

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

EXT. DUNAJEC VALLEY, SOUTH EAST POLAND - NIGHT

The full moon rests on the horizon; moonbeams filter through the trees to the forest floor.

The faint sounds of GYPSY MUSIC.

SUPERSCRIPT: MARCH 1930

Illuminated by the moon, a HALF-NAKED TEENAGE COUPLE kiss and roll around on the ground.

A devilishly handsome young man with bright blue eyes, STEFAN WOLFF (teen's, German/Gypsy) spreads kisses all over an early-developing firecracker of a girl JETA JAGER (teen's, Gypsy).

STEFAN

Marry me.

JETA

Stop saying such nonsense.

STEFAN

We can leave -- tonight.

Jeta pushes Stefan off.

JETA

You're a silly boy with fancy dreams.

STEFAN

Think of the children we'll have!

JETA

There you go dreaming again.

Stefan straddles Jeta to make sure he looks straight into her eyes. He needs her full attention.

STEFAN

I have a way for us to get away.

JETA

I will never trust a German.

Stefan clenches his jaw. Looks off into the distance for just a moment.

STEFAN

How can you say that when you know
who I am?

JETA

Who is this friend? We both know
all the same people.

Stefan cups her face.

STEFAN

Trust me Sunshine.

Stefan caresses the crudely-made heart locket around her
neck.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

I trust him with my life. Do you
trust me with yours?

JETA

(under her breath)

Yes.

STEFAN

Good, then it's settled.

Stefan fixes his clothes. Jeta stands and straightens her
skirt and blouse.

STEFAN (CONT'D)

Meet me back here in an hour. Pack
only what you can carry.

JETA

What about my family? Momma will
worry if I disappear.

STEFAN

We will send word to your family
once we are far away.

Jeta doesn't know -- she paces and tries to weigh her
options.

JETA

I should just marry your brother.

Stefan grabs her by the arms and stops her in her tracks.

STEFAN

Half-brother -- and you've
witnessed what he can do when he
loses his temper.

JETA

My father never would have arranged
a marriage to a man who could hurt
me.

STEFAN

My family will lie just to rid us
of him.

(beat)

Please Sunshine -- meet me here in
an hour.

Jeta passionately kisses Stefan.

JETA

I love you Bear.

Jeta nods and runs a few steps. Stops and looks back at
Stefan. She smiles and disappears into night.

Stefan spies a red cloth heart on the ground. He CHUCKLES to
himself. As he bends down to get it, there is a CRACK in the
woods behind him. He quickly places the heart in his pocket.

MAN'S VOICE

She's mine -- half-breed.

Stefan stiffens. A large hand grabs his shoulder and spins
him around. A BIG FIST knocks him out cold.

SMASH CUT TO
BLACK:

JETA (V.O.)

The great 18th century poet, Robert
Burns once said, "Man's inhumanity
to man makes countless thousands
mourn."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DUNAJEC VALLEY, SOUTH EAST POLAND - NIGHT

The sun sets behind the majestic snow-capped Carpathian
Mountains.

SUPERSCRIPT: MARCH 1944

Nestled inside the range, a deep verdant basin blossoms with
a hint of spring.

Flanked by a squad of ALLIED FIGHTER PLANES, two B-17 BOMBERS
soar through the sky past the blood red full moon.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

A couple dozen of HIMMLER'S SCHUTZTAFFEL (SS) EINSATZGRUPPEN (Mobile Killing Squad) rest around several fires. Their faded gray field uniforms show years of wear.

A GYPSY WALTZ faintly drifts up from a Gypsy camp located south of the soldiers.

With his back to the group, a grown-up STEFAN WOLFF now a SS-Rottenführer (corporal), listens to the music. He looks like hell - as only a war, or a woman, could do to a man.

He forces his mind back to the present - turns towards the men.

STEFAN

If we head north, we'll have more subjects for Mengele.

The squad's SS-Oberschütze (private 1st class) OTTO (30's, Russian/German, a linebacker in uniform) slashes away at a stick with his knife.

OTTO

Their music makes my stomach turn.

The company leader, an SS-Scharführer, CHRISTIAN HOFFMAN (early 30's, German, ruggedly handsome but a beaten down soul) stares at the ground.

CHRISTIAN

We move south at dawn.

STEFAN

Are you sure that's wise Christian?

CHRISTIAN

We're not going to waste what little supplies we have to go north for a few gypsies. The majority of them are on the south side of the mountain.

On the other side of the fire, Christian's brother a SS-Schütze (private), MAX HOFFMAN (20's, German, a scrawny man with a scarred face), drinks from his flask. A wide smile forms on his face.

MAX

I'm ready to fuck.

STEFAN

The gypsy women are not ours for the taking.

OTTO

We can do what we want with the gypsy bitches. Mengele will still have plenty - they breed like roaches.

STEFAN

The more he gets - the better it makes us look. The better we look - the more extras Berlin gives us.

OTTO

Your guilt eats at you, doesn't it -
- gypsy?

Max glances at Christian.

Christian grabs Otto's flask and turns it upside down. A drop hits the ground. He stares at Otto - tosses the flask.

CHRISTIAN

Where's all your vodka Otto?

Otto removes his gun from its holster. He points it at Stefan.

OTTO

I'm not an idiot!

(beat)

I see the way you look at them -- the hesitation before you pull the trigger. You have guilt.

(beat)

And guilt for these worthless animals could only come from one of their own.

Christian moves in between Stefan and Otto.

CHRISTIAN

No one said you were an idiot.

(lowers voice)

If Stefan was a stupid dog, I would've already killed him myself.

OTTO

Then you're a blind fool.