

"FANATIC"

By

Robert Sacchi

42854 Lindsey Heights Place  
Ashburn, VA 20148  
571-529-0552  
Rsacchi001@aol.com

FADE IN:

EXT. A SMALL BAVARIAN TOWN - DAY

SUPER: "Germany, April 1945"

The town has a quaint appearance. All is quiet.

There is a relatively large building with an unattended sentry post in front of it.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

There's a roaring fireplace with a box half full of papers in front of it. There are boxes of papers on the two ornate sofas and matching armchair. Adolf Hitler's portrait hangs above the fireplace mantle. There is a large window and an open door.

ILSA KRUG, 23, short, shapeless build, plain face, short black hair, wearing a Wehrmachthelferinnen uniform and thick wirerimmed glasses, carries a box full of papers in her arms. She scans the room and appears disgusted.

HEIDE HOPPE, 21, short, hourglass figure, pretty face, curly golden blond hair, also in uniform and carrying a box of paper steps in.

Ilsa and Heidi put their boxes on the sofa.

ILSA

Do you want to fetch or burn?

HEIDI

What? Burn.

Ilsa marches out of the room.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Ilsa enters with a box of papers in her arms. Heidi is tossing papers into the fireplace.

LOTTE BEESE, 25, tall, long strawberry blond hair. She is heavily made up. She is well dressed and is paying inordinate attention to her mink boa, enters.

LOTTE

Where is the general?

ILSA

He left during the night. With his wife.

Lotte aggravated, rushes out.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Ilsa strides out of the room. She sees Lotte on the phone in the general's office but continues walking.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Heidi is looking out the window as Ilsa enters with a box.

ILSA

You can burn paper quicker if you stop looking out the window.

HEIDI

The Burgermeister said everyone should hang out white sheets.

ILSA

If the Americans catch us burning papers under a surrender flag, we are in serious trouble.

HEIDI

If they come in grenade first that will be more trouble.

ILSA

Then finish burning before they get here.

Ilsa runs out of the room.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Ilsa and Heidi are throwing papers into the fire. Most of the boxes are empty.

CLANKS of tracked vehicles in the distance.

HEIDI

I am leaving.

ILSA

I understand.

Heidi steps to the door as Ilsa quickens the pace of throwing papers into the fire. Heidi turns.

HEIDI

Come with me.

ILSA

Goodbye.

Ilsa steps out and closes the door.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Ilsa throws a handful of papers into the fireplace. She tosses the empty box into a pile of other empty boxes. Only one box of papers remains.

She carries the box to the fireplace. The door BURSTS open and STAFF SERGEANT O'REILLY, 25, Burly build, scruffy appearance, rushes in.

They make eye contact. Ilsa spins as she heaves the box into the fireplace. She has her back to O'Reilly and fear in her face.

O'Reilly's hard shove sends Ilsa stumbling into the boxes and falling hard on the floor. PRIVATE JOE RUSSO, 19, black hair and eyes, short with a slim build, looks on as O'Reilly pulls the burning box out of the fireplace with his rifle butt.

O'REILLY

Watch her!

Russo had his rifle at the ready, but not pointed at Ilsa. Ilsa lets out a few low MOANS.

O'Reilly MUTTERS INDISTINCT as he dies out the box fire by hitting it with his jacket. He looks at his scorched jacket.

O'REILLY

If you were a man, you'd be dead!

He picks up the singed box and stomps out of the room.

ILSA

There is a closet in the next room where  
the general has some clothes. There might  
be a coat.

Russo steps to the door.

RUSSO

Hey sarge, there's a closet in that room.  
It might have a coat.

Russo talks INAUDABLE with someone unseen. He steps aside  
and Lotte enters. Russo guides her to a sofa.

Lotte sits opposite Ilsa. Russo slouches in the armchair.  
Lotte takes a cigarette from a box in her purse and lights  
it. Lotte pays a lot of attention to her boa.

There's SHUFFLING and INDISTINCT JOVIAL VOICES in the  
background.

SOLDIER 1 (OS)

Hey, look at this!

SOLDIER 2 (OS)

Heil Hitler!

SOLDIER 1 (OS)

That general's coat fits you good.

LIEUTENANT GRUMM (OS)

(stern)

What are you eightballs doing?

There's INDISTINCT CHATTER outside the room.

SECOND LIEUTENANT GRUMM, 23, tall, strong build, handsome  
face, storms in.

Russo stands.

Ilsa jumps to attention.

Lotte give Grumm a passing glance.

Grumm stands in front of Ilsa.

LIEUTENANT GRUMM

One of my men could have gotten burned  
because of you!

ILSA

I threw the box in the fireplace. Your  
soldier decided to pull it out.

LIEUTENANT GRUMM

Sit down!

Ilsa sits at attention. Lieutenant Grumm faces Lotte.

LIEUTENANT GRUMM (CONT'D)

What's your story?

LOTTE

(upset)

We were supposed to leave for Switzerland  
this morning. He left last night. We  
were supposed to start a new life.

Ilsa has a disbelieving look but reverts to a stoic stare.

Lieutenant Grumm gestures to Russo and Russo follows Grumm  
out the door.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Ilsa and Lotte sleep on the couches with their coats draped  
over them. There is no fire in the fireplace and no Hitler  
portrait over the mantle.

The sunlight is peeking through the window.

An artillery shell WIZZES in and EXPLODES outside. Ilsa  
and Lotte jump up.

Another WIZZING artillery shell and Ilsa rolls to the  
floor. Lotte follows suit as the shell EXPLODES outside.

A few rockets SCREAM followed by machine gun BURSTS and  
rifle SHOTS.

The GUNFIRE gets LOUDER. There are two EXPLOSIONS. There is a sustained ARTILLERY BARRAGE in the distance.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

The GUNFIRE is close. Ilsa and Lotte are lying in between the couches.

Lotte tears the stitching in her boa. She takes out a small handgun. She marches towards the window.

Ilsa scrambles to her feet.

ILSA

What are you doing!

Lotte ignores Ilsa. Ilsa races to Lotte and grabs Lotte's gun hand. Ilsa drops the gun as the women struggle. They lack fighting skill.

Ilsa lands a punch to Lotte's belly. Lotte falls to the floor GROANING.

Ilsa scoops up the gun and throws it through the window. She has a scared look.

She jumps on top of Lotte. Several bullets CRASH through the window.

ILSA (CONT'D)

We must get out of here! Keep down!

Ilsa holds Lotte as they hurry to the door.

ILSA (CONT'D)

The cellar!

INT. CELLAR - DAY

There are BATTLE SOUNDS nearby.

Ilsa turns on the light and steps down the narrow staircase. Lotte, still smarting from Ilsa's punch, closes the door and follows Ilsa.

The BATTLE SOUNDS are muffled.

There's a small wooden chair and some crates. Lotte sits in the chair and Ilsa sits on a crate.

LOTTE

I should have shot you first.

ILSA

A soldier would have shot you second. You  
saw what happened when I broke the window.

Lotte lights a cigarette. She offers another cigarette to  
Ilsa.

ILSA (CONT'D)

No, thank you.

LOTTE

You don't smoke.

Lotte explores.

LOTTE (CONT'D)

A cellar like this. There must be  
something to drink.

Ilsa stares at the ceiling.

LOTTE (CONT'D)

Yes, some wine.

She finds a corkscrew and uncorks a bottle.

ILSA

Was the gun to shoot the general?

LOTTE

No, it was so I could protect myself. I  
was to report if the general planned to  
surrender or desert. He would have been  
arrested.

Lotte takes a gulp from a wine bottle.

ILSA

You reported the soldiers deserted the  
town?



LOTTE

Yes.

Lotte saunters to Ilsa.

LOTTE (CONT'D)

Have a drink.

ILSA

Do not tell anyone you did this. Do not tell anyone you told me. We could both be shot.

LOTTE

You worry too much. Have a drink. It will calm you.

ILSA

It will make us careless. A wrong word to an American can get us executed. Understand.

LOTTE

I understand.

Lotte takes a small sip.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

There are RUMBLING NOISES. The light is on. Ilsa is sleeping on a crate and Lotte is sleeping on the chair. The wine bottle is about a glass less than full.

There is a DISTANT EXPLOSION SOUND. Ilsa wakes, scans the cellar, then attempts to resume sleeping.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

There is SILENCE. Ilsa is staring at the ceiling. Lotte wakes.

LOTTE

No noise. The battle is over.

ILSA

It's best we stay here. They're probably  
searching for holdouts.

The door flings open.

ILSA

LOTTE

Not shoot! We are women!

Nicht schießen! Wir sind  
Frauen!

AMERICAN PRIVATE

(thick American accent)

Raus! Raus! Mach schnell!

Ilsa hurries to the staircase. She ascends the steps at a  
quick pace with one hand on the banister and the other  
raised.

Lotte, wine bottle in hand, follows Ilsa. Lotte makes a  
leisurely ascent.

Ilsa reaches the top and watches an exaggeratedly joyful  
Lotte complete her climb. Lotte makes an unconvincing slip  
at top of the stairs. American Private grabs her arm and  
helps her up.

LOTTE

Thank you! It would be ashamed if I  
dropped the wine.

Ilsa forces a straight face.

LOTTE (CONT'D)

There are many more bottles in the cellar.

An AMERICAN CAPTAIN appears.

CAPTAIN

These are the two women?

PRIVATE

Yes Captain.

CAPTAIN

Why did you leave the room?

ILSA

Bullets were coming in the window. The cellar seemed the safest place sir.

CAPTAIN

Take them back to the room.

ILSA

Sir, isn't there something useful we can do?

Lotte's face shows her disapproval.

CAPTAIN

Take them outside, maybe there's something they can do.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ilsa and Lotte are in a bucket brigade. Private shoulders his rifle and joins the brigade.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

The fireplace has the torn-up Hitler portrait and its broken frame.

Ilsa and Lotte's coats, along with Lotte's boa are slung over the armchair.

Broken glass and other debris are in a corner with a fireplace broom and shovel.

Lotte holds up part of a box as Ilsa used her shoe to nail it to the wall. Ilsa takes care to keep her stocking foot off the ground.

ILSA

That should keep out some of the cold air.

Ilsa puts her shoe on as Lotte steps to the coats.

LOTTE

Your shoe made a good hammer.

ILSA

Better than the shovel. I would have been more likely to smash my fingers than drive nails.

Lotte feels her coat and takes out a matchbox and cigarette case. She feels the boa.

LOTTE

The coats are almost dry. This is dry enough.

Lotte wraps the boa around her neck as she saunters to the fire place.

Ilsa plops onto a couch.

Lotte lights a cigarette and uses the same match to start a fire in the fireplace.

She settles into the other couch.

The door bursts open and an MP CAPTAIN, 30, tall, strong build, rugged face, stomps in.

Ilsa stands at attention.

MP Captain yanks the boa from Lotte's neck.

Lotte looks indignant.

MP CAPTAIN

(mutters)

Always looking at her boa.

MP Captain feels the length of the boa. Lotte gives the MP Captain's motions a glance, then looks away.

MP Captain throws the boa to Lotte and turns his attention to Ilsa.

MP CAPTAIN

You come.

INT. ROOM WITH A DESK - DAY

Ilsa sits opposite a SECOND LIEUTENANT, early '20s, thin build, glasses almost as thick as Ilsa's.

Ilsa looks with a stoic expression as Second Lieutenant methodically shows her pictures from a death camp.

Second Lieutenant shows Ilsa the last picture.

ILSA

May I go to the toilet?

SECOND LIEUTENANT

Go!

INT. SMALL BATHROOM - DAY

It has a sink with a mirror and a commode.

Ilsa enters, closes, and latches the door. She sobs.

INT. SMALL BATHROOM - DAY

Ilsa is sobbing over the sink.

There's a HARD KNOCK on the door.

MP CAPTAIN

Come out or I'm coming in!

Ilsa splashes water on her face and opens the door.

The MP Captain pushes past her and gives the room a quick look.

He grabs her arms and looks at her wrists.

He gestures for her to go back to Second Lieutenant.

INT. ROOM WITH A DESK - DAY

Ilsa sits opposite Second Lieutenant.

SECOND LIEUTENANT

What is the general's name?

ILSA

My name is the only name I am required to give.

SECOND LIEUTENANT

We can easily find out his name.

ILSA

Then why are you asking me?

SECOND LIEUTENANT

We want to know if you are willing to cooperate.

ILSA

I am not willing to cooperate.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

An army MAJOR, 40, portly, some grey hairs, wearing a wedding ring, sits behind a wooden desk. Ilsa, in civilian clothes, sits in a small chair on the other side of the desk.

ILSA

A good friend was a waitress in a pub. She told me what camp guards and soldiers said about what was done in the camps and in Russia after they had some drinks.

MAJOR

You believed her?

ILSA

Yes. She is not a story teller. There were other signs as well. Everybody did not know everything, but everybody knew something.

The major takes out a cigarette pack.

MAJOR

Cigarette?

ILSA

Yes, thank you.

He hands her a cigarette and reaches for his lighter.

Ilsa puts the cigarette in her pocket.

Major smiles as he puts a cigarette in his mouth and lights it.

ILSA (CONT'D)

She was a member of an anti-Nazi youth group. She asked me to join.

MAJOR

Did you?

ILSA

No.

MAJOR

Why not?

ILSA

I was afraid. I told her she should not tell others she was a member. There was no way to know who to trust.

Major appears understanding.

ILSA (CONT'D)

I could give you her name and address if it could help her?

MAJOR

It couldn't hurt.

He pushes a pen and paper to her.

MAJOR (CONT'D)

Why did you stay behind and burn papers when the others left?

ILSA

If you were fighting in America and your wife was in my position, what would you want her to do?

MAJOR

I would want her to be safe. But I would be proud of her if she stayed. What was your job as a *Wehrmachthelferinnen*?

ILSA

I was a typist. The same as before I was pressed into service.

MAJOR

Are you a good typist?

ILSA

Yes, and I do not flirt with the men in the office.

MAJOR

Would you like a job?

ILSA

Oh yes!

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

The street is war torn. A BOY, 8, rummages through the rubble.

Ilsa, happy, exits a building.

She notices the boy.

ILSA

Boy!

She takes the cigarette from her pocket and give it to him.

The boy is happy.



BOY

Thank you!

ILSA

You're welcome!

The boy runs off.

SUPER: "Ilsa married and had three children. She became a city mayor. She was remembered for fostering good relations with the soldiers in a nearby U.S. Army post and for efficient city management.

Lotte married a U.S. Army colonel. After he divorced his wife.

The General and his wife's fate are unknown."

FADE OUT:

THE END