

Fangs of the SS

Fade In:

ANIMATION

Map of North Africa, showing the Americans invading from the west through Morocco and Algeria heading towards Tunisia while the British push from Egypt through Libya, forcing the Nazis back towards Tunisia.

NARRATOR

(v/o)

November, 1942. The Allied forces are slowly pushing back the Nazi forces in North Africa. This is where the US Army learns its trade against the hardened veterans of the Wehrmacht. But now, the Americans face a new Nazi menace. One that attacks only at night. American soldiers have learned to fear...

TITLE INSERT

The Fangs Of The SS

ANIMATION

ZOOM in on the map, southern Tunisia where the arrows show the US Army moving north, zooming in to a speck on the map which TRANSITIONS TO

EXT. NORTH AFRICAN DESERT - EVENING

U.S Army motorized platoon has stopped for the day. It's protecting a convoy of gasoline tankers heading for the front in the Tunisian highlands. Soldiers are moving around, setting up for the night, digging foxholes, setting up machine gun emplacements. MIRSKY and SIMCO, two soldiers, are standing by the back of a truck. MIRSKY is older, tough, started out dodging Cossacks in Odessa, graduated to smuggling and violence, then emigrated to the US when the Soviets started to crack down on the rackets. He's seen it all and done most of it. The two soldiers have just gotten some C-rations. They've opened the cans and are eating.

SIMCO

Fucking sand gets in everything!

MIRSKY

At least when the chow tastes like sand, it doesn't taste like shit.

SIMCO  
Is that our only choices: sand or  
shit?

MIRSKY  
Ain't nothin' else out here in  
this fuckin' hellhole. I've seen  
Baku and I've seen Newark and  
lemme tell ya, this place is the  
pits.

SIMCO  
Sand, shit... and them... those  
god-damned creatures...

MIRSKY  
You fuckin' putz, Simco! I'm  
tryin' to scarf down this, this  
here dog food! I don't need you  
bringin' up those fuckin' things!  
I'd just about put them out of my  
mind!

SIMCO  
But what do you think, Mirsky? You  
think we'll get hit tonight? I  
heard from Nighfert, the radio  
guy, that platoon from the Big Red  
One got wiped out last night. No  
survivors!

MIRSKY  
I think you need to grow a pair.  
We've had the Krauts on the run  
for a month now. And no bogeymen  
are going to change that. You  
gotta stop listening to rumors.

EXT. NORTH AFRICAN DESERT - LATER

The sun has gone down. The platoon is arranged around the tanker trucks, gun pits, jeeps, foxholes, all pointing outward. MIRSKY and SIMCO are in a foxhole. Mirsky's sleeping, his helmet down over his eyes. Simco's a little jumpy. He hears something, works the bolt on his rifle. US Army Lieutenant GERARD is standing off in the dark.

SIMCO  
Brooklyn? Brooklyn? What's the  
damn password?!

GERARD  
(walks up, gives the  
password)  
Dodgers. At ease, soldier. Good to  
see that you're staying alert.  
Your buddy resting up for his  
watch?

SIMCO  
Yessir. Hey, Lieutenant, you think  
the Krauts are going to try  
anything tonight?

GERARD  
Not a chance, soldier.  
Headquarters doesn't have any  
Germans in this sector. Should be  
a quiet night. But stay alert; you  
never know.

SIMCO  
What about the - you know - the  
monsters, Lieutenant? The ones  
that hit that platoon over in the  
1st the other night? Any word on  
them?

GERARD  
(pissed off, gets into  
Simco's face)  
Private Simco, you stow that talk  
and do it now! You will zip that  
lip, do you understand?

MIRSKY  
(from under his helmet,  
still laying down)  
Told ya.

SIMCO  
(braced)  
Yessir!

GERARD  
(calming down)  
Spooky stories are fine around the  
campfire but not here in the  
field. Your job is to kick Kraut  
ass, not to make your buddies  
nervous with your talk about  
imaginary monsters.

Gerard's head explodes, coating Simco with brains. Gerard's  
body falls to the ground, revealing SS-Obersturmfuhrer

KORDEL, SS Vampire. He's holding a smoking pistol with which he just shot Gerard in the back of the head.

KORDEL  
But what about real monsters? Is  
it allowed to talk about them?

Simco yells, fires, the bullets just knock Kordel back a few steps, but not off his feet. He snarls, showing fangs, and lunges at Simco, grabs him and starts to drink from his neck. Mirsky rolls underneath a Jeep and fires at Kordel, knocking him off of Simco. Simco falls to the ground, bleeding out from the wounds in his neck.

The Germans attack. Their jeeps and motorcycles roar down out of the hills, gunners in the firing mounted machine guns. They are all vampires. They are all members of the Waffen SS. They were bastard Aryan sociopaths and then became vampires and are now even more vicious. The Americans fire back but are outmatched. Some of the vampires jump out of the jeeps and race in close, going hand-to-hand with the Americans, clawing, ripping, drinking. Some of the vampires are vulnerable to close heavy machine-gun fire, torn apart, but the American gunners aren't fast enough to track the vampires and are overwhelmed. The fuel tankers go up, one after the other, as they are raked by tracer fire. All seems to be lost...

Two American Army jeeps roar out of the darkness and right into the midst of the carnage. Three GOLEMS in one and two GOLEMS plus a man in the other. The man is Captain JOE MACCABEE, a combat Kabbalist and the man responsible for the golems.

MACCABEE is tall and thin, younger, in his early to mid-20s. Delicate features that worry, stress, and sleeplessness have drawn lines down his face and put black around his eyes. He's a young guy but there's something in his eyes and the way he carries himself that tell the skilled observer that he's a man who's seen and done things.

The GOLEMS vary in appearance; from the large hulking classic golem like the one created by Rabbi Loew to protect the Prague ghetto to one that has four arms and an androgynous beauty. All of them are wearing US Army uniforms and have the Hebrew word EMETH written in the clay of their foreheads.

Golems:

MALKUTH: classic early golem, rough masculine features, crudely designed, one arm is slightly longer than the other, eyes aren't exactly level

HESOD: Maccabee's first attempt at doing a female form. Not great proportions and he might have gotten a little too enthusiastic in the breast area.

BINAH: At this point, Maccabee's girlfriend, Chava, trained in stone-working, sculpture, pottery, stepped in. Binah looks like a statue of Astarte come to life.

TIPERATH: Male, bearded, strong Middle Eastern features, like a statue from ancient Ur.

GEBURAH: Chava is also a Dadaist. Geburah shows her influence. An exploration of the concept of golem. Four arms, hermaphrodite, classical androgyny.

INSERT SFX

When each golem comes onto the screen for the first time, cut to a graphic of the Kabbalist Tree Of Life. An image of each golem, identified by name, appears in the appropriate Sephiroth.

EXT. NORTH AFRICAN DESERT - NIGHT

The Waffen SS vampires turn to attack this new prey that has seemingly just offered itself to the slaughter. An eviscerating slash brings back a handful of clay.

VAMPIRE  
Vas ist...?

Another coughs, gags, spits after getting a mouthful of clay. Once a vampire gets close enough to a golem to strike, they're too close. They're crushed, torn apart by the golems' relentless strength. And those that keep their distance torn apart by heavy weapons fire from the two golems manning the swivel mounted machine guns in the back of each of the jeeps. Geburah jumps out of the jeep before it stops, lands running, .45 automatic in each of its four hands. Even a vampire has a problem with spray of dum-dummed .45s.

KORDEL  
Fall back! Fall back!

The surviving vampires make it back to their jeeps and motorcycles and speed away into the night.

The American soldiers who are still alive creep out from under jeeps and out of trucks where they had been trying to hide from the vampires.

MIRSKY  
I don't fuckin' believe it...  
Golems?

GEBURAH  
Well, we ain't fuckin' elves.

MACCABBEE  
Captain Maccabee and his Golem  
Desert Rats, yeah that's us.

BINAH  
You Jewish? Not many people know  
what golems are.

MIRSKY  
Yeah, New York via Odessa. Thought  
you were fairy tales, even with  
all this Weird War shit.

MACCABBEE  
Malkuth, get the medic kits from  
the jeeps and see what help we can  
give.

MALKUTH  
Right away, Rabbi.

MIRSKY  
I didn't think that golems could  
speak.

MACCABBEE  
Usually they don't. But I thought  
it'd be wrong to create them  
without a voice.

Binah is crouched over SIMCO, who's still feebly alive,  
drifting in and out of consciousness.

BINAH  
Rabbi, over here!

Maccabee goes over and sees the wound on Simco's neck.

BINAH (CONT'D)  
This one will turn, Rabbi. Should  
I?

MACCABBEE

No, I'll do it.

He points his gun at the wounded soldier.

SIMCO

Wait, what are you doing? I just  
need some bandages... I'll be  
OK...

MACCABEE

I'm afraid it's too late for that,  
soldier. I'm very sorry.

Maccabee shoots Simco in the head.

MIRSKY

What the fuck?! What the hell did  
you just do? You can't shoot the  
wounded! What kind of monster are  
you?

The golems draw protectively near. Geburah sticks one of its  
guns in Mirsky's ear.

GEBURAH

You wanna calm down. The Captain  
is saving your life, is what he's  
doing.

MACCABEE

He was dead as soon as he was  
bitten, Sergeant. I'm very sorry.  
If I hadn't killed him, he would  
have turned into one of those  
monsters that just attacked.

MIRSKY

You can't know that! How could you  
know that?!

MACCABEE

Because I've been fighting these  
leeches and their bitch commander  
ever since we landed in Tangier.  
Because I'm a combat cabbalist and  
killing demons is what I do.

MIRSKY

You're completely around the bend,  
you know that? Bughouse! Demons.  
You're off your nut.

MACCABEE

One demon in particular. Countess  
Elizabet Bathory.

EXT. NORTH AFRICAN CASTLE - NIGHT

This castle, an old Crusader fort from the Middle Ages, perches on a hill in the Tunisian mountains overlooking a valley. A narrow road winds up from the valley to the castle. The only approach to the castle is by the road. Large Nazi banners flap on the castle walls. Over the gate hangs a banner bearing the ancestral crest of the Bathory clan, Hungarian nobility. CAMERA PUSH into one of the windows in a high tower of the castle.

INT. CASTLE WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Countess ELIZABET BATHORY turns away from the window. She's a beautiful woman and a vampire, gorgeous in a tight fitting Waffen SS uniform. Here's the thing: she's not white. She is ancient Egyptian, a priestess of Set turned vampire back when the pyramids were new. Bathory is just one of the identities that she's developed over the millennia. She is ancient, so very old, and so very very insane. She currently holds the rank of Gruppenfuehrer in the SS. In the room with her are SS Sturmbannfuehrer JURGEN VON REGENSBERG, her second in command, lover, and a vampire as well. Also in the room is Doktor VIKTOR SCHEFFLEN, Bathory's thrall, a renfield. He's also a mad scientist, who, until recently has been doing experiments in Section M of Dachau. In the background lurk Bathory's handmaidens, ILLANA and CAMILLA, dressed in flowing white gowns.

BATHORY

The sun goes down and our day  
begins. And there is much to do.  
Sturmbannfuehrer von Regensberg,  
give me the status of our units in  
the field.

VON REGENSBERG

(standing over a map laid  
out on a table in the middle  
of the room)

All our units but one have  
reported total success,  
Gruppenfuehrer. The Allies will be  
held on the other side of  
Kasserine Pass as our troops  
continue to destroy their supply  
convoys.

BATHORY

Which of our units was not  
successful?

VON REGENSBERG

Obersturmführer Kordel reports that his squad were repelled by that Jew and his damnable clay men. Kordel's squad had almost completely destroyed a fuel convoy and its escort when the Jew and his monsters appeared. Our troops were driven off with heavy casualties.

BATHORY

Damnation. Well, it is no matter. Soon both that untermensch and his pitiful toys will be swept away in the storm of VampyreKrieg!

(she turns to the mad scientist)

Doktor Professor Schefflen, what progress have you made?

SCHEFFLEN

Great progress, Countess, great progress! The holding tank in the laboratory is complete. I have begun running tests and am very happy with the amount of death energy that is being captured and infused into the blood. And with each death, I am able to refine my apparatus and capture a higher percentage of the death energy. But I do need more test subjects...

VON REGENSBERG

I'm afraid that brings me to my next point, Gruppenführer. The Wehrmacht are beginning to complain to Kesselring in Tunis about our equipment and ... personnel requests. It is possible that they might move against us before all is in readiness.

BATHORY

Let them try! They are jealous simpletons, afraid of the future. Before they can gather their courage to act, we will be too strong. And too many. Schefflen, take as many of prisoners as you need. Von Regensberg, have your men concentrate on bringing back prisoners. Allied soldiers, Tunisians, Italians, it matters not. All that matters in the blood that runs in their veins and the manner of their dying.

SCHEFFLEN

Your empire shall last forever!  
Your Blood Reich will be immortal!

BATHORY

All of this talk of blood has made me hungry. Illana, prepare the meal.

Illana moves to the side of the room, to where a chain running up towards the ceiling is secured. CAMERA PAN up to reveal a stone slab hanging from the ceiling. Illana, with effortless vampire strength, lowers the slab, using the chain. There's a man in a tattered US Army uniform tied to the slab, arms outstretched, facing upwards. He's gagged. The slab is decorated with Egyptian hieroglyphs. His head and neck rest in a channel carved in the slab. When the slab is about chest high, Illana stops lowering it and secures the chain. Camilla walks forward, holding a chalice. Illana goes to the slab and stands by the prisoner's head. She glances at Bathory, who nods. With one clawed finger, Illana opens the prisoner's throat. The blood pours down the channel and into the chalice that Camilla is holding. When the chalice is full, she brings it to Bathory. Camilla kneels and presents the chalice to Bathory, who takes it and raises it.

ALL OF THEM  
Heil Bathory!

They all kneel. Bathory drains the chalice, blood pouring down her chin and the front of her uniform, splashing on the floor. Her mad laughter rings against the ceiling and echoes in the room.

EXT. US ARMY FORWARD HQ - DAY

MIRSKY'S platoon, riding in the jeeps and trucks that are left after the vampire attack roll into a US Army base, a chaos of tents, vehicles, soldiers. The base is centered

around the ruins of a small Tunisian village that's been occupied and shot to shit by several different invading armies in the last couple of years.

The the jeeps and trucks stop at a medical tent and the wounded are off loaded.

Mirsky, after helping unload the wounded, walks away with the other unwounded men of the platoon and they all go to their tents.

INT. COLONEL MOREHOUSE'S OFFICE - DAY

Colonel MOREHOUSE is seated behind his desk. He's not a combat officer and is having a hard time adjusting to the demands of an army at war. Standing to the side of the desk, is Major DUVALL, an Army Intelligence officer, tall, WASPy, probably went to an Ivy League school. He's handing reports to Morehouse.

DUVALL

Colonel, another attack by those Nazi monsters.

MOREHOUSE

Dammit! Casualties?

DUVALL

Not as bad as it could have been. That special detachment from Camp Cuckoo, the Fightin' Rabbi and his walking statues, showed up and drove the monsters off before the convoy was completely destroyed.

MOREHOUSE

That's a bit of good news at least. But, Duvall... these special detachments from Camp Cuckoo... They make my skin crawl.

DUVALL

I understand, sir. And it's not just Captain Maccabee and his statues. There's those shapeshifters, Greenway and his engineers building that giant tank man, and all the rest. Seriously strange, all of them. Like ghost stories come to life.

MOREHOUSE

That's precisely it, Major. You've hit the nail on the head. How can  
(MORE)

MOREHOUSE (CONT'D)  
anyone trust them? And now I've got Eisenhower breathing down my neck to wipe out these Nazi monsters. How am I supposed to do that with troops I can't trust?

DUVALL  
I think that I have an idea, sir. According to these preliminary reports on last night's action, there was a soldier in that detachment from the 9th that was doing convoy protection. He knew what the statues were, they were somewhat familiar to him. I propose we make him our eyes and ears on Maccabee.

MOREHOUSE  
This soldier isn't part of Camp Cuckoo in any way?

DUVALL  
Not at all. Just an ordinary soldier. Well, he's Jewish, but we can't have everything.

INT. US ARMY TENT

MIRSKY and a couple of the men go into a big tent, 10 cots running along the sides. FISHER, a soldier who didn't go along on the convoy detail, jumps to his feet as they enter.

FISHER  
Shit! You guys back already?  
Where're the others?

MIRSKY  
The ones that are still alive are over in the hospital tents getting patched up. We got hit by those monsters and got ... fuck, I was gonna say chewed up...

He staggers over to his cot and slumps down on it, his gear piled around his feet.

FISHER  
What happened?

MIRSKY  
It was bad. And not normal bad. This was monsters in the night,  
(MORE)

MIRSKY (CONT'D)  
statues with machine guns weird  
bad. And then Simco...

FISHER  
Aw, fuck. Not him. He was a good  
guy. The monsters got him?

MIRSKY  
In a way, I guess. If that mad  
bastard of a rabbi can be  
believed.

FISHER  
What're you talking about?

MIRSKY  
Listen, Fisher, it's been a really  
rough time. Go bother one of the  
others, they'll tell you all about  
it.

FISHER  
Yeah. Sorry. Hey, before I forget,  
there was mail call while you were  
gone. You got a letter. I put it  
on your pillow there.

Mirsky turns his head, sees the letter, grabs it, studies it  
closely, trying to decipher all the postmarks and  
redirections scrawled on it.

MIRSKY  
(to himself)  
Holy shit, it's from Leah. Where  
the hell is she? It came from New  
York, before that, what's this  
say, is that Turkish? so maybe  
Istanbul, before that, looks like  
Budapest...

He carefully opens the letter and begins to read.

LEAH  
(V/O)  
Binyamin, my brother, I hope that  
you get this letter soon.

ZOOM IN on the letter and dissolve to

EXT. FLASHBACK BUDAPEST BUSY STREET

LEAH exits from an alleyway, carefully looking around. She's  
dressed worn men's clothes, hat pulled down low. She's doing  
all she can to obscure her gender. A yellow star is

prominent on the front of her coat. She turns left and hurries down the street.

LEAH  
(V/O)  
For a while, it seemed that Budapest wasn't a bad choice. Yes, we Jews were persecuted, but nothing like the horror stories coming out of Poland. But now, the Hungarians are under increasing pressure to show their loyalty to that shit Hitler. And that means trains that leave full and come back empty.

The sidewalk is crowded with people, going about their business. Every once and a while, army vehicles go past on the street. The people stop and cheer them as they go past. Leah sticks to building side of the sidewalk. She walks fast, head down, doing all she can to not draw attention to herself.

LEAH (CONT'D)  
(V/O)  
So, I'm getting out. People say that Istanbul is the best chance. Down the Danube to the Black Sea, get a berth on a freighter heading to Istanbul. But the price is high. So I've had to do what I can to get the money.

INT. FLASHBACK HUNGARIAN PIMP'S OFFICE

Leah's seated in a chair in front of a desk. She's wearing women's clothes and holding a purse on her lap. These are clothes that definitely emphasize her gender. When she's not hiding it, she's strikingly beautiful: black hair, olive skin, strong features, dark eyes. She's staring fixedly at the floor while PIMP walks around her, examining, touching the merchandise.

LEAH  
(V/O)  
Just like that time back in Odessa. With Belavich the pimp, when we needed the money to get out.

With a final grope, he motions her to stand up. She stands up, pulls a gun from her purse, and shoots him in the head.

She quickly loots his body and his office, taking all available cash, his pinky ring, and his watch.

LEAH (CONT'D)  
(V/O)

So now there's a Hungarian gang  
that's looking for me harder than  
the Nazis are.

EXT. FLASHBACK BUDAPEST TRAIN STATION

Leah, dressed in the mens' clothes but missing the yellow star, at the front of a long line of people at the ticket window, handing over a bundle of money for a ticket.

LEAH  
(V/O)  
I'm going to take the train as far  
as I can towards the Black Sea. I  
have enough money for bribes and a  
ticket. So look for me in  
Istanbul, my brother. I'll leave  
word for you at the Pera Palace  
hotel. May we see each other soon.  
Your sister. Leah.

She hurries off through the very busy train station. Before she gets on the train, she's stopped by a guard who demands her papers. She bribes him and pushes her way on the train, which is pulling away.

INT. US ARMY TENT

MIRSKY finishes reading the letter and grips it tight in his fist. He sits very still for a little bit, thinking very hard, and then comes to a decision. He carefully smooths out the letter, folds it, and puts it back into the envelope. He tucks the letter away safe into an inside pocket. He gets up and heads towards the tent's exit. FISHER calls out to him.

FISHER  
Was it good news, in the letter?

MIRSKY  
Good and bad.

FISHER  
Where you off to?

MIRSKY  
Gonna go see if I can cut a deal  
with a rabbi.

FISHER

Huh?

Mirsky exits.

EXT. US ARMY FORWARD HQ - DAY

MIRSKY exits the tent and out into the bustle of the camp. He looks around, spots a mecha looming over the tents some distance away. He squares his shoulders and heads in that direction.

The two jeeps of Maccabee's group wind their way through the chaos of the US Army camp. MACCABEE is exhausted. Drained. MALKUTH glances at him every once in awhile, concerned. The guards wave them through, not afraid, exactly, they've seen them before, but they're made uneasy by the otherworldliness of the GOLEMS. The uniforms that the golems wear are tattered, slashed by vampire claws and pierced with bullet holes, showing damage that would have killed any human soldier many times over.

The camp is a normal Army camp in the beginning, but then they come to a section that's announced by a handmade sign, Camp Cuckoo. This is where all the non-standard Allied forces are quartered.

The two jeeps come to a stop in front of a large tent. They all get out of the jeeps.

MACCABEE

We did good. Killed a lot of vampires, drove off that attack.

GEBURAH

Not enough.

MACCABEE

It was a good night's work. Thank you. I'm going to write some reports, get some sleep. You're all free to do what you want, but stay close, we might get word of another mission at any time.

Maccabee goes into the tent, Malkuth following.

INT. MACCABEE'S TENT - DAY

It's a large tent, room for a cot and a small table and chair. MACCABEE and MALKUTH enter. Maccabee dumps his gear at the foot of his cot and slumps tiredly on it. He stares fixedly at his hands, watching them tremble.

MALKUTH  
You get some sleep, Rabbi.

MACCABEE  
(drops into a fake Yiddish accent)  
What are you, my mother? Such a worrier, you are.

(Back to his normal voice, gets up, goes to the table, sits down, starts writing an after action report)  
Soon as I finish these reports, Malkuth, I promise. You go, be with the other golems. I'll be fine.

MALKUTH  
If you say so. But please get some sleep, if you can.

Malkuth exits and Maccabee continues to write, occasionally blotting the blood that drips from his nose.

EXT. CAMP CUCKOO - DAY

MALKUTH exits Maccabee's tent. The rest of the GOLEMS are clustered around the entrance, sitting on ammo boxes, GEBURAH is pacing. They all look at Malkuth. His shrug sends a patter of dust and grit off his shoulders, visible through rips in his uniform.

TIPARETH  
Is he going to rest? He's not doing well, we can all see it, I can FEEL it.

MALKUTH  
What can I do? I'm not going to sit on him until he sleeps.

BINAH  
We've got to do something. We all know what'll happen to us if he pushes himself too hard and dies. Or if he gets shot in the head. We're in the middle of a war, after all, going toe to toe with Nazis and vampires every chance we get.

They all look at each other in silent acknowledgement but none of them has a suggestion of what to do. A moment passes without any of them saying anything.

MALKUTH

I'm going to stay here and keep an eye on him, maybe try to get him to eat something. The rest of you go walk around, find out if there's anything going on. If we're to protect the Rabbi, we need to know when and what we'll be going up against. So, go! Get!

Reluctantly, with backward glances towards Malkuth and the tent, Tipareth, Geburah, Binah, and Hesod walk away.

EXT. US ARMY FORWARD HQ - DAY

MIRSKY is walking through the camp, heading towards the Camp Cuckoo section. He doesn't get too far before he hears his name being called.

DUVALL

Sgt Mirsky!

Mirsky turns and sees DUVALL, a Major in Army Intelligence, tall, WASPy, probably went to an Ivy League school, pretty much the complete opposite of Mirsky. Mirsky salutes.

MIRSKY

Yes, sir?

DUVALL

Sergeant, we need to talk.

MIRSKY

We do? I mean, yes, sir. Whatever you say, sir.

DUVALL

At ease, soldier. You're not in any trouble, though, given your background, I imagine you're in trouble somewhere.

MIRSKY

(he's been sweated by everyone from the Ohkrana to the Soviet secret police to the FBI. he's not going to give this putz anything)

Sir.

DUVALL

Let's walk while we talk. No need  
for people to listen in on our  
little confab.

MIRSKY

Sir.

The two of them start walking aimlessly through the camp,  
gradually heading towards the Camp Cuckoo section. The  
GOLEMS are going to pass through the background at some  
point.

DUVALL

I understand that you had an  
encounter with some of the more  
... unorthodox elements of the  
Army last night.

MIRSKY

You mean that rabbi and his  
statues? Yeah, I guess you could  
say that we had an ... encounter.

DUVALL

That's good that you recognized  
him, this Captain Maccabee, as a  
Jew. You're a Jew, yourself,  
aren't you, Sergeant?

MIRSKY

(a level look)  
Yes, sir. I'm a Jew.

DUVALL

Good. That's very helpful to what  
we have planned. And you knew what  
those walking statues were? The  
other men in your unit said that  
you called them golems and talked  
to Maccabee about them.

MIRSKY

Yes, sir. Before last night, I  
just thought they were folktales,  
not real. But with all the weird  
shit that's part of the Army now  
(he nods in the direction of  
the looming mecha)  
I shouldn't have been surprised.

DUVALL

And it's all that weird shit, as  
you so accurately call it, that  
has us concerned. And that's why  
(MORE)

DUVALL (CONT'D)  
we need you, Sergeant. We need you  
to be our eyes and ears into a  
part of this "weird shit".

MIRSKY  
Eyes and ears? But I'm just a  
dogface with the 9th Infantry. I'm  
not part of them over in Camp  
Cuckoo.

DUVALL  
And that's why you're valuable.  
Your observations won't be tainted  
because you aren't part of them.  
Part of all these Camp Cuckoo  
Weird War units.

MIRSKY  
So I'm just getting re-assigned?

DUVALL  
Yes. You'll be detached for  
special operations, a liaison  
between headquarters and Captain  
Maccabee.

MIRSKY  
Is there any reason to suspect  
Captain Maccabee of anything?

DUVALL  
Not at all! Command would just  
feel more comfortable with another  
set of eyes in this situation.

The GOLEMS: HESOD, BINAH, TIPARETH, and GEBURAH wander  
aimlessly through the tents of Camp Cuckoo. More scenes in  
the background: witches, robots, soldiers in exo-skeletons  
and jet packs, flashes of energy from the weapons range  
where mad science guns are being tested. A diesel powered  
mecha is being worked on in the background. Houngan with  
zombies. Shapeshifter cadre: Free French Beast of Gevoudan,  
Navajo skinwalker, Norwegian werebear. MIRSKY and DUVALL are  
going to pass through background at some point.

HESOD  
What if he doesn't die, survives  
this war? Have any of you thought  
about what happens next, what we  
do?

GEBURAH  
No. No, I haven't, Hesod, and I'll  
tell you why. Because this war is  
(MORE)

GEBURAH (CONT'D)

serious business. And if you start thinking about anything else but the next 5 minutes, the next objective, you're dead. This is no place for the imagination, no place for wondering about some distant future.

HESOD

No place for imagination? Then why was I created, Geburah? Do you think that the Rabbi made a mistake in creating me?

GEBURAH

You know, sometimes I wonder.

TIPARETH

Fuck you, Geburah! Some things we don't say to each other! None of us are mistakes! God would not have allowed the Rabbi to create any mistake. Each of us, every. single. one. of us is here to fulfill the purpose of the All-Highest. I feel His touch on each one of us.

BINAH

Your original point, before Geburah starting being a bitch, is a good one, Hesod. What do we do when this war ends? How's this for an answer: whatever we want.

HESOD

But aren't we bound to the Rabbi? Will he let us go, Binah?

BINAH

Yes, we're only alive as long as he is, but we're not his slaves. Never forget that. We can do what we want, when the war's over.

GEBURAH

But the war's not over, you schmucks! That's what I'm tryin' to get through all your thick rock heads! Fine, great, when the war's over, we'll live happily ever after. But that won't happen if

(MORE)

GEBURAH (CONT'D)  
 you don't stop thinking about what  
 doesn't matter.

At this point, the GOLEMS are standing next to the mecha that's being worked on by GREENWAY and his two mechanics, FRANKLIN and LAMARR. The mecha is a 20 foot tall combination of fighting suit and exo-skeleton, made bulky and looming by the oversized pistons and heavy armor and weapons that encrust it. It's powered by a diesel engine and has an exhaust pipe sticking out of its back.

GEBURAH (CONT'D)  
 See this? This matters. If he can  
 ever get it working for longer  
 than 5 minutes at a time.

GREENWAY, up on a ladder, hears what Geburah has said and pulls his head out from the mecha's innards where he was repairing a hydraulics line.

GREENWAY  
 Hey, fuck you. This is serious  
 science. What would some god  
 powered statue know about modern  
 technology? And I didn't see you  
 complaining last week when me and  
 Joe took apart that Nazi platoon  
 that had you pinned down.

He pats the mecha affectionately.

TIPARETH  
 Did you get the machine gun and  
 flamethrower to work at the same  
 time?

GREENWAY  
 Working on that now. I'm trying to  
 strengthen the linkages between  
 the two systems so they don't draw  
 as much power from the engine -  
 warfare - tools -

HESOD  
 Have you heard if they're making  
 more of these, like Joe here, back  
 in the States?

GREENWAY  
 Maybe, but what I've done here is  
 pretty unique. What I have heard  
 is now that Joe's proven himself  
 in battle, I might be sent back to  
 set up factories, mass produce him  
 (MORE)

GREENWAY (CONT'D)  
like tanks. Rumors are, that's  
what the Nazi's are doing. Anyway,  
good chattin' with you, but I  
gotta get back to work, this  
hydraulic line ain't gonna splice  
itself.

HESOD  
Take care of yourself, Professor.

The golems continue on walking as Greenway disappears back into Joe.

GEBURAH  
I'm sorry about what I said,  
Hesod, it was wrong and stupid of  
me to say it. But just as you were  
created for your imagination, I  
was created for war. All of us,  
we're weapons. Just like Joe back  
there.

HESOD  
Weapons are just tools that kill.  
You're basically agreeing with me.  
So, I ask again, will we tools, we  
very skillful tools of war, be  
allowed to go our own way at the  
end of this war?

BINAH  
You know what I think? I think  
every one of you is right. We're  
tools. And we're weapons. And come  
the end of the war, there will be  
questions. And there will be  
answers. But we'd best be prepared  
to act on the those answers. We  
don't like the answers we get,  
then maybe we change the  
questions. Instead of asking if  
we're free and being told no,  
maybe we ask we're free and  
what're you going to do about it?  
But right now? Right now is the  
war. Right now is killing leeches,  
killing Nazis, killing all those  
who want to destroy the Jewish  
people.

GEBURAH  
Sounds like a good plan. I like  
it.

HESOD

Not disagreeing but don't forget  
that it's a rare craftsman who  
puts down useful tools. But I hear  
you loud and clear. And I'm on  
board for the Nazi killing.

TIPARETH

Things are going to work out,  
Hesod. I think that you'll like  
the answers to your questions.  
We're so much more than tools,  
even more than weapons. You'll  
see.

MARCUS

You might get your chance for more  
fightin' sooner than you think.

MARCUS JONES, Houngan/Voodoo priest/Obeahman. Marcus is muscular African American. He's smoking a cigar. His mojo bag hangs right next to his dog tags. His zombies walk in a group behind him. They carry shovels and picks, dressed in raggedy old army uniforms.

GEBURAH

Hey, Marcus.

MARCUS

Could hear you all talking a mile  
away. On the matter of tools and  
what rights they got, y'all wanna  
hear my opinion?

HESOD

Sure, Marcus, go ahead.

MARCUS

Ain't no one ever released slaves  
from chains less they were forced  
to. Tools is what my people were  
for generation after generation  
when we were slaves. That's all a  
slave is, a tool for the master to  
use. So you might want to think on  
that. But what the hell do I know?  
So what you all been up to? Looks  
like you might have been in a war  
or somethin'.

GEBURAH

Just got back from hittin' a bunch  
of leeches

MARCUS

My boys could be just as good as  
you against them nightcrawlers,  
ain't no blood left in 'em but no.  
Me and mine, we gotta stay behind  
and dig ditches, latrines, all  
that kinda shit. Fuck, I could of  
stayed in Louisiana and dug  
ditches if I wanted! I joined up  
to fight!

TIPARETH  
Why don't they?

MARCUS  
You already forget what I said  
about tools? Shit, those cracker  
officers only want to see me with  
a shovel in my hands. A black man  
with a gun in his hand? Shit!  
That's the stuff of their  
nightmares! And there's fightin'  
comin'! Everybody's gonna be  
needed. Everybody but this here  
hoodoo man.

BINAH  
I hope you get your chance. You're  
right about your zombies being  
good fighters against the leeches.  
We can use all the help we can  
get.

HESOD  
How do you know that there's  
fighting coming?

MARCUS  
My boys

gestures to the zombies who have begun to mill around and  
moan. Marcus rolls his eyes in exasperation, goes over to  
them, shoves and slaps them until they're all settled down.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
As I was sayin' everybody thinks  
my boys are dead.

GEBURAH  
Hate to break it to you, but they  
look pretty fuckin' dead to me,  
Marcus.

MARCUS  
And you look like some real fucked  
up statue! OK, so they're not  
(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
alive, but they ain't dead  
neither. Papa Legba and Ghede keep  
them on the crossroads between  
life and death. And since they  
ain't dead, they can still hear  
and whatever they hear, I hear.  
And I hear plenty cuz no one zips  
their lip around dead guys, even  
dead guys who're diggin' ditches.

BINAH  
So what'd you hear? C'mon, spill.

MARCUS  
We've been doin' a lot of  
unloading trucks, stockpilin'  
ammo, that kinda thing. We're  
gettin' in a lot of supplies, a  
lot of supplies that go bang, if  
you know what I mean. And the  
officers? All they can talk about,  
when they think no one is  
listening, are sayin' that Patton  
is gonna take over cuz Eisenhower  
is pissed how the war is goin'.  
And we all know that crazy  
motherfucker is all about the  
fightin'.

GEBURAH  
That's great news! I love that  
crazy fucker! He's as much about  
war as I am. Lots of leech  
killing.

BINAH  
I'd say you're right, Marcus.  
Definitely sounds like it's going  
to be full speed ahead real soon.

Mirsky and Duvall are standing back, between a couple of tents, observing the golems and the hoodoo man and his zombies.

DUVALL  
There you have it, Sergeant.  
That's why we need your eyes on  
this. All of them over there are  
very useful to the war effort,  
even the 'Negro' and his walking  
corpses. But can they be trusted?  
What do they want? These are  
questions that we need answered.

MIRSKY

And I guess I'm the guy to get you those answers, Sir. I won't let you down.

DUVALL

Good man! Here are your papers, authorizing your transfer. They'll tell Captain Maccabee that you're on the level.