

SHRAPNEL

by

Evan Daugherty

DRAFT DATE:

10/3/2008

MANAGEMENT:
Energy Entertainment
(310) 274-3440

FADE IN:

INT. ARCHIVES - DAY

A small door SLIDES OPEN like a priest's confessional, revealing the face of **OSTERMAN**, late 40's, bald, clean shaven, in a bargain-brand suit. He's gaunt, pale, run a bit ragged. The only hint of vitality, of strength, comes from those deep-set, focused EYES. Wells of memory.

Osterman slides a small piece of paper to an UNSEEN PERSON on the other side of the wall. After a moment, the Unseen Person slides a stack of books and other documents back through the small door to Osterman.

AT A RESEARCH TABLE

Now, it's clear. This is not a church... this is some sort of library or government building. Harsh, angular, claustrophobic, all painted an unpleasant gray-green. Fluorescent lights hang above.

There will be no title card indicating the year. But the wardrobe, the hair, the general design will all indicate that this is the mid-1970s.

Osterman coldly, studiously pours over the documents. All of the text is IN GERMAN. After some searching, one PARTICULAR DOCUMENT catches his eye.

IN THE COPY ROOM

Osterman feeds a few German *pfennigs* into a massive copy machine. He sets the document down, presses COPY.

CUT TO:

The title, over black:

SHRAPNEL

EXT. BRAMBLE PATCH - DAY

A tuft of BROWN WOOL, snagged on a thorn, blowing in the wind. RACK FOCUS to **FORD**, bearded, mid-50's, with a few extra pounds slapped onto a strong frame. He carries a large pack on his back.

Ford eyes the wool for a moment, then carefully plucks it, rubs it between his fingers.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

CREDITS ROLL AS... Ford moves through the breathtaking Rocky Mountain wilderness. A world away from those cramped spaces in Germany. Still the mid-1970s.

We follow Ford as he--

-- *runs his fingers over a smooth patch of bark worn down by antlers or horns* --

-- *finds a bedding area: a patch of flat grass where some sort of large animal has been sleeping* --

-- *spots a break in the foliage where old trees and young trees meet. He looks to the ground, spots a faint trail which leads all the way up to a--*

ROCKY SLOPE

Ford looks out across a yawning gap, sees a gang of majestic BIGHORN SHEEP with massive spiralling horns, frolicking on the mountainside. More like small deer than sheep. They exercise complete control over the dangerous terrain, bouncing from rock to rock, prancing along tiny ledges and bounding over gaps as big as twenty feet.

Ford also witnesses one of the legendary bighorn sheep HEAD BUTTING CONTESTS. Two males stare each other down. Stomp their hooves. Smash into each other. Again and again.

After several head butts, one of the RAMS is clearly defeated. He scurries off the hillside in shame.

Ford hops to his feet, follows the animal.

EXT. MOUNTAIN STREAM - DAY

Ford runs alongside the water, a faint limp in his gait, but still surprisingly fast and agile for a man his age.

But then, Ford's face TWISTS IN PAIN.

He awkwardly stumbles to the ground, reaches for his THIGH, wincing. He takes slow, deep breaths, massages the muscles in his thigh.

After a moment, the pain subsides. Ford gets back to his feet, hobbles off.

EXT. WATERING HOLE - DAY

Ford scans the bank, spots a whole zoo's worth of ANIMAL TRACKS in the mud.

He pulls a heavily worn BOOK out of his pack. It's a 1944 ARMY FIELD MANUAL. He flips through the book, finds instructions on how to build a makeshift sniper blind, or in this case, a HUNTING BLIND. Ford gathers branches and bark, constructs his blind near the water's edge.

LATER, The blind is complete. Ford waits inside, with a clear view of the spot where the stream meets the pond.

The perfect ambush point.

It's not long before the BIGHORN RAM marches out of the trees and up to the water's edge.

Ford studies the creature. The thick bristling coat. The muscles beneath the flesh. The wild eyes.

Then, Ford reaches into his pack, pulls out--

--a CAMERA with a long TELEPHOTO LENS attached to it.

Ford snaps several shots of the bighorn sheep. And something like a SMILE infiltrates Ford's face as he captures the wild beauty of the animal forever on film.

Then, the SOUND of Ford's automatic CAMERA REWIND spooks the ram. The creature scurries off... **AS CREDITS END.**

EXT. FORD'S CABIN - LATER THAT DAY

You could call it a cabin, I guess. But it wasn't built by the pioneers, and it's certainly not more than ten years old. It's set in a small clearing, embraced by the forest on all sides. A dirt road winds past the front door.

Ford trudges out of the surrounding woods, past his gleaming yellow 1974 RANGE ROVER and into--

INT. FORD'S CABIN

Inside ain't too shabby either. Electricity, gas, running water -- all luxuries in this neck of the woods. It has a faux-rustic feel, though. Several mounted animal heads and horns hang on the wall, along with a number of nature-themed photographs, all of a similar style.

One PHOTOGRAPH stands out. A black-and-white Ansel Adams-esque shot of a distinctive MOUNTAIN PEAK. The sharp tip is completely barren. Treeless. Smaller PHOTOS of this peak taken from different angles also hang on the wall.

Ford sets his backpack and his camera down onto the dinner table. He switches on a small radio--

REPORTER

(over radio)

--Marines died in an offensive south of Pleiku yesterday. Official reports indicate that 43 Viet Cong combatants were killed--

IN A MAKESHIFT DARKROOM

Bathed in red light, Ford painstakingly develops his photographs of the bighorn sheep.

REPORTER

(over radio)

--place the total American dead at 36,802. A postscript: the war in Vietnam now surpasses the Korean War in total American lives lost--

IN THE BATHROOM

Ford turns off the water, steps out of the shower, wraps a towel around his waist. But beneath the towel... the bottom half of a LARGE SCAR is visible.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER

(over radio)

How many licks does it take to get to the Tootsie Roll center of a Tootsie Pop? The world may never--

Ford switches off the radio. Then, he winces a bit, regards the scar on his thigh. This is the same injury that brought him to the ground while tracking the bighorn sheep.

He grabs a BOTTLE OF ASPIRIN, pops the top, but it's EMPTY.

FORD

Shit.

I/E. FORD'S RANGE ROVER - DAY

A LIGHT RAIN falls as Ford hops into his car, starts it up.

VOOM-- VOOM-- VOOM-- Engine won't start.

FORD
Aw, come on...

EXT. FORD'S RANGE ROVER - MOMENTS LATER

Ford lifts the hood, scrutinizes the inscrutable European innards of his Range Rover. He checks a few of the basic fluids. Everything seems to be in order. He probes deeper, feeling around for the problem.

OSTERMAN (O.S.)
(German accent)
Engine trouble?

Ford peeks out from under the hood, sees OSTERMAN standing out in the dirt road. Osterman wears rustic hiking garb, clean and pressed. He carries a heavy backpack and holds a large walking stick.

The fact that Osterman is a complete stranger isn't of much concern to Ford -- hikers and hunters amble past his cabin all the time. But Osterman's faint GERMAN ACCENT is enough to give Ford at least a momentary pause.

FORD
Long way from home...

OSTERMAN
That is the whole idea. On sabbatical. For my health.

FORD
Mountain air and all that.

Osterman nods. Ford goes back to his engine, hoping the conversation is over.

OSTERMAN
(re: the car)
Do you mind if I take a look?

FORD
I've got it covered, thanks.

OSTERMAN
It is no trouble.

FORD
Just hafta tow it to one of the
import places in the city.

OSTERMAN
Please... British automobiles are a
hobby of mine.

FORD
(with force)
Really don't need your help.

Osterman stops.

FORD
(regaining some composure)
Thanks for the offer.

Osterman smiles politely, then turns to walk away. Ford goes
back to his engine... but after a moment...

FORD
Hey...

Osterman stops, turns back.

Ford shows the aspirin bottle to Osterman. He shakes the
bottle, indicating that it's empty.

FORD
There's this shooting pain. In my
thigh. Comes and goes. Shrapnel
trying to fight its way out.
Always puts me in a bad mood.

LATER,

Raining a bit harder now... Ford sits in the driver's seat.
Osterman has his face buried in the guts of the car. He uses
a wrench to make some adjustments, then pulls his head out,
looks to Ford.

OSTERMAN
Try it.

VOOM-- VOOM-- VOOM--

FORD
Goddammit!

OSTERMAN
Patience... patience...

Osterman dives back under the hood, probing around. He sticks his hand deep into the machinery, PULLS SOMETHING OUT. He gives Ford a nod. Ford turns the key.

VOOM-- VOOM-- VOOM-- **VROOOOOOOOOOM!!!!**

FORD
Ha! You're a miracle worker.

Osterman shows Ford a small CHUNK OF RUBBER.

OSTERMAN
(impersonating a priest)
The body of Christ...

Osterman uses the chunk to draw the sign of the cross. He presents the rubber shard, like a Communion wafer, to Ford.

FORD
Broken gasket.

OSTERMAN
Wedged in the flywheel. These are not like your American cars. Very finicky. You must be extremely vigilant about maintenance. Always listening for any sign of--

FORD
(gruff but good-natured)
Starting to get that shooting pain again...

OSTERMAN
Ah, yes, yes... that is the end of my lecture.

The rain is COMING DOWN HARD now. Osterman is drenched.

FORD
I should head into town 'fore dark. Appreciate the help, mister...?

OSTERMAN
Felix Osterman.

FORD
Benjamin-- Ben Ford.

Osterman and Ford exchange a brief, weak handshake.

FORD
Take it easy...

Osterman nods as Ford rolls up the window, drives off.

I/E. FORD'S RANGE ROVER - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Ford pulls away from his cabin, bumping along the now muddy road. But THUNDER claps. LIGHTNING flashes. RAIN floods the windshield.

He peeks into the sideview mirror, sees Osterman pathetically slogging and stumbling his way through the driving rain.

Just when Osterman starts to fade into the murky gray of the storm... Ford HITS THE BRAKES.

EXT. BACK DOWN THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Ford pulls up next to Osterman, barely cracks his window.

FORD
Sure you're alright out here?

OSTERMAN
(in good spirits)
I'm "roughing it".

FORD
Look, it's probably too dangerous to be driving anyway. I'm gonna go inside, ride it out.

OSTERMAN
I would hate to be a burden.

Lightning flashes. Thunder booms.

FORD
Look, I could lie to you, say it's the Christian in me wants you to come inside. Truth is, if something bad happens to you out here, it's gonna come back and bite me in the ass.
(trying to remember)
Hippies had a word for that...

OSTERMAN
Yes... I believe it's "karma".

INT. FORD'S CABIN - DAY

On a STEAMING PILE OF MEAT, roasting in the oven. Ford checks on the status of his shepherd's pie, takes a bite, sees if it needs more cooking time.

Rain and thunder still echo outside the cabin walls.

OSTERMAN (O.S.)
Your work...?

Osterman also stands in the cabin, drying his wet hair with a towel and admiring the photographs of the MOUNTAIN PEAK.

FORD
Yep. 'Bout ten miles into the valley. Called Sky--

OSTERMAN
SKY GOD PEAK. I've read about it.

Osterman's eyes drift to a GERMAN LUGER PISTOL, mounted in a frame, behind a plate of glass, over the fireplace.
Throughout his time in the cabin, Osterman's eyes will frequently return to that pistol.

For now, he looks away from the pistol, finds a high-tech COMPOUND HUNTING BOW leaning against the wall. Hanging beside the bow is Ford's HUNTING SATCHEL, containing everything he needs on the hunt: his quiver of arrows; matches; walkie-talkies; extra bowstring; even his old 1944 Army field manual.

OSTERMAN
You are a hunter...?

Ford closes the oven door.

FORD
(re: food)
Few more minutes...
(back to Osterman)
What? Hunt? Every now and again.

Ford sits down at the table, takes a load off.

OSTERMAN
I must confess: I did not come halfway round the world only for the mountain air.
(they lock eyes)
I came for a trophy.

FORD

Elk?

OSTERMAN

Bighorn.

FORD

They gave you a tag?! Lucky dog.
D'you pull some strings with Fish
and Wildlife.

OSTERMAN

Just patience. I applied 18 months
ago... for one male, five to nine
years old.

(eyes lighting up)

Perhaps we should go together.
Tomorrow. After the storm, the air
will be very clear. You can add
another head to your collection.

Ford grabs his compound hunting bow off the wall, eyes it.

FORD

(dodging the question)

So, what're you using?

Osterman reaches into his pack, pulls out a huge, unstrung
WOODEN LONGBOW.

FORD

Jesus Christ, buddy. Fighting the
Indian Wars?

Osterman quickly, efficiently strings his longbow.

OSTERMAN

The only kind I have ever used.
Since I was a small boy. Strong,
clean draw. Not jerky, like yours.

FORD

(re: his compound bow)

Well... this... won't snap.

OSTERMAN

Any bow can snap.

FORD

This ain't wood.

Ford taps his compound bow on the table. Then, Osterman
reaches across, gently takes the compound bow from Ford.

OSTERMAN
 (softly)
 I worked in a munitions plant...
 before the War...

War. First time it's been mentioned explicitly. Ford can't help but react, at least microscopically, to the word.

OSTERMAN
 Tiny air bubbles find their way
 into the mold during the
 manufacturing process. Each time
 the string is drawn back, the
 fiberglass is weakened, bit by bit.
 (into Ford's eyes)
 Then, one day, after tracking your
 quarry over grass and mud and
 rock... through the snow and rain
 and hot sun... just when you have
 that prize ram in your sites--

BAM!!! Osterman SLAMS HIS FIST down onto the table. The noise startles Ford. Then, an AWKWARD SILENCE.

DING! The oven.

FORD
 You're a weird duck...

OSTERMAN
 (German quack)
Meck-meck.

INT. FORD'S CABIN - LATER THAT NIGHT

The sun has set. But the storm still rages outside.

Ford slaps a steaming pile of shepherd's pie onto his own plate. He spoons another helping onto a plate for Osterman.

OSTERMAN
 No, no, please. I'm fine.

FORD
 Just try it, alright. I got way
 more than I need... and it doesn't
 keep real well.
 (beat)
 Or don't. It's a free country.

OSTERMAN
 If you insist.

Osterman takes a bite, cracks a smile. He likes it.

FORD

Good, right? I told you.

Osterman nods, goes for a few more bites. And then...

OSTERMAN

You know, I envy you, Benjamin--
Ben.

FORD

(chuckling a bit)

Uh oh...

OSTERMAN

You seem to be a real...
(struggling for the word)
... American. Like those mountain
men I used to read about as a boy.
Tough. Uncomplicated. Immune to
the troubles of the world.

FORD

(focusing on his meal)

I don't know about all that.

OSTERMAN

Come now, you probably killed our
dinner yourself.

(a sudden thought)

Oh, it almost slipped my mind.
Something to return the favor--

Osterman bends down, searches through his backpack...

OSTERMAN

Just a moment...

... and pulls out a big bottle of *Jägermeister*.

OSTERMAN

For the true hunters...

Osterman stands, grabs two coffee cups from the cupboard.

FORD

Little bit late for me.

OSTERMAN

Don't tell me the mountain man has
a drinking problem.

Osterman pours a cup for himself and a cup for Ford. He glugs his own drink down, looks across the table to Ford.

OSTERMAN

Always drink with a friend. I have many rules. Most I break. Never that one.

(pours another)

Anstoßen!

Osterman swigs another.

And the peer pressure gets the best of Ford. He tosses the bitter stuff down his throat, slams the cup down.

CUT TO:

Less booze in the bottle now. Redder faces.

OSTERMAN

See, that is the difference between you and I. You drink to forget the past. I drink to remember.

FORD

Yeah, well, I don't remember much...

(grabs the *Jägermeister*)

But this... this, I remember...

(he pours)

More booze than blood over there... and there was a lot of blood.

At the mention of war -- of bloodshed -- Ford's eyes turn deadly serious.

Osterman's eyes, on the other hand, start to glimmer ever so slightly.

OSTERMAN

(toasting)

To the War.

Ford stares Osterman down, doesn't raise his glass.

OSTERMAN

You don't miss anything about it?

FORD

Only a nut misses it.

OSTERMAN

But the War was good for you, no?

FORD

You don't know anything about how the War was for me, buddy.

OSTERMAN

I was unclear. Good for America. The War left a dozen countries in ruin... and America... America rose from the ashes. They say your Founding Fathers are Washington, Jefferson. I say Eisenhower, Patton and who? Audie Murphy? These are the mythic heroes who created America.

FORD

S'there something wrong with that...?

Osterman turns back to the photograph of Sky God Peak.

OSTERMAN

(making a show of changing the subject)

You know, I do a bit of photography myself...

FORD

No, no, go on. I'm listening.

OSTERMAN

Do not misunderstand me -- the Nazi war machine, the doctrine of Aryan supremacy -- you may say that these were rotten things. And you may be correct to say this. But the truth is... that America had no business fighting a war in Europe. England and France hoodwinked you into doing their dirty work for them. Fresh meat for the grinder. What did they ever do for you that they would deserve this? Of course, it all worked out well for you in the end. You have become the mightiest nation in the history of mankind. But is this really such a blessing?

(a moment)

"Der Kopf lügt schwer, dass eine Krone trägt."

(translating)

"Heavy hangs the head that wears a crown."

Ford and Osterman remain silent.

A tense moment.

FORD
(breaking the tension)
Hey!

Ford grabs the bottle of *Jägermeister*.

FORD
Few more of these, we'll forget we
even had this conversation!

And pours himself another.

CUT TO:

The bottle is almost empty now... and outside, the rain seems to have let up a bit.

The party has moved over to the FIREPLACE. Ford and Osterman are plastered. Ford more than Osterman. They sing an old war song, *Lili Marlene* -- each trying to out-sing the other. The photograph of Sky God Peak hangs behind them.

FORD	OSTERMAN
You wait where that lantern softly gleams, Your sweet face seems To haunt my dreams My Lilly of the Lamplight, My own Lilly Marlene	<i>Wenn sich die späten Nebel drehn Werd' ich bei der Laterne steh'n Wie einst Lili Marleen. Wie einst Lili Marleen.</i>

The song ends with a ludicrously loud and off-key final note. Ford and Osterman laugh till their eyes water.

As the laughter dies down, Osterman reaches for the bottle of *Jägermeister*. But he doesn't pour. He brings the label to his eyes and squints--

OSTERMAN
(reading off the label)
*Das ist des Jägers Ehrenschild, daß
er beschützt und hegt sein Wild,
weidmännisch jagt, wie sich's
gehört den Schöpfer im Geschöpfe
ehrt.*

(a moment)
Ist gedicht. A poem.
(translating)
(MORE)

OSTERMAN(cont'd)

"It is the hunter's honor that he protects and preserves his game, hunts sportsmanlike, and honors the Creator in his creatures."

Osterman points to a mounted ELK HEAD hanging on the wall.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)

Did you honor the Creator in him?

After a moment...

FORD

I didn't kill him.

(a pause)

Haven't killed anything in thirty years.

Ford really shouldn't start telling secrets to a complete stranger, but they've been building up for so long--

FORD (CONT'D)

My kid's in college. A senior. Studying engineering, last I heard. His dad tears buildings down, he wants to build them back up again. All evens out, I guess. Might see him at Graduation in Spring. If my wife-- my ex-wife brings the new guy, more likely I won't. He's more of a father to him anyway. Don't want to confuse things.

Ford picks his camera up off the table, cradles it.

FORD (CONT'D)

This is all bullshit actually. Bullshit house, car. Bullshit 300 dollar fiberglass bow. Bullshit heads on the wall. They were here when I bought the place.

OSTERMAN

(with a smile)

Some mountain man you are.

Without aiming the camera at anything in particular, Ford hits the EXPOSURE button. SNAP -- SNAP -- SNAP -- SNAP --

FORD

Used to spend summers in a place like this though. Not as fancy. But mountains. Aspen trees. Pine. Hunting with my dad.

(MORE)

FORD(cont'd)

I got this spread-- I thought I'd
be able to find something I lost...
a long time ago.

OSTERMAN

Something you lost...

Once again, Osterman's eyes wander to the LUGER PISTOL
mounted above the fireplace. Hold on it for a moment. Then,
Osterman turns back to Ford.

OSTERMAN

Tell me about your father. I never
knew mine.

FORD

It's boring stuff.

OSTERMAN

Perfect for old men like us, to
calm our nerves.

FORD

The guy you think I am... tough,
uncomplicated... that was my
father.

OSTERMAN

He taught you to use a bow?

For the first time, Ford smiles broadly, unapologetically.

FORD

I remember him waking me up early,
to beat the sun... and hating him
for it. Just hating him.

(fondly)

But then, once you get out there.
On the mountain. It all changes.
Just sitting 'round, not saying a
word, sometimes you don't take a
shot all day... but that's the good
stuff, you know. That's what it's
all about.

OSTERMAN

Why did you stop...?

A tough question. Ford doesn't know how to answer it.

OSTERMAN

(after a moment)

You loved it once, didn't you?

(they lock eyes)

(MORE)

OSTERMAN(cont'd)

The hunt. The rush that comes
right before a kill. And,
sometimes, you miss that feeling.

A long pause.

FORD

Yeah... maybe...

Osterman lets that sink in for a moment, before--

OSTERMAN

Then come with me tomorrow. We can
relive old times...

Total silence. Even the rain has stopped.

FORD

(breaking the tension)
Sly bastard...
(cracking a grin)
You just want a spotter to help bag
that big ram of yours!

Osterman stands, shrugs, smiles. He collects his things.

OSTERMAN

I had to try.

FORD

Shit. Gettin' me all teary-eyed...
embarrassing.

OSTERMAN

No... nothing to be ashamed of.

Osterman checks to make sure that the rain has stopped.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)

The west fork. At dawn. You are
more than welcome to join me.
(looks back)
I'll even give you the first shot.

Osterman slips out the door, leaving Ford alone in his chair.

Ford pours himself another swig of *Jägermeister*, gulps it.

Then, he turns and grabs his hunting bow. He slowly pulls
the drawstring back and releases.

And as the string snaps back into place--

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS - DAWN

Ford and Osterman move swiftly and silently through the forest as the sun begins to crest over the snow-capped mountains. Ford carries his newfangled compound bow, Osterman holds his time-tested longbow.

They are venturing DEEP INTO THE WILDERNESS.

EXT. THICK PINES - LATER THAT DAY

Ford and Osterman come to the edge of the trees, peek into a clearing where a wide swath of TALL GRASS and SKUNKWEED PLANTS cut right through the middle of the forest.

Ford nods, pulls a walkie-talkie from his belt and tosses it to Osterman.

FORD
Channel three.

Osterman makes the adjustment. They split up: Ford heads for a nearby tree as Osterman disappears into the tall grass.

FORD (O.S.)
(overlap)
So, this old Italian guy, he asks the local padre to hear his confession. He's getting on in years and he wants to make peace with God...

EXT. TREE BRANCH - LATER

Perched up in a tree, Ford TELLS A JOKE into his walkie-talkie as he watches the tall grass below. Osterman must be hidden somewhere in the underbrush on the forest floor.

FORD (CONT'D)
So, he slides open the little door in the confessional, says, "Father, back during World War II, this beautiful woman knocked on my door, asked me to protect her from the enemy. So, I hid her up in the attic."

Ford's BOW rests nearby... and his HUNTING SATCHEL is strapped across his back.

FORD (CONT'D)

The priest says, "That's a wonderful thing you did, my son. There's no need to confess." "But it's worse, Father," the old guy says, "this girl, she started to repay me with sexual favors, you know, like blowjobs."

Ford takes his finger off the walkie-talkie button, seeing if he can get a rise out of Osterman.

SSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHH... Just the static on the walkie-talkie.

Osterman must not be amused, or maybe he's just too focused on the hunt to respond. Either way, we won't see him.

He's hidden in the forest.

FORD (CONT'D)

So, the priest thinks for a sec, then he says, "You were both in great danger and war makes sinners of us all. You are forgiven, my son." "Thank you, Father, that's a great load off my mind... but I got one more question--"

But before Ford can deliver the punchline--

OSTERMAN

(through walkie-talkie)
You see him...?

Ford looks below, sees a BIGHORN RAM in the tall grass.

OSTERMAN

(through walkie-talkie)
Do you have a shot...?

FORD

Yeah... yeah... I'll try...

Ford clips his walkie-talkie to his belt.

He nocks a grisly-looking BROADHEAD ARROW, draws the string back, aims at the ram--

OSTERMAN

(through walkie-talkie)
Take him...

But Ford freezes.

OSTERMAN
(goads, through walkie-talkie)
He's nothing but a bag of meat... and flesh... and tendon. Put him out of his misery!
(beat)
It's the easiest thing in the world.

Ford holds the bowstring tight, keeps his eyes fixed on the ram below.

OSTERMAN
(through walkie-talkie)
Take the shot!

But Ford sets his bow back down on the tree branch, speaks into his walkie-talkie.

FORD
 Sorry...

SSSSHHHHHHHHHHHH... Static on the walkie-talkie.

FORD (CONT'D)
 You want him? He's yours.

Another bit of silence before...

OSTERMAN
(quietly, through walkie-talkie)
I know.

A high-pitched SQUELCH SIGNAL screeches out of Ford's walkie-talkie. The ram scurries off.

FORD
 What the hell was that?

SSSSHHHHHHHHHHHH...

FORD
 You spooked him!

And then--

OSTERMAN
(softly, through walkie-talkie)
Corporal Ford... you have changed.

Ford can sense, from the sound of Osterman's voice, that something is wrong.

FORD
Osterman...?

--CHIK-- the walkie-talkie activates.

OSTERMAN
(through walkie-talkie)
Das ist des Jägers Ehrenschild...

Ford listens as Osterman recites the poem from the *Jägermeister* bottle.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)
(through walkie-talkie)
*...daß er beschützt und hegt sein
Wild, weidmännisch jagt, wie sich's
gehört den Schöpfer im Geschöpfe
ehrt.*

The walkie-talkie goes silent again.

Ford can't just sit there.

So, he inches his fingers towards his hunting bow...

Closer and closer...

And the woods are quiet...

Until...

A distant TWANG. And the SNAP of breaking leaves.

AN ARROW FLIES!!!

Right at Ford.

Barely enough time to react.

Ford ducks.

Arrow misses.

Ford grabs at his bow, but fumbles, knocks it off the branch--

Falling--

And CRACK! The fiberglass bow breaks.

FORD

Fuck!

Twang. Snap. Arrow.

It misses. But throws Ford off balance. He teeters a moment, before falling off the branch.

Ford awkwardly hits the ground. No serious damage, but he's shaken up.

His BOW IS BROKEN.

But he still has his HUNTING SATCHEL strapped across his back. It holds his arrow quiver, matches, extra bowstring, and most importantly, his Army field manual. It's better than nothing.

Twang. Snap. Another arrow.

Over Ford's head.

Ford drops, assesses his situation: back into the pine trees... or forward into the tall grass...

More cover up ahead. Ford army-crawls into the--

TALL GRASS

Ford crawls at least twenty yards, deep into the grass. He hops off his belly into a squat. He spins his head, scanning all 360 degrees.

Just the sound of wind now.

And the tall grass rustling in the breeze.

Ford pops his head up. Scanning. Very quick. Back down again. Didn't see anything.

He pops up, down again. Still sees nothing. Osterman must also be hiding in the tall grass.

--CHIK-- the walkie-talkie activates.

OSTERMAN
(through walkie-talkie)
Don't worry, Corporal...

Ford turns the volume down on his walkie-talkie, very low.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)
 (through walkie-talkie)
*If you can't see me... I can't see
 you.*

Ford tries to control his breathing, remain silent.

OSTERMAN
 (through walkie-talkie)
*Check your left jacket pocket,
 Corporal Ford.*

Ford looks over his shoulder, then reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a series of PHOTOGRAPHS. As he flips through them, confusion and fear fill his face.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)
 (through walkie-talkie)
*See, I have been bitten by the
 photography bug myself...*

The photographs are all shots of Ford in and around his cabin. They are hidden camera shots, clearly taken by Osterman from the woods surrounding Ford's cabin.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)
 (through walkie-talkie)
*As you can tell, I prefer candid
 photography. I find landscapes a
 bit dull.*

Photos of Ford hanging his clothes out to dry, washing his car, fixing his roof. There are even photos of Ford inside his cabin, in the shower, eating, reading. All shot through the windows using a telephoto lens.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)
 (through walkie-talkie)
*The pathetic Ansel Adams imitations
 on your wall, for instance... they
 do nothing for me.*

FORD
 (putting it together)
 You fucked my engine up...

OSTERMAN
 (through walkie-talkie)
Not permanently.

FORD
 What's your plan, huh? What do you
 want from me?!

A moment.

OSTERMAN
(through walkie-talkie)
To finish what we started...

FORD
 The fuck are you talking about?

OSTERMAN
(through walkie-talkie)
War... is so complicated... bogged
down in religion... politics...

FORD
(grasping at straws)
 You think we're out in the middle
 of nowhere? Rangers come through
 here all the time, hikers, hunters.
 If I scream, there's a good chance
 someone'll hear me.

OSTERMAN
(through walkie-talkie)
Then scream...

Osterman has called Ford's bluff.

OSTERMAN
(through walkie-talkie)
Two men. Alone in the wilderness.
Not another living soul in sight.
(a moment)
War... distilled.

Ford's sweating now. Osterman could be anywhere, hiding in
 the tall grass.

FORD
 This isn't a fair fight.

OSTERMAN
(through walkie-talkie)
You of all people should know...
(beat)
... war is not fair.

Another bit of tense silence, before--

A twang--

And the rapid-fire THWIT-THWIT-THWIT-THWIT of an arrow
 cutting through the tall grass.

The arrow shoots past Ford. He drops to his belly.

He listens--

Starts to stand again--

THWIT-THWIT-THWIT-THWIT--

Another arrow whizzes past. Ford drops back to the ground.

He looks around frantically, can't see a damn thing, grass is too thick.

THWIT-THWIT-THWIT-THWIT--

Another arrow. This one lower. Just over his head.

Ford's had enough. He leaps to his feet, breaks into a run--

PINEY WOODS

Ford sprints into the forest. Plenty of open space here, easy for Osterman to get a clean shot.

As Ford runs, he looks to the right, spots a huge BLOWDOWN AREA in the distance -- where a recent snow or rainstorm has knocked acres and acres of pine trees to the ground.

Better cover there. Ford veers right.

But out of the corner of his eye, Ford spots Osterman running out of the tall grass, chasing him.

IN THE BLOWDOWN

A mass of fallen trees. Tangled branches.

No order. No clear line of sight.

Ford fights his way into the confusion.

Awkwardly pulls himself over rotten logs.

Beneath fallen trees.

Osterman reaches the blowdown area, runs in after Ford.

And the chase is on. Not a fast chase, though. A slow, grinding, stilted chase. Ford and Osterman are like human machetes hacking their way through an evergreen jungle.

Osterman finds a clear patch. He stops, nocks an arrow, fires at Ford.

But the arrow RICOCHETS off the fallen trees.

Ford picks up the pace. Almost out of the blowdown.

Osterman lines up another shot, fires.

Again, the arrow ricochets to the ground.

IN THE TALL PINES

Ford breaks out of the blowdown, back into the forest.

Osterman is still stuck back in the morass.

Ford runs hard, trying to separate himself from Osterman.

BACK IN THE BLOWDOWN

Osterman strings another arrow, coolly draws the string back.

Tough shot -- blocked by fallen trees and logs.

If he can just thread the needle.

TWANG!!! The arrow flies.

IN THE TALL PINES

Ford sprints away--

--but the arrow CONNECTS.

FORD
AAAHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ford drops to the forest floor.

Hyperventilating, he opens his eyes, looks down and sees--

--an arrow pierced right through the MUSCLES of his calf.

FORD
Jesus...

It didn't hit the Achilles tendon. Ford can at least be thankful for that.

Ford has dropped below the edge of a small draw.

He looks back, can't see Osterman.

And Osterman can't see him.

Osterman is still stuck back in the blowdown, a good distance away. Ford has a bit of a head start.

Ford struggles to his feet, limps down the hillside. But his injured leg causes him to trip, roll down the hill and into--

A MOUNTAIN GRAVEYARD

--where he slams into a stone.

Ford looks around, sees that he's in a small clearing filled with large rocks.

But these rocks have been carved, shaped, laid out in an organized pattern.

It's a small CEMETERY. No more than twenty graves in all, probably part of a long-dead mining town.

The cemetery has been reclaimed by the forest. A century of brutal Rocky Mountain winters has left nothing but the faintest traces of the names on the headstones.

Ford glances back up the hill -- no sign of Osterman yet.

He looks down to his WOUNDED LEG. The arrow is stuck halfway through his ankle. Half poking out one side, half poking out the other. Thankfully, it's a thin-tipped arrow, otherwise it would have caused a lot more damage.

Ford stifles the small bit of vomit that often comes at the mere sight of such a wound.

And then,

Ford grabs the arrow, closes his eyes, grits his teeth.

He's got no choice.

But to PULL THE ARROW out of his leg.

FORD
(quietly)
Urgghh....

This may be the WORST PAIN that Ford has ever experienced, but he can't be too loud, risk giving away his position.

Just as Ford extracts the arrow--

THWIK!!!

An arrow shoots into the dirt, right next to Ford.

Ford spins back, sees Osterman on the hilltop, taking aim with a second arrow.

Ford leaps behind one of the large gravestones for cover.

Another arrow flies, hits the dirt even closer to Ford.

Ford gets small, making sure no part of his body is exposed.

But another arrow zings past, hits the ground just inches away from Ford's hand.

Too close for comfort.

Ford looks downhill, spots a low STONE WALL, overgrown with vines. Good cover.

But he has to expose himself to get there.

Ford takes a deep breath.

And leaps out from behind the gravestone--

TWING!!!

An arrow sails past, barely misses him.

BEHIND THE STONE WALL

Ford dives behind the wall, makes sure he hasn't been hit.

He gets to his feet, runs/limps along the length of the wall.

BACK IN THE MOUNTAIN GRAVEYARD

Osterman runs down out of the trees and into graveyard. He creeps slowly towards the edge of the stone wall... Ford could be waiting for him there.

He pokes his head around the corner, but Ford is gone.

Osterman makes his way along the stone wall, tracking Ford.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE STONE WALL - LATER

Osterman stops, senses something.

And then,

WE'LL REVEAL Ford, perched high up in the branches of a pine tree. Almost directly over Osterman's head.

Ford is well-hidden by the darkness and by the thick branches of the pine tree. But he's not completely invisible.

Osterman looks left, looks right, looks to the ground.

And then, he LOOKS UP.

Right into the branches of the pine tree.

Right at Ford.

And Ford looks back at him.

Each holds his stare for a few moments.

But Osterman must not be able to see Ford, because--

Osterman breaks away, continues down the path.

Ford waits for the footsteps to fade into silence, before quietly crawling out of the tree.

EXT. MOUNTAIN GHOST TOWN - LATER

Ford shuffles out of the forest and into--

--the crumbling remains of an old mining community, set in a small clearing, surrounded by and interspersed with thick pine trees. This must be the same community that built the nearby stone wall and cemetery.

Five or six structures: houses, a small church, a barn with a small corral attached to it. Only one of the cabins is completely intact. The rest are in various stages of decomposition: walls toppled over, roofs caved in.

Ford limps through the village. Carefully. Quietly.

Osterman could be waiting around any corner.

Ford tiptoes towards the only cabin that hasn't collapsed--

OUTSIDE THE LOG CABIN

Ford comes to the front door, peeks through the crack and into the musty darkness.

Looks empty.

Ford opens the door--

INSIDE THE LOG CABIN

--and steps into the darkness, scanning for anything he can use as a weapon: old fork, shovel, piece of scrap metal.

He finds nothing.

Ford makes for the door--

--but a SOUND echoes outside the cabin.

Ford presses his face against the wall, peeks through the small gaps between the logs where the chinking has dissolved.

He sees nothing.

Ford moves to another wall, finds a peephole and sees--

Osterman creeping through the ghost town.

Bow and arrow in hand.

Ford has nowhere to run. He heads towards the back of the cabin, looking for another way out--

He finds a small PANTRY DOOR on the back wall of the cabin. He grabs the handle, tries to pull it open.

But rust has sealed the door shut.

Ford pulls harder.

But when the door flies open--

SCREEEEECCHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

A whole cloud of bats fly out of the pantry, swarming around the darkness of the cabin.

OUTSIDE THE LOG CABIN

Osterman hears the screeching and the flapping of wings. He snaps his head back towards the cabin--

And sees the bats flying out of the chimney.

He creeps towards the cabin.

INSIDE THE LOG CABIN

Ford has to do something.

But he can't go out the front door.

And there's no back door.

OUTSIDE THE LOG CABIN

Osterman slowly opens the front door--

INSIDE THE LOG CABIN

--and steps into the darkness.

It seems empty and silent now.

Then, Osterman spots the HALF-OPENED PANTRY DOOR.

He slowly glides towards the pantry.

And peeks inside.

Empty.

OUTSIDE THE LOG CABIN

Osterman steps back outside. He looks ahead, spots SOMETHING WHITE laying on the ground.

He steps towards the object and picks it up. It's one of the PHOTOS that Osterman took of Ford. Ford must have accidentally dropped it.

As Osterman crumples the photograph in his hands...

WE'LL REVEAL...

Ford laying motionless on the roof of the cabin above and behind Osterman's head.

Osterman stops. Senses that something is wrong.

Ford takes this opportunity to silently roll over towards the other side of the roof, out of sight--

--just as Osterman turns back towards the cabin.

Again, Osterman sees nothing unusual. He turns, walks away from the cabin.

BEHIND THE LOG CABIN

Ford rolls off the edge of the roof, drops to the ground without making a noise, limps into--

THE WOODS

Ford hobbles deep into the forest, wincing every time he puts weight on his wounded leg.

Finally, he feels as if he has some breathing room. He stops, leans his head against a tree, catches his breath.

WHAP!!!

An arrow hits the tree.

Ford turns back, sees Osterman approaching slowly, nocking another arrow.

OSTERMAN
(with a smile)
I told you I wanted a trophy.

Ford is way too exhausted and in far too much pain to run.

FORD
(muttering)
Goddam chickenshit.

Osterman inches closer, keeps his bow trained on Ford.

OSTERMAN
You are calling me a coward?

FORD
Called you a chickenshit. That's a
couple rungs down.

Osterman chuckles.

FORD
What's so funny?

OSTERMAN
I find it amusing that you would
question my manhood given what I
know about you.

This silences Ford for a moment... until...

FORD
You don't know shit about me.

OSTERMAN
I know you did something very
naughty.

FORD
Fuck you! Pissed about something I
did during the War?! I killed your
friend. You killed my friend.
I've made peace with my sins. It's
over.

OSTERMAN
The War will never be over.

Osterman pulls a pair of plasticuffs from his pocket, tosses
them to Ford.

OSTERMAN
Behind your back.

Ford grudgingly cuffs his hands behind his back.

FORD
You wanted to kill me?! Why didn't
you do it last night?! Fuck this
running and hiding bullshit.

OSTERMAN
But that is the only way to kill an
American these days...

As Osterman speaks, he performs the action: pretending to
hide behind a tree, pop out, fire, hide again.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)

Hide where the American cannot see you. And when the time is right, pop out from behind your tree, fire off a few cheap shots and disappear again.

Osterman looks to the wound just above Ford's heel.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)

Der Kopf lügt schwer, dass eine Krone trägt.

Osterman pulls a coiled rope from his arm, tosses it up and over a high tree branch.

FORD

Gonna hang me?

OSTERMAN

Would you like me to?

Osterman flashes a smile.

OSTERMAN

(bad American accent)

I don't want to kill you, buddy. I just want to shoot the shit.

FORD

So, let's shoot the shit.

OSTERMAN

(back to his normal voice)

But I want your undivided attention...

Osterman tosses the end of the rope to Ford.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)

So, please tie that... through the hole in your leg.

FORD

Fuck you, Kraut!

OSTERMAN

(eyes lighting up)

There he is! The man I have been looking for.

Osterman brings the tip of the arrow closer to Ford's skull.

OSTERMAN
Tie it. Please.

Ford doesn't have much of a choice. He finds the end of the rope, grits his teeth.

And threads the rope THROUGH THE FRESH WOUND in his leg.

FORD
AAAHHHHH.....

Ford strings the rope all the way through.

OSTERMAN
Make it tight. Go on.

Ford ties the knot around his ankle.

The pain is beyond severe now.

Ford must be very nearly in shock.

OSTERMAN
Yah, yah. Good.

Osterman grabs the other end of the rope.

And starts to pull down.

As he pulls, Ford is STRUNG UP by his ankle.

FORD
AAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Osterman pulls Ford all the way off the ground.

Ford is too weak to fight back. He just hangs there.

OSTERMAN
Now, you will be the old Italian
man, and I will be the priest.
(looks around)
And the forest will be our
confessional.

Ford is in too much pain to respond.

Osterman puts a hand in front of his face. He slides his hand out of the way as if it were the small door on a confessional window.

OSTERMAN

What are your sins, my son?
 (Ford doesn't answer)
 And you say, "Bless me Father, for I have sinned. It has been so-and-so many days since my last confession." You know what it means to confess, no? Of course you do--

(impersonating Ford with mock tears)

"My wife left me", "My son calls another man father", "I miss my dear old daddy"... that sort of thing.

(back to normal)

I confess every week. More if I find the time. But I reject the absolution. I carry my sins with me wherever I go. I bathe in them.

Osterman turns his back on Ford for a moment, rests his bow against a nearby tree.

OSTERMAN

You really believed that you could retreat to the mountains? Forget the War? Forget the past?

Ford is too busy trying to squeeze his hands out of their bindings to answer.

OSTERMAN

(theatrically)

War is a hunter. Once he has your scent, you cannot shake him. No matter how fast you run, he is always at your tail. No matter where you hide -- even here, in the bosom of the earth -- he will find you.

(a moment)

And do you know what happens then...?

Osterman turns back towards Ford, holding a frightening German COMBAT KNIFE.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)

He will spill your guts.

With his finger, Osterman pokes at Ford's belly, strangely, almost playfully.

OSTERMAN

This is an American idiom, no? To spill one's guts. To share one's most intimate secrets.

Osterman pulls Ford's shirt down a bit, revealing the bare stomach.

OSTERMAN

So, spill your guts... or I will spill them for you.

Osterman takes a quick swipe at Ford's belly. He's MISSING INTENTIONALLY, but at any moment, he could decide to slice open Ford's stomach FOR REAL.

FORD

Stop -- stop --

Ford swipes again. And again.

FORD

I don't know what you want from me!

Another swipe.

OSTERMAN

It won't take much, you know. Not a lot of muscle here. One good cut and it will all come tumbling out onto the ground.

Another.

FORD

Please! Stop!

OSTERMAN

Not too painful though. You will be alive for a long time. Which is good. Because I want you to see all the little creatures who scurry out of the forest to nibble on your insides.

Osterman scrunches up his face like a squirrel or rabbit, twitches his nose.

FORD

Wait -- wait -- you want a war -- cut me down -- we can have a war --

OSTERMAN
Too late for that.

Osterman takes a few more knife swipes.

Quicker.

Closer.

Ford has to do something.

FORD
AAAHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ford HEAD BUTTS Osterman.

Osterman stumbles back onto the ground, nose bloody.

The knife falls to the ground, right beneath Ford.

Ford flexes, pulls his hands free of their bindings. He reaches down, tries to grab the knife.

Just out of reach.

Osterman shakes his head, wipes the blood from his face.

Ford extends his arm, grabs the knife. He twists his body, tries to cut the rope. He takes a few swipes, misses.

Osterman starts to come to his senses.

Ford slices the rope, drops to the ground.

Osterman grabs at his bow and arrow.

But Ford tackles him.

Osterman knocks the knife from Ford's hand. It lands nearby. They each try to grab at it.

Ford and Osterman grapple on their knees, amidst the dirt and dying leaves on the forest floor.

Punches. Elbows. Chokeholds.

Ford gets some weight behind a kick to Osterman's chest, knocks him back. Ford dives, grabs the knife.

He leaps on top of Osterman, tries to bring the knife down onto Osterman's already bloody face.

Osterman puts his hands up, blocking the knife.

Ford looks down and sees--

A TATTOO

On the underside of Osterman's arm. It's a single letter--

O

We may not know what it means, but it looks like Ford does.

Ford doesn't have much time to think about it, because Osterman delivers a kick to the gut, steals back his knife.

They roll across the forest floor.

And the game is reversed.

Osterman is on top now, knife in hand. The blade dances above Ford's face, flirting with his eyes, his jugular.

A knee to Osterman's groin.

The knife flies away. Osterman and Ford explode apart. Ford dives for the knife. Osterman goes for his bow and arrow.

Ford GRABS THE KNIFE, spins back, ready to attack--

But Osterman's already back on his feet, bow in hand, nocking another arrow.

Ford has to run. He charges off, leaps down a nearby hill.

Osterman fires his arrow.

Misses.

Ford slides down a muddy slope towards--

A WIDE RIVER

Ford rolls to the river bank and, without a second thought, leaps into the water.

The current carries him downstream.

As Ford floats away, he looks up to the hilltop overlooking the river, sees the small form of Osterman receding in the distance. Into nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER BANK - LATER THAT DAY

Ford pulls himself onto the beach, shivering, struggling to breathe. Close to hypothermia. Not only that, there's still a piece of rope looped through the wound on his ankle.

He still holds Osterman's GERMAN COMBAT KNIFE in his hand. He slips it into his hunting satchel, hobbles into the woods.

IN A SMALL CAVE

Ford scrambles under a low rock overhang, just barely a cave. He takes the hunting satchel off his back. Then, he slips off his shirt and pants, tries to wipe the excess water from his skin.

IN THE SURROUNDING FOREST

Ford, in bare feet and boxer shorts, frantically collects kindling and firewood, shivering the whole time.

IN A SMALL CAVE

Ford, teeth chattering, stacks the wood over a pile of kindling. He pulls a dry matchbox out of his hunting satchel. Only a few matches inside.

He lights several matches, but they all fail to ignite the kindling.

Finally, the kindling CATCHES FIRE. Ford gently blows on the flames, giving them life.

LATER,

Ford's clothes hang on a spit, drying. As he warms his body, he pulls his trusty ARMY FIELD MANUAL out of his hunting satchel, start to flip through the wet pages.

ON THE FOREST FLOOR

Back in his dry clothes, Ford crawls on his hands and knees, getting a close-up view of the plants on the ground.

He finds what he's looking for -- a small patch of wild onions. He checks them against a drawing in his field manual, then gathers up a whole bunch.

UNDER A PINE TREE

Ford plucks fresh pine needles off the branch.

IN A SMALL CAVE - THAT NIGHT

Next to the roaring fire, Ford lays the Army field manual out in front of him, following the instructions.

He places an old, rusted coffee can filled with water next to the flames. He drops the pine needles into the water.

LATER, he tears small strips off of his undershirt, presumably to be used as bandages.

LATER, the water boils. He carefully takes the pine needle tea off the flames. He lets it cool for a moment, before chugging it all in a single gulp.

His face relaxes a bit.

Then, Ford places a stick between his teeth. And PULLS THE ROPE out of his wound. He punches the rock floor in pain.

After a moment, he calms down, uses one of his bandages to wipe the blood from his wound.

He double-checks his Army field manual, stands up and awkwardly sticks his leg out in front of him. He unzips his pants and URINATES on his ankle, sterilizing the wound.

Next, he chews up a bit of the wild onion, smears the poultice onto both the entry and the exit wounds. He takes another bandage strip, wraps it tight around his leg. But just as he finishes wrapping--

--the RED CALL LIGHT on his walkie-talkie flashes.

Ford ties his bandage up, grabs the walkie-talkie, thinks for a moment, before TURNING UP the volume knob.

OSTERMAN

(through walkie-talkie)

...Wenn wir bei der Laterne steh'n

Wie einst Lili Marleen.

Wie einst Lili Marleen.

Ford listens as Osterman sings an eerily quiet, almost guttural version of *Lili Marlene*. The walkie-talkie's signal is VERY WEAK, dominated by static.

OSTERMAN
(through walkie-talkie)
Schon rief der Posten,
Sie blasen Zapfenstreich--

Almost impulsively, Ford clicks the TALK BUTTON.

FORD
 I saw your tattoo.

Silence.

FORD
 What? Now you have nothing to say?

A bit more silence before--

OSTERMAN
(through walkie-talkie)
Shooting pains keeping you up
again?

FORD
 I'm more concerned about the Nazi
 psychopath trying to hunt me down
 and kill me.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREST - NIGHT - [INTERCUT]

CLOSE ON Osterman walking through the moonlit woods. We won't know exactly where he is... could be on the other side of the valley... could be right over Ford's shoulder.

OSTERMAN
 Eh... the signal is very weak. I
 am probably miles away. I would
 not be too concerned.

Ford doesn't respond.

So, Osterman starts to philosophize... either because he likes the sound of his own voice... or because he wants to trick Ford into speaking through the walkie-talkie, thus helping to give away his location.

OSTERMAN
 I have a question for you?
 (beat)
 Does God exist?

FORD
 Who gives a shit?

OSTERMAN

I know he exists.

(a moment)

When I was six, my father was dead, in the trenches, two brothers and three uncles also. I asked my mother, if there truly was a God... how could He allow such things to happen?

(another moment)

But now... after all I have seen... I realize that these terrible things... they do not prove the absence of God. They prove his existence. Men alone are not capable of such magnificent evil.

Ford listens, not necessarily paying attention to any of Osterman's ramblings. He's LISTENING TO THE SIGNAL. And unfortunately, it seems to be GETTING STRONGER.

OSTERMAN

(quoting the Bible)

"When the Lord your God brings you into the land you are entering to possess and drives before you many nations -- the Hittites, Girgashites, Amorites, Canaanites, Perizzites, Hivites and Jebusites, seven nations larger and stronger than you -- then you must destroy them totally. Make no treaty with them and show them no mercy."

(beat)

Do you see? My god is a great troll in the sky.

The signal is very clear now.

OSTERMAN

There. I have spilled my guts. Your turn.

(no response)

Can't we be two honest men? Alone. In the wilderness. Then, we will have balance.

(still nothing)

Coming in very clear now, eh?

Then, the hint of a SOUND in the woods. Ford looks out into the night. He turns down the volume on his walkie-talkie, covers up his fire, limps out of the cave and into the--

MOONLIT FOREST

Ford tiptoes through the trees, looking for any sign of Osterman. But the woods are silent. Ford is alone.

Ford brings the walkie-talkie back to his mouth--

FORD

You want your war. Come and get it.

Before Osterman can respond, Ford flings his walkie-talkie at a nearby tree. It smashes into pieces.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINS - SUNRISE

The morning sun melts a few more drops off of the snow caps.

AT THE RIVER BANK

Osterman makes his way along the water's edge, finds the spot where Ford came ashore.

He follows Ford's trail into the forest.

UP IN AN ASPEN TREE

Ford, wounded leg and all, shimmies his way up the trunk, carrying Osterman's combat knife in his teeth.

He cuts a large branch loose.

IN A SMALL CAVE

Osterman bends down over the remnants of Ford's fire. He feels the residual warmth.

IN THE SHOOTING GROVE

With his Army field manual open in front of him, Ford finishes stripping the bark off of the aspen branch.

He pulls a spool of spare BOWSTRING from his hunting satchel, strings it up on his MAKESHIFT BOW.

IN THE FOREST

Osterman finds the shattered pieces of Ford's walkie-talkie.

IN THE SHOOTING GROVE

Ford strings one of the arrows from his quiver onto his makeshift bow. He draws the string back carefully, aims at a nearby tree, fires.

The arrow MISSES THE TARGET.

But it FLIES CLEAN.

Another miss.

Another miss.

Another miss.

Finally, Ford HITS THE TARGET.

BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM

Ford runs along the bank. If we're particularly keen viewers, we'll recognize this stream from Ford's first bighorn sheep tracking.

IN THE SHOOTING GROVE

Osterman finds Ford's target tree. He runs his fingers over the holes in the bark.

AT THE WATERING HOLE

Ford follows the widening stream all the way to its mouth: the same quiet mountain pond where he first snapped the photographs of the bighorn sheep.

He looks to the ground, sees animal tracks in the mud.

Then, he sees the broken remnants of his makeshift blind.

Ford sets to work rebuilding his hunting blind. He props up the walls, lays out branches for the roof.

BY A MOUNTAIN STREAM

Osterman follows Ford's footprints in the banks of the mountain stream. He looks up ahead and sees--

--the mountain pond in the distance.

AT THE WATERING HOLE

Ford finishes rebuilding his deer blind, adds extra clumps of moss and dirt to camouflage it.

Then, he crawls inside, gets the lay of the land. He has a full view of the pond. Most importantly, he has a CLEAR SHOT at the area where the stream meets the pond.

The perfect ambush point.

OVERLOOKING THE WATERING HOLE

Osterman lays out on a hill overlooking the pond. He peers through his binoculars.

He FOCUSES IN on the area where the stream meets the pond.

Osterman is a smart guy. He also realizes that this would be a perfect ambush point.

And he's not going to fall for the trap.

He scans the water's edge and the surrounding trees... until he spots a SLIGHT IRREGULARITY in the terrain.

It's Ford's hunting blind.

This means that Osterman is at Ford's rear.

IN THE HUNTING BLIND

Ford waits inside, looking out at the pond.

BEHIND THE HUNTING BLIND

Osterman sneaks up quietly behind Ford's blind.

IN THE HUNTING BLIND

But Ford CRAWLS BACK OUT of his deer blind, shirtless and shoeless, wearing only his pants. He sneaks along the water's edge, careful not to leave any footprints.

BEHIND THE DEER BLIND

Osterman stops in his tracks. This is too easy.

He drops to the ground, hides in the underbrush, reassesses the situation.

AT THE WATERING HOLE

Ford digs a hole in the sand near the edge of the pond. First with his knife, then with a large piece of wood.

BEHIND THE DEER BLIND

Osterman peers through the underbrush. He knows Ford has laid a SECOND TRAP.

Now, Osterman has to find it.

IN THE FOXHOLE

The hole is four feet deep now. Ford hops inside. Just enough space for him to crouch.

Ford nocks an arrow, checks to make sure that he has enough room to fully draw and release.

He does.

BEHIND THE DEER BLIND

Osterman spots a patch of ground that looks almost completely normal to the untrained eye. But Osterman is a hunter. He notices the slightly darker color of the leaves and the fact that they are packed a bit too tightly.

Osterman looks for a way to attack the trap.

He spots a TREE on the other side of the foxhole.

IN THE FOXHOLE

Ford places large branches and leaves on the roof of the hole, concealing himself.

UP IN A TREE

Osterman climbs onto a branch, quietly as possible.

Down below, in the distance, he sees the ROOF of Ford's foxhole.

Osterman nocks his arrow, draws it back.

And fires RIGHT INTO THE FOXHOLE.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FOXHOLE - MOMENTS LATER

Osterman slowly creeps up to the edge of the hole, peers down inside, but SEES NOTHING in the darkness.

And then,

Behind Osterman,

Ripples in the pond,

Ford's head silently breaks the surface of the water. His face and body are covered with a layer of mud and grime.

He rises smoothly, without a sound.

Comes to his feet.

Draws his arrow back.

Osterman only has time to turn his head around before--

--Ford fires an arrow.

We won't see the arrow connect with its target... just Ford's reaction... emotionless at first... then slight disgust... followed by a hint of morbid curiosity.

Also, the sound of Osterman's guttural, pained moans.

Ford drops his bow to his side, walks out of the water.

And then, we'll see Osterman.

It ain't pretty.

Ford's arrow has hit Osterman's face. But Osterman is still very much alive... because the arrow has gone in through Osterman's right cheek and out his left.

Not only that. The arrowhead is stuck in a tree. Osterman's bleeding face is pinned right up against the bark.

Osterman is clearly in shock. Awkwardly groaning. Shaking slightly. Trying hard not to move.

Ford steps to Osterman, analyzes the wounds up close.

FORD

It's okay... it's okay...

Osterman can't talk. He moves his eyes, making eye contact with Ford.

FORD

Just hold still...

Although it seems like Ford is helping Osterman, there's something ominous -- or at least odd -- about the matter-of-fact way that Ford examines Osterman's wounds.

Ford looks into Osterman's mouth.

FORD

You're okay. You'll survive.
Didn't hit the teeth. Let me see
your tongue.

Ford peeks deeper into Osterman's mouth.

FORD

There it is. I see it. Looks
okay. You'll be able to talk.
That's good.

Ford grabs hold of the arrow. Osterman lets out a faint squeal of pain.

FORD

I know it hurts... but it's not
bad... pretty superficial...

Ford pulls the combat knife from his belt, starts to saw through the arrow.

He tries to do it carefully, but the vibration of the sawing is clearly amplifying Osterman's pain.

And then, Osterman's eyes roll back in his head.

FORD

Whoa...

Ford catches Osterman before he falls to the ground. With his free hand, Ford awkwardly makes a few last cuts on the arrow, freeing Osterman from the tree.

He pockets his knife, slings Osterman's unconscious body over his shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORD'S CABIN - NIGHT

On Osterman's eyes. Flickering back to life.

Out to his face. The arrow has been removed, leaving two fresh wounds on his cheeks.

Osterman lays belly up on some sort of flat surface.

Then, TWO HANDS enter frame, use a bottle of hydrogen peroxide and gauze to finish cleaning the wounds on Osterman's cheeks.

FORD (O.S.)

Didn't have it removed. Risky.

Ford runs his fingers over the tiny "O" tattoo on the underside of Osterman's arm.

FORD (O.S.)

That mean you're proud of what you did...?

Osterman looks up, sees Ford towering over him. Ford is still SHIRTLESS. The mud that covered him has now hardened into a cracked, brown SHELL that covers his body and arms. Only his face and hands are clean.

FORD (CONT'D)

Or maybe you don't want to forget.

(beat)

You bathe yourself in your sins,
right?

Osterman strains, looks down at the rest of his body. Only now does he see that he is TIED DOWN to Ford's table.

The same table where he and Ford shared a meal just a few nights before.

FORD
This time, you be the old Italian
guy... and I'll be the priest.
(beat)
What's your name?

Osterman makes a few weak attempts at wriggling out of his bindings. But they're too tight. He can barely move.

FORD
You don't want to tell me?

OSTERMAN
Fel--

Osterman winces. It hurts to talk.

OSTERMAN
Felix Osterman.

FORD
Your real name.

OSTERMAN
I do not-- understand--

FORD
Come on, spill your guts, Osterman.

Ford pokes Osterman in the belly.

FORD
Spill 'em.

He pokes harder.

FORD
Spill those guts!

But Osterman STARTS TO LAUGH.

FORD
Stop...

Osterman keeps laughing. Ford stops poking.

FORD
Stop it!

OSTERMAN

I am ticklish.

Frustration fills Ford's face. He's trying to be as threatening as possible, but all Osterman can do is giggle.

Ford steps away from the table.

Soon after, Osterman hears commotion at the kitchen counter behind him. He cranes his neck back and sees Ford grabbing a pitcher and a bag of sugar out of the cupboard.

Then, Ford dumps a dozen FRESH LEMONS out onto the counter.

FORD

When life gives you lemons, right?

Ford cuts several of the lemons in half, starts to extract the juice using a manual JUICER. He sticks the juicer right into the heart of the fruit.

And twists.

The fresh lemon juice drips into the pitcher.

As Ford squeezes, Osterman's eyes find the framed photograph of Sky God Peak.

FORD

(pained)

Damn...

Ford massages his thigh. It's that shooting pain again.

He recovers, grabs an old strainer.

FORD

Like the pulp?

Osterman doesn't answer. Ford nods, puts the strainer back.

FORD

Yeah, me too. More natural that way.

Ford grabs the bag of sugar, starts to pour it into the pitcher, but only a few granules flow out. Empty.

FORD

Damn...

(beat)

We'll just substitute.

Ford reaches for a SALT CANISTER, pours a liberal dose of salt into the lemonade pitcher. He slowly stirs the concoction with a wooden spoon.

Osterman knows what's coming...

And he smiles...

OSTERMAN

You think a little bit of pain will get me to break, eh?

FORD

I sure don't know.

OSTERMAN

What if I like pain?

Osterman may be a masochist, but he may also be bluffing. We won't quite be able to tell.

FORD

This might be your lucky day.

Ford grabs two glasses out of the cupboard, pours two servings of lemonade into them. He takes a sip from one of the glasses, quickly spits it back out.

FORD

(grossed out)

Whew...

Ford brings the glasses to Osterman.

FORD

(re: the tattoo)

"O"... it's a blood type.

Ford displays the lemonade glasses to Osterman.

FORD

What's your real name?

OSTERMAN

(smiling)

I am... Felix Osterman.

Ford tries to serve the lemonade to Osterman. Osterman closes his mouth.

Ford grabs Osterman's face, awkwardly pries open his mouth, pours the lemonade in.

Osterman's eyes go red. He tries to spit it out, but Ford covers his nose and mouth. Osterman gulps it down.

FORD
You want another?

OSTERMAN
Yes, please...

Ford pours the other glass over Osterman's face.

Osterman unleashes a roar of pain... which transforms into a roar of laughter.

When the laughter dies down--

OSTERMAN
Now that I have seen this side of
you... I feel that we are kindred
spirits...
(a moment)
I will tell you my name.

Ford leans down.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)
But you did not break me, yes?

Ford grudgingly nods.

OSTERMAN
You must say it.

FORD
Okay...

OSTERMAN
Say you did not break me!

FORD
I didn't break you.

And then,

OSTERMAN
Vogel. Ernst Vogel.

FORD
Rank?

OSTERMAN
Hauptsturmführer Ernst Leopold
Vogel, SS-Division *Totenkopf*.

FORD
Hauptsturmführer? Ach tu Lieber! I
 bet a lot of people would kill to
 have that information.
 (beat)
 Poles, Russians...
 (beat)
 The Mossad.

Osterman shows no fear, just a realization that these are not empty threats.

FORD
Totenkopf?
 (trying to remember)
 That mean you were stationed at the
 camps?

OSTERMAN
 I fought for two years on the
 front. When I was wounded, they
 transferred me to Arbeitsdorf, then
 Belzec...
 (a moment)
 ... and Dachau.

Ford reacts slightly at the mention of Dachau.

FORD
 What did you do there? In the
 camps?

OSTERMAN
 I was an extractor. Of
 information.
 (into Ford's eyes)
 You would have been good at it.

FORD
 (feigning a morbid
 curiosity)
 You think so? Tell me about it.

Osterman doesn't know where to start.

FORD
 D'you put a rope through their
 ankle, string them up from a tree?
 I hear that works.

OSTERMAN
 The sight of a gun is enough to get
 most people talking.

FORD
And if it doesn't?

OSTERMAN
Dogs.

FORD
Come on, I want the sick stuff.
The grisly details. The guns and
dogs don't work, then what?

OSTERMAN
(after a moment)
Wasserfultermethode...

FORD
That sounds fun... what does it
mean?

OSTERMAN
Water torture.

FORD
Yeah, yeah... how does that work?

OSTERMAN
The prisoner is restrained. A
piece of cloth is shoved into his
mouth.

FORD
Nice... nice...

OSTERMAN
Water is poured onto the prisoner's
face. Into his mouth. Until he
breaks.

FORD
Beautiful.

OSTERMAN
Leaves no trace. No bruises or
scars.

FORD
How many people you do that to?

Osterman doesn't want to answer.

FORD
How many?

OSTERMAN
I don't know... hundreds?

FORD
Anyone ever do it to you?

Osterman laughs quietly.

But in the midst of the pained laughter, Ford cuts Osterman's ropes, violently drags him into--

THE BATHROOM

Ford tosses Osterman into the bathtub, face up. He turns on the cold water.

FORD
How'm I doing so far?

Ford reaches back, grabs a washcloth, stuffs it into Osterman's mouth.

FORD
Like this...?

Ford forces Osterman's face under the water.

FORD
How long I keep you under?

Osterman starts to cough and sputter.

FORD
Five seconds...?

Osterman gags, flails his arms, tries to break free.

FORD
Ten...?

Osterman can't take much more of this.

FORD
Should we try fifteen?

Then, Ford pulls Osterman back out from under the faucet, pulls out the washcloth.

FORD
Why did you come here, huh?!

Osterman is still coughing.

FORD
What do you want from me?!

Osterman spits up water, gets his breath back.

OSTERMAN
(breathless)
You already know--

FORD
I don't know! Tell me!

OSTERMAN
--would defeat-- the whole purpose--

FORD
What purpose?!

OSTERMAN
--very painful-- to open up old
wounds -- you are afraid-- I
understand--

Ford starts to push Osterman's under the faucet, but--

OSTERMAN
You cannot break me -- understand?!
(wild-eyed)
My will is strong -- tempered in
the fires of hell --

FORD
I've been to hell too.

Ford moves Osterman back under the water again.

OSTERMAN
Hell...?

Osterman spits up a bit of water. And then, he SMILES. If he had less water in his lungs he might even laugh a bit. He's still breathless, but he can speak more easily now.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)
Two years on the front lines in
Europe? Then back to your fat wife
and bouncing baby boy. Back to
your mountain hideaway.
(catching his breath)
Spend a month on the Stalin line,
then we may talk about hell.

FORD
I sacrificed everything for that
fucking War!

OSTERMAN
You sacrificed nothing!

Those words...

Echo for a moment...

And then...

They unleash a sort of primal rage in Ford. He grabs Osterman's shoulders, presses him under the water.

Osterman fights against Ford's weight, flopping around in the bathtub like a fish on dry land. He pops up a few times, steals quicks breaths.

But Ford's grip is very strong.

Osterman may enjoy pain, but he doesn't want to die.

From under the water, Osterman spots Ford's RADIO sitting close to the bathtub.

As Ford holds him down, Osterman grabs at the radio.

Ford is too enraged to even see Osterman reaching.

Osterman extends his arm.

Stretches his fingers.

Grabs the radio.

Throws it into the water.

Osterman and Ford both go STIFF, start to convulse.

The light bulb in the bathroom begins to dim and pulse.

Ford tries to break free from Osterman.

But the electrical current keeps them locked together.

POP!!!

The fuse breaks. The light bulb goes dark.

EXT. FORD'S CABIN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

All of the interior and exterior lights on the house go dark, leaving nothing but the moonlight as illumination.

INT. FORD'S CABIN - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The connection between Ford and Osterman is broken. Osterman splashes back into the tub, floating.

Motionless.

Ford tumbles backwards, bangs his head on the sink. He crumples to the floor.

Also motionless.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORD'S CABIN - BATHROOM - DUSK

Ford and Osterman remain motionless...

... as a rat scurries out from under the sink, across the bathroom floor...

The rat stops, sniffs Ford's body, then skitters off again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FORD'S CABIN - BATHROOM - THAT MORNING

Sunlight starts to peek through the window.

It hits Ford's face. His eyes crack open a bit.

He's still sprawled out on the floor, his back against the sink. Blood drips from a wound on his head.

Ford tries to move, but it's VERY DIFFICULT. The electric shock has wreaked havoc on his body. It will take a while to fully recover.

He strains just to turn his head and see--

Osterman, still dead or unconscious, floating in the bathtub.

Ford tries to get to his feet, but HE CAN'T DO IT. He must be operating at about 10% of his usual strength.

Then, Ford looks up to the sink above him, sees--

Osterman's ARMY KNIFE resting on the counter.

Ford struggles with all his might to lift his arm, but when he tries to grab the knife--

--it DROPS to the floor.

The NOISE echoes off the wet tile walls and stirs Osterman from his unconscious state. He's alive, but too dazed to understand what's happening at first.

After a moment, Osterman comes to his senses. He tries to stand, but like Ford, Osterman is very weak, also working on about 10% of his normal strength.

Osterman summons all his power, awkwardly pulls himself out of the bathtub.

He plops out onto the tile floor with a splash.

Osterman can't get to his feet. He'll have to crawl, slithering like a worm across the wet tiles.

Meanwhile, Ford tries to grab the nearby army knife--

--but his fingers AREN'T STRONG ENOUGH to hold their grip.

Ford tries again and again to grip the knife, but he just can't hold it tight.

By this time, Osterman has slithered past Ford, starting to wind his way into the MAIN ROOM.

But Ford grabs Osterman's leg.

Osterman kicks at Ford, shakes his leg free. He drags himself out of the bathroom and into the--

MAIN ROOM

Osterman crawls, very slowly, across the floor.

He looks ahead, eyes the MOUNTED LUGER PISTOL above the mantle, over the fireplace.

Ford drags himself out of the bathroom, into the main room, pursuing Osterman.

He still can't grip the army knife, but he uses his arms and his body to slide the knife along the floor in front of him.

It's a race between snails, each moving very slowly, each leaving a wet trail behind.

Osterman reaches the fireplace. He looks around, trying to find something to prop himself up with.

He grabs a fire poker, uses it to help get to his feet.

Ford crawls closer.

Osterman grabs the mantle ledge, pulls his weakened body up into a standing position.

SMASHES the glass--

And grabs the Luger pistol. But he doesn't aim it at Ford. He points it up in the air and pulls the trigger.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

It's empty. Osterman slips it into his belt.

Osterman has a little more strength in him now. He hobbles back towards the dinner table, pulls the ROPE off.

He limps over to Ford, tries to tie him up.

This turn of events gives Ford a sudden burst of energy. He pulls Osterman to the ground.

What follows is an incredibly slow, awkward fistfight/wrestling match between Ford and Osterman. Their movements never reach more than 1/4 speed.

Weak slaps. Wild kicks. Flailing punches.

Almost all of the shots miss their targets.

Ford finally manages to get a grip on the combat knife, takes a few manic swipes at Osterman.

But Osterman knocks the knife from his hands.

Finally, Osterman pins Ford down in a sort of half-chokehold. He binds Ford's hands behind his back, holds the rest of the rope in his hands, like a leash.

Osterman picks his knife up off the floor, sticks it into his belt. Then, he drags the weakened Ford through the cabin--

EXT. FORD'S CABIN - DAY

--and out the front door.

Osterman looks left and right, making sure there are no errant hikers or campers around.

FORD
Help! Somebody help!

Ford tries to shout, but his voice is as weak as the rest of his body.

OSTERMAN
Quiet!

Osterman spins back, PISTOL-WHIPS Ford in the jaw.

FORD
(weaker, quieter)
Help... help... fire...

Osterman spots a greasy old wash towel hanging on a chair outside the cabin.

He grabs the towel, ties it around Ford's mouth, gagging him.

Osterman opens the back of Ford's Range Rover. He heaves Ford into one of the back seats, ties him down to the seat.

Ford's cries for help are MUFFLED by his gag.

I/E. FORD'S RANGE ROVER - PARKED

Osterman slips into the front seat, still very weak himself.

He flips down the sun visor, looks in the small mirror, studies the wounds in his cheeks.

Still fresh.

Osterman pops open the glove compartment, rummages around, doesn't find what he's looking for.

Then, he slides open a drawer beneath the passenger seat, grabs a small FIRST AID KIT. He opens it up and pulls out a roll of Ace bandages.

While looking in the mirror, he carefully wraps the bandage around the bottom half of his face, leaving a space for his mouth. He ties the bandage off.

When he's finished wrapping, he looks something like a cross between an OLD WEST BANDIT with a bandana wrapped around his mouth... and an EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

Osterman finds the keys, starts the car up.

VOOM-- VOOM-- VOOM--

The engine isn't turning over. Osterman doesn't seem too phased. He takes a breath, calmly turns the key again.

VOOM-- VOOM-- VOOM-- **VRROOOOMMMMM!!!!!!**

Osterman hits the accelerator, drives up the road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD

The Range Rover winds deep into the woods... high into the mountains... far away from civilization.

I/E. FORD'S RANGE ROVER - DRIVING - LATER

Ford tries to fight out of his bindings. He lets out a LOUD MUFFLED GROAN and a final BURST OF STRENGTH, but he cannot break free.

His body goes limp, giving up.

OSTERMAN
Can't move, eh?

Still driving, Osterman barely glances back. If he makes any eye contact with Ford, it's through the rearview mirror.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)
I know how you feel. Three years.
Innsbruk Hospital. Paralyzed...
from the neck down. I could barely
talk. And you know how much I love
to talk.
(smiling)
There was a beautiful nurse,
Rebekka, always dressed in white.
Always with a smile on her face.
(his smile fades)
Her job...
(he can barely get these
words out)
Her job was to collect the piss and
the shit from a pan under my bed.

Ford's tired eyes focus in on the back of Osterman head.

On what looks like a BULLETHOLE SCAR at the base of his neck.

OSTERMAN

But the feeling came back. Slowly.
I began to teach myself... to
eat... to write... to speak... to
walk like a man and not a cripple.
I had no father or mother... no
wife or child to help me.

(a moment)

Do you know what kept me going?

Ford couldn't answer even if he wanted to.

OSTERMAN

Hate.

Ford stares at that scar on Osterman's neck.

And it looks like it might mean something to him.

EXT. BASE OF SKY GOD PEAK - LATER THAT DAY

Osterman stops the car at a spot where the dirt road narrows into nothing more than a cattle run. He gathers several items, including the first aid kit, into a small pack.

He steps out of the car, opens the back, pulls Ford out.

OSTERMAN

We walk from here.

Osterman unties the gag from Ford's mouth.

FORD

Where are we going?

OSTERMAN

To the top.

Ford looks up and sees--

A PEAK rising into the sky. Sharp and conical. The same one captured in Ford's framed photograph.

SKY GOD PEAK

FORD

Why...?

OSTERMAN
Take off your shoes.

Ford doesn't.

Osterman pulls the Luger pistol out of his pocket.

This doesn't impress Ford. It's empty.

But then,

Osterman pulls a LUGER MAGAZINE from his pocket, sticks it into his pistol.

FORD
Bullshit...

Osterman aims at a nearby tree, fires.

BANG!!! Bark splinters off the tree.

It's the first gunshot we've heard. And we'll realize just how loud, violent and destructive the sound is.

All the noises of nature are instantly muted.

Ford listens as the gunshot echoes and reverberates into silence -- it's been a long time since he's heard that sound.

FORD
You had 'em the whole time?

Osterman doesn't answer, instead he turns his pistol on Ford.

OSTERMAN
Shoes...

Ford grudgingly kicks off his shoes.

Osterman uses his pistol to gesture towards the trail.

OSTERMAN
Move...

Ford hesitates. But he doesn't have much of a choice.

He starts up the trail, into the thick pines. Osterman walks just behind him, gun in hand.

EXT. ROCKY TRAIL - LATER THAT DAY

Ford limps along the path, trying his best to avoid the more jagged rocks.

If all that wasn't enough, it looks like THAT PAIN in Ford's thigh is starting to flare up.

Osterman walks a few paces back. As he walks, he looks through Ford's hunting satchel.

OSTERMAN
Lookee what I found.

Ford stops, turns back.

Osterman pulls a BOTTLE OF ASPIRIN out of the first aid kit.

He shakes the bottle like a baby rattle -- full of pills.

OSTERMAN
The irony is killing me.
(a moment)
Oh, how rude! Would you like one?
I'm afraid I don't have anything to
wash it down with though.

Osterman snickers, drops the aspirin bottle back into the hunting satchel, but SOMETHING ELSE catches his eye.

OSTERMAN
Was ist dieses?

Osterman pulls out Ford's Army field manual. Osterman reads the cover: ARMY FIELD MANUAL - 1944.

OSTERMAN
Keep moving. We can walk and talk.

Ford turns back, keeps walking up the trail.

Osterman flips through the book.

OSTERMAN
Let's see...
(flips)
Edible plants...
(flips)
Lice removal...
(flips)
Prophylactics...

Osterman looks to Ford.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)
 God, this is a useful little book
 you have here.

Osterman flips through the pages, until--

OSTERMAN
 Ah...
 (reading)
 "Prisoners of war, in the sense of
 the present Convention, are persons
 belonging to... *et cetera, et*
cetera...
 (skipping ahead)
 ... members of the armed forces of
 a Party to the conflict, as well as
 members of militias or volunteer
 corps forming part of such armed
 forces...
 (skipping further)
 ... in a language which they
 understand. No physical or moral
 coercion shall be exercised against
 protected persons... *et cetera, et*
cetera, et cetera...

Feigning boredom, Osterman closes the field manual.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)
 Why a bunch of clockmakers and
 chocolatiers get to decide the
 rules of war is really quite a
 mystery to me.

Osterman pockets the manual, sees that they've come to a
 small overlook.

OSTERMAN
 Stop here.

Ford limps to a rock, sits down, catches his breath.

Osterman holds the other end of the rope as he steps to the
 edge of the overhang, looks out on a SMALL VISTA below.

The sun is hitting the landscape perfectly.

It's beautiful.

Osterman breathes in that fresh mountain air.

OSTERMAN

You would never find a view like this in Germany. Every square foot is carved into farms... factories... great castles...

(a moment)

There is beauty in Germany. But there is an invisible layer of blood caked over everything. The tourists, they cannot see it. But I have special eyes. Everywhere I look, I see red.

But then, Osterman squints, looks to the horizon, sees--

A single RADIO TOWER in the distance. It's almost invisible, but it does diminish the beauty of the landscape.

Osterman turns back to Ford.

OSTERMAN

I do not think you understand what I am trying to do.

FORD

Torture and kill me?

Osterman ignores that last comment, runs back to the edge of the overlook, gestures towards the magnificent view.

OSTERMAN

Look!

Ford does, but the natural beauty doesn't seem to have much of an effect on him.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)

God! You have such a chance here. Unspoiled land. As far as the eye can see.

As Osterman rambles with his BACK TURNED, Ford takes the opportunity to start rubbing his hand bindings against a sharp rock in front of him.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)

But you let it slip away.

(a moment)

This is what happens -- don't you see? -- this is what happens when you forget the past. Those who forget it, are doomed to repeat it. That is what they say, isn't it?

He gestures back to the vista.

OSTERMAN
What do you see?

Osterman turns back--

--Ford stops his rubbing.

OSTERMAN
Do you know what I see?
(a moment)
I see the New World growing old...

Osterman says it quietly, oddly, almost to himself.

He keeps his eyes FIXED on the valley below for a moment.

Ford has severed about half of the fibers in the rope. He tries to cut through the rest before--

OSTERMAN
Stand up.

Osterman turns back. Ford stands up, his hands STILL BOUND.

OSTERMAN
Walk.

EXT. STEEP TRAIL - LATER

Ford and Osterman are getting closer to the top. The tip of Sky God Peak looms a bit larger in the sky.

Ford shuffles along the trail, exhausted, dehydrated.

Osterman walks a few paces behind him.

Ford looks down to the partially severed rope binding his hands. He subtly tries to pull his hands apart, to break the last few fibers.

But he doesn't have the strength.

He trips, falls to the ground.

OSTERMAN
Get up...

Ford doesn't.

OSTERMAN

Get up!

Osterman kicks a cloud of dust and rocks into Ford's face.

OSTERMAN

Stehen Sie oben!

Ford writhes a moment, before--

FORD

(under his breath)

I get it...

Osterman steps closer to Ford, looking for an explanation.

FORD (CONT'D)

I get it, alright. I get what
you're trying to do!

Ford looks up to Osterman.

FORD (CONT'D)

You want me to say I shot you.
That I put that hole in the back of
your neck.

Osterman waits for more.

FORD (CONT'D)

Yeah, maybe I did.

(beat)

But I don't remember doing it. I
killed a lot of Krauts. You're
shit to me. Less than shit. I
don't remember every shit I ever
took. You wanted a confession,
there it is. So, let me go. Or
kill me.

For a moment, Osterman's face softens... but then...

OSTERMAN

Keep moving.

Ford thought his halfhearted confession might work.

It didn't.

OSTERMAN

We are making good time.

Ford doesn't move. Osterman aims his pistol at Ford's head. Ford grudgingly gets to his feet, takes a few more steps.

FORD

Ahhh...

Ford clutches his THIGH, drops down onto a nearby rock.

FORD

(pained)

Just wait... wait...

Ford massages his leg. He unbuttons his pants, pulls them down a bit so that he can massage the SCAR directly.

OSTERMAN

That shooting pain, eh...?

Suddenly--

Osterman brings his knee down onto Ford's chest, pins him to the ground. Ford struggles to break free.

OSTERMAN

Shrapnel?

Osterman pulls his knife.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)

Trying to fight its way out?

And then--

Osterman CUTS OPEN the scar on Ford's thigh.

FORD

AAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

OSTERMAN

(mock scream)

AAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

Osterman's fake scream blends into the first words of--

OSTERMAN

(singing)

Unsere beide Schatten

Sah'n wie einer aus

It's a shouty, almost grotesque rendition of *Lili Marlene*.

OSTERMAN

(singing)

*Daß wir so lieb uns hatten
Das sah man gleich daraus*

Ford clearly can't move of his own accord.

So, Osterman tightens his leash and starts to DRAG Ford further up the steep trail.

OSTERMAN

(singing)

*Und alle Leute soll'n es seh'n
Wenn wir bei der Laterne steh'n
Wie einst Lili Marleen...
Wie einst Lili Marleen.*

EXT. MOUNTAINS - THAT AFTERNOON

Clouds roll into the valley, hovering around the tips of the mountains, stifling the sunlight.

OSTERMAN (O.S.)

(overlap, singing)

*Deine Schritte kennt sie,
Deinen zieren Gang...
Alle Abend brennt sie,
Doch mich vergaß sie lang
Und sollte mir ein Leids gescheh'n
Wer wird bei der Laterne stehen
Mit dir Lili Marleen
Mit dir Lili Marleen...*

EXT. FURTHER UP THE TRAIL - LATER

We follow a trail of blood in the dirt... until we catch up with Ford... still being dragged up the trail by Osterman.

Ford doesn't look good. Pale. Dust in his face and mouth. Flirting with unconsciousness.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Aus dem stillen Raume.
Aus der Erde Grund...*

Osterman continues to sing as he drags Ford up the trail. It looks like hard work, too.

OSTERMAN
 (singing)
*Hebt much wie im Traume
 Dein verliebter Mund...*

As he's dragged, Ford looks down at his bleeding leg--
 Another few hundred yards like this and he'll be dead.

OSTERMAN (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*Wenn sich die späten Nebel drehn
 Wird' ich bei der Laterne steh'n--*

FORD
 Wait...

Osterman keeps walking, singing.

OSTERMAN
 (singing)
Wie einst Lili--

FORD
 I need to wrap it!

Osterman stops singing, looks back.

FORD
 You want me-- to get to the top
 alive? I need-- to stop the
 bleeding--

Osterman isn't sure about this. He thinks a moment, then--

OSTERMAN
 (exaggerated mommy voice)
 Anything for little Benny.

FORD
 Bandages...?

Osterman nods, goes to his knees, starts to rifle through the
 hunting satchel and the first aid kit, looking for bandages.

Ford waits--

OSTERMAN
 Poor little Benny has a cut on his
 leg. Does he need mommy to clean
 it up for him...?

--until Osterman TURNS HIS BACK.

With his front two hands still tied together, Ford sticks his fingers INTO THE FRESH WOUND on his thigh.

It hurts like hell, but Ford can't make a sound. He clenches his teeth to stifle the pain.

And just as Osterman turns back around--

Ford pulls the NEEDLE OF SHRAPNEL out of his flesh.

FORD
UUURRRRGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

Ford swings his arm, plunges the needle into the side of Osterman's chest.

OSTERMAN
AAAHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

Osterman drops to his knees.

The Luger falls, lands halfway between Ford and Osterman.

Both have a chance to grab it.

But Ford and Osterman are still reeling from those quick bursts of pain. They writhe on the ground, punch the dirt, waiting for the extreme pain to subside.

Ford and Osterman both reach for the pistol.

But Osterman grabs it--

Raises his arm--

And fires!

But the shot is wild.

Ford is already stumbling off the trail into the thick pine trees, using them as cover.

Osterman gets off a few more random shots. Then, he struggles to his feet.

He feels around on his chest, finds the needle of shrapnel stuck there. With a grunt, he pulls the needle out.

Osterman quickly examines the wound -- must not have hit the lung, or he'd be in a lot worse shape.

He chases after Ford.

EXT. BURNED FOREST

Ford walks fast, not quite running, into a huge wasteland filled with black, skeletal, leafless trees. The remnants of a massive forest fire.

He checks back over his shoulder--

No sign of Osterman yet.

Ford stops, leans against a tree. He takes a moment to assess the wound on his thigh.

It's bleeding, but the artery isn't severed.

A small bit of good news.

Ford tears a strip of fabric from the bottom of his shirt, ties it around the wound.

BANG!!! BANG!!!

Splinters of bark fly off the tree.

Ford looks back, sees--

Osterman in the distance, gun in hand. Like Ford, his injury prevents him from all-out running... but he's limping pretty damn fast.

Ford runs off.

BANG!!! BANG!!! BANG!!!

Osterman takes a few more shots, misses them all. Then, he dumps the empty magazine, loads a fresh one.

EXT. HILLSIDE MINE

Ford runs out of the trees and into a man-made clearing. He looks up and sees--

A large metal structure, comprised of several interconnected buildings. All built into the hillside.

It's an OLD MINE, rusty, falling apart, collapsing in places. Must be at least fifty years since it was in operation.

A large SLIDE of discolored rocks flow out of the main entrance and down the hillside -- the scars left behind after decades of mining.

Ford starts to scramble up the rock slide.

The rocks shift beneath his hands and feet.

Very slow going.

Down below, Osterman pops out of the woods, sees Ford climbing up to the mine.

Osterman lines up a shot, fires--

Misses.

Ford scrambles up the last few yards, runs to the mine. He's out of Osterman's range now.

Osterman pockets his Luger, starts climbing up the rock slide after Ford.

OUTSIDE THE MINE

Ford runs to the thick metal door, tries to shut it.

But it's stuck.

ON THE ROCK SLIDE

Osterman reaches the top, sees Ford trying to shut the door.

He draws his Luger--

INSIDE THE MINE

Ford slams his body against the door again and again, trying to force it shut.

Osterman fires the Luger--

Just as Ford slams the door shut--

PING!!! PING!!! PING!!!

The bullets ricochet off the thick metal door.

PING!!! PING!!!

Ford grabs a large pipe, braces it across the door.

OUTSIDE THE MINE

Osterman runs up to the door, tries to open it. He bangs on the door a few times, but it won't budge.

INSIDE THE MINE

Ford peeks out through a small crack in the wall, sees Osterman outside.

Osterman eyes the door for a few moments, studying it, trying to find a way to break through. Then, he turns, disappears down the hill.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MINE - VARIOUS ROOMS - LATER THAT DAY

Ford roams through the assorted chambers, tunnels and rooms of this dark, wet labyrinth.

He finds a piece of machinery with a sharp edge on it, uses it to cut his bonds.

EXT. FOREST NEXT TO THE MINE

With the mine behind his back, in the distance, Osterman wanders through an area of FALLEN LOGS.

After a bit of searching, he finds a SMALL LOG that's to his liking. He snaps off the branches.

INT. MINE - SUPPLY CLOSET

Ford kicks open the door, steps into a room that seems to be filled with nothing but cobwebs and dusty old apple crates.

He rummages through the crates until he finds--

An old broom.

Well, it's a start.

He pours through more junk before finding--

A small pile of DEER ANTLERS.

EXT. MINE - DOOR

Osterman cradles the SMALL LOG in his arms.

He winds up, bashes the log into the metal door.

BOOM!!!

It's a miniature battering ram.

INT. MINE - VARIOUS ROOMS

--BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM--

The sound echoes through the mine.

INT. MINE - SUPPLY CLOSET

--BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM--

It echoes as Ford strips the few remaining pieces of straw from the old broom.

EXT. MINE - DOOR

Osterman winds up, smashes the door again.

INT. MINE - DOOR

--BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM--

It echoes as the metal pipe brace starts to bend.

INT. MINE - SUPPLY CLOSET

--BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM--

It echoes as Ford lashes several of the sharp-tipped antlers to the tip of his broomstick.

He's creating an ANTLER CLUB.

EXT. MINE - DOOR

Osterman bashes the door again.

INT. MINE - DOOR

--BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM--

It echoes as the metal pipe BENDS SEVERELY. A few more hits like that and the door will be knocked open.

INT. MINE - EQUIPMENT ROOM

--BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMM--

It echoes as Ford runs his fingers along an ancient piece of MINING EQUIPMENT. Thick, black grease rubs off on his hand.

Ford uses the grease to cover his body and face.

Camouflaging himself.

EXT. MINE - DAY

Osterman's getting tired. But he musters his strength, smashes the door again.

INT. MINE - DARK CORNER

--BOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMM--

It echoes as Ford, now covered in black, steps back into an area of darkness.

Completely invisible.

EXT. MINE - DOOR

Osterman puts all his strength into this last swing--

INT. MINE - DOOR

--and the door flies open.

Osterman peeks inside, before gliding into the darkness.

The deeper he goes, the less light there is. The sound of his heavy breathing echoes off the wet walls.

After a few more careful steps,

FORD (O.S.)

"When the Lord your God brings you into the land you are entering to possess and drives before you many nations..."

Ford's distorted voice echoes through the darkness. It doesn't really sound like Ford at all.

Osterman looks into the darkness, doesn't see Ford.

He creeps deeper into the mine.

FORD (CONT'D)

"... the Hittites, Girgashites, Amorites, Canaanites, Perizzites, Hivites and Jebusites, seven nations larger and stronger than you..."

Osterman listens for the source of the sound. But it seems to be directionless...

Coming from everywhere and nowhere at the same time.

FORD (CONT'D)

"...then you must destroy them totally. Make no treaty and show them no mercy."

As Osterman creeps forward, he STARTS TO SMILE.

Ford is playing Osterman's game.

And Osterman loves it.

He takes another step, but hears FOOTSTEPS--

Whips his head--

Sees a FIGURE disappearing around the corner.

AT A STAIRWELL

Osterman rounds the corner, comes to the top of a narrow, rickety set of steps.

He looks down into the darkness.

Sees nothing.

OSTERMAN
Obergefreites Benjamin Ford...

Osterman, reverting to the role of an SS *Hauptsturmführer*, barks orders into the blackness.

SOMEWHERE IN THE DARKNESS

We're not exactly sure where Ford is.

But he's waiting quietly, listening.

AT A STAIRWELL

Osterman starts down the steps.

OSTERMAN
Wir wissen, daß Sie sind hierin!

He tiptoes down, step by step, gun gripped tightly.

LOWER LEVEL TUNNEL

Osterman steps into a dark corridor with a low ceiling.

OSTERMAN
*Treten Sie ab und Sie werden nicht
 geschädigt sein!*

Osterman looks to the end of the tunnel, sees a door.

The door is cracked open slightly, revealing just a sliver of a ROOM on the other side.

Osterman moves towards the door.

OSTERMAN
*Kommen Sie heraus mit ihren Händen
 auf ihrem Kopf!*

Osterman reaches the door.

OSTERMAN
Zeigen Sie sich!

Osterman kicks open the door, looks into the room. The floor is covered with a thick layer of SAWDUST.

Thin beams of sunlight shine through small holes in the roof.

But Ford isn't in the room.

He's in THE DARKNESS, behind Osterman.

FORD
AAAHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ford charges into the light, swinging his antler club.

The antlers connect with Osterman's back.

OSTERMAN
URGH!!!!

Osterman stumbles forward, falls into--

THE SAWDUST ROOM

Osterman lands, kicks up clouds of dust.

The gun falls out of his hands, disappears beneath the thick layer of sawdust.

Ford charges wildly into the room, tries to smash his antler club down onto Osterman.

Osterman rolls out of the way.

Ford takes another manic swing, misses Osterman.

Osterman gets his hand on a piece of RUSTY PIPE leaning against the wall.

Ford swipes his antler club.

Osterman deflects the blow with his pipe.

Ford and Osterman take wild swings at each other. But there's nothing beautiful or skillful about this combat.

It's all brute force.

Very ugly.

As punches and kicks are thrown, more and more sawdust is kicked up off the ground.

The dust particles float in the air, obscuring the view.

The more they fight... the more dust rises into the air... the cloudier the room becomes.

Osterman connects with a punch.

Ford falls to the ground.

But when he lands, he feels something beneath the sawdust.

Ford emerges with the gun.

Osterman slaps it out of his hand.

The gun disappears back into the sawdust.

Instead of attacking each other, Ford and Osterman begin frantically sifting through the sawdust, each trying to get the gun first.

They can hardly see a foot in front of themselves now.

Sawdust particles are everywhere.

In their mouths.

In their eyes.

And then--

Osterman finds the gun, brings it up, fires.

But through all the dust and the darkness, he can't see Ford.

BANG!!! BANG!!!

The muzzle blasts strobe, illuminating the dark room for split seconds.

Still no sign of Ford.

BANG!!! BANG!!! BANG!!!

But these last few BLASTS--

--they REVEAL FORD--

--standing behind Osterman--

--with the rusty pipe in his hand--

Ford swings the pipe, connects with Osterman's head.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIP OF SKY GOD PEAK - SUNSET

Osterman's eyes slowly crack open.

The world is white. He can't make out any details.

As his eyes begin to adjust, Osterman realizes that he's at the tip of Sky God Peak, surrounded on all sides by a large patch of snow that hasn't yet melted in the Spring sun.

FORD

April... like this... right?

Ford stands behind Osterman, Luger in hand.

Osterman gets a good look at his situation. He's basically hog-tied. His hands and legs are bound together behind his back. He kneels awkwardly on the snow.

He tries to wriggle a bit, but he's tied tight.

No chance for escape.

Paralyzed.

Ford presses the barrel of the Luger against the back of Osterman's neck.

Right against THE BULLETHOLE SCAR.

FORD

Near the end of the War. The liberation of Dachau.

(a moment)

First thing we noticed was the smell. That's what got our attention.

(another)

Like my father's taxidermy shed.

For the first time, Osterman is at a loss for words.

Just listening.

FORD (CONT'D)

When we got to the camp, saw boxcars sitting out on the tracks. Looked like they were filled with old clothes.

Ford's hand starts to quiver, almost microscopically.

FORD (CONT'D)

Got a little closer, you could make out the bony hands and legs. Some faces. Not faces. Just skin stretched over skulls. Eyeballs popping out.

The sun starts to dip below the horizon.

FORD (CONT'D)

I'd been shooting at Germans for two years. They'd been shooting at me. But I didn't hate them. The idea of hating them never entered my brain... until I saw Dachau.

(back to the story)

A dozen SS guards surrendered. They were gonna be shipped back to a POW camp for a few weeks. Then, after the war, they'd all go home.

(a moment)

Sergeant decided we oughta do something. So, he volunteered us to transport the prisoners back to the rear for processing.

By this time, Ford has let the gun drift to his side.

FORD (CONT'D)

Stripped them down, took off their shoes, burned their uniforms, marched them up a hill in the middle of nowhere.

Ford looks around, a hint of recognition in his face--

Sky God Peak must bear more than a passing resemblance to that hill back in Germany.

FORD (CONT'D)

When we made it to the top, we lined them up on their knees, facing away from us. This young guy, never saw his face... he was mine.

Osterman reacts subtly.

FORD (CONT'D)

And I was ready to do it, too. But I started hearing the shots, down the line, bodies going limp, one right after the other.

(MORE)

FORD(cont'd)

Like a factory, you know, an
assembly line. And I couldn't. I
just-- I couldn't--

(a moment)

I didn't kill you. I wasn't trying
to kill you. Understand?

Osterman doesn't.

FORD (CONT'D)

My rifle. The Springfield. You
can use it to fire grenades. But
to do that, you gotta replace the
live rounds... with blanks.

Osterman's face changes.

He looks weaker, softer, more vulnerable than we've ever seen
him before.

FORD (CONT'D)

If I didn't do it, someone else
would. So, when I caught the
Sergeant looking the other way, I
loaded the blanks. When he turned
back, I had the barrel against the
back of your neck...

Ford brings his pistol back up.

Wraps his finger back around the trigger.

FORD (CONT'D)

And I pulled the trigger. I
thought it'd just knock you out.
But the muzzle blast must've
damaged your spine.

(beat)

I'm not gonna apologize, but I
didn't mean for that to happen.

Osterman keeps his eyes fixed on the horizon.

Silence, until his emotions start to bubble to the surface--

OSTERMAN

(softly)

You should have killed me...

FORD

I can't kill like that. You can.
I can't.

OSTERMAN
 (with growing intensity)
 Yes, yes, you can... if I can, then
 you can... I know you can... anyone
 can!
 (almost to himself)
 Can't they...?

Tears start to well up in Osterman's eyes.

OSTERMAN
 Oh God, please. Just pull the
 trigger. You have to! You should
 have done it then. Now you can
 finish it!

Ford tightens his grip on the pistol.

OSTERMAN
 Don't you know the things I have
 done? Don't I deserve to die?

Ford presses the barrel back against Osterman's neck.

OSTERMAN
 He's nothing but meat... and
 flesh... and tendon. Put him out
 of his misery.

Osterman's making a pretty good case -- Ford wraps his finger
 against the trigger.

OSTERMAN
 Please! God! PULL THE TRIGGER!!!

BAAAANNNNNNNGGGGGGGG!!!!!!!!!!!!

The gunshot echoes...

...mountain to mountain...

...hill to hill...

...through the valley...

And Osterman is still alive.

BANG!!! BANG!!!

Osterman twists his head around, sees Ford unloading the
 remaining bullets into the snow.

BANG!!! CLICK -- CLICK -- CLICK --

Ford tosses the empty Luger away. He pulls a knife from his belt and CUTS the main rope restraining Osterman.

Osterman waits there for a bit, composing himself. Then, he shuffles over to a nearby rock, sits down, starts to slowly remove the rest of the bindings from his hands and feet.

His eyes remained fixed on the ground.

Ford steps to another rock, sits down.

Neither of the men say a word.

Until...

FORD

(exhausted)

So, this old Italian guy goes to the village priest. He hasn't confessed in years and he wants to get right with God. He says, "Father, back during the War, this beautiful woman came to my door and asked me to protect her from the enemy. So, I hid her up in the attic."

By now, Osterman has loosened about half of his bindings.

And on the nearby rock, Ford starts to wipe off the camouflage grease that still covers his body and face.

FORD (CONT'D)

The priest says, "That's a wonderful thing you did, no need to confess." "But it's worse, Father," the old guy says, "the girl started to repay me with sexual favors, like blowjobs, shit like that."

Ford continues to clean his face. Osterman continues to loosen his bindings.

FORD (CONT'D)

"Well... you were both in great danger," the priest says, "and war makes sinners of us all. You are forgiven, my son." "Thank you Father," the old man says, "but I have one more question." "And what is that my son?"

Ford has removed the grease from his face. Osterman has freed himself from his bindings.

FORD (CONT'D)
(finally delivering the
punchline)
"Should I tell her the war's over?"

Either because the punchline is lost in translation or because it isn't exactly the world's funniest joke... it takes Osterman a few moments to react.

But then--

Osterman cracks a half-smile, starts to chuckle.

Ford also begins to laugh.

But they're not laughing in amusement or joy. They're laughing because there is literally nothing else they can do.

They can only laugh.

These men hate each other. For good reason. No question about it. But we'll sense that beyond that hatred is a recognition, deep down, that they may be the only two people who can truly understand one another.

After a moment...

The laughter dies down, leaving Ford and Osterman alone with nothing but the mountains, the trees and the wind as company.

FADE TO BLACK.