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Culver City, Calif. No. 135

BATTLEGROUND

OK Script

From:
Robert Pirosh

3-16-49

COMPLETE

~~so good!~~

FADE IN:

EXT. U.S. ARMY CAMP IN FRANCE - DAY -
MED. SHOT

10

In a bare field flanked by pyramidal tents, a platoon of men are drilling in a completely unorthodox manner - the jive version of close-order drill, originated by Negro troops and gleefully imitated by combat outfits in the ETO. (Kinnie leads the men, among whom are Jarvis, Pop, Betts, Wolowicz, Kipp, Abner, Hansen, Standeford, Rodriguez and Garby.)

~~As the platoon swings down the field, Kinnie leads them in the "Jody" chant, with the men responding in unison.~~

KINNIE: You had a good home but you left!
TROOPS: You're right!
KINNIE: You had a good home but you left!
TROOPS: You're right!
KINNIE: Jody was there when you left!
TROOPS: You're right!

KINNIE: Sound off!
TROOPS: One two!
KINNIE: Sound off!
TROOPS: Three four!
KINNIE: Cadence count!
TROOPS: One, two, three, four, one, two....three-four!

At Kinnie's command the men execute several jive marching movements. Then Kinnie halts the men and gives them "At ease" and "Rest".

Abner
Hey, Standeford - what was that number in Paris?

10
CONT'D
(2)

Standeford
Etoile quarante doo soixante dix.

Abner mouths the unfamiliar syllables. Kinnie
calls platoon to attention and starts them
marching.

KINNIE: They signed you up for the length of the war!
TROOPS: I never had it so good before!
KINNIE: But the best you'll get on a bivouac!
TROOPS: Is a whiff of cologne from a passing WAC!

KINNIE &
TROOPS : "SOUND OFF" CHORUS

The men execute a few more jive movements,
then Kinnie gives them "Rest" again.

Abner
Quarante doo soixante what?

Kipp
Quarante doo soixante dice.

Rest of Platoon (together)
Dix!

KINNIE: They put you over the obstacle course!
TROOPS: And loaded me up like I was a horse!
KINNIE: They ruined your stomach and flattened your feet!
TROOPS: While Jody was living on Easy Street!

KINNIE &: "SOUND OFF" CHORUS
TROOPS

They do more jive movements. Kinnie gives them
"rest" again.

Abner (mumbling)
Quarante doo soixante dix.
(to Jarvis)
Hey, Jarvis, how did you say to start?

Jarvis
Mademoiselle, voulez vous --

He breaks off as Kinnie calls platoon to attention
and starts them marching.

Battleground
Chgs.

3-24-49

P.5A

LONG SHOT - THE PLATOON DRILLING

11

CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they drill and
REVEALS a huge decorated Christmas tree
in f.g. In tinsel letters on the tree
is the legend:

MERRY XMAS
1944

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal two replace-
ments with duffle bags on their shoulders,
looking up at tree.

CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO REPLACEMENTS

12

whose immaculate uniforms and smooth-shaven faces are in marked contrast to the ragged veterans on the drill field. LAYTON is a rosy-cheeked boy of nineteen, an unassuming, bright-eyed lad with a pleasant smile. If he were in civilian clothes, he'd be wearing the button awarded him for perfect Sunday school attendance. COOPER, about the same age, is a nice kid with a veneer of toughness acquired in the Army.

Cooper (muttering)
Merry Christmas. That's a crock!

Layton (cheerfully)
We're joining a regular outfit at last. That's good enough for me.

They start walking toward the platoon who are HEARD singing. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them past standard wood-frame Army buildings in a sandy, desolate plain.

Cooper
You're the guy said the war would be over by Christmas.

Layton
What do you want -- egg in your beer? Here we are, two hours from Paris --

Cooper (looking around disgustedly)
La Belle France! The spit and image of Camp Wolters, Texas! There's a man in the Army, a two-star general, that all he does is travel around in a private plane looking for ugly places -- flat, sandy, no trees, no water. Then he checks up on the climate. If it's too hot in summer for human life, and too cold in winter -- if it has more rain and fog and wind and snow than any other spot he can find -- he plants the American flag and proclaims it a U.S. Army camp!

Now the platoon is seen drilling in the field.

Layton (turning to Cooper)
Hey Cooper, ever see 'em drill that way at Camp Wolters?

SHOT OF PLATOON

13

Kinnie gives the command to halt. He stops directly in front of the CAMERA, and his shoulder

insignia fills the screen. It is the 101st Airborne Division insignia, a screaming eagle on a black shield under the word "Airborne."

13
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSE SHOT - LAYTON AND COOPER

14

Layton
The Screaming Eagle! They know who you are when you walk down the street with that on your sleeve!

Cooper
It wasn't bad enough being an Infantry replacement. We had to volunteer for the 101st Airborne.

Layton
So you go in in gliders instead of trucks. That's the only difference.

Cooper
There must be a difference or they wouldn't give you extra pay.

The platoon is marching again and counting syncopated cadence.

Layton (softly)
Cooper - I don't think I'll take in that movie tonight. I'll be too busy getting acquainted -- and sewing on shoulder patches!

Clayton (irritably)
Why'd they have to put us in different companies?

Layton
Maybe if we asked them --

Cooper
No. There's another major general. His job is to find out who your buddy is, and then to split you up!

(starting away)
Don't forget, I'm in "K" Company.

Layton
I won't. And don't you forget - I'm in "I" Company. Third Platoon. Second squad. So long, Cooper.

He looks eagerly at the men who are drilling.

CLOSE SHOTS

15-19

of Jarvis, Pop, Betts, Wolowicz, Kipp, Abner, Hansen, Standeford, and Rodriguez, as they drill and chant.

KINNIE: There ain't no use in goin' back!

TROOPS: Jody's livin' in the shack!

KINNIE: Jody's got something that you ain't got!

TROOPS: It's been so long I almost forgot!

KINNIE & : "SOUND OFF" CHORUS
TROOPS

They execute more jive movements.

DISSOLVE:

INT. PYRAMIDAL TENT - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT -
LAYTON

20

seated on a canvas cot, sewing a "Screaming Eagle" shoulder patch on his overcoat. He looks up wistfully, completely out of things. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal nine other cots crammed into the tent, one of them piled high with blankets and Army equipment. Seen dimly in the light of an improvised electric light are three of the men we saw drilling. "Abner" is singing as he shines his boots. Standeford is shaving with a mess kit for a mirror and a helmet for a washbowl. Kipp is brushing his dentures. Standeford, a buck sergeant, is the assistant squad leader -- an easy-going farm boy. As to Kipp, the Army improved his looks with a set of gleaming, false plates, upper and lower, but he's still rather unpleasant-looking. Kipp is a needler, always cutting the other fellow down. Jarvis, Rodriguez, and Hansen are lying on cots.

Abner (singing)

"The gal I'm a-lovin'
And the one that's lovin' me
Is the hog callin' champion
Of the state of Tennessee
Come-a ti-yi-yippee, yippee,
Yippee, yippee-ayyy..."

Kipp (when the laughter subsides)

Remember that lieutenant in Normandy? Said he'd
court martial the first man who tossed his gas
mask away!

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Chgs.

3-25-49 P.8A

Standeford

And we ripped out the masks and used the carriers
for toting that cognac we liberated!

20
CONT'D
(1)

Kipp (mockingly)

"Take care of that gas mask, soldier. It might
save your life some day."

Abner

Pretty near did that day! It was mighty fine
cognac.

Standeford (as he finishes
shaving)
Who's got a towel?

20
CONT'D
(2)

Layton looks around eagerly, anxious to be of service; but before he can find a towel, someone else tosses one to Standeford.

Standeford (catching towel)
Merci Beaucoup.
(looking toward entrance)
Hey, boy - how'd you make out?

Wolowicz, the square-jawed, humorless squad leader, has entered. He is wearing a football uniform.

Wolowicz
The lights was pretty bad, but I was really flipping them in there.
(tossing imaginary passes)
Six completed passes. I'll be hotter in the game tomorrow.

Kipp
Tomorrow? Ain't you going to Paris?

Standeford
Him? He'd rather play football than eat.

Kipp
The chow we been gettin', I don't blame him. But Paris!

Standeford
Gonna be lonesome here, Wolowicz. The whole platoon's going - all except the new replacements.

Wolowicz starts peeling off his football jersey.

Layton
Sergeant Wolowicz?

Wolowicz
Yeah?

Layton
My name is Layton. I've been assigned to your squad.

Wolowicz
Make yourself at home. But on some other sack, eh? That one's mine.

Layton (deflated)
Sorry. I didn't know.

He grabs his pack from off the cot and edges around the man who is brushing his boots. This is "Li'l Abner," so christened by the

men because of his origin in the Kentucky hills and his quaint accent. His boots are perhaps the largest size ever issued by any army, not excluding the pair the Italian Army turned out for Primo Carnero.

20
CONT'D
(3)

Abner (singing, with a hill-billy twang)
"The last time I seen her,
And I ain't seen her sence,
She was huggin' and a-kissin'
Through a barbed wire fence,
Come-a ti-yi-yippee, yippee,
Yippee, yippee-ayyy..."

Kipp
Is that right what they tell me, Abner? When you was inducted, it took three supply clerks to hold you down while another one put a pair of shoes on you!

Abner (good-naturedly)
Kipp, I believe to my soul I'm going to have to whop you one of these days.

Kipp
Li'l Abner in Paris! That's going to be something! Daisy Mae won't know you when you get back to Dogpatch!

Abner (grinning)
That's fer sure. That's fer danged sure.

CLOSE SHOT - JARVIS

21

lying on his cot, reading a copy of "The Sedalia News." Other papers and magazines are stacked up on the cot. He winces at Abner's expression.

Jarvis
Abner, will you stop saying that? Will you, please?

As he starts reading again, Layton enters, casting a shadow on the magazines. Jarvis looks up indignantly. Layton sees that he is blocking the light. He jumps out of the way, murmuring an apology, and sits on another cot.

FULL SHOT

22

Betts, semi-literate with a Mississippi accent, enters, followed by Holley, a rugged, handsome six-footer. Holley wears an immaculate uniform

with service ribbons, and carries a shiny
new pack.

22
CONT'D
(2)

Betts
Hey, look what I found!

Ad lib
How ya, Holley.
Whaddaya say, Holley?
Well, the Purple Heart kid!

Holley
Heard the war was on its last legs, so I thought
I'd come back.

Kipp (sarcastically)
Rough in the ETO. A little scratch on his leg ---
and a month later he shows up in time for a three-
day pass to Paris!

Holley (lightly)
It was misery in that hospital, Kipp, sheer misery.
Passes every night - champagne - l'amour - and me
brooding all the time about my dear old buddies out
there defending the Republic.

Betts (looking at Holley's
ribbons)
Will you look at that girl bait!

Abner
I'm getting me a mess of that fruit salad soon as
we hit Paris!

Betts (indicating cot on which
Layton is sitting)
You can have the sack next to me, Holley. Ain't
nobody got it, have they?

Layton (apologetically)
I was just sitting here.

Layton picks up his pack and turns to go to
another cot. His pack knocks over a picture
propped up in front of Hansen, who is writing
a letter.

CLOSE SHOT - LAYTON AND HANSEN

23

Hansen, a frail-looking man of twenty-eight
with a faraway look in his eyes, glares as
Layton hastily picks up the picture, a photo-
graph of Hansen's wife and two-year-old child.

Layton (as he props up
picture on cot)
That's a nice-looking little girl.

Hansen (curtly)
It's a boy.

23
CONT'D
(2)

Layton moves gingerly toward rear of tent,
passing Rodriguez who is on the cot next to
Jarvis.

MED. SHOT - FEATURING HOLLEY

23X1

Abner
What's it like, Holley?

Holley (lightly)
Paris? Well, of course, I spent all my spare time
in the art galleries, but I happened to hear about
a place might interest you. Pig Alley! Be sure to
take your dog tags with you, because one night in
Pig Alley and you're gonna think you're the Caliph
of Baghdad. You guys talk about Piccadilly Circus.
Compared to Pig Alley, that's like the Quiet Room
in a limey YMCA. You can't miss there! - I'm tellin'
ya you can't miss! All you need is a Class A uniform
and about six months' pay, and where else are you
gonna make a better investment? The MP's have had
more casualties in Pig Alley than in the rest of the
ETO. They got a problem with MP's in Paris, no
kiddin'. Half of them are in the hospital, and the
rest are volunteering for the paratroops.

INTERCUT ABOVE WITH SHOT OF LAYTON

23X2

going to the last unoccupied cot - the one
piled high with equipment. He starts clearing
it off.

MED. SHOT - FEATURING RODRIGUEZ AND JARVIS

24

Rodriguez is just a kid -- a lonely-looking
Mexican who is stretched on his back, staring
blankly. He suddenly turns to Jarvis.

Rodriguez
Hey, Jarvis -- how about you and me buddying up in
Paris?

Jarvis
What's the matter? Did Pop Stazak disown you?

Rodriguez
Pop can't go, account of his artha-ritis.

Jarvis (reluctantly turning
him down)
I love you, Rodriguez, I love all of you. But
I'm getting a private room and a private bath
in Paris if I have to get it at the point of a
gun!

24
CONT'D
(2)

Kipp (derisively)
The big brain wants to get away from us common
people. Hasn't got anybody around here to chat
with about the Einstein theory.

Abner (grinning)
He's got me. They ain't nothin' else we like to
talk about better.

Holley (to Jarvis)
What happened to Lieutenant Belwick? He was your
speed. Joe College.

Jarvis (curtly)
He got hit in Holland.

Abner
He took chances is why he got hit. A cowboy -
like Wolowicz.

25
OUT

MED. SHOT - EXCLUDING LAYTON

The men are all undressing and getting under blankets on their cots. Pop Stazak bursts in, exuberantly giving out with the "Jody" chant. He is small and not too robust, and looks older than his thirty-five years.

Pop (chanting)

If I die in a combat zone,
Box me up and send me home.
Sound off! --

(stops as he sees Holley)

Holley, m'boy - bun joor, bun joor.

Holley

Hiya, Pop. What are you busting out about?

Pop sits on Rodriguez' bunk and takes off his boots.

Pop (lightly)

Oh, it's nothing at all. Hardly worth mentioning. They're just making me a civilian, that's all!

Holley

They're what?

Betts

Wish I had artha-ritis!

Pop

It ain't the artha-ritis. They got a report from the Red Cross that my wife's too sick to take care of the kids. And I let 'em talk me into accepting a dependency discharge!

Rodriguez (quietly)

Glad you made it, Pop.

Kipp (jeering)

Who's going to adopt Rodriguez? He'll be lost without his Popsy-wopsy.

Rodriguez (flushing)

One of these days you're going to get a GI bootsy-wootsy right square in those GI teeth!

Kipp

Such language! You should learned him better manners, Pop.

Pop

Knock it off, will you?

Jarvis

When do you leave, Pop?

Pop
Any day.. I've just got to sweat out a letter of
confirmation from a higher headquarters.
(to Rodriguez; disnayed)
Hey -- you'll be in Paris!

Rodriguez (casually)
No -- I decided to catch that football game.

Pop
Swell. Be kind of rugged waiting around here alone.
(affectionately)
See you tomorrow, Johnny.
(moving toward rear of tent)
Gonna miss me, Abner?

Abner
That's fer sure. That's fer danged sure.

Jarvis gets a pained expression and pulls the
blankets over his head. Pop moves on to rear
of tent. CAMERA MOVES TO REVEAL Layton who
has cleared all the equipment from the cot and
stacked it neatly on the ground.

Pop (looking at cot)
Well, I'm glad you guys finally cleared all that
junk off my cot!

Layton sighs, picks up his overcoat and pack.

Kipp
How about dousing the light? Them Paris trucks
are leaving early.

Pop
Go ahead, turn it out.

Standeford
Yeah, I wanna start workin' on a dream.

Pop stretches out on the cot with his clothes
on, pulling a blanket over him. Layton looks
around a little worriedly. The light goes out.

DISSOLVE:

INT. PYRAMIDAL TENT - DAWN - MED. SHOT

27

The eleven men in the squad are sleeping,
Layton in a bedroll on the floor near the
entrance. Kinnie, the platoon sergeant, a
tight-lipped farmer from Iowa, ducks into
the tent, stepping on Layton, who scurries
out of the way.

Kinnie (roaring)
Roll outa them sacks! Hit it! Leave your cots and
grab your socks.

27
CONT'D
(2)

Layton pops out of the bedroll in his long under-
wear. Shivering in the cold morning air, he
starts putting on his uniform. Nobody else moves.

Kinnie (continuing)
Let's go, men! You're slow, men! Get 'em up,
Wolowicz.

Wolowicz
Get 'em up yourself. I ain't going to Paris.

Kinnie (grimly)
Nobody's going to Paris. We're moving up on trucks
this afternoon.

Betts (sitting bolt upright)
Moving up? Where to?

Kinnie
Beats me. The Krauts made a breakthrough someplace.
They tell me it's gonna be cold, so wear your long
johns and two pair of pants - three if you can get
'em on!

Betts (panicky)
But yesterday -- they said we were off the line for
good.

Kinnie
They didn't get the order till after midnight. Well -
trucks instead of gliders. That's a good sign.

He exits. Layton is nervously watching the
others. Nobody else has made a move to get up.

Kipp
This is for the birds, brother! Strictly for the
birds!

Abner
Beats anything ever I stuck my finger in!

Holley (lightly, carrying on
an imaginary conversation)
General, I need a crack division to plug up that
gap...A crack division, General? I'd be honored
if you'd use the 101st...Awfully nice of you, old
boy. Thanks a lot.....Not at all, General, not at
all.

Standeford (in the same vein)
Men, I'm proud of you--volunteering to give up
those passes to Paris!

Jarvis is watching Pop Stazak, who has a stricken look.

27
CONT'D
(3)

Jarvis (continuing; gently)
Pop - maybe the adjutant can put in a phone call or something.

Pop (brightening)
Yeah - it's just a technicality.

He jumps up and starts dressing. Kinnie pokes his head in the tent.

Kinnie
I forgot to tell you. It's a secret move. Rip off your shoulder patches.

He disappears. Layton looks wistfully at his new shoulder patch, then starts ripping out the stitches.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CAMP. - DAY - LONG SHOT

28

Troops wearing steel helmets and full combat equipment are clambering into a long line of six-by-six trucks stretching out behind a lead jeep. (NOTE: The men wear no shoulder patches in this and following scenes until Scene 53.)

MED. SHOT

29

Layton and the rest of the 2nd squad (all except Pop) are picking up ammunition and equipment from containers on the ground near the trucks. Layton is the only one with a regulation pack. The others have crude blanket rolls slung over their shoulders with ropes. Abner addresses a supply sergeant who is standing by the equipment.

Abner
Hey, Sarge, got a pair of them rubber overshoes? Goulashes?

Supply Sergeant
Can't fit you, Abner. Your feet's too small.

Abner moves away disgruntledly, dragging a new gas mask on the ground. He passes a young second lieutenant (Lt. Wall).

Lt. Wall (sharply; to Abner)
Take care of that gas mask, soldier. It might save
your life some day.

29
CONT'D
(2)

Standeford (muttering to Kipp)
Yeah, if you find some cognac!

The second squad men are now getting into one
of the trucks in which another squad has al-
ready grabbed seats. (This is the third squad,
led by Garby. Doc, the platoon medic, is with
them.) Just as Rodriguez starts getting into
the truck, Holley taps him and points o.s.
grimly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

30

Pop Stanzak hurries up, with steel helmet
and blanket roll. His arthritis is bothering
him and he is limping. Panting heavily, he
drops his blanket roll next to Rodriguez.

Rodriguez (sympathetically)
No dice, huh?

Pop (grimly)
Got to wait for the letter. Regulations!

Rodriguez
It's going to be a cold trip, Pop. Maybe you can
ride in the driver's cab.

Wall, the young second lieutenant, strides past.

Lt. Wall
Snap it up! Let's get this show on the road!

He goes to the driver's cab and gets in. Pop
shrugs and starts climbing into the truck,
followed by the others. Holley looks toward
Lt. Wall.

Holley
That the new platoon leader?

Rodriguez
Yeah. Fresh off the boat.

Pop (mockingly)
'I understand your problems, men. I used to be an
enlisted man myself.'

Holley (sarcastically)
For six months maybe. Then seventeen weeks at
OCS and he's an officer and a gentleman by special
act of Congress.

LONG SHOT - TRUCKS

31

In f.g. is the lead jeep in which are a transportation captain and non-com, and the driver. The captain looks down the line of trucks, then revolves his hand in a cranking movement as a signal to turn the motors over. He gets in the jeep, takes a last look back, and gives the hand signal to start moving.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - MUDDY HOLE IN ROAD

31X1

as the jeep's wheels slish through it.

32
OUT

MED. SHOT - OUR SQUAD'S TRUCK

33

as it gets under way. Some of the men are sprawled on the floor. Layton is perched precariously on the tail gate. On one side of the truck is an improvised banner which reads: "PARIS, HERE WE COME!" Holley reaches out and rips off the banner.

MED. CLOSE SHOT (SAME AS 31X1) - MUDDY HOLE IN ROAD

33X1

Truck wheels run through the hole and jolt the unseen GI's in the truck. Angry voices are heard.

Voices (o.s.)

Hey, why'n't you watch where you're going?
Hey! Ow! Take it easy! Oo-o-o!

DISSOLVE:

34
OUT

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - (RAIN) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

34X1

There are two holes in this road. The unseen GI's in the trucks take a beating, as wheels of the trucks hit the holes.

Voices

How long is this gonna keep up?
Have a heart!
Hey, where'd you learn how to drive?

INT. TRUCK - DAY - GROUP SHOT

35

The top is up and nothing can be seen outside as the truck speeds over the bumpy road. Some of the men, including Standeford, have blankets wrapped around them. Rodriguez is eating K-ration caramels.

Standeford
Better get a blanket out, Wolowicz. Don't want you getting sick.

Kipp (jeeringly)
Be bad, wouldn't it, Standeford? That'd make you squad leader!

Standeford (wryly)
I can think of jobs I'd rather have.

Betts
Me, too. Any other job!

Holley
No leadership. That's the trouble with you guys.

Abher
Yeah -- they'll never make OCS!

Rodriguez hands a caramel to Pop.

Pop
Thanks, amigo.

The truck jolts violently.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DAY - MED. CLOSE
SHOT

35X1

There are three holes in this street. As the wheels hit the holes, one after the other, the unseen GI's groan.

Voices (plaintively)
Oh-h! Have a heart, will ya?

INT. TRUCK - DAY

35X2

CAMERA ANGLES along bench in truck, showing a row of rear ends bouncing up and down.

INT. TRUCK - GROUP SHOT

35X3

There is another jolt. Layton comes down hard on the tail gate and rubs himself where it hurts. Jarvis leans out the rear end.

Jarvis (shouting)

Quel est le nom de ce village?
(What is the name of this village?)

36
OUT

EXT. FRENCH VILLAGE - DAY - MOVING SHOT

36X1

FROM JARVIS' ANGLE. A middle-aged man of fifty is on the outside staircase of a building. He wears the uniform of a Reforme, a veteran of World War I. CAMERA DRAWS RAPIDLY away from him as he shouts an answer in rapid-fire French.

INT. TRUCK - DAY - GROUP SHOT

36X2

Jarvis is looking out of truck at Reforme, whose voluble French is faintly heard in the distance.

Doc (to Jarvis)

Well, where are we? What'd he say?

Jarvis

Are you kiddin'?

Standeford speaks mockingly to Abner as they bounce along.

Standeford

Parlez-vous Francais, monseer?
(Do you speak French, sir?)

Abner

Oui, oui, toot sweet.

Standeford (offering

cigarettes with a flourish)

Ceegarette?

Abner

Mercy beaucoup.
(Thank you very much.)

Standeford (bouncing up and

down)

Comme ci, comme ca.

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P.21

Abner hands the pack of cigarettes to Doc.

36X2
CONT'D
(2)

Abner

The pack's out.

Doc takes a cigarette and gives pack to Layton.

Layton (gratefully)

I don't smoke, Doc, but thanks, anyway. Thanks a lot.

He almost falls out of the truck as it hits a bump.

DISSOLVE:

37
OUT

EXT. CORDUROY ROAD - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT

37X1

The trucks literally vibrate as the wheels speed over the ribbed surface of a corduroy road.

Voice (wailing)

Oh, my aching back!

INT. TRUCK - DAY

37X2

CAMERA ANGLES along bench in truck, showing the rear ends bouncing up and down, as if they were on trotting horses.

CLOSE SHOT - KIPP

37X3

His GI teeth are rattling. He presses on the uppers with his thumb to keep them in place.

CLOSE SHOT - HANSEN AND GARBY

38

as they bobble along in the truck.

Garby

What time is it, Hansen?

Hansen (looking at watch)

Eleven-thirty.

Garby

What? Can't be that late. We left at two o'clock.

3-18-49

P:22

Hansen (explaining)
Eleven-thirty a.m., Garby -- Central Standard Time.
(wistfully)
Pretty near lunch time in Springfield.

33
CONT'D
(2)

Garby
You mean you never changed your watch?

Hansen
What for? When it's time for chow, they blow a
whistle. When it's your turn to go on guard, some-
body wakes you up. When H-hour comes around, your
squad leader says, "Let's go!" What's the use of
changing your watch?

Garby
What's the use? You're here! You're not in Spring-
field, Illinois.

Hansen (sighing)
I hear you...

DISSOLVE:

39
OUT

EXT. COBBLESTONE STREET - NIGHT - MED. CLOSE
SHOT

39X1

The truck's wheels skid along a muddy, cobble-
stone street and over a very deep rut.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT - GROUP SHOT

40

Jarvis lights a cigarette with a Zippo lighter.
The glare throws a dim light on the men in the
truck. Despite the jolting, some of them are
dozing. They all look cold and exhausted.

Jarvis (disgustedly)
This is what I like about the infantry. You always
know just what's going on!

Holley
How do you like this guy? He don't like it in the
infantry!

The men chime in ironically -- their favorite
brand of humor.

Ad Libs
He must be off his nut!
He never had it so good!
He found a home in the Army!

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P.23..

The truck jerks to a sudden stop. The men are too miserable to complain. There is a moment's silence which is broken by the piping voices of two little girls.

4C
CONT'D
(2)

Girls' Voices (French accent)

Chewing gum!
Chocolate for maman!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal our truck at the end of a line of trucks on a quiet side street in Bastogne. The two little girls, one three years old and one six, are standing next to our truck. Pop tosses a couple of caramels to them. A rather shabbily-dressed girl in her twenties, Denise, comes out of the house. Denise is dynamite - exotic, volatile, and a little hard-looking. There are whistles and wolf calls from our squad.

Holley
Get a load of mama! I'd like to keep her in chocolate for a quick weekend!

Denise calls to the men in French.

Holley
What's she saying, Jarvis?

Jarvis
She wants to know if we'd like to come inside and warm up.

Denise (with a thick accent)
Yes. Warm up. Please.

Holley
Oh, brother!

Suddenly the men look up at the roar of a plane sweeping low.

41-42
OUT

MED. SHOT

42X1

ANGLED up toward chimney on Denise's house. A German plane is heard diving down into strafing position.

MED. SHOT - OUR SQUAD

43

BETTS, terrified, leaps over the tail gate to the street. Layton follows suit, as do several others.

MED. SHOT

44

Denise and the two little girls. The younger one drops the caramels in her fright. Denise pushes her and the older girl toward the doorway, then hastily stoops down and picks up the caramels.

CLOSE SHOT - LAYTON

45

in doorway, looking up at plane, frightened. CAMERA PANS DOWN to reveal the two little girls in the same doorway. The younger one is crying. The older one, with calm, immobile and prematurely old features, puts a protective arm around her.

46
OUT

MED. SHOT

46X1

ANGLED UP toward chimney. The plane is heard coming out of the dive and zooming up. A load of propaganda leaflets flutter to the street.

MED. SHOT - OUR TRUCK

Jarvis grabs a leaflet and flips his lighter so he can read it.

47

INSERT - PROPAGANDA LEAFLET

48

Printed on the leaflet are the words:

WELCOME TO THE

101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION

Under this is a drawing of a rifle stuck into the ground with an American helmet hanging on the butt end -- the symbol of a dead GI.

GROUP SHOT

40

Jarvis
 "Welcome to the 101st Airborne Division!"
 (dryly)
 I like these secret moves.

Kipp (sarcastically)
 Yeah, we sure slipped one over on the Krauts.

Pop
 How do they find out these things? Who tells
 'em?

Kipp
 I keep 'em posted. Short wave.

Pop (grimly)
Somebody does.

Jarvis
 They occupied France for four years. Naturally,
 they left a few spies when they pulled out.

Pop
 You know, that's an idea. Why don't us GI's
 hire some spies so we can find out what's going
 on once in a while!

LONG SHOT

50

An officer in the lead jeep signals for the
 men to get indoors.

Officer
 Get 'em inside!

The men start forming in groups.

MED. SHOT - OUR SQUAD

51

gathering around Wolowicz on the sidewalk
 in front of Denise's house. Kinnie and Lt.
 Wall are approaching.

Holley (shivering)
 Hey, Kinnie, get these men out of the hot sun!

Kinnie
 Wolowicz, Garby -- in there with the second platoon.
 (pointing to Denise's house)
 That corner house.

Holley (grinning)
Tres bien! Oui, oui!

51
CONT'D
(2)

He rushes to Denise, puts an arm around her
and goes toward the house, passing Pop.

Rodriguez (excitedly)
Hey, Pop! I hear we're bedding down here!

Pop
Overnight?

Rodriguez (nodding)
Looks like a good house, too. Smoke coming out
the chimney.

Pop
Well, for once we get a break!

CAMERA PANS WITH THEM PAST a road sign in
f.g., which tells us the name of the village
-- "BASTOGNE". CAMERA MOVES UP until the
word "Bastogne" fills the screen.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. STREET IN BASTOGNE - NIGHT - (FOG) -
STOCK SHOT

51X1

The street is jammed with military traffic
and hordes of natives with vehicles, wheelbar-
rows, baby carriages, etc., piled high with
personal possessions.

EXT. DENISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - (FOG)

52

Layton is nervously standing guard at the
entrance, rubbing his backside which is still
sore from the ride. The street is deserted
and completely blacked out, and there is a
dense fog. On sound track is heard noise of
traffic on main highway. Over these sounds
swing music is heard coming in over a radio
in the house.

INT. DENISE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

53

A typical European kitchen with wood-burning
stove. Kipp, Abner and Jarvis are sprawled
on the floor, listening to the radio. Pop,
Rodriguez, Standeford, Betts and Hansen are

sleeping under blankets on the floor.
Holley is teaching Denise how to jitterbug
in the remaining floor space which is
slightly larger than a postage stamp.

53
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSE SHOT - ABNER AND KIPP

54

Abner finishes sewing on a shoulder patch,
then crawls under a set of blankets with Kipp.
(NOTE: From here on the men again wear the
101st Airborne shoulder insignia).

Abner (contentedly)
Bastog-ny! I won't be forgettin' this place in a
hurry.

Kipp
Wouldn't mind holing up here till Christmas.

Abner
I hear tell we might. All the rumors is good ones.

WIDER ANGLE

55

Denise does a fancy twirl as the song comes
to an end and an announcer's VOICE IS HEARD.

Announcer's Voice (over radio)
This is the Armed Forces Network, broadcasting from---

Jarvis has reached up and turned the dial.

Jarvis
Let's see if we can get some news.

He gets a German station and a harsh German
VOICE (perhaps Hitler's) blasts forth.

Abner (indicating radio)
What's he selling?

Jarvis (an ear close to the
radio)
Wait'll he slows down.

Kipp (indicating Denise)
Ask her! I'll gahr'ntee you she can sprecken-sie-
Deutsch!

Jarvis looks at him, annoyed. Holley goes
to radio, pushes Jarvis aside and tunes in
dance music.

55
CONT'D
(2)

Holley
Let's live a little, Jarvis, huh?
(dancing up to Denise)
Come on, get yourself in gear, mama.

Denise
Non, non -- not 'mama'. These two leetle children --
they live with me, but --
(her English gives out and she turns
to Jarvis with a voluble explanation
in French)

Jarvis
Doucement, s'il vous plait.

Denise repeats in slower French.

Jarvis (translating)
She says she's not the mother of the two little
girls. They're from a town near here. Bombed
out twice. Both parents killed.

Kipp (cynically)
They all got a sob story.

Holley
Let's cut a rug, Denise. Danser.

Denise
Oh, no. We cut enough.

Kipp
You got to keep paying these taxi dancers, Holley.
Fork over another chocolate bar.

Denise (smiling at Kipp)
What you say, please?

Kipp
I said, do you think the rain'll hurt the rhubarb?

Denise (blankly, turning to
Jarvis)
What he say?

Jarvis
Est-ce-qu' il ye a encore du cafe? (Is there any-
(more coffee?))

Denise
Cafe? Oui. Plenty of coffee. Tout de suite.

She goes to the stove to get a pot of coffee.

Kipp (jeering)
Toot sweet. Anything you want -- as long as you
pay for it. They're all alike over here.

Jarvis (quietly)
Yep, they're all alike, Kipp. Scared, hungry,
lonely...

55
CONT'D
(3)

Betts (sleepily)
Stop beatin' your gums, will ya? Let a man sleep.

Abner (yawning)
It's about that time. We sure come a fur piece
today. Okay, Kipp?

Kipp
Okay..

Abner pulls the blankets up over their
heads. Denise comes up with a cup of cof-
fee and looks at them sympathetically.

Denise
Poor, tired soljairs.
(she turns off the radio, then offers
the coffee to Holley)
You want?

Holley
Thanks.

Denise
I go now?

Holley (wearily)
I guess so. I'm all beat up.

Denise picks up a stack of K-rations,
cigarettes and chocolate bars. Holley
eyes her with interest, then he yawns.

Holley (muttering)
It never fails. Every time you meet a pretty babe,
you're out on your feet or you get the order to
move.

Denise (warmly)
Good night. And sank you very much.

She exits to hall, carrying the rations.
Jarvis follows her.

Holley (suspiciously)
Where're you going?

Jarvis (as he exits)
Guard.

Holley hesitates, then goes after them.

INT. DENISE'S HOUSE - HALL - NIGHT - MEDIUM
SHOT

56

as Holley comes out. Denise is speaking in
French to Jarvis.

Holley
What'd she say? What'd she say?

Jarvis (annoyed)
She said she'll see me tomorrow. Is that all right
with you?

Holley
No, it ain't all right with me!
(worriedly, glancing at Denise)
How do I know we'll be here tomorrow?

He hesitates, then follows Denise. Wolowicz
comes down the hall from the front entrance.

Wolowicz
You'll be here.

Holley (eagerly)
Are you sure?

Wolowicz (nodding)
All we do is lie around till the fog lifts, so the
air corps can come up and win the war for us.
(he passes Holley and goes into
kitchen)

Holley (thoughtfully)
Well, in that case, I guess I'll take a chance.

Jarvis (dryly)
This may go down in history as the greatest gamble
of the war.

He goes toward the front door. Holley
moves closer to Denise.

CLOSE SHOT - HOLLEY AND DENISE

57

Holley
Good night, Denise.

Denise (softly)
Good night, soljair.

She smiles at him. Tired as he is, her
proximity does something to him.

Holley (calling)
Wolowicz, are you absolutely sure?

57
CONT'D
(2)

Wolowicz' Voice
Yeah, the CO told us himself.

Holley watches as Denise walks away toward cellar door with a sensuous wiggle.

Holley (softly)
Hey, Denise.

Denise (turning)
Oui?

Holley
Wake me up early, will you?

She smiles and goes down cellar steps.
Holley sighs wearily and goes to kitchen.

INT. DENISE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT - FULL SHOT 58

as Holley enters. Wolowicz is stretching out on the floor. Holley searches the crowded floor for a place to squeeze in.

Holley (dryly)
I ought to report this to the Inspector General. There's supposed to be eighteen inches between bunks. This is dangerous. Spreads germs.

EXT. DENISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FOG) - MEDIUM SHOT 59

Layton, cold and miserable in the damp fog, looks up nervously at the SOUND of a plane overhead. Jarvis comes out. (NOISE of traffic on main highway).

Jarvis
There's some hot coffee on the stove.

Layton (shivering)
I can use it.
(he looks up at the plane as he starts in)

Jarvis (reassuring)
Don't worry about that plane. It's one of ours -- I think.

Layton gives him a look and disappears into the house. A moment later there is the SOUND of footsteps.

59
CONT'D
(2)

Jarvis
Halt! Password.

Voice
Hamburgers.

Jarvis
Onions.

Half a dozen men, with the shock and dirt of combat on their faces, are seen advancing in the fog. They wear 28th Division shoulder patches.

Jarvis (surprised)
I thought the 101st was the only division here.

1st Straggler
They will be -- as soon as the rest of us can get out!

Jarvis (with forebodings)
What's up?

2nd Straggler (rapidly)
We were a little over to the east. Been there for weeks without firing a shot. Then they started coming!

3rd Straggler
Tanks -- planes -- everything you ever heard of and then some.

2nd Straggler (rapidly)
A jerry plane turned on a loud-speaker -- In English -- said Hitler's going to give Paris to the Germans for a Christmas present!

Jarvis (stunned)
But they told us it was just a weak little counter attack.

1st Straggler
Yeah. They'll probably tell you this is a strategic withdrawal!

EXT. STREET IN BASTOGNE - NIGHT - FOG -
FLASH FROM SAME STOCK SHOT AS SC. 51X1

59X1

Main highway jammed with traffic.

Chgs.

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EXT. DENISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FOG

59X2

Sound: traffic noise from main highway.

2nd Straggler (ironically)
Sounds like it, don't it?

He and the others hurry past Jarvis who
looks after them, apprehensively.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:
EXT. DENISE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY - (FOG)
CLOSE SHOT - ROOSTER

Crowing loudly, angrily. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Holley, wearing his wool knit cap, crawling around in the hen roost, gathering eggs. He has eight or ten of them which he wraps carefully in a dish towel. He gathers the corners of the towel, twists them, and clutches them in one hand. A hen clucks loudly and Holley shushes her.

MED. SHOT

As Holley, cheerfully whistling Abner's hillbilly song, carries the eggs toward the house. Denise appears at an outside entrance to the cellar.

Denise
Good morning, soljair.

Holley (hastily)
Bun joor, bun joor. Be back in a minute.

He sidles past Denise and into the kitchen, carefully concealing the eggs.

INT. DENISE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - FULL SHOT 62

As Holley enters with eggs.

Holley
Hey, Betts, keep an eye on these --
(stops short)
What's going on?

The whole squad is there, rolling blankets, and putting on equipment. Layton is sitting on the floor with full equipment on his back. He struggles to his feet, and barely makes it because the load is so heavy.

Wolowicz (to Holley)
Kinnie was just here. We're moving out.

Holley (groaning)
I shoulda known better.

Kipp (mockingly)
Maybe she'll give you a refund on them chocolate bars.

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Holley (frantically)
How much time do we have? Ten minutes?

62
CONT'D
(2)

Wolowicz (starting out)
We're on our way now. Saddle up!

Denise is HEARD outside, calling to the chickens as she feeds them. Holley looks out as Denise is seen passing the rear window. He turns ruefully to Abner.

Holley
Abner, do me a favor, will you?

He bends over. Abner, grinning, gives him a good solid boot in the pants and sends him crashing head first against the casement window which flies open.

EXT. DENISE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

62X1

Denise, feeding the chickens, glares at Holley who is hanging out the window.

Denise
You silly boy! Use the door!

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BELGIAN HIGHWAY - DAY - (FOG) - LONG SHOT

63

"I" Company, almost 200 men, are trudging along in files on each side of a highway bordered by farms. The dense pine forests of the Ardennes Forest are seen a short distance away. This is spectacular country scenically; but a dense fog, in this and following sequences, lend an ominous quality.

MED. SHOT

64

As members of our squad march past the CAMERA, surprisingly casual in their approach to battle. Layton appears, staggering under the heavy burden on his back. And then comes Holley, firmly clutching the towel with the eggs. He is very careful to keep his slung rifle from swinging into the fragile treasure. One egg drops out. Holley catches it just before it hits the ground.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. ROAD - DAY - (FOG)-
LONG SHOT

65

The men marching up a steep road in the forest.

TRUCKING SHOT

66

Featuring Pop Stazak, followed by Rodriguez. Pop is limping. Rodriguez comes up, takes Pop's rifle and slings it over his own shoulder. Pop nods his thanks, then unsnaps his gas mask and tosses it to the side of the road.

TRUCKING SHOT

67

Layton, watching Pop. He starts to unsnap his gas mask, then sees Lt. Wall up ahead, looking back at the men. Layton guiltily pretends he was just adjusting his mask. The strap is choking him. He reaches up to adjust it.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY - (FOG) - TRUCKING SHOT-
ANGLED TOWARD DITCH

68

A gas mask is lying in the ditch. CAMERA MOVES ALONG and reveals a couple of more gas masks. Another one is tossed into the SHOT. Then another, and another.

SHOT OF LAYTON

69

Who has just tossed away his gas mask. He heaves a sigh of relief.

MEDIUM SHOT - FEATURING BETTS

70

SOUND: A sudden burst of machine gun fire up ahead. Betts' features are contorted with fear as he dives for the ditch.

MEDIUM SHOT - FEATURING HOLLEY

71

As the others hit the ground in the ditch, he settles down slowly, taking infinite care not to jar his eggs.

MED. SHOT - LAYTON

72

Panting in the ditch. In b.g. is a wayside shrine - a small shelter with a religious statue inside. Layton notices it, then looks up, silently praying.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY - (FOG) - MED. SHOT -
STANDEFORD AND WOLOWICZ

72X1

Wolowicz starts to sit in a puddle in the ditch. Standeford, always solicitous of Wolowicz' health, hastily shoves a blanket roll under him.

MED. SHOT - FEATURING BETTS AND JARVIS

73

Lying in ditch. Layton in b.g., has discarded his bulky new pack and has his blankets rolled like the others. He is tying a tent rope around it for a shoulder strap.

Betts (tensely)
What do you make of it, Jarvis?

Jarvis
Probably calling up artillery.

Betts
I mean - the whole situation. Gonna be rough?

Jarvis looks thoughtfully at Betts and Layton, wondering whether to tell them what he heard from the stragglers.

Jarvis
Would it do you any good if you knew in advance?

Betts
Don't reckon it would.
(nervously)
You heard something, Jarvis?

Jarvis
Sure. You know Ike always keeps in touch with me.

73
CONT'D
(2)

He starts opening a box of K-rations. Layton does the same, trying hard to act like a veteran.

ANOTHER ANGLE

74

A medics jeep, coming from the front of the line, speeds past. On the litter is a casualty with a bandage over his eyes. Layton flinches at the sight, then steels his nerves and forces himself to continue eating the K-rations.

LONG SHOT

75

Lt. Wall and Kinnie run back from the front of the line, crouching low.

Lt. Wall
Third platoon - on your feet! We've got that patch of woods to clear.

Kipp (muttering)
Third platoon! Any time there's a dirty detail!

Lt. Wall (sharply)
Let's not be having any talk like that, soldier.

Kinnie
Let's go! Keep sight of the man on each side of you and look out for snipers!

The platoon of 36 men run across an open field and hit the dirt at the edge of the woods.

EXT. FIELD - DAY - (FOG) - MED. SHOT

76

Standeford hitting the dirt hard. Holley comes to rest next to him - gently - careful of the eggs.

Standeford
Did I hear somebody say "snipers"?

He rips off his sergeant's chevrons, then nudges Wolowicz.

Wolowicz
 Huh?
 (sees Standeford ripping chevrons)
 Oh!

76
 CONT'D
 (2)

Wolowicz rips off his staff sergeant chevrons.

CLOSE SHOT - LT. WALL

77

He unpins his gold bars, then rubs his helmet in the dirt to cover up the officer's stripe painted on it.

MED. SHOT - ANGLED PAST HOLLEY AND JARVIS

78

watching Lt. Wall.

Holley (softly)
 From now on, Lieutenant, you're just like the rest of us.

Jarvis (correcting him)
 Unless we're taken prisoner. In which case, they'll make us work, but not him.

Holley
 Ain't it wonderful what an act of Congress can do!

Lt. Wall gives the signal to enter the woods. The men advance cautiously.

EXT. WOODS - DAY - TRUCKING SHOT

79

Layton, moving through woods, darting glances to the right and left to be sure the men alongside of him are in sight. He can barely see them in the dense pine forest. He looks toward Jarvis on one side.

SHOT OF JARVIS

80

As he advances, looking methodically from right to left, then up into the trees ahead of him, searching for snipers.

TRUCKING SHOT - LAYTON

81

Imitating Jarvis, looking from left to right, then up ahead at the trees. He gets tangled

in underbrush and reaches around frantically to free himself. When he finally succeeds, he has lost sight of Jarvis and Holley. In a panic, he rushes ahead, heedless of branches which are scratching his face. Finally he sees Holley working his way through the underbrush and subordinating everything, including caution, to his desperate effort to keep from breaking his bundle of eggs. Layton is relieved and amused by this reassuring sight. He even grins a little, as he advances.

81
CONT'D
(2)

DISSOLVE:

EXT. FIELD ON OTHER SIDE OF WOODS - DAY -
(FOG) - LONG SHOT

82

The eleven men in our squad are preparing to dig foxholes. (They are paired off as follows: Standeford and Kipp, Holley and Betts, Pop and Rodriguez, Abner and Jarvis. Layton, Wolowicz and Hansen are not yet digging.) In b.g. the first and third squads are following Lt. Wall and Kinnie across the field.

MED. SHOT - STANDEFORD AND KIPP

83

Starting to dig in. Wolowicz comes up with Hansen.

Wolowicz
You're in charge till I get back, Standeford.
I'm going up to see the lieutenant.

Standeford
Don't be volunteering for any patrols.

Layton runs up.

Layton
Who do I dig with, Sergeant?

Wolowicz
That's right. We got an odd man. You can triple up with me and Hansen.

Layton
Thanks. Want me to go along with you now.

Wolowicz
No, you better get the hole started.

He walks away with Hansen. Layton stares after them.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. FIELD - DAY - MED. SHOT - FEATURING
LAYTON

84

sweating and panting as he digs.. Jarvis is digging the next hole with Abner, who is taking a break, stretched out comfortably on the ground. Layton looks enviously at Abner.

Abner (getting up)
Take ten, Jarvis. Time for me to spell you.

He takes the entrenching tool from Jarvis and starts digging. Jarvis relaxes, lights a cigarette. Layton sighs, and resumes digging.

EXT. FIELD - DAY - POP AND RODRIGUEZ

85

Pop is stretched out on the ground. Steady snoring gives evidence that he is sound asleep. In b.g. Rodriguez is digging their foxhole.

CLOSE SHOT - LAYTON

86

As he digs his foxhole he hears Pop snoring and looks off enviously at him.

MED. SHOT - STANDEFORD AND KIPP

87

Kipp is sprawled on the ground idly picking his GI teeth which he holds in one hand. In b.g. Standeford is pulling a root out of the foxhole he is digging.

CLOSE SHOT - LAYTON

88

tugging furiously at root in his foxhole. He finally yanks it out of the ground and falls over backward.

MED. SHOT - BETTS AND HOLLEY

89

Betts is digging feverishly. In f.g. Holley daintily breaks one of his eggs in his steel helmet.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. FIELD - DAY - (FOG) - LONG SHOT

90

ANGLED past Layton who is scooping dirt out of his foxhole like a terrier. Most of the others are putting the finishing touches on their foxholes, making a mattress of pine branches, unrolling blankets.

MED. SHOT - HOLLEY AND BETTS

91

Betts is still digging in a very deep hole. Holley is building a small bonfire. Betts shovels some of the dirt out into the fire.

Holley
Let's not try to reach China this time, eh, Betts?

Betts (sticking head out of foxhole)
No use diggin' if you don't go deep.

Holley
Last time we dug one together, you went so deep that when I climbed out in the morning I got the bends!

He slides the fire out of range of the dirt flying out of the foxhole. He picks up the helmet full of eggs, takes a spoon from his field jacket pocket and starts scrambling the eggs.

92

MED. SHOT - LAYTON

digging. He looks up wearily as Wolowicz and Hansen come up.

Layton (indicating foxhole)
How does it look?

Wolowicz
Great. Only one thing wrong. We're moving.

Layton (weakly)
What?

Wolowicz (irritably)
You heard me. It ain't my idea.
(striding away)
Saddle up! Let's go!

Layton stares after him in utter despair.

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Holley (wailing)

DISSOLVE:

92X2

93

Kipp (disgustedly)

DISSOLVE:

94
OUT

95

Standeford (annoyed)

Wolowicz walks past.

Wołowicz

Standeford

96

Hansen is tracing the outline of a foxhole

with his entrenching tool. Layton sits down with a sigh, ready to take a break. Wolowicz strides into scene.

96
CONT'D
(2)

Wolowicz

Let's go, Hansen.

Hansen (to Layton)

Just get it started. We'll finish it up.

Hansen and Wolowicz take their rifles and leave. Layton wearily starts digging.

DISSOLVE:

97-101
OUT

EXT. CLEARING - DAY - (FOG) - LONG SHOT -
FOXHOLES

101X1

The men are working on foxholes. (They are paired off as in Sc. 82. The entire squad is there with the exception of Wolowicz and Hansen.) In f.g. Layton is wearily digging a shallow foxhole. He looks enviously toward Abner and Jarvis in the next foxhole.

CLOSE SHOT - JARVIS AND ABNER

102

Abner is resting while Jarvis digs.

Abner (grinning)

Jarvis, you're a man good to dig as I ever saw.

Jarvis keeps digging, in no mood to talk.

Abner (watching Jarvis dig)

Yes, sir. That's fer sure. That's fer danged sure.

Jarvis winces at the expression as he digs.

Abner (curiously)

How come a man like you to wind up in a rifle platoon?

Jarvis puts down his entrenching tool, and moves over to Abner.

Jarvis

Tell you how it happened, Abner. They have a card on every man in the army -- the Form 20 -- practically your life history. They punch a lot of holes in the card, one for each of your qualifications. Then, when they need a certain type of man,

Jarvis (continued)
all they have to do is pull a lever. It goes
through the right holes and up pops the card.
Now the way I figure it happened with me, they
just didn't have the holes in my card punched
all the way through!

He spits on his hands and starts digging
again. Pop Stazak walks by, carrying pine
branches.

MED. SHOT

103

as Pop reaches his foxhole where Rodriguez
is digging. Pop drops the pine branches.
Rodriguez rests for a moment and looks at
Pop thoughtfully.

Rodriguez
When you were at that camp in New York, did you
ever phone your wife?

Pop
Sure.

Rodriguez
What'd it cost?

Pop
A nickel. Whatddaya think?

Rodriguez
Oh, that's right, she came there to see you.
Well, did you phone your kids long distance?

Pop
Yeah -- just before I shipped out. Why?

Rodriguez
What did that cost?

Pop
Couple of bucks for three minutes. Why, Johnny?

Rodriguez
Well, I was thinking, it's probably about as far
from New York to Wichita where your kids were, as
it is from Wichita to Los Angeles where my folks
are, and when you get back home... What would that
be -- two hundred francs?

Pop (with a warm smile)
I'll send you a bill, Johnny.

Rodriguez
Tell them... Well, you'll think of something...
If it runs over three minutes, that's okay.

103
CONT'D
(2)

He starts digging furiously. Pop looks at
him affectionately.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. - CLEARING - (FOG) - DUSK - MED. SHOT -
HOLLEY AND BETTS

104

Betts is arranging his equipment in a com-
pleted foxhole. Holley has another fire going
and is stirring the eggs in his helmet.

Holley (singing)
There is a boarding house
Far far away
Where they have ham and eggs
Three times a day.
Oh, how the boarders yell --

Wolowicz' Voice
Put out that fire!

Holley (singing, as he
hastily scrambles eggs)
When they ring the dinner bell --

Wolowicz enters scene and stamps out fire.

Wolowicz
It's getting dark, Holley.
(indicating Holley's helmet)
Put on that steel pot, and get over to the roadblock.
Three on a shift at night. You, Kipp and the new man.
(starting away)
They said to look out for Krauts wearing G.I. uniforms.

Holley (sarcastically)
What about the password? That'd be nice to know in
case somebody thinks we're Krauts!

Wolowicz
"Bug - Jitter."

He strides away. Holley has poured the eggs
from his helmet into his canteen cup. Then
he slaps the helmet on over his helmet liner.

Holley
Don't get any dirt in these eggs, Betts.

Betts doesn't answer, just looks at Holley
wisely.

Holley (getting the point)
Okay. Okay. You get half of 'em.

5-10-17
Betts grins, takes the canteen cup and walks away. CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM past a foxhole in which Standeford is lying under a blanket. Betts places the canteen cup in a tree.

104
CONT'D
(2)

Betts
How do you feel, Standeford?

Standeford (gleefully; in a hoarse voice)
Terrible. It's settling down in my chest now, and I'm almost sure I got a fever!

Betts
I had a fever in Holland. The medics wouldn't let me go off the line.

Standeford (huskily)
You got to have a hundred and two. That's a regulation!

(happily)
Listen to that voice! I can hardly talk!

Betts
Yeah -- sounds good.

He sighs enviously.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HIGHWAY - ROADBLOCK - NIGHT (FOG) --
LONG SHOT

105

A bend in the highway, seen dimly in the thick night fog. A lone sentinel is stomping around, trying to keep warm in a ditch alongside the road.

CLOSER SHOT

106

The sentinel is Layton, chilled to the marrow, despite his heavy army overcoat. Holley and Kipp are sleeping under their blankets alongside a knocked-out army vehicle. Layton blinks his eyes, fighting off sleep. He is startled by the SOUND of approaching footsteps.

Layton (whispering)
Pssst. Wake up...

Holley stirs sleepily but doesn't awaken. The footsteps come closer and Layton turns tensely.

Layton (continued)
Halt! Password.

106
CONT'D
(2)

Voice
Bug.

Layton (relieved)
Jitter.

Half a dozen figures loom up in the field alongside the road. Their leader, who has lieutenant's bars on his overcoat, is a thin-lipped man with unusual, angular features.

Lieutenant
What is this - "Charlie" Company?

Layton
No - "Item."

Lieutenant (surprised)
"I" Company! Then this must be the road to Neufchateau.

Layton
I think it is.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING HOLLEY

107

Who stirs sleepily and then looks on, wide awake.

Lieutenant
You want to be sure of things, soldier. Is there a bridge up the road a ways?

Layton
Y-yes, sir. About half a mile.

Lieutenant
Let's go.

He walks rapidly down the highway, followed by the others.

Holley (muttering)
Smart cookie - wearing his bars on a patrol! Must be a new replacement.

He promptly dozes off again.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - TRUCKING SHOT - THE PATROL 108

walking down the highway. One of the men
(1st soldier) slows down to adjust his rifle.
The man behind bumps into him.

1st Soldier (whispering)
Mensch! Pass doch auf wo du hin trittst!
(Dope watch your step!)

2nd Soldier (whispering)
Halt's Maul oder ich hau dir eins in die Fresse!
(Shut up, or I'll klop you one in the kisser!)

The lieutenant silences them in an angry
whisper.

Lieutenant
Ruhig! Ruhig!
(in English)
Don't let that happen again! Speak English!

The men continue on their way. If they had
not spoken German, they would seem like a
typical group of GI's!...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. CLEARING - DAWN - (FOG AND FALLING SNOW) - 109
LONG SHOT

Our setting has been transformed into a mag-
nificent symphony in white -- with five dis-
cordant notes - five grave-like foxholes in
which our characters have spent the night.

CLOSE SHOT - RODRIGUEZ AND POP

110

sleeping with their heads under the blankets.
A overhanging branch sways in the wind and
a blob of snow drops off, landing on Rodriguez
He pops his head out from under the blanket.

Rodriguez
Hey, Pop, Pop --

Pop (sitting up)
What? What's up?

Rodriguez
Look, Pop. It's snowing!
(looking around wonderingly)
I never saw snow up close before. It's beautiful!

Pop (dryly)
You didn't hear by any chance that it's kinda cold
and a little on the wet side, did you?

110
CONT'D
(2)

Rodriguez (excitedly)
Man, it's really coming down!

Pop (shivering)
Close the window, Johnny, and fix that hole in the
roof!

He ducks under the blanket. Rodriguez reaches
out to see what the snow feels like. CAMERA
MOVES to reveal a huge pair of combat boots
full of snow.

Rodriguez
Hey, Abner --

Abner pokes his head out of his foxhole and
shakes his head ruefully as Rodriguez tosses
him the soggy boots.

Rodriguez
You ought to know better'n to take off your boots
in a foxhole. You might want to start running fast.

Abner
Cain't sleep with wet boots on.

Rodriguez
Better just wear your galoshes till they dry out.

Abner
Ain't got no goulashes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

111

Layton walks past looking cold and miserable.
A chunk of snow drops down his collar. He
wiggles his shoulder blades, then reaches a
hand back and traces the uncomfortable descent
of the snow down his back.

MED. SHOT - HOLLEY AND BETTS

111X1

as Layton comes to their foxhole. Holley is
sleeping. Betts is making a roof out of pine
branches.

Layton
Where'd you get those branches?

Betts (dryly)
Where do you gen'rally get branches?

Layton (explaining)
I didn't know if those woods had been cleared.

111X1
CONT'D
(2)

Betts
Oh, sure. "K" Company's in there.

Layton (excitedly)
"K" Company!

Betts
Yeah.

Layton (bursting with
excitement)
I've got a buddy in "K" Company!

He races into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY - (FOG AND FALLING SNOW)

112

SHOT of Layton, moving along at top speed. He runs up to a GI hacking pine branches with his bayonet. The GI, his teeth chattering, is singing "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," accenting a word now and then by viciously whacking away with his bayonet.

Layton
Is this "K" Company?

GI
Yeah.

Layton
Where'll I find Cooper?

GI
Cooper? Never heard of him.

Layton
Bill Cooper. I know he's in "K" Company.

GI
He's not in my platoon. That first hole's the company CP. They'll know where he is.

Layton
Thanks.

He rushes off. The GI, cold and miserable, starts singing "White Christmas" again as he hacks branches.

MED. SHOT - A NEARBY FOXHOLE

113

A GI is making a roof out of pine branches.
Layton runs up.

Layton
What platoon is Cooper in? William J. Cooper.

2nd GI
Nobody by that name in "K" Company.

Layton (desperately)
Yes, there is. He came with the new replacements --
just the other day.

2nd GI
Oh, that was his name, huh?
(calling)
Hey, Sergeant.

The First Sergeant pokes his head out of the
foxhole.

Sergeant
What's up?

2nd GI
That kid that got hit last night -- his name was
Cooper. William J. Cooper.

Sergeant
Well, now I can finish making out my morning report.
Thanks.

He disappears into the foxhole. The 2nd GI
glances at Layton.

2nd GI (sympathetically)
Direct hit on his foxhole. A mortar. You don't
hear 'em coming, you don't know what hit you.

CAMERA MOVES UP to Layton, who has an in-
credulous, horrified expression.

Layton (in a choked voice)
They didn't even know his name!

He turns abruptly, very close to tears.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY - (FOG AND FALLING SNOW) -
LONG SHOT - THE LINE OF FOXHOLES

114

The snow is deeper now and the storm is still
raging. Layton is framed in f.g., a pathetic,

lonely figure, lost in thought. Rodriguez is in a foxhole. Five other squad members and Kinnie are gathered around a small bonfire. Jarvis is drying Abner's boots over the fire. Holley is cooking his eggs in the canteen cup. Pop is waiting tensely as Wolowicz hands out mail, retaining the letters addressed to men not in the group. Hansen is opening a case of K-rations.

114
CONT'D
(2)

Wolowicz (sorting mail)
Jarvis, Holley, Betts, Spudler...Well, Li'll
Abner gets one - the "Dogpatch Gazette."
(he has reached the last of the mail)
Sorry, Pop.

Kinnie (consolingly)
It'll probably come up in the next batch.

Pop (forcing a light tone)
You act as if I want a discharge! Man, I like it
here! Stick around, Kinnie. We're gonna choose
up sides for a snowball battle!

He turns abruptly and goes out of scene. The
men look sympathetically after him. Wolowicz
hands the letters he has retained to Hansen,
who has been opening a carton of K-rations.

Wolowicz
Hand out these letters with the rations, Hansen.

Hansen (dismayed, as he sees
the rations)
They're all dinners! -- the ones without coffee!

He exits with rations and mail.

Holley (stirring the eggs)
Dinner rations! With that vitamin-packed lemonade
powder! Simply add water and serve ice cold.
Dee-licious!

115-116
OUT

CLOSE SHOT - LAYTON

116X1

as Hansen goes by with rations. Layton
looks at letters, then glances at Hansen
with a mute query.

Hansen (sympathetically)
Usually takes about a month to catch up with you.

Layton goes disconsolately to fire.

MED.. SHOT - MEN AROUND FIRE

117

as Layton joins them He takes off his soggy gloves and dries them over the fire.

Wolowicz

About that patrol, Kinnie ---

Kinnie

Can't let you go on it, Wolowicz. I want to be sure you're around to take over the platoon if I have to go back.

(rubbing his feet)

Feet froze up pretty bad last night.

Wolowicz (disappointed)

Well -- I want three volunteers to go on a patrol.
(pointing at Holley, then Jarvis, then Rodriguez)

You, you and you! You're in charge, Holley

Holley (ironically)

I don't know why I'm always volunteering for patrols. Just a cowboy.

Kinnie

G2 says the Krauts dropped some paratroops last night, and ~~they~~ might be hiding in the patch of woods on the other side of that farm.

Jarvis (derisively)

G2! Wonderful how they always know what's cooking! Yesterday a little birdie told them this was a weak little counter-attack!

Kinnie

I can tell you one thing they do know! Some Krauts in GI uniforms infiltrated last night, right through this area! Blew up a bridge on the road to Neufchâteau.

GROUP SHOT

118

featuring Layton and Holley. They exchange a startled glance.

Layton

Was one of them wearing lieutenant's bars?

Kinnie

How'd you know?

Holley (hastily, silencing

Layton with a look)

We get all the latest rumors.

Kinnie
Rumor my eye! They captured one of them. Spoke
English perfect. Knew the password -- our plan
of deployment -- everything!

118
COND'T
(2)

Jarvis
I wish G2 would hire the little birdie who whispers
things to them!

ANOTHER ANGLE

119

as Standeford comes up, leaning on Betts
for support and looking very cold and weak.
He has a blanket around him, Indian fashion.

Standeford (his teeth chattering)
How about showing me how to get to the aid station,
Kinnie? I'm f-f-freezing.

Kinnie
It's a long walk, Standeford. I could send for the
meat wagon.

Standeford (hoarsely; with a
wan grin)
B-brother, I could w-walk there barefoot on razor
b-b-blades!

Wolowicz
Feeling any better?

Standeford (gleefully)
Worse -- much worse! Never felt so sick in my life!
Maybe I've even got pneumonia!

Kinnie goes to him and leads him o.s.

Wolowicz (deeply moved)
He's really bad.

He abruptly goes out of scene, toward his
foxhole.

Betts (enviously)
He's a cinch to go back to the field hospital --
maybe even to Paris.

Holley (dubiously)
I don't know. That penicillin. He's liable to
be back in a day.

Betts
A good clean flesh wound is better. No doubt about
that.

He takes a cigarette, and offers the pack to
Layton.

Layton
No, thanks. I don't smoke.

119
CONT'D
(g)

ANOTHER ANGLE -

120

as Kipp joins the group.

Kipp (muttering)
Guys get sick -- guys get wounded -- and nuthin'
every happens to me -- nuthin'!

Betts (grins)
Except that time you broke your false choppers! It
was when you were back, Holley. Kipp found out
about a regulation that you can't keep a man on the
line less'n he's got at least four teeth of his own --

Kipp (heatedly)
I didn't know nothin' about that regulation.

Betts (ignoring him)
So he breaks his GI teeth with the butt of his rifle --

Kipp (angrily protesting)
I ran into a tree trunk in the dark.

Betts
Anyway, he was back off the line for a week getting
a new set made.

Holley
Let's get this patrol on the road.

He and Jarvis prepare to leave. They are
electrified by the SOUND of an incoming shell.

Holley
That's incoming mail!

They all make a scramble for their foxholes,
Holley taking the canteen cup with the eggs,
and Jarvis hanging on to Abner's boots.

LONG SHOT - THE FOXHOLES

121

as the men dive into them There is a terrific
explosion as the shell makes a direct hit on
the bonfire.

CLOSE SHOT - HOLLEY

121X1

in a foxhole. Some dirt drops into the
canteen cup.

TRUCKING SHOT - PATROL

129

cautiously advancing to corner of forest, one edge of which runs alongside the road, and the other across an open field.

Jarvis (sarcastically)
That's what G2 calls a 'patch' of woods! A whole division could be hiding in that forest.

Rodriguez
Nice job for a three-man patrol!

Holley (grimly)
Yeah. If we don't get back, that's how they'll know we ran into some Krauts!

SOUND: an approaching vehicle, just as they are ready to enter the forest. They jump behind trees.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - MEN
IN APPROACHING JEEP

130

Two noncoms and a rather professorial major.

Major
Keep them covered. Might be Germans in GI uniforms.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - MED. SHOT - PATROL

131

Jarvis and Rodriguez cover Holley from behind a knocked-out vehicle as Holley halts the jeep.

Holley
What's the password?

Major
Texas.

Holley (relaxing)
Any line on these woods, Major?

Major (suspiciously)
I didn't hear the countersign.

Holley (grinning)
Oh. Leaguer. Texas -- Leaguer.

Major (relieved)
Will this road take us to 3rd Bat. headquarters?

131
CONT'D
(2)

Holley
Straight ahead.

Major (to driver)
Step on it.

Holley (suddenly suspicious)
Just a minute. What is a Texas Leaguer, Major?

Major
How's that?

Holley (pointing his rifle)
I said, what's a Texas Leaguer?

Major (hastily)
It's some kind of a baseball term.

Jarvis
What kind?

1st Noncom
A safe hit, just over the head of the infielder.

Jarvis
Nobody asked you.
(to Major)
How'd the Dodgers make out this year?

Major (angrily)
Who's your commanding officer, soldier?

Holley
Whoever he is, he knows how the Dodgers made out.

Jarvis (jabbing the major
with his rifle)
Let's see your dog tags.

Major (outraged)
What?

Jarvis
Come on, We're not taking any chances.

Holley leans close to the major and barks
in very bad German:

Holley
Was ist dein Name?

Major
What sort of nonsense is this?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Featuring the two noncoms, suspicious of Holley because he is speaking German.

Schnell! Schnell! Holley
Name! Name! Sprecken Sie!

1st Noncom (covering them with
automatic weapon)
Drop those rifles.

He has the drop on the patrol and they lower
their rifles. The noncoms toss rapid-fire
questions at Holley.

1st Noncom (continuing -
to Holley)
You! Who's Lana Turner going with?

Rodriguez
Tyrone Power.

2nd Noncom
Shut up!
(to Holley)
Who's the Dragon Lady?

Holley
She's in "Terry and the Pirates".

1st Noncom
What's a hot rod?

Holley
A hopped-up jalopy.

2nd Noncom
"Hello Joe... Whaddaya know?"

Holley
"Just got back from a vaudeville show!"
(grinning)
I guess they're okay.

Major (sarcastically)
Thank you, Sergeant.

Holley (correcting him,
with a grin)
Pfc, Major -- "praying for civilian". That's why
I believe in being careful. May I suggest, sir,
that you study up on baseball?

Major (ruefully)
I guess I'd better. And may I suggest that you tell
your buddy that Tyrone Power is out. She's dating
Peter Lawford.

He grins and waves as the jeep drives off.
The men on patrol enter the forest.

132
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. FOREST - DAY - (FOG) - TRUCKING SHOT -
PATROL

133

Throughout the scene they give evidence that it is bitterly cold -- occasionally rubbing their hands together and jumping about energetically to get warm. Holley stops and sits down on a fallen tree trunk.

Holley (pointedly)
Yeah, they really should've sent out a bigger patrol.

Rodriguez
Well, if you want to goof off --

Holley (innocently)
Who said anything about goofing off?

Rodriguez
Nobody. I'm just saying, the best way is to tell them you heard voices -- talking in German.

Jarvis
Let's say we heard voices talking Japanese, and let G2 figure that out!

He sits down on the tree trunk.

MED. SHOT - THE THREE

134

Jarvis removes his gloves and takes out a letter and newspaper. He holds his gloves between clenched teeth.

Holley
That paper any good?

Jarvis
Best in the world. "The Sedalia News".

Holley unwraps the paper. Rodriguez strolls away and starts tossing snowballs.

Jarvis (continuing -
blowing on hands)
Keep your gloves off for two minutes and you'd have popsicles instead of fingers!

He warms his hands under his armpits.

CLOSE SHOT - HOLLEY AND JARVIS

135

Holley reads in silence for a moment, then:

Holley
Will you get a load of this!
(reading)

'This Changing World - by Mrs. Donald Jarvis.
Pinch-hitting for your favorite columnist, and her
favorite husband, now on active duty, U. S. Army.'

He looks up, impressed.

Jarvis
You knew I worked on a newspaper.

Holley
But a column! You must be pretty good.

Jarvis
I was too good! I wrote a piece about the real
meaning of the war - the fight against fascism -
why every American had to get in there and pitch.
The logic was magnificent. You couldn't resist it.
(wryly)
The next thing I knew, I was on a troop train,
waving goodbye to my wife!

Holley (grinning)
Came the dawn.

Jarvis
Only one thing gets me. When you work on a news-
paper...
(nostalgically)
I'd get those wire releases and know I was the first
person in town who had the news -- all the news!
I'll guarantee you my wife knows what's going on in
Bastogne!

(muttering)
All I know is what's happening to the 2nd squad in
the 3rd platoon of "I" Company!

A snowball whizzes past.

Holley
Hey, what's going on?

MEDIUM SHOT - RODRIGUEZ

136

Enjoying his first experience in the snow,
he is tossing snowballs, playing the pitcher
in an imaginary game of baseball.

Rodriguez (winding up)
 Wild pitch. Watch this one.
 (tosses snowball)
 Stree-rike! Can't hit 'em if you can't see 'em!
 The count is three and two. Man on first and
 third. Two out. This is the one that counts.

136
 CONT'D
 (2)

He winds up and pitches the snowball. It
 drops out of sight down a hill in the forest.
 Rodriguez holds his stance and looks anxiously
 toward the imaginary plate. To his amazement
 and alarm, another snowball comes flying back
at him. He automatically reaches out, catches
 the snowball and stares ahead incredulously.

CLOSE SHOT - HOLLEY AND JARVIS

137

staring open-mouthed.

SHOT OF WOODS, FROM THEIR ANGLE

138

Sergeant's Voice

Foul ball!

Some branches are pulled aside and the ser-
 geant appears, a typical-looking GI.

Sergeant (grinning)

Come on, let's have the fast one. Burn it in,
 boy, burn it in!

GROUP SHOT

138X1

Rodriguez laughs, winds up and shoots a snow-
 ball past the sergeant who, pretending to bat
 a ball, tosses a snowball he has been holding.
 It goes over Rodriguez' head.

Sergeant

A hit! Right over second base!

He heads for our group, followed by several
 more soldiers.

MEDIUM SHOT - RODRIGUEZ, HOLLEY AND JARVIS

139

Rodriguez (playing along)

Didn't you see the center fielder make that shoe-
 string catch? You're out!

Rodriguez (continued; to Holley)
How about it, Umps?

139
CONT'D
(2)

Holley is taking no chances. He points his rifle at the advancing soldiers.

Holley
Sound off, pal. Password.

The Sergeant enters scene, followed by others.

Sergeant
Don't you get it? 'Right over second base! Texas -

Holley (smiling)
Leaguer. You in charge?

Sergeant
No -- the lieutenant.

He nods toward someone o.s.

CLOSE SHOT OF WOODS

140

The branches are pulled aside and a man with lieutenant's bars appears -- a man we recognize as the leader of the patrol of Germans in GI uniforms who got through the roadblock the night before.

Lieutenant (with just a trace of a smile)
Hiya, fellows!

CLOSE SHOT - HOLLEY

140X1

as it hits him that this is the German he saw at the roadblock.

GROUP SHOT

141

as the Lieutenant comes toward them.

Jarvis
What's the situation, Lieutenant?

Lieutenant
Nothing but pine trees in these woods. We've been all through them.

Jarvis (pleased)
Well, I guess our mission's accomplished.

Lieutenant
 Courtesy of "C" Company. Tell them they can stop
 worrying about this area.

141
 CONT'D
 (2)

Holley (with studied casualness)
 Them and us both, Lieutenant. Thanks.
 (starting away)
 Well, we might as well partee. Rodriguez!

He leaves with Jarvis and Rodriguez. The
 lieutenant and the sergeant exchange an
 amused look and watch as the patrol drops
 out of sight over a hill in the woods.

MEDIUM SHOT - HOLLEY, JARVIS AND RODRIGUEZ

141X1

Holley increases the pace.

Holley (tensely)
 Come on -- on the double! They're Krauts!

He looks ahead and reacts at the sight of:

MEDIUM SHOT - FOUR MEN IN GI UNIFORMS

141X2

at the edge of the woods near the road. One
 of the men shouts a command in German.
 Another hits the ground and starts firing a
 German light machine gun.

WIDER ANGLE

141X3

Both patrols start firing. The machine gunner
 is hit. Another man reaches for the machine
 gun and Holley makes a dive for him. Jarvis
 and Rodriguez each tackle one of the others.

SHOT

141X4

of Lieutenant and his men hearing shots during
 above. They advance cautiously.

SHOTS

141X5-
 141X10

of Holley, Jarvis and Rodriguez in brief
 hand-to-hand fights. They get the best of
 the Germans and dart out of the woods.

142-144
 OUT

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (FOG) - SHOT OF PATROL 145
running out of the woods near the knocked-out vehicle seen in scene 131.

Holley

Up the ditch!

He dives into a ditch on one side of the road, followed by Jarvis. SOUND: the rumble of tanks. Rodriguez turns to look.

LONG SHOT - HIS ANGLE 146

In the distance, tanks are seen approaching.

MEDIUM SHOT - FEATURING RODRIGUEZ 147

Rodriguez

Tanks! Kraut tanks!

There is a burst of automatic rifle fire from the woods and Rodriguez goes down, clutching his legs. Holley and Jarvis rush to him and drag him behind the knocked-out vehicle. Holley frantically gets out his first aid packet.

Rodriguez

Take off! My only chance is if they think we're all getting away!

Jarvis

He's right, Holley.

Holley (grimly)

We'll send a patrol back. Don't forget the sulphur powder.

He hands Rodriguez the first aid bandage and then starts running up the ditch in a low crouch, followed by Jarvis.

LONG SHOT - SHOOTING PAST THE RUINS OF THE BURNING FARMHOUSE ALONGSIDE ROAD 148

Holley and Jarvis come running up the ditch, crouched low so they are out of sight of the lieutenant and his men who now appear at the edge of the woods. Holley and Jarvis dart behind the burning building, then turn and start firing.

MEDIUM SHOT - FEATURING THE LIEUTENANT

149

at edge of woods. As the Germans start firing toward the farmhouse, the lieutenant sinks down into the snow, mortally wounded.

MEDIUM SHOT - HOLLEY AND JARVIS

150

firing at the Germans. Holley moves closer to the burning ruins and notices the charred corpse of a native, partly buried under the debris.

Holley

We'd better make a run for it.

Jarvis (worriedly)

They'd start looking for Rodriguez.

Holley (getting an idea)

Not if they think he got hit here!

He lets out a blood-curdling shriek as if he had been hit, then he places his rifle in the outstretched hand of the charred corpse, and kicks over a large burning timber so it falls across the corpse. As an afterthought, he drops his helmet next to the corpse. He continues shrieking throughout this.

SHOT OF GERMANS

151

exchanging a look at the SOUND of the shrieks. They start toward the farmhouse, firing as they move.

LONG SHOT

152

Rodriguez is hidden behind knocked-out vehicle in f.g. Holley and Jarvis jump into the ditch and start running. The Germans see them and break into two groups, one firing at the two men, the others advancing toward the farmhouse to check up on the third American.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. SECTION OF FOREST - DAY (FOG) - CLOSE SHOT

153

Lieutenant Wall.

Lt. Wall (tensely)
You're sure they were enemy tanks?

153
CONT'D
(2)

PULL BACK to reveal Holley, Jarvis, Kinnie, Garby and Doc at bonfire near a line of fox-holes. Doc is heating coffee over a burning K-ration box. In b.g. the 1st and 3rd squads (about 20 men) are dug in in improved foxholes with roofs of pine branches.

Jarvis
We saw them, Lieutenant.

Lt. Wall
Think we've got enough grenades to do any good?

Kinnie
I doubt it, Lieutenant.

Lt. Wall abruptly walks away, beckoning to Kinnie. Kinnie bites off a chunk of chewing tobacco and hobbles after Wall, his feet in worse shape than before.

CLOSE SHOT - WALL AND KINNIE

154

near a foxhole dug into the side of a hill. Wall picks up an overlay map of the area and starts studying it.

Kinnie
Mind if I make a suggestion?

Lt. Wall
What?

Kinnie
Well, sir, our usual defense against tanks --
(spits tobacco)
-- is to run like a jack-rabbit and call for artillery!

Lt. Wall (shaking his head)
Our orders are to hold these positions.

Kinnie
Then just let's call for artillery and keep our heads down.

Lt. Wall
We could send out some bazooka men --
(then, wryly)
-- if we had any bazookas.
(grimly)
Put through a call for artillery.

Battleground
Chgs.

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P.69

Kinnie nods, gets in the foxhole and picks up the soundpower phone. He whistles softly into the phone to notify the man at the other end that he wants to speak.

154
CONT'D
(2)

Lt. Wall (looking at map)
What a break. Artillery's got that farmhouse zeroed in! Concentration One Seven.

Kinnie (into phone)
Item three to Item! Kraut tanks.- by burning farmhouse - concentration One Seven.....Roger. One Seven.
Get the lead out!

He puts down phone.

MED. SHOT - HOLLEY, JARVIS, GARBY AND DOC

155

Jarvis is sipping coffee which Doc has heated.

Jarvis
That's great! Artillery can't miss. They've got Rodriguez to use for an aiming stake!

Holley is so torn inwardly that he can't say a word. Kinnie enters scene,

Kinnie
Tell Wolowicz to send out for Rodriguez as soon as the barrage lifts.

Holley (viciously)
With what? A sponge?
(turning)
I've got to get me a rifle. Any extra ones, Garby?

Garby
No, we haven't had any casualties.

Doc (grimly)
There's a rifle waiting for you, Folley. Your squad sent back for the meat wagon after the last shelling.

Jarvis (quietly)
Who was hit, Doc?

Doc
I don't know.

Holley and Jarvis start away.

Kinnie (calling)
Holley - tell Wolowicz not to go out on that patrol himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS NEAR ROADBLOCK - DAY (FOG) -
TRUCKING SHOT - HOLLEY AND JARVIS

156

moving through the woods in silence.

Holley (desperately)
I can't tell Pop Stazak.

They take a few more steps in silence.

Jarvis
I'll tell him.

Holley
Yeah...

They have reached the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - ROADBLOCK - (SAME SET AS
SCENE 105) - DAY (FOG) - MEDIUM SHOT

157

Holley and Jarvis come out of woods. In
f.g. at the roadblock is a medics jeep.
Layton, Hansen, and Pop are helping a medics
private lift a man on a litter into the jeep.
Holley and Jarvis join the group and look
down at the litter, reacting as CAMERA MOVES
to reveal that the casualty is Wolowicz.
His eyes are closed and his right arm is in
an improvised splint.

Jarvis (quietly)
Is he bad?

Medics (nodding)
Looks like a ticket to the States.

Wolowicz opens his eyes and sees Holley.

Wolowicz (forcing a playful
tone)
Where's your steel pot, soldier?

Holley (lightly)
Lost it, Sergeant.

Wolowicz
You can try mine on for size - Sergeant. You're
in charge now.

He hands Holley his helmet.

Holley
Leadership - that's what I've got.

Where's Rodriguez? Pop

157
CONT'D
(2)

Holley (evasively)
Oh, he'll be along.

Wolowicz gets an intense twinge of pain,
and feels his right shoulder.

Wolowicz (wryly)
I shoulda wore my shoulder pads.

Layton
In a couple of months you'll be flipping those
forward passes as good as ever.

Wolowicz
Yeah. Left-handed.

Layton turns abruptly and goes o.s.

Wolowicz (indicating Layton)
He's a good man, Holley. Still a little jumpy...

Holley
He can move in with me.

Wolowicz (pleased)
You could do worse. He sleeps warm and quiet.
(as jeep starts)
His name is Layton. Jim Layton.

The jeep drives away. Wolowicz waves with
his good arm.

Jarvis
So long, Wolowicz.

Pop
Take it easy.

Hansen
Say 'hello' to Standeford.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING LAYTON

158

Making an effort to master his emotions,
Layton looks off at Wolowicz, then rejoins
the group.

Holley
Hansen, you can move in with Pop.

Pop (with forebodings)
With me? What about Rodriguez?

158
CONT'I
(2)

Holley and Jarvis exchange a look. SOUND:
Outgoing shells overhead.

Layton (nervously)
Is that incoming mail?

Holley (shaking his head grimly)
Outgoing - and there's going to be a lot more. What
time is it, Hansen?

Hansen (studying his watch)
Ten-thirty -- no, must be eleven-thirty here.

Pop (with quiet intensity)
Where's Rodriguez?

Jarvis looks at Holley. Holley takes a deep
breath.

Holley (softly)
Let's go over to the fire, Pop.

He puts an arm around Pop and leads him o.s.
Jarvis looks on with new respect for Holley.

DISSOLVE:

158XI
OUT

EXT. CLEARING - DAY - (FOG AND FALLING SNOW)
CLOSE SHOT - HANSEN AND POP IN A FOXHOLE

159

The snow is quite deep now. There is heavy
artillery overhead, landing far out in enemy
territory. Pop grabs his snow-covered raincoat
which covers equipment outside the hole. The
raincoat is frozen rigid and he can't get his
hand through the armhole. He jabs his rifle
through the armhole.

Pop (explosively)
How much longer are they gonna leave him out there?
(shouting)
Holley! How about it, Holley?

CLOSE SHOT - ABNER AND JARVIS

160

under a roof of pine branches in their foxhole.
They are facing each other, each with a bare
foot extended. Each rubs the other's foot to
warm it up.

Abner (sourly)
Holley. He's likely getting a little shuteye.

160
CONT'D
(2)

Jarvis
Don't fool yourself, Abner. He'll make a good
squad-leader.

They hastily start putting their boots on.

Abner (derisively)
Yeah. Hooray for me, and hang everybody else.

Jarvis
A lot of guys are no good unless they're captain
of the team. But once they find that other people
need them and look up to them --

Holley strides by, carrying a folded blanket.

Holley
Let's partee! We'll carry him back in a blanket.
I want three volunteers.

Jarvis grabs his rifle.

Abner
See if you can snag me some goulashes, Jarvis.

Jarvis
Abner, when are you gonna get it through your head?
They don't build boats big enough to bring over
goulashes that size!

MED. SHOT - HANSEN AND POP

161

getting out of their foxhole as Holley and
Jarvis walk by.

Holley (frowning)
It's a long walk, Pop.

Pop ignores him, picks up his rifle and a
bandolier. Hansen is reaching for his rifle.

Hansen (looks at watch and
changes his mind about volunteering)
No - I don't want my kid to wake up tomorrow and
find out his old man's a dead hero.

He settles back in the foxhole. Layton is
approaching.

Holley (looking around)
I need a fourth for bridge.

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Layton
I'll be the dummy.

161
CONT'D
(2)

Holley (quietly)
You don't have to, Layton.

Layton (grinning)
Maybe you'll find some more eggs.

Holley smiles and pats Layton on the back
as the four-man patrol gets under way.

MED. SHOT - SHOOTING PAST KIPP

162

who is poking around in the snow outside his
foxhole as the patrol comes up. Kipp is
minus his teeth.

Holley
What are you looking for, Kipp - your discharge?

Kipp
I lost my teeth!

Holley (incredulously)
You lost them?

Kipp
They was hurting me out on the roadblock, so I
put them in my pocket.

Holley (sarcastically)
And they jumped out!

Kipp
Dropped out.

Holley (acidly)
I hope it's nice and warm back where you're going.

He strides away, followed by the rest of
the patrol.

Kipp (querulously)
I can't chew on K-rations with my gums.

The patrol has gone out of scene. Kipp shrugs,
starts putting on his pack.

DISSOLVE:

163-164
CUT

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - FOG AND FALLING
SNOW - LONG SHOT - SHOOTING PAST THE
SMOULDERING RUINS OF THE FARMHOUSE

165

There is evidence of a heavy barrage --
shellholes and uprooted trees. Holley, Jarvis,
Layton and Pop are seen advancing rapidly toward
the knocked-out vehicle where Rodriguez was hit.
Pop, limping badly, has difficulty keeping up
with the others.

MED. SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD PATROL FROM
BEHIND RODRIGUEZ

166

who has an arm extended as if waving. The
knocked-out vehicle has been hit again and is
almost completely demolished.

Pop (excitedly calling)

Johnny! Hey, Johnny!

But Johnny doesn't move. The men stop short
and react at the sight of:

REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSE SHOT - RODRIGUEZ

167

He is dead, rigidly frozen in a grotesque position.
Behind him a portion of the wreckage of the
vehicle is suggestive of a cross, white with snow.

GROUP SHOT

167X1

Pop (muttering brokenly)

He used to see snow - way off in the mountains....
(he breaks off abruptly)

Jarvis

They say it's just like going to sleep.

Pop (covering Rodriguez

with a blanket)

He was a religious kid. When anybody got hit he
used to say it was God's will.

Holley (cynically)

Yeah:

Holley picks up Rodriguez' rifle, and jabs it
into the snow. He reaches under the blanket,
withdraws Rodriguez' helmet and hangs it on
the butt of the rifle.

DISSOLVE:

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168
OUT

169

EXT. CLEARING - DAY - FOG - CLOSE SHOT -
FRONT PAGE OF THE "STARS AND STRIPES"

The headline reads: "STRATEGIC WITHDRAWAL IN
BULGE". CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL LAYTON,
his back to a small bonfire near their fox-
holes, reading the paper to Holley, Jarvis,
and Abner. Abner, wearing his boots, is
warming his feet. It is no longer snowing.

Layton (reading)
'Strategic Withdrawal in Bulge.'
(puzzled)
What's the 'Bulge'?

Holley

Search me.

Layton (reading)
'Hitler's mighty counter-offensive swept on yester-
day under a news eclipse from which filtered only
the fact that German armor had plunged 20 miles
into Belgium!'
(looking up)
We're in Belgium, aren't we?

Jarvis
I thought it was Luxembourg. Let's see that, Layton.

He takes the paper. Layton, his back
thoroughly toasted, hastily faces the fire
and warms his freezing hands.

Jarvis (reading)
'War Department authorities report that morale is
high all along the front. Battle-hardened dough-
boys, fresh from epoch-making triumphs--'

Holley
You can skip the commercial, Jarvis.

Jarvis (rapidly skimming)
...'air activity halted by thick, swirling fog...
American lines stabilized on Belgian front, but in
Luxembourg situation reported fluid...At Bastogne,
the 101st Airborne --'

Abner (excitedly)
Hey, that's us!

Jarvis (reads silently; then
ironically)
Men, you will be proud to know that you are making
a heroic stand, hurling back the best that von
Runstedt can throw at you!

Abner
Who's von Runstedt?

169
CONT'D
(2)

Holley
A. Kraut general - the smartest one they've got.

Layton
Is the 101st the only division here?

Jarvis (dryly)
It doesn't say. We'll have to wait for the next edition.

ANOTHER ANGLE

170

Kinnie is hobbling up on frozen feet with the mail. Doc, the medics noncom, is carrying a carton of K-rations.

Kinnie
Where's Pop Stazak?

Holley
Him and Hansen are on the roadblock.

Kinnie (showing letter)
This might be it. Looks official.
(handing another letter to Holley)
Sugar report for you.
(giving a newspaper to Abner)
And the 'Dogpatch Gazette'.

Holley
Kinnie, you ought to go back to the aid station before those feet get any worse.

Kinnie (grimly)
They won't take frozen feet unless they've started to change color.

Doc
No combat fatigue, no fever cases. You have to be bleeding from a wound! And all they have in the aid station is aspirin and iodine.

Holley
What about the field hospital?

Doc
Captured. Medics, casualties, equipment - the works.

Kinnie
Must have been just after the meat wagon got there with Wolowicz. I guess Standeford was there, too.

(CONTINUED)

BATTLEGROUND
Chgs.

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P.78

Kinnie (muttering)
A lot of the walking wounded were killed. They
say they put up a whale of a fight.

170
CONT'D
(2)

He hobbles out of the scene with Doc, the
others staring after them.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HIGHWAY - ROADBLOCK - DAY - FOG - MED.SHOT 171

Holley is standing guard. Layton is sleeping
in the ditch. Holley grins and shakes Layton.

Holley
Hey, Layton - you're learning too fast. How about
spelling me for a bit?

Layton (yawning)
'My dreams are getting better all the time.' I
was back home in Baltimore, loading up on hardshell
crabs and beer.

Holley (solemnly)
That dream's against regulations, soldier. You
know what our boys overseas always dream about!

Layton (grinning)
Mom's blueberry pie!

Holley
Why, certainly! That's what we're fighting for!
When I get home, just give me a hot dog and a
slice of that pie! Am I gonna kick if I don't
get my job back? No sir! All I want --

He stops as Pop Stazak, wearing full equip-
ment, comes out of the woods where their
foxholes are located.

Pop
So long, Holley.

Holley
So long, Pop.

Layton
So long.

Pop
Au revoir.

He does a little dance step, then starts
away. Kipp is seen coming down the high-
way. His gleaming G.I. teeth are back in
place.

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P.79-
80

171
CONT'D
(2)

Kipp
I found 'em - in another pocket.

Holley (curtly)
You're just in time to work Pop's shift. Go up
and get Hansen.

Kipp (looking at Pop)
Where you going?

Pop (mechanically)
'Special order, number 1437, Private Ernest J.
Stazak will proceed immediately to Paris where
transportation to U. S. will be arranged.'

Kipp
Relax, chum. You ain't going no place.

Pop (showing letter)
I ain't? Read it yourself.

Kipp
I don't care what it says. Nobody's leaving
Bastogne! And nobody's coming in - unless maybe
some Krauts riding tanks! We're surrounded!

Layton (stunned)
Surrounded!

Pop grabs Kipp by his coat and pulls him close.

Pop
If this is one of your crummy gags, Kipp, I'll
knock those GI teeth down your throat!

Holley
Take it easy, Pop. He wouldn't have those teeth
back in his mouth if there was any way out!

SOUND: an incoming shell. The men dive into
the snow. The shell is HEARD exploding near-
by, then Kipp notices that Pop has dropped
his letter.

Kipp (handing letter to Pop)
Tough break, Pop.

Pop glumly puts the letter away, then looks
off as another shell heads their way.

Pop (dryly)
I can get them in a lot of trouble for this. It's
against the rules of war to shoot at civilians!

FADE OUT:

3-17-49

P.81

FADE IN:

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY - FOG - LONG SHOT

172

The depleted forces of "I" company, about 90 men, are wearily trudging along.

MED. SHOT - OUR SQUAD

172X1

Jarvis, Holley, Layton, Hansen, Kipp, Pop and Abner walking past a couple of frozen G.I.'s. Inured to the sight, they pay no attention.

TRUCKING SHOT - ABNER AND JARVIS

173

Walking along together.

Abner (ironically)

Them poor devils in the foot-sloggin' infantry!
Nothing but walk, walk, walk!

Jarvis (in the same vein)

The airborne - that's the life! It's great up in these gliders - drifting along over the clouds --

SOUND: Machine gun fire to the rear.

Jarvis

Bail out!

They dive into a ditch, landing in a deep snowdrift.

MED. SHOT - DITCH

174

As men sit up in snowdrift. Layton is near Hansen, Kipp and Holley. He calmly takes out a pack of cigarettes and offers it around.

Kipp (sarcastically)

They're liable to have you up in Juvenile Court for smoking.

Hansen (sympathetically)

This your first time away from home, Layton?

Layton

Basic training was.

(wistfully)

But that wasn't the same. My folks stayed for a while at a town near camp.

Kipp (jeeringly)
Did mama rub your little footsies after those
nasty twenty-mile hikes?

174
CONT'D
(2)

Layton
Uh huh. And she made me brush my teeth twice a day
so I'd never have to have them all pulled out!

Holley grins approvingly with a "that's tell-
ing 'em" expression. Kipp glares. Hansen is
staring at a dark shadow-like outline on the
snow.

Hansen (pointing)
Hey, look at that!

Layton
What?

Hansen (let down)
I thought it was a shadow. It's just some burnt-
out powder.

Kipp
You'll die of old age before you see a shadow
around here! This fog ain't never gonna lift.

Hansen
Do the planes have to wait? Didn't they ever hear
of flying blind?

Kipp (bitterly)
Nobody cares. They just don't care.

Layton (quietly)
I don't believe that, Kipp.

Kipp
Reverend Layton will now lead us in prayer.

Layton (flushing)
Might not be a bad idea.

MED. SHOT

175

Kinnie and Lt. Wall, lying in the ditch.
The Lieutenant, with a three-day stubble,
looks as rough and dirty as the rest of them
now. A company runner drops into the ditch.

Runner
The CO says you're to dig in at that railroad
embankment.
(pointing o.s.)
Rest of the company's moving back 500 yards.

Lt. Wall

175
CONT'D
(2)

Right.

The runner goes o.s.

Lt. Wall (muttering to Kinnie)
Third platoon! Whenever there's a dirty detail!
(rising)
Let's go, men! On your feet!

Kinnie grins at him.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RAILROAD EMBANKMENT - DAY (LIGHT FOG)
LONG SHOT

176

The third platoon, about twenty men, is digging a line of foxholes on one side of the steep embankment, near a patch of woods.

MED. SHOT - LAYTON, KIPP, POP, ABNER AND
GARBY

177

at a small fire, taking a break. Jarvis and Hansen are digging foxholes. Holley goes to fire.

Holley

Check your rifles to see if they're froze up.

Garby

Listen to Holley, making a noise like a sergeant!

Kipp (mockingly)

He's really GI now, since he took over the squad.
Right on the ball!

Holley (good naturedly)

Strictly chicken, that's me. Let's be checking those bolts.

Layton finds that his bolt is frozen and has to step on it to force it open. The others start working their bolts -- all except Garby, who watches amused as the new Holley heads briskly for Jarvis and Hansen.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RAILROAD EMBANKMENT - NIGHT (FOG) -
LONG SHOT

178

SHOOTING PAST a freezing sentry who is on guard at one end of the line of foxholes.

MED. SHOT - JARVIS

179

Lying in his foxhole, listening with a pained expression to Abner, who is singing as he takes off his boots.

Abner (softly singing)
 "She was headin' straight for trouble
 From the day she was seven,
 But she settled down and married
 At the age of eleven,
 Come-a ti-yi-yippee, yippee,
 Yippee, yippee-ay,
 Come-a ti-yi-yippee, yippee-ayyy!"

Jarvis (irritably)
 If only they'd pass down some information! A man gets hit, he's at least got a right to know what country he's dying in!

Abner
 That's fer sure. That's fer danged sure.

Jarvis (explosively)
 Abner, I've asked you 800 times --

Abner (hastily)
 I won't say it no more, Jarvis.

Jarvis glares at him and turns over on the other side. Abner places his boots in the foxhole, then sniffs distastefully as he gets a whiff of them. He puts them outside the foxhole. Then he lies down next to Jarvis and pulls the blankets up over their heads.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RAILROAD EMBANKMENT - DAWN - (THICK FOG)
 LONG SHOT

180

SHOOTING PAST a sentry. The others are all sleeping in their foxholes. The sentry hears a rustling in the nearby patch of woods and whirls around.

181
OUT

MED. SHOT - FROM SENTRY'S ANGLE

181X1

Nothing can be seen but swirling fog.

CLOSE SHOT - SENTRY

182

He shifts uneasily and turns. Suddenly there is the staccato "ah-ah-ah" of automatic RIFLE FIRE coming from the woods. The sentry pitches into the snow.

MED. SHOT - THIRD PLATOON

183

in foxhole, waking in alarm. Lt. Wall and Kinnie are in f.g. Wall is peeping over the edge of their foxhole.

Lt. Wall (tensely)

Can't see them!

MED. SHOT - WOODS - SHOOTING PAST GARBY

184

A German is heard yelling blood-curdling commands. Guided by this sound Garby whirls around and pulls the trigger. The clicking sound tells him there is no cartridge in the chamber. He tries to slide the bolt but it is frozen rigid. As he frantically tries to force it open there is the sound of machine gun firing from the woods and Garby slumps over.

German Leader's Voice

(during above)

Bleibt in Deckung! -- Geht hinter die Baume! --
Maschinengewehre vor! Maschinengewehre vor!

(just before Garby is hit)

Links! Den Ami - beim Baum!

MED. SHOT - HANSEN, POP AND KIPP

185

in a three-man foxhole. Hansen suddenly leaps out, darts behind a boulder and starts firing as fast as he can jerk the trigger at the sound of the German leader's commands.

MED. SHOT - WOODS

186

Obscured by the fog. The German leader is heard shouting raucous commands.

Battleground
Chgs.

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German Leader's Voice
Weiter feurn! -- Gieb' ihm Saures! Gieb' ihm
Saures! Gieb' ihm....

186
CONT'D
(2)

He is heard shrieking and then his voice
dies out completely.

MED. SHOT - HANSEN

187

struggling to get another clip of ammunition
out of his bandolier which is frozen stiff.
Kipp crawls up, hands him a clip of ammunition.
While Hansen hastily reloads and starts firing,
Kipp gets another clip ready.

MED. SHOT - HOLLEY AND LAYTON

188

Holley

Let's take off!

Grabbing his rifle, he jumps up and runs full speed, parallel to the railroad embankment. Panicky, Layton rushes after him. Bullets whizz past them as they dive over the top of a hill which juts out at right angles to the embankment at the end of the woods.

LONG SHOT - WOODS - SHOOTING PAST Holley and Layton on the other side of the hill. Holley stands for a moment in indecision, then turns to face the Germans. He starts firing and Layton follows. The fog has cleared somewhat and now the Germans can be seen. They outnumber our platoon by two to one.

189

MED. SHOT - HANSEN

190

Still firing away, with Kipp handing him the ammo. Suddenly he drops the rifle and topples over, hit in the shoulder. Kipp grabs the rifle. Lt. Wall creeps up and starts feeding the ammo to him.

191
OUT

LONG SHOT - PLATOON

191X1

Kinnie (shouting)

Up there with Holley! Take off!

He races toward the hilltop. Pop runs after him, limping badly because of his arthritis, but still coming close to the record for the fifty-yard dash. Men from other squads jump out of foxholes and follow. One of them is hit as he runs.

MED. SHOT - JARVIS AND ABNER in foxhole

192

Jarvis

Let's get up there, Abner!

He gets up and runs o.s. Abner wavers for a moment, then reaches out for his boots alongside the foxhole.

CLOSE SHOT - ABNER'S BOOTS

193

Abner's hand comes into the scene, reaching for them. SOUND: a burst of machine gun fire. Abner's hand stiffens convulsively, then drops onto the toe of the boots and remains motionless.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. RAILROAD EMBANKMENT - LONG SHOT - WOODS - DAY - FOG

194

SHOOTING PAST Holley and Layton firing from behind the hill. Kinnie, Pop, Jarvis and five or six men from other squads are stretched along the hill in a skirmish line, firing at the Germans who are in utter rout. One of the Germans, hidden behind a tree, extends his rifle with a handkerchief tied to it as a sign of surrender.

Kinnie (shouting)

Hold your fire!

The SOUND of firing STOPS and all that can be heard is the whimpering of the German wounded as they cry "Sani! Sani!" Then an American casualty is heard shouting: "Medics! Medics!"

Kinnie

Jarvis - tell them to come out with their hands up.

Jarvis (shouting to Germans)

Waffen weg! Haende hoch und komm' raus!
(Lay down your weapons and come quickly)

He gestures to them to move toward the foxholes, then runs in that direction himself.

SHOT - GERMANS-

194X1

moving toward foxholes with their hands up.

SHOT -

195

of Jarvis running toward his foxhole. In background are seen Germans advancing with their hands up.

Jarvis (calling)

Abner ---

A look of shock and horror comes over him as he stares o.s. toward his foxhole. He slows his pace, and slowly goes toward Abner in silent grief, passing the boulder behind which are Lt. Wall, Kipp and Hansen.

195
CONT'D
(2)

MED. SHOT

196

at Boulder. Hansen is moaning as Lt. Wall rips open his first-aid packet and takes out the bandage and sulpha pills. Kipp is trying to pour water from his canteen into his canteen cup, but the water is frozen.

Kipp

It's froze up.

Lt. Wall

Melt down some snow. He's got to take these sulpha pills fast.

Kipp nods and goes o.s. Lt. Wall rips Hansen's uniform to apply the bandage. Kinnie and Holley enter scene and look compassionately at Hansen.

Lt. Wall (to Kinnie)

Get the prisoners and wounded back to Bastogne, Sergeant.

Kinnie

See if you've got enough men left, Holley.

Lt. Wall (indicating Hansen)

I'm going to put this man in for a Silver Star.

CLOSE SHOT - KIPP

197

Listening nearby as he scoops snow off the branch of a tree with his canteen cup.

Kipp (muttering)

Just what Hansen wanted for Christmas! Just exactly what he wanted!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF BASTOGNE - LONG SHOT - DAY
FOG

198

The quaint little village now bears the ugly scars of war in the shape of badly shelled houses and rubble. Holley, Kipp, Pop, Hansen

Jarvis, Layton and the walking wounded are entering town with their bag of prisoners - nine half-frozen Germans with their hands clasped on their heads. Holley, Kipp and Pop are carrying Hansen on a litter improvised with pine branches -- Holley on front end, Kipp and Pop on the rear. Kipp has a German pistol in its holster strapped around his waist and German binoculars on a strap around his neck. Holding his side of the litter with his left hand, he pulls out the pistol with a flourish.

198
CONT'D
(2)

Kipp
You know, a guy could get a hundred bucks for this back in Paris.

TRUCKING SHOT - JARVIS AND LAYTON

199

keeping the prisoners covered as they stumble along on the verge of exhaustion from shock and fatigue.

Layton (guiltily)
I thought Holley was running away. That's why I ran after him.

Jarvis
How do you know what Holley was thinking? How do you know if he was thinking at all? Things just happen - then afterwards you try to figure out why you acted the way you did.

Layton (ruefully)
I know why I ran! I was scared to death!

Jarvis
You just joined the biggest club in the army. Everybody belongs!

TRUCKING SHOT - HOLLEY, KIPP AND POP

200

carrying Hansen on the litter, as they pass a sign which reads "BLUE AIDSTATION"

Kipp
That's us. Straight ahead.

Hansen
Just drop me off in the psycho ward! Why did I have to get up and start firing?

Pop
It's a good thing somebody did.

Hansen
It didn't have to be me.
(ruefully)
A volunteer!

200
CONT'D
(2)

Holley (smiling)
It happened so fast, you didn't have a chance to
look at your watch.

Hansen
Yeah - I sure forgot what time it was in Spring-
field!

Holley
Hansen, I hate to ask you - but we're short of
watches.---

Hansen
You can have it...

He extends his wrist with the watch on it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT - INT. BATTALION AID STATION - DAY

201

Hansen's watch. The hands are being turned
around, rapidly advancing the time.

CLOSE SHOT - KIPP AND HOLLEY

202

near the entrance, Holley is setting the watch.

Holley
Eight hours...that makes it five after two in
Bastogne.

Kipp looks around as CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS to
reveal a section of the improvised aid
station - a warehouse with dozens of casual-
ties packed close together in litters on the
straw-covered floor - a scene rather reninis-
cent of 18th Century paintings of Bedlam. In
b.g. Pop is seen kneeling next to Hansen who
is lying on a litter. Kipp turns away from
a softly moaning casualty and is confronted
by the blank stare of a victim of extreme
battle fatigue.

Kipp (uneasily to Holley)
Let's get out of here, chum.

Holley (softly calling)

Pop --

CLOSE SHOT - POP AND HANSEN

203

Pop nods to Holley as he props up Hansen's picture of his wife and child.

Hansen

Thanks, Pop.

Pop

I'll drop back later.

Hansen (wryly)

Just don't get carried back!

He grimaces with pain. Pop looks at him sympathetically. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as he goes to a Belgian volunteer nurse who is assisting in the care of a casualty. She is a woman of thirty with fine features on which is the imprint of hunger and shock.

Pop

Miss, how about giving him a shot?

The woman looks at him uncomprehendingly.

Belgian Volunteer

Pardon?

Pop

Morphine.

(pantomiming giving an injection)

Him...

(indicates Hansen)

Belgian Volunteer (shaking
her head sadly)

Ah, non, Plus de morphine. (No more morphine.)

Pop

No morphine. That's great!

The woman picks up a bottle of cognac from a table, and pours a small amount in a glass.

Pop (excitedly reaching for
glass)

Merci beaucoup! (Thank you very much.)

Belgian Volunteer

Pas du tout, (You're welcome.)

She goes to Hansen with the bottle and the glass. Pop reacts as he realizes the cognac is not for him. The woman helps Hansen gulp down the cognac, then pours him another shot. Pop glumly threads his way through the casualties to Holley and Kipp, who are looking back at Hansen. Pop turns and looks.

MED. SHOT - HANSEN AND VOLUNTEER NURSE

203X1

She is pouring a third drink for Hansen.

MED. SHOT - POP, HOLLEY AND KIPP

203X2

gawking toward Hansen.

Pop (muttering)
If she pours him one more, I'm going out and get myself shot!

The three start out.

EXT. BASTOGNE AID STATION - MED. SHOT - DAY

204

Holley, Kipp and Pop come out and go toward Layton and Jarvis who are rummaging in stacks of equipment discarded by casualties outside the aid station. There are rifles, cartridge belts, canteens, surplus uniforms, gloves - and galoshes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

205

featuring Layton and Jarvis; Layton is trying on a pair of dry galoshes.

Layton
They're way too big.

Jarvis (wistfully)
I wish we'd found them yesterday!

The others start helping themselves to dry clothes. Betts, the boy who ran off the line after the first shelling, runs up excitedly.

Betts (grinning)
Let's go, men! Chow!

Holley (incredulously)
What?

Betts
You heard me! Hot chow!

DISSOLVE TO:

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203X1

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MED. SHOT - POP, HOLLEY AND KIPP

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DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BASTOGNE BUILDING - MED. SHOT - DAY - FOG

206

Betts is serving hot coffee to Kipp in the courtyard of a typical European establishment with living quarters and barn built around a U-shaped area. Holley, Jarvis and Pop are lolling about in the snow-covered area, eating out of mess kits.

Betts
--and I been pullin' KP ever since. We was bombed out twice. I'm tellin' ya, I never saw so much incoming mail!

Kipp (mockingly)
It's getting rough all over.

Betts
I wanted to go back on the line, but they're short-handed in the kitchen, see? Couple more KP's got hit this morning.

Holley (solemnly)
I wouldn't mind a little action for a change. How about you and me switching?

Betts (hastily)
No, they'd never let me go. I been learnin' how to cook.

Holley empties his mess kit in a GI slop can. An old woman in tattered clothes shuffles up and reaches into slop can to retrieve the leftovers. Betts sees that Jarvis is staring pityingly at the woman.

Betts
It's clean. It's only leftovers.

Holley (uncomfortably)
I don't even see those things.

Jarvis
I want to see them. I want to remember them. I want to describe them to people if they ever start talking about another war when this one's over.

He strides away toward barn. Holley looks at his watch.

Holley
We'll have to start back in about an hour. Stick around this area.
(looking around)
Hey, where's the kid?

Betts
Layton? In the barn I guess, putting on them dry clothes.

Pop (rising)
How about some hot water to wash with, Betts?

206
CONT'D
(2)

Betts
Coming right up.

He grabs a bucket and starts for the kitchen,
as Pop goes toward barn, walking gingerly on
frozen feet.

Holley (softly)
Hey, Betts - got any 'trading material'?

Betts
The belly robber keeps everything locked up in the
cellar. You can have that loaf of bread.

He nods toward a table. Holley looks. There
is no sign of the bread.

Holley
What loaf of bread?

Betts (staring)
I coulda swore there was one on that table.

Holley disgustedly walks away toward the
street. Betts continues staring at table,
puzzled, then enters the kitchen.

EXT. BASTOGNE STREET - MED. SHOT - DAY

207

Holley walks a short distance and comes to
Denise's house on the corner. It has been
badly damaged by a shell. Holley looks at
the ruins apprehensively, and hurriedly
climbers over the rubble into the shell of
the house which remains.

INT. DENISE'S HOUSE - MED. SHOT - DAY

208

Holley enters the wreckage of the living room
and is relieved at the sight of two little
girls, who are warming up at the fireplace
which is still intact.

Holley (expansively)
Mes enfants -- Combien voulez vous -- beaucoup bon --
(running out of French)
Well, how are you?

Younger Girl (solemnly)
Do you sink ze rain weel hurt ze rhubarb?

Holley reacts and hurries toward kitchen.

Battleground
Chgs.

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INT. DENISE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - MED. SHOT

209

Holley (entering)

Denise! Bun jour, bun --

He stops short at the sight of Denise slicing
a loaf of army bread.

Denise

Hello, soljair.

Holley stares stonily at the loaf of bread,
then looks around the room. CAMERA MOVES to
reveal Layton, a wicked-looking trench knife
strapped around his leg, teetering back ex-
pansively on a chair and taking a shot of
cognac out of a bottle -- a far cry from the
Sunday School kid who entered Bastogne three
days ago!

Layton

Pull up a chair, Holley!

Holley (grinning)

Today you are a man!

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BASTOGNE BUILDING - (BARN) - DAY - FOG
MEDIUM SHOT

210

The following legend is written in chalk on
the barn door:

SHUT THE DOOR!
Where do you think
you're living--
in a barn?

Betts waddles into scene carrying a huge pile
of uniforms, galoshes and other equipment.
He kicks the door open, and is seen entering
barn and struggling up a ladder which goes
through a trap door to the hayloft.

INT. BASTOGNE BUILDING - (BARN) - DAY -
MED. SHOT IN HAYLOFT

211

Layton, Jarvis, Holley, Pop and Kipp are
sprawled in the straw. All have either put
on layer after layer of dry clothing or are
in the process of doing so. Pop, heavily
dressed, is washing his feet in a bucket of
hot water. Kipp is cleaning his German pistol.

Layton, wearing long underwear, is putting on a second suit of underwear. Then he takes an OD uniform from a pile of clothes and starts putting it on. He pauses for a moment to feel his beard, a wispy stubble.

211
CONT'D
(2)

Layton
Who's got a razor? I wanna whack these whiskers off.

Kipp
I wouldn't do it, sonny boy -- unless mama put some chap lotion in your toilet kit.

Holley (putting a raincoat over his overcoat)
Get it up, Pop. Got to be back before dark.

Kipp (pointedly)
Unless you want to sleep in this barn.

Pop
I sure hate to leave it.
(meaningly)
Maybe we got lost.
(he dries his feet on a shirt)

Betts
Nobody'd know you're here, Holley.

Holley (lightly)
I'm bucking for a Good Conduct Medal. Saddle up!

Betts dumps his load of equipment onto the pile of clothes. Layton hastily finishes putting on his uniform and starts pulling on a second pair of pants.

ANOTHER ANGLE

212

Jarvis, in b.g., is reaching through layers of shirts and outer garments and buttoning them up one by one. Betts hands him a copy of "Stars and Stripes".

Betts
I got one, Jarvis -- off a Kraut prisoner!

Jarvis (excitedly)
Thanks.

(eagerly looks at paper and then reads aloud)
'Newspaper accounts of the German counter-offensive have startled U.S. readers, hitting them right between the eyes with such strongly-worded headlines as "U.S. Loss Worst Since Bataan...Nazis Gained More in 3-Day Drive Than Allies Had Won in 3 Months".'

Layton is putting on a second shirt. He puts on a third pair of pants as Jarvis continues to read. CONT'D
212
(2)

Jarvis (reading)
'Nazi strength is estimated at six Armored divisions, including an unstated number of SS divisions, and eight or nine infantry divisions.'

(grumbling)
Not a word about how many divisions we have!

Kipp (sarcastically)
All these secret moves! Nobody knows anything about us except the Krauts.

Betts
There's a hot rumor planes are going to drop us supplies as soon as the fog lifts! Ammo, rations, medical equipment.

Layton (bitterly)
As soon as the fog lifts! I'm getting tired of hearing that.

He puts on a pair of wool socks over the pair he is wearing. Holley slings his blanket roll over his shoulder and starts down the ladder.

Holley
Come on, snap it!

Betts follows him down the ladder.

Betts
I got some more coffee for you.

Layton hastily reaches for a third pair of socks.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING POP

213

He has put on his boots and is tenderly massaging his feet. Jarvis, still buttoning layers of shirts, is looking at the "Stars & Stripes" which is spread out on the straw.

Jarvis (ironically)
It says here that the new type of winter equipment is working out very well. Especially what they call 'Shoepacs' -- a new kind of boots that you wear in the snow. They prevent frozen feet.

Pop goes to get his rifle; limping painfully. Jarvis tosses aside the paper, grabs his rifle, and goes down the ladder. By now Layton has put on his boots and galoshes. As scene continues, he hastily puts on sweater, field jacket, overcoat, raincoat, wool knit cap, helmet liner, steel helmet

and gloves. Kipp has been glancing at the "Stars and Stripes".

213
CONT'D
(2)

Kipp
Item in here for you, Pop. Selective Service says there ain't no fathers over 35 being sent overseas.

Pop (dryly)
Yep, here I am back in Wichita, eating a big turkey dinner!

He follows Kipp down the ladder, leaving Layton alone, frantically dressing.

Holley's Voice
Hey, Layton!

Layton
Toot sweet.

He grabs his blanket roll as he puts on the last of his equipment; then, looking ten pounds heavier with his many layers of clothes, he takes a couple of steps down the ladder.

Layton
Wait a minute! I forgot something!

He scrambles up the ladder and hurries across the hayloft to get the one thing he forgot -- his rifle! As he picks it up and runs toward the ladder, we

DISSOLVE:

INT. FARM SHED - DAY -(FOG)- CLOSE SHOT

214

SHOOTING DOWN on a crude topographical map made out of snow. A ridge of snow runs the length of one side. Lines are traced in the snow to indicate roads.

Jarvis' Voice (as his hand points to top of map)
This is Antwerp up here. To the north and east are the British and the Canadians.
(pointing to bottom of ridge)
Down here at Belfort, over three hundred miles away, is the French First Army, and the Americans are stretched out all the way in between.

CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK to reveal Jarvis, Holley, Layton, Kipp, and Pop in a shed, the front end of which has been torn away by a shell. They are on a farm near the forest.

Jarvis points to the relief map which he has constructed on a snow-covered box or table.

214
CONT'D
(2)

Jarvis
If the supply line from Antwerp is cut, at least twenty Allied divisions will be strictly out on a limb.

Holley
Where's Bastogne?

Jarvis
Here -

He places a can of rations at the intersection of lines representing highways.

Jarvis
And here's where the Krauts found the soft spot in our line.

With a fist, he pushes through the ridge of snow and stops at the K-ration can.

Jarvis
You can see why Bastogne is so important. It's at the intersection of seven main highways, one of them leading straight to Antwerp. If we can hold out---

They are electrified by the SOUND of planes.

Holley
Hey - that sounds like ours!

Pop (listening)
Lord love ya, it is ours!

They rush out of the shed.

EXT. FARM SHED - DAY - (FOG) - MEDIUM SHOT -
OUR SQUAD

215

outside of shed, all of them looking up.
Kipp uses his German binoculars.

Kipp
Can't see a thing.

The men follow the roar of the planes with their gaze, as the armada passes directly overhead and keeps right on going.

Jarvis (grimly)
The kind of supplies they've got to drop, we wouldn't want. A crate of eggs for Berlin!

Kipp
If bombers can get through, why can't C-47's?

215
CONT'D
(2)

Holley
In this pea soup? They're flying way over it.
You know that.

Kipp
The air corps! London this morning, Berlin this
afternoon, headlines tomorrow!

Pop (beckoning to planes)
Hey, fellows, come on back! It's getting lonesome
here.

Kipp (cynically)
Nobody cares. They just don't care.

Layton (with a new note of
bitterness)
You can say that again!

Holley (tensely, looking o.s.)
Psst!

He brings up his rifle and the others follow
suit as they stare into the fog.

MED. SHOT FROM THEIR ANGLE

216

Four figures are seen dimly in the swirling
fog. Some of the fog blows away and we
see a white flag; then, as the scene clears
still more, we see that it is being carried
by Germans -- a major, a captain and two en-
listed men who are coming along the farm road.

MED. SHOT - OUR SQUAD

217

staring wide-eyed as they go toward the
Germans through deep snow.

Pop
I thought they had us surrounded.

Kipp
It said so in the "Stars and Stripes", didn't it?

Jarvis (calling to Germans)
Halt! Was wollen sie? (What do you want?)

The Germans halt a short distance away.

Captain
I speak English. Who is here in command?

217
CONT'D
(2)

Holley
I am 'here in command.'

Captain
We have a message for the commanding general.

Holley (to Jarvis)
I'll rustle up a jeep and take the officers to the
Battalion CP. Blindfold them.

He starts running. Jarvis and Layton take out
handkerchiefs and blindfold the two officers.
Pop looks at the white flag and grins wearily.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - (FOG) - MED. SHOT

218

(The rumble of artillery has stopped. There
is no sound of firing until scene 223.) A
motorcycle courier is parked near a camou-
flaged 155 mm. howitzer, manned by a negro
crew (771st Field Artillery Battalion).

Artillery Man
I'm tellin' ya the artillery observer saw 'em him-
self -- coming in under a white flag! It's all over!

Courier (grinning)
Well! Santa Claus musta got my letter.

He roars off on his motorcycle, skidding
recklessly down the snow-covered road.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. WOODS - DAY - (FOG) - MED. SHOT

219

Lt. Wall, Kinnie, Doc, and members of the 1st
and 3rd squads near a line of improved foxholes,
with reinforced roofs, stove pipes, etc. They
are jubilantly discussing the rumor. Two or
three 1st squad men are washing and shaving.

Doc
-- and this truck driver heard from a guy on a
motorcycle, that it's not only at Bastogne! The
whole German army is tossing in the sponge!

DISSOLVE:

Battleground
Chgs.

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INT. BASTOGNE AID STATION - DAY - MED. SHOT

220

Hansen is happily looking at the picture of his wife and child. In b.g., three walking wounded are telling the news to fourth casualty, a litter case.

1st, 2nd & 3rd Casualties
--And they're sending all casualties back to Paris - today!
In planes!
With nurses!

4th Casualty

Hubba hubba!

Betts rushes in.

Betts
Hansen -- a guy in message center got it straight from the sergeant major! It's the Japs, too!
The war's over!!

DISSOLVE:

221
OUT

INT. FARM SHED - DAY - MED. SHOT

221X1

Jarvis, Layton, Kipp and Pop guarding the two German enlisted men. Pop is blowing smoke rings at the Germans.

Pop
Try it again, Jarvis.

Jarvis
Hey, Soldat!
(to first German)
Du! Was gibt es hier? Sprechen Sie etwas!
(You! What gives here? Say something!)

First German (stiffly)
Gefreiter Berthold Jochman --
(Lance-Corporal Berthold Jochman)

Jarvis
All I can get out of them is their name and rank.

Cigarette smoke is swirling around the Germans, and their nostrils quiver at the tantalizing aroma. Kipp blows a blast of smoke at them.

Battleground
Chgs.

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Loosen up, chum. Give us the lowdown. You can
talk now. Hitler kaput.

221X1
CONT'D
(1)

The Germans exchange a look and smile
arrogantly.

How'd you like some nice K-rations? Schokolade,
yah?

The first German sniffs the smoke longingly.
He can't stand it any more.

1st German (rapidly)
Schoen. Fur eine Schachtel Zigaretten, rede ich.
(Good. For a pack of cigarettes, I'll talk.)

Jarvis

Langsam.
(Slowly.)

1st German (slowly)
Fur - eine - Schachtel - Zigaretten, - rede - ich.

Jarvis (eagerly)
Now we're getting somewhere. He says he'll talk
for a pack of cigarettes.
(reaches into pocket)
Gut. Ich warte. (Good. I wait.)

221X1
CONT'D
(2)

1st German (very slowly)
Wir stellen Ihnen ein Ultimatum -- entweder
ubergabe oder Tot! (We give you an ultimatum --
either surrender or die!)

Jarvis is stunned. The Germans grab the
cigarettes and hastily open the pack.

Kipp
What'd he say?

Jarvis
They want us to surrender. Surrender or be killed,
he says!

Pop (stunned)
Us?

Layton (contemptuously)
Tell 'em to go take a flying leap at a rolling
doughnut!

A jeep is HEARD approaching. The men
hurry out, keeping the Germans covered.

EXT. FARM SHED - DAY - FOG - MED. SHOT

222

A jeep, driven by a noncom, skids to a halt.
An American Colonel gets out, followed by
Holley and the German officers. As Holley
removes the blindfolds, the major talks in
German to his captain, who then addresses the
American Colonel.

Captain
The Major thinks General McAuliffe must have mis-
understood. We have appealed to the 'well-known
American humanity' to save the people of Bastogne
from further suffering. We have given you two hours
to consider before raining destruction upon you. We
do not understand General McAuliffe's answer.

Colonel
I'll be glad to repeat it. The answer is - 'NUTS!'

The men in our squad have been listening
tensely to learn the verdict. They react
with grim amusement. The German captain
looks at the major and shrugs bewilderedly.

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Nüsse!

Captain (translating literally)

222
CONT'D
(2)

The major, baffled, asks something in German.

Captain (translating)
Is that a negative or an affirmative reply?

Colonel
'Nuts' is strictly negative.

Captain (translating)
Negatif!

The major makes a curt remark which the
captain translates:

Captain (stiffly)
We will kill many Americans.

Colonel
On your way, Bud.

The Germans come to attention and salute. The
Colonel and the jeep driver return the salute -
but not our squad. They stare stonily as the
Germans walk away, disappearing in the fog;
they then turn and salute the Colonel. He
salutes, gets in the jeep, and drives off.
There is a long silence.

Layton (nervously)
Two hours...

Jarvis (smiling grimly)
I feel better. For once we know what's going on
around here. For once we get the story before my
wife writes it up in the 'Sedalia News'!

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DENISE'S HOUSE - DAY - FOG - LONG SHOT

223

SHOOTING PAST Denise's two little girls who
are making a snowman at some distance from
the house. Denise is seen in the b.g. with
a group of natives who are excitedly discus-
sing the "surrender". Suddenly there is the
whine of an incoming SS. The crowd is thrown
into a panic. Denise's girls start running.

The younger one slips and falls. The older
one throws herself down next to her, and puts
a protective arm around her as the shell
hurtles toward them with a terrifying roar.

CLOSE SHOT - DENISE

looking o.s. toward the children as the shell is HEARD exploding. Her eyes go wide and she lets out a heart-rending scream.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - LONG SHOT - DAY - FOG

225

"I" Company, about seventy men, is retreating past a road sign pointing to Bastogne. A sharp wind adds to the misery of the cold and fog. As Kinnie limps along in f.g., CAMERA PANS DOWN to his feet which are now swathed in strips of blankets. He starts running at the SOUND of an incoming shell.

MED. SHOT - JARVIS, HOLLEY AND LAYTON

226

diving into a shell hole. Layton has the blank stare and drawn features which are the symptoms of combat fatigue. He takes out a half-smoked cigarette butt.

Layton
Well, here goes my last butt.

Holley (lightly)
Don't tell me your problems. Tell the Chaplain.

Layton (derisively)
The Chaplain! I forgot! We've got nothing to worry about - Holy Joe is going to pray for us at the Christmas services!

Jarvis and Holley dart a look at him.

Layton (quoting with bitter asides)
'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles' ..(if the fog lifts)... 'They shall run, and not be weary'...(unless they have frozen feet)... 'And they shall walk, and not faint'...(if they don't lose too much blood before the medics come up).

(NOTE: Quotation in above speech is from 40th Chapter of Isaiah, paragraph 31.)

ANOTHER ANGLE

The men duck as an incoming shell explodes in an air burst, releasing hundreds of pro-paganda leaflets which flutter to the ground. Jarvis grabs one of the leaflets.

Jarvis

Well, another air mail message from the Krauts.
(reading leaflet)

"Merry Christmas, soldier, and our deepest sympathy. It's tough being away from home at this time of year...especially when you're surrounded and outnumbered ten to one. Don't you feel your loved ones worrying about you, praying for you? Yes, old boy, praying and hoping you'll come home again. Man, have you thought about it? What if you don't come back? Just remember this: where there's a will, there's a way. Hot chow and safety are waiting for you only 300 yards away!"

Jarvis folds leaflet, puts it in his helmet liner and then puts his helmet back on.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. A CLEARING - LONG SHOT - DAY - FOG

228

An army chaplain, in a standard combat outfit, addressing a large group of GI's gathered in a semi-circle on the fringe of the snow-covered woods. He is a genial, middle-aged man who looks as cold and almost as tired as the men. Prominent in SHOT are Holley, Jarvis, Layton, Pop and Kipp.

Chaplain

Anybody here from Ohio?

CLOSE SHOTS OF FOUR GI'S

228X1-
228X4

They brighten in response to the chaplain.

First GI

Buckeye Lake, Sir.

Second GI

Cincinnati, Sir.

Third GI

Maple Heights, Sir.

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Fourth GI
Tippecanoe City, Sir.

228X1-
228X4
CONT'D
(2)

228X5

CLOSE SHOT - CHAPLAIN

Chaplain (smiling)
I'm from Chillicothe. Are any of you men
Lutherans?

CLOSE SHOTS OF OTHER GI'S

228X6-
228X8

responding to the chaplain.

Fifth GI

Here, Sir.

Sixth GI

Me, Sir.

Seventh GI

My wife is.

CLOSE SHOT - CHAPLAIN

229

Chaplain
So am I. But these services aren't just for
Lutherans, any more than they're just for men from
Ohio. I merely happened to be in your area. In
other areas, there are other chaplains - of various
religions and denominations.

(smiling)
All of us Holy Joes are switch-hitters. Earlier
this month in Holland, I held Chanukah services
for some of the men of Jewish faith.

(looking o.s.)
How'd I do, Levenstein?

CLOSE SHOT - LEVENSTEIN

230

He is a pretty average looking G.I.

Levenstein (grinning)
Not bad for a beginner, sir.

MED. SHOT - CHAPLAIN

231

Chaplain
Well, now it's almost Christmas and here we are in beautiful Bastogne, enjoying the winter sports. And the \$64 question is: "Was this trip necessary?" I'll try to answer that. But my sermons, like everything else in the army, depend on the situation and the terrain--so I can assure you this is going to be a quickie!

CAMERA HAS PANNED DOWN to reveal that his feet are swathed in strips of blankets.

CLOSE SHOT - CHAPLAIN

232

Chaplain
Was this trip necessary? Well, let's look at the facts. A strong evil force got going in the world -- something we call Fascism, Nazi-ism. Nobody wanted this war except the Nazis. A great many people tried to deal with them, and a lot of them are dead - millions have died for no other reason except that the Nazis wanted them dead. When we came to the final showdown, there wasn't anything left to do except fight.

(grimly)
There's a great lesson in this, and those of us who are learning it the hard way are not going to forget it. We must never again let any kind of force dedicated to a super race, or a super idea, or a super anything, get strong enough to impose itself on a free world. We have to be smart enough and tough enough in the beginning to put out the fire before it starts spreading.

(quietly)
My answer to the \$64 question is, "yes, this trip was necessary!" And don't let anybody ever tell you it wasn't!

There is the SOUND of shells landing nearby.

Chaplain
And now, Jerry permitting, let us pray - let us pray for the fog to lift -
(bowing his head)
Almighty God--

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He stops as nearby American artillery opens up with a deafening ROAR.

232
CONT'D
(2)

Chaplain (dryly)
The organist is hitting those bass notes a little too loud for me to be heard, so let us each pray in his own way - to his own God.
(bows his head in silent prayer)

233

MED. SHOT

featuring 3rd Platoon, including Holley, Jarvis, Kipp, Pop and Layton. Layton is looking straight ahead with an expressionless stare. Pop, Kinnie, Lt. Wall, Doc and others take off their helmets and start praying.

234

MED. SHOT

Section of crowd showing various types, including a negro, taking off helmets and praying. Some of the men kneel in the snow.

235

MED. SHOT

featuring Holley, Jarvis and Layton. Holley and Jarvis dart a look at Layton, then each removes his helmet to encourage Layton to do the same. But Layton keeps staring straight ahead defiantly. The SOUND of artillery grows louder.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BASTOGNE - LONG SHOT - DAY - FOG

235X1

SHOOTING UP through a ruined building toward the fog-obscured sky. There is the SOUND of planes.

EXT. BASTOGNE AND ENVIRONS - DAY - FOG

236-239

SERIES OF SHOTS of various of our characters looking up at the sky at the SOUND of planes. Hansen in the Aid Station, Betts in the kitchen, and perhaps the Chaplain and Levenstein.

DISSOLVE:

240-242
OUT

EXT. BASTOGNE COUNTRYSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON -
FOG - MED. SHOT

242X1

Layton, Jarvis, Pop and Kipp are huddled around a small bonfire near a tank destroyer. They are on the snow-covered slope of a hill where the 16 survivors of the 3rd Platoon are dug in. The men are looking up toward the SOUND of the planes.

Jarvis (quoting wryly)
'When you hear planes, men, don't bother to look up. They'll be ours.'

Layton (bitterly)
Yeah -- and they'll all be going to Berlin!

He scoops up some snow in his canteen cup, then takes out a ration of lemonade powder which he stirs in the cup.

Pop
Layton -- haven't got a beat-up old chocolate bar or something, have you?

Layton (dryly)
I'm on that new lemonade diet.

Kipp (calling to tank
destroyer man)
Drop another nickel in the juke box, will ya, chum?

MED. SHOT - TANK DESTROYER IN F.G.

242X2

The tank destroyer man nods, ducks down into the vehicle and turns on a Special Services radio. He tunes in at low volume a recording of a popular American number of the day. After a few moments, the music stops abruptly and a voice speaks with a slight German accent.

Voice (over radio)
We interrupt this program with an important announcement. A careful study of the most scientific instruments and maps leads to the following weather forecast -- continued cold, more snow, and no sign of the fog lifting.

(breezily)
And now, an old favorite which is growing more and more popular with the men of the 101st - 'I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan!'

Over the radio comes the chorus of "I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan." Kipp, shining his German pistol, keeps time to the music.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Holley strides up and bangs on the side of the tank destroyer. The tank destroyer man looks out inquiringly as music continues.

Holley (tensely)
Krauts walking around down there! Tanks, too!

Tank Destroyer Man
What am I supposed to use for ammunition -- spit balls? We've got ten rounds left.

The men in our squad exchange a look. Kipp looks across the field through his binoculars.

Holley
What about that tank at the road block?

Tank Destroyer Man
Can't move up. They're out of gas.

Jarvis (desperately)
See if you can get some news on the radio.

Tank Destroyer Man
The Krauts've got everything jammed up except their own wave length. I'll try again.

He ducks down and dials out the music.

Kipp (letting binoculars drop)
They're not even dug in!

Kipp starts softly whistling "I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan."

Layton (nervously)
Holley, think there's anything to those stories about the Krauts shooting prisoners?

Holley (skeptically)
Where'd you get that?

Layton
It's going the rounds.

Kipp
The way I heard it, it's if you got a Kraut pistol on you when you're captured, they blow your brains out with it. But don't fall for them rumors, Layton.
(displaying the German pistol)
Anybody want a Luger? It's worth 100 bucks in Paris.

He extends the pistol to Pop.

Pop
Thanks a lot, but it's a violation of the Sullivan Act for a civilian to carry firearms!

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P.112

Kipp winds up and throws the pistol as far as he can. A shell is heard coming from that direction.

242X3
CONT'D
(2)

Kipp

Bingo!

He and the others dive into foxholes.

LONG SHOT - MEN IN FOXHOLES

242X4

Lt. Wall and Kinnie huddled in a foxhole in f.g. Shells are exploding all around them.

Kinnie

If I was you, Lieutenant -
(spits tobacco)
--I'd hightail it out of here.

Lt. Wall (nods, then shouts)
Other side of the hill! Dig in!

The men grab their equipment and run over to the crest of the hill.

243-246
OUT

MED. SHOT ON OTHER SIDE OF HILL

246X1

The men start frantically digging in. (Our characters are paired off as follows: Jarvis and Pop, Holley and Layton, Kipp and Doc.) The tank destroyer has moved back with them. Pop rests for a moment, exhausted.

Kipp (to Pop)
Dig it deep, chum! We ain't gonna have to dig no more foxholes this time!

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BASTOGNE CCOUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT - FOG -
MED. SHOT

246X2

The foxholes have now been completed and the men are huddled in them near the tank destroyer. Now, for the first time, there is the ominous SOUND of bombing in the distance. Terrific explosions, with echoing reverberations.

Jarvis (dryly)
A careful study of the most scientific instruments and maps leads me to believe that German bombers are over Bastogne, fog or no fog!

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P.113

The men look toward Bastogne as the bombing continues.

246X2
CONT'D
(2)

Holley
Kind of rough on rear echelon tonight.

Kipp (mock sympathy)
Yeah - I been thinking. The Mess Sergeant, the Supply Sergeant, the pill roller who gives us those shots with the square needle...I'm bleeding for them!

Pop
And the headquarter boys! They need a lot of sleep, you know, to work them typewriters all day!

Layton (entering into the spirit)
The big brass - that's who I feel for!

The SOUND of bombing stops.

Holley (lightly, carrying on
an imaginary conversation as in Sc. 27)
General, what was that noise I just heard?...If I may say so, General, it sounded like a bomb landing nearby...A bomb landing near headquarters? Impossible!...Must have been a mistake, General. Have some more champagne?...Don't mind if I do, old boy, don't mind if I do.

The bombing is resumed with greater intensity, and the scene is suddenly lit up by the reflection of candelabra flares. The men all look toward Bastogne. There is the roar of dive bombers. Jarvis lets out a low whistle.

DISSOLVE:

247-252

MONTAGE

showing the terrific night bombardment with the scene lit occasionally by candelabra flares and burning buildings. Flashes of German planes bombing the village - direct hits on buildings - artillery of many types being fired - ambulances and Medics' jeeps speeding along slippery roads - buildings and tanks in flames - etc.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. BASTOGNE BUILDING - (SAME SET AS SCENE 206) - (LIGHT FOG) DAY

253

A Warrant Officer runs into the kitchen.

INT. BASTOGNE BUILDING - KITCHEN - DAY

as the Warrant Officer enters a small kitchen with wood-burning stove and GI cooking equipment. Concussion from bombs rattles the window panes. Betts and the Mess Sergeant, an older man, with a pot belly, are lying on the floor.

Warrant Officer
Fall out in front of the aid station and draw rifles.

Mess Sergeant (blankly)
Rifles?

Warrant Officer (grimly)
Yeah - they just made you a rifleman. Me, too!

He ducks out. The Mess Sergeant rises, gets a couple of folded blankets, and starts out.

Betts (dully)
They said I wasn't to go up any more. The medics - you can check with them --

Mess Sergeant
Get your blankets.

Betts crosses the room to get his blankets. There is a tremendous explosion as a direct hit rocks the building. The ceiling crashes down, and the Mess Sergeant staggers out, his head badly cut by a falling rafter. Betts, felled by a beam, collapses and is buried under debris.

EXT. BASTOGNE STREET - DAY - (FOG) LONG SHOT

255

The demolished kitchen can be seen in b.g. going up in flames. The Warrant Officer runs across the street into a cellar.

INT. CELLAR - DAY - FULL SHOT

256

As Warrant Officer enters. Clerks are working at typewriters in candlelight.

Warrant Officer
At ease! All headquarters' men will fall out and draw rifles and ammo - what there is of it!

He exits. A clerk takes off his glasses and cleans them.

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Headquarters Clerk (smiling grimly) 256
Now let 'em make cracks about us being the Chair- CONT'D
borne infantry! (2)

EXT. BASTOGNE STREET - DAY (FOG)

257

An improvised Motor Pool in the town square.
A crudely painted sign reads:

Blue Bird Super Service
Free Air - No Gas

The Warrant Officer rushes to a noncom who
is at the wheel of a truck, gunning the motor.
The Warrant Officer shouts an order, his
voice drowned out by the ROAR of the motor,
then hurries away. The non-com turns off
the motor, blows a WHISTLE. Mechanics emerge
from underneath vehicles.

1st Mechanic

Chow?

Noncom

You ain't even warm!

Waving to the men to follow him, he starts
toward the aid station.

EXT. BASTOGNE STREET - DAY (FOG)

258

A gun crew working an anti-aircraft gun
mounted near the aid station. They feed
the last of their ammunition into the gun.

1st Gunner (grimly)

That's all, brother!

The Warrant Officer is seen at a distance,
whistling shrilly to get their attention.

Warrant Officer

Hey, you! Front and center!

INT. AID STATION - DAY - FULL SHOT

259

Hansen and the Mess Sergeant in f.g., lying
next to each other on the straw-covered floor.
The Sergeant's head is being bandaged by the
Belgian volunteer nurse who was in Scene 203.

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P.116

Mess Sergeant
Good thing they didn't send me up! Never even
fired an M-1 rifle! The last time I was on the
range they was still using the O-3.

259
CONT'D
(2)

The Warrant Officer enters, panting.

Warrant Officer
At ease! Litter cases will prepare to be evacu-
ated immediately to air raid shelters! All
walking wounded will fall out and draw rifles!

Hansen and the Mess Sergeant exchange a
glance, then start putting on equipment.

260

EXT. AID STATION - DAY (FOG)

The clerks, mechanics, and gunners from pre-
vious scenes are in a line of men drawing
rifles and ammunition.

261

ANOTHER ANGLE

The line of emergency reinforcements starts
marching away. The clerk from Scene 256
stumbles along blindly, cleaning his glasses.
He puts them on, takes back his rifle from
a man who has been carrying it for him.

262

TRUCKING SHOT - HANSEN AND MESS SERGEANT

Hansen, weak from his wound, walking with
Sergeant who is studying his M-1 rifle.

Hansen
It's a thirty calibre, gas-operated, clip-fed,
semi-automatic rifle.

Mess Sergeant (sarcastically)
Look, you ain't sellin' it to me. You're only
showin' me how it works.

Hansen
Well, to load it you just pull back the bolt like
this and put in a clip...

He demonstrates.

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263

LONG SHOT

Reinforcements straggling out of town, the scene almost completely obscured by fog.

DISSOLVE:

264
OUT

EXT. BASTOGNE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (LIGHT FOG). -
MED. SHOT

264X1

The 3rd Platoon huddled in same foxholes as in Scene 246X2. There is no sound of firing. Lt. Wall and Kinnie, in f.g., are looking out of their foxhole toward a runner who is talking to the Tank Destroyer Man.

Lt. Wall (calling)
What's up, Smitty?

Tank Destroyer Man
Battalion says to pull back.

Lt. Wall (grimly)
Go ahead.

Runner
You, too, sir! They said to tell you.

Lt. Wall and Kinnie turn and look behind them down the hill.

LONG SHOT - FROM THEIR ANGLE - FOG

265

German tanks are seen dimly in the fog, slowly advancing toward them.

MED. SHOT - LT. WALL AND KINNIE

266

They exchange a glance, then scurry to crest of hill and look down the other side.

LONG SHOT - FROM THEIR ANGLE - FOG

267

German infantrymen in white snow suits are moving toward them in an encircling advance.

CLOSE SHOT - LT. WALL AND KINNIE

Kinnie starts giving the Lieutenant his usual bit of advice.

Kinnie

Lieutenant --

But the Lieutenant breaks in. He's a seasoned veteran by now.

Lt. Wall (with a grim smile)
They've got us surrounded, the poor devils!
(spits tobacco, then commandingly)
Take the first and third squads! Hold your fire till they open up!

Kinnie grins as Lt. Wall runs down toward the second squad.

Kinnie (shouting)
First and third squads up here! Spread out!

He gives the hand-and-arm signal to assemble.

MED. SHOT - SECOND SQUAD

268X1

Lt. Wall runs up, keeping low.

Lt. Wall
Save the ammo! Wait till I give the word.
(to the Tank Destroyer Man)
You too, Smitty.

The men in our squad silently spread out their few remaining clips of ammunition and grenades. Jarvis, Holley, Pop and Kipp grimly fix bayonets. Layton takes the trench knife from the scabbard around his leg and places it on the ground in front of them.

Suddenly they are electrified by the sudden dramatic appearance of a shadow. Shafts of sunlight have penetrated the fog, tracing a network of shadows on the snow. The men look up at the sky.

EFFECT SHOT - SKY

269

The sun is still partially obscured by a thin mist which slowly drifts away and disappears.

NOTE: From here to end of picture there is sunlight or light fog.

CLOSE SHOT - LAYTON

Looking up, the sun bright on his face. His look of despair has vanished with the fog. And now comes the SOUND of approaching planes! Layton clenches his fists tensely, closes his eyes.

Layton (muttering prayerfully)
They're not going to Berlin!
They're not going to Berlin!
They're not --

SOUND: terrific explosions as bombs land across the field.

Layton (gleefully)
How've you been?

271

LONG SHOT - (SUNLIGHT)

Planes are bombing and strafing the enemy advancing over the snow which is now brilliant in the sunlight. Germans in snow suits rush madly for the woods. Self-propelled guns and tanks are hit.

272

MED. SHOT

Lt. Wall and members of second squad looking up at planes.

Pop

C-47's!!

LONG SHOT - (SUNLIGHT) - A HUGE FORMATION
of C-47's.

273

EXT. BASTOGNE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - (PROCESS)
CLOSE SHOT - HOLLEY AND LAYTON

274

Looking off at the C-47's in the distance.

Holley (grinning)
What was that about eagles?

Layton (happily)
'They shall mount up with wings as eagles...'

Battleground
Chgs.

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P.120

Parachutes start drifting down from the
C-47's.

274
CONT'D
(2)

Layton
'They shall run, and not be weary...'

Holley
Well, what are we waiting for?

EXT. BASTOGNE COUNTRYSIDE - DAY - LONG SHOT

275

Jarvis, Holley, Layton, Pop, Kipp and
the rest of the platoon start running
to retrieve the parachuting supplies.

SERIES OF SHOTS - (SUNLIGHT OR LIGHT FOG)

276-280

Showing bundles of supplies being dropped
out of planes - parachutes opening up -
bundles landing in the snow and being
gathered by men.

LONG SHOT - HUNDREDS OF PARACHUTES

281

drifting down.

DISSOLVE:

282
OUT

283

EXT. FIELD

Kinnie is taking jerry cans of gasoline from
a bundle and handing them to Lt. Wall. A
line of men stretches out beyond Wall, and
they pass along the cans of gasoline like a
fire brigade. At the other end of the line,
men are pouring the gas into a tank which is
stalled across the road.

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GI from Maine (during above)
You know, I did this once with maple syrup.

283
CONT'D
(2)

GI from New York
(to GI from South, who is pouring
gas into tank)
Hey, save me a couple of drops for my lighter,
will you?

GI from the South
Lighter? I got a little lamp to fill back in
Bastogne!

The Chaplain hobbles past on frozen feet,
CAMERA MOVING to a bundle which Jarvis
and Kipp are ripping open. Inside they
find a packing box on which is printed
"SPAM". The Chaplain, disappointed,
hurries to another bundle which Pop is
opening. Inside is a package marked "SHOEPACS".
The Chaplain looks ruefully at the strips of
blanket around his feet. He goes to Layton
who has opened a bundle and is reaching
inside. The Chaplain looks at him
inquiringly. Layton fishes out a few
K-ration boxes.

Layton (disgustedly)
K-rations -- all dinners!

The Chaplain still hasn't found what he
wants. He goes to Holley who is opening
up a bundle. Inside is a package marked
"M-1 Calibre 30 Ammo".

Chaplain (shouting)
Hey, Levenstein! Here it is!

Levenstein and others come rushing up.
Holley starts handing ammo to them.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE - DAY AND NIGHT - SUNLIGHT, LIGHT
FOG AND FALLING SNOW

283X1-
283X10

Flashes to get across the intensity of the
fighting in the next few days and nights.
Stock shots of American weapons being fired,
German tanks and troops being hit, lines of
German prisoners being led back; planes
strafing and bombing, etc. Interspersed
are the following flashes:

(1) Layton and Jarvis firing a 60 mm. mortar. Layton loads the mortar, then hastily turns to a K-ration box and hungrily wolfs down some of the contents. He loads again - then eats again.

283X1-
283X10
CONT'D
(2)

(2) Kipp throwing grenades - and puffing on a big cigar.

(3) The Headquarters Clerk firing a carbine. He squints at the target, hastily cleans his glasses, and starts firing. A German is HEARD screaming "Kamerad!"

(4) The Mess Sergeant loading an M1. He gets his thumb caught in the unfamiliar mechanism and lets out a yowl. Pop hastens up, loads the weapon, and the Mess Sergeant starts firing away.

(5) The Chaplain speeding recklessly in a jeep on which is painted "Jumping Joe". He skids to a stop, jumps out and goes to the rear of the jeep which is now seen to be loaded high with cases of ammo. He grabs a case and rushes off with it.

(6) Long Shot (Stock) of group of men advancing in combat crouch - followed by Shot of Holley advancing. A shell lands nearby and he dives into a foxhole where a man is firing. The man looks around and Holley sees it is Hansen. The two are deeply moved by this reunion. Holley hands Hansen his watch.

DISSOLVE:

284

INSERT

Hansen's watch. The hands are being set back to Central Standard Time.

EXT. SIDE ROAD AT WAYSIDE SHRINE - DAY -
SUNLIGHT - SHOT OF THIRD PLATOON

285

sprawled in a ditch in utter exhaustion. Hansen in f.g. is setting his watch back. He flops down wearily near Holley, Layton, Jarvis, Pop and Kipp. Layton notices the wayside shrine. His face lights up with a happy smile. He looks off excitedly at the SOUND of tanks.

LONG SHOT - TANKS

with infantrymen riding them and marching between them, approaching down the highway. On the other side of the road, a line of German prisoners is being led back in the opposite direction toward Bastogne.

MEDIUM SHOT - OUR SQUAD

Pop gawks as if he had never seen a tank.

Pop
Daddy, what's them things?

Layton
It's a new kind of warfare, son. Mechanized, I think they call it. I read about it in the "Stars and Stripes".

Pop
Well, what'll they think of next!

He takes out the letter confirming his discharge and kisses it. The lead tank rumbles into scene.

Holley (grinning)
Fourth Armored! That's who I told Ike to send up!

Kipp (calling to a tanker)
Hey, tank job! Cigarette for Papa?

1st Tanker
Oui, Oui.

He tosses Kipp a pack.

Jarvis (eagerly)
Got a 'Stars and Stripes'?

2nd Tanker
It's two days old.
(reaching into tank)
Heard it was pretty rugged up here.

Jarvis (quietly)
Yeah - 'that's fer sure.' That's for danged sure.

The Tanker tosses him the "Stars and Stripes."

CLOSER SHOT - OUR SQUAD

Holley reads over Jarvis' shoulder, eager to get the news.

Holley (ironically)
Well, the folks back home knew we'd get out of this!
They heard relief was breaking through two days ago!

Kipp
Fine, fine, I'd hate to think they'd been worrying.

Jarvis (dryly; looking up from paper)
You'll be happy to know we're in Belgium - not Luxembourg!

Pop (gesturing toward Bastogne)
Just so we're going back, that's all that counts.

Holley (playfully)
You mean you're not happy in the service?

Pop (hastily, in the same vein)
I didn't say that! I love it!

Kipp
You found a home in the army, chum!

Layton (grinning)
Me, too. I never had it so good in my life!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Our squad in f.g. watch apprehensively as a motorcycle courier talks to Lt. Wall. Wall and Kinnie get up.

Lt. Wall (shouting)
Third platoon! On your feet!

The men exchange a look of dismay, then sullenly get to their feet.

Lt. Wall
Fall in!

Oh, no-o-o-o!

Holley (wailing)

The men form a line facing away from Bastogne.

Lt. Wall (with a
suggestion of a smile)
'Bout face!

289
CONT'D
(2)

The men react as they realize they are
turning their backs to the battle. They
jubilantly execute a ragged about face.

Holley (gleefully)
Oo la la! Oui, oui! Toot sweet!

Lt. Wall (grinning)
Forr-warrrrd march!

290
OUT

291

MED. SHOT

as our squad trudge past CAMERA, tired, but
happy.

Pop
Oo la la!

Jarvis
Oui, oui!

Layton
Toot sweet!

As Kipp goes by, he is so excited that his
GI teeth click rhythmically.

LONG SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD BASTOGNE

292

A line of replacements is coming down the
road toward the 3rd platoon which is heading
for Bastogne.

CLOSE SHOT - KINNIE

293

looking ahead toward replacements.

MED. SHOT - REPLACEMENTS

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moving briskly along, one column on each side
of the road. They are a fine looking outfit
with complete combat equipment. Though not
exactly spic and span, their comparatively
clean uniforms and recently shaven faces are
in marked contrast to the survivors of the
3rd platoon.

LONG SHOT - THIRD PLATOON

with Kinnie in the front. He looks at his men with a frown.

Kinnie (sharply)
Come on, pick it up, pick it up.
(counting cadence)
Hut, two, three, four, hut, two, three, four!

The men gradually get into step as they launch into the Jody chant, but it's tough going for men with frozen feet, especially Pop. However, their spirits are high and they make a valiant effort.

KINNIE: You had a good home but you left!
TROOPS: You're right!
KINNIE: You had a good home but you left!
TROOPS: You're right!
KINNIE: Jody was there when you left!
TROOPS: You're right!
KINNIE: Your baby was there when you left!
TROOPS: You're right!
KINNIE: Sound off!
TROOPS: One two!
KINNIE: Sound off!
TROOPS: Three four!
KINNIE: Cadence count!
TROOPS: One, two, three, four, one, two...three-four!

LONG SHOT - SHOOTING TOWARD BASTOGNE

The replacements moving forward in two columns. The 3rd platoon, marching briskly and chanting lustily, goes right between their columns. The replacements look at them with considerable warmth as they chant:

KINNIE: Your baby was lonely as lonely can be
TROOPS: Till Jody provided company
KINNIE: Ain't it great to have a pal
TROOPS: Who works so hard to keep up morale.

During above verse, a replacement calls out excitedly to the 3rd platoon.

Replacement
Anybody here from Maryland?

Layton drops out of the chant, and turns eagerly.

Layton (shouting)
Yeah -- I'm from Baltimore! You know -- hard-shell crabs and beer! And the best looking --

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At that moment Kinnie roars:

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CONT'D
(2)

KINNIE: Sound off!

And Layton gets back in step and sounds off
with the rest of the platoon.

TROOPS: One, two!

KINNIE: Sound off!

TROOPS: Three four!

KINNIE: Cadence count!

TROOPS: One, two, three, four, one two....three-
four!

KINNIE: You ain't got nothing to worry about

TROOPS: He'll keep her happy till I get out

KINNIE: And you won't get out till the end of the war

TROOPS: In nineteen hundred and seventy-four

As the chant builds to a rousing climax
with a final SOUND-OFF CHORUS, background
MUSIC segues into a stirring marching song.

FADE OUT:

The End