

BLACK ICE

INT. HALLWAY, BERLIN HOUSE - DAY

NOTE: Scenes in Berlin play in Black and White and German language.

SUPER 1944

An old grey duffel bag sits forlornly by the front door.

GRETEL (14), small in stature, with shoulder length brown hair, wears drab clothes as she peers out of the frosted glass in the door.

Gretel is scared.

Gretel's FATHER (60's), hunched over a walking stick, wears an old blue boiler suit and cloth cap, stares at the door.

Gretel's MOTHER (50's), is more vibrant, wears a plain dress, supports her husband's arm.

Gretel turns from the door and scampers down the hall and hides behind her parents.

GRETEL
(whispers)
It's them!

A loud knocking fills the eyes of the parents with fear.

Gretel quietly sobs as the father hobbles forward and opens the door.

He steps back looking defiantly through the doorway as the mother shields Gretel behind her long dress.

A GERMAN SERGEANT (40's), fat in a faded uniform, stares in with an stern face, holding a pistol is in his hand.

Over the Sergeant's shoulder an open truck idles. In its rear sit recruits in civilian clothes.

GERMAN SERGEANT
(loudly)
Hans Peter Burgin?

No-one speaks.

The German sergeant waits.

He stamps his foot loudly.

CRACK

The noise startles the family.

A door opens behind and HANS PETER BURGIN (16,) appears. He is a child wearing an old drill shirt, faded trousers, a jacket far too large for him and a blue workingman's cap.

Hans Peter stumbles toward the door and stands beside his family.

Afraid, he looks at the Sergeant then to the floor.

HANS PETER BURGIN

Yes.

GERMAN SERGEANT

Get in the truck.

MOTHER

He's not seventeen yet.

GERMAN SERGEANT

Move!

Gretel stares from behind her mother.

Hans Peter stands rigid.

The German Sergeant looks directly at Gretel, raises his pistol and points it at Hans Peter's head.

Hans Peter turns to his parents and to Gretel, who cries loudly.

He steps forward, bends down and grasps his bag.

The German Sergeant retreats, gun still pointing at Hans Peter.

Hans Peter walks slowly through the doorway, bag in hand.