

EXT. STALAG 9 COURTYARD - 1942 - MOMENTS LATER

It is barely dawn. The air is frigid cold. The men line up. Jack is spotted. Hanging from his hands on the small platform, his toes barely touch the floor.

PAUL STERN

Jack!

LESTER TANNER

No.

Roddie stops in his tracks. Mouth agape. He searches the courtyard and officers quarters for Seigman.

Seigman steps up onto the platform.

SEIGMAN This man before you. He betrayed you last night. In an effort to save his unworthy skin, he gave me false information.

Seigman leans out, miming listening to the crowd.

SEIGMAN (CONT'D) What was that? What lies did he tell? I am glad that you asked.

Seigman crosses to Jack, grabbing a tuft full of Jack's hair.

SEIGMAN (CONT'D) He tells me there are Jews here. This I already know because he is broken. He doesn't believe in your war anymore.

Tossing Jack's head back, Seigman nods to the German soldier standing next to him. The soldier pulls his sidearm and points it at Jack's head.

Seigman steps down the stairs to the courtyard. He stops in front of a random soldier and turns to face him.

SEIGMAN (CONT'D) Are you Jewish?

RODDIE

No.

Seigman moves down the line. Now in-front of another soldier.

SEIGMAN Are you Jewish.

SOLDIER

No.

Next is Paul Stern. Paul looks nervous but determined.

Jack's tears are frozen to his blood crusted face.

SEIGMAN Are you Jewish.

Paul hesitates very slightly and lifts his head to look into Seigman's eyes.

PAUL STERN

No.

SEIGMAN Now (to the group) I know you are all lying to me. I need you to tell me the answers to which I seek.

Seigman turns to Roddie. He pulls his side-arm out and places it on Roddie's head.

SEIGMAN (CONT'D) Either you tell me who the Jews are... or I kill your leader.

RODDIE Don't tell him shit.

SEIGMAN You will die for these Jews?

RODDIE I would rather die a thousand times over than succumb to a Dick like you.

Seigman cocks the hammer.

Jack tries to speak. He tries to apologize but his jaw is broken and lips are so swollen that no sound comes out.

SEIGMAN Shut him up.

A single shot rings out. Jack slumps oddly. Blood pours from the wound in his head.

RODDIE No! You bastards. You fuckin' bastards!

Guards come and hold Roddie back. Lester and Paul look at each other concerned. They nod in an unspoken agreement to act.

Seigman steps closer to Roddie.

SEIGMAN See? This is why you have already lost.

Roddie sucks all of the emotion inside. He plants his heels and stares into Seigman's eyes.

RODDIE Sergeant Major Roddie Edmonds. U.S. Army, 12345678.

Seigman presses the gun into Roddie's head persuading him to his knees.

Lester and Paul both look to Roddie.

SEIGMAN Name all of the Jewish soldiers or die.

Roddie takes a deep breath. He focuses his energy. He shifts his eyes to look at Paul, Lester and the men that are standing by his side.

RODDIE We are all Jews here.

SEIGMAN What was that? I didn't hear you. Speak up!

RODDIE We are all Jews here!

Roddie stands, pressing the gun into his temple.

RODDIE (CONT'D) You hear me now?

Throughout the courtyard there are shouts from various soldiers, "We are all Jews here," "We're all Jewish here!" The courtyard stands in unison, growing in strength. (I.e. I am Spartacus)

Seigman looks to the men throughout the courtyard. He is in shock. Never has this many men stood in opposition to him.

RODDIE (CONT'D) This is how you lose... Major.

Seigman's hand begins to shake, the pistol falls from his hands and makes a dust cloud when it hits the cold dry earth