

BLACK REIGN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA, GERMANY - SUMMER DAY

A heavily ornate palace sits on the northern corner of *Wilhelmsplatz* and *Wilhelmstrasse*. The building houses the offices of the Nazi government's Thought Police.

SUPER: "Nazi Germany. Berlin, 1936. Summer."

INT. MINISTRY OF PROPAGANDA - OFFICE - DAY

JOSEPH GOEBBELS, 38, a little man in a crisp Nazi uniform sits behind his big desk. Here, he smokes and ponders.

Joe eyes the CAMERA hard. His black beady eyes do not blink.

SUPER: "JOE: Reich Minister of Propaganda."

GOEBBELS
The truth?!?

Joe violently crushes his cigarette into a nearby ashtray that overflows with discarded cigarette butts.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
Nein! We don't want that.

From an ornament box on his desk, he coolly plops a fresh cigarette between his thin pale lips.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
The truth...

With his gold, Eagle and Swastika embroidered lighter, he ignites the end of the cigarette clenched in his mouth.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
Is the greatest enemy...

Joe blows a cloud of smoke directly at the CAMERA.

GOEBBELS (CONT'D)
Of the State.

Smoke clouds over the SCREEN.

CUT TO: FILM SET

EXT. ROMAN FAÇADE FILM SET - DAY

LENI RIEFENSTAHL, late 30s, stands in front of a tripod movie camera. She wears tan pants, tall brown leather riding boots, and a puffy white blouse. Her dark, unruly hair frames her determined face. She is beautiful and in full control.

SUPER: "LENI: Nazi Image Maker."

In the set's background, half-clad bronze muscular ACTORS pose like Roman gladiators in a white-columned garden.

SUPER: "Director of Triumph of the Will & Olympia."

Leni eyes the CAMERA hard, examines us, and laughs.

RIEFENSTAHL
Reality doesn't interest me. It
never has.

Leni quickly turns, and SHOUTS.

RIEFENSTAHL (CONT'D)
Cue the smoke!

Smoke suddenly appears.

RIEFENSTAHL (CONT'D)
Perfect. Roll it!

Leni turns back to the CAMERA and devilishly whispers.

RIEFENSTAHL (CONT'D)
Reality. I prefer to invent mine.

CUT TO:
BIERGARTEN

EXT. GERMAN BIERGARTEN - DAY

Surrounded by young WOMEN in dirndl dresses, HERMANN GÖRING, a wildly obese man that barely fits into his lederhosen, drinks. He looks at the CAMERA as he enjoys his beer.

SUPER: "HERMANN: Ace pilot."

Hermann takes a heavy sip from his stein. Thick beer foam appears on his upper lip. He is a man drunk on power.

SUPER: "Founder of the Gestapo."

SUPER: "The Nazi's brutal Secret Police."

GÖRING

Ah!

Hermann wipes away the foam with the back of his sleeve. He sets down his enormous stein.

Then, he leans across the table, closer and closer, as if sharing a secret with an old friend.

GÖRING (CONT'D)

My measures will not be crippled by any bureaucracy. Here I don't have to worry about Justice. My mission is only to destroy and to exterminate...

Hermann pauses as he picks up his stein of beer. He leans in even more across the table.

GÖRING (CONT'D)

Nothing more.

MUSIC: plays the folk song, Germany Awake.

Hermann's head moves a bit to the melody.

GÖRING (CONT'D)

See you later.

CUT TO:
COLORIZED
FOOTAGE

ROLLS NAZI GERMANY 1936 PROPAGANDA FOOTAGE

The ANNOUNCER speaks as the documentary-like movie runs.

ANNOUNCER (V.O)

Welcome to the Reich Capital of Berlin.

Film starts with a broad shot of a long boulevard lined with tall, blood red Swastika standards.

ANNOUNCER (V.O) (CONT'D)

Berlin's streets are lined with flags for the Nineteen-Thirty-Six Olympics. All in the latest designs black Swastika in a white circle in a red background.

Cars of various shapes and colors travel up and down the boulevard. A bus passes by, plastered with German advertisements. Then, we see the Brandenburg Gate.

ANNOUNCER (V.O) (CONT'D)
 Brandenburg Gate the city's emblem
 greets the world's youth as they
 walk along the avenues.

The reel ends with a shot of the Victory Column of 1873.

EXT. BERLIN - OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY

The stands are full of CHEERING sport FANS.

SOUND: CROWD NOISE.

JONES (V.O.)
 Have you ever peered into the eyes
 of a superior being? Or least a man
 who thought he was superior. I find
 much joy in seeing their pain and
 confusion, as they realize, in
 their finally moments, they're far
 weaker than they ever imagined.

EXT. BERLIN - OLYMPIC STADIUM - SAME

The CROWD responds to the arrival of...

Der Führer's ENTOURAGE of generals, dream-makers, and
 henchmen: Hermann, Leni, and Joe.

Drunk on hope, a frenzy mass reacts in a Nazi salute. One by
 one, right hands shoot skywards.

CROWD
Seig Heil! Seig Heil!!

HERR HITLER arrives in his box.

A collective GRASP! Pays homage to the supreme commander.

The stadium is in UTTER SILENCE. They await instructions.

EXT. HITLER'S BOX - SAME

Hitler, in a brown starched uniform and peaked hat, weakly
 returns the Nazi salute.

SUPER: "HITLER. The Nazi's Supreme Leader."

EXT. BERLIN - OLYMPIC STADIUM - SAME

The crowd SEES this and ERUPTS in ecstasy.

CROWD

SEIG HEIL! SEIG HEIL!! SEIG HEIL!!!

CUT BACK TO:

ECU: Hitler's black squared mustache frames the shot.

Then, Hitler smiles and shows his teeth.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. BERLIN - HOTEL ADLON - DAY

PEDISTRIANS crowd the busy sidewalks.

SUPER: "Berlin, 1936. The Nazi Games. Opening Day."

MUSIC: plays Hallelujah from Handel's Messiah.

The CAMERA pans up the long blood-red Nazi standards that drape down the hotel's sides. Then, it stops at an open window that faces the Brandenburg Gate. Before us, white sheer drapes bellow in and out with the weak summer breeze.

INT. HOTEL ALDON - BEDROOM SUITE - SAME

In the suite, a naked woman's long lifeless arm dangles unnaturally off the big bed. Her enormous rock of diamond ring sparkles inches above the floor. Its sheer brilliance is momentarily blinding.

We pullback, as if clinging to the ceiling, embarrassed and alarmed. Her milky white body is fully exposed. She is young and fit. Though her facial features are cloaked under her heavy mound of wavy red hair.

She is freshly dead.

SUPER: "THE BARONESS." IN LARGE BLOCK LETTERS.

INT. HOTEL ADLON - LENGTHY HALLWAY - SAME

A set of brown leather shoes skips across the lush carpet.

MAX HAUSER, late 40s, a part-time house detective at the hotel, half-listens to the ramblings of...

HANS, 18, a smooth-talking bellhop who is now two strides ahead of him.

Hans wears a smart powder blue uniform and a black circular porter's hat. His velvety voice reeks of the all-knowing arrogance of a chatty adolescent at the brink of becoming a man. He's speaks smugly of the hotel's legendary status.

MUSIC: ends Hallelujah from Handel's Messiah.

HANS

This is where royalty chooses to stay, together with millionaires, heads of state, and stars from Hollywood's silver screen.

Max stops for a moment to re-light his cigarette.

SUPER: "MAX." IN LARGE BLOCK LETTERS.

Hans continues to walk and talk.

HANS (CONT'D)

Chop chop, Hauser. No time for dawdling.

MAX

It's Max.
(says in a cloud of smoke)
Why hurry, Hans? The guest...

HANS

The guest?!?

Hans turns to see if Max was serious.

HANS (CONT'D)

Who cares about her? She's dead.
But Herr Schlitz is waiting for us.

MAX

Schlitz? Who?

Hans's neck twitches with the blasphemous mentioning of the hotel manager's name.

HANS

Damn, Hauser. Didn't Claude tell you anything?

MAX

He told me where he hid his whiskey.

HANS
That figures.

Hans looks around the deserted floor, says in a near whisper.

HANS (CONT'D)
Herr Schlitz is god almighty around here. He knows everything, and everyone.

MAX
How convenient. Maybe he knows who killed the woman then.

HANS
I won't test him. You're part-time help here.

MAX
I'll need to remember that.

They continued the next few strides in silence.

MAX (CONT'D)
So, who found her?

HANS
A chambermaid.

MAX
Hmm.

Hans says over his shoulder.

HANS
What?

MAX
You told me the room was already made up.

HANS
It was. The guest who reserved the room has yet to arrive.

MAX
Then, why did a chambermaid enter the room?

Hans shrugs his narrow shoulders, in a matter that he did not truly care.

HANS

Who knows? The girl is new. In the beginning, all the rooms look the same. What does it matter?

MAX

Murder should matter.

HANS

Murder?!? No one has said anything about murder, Max.

MAX

There's a dead woman in a room that's supposed to be vacant.

HANS

So?!?

MAX

Don't you find that rather strange?

HANS

Nein. It's Berlin. Stranger things happen here every day.

MAX

If she wasn't a guest, then how did she get in?

HANS

I don't care. They find ways in. Hotels are magnets to unhappy people.

Finally, the two men come to the end of the thick carpeted corridor. Before them is a tall door centered with an oval brass placard. It reads, The Brandenburg Gate Suite.

With one white gloved hand he swings open the double doors into...

THE BRANDENBURG GATE SUITE

HANS (CONT'D)

You first.

Max enters the dim lit room first. At first glance, he knows he could never afford to stay in such a room. Too big, the ceiling too high, and the furniture too fragile and old.

This is where money sleeps.

Max steps further in atop the glistening parquet floors. On a nearby sofa sits SOPHIA, 20s, all busty and beautiful in a traditional chambermaid's uniform.

MAX

Hmm. The maid who found the body.

Hovering over her is Herr SCHLITZ, an impeccably dressed long-nosed man near sixty with slick-backed hair. He seems troubled, though he hides his discomfort well. His outer appearance embodies both refinement and taste.

MAX (CONT'D)

Herr Schlitz, I presume.

As Max enters the room, the man HUFFS and begins to pace.

MAX (CONT'D)

The Adlon's supreme-being.

Herr Schlitz stops pacing to extinguish his cigarette in a nearby ashtray.

SUPER: "SCHLITZ." LARGE BOLD LETTERS.

SCHLITZ

Who are you?

MAX

I'm Max.

The manager swipes at some stray ash on his lapel as his steely gaze moves from Max to Hans.

SCHLITZ

I said Claude!

HANS

Claude has the day off. This is Herr Hauser.

SCHLITZ

Claude mentioned something of this.
(vague remembrance)
You're an ex-cop, right?

MAX

Detective. Homicide.

SCHLITZ

Then, you should be good at finding Claude.

Max swaggers closer to the mysterious room.

SCHLITZ (CONT'D)

(barks)

What do you think you are doing?!?
I said...

MAX

I heard ya. Find Claude. But first,
I am going to have a look.

SCHLITZ

Why?!?

MAX

Maybe it's not a suicide.

SCHLITZ

What else could it be?!?

MAX

Murder.

SCHLITZ

Murder? No. No. No. The act was
self-done. I peeked in and saw a
mountain of pills. Mystery solved.

(pauses for effect)

You see, I have a hotel full of
guests from the most influential
families in the world, you
understand? Not to mention the
foreign press covering the Games.
They would love to fall off their
bar stools downstairs and stumble
upon a story like this.

Max reaches the closed bedroom door and gazes back to
Schlitz. His large frame filled the hallway.

MAX

Relax. If she took her own life,
like you said... it should be
obvious.

Schlitz's jaw tightens but he waves for Max to proceed.

SCHLITZ

Be quick about it.

MAX

Thanks.

Sophia the housekeeper on the sofa continues to CRY.

SCHLITZ
(to Sophia)
Do, shut up.

INT. BRANDENBURG GATE SUITE - BEDROOM - SAME

Max takes in a shallow breath and pushes beyond the red doors. Inside, the room is dark except for a shaft of glistening light streaming in from a slight crack in the curtains. A straight, slender beam cuts a path across the middle of the room and lands on a four-post bed.

Within this visible space, the BARONESS' lifeless limb dangles off the bed, towards the floor, and deeper darkness.

Max, still in the dark, moves slowly and deliberately.

Reaching the bed, he finds the body of the Baroness. The nude woman faces down on her belly like she had just dozed off.

MAX
My old friend... death.

Hans stays back within the lit doorway, deciding it wasn't necessary for him to enter the room.

Max looks back to Hans.

MAX (CONT'D)
Hit the lights.

Hans does what he was told. With a flip of the switch the entire room illuminates in soft, warm light.

Max brushes aside a long red strand of her wavy hair to see if she has a pulse. There is none, though her skin is still warm to the touch. Then, Max checks around the bed, then under it.

Beside a lamp sits a brown potbellied bottle, lying on its side. White tablets pour out of its mouth.

Hans points to the bedside table.

HANS
Mystery solved. Pills.

Alongside the brown bottle stands a half empty cup of water. The scene had all the trappings of a suicide. Max inspects the bottle and drops a few tablets in his jacket pocket.

HANS (CONT'D)
Like I said earlier, hotels are
magnets to people who want to end
their lives.

Hans looks straight at the corpse.

HANS (CONT'D)
Let's leave.

Max peeks into the bathroom. Then, he turns and walks toward
an adjacent closet. He finds two white robes on hangers,
nothing else.

HANS (CONT'D)
What are you looking for?

Max closes the closet doors.

MAX
Where are her clothes?

Hans shrugs his narrow shoulders.

HANS
Who knows? Maybe she tossed them
out the window. Or maybe, she
wandered through the halls nude.
She wouldn't have been the first in
this hotel to do so.

Max walks passed Hans to the windows. He pulls open the heavy
drapes. Below, PARADE-GATHERS fill both sides of the street.

MAX
The Opening Day parade.

HANS
The city has caught Olympic fever.

MAX
For the next two weeks, Germany
hosts the world.

Hans peeks over Max's shoulder.

HANS
Heck. Most of the foreign
dignitaries, not to mention the
International Olympic Committee are
staying here for the next two
weeks.

MAX
I see why Schlitz is so worried.
Bad press.

HANS
He must uphold the hotel's image,
at all costs.

Outside, on-lookers cheer and scream in delight *SEIG HEILS!*
as a long column of fierce-looking soldiers, ten men thick
march under the Brandenburg Gate draped in Nazi flags.

MAX
Oh, how we Germans love theatre.

Max turns his back to the view. Behind him, a red sea of
Swastikas waves about.

MAX (CONT'D)
Speaking of which. Hans, come over
here. I must show you something.

Both men move to the bed.

Max drops to one knee.

MAX (CONT'D)
Closer. Get besides me.

Hans hesitates.

HANS
Let's leave this for the police,
huh?

MAX
They're not here now. I am.

Hans kneels by Max.

HANS
All right. What is it?

MAX
Close your eyes. Breathe deeply.

HANS
Why?

MAX
Sight can deceive.

Hans does. He doesn't hide the fact that he isn't happy.

MAX (CONT'D)
Breathe in. What do you smell? Tell me.

HANS
Perfume. Rich, and irresistible.

MAX
What else?

HANS
Hmm.. lavender soap. And?

MAX
And what?

HANS
It's hard to describe. It's fainter than the rest. Chemical-like, like a weak paint thinner.

MAX
Close. Now open your eyes. Good. What you smell is ether. She was murdered.

Hans rises up again, and dusts off his knees.

HANS
How can you be certain? The smell is so faint. It could be the water and the pills.

MAX
No.

Max moves to the doorway and reenacts the crime.

MAX (CONT'D)
She stood here near the doorway. She was expecting someone.

HANS
An affair gone wrong?

MAX
Who knows? She opens the door, and steps into the room... and she is attacked! From the discoloration on her neck, I am guessing from behind.

Max acts like Hans is the one being assaulted.

MAX (CONT'D)

See. I have my arm around you, like this. To cover your mouth if you scream.

HANS

If she fought, why isn't she more bruised up?

MAX

Ether. It works fast. The murderer held a hand towel or rag soaked in it over her face.

HANS

Why take the clothes?

MAX

We are not dealing with a professional here. The ether rag dripped all over them. So, they were taken along with her purse.

HANS

Purse?

MAX

No woman travels without one.

HANS

So, mystery solved?

MAX

Not yet. The true mystery is who had the motive to want her dead. This is a statement kill. I'm guessing it is tied to an affair of the heart.

HANS

Jealous husband?

Max nods.

MAX

Something like that. Murder on this small scale isn't complicated. It's rather straight forward, and predictable.

Hans breaks out a high, beaming smile he typically reserves only for his master. He is impressed.

Max moves back to the body and brushes away the remaining curls from the woman's face. Right then, Max sees Hans' eyes wince, as if the bellhop had seen her for the first time and recognizes her.

HANS
Oh, shit!

MAX
What?

HANS
I know this woman. Her husband is high up in the Party.

MAX
Who?!? Give me his name.

HANS
Baron von Eberwine. His refineries manufacture most of *Der Führer's* new toys.

Max eyes register the name. He acts stunned.

HANS (CONT'D)
His wife is...

Hans looks down to the corpse.

HANS (CONT'D)
Was... Baroness von...

Max interrupts him.

MAX
I knew her as Sarah.

Arrives the real POLICE.

INT. BRANDENBURG GATE SUITE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Max and Hans are greeted by DETECTIVE KARL BECK, a handsome, well-respected-looking man whose age leans towards fifty.

Two of his men, WARSTEINER and WELTS, both young and thuggish, loom in the corners of the room.

Beck, dresses in all black. He roams the room. Pinned on his flawless suit is a Nazi lapel button.

Beck's stroll possesses a youthful, athletic stride as he walks the room like royalty. He stops here and there.

Picks up various objects of interest and briefly examines them until he grows bored.

He sees Sophia and stops cold.

Her hands cover her face as she still cries.

Beck CLICKS his knees as a silk, blood-red handkerchief magically appears in his hands.

BECK

Fräulein.

Sophia does not look up but she takes his handkerchief.

SOPHIA

Danke.

Beck continues on.

BECK

Detective Superintendent Beck,
present and accounted for.

When he reaches Herr Schlitz, Beck gives a weak arm salute tinged with irony.

BECK (CONT'D)

Oh, yes. Heil Hitler.

SCHLITZ

It took you long enough.

BECK

(dryly)
Traffic.

Then, Beck appears to notice Max and Hans.

BECK (CONT'D)

Max! What are you doing here?

Max steps forward.

MAX

Working.

BECK

Working?!? Here? A hotel?

MAX

Yes.

Beck laughs.

BECK
This is where you ended up?

MAX
Beggars can't be choosers.

BECK
But Max! You were my best.

MAX
Then, maybe you shouldn't have
fired me, Karl.

BECK
I had no choice. You pissed off too
many powerful people.

MAX
I just wanted justice done.

BECK
For Jews?!?

MAX
Yeah.

BECK
You're a dreamer, Max. There is no
justice. Just the State.

Max glances at Beck's men.

MAX
So, who are the new guys?

BECK
Warsteiner and Welt. They're fresh
meat from the academy.

MAX
Of course. I should've guessed it
from their look of stupidity.

Warsteiner and Welt eye Max hard.

Beck waves them off.

BECK
They are effective at what they do.

MAX
What's that?

BECK

Trust me. You don't want to know.

Schiltz walks rudely between Max and Beck.

SCHLITZ

Are you about done catching up,
gentlemen? You see, I have a hotel
full of...

Beck, in a cat-like manner, reaches into his jacket and frees his Luger pistol. He shoves it in Schiltz's face.

This action shuts Schiltz up.

BECK

Herr Schlitz, is it?

Schiltz nods.

BECK (CONT'D)

We were talking! Herr Schiltz.

SCHLITZ

Sorry.

BECK

Silence! Or, my men will be
transporting two bodies to the
morgue. Not one!

Schiltz frees himself and rushes to the door.

SCHLITZ

I don't know who you think you are,
detective. But in my hotel, I am
not accustomed to being spoken to
in such a fashion.

BECK

Well?!? You called us.

The hotel's manger reaches to the door.

SCHLITZ

Beck, use the freight elevator. If
I see one of your men in my lobby,
it will be your own undoing. You
see, I know more powerful people
than you. So, don't test me.

The door closes with a loud THUD.

BECK

What a prick. *I know more powerful people than you*, who says that crap? Especially, to a cop.

MAX

Well, you didn't exactly gave him a warm reception either.

BECK

Not my style, Max.

MAX

I know, Karl. How you make superintendent?

BECK

Hard work helped. So did having a rich uncle high-up in the Party.

MAX

I'm sure that was it.

BECK

Enough about me. So, who's in the other room?

MAX

Looks to be... a suicide, Karl.

Max gives Hans a hard look.

Beck's eyes move from Max to Hans, and back to Max.

BECK

That's not what I asked.

Beck rakes a hand through his thick hair, and gazes at his former employee.

BECK (CONT'D)

Max. Max. Max. You never were a very good liar.

Beck snaps his fingers together.

BECK (CONT'D)

Boy, come over here.

Hans does.

HANS

Yes.

BECK

What do you know of this guest?

Hans straightens his uniform.

HANS

Nothing. She has no luggage, no purse. She shouldn't be.

BECK

Indeed. If this is not her room, then why, is she here?

HANS

All I know is this room is reserved for a Russian. Prince Sergei.

BECK

I didn't think Russia had princes anymore.

Beck eyes Max.

BECK (CONT'D)

Hmm. Max, Max. Max. What are you holding back?

MAX

Like I said, we just got here.

BECK

As the superintendent of homicide, I must make certain I approach my duties diligently. Walk with me.

The two stroll into...

THE BEDROOM

As they enter, raindrops fall against the window panes.

Beck goes directly to the windows and looks out, down at the Opening Day parade.

Max joins him.

BECK (CONT'D)

Ah, weather... the only thing in life one truly cannot control.

In the distance, hovers the Airship Hindenburg with two giant Swastikas painted on her tail fins over the park. It heads west, its long, gray hull floats effortlessly towards the Olympic Stadium.

BECK (CONT'D)
 Hmm. What do we know of the woman?

MAX
 She's dead.

Beck motions with his neck.

BECK
 Not her. The one on the sofa?

Max shrugs his shoulders.

MAX
 Nothing.

BECK
 I suspect she was the first person
 to find the body?

MAX
 Yes.

BECK
 She's far too pretty to be just a
 chambermaid.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS.

The RINGING of a phone interrupts their conversation. The room goes deathly silent as Beck moves to answer it.

IMAGE: PHONE.

Beck answers it with a long, drawn-out...

BECK (CONT'D)
 Yes.

Beck plops down on the bed besides the corpse.

BECK (CONT'D)
 I see. Very interesting... No. No.
 Send them both up. Maybe one of
 them knows who she is.

Beck hangs up the phone.

BECK (CONT'D)
 Max, have you lost your gift for
 this?

MAX
 What?

BECK

There are abrasions on the back of the victim's neck. I could see them plain as day the instant I entered the room.

MAX

So, she was murdered?

BECK

Stop the charade. She did not take her own life. So why are you playing me for a fool?

MAX

I knew her, Karl.

BECK

Hmm. I sensed something like that. Did you kill her?

MAX

No.

Beck slaps his meaty paw down on Max's shoulder.

BECK

I had to ask. Who is she?

MAX

A baroness.

BECK

Really?!?

Beck smile broadens.

MAX

Baron von Eberwine's wife.

Beck's smile fades.

BECK

Not the industrialist?

MAX

Ja. Der Fuhrer's toy maker.

BECK

Who else knows of this?

MAX

Besides Schiltz. Just the people in this room.

Warsteiner appears in the doorway.

WARSTEINER

Sir, the prince and his wife, the Countess, just got off the elevator. Should we escort them here, or to another room?

Beck paces as he debates both opinions.

BECK

No. Escort them here. And let the hotel's staff return to their work. If we need them, we will find them.

MAX

Is that wise?

BECK

This is his room.

Beck lifts the silk sheets and covers the baroness' body.

BECK (CONT'D)

I will find who did this to you. I promise.

MAX

Justice?

Beck drops the sheet.

BECK

Someone is sending a message today. The only questions I have are... who, and why?

INT. BRANDENBURG GATE SUITE - DAY - SAME

A tall, terribly handsome PAIR enters the Brandenburg Suite in mid-conversation. Well-tanned and stylishly dressed, they looked vibrant and alive.

GWEN, the Countess, late 30s, wears a hot pink V-front and back sundress with matching summer hat. Her bronze sleeveless arms move as she walks.

GWEN

Have you ever seen so many blood red flags in your life? I find the level of pageantry absurd. Even, for the Nazis.