

INT. HUTCH'S BACKROOM - NIGHT

Booted feet of NAZI SOLDIERS kick bloody bodies and move things as they clear a room.

JIMMY (40-50) scoots along the floor, reaching for a pistol.

A pistol blasts and Jimmy dies as we tilt up to see

Obergruppenfuhrer FREDERICK GANZ (40-50, strong, blond in an immaculate Nazi uniform) putting away a silver Luger pistol.

Tied to a chair we see HUTCH (40's, large and bearded, beaten and bruising). He hates to see his men killed.

GANZ

Well Hutch. I think that's the rest of your crew. Nobody should be coming to save you. Time for us to talk.

HUTCH

I'm not talking to your candy ass.

Ganz backhands Hutch, busting his lip. He pulls up a chair and sits in front of Hutch.

GANZ

I realize that your mind works at about 6 mouse-power, but try to keep up with me.

Hutch pushes out his cheek with his tongue, makes a pained face and spits out a broken tooth onto Ganz's boot.

HUTCH

Ooops.

Ganz punches him hard. Blood streams from Hutch's nose.

GANZ

I really have better things to do with my time, Hutch. Let's cut to the quick - why did you send your man to break into our base last night?

Hutch just stares at him, but looks like he's thinking hard.

GANZ (CONT'D)

Don't try to lie.

HUTCH

There's...

GANZ

Yes?

HUTCH

There's a ... (turns to song) yellow rose in Texas, that I'm going to see!

Ganz hits him again. Hutch keeps singing.

HUTCH (CONT'D)

She cried the night I left her, to go kill a Nazi...

Ganz punches him in the throat. Hutch chokes and gasps for air. Ganz gets up and finds a tool box. Digs around and pulls out a pair of pliers.