

FRANKENSTEIN'S ARMY

(2nd revised version)

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Story by

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FADE IN:

NOTE: Everything that follows is shot by Dimitri's handheld CAMERA. Most of it is in COLOUR, some parts are in BLACK & WHITE.

1 EXT. MONTAGE SEQUENCE / GERMAN TERRITORY - DAY 1

As STRIDENT, VICTORIOUS, SOVIET MARTIAL MUSIC blares, we see a montage of Russian soldiers advancing into Germany:

A swastika flag lies crumpled in the mud. Sturdy army boots march over it, trampling it even further and ripping it to shreds;

In contrast, a number of pristine Soviet hammer-and-sickle flags flap in a stiff breeze, framed against a clear sky. They are being proudly carried by a group of Russian soldiers who plant them on top of a burnt-out German gun emplacement;

An exhausted and shaking German soldier coaxed from his fox-hole, hands raised. The Russians pointing their weapons at him are gentle, sympathetic;

Various portraits of battle-hardened Russian soldiers, smoking, staring into the distance (some of these faces will return later). We see one or two falling as if hit by a Nazi bullet, but there is something unconvincingly theatrical about it;

Russian soldiers, stripped to the waist washing themselves at a cattle-trough in a field. They joke around with each other, splashing;

Soldiers kneel and fire their guns at some unseen enemy behind us. They are a picture of professionalism;

A pile of German dead;

The German soldier we saw surrendering now sits with a blanket around his shoulders and a tin-mug of soup in his trembling hands;

An ancient, toothless German woman, a lamb clutched in her arms like a baby, is helped from her hovel and given a bar of chocolate. She looks gratefully into the camera, obviously happy to be liberated by her Russian friends. (But then the lamb is taken from her and she realizes she has unwittingly engaged in a trade.)

2 EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 2

The MUSIC continues. RUSSIAN SOLDIERS, emerge from behind trees and charge forwards, yelling. They seem self-conscious, aware of being filmed. Suddenly, the music is cut off.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Come on! You're not children
playing a game. Look fierce! Do
it with feeling.

One handsome soldier, VASSILI (25), comes at our CAMERA
LENS and stabs the BAYONET TIP of his rifle towards us -

VASSILI

How's that for fucking feeling?

CAMERA JUMPS BACK. The other soldiers, standing around,
stare at us sullenly. They look a lot less brave and noble
than they did in the montage. IVAN (24), a Mongolian-
looking Uzbeki in a helmet and a heavily-bandaged foot,
sits down with a grunt. He's had enough.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Come on now. Go back in the trees
and try it again.

SERGEI (27), a haunted-looking young man who has seen too
much and can't forget any of it, steps forward.

SERGEI

Maybe you have shot enough today,
Dima.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

That is not for you to say. This
is important work. For the
comrades back home.

SERGEI

And what we are doing is not
important?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Of course, of course, Seryosha.
But the people must see it to
believe it. They must see us
liberating our German brothers.

The soldiers, who have slowly gathered, grin cynically at
this. Handsome Vassili spits on the ground.

VASSILI

I don't have any German brothers.

IVAN

That's not what your mother told
me, Vasja!

A ripple of laughter. Vassili takes a step towards Ivan and
starts to pull his knife out, but Sergei holds him back.

SERGEI

Let it go, it's just Vanya.

VASSILI

Then tell him not to insult my mother.

SERGEI

He didn't mean anything -

VASSILI

Next time I cut one finger off. Tell him that.

IVAN

(laughing)

Tell me yourself.

Vassili shoots Ivan a look, then reluctantly replaces the knife in its sheath.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Please. Just one more time..

But, before the soldiers can start to move back to their starting places, an OLDER MAN'S VOICE calls -

SGT. NOVAK (O.S.)

All right ladies, break's over.

We TURN AND SEE SERGEANT MIKHAIL NOVAK, mid 40's, completely bald, but with a thick Stalin-style moustache. He is obviously the kind of leader you want when things get bad. He gestures.

SGT. NOVAK (CONT'D)

Let's get moving.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

I am not finished -

SGT. NOVAK

I'm sorry, Dima, but we have to move. If we are to meet up with the company -

DIMITRI'S VOICE

But I do not have the shot I want. It's essential -

SGT. NOVAK

(suddenly cold)

Listen. When I agreed to this, I was guaranteed I would remain in charge of everything on the military level.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Yes, of course, but -

SGT. NOVAK
Turn the camera off.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
I am here at the behest of the
Party. You have no right to -

Sergei interrupts.

SERGEI
What about him?

He nods to one side and the camera pans over to where the German soldier we saw surrendering in the montage sits draped in the blanket and still cradling his beaker of soup in shaking hands.

SGT. NOVAK
We don't need him.

He walks over to the German, who does not notice Novak until he pulls the blanket from his shoulders. He instinctively grabs a corner of the blanket and there is a momentary tug-of-war before Novak's superior strength wins out.

The German clutches the soup to his chest more tightly, as if worried that it will also be taken from him.

GERMAN SOLDIER
Bitte.

Sergeant Novak raises his pistol. Sergei suddenly appears in frame, blocking our view.

SERGEI
You don't need to film this, Dima.

The camera is lowered to point at the ground, just as a LOUD GUNSHOT sounds and something splashes over the earth at our feet.

It is soup. The beaker rolls into frame.

The SCREEN GOES BLACK.

3 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

3

WE WATCH the SQUAD move through FLAT GREY TERRAIN. Low-lying FOG BANKS give an eerie ghostlike feel.

There are 6 soldiers in the squad. All wear some form of pack and most carry TOKAREV SVT40 semi-automatic RIFLES. Ivan and Sgt. Novak carry PPS submachine guns.

One has a MOSIN-NAGANT sniper rifle slung over his shoulder (ALEXEI - a thin, pale ghost of indeterminate age). Sergei brings up the rear; his pack holds a military RADIO.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them, moving from one soldier to the next. They try to ignore it but some give it looks of irritation.

They keep several feet apart from each other. Everyone holds their weapon in a ready-to-shoot position except for the grim-faced Alexei who just walks along, his sniper rifle bouncing over one shoulder.

The camera suddenly swings away, back the way they came. Some way behind is SACHA (18), a pimply youth who is labouring under an enormous, heavy backpack with lens-cases and a tripod strapped to the sides. He trudges along slowly.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Hurry up there. I want to use the other camera.

Sacha looks at him unhappily and hurries forward with a shuffling run. He swings the backpack from his shoulder and plonks it down on the ground.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)

How many times must I tell you? Be careful with that.

Sacha rolls his eyes and pulls out a 16mm camera with a swivelling lens mount on the front with three lenses jutting from it. He twists it to put the widest lens into position.

CUT TO:

Now through a wide lens, Dimitri has hurried to the front of the squad and is attempting to shoot an aesthetic shot of the marching boots.

It is only when the last boots have left frame does he notice -

- Ivan, with the bandaged foot, squatting at the side of the track with his trousers around his knees, having a shit. He NOTICES he's being FILMED.

IVAN

Do you fucking mind?

The SCREEN GOES BLACK.

4

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

4

The men are sitting in a hollow, cleaning their weapons conscientiously. They are a little more used to the camera now and try to ignore it.

Ivan is tending to his bandaged foot, scraping maggots off the dressing with his bayonet. On the edge of the group, Sacha is sitting next to Vassili, speaking while the other writes down his words on a crumpled sheet of letter-paper.

SACHA

... Th- there is a f-f-f-film-maker with us and he is m-m-m-mmm-making a film about how we are l-l-l-l-liberating Germany. I have been g-given the honour of c-c-carrying his very del-del-delicate and exp-p-pensive equipment...

Sergei has his headphones on, twiddling dials on the radio.

SERGEI

Bear Cobra three one niner, calling Mother. Do you read me? Over...

He listens, then shakes his head in frustration and pulls the headphones off and retrieves a cigarette from inside his coat and lights it. Only now does he notice the camera.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

Dima. How are you? You think you made some good shots today?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Can I ask you some questions? For the folks back home in Russia?

Sergei shrugs and exhales a cloud of smoke.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)

You don't sound Russian. Where are you from?

SERGEI

Kracow. Poland. I was in the army and escaped East when the Fritziees invaded. Here, look at this..

Sergei pulls a chain from around his neck with a silver locket. He opens it to show the camera. It is small and out of focus but we can make out a woman with a child in her arms.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

They're why I'm here.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

So you joined the Red Army to liberate your home-country and be reunited with your wife and child?

SERGEI

Er, not exactly. You and the Fritziees were still on the same side then. I was caught and thrown in a gulag. Only later, when the army was so fucking desperate for volunteers -

DIMITRI'S VOICE

I'm sorry, but could you not swear.
I can't use it if you swear.

SERGEI

Oh sorry! So fucking rude of me.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

You should help me, you know. This
is -

SGT. NOVAK (O.S.)

Seryosha. Come here.

Sergei immediately jumps up and the camera follows him to the edge of the hollow where Sergeant Novak is peering through binoculars. He glances irritably at the camera as he points something out to Sergei in the distance.

The camera pans, zooms and focuses. At first we just see fields and the occasional tree, but as the camera pans -

- we see a tiny little farmstead: a dilapidated barn, a wooden shed and a little house.

There is an almost invisibly thin thread of smoke rising from its chimney.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. NEARER THE FARM - DAY

5

The soldiers have spread themselves out and are running, half-crouching, across the field towards the farm.

The camera, bouncing around, follows behind. We can hear Dimitri PANTING.

6 EXT. FARM - DAY

6

Just as the soldiers reach the farmstead, we notice a flash of movement off to one side.

A fat peasant woman in a blue dress is running as fast as she can across the fields away from us, dragging a small boy behind her.

Sergei and Sacha dump their packs and chase after her while we remain behind in the farmyard, watching from a distance.

The woman and child are easily overtaken. We can see Sergei trying to reason with her, but she is screaming and lashing wildly about her. The boy is crying too. Sergei loses his patience and punches her full in the face. She crumples to the mud.

Suddenly, Novak is standing in front of the lens, blocking our view.

SGT. NOVAK

Okay, enough.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Wha -

Novak's hand reaches up and covers the lens. We hear the woman SCREAM again -

- the SCREEN GOES BLACK.

7 EXT. FIELDS - LATE AFTERNOON

7

(Disjointed, badly framed, blurry shots. We can hear DRUNKEN RUSSIAN SINGING and SHOUTING and LAUGHING.)

Some time has evidently passed. Ivan is swaying slightly, a bottle of some sort of home-made spirit tipped to his mouth, drinking deeply.

Sacha rides wobblingly past on a child's bicycle, laughing uproariously.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Comrade! Please give it back! It's state property!

The camera wheels around to give us our first view of Dimitri. He is clean-cut, intellectual-looking and his uniform looks smart. He holds out his hands to take the camera, but whoever is holding it refuses to let go.

Vassili appears, wearing the blue dress we previously saw on the peasant woman over his uniform. It is blood-stained. He is chewing on a German sausage. He grins into the lens as he pulls Dimitri back from the camera.

VASSILI

Hey, Moscow Jew-boy! There you are!

DIMITRI

Don't call me that. This is being filmed, you know.

VASSILI

You think I care? Where were you? You missed all the fun. We were liberating our Ger -

DIMITRI

(choked)
Fuck you, you sick bastard.

Vassili just laughs and takes another bite of sausage. In the background we glimpse the farmstead. It is on fire and thick smoke coils into the sky.

Sacha, on the bike suddenly appears again and crashes straight into the camera. It falls to the ground. We hear hysterical laughter and Dimitri cursing -

- THE CAMERA RUNS OUT AND THE SCREEN GOES WHITE.

8

EXT. WOODLANDS - EARLY MORNING

8

The remains of a small fire in the middle of a clearing in a wood. The squad have set up camp. The men are all lying around, snoring mightily, sleeping off their hangovers. The camera pans over them.

We notice some details. Ivan is clutching a hand-carved amulet of some kind. One of Vassili's arms is sticking out from under his blanket, revealing his impressive wrist-watch collection, which runs virtually all the way up his right arm, some of the pieces are fine examples of German craftsmanship, but none of them work anymore.

The camera moves towards where Sergei is lying next to the radio, the earphones still half-covering his ears.

Dimitri's hand reaches out and flicks a switch on the radio. We can just make out a crackly, distorted VOICE emanating from the earphones.

Sergei awakes with a start. He is surprised to see Dimitri's camera fixed on him, but then he notices the sound coming from the ear-phones. He quickly puts them on and listens with concentration, then -

SERGEI

Sergeant! I've got something!

Sergeant Novak opens his eyes, immediately awake. He crosses to Sergei who flicks a switch on the radio.

RADIO VOICE

(crackly and distant)

- repeat, this is Tiger Bear three oh three. We are trapped; we need reinforcements. Does anyone read me? Over.

Sergeant Novak nods at Sergei, who gives him the handset.

SGT. NOVAK

Hello Tiger Bear three oh three; we read you. Over.

RADIO VOICE

We are trapped. We can't hold out for much longer. Our position is 51/17/28N. 13/22/04E. Do you read me? Over.

SGT. NOVAK

Yes, we read you. What is your situation? Over.

RADIO VOICE

This is Tiger Bear three oh three. We are trapped; we need reinforcements. Does anyone read me? Over.

SGT. NOVAK

(to Sergei)
He can't hear us.

RADIO VOICE

We are trapped. We can't hold out...

The voice fades and is swallowed by static. The camera zooms in on Sergei as he frowns and listens, gently tweaking the dial. He shakes his head, confused.

But then the image is blocked by something large and white and we pull back to see Novak unfolding a map.

Novak traces the longitude and latitude until his fingertips meet. (Dimitri does his best to get in tight with the camera, but it is difficult to discern. There is a symbol meaning "MINE" next to a village named "FRANKENSTEIN".)

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Where is it?

SGT. NOVAK

Frankenstein... Some mining village in the middle of nowhere. We're not far. If we force-marched we could be there before noon.

SERGEI

But what would we be letting ourselves in for? I mean: Who are Tiger Bear anyway? I thought we were the only reconnaissance -

SGT. NOVAK

Shut up, Seryoshya. It's Russians. Our boys. They need our help. What more do we need to know?

Novak and Sergei lock gazes for a moment, then Sergei nods.

SGT. NOVAK (CONT'D)
 (loudly, to the men)
 Get it together, ladies. We're
 moving out in five!
 (to Sergei)
 Better inform Mother.

SERGEI
 I wish I could. That crazy message
 is the only thing I've picked up in
 two days.

Groaning and grumbling, the men begin to stir, pulling on
 their boots and stashing away their gear.

SGT. NOVAK
 Dima. You need to pack up too. We
 won't wait for you.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
 Sacha! Wake up! Help me with this!

The SCREEN GOES BLACK.

9 EXT. WOODLANDS - EARLY MORNING

9

The camera follows the squad through the mist-shrouded
 forest. Ahead of us, Ivan is limping along beside Vassili.

VASSILI
 At least we'll get to kill some
 more Fritzie's.

IVAN
 Be careful what you fucking wish
 for!

VASSILI
 Shh. That fucking spy is right
 behind us.

Ivan stops suddenly and turns. We bump into him, accidentally
 stepping on his bad foot.

IVAN
 AAArrgh! What are you fucking
 filming now? Don't you get tired of
 staring through that thing all day?

DIMITRI'S VOICE
 We must all serve the Proletariat
 in our own way, Comrade. This is
 mine.

IVAN
 Fuck me in the mouth! I might just
 have to stick that camera up your
 (MORE)

IVAN (CONT'D)
ass. That'd be my way of serving
the prole-fucking-tariat.

Ivan turns and strides off into the mist, leaving Dimitri alone.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
(whispering to himself)
I got that on film, you traitorous
hooligan -

The camera switches off.

10

EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE / WOODS - LATER

10

The camera swings around, unfocused for a moment, before revealing Alexei standing doing something to his rifle-sights as the sun rises over a peaceful mist-laden meadow.

Hesitantly, the camera advances until we are right behind the sniper, who is adjusting something with a tiny screwdriver.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Ahem.. Comrade Alexei? I see you
take a lot of trouble to keep your
equipment in top order.

Alexei, slipping the screwdriver into a pocket, moves off without even acknowledging Dimitri's presence.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)
(following)
Is that something you learned at
Stalingrad?

Alexei suddenly stops dead in his tracks and turns around. He starts to advance towards us, staring into the camera with eyes so full of psychosis that Dimitri takes an involuntary step backwards and stumbles.

Sergei appears, catching the cameraman's elbow and preventing him from falling. He waves Alexei back and the pale sniper turns and starts walking away again.

SERGEI
(discreetly)
You won't get much out of Alexei.
And don't mention Stalingrad again
in his presence. He ate his best
friend there.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Ate? Did you say "ate"?

SERGEI

Shh.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - LATER

11

A blurry movement as the camera is raised and focused.

Sergeant Novak is standing a little ahead, at the top of a low RISE. He has his hand raised to halt them, then moves away, disappearing from view.

VASSILI (O.S.)

(whispering)

Do you think he's found some
Germans?

IVAN (O.S.)

I fucking hope so. This emptiness
is giving me the creeps.

We hear a WHISTLE from over the rise and the squad advances.

The camera follows and Novak is revealed standing next to something amorphous, a strange pale blue and red colour. The men stop to look at it and Dimitri moves through them to the front.

SERGEI

I don't know if this is what you
need for your film, Mitja.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

That's not for you to decide.

But then we hear Dimitri GASP as he sees what the strange thing on the edge of the track is.

It is a pile of naked bodies, all of them female, mostly elderly, limbs tangled, blue-white skin glowing in the gloom. They are splashed with dark, red blood.

The camera is shaking, unable to stay fixed on the terrible subject.

IVAN (O.S.)

I don't care who did this, but
they're bastards, whoever they are.

The camera regains control and takes in some details. There are scraps of black and white cloth lying around, the torn remains of hassocks.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

(thoughtfully)

..They're nuns...

Suddenly, one of the faces deep down in the nest of broken bodies moves. It's eyes open. Startlingly blue eyes. They stare straight down the barrel of the lens.

The camera careers around for a moment.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Oh God! One's still alive!

A desperate KEENING has started up from the face in the pile of bodies. It sounds like praying and wailing at the same time.

The living nun tries to move, causing the pile of bodies to tremble and shake. Her fingers appear from somewhere else in the pile, clawing at the air. Dimitri's camera manages to focus on the madness-filled eyes of the old nun.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Who did this to you? It was the
Nazi's, right? They did this,
didn't they?! Tell me!

Sergei steps forward, raises his bayoneted rifle and forcefully stabs into the heart of the pile of bodies repeatedly. Finally, the moaning stops.

Silence.

The camera swings round, away from the bodies, passing over the faces of the soldiers (which display little more than mild interest in the horror before them).

It ends up pointing at the ground. A sudden splash of vomit appears in the mud right in front of the camera-lens.

IVAN (O.S.)

Comrade Dima is not used to life
outside Moscow, I think.

The SCREEN GOES BLACK.

12

EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE / NEAR VILLAGE - DAY

12

Novak is peering through his binoculars into the distance over the camera. He shakes his head and hands the binoculars to Sergei, who puts them to his eyes.

The camera pans 180 and focuses on a distant, semi-ruined village.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Is that it? Frankenstein?

SGT. NOVAK (O.S.)

Do you see anything?

SERGEI (O.S.)
Nothing. No Russians, no Germans,
not even a stinking goat.

SGT. NOVAK (O.S.)
There's a lot of damage though.
There's been a fight here.

The camera pans again as Novak turns to his men.

SGT. NOVAK (CONT'D)
We'll go in via the trees. Very
slowly. Keep your eyes peeled for
booby-traps.
(to Dimitri)
You. Stay at the back, out of the
way.

Sergei moves to the front and the squad start to silently
advance in single-file, weapons at the ready.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. TREE-LINE CLOSE TO VILLAGE - DAY

13

The camera follows Sacha, occasionally moving to one side or
the other in an attempt to see past the big backpack at the
line of men ahead.

SACHA
(in a low voice)
Hey D-dima, you think we'll g-get a
m-m-m-mmmm-mm-medal for this?

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Oh sure. Once Comrade Stalin sees
my film, he'll pin it on you
himself.

SACHA
Girls l-love m-m-m-mm-mmm-medals.
They like to.. t-t-toy with them..
You know what I mean?

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Er.. I'm not sure that I do..

There is a loud CRACK as Dimitri steps on a branch. Sacha
swivels round and looks daggers at us, jerking a finger to
his lips.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Can't you go behind me? I can't see
a thing.

Sacha sighs and steps to one side to let us pass and immediately falls backward into the undergrowth.

SACHA (O.S.)
Jesus Christ!

Sacha reappears, looking down at the ground at what tripped him up.

SACHA (CONT'D)
S-s-sergeant! Over here!

Dimitri realizes there is something to see, but there is too much undergrowth in the way. Novak appears.

SGT. NOVAK
Keep you fucking noise down, boy.
What is it?

Sacha points down at his feet. Novak and he stamp down and tear away the vegetation to reveal the shape of a dead dog.

Dimitri thrusts his camera between the men to get a closer look.

The dog is headless, the scorched and torn remains of its neck seeming to have been blasted to pieces by a grenade.

The camera pans down from its front paws to -

SGT. NOVAK (CONT'D)
Well I'll be fucked...

- a set of damaged caterpillar-tracks. It's half-dog, half-miniature tank. The mechanical and the fleshy joined in a crude marriage of sutures and staples.

IVAN
Fucking hooligans. To do that to a dog! They truly are monsters.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Yes. But technically.. it's a marvel.

SGT. NOVAK
I don't give a shit. We're here to help our comrades. Let's go.

The camera follows Novak as he goes back to join Sergei at the front. The camera has to squeeze past the men to get through.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Sorry.. excuse me..

Dimitri finally makes it to the front where Sergei and Alexei (through his sniper-rifle sights) are again scanning the territory ahead.

SERGEI

.. No bodies, nothing.. Looks like the boneyard took some hits.

The camera readjusts to take in what the soldiers can see:

We are much closer to the village.

The closest building to us is a church. It has a churchyard on one side which has a great deal of piles of churned earth spread around amid the graves.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

I don't get it. That's artillery damage, not aircraft. We ain't got any artillery within fifty miles of here. Did the Americans do this?

SGT. NOVAK

We'll head for that church and take it from there. Give you another chance of contacting Mother or this Tiger Bear squad.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. FIELDS APPROACHING CHURCHYARD - DAY 14

Whilst covered by Alexei, the squad run, bent-double, expecting a bullet at any moment, across the field to the hedge separating it from the churchyard.

The camera runs with them, bouncing and jerking, Dimitri's PANTING loud in the microphone.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY 15

The soldiers spread out and slowly advance towards the church.

Dimitri stops and begins to inspect the many holes in the graveyard more closely.

They are not the result of grenades or shells, but digging.

Dimitri, focusing on one of the tipped-over gravestones, suddenly CRIES OUT -

- and the camera tumbles downward -

- to land on the mouldering shattered remnants of an empty coffin. Maggots crawl everywhere.

The camera tips up as we hear Dimitri GROAN and Sacha, under the backpack, appears above us at the mouth of the grave we have fallen into. The boy stops, staring down at us.

SACHA
Are you alright?

Dimitri appears, brushing maggots from his coat and looking irritable. He bends to retrieve the camera.

CUT TO:

The camera moves from desecrated grave to desecrated grave, revealing smashed coffins, some containing mouldering skeletons and some conspicuously empty.

SACHA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
G-Grave-robbers?

The camera moves around to where an empty coffin lies beside a hole.

It pans up to the wooden cross at the head of the grave:

"Rudolf Schnellenberg, 18-06-1878 - 19-01-1945"

DIMITRI'S VOICE
They've taken the recently dead..

SACHA
What?

DIMITRI'S VOICE
The Fritzie's.

SACHA
Why would they want d-d-dead -?

DIMITRI'S VOICE
They're Nazi's. It's what they do.

There is an urgent HISS. Vassili is signalling to them to be quiet.

The others have gathered around the shattered door to the church, weapons raised. We see Vassili and Ivan enter, followed quickly by the others.

The camera waits for a moment, then moves forward to enter.

16 INT. CHURCH - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

16

It's VERY DARK in the church, the only light coming from the open door, several stained glass windows, set high in the walls and a hole in the roof.

There is evidence of a fire and other signs of destruction. As Dimitri adjusts the stop on the camera-lens, more of the interior becomes visible.

Smashed MACHINERY - broken GLASS - splintered wood. All this surrounding a large metal cage housing a mine-working style elevator-shaft.

The elevator itself is not there and a sheared-through cable dangling at the top of the gantry attests to the fact that it is gone for good.

SERGEI (O.S.)

What kind of church is this?

VASSILI (O.S.)

It's more like a factory...

Broken glass and metal CRUNCH and SCRAPE under the feet of the Russian soldiers.

Here and there in the gloom, the CAMERA REVEALS some indistinct and puzzling FORMS.

CAMERA RISES UP towards the walls and roof and now we can see the shapes of a number of HANGING ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

There are lights here, electric lights.

WE PAN across the ceiling, following the cables through the gloom to the wall and down to a doorway leading to a separate room.

We advance and poke the camera cautiously through the doorway of the murky room. We can just make out that the cables end at a large generator in the corner.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Sacha. Sacha!

Sacha appears.

SACHA

What?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

See if you can get that generator started?

SACHA

Why?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Don't argue. Just do it!

Then from the other room, we hear -

VASSILI (O.S.)

Look what I've found.

As Sacha starts pulling at levers and turning switches on the generator, we hurry back to the main space where Vassili and the other are gathering around something on the floor.

SGT. NOVAK

Another monstrosity..?

The camera stops and prods its way between the men staring down at the floor. There is the shape of a large naked dead man lying there.

We hear the METALLIC GRINDING of Sacha trying to get the generator going in the other room. The lights flicker for a moment as the generator almost catches.

The jittery light seems to make the corpse on the floor twitch. There are wires leading from its head which looks like the burnt head of a match, completely black and featureless, and there are bullet-holes in its chest.

SGT. NOVAK (CONT'D)

What the -? What's Sacha think he's
- Sacha!

But Sacha does not hear. The wires spark as he heaves again on the starter and this time Dimitri sees that the corpse really does move.

SGT. NOVAK (CONT'D)

Sacha, dammit. Stop that!

The lights flicker to life as Sacha succeeds in getting the pattering, rattly old generator going at last.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Er.. Sergeant?

The corpse on the floor begins to thrash and dance as electricity surges into it. Its right arm jerks up suddenly as if performing a "Sieg Heil" salute, but the fore-arm ends in twin points of charred and splintered bone.

The soldiers stand in a circle around the jerking Burnt-Match Man, understandably fascinated.

One of the wires is torn loose and the current is cut off. The Burnt-Match Man lies trembling for a moment, then -

- begins to try to stand up, his movements spastic and uncoordinated. Smoke rises from it.

A ripple of nervous laughter runs round the group.

VASSILI

He is hard to kill, this one!

IVAN

(laughing loudly)

He must be an Uzbeki!

The Burnt-Match head of the creature jerks round to face Ivan and it feels towards him with its good hand. This makes the soldiers laugh even more.

Novak steps between the creature and Ivan and raises his pistol to its head.

SGT. NOVAK

That's enough. I'll put it out of its misery.

IVAN

(raising a roll-up cigarette)

But sir, I was just going to ask him for a light.

More hilarity among the squad, but then -

- before Novak is able to pull the trigger, Burnt-Match swivels suddenly and buries the scorched and sharp points of his fore-arm bones into the Sergeant's stomach, pushing him back against an iron pillar.

A moment of shock all round. Novak stares into the featureless black husk of a face as it leans into him, pulling it's arm out and preparing for a second thrust.

Then Ivan grabs the creature and pulls it away -

- and it flies back towards us, slamming into the lens.

We tumble and all is blurry pandemonium and screaming, Novak's loudest of all.

VARIOUS VOICES

(over each other)

Oh my God, cut the Sarge loose!

Stop it, it's got his - Shoot it!

Shoot it! But it's lying on that idiot cameraman!

The camera falls to one side and we glimpse a shocked Dimitri scrambling towards us as he grabs the camera. We hear a burst of MACHINE-GUN FIRE, so loud that it overwhelms the microphone, causing it to cut out. SILENCE.

A moment of silent confusion as Dimitri gets the camera on to his shoulder and pointed in the right direction to see -

Ivan stands in the middle of the floor, his machine-gun smoking. Burnt-Match lies someway off. The camera approaches and we see that its head has been blown completely to smithereens. It still twitches, but weakly now, as if its limbs have a life of their own.

Caught between the twin spikes of its fore-arm bones, Dimitri notices a thick blueish sausage which coils away from the corpse. He follows the steaming worm, only now noticing that he is standing on it.

As the silence continues, the camera follows the intestines and organs to their owner: Sergeant Novak. His entrails lie spread around the floor; his torso is virtually empty.

The men stare at their leader, stunned.

Vassili pulls his knife and kneels down beside Novak, who looks up at him, face bloodless, and nods.

Vassili's lips move as he says something then he pushes the knife into the exposed heart, killing the sergeant.

The camera turns away and we see Dimitri's hand fiddling with something. SOUND returns suddenly.

Though there is nothing to hear. Novak, their leader, is dead. The men stand around at a loss, staring down at his corpse.

Except for Sacha, who is glaring straight into the lens, accusation burning in his eyes.

CUT TO BLACK

17 INT. CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER

17

A blurry moment, camera being turned on and off: a hand in front of the lens; Dimitri peering into the lens while Novak's corpse is being carried away in the background.

SERGEI (O.S.)

Alexei. Set up a perimeter. If there's anyone in this fucking village, they'll know we're here now.

18 INT. CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER

18

The church is empty except for Sergei who is standing over the Burnt-Match Man's body. He kicks it onto its back. The camera advances as he turns towards us and passes by, muttering to himself.

SERGEI

What sick joke is this?

The camera advances further to inspect the corpse closely, now that Dimitri is alone.

We see that there are large scars running over what is left of its flesh. Here and there, metal staples glimmer. The two legs do not match, one hairier and more muscled than the other.

Dimitri once more notices the cables leading from it and follows them.

We pass lab equipment, machines, glassware - all has been smashed or destroyed. There are BLOOD STAINS everywhere, many old and blackened.

Strewn here and there amidst the wreckage are smashed glass vats that contained HUMAN BODY PARTS. All are now in an advanced state of decomposition. Finally the cables lead to -

- a large MACHINE, several meters tall, covered with dials and switches. On top of it are porcelain insulators, coils and heavy metal cables - it is a powerful ELECTRICITY GENERATOR. The camera moves closer and slowly circles it, taking in every detail.

19 INT. CHURCH - DAY

19

An aesthetic shot (obviously from the tripod) shows Sergei bent over his radio, twiddling the dials. In the background, Ivan sits carving his wooden amulet while Sacha stands at the doorway next to Alexei, peering anxiously outside, smoking.

Sergei throws down his headphones in disgust.

SERGEI

We're being jammed. It's the only explanation...

SACHA

M-maybe we should j-j-just get the Hell out of here.

IVAN

The boy is right. There's something evil here; I can smell it.

VASSILI (O.S.)

That's your fucking foot!

DIMITRI'S VOICE

But we're here now. You heard that Mayday. Our Russian boys need help.

VASSILI (O.S.)

But where the fuck are they then?!

DIMITRI'S VOICE

We need to search the village properly. Otherwise the Sergeant has died for nothing.

Sergei reluctantly nods.

SERGEI

He's right. I'll stay here with Sacha and the gear and Vassili, you lead a search of the village. Find someone, anyone, who can tell us what's going on here.

Vassili suddenly appears, half-blocking the frame as he leans over Sergei.

VASSILI

Correct me if I'm wrong, Seryosha my friend, but aren't I the next in command after Novak?

SERGEI

I don't think so. Look at the stripes on my sleeve.

VASSILI

Who gives a fuck about stripes! I've been with this unit longer than anyone.

SERGEI

That doesn't mean -

VASSILI

Oh no? Let's ask the others.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Vasja, Sergei is right -

VASSILI

Shut the fuck up, you! You're just here to make pretty pictures.

The camera pans around to where the others look on, uncomfortable. Ivan, Sacha and Alexei (who is at the church-door, rifle pointing out).

IVAN

Vasja, my friend. You are too smart to be in charge. Let Seryosha have his fun. We can always slit his throat later if he's no good.

VASSILI

Hmpf. Alexei? Sacha? You want him
telling you what to do? The fucking
radio-ham? He's not even Russian!

Sacha looks down at his feet and shrugs. Alexei turns from
his scanning of the world outside the church, looks at
Vassili and nods curtly.

VASSILI (CONT'D)

Okay. Have it your way. But don't
come crying to me when he leads us
all into some Fritzie trap.

Vassili turns away and sees the camera close to him and
spitefully pushes it away, sending us sprawling.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Hey! Comrade! Please control your -

CAMERA TURNS OFF and the SCREEN GOES BLACK.

20

EXT. STREETS OF VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

20

CAMERA FOLLOWS the three Russian soldiers into the village -
Ivan, moving with surprising grace considering his thickly
bandaged foot - Vassili, still throwing us poisonous looks -
and Alexei, the ever-silent, skeletal sniper.

Alexei is in the lead - Dimitri's CAMERA lags a few feet
behind Vassili as it FOLLOWS them.

They move through what is left of the streets without
saying a word. Searching. CAMERA MOVES BACK AND FORTH -
focusing on the various piles of rubble. All is lifeless.
No sounds. No people.

Alexei suddenly stops, peering at a pile of rubble at the
side of the street. He reaches down and picks up a twisted
cylinder of blasted metal. Vassili takes it, then hands it to
Ivan.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

(whispering)
What is it?

VASSILI

An artillery shell.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

So? It's obvious this place has
been shelled.

VASSILI

It's a German shell. Why would they
shell their own village?

Ivan lays the piece of shell silently back on the pile of rubble and moves on.

The group continue through the destroyed village; the only SOUNDS come from their FOOTSTEPS. As they turn the corner of a ruined building, Alexei freezes and raises his gun.

The others catch up with him and then they all pass round the corner. Dimitri turns the corner too and sees -

- a great, hulking, tank-like drilling-machine that must have once belonged in a mine. It is now burnt-out, smoke still rising from it, evidently destroyed by a shell.

The squad advance to get a closer look, Dimitri's camera ZOOMING IN to grab details. Only now can we see that there are pieces of scorched skeletons amid the wreckage, chains and wiring betraying that we are again dealing with a composite of machine and flesh, like the dog-tank.

The soldiers remain silent and move on after a brief look, but Dimitri stays behind to circle the machine, carefully taking in every detail.

After a few moments, Dimitri realizes that he is alone. He pans the camera around and spots the three soldiers at the edge of a complex of industrial buildings. They all have their guns raised and are cautiously peering into a gaping doorway.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Hey! Wait for me!

The camera bounces around as Dimitri runs to catch up with the squad.

Vassili furiously turns as we arrive beside him, his gun raised and pointing at us.

VASSILI

(in a threatening whisper)

Make another sound and I'll fucking shoot your balls off.

Alexei raises his hand and touches his EAR, indicating they should be quiet and listen.

Everyone stands stock-still, like statues, all LISTENING.

Then they HEAR it. A faint sound, like a small animal CHITTERING. It's coming from inside the doorway.

Vassili signals to the others and they prepare to enter the doorway. We can dimly see some old machinery inside and -

- are those cages?

Then Ivan turns TO LOOK INTO Dimitri's CAMERA. He whispers -

IVAN

Dima - be safer outside.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

No. I'm coming in.

Ivan shrugs, then looks at the CAMERA grimly -

IVAN

Don't get in my way.

CAMERA FOLLOWS them as they enter through the doorway -

21 INT. WORKSHOP/MENAGERIE - DAY

21

- and into a large factory space once dedicated to the repair of various mining equipment. There are more huge drills and some man-sized coal-wagons, all covered in rust and dust.

And there are a large number of cages built from chicken-wire, barbed-wire, bits of wood, anything.

As the camera pans around them, we can see that inside the cramped cages are rabbits, dogs, cats, even a badger and, at the end, pacing endlessly back and forth, a wolf.

The soldiers look around, confused. This was not what they expected to be the first sign of life they'd find.

VASSILI

I think we've found dinner.

He crosses to one of the cages containing rabbits and reaches inside to grab one, immediately killing it and stuffing it into his coat-pocket.

Ivan joins him, also grabbing and killing a rabbit. But the camera is more interested in the space they find themselves in and Alexei is still on his guard, moving quickly to check the other doors.

That's when a door at the far end of the room suddenly opens and a middle-aged man (IGOR) with long, filthy hair and a full beard, strolls in carrying a wooden crate containing potato-peelings and other vegetable left-overs.

His TUNELESS WHISTLING stops abruptly when he sees the Russians and he drops the crate. Seeing Vassili holding a dead rabbit by it's ears, he starts forward again angrily, beginning to shout something, when -

- his knee-cap suddenly explodes bloodily. He grunts and collapses to the floor amid his peelings.

Alexei, moving quickly crosses and plants his foot on the neck of the German and prepares to blow his brains out as a *coup de grace*.

VASSILI (CONT'D)

No, Alexei! No.

Vassili and Ivan appear, their hands raised, coaxing Alexei away from the wounded man.

VASSILI (CONT'D)

We're supposed to get a prisoner, remember? To interrogate. Find out where our boys are? Yeah?

Alexei slowly lowers his gun and nods. Vassili and Ivan, relieved, advance to the prisoner. The CAMERA FOLLOWS.

IGOR

(in German, through the pain)

Dirty thieves! You are stealing my rabbits!

VASSILI

What's the crazy old tramp saying?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Something about you stealing his rabbits.

VASSILI

(to Igor)

No-no. I'm liberating your rabbits. From Fascist oppression.

Dimitri focuses on Igor.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

What is this place?

IGOR

(in English)

I don't understand.

DIMITRI

(also in English)

What is this place? Who are you?

IGOR

I.. I am Igor. I look after the animals... For the Baron. He needs animals.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

What Baron?

IGOR

Ha! Frankenstein, of course!

VASSILI

Hey, what the fuck are you saying?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

He's just some servant.

(to Igor)

Where is he? Where is Frankenstein?

Igor looks straight into the lens and then around it, evidently inspecting the camera closely.

IGOR

Strange camera. Is that a microphone? Are you recording sound?

IVAN

Come on. We take him back to Seryosha for questioning.

Ivan grabs the man's arm to pull him up.

IGOR

NO! I must feed the animals.

VASSILI

Fuck that! We're not dragging him all the way back there. I'll question him here.

IVAN

It's not safe here, Vasya.

VASSILI

Shit, Vanya, I'm in charge here! Fucking do what I tell you.

IGOR

(to himself)

I must feed the animals.

CAMERA TURNS OFF and SCREEN GOES BLACK.

22

INT. WORKSHOP/MENAGERIE - AFTERNOON

22

The camera turns on again. It is on its tripod carefully framing Igor sitting on his crate, his bleeding knee hastily bound, caged animals in the background.

VASSILI

- a Russian squad. They were still here last night.

IGOR

I just feed the animals.

VASSILI

BULLSHIT!

IGOR

I just feed the animals.

Vassili shakes his head and reaches for his belt.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Vasya. Permit me. I have experience
in.. interviews...

Vassili is surprised by Dimitri's interruption.

VASSILI

Interviews!? This I want to see.

He steps back and Dimitri appears from behind the camera. He glances back at the lens self-consciously and positions himself in the frame in front of Igor.

DIMITRI

Igor. What's going on here? In the
village? Where has everybody gone?

IGOR

All dead. Or run away. Only I am
here now. I could not go.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Why not?

IGOR

(rolling his eyes)
Then there would be no-one to feed
the animals, of course!

DIMITRI'S VOICE

You say the Germans ran away. What
were they running from?

Igor turns away from Dimitri and peers into the camera-lens with distracted, half-sane eyes.

IGOR

Why do you have the camera? I've
never seen a camera like that
before. Is it running?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Igor. What were they running from?

IGOR

... From the dead ones, of course.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Dead ones. Why would they run away
from the dead.

IGOR

(suddenly animated)
Frankenstein! He makes them alive
again. For the Army. He makes them
stronger. Wilder. He is a great
man. A God! He has defeated death!

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Where is he now, Igor? Where is
Frankenstein now?

Igor just grins and stares into the lens again.

Vassili steps forward, half-blocking the shot.

VASSILI

What the fuck are you up to, you
Jewboy creep?! We want to know
about Tiger Bear three-oh-three.
Who gives a fuck about this
Frankenstein?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Comrade. There was obviously some
sort of secret project going on
here. Tiger Bear must have been
sent here for that very reason.
That would explain why we knew
nothing about them. I'm betting
that if we can find this
Frankenstein, we'll also find the
missing squad.

VASSILI

Well, that's fucking fascinating,
comrade. Now get the fuck back
behind your camera. We've wasted
enough time.

Vassili produces a knife and holds it up in front of Igor.

IGOR

What are you doing?

VASSILI

Where are the Russians?

IGOR

I... I cannot..!

Vassili grabs one of Igor's hands and raises it, putting the
blade to his little finger.

VASSILI

Where?

IGOR

N-NO!

Vassili cuts Igor's little finger off. Igor screams.

IGOR (CONT'D)

NOOOO! You hurt me. You hurt me.

VASSILI

I'll cut your fucking dick off next. Where are the Russians?

IGOR

Maybe I can... If I take you there, will you not hurt me anymore?

VASSILI

If you take me, you'll never have to worry about getting hurt ever again.

Igor nods as he inspects his bleeding stump.

IGOR

.. Thankyou...

Vassili steps away and leans close to the lens, grinning significantly into the camera.

CUT TO:

23

EXT. MINE - LATE AFTERNOON

23

We are suddenly in the middle of the mine-complex. Dimitri is behind Vassili who has his gun trained on Igor hobbling along at the front. Ivan is limping behind us.

The camera warily scans the yawning, dark caves that once were factory buildings, now in ruins. Dimitri evidently has the nasty feeling that they are being watched.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Vasya. Do you think this is wise? There may be more of the sort we met in the church. More "Dead Ones".

VASSILI

Don't you ever shut up, Shit-for-Brains, you're worse than my wife.

Igor stops at the main entrance to the mine itself and looks back at them.

VASSILI (CONT'D)

How far?

IGOR

Not far. Down there.

He points to a narrow passageway that slopes down into darkness.

The camera moves to shoot down the gloomy tunnel, adjusting focus, but seeing nothing.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

(sceptical)

The Russian soldiers are down there?

IGOR

Yes. They are safe. You'll see.
Safe and sound.

Ivan and Alexei have already trotted forward to take up positions on either side of the tunnel entrance.

Ivan looks over at Vassili and shrugs - he can't see anything threatening.

VASSILI

(to Igor)

After you.

Igor begins to hobble down the tunnel, the dark, moss-covered walls receding into shadows. He begins to WHISTLE some German folk-song. Vassili follows, his gun pointing at Igor's back.

The tunnel begins to branch and re-branch, corridors shooting off at all angles. Dimitri's camera pans dizzily this way and that, suspiciously peering down the side-passages.

Igor pauses at an intersection and looks this way and that, evidently uncertain of the way.

Then he points and Vassili and the camera turn to where he is pointing. It is another dark passage, the same as all the others.

When the camera pans back to Igor -

- he has gone.

VASSILI (CONT'D)

(noticing too)

Hey, where the -

That is when the wall behind Vassili comes alive.

An undead creature emerges, nearly perfectly camouflaged, its body covered in moss and fungus. We can see the staples and stitching holding together the different pieces of corpse that have been used in its creation. It is wearing shreds of German uniform.

Its hands have been replaced with pointed metal hooks. It hacks down at Vassili, but he instinctively wards off the

blow with his wristwatch-armoured arm. His gun, however, is knocked from his grasp.

IVAN

Get out of the fucking way!

Dimitri's camera swivels to show Ivan and Alexei raising their weapons to shoot. The camera scoots between them as they open fire, the noise deafening.

We have not gone far back the way we came when the corridor is blocked by another monster, its arms ending in long machetes. It raises an arm to hack at Dimitri who SCREAMS.

A rifle with a bayonet suddenly appears, the blade embedding itself in the head of the creature. The trigger is pulled again and again until the thing's head is a bloody ruin.

The camera swings back past Ivan who has saved us to see Alexei and Vassili finishing off the monster with the hooks which has collapsed to the floor and is feebly trying to escape.

Ivan appears, reloading his gun but -

- he is suddenly grabbed by a pair of extendable mechanical claws that pull him suddenly back into the semi-darkness where another creature is waiting.

It brings Ivan to its "head" which is nothing more a set of serrated mechanical jaws which shut suddenly with a CRUNCH, partially crushing Ivan's head, helmet and all.

The thing advances towards us and Dimitri backs away, but then falls over the other monster. A moment of pandemonium, then we can see the creature snap its jaws open again, allowing Ivan to slump in front of us.

We are helpless as it advances, but Ivan, somehow still conscious, is scrabbling at his belt. He produces a grenade and holds it up.

Vassili appears and grabs the grenade, primes it and shoves it between the metal jaws of the monster.

VASSILI

RUN!!

He and Alexei bend to grab Ivan, but we are not waiting. The camera's image turns upside-down and (we glimpse the hook-monster still weakly trying to stand) we run. A moment later -

BOOM! The staccato, upside-down image is overwhelmed by dust and light.

24 EXT. STREETS OF VILLAGE - LATE AFTERNOON 24

The image jerks back and forth, badly over-exposed, swinging wildly across the cobbled street. We hear PANICKED PANTING and GROANING.

We glimpse Ivan being carried by Vassili and Alexei, blood streaming from under his twisted helmet. He is not screaming anymore, but conscious and trying to suppress his agony.

Blood spatters the lens as they run.

CAMERA RUNS OUT and the SCREEN GOES WHITE.

25 INT. CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON 25

We're back inside the gloomy church. The camera is still moving erratically, Dimitri not yet recovered from the shock.

He pans over the worried faces of Sacha and Vassili and ends up on Sergei bent over Ivan, closely inspecting the moaning man's helmet-encased head.

Ivan is lying on a partially-wrecked operating-table that has been recovered from the destroyed remains of the lab. Blood rolls patiently along the sides of Ivan's grimacing face.

IVAN
(through gritted teeth)
Get it off. Get it off.

SERGEI
No, Vanja. I don't think that's a good idea.

IVAN
Please.

SERGEI
Just keep breathing, my friend. I'm not giving up on you yet.

Vassili storms into shot, pushing Dimitri so that he falls.

VASSILI
Leave him, he's finished. We're getting out of here.

SERGEI
Get back to your post. You're supposed to be keeping watch.

VASSILI
Fuck you. Those things. They appeared out of nowhere. They could be all around us and we wouldn't know.

Vassili draws his knife.

VASSILI (CONT'D)

Now get out of the way. I'll finish
him off.

Vassili shoves Sergei aside and is about to slit Ivan's throat when the big Uzbeki slaps the knife from his hand and then clubs him across the ear so hard that the handsome Russian is sent flying.

IVAN

I fucking decide when I'm finished,
Goat-Cunt. And who finishes me off.
And it won't be you!

The effort has its toll on Ivan, who falls back onto the stretcher, fresh blood coursing from under the helmet. Sergei and Sacha move forward and block our view.

Dimitri regains his feet and moves round the men until Ivan is once more visible.

IVAN (CONT'D)

Where's... Where's that freak?

SERGEI

Who? Dima?

IVAN

(despite his pain, he has
to laugh)
No!.. You idiot... The tramp.
Fucker.. Set us up.. Trap.

SERGEI

(to Vassili on the floor)
You fucking idiot! This is your
fault. I told you to bring a
captive back here.

Vassili rises to his feet, one ear bloody. He grabs Sacha's fur hat from his head and uses it to wipe his face. He is not grudging of Ivan's attack. Instead -

VASSILI

Wait til I get my hands on that
fucking Fritzzy. I'll cut his hairy
face off, slice by slice, like a
sausage. And I'll make him eat it.

Ivan lies back and closes his eyes and tries to calm his breathing.

SERGEI

That's it, Good. Just breathe.
Sleep.

IVAN
(trembling violently)
No... No... Stay awake... Stay
awake...

Sergei steps back and wipes his hands on his trousers, looking down sadly. Sacha appears with a blanket and Vassili helps him spread it over the dying man, tucking it under his chin.

SACHA
Seryosha? M-maybe you should t-try
the radio ag-g-g-

SERGEI
Hmph. Yes, okay. But it's useless,
you know. It's been days since I've
got a peep out of the damn thing.

Sacha points up at the metal structure of the gantry of the wrecked elevator.

SACHA
And if we use the t-t-t-tower?

SERGEI
(looking up)
That's not a bad idea...

The camera follows Sergei as he moves away from the operating-table towards Alexei, who is standing at the door, peering out at the early evening. All is still outside.

Sergei joins him, lighting a cigarette. He removes the silver locket from around his throat and opens it to look at the tiny photo of his wife and child for a moment, then he snaps it shut and turns towards us.

SERGEI (CONT'D)
Dima, you are an educated man. What
do you think is going on here?

DIMITRI'S VOICE
I'm.. not sure. I think we have
stumbled on a new Nazi weapon.

SERGEI
Only Nazi's would think of
something like this. Sewing dead
people together; giving them knives
for hands. It's insane.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Or brilliant. Sometimes the two are
very close together.

SERGEI

If you say so. I'm going to try the
radio again.

Sergei tosses the cigarette-butt out of the door and disappears past us and we are left with Alexei's silhouette scanning the darkening horizon.

CUT TO:

26 INT. CHURCH - DUSK

26

A juicy piece of rabbit-carcass. Dimitri is holding it, showing it to the camera before it disappears and we hear him MOANING with pleasure at its deliciousness.

We pan up to see Vassili and Alexei, around the fire, likewise enjoying the food. All is silent except for the sound of CHEWING and Ivan's laboured, rhythmic grunting in the background.

At the end of the pan we reveal Sergei beside the big Uzbeki, inserting little pieces of pre-chewed rabbit into Ivan's mouth. Ivan moans in time to his chews (in pain or pleasure it is hard to say), fresh blood dripping from under his crushed helmet.

At the doorway, Sacha is on guard-duty. We join him.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Sacha. All quiet out there?

SACHA

I keep seeing shadows moving and I wonder if it's my eyes, but if it's them, they don't come near.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Because they fear you, Comrade Sacha.

The pimply-faced boy grins sardonically.

SACHA

They are right to. I'm a survivor.

CUT TO:

27 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

27

We are looking at Dimitri's backpack, lenses and film-cans lying around it and some gleaming equipment inside. Dimitri's hand appears to pull the backpack shut. There is the flicker of firelight playing over everything.

VASSILI (O.S.)

- so where are the fucking bodies?

SERGEI (O.S.)

It looks like they are being taken
by this Frankenstein -

VASSILI (O.S.)

But all those things we've seen are
Fritzies.

SERGEI (O.S.)

You can't say that. A leg is a leg -

VASSILI (O.S.)

But the uniforms, the helmets -

SERGEI (O.S.)

Doesn't mean a thing. He's not
going to dress his troops in the
enemy -

VASSILI (O.S.)

Bullshit!

While this argument is taking place, the camera pans around
the church, passing the fire where Sacha is tending to a
rabbit on a spit, -

- ending up at Ivan, who is still alive, semi-conscious,
grunting to himself, clutching his carved wooden amulet to
his chest.

In the background, Sergei and Vassili appear.

SERGEI

It's enough! We'll wait for first
light, then we'll try again to find
a trace of our boys.

VASSILI

They're dead! They're dead, they
must be! And we will be too, if we
hang around here any longer.

SACHA (O.S.)

(suddenly piping up)
My grandfather fought the Fritzies
in the First War...

The camera pans round to Sacha.

SACHA (CONT'D)

You know, he always t-told us how
he was shot and lay wounded in N-n-
no-M-man's Land. Couldn't move,
couldn't speak. Seventeen hours.
But his squad, they came and got
(MORE)

SACHA (CONT'D)

him. They didn't g-give up on him
and that's why I'm here to k-k-kill
more Fritzie's today.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Well said, comrade!

Sacha spears a look of contempt at the camera.

SACHA

He said that was the d-difference
between us and the F-fritzie's. It's
why they can never b-beat us.

VASSILI (O.S.)

Oh for fuck's sake! How much
bullshit propaganda do I have to -

BANG! A gunshot rings out.

Everyone grabs their gun and Dimitri retreats and turns to
see Alexei at the door, peering down his gunsights at
something out in the dark night. He fires again.

GERMAN VOICES

*Nicht schießen! Wir übergeben! Wir
sind menschlich! Wir sind
menschlich!*

Dimitri cautiously advances to try and get a better view.

SERGEI

(to Alexei)
Hold your fire.

Sergei nods to Vassili and Sacha and they crouch-run out of
the church and into the night.

Now Dimitri is able to see a little way outside the door and
makes out a white blur that resolves itself into a dirty
white bedsheet on a stick.

The carrier of the stick, a twelve-year old boy (HANS) in a
ragged HITLER YOUTH uniform leads two other German soldiers
carrying a heavily-bleeding fourth into the church, prodded
suspiciously by Sacha and Vassili.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

Hands in the air! Now!

The dying German is laid hurriedly on the floor and the two
German soldiers raise their hands. One is a trembling white-
haired old man, a veteran of the First War (FRITZ) and the
other is short and slender, smothered in a huge great coat.

Sharp-eyed, Vassili suddenly steps forward and tears the cap
from the slim soldier, revealing medium-length hair.

SACHA
(unable to control his
surprise)
That's a girl!

SERGEI
Move back there! By that wall!

The Germans just look at him, hands raised, scared.
Meanwhile, the soldier on the floor begins to cough up
lungfuls of blood.

SERGEI (CONT'D)
BY THE WALL! NOW!

The female German, EVA, says something in German to the
other two and they back up to the wall.

Vassili bends over the dying German on the floor and sticks
his bayonet into him, finishing him off.

SERGEI (CONT'D)
Where is everyone?

The Germans stare at him. The veteran, Fritz, looks like he
might be a bit deaf. Hans is just scared, dirty and staring
with round eyes.

SERGEI (CONT'D)
WHERE ARE THE RUSSIANS?

EVA
(in halting words)
Please - I speak little English -

SERGEI
Where are the Russians?

EVA
You are Russian, no?

SERGEI
There were other Russians here.
Yesterday.

EVA
Yesterday? I don't know. We've been
hiding.

SERGEI
Just you four?

EVA
Everyone else was killed. Or ran.
It was a massacre.

SERGEI
Who killed them?

EVA

The undead ones, the Frankensteins. Listen. The gunshots. Your firelight. We must hide before they come looking -

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Where do they come from?

SERGEI

Please, Dima. Just fucking leave this to me.

(to Eva)

How many of those things are there?

EVA

We don't know. He keeps making more. If they kill you, they use your body to make a new one. But we must hide! Please!

Sergei looks at the other Russians.

SERGEI

What do you think? Shoot them?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

No! We should question them properly first.

Eva has heard this and speaks in German to Hans and Fritz. Fritz answers in rapid German, then laughs bitterly.

SERGEI

What did he say?

EVA

Fritz says is OK if you shoot him. He rather be shot by real man than rip apart by those things out there.

Sacha laughs at this and Hans, the boy, smiles back.

VASSILI

Let's just shoot them two and keep the girl.

The other Russians nod at the wisdom of this.

But Eva suddenly drops her hands and yanks her coat open to reveal a nurse's uniform underneath.

EVA

No! I am trained nurse. I can help your friend.

She points out of frame and the camera follows her gesture to Ivan lying on the burnt operating-table.

CUT TO:

28 INT. CHURCH - LATER

28

A pan of water is boiling over the small fire. Some grimy-looking surgical implements, picked from among the ashes of the lab, are thrown into the water. There is a bit of blurry camera adjustment and then we see -

- Eva kneeling beside the fire. She tears some of the white flag into bandages. (In the background, the other Russians are either keeping watch (Sacha), comforting Ivan (Sergei) or suspiciously guarding the other two Germans (Vassili and Alexei).

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Say that again; I was not ready.

Eva looks up at the camera from her work, confused.

EVA

What?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

About Frankenstein. Where he is now. This used to be his lab, right?

EVA

Yes. But it was too small and too - open - too easy to find.

Vassili appears in the background, eyeing the young woman lasciviously. When he notices that the camera is on, he grabs his crotch and thrusts his hips at us.

Eva feels his presence and turns towards him, startled. Vassili just laughs.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Don't worry about him. Tell me where Frankenstein went. Eva!

EVA

(turning back to us)
What? The mine. He's down the mine.

SERGEI

But why didn't you leave before now? We got in easily enough...

Eva laughs humourlessly and stares into the lens.

EVA

Yes, you got in. But have you tried to get out? Three days ago, we try to get out. They waiting for us. In trees, in the ground. They kill many. After that we hide.

Eva turns back to the pan and deftly hooks out the tools and gathers them in a piece of cloth and stands.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Wait -

EVA

I am ready to help your comrade now.

She turns and walks towards where Ivan is lying. Vassili follows her closely.

CUT TO:

29 INT. CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER

29

The camera is on the tripod in a carefully set shot showing Ivan lying unconscious on the table in MEDIUM CLOSE. Eva bends into frame and starts wiping the blood from Ivan's face so she can better see the damage under the helmet.

As she gently tugs at one edge of the crumpled helmet, she glances into the camera, her face betraying her lack of hope for Ivan who -

- suddenly opens his eyes and coughs, spraying gobbets of blood and snot right into the lens.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Oh damn!

IVAN

My *dorje!* Where's my *dorje?*

The camera pans quickly round and up to show Dimitri in close-up. He produces a cloth and sets about cleaning the lens.

IVAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

My *dorje!*

SACHA (O.S.)

Here it is, Vanya. You must have dropped it.

Behind Dimitri, up in the darkness of the rafters of the church roof, we spot MOVEMENT. Something with long, spindly limbs is up there, but the image is out of focus and no-one notices.

The camera pans back round and the lens-mount rotated to show a somewhat WIDER view of Ivan, Eva and Sacha handing the wounded Uzbeki his wooden amulet which he clutches to his chest.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Primitive superstition. I cannot
condone -

SACHA
So shoot him. B-b-but l-let's g-

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Be quiet, Sacha. You're supposed to
be on guard, aren't you?

Sergei appears and nods Sacha back towards the door.

SERGEI
(to Eva)
Well? Can you get it off?

EVA
(doubtful)
I don't know.

SERGEI
Listen. You get the helmet off our
comrade and we'll let you live.
Deal?

EVA
I.. I can try.

IVAN
Just.. fucking.. do it!

Eva bends forward once more, places her hands on either side of the helmet and grips the rim. Ivan bites down on his agony, refusing to cry out.

But she hesitates still. Vassili nudges her from behind.

VASSILI
You heard him, bitch! Get on with
it!

Eva mutters a silent prayer to herself then tugs at the helmet and it comes away with surprising ease, accompanied by a hideous SLURPING SUCKING NOISE.

Eva stumbles back a pace, knocking into Vassili. She is left holding a dented metal bowl filled with Ivan's brains and skull fragments.

Ivan is gurgling and twitching, the top half of his head missing.

Everybody stares at the helmet in shock.

But then Vassili steps forward and knocks the helmet flying from Eva's hands.

VASSILI (CONT'D)

Well, that was a waste of time.

He grabs her and throws her back onto the floor out of frame and pulls his belt loose.

EVA (O.S.)

Please!! We have to work together.
Don't you see? It does not matter
if we are Nazi or Red, we're all
human!

VASSILI

Oh shut up, Nazi lesbian whore!

SACHA (O.S.)

They're coming!

Dimitri's camera pans wildly as Sacha starts FIRING. It ends up pointing at Alexei in MEDIUM. He opens his mouth and -

ALEXEI

SERYOSHAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Blood suddenly vomits from his mouth and the tip of a drill appears, extending from between his gaping teeth.

Only now do we see that the spindly-limbed creature (MOSQUITO) that we glimpsed up in the rafters has clamped onto the sniper's back and is drilling through his head with a stinger-like drill that has been fitted to its gas-mask face.

The air is filled with the sound of GUNFIRE and SHOUTING.

A moment of wild movement as Dimitri scrambles away from the Mosquito. It stands over Alexei's body on long, stilt-like limbs, its body shaking as bullets tear into it. The church is full of smoke and dust, but we can see the shadows of other Frankensteins moving through the chaos.

Suddenly, the camera is knocked from Dimitri's grasp and falls to the floor, cracking the lens. We get an upside-down view of another monster with clamp-like hands.

It has grabbed hold of Dimitri's leg and is dragging him away. Dimitri kicks and screams and grabs things, but to no avail; the hulking creature is far too strong.

Sergei appears with his bayonet and hacks at the arm holding Dimitri until it falls to the floor, releasing the cameraman who gets to his knees and scrabbles towards the camera, still dragging the creature's arm behind him.

The camera is grabbed by Dimitri as he runs away from the fighting towards where the Germans, Hans and Fritz, are cowering. We hear a MASSIVE BOOM as someone uses a grenade.

Smoke, dust, fire, chaos.

A HUGE UGLY Frankenstein zombot rears up out of the smoke, half of it's dead flesh hanging from it's face, torn away by shrapnel along with one arm.

Despite its blindness, it sets about wreaking havoc, throwing operating-tables, benches, equipment and men left and right in a mindless frenzy of destruction.

Dimitri's backpack is ripped open, flying to land at our feet.

Then a stream of bullets tear through the monster's torso and it disappears into the smoke and darkness once more.

Sacha is backing up towards us as more shadows appear at the entrance to the church. More monsters!

Sergei (radio-set over his shoulder) appears beside Hans and Fritz. He tosses a grenade through the entrance. There is an ALMIGHTY EXPLOSION and everything shakes from the concussion.

HANS

Sir! Sir! Fritz knows way out! This way!

SERGEI

Vasja! Sacha! To me!

HANS

This way!

Dimitri grabs his torn backpack of equipment and follows as Hans leads them into the chamber housing the generator. On the other side is a winding staircase leading down into darkness.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Down there?

Fritz does not wait, but hurries downward. As we hesitate, Sergei, Vassili and Sacha, still shooting back the way they came, follow.

So Dimitri reluctantly follows, starting down just behind Hans -

- who suddenly stops and turns, aghast.

HANS

EVA!

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Forget her. Keep moving.

But Hans pushes past us and heads back up the stairs, the camera panning to watch him disappear into the smoke and darkness at the top.

HANS (O.S.)

EVA!

SERGEI (O.S.)

Dima! Come on!

We are roughly grabbed and swerve round to see Sergei holding Dimitri's arm, tugging him down the steps.

Some of the soldiers have got torches, beams of light criss-crossing in the darkness below.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

Stop fucking filming, you idiot,
and run!

Sergei pulls a grenade from his belt and throws it over Dimitri's head, back up the staircase.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

That's my last one.

An ENORMOUS EXPLOSION overwhelms the microphone. Dust and rubble fly. The camera is suddenly swallowed by absolute darkness.

30 INT. UNDERGROUND STAIRCASE - NIGHT

30

Pitch black. SILENCE stretches. But the camera is still running because we can hear RUBBLE still settling, COUGHING and GROANING.

Then, incongruously:

RADIO VOICE

(crackly and distant)

- repeat, this is Tiger Bear three
oh three. We are trapped; we need
reinforcements. Does anyone read
me? Over.

After a moment, we hear MOVEMENT, then WHIRRING and a dynamo-torch flickers to life, its beam illuminating the dust-filled air and the wreckage half-filling the staircase.

Also the survivors: Sacha, Vassili and the old German veteran, Fritz. They all look scared, dirty, bloody from minor wounds.

RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)

We are trapped. We can't hold out
for much longer. Our position is
51/17/28N. 13/22/04E. Do you read
me? Over.

Sergei, holding the torch, stumbles to his feet as the beam
of light searches out and finds the source of the crackly
Radio Voice:

Dimitri's torn backpack.

RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)

I repeat, this is Tiger Bear three
oh three. We are trapped -

Sergei kneels and tears the backpack open and a small reel-to-
reel tape-recorder falls out. The Radio Voice begins to wind
down, slowing to a stop. Sergei inspects the machine.

RADIO VOICE (CONT'D)

Weeee neeeeeed reeeeeeee...

SERGEI

Well, fuck me in the arse!

Dimitri appears, extending a hand towards Sergei.

DIMITRI

Comrade. Seryosha. Let me -

Sergei spins round and punches Dimitri in the face, sending
him sprawling, then quickly roots around in the backpack,
tossing aside the bag of exposed and unexposed film and
lenses until he finds another small and heavy machine.

Sergei throws it down and advances on Dimitri, drawing his
pistol and raising it to point between Dimitri's eyes. (More
torch beams whirr to life.)

VASSILI

What the fuck's going on?

SERGEI

You should ask Comrade Dima?

VASSILI

What?

SERGEI

(to Dimitri)

Tell them. Before I blow your
brains out.

DIMITRI

You don't understand.

SERGEI

Tell them!

Sacha and Vassili get to their feet and shine their torches at the kneeling Dimitri who is nursing his bloody nose. He looks down at the steps, avoiding looking at the others.

DIMITRI

(in a small voice)

There is no Tiger Bear three oh three.

VASSILI

(shaking his head in disbelief)

I don't get it.

SERGEI

(indicating the machine on the stairs)

It's a radio jammer. I couldn't understand why we weren't getting any signal. That is why. Our comrade here was blocking us, cutting us off from Mother.

SACHA

And I was carrying the fucking thing!

SERGEI

(indicating the now silent tape-machine)

And that's some sort of tape-machine. He could use it to transmit the message from his pack to the radio and..

VASSILI

(adding it up)

Lead us here.. So there's...

SACHA

No Tiger Bear. No Russian soldiers needing our help.

Vassili suddenly leaps towards Dimitri, knocking him backwards.

VASSILI

Fucking bastard!!

Dimitri receives a few hefty punches and kicks from Vassili before Sergei pulls him back.

SERGEI

Later, Vasje! Don't worry, he'll get his, but first I want to hear why?

VASSILI

Okay. That's true. We would all like to know that. Then we kill him and get the fuck out of here.

Dimitri slowly raises his head and looks at the others.

DIMITRI

No. We're not going anywhere.

SERGEI

We'll follow this Fritzy. He knows a way out -

DIMITRI

You don't understand. We're not leaving.. That's an order.

VASSILI

An order! I'm going to cut his balls off!

He starts to pull his knife. But Dimitri is also pulling something from his pocket... A document.

He holds it out to Sergei.

DIMITRI

Here! Here, read this! I am a full captain. Your superior officer.

Sergei takes the document and studies it.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)

My superiors have a list of every man in this squad's family and loved ones. If something happens to me; if you do not cooperate, the next time you see them will be in a gulag.

The men cannot believe their ears. Vassili manages to kick him, despite Sergei holding him back. But -

SERGEI

He's right. He's in charge.

VASSILI

Seryosha! You can't -

SERGEI

I SAID HE'S IN CHARGE!!

Sudden silence.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

(quietly)

And I'll shoot any man who lifts a
finger against him. Is that clear?

The other two slowly drop their defiant gazes from Sergei.
Dimitri gets up and goes to retrieve the camera.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

I know exactly what the Sarge would
have said if he were here. He'd say
we were just a bunch of boys or
we'd understand. You have to
respect the chain of command.
Otherwise, we're just a... band of
cut-throats.

The camera is back on Dimitri's shoulder.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

With your permission, Captain, I'd
like to understand. Why could you
not just have told us? Why the
trick?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

This is a top secret mission. The
Buro was afraid there might be a
leak.

SERGEI

So you let us come unprepared.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

No. We did not know the exact
nature of the weapon Frankenstein
was working on. My orders were just
to capture or kill him.

SERGEI

Capture? What does the glorious
Soviet Union want with this madman?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

As you say, Sergei, we have to
respect the chain of command.

SERGEI

Is there even film in that camera?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Oh yes. The film is real. I must
film everything for our scientists
just in case we cannot take him
alive.

The camera pans around the three Russians who eye us with varying levels of hatred and finds the old German, Fritz, who has been sitting quietly watching the crazy Russians with bemusement.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Hey you, Fritz! We're going to
Frankenstein's lab and you're
leading us there. Which way?

The old man is startled to be addressed. He tentatively points down into the darkness of the staircase.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Sacha! Grab the lenses and the
film. Leave everything -

RUN OUT, SCREEN GOES WHITE.

31 INT. STAIRCASE - LATER

31

The camera turns on to show the men descending the long staircase that winds slowly down.

A sign on the wall attracts our attention, but it is too dark to see.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Seryosha? Can you shine your torch
on this?

SERGEI
I have a better idea.

Sergei approaches and produces a roll of tape from one of his pockets and there is some blurry confusion as a torch is fixed onto the top of the camera so that its light points in the same direction as the lens.

Dimitri swings the camera back and forth to test the construction.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Thankyou, Comrade. That's much
better.

SERGEI
Don't mention it. What does it say?

The camera focuses on the typically Germanic Gothic text on the sign featuring words like "VERBOTEN" and "LEBENSGEFAHR".

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Just a warning.. Seryosha?

Sergei stops and looks into the camera.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)
I wanted to thank you. You saved my
life back there.

Sergei looks into the lens a moment longer, then shrugs.

SERGEI
Need to keep you alive, Dima.
Otherwise, how will I become a
famous movie-star?

CUT TO:

32 INT. FOOT OF THE ELEVATOR-SHAFT - NIGHT

32

The camera is turned on to reveal a mess of twisted metal, a cage filled with the broken and decomposing corpses of a group of German soldiers, nurses and white-coated scientists.

They are lying inside the elevator that linked the church above with the mine-tunnel.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
This is the lift up to the church.

SERGEI (O.S.)
What a mess. If it's a Nazi weapon,
it's turned on its master. That is
not so brilliant, hm Dima?

Dimitri says nothing. He notices a bloody trail leading away from the elevator along a set of narrow-gauge railway tracks.

We follow the trail until we arrive at a pair of mis-matched monster's legs that lie still on the dirt-floor, evidently having been trying to go somewhere before they ran out of steam.

The camera registers every detail of the smashed pelvis and stump of spine. The top half of the thing is nowhere to be seen.

As the others join us, the camera tilts up, its light temporarily blinding Fritz who shields his eyes.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
You used to work in the mine,
right? Can you lead us to the main
mine-workings?

Fritz points at the tracks and mutters something back.

FRITZ
Easy. Just follow tracks.

Sergei appears and pulls at the camera.

SERGEI

Dima. You seriously want us to go there? To Frankenstein's base? It's suicide.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Nonsense. These things are unarmed or only with simple industrial tools. We keep our eyes open, move carefully and quietly. If we see one, we concentrate our fire on its head. That seems to work fine.

VASSILI

What do you mean, "our fire"? I haven't seen you shoot anything but film, you fucking -

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Look. There is no way out of this place, but to go on. We have to stop this thing at its source.

SERGEI

And when we make it into this base, what do we do? Blow it up?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Sure. But only after we've found and captured Frankenstein.

SERGEI

Or killed. Captured or killed, you said.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Yes. But preferably captured.

The camera swings round to point its light ahead, the railway tracks disappearing into the pitch darkness.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Right Comrades, let's move!

CUT TO:

33 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

33

The surviving members of the squad are walking cautiously down the tunnel, following the tracks of the narrow-gauge railway.

Up ahead, Fritz is leading the way. He pauses and looks round at us hanging back.

SERGEI

Keep going, hooligan!

(to the Russians)

If anything comes out of the walls
again, I want time to react.

But Fritz does not move and as we draw closer, we see why.

We have arrived at a fork in the tracks, a set disappearing
down two tunnels branching away in front of us.

Fritz shakes his head miserably. Sergei comes up to him and
gives him a shove.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

Which way? Come on, which way?

FRITZ

Cannot remember. So long ago -

SERGEI

Fuck that! If you don't want a
bullet in your brain...

But Fritz just shakes his head again and begins to cry,
putting his face in his hands.

FRITZ

Nein-kein. Ich kan nicht...

SACHA (O.S.)

Hey! I heard something!

Camera pans round to where Sacha is pointing down the left
hand tunnel.

Torches are wound and pointed and we see movement low to the
ground.

Dimitri and the others cautiously move forward until we see -

- a legless, one-armed monster that is patiently reaching out
with its claw and dragging itself forward a little way, then
reaching out again. Slowly, slowly, it makes progress.

Vassili steps toward it, gun ready to blow it to pieces.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

No! Leave it. It can't hurt us.
Those legs we found near the lift
must have belonged to it.

The thing ignores them. It just drags itself on, following
the tracks.

SACHA

What's it doing?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

It's following orders. What it has been conditioned to do. Returning to base.

SERGEI

It's just a soldier. Like us.

The others watch as it crawls slowly on down the tunnel. The camera examines it closely, paying particular attention to the aerial-like metal wire protruding from behind its ear.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Well, we know which way to go now, at least.

The camera swings up to point down the tunnel.

CUT TO:

34 INT. TUNNEL OUTSIDE CHAMBER - LATER

34

The tunnel is different, less like a mine and more like the basement of an industrial complex. But still there are the tracks running down it and, ahead of us, the doorway to a large, dimly-lit chamber.

VASSILI

At last we're getting somewhere.

Sergei waves to Vassili and Sacha to take up defensive positions on either side of the door, then he cautiously enters the chamber.

Vassili waves at Fritz to enter, then us.

35 INT. CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

35

The camera enters the chamber which has some weak electric lights hanging from the walls. The chamber is vast, again dominated by the rusting hulks of industrial machinery. In one corner is a tightly winding staircase heading up into the darkness and in the middle the mouth of a chute ends in a pile of something hard to distinguish.

A Frankenstein monster appears and everyone prepares to fire.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Wait.

The monster is a crude, old-fashioned type with no mechanical additions to its corpse-made body. It is carrying a torn-off leg. It ignores them as it carries the limb to the opposite wall where a large square opening yawns covered by hanging rotting rubber strips.

As they watch the creature pushes the leg through the rubberized curtain. We hear it ROLLING down a metal chute.

The creature turns and heads back to the pile at the bottom of the other chute-opening.

The camera pans around, taking in the chamber. Fritz is saying something in German, pointing to the staircase in the corner. Sergei listens, then turns to Dimitri.

SERGEI

He remembers this place. He says we can get out that way.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

That is irrelevant right now. We've got a mission to complete.

The monster has reached the pile, which we can now see is made up of corpses, mostly German soldiers, but there are also many body parts which could have belonged to anybody. It bends down and grabs a foot and pulls, dragging a small figure from the gory mass -

- which immediately starts struggling and shouting.

VASSILI

It's the little Fascist.

It is indeed Hans, covered in gore and blood, but otherwise healthy.

The monster starts to drag the boy towards the rubber flaps of the chute-opening in the wall.

GUNSHOTS ring out as Sergei and Sacha shoot at the monster, blowing its head to smithereens. It slowly collapses.

Fritz hurries over to Hans and kneels beside him, embracing the boy who is stammering something about Eva.

The camera leaves them, heading over to the wall-chute. There are puddles of blood and the odd piece of viscera at the base of the opening. Dimitri's hand reaches out and pulls some of the rubber strips aside and we see -

- a wide metal chute descending a few metres before our view is blocked by an identical rubber-strip curtain at the foot of the chute. The sloping floor of the chute is slippery with blood and slime.

Dimitri's hand releases the curtain and we pan to see the others looking at the chute suspiciously. (Bizarrely, at that moment the legless Dragger-monster appears through the doorway and starts to make its patient way towards the chute.)

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Sacha. Go down and take a look.

SACHA

What?! Are you crazy?!

SERGEI

I have a better idea. Vasja, get
the boy.

Vassili grabs Hans away from a feebly protesting Fritz and
drags him over to the chute.

VASSILI

In you go.

HANS

Nein!

SERGEI

Hold his feet.

(to Hans)

You can just peep through, then
we'll drag you back up.

Hans still shakes his head, but then Vassili puts his gun to
the boy's head and -

- Hans parts the rubber curtain and reluctantly climbs into
the mouth of the chute.

Vassili hands him a torch, then takes hold of his feet and he
slides down, but he is too short to reach the curtain at the
bottom.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Sacha. You take the boy's feet and
slide down after him and Vassili
will take your feet. Like a chain.

Sacha looks at Sergei, but just receives a nod, so he does as
he is told, forming the central link of the human chain.

Hans slides down further. He is now able to easily reach the
bottom of the chute.

HANS

(over his shoulder)

It smells really bad.. Please.
Don't let go.

SACHA

I've got you. So long as Vasja's
got me.

The camera pushes between the black rubber fronds to get a
better view of the chain of hands and feet leading down to

the lower curtain. (Vassili looks sourly into the lens and silently mouths an insult at us.)

Below, Hans pushes first his hands, then his head and shoulders through the rubber strips -

HANS

Mein Gott!! It's.. It's too..
horrible.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

What do you see?

HANS

I.. can't...

We see Hans skinny body writhe and spasm and hear him vomiting on the other side of the curtain.

HANS (CONT'D)

Please. Pull me up. I cannot stand -

Suddenly, we hear the THROATY ROAR of some sort of motor starting up below, like a gargantuan lawnmower.

HANS (CONT'D)

Oh my God!
PULLMEUPPULLMEUPPULLMEUP!!!

SACHA

VASJA! PULL!

Too late. The ROARING MOTOR approaches fast and diesel fumes fill the chute as Hans's little body once more writhes and twists and spasms. But not from vomiting this time.

Vassili pulls back suddenly on Sacha's feet, knocking Dimitri to the floor.

A moment of blur and madness and shouting and the camera finally focuses on Sacha, sitting on the floor with the legs and lower torso (still in its *Hitlerjugend* shorts) of Hans. The rest of him has been sliced away.

The horror and shock is still sinking in when a metallic THUDDING joins the increasingly loud ROAR.

Whatever it is that has made such a mess of Hans is now CLIMBING UP the chute, hidden behind the rubber curtain.

Sacha comes to his senses and scrambles backwards on his arse, as everyone cowers back from the chute. (Dimitri keeps filming, but is paying less attention to framing and focus than usual.)

The black rubber curtain is suddenly shredded and flying in all directions like a black snowstorm and diesel fumes churn the air as -

- a huge Frankenstein monster appears from the chute behind the whirling blade of a fighter-plane nose-cone and propellor.

There is what was once a German soldier at its heart, but he has been reinforced by an armoured exoskeleton, has metal grabbers for hands and a head that once belonged on the front of a war-plane. The propellor is a spinning blur and exhaust fumes jet from pipes jutting from its shoulders.

It advances on Sacha who is still on the floor, staring up at it helplessly.

Sergei steps forward and lets rip with his PPS machine-gun.

SERGEI

HEY! You ugly fucking creep! Over here!

The bullets ricochet off the thing's exoskeleton, but it does turn away from Sacha and advance on Sergei instead.

He fires again, the bullets pinging off the propellor blades, but then the ammunition is finished and he is left clicking impotently. He backs away and tosses the gun aside, reaching for his pistol. But he does not stand a chance.

Sacha, now behind the monster, springs to his feet, pulling out his bayonet. He leaps up onto the back of the thing and slices through a fuel-line coiling from a tank to its nose-cone head.

Sacha jumps away as the creature turns, feeling for the loose fuel-line which is pouring diesel everywhere. The propellor begins to sputter and slow.

Sergei tosses his burning lighter at the monster and it immediately bursts into flames. It pays no attention to the fire engulfing it, still trying to re-attach the fuel-line.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

GET DOWN!

The camera falls to the floor as the image temporarily WHITES OUT and we hear A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!

When the camera (and the cameraman) has recovered itself, it shakily takes in the carnage.

The two, metal-frame encased feet of the monster are still standing where they had been, but the rest of the thing has been blown to pieces.

Sergei and Sacha appear. Sergei slaps the youngster on the back.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

Quick thinking.

VASSILI (O.S.)
What's German for "Get down"? Oh
well, it's too late now.

The camera pans round to find Vassili beside Fritz. The old German veteran is standing, swaying gently back and forth, a propellor-blade jutting from his head.

Vassili gives Fritz a nudge and the German slowly topples to the floor.

At that moment, some NOISE from the direction of the chute attracts everyone's attention. The camera pans round to see the Dragger has reached the chute now bereft of its rubber strips.

It pulls itself over the lip of the chute and slides down, disappearing from view.

Dimitri winds up the torch fixed to the camera to make the beam brighter and advances to peer down into the darkened chamber below. There is little to see - a wagon stands at the foot of the chute, but the shadows make it impossible to properly see its contents.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Okay. Let's go down. We can fix a
rope -

We hear a MUFFLED THUD and the camera tips over and slides a little way down the chute, pointing back upside-down towards Dimitri. We see:

Dimitri is slumped over the edge of the chute, unconscious, and Sergei is standing over him, returning the pistol with which he has evidently just hit him to his holster.

SERGEI
So Comrade. I think you can better
continue your secret mission alone.
I'm taking my men up those stairs
and out of this fucking madhouse.

Vassili and Sacha appear at the mouth of the chute beside Sergei.

VASSILI
(grinning)
Bye-bye, Jew-boy. Sorry, I mean
Captain Jew-boy.

He and Sergei lift Dimitri (who gives a semi-conscious groan) and push him into the chute.

He and the camera begin to slide down, away from the three Russians.

Sacha takes the backpack containing the film and lenses and tosses it into the chute after us.

SACHA

Don't forget your precious film.

We slide down and, just as we reach the remains of the lower curtain, we see the three surviving members of the squad turn and disappear.

We drop over the edge and land with a SQUELCH in a half-filled coal-wagon waiting at the bottom.

36

INT. CONVEYOR-BELT CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

36

All we can see are blurred, lurid colours. We hear Dimitri GROAN again and also a soft, rhythmic RATTLING/SCRAPING noise from somewhere.

Something moves, causing the camera to shift. We can now see the Dragger-monster lying amid a glistening pile of limbs and guts in the coal-wagon. It stares upward, content and passive; its goal of ending up in this pile achieved.

Dimitri appears, slathered in old blood and grease. He is holding his head. He tries to rise, but loses his balance and falls back into the vile bath of viscera. He retches.

DIMITRI

Traitors. Every last one of them..
Traitors.

He climbs shakily to his feet again and scrabbles at the lip of the chute above him.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)

COMRADES! COME BACK! THIS IS
MUTINY! DON'T YOU REALIZE?!

He listens, but it is obvious that the others are not going to return.

He tries to get a grip on the chute and pull himself up, but it is too slippery. He gives up, turns around, sees the camera and bends to retrieve it.

Suddenly, a Frankenstein monster looms over us!

Dimitri falls backwards in shock, landing amid the guts and dismembered limbs again.

But the monster ignores him, reaching down and grabbing hold of the Dragger. It hoists the half-dead thing out of the wagon and disappears.

The monster returns to the wagon and reaches in again, pushing amid the offal as its hand searches. It pulls out a

leg, which it rejects and tosses back, then it comes up with Dimitri's gore-smeared backpack containing his exposed and unexposed film.

It looks at the bag with dead, dull eyes, momentarily confused.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Oh no you don't.

Dimitri's grabs the bag from the monster's grip. It does not react, just reaches down and pulls another body part from the wagon and leaves us alone once more.

Dimitri stands peering over the edge of the wagon, then down at his filth-caked hands. He starts to try to wipe them clean.

The CAMERA RUNS OUT.

37

INT. CONVEYOR-BELT CHAMBER - LATER

37

The camera is turned on. We are now out of the wagon and can see the source of the RATTLING NOISE we heard.

It is a conveyor-belt moving through a large tunnel, running off into the distance and disappearing around a bend. A string of dim electric lights hang from the ceiling.

Dimitri cautiously advances and peers around the bend. The conveyor-belt and the lights recede into the distance. There is no sign of life.

The camera clumsily pans round to show the blood-drenched Dimitri in blurry close-up.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

If.. If I do not survive this.. Let
it be known that all I have done is
in honour of our glorious Soviet
Socialist Republic and our great
leader, Josef Vissarionovich
Stalin.

CUT TO BLACK

38

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

38

We are in another corridor, although we can still hear the rattling CONVEYOR-BELT somewhere behind us. It looks more like the bowels of a factory or bunker than a mine now - all concrete and wire-meshed lights at regular intervals. The occasional door leads off the corridor, but they are dusty and disused.

Dimitri cautiously moves down the corridor. We can vaguely hear the sounds of DRILLING & SAWING from somewhere up ahead, the rhythmic noises of a factory.

The lights flicker as an electric HUM momentarily fills the air, then falls quiet once more. (This flicker-and-hum will occur frequently.)

Just as Dimitri is nearing the corner of the corridor, he hears SHUFFLING HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ahead.

The camera swings wildly back and forth. There is a door.

We dart towards it and, thankfully, it is not locked.

There is a flash of a lumbering, ugly monster and then the door shuts.

39 INT. STORE-ROOM - CONTINUOUS

39

The camera pans round to take in where we are: a store-room.

The torch fixed to the camera cuts through the gloom, lighting up piles of ornate furniture, big paintings, chandeliers. It looks like the contents of a castle.

A large decorative shield bearing a coat-of-arms attracts Dimitri's attention and we approach it.

There is a name written in Gothic script at the bottom of the shield: FRANKENSTEIN.

The torch-beam moves on, deeper into the storage room. An old sideboard is piled with documents and framed photographs. Dimitri's hand reaches out and picks up a crumbling, dust-covered newspaper and holds it in front of the lens:

It shows the opening of a toy factory in Bavaria before the First World War. The proud-looking Baron Heinrich von Frankenstein is accompanied by a sickly boy, his son, Viktor, holding one of the factory's products - a metal wind-up soldier.

Dimitri tosses it back and focuses on one of the framed photo's. It shows a clean-shaven, haughty, aristocratic man shaking the hand of Adolf Hitler at some party.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

(to himself)

Hmm... I know him...

We move on. In the middle of the store-room an ornate armchair and a couch have been drawn together around a little pot-bellied stove on a Turkish rug to create a cosy little den.

As we move closer, we see that a saucepan of soup is simmering on top of the stove.

The den is surrounded by shelves filled with toys, from cuddly bears to clockwork automata. But as we draw closer -

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Oh my...

We focus on a clockwork drummer-boy sewn together with a skinned rabbit, now long dead, mummified. There are other monstrosities: a doll with the rotting head of a dog, a kitten with six mechanical legs.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)

.. Madness...

There is a large aquarium, its glass walls mildewed and misted up. Dimitri's hand appears and wipes at the glass.

There is a teddy bear lying inside with a human head! It suddenly moves, its stubby furry limbs thrashing around.

Dimitri, sickened, moves quickly on.

In the furthest corner of the storage room is another door. We approach it and cautiously try the handle. It opens. There is a staircase leading upwards.

CUT TO:

40

INT. TILED CHAMBER - DAWN

40

At the top of the stairs, we can see the early glow of dawn.

Breathless, Dimitri reaches the top and finds himself in a vast, white-tiled hall. High up, there are whitewashed windows running along one side that cannot block completely the gradually increasing daylight entering.

The floor is slick with blood and pools of various digestive juices. We can hear STEADY DRIP-DRIPPING. Dimitri gags as a wave of unbelievable stench overwhelms him.

As he silently advances, something dark and sticky drips onto the lens. Dimitri's hand appears and wipes at it. Blood.

Then he pans upward.

Bodies and parts of bodies are hanging from a myriad of chains leading to the sides and down the walls to winding wheels. They cover the ceiling and quietly drip.

The camera pans and advances in aghast awe.

Most of the corpses are German soldiers, but there are also civilians and many, many torn-off limbs of various sizes.

There are even some of Frankenstein's monsters that have been irretrievably damaged. Is that Dragger hanging there?

The camera is shaking, but it pans over the scene, determined to record every detail.

Then there is movement at the far end of the room. A chain RATTLES and one of the corpses slowly descends.

The camera lurches round until it finds a Frankenstein monster turning one of the wheels of the pulley system.

Dimitri's pistol-toting hand appears at the edge of frame, trembling, but the creature, an ugly mish-mash of corpses in a threadbare *Wehrmacht* uniform, pays him no attention.

Dimitri zooms in and we see the ariel behind its ear, just like the Dragger.

Suddenly, a voice:

VOICE
(in German)
Hell. We're in Hell. We built it
ourselves. Our very own Hell.

The camera searches amid the hanging corpses, but then realizes that the voice is coming from lower and closer.

There is a high-ranking German SS OFFICER lying on a gurney heaped with body parts. He has lost both arms and one leg. His ribcage is visible through his torn uniform. He rolls his eyes towards us.

SS OFFICER
An unstoppable weapon.

He begins to laugh as if he has told a good joke.

SS OFFICER (CONT'D)
An unstoppable weapon!

Blood sprays from his mouth, but he continues to laugh. The camera backs away, nervous that he will attract attention.

SS OFFICER (CONT'D)
Nein! Don't go! You must kill me.
Please, please kill me!

The monster is approaching, carrying some piece of torso. Dimitri backs further away from the gurney and the SS Officer.

SS OFFICER (CONT'D)
Kill me! You dumb fucking Commie
shit! Kill me! You fucking useless
Red drone. Stalin is a fat
paedophile!.. Kill me! Please!!!

The monster arrives, dropping the torso on top of the SS Officer and begins to push the gurney away, its wheels squeaking furiously.

SS OFFICER (CONT'D)

Nein. Neinneinnein. I don't want this. I don't want to end up like them...

Dimitri films everything, growing in confidence that the monster is not interested in him.

We begin to follow the squeaking gurney as the undead monster pushes it towards a big pair of swing-doors at the end of the chamber.

It passes through and, after a moment's hesitation, we follow -

41 INT. CORRIDOR IN FACTORY - DAWN

41

- into a short stretch of tiled corridor. There is a perfectly normal white horse standing at one side. In fact, it is more than normal, it is beautiful, and all the more incongruous because of it in this hellish place.

At the end of the corridor, at another pair of swing-doors, stand two monsters like sentries.

But they are slack, their heads cast-down as if they are off-line.

The gurney with the still whimpering SS Officer is pushed between them through the doors.

Dimitri is suspicious, panning quickly from one sentry to the other, but they remain inert -

- so he passes through the doors.

42 INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR IN FACTORY - DAWN

42

This corridor is longer and ends with yet another set of swing-doors. The SAWING & DRILLING & HUMMING are suddenly much louder here. We can almost feel the static crackle through us when the lights dim momentarily again.

Suddenly, Dimitri senses something and pans round to see -

- another Frankenstein that was standing in the corner behind the swing-door through which he just passed!

And it is looking straight at him!

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Oh shit.

This new Frankenstein is big and Mongolian-featured and is wearing a Russian uniform. The top of his head is missing, but is covered by a Russian fur hat that sits unnaturally low because there is no skull beneath.

One hand ends in a hammer, the other in a sickle. It takes a lumbering step towards him. We recognise him.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Ivan..? Ivan, it's me, Dimitri..

Dimitri slides along the wall away from "Ivan".

The Communist Frankenstein raises its hammer and sickle and advances, but not quickly.

Dimitri moves hurriedly down the corridor, almost catching up with the creature pushing the gurney.

Which suddenly stops and one of its hands unconsciously reaches for the stubby aerial bolt behind its ear.

It lets go of the gurney, seeming to listen.

But Dimitri pans away to see where Ivan is and when he pans back, the gurney-pusher is suddenly right on top of us and -

- grabbing the camera. Somehow Dimitri keeps hold of it. The crazily swinging camera reveals the "Ivan" advancing slowly.

He is getting uncomfortably close.

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)
No! Let go!!

The camera is torn free and then WHACK! It is used as a weapon to hit the Frankenstein in the face.

It opens its mouth in a voiceless cry of reptilian anger and -

- "Ivan" is upon us, raising the sickle to strike!

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Oh Jesus God, help me!

VOICE (O.S.)
Stop!

The monsters do just that. Their arms drop to their sides and they take half a pace backwards.

The camera is shaking and the focus is off, but we still recognise Igor limping down the corridor towards us, using a silver-topped cane for support.

IGOR
Ah! The cameraman. Our very own Eisenstein.

Igor stands differently and speaks differently. He smiles arrogantly into the lens.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
(still in shock)
You - you know Eisenstein?

IGOR
Of course. Do you think I'm a barbarian?

Dimitri is too stunned to know what to think.

IGOR (CONT'D)
You're filming now, aren't you?
Good. It's only proper that there's a record.. Come, I'll show you the lab.

Igor leads the way down the corridor towards the big set of swing-doors at the end. They are followed by Ivan, while the other returns to pushing the gurney with the now silently weeping German Officer.

Igor nods back towards Ivan.

IGOR (CONT'D)
What do you think of him, hmm?
Rather droll, don't you think?

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Igor...

IGOR
Oh, sorry. That was a lie. Igor was my grandfather's servant. Complete idiot. A self-indulgent joke of mine.. No, my real name is Viktor.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Viktor.. Frankenstein?!

IGOR/VIKTOR
Ha! The very same.

Viktor stops and raises a hand.

VIKTOR
Shh. Listen..

In the distance, we can hear GUN-FIRE.

The gun-fire slowly diminishes to a single PISTOL-SHOT.

And then there is silence.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)
Your squad. Brave.. but stupid.

Dimitri notices that the raised hand is the one that Vassili cut the little finger from. It now has a little finger again, crudely sewn on and slightly green-tinged. Viktor flexes the hand and the little finger barely moves.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)
(half to himself)
Still getting used to this.

He turns and moves towards the double-doors again from behind which we can hear WHIRRING, DRILLING, SAWING.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)
Come along. You need to get this.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Er, one moment. I must change the -

CUT TO:

43 INT. FACTORY SPACE - DAY

43

We are suddenly in Frankenstein's lab. Or to put it more accurately, his factory. Because that is what it is: a place where new Frankenstein Soldiers are ASSEMBLED and CONSTRUCTED by other functioning FRANKENSTEINS.

The 'workers' use industrial STAPLERS and POWER TOOLS to assemble body parts and corpses into FRANKENSTEIN SOLDIERS.

Viktor leads the way along the "production-line".

VIKTOR
Freshness is key. I can get a virtual skeleton up and about for a while, but it soon falls apart.

Dimitri's camera greedily tries to take in every detail of the process as it follows one of Frankenstein's monsters being constructed.

The new soldier is ROLLED ALONG metal rollers - with different 'workers' adding parts, some human, others mechanical, to it.

One worker pushes a pointed bolt into the skull behind the ear and twists it, activating it - the radio receiver.

The finished body is rolled to the very front of the line -

And is removed by a TEAM OF WORKERS - and carried to -

A large ELECTRICAL/MECHANICAL MACHINE.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)
This is the part I'm most proud of;
the rest is simple mechanics. Even
(MORE)

VIKTOR (CONT'D)
these things can put a body
together, but to make it live...

It is a bigger and more complex version of the central MACHINERY inside the Church. At its heart is what looks like a reclining DENTIST'S CHAIR.

The lifeless body is 'seated' in the chair. Then a metal frame of ELECTRODES and METAL WIRES is attached to the head - the spine - and the chest.

A female MEDIC WORKER steps forward - she is holding a large metal SYRINGE. She injects the corpse. Dimitri starts and the camera zooms in on her.

It is Eva. Or, at least it has Eva's head, though now blank-faced, dead-eyed.

Another 'worker' shoves a metal SWITCH triggering massive JOLTS of electricity which make the body shake and jump -

Then the eyes twitch and spring open with a gaze of horrible mindlessness and the new 'Frankenstein' soldier is ALIVE.

Workers remove the electrodes and the new Frankenstein obediently moves away, guided by some internal command system.

The camera follows the newborn monster as it passes through a pair of swing-doors into a dark chamber. We can see the silhouettes of many, many more Frankensteins. All just standing there, awaiting instructions.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)
I have built upon my grandfather's
work, streamlining his techniques.
He needed thunderstorms, but I can
do it with a simple, if somewhat
large, generator. You see, I have
cut -

The camera runs out and the SCREEN GOES WHITE.

44 INT. FACTORY SPACE - DAY

44

VIKTOR (O.S.)
I can't remember what I was saying
anymore. If you can't use that
thing properly, I'll chop you up
and use you for spare parts.

The camera, blurred, is picked up by Dimitri. His face is fearful. He hefts the camera, plants it on his shoulder. Viktor appears, sitting casually on the edge of an operating-table, the factory behind him.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

I'm sorry, sir. Please accept my apologies. I was so impressed by your work that I forgot to keep an eye on the counter.

VIKTOR

Yes, well...

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Can you explain why so many of your... automatons are German soldiers?

VIKTOR

"Automaton" is not a good word. It implies they are lifeless machines, puppets, like the toys my poor father made. These creatures live. They need to eat, though they are not very fussy as to what.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Incredible. And the uniforms?

VIKTOR

Well.. There were some accidents. They wanted to shut me down; called my work too dangerous. I could not allow such primitive bourgeois thinking to stop me. So I had to eliminate them. But we put their bodies to good use.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Fascinating. I also noticed they have some sort of radio-receiver built into their heads.

VIKTOR

Yes, another development of mine. Control was always -

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Shh. Listen.

VIKTOR

(irritated)
What?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Can you not hear it, sir?

We listen and can faintly hear a very distant BOOMING.

VIKTOR

What is that?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

It's us, sir. The Red Army. Our artillery.

For the first time, Viktor looks a little unnerved.

VIKTOR

Interesting. How far away would you say that was?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Thirty miles? They could be here tomorrow. Depending on the defences they come up against.

VIKTOR

And why are you telling me this?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

I'm here to offer you a deal. Our military leadership is very interested in your work.

VIKTOR

I'm sure they are! I imagine it fits perfectly with their philosophy. After all, you can't get more Proletarian than the grave. The dead are truly equal.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Exactly. And with such a weapon..

VIKTOR

You could defeat the Western allies. Turn the whole world into a socialist utopia.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Yes. Of course, if you refuse, then I doubt even your army of the dead will be able to save you from the Stalin-organs or the 50-pounders.

There is a commotion at another entrance to the factory space, doors opening as a group of zombots enter, dragging some things behind them: three men.

VASSILI

Fuck you! Fuck you!!

VIKTOR

Here they are! And at least one is still alive. Good, good.. Dimitri. Thankyou for your kind offer. It's very tempting.. But now.. Seeing as time is pressing, I want to do a last bit of experimentation before
(MORE)

VIKTOR (CONT'D)
we leave this place. Who knows when
I will next get the chance.

He gets up and crosses to another door, entering a separate chamber, towards which his monsters are dragging their trophies.

VASSILI
(seeing Viktor)
Oh, it's you, you fucking moron!

Dimitri's camera hangs back, but can see through the doorway as the men are dumped in a pile, blood leaking to form a puddle around them.

VIKTOR
Dimitri! Come in here please.

CUT TO:

45 INT. LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

45

A large and well-equipped lab with a number of broad operating-tables lined up. Along the walls are jars and tanks containing the gruesome trophies of previous experiments, but we only glimpse these, our attention grabbed by -

- the two Russian soldiers that have been separated from the bloody pile of bodies. Because they are both alive.

Loud-mouthed Vassili has lost an arm (the one that wore the watches). He is on his back, his feet being held tightly by a squat monster, who has various serious gun-shot wounds to which it pays no apparent attention.

The other survivor is Sergei. He lies still and silent, unconscious, covered in blood, but clearly breathing.

Vassili notices Dimitri with the camera.

VASSILI
Fuck me! All Jew-Boys together! How
fucking cosy. I should have fucking
slit your throat!

DIMITRI'S VOICE
You traitorous pig! You left me to
die.

Vassili suddenly lunges towards the camera, trying to stand to get at Dimitri and almost pulling free of the monster holding him. The camera jumps back, startled.

Vassili falls back and begins to laugh deliriously. The laughter slowly turns to tears and he mutters to himself rapidly under his breath, slowly losing his mind.

VASSILI

They stole my watches!

VIKTOR

Dimitri. I would like you to film the experiment I am about to undertake. It's revolutionary. Maybe you should stand over there.

Dimitri does as he is told, moving into position beside a pair of large and gleaming operating-table.

Eva and another Frankenstein are standing ready to assist Viktor. She is laying out some gruesome-looking tools and surgical implements on a work-table supported by a pair of boys legs which make it able to follow her around. (We may or may not recognize the *Hitlerjugend* shorts the legs are wearing - it is Hans!)

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Er.. Sir? What are you planning to do?

VIKTOR

As I told you, the fresher the better. And if I can use flesh that is still alive, I can perform miracles.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Still alive..?

Vassili is lifted up onto the operating table. He does not struggle, just sobs and mutters.

VASSILI

Oh, mother, my mother. This isn't how it should be. It's all wrong. Oh mother, they took my watches.

The Frankenstein then bends and picks up the limp form of Sergei and places him on the other operating-table. He begins to stir, blearily opening his eyes and squinting about him.

Viktor goes to stand between the two tables and looks directly at us. He spreads his hands, indicating the two Russians.

VIKTOR

Dimitri. Tell me. Which of these two would you say was the better example of a Communist?

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Wha- What?

VIKTOR

Which of these two better embodies
the ideals and beliefs of your
Soviet system? It's a simple
question.

As Viktor speaks, behind his back, Vassili is squirming
around, reaching for the tray of medical equipment.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Er... Sergei, that one, is a much
better citizen of the -

Suddenly, Vassili rears up with a long, sharp scalpel in his
hand. He lunges at Viktor, aiming for his throat.

BANG! Vassili falls back in a cloud of blood and atomized
grey matter.

Dimitri's hand appears at the edge of frame, holding his
pistol. Which is smoking.

Viktor looks around at Vassili's corpse. (Sergei is now
properly awake and understands where he is. He glares
uncomprehendingly at Dimitri.)

VIKTOR

Thankyou... er, "Comrade".. Where
was I? Ah yes. So, luckily, you
shot the one I didn't really need.

He waves to one of the monsters and it drags Vassili's corpse
from the operating-table (it lands with a sickening crunch on
the floor) and dumps it onto the lifeless body of young
Sacha.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

Bring in the *Sturmbannfuhrer*!

Meanwhile, the zombot-version of Eva is busily strapping down
Sergei. When he is secure, she moves to his head and uses a
metal-support to prop his head up, so that he is looking
directly (and accusingly) at us.

Movement behind us. The camera pans round to see the
Frankenstein monster pushing the gurney with the German
Officer on it enter the lab.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

I was wondering if there is
something fundamentally different
in the brains of Nazi's and
Communists. It'll give me a chance
to try something I've wanted to do
for a while.

Viktor picks up a buzzing electric bone-saw as the German
Officer is laid on the operating-table where Vassili had

been. His remaining limbs are strapped down and his head propped up like Sergei's.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
(sounding tight, upset)
Must you do this?

VIKTOR
As I said: when am I going to get another chance? The war's nearly over. This is not the sort of work that gets much funding in peacetime.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
It will in Russia! We have plenty of bodies for you to work on. Or politico's, if you need living men.

VIKTOR
I said I would think about it. Now be quiet and let me do my work or you'll make me angry.

Viktor goes to the SS Officer's head, inspecting the skull, grasping the top of it with one hand.

SS OFFICER
Viktor. Please. I'm sorry we tried to stop you. I.. I was just following orders!

VIKTOR
Hush now, Dieter. You don't have to apologize.

WHIZZZZZZ. Viktor bends forward with the whirring saw and starts to slice through the German Officer's skull. The SS man starts to SCREAM.

Blood spatters the lens and Dimitri has to turn it around to clean it. He looks as white as a sheet. The sound of SCREAMING continues unabated.

VIKTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What are you doing?! I told you to film!

The camera, lens not entirely clean, turns back towards the grisly horror. There is blood everywhere.

DIMITRI'S VOICE
Sorry. Blood on the lens.

Viktor shakes his head impatiently, but returns to work, sawing all the way around the German's skull. His screams are growing weaker.

Finally, he is done and Viktor lays the saw down to one side.

He tugs at the top of the skull and, with a wet SUCKING NOISE, it comes loose, revealing the pulsing brain beneath. The German Officer moans and his eyes roll.

VIKTOR

So. That is half the work..

DIMITRI'S VOICE

What?.. Is he... What are you going to do?

VIKTOR

Ah-ha. Can't wait, can you? Let us say that I am going to see what happens when we internalize the war. I am hoping it will give birth to something that transcends Communism and Fascism. A worthy goal, wouldn't you say?

Viktor inspects his electric saw critically.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

I think I need a new blade. Won't be a moment..

Viktor wanders off out of shot and Dimitri is left with Eva, the other monster -

- and Sergei, who struggles to turn his head towards us.

SERGEI

(in an urgent whisper)
Dima. Dima, help me.

DIMITRI'S VOICE

Seryosha, you know that I can't. My orders were to bring him back, no matter what.

SERGEI

But he's completely insane. He was working for the Nazi's and look where it got them!

Eva and the other monster pay their conversation no attention at all, busy with their duties.

SERGEI (CONT'D)

Together, we can get out of here.
But I need your help!

DIMITRI'S VOICE

I told you, I cannot! But I promise you this, Seryosha: when I return to Moscow, I will personally ensure
(MORE)

DIMITRI'S VOICE (CONT'D)
that you are awarded the "Hero of
the Soviet Union" medal. Your
sacrifice will not be forgotten!

SERGEI
(scoffs cynically)
Oh Mitya. Keep your fucking gold
star!

Off-screen we hear the WHIRR of the electric saw. Viktor is
returning.

SERGEI (CONT'D)
Listen, you fool. I made radio-
contact before we were attacked.
Told Mother you were dead; the
mission was a failure. What do you
think will happen now?

DIMITRI'S VOICE
What? But -

Viktor reappears and pushes Dimitri aside. He immediately
lowers the spinning blade of the saw to the side of Sergei's
skull, who screams.

Blood mixed with powdered bone sprays around Viktor, who has
his back to us as he draws the blade patiently around
Sergei's head.

The camera wobbles and then topples to the floor.

The SCREEN GOES BLACK.

46 INT. FACTORY SPACE - LATER

46

The camera is held unsteadily as it is switched on and veers
around before finally settling. But the image is completely
blurred.

VIKTOR (O.S.)
Hang on. Ah, here we are.

The image slowly comes into focus.

We are looking down at the operating-table, which has been
wheeled to the large electricity-generator in the factory
space.

On it lies Sergei, his brain exposed. As the camera moves
even closer, we notice that the two halves of the brain are
slightly different colours.

A syringe appears in shot through which Eva injects something
that streams over the exposed brain, flooding it with a
greenish fluid.

VIKTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Good. Okay.. As you can see, the two halves of the brain have been grafted together. I used the Commie's body as the receptacle because the *Sturmbannfuhrer's* was too far gone. Both subjects naturally died during the process of conjoining. Oh yes, to be clear. The left hemisphere is the Communist's, the right, the Fascist's. It seemed apt to do it that way. We have injected the bio-reagent and will now use the generator.. Start it up.

A Frankenstein fixes the wires to various places on Sergei's corpse, while Eva fits a metal helmet-like bowl over the brain, then steps back.

Eva throws the switch and -

- electricity fizzes and sparks into the thing, causing it to writhe and judder and jump.

VIKTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Enough!

The electricity ceases and the camera moves forward to frame Sergei's face as he slowly opens his eyes.

The two eyes stare about them, seeming to want to point in different directions, madness and mindlessness competing in their tortured gaze.

Sergei manages to turn his/its head, taking in his surroundings blearily, then he raises his hands and stares at them in growing horror.

He begins to moan and shake and thrash around. The two hands rise to the helmet covering the mongrel brain and begin to claw at it, as if attempting to tear it in two. Instead they only succeed in ripping the face to shreds.

The camera backs away cautiously.

VIKTOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Interesting. It's obviously suffering from a little.. readjustment problem.

A MOAN can be heard off-screen.

The camera pans round to another operating-table.

This time, the patient/victim strapped to it is -

- Dimitri.

Viktor sets about placing the camera on a shelved table.

DIMITRI

What... I... What are you doing?

Viktor is fussy about the positioning and framing of the shot, ZOOMING IN on Dimitri's terrified face. He picks up Dimitri's half-empty backpack (containing the film) to use as something to prop the camera against.

VIKTOR (O.S.)

(to himself)

Yes, that will do. As long as I don't cut my head off.

DIMITRI

But Baron Frankenstein? I thought we had a deal. You will be safe in Russia. You'll be able to work freely.

Viktor appears, bending close to Dimitri.

VIKTOR

We never had a deal. I said I would think about it. And I have. But I'm afraid I'm going to have to refuse your generous offer.

DIMITRI

But you're dooming yourself. The Nazi's, even if they accepted you back, are finished!

VIKTOR

Oh, I know that. No, I am refusing your deal because I have already received a better one.. From the Americans.

DIMITRI

What?! The Yankees!!

VIKTOR

Yes, I will be leaving soon to rendezvous with them. But I think I have time for one last experiment..

DIMITRI

No, you can't! What about the film?

VIKTOR

You can keep the film, Dimitri, I don't need it. Without the secrets of my bio-reagent and generator, you have nothing but a home movie.

Dimitri begins to struggle and tug at his bonds.

To no avail.

Viktor disappears out of frame and the camera shifts slightly and the lens-mount is rotated to a wider lens.

VIKTOR (O.S) (CONT'D)

Now, what shall we do with you?
Maybe I'll build this camera into
your skull. That might be amusing.

Now we can see, in the background, the bodies of Vassili and Sacha still lying in the pool of blood through the open door to the lab and -

- the edge of the other operating-table where the thing that once was Sergei lies, whimpering bestially as it continues to attack itself.

DIMITRI

You're insane! You're not a
scientist at all.

VIKTOR

A scientist? No, I'm much more than
that! A scientist just looks at
things and scribbles little notes,
but I! I have grasped hold of the
world's clay and formed it into my
own image!

DIMITRI

Madness!

Viktor grins wolfishly and picks up a nasty looking probing tool; something one might use to scoop out an eye-ball.

That's when the BOOMING starts.

At first, it is far off, but it is terrifyingly rapid in its approach. Like a giant God-child running across Heaven's floor.

BOOMBOOMBOOMBOOM!

VIKTOR

What is that?

DIMITRI

(grinning)
That is the beginning of a carpet
bombardment. That, sir, are my
comrades come to blast you to
smithereens.

BOOOOM!!!

The whole room shakes as the mine-building is hit by a falling bomb. Dust and plaster fall.

The next bomb is a little further away, but a new series of bomb blasts is already approaching fast.

Viktor tosses the surgical instrument aside.

VIKTOR
(disappointed)
Oh well. I suppose I could leave now.

DIMITRI
Yes, but release me first.

VIKTOR
No, I don't think so.

Viktor rapidly stuffs a briefcase with papers and phials of liquid.

Another MASSIVE EXPLOSION shakes the room. More dust and plaster rains down. We hear COLLAPSING MASONRY.

Viktor steps over to the end of the operating-table where Dimitri lies helpless.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)
You'll find that my army begins to act regressively without my presence. They turn on each other and anything else they find in their vicinity. Only I can command them because I imprint myself on their rudimentary minds. I'm sure you'd be fascinated to hear all about it, but I must dash. So.. Good luck. Comrade Dimitri.

Viktor limps calmly off, disappearing out of shot as the EXPLOSIONS continue to come from all sides.

DIMITRI
NOOOOOOOOO!

He struggles desperately, but is bound too tightly.

Then, in the background, we see "Sergei" has ceased to attack itself, though its face and upper body are already hideously maimed. It is looking at its raised hands again. Something is caught between the fingers - a silver locket on a chain (Sergei's locket with the photo of his wife and child).

Sergei seems to be staring at the locket, but then it shakes its hand and the locket flies away and it turns its gaze towards Dimitri with an intense hatred that seems to have unified the split mind within.

It starts to struggle to get to its feet, clumsy but determined.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)
NOOOOOO! Come back! You can't do
this!

Then another thing happens in the background. The bodies of Vassili and Sacha lying in the lab move!

Cautiously, Sacha untangles himself from Vassili's corpse and slowly stands. Though covered in blood, he seems unharmed.

Dimitri sees him.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)
Sacha! Thank God! Quickly! Help me!

Sacha steps out of the lab and looks about him, seeing the Frankenstein version of his friend, Dimitri on the table and the camera filming it all.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)
Sacha! Please! Hurry!

The room is once more shaken by an enormous EXPLOSION. This time, pieces of masonry fall, smashing instruments and machines.

Sergei loses its precarious balance and falls to the floor.

Sacha does not wait. He turns round and flees for the exit.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)
SACHA!!! NOOOO!!!

Sacha disappears.

Sergei is back on his feet and -

- staring murderously at Dimitri.

It takes a wobbly step towards him.

Dimitri sees Sergei approaching and understands that the undead Russian/German does not wish him well.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)
Oh God, no! I'm sorry, Seryosha.
I'm sorry.

It takes another step.

But then Sacha reappears!

He runs through the wreckage of the room, covering his head from the still falling pieces of brickwork, towards the operating-table.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)
Sacha. Thank God. Quickly now.

SACHA

I'm sorry, but I c-c-cannot. But I promise you this, Comrade M-m-mitya: I will p-personally make sure you get the "Hero of the Soviet Union" m-mmm-m-medal.

DIMITRI

What? No!

Sacha runs round the side of the table and grabs the camera and the backpack full of film.

Then he runs away.

The camera is held loosely in his hand, pointing upside-down behind Sacha.

We can still see Dimitri on the operating-table.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Sergei has nearly reached him. He/it extends his hands as yet another HUGE, DEAFENING EXPLOSION rocks the building.

DIMITRI (CONT'D)

NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

Camera runs out and SCREEN GOES WHITE.

...

And then a BLACK SCREEN. WE HOLD on the BLACKNESS for a long beat.

Then a MESSAGE appears in RUSSIAN CYRILLIC LETTERS.
SUBTITLES for the Message appear beneath:

THIS FILM IS CLASSIFIED TOP SECRET, VIEWING IT IS A VIOLATION OF STATE SECURITY, VIOLATORS WILL BE SHOT.

The message disappears...

.. leaving us in BLACKNESS. And SILENCE.

THE END

CHRIS W. MITCHELL, Tha Hague, 22-12-11

(Story by MIGUEL TEJADA-FLORES & RICHARD RAAPHORST)