

HEIMATCLOWN

BY
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(Original screenplay in GERMAN)

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EXT. FOREST ROAD - MIDDAY - SUNSHINE

The thick branches of a green oak against the backdrop of a vast blue sky. A trail winds through the forest underneath.

A melancholic whistle draws closer as -- a white horse comes walking over the top of a bridge, pulling a cart.

On the buck, we find our whistling man CHRISTOFFER, early sixties, small and fat. He wears a used up clowns' outfit with smeared out traces of make-up on his face.

With its wooden wheels creaking, the cart comes down the bridge as pots and pans hanging on the backside rattle.

On the side of the cart, we can hardly read the words "CLOWN CROLLIE" as they have been deliberately scratched out.

Christoffer, momentarily cuts his whistle off to struggle with an upcoming burp.

The horse pulls the cart deeper into the forest as it's many sounds fade -- a gust of wind tugs on the branches, rustling the leaves...

EXT. FOREST ROAD - MIDDAY - SUNSHINE - LITTLE LATER

..The gust of wind pulls through a glaring field of yellow wheat, guiding us to -- a girl in a white dress, sitting at the foot of a tree in between the field and the trail.

It's Anja (12 years) big blue eyes and blond hair in pigtails, she is drawing in the sand with a stick as the wind reaches her. She closes her eyes -- breathing in.

The wind passes. Anja picks a dandelion -- blowing the seeds across the trail, where we find Christoffer's cart pulling up towards us down at the far end.

Christoffer starts whistling with more glee as he spots the girl. Anja looks up with curiosity as the horse and wagon draw closer.

The horse pulls up in front of Anja, coming to a full stop as Christoffer tugs the reins--

CHRISTOFFER
Ho, Ho, Ho Roosevelt -- So there
little girl, out enjoying this
beautiful day as well?

Christoffer steps down, goes to pet the horse.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOFFER (CONT'D)
Now this is Germany as it should
be, don't you think? Spotless
skies, golden hills, and, if you
listen closely, the song of the
wind.

Christoffer listens intently before opening his eyes on
Anja, a broad smile on his lips.

CHRISTOFFER
What's your name little girl?

Anja looks away shy. Christoffer approaches her.

CHRISTOFFER
Hey now, little darling. You're not
gonna tell me you don't want to
talk to..

As fluent as a magician, Christoffer unveils his clown's
horn and presents himself --

CHRISTOFFER (CONT'D)
..Christoffer clown!!

HUNK! HUNK! Anja smiles.

ANJA
Anja.

CHRISTOFFER
What, little darling?

ANJA
My name, it's Anja.

Christoffer dreams away--

CHRISTOFFER
Ahhh, Anja. what a beautiful name,
for a beautiful girl -- And tell
me, Anja, do you like sweets?

Anja nods enthusiastically, setting Christoffer off to the
other side of his cart.

CHRISTOFFER
Good, good, very good.

We follow his feet underneath the cart as he opens the door
and gets in. Different sounds of clinking jars and falling
trinkets reach Anja from within the cart.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly there's a CLICK, as the window hatch opens up towards Anja, revealing -- Christoffer, holding a big spiral Lolly.

CHRISTOFFER

Hey, hey, hey!! Come and get it!

Anja hurries to the cart as Christoffer lowers the lolly to her. She almost grabs it, when he pulls away. Casually he makes a Hitler salute--

CHRISTOFFER

Heil Hitler?

Anja pulls back, stands erect, and throws up her arm.

ANJA

Heil Hitler!

CHRISTOFFER

Beautiful.

Anja receives the lolly, scurrying back to the tree to enjoy it. Christoffer lights a small cigar.

CHRISTOFFER

Let me ask you something Anja -- I have a daughter. Dare I say, as beautiful as you are. She's about twelve and has a lot of friends. Now, together, they play a great number of different games. But of the whole group, my daughter is by far the smartest and also, without a doubt, the strongest. So she always gets to decide which game they play. Now, my question is, do you think this is fair?

Anja eagerly bites off a piece of the lolly, pulverizing it beastly.

CHRISTOFFER

Now Anja, don't forget your manners. I asked you a question.

Anja shakes her head no, as pieces of the colored candy fall from her mouth.

ANJA

No.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOFFER

And why no?

ANJA

I don't know. Maybe the other kids want to play a different game.

CHRISTOFFER

But the other children are inferior to my daughter, both in wit and physique. Shouldn't they then trust her that she knows what's right for them?

Anja doesn't let the conversation hinder her sugar rage.

ANJA

Father says everyone should have an equal say when playing games.

CHRISTOFFER

..And no doubt you agree with your father? -- Very good.

Christoffer kills his cigar on the cart's frame.

CHRISTOFFER

How about a picture? As a thank-you for that lolly? The looks of a girl like you should be immortalized. Don't you think?

ANJA

I only had my picture taken once before.

CHRISTOFFER

Then it is settled. Let me get my camera.

Christoffer searches the drawers in front of him. Suddenly he stops --

CHRISTOFFER

No what if all the other kids were retarded, or niggers?

Anja shrugs.

CHRISTOFFER

But of course not.

Christoffer takes a cloth of linen from the cabinet.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - MIDDAY - SUNSHINE - LITTLE LATER

The flipped image of Anja as seen through the lens of the photo camera. She's seated on the stool, holding the lolly.

CHRISTOFFER (O.S.)
Käsekuchen!

Anja smiles, the picture is shot.

CHRISTOFFER
Absolutely Remarkable. No doubt a masterpiece.

Christoffer walks off. Going for the object in linen on the side of the cart.

CHRISTOFFER
It's a damn shame. Your eyes are truly extraordinary, They remind me of Frau Riefenstahl.

He tugs a corner, so the linen unfolds and he can catch the Luger P08 falling from it.

ANJA
She always says I look like her.

CHRISTOFFER
You know leni riefenstahl?

ANJA
Noo, my father.

CHRISTOFFER
Who is your father?

ANJA
He always shouts. (Imitates)
Luftwaffe Generalleutnant Herbert Olbrich, at your service!

Christoffer's momentarily in doubt, the gun in his hand.

CHRISTOFFER
A general, he.

Christoffer raises the gun. BENG!

Anja looks down at her lolly, it's split in two. She lowers it, giving us a view of the bloodstain spreading around her gut.

(CONTINUED)

Anja looks up in awe -- when suddenly she collapses, of the stool, down to the ground.

Life fades from her eyes.

EXT. OLD CHURCH. GOLDEN HOUR

A tattered Gothic church, isolated in the vast forest. The horse, pulling the cart, trots towards the improvised roof next to the main facade.

Christoffer pulls the horse to a halt.

CHRISTOFFER
Here we are, Roosevelt.

He steps down, starting to unfasten the cart.

CHRISTOFFER
Very good girl, very good.

INT. OLD CHURCH. EVENING

Stones are missing from pillars and walls with ivy creeping through broken windows. Pews are scattered through the nave.

The front door Lock pops open in a loud echo. Christoffer enters. Carrying the tripod and camera on his shoulder, he makes his way down the center.

Putting the tripod down he passes the crossing, serving as his main living area. It contains cupboards, closets, and a table.

He walks up to a record player, winding the handle. He flips the switch, kneels, then carefully lowers the needle.

(Music start: ICH BIN VON KOPF BIS FUSS AUF LIEBE
EINGESTELLT -- MARLENE DIETRICH)

Christoffer walks off as the record goes round and the music is carried from the big bronze horn into the church.

MONTAGE: INT. OLD CHURCH-BEDROOM-BATHROOM-DARK ROOM. EVENING

MONTAGE ON MUSIC:

-Christoffer drops his clown shoes in an exhibition case before closing the door on them and the rest of his costume. There is another costume on display in the exhibition case next to it.

(CONTINUED)

-Christoffer washes the make-up from his face, as he comes back up, he looks at his real face in the mirror.

-Red light underneath a wooden door.

-A picture of a child hanging from a washing line in a red room. Christoffer opens an enlarger and slides in a picture to expose, as he hums along with the song. He closes the press CLICK.

-CLICK Christoffer pushes the bolt down of a Mauser karbine98K. He rests the rifle on his leg, cleaning it with a cloth. On the table in front of him lies a cleaning kit for his rifle, next to his disassembled Luger. He unfolds a cloth, showing us a bayonet which he then starts cleaning.

He dips his cloth in oil, as he..

INT. OLD CHURCH - BEDROOM. EVENING

.. comes back up and presses a pencil against a parchment, he draws. He is seated in front of an easel, the picture of Anja behind a rubber band in the top corner of the drawing.

MUSIC STOPS

He draws, then stops, putting his pencil down. He takes Anja's picture to observe --

CHRISTOFFER
Your eyes, your beauty. Ruined by
such vile attributes.

He looks up at the wall filled from top to bottom with framed drawings of posing children, their Photos included. Christoffer walks off. He lays the picture of Anja down on his desk and grabs a small book of the brothers Grimm.

Christoffer sits himself down on the side of his bed, facing the exhibition cases. He looks at the other costume.

He walks over to the glass--

CHRISTOFFER
I did right today father. I'm sure
You'd be proud.

Christoffer kisses the palm of his hand and places it on glass casing.

INT. OLD CHURCH - BEDROOM. EVENING

Christoffer is on his bed, snoring gently. The Grimm book rests on his chest, rising and falling. On the wall above him is a picture of him in full clowns outfit, shaking hands with Hitler, hangs.

KNOCKING ON THE FRONT DOOR.

Christoffer slowly opens his eyes, not sure if he heard right. KNOCKING CONTINUES

INT. OLD CHURCH. EVENING

Christoffer marches towards the front door. KNOCKING!

CHRISTOFFER
Alright, alright, alright. Give me
a moment why don't you.

Christoffer opens the door on -- HEINRICH, early thirties, slick blond hair, blue eyes, the perfect Aryan.

CHRISTOFFER
Heinrich?

HEINRICH
Heeey, Crollie, my friend.

CHRISTOFFER
It's Christoffer. What brings you
here?

HEINRICH
But of course. Christoffer, my
apologies. I was in the area and
thought why not, for old times
sake.

Christoffer lets Heinrich pas. Who's wearing an SS uniform and is holding his helmet under his arm.

HEINRICH
Now please don't give me the sad
clown. This time we finally have
something to celebrate.

CHRISTOFFER
Is that right?

Heinrich makes a sharp turn on his heels, clicks his boots together, and makes a salute.

(CONTINUED)

HEINRICH
SS-Hauptsturmführer Heinrich
Berkhof. Meine Ehre heisst Treue.

Heinrich points at the SS emblem on his collar. Christoffer casually closes the door before walking to the crossing.

CHRISTOFFER
So you finally did it? I'm happy
for you.

Heinrich follows.

HEINRICH
Thank you. My father couldn't have
been more proud. Son, you are now
exactly where you are supposed to
be. -- I swear, I could even see a
tear in his eye when they pinned my
emblem on.

Christoffer lights the lamp above the dining table before getting sausage and cheese from one of the cabinets.

HEINRICH
I'll show him how a real hero of
war should act. And you, your
work?

CHRISTOFFER
My area is quit. Which seems good.
But I don't believe it is because
their numbers are dwindling. They
have just become better at hiding.

HEINRICH (O.S.)
You're still a blind conservative..

CHRISTOFFER
What?

Christoffer turns, finding Heinrich at the record player.

He shifts the record to read the name on the label.

HEINRICH
..listening to this old crap. -- I
heard there is this whole new sound
in America. They let themselves be
sung to by negroes.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOFFER
And this interests you?

HEINRICH
It's intriguing. In the same kind
of way their weapons are.

CHRISTOFFER
Tss, their weapons are shit.

Heinrich puts his helmet down and sits.

HEINRICH
No, no. Poppycock. You shouldn't
underestimate your enemies'
weapons, no matter who made them.

CHRISTOFFER
You're serious? One bullet fired
from a Mauser Karbiner 98k can kill
two men. Put a scope on it and you
have a sniper rifle. And what do
the Americans have? An M1 Garand, a
rifle that can't reload between
shots. What a joke. Granted, the
sound it makes when its empty is
nice, let's us know when to attack.

Christoffer is cutting wurst and cheese.

HEINRICH
And that the M1 Garand is
half-automatic and the Karbiner 98
is a repetierbüche doesn't matter?

Christoffer scoffs.

HEINRICH
You talk as if you have seen it
yourself, my friend. But we both
know all you know comes from
stories. However, you are right.
Many of our guns are able to
execute two with only one shot.
I've seen it myself. And rarely do
they jam. But you are thinking too
small. I'm not talking about guns
and rifles. I'm talking about
weapons that can end wars with one
shot, the ones that have the
ability to wipe away complete
countries. Don't you understand
that is what it's really about, not
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEINRICH (cont'd)
these petty things, these little
grievances?

CHRISTOFFER
Who has been listening to stories
now?

HEINRICH
Ha! Quite true. Alright then,
mister weapon expert. Show me your
rifle.

CHRISTOFFER
I'm working here.

HEINRICH
But SS-Hauptsturmführer Heinrich
Berkhof has given you an order.

Christoffer turns, holding the knife.

CHRISTOFFER
But I'm not a soldier.

HEINRICH
No, you are not a soldier.

Christoffer steadily moves in on Heinrich -- suddenly
plunging the knife into the table before retracting the
rifle with bayonet from underneath the tabletop in one fell
swoop.

HEINRICH
(Clapping)
Clown Crollie!! O, I apologize,
Christoffer. Very impressive! very
impressive indeed. Now give it
here.

Heinrich takes the gun, inspecting it.

HEINRICH
Firstly, never leave the bayonet
on. It tips the weight of the gun
so it's not fire-ready, not to
mention the rust that can form.
Also, always push the safety to its
third position (Switches it) this
way you keep the bolt from..

Heinrich notices Christoffer's annoyed expression.

(CONTINUED)

HEINRICH (CONT'D)
I'm rattling. And..

Heinrich fishes a gold pocket watch out of his breast pocket.

HEINRICH
Look at that. Exactly what I was
afraid of. It's already high time.
For sausage, cheese, and most of
all, beer!

A LITTLE LATER

Heinrich flips a record on to the player, lowering the needle. GERMAN FOLK MUSIC toots from the horn.

INT. OLD CHURCH. NIGHT

MONTAGE ON MUSIC: Christoffer and Heinrich Clink glasses and drink/They Clink shots on the table and drink/ Chop cheese and eat/They Play quarters and drink/Spin a cheese plank full of shots, giving Heinrich a random drink/Christoffer juggles/Christoffer on the piano with Heinrich singing on the table/They drum on the table and drink/Christoffer falls off his unicycle/They Dance, kicking each other's feet rhythmically/Empty glasses slam on the table/Heinrich burps loudly.

INT. OLD CHURCH. NIGHT

Christoffer is face flat on the table, drooling with a glazed look in his eyes.

HEINRICH
..So Frau Göring finds her husband
in their bed chambers. Who is at
that moment swinging his field
marshals weapon baton over his
underpants.

Heinrich illustrates with his beer bottle, making it's contents fly everywhere.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)
"Herman schatzi, what are you
doing?" So he turns to her and he
says "I'm promoting my underpants
to -- OVERpants"!!

Heinrich breaks down laughing. Christoffer waits, then --

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTOFFER
Hitler told you that Joke?

HEINRICH
Even better. I was right there when he told it to Göring himself, the rest of the party leaders present as well. Try imagining their faces. That man has no sense of humor what so ever!

Christoffer rises.

CHRISTOFFER
That man is Adolf Hitler. He doesn't need a sense of humor, he needs to realize the dream.

HEINRICH
You know, sometimes I think you could lead us just as well.

Pride brings new life to Christoffer's face, immediately vanishing again when Heinrich continues --

HEINRICH
You both take life way too seriously.

Heinrich falls back in a new giggle.

HEINRICH
No, no, no. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. This beer makes me forget my manners. Of course, he's a great man, of course. -- I'm just trying to make you laugh Christoffer. Tonight this is what's important to me. To see my old friend laugh.

CHRISTOFFER
To you! SS-Hauptsturmführer Heinrich Berkhof.

Christoffer raises his full beer glass and starts tugging. Heinrich quickly drops a cheese knife and joins in, accepting the challenge.

Both cock their neck back, draining the beer. Heinrich slams the empty glass as Christoffer chokes on his last sip, bursting in a heavy cough. Heinrich laughs --

(CONTINUED)

HEINRICH

Don't try to force it old man!

Christoffer bends over forwards to puke, stopping Heinrichs laughter abruptly. He looks down at his boots in disgust as it is now Christoffer's turn to laugh. Heinrich gets up, starting towards the ambulatory--

HEINRICH

Very amusing. Now enough of these farmers' games. I want culture, sophistication. I want art!

Christoffer throws himself upright in his chair, taking down a couple of bottles.

HEINRICH

Personally, I never understood your fascination with drawing dead children.

Heinrich uses a piece of the curtain to clean the puke from his boot.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

It's absurdist, even morbid. But from an esthetic point of view, they are quite amusing.

Christoffer rasps his throat, spits on the floor.

CHRISTOFFER

No.

HEINRICH

No, what?

CHRISTOFFER

No, I will not show you my art. It is wasted on you;
SS-Hauptsturmführer Heinrich Berkhof! Exactly where you are supposed to be!? Weeee! all of us. Are supposed to be in a clean Germany. Where the perfect Aryan only takes what he needs. And where the silence of nature is only interrupted by the songs of pure German children, with pure German minds. -- A Germany where you don't have to fear for the beast because you know the beast is defeated.

(CONTINUED)

HEINRICH
Grow up, stop dreaming.

CHRISTOFFER
Shut up, you fucking...

HEINRICH
And you're drunk.

Christoffer gets up, nearly tipping over.

CHRISTOFFER
No! I, am not drunk. Because I
don't need to be drunk to say
you're a complete idiot, who lost
all prospect when he got a pin
shoved up his ass. You, my friend,
are a pig!

They look at each other straight as the tension almost
becomes tangible, when suddenly -- A KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR
distracts them.

Christoffer starts towards the door.

HEINRICH
Halt! That's undoubtedly for me.

CHRISTOFFER
Are you expecting someone?

HEINRICH
Are you? sad, old, man.

A LITTLE LATER

Heinrich opens the door.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
SS-Hauptsturmführer Heinrich
Berkhof!

HEINRICH
Soldier.

SOLDIER (O.S.)
(inaudible)
We brought the body to the camp.
The bullet went straight through
her but the men went back to search
for it..

(CONTINUED)

Christoffer draws nearer to try and make out what they say, when -- the soldier raises his head to look at him over the shoulder of Heinrich.

SOLDIER
(inaudible)
..You were right, this shell was
found on the trail nearby.

HEINRICH
(inaudible)
Go to the family, I'll meet you
there shortly. Good work soldier.

SOLDIER
Heil Hitler!

HEINRICH
Heil Hitler.

Heinrich closes the door before making his way back.

CHRISTOFFER
What was that, what did he want?

HEINRICH
With my promotion came a new job.
Right here in my old town. Imagine
my surprise when this new case led
me right into your forest.

CHRISTOFFER
So not a social call then?

HEINRICH
With your occupation and all. I of
course had little choice.

CHRISTOFFER
So what happened?

HEINRICH
The daughter of a general was shot
dead in these woods. With this
bullet.

Heinrich holds the 9mm casing up.

HEINRICH
Didn't you own a Luger?

Christoffer walks back to the table. To his surprise, he's
closely followed by Heinrich.

(CONTINUED)

He opens a drawer and extracts the gun in the linen cloth.

CHRISTOFFER
Isn't the word of an old friend
enough?

Swiftly Heinrich extracts the clip, all bullets are there.

He closes it back up, then sniffs the gun.

HEINRICH
When was this gun fired last?

CHRISTOFFER
Today. practice.

Heinrich shows the empty shell in the palm of his hand.

HEINRICH
So this nine-millimeter Para
caliber wasn't fired from your
Luger P08?

CHRISTOFFER
Correct. That nine-millimeter Para
caliber wasn't fired from my Luger
P08.

HEINRICH
Then I'm glad to hear it.

Heinrich walks off, puts the gun behind his belt, and pours
a drink.

HEINRICH
Shall we?

CHRISTOFFER
Shall we what?

HEINRICH
Your sketches. We won't let this
little debacle ruin our evening,
right?

Heinrich walks on.

CHRISTOFFER
I think I made myself quite clear
on that matter.

(CONTINUED)

HEINRICH
But SS-Hauptsturmführer Heinrich
Berkhof has given you an order.

CHRISTOFFER
And I'm not a soldier.

HEINRICH
No, your not a soldier. And that
makes you a civilian. So open the
door Crollie.

INT. OLD CHURCH - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

A ventilator rotating from the ceiling. Christoffer enters,
immediately walking up to his bureau to block it from
Heinrich.

CHRISTOFFER
Few new ones, since your last
visit.

Heinrich looks at the wall of children.

HEINRICH
So it has been quiet for some time
then?

Heinrich turns to the easel.

HEINRICH
But this, this is new. No picture?

CHRISTOFFER
I made it up. What else am I
supposed to do, it's boring.

Christoffer's hand behind his back, searching for the
picture.

HEINRICH
Looks good. It's a girl, right?

CHRISTOFFER
When it's finished. It will be.

Christoffer's hand grazes the picture. He keeps his face
straight as Heinrich turns, continuing through the room.

He walks past Christoffer eying the costumes, then stops in
front of Hitlers' picture.

(CONTINUED)

HEINRICH
So you finally met him?

CHRISTOFFER
A couple of weeks back I had the
honor to meet our Furher.

Heinrich turns with a smile.

BEAT

Heinrich lashes out, hitting Christoffer's face, who on impact stumbles over his stool and then goes down together with the easel.

HEINRICH
You think I'm an idiot!?

Heinrich snatches Anja's picture from the desk, briefly looking at it before starting towards the door.

CHRISTOFFER
Heinrich wait, Please!

Christoffer gets on his knees.

HEINRICH
For what!?

Heinrich turns, pointing the gun at Christoffer.

CHRISTOFFER
This is all I have, she was a
democrat, I swear. They are like a
cancer nowadays, growing from
within.

HEINRICH
A democrat!? -- She was a girl of
Aryan blood.

CHRISTOFFER
You have to believe me. Hitler
trusted me with this job for a
reason.

Heinrich puts the gun away.

HEINRICH
No. Himmler trusted you to
eliminate Heimatlose children
within Germany. Jews, niggers,
extreme cases of disobedience. Not
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEINRICH (cont'd)
blond little angels of highly
appreciated lieutenant generals.

CHRISTOFFER
But she couldn't have been. You
should have heard the way she
talked. We can't let this happen,
not to our Reich.

HEINRICH
What Reich? We're going to lose.
This isn't sustainable. It's a
child's fantasy, a fairytale.

Christoffer collapses in tears as Heinrich rips the swastika
emblem from his clowns' costume and exits the door.

CHRISTOFFER
You don't believe that. You can't.

HEINRICH
Man up, pathetic dog. You have
disgraced Germany and you have
disgraced your father. At least die
like an Aryan before I have to send
the firing squad.

Christoffer screams in agony as Heinrich slams the door on
him.

EXT. OLD CHURCH - FRONT. NIGHT

Heinrich exits the church, putting his helmet on. He looks
at the time on his pocket watch as he lingers.

He frowns in surprise, turning to the darkness of the church
entrance, where -- a monotonous scream steadily draws
closer, louder and louder, until Christoffer appears running
out from the darkness in a bayonet charge with his Kar98.

Heinrich only has time for a high shriek, before being
impaled and slammed to the ground.

The gun slides through the sand, away from him.

Heinrich gasps for air as a distraught Christoffer looks
down on him.

CHRISTOFFER
My pappa would never lose trust in
me. Never!

(CONTINUED)

Heinrich reaches for the revolver, his fingers licking the grip.

CHRISTOFFER (CONT'D)
He knew our conquest!

Christoffer pulls the bayonet out for another STAB.
Roosevelt the horse whinnies!

CHRISTOFFER
He understood our battle! It is you
who is Heimatloos! (STAB)
Opportunists like you who hold
Germany back (STAB).

Heinrich coughs up blood, his eyes lulling to the back of his head. His hand trembles, before dropping motionless next to the revolver.

Christoffer brings his face closer--

CHRISTOFFER
You, are a cancer to our ideals!

Heinrich stops breathing.

Christoffer takes his swastika emblem from Heinrich's breast pocket. He gets off, leaving Heinrich pinned to the floor with the rifle erect.

Heinrich holds his open pocket watch in his bloodied hand. Slowly the time ticks on.

INT. OLD CHURCH-BEDROOM-BATHROOM. NIGHT/MORNING

MONTAGE ON SECONDS PASSING: Christoffer takes his father's costume from its exposition case/Christoffer sews the swastika on his father's costume/Christoffer puts on his father's costume/Christoffer applies his make-up/Christoffer is seated on a pew, looking at -- the bloodied watch.

Christoffer closes the watch, the seconds stop.

The morning sun shines bright through the stained glass window as birds start chirping outside.

EXT. SIDE OF THE OLD CHURCH. MORNING

Mist crawls down a sunny field, dispersing as it hits the trees of a ridge down bellow, when -- a German officer steps into view.

OFFICER

Achtung!

A firing squad awaits his command.

OFFICER

Aim!

The soldiers, aim.

Christoffer stands in front of the church wall in his full costume, hands bound behind his back.

The wind picks up, playing with the red hair of his wig. He looks up, closing his eyes and lifting his chin.

Lush, German nature; Clear water, trickling down to an idyllic source / Fields, containing wheat and flowers of the most diverse colors / Wind, whistling past thick branches.

Christoffer opens his eyes. A smile appears on his face.

OFFICER

Fire!

The soldiers, fire -- Christoffer slams back against the church wall to then collapse.

END TITLES OVER IMAGE

The officer slowly walks over to the body, takes out his Luger, and aims for the head, giving a definitive final shot. BENG!

The squad walks off, leaving us with Christoffer's body.

FADE OUT.