

A BRIDGE TOO FAR

From the book  
by  
Cornelius Ryan

Screenplay  
by  
William Goldman  
29 March 1976

FADE IN ON

1 INT. UNDERGROUND LEADER'S HOUSE - DAWN 1

A room that looks like it might belong in a dollhouse.

It's sparsely furnished, wonderfully neat. But right now, as we watch, something strange is going on; all the furniture is shaking. Nothing's about to topple over, but it's as if somehow, some giant was jiggling the place.

NOW A MAN ENTERS, and we realize it's not a dollhouse at all, just a regular small living room in an ordinary place, but so neatly kept that it gave the effect of being a place where children play.

THE MAN IS A DUTCH UNDERGROUND LEADER. (And we'll be coming back to him again. We'll be coming back to almost everyone we meet in this story, one way or another.)

THE UNDERGROUND LEADER wears pyjamas. Dawn is breaking. The shades are tightly drawn but a little light filters through. From outside comes this sound that we realize has been with us from the start: an incredibly deep rumbling. THE UNDERGROUND LEADER goes to a telephone, begins to dial.

HIS WIFE AND 12 YEAR OLD KID enter. THE KID wears thick glasses and might just be brighter than anybody. He isn't afraid; the MOTHER very much is. They speak in whispers. (This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

UNDERGROUND LEADER'S WIFE

What is that sound?

He shakes his head, begins talking quickly into phone. THE WIFE turns to her son.

LEADER'S WIFE

Can I look out?

KID WITH THICK GLASSES

(no question about it,  
he's boss; head shake)

They might shoot us.

THE UNDERGROUND LEADER hangs up, stands there. His face doesn't betray a lot of emotion, even as he speaks the following:

UNDERGROUND LEADER

The Germans have collapsed.

1 Continued

1

LEADER'S WIFE  
They're leaving Holland?

He nods.

Then the war is over?

KID WITH THICK GLASSES  
Soon.

WIFE  
But what is that sound?

UNDERGROUND LEADER  
(for the first time  
now, he smiles)

Panic.

And on that word --

CUT TO

2/10 EXT. A DUTCH ROAD (RETREAT) - DAWN

2/10

As the noise we've been hearing takes a quantum jump in volume, and this is it folks, the first giant shot of the film --

-- because this isn't just your ordinary road, this road is alive, it's packed, jammed, clogged, with every kind of vehicle imaginable because when the Germans retreated, if it had wheels, they grabbed it, and the Dutch had a phrase for this day, 'Mad Tuesday' they called it, Tuesday the Fifth of September, 1944, and that sense of madness should be felt here.

Because what we see is a panic like no one's ever looked at before: German soldiers pumping bicycles, but not just ordinary ones, these are loaded down, laden, giant suitcases draped over the handlebars. And trucks stuffed with more soldiers. And buses without room to breathe --

-- everywhere, smoke and dust, dust and smoke.

On and on they come. Farm wagons and half tracks and armored cars and civilian cars and carts and children's scooters and now a hearse being pulled by horses with 20 soldiers crushed together where the casket should be. And here come baby carriages filled with loot, liquor and lingerie and sewing machines and now a giant truck carrying an even bigger vat of wine and on the truck, drunk, dazed, soldiers -- all the soldiers, every German we see, drunk or not drunk, seems dazed. Those that walk plod, those that ride stare vacantly. -- Soldiers from every type of unit, sailors without ships, pilots without planes.

2/10 Continued

2/10

The line looks infinite and maybe it was, you can't see that far because the dust continues to rise. And the men continue to trudge back toward Germany. And the vehicles continue to roll.

Now a man on horseback tries forcing his way ahead -- the horse rears in fright. Now an old civilian car cannot take the load and it stops, almost like an old animal that has suffered a stroke. The soldiers inside clamber out, look to grab on to some other vehicle, any other vehicle. Some do, some don't, but none of them ever stop. They just keep moving, the whole screen is alive with what was once a triumphant army, fleeing home ...

HOLD AND KEEP ON HOLDING until we

CUT TO

11 EXT. GERMAN SUPREME HEADQUARTERS - DAY

11

Big, ornate, impressive building.

A bunch of staff cars with motorcycle escort wheel in, brake sharply.

The Central Staff Car is a large Mercedes Benz. The driver is a SERGEANT, and in the car are two aide-de-camps - a COLONEL and a MAJOR.

And there is FIELD MARSHAL VON RUNDSTEDT. 70 years old. Imperious. And as sharp as ever.

Drivers run around, opening doors, much flutter and nervousness as VON RUNDSTEDT leaves the car, hurries inside as we

CUT TO

12 INT. GERMAN SUPREME HEADQUARTERS - HALL - DAY

12

VON RUNDSTEDT moves quickly down the hall, followed by various staff people. As he passes, we can tell that the personnel involved in their various tasks watch him. He was, to most people, kind of legendary. Now --

CUT TO

13 INT. GERMAN SUPREME HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

13

Various military men up to the rank of general wait and as the door opens they come to attention. VON RUNDSTEDT enters, starts immediately for the desk.  
(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

VON RUNDSTEDT  
(to the Senior General)  
You may begin.

BLUMENTRITT  
May I be first permitted to say,  
Field Marshal Von Rundstedt, and  
I think I speak for all of us here  
when I tell you how pleased we are  
that you have been reappointed to  
command our forces in the West --

VON RUNDSTEDT  
-- speeches are for victory  
celebrations. Begin. Air power.  
Briefly.

BLUMENTRITT  
(glances at a paper)  
Air power is minimal.

VON RUNDSTEDT  
(nods)  
And ammunition?

BLUMENTRITT  
Ammunition is also minimal.

VON RUNDSTEDT  
Tanks? Troops? Replacements?

BLUMENTRITT  
Minimal.

VON RUNDSTEDT  
Morale?  
(answers his own  
question)  
Non-existent.

VON RUNDSTEDT always carried a gold baton. Now he places  
it on the desk, stares at it, shaking his head. There is a  
considerable pause. Then --

BLUMENTRITT  
What do you think we should do?

VON RUNDSTEDT  
Do? End the war, you fools.

The other officers laugh appreciatively. VON RUNDSTEDT looks  
at them.

VON RUNDSTEDT

Why in the world are you laughing?

BLUMENTRITT

Because we have such confidence in you -- everyone knows you have never lost a battle.

VON RUNDSTEDT

I'm still young, give me time ... The first thing we have to do is to turn this rabble back into an army.

VON RUNDSTEDT walks to the nearest window, looks out at the grey day.

VON RUNDSTEDT

Anything at all on when they plan invading Holland?

BLUMENTRITT

They seem to have paused in Belgium. Most likely supply problems; otherwise we can't imagine why.

VON RUNDSTEDT

I think it's because we're retreating faster than they can advance ...

HOLD ON VON RUNDSTEDT a moment. Then --

CUT TO

14 EXT. SQUARE WITH SIDEWALK CAFE - ARNHEM - DAY 14

Half a dozen Dutch MEN and WOMEN are sitting around a table laughing, drinking beer, watching something --

CUT TO

15 EXT. SQUARE WITH SIDEWALK CAFE - ARNHEM - DAY 15

A bunch of straggling, retreating GERMAN SOLDIERS with a CORPORAL in command, walk past sidewalk cafe. We're in the lovely town square, and there's kind of a celebratory atmosphere as the locals watch the enemy plod by. No one taunts them -- nothing like that -- they just watch and smile and drink their beer sitting in the autumn sunshine as the trickle of German soldiers continue past. Now --

TILT UP TO

16 EXT. UNDERGROUND LEADER'S HOUSE - DAY

16

THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES we met in the opening scene. He's watching the scene outside from an upstairs window. The window is open and you can't tell a lot from his face, except that he's interested. Now, from outside the window --

CUT TO

17 INT. UNDERGROUND LEADER'S HOUSE - KID'S ROOM - DAY

17

Inside the window. THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES is seated at a desk and all around him are sheets of paper. As the Germans move past below, he makes quick notations as to what he sees.

Behind him now, his father, THE UNDERGROUND LEADER, enters.  
(This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

UNDERGROUND LEADER  
How many vehicles in the past hour?

KID WITH THICK GLASSES  
(he is really bright)  
Fifty-four, excluding bicycles.

UNDERGROUND LEADER  
And for the same hour yesterday?

KID WITH THICK GLASSES  
(glances at a sheet)  
Ninety-eight.

UNDERGROUND LEADER  
(pacing, worried)  
A week ago, your mother and I could have recaptured Holland; already the panic has stopped.  
(gestures angrily towards the laughing civilians in the square)  
It isn't over yet and those idiots don't realize it.

KID WITH THICK GLASSES  
War takes time.

UNDERGROUND LEADER  
Listen to the expert.

KID WITH THICK GLASSES  
I was seven when they got here, next month I'll be twelve, I ought to know a little something.

THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES breaks off, starts taking notes again. Without looking at his father --

KID WITH THICK GLASSES  
Father, the allies will come.

THE UNDERGROUND LEADER continues to pace. From outside now, a loud burst of laughter from the civilians which angers the LEADER visibly. He stops, scowls.

UNDERGROUND LEADER

When?

Hold on the two of them a moment as, from outside comes the loudest burst of laughter yet. But the LEADER and his KID don't crack a smile ... Now --

CUT TO

18 INT. BROWNING'S HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - ENGLAND - DUSK 18  
FIVE VERY FAMOUS FACES.

They were all generals, and we're sure not seeing them here for the last time, so let's take them in turn.

LT. GENERAL BROWNING was British, 47, a fastidious and elegant man. The husband, incidentally, of novelist Daphne du Maurier. He was Officer Commanding the British 1st Airborne Corps, and in charge of Operation Market, the airborne part of Market-Garden.

MAJ. GENERAL URQUHART was a Scot, 42, big and affable. He was in charge of the 1st Airborne Division and it was his job to take and hold the bridge at Arnhem, the last bridge, the prize.

MAJ. GENERAL SOSABOWSKI was 52, Polish, and in charge of the Polish First Parachute Brigade, which fought with URQUHART's men. SOSABOWSKI was colorful, flamboyant and tough.

BRIG. GENERAL GAVIN was American, 37, and the youngest Major General in the U.S. Army. He led the 82nd Airborne Division which a lot of officers on both sides thought was the best in the war. A lot of that was because of its leader

MAJ. GENERAL MAXWELL TAYLOR was in charge of the 101st Airborne Division. TAYLOR was 43, a skilled linguist, and, like GAVIN, a veteran of a lot of parachute action.

We are setting this briefing at BROWNING'S HEADQUARTERS, in England. . . Actually, it was at Moor Park golf course. It is dusk, but outside, we can get an occasional glimpse of where we are. The room is filled with maps, chairs, desks, graphs, etc.

BROWNING was excited about the information he was about to deliver, and that should show here. He had also just put in a very difficult day and was tired, and that should show too.

BROWNING

I've just returned to England after spending the morning in Brussels with General Montgomery. He had an earlier meeting with General Eisenhower.

(pause)

They both feel, as I do, that when General Montgomery's plan has succeeded, we should be able to end the war by Christmas, in less than one hundred days.

BROWNING lifts a folding map case onto his desk but doesn't open it. His excitement is contagious though and the suspense is building.

BROWNING

Nothing like this has ever been attempted before. Simply put, this is to be the largest airborne operation ever mounted --

(Even Browning's throat is just the least bit dry)

We're going to fly 35,000 men 300 miles and drop them behind enemy lines.

That's kind of a blockbuster piece of information and the GENERALS, for a moment, react to it in silence, then finally -

TAYLOR

Where?

BROWNING

Holland.

URQUHART

When?

BROWNING

I'll come to that.

BROWNING opens up the single fold map case on his desk and motions to the FOUR GENERALS to gather round.

BROWNING

Right -- here's our ground support.  
XXX Corps, commanded by General  
Horrocks. Twenty thousand vehicles --  
(draws circle with crayon)  
German front line here --  
(draws line near circle)  
Now, Monty's plan is this --

BROWNING begins tracing a line up a road on the map towards the town of Arnhem.

BROWNING

-- we're going to lay a carpet of  
airborne troops over which these ground  
forces can pass. We'll seize the  
crucial bridges with thunderclap surprise  
and hold them until XXX Corps can secure  
them.

At this point and on till the end of the scene, SOSABOWSKI's excitement for the project is clearly less than that of the other generals.

BROWNING

(pointing to Taylor)  
Maxwell Taylor -- you and your 101st  
will take and hold the bridges around  
Eindhoven here in the south --  
(he circles the area  
with chalk. The 101st  
had the longest chunk  
to cover)  
-- and Jim Gavin's 82nd will land in  
the center and take the bridges in and  
around Nijmegen --  
(he circles that)  
And you, Roy, -- with the British First  
Airborne get the prize. Arnhem.  
(he draws the smallest,  
sharpest circle)  
Arnhem Bridge. And hold it.

URQUHART

For how long?

BROWNING

(indicating again the  
course of XXX Corps on  
the map)

Monty assures me that XXX Corps will

BROWNING (Cont)

cover the sixty-four miles in two days.

(glances at Sosabowski)

Sosabowski -- you and the Polish Brigade go with Roy Urquhart.

SOSABOWSKI barely nods.

BROWNING

Once we capture Arnhem Bridge, and XXX Corps are across it, they can drive east directly into the industrial heart of Germany, and once we control their factories --

(puts down his crayon)

-- then I don't think there'll be a great deal that the Germans can do.

(dusts his hands)

We go next Sunday.

GAVIN

Seven days; thanks a lot.

BROWNING

The sooner we go the better -- while we've got the Germans on the run.

SOSABOWSKI just studies the map.

BROWNING

What's troubling you, General Sosabowski?

SOSABOWSKI

I have said nothing.

BROWNING

(they didn't like each other much)

Your silences are thunderous.

SOSABOWSKI

General Browning, I am a Pole, and considered by some to be smart. If that is so, it makes me a member of a true minority group, and minority groups are more comfortable with silence.

BROWNING

But you do disapprove?

SOSABOWSKI

I am thrilled that your great Montgomery has devised this plan. I promise I will be properly ecstatic if it works.

BROWNING

When it works.

SOSABOWSKI

(there is a pause)

Of course ...

BROWNING

(back to the map now)

Good -- let's get down to details ...

As the GENERALS all study the map --

CUT TO

19 INT. GERMAN SUPREME HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - NIGHT

19

A map of the same area, only with German spellings. Then --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

VON RUNDSTEDT looking at the map. With him is another MAN who wears a monocle: FIELD MARSHAL MODEL. MODEL was 54, and a great commander.

(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

VON RUNDSTEDT

What do you think, Model? Will their attack come from Montgomery, or Patton.

MODEL

(no doubt about it)

Patton.

VON RUNDSTEDT

(nods)

He is their best. Patton will lead the assault. I would prefer Montgomery, but even Eisenhower isn't that stupid.

(points to some flags

marking German positions)

Bittrich's panzer troops need some rest if they're going to try to stop Patton.

19 Continued

19

MODEL

We should pull them back to  
somewhere safe.

VON RUNDSTEDT

Safe, quiet, out of the way. Where?  
(picks a spot casually)  
Arnhem?

MODEL shrugs; why not.

VON RUNDSTEDT

Arnhem.

As he takes out the BITTRICH flag, moves it into the Arnhem  
area --

CUT TO

20 EXT. AMERICAN AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

20

GAVIN and BROWNING are finishing talking. In the background  
is a small plane, ready to fly. GAVIN and BROWNING salute,  
go their separate ways, BROWNING back to his plane, GAVIN  
in the opposite direction, across the air strip, heading  
toward AN AIDE.

CUT TO

21 EXT. AMERICAN AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

21

The AIDE. His name was ARIE BESTEBREURTJE, but was called  
CAPTAIN HARRY. HARRY was Dutch; GAVIN's expert on the area  
he was to jump into. Like GAVIN, he was young and had seen  
a lot. He was in American uniform, but wore a badge on his  
upper sleeve that said 'NEDERLAND.'

CAPTAIN HARRY

(as Gavin approaches)

Why the emergency meeting?

GAVIN

Just keeping me abreast of little  
changes.

They start to walk fast across the airstrip together.

CAPTAIN HARRY

How big are the 'little changes'?

GAVIN

I'll answer you with typical  
British understatement: gigantic.

(shakes his head)

Like for example, they can't fly  
us in all at once -- too many men,  
too much equipment, too few planes.  
It'll take three days to get the  
British and the Poles into Arnhem.

CAPTAIN HARRY

How about us?

GAVIN

We'll be fine -- Aside from the  
fact that we're going to be  
parachuting in in daylight, we've  
got nothing to worry about.

CAPTAIN HARRY

(as the news registers)

Daylight?

GAVIN nods.

CAPTAIN HARRY

Has that ever been tried before?

GAVIN

Not in a major drop.

CAPTAIN HARRY

Think there might be a reason for  
that?

GAVIN

Let's hope not.

CAPTAIN HARRY

What do you think?

GAVIN slows slightly, but keeps on moving.

GAVIN

It'll be okay. Besides, it's  
a no moon period, so we have to  
go in daylight. Just so they get  
us down close to our drop zones,  
that's all that matters. Half a  
mile away, even three quarters,  
I'll settle for that.

21 Continued

21

GAVIN and HARRY pick up the pace again. GAVIN's jeep is visible now. They head toward it --

CAPTAIN HARRY

I don't want to hear anything else --

(looks at Gavin)

-- is there anything else?

GAVIN

You're supposed to be my Dutch expert, Harry.

CAPTAIN HARRY

I forget to tell you something?

GAVIN

Just that the Germans first tried taking Nijmegen Bridge themselves back in 1940 --

(long pause)

-- and got slaughtered ...

GAVIN glances at HARRY who nods as we

CUT TO

22 EXT. ROAD NEAR HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

22

THE DUTCH KID WITH THICK GLASSES we saw before clocking the retreat of the Germans. Now he's outside, it's a beautiful day, and he's pedaling along on his bicycle. He's eating an apple and is, all in all, the picture of innocence.

Up ahead is a large white building --

As the KID continues his casual ride --

CUT TO

23 EXT. ROAD NEAR HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

23

A GERMAN SENTRY. Armed. Well turned-out, creased trousers, polished boots. He moves into the road, raises his hand.

THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES stops.

(This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

GERMAN SENTRY

Go back.

23 Continued

23

KID WITH THICK GLASSES

-- but I want to --

GERMAN SENTRY

-- you will do as directed.

KID WITH THICK GLASSES

(near tears -- frightened  
and upset -- he points  
on past the hotel)

But my friend -- she lives down the  
road and ... It is my birthday --  
she has a present -- my present.  
(stares up at the sentry)

Please?

GERMAN SENTRY

(finally gestures for  
the kid to go through)

Be quick.

THE KID nods, takes off pumping as fast as he can, and as  
he does, as the Hotel comes closer --

CUT TO

24 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

24

It's lovely and white and set back from the road. And  
there are German staff cars parked in front of it. On  
the lead staff car, a pennant is visible. It is checker-  
board, metal, black, red and white.

CUT TO

25 EXT. ROAD BEYOND HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

25

THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES as he zooms on by the place.  
He doesn't seem to pay much attention, just glances at  
it once as we

CUT TO

26 EXT. ROAD NEAR HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

26

THE SENTRY. Watching. Nothing arouses his suspicion.

CUT TO

27 EXT. ROAD BEYOND HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

27

THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES, pumping on, rounding a bend, and the instant he's out of sight of the SENTRY -- he brakes, whips out a piece of paper and a pencil stub and starts to make a sketch.

CUT TO

28 EXT. SKETCH - FLAG - DAY

28

The sketch. It's a copy of the flag that we planted on the lead staff car. As THE KID continues to draw, licking his pencil stub, scratching away --

CUT TO

29 INT. UNDERGROUND LEADER'S HOUSE - KID'S ROOM - DAY

20

Another drawing of that pennant. Only this isn't a quick pencil sketch of it, this is much more carefully done. It's in color and the colors of the flag are pretty close to what the actual flag looked like.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

30 INT. UNDERGROUND LEADER'S HOUSE - KID'S ROOM - DAY

30

THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES and his father, THE UNDERGROUND LEADER. THE KID is standing, the FATHER seated, with various books and pictures open on the desk before him. We are back in the same room overlooking the town square which is now quiet.

(This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

UNDERGROUND LEADER

(very tense throughout)

You must be sure about the colors.

KID WITH THICK GLASSES

I am sure, father, believe me.

His father takes a book from the desk, turns several pages, stops. We see that he is at a page with a photograph of a similar pennant.

Now he goes through a bunch of pictures, pulls out one of GENERAL MODEL, the man we saw already, with the monocle.

UNDERGROUND LEADER

(terribly upset)

Model? A Field Marshal in Arnhem?  
Why?

(stares at the photo)

The British will have an explanation.

KID WITH THICK GLASSES

Did you pass on the message about the tanks?

UNDERGROUND LEADER

Of course. But Model is something more important.

(pats his kid on the behind)

You're a good boy and a wonderful spy, now go and help your mother with supper.

As THE KID turns to go --

CUT TO

31 EXT. BROWNING'S HEADQUARTERS - ENGLAND - DAY

31

GENERAL BROWNING, elegant as always, is leaving his headquarters walking down the stairs toward his staff car. A YOUNG MAN dashes toward him from another direction.

This is MAJOR FULLER, a 25-year-old intelligence officer. His clothes don't tuck in right, his hair isn't ever really in place.

BROWNING

(stops, as Fuller approaches)

Yes, Fuller?

FULLER

(speaks very quickly, almost in a stammer)

We've got information on tanks, sir -- Dutch underground reports from the Arnhem area --

BROWNING

Has their strength been determined?

FULLER

No sir, but --

BROWNING

Have they been satisfactorily identified?

FULLER

Not by our intelligence sir, but --

BROWNING

In other words, it's simply the rumors as before.

FULLER

(nods -- then, a burst --)

But I believe these rumors, sir.

BROWNING

Why? The general consensus is that our opposition will be either Hitler Youth or old men on bicycles.

FULLER

I don't really know why -- perhaps because no one else in intelligence does;

(nervous at Browning's stare)

-- everyone is so optimistic -- I just want to be sure our airborne carpet consists of live troops, not dead ones.

(he stops self-consciously)

Everybody thinks I'm over-anxious but I would like to order another low-level reconnaissance of the Arnhem area -- if that's all right with you, sir.

BROWNING

(getting into his car)

Why not, if it will make you feel better.

The interview is clearly over -- FULLER turns to go.

BROWNING

Fuller --

FULLER

(hurries back)

Sir?

BROWNING

If I were you, I wouldn't get too upset by what people say. You see you're just somewhat brighter than the rest of us. That tends to make us somewhat nervous --

31 Continued

31

BROWNING gives FULLER a quick smile as the car drives away. FULLER salutes -- a little too late.

CUT TO

32 INT. RAF HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - ENGLAND - DAY

32

We are looking at a gigantic aerial photograph of Arnhem, with the bridge central. Whatever is referred to in the scene can be pinpointed on the map.

URQUHART is in conversation with an RAF GROUP CAPTAIN. SOSABOWSKI sits silently alongside. The GROUP CAPTAIN is incredibly jovial but beneath it all you know he means what he says.

GROUP CAPTAIN

Naturally, we will do our utmost to meet your tactical requirements but, please, do bear in mind the one factor that's crippling all our plans -- we're desperately short of transport aircraft.

URQUHART

I understand.

GROUP CAPTAIN

In fact, I'm surprised nobody pointed this out when Monty dreamed up this operation -- anyway, what you need is a spot as close as possible to the bridge that's suitable for paratroops and gliders.

(points to area just north of bridge which is full of houses)

Clearly, this would not do for a drop zone -- you wouldn't want your chaps landing on the chimneys.

URQUHART

(pointing to the open land on the south end)

But this looks inviting. You could put us down here.

GROUP CAPTAIN

I'm sorry, sir, but all our reports indicate that terrain is too soft for glider landings. If the nose digs in on touch-down --

(demonstrates with hand)

GROUP CAPTAIN (Cont)  
the whole thing goes arse over tip --  
total write off.

URQUHART  
All right, how about there?  
(indicates open spot  
north of town)

GROUP CAPTAIN  
Afraid not; you see, when we bank for  
our return, we'd be running into terrible  
flak from this airfield -- as I've said  
we can't afford to lose a single plane.

URQUHART  
Presumably you're intending to let  
us land somewhere?

GROUP CAPTAIN  
(unruffled)  
-- Believe me, sir, I'm doing the very  
best I can. But the problem is this:  
you have three lifts. Yourself and  
half the division on D-day, the other  
half on D plus one, and General  
Sosabowski and his Polish Brigade on D  
plus two. So you don't just need drop  
zones, you need drop zones you can  
properly hold and defend, correct?

URQUHART nods.

GROUP CAPTAIN  
The perfect drop zone would be large  
enough for your needs, it would be  
flat and firm, and it would be easily  
defended. In fact, I have the perfect  
place.

URQUHART  
Where?

GROUP CAPTAIN  
(kind of touchy moment)  
Well actually, it's not on this  
particular photograph --  
(he points to an area  
that lies about two  
feet off the photo)  
-- it would be about here, I should  
think.

32 Continued

32

URQUHART  
How far from the bridge?

GROUP CAPTAIN  
Just under eight miles.

Before URQUHART can speak, he pulls down a map of the entire area, including the drop zone.

GROUP CAPTAIN  
But it's very easy terrain to traverse, all our reports substantiate that.

SOSABOWSKI has risen and is now by the GROUP CAPTAIN examining the man's insignia.

GROUP CAPTAIN  
What are you doing?

SOSABOWSKI  
I was just making sure whose side you were on.

And with that he walks out. URQUHART stays where he is, staring at the new map. He is not, just now, a very happy man ...

CUT TO

33 EXT. DUTCH COUNTRY ROAD NEAR ARNHEM - DAY

33

A long straight road stretching away into the distance, flanked here and there by pine woods. We'll see it's near Arnhem by a road sign as we pass it. It is early morning. Weather beautiful. Sky clear.

The KID WITH THICK GLASSES cycles towards us, innocently taking in the air, but still keeping a sharp eye open for anything interesting.

The CAMERA is fairly low on the road, tracking ahead of him, keeping the KID and the wonderful view in shot as he rides along.

Now, in the sky, way behind the KID, we become aware of a black dot which grows wings. It's a plane -- losing altitude -- coming down quite low now, and lining up with the road --

The KID hasn't heard it yet, and neither have we -- and now, as it flies towards us and the KID, maybe we begin to worry if the plane is going to open up with its machine guns and strafe the road --

33 Continued

33

And now the KID has heard the plane. His head swivels round, and the bike wobbles all over the road -- and with a great roar, the plane flashes past overhead -- and we just catch a glimpse of the red white and blue roundels and the black and white stripes under the wings as --

The CAMERA whips round, holding onto the plane as it passes. It's a SPITFIRE. We're behind the KID now, watching with him as in the distance, the Spitfire banks around in a wide circle, its wingtip almost touching the distant trees and --

The KID is off his bike now, watching. And the SPITFIRE is coming back towards us, making another low pass on the opposite side of the road.

And now the KID has a handkerchief out and he's waving like crazy at the SPITFIRE, spinning round as the SPITFIRE blasts overhead then dips its wings two or three times as it climbs away into the blue sky ...

CUT TO

34 EXT. DUTCH COUNTRY ROAD NEAR ARNHEM - DAY

34

The KID -- he stares into the distance, stops waving, blows his nose then puts his handkerchief away -- and his thoughts come back to earth with a bump as he sees --

Tanks, armored cars and self-propelled guns, parked amongst the trees. TWO of the tanks are much nearer the road than the rest. Camouflaged netting strung between the trees cast a dappled pattern of light and shade on their turrets and hulls. The other armored vehicles are further back in the wood and are little more than dark, menacing shapes. But there's a lot of them ...

CUT TO

35 INT. BROWNING'S HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - ENGLAND DAY

35

The same crucial GENERALS are present. This time there are fifteen additional high-ranking officers including BRIGADIER LATHBURY and COLONEL MACKENZIE.

URQUHART is at the front finishing up explaining his plan. BROWNING is closest to him. GAVIN and TAYLOR are halfway back. SOSABOWSKI sits towards the rear.

URQUHART

(confident, assured)

Now a drop zone eight miles from  
Arnhem Bridge might be thought

URQUHART (Cont)  
by some to present problems --  
(he goes on)

GAVIN and TAYLOR are stunned by this piece of information.

GAVIN  
(whispered)  
Christ, he can't mean it --

TAYLOR  
(whispered back)  
-- I'm afraid he does; he must  
know what he's doing --

GAVIN  
-- I'm not sure I do, why should  
he have a corner on the market.

URQUHART who has been speaking throughout and paid the  
whispering no mind. BROWNING is paying close attention.

URQUHART  
(picking up from  
where he left him  
before)  
-- and certainly, eight miles  
cannot, under any stretch of the  
imagination, be considered ideal,  
but the gliders will be bringing  
in a Reconnaissance squadron of  
Jeeps specially fitted with twin  
Vickers machine guns. The instant  
we land, they'll race ahead to the  
bridge and hold it until the other  
battalions arrive on foot.

BROWNING  
And they'll be quick enough to  
capture both ends of Arnhem Bridge?

URQUHART  
(nods)  
Well, that's the plan.

BROWNING  
(moves to the front  
as Urquhart takes a  
seat)  
Very good.

SOSABOWSKI watches all this in silence.

BROWNING

Now -- as you know, my headquarters will be in the center, with the 82nd --

(he indicates Gavin)

-- remember we're all totally interlocked -- this is a bottom to top operation --

(here he indicates Taylor)

the 101st passes XXX Corps to the 82nd; the 82nd hands it over to the British Airborne. If any one group fails, it's utter failure for us all.

(he indicates the meeting is over)

We need three days of clear skies -- only the weatherman can stop us now. All right, gentlemen, thank you very much ...

Everyone begins to leave except SOSABOWSKI who moves forward to BROWNING.

SOSABOWSKI

-- only the weatherman? My God, what about the Germans?

The other officers stop.

SOSABOWSKI

-- don't you think that since we know Arnhem is crucial to their safety, they might know it too?

BROWNING

The few troops in the area are second rate -- certainly not front line calibre. You ought to have more faith in General Montgomery's intelligence reports. He's done quite well for us during the past few years.

SOSABOWSKI

I will tell you the extent of my faith: I was thinking of asking for a letter from you, stating that I was forced to act under your orders, just in case my men get massacred.

35 Continued

35

BROWNING

Do you want such a letter?

SOSABOWSKI

No.

BROWNING

Why not?

SOSABOWSKI

In the case of a massacre --

(he shrugs, shakes  
his head)

-- what difference will it make?

There is a silence, and while it lasts --

CUT TO

36 INT. LOGISTICS CONTROL ROOM - ENGLAND - DAY

36

A very large room.

It's almost like a TV broadcasting room on election night. There is a desk in the center, maps all around covering the walls, many many other desks on the perimeter, and eventually, a lot of people scurrying around.

JUST NOW, the place is gearing up. The maps have pins in a few places, but those numbers will grow. We are going to be coming back here frequently between now and lift off. The scenes will be short however.

TWO ARMY COLONELS walk towards the center desks. These two might be carbon copies of each other, except that one is English, the other American. They are both slim, bright-eyed, and in their fifties, and just dazzling with figures. When we first meet them here, they seem fresh and bushy-tailed. As we come back to them briefly, from time to time as we will, their fatigue will build.

This first exchange goes briskly as they take their places across from each other, begin getting various sets of papers into usable positions. Around them, various AIDES begin to get themselves in readiness. When either of the COLONELS has a paper to be dispatched, they simply hold the paper out and an AIDE immediately is there to take it to its proper destination.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

Good morning, Colonel.

## BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Good morning, Colonel.

(glancing at paper)

I make it twenty thousand two hundred, approximately: does your total agree with that?

## AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

(running finger down a page)

For the number to be dropped by parachute? Yes. And approximately thirteen thousand seven hundred eighty three troops to be landed by glider.

## BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

(checking his figures)

Quite. Making a total in the vicinity of thirty three thousand nine hundred and eighty three men who must be deployed to twenty-four airfields in the next seventy-two hours with the precise equipment for their specific tasks.

(looks at the American)

We've got to double-check all that without making mistakes. Do you think we can manage it?

## AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

No way.

## BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Quite right, totally impossible, shall we begin?

And as they start to work --

CUT TO

27 INT. SIGNALS BUILDING - ENGLAND - DAY

37

TWO OFFICERS are studying a particular piece of radio equipment. MAJOR STEELE is 27 and a worrier. LIEUTENANT COLE is 22, brash and very confident.

LIEUTENANT COLE

You mean you don't believe me, sir?

MAJOR STEELE

Well, clearly not.

LIEUTENANT DAY

What, then?

MAJOR STEELE

I'm just not sure these damn radios are strong enough to carry the eight miles from the drop zone to Arnhem Bridge.

LIEUTENANT COLE

They're perfectly okay. I've used them God knows how many times.

MAJOR STEELE

You've already told me that God knows how many times.

LIEUTENANT COLE

Well, we never had any problems with them in the desert.

MAJOR STEELE

Yes, I know. You've told me that too.  
(pacing now)

But you see, Cole, what bothers me -- what genuinely and truly has me more than a bit disturbed, is that Holland, being half underwater, is somewhat soggier than most deserts you're apt to find, and it tends to have a lot more trees.

LIEUTENANT COLE

Go and tell the General, if you're so damn sure.

MAJOR STEELE

If I were, believe me, I would.  
(quick look at Cole)  
But suppose they don't really work?

LIEUTENANT COLE

Suppose we lose total contact? -- what difference will it make? The General will be on the bridge himself by nightfall. He won't have to radio the bridge if he's on it, will he?

MAJOR STEELE looks at the radio equipment, finally shrugs.

MAJOR STEELE

Well --  
(beat)

37 Continued

37

MAJOR STEELE (Cont)

-- If anybody rocks the boat, it  
isn't going to be me ...

The radio equipment looks strong, efficient as hell. HOLD  
on it a moment. Then --

CUT TO

38 INT. LOGISTICS CONTROL ROOM - ENGLAND - DAY

38

It's a lot busier now.

OUR TWO LOGISTICS COLONELS are still at it. They look  
pretty good, considering they've neither of them slept.

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Have you a total for jeeps?

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

One thousand, four hundred and one,  
but that's just a ballpark figure.

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Just a what?

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

Educated guess.

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Quite. I have a dispersal suggestion.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

Shoot.

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Since Taylor's 101st has the longest  
section to cover, I would have thought  
that they should come closest to  
having their requirement fulfilled.

The TWO COLONELS, making erasures on their papers.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

Okay, how many can we give them  
altogether?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Three hundred sixty-three.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

You think so?

38 Continued

38

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL  
That's just a ballpark figure.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL  
Quite.

Now as they continue working in the busy room --

CUT TO

39 INT. BROWNING'S HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - ENGLAND 39  
DAY

The shades are down. FULLER is doing his best to operate a slide projector. He has set a screen into position and is, under the gaze of GENERAL BROWNING, clearly a bit flustered.

FULLER  
The regular projector chap's at  
lunch just now sir -- but I'll  
have it in a moment --  
(more trouble)

BROWNING  
(gently amused)  
I think you're doing splendidly,  
Fuller.  
(beat)

And as my own lunch is undoubtedly  
cold by now, since your urgent  
request made me leave it in the  
middle, I assure you I'm in no  
hurry.

FULLER  
-- damn --  
(turns to Browning)  
-- almost, sir.

BROWNING nods.

FULLER  
It's really worth your time sir;  
believe me.  
(and now he's got  
it working)

There.

On that word --

CUT TO

40 THE SCREEN

40

We see a view of the reconnaissance area of the Dutch countryside. There is a boy with a bicycle on the road.

CUT TO

41 INT. BRIEFING ROOM

41

BROWNING and FULLER.

BROWNING

A splendid view of the Dutch countryside, Fuller... splendid -- but I don't see any tanks.

FULLER

Wait, sir. It's a lot clearer in the next picture. If I can just --

CUT TO

42 THE SCREEN

42

We see a series of slides in which two tanks come more and more into close-up.

FULLER'S VOICE (OVER)

Now..

CUT TO

43 INT. BRIEFING ROOM

43

BROWNING studies the screen in silence for a long time.

BROWNING

Next.

FULLER

Yessir. I had this one enlarged.

He advances another frame.

CUT TO

44 THE SCREEN

44

The tanks are bigger now, impossible to miss. They are under camouflage netting.

CUT TO

## 45 INT. BRIEFING ROOM

BROWNING. He gets up, approaches the screen, scrutinizes it for a long moment.

FULLER watches. The strain on the young man is intense, but it's also clear he's just a moment away from triumph.

BROWNING, turns, looks away from the screen now to the young MAJOR.

BROWNING

I wouldn't worry about those, if I were you.

FULLER

(just stunned)

But you saw the tanks, sir?

BROWNING

I doubt whether they're fully serviceable.

FULLER

They've still got guns.

BROWNING

And so have we.

FULLER

(upset growing steadily now)

Sir -- if they weren't serviceable, why should they bother to camouflage them?

BROWNING

Don't ask me to fathom the German mind.

FULLER

But -- we keep getting reports from the Dutch underground --

BROWNING

I have read the reports, Fuller. In fact I've passed them on to General Montgomery. But, you know, we've had hundreds of photographs from this and previous recce flights -- how many of them have shown tanks?

FULLER

Well just these five, sir.

BROWNING

Sixteen consecutive operations have been cancelled in the past months -- are you really asking us to cancel the biggest of them all because of five photographs?

FULLER is caught between a rock and a hard place. There's ultimately nothing he can do but shake his head.

FULLER

No, sir.

BROWNING

Understand something, Fuller -- no one here is evil; all we're trying to do is end the war. Why do you want to spoil our party?

HOLD on BROWNING, then --

CUT TO

46 EXT. STREET AND SQUARE - LEOPOLDSVILLE - BELGIUM - DAY 46

LT. GENERAL BRIAN HORROCKS, THE COMMANDER OF XXX CORPS IN EXTREME CLOSE-UP and he's got a good face, the only strange thing is that right now, it is clearly jiggling up and down, and we begin to see why as we

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

HORROCKS in his Jeep, driving down a street that leads into a tree-lined town square in Belgium - LEOPOLDSVILLE. It's morning. HORROCKS' Jeep continues along, slowing and we see why -- it's got to thread its way as it approaches a cinema -- there are dozens of other Jeeps parked all around.

Something of import is clearly about to happen.

There are red capped M.P.'s checking credentials around the theater and a number of colorfully dressed men moving towards the theater.

They are two senior officers of XXX Corps.

No one was more colorful than LIEUTENANT COLONEL "JOE" VANDELEUR, the commander of the Irish Guards Armored Group. He was forty-one at the time, tall and solid, and he wore his usual combat costume: a black beret, a multicolored camouflaged parachutist's jacket, corduroy trousers above high rubber boots, a .45 Colt strapped to one hip and, topping it all off, a flamboyant emerald green scarf.

46 Continued

46

As he enters the lobby, he flashes some identification as do the other officers. As VANDELEUR proceeds inside --

CUT TO

47 INT. CINEMA - LEOPOLDSVILLE - DAY

47

The cinema is jammed with these colorful-looking people. At the front, filling the entirety of the movie screen, is a gigantic map. Colored tape snakes north from Leopoldsville up a single highway all the way to Arnhem. We can see various towns in larger type than others: Eindhoven, Son, Grave, Nijmegen, Arnhem. Now --

GENERAL HORROCKS moves onto the stage. He wears a ribbed khaki polo sweater. He was 49, a wonderful combat commander and immensely popular with his men. There is a buzz of 'Hear-hear' but HORROCKS gestures for quiet, gives a few 'Thank you, Gentlemen, thank yous' and his audience quiets expectantly.

HORROCKS

This is a tale you'll tell your grandchildren -- and mightily bored they'll be.

He gets his reaction from the officers: laughter, anticipation. There was a very strong gung-ho feeling among these men.

HORROCKS

The plan is called Operation Market Garden. Market is the airborne element and Garden the ground forces -- that's us.

(using pointer)

This is our position on the Belgian border. Tomorrow, three airborne divisions will begin landing in Holland -- the American 101st here, around Eindhoven, the American 82nd here, south of Nijmegen -- and our own 1st Airborne boys here, at Arnhem -- 64 miles behind enemy lines. Their job is to take and hold all the bridges in these three areas. Our job is to punch a hole through the German front line here then drive like hell up this road linking up with each airborne division on the way. Speed is the vital factor. The plan is to reach Eindhoven in two to three

: HORROCKS (Cont)

hours, and Arnhem in two to three days.

(taps town on map)

That is the prize, gentlemen. The bridge over the Rhine. The last bridge between us and Germany. Kick-off will be at 1435 tomorrow afternoon ... the Irish Guards under the command of Colonel Vandeleur will take the lead.

VANDELEUR turns to his cousin GILES sitting alongside --

VANDELEUR

Oh Christ, not us again.

HORROCKS

What do you say to that, Joe?

VANDELEUR

(rises)

Delighted, sir; truly delighted.

(sits)

HORROCKS

I have selected you to lead us not only because of your extraordinary fighting ability, but also because in the unlikely event that the Germans ever get you, they'll assume from your attire they've captured a wretched peasant, and immediately send you on your way.

Again, the audience reacts. They really liked HORROCKS.

HORROCKS

Maintaining the speed of our advance will no doubt be a problem -- it's a single highway -- and the bridges, of course, must be taken intact. But if they're not, I've organised a special task force of 9,000 engineers who, as you know, are the brains of the army --

Chorus of good-natured jeers, punctuated by a few stout 'hear-hear's' from the engineer officers present.

-- which is more than I can say for the rest of you ruffians --

More reaction from the audience. Horrocks becomes serious.

Gentlemen: I'm not telling you it will be the easiest party we've ever attended...

END TO

48 INT. FROST'S QUARTERS - ENGLAND - DAY

48

A copper fox hunting horn. It belongs to LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN FROST and that's who is holding it now as we

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

FROST in his quarters in England. He is 31 years old and four days away from being legendary.

PRIVATE WICKS, his 22 year old batman, appears in the doorway.

WICKS

(indicating hunting horn)

Do you want me to pack that, sir?

FROST

I'll carry it, thank you, Wicks.  
You didn't forget the golf clubs?

WICKS

They will be coming later in your staff car, Colonel.

FROST

My dinner jacket too?

WICKS

Do you think you'll have much call for it, sir?

FROST

Let's hope so.

WICKS nods, goes; FROST puts the horn on a nearby table.  
Hold. Then --

CUT TO

49 EXT. A BRIEFCASE - ENGLAND - DAY

49

It's shut, so we can't see what's inside.

And we also can't see anything of the MAN who is carrying it except his hand. That's all. We can't tell who he is in any way. We can't even tell if he's an officer or if he is, what group he belongs to. Or if he's English or American.

Nothing.

Just that briefcase.

49 Continued

49

HOLD ON IT. It's being carried along. We've got to be wondering by now just what the hell's inside.

KEEP HOLDING.

What is inside? We'll find out. Soon.

The briefcase fills the screen now as we

CUT TO

50 INT. LOGISTICS CONTROL ROOM - ENGLAND - DAY

50

THE TWO LOGISTICS COLONELS are looking haggard now. Their desk is a sea of coffee cups and pill bottles. They are bleary eyed and their voices show strain. The room is full around them, many many people constantly in movement, taking papers here, there, shifting flags on various maps.

A FEMALE AIDE hurries to the COLONEL's desk, hands a piece of paper over.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

(looking at paper)

The 82nd needs felt caps. Have you got any extra?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Your men are wearing felt hats when they jump now? Very fashionable.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

Caps, caps --

(makes a small square with his fingers)

-- they jump with their rifles loaded but they need little felt caps to cover the muzzle so it doesn't get dirt in it when they land.

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Ah, yes, of course; felt caps.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

Right. Have you got any extra?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

No.

As they go punchily on --

CUT TO

51 EXT. BROWNING'S HEADQUARTERS - ENGLAND - EVENING

51

MAJOR FULLER. He looks drained. He's walking across near BROWNING's headquarters. This whole scene is quiet; no one else is around. The setting could not be more idyllic.

OFFICER'S VOICE (OVER)

Major Fuller?

FULLER stops as a COLONEL hurries up to him.

OFFICER

My name's Sims, mind a bit of company?

FULLER

Of course not, sir.

COLONEL SIMS

Busy times.

FULLER nods.

COLONEL SIMS

You must be exhausted.

FULLER nods again. Then --

COLONEL SIMS

Are you? Exhausted?

FULLER

(an odd question)

Well of course I am, who isn't?

COLONEL SIMS

We've been getting reports from a number of your friends; they're worried about you. They think perhaps you need a rest.

FULLER

We all need rest. Why are you saying this to me? -- Because I rocked the boat?

COLONEL SIMS

I'm a doctor; I'm only interested in your health. I think you ought to take a couple of weeks sick-leave.

There is a bench nearby. FULLER sinks down. The DOCTOR sits alongside.

FULLER

But why? I'm not ill or anything. I didn't do anything wrong ...

51 Continued

51

COLONEL SIMS

... of course not ... you're just a little tired.

FULLER

...yes ... tired ... but ...

And now, suddenly, surprisingly there are tears in his eyes. He doesn't try to hide it, just sits there, hands in his lap, tears on his face.

COLONEL SIMS

I think we might go.

FULLER

(turning to the Doctor)

Do I have to?

COLONEL SIMS nods.

FULLER

I don't want to be left behind. Please.

COLONEL SIMS

It's out of my hands, laddie.

FULLER

I wanted to go to the party ...

CUT TO

52 INT. GLASS'S TENT - ENGLAND - DAY

52

Two members of the 101st are going over equipment. Or, more accurately one of them is; the other lies in a corner belting down whisky.

The DRINKER is a scared kid, GLASS, 22.

The OTHER GUY is terrific looking, leathery and hard, somewhere in the vicinity of 35-40. His name is EDDIE DOHUN.

DOHUN

Quit drinking that shit.

GLASS

Chock full of vitamins.

DOHUN

We did Normandy sober.

GLASS

Why do you think I'm getting smashed this time?

52 Continued

DOHUN grabs the whisky.

GLASS

Dammit, Eddie, give that back.

DOHUN

(empties it)

Anything you say.

GLASS

I wish you hadn't done that, because you see, my problem is that I'm not totally crazy about the prospect of dying.

DOHUN

So don't die.

GLASS

That's not quite reassuring enough.

DOHUN

What do you want, for chrissakes, a guarantee?

GLASS

I would like that, yes.

DOHUN

Come on -- let's get some food in you --

GLASS

--- I want your guarantee ---

DOHUN

--- all right, shut up, you got it --

And now as he starts to help the KID into his tunic.

GLASS

Hey Eddie?

DOHUN

What?

GLASS

I wasn't kidding, were you kidding ...?

We don't hear DOHUN's answer because they're gone from the tent. But we did see them close as they left, and here's the surprise: THE SCARED KID, GLASS, is a Captain. EDDIE DOHUN who is ordering him around, is just a Sergeant. From here we

CUT TO

53 INT. LOGISTICS CONTROL ROOM - ENGLAND - NIGHT

53

THE LOGISTICS COLONELS and they are drained. Their uniforms are rumpled, their eyes red, their voices strained and hoarse. The entire room around them seems just as beat; everyone moves in something close to slow motion.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL  
Cottesmore Field?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL  
(checking a list)  
Sealed and shut.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL  
And the weather report for the next three days? Still clear?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL  
The weather is perfect --  
(looks at his watch)  
-- with eleven hours to go.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL  
Blackwell Field?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL  
(checking a list)  
Sealed and shut.

From now on, we just hear them, soft and constant as they check and recheck the various departure positions. Their dialogue goes along these lines:

'Saltby Field?'  
'Sealed and shut. And the weather remains perfect, with eleven hours to go.'  
'Broadwell Field?'  
'Sealed and shut. No problem with the weather with nine hours to go.'  
'Chalgrove Field?'  
'Chalgrove Field is sealed and shut ...'

Anyway, that's the kind of thing we hear as the tension builds And what we see is what's going on in the various fields as the night moves on toward morning, as we

CUT TO

54 INT. FROST'S QUARTERS - ENGLAND - NIGHT

54

COLONEL FROST, deep asleep.

CUT TO

- 55 EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - NIGHT -55  
SOME AMERICAN AND BRITISH SOLDIERS, walking sentry duty,  
on either side of a wire fence.  
CUT TO
- 56 INT. GLASS'S TENT - ENGLAND - NIGHT 56  
CAPTAIN GLASS, still young, still afraid, restless.  
CUT TO
- 57 EXT. AIRFIELD - TENTS - ENGLAND - NIGHT 57  
An endless line of dark tents in the night.  
CUT TO
- 58 INT. URQUHART'S QUARTERS - ENGLAND - NIGHT 58  
URQUHART drinking coffee.  
CUT TO
- 59 INT. GAVIN'S QUARTERS - ENGLAND - NIGHT 59  
GAVIN, drinking coffee.  
CUT TO
- 60 INT. DOHUN'S QUARTERS - ENGLAND - NIGHT 60  
SERGEANT DOHUN, smoking, staring at the night.  
CUT TO
- 61 INT. FULLER'S QUARTERS - ENGLAND - NIGHT 61  
MAJOR FULLER, slowly packing, going home.  
CUT TO
- 62 INT. BARRACK ROOM - 82ND AREA - ENGLAND - NIGHT 62  
And now we come to the main event as we still hear the  
LOGISTICS COLONELS, the tension rising and rising, because  
what we cut to next is something altogether remarkable  
and here's what it is. A PARATROOPER GETTING READY.  
What's so unusual about that? Just that no one showed in  
detail just how much equipment, how many objects these guys  
had to handle in order to get themselves ready to hurl their  
bodies into the sky.

62 Continued

62

A YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER. Crew cut. Not yet 20. But you can tell by the face and the way he handles himself the guy's a veteran. And he's got his boots on and his jacket and trousers. But that's nothing, just the beginning.

(The TWO COLONELS are still talking on, remember, the countdown getting lower and lower, the weather remaining fine.)

THE YOUNG SOLDIER takes a first aid packet, attaches it to a strap on his right shoulder. And in the pockets across the front go hand grenades until the pockets bulge. And in smaller pockets go stray bits of food from K ration boxes. (Still the COLONELS talking, still the countdown going on).

THE YOUNG SOLDIER has a knife; it goes on his belt, well forward. His back stays clear, so that if he lands on his butt, which these guys do 90 percent of the time, they won't critically wound themselves.

Now he takes his M-1 rifle, attaches a little felt cap over the open muzzle.

And he has a main parachute. And a reserve parachute. And a musette bag with 156 rounds of M-1 bullets. And a raincoat stuffed in on top of the ammunition. And finally, a helmet.

This is what it takes to send one soldier into airborne combat. Only we're not sending one, we're sending 35,000.

Now we move in on his face. It really is a good face, and there's a lot going on behind the eyes. Fear, sure, and eagerness too. But something else we've got to know and it's this: the kid's a killer.

Now, on this WONDERFUL YOUNG FACE

CUT TO

63- EXT. BRITISH GLIDER AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

63-

67

67

SUNDAY MORNING, the 17TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1944.

It was, from every report we have, one of the most beautiful fall mornings in the history of the Empire.

BROWNING and URQUHART are walking down along a giant row of aircraft and gliders. Behind them and in front of them and every place else, men are in the constant fevered activity. Troops are boarding gliders and equipment is being manhandled through loading doors. Shouts and whistles and trucks carrying stuff roaring this way and that.

63- Continued

67

63-

67

BROWNING, this lift off morning is as elegant as ever, in his specially designed bottledress, Sam Browne and gloves. URQUHART wears a camouflaged smock.

BROWNING

Amazing sight -- hmm?

URQUHART

When you think we only had seven days to get everything organised, it's --

BROWNING

-- a bloody miracle. It took six months to set up the Normandy operation and that was only half as big as this.

(a pause)

How do you feel?

URQUHART

Fine. I'll feel even better when we're in Holland. Do you remember a few months back when I was first appointed to this command, I told you I had never jumped but thought I ought to give it a go? You did me a big favor.

BROWNING

Oh -- what was that?

URQUHART

'Roy' you said -- you're far too old for that kind of thing -- and much too large.

BROWNING

Why was that such a favor?

URQUHART

Because I didn't tell you quite everything.

BROWNING

What don't I know?

URQUHART

I'm prone to airsickness.

BROWNING

What? -- Every flight?

63- Continued

67

URQUHART

63-

67

Well, we'll soon find out, won't we?

As they salute and go their separate ways, we can see the whole of the field now, and it's huge and jammed.

CUT TO

68 EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND.- DAY

68

An airplane motor revving up. It produces a considerable noise. Now --

CUT TO

69- EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

69-

72

72

Another airplane starting. Considerably more noise.

And now another propellor starts. And another and now two more and each time the noise builds and builds.

And as more propellers start, you can almost sense the earth itself beginning to tremble and the instant that happens --

CUT TO

73 EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

73

The first airplane, just commencing to move, maybe going all of a slow foot or two before we

CUT TO

74 EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

74

Another airplane, and this one is already started, and it goes maybe half a dozen yards before we

CUT TO

75- EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

75-

79

79

Another airplane, and this one is picking up speed now, and so we are, the cuts coming faster and faster as more and more airplanes are seen for little bursts, each one in a more advanced state of take off until we

CUT TO

80 EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

80

The first airplane, just as it leaves the ground and the noise is a steady companion to us now, and as we enter the air with that first airplane --

CUT TO

81 EXT. Paddock - ENGLAND - DAY

81

Half a dozen HORSES, running like crazy, rearing, frightened by the sound --

CUT TO

82 EXT. FIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

82

And now we see some CATTLE bolting, and they're scared too --

CUT TO

83 EXT. GEORGIAN HOUSE - ENGLAND - DAY

83

We see an ENGLISH FAMILY coming out of house, all dressed for church, and they're staring up too, as the NOISE passes by. A LAND GIRL is holding a restive pony and trap.

CUT TO

84 EXT. INDUSTRIAL TOWN - ENGLAND - DAY

84

Traffic stops. Everyone gets out of their cars, stands there right smack in the middle of the road watching the sky as the NOISE goes on. (We haven't seen the sky yet ourselves, but we will, we will).

CUT TO

85 EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - ENGLAND - DAY

85

Now we see a beautiful old English church set out in a lovely field and the sun is beating down -- then in the distance the NOISE begins and as we watch the church, the sun is blotted out entirely -- the church is in deep shadow now and --

CUT TO

86 INT. COUNTRY CHURCH - ENGLAND - DAY

86

Inside the church the ORGANIST is doing his best and so is the CHOIR and so are all the PARISHIONERS, trying their loudest to sing but what's the point, you can't hear a thing just the INCREDIBLE SOUND OF PLANES. Now the PARISHIONERS give up and rise --

CUT TO

87 EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - ENGLAND - DAY

The PARISHIONERS emerge and like everyone el  
amazement as the mightiest airborne force in  
by ... and now, at last --

CUT TO

88 EXT. SKY - DAY

88

And what can you say about it, it's like the Pentagon, no  
matter how big you're told it is, when you get there, it's  
bigger. And right now, looking at the steady stream of  
aircraft, you get the feeling that you would walk from wing  
to wing, all the way to Holland --

-- except that's not all because now, from another part of  
the sky comes another stream of planes, and as we watch,  
slowly, the two come together and form one superchain and  
still as we watch, they turn just a bit, shifting direction,  
and if what we saw at first was startling, well, it's awe-  
some now. The superchain goes on and on, as if it will never  
come to an end ... HOLD. Then --

CUT TO

89- INT. GAVIN'S PLANE - DAY  
90

89-  
90

GENERAL GAVIN looks out a window and we get another angle  
of the size of the armada. Beside him is the Dutchman,  
CAPTAIN HARRY.

CUT TO

91 INT. URQUHART'S GLIDER - DAY

91

URQUHART is in his glider with six other people including a  
PADRE. Alongside URQUHART is HANCOCK, someone we're going  
to be seeing more of. URQUHART is not airsick but he isn't  
what you'd call happy.

HANCOCK

Better than the desert, eh, sir?

URQUHART

What was that?

HANCOCK

Easier than walking, sir.

URQUHART

If you say so, Hancock.

CUT TO

92 INT. TAYLOR'S PLANE - DAY

92

GENERAL TAYLOR sits studying a map in silence.

CUT TO

93 EXT. XXX CORPS ASSEMBLY AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

93

HORROCKS and VANDELEUR drive along in Jeep. A second Jeep tags close behind. Parked British vehicles, mainly trucks, can be seen in every direction, interspersed with waiting groups of infantry men, loaded with kit, some standing, some sitting, some sprawled on the ground.

HORROCKS

You know, Joe, this isn't going to be the pushover everybody seems to think it is --

HORROCKS slows Jeep alongside an INFANTRY MAJOR, most of whose MEN appear to be asleep.

HORROCKS

Morning, Alan -- do your Sleeping Beauties know there's a war on?

We just catch the OFFICER's salute and 'Morning, sir' as HORROCKS speeds up again.

VANDELEUR

Is it true that more German Paratroops have moved into the line ahead of us?

HORROCKS

Yes. They obviously don't intend just to let us walk in the front door --

HORROCKS slows again by a COLONEL who stands near a Bren Gun Carrier piled high with ammunition crates. The FOUR-MAN CREW are wearing old black top hats.

HORROCKS

Hallo, Bob -- hope that's not my funeral they're going to --

CUT TO

94 ANOTHER SECTION of the XXX Corps line-up -- this time, perhaps parked through small village. More vehicles, jammed nose to tail. More waiting troops. And now some tanks.

94

HORROCKS

-- and I'm still desperately worried about having to throw everything up this road -- but there's no alternative --

94 Continued

94

And as they pass SCOTS GUARDS TANK COLONEL

HORROCKS

Morning, Tom --

SCOTS GUARDS COLONEL

Morning, sir -- see you at the nineteenth hole ...

HORROCKS

-- so I've decided to run the road like a railway. Nobody, repeat nobody, will be allowed to put more than five vehicles on the road without permission from my traffic control boys.

VANDELEUR

Including me?

D.L.I. OFFICER

Good luck, sir --

HORROCKS

(acknowledging Officer)

You too --

(smiles at Vandeleur)

Especially you, Joe --

HORROCKS slows Jeep again, this time by a COLDSTREAM GUARDS MAJOR standing by a tank marked 'BERLIN NEXT STOP'.

HORROCKS

Morning, Derek. I'm glad someone knows where we're going --

CUT TO

95 ANOTHER AREA. More tanks, more trucks, more men. HORROCKS 95 and VANDELEUR thread their way through.

HORROCKS

Time, Joe. That's the killer. We can't afford to drop behind schedule --

HORROCKS acknowledges salute of A COLONEL (SECOND HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY). The OFFICER has a huge handle-bar moustache.

HORROCKS

-- so for God's sake keep your tanks on the move --

CUT TO

96 EXT. XXX CORPS ASSEMBLY AREA - FACTORY YARD - DAY 96

Several Jeeps and a few other vehicles are parked in the big yard. Among them is a Scout Car with an IRISH GUARDS DRIVER. FOUR OFFICERS wait at the foot of a fire-escape that leads to the factory roof.

We can hear the heavy drone of approaching aircraft as HORROCKS and VANDELEUR drive into the yard followed by the second Jeep. Both men look up as HORROCKS swings the Jeep around into a parking space.

VANDELEUR

Good God Almighty --

CUT TO

97 EXT. SKY - DAY 97

A shot, over the windshield of the moving Jeep, past the factory roofs of the huge formation of aircraft.

CUT TO

98 EXT. XXX CORPS ASSEMBLY AREA - FACTORY YARD - DAY 98

HORROCKS and VANDELEUR get out of Jeep. THREE OFFICERS and a DRIVER get out of the second.

HORROCKS

That's just the 101st --

HORROCKS and VANDELEUR walk towards the fire-escape. The THREE OFFICERS from the Jeep follow them.

HORROCKS

The other two groups are on the Northern route --

(looks at watch)

H-hour in 90 minutes ...

VANDELEUR

I'd better get going --

HORROCKS starts to climb fire-escape followed by all SEVEN STAFF OFFICERS. VANDELEUR moves to Scout Car which is parked almost underneath.

HORROCKS

(climbing)

Good luck, Joe.

VANDELEUR

(getting into Scout Car)

Thank you, sir.

98 Continued

98

HORROCKS

Do you think you'll be able to  
manage it?

VANDELEUR

(now in Scout Car)

I've got nothing else planned for  
this afternoon.

VANDELEUR waves as the Scout Car drives off. HORROCKS continue  
to climb.

CUT TO

99 EXT. XXX CORPS ASSEMBLY AREA - FACTORY ROOF - DAY

99

HORROCKS climbs onto the flat roof followed by his SEVEN  
STAFF OFFICERS. The air armada is still droning overhead.  
HORROCKS crosses the roof and looks down --

CUT TO

100 EXT. XXX CORPS ASSEMBLY AREA - ROOFTOP VIEW - DAY

100

And we see even more tanks, plus armored cars and trucks  
of every kind, and more groups of infantry, stretching away  
along a winding road -- and along the road, we see VANDELEUR's  
Scout Car, driving towards the front of the long column.

CUT TO

101 INT. BROWNING'S GLIDER - DAY

101

BROWNING looks elegant, relaxed. He is accompanied by  
members of his personal staff.

CUT TO

102 INT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DAKOTA - DAY

102

The men are silent. Amid the noise of the plane's engines,  
we become aware of the sound of a chicken. We focus on  
PRIVATE DODDS and NOBBY, another paratrooper who sits facing  
CORPORAL DAVIES inside the airplane. MYRTLE - the PARACHICK  
is in a zip bag attached to DAVIES' shoulder, with her head  
sticking out.

DODDS leans across aisle and offers CORPORAL DAVIES a ten  
shilling note.

DODDS

Hey, Corp -- here ... just in  
case the bleeding grub runs short.

102 Continued

102

CORPORAL DAVIES looks puzzled.

DODDS

Put Nobby and me down for a leg each - alright?

DAVIES

Put your fucking money away, boyo, and I'll try and forget I heard that. This lady is the only qualified parachick in the whole British Army and we both intend to come out of this one with our wings on - don't we Myrtle, my lovely?

(he caresses chicken)

And I'm sure these gentlemen are going to apologise, aren't they?

CORPORAL DAVIES eyes DODDS and NOBBY. DODDS and NOBBY exchange a look.

DODDS

Oh, yeah, sure ... sorry. No offence.

NOBBY

Yeah, sorry, Myrtle ...

DODDS and NOBBY exchange another look CORPORAL DAVIES doesn't see.

CUT TO

103 INT. UNIDENTIFIED GLIDER - DAY

103

THAT BRIEFCASE we've seen before. We still don't know what's in it or who it belongs to, but there it is, next to someone who we can't make out, in a glider on the way to Holland.

CUT TO

104 INT. AMERICAN 101ST DIVISION DAKOTA - DAY

104

SERGEANT EDDIE DOHUN sitting waiting, arms crossed. There is the sound now that is reminiscent of rain on the wings.

PRIVATE BESIDE HIM

What the hell's that?

DOHUN

(quietly)

Flak.

104 Continued

104

The PRIVATE reacts badly to the news. DOHUN sits as before. If we weren't sure before, we ought to be by now: not a whole lot bothers this guy. From the flak --

CUT TO

105 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

105

A beautifully set table, silver, glassware, the works. A WAITER is pouring wine. GENERAL MODEL is having lunch. He sits, sipping wine, very much a man at peace. Now, almost impossible to make out, we begin barely to hear the start of the sound of the approaching armada. If he hears it, MODEL pays no mind. He goes right on, sipping the lovely white wine as we

CUT TO

106 INT. BITTRICH'S HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

106

The office is empty, but there is a small terrace and that door is open. The armada sound is very loud now. A SERGEANT comes hurrying in, looks around the empty room. (This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

SERGEANT

General Bittrich?

BITTRICH'S VOICE (OVER)

Here, Matthias.

As MATTHIAS -- he is BITTRICH's driver -- goes to the open door --

CUT TO

107 EXT. BITTRICH'S HEADQUARTERS - TERRACE - DAY

107

WILHELM BITTRICH, on the terrace, watching the sky. He was 50 years old, lean and intelligent, and if there is such a thing in this world as a noble enemy, that's what BITTRICH was.

(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

BITTRICH

(almost admiringly)

What a spectacle.

(turns to Matthias)

If only once, I'd had such power  
in my hands ...

Now, from his face --

CUT TO

108- EXT. SKY ABOVE BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - DAY  
118

108-  
118

A sky full of Dakotas.

In the far far blue distance, a teeny white dot.

Now a second dot. Still far away.

Five dots now. Little bigger, little closer. But still no more than just that: dots.

Now twenty dots.

Now twenty more.

Now we realize those aren't dots, those are parachutes opening and before we know it, we're into one of the giant shots of this or any film, the drop.

These are the British we're watching now, landing over the Arnhem area and what we're seeing is a procession of planes and as those planes hit a spot the men jump but from our point of view, each time they jump they seem bigger because we're seeing it all from up in the sky with them and we're rapidly approaching the drop zone ourselves and by now these aren't dots, these are men and the sky is filling rapidly and we get closer and closer and more and more men tumble into the skies and --

-- and now as we still watch something we don't expect happens and it's this: half a dozen men float right in front of us and down and we realize that we've been in the middle of the drop, and that the hundreds of men we've seen in front of us is nothing, because it's going on all around, and as at last we tilt down to the ground to see it all ---

-- a giant open field and gliders all the hell over, some of them crashed, some not, and men floating down toward them and you couldn't ask for a better drop in practice, that's how well it's going.

SWITCH TO

(NOTE: I am aware that the word 'switch' used above is not a kosher screenwriting word. But now that we're all in Holland, I want to use it to indicate when we go from one place to another. All that will be clear when we see the movie; times of day, changes in costume, terrain -- these and other reminders will tell us immediately we've moved. But for the reading of the piece, I've decided, for clarity, to use the word 'switch' when we go from one place or group of men to a different scene. In other words, it means we've ended one scene, and are about to start another.)

108- Continued  
118

108-  
118

Now while the British are still dots puffing out of planes, the 82nd is a bit further along, progress is being made, they are landing. And while the shot of the British drop was pretty almost, it isn't so post card-like for the 82nd, since they are jumping from only 400 feet, and when they land, they really land.

119 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND DROP ZONE - DAY

119

CAPTAIN HARRY, creaming himself as he lands, and now

CUT TO

120 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND DROP ZONE - DAY

120

GAVIN, and he hits even harder, jarring himself terribly, for a moment he just lies there stunned as we

CUT TO

121- EXT. AMERICAN 82ND DROP ZONE - DAY  
123

121-  
123

Other MEMBERS of the 82nd are landing hard, some of them fifty yards from GAVIN, some of them further and they all took a pounding as they hit and now

CUT TO

124- EXT. AMERICAN 82ND DROP ZONE - DAY  
125

124-  
125

GAVIN, ripping off both his chutes, grabbing his rifle, taking off for the nearest woods in a run as from a different wooded area, GERMANS are firing at him and CAPTAIN HARRY joins him, the two of them tearing away for safety, removing the felt caps from their rifle muzzles as they go and

SWITCH TO

126- EXT. AMERICAN 101ST DROP ZONE - DAY  
128

126-  
128

The 101ST are already down, their gliders open and what they had most of was jeeps and that's what we see now, dozens of jeeps and trailers, coming down out of the gliders.

CUT TO

129 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST DROP ZONE - DAY

129

GENERAL TAYLOR in the lead jeep, already loaded and roaring off, motor going full out and as TAYLOR moves away

SWITCH TO

130 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

130

FIELD MARSHAL MODEL having another glass of wine. A COLONEL hurries up to him, bends over, speaks quietly)  
(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

GERMAN COLONEL

I'm sorry to bother you, sir, but it seems British paratroops are landing. Two miles away.

MODEL

(confused)

Why would they be doing that?  
There's nothing valuable here --

(suddenly it dawns)

-- me -- I'm valuable here, they must all be coming just to capture me --

(and he's standing -- shouting orders)

Call my chauffeur, get my car -- evacuate the headquarters --

(as he tears out)

-- and don't forget my cigars --

Now, once he's gone --

SWITCH TO

131 INT. BITTRICH'S HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

131

BITTRICH on the phone in his office. The last time we saw him he was calm, the place was quiet. Now he's tense, and there is a buzz of activity inside the room and outside we can see people rushing about.  
(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

BITTRICH

-- well keep trying, there must be someone there!

(Rams down phone)

MAJOR GENERAL LUDWIG bursts into the room followed by a COLONEL and TWO MAJORS. LUDWIG is 45 years old, battle-hardened. He wears a black panzer uniform - as do his aides.

LUDWIG

-- I can't get any sense from anybody out there -- thousands of paratroops are dropping all over Holland? Is it true?

BITTRICH

(Nods)

Yes - west of Arnhem --

LUDWIG

Jesus - right on top of Field Marshal Model!

BITTRICH

I can't get through to his headquarters --

A SIGNALS CORPORAL hurries in and hands BITTRICH a paper. BITTRICH scans it quickly.

BITTRICH

(To LUDWIG)

From the Luftwaffe -- a big force have landed south of Nijmegen.

LUDWIG

They must be after the bridge. We'd better get our skates on.

The telephone rings on BITTRICH's desk. He snatches it up, listens --

BITTRICH

-- damn! ... it doesn't matter ... No! Keep ringing!

(Slams down phone)

LUDWIG

Maybe they've got Model.

BITTRICH

Maybe they have. Look - I'll take care of Arnhem. You get down to Nijmegen as fast as you can. Take anything that'll move and get it on the road with every man you can lay hands on -- and hold Nijmegen Bridge. Nothing must get across. You've got to hold Nijmegen.

LUDWIG

(Puts on his cap)

Don't worry. They'll wish they'd stayed at home ...

As he hangs up, starts to dial again --

SWITCH TO

132 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

132

MODEL's car waiting, the motor running, below the steps  
MODEL's driver, a Sergeant, is apprehensive.

-- but he isn't the only one upset -- there is a wild state  
of pandemonium. Various high ranking officers are running  
this way, that way, trying to get organized, trying to  
figure out what the hell is the best thing to do --

-- at this point, MODEL comes tearing out the door, carrying  
his suitcase. But as he hits the steps it bursts wide open  
and his clothes fall, everything, shirts, ties, underwear,  
fluttering in the breeze across the lovely front of the hotel.  
As embarrassedly the OFFICERS nearest to him begin to gather  
them up --

SWITCH TO

133- EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - DAY  
137133-  
137

And it's madness -- various colored strips of cloth and pots  
of smoke all intended to show men where they're supposed to  
go to join up, and men are running every which way and there  
are bagpipes piping and people shouting, but through it all,  
one sound cuts through: FROST's hunting horn.

CUT TO

138 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - DAY

138

FROST, standing on the edge of the drop zone, blowing his  
horn, over and over again. A yellow smoke canister billows  
out nearby.

Beside him stands a YOUNG MAJOR: HARRY CARLYLE.

CARLYLE

(shouting)

'B' company to me. 'A' company over  
there!

FROST continues to sound his horn, drawing his men around him  
as he keeps on blowing. From FROST and CARLYLE on the drop  
zone --

SWITCH TO

139 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - FOREST ROAD - DAY

139

GAVIN and CAPTAIN HARRY, running like hell along a sunken  
road through a heavy pine forest. They both keep their  
rifles ready. GAVIN is moving a bit tilted, as if his back  
were giving him trouble.

139 Continued

139

CAPTAIN HARRY

How far are we from headquarters?

GAVIN

Half a mile maybe, maybe no --

And he shuts up fast and dives down along with HARRY as sudden machine gun fire rakes the road. The firing is coming from up ahead to the right. As he starts to crawl forward --

CUT TO

140 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - FOREST ROAD - DAY

140

The bank of the road. Slanted. GAVIN reaches it, pauses, starts up the incline. HARRY is not far away, doing the same. GAVIN, and now it's the hard part, looking over, because you don't know what's there and he hesitates, then as he looks over --

CUT TO

141 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - FOREST ROAD - DAY

141

A German machine gun with a SOLDIER ready to fire, the gun pointed dead at GAVIN's face, no more than ten yards away and

CUT TO

142 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - FOREST ROAD - DAY

142

GAVIN, but before he can get a shot off --

CUT TO

143 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - FOREST ROAD - DAY

143

The GERMAN SOLDIER by the machine gun, slumping forward as a shot rings out.

CUT TO

144 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - FOREST ROAD - DAY

144

CAPTAIN HARRY, his rifle in his hands.

HARRY

(a little surprised)

I shot that from the hip.

GAVIN nods, exhales deeply. HOLD a moment on GAVIN, glad to be alive ... Then --

SWITCH TO

145 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - DAY

145

URQUHART kneels, consulting a map with another OFFICER. He stands up as COLONEL MACKENZIE and MAJOR STEELE approach.

MACKENZIE

Brigadier Lathbury's just left, sir. Johnny Frost and the second battalion are already on the river road.

URQUHART

(checks watch)

Any news of Freddie Gough's Jeep squadron?

MACKENZIE

Well - it's unconfirmed.

STEELE

It's rather bad luck, sir, considering how few gliders we lost on the way in --

URQUHART silences STEELE with a look.

MACKENZIE

-- it appears that a lot of the special jeeps didn't arrive, and those that did have been badly shot up in an ambush.

URQUHART

(digests news)

So what you're saying is that no-one's going to get to Arnhem Bridge except on foot --

MACKENZIE nods -- reluctantly.

URQUHART

Splendid ...

Now, surprisingly, on top of this news, there comes an unsettling sound: wild laughter and as URQUHART spies around --

CUT TO

146 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - WOODS - DAY

146

A group of MEN and WOMEN in white hospital gowns are laughing and pointing at all the soldiers. Some of them peek out from behind trees, pointing and laughing and from URQUHART's point of view, they might be laughing at him.

CUT TO

147 EXT. BRITISH 1ST AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - WOODS - DAY 147

URQUHART and STEELE watching them.

STEELE

They must be from the lunatic asylum, sir.

URQUHART still stares.

STEELE

It's located on the far side of the wood. It was bombed this morning by mistake.

CUT TO

148 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - WOODS - DAY 148

The CRAZY PEOPLE standing in the shadowed wood, pointing and laughing and moving erratically around. It's all wrong, they shouldn't be here, and that makes it scary.

CUT TO

149 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - WOODS - DAY 149

URQUHART and STEELE.

URQUHART

Let's hope they don't know something we don't know.

He walks away, then glances back and --

CUT TO

150 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - WOODS - DAY 150

The CRAZIES. They're getting more out of control. HOLD ... then --

SWITCH TO

151 EXT. SKY - DAY 151

A circle of FIGHTER-BOMBERS going around and around in a great curving movement.

CUT TO

152 EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

152

COLONEL "JOE" VANDELEUR standing up in his scout car, surrounded by idling tanks and armored vehicles --

CUT TO

153 EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - WOODS NEAR BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

153

Some woods behind tanks. Quiet. Not much stirring. Just some pretty woods on a pretty day.

CUT TO

154 EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

154

"JOE" VANDELEUR stands in his scout car, looking at his watch. He raises his mike and as he begins to speak into it we --

CUT TO

155 EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

155

The front Sherman tank at the very head of the lead formation of the IRISH GUARDS. This is the sharp end.

A 19-year-old SECOND LIEUTENANT stands with his head and shoulders out of the turret of the tank. The engine is running. We hear the distorted crackle of a wireless message in his earphones. He raises his mike --

SECOND LIEUTENANT

Driver -- advance ...

Not the most awe-inspiring order of all time, but it is 2.35 p.m. on Sunday the 17th of September, 1944 and does it bring results because as the command is spoken --

CUT TO

156- EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - WOODS NEAR BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

158

156-

158

WHAM -- the woods erupt as batteries of camouflaged artillery guns open fire and as the noise continues --

CUT TO

159- EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

164

159-

164

VANDELEUR and the IRISH GUARDS tanks with infantry alongside and riding on them. This is the great breakout of XXX Corps, and up ahead of them now, the shells from the guns are landing and as the Irish Guards begin rumbling forward at eight miles an hour, the shells keep preceding them, clearing the way, and now --

CUT TO

165- EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY  
169

165-  
169

The FIGHTER BOMBERS bank out of their circle, zooming down, adding their power to the artillery and what we have now is an incredible thing, a moving belt of fire clearing the way for VANDELEUR's tanks and they keep right on and the shells keep right on and it's noisy as hell, sure, but you couldn't ask for a plan to begin any better and now

CUT TO

170- EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY  
175

170-  
175

Up ahead of the moving belt of fire GERMAN TROOPS waiting. They are out of sight, in woods and trenches by the road that the IRISH GUARDS are taking and as they wait, you can see their fear as the moving belt of fire comes closer to them every second and

CUT TO

176 EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

176

VANDELEUR, standing up in the middle of it all, watching as his forces advance through the incredible din. All his tanks and cars have yellow streamers so they can be seen from above and something's bothering VANDELEUR now, he's looking around more than before, it shouldn't be going this well, but it is and

CUT TO

177- EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY  
186

177-  
186

The GERMANS, still scared but incredibly disciplined as they watch the moving belt of fire and it's almost on them and then it is on them, and shells are blasting all around and some of their guns are hit but not all, and some of their men are hit, but not all, and as we watch, the moving belt of fire moves on, and it's created havoc, sure, but the Germans are still alive and waiting and

CUT TO

187 EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

187

The Irish lead tanks, rumbling ahead along the single road, protected by that belt of fire that seems to be clearing everything and

CUT TO

188- EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY  
189

188-  
189

The GERMANS, watching the lead tanks, letting them go by, not bothering with them, just waiting silently and now --

CUT TO

190- EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY  
192

190-  
192

A large group of tanks following the lead tanks until without warning the first one just erupts into flame and then another tank is hit and as it explodes

CUT TO

193- EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY  
195

193-  
195

The GERMANS, blasting away now, creaming the shit out of the Irish Guards and --

CUT TO

196- EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY  
200

196-  
200

Another Irish tank gone and now three more and the truth was that nine tanks were creamed in less than two minutes and that's what we're looking at now, the truth, because the road is strewn with flaming tanks, the road is now blocked --

CUT TO

201- EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY  
204

201-  
204

The GERMANS, they increase their fire, giving it every goddam thing they've got and it looks like more than plenty until we

CUT TO

205 EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

205

VANDELEUR in his scout car, screaming over the noise into his microphone.

VANDELEUR

Start the purple --

And we don't know what the hell he means --

CUT TO

- 206 INT. SHERMAN TANK TURRET - DAY 206  
A TANK CREW loads smoke shell into breech --  
CUT TO
- 207 EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY 207  
Sherman tank fires towards German lines.  
CUT TO
- 208 EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY 208  
The German positions as the shells land in the area -- the shells explode into great purple colored bursts, marking the area and as the color widens --  
CUT TO
- 209 EXT. AERIAL VIEW - GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD DAY 209  
The German positions as seen from the sky where the Fighter Bombers are, and the land is suddenly pitted with all kinds of purple spots and now  
CUT TO
- 210 EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY 210  
The Fighter Bombers screaming down toward the German positions and as they start to fire -  
CUT TO
- 211- EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY 211-  
216 216  
The GERMANS and this is it folks, goodbye, as shell after shell slams down around them, hitting them, destroying them and  
CUT TO
- 217 EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY 217  
More purple marker shells landing on German positions.  
CUT TO
- 218 EXT. VIEW FROM PILOT'S COCKPIT - GERMAN POSITIONS - DAY 218  
As we dive down with other planes in rocket attack on Germans.  
CUT TO

219- EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY  
222

219-  
222

The German positions. They're on fire now. No more shooting, not from here. Only silence ... HOLD for a moment as a few dazed German survivors stumble towards the British lines.

CUT TO

223- EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY  
224

223-  
224

A giant bulldozer getting into position to shove a burned Irish Guards tank. The bulldozer is slow and cumbersome and it takes a while. It's a little later in the afternoon now.

CUT TO

225 EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

225

VANDELEUR watching from his scout car.

CUT TO

226 EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

226

The bulldozer slowly moves the tank, topples it out of the road into the ditch alongside. It makes a huge crashing sound, the tank does, spins down, lies still.

CUT TO

227 EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

227

"JOE" VANDELEUR is joined by his cousin GILES -- who comes over from his car. Throughout this next bit of conversation, British stretcher bearers are constantly visible, carrying the wounded back, lining both sides of the way. It's like an endless chain of maimed and dying.

GILES

(angry)

How the hell can they expect us to keep up to schedule on a road like this?

VANDELEUR

You don't know the worst.

GILES looks at him. There is a pause. Then --

VANDELEUR

This bit we're on now ...

227 Continued

GILES

227

Yes?

VANDELEUR

It's the wide part.

On his words --

CUT TO

228 EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

228 -

The road ahead, the one XXX Corps must travel. It's narrow and for half a mile along the way, it's filled with dead tanks, all of them blocking the road as they continue to burn ... From this devastation --

SWITCH TO

229 EXT. GERMAN-OCCUPIED AREA - GLIDER CRASH SITE - DAY

229

The shattered wreckage of an American Waco glider. It has smashed into trees on landing and broken horribly.

CUT TO

230 EXT. GERMAN-OCCUPIED AREA - GLIDER CRASH SITE - DAY

230

A YOUNG BALD GERMAN SOLDIER, gun in hand, stands in some trees, staring at it. When he is confident that nothing moves inside, he moves forward.

He halts by the glider door, frightened more now. Taking a breath, he yanks the door open, fires wildly inside. No need; there is no answer. Now as he goes through the door

CUT TO

231 INT. CRASHED AMERICAN GLIDER - DAY

231

Inside the glider. The briefcase lies on the floor of the shattered transport, the same briefcase we've seen several times previous.

The GERMAN SOLDIER begins moving through wreckage of the glider, but we don't see that -- we only see his boots as he walks a step, prods at this with his boot toe, turns something else over.

He passes the briefcase, momentarily, then stops, stoops, picks it up and opens it. Whatever it is that's inside -- which we haven't seen yet -- the look on his face at least tells us this much: it's not your everyday merchandise.

As he spins hurriedly out of the glider, carrying the briefcase tightly in one hand --

SWITCH TO

232 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - DIV. SIGNALS SECTION - 232 DAY

The drop zone. It's more orderly now; over an hour has passed. But URQUHART looks, as he hurries across the field, more tense than before. He enters the communications area where MAJOR STEELE and LIEUTENANT COLE (the one who said 'Don't worry' back in England) are supervising RADIO OPERATORS working the equipment.

URQUHART

How's it going?

COLE

Not too well, sir. We haven't been able to make contact with General Browning, XXX Corps -- or England.

URQUHART

I see -- so no one knows we've arrived safely.

COLE

Not as far as we know, sir.

URQUHART

(turns to Major Steele)

Can't you use the VHF sets we were given for calling in air support?

STEELE

Well, sir -- it appears that the sets have been delivered with the wrong crystals --

URQUHART

So, in fact, they're useless.

STEELE

Yes, sir, I'm afraid they are.

URQUHART

Did you tell Brigadier Lathbury and Colonel Frost that the Jeep Squadron is unable to break through to the bridge?

STEELE

No, sir. At the moment, we're unable to contact any of the units moving into Arnhem.

232 Continued

232

URQUHART

(digests this bombshell)

Not a very satisfactory state of affairs, Steele.

STEELE

No, sir.

COLE

We can't quite understand it, sir. It's perfectly good equipment.

URQUHART

Then for God's sake, get it sorted out before we have a disaster on our hands.

(he walks away)

CUT TO

233 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - DIV COMMAND POST - DAY 233

HANCOCK, URQUHART'S BATMAN, waiting as URQUHART approaches, looking none too cheerful. HANCOCK hands URQUHART a mug of tea.

URQUHART

(he studies the mug of tea)

Hancock -- I've got lunatics laughing at me from the woods, my original plan is scuppered now that the Jeeps haven't arrived, and my communications have completely broken down. Do you really think any of that can be helped by a mug of tea?

HANCOCK

(considers this; then --)

Couldn't hurt, sir.

As URQUHART starts almost to smile --

SWITCH TO

234 INT. BITTRICH'S HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

234

BITTRICH is with MODEL. MODEL was a great field commander, and the embarrassment of having dropped his undies on the steps of the hotel is a thing of the past. He is in constant movement now, BITTRICH tracking him.  
(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

234 Continued

234

BITTRICH

May I ask you once again, sir -- if it becomes necessary, for permission to blow up the bridges at Arnhem and Nijmegen.

MODEL

Willi, it will not be done.

(looks at Bittrich)

Ever. Is that clear? We need them for our counter attack.

BITTRICH

Counter attack with what? --

MODEL

-- paratroops cannot fight for long, they don't have enough equipment -- if you delay them, they are dead men. I have spoken to Von Runstedt -- all available reinforcements will come first to us -- every hour that passes, we get stronger, they grow weak.

BITTRICH

But if we detonate the bridges --

MODEL

--- they don't want the bridges -- Do you really think if the British wanted Arnhem Bridge they would have landed eight miles away?

(starts to laugh)

Ridiculous.

BITTRICH watches in silence as we --

SWITCH TO

235 EXT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - DAY

235

A large, lovely house surrounded by a fine lawn. A WOMAN and FIVE SMALL CHILDREN standing on the lawn, waving. The woman was KATE TER HORST, 38, and soon to be known as a very brave lady. Now we see what the waving is about as we --

CUT TO

236 EXT. ROAD NEAR KATE TER HORST HOUSE - DAY

236

FROST and a column of MEN on their way to the bridge. It's mid afternoon, sunny and fine, and they'd be making better time except for the numbers of civilians, all wearing orange color somewhere, who move along with the soldiers, offering apples, other kinds of food and drink. FROST and all his men are wearing camouflage for country fighting. We're in a

236 Continued

236

splendid residential part of the world. There is a certain amount of noise from the civilians.

CUT TO

237 EXT. ROAD NEAR KATE TER HORST HOUSE - DAY

237

FROST walks with CARLYLE. CARLYLE waves as he passes the TER HORST house. FROST was a superb soldier and a dogged man. CARLYLE made him laugh.

CARLYLE

Well, our lightning-like assault on Arnhem Bridge is certainly a smashing success.

FROST nods, has to smile. CARLYLE speaks now to a Dutch civilian.

CARLYLE

I've an aversion to apples, I'm so sorry.

(back to Frost)

I'm sure the Germans will be thunder-struck with surprise when they discover us creeping secretly in their midst.

DUTCH CIVILIAN

Are there many of you?

FROST

Great numbers ... thousands.

A DUTCH LADY thrusts a bunch of flowers at FROST. He refuses them with some embarrassment.

FROST

(trying to be heard  
over the people)

Look, do please try to understand --  
ours is not a victory parade.

CARLYLE

Oh come on, Johnny -- things couldn't  
be going better -- nothing's wrong.

FROST

I know. And that's what's wrong ...

As they continue to make their way through the cheering crowd -

SWITCH TO

238 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA -- CANAL (GRAVE BRIDGE) - DAY 238

A giant of a man, LIEUTENANT FRANK REESE of the 82nd, is carrying his rifle over his head as he leads a patrol of troops toward Grave Bridge.

He is, it might be added, neck deep in water.

CUT TO

239 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA -- GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 239

At both ends of the bridge are giant flak towers, with heavy guns protected by sandbags. It all looks ominous as hell. The flak towers are well armed. The GERMANS have not as yet seen REESE or his men.

CUT TO

240 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - CANAL (GRAVE BRIDGE) - DAY 240

REESE, slowly moving forward. When he's gone as far along the canal as he can and still have cover, he stops. He's close to the bridge now, close enough to see that the guns on the place are really deadly. REESE turns, whispers to a shortish SERGEANT -- the water's only to REESE's shoulders but it hits the SHORT SERGEANT -- his name is CAMPANELLA -- at the chin.

REESE

Do we charge 'em? Think we ought to wait for the rest of the men? What?

CAMPANELLA

I'll tell you the truth, Frank -- I'm sure not happy here.

He is all but swallowing water.

REESE

(nods -- to the others)

No noise, huh?

And with that, their guns still held high, they begin wading further along the canal only they're starting to be visible now and

CUT TO

241 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 241

The GERMAN in the flak towers on the bridge. No one notices REESE's forces yet.

CUT TO

242 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - CANAL (GRAVE BRIDGE) - DAY 242

REESE'S PLATOON. Scared but still silent, drawing closer and closer to the bridge until we

CUT TO

243 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 243

The GERMANS in the nearest flak tower and one of them spots the PARATROOPERS, and that's it, the silence is over, the GERMANS turn their huge gun, start to fire as we

CUT TO

244 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - CANAL (GRAVE BRIDGE) - DAY 244

REESE'S MEN, braced, as the first shots come exploding down, hitting behind them, a good bit behind them, and as they try to hurry forward in their slow wade along the canal --

CUT TO

245 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 245

The flak gun, firing again and again and the noise is bad and

CUT TO

246 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - CANAL (GRAVE BRIDGE) - DAY 246

REESE, and the shells are still landing behind him and he's half running along the canal now and

CUT TO

247 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 247

The flak gun, booming again and -

CUT TO

248 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - CANAL (GRAVE BRIDGE) - DAY 248

REESE, and something dawns on him as the gun continues to miss --

REESE

-- those are flak guns for chrissakes --

CAMPANELLA

-- what? --

REESE

-- they can't aim down this low --  
(to his men)

-- move --

He and his men charge forward --

CUT TO

249 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 249

The GERMANS at the flak guns and it's true, they can't aim low, they're no goddam good at all, and the GERMAN SOLDIERS realize this --

CUT TO

250 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND - APPROACH TO GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 250  
 REESE, clambering out of the canal onto the approach of the bridge then onto the bridge itself, he and all his men firing and firing and --

CUT TO

251 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - APPROACH TO GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 251  
 REESE'S BAZOOKA MAN and LOADER kneeling and firing --

CUT TO

252 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 252  
 The near flak tower as the first bazooka shell explodes and

CUT TO

253 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - APPROACH TO GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 253  
 The BAZOOKA MAN and LOADER firing again --

CUT TO

254 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 254  
 The near flak tower, destroyed now, flaming and --

CUT TO

255 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 255  
 The far flak tower as the GERMAN manning it see what's happening, don't even hesitate, just run like hell away from the tower, leaving it undefended and

CUT TO

256 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY 256

LIEUTENANT REESE on the Grave Bridge, watching as his men rush the far tower to secure it. He looks at CAMPANELLA. They are wet, but that's about all and the whole encounter has gone like a streak.

REESE

(to Campanella)

Hey? Am I crazy or did we just capture Grave Bridge?

CAMPANELLA nods. REESE looks at the far flak tower, shakes his head.

REESE

I don't think it's supposed to be this easy ...

And on those words --

SWITCH TO

257- EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - APPROACH TO SON BRIDGE - DAY 257-  
259 259

COLONEL BOBBY STOUT of THE AMERICAN 101ST in CLOSE UP.

This is one colorful guy. Short, he always wore a large helmet and constantly smoked big cigars, chomping on them. Sometimes, what with the size of the helmet and the size of the cigars, you couldn't get a clear look at his face. He was in his middle to late 30's, and was given, in moments of tension, to a skilled use of the vulgate.

And right now we're in a moment of considerable tension as we see STOUT leading his men in a wild charge across open terrain toward the highway bridge at SON and now

CUT TO

260 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAY 260

The bridge. Big and -- happily -- unprotected and

CUT TO

261 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - APPROACH TO SON BRIDGE - DAY 261

STOUT, tearing along and

CUT TO

262 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAY 262

The bridge and

CUT TO

263 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - APPROACH TO SON BRIDGE - DAY 263

STOUT, fifty yards away, now forty, now twenty-five, now --

CUT TO

264 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAY 264

Son Bridge as it blows sky high. The sound is both sudden and incredible and

CUT TO

265 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - APPROACH TO SON BRIDGE - DAY 265

STOUT, diving for the ground, covering his helmet with his arms, his men doing the same, lying there and as the debris starts landing around them --

CUT TO

266 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAY 266

The bridge as another charge detonates, louder than the first and Christ it's a mother of a blast and

CUT TO

267 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - APPROACH TO SON BRIDGE - DAY 267

STOUT and his men, immobile, as more and more debris comes down, tons of flying material. As it begins to lessen, STOUT is the first one up. Chomping at his cigar, he takes a look at where the bridge used to be --

CUT TO

268 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAY 268

There's nothing much left but a central pillar with one large section of road still tottering on it, as if it was trying to balance itself.

STOUT  
(surveying the  
situation)

Sum bitch.

CUT TO

269 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAY 269

The bridge as the final section of road falls from the central pillar, making a gigantic crash as it hits the river.

CUT TO

270 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - APPROACH TO SON BRIDGE - DAY 270

STOUT, standing there. Chomp chomp. Chomp chomp.

STOUT  
(takes the cigar out,  
spits expertly. Then -- )

Sheeest ...

And on that note of passionate sincerity --

SWITCH TO

271 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - DIV COMMAND POST - DAY 271

The drop zone. Later in the afternoon now, 4:30. URQUHART is getting into his Jeep. CORPORAL BROWN (his driver), a

271 Continued

271

RADIO OPERATOR, and LIEUTENANT COLE are already on board.  
MAJOR STEELE approaches.

STEELE

Still no contact, sir.

URQUHART

Keep at it, for God's sake.  
I should be back shortly; Brigadier  
Lathbury can't have gone that far.  
(getting in)  
I must find out what's happening up  
front.

STEELE

I'm most awfully sorry, sir.

MAJOR STEELE watches as URQUHART roars off across the drop  
zone. He looks, for want of a better word, scared. Now --

SWITCH TO

272 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SIGNAL SECTION - DAY

272

COLONEL BOBBY STOUT comes running up to a PFC at a radio set.  
It's a little later in the afternoon. STOUT talks through  
his cigar.

STOUT

Can you send a message down to XXX  
Corps with that dingus?

RADIO PFC

Sure, Colonel -- we just got word from  
the 82nd up ahead -- they captured the  
Grave Bridge completely intact.

STOUT

Yeah, well that's terrific, but XXX  
Corps ain't about to reach the goddam  
intact Grave Bridge till the goddam  
Son Bridge gets fixed --  
(chomps a moment)  
-- tell our British cousins to hustle  
up some Bailey stuff.

RADIO PFC

Yessir.

STOUT

I'll meet 'em in Eindhoven when they  
get there -- make sure those schmucks  
do this right and have their Bailey  
stuff at the front of their column,  
got that?

272 Continued

272

STOUT (Cont)  
(chomps again after  
the PFC nods 'yes')

-- and be sure you say 'please'.

As he hurries off --

SWITCH TO

273 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - NARROW WOODED ROAD - DAY 273

There is a motor sound and as we watch, URQUHART's jeep comes roaring along. In the distance now, up ahead, there is steady gunfire.

URQUHART's jeep picks up speed, zooms out of sight.

HOLD ON THE ROAD and KEEP HOLDING.

Now, moving out of the woods, first singly, then in pairs and groups come GERMAN SOLDIERS.

CUT TO

274 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - NARROW WOODED ROAD - DAY 274

The GERMAN SOLDIERS have rifles and mortars. More and more of them appear and begin setting up positions and you get the very strong feeling that GENERAL URQUHART is going to have a difficult time getting back on the road he came ...

SWITCH TO

275 EXT. TREES NEAR XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - DAY 275

A bunch of trees. Late afternoon. But forget them, they're not important. As a matter of fact, nothing that we see right now is important, it's what we hear --

Because behind the trees is a great rumbling and we better get used to it, because that is the sound of XXX Corps. When they're moving faster than they are now, the rumble will be a little higher; when they're going slower, a little less high. But the main thing to set is that rumble -- because once we know what it is, we never have to actually see the Corps to know it's on the move --

But now we do see them, because as we approach in the trees --

CUT TO

276 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - WOODED SECTION - DAY 276

The trees from the other side. Tanks rumble along, armored

276 Continued

276

cars too. In a scout car rides "JOE" VANDELEUR. His cousin GILES moves up alongside him in another scout car.

GILES

(shouting over the rumble)  
I make it just under six miles to  
Eindhoven.

VANDELEUR

(quick glance skyward --  
it's beginning to get on  
toward dusk)  
We won't make it tonight, it'll be  
dark soon.

GILES

Well I hope to God the 101st can hang  
on till tomorrow.

JOE

Giles: remember what the General said:  
we are the cavalry. It would be bad  
form for us to arrive anywhere in  
advance of schedule.

(another quick glance  
skyward; a momentary  
worried expression)

In the nick of time will do very nicely ...

They ride past. XXX CORPS rumbles on as we

SWITCH TO

277 INT. BITTRICH'S HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - EVENING

277

We are looking at a page in a thick folder in someone's hands. It's a map tracing the path that XXX Corps must follow. Clearly visible are the crucial bridges: Eindhoven, Son, then Grave further north, still going north comes Nijmegen. Finally: Arnhem. Beyond the folder we can see the BALD GERMAN SOLDIER standing to attention.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

FIELD MARSHAL MODEL as he closes the folder. On the cover is stamped OPERATION MARKET-GARDEN. GENERAL LUDWIG is with him. (This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

LUDWIG

You see, sir? It's all there -- units,  
objectives, the schedule for their further  
drops.

MODEL nods.

277 Continued

277

LUDWIG

We've prepared Nijmegen Bridge for demolition -- if I blow it up tonight, this Market-Garden operation fails.

MODEL

Why do all my generals want to destroy my bridges?

(shakes his head)

Come, Ludwig; we can have dinner.

LUDWIG

Dinner? But sir, what about these plans?

MODEL

Those?

(shrugs)

They're false. Just a trick. I promise you, they wanted us to find them. White wine or red ...?

HOLD ON LUDWIG. Amazed ...

SWITCH TO

278 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - WOODED OUTSKIRTS OF ARNHEM 278  
EVENING

GENERAL URQUHART stands with BRIGADIER LATHBURY as COLE watches THREE SIGNALMEN work radio equipment. URQUHART's Jeep is in the background. Battle sounds from in front.

COLE

We're still getting nothing from Colonel Frost's battalion on the river road, sir.

LATHBURY

(a sweet faced man, turns to Urquhart)

Let's hope Johnny's meeting less resistance than we are.

URQUHART

(turns)

I must see for myself how he's doing before I go back to H.Q. All right, Cole, let's go ...

He starts for his Jeep, LATHBURY with him.

URQUHART

You've got to break through to the bridge, Gerald --

LATHBURY

Well, we're completely blocked ahead of us. There's a good deal more resistance than we'd been led to expect.

URQUHART

What's their strength?

LATHBURY

I can't estimate yet -- some Dutch underground people were here earlier trying to explain the situation but I am not sure how much they know.

URQUHART signals to CORPORAL BROWN to start the Jeep.

CUT TO

279 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - WOODED OUTSKIRTS OF ARNHEM 279  
EVENING

URQUHART and LATHBURY are closing in on the Jeep when out of nowhere a mortar shell explodes, blowing the vehicle to bits, killing LIEUTENANT COLE, CORPORAL BROWN and the RADIO OPERATOR.

CUT TO

280 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - WOODED OUTSKIRTS OF ARNHEM 280  
EVENING

URQUHART and LATHBURY dive to ground as the Jeep blows up and more mortar shells explode around them. As dirt, leaves and branches shower down, URQUHART and LATHBURY scramble across to where CORPORAL BROWN and LIEUTENANT COLE lie fatally injured. Other soldiers get up and run forward.

URQUHART

(beside Corporal Brown)

Poor devil ... how's Cole?

LATHBURY shakes his head. One of his paratroopers reaches him.

PARATROOPER

You alright, sir?

LATHBURY

Yes, have a look at Corporal Brown will you?

There is a sudden burst of small-arms fire from a different direction -- from the way URQUHART came.

280 Continued

280

LATHBURY

(taking cover)

Christ almighty, they've got round behind us!

URQUHART

How the hell am I going to get back?  
I can't stay here --

LATHBURY

I think it might be wiser if you spent the night with us --

URQUHART

Gerald, I've got to get back --

LATHBURY

-- but alive, sir. If we can reach those houses over there --

(points up ahead)

We can get ourselves organized and find out what the hell's happening.

More mortar shells fall, even closer now, and the small arms fire begins to build --

URQUHART

Right.

They take off --

SWITCH TO

281 EXT. STREET NEAR ARNHEM BRIDGE - EVENING

281

A lovely old street in a lovely old town. There is a pause. Then FROST dashes across our view. Here and gone. Another pause. A BUNCH OF BRITISH SOLDIERS do the same. In the background, just a quick glimpse of a section of Arnheim Bridge.

CUT TO

282 EXT. STREET CORNER NEAR ARNHEM BRIDGE - EVENING

282

MAJOR CARLYLE and the SOLDIERS. Waiting in silence. Now FROST moves forward. They follow. He comes to a corner, stops a moment, and we have another glancing look at part of the Bridge. Now --

CUT TO

283 EXT. ANOTHER STREET CLOSER TO ARNHEM BRIDGE - EVENING

283

FROST moves forward again, this time he turns the corner --

CUT TO

284 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - EVENING

284

It's the first time we've seen it all and here's the thing: it's lovely. The arches are soaring and graceful. The river is several hundred yards wide and the approaches to the bridge make it a considerable structure. But in spite of its size, it's really a pretty thing. Painted a rust color that is even in this dim light, wonderful looking.

CUT TO

285 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE AREA - RIVER ROAD - EVENING

285

FROST as his men follow him in silence, moving down the long road by the river that leads to the bridge several hundred yards away. The men are dressed as before, camouflaged, twigs and leaves stuck in the netting of their helmets. Now --

CUT TO

286 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE AREA - FROST'S HOUSE - EVENING

286

FROST approaches a front door with MAJOR CARLYLE and a number of SOLDIERS. He knocks gently.

FROST

(to Carlyle)

Something just occurred to me.

CARLYLE

What was that, sir.

FROST

We're wearing the wrong camouflage --

(touches Carlyle's

leaves and twigs)

-- this is all very well for the country, but I doubt if we'll actually fool anyone in the towns.

(knocks again, louder)

Come on, come on.

CUT TO

287 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE AREA - FROST'S HOUSE - EVENING

287

The front door opens just a crack. We see a DUTCH BACHELOR TYPE, peering out, frightened.

FROST

Look here, I'm extremely sorry, but I'm afraid we're going to have to occupy your house.

(and as he pushes the door open -- )

Right, chaps, carry on.

287 Continued

287

A NUMBER OF FROST'S MEN go past him into the house: his WIRELESS OPERATOR, MAJOR CARLYLE, CORPORAL DAVIES, PRIVATE DODDS, WICKS, the batman, and a bunch of other faces we're going to be getting familiar with -- and some of them will live, some will be seen much later, inside the Perimeter when it forms. For now though, they all hurry inside with equipment as we

CUT TO

288 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE AREA - FROST'S HOUSE - EVENING

288

FROST turns to a young LIEUTENANT - DICK CORNISH.

FROST

Dick?

CORNISH

Yessir?

FROST

Take your men and occupy those houses across the road -- make sure we can cover the bridge with our crossfire.

CORNISH nods, hurries off with a bunch of troops as we --

CUT TO

289 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - EVENING

289

FROST, entering the house -- his men have begun preparing the place for defense -- they've started piling furniture up at windows.

CUT TO

290 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY - EVENING

290

The WIRELESS OPERATOR is set up on the stairs, and we hear him now in what is going to become a continuing failing litany as FROST starts up the stairs.

WIRELESS OPERATOR

This is Second Battalion calling Brigade Headquarters. Come in Brigade. This is Second Battalion. We have reached the bridge, what is your position - over?

(he looks up at Frost  
who bends over him)  
Nothing, sir.

290 Continued

290

FROST

Perhaps you'll have better luck  
raising one of the other battalions.  
(he sees something in  
the Radio Man's eyes)  
You've tried, have you?

The WIRELESS OPERATOR nods.

FROST

Keep at it.

The WIRELESS OPERATOR doesn't see it but there's a worried  
look on FROST's face for a moment, but he buries it, and  
continues up the stairs.

CUT TO

291 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - EVENING

291

A very very old DUTCH WOMAN. She stares stunned as the  
SOLDIERS destroy what five minutes ago was her home. More  
SOLDIERS move up the stairs after FROST, others occupy the  
upper floor. The OLD WOMAN runs to the BACHELOR TYPE who is  
her son.

(This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

OLD WOMAN

Order them out.

BACHELOR SON

Please, Mama.

OLD WOMAN

It is my house!

BACHELOR SON

Perhaps by tomorrow.

OLD WOMAN

(hesitates)

All right; tomorrow ...

Now TWO SOLDIERS come down the stairs while others continue up.

CUT TO

292 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - EVENING

292

Arnhem Bridge seen from the house.

CUT TO

293 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - TOP FLOOR - EVENING

293

FROST and CARLYLE studying it out the window of the house. They're on the top floor.

CUT TO

294 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - EVENING

294

The bridge on the near side, just beyond the window. There is a pill box a good distance away that is surrounded by some large 20 foot high wooden sheds. But there seems to be no movement at all.

On the far end of the bridge though, the south end, a few GERMAN SOLDIERS can be made out, walking idly back and forth.

CUT TO

295 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - TOP FLOOR - EVENING

295

CARLYLE

Shall we have a go at the far end now, sir?

FROST

'Having a go' is hardly text book military terminology --

CARLYLE

-- but you'll let us try?

FROST hesitates, studies the bridge, and --

CUT TO

295- EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH RAMP - EVENING

295-  
297

CARLYLE with close to twenty men behind him. He is on the road approach to the bridge now. Ahead of him is the pill box and the wooden sheds but they're not what he's watching. Very intently he is studying the GERMAN TROOPS on the far end of the bridge.

Now he slowly rises, gestures with an umbrella for the men to follow. He's evidently picked it up in the house, and he is never to be seen without it from now on. As he and his men continue forward --

CUT TO

298 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN END - EVENING

298

Maybe a dozen GERMAN SOLDIERS walking around talking to themselves.

CUT TO

299- EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - EVENING  
303

299-  
303

CARLYLE still watching the GERMANS, moving up closer to the pill box and the sheds, not paying much mind to them because he gestures with his umbrella again and as he starts to run forward the men follow and as they all race full speed the pill box unexpectedly opens fire, raking them with machine-gun bullets. CARLYLE goes down wounded in the shoulder and half a dozen other men are hit badly and the pill box keeps firing and firing as the BRITISH retreat, getting the hell off the bridge. Those that are still alive, that is.

CUT TO

304 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - TOP FLOOR - EVENING

304

As CARLYLE and his men retreat, FROST'S PARATROOPERS give covering fire from every available window.

CUT TO

305 EXT. HOUSES OPPOSITE FROST'S POSITION - EVENING

305

CORNISH and his PARATROOPERS also fire at the pill box, covering CARLYLE's retreat.

CUT TO

306 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - EVENING

306

As the PARATROOPERS retreat under fire, CARLYLE goes back to pick up a wounded man and drags him to safety.

CUT TO

307- INT. FROST'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY AND HALL - EVENING  
308

307-  
308

FROST comes down stairs as wounded PARATROOPERS from the abortive bridge sortie are brought in -- some are on stretchers CARLYLE enters. His left sleeve is soaked in blood. He sits down. A MEDICAL ORDERLY slits open his sleeve and begins to clean his wound.

FROST  
-- you all right?

CARLYLE  
Fine --

FROST  
We'll deal with those jokers as soon as it gets dark --

CUT TO

309 EXT. STREET BELOW ARNHEM BRIDGE - NIGHT

309

DAVIES and DODDS creep along the street. DAVIES has an ACKPAC

309 Continued

309

Flamethrower strapped to his back. DODDS carries a Bren gun to give covering fire. They are both, it might be noted, understandably edgy.

CUT TO

310 EXT. STAIRWAY ENTRANCE - ARNHEM BRIDGE (STREET LEVEL) - NIGHT 310

The great dark shadow of the bridge looms overhead as DAVIES and DODDS move silently along. Up ahead is an entrance with stairs leading up. They go through and start up the dark stairs --

CUT TO

311 EXT. STAIRWAY EXIT - ARNHEM BRIDGE LEVEL - NIGHT

311

As they near the top of the stairway, DAVIES and DODDS hesitate then take one slow step at a time. They reach and peer out. This next is whispered and their throats are very dry.

DODDS

Hey, Corp --

DAVIES

What -- ?

DODDS

Just wanted to say about, er - back in the plane - y'know we was only joking about Myrtle. If anything happens like, I wouldn't like you to think - well -

DAVIES

I know that, boyo. If I thought you harbored any evil intentions towards Myrtle, I'd make sure you roasted before she did ...

(he pats flamethrower)

DODDS

Oh, great ... after you, Corp --

CUT TO

312 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - NIGHT

312

DAVIES and DODDS crawl forward from the stairway exit to a low wall which separates a bicycle track on the side of the bridge from the main highway. They pause, then look cautiously over the wall --

CUT TO

313 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - PILL BOX AND SHEDS - NIGHT

313

There is no sign of any movement.

CUT TO

314 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - NIGHT

314

DAVIES readies the flamethrower for action.

DODDS

Better hit that slit first time,  
or we've bleeding had it --

DAVIES gives him a look of disgust and pokes the nozzle of the flamethrower over the wall. Just as he is about to fire, DODDS slides the Bren gun onto the wall and jogs DAVIES' arm --

CUT TO

315 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - NIGHT

315

A sheet of flame shoots across the road but instead of hitting the pill box, it sets light to the nearest shed. A burst of machine gun fire comes from the pill box.

CUT TO

316 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - NIGHT

316

DAVIES and DODDS duck behind the low wall as bullets ricochet all around them.

DAVIES

Now you've buggered it, you clumsy  
bastard --

And on that the whole night seems to explode --

CUT TO

317 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - PILL BOX AND SHEDS - NIGHT

317

The burning shed explodes like Krakatoa, and there are tracer bullets shooting all the hell around like fireworks and then the next shed goes and the one beside that -- they were for ammunition storage and as the explosions build --

CUT TO

318 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - NIGHT

318

DAVIES and DODDS slowly peer over the wall with a look of total amazement --

CUT TO

319 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NIGHT

319

Arnhem Bridge starts to flame.

Not the bridge itself, but the paint that covers the bridge and as the flames run along the girders --

CUT TO

320 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

320

FROST, from his window in the house, watching it. He holds his hunting horn in one hand. Now --

CUT TO

321 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN APPROACH - NIGHT

321

The German side of the bridge. GENERAL BITTRICH stands, his bright, gaunt face illuminated by the flames. Now --

CUT TO

322 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN END - NIGHT

322

The bridge -- flaming away. Now, as we stay on the bridge, we hear FROST'S HORN, sounding "Gone away", the one he blew on the drop zone to gather his men. He uses it again, and the sound is haunting, cutting through the night.

CUT TO

323 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN APPROACH - NIGHT

323

BITTRICH, watching the bridge, listening to the sound of FROST'S HORN.

(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

BITTRICH

(half smiles)

Fools' courage.

CUT TO

324 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN END - NIGHT

324

Arnhem Bridge in the night. We hear the SOUND of FROST'S HORN as the bridge continues to burn ...

SLOW FADE OUT.

324 Continued

324

In the darkness we hear a familiar sound: the rumble of XXX Corps as we

FADE IN ON

325 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - HILL SECTION - DAWN

325

From out of sight, behind the crest of a hill comes XXX CORPS. And from the sound, they're moving faster than the last time. Now, from that motor rumble --

SWITCH TO

326 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN APPROACH RAMP - DAY

326

A different motor sound. Half tracks and armored cars loaded with men and weapons. Moving from one to the other is an exceptionally handsome blond GERMAN CAPTAIN. His name is GRABNER. The motors begin to gun slightly more as we

CUT TO

327 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN END - DAY

327

Arnhem Bridge. GRABNER is at the approach to the south end, out of sight of the British troops across. But the thing to notice is the change that's come over the structure. It was delicate and lovely only last evening. In this morning light, it is ugly and charred, black, and the bridge itself is strewn with wreckage: Arnhem Bridge is in the war now.

CUT TO

328 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

328

FROST is trying to deal with the OLD WOMAN and her BACHELOR SON. The OLD WOMAN is jabbering on IN DUTCH, very upset.

BACHELOR SON

(translating shakily)

She says you're much too noisy.

FROST

She does understand there is something of a war going on?

BACHELOR SON

She has never liked noise -- she hates it, hates it --

And now suddenly we are aware of the mass sound of GRABNER's column. FROST whirls as CARLYLE, wounded but mobile, appears on the stairs --

328 Continued

328.

CARLYLE  
(yelling)  
They're coming, sir --

And on those words --

CUT TO

329- EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

329-

333

333

GRABNER'S CHARGE. It is a wild act, the half tracks and the armored cars roaring up the approach onto the bridge itself, then roaring across the part of the bridge that spans the river down into FROST's positions on the other approach -- all the guns firing full out and the drivers doing an incredible job because the bridge is full of debris from the explosion of the previous night. The GERMANS swerve their vehicles missing first one obstacle, then the next as they come on and on, blasting as they approach and

CUT TO

334 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

334

FROST racing across the rooftop, getting ready to fire.

CUT TO

335- EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

335-

336

336

CARLYLE and more TROOPS with their rifles and machine-guns and anti tank guns and they're in every window and parapet and rooftop and

CUT TO

337- EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

337-

339

339

FROST, as the German shells start landing around his position, and fires start, and men start screaming and

CUT TO

340 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY

340

GRABNER, roaring on, starting to come into FROST's field of fire now and

CUT TO

341 EXT. CORNISH'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

341

LIEUTENANT CORNISH and his MEN, in the corresponding buildings across the roadbridge, watching as GRABNER gets closer and preparing to fire --

CUT TO

342 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

342

FROST, shouting as CORNISH's men seem to be about to fire --

342 Continued 342

FROST  
-- No -- Hold! -- Hold!

CUT TO

343 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY 343

GRABNER, increasing his speed, increasing his fire and

CUT TO

344 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY 344

FROST, watching, watching, and GRABNER is really frighteningly close now and

CUT TO

345 EXT. CORNISH'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY 345

CORNISH, his position getting a pounding, but his men are waiting and

CUT TO

346 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY 346

CARLYLE is wounded again, by an exploding shell, and again it's nothing fatal, but it couldn't feel all that good either and

CUT TO

347 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY 347

GRABNER coming full blast and he's dead between the British forces now, or almost, and the second he actually is --

CUT TO

348 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOPS - DAY 348

FROST, shouting and signaling --

FROST  
FIRE!!

And as he starts to fire --

CUT TO

349 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY 349

GRABNER, not stopping and

CUT TO

350- EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY  
351

350-  
351

The BRITISH, zeroing in among them is SERGEANT CLEGG.

SGT. CLEGG  
(to his neighbor)  
Bloody hell, they're all fuckin' SS!  
(then as he fires)  
Bastards --

CUT TO

352- EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - DAY  
356

352-  
356

The bridge as GRABNER'S FORCES start to get decimated: a half track DRIVER is hit, his car swerves, smashes into another half track, the two careen wildly out of control as another car slams into them from behind and they're blocking the bridge now and the other cars try getting by but they can't, all they can do is try to ram their way through and the assault begins to slow and

CUT TO

357- EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY  
358

357-  
358

The BRITISH, increasing their fire, coming out from their positions for clearer shots and

CUT TO

359- EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY  
362

359-  
362

A half track, totally out of control, crashing over the bridge railing, falling down into the streets below, bursting into flames and

CUT TO

363 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - DAY

363

What was once GRABNER'S FORCES. Just burning wreckage now; a few GERMANS try running back to the south end; those that are more wounded just stay numbly where they are, waiting to be taken prisoner.

CUT TO

364 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - DAY

364

A GERMAN LIEUTENANT tries pulling GRABNER from the wreckage. After a moment he stops. No point. GRABNER is dead.

CUT TO

365 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

365

FROST. He turns, helps CARLYLE to his feet. CARLYLE was wounded in the shoulder the first time; this time it's the

365 Continued

365

opposite arm. He manages to stand, opens his umbrella; it works fine. He shuts it back up. During this --

CARLYLE

No harm done.

FROST

(as they start inside)

Must you get wounded in each and every action?

CARLYLE

I've always striven for consistency, you know that.

And now as they're inside the house --

CUT TO

366- INT. FROST'S HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY  
367

366-  
367

The BACHELOR SON is holding his aged MOTHER. She is crying deeply and genuinely, her hands to her ears. WICKS is helping bring in some wounded, as are DODDS and his friend NOBBY, taking them down to the basement of the house. The RADIO MAN is, as always, on the job, his voice going on in the background: "This is Second Battalion, come in First Battalion. Second Battalion. Can you hear me at all, First Battalion, come in, First Battalion, come in First Battalion, over -"

FROST

(to Carlyle -- indicating the wound)

Get yourself cared for, I'm off to check with Cornish.

(he heads for the door, pauses by the Old Woman and her Son)

Look here, I am very very sorry.

The SON nods; the MOTHER probably doesn't understand; in any case, she continues to weep as FROST moves for the door and now --

CUT TO

368 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - DAY

368

WICKS, checks that the street is clear, then dashes under bridge supports. He covers FROST, as he runs across the street toward the bridge, and just before he's safely under it -- a volley of rifle shots rings out, come close to killing him as he dives for cover.

CUT TO

369 EXT. CHURCH TOWER - ARNHEM - DAY

369

The tower, high, high up. The Germans have snipers up there, always firing down.

CUT TO

370 EXT. STREET BELOW ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

370

FROST, registering the fact as he looks at WICKS. They get up and break into another run as we

CUT TO

371 INT. CORNISH'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

371

LIEUTENANT CORNISH in a basement room with many wounded. It's hot and there's constant coughing going on. FROST enters. WICKS remains by the door.

FROST

How are things?

CORNISH

(indicating the situation)

All in all, not too bad, sir.

FROST

(nods)

What is bad, I'm afraid, is this --

(he scratches a very rough drawing on the wall --)

-- we have the North end of the bridge, they have the South; they also now control --

(and here he makes a line on the other side of his position)

-- all through here; probably the entire town.

CORNISH

In other words, you're saying we're surrounded.

FROST

(nods)

Something like that.

CORNISH nods -- as the coughing sound goes on --

SWITCH TO

372 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - DAY

372

XXX CORPS, later in the morning, rolling along. We see them now, the lead vehicles, and they look like they're going like

372 Continued

372

hell as we hold on them awhile. Now --

SWITCH TO

373 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - ARNHEM - DAY

373

URQUHART stands staring through the window at the blasting outside. LATHBURY and a number of other OFFICERS are with him including a small, lithe man -- CAPTAIN CLEMINSON.

URQUHART

I've got to risk it -- it's halfway through the morning. Things aren't going to get any better --

He turns away from the window as SERGEANT TOWNS enters from the rear.

LATHBURY

Yes, Sergeant, what is it?

TOWNS

We can't clear the streets, sir -- enemy strength keeps increasing -- there's no way we can break through to the bridge --

URQUHART

That makes it all the more imperative for me to get back to HQ -- before this situation gets completely out of control. Thank you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT TOWNS leaves.

LATHBURY

Captain Cleminson and I will come for part of the way, sir.

URQUHART briefly examines his pistol.

URQUHART

All right, fine -- let's go.

He turns, starts for the door.

CUT TO

374 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - BACK DOOR OF SUBURBAN HOUSE DAY 374

The back door of the house as URQUHART opens it a crack. As always the street fighting sounds continue. Now the door opens enough more to reveal LATHBURY, carrying a Sten gun, and CAPTAIN CLEMINSON. There is a long pause. Then URQUHART nods once and all three charge out into the back garden.

CUT TO

375 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - SUBURBAN STREET INTERSECTION 375  
DAY

URQUHART runs round corner of building, followed by LATHBURY and CLEMINSON, they all run across the intersection towards another house and URQUHART and CLEMINSON are making good time only LATHBURY isn't, and as he staggers and falls --

CUT TO

376 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - SUBURBAN STREET INTERSECTION 376  
DAY

URQUHART, rushing to the wounded man, lifting him, taking him on to the back of the nearest house as we

CUT TO

377 INT. "LATHBURY" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY 377

LATHBURY lies on a table. URQUHART does his best to give him a quick examination. A DUTCH COUPLE who speak broken English stand by CLEMINSON and they all concentrate on LATHBURY, not on the window just behind them and the firing outside.

URQUHART

Can you not move your legs, Gerald?

LATHBURY shakes his head.

URQUHART

I think it must be your spine.

(turns to Dutchman)

Can you help us?

OLD DUTCHMAN

How?

It's a very tense moment obviously and nobody notices the GERMAN SOLDIER who hurries by the window outside, barely bothering to glance in, but when he does, he halts and --

URQUHART

Is there a doctor you know nearby?

OLD DUTCHMAN

We can take --

But he stops suddenly as we --

CUT TO

378 INT. "LATHBURY" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY 378

URQUHART, his pistol in his hand, firing the thing again and

- 378 Continued 378  
again through the window and as the glass shatters --  
CUT TO
- 379 INT. "LATHBURY" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY 379  
The GERMAN -- his rifle falling from his hands, as he cries out, grabs his face, collapses, dies.  
CUT TO
- 380 INT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - "LATHBURY" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY 380  
Inside the room as the DUTCHMAN points to the door --  
DUTCHMAN  
You go -- he will be fine -- fine --  
You go --  
CUT TO
- 381 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - MAZE OF BACK GARDENS - DAY 381  
URQUHART and CLEMINSON, outside again, and if the firing was bad before, now it's a nightmare, and they are again making their way down a maze of tiny back gardens and as they come to the end and look ahead --  
CUT TO
- 382 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - MAZE OF BACK GARDENS - DAY 382  
A SQUAD OF GERMAN SOLDIERS, approaching and --  
CUT TO
- 383 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - MAZE OF BACK GARDENS - DAY 383  
URQUHART and CLEMINSON out of sight flat against a wall. The soldiers are coming in their direction but as yet they haven't been seen. Suddenly a new voice is heard speaking IN DUTCH and --  
CUT TO
- 384 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - KITCHEN WINDOW OF "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 384  
A YOUNG DUTCH FAMILY, MAN, WIFE, CHILDREN, in the kitchen of their tiny house, which faces onto the garden where URQUHART and CLEMINSON are. As the YOUNG DUTCHMAN speaks and gestures for them to come in --  
CUT TO

385 INT. "URQUHART" HOUSE - HALL AND STAIRWAY - DAY 385

URQUHART and CLEMINSON enter and follow the YOUNG DUTCHMAN upstairs and as they go through a door --

CUT TO

386 INT. "URQUHART" HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY 386

A small bedroom and the DUTCHMAN grabs some 'pull-down' stairs, gestures URQUHART and CLEMINSON up towards the attic.

DUTCHMAN

(no English at all)

Deutch -- Deutch --

Now he makes a circular gesture. Then he points up the stairs and --

CUT TO

387 INT. "URQUHART" HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY 387

URQUHART and CLEMINSON climb in. The place is barely more than a crawl space. But there is a tiny window with a tiny shade. URQUHART carefully moves the shade a trifle, just enough to peer out.

URQUHART

We know they're behind us -- perhaps the front's better --

And as he looks out --

CUT TO

388 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 388

An enormous German self-propelled gun slowly rumbles down the street.

CUT TO

389 INT. "URQUHART" HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY 389

URQUHART watching, CLEMINSON over his shoulder. Now

CUT TO

390 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 390

The self-propelled gun slowly approaches the house then stops. The driver turns off the motor. The CREW, all of them armed, get out, stretch, light cigarettes.

CUT TO

391 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 391

The view along the street. The top of the gun is the same

391 Continued

391

height as the tiny window. Probably if URQUHART wanted, he could touch the thing. Now more GERMAN SOLDIERS amble up, stop; begin settling in. Clearly, none of them are going anyplace just now ...

CUT TO

392 INT. "URQUHART" HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

392

URQUHART releases the shade, rubs his eyes.

CLEMINSON

We're trapped, sir.

URQUHART

(looks at the other man.

There is a pause. Then -- )

I guessed ...

HOLD on URQUHART. Then --

SWITCH TO

393 INT. METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE - AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

393

The view through the window is totally obscured by thick swirling fog. There is a ton of equipment but otherwise the place is empty except for a SQUADRON LEADER who sits smoking a pipe -- this guy is so Upper Class British you can't stand it. There is the sound of a door slamming, followed by footsteps. The office door opens.

SQUADRON LEADER

(barely glancing up)

I was rather expecting you again,  
General Sosabowski.

CUT TO

394 INT. METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE - DAY

394

SOSABOWSKI roaring toward the SQUADRON LEADER.

SOSABOWSKI

You have cancelled the second drop  
and I wish for an explanation.

SQUADRON LEADER

(languidly gesturing toward  
the window and the inclement  
weather)

The fog had more than a bit to do with  
it.

SOSABOWSKI

I am told there are planes flying 50 miles to the south -- explain please why we cannot move my supplies and equipment from here to there and then fly it to Arnhem.

SQUADRON LEADER

That's really quite a reasonable question, and I don't wish to bother you with a good deal of meteorological mumbo-jumbo, but the fact is, you see, whether we like it or not, fog moves.

SOSABOWSKI

Can't you tell where?

SQUADRON LEADER

In point of fact, you can't -- very slippery stuff, fog; you think you've got it and ah-ha, it's reversed itself and left you behind.

SOSABOWSKI

Meaning?

SQUADRON LEADER

Simply that if we took all your supplies and moved them the fifty miles where I grant you, just now the sun is shining, chances are by the time we got there, the fog could have easily preceded us.

(knocking his pipe on his ashtray)

So we'll simply have to wait.

SOSABOWSKI

And do nothing?

SQUADRON LEADER

I think that puts it rather well ...

He re-lights his pipe.

SOSABOWSKI

I feel an overwhelming urge to play 'Castrate the Weatherman.'

The SQUADRON LEADER isn't quite sure if he's heard correctly.

SOSABOWSKI

It's an old Polish game, you know.

SWITCH TO

395 EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - EINDHOVEN TOWN SQUARE - DAY 395

A DUTCH WOMAN in happy tears. She's jumping up and down and making lots of noise.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Half a dozen other DUTCH PEOPLE surrounding the DUTCH WOMAN. They are also yelling and jumping and smiling and now there is a tremendous noise and the instant we get it --

CUT TO

396 EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - EINDHOVEN TOWN SQUARE - DAY 396

The whole of the square is jammed -- you never saw so many people wearing orange in your life. It's a glory day for the Dutch. A lot of them were singing, not well and not together, their national anthem, and a bunch of them had brought out their radios and you could hear snatches of broadcasting coming from the BBC and as always, in any crowd, there are those interested in making a buck and a bunch of MEN are selling orange buttons as they move along, all of them doing a business. In general, quite a sight. This was the first hook up of the Market and Garden forces and smack in the middle of the mob, trying to get his scout car through without killing everybody is "JOE" VANDELEUR at the head of his column of vehicles.

VOICE (OVER)

You Vandeleur?

VANDELEUR turns.

CUT TO

397 EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - EINDHOVEN TOWN SQUARE - DAY 397

COLONEL STOUT, cigar as always in his jaws, comes out of CROWD and jumps onto VANDELEUR's scout car.

BOBBY STOUT

I'm Bobby Stout. Helluva day, huh? -- look at 'em; wild.

VANDELEUR

(taking in the crowd)

Have you ever been liberated?

BOBBY STOUT

I got divorced twice, does that count?

VANDELEUR smiles, nods and as the noise seems about to overwhelm them --

BOBBY STOUT

(blasting over)

Hey -- have you got your Bailey crap

397 Continued

397

BOBBY STOUT (Cont)

amongst this stuff?  
 (indicates column of  
 trucks)

VANDELEUR

When you refer to 'Bailey crap' I take  
 it you mean that glorious precision-  
 made piece of British-built equipment  
 that is the envy of the civilized world?

STOUT nods -- VANDELEUR points behind them.

VANDELEUR

The trucks are back there somewhere  
 but how you're going to get them  
 through this crowd ...

BOBBY STOUT

(jumping down)  
 Fear not, I got a side road pegged  
 out that'll avoid all this.  
 (touches his temple)  
 American ingenuity.  
 (shrugs)  
 'Course I was born in Yugoslavia,  
 but what the hell.

He waves and starts to make his way through the hysterically  
 happy crowds --

SWITCH TO

398 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GAVIN'S COMMAND POST - DAY 398

CAPTAIN HARRY racing in a Jeep across a field toward a farm  
 building. As he gets close, jams on the brakes --

CUT TO

399 INT. GAVIN'S COMMAND POST - DAY 399

And the place is a madhouse. GAVIN sees HARRY enter, goes  
 right to him. This next takes place in the midst of all the  
 constant swirling activity of a division at war.

GAVIN

Where have you been?

CAPTAIN HARRY

With some Dutch friends in Nijmegen --  
 (produces a sketch)  
 -- look.

CUT TO

400 INSERT - SKETCH OF TRAFFIC CIRCLE & BRIDGE - NIJMEGEN

400

A well-drawn, detailed sketch of the large traffic circle fronting Nijmegen Bridge. The sketch shows the German defensive positions, anti-tank guns, self-propelled artillery etc. It's awesome.

CAPTAIN HARRY (OVER)

This is why we can't take the bridge.  
The Germans have moved in SS Panzer  
troops and sealed off the whole area.

CUT TO

401 INT. GAVIN'S COMMAND POST - DAY

401

GAVIN and HARRY looking at sketch.

GAVIN

Christ, you'd think they didn't want  
us to get across or something.

CAPTAIN HARRY

(hands Gavin another sketch)

Here's a map of the same area.

(points)

Every street leading to the bridge  
is blocked, every house around it is  
occupied. The underground people say  
it's just impossible to break through.

GAVIN

(studies both sketches  
in turn)

They could be right ...

HOLD ON GAVIN - gauging the difficulties, weighing the risks.  
If he's got any ideas, at this moment anyway, nothing shows.

SWITCH TO

402 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SHELLED WOOD - DAY

402

SERGEANT EDDIE DOHUN driving up in a Jeep. He stops by another  
AMERICAN SERGEANT. In the background are war-ravaged woods,  
still burning.

DOHUN

Where's the Captain?

SERGEANT

(dazed)

Dead.

DOHUN

I didn't ask how he was goddamnit.  
I asked where!

402 Continued

402

The dazed SERGEANT motions toward the woods as we --

CUT TO

403 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SHELLLED WOOD - DAY

403

DOHUN's Jeep, small, racing across the scarred landscape.

CUT TO

404 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SHELLLED WOOD - DAY

404

DOHUN roars up in his Jeep, jumps out, and starts. DOHUN then does a strange thing: he bends down, picks up the corpse of CAPTAIN GLASS, puts him in the front of the Jeep, propping him there alongside where he, the driver, belongs. And what's strange about this is not just the gesture but the fact that he's handling GLASS gently. As if that mattered anymore to the CAPTAIN.

CUT TO

405 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SHELLLED WOOD - DAY

405

Now DOHUN, still making sure that GLASS is upright in the other front seat, moves around the CAPTAIN, gets in position to drive. He puts one hand on the corpse's shoulder, and with the other hand starts the vehicle, takes off like a mad bastard through the woods as we --

CUT TO

406- EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY  
410406-  
410

The woods with DOHUN racing along, much too fast for this kind of terrain, bumping and twisting, avoiding collision after collision with tree after tree, bouncing and swerving while all the time holding tight to CAPTAIN GLASS in the seat alongside, and sometimes, when DOHUN makes a left turn, the centrifugal force throws them against the turn and GLASS starts to fall out of the vehicle and DOHUN has to take his eyes off where he's going for a moment, stretch over, grab GLASS just before he loses him and --

CUT TO

411 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

411

Some trees, as the Jeep veers dead at them and --

CUT TO

412 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

412

DOHUN, fighting for control, still driving one-handed, but

412 Continued

412

he's got GLASS upright again and now he can give his attention to the goddam trees and he swerves the Jeep, throws it sharply the other way just in time to avoid the collision and --

CUT TO

413 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY  
GLASS, lifeless and --

413

CUT TO

414 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY  
DOHUN, driving one-handed, going faster than ever now and --

414

CUT TO

415 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY  
The woods, flying by and --  
GLASS, held there in DOHUN's grip and --

415

CUT TO

416 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY  
DOHUN, suddenly braking the car all he's got, jamming his foot down and it all makes sense suddenly as we --

416

CUT TO

417 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY  
An armed GERMAN PATROL in a half-track driving slowly through the wood ahead --

417

CUT TO

418 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY  
DOHUN -- watching them. He looks quickly over his shoulder and spots two large open-type bushes. He reverses the Jeep expertly between them. He's not exactly hidden from view but the bushes match the color of the Jeep and it's better than being out in the open. He looks back at the GERMANS --

418

CUT TO

419 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY  
The GERMANS in the half-track show no sign of having seen him, and they haven't heard the Jeep because of the noise their own vehicle is making and the DRIVER is concentrating on not hitting

419

419 Continued

419

the trees because what he's driving is really a truck not a tank --

CUT TO

420 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

420

And DOHUN is feeling better because it looks as if the half-track is going to drive right on and he's going to be able to get away, then --

CUT TO

421 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

421

The GERMAN half-track stops with its motor running on the edge of a path through the woods. The GERMAN PATROL in the back of the half-track jump down to stretch their legs. Some of them light cigarettes, one of them takes a leak against a tree and they're all pretty relaxed, talking amongst themselves and one of them, maybe an OFFICER is checking a map with the driver who is half out of the cab. They don't seem to be too sure of their location --

CUT TO

422 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

422

DOHUN straightens GLASS up in his seat, but keeps his eyes on the half-track.

CUT TO

423 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

423

The GERMANS. Some of them are sitting down now, and it's beginning to look as if they may be there for some time, and now TWO of the GERMANS are looking towards us and --

CUT TO

424 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

424

DOHUN - he isn't sure whether the TWO GERMANS have seen the Jeep or are just taking in the scenery, but he isn't taking any chances. He looks over his shoulder to see if he can reverse his way out of trouble - and he freezes as he sees --

CUT TO

425 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

425

ANOTHER GERMAN PATROL -- coming in from DOHUN's left, this time on foot. They're spread out in two straggling lines, and while the soldiers over by the half-track have left their rifles in the racks, this foot patrol have got guns in their hands, with one finger on the trigger, and if they keep on their present

425 Continued

425

course there is no way they are not going to see DOHUN and the Jeep --

CUT TO

426 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

426

DOHUN - and now he knows he's in trouble. He drops his hand onto the gearshift -- for a second, we think he's about to take off, but he changes his mind, switches off the ignition and reaches forward to take his rifle from the carrier fixed to the inside of the windshield of the Jeep -- but what good is a rifle going to be against TWO armed patrols when all you have on your side is a corpse --

CUT TO

427 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

427

Over on the path, the DRIVER of the half-track cuts his motor and gets out of the vehicle. Suddenly we become aware of the almost total lack of noise -- broken only by the distant, sporadic conversation of the GERMANS --

CUT TO

428 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

428

DOHUN, in his Jeep, waiting, hardly daring to breathe. He looks towards --

CUT TO

429 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

429

The GERMAN FOOT PATROL. They haven't spotted him yet.

CUT TO

430 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

430

CAPTAIN GLASS. Just as before. Always as before.

CUT TO

431 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

431

The GERMAN FOOT PATROL -- they're sure as hell taking their time. They're talking amongst themselves and then one of them lets out a yell and raises his arm --

CUT TO

432 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

432

DOHUN rips his rifle from the carrier on the windshield and is half-way out of the Jeep when he hears --

CUT TO

433 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY 433

One of the SOLDIERS by the half-track yelling back to the GERMAN in the foot patrol. And now he's beckoning the patrol over to where he is --

CUT TO

434 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY 434

And now DOHUN knows how he's going to get out of the jam he's in. He clips his rifle back into the carrier, settles in behind the wheel and carefully selects four-wheel drive. He checks the GERMANS in front then the FOOT PATROL.--

CUT TO

435 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY 435

The FOOT PATROL are now maybe only twenty-five to thirty yards away, but their attention is on their buddies by the half-track --

CUT TO

436 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY 436

And VROOOMMM! DOHUN guns the Jeeps motor, and takes off in four-wheel drive, getting maximum traction, coming out from between the bushes like a partridge breaking cover - zigzagging between the two groups of GERMANS, and heading towards the group by the half-track and --

CUT TO

437 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY 437

The FOOT PATROL - they're startled, but they're not slow to react, and they've seen enough U.S. Jeeps to know what they've got in front of them, and several SOLDIERS are raising their rifles and sub-machine guns, but they're not firing because it's not just DOHUN's Jeep that's in front of them but their own guys as well, and that's what's stopping them --

CUT TO

438 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY 438

And the GERMANS by the half-track are not in much better shape because most of their guns are in the half-track, and right now the most important thing is to get behind some kind of cover before the FOOT PATROL gun them down by accident, or DOHUN runs them over on purpose and now --

CUT TO

439 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY 439

DOHUN drives through the startled GERMANS, curves round the nose of the half-track and goes out of sight.

CUT TO

440 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY 440

The FOOT PATROL is running up to the half-track now, and one of the SOLDIERS from the half-track is back inside and he's cocked the big pylon-mounted machine gun and he swings it round onto DOHUN's back as the others start firing rifles but --

CUT TO

441 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY 441

DOHUN is long gone, and the burst of fire just chews the bark off a line of trees, and they've lost him --

CUT TO

442 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - OPEN GROUND - DAY 442

DOHUN zig-zags out of the trees and heads towards a road, holding CAPTAIN GLASS tight with one hand, the bouncing steering wheel with the other, pushing the Jeep as hard as he can until he reaches --

CUT TO

443 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY 443

Red Cross tents, ambulance Jeeps, and motorbikes around a barn. Lots of activity. People that can move are moving, those that can't are just sitting between them. An M.P. LIEUTENANT in a Jeep is talking to an M.P. SERGEANT on traffic duty.

CUT TO

444 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY 444

DOHUN, lifting GLASS out of the Jeep, looking around.

CUT TO

445- EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY 445-  
447 447

'Hospital' is a really misleading word -- the place was a barn, and that's what it still looks like except that the animals have been moved out and a MEDICAL TEAM has moved in.

To one side is a YOUNG DOCTOR, A MAJOR, who is treating a long file of walking wounded, aided by a COUPLE OF MEDICS.

Inside the barn, is the operating room -- it's been walled off and roofed over with olive-drab canvas to create a sterile area but it's still a pretty makeshift job.

Nearby is a line of BADLY WOUNDED SOLDIERS on stretchers, waiting their turn for surgery. By each of them, a bayoneted rifle has been driven into the ground, with a plasma or saline

445- Continued  
447

445-  
447

drip bottle taped to the butt. A MEDIC is checking how they're doing.

A TOUGH-LOOKING COLONEL throws back the curtain that forms the door to the operating room and TWO MEDICS carry out a SOLDIER on a stretcher. Behind the COLONEL we can see the operating table, anaesthetic bottles, and whatever else there is. DOHUN walks up to him with GLASS in his arms.

DOHUN

Colonel --

TOUGH COLONEL

Not now, Sergeant --

DOHUN

-- I'd like for you to look at my captain.

TOUGH COLONEL

(one quick glance)

I'm sorry, Sergeant. Put him down --

And as he points --

CUT TO

448 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY 448

A line of DEAD MEN.

CUT TO

449 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY 449

DOHUN and the TOUGH COLONEL. There is a pause, then DOHUN walks forward past the TOUGH COLONEL, and places GLASS on the operating table.

TOUGH COLONEL

-- what in the name of hell --

DOHUN

-- you said to put him down --

TOUGH COLONEL

-- I'm not in a mood for crapping around, Sergeant --

DOHUN

-- Colonel, he's going to die if you don't look at him --

TOUGH COLONEL

-- he's dead now --

449 Continued

449

DOHUN

-- it would mean a lot to me if you'd  
check him out, Colonel.

And with that, calmly and quietly, DOHUN pulls out his pistol.

CUT TO

450 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

450

The TOUGH COLONEL as he realizes what DOHUN's doing.

DOHUN

Would you look at him please?

He cocks the pistol.

CUT TO

451 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

451

DOHUN, raising the pistol, pointing it straight at the TOUGH  
COLONEL as he closes the curtain behind him.

DOHUN

Right now, or I'll blow your fucking  
head off.

CUT TO

452 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

452

The TOUGH COLONEL doesn't move.

CUT TO

453 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

453

DOHUN -- about to fire until we --

CUT TO

454 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

454

The TOUGH COLONEL, moving toward CAPTAIN GLASS.

TOUGH COLONEL

I can give him a quick examination if  
you'd like.

DOHUN

(gun still pointed)  
Thank you very much, sir.

CUT TO

455 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

455

The inert CAPTAIN GLASS as the TOUGH COLONEL moves to him, looks briefly at his wounds and --

CUT TO

456 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

456

DOHUN, gun still pointed at the TOUGH COLONEL, waiting. Now --

CUT TO

457 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

457

The TOUGH COLONEL. CLOSE UP. Stunned.

TOUGH COLONEL

Son of a bitch --

(turns - yells)

Orderly!

Ignoring DOHUN's pistol, the TOUGH COLONEL begins to clean GLASS's head wound.

CUT TO

458 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

458

A MEDICAL ORDERLY hurries towards the operating tent with a tank of oxygen. Goes in --

CUT TO

459 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

459

DOHUN, a short distance away, watching. The pistol is still in his hand. He turns, walks away still further, stops, glances back.

CUT TO

460 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

460

The tented operating theatre. No movement.

CUT TO

461 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

461

DOHUN puts his pistol in its holster then lights up a cigarette. He inhales deeply, closes his eyes.

CUT TO

462 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

462

The tented operating theatre. No movement inside. An ambulance Jeep drives past. TWO STRETCHER BEARERS walk in and out of FRAME.

CUT TO

463 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY 463  
DOHUN, drinking coffee, watching --

CUT TO

464 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY 464  
A SECOND MEDICAL ORDERLY hurries towards the operating tent with plasma. Goes in --

CUT TO

465 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY 465  
It's late afternoon now, long shadows. DOHUN stands up, puts last cigarette in his mouth, crumples pack and throws it away. He lights cigarette, looks up and sees --

CUT TO

466 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY 466  
The TOUGH COLONEL, throwing back the curtain as he did when we first saw him. Behind him now, CAPTAIN GLASS is visible, covered in bandages; as some ORDERLIES enter with a stretcher --

CUT TO

467 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY 467  
DOHUN, standing where we left him. There's half a pack of butts on the ground around him now. The TOUGH COLONEL moves straight at him.

TOUGH COLONEL  
I got the bullet out of his skull.

DOHUN  
He's gonna live, though, right?

TOUGH COLONEL  
(nods)  
He'll have a hell of a headache.

DOHUN  
(handing over his pistol)  
Okay. You can turn me in now.

The TOUGH COLONEL takes the pistol and they start to walk away from the open barn.

TOUGH COLONEL  
That was a court martial offense, you understood that when you did it?

DOHUN  
Yessir.

467 Continued

467

TOUGH COLONEL

I hope to hell it was worth it.

DOHUN

I guess time will tell on that, sir.

TOUGH COLONEL

My response is strictly limited --  
regardless of what my personal  
preference might be, you understand  
that too?

DOHUN

I do.

TOUGH COLONEL

It's like somebody cheating in school --  
once word gets out you can behave any  
way you goddam please and not get  
punished, well, your discipline's gone  
and forget about getting it back. So  
you're gonna have to be arrested, over  
and out.

As DOHUN nods ---

CUT TO

468 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

468

The M.P. LIEUTENANT is standing near the entrance to the field  
hospital area. He turns his head as the TOUGH COLONEL's voice  
is heard, over --

TOUGH COLONEL (OVER)

Lieutenant Rafferty --

RAFFERTY

(turning sharply -- 'a  
very spit-and-polish guy)  
Yessir, Colonel.

And as he starts to half-run --

CUT TO

469 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

469

DOHUN and the TOUGH COLONEL, watching the M.P. LIEUTENANT hurry  
toward them.

The TOUGH COLONEL takes out a cigarette of his own, lights it.  
DOHUN takes his cigarette, grinds it out with his heel.

TOUGH COLONEL

Lieutenant Rafferty --

RAFFERTY stands by DOHUN.

469 Continued

469

TOUGH COLONEL

This is Sergeant --  
(stops)  
-- what the hell's your name?

DOHUN

Eddie Dohun.

TOUGH COLONEL

Sergeant Dohun here has just pulled  
a gun on me, threatened to kill me  
if I didn't do precisely what he  
ordered -- I want you to put him under  
arrest --

RAFFERTY

-- yessir --

TOUGH COLONEL

-- and I want you to keep him there --  
I want you to keep him there for at  
least ten seconds.

RAFFERTY

(confused)  
I'm not all that sure I understand,  
Colonel.

TOUGH COLONEL

Count to ten, Lieutenant -- fast --

RAFFERTY

(like one word)  
Onetwothreefourfivesixseveneightnine  
ten.

(looks at the Colonel).  
Like that, sir?

TOUGH COLONEL

(dismissing Rafferty)  
Thank you, Rafferty.

As RAFFERTY goes, he hands Dohun's pistol back.

TOUGH COLONEL

This is yours, I think.

They start to move towards DOHUN's Jeep now.

DOHUN

(taking the pistol)  
It looks like mine, sir.

TOUGH COLONEL

(beat)  
You scared the shit out of me, you  
dumb bastard.

469 Continued

469

DOHUN

(gesturing back to  
the M.P.)You scared the shit out of me too,  
if that makes you feel any better.

TOUGH COLONEL

Goddam right it does.

(he stops).

Eddie?

DOHUN

Sir?

TOUGH COLONEL

You wouldn't really have killed me,  
would you?

CUT TO

470 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

470

DOHUN -- He looks as if he's almost about to smile -- but he  
doesn't.

DOHUN

Don't ask.

HOLD ON DOHUN. HOLD AND KEEP HOLDING ... Then --

SWITCH TO

471 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - EVENING

471

The canal where the Son Bridge was before it got blown up in  
STOUT's face. Occasional bits of debris are still visible,  
reminding us where we are.

STOUT walks into the SHOT. It's getting on to sunset now.

He pauses. Then, in that voice of his we have come to know  
shatters glass without half-trying --

STOUT

-- let's haul a little ass! --

And we're into our STOUT MONTAGE.

It takes twelve hours, ending only at dawn of Tuesday. And we  
go all over, to various places and people we've come to know.  
But basically, this is STOUT's moment and if the audience doesn't  
quite know what we're doing or what a Bailey Bridge is, that's  
more or less intentional up to now. And in what follows, we  
never see anything completely, just parts of the whole. And  
STOUT who never stops moving.

CUT TO

472 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - EVENING 472

A British truck as the flap is thrown back, STOUT doing the throwing and --

CUT TO

473 A BUNCH OF BRITISH TRUCKS, starting to unload, British 473  
and American troops both working and --

CUT TO

474 STOUT helping to carry a girder-like thing that's ten feet 474  
square and as he puts it down --

CUT TO

475 ANOTHER SIMILAR SQUARE, being set down alongside and -- 475

CUT TO

476 STOUT -- Shouting 'move, move, move' and -- 476

CUT TO

477 BRITISH AND AMERICAN TROOPS moving, on the double, it's 477  
early evening now, the sun going down and --

SWITCH TO

478 INT. "URQUHART'S" HOUSE - ATTIC - EVENING 478

URQUHART and CLEMINSON wait desperately by the window, but the self-propelled artillery piece is still there and --

SWITCH BACK TO

479 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - NIGHT 479

It is really dark now, but the work area is illuminated by generator-powered floodlights, magnesium flares and torches. STOUT turns to see a G.I. ENGINEER staring at two more of these ten-foot sections --

STOUT

-- hammer it, hammer it --

G.I. ENGINEER

-- where? --

STOUT

-- didn't you ever build a Bailey Bridge before? --

G.I. ENGINEER

-- no sir --

STOUT

-- me neither, hammer it anyway --

479 Continued 479  
 And as the soldier starts to pound --  
 CUT TO

480 STOUT in the water, guiding some men carrying a load -- 480  
 STOUT  
 -- easy, easy with that --  
 (big)  
 -- for chrissakes I said easy --  
 CUT TO

481 A BRITISH ENGINEER getting his hand caught badly as two 481  
 sections of the bridge catch his hand and as he starts to  
 pass out with the pain --  
 CUT TO

482 STOUT grabbing the ENGINEER, carrying him out of the 482  
 water onto land and as the work goes on and --  
 SWITCH TO

483 INT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GAVIN'S TENT - NIGHT 483  
 GAVIN, trying to catch some sleep on the cold ground. His  
 back makes him half-wince; he reaches around, tries to massage  
 it as we --  
 SWITCH TO

484 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT 484  
 A GERMAN SOLDIER asleep.  
 PULL BACK TO REVEAL that he's wounded. There are a lot of  
 maimed GERMAN and BRITISH SOLDIERS in the cellar. The place  
 is starting to fill up as TWO MEDICAL ORDERLIES bring in more  
 SOLDIERS. FROST moves among his men.  
 SWITCH BACK TO

485 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - NIGHT 485  
 STOUT wading along the water's edge and --  
 CUT TO

486 STOUT, grabbing a cup of coffee, shouting orders -- his 486  
 voice is starting to get just a little hoarse; fatigue is  
 starting to tell. It's the middle of the night now and  
 SWITCH TO

487 EXT. XXX CORPS AREA ADVANCE ROAD - NIGHT 487

VANDELEUR, sprawled half-asleep by the side of his scout car.  
Behind him: the hulking shadows of XXX CORPS and

SWITCH BACK TO

488 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - NIGHT 488

STOUT, shouting at some G.I.'s carrying another large hunk  
of something --

STOUT

-- Move it or milk it --

The G.I.'s go faster as we --

CUT TO

489 STOUT, glancing at his watch, scowling at whatever it 489  
tells him.

CUT TO

490 EXT. SKY - DAWN 490

The sky, Starting now to lighten.

CUT TO

491 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN 491

The BRITISH ENGINEER who got his hand creamed. He's had it  
bandaged and is working again, STOUT alongside and

CUT TO

492 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN 492

STOUT -- He looks like one beat son of a bitch and for a  
moment he just stands there. Then, the loudest we have ever  
heard him:

STOUT

ROLL THE FUCKERS!!!

And as he gestures --

CUT TO

493 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN 493

The identical shot of the canal we began the montage with.  
Only now there's a Bailey Bridge built across it. They did it  
in twelve hours and as we see the incredible amount of work  
that was done --

CUT TO

494- EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN 494-  
496 496

XXX CORPS as at last they can move again. We follow the

494- Continued

496 lead tanks as they reach the edge of the bridge, hesitate, then start across, and sure it's rickety, but they could hold a hundred tons and we stay on the bridge as tank after tank after tank begins rumbling across. Then we

CUT TO

497 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN 497  
STOUT, watching it all, waving and smiling. Behind him is the G.I. ENGINEER.

CUT TO

498 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN 498  
Tanks of the IRISH GUARDS passing, crews waving back.

CUT TO

499 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN 499  
STOUT turns, and once he does, the smile goes --

G.I. ENGINEER

What's wrong, sir?

STOUT

They're thirty-six hours behind schedule ...

HOLD ON STOUT's troubled face a moment. Then --

SWITCH TO

500 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON AREA - DAY 500  
XXX CORPS moving up the single narrow road. Along the side of the road they are being waved to by soldiers of the 101st Airborne and the XXX Corps Personnel waves back, as we

CUT TO

501 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON AREA - DAY 501  
GENERAL MAXWELL TAYLOR in his Jeep, riding up alongside an IRISH GUARDS tank. A TANK LIEUTENANT stands in the turret.

TAYLOR

We'll be turning you over to the 82nd now.

TANK LIEUTENANT

Yessir.

TAYLOR

They're good soldiers, the 82nd --

501 Continued

501

The TANK LIEUTENANT nods --

TAYLOR

-- Just be sure you keep your hand  
on your wallet at all times.

And he throws a salute as we --

CUT TO

502 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON SECTOR - DAY

502

The BRITISH TANK LIEUTENANT, saluting back, and as TAYLOR watches, XXX CORPS starts going visibly faster and at last the feeling is unmistakable that the worst is over and the cavalry is humping like crazy to get there on time --

CUT TO

503 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON SECTOR - DAY

503

TAYLOR, in his Jeep, slowing now, watching them go --

CUT TO

504 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON SECTOR - DAY

504

One of the lead tanks of XXX Corps. Just so we're familiar with what it looks like because we're going to see it again. Now --

SWITCH TO

505 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

505

The bridge that the 82nd took so easily when the GERMANS couldn't depress their guns far enough down to shoot.

CUT TO

506 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

506

PARATROOPERS from the 82nd, standing by the bridge, waving as XXX CORPS vehicles rumble over, making a hell of a racket but still going faster than we've ever seen them.

CUT TO

507 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE SECTOR - DAY

507

A whole bunch of AMERICAN SOLDIERS waving as XXX CORPS vehicles roar by -- these are soldiers of the 82nd Airborne -- XXX CORPS has never gone so fast and they've moved now from one divisional area to the next, the plans at last working, and as XXX CORPS goes into overdrive --

CUT TO

508 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE SECTOR - DAY 508

That lead tank again, moving like hell. HOLD on it for a moment, so that we get used to the sound, then --

CUT TO

509 INT. 'FROST'S' HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY 509

FROST becomes aware of the 'same sound' --

FROST

(soft)

They're here.

And on his words --

CUT TO

510 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY 510

Through the girders we catch a glimpse of a tank starting to rumble across towards FROST's positions.

CUT TO

511 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY 511

Several BRITISH SOLDIERS are in defensive positions on the rooftop. CARLYLE is standing up, waving his umbrella at the tank --

CARLYLE

(shouting)

You're late, you lazy bastards,  
but we'll forgive you --

FROST joins him.

CARLYLE

-- that was gracious of me, don't  
you think?

CUT TO

512 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY 512

FROST -- and the look of relief that was just on his face is gone as he sees --

CUT TO

513 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY 513

The tank on the bridge -- it's a lot closer now, and as it turns sideways to avoid a burnt-out half-track, we catch sight of the black and white cross on the side of the turret -- it's not the XXX Corps tank we were expecting, it's GERMAN, and the instant that realization hits us, the tank fires two rounds into

513 Continued

513

CORNISH's positions on the other side of the road. These are the loudest explosions we've heard yet, and they blow enormous holes in the facade of houses --

CUT TO

514 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

514

FROST and CARLYLE reacting, dropping to the ground alongside their SOLDIERS, FROST leveling his Sten gun at the tank as a SOLDIER beside him aims a PIAT gun at it and fires --

CUT TO

515 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - DAY

515

The GERMAN tank, still traveling, and the projectile from the PIAT gun explodes just behind it, and already, the tank turret is traversing round towards FROST's positions, and now as the tank continues on into the town, the muzzle of its big gun is pointing right at us -- and it fires, and --

CUT TO

516 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

516

There is a thunderous roar as the shell hits the roof, blowing half of it away, killing most of the SOLDIERS, and for a moment we think FROST and CARLYLE are dead too, but they start to get up, and so do a few more MEN nearby them as --

CUT TO

517 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - DAY

517

The GERMAN tank fires again. It's much further away now, still moving on into town, and --

CUT TO

518 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

518

The second shell blasts into a lower floor of the house, but FROST is braced, ready, and he's got the PIAT gun to his shoulder as CARLYLE slips in a projectile, and FROST fires --

CUT TO

519 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - DAY

519

The GERMAN tank, still traveling, swings its turret round to face the front, and it's out of range, and the PIAT round explodes harmlessly on the road behind it --

SWITCH TO

520 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET CORNER NEAR "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 520

A SQUAD OF BRITISH PARATROOPERS, led by a YOUNG CORPORAL are bunched at a corner. There is around them in the distance, the endless sound of street-fighting. Now, on a signal from the YOUNG CORPORAL --

CUT TO

521 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET CORNER NEAR "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 521

The BRITISH PATROL rounding the corner, bursting out with all the firepower they have and the instant they do --

CUT TO

522 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 522

Their target, and it's the self-propelled artillery piece that has been blocking URQUHART's escape and keeping him prisoner and the Germans by the gun aren't ready for the English attack and they try to retaliate as we

CUT TO

523 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 523

The BRITISH PATROL, blasting all out, advancing, advancing, and as they do --

CUT TO

524 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 524

The GERMANS by the self-propelled gun, and those that are left alive break into a wild retreat and

CUT TO

525 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 525

The BRITISH PATROL, racing to the self-propelled artillery piece, and the instant it's theirs --

CUT TO

526 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 526

The front door of the house opens, URQUHART races out followed by CLEMINSON.

CUT TO

527 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 527

URQUHART approaches the YOUNG CORPORAL.

URQUHART

Corporal, I need a Jeep --

527 Continued

527

The YOUNG CORPORAL gawks at URQUHART and points the road.

URQUHART

-- to take me to Headquarters.

YOUNG CORPORAL

(still pointing)

You're dead, sir -- we were told that --

URQUHART

I can assure you it was an error.  
(takes off)

SWITCH TO

528 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE SECTOR - DAY

528

A column of BRITISH tanks and vehicles speeding up the narrow ribbon of road. This is their best time yet --

CUT TO

529 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE SECTOR - DAY

529

AMERICAN PARATROOPERS of the 82nd really waving then on, cheering like crazy as we

SWITCH TO

530 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

530

URQUHART roars up in a Jeep. It's the same hotel that MODEL was having lunch in when the attack started but it isn't as lovely as it was when MODEL dropped his underwear on the front steps. Now, the wide green lawn in front of it is dotted with slit trenches and windows are broken all across the front. It still looks the same structurally, but it's not where you'd like to spend your vacation anymore. The SOLDIERS that spot URQUHART are bewildered and amazed.

CUT TO

531 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

531

URQUHART jumps out of the Jeep and goes fast up the steps.

CUT TO

532 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

532

It's been converted into the nerve centre of Divisional Headquarters but there is still lingering evidence of previous German occupation including a damaged portrait of Hitler. An ARMY CLERK is hammering away at a battered typewriter.

532 Continued

532

URQUHART enters, followed by LT. COLONEL MACKENZIE, his Chief of Staff and various OFFICERS we've seen before. Already in the room is STEELE and a few other PARATROOP OFFICERS and MEN.

URQUHART

(turning to face them)

Good morning, gentlemen ...apologies for my enforced absence.

(to Lt. Colonel Barker)

Dennis, Gerald Lathbury's been put out of action. I'd like you to go into town and take over the Brigade. How soon can you leave?

BARKER

Right away, sir.

URQUHART

Good. Pull them together and keep pushing forward to the bridge --

BARKER nods and leaves quickly. URQUHART turns to MACKENZIE.

URQUHART

Did the rest of the division arrive safely?

MACKENZIE

Yes, sir, but we're in all kinds of trouble.

URQUHART

Break it to me gently, Mack --

MACKENZIE

Well, sir, it looks very much as if we've landed on top of two SS Panzer divisions --

URQUHART

Good God ...

MACKENZIE

As you can imagine, it's hard to stop tanks with rifles and machine-guns.

URQUHART

Show me on the map.

MACKENZIE leads the way to a wall map. It's just a few feet away. The OTHER OFFICERS crowd in behind URQUHART and MACKENZIE. On the wall map we can see thick black arcs indicating the German forces and scattered red areas indicating the British positions. There's more black than red, and you don't need to be a military expert to know who's winning --

532 Continued

532

MACKENZIE

You can see what we're up against. Johnny Frost and some of his chaps managed to get through to the bridge but now the Germans have driven down to the river, they're completely cut off.

URQUHART

I see -- still now that we're all here, we should be able to break through to him --

(looks at watch)

-- Sosabowski's Polish Brigade is due in at twelve, is that right, Mack?

HANCOCK enters quickly and gives URQUHART a cup of tea.  
URQUHART nods his thanks. The look between them says it all.

MACKENZIE

If they arrive, sir. Yesterday's air-lift was three hours late due to fog in England, and the gliders carrying the Pole's equipment didn't arrive at all.

URQUHART

(sips tea - it tastes good)

I see ... now give me the good news.

MACKENZIE

I'm afraid there isn't any, sir. As you can see, we're more or less surrounded. So far, we're holding our own, but we're now desperately short of food, medicine, and above all, ammunition ...

URQUHART

(this is a surprise - )

Aren't we getting our daily supply drop?

MACKENZIE

Oh, yes, the Air Force is flying it in on schedule -- the trouble is the Germans have overrun the dropping zones ...

URQUHART

(stunned --)

Good God -- don't our pilots know that?

MACKENZIE shakes his head.

URQUHART

Mack -- in heaven's name, why?

532 Continued

532

STEELE  
(hates to tell him)  
It's the radios, sir. We still  
haven't been able to contact anyone  
outside Arnhem ...

CUT TO

533 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY

533

A wonderful, gruff giant of a man. He is at this moment waving a yellow scarf. The man's name is TAFFY BRACE, and he's a CORPORAL in the Royal Army Medical Corps. We're going to be seeing him again.

CUT TO

534 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY

534

A bunch of other SOLDIERS standing around TAFFY BRACE waving scarves and parachute canopies and all around them are smoke pots billowing yellow smoke and they're all shouting on top of each other -- "Here -- over here for chrissakes -- this way -- "

CUT TO

535 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

535

URQUHART, standing on the steps, with other OFFICERS and HANCOCK, his batman a step behind, and they're all of them, every soldier, shouting or not, staring up at the sky as --

CUT TO

536 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY

536

SOLDIERS pour petrol on the ground and light it to try and attract the attention of --

CUT TO

537 EXT. SKY - DAY

537

The planes -- Dakotas of the Royal Air Force, surrounded by bursts of German flak, as they continue on, following their orders, ignoring the attempts from the soldiers below to make them understand.--

CUT TO

538 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

538

URQUHART, distraught as he watches the planes pass overhead.

CUT TO

539 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUND - DAY

539

An equally distraught YOUNG ARTILLERYMAN waves a strip of parachute canopy with another PARA. A REGIMENTAL SERGEANT MAJOR nearby waves a white sheet.

YOUNG ARTILLERYMAN

-- what the hell are they doing?  
They must be able to see us, can't they?

SERGEANT MAJOR

(resigned - stops waving)  
They can see us alright, laddie, but they're under orders to ignore signals from the ground. For all they know, we could be Germans ...

YOUNG ARTILLERYMAN

(points to where planes are heading)  
But they're giving it all to the bloody Germans --

CUT TO

540 EXT. SKY - DAY

540

The planes fly on, holding their tight formation, getting blasted by the flak, but staying on course, dropping their supplies -- into German-held territory.

CUT TO

541 EXT. SKY - DAY

541

The parachute canisters dropping through the sky --

CUT TO

542 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUND - DAY

542

The SOLDIERS can see some of the canisters are falling so close you could almost risk a dash for them because that's how bad things are, how much they need medical supplies and food and --

CUT TO

543 EXT. SKY - DAY

543

More and more canisters, floating down gracefully beneath their colored parachutes and

CUT TO

544 EXT. SKY - DAY

544

A fireball in the sky as a plane plummets down and

CUT TO

- 545 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY 545  
The SOLDIERS around the hotel, screaming insanely as if somehow they could make the pilots hear and  
CUT TO
- 546 EXT. PARKLAND NEAR HARTENSTEIN - DAY 546  
A canister landing in what must be no-man's land, it's that close to the Hartenstein and  
CUT TO
- 547 EXT. PARKLAND NEAR HARTENSTEIN - DAY 547  
MARSH, A YOUNG PRIVATE from the SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT breaking into a wild run towards that one canister in no-man's land.  
CUT TO
- 548 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY 548  
TAFKY BRACE, the giant medic, and all the other soldiers in the area, turning their attention from the planes in the sky to MARSH making his run and as they try and give him covering fire  
CUT TO
- 549 EXT. WOODS BEYOND PARKLAND - DAY 549  
GERMAN SOLDIERS, blasting at MARSH with their weapons and  
CUT TO
- 550 EXT. PARKLAND NEAR HARTENSTEIN - DAY 550  
MARSH, diving down as a mortar shell hits nearby and for a minute you'd think he's had it but then he's up again, running like crazy for the single goddam canister and  
CUT TO
- 551 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY 551  
The BRITISH TROOPS, firing and  
CUT TO
- 552 EXT. WOODS BEYOND PARKLAND - DAY 552  
The GERMANS, firing and  
CUT TO
- 553 EXT. PARKLAND NEAR HARTENSTEIN - DAY 553  
The canister, it's the size of a big drum and  
CUT TO

554 EXT. PARKLAND NEAR HARTENSTEIN - DAY

554

MARSH, diving down beside the thing, he actually did it, or half-did it, because now returning is really going to be hard, dragging and carrying the big canister with him, and he's winded as hell, he's not the running type.

CUT TO

555 EXT. PARKLAND NEAR HARTENSTEIN - DAY

555

MARSH -- lifting the canister, somehow finding the strength to get it off the ground. It's impossible, but he's doing it. He gets both arms underneath it and staggers forward -- determined to make it back to the Hartenstein and --

Suddenly he stops, sways, then sinks slowly to his knees. The canister drops from his arms to reveal blood seeping through his camouflage tunic --

MARSH, still on his knees, dying now. He looks down at the canister -- and now we see the canister, lying in front of him. It has burst open, and from it, has spilled dozens of bright new berets -- URQUHART's forces after all were called the Red Devils because of their unique headgear --

He falls forward across the open canister, his face cushioned in the useless berets ...

CUT TO

556 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

556

A dramatic see-it-one shot and it's a gasper. One of the biggest structures in Western Europe. Gigantic, with great arches criss-crossed with girders soaring a hundred feet into the air. Nijmegen Bridge makes Arnhem Bridge look like a tinkertoy.

On it, GERMAN TROOPS and vehicles are moving across from north to south, heading into town and as

CUT TO

557 EXT. ROOF OF BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY

557

GENERAL LUDWIG stands on a bunker perhaps a mile from Nijmegen Bridge, looking at it through his binoculars.

CUT TO

558 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

558

CLOSE UP on bridge span. GERMAN TROOPS and vehicles are moving across bridge.

CUT TO

559 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

559

The Southern end. GERMAN TROOPS and vehicles drive off the end of bridge, fanning out left and right.

CUT TO

560 EXT. STREET INTERSECTION - NIJMEGEN - DAY

560

A PATROL OF AMERICAN 82ND PARATROOPERS, led by a LIEUTENANT pause nervously and take cover in the nearest doorway. A SERGEANT makes a crouching run over to the LIEUTENANT.

LIEUTENANT

(consults map of town)

Okay, lessee -

(points)

That street's Oude Markelaan so Nijmegen Bridge should be down that away.

(points in opposite direction)

CUT TO

561 EXT. STREET OFF INTERSECTION - NIJMEGEN - DAY

561

The PATROL move round the corner in combat formation and move quickly down the street. Behind them, a German tank moves across the end of the street, turns its turret -- and as the patrol turn and react --

The tank sweeps the street with its machine gun, cutting down the AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

CUT TO

562 INT. HOUSE IN SAME STREET - NIJMEGEN - DAY

562

An AMERICAN SOLDIER shoulders open the front door to escape the hail of bullets outside and comes face to face with a GERMAN SOLDIER crouched in the hallway, his finger on the trigger of a sub-machine gun.

CUT TO

563 EXT. STREET OFF INTERSECTION - NIJMEGEN - DAY

563

A burst of firing. The AMERICAN collapses backwards out of the house. He's dead as he hits the pavement. And behind him, the rest of the patrol is dead too.

CUT TO

564 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FROST'S HOUSE - DAY 564

Fifty SS PANZERGRENADIERS supported by two tanks and a self-propelled gun are pouring fire into the houses occupied by FROST's men and the noise and devastation is now terrible --

CUT TO

565 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY 565

The main room of the house he commandeered -- and it's almost impossible to recognize. A shambles, wounded all around. Water has clearly been cut off -- bare pipes are visible, shattered in the walls, with an occasional drip of water being all that's left as a reminder.

CUT TO

566 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY 566

FROST is kneeling over some wounded GUY and it's not until we see the umbrella that we realize it's CARLYLE that's been shot almost into unrecognizability. A MEDICAL ORDERLY kneels by FROST, gives CARLYLE a small shot of morphine.

'Cries of pain are constant here. It was horrendous at the bridge and was soon to get worse.

FROST

(quietly)

Any chance, Whitney.

WHITNEY

(headshake)

Don't think so, sir not unless we're relieved by tomorrow ...

Now, from somewhere comes A VOICE RAISED, speaking DUTCH and we --

CUT TO

567 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - OLD WOMAN'S ROOM - DAY 567

The OLD WOMAN whose house this was. Her son is wounded, immobile in a corner, and she is shouting but no one is paying much attention, except NOBBY CLARK, a PRIVATE and a RECCE SQUADRON TROOPER who are helping with the wounded. Now they look over to the OLD WOMAN who keeps shouting the same thing over and over.

NOBBY CLARK

You get any of that?

TROOPER

She wants someone to order her a taxi.

567 Continued

567

Everyone goes on doing what they were doing and the OLD WOMAN after a few more times of shouting what she's been shouting, goes to a corner of the room and takes a small piece of luggage she's packed and walks to the door, opens it and

CUT TO

568 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "FROST'S" HOUSE - DAY

568

The street as the OLD WOMAN moves outside, waving her hand and signalling, calling it out over and over --

OLD WOMAN  
(it's the same word,  
Dutch or English)

-- Taxi! -- Taxi! --

Gunfire hits her from all over; we don't see who, we don't have to. She spins around like a rag doll, starts to go down when another burst hits her from the opposite direction and as she starts to spin that way and then

CUT TO

569 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "FROST'S" HOUSE - DAY

569

The OLD LADY falling. She knows there's a war on now ...  
HOLD. Then --

SWITCH TO

570 EXT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - DAY

570

An absolutely beautiful house near Arnhem. Actually, we glimpsed it before, as FROST was marching to the Bridge and we saw KATE TER HORST standing in front with her five children, waving to the soldiers as they passed.

The house has 14 rooms and is 100 years old; a former vicarage.

Now, KATE TER HORST stands in the doorway; slender, gentle and blue-eyed, her life is just about to change.

This place is as close to a mansion as existed in the area. It's getting on toward late afternoon; the shadows are lovely and long. But always now, the crashing and exploding of war.

DOCTOR SPAANDER and DOCTOR WEAVER, a young British Colonel under 35, stand facing KATE TER HORST.

570 Continued

570

DOCTOR SPAANDER is the leading civilian physician of the entire area. In his 60's, he has a remarkable amount of energy and is a man who naturally lends. When he sets his mind to something, there isn't much he can't do.  
(First part of scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

KATE TER HORST

Good evening, Doctor, can I help you?

DOCTOR SPAANDER

(indicating the other physician)

Doctor Weaver has a request to make,  
(to Weaver -- in English now)  
Go ahead now, please.

WEAVER

(speaking slowly, as to someone who didn't understand the language -- accompanying)

What we've done is -- we've set up a defensive pocket --

(gesturing more)

-- more or less thumb-shaped, with the river as the base.

DOCTOR SPAANDER

Kate speaks surprisingly good English, Doctor --

WEAVER

(much faster now)

Ah, well then of course you see that we're in a quite strong position for holding out till XXX Corps reaches us, but we have to make certain arrangements.

KATE TER HORST

(to Spaander)

The words come through, I don't know that I follow the military strategy.

DOCTOR SPAANDER

(taking charge)

Well, we have our main hospital, of course, but it is full to bursting point and there is great need for additional space.

570 Continued

570

KATE TER HORST  
(her five kids up behind  
her now, peering out)  
My house would seem suitable.

WEAVER  
Just for the slightly wounded --  
you know, patch them up, send them  
back, that sort of thing.

DOCTOR SPAANDER  
I feel it may be a little more than that.

CUT TO

571 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE KATE TER HORST HOUSE - DAY

571

Half a dozen WOUNDED BRITISH, waiting a suitable distance from  
the door.

CUT TO

572 EXT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - DAY

572

KATE, gesturing for them to come in.

KATE TER HORST  
We waste time -- come ...

CUT TO

573 INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

573

Much the finest-looking place we've seen. Nothing palatial;  
just the kind of place you'd like to have grown up in.  
Provided you could afford it. Lovely furniture, rugs, etc.

The WOUNDED SOLDIERS are ushered in by KATE TER HORST,  
SPAANDER and WEAVER. As the first SOLDIER crosses the rug  
near the entrance --

HOLD on a tiny drop of blood on the lovely rug ... now

SWITCH TO

574 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - STAIRWAY - DAY

574

JOHNNY FROST -- he is right at the top of the house. Behind  
him, a WOUNDED RADIO OPERATOR is still trying to contact the  
outside world -- someone -- anyone ... The aerial of his  
wireless set is now stuck through the huge hole made in the  
roof by the first German tank. FROST starts to walk slowly  
down the stairs.

574 Continued

374

He's in what's left of the house he commandeered and there are WOUNDED PARATROOPERS everywhere, but those who can are still holding weapons. There's no food anymore, the water we know is gone, there are holes in the walls and the ceiling.

FROST continues on down the stairs, as the fighting rages outside. He moves on past the landing to the floor below.

And this is the middle floor, and it's much worse. More bodies, more pain. Everybody is filthy and unshaven. Only the weapons are clean.

FROST walks on down still more, and now he's coming to the ground floor. If the middle floor was worse than the third, then this makes the second look like the Ascot Races. We recognize the faces -- CORPORAL DAVIES, PRIVATE DODDS, NOBBY CLARK, WICKS, FROST's Batman; various PARATROOPERS, ENGINEERS, a PADRE, MEDICAL ORDERLIES, etc.

In the middle of the room, FROST stops, nods to his men as he has all along, licks the palm of his hand, tries to get his hair looking neater.

That's an odd gesture, we hadn't expected it. And we don't expect what happens next either: suddenly, the sound of fighting diminishes, then stops. FROST looks at his watch, nods, puts on his red beret, and heads on out the door as we

CUT TO

575 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

575

The sun is going down. BITTRICH waits on the bridge, with another man, A YOUNG GERMAN who we saw with him at the start, SERGEANT MATTHIAS.

CUT TO

576 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

576

FROST, moving toward BITTRICH on the bridge.

CUT TO

577 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

577

BITTRICH, watching as FROST stops, a good distance away. They face each other and after a long moment -- BITTRICH mutters something to MATTHIAS in GERMAN.

MATTHIAS

(in English)

There is no point in continuing this fighting.

577 Continued

FROST

577

I agree.

MATTHIAS

(after Bittrich has  
spoken again, he again  
speaks in English)

We are willing to discuss a surrender.

CUT TO

578 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

578

FROST. CLOSE UP. There is a long long pause, as he  
considers it all.

CUT TO

579 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

579

BITTRICH watching FROST; waiting. Then --

CUT TO

580 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

580

FROST

We haven't proper facilities to take  
you all prisoner, sorry.

MATTHIAS

What?

FROST

I'd like to, but I can't accept your  
surrender; was there anything else?

CUT TO

581 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

581

MATTHIAS speaks in GERMAN to BITTRICH. BITTRICH half-smiles  
when he understands the response; then he shakes his head  
'no'. Nothing else.

CUT TO

582 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

582

FROST turns, and starts back to his beleaguered position.

CUT TO

583 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

583

BITTRICH and MATTHIAS watch FROST walk away.

MATTHIAS

(in German)

So now?

BITTRICH's next decision isn't easy. Finally, quietly, he speaks.

BITTRICH

Flatten Arnhem.

HOLD ON BITTRICH. Then --

CUT TO

584- EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - EVENING  
586

584-  
586

It's a little darker, an hour later, and as BITTRICH's guns begin to fire, the top floor of the building is hit. The guns fire again and again, the top floor is smashed. Soldiers can be seen scrambling down as the guns fire again and now the floor next to what was the top floor is hit and flames burst out of the shattered windows and again the guns and again the third floor is hit and again and again the terrible guns and the building is not just being destroyed, no, it's being murdered right before our eyes ...

CUT TO

587 EXT. STREET IN ARNHEM - EVENING

587

-- the rhythm of the blasting is the same, just a bit softer. which is how we know where we are, and another GERMAN armored car driving down a narrow street toward the bridge as we --

CUT TO

588 EXT. STREET IN ARNHEM - EVENING

588

The KID WITH THICK GLASSES we saw at the start and he's with his UNDERGROUND LEADER FATHER -- they are carrying a corpse between them. The street-fighting is vicious and we see why they're carrying the corpse now as we

CUT TO

589- EXT. STREET IN ARNHEM - EVENING  
592

589-  
592

A HUMAN ROADBLOCK THE DUTCH are building. It is made up of anything that can be piled in the street, including, even, the bodies of dead Dutch civilians. It's six feet high and it blocks the street the armored car is soon to try to pass. All kinds of DUTCH are doing this, ignoring the firing, scurrying across, building the roadblock.

589- Continued  
592

589-  
592

Now the KID WITH THICK GLASSES and his FATHER take the corpse, put it on the pile.

A blast of fire. The KID WITH THICK GLASSES dies bloody. His FATHER cries out, drops to him. More gunfire. The FATHER falls dead across the son. There is a pause --

Then more DUTCH CIVILIANS take their places, lift the father and the son, place them on the human roadblock that the father and son were helping build only moments before. HOLD for a moment, then --

SWITCH TO

593- EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY  
594

593-  
594

It's relatively quiet now -- we're a good distance from the action. What we hear sounds like popguns going off, nothing more.

A very IMPRESSIVE BUNCH OF OFFICERS including a STAFF COLONEL, are standing, shuffling in the dust by the front of the school. GENERAL HORROCKS and GENERAL BROWNING we've met before. They've got a bunch of aides with them. GENERAL GAVIN and CAPTAIN HARRY get out of a Jeep, join the others. GAVIN looks more tense than we've yet seen him. But they are all, all, under a tremendous amount of pressure.

BROWNING

Any movement at Nijmegen?

GAVIN shakes his head 'no'.

HORROCKS

No way of blasting through to the bridge?

GAVIN

I'd lose all my men for nothing. There's a thousand of them lying dead out there now.

STAFF COLONEL

You mean it's over, sir?

GAVIN

(loud)

I didn't say that, did I?

(quieter)

We've paid for that bridge, and we're going to collect. But to do it we need tank support.

593- Continued  
594

593-  
594

HORROCKS

You've got it, Jimmy. The Grenadier Guards will be happy to oblige.

(turns to Grenadier Lt. Colonel)

Is that all right, Alex?

GRENADIER COLONEL

Absolutely, sir.

GAVIN

It's not just tanks. I want boats. If XXX Corps was American we'd have boats. Did you bring any?

HORROCKS

(turns to Staff Colonel)

Mike?

STAFF COLONEL

I think we have three or four lorries with boats back down the line somewhere, sir.

GAVIN

Can you get them up here tonight?

STAFF COLONEL

Well, sir, it won't be easy - we've got one road, ten-mile traffic jams on it, and Germans throwing shells at us. I don't know quite what we can do, but -

GAVIN

Except try -- you can do that, can't you?

CUT TO

595 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

595

The STAFF COLONEL nodding, surprised. He watches now as GAVIN moves off with BROWNING and HORROCKS.

CUT TO

596 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

596

The THREE GENERALS from the STAFF COLONEL's point of view, so we can't hear much but mumbling, nothing we can make out at all.

But as we watch, GAVIN draws a line with his foot in the dust. Then another line parallel. Finally, he draws a half-circle, going across the pair. Now he looks at HORROCKS and BROWNING.

CUT TO

597 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

597

HORROCKS' ASSISTANT, watching the three generals, trying to make sense of what the other men are doing. As he watches, CAPTAIN HARRY walks up to him, whispers in his ear.

CAPTAIN HARRY

General Gavin's a bit scratchy, but it's nothing personal; when we parachuted in on Sunday, he broke his back ...

CUT TO

598 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

598

The THREE GENERALS. HORROCKS and BROWNING are studying the little dust markings GAVIN made with his boot toe. Finally they look at GAVIN; nod. GAVIN turns, hurries away as we

CUT TO

599 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

599

The markings in the dust. God knows what they mean. But chances are we're going to find out ... HOLD. Then --

SWITCH TO

600 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT

600

FOUR GUYS, ENGLISH, running toward four trucks. The FRONT DRIVER is the one we're going to see most of: you want him on your side when there's trouble. As he starts his motor, begins driving forward --

CUT TO

601 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT

601

A line of British trucks, parked along the roadside for the night.

The four trucks with the boats begin slowly to edge past the others. But they're not going fast yet.

SWITCH TO

602 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - RIVER MEADOW - NIGHT

602

GAVIN and HARRY and a bunch of OTHER U.S. OFFICERS moving along as on the ground, large numbers of the 82nd are trying to get some sleep. The sound of firing is present, but distant.

CUT TO

603 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - RIVER MEADOW - NIGHT

603

A PRIVATE ON GUARD DUTY stopping dead as GAVIN comes up.

GAVIN

Major Cook around?

PRIVATE ON GUARD DUTY

(You don't talk to Generals  
all that often if you're a  
Private; it tends to dry  
the throat)

I think down there, sir.

(and points down a hill)

CUT TO

604 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - RIVER MEADOW - NIGHT

604

GAVIN, gesturing to the other OFFICERS to wait. Then he  
sets off in the direction the PRIVATE pointed. We can tell  
now his back is really giving him trouble.

GAVIN

Julian? Where the hell are you?

CUT TO

605 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - RIVER MEADOW - NIGHT

605

MAJOR JULIAN COOK as he hears GAVIN call his name. If COOK  
had been an actor, he would have been a star. Young, already  
a veteran of a lot of action, he was attractive and, fortunately  
considering what he was about to go through, relatively fearless.

COOK

Here, sir.

He has been drinking coffee. As GAVIN approaches, he offers  
some to the GENERAL, who takes it. COOK looks at GAVIN a  
moment. Then --

GAVIN

We're going to take Nijmegen Bridge  
tonight.

COOK nods, waits.

GAVIN

What's the best way to take a bridge?

COOK

Both ends at once --

605 Continued

605

GAVIN

-- I'm sending two companies across the river by boat. -- and I need a man with very special qualities to lead.

COOK

Go on.

GAVIN

He's got to be tough enough to do it -- and he's got to be experienced enough to do it. Plus one more thing.

COOK

What's that?

GAVIN

He's got to be dumb enough to do it.  
(he smiles at Cook --  
gives the coffee back)  
Start getting ready.

As GAVIN leaves --

HOLD ON COOK. He blows on his coffee. The steam rises against his eyes.

A BABY-FACED CAPTAIN moves to COOK. This is one of the many faces we'll come to be familiar with in the COOK crossing.

BABY-FACED CAPTAIN

What was all that, Julian?

COOK

Someone's come up with a real nightmare ...

He continues to blow the steam against his eyes, staring out at the night ... Now --

SWITCH TO

606 INT. BRITISH TRUCK - NIGHT

606

THE LEAD DRIVER. Totally unafraid. He picks up his speed, goes faster. We can hear artillery fire pounding, loud --

CUT TO

607 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT

607

The four trucks roar across the Bailey Bridge built by STOUT's paratroopers and British Engineers. The sound of artillery fire is much louder now --

CUT TO

608 INT. BRITISH TRUCK - NIGHT

608

The LEAD DRIVER, a really good man, concentrating like hell on the road --

CUT TO

609 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT 609

The four trucks as an artillery shell suddenly hits the lead truck, blasts it to bits.

CUT TO

610 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT 610

The three following trucks braking noisily.

CUT TO

611 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT 611

What was once the lead truck, burning in the night ...

SWITCH TO

612 INT. GAVIN'S HEADQUARTERS TENT - NIGHT

612

GAVIN looks up as CAPTAIN HARRY enters --

CAPTAIN HARRY

I just got word from the Dutch Resistance people in Arnhem ...

GAVIN

And -- ?

CAPTAIN HARRY

- It's not going too well for the British.

GAVIN finds the news hard to accept -

The main force never reached the bridge. Those that did are hanging on by their fingernails.

GAVIN

And General Urquhart -- ?

CAPTAIN HARRY

He's got his back to the river. The Germans have his men trapped in a pocket and they're squeezing it smaller and smaller.

612 Continued

612

GAVIN

How long can they hold?

CAPTAIN HARRY shakes his head. Not much longer is what he means.

CUT TO

613 INT. GAVIN'S HEADQUARTERS TENT - NIGHT

613

GAVIN -- getting up irritably.

GAVIN

Where are those goddam boats?

SWITCH TO

614 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT 614

The three boat trucks, moving along the road. It's still dark. And they're going surprisingly slowly. Now they're not even doing that -- they stop, motor running, and as they begin honking their horns --

CUT TO

615 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT 615

The road ahead. Blocked with tanks and heavy equipment.

CUT TO

616 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT 616

The three trucks, horns honking in wild frustration ...

SWITCH TO

617 INT. GAVIN'S HEADQUARTERS TENT - NIGHT

617

COOK enters the tent --

GAVIN

Come in, Julian. A little change in plan.

COOK waits.

We have to cross in daylight.

COOK

(tries to nod)

Daylight.

617 Continued

617

GAVIN

Traffic's all screwed up for miles.  
By the time we're ready, it'll be 8.  
That's when we go.

COOK

Fine.

GAVIN

I'd like to wait till tomorrow night,  
but the British can't hold.

COOK

Better by day.  
(he doesn't mean it)

GAVIN

Much.  
(neither does he)

HOLD ON THE TWO MEN looking at each other. Then --

CUT TO

618 EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY

618

A bunker a mile from Nijmegen Bridge. Dawn. GENERAL LUDWIG and a YOUNG GERMAN LIEUTENANT stand on top of the bunker with binoculars. LUDWIG trains his on one end of the bridge.

LUDWIG

I will tell you something --

CUT TO

619 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

619

The CAMERA swings along the whole incredible length of Nijmegen Bridge to the other end. A hundred men are waiting there. Now the CAMERA swings back but not all the way. It stops in the dead centre of the bridge.

LUDWIG (Over)

Market Garden was a stupid plan.

GERMAN LIEUTENANT (Over)

Perhaps if it had worked ...

LUDWIG (Over)

If it had worked --

CUT TO

620 EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY

620

LUDWIG looking at that central area through his binoculars.

LUDWIG

-- it would still have been a  
stupid plan.

He takes the binoculars down, continues studying that central  
part of the bridge. And now there's almost a smile on his  
face as we

CUT TO

621 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

621

The central area. CLOSE UP. Not much to say about it.

Stay with it. Now we're getting someplace, and that someplace  
is the underside of the giant bridge. It is loaded with  
explosives, what looks like enough to blow a dozen bridges.  
All of it lethal and wired and ready ... HOLD

CUT TO

622 EXT. GAVIN'S COMMAND POST - DAY

622

Early morning. GAVIN is talking with VANDELEUR.

VANDELEUR

Any news of the boats?

GAVIN

No, but we're switching the start  
to 9, just to be sure. And you'll  
start laying smoke just before we go.

VANDELEUR

Fine.

GAVIN

They're gonna get creamed from the  
far embankment. Your smokescreen's  
going to be their only protection.

VANDELEUR

Don't worry, sir. We'll cover you.

GAVIN

(looks at Vandeleur --  
he's worried as hell;  
Vandeleur too)

Please ...

CUT TO

623 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - RIVER MEADOW - DAY

623

COOK talking to a bunch of OFFICERS involved in the crossing. It's been said that a really good leader must never let his men know when he had doubts. COOK was wracked with doubts. But his men never knew.

COOK

I'm thrilled to report that our nine o'clock departure has been postponed until ten, so you can all have an extra hour of fun and relaxation.

OLD-LOOKING LIEUTENANT

Julian?

COOK

Yessir.

OLD-LOOKING LIEUTENANT

Any specifics about the boats?

COOK

We are reliably informed that they float. Other than that, we don't know squat. Not how big, how many, how heavy; we only are sure that the river is wide and the current strong. As more cheery information comes my way, I'll be only too glad to pass it along to you.

(smiles)

Folks -- there's gonna be a lot of on the job training before this day is over.

As the meeting breaks --

CUT TO

624 EXT. BACK STREET - OUTSKIRTS OF NIJMEGEN

624

A LARGE FORCE OF PARATROOPERS from the 82nd with four tanks from the GRENADIER GUARDS await the command to advance. There is sound of sporadic firing from all around them.

CUT TO

625 INT. GAVIN'S HEADQUARTERS TENT - DAY

625

GAVIN in his tent, slamming down the phone.

GAVIN

Goddamn it.

(he looks at Captain Harry)

We go at noon.

SWITCH TO

626 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY 626

The three trucks. Creeping along. The road is jammed with XXX Corps material. They're trying to make time but there's just no way.

SWITCH BACK TO

627 INT. GAVIN'S HEADQUARTERS TENT - DAY 627

GAVIN, pacing and

CUT TO

628 EXT. BROKEN GROUND NEAR RIVER - DAY 628

VANDELEUR, pacing alongside his scout car.

CUT TO

629 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - RIVER MEADOW - DAY 629

COOK with his men. He seems the same as before but his men are showing the strain.

Badly. We're getting to know a little what these guys look like now, the BABY-FACED CAPTAIN is there. There's a CLERIC too, he looks fresh out of Princeton Seminary. There is the OLD-LOOKING LIEUTENANT.

COOK

(to his top men)

Perhaps you wonder why I've called us here together.

(no reaction)

That was supposed to be a joke.

(No reaction. The tension is thick enough to eat)

I have reached a decision which I thought I should share with you.

(beat)

I intend to go across like George Washington, standing on the prow.

You poor farts can do the rowing --

COOK suddenly looks up with surprise --

CUT TO

630 EXT. ROAD BY RIVER MEADOW - DAY

630

The three trucks, and my God, they've gotten through, they made it, they're here and as COOK and his MEN rush to the trucks --

CUT TO

631- EXT. ROAD BY RIVER MEADOW - DAY  
634

631-  
634

COOK and his men together with a number of ROYAL ENGINEERS, pulling the boats from the trucks, starting to assemble the things and My God, they're flimsy! -- plywood bottoms and canvas sides and not many oars and the whole thing held together with wooden pegs and if you're going to make a river crossing under fire, this sure wouldn't be the kind of pleasure craft you'd pick out for yourself and they're having a terrible time making the pegs fit and hold properly and --

CUT TO

635 EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT - DAY

635

VANDELEUR's giant tanks, three and four are lined up already as a fifth, and sixth, come slowly into position.

CUT TO

636- EXT. ROAD BY RIVER MEADOW - DAY  
637

636-  
637

COOK, moving among the men, helping every way he can to get the flimsy thing assembled and there's a search on for more oars but there aren't any more, so it's going to have to be done with rifle butts and

CUT TO

638 EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT - DAY

638

A dozen Sherman tanks of the IRISH GUARDS, lined up behind the embankment, with their commanders in the turrets. They start firing in rapid succession and as they do --

CUT TO

639 EXT. NAAL RIVER - DAY

639

The far river bank with the shells hitting and smoke starts to spread all across the water and

CUT TO

640- EXT. ROAD BY RIVER MEADOW - DAY  
641

640-  
641

COOK, with maybe a dozen or so boats ready, not enough, and everybody's shouting and swearing and working their butts off to make this happen in time and

CUT TO

642 EXT. WAAL RIVER - DAY 642

The far river bank and more and more shells landing, the smoke getting thicker and thicker and

CUT TO

643- EXT. RIVER MEADOW - DAY 643-  
644 644

COOK and his MEN, starting to load their equipment into the flimsy boats and the noise is building and building as we

CUT TO

645 EXT. NORTH BANK OF WAAL RIVER - DAY 645

Smoke shells explode, blanking off the German positions with a cloud of dense white smoke.

CUT TO

646 EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY 646

LUDWIG, staring for a moment at the smoke screen. He can't see much other than the smoke itself, but it worries him and as he heads down from the roof of his bunker --

CUT TO

647 INT. BITTRICH'S HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY 647

FIELD MARSHAL MODEL in his office, as a STAFF CAPTAIN hands the phone to him.

(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

STAFF CAPTAIN

General Ludwig.

MODEL

(takes phone)

Yes? What else can you see beside the smoke?

CUT TO

648 INT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY 648

LUDWIG, speaking on the phone to MODEL inside his bunker.  
(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

LUDWIG

Nothing yet -- but they are clearly trying a river assault.

MODEL (OVER)

It will fail.

648 Continued

648

LUDWIG

I know it will fail, of course it will fail, but what if it doesn't fail -- have I your permission to blow the bridge?

(listens to Model's reply)

The YOUNG LIEUTENANT watches LUDWIG.

LUDWIG

Jawohl, Herr Feldmarschall --

He hangs up the phone - turns to the YOUNG LIEUTENANT and paraphrases MODEL's words.

LUDWIG

'They will not cross the river. And we will not blow the bridge.

(shakes his head in disbelief)

Have all the demolition charges been checked?

YOUNG LIEUTENANT

Yes, sir. Everything's wired and ready. Captain Krafft is standing by as ordered.

LUDWIG

Good.

He looks through bunker slit towards Nijmegen Bridge.

LUDWIG

I haven't the least intention of being shot by Berlin for letting bridges fall into enemy hands.

(glances at Lieutenant)

If British tanks ever start across that bridge --

(he spreads his hands wide)

-- I'll blow it to bits ...

CUT TO

649 EXT. HIGH GROUND - RIVER AREA - DAY

649

GAVIN, standing on a high spot with a sweeping view of the river. Nearby the leaves of a tree start to wave in the breeze, a look of sheer horror hits GAVIN's face and

CUT TO

650 EXT. HIGH GROUND - RIVER AREA - DAY

650

The tree, the leaves really waving now and

CUT TO

651 EXT. HIGH GROUND - RIVER AREA - DAY

651

GAVIN -- he knows what that means, it means wind and wind means bad things which we realize right now as we

CUT TO

652 EXT. WAAL RIVER - DAY

652

The smoke screen so carefully laid down, thick and protective -- only now as the wind sweeps the area, as we watch, the smoke-screen begins to dissolve and blow away and at the terrible moment --

CUT TO

653- EXT. SOUTH BANK OF WAAL RIVER - DAY  
654

653-  
654

JULIAN COOK shouting "GO!" and with that, leading his MEN in a charge down to the river, and this is it, this is the start of what a lot of people think was the bravest single action of the war and we start to see why now as we

CUT TO

655 EXT. RIVER WAAL - DAY

655

The river and Jesus, it's a quarter of a mile wide, 400 yards of open water and the smoke screen is disintegrating rapidly now and we can tell that the current of the river is strong, strong enough to kill you and

CUT TO

656- EXT. SOUTH BANK OF WAAL RIVER - DAY  
664

656-  
664

COOK, his MEN, and the ROYAL ENGINEERS who manned the boats, running forward. As they reach the water, they put the boats in but the paratroopers aren't trained for this kind of thing and from the start there's trouble as a couple of the boats are put in water that's too shallow and they get bogged down and block others and as the men struggle, thrashing around, trying to get to where it's deeper, they start to lose balance, a few of them, as the strength of the current begins to make itself known and

CUT TO

665 EXT. WAAL RIVER CROSSING - DAY

665

A couple of boats, overloaded, sinking and

CUT TO

666 A couple of others, circling around as the MEN can't get the paddling done together and

666

CUT TO

667 COOK, shouting over the confusion, shouting 667  
'KEEP GOING KEEP GOING' over and over and

CUT TO

668 SOLDIERS falling overboard, guys we've seen around, faces 668  
that we've become a little bit familiar with and --

CUT TO

669 Paddles dropping and 669

CUT TO

670 Another boat overturning and this one contained the BABY- 670  
FACED CAPTAIN.

CUT TO

671 COOK, paddling in his boat, using his rifle butt as a 671  
paddle and as he starts to make a little headway

CUT TO

672 The remaining boats, twenty some of them, and they're 672  
beginning to get the hang of it too and in one the CLERIC  
is saying, 'Thy will be done. Thy will be done,' he cannot  
stop saying, 'Thy will be done' and

CUT TO

673 EXT. GERMAN POSITIONS - WAAL RIVER - DAY 673

The GERMANS open fire, raking the river with machine gun and

CUT TO

674 EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT - DAY 674

VANDELEUR's tanks pour covering fire into the far embankment  
and --

CUT TO

675 EXT. WAAL RIVER CROSSING - DAY 675

COOK in the river, pulling with everything he's got --

COOK

Hail Mary --

(stroke)

-- full of grace --

(stroke)

-- Hail Mary --

(stroke)

-- full of grace --

(stroke)

--  
CUT TO

676- EXT. GERMAN POSITIONS - WAAL RIVER - DAY  
678

676-  
678

Some shells from VANDELEUR's tanks land on target but the GERMANS step up the intensity of their small arms and mortar fire and that's not a surprise, no, you expect that, but what you don't expect is who is doing the firing because we're close enough to see the killers now and they're 15, they're children and

CUT TO

679- EXT. WAAL RIVER CROSSING - DAY  
683

679-  
683

The whole shot of the river with COOK in the lead and his men are getting slaughtered now, shells burst all over, geysers of water erupt, the machine guns hit like rain but they keep on, they keep on, the ones left alive to, but as they do this, the closer they get to the far embankment, the more accurate that firing becomes and we

HOLD ON COOK and KEEP HOLDING on COOK until we

CUT TO

684- EXT. STREET - NIJMEGEN - DAY  
686

684-  
686

PARATROOPERS from the 82nd moving forward, firing, bursting into houses on either side of the street as the GRENADIER GUARDS' tanks rumble forward.

CUT TO

687 EXT. WAAL RIVER CROSSING - DAY

687

COOK in the river, 'Hail Mary,' 'Hail Mary' and

CUT BACK TO

688 EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIJMEGEN - DAY

688

A SERGEANT and a squad of PARATROOPERS from the 82nd burst out onto a roof and gun down a group of GERMANS who are busy firing down on more PARATROOPERS in the street below.

CUT TO

689- EXT. WAAL RIVER CROSSING - DAY  
690

689-  
690

COOK in the river, and now the boat beside him is hit and explodes and all the men die and this one had the OLD LOOKING LIEUTENANT, but COOK keeps on and another shell hits near enough to a boat behind him to capsize it and

CUT TO

691 Another boat, all the men in it dead but one and he's just lying there dazed and bloody as the boat goes around and around and

691

CUT TO

692 COOK, leading the way, stroking with his rifle butt and all the other MEN in the boat doing the same and 'Hail Mary,' 'Hail Mary' and 692  
CUT TO

693- EXT. NORTH BANK - WAAL RIVER - DAY 693-  
695 And my God, they're going to make it, half of them anyway. COOK and his MEN start coming ashore, running through the water onto land, firing their machine guns and bazookas and 695  
CUT TO

696- EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIJMEGEN - DAY 696-  
697 PARATROOPERS from the 82nd, firing down into the street, mowing down twenty or more retreating GERMAN SOLDIERS. 697  
CUT TO

698- EXT. GERMAN POSITIONS - WAAL RIVER - DAY 698-  
699 COOK'S MEN, splitting, some of them running toward where the 15-year-olds were killing them, while the rest follow COOK toward the great Nijmegen Bridge and 699  
CUT TO

700 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 700  
The giant bridge as GERMANS begin to climb up, up into the girders, loaded with weapons and a bunch of GERMANS are already up there, waiting 100 feet up in the air and  
CUT TO

701 EXT. NORTHERN APPROACH - NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 701  
COOK, firing as he approaches the far end of the bridge, he fires and his MEN fire and  
CUT TO

702 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 702  
The girders, the GERMANS firing down and  
CUT TO

703 EXT. NORTHERN APPROACH - NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 703  
COOK, blasting up and as he does, as he fires and runs and fires and runs, from above him, the GERMANS start to fall and  
CUT TO

- 704 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 704  
The girders as those GERMANS that have strapped themselves in lie dead and dangling, limp and  
CUT TO
- 705- EXT. STREET NEAR NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 705-  
706 PARATROOPERS of the 82nd and GRENADIER GUARDS tanks press forward. German resistance is beginning to crumble, and out of some of the houses come GERMAN SOLDIERS with their hands up.  
CUT TO
- 707 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 707  
COOK, firing, advancing toward the center of the bridge as the Germans drop around him and  
CUT TO
- 708 EXT. SOUTHERN APPROACH TO NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 708  
The GERMANS retreat before the advancing PARATROOPERS and GRENADIER GUARDS tanks, some firing as they go, others giving up, dropping their weapons, getting the hell out of it, only a few of the SS PANZER GRENADIERS hanging on but it's hopeless now ...  
CUT TO
- 709 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 709  
COOK at the head of his MEN, approaches the area of the center of the bridge, the underside being where the explosives are wired and  
CUT TO
- 710 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 710  
The BRITISH tanks advancing onto the bridge --  
CUT TO
- 711 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 711  
COOK, waving them on, standing directly above the explosives, only of course, he doesn't know it and --  
CUT TO
- 712 EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY 712  
LUDWIG on his bunker, watching as the tanks roll along the bridge and --  
(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

712 Continued 712  
 LUDWIG  
 Are you ready?  
 VOICE (OVER)  
 Yes, General.  
 CUT TO

713 EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY 713  
 KRAFFT, the demolition expert kneeling by the plunger, his  
 fingers around the handle and  
 CUT TO

714 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 714  
 COOK standing there, waiting for the tanks to reach him and  
 CUT TO

715 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 715  
 The BRITISH tanks rumbling closer and closer to the center  
 of the bridge and  
 CUT TO

716 EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY 716  
 LUDWIG -- (IN GERMAN)  
 LUDWIG  
 NOW!  
 CUT TO

717 EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY 717  
 KRAFFT -- as he slams the plunger down --  
 CUT TO

718 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 718  
 Nothing happens.  
 CUT TO

719 EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY 719  
 LUDWIG shouting at KRAFFT. (IN GERMAN)  
 LUDWIG  
 AGAIN!! AGAIN!!!  
 And as the DEMOLITIONS MAN slams the plunger down again and  
 again --  
 CUT TO

720 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 720

The BRITISH tanks continue to roll. Clearly, the detonator has failed and we

CUT TO

721 EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY 721

COOK, leaning against the rail, a good day's work done and as he watches the tanks roll by

CUT TO

722 EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY 722

LUDWIG watching as the tanks roll on and on across the bridge.  
(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

LUDWIG

(stunned)

My God, they're eleven miles from  
Arnhem.

(staring)

Nothing can stop them now ...

CUT TO

723 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY 723

The tanks of XXX CORPS, moving forward across the bridge.  
HOLD. Then ---

SWITCH TO

724 EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY 724

The GERMANS are farther advanced now, blasting away at will.

CUT TO

725 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY 725

FROST in what's left of his headquarters as the shells burst all around. There are fires everywhere, SOLDIERS are trying to put them out.

The British are fighting behind burning piles of rubble, firing through the intense flames ...

CUT TO

726 EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY 726

The German guns, tattooing the British positions.

CUT TO

727 EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY 727

CORPORAL DAVIES, the soldier who brought the PARACHICK, fighting a fire. A shell explodes and he's dead.

CUT TO

728 EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY 728

PRIVATE DODDS, stunned, unable to react for the moment. Another shell hits and he's dead too -- they're all dying now as we

CUT TO

729 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY 729

The WOUNDED RADIC MAN, huddled with his set in the highest tenable point in the ruins.

RADIC MAN

(yells to Wounded Para)

It's working -- we're through to HQ -- get the Colonel.

The WOUNDED PARA relays the message:

WOUNDED PARA

(yells)

Colonel --

CUT TO

730 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY 730

FROST, battling a fire -- he turns.

WOUNDED PARA

(still yelling)

It's HQ, sir --

CUT TO

731 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY 731

URQUHART, by a wireless set. This whole ensuing dialogue is not an easy thing for either one of them.

FROST (OVER)

Sunray on set, pass your message ... over.

URQUHART

What's your situation, Johnny - over.

FROST (OVER)

I hadn't expected the pleasure, sir.

FROST isn't all that audible -- URQUHART can hear the chaos.

CUT TO

732 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

732

FROST, by the WOUNDED RADIO MAN doing his best to hear.

FROST

We're holding out, but we badly need reinforcements, and most of all ammunition.

CUT TO

733 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

733

URQUHART. Pause.

URQUHART

I'm not sure whether it's a case of us coming for you or you coming for us.

CUT TO

734 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

734

FROST. He understands.

FROST

We'll just wait for XXX Corps then.

CUT TO

735 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

735

URQUHART.

URQUHART

That would probably be best.

CUT TO

736 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

736

FROST. All hell is exploding around him.

FROST

Very cheering talking to you, General.

CUT TO

737 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

737

URQUHART. Both men are wracked by now.

URQUHART

The whole lot of us were only supposed to hold the damn bridge for two days -- you've held it alone for four. Have you anything else for me?

CUT TO

738 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

738

FROST  
No sir. I'll give you a call when  
XXX Corps arrive, over.

URQUHART (OVER)  
Right ... over and out.

FROST gives the mike back to TADIC MAN as we --

CUT TO

739 EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

739

The German artillery letting it all go and

CUT TO

740 EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

740

FROST, running back to help with the fires as the shell  
explodes and throws him high, flings him down, his legs limp  
and bloody --

HOLD ON FROST, wounded on the ground, now --

SWITCH TO

741 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - EVENING

741

The tanks that we saw streaming across are still there, and the  
bridge is still as before. Only the tanks aren't moving now.  
They're stopped. Dead. And as that surprise hits us --

CUT TO

742 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - EVENING

742

A BRITISH CORPORAL is cooking something to eat on a primus  
stove by a tank.

CUT TO

743 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - EVENING

743

We're just on the other side of Nijmegen Bridge. It's later  
in the afternoon. All we can see are tanks in defensive  
positions. Those soldiers not manning guns are brewing up.  
In the distance, we can hear sporadic burst of gunfire.

CUT TO

744 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - EVENING

744

COOK, talking to a GRENADIER MAJOR. COOK is confused and  
angry.

748 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

748

FROST, sitting on a box leaning against a wall. The pain is terrible. It's very hard for him to get any life at all into his eyes. We're in the ruins of his headquarters. Flames, dead and dying. WICKS, Frost's Batman comes over to him.

WICKS  
It's Major Carlyle, sir.

WICKS helps FROST to his feet.

CUT TO

749 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

749

CARLYLE, lying by his umbrella. Just about gone. FROST is led over, sits by the other man. They are able to recognize each other.

CARLYLE  
... Well, Johnny ...

FROST  
Harry ...?

CARLYLE looks up at him.

FROST  
... I never asked you this before because ... you were so desperate for me to, I didn't want to give the satisfaction ... but ... why the hell do you carry that goddam umbrella ...?

CARLYLE  
... memory ...

FROST  
(didn't get it?)  
Say again ...?

CARLYLE  
... bad memory ... always forgot the password ... I knew no Jerry would ever carry one ... I had to prove I was an Englishman ...

They both close their eyes now; the only difference is that CARLYLE is not going to open his again.

SWITCH TO

750 INT. POLISH DAKOTA - DAY

750

SOSABOWSKI sits with his PARATROOPERS. They are every one of them, all Poles, laden with equipment.

750 Continued

750

There is silence. Tremendous tension. From the look of things, we're at jump time, everyone seems set to go out into space and take his chances.

The silence goes on and on until we

CUT TO

751 INT. POLISH DAKOTA - DAY

751-

An RAF SERGEANT suddenly opening the door of the plane from the outside --

RAF SERGEANT

Cancelled again, sir, sorry, maybe later.

And now it hits us that we're not in the sky at all but just ready for take off, still in England, and all of this should come as a considerable surprise.

CUT TO

752 EXT. POLISH AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

752

SOSABOWSKI, cursing softly in Polish as he leaves the plane, jumps down to the field, scowlingly walks off.

The whole field is covered with fog. Worse even than before. All around SOSABOWSKI we see troops and planes and equipment, ready but helpless.

SOSABOWSKI continues to walk. The confusion on the field builds all around him. Frustration and the rest of it.

HOLD ON SOSABOWSKI until he disappears into the fog ...

SWITCH TO

753 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - CELLAR - DAY

753

The WOUNDED RADIO MAN, still by his set. Flames all over,

We see FROST, in numbing pain still, and WICKS, and those other faces left alive that we've come to see around him.

RADIO MAN

-- come in XXX Corps -- come in XXX Corps -- please hurry, please hurry --  
(he gets nothing, looks at Frost, shakes his head)

FROST

... doesn't matter ... anymore ...  
ammunition all gone.

753 Continued

753

WICKS, his batman, tries to ease FROST's pain.

FROST

(to anyone alive)

... go ... try to get back ... rejoin  
the main force ...

WICKS

And you, sir?

FROST

(makes a shrug)

... be fine ...

(and now he shakes  
his head)

... we just didn't get away with it  
this time ... but we gave them a damn  
good run for their money ...

HOLD -- then

CUT TO

754 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

754

BITTRICH in EXTREME CLOSE UP --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

BITTRICH standing in his car. MATTHIAS is behind the wheel.

CONTINUE PULLING BACK

We are on Arnhem Bridge as the Germans take command. Other cars and men on foot follow, but we stay with BITTRICH, the battle won, as he drives slowly across what was once the battleground. There is no longer the continual sound of guns. The battle for Arnhem Bridge was about to move into the past.

CUT TO

755 EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

755

British wounded -- FROST'S MEN, being hoisted onto wagons by  
GERMAN SOLDIERS.

CUT TO

756 EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

756

FROST himself watches BITTRICH's approach. He has ripped off  
his badges of Rank and lies propped outside of what was once  
his headquarters.

CUT TO

757 EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

757

BITTRICH. He sees FROST now, motions for the car to stop. He gets out. MATTHIAS following.

FROST waits as BITTRICH advances. They've been through a lot; can't speak a word the other understands.

BITTRICH stops. Long pause. Finally he reaches into his pocket, takes out something, hands it to FROST.

FROST looks at it, shakes his head: It's chocolate.

BITTRICH glances to MATTHIAS, speaks quickly IN GERMAN.

MATTHIAS

He says please take it, it's very good, your planes dropped it to us yesterday.

BITTRICH

(holds out the chocolate again)

English ...

We see now -- it's a bar of Cadbury's.

FROST and BITTRICH just look at the thing and shake their heads. Is it funny or sad ...?

HOLD on the two MEN. Then --

SWITCH TO

758- EXT. XXX CORPS - ARNHEM - NIJMEGEN ROAD - DAY  
759

758-  
759

It's one tank wide and the lead tank is silhouetted against the sky and easy to hit, as are the tanks trailing off behind. But there are a lot of infantry now, hundreds of men surrounding the machines, protecting them, and even though the Germans are firing from the woods, XXX CORPS is advancing again. Advancing steadily up toward Arnhem.

CUT TO

760 EXT. ROAD INTO ARNHEM

760

Trucks full of clean-looking armed and experienced German troops, a long line of them. Reinforcements.

As they drive on, we can tell from a road sign they're heading for the Arnhem area.

SWITCH TO

761 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY

761

We are looking at the Hartenstein Hotel. Its beautiful lawn is a thing of the past now -- nothing but slit trenches.

TAFFY BRACE is carrying a wounded man toward the hotel.

The area he's walking through is dotted with dead and wounded. The German Artillery firing is louder and closer than ever.

761 Continued

761

TAFFY seems unaffected by it. He stops by another wounded man, kneels, picks him up too. He passes a PADRE, administering the last rites to a SOLDIER.

Now he continues on toward the Hartenstein carrying both wounded. The weight doesn't seem to bother him at all. The second man he has picked up is a SERGEANT and badly hurt.

SERGEANT

Did we get any morphia?

TAFFY BRACE

(they didn't)

Morphia's only for people who are really hurt.

SERGEANT

(dazed)

... I thought I was really hurt ...

TAFFY BRACE

(smiles, shakes his head)

Wrong.

As he continues on with his burden outside the hotel.

CUT TO

762 INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

762

KATE TER HORST is in her basement, putting her FIVE SMALL CHILDREN to sleep. Or at least, getting them to lie down. The noise of the guns outside is paralyzing. She moves from one to the other, smoothing, patting, whispering to each in turn. Now, as she starts upstairs --

CUT TO

763- INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT  
764

763-  
764

The lovely house and there are over three hundred MEN lying wounded and dying on every available inch of floor.

Bullets are actually whizzing through the rooms of the house. Occasionally, a shell bursts outside. The noise is hitting an almost painful level now.

CUT TO

765 INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

765

KATE TER HORST is in the cellar doorway, surveying it all. She remains there a moment more and what follows is not a prayer, not fingers-clasped-eyes-aimed-toward-the-heavens kind of thing. Instead, it's more a whisper; a brave lady talking to herself, before entering the house that has become a battleground. (This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

765 Continued

765

KATE

(soft)

... would five minutes be too much  
to ask ... just five quiet minutes ...  
Dear God ... let these young men die  
in peace ...

CUT TO

766 INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

766

A room. It's just awful. TWO ORDERLIES come in with a  
WOUNDED MAN. As they enter, there is additional firing from  
outside. The WOUNDED MAN dies.

FIRST ORDERLY

(looking down at his feet --  
this is said almost in wonder,  
before the pain sets in)

Amazing -- look -- my boots are full  
of blood.

And as the SECOND ORDERLY grabs him, lays him down --

CUT TO

767 INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

767

KATE TER HORST, moving towards the living room where DOCTOR  
SPAANDER, is operating on what was a billiard table.

KATE was, from all accounts, incredibly serene throughout these  
days. She moves along silently, and if she was afraid, it  
didn't show.

As she passes along, A SOLDIER is trying to bang his head against  
a radiator; ANOTHER SOLDIER is trying to get him to stop.

KATE continues on. Now a voice comes, very soft --

MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

... please ...?

KATE TER HORST

Yes?

She stops, looks down at a very young and grievously wounded  
PRIVATE.

PRIVATE

(tries to move fingers)

... take my hand ...?

KATE TER HORST as she nods, kneels and takes the man's hand.  
She keeps holding and we continue watching her, because now it  
hits us that the PRIVATE is dying, something she knew when she  
knelt by him.

767 Continued

767

The firing goes on and on. Shouts from the hit, moans from the wounded.

Finally, there is a slight pull from the PRIVATE's hand. KATE hesitates, lays the hand gently down, leaves the DEAD BOY, and as she starts to rise --

CUT TO

768 INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

768

DOCTOR SPAANDER, at the operating table. KATE comes up to him. She is terribly moved.  
(This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

KATE TER HORST

Can it get worse?

DOCTOR SPAANDER

(looks at her a moment.  
Then -- )

Oh yes. Much.

As he continues to work, she moves alongside, does what she can as we

SWITCH TO

769 EXT. EDGE OF POLISH DROP ZONE - DAY

769

A bunch of GERMAN SOLDIERS. They are firing rifles and machine-guns up into the sky, we don't know at what. But as they keep on firing --

CUT TO

770 INT. POLISH DAKOTA - DAY

770

The plane is loaded with PARATROOPS. We see SOSABOWSKI ready to go out the door.

SOSABOWSKI

(as he jumps)

God bless Field Marshal Montgomery.

CUT TO

771 EXT. EDGE OF POLISH DROP ZONE - DAY

771

The GERMANS, stepping up their fire. We have a good idea what it's all about now but we still don't go to the sky when we expect. We HOLD on the GERMANS as they fire and fire and slowly it begins to dawn on us that maybe we don't really want to see what's going on up there but then we have to as we

CUT TO

772- EXT. SKY ABOVE POLISH DROP ZONE - DAY  
774

772-  
774

The sky and the poor POLES are getting slaughtered in the air.

The POLES try and fight, try and fire as they swing in space, but forget it, it's no use --

The sky is full of dying men, but not all the men die -- the majority in fact landed and lived through this moment -- but enough of them bought it to make the moment indelible. They jerk like giant marionettes as bullets hit them, some of them cry out, some die too fast for sound. Some, as they are hit, dropped their weapons and hang limp until they career to earth.

SWITCH TO

775- EXT. XXX CORPS - ARNHEM-NIJMEGEN ROAD - DAY  
777

775-  
777

The fighting is getting much tougher now, the XXX Corps advance is slowing perceptibly. German shells, fired from the flanking woods, drop all over.

Now the lead tank is hit, slews sideways, blocks the advance, and begins to burn. The heat is terrible.

The following tank comes up, tries to push the lead tank off the road. But it can't quite do it. SOLDIERS start screaming for a bulldozer. As they do --

CUT TO

778 EXT. ARNHEM-NIJMEGEN ROAD - DAY

778

The whole long line of the advance. Way in the rear, there is a bulldozer. God only knows how long it's going to take for it to reach the lead tank.

But until it does, XXX Corps is stalled ...

SWITCH TO

779 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

779

Of what's left of the Hartenstein. The German pounding from outside is merciless now.

URQUHART is in a hallway talking to DOCTOR SPAANDER, the Dutch medical leader, and COLONEL WEAVER.

During this scene, we see occasionally in the background, various SOLDIERS moving this way and that along the hall. All that's important to note is this: they're all dazed now, filthy more dead, as they say, than alive.

779 Continued

779

WEAVER

Doctor Spaander agrees with me, sir,  
we've got to do something about them.

URQUHART

(to Spaander)

What can we do?

DOCTOR SPAANDER

General Urquhart, I have in mind to  
ask the Germans to take our wounded --  
into their hospitals. We have no further  
space or supplies. I think we should  
arrange an evacuation. Have I your  
permission to try?

URQUHART

Certainly, if Weaver agrees -- but  
I don't think my permission's going  
to be your major problem.

(he glances out a  
nearby window)

Listen: those are our guns out there --  
that's XXX Corps.

DOCTOR SPAANDER

How far?

URQUHART

Less than two miles.

(shakes his head)

Exactly where they were yesterday ...

As he continues to stare out the window --

SWITCH TO

780 INT. POLISH BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

780

SOSABOWSKI, sitting with what's left of his headquarters staff  
in a deserted farmhouse. Pressure lamps provide the only  
illumination. It's early evening. SOSABOWSKI is studying  
some torn maps when there is a noise at the door and as he  
quickly looks up --

CUT TO

781 INT. POLISH BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

781

A POLISH COLONEL brings a BRITISH SOLDIER in his underwear --  
sopping wet and covered with mud. He salutes.

MUDDY SOLDIER

I've come with a message from General  
Urquhart, sir.

781 Continued

781

SOSABOWSKI

How did you manage to do that?

MUDDY SOLDIER

I swam the Rhine, sir; I'm afraid our radios are all up the spout.

SOSABOWSKI nods.

MUDDY SOLDIER

The General asks if you could get your men across the river? We've been holding out for six days now and any help at all would be of considerable assistance.

SOSABOWSKI

And you'll swim back with my reply?

The MUDDY SOLDIER nods.

SOSABOWSKI

We can't very well swim, not, and bring equipment.

(there is a long pause)

We have some small rubber dinghies. But that's all.

MUDDY SOLDIER

I'm afraid rubber dinghies may be a bit flimsy for the Rhine, sir.

SOSABOWSKI

I agree with you.

(a pause)

Tell the General we're coming tonight ...

HOLD ON SOSABOWSKI. Then --

CUT TO

782- EXT. RHINE RIVER - POLISH CROSSING - NIGHT  
784

782-  
784

SOSABOWSKI stands in mud by the river bank getting the POLES set for crossing. There is no moon.

A thick rope stretches all the way across the river. The rubber dinghies are tiny, flimsy things, capable of carrying at most, three men.

SOSABOWSKI helps his PARATROOPERS into the dinghies, then they are pulled a few feet and another dinghy is put into the water. They are attached to the long rope, and as three more men get in they are pulled out a short distance, making room for another dinghy.

All, all in total silence.

CUT TO

785 Six rubber dinghies and several rafts carrying stores are 785  
already in the water. POLISH SOLDIERS huddle in the dinghies.  
No one makes a sound.

CUT TO

786 SOSABOWSKI, helping to attach the home-made rafts to the 786  
rope now. The rafts carry supplies, and heavier equipment.  
As each raft is attached, the rope is pulled and there is more  
room made for the next raft or dinghy. Eventually, we're going  
to have a stretch of dinghies and rafts going far out into the  
river.

CUT TO

787 The POLES. Young, very edgy. They have reason to be, 787  
it's a dangerous time.

CUT TO

788 SOSABOWSKI, ankle-deep in mud, helping more soldiers move 788  
supplies as the crossing becomes more and more a reality.  
Now --

CUT TO

789 The dark sky. Dead silence. 789

CUT TO

790 The POLES. Waiting to get into their little dinghies 790  
for the trip.

CUT TO

791 The river. The long line of Polish troops and supplies 791  
keeps getting longer.

CUT TO

792 SOSABOWSKI, working. 792

CUT TO

793 The sky. Dark and silent. 793

CUT TO

794 SOSABOWSKI whirling as from downriver now there comes an 794  
unusual sound and as he stares toward the sky --

CUT TO

795 The dark night. Nothing different from before except one 795  
thing: there's a tiny red spark up there now.

HOLD on the spark.

Suddenly it erupts and it's a magnesium flare, a parachute  
magnesium flare and as the magnesium catches it bursts into  
incredible white light and as another spark catches --

CUT TO

796 The river, illuminated like day, the soldiers out there 796  
helpless on the river and  
CUT TO

797 The sky as flare after flare erupts and it's like daylight 797  
now and  
CUT TO

798 SOSABOWSKI, helpless, staring as we 798  
CUT TO

799 Downriver and a vicious barrage of German machine-gun 799  
fire as it starts to rake the river and we HOLD on the  
night and the firing, HOLD and keep HOLDING until we  
CUT TO

800 SOSABOWSKI and he's been around, seen a lot, but nothing 800  
much worse than this, and now, from his agonized eyes --  
CUT TO

801 The river and the dinghies. All the young POLES are dead. 801  
They lie sprawled and bloody as the firing from the German  
machine-guns goes on and on.  
CUT TO

802 The sky as the flares go out. 802  
CUT TO

803 The river as the firing stops. The flares die slowly. 803  
Finally, darkness again.  
HOLD on the river. Then --  
SWITCH TO

804 EXT. ROAD INTO ARNHEM - DAY 804  
DOCTOR SPAANDER and COLONEL WEAVER driving along under a  
white flag, followed by a German Jeep with a DRIVER and an  
SS MAJOR on board. At this moment, we don't quite know exactly  
where we are, but we're about to find out, because as the  
Jeep turns a corner --  
CUT TO

805 EXT. SUBURBS OF ARNHEM - DAY 805  
DOCTOR SPAANDER, in the Jeep, as he reacts to what he sees --  
CUT TO

806 EXT. SUBURBS OF ARNHEM - DAY 806  
The devastated remains of what once was Arnhem, his home.

814 Continued

814

DOCTOR SPAANDER

If you would just say 'yes' it would be very possible.

LUDWIG

We are, forgive me, at war. And, may I also add, winning --

DOCTOR SPAANDER

-- winning and losing isn't our concern, living and dying is. A cease-fire. One hour. Two. Just to evacuate our wounded. Afterwards you can kill us all you want to.

LUDWIG gestures sharply with his hands, a 'no' gesture. But the reaction's kind of odd, because all the other GERMAN OFFICERS in the room suddenly come to attention as we

CUT TO

815 INT. GERMAN BATTLE HEADQUARTERS - ARNHEM - DAY

815

BITTRICH in the doorway. He stands there, looking around. BITTRICH carries a bottle of brandy in one hand. Now, he says something IN GERMAN. LUDWIG answers IN GERMAN. BITTRICH gestures. LUDWIG goes to his superior and as they talk --

CUT TO

816 INT. GERMAN BATTLE HEADQUARTERS - ARNHEM - DAY

816

DOCTOR SPAANDER and COLONEL WEAVER, watching. There is only mumbling, nothing intelligible from the two Generals. Then LUDWIG retires. BITTRICH comes forward. He looks angry. SPAANDER watches him come.

BITTRICH stops, looks at SPAANDER, speaks quick (IN GERMAN)

DOCTOR SPAANDER

(translating Bittrich's words to Weaver, softly)

The cease fire begins at three.  
(he speaks to Bittrich  
IN GERMAN)

WEAVER

(to Spaander)

Thank him, please.

DOCTOR SPAANDER

I just did.

And now BITTRICH says a few more words, suddenly holds out the bottle. SPAANDER glances at WEAVER, as he takes the brandy.

816 Continued

DOCTOR SPAANDER

816

This is for your general ...

Now he looks at the bottle, then at BITTRICH, nods and as he does --

SWITCH TO

817 EXT. ROAD NEAR HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

817

The firing is deafening as we've come to expect it. Then, with no warning whatsoever, it begins to grow less loud, steadily diminishes, and finally stops altogether.

Now in the silence, a procession starts to appear. With GERMANS at the wheel, every Jeep, every ambulance, every vehicle that can still move has been loaded up with wounded and is driving down the road.

Some can walk a little, and those that can, do. But mostly it's cars full of pain, as the BRITISH are evacuated through the amazing quiet ... Now --

A STRANGE SOUND -- for a moment you'd almost think, my God, someone's playing the fucking flute and then

CUT TO

818 EXT. ROAD NEAR HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

818

A PRIVATE in a slit-trench and he is playing the flute, staring off at the sky, and it's lovely because his choice is one of the Bach Brandenburg Concertos, and his fingers move across the instrument skilfully and the glorious tunes tumble out, and as this goes on --

CUT TO

819 EXT. ROAD NEAR HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

819

The procession of walking wounded starts. These are the Red Devils that can go under their own power, and they trudge along the road, all with a week's growth of beard, battle dress torn; filthy blood-soaked bandages covering some of their wounds. But the most compelling thing of all is their eyes: red-rimmed deep-sunk, peering out from drawn, mud-caked faces, the faces haggard from pain and the pounding and the lack of sleep --

-- but the crazy thing was, according to those who saw this, there was somehow about them the feeling that you were looking at a bunch of undefeated heroes. As these hundred plus men move --

The kid with the flute keeps right on playing.

The convoy of the evacuated keeps right on going. It's a huge sight, dozens of vehicles, followed by the men, going slowly, slowly along ...

The flute goes on too; J.S. Bach never sounded any lovelier .. Now --

CUT TO

820 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - EVENING

820

It's later in the day, starting to get dark. The firing begins again -- and maybe it sounds louder than ever because we've just had the quiet time, but in any case, it sure as hell does sound more deafening than anything we've heard before as the Germans pour everything into what they plan to be the ultimate annihilation of the British forces left alive. The ground seems to tremble. No. Forget the 'seems'. It is shaking. HOLD on the holocaust. Then --

SWITCH TO

821 EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - DAY

821

An AMERICAN MILITARY POLICEMAN. Now --

CUT TO

822 EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - DAY

822

Another AMERICAN M.P. And beside him, a BRITISH M.P. Both of them armed and ready and

CUT TO

823 EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - DAY

823

A very high church, maybe a couple of hundred feet. And there are BRITISH and AMERICAN M.P.s guarding the place. Jeeps all the hell over. The M.P.s watch the church, something obviously pretty important is going on inside.

It's afternoon of a different day. Grey and gloomy. A low flat sky. Now --

CUT TO

824 INT. CHURCH TOWER - STAIRWAY - DAY

824

The winding tiny stairway that leads to the top. We don't see anything, but we hear the sound of footsteps hurrying higher and higher and now --

CUT TO

825 EXT. CHURCH TOWER - HIGH PARAPET - DAY

825

HORROCKS, BROWNING, GAVIN, VANDELEUR and SOSABOWSKI as they exit, panting, onto the narrow terraced area at the very top of the church. They carry binoculars and as they move to the rail --

CUT TO

826 EXT. ARNHEM LANDSCAPE - DAY

826

URQUHART's position as seen through binoculars from the church tower. A pall of smoke covers the area.

CUT TO

827 EXT. CHURCH TOWER - HIGH PARAPET - DAY

827

The FIVE GENERALS. They are all exhausted and upset.

GAVIN

What are we? -- one mile short?

VANDELEUR

(to Horrocks)

We've come this far -- one final bash, it's worth that.

HORROCKS

(pointing out toward Urquhart's position)

They're trying to force Urquhart away from the river -- once they do that, once they've got him surrounded, he'll be annihilated.

BROWNING

Monty would never want us to run that risk.

HORROCKS

(to Browning)

Have we replaced the boats we lost at Nijmegen?

BROWNING nods. There is a pause.

Well then ...

GAVIN

It's over you mean? We're going to pull them out?

There is a long pause now as the CAMERA looks at each of the GENERALS. The answer to GAVIN's question is very clear from their faces. The terrible pounding continues in the distance. All five look, for want of a better word, gutted. Finally GAVIN breaks it --

GAVIN

-- I was too goddam slow taking Nijmegen --

827 Continued

827

HORROCKS

-- I was too slow getting started  
after Nijmegen --

VANDELEUR

-- it was the terrain -- that single  
road,

BROWNING

-- and the bloody fog in England --

SOSABOWSKI

And the Germans ... but it doesn't  
matter what it was --

(as they all turn,  
look at him)

The minute one man says to another,  
'I know what let's do today, let's  
play the war game --

(long pause)

-- everybody dies ...

HOLD ON SOSABOWSKI. Then --

SWITCH TO

828 EXT. SKY OVER HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

828

The sky, exploding over URQUHART's positions in a wild  
torrential rain. You can't see, you can't hear, it's just  
a wild downpour. Barely discernible is what remains of  
the Hartenstein Hotel.

CUT TO

829 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - CELLAR - DAY

829

A RADIO OPERATOR. URQUHART stands with a paper in his hands.  
HANCOCK, his batman, is at a respectful distance.

URQUHART stares at the paper. Stunned and angry --

URQUHART

Withdraw? Withdraw now?

(he looks at Hancock)

They said they'd be here in two days,  
we've been here nine.

(he starts out -- )

One bloody mile -- you'd think they  
could accomplish that --

C

830 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

830

The view out of the window. Burnt out Jeeps, abandoned equipment litter the grounds. The rain continues to beat down. PULL BACK TO REVEAL URQUHART -- staring out at the rain.

He turns away from the window. The man was a General, a good one, and he knew an order when he got one. He also knew the horrendous condition of his troops.

Slowly, as we watch URQUHART'S FACE, we can see it happen: the anger goes, he sighs, resigned to do what he has to do, which is get the retreat going. MACKENZIE enters the room.

URQUHART

We've been given our marching orders.

URQUHART turns back to the window.

CUT TO

831 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - CELLAR - NIGHT

831

A group of URQUHART'S OFFICERS. The RADIO MAN is visible in the corner. URQUHART stands at the front. He has darkened his face with mud and his eyes jump out at you. As he speaks, he tapes equipment to his uniform, because soon, silence is going to be crucial.

The OTHER OFFICERS have darkened their faces too. And they are taping equipment too. Some others are winding cloth around their boots. Outside, the rain roars down.

URQUHART

As I told you this afternoon, if they ever find we're leaving, they'll destroy us, so we must take every precaution.

(points to Radio Man)

MacDonald has agreed to man the wireless in order to give the Germans something to listen to, and all the Padres and medical staff have volunteered to stay behind as well.

(he looks around)

Jerry doesn't expect us to try to get out, so I've designed this like a collapsing bag -- the wounded who are too bad to move will replace the men firing our defense will seem as before. By the time Jerry discovers what's happened we should be safely across the river.

831 Continued

831

And now he takes out the brandy bottle Bittrich gave Doctor Spaander, takes a swallow, hands it around.

URQUHART

Pleasant journey.

As the bottle starts around --

CUT TO

832 EXT. SKY ABOVE HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - NIGHT

832

The night. Inky. Wind picking up. The rain as hard as before.

CUT TO

833-835 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - NIGHT

833-835

Several wounded BRITISH SOLDIERS amongst whom is CLEMINSON, who was trapped in the attic with Urquhart. They are crawling slowly toward a group who are manning slit-trenches.

There is an exchange made -- the wounded take over, the healthy ones leave. Not a break in the firing rhythm.

Another of the WOUNDED, it should be noted, is WICKS, who was FROST'S BATMAN and with him through all the horror at Arnhem Bridge.

Probably he's soon to be a dead man. But he's firing into the night as we

CUT TO

836-838 EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR RIVER - NIGHT

836-838

A living chain of SOLDIERS -- it is too dark to make out much of anything -- they hold on to the one in front as they slowly move down away from the Hartenstein down in the direction of the Rhine. The wind is almost a gale now, and the rain has increased.

The SOLDIERS continue silently on. They have all blackened their faces with mud and tied material around their boots. They follow strips of parachute tape leading from one tree to the next, forming a line to be followed in the terrible black night.

If they weren't so exhausted and beaten, they would be scared to death. As they continue silently on --

CUT TO

839 EXT. RIVER BANK - EVACUATION - NIGHT

839

A dozen boats with CANADIAN ENGINEER DRIVERS are waiting silently by the edge to begin the evacuation. If the troops arrive -- the drivers look at one another nervously as we

CUT TO

840 The night and the rain and.

840

CUT TO

841 EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR RIVER - NIGHT

841

A bunch of walking WOUNDED, being helped along, hobbling as best they can --

CUT TO

842 A bunch of SHELL SHOCKED -- one foot in front of the other, trudging slowly --

842

CUT TO

843 Several SOLDIERS tripping and falling into a foxhole -- they half cry out, stop, then look around frightened. There is a pause. No one heard.

843

CUT TO

844 URQUHART, covered with mud, walking slowly through the drenching rain, HANCOCK right behind him.

844

CUT TO

845 Another BUNCH OF SOLDIERS. the rain beating down on them as they move slowly through the darkness. They could be some prehistoric beasts; certainly, they don't look particularly human.

845

CUT TO

846 Some GERMANS, armed and talking as we

846

CUT TO

847 URQUHART and HANCOCK, frozen, as a few yards away, the GERMANS continue to talk.

847

CUT TO

848 The GERMANS. They talk a moment more. 848

CUT TO

849 URQUHART and HANCOCK. They might be statues. 849

CUT TO

850 The GERMANS. One of them laughs about something or other, then they move off through the rain. 850

CUT TO

851 URQUHART and HANCOCK. They wait before continuing. HANCOCK seems as if he just might come apart. URQUHART leads him on. 851

CUT TO

852 EXT. RIVER BANK - EVACUATION - NIGHT 852

The boats by the river as the first SURVIVORS reach them, silently start to climb in, helped by the CANADIANS.

CUT TO

853 EXT. RIVER BANK - EVACUATION - NIGHT 853

The whole incredible human chain, coming to the river in the storm and there isn't a sound from any of them and

CUT TO

854 EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR RIVER - NIGHT 854

URQUHART and HANCOCK, and HANCOCK seems to be calmer.

CUT TO

855 EXT. RIVER BANK - EVACUATION - NIGHT 855

What was once Urquhart's Army, moving numb and dazed and the rain is incredible now -- a SOLDIER stumbles, falls, gets up -- but the sound of the rain covers it all as we

CUT TO

856 URQUHART leading HANCOCK along 856

HANCOCK  
(whispering)  
I'm beginning to believe we're actually going to make it, sir.

CUT TO

857 URQUHART an angry and a frustrated man. Who had endured, 85

URQUHART

God was a Scotsman, I thought  
everyone knew that ...

HOLD on his blackened face as he moves down towards the  
Rhine ... Now --

SWITCH TO

858 EXT. ROAD SOUTH OF RHINE - DAWN 858

A jeep driving along. -- almost dawn now -- we're on the  
other side of the river. URQUHART is being driven by a  
CAPTAIN in the Jeep as we

CUT TO

859 EXT. BROWNING'S BATTLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 859

The Jeep stops outside. URQUHART gets out, starts toward  
it --

CUT TO

860 INT. BROWNING'S BATTLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 860

URQUHART stands there, still drenched and covered with mud,  
a great angry bull of a man. A YOUNG STAFF MAJOR enters,  
he's BROWNING'S ADC.

YOUNG STAFF MAJOR

General Browning will be down right  
away, sir; but he wondered if  
perhaps you might like to change.

URQUHART

(blinks)

Change?

YOUNG STAFF MAJOR

Your clothes, sir.

URQUHART

No, thank you. I do not wish to  
accept the General's kind offer. I  
know it's perverse of me, but I want  
him to see us as we are -- as we have  
been!

860 Continued

860

And on that, BROWNING enters. He has been described as having looked as if he had just attended a parade. The YOUNG STAFF MAJOR leaves hastily. The TWO GENERALS just look at each other. Then --

BROWNING

How are you, Roy?

URQUHART

I'm not sure I'll know for a while.

(beat)

But I'm sorry about the way it worked out.

BROWNING

You did all you could.

URQUHART

Yes, but did everyone else?

BROWNING

(unwilling to debate  
that question)

They've got a bed ready for you upstairs.

URQUHART

I took more than ten thousand men to Arnhem, and I've come out with two. I don't feel much like sleeping.

BROWNING

I've just been on to Monty. He's terribly proud and pleased.

URQUHART

(blinks)

Pleased?

BROWNING

Of course. He feels Market-Garden was 90 percent successful.

URQUHART only shakes his head. BROWNING's good face breaks into a reassuring smile.

BROWNING

We just tried to go a bridge too far.

HOLD ON BROWNING for a moment. Then --

SWITCH TO

861 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY 861

The front steps of the hotel. The next morning. Beautiful and sunny.

The entire area is a sea of dazed, wounded shell-shocked men. No one moves. No sound but pain. TWO PADRES do what they can to comfort. DOCTOR WEAVER is visible also, doing what he can without supplies.

CUT TO

862 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY 862

TAFFY BRACE walks up the slit-trenched front lawn of the hotel, carrying a WOUNDED MAN in his arms. Now he gently sets him down with the others. He pauses, looks around --

CUT TO

863 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY 863

What's left of the lawn. No more wounded to collect. Just the ruined land.

CUT TO

864- EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY 864-  
868

TAFFY BRACE. He moves onto the steps of the Hartenstein, passing various people as he goes.

One of them was the BOY WHO PLAYED THE FLUTE during the evacuation. No more. His fingers are gone. He stares.

Now TAFFY passes another familiar face -- it is FROST'S RADIO MAN, the poor bastard who kept saying, 'Come in XXX Corps, please hurry, please hurry.' No need for hurry now. He stares, dazed; grievously wounded.

And now MAJOR STEELE, his head wound round with dirty bandages -- he'd been right about the radio's not being strong enough. Not that it matters now.

TAFFY sits. He's like some giant mother hen protecting its brood.

The hundred or so wounded sit there. Nothing ...

CUT TO