

KASSEL, GERMANY.  
NOVEMBER, 1944.  
THE FINAL MONTHS  
OF THE THIRD REICH.

⟨MAJOR  
GENERAL, IF YOU  
COULD ELABORATE  
ON YOUR NEEDS,  
I MIGHT...⟩\*

⟨YOU  
HAVE BEEN TOLD  
EVERYTHING YOU  
NEED TO KNOW,  
MAJOR.⟩

\*TRANSLATED FROM GERMAN--JR.

⟨I NEED  
A MAN WITH  
SOMETHING IN  
HIS EYES...AN  
ANGER.⟩

⟨LIKE THIS  
ONE...THIS ONE  
WILL DO.⟩

⟨MY MEN  
WILL COME  
TO COLLECT  
HIM WITHIN  
THE HOUR.⟩

⟨SIR...⟩

⟨I WILL  
NOT GO. NOT  
ALONE.⟩

⟨WHAT  
DID YOU  
SAY?⟩

⟨ARE YOU  
QUESTIONING  
A DIRECT  
ORDER?⟩





*(DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MANY MEN I'VE HAD SHOT FOR LESSER INFRACTIONS?)*

*(GEORG, BE SILENT.)*



*(ANOTHER WHO WISHES TO DOUBT MY AUTHORITY?)*

*(PERHAPS MY JUDGMENT WAS FAULTY. BEST TO SHOOT YOU BOTH AND CHOOSE SOMEONE ELSE.)*



*(MY NAME IS WILHELM BAUER. THIS IS MY BROTHER, GEORG.)*

*(KILL US IF YOU MUST, GENERAL, BUT WE WILL NOT BE SEPARATED.)*



*(SPIRIT... BRAVERY, EVEN IN THE FACE OF DEATH. SOMETHING WE NEED MORE OF IN THESE DARK DAYS.)*



*(I WILL TAKE THEM BOTH.)*



THE REDWOODS  
OUTSIDE  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
1953. 12:20 A.M.

THERE WERE  
**TWELVE** OF  
US IN ALL  
SIX TEAMS.

THEY TAUGHT  
US TO **SPEAK** LIKE  
AMERICANS. THEY  
TAUGHT US HOW TO  
LIVE WITHOUT BEING  
**NOTICED** IN THIS  
CESSPOOL.

IN THE FINAL DAYS  
OF THE REICH, THEY  
BROUGHT US BEFORE  
THE FÜHRER **HIMSELF**.  
HE WAS NO FOOL. HE  
**KNEW** THE DREAM WAS  
FALLING APART.

HE ASKED US  
TO **CONTINUE**  
IN HIS STEAD.

WE  
WERE DROPPED  
BY U-BOAT ON  
THE CANADIAN  
COAST, AND WE  
SPREAD OUT.

WE **KILLED**. WE  
**TERRORIZED**. LITTLE BY  
LITTLE, WE HAVE CHIPPED  
AWAY AT THE MOUNTAIN  
OF LIES THEY CALL "THE  
AMERICAN DREAM".

WE SWORE  
SO LONG AGO  
THAT NEITHER OF  
US WOULD **EVER**  
LEAVE THE OTHER  
BEHIND...

# PART FOUR INTO THE NIGHT

...BUT NOW  
YOU ARE *GONE*,  
AND I FEEL MY  
STRUGGLE IS  
ALMOST AT AN  
*END*.

JUST A FEW  
*PROMISES*  
LEFT TO KEEP.







IT'S ALL RIGHT, CHILDREN. DON'T BE SCARED.



WE'RE GOING TO GET THROUGH THIS. ALL OF US.



MISTER, DO YOU HAVE CHILDREN OF YOUR OWN?

NO...NOT YET. WHY?

IT'S JUST THAT MY FATHER USED TO SAY THINGS LIKE THAT WHEN WE WERE SCARED. HE WAS BETTER AT IT.



ENOUGH CHATTER, JENNINGS. JUST DRIVE.

TAKE THE LEFT HERE, THROUGH THE TREES.