

"THE BUNKER"

by

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Final purchase draft - June 2000

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It's merely the span of a single lifetime  
since hell was last visited upon the earth ...

"THE BUNKER"

PROLOGUE:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM - JUNE 1944

An unfinished section of tunnel carved through bare earth, braced with pit-props and shored with timber. Rubble and wood and construction equipment are scattered around.

Dim work-lights are strung along the roof, but barely illuminate the scene. An emergency generator CLATTERS away somewhere in the b.g.

At the junction of a dark side-tunnel, two Organisation Todt guards -- a SERGEANT and a CORPORAL -- are working furiously. HAMMERING huge lengths of timber across the mouth of the side-tunnel, gradually sealing it off.

Their noses and mouths are masked against the dust by grimy cotton scarves, but their unease is plain to see.

As they continue working, an O.T. PRIVATE emerges from the gloom of the main tunnel, jogging towards them. He slows to a halt as he joins his two comrades, and begins to quickly fill them in.

PRIVATE

That's the last of them. Everybody else is out.

The Sergeant glances around at the Private, but doesn't stop working.

SERGEANT

Put a face mask on, you idiot!

But the young Private seems impatient and cavalier. He ignores the comment and simply wipes the sweat from his neck, gesturing curiously at the side-tunnel:

PRIVATE

Look, when do we find out the big secret? What's the panic? What're we supposed to be afraid of?

The other two exchange a glance.

CORPORAL

Never you mind! Just give us a hand to finish up. Quick!

The Private joins in reluctantly, and they hoist another thick plank into place, holding it in position while the Corporal HAMMERS a nail through one end.

A CREAK -- and dust begins to spill from the roof. The Corporal carries on regardless, NAILING the other end.

But the Private is still inquisitive.

PRIVATE

Nobody out there's got a clue  
what's going on. Why're we doing  
this?

SERGEANT

Because we've been ordered to!  
Isn't that enough for you?

Another plank is lifted into place, and the barricade is nearing completion...

... then the distant CLATTER of the generator falters.

The lights dim -- then brighten again as the generator returns to its previous steady rhythm.

The two NCO's FREEZE -- holding their breath -- looking at each other with speechless expectation.

The generator SPLUTTERS again -- terminally, this time.

They let go of the plank, and it CRASHES to the floor.

Scrabbling for their torches, starting to panic. The Private watching bemused as the other two CURSE under their breath.

The Generator NOISE is now on a rapid downward curve, slowing and dying. The lights are going with it...

... and a solid, shocking blackness drops on them with sudden SILENCE.

Their torches are on but the beams are feeble, struggling to penetrate the darkness. The Sergeant can't help himself:

SERGEANT (cont'd)

Oh, Christ!

His voice ECHOES away into the darkness.

PRIVATE

The generator's just out of petrol.  
What's so --

CORPORAL

Shhh!

A pause ...

... then, from the side-tunnel, comes a new noise: A faint SCUFFLING sound.

They automatically shine their torches at the barricade, their fear tangible now -- affecting even the young Private, whose cocky expression of disdain is rapidly dropping from his face. The Sergeant's voice is tight:

SERGEANT

It's happening! Just like they said!

PRIVATE

What is it? Is someone in there?

But the other two are already backing away along the tunnel in horrified disbelief.

The Private begins to follow after them, his nervousness growing by the second... the SCUFFLING getting LOUDER...

PRIVATE (cont'd)

For God's sake, what is it? What's in there?

But the other two turn and RUN.

... LOUDER STILL...!

And as his composure finally crumbles and he RUNS after them, the Private looks BACK over his shoulder one last time -- his face now betraying an expression of sheer terror...

CUT TO BLACK:

FRONT TITLES

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - GERMAN BORDER, DECEMBER 1944 - DAY

Densely packed pine trees in all directions. Snowflakes flutter down silently from a steel-grey sky.

A German Army supply lorry crawls along a dirt road which winds through the forest, engine racing and wheels spinning as it slithers through the river of mud churned up by a hundred tanks and vehicles long gone.

Accompanying it are a score of infantry, breath pluming in the frosty air. Some trudge alongside the lorry, offering a shoulder occasionally to straighten it as it fishtails through the slush. The remainder follow twenty yards behind.

Each is sagging under the weight of helmet, equipment and sodden greatcoat.

Their uniforms mark them as regular army -- but their coats carry the black and silver cuff-bands of an 'elite' division.

ENGELS, heading up the group of stragglers, reaches into his bread-bag and pulls out a half-eaten bar of chocolate. He pops a piece into his mouth, and chomps it wearily.

Following in his wake are EBERT, SCHENKE, KREUZMANN, BAUMANN, HEYDRICH, unit medic FRANKE, and C.O., LT. KRUPP. We'll get to know each of them soon enough. Two or three others make up the numbers -- but our group of eight are the main players for now.

ENGELS

They'll be heading on to Brussels  
without us, at this rate.

Ebert, moving with a lithe, cat-like alertness despite his tiredness, throws Engels an idle sideways glance.

EBERT

What's your hurry?

SCHENKE

(a snort, butting in)  
Well, it's not to win any medals,  
that's for sure.

Engels ignores Schenke's comment, and responds to Ebert's question.

ENGELS

What's the hurry? Have a guess.

EBERT

(bored)  
The women.

ENGELS

God, no! They're like French women  
- coarse hair and wide-pored skin.  
Next guess.

Heydrich -- older than the rest, a veteran -- chips in.

HEYDRICH

Surely not the booze?

ENGELS

(shaking head)  
Nah! Cat's piss, all of it.  
(to them all)  
Any more?

Engels looks around -- but nobody else is interested except Kreuzmann, who is looking to him eagerly for the answer. Engels glances around once more, then sighs in defeat.

ENGELS (cont'd)

Only two good things ever came out  
of Belgium: one's the road to  
Germany, and the other...

Engels snaps off a chunk of chocolate, and tosses it back to  
Kreuzmann with a wink and a warm smile. Kreuzmann quickly  
tears off the remaining wrapper with nervy fingers.

KREUZMANN

Chocolate!

Engels cocks his head appreciatively.

ENGELS

Got it. You can say what you like,  
but they make damned good --

A bullet SMACKS into Engels' throat, blowing a chunk out of  
his neck as it exits. The distant RIFLE SHOT follows a  
second behind.

Almost simultaneously, a demolition charge EXPLODES under the  
lorry ahead, taking the legs off the accompanying troops.  
The front end of the vehicle HEAVES into the air and CRASHES  
back down in a smoking ruin.

The group SCATTER as a hail of SNIPER FIRE rains down:

Heydrich catches a bullet in the leg, and he and Ebert head  
forward and left off the road; Baumann takes a gully several  
yard back, also to the left; Schenke, Kreuzmann, Krupp and  
Franke dive right. The rest take cover as best they can.

Engels, paralysed, drops to his knees in the mud. Hands at  
his throat stemming the stream of blood. Jaw working to  
speak, but only producing GURGLES. He's HIT again, in the  
shoulder, but still remains upright.

KREUZMANN

(a scream)

Get him out of there!

But all attention is focussed forward as the rest of the unit  
swing into action in unison, settling behind cover to return  
FIRE with well-practised precision. With bullets SPITTING  
down all around, it's all they can do to stay put.

... while their legless, dying comrades SCREAM in the b.g.

HEYDRICH & EBERT

snuggle into cover across the road, Heydrich dragging his  
injured leg painfully.

Shock and confusion showing on their pale faces.

EBERT  
How bad's the leg?

Heydrich simply shakes his head, more concerned about Engels, who's still propped up on his knees in the kill-zone.

HEYDRICH  
We need to give Engels some covering fire - see if someone can get to him.

EBERT  
Angle's wrong from here. Sniper-fire's coming from up left somewhere.

HEYDRICH  
What about retreating to that gully back there ...?

Someone BURSTS through the bushes suddenly behind them -- and their guns are half turned in response before they realise it's Baumann.

BAUMANN  
We've got to move! They're coming up from behind.

Ebert looks around, alert.

EBERT  
I don't see any --

BAUMANN  
I tell you they're coming. It's a trap!

Heydrich and Ebert cast a concerned glance over at their stricken comrade -- then Ebert makes a hasty decision.

EBERT  
Alright. Let's find cover forward.

They jump to it and move forward through the trees, rifles pointed in readiness, Heydrich limping along as best he can.

But they've barely gone ten yards before a MACHINE GUN opens up from somewhere front right, bullets CHOPPING into the tree trunks all around them -- forcing them back.

EBERT (cont'd)  
Shit!!

Baumann and Ebert run for cover -- but Heydrich trips...

As bullets KICK into the snow around him, Heydrich SHOUTS for help involuntarily...

ENGELS

Slumped in the kill-zone, Engels is on automatic pilot. Despite his appalling injuries his free hand struggles to open the flap on his holster, to get to his P.38.

He just manages it when two more bullets CHOP into him, smashing into arm and abdomen.

He slumps back on his haunches with a gurgled MOAN -- but, miraculously, still stays upright.

KREUZMANN, SCHENKE, KRUPP AND FRANKE

huddle deeper behind cover as a sustained FUSILLADE of shots rains down upon them suddenly.

SCHENKE

Christ!!

Kreuzmann is making no attempt to return fire, simply staring impotently at Engels, who has somehow summoned the strength to shuffle around towards them, vainly trying to inch his way to cover.

Franke, meanwhile -- his helmet bearing the red cross of a field medic -- averts his eyes so as not to look upon the man he cannot help.

Lieutenant Krupp is looking around for options.

KRUPP

We're dead if we stay here!

(a shout)

Heydrich! Baumann!?

No reply.

SCHENKE

Where are they?

The sniper fire abates momentarily. But then something small, ovoid and black sails gracefully out of the trees towards them, SPLASHING heavily into the mud beside Engels.

SCHENKE (cont'd)

(a shout)

Grenade!!

Schenke, Krupp and Franke hit the dirt -- but Kreuzmann is frozen in horror, his eyes locked with those of Engels.

The grenade EXPLODES with a sharp, shattering blast, taking Engels with it.

And Kreuzmann is caught in the shockwave...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - ELSEWHERE - DUSK

Silence.

A forest clearing. It's later. Darker. Dusk is falling with the snow. A few brief moments of perfect stillness in the picture-postcard scene, far away from the action.

Not even the distant thud of gunfire any longer.

Then Ebert, Heydrich and Baumann stumble through the trees.

Ebert scans the forest ahead with exhausted eyes, his rifle held ready at his side -- his free arm supporting the accident-prone Heydrich. Heydrich's leg, by now, is soaked with crusted blood. His face is creased with pain, but still he keeps watch left and right, pistol in hand.

Baumann brings up the rear. He's edgy, scanning the trees behind them with rifle aimed.

A few more steps, and Ebert pauses to catch his breath. He whispers, just loud enough for Baumann to hear.

EBERT

Wait a minute.

Baumann crouches and waits, still covering the rear.

Untangling himself from Heydrich, Ebert creeps forward and takes up position beside a tree several yards away, studying the forest ahead through field-glasses.

After a moment, he lowers the binoculars triumphantly.

EBERT (cont'd)

Bunker!

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTI-TANK BUNKER 'FRIEDA' - DUSK

CLOSE -- as the steel-shutter of a narrow observation loop-hole SLIDES open suddenly. A glint of eyes in the darkness beyond.

Three metres to the left, in a second loophole sunk into the camouflaged concrete face of the bunker, the twin barrels of a combined anti-tank cannon/machine gun swivel into action, taking aim.

There is the heavy metallic CLICK-CLACK of a gun being cocked. A muffled voice SHOUTS from inside ...

MIRUS (O.S.)  
Stay where you are!

... and Ebert's distant voice replies from off-screen:

EBERT (O.S.)  
Don't shoot! Comrade!

WIDER -- down a shallow snow-covered slope, on a frozen dirt-road which dog-legs through rows of concrete tank-traps, the three approaching soldiers stop dead in their tracks.

Ebert waves his rifle wearily, a dirty white handkerchief tied to the barrel. He calls again, cautious:

EBERT (cont'd)  
We're coming in. Alright?

No reply from the bunker.

Ebert sets off again anyway, half-dragging Heydrich up the slope. Baumann follows a few paces to the rear, still watching the trees behind them.

The barrels of the guns follow them from the bunker as they approach.

#### SIDE AND REAR OF BUNKER

The huge bunker is sunk into the tree-covered hillside. The three soldiers make their way up the slope and along the side wall, stumbling occasionally in the snow, or on the hidden ropes of the camouflage netting.

At the rear, a deep trench leads to the entrance: this is overlooked by another loophole in the wall of the Entrance Defence Room. As they struggle down the crude steps into the trench, the steel shutter of this loophole GRATES open to watch them.

Ebert arrives first at the heavy steel door, and kicks it.

EBERT (cont'd)  
Open up, dammit!

For a moment the three of them wait in silence and stillness, Ebert looking up at the lettering moulded into the concrete above the door. It reads 'FRIEDA'.

Sound of bolts SLAMMING back, and the door swings open.

Ebert stands aside to let Heydrich hobble through first.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - ENTRANCE PASSAGE - DUSK

Heydrich is barely inside before he is PUSHED roughly against the wall, a pistol at his throat.

HEYDRICH

Hey! What the...?

And everybody FREEZES.

Heydrich is staring back into the face of another German soldier -- a reserve Volksgrenadier. This is MIRUS, an old man with crazy eyes and a crazy demeanour. An old, livid wound is visible on his forehead -- and he looks ill.

MIRUS

(to Heydrich)

Who are you?

He rips open Heydrich's collar, checking his dog-tag.

MIRUS (cont'd)

Let me hear you speak.

HEYDRICH

Heydrich. 13th Panzergrenadiers.

EBERT

Let him go, old man!

MIRUS

(to Baumann)

You! Say something. Why are you here?

BAUMANN

We were ambushed. Now take it easy!

MIRUS

Ambushed?

HEYDRICH

It's a bit late to be asking questions, Private. Put the gun down.

Mirus blinks, his eyes slowly losing their crazy gleam.

HEYDRICH (cont'd)

The gun!

Mirus finally backs off. Everybody BREATHES again. Heydrich rubs his throat, cursing silently.

As if his mind has suddenly changed gear, Mirus looks at the other three soldiers as if seeing them for the first time. He stokes his old head wound unconsciously.

MIRUS

I'm sorry...

The others look at him warily, unsettled by his radical change in temperament.

MIRUS (cont'd)

We were warned, you see. About enemy infiltration units.

EBERT

If you weren't sure about us you should never have opened the door.

Ebert SLAMS and bolts the door behind them.

(They're in a short, T-shaped passage: To their right, a small flight of steps leads down to another steel door; to the left, the Gas Lock which leads deeper into the bunker)

Mirus shuffles sheepishly for a second, embarrassed at his behaviour, then gestures for them to follow.

MIRUS

This way.

Mirus leads them through the

GAS LOCK

MIRUS (cont'd)

What happened to you, again?

... then turns right through the gas-proof doors into the

MAIN CORRIDOR

EBERT

Ambush. Americans.

Doors in each wall of the corridor lead to the Generator Room and the Crew Room. Straight ahead is the door to the Gun Room. Peering around it curiously is a 2nd Volksgrenadier. This is NEUMANN; young, almost a boy. Mirus snaps at him:

MIRUS

Keep watching the front!

Neumann disappears out of sight as Mirus leads the others right again, into the --

CREW ROOM

Bunks. Lockers. Pin-ups. Military mottoes painted on the walls. Small stove. Emergency Escape. A Christmas tree -- with an ironic cardboard SWASTIKA on top instead of an angel.

The three newcomers slump down onto the bunks near the stove. A bit of warmth and comfort. The relief spreads across their faces -- but this only accentuates their pain and exhaustion.

Heydrich stretches out his injured leg.

HEYDRICH

Ahhh!! Shit!

Meanwhile, Mirus hovers nervously, occasionally coughing.

MIRUS

How far away did all this happen?  
The ambush?

EBERT

Three, four kilometres.

MIRUS

But the front-line is supposed to  
be thirty-odd kilometres away.

HEYDRICH

That's what we thought.

One by one, they light up cigarettes.

EBERT

God knows what the Yanks were doing  
there. Probably don't even know  
themselves.

Baumann is studying Mirus's reaction:

BAUMANN

They might be coming this way.

Mirus turns pale. He looks at the other two for confirmation.

MIRUS

Will they?

EBERT

Maybe. They were behind us for a  
while, back there. All they have  
to do is follow our tracks in the  
snow.

BAUMANN  
(to Mirus)  
How many men do you have?

Mirus nervously strokes the wound on his forehead.

MIRUS  
Just one.

The three newcomers stiffen, alert. The relaxation drains from their faces, to be replaced once more by tension.

HEYDRICH  
You mean that kid?

MIRUS  
Everybody else was sent forward.  
They even took our supplies.

EBERT  
Christ!

HEYDRICH  
Is it like this all along the line,  
now? Just Reserves?

MIRUS  
I don't know. I think so.  
(defensive)  
There's not supposed to be any  
fighting here!

BAUMANN  
Someone forgot to tell the Yanks.

EBERT  
(to Mirus)  
You'd better get onto Area Command.

Mirus turns to leave, fretting. Ebert calls after him.

EBERT (cont'd)  
What was it you said before, about  
infiltration units?

MIRUS  
Americans in German uniform.  
Sometimes they --

EBERT  
We know what they are. What about  
them?

MIRUS  
We were just told to be on the  
lookout for them.

EBERT

Well, don't shoot at anyone until you know who it is. There may be others coming, from our unit.

Mirus nods and exits. Ebert snorts derisively.

EBERT (cont'd)

I don't believe it! Kids and sick, crazy old men left in charge.

HEYDRICH

That's what it's come to, alright.

A moment of brooding silence. Heydrich gets out his first-aid kit and sees to his leg.

Ebert gets up and smells the coffee pot on the stove. Ersatz! He pulls a sour face, but pours a mug-full anyway; passes it around. Baumann continues where they'd left off.

BAUMANN

So, if the Yanks attack again, it'll be up to us.

EBERT

They won't necessarily come after us. They might have other priorities.

But he doesn't sound as if he quite believes it. And it's clear from their faces that nor do Heydrich and Baumann.

Ebert stares for a moment into his coffee mug -- then raises it in a tired, ironic toast:

EBERT (cont'd)

Well. Happy Christmas!

Sudden SHOUT from the Gun Room:

MIRUS (O.S.)

Someone's coming!

CUT TO:

EBERT'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

A small group of German soldiers flit cautiously between the trees, at the bottom of the slope overlooked by the bunker. Three, maybe four of them.

EBERT (O.S.)

Ours, alright. What's left of them.

BAUMANN (O.S.)  
Can I see?

CUT TO:

INT. GUN ROOM - DUSK

Ebert is peering out through the loophole. He passes the binoculars to Baumann, then turns to Neumann at the gun.

EBERT  
What's your name?

NEUMANN  
Neumann, sir.

Ebert looks around: (The room is dim -- lights out because the loophole cover is open) 4.7 cm cannon/machine gun; ammo boxes; door to the Ammunition Room; not much else.

In the b.g., Mirus is on the wall-mounted field-telephone, AD-LIBBING terse, monosyllabic comments and replies.

Heydrich is leaning expectantly in the doorway.

Ebert turns back to Neumann and indicates the huge gun;

EBERT  
Are you alright with this?

Neumann nods with a hint of defiance;

NEUMANN  
I used to be on a Flak unit.

Ebert is quiet for a moment, looking sadly at this over-confident kid who should be back at home with his family.

He gestures at Mirus and continues;

EBERT  
Did he explain to you what's going on? What's his name?

NEUMANN  
Mirus. Yes, sir.

EBERT  
Alright. Keep the gun trained on the trees. Just in case.

Neumann nods.

EBERT (cont'd)  
This isn't like shooting at planes. If you have to fire, use short bursts.

Another dismissive, slightly annoyed nod, and Neumann puts his eye back to the gunsight.

Mirus hangs up the phone. He's even more agitated, now.

MIRUS

They just said to let them know of any developments. That's all!

EBERT

(ironic)

Great!

Sound of indistinct SHOUTING from outside.

BAUMANN

They're out of the trees. Coming in.

BAUMANN'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

The four soldiers are now dodging between the concrete tank-traps, waving towards the bunker. One of them is being helped along by the others.

BAUMANN (O.S.) (cont'd)

Krupp; Schenke; Franke. Can't see who they're dragging. Is it Kreuzmann?

BACK TO SCENE

EBERT

Call out to them.

Baumann opens his mouth to shout through the loophole...

GUNFIRE bursts from the distant trees.

Baumann and Ebert instinctively duck, grabbing their rifles.

BAUMANN

Shit!!

Mirus scrambles back to the gun. Pushes Neumann out of the way. Takes over.

Baumann works the bolt on his rifle.

Aims through the loophole.

FIRES towards the trees.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER - DUSK

Panic!

The four newcomers are yelling incoherently as they scramble up the icy slope, under fire from an unseen enemy.

SHOTS are coming from the trees. KICKING into the snow around them. PRANGING off the concrete tank-traps. They're in the open -- sitting ducks!

Franke is dragging the injured Kreuzmann. Krupp is pushing them along with one hand and FIRING blindly towards the trees with the other. Schenke brings up the rear, laying down a covering fire as he backs up the slope.

On their faces is the fear of God.

Schenke is HIT. He shouts involuntarily and stumbles; but a second later he is up again, still firing.

A bullet CLANGS against the side of Franke's helmet.

He shouts a string of incoherent CURSES.

All this happens in the space of six seconds.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - GUN ROOM - DUSK

Baumann squeezes off another SHOT. Ebert SHOUTS at Mirus;

EBERT

What the hell are you waiting for?

MIRUS

I can't see the enemy!

EBERT

Just fire!

The machine gun EXPLODES into action. The NOISE within the confined concrete space is incredible.

Baumann FIRES again, finishing his clip.  
Pulls away from the loophole.  
Ebert takes his place instantly, firing.

Neumann breaks open a new ammo belt for the gun.  
Heydrich finishes loading shells into a rifle magazine.  
Tosses it to Baumann.

EBERT (cont'd)

They're coming around the side!

Baumann SLAMS the clip into his rifle.

BAUMANN

I'm alright here. Go!

Ebert pulls away from the loophole and Baumann smoothly takes his place, FIRING immediately.

Heydrich catches on straight away.  
Follows Ebert out of the room.

MAIN CORRIDOR AND GAS LOCK

Ebert races for the rear. Heydrich hobbles behind him.

HEYDRICH

I'll get the door.

They pile into the Gas Lock. Ebert branches off right.  
Heydrich goes left, around the dog-leg to the main door.

ENTRANCE DEFENCE ROOM

A small, bare, cramped room. Loophole in the outer wall.

Ebert is at the loophole in an instant. Checks outside.  
SHOUTS through to Heydrich:

EBERT

Clear!

ENTRANCE PASSAGE

Heydrich pulls open the door just in time for the new arrivals to SPILL inside, almost falling over each other.

He SLAMS the door shut behind them.

They collapse against the wall and sink to the floor. For a few moments they say nothing, catching their breath and gradually realising they're still alive.

Franke leans back with his eyes closed, pale and trembling, and hugging his steel helmet to his chest.

Lieutenant Krupp wipes his face with a handkerchief -- and looks uneasily around the cramped space, pulling open his collar.

The MUFFLED SHOOTING continues in the b.g.

Heydrich takes a look at Kreuzmann, who is semi-conscious and obviously in the worst condition.

HEYDRICH

What happened to the others?

Schenke struggles back to his feet painfully.

SCHENKE  
Take a wild guess!

KRUPP  
(to Heydrich)  
Who else is here?

HEYDRICH  
Ebert and Baumann.

Schenke starts to CHUCKLE ironically, but it emerges as a breathless cough. He looks at his wounded side -- then suddenly KICKS the wall in a violent, cathartic release of tension.

CUT TO:

INT. GUN ROOM - DUSK

The machine gun is still BOOMING. The air is thick with cordite smoke. Baumann is trying to shout over the noise.

The gun stops momentarily.

BAUMANN  
... enough! Hold fire!

Another short BURST, and the gun stops again. Empty shells RATTLE down the collection tube.

Sudden, complete silence.

Mirus is glued, rigid, to the gunsight of the machine gun. Baumann cautiously peeks through the loophole.

BAUMANN (cont'd)  
That might hold them for a while.

Krupp enters and takes in the scene. He throws a glance at Baumann, then addresses Mirus.

KRUPP  
Are you in charge here?

Mirus and Neumann straighten to attention.

MIRUS  
Yes, sir.

Krupp heads immediately for the loophole, and Baumann steps aside to give him access. He turns for the door, but Krupp calls him back:

KRUPP  
Baumann!

Baumann stops where he is and waits patiently, whilst Krupp studies the scene outside.

KRUPP (cont'd)  
(to Mirus)  
You've been on to Area Command?

MIRUS  
Yes sir.

KRUPP  
That covering fire was bloody late.  
Who was on the gun?

Mirus hesitates momentarily -- coughing.

MIRUS  
I was, sir.

Krupp turns away from the loophole and looks Mirus up and down, taking in his Volksgrenadier uniform, and noticing for the first time how sick he appears.

KRUPP  
Jesus! You look worse than us.

Mirus says nothing, waiting for his telling-off. Neumann, too is expectant -- but Krupp leaves it hanging in the air.

KRUPP (cont'd)  
What other covering fire is there,  
apart from this?

MIRUS  
There's a machine gun nest across  
the pass, sir. -- But nobody to man  
it.

Krupp nods to himself.

KRUPP  
Alright. I'll talk to Area Command  
again. In the meantime, if  
anything moves out there, shoot.  
Instantly!

Mirus SNAPS his heels, relieved.

MIRUS  
Yes, sir!

He turns back to the gunsight -- whilst Neumann's face betrays a momentary disappointment and irritation that Mirus is off the hook.

Meanwhile, Krupp half-turns to Baumann.

KRUPP

How long ago did you get here?

BAUMANN

Just a few minutes before you did.

A pregnant pause.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

We looked for you.

Krupp turns away again without reply.

He looks around the smoky room and suddenly seems short of breath. Face close to the loophole for air, he tugs at his collar claustrophobically, and barks an order.

KRUPP

Someone turn on the vents.

CUT TO:

INT. CREW ROOM - DUSK

Kreuzmann is helped onto one of the bunks by Franke and Schenke, Heydrich following behind with his kit. Having let go of Kreuzmann, Schenke slumps onto the next bunk, looking down again at his bleeding side. He's still steamed.

SCHENKE

Bastards! Behind us all the shitting way. Don't they know when to quit?

FRANKE

Let me see it.

Franke tries to look at his wound, but Schenke shrugs him off angrily, gesturing at Kreuzmann:

SCHENKE

Just get on with pampering him!

Heydrich is still settling Kreuzmann.

HEYDRICH

(calmly)

He's hurt, Schenke. And he lost his friend back there.

Schenke isn't impressed, but drops the subject. Franke takes over the tending of Kreuzmann, and Heydrich hobbles over to a bunk at the other side of the room.

Schenke eases himself back against the wall, taking deep breaths to calm himself and control the pain -- an Iron Cross 2nd class glinting visibly on his tunic.

Then he rests momentarily, eying Heydrich.

SCHENKE  
How many do you think, out there?

HEYDRICH  
Who knows? Enough, anyway.

SCHENKE  
I reckon two or three snipers and a machine gun each side of the road. Plus maybe a couple on demolition.

HEYDRICH  
(shaking head)  
More than that.

SCHENKE  
If we hadn't split up, we could've fought it out.

HEYDRICH  
(impatient)  
And got ourselves killed.

SCHENKE  
It was ten or twelve men at most.

HEYDRICH  
Yes, and God knows how many more coming up from behind.

SCHENKE  
(surprised)  
What do you mean? You saw others?

HEYDRICH  
I didn't see them, no, but --

SCHENKE  
Then who says?

Heydrich shakes his head dismissively, annoyed that he'd allowed himself to be drawn into an argument.

HEYDRICH  
(weary)  
Don't start, Schenke.

Schenke glances over at Franke momentarily, intrigued -- then leans forward eagerly.

SCHENKE  
We pulled back without bumping into anyone else. How do you think we got out of there!?  
(a pause)  
(MORE)

So. Who re-~~SCHENKE~~ SCHENKE saw all these  
other Yanks?

Heydrich remains silent -- and Schenke suddenly becomes aware that Baumann is standing in the doorway, listening.

Baumann and Schenke glare at each other for a moment -- then Schenke SNIGGERS, shaking his head contemptuously.

Baumann stands his ground defiantly.

BAUMANN

Krupp wants you up front.

Schenke takes a small container from his pocket, shakes a pill into his hand, and tosses it into his mouth.

Then he gets to his feet and strolls to the door -- pausing just long enough to glare once more into Baumann's eyes -- pointedly and childishly polishing his Iron Cross with his cuff -- as if to emphasis that Baumann doesn't have one.

And with that, Schenke exits.

HEYDRICH

(after a moment)

Little bastard!

Baumann changes the subject.

BAUMANN

We're going to siege conditions.  
Krupp wants you to organise a rota,  
three-hour shifts.

Heydrich nods, gets up, and departs without further comment.

The shocked and injured Kreuzmann meanwhile, who has remained semi-conscious throughout, is slowly coming to his senses. Still groggy, he struggles to focus on Franke and Baumann.

KREUZMANN

(after a moment)

Did ... Engels make it?

FRANKE

(gently)

No.

He's momentarily confused -- then anguish creases his face, as if the memories of what had happened suddenly flood back.

FRANKE (cont'd)

It's alright. We're safe, now.

Baumann watches as tears drip silently from Kreuzmann's eyes. Uncomfortable, he, too, departs.

Left alone with Kreuzmann, Franke struggles to find words of comfort.

FRANKE (cont'd)  
I... couldn't have got to him,  
Kreuzmann. I'm sorry.

KREUZMANN  
Nobody tried to help him. Not even  
me.

Franke doesn't know what else to say. Instead, he slumps back and blows out a weary sigh.

Kreuzmann composes himself slightly after a few moments.

KREUZMANN (cont'd)  
Where is this place?

FRANKE  
(a shrug)  
Just an anti-tank bunker.

Kreuzmann shivers momentarily, suddenly chilled. He glances around the room, as if sensing something...

KREUZMANN  
It's not safe here.

But Franke is no longer listening; he's studying the fresh bullet-dent on the side of his steel helmet introspectively, as if dwelling on the close-shave.

So Kreuzmann turns his attention again to his surroundings -- his gaze finally settling on the square steel hatch leading to the bunker's Emergency Escape shaft...

CUT TO:

INT. GUN ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness, except for the faint diffused moonlight filtering in through the loophole at which Schenke is keeping watch.

Mirus and Neumann are manning the cannon, while Baumann, Ebert and Heydrich wait expectantly just inside the doorway.

Krupp, meanwhile, is on the field telephone:

KRUPP  
... but the situation's approaching  
critical. -- No, we don't know that  
for sure. -- Yes. -- Yes, alright.

He puts down the receiver, exasperated, and turns to the group.

KRUPP (cont'd)

All units are up at the front. No reinforcements available. We're to hold until relieved.

EBERT

Hold with what?

KRUPP

I doubt they'll attack the bunker. They don't know we're low on ammo, and this time they don't have the element of surprise.

EBERT

They don't need it if there's an armoured column heading straight for us.

Krupp glares at him, flustered and annoyed. There are clearly still tensions between the two surviving halves of the group.

KRUPP

And where's this armoured column coming from?

EBERT

The same place they did! We don't know what's going on at the front line.

KRUPP

Command think it's either an infiltration unit or an isolated pocket of resistance.

SCHENKE

And what do you think about that, Baumann?

Baumann ignores the mocking tone of Schenke's voice.

BAUMANN

I think there's a lot more out there than we realise.

SCHENKE

Well, that's your story, anyway.

HEYDRICH

Leave it, Schenke. You don't know what you're talking about --

BAUMANN

Don't make excuses for me. Not to him!

There's a second of icy tension -- then Ebert picks up where the conversation left off.

EBERT

Either way, they must've spotted we've no covering fire across the pass. And now that it's dark there's nothing to stop them surrounding the bunker.

SCHENKE

So what? They won't get in -- unless one of you plans on opening the door for them.

HEYDRICH

(to Krupp)  
Ebert's right. And despite having Superman here on our side...  
(a gesture at Schenke)  
... without ammo, we can't stop them.

KRUPP

And I say they won't attack.

EBERT

Why? Because it's Christmas Eve?

Krupp opens his mouth to argue, but Heydrich interrupts:

HEYDRICH

Lieutenant, you saw the way they came after us. They're not just doing their job - they're trying to be heroes.

He holds out his sleeve, indicating the black, silver-lettered divisional insignia which they all wear.

HEYDRICH (cont'd)

And if they do get in, they won't be taking any prisoners.

There is a moment of reflective silence which temporarily humbles the group. Finally, Ebert again raises his original point.

EBERT

So. With the bunker surrounded, what options do we have when the ammo runs out?

Neumann glances at Mirus, expecting him to say something, but the old man is keeping quiet. He then looks at Schenke, and summons up the courage to speak himself:

NEUMANN

There's always the tunnels.

Everybody looks at him.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE PASSAGE &amp; ACCESS TUNNEL - NIGHT

Ebert DRAGS open the bolts of a steel door.

Schenke, Heydrich, Krupp, Neumann and Mirus are crowded behind him, on the short flight of steps running down from the entrance passage which we glimpsed earlier.

Ebert shoves the door open eagerly and shines his torch into the narrow Access Tunnel beyond: about ten metres long; concrete walls; another steel door at the other end.

NEUMANN

There. Through that other door.

EBERT

And what's in there?

Neumann shrugs and glances at Mirus, who answers reluctantly.

MIRUS

Only rats.

HEYDRICH

Jesus, don't tell Kreuzmann.

EBERT

(to Mirus)

I meant, what are they for?

MIRUS

Munitions storage, I think. But they were never finished.

EBERT

Why?

MIRUS

(a shrug)

I don't know. Too many cave-ins, maybe. They're not safe.

EBERT

But you've been in.

Mirus is curiously uncomfortable.

MIRUS

Not very far.

NEUMANN

They must go right under the woods.  
There's a main entrance at the  
other side of the hill. I've seen  
it from the outside.

SCHENKE

Were they ever used? Could there  
still be ammunition stored in  
there?

MIRUS

I haven't been in that far. I told  
you, it's not safe.

EBERT

Why don't we take a look?

Ebert starts in, his curiosity clearly aroused -- but Krupp  
calls him back impatiently.

KRUPP

No.

SCHENKE

But if there's the possibility of --

KRUPP

(interrupting)

We were told to stay put. Unless  
something happens, we'll do as  
we're ordered.

(to Mirus and Schenke)

And you're both still on watch, in  
case you'd forgotten.

Krupp shoos Mirus and Schenke back towards the Gun Room and  
follows after them, calling out to Ebert as he goes:

KRUPP (cont'd)

And make sure that door's closed!

Ebert waits until Krupp has gone, then whispers to Heydrich:

EBERT

I could just have a quick look.

HEYDRICH

You heard the Lieutenant.

EBERT

Yeah, I heard him. He's getting  
jumpy.

HEYDRICH

Well, it's not every day two-thirds  
of the unit gets wiped out in one  
go.

(a pause)

And look at the group he's been  
left with.

Ebert ignores the comment with a shrug, pulling closed the  
Access Tunnel door.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE DEFENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Baumann is on watch, alone. He's cold, bored, and exhausted.  
He glances out through the loophole momentarily.

BAUMANN'S POV

The bunker entrance is visible in the diffuse moonlight.  
All is quiet. As Ebert had done earlier, he focusses for a  
moment on the name moulded above the steel door.

BACK TO SCENE

Moving aside from the loophole, he fishes in his tunic for a  
cigarette. Lights it with a wind-proof lighter.

He then takes out his wallet. Folded inside is a dog-eared  
PHOTOGRAPH, which he holds in the glow from the lighter: It  
shows a young woman, cradling a cat in her arms.

He studies the photo, thinking, and the tough face of the  
soldier softens for a second.

Franke enters and catches sight of the photo before Baumann  
SNAPS the lighter shut.

FRANKE

The watch has changed. Go get  
something to eat.

Baumann takes another pull on his cigarette. He's about to  
stub it out and leave -- but Franke appears as if he wants to  
talk, so Baumann offers the butt to him. Franke accepts it  
awkwardly.

FRANKE (cont'd)

Thanks.

(a pause)

So, what about the old man, eh?  
Jesus! He's sick; he shouldn't be  
here in his state.

BAUMANN

None of us should be here.

Franke gets to the point.

FRANKE

Listen... Schenke was out of line, earlier. Always trying to prove something.

Baumann says nothing.

FRANKE (cont'd)

You heard what slipped out the other week? About how he applied to join the SS - and they wouldn't have him!?

Baumann nods, a thin smile on his lips.

BAUMANN

I heard.

FRANKE

He's keyed-up on benzedrine half the time. Getting too fond of it. He'll get us all killed, one day.

Franke takes a long, deep, nervous pull on the cigarette.

FRANKE (cont'd)

I tell you; I was scared shitless back there! We've ridden our luck too long, and it's due to run out.

(he pauses)

Half a chance and I would've done the same as you.

BAUMANN

What do you mean?

FRANKE

Got out of there while I could. Every man for himself!

He takes another pull and offers the cigarette back to Baumann. But Baumann just looks at him curiously -- face blank -- and turns away.

Franke frowns, confused -- knowing he said the wrong thing.

CUT TO:

INT. CREW ROOM - NIGHT

Krupp, Schenke and Mirus are sitting around the stove, heating soup.

As they do so they AD-LIB war anecdotes, the warmth and<sup>31.</sup>  
coziness -- and in Mirus's case, a bottle of spirits --  
having eased the tension slightly.

Neumann sits nearby, listening with boyish fascination.  
Kreuzmann is huddled on a corner bunk, asleep.

MIRUS

... but he wouldn't listen! So, of  
course, when he pulled the trigger,  
it blew right back in his face.  
Took his eye out, and half his  
cheek with it!  
(grim chuckle)  
Served him right, I say.

SCHENKE

Christ!

Ebert, meanwhile, slings on his rifle and takes a last gulp  
of his soup before heading for the door to go on watch.  
Schenke spies this and calls after him.

SCHENKE (cont'd)

Come on, Ebert. Tell us a quick  
war story before you go.

EBERT

You're the hero, Schenke. Not me.

He departs, crossing with Baumann in the doorway. Schenke  
watches as Baumann silently finds an empty bunk.

SCHENKE

(to no one in particular)  
And not much point asking him, is  
there.

Baumann ignores him. He takes his mug from his kit-bag,  
fills it with soup, and settles back on his bunk to drink it.

Mirus, meanwhile, is offering around the booze once more.  
Coughing, he pours a shot for himself and Krupp, and holds  
the bottle out for Schenke.

MIRUS

Go on, have one. Look upon it as  
medicine.

SCHENKE

I told you, I don't drink.  
(changing subject)  
So what's your story, anyway?  
How'd you get the head wound?

MIRUS

Got that on the front line, in  
'seventeen. Shell fragment.

(MORE)

Some of it ~~MIRUS~~ ~~(cont'd)~~ there -- but  
it doesn't bother me much.

Schenke pulls a covert, knowing face at Krupp.

Suppressing a smile, Krupp turns to Neumann, who has been listening quietly in the b.g., enthralled.

KRUPP

You don't say much, do you. Come  
on, it's your turn.

Neumann shuffles, uncomfortable, and unsure what to say.

KRUPP (cont'd)

Alright, never mind the war  
stories. How about something funny  
that happened to you at school?

Krupp laughs. Schenke and Mirus join in. Neumann blushes furiously, embarrassed.

SCHENKE

Ah, leave him. He's alright.  
Don't worry, kid.

Schenke taps his Iron Cross.

SCHENKE (cont'd)

There's plenty of time to win one  
of these. This war's not over yet,  
believe me!

Neumann looks at Schenke, grateful for the comment. Baumann, watching the brief exchange, notices the look of reverence in Neumann's face.

However, the atmosphere of anecdotal jollity has stalled -- and Krupp's attention has been shifted back to the present by Schenke's comment. He's thoughtful for a moment.

KRUPP

So what else do you know about  
those tunnels, old man? Could we  
get out that way in an emergency,  
or not?

Mirus is evasive.

MIRUS

Maybe... I'm not really sure.

KRUPP

You know more than you're letting  
on, don't you. What're you hiding?

Mirus shrugs dismissively.

MIRUS

Nothing.

But Krupp is still waiting, so Mirus finally continues:

MIRUS (cont'd)

All I know is, there's a whole maze of tunnels and storage chambers. Maybe there's a way through - maybe not.

SCHENKE

So what happened? Why did they abandon the site?

MIRUS

I think there was some kind of revolt by the slave-workers. The O.T. closed the site temporarily and never came back. Probably the local folk-tales didn't help matters.

KRUPP

What do you mean?

MIRUS

People around here have unpleasant stories about these woods. Ask the kid. He'll tell you.

KRUPP

You're not talking about ghost stories?

Krupp glances around the room, incredulous. Mirus says nothing.

KRUPP (cont'd)

You're trying to tell me they stopped construction on a military installation because of a few ghost stories?

Krupp and Schenke snigger -- but Mirus is serious, his mind seemingly elsewhere.

MIRUS

You can laugh here. But in there -- in the dark -- it's easy to believe all sorts of things.

Krupp and Schenke's derisory laughter wakes Kreuzmann, who emerges from his sleep disorientated. He groggily turns over on his bunk and sits upright.

Schenke turns his attention back to Mirus, sneering.

SCHENKE

So just what are these folk-tales?

Mirus thinks for a second -- then decides.

MIRUS

Alright. I'll tell you.

He shuffles, settling for his story -- taking their sceptical reaction as a challenge -- and getting that crazy gleam in his eyes once again. He begins:

MIRUS (cont'd)

You have to remember, these woods are ancient. Older than Germany. People have talked about them for centuries. They used to burn witches here, because the place was supposed to be evil. But it was during the Black Death that the tales really started.

Everybody is listening intently. Kreuzmann looks around, puzzled and wondering what he's missed.

MIRUS (cont'd)

The disease was sweeping across the continent. The village near here was isolated, and they thought they could escape the infection. But there was no escape. The Plague finally took hold and started to spread through the village like wild-fire; and once infected, friends suddenly became enemies.

Mirus pauses theatrically, enjoying the reactions of the others as they're drawn in to the story. Kreuzmann is particularly unsettled.

MIRUS (cont'd)

Then, at the height of the Plague, a stranger arrived in the village. Some say he was a priest. If he was, then he was a priest of the unholy. Before long, he began to turn the villagers against each other. It didn't take much. He offered to rid the village of the Plague once and for all. And people believed him.

Kreuzmann is now white as a ghost.

MIRUS (cont'd)

One dreadful night, he roused the villagers into a frenzy.

(MORE)

He led a mob of ~~Mirus (cont'd)~~ the sick and infected people out of the village, burning their houses one by one. They were pursued into these woods, hunted down like dogs, and when they were finally surrounded, they were slaughtered mercilessly. Then their poisoned bodies were buried in the ground.

Kreuzmann has listened to enough. Pale and trembling, he shakily gets to his feet and leaves the room.

The spell is broken. Everybody shuffles uncomfortably. Mirus looks around. His crazy expression has gone again.

MIRUS (cont'd)

What's the matter?

Schenke glares after Kreuzmann.

SCHENKE

Don't worry about it, old man; he's got no stomach, that's all. Been like that for a while.

Baumann looks at Schenke silently -- and Schenke returns his gaze with defiant contempt.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS LOCK - NIGHT

Kreuzmann is leaning over the drain beneath the water tap in the corner. Head down, breathing deeply, as if about to be sick. The door of the Gun Room is ajar, and Ebert peers around it to see what's going on.

EBERT

You alright?

Kreuzmann is still groggy and disorientated. He turns on the tap and takes a few sips of water from his hand. Then he takes a few unsteady steps along the corridor, clearly uncomfortable with the surroundings.

KREUZMANN

What's happening? Are they still out there?

EBERT

All the way around, probably.

And this unsettles Kreuzmann even more.

KREUZMANN

You mean ... we're surrounded?

Ebert realises his mistake.

EBERT

Chances are, they won't try anything.

KREUZMANN

But they could get in. If they really wanted to. We all know that.

EBERT

There's probably not enough of them to try.

Kreuzmann ignores him, nervously fingering his cuff insignia.

KREUZMANN

And you know what they do to elite division troops. As far as they're concerned, we're no better than SS.

EBERT

Take it easy.

Kreuzmann, however, won't be consoled.

KREUZMANN

There's something about this place. Something not right. Almost as if we were meant to...

He trails off cryptically, then looks at EBERT again.

KREUZMANN (cont'd)

You haven't figured it out yet, have you.

EBERT

What?

KREUZMANN

With Engels and the others dead it's just us again. Just the seven of us.

Ebert does seem to know what he's talking about -- but he changes the subject awkwardly.

FRANKE

Better get some more rest while you can. You're probably still concussed.

But Kreuzmann is now staring with moist, emotional eyes at the motto carefully hand painted over the Gun Room door. It reads, 'GOTT MIT UNS'.

KREUZMANN

'God With Us'.

(then, to Ebert)

But he's not anymore, is he. We're  
on our own.

And Ebert doesn't have an answer. Kreuzmann turns away  
silently and heads back towards the Crew Room.

CUT TO:

INT. CREW ROOM

Kreuzmann re-enters the room as discretely as he can.

The others are in the process of settling down to get some  
sleep. Baumann is already huddled on his bunk facing the  
wall. Schenke, meanwhile, props himself up on his pillow,  
flicking through an army magazine.

And Kreuzmann waits for a moment by the door -- just  
watching the others pensively, as if seeing them for what  
they are for the very first time...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

A wind is beginning to gust through the trees, driving the  
falling snow before it.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - GUN ROOM - NIGHT

Ebert is crouched with his back to the cannon, idly blowing  
cigarette smoke into his hands and rubbing them together to  
keep warm.

Heydrich is leaning close to the loophole, his eyelids heavy.  
He breaths in sharply and rubs his face, trying to stay  
awake.

Hearing something, he cocks his head to one side, listening.

HEYDRICH

(a whisper)

Come here.

Ebert reluctantly gets to his feet.

EBERT

What is it?

HEYDRICH

Listen.

They lean closer to the loophole.

From the trees, carried on the wind, the faint tune of a distant harmonica; the beautiful hymn SILENT NIGHT.

They listen, Heydrich peering outside.

HEYDRICH (cont'd)

I love the snow.

For a fleeting moment, he's MOVED -- then he swallows, pushing back emotions which are welling up from God knows where.

Ebert looks at his wristwatch, struggling to see it in the shaft of dull, diffuse moonlight.

EBERT

Midnight. It's Christmas.

CUT TO:

INT. CREW ROOM - NIGHT

All is still and quiet. All are asleep. Even the hyperactive Schenke, slouched casually on his bunk with his magazine, is nodding-off involuntarily.

Kreuzmann's sleep, however, is troubled. He shuffles in his bunk, unsettled -- as if having a nightmare...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A distorted and surreal sequence -- typical of a dream:

Flaming torches, dozens of them, are dancing like fire-flies between the dark, distant trees, accompanied by aggressive but incoherent SHOUTS.

Suddenly, a group of figures BURST into the foreground, also carrying wooden torches and clearly in pursuit of something. Their dress and appearance is strange -- like people from the middle-ages.

They carry spears, clubs, and bows.

They YELL excitedly, shouting encouragement to unseen comrades -- as if they've just spotted something -- and speed up their pursuit.

They split up quickly and rush to surround something, bearing down upon it with weapons raised, then halting in satisfied anticipation when they have it cornered...

Silhouetted in the flickering fire-light -- huddled in a frightened, defensive group -- their quarry is revealed:

A small group of men -- wearing the incongruous but distinctive uniforms of German soldiers...

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - CREW ROOM - NIGHT

Kreuzmann awakes with a START.

Sweating profusely, taking a second or two to remember where he is. Then, calming down slightly, he looks around to see if anyone noticed his abrupt awakening.

All is just as it was before -- except that Mirus' bunk is now empty.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE PASSAGE - NIGHT

Mirus is up to something.

He creeps down the short flight of steps to the Access Tunnel door, torch in hand -- and gently works open the steel bolts.

Easing the door open, he pauses momentarily to ensure he hasn't been heard -- then quietly heads into the tunnel beyond, half-closing the door behind him.

But he's being observed through the crack in the Gas lock door, which is not properly closed...

Mirus having moved out of sight, Kreuzmann silently opens the Gas Lock door. He, too, listens for a moment to ensure Franke hasn't heard anything through the heavy steel door of the Entrance Defence room.

Then, satisfied, he follows after Mirus furtively.

CUT TO:

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL

FOLLOWING KREUZMANN -- as he creeps along the short dark length of the tunnel, chasing the faint, wavering glow from Mirus's torch which is visible through the second steel door, ajar at the end of the passage.

He stops a yard from the door, torch in hand but not switched on.

He seems to have a fleeting moment of indecision...

Then an indistinct WHISPER draws his attention back towards Mirus. Kreuzmann eases closer to the door, and peers around:

KREUZMANN'S POV

Mirus is standing about ten yards away, his back to Kreuzmann. He's silhouetted against the dim glow from his own torch, which is just sufficient to hint at the surroundings: a tall, wide, concrete-lined tunnel which intersects the Access Tunnel at right angles.

Now Mirus whispers again, louder, as if calling to someone:

MIRUS

Martin! I'm here. Come talk to me!

He listens for a moment -- then continues forward into the darkness.

BACK TO SCENE

Despite his nervousness and confusion, Kreuzmann seems to come to a sudden mental decision: Using a pen-knife, he quickly begins digging and cutting at the stitching of the black cuff-bands on his coat.

Finally ripping them loose, he tosses them aside. Then, picking at the torn threads which remain in his sleeves, he slips through the door and silently goes after Mirus ...

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - CREW ROOM - NIGHT

Ebert shakes Baumann awake as gently and quietly as he can. Baumann turns over in his bunk and looks at Ebert groggily, and Ebert quickly holds a finger to his mouth.

EBERT

(a whisper)

Shhh! Don't wake Krupp.

But it's too late.

KRUPP

What's the matter, Ebert?

Krupp sits up in his bunk, blinking himself awake. Ebert glances sheepishly at Baumann before answering.

EBERT

I'm not sure. I can't find Mirus. Or Kreuzmann

Krupp glances at his wrist-watch.

KRUPP

Who's on watch?

EBERT  
Me, Heydrich and Franke. But it's  
time for the shift-change.

KRUPP  
What do you mean you can't find  
them?

Again, Ebert is reluctant to drop his comrade in it:

EBERT  
It looks like they're in the  
tunnels.

Krupp stands up, a look of confused incredulity on his face.

He moves around the bunks, shaking the others awake, his  
sleep-befuddled mind still trying to think it through.

KRUPP  
(to Schenke and Neumann)  
Up. -- Get up!

Schenke and Neumann roll out of their bunks.

KRUPP (cont'd)  
Relieve Heydrich in the Gun Room.

Schenke rubs his face. He doesn't look as if he slept above  
half an hour, and he automatically reaches for the container  
of benzedrine pills in his pocket.

SCHENKE  
What's going on?

KRUPP  
Do it now, please!

Neumann jumps to it. Schenke gets up and follows, glancing  
sideways at Krupp as he departs.

After a moment Krupp turns back to Ebert, picking up the  
thread of the conversation:

KRUPP (cont'd)  
They're deserting.

EBERT  
We don't know that.

KRUPP  
What else do you think they're  
doing in there? Exploring?  
They're looking for a way out.

BAUMANN

If they'd wanted to get out they could've gone through the door.

KRUPP

If I remember, you were the one who suggested the bunker might be surrounded. The tunnels seem a pretty obvious way out to me.

(to Ebert)

Whatever the reasons, I want them back.

EBERT

I'll go.

KRUPP

Alright. Take Heydrich.

BAUMANN

Heydrich's injured. I'll go.

Baumann stands up, strapping on his pistol belt.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

Unless, of course, you don't trust me to come back.

Krupp returns Baumann's defiant gaze.

KRUPP

Just don't be too long.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM - NIGHT

Baumann and Ebert step from the Access Tunnel, into the wider tunnel where Kreuzmann went after Mirus, and they shine their torches in different directions, checking the place out.

This place is creepy! Bare concrete walls; curved roof with lighting fixtures; flat concrete floor with narrow-gauge rail-track running off into the pitch-blackness in either direction; side-tunnels branching off at intervals.

EBERT

God, the air's foul! Nice bit of work, though. Looks safe enough to me.

BAUMANN

Probably not all like this.

Their voices echo away in an eerily disembodied fashion.

EBERT  
I'll go this way.

BAUMANN  
We're not sticking together?

EBERT  
Why? You scared of the dark now?

He's wearing a teasing half-smile -- which Baumann returns.

BAUMANN  
Alright. We'll cover more ground,  
at least.

EBERT  
I doubt we'll find them. I found  
these in the Access Tunnel, before  
I woke you.

He's keeping his voice low, just in case. Pulls out the pair  
of black cuff-bands crudely torn from Kreuzmann's uniform.

EBERT (cont'd)  
Kreuzmann must've dropped them. If  
Krupp knew about this he'd send  
Schenke after him -- or inform the  
Field Police. Or both!

Ebert looks Baumann in the eye -- awaiting his response to  
that last statement. He's putting his trust in him.

BAUMANN  
He won't hear about it from me.

EBERT  
Well; if they did find a way out  
they'll be long gone. So why don't  
we take the opportunity to look  
around -- just in case we ever need  
a way out.

BAUMANN  
Fine with me.

They split up.

BAUMANN (cont'd)  
I'll follow this cable duct. See  
if I can find a generator.

EBERT  
See you back here.

Ebert waves a laconic hand in reply as he departs.

Baumann, meanwhile, heads in the opposite direction, his torch-beam following the power-cables running along the top of the wall.

He's only gone a few paces when his torch-beam begins to weaken and flicker. He gives the torch a shake, and the beam brightens again.

He looks around to call to his comrade:

BAUMANN

Ebert...?

But there's suddenly no sign of him, and Baumann's voice merely echoes away into the solid darkness.

He's alone.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - GUN ROOM - NIGHT

Krupp is interrogating Neumann. The kid is nervous, and keeps looking to Schenke for support.

But Schenke -- keeping watch at the loophole -- is leaving things to Krupp for the moment.

NEUMANN

... I tell you, I don't know!

KRUPP

Why is it nobody knows anything around here?

(a sigh)

The old man's always wandering off into the tunnels, but you don't know why!

NEUMANN

He's never gone for very long. An hour or so; just to be by himself. He sometimes gets ... confused.

Krupp snorts in mock surprise;

KRUPP

Surely not!?

NEUMANN

But it's not just his head wound. Or the fact that he's getting sick. He lost his son earlier this year.

Schenke glances at Neumann for a second -- then turns his attention back outside. He speaks quietly:

SCHENKE  
We've all lost someone.

KRUPP  
(continuing, to Neumann)  
Either way, we can assume he's showing Kreuzmann a way out.

NEUMANN  
(shaking head)  
I'd ... doubt that, Sir.

KRUPP  
Why?

NEUMANN  
I'm not sure Mirus would let anyone go with him. He's always told me to stay away from the tunnels. He treats them as if they belong to him.

SCHENKE  
Is that why he was trying to frighten us with ghost stories? To try to keep us out?

NEUMANN  
Maybe.

He looks to Schenke again, now -- anxious to please.

NEUMANN (cont'd)  
He sometimes acts as if... as if there's something in there he doesn't want anyone to know about.

Krupp and Schenke exchange a glance.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM - GENERATOR ROOM

Baumann shoves open the heavy steel door and steps inside, shining his torch around.

He's in a longish room, with concrete partitions separating the heavy utility equipment -- diesel generator; oil burner; air-filtration system; all dusty, and slightly cobwebbed.

He checks the fuel-gauge on the generator, pulls a face, and advances further into the room.

Shakes a couple of jerry-cans -- but they're empty.

A table near the main electrical junction-box has been left with an assortment of clutter piled high. Baumann unrolls a large diagram and studies it. Some kind of plan...

A NOISE from somewhere -- unidentifiable. Baumann tenses...

BAUMANN

Ebert?

He heads back towards the door, folding the diagram.

SIDE-TUNNEL OUTSIDE GENERATOR ROOM

Baumann inches through the Generator Room door, securing the diagram inside his tunic, and shining his torch in either direction along the narrow side-tunnel.

Nothing.

He steps out and begins to head along the tunnel...

His torch beam flickers again. He pauses and bangs it against the wall. The beam steadies momentarily...

... then goes out!

BAUMANN (cont'd)

Shit!!

(louder, now)

Ebert! Are you there?

TUNNEL SYSTEM - ELSEWHERE

Ebert pauses -- as if he heard something behind him -- then shakes his head and continues forward.

He studies the walls and roof curiously as he moves from a concrete-lined tunnel-section into an unfinished section.

He squeezes past a huge metal rubbish wagon, piled with rubble but abandoned on the track. More clutter is scattered around: Tools; timber; sacks of concrete-mix...

MOVEMENT at the extreme limits of his torch-light -- far along the tunnel -- just a glimpse as something disappears around a corner. A figure?

EBERT

Kreuzmann? Mirus?

He heads towards the movement -- stumbling along the rubble-strewn floor. Side-tunnels branch off at intervals, and he checks each one quickly as he advances.

He CALLS again -- but his ECHO fragments incoherently as it bounces away through the complex of tunnels.

Now another noise -- a faint SCURRYING sound.

He moves towards it, more cautious, beginning to have second thoughts about being here. He stops and listens; the noise is gradually getting louder.

All of a sudden, he doesn't like it!

Turns back the way he came.

Trying not to rush...

... but gradually speeding up nevertheless.

Turns to look behind as the noise gets even louder.

Then back the way he's heading...

WHAM! -- as a figure RUSHES out of nowhere, SMASHING into him and SLAMMING his head violently back against the wall.

He bounces forward and goes down like a ton of bricks!

The mysterious figure STUMBLES off blindly into the darkness.

Ebert weakly lifts his battered head -- his consciousness draining away ...

His torch is lying on its side nearby -- shining along the rough floor -- and illuminating a thousand tiny pairs of eyes which are SCUTTling towards him.

And as he finally begins to black-out ...

As he manages one final, broken, panic-stricken YELL ...  
A hundred filthy, scurrying RATS swarm over him ...

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM - SIDE-TUNNEL OUTSIDE GENERATOR ROOM

A circle of torch-light HITS Baumann in the face, and he puts up a hand to shield his eyes.

                  KRUPP (O.S.)  
                  (urgent whisper)  
                  What the hell is going on?

Krupp shifts the light away from Baumann's face as he steps forward from out of the darkness. Heydrich is with him, alert and with rifle ready.

Baumann is pale, and trying hard to disguise his relief at being found.

BAUMANN  
Torch failed.

KRUPP  
Who yelled?

BAUMANN  
How should I know? I haven't been  
able to bloody move!

Krupp snatches Baumann's torch. Bangs it against the wall.  
Flicks the switch. It comes ON. Baumann isn't impressed:

BAUMANN (cont'd)  
I tell you it wasn't working!

KRUPP  
Where's Ebert?

Baumann is struggling to remain patient. He pulls the  
diagram from his tunic and tosses it at Krupp.

BAUMANN  
Take a look. This place is huge!  
I don't know where Ebert is; or any  
of them, for that matter.

HEYDRICH  
More to the point -- what happened  
to make somebody yell out?

Krupp is behaving as if he thinks it was Baumann.

KRUPP  
Any ideas about that, Corporal?

BAUMANN  
Yes. Americans.

Krupp is wrong-footed. He hadn't even considered it.

KRUPP  
In here?

HEYDRICH  
That makes sense. They could've  
got in from the other side of the  
hill.

KRUPP  
(annoyed, to both of them)  
How many bloody Yanks do you think  
there are around here...?

HEYDRICH  
(interrupting)  
Shhh!

Heydrich is suddenly alert. Puts a hand over his torch to smother the light. He whispers:

HEYDRICH (cont'd)  
You hear that?

The other two catch on instantly -- argument forgotten -- the professional soldier taking over as they pull weapons and fall into combat readiness, flattening against the wall.

KRUPP  
Which direction?

HEYDRICH  
Hard to tell in here.

The NOISE comes again. Feet on concrete. Someone's coming.

All their torches are off. They check both directions along the tunnel...

... a GLOW to the left, illuminating the rectangular end of their tunnel.

They swing their guns towards it, crouching.  
Waiting.  
Silent.

Torchlight BURSTS around the corner...

Heydrich SHOUTS:

HEYDRICH (cont'd)  
HALT!!

MIRUS  
(startled)  
Who's there?

HEYDRICH  
Mirus??

The three soldiers flash on their torches. Sure enough, it's Mirus, scared half out of his wits by the surprise. They all drop their guns, blowing out their breath in relief.

Krupp looks at Baumann with disdain.

KRUPP  
There's your 'Americans'.

Mirus joins them, irritation taking over, now.

MIRUS  
You shouldn't be in here. What're you doing in here?

KRUPP

I should be asking that question,  
Private! What's going on? Where's  
Kreuzmann?

MIRUS

I don't know what you're talking  
about. I was on my way back to the  
bunker. Why have you been  
following around after me?

KRUPP

We weren't.

A pregnant pause...

RIFLE SHOT, distant... then the muffled BOOMING of the  
machine-gun. A split second of realisation...

HEYDRICH

The bunker!

... then they all RUN LIKE HELL.

CUT TO:

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL

Baumann and Krupp pile inside and RUN along the tunnel, the  
BOOMING of the guns getting louder all the time. Mirus and  
Heydrich are slower, trailing several yards behind.

HEYDRICH

Stay here. Watch the tunnels.

Mirus remains in the Access Tunnel whilst Heydrich follows  
Baumann and Krupp up the steps into the bunker.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - GUN ROOM - NIGHT

The guns are POUNDING again, the air choked with smoke.

Neumann swings the big gun from side to side as he FIRES, an  
expression of excitement on his face. Schenke is at the  
observation loophole, BLASTING off rounds as fast as he can  
work the rifle bolt.

Krupp bursts in; rushes to help at the gun. Baumann, and  
then Heydrich, go to the loophole to back up Schenke.

Schenke finishes his clip. Steps aside to reload.

Baumann fills his position. Ready to fire...

... but he doesn't.

He tries to shout over the NOISE of the gun. A nudge from Krupp, and Neumann stops FIRING.

BAUMANN  
There's nothing out there.

Schenke pushes him aside roughly.

SCHENKE  
What's the matter with you?

But Schenke freezes in sudden confusion as he looks again outside.

SCHENKE'S POV

The wind-blown hillside stretches out below, still and empty. No movement apart from the driving snow.

BACK TO SCENE

Muffled FIRING continues from the Entrance Defence Room -- but from nowhere else.

Krupp elbows Schenke aside to look outside for himself.

KRUPP  
What were you shooting at?

Schenke and Neumann remain silent, incredulous, whilst Heydrich heads for the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE DEFENCE ROOM

Franke is sweating freely -- FIRING through the loophole in a steady, mechanical rhythm -- almost as if in a trance.

Heydrich puts his hand on Franke's shoulder, and he STARTS violently, shaking himself back to reality. Lowers his rifle.

He looks around at Heydrich, frightened and confused.

FRANKE  
Jesus, they were everywhere!  
Trying to get in. I thought for a  
minute...

HEYDRICH  
Easy. They've gone now.

CUT TO:

INT. GUN ROOM - NIGHT

Krupp KICKS an empty ammo box against the wall.

KRUPP

Used up! Shooting at shadows!  
What's the matter with everybody?

SCHENKE

They were out there!

KRUPP

Then why didn't you hit anything?  
Look outside! Where are the  
bodies?

The others remain silent as Heydrich wanders back in. Krupp stands there fuming for a few moments before picking up where he left off:

KRUPP (cont'd)

I'd expect it from a trigger-happy  
school kid; but you, Schenke? You  
should lay off the pills - they're  
making you see things!

HEYDRICH

Franke saw something too. They  
can't all be imagining it.

Schenke looks at his unexpected ally curiously.

BAUMANN

They're playing tricks on us; hit  
and run tactics; psychological  
warfare.

KRUPP

Keep out of it, Baumann!

Krupp turns back to Schenke, exasperated.

KRUPP (cont'd)

What do we have left?

SCHENKE

Half a belt for the machine-gun.  
Whatever rifle rounds and grenades  
each of us have.

NEUMANN

There's a few shells for the  
cannon.

KRUPP

Against troops!? What good is  
that, you idiot?

Making a decision, he moves purposefully to the field telephone. Picks up the receiver and winds the generator handle. Listens.

Winds the handle again.

Listens...

He's suddenly no longer quite so angry. His voice is shaky:

KRUPP (cont'd)  
The line's dead!

CUT TO:

INT. CREW ROOM - NIGHT

Baumann spreads the diagram he found across the table, and Heydrich leans over to study it.

BAUMANN  
It's a site wiring diagram. Not quite a map, but almost as good. Look at the size of the place.

HEYDRICH  
Quite a prize for an advancing army. If they could seize it intact.

BAUMANN  
Tell it to Krupp. He can't bloody admit he might be wrong.

On cue, Krupp and Schenke arrive, still locked in an irritable discussion -- Schenke firmly pushing for action.

SCHENKE  
... It won't be an overhead telephone line, it'll be a ground cable. And if it's routed back through the tunnels, the implication's obvious!

Krupp is more subdued, now; suddenly less sure of himself.

KRUPP  
Alright, suppose the Americans are in the tunnels.

SCHENKE  
I say we secure the entire complex, not just the bunker; if they're in there, we push them out.

HEYDRICH  
With what, Schenke?

SCHENKE

With our bare bloody hands, if  
necessary!

Heydrich ignores Schenke's challenging glare. Schenke  
continues trying to persuade Krupp.

SCHENKE (cont'd)

If they were in there in force,  
they'd have stormed the bunker by  
now. It's got to be a manageable  
number.

Krupp is thinking about it all.

KRUPP

So you think Kreuzmann and Ebert  
are dead?

SCHENKE

Deserted, or dead. Either way, we  
can forget them.

BAUMANN

You're all heart, Schenke.

Schenke reacts suddenly and viciously:

SCHENKE

Shut your mouth, you bloody coward!  
You had your chance to find them.  
From what I hear, you preferred to  
hide away in the dark and do  
nothing!

Heydrich straightens up, shocked at the open accusation, and  
poised to come between Schenke and Baumann...

... but Baumann takes it without a flinch. He glances  
briefly at Krupp, then glares into Schenke's eyes:

BAUMANN

If it's a scrap you're looking for,  
you'll have to do better than that.  
(calmly)  
Get it into your head once and for  
all, Schenke; I'm not fighting the  
same war as you.

SCHENKE

(a snort)  
Isn't that the truth!

Schenke sneers at Baumann's refusal to escalate the  
confrontation. Grinning triumphantly, he turns his attention  
back to Krupp, still pressing his case:

SCHENKE (cont'd)  
We can't let them have the tunnels!

Krupp agonises for several excruciating moments...

... then reluctantly nods his acceptance.

KRUPP  
Alright! But if we run into too  
much opposition we fall back to  
here. My orders only cover this  
bunker.

But Schenke isn't listening -- he excitedly moves to the  
diagram spread out on the table, smirking at Baumann.

SCHENKE  
This should be interesting!

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

as they prepare for combat:

Electrical tape stuck across the lenses of the torches,  
leaving only a slit for the beam.

Remaining ammo shared out equally.  
Equipment strapped on.  
Guns loaded.

Bayonets fixed.  
Knives and stick-grenades tucked into boots.  
Schenke surreptitiously pops another benzedrine pill.

Sequence culminates with ...

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRANCE PASSAGE - NIGHT

... Schenke hastily securing a stick-grenade to the inside  
handle of the main entrance, a web of wire looping back and  
forth between the door-bolts and the ring-pull fuse.

Neumann watches as Schenke finishes the deadly booby-trap.

NEUMANN  
Is that to keep them out, or us in?

SCHENKE  
(with a grin)  
You catch on quick.

Neumann licks his lips nervously.

NEUMANN

Let me come with you into the tunnels.

Schenke shakes his head, slinging his rifle over his shoulder.

SCHENKE

No. You're more use here. You did alright back there, on the gun.

Neumann starts to protest, but Heydrich, Baumann and Krupp appear through the Gas Lock, ready to go.

Franke follows, looking at Neumann and gesturing back towards the Entrance Defence Room.

FRANKE

It's all yours, kid.

SCHENKE

(to Neumann)

And keep an eye on the old man!

With that, Schenke spins on his heel and leads the others down the steps and into the Access Tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM

The Access Tunnel door swings open. Schenke checks around the corner cautiously before they emerge.

Schenke has paired himself off with Krupp, who's now even more subdued, for some reason.

When they speak, it's in hushed tones:

SCHENKE

We'll go straight for the main entrance; you three sweep the long way around.

(with mock deference)

If that's alright with you, Corporal!?

BAUMANN

(weary)

Give it a rest, Schenke.

Baumann turns away without further comment, and the two halves of the group cautiously set off in opposite directions.

Franke glances back to make sure Schenke and Krupp are out of earshot.

FRANKE

I sometimes wonder who's really running this unit.

HEYDRICH

(to Baumann)

Why do you let that little bastard keep riling you?

BAUMANN

What do you want me to do?

HEYDRICH

You could start by telling him what happened back at the ambush. He thinks you chickened out.

BAUMANN

I know what he thinks. And he can believe what he wants to believe.

Heydrich shakes his head.

HEYDRICH

Sometimes I think you enjoy being hated!

Franke is intrigued:

FRANKE

What did happen?

HEYDRICH

We were under fire and he came back to pull me clear after I fell. Risked his neck. So if Schenke asks, tell him.

BAUMANN

Shhh!

Baumann gestures for him to be quiet, using the excuse that they're approaching the first corner. Franke looks at Baumann, their earlier misunderstanding clearly on his mind.

FRANKE

(to Baumann)

So ... what you said about all those extra troops ...

HEYDRICH

If he said he saw them, Franke, he saw them!

(MORE)



The wind is now blowing fiercely outside, blasting flecks of snow through the narrow loophole at which he's positioned. He's doing his best to keep watch, but his eyes are watering against the powerful, freezing draft.

Mirus enters the room behind him, and Neumann becomes even more agitated.

NEUMANN

Why aren't you watching the front?

But Mirus no longer seems to care. He appears worn out, and is now coughing badly.

MIRUS

What's the point? We can't see anything out there.

NEUMANN

Mirus, they left us in charge at this end! We have a responsibility.

MIRUS

(angry)

Look, they're the ones who brought all this down on top of us. We were doing fine until they turned up!

His sudden anger precipitates another coughing fit. He leans back against the wall to recover.

MIRUS (cont'd)

If the Americans attack, let the others deal with it. I've done enough. Dammit, I did my bit twenty-five years ago!

Neumann suddenly starts to panic, the responsibility for everything suddenly dumped on his shoulders. He thinks fast, trying to reason with the old man.

NEUMANN

Look, you can't just give up now. We have to do what we can, and at least warn the others of an attack.

MIRUS

The danger isn't even out there. It's in those tunnels.

NEUMANN

What are you talking about?

Mirus looks at Neumann defiantly.

MIRUS  
Martin told me.

Neumann can't hide his exasperation.

NEUMANN  
Your son's dead, Mirus. He died at  
Normandy. You told me so yourself.

MIRUS  
Don't look at me like that! I tell  
you he talks to me.

NEUMANN  
You're confused again, don't you  
see? Martin is dead!

MIRUS  
They just think I'm a crazy old  
man. You all do! But there's  
something about those tunnels. In  
there, Martin comes back to me.

Neumann is just listening, now -- something about Mirus's  
conviction which unsettles him.

MIRUS (cont'd)  
Why do you think I've been going in  
there for the past three weeks? I  
go to see him. The tunnels are  
like a doorway, for the dead to  
come back.

Neumann can't quite believe what he's hearing -- but Mirus  
continues.

MIRUS (cont'd)  
Martin told me to be careful; never  
to let anyone else in. Tonight I  
found out why. Tonight, when he  
came back ... others came back with  
him.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM

Schenke and Krupp are proceeding in the same cautious fashion  
as the other three:

Schenke leads the way like a prowling panther, visibly  
itching for a scrap, and checking every side-tunnel and  
chamber with alert anticipation.

Krupp, however, is increasingly unnerved, looking around anxiously at the confined space and trying hard not to betray a clear case of claustrophobia, which is growing as they progress deeper into the tunnels.

They enter an unfinished section of tunnel, water dripping from the roof.

After a few yards Krupp pauses to study the map, leaning back against the shored wall as he again loosens his collar...

A CREAK -- and a stream of earth spills from the roof.

SCHENKE

Christ...!

They freeze, coiled -- until the stream abates.

SCHENKE (cont'd)

Don't touch a thing. This place is  
a death-trap!

And this hasn't done anything for Krupp's nerves! A deep breath, and off they go again.

Along...

Through into another fully finished section.

Whitewashed walls, now. A steel doorway ahead and to the right, with stencilled lettering overhead: MUN-R.

They take up position either side of the door. Schenke reaches for the handle.

He pushes the door open and follows it inside quickly, shining his torch around.

MUNITIONS STORAGE ROOM

Krupp is right behind him -- and he stops in amazement, his anxiety momentarily forgotten at the sight before him:

A fully stocked ammunition store, abandoned and forgotten!

Row upon row of wooden racks, stacked with cannon shells and boxes of assorted calibres. More boxes -- grenades, and rifle and machine gun rounds -- piled in the corners. Enough ammo to defend a bunker for six months -- gathering dust!

Schenke begins to chuckle like an excited child.

SCHENKE (cont'd)

I don't believe it!

He's like a kid in a sweet store; he doesn't know where to start!

Finally, he crouches over a box of rifle ammo and begins to prise it open with his bayonet.

SCHENKE (cont'd)  
Come on, help me! Now we can fight  
back properly. Now there's no  
excuse!

But Krupp doesn't quite seem to share his enthusiasm.

HEYDRICH, BAUMANN & FRANKE

arrive at a junction of several tunnels. They carefully check each direction.

BAUMANN  
We need to go left here, but the  
other tunnels to the right will  
still have to be checked out.

Heydrich massages his thigh gingerly, wincing in pain.

HEYDRICH  
Started bleeding again.

BAUMANN  
Look; you stay here. We'll check  
the other tunnels quickly, then we  
can move on.

Heydrich thinks about it for a second, but shakes his head.

HEYDRICH  
That's stupid. We should all  
stick --

Faint NOISE from up ahead and they're instantly alert, hands covering their torches.

Baumann silently dodges across the intersection and begins to creep forward, hugging the wall, crouching with rifle pointed towards the sound.

Heydrich and Franke fall in at the other side of the tunnel.

SCUTTling NOISE again...

Baumann SNAPS on his torch, rifle pointed -- and a pair of rats SKITTER off into the blackness, SQUEAKING.

The soldiers blow out their cheeks in relief, uncoiling ...

SUDDENLY -- A human shape BURSTS from a side-tunnel ahead and CHARGES away around a corner -- German uniform -- torch waving wildly in its hand.

BAUMANN  
(startled)  
Christ!!

HEYDRICH  
Get him! We're behind you!

Baumann races after the fleeing figure.

Heydrich and Franke follow a few yards behind, covering Baumann's back.

Baumann reaches the corner.

Quick look -- just in time to see the figure dodging around the next corner.

Baumann runs the length of the tunnel. The other two still behind.

Reaches the next junction:

Another unfinished tunnel. Several yards to the left, a side-tunnel branches off -- a broken wooden barricade across the mouth -- recognisable as the same location we saw during the prologue.

Broken as if something had smashed it aside from within.

And from inside, the brief shifting GLOW of a torch -- which then goes out.

Baumann gestures to Heydrich that the fleeing figure is in the side-tunnel, and whispers urgently:

BAUMANN  
That barricade is there for a  
reason. It could lead to a way out!

Heydrich nods encouragement.

Baumann dodges quickly to the far side of the partly-barricaded tunnel mouth. Heydrich takes position on the near side. Franke hangs back, covering them both.

They wait -- listening.

Nothing.

Baumann points his torch into the side-tunnel, keeping his head out of the way, and flicks on the beam.

Nothing happens. No shots aimed at the torch.

So he peeks around the corner to have a look:

BAUMANN'S POV

Crudely shored, claustrophobic tunnel which runs for several yards before curving off into the blackness. A huge amount of clutter and junk and wooden beams, casting large black pools of shadow. But no sign of anyone.

BACK TO SCENE

Baumann straightens up.

Makes a decision.  
Nods to Heydrich.

Sweeps quickly around into the tunnel mouth...

CONTINUOUS SCREAM as someone CHARGES out of the blackness, SMASHING into Baumann and bulldozing him back out of the side-tunnel and into the far wall, KNOCKING the wind out of him.

Baumann's torch clatters to the floor and the subsequent STRUGGLE becomes a crazy pattern of shifting black shapes in the weak yellow glow. The blind, hand-to-hand combat which follows is rapid and deadly!

Heydrich leaps to Baumann's assistance.

BAUMANN (cont'd)  
(at Heydrich)  
Wait! It's Kreuzmann!

Heydrich hesitates at the revelation...

... but the demented Kreuzmann seems not to hear, turns and CLUBS Heydrich mercilessly with a length of timber.

Heydrich goes down -- out cold.

Franke leaps on Kreuzmann's back, grabbing the arm which holds the club.

Baumann goes for the legs, but Kreuzmann is ready, spinning around and KICKING out viciously...

... then PUSHING backwards violently so Franke is SLAMMED against the wall and shaken loose.

Baumann is into the fray again instantly, BARGING into Kreuzmann and knocking him to the ground, jumping on top of him and SHOUTING:

BAUMANN (cont'd)  
Kreuzmann! It's us!

He still doesn't hear. He SCRAMBLES free and runs for it.

FRANKE

What's the matter with him?

Baumann grabs his torch and RACES after him, Franke right behind.

They run him to ground within seconds, GRABBING him from either side and PINNING him against the wall as he YELLS incoherently.

FRANKE (cont'd)

Jesus, Kreuzmann, get a hold on yourself!

BAUMANN

Kreuzmann! Listen to me!

Kreuzmann screws his eyes shut, panting furiously. When he opens them again he's calmed down slightly, his struggles easing.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

It's us. You're alright, now.

Recognition slowly seeps into Kreuzmann's eyes...

... and he suddenly breaks down, sobbing.

Franke looks at Baumann.

FRANKE

Something scared the living hell out of him; and it wasn't us!

SCHENKE & KRUPP

have left the Munitions Room and are creeping cautiously along a tunnel wall. Schenke is now armed to the teeth -- pockets and belt bulging with ammo and grenades -- and his desire for a confrontation has increased exponentially.

SCHENKE

... I tell you I heard something.

KRUPP

If the others had run into trouble there would've been shooting.

SCHENKE

I wouldn't count on it, knowing that lot. They were probably yelling surrender.

Schenke continues quickly to the next corner, listens for a second to the silence, then peers around with the torch.

To the right, a wide main tunnel runs off into blackness. To the left, the same tunnel runs up a shallow slope to the huge steel doors of the main tunnel entrance.

SCHENKE (cont'd)

Cover me.

He's gone even before Krupp can get into position.

In a running crouch, Schenke dashes up the ramp to the steel doors, and shines his torch over them.

The huge bolts are padlocked and rusted into place. A smaller man-size doorway, set into one side of the big door, is locked and sealed. A mesh of fine cobwebs cover the lock.

He pushes against the doors with all his weight. They don't shift a millimetre.

Puts his ear to the doors and listens...

Just audible above the gusting wind, the faint sound of footsteps CRUMPING through snow. Then, incoherent whispers.

Schenke pulls away and dashes back to Krupp, perplexed.

SCHENKE (cont'd)

The doors are sealed. Nobody got in this way. But there's definitely someone out there.

Krupp wipes his face, relieved.

KRUPP

As long as they're not in here.

He shines his torch around the higher, arched roof of the main tunnel, clearly more comfortable with the extra space, and relaxing slightly. But Schenke remains alert.

SCHENKE

There must be another way in we don't know about -- a vent; escape shaft; something!

Schenke moves off along the main tunnel without waiting for a reply. Krupp falls in behind, reluctantly, as Schenke continues his rapid left-right check of the side-tunnels and chambers branching off either side.

KRUPP

What about the others? We should wait here, where we agreed!

SCHENKE

We don't even know if they're  
still coming.

Krupp is losing his patience.

KRUPP

I still haven't seen anything to  
suggest anybody's in here apart  
from ourselves!

But Schenke is not listening -- frozen suddenly, and peering  
around the corner of an unfinished side-tunnel. He glances  
around at Krupp, gesturing with his head for Krupp to take a  
look at his discovery.

Krupp moves curiously to the corner, and Schenke illuminates  
with his torch beam --

EBERT'S BODY

Spread-eagled horribly on the floor. Only just  
recognisable. Covered in rats -- and half-eaten.

BACK TO SCENE

as Krupp turns away, covering his mouth and retching. Schenke  
almost appears pleased.

SCHENKE

Satisfied?

Schenke heads into the side-tunnel, kicking at the rats as  
they SKITTER away into the blackness.

Then he kneels beside Ebert's body. Reaching out to look at  
the wound at the side of his head...

SCHENKE (cont'd)

Looks like somebody --

A sudden SPASM and Ebert's body CONVULSES.

Schenke and Krupp JUMP, cursing.

SCHENKE (cont'd)

Christ!

(a pause, then)

Just a muscle spasm. He's dead.

BAUMANN'S GROUP

Kreuzmann is slumped against the tunnel wall, frozen rigid  
with fear -- his entire body trembling.

Baumann crouches over him, trying his best to sooth his nerves. But Kreuzmann's in no shape to hold a conversation; he keeps drifting off into a world of his own, ranting.

KREUZMANN

... got confused. Lost Mirus.  
Then the others started following  
me. Whispering to me!

BAUMANN

It's alright. I was left here in  
the dark. I know what it's like;  
the pitch blackness, the distorted  
sounds. I was frightened, too.

KREUZMANN

They're in here. They've come back  
for us!

Meanwhile, Franke has been tending to the unconscious Heydrich, where he fell several yards away. He gestures now at Baumann, and Baumann leaves Kreuzmann momentarily to join him.

FRANKE

Heydrich's had a bad blow. Give me  
a hand, will you?

Baumann supports Heydrich's head while Franke gets to work with a field dressing -- glancing at Kreuzmann anxiously.

BAUMANN

(gesturing at Kreuzmann)  
He's finally cracked. I don't  
think he even knows where he is.

FRANKE

Could be delayed shell-shock.  
Maybe he clobbered Ebert the same  
way he did Heydrich.

They both glance over at him.

KREUZMANN

is listening to their distant, incoherent WHISPERS...  
... but is staring beyond his present location...  
elsewhere...

CUT TO:

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Another place, another time.

A desolate stretch of bombed-out railway marshalling yard, dotted with rubble and ruined sheds and disused rolling stock.

A small, agitated crowd of German soldiers.

Confusion.

Kreuzmann, terrified, is being FROGMARCHED towards the other soldiers by two black-uniformed SS GUARDS.

Somewhere in the b.g., someone is WHISPERING a prayer...

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM

Heydrich MOANS, delirious.

FRANKE

It's no good. We need to get him  
back to the bunker.

(gesturing at Kreuzmann)

Both of them.

Baumann looks dubious.

BAUMANN

Easier said than done. Let's see  
if Kreuzmann can walk himself back.

They leave Heydrich momentarily, heading the short distance back along the tunnel to where Kreuzmann is still crouched.

Taking one arm each, they lift him to his feet. Kreuzmann isn't too sure about it, looking blankly from one to the other. Then they try to walk him back towards where Heydrich is slumped -- back towards the barricaded side-tunnel...

CUT TO:

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

As Kreuzmann experiences another flashback. Still being frog-marched by the SS guards...

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM

Kreuzmann resists, pushing backwards with his feet. Baumann and Franke try to force him, and he starts becoming upset.

KREUZMANN

No ...

FRANKE

Easy! We're going to get Heydrich,  
then we're going back to the  
bunker. You can rest there.

They try again, taking Kreuzmann's weight and pulling him  
forward. His eyes focus on the side-tunnel ahead...

KREUZMANN

No!

He suddenly goes MAD!  
BREAKS from their grasp, violently.  
Turns and RUNS.

FRANKE

God, not again!

Baumann and Franke try to catch him, but he's too fast.  
Disappears around a corner.

BAUMANN

Let him go. We can't leave  
Heydrich.

FRANKE

He's scared out of his mind. Maybe  
something did happen down here.

BAUMANN

Maybe we'd better check that tunnel  
while we're here. That seemed to  
be what was spooking him.

They check Heydrich again quickly, then turn their attention  
to the barricaded side-tunnel.

They step through the broken barricade cautiously.

Advance along the tunnel.

Checking each black pool of shadow, cast by the clutter all  
around.

A SQUEAKING NOISE now becoming apparent as they follow the  
curve around to the left.

Franke shines his torch down suddenly upon a carpet of rats  
ahead.

FRANKE

If there's rats in here, there's  
got to be something else.

Then their torches begin to flicker simultaneously.

They freeze, worried. Shaking their torches to get them working properly -- but they continue to flicker intermittently.

Baumann and Franke exchange a glance then gingerly press on, being careful not to startle the rats, which retreat slowly from the advancing light.

The walls here are bare, not even shored with wood -- carved out of the earth and left abandoned even before being strengthened...

... and suddenly Franke CRIES OUT involuntarily as his torch illuminates a wall ahead.

Baumann, too, shifts his torch beam up from the floor -- and reacts similarly, recoiling in dread.

BAUMANN

God Almighty!

HUMAN CORPSES -- dozens of them. Ancient; half-rotted and half-mummified. Suspended from floor to ceiling in the bare earth of the excavated, crumbling wall.

And wherever they can reach, the army of rats are feeding off the desiccated remains.

Baumann retches and backs away, hugging the tunnel wall.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

Mirus's story. The Plague victims!

Franke covers his mouth -- a hideous realisation dawning on his face.

FRANKE

Oh, Christ, that's it. Mirus!

BAUMANN

What?

FRANKE

That could be what's wrong with Mirus. Don't you see; he's got the Plague!

They shudder in horror simultaneously and involuntarily. Baumann pulls out his handkerchief and covers his nose and mouth defensively.

FRANKE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

That's no good! You get it from flea bites! Rat fleas!

BAUMANN

That's it; fuck this place. We're getting out.

But before they can even move, something begins to happen...

As if triggered by their own voices, a faint WHISPERING begins to emanate from all around them.

Multiple VOICES overlapping.

Unclear at first -- but as it becomes louder, odd phrases stand out.

It is a WHISPERED PRAYER -- but far from comforting, in this context -- quite the opposite. Coming from nowhere -- and everywhere -- with no explanation.

Baumann and Franke -- both terrified -- don't need to say another word.

They turn and RUN instinctively -- back around to where Heydrich is lying.

DRAG him to his feet...

... and get the hell OUT of there!

SCHENKE & KRUPP

are also at the receiving end of the GHOSTLY WHISPERINGS.

They're quickly backing away up the tunnel towards the main entrance, guns aimed and ready -- backing away from the WHISPERING sounds emanating from the darkness.

Krupp is now really edgy -- and beginning to hyperventilate; Schenke is frustrated at not being able to spot a visible enemy.

SCHENKE

They're playing games with us! Now do you believe me!?

Krupp most certainly does.

And as they near the main entrance, another disturbance makes them SPIN around, even MORE alarmed...

... a sudden RATTLING of the huge steel doors, as if someone is trying to get in.

SCHENKE (cont'd)

They're everywhere! Back to the ammo dump.

A flat-out RUN back to the Munitions Room, the ghostly VOICES following behind them.

Schenke turns to stand and fight.

But Krupp keeps going, back towards the bunker.

SCHENKE (cont'd)  
What're you doing?

KRUPP  
We're pulling back! I told you  
before!

SCHENKE  
That was before we found the ammo.  
We can't leave it for them.

KRUPP  
It's too late, dammit! We can't  
hold them off. Come on!

Krupp continues back, into the dangerous unfinished section they passed through on the way. Schenke is still arguing as he chases after him:

SCHENKE  
We've got a responsibility here.  
Let's stand and fight!

But Krupp shakes his head, no longer even trying to hide his fear. Schenke stops, determined to go no further.

SCHENKE (cont'd)  
Then I'll do it alone.

KRUPP  
You'll do as you're bloody told,  
for once! Now come on!

Schenke ignores him and turns back towards the Munitions Room...

... and suddenly the WHISPERINGS are SHATTERINGLY LOUD -- seeming to press down upon them.

And even Schenke COWERS involuntarily before it.

FOLLOWING KREUZMANN

as he races blindly through the tunnels, BOUNCING off the walls and around the corners. Enveloped by the overpowering WHISPERS, and out of his mind once again with fear.

Uncontrollably YELLING.

Around another corner...

... and there's a light ahead.

Straight towards it at full pelt, still WAILING crazily...

KRUPP & SCHENKE

turn in panic to face this new 'menace' as it races towards them from out of the darkness -- a loud YELL getting LOUDER

-- louder now than even the other NOISES.

Krupp crouches with his gun aimed.

KRUPP (cont'd)

Who goes there? Stop! -- Stop!!

But it keeps coming.

Closer...

LOUDER...

Krupp OPENS FIRE.

Schenke joins in.

FIRING repeatedly towards the approaching figure.

KREUZMANN

is stopped dead in his tracks.

Jerking like a puppet as bullets RIP into him.

Still being riddled even as he goes down.

SCHENKE & KRUPP

continue FIRING, unaware, caught up in the frenzy of the moment.

But the POUNDING SHOCKWAVE of the gunfire is too much for the fragile roof. A roof-beam shifts; earth begins to pour down.

Schenke SHOUTS and scrambles backwards...

... but Krupp is too slow. A loud CRACK -- and the entire roof CRASHES down on top of him.

BAUMANN, FRANKE & HEYDRICH

have stopped where they are, listening to the dying ECHOES of the distant gunfire.

And then the sudden, oppressive SILENCE.

Baumann and Franke peer around, frightened and unsure. But slowly getting a grip on themselves again, now the terrifying ghostly sounds have abated.

FRANKE

This is insane! This can't be happening!

BAUMANN

Maybe the old man was right about this place.

Heydrich, meanwhile -- still supported between them -- is drifting in and out of consciousness.

HEYDRICH

(confused)

What is it? Are they attacking?

BAUMANN

We don't know what the hell is going on.

FRANKE

(to Baumann)

What do we do?

Baumann looks at Heydrich, his mind racing as he weighs up fear against duty, friendship against responsibility.

BAUMANN

God knows. One thing at a time!

They hoist Heydrich upright again, and with a fearful glance behind, push on as quickly as they can.

SCHENKE

is frozen against the wall, panting with the adrenalin rush and staring at the nearby cave-in as the clouds of dust begin to clear.

Krupp's feet are sticking out from underneath the huge pile of rubble -- twitching violently and accompanied by an almost inaudible, smothered SCREAMING.

Schenke does nothing.

Remains coldly immobile until the screaming dies and the feet lay still -- if anything, annoyed that the faint noise might have attracted attention.

He continues listening to the silence for a few moments.

Satisfied, he lowers himself into a combat-crouch.

Glides forward to the wall of rubble which almost -- but not quite -- blocks off the width of the tunnel.

Listens again -- then shines his torch through towards the bullet-riddled shape lying motionless fifteen yards away.

Silently climbs through the jagged gap and creeps forward.

Reaches the body, rolls it over and studies the face.

Kreuzmann!

For a moment, Schenke is curiously unmoved by the irony of the situation.

Then he laughs.

A silent, panting laugh as he covers his mouth and sits back on his haunches. Laughing until tears begin to drip from his eyes -- and it's no longer clear if he's laughing or crying.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - ENTRANCE PASSAGE - NIGHT

Neumann has made his mind up. He marches through towards the Access Tunnel, torch in hand, Mirus trotting along behind.

MIRUS

Don't be a fool! Whatever the shooting was, it's over. You can't help them.

Neumann pauses at the bottom of the steps and glances at Mirus with a curious expression -- a mixture of fear and distaste.

Then he heads quickly into the Access Tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL

Again, Mirus follows along behind.

MIRUS

What are you trying to do; impress them? Why don't you ever listen to me, you little idiot. -- Neumann!?

But Neumann breaks into a trot -- not wanting to listen -- and vanishes around the corner into the tunnel complex.

Without his torch, Mirus can't follow.

He's suddenly alone.

MIRUS (cont'd)  
 Alright, then! Get yourself  
 killed! For what?

After a moment he turns back towards the bunker. But something makes him hesitate -- draws his attention back towards the blackness of the tunnels. He leans forward, peering...

... Is that a shape in the darkness...?

MIRUS (cont'd)  
 Martin?

His face twitches into a half-smile...

... and he begins to hold a conversation with someone unseen.

MIRUS (cont'd)  
 Martin, what's happening? I did as  
 you said; I kept away!  
 (a pause as he listens)  
 I couldn't stop the others; they  
 wouldn't listen to me. Tell me  
 what's going on.

He listens again -- and the smile drops from his face.

MIRUS (cont'd)  
 Oh, my God!

He begins slowly retreating to the bunker -- still listening to 'Martin's' silent instructions -- his unease growing.

MIRUS (cont'd)  
 Oh, God! -- Yes. -- Yes, alright!  
 I'm going!

He reaches the door and hesitates just for a moment...

... only to hear the faint sound of multiple FOOTSTEPS approaching from the tunnels.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - ENTRANCE PASSAGE - NIGHT

Mirus jumps through the doorway and SLAMS the heavy steel door closed behind him, locking the bolts.

He races quickly up the stairs, turns for the door -- and realises the booby-trap grenade is still wired to the handle.

Someone begins HAMMERING on the Access Tunnel door.

Without further hesitation, Mirus runs for the --

CREW ROOM

and straight for the Emergency Escape. Pulls the steel hatch open.

CUT TO:

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL

Baumann BANGS again on the door to the bunker.

BAUMANN

Mirus! Neumann! For God's sake,  
it's us!

He turns an expression of ghastly exasperation at Franke and Heydrich behind him.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

I don't believe it!

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER - EMERGENCY ESCAPE CHUTE - NIGHT

Mirus drags himself through the short crawl-way and into the narrow concrete chute which leads straight up to the roof of the bunker, four metres above.

As he starts climbing the iron ladder, the wind HOWLS overhead.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER - ON THE ROOF - NIGHT

Mirus pushes aside the snow-covered camouflage-netting which covers the top of the chute. Cautiously pokes his head above the surface, squinting to see in the driving snowstorm.

Holding a white handkerchief of surrender in his hand, he begins to haul himself clear of the chute.

Something MOVES behind him.

A figure, approaching quickly and silently.

Mirus doesn't see until it's TOO LATE, and he's ...

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM

Grabbed from behind -- a knife at his throat.

Neumann's eyes are wide with fear as his assailant hesitates, then whispers quickly in his ear:

SCHENKE

Shhh!

Schenke eases his grip around Neumann's mouth, but leaves the vicious-looking commando knife prodding into his windpipe.

SCHENKE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

What the hell are you doing in here? Were you looking to get out?

NEUMANN

No! I heard the shooting. Came to help!

SCHENKE

What about keeping lookout, you idiot?

NEUMANN

There's a snowstorm blowing outside. We couldn't see a thing. Couldn't hear a thing.

Schenke is still dubious.

NEUMANN (cont'd)

Mirus is still keeping watch -- but I thought I'd be more help in here!

Schenke lets go, and Neumann looks around at him for the first time: Schenke's face is taut with tension -- his eyes containing the first faint gleam of insanity.

Schenke quickly checks in both directions -- listening intently to the silence -- then whispers urgently.

SCHENKE

Are you really ready to help? To do whatever's required?

NEUMANN

Yes.

SCHENKE

Ready to take on the responsibilities of wearing that uniform?

Despite his obvious fear, Neumann replies defiantly.

NEUMANN

Yes.

SCHENKE

Then do as I say. Without question. You understand?

Neumann nods, and Schenke quickly continues:

SCHENKE (cont'd)  
 They're in here. The Yanks. There  
 can't be many -- but they're  
 playing tricks. Trying to confuse  
 us. Pick us off one by one.

Neumann nods again as Schenke hands him a couple of clips for his rifle.

SCHENKE (cont'd)  
 The Lieutenant's dead; the others  
 can't be trusted; so it's up to us.  
 We give the enemy nothing!

CUT TO:

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL

Heydrich is slowly coming around, taking a sip from Baumann's water flask.

They're hunched nervously beside the sealed door to the bunker: Franke keeping watch towards the tunnels; Baumann wiping Heydrich's brow with a wet handkerchief.

BAUMANN  
 God knows what was happening.  
 Franke had an idea -- that we've  
 been hit with some kind of nerve-  
 gas.

HEYDRICH  
 Jesus!

FRANKE  
 Making us hallucinate. It's the  
 only thing that makes sense.

BAUMANN  
 It would explain a lot...

But there's an edge in Baumann's voice, as if he's not really convinced. Franke, however, is sure:

FRANKE  
 It explains everything!

Heydrich sits up a little straighter, squinting painfully as his befuddled mind struggles with the situation.

HEYDRICH  
 And the others?

BAUMANN

Who knows? The shooting stopped pretty quickly, then nothing.

Heydrich gestures at the bunker door:

HEYDRICH

So what now?

BAUMANN

They're not answering. I think they heard us coming and assumed we were Yanks. Maybe they're just scared and keeping quiet -- or maybe they've already surrendered.

HEYDRICH

In which case there could be platoon of Americans at the other side of this door, listening to us...

BAUMANN

... or heading right for us through the tunnels.

Franke wipes his mouth nervously.

FRANKE

Both, knowing our luck! -- The problem is, if we are lapsing into hallucinations, we can't be sure of anything we see or hear. -- Anything!

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM - MUNITIONS STORAGE ROOM

Neumann is carefully piling cannon shells onto a bed of wood and sack-cloth, constructed against the base of a fully-laden shell-rack. Schenke trots over, carrying a couple of broken-open shell cases.

SCHENKE

Wait a minute...

He pours some of the cordite from the shell cases over Neumann's bonfire-type construction, then slowly backs away towards the door, leaving a cordite trail along the concrete floor:

SCHENKE (cont'd)

Alright. More wood and sacking on top. Quickly!

NEUMANN

What happens to us when this lot goes up?

SCHENKE

Don't worry. We won't be around here.

We've got other things to take care of.

Schenke smiles with secret amusement.

But, as if on cue to wipe the smile away, the ghostly noises begin again -- very faint at first -- this time a distant, unearthly MUTTERING and SOBBING.

Neumann crouches, horrified -- hearing the sounds for the first time -- growing pale as the full reality of the situation dawns upon him.

Schenke flattens himself beside the doorway, listening. He's perfectly calm as he speaks:

SCHENKE (cont'd)

They're coming again.

CUT TO:

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL

Franke and Baumann scuttle to the end of the tunnel, peering around into the blackness as the MUTTERING draws nearer.

FRANKE

Dear God, what now?

Heydrich joins them; like Neumann, he too is hearing this for the first time. He can't quite believe it.

HEYDRICH

Listen to it! It has to be the Americans, trying to panic us.

FRANKE

(to Heydrich)

So what do we do?

HEYDRICH

Blow that door, if we can. Now!

FRANKE

But it'll give away our position.

BAUMANN

(to Heydrich)

I'm with you. Let's try it.

Baumann pulls a stick grenade from his boot.  
Gets a nod of readiness from the other two.

Unscrews the cap.  
Pulls the loop of string to pop the fuse...

Tosses the grenade the length of the Access Tunnel, dropping it smack at the base of the Bunker door.

All three pile out into the main tunnel, taking cover either side of the Access Tunnel mouth.

Three seconds ... four ... five ...

BLANG!! and the sharp, deafening BLAST reverberates away throughout the tunnels -- and even here, the lined concrete walls and ceiling seem to creak under the strain.

CUT TO:

INT. MUNITIONS STORAGE ROOM

Schenke and Neumann listen to the dying ECHOES of the blast.

SCHENKE

That was the booby-trap! They're coming in from both ends, now.

(pointedly, to Neumann)

Are you ready?

Neumann nods, pale and trembling.

Schenke takes out his benzedrine pills, shakes one into Neumann's hand, and tips the remainder -- five or six -- into his own mouth.

Neumann pulls out a small hip-flask and offers it Schenke. And this time, Schenke takes it. Washes down his pills with a belt of booze. Neumann does the same.

Then Schenke crouches with his wind-proof lighter -- touching off the trail of cordite on the floor.

As it FIZZES quickly towards the make-shift bonfire, Schenke takes a final deep breath, hoisting his rifle.

SCHENKE (cont'd)

This is it. If it moves, shoot!

He leads the way out into the tunnels.

CUT TO:

INT. ACCESS TUNNEL

Baumann's torch bores a path through the thick cloud of smoke and dust as he quickly feels his way, coughing and choking, along the Access Tunnel.

He emerges from the fog to find the bunker door dented -- but intact.

His face is a picture of despair. He kicks at the door impotently as Heydrich arrives behind him.

BAUMANN

Shit! -- If anything, it's jammed  
in tighter!

Heydrich joins in, kicking at the door as best he can with his good leg -- but it's useless.

HEYDRICH

You bastards! Open up!

He gives up, slumping against the wall as a wave of dizziness overwhelms him momentarily. Baumann stops, too.

BAUMANN

Alright. Alternative plan. Can  
you run?

HEYDRICH

Not much choice, is there.

They reluctantly turn away and scurry back to where Franke is guarding the doorway into the tunnels.

The ghostly noises are still apparent -- and even closer now.

FRANKE

Dammit, that can't to be real!

HEYDRICH

(to Baumann)

So what is this alternative plan?

BAUMANN

Find Schenke and Krupp? Find the  
main entrance? Take your pick!

The three glance at each other -- but none can think of anything better.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM

as they dodge out of the Access Tunnel doorway and advance in a well-rehearsed manoeuvre -- Franke setting the pace at point, Baumann and Heydrich guarding their rear.

HEYDRICH

This is some fucking Christmas,  
alright!

And following them slowly all the way, the ghostly MUTTERINGS of the unseen pursuer.

MUNITIONS STORAGE ROOM

The dry sack-cloth bed of the bonfire BURSTS into flames as the FIZZING fuse-trail hits it.

The flames build quickly through the tangled lattice of wood, licking at the brass cases of the piled cannon shells...

BAUMANN, FRANKE & HEYDRICH

Franke gestures for the others to follow as he advances around a corner.

Baumann and Heydrich trail after him, still watching the rear...

FLASHES from the darkness ahead -- followed immediately by POUNDING GUNFIRE.

Bullets CHOP into the walls -- into the floor.

They scramble backwards in panic, returning FIRE.

Take cover around a corner, still FIRING blindly back towards the unseen sniper -- until their guns CLICK on empty.

BAUMANN

I'm out!

HEYDRICH

Me too.

Franke fishes one final five-round magazine from his pocket. Pushes it into his rifle with a trembling hand.

FRANKE

Last chance, then.

He FIRES once around the corner, then they RUN for it along the side-tunnel in which they'd taken refuge.

SCHENKE & NEUMANN

Schenke, in the shelter of a recessed doorway, lowers his smoking gun and quickly changes magazines -- listening.

Neumann, meanwhile, is shaking like a leaf -- for this is his first ever taste of running combat. Schenke hisses at him:

SCHENKE

They're getting away! Come on!

Neumann follows along blindly as Schenke breaks cover.

BAUMANN, FRANKE & HEYDRICH

They CLATTER along the side-tunnel -- stealth now sacrificed for speed. Franke is pulling ahead, but Baumann, dragging along Heydrich, is unable to keep up.

Franke SKIDS to a halt at a junction of cross-tunnels, and checks in each direction:

A moment of dreadful, realisation...

Far along the tunnels, high-lighted as just the vaguest of flitting, ambiguous shapes -- figures seem to be dodging from cover to cover -- in every direction. And the uncanny voices continue menacingly.

As Baumann and Heydrich arrive behind him, Franke pulls back, his face ashen and fearful.

FRANKE

Christ, they're everywhere! We don't have a chance!

Baumann takes Franke's place, peering around the corner.

BAUMANN

Where are they? I can't see...

But Franke turns to face the direction they've just come.

FOOTSTEPS are now rapidly approaching along their tunnel...

... and Franke is moving to meet them.

FRANKE

This is it. We've nothing left to fight with.

HEYDRICH

Franke, wait...!

FRANKE

Let's try to reason with them. They can't kill us; it's Christmas day!

Baumann's not convinced; he pulls Heydrich around the corner, away from the approaching FOOTSTEPS, looking around wildly for other signs of threat -- his bayonet ready...

Franke continues forward, tossing his rifle aside and raising his hands:

FRANKE (cont'd)  
Enough! We surrender. Don't  
shoot!

Torchlight BURSTS from the blackness ahead.

Franke stops, pinned like a moth in the glare.

FRANKE (cont'd)  
We give up! Do you hear?

SCHENKE  
I hear.

Franke is startled by the familiar voice. He drops his hands.

FRANKE  
Schenke! Thank God! Quick,  
they're all over the place.

Baumann and Heydrich, too, are relieved. They quickly step back around the corner, shielding their eyes against the glare from Schenke's torch.

The dialogue exchange is rapid:

HEYDRICH  
Did you find the way out? Where is  
it?

Schenke moves the light away from their eyes -- allowing them to see the pistol he's pointing at them -- and the rifle which Neumann also has trained on them.

SCHENKE  
Nobody's getting out. Not them.  
Or us.

Baumann can tell instantly from Schenke's expression that something's not right.

BAUMANN  
Where'd you get all the ammo,  
Schenke? What's going on? Who's in  
the bunker?

SCHENKE  
What's going on is this: Krupp's  
dead. So are Ebert and Kreuzmann.  
And lacking a suitable replacement,  
I've assumed command.

HEYDRICH  
Jesus! What happened?

SCHENKE

You three weren't at the rendezvous, that's what happened.

BAUMANN

Now wait a minute...

SCHENKE

Never where you should be, Baumann!  
But this is the last time.

(to Neumann)

Take a look, kid; this is the reason we're losing the war!

FRANKE

For Christ's sake, Schenke, they're just around the corner! Do something!

But Schenke merely straightens his arm, aiming even more deliberately at Franke's face.

SCHENKE

(continuing, to Neumann)

The reason we've been pulling back for the last six months! Cowards who won't bloody fight!

The tension is suddenly electric. Neumann, too, now sees the way things are heading, and begins to shuffle nervously. Franke pleads with Schenke.

FRANKE

We've had nothing to fight with!  
Just show us the way out, will you!

SCHENKE

Don't worry about the Americans. I've taken care of that. But first things first. -- Time to weed out the traitors.

Baumann doesn't wait for Schenke to continue. He looks straight into Neumann's eyes and addresses him.

BAUMANN

Don't listen to him. Can't you see? He's half out of his mind!

SCHENKE

Time to prove yourself, kid! They don't deserve to wear that uniform. Prove that you do.

Neumann looks at Schenke.

NEUMANN

What?

SCHENKE

Do I have to spell it out?

Neumann looks at the others, wide-eyed -- his rifle still pointed at them.

NEUMANN

But...

BAUMANN

(to Neumann)

Don't listen to him!

SCHENKE

They're traitors and cowards! You know the law. Shoot them!

NEUMANN

I can't... I can't just...

But Schenke suddenly GRABS Neumann's hair with his free hand, and SHAKES his head violently.

SCHENKE

Damn you! That's an order! Do it!

Neumann is trembling as he aims his rifle at Baumann and SCREWS his eyes shut -- tensing himself for the shot...

Baumann waits for it ...!

A terrific BLAST -- RIPPING through the complex as the distant Munitions Room finally, inevitably GOES UP!

The walls SHAKE.

Schenke, off balance, lets go of Neumann and OPENS FIRE on the others himself.

Franke is HIT in the arm as he instinctively CHARGES Schenke, CRASHING into him and knocking him off his feet.

Baumann KNOCKS Neumann's rifle aside and SLAPS him hard across the face, furious! Continues SLAPPING him back and forth.

Another deep BLAST shakes the tunnels.

Schenke is on his back on the floor, scrabbling for his torch and gun. Baumann shouts to the others:

BAUMANN

This way! Run!

Franke and Heydrich help each other. Baumann grabs Neumann by the scruff of the neck and DRAGS him away.

FRANKE

Not that way! The soldiers ...!

BAUMANN

I know what I'm doing! Come on!

And he leads them straight forward without hesitation, across the junction and along the next tunnel.

SCHENKE

climbs to his feet, watching as the others escape into the darkness. And he begins to emit, incongruously, a growling MOAN of frustration ..

... as the distant explosions continue, almost drowning out the ghostly mutterings...

... a deep, extended WAILING MOAN -- which slowly builds in pitch and fervour into a long, furious, BELLOW of insane rage!

BAUMANN, FRANKE, HEYDRICH & NEUMANN

are suddenly running through a NIGHTMARE!

Schenke's distant WAIL echoes around them and seems to initiate an answering GHOSTLY CHORUS of horrific SHOUTS and SCREAMS of anguish. Souls, literally, in torment!

The group is on the verge of going to pieces in fear and confusion. They scramble recklessly along, covering their ears against the SCREAMING and POUNDING EXPLOSIONS which threaten to deafen them. But then...

BAUMANN (cont'd)

There! In there!

And the four fugitives race towards a doorway in the tunnel wall ahead...

... and PILE inside.

GENERATOR ROOM

Baumann bolts the steel door behind them.

But there's still no escape -- the blood-chilling NOISES are in here with them -- even louder, if anything.

They back away and huddle together in a corner, covering their ears and screwing their eyes shut -- quite literally FROZEN with fear -- nowhere else to run.

It seemingly can't get any worse, when...

The CACOPHONY of noises begins to fade, and one particular voice takes precedence -- a voice WHISPERING a PRAYER...

Baumann opens his eyes wide with an expression of horrified recognition...

BAUMANN (cont'd)  
Oh, Jesus! It is them!

The whispering overlaps into ...

CUT TO:

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

... Baumann's fragmented visual recollections of a horrific event.

The same railway marshalling yard we saw before, but this time from Baumann's perspective.

He and other members of the unit -- Heydrich, Franke, Ebert, Kreuzmann and Schenke -- are being marched towards an isolated, bombed-out area by Krupp and the two black-uniformed SS guards.

Ahead, an SS CAPTAIN waits beside a pit which is being dug by a large group of prisoners -- themselves uniformed GERMAN SOLDIERS, possibly deserters, stripped of helmets and equipment -- who are working at the gunpoint of a third SS GUARD.

Some are working with spades, others are forced to scratch at the earth with bare hands -- trying not to look at the approaching soldiers, as if to deny their existence.

One prisoner is already kneeling, muttering the loud but whispered PRAYER which continues relentlessly...

Now, the prisoners become agitated as Krupp's men arrive in a broken line beside the pit. A couple of the prisoners break down suddenly, moaning, muttering and sobbing.

As Baumann stares down into the trench with appalled anticipation, the faces etching themselves into his memory, one prisoner in particular catches his gaze, and stares back with an expression of silent pleading.

Kreuzmann has begun trembling violently. He turns away in mounting fear and tries to walk back the way they've come, but the SS guards, laughing, trot after him, spin him around and frog-march him back towards the others.

The SS Captain now seems in a hurry to get it over with. He passes an order to Krupp, gesturing at the prisoners -- his intention unmistakable...

And at this defining moment of truth, each soldier reacts in his own way:

Krupp turns to his men and reluctantly relays the order. Schenke raises his rifle at the cowering prisoners.

Kreuzmann, in terrified, trembling submission, follows suit.

The others are frozen with indecision...

The SS Captain SHOUTS the order again, increasingly angry. Franke finally, reluctantly raises his rifle. Ebert and Heydrich remain frozen.

Only Baumann actively revolts.

He turns on the others, knocking their rifles aside and pushing them back from the pit.

Arguing with Krupp and the SS captain...

Heydrich now trying to hold him back for his own good...

And during the utter confusion, several of the prisoners take their last chance. They try to scramble out of the pit. Three or four even make it out. A couple run for it. One rushes at the SS Captain, hands outstretched.

The SS Captain SHOUTS a warning...

Krupp shoots the would-be assailant.

Schenke turns and OPENS FIRE on the rest of the prisoners mercilessly. Ebert, Franke and Kreuzmann fire almost as a reflex, drawn in by the sudden panic.

The prisoners are cut down under the hail of bullets.

Baumann, still being restrained by Heydrich, watches in HORROR.

The GUNFIRE ceases.

But several bodies still twitch and moan from the pit ...

The soldiers stare down at what they've done.

Schenke coolly changes his rifle magazine, just in case.

Kreuzmann, weeping, drops to his knees.

The others try vainly to cover up their revulsion.

And meanwhile, the three SS men begin to amuse themselves by pushing the heaps of excavated earth back into pit with their feet.

As the earth spills down onto the pile of bodies, the ones still alive begin to SCREAM ...

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM - GENERATOR ROOM

... the same SCREAMS which Baumann, Franke, Heydrich and Neumann are hearing now.

Baumann looks at the others -- and with the exception of Neumann, each returns the same expression of horrified recognition.

Neumann's expression is simply one of frozen terror.

The screams diminish again to a series of quietly muttering voices -- the very essence of which is frighteningly threatening.

Franke is almost losing it.

FRANKE

Kreuzmann was right. They've come back! They're making all this happen! Turning us against each other!

TUNNEL SYSTEM - SCHENKE

As SHUFFLING feet seem to approach from the blackness, Schenke turns to confront whoever it is.

He appears perfectly -- almost unreasonably -- calm as he addresses the unseen newcomers.

SCHENKE

I'm not afraid of you. I've got a cross to protect me!

He holds out his Iron Cross -- and begins to LAUGH...

An INHUMAN POUNDING begins on the steel door.

HEYDRICH

Is it Schenke? It must be Schenke!

BAUMANN

Whoever it is, they know we're in here.

Baumann is looking around in controlled panic.

Spies something.

BAUMANN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Give me a hand!

A metal grille is set into the concrete floor next to the air filtration unit. Baumann takes out his bayonet and begins to prise the grille free. Franke catches on and kneels to help him with trembling hands.

Yet another huge explosion SHAKES the fabric of the tunnel system, and cracks begin to appear in the walls.

The POUNDING on the door continues, as if a huge hammer were being swung against it.

FRANKE

Quickly!

They wrench the grille free, and Baumann briefly leans into the dark horizontal shaft, shining his torch either way.

BAUMANN

Alright! In!

Another BANG, and the door shakes on its hinges. Franke gets into the shaft like a shot.

FRANKE

Which way?

BAUMANN

Either! Just go!  
(to Neumann)  
You next!

NEUMANN

We can't just leave Schenke behind!

BAUMANN

You still think he's such a hero?  
Because he wears that medal? Then  
stay with him!

Neumann makes a hasty decision. Clammers into the shaft, followed by Heydrich.

Another HUGE BANG and the door rattles dangerously. Baumann ducks into the shaft after them.

CUT TO:

INT. VENTILATION SHAFT

A tight fit! Solid concrete. No going back.

Franke struggles ahead as fast as he can. The others crawl along, head to foot behind him, already regretting it.

The POUNDING continues behind them.

FRANKE

I can't see how far it goes. What if it's a dead-end?

HEYDRICH

It has to come out somewhere. Just keep going!

A final BANG from back in the Generator Room, and the muffled CRASH of the door giving way.

BAUMANN

They're through the door.

Everybody shifts up yet another gear, scrabbling along as fast as is possible on elbows and knees. Franke is beginning to panic. His torch reveals a blank wall dead-ahead; a turn?

FRANKE

Oh, God!

A bit closer. Not a turn -- it's a

FRANKE (cont'd)

Dead end! It's a dead end!

A string of frightened, AD-LIB CURSES.

BAUMANN

It can't be. Keep going!

Franke scrambles the last few yards -- hoping against hope.

FRANKE

Oh, God!

BAUMANN

Up! Look up!

Franke shines his torch upwards. An iron grille!

The others pile up behind Franke as he tries to push the grille open.

No go!

And now something's coming slowly up the shaft behind Baumann...

BAUMANN (cont'd)  
They're coming. Get OUT!

Franke and Neumann brace their shoulders against the overhead grille and PUSH.

It won't budge!

Again ...

... PUSH!

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM

The grille BURSTS open.

Franke and Neumann are out in a flash.  
Heydrich next -- dragged out.  
Then Baumann.

Half-way out when...

... his legs are GRABBED from behind.

Is it Schenke?

He YELLS and KICKS himself free.

As the blasts continue -- tearing the tunnels apart behind them -- they run for their lives.

And they're not the only ones. The colony of rats, driven mad by the explosions, is running in all directions, scratching and tearing at anything in their path. Their numbers increasing as the soldiers continue their reckless flight.

CURSING and PLEADING with God for help as they go.

They try to go one way -- but the roof is already coming down.

Another direction -- but a virtual river of crazed rats is pouring towards them!

They can't go back -- only one way remains...

Forward, into the unfinished section where they encountered Kreuzmann -- and back to the barricaded side-tunnel!

They freeze in panic.  
Knowing it's a dead-end.

Baumann's mind is racing. Searching for a way out.

Meanwhile, the walls are crumbling.  
Rats are scampering wildly all around them.  
Jumping at their legs and gnawing at their boots.

It's a living-hell!

And just for good measure, Schenke's insane shouting begins to echo towards them.

SCHENKE (O.S.)

There's no way out, Baumann! And  
we're coming!

For some reason, everybody looks instinctively to Baumann.

And his expression shows he's suddenly thinking again -- a ray of hope on his face as he digs into his tunic pockets.

BAUMANN

What do we have? Turn it all out.

Everybody begins scrabbling through their pockets and pouches, grasping at any last straw. Pulling things out: Penknives; bandages; compasses; signal flares...

Baumann GRABS the flares from Franke, and pulls the folding entrenching spade from his belt. No time to even explain.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

Come on!

And he rushes into the barricaded side-tunnel. Heydrich and Neumann, who don't know what's in there, follow him in -- but Franke takes a few steps and stops. Won't go any nearer.

BAUMANN, HEYDRICH & NEUMANN

rush into the chamber of horrors Baumann had seen before. This time it's worse: The tremors from the distant explosions are shaking the earth loose from the walls -- revealing even more bodies -- their mummified limbs moving as if alive.

Heydrich and Neumann have a moment to react with predictable shock and fear -- then their torches flicker and die!

A moment of blackness, accompanied by fearful SHOUTS.

A FLARE shoots out, bounces off the ceiling and into a corner, CRACKLING as it illuminates the chamber with blue, flickering light.

Baumann doesn't wait another second. Begins dragging sacks of concrete mix against the wall containing the corpses, piling them up, yelling as he does so.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

Help me! They can't be buried very deep. We can't be far beneath the surface!

Heydrich catches on straight away. Unfolds his entrenching spade, clambers on top of Baumann's makeshift platform, and begins DIGGING into the roof, corpses inches away from his face in the wall. Earth begins to shower down.

Neumann manages to gather himself sufficiently to take over from Baumann, dragging more sacks over to build the platform higher.

And Baumann joins Heydrich, HACKING furiously up into the roof.

FRANKE

is hovering indecisively just inside the broken barricade.

Schenke's voice calls again out again, closer.

SCHENKE (O.S.)

Neumann? Where are you? Franke?

Franke looks one way, then the other -- trapped between two equally unappealing options. He's hyperventilating. Trying to keep himself together.

BASHES himself on his forehead with the palm of his hand...

... and turns decisively to confront Schenke, his bayonet gripped tightly in his fist as he rushes back out through the barricade.

BAUMANN, HEYDRICH & NEUMANN

Only now does Baumann notice Franke isn't with them.

BAUMANN

Where's Franke?

He jumps down, tossing his spade to Neumann, and retreats back along the side-tunnel whilst Neumann takes over digging.

Baumann's torch is still not working, but he proceeds as far back into the gloom as he can, calling out.

BAUMANN (cont'd)  
Franke? -- Franke?

There is the SOUND of a violent scuffle from the darkness.

Then a single SHOT.

And Schenke's voice, calling over the continuing RUMBLE of detonations:

SCHENKE (O.S.)  
Franke died like a dog, Baumann!  
And you're next!

A sudden ANGER surges through Baumann.

BAUMANN  
I'm ready for you, Schenke! Come  
and get me!

HEYDRICH & NEUMANN

have dug a yard upwards into the already shifting, crumbling roof. A huge clump of earth falls away suddenly and the HEAD OF A CORPSE swings down, dangling.

Neumann SCREECHES! Heydrich is shaken, but instantly continues digging to one side.

BAUMANN

is stumbling forward, bayonet in hand, towards the approaching glow from Schenke's torch.

Suddenly Schenke is there -- framed in the mouth of the side-tunnel. And in the blackness behind him -- only hinted at by the glow of his torch -- is a suggestion of several ghostly figures.

Their muttering, ghostly VOICES still unintelligible, but they seem almost to be offering evil encouragement to the crazed instrument of their vengeance -- Schenke!

Baumann is shaken to the core by the sight, but holds his ground, trying to convince himself he's seeing things.

BAUMANN (cont'd)  
Put the gun down, Schenke! I'll  
fight you! That's what you wanted.

SCHENKE

Wrong! All I want is to see you  
dead!

Schenke raises his pistol, laughing...

... But Baumann aims quickly and FIRES OFF a signal flare.

It flashes like a ROCKET across the distance between them,  
SLAMMING into Schenke's chest -- and engulfing him in FLAMES!

Schenke SCREAMS and staggers backwards out of sight, arms  
flailing -- and once again his screams seem to trigger the  
HOWLING FURY of the ghostly presence.

Baumann gets out of there as fast as he can -- back to where

HEYDRICH &amp; NEUMANN

are digging upwards like maniacs. Four feet into the roof.  
Urged on the by renewed cacophony of terrifying voices.

The flare they're using for illumination is fizzling out ...

... and in the strobe-like flickering of the light, the faces  
of the mummified plague victims seem to come alive -- just  
for a subliminal split-second at a time -- hinting at the  
haunting faces of the soldiers shot in the pit...

Baumann FIRES the third and last flare into the corner.

Then jumps up to help Heydrich and Neumann, tearing at the  
roof with his bare hands.

But something's coming at them again; DRAGGING itself towards  
them from the darkness...

Baumann takes the spade back from Neumann. Kneels on  
Heydrich's shoulder. Pushes himself higher. Digging...

... Six feet upwards. Hacking through roots, now. Earth  
pouring down around him...

An inhuman GROWL from Schenke as he STAGGERS into the circle  
of flickering light, horribly burned and smouldering...

Neumann CRIES OUT!

Baumann BURSTS through the roof! Earth and grass and snow  
spill down as the storm above WHISTLES through the tiny  
opening.

... and Schenke CHARGES!

Baumann drops down from Heydrich's shoulder as Schenke bulldozes into them, slashing indiscriminately with a knife, and now totally insane!

Baumann GRAPPLES with Schenke, yelling to the others;

BAUMANN

Out! Get OUT!

Neumann doesn't argue. Scrambles up through the tiny opening, boosted by Heydrich.

Schenke TOSSES Baumann aside like a doll, and goes for Heydrich, STABBING at him with one hand whilst PULLING at Neumann's legs with the other.

Baumann DRAGS Schenke away. Pushes Neumann upwards so he can crawl out. Tries to help the bleeding Heydrich back onto his feet...

... then all hell breaks loose!

The wall seems to SHIFT behind them, and mummified corpses SPILL OUT around them, limbs everywhere -- which seem to suddenly GRAB at Baumann and Heydrich. Holding them against the wall! They struggle in HORROR!

Schenke is coming for them again.

The last flare is fizzling out.  
The light spluttering and dying...

And behind Schenke, seemingly closing in to watch the kill, is the line of ghostly figures -- fleeting glimpses of faces and uniforms, strongly suggestive of the prisoner soldiers massacred in the pit.

Schenke attacks again, and a grisly, three-way wrestling match begins amidst the tangle of clawing, mummified arms.

Baumann is STABBED once in the shoulder. Fights back furiously, partially breaking free from the grasping arms, and trying to twist the knife out of Schenke's grip.

Heydrich goes for Schenke's throat.

But Schenke pulls himself from Baumann's grip -- and PLUNGES the knife into Heydrich's chest.

With a final, supreme dying effort, Heydrich grabs Schenke's wrists in an iron grip -- and holds the knife into his own chest, trapping it!

HEYDRICH

(to Baumann, last breath)

Get OUT!

Baumann hesitates for a split second -- looking into Heydrich's dying eyes. Schenke is struggling to pull the knife free in order to turn on Baumann, RAGING incoherently.

Then, in one swift motion, Baumann grabs the last grenade lodged in the top of Schenke's jackboot and CLAWS his way up towards the opening above.

The rotting arms seeming to PULL at his clothing.  
Trying to drag him back.

Neumann is calling from above:

NEUMANN  
Grab my hand!

Behind Baumann, Schenke finally DRAGS the knife free from Heydrich -- who falls over dead.

Then Schenke LUNGES after Baumann.  
Pulling at his legs.  
Raising the knife to strike...

Baumann grabs Neumann's hand.  
HAULS himself up through the tangle of tree-roots.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

With the freezing storm ROARING around them, Neumann pulls Baumann half-way out from the tight, crumbling hole in the ground.

Baumann slumps to one side, still KICKING at Schenke's grasping hands, STAMPING him back down.

He rips the cap from the grenade.  
Pops the fuse.

Drops it down the hole.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL SYSTEM

The grenade drops at Schenke's feet. He KICKS it away and tries one more time to SCRAMBLE up through the hole.

But he's tangled in the gruesome web of grasping arms. And now the ghostly figures, too, CROWD around, pressing down on him...

The grenade EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

Baumann and Neumann are already running for it as a huge area of snow-covered ground behind them SHUDDERS upwards from the subterranean blast, then SINKS back with a dull THUD.

The storm continues to blow, piling fresh snow on top of the cracked, uneven depression. Slowly covering it up.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - ELSEWHERE - DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

The snow-storm has abated, to be replaced by a slow, silent shower of snowflakes.

Baumann and Neumann are huddled together in a shelter carved from a snow-drift at the base of a tree, still trembling from the horrors of the night as much as from the cold.

Baumann sighs wearily, puffing on a cigarette as he approaches the end of a quietly spoken story:

BAUMANN

... some of them were still alive when the pit was filled in. -- Then we were sent back to the barracks as if nothing had happened. All part of the day's work.

He sits quietly for a few moments, thinking.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

We told ourselves they were Americans; enemy infiltrators. But they were probably deserters from our own ranks. Better for us that we never knew. -- But in the end, what's the difference?

Neumann sits silently, letting the story sink in. Whilst he does so, Baumann reaches deep inside his tunic. Pulls out a small, flat black box.

Neumann watches as he opens it up. Inside is an Iron Cross, 1st Class.

Neumann looks up at Baumann. He opens his mouth to ask something -- but realises he already knows the answer.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

Some people couldn't understand why I stopped wearing it.

Baumann closes the box, PUSHES it deep down into the snow, and covers it over.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

But there won't be much glory for the wearers of those. Nor any mothers proud of their sons for wearing this uniform. If you've any sense you'll save your courage for when this war's over. -- That's when you'll really need it.

Baumann struggles to his feet with finality, forcing his exhausted, aching body upright.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

It's light enough, now.

He trudges quietly forward towards a snow-covered ridge, then carefully and silently crawls up to look over the top.

Neumann quietly approaches behind as Baumann peers through his field glasses.

BAUMANN'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

The frozen dirt-road and the bunker are visible through the trees in the distance. At the rear of the bunker, several green-uniformed American soldiers are milling around.

The unmistakable, grey-uniformed figure of Mirus is with them. An armed guard stands next to him as he tries to converse with an American officer. He's clearly nervous, sick and confused -- but, at least, alive.

BACK TO SCENE

Baumann pulls back from the lip of the ridge and turns to Neumann.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

Have you got a handkerchief?

Neumann shakes his head.

Baumann pulls out his own and gives it to him.

BAUMANN (cont'd)

Here; wave it. Don't try to hide. Just walk straight down. You'll be alright.

NEUMANN

But aren't you coming? After everything you said...

Baumann shakes his head.

BAUMANN

I can't get out of it that easily.  
I have to stick it out to the end,  
now. But for you, it's Christmas.  
You've been given another chance. --  
Now get going.

Baumann's voice is suddenly harsh, and Neumann reluctantly does as he's told.

But after a few steps he pauses.

NEUMANN

Mirus told me... he told me this  
was a place where the dead come  
back

(a pause)

But we didn't really see anything,  
did we. It was nerve gas; made us  
see things; hear things; drove  
Schenke mad?

Baumann doesn't answer, and after a moment Neumann turns away again and heads off through the trees, down towards the bunker.

Baumann watches Neumann go -- then turns and trudges off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAWN

The depression in the ground is covered over completely, now. All that's visible is a smooth, white concave sheet of virgin snow.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND

Blackness. A muffled GROANING, as if someone has suddenly woken. Then a shuffling panic.

A CLICK -- and a cigarette lighter flickers into life...

... illuminating the tiny pocket of dusty air into which Schenke is crushed under tons of rubble. Only his head and one arm are free in the narrowest of cramped, confined spaces. Burned, battered and torn but, incredibly, still ticking -- for the moment. And, unfortunately for him, a vestige of sanity and comprehension seems to have returned.

It takes him a second to fully recognise his predicament.

Buried alive!

And as if that's not enough...

... as the horrifying realisation slowly sinks in...

... he begins to hear a SCRATCHING sound. As if something is beginning to CLAW its way through the rubble towards him. Getting closer.

Rats?

Or something else...?

Schenke STRUGGLES furiously, but can barely move an inch. Panic setting in. Can't breathe!

The cigarette lighter beginning to sputter and die...

The scratching getting LOUDER and CLOSER.

... until the tiny flame dies and blackness closes in.

Then Schenke SCREAMS!

END