

FADE IN:

EXT. COTTAGE, CAMP - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Belgium, 1914

A wind agitates the smoke that appears to be pluming from a CHIMNEY. Another gust jingles a brass bell dangling from an evergreen wreath.

INT. COTTAGE, CAMP - NIGHT

A festive tune spins from a record player.

The entire space is swollen with various Yuletide décor that features a Christmas tree crowned with an elaborate STAR.

Amidst this winter wonderland is a rotund MAN, dressed in formal military regalia unfit for actual combat. His name is Colonel OTIS (58).

He moves at a deliberate pace, snapping off nuts in the maw of a nutcracker, overwaters an English Ivy and preps a pipe for smoking.

OTIS
Go on. Get off.

As requested, a GERMAN SHEPARD leaves a cushioned chair before resting next to an UNLIT FIREPLACE.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Good boy.

Otis then rips off a machine gun fart as he lowers his ample bottom onto the vacated chair.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Now.

A grape is plucked from one of many plates of waiting food.

OTIS (CONT'D)
Why are you disturbing my
Christmas?

On the other side of the cottage, waiting at the entryway is a MAN standing in a calm attention, wearing a uniform that appears tailored made for his impressive frame. His name is Private HANZ (23).

HANZ
 (a bit confused)
 Um, you requested me sir.

OTIS
 Not you.

Otis extinguishes a match in the sack of a porcelain Santa then points to someone beyond Hanz.

OTIS (CONT'D)
 Him.

To the right of Hanz is a MAN wearing a mud slung uniform that hangs loose around his puny frame. Sweat pours off his skin while ribs beg for desperate air. Yet he manages to stand at attention with arms and hand obscuring his war-weary face. His name is Private ADOLF HITLER (25).

And his presence catches Hanz off guard.

HANZ
 Yelp!

FADE TO:

TEXT OVER BLACK:

Based on events that could've happened.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: December 15th

Through binoculars, we observe German soldiers firing shots before retreating to the safety of their trench.

The optical instrument drops from view, allowing Adolf, belly down and feet twiddling the air, to sketch in a JOURNAL.

ADOLF
 (to journal)
 Addie you've earned yourself a
 treat.

From a MESSENGER BAG, Adolf removes a tattered box of Animal Crackers. And with a concentrating tongue, his fiddling fingers remove a MONKEY shaped biscuit.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
 Oh, darn it. It's the Afro-African.

Adolf contemplates another attempt, but abides by his self-imposed rules.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
 Maybe I'll have better luck next
 time.
 (racist monkey noises)
 Eee, eee, ooga-boogah boo.

He slips the cookie between his lips but does not bite.

Instead, he takes a deep, closed eye breath. When vision returns, we see Adolf's journal spread eagle to showcase the multi-page sketch of the German trench.

Adolf gazes at his work with satisfaction until he notices the British Trench is a mirror image.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
 (muffled by cookie)
 Those copycats.

In frustration, he returns the moist monkey back to its carboard cage.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
 (punches at ground)
 How dare they!

BRUNO (O.S.)
 Ow!

ADOLF
 Bruno?
 (pause)
 Bruno, is that you?

BRUNO (O.S.)
 You know it is. Yah fuck bastard.

ADOLF
 I swear I didn't know you were
 under that inconspicuous mound of
 twigs and leaves.

BRUNO (O.S.)
 Don't be giving me that...

From inside, the "inconspicuous mound" gets lifted by a lanky, pale faced MAN named Sniper BRUNO (52).

BRUNO (CONT'D)
 ...nonsense.
 (rubs head)
 You smacked me on the crown.

ADOLF
 Just an honest mishap.

BRUNO
 Oh, an honest mishap? Like the time
 you took a steamy shit on my foot?

ADOLF
 I can't be blamed for that. You
 made a very convincing tree.

BRUNO
 Really?

ADOLF
 Yeah. So much so, a dog would have
 used you as a territorial marker.

Adolf checks the position of the sun and then consults his
 trusty POCKET WATCH.

ADOLF (CONT'D)
 Now I suggest you return to your
 battle station very soon.

BRUNO
 What for, my trigger doesn't have
 enough blue balls yet?

ADOLF
 Just trust me.

Adolf guides an uncertain Bruno back into the nest and drapes
 the ghillie tarp over their bodies.

ADOLF (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And prepare to be drained.

INT. SNIPER NEST #1 - DAY

Amongst darkness, only a sliver of light sneaks through a
 small gun-sized hole.

BRUNO
 That was an odd thing to say.

ADOLF
How is it odd? I was merely playing
off the visual metaphor that you
established.

BRUNO
(raises rifle)
Whatever.

EXT. BRITISH TRENCH - DAY

Through a rifle scope, we see British Soldiers pop in and out
of view as they exchange shots with the enemy.

BRUNO (O.S.)
So, what's your big surprise? All I
see is the usual whack-a-mole.

ADOLF (O.S.)
Just watch the sky.

The scope shifts up towards the clouds.

ADOLF (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And exercise a bit more patience.

INT. SNIPER NEST #1 - DAY

Adolf can almost feel the watch gears clicking into place.

ADOLF
And in...

INT. GERMAN TRENCH - DAY

A MAN named Lieutenant GERHARD (43) watches over his squad.

ADOLF (V.O.)
...three...

GERHARD
You're up Jenson.

EXT. GERMAN TRENCH

As ordered, Jenson pops from the trench ready to fire until a
RUMBLING from the sky causes a distraction.

JENSON
Well, that's new.

INT. GERMAN TRENCH

Gerhard quickly yanks the exposed Jenson back to safety right as several bullets connect with his former position.

PING! PING!

GERHARD

What the hell were you thinking?

Jenson points up.

EXT. SNIPER NEST #1

The sniper scope searches for the rumbling source.

INT. SNIPER NEST #1

Adolf nudges the gun barrel up and to the left. BINGO!

BRUNO

Oh, shit. We're getting supplies.

ADOLF

Better.

INT. GERMAN TRENCH

Through binoculars, Gerhard spots several approaching planes.

GERHARD

Well, they're ours. But I wasn't notified.

JENSON

Maybe it's our food request.

INT. BRITISH TRENCH

ADOLF (V.O.)

Two.

A MAN named Lieutenant EVERETT (43) watches the skies with a sense of unease.

EVERETT

They're dropping something.

Binoculars adjust to bring the falling object into focus.

EVERETT (CONT'D)
(dread)
Oh, shit.

INT. SNIPER NEST #1

BRUNO
(glee)
Oh, shit!

Adolf wildly nods his head, "I told you so."

EXT. NO MANS LAND

More planes appear, their droning engines echo across the desolate battlefield.

ADOLF (V.O.)
One.

INT. BRITISH TRENCH

EVERETT
Everybody take cover!

A mad scramble.

Soldiers press flat against the walls, some dive into the muddy water, while a few cower behind sandbags.

INT. GERMAN TRENCH

GERHARD
Everybody to your stations!

INT. BRITISH TRENCH

KABOOM! The first bomb touches ground. KABOOM! More destruction causes a panic.

FLEEING SOLDIER
(leaves trench)
Fuck this shit!

EXT. NO MANS LAND

The Fleeing Soldier gets a yard from the trench when, BLAM!

INT. SNIPER NEST #1

ADOLF
(pointing)
There's some more scaredy cats.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

EXT. NO MANS LAND

More soldiers fall to the relentless bombardment.

INT. SNIPER NEST #1

BRUNO
Fish in a barrel.

ADOLF
Yeah, those idiots.
(pause)
Don't they know how to calculate
the planes trajectory for a proper
evasion?
(pause)
Ooo, to your left.

EXT. BRITISH TRENCH

BLAM! Another British Soldier crumples to the ground.

INT. SNIPER NEST #1

Adolf smacks Bruno in excitement.

ADOLF
You got the Jew right in the neck.
No more shekels for him.

BRUNO
(remains focused)
How do you know he was Jewish?

ADOLF
Gravity hits them different.
(pause)
There's two on the right.

EXT. BRITISH TRENCH

BLAM! Two more British Soldiers fall limp.

INT. SNIPER NEST #1

ADOLF
TWO FOR ONE, MY GOODNESS!

BRUNO
Getting loud.

(whispers)
Two for one, my goodness.

BRUNO (CONT'D)
(whispers back)
I know, right.
(pulls back)
Shit.

ADOLF
What's the matter?

BRUNO
I think I've been spotted.

ADOLF
Don't be silly. Nobody can see
through that madness.

BRUNO
I did.

ADOLF
But that's because of your superior
German vision--

PING! A British bullet miraculously misses its target by a
hair's breadth.

BRUNO
Believe me now?

ADOLF
Lucky shot.

PING! Another near miss.

BRUNO
We need to leave.
(gathering equipment)
(MORE)

BRUNO (CONT'D)

Meet me at the northern river
mouth. Do not stretch.

ADOLF

Meet? Are you not coming?

BRUNO

I gotta cover you.
(Adolf is hesitant)
Don't worry, I won't be far behind.

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