

Kelly's Heroes.

1970

THE WARRIORS

P.1

by Troy Kennedy Martin

END TITLES - FADE IN
EXT. CROSSROAD - NIGHT

It is raining. At a crossroad in the middle of France, a GERMAN POLICEMAN sweeps a convoy towards the Front.

On a side road an American jeep squats, its engine revving impatiently. Inside the jeep sit three men, their faces illuminated from time to time by the flicker of artillery. In the middle is COLONEL EMIL DANKHOPF. By his side, with his pistol buried firmly in the Colonel's neck is GUTKOWSKI. Lounging in the driver's seat like a bored commuter is KELLY.

A shell SCREAMS out of the darkness. It explodes, raining sods of earth down on the road. In the distance cattle bellow. Kelly curses and bangs impatiently on the horn.

The German Policeman beckons him forward. The jeep lurches across the road, past the policeman and up the hill.

INT. JEEP

As it races past the M.P. - Kelly spins the wheel.

EXT. ROAD

It is only after it is gone that the M.P. realizes his mistake. He yells, and running after it, unslings his machine pistol. But it is too late.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Two German scout cars trundle through the wet. Between them travels the jeep. To the German nothing seems untoward.

1

2

3

4

DO NOT COPY

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

5

Kelly executes a perfect hand-signal and the jeep wheels right down a country lane.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

6

For the first time the Germans identify it for what it is. The first scout car brakes to a halt and the second runs into it.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

7

The jeep bowls along a rutted farm track scattering mud over cursing German soldiery making their way towards the line.

EXT. BOMBED-OUT FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

8

It runs through a soup kitchen, making men yell and shake their fists.

INT. JEEP - ANGLE KELLY

9

He guns the jeep through the soup kitchen.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

10

The jeep approaches a barn where two German gunners sit patiently feeding a machine gun.

INT. JEEP

11

as it races through the barn.

EXT. BARN

12

Seconds later it is through the barn, followed by a shower of bullets.

INT. JEEP - ANGLE KELLY - NIGHT

13

With a pause for breath and a check to see that his passengers are still alive, Kelly guns the motor and the jeep jumps forward.

EXT. ROAD - ANGLE JEEP - NIGHT

14

It races down the road. A shell explodes a few feet away from it.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

15

as it approaches a road junction.

EXT. BARN - ROAD JUNCTION - NIGHT

16

The jeep turns and drives over a railway track. It moves awkwardly because the area is under heavy mortar fire. Smoke spills over the lines like a ground mist and confused SHOUTING can be HEARD between the crump of the bombs. But no men are to be seen. The jeep threads its way between the still steaming craters past an American half-track which is monotonously pumping bright bolts of tracer up into the hills.

ANOTHER ANGLE

17

The jeep halts in the shelter of a signal box. The men dismount. They push Dankhopf towards a large partly destroyed barn. We now see that he is holding a case. The NOISE of the EXPLOSIONS is deafening.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

18

It is largely filled with two trucks, a jeep and a dozen men, and lit by the yellow light of field lamps which swing and shiver with the detonation of the bombs. The jeep is crammed with command equipment. The truck has two gleaming rocket launchers mounted on it. About the barn, men are sleeping despite the racket.

SERGEANT JAKE (BIG JOE) DIAMOND leans over the command vehicle beside LITTLE JOE, his wireless operator. CORPORAL JOB relaxes in the jeep. Big Joe is talking into the receiver with emotion. Forty-five years old, he is all iron and muscle. In contrast to Kelly, he is resolute rather than ruthless, a war weary veteran, tough as they come.

18
CONT'D
(2)

BIG JOE (calmly)
I don't think you understand,
Mulligan. You're dropping your
damn mortar on our position.

There is a silence during which he takes in the entry of Kelly and Dankhopf.

BIG JOE
You can't hear me because your
mortars are firing at your end and
they're dropping at our end. In
Section Bravo Four. No, the
Krauts are not here. We're here.

There is a pause while he takes Dankhopf's wallet and Identity Card from Kelly.

BIG JOE
Your bombs are coming right down
on our nose. I don't know where
the Krauts are, Mulligan. Just
lift that goddamned barrage.

He puts the receiver down.

Almost immediately the whistle of the bombs and the explosions stop.

Everyone relaxes. There is a silence punctuated only by the half-track's twin 50 cal. MACHINE GUNS.

Big Joe looks at Kelly, Dankhopf and Gutkowski. He swings one leg off the truck.

BIG JOE
I told you to bring me in some
good looking kid, not some fat,
sausage-chewing wino.

KELLY
He was the first thing I could
grab.

At that moment there is the final WHISTLE of a BOMB. They all stand in that pained, half-hunched position which war veterans adopt under fire. The coffee is spilt, the lamps go out. The explosion is deafening, they are covered in dirt that drifts down from the roof.

18
CONT'D
(3)

Only Dankhopf puts his hands up to his neck to protect himself. The case swings in front of him. Big Joe stands, his hands clenched. Little Joe using a hammer on the dashboard, somehow killing the klaxon.

Lopez has entered the barn, crosses to Big Joe.

LOPEZ

They're trying to come up
the canal.

BIG JOE

What do you want me to do?

LOPEZ

The half-track's been sideswiped
by a mortar. Sailor's got it bad.

Big Joe looks round.

BIG JOE (to Corporal
Job)

See what's going on, Corporal.
(vells)

Penn, Jonsey, get a litter and
go with Corporal Joe.

In the b.g. the two men cursing pick themselves off the hay and follow Lopez into the night with a stretcher.

Meanwhile, Little Joe picks up a signal.

LITTLE JOE

Mickey Mouse... Yeah. Yeah.
(he turns)

It's Mulligan. He says he's sorry.

Big Joe's face is expressionless.

Little Joe gets on the radio, embarrassed.

LITTLE JOE (in b.g.)

Mulligan - Big Joe's kind of sore
at the moment. I maybe think you
should take off for a few days.
You know, get out of the neighbor-
hood.

Big Joe is looking at Dankhopf, then at Kelly.

18
CONT'D
(4)

BIG JOE
Does he speak English?

KELLY
Yeah, he's a colonel in the
Intelligence.

Kelly lights a cigarette and watches.

BIG JOE
Well, Colonel, as a big noise in
Intelligence, you should be able
to tell us about Nancy.

DANKHOPF
Under the Geneva Convention of
1924, you are only permitted to
ask my name...

BIG JOE
I am not interested in the defenses.
I am interested in hotels. How
many are still standing?

DANKHOPF
There are three, two are defended
by units of the 3rd...

BIG JOE
Which is the most comfortable?

DANKHOPF (defiantly)
I don't know.

BIG JOE
Look, Colonel, just think of us
as tourists. I don't want any
military information. Just...
the best hotel! O.K.

DANKHOPF
I think it is called The Majestic.

BIG JOE
Are there hot showers?

DANKHOPF
Yes.

BIG JOE
Soft beds?

DANKHOPF

Yes.

BIG JOE

What about restaurants?

DANKHOPF

There was one.

BIG JOE

Where?

DANKHOPF

In a little square. The Place
de Rheims. I don't know.

BIG JOE

Who was the owner?

DANKHOPF

I can't remember his name.

BIG JOE (to Little

Joe)

Check the Michelin Guide.

Little Joe pulls out a battered 1939 Michelin.

BIG JOE (to Dankhopf)

What about women?

Dankhopf is overcome by a fit of fervour.

DANKHOPF

Gentlemen. The German Army is
preparing a counter attack. Nancy
will be defended to the last man.

BIG JOE

We are not worrying about the German
Army, we have troubles of our own.
To the right, General Patton. To
the left, the British. To the rear,
our goddamned artillery. It is also
raining. The best that can be said
for the weather is that our Air Corps
can't blow us to hell, because it's
too lousy to fly. Now who runs the
girls in Nancy?

DANKHOPF

There is a house but -- I cannot
give you directions -- I --

LITTLE JOE

Nancy.

(he says)

Principal attractions. The
Church of The Cordeliers Tombs,
woodwork and statues, City Hall
18th Century, with stairway and
square reception room. Palace
Stanislas, impressive gates,
Porterie Museum of Lorain, charge
to see, 3 francs - free on Sunday.

BIG JOE

(cutting him off)

Knock it off - and get to the Hotels.

LITTLE JOE

The Majestic rates three stars, a
knife and a fork.

Big Joe looks at him for a moment, nods, turns to Kelly.

BIG JOE

(to Kelly)

We keep this guy till we get into
Nancy. He can show us the town.

In the b.g. BABRA has entered in a shower of rain and making an
unwelcome draught. He has crossed up to Big Joe.

BABRA

Joe..

BIG JOE

What do you want, Barbara?

BABRA

How many times do I tell you the
name's Babra, not Barbara?

Big Joe just looks at him sourly.

BABRA

The Captain wants to see you.

Big Joe reaches for his sub-machine gun and puts on his helmet.

BIG JOE

O.K., I'm coming.

LITTLE JOE

What should I do, Joe?

BIG JOE

Stay on the radio.

Kelly, who has been studying the Colonel, speaks slowly.

KELLY

Joe, this guy should be taken
back for interrogation.

18
CONT'D
(7)

BIG JOE

Kelly, no one's copping out of this.
The Colonel serves a more strategic
purpose by staying with us. If he
needs interrogating, then you do it.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

18X1

INT. BARN - NIGHT

18X2

Kelly watches them go. Kelly returns to the center
of the hut where Dankhopf stands timorously. The
rest take coffee, checking the trucks, lugging out
rations as a trickle of men come in one after the
other, demanding this and that, mainly food, and
trying to dodge out of the wet and the war.

Kelly steers Dankhopf under a light and looks at
him. He pulls out his arm and places it on the
table. Between it and the briefcase runs a chain.
Kelly holds out his hand.

KELLY (to Little Joe)

Let me have the meat axe.

Little Joe throws him an axe. Dankhopf winces as
Kelly raises it -- the blow is clean, the chain
splits. Dankhopf withdraws his hand as if it were
burnt, but he watches with a fascination as Kelly
pulls the bag forward.

The bag has two zips. One at the top, the other
along the lower half. It is very heavy. Kelly
unzips the top and then clumsily turning the bag
on its side, lets the papers slip out. He spreads
them open and then, peeling through them:

KELLY (turns)

Hey, Fisher.

ANGLE - SOLDIER

19

FISHER

Yeah.

KELLY

What do these say?

Fisher crosses over, picks up the papers. OVER
THIS Kelly is tipping up the bag and unzipping the
bottom half out of which slip four greyish bars
of metal.

19
CONT'D
(2)

KELLY

What are these?

DANKHOPF (sincerely)

Bars of lead -- in case of capture
the bag was to have been thrown
into the nearest water. Unfor-
tunately, you surprised me.

FISHER

All these papers are about some
kind of convoy from France to
Germany. The code name is Tannen-
baum. But it don't say what's in
it.

Kelly takes the papers back from Fisher.

KELLY (to Dankhopf)

What are you carrying from here
to Germany?

Dankhopf does not reply for a moment, then he
looks inspired.

DANKHOPF

Just files.

Kelly looks again through the papers -- slowly
turns the lead bar over in his hand.

KELLY

Where is the convoy now?

DANKHOPF

At Claremont.

KELLY

That's about thirty miles from
here, isn't it?

(the Colonel does
not reply)

So what are you doing in this
area?

DANKHOPF

I needed petrol for my trucks.
The bombing, none of the trucks
will run without petrol.

OVER THIS Kelly has searched the bottom compartment and found nothing more. Then he gazes straight into the Colonel's eyes. Kelly reaches into the jeep and finds a bottle of whiskey. He uncorks it, takes a slug, grabs Dankhopf by the arm, crosses him over to the corner of the barn.

19
CONT'D
(3)

KELLY

Sit down.

Dankhopf sits. Kelly sits opposite him.

KELLY (kindly)

I want you to drink.

DANKHOPF

Drink? Under the Geneva Convention...

KELLY

This isn't Geneva, Colonel - so drink.

(beat)

I want us to have a nice little sociable talk.

(he repeats it in German)

Ein kleines gesprach haben.

Dankhopf raises the bottle and begins to drink.

EXT. MARSH AREA - NIGHT

20

Big Joe and Babra crouch awkwardly on the side of the road. They have no intention of getting down into the marsh because it's wet.

BIG JOE

Hello! Captain Maitland...

There is no answer, so they run forward to a dyke beyond which lies the silver of a pond. Big Joe shouts again and then he and Babra crook their necks for an answer.

BIG JOE

Captain Maitland!

BABRA

Cartwright!

VOICE

Die seben haben...

There are more SHOUTS IN GERMAN. Big Joe listens. There is a rattle of MACHINE GUN, a SCREAM and a YELL. Then a GRENADE goes off.

BIG JOE
Where the hell is he?

20
CONT'D
(2)

BABRA
He was here. Right here.
(brightly)
Maybe he's been killed already, huh?

BIG JOE (shouting
again)
Captain Maitland. It's Big Joe.

VOICE
Maitland's over on the right.

BIG JOE
Where's Mitchell?

VOICE
With Maitland.

Big Joe nudges Babra. They move down into the marsh.

BIG JOE
I'll tell you something, Barbara,
that Maitland's going to get us
all killed.

BABRA
The name's Babra.

They move off the road and into the marsh.

EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

21-24

Several SHOTS of Big Joe and Babra moving through the marsh. They pull themselves up on a piece of dry land. Through the mist we can make out the shape of an old boat house. Big Joe and Babra move toward it.

INT. BOAT HOUSE ON THE RIVER

25

Big Joe enters with Babra.

BIG JOE
Captain Maitland. It's me, Big Joe.

MAITLAND
Come in, Sergeant.

Big Joe steps forward.

BIG JOE
Hi, Mitchell.

Mitchell nods at the Captain and shakes his head.
Big Joe clambers onto a water-logged pontoon.
The Captain is standing admiringly looking at a
pencil-slim yacht.

MAITLAND
Just look at that, Sergeant.

BIG JOE
It's a boat.

MAITLAND
It's an eight metre racing yacht.
They don't build 'em like that
any more.

BIG JOE
Did you bring me across a marsh
to show me a lousy boat, Captain?

MAITLAND
Yup. We're pulling out of this
sector, and I want to see the
engineers get this out of the
water and back to base.

BIG JOE (furiously)
What about Nancy?

Maitland talks but he is still admiring the boat
and stroking its rigging.

MAITLAND
The Third Army's taking over and
we're going into reserve. When
they've taken Nancy, we'll go
back into the line.

Big Joe explodes.

BIG JOE
Ever since we got out of the water
at Omaha this has been happening.
Every time we come near a town like
Nancy, the guys with (the clean
uniforms and) the ties ride in on
their trucks and make the play.

A shell SCREAMS down. Maitland hurls himself against
the mast to somehow protect the yacht. Mitchell
looks at him oddly.

BIG JOE

Captain, I don't think that you have the welfare of your men at heart. Here is a big town full of passionate women, vintage wine, good restaurants, feather beds in rooms with hot showers. We've been rained on, jumped on, bombed on, mortared on by Mulligan all the way from the Normandy Bridgehead.

MAITLAND

The General says we got to pull out -- so we pull out.

BIG JOE

Captain, you just can't do this.

MAITLAND

Do you think they could get this hull in the hold of a B-17?

BIG JOE

We're point section to the whole damn army. Nancy's our town.

Suddenly the door bursts open. Private Grace sticks his head in.

GRACE

There're a couple of German tanks coming up the road.

BIG JOE

Captain, I've got it all fixed. We've even got a guide. All we gotta do is get in there.

MAITLAND

There's an S.S. Panzer Division which says you can't.

BIG JOE

Sure, we'll need a bit of help.

MAITLAND

The only help I need, Sergeant, is to get this yacht out of here.

Now guns start going all over the place and within seconds a miniature war has started.

MAITLAND

On second thoughts, Sergeant, get back to the crossroads. If it's too hot, get the men to the other side of the canal. I'll rustle up the engineers and take care of this beauty myself.

BIG JOE

Captain, you're supposed to be running this outfit.

MAITLAND

You do such a good job, Sergeant, why should I get in your way.

(he turns to Mitchell)

Mitchell, you come with me.

They exit out the back of the boat house.

We HEAR the rumble of tanks much closer now and shells begin hurtling over the boat house.

Big Joe looks after the disappearing Captain with fury, then he yells at Babra:

BIG JOE

You, get to the bridge. I'm gonna see what's happening.

Big Joe goes toward the front door -- Babra toward the back.

EXT. CROSSROAD AND BRIDGE - NIGHT

26

All hell has broken loose. The half-track is burning and men are running across the open space lugging machine guns and ammunition.

A German scout car lies riddled with bullets on the railway track, three dead men hanging out of it.

A half-track is being hastily unloaded of its ammunition, which is being distributed to a dozen men.

Corporal Job is lugubriously in charge, a cup of coffee in his hand. He goes inside.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

27

In the barn everyone seems busy. Corporal Job comes into the barn. No one takes notice of him.

In the corner, Kelly and Dankhopf are getting drunk. Job wanders over to Little Joe who sits on the radio set, sliding on his seat impatiently.

27
CONT'D
(2)

LITTLE JOE

Mulligan, I want you to put your mortars down on Section Zero Five, that's to the right of the bridge. Not on the bridge...Mulligan, we're on the bridge. But just down on the right and then zero them slowly in toward us. That's right, Mulligan.

(he listens to the deafening crump of the bombs)

That's better, Mulligan. I can hear them, and you're doing fine, Mulligan... No, I'm not going outside to watch, Mulligan, because I will get my head blown off.

CORPORAL JOB (to Little Joe)

What happened to Big Joe?

In the b.g. Cowboy is cleaning his rocket launchers.

LITTLE JOE

He went out to see the Captain.

CORPORAL JOB (nods,

crosses away)

Hey, Cowboy.

COWBOY

Yeah?

CORPORAL JOB

We got a report that three tanks are coming up the road. I suggest you get activated.

COWBOY

Come on, Corporal. Man, ain't there any of them Shermans around? I just finished cleaning these here things. If I take 'em out in the rain now, they'll get all rusted up on me.

CORPORAL JOB

Listen, Boy, we are not in contact with the main force. We are almost surrounded by the enemy. Now, get off your ass and get out there.

COWBOY

O.K. O.K. Don't sweat. I was just telling you my feelings. Come on, you all.

Fortune and two other men are half sleeping, stir themselves, clamber aboard the half-track. Cowboy gets into the half-track and he backs it out through the wall in a token of disgust.

27
CONT'D
(3)

At this moment the door is almost blown open.

Lopez enters again, pretty breathless.

LOPEZ

Corporal, the Mickey Finn is bogged down in mud just short of the bridge. Do we abandon it or do you give us a tow?

CORPORAL JOB

You don't abandon none of my machinery, Lopez. I'll come have a look.

(he crosses to Kelly)

Kelly -- what d'you say? You leave the prisoner and give us a hand.

KELLY

Big Joe told me to look after the Colonel and that's what I'm doing.

Dankhopf, who is now quite maudlin, slaps his arm around Kelly's shoulder.

DANKHOPF (slumps
onto Kelly - in German)
You, Kelly, is to stop with me.

KELLY

Ja. Ja. Speak English.

DANKHOPF

Ja. Ja. Kelly - he's my friend. He understands. You know, he was an officer himself - till he was court-martialed.

CORPORAL JOB

Yeah. We know all about that...

Job leaves them and ambles out into the chaos of the night.

DANKHOPF

They don't seem to like you.

KELLY (leading
him on)
Colonel, you know the story. Once
an officer, always an officer. I
can't tell you what it's like, having
to fight the rest of the war as an
enlisted man -

DANKHOFF (weeping)
You know, Kelly - but for the grace
of God, there go I. Just one mis-
take and I could've been sent to
Russia.

The Colonel now starts singing in German, the song:
"We Are Marching Against England." Drunk as a lord,
his voice gets louder as the noise of battle gets
nearer. No one takes any notice.

Little Joe is on the radio again, this time to Head-
quarters..

LITTLE JOE
Gee, Major, look, it's all right
you saying we got to hold the
ground at all costs, but we're a
reconnaissance company, it's not
our job to hold the ground, that's
an infantry's job. Our job is to
go someplace, look at it and tell
you what the situation is. And I
can tell what the situation is. It
stinks. It's cold, it's wet, and
we're under heavy fire.

CORPORAL JOB
Are they sending anything up to
support us?

LITTLE JOE
No, they say they ain't got nothing.
We've been ordered to hold.

CORPORAL JOB
With what?

LITTLE JOE
That's what I told 'em.
(beat)
You think we should pull out?

CORPORAL JOB
Let's wait and see what Big Joe says.

Little Joe takes this in, but after another pattern
of shells rock the barn, he starts the jeep's motor.

LITTLE JOE

Look, Corporal, as much as I like Big Joe, I don't want to spend the rest of the war in Prison Camp. Also I am first generation Italian, and I can be shot as a traitor. The indications are that the Germans are coming and we are not going to stop them. So, with your permission, I am withdrawing this command vehicle to the other side of the canal. O.K.?

CORPORAL JOB

Yeah. Go on.

Little Joe begins to back the jeep up. Cowboy enters, crosses up to Job.

COWBOY

I don't know if you can count, Job, there ain't no three tanks down that there road. There's about twenty of 'em.

CORPORAL JOB

Yeah, O.K. Pass the word along - try and hold as long as you can - then pull back to the other side of the canal.

COWBOY

O.K. Just as long as you know it's some kind of waste of time scoring three tanks when there are twenty of 'em.

Cowboy leaves and Job orders the remainder of the men out of the barn. They exit, protesting because it's raining, because they're tired. As the jeep turns, Job gets into the jeep. Little Joe looks across at Kelly and calls.

LITTLE JOE (asking)

Hey, Kelly, we're pulling out now...ya coming?

Kelly puts his submachine gun across his knees.

KELLY (angry)

Go on.

The jeep with Job and Little Joe in it lurches out of the hut and disappears.

EXT. BARN AND CROSSROAD - NIGHT

28

The jeep comes out of the barn and moves toward the bridge.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

28X1

Dankhopf is slumped over the table, in a drunken stupor. Kelly takes a look around, the barn is empty. He picks up one of the lead bars in front of him, pours whiskey over it, and wipes it across the front of his uniform. The paint on the bar wipes away leaving a sparkling gold bar in Kelly's hand.

KELLY (sweetly)
Colonel - wake up.
(beat)
Colonel.

Dankhopf moans in his sleep. Kelly pushes him up into seated position, holds the gold bar in front of him.

KELLY
Colonel, how many more of these
are there in the convoy?

Dankhopf doesn't seem to understand. Kelly reaches into his waistband and pulls out a .45 automatic.

KELLY (cont'd.)
How many bars of gold in the
convoy?

The sight of the .45 under his nose wakes Dankhopf up a little.

DANKHOPF (drunken stupor)
VIERZEHN.

KELLY (gently)
Fourteen what -- hundred?

DANKHOPF
NEIN. TAUSEND.

KELLY
In English, Colonel. Fourteen what?

DANKHOPF
Thousand.

Kelly takes a long beat.

KELLY
Fourteen thousand?

DANKHOPF
JA. VIERZEHN TAUSEND.

KELLY
Where are they in the town?

Dankhopf doesn't answer. Kelly cocks the .45.

KELLY (continued)
Don't make me ask you everything
twice. Where are they?

DANKHOPF
In the bank.

He half falls out of the chair. Kelly grabs him
and straightens him up.

KELLY
What support vehicles are with the
trucks.

Dankhopf's head drops. Kelly shakes him to bring
him around.

KELLY
What support vehicles.

DANKHOPF (whispers)
Three Tiger tanks.

KELLY
How many infantry.

Dankhopf slumps in the chair, unconscious. Kelly
shakes him, but he's out cold.

EXT. BRIDGE AND CANAL - NIGHT

29

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE BRIDGE, Big Joe runs across
the bridge. Several shells explode in the water.
He runs up to the jeep. The NOISE is fantastic as
the half-tracks squat, hull down behind the bridge,
and pump a steady stream of steel across the canal.

CORP. JOB
Where's Maitland?

BIG JOE
He's trying to salvage a yacht.

LITTLE JOE
A yacht?

BIG JOE
A yacht! Have you been onto Headquarters?

LITTLE JOE
Yeah, Headquarters said we got to hold.

BIG JOE
I'll tell 'em what they can hold.
The Third took over this section
as from one hour ago. We're pulling
out.

LITTLE JOE
Great!
(he starts the engine
immediately)
I'll meet you back about ten miles.

BIG JOE (grabs him)
Wait a minute.
(to Job)
Is everybody across the bridge?

CORP. JOB
Kelly's still over there in the
barn with that Colonel.

BIG JOE
Didn't you tell him we were pulling
out?

LITTLE JOE
We told 'im -- but he's nuts.

BIG JOE (looks at him,
baffled and angry)
Tell Mulligan to give me three
minutes then zero in the mortars
right in on the barn.

LITTLE JOE (pulling
out the phone)
If you say so.

BIG JOE (to Job)
Wait here.

Big Joe moves across the bridge.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

29X1

Big Joe is running through the thickening smoke. He races across the bridge. On the far side practically nothing can be seen but smoke, the dull glow of fires from burning vehicles and running shadowy figures.

He bursts INTO THE BARN.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

30

Kelly is standing up supporting the drunken Dankhopf.

KELLY (soothingly)
Come on, Colonel, up you get, we're going for a walk.

BIG JOE
Kelly! There's half the German army coming up the road. That crazy Irishman is about to dump four tons of mortars on this place. What are you doing here?

KELLY
I'm looking after the Colonel.

Big Joe brings up his carbine to his hip.

BIG JOE
Shoot him and lets get out of here.

Kelly pulls Dankhopf up onto his shoulder.

KELLY
If we shoot him we may not get the gold.

BIG JOE
What gold?

KELLY
The convoy this guy was with is carrying about fifteen million in gold.

BIG JOE
Where?

He looks at the Colonel, fascinated.

KELLY

In a bank 25 miles east of Nancy.

30
CONT'D
(2)

At that moment Kelly's voice is drowned by a screaming choir of WHISTLING BOMBS. Big Joe raises his arms.

BIG JOE

Mulligan!!! I said three minutes.

Kelly drops Dankhopf and dives for cover.

EXT. BARN - NIGHT

31

The whole barn is hit by blast. It moves sideways thirty feet and, lit by a jagged series of flashes in the total darkness, collapses like a pack of cards.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

32

ACROSS THE BRIDGE, the group around the command jeep stand horrified as they view the debris of the smoking barn.

Suddenly, they come to life.

Job, Lopez and Gutkowski start running for the bridge.

Cowboy vaults into his half-track and moves forward to lend support.

On the far side of the bridge coming through the smoke is the black ugly snout of a Mark-Four. A black Maltese cross tattooed across its belly.

Cowboy fires; the half-track springs back with the recoil.

The German tank, covered in smoke and dirt, withdraws slowly.

The three men, now across the bridge, run fast, half obscured in smoke, towards the wreckage of the barn.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

33-42

Big Joe pushes strands of the shattered roof away from him and surfaces like a lost whale.

He looks around to find Kelly crawling out, battered and bleeding.

33-42
CONT'D
(2)

Already Lopez and Gutkowski are shouting their names as they clamber over the collapsed roof, towards them.

BIG JOE

Kelly, are you all right?

ANGLE KELLY -- he's digging into the debris.

KELLY (croaking)

Dankhopf!

The three soldiers reaching Big Joe, cluster around him, trying to drag him away bodily. Gutkowski fires his carbine towards the Germans.

CORP. JOB

Are you okay, Joe?

LOPEZ

Let's get out.

Big Joe furiously beats them off.

BIG JOE

Get Kelly. He's gone crazy.

Kelly has dragged Dankhopf out of the rubble and picks up his briefcase as Lopez and Gutkowski reach him.

Kelly swings Dankhopf up onto his shoulder --

WIDER ANGLE -- The whole group runs toward the bridge.

ANGLE - BRIDGE - BIG JOE, GUTKOWSKI, LOPEZ AND JOB race across the bridge. Kelly, weighted down by the drunken Dankhopf, is last. In the b.g. a Tiger tank appears through the mist, its cannon and machine gun firing. Bullets rip pieces out of the bridge around Kelly -- Suddenly a shell from the tank blows half the bridge away, sending Kelly and Dankhopf tumbling into the water below.

ANGLE WATER - KELLY, DANKHOPF. Kelly surfaces, sees Dankhopf floating a few feet away, grabs him and pulls him to the shore --

ANGLE SHORE - KELLY, DANKHOPF -- Kelly drags Dankhopf up onto the land.

KELLY
Dankhopf...

33-42
CONT'D
(3)

He shakes him, rolls him over. He's dead.

ANGLE KELLY -- He looks down at Dankhopf, picks up his case and begins to move away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

43

For the first time we see the ground over which the war is being fought. The sun hangs in a dry sky. Below it gentle hills rise stuffed with ripening vineyards. In small gulleys, smoke still billows from the wreck of smouldering armour, while across the sky planes zoom in single hunting missions.

In the foreground, the brute power of Patton's army surges down a narrow road; the tanks like tinkers' carts laden with pots, pans and the paraphernalia of war, their long sloping backs swarming with infantry.

Over all is the hysterical NOISE of the high revving diesels and the SHRIEK of metal tracks.

Maitland's company gloomily contemplates the scene. Their jeeps and half-tracks litter the side of the road half in and out of a ditch. On the grassy bank above it -- the men stretch and sleep like corpses or, on their elbows, watch the tanks stream by with the champagne cases of Rheims still tied firmly to their turrets. It is interesting to note that all the soldiers, unlike Big Joe's unshaven outfit, wear collars and ties.

ANGLE - JEEP

44

Big Joe and Little Joe are slumped in the jeep. Corporal Job saunters up, leans on the jeep, hands a written order to Big Joe.

JOB
From Company Headquarters.

Big Joe reads the message. Job looks at the passing parade of soldiers and tanks, turns back.

JOB (disconsolately)
The guys with the ties.

LITTLE JOE

Those guys'll be in Nancy by tonight making it with our women; lying in our bathtubs, sleeping in our beds. Nancy -- it was in our hands like a ripe fruit. It even had a broad's name -- Nancy.

44
CONT'D
(2)

In the b.g. Kelly is coming up the road, the Colonel's case in his hand.

BIG JOE

O.K. Knock it off. We got orders to pull back to a farmhouse at Map Reference 473.

LITTLE JOE

What for?

BIG JOE

It don't say what for. It just says to pull out.

(to Job)

Get 'em moving.

(Kelly has come up to the jeep)

Where you been?

Kelly swings the case up onto the hood of the jeep. It lands with a THUD.

KELLY

Checking a few things out.

BIG JOE

Like what?

KELLY

I'm going for that gold, Joe.

BIG JOE

That's what I figured. Let me tell you something, soldier -- and let me make it nice and clear for you. I got a job to do and that's to get you guys to Berlin without being killed, and it ain't easy. We been at the front end of this war all the way. You even open your mouth about that gold to any of these guys, I'll have you bounced from the outfit so fast your feet won't even touch the ground. You got it?

KELLY (yanks the
case from the jeep)
Yeah, I got it, Joe -- you'd better
start making out the transfer papers
because, with or without you, I'm
going for it.

44
CONT'D
(3)

They stand a moment, looking at one another.

BIG JOE
Forget it, Kelly. I'm warning you.

Kelly walks away. A jeep comes past. Kelly steps
up into the vacant jump seat. The jeep moves away.

BIG JOE
Okay. Get this thing out of here.

LITTLE JOE
What gold is he talking about, Joe?

BIG JOE
How do I know what gold he's talking
about. Just drive the jeep, will ya.
(bellows)
Okay, Corporal. Fall 'em in.

The men begin to fall in along the edge of the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARTLY GUTTED FARMHOUSE - DAY

45

Coming straight INTO CAMERA is the nose of a large
sailing yacht. CAMERA PULLS BACK to see Captain
Maitland supervising the loading of the yacht onto
a tank transporter. In the b.g. Big Joe and his men
come up the road toward the farmhouse.

Big Joe's jeep rolls to a halt next to Maitland.
Corp. Job is seated in back. Big Joe gets out and
salutes.

BIG JOE
Captain Maitland.

MAITLAND
Hi, Sergeant. Do you think I can
get this to Paris by Sunday?

BIG JOE

Did you bring me to this lousy farm-house to talk about this lousy boat again?

45
CONT'D
(2)

MAITLAND

No, Sergeant. I've done a deal with Headquarters. I've got three days rest for you and the men. You see they have a good time while I take the yacht to Paris and do one or two little errands for the General.

BIG JOE

And where do we take this vacation?

MAITLAND

Right here, Sergeant.

Big Joe's face is indescribable.

BIG JOE

You're kidding!

The men slowly drop from the trucks and move around the farmyard, dropping their packs.

MAITLAND

Not at all. With a little bit of imagination you can fix it up real good. Lay out the baseball diamond, run the water in from the well up the mountain. The special services are coming by with some magazines and paperbacks.

BIG JOE

But we're thirty miles from the nearest town. There's no action.

Maitland hastily climbs into the tank transporter's cabin as the men move forward enraged. The driver starts the engine.

MAITLAND (shouting
above the protests)

That's the great thing about this location, it's quiet. Get yourselves a suntan and a good rest, in three days we'll be back in the line.

The tank transporter begins to inch forward.

BIG JOE

There's no booze, there's no dames, there's no action.

MAITLAND

Yeah, and that reminds me -- don't meddle with the women around here, their husbands carry guns. And don't forget this is still a war zone and the penalty for looting is death.

45
CONT'D
(3)

BIG JOE (exploding)

Loot what? There's nothing around here to loot.

His voice is almost drowned out by the NOISE of the tank transport as it moves out of the farmyard. Maitland yells something about "being back in three days," but we can't hear him. Joe crosses back to the jeep, shoves his helmet back.

BIG JOE

Get yourself a suntan and a rest. He's got to be crazy!

LITTLE JOE

I'll bet there ain't a broad within twenty miles of this place.

CORP. JOB

He's right about one thing -- it sure is quiet around here.

At that moment, all hell breaks loose. The ground trembles between them. The men scramble to a place in the wall where the bricks crumble into the field below.

Joe runs to the other side of the farmhouse, looks down on a nightmare of NOISE. BIG JOE'S POV. A whole battery of field artillery has been set up in the grass and is firing an all-guns barrage.

Big Joe stands in the yard, transfixed. Then he turns to look at the disappearing yacht.

EXT. SUPPLY DEPOT ROAD - DAY

46

EXT. SUPPLY DEPOT - DAY (ACTUAL DEPOT)

46X1

EXT. SUPPLY DEPOT - DAY

46X2

After the din of the previous scene the quietness is pronounced. Kelly steps out of the jeep he grabbed a ride on earlier and moves down a cubed maze of gas cans. On either side they rise to twin-storied heights fronded by netting and chalkmarked with commissary signs.

Beyond the tin boulevards three whale-backed Shermans stand, hull down in the long grass.

46X2
CONT'D
(2)

INT. SUPPLY DEPOT - DAY

47

Kelly glances around. The place is a mass of steel boxes, their half-open drawers stuffed full of files -- on a side table is a coffee pot, cups, etc. Behind them lie black splotches of what look like derelict bunks.

Outside, somewhere, cheerful MUSIC is being played on a phonograph. Kelly crosses and pours himself a cup of coffee.

KELLY

Crapgame?

Crapgame looks up, he sees Kelly.

CRAPGAME (suspiciously)

What do you want?

KELLY

I want to talk to yuh.

Crapgame goes on with his paperwork. Kelly plays it easy.

CRAPGAME (eventually)

I hear Maitland's got himself a yacht. Taken it to Paris.

KELLY

That's right.

CRAPGAME

There's no money in yachts so what does he want a yacht for?

KELLY

Does it matter? It gets him out of the way for a few days.

Crapgame looks up at him. His bleary eyes are shrewd and calculating.

CRAPGAME

What do you want, Kelly?

Kelly speaks very slowly, enunciating each point.

KELLY

I want fifteen submachine guns --
and enough ammunition, and stores
to keep a platoon in the field
for three days --

CRAPGAME

Yeah, that's all.

KELLY (sips coffee)

Two hundred gallons of gas -- and
the intelligence reports and maps
of this whole sector, and I want
'em in the next two hours.

Crapgame figures this out for a moment. Then he
looks up.

CRAPGAME

What's in it for me?

KELLY

A piece of the action.

CRAPGAME

What kind of action?

Kelly drops the gold bar on Crapgame's papers. He
picks it up expertly and examines it. Then he looks
at him and picks up the phone. He cranks it.

CRAPGAME (into the phone)

Get me a quotation for gold on the
Paris market... Yeah. Now.

He puts the phone down and looks at the bar again.
He crosses over to a small scale on one of the
desks and weighs the gold bar - OVER THIS:

CRAPGAME

How much more, where this came from?

KELLY

Fourteen thousand bars.

CRAPGAME

Have some more coffee.

He checks the scale; Kelly crosses to the coffee.

CRAPGAME

Where is it?

KELLY

In the bank.

CRAPGAME

You're getting ambitious aren't you? How do you expect to blow a bank and get away with it?

KELLY

It's behind enemy lines.

Crapgame takes a long beat.

CRAPGAME (blissful)

That could be the perfect crime.

The telephone rings. Crapgame crosses and picks it up.

CRAPGAME

Yuh?

(he scribbles on his notepad, various calculations)

Yuh.

He pulls forward a mechanical adding machine and punches up some figures.

CRAPGAME

Okay. Okay.

(he puts the phone down.

He looks up at his figures.

He looks up at Kelly)

One point six million dollars...

What else will you need.

There is a reverent silence.

Crapgame looks at him speculatively.

There is a silence broken by a polite cough from the darkness of one of the trucks.

ODDBALL

You could probably use some armour.

Kelly turns hostile. Crapgame screws his eyes. A lighter flicks on. There is a puff of a cigarette. But the smoker keeps the lighter going.

He is sitting on a bunk. Behind him lies a naked girl. He gets up and crosses to the back of the truck. Kelly looks at him as he comes forward. Oddball stands facing him relaxed, almost effeminate.

His concave chest is bare under a leather jerkin. Round his neck dangles an Iron Cross. His long legs are encased in a German General's breeches. Long slung on his hip, cowboy style, is a Luger. He looks crazy, but he also looks dangerous.

KELLY (to Crapgame)
Who is he?

ODDBALL
Name's Oddball.

CRAPGAME
He's got three Shermans outside.

KELLY
What's your outfit?

ODDBALL
Right now we ain't got none.

KELLY
Where's your officer?

ODDBALL (stepping
down from the truck)
He got decapitated by an .88 about
six weeks back. Don't say you're
sorry -- he'd been trying to get us
all killed ever since we landed at
Omaha Beach.

CRAPGAME
He hasn't reported him dead yet
because I'm collecting his whiskey.

Kelly looks at Oddball coldly. Oddball shifts from
one foot to the other.

ODDBALL
We see our role as being of a defen-
sive nature. While our armies are
advancing so fast and everybody's
knocking themselves out to be a hero,
we feel we should hold ourselves in
reserve. In case the Krauts mount a
counter-attack that maybe threatens
Paris or New York, then we'll move in
and be able to stop 'em. But now for
1.6 million dollars we might be willing
to become heroes ourselves for a few
days.

(hopefully)
Help yuh out. Ya know, a Sherman can
be a nice little toy sometimes.

Kelly looks at him stonily.

KELLY
Where're the Shermans?

ODDBALL
Out back. Take a look.

Oddball moves toward the back of the depot.

47
CONT'D
(5)

Kelly with a glance at Crapgame walks towards the opening, beyond which lies the music.

OUTSIDE

48

Sheltered by the tanks a gentle orgy is in progress.

Three of Oddball's crew stripped to the waist are doing rhythmic Greek type dance around a stoned half-nude young girl who sits cross-legged wearing a steel helmet and holding in her hand a bayonet. The three men, tattooed and like Oddball, with Iron Crosses swinging from their necks, take no notice of Kelly but continue their dance. The rest of the crews lie around with girls very quietly eating grapes and getting smashed on a big barrel of local wine which stands on the nearest Sherman.

Half of them in a euphoric state are dismantling gleaming armoured high explosive shells with total unconcern for the danger and pouring into the newly emptied capsules, large quantities of very bright paint.

The music swings from a big phonograph which seems to be part of the equipment of the same tank, which serves as a mobile bar.

Except for the weird uniforms which the half-naked crews affect, and the undressed nature of the very young girls, the whole scene is a picture of idyllic pastoral bliss.

Kelly and Oddball pass through.

ODDBALL

These are the boys.

Kelly, reluctantly turns to look at the tanks.

KELLY (flatly)

And these are the tanks?

The tanks look as if they have been dragged out of World War One. Mud, dirt and rust cover them with scabrous sores.

ODDBALL

Yuh.

Kelly says nothing. He doesn't have to.

ODDBALL

Don't let the dirt and the rust
hang you up.

(Kelly looks at him coldly)

See, we like to give the impression
that we just come out of action and
are in bad need of a period of rest
and reorganization. That way nobody
bugs us.

Oddball has leapt onto the tank and is opening with
difficulty the two rust-rotten covers. The flash
of sunlight ripples on his face off the chrome and
silvered surfaces of the engines.

Kelly moves closer. The thirty cylinders of the
five Chrysler motors sit pristine on their beds,
polished, chromed and modified like show pieces in
an auto salon. Kelly stares at them impressed.

ODDBALL

You notice that the machinery is
in good order. It has in fact been
modified by a mechanical genius,
here -- Moriarity.

MORIARITY has come forward. He looks like a punch-
drunk boxer.

ODDBALL

These tanks can go faster than any
other tank in the European Theatre
of operation. Forwards or backwards.
(he pauses)

You see man, we like to feel we can
get out of trouble quicker than we
get in.

KELLY

You got any other secret weapons?

ODDBALL

Yeah. See, we're always coming up
against tanks bigger 'n' better than
ours -- so all we can hope to do is
scare them away. Like this gun.

(he points out the huge
gun on the Sherman)

Well it's an ordinary .76mm, but
we added 4 feet to the barrel, so
the Krauts think it's maybe a .90mm.
(he picks up one of the shells)

Then we got our own ammunition.
This stuff's got paint inside it.
And when we fire we make pretty
pictures. It sure scares the hell
out of them.

(continued)

ODDBALL (continued)
(he points at the big
cluster of loudspeakers
on another tank)
Then we get these big loudhailers,
when we go into battle we play music
very loud. It kind of calms us down.

Kelly looks at him skeptically, then his eyes turn
to the dance which is nearing its climax. The others
are now showing some interest, for the half-naked
sixteen-year-old is really going.

KELLY
Those guys look as if they'd run
at the first sight of trouble.

ODDBALL (astonished)
Sure! Man, that's why they're alive.

Kelly's eyes travel round them one by one -- a
singular feat considering what the girl is up to.

KELLY
Come on inside.

He walks back towards the bunker.

He moves into the main area. Oddball, jumping from
the tank, moves after him.

None of the rest of his crew takes any notice.

In the bunker, Crapgame, writing on some paper,
looks up.

CRAPGAME
Kelly, I made a slight mistake with
a zero. It's not 1.6 million dollars.
It's sixteen million.
(there is silence)
Man, that's a lot of money.

KELLY
Yeah. I know.

Kelly crosses to Crapgame's desk, picks up a map.
Over this:

KELLY (to Oddball)
We're going to have to have gaso-
line to pull this thing off -- Do you
think you can get it through the
German lines?

ODDBALL

You just say where and when.

KELLY (points to map)

Here -- tonight at 2100.

ODDBALL

No good, man, my boys got something on for tonight.

CRAPGAME

Are you nuts? What's more important than sixteen million bucks?

ODDBALL

You come around tonight and we'll show you, baby.

KELLY (who's been
studying the map)

Tomorrow night then, right here at the same time.

ODDBALL (looks at map)

That's beautiful. We'll be there.

KELLY

If you're late we go without you.

ODDBALL

If we're late, man, it's because we're dead.

CRAPGAME

What about Big Joe?

KELLY

You get the supplies and I'll take care of Big Joe.

Kelly begins to roll up the map.

CRAPGAME

I'm going to more than get you the supplies, kid. I am coming along with you. I got an investment to protect.

KELLY

You don't trust me, Crapgame.

CRAPGAME

I just think a firm financial mind behind this enterprise could be a bonus. After all, Switzerland is only 100 miles away -- I have some friends.

KELLY (to both of them)
I just want to make one thing clear
-- I don't want half the army in on
this operation. No friends or friends
of friends. We're going to keep this
in a tight little group. That goes
for you too, Oddball.

ODDBALL
No sweat, baby.

KELLY
Can I use one of the jeeps outside?

CRAPGAME
Be my guest.

Kelly crosses and exits, Crapgame grabs the phone.

CRAPGAME (into phone)
Get me Koogen in ordnance, will yuh,
and get me Hansen in intelligence.
(waits)

ODDBALL
Who is that guy?

CRAPGAME
His name's Kelly -- he used to be
a First Lieutenant. Pretty good
one too until he got orders to
attack the wrong hill -- and wiped
out half a company of Marines. They
needed someone to blame and he got
picked.

ODDBALL
I don't like officers.

CRAPGAME
Neither does he, so relax.

Oddball sidles outside.

EXT. DEPOT - DAY

48X1

Oddball stands outside looking at his men. They
studiously ignore him. Some are playing cards. One
picks at a mandolin. Oddball walks up to them.

ODDBALL
I don't know how to put it to you
guys. But we're going back into
action.

The guys look a bit sorrowful about this. Eventually Moriarity speaks.

48X1
CONT'D
(2)

MORIARITY

Do you think that's a good idea, Oddball, considering how everybody's getting themselves killed out there?

ODDBALL

I just made a deal with that guy. We're going to blow a bank. It's got 14,000 bars of gold in it -- like this one.

He holds up the gleaming bar for them all to see. For one moment there is no reaction, then one by one they turn round and look at it.

ODDBALL (aesthetically)

Isn't it beautiful?

MORIARITY

Yeah.

MARVIN

Yeah.

The others kind of say Yeah but nothing comes out of their mouths.

Then Moriarity gets up slowly and claps his hands and goes very quietly into a little dance.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

49

The men stand in two lines. They are truculent.

BIG JOE

Attention -- at ease.

Attention -- at ease.

(he looks at them. They
are a little more alert)

Attention -- at ease.

(he pauses)

That's better.

If I hear the word Mutiny again, if I hear another threat against Captain Maitland's life, if I hear any more wild talk about attacking Headquarters and shooting the General or hijacking the nurses from field hospital -- I'll strangle the guy with my bare hands.

(continued)

BIG JOE (continued)

All things come to those that wait.
We're going to have a little fun
here -- aren't we, Cowboy?

49
CONT'D
(2)

COWBOY

Right, Joe.

BIG JOE

A little wine, a little women, a
little song, isn't that so, Fortune?

FORTUNE

Sure thing, Joe.

BIG JOE

It's just going to take a little
time, isn't it, Gutkowski -- to get
organized.

I want that farmhouse cleaned up so
that it looks like a night club.
Little Joe, I want you to set up
a bar.

LITTLE JOE

There's no liquor, Joe.

BIG JOE

We'll find some liquor.

I'm going down to Battalion to see
if I can lay my hands on some dirty
movies. When I get back I want to
find the place not only CLEAN but
DECORATED. Do you read me, Corporal Job?

CORPORAL JOB

Right, Joe.

BIG JOE

Well, get moving.

EXT. - KELLY, MULLIGAN AND THE MORTAR PLATOON

50

Kelly's jeep threads its way through a number of
camouflaged mortar positions.

It comes to a halt by a wooden hut under some trees.
Kelly gets out and moves up to the hut. He peers
in through one set of windows and then moves along,
checks with a second set of windows.

Satisfied, he goes to the door, pauses one moment,
then opens it swiftly and steps inside.

Inside, Mulligan, confronted by Kelly's swift appearance, almost falls off his chair behind a trestle table. He retreats behind a jutting out double bunk while Kelly quietly stands there. The whole while Mulligan is talking, he is backing away until he is in the furthest corner of the room.

MULLIGAN

Don't tell me they're falling short. It's not me. It's not the layers. It must be something in the powder. I want to tell you, Kelly, what can I do? Is it my fault that some manufacturer in the States is watering the gravy? How can I tell, one shell looks just like another. If I could tell I wouldn't be here, would I? I'd be tied to a factory bench checking out the duds. I'd be a --

KELLY

Mulligan, I have come here to put a proposition to you.

MULLIGAN

A proposition? Is it dirty or just illegal?

He comes near the desk and reaches for a dirty bottle.

MULLIGAN

Sit down. Have a drink.

KELLY (sitting down
and putting one of the
maps on the desk)

I want you to lay down a mortar barrage on this position here.

MULLIGAN

I got to have a signed chit from the General. I got to have an authorization.

KELLY

That's just it, Mulligan, we haven't got an authorization.

MULLIGAN

Well, if you haven't got an authorization, Kelly, I can't help you.

KELLY

That was why I meant what I said -
A proposition. A proposition.

He drops one of the gold bars on the desk.

MULLIGAN

Oh.

(he pauses)

Yes.

(he sits down)

Well -

(he leans forward
myopically)

Why?

KELLY

Why what?

MULLIGAN (confused)

Uh. Why not?

He pulls forward a wooden box and pulls out the top papers. He takes up a stamp from the desk.

MULLIGAN

Here's yesterday's authorization.
We alter the date so, we alter the
target so. I got an authorization,
haven't I? Well, I put it on the
schedule.

He pulls forward the schedule and licks his pencil.

KELLY

For 0:300 tomorrow morning.

MULLIGAN (as if

hit by an electric prod)

0:300? I have to get my men out of
bed at three in the morning! You
know what is closer to a mortar man
than his mother? His bunk. You know
what kind of trouble I can get into?
Why not settle for a nice creeping
barrage just after breakfast.

KELLY

Your barrages do not creep, Mulli-
gan. They jump, but they don't
creep. - Just give me the whole
thing, right on the crossroad at
0:300 sharp. And keep it going
for ten minutes.

He gets up and walks through the door.

Mulligan leaps to his feet and runs to the door.

MULLIGAN

Right, Kelly, 0:300 the whole works.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

51

Big Joe pulls up in his jeep. He has the Padre with him, who is clamping to his bosom half a dozen cans of film.

Big Joe takes in the supplies of new combat equipment which bedeck the half-tracks in the yard.

Yards of .5 calibre cannon belts - Cases of grenades - drums of gasoline - and Kelly's jeep.

Big Joe gets out of the jeep slowly.

BIG JOE

Wait here.

He walks to the farmhouse and opens the door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY - (LOCATION)

52

It is only now that we realize that the whole back of the barn has been blown away.

Kelly stands behind a table. The whole platoon is spread around the room -- some seated on various pieces of furniture, others hunched down on pieces of the broken stone walls. All eyes turn toward Joe as he enters.

He comes forward to where one of the four drivers, Fisher, has a map. He picks it off him.

From his POV. An inch-to-the-mile map, with a dotted trace across it and the town of Claremont ringed with a pencil.

ANGLE JOE

53

He's boiling mad. Kelly looks at him a moment, then drops the gold bar that he's been holding onto the table. Joe takes a step into the room, looks down at the gold bar.

BIG JOE

I warned you, Kelly. If you started anything I'd bust you out...

KELLY

If you transfer me, Joe, you'd better transfer this whole outfit.

CRAPGAME

Kelly's got the whole thing figured,
Joe.

BIG JOE

Who invited you, Hustler?

CRAPGAME (pointing
to Kelly)
He did.

MITCHELL

It's a snap, Joe. Sixteen million
just waiting to be picked up.

BIG JOE

Did he forget to tell you it's be-
hind enemy lines?

KELLY

I told 'em.

BIG JOE

Did you tell 'em how we get through
the lines and cover the thirty miles
to Claremont?

KELLY (calmly)

Yeah, I told 'em.

BIG JOE (exploding)

Then tell me.

LITTLE JOE

Take it easy, Joe, Kelly's got it
figured pretty good.

BIG JOE

Take it easy? Are you nuts? This
guy's going to get you all killed.

COWBOY

We're getting killed now, Joe, for
fifty bucks a month.

BIG JOE

What's a bonus going to do for you
if you're dead?

FISHER

The risk's the same one we been
taking since we hit the beaches.

BIG JOE

Then, we didn't have a choice. Now
we do.

MITCHELL

Three days from now we'll be going back in the line. This time we'll be doing it for ourselves.

LITTLE JOE

Kelly's even got us armor support.

BIG JOE (to Kelly)

What armor?

CRAPGAME

Three Shermans from 723rd.

BIG JOE

Who's in command?

Kelly pauses.

CRAPGAME

It's top line outfit. I personally recommended these guys.

BIG JOE

Butt out, Hustler. The only time you come out of your hole is when you smell a profit.

CRAPGAME

Right. And I'm coming out now. Kelly's got the perfect caper.

BIG JOE

Sure, it's a vacation for you - you're off the front line six days out of seven. But we're on the broken end of a bottle all the time, so butt out.

(to Kelly)

Who's in command?

KELLY

A guy named Oddball.

BIG JOE

Oddball. That guy's a freak!

KELLY

He's got three Shermans and he's ready to go.

BIG JOE

What kind of guarantee is that -- he's ready to go? The guy's nuts.

JONSEY

We're all nuts or we wouldn't be here.

BIG JOE

Look, I got something to tell you guys. There's rules and regulations governing the fighting of a war and the first one is that you don't risk your neck for nobody -- unless you're some kind of hero type. And I have not noticed any hero types around here.

KELLY

You're too late with the words, Joe. These guys are going.

BIG JOE

And who's going to lead them?

KELLY

If you won't, I will.

There's a long pause. Big Joe looks at the men. They are with Kelly.

LITTLE JOE

Aw -- just listen to Kelly a minute, Joe. He's got it all sewed up -- the route, timing, supplies, everything.

Big Joe turns to Corporal Job.

BIG JOE

What do you say?

JOB

I figure if I gotta go, Joe, I'd rather go on this trip, than the next.

BIG JOE

Cowboy?

COWBOY

I'm for it.

BIG JOE

Penn?

PENN

I'm with Cowboy.

KELLY

They're all for it, Joe.

BIG JOE

What happens when Maitland gets back and we're not here?

KELLY

He'll figure we were put back in
the line.

53

CONT'D
(4)

LITTLE JOE

He never knows where we are anyway.

Long pause. Big Joe crosses to the table, looks
down at the maps, picks up the gold, then up to
Kelly. Pause.

BIG JOE

Okay. Show me what you got.

Everyone breaks into a cheer. Little Joe throws
his arms around Big Joe.

LITTLE JOE

We're going, we're going! A million
bucks apiece. One million bucks.

Big Joe looks past Little Joe to Kelly. They hold
the look.

54-67 OUT

EXT. CROSSROAD AND HOUSES - NIGHT

68

(This is the same crossroad as in the first scene.)

A German tiger tank fills the screen, it rolls past,
revealing the crossroad, through which all manner of
German trucks and various equipment are clogging the
roads in every direction. The same German MP is trying
to unsnarl the traffic jam -- with very little success.
He moves from one vehicle to the next, screaming orders
which no one seems to understand or pay any attention
to. Swarms of German troops move around the congestion,
trying to keep some kind of formation.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

69

Kelly moves through the pitch darkness up to Big
Joe's jeep --

KELLY

The road's about ten yards ahead
of us.

(to Little Joe, who's
driving)

Let me see the map.

BIG JOE

What happens if they've brought
up tanks --

KELLY (taking map)
In the confusion it won't matter.
All that's gonna matter is if
Mulligan's on time.
(opens map)

BIG JOE
Yeah, on time, and on target
which he ain't never been yet.

Kelly has spread the map over the hood -- he takes
out a small flashlight that emits a faint red glow.

KELLY
There's always a first time, Joe.
(looks at map)
The town's about a quarter mile
down the road --

BIG JOE
What happens if it isn't there.

KELLY (folds map,
checks watch)
I drove through it last night. It
better be there.

LITTLE JOE
Maybe we're already through their
lines, it's so damn dark. We could
be outside Berlin for all you can
see --

KELLY (puts out light)
We got five minutes.

Kelly starts to leave. Big Joe stops him.

BIG JOE
Stay right on our tail, we're
not gonna be slowing down to
wait for anybody.

KELLY (smiles)
We'll be right behind you.

He goes. Pause.

LITTLE JOE
Gee Joe. Maybe you were right
about this. Maybe we should go
back and take it easy at that
farm, huh?

BIG JOE

Maybe I ought to take this Thompson
and jam it up your keester. Why
didn't you say that before we got
out here.

69
CONT'D
(3)

LITTLE JOE

Take it easy -- I only said maybe.

BIG JOE

Well don't say it, okay. Not now.

EXT. CROSSROAD - NIGHT

70

The German MP is still trying to move the traffic
jam -- and having no success.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

71

Big Joe's jeep turns up onto the road, followed by
the two half-tracks.

INT. HALF-TRACK

72

Kelly is driving. Crapgame sits between him and
Fisher.

CRAPGAME

You sure you got the time straight
with Mulligan?

KELLY

I'm sure I told him what time.
Whether he can tell the time, I'm
not sure.

INT. HALF-TRACK

72X1

Cowboy driving. Fortune and Gutkowski next to him.

EXT. CROSSROAD - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

73

Suddenly the whole scene begins to erupt as mortar
shells fall all over the place -- trucks explode --
trees and buildings topple over -- the crossroad is
turned into utter confusion as the ranks of soldiers
break and run for cover, trucks crash into one another
or into buildings.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

74

Big Joe's jeep is in the lead as the small column of vehicles heads toward the exploding crossroad. In the b.g. a mortar shell falls very close to the vehicle behind Big Joe's jeep.

INT. HALF TRACK - NIGHT

75

Crapgame driving -- Kelly sits next to him.

CRAPGAME

That crazy Mulligan is dropping
'em all over the place.

KELLY

At least he's on time --

Another mortar shell goes off outside the truck.

EXT. CROSSROAD - NIGHT

76-82

The carnage and confusion are complete as Big Joe's convoy swings down the road -- weaving it's way through burning vehicles, explosions, dying and dead soldiers. As they go, the whole platoon are firing their Thompsons, lobbing grenades, all adding to the holocaust. Some German soldiers try to return their fire but are caught in a fury of machine gun fire and grenades from the half-tracks --

ANGLE KELLY

firing out of window.

ANGLE BIG JOE

firing from jeep.

ANGLE MITCHELL

firing the anti-tank gun.

A wall of a building topples over, narrowly missing one of the half-tracks.

ANGLE

other side of crossroad. As the convoy comes barreling out of the inferno at full speed, all weapons still firing, and races up road into the night.

HOLD on still-exploding town.

INT. - P-47 - DAY (PROCESS)

82X1

A young American pilot sits behind the controls. He's chewing gum, and gives the feeling that he hasn't a care in the world.

EXT. - VALLEY - ORCHARD - DAY (DAWN EFFECT)

83

The P-47 zooms down the valley and up over the hills. Tilt down. Kelly drinking coffee watches it go.

With the plane gone there is silence except for the birds singing and thrashing through the trees.

The men lie about eating breakfast -- checking their weapons, etc.

The trucks sit hidden under the branches, a few pieces of camouflage netting rigged above them.

Grace stands on guard by the orchard gate which leads onto a Grade B road.

On the hill Penn covers the approaches with the heavy machine gun.

The rest of the men are drinking coffee and doing their own thing.

Corporal Job sits with a box of ammo clips between his legs.

CORPORAL JOB

How much you got, Fortune?

FORTUNE (intoning)

7 clips. 30 loose.

Corporal Job tosses him a couple of clips.

CORPORAL JOB

Lopez?

LOPEZ

About six and a half.

CORPORAL JOB

Kelly?

KELLY

Six.

Cowboy crosses in from the orchard.

COMBOY

Kelly, Big Joe wants to see you
over by the trucks.

Kelly gets up and goes toward the trucks.

CORPORAL JOB

Lopez, go relieve Penn out on
the road.

As Lopez gets up he goes on with the count.

CORPORAL JOB

Gutkowski?

GUTKOWSKI

Four.

BIG JOE

You're trigger-happy, Gutkowski.

CORPORAL JOB

Grace?

GRACE

Seven.

CORPORAL JOB

Fisher?

FISHER

Nine.

CORPORAL JOB

Were you in the same war as we
were, Fisher?

FISHER

I was driving the truck.

CORPORAL JOB

Not at the crossroads, Fisher.
I'm keeping my eye on you.

CORPORAL JOB

Mitchell?

MITCHELL

Three.

CORPORAL JOB

You fired six clips last night?

MITCHELL

They must've fallen from my pouch.

Corporal Job gives him a long sour look.

CORPORAL JOB
You guys better try and get some
sleep.

83
CONT'D
(3)

CRAPGAME
Well, gentlemen, since we're going
to be here for a whole day, may I
interest any of you in a game of
dice.

The men look at him and yawn.

CRAPGAME
Now I know that many of you are
short of cash, but remember that
the stars tell us we are due for
a windfall.
(pause)
So there is credit at this bank,
folks, credit chargeable at 6½ per
cent. The stake starts at a modest
100 dollars -- all debts are non-
transferable and will be cancelled
due to death or injury. Now what
about it?

The men all ignore him.

CRAPGAME
Little Joe! I can see this is
your lucky day.

LITTLE JOE
Playing with you, Crapgame, I
have to be more than lucky.

CRAPGAME
Maybe later, eh?
(crosses to Jonsey)
What about you, kid. You look
like a winner. Huh --

JONSEY (just looking
up at trees)
No -- no thanks. I'm busy.

CRAPGAME (follows
his look)
Busy? Busy doing what?

EXT. ORCHARD - DAY

84

Kelly crosses up to Big Joe, who has spread a map
over the hood of the jeep and is studying it closely.
Kelly looks over his shoulder a minute.

KELLY
Something bothering you?

BIG JOE
Yeah. A couple of things -- this map shows we got a river to cross to get into this town of yours.

KELLY (looks over the map)
There's a bridge right there, six miles below the town.

BIG JOE
You mean there was a bridge there -- The Air Corps knocked out every bridge on that river months ago.

KELLY (reaches into pocket, pulls out a slip of paper)
I got an intelligence report that says they been knocking 'em out in the daylight and the Germans are rebuilding 'em at night. All we have to do is be there at dawn tomorrow and we'll have our bridge.
(points to map)
Right there.

BIG JOE
What about the German Army -- you don't think they're going to mind us using their bridge.

KELLY
Probably.

BIG JOE
Kelly, you've got to be crazy. Better yet, I got to be crazy to ever let you talk me into this -- push thirty miles behind the enemy lines, cross a river held by the Germans, and take a town that we don't even know how many Germans are defending.

KELLY
I figure there's probably between thirty and forty troops in the town.

BIG JOE
How do you figure that --

KELLY
It's got no military importance and it's not big enough to have a regular garrison.

BIG JOE
That still doesn't answer how
you know there are thirty or
forty men in it --

KELLY (takes a
deep breath)
Well, that's what you'd figure to
be a normal support unit for
these Tigers.

BIG JOE
What -- where the hell did the
Tigers come from --

KELLY
That's why we got Oddball and the
Shermans.

BIG JOE
Does he know about the Tigers?

KELLY
No, not yet.

BIG JOE
You bet your sweet ass he doesn't
or he'd never left home. He may
be crazy but he's not nuts enough
to put his Shermans against Tigers.
Once those damn things get going
they'll blow that town to pieces
and us with it.

KELLY
You're too smart to let that happen.

BIG JOE
You're too right. I'm too smart.

KELLY
You'll figure a way into that town
and out. You've got a good head
for tactics.

BIG JOE
Yeah. And I want to keep it on my
shoulders. I'm telling you with
Tigers this operation is above and
beyond the call of duty.

KELLY
Yeah - sixteen million dollars
beyond it.

At this moment a P-47 passes low overhead. Kelly
watches it climb up the valley.

BIG JOE

Kelly, you're pushing these guys' luck. They've only got so much and it's a long way to Berlin. They'll need every inch of it before this cock-a-mamie war is over.

84
CONT'D
(4)

During the preceding speech the SOUND of a plane engine has built up. Kelly has already turned to look, then Big Joe turns as the engine NOISE INCREASES.

THEIR POV

85

The P-47 is streaking down the valley towards them.

ANGLE - BIG JOE AND KELLY

86

They both break and run at the same moment.

BIG JOE (yelling)

Cover.

ANGLE - P-47

87

as it races up the valley -- the pilot's face is quite visible.

EXT. ORCHARD

88

The men spill out of the orchard in a frantic, cursing mob, fanning into the fields. Fear and foreknowledge lend panic to their flight.

THE PILOT - POV

89

The orchard and the scattering men. The P-47 opens fire.

EXT. ORCHARD

90

The members of the platoon as they take cover behind stone walls, burrow behind ridges, cartwheeling into ditches, the men escape the screaming, whining volcanic path of the cannon and machine gun fire.

ANGLE - PLANE

91

as it passes overhead.

ANGLE - KELLY

92

as he leaps from cover, runs toward the trucks - yelling.

KELLY

Get the equipment out of the trucks.

WIDE ANGLE

93

Big Joe, Corporal Job, and several others run with Kelly toward the trucks.

ANGLE - TRUCKS

94

Kelly leaps up onto the tailgate, begins tossing out boxes of ammo - grenades, etc. In one of the other trucks, Big Joe is doing the same.

ANGLE - P-47

95

It loops in the sky, wheeling, and begins its approach from the other end of the orchard.

ANGLE - BIG JOE

96

sees the plane coming back.

BIG JOE (yells)

Cover.

He and Kelly and the rest leap from the truck, grabbing up what they can as they run for cover. Bullets splatter around them as they dive for cover.

ANGLE - P-47 - POV

97

of orchard and trucks. Its guns firing - the smoke trails from two rockets which appear from under the wings - and streak toward the trucks in the orchard.

..
ANGLE - TRUCKS IN ORCHARD

P.59

as they explode, first one then the others.

98

ANGLE - P-47

99

Casually the plane zooms into the sky, not even circling to check the extent of the damage.

WIDE ANGLE - ORCHARD

100

From various parts of the field and out of their holes, the men begin to appear. They look at the orchard as if they can't believe it.

Little Joe pulls himself out from behind a wall, comes upon Crapgame, kneeling, his two hands together in grief.

LITTLE JOE

Are you all right, Crapgame?

CRAPGAME

How can they do this to me? My own Air Force!

The ammunition starts going off in the trucks. Job and Babra are now crouching by Big Joe - soon they are joined by Fisher and the others.

BIG JOE

Anyone missing?

JOB (looks around)

No. I don't think so.

ANGLE - KELLY

101

He stands watching the explosions. Crapgame crosses to him.

CRAPGAME

What do we do now?

KELLY

Pick up the equipment and move out before the Germans get here.

They have begun to gather up the equipment. Big Joe looks out to see Kelly near him. They look at each other. Big Joe looks back at the blazing orchard.

101
CONT'D
(2)

BIG JOE

You still think we can make it,
wise guy?

KELLY

We can try.

BIG JOE

Oddball better show, Kelly, that's
all I'm telling you. He'd better
show.

VARIOUS ANGLES - OF GROUP GATHERING EQUIPMENT

102-103

FISHER

Is this what we pay our taxes for?
So our own Air Force can bomb us?

GRACE

Did you get a good look at the
number on that plane?

COWBOY

Man, this is crazy, Joe.

BIG JOE

O.K., O.K., knock it off.

PENN

Can we file a complaint or something?

FOUNTAIN

Joe, can I say something?

BIG JOE

No, we're moving out. We got twenty
miles to walk and we got nine hours
to do it in.

COWBOY

What do you mean, walk?

BABRA

You mean we're going to walk?

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MITCHELL
Walk, Joe?

102-103
(CONT'D)
(2)

LITTLE JOE
Walk! What about the equipment?

KELLY
(swinging up pack)
We carry it --

CRAPGAME
(pleading)
The last time I walked someplace was
during a cab strike. Ain't there some
simple other way of getting from A to B?

BIG JOE
You wanted in on this deal, Hustler. No
one asked you to come -- Gutkowski,
Lopez, you two scout out and protect the
flanks. Kelly, you bring up the rear.

With a BANG the rest of the fuel explodes.

The men, grumbling, move out.

One of the last to leave, Crapgame looks at the blazing wreckage
of his equipment. Turns to Kelly:

CRAPGAME
You know what bugs me, is that that
stuff isn't even insured.

They join the file descending into the valley.

INT. GENERAL COLT'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

104-105

Colt sits behind his desk, before him three Regimental Commanders
and an aide.

GENERAL
(he picks up a photograph in
a silver frame and waves it
at them. It contains the image
of a German General)
Gentlemen, this is a photograph of my
opposite number, General Bogel of the
Second German Panzer. And when I look
at his face I can tell his character.
This guy's a loser.

(continued)

104-105
(CONT'D)
(2)

GENERAL (continued)

I am sitting in his headquarters, I am drinking his Scotch. We've even got a couple of his ex-girlfriends around here someplace. He's a born loser, but you have not buried him yet. You call yourselves leaders of men?

ROCHE

Sir, they're putting up strong resistance.

GENERAL

I flew over the battlefield this morning, and it's wide open. You could drive the Panama Canal through the middle of their lines.

ROCHE

What about our flanks, General?

GENERAL

Forget your flanks, Roche. How many times do I have to tell you, don't worry about flanks.

GUEST

Sir, there's still half a Panzer Division between here and Nancy.

GENERAL

Without gas, gentlemen, without gas.

ROCHE

Sir, they're getting gas -- it's coming up at night.

GENERAL

Where are they getting it from - The Air Force has got orders to blow every bridge in this section out of existence.

ROCHE

Yes, sir, and they're doing it, but the Germans are rebuilding the bridges at night.

GENERAL

So what -- Then we blow 'em out every day. Captain, let me have the aerial photographs.

104-105
(CONT'D)
(3)

ROCHE

General, I would like to draw your attention to the fact that our mortar support was withdrawn in the middle of last night's attack and was concentrated on some obscure crossroads.

GENERAL

I don't want excuses, Roche. I want reasons for why that loser of a General.

(he points to photograph)
is keeping us out of Nancy.

GUEST

Sir, it's a matter of logistics - we can't bring up enough supplies.

GENERAL

We've got supplies coming out of our cars. It's a matter of a fighting spirit - the will to win -

(he turns)

How long is it going to take you to find these aerial photographs?

The Captain looks uncomfortable.

CAPTAIN

I'm sorry, sir, but they don't seem to be here.

GENERAL

What?

CAPTAIN

I can't locate them, sir.

GENERAL

Crap, you can't. All right, now who the hell's walked off with my damn aerial photographs?

EXT. CRAPGAMES SUPPLY DEPOT

106

The scene around the tanks is that of the morning after a big party. The members of the tank crew are sleeping all over the place -- most with women in some manner of nudity -- half bottles of wine and all manner of food are tossed about, a woman's dress hangs off one of the tank guns. Oddball, Moriarty and Marvin are seated around a wooden table. All are still partly stoned from the night before. On top of the table are the aerial photographs. Oddball stifles a yawn.

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106
(CONT'D)
(2)

ODDBALL
Looks to me like there ain't no
bridges still up.

MORIARTY
(points to picture)
What about that there --

They all squint and look closer. Oddball looks through a
magnifying glass.

ODDBALL
Yeah, maybe --

MARVIN
It looks like some kind of railroad
bridge, huh.

MORIARTY
Yeah, but even if we get over that one
we still got a river to cross later on
over here.

ODDBALL
We'll let Kelly worry about that. Our
problem right now is getting through
the German lines. Right?

MARVIN
Yeah, but how.

ODDBALL
That's a railroad bridge, ain't it, baby?
Then beautiful. We swing right down them
railroad tracks and onto the bridge.

MORIARTY
Yeah, but suppose the bridge ain't there?

ODDBALL
Hey, man..don't put out them bad waves.
Think it's going to be there, baby, and
it will. It's a mother beautiful bridge
and it's going to be there.
(pause)
Okay?

Moriarty smiles, nods yes --

ODDBALL
(nods with him)
Right, then let's mount up.

He dons his gloves, his helmet and a leather jacket which he
zips up across his bare chest. He does it with a kind of ritual
which by the time he's finished, makes him into a killer. In
the b.g. Moriarty and Marvin wake up the crews - Oddball crosses
over and hoists himself up onto the first tank and straddles the
turret.

THE WARRIORS
Chgs.

7-10-69

P.64A

He looks back at the other tanks where Moriarity and Marvin are hoisting themselves onto their turrets. One by one the turrets of the tanks revolve in a final check. Now their guns point to the front. Oddball pulls his glasses over his eyes. He slides into the turret and with a wave of his black gloved hand --

106
CONT'D
(2)

The tanks surge forward.

WALK SEQUENCE - 1 - EXT. STEEP RIDGE - DAY

107

The men have fallen out by the side of the road.
Big Joe moves among them, bullies the men to their feet.

BIG JOE

Come on, on your feet. Corporal
Job -- get these men moving.

MITCHELL

Look, Kelly -- this was your idea --
why don't we just go back to the lines.

KELLY

It's a longer walk back to the lines
than it is to where we're going --

LITTLE JOE

So why don't we just surrender. I'm
hungry.

BIG JOE

Come on. Get moving.

They begin to get up.

JONSEY

Well, I read somewhere that walking
was good for you --

CRAPGAME (snarling)

Yeah, and I heard pneumonia kills
a cold. Why don't you go back to
looking at nothing.

They start down the road.

EXT. TUNNEL

108

The three tanks come down the railroad tracks and
enter into the mouth of a tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL

108X1

As the tanks pass through it.

EXT. TUNNEL

109

The tanks come out and continue down the R.R. line.

EXT. SMALL FREIGHT YARD - DAY (SECOND UNIT)

110

There are several box cars being unloaded into trucks -- and the usual equipment.

EXT. R.R. TRACKS

111

Oddball's tanks come down the tracks, Oddball's tank stops; Oddball appears from the tank turret, looks.

POV - FREIGHT YARD (PARTLY OBSCURED BY TREES)

112

ANGLE ODDBALL

113

ODDBALL (into radio)

Looks like we got some kind of road
block up ahead --

(beat)

Follow me in, and go straight through.

He ducks back into the tank as it moves forward.

EXT. FREIGHT YARD - DAY

114

SHOOTING PAST German soldiers unloading freight car -- they begin to HEAR the ROAR of the approaching tanks. Several look up to see what's happening. In the b.g. we see the approaching tanks. Oddball's tank fires -- The freight car in the f.g. disintegrates.

ANGLE TANKS (Note: The following sequence is useless to describe in detail and will have to be set on location.)

115-125

They race down the tracks and begin rapid fire. The freight yard is littered with a few freight cars and some German infantry trucks.

Three Ack-Ack crews under camouflage nets quickly pull their gun barrels down from the sky and round to face the tanks.

Oddball's tanks pumping out shells.

The remaining Ack-Ack gun continues to fire.

Oddball's tank fires once.

The Ack-Ack emplacement is smashed by a direct hit. Now the big guns have ceased. There is only the quick bursts of machine gun fire. Then that stops.

Oddball's head comes out of turret. He surveys the goods yard.

From Oddball's POV:

SLOW, PANNING SHOT - THE BATTERED GOODS YARD. Nothing has been left standing.

The three Ack-Ack guns destroyed. Two machine-gun posts upended.

Freight cars overturned.

Two soft-top vehicles burning.

A signal truck destroyed.

V.W. Command vehicle destroyed, with men sparked around them.

The three tanks roll through the smoke and wreckage and begin to disappear down the tracks.

EXT. VINEYARDS - DAY

126

The men trail wearily across a vineyard under the hot sun. Big Joe is having a blazing row with Little Joe.

BIG JOE

If you're not hungry you're tired.
If you're not tired you're cold.
If you're not cold you're scared.

LITTLE JOE (stubborn)

Right now I'm hungry.

BIG JOE

So eat the grapes.

LITTLE JOE

Grapes don't agree with me. They make me sick.

BIG JOE

You make me sick.

CUT TO Fisher, who is walking with Kelly.

FISHER

Kelly.

KELLY (pulling at
the grapes as he walks
and crushes them into
his mouth)

Yuh.

FISHER

In this operation, do you think
that God is on our side?

KELLY

If he's anything like our Air Force,
we better be grateful that he's not.

EXT. BRIDGE AND VALLEY - DAY (SECOND UNIT)

127

Still smoking remains of a wrecked and twisted
bridge. On either side men slump over rocket-
ridden sandbagged gun emplacements.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

128

Oddball's on his tank. He confronts the wrecked
bridge incredulously. He lowers his glasses.
Moriarity stands beside him, lowers his.

ODDBALL (to

Moriarity)

See what sending out those negative
waves did.

MORIARITY

Man, Oddball, I been thinking only
good things for that bridge on the
way here.

MARRIN

What happens now?

ODDBALL

Well, baby, it looks like we're
gonna have to come up with a bridge
for ourselves.

MORIARITY

Yeah, but where?

ODDBALL

See, you're going negative again --
Have faith, man. Have faith.

128
CONT'D
(2)

He yells down into the tank turret.

ODDBALL (continued)

Move it, baby.

EXT. PINE FOREST - DAY

129

The men lie belly down in a long line. SOUND of laughter and water splashing. They are looking through the telescopic sights of their guns.

Forty feet down in a water hole three young girls are laughing and swimming with three young German officers.

The soldiers watch, choked by this sudden confrontation with sex. They lie fascinated, unable to escape, unable at first to even articulate the quick rush of dirty words and jokes that could defend them from the sight of the naked girls.

Crapgame leans back against the bole of a tree, groaning.

CRAPGAME

It's too much. I can't bear to look. Someone just tell me about it. Send me a report.

COWBOY

Man -- look at that redhead.

CRAPGAME

Which one? Which one?

Big Joe reaches Gutowski, who is drawing a bead on one of the men who is lying playing and teasing one of the girls.

GUTOWSKI

Right through his ass, what about that?

Big Joe's hand comes down on his rifle, like a meat axe.

BIG JOE

Some day you'll be the death of me, Gutowski.

Big Joe crouches down next to Kelly, he looks at his men, scattered along the escarpment. Kelly sits not paying any attention to the sight below.

129
CONT'D
(2)

BIG JOE
Not interested, Kelly?

KELLY
Not right now. We'd better move out of here. We're losing time.

Big Joe moves down the line, prodding the men to move forward, which they do with great reluctance. He stops by Mitchell.

BIG JOE (whisper)
Come on. Move out.

LOPEZ (whisper)
Jesus Christ, Joe, have a heart -- it don't cost nothing to look.

BIG JOE
No -- but it don't get you nothing either -- move.

PENN (smiles)
It got me something, Joe.

BIG JOE
O.K., knock it off and move out.

Big Joe continues down the line, the platoon follow slowly.

EXT. DISUSED FACTORY - DAY

130

The Divisional Band, 100 strong, slow marches in practice under the hot sun. Their MUSIC blasts out as in sweat shirts and denims they cross the factory car park. Along the side of this park, an enormous line of field engineering equipment stands on heavy trucks and trailers. They include bridge sections. Bellamy is inspecting one of the trucks when a sergeant taps him on the shoulder and points to the office. Bellamy turns towards it.

INT. BELLAMY'S OFFICE

131

Bellamy enters and picks up one of an array of army and civilian phones.

BELLAMY
42, Engineers, Bridging Unit,
Bellamy speaking.

131
CONT'D
(2)

INT. BAR (Alternatively Telephone Booth, Country Road)

132-136

A German scout car and motorcycle unit sweep by fast. It is followed by a long convoy of German tanks which ROAR by at intervals.

Marvin and Moriarity shrink into the shadows, raising their machine pistols.

Oddball in the telephone booth is unconcerned about the convoy except for the NOISE of the engines which makes it difficult for him to hear. At the other end Bellamy can hardly be heard for the band.

ODDBALL

Bellamy?

INTERCUT

BELLAMY

Oddball? Yeah, you're where?

ODDBALL

I'm speaking from a phone booth
about ten miles south of Mesurier.

BELLAMY (looking at
map which covers his desk
like a tablecloth)
Listen, Oddball, I got a map around
here some place which says we haven't
captured that place already.

ODDBALL

Yeah, that's what I've heard, man.
But everyone seems real friendly.
Look baby, I'm kind of hung up --
I need about sixty feet of bridge.

BELLAMY (listening
and talking to his men at
the same time)
He wants a bridge...he's ten miles
behind the German lines, and he
wants us to bring him a sixty-foot
bridge.

ANGLE - ODDBALL

A large convoy of German trucks pass by, moving fast. Oddball goes on talking, but with the noise of the trucks we can't hear him.

ANGLE - BELLAMY

BELLAMY

Which bank? Sixteen million...

All the men in the office stop what they're doing and turn in Bellamy's direction.

Marvin's POV. Oddball continues to talk in phone booth as the convoy churns by. Marvin closes his eyes.

BELLAMY

With three tanks it is easy.
With a sixty foot bridge -- it's something else. I need support units, Oddball. I would need at least 100 men, and where do I get a hundred guys just like that.

He listens to Oddball, slowly looks out of the window and sees the band, lowers phone.

BELLAMY (to Corporal)

Find out who's in charge of that band.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

137-143

The platoon is strung out across an open pasture as they move down a small valley. Grace in the f.g. moves toward the camera. Suddenly, he's blown into the air by an explosion.

VARIOUS ANGLES

as the other members of the platoon drop to the ground, each waiting for something more to happen -- there is only silence.

ANGLE - JONSEY

He begins to push himself up (he's the closest to Grace). He begins to move toward Grace.

BIG JOE (on his knees)

Stay where you are, all of you.
We're in a mine field.

Turns towards Kelly, who is closest to the road --

137-143
CONT'D
(2)

BIG JOE (cont'd)
Kelly, mark that spot. Get out
your bayonet and start working
yourself toward the road.

He turns to Corporal Job, who is the furthest man
out on the other flank --

BIG JOE (cont'd)
Corporal, begin working your
way down here.
(yells to all of them)
All of you just start moving
slowly toward Kelly.

ANGLE - BABRA

He jabs his bayonet into the soil --

BIG JOE (screams
at him)
Take it easy, Babra. I said
slowly -- that also means gently.
Mitchell --
(beat)
Pick up that B.A.R. Grace was
carrying.

ANGLE - KELLY

He slowly begins to prod the soil in front of him
as he moves toward the road.

EXT. ROCKPOOL - DAY

144

One of the officers stands naked by the truck. He
picks up the radio telephone. He talks quite normally.

OFFICER (in German)
Lieutenant, there was an explosion
about one mile due east of the
Andra Road. Take a section and
investigate...Yes, yes. At once.
(he puts phone down)

The others are calling him back to the pool impatiently.

He trundles down towards the water, throwing his hat
and towel off at the run. He jumps in, bottom first,
making a great splash. The others shriek with laughter.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY
ANGLE - KELLY

He reaches the edge of the road -- scrambles up onto it. Behind him the rest of the platoon are making their way slowly across the field. Gutkowski has almost reached Kelly's first position.

ANGLE - CRAPGAME

He prods at the ground in front of him -- mumbling something about "How the hell did I get involved with this bunch of losers" -- suddenly his bayonet strikes a piece of metal -- he freezes.

CRAPGAME
Hey, I found one.

BIG JOE
.What kind is it?

CRAPGAME
How the hell do I know --

BIG JOE
Well, dig it up and look.

CRAPGAME
Your ass, dig it up. I ain't that curious.

BIG JOE
Then mark it and keep moving --

Crapgame takes off his cartridge belt, mumbles to himself something about "who gives a crap what kind it is, it's the kind that explodes, that's what kind it is", he marks the mine with the belt and steps around it.

ANGLE - GUTKOWSKI

He's reached Kelly's original starting place, now moves quickly down the path made by Kelly.

ANGLE - KELLY ON ROAD

Gutkowski reaches him.

KELLY
Get down to that bend and watch the road.

Gutkowski moves out, Kelly looks both ways down the road.

ANGLE - MITCHELL

He reaches Grace, who's rolled up into a ball half covered with dirt. He rolls him over. Looks down. He's very dead. Behind him Corporal Job comes down the path he's made. They stand a moment both looking at the dead Grace. Corporal Job bends down and picks up the B.A.R., hands it to Mitchell, then picks up the string of ammo.

ANGLE - LITTLE JOE

He's prodding the ground so carefully that he's only moved a few yards. Big Joe comes up behind him.

BIG JOE

Come on, move it. We ain't got all day.

LITTLE JOE

What's the hurry?

BIG JOE

A German patrol comes down that road, you'll know the hurry.

He's moved Little Joe aside and begins to prod.

ANGLE - COWBOY

COWBOY

Got another one.

ANGLE - BIG JOE

BIG JOE

Okay, mark it and keep going.

EXT. DOWN AT HEEL GERMAN CAMP - DAY

153

The weary soldiers embus into a Volkswagen and a truck. They are only half uniformed, but all are clutching their guns.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

154-157

ANGLE KELLY on road, behind him everyone has moved closer to the road. Penn scrambles up next to him, carrying a .50 caliber machine gun.

KELLY (to Penn)
Get up behind that wall, and
set up the .50 caliber to cover
the road.

Crapgame and Lopez move up as Penn moves out.

CRAPGAME (huffing
and puffing)
How'd I get talked into this mess.

KELLY
You weren't talked in, you bought
in, remember.

CRAPGAME
Yeah, I remember, only we were
going to ride, not walk -- and
no one said nothing about mines.

A sharp whistle interrupts - Kelly looks.

ANGLE GUTKOWSKI - He jumps over the wall and runs
down the road toward Kelly.

ANGLE KELLY - He turns to the field, Jonesy and
Fisher have just made their way up to him -- Babra
is also in the b.g.

KELLY (yells to Joe)
Hey, Joe. We got a patrol coming
up.

ANGLE BIG JOE - Stops a moment.

BIG JOE
Spread 'em out on the other side
of the wall.
(turns to the others
in the field)
You hear -- Come on, move.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

158

There are three vehicles, a Volkswagen and two big
trucks. They come to a fork in the road. They halt
and hesitate, then the officer decides on the upper
road. They move forward.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

159-166

Big Joe and Little Joe reach Kelly's place --

BIG JOE (to Little Joe)
Get up on the road.

LITTLE JOE
What about you?

BIG JOE
Do like I tell you.

FORTUNE AND COWBOY - come down the path made by Big Joe - as Little Joe moves out. We can begin to hear the motors of the trucks. Big Joe looks out to Corporal Job and Mitchell, who are still far out in the field.

ANGLE CORPORAL JOB AND MITCHELL - Corporal Job hears the motors, glances up, goes back to prodding frantically.

ANGLE KELLY - He's on the wall -

KELLY (calls)
Hey, Joe - Get the hell out of there.

ANGLE BIG JOE - He turns back from Kelly to Corporal Job -

BIG JOE (calls out)
Corporal - You won't make it -
We'll cover you from the road, don't move unless they spot you.

ANGLE JOB AND MITCHELL - They look up to Big Joe -

CORPORAL JOB
Right, go on.

ANGLE BIG JOE - He runs down the path towards the road.

ANGLE CORPORAL JOB AND MITCHELL - Job takes a few steps back.

CORPORAL JOB
Set it up here.

Mitchell crouches down and begins to set up the B.A.R.

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

The German trucks move along the road.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

Big Joe climbs over the wall next to Kelly and Fortune. Looks back from the field to the road. Kelly lays two grenades up on the wall.

BIG JOE (to Fortune)
Unless they spot them out in the
field, we don't fire, understand.
Pass it along.

He looks back to the field. Fortune moves out.

ANGLE CORPORAL JOB AND MITCHELL -- They're wide open, easily seen from the road. Mitchell lies flat out behind the B.A.R., pushing handfuls of dirt up around the gun to make it solid and to gain what cover he can. Corporal Job lies waiting.

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

Led by the open Volkswagen in the grey colors of the Wehrmacht, the big truck swings and sways as it takes the bends.

CLOSEUP of the Volkswagen.

Next to the driver sits a German Lieutenant, unshaven and battered -- a fat version of the Flying Dutchman. Behind him the trucks rattle with spare parts for engines, tires, wheels, axles. On top of all this, hang the weary guards holding onto their helmets.

It is obvious that none of them have the slightest interest in the passing scenery.

Big Joe waits by the wall, as he watches it approach.

They swing into view in a dip of the road by the corner of the field. They roar up the slight incline, breasting the cutting so that the lookouts now have a clear view of the field.

ANGLE Officer in VW.

He nudges the driver to a stop. Raises his hand to stop the trucks behind him.

WIDE ANGLE as the VW stops.

The officer stands in his seat, looking out across the pasture. Several soldiers drop from the trucks and move to the edge of the road.

ANGLE German officer, looking across the pasture.

POV Pasture - We can just make out the crater left by the exploded mine, but there is a question if the German can see it.

ANGLE Big Joe, Kelly and the others waiting.

ANGLE German officer. He looks through his field glasses.

CLOSER POV of Pasture - (through glasses).

ANGLE on mine crater. Also we partly see the body of Grace.

ANGLE German officer. He lowers the glasses.

GERMAN OFFICER (in
German to Sergeant)
There is something there - Take six
men and investigate -

The Sergeant and the men start toward the pasture.

ANGLE Corporal Job and Mitchell - They get ready as the German soldiers begin to move off the road toward the pasture.

ANGLE Big Joe and Kelly. Big Joe holds up his hand, looks down the line at the men of his platoon - everyone's waiting for the hand to drop. Suddenly the hand drops - and everyone is over the wall firing, throwing grenades -

VARIOUS ANGLES -

The German officer is almost cut in two. The grenades explode in and around the trucks. One bursts into flames and explodes - a dozen German soldiers are killed before they know where the fire is coming from -

ANGLE Mitchell and Corporal Job. They fire across the pasture. Some of the German soldiers in the pasture fall. A few make it back to the edge of the pasture and open fire toward Job and Mitchell.

ANGLE German soldiers. They are using the truck as cover between themselves and Big Joe's platoon behind the wall.

ANGLE Mitchell and Job - Firing from the pasture at the Germans behind the trucks.

ANGLE German soldier by truck as the man next to him is shot down by the firing from the pasture. He turns to the pasture, firing his submachine gun -

ANGLE Mitchell and Job - as bullets kick up around them. Mitchell, trying to reload, is killed.

ANGLE Germans - all their fire is now directed toward the field.

ANGLE Kelly - Suddenly he's on his feet and over the wall. He's joined by Gutkowski, Lopez and Penn.

ANGLE Kelly - comes around one of the burning trucks, firing - he kills the last two Germans by the truck. Gutkowski, Lopez and Penn go across the road - and finish off the remaining Germans who were off the road by the pasture. Suddenly there is silence.

ANGLE Kelly - He crosses up to the edge of the road, takes out his field glasses. Looks.

POV (through glasses) Mitchell and Corporal Job lie slumped over in the field.

ANGLE Kelly as he lowers the glasses. Big Joe comes up behind him. Kelly hands him the glasses.

KELLY (quietly)
They've bought it.

Kelly moves away. Big Joe half turns toward him to say something, then slowly raises the glasses - looks - lowers the glasses - HOLD - He turns to the rest of his platoon, most of which are standing along the road looking out across the pasture -

BIG JOE
Okay - Let's move out.
(beat)
No one makes much of an effort to move.

BIG JOE (explodes)
Goddamn it, I said move out -

Slowly, they start to move back across the road as Big Joe moves down the line amongst them.

LITTLE JOE (quietly,
to Big Joe)
Maybe they're wounded.

BIG JOE (coldly)
They're dead - so forget it. Now
move -

ANOTHER ANGLE - the platoon, with Kelly in the lead, moves up the hill away from the road.

ANGLE Big Joe - Last. As he comes up the hill, he turns back to look down at the pasture.

170-195
CONT'D
(4)

CLOSE ANGLE Mitchell - motionless - pan to Corporal Job, slumped over, his back to camera. The patter of rain hits his field jacket, slowly increasing.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

196

It is raining. Kelly and Crapgame stand inside a small lean-to that is used for cover and built next to the road. Both are silent for a moment, their heads turn as Big Joe, his Thompson slung, approaches and steps into the shelter. Kelly goes back to watching the road.

BIG JOE

Anything?

KELLY

Not yet.

BIG JOE

Where's Babra?

KELLY

Up the hill, watching the road --

BIG JOE (to Crapgame)

You sure those guys can read a map?

CRAPGAME

They can read a map.

BIG JOE

Then where are they? They're three hours late.

KELLY

They'll get here.

BIG JOE

Yeah! When?

No one answers. Big Joe has taken out a cigarette and now lights it. Crapgame starts to leave -

CRAPGAME (to Kelly)

I'm going inside. Let me know when they get here.

Pause. Kelly looks up the road -- Joe pulls on his cigarette.

196
CONT'D
(2)

BIG JOE (cont'd)
How long do you expect us to wait for these guys.

KELLY
Till they get here.
(beat. He turns to him)
Do you want to quit, Joe?

BIG JOE
Yeah, maybe.

KELLY
You quit now, you'll quit all along the line. Every action from here to Berlin.

BIG JOE
This is different.

KELLY
You know it isn't. Not now.

BIG JOE
It's easy for you to talk.
(he pauses)
You're like some kinda staffer who treats men like they were pins on a map.

KELLY
That's not the point, Joe.

In any other circumstances Big Joe's words would seem phony, but in the wind and the rain, and with the upheaval going on inside him, his thoughts emerge with a certain style.

BIG JOE
Eugene Job was very close to me.
He was the only regular soldier in this outfit.
(Kelly does not reply)
He was the only one with what I would call -- a sense of duty.
(again Kelly says nothing)
And we left him to rot in a lousy minefield.

KELLY
He could have bought it fifty times in the last six months.

BIG JOE

But he didn't, he bought it when
he could have been in a rest area --

KELLY

That's crap -- We've seen guys die
for a sausage, for a moment's shelter
out of the wind, for a bet, for
a friend -- tomorrow we may die for
a general's pride or a signalman's
mistake, and you're trying to lay
those guys' death on me?

BIG JOE

I'm not laying anything on you. I'm
just saying you don't think of any-
body except number one. Yourself.

KELLY

Who do you think the guys who start
wars are thinking of? You don't see
any of 'em out here getting their
asses shot off -- Only guys like us,
who don't even know what it's all
about.

BIG JOE

I don't care what it's about any-
more. I just want to see it over
and have a couple of these guys live
through it -- including you --

KELLY

Yeah I know, Joe. You're
everybody's mother.

Suddenly there's a SOUND of someone running towards
them. They both whirl around, their Thompsons snap
into firing position.

ANGLE -- CRAPGAME -- as he hurries INTO SHOT.

CRAPGAME

You'd better get over there, Kelly.
I think we got a mutiny.

Kelly hurries toward the hut --

BIG JOE (to Crapgame)

You'd better learn how to come up on
people, Hustler, or you won't live
long --

CRAPGAME

You call this living.

He moves off after Kelly.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

It is a long lean-to, open at one end. It is stacked with hundreds of logs to a height of ten feet. In the center is a log-sawing machine. There is little light. What light there is flickers from the matches that come up here and there as the men argue. They are all at the far end, a mass of steaming bodies and blurred faces, huddled together for warmth.

Kelly approaches them over a soft carpet of damp sawdust and woodchips.

KELLY

What's going on.

COWBOY

We're going back to the lines.

KELLY

Who's we?

PENN

All of us.

LOPEZ

We've had enough.

FORTUNE

Who cares about the gold anyway.

JONSEY

It's only money, Kelly.

KELLY

We're waiting for the Shermans.
When they get here you'll feel
different.

There is a chorus of protests --

"They're not coming."

"Are you crazy."

Little Joe steps forward.

LITTLE JOE

Kelly, we lost three good guys
today. The Shermans are overdue.
There's no food, we're short of
ammunition, and it's raining.

ALL OF THEM

Yeah.

KELLY

So the tankers are late and
it's raining.

LITTLE JOE

They're two hours late.

COWBOY

You know you can't trust guys
like that anyhow.

CRAPGAME

So give it a little longer,
huh. Where's they to go.

LOPEZ

If we leave now we can be back
in our lines by tomorrow night.

FORTUNE

If we don't, we're stuck in the
open for another night.

ALL OF THEM

Yeah. He's right. Let's go!

The whole mass surges forward.

KELLY

You're going nowhere.

There is the ominous snatch of metal as Kelly rams
home the bolt of his carbine. He raises it level
with his waist. The men falter.

COWBOY

Listen Kelly. I'm tired of being
pushed around by somebody who's no
more than a private first class.

KELLY

When we crossed through the line
last night we stopped playing sol-
dier. We don't operate by the
Geneva Convention or the Soldiers
Manual -- we came here to blow a
bank, and that's what we're going
to do -- and the first guy who
tries to pull out's going to get
killed.

COWBOY

It's eight against one; boy,
you can't win.

CRAPGAME (raising
his carbine)
It's seven against two.

A bolt of a rifle clicks.

ANGLE - GUTKOWSKI. He raises his rifle.

GUTKOWSKI
Six against three.

There is a long pause.

BIG JOE (voice)
At ease.

Everyone turns. Big Joe has entered the back of
the shelter, moves down toward the group.

BIG JOE (to Kelly
and Crapgame)
Put those things down -- no one
is going anywhere.
(pause)

We lost three guys today getting
here, and no one's pulling out till
it's over. If the tanks don't get
here, then we start walking, not
back but forward, that's what the
Army's paying us for -- to attack,
not retreat. Any fringe benefits
we pick up along the way, that's
our business. So just relax and
knock off the bitching.

Big Joe has pulled off his Thompson and helmet as
he's moved through the whole group, his manner is
so sure and easy that he's in complete control,
the tension in the men just dissolves. Big Joe
sits on one of the log stumps -- Kelly turns to
Crapgame.

KELLY
Crapgame.

CRAPGAME
Yeah.

Kelly pulls the gold bar out of his pocket and
throws it across to him.

KELLY
Maybe they've forgotten what
they're fighting for. You remind
them.

CRAPGAME

Yes sir.

197
CONT'D
(4)

Crapgame turns the gold bar over in his hand and, sparking his lighter, holds it up to show the glittering metal to the depressed men.

He addresses them with the flat voice of an army instructor, talking fast and impersonally.

CRAPGAME

This is a bar of metal measuring ten inches by two. It is yellow in color and heavy in weight. It is a form of currency known as gold, spelt G-O-L-D. You will notice that unlike paper money gold does not dissolve in the wet, nor does gold catch fire. You can't bend it, bruise it, or break it. Now. This bar weighs three pounds troy weight. That is the special kind of arithmetic used for weighing gold and other precious metals. It is worth at present market value, six hundred and twenty dollars a pound, therefore this bar is worth - Fisher?

(he barks out the name)

FISHER (resentfully)

Eighteen hundred and sixty dollars.

CRAPGAME

Correct. And where we're going, there is a ton of this stuff.

Suddenly Babra bursts into the shelter.

BABRA (winded)

There's a whole column of Shermans coming over the line.

There's a loud yell from the group. They begin grabbing up their equipment, and run outside.

CRAPGAME (to Big Joe)

Didn't I tell ya -- right. Who said it, right?

He runs outside after the others. Big Joe gets up, putting on his helmet, and crosses out.

EXT. ROAD AND FOREST - NIGHT - ANGLE - SHERMANS

Oddball rides in the lead tank, the MUSIC blaring like some torpedoed brass band through the rain-clogged loudhailers.

Behind him ROAR tanks, a signal jeep, trucks, an ambulance, half a company of infantry, a graves registration unit, sixty feet of bridging equipment, a mobile cookhouse, two DUKW's and a dozen half-tracks.

The air is full of the shrill WHINE of jeeps and the COUGH of Chrysler multi-tanks, Fords, Nash's, G.M.'s, and Plymouth V.8's.

Overall is the corpulent NOISE of diesel trucks which hold the sixty feet of bridge which is followed by a sawed-up Sherman bearing a crane.

ANGLE - KELLY AND THE OTHERS - Some have run up the road to greet the column -- Kelly stands watching, shocked by what he sees. Big Joe crosses up to him.

BIG JOE

I thought you said three Shermans.

(Kelly doesn't answer)

Those nuts have brought half the army with them.

The column staggers jubilantly round the bend less than fifty yards away -- the NOISE now earsplitting. It passes the men who had run to greet them and who now stand pathetically drained of energy.

With every second Oddball's Sherman looms larger until, just before it reaches the five men, it slews over to their side of the road and comes to a SHRIEKING halt.

Oddball stands up in the turret and waves the rest on.

They careen past, tanks, trucks and half-tracks filled with men.

As Oddball climbs stiffly out of the turret, Big Joe and Crapgame reach the Sherman as he jumps to the ground. Shouting and snarling above the noise of the passing truck:

CRAPGAME

What do you think this is -- a ball game? Who are these guys?

ODDBALL (amazed)
They're friends.

198
CONT'D
(2)

CRAPGAME
Friends. Where did you find them?

ODDBALL
Here and there.

CRAPGAME
And who's that bunch of refugees?

He indicates the band.

ODDBALL
They're the band.

CRAPGAME
What do we need the band for?

ODDBALL
Man, have a little faith - they're
beautiful people.

KELLY AND BIG JOE

199

stand in the road grimly assessing the capabilities of the troops.

The vehicles WHINE by, stuffed with engineers, cooks, and freeloaders.

A truckload of dogfaces salute them with a fusillade of SHOTS. Very light arc into the sky and BUGLES sound off like Louis Armstrong.

A jeep pulls up beside them. Bellamy leans out. He has a bottle in his hand.

BELLAMY
Are you the guy in charge?

KELLY
That's right.

BELLAMY
Then what's the deal with this gold.

KELLY
Any guy that makes it to the town
and hits the bank gets an equal share.

BELLAMY

O.K. But you cross us, buster,
and there'll be trouble.

199
CONT'D
(2)

BIG JOE

Where are your officers?

Bellamy laughs.

BELLAMY

They kinda got lost.

The jeep shoots away.

Kelly and Big Joe watch it go. The sixty-foot bridge passes with its serious engineers. Then the crane, and the DUKW's. They walk to join the others as the rear tank slides to a halt by Oddball's.

All the section are round the Sherman. They look like a lynching party. Oddball is trying to explain himself.

KELLY

And how do we creep through the enemy with an armored column one mile long?

ODDBALL

Man, we got an army now. We can fight.

BIG JOE

That's not an army -- it's a circus.

KELLY

Come on, let's get to the head of that column.

(indicating the other tank)
Get up on that tank and go.

CRAPGAME (pointing up
the road at the column)
With those cowboys, Kelly?

KELLY

There's sixteen million dollars up for grabs, and it's not falling into their hands, come on, let's get mounted and let's get up front.

BIG JOE (hotly)

For once Kelly's right.

THE WARRIORS
Chgs.

7-10-69

P.91

The men clamber up onto the tanks, Big Joe pushing them on.

199
CONT'D
(3)

The engines are snarling and the exhaust fumes are sneaking over the rain-sodden road.

The Sherman notes strain higher as the first plates in the track begin to creep forward.

ODDEBALL

Kelly, these are really beautiful people.

Kelly just looks at him.

6.27.69

92
P.95

Oddball scrambles up into his turret. Kelly is hauled onto the moving tank as the first German shells begin to find the road.

199
CONT'D

(3)

200

INT. - DIV. H.Q. - DAY

COLT'S Quarters. His batman opens the door to the General's room. Crosses to the bed.

BONSOR

General.

(beat)

General.

COLT

Go away.

BONSOR

Supreme Headquarters is on the phone.

COLT

(sleepy but aggressive, too)

What do they want?

BONSOR

It's the Old Man, he wants to talk to you.

COLT

All right! All right!

BONSOR

(into phone)

Okay, put him through.

COLT

How's the weather?

BONSOR

Lousy. They won't be flying no aeroplanes today and your tank's going to be stuck in the mud.

COLT

What's the news.

BONSOR

Even more lousy

(into phone)

Hold it.

Hands phone to Colt - waits.

COLT

Get me some coffee.

Bonsor crosses out.

(continued)

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P.96

COLT
(coughing)
Hello.

200
CONT'D
(2)

THE OLD MAN
How do you do it Colt, that's what
I want to know. How do you do it.

COLT
Do what?

THE OLD MAN
Break through like that. I'll tell
you you'll have that third star on
your shoulders by the end of the week,
Colt. Every expert on my staff said
Colt's taken on too much, this is a
five-day battle, it has logistical
problems. Now you've proved every
man jack of them wrong. You've opened
up the front from one end to the other.

COLT
I've done what?

THE OLD MAN
Colt, I just had to ring and congratulate
you personally. You keep those boys
moving.

THE OLD MAN rings off.

COLT
(to himself)
Now what the hell is going on.
(crosses and picks up
his bathrobe, crosses to
door - Over this)
Booker. Booker.

HALL - Colt comes into the hall.

COLT
Booker.

BOOKER
Yes, sir -

COLT
What the hell's happening. The Old
Man just called and said we'd broken
through. Why wasn't I told.

BOOKER
I don't know, Sir.

(continued)

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COLT

Well, why don't you know. You're the communications officer, ain't you? That means you're supposed to be able to communicate. Now who the hell's broken through -

200
CONT'D

BOOKER

No one, sir - Someone seems to have found a hole in the right flank and they're pushing elements of the 321st and the 35th into it -

COLT

What do you mean, it seems someone has found a hole and they're pushing elements of the 35th and 321st into it. Who's pushing them into it and how far have they gone. What's the sense of having a communications officer if you can't find out what's going on.

MAITLAND

Good morning, sir. I just got back from Paris. I got everything you wanted.

COLT

(ignoring him)

All I want to know is, have we or haven't we broken through.

BOOKER

It's hard to say, sir. Nothing's confirmed. We've been intercepting signals for the past two hours. There seems to be some sort of action going on at a bridge below Claremont.

COLT

Claremont - that's thirty miles beyond the line. Have we got them on the radio?

BOOKER

Yes, sir, but they're difficult to pick up. They're operating on 300 K.C.'s and there's always pretty bad reception this early in the morning -- something to do with the Ionosphere.

COLT

I don't give a damn how difficult it is - just get them and let's find out what's going on around here.

(continued)

6.27.69

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BOOKER

Yes, sir.

200
CONT'D

Colt crosses to radio - taps Corporal at radio.

COLT

Get out of there soldier.

(sits)

300 K.C.'s you said?

BOOKER

Yes, sir - about 300.

(beat)

They're pretty hard to follow.
They're not using any kind of
normal procedure - they seem to
be using some kind of code -

COLT

What kind of code.

BOOKER

Well, words like Bankheist,
Crapgame, Big Joe, Little Joe,
Oddball -

ANGLE MAITLAND - he nearly collapses.

ANGLE COLT - static on radio.

BOOKER

I think that's them, sir.

COLT

Okay, shut up so I can hear
them.

There is a lot of static and the cut off voices of Germans, mixed
with shell and machine gun fire.

CRAPGAME

(wireless voice)

Can someone get rid of that machine gun
for me? Any offers?

Static. General Colt grabs a piece of toast from the tray.

COLT

(to Bonsor)

Get me my uniform.

BIG JOE

(wireless voice)

Kelly come in - over.

Static. Suddenly louder and clearer.

KELLY (wireless)

Hello, this is Kelly for Big Joe. Look,
we're pinned down on the far side of the bridge.

200A X 1
200 X 1

At the door Maitland sags. His worst fears are confirmed.

200X1
CONT'D
(2)

Very, very loud static.

CRAPGAME (wireless)

Will somebody take that machine-gun post or do I have to go up and strangle the gunner with my own hands.

BIG JOE (loud wireless)

What the hell's going on, Kelly?

KELLY (suddenly very clear)

We're across the river with Oddball, the bridge is too badly damaged to hold anything heavy - but I think you can still make it on foot. Get the rest of the platoon over.

BIG JOE (wireless)

Roger. Will you give us covering fire?

KELLY (static)

As much as we can.
(static)

THE SCENE AT THE BRIDGE IS ONE OF CARNAGE

201

One of the two tanks is in flames and Big Joe and half the section cower behind the other.

Big Joe jumps down from the turret. He looks at the men.

BIG JOE

You two cover us from the rear, the rest of you move fast across the bridge.

The men begin to run one by one for the bridge.
As Crapgame shushes them off, Bellamy appears
with Roamer and Cohen. They look angry.

201
CONT'D
(2)

BELLAMY

What's going on?

BIG JOE

We're crossing over.

BELLAMY

You're not crossing no river
without us.

BIG JOE

O.K. Then bring up your trucks
and let's go.

BELLAMY

The bridge is too badly damaged
to hold together.

BIG JOE

Then bring up your bridging
equipment and fix it.

BELLAMY

It's jammed up in the rear.

BIG JOE

We'll unjam them.

Big Joe turns. Bellamy makes to stop him. Big
Joe shoves the phone in his hand.

BIG JOE

Don't talk to me, talk to Kelly.

Big Joe runs for the bridge.

THE GENERAL

202

leans forward, excited. He is now caught up in
the battle and in the fighting spirit of the
men. These are guys that want to go forward.

BELLAMY (wireless)

This is Bellamy for Kelly. Kelly,
we can't use the bridge and we
can't ford the river, the bed's
too soft. So what do we do?

KELLY (wireless)

You've got bridging equipment.

BELLAMY (wireless)
That's a five hour operation, can
you hold on for five hours?

KELLY (wireless)
Bellamy, we're not waiting five
minutes. You'll have to catch up.

GENERAL (looking
around him)
That's the spirit, attack, attack.

BELLAMY (wireless;
heated)
Kelly, we're all in this together.
You can't go it alone.

KELLY (wireless)
And I can't hang on here for five
hours. You remember the orders,
we go through anything and every-
thing, nothing gets in the way,
we stop for no one.

COLT (looking around)
If that guy's a major, I'll promote
him Colonel.

COHEN (wireless)
Kelly, this is the Graves Registra-
tion Unit, we got a stake in this
advance. Kelly, you made a deal.

GENERAL (excited)
Do you hear that enthusiasm? The
grave diggers are in there.

KELLY (wireless; force-
fully through static)
The deal was anyone who makes the
town and hits the bank shares the
jackpot.

GENERAL
What the hell does that mean?

SIGNAL OFFICER (shaking
his head)
I don't know, Sir. I thought I
knew every code but this one
beats me.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE

203

Hull down behind a parapet Kelly sits with his back to the turret as Oddball fires the machine gun. The noise of the battle is loud.

BELLAMY (wireless)

Kelly, you're crazy. You can't make it on your own. You haven't got enough men.

KELLY (speaking
into the set)

0600 hours at the gates of the town. You'd better be there or you're out, Bellamy.

He turns round to stack the phone, but Bellamy is still yelling into it.

BELLAMY (wireless)

Kelly, Kelly, just hold on for one hour, we're getting up bridging equipment. Just hold on.

Kelly puts the phone to his face.

KELLY

The answer's negative.

He puts the phone firmly into the turret.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY -

204

Crapgame, Big Joe and the rest of the men clamber across the last of the tangled metal which was the bridge, leaping from girder to girder.

They swarm onto the tank, like a load of bees.

With a surge the tank shoots forward, running the gauntlet of the bridge approach before smashing into the deserted road block and riding unopposed into the dawn.

IN THE GENERAL'S QUARTERS

205

He is being dressed hurriedly by Bonsor. In the background is his entire staff. He is completely dressed from the waist up. Binoculars, map case, battle smock, pistol belt. From the waist down he is in boots only.

COLT

Jack, tell Castle I want every man in this army on the road within the hour. Tell him I'm pushing through to the Rhine.

205
CONT'D
(2)

ONE STAR GENERAL

Yes, Sir.

COLT

And tell him I'm going personally to Claremont right now. Maitland, get my driver round here.

MAITLAND

But Sir, Claremont is behind enemy lines.

COLT

It better not be by the time I get there. Bonsor, get me some medals. I'm going to decorate every soldier in that penetration, whoever they are. They've saved the reputation of this whole army. You guys are meant to be fighting this battle and you don't even know where it is. I'll tell you where it is, it's 40 miles past where you thought it was, now get my army back into the war.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

206

The lone tank moves through the vineyard country. The men on it are jubilant.

Behind the turret the rest of the section sits huddled. The craziness of it somehow communicates to them a feeling of elation. As the tank sways and seesaws through the deserted hills, Oddball hoists up the twenty foot long whipping-aerial an Old Glory flag big enough to fly on a battleship.

Proudly racing for Claremont, the tank and its motley crew is for one small moment in history the vanguard of the Allied Armies in Europe.

THE TANK IS PASSING THROUGH THE GROUNDS OF A
BIG FARMHOUSE

207

Dozens of nuns in their black habits wave white handkerchiefs.

THE TANK IS PASSING THROUGH A TOWN

208

bedecked with tricolors and stars and stripes.

AT A CAFE

209

An old man, up early, lifts his coffee and toasts them as they pass. The men on the tank shower him with cigarettes and candy.

AT THE BRIDGE

210

It is now day. Under harassing fire Bellamy urges his men on as they move the first big girders of his army bridge along the parapets.

BELLAMY

Come on. Come on.

EXT. GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

211

General Colt comes down the stairs, his pants in hand - he sits in the jeep and begins pulling his pants on. Bonsor comes down the stairs clutching a handful of medals.

MAITLAND (climbing
in back of jeep)
Don't you think, sir, that you
should wait for your Army to
move in first?

COLT

I appreciate your concern for my
welfare, Maitland. But history
waits for no one. We have an
appointment with destiny in
Claremont.

He grabs the medals from Bonsor.

COLT (cont'd.)

Thanks.
(to Driver)
O.K. Move out.

The jeep zooms away - with the General still putting his pants on.

EXT. CLAREMONT - DAY

212

An S.S. OFFICER standing supervising three Tiger tanks, their familiar high-pitched MOTORS WHINING, as they maneuver for defensive space in the chestnut square. One by one the engines are cut and quietness overtakes the town. The Officer walks round the tanks. Then he turns and crosses to the bank.

The Bank is a small provincial building, but designed in the grand manner of the Empire. It has a few steps, double doors, four great pillars and a Palladian roof.

A GERMAN GUARD patrols up and down in front of the steps. On the roof machine gunners relax at either end of the building.

The Officer walks to the side of the Bank. There in a narrow street stand three trucks and a jeep.

GUTKOWSKI (voice)

We can just about see the whole town from up here. There're three Tigers in the square, just sitting and waiting for trouble.

KELLY (voice)

Where's the bank?

GUTKOWSKI (voice)

I think it's over to the right - at least it's the only place in this town that looks like it could be a bank - they got two thirty calibers stuck up on each end of it.

KELLY (voice)

What about support troops?

GUTKOWSKI (voice)

I don't see any. They're probably still asleep. There're three trucks and a jeep parked in an alley just up the street from the bank.

The Officer crosses up to one of the buildings and goes inside. The CAMERA PANS onto Gutkowski and Cowboy who are squatting down in the belfry of the church tower, talking into a two-way radio.

GUTKOWSKI (over this)
The officer has just gone into the building opposite the trucks. It doesn't look like it should be any problem, we can pick off the guard and the two machine guns on the roof from up here if some one keeps 'em busy for awhile.

212
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE KELLY

213

KELLY (into radio)
O.K. stay where you are awhile and see if you can find out where the troops are billeted.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE OUTSIDE CLAREMONT - DAY

214

Kelly, seated next to the radio, switches it off. Big Joe, Oddball and Crapgame are in a semi-circle around him. They all have cigarettes and coffee. There is a long silence.

KELLY
What do you think, Oddball?

ODDBALL
Wasted trip baby - no one said anything about locking ass holes with three Tigers.

BIG JOE
You just keep the Tigers busy, we'll take care of the rest.

ODDBALL (smiles)
Wheee - Man, the only way I got to keep 'em busy is to let 'em shoot holes in me.

KELLY
Just keep 'em interested - that's all we're asking.

MORIARITY
Aw man, you're crazy. In the Bocage Country we were slaughtered by Tigers, slaughtered man, slaughtered.

ODDBALL (explodes)
Hey man, why don't you knock it off
with them negative sounds. Dig what
kind of beautiful day it is out here
- and say something righteous and
hopeful for a change.

KELLY
O.K., Oddball, it's a beautiful day,
so let's get down to cases. The
Tiger's an open country tank. We
got 'em in a small town with narrow
streets, and we've got the element
of surprise.

ODDBALL
Yeah.
(beat)
Look, Kelly -- Tiger's got one weak-
ness -- it's ass. You got to hit it
at point-blank range -- and hit it
from behind -- the element of sur-
prise we ain't got, baby -- 'cause
they'll hear those Detroit motors
long before we get 'em inside that
town.

KELLY
If I figure a way to get you into
the town without them hearing you.

Oddball takes a long pause, thinking.

CRAPGAME
Your hour of Glory is upon you and
you're chickening out, Oddball.

ODDBALL (smiles)
Look man -- to a New Yorker like you
a hero is some type of guinea sand-
wich, right? Not some nut who takes
on three Tiger tanks.

KELLY
No one's asking you to be a hero.

ODDBALL
Then why don't you sit up in that
turret?

KELLY
You sit in the turret, baby. I'll
sit outside and tell you what to
do. O.K.?

ODDBALL (chuckling)
O.K. man, you're on.

214
CONT'D
(3)

Kelly quickly turns and flicks on the radio.

KELLY (into radio)
You guys got anything?

GUTKOWSKI (voice)
They just changed the guards on the
bank -- they keep coming and going
from the building across from the
trucks.

KELLY (to Big Joe)
How long will it take you to get set
up in the town?

BIG JOE
About twenty minutes.

KELLY
Right.
(to radio)
Cowboy still with you?

GUTKOWSKI (voice)
Yeah.

KELLY
Cowboy -- in twenty minutes I want
you to start ringing that bell.
And keep it going on long as you
can. Got it?

COWBOY (voice)
Right.

KELLY
Soon as he starts, Gutkowski, you
get the guards. And stay on the
radio. We're going to need you up
there.

Kelly switches off, as everyone begins to move away.

EXT. BELL TOWER - DAY

215

(NOTE: Pick up all preceding dialogue.)

Gutkowski moves away from the radio and looks down
into the square - brings his high-powered rifle up
next to him.

EXT. - OUTSIDE TOWN - DAY - (VARIOUS ANGLES)

216-220

In the silence, Big Joe and his men cut through the edge of the town, through chicken coops, over a garden wall -- slipping silently from one place to the next -- a professional fighting machine -- now you see 'em now you don't, a cockerel cries, a dog barks, a shutter is drawn on an empty window. Penn and Fisher, carrying a grenade launcher, assist one another up the side of a low building and disappear over the roof. The rest of the platoon breaks into smaller groups and disappears down the streets and alleys.

EXT. BELL TOWER - DAY

221

Gutkowski looks over the edge of the tower.

GUTKOWSKI'S POV

222

Very little has changed in the square. We can see Penn and Fisher moving across the roofs toward the bank.

ANGLE - GUTKOWSKI

222X1

He motions to Cowboy, who begins to climb down the bell tower.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE

223

The Sherman, with Kelly and Oddball on top, rolls up to the crest of the hill. PAN -- We begin to see the town and bell tower spread out below.

KELLY

Hold it.

The tank comes to a halt.

EXT. - STREET IN TOWN - DAY

224

The German trucks stand in the street. Big Joe and his group slip silently toward them. Big Joe points, and Crapgame and Jonsey disappear into one of the side alleys (carrying a satchel charge). Joe's group slips behind the trucks. (Add sequences for Lopez killing German sentry at trucks.)

EXT. - BACK OF TOWN - DAY

225

Crapgame and Jonsey move along the backs of the houses.

INT. BELL TOWER

226

Cowboy climbs down the last rungs of the ladder -- looks at his watch -- then up at the bell.

POV OF BELL - HIGH UP IN THE TOWER

227

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

228

Big Joe and group have worked their way down behind the trucks to where they're opposite the building in which the German soldiers are billeted. Big Joe indicates a doorway to Little Joe and Fortune. They slip into the doorway and disappear.

EXT. - BACK OF TOWN - DAY

229

Crapgame and Jonsey - as they reach the German billet. Crapgame covers Jonsey as he climbs up on to a low roof. He freezes as a German soldier opens one of the windows, says something in German to another soldier inside, then crosses away. Before he can move, the back door to the billet opens and a German soldier exits, pulling on a pair of suspenders over his undershirt. Crapgame ducks; Jonsey flattens out on the roof. The soldier crosses over to the outhouse and disappears inside. Jonsey places the satchel charge and moves back to Crapgame. They both tiptoe past the outhouse and take up positions behind a wall.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

230

A very fat couple are asleep in a double bed as Little Joe and Fortune creep into the room -- move past the couple. Little Joe stops by a small stove that has several pots on top of it. He quietly removes the lids of the pots, examining the contents.

FORTUNE (whisper)
For Christ sake, Joe --

Little Joe ignores him, opens another pot, smells it and almost faints for the ecstasy of it. He reaches inside with his fingers and pulls out a long string of spaghetti.

FORTUNE (whisper)
Come on.

Little Joe picks up the pot and some kind of utensil and moves towards the front room.

EXT. BELL TOWER - DAY

231

Gutkowski is ripping up a piece of handkerchief and rolls up two small wads of material that he stuffs into his ears, then slides his rifle up to his shoulder -- and takes aim.

EXT. TRUCKS AND STREET - DAY

232

Big Joe, Lopez and Babra are spread out behind the trucks. Two German officers come out of the building and start down the street. Big Joe indicates to Lopez to follow them. He does -- as Joe picks up a grenade, ready to pull the pin.

INT. BELL TOWER - DAY

233

Cowboy reaches up and grabs the bell cord and gives it a pull.

EXT. BELL TOWER - DAY

234

The bell swings and begins to TOLL.

ANGLE - SHOOTING THROUGH GUTKOWSKI'S CROSS HAIR

235

as it zeros in on the guard in front of bank.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

236

The TOLL of the bell ECHOES across the countryside.

KELLY (yells)

Move it.

ODDBALL (yells into
turret)

Take off, man.

The Sherman leaps forward downhill, almost throwing Kelly off.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY - ANGLE ON TIGERS

237

Their long 110mm guns project ten feet beyond their bodies. On all turrets the commanders look from one to the other and up to the bell tower.

EXT. BELL TOWER - DAY

238

Gutkowski squeezes the trigger, we see the guard in front of the bank slump to the ground, but we never hear the shot.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

239

The first tank commander sees the guard fall. He yells to the other. All three disappear inside their tank turrets.

EXT. BELL TOWER - DAY

240

SHOOTING THROUGH Gutkowski's sight as they level in on the machine gunners on the roof. As one is shot, he rolls off the roof and drops into the street near the trucks.

EXT. STREET - DAY

241

The German machine gunner hits the ground, just missing the two German officers. They turn, see the soldier, lock up. They begin to remove their pistols as Lopez steps out from behind a building and cuts them down with his Thompson.

ANGLE - SHOOTING PAST BIG JOE

242

The machine gun fire has been heard by the German soldiers inside the building. Several come out of the front door. Babra opens fire, killing the group. Big Joe throws two grenades. As they explode, one inside and one outside the building, Big Joe rushes across the street and tosses another into the doorway and a second through the window.

EXT. ROOF

243

Penn opens fire on the building across the street. Fisher fires the grenade launcher, the grenade smashes through one of the upper windows and explodes.

INT. APT. - DAY

244

Fortune and Little Joe, his mouth still full of spaghetti, fire into the building.

EXT. - BACK OF BUILDING

245

Smoke is beginning to pour out of the building as a half-dozen German soldiers start to stumble out.

ANGLE - CRAPGAME AND FORD

246

Crapgame has been carrying the .50 calibre and has it set up to one side of the outhouse. He fires it into the soldiers exiting the house.

ANGLE - PAST CRAPGAME AND JONSEY

247

The satchel charge explodes with a HUGE ROAR, taking away the whole back of the building and half of those on either side of it.

REVERSE ANGLE

248

The outhouse is blown over the wall where Crapgame and Jonsey are taking cover.

EXT. STREET

249

All the windows of the building blow out, followed by ROARING FLAMES.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

250

Penn and Fisher leave their positions and move over the roofs toward the bank.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

251

Kelly rides the tank as it moves into the outskirts of the town.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

252

The Tigers have come to life, their guns swing in wide arcs. One of them lumbers forward towards the street with the trucks.

INT. APT. - DAY

253

Fortune and Little Joe move through the apartment. Joe still clings to the pot of spaghetti. The husband and wife sit up on the bed, clutching each other like two huge rhinos.

FORTUNE

Take it easy, folks, everything's all right.

Little Joe puts the pot back on the stove.

253
CONT'D
(2)

LITTLE JOE
Thanks a lot, folks.
(smiles)
Your little woman's a great
cook -- great.

They exit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

254

Big Joe, Babra and Lopez are still on the street
as the Tiger begins to appear from the square.

BIG JOE (yells)
Come on.

He runs to the building that Little Joe and Fortune
went into -- Lopez and Babra follow him.

INT. BUILDING - DAY

255

Big Joe, Babra and Lopez enter -- Big Joe yells
upstairs.

BIG JOE
Get your asses down here --
(to Babra)
Watch the front and let me know
what that tank's doing.

Little Joe and Fortune hurry down the stairs.

BIG JOE (to Little Joe,
Lopez, Fortune)
You three go pick up the gasoline
and get it back here.
(to Babra)
What's happening?

BABRA
Nothing -- it's just sitting down
there.

BIG JOE
O.K. You come with me.

LITTLE JOE
Can't I come with you, Joe?

BIG JOE
No. Now get out of here.

Just then the cupboard door flies open behind them. A bearded, slightly tattered British air-force officer steps forward.

255
CONT'D
(2)

BRITISH AIRMAN (at
attention)
I'm a British airman. I been
living in this cupboard for the past
fourteen months. I just wanted to
say -- Bloody good show.

For a moment everyone is stunned.

BIG JOE
Yeah, thanks.

He steps back into the closet and closes the door.

BIG JOE
O.K., let's move.

EXT. STREET OF TOWN

256

The Sherman rumbles down one of the streets, Kelly on top.

KELLY (shouts into
radio)
Gutkowski, Gutkowski. Which way
are the Tigers facing?

EXT. BELL TOWER - DAY

257

Heavy smoke rises up from the burning building. The bell still TOLLS; it is obvious that Gutkowski can't hear a thing on the radio.

EXT. STREET OF TOWN

258

Kelly slinks up next to Oddball.

KELLY
Hold it.

The Sherman comes to a slow halt.

KELLY
That damn bell's making so much
noise he can't hear me --

ODDBALL

I thought that's what you wanted.

258
CONT'D
(2)

KELLY

So the Germans couldn't hear us.
(he jumps off the tank)
Wait here.

He runs up the street towards the square.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

259

The three Tigers are spread out in the square, their guns, turrets rotating slowly like some great pre-historic monster. Kelly comes into the SHOT, slipping along the buildings.

ANGLE - KELLY

260

as he takes a look around the square.

KELLY'S POV

261

The Tigers are in a triangular position so that each one covers the other.

ANGLE - KELLY

262

He takes a look up to the roof of the bank - turns and signals Oddball to bring the tank up closer. The Sherman moves slowly towards him - but stays far enough back so that it can't be seen from the square. Kelly holds up his hand and it stops.

CLOSE ANGLE - KELLY

263

He turns back to the square and looks again to the roof of the bank.

EXT. BANK ROOF - DAY

264

Penn and Fisher crawl across the roof of the bank. They cross up to a skylight, and gently pry it open. Penn sticks his head inside, looks down.

INT. BANK - PENN'S POV

265

looking down into the bank -- we can see piles of wooden crates coming up from the floor towards us. There is someone SPEAKING IN GERMAN.

ANGLE - PENN

266

looking down. He begins to pull his head out.

EXT. BANK ROOF

267

Penn takes his head out of skylight, finds something to hold the skylight open with.

PENN (over this,
whispered)
Three, maybe four.

He and Fisher take out two grenades each, pull the pins with their teeth and drop them into the open skylight, flatten out on the roof.

INT. BANK - DAY

268

The grenades hit the floor and bounce around.

EXT. BANK - DAY

269

The grenades EXPLODE inside the bank -- blowing the window out into the square.

ANGLE - TIGERS

270

All their turrets swing towards the front of the bank.

ANGLE - KELLY

271.

He watches as the Tigers' guns move towards the bank. When they are all in that direction:

KELLY (yells)
Now.
(waves)
Bring it up.

271
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE - SHERMAN

272

It rumbles forward from behind its hiding place.
Oddball drops into the turret.

ODDBALL (over this)
Fire.

The Sherman FIRES, once, twice, three times.

VARIOUS ANGLES

273-277

The Tiger being hit by the shells from the Sherman from behind. The first two shells EXPLODE harmlessly against its armor. The third shell hits the fuel tanks, and it EXPLODES -- sending sheets of gas flame into the square.

ANGLE - SHERMAN

278

Its gun FIRES again, then begins to swing towards the next Tiger.

ANGLE - BURNING TIGER

279

Its hatches open and two members of the tank crew drop out.

ANGLE - KELLY

280

steps out into the open, his Thompson blazing.

ANGLE - TANK CREW

281

as they're shot down by Kelly.

ANGLE - SECOND TIGER

282

Its machine guns open on Kelly. He whirls back behind the cover of the building as the bullets gouge out chunks of the building.

EXT. BELL TOWER

283

Gutkowski picks the tank commander off the burning tank as he comes out of the turret.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

284

The Sherman FIRES at the second Tiger. The shell just bounces off its armor. The Tiger's gun has swung around and FIRES a wild shot towards the Sherman. Even so -- the shell rips out half the building next to the Sherman.

ANGLE - SHERMAN

285

Now we see what Oddball meant when he said, "These tanks go as fast backwards as forward."

ANOTHER ANGLE

286

The Sherman is now out of the square; it slides sideways and starts up another street. Kelly runs after it and jumps on back.

ANGLE - TIGER

287

It lumbers after the Sherman, ripping out a hunk of the building as it turns the corner.

EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY

288

Crapgame and Jonsey come around the base of the bell tower and duck inside.

INT. BELL TOWER

289

Cowboy is pulling on the rope. Crapgame grabs him.

CRAPGAME (yells)

Knock it off -- before we all go nuts.

COWBOY

Kelly told me to ring it until...

CRAPGAME

Yeah, yeah. I know what he told you, but they know we're here now, so knock it off.

Through this, Cowboy has been backing up, his nose wrinkling.

COWBOY

Man, you guys smell like you fell into a shit house.

CRAPGAME

Yeah, something like that.

EXT. TOWN (THE BELL HAS STOPPED RINGING)

290

One of the Tigers comes to the corner of a street -- stops -- the hatch opens and the commander sticks his head out -- looks around; there is no sign of the Sherman.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

291

Kelly sits atop the Sherman, which is stopped in a narrow alley.

KELLY (into radio)

Where are they now?

EXT. BELL TOWER - DAY

292

Gutkowski is looking out over the town.

GUTKOWSKI (into radio)

I can only see one of them. It's one block over from you -- and two blocks east.

KELLY
Which way is it facing?

292
CONT'D
(2)

GUTKOWSKI
North.

KELLY
O.K. Do you know what happened
to the other one.

GUTKOWSKI
No.

Big Joe's VOICE cuts into the radio.

BIG JOE
I've got the other one. It's
behind the bank.

EXT. STREET - DAY - ANGLE BIG JOE

293

He and Babra are pressed into an alley. Joe
carries a walkie-talkie. The Tiger can be seen
down the street beyond them.

BIG JOE
He's just sitting waiting for
you to make the first move.

KELLY
Hold it a minute.

ANGLE KELLY

294

He stands up on the tank which enables him to see
over a garden wall.

ANOTHER ANGLE

295

SHOOTING PAST Kelly we see that beyond the wall is
a garden which runs through to the next street.
Kelly steps down.

KELLY (to Oddball)
You wouldn't have any problems
taking this thing through this
wall, would you?

ODDBALL
Just say the word, man.

KELLY (picks up radio)
Joe -- can you give us a diversion.

295
CONT'D
(2)

BIG JOE
I can throw a couple of grenades,
but that's like a mosquito biting
an elephant --

KELLY
Gutkowski, you tell me when that
Tiger moves out.

GUTKOWSKI
Right, Kelly.

KELLY
O.K. Joe, whenever you're ready.

ANGLE JOE

295X1

Hands radio to Babra.

BIG JOE
Hold this.

He pulls out a grenade -- pulls the pin of one,
and stepping out quickly tosses it down toward the
Tiger -- steps back, and does the same with the
second grenade the minute after the first one
explodes.

ANGLE - TIGER

296

Its machine guns open up as its big gun begins to
swing into position. Big Joe answers the fire from
the machine gun with his Thompson -- but as he sees
the 110mm. swing toward him, he grabs Babra and runs
back down the alley as a shell rips out the wall of
the building where they were just standing. Joe and
Babra disappear down another alley as the Tiger
comes around the corner.

EXT. STREET - TIGER #1 - DAY

297

The commander drops inside the turret as the NOISE
of the fighting rumbles through the street. The
tank moves in the direction it was facing.

ANGLE GUTKOWSKI

298

GUTKOWSKI

He's moving out, Kelly, going
north up the block below you --

ANGLE KELLY

299

KELLY

Right.
(to Oddball)
Get set.

ANGLE HIGH SHOT

300

We see down the two streets -- the Sherman waiting
on the opposite side of the garden, as the Tiger
moves toward it down a parallel street.

GUTKOWSKI'S VOICE

I've lost it, Kelly.

ANGLE KELLY

301

Standing on tank. SHOOTING PAST HIM, we can see
the top of the Tiger's aerial as it passes slowly
on the other side of the garden wall. As it moves
past, Kelly jumps down.

KELLY (to Oddball)

O.K. --

The Sherman moves.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

302

The Sherman smashes through the wall, ripping
through the garden -- knocking over everything in
front of it.

KELLY'S POV

303

as the tank rips through the garden and smashes
into the second wall.

EXT. STREET - DAY

304

The Sherman bursts through the second wall into the street, carrying great chunks of brickwork with it.

ANGLE PAST SHERMAN

304X1

The Tiger is trundling from it, up the narrow street. It stops.

ANGLE - TIGER

305

Its turret begins to swing around.

ANGLE - SHERMAN

306

Its turret swings up the alley towards the Tiger.

ANGLE - TIGER

307

Its long gun hits against the side of a building. We HEAR the GROAN of the machinery as it tries to force the turret to turn.

ANGLE -- SHERMAN

308

its gun coming into position.

ANGLE - TIGER

309

the gun banging against the wall -- trying to turn.

ANGLE - SHERMAN

310

Its gun opens fire once, twice, three times.

ANGLE - TIGER

311

As it disintegrates, the crew clambers out of the hatches --

ANGLE KELLY

312

covered in dust and mortar -- fires his Thompson.

ANGLE GERMANS

313

being cut down by Kelly.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

314

Crapgame, Jonsey and Cowboy are running across the square toward the bank.

EXT. FRONT OF BANK - DAY

315

The three men arrive at the massive doors of the bank -- and begin trying to batter them in with their rifles. They can't even dent them.

CRAPGAME

We'll never get these open
without some explosives.
(to Jonsey)

Check and see if there's a back door --

Ford exits -- Crapgame and Cowboy cross to one of the windows -- Crapgame yanks on the heavy bars that cover the windows.

CRAPGAME

This place is Fort Knox.

PENN'S VOICE

Hey, you guys --

Crapgame looks inside window.

CRAPGAME

Who's in there?

PENN'S VOICE

It's me, Penn, and Fisher.

CRAPGAME

Where the hell are you?

FISHER'S VOICE

Up on the roof.

CRAPGAME
Yeah, well, climb down and see
if you can open this door.

315
CONT'D
(2)

PENN'S VOICE
Up yours, suppose we can't,
how we going to get out of there?

CRAPGAME
Fly out, you fairy --

PENN'S VOICE
Up yours --

Jonsey comes back around the side of the building.

JONSEY
There's a door in the alley
but it's solid steel.

Several bullets chop into the masonry around them --
they all break and run, as we see the last remain-
ing Tiger lumber into the square.

ANGLE SIDE OF BANK

316

Crapgame and the two others dive around the corner
of the bank. As a shell EXPLODES, Crapgame crumbles.

ANGLE CRAPGAME

317

dragging himself in the smoke and dust.

ANGLE COWBOY AND JONSEY

318

run to assist Crapgame. Another shell EXPLODES
nearby, narrowly missing them.

ANGLE SIDE OF BANK

319

They pull Crapgame out of the line of fire, and
drag him up the alley.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY - ANGLE TIGER

320

It moves into the center of the square, its engines running, its turret swings slowly around the square and stops facing the bank, then the 600 horsepower engines backfire and stop.

Suddenly there is silence.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

321

Oddball is seated at a table under a tree -- behind him there is shed and an open kitchen. He is drinking from a bottle of wine. Big Joe and Babra come stumbling over the remains of the garden. Big Joe comes up to Oddball.

BIG JOE

What hell are you doing?

ODDBALL (holding up
bottle)

Having some wine, man -- want some.

BIG JOE

Where's Kelly?

ODDBALL (points with
bottle)

Over there, trying to fix the tank, it won't work.

Big Joe looks.

POV KELLY AND MORIARITY

322

hanging half inside the motor of the Sherman.

ANGLE BIG JOE

323

BIG JOE

Why don't you give them a hand.

ODDBALL (shocked at
the idea)

Me? I only ride 'em. I don't know how they run.

Big Joe gives him a look of complete disgust and moves toward Kelly and the Sherman.

323
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

324

Big Joe moves up next to Kelly.

BIG JOE
What the hell's happened?

KELLY
I don't know -- I think it's
had an emotional breakdown from
knocking out those two Tigers --

BIG JOE (grabs
Moriarity)
Can you fix it?

MORIARITY (looks
around)
Don't tell Oddball or he'll start
in with that crap about negative
waves -- but without parts I don't
think so --

BIG JOE (to Kelly)
I'll be right back.
(to Babra)
Come on.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY - WIDE ANGLE

325

The Tiger is in the middle of the square, there is
silence.

VOICE
Where's Big Joe?

The tank turret swings toward the voice.

BIG JOE (voice)
Right here. Who wants to know?

LITTLE JOE (voice)
Me, we got the gas. Should we
put it in the trucks?

VOICE
You know where to put it,
Little Joe.

ANOTHER VOICE
Why don't you ask your sister?

325
CONT'D
(2)

BIG JOE (voice)
O.K. Knock it off.

The tank turret has swung in one direction then another.

INT. TANK

326

SHOOTING THROUGH slit in turret as it moves across the square.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY - WIDE ANGLE

327

COWBOY (voice)
Hey, Big Joe.

BIG JOE (voice)
Yeah.

COWBOY (voice)
We got Crapgame behind the bank.
He's hurt pretty bad.

The tank fires its gun - a building collapses into the square. Pause. Silence again.

BIG JOE (voice)
I'll be right there.

The tank fires again, this time into the churchyard.

VOICE
Hey, Jonsey, why don't you sneak up on that Tiger with one of them satchel charges you got.

VOICE
Why don't you sneak up on your sister.

The Tiger fires again, blowing down another building.

VOICE
Why don't you guys knock it off before they blow this whole square apart.

EXT. STREET BEHIND BANK - DAY

Big Joe and Babra come down the alley. Crapgame is lying in Jonsey's arms. Little Joe, Lopez and Cowboy are seated on the floor next to them. Big Joe kneels next to them.

CRAPGAME (weakly)

Did we make it?

BIG JOE

Not yet. There's still one tank out in the square.

CRAPGAME

Do a deal with them.

(coughs; beat)

Ya see Joe -- I'm a Republican.

(smiles)

And business is business, right?

His head drops forward onto his chest.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

328X1

By the parapet a couple of battle-worn soldiers hunch over machine guns with what look like hideous hangovers.

Behind them the gutted remains of two of Oddball's Shermans -- still smoke. Cantilevered up the hill are the parked trucks of the bridge unit. Behind them the shambles of Bellamy's company.

From the far side, across the new sections of the bridge, Cohen runs testing the flooring.

He meets the impatient Bellamy who stands square on the road with Roamer and Senectady.

COHEN

It's O.K.

Bellamy turns with urgency.

BELLAMY

Let's get moving. Do you want those guys to get away with it?

With a warlike SHOUT the men crowd into the trucks which edge away from the cuttings where they had sought shelter during the battle; Bellamy backs up to the parapet and urges them forward with his hand.

But before the first truck hits the bridge there is a scream of HORNS and round the corner comes the General and a bevy of jeeps.

328X1
CONT'D
(2)

They siren their way past the soldiers until the General holds up his hand.

The little column slides to a halt right at the parapet.

COLT

Which of you guys is Bellamy?

Bellamy steps forward and salutes.

BELLAMY

Sir.

MAITLAND

Straighten yourself up when the General speaks to you.

Bellamy straightens up.

COLT

It's men like you that America can be proud of.

(he turns to the driver)

O.K. Bonsor.

The jeep and the General and the whole of the 29th Cavalry following him, roar across the newly built bridge leaving Bellamy flabbergasted. He collapses on the parapet.

EXT. STREET AND GARDEN

329

Moriarity pulls his head out from under the hood of the Sherman. Kelly, Big Joe, Fisher and Oddball stand around the tank.

MORIARITY

It's shot.

(looks at Oddball)

Man, I can't make it work without the parts -- no matter how positive I think.

KELLY

What about jumping the fuel pump?

MORIARITY

It won't work -- on this motor.

BIG JOE

Look, Kelly, we could at least try talking to the guy on the radio.

ODDBALL

You crazy -- that guy in that Tiger's a full fanatic freak, otherwise he'd have split out of this town twenty minutes ago.

BIG JOE

How do you know what he is? All the guy's doing is guarding the bank like he was told.

KELLY

Yeah. The question is does he know what's in it?

330

EXT. BELL TOWER - ANGLE GUTKOWSKI

He's looking out across the country through field glasses. HOLD --

331

GUTKOWSKI'S POV

through glasses. (PROCESS) A Column of dust rises up on the horizon.

332

ANGLE GUTKOWSKI

He rolls over and switches on the radio.

GUTKOWSKI

Kelly. - Kelly.

333

ANGLE KELLY

He hops up on the Sherman, grabs up the radio.

KELLY

Yeah.

GUTKOWSKI

There's a long column of dust coming from the west.

KELLY
What's it look like?

333
CONT'D
(2)

GUTKOWSKI
It looks like the whole 29th
Cavalry, that's what.

EXT. BRIDGE - WIDE ANGLE

334

Now the army is rolling across it, tanks, truck,
Field Guns, etc.

EXT. STREET - TOP OF TIGER TANK

335

Fisher sits between Big Joe and Kelly - the radio
earphones on.

KELLY
Find out first if he's an officer.

Fisher asks in German.

FISHER (listens)
He says 'no' - the officers were
in the other two tanks.

BIG JOE
Fine. Tell him they're dead.

Fisher repeats in German.

FISHER (listens)
He says he's sorry.

BIG JOE
Tell him we've got no officers
either. Tell him I'd like to
make a deal with him - just
soldier to soldier. Tell him
this is Sgt. Jake Diamond, U.S.
Infantry.

Fisher removes the head phones, hands them to
Big Joe.

FISHER
Why don't you tell him, Joe.
The guy's answering me in English.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The General, followed by all manner of army equipment, rolls down the road.

337

EXT. SQUARE - DAY - ANGLE TIGER

Following the cannon, it moves around the square. We PICK UP BIG JOE, KELLY and ODDBALL, as they come toward it.

338

ANGLE TIGER TURRET

The blackened face of a tough German sergeant appears from the turret. He hoists himself up onto the top of the tank and jumps down.

339

WIDE ANGLE

as the group approach and stop. They take a long look at each other. Big Joe offers him a cigarette.

GERMAN

No smoke. The fuel system is rotten, we have gasoline all over the place.

BIG JOE

Sorry.

(beat)
Look, Mack. You and us - we're just soldiers, we don't even know what this war's about. All we do is fight and die, and for what -- we don't get anything out of it.

340

ANGLE KELLY

He looks to Joe - smiles.

BIG JOE (cont'd.)

In about an hour from now the whole American army's going to be coming over that hill. So why don't you get smart and get the hell out of here.

GERMAN
I have orders. This bank isn't
to fall into the hands of the
American army.

KELLY
Sergeant, it's not falling into
the hands of the American army.
It's going to fall into our hands.
This is strictly a private operation.

The German doesn't quite understand.

GERMAN
You the American army.

ODDBALL
No man, we ain't. You know what's
inside that bank, baby.

The German doesn't like Oddball - especially the
fact that he's wearing an Iron Cross.

ODDBALL (cont'd.)
There's sixteen million dollars
worth'a gold in that bank,
Sweetheart.

BIG JOE
That's about eight million marks.

KELLY
And if you want a share in it, all
you do is crank this gun around
and blow a hole through that door.

340X1

EXT. BANK DOORS - DAY

An explosion blows them open - as a hundred years
of dust and plaster falls from the ceiling.

341

INT. BANK

The doors collapse. As the dust settles, the
platoon climbs through the dust and rubble.
Suddenly they stop.

ANGLE - KELLY AND BIG JOE

Slowly they cross into the bank -- and over to a stack of small wooden boxes. Kelly picks one up; it's very heavy; he drops it on the ground; it cracks open revealing a solid yellow bar of gold. HOLD. There is a LOUD CHEER -- which builds to the joyous ROAR OF A CROWD.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY - LONG SHOT

342

The Square is a mass of CHEERING PEOPLE. Flags hang from windows, flowers are in everyone's hands. To one side a choir of middle-aged women sing 'America, America,' accompanied by a band of retired railwaymen.

To the other side the MAYOR and COUNCIL stand, in full regalia.

In front of the bank are two German trucks.

The men form a fireman's chain from the stack of boxes to the trucks, hurling blocks of six bars of gold at a time from one to the other as they desperately hurry to finish the job.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

343

Above the cheering of the crowd, the Mayer reads out from his scroll, his address of welcome. Through the BLASTING OF THE LAND, phrases like 'land of opportunity' -- 'home of democracy' -- 'fighting for freedom' -- 'our brothers across the ocean' -- can just be heard.

INT. BANK - DAY

344

Kelly sweats, pulling at the boxes of gold bars. He throws them to Cowboy, who hurls them onwards like a football player out to Fisher. During this the German sergeant and his crew are also carrying boxes out the back.

EXT. BANK

345

At the truck, Big Joe hurls the boxes up at Penn who is hastily building the golden stack waist high. There must be ten million dollars worth in the truck.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Mayor is advancing on Big Joe with a garland of red, white and blue. He stops, holds it up, turns on the crowd and continues his speech. They cheer. He turns and shouts in English.

MAYOR

In the name of the council of this town, I would like to welcome you -- our liberators.

He places the garland over Big Joe's head.

Big Joe manages to formally acknowledge these compliments, all the while continuing to load the truck.

Verse from 'America. America', here.

347

INT. BANK

Kelly and the rest of the men work hard in a fireman's chain to shift the last of it.

COWBOY

What are you going to do with your share?

KELLY

We're not out of the woods yet.

COWBOY

Man, I'm going to buy me some fine women. Hundreds of women, maybe a thousand. And then get me the biggest spread in Texas.

348

ANOTHER ANGLE

The German sergeant crosses up to Kelly who continues to heave the gold boxes.

GERMAN SERGEANT

We have small car full. We go now.

KELLY

Right. Take care of yourself.

GERMAN SERGEANT

Thank you.

He begins to give the salute of the Third Reich -- stops half way through it; gives normal salute; Kelly ignores it. The German exits.

348
CONT'D
(2)

349

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Gutkowski hurries from the tower and runs toward the Square, a pair of field glasses in his hand.

350

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

Gutkowski pushes his way through the crowd, up to Big Joe.

GUTKOWSKI

They're here -- and I think the old man's leading 'em in!

The Mayor is going on with his speech as Big Joe grabs him -- turns him to him.

BIG JOE (broken English)

General.
(points off)

The Mayor nods, but doesn't understand. Big Joe keeps trying to make him understand - finally:

BIG JOE

General Eisenhower.
(beat)

General -- De Gaulle.

MAYOR (understanding)

De Gaulle, De Gaulle.

He begins to yell in French, 'De Gaulle!' -- The whole mob surges toward the other side of the town. Big Joe pulls himself free of the crowds and runs for the bank.

351

INT. BANK - DAY

Kelly is tiring, there are a dozen more boxes. Big Joe reaches him.

BIG JOE

Cavalry's here.

KELLY

Well, give me a hand, will yuh?

351
CONT'D
(2)

Now reduced to a few boxes, everyone grabs all they can in their arms and runs.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

352-355

Colt's jeep moves quickly down the street of the town, followed by a few other vehicles.

POV FROM JEEP

The road ahead is jammed with people running toward the jeep.

ANGLE - COLT

in jeep, shocked at the mob.

WIDE ANGLE

as the jeep is engulfed in the crowd.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

356

The trucks are now loaded with the gold. Kelly makes a last minute check urging the men into them. Big Joe pushes his way to the front truck. Kelly to the second one.

Kelly pulls the truck door open. Oddball is stretched out on the front seat with a half-naked girl. Looks up.

ODDBALL

Hey man, did we get it all.

KELLY

Yeah -- and unless you can drive from down there you'd better move.

Kelly climbs in and slams the door.

EXT. END OF SQUARE

357

The jeep is slowly pushing its way into the Square. Colt and Maitland are covered with flowers. Girls hug them.

ANGLE - COLT

P.138

holding up medals.

357X1

COLT

Where are my boys? Where are my
heroes?

EXT. OTHER END OF TOWN

358

Kelly and Big Joe driving. All the platoon hanging
from the trucks, swing out of the Square and dis-
appear in a cloud of dust.

ANOTHER ANGLE

358X1

Maitland pushes his way through the crowd and into
bank.

INT. BANK - DAY

359

He walks inside. Except for stacks of mouldy docu-
ments, it is empty.

He stands there apoplectic with fury.

He turns around.

There on the blast-peeled wall has been scratched
the message:

UP YOURS BABY

IT IS NINE O'CLOCK ON A BEAUTIFUL AUTUMN MORNING

360

The sun shines, the land looks clean. The two trucks
bowl along. On top of their piles of gold, the men
are blissfully happy.

At 5000 feet a P-47 cruising.

INT. P-47

361

The pilot looks out of his cockpit. He takes his
chewing gum out of his mouth and sticks it un-
hurriedly on his gunsight, then carefully --

The plane banks and goes into a dive.

P.139

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

361
CONT'D
(2)

The trucks brake. The men abandon them in panic.

362

The plane screams down and down.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The men reaching for safety, turn, wheel, yell and screech at the oncoming bomber.

363

INTERCUT - CLOSEUPS

BIG JOE
LITTLE JOE
GUTKOWSKI AND GROUP

364-371

Finally, Kelly stands watching the plane and philosophically shakes his head.

The P-47 pulling out at maximum speed levels for the attack.

From the Pilot's POV, the onrushing targets, the gold glinting.

CLOSEUP - THE P-47

Its rockets fire.

Immediately FREEZE FRAME.

THE END

