

WHITE CLOUD
Come on you fucker.

White Cloud runs recklessly out onto the ice that covers the frozen lake.

The werewolf stops at the edge of the lake. He growls at White Cloud.

WHITE CLOUD (cont'd)
What's the matter you Nazi chicken
dick?

The Werewolf paces back and forth at the edge of the lake.

White Cloud pulls out Mancuso's pistol and fires off a round at the werewolf, striking him in the shoulder.

WHITE CLOUD (cont'd)
Come and get me! Come and get me!

Strauss has heard enough. He tears off onto the ice coming right at White Cloud who goes further and further out onto the ice.

WHITE CLOUD (cont'd)
That's it. Come on.

The werewolf is right on top of White Cloud who waits for the last moment.

WHITE CLOUD (cont'd)
Surprise.

White Cloud begins firing the remainder of his bullets at the ice covering the lake. Strauss is too far out to turn back.

The bullets crack the ice under the heavy werewolf and Strauss is sent into the cold, black water.

White Cloud looks at the icy hole that Strauss fell through.

A hairy claw comes shooting up through the ice and pulls White Cloud into the water.

They begin twisting and fighting with one another in the icy sludge.

It looks bad for White Cloud.

Then a SILVER tipped cane hits the Werewolf in the head. The blow is enough for Strauss to let White Cloud go. He turns to see ARCHER and PERKINS on the ice standing over them.

Archer sends another devastating blow down on Strauss that splits the Werewolf's skull in two, burying the silver tip in his skull.

Strauss slips under the water. Archer and Perkins immediately help White Cloud out of the water.

ARCHER

Hey mate, let's get you something warm to put on.

White Cloud picks the broken cane up off the ground and hands it back to Boyle as they walk off the ice.

WHITE CLOUD

What was that you used?

ARCHER

Silver tipped cane.

WHITE CLOUD

Nice.

ARCHER

Speaking of which. How much money have you got on you?

CUT TO:

INT. BIG BAD TAVERN-- DAWN

Caterina is singing an old German Beer Hall Song, as Karl sits sipping his beer with a tear in his eye.

Suddenly he straightens up when he hears the Innkeeper and his Wife are arguing about nothing.

INNKEEPER (O.S.)

If she said she was going to get the letter for me, she should have gotten the letter for me.

INNKEEPER'S WIFE (O.S.)

She forgot it. Let it go.

INNKEEPER (O.S.)

Sure, when it's my mail, it's easy to forget. Anyone else, I guarantee she brings that letter...

A filthy haggard looking White Cloud, Archer and Perkins open the door.

White Cloud is holding the bag of money that Tyler had brought with him.

KARL

Ah, you made it back. I was worried what I might do if you hadn't. Do you have my cane?

CATERINA
Yah, where's his cane?

BOYLE
About that cane.

He hands the broken handle back to Karl who looks at it like it was a child he had just lost.

BOYLE (cont'd)
I'm sorry. But it couldn't be helped.

WHITE CLOUD
How much do you recon it was worth?

Karl looks at White Cloud.

KARL
A lot.

White Cloud throws the bag of money on the table.

Karl opens it.

WHITE CLOUD
Surprise. You just won the Werewolf Games.

CREDITS ROLL

POST CREDITS

TITLE CARD:

TEN YEARS LATER

INT. OFFICE BUILDING- DAY

It's a busy office building with dozens of people in conservative business attire.

SUBTITLE:

AMERICA, CIA HEADQUARTERS

LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

A MAN is carrying a MANILA FOLDER to an office. An OLDER MAN behind the desk is on a phone.

He motions for the folder to be left on his desk and then excuses the messenger.

Once alone, the CIA MAN immediately opens the folder.

CIA MAN
(into phone)
Yeah, it just came in.

The CIA MAN looks at "old" photos of Strauss, White Cloud, Baker and others taken from the game.

There's also a map in the folder. The CIA MAN unfolds it and looks at it. It's a map of South America.

We see that the country of ARGENTINA is circled.

CIA MAN (cont'd)
(into phone)
Looks like we know where the next one
is going to be.

