

FURY

Written by

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OVER A BLACK SCREEN:

April 1945 -- The Allied Armies strike at the heart of Germany. In four weeks the Third Reich will be no more...

EXT. FARMER'S FIELD - PREDAWN

Thick morning fog blankets all. A faint glow in the East. It's quiet save for the DISTANT RUMBLE of artillery.

Super title: Somewhere in Nazi Germany...

A Spanish Arabian STALLION emerges from the fog. A wasp waisted German Army LIEUTENANT erect in its saddle. His disciplined horse elegantly picks its way over the furrowed soil. A dark hulk looms in the mist -- Horse and rider approach...

IT'S A BURNED OUT TANK -- An American Sherman. Still smoldering. Steel armor ripped open like tin foil.

The Lieutenant moves on. Encounters another charred tank. Its entire turret blown off. A small fire still burns inside. Around it are the blackened twisted shapes of burnt shrunken men.

He moves on. Another hulk emerges from the mist -- This tank looks like a scrap heap -- Sandbags, railroad ties, sloppy steel plate, cases of wine, rations and ammunition. Battered, scarred and seemingly abandoned.

The Lieutenant guides his horse in a slow circle around the armored vehicle. He HEARS a faint CLINK -- And draws his Luger from its shiny black holster -- THEN:

An AMERICAN SOLDIER hiding BEHIND THE TURRET leaps on him...

Tearing the German from his horse. The two men CRASH to the ground. The American stabs the Lieutenant in the face -- THWICK-THWICK-THWICK! Fast, violent, shocking...

The American then carefully slides the knife blade behind the German's eye - Piercing his brainpan with a CRACK. The German convulses for a moment. And dies...

The American retrieves his knife. Wipes it clean on the German's uniform and scans the area with burning primal eyes.

This is DON "WARDADDY" COLLIER. Late twenties he looks middle aged. A light beard and hollow cheeks. Years of combat have ground him into something hard and sharp.

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With the mechanical clumsiness of exhaustion, Wardaddy cuts the map case from the German's belt. Then rips the large Knight's Cross medal from the dead man's neck.

Wardaddy stands to his full impressive height in his oil blackened overalls. He crosses to the horse. He grabs the beautiful animal's bridle and looks at it for a moment...

Eye to eye. Connection with the animal. With incredible gentleness he rubs its muzzle. And kisses it...

Then he pulls his knife -- The horse jerks back, but Wardaddy holds it firm. He knows horses...

THWICK! - He cuts off the bridle, slips the bit from its mouth. He unbuckles the saddle and drops it to the soil. Wardaddy looking at the horse. Then it heads back the way it came - Now without ride and tack.

Wardaddy climbs aboard his tank -- Her name is "FURY" -- It's painted on her cannon.

INT. FURY - PREDAWN

Dark. Cramped. Crowded. A filthy machine with filthy men. There's two main areas - THE TURRET BASKET -- A big cylindrical cage that spins with the turret.

And the BOW -- The front of the tank where the driver and a machine gunner sit. The sound of piss hitting tin...

BOYD "BIBLE" SWAN is draped casually across the cannon breech. A pastor's kid from Des Moines, he's serious, calm, centered. You'd never guess he's killed a thousand men. He finishes urinating into an ammo can.

TRINI "GORDO" GARCIA sits in the driver's seat sipping wine from a bottle. A Mexican butcher from Chicago. He's been drunk since 1942. He once went into combat sober - And vowed never to do it again.

Next to Gordo, the transmission housing between them, is the body of RED. A blood soaked jacket pulled over his head. His blood spattered inside the tank.

GRADY "COON-ASS" TRAVIS, a good-old-boy from Arkansas, is wedged into the battery compartment fixing a short. He's cunning, viscous and World wise.

Wardaddy drops down into the Commander's hatch.

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COON-ASS

Get that fucker?

WARDADDY

I knocked him off.

Gordo offers Red a drink, pushes the bottle into his shoulder. Whispers to him...

BIBLE

Gordo. Stop. Leave him rest.

WARDADDY

He's dead. Or did you forget? Drunk damn fool.

Gordo shoots them a dirty look. Keeps whispering to his dead friend. Wardaddy watches Coon-Ass work.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Goddammit. Ain't you done?

COON-ASS

Keep ridin' me.

WARDADDY

I'm not riding you. If I was, you'd know it. More where he came from.

Wardaddy tosses Bible the Knight's Cross - Bible hangs it in the turret - Where more German combat decorations hang like Christmas ornaments.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

You get some canned bacon for this?

He tosses Gordo the dead Officer's Luger. He inspects it.

GORDO

For this? Yeah. A case or two.

Wardaddy lights a cigarette. Then scratches another notch in his knife with his GI can opener. It's tense - They are behind German lines and acutely aware of the danger they're in. But danger becomes routine. After years of it...

Coon-Ass smirks - KNOWING he'll get a rise...

COON-ASS

How come you didn't shoot that horse? You love shooting horses so much.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Wardaddy darkens with outrage -- He works his way over to Coon-Ass and begins kicking the hell out of him.

COON-ASS (CONT'D)

Stop it! What's that for?

WARDADDY

You know what it's for.

COON-ASS

Why you always whoopin' on me?

WARDADDY

Because you're an animal. A dog. All you understand is the fist and boot.

COON-ASS

Bull-sheet. I understand me the pussy and the gun. Killin' and fuckin'.

WARDADDY

In that order?

COON-ASS

Maybe. Timing's important. I like me warm pussy. Pipin' hot.

GORDO

You still talking? Can we get out of here? Everyone shut up.

WARDADDY

You shut up. You're a goddamn bottle of wine. Stink like wine. Think like wine. Alcohol never solved nothing.

GORDO

Neither did milk. Let's go. Vamanos. Vamanos ya.

WARDADDY

Wanna talk Mexican? Find another tank. A Mexican tank. This is an American tank. We talk American.

GORDO

Who put a nickel in you? You talk Kraut. You can talk German and I can't talk Spanish?

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WARDADDY

I use my German as a tool of war.

Coon-Ass grabs his crotch...

COON-ASS

Here's my tool of war.

Bible realizes this isn't about horses or Spanish. It's about Red -- The man with his head blown off in the Bow Gunner's seat. Bible hands Wardaddy some coffee he warmed on a Coleman stove.

WARDADDY

Thanks Boyd.

BIBLE

Stop ragging on everyone. You didn't kill Red. The German's did.

WARDADDY

That's true. But I sure didn't keep him alive.

BIBLE

His number came up. That's all. We've been lucky. Until now. Settle down.

Wardaddy adds sugar to his coffee. Stirs it with a greasy callused finger. He opens the German's mapcase -- Discovers several maps...

WARDADDY

Thank heavens. We got a map.

Wardaddy studies a German map...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

We're here. Battalion Area's to the South. This hardball road here'll get us back. Sound good?

COON-ASS

You got the stripes, Daddy. You figure it out.

WARDADDY

I got more, boy. Need more?

Wardaddy pokes his head out of the Commander's hatch and listens carefully to the coming dawn.

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His finely tuned instincts kick in. Wardaddy drops back inside - Pulls the hatch shut with a CLANK...

THEN:

The sound of ROARING LOCOMOTIVES -- An Artillery barrage is on the way...

BOOM-BOOM-KABOOM! -- Shells explode around the tank. Rocking it. For the moment the men are safe in their steel cocoon.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Coon-Ass? Anytime, sweetheart.

Coon-Ass turns a last bolt then extricates himself from the batteries.

COON-ASS

'Kay. Crank her up, Gordo. Whip this bitch like your donkey back in Old Mexico.

GORDO

I'll whip your Alabama ass with my donkey cock.

Gordo pushes the starter button. Expectant faces. The engine RUMBLES but doesn't catch.

MORE EXPLODING SHELLS -- Incredibly loud. Shrapnel PINGS off the hull. They endure it with their trademark stoicism. They've been through it before - But a direct hit can kill them...

WARDADDY

Choke'er up. She's cold.

Gordo opens the choke. Tries again. The engine rumbling. Doesn't start. Worried faces.

GORDO

There's condensation on the plugs.

WARDADDY

Plugs're good. Don't flood it.

GORDO

Drunk or not I can start a damn tank.

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VROOM! -- The engine ROARS to life. They are relieved. Low key and businesslike, they don their headsets - It's now unbelievably loud in the tank. Coon-Ass joins Wardaddy and Bible in the turret basket.

WARDADDY

Move out!

Gordo double-clutches and shifts into first. The tank lurches. Bible presses his eye to the gunsight...

Wardaddy rotates the turret with his THUMBSWITCH, looking outside through a PERISCOPE.

BEHIND GORDO -- We see the turret basket rotating, the legs of Wardaddy, Bible and Coon-Ass standing inside - It's an impressive sight...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Forward! Pick it up! Forward!

The tank RATTLES. CLANKS and SHUDDERS. Ammo cases, weapons, C-rations vibrate. We are in the belly of the beast.

KABOOM-BOOM-BOOM! -- Shells explode dangerously close. The tank shudders. Gordo clutches, shifts into second. Stomps the gas. The tank builds speed. Wardaddy SEES the road...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Drive! Left. Left. Left.

ON GORDO - Turning the tank with the two big steering levers. He whips it onto the road, upshifts into third gear. The tank builds speed - Moving surprisingly fast.

Gordo can sure drive a tank. Eyes riveted to his periscope. Gas, oil, blood and piss sloshing over his boots. Red's body in the seat next to him.

Leaving the CRASHING artillery behind...

Out of immediate danger, Wardaddy opens his hatch and takes his normal position - Exposed from the chest up in the commander's hatch. He grips a captured German assault rifle, grimly scanning for threats with his cold hard eyes.

The Fury has escaped. Her crew is neither grateful or relieved. There is work to do. The war is not over...

EXT. BATTALION AREA - DAY

A farmer's field has been overrun by a travelling circus of death - An American Armored Battalion. A couple thousand men. A couple hundred vehicles. The TIRED MEN load TIRED VEHICLES for another day on the attack. Months of spearheading into Germany have taken their toll.

A BOOMING ARTILLERY BATTERY pumps rounds into German targets miles away. The BLACK DRIVERS of the Redball Express Trucks unload heaps of supplies from their trucks.

MECHANICS, CLERKS, COOKS and MPs move with purpose. INFANTRYMEN clean weapons. A CHAPLAIN gives last rites outside the surgery tent as MEDICS line up more litters of **WOUNDED MEN.**

A hundred GERMAN PRISONERS sit listlessly behind barbed wire. A BULLDOZER plows a heap of dead Germans into a pit.

A ROW OF FIFTEEN SHERMAN TANKS -- Their busy CREWS ready them for another day's push into Germany. The tankers stop working and stare in amazement.

HERE COMES THE FURY -- Driving up fast, it deftly spins and parks perfectly alongside the newer, cleaner tanks. SERGEANT DAVIS, commander of the Lucy Sue shakes his head.

SGT. DAVIS

Thought you were dead Collier.

WARDADDY

The Devil watches over his own.

Wardaddy jumps down. A pair of MEDICS approach the tank with a litter. Wardaddy and Gordo haul Red's corpse out of the tank and lay him onto the litter.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Take care of him. He was a good man.

The Medic SEES the top of Red's head is gone.

MEDIC

You said you had wounded. We're not graves registration.

WARDADDY

Take good care of him. Or I'll take good care of you.

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Wardaddy pats his assault rifle with menace. The Medics trade looks and depart with the body. Gordo crawls under the tank and passes out in the mud.

LIEUTENANT PARKER approaches Wardaddy. Young and fresh, he has just a month with the outfit. He's intimidated by Wardaddy, this tough tanker hard tempered by war's hammer.

LT. PARKER

Sergeant I was afraid you were dead. I'm awful sorry about T-5 Conley.

WARDADDY

It's Red. We call him Red.

LT. PARKER

Sure. Where's the rest of Third Platoon?

WARDADDY

We're it.

LT. PARKER

What happened out there?

WARDADDY

Another goddamned green Lieutenant happened.

LT. PARKER

What do I tell the Captain?

WARDADDY

Tell him we drove straight into a strongpoint. Two Kraut tanks were dug in like pillboxes. I got 'em both. After they got everyone else.

LT. PARKER

We're moving again. Headquarters section's already folding. You're in my Platoon now. We're assigned to check out a town while main unit bypasses.

WARDADDY

A goddamned flank guard mission?

Wardaddy nods at the Fury. Looking even more ragged in the daylight.

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WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Lieutenant, I gotta short in the master switch box. Steering linkage is rattling. Engine's losing compression. Oil's in the radiator. Bogies need rubber. There's a 75 gouge on the turret that'll take twenty pounds of welding rod to fill in. She's a mess. So's my crew.

LT. PARKER

Make ready to depart the company area on my order.

WARDADDY

Yessir. Fuck my life.

The young officer spins on his heels and walks off. Wardaddy looks at Bible and Coon-Ass, staring at him from atop the tank. Just crushed. Beaten, exhausted. Spent.

COON-ASS

Parker's douchebag. We working for that Yankee fool now?

WARDADDY

Don't you worry about him. You work for me. Restock ammo and rations. Wake up Gordo. Have him top off the water and gas. Do what you can about the mechanical issues.

Wardaddy walking away.

BIBLE

Where you going?

WARDADDY

The latrine to take a shit. I ain't shit in a week.

NORMAN ELLISON a shiny new Private with a dufflebag intercepts Wardaddy.

NORMAN

Sergeant Collier?

WARDADDY

Maybe. What the fuck are you?

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NORMAN

Private Ellison. I was told to report to you. I'm your new Assistant Driver.

WARDADDY

Lookit you. Crisp and green like a new dollar bill. Puppy breath and all.

Wardaddy lights a smoke. An outgoing volley from the nearby Artillery Company makes Norman flinch.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Don't worry about outgoing. Incoming mail's the issue. Nazis can drop an 88 shell in your hip pocket from two miles out.

Wardaddy directs him to the Fury.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

That's home. Do what you're told. And don't get too close to no one.

Wardaddy walks off. Norman approaches the tank. Bible and Coon-Ass scrutinize the newcomer. Gordo slides out from under the hull, bathed in mud. The three feral tankers eye Norman. Gordo grabs Norman's dufflebag and searches it. Norman afraid to stop him.

NORMAN

Which way's the front?

Bible gestures in a wide circle.

BIBLE

All around us. Kid, this is Germany. We're surrounded by Krauts.

Norman sees a YOUNG TANKER running in circles holding an M1 rifle above his head. Yelling this:

YOUNG TANKER

I'm a shithead! I'm a shithead! I'm a shithead! I'm a shithead!

NORMAN

What's that about?

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CONTINUED: (4)

BIBLE

He was cleaning a machine gun and didn't unload it. Nearly killed a Sergeant. Lucky he didn't get stomped into the mud.

Norman swallows hard. Looks around. Gordo angrily looks up from Norman's dufflebag.

GORDO

Where's your cigarettes?

NORMAN

I don't smoke.

GORDO

Well then you're a bastard.

Gordo tosses Norman's dufflebag in the mud. Norman looks stricken.

BIBLE

You go to tank school?

NORMAN

I've never seen inside a tank. I'm a clerk typist. I was going to Fifth Corps HQ. They pulled me off the truck and sent me here. It's gotta be a mistake.

COON-ASS

Ain't a mistake. Army does what it does.

BIBLE

Kid, you from Missouri?

Norman shakes his head: "No".

GORDO

Chicago?

Norman shakes his head: "No".

COON-ASS

Arkansas?

NORMAN

No, I'm from --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

COON-ASS

-- No one gives a damn where you're from.

Gordo offers him his canteen. Norman politely takes a swig. Spits it out.

NORMAN

It tastes like hornet stings.

GORDO

You don't drink?

NORMAN

Nuh-uh. Especially that.

Gordo snatches back his canteen.

GORDO

I hate you.

BIBLE

You a praying man?

NORMAN

I go to church.

BIBLE

Do you subscribe? Are you saved?

NORMAN

I'm baptized.

BIBLE

That's not what I'm asking. And you know it. Wait until you see it.

NORMAN

See what?

BIBLE

What a man can do to another man.

GORDO

Reverend-pastor-deacon Swan here was in a preacher factory when he got drafted.

BIBLE

It's called divinity college.

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CONTINUED: (6)

COON-ASS

Praise Sweet Jesus. Thank you for the war dear sweet, sweet Jesus. Thank you for all the goddamned Nazi's to kill.

BIBLE

Norman. There two are wicked men. Albeit amusing. You better grab hold of Jesus. He's the one thing that won't rattle you loose.

NORMAN

... Sure...

Coon-Ass pulls open the Bow Gunner's hatch.

COON-ASS

Here boy. Here's your seat. Get a bucket of hot water from the kitchen and get it clean. Amish clean.

Norman's face drops when he peers inside...

INT. FURY - DAY

Minutes later. Norman kneels awkwardly over the transmission as he scrubs off blood with a rag. He pauses to stare at the big belt fed machine gun - Also spattered with blood. He cleans it gently. As if afraid of waking a dangerous animal.

Norman removes blood spattered pin-up girls. And a photo of Red's wife - The tough cattle ranching woman who has no idea her man is dead. He reaches for a photo of Red in cowboy regalia astride a horse -- And freezes...

WHAT HE SEES -- Blonde hair, an ear, a single blue eye. Half of Red's face.

EXT. ASSEMBLY POSITION - DAY

Love Company's tanks are being readied for combat. Gas tanks are filled. Equipment is oiled and clean. Ammo loaded. Busy green monkeys scrambling over big green turtles.

ON THE FURY: Coon-Ass and Bible load ammo into the turret. Wardaddy and Gordo tighten track links with wrenches.

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Norman scrambles out of the tank and tumbles over the side. Landing on his hands and knees, he vomits his ham and eggs into the mud...

Coughing and sputtering he looks up in time to see a 6x6 truck roll by, filled with a heap of corpses. German and American. Legs and arms sticking out. It looks like they are waving "Hi" to the young soldiers...

Norman wants to cry. The Fury's crew stares at him. Blank faced. No sympathy.

BIBLE

Get back in there. It's not going to clean itself.

Norman stands, brushes off the mud. About to climb back in the tank, he pauses and stares with his mouth agape.

Two TIRED GI'S escort and SS SERGEANT. His hands tied behind his back with bailing wire. His head is SWOLLEN like a watermelon. Puffy slits for eyes, blood slicked hair. He's taken a serious beating.

WARDADDY

Why ain't he sleepin'?

TIRED GI

G-Two wants a prisoner to question.

WARDADDY

I'll question him.
(in fluent German)
What's your favorite color? You like chicken or beef? You a good dancer? You like fat girls?

The stoic prisoner blinks with confusion...

THWICK! -- Wardaddy buries his knife in the SS Sergeant's chest. Smack in the heart. And works it side to side.

The GI's shake their heads with weary dismay. Bible and Coon-Ass pull Wardaddy away. Gordo cackles with delight.

TIRED GI

Okay, that kind of thing's gonna get you in a lot of trouble.

WARDADDY

We ain't here to ask them questions.

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CONTINUED: (2)

The Tired GI's drop their prisoner. They look at Wardaddy like getting ready to do something about it. Coon-Ass aims his Tommy gun at them...

COON-ASS

It's a goddamned Kraut. Forget it.

The SS man dies in the mud gasping his last breath. The tired GI's move along.

TIRED GI

I have to tell them what you did.

Wardaddy ignores him. Norman watches the men go, shocked. Wardaddy spits. Wipes his knife clean.

NORMAN

You killed a prisoner of war. In cold blood.

WARDADDY

I know what I did. He's an SS. They're real assholes.

Wardaddy shakes a smoke from his pack. Scratches another notch in his knife with his can opener.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

I kill every SS I can. You'd seen what I seen you would too.

COON-ASS

Fuck every last one. They started it. We're finishing it.

BIBLE

Heinies don't know they're beat. Our Generals smell blood.

COON-ASS

Yep. Ain't nothing stopping the spear from sliding into the enemy's belly.

WARDADDY

We're the spearhead. Done any killing?

Norman shakes his head: no.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

You will.

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CONTINUED: (3)

Wardaddy shoves an ugly stamped metal submachine-gun into Norman's hands. The GIs call it a "greasegun". The Lieutenant returns from the Company Command Post...

LT. PARKER

First Platoon TC's! See me now.

The first Platoon TANK COMMANDERS wander over to the Lieutenant. WARDADDY, SGT. BINKOWSKI, SGT. DAVIS and SGT. PETERSON, all rough men who can kick ass in a bar fight.

SGT. BINKOWSKI

I see you sir. I see you.

LT. PARKER

Here's the big picture. Main Unit's going East. We're going North on a flank guard mission. We'll tie up with Baker Company from the 41st. Sergeant Collier is with us now. He'll be acting Platoon Sergeant.

SGT. PETERSON

That's fine with me. Glad to have you Don.

WARDADDY

Sir, saying you get picked off? Mind showing me the overlay where we're going?

LT. PARKER

Sure, Collier. Kansas point Dog. After that we're working for Captain Waggoner. Any questions?

SGT. BINKOWSKI

You started shaving?

Lt. Parker disregards the dig...

LT. PARKER

First Platoon! Mount up and move out!

The five tank commanders cross to their waiting tanks. Wardaddy makes the "crank it up" hand sign. Gordo slides in the driver's hatch and starts the Fury.

The other four tanks start up - their ENGINES ROAR. The 25 men of 1st Platoon take their fighting positions in side the steel beasts. Wardaddy mounts the Fury. Norman too. One man confident and seasoned. The other clumsy and hesitant.

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CAMERA FINDS - A CORPORAL arguing with Sgt. Davis.

CORPORAL

I can't go out! I can't do it! And
you can't make me!

Sgt. Davis punches the man. And shoves him into the Bow
Gunner's hatch. It's like stuffing a cat in a bathtub.

WARDADDY

Battle fatigue case. Good man. He's
got his limit. We got ours.

COON-ASS

Ought'a be psycho'ed to the rear.

The Corporal extends his hand from the hatch, just his hand.
He's hold a LIVE GRENADE.

BOOM! -- It blows the Corporal's hand clean off, shreds his
forearm. Sgt. Davis is livid.

SGT. DAVIS

Bless you heart. You done went and
did it. Get on, boy. Go suck your
mama's titty milk. Get on out of
here you yellow fuck.

The Corporal climbs out of the hatch, slides down the front
of the tank and trudges toward an ambulance clutching his
shattered arm. Norman saw everything. He looks at Wardaddy,
amazed and confused. Who just shrugs and locks and loads his
big .50 Cal machine gun.

WARDADDY

Guess he didn't want to go. Drive!
Move out.

The Fury falls in behind Lt. Parker's tank. Then Sgt. Davis'
tank. Then Peterson and Binkowski's tanks.

The 5 tanks of 1st PLATOON move out in a column. Each tank
running over the dead SS Sergeant - Flattening him into the
mud. No sentimentality here. It's just business.

EXT. TASK FORCE PERIMETER - DAY

The Five Sherman Tanks are on the road heading East. They
pass the OUTPOST TANK - Marking the scrimmage line between
the American Army and the Nazis.

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OUTPOST SENTRY

Go fuck yourself Wardaddy! You owe me forty bucks.

Wardaddy waves goodbye. The tank column passes a field where dozens of foxholes are filled with INFANTRYMEN. At the sound of a WHISTLE a hundred ragged green men emerge from the earth like spawning locusts and shuffle towards waiting trucks.

ON NORMAN - Sitting in the Bow Gunner's seat, his hatch open. The ass of the Lieutenant's Tank spewing exhaust and dust in his face. The Lieutenant keeps glancing back at Gordo, sitting in the Driver's hatch. Gordo takes quick sips from a wine bottle between the young officer's disapproving glances.

GORDO

We get hit, we're gonna burn out. And we're gonna burn out fast. Our tanks are shit boxes. German guns punch through them like butter. See this...

He points at a hatch in the floor under his seat.

GORDO (CONT'D)

We get hit. I'm gone. Right through here. I ain't waiting for you. I ain't helping you. Got that?

NORMAN

Okay. Thank you.

Norman looks up at Wardaddy in the Commander's hatch. He looks like he was born like that - An iron centaur, half man half tank. Wardaddy speaks to him through the intercom...

WARDADDY

Kid, you hear me, you plugged in?

Norman fumbles with the intercom switch, replies:

NORMAN

I hear you, Sergeant.

WARDADDY

Don't fire that bow gun until I tell you. Got that? Don't want you plastering our guys.

NORMAN

Okay, Sarge.

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CONTINUED: (2)

Gordo kills off his bottle of wine, throws it at the back of the Lieutenant's tank, shattering it.

GORDO

Kid, you play cards? Blackjack?
Poker?

NORMAN

No. I don't play cards.

GORDO

You motherfucker.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Farmer's fields on either side. The tank column passes an OLD FARMER riding a hay wagon pulled by two old horses. Columns of black smoke rise in the distance. Wardaddy spreads his map on the turret. Marks their destination. Coon-Ass opens his hatch, next to Wardaddy's.

WARDADDY

What a chicken shit job. A goddamned side mission while main unit leapfrogs us. We need any support we're fucked.

COON-ASS

Ain't this fucking war over yet?

WARDADDY

We're two hundred miles from Berlin. Get there just over a week.

COON-ASS

I'm in no hurry to get murdered in Berlin. Kids pouring bushels of grenades in our hatches. Wine bottles full'a gasoline. No thank you, ma'am.

WARDADDY

I don't want it to end.

COON-ASS

I'm ready to ship home. Work at the hog farm, marry me a little thing to make me pies and babies.

WARDADDY

I never planned on surviving this thing.

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COON-ASS

A pretty little mama with a mess of cousins. Eat their pies too.

WARDADDY

I'll keep looking at poker until I get my head shot off. Die owing every dripping dick in the battalion a stack of money.

COON-ASS

Hurry up. You're running out of war.

WARDADDY

Don't I know it.

COON-ASS

You just wanna keep killing people. You need it like you need breathing. Can't do it back home. Not for long at least.

WARDADDY

I got no home.

COON-ASS

If I get it first, you gotta promise to bury me face down.

WARDADDY

So you find your way to hell quicker?

COON-ASS

So the whole damn world can kiss my ass.

VROOM! - A P47 fighter flies over. So low that can count the rivets on the wings. It quickly vanishes over the horizon.

ON NORMAN - Watching with fascination. He SEES another P47 fast approaching.

VROOM! - It passes directly overhead.

PAK-PAK-PAK-PAK-PAK! - A German anti-aircraft gun opens up. 600 yards away it's well camouflaged in a group of trees.

It blows the wing off the low-flying fighter plane.

The aircraft corkscrews into a field and EXPLODES VIOLENTLY as its bomb load detonates. Sudden. Shocking.

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CONTINUED: (2)

ON WARDADDY - Spinning the turret with his thumb switch, he lines up a shot on the anti-aircraft gun's position.

WARDADDY

Anti-aircraft! Two O'clock. Six hundred yards. HE! Fire when ready!

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Bible presses his face against the gun's telescopic sight. He makes fine adjustments to the azimuth and elevation wheels of the cannon. Then stomps the firing pedal...

BIBLE

On the way!

KABOOM! - The gun recoils violently several feet, rocking the tank. Coon-Ass immediately loads another shell into the breech - It slams shut - KERCHACK!

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

ON NORMAN - Buffeted by the muzzle blast. He SEES the cannon shell - a glowing fireball - Arc into the German position.

KABOOM! - A direct hit. The distant target explodes with a high order detonation - Burning and exploding ammunition rains down around it.

WARDADDY

Love One-Two for Love-One. Target destroyed. We should head over there. Might be more Krauts to bag.

LT. PARKER

Negative, Collier. We're on a timetable.

They continue on their way. Leaving the carnage behind them.

Norman watches the greasy column of smoke from the crashed fighter and the destroyed German gun recede in the distance. It all happened so fast. His first taste of combat and he never saw an enemy soldier.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The five tanks turn onto a paved road. It is crowded with REFUGEES - A long ragged column of German civilians fleeing the bombings and marauding Russians to the East. OLD MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN, once proud faces not dirty and scared.

ON WARDADDY - Warily eyeing the flood of refugees. There's a 19th Century carriage being pushed by women. A car is pulled by horses.

WARDADDY

Okay. Button up. There might be a wolf hiding in the sheep. Kid, cast an eyeball on 'em. Anyone makes a move you cut them right in half. Do what you need to do. If people are in the way, that's their problem. You copy?

NORMAN

I copy.

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Gordo and Norman close their hatches. Norman looks at the machine gun. Hesitant. Gordo reaches over and cocks it for him - KERCHACK!

GORDO

Gun's ready. Just pull the trigger. Every five rounds is a tracer. So you can see what you're hitting. Remember, short bursts. That way you'll harvest more meat per bullet.

Norman REACTS. Looks through his periscope.

NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV - The world as seen through a rectangular piece of glass. He just sees a tired mass of people. Pathetic and harmless.

EXT. PAVED ROAD - DAY

The Refugees move aside for the tanks. Among them are a dozen SOLDIERS - Schoolboy draftees - With no appetite for a fight. They toss aside their weapons and raise white handkerchiefs. Wardaddy, from his position high in the turret towers over them, aims his assault rifle at them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDADDY

(in German)

Keep walking. American lines are that way. Keep going. Hands up high. There you go. Move.

Lt. Parker is 50 feet ahead in his tank, he handsignals for Wardaddy to speed up. The tanks speed past the line of refugees. Tanks don't like people near them.

I/E. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Gordo opens his hatch. Norman does the same. Grateful he didn't have to shoot anyone. They pass a pretty girl on a bicycle. She smiles at Norman.

GORDO

There you go, boy. She'll let you fuck her for a chocolate bar.

NORMAN

That's not true.

GORDO

That's not true? Okay. It's not true.

COON-ASS

It's true. You can liberate her ass for a D-Ration bar. Or some smokes. Don't give her a whole pack. Four will do it.

BIBLE

Ignore them. Don't disappoint Christ. Don't let them lead you astray.

WARDADDY

We can kill 'em but we can't fuck 'em. Right? Cuz it's in the bible.

BIBLE

I'm done trying to convert you heathens. Mind if I continue invading Germany?

WARDADDY

You think Jesus loves Hitler?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIBLE

I would assume so. And if Hitler accepted Jesus in his heart and got baptized, he'd be saved. Won't save him from man's justice.

WARDADDY

What about your regular issue Nazi line trooper? He going to heaven?

BIBLE

You've been asking these same dumb questions for three years. You know where I stand.

COON-ASS

Please save me. Sing me a hymn. Sing me "The Old Rugged Cross". Sing it boy.

Coon-Ass tickles Bible. For all their back and forth, they're closer than brothers.

BIBLE

Stop, fool. I'll shoot you.

WARDADDY

Knock off the horseplay.
(a beat, then)
Boyd, you think Hitler would fuck one of us for a chocolate bar?

BIBLE

I hope so. I'd give it to him good. Slide this cannon right up his backside and punch out a Supercharge. Send the sonofabitch straight to Hell.

COON-ASS

That's awful Christian of you.

EXT. PAVED ROAD - DAY

The 5 tanks steadily approach their objective. Telegraph poles line the road. From those poles hang four YOUNG BOYS, about 10 or 11 - Big signs around their necks.

The men in the Fury stare at the dead children. Wardaddy is face to face with them. He's up so high.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIBLE

What do the signs say?

Wardaddy paraphrases the German scrawls on the signs.

WARDADDY

"I'm a coward and refused to fight
for the German people."

(sadly)

Kids. They're just kids.

Then the body of a HOUSEWIFE.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

"I helped traitors to Germany."

Norman gasps, looking at the bodies. Stunned by the senseless cruelty.

GORDO

They did that shit in France and
Belgium. Now they're doing it to
their own people. Let 'em rip
themselves to pieces.

The tank column continues.

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Norman watches the world go by through his periscope block.
Seeing Germany through the small glass prism...

Norman's PERISCOPE POV - MOVEMENT in the ditch alongside Lt.
Parker's tank - An 11 Y.O. HITLER YOUTH aims a Panzerfaust
anti-tank rocket at the Lieutenant's tank - He's a scared
child, fear on his face, trembling.

Norman can't believe what he's seeing - He hesitates.

EXT. PAVED ROAD - DAY

FWOOSH! - The Hitler Youth fires the rocket. It slams square
into the side of Lt. Parker's tank...

KABOOM! - A perfect hit on the ammunition storage. The result
is instant and catastrophic as a jet of molten steel ignites
the cannon ammunition...

A column of intense flame erupts from the commander's hatch
like a giant blow torch. Lt. Parker is immolated like a human
candle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDADDY aims his assault rifle at the Hitler Youth...

BRDDDDT! - Drops him with a burst. Two more HITLER YOUTH decide they are done playing soldier and take off running...

BRDDDDT!-BRDDDDT! - Wardaddy smokes the little fuckers too...

The four other tanks spread out into a cover formation...

The burning tank rolls to a stop. The Driver's hatch opens. The DRIVER crawls out - Flops on the ground, burning alive, he pulls his pistol from his shoulder holster...

BAM! - And shoots himself in the head.

Wardaddy and the other three tank commanders scanning for more Germans. All clear. Into radio...

WARDADDY

Keep an eye out.

Wardaddy climbs out of his hatch. Coon-Ass covers him with a big .50 Cal machine gun.

Wardaddy approaches the burning tank. AMMUNITION begins to EXPLODE. It is a total loss. No survivors.

Wait - The BOW GUNNER'S hatch opens. Belching fire and smoke. The A-DRIVE flails in the open hatch. Roasting alive. Trapped. Hopeless.

BRDDDDT! - Wardaddy finishes him off. Then, he crosses to the Hitler Youth in the ditch - He's still alive. Wardaddy kicks him. Reloads his rifle.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

(German)

You happy now you little shit? You should be in school drinking milk. You didn't have to fight us you idiot.

Wardaddy aims his weapon - BRDDT! - Ends the boy's short lived war. He returns to the Fury. BANGS on Norman's hatch with his gun butt.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Norman, open this goddamn hatch you cocksucker.

Norman opens the hatch, scared of Wardaddy. Who wouldn't be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Why did you shoot that shithead
when you had the chance?

NORMAN

It happened so fast. He was just a
kid.

Wardaddy gestures at Lt. Parker's burning tank.

WARDADDY

See what a kid can do? That's your
fault. Next fucking German with a
weapon you see, rake the dogshit
out of him. I don't care if it's a
baby with a butter knife in one
hand and mama's left titty in the
other. You chop him up.

Wardaddy walks away leaving Norman destroyed and guilt
wracked. Gordo looks at him, SEES he's falling apart.

GORDO

Okay, look. That stupid kid did
that not you. I froze up before
too. That's why I like driving. You
gotta kill Krauts? It's them or us.
Can you do it?

NORMAN

...I can do it...

GORDO

Okay. Then do it. This makes it
easier.

He offers Norman a bottle of wine. Norman declines. Wardaddy
shouts to Sgt. Davis' tank.

WARDADDY

Alright, Roy. Guess I'm it. I'll
lead the column. Let's get where
we're going.

SGT. DAVIS

Lead the way.

Wardaddy climbs into the Fury's turret. Double checks his
map. Into his mic:

WARDADDY

Move out, driver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Gordo puts the tank in gear and leads the column forward.

EXT. PAVED ROAD - INTERSECTION - DAY

INFANTRYMEN dig foxholes. Eat chow. Clean weapons. Play cards. There are several HALF-TRACKS and TRUCKS. Two huge columns of thick black smoke rise from just over the next hill. The four tanks approach. An American INFANTRY SERGEANT flags them down.

WARDADDY

Gordo, stop 'er here.
(to the Sergeant)
Baker Company?

INFANTRY SERGEANT

Yessir.

WARDADDY

I'm not a sir.

INFANTRY SERGEANT

Where's your boss?

WARDADDY

Dead.

INFANTRY SERGEANT

Who's in charge 'a this column?

WARDADDY

I am.

INFANTRY SERGEANT

I'm talking to the right man. Park it. Old man's waiting over there.

EXT. FARMER'S FIELD - COMMAND HALF-TRACK - DAY

The Infantry Sergeant leads Wardaddy to a COMMAND HALF-TRACK full of radios. A couple RADIOMEN monitor the CHATTER.

IN B.G.: A MORTAR CREW fires rounds at distant German positions.

INFANTRY SERGEANT

Sir, tankers are here.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER turns toward Wardaddy. This is an Officer he can respect. Rugged, solid. Big calloused hands. A confident veteran.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN WAGGONER

How many tanks you got?

WARDADDY

Four.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER

I asked for ten. Here's the deal - I got a platoon pinned in a sugar beet field by machine guns. I sent my tracks in an they got knocked out. The Boche as a 75 dug in and I need you to destroy it. They're not old men and kids. It's a regular Wehrmacht outfit. Help me kill them. Then we'll push into town and kill the rest of the bastards. Main unit has Time on Target and aviation priority. So we're on our own. I know who you are and I know you know what you're doing. Let's get it done.

Wardaddy likes this guy. He taps the Captain's map.

WARDADDY

Seeing as they're covering this road. Mind if I come in this way? Hit their flanks and roll 'em up.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER

Do what you see fit. Just paste them hard. They murdered some good boys today. Why don't they just quit?

WARDADDY

Would you?

Point taken. Wardaddy walks away.

EXT. BAKER COMPANY FORWARD LINE - DAY

Minutes later. MEDICS tend to four wounded GIs. Two dead GIs are laid across the hood of a Jeep. Nearby a couple GUNNERS in HALF-TRACKS fire bursts from their .50 Cals into the distant German positions.

Wardaddy's four tanks are in a row. The tank crews prepare them for combat. Weapons and ammo are double checked. Track links are tightened. Norman helps Gordo top off the gas tanks with the help of a BLACK TRUCK DRIVER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDO

This is it. We're gonna see some action.

NORMAN

I'm scared shitless.

GORDO

You'll be so fucking busy you won't have time to be scared.

TRUCK DRIVER

A hero's just as scared as a coward. One quits. One don't.

GORDO

Don't give him no hero bullshit. It's a job. Everybody does their job, you win the game. Like a football team.

TRUCK DRIVER

And the fellow that charges into danger to save his buddies? What is he?

GORDO

A moron.

NORMAN

How's it feel to kill a man? Is it hard?

TRUCK DRIVER

Ever killed a hog? Butchered a hog? It's just like that. Screaming and all.

GORDO

How would you know? Get in a knife fight in the whorehouse shitter back home?

TRUCK DRIVER

They put me on the line in the Bulge. They don't want us killing the white man. Until it's their necks. I killed me a whole bunch. Krauts got real hot when they saw who was doing it. It was just like killing hogs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NORMAN

I'm from the city. I've only seen a cat get hit by an ice wagon.

GORDO

I'm from the city too. Chicago. And I seen lots of animals die. Papa worked in a slaughterhouse cutting up steers with an electric saw. Came up from Mexico to work there. Papa would cut off a piece of meat, swipe some kidneys or a tongue and sneak 'em home. We ate beef every day. I started me there when I was fourteen. On the kill line. Hitting beef cows, old dairy cows, sometimes horses, between the eyes with a twelve pound sledgehammer. Right here.

(taps his forehead)

I'd be head to toe in blood, brains and snot. Whackin' beefs all day until I couldn't move my arms.

NORMAN

I helped in my dad's stationary store. At the register. We sold sundries. Nothing that bled or screamed.

GORDO

Too bad. It's something. The kill line teaches you something.

NORMAN

That it's better to be the man with the hammer?

GORDO

That's right.

INT. FURY - DAY

Coon-Ass and Wardaddy are alone in the turret. Coon-Ass is crying. His nerves are getting the best of him.

COON-ASS

Don, I can't do it. I can't take any more. I don't want to die.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COON-ASS (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm going to slide right out of my skin every time a goddamn shell goes off. I can't do this. I don't got the nerve.

WARDADDY

You can do it. You get worked up. Before an action. That's all.

COON-ASS

This ain't that. This is something different.

WARDADDY

No it's your regular bullshit. You get the jitters. You bitch some and then you're fine. Grady, it's your way.

COON-ASS

Lookit the odds. We got four years of close calls. All the original boys are gone. Dead or mangled. We're it. Me, you and the Mexican. Out of how many? Some guys have been replaced four or five times. Replacement shows up one day. He's dead the next. Why not us?

WARDADDY

Sbut up. Shut your mouth. Don't you spook that kid any more than he's already spooked. We need him.

COON-ASS

Remember that boy from Texas who was running and got hit by a shell? Listen to me. Don. Listen to me.

WARDADDY

I remember.

COON-ASS

And his tank got hit by a Tiger and he bailed out and was running and a cannon shell hit him square in the back and he disappeared but his head flew straight up and landed in a tree. You remember that?

WARDADDY

I said I remember.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COON-ASS

Every night I dream his head's in a tree singing to me. Soft and sweet like my mama's songs when I was a baby. If I close my eyes right now, I'll see him.

WARDADDY

Red's got us all a little sad right now. Grady. Look at my eyes, I'm talking. We gotta help this outfit. Then, you can get shit-yer-pants drunk and fuck some girls or something. How's that sound?

COON-ASS

You gonna drink with me?

WARDADDY

You know I won't do that. I'm the foulest meanest damn drunk you can imagine. I'd stab you in the face and lick the blade clean.

COON-ASS

Fine. I'll drink that nice Cognac we found and roll around with some Nazi split-tails. I'm an ass man you know. Wish I had a stick of butter.

Wardaddy smiles. Coon-Ass is ready to fight.

EXT. BAKER COMPANY FORWARD LINE - DAY

Wardaddy does a final walk around his four tanks. He sees both man and machine are ready for battle. He turns to the two waiting INFANTRY SQUADS - About 20 men.

WARDADDY

Let's kill us some Germans. Mount up.

The tired dogfaces climb aboard the tanks. Wardaddy climbs aboard the Fury. Plugs in his helmet.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Start 'em up and move out.

The tanks start their engines and pull out. Each tank has at least five soldiers riding on top.

EXT. FARMER'S DIRT ROAD - DAY

The four tanks move in a column. Shielded from the enemy by a small low hill. Fury leads the way - An OLD SERGEANT standing behind the turret mans the .50 Cal.

WARDADDY

You know what's waiting for us?

OLD SERGEANT

Yeah, I know.

Wardaddy smiles at the old leathery bastard.

WARDADDY

(into radio)

All tanks this is Wardaddy. Form a shallow right echelon on me. When we hit the flat ground spread out to a hundred yard interval. On my signal we'll drop the doughs and roll up that 75. Everyone copy?

SGT. DAVIS

Love One-Three copies. Wilco.

SGT. PETERSON

One-Four. Roger all.

SGT. BINKOWSKI

This is Five. We got you Daddy.

The column accelerates.

EXT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Wardaddy grinds his teeth in anticipation. The column is now coming around the low hill...

WARDADDY

All thanks halt!

The tanks stop. To the Old Sergeant...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Get 'em off.

OLD SERGEANT

You heard the man. Everyone off!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Soldiers spill off the tanks and take a knee. Close to the front line they stay low and wary. Some of the older salts immediately start digging foxholes.

WARDADDY

All tanks! Move out! Button up!

The column begins to roll again. Hatches are closed. Only the TANK COMMANDERS expose their heads.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD

The tanks churn up dirt as they enter the field. Spread out in the field is a PLATOON OF AMERICAN INFANTRY, laying in shallow trenches they scraped into the dirt between the furrows. They are pinned down by German machine guns. Several are wounded or dead.

WARDADDY

Okay! Fast left! Fast left! Let's go! Start squirting them trees and bushes.

The tanks fire their MACHINE GUNS - Streams of TRACERS from the four tanks probe at any possible hiding place for German men and armor. This is called recon by fire...

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Norman stares through his periscope. Trying to make sense of the world outside the small glass rectangle.

NORMAN

Do I shoot?

GORDO

Yes. Start shooting.

NORMAN

What do I shoot at?

GORDO

Anywhere Nazis might hide.

Norman pulls the trigger. The machine gun jackhammers violently. Adding to the deafening noise of the developing battle. Once over the initial shock of firing the weapon, he smiles, empowered, and hoses every tree and bush in sight.

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CONTINUED:

GORDO (CONT'D)

Don't sit on the trigger! You'll
burn out the barrel!

ON BIBLE - His face pressed against his gunsight. He fires
bursts from the coaxial machine gun using the foot switch.

BIBLE'S GUNSIGHT POV - His tracers rake the distant ditches
and bushes.

SGT. BINKOWSKI

One-Five for Wardaddy. I see a
bunch' Krauts a hundred yards to my
right.

WARDADDY

That's our troops. Do not shoot
them.

SGT. BINKOWSKI

Yeah. Okay I copy.

EXT. BEET FIELD - DAY

The Fury and the other three tanks drive abreast through the
field toward a row of hedges and trees...

There are two BURNING HALF-TRACKS - The source of the black
smoke we saw earlier - Jagged holes in their armored sides.
Surrounded by charred men and burning equipment.

BRDDDDDDT! A GERMAN MACHINE GUN whips a long burst into the
Fury. It sounds like an evil chainsaw. Sandbags, cases of
ammo and Jerrycans of water are torn to shreds.

WARDADDY

Goddammit! Bible hit that machine
gun position! Eight hundred! Fire!

KABOOM! The Main gun fires. The cannon round crashes into the
well camouflaged machine gun position.

BOOM! The high explosive round detonates.

INT. FURY (MOVING)

Coon-Ass jams a fresh round into the breech - KERCHACK! In
his lap and loose at his feet are more big rounds.

COON-ASS

Clear!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bible fires the instant he hears that. KABOOM! The cannon slams back in recoil, ejecting the spent shell. Coon-Ass rams another shell into the breech, punching it in with fist - KERCHACK! - The breech block slams shut...

COON-ASS (CONT'D)

Clear.

KABOOM! - The gun fires. Recoils and ejects. Coon-Ass reloads. This veteran crew works like a Swiss watch.

EXT. BEET FIELD

BOOM! The last round nails the gun - Cartwheeling a GERMAN SOLDIER through the air like a ragdoll.

WARDADDY

Okay! Cease fire. That's target destroyed.

Wardaddy sees a tank has turned the wrong way.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Wardaddy for One-Five. Where are you going? Head North.

SGT. BINKOWSKI

I'm heading North.

WARDADDY

Dammit. Binkowski. No you are not. Turn right! Turn right! Head for that stand of trees and check it out.

SGT. BINKOWSKI

One-Five copies. Wilco.

Wardaddy SEES another of his tanks about to run over American soldiers.

WARDADDY

Love One-Three! Fox Romeo! Pull your right brake! You got troops right in front of you! Get your head out of your ass!

Love 1-3 swerves at the last second, just avoiding crushing several men. Wardaddy is already looking for the next problem to solve. It's like herding cats.

INT. FURY (MOVING)

The tank is now a loud, smoky reverberating metal chamber of engine noise and gunfire. Norman is getting the hang of it.

Firing the weapon into haystacks. Trees. Anywhere a German may be hiding. Empty shells cover the floor at his feet...

CLACK! - He runs out of ammunition. He grabs another box of ammo. Reloads the hot gun.

CRACK!-WHOOSH! - A hidden German cannon fires a high velocity round that rips right past Wardaddy's head. It's a tank killer and a grave danger...

WARDADDY

Fuck! Where's that gun! Who sees it? Who sees the gun shooting us?

SGT. PETERSON

One-Four for Wardaddy. It's ours. I think that's a howitzer from the company area.

WARDADDY

Bullshit! It's not ours. It's a Kraut high velocity gun. I can hear it whistling. Where the fuck is it?!

CRACK-WHOOSH-KTANG! The hidden German cannon fires again, hitting Love One-Four. Fortunately, the round glances off and careens into the sky.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Believe me now?!

SGT. PETERSON

Anti-tank! Right front! Right front! Nine hundred!

Love 1-4 fires its main gun at the hidden German cannon...

KABOOM! VREEE! The tank round falls short, hit the ground and ricochets sharply. All four tanks begin to fire at the cannon's position.

KABOOM-KABOOM-KABOOM! Round after round detonates in quick succession. Stripping the stand of trees bare. Splintering their trunks.

KAWOOP! Success! The cannon position detonates with a greasy black explosion - THEN...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRACK-WHOOSH! A second 75mm Anti-tank gun opens fire!

KTANG! Love 1-4 is hit again. The German cannon round makes a massive burst of sparks and ricochets away.

SGT. PETERSON (CONT'D)

I'm hit. Pulling back!

WARDADDY

There's another gun! Who sees it?

INT. FURY (MOVING)

Norman fires his machine gun at a more distant group of trees.

NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV - His stream of tracers cuts into a group of trees and suddenly deflects upward - From the camouflaged German ARMOR PLATE hidden there...

NORMAN

There's something there! At, uh, ten O'clock.

INT. BEET FIELD

Wardaddy SEES the stream of deflected tracer fire.

WARDADDY

Got him! Anti-tank! Left front! One two hundred. HE. Superquick. Gordo, head right at him. Gunner! Traverse left! Steady... On it! Fire!

KABOOM! The Fury's main gun fires - BOOM! - The shell crashes into the cannon position, igniting its stock of ammo.

KABOOM! A massive secondary explosion obliterates the 75mm tank gun.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Target destroyed! Okay, One-Four you're too damn close to me. Maintain your interval. All tanks, move forward. Let's go. Let's clean it up.

The four tanks straighten up their line and drive for the German positions. They near twenty foxholes, each with two GERMAN SOLDIERS inside.

INT. FURY (MOVING)

Norman loading a fresh belt of ammo...

GORDO'S PERISCOPE POV - A GERMAN SOLDIER stands up and aims a Panzerfaust at the Fury.

GORDO

Get him! Kill him!

Norman finishes loading the belt. COCKS the gun. Looks through his periscope.

NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV - BRDDDDT! Bible shreds the German Soldier with the coaxial machine gun.

Beating Norman to the punch. Gordo glares at Norman.

GORDO (CONT'D)

Do your job. Do what you're here for. Do it now.

NORMAN

I was loading the gun.

Norman grits his teeth and begins firing. Moving the gun from side to side. Utterly lacking in finesse.

EXT. BEET FIELD - GERMAN FOXHOLES - DAY

The four tanks hose down the foxholes with their machine guns. Several Germans jump up and wave white handkerchiefs in surrender. They are shot down.

Wardaddy SEES a machine gun position - Three GERMANS cower behind their dug-in heavy machine gun.

WARDADDY

Machine gun, twelve o'clock. Gordo!
Run them bastards over!

Gordo guns the engine. The Fury lurches forward. The three Germans try to flee from their foxhole.

It is too late - Two of them are crushed. The third man cringes at the bottom of the deep hole. Gordo stops over him. Works the steering levers back and forth...

The tank turns from side to side, grinding apart the German position, burying the last man alive. The four tanks continue firing their machine guns into the foxholes. Chewing apart the huddle GERMAN SOLDIERS.

INT. FURY (MOVING)

Gordo turns to Norman.

GORDO

Squirt them Krauts there. On yer left. See 'em?

NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV - There is a cluster of dead German Soldiers, cut down when they tried to run for it.

NORMAN

The dead bodies? They're already dead.

GORDO

You a doctor? How you know they're dead? Hit 'em. So they can't jump up and shoot us in the ass.

Norman looking at Gordo. He just can't do it. Gordo shakes his head in frustration. And turns the tank toward the bodies and runs them over.

Norman begins to cry. Not simply a tear down the cheek but a roar of anguish, good honest pain...

NORMAN

I can't be here. I can't be here.

WARDADDY

Turn your goddamn intercom off it you're gonna ball like that!

EXT. BEET FIELD - GERMAN FOXHOLES

The Fury turns side to side grinding dead Germans into the mud. Wardaddy gets on to the big .50 Cal machine gun...

RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT! He fires into the foxholes, chewing up dirt, men, and equipment.

Soon the German dead have all been adequately "double tapped" by the four tanks. An everyday procedure. The firing slackens. And stops. Just the occasional burst from a tank's BOW or COAX MACHINE GUN.

WARDADDY

All tanks. Let's hold here. One-Four. You better take care of that fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The packs on Love 1-4 are still burning. Wardaddy looks behind them and SEES the pinned Platoon from Baker Company rise to their feet. These are the men the tanks have just rescued. There is no celebration. No back slapping.

The Infantry Soldiers know that only more hard fighting awaits them. The men they dropped off have moved up. The two platoons of soldiers inspect the Kraut foxholes...

A couple CREWMAN in Love 1-4 douse their burning packs with fire extinguishers. Then cut them off.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Wardaddy for Love-Four and Five.
Pull up there fifty yards and cover
that road.

SGT. PETERSON (V.O.)

Love one-four wilco.

WARDADDY

Love One-Six for Baker Six. We
cleared out the machine guns and
the anti-tank. You're fine to roll
up your vehicles.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER (V.O.)

Baker Six copies. We're gonna catch
up and then we'll push into town.

WARDADDY

Love One-Six copies.

Wardaddy slides out of the turret. Encounters the Old Sergeant waving his men forward...

OLD SERGEANT

First Platoon get up here and get
this trash policed up! Second
Platoon pass through and dig in
along that ditch. I want an outpost
on that hill.

The Old Sergeant gives Wardaddy a grateful nod.

The 1st Platoon Soldiers search the dead. Taking watches and rings. Anything of value. 2nd Platoon (the soldiers that Wardaddy just rescued) stand and move forward to establish a new defensive line. Some don't get up. The MEDICS search for injured among the dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POW! A Soldier finishes off a wounded German - The German's body is missing from the waist down. Wardaddy bangs on Norman's hatch. Norman opens it with trepidation.

WARDADDY

I had the best Assistant Driver in the entire Ninth Army in that seat. Now I got you. I promised my crew a long time ago I'd keep them alive. You're getting in the way of that. It ain't like the newsreels up front.

NORMAN

I'm sorry. Okay? I'm trained to type 60 words a minute, not machine gun dead bodies. I'm trying my best. Maybe you've never been scared, but I'm so damn scared I can't breathe. I got three hours in a tank. Three. How many do you got?

Backtalk?! From this peachfuzzy teenager? Wardaddy is incredulous.

REDNECK SOLDIER

Hey lookit here we got a live one. Get the fuck outta there boy.

A feral, dirt-shiny REDNECK SOLDIER drags a middle-aged GERMAN CORPORAL out of a foxhole. The man is terrified. Trembling. He's the last German alive - now surrounded by dozens of pissed off American troops. Dark unshaven faces. Eyes burning with fever and exhaustion.

The Old Sergeant makes a throat cutting motion. The Platoon Soldier is about to shoot the German Corporal...

WARDADDY

Hang on.

Wardaddy yanks Norman out of his hatch. Holds him by the neck, he frogmarches him over to the German Corporal. Who has pictures of his wife and kids in his hand.

GERMAN CORPORAL

Meine kinder! Meine frau!

WARDADDY

Halt die Fresse!

Wardaddy slaps the pictures from the man's hands. He pulls the .45 From his shoulder holster and hands it to Norman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Wardaddy spins the prisoner and kicks him to the dirt. Norman looking at the big pistol.

Bible watching this unfold from the Fury's turret. Gordo watches from the driver's hatch. Coon-Ass stops tossing out fired cannon shells to watch too.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

You're no goddamned good to me if
you can't kill Krauts. Put a big
fat hole in his back.

Some of the Platoon soldiers pause and watch the show. Others drift away and continue searching dead Germans. There is simply no way Norman can shoot this sobbing father in the back. He looks at Wardaddy with defiance.

NORMAN

No. I'm not doing it.

WARDADDY

Why the hell not?

NORMAN

It's not right.

He hands the pistol back. Wardaddy looks like he's going to hit Norman with it. Instead he holsters it. And walks away.

Then Wardaddy pauses. Thinks to himself: "Fuck this, I'll win this round." He strides back over to Norman. Grabs him by the throat and shoves him to his knees. He holds his .45 To Norman's head.

WARDADDY

We ain't here for right and wrong.
We're here to kill these people.

Platoon Soldiers gather to watch - this is getting interesting. Wardaddy cocks the hammer.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

You or him. Your pick. You or him.

NORMAN

Do it. Kill me.

Norman has called his bluff. Enraged, Wardaddy forces the gun into Norman's - then wrestles the pistol against the back of the German Corporal's neck, who is falling apart sobbing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GERMAN CORPORAL

Nicht shiesen! Bitte! Nich
shiessen!

Wardaddy crams Norman's finger onto the trigger guard and mashes it against the trigger.

BAM! The pistol fires. Into the German's brain stem. Killing him instantly. Norman sags in defeated horror. Wardaddy holsters his pistol and walks away. Leaving Norman on his knees in the mud.

A HUGE DIRTY SOLDIER steps in and rolls the dead German Corporal over - He takes his watch and wedding ring. Bible walks over to Norman. He helps the kid up.

BIBLE

C'mon.

Leads back to the Fury. Where Coon-Ass hands Norman a hot cup of coffee. Norman accepts it gratefully. Wardaddy is by himself smoking a cigarette, maybe feeling a little guilty.

NORMAN

That was a shit show. Was that
supposed to make a man out of me?
My conscience is clean. I'm keeping
it that way.

The Fury crews trade looks. They've all been there. Gordo puts a brotherly arm around Norman.

GORDO

Don's crazy as a shithouse rat. But
he's solid. We've been together
since before Africa. I won't fight
with nobody else.

NORMAN

He's the biggest asshole I ever
met, and I've met a couple.

BIBLE

Ain't no crew stayed together like
we have. And it's because of him.
Look, you did alright. You spotted
that 75 when no one else did.

A kind word. Norman needed it. The crew is starting to accept him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

COON-ASS

First time we got shot at in North Africa, Don shit his drawers. Stunk the tank up real good.

Norman looks at Wardaddy. Unable to imagine him ever afraid.

EXT. ROAD INTO TOWN - DAY

Wardaddy's four tanks lead the men and vehicles of Baker Company to their next objective. Infantry Soldiers ride on the tanks, ten or more on each. They are followed by several **HALF-TRACKS**.

Norman's hatch is open. He looks across at Gordo - who gives him a reassuring nod.

UP IN THE SKY - Flying at 30,000 feet is a massive formation of nearly a 1000 B-17 bombers! A white band of contrails covers the sky. The formation is several miles long. An astounding vision. Around the bomber formation are the corkscrewing contrails of fighters engaged in dogfights.

Norman watching this entranced. The other tankers and soldiers are enthralled by the spectacle. Wardaddy watches the bombers with admiration...

WARDADDY

There you go, boys. Keep pounding them.

There is a bright flash and a bomber falls out of the sky.

The tankers and soldiers watch the distant bomber spin slowly towards the ground like a giant falling maple seed.

The column of men and machines continues up the road. They pass two mangled German Army Horse-drawn Wagons. Shattered by fighter plane rockets, a twisted tangle of dead German soldiers and horses. An OLD WOMAN is hacking off hunks of horseflesh. She glares at the Americans with pure hate.

GORDO

There you go, kid. She's sure as shit fuck you for a chocolate bar.

Norman looking at Gordo. Scandalized by that. Then, he cracks a smile at the sheer absurdity - Norman is starting to become a frontline soldier.

EXT. OUTSIDE A GERMAN TOWN - DAY

The column has halted. The four tanks are spread out abreast. The Infantry Soldiers have dismounted from the tanks and take shelter behind them.

Wardaddy scans the town with German binoculars. His jaw muscles ripple as he grinds his teeth.

WHAT HE SEES - A typical small North German village. Houses and shops clustered around a couple intersections. He gets on the company net...

WARDADDY

Baker Six from Love One-Six. I don't see white sheets. And nobody's out. I think we're looking at a fight. Over.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER (V.O.)

Baker Six copies. Higher wants this place secured by fifteen hundred German O'clock. Go ahead and get in there. Mortar section's standing by. They're all we got so don't get in trouble.

WARDADDY

Baker Six from Love One-Six. Wilco. Commencing assault from LOD now. Over.

Wardaddy grabs the mike for the Platoon net.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

All tank. Listen up, we're going in. Move out. And let's button up until we know what's in there. Love One-Three, take the right, outside that line of buildings. One Four, you take the left, I'll take point on the wedge. Binkowski, you're on me. Stay twenty yards off my ass.

The four tanks move forward toward the town. Love 1-3 and Love 1-4 leave the road and split off around either side of the village. The tanks move slow - so the Platoon Soldiers on foot can keep up.

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - DAY

The Fury enters the sleepy rural village. Nobody is in sight. Except for a bent OLD MAN in a doorway.

WARDADDY

(German)

Grandpa. Where are the German soldiers?

The Old Man points at a HOTEL down the road.

POW! A single rifle shot his the Old Man, dropping him instantly. Wardaddy grabs the hands of his .50 Cal and lets it rip on the Hotel building.

RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT! Thumbsized armor piercing bullets smash into the Hotel. Blasting off chunks of masonry.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Bible, follow my burst. Throw a round of HE into that open second story window.

BIBLE

On the way -

KABOOM! The cannon fire, the round impacts the building.

BOOM! The round EXPLODES dropping most of the second story facade - exposing 6 GERMAN SOLDIERS, stunned by the blast.

POW-POW-POW-POW-POW! The Platoon Soldiers crouched behind the Fury eagerly light them up with their rifles.

INT. FURY (MOVING)

Norman's face is pressed against his periscope.

NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV - A GERMAN SOLDIER runs right in front of the tank. Without thinking Norman opens fire.

BRDDDDDDDT! Dropping the German to the street. His rifle CLATTERS across the cobblestones.

Norman realizes what he did. He leans back and takes a deep breath. Gordo pats his shoulder.

GORDO

That's all it is. Keep going.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDADDY

Good one, kid. Keep stacking 'em up.

Norman wipes the sweat from his brow. Settles in behind the periscope. Hunting for more targets.

EXT. GERMAN TOWN

Platoon Soldiers take cover in doorways. Staying close to walls. They kick in doors and methodically clear each building. The Fury and Love 1-5 slowly advance. Wardaddy is two stories high in his turret...

ON HIS LEFT - A GERMAN SOLDIER in a second story window aims a submachine gun at him...

Wardaddy - Almost face to face with the German - Grabs his assault rifle and aims.

BRDDT - Killing the soldier.

Wardaddy scans the upper stories around him for more threats.

BRDDDDT! A German heavy machine gun opens up. It is cleverly dug into a cellar in the base of a building. Its chainsaw roar echoes off the buildings. Its deadly tracers rake the street...

Two Platoon Soldiers are hit and drop - The Machine gun is too close to the Fury for the tank to get a good shot.

WARDADDY

Binkowski, see that Kraut stinger in the cellar there? Mind giving him what for?

SGT. BINKOWSKI

Sure, Daddy. I'll slap him around. You better button up.

Wardaddy gets inside the turret. Closes his hatch.

INT. FURY (MOVING)

Wardaddy watches through his periscope...

KAPOW! 1-5 fires a High Explosive shell right next to Fury...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOM! The shell blasts a hole in the building's exterior wall. Silencing the machine gun. Falling brickwork lands on the Fury...

EXT. GERMAN TOWN

Wardaddy opens his hatch, bricks cover the tank. A German Soldier staggers out of the exposed building. Bleeding from the ears and disorientated...

Wardaddy pulls his .45 And takes careful aim - POP! Drops him with one shot - Then out of nowhere:

BOOM-KTANG! A German anti-tank shell glances off the turret with a SHOWER OF SPARKS and smashes into the building.

Wardaddy is stunned by the close call. Wiping his eyes, choking on brick dust...

NEW ANGLE - A Small German antitank gun is hidden inside a tailor shop. The crew frantically reloading.

WARDADDY

Antitank! Left! Fox Love!
Phosphorous! Five zero! Fire when
ready!

INT. FURY (MOVING)

We see the amazing skill of an experienced tank crew. Coon-Ass unloads the High Explosive shell in the breech and shoves in a SMOKE ROUND - Bible traverses the turret on the target. Gordo works the steering levers bringing the thick armor of the tank's front to face the enemy gun...

Norman joins in - Firing a long burst into the Tailor shop. His tracer rounds bouncing off the guns armor shield...

EXT. GERMAN TOWN

The Fury and her turret spin quickly - Lining up on the tailor shop.

KABOOM-POW! - The white phosphorous shell detonates inside. Explodes with a white burst of noxious smoke - Spraying burning phosphorous everywhere...

The four man GUN CREW flees into the street. Trailing white smoke - Phosphorous burning deep into their flesh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRDDDDDDDDDT! Norman mows them all down. All four men. Ending their misery.

CLOSE ON NORMAN'S PERISCOPE - We can see his eyes through the glass prism.

INT. FURY (MOVING)

Norman gawks through the periscope at their smoking corpses. It sinks in what he's done. He doesn't like it.

WARDADDY

Gunner, put an HE in there. Smash that gun.

KABOOM-BOOM! The Fury fires a High Explosive shell into the tailor shop. Not taking any chances. The Fury continues forward. Its steel tracks CLANKING on the cobblestones of the tiny farming village. Love 1-5 follows close behind FIRING BURST OF TRACERS into upper story windows.

The Platoon Soldiers filter through the buildings behind them. Checking for enemy soldiers. Small teams of soldiers leapfrogging up the street. All business. Unhurried and cautious.

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - CENTRAL SQUARE - DAY

The Fury and Love 1-5 enter the square and spread out. Each covering their respective sides. A door opens...

Wardaddy swings his .50 Cal on an older man waving a white pillowcase - He's the town BURGERMEISTER. White sheets suddenly appear from several windows. The Burgermeister cautiously approaches the Fury.

BURGERMEISTER

(in German)

Please. Stop shooting. The remaining soldiers wish to surrender. I am trying to save my village. The people have suffered so much.

WARDADDY

(in German)

Thank your buddy Hitler for that. Where are the German soldiers? How many are there and what weapons do they have?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BURGERMEISTER

(in German)

They are in the bank. There are thirty. They are not soldiers. They are children. The SS made them fight.

He points at a DEAD TEENAGER hanging from a lamppost with another of those damn signs "I am a coward".

WARDADDY

(in German)

You tell them to come out with their hands held high and empty.

(in Radio)

All tanks, hold your fire until I say so. I got the mayor here and I think they're surrendering. Binkowski load an HE and get ready to put it in that bank if these people want to test us.

Wardaddy nods for the Burgermeister to go ahead. He crosses to the bank, under dozens of watchful American weapons. Wardaddy scanning the area for threats. It's tense.

The Burgermeister SHOUTS for the soldiers to come out.

AT THE BANK - The front doors open. A line of dejected kids emerges in eclectic uniforms. BOYS and GIRLS. Their hands held high, faces scared.

The Platoon Soldiers surge forward and search them. Among them is an SS OFFICER, his arm in a sling. Wardaddy points him out to the Burgermeister.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

(in German)

Is he the man who has been hanging the children?

The Burgermeister looks nervous - The SS Officer is glaring right at him. Nevertheless, the Burgermeister nods: Yes.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Hey! Shoot that guy! Yeah, him. The SS cocksucker with the busted wing.

Without hesitation, a young SKINNY SOLDIER pulls the SS Officer from the line, aims his Tommy gun at him and...

BRDDDDDT! Stitches the hardened Nazi from crotch to throat. The Burgermeister gives Wardaddy a grateful nod.

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - CENTRAL SQUARE

LATER - The Company vehicles have joined the tanks. With the day's work over for them. Baker Company's SOLDIERS swarm over the town, searching houses, collecting weapons.

SOLDIERS stack the dead Germans. MEDICS treat the wounded. A SOLDIER drags a mattress down the street. Another sits in a big stuffed chair on the sidewalk smoking a cigar.

OLD SERGEANT

Dig in! We're gonna be here a while!

Bible scoops helmet-fulls of empty machine gun brass out of the turret. Gordo sleeps under the tank. Coon-Ass boils water in his helmet over a fire made of broken chair legs.

Norman stands outside the Fury trying to comprehend what he has seen. Wardaddy approaches him. Offers his hand. Norman shakes. Wary of this volatile veteran.

WARDADDY

It wasn't nothing right?

NORMAN

Come again, Sergeant?

WARDADDY

Rubbing out them Heinions. You splashed 'em real good. Wasn't nothing right?

Norman looks at Wardaddy - realizes he NEEDS Norman to agree with him - To agree it's nothing to kill people. As if Norman can give Wardaddy absolution for all the men he's killed. Norman lies and tells him what he wants to hear.

NORMAN

Sure, Sergeant. It wasn't nothing. In fact, I kinda liked it.

Norman is a bad liar. Wardaddy thinks for a moment. Then:

WARDADDY

I want you to see something.

Wardaddy leads Norman down the street - to the front door of the local NAZI PARTY HEADQUARTERS.

INT. GERMAN TOWN - NAZI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Wardaddy pushes the door open. He and Norman gaze upon a shocking sight...

WHAT THEY SEE - There are several dead men and women. The men wear Nazi Party Uniforms, middle-aged fat bureaucrats. The women wear party dresses. Presumably their wives. Empty booze bottles everywhere. Several of the men hold pistols.

WARDADDY

They knew we were coming. So they got drunk as Lords and shot themselves at sun up.

A beat as Norman stares at this man tableau...

NORMAN

Why are you showing me this?

WARDADDY

You know why.

Wardaddy walks away. Norman follows.

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - CENTRAL SQUARE

Wardaddy and Norman head down the street. Two GIs pass them clutching wine bottles - both wear top hats and sunglasses.

WARDADDY

Keep doing what I say. You do that and you'll get through this thing.

CRASH! - SOLDIERS searching a building heave a dumpster out the window. It bursts open on the cobblestone street.

Wardaddy SEES a face in the window on the upper floor of a nearby apartment building. He quickly heads for it.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

C'mon.

NORMAN

What'd you see?

WARDADDY

Krauts.

Wardaddy grabs Norman's greasegun - cocks it and hands it back. He takes the safety off his assault rifle and boots the front door.

INT. GERMAN TOWN - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Wardaddy quickly charges up the stairs...

Norman follows. They reach an apartment door on the top story. Wardaddy POUNDS it with the stock of his assault rifle. A WOMAN opens the door - Her name is IRMA - The fear on her face is plain as day.

WARDADDY

(in German)
Who's in here?

IRMA

(in German)
Just me.

WARDADDY

Bullshit.

Wardaddy forces his way inside.

INT. GERMAN TOWN - WOMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

It has surprisingly modern furniture and decor. Wardaddy quickly searches the place. Norman follows his around like a puppy. Wardaddy checks closets. Cupboards. Anywhere a human being can hide. He enters a bedroom and looks under the bed - SOMEONE is hiding underneath.

WARDADDY

(in German)
Get out of there. Right now. Hurry
up.

Norman watches a gorgeous young lady slide out from under the bed. This is EMMA - she's 18 - Norman's age. Wardaddy helps her up. Norman is transfixed by her.

Wardaddy drags Emma from the bedroom by her wrist. Wardaddy turns to Norman.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Close the door and lock it!

Norman freezes - Things are going to a bad place.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Lock the fucking door!

Norman complies. Slowly closing and locking the front door. Irma is just sick with fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRMA

(in German)
Please, leave her alone.

WARDADDY

(in German)
You said nobody was in here. You
could have gotten her killed.

IRMA

She's my cousin. I'm sorry. Please.
I was afraid of --

WARDADDY

-- I know what you were afraid of.

Wardaddy pushes Emma onto the couch. Then sits down in a chair. He takes off his helmet. Leans his rifle against the wall. Suddenly looking very tired. He looks at Irma.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Get me some hot water. For shaving.
(to Norman)
Sit the fuck down. Put the gun
away. You make me nervous.

Norman stiffly sits on the couch with Emma. It's awkward.
Like a bad blind date.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

What's your name young lady?

EMMA

(in German)
Emma.

WARDADDY

Emma, you know how to cook?

The girl nods: yes. Wardaddy reaches in his musette bag. Digs out a soap dish. He opens it and carefully unwraps four eggs - Precious rare eggs.

Then he takes out a can of coffee. And a can of bacon. He offers the rare treasures to Emma. Her eyes light up and she joyfully accepts them. As a bonus Wardaddy gives her two packs of smokes. She happily joins Irma in the kitchen.

Norman relaxes. Wardaddy isn't here to rape and kill them. Norman takes off his helmet. And takes off his jacket.

INT. GERMAN TOWN - WOMAN'S APARTMENT

In the kitchen - Irma savouring an American cigarette as she cooks bacon and eggs. She sips from her cup of fresh coffee. The first in years.

Norman is asleep on the couch. Wardaddy stands before a pot of steaming hot water. He has peeled off his jacket, overalls and shirt - Hideous burn scars cover his back.

Emma crosses to Norman and gently wakes him, offers him a steaming cup of coffee. Norman smiles at her. He likes her. She smiles back. She likes him. She sits next to him. Thigh to thigh.

Norman SEES Wardaddy's burns and REACTS - Embarrassed by them, Wardaddy puts his shirt back on.

Emma holds Norman's hand. Then tries to pull him off the couch. Norman realizes where this is going. And blushes. He shakes his head: no.

Wardaddy slides a fresh blade in his safety razor.

WARDADDY

She's a good clean girl. You don't take her in that bedroom, I will.

Emma intuits what Wardaddy has said and clings to Norman's arm.

Norman looks at Wardaddy. At the girl. Wardaddy doesn't really want her. But Norman doesn't know that. Norman makes his decision. He leads Emma into the bedroom. She shuts the door behind them.

Wardaddy smiles. Like a proud big brother. He works up a good lather with his shaving brush.

NEW ANGLE - Irma steps out of the kitchen, arms crossed, with a disapproving look.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

(in German)

They're young. And they're alive.

He carefully scrapes off the dirt and whiskers with the sharp razor. Irma stands there smoking, watching him shave. It's nice having a man in the house.

IRMA

You speak good German.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDADDY

I know.

He's not interested in her. She was hoping he was. She returns to the kitchen.

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - CENTRAL SQUARE

Coon-Ass has been waiting impatiently outside the Fury. Finally Gordo exits the tank turret, buttoning his trousers with a satisfied look.

GORDO

Batter up.

Coon-Ass climbs into the tank. Bible looks on disapprovingly.

BIBLE

I hope you get scabies.

COON-ASS

Burnt motor oil kills the little fuckers right off. I'll save a slice for you. You need to get your dick wet, sky pilot.

Gordo grabs a wine bottle. Takes a swig.

GORDO

Where's Wardaddy? Daddy? Where you hiding? Don't leave your family on the street? Daddy??

Bible nods toward the Apartment building.

INT. GERMAN TOWN - WOMAN'S APARTMENT

IN THE BEDROOM - Norman has her hand in his, he's reading her palm.

NORMAN

This is the ring of Solomon. You help people. And understand them. It's really rare. See mine? I got it too.

He shows her his hand. Then continues her reading...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN (CONT'D)

This is your heart line. You're going to have one great love in your life. My grandma taught me how to do this. People came from all over to see her. Okay, this is your life line...

Norman pauses. Looks at her. It's not good news.

She sees the change in him. Decides to lighten the mood. Emma peels top off. Norman's eyes lock on her breasts. She's proud of them, as she should be. With the ice broken, Norman makes his move and kisses her. She takes his pants off. He's shy. She likes that.

EMMA

(in German)

Don't be afraid. I'm not going to hurt you.

NORMAN

I don't know what you're saying.

Emma shushes him with a finger. She rolls him on his back and mounts him.

INT. FURY - DAY

MINUTES LATER - Coon-Ass is screwing the very plump TOWN WHORE. Pig fucking is a better description. Pure mindless carnality. How did she fit in the tank?

INT. GERMAN TOWN - WOMAN'S APARTMENT

Irma singing in German as she works in the kitchen. Norman exits the bedroom. Looking flushed and content. Wardaddy, now cleaned up, is a different man. Norman sits on the couch. Gathering his thoughts.

WARDADDY

You don't need to say nothing.

They sit there in silence. Wardaddy sipping his coffee. Emma exits the bedroom. Glowing. She joins Irma in the kitchen who quietly scolds her.

BANGING at the door. Wardaddy nods for Norman to get it. The woman peer around the corner, frightened.

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CONTINUED:

Norman opens the door - It's Coon-Ass, Gordo and Bible. The three men enter. Take off their helmets. Set down their weapons. Coon-Ass and Gordo are drunk.

COON-ASS

Boy, it's time for you to act the man. We got you fixed up good. A special gal's down there waiting for you.

WARDADDY

You're too late.

Emma brings the new arrivals glasses of beer. Coon-Ass drools over the beautiful young woman. She returns quickly to the kitchen.

COON-ASS

Bless you heart, boy. You took that pretty thing for a roll?

Norman won't answer him. And that's answer enough.

COON-ASS (CONT'D)

We're a team, right? Eat, shit, kill, fuck together. Right?

GORDO

That's right. Pass the plate, Norman. Make a donation to the cause.

WARDADDY

Y'all touch her and I'm kicking your teeth down your throats.

Coon-Ass smiles. Rubs Wardaddy's smooth face.

COON-ASS

You're so pretty, can I fuck you?

WARDADDY

Have at it. There's a jar of grease in the kitchen.

COON-ASS

Sissy bastard.

Coon-Ass regards a photograph on the wall. A young man in Army uniform. He takes it down, dismayed.

COON-ASS (CONT'D)

Who's the goddamn Nazi?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Coon-Ass charges into the kitchen with it - Indignantly waves the picture at Irma...

COON-ASS (CONT'D)

Who's the fucking Nazi, lady?

IRMA

(in German)

My husband. He died in Russia.

Wardaddy appears behind Coon-Ass and takes the photo from him. He gently hands it to Irma.

WARDADDY

(in German)

I'm sorry for your loss.

Norman is touched by this respectful side of Wardaddy. Coon-Ass sits down. Pulls a bottle from his jacket and takes a swig. Coon-Ass hands it to Norman. And stares at him with angry, bloodshot eyes...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

You best take a bite.

Norman hesitates, then takes a swig. Winces from the burn.

NORMAN

Sure that's not gasoline?

COON-ASS

Pure white lightening. Some of the Georgia boys cooked it up.

Suddenly there's a WOMAN'S SCREAM followed by a GUNSHOT from outside. Emma and Irma trade scared looks.

Norman gets up and looks out the window...

WHAT NORMAN SEES - A DRUNK SOLDIER exits the bank with an arm load of Reichsmarks and tosses them in the air.

WARDADDY

Get back from that window. Before those drunk ass fools kill the hell out of you.

Norman carefully backs away.

INT. GERMAN TOWN - WOMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY (LATER)

Norman, Wardaddy, Coon-Ass, and Bible sit at the table eating bacon and eggs. Emma toast thin slices of black bread. Irma pours the men little glasses of Schnapps. She sets a glass in front of Wardaddy. He pushes it away with his finger.

WARDADDY

(in German)

No thank you.

GORDO

You like horses?

NORMAN

I told you, I'm a city kid.

GORDO

Don likes horses. Right, Don?

WARDADDY

I'm eating. We're eating.

GORDO

In France we hit the beach right after D-Day and fought through all those fucking hedgerows. We finally broke out into open country. And bypassed all these Kraut divisions. We linked up the Canadians and British and trapped an entire Kraut Army pulling back to Germany. We fucked them up. With planes and artillery. Dead Krauts and horses and busted up tanks and cars for miles. Miles. Your eyes see it but your head can't make no sense of it. We go in there. And for three whole days we shot wounded horses. All day long. Sun up to sundown. Putting down horses. Hot summer days. Ain't smelled nothing like it. The sound of it. Those fucking horses screaming. Black clouds of flies buzzing. Like being in a giant bee hive.

Norman's eyes bug. He's lost his appetite.

WARDADDY

That's really a fine story.
Pleasant meal time talk. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COON-ASS

It's what happened. And what happened, happened. And what's gonna happen is gonna happen. And playing house with a couple bitch Krauts won't change much, will it?

WARDADDY

Shut the fuck up.

COON-ASS

The seventh seal's broken, buddy. You can't put the shit back in the horse.

Wardaddy pulls his .45 And SLAMS it on the table. Coon-Ass backs down. A painfully tense silence follows. Wardaddy's fork scrapes against his plate as he shovels eggs and bacon into his mouth. Finally he looks at Norman. Smiles warmly.

WARDADDY

Your mama a good cook?

NORMAN

She's a really good cook.

WARDADDY

How's her fried chicken?

NORMAN

She doesn't fry chicken. She roast it with stuffing. Or makes chicken and dumplings. That's my favorite. She bakes too. Pies and cakes and --

A KNOCK at the door. Norman gets up and answers. It's the **COMPANY MESSENGER**.

COMPANY MESSENGER

Where's Love One-Six?

WARDADDY

Right here.

COMPANY MESSENGER

Old man wants you.

WARDADDY

How come?

COMPANY MESSENGER

You got a mission.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The men look at each other. Their short respite is over. Wardaddy finishes his coffee. Pushes his chair back and stands. His men stand too.

WARDADDY

(in German)
If you'll excuse us, please.
(to the guys)
Let's go.

He crosses, grabs his helmet and weapon.

IRMA

(in German)
Where are you going?

WARDADDY

To take the next town. And the next one. And the next one. Until you people quit.

IRMA

What's going to happen to us?

WARDADDY

I don't know.

Irma stands stoically. Hands folded in front of her. Lips pursed. Norman grabs his greasegun. Slips on his helmet. It's hateful to leave. Just hateful. Emma runs to him and holds on to him for dear life. Coon-Ass grabs the boy by the scruff and drags him away.

COON-ASS

There's a lot more of them.

To the Company Messenger, on his way out - RE: the women...

WARDADDY

Make sure none of the boys give them a hard time.

INT. GERMAN TOWN - COMPANY COMMAND POST - DAY

Inside a nice house with antiques and Persian rugs. Captain Waggoner goes over a map with Wardaddy.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER

Grasshopper spotted a troop concentration moving west.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN WAGGONER (CONT'D)

Higher wants your armor guarding these crossroads in Ohio Queen on the overlay.

WARDADDY

How many troops he see?

CAPTAIN WAGGONER

Enough to spook the Colonel. Road march to the crossroads and secure them. Don't stop for anything. Take my gas if you need it.

Wardaddy looks at the map, makes some notes in a notebook.

WARDADDY

Alright, sir. I'm on my way.

Suddenly there is a loud WHISTLING of incoming German Artillery - Wardaddy, the Captain, the RADIOMEN and COMPANY CLERKS hit the deck...

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - CENTRAL SQUARE - DAY

A group of SOLDIERS plays blackjack on a blanket. Gambling for piles of watches and jewelry. Norman and Gordo pouring gas into the Fury.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-KABOOM! - German artillery shells explode all around them. Bible drops into the turret, closes the hatch. Gordo slides off the tank and crawls underneath. Norman follows. Coon-Ass already there. A grinning fool.

GORDO

What?

COON-ASS

I was ticked off we were leaving. Don't seem so bad now. Germans can flatten this town for all I care.

BOOM! A large shell strikes Irma's apartment building, collapsing the front. Then everything is obscured by dust and smoke...

WHAT THEY SEE - Though brief, the shelling has transformed the little village. Buildings burn. Others have collapses. THE APARTMENT BUILDING is heavily damaged.

A SOLDIER crawls along the street crying for his mama, his legs are missing, just two stumps trailing blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Norman runs to the apartment building - At the smoking rubble pile that was its facade moments before. He stops in his tracks and looks up...

WHAT NORMAN SEES - Irma's shattered body hanging from a splintered mass of wood floorboards...

Next Norman SEES Emma is crushed and mixed into the rubble. She's gasping for her last breath...

Norman shakes off the blow and starts to dig out Emma, desperate, frantic - Coon-Ass grabs him and drags him away.

COON-ASS (CONT'D)

You think you're Jesus Christ? You gonna raise her up? She's done. She is done.

Norman starts throwing punches. Coon-Ass lets him vent, easily blocking them.

COON-ASS (CONT'D)

There you go. Get mad. Get mad.

NORMAN

What the fuck is wrong with you?!
What the fuck is wrong with everyone? Nobody cares about anything. What the fuck is happening?

Bored with being punched, Coon-Ass throws Norman to the ground. Kicks him in the ass.

COON-ASS

It's called war. Quit your cussin' and fightin' and get your spindly ass in that tank, boy.

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - CENTRAL SQUARE - DAY (LATER)

The four tank engines ROAR to life. Wardaddy does a quick check of the Fury's tracks. Norman sits in the BOW seat. Tears streak his dusty face. Gordo looks at him. Sympathetic.

GORDO

Sorry about your lady friend.

Norman ignores him. Here comes Sgt. Davis helping his ASSISTANT-DRIVER to his tank, he can barely walk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDADDY

He wounded?

SGT. DAVIS

Naw, drunk.

Sgt. Davis pours the man into the front hatch and mounts his tank. The Captain approaches Wardaddy.

CAPTAIN WAGGONER

We'll hook up with you in the morning. Good luck.

WARDADDY

Thank you, sir.

He shakes the Captain's hand. SCHWACK! A sniper's bullet rips out the Captain's throat, dropping him on the spot.

SOLDIER VOICES

-- Six is down! --
 -- Sniper!
 -- They got the Old man! --

Wardaddy is up into the Fury like a shot.

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

He drops shut his hatch...

WARDADDY

Move out! Let's go!
 (into Radio)
 All tanks from One-Six. Sniper's in those goddamn buildings on the right! Make 'em go away.
 (to Bible)
 What are you waiting for?

KABOOM! - The main gun fires. Coon-Ass slams home a fresh shell.

COON-ASS

Clear!

KABOOM! - Bible fires another. The Fury fires again and again...

ON GORDO - Safe beneath his closed hatch, he sees Norman has his head exposed - He grabs the kid and yanks him down...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDO

Stupid. You wanna die?

Norman glares at him. With a new hardness that takes Gordo by surprise.

WARDADDY'S PERISCOPE POV - A row of four hundred year old buildings is destroyed in just over a minute. Their roofs can be seen collapsing through clouds of thick dust and shattering explosions as the tanks pump high explosive shells into them. Into radio:

WARDADDY

All tanks cease fire. If that didn't get him nothing will. Let's get the fuck out of here.

EXT. GERMAN TOWN - CENTRAL SQUARE - DAY

The four tanks of 1st Platoon Love Company pull out for their next mission. Wardaddy leads the way in the Fury.

They are the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse - Leaving behind a town transformed. Blood in the streets. Stacks of dead. Burning buildings. Piles of rubble.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Open flat farm country. The occasional farm building. The column of four tanks moves fast. Wardaddy keys the intercom.

WARDADDY

Norman. Get your ass up here.

Norman looks at Wardaddy. Who waves for him to join him. Norman carefully climbs out of his hatch. And picks his way across the moving tank. Wardaddy pats the big .50 Cal machine gun.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Why don't you sit up here for a bit and run this baby.

Norman grabs the spade grips and stands behind the turret. His face is angry stone. Wardaddy seems relaxed. Almost enjoying the beautiful country. He looks at Norman.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

I know how you feel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN

You have no idea how I feel.

WARDADDY

Today... Look, what happened back there. Is every day. It's every day.

NORMAN

Today's the worst day of my life.

WARDADDY

Like I said, that's every day. If you think it can't get worse, it can. And it will. I started this war killing Germans in Africa. Then France. Then Belgium. Now I'm killing Germans in Germany. It will end. Soon too. But before it does a lot more people gotta die.

Wardaddy points out a massive column of black smoke in the distance. The herald of destruction on an unbelievable level. It is the death of a city.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

See that? That's a whole city on fire. I get that's where those bombers were heading. The dying ain't done. The killing ain't done.

Norman tries to understand the enormity of what he is witnessing. He can't. They ride in silence for a beat.

Then:

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

My mother was born near here. I think right there in that city burning to the ground. I got no problem killing my kin.

NORMAN

How'd you get all burnt up?

WARDADDY

My back?

NORMAN

Germans did it? That why you hate them so much?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WARDADDY

No. I did it. Before the war.
Before the Army. I had a beautiful
girl I was gonna marry. Rose. She
made me feel like a fucking king.
Pretty like one of those old
paintings. She was good. A good
person. She had a good heart.

Wardaddy looks at Norman. Not sure if he should continue. He
does...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

I drank then. I'd get asshole drunk
and Rose hated it. There was a
dance in town. With a band from
Wichita. I had her old man's truck.
My little brother came with us. He
was sixteen. And looked just like
you. With the same "I'm smarter
than everyone else around me"
expression you got. And he was.
Book smart and people smart. A good
kid. Well I drank two bottles of
nickel whisky and got in a punch-up
at the dance with this big Indian.
K.O.ed him with a bottle.

NORMAN

I'm not your bartender and I'm not
your pastor. You don't need to tell
me this.

WARDADDY

And I ain't your friend. You're
listening 'cause someone has to
hear. The sheriff got called so I
shoved Rose and my brother in the
truck and drove off like my hair
was on fire. Yep, like a real
shithead. Pedal to the mat. Hit an
ice patch and flipped it. I got
thrown and ended up under it. The
engine right on my back, cooked me
like Sunday's beef roast. Rose and
my brother got their necks broken.
Whole country hated me for it. I
got the chain gang. I laid
roadbeds. Worked cotton. Mule
teams. War started and the Judge
told me to dies for my country.
Best advice I ever got.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Norman looks out on the German countryside. Then at Wardaddy. Despite his age, Norman has a strong, quiet wisdom.

NORMAN

Does it matter now? Does it matter here?

WARDADDY

Does to me.

NORMAN

You killed them.

WARDADDY

I know what I did.

NORMAN

You're already dead.

WARDADDY

I don't disagree. Been with these fine Gentlemen since nineteen forty two. And they don't know none of this. Not a word of it. Keep it that way.

Norman will keep his secret.

NORMAN

I was born in the caul.

WARDADDY

Where's that?

NORMAN

A caul. A birth shroud around my head. So I see things. Sometimes I know things are going to happen. And people tell me things. Since I was little. Bad things. Confessions. I'm used to it. Don't worry, you'll get your wish. When I said you were already dead it didn't mean anything but what it means. You're going in the ground soon.

Wardaddy likes hearing that. He looks at Norman.

WARDADDY

You're a strange one, Norman.
(then)
My brother's name was Norman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Norman REACTS - Not to Wardaddy - But to the terribly thin corpses filling the ditches on either side of the road. They wear the infamous striped pajamas of the camp system. They were shot after collapsing during a forced march.

NORMAN

Why are they so thin?

WARDADDY

They're from the concentration camps. They starve 'em to death there.

NORMAN

Are they criminals?

WARDADDY

No. They're just people. Regular people. Germans are marching them around to keep them from us. Rather have them dead than free.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY (LATER)

A HUNDRED CIVILIANS dig a tank ditch through a couple farmer's fields. They stop working and stare in awe as Wardaddy's four tanks race right past them on the unblocked road.

Wardaddy FIRES a magazine from his assault rifle into the air. Civilians hit the dirt or drop their shovels and run. Wardaddy laughs.

EXT. HILL NEAR CROSSROADS - DAY (LATER)

The four tanks have stopped by a low hill. Wardaddy and Sgt. Davis are on their bellies at the top of the hill studying the shallow valley below with binoculars.

A couple miles away is the CROSSROADS the tanks are to protect. A few farm buildings dot the landscape. It is deceptively calm and bucolic.

SGT. DAVIS

What are you thinking, Don?

WARDADDY

There's the crossroads. We'll set our picket line along that defiladed area to the right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

You'll be outpost tank by that little hill with the trees.

SGT. DAVIS

Sounds copacetic.

WARDADDY

Let's get in position before dark. German Army moves at night. I wanna be ready for 'em. Let's go.

Wardaddy and Sgt. Davis crawl back towards their tanks.

EXT. VALLEY - DAY

The tanks head for the crossroads. Norman is back in the front right hatch.

ON LOVE 1-5 - The last in the tank column --

THWACK-KABOOM! - Is suddenly hit by a high velocity gun...

It's turret is blown into the air - The tank instantly burns a maelstrom of gasoline, explosives and gun propellant...

WARDADDY

Fuck! Where the fuck did that come from? Driver! Reverse!

(into Radio)

All tanks, back up! Get behind the rise on the right. Everyone button up.

The three remaining tanks quickly reverse and spread out. Wardaddy scanning with binoculars. Looking very worried.

BIBLE

What the fuck was it?

WARDADDY

That was an 88. It's a goddamned tank.

FSSSSS-WHAM! - A glowing high-velocity shell hits the ground and ricochets in front of the Fury.

SGT. DAVIS

Tank! Three O'clock! Eight hundred yards!

Wardaddy whips his binoculars to 3 o'clock...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHAT HE SEES - A GERMAN TIGER TANK near a barn in a hay field. Tigers are the deadliest tank of the war. Wardaddy's three Shermans are hopelessly outgunned, worse, a Tiger's armor is nearly impervious to their cannons.

WARDADDY

I see it. It's a goddamned Tiger.
Bible, get an eyeball on him and
send it.

BIBLE

I got him! On the way!

KABOOM! - The Fury fires. Its glowing shell strikes the front of the distant Tiger and ricochets off harmlessly.

SGT. DAVIS

Let's get the fuck out of here.

WARDADDY

Unless he drowns himself in a shit
filled ditch, it's up to us to kill
him. C'mon, hit that sonofabitch!

KABOOM-KABOOM-KABOOM! - All three tanks open fire on the Tiger...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

All tanks! Fast right turn! Right
at him. Let's bumrush this
cocksucker. Turn on your gyros!
Shoot and scoot!

The three tanks stop backing up - They quickly turn toward the Tiger and accelerate right at him! Firing their cannons as fast as they can.

Three little David's versus one Goliath - The Tiger aims at Love 1-4, the middle tank...

KABOOM! - The 88 cannon shell misses the Sherman - But hits Sgt. Peterson - Taking his head right off.

KABOOM-KABOOM-KABOOM! - The Sherman's keep firing. Quickly closing the distance to the massive German tank...

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Tense faces. Bible focuses on the target. Coon-Ass stands by with a fresh shell - Bible fires...

KABOOM-KERCHANG-CLANK! - Coon-Ass loads the cannon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COON-ASS

Clear --

KABOOM-KERCHANG-CLANK! - They keep pumping rounds into the massive German tank.

ON NORMAN - Staring at the Tiger through his periscope. He opens fire...

BRDDDDDDT - .30 Cal spits empty brass as it jackhammers slugs at the armored enemy monster.

NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV - His tracer rounds splash harmlessly against the German tank.

EXT. HAY FIELD - DAY

KAPOW! - The Tiger again fires at the middle tank...

THWACK! - Its shell strikes the turret and goes right through. The fatally wounded Sherman rolls to a stop, gushing yellow smoke. The DRIVER and A-DRIVER bail out...

The Tiger opens fire with its machine gun - Splattering the two poor tankers...

WARDADDY

Fucking animals! Load a white phosphorous. Blind the bastard!

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Coon-Ass loads a phosphorous shell.

COON-ASS

Clear!

Bible, ever cool under fire, takes careful aim and toes the firing peddle - KABOOM!

EXT. HAY FIELD - DAY

POW! The white phosphorous shell bursts with a large cloud of dense white smoke. Burning clumps of phosphorous cover the Tiger...

The Fury and Sgt. Davis' tank are damn close to the powerful Tiger. They are now passing down its right side...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDADDY

Here we go. Shoot at the back third, under the track. AP. Fire when ready.

BIBLE

I know where to hit him.

WARDADDY

So shoot the sumbitch!

KABOOM! KTANG! -- The shot was high, it glances off the Tiger...

The monster's turret is turning toward the Fury...

KABOOM! -- The Fury fires - KTANG! - Its round pierces the Tiger's gas tank. Black smoke erupts from its engine deck...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Hit 'em again! In the sweet spot.

KABOOM! KTANG! Another money shot into the Tiger's engine compartment.

The big tank grinds to a stop. The fiver TIGER CREWMEN abandon their tank - They wear sinister black uniforms...

The Fury charges the burning tank. Wardaddy shoulders his assault rifle - He's about to light up the running German tankers when...

BRDDDDDDDDDDDT! - The five Tiger Crewmen are shot to pieces.

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

It's Norman doing the shooting. He's becoming a real motherfucker. He reloads his machine gun...

GORDO

That's it, kid. Fuck those Krauts.

WARDADDY

How'd that feel, Norm?

Norman cocks his machine gun - KERCHACK!

NORMAN

Like nothing.

This time he means it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE TURRET - Bible wipes his face with a rag. Coon-Ass refills the ready rack with ammo...

COON-ASS

Where'd a Tiger come from? German army ain't supposed to have no gas.

EXT. HAY FIELD - DAY

The sun is low in the sky. Another bloody day is nearing its conclusion. Wardaddy sits in the Fury's turret. He lost two more tanks, now just burning wrecks. He watches the Tiger burn for a moment, his jaw grinding.

Sgt. Davis' tank pulls alongside the Fury. He's scared/

SGT. DAVIS

Holy shit, Don. Binkowski and Peterson are gone. Florida Mike. Nicky Colletto. They got wives and kids. And Stan? Stan's fucking dead. They're all dead.

WARDADDY

I know who's dead.

SGT. DAVIS

What do we do?

WARDADDY

We have our job. Like we always do. I can't have you all spooked. Can you shake it off?

SGT. DAVIS

I'm not like you, Don. Nobody is.

WARDADDY

Check out the barn. Make sure there's no Krauts in there.

The barn is a hundred yards away. Sgt. Davis heads to it in his tank, Love 1-3. He stops outside the barn doors.

Wardaddy scans the area with his binoculars - Not a threat in sight...

Sgt. Davis' ASSISTANT DRIVER gets out and pulls open the Barn's big double doors...

BRDDDDT! - He's nearly cut in half with a long burst...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ROAR of a starting tank engine as ANOTHER FUCKING TIGER TANK emerges from the barn!

BRDDDDDDDDDT - The Tiger fires its coaxial machine gun, spattering Sgt. Davis across his turret.

Its huge cannon lines up on Love 1-3 and fires...

KABOOM! - The point blank cannon shot tears through the Sherman like butter. The ammunition inside EXPLODES.

KA-WHAM! It is a violent and shattering detonation, the turret is thrown in the air, the side of the Sherman splits open like tin foil - Another tank dies...

ON WARDADDY - He REACTS, gets low in the turret...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Tank! Hit it! AP! Three rounds!
Gordo! Get right on his ass.

The Fury turns and lurches toward the big enemy tank...

The Tiger accelerates out of the barn, colliding with the burning wreckage of Davis's tank, shoving it aside...

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Bible traverses the turret. It feels like it's taking forever to aim the main gun at the Tiger...

Gordo double clutches and puts the Fury in 3rd gear. He stomps the gas pedal, white knuckling the steering levers.

KABOOM! - Bible fires. Missing the tank...

GORDO'S PERISCOPE POV - The second Tiger is looming damn close - Its turret traversing to line up a shot on the Fury...

GORDO

Okay, here we go! You want me to hit him?

WARDADDY

Don't hit him, you dumbass! Make a tight turn around him! Drive around him and stay close as you can get! Just keep moving! Bible, keep hitting him!

BOOM! - The Tiger fires...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KTANG! - It's a glancing strike against the side of the Fury causes a burst of SPARKS inside. The noise and shock of the impact stun Gordo and Norman...

HYDRAULIC OIL sprays everywhere...

There is a SMOKING WHITE HOT DENT where the round struck the hull. The Fury fills with smoke. Norman is bleeding from the scalp...

NORMAN

I'm hit! I'm hit!

Gordo ignores the chaos, keeps driving at the Tiger...

WARDADDY

Gordo! Any damage?

GORDO

I dunno. She still drives.

Bible works the power traverse grip - Something's wrong...

THE TURRET STOPS TURNING! - The shell damaged its mechanism.

BIBLE

I lost the power traverse!

He switches to the MANUAL TRAVERSE WHEEL - Turning it frantically. The Fury's turret now turning slower - This is very bad...

KABOOM! -- Bible fires again...

BIBLE'S GUNSIGHT POV - The Armor Piercing shell bounces harmlessly off the Tiger's turret...

EXT. HAY FIELD - DAY

It's a close range tank duel - the two tanks are now just yards apart. Smoke from the burning Sherman's washes over the battle-locked armored vehicles.

WARDADDY

That's it! Gordo, drive in a circle around him. We can move faster than he can swing his gun.

ON THE TIGER - As its turret tries to catch up to the Fury. The smaller, more agile American tank easily drives in a circle around the Tiger...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But the threatening of the Tiger's cannon is starting to catch up...

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Bible swinging the turret - Cranking the wheel as fast as he can. Sweat pours off his face as he hunts for the soft spot in the Tiger's armor.

KABOOM! - Bible fires. The round just misses, plows into the ground...

BIBLE

It's not that easy. We're moving too fast!

Norman is scared shitless as he watches all this unfold through his periscope. He trades a worried, desperate look with Gordo.

EXT. HAY FIELD - DAY

Wardaddy, only his head exposed, watches the Tiger. Instead of just driving in a straight line - The Tiger now turns toward the Fury - Its big cannon swinging faster...

The Tiger is maneuvering to line up a shot and broadside the American Tank. Smart bastards...

With his tank damaged, Wardaddy knows he better make a move or they are all going to die...

WARDADDY

Gordo, when I say back up, you back up! Bible stand by! I'll call the shot!

Wardaddy waiting for just the moment - For the two moving tanks to align a certain way.

The Tiger cannon is nearly in position to fire!

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Gordo! Now! Reverse! Reverse!

The Fury jolts to a stop - The same time as:

KABOOM! - The Tiger fires...

The cannon rips the sandbags off the front of the Fury, missing anything vital. The Fury is backing up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Tiger realizes what is afoot - It starts turning in the other direction to protect its vulnerable engine compartment, its huge tracks chewing up the earth...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Bible! Steady. Steady. Steady...

Wardaddy waiting for just the right moment. Excruciating tension as the two steel beasts dance around each other...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Now!

KABOOM! - The Fury's cannon fires into the Tiger's ass...

The round rips through the engine and fuel tanks. There is a fireball of burning gasoline...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Again!

INT. FURY (MOVING) - DAY

Coon-Ass feeds a fresh shell into the cannon breech...

COON-ASS

Clear!

Bible stomps the foot pedal...

EXT. HAY FIELD - DAY

KABOOM! - the round punches through the soft armor in the rear of the tank and penetrates the crew compartment...

The ammunition insides EXPLODES. The Tiger shudders to a stop. The Driver's hatch opens -- Belching a column of flame. The DRIVER tries to escape. But the flames are too intense. He's incinerated right before Wardaddy's eyes...

INT. FURY (MOVING)

Bible breathes a sigh of relief.

BIBLE

Tank destroyed.

Wardaddy puts an arm around Bible...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDADDY

Good shooting.

BIBLE

I'm the instrument. Not the hand.
God didn't want us today.

Norman sags in his seat, exhausted by the tension. Wardaddy drops inside the turret. Grabs the radio mic - Realizes the radios are trashed...

WARDADDY

Radio's are eighty-sixed. We're on our lonesome until Baker Company shows up.

Coon-Ass lights a smoke with shaking hands. Gordo wipes the grit from face with a sleeve.

GORDO

I quit. Fuck the Army. You can put me in the stockade. Take away my name and birthday. Find another driver.

COON-ASS

Quit? Quit?! Boy, we get a dollar thirty five a day plus free chow and smokes. A goddamn paid European vacation. Best job I had.

Coon-Ass wasn't trying to be funny. He's shaken to his core. Wardaddy lets them vent. He passes Gordo a bottle of brandy. Gordo takes it and downs a long swig.

Wardaddy SEES Norman sitting there quietly. Covered with hydraulic oil and blood. Staring into space.

WARDADDY

Having a good time, kid?

Norman looks at Wardaddy and shakes his head thinking "What the fuck is wrong with these people." Wardaddy smiles. He knows Norman will be okay.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

We're still open for business.
Let's head to the crossroads and keep 'em out of Kraut hands like we've been told.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COON-ASS

With one busted-ass tank? In case you ain't noticed, we're it. Platoon's gone. The entire Platoon.

WARDADDY

Are they? I'm sorry, I didn't notice.

BIBLE

Don, you can be a real callous bastard sometimes.

WARDADDY

We got a job to do. We can sit here and bitch about it. Or we can go down to those crossroads and bitch about it there. I don't see a hell of a lot of difference, do you?

COON-ASS

That's real inspiring. Shit, now I wanna storm the gates of Hell and snatch Satan off his throne by his balls.

Norman turns to Wardaddy and deadpans:

NORMAN

That's not really true. He just said it to be an asshole.

Norman just took the sarcasm to another level. The veteran tankers stare at Norman -- He is becoming one of them...

EXT. CROSSROADS - DUSK

The sun is setting. The Fury moves up the road approaching the rural tree lined intersection with an OLD HOUSE and a BEER HALL - There isn't a soul in sight.

Wardaddy scans the terrain with his binoculars. He's looking for a good spot to park the Fury for the night. The tank is moving through the intersection.

BOOM! - The Fury runs over a mine - The explosion lifts the tank and drops it. The broken left track falls off the drive wheel...

INT. FURY (MOVING)

It was a damn hard whack -- Dust and smoke fill the interior. Rations and ammunition spill from its racks. SPARKING electrical shorts.

COON-ASS

Fuck! Another Tiger!

WARDADDY

Calm down. It's a mine. We hit a mine is all.

Gordo shakes it off. The engine stalls. He restarts it. Puts it in gear. Lets up the clutch. The tank starts turning in a circle.

GORDO

We threw a track.

EXT. FURY - DUSK

Wardaddy aiming his .50 Cal at the nearby buildings. Coon-Ass exits the turret. Examines the broken track and the smoking crater the mine made.

COON-ASS

She's broke as fuck. Busted a shock too.

WARDADDY

You fix it?

COON-ASS

Yeah. Why not?

WARDADDY

Norman! Get out here!

Norman exits his hatch - He's afraid to jump down to the road...

NORMAN

What about mines?

WARDADDY

They're for vehicles. You ain't heavy enough to set one off. Go with Coon-Ass and check out those buildings. I'm covering you. Go on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Norman looks at Coon-Ass, who shrugs. They approach the Old House just up the road...

INT. OLD HOUSE - DUSK

WHAM! - Coon-Ass kicks the door. Norman joins him inside. Both men freeze...

WHAT THEY SEE - The interior of the house is filled with mines. Big round anti-tank mines to be exact. Stacks of them. It's being used as a munitions depot.

Coon-Ass slowly backs out of there...

COON-ASS

Don't touch nothin'.

NORMAN

Not planning on it.

EXT. CROSSROADS - DUSK

Gordo and Bible have started unbolting a section of track from Fury's side. Coon-Ass shouts to Wardaddy:

COON-ASS

Whole thing's full of mines. Good thing you didn't shoot the shit out of it or we'd be drinking whiskey with Jesus.

WARDADDY

Maybe I will anyway. I could use a drink. Keep going. What's in the other house?

INT. BEER HALL - DUSK

WHAM! Coon-Ass kicks the door. Enters with Norman.

This place is disturbing in a different way. There is dried blood everywhere. Bandages. Medical supplies. Cut off bloody uniforms and boots. Amputated limbs. Flesh. Organs. And a half-dozen DEAD GERMAN SOLDIERS who succumbed to battle wounds. This was a temporary field hospital.

COON-ASS

At least there ain't no live Krauts to worry about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is beyond creepy in here...

NORMAN

Can we go now?

EXT. CROSSROADS - DUSK

Coon-Ass and Norman return to the Fury. Gordo uses a track breaking tool to remove the damaged track links. Bible probes the road around them for more mines.

WARDADDY

Anything?

COON-ASS

Naw, nothing.

WARDADDY

Kid, head up by those trees. You go outpost guard.

Norman nods and heads up the road.

EXT. ROAD SENTRY POSITION - NIGHT

Norman sits in the roadside ditch. He checks his greasegun. It's loaded. He sets it in his lap.

He adds drink powder to his canteen. Shakes it. He opens a can of crackers with his little GI can opener. He chews the hard crackers and washes them down with his canteen.

He yawns widely. He's physically and emotionally drained from his first day as a US Army tanker.

After being in a tank he feels so alone and exposed out here. He HEARS something. Scared, he raises his ugly black weapon.

It's just an OWL in the trees. Norman relaxes. He can't keep his eyes open. His head falls toward his chest. His heavy eyelids close. And he falls asleep.

EXT. ROAD SENTRY POSITION - NIGHT

LATER - Norman startles awake. Gasping for breath. Dreaming he was shot. He checks himself for holes. And relaxes - It was just a dream...

He berates himself for falling asleep. He gets on his knees. To a less comfortable position.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then he freezes. And his eyes grow wide.

WHAT NORMAN SEES - Moving toward him along the dark road is a long column of silhouettes.

GERMAN SOLDIERS - Marching toward him. A lot of them. More than he's ever seen. There are several hundred. And there's something about the way they move. These aren't shuffling demoralized conscripts. These are healthy, well equipped combat troops - And they are heading his way...

Norman thinks for a moment. He has to warn the others...

He gets low and slowly backs down the ditch...

EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT

Gordo, Coon-Ass and Bible work on repairing the track. Wardaddy sits in the turret, a deadly alert sentry with big machine gun. He can't see the approaching men.

Here comes Norman at a full run...

WARDADDY

Why good evening, Norman. Why aren't you at your post?

NORMAN

They're coming.

WARDADDY

Who's coming?

NORMAN

The Germans

WARDADDY

How many?

NORMAN

More than I can count.

Wardaddy climbs down from the turret.

WARDADDY

I'm sure it's some bums looking for someone to surrender to.

(to Coon-Ass)

Keep working. I'll be right back.

Wardaddy and Norman head up the road...

EXT. ROAD SENTRY POSITION - NIGHT

Wardaddy and Norman move low along the ditch. Wardaddy SEES the approaching troops - Silhouettes in the darkness. He can just hear their hobnailed boots CRUNCHING the road.

He grabs Norman's arm and drags him out of there.

WARDADDY

... C'mon...

EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT

Wardaddy and Norman come running.

WARDADDY

There's a goddamned SS battalion headed this way.

GORDO

Bullshit.

Bible sees he's dead serious...

BIBLE

Where are they?

WARDADDY

Marching this way.

Wardaddy's mind is racing - They face hopeless odds.

COON-ASS

Let's get out of here. They'll never see us in the dark. Let 'em pass through.

WARDADDY

We're not running. We're fighting it out. We'll hold this damn crossroad.

His men look at him like he's insane. This is unlike anything they have ever done.

COON-ASS

You wanna sit here in a busted tank and hold off an SS battalion?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDADDY

No I don't want to. But it's what we're doing. Mount up. Take your fighting positions.

Wardaddy climbs aboard the Fury. His jaw tenses. It's okay with him. He double checks his .50 Cal.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Go on. Get outta here.

Norman looks at the other guys. Then at Wardaddy. He crosses to the Fury and stands by it, looking at the others with crossed arms.

With that show of bravery, Gordo, Coon-Ass and Bible have no choice but to follow suit. The three men approach the Fury. No one has any illusions - This somber, sober choice means their deaths.

Wardaddy smiles. As much of a smile as he can muster. Then he's all business.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

We're gonna play dead, like we've done before. Let 'em march right up. Then open up with all we got and splatter the assholes all over the road.

(to Coon-Ass)

Grab us one of them dead Krauts.

COON-ASS

We gonna have a pig roast?

WARDADDY

Something like that.

Coon-Ass rushes off toward the Old House...

Wardaddy grabs his knife and cuts several packs and dufflebags off the tank. He hands Norman a gas can...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Give 'em a good soaking.

Norman pours the gas on them. Gordo grabs extra boxes of ammo from the storage racks and shoves them into the tank.

Bible is in the turret singing a hymn. He resets the fuzes on the cannon shells for close-in work. He wipes the main gun breech down. Cleans his optics. Oils the machine gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Here comes Coon-Ass dragging a body...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Hurry up with that sack 'a shit.

Wardaddy jumps down to help. He tosses the body on the front of the tank. Pulls off his jacket and puts it on the body.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Toss me that helmet.

Norman tosses him an American helmet. Wardaddy straps it on the corpse's head. He grabs the gas can from Norman. Splashes the body with it. Wardaddy lights a smoke with a match. Then tosses the match on the body - FWOOMP!

Wardaddy lights another match and tosses it on the packs in the road - FWOOMP! Satisfied, he surveys his work.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Now they ain't gonna see nothing
but a shot-out tank with a blown
track. Get it. Button up.

The men slip into the Fury and close the hatches. It looks like a bigger shit pile than when we first saw it, bathed in the firelight of the burning packs and the German corpse. Debris scattered around it, a broken track...

INT. FURY - NIGHT

Norman lines up boxes of ammunition for his machine gun. He wipes the gun with a rag. Gordo loads his submachine-gun. Stacks up extra magazines.

He opens a case of grenades and removes their safety clips -- Pausing to swig from his bottle of brandy. Coon-Ass organizes the main gun rounds.

COON-ASS

We got four rounds of cannister.
Four Willy Petes. Twenty three
Supercharges and thirty three solid
shots.

WARDADDY

Alright. Load cannister. Have the
other three in your lap.

NORMAN

What's cannister?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDADDY

Turns this cannon into a big
fucking shotgun.

Wardaddy pulls out a bottle of French Cognac. He opens it. Stares at it like it's the very gates of Hell. Bible is mortified Wardaddy is considering drinking it.

BIBLE

What are you doing?

WARDADDY

Might as well get a little tight.
Won't be around for the hangover.

BIBLE

Don. No.

COON-ASS

Let the man have a taste.

Wardaddy pours the booze in his mouth, it splashes down his cheeks. Norman watching him - If he didn't know they weren't going to live through this he does now.

WARDADDY

God that's better than good. Like
warm honey dripping on my heart.

He offers Bible the bottle. Bible takes it. He meditates on the demon liquor a beat. Then:

BIBLE

I know you hate me preaching, but
what we're doing is a righteous
act. There's a bible verse I think
about sometimes. Then I heard the
voice of the Lord saying, "Whom
shall I send? And who will go for
us?" And I said, "Here am I. Send
me."

That resonated. Bible sees it on the faces of the men.

WARDADDY

Book of Isaiah. Chapter six.

Bible is floored Wardaddy knew that...

BIBLE

Yeah, Don. That's exactly right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bible drinks from the bottle. Then hands it to Coon-Ass. Who takes a long pull. He passes it to Gordo. He takes a swig and passes to Norman. Norman finishes the bottle.

COON-ASS

Damn son, you're a fighting,
fucking, drinking machine.

WARDADDY

Machine. That's it. That's your war
name. I christen thee "Machine".

GORDO/BIBLE

Machine!

"Machine" - Norman like the nickname. He smiles. This now makes him a full fledged member of the Fury's crew.

Bible looking through the periscope - REACTS...

BIBLE

They're coming.

The mood instantly switches to one of wary fear. The men take their places behind their weapons. Wardaddy watches the enemy draw closer through his periscope.

WARDADDY

...Nobody does nothing until I
say...

WARDADDY'S PERISCOPE POV - The column of SS TROOPERS is close. Helmets, boots, weapons clearly visible. They look surprisingly modern in their camouflage uniforms.

Norman SEES the SS TROOPERS marching closer. It's agonizing to wait and do nothing. His finger ready on the trigger of his machine gun...

EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT

The fast marching SS Troopers quickly approach the Fury. Looking like nothing more than a disabled tank. An SS LIEUTENANT barks crisp orders.

SS LIEUTENANT

(in German)

Reinhold, take your men and clear
those structures. Hoehner, ensure
the enemy tank is unoccupied.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The SS TROOPERS split off and investigate the Old House and the BEER HALL. Ten more rush ahead of the march column to investigate the Fury. They approach the tank. Unconcerned.

Searching the various crates for rations and cigarettes like kids on Christmas morning. Two troopers climb aboard the tank.

INT. FURY - NIGHT

The crew listens to the movement around the tank. The SCRAPING of metal hobnailed boots against the tank's hull.

It is hateful to do nothing. Bible's foot hovers above the firing button on the turret floor. Eyes glued to his periscope.

Wardaddy waiting. Watching. A grenade in each hand. Coon-Ass sweating bullets. Wondering why Wardaddy doesn't give the order to shoot.

Norman's face pressed against his scope. He licks his lips. His mouth is bone dry.

NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV - He SEES a TROOPER reaching for his hatch...

Norman aims his greasegun up at his hatch. Norman is scared shitless.

His hatch opens revealing an astonished SS Trooper.

Norman squeezes the trigger of his greasegun...

BRDDDDDDDT! - Blowing the Trooper off the tank.

SS LIEUTENANT

Alarm!

WARDADDY

Hit 'em!

Everything happens at once...

The Troopers in the road dive for cover...

Bible stomps the foot switch...

KABOOM! - The main gun fires...

Norman pulls the hatch shut - CLANG! - And opens up with the machine gun...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wardaddy pulls the pins of his grenades. He opens the "pistol door" on the side of the turret. Drops the grenades outside. Slams the door shut...

EXT. FURY - NIGHT

Utter chaos - Cannon rounds tear into the column of men and EXPLODE - SS TROOPERS tumble like bowling pins...

BRDDDDDDDT! - Tracers from Fury's two .30 Cal machine guns slice into SS Troopers as they scramble for cover. Mowing them down...

BOOM-BOOMM! Wardaddy's grenades explode. Blowing the two SS Troopers off the top of the tank...

KABOOM! The main gun fires again. More Troopers are killed...

Several Troopers run into the buildings for shelter...

SS OFFICERS and NCOs bark orders trying to create order from the madness.

INT. FURY - NIGHT

BRDDDDDDDDT! - Norman jackhammers long bursts into running SS Troops. Bible fires the coax machine gun in long burst...

The tank filling with smoke from the firing weapons. Norman reloads his machine gun. Wardaddy watching the Troopers scatter and run...

WARDADDY

Keep squirting that coax! Traverse right! Steady... On! Fire!

KABOOM! - Bible fires. The gun spits out the smoking brass shell. Coon-Ass shoves a fresh shell into the breech.

COON-ASS

Clear!

BOOM! - Wardaddy watching where it hits...

WARDADDY

Up fifteen! Right fifteen!

Bible makes adjustments to the gun's hand wheels...

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CONTINUED:

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Bow gunner! Squirt those assholes running for the house.

KABOOM! The gun fires. Norman shifts his fire...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Okay! Loader. Four rounds of Willy Pete up. Bible put 'em in those buildings. Burn the fucking things to the ground, they're full 'a Krauts.

Wardaddy's periscope spins 360-degrees as he turns to continually check the rear of the tank. Bible works the hand wheel and aims at the building.

BIBLE

On the way!

KABOOM! - He fires the Willy Pete shell...

EXT. CROSSROADS - OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

BOOM! - The White Phosphorous shell hits the wood building and explodes with a spectacular burst of burning white hot streamers - It's like the 4th of July.

The tracers, the explosions, the fires. The SS Troopers returning fire. What wildly beautiful chaos.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! - The Fury pumps three more phosphorous shells into the two buildings. The buildings start to burn. Bathing the area with a warm orange glow...

Burning SS Troopers run out of the buildings...

BRDDDDDDT! - They're cut down by the tank's machine guns.

The fire backlights the SS Troopers making them easier for the Fury to spot.

INT. FURY - NIGHT

The Fury is filled with acrid blinding smoke from the spent gunpowder. Wardaddy watching the destruction...

WARDADDY

It's a fucking turkey shoot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a swig from a fresh bottle and lights a cigarette, his face shiny with sweat, his eyes burning with madness.

The Coaxial machine gun is glowing RED HOT. So is Norman's machine gun.

Suddenly Norman's gun "RUNS AWAY" - Cooking off rounds by itself, zipping through a fresh ammo belt...

NORMAN

My gun's going crazy!

Gordo twists the belt, stopping the runaway weapon...

GORDO

It's over heating! Don't let it burn up.

Gordo puts on an asbestos glove and changes the red hot barrel with a fresh one. Norman reloads and keeps firing...

KABOOM! - Bible steadily firing the main gun...

WARDADDY'S PERISCOPE POV - He SEES a cluster of SS Troops hiding in a ditch - They shoot at the Fury - THWACK! - A bullet strikes his periscope shattering it...

Wardaddy yanks out the broken periscope. Slaps a new one in its place. And continues his observation.

WARDADDY

Traverse right. Steady. Steady. Right there. Hit 'em!

KABOOM! - Bible fires...

WARDADDY'S PERISCOPE POV - BOOM! - The shell explodes in the ditch launching several in the air.

Then the coax machine gun jams - Red hot, hopelessly overheated.

Wardaddy puts on asbestos gloves and wrestles it from its mount. He opens the turret's pistol door and tosses the red hot machine gun outside...

He grabs a fresh gun pilfered from another tank. Lock it into place. Reloads it.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Slow it down. Don't burn up the guns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRDDDDDDDDT - The new coax gun starts firing. The floor of the turret is covered with spent brass.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Okay! Okay! No targets! Cease fire!
If you don't see 'em, don't shoot
'em. Can't spare the ammo on
guesswork.

All firing stops. A sudden deafening silence. Wardaddy turning his periscope looking for SS Troopers.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

We can be damn sure they're working
their way behind us. Anyone see
anything?

BIBLE

No nothing.

NORMAN

Me neither.

GORDO

Nine O'clock! Bazooka!

WARDADDY'S PERISCOPE POV - He whips the scope around and sees an SS Trooper aiming an anti-tank rocket at the tank!

WARDADDY

Traverse right! Traverse right!
Cocksucker's got a Panzerfaust!

Bible turning the hand wheel as fast as he can. The turret steadily moving - Sweat pours off his face...

The SS Trooper fires - FWOOSH! - The anti-tank rocket HISSES right past Wardaddy's periscope, just missing the target.

NORMAN'S PERISCOPE POV - Norman sees a couple of running shadows...

BRDDDDDDT! - He cuts them down. He's in the zone. Hunting for targets and hitting them...

The turret lines up on the trees alongside the road.

KABOOM-KABOOM-KABOOM! - Bible fires three cannon rounds into the darkness.

It's quiet again. Wardaddy looking for targets. He wipes the stinging sweat from his eyes with his sleeve. Then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FWOOSH-BOOM! - An anti-tank rocket explodes against the turret with a burst of red sparks...

A jet of molten steel plasma penetrates - Passing right through Coon-Ass and into the recoil tube of the cannon...

The crew is stunned by the impact. Coon-Ass absorbed the brunt of the blast - A smoking baseball size hole burned through his torso. He's dead.

The recoil tube of the cannon leaks hydraulic fluid. There is a small fire.

Wardaddy grabs the extinguisher and puts out the fire. The tank is filled with smoke and the stench of charred flesh. Bible embraces his dead comrade...

BIBLE

Oh, Grady. Oh dear God. Please dear God have mercy on this man's soul.

WARDADDY

He's gone. We gotta fight.

Bible will. He's furious. He mounts his seat - Then he realizes the main gun is damaged. Oil everywhere.

BIBLE

Recoil assembly's shot. We can't fire the 75.

WARDADDY

Stay on the 30. Keep knocking 'em down.

Bible reloads the coaxial machine gun.

BIBLE

Two boxes left. We need ammo.

They listen to the bullets hitting the tank - It sounds like rain on tin...

Wardaddy scans the area with the periscope. Doing a complete circle...

WARDADDY'S PERISCOPE POV - He sees muzzle flashes all around them. In the firelight of the burning buildings, shadows dance and twist. It's like being stalked by an army of black cats.

Bible SEES them too and opens fire...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BRDDDDDDDDT-BRDDDDDDDDT - He fires several long bursts to keep the German's heads down...

BIBLE (CONT'D)

I'm almost out!

NORMAN

Me too! I got two boxes left!

WARDADDY

Gordo, gimme one.

Gordo passes up the 250 round ammo box. Wardaddy opens it, gets the belt ready for Bible. Then Wardaddy grabs several smoke grenades...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

We got ammo outside. I'm gonna drop some smokes. Gordo, you pop your hatch and lay down some cover fire. Bible and Machine, rip off what you got left.

Wardaddy throws open his hatch - Pulls the smoke grenade pins, tosses them in a ring around the tank...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Okay. I'm going! Hit it!

Wardaddy climbs up out of his hatch...

EXT. CROSSROADS - FURY - NIGHT

The smoke grenades gush torrents of dense yellow smoke.

Gordo opens his hatch - Fires his Tommy-gun at anywhere he thinks a German is hiding...

Next to him, the muzzle of Norman's machine gun spits fire lead and tracers into the night...

Wardaddy scrambles over the turning turret. To the rack of .30 Cal ammo boxes.

Gordo firing and reloading his Tommy-gun...

BRDDDDT! - Bible fires the last of his ammo. He climbs up through Wardaddy's hatch and grabs the grips of the big .50 heavy machine gun and lets it rip...

RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT! - He's chopping down a row of trees where a cluster of SS Troopers fire at the Fury.

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CONTINUED:

It is a scene of inexpressibly wicked beauty - The hot orange light of the blazing buildings. Bright white and pink tracers slash the air. Bullets spark against tank steel. Dead and dying SS Troops in a haze of psychedelic yellow smoke. Running shadows. The sharp bright FLASHES of German hand grenades. And the noise! GUNFIRE, SCREAMING, SHOUTING.

At the centre of it all - Wardaddy pulls several boxes of ammo from the turret's external racks and pitches them into the open hatch...

He HEARS A SCREAM - A FANATICAL SS TROOPER emerges from the wall of yellow smoke - Charging and firing his MP40 machine gun...

Wardaddy pulls the .45 From his shoulder holster...

THWICK! - Wardaddy is hit in the arm. Wardaddy aims, fires back...

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM! Dropping the SS bastard. Wardaddy grabs Bible's shoulder - Banging away with the .50 Cal - Shouts in his ear...

WARDADDY

Get in! Get inside!

Bible dives through the hatch. With bullets hitting all around. Wardaddy climbs inside the Fury.

Gordo empties his magazine - BRDDDDT! - Drops inside the tank. CLANGING the hatch shut behind him.

The yellow smoke is clearing -- Several SS TROOPERS run PAST **CAMERA...**

INT. CROSSROADS - FURY - NIGHT

Bible reloads his coax gun. Wardaddy passes boxes of ammo to Gordo as Norman loads a fresh belt into his gun. Wardaddy back at his periscope looking for targets.

WARDADDY

We got eight boxes of ammo. Four per gun. Make it last.

BIBLE

You're hit.

Wardaddy looks at his arm and shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARDADDY

So are you.

That's when Bible realizes blood is running down his neck. His scalp got nicked with a bullet.

Gordo pulls the pin out of a grenade. Quickly opens his hatch and tosses it outside.

Norman concentrates on his periscope, walking his tracers onto the darting shadows outside - Gordo sees something...

GORDO

Ten O'clock. Thirty yards. Squirt those guys.

Norman fires off a long burst. The last of the belt. He cracks open another box and reloads.

GORDO (CONT'D)

Hurry up. I think they want to kill us.

NORMAN

I think you're right. How long can we keep this up?

GORDO

Not long.

Wardaddy HEARS hobnail boots on top of the tank - He pulls his .45 And opens his hatch.

An SS TROOPER is right there! -- He kicks Wardaddy's gun hand, the .45 Drops to the turret basket floor. Wardaddy reaches up and grabs the Trooper's legs, pulls him down into the tank. Wardaddy pulls his knife...

The German soldier headbutts Wardaddy with his helmet, splitting his nose. Wardaddy is not thwarted. He stabs the man in the chest. Bible freaking out.

BIBLE

Oh dear God!

WARDADDY

It's alright. It's alright. I got him. Gimme a hand.

Wardaddy and Bible hoist the dying German and shove him out of the tank through Wardaddy's hatch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

They're getting cocky.

Wardaddy is in pain. Blood soaking his sleeve.

BIBLE

You're not good leaking oil everywhere.

WARDADDY

So patch me up. Gordo, get up here and work the thirty.

Gordo slips into the turret. Reloads the .30 Cal and starts shooting targets.

ON NORMAN - Still shooting. Empty brass is up to his ankles.

Bible cuts open Wardaddy's sleeve. Pours sulfa powder on the gunshot wound and bandages it. As Bible tends his wound...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

If a man loves the world, the love of the Father ain't in him. For all in the world, lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, the pride of life, is not of the Father. But of the world.

BIBLE

The world and its desires pass away. But he who does God's will lives forever.

Off Bible's quizzical look...

WARDADDY

I once had a long spell with nothing but the good book and my conscience.

With his arm patched up, Wardaddy recovers his .45 Pistol. Bible turns to Gordo.

BIBLE

I got it.

Gordo has a worried look...

GORDO

Brother it's the last belt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Bible replaces Gordo at the gunner's position. Wardaddy is mulling their options. Bible turning the turret. Firing the coax with its footswitch.

ON NORMAN - As the last few rounds feed through his gun...

NORMAN

I'm out! I need another can.

BRDDDDT! CLICK! - That's when Bible runs dry...

BIBLE

She's done.

WARDADDY

That's it then. There ain't more.

Worried looks are traded...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Don't shit your panties. We still got head weapons and the fifty.

Wardaddy opens his hatch and climbs out.

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Pass me a can of fifty.

Bible hands up a box of ammo.

EXT. CROSSROADS - FURY - NIGHT

Wardaddy reloads the .50 Cal. He squints into the shadows. SEE a MAN RUNNING and fires...

RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT! - The man bursts like a water balloon.

Bible opens the Gunner's hatch and joins Wardaddy with his Tommy-gun. Then Gordo and Norman open their hatches, submachine guns ready...

It's deathly quiet. Just the crackling of the burning buildings. The moaning of the wounded Germans.

NORMAN

...Where are they?

GORDO

Everywhere.

A GERMAN MACHINE GUN OPENS FIRE! - The big kind that sounds like an evil chainsaw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It sprays bullets all over the Fury - Gordo pulls the pin on a grenade, cocks his arm to throw it...

THWACK! - Gordo is hit through the chest and drops the grenade inside the tank.

NORMAN

Grenade!

Wardaddy swings the big .50 On the German MG...

RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT! - His tracers find the source of the German tracers. The German MG fire stops.

INT. CROSSROADS - FURY - NIGHT

Gordo is fatally wounded and bleeding out - He fumbles for the HISSING grenade.

Norman stares at him from across the transmission. He's fucked - The grenade will kill them both!

Gordo smiles at Norman - Then with dying strength he holds the grenade tight to his chest...

WHOOMP! - Gordo's body absorbs the blast, saving Norman.

ON NORMAN - He's just sick. Terrified and horrified - And wildly grateful of Gordo's final act.

The crew is down to three men. And a couple hundred SS Troopers still lurk outside in the dark...

WARDADDY

Norman! Keep shooting, son!

Norman grits his teeth. Loads a fresh man in his greasegun...

EXT. CROSSROADS - OLD HOUSE - NIGHT

Norman pops up and fires a long burst into the ditch alongside the tank...

Bible's Tommy-gun jams - He fights to clear the malfunction. No dice. He tosses away the weapon.

He jumps down from the tank and grabs a German assault rifle. He pulls magazines from the pouches of dead Troopers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A supposedly dead SS TROOPER jumps to his feet and rushes him! - Bible grabs the assault rifle by the barrel and swings with all his might...

CRACK! - He catches the SS Trooper in the face with the buttstock - Teeth go flying. Bible flips the gun around and squeezes the trigger.

BRDDDDT! - Finishing the job. Bible scrambles back to the Fury.

Several German smoke grenades are tossed at the Fury. They gush dense white smoke - Smoke washes over the tank - Wardaddy, Norman and Bible can't see a thing.

WARDADDY

Get ready. They're gonna make a move.

Wardaddy pulls a pin on a grenade. His instincts tell him where to throw it...

BOOM! - The grenade explodes - Followed by the SCREAMING of the soldiers it maimed...

SS VOICE

(in German)

You motherfuckers! We're going to skin you alive!

WARDADDY

(in German)

Your mother's in here. She can't talk now. Her mouth's full.

SS VOICE

I'll cut off your fingertips and make you eat them!

WARDADDY

Shut up and send me more pigs to kill!

Suddenly dozens of German weapons open up simultaneously.

It is an unbelievable volume of fire. Wardaddy fires back blindly into the smoke...

RAT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT-AT! - He runs out of ammo...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Bible! Ammo!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bible drops into the turret and grabs a box of ammo off the rack. He climbs up and hands it to Wardaddy.

THWACK! - Bible is hit in the head and instantly killed. He clatters back into the tank. Now it's just Norman and Wardaddy.

ON NORMAN - Helplessly cowering for his life as bullets ricochet all around him...

THWACK-THWACK! - Wardaddy is hit twice...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Button up!

Wardaddy drops inside the tank and closes the hatch. Norman closes his hatch.

INT. CROSSROADS - FURY - NIGHT

The bullets striking the tank sound like gravel hitting sheet metal. Wardaddy holds Bible. He has a massive head wound. Wardaddy is devastated. He gently wipes the blood from Bible's face.

WARDADDY

I'm sorry, Boyd. I did my best.

Norman watching this - The SS Troopers are going to finish them off at any moment. Norman SEES Wardaddy is bleeding heavily from gunshot wounds...

NORMAN

You're wounded.

Wardaddy notices his two new bullet holes for the first time.

WARDADDY

Sure am.

NORMAN

Sergeant Collier?

WARDADDY

My name's Don.

NORMAN

Sorry. Don?

WARDADDY

Yeah kid?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NORMAN

I'm scared.

WARDADDY

I'm scared too.

Wardaddy lights a cigarette. Finds his bottle of Cognac and takes a belt. Offers Norman the bottle, it's covered with blood. Norman wipes the bottle. Takes a sip.

Wardaddy is fading fast. Norman will soon be alone...

NORMAN

I want to surrender.

WARDADDY

Please don't. They'll hurt you real bad. And kill you real bad.

Wardaddy takes a drag on his cigarette. The hatch above him is opening. With casual ease, Wardaddy pulls his .45 - Aims up at the hatch.

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM! - He empties the pistol and the hatch drops shut. He ejects the mag. Moving slow from blood loss. The gun slick in his hands. He pats his pockets looking for a fresh mag...

The hatch opens - THREE GRENADES ARE DROPPED INSIDE!

Smoking, HISSING, deadly. Wardaddy looks at Norman who is frozen with fear...

WARDADDY (CONT'D)

Go.

Norman snaps into action. He dives into the driver's seat, pushing Gordo's body aside - He opens the EMERGENCY ESCAPE HATCH and dives through...

EXT. CROSSROADS - UNDERNEATH THE FURY - NIGHT

Norman is under the tank. Without a weapon!

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! - The grenades explode inside the tank. With that Norman knows Wardaddy is no more. Norman is all alone. Around him he hears angry cursing GERMAN VOICES...

Norman crawls into the crater made by the land mine that broke the track. He makes himself as small as possible, pulls dirt in over himself. Burying himself...

EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT

SS Troopers everywhere. Their medics attend to their wounded. They swarm over the Fury. Open her hatches. Aim their weapons inside and...

BRDDDT-BRDDDDT! - Make sure all the occupants are dead.

EXT. CROSSROADS - UNDERNEATH THE FURY - NIGHT

A YOUNG TROOPER looks beneath the tank with a flashlight. Norman, nearly entirely buried, follows the path of the light beam with his one exposed eye...

The light plays across the undercarriage. Norman's HEARTBEAT feels excruciating loud. Blood pounding in his ears. An SS **OFFICER SHOUTS...**

SS OFFICER

(in German)

Let's go! We're behind schedule!

Move it! Hurry up! Let's move!

The Young Trooper turns off the light. He stands and walks away. Iron boot heels crunching the road...

Norman thanks his higher power. He may just survive this thing. Then the boots stop. And return...

Norman tries to be one with the roadbed.

The Trooper lays down - CLICK - Shines the light directly in Norman's face. He's been discovered.

ON THE YOUNG TROOPER - Now we see his face. He's a kid, younger than Norman. A boy in uniform. He looks Norman in the eye.

Norman slowly lifts his hands in surrender. His oil and blood soaked fingers emerging from the dirt and dust.

The Young Trooper smiles weakly - "I won't hurt you." Then turns off the light and walks away.

Norman sags with anxious relief.

Shrill WHISTLES. SHOUTING as the Sergeants get their squads on the march again. Jackboots CRUNCH the road as the SS formation continues down the road.

EXT. CROSSROADS - UNDERNEATH THE FURY - NIGHT

The SS Troops are marching away in the distance. On a pointless and doomed mission against overwhelming Allied Armies steamrolling across Germany.

Now it's quiet. Dead quiet. Norman, buried in his hole, finally succumbs to exhaustion. His eyes close. He passes out curled in his womb of dirt.

EXT. CROSSROADS - FURY - DAWN

Distant ROOSTERS CROW. The escape hatch slowly opens. It's Norman - He slips inside the Fury. He forces his way past Gordo's body. Then covers Gordo with a jacket. He moves to Coon-Ass and covers him. Then Bible, he gently crosses his arms over his chest.

There's Wardaddy. Sitting there. The grenades have made a mess of him. Norman takes off his jacket and covers him up. He pauses. Gently picks up Wardaddy's big calloused hand. He looks at his palm. Traces the line a moment. As if to confirm something he already knew. Then he sets it down.

Norman finds Wardaddy's knife on the floor of the turret basket. He picks up the knife and runs his thumb along all the notches. Norman HEARS something.

Movement outside the tank. And VOICES!

He freezes. Unsure what to do. This kid is traumatized, he's in no condition to fight Nazis...

Alone and scared. Norman sits there trembling, holding Wardaddy's knife for protection...

The hatch opens - It's a SOLDIER...

An American Soldier - One we recognize - The Huge Dirty Soldier from Baker Company - He looks at Norman with war weary eyes. Wipes his nose on his sleeve and shouts to his buddies.

HUGE DIRTY SOLDIER

One's alive!

EXT. CROSSROADS - DAY

The Fury is shot to hell, burnt and scarred. Baker Company soldiers are gathered around her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Norman is pulled out of the hatch and laid onto a stretcher. Two MEDICS carry Norman to a waiting Half-Track.

MEDIC

You're a hero. You know that?

Norman doesn't know what that means. Or really care. It is clear from the churning angst in his eyes he will never, ever be the same.

CRANE UP - Until we look straight down on the crossroads and see the true scope of the fight, of the carnage...

Laid out in a ring around the tank for fifty yards are a couple hundred dead SS Troopers...

Norman is loaded into the Half-Track. It slowly drives away.

-- THE END --