

PRODUCERS: Joel Silver  
Arnold Schwarzenegger

SGT. ROCK

An Original Screenplay by  
David Webb Peoples  
based on the comic book character  
created by Bob Kanigher

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NOTE: Nazi rhymes with potsy...  
Nazzey rhymes with snazzy...  
Likewise the plurals...

A TINY VILLAGE/NIGHT

Moonlight illuminates a mountain village consisting merely of a cobble street and a cluster of modest cottages. A jeep full of NAZI SOLDIERS grinds through the deserted street as words appear SUPERED over the scene...

ITALY, 1943

Peering from the cracks in shuttered windows frightened CHILDREN watch shadowy NAZI SOLDIERS as they dismount from the jeep.

MOMENTS LATER

The SOLDIERS move ominously from house to house while A NAZI OFFICER, speaking in crude Italian, questions a PEASANT WOMAN in her doorway, her CHILDREN clinging in terror to her skirts, their eyes on the towering NAZI, whose face is lost in shadows...

NAZI OFFICER

(Italian, subtitled)

Americans? Where?

PEASANT WOMAN

(Italian, subtitled)

No, no. Not here.

NAZI OFFICER

(Italian, subtitled)

Where? How far? How many kilometers?

The CHILDREN cringe in horror as the NAZI OFFICER grabs the WOMAN roughly by the arm, shaking her.

PEASANT WOMAN

(Italian, subtitled)

I don't know

(pointing south)

That way I think. Five kilometers maybe.

NAZI OFFICER

(Italian, subtitled)

You're lying, you wop whore, I don't believe you.

A VOICE (O.S.)

(German, subtitled)

Excuse me, sir.

The NAZI OFFICER turns to see a hulking NAZI CORPORAL approaching him from the shadows, his face lost in the gloom.

NAZI OFFICER

(German, subtitled)

What is it, Corporal? You're supposed to be watching the perimeter...

CORPORAL  
 (German, subtitled)  
A message, sir. By courier...from the  
 Fuhrer himself.

NAZI OFFICER  
 (German, subtitled)  
What? What are you talking about?

The CORPORAL moves closer, his face still shadowed, his voice apologetic as the OFFICER glares suspiciously...

CORPORAL  
 (German, subtitled)  
The Fuhrer says there's been a  
 mistake, we're not the master race!  
 He says we're a bunch of perverted  
 fools.

As the NAZI OFFICER stares in flabbergasted disbelief, the CORPORAL embraces him fiercely, yanking a nine inch knife blade upward from the NAZI OFFICER'S gut, ripping him open, spattering blood on the astonished PEASANT WOMAN and her CHILDREN.

As the NAZI OFFICER slumps to the ground, the big NAZI CORPORAL turns on the dumbfounded PEASANT WOMAN and shoves her and her CHILDREN inside the house. His words are English this time...

CORPORAL  
 Inside! Presto! Hurry, inside!

As he turns his attention back to the street, we glimpse the CORPORAL'S face for the first time...unshaven, scarred, tough and battle worn...the face of war! This is SERGEANT ROCK, a thirty year old American soldier of German descent disguised for the moment as a German Corporal.

Twenty yards away, in the street, two NAZI SOLDIERS are just noticing the shadowy body of the OFFICER slumped on the cobbles in front of the darkened doorway...

ROCK opens up with an automatic weapon, a grease gun.

RATTA RATTA RATTA RATTA!

#### OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE

WILDMAN, a wild looking American Corporal, blond and bearded, erupts from behind a rock on the craggy slope, rifle ready.

WILDMAN  
 That's it! Come on, let's go.

A lone GERMAN SENTRY, startled, raises his rifle to fire, but before he can get off a shot, WILDMAN guns him down.

Seven more American Infantrymen burst from hiding and move toward the village and the sound of gunfire. They are...

TONY PASCALANO, WHIPSNAKE JAMES, BEEF RILEY, TEXAS FLORES, GERONIMO JONES, MIKE FARRACCI, MARTIN KLUZEWSKI, and TOM PARDEE.

STREET, VILLAGE

Still crouched in the doorway, ROCK fires on a jeep load of four GERMAN SOLDIERS as they pull up close to the bodies of the men he fired on.

Bullets splatter around ROCK as the GERMANS, crouching behind their halted jeep, blaze away at him furiously until they're suddenly distracted by shots from their flank.

ROCK takes advantage of the distraction to hastily yank a grenade from a D-ring on his chest, pull the pin, and toss it toward the jeep.

BOOOOOOOOOOM! The grenade explodes.

ROCK starts to advance on the jeep, firing steadily.

CRACK! Somebody fires from behind him.

ROCK whirls and hits the ground rolling, seeing a dark figure emerging from the shadows, firing on him.

DARK FIGURE

Given zee up, asshole!

ROCK

Hold your fire, it's me. Don't shoot.

The dark figure is WHIPSNAKE.

WHIPSNAKE

Shit, Sarge, you sure had me fooled.

VILLAGE STREET/LATER

Two GERMAN SOLDIERS are squatting with their hands on their heads, while WHIPSNAKE covers them with an M-1.

Two more GERMAN SOLDIERS lie bleeding while GERONIMO and PARDEE bend over them, tending to their injuries.

Four more GERMAN SOLDIERS are sprawled in the street, dead, while TEXAS searches them and KLUZEWSKI examines the dead OFFICER.

ROCK is shedding his disguise, revealing the fatigues with the chevrons underneath the German uniform as BEEF approaches him...

BEEF

They didn't suspect ya, huh, Sarge?  
Ya walked right up to them?

ROCK

Easy, no problem.

BEEF

No kidding. You didn't talk to 'em did you? I mean, did you say anything in kraut?

ROCK

Not much.

BEEF

(awed)  
You talked to 'em? You actually talked kraut with them and they thought you were a nazzey? God damn! Whadja talk about?

ROCK

Politics.

Nonplussed, BEEF watches ROCK, in American uniform now, turn his back and start across the street.

Just then KLUZEWSKI approaches ROCK...

KLUZEWSKI

Hey, Sarge, there's an officer with these deceased guys in a different uniform. Like the ones at Kassarene...

ROCK reacts sharply as we...

CUT TO:

STREET/MOMENTS LATER

ROCK frowns as he stares at one of the dead bodies. The uniform is indeed slightly different from the others. ROCK considers a ring on the dead man's finger. Then he rips the collar patch from the jacket.

ACROSS THE STREET

FARRACCI is surrounded by the local PEASANTS, including the PEASANT WOMAN. He's talking to them in Italian as ROCK crosses the street toward him.

FARRACCI

(Italian, subtitled)

A lotta Americans speak German and Italian. Our parents come from over here, we got roots in the old country. My folks are from outside a Firenze, they're always talkin' about old Firenze....

Interrupting FARRACCI in English, ROCK looms over the awed PEASANTS, holding up the collar patch from the Nazi uniform...

ROCK

Ask them if they've seen any more krauts with outfits like this...

FARRACCI turns to the PEASANTS as we...

CUT TO

OUTSIDE VILLA MODESTO/MORNING

Several rifle companies are bivouaced in a confusion of tents outside an elegant Italian villa perched on a steep slope in the mountains. As GIs busy themselves waiting for more war, WHIPSNAKE, BEEF, PASCALANO, and FARRACCI regale some of the other unshaven, war-weary men from Easy Company with details of last night's patrol...

WHIPSNAKE

...so we're gonna sneak up on 'em 'cause we don't know how many there are or anything, and the Wildman's s'posed to slit the sentry's throat only he gets the dull edge of the knife against the kraut's neck...

A listener named BIGELOW is horrified at the fuck-up.

BIGELOW

The dull edge!

BEEF

(triumphantly)  
...so he strangles the guy instead...

WHIPSNAKE

...and Rock sees there's no blood on the uniform...

BEEF

...and the kraut's about his size...

WHIPSNAKE

...so Rock puts on the kraut uniform...

BEEF

...and walks right in there with the krauts...

WHIPSNAKE

...and talks to them in German!

BEEF

About politics for Christsake!

As jaded and weary as the listeners are, they're all at least mildly impressed by ROCK'S exploits...except one, a grizzled old timer (thirty-five) named RETREAD...

RETREAD

He's gonna get us killed. The man takes risks...

A storm of protest...

FARRACCI

Careful risks!

PASCALANO

An' he takes 'em, Retread. He's not like summa them officers, he don't ask you to do somethin' he wouldn't do...

RETREAD shakes his head knowingly as if talking to children...

RETREAD

That might be true...but there isn't anything that asshole wouldn't do! So where's that leave ya?

RETREAD, his point proven, smiles triumphantly as we...

CUT TO

### INSIDE THE VILLA

MAJOR PRITCHARD, battalion commander, frowns as he fingers the collar patch ROCK tore from the Nazi while CAPTAIN WALTERS addresses him...

WALTERS

You don't want to discourage the men from bringing in information, sir...

They're in the huge ballroom of the villa where furniture has been pushed aside to create a ludicrously spartan Battalion Headquarters in the midst of Italianate splendor.

PRITCHARD

Of course not! But I don't want them playing genius and drawing conclusions they're not qualified to draw either...

WALTERS

He's an experienced man, not a new recruit, he's served in North Africa, he was decorated three times at Kassarene...

PRITCHARD

For bravery, not for intelligence. I admire brave men, Captain, but I've observed that some of the bravest are some of the stupidest. In fact the qualities at times seem to be complimentary. And stupidity loses, Captain (almost always), where smart wins (almost always)...

WALTERS

(coldly)

I guess courage is irrelevant, sir.

PRITCHARD

(a shrug)

We lost at Kassarene.

(then...)

Through no fault of the Sergeant's, I'm sure. Send him in.

WALTERS, furious, moves to the door and calls into the foyer...

WALTERS

Sergeant Rock...

WALTERS stands aside as ROCK enters and salutes the MAJOR smartly. The battered Sergeant looks particularly out of place in the villa.

PRITCHARD

At ease, Sergeant...

(then...)

That was a helluvan action last night, impressive in every way. You inflicted casualties on the enemy without suffering any losses. Top notch soldiering! You submit a list of the men on that patrol to the Captain and I'll see that every one of them is decorated, yourself included.

ROCK'S eyes drift to the collar patch in PRITCHARD'S hands even as he responds stiffly...

ROCK

I'm sure I speak for the men in thanking you, sir. They'll be grateful.

PRITCHARD has caught ROCK'S look and now he holds up the collar patch.

PRITCHARD

Captain Walters says you attach considerable significance to this patch, Sergeant.

ROCK

I've seen them before, sir. In North Africa. Waffen SS, Panzer Division.

PRITCHARD

You're not going to see tanks up here, Rock, not in this kind of country. We tried some Shermans, five of them, and we lost three in one week. Not to the enemy, to the terrain.

ROCK

Well, sir, with or without tanks, they're crack troops, they're not a defensive outfit...

PRITCHARD

(cutting him off)

Sergeant, you're not qualified to speculate. I'm going to forward this patch along with your report, not your conclusions, to Intelligence where it'll be properly analyzed by qualified people. In the meantime, I don't want you gossiping around the battalion...

ROCK'S eyes flash with suppressed anger, his jaw sets, his voice cold and flat...

ROCK

"Gossiping," sir?

PRITCHARD

Starting rumors about an attack by Nazi super-soldiers in tanks. That kind of nonsense can be very demoralizing to the men, especially the Negroes. There's a colored outfit in the battalion and those people can get spooked by rumors and panic! Am I clear?

ROCK stares stiffly ahead.

ROCK

Yes, sir.

PRITCHARD

(turning away)

Give those names to the Captain. You did very good work. Dismissed.

As ROCK turns to go, WALTERS gives him a secret, rueful shrug, but ROCK doesn't respond, exiting.

PRITCHARD

See what I mean? Guts up the giggy, but no brains at all, he probably can't fart and wipe his ass on the same day, too complicated...

WALTERS

He's not bookish, Major, but that doesn't mean...

PRITCHARD

(exploding)

They're not Indians, Captain! They're not going to sneak up on us on tippy toes, they're Germans, Nazis, the Wehrmacht, a war machine! If they're gonna attack this pass, they'll pound the living shit out of us with artillery, they'll hammer us with 88s and screaming mimis, they'll bomb us till we're grateful to be attacked, for Chrissake! Now do you hear any German planes? Do you hear any German fucking artillery?

As if on cue, there's a whistling sound.

The two men stare at each other and PRITCHARD'S jaw sags as the whistling gets louder, someone SHOUTS outside and then...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM! The whole place shudders, plaster falls as a shell bursts outside, close to the villa.

OUTSIDE THE VILLA

Chaos! Death! Blood! Screams!

RETREAD and BEEF are yelling for everyone to take cover...

RETREAD

Inside! Get in the cellar! Take cover.

WHIPSNAKE is shouting for a Medic as WILDMAN and PASCALANO try to help FARRACCI who's sprawled in a confusion of torn and twisted bodies completed covered with blood. As they free him, another shell whistles overhead and SOLDIERS dash frantically out of the way...

BAAAAAWHOOOOOOOM! A shell slams into the villa, partially collapsing the roof.

WILDMAN is still holding FARRACCI, screaming for a Medic.

A red-haired youth, a medic named O'HARA, is helping an injured man when WILDMAN grabs him and indicates the bloody FARRACCI.

O'HARA looks at FARRACCI and shakes his head.

O'HARA  
He's gone, soldier. Better take  
cover.

RETREAD and BEEF are helping men into the smoking villa as another shell whistles overhead ominously...

RETREAD  
Come on, you assholes! The cellar!

### INSIDE THE VILLA

In the smoke and plaster dust PRITCHARD is digging in the debris of the collapsed section of ceiling, uncovering CAPTAIN WALTERS, as the next shell hits outside, shuddering the whole villa.

BEEF and RETREAD are herding men past PRITCHARD toward the cellar.

PRITCHARD  
You! Give me a hand.

BEEF dutifully responds, lifting a board and revealing CAPTAIN WALTERS' face. WALTERS is weak, blood tricking from his mouth. He looks at PRITCHARD and speaks weakly.

CAPTAIN WALTERS  
Fucking Indians!

PRITCHARD watches horrified as WALTERS slips into unconsciousness and BEEF takes his pulse...

BEEF  
He's dead, Major. We better get in  
the cellar.

### OUTSIDE THE VILLA

WILDMAN, PARDEE, KLUZEWSKI, GERONIMO, and TEXAS are supporting or carrying INJURED MEN into the damaged villa, heading for the cellar.

PARDEE reacts to something he sees.

O'HARA and another MEDIC are hunched over a body, the face so bloody as to be unrecognizable...but the Sergeant's Chevrons are clearly visible and the bulky arms and torso clearly belong to ROCK.

PARDEE  
(shaken)  
Oh, Jesus!

CUT TO

### IN THE CELLAR/LATER

PRITCHARD is hovering over a RADIO OPERATOR who's trying to get the radio equipment, newly moved to the cellar, to operate.

RADIOMAN

(into radio)

This is Dog Easy Baker Six calling  
Blue King Six...

(to Pritchard)

I'm trying Regimental HQ, sir...

GIS are jammed in the crowded cellar, the familiar bunch from Easy clustered in one corner, arguing emotionally...

PASCALANO

No way! No way Rock's dead, you're  
fulla shit. He's indestructible.

RETREAD

Nobody's indestructible, Pasky.

PARDEE

I'm just saying what I saw, that's  
all.

WILDMAN

An' you're sure it was him?

PARDEE

Yeah, I'm sure, and he looked like he  
had a bad head wound...

PASCALANO

That doesn't mean anything, you wash  
off the blood it could be superficial,  
it could be...

PARDEE

(erupting)

Hey, I didn't take his pulse. I  
didn't take Cameron's pulse that time  
either. Remember Cameron? Huh? Is  
Cameron dead or alive?

There's a momentary hush at that, then KLUZEWSKI speaks in a low voice.

KLUZEWSKI

I saw him too.

WILDMAN

Rock? You saw Rock?

PASCALANO

Was he dead or not?

KLUZEWSKI

(grimly)

He looked the way Cameron looked that  
time.

Silence. Grim faces, as we...

CUT TO

A VISION/OUTSIDE

Out of focus, an unshaven youthful face looms full frame, crowned by flaming hair. The bright blue eyes are full of fury, the mouth is almost snarling the words...this is O'HARA...

O'HARA  
 COME ON, YOU BASTARD! SUCK IN!  
 SUCK IN, YOU SONOFABITCH, DON'T  
 QUIT, DO IT, DO IT, DO IT, DO IT,  
 DO IT!

ROCK'S unfocussed eyes stare stupidly at the medic O'HARA moving over him and pounding on his chest. There's blood all over ROCK'S face and neck.

ROCK  
 Uh...uh...uh...

O'HARA'S face looms close again, unfocussed, as he works on ROCK...

O'HARA  
 COME ON, SERGEANT, DON'T GIVE IT ALL  
 AWAY, HANG ON, YOU BASTARD, THINK  
 ABOUT THE GIRLS, THINK ABOUT THE  
 STEAKS, THE KIDS, SUNNY DAYS, BREATHE,  
 YOU STUPID SONOFABITCH, BREATHE,  
 BREATHE, BREATHE, YOU FUCKING  
 CHICKENSHIT QUITTER, WHAT WOULD YOUR  
 MOTHER SAY? HOW ABOUT YOUR FATHER?

ROCK gurgles, his eyes vaguely alive now...with fear...while shells thunder around them BOOOOOM BOOOOM BOOOOOOOM and we...

CUT TO

KIDS/SNOWBALLS/AMERICAN STREET

KIDS, ten to twelve years old, are furiously hurling snowballs and shouting insults. A SUPERED TITLE tells us where we are...

AKRON, OHIO

It's Akron a long time ago, almost suburban. The KIDS are snowballing a dignified white haired gentleman, MR. VAN ROCKLIN, who's walking along a neatly shovelled sidewalk toward a corner Grocery Store...

BOYS  
 Nazi Bastard! Kraut! Hey, jerry,  
 heil Hitler! Sig Heil!

VAN ROCKLIN, wiping snow from his face with as much dignity as he can muster, addresses the boys in a thick German accent...

VAN ROCKLIN

Hitler you cannot kill with snow. I am not Hitler, I am only myself, a German.

The speech only inflames the KIDS who, while maintaining their distance, rain a fury of snowballs on the elderly man as he enters the Grocery Store...

INSIDE THE GROCERY STORE/MOMENTS LATER

A paper bag. The middle-aged CLERK is pulling it from under the counter. With a quick glance around to make sure no one is looking, he puts it on the counter in front of VAN ROCKLIN whose coat is still dripping from the snowballs.

CLERK

Twelve dollars, that's the best I can do.

VAN ROCKLIN

That much?

As the CLERK pulls a box out of the paper sack, he indicates a newspaper lying on the counter, featuring a bold black headline: GERMAN COUNTER ATTACK and a sub head HARD FIGHTING ON ITALIAN FRONT..

CLERK

There's a war on, Mister Van Rocklin, in case you didn't notice. Guys are dying. This stuff is rationed, it's black market...

VAN ROCKLIN looks at the opened box. Partagas Cigars from Havana, short, stubby coronas.

VAN ROCKLIN

Okay, yes, I pay, I understand.

CLERK

I wouldn't even do this if you weren't referred by a regular customer...

CUT TO

SIDEWALK/MINUTES LATER

VAN ROCKLIN hurries off with the paper sack while the BOYS pelt him mercilessly with snowballs and hurl anti-German insults at him and we...

CUT TO

BERGAMO, ITALY/NIGHT

It's pouring rain in the darkened Bergamo, a town just large enough to have two hotels and a cathedral, as a 4X4 U.S. Troop carrier grumbles through the darkened streets...

INSIDE THE TROOP CARRIER

Instead of troops the rear of the vehicle is jammed with cooking equipment and one fresh faced young officer, LIEUTENANT GORYL, who's slumped on top of a field stove, peering out through a gap in the canvas covering. Obviously unseasoned, GORYL is getting his closest look at war so far from the slowly moving troop carrier.

GORYL sees a confusion of battle-weary FOOTSOLDIERS in dirty uniforms hunkering in doorways out of the rain. Bergamo has been taken over as Regimental HQ and now, although the town is blacked out, lights flash now and again revealing nightmare glimpses of defeat. He sees into the covered rear of a jeep where WOUNDED MEN are lying, wrapped in bloody bandages, their eyes dull with horror, plasma bottles feeding into their arms.

Big guns are booming monotonously somewhere in the distance as the carrier inches through the narrow main street jammed with muddy battered vehicles and exhausted, beaten GIS, passing the local Cathedral, now serving as a hospital. GORYL cringes at the sound of a piteous VOICE crying out...

VOICE (O.S.)

WHERE AM I? WHERE THE FUCK AM I? I  
CAN'T SEE! I CAN'T FUCKING SEE!

Looking out of the moving truck, GORYL glimpses a stretcher bearing a BLIND SOLDIER, his eyes covered with a bloody bandage. It's he who's crying out as the MEDICS carry him into the Cathedral Hospital.

Just then a bunch of COOKS rush the back of the troop carrier.

COOKS

Hey, stop! Goddamnit, that's our  
gear.

As the troop carrier lurches to a halt, COOKS swarm aboard, grabbing equipment, ignoring GORYL who scrambles off the stove hastily.

Among the COOKS we see but do not notice a FACE that we'll see later...a FACE that means nothing to us now and is in no way special or noticeable.

As the COOKS unload their equipment, the CORPORAL/DRIVER of the carrier moves into view and addresses GORYL...

CORPORAL/DRIVER

That's Regimental HQ right across the  
street, Lieutenant.

GORYL follows the CORPORAL'S indication and sees the local Hotel with GUARDS stationed at the door and lots of in and out traffic.

INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL/NIGHT

The ceiling is lost in a vaulted gloom dominated by shadows while the damp walls reverberate with urgent VOICES, cries of pain, desperate moans. Is this Hell? Is this a nightmare?

It's what ROCK is seeing as his eyes blink open and he stares stupidly, obviously confused and disoriented while the BLIND MAN'S VOICE (offscreen but close at hand) seems to express ROCK'S own confusion in an urgent refrain...

BLIND SOLDIER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Where am I? Where the fuck am I?  
Please, goddamnit, tell me? Where am  
I?

ROCK is flat on his back on a cot. His skull has been partially shaven and partly bandaged, his face has new scars, his neck is heavily bandaged as well. He lifts his head cautiously and looks around.

MEDICS and DOCTORS are rushing about in lantern light, UNCONSCIOUS SOLDIERS, plasma bottles plugged into them, bump urgently past on stretchers hauled by more MEDICS.

BLIND SOLDIER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Can anybody hear me? Please.

ROCK looks to his right. The BANDAGED MAN on the next cot, is motionless and silent, clearly not the speaker. Searching for the VOICE, ROCK looks down between the cots and sees the BLIND SOLDIER lying on a stretcher on the floor. The BLIND SOLDIER is tugging at his bandages, pulling them off his eyes.

BLIND SOLDIER

I can't see for Chrissake, I can't see  
at all. Where am I?

ROCK speaks...with effort...his voice weak, tentative...

ROCK

A hospital. It's all right. It's...a  
hospital.

More like a nightmare!

INSIDE "HOTEL HQ"/NIGHT

Maps, desks, squawking radios, jangling phones, typewriters, ENLISTED STAFF, OFFICERS. Regimental HQ is chaotic, hysterical. GORYL hovers nervously near CAPTAIN SLOAN'S desk as an enraged COLONEL CRONKITE snaps at the beleaguered SLOAN...

COLONEL CRONKITE

Make it an order then! Henceforth no line officer is to report that he's "pinned down" by machinegun fire, mortar fire, rocket fire, or any other fucking fire! Is that clear?

SLOAN

But, sir, if they are pinned down, don't we need accurate -- ?

CRONKITE

(waving reports)

It says "pinned down" in every goddamn report from every goddamn company commander, from every fucking platoon leader...thank God the men don't transmit individual fucking reports because I'm sure they're all pinned down! Now I'm going to assume everybody's pinned down from now on, okay? So don't tell me when you're pinned down, tell me when you're not pinned down. That's what I want to hear...when you're not pinned down.

Looking worried, GORYL watches SLOAN nod wearily.

SLOAN

Yes, sir. No more "pinned down," only "not pinned down."

CRONKITE turns away and SLOAN scribbles a note, then he turns back to GORYL'S orders on his desk.

SLOAN

Easy Company's up on the line. You can get a ride up there in the morning. In the meantime bed down anywhere you can.

GORYL

Thank you, sir.

SLOAN is turning away. GORYL hesitates, then blurts...

GORYL

I guess it's pretty...pretty rough up on the line.

For a moment SLOAN just stares at GORYL blankly as if GORYL spoke Swahili...then he shakes his head slowly...

SLOAN

Oh, no, Lieutenant, no, no, not at all. It's rough in here...up on the line, it's just one big...one big... party. Laughing and joking with the goodhearted people of Germany who happen to be visiting Italy like ourselves.

SLOAN turns away abruptly and heads for another desk, leaving GORYL by himself. Feeling foolish and green, GORYL heads for the door.

Meanwhile, SLOAN is addressing a PRIVATE at a desk.

SLOAN

Type up an order, Private. "The words 'pinned down' will not be used in future transmission to HQ. It is only acceptable to report 'not pinned down.'" Colonel Cronkite will sign it.

#### STREET/NIGHT

GORYL has paused for a moment in the dark street to look toward the front where big guns thunder in the night.

On the distant slopes the flashes of fire as the shells explode are out of sync with the sounds of the guns, lending an eerie, surrealistic quality to the obscure battle ten miles away. It doesn't look real...but it's scary.

GORYL turns away and enters a doorway....

#### INSIDE "QUARTERS"

In the gloom of a former restaurant the GIS are only shadows and glowing cigarette butts...and VOICES...

VOICE/DARKNESS

We were gettin' all this shit from a kraut fifty, so this kid, he works his way to maybe 25 yards from 'em, fucking courageous. He's gonna send 'em some pineapple, right? So he pulls the pin. Boooooom! Short fuse! Right in the fucking face.

ANOTHER VOICE/DARKNESS

I seen ugly and I seen uglier, but a short fuse is the ugliest.

VOICE/DARKNESS

Well, it didn't kill him, it blew his fucking face off is all. He was screaming, "I can't see, I can't see." Massachusetts guy. Gimme a light.

A light flickers and GORYL'S face is briefly visible. GORYL looks shaken as we...

CUT TO

HOSPITAL/MORNING

The canvas over the stained glass has been partially pulled back to let some of the weak winter light in.

A DOCTOR is speaking to the BLIND SOLDIER who's on a cot now, wearing fresh bandages, somewhat cleaned up.

DOCTOR

We're going to do everything we can for you, Private...everything! But your sight is gone. We can't bring that back, that's not something we can change. Do you understand that?

BLIND SOLDIER

(bravely, desperate good cheer)

Yes, sir.

ROCK is watching this painful scene from the next cot. And now the DOCTOR turns to him, turning a page of his chart.

DOCTOR

Well, Sergeant...you're looking better today. A lot better.

ROCK

I...don't remember...how I got here. I don't remember...you.

DOCTOR

That's not unusual under the circumstances, a mild antrograde amnesia. It'll come back to you in bits and pieces...in flashes. Your prognosis is for complete recovery from all your wounds...you're one of the lucky ones.

(glances significantly toward the Blind Soldier)

By tomorrow you'll be on your way to England where you'll continue post-op care for about a week, then back to the States. It's gonna be rough, soldier, very rough...clean sheets, hot meals, pretty nurses. Think you can handle it?

The DOCTOR is about to move on, but ROCK looks disturbed.

ROCK  
How long have I been here?

DOCTOR  
(a glance at the chart)  
Two weeks.

ROCK  
(stunned)  
Two weeks!

DOCTOR  
Twelve days, actually. You had a  
close call, Sergeant, you're lucky.

A SUDDEN VISION, A FLASHBACK OF THE MEDIC O'HARA, OUT OF FOCUS SEEN  
FROM ROCK'S POINT OF VIEW AS HE SCREAMS AT ROCK TO BREATHE! THEN  
VISION IS GONE...

The DOCTOR is moving to the next bed. Shaken, ROCK calls out to him...

ROCK  
I remember...

DOCTOR  
(impatient)  
Yes?

ROCK  
A...a medic! He...saved me.

DOCTOR  
They're good men. Brave men.

As the DOCTOR moves to the next cot where he starts to speak to the SOLDIER virtually mummified in bandages, ROCK just lies there staring at the ceiling. Then he hears muffled sobs. Turning, he sees the BLIND SOLDIER, completely isolated in his dark world of misery, shaking with the sobs he's trying to stifle.

ROCK struggles weakly to sit up. Looking around, he sees the bustle of the hospital...stretchers with WOUNDED MEN groaning, MEDICS, scurrying DOCTORS.

ROCK considers the bandages on his chest...then he pokes himself, looking for pain.

Across the cot-cluttered nave, a CORPORAL on MAIL DUTY is shouting aloud as he distributes mail to bedridden GIS...

MAIL DUTY CORPORAL  
Awright, Dog! Any more Dog, last call  
for Dog Company. Sing out (or bark)  
if you're Dog.

A VOICE  
Yo Dog! Dog here!

The MAIL DUTY CORPORAL heads for the DOG SOLDIER as ROCK swings his legs over the side of the cot and rests for a moment. Then he tentatively tries his feet on the floor.

ANGLE ON A MEDIC/SECONDS LATER

As the MEDIC moves along an aisle between the cots, hauling one end of a stretcher, he comes face to face with ROCK who's wobbling unsteadily among the cots.

ROCK  
I'm looking...for a medic...

MEDIC  
What's the problem, buddy?

ROCK  
A medic with..red hair...

MEDIC  
You better get back on your cot,  
fella.

Maneuvering the stretcher around ROCK, the MEDIC and his PARTNER move their patient, a BLACK SOLDIER, onto an empty cot.

ROCK pauses, observing the youthful face of the unconscious, blood covered BLACK SOLDIER as the MEDIC quickly and efficiently hooks a bottle of plasma to an IV stand beside the cot.

A piece of tape on the plasma bottle says "COLORED."

The MEDIC turns and glances toward ROCK.

MEDIC  
Red hair. Around here that's O'Hara.

ROCK  
Where can I find him?

The MEDIC is pillowing the head of the unconscious BLACK SOLDIER as he shakes his own head.

MEDIC  
Missing in Action. About a week.  
Better get back in your bunk, okay?

MAIL DUTY CORPORAL'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Easy Company! Anybody else from Easy?

Still dazed and weak, ROCK reacts as a SOLDIER in a cot twenty cots away shouts...

SOLDIER  
Hey, right here! I'm Easy.

There's a ripple of weak laughter and someone adds, "Aren't we all?"

ROCK starts to make his way unsteadily in that direction, passing horribly WOUNDED MEN, nearly stepping on a BANDAGED SOLDIER lying on a stretcher on the floor.

Across the room, the soldier from Easy, GOINES, is opening the the envelope the MAIL DUTY CORPORAL has handed him. He stares at the contents in outrage and dismay...

GOINES

Jury duty! For Christ sake! I'm supposed to serve on a jury in Brattleboro, Vermont?

MAIL DUTY CORPORAL

No kidding? I just gave a guy from Iowa a bill from his plumber, how do ya like that?

ROCK'S VOICE (O.S.)

Goines!

GOINES turns and his eyes widen in amazement as he sees ROCK, still unsteady on his feet, looming beside his cot.

GOINES

Holy...shit! Sarge! I...thought ...we all thought...we thought you were...

ROCK

No. No, I...I made it.

MAIL DUTY CORPORAL

(to Rock)

You from Easy too, pal? What's your name, maybe I got something for you...?

ROCK

(to the Corporal)

Rock, John.

(to Goines)

What happened? They shelled us... How many casualties...?

GOINES

Since then? Shit, Sarge, you don't know?

ROCK

No. No, I've been...I don't remember...

GOINES

(tears forming)

They ate us alive. First the arty, then the krauts...bad ones...worse than Kassarene...the Colonel assigned us to the ass...everybody's falling back, we're protecting the rear... eighty per cent casualties.

ROCK

Eighty per cent!

MAIL DUTY CORPORAL

Here ya go! I knew I recognized the name.

The CORPORAL has been digging through his big bag and now he produces a neatly wrapped package which he hands to the stunned ROCK who barely notices it as he accepts it. ROCK'S eyes are on GOINES' bed. Under the sheets the shape of his legs ends above the knees where GOINES' legs were amputated!

GOINES

More by now. Eighty per cent two days ago. There was hardly anyone left when they took me out. I'd be dead if it wasn't for the medics...

MAIL DUTY CORPORAL

It's hell up there, we got orders, hold the mail for Easy, Dog, and Baker. Whyncha open the package, see whatcha got?

Absent mindedly ROCK starts to unwrap the package as he speaks to GOINES...

ROCK

What about the Wildman? What about Flavin and Pascalano?

GOINES

Flavin didn't make it. Wildman was okay. Pascalano too, and Beef. I dunno about Mitchell or Texas. Like I said, we all thought you were dead too. What's in the package? My girl sent me dry socks. Argyles! Ha ha.

ROCK looks numbly at the package in his hand. It's the box of cigars! Coronas! There's a note on top of it.

ROCK stares at the crudely scrawled note...

"Dear son, I love you. Kill Hitler! Your father."

OUTSIDE/DAY

A lull in the rain. Leaden skies. The distant booms of the big guns seem remote. On the bland, woodsy slopes twenty miles north occasional flashes indicate exploding shells.

More ominous is the steady flow of FOOTSOLDIERS and MILITARY VEHICLES crawling into the town from the north like blood from a wound. Troop carriers overflowing with WOUNDED MEN, tired plodding FOOTSOLDIERS with haggard faces and vacant eyes suggest the true horror of those remote hills and distant sounds.

GORYL is in the street, arguing with a PFC who's sitting at the wheel of an idling jeep.

GORYL

You just told me you had about sixty miles of gas, Private. That's enough to get me to the line and get you back, so what's the problem?

PFC

I thought you wanted to go south, sir. This gas is southerly gas, sir. It don't go north, it's a matter of internal combustion.

GORYL

I see. What do I need to get some "northerly gas"...a written order from the Colonel and threat of a court martial?

PFC

(starting the jeep)  
No, sir. What you need is a lotta luck and a different driver.

RRRRRR. The PFC pulls away into the confusion of troop carriers, jeeps, and trucks clogging the street.

GORYL is scowling in frustration when he hears an urgent shout.

Looking around he sees SOLDIERS pointing toward the north where three specks are approaching low over the mountains...getting bigger. Planes!

Suddenly SOLDIERS are shouting "Butcherbirds! Butcherbirds," running every which way, jumping from trucks, taking cover.

GORYL hastily follows GIS into a doorway and crowds in as the three BUTCHERBIRDS (Folke Wulfs) thunder in low, cannons firing into the crowded street, machineguns rattling.

GORYL sees a running SOLDIER cut in half.

WHOOOOOOOOM! An explosion shakes the town as a bomb bursts. WHOOOM!  
BAH-BOOOOOOOOM! KA-BLAAAAAAM! MORE BOMBS!

GORYL presses back among the GIS wedged like sardines in the doorway, driven back by heat from flames. He's cowering there when he hears a SERGEANT scream in rage and anguish...

SERGEANT

The bastards bombed the hospital!  
They bombed the hospital!

The BUTCHERBIRDS are climbing off into the distance, their bombs and ammo spent, as SOLDIERS rush to the hospital.

Smoke pours from a gaping wound in the giant red cross painted on the stones of the cathedral. The ceiling and wall are partially collapsed.

GORYL stares in horror. He can hear screams from within the collapsed walls.

#### INSIDE THE HOSPITAL

Smoke! Panic! Confusion! Chaos! Vague FIGURES move about, obscured by smoke.

GOINES lies dead, crushed by debris across his chest.

As confusion reigns all around and MEDICS rush to and fro, a HAND emerges from the debris near GOINES. Grasping, pulling, it's the hand of someone pulling himself from the debris. WE DON'T HAVE TO SEE HIM TO KNOW IT'S ROCK!

#### ANGLE ON CIGARS

The box of cigars, overturned, lies beside the note, covered with mortar dust.

The HAND reaches for the box, scoops spilled cigars into the box, takes the box and the note.

#### ROCK

For a second ROCK looks down at GOINES' lifeless face. ROCK'S eyes are like tiny diamonds...his face like cold stone.

#### A BOX OF UNIFORMS

In the midst of the smoky chaos THE HAND reaches into a jumble of uniforms tossed in a crate in the corner of the nave. THE HAND is sorting through the torn and sometimes bloody fatigues...

#### A BOX OF BOOTS

The same thing...THE HAND searching for the right boots...

BOOTS WALKING

Through the chaos and confusion of the hospital THE BOOTS move with purposeful strides...stepping over the torn BODIES and the debris... past the dead BLIND SOLDIER.

DEAD CORPORAL/DEBRIS/NAVE

In the confusion and debris the MAIL DUTY CORPORAL lies dead, sprawled face down beside his spilled mail bag.

THE BOOTS start to step over him...then halt... A moment passes... then HANDS reach into the spilled mail...searching...finding a bundle marked COMPANY E...

THE STREET OUTSIDE

A MEDIC is squatting beside a BLOODY SOLDIER, applying a tourniquet.

The BOOTS appear close to the busy MEDIC...the HANDS reach down and remove several grenades from the BLOODY SOLDIER'S chest...while the MEDIC continues to work...

A DAMAGED JEEP

The DEAD DRIVER is slumped at the wheel. There's a pack beside him on the seat and an M-1.

HANDS reach in, take the pack...open it..dump it out...stuff the box of cigars and the bundle of mail inside...close the pack...take the M-1...

A DAMAGED BUILDING

A Browning Automatic Rifle lies unattended beside the smoldering debris of a bomb damaged wall.

The BOOTS appear...the big HANDS scoop up the BAR...

Likewise a box of ammo...

THE ROAD INTO BERGAMO

The WOUNDED and the WEARY are still streaming into the bombed town, clogging the road with one-way traffic.

But in the foreground appear the BOOTS! One man alone is going in the other direction.

It's ROCK, laden with a full pack, an arsenal of weaponry, grenades dangling from his chest, the stub of a cigar in his mouth, an angry look in his eye.

Ahead of him, on the faraway hills, the big guns boom.

ROCK heads straight for them, carrying more than a man should carry as we...

CUT TO

FARMHOUSE/SLOPE

MAJOR PRITCHARD, unshaven and haggard, is standing outside his new, less grand Battalion HQ, a farmhouse which squats on a slope at the southern end of a mountain pass. He's peering through binoculars at the wooded slopes to the north above the pass. He can hear the patter of rifle fire and the chatter of machineguns in the woods.

PRITCHARD

What the hell?

Standing beside PRITCHARD, a GI is watching a SECOND GI sprinting toward them.

GI

Runner, sir.

PRITCHARD lowers the glasses as the SECOND GI, a runner, staggers up to them, totally winded.

PRITCHARD

Well?

SECOND GI

(gasping for breath)

Dog's...falling back, sir, like you said for 'em to. Twenty-two ambulatory...six non-ambulatory. Their walkie talkie was busted, that's why...

PRITCHARD

What about Easy?

SECOND GI

There...ain't no Easy, sir. Not to speak of. Four guys from the third platoon, six from the fourth. They're dug in around the mouth of the pass down there...

The SECOND GI is pointing at the wooded slopes with their secrets...

PRITCHARD

"Dug in"! Did you tell them to fall back?

SECOND GI

They can't move, sir. Krauts got two fifties right on 'em. I got as close as I could and shouted. I think they heard me.

PRITCHARD

(disgusted)  
All right, what about Baker? Where  
the hell is Baker?

SECOND GI

Couldn't find any live ones, sir, but  
I spotted four dead niggers near the  
mouth of the pass on that side...

The SECOND GI is pointing to the opposite slope, the eastern slope...

PRITCHARD

"Negroes," soldier, not "niggers."  
"Negroes!"

SECOND GI

Well, whatever they were, sir, they're  
dead now, Major. They been gutted.

PRITCHARD

"Gutted"?

SECOND GI

Mutilated, sir. At least that's what  
it looked like through my glasses, I  
couldn't get near 'em. It looks like  
the krauts killed 'em and ripped 'em  
open.

PRITCHARD

Jesus! And there was no sign of the  
rest of Baker?

SECOND GI

(indicating the slopes)  
Sir, there's krauts all over down  
there. Anybody down there is damn near  
surrounded.

#### ROAD/MID DAY

Scraaatch! ROCK strikes a match without breaking his steady stride and  
relights his cigar.

Traffic flows past ROCK in the opposite direction, retreating vehicles  
and weary FOOTSOLDIERS, heads down, eyes unseeing. Ahead the shelling  
has stopped, an apparent lull in the fury of the battle.

Suddenly a VOICE calls out close by...

VOICE (O.S.)

Say, Sergeant, can I give you a lift?

ROCK turns and finds himself staring at a fresh young officer at the  
wheel of a jeep headed for the line...GORYL.

MOVING JEEP/MINUTES LATER

ROCK is behind the wheel now and GORYL is beside him in the passenger seat. GORYL sneaks glances at ROCK, looking him over, noting the scars on his face, glimpsing the partially shaved skull, the bandage on his neck...

GORYL

I guess...I guess you...you've been up on the line already, huh, Sergeant?

ROCK

Yes, sir.

GORYL

I guess you've heard of Easy Company...

ROCK

Easy Company, sir?

GORYL

You must have, they're supposed to be the roughest outfit around, they were in North Africa, the only company that held ground when Rommel and the Afrika Korps attacked the Kassarene Pass. Of course I guess it wouldn't be really the same outfit, there were heavy casualties, a lotta them musta been killed.

A 4X4 laden with bagged and unbagged bodies grinds past in the opposite direction.

ROCK

(remembering)

Right...heavy casualties...

(then...)

Why are you interested in Easy, Lieutenant?

GORYL

I'm their new C.O.

Deadpan, ROCK shifts the cigar between his teeth as he considers the fresh faced youth at his side and we...

CUT TO

MOVING JEEP/SEVERAL MILES LATER

The jeep is alone now, the retreating army is behind them to the south and the wooded slopes ahead are much closer. GORYL is chattering out of nervousness...

GORYL

...so I hadda M.A. in psychology and they were looking for guys like me to work in the War Department. Psy-war stuff, intelligence, desk jobs... actually interesting work for someone in my field...

ROCK

And you turned them down?

GORYL

Pretty stupid, huh? It was guilt. This kid down the block, I used to play ball with him, he lost both arms over in North Africa. And this other kid I didn't know so well got killed in the Pacific...I already felt guilty and I figured it was gonna get worse, so here I am, headed for the line, the C.O. I know everything...and I don't know anything...and I'm in charge.

ROCK

(deadpan)  
Cigar, sir?

GORYL looks startled as we...

CUT TO

WOODS/DAY

TEXAS is squirming on his belly through the rotting leaves, sweating furiously, casting nervous glances to his right.

The woods to the right look bland...and ominous. The unseen enemy is visible in TEXAS' fear, the way he hugs the ground and sweats as he inches along.

Arriving at the lip of a foxhole he looks over the rim at the grim, exhausted faces of RETREAD and PASCALANO who are crouched in their muddy foxhole in several inches of water. They've been fighting 22 days straight and it shows.

TEXAS

We're gonna make a run for it.

PASCALANO

In daylight?

TEXAS

When Wildman gives the signal, Klu's gonna give us some cover if they open up...

RETREAD

Oh, they'll open up, you can count on it.

TEXAS squirms off, leaving RETREAD and PASCALANO alone again in the hole.

PASCALANO

Shit! You think that's a good idea?

RETREAD

Doesn't matter what I think, that's the plan.

PASCALANO

Yeah, yeah, Wildman makes me nervous. I wish Rock was here.

RETREAD

(sarcastic)

Oh, that'd be great, just great. We're pinned down, you know what that asshole would do?

PASCALANO

Get us outta here alive maybe?

RETREAD

Attack.

### SECOND FOXHOLE/DAY

TEXAS is on his belly, looking into a second foxhole where BIGELOW and GERONIMO are huddled miserably.

TEXAS

When he signals, head for that big rock back there about a hundred yards, take cover there. Got it?

BIGELOW and GERONIMO nod grimly and TEXAS crawls off, leaving them alone. BIGELOW immediately burrows frantically in a pocket and pulls out a half a pack of lifesavers. With trembling hands he examines the lifesavers...hesitates...chooses a red one...then reconsiders indecisively as GERONIMO watches...finally changes his selection and pops a green one in his mouth.

BIGELOW

Green one.

GERONIMO

Yeah? That's good luck, a green one?

BIGELOW

You could have one, Ger, go ahead.

GERONIMO

Be a waste. I'm not superstitious.

BIGELOW

Sure ya are. Indians are religious, you got Gods and stuff, I believe in Lady Luck, it's the same thing.

GERONIMO

You believe in lifesavers, it's different.

BIGELOW

I'm not dead, am I? Or maimed?

THIRD FOXHOLE/DAY

TEXAS is peering into the third foxhole at WHIPSNAKE and KLUZEWSKI as KLUZEWSKI frowns a question...

KLUZEWSKI

So we provide cover, then what?

TEXAS

We'll cover you from the rock back there. Just don't fire till they do. They might not ever shoot.

WHIPSNAKE

(glumly)

Right.

FOURTH FOXHOLE/MOMENTS LATER

BEEF, one eye bandaged, and PARDEE, haggard and gaunt, are looking up at TEXAS as he peers down at them into their foxhole.

PARDEE

In daylight? Why don't we wait till it's dark?

TEXAS

'Cause they'll put up flares like they did last night.

BEEF

Yeah, but daylight's worse!

TEXAS

Don't start that shit, just go when he signals.

TEXAS turns and squirms away as we...

CUT TO

A MONTAGE/DIFFERENT FOXHOLES

RETREAD looks stoic, PASCALANO is chewing his lip nervously as they crouch, all ready to move...

BIGELOW is choosing a yellow lifesaver with shaking hands while GERONIMO watches deadpan...

KLUZEWSKI aims the BAR over the lip of the foxhole while WHIPSNAKE prepares a pile of magazines.

BEEF and PARDEE are tense, ready to go...

TEXAS looks expectantly at WILDMAN who's coiled like a spring. WILDMAN sticks his rifle up out of the foxhole in two quick thrusts, a signal...

WOODS/SECONDS LATER

They're running low, eight of them, zig-zagging among bare trees, the only sound their feet in the leaves. It's spooky how quiet it is after all the tension...

One second...

Two seconds...

Three seconds...

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA! The German machinegun chatters mindlessly, bullets sizzle in the air.

PARDEE lets out a sharp cry as he lurches forward, then crashes to the ground.

The others dive down on their bellies.

CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA. The BAR joins the cacophony, returning fire.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA. The second German machinegun replies.

THIRD FOXHOLE

KLUZEWSKI is firing the BAR at the German position which is invisible except for the nervous muzzle flashes of the first machinegun while, beside him, WHIPSNAKE fires his M-1.

KLUZEWSKI

How far are they?

WHIPSNAKE

(looking back)

Not far enough, they're gonna have to come back.

WOODS

As bullets whiz over him, BIGELOW hugs the ground and looks toward the objective...a boulder barely visible through the trees sixty yards away on slightly higher ground. BIGELOW turns and speaks to GERONIMO lying three yards to his right...

BIGELOW

We can't make it, we gotta go back.

GERONIMO doesn't answer...and BIGELOW suddenly sees that GERONIMO'S eyes are glassy and lifeless.

TEN YARDS AWAY

WILDMAN is calling out as he squirms back toward his foxhole twenty yards behind...

WILDMAN

Back. Get back in the holes.

TEN YARDS FURTHER

PARDEE is on his back, moaning pitifully as BEEF bellies toward him...

BEEF

Where you hit? Pardee! Where'd you get hit?

PARDEE

I dunno, I dunno. It hurts!

BEEF

Where? Where's it hurt?

BEEF is close now, trying to examine PARDEE.

PARDEE

I dunno. In my body!

(panic)

I can't move, I can't move.

BEEF sees blood all over PARDEE'S front. He digs in his first aid kit.

FIRST FOXHOLE

RETREAD and PASCALANO are scrambling back into their foxhole.

PASCALANO

Great plan, that was a great plan.

RETREAD

They got our positions again. We're gonna get some mortar fire.

WHOOOSH! The sound of a mortar on cue.

KAH-BOOOM! The mortar shell explodes fifteen yards from the foxhole.

RETREAD

What'd I tell ya?

FIFTH FOXHOLE

WILDMAN and TEXAS are firing at the German woods from their foxhole when BIGELOW crawls to the rim, tears in his eyes...

BIGELOW

They killed the Indian, they killed Gerry!

TEXAS

Get in, you're drawing fire.

BIGELOW

Bastards won't even let us run. We were running!

KA-BOOOOOOM. A mortar shell explodes ten yards from the foxhole.

TEXAS

We shouldn'ta shot those last two mortar shells, we shoul'da saved 'em...

WILDMAN

Shut up.

WOODS

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH! PARDEE is screaming in agony as BEEF, crawling on his belly, tries to drag PARDEE with him toward a foxhole.

KA-BOOOOM! A mortar shell hits twenty yards from them.

It isn't working. Besides PARDEE'S agony, they're not making any progress...

BEEF

Listen, Pardee, I can't do anything for you, okay? I'm gonna grab your clips and go back to the hole. We'll come back an' getcha when it's dark.

PARDEE

Right, yeah. Gimme another shot.

BEEF

(grabbing clips)  
Too soon.

PARDEE

I'm not gonna make it, Beef, I'm not gonna make it.

BEEF

(lying)

Yeah, yeah, you're gonna be okay.  
 We'll getcha tonight. It hurts,  
 right? That's good. It's when you  
 can't feel it, that's when you got a  
 problem.

KA-BLAAAAM! Another mortar shell hits fifteen yards away and BEEF starts to crawl for the foxholes.

OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE/A MILE AWAY/LATE AFTERNOON

The mortar concussions and intermittent bursts of machinegun fire are subdued by distance while the woods themselves, like a mask, reveal nothing to MAJOR PRITCHARD as he peers through his binoculars from the ridge in front of the farmhouse. There's simply nothing to see down there in the pass. He's lowering the glasses when the FIRST GI approaches him...

FIRST GI

Message from Regimental, sir.

PRITCHARD

Permission to withdraw?

FIRST GI

No, sir. A General from Division's coming forward to survey the situation. They --

PRITCHARD

(erupting)

A General! Up here! Great Christ Almighty we can't protect a General! We can't protect ourselves.

(heading for the farmhouse)

Did you tell them we've got men pinned down and we can't pull 'em out?

FIRST GI

(on Pritchard's heels)

They won't accept "pinned down," sir.

PRITCHARD

What?

FIRST GI

Colonel's orders. All transmissions must say "not pinned down."

PRITCHARD

"Not pinned down!" Jesus H. Christ.

PRITCHARD charges into the farmhouse as the FIRST GI follows him.

INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE

PRITCHARD looms over the RADIO OPERATOR.

PRITCHARD

Get Regimental. Tell them we can't protect a General unless he brings an armored division with him. Tell them we want permission to withdraw, we're suffering heavy casualties and we're about to be overrun.

FIRST GI

Uh, also, sir...we have, er, some replacements...

PRITCHARD

Replacements?

FIRST GI

Uh, Lieutenant Goryl and Sergeant Rock, for Easy Company.

PRITCHARD turns and notices GORYL and ROCK for the first time. Both men salute the astonished PRITCHARD who suddenly recognizes ROCK.

PRITCHARD

Right. Rock. You were injured.

ROCK

Fully recovered, sir.

PRITCHARD

Good. You were lucky, luckier than your buddies anyway.

ROCK

Sir?

PRITCHARD

Decimated. We got the first and third platoons out with fifty per cent casualties. What's left of the Second and Fourth are down in those woods, trapped, along with what's left of Baker.

ROCK

You're pulling out without them, sir?

PRITCHARD

Oh, God no, Sergeant. I've got the whole HQ platoon here, almost thirty men. What we're gonna do is attack, all thirty of us.

(MORE)

PRITCHARD (Cont'd)

We're gonna jump those Waffen SS (you were right about that, Sergeant) and kick their Nazi butts all the way to Rome, bet yer ass. Fuck yes! We're gonna save those poor bastards from Easy and those Baker Negroes, yessir!

BOOOOOOOOM! A shell hits outside. ROCK is heading for the door.

ROCK

Western slope, is that right, sir?

PRITCHARD

Huh? Hold on, Sergeant, you're reassigned to HQ, what -- ?

Bang! The door slams behind ROCK, leaving PRITCHARD with his mouth open.

BOOOOOOOOM! Another shell hits outside as PRITCHARD steps to the window. He sees ROCK walking steadily toward the slope into the pass.

PRITCHARD

Where the hell does he think he's going?

The FIRST GI and GORYL look uneasy as PRITCHARD opens the door and shouts at ROCK.

PRITCHARD

Sergeant! Sergeant Rock! Get your ass back here! Pronto!

ROCK keeps walking.

PRITCHARD

(turning to Goryl)  
Lieutenant! I want that man back here. Get him back here on the double!

GORYL

Right away, sir.

GORYL hastens out the door.

#### ON THE SLOPE

BOOOOOOOOM! A shell hits on the ridge as ROCK, fifty yards from the farmhouse, starts down the slope into the woods.

GORYL pants after him, shouting...

GORYL

Sergeant! Hey, Sergeant!

ROCK keeps walking even as GORYL pants up to him and continues at his side, breathlessly...

GORYL  
Sergeant, the Major wants us back there. He's ordering us back to HQ.

ROCK  
(without breaking stride)  
I can't hear him, sir. It's the shells.

BOOOOOM! Another shell hits on the ridge as ROCK continues without looking back, leaving GORYL to stare after him, flabbergasted.

WOODS/MOMENTS LATER

Fifty yards down the slope, ROCK is in the woods now, alert for signs of the enemy, scanning the confusion of trees when footsteps behind him cause him to turn. GORYL draws alongside him, rifle in hand.

GORYL  
I couldn't hear him either.

CUT TO

THE ROAD FROM BERGAMO

A jeep is winding through the slopes, not yet in sight of the Farmhouse/HQ. CAPTAIN SLOAN is at the wheel. All we see of the man beside him is a helmet with three stars on it. The GENERAL'S face is obscured in profile and the shadow of his helmet.

Shells are thundering into the woods just ahead of them.

SLOAN  
(slowing down)  
I think we're getting kind of close, actually, sir.

WHOOM! As if to confirm the statement, a shell explodes only a couple of hundred yards from the road. The GENERAL doesn't flinch. He speaks sardonically, still in shadowy profile, his helmet more in evidence than his face.

GENERAL  
Don't like shooting, Captain?

SLOAN  
(bristling)  
No, sir, I don't like it and I don't know anybody who does. Would the General like to proceed with the understanding that Major Pritchard advises us he cannot guarantee the  
(MORE)

SLOAN (Cont'd)

General's safety...and that the men are already demoralized without losing a General, General?

GENERAL

Fair enough, Captain. I withdraw the comment.

HONK! HONK! SLOAN and the GENERAL (his face still obscured) turn to see a Troop Carrier looming behind them on the road, eager to pass.

INSIDE THE REAR OF THE TROOP CARRIER

MORGAN, a cook, is sitting on top of the same confusion of cooking equipment GORYL rode in on, peering ahead around the canvas roof and speaking to several other COOKS lost in the gloom in the back.

MORGAN

Christ almighty! The asshole's honking a General off the road.

COOK'S VOICE (O.S.)

So fucking what? They're useless bastards, Generals. You could have all the wars you want without Generals, but you can't have shit without food. Generals are useless, we ain't.

INSIDE THE JEEP

CAPTAIN SLOAN is pulling off the road to let the troop carrier by...

SLOAN

Cooks. They're gonna try and give 'em a hot meal up on the line at Major Pritchard's request.

The Troop Carrier is grinding by, the DRIVER saluting the CAPTAIN and the GENERAL who's still obscured by the angle...

GENERAL

Let's get out of here. The men would rather see a hot meal than a General any...

SLOAN shouts as the sound of an incoming shell crescendos...

SLOAN

GENERAL! JUMP FOR IT!

BAAAAAHHHHAWHOPOOOOOOOOOOOOM! THE SHELL HITS FULL FRAME, OBSCURING THE JEEP AS THE TROOP CARRIER GRINDS PAST AND WE...

CUT TO

SKY/LATE AFTERNOON

The gloomy overcast sky is blackening, the first drops of rain are falling...

FIRST FOXHOLE

RETREAD is taking in the socks he was drying on the rim of the foxhole as the rain begins to sprinkle...

RETREAD

Didn't get dry.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA. A German machinegun opens up.

PASCALANO is looking off to his right. He can see WILDMAN slithering along on his belly as the tracers whiz over him.

PASCALANO

It's Wildman.

RETREAD

Now what?

PASCALANO

Headed for Pardee.

THIRD FOXHOLE

WHIPSNAKE comes awake at the sound of the machinegun and sees KLUZEWSKI looking out of the foxhole...

WHIPSNAKE

What's going on? They coming?

KLUZEWSKI

It's Wildman, he's covering up Pardee.

WHIPSNAKE

He's dead?

KLUZEWSKI

(watching)

From the rain. He's still alive, he was yelling for medicine a couple a minutes ago.

WHIPSNAKE

Take a turn, I'll watch.

KLUZEWSKI

(sarcastic)

Great. It's raining. You got a dry sleep, I take a wet one.

WHIPSNAKE

Anytime you sleep it's gonna be wet, Kluzewski, you're the horniest bastard in Italy.

KLUZEWSKI

What's that mean, what're ya talking about?

WHIPSNAKE

You think nobody notices you pounding it? You think it's a big secret?

KLUZEWSKI

Horseshit! Who says?

WHIPSNAKE

Everybody says! Anytime you're off the watch you're flogging it. Pascalano warned me, he said, "He's gonna flog it an' moan everytime he shuts his eyes."

KLUZEWSKI

Aaaw, crap! I'm a restless sleeper, I squirm around, maybe I make some noises...I got gas is all. My wife used to get on me about it.

WHIPSNAKE

You beat your meat in front of your wife?

KLUZEWSKI

Fuck you!

#### FIFTH FOXHOLE

The rain is coming down fiercely now as TEXAS watches WILDMAN scramble into their foxhole, machinegun bullets sizzling above them.

TEXAS

How is he?

WILDMAN

How do I know, am I a medic? He's bad, I gave him a shot, he's all chewed up, I don't know what to do for him.

TEXAS

That was a great plan, making a run for it in daylight...

WILDMAN

Shut the fuck up!

WILDMAN and TEXAS are glaring at each other as we...

CUT TO

MEADOW/DUSK

The rain is pouring down on a tiny hut, apparently abandoned, in a meadow on the fringe of the woods as ROCK and GORYL appear, slogging through the meadow toward the woods. A machinegun rattles in the woods ahead and GORYL reacts nervously. That gun isn't too far away and he's scared now.

ROCK

Kraut gun.

GORYL

H-how do you know?

ROCK

Faster rate of fire.

GORYL

Oh.

ROCK is considering the peasant hunt. It looks deserted.

ROCK

If that place is empty, we could wait in there till dark.

GORYL

Uh, right. Good idea.

INTERIOR/FARMHOUSE/NIGHT

PRITCHARD peeks out between the curtains that cover the window. He can't see anything, rain is slashing at the window. He turns to the weary looking FIRST GI slumped by the door.

PRITCHARD

Private, I want you to go out and check our positions, make sure everyone's on their toes...

The FIRST GI blinks in disbelief, then climbs reluctantly to his feet, his tone almost openly hostile...

FIRST GI

Right, sir.

PRITCHARD

They've stopped shelling. That could mean they're approaching, it could mean...

RADIO OPERATOR'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Sir! Orders from Battalion HQ, sir.  
 Colonel Cronkite.

PRITCHARD turns abruptly and heads for the radio where the RADIO OPERATOR sits, wearing headphones.

PRITCHARD  
 Withdraw?

RADIO OPERATOR  
 Fall back to Bergamo, yes, sir.

PRITCHARD breathes a sigh of relief and turns toward the FIRST GI.

PRITCHARD  
 All right, we're gonna get the fuck  
 outta here! Notify everybody in...

WHAM! The door bursts open, interrupting PRITCHARD in mid-sentence. PRITCHARD'S eyes bulge and his jaw sags at what he sees in the doorway.

Dripping wet in the doorway is an angry looking MAN of about fifty, grizzled and graying...STARK NAKED EXCEPT FOR COMBAT BOOTS AND A HELMET.

Everybody in the room is staring in disbelief when PRITCHARD suddenly notices that there are three stars on the NAKED MAN'S helmet. PRITCHARD hesitates, then, still slack-jawed, tentatively comes to attention and salutes like a man afraid not to.

The NAKED MAN brusquely returns the salute as we...

CUT TO

#### WOODS/NIGHT

It's pitch black, pouring rain when suddenly a flare whooshes and bursts overhead, illuminating the woods in a spooky green light, catching WILDMAN running low.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA, the German machineguns open up, spraying bullets as WILDMAN dives flat on his belly and squirms and wriggles the rest of the way toward the foxhole.

CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA. The BAR responds, firing a burst at the winking muzzle of the German machinegun as the flare fades overhead.

#### FIFTH FOXHOLE

TEXAS is firing his M-1 at the German guns as WILDMAN tumbles into the watery foxhole.

WILDMAN  
 Don't waste rounds.

TEXAS

I was covering you.

WILDMAN

You can't see 'em, you can't hit 'em.

TEXAS

What about Pardee? Is he alive?

For a long moment WILDMAN doesn't answer. The guns have stopped firing and there's no sound but the raging rain. Then he speaks in a low voice...

WILDMAN

He's all bandaged.

TEXAS

Bandaged? Whaddaya mean "bandaged"?

WILDMAN

His chest, his gut, his wound, it's all bandaged up. He says a medic did it.

TEXAS

Medic! What medic? Where?

WILDMAN

He's crazy in the head, he must have a fever.

TEXAS

So who bandaged him?

WILDMAN

(dubiously)

He musta done it himself. There aren't any medics around here.

TEXAS

Can he move? Whadder we gonna do about him?

WILDMAN

He's crawled about ten yards already, he's resting up.

TEXAS

He's gonna crawl here? Okay, then what? We were gonna get outta here tonight. If he can't walk...

WILDMAN

We can't get outta here because they'll put up a flare.

TEXAS

So why'd we go in daylight? We're worse off now with him non-ambulatory than if...

WILDMAN

It's called "pinned down," asshole!

TEXAS

I know what it's called, Wildman. What the fuck are we gonna do about it?

THIRD FOXHOLE/NIGHT

Barely visible in the rainy darkness, WHIPSNAKE is poking KLUZEWSKI awake.

WHIPSNAKE

You awake, Klu? It's your watch.

KLUZEWSKI stirs, grunts, sits up in the darkness while WHIPSNAKE shields a flashlight as he tries to make a bed for himself under a poncho that half roofs the hole.

KLUZEWSKI

There oughtta be a flag you could wave when you gotta take a crap. Like a time out.

WHIPSNAKE

This is a war, not a basketball game, Kluzewski.

KLUZEWSKI

There's rules in war just like in basketball. They gotta crap, we gotta crap. You want me to crap in the foxhole?

WHIPSNAKE

(curling up, dousing the light)

You crap in the foxhole, asshole, I'll kill you before the jerries get you.

KLUZEWSKI

I don't have to crap anyway, I didn't eat anything.

WHIPSNAKE

Shuddup and lemme sleep.

Silence.

Rain pours down.

A long moment, then...WHOOOSH! A flare bursts overhead, turning the woods a spooky yellow, revealing KLUZEWSKI in the foxhole and WHIPSNAKE beside him, already asleep under the poncho.

KLUZEWSKI stares at the brightly lit woods. Nothing moves. There's no sound except the thrashing rain. It's very spooky, almost surreal.

Nervously, KLUZEWSKI whispers loud in the direction of the other foxholes.

KLUZEWSKI  
Ssssst! Wildman!  
(no answer)  
Retread? Hey, Retread!

Nothing! It's like KLUZEWSKI is all alone in the world as the light from the flare diminishes but, instead of fading entirely, remains a gloomy yellow, giving the woods a creepy glow.

KLUZEWSKI is uneasy as he sits back in the foxhole...and stiffens suddenly as his hand touches something.

He looks. There's something in the wall of the foxhole, buried in the mud.

Tentatively he touches it, wiping away mud, and sees...A HUMAN HAND.

For a moment KLUZEWSKI stares at it in horror. It's a small hand, as if a woman or child were buried in the mud...not too long ago.

IT MOVES!

No! Impossible. It must be an illusion, something to do with the continuing weird yellow afterglow of the flare.

IT REALLY MOVES! WRITHING, EXPOSING A DELICATE WRIST.

Without taking his eyes off the horrifying phenomenon, KLUZEWSKI hisses urgently at WHIPSNAKE...

KLUZEWSKI  
Whip! Whip, wake up! Whip!

WHIPSNAKE doesn't stir.

KLUZEWSKI forgets to say anything more as, hypnotized, he watches an arm emerge from the mud and then a face, covered with mud. A WOMAN'S FACE!

Bug-eyed, KLUZEWSKI sees the hand wipe mud from the face.

KLUZEWSKI  
Angie! Jesus Christ!

ANGIE is squirming out of the muddy wall of the foxhole, a lithe young woman of twenty-three, stark naked. She gives an apologetic little laugh...

ANGIE

I been going crazy, Klu, ha ha.

KLUZEWSKI

Angie! Angie, this is fucking Italy.  
We're at war.

ANGIE

I know, honey, but I got hot pants,  
I'm going crazy.

KLUZEWSKI casts a frantic glance at WHIPSNAKE who's still sound asleep...thank God.

KLUZEWSKI

Angie, we can't do nothing here. I  
mean, there's guys around...Germans  
for Christ sake! We're in a foxhole.

It's a small foxhole, there's's nowhere to go. ANGIE has a hand on KLUZEWSKI'S crotch. The rain is washing the mud off her, revealing her firm breasts, her alabaster skin, her wet black hair. She's moving the hand gently, speaking in a breathy, intimate voice...

ANGIE

Remember that time when the kids were  
out back...when we did it on the  
kitchen floor?

KLUZEWSKI

(sudden alarm)  
The kids! Where are the kids?

ANGIE

(rubbing against him)  
With your parents. Come ooooooon,  
baby...

KLUZEWSKI'S gonna shit or go to heaven! His eyes are rolling, his breath is heavy. She's kneading his crotch. He tongue kisses her, puts a muddy hand on her firm breast. She moans hotly. Rain soaks them.

#### FIFTH FOXHOLE/NIGHT

Darkness. Rain. TEXAS stiffens and kicks WILDMAN awake.

TEXAS

(whisper)  
Ssssst. Someone moving.

WILDMAN

(whisper)  
Don't shoot, it could be Pardee.

TEXAS

Whozzat?

PARDEE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Lana Turner.

TEXAS

(to Wildman)

Whatsa countersign?

WILDMAN

Big tits, stupid.

TEXAS

Big tits.

PARDEE appears and flops down painfully into the foxhole while WILDMAN covers them with a poncho and flicks on his flashlight.

PARDEE

Tell me...tell me the truth.

WILDMAN

What truth?

PARDEE

I'm alive, right?

TEXAS

Yeah.

PARDEE

I thought maybe I was dead. You know who I saw out there...three minutes ago?

WILDMAN

Who?

PARDEE

Sergeant Rock! I seen Rock!

WILDMAN

Fuck you.

PARDEE

Sergeant Rock! I swear to God.

WILDMAN

He's dead, asshole.

PARDEE

That's what I'm talking about. He's dead, but I see him, what's that make me? He's out there, him and another guy.

WILDMAN

(to Pascalano)

Give him a dose, he's fucked up from the wound.

PASCALANO

You got a fever, Pardee...

PARDEE

He said to me, "Ssssst! Pardee! You okay?" I said, "I dunno, Sarge. I thought you were dead." "Where's the Wildman?" he says...

WILDMAN

Shut up, Pardee. Shut up and swallow.

PARDEE

..."Wildman's over there," I go, "dug in." "What about the rest," he says, "Who's left?"

PASCALANO

Hallucination.

PARDEE

Well, I told him...or it...the hallucination, and the hallucination crawled off with this other guy, this other hallucination.

WILDMAN

(keeping watch)

Rock isn't out there, Pardee.

PARDEE

Maybe we're all dead.

### FIRST FOXHOLE/NIGHT

The rain is diminishing, the moon appearing behind blowing clouds as PASCALANO nervously alerts RETREAD.

PASCALANO

Hey, I see something.

RETREAD

Again?

PASCALANO

Over there...something moved.

SECOND FOXHOLE/NIGHT

BEEF and BIGELOW are both awake, peering into the shadowy darkness.

BIGELOW

Where?

BEEF

Over there. Watch.

BIGELOW

Might be Pardee.

WHOOOOOOSH! A flare bursts, the woods are suddenly bright green.

THIRD FOXHOLE/NIGHT

Ooooooooooh! Uuuuuuuuuuuun! In a blaze of green light, her head thrown back in wild abandon, ANGIE comes as KLUZEWSKI humps her furiously in the brightly lit foxhole.

WHIPSNAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Kluzewski, you asshole, cut it out.

ANGIE'S face is distorted with the agony of the climax!

WHIPSNAKE'S hand clutches KLUZEWSKI'S shoulder as the German machineguns start to rattle...

KLUZEWSKI looks up. WHIPSNAKE is shaking him.

WHIPSNAKE

Wake up, you dumb fuck!

KLUZEWSKI shakes his head clear and grabs his rifle. There is no ANGIE, the flare is dying, the BAR is making dull sounds, rifles are snapping.

KLUZEWSKI

What's goin' on?

WHIPSNAKE is firing over the lip of the foxhole...BANG! BANG!

WHIPSNAKE

You an' the krauts, you're both  
coming!

SECOND FOXHOLE

The woods are moonlit again as BEEF looks frantically off and behind them where a muzzle flashes a burst of automatic fire...

BEEF

Who's that? Who the fuck is that over there?

BIGELOW fires a burst at the German machineguns as he answers.

BIGELOW  
Dunno! Krauts?

FIRST FOXHOLE

RETREAD and PASCALANO are observing the same muzzle flashes as they return German fire.

RETREAD  
Not krauts.

PASCALANO  
Who?

BAAAAAAWHOOOOOOOOOM! A sudden explosion.

PASCALANO and RETREAD stare in amazement.

RETREAD  
Jesus Christ!

SCREAMS fill the night. Words of agony...IN GERMAN!

PASCALANO  
The bastards blew up.

RETREAD  
It was a grenade.

PASCALANO  
I thought nobody had any left!

A sudden burst of automatic fire and more screams.

THIRD FOXHOLE

WHIPSNAKE and KLUZEWSKI are equally confounded.

KLUZEWSKI  
Who the fuck is shooting?

WHIPSNAKE  
Must be Wildman. He musta gone after  
'em.

More screams, more GERMAN words...

FIRST FOXHOLE

PASCALANO swings his rifle violently toward rapidly moving shadows to the right.

VOICE/DARKNESS  
DON'T SHOOT!

BANG! PASCALANO fires as a shadowy figure looms out of the darkness above them and...leaps into the foxhole on top of PASCALANO and RETREAD.

VOICE/DARKNESS

It's okay, you missed me.

RETREAD peers into a face partially visible in the silvery moonlight, a fresh, young, non-combat kind of face...GORYL.

RETREAD

Who the fuck are you?

GORYL

Lieutenant Goryl, your new C.O.

RETREAD and PASCALANO are flabbergasted...

PASCALANO

Yer shitting me...uh, sir.

RETREAD

"Girl"?

GORYL

Gore-ill, Tom.

RETREAD

That was you over there with the BAR?

GORYL

Right. As soon as Sergeant Rock takes out the second machinegun position, we're gonna move out.

PASCALANO

(bug-eyed)

Rock!

FIFTH FOXHOLE/MINUTES LATER

WILDMAN, TEXAS and PARDEE are looking at PASCALANO in disbelief as PASCALANO peers into the Fifth Foxhole...

TEXAS

Alive?

WILDMAN

You're sure?

A GERMAN VOICE is screaming in the darkness...pain.

PARDEE

I toldja.

PASCALANO

We're supposed to put Pardee on a poncho and move out when Rock takes out the second machinegun.

THIRD FOXHOLE/MOMENTS LATER

KLUZEWSKI and WHIPSNAKE are reacting to PASCALANO who's peering over the lip of their foxhole as the GERMAN VOICE shouts in the background...

WHIPSNAKE

Sergeant Rock! He's alive?

PASCALANO

He's gonna take out the other gun, then we're supposed to go according to Lieutenant Girl...

KLUZEWSKI

"Girl"!

PASCALANO

No such luck, pal. He's pretty, but it's just a name.

SECOND FOXHOLE/SECONDS LATER

BEEF and BIGELOW are facing PASCALANO who's peering into their foxhole from above as the GERMAN VOICE wails in the background...

BIGELOW

How's he gonna take out the machinegun?

PASCALANO

He got the first one, didn't he? You hear that Kraut fucker crying? Ask him.

BEEF

I like Rock. He's a sonofabitch, a real goddamn leader.

GERMAN POSITION

The GERMAN SOLDIERS are crouched behind their machinegun, cold and businesslike. As two GERMANS drag the wounded, screaming GERMAN SOLDIER into their position, the CAPTAIN snaps an order. The GERMAN SOLDIER is silenced immediately! These guys mean business!

PLOP! A grenade flops stupidly in front of them, a silly little pineapple of iron.

The CAPTAIN looks at it, it registers in his mind...then it explodes.

BOOOOOOM!

TATTA TATTA TATTA TATTA...a grease gun opens up, bullets ripping into the already ravaged GERMAN SOLDIERS as we...

CUT TO

MOONLIT WOODS/SECONDS LATER

Nine SHADOWS, stumbling, struggling through the darkness with the tenth man, PARDEE, in a poncho.

Stumbling.

Cursing.

WILDMAN

Where we going, huh?

GORYL

Up the pass. There's a hut, we meet  
Rock there. In a meadow.

BEEF

(tripping)  
Fuck.

KLUZEWSKI

(freezing)  
Listen.

The rapid patter of the German machinegun.

WHIPSNAKE

That's the kraut gun.

WILDMAN is grim in the moonlight as BIGELOW says aloud what all of them are thinking...

BIGELOW

He didn't get 'em, they got him.

GORYL is worried, but he forces himself to take charge.

GORYL

Come on, men, let's keep moving.

WILDMAN

Maybe a couple of us should go back.  
Me and Retread.

GORYL

No. Keep moving. Let's go.

WILDMAN hesitates, his eyes meeting GORYL'S. GORYL looks away.

PASCALANO .

Rock ain't dead. He's fucking indestructible, can't be killed. We just seen that, we thought he was gone, we see him half dead, then he shows up.

GORYL is moving ahead and the others are falling in behind him.

WILDMAN hesitates, then follows.

Behind them, the machinegun stutters again...

TEXAS

Who the fuck they shooting at?

BEEF

Colored guys. From Baker. They were on the east slope.

PASCALANO .

Bullshit! Not Baker. Fucking Rock got the kraut gun and he's shooting the goddamn huns with their own gun, that's all.

#### GERMAN POSITION

The machinegun spatters bullets into the moonlit woods where GERMAN VOICES exchange urgent shouts.

ROCK is behind the gun, blazing away, finishing off a belt. Beside him in a pool of blood a badly INJURED GERMAN speaks to him.

INJURED GERMAN

(German, subtitled)

Give me more medicine. For the pain.

ROCK

(German, subtitled)

I gave you all I had.

Having failed to find another ammo belt, ROCK is hastily grabbing some German grenades and other gear.

INJURED GERMAN

(German, subtitled)

How come you talk German without an accent?

ROCK

(German, subtitled)

My parents came from the Ruhr.

INJURED GERMAN

(German, subtitled)

Too bad, they should've stayed. You guys don't have a chance. We're like a big machine, the Panzers are coming now, tanks.

ROCK

(leaving)

We eat tanks, we piss on them, tanks are nothing to us.

Laden with gear, ROCK slips off into the woods and, the instant he's gone, the INJURED GERMAN shouts at the top of his lungs...

INJURED GERMAN

(German, subtitled)

THERE'S ONLY ONE, HE'S ALL ALONE! GET HIM! WILLIE! CHRISTIAN! GET HIM!

CUT TO

MEADOW/LATER

TEXAS is moving cautiously back through the meadow to where GORYL and the rest of Easy are waiting tensely...

TEXAS

No hut up there, sir.

Muttering among the men... "Christ!" "Lost." "Stupid kid."

Shaken, GORYL tries to hide his waning confidence...

GORYL

I must have got turned around. It's that way. Let's go.

More grumbling. BEEF murmurs to RETREAD...

BEEF

We're fucking lost. I got no confidence in this kid at all!

RIDGE/OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE/NIGHT

Crouched behind a machinegun outside the farmhouse, three weary GIS are sharing a quick smoke, hiding the single cigarette in a helmet so the glow won't give them away...

SECOND GI

Naked? Bare ass?

FIRST GI

Fucking aye! Bare fucking ass! Boots and a helmet is all...

THIRD GI

A helmet with three stars!

FIRST GI

He says his jeep got shelled, gasoline all over his uniform. Took it off so he wouldn't catch fire.

THIRD GI

Poor bastard was out there in the woods buck naked for about three hours...

SECOND GI

"General Cook," huh? I never hearda no General Cook.

FIRST GI

(imitating)

"Cook, Third Division, gimme that uniform, private."

SECOND GI

(incredulous)

He took your fucking uniform?

FIRST GI

Am I gonna say "Fuck you, General"?

SECOND GI

It makes you wonder sometimes if this is a war or a comedy...

FIRST GI

Comedy, my ass! That bastard ain't funny unless getting killed is ha-ha! You know what he's doing, he's in there telling Pritchard we're gonna stick it out. The dumb shit wants to attack, he's calling for support...

#### INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE

PRITCHARD looks agitated as GENERAL COOK, wearing an ill-fitted private's uniform, harangues him...

COOK

You get your man to repeat the order. I want at least a dozen howitzers, I want Long Toms, I want air support, and I want six rifle companies by...

PRITCHARD

General, I don't think you quite grasp our situation here. By the time any support arrives, we'll already be --

COOK interrupts, leaping to his feet, waving his arms theatrically and declaiming loudly...

COOK

"Then up spoke brave Horatius, the captain of the gate! 'To all the men upon this earth, death cometh soon or late! And how can man die better than by facing fearful odds for the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods?'"

Stunned, PRITCHARD can only stammer while everybody in the room stares at the General, completely non-plussed...

PRITCHARD

I...uh, I beg your...pardon, General?

COOK

Tennyson! You didn't learn Tennyson at The Point, Major? Goddamn pity.

(to the amazed GIs)

Of course we don't believe in all that crap about ashes of fathers and temples of gods, that's Greek stuff... but we believe in our families, our loved ones, our country, and Jesus Christ...and our men down in that pass.

PRITCHARD

General, that's very emotional stuff about "fearful odds," but, as you know, sir, wars are won with tactics and...

COOK

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul, with all the speed ye may, and I with two to help me will hold the foe at bay!"

(triumphantly)

"For in yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by three, now who will stand on either hand and fight the foe with me?"

(to everyone)

That's your tactics! It was a bridge, see? Narrow like that pass down there. The idea was three men could stand off an army of thousands...and they did! That's called "tactics mitt balls," got that?

PRITCHARD

General, our situation is very serious  
and I don't think we should discuss  
this in front of...

COOK

What's that?

COOK has suddenly noticed some cans piled under a shelf in the corner  
which he's pointing at...

RADIO OPERATOR

Looks like paint, sir.

COOK

(inspecting)

Paint! What kind of paint?

PRITCHARD

I imagine it's Italian paint, General,  
it was here when we established HQ.  
I wonder if we could continue our  
discussion of tactics in private so  
that...

COOK

It's white paint!

COOK has opened a can and dipped his finger in as we...

CUT TO

HUT, MEADOW/NIGHT

Squatting in a moonlit meadow, the little peasant hut looks ominous  
to GORYL and the men of Easy who are eyeing it warily from a safe  
distance. PASCALANO expresses almost universal sentiments as he  
mutters under his breath...

PASCALANO

I was beginning to think it didn't  
exist.

GORYL

(ignoring the remark  
bravely)

The Sergeant and I checked it out this  
afternoon. It's abandoned.

RETREAD

Yeah? I smell smoke.

BEEF

Me too.

GORYL  
 (decisively)  
 I'm gonna look it over. I need a  
 volunteer to go with me.

GORYL finds himself looking into battle-hardened faces, men who don't volunteer...especially not for green lieutenants. No response.

Hiding his own fear, GORYL consider the tough faces one by one. Then he points...

GORYL  
 You. Let's go.

Without waiting for WILDMAN to answer, GORYL starts toward the hut.

With a shrug, WILDMAN falls in behind him.

The others watch the two of them move stealthily toward the hut.

BEEF  
 I'll say this for the Lieutenant, he's  
 goin' himself, he didn't send two of  
 us.

RETREAD  
 That's 'cause he's so fucking green  
 he's more scared of us than the  
 krauts. He'll learn.

#### CLOSE TO THE HUT

WILDMAN moves cautiously to a window, then turns and hisses to GORYL...

WILDMAN  
 Window's covered with something.

GORYL hides his trembling hands as he whispers.

GORYL  
 Cover me. I'm going in.

WILDMAN is actually impressed. He looks GORYL in the eye.

WILDMAN  
 I got more experience, sir. I could  
 go in.

GORYL  
 I need more experience. Cover me.

WILDMAN stands by the door as GORYL suddenly shoves it open.

INSIDE THE HUT

As GORYL drops in low, a gun muzzle touches his temple...

FORTY YARDS AWAY

BEEF, RETREAD, and the others watch breathlessly as WILDMAN follows GORYL in through the door.

The men wait tensely for a shot or something...

Suddenly WILDMAN appears and approaches the anxious men somberly...

WILDMAN

Sergeant Rock is preparing a light repast of hot K rations and he wonders if we would care to dine with him.

PASCALANO

What'd I tell you? The bastard can't die, he's superhuman!

MEADOW/DAWN

The hut is a glum silhouette against the weak light coming from the east where the rising sun is obscured by clouds. BIGELOW'S breath comes in puffs of steam as he stands watch outside the hut, holding his hand out to collect the first flakes of snow that's beginning to fall almost imperceptibly.

INSIDE THE HUT

The men of Easy, huddled on the floor, are just beginning to stir. PASCALANO is seeing to PARDEE'S needs while ROCK passes out another round of K rations from his pack.

TEXAS

That true what Whip said about the hospital? The Krauts bombed it?

ROCK

(a grim shrug)  
It coulda been an accident.

PARDEE

It killed Goines, right? Chopper was probably there too, and Fortuna.

BEEF

Some accident.

RETREAD

Well, I guess we gotta stop being nice to the Germans, right, fellas? No more Mister Nice Guy.

WILDMAN

Fuck you, Retread.

KLUZEWSKI

(looking out the window)  
It's snowing out.

BEEF

There you are, sunny Italy,  
vacationland of Europe.

PASCALANO

Any country's gonna be shit when it's  
winter an' people are shooting at you.

ROCK

Lieutenant, with your permission I'd  
like to take a couple of men and scout  
ahead to make sure they didn't get  
behind us, make sure we got a clear  
way to fall back.

Everybody looks at ROCK, then at GORYL like at a tennis match.

GORYL

Right. That's a good idea, Sergeant.

ROCK

While we're scouting, sir, you might  
want to distribute the mail...

Everybody gasps as ROCK produces the bundle of letters from his pack  
and we...

CUT TO

THE MEADOW/MOMENTS LATER

ROCK, RETREAD and WHIPSNAKE are moving across the meadow away from the  
hut as snow flutters in the air, not yet sticking to the ground...

RETREAD

You picked us 'cause we didn't get no  
mail, right?

ROCK

I didn't look. It's gonna be tough  
hauling Pardee on the high ground.  
Let's check the pass, see what we see.

RETREAD

You know I don't ever get mail. Whip  
neither.

ROCK

It coulda got lost at Regimental.  
Things are pretty fucked up back  
there.

RETREAD

Just because nobody writes us is no  
reason for us to pull extra duty,  
Sergeant.

ROCK

We'll mark trees to make sure we can  
find our way back.

INSIDE THE HUT

GORYL is pulling envelopes from the sack of mail.

GORYL

Jones, William...

An awkward silence, exchange of glances, then...

KLUZEWSKI

He...ain't with us no more.

GORYL

Oh. Uh, sorry. Uh...Blake, Thomas.

Another silence.

GORYL

Uh, absent?

TEXAS

Dead.

GORYL pulls out another letter.

GORYL

I can't pronounce this, it, uh, looks  
Italian. Eff ay...are...are...ay...

PASCALANO

Farracci.

BEEF

Shit!

Another silence, then...

WILDMAN

Why don't you let me distribute 'em,  
Lieutenant?

GORYL

Yes. Good idea, Corporal.

WILDMAN takes the stack of letters. He looks at the top one, then sets it aside solemnly. Then the next. And the next.

It's a grim moment, the room is full of the ghosts of dead men. Until...

WILDMAN

Here ya go, Klu.

As KLUZEWSKI takes the letter eagerly PASCALANO breathes a sigh of relief.

PASCALANO

Thank Christ! I was thinking maybe none of us were alive!

### WOODS/SNOW

Snow is falling fast and furiously now, sticking to the bare branches, several inches deep on the ground, obscuring everything, muffling sound.

ROCK, RETREAD, and WHIPSNAKE appear plodding through the snow. ROCK is peering around at the woods. The snow has cut his visibility to thirty yards.

ROCK

We're not gonna learn anything more.  
We better get back.

RETREAD

While we can. I hope you know the way.

RETREAD is considering the fresh blanket of snow behind them, the mysterious woods.

CRACK! CRACK! Sharp snapping sounds in the distance. All three of them stiffen. WHIPSNAKE looks puzzled.

WHIPSNAKE

Rifles?

RETREAD

Not M-1s. Maybe Italian rifles or something.

ROCK frowns as he listens. He knows what they are...

ROCK

Trees!

WHIPSNAKE

Trees?

INSIDE THE HUT

Looking disturbed, KLUZEWSKI is studying the contents of his letter with a frown when BEEF'S triumphant shout causes him to look up.

Everybody's looking at BEEF who's gleefully holding up a crude ladderback chair and punching out the straw seat.

BEEF

Looka this, willya? Looka what I got?  
A fucking toilet! I'm gonna take a  
shit like a human being. I'm gonna  
take a proper fucking crap!

WILDMAN

Seconds!

PASCALANO

Thirds!

TEXAS

Next!

BIGELOW

After Texas.

PASCALANO

Whatsa matter, Kluzewski, you  
constipated or you got to like  
squatting?

KLUZEWSKI is completely preoccupied with a photo enclosed with his letter...a picture of his wife ANGIE and his two kids. Pretty ANGIE smiles at him from the picture with love and innocence (in sharp contrast to the horny slut from his dreams) as he answers absently...

KLUZEWSKI

Yeah, yeah, count me in.

PASCALANO

(to Goryl)

This is a democracy here on the line,  
Lieutenant, no officers latrine.

GORYL

Fair enough, I'm last.

PARDEE

He oughtta go outside, he's gonna  
stink up our luxury accommodation.

WILDMAN

Who could smell it? We all stink so  
bad we can't smell anything but  
ourselves.

TEXAS

(emotional)

Fucking aye! We're all disgusting!  
Can you imagine if some woman walked  
in here? What she'd think of us? A  
buncha animals...

PASCALANO

Worse than animals! Animals clean  
themselves.

PARDEE

That's what so great about women, you  
know? How clean they are!

WILDMAN

That isn't all that's so great about  
them, in case you forgot...

Nobody laughs at WILDMAN'S joke, they're serious...

TEXAS

Pasky's right. Even the dirty ones  
are clean...

PARDEE

They smell like soap...

PASCALANO

Or clean sheets...

GORYL

Their hair especially...

Surprised looks. Nobody expected GORYL, "the stranger," to speak.  
Then KLUZEWSKI looks up dreamily from "Mother Angie's" smile...

KLUZEWSKI

Yeah. Their hair...

Everybody's silent for a moment thinking clean thoughts...

BBBBRRRRRRAT! A loud farting noise from BEEF'S direction breaks the  
mood.

WILDMAN

I believe we got artillery support  
after all.

TANKS/WOODS

CRAAACK! SNAP! CRACK! Trees break like twigs as two tanks, Panzers,  
ghostly in the snowy air, grind through the woods ominously.

ROCK, RETREAD, and WHIPSNAKE are crouched behind a tree twenty yards  
away, watching the tanks.

ROCK is grim.

ROCK

Let's go.

The three men move from behind the rock and start hastily back through the woods as the tanks continue through the trees.

Moving through the thickly falling snow, their vision obscured, they weave among the trees...

ROCK is looking around with a frown.

ROCK

There! There's one of our marks.

ROCK is indicating a crude slash in one of the trees. He's about to look for the next one when...

CRACK! SNAP! Directly in front of them, the sound of a tank coming, still a ways off.

WHIPSNAKE

Aw shit!

ROCK

This way.

ROCK heads decisively in another direction as we...

CUT TO

SNOW/WOODS/MOMENTS LATER

Leading them in the other direction, ROCK suddenly hears the snarling engine of a tank ahead of him...not too far. But he can't see the tank...in fact he can't see more than ten feet in the thickly falling snow. Hastily, the three men turn back, moving away from the snarl of the engine.

But seconds later another engine growls even closer to them, forcing them to change direction again.

The engines get louder...so loud the roaring seems to surround them.

WHIPSNAKE and RETREAD look to ROCK for guidance. Which way do they go?

ROCK doesn't know.

SUDDENLY A TANK APPEARS...A HUGE BLACK THING LOOMING OUT OF THE OF SNOW ONLY FIFTEEN FEET AWAY.

All three men scramble out of the way as the huge tank grinds within a few feet of them, apparently never seeing them.

But WHIPSNAKE is pointing in alarm.

Here comes another, ten yards from them. Its machinegun starts to chatter.

ROCK

SPLIT UP!

ROCK dives out of the way to the left of the tank, WHIPSNAKE and RETREAD sprawl in the other direction.

Half crawling, half running, ROCK scrambles away from the tank...

And scrambles almost under the treads of another as it suddenly appears out of the whiteness.

Escaping the treads, ROCK sees the flash of machinegun fire from another tank, invisible in the snow.

It must be shooting at RETREAD and WHIPSNAKE.

ROCK pulls a grenade and moves through the blinding snow, deafened by roaring engines.

Suddenly he's ten feet from the profile of a tank as it grinds forward, firing.

ROCK flips the grenade into the treads and dives flat on his face.

KA-BLAAAAAM! The grenade explodes.

ROCK looks up. The tank rumbles ahead, apparently oblivious.

And suddenly another tank rumbles out of the snow only a few feet away, about to run over him.

ROCK scrambles to his feet and sprints off into the snow as the machineguns chatter behind him.

Gasping for air he keeps running, putting distance between the throbbing engines and himself as we...

CUT TO

ROCK/MINUTES LATER

Still staggering forward, sucking wind, ROCK looks back. He can't see anything through the snow, but he can still hear the tanks grumbling toward him a quarter mile back.

WHAM! ROCK slams into something directly in front of him. A wall.

Shaking his head clear, ROCK finds himself looking at the muzzle of TEXAS' rifle.

TEXAS

Sarge! You okay? What's going on?  
Those tanks are trucks or what?

ROCK  
Tanks. Get inside.

As ROCK and TEXAS disappear into the hut, wind blows the curtain of snow momentarily clear, revealing four tanks only a hundred yards away, grinding slowly toward the hut with GERMAN FOOTSOLDIERS moving behind them.

#### INSIDE THE HUT

TEXAS is peeking out the side window.

TEXAS  
Shit! It's letting up, the wind's blowing the snow away.

GORYL  
We can't fight tanks...

ROCK  
I think we should sit tight, there's a chance they'll go right past us.

The engines are getting louder.

GORYL  
Good idea, Sergeant. I --

TEXAS  
No, it ain't! Hit the deck!

TEXAS, who's been peering through the window, dives for the floor and everybody else follows suit.

#### TANK TURRET

From behind the turning tank turret we see the big gun on the lead tank line up with the hut a hundred yards ahead...aiming...

KA BLAAAAAM! The big gun blasts. A direct hit demolishes the hut.

The tank continues to rumble toward the crumpled hut.

#### INSIDE THE RUBBLE

ROCK pokes his head out of the clutter of debris, spots the tank coming toward the hut, now only 70 yards away, and starts to struggle free.

GORYL, TEXAS, WILDMAN, KLUZEWSKI and PASCALANO are scrambling to their feet, covered with cuts and bruises, as ROCK starts digging in the debris.

ROCK  
Where's Pardee? Where's Beef?

WILDMAN  
Where's my rifle?

TEXAS

Fuck your rifle.

TEXAS is seeing the tank grinding right at them.

BIGELOW

Help, I'm caught! Me and Beef.

BIGELOW and BEEF are underneath a collapsed wall and GORYL, KLUZEWSKI, PASCALANO and TEXAS start digging them out as ROCK pulls aside debris, desperately looking for PARDEE.

The tank is closer...much closer... Machineguns rattle, bullets sizzle in the debris.

ROCK and GORYL pull a heavy board aside and react...underneath is PARDEE, clearly dead.

CRACK! Ping! CRACK! Ping! WILDMAN fires his M-1 at the tank, now only thirty-five yards away, and the bullets ping off the armored surface as machinegun bullets sizzle around WILDMAN.

BEEF is clear, his arm broken, but BIGELOW is still trapped as GORYL and ROCK join the others trying to free him.

Pinned, BIGELOW is able to maneuver enough to get one hand on his lifesavers. Frantic, he spills two before he manages to get a hand to his mouth with a red one.

GORYL

I got him! You guys take off!

GORYL is still digging frantically as TEXAS turns and sees the tank twenty yards away and coming...coming...coming...

ROCK sees it too as he hurls aside debris, freeing BIGELOW at last... but the tank is on them, looming over them, five yards away, too late to run, too late to...

KAAAABAAAAM! A sudden explosion shudders the tank, causing it to grind to a violent stop, canted part way up the heap of debris, its menacing treads only three feet from ROCK who stares in amazement.

KAAAABOOOM! A second bazooka shell slams into the immobilized tank's turret penetrating heavy armor. Smoke pours from the badly damaged tank and someone screams from inside.

As the others stare in dumbfounded amazement, ROCK, looking left, spots several phantom SOLDIERS barely visible a hundred and fifty yards away at the edge of the woods. Ghostly figures in the falling snow, they seem to be wearing dark masks and one of them has a bazooka. Then, like apparitions, they disappear into the woods.

ROCK

Everybody down, the krauts don't see us.

Crouched behind the debris and the burning tank, ROCK, GORYL and the others watch the other tanks turn abruptly toward the woods to the left, machineguns rattling as they pursue the PHANTOM SOLDIERS.

TEXAS  
Sonofabitch!

WILDMAN  
Bazooka!

BIGELOW  
Helluva shot!

GORYL  
(to Rock)  
Who...?

ROCK  
I dunno, sir.

ROCK'S thoughtful eyes follow the tanks as they grind into the woods with GERMAN FOOTSOLDIERS in their wake.

CUT TO

WOODS/LATER

It's still snowing, piling up on the ground and covering the tree branches as WILDMAN moves cautiously among the trees, rifle ready. He's the point man, about thirty yards ahead of the rest of the ragged band.

GORYL and PASCALANO are next, then BEEF who's wearing his left arm in a sling, then ROCK carrying the BAR followed by TEXAS and finally KLUZEWSKI who's bringing up the rear.

Ahead, in the distance, a machinegun rattles, then rifles crack and the deep thud of a flat trajectory gun sounds.

GORYL drops back to be close to ROCK.

GORYL  
That machinegun...it's slower...

ROCK  
One of ours.

GORYL  
You don't think maybe we're getting support?

ROCK  
(dubious)  
That Major said there was another outfit, Baker, in the area. It was probably them with the bazooka.

UP AHEAD

WILDMAN is scanning the woods, back and forth, back and forth, panning his rifle, moving cautiously.

To the right...trees...trees...trees...

To the left...trees...and more trees...

It's spooky how peaceful the woods appear when every tree could conceal a sniper and sudden death!

To the right...trees...trees...trees...

To the left...A MOVEMENT!

WILDMAN

HIT IT!

WILDMAN dives flat into the snow behind a tree, aims at a blur of movement between two trees...CRACK! he fires.

WILDMAN

On the left, ten o'clock.

Everybody's down in the snow looking for a target, sweating in the cold. All they can see are trees.

BIGELOW is trying to keep an eye on the woods, a hand on his rifle and still get a lifesaver with his other hand. He drops the lifesavers in the snow. Panic!

WILDMAN pans his rifle from a prone position, looking for a target...

Nothing. Then...

RETREAD'S VOICE/WOODS

Hey, Rock, that you?

ROCK breathes a sigh of relief and grins at GORYL, then he calls out...

ROCK

Who's got good legs?

RETREAD'S VOICE/WOODS

Betty Grable. Who got the big tits?

KLUZEWski, TEXAS, WILDMAN

Lana Turner!

WHIPSNAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Who's a big asshole?

EVERYBODY

Adolph Hitler!

RETREAD and WHIPSNAKE are appearing from the trees fifty yards away as we...

CUT TO

WOODS/MINUTES LATER

RETREAD and WHIPSNAKE are reporting to ROCK and GORYL while BIGELOW and TEXAS keep watch and the others listen...

RETREAD

...so we can't see shit in the snow,  
can't find Rock, can't find our marks,  
an' all of a sudden we're  
surrounded...

WHIPSNAKE

...Not by krauts, by colored guys...

RETREAD

Baker Company, about ten of 'em...

WHIPSNAKE

That's all that's left of their first  
platoon...

RETREAD

They're as beat up as us...they got  
this sergeant...

WHIPSNAKE

As big as Sergeant Rock an' black as  
coal...

RETREAD

(imitating Southern black  
dialect)

"You gennlemen see any nazzies? We  
lookin' for nazzies."

WHIPSNAKE

"Bet your ass," we say. "About eight  
tanks."

RETREAD

This Sergeant just grins like he likes  
tanks...

WHIPSNAKE

They got a bazooka and a light  
machinegun...

RETREAD

So we hear the engines, then we see  
the tanks going after you guys...

WHIPSNAKE

They're almost on top of you! "That's our outfit," we say...

RETREAD

This sergeant goes, "Siiiiilk."

WHIPSNAKE

That's the name of his bazooka man...Silk!

RETREAD

He takes his time, he aims, he aims, he aims...

WHIPSNAKE

BAM! Two hundred yards! Bullseye!

RETREAD

Right in the treads! Coolest sonofabitch I ever seen! Impossible shot!

WHIPSNAKE

...Silk says "Lightning..."

RETREAD

...that's his loader's name, "Lightning!"...

WHIPSNAKE

...smoothest loader you ever saw, and fastest...

RETREAD

...just like lightning...

WHIPSNAKE

...and BAM! Another bullseye, right in the turret this time.

ROCK

We were there.

WHIPSNAKE

So when the krauts turn...and start at the colored guys, the colored guys fall back.

RETREAD

This Sergeant says, "We ain't gonna fight 'em here, we gonna fight 'em in de pass."

WHIPSNAKE

Me an' Retread hid out under a log...

KLUZEWSKI  
 "Fight 'em." Ten guys are gonna  
 "fight" a buncha tanks?

In the distance comes the rattle of a machinegun and the dull thud of flat trajectory shells...

WHIPSNAKE  
 (suddenly)  
 Hey! Where's Pardee?

Everybody looks grim, nobody answers and we...

CUT TO

WOODS/LATER

The snow has stopped falling. The ten men of Easy are moving single file through the snowy woods, RETREAD in front, WILDMAN watching the rear, walking backward much of the time.

BEEF  
 (to Whipsnake)  
 The thing about the colored is they're quitters, when things get tough they run.

WHIPSNAKE  
 Well, at least they didn't quit before they saved your ass, huh, Beef?

BEEF  
 I'm just saying what I heard is all.  
 I never met no colored people.

ROCK, just ahead of the Lieutenant, is scanning the terrain to the right and left. He spots something and, looking back, indicates what he sees to GORYL.

GORYL follows the look and sees broken trees fifty yards to the left.

ROCK  
 They're going to the pass. We should move up on the slope to avoid them.

GORYL is nodding agreement when ROCK stiffens. Up ahead, RETREAD is signalling.

Everybody halts.

RETREAD makes a hand signal, indicating for ROCK to come forward as we...

CUT TO

A RAVINE/SECONDS LATER

An overturned Panzer lies blackened and smoldering in the ravine.  
Several GERMAN SOLDIERS lie face down in the snow.

ROCK, GORYL, and RETREAD are on the lip of the ravine, looking down at the ruined tank in awe.

RETREAD  
(a black voice)  
"Siiiiilk"...

ROCK looks impressed as we...

CUT TO

FARMHOUSE/RIDGE

Huge white letters on the wall of the farmhouse say...

KRAUTS LIKE WEINIES  
USA ALL THE WAY

and incomplete...

EAT SHIT, ADOL...

The FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD GIS are working on the P and H for Adolph, buckets of white paint at hand.

FIRST GI  
This is nuts!

SECOND GI  
You're telling me it's nuts?

A shell screams overhead and explodes 500 yards beyond.

FIRST GI  
If it was just the Major, I'd tell him to blow it out his ass...

THIRD GI  
Suuuure you would.

FIRST GI  
...but that fucking General! I'm not crossing that General.

THIRD GI  
General Bare Ass!

Thirty yards away COOK lowers the binoculars and starts back to the farmhouse as another shell explodes a thousand yards away.

The GIS are considering the completed "EAT SHIT ADOLPH" as COOK strides past.

COOK  
Looks good, men.

FIRST GI  
Uh, what should we write next, sir?

COOK  
Think of a good one. How about  
"Mussolini is a cocksucker"?

As COOK continues to the farmhouse door, the three GIS exchange glances...

FIRST GI  
Who can spell "Mussolini"?

SECOND GI  
Who can spell "cocksucker"?

#### INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE

PRITCHARD and the RADIO OPERATOR, hovering over the radio, look up as COOK enters, scowling...

COOK  
Tanks.

PRITCHARD  
(alarmed)  
Tanks!

COOK  
I saw at least two of them, just  
glimpsed them...

PRITCHARD  
We can't fight tanks, General...

COOK  
There was some kind of skirmish, the  
men must be taking them on...

PRITCHARD  
General! It's just a handful of  
colored boys and what's left of Easy.  
They can't --

COOK  
Brave bastards! Real fighters! Did  
you request artillery?

PRITCHARD  
Yessir...

COOK

You said "General Cook wants full air support, General Cook wants arty including twenty howitzers and Long Toms, General Cook wants -- "

PRITCHARD

-- six rifle companies and armored support. I requested everything per your instructions, but, General...even if they come through with the support, it'll be too late, we'll be overrun by --

COOK looms very close to PRITCHARD, cutting him off in a heavy whisper...

COOK

Shut up, Pritchard, you'll rattle the men.

With a meaningful glance, COOK indicates the RADIO OPERATOR to PRITCHARD, then he turns and starts for the door, grabbing a bucket of paint from the floor and pointing out a second bucket to PRITCHARD...

COOK

Come on, Major, let's help with the painting.

PRITCHARD hoists the bucket of paint and starts after COOK, complaining...

PRITCHARD

I don't understand the point of the painting, General...

COOK

(exiting)

Morale, Major. It's not good to sit around on your ass, thinking about dying. Much better to be standing on your feet, saying "Fuck you!"

Paint bucket in hand, PRITCHARD follows COOK out the door with a weary "Right, sir, of course" as another shell hits in the woods, shaking the farmhouse...

#### SLOPING WOODS/DAY

ROCK and the men from Easy are warily making their way through woods that slope steeply forming part of the west wall of the pass. Exhausted, they move cautiously, haunted by the threat of demon snipers.

POP! POP! Everybody stiffens at the sound of distant shots.

The sounds come from below in the pass. The men move lower on the slope where the woods give way to steep boulder walls that line the pass the to the floor.

Looking down from the steep rocky slope, ROCK and GORYL see six tanks growling into the throat of the pass below with fifty GERMAN FOOTSOLDIERS moving in their wake...

BLAAAAAM! The lead tank fires its cannon and its machineguns clatter.

GORYL

Who're they shooting at?

ROCK spots an AMERICAN SOLDIER, far below, scampering among the rocks near the foot of the slope ahead of the tank. Then ANOTHER SOLDIER appears and disappears just as quickly between boulders.

RETREAD, BEEF, and the others are gathered behind ROCK and GORYL, watching. Nobody says anything, nobody answers GORYL as the drama below unfolds.

BLAAAM! The lead tank fires another round as it growls toward the edge of the slope where ROCK glimpsed the two GIS.

WHOOOOOMP! The moving tank suddenly shudders and grinds to a halt.

RETREAD

Yeah! Siiiiilk!

BEEF

(impressed)

Sonofabitch!

WHOOOOOMP! A second bazooka shell slams into the Panzer and smoke pours from the wounded, immobilized beast.

CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA. The patter of a machinegun sends GERMAN FOOTSOLDIERS diving for cover.

TEXAS

What the fuck are they doing?

GORYL

(to Rock)

It's Baker? The same men?

ROCK

Yeah. It must be.

ROCK'S eyes never leave the action below. He's impressed.

CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA. The GERMANS are pinned down, but they're up to something.

ROCK watches two squads of GERMAN SOLDIERS assembling out of sight of the BAKER SOLDIERS.

A sudden huge noise focusses everybody's attention on the opposite wall of the pass where a landslide of massive boulders surges down the slope. ROCK and the others watch in astonishment as the big rocks, together with the ruined tank, form a "string of beads" across the throat of the pass, making the pass impassable for the other tanks.

TEXAS

They blocked it! They blocked the pass.

BIGELOW

Sonofabitch!

ROCK'S jaw is set like stone, his eyes glowing with admiration as all around him his comrades speak in awed tones...

WILDMAN

Those sonofabitches!

KLUZEWSKI

God damn!

RETREAD

Tough outfit, I could see that.

BEEF

The krauts'll just blow those rocks out with some charges.

WHIPSNAKE

Maybe so, but those colored took out three tanks so far and they're slowing 'em down to put charges in. All we're doin' is runnin'.

TEXAS sees what ROCK sees, two SQUADS of GERMAN SOLDIERS moving up the rocky slope of the pass to get above and behind the BAKER SOLDIERS who are low on the slope in the neck of the pass.

TEXAS

They better start runnin' pretty quick.

ROCK hesitates, then makes up his mind and makes a head movement indicating he wants to talk to GORYL privately.

As the two men move away, RETREAD sees them go and shakes his head sardonically...

RETREAD

Christ Almighty! Whaddaya wanna bet Rock's talking the Lieutenant "Girl" into taking a couple volunteers and shooting up that kraut ambush unit? It's hero time again.

TEXAS

(looking down)  
Shit, they gotta be crazy, they ain't  
backin' up.

TEN YARDS AWAY

ROCK and GORYL are deep in conversation...

GORYL

We're supposed to be pulling back,  
we're heavily outnumbered...

ROCK

Myself and two men only at risk. We  
slip fifty yards down the slope, snipe  
at that outfit, make 'em dig in and  
hide. Maybe we wound a couple, slow  
them down. That alerts Baker and  
gives them some time to get the hell  
out.

GORYL

(struggling)  
Sergeant, you and I have a  
responsibility to get our men out of  
here. These colored guys are being  
very...heroic. Maybe foolhardy.  
Maybe foolishly heroic.

ROCK

So let's give them a chance to save  
their ass, like they did for us. Give  
them some running room. Three of us,  
sir.

BACK TO THE OTHERS

BEEF and WHIPSNAKE are heavily into a dialogue.

WHIPSNAKE

Bullshit!

BEEF

It happened to a guy. He was in this  
car accident, they take him to the  
hospital, they give him colored blood  
by accident...

KLUZEWSKI

An' his kids come out colored?

WHIPSNAKE

How do ya know it was from the blood?

BEEF

How else is he gonna get a colored kid?

The question is so profoundly stupid everybody's too dumbfounded to answer. And then GORYL appears...

GORYL

The Sergeant wants volunteers...

RETREAD

What'd I tell ya?

GORYL

He wants to attack the Germans below us and withdraw immediately.

WILDMAN

(a shrug)

I'm on.

KLUZEWSKI

(ultra casual)

I'll go.

PASCALANO

Me too.

CUT TO

THE STEEP SLOPE/MOMENTS LATER

ROCK is in the lead, WILDMAN behind him, then KLUZEWSKI and PASCALANO, all of them struggling among boulders, trying not to dislodge loose rocks that could tip off the GERMANS below and to their left...

KLUZEWSKI

How come? I thought you were against this?

PASCALANO

I am. I just figure I'm better off attackin' Rome with Rock than walking through the fucking woods with Wonder-Goryl.

ROCK stops.

ROCK

Hold it. Right here. They'll pass between those two boulders down there, see? When I say fire, we open up, we might hit as many as four men.

WILDMAN

Then what?

ROCK

We fire a few rounds, keep 'em honest,  
then we withdraw.

ABOVE, THE RIM

GORYL and the others are looking down. They can just barely see ROCK'S position...and they can catch brief glimpses of GERMANS scrambling between boulders, intent on encircling BAKER, unaware they're moving into an ambush themselves.

Gunfire from the pass below and to the right causes them to look and see a GERMAN SOLDIER, tiny in the distance, sprawled face down while two other tiny GERMANS scurry for cover.

RETREAD

Demolition team, trying to get to the  
rocks and blow 'em up...

TEXAS

And Baker ain't lettin' 'em do it.

BIGELOW

Those bastards, they really hang  
tough.

WHIPSNAKE

That's how we were at Kassarene.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA! Sudden fire right below them. They all look down and see GERMAN SOLDIERS being cut down between two boulders.

AMONG THE BOULDERS BELOW

ROCK, PASCALANO, WILDMAN, and KLUZEWSKI are firing in a fury as GERMAN SOLDIERS scream and dive bloodily for cover. One bloody GERMAN is face down and motionless, another is crawling desperately to get behind a boulder. Another, out of view, is screaming.

ROCK

We hit three for sure.

WILDMAN

Five I think.

CRACK! KLUZEWSKI fires a single shot into the crawling GERMAN.

KLUZEWSKI

For Pardee, ya kraut pig!

Below them, GERMAN VOICES are shouting urgently. Someone cries out in pain.

PASCALANO

What're they saying, Sarge?

ROCK  
 (deadpan)  
 They're unhappy.

KLUZEWSKI  
 No shit.

More urgent GERMAN VOICES below...

ROCK  
 They don't like us...

PASCALANO  
 Aaaawww....

ROCK  
 (still deadpan)  
 Or our mothers.

PASCALANO  
 Shit! Our mothers! Really, they  
 said...?

A sudden angry profane burst of GERMAN below directed right at Easy.  
 Everybody looks at ROCK...

ROCK  
 (again deadpan)  
 Or our nigger Jew friends.

A moment of silence, then WILDMAN points to a slab of rock ten yards  
 below jutting out of the steep face of the slope.

WILDMAN  
 Listen, Sarge...see that rock over  
 there...jutting out? If someone got  
 out there, they could drop a grenade  
 right on top of those guys.

ROCK  
 "Someone"....?

WILDMAN grins, then indicates the pass off to the right.

WILDMAN  
 Baker's still taking 'em on...

ROCK  
 Go ahead. Here.

ROCK hands WILDMAN a grenade.

WILDMAN  
 Mama...pleeeeeease. Could I have two  
 cookies, mama?

ABOVE, THE RIM/MOMENTS LATER

GORYL frowns as he and the others see WILDMAN slipping among the boulders...

TEXAS

Wildman. Where's he goin'?

WILDMAN reaches the flat rock that juts out a little like a very wide and long diving board. They watch him go down on his belly and squirm out toward the lip...

WHIPSNAKE

Gonna deliver some fruit...

BEEF

That well known dessert, pineapple pie!

They all watch tensely as WILDMAN squirms out on the rock.

WILDMAN/THE OVERHANGING ROCK

WILDMAN holds a grenade in his hand and peeks over the lip of the rock.

FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW, WILDMAN sees GERMANS directly below him in disarray. Some are trying to squirm into position to return ROCK'S fire, another is setting up a machinegun, others attend two very badly WOUNDED SOLDIERS, and an OFFICER and RADIOMAN are huddled over a portable radio, speaking excitedly.

WILDMAN pulls the pin on the grenade, looks up, and shouts toward the sky...

WILDMAN

HEY, FARRACCI, YOU WOP BASTARD!  
FARRACCI, UP IN HEAVEN, WATCH THIS!

WILDMAN looks down now at the startled faces of GERMANS below looking up at him...and drops the grenade among them.

WILDMAN

THAT'S FOR FARRACCI, YOU DIRTY HUNS,  
THAT'S FOR THE DARING DAGO, EAT IT,  
YOU NAZZEY ASSHOLES!

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

ABOVE, ON THE RIM

The blast and the screams drift upward as GORYL'S attention is diverted by RETREAD who taps his arm and points off to the left.

Following RETREAD'S look, GORYL spots movement among the boulders far to the left. Some members of the GERMAN SQUAD are moving to outflank ROCK'S position.

RETREAD  
Getting behind Rock.

GORYL looks back toward ROCK'S position in time to see WILDMAN yanking the pin on the next grenade as he shouts...

WILDMAN  
YOU ASSHOLES DON'T LIKE COLORED GUYS,  
HUH? HERE'S ONE FOR THE COLORED G...

BAWHOOOOOOOM! GORYL and the others are horrified to see WILDMAN suddenly rolling and writhing, covered with blood, his hands to his face...

WILDMAN  
OH, GOD! OH, CHRIST! OH MY GOD,  
CHRIST ALMIGHTY, I'M HIT, OH SHIT!  
I'M HIT BAD, OH CHRIST!

GORYL  
(stunned)  
Wha...what...?

RETREAD  
Goddamn short fuse! Fuck!

GORYL can see WILDMAN in agony on the promontory while ROCK and PASCALANO move hastily toward him. GORYL then quickly looks to the left where again he spots UNIFORMS moving among the boulders out of ROCK'S sight, encircling ROCK'S position.

GORYL is in an agony of indecision realizing the mess they're suddenly in...

#### THE PROMONTORY BELOW

WILDMAN is screaming as ROCK and PASCALANO try to move him back off the promontory. GERMANS shout swearwords from below in response to WILDMAN'S screams.

#### ABOVE ON THE RIM

As WILDMAN screams below, RETREAD is looking to GORYL who's watching the boulders where GERMAN SOLDIERS are moving up the slope out of ROCK'S sight.

RETREAD  
We better warn Rock, Lieutenant.

GORYL looks to RETREAD and finds all of them looking at him. They've all seen the GERMANS.

GORYL  
No.

Stone faces watch GORYL who's trembling, sweating...

GORYL

If we warn him, we give away our position and we leave Rock surrounded anyway.

BEEF

(hostile)

Yeah? So whadda we gonna do, Lieutenant?

GORYL doesn't even try to hide the fact that he's scared.

GORYL

We m-move down, w-we get p-position on the krauts and wh-when they t-try to ambush R-rock, we b-beat the shit outta them. L-let's go! Retread, take the rear...f-f-follow me, fellas.

Turning his back on them to avoid any challenge to his authority, GORYL moves immediately.

BEEF rolls his eyes as he starts to follow.

BEEF

If this is what it's like to "fall back," I don't wanna know what's an attack.

RETREAD

The bullshit is, Rock gets us into this, then if we get out alive, Pascalano's gonna tell me how Rock saved our ass an' as long as we soldier with Rock we live forever, we got charmed lives.

WHIPSNAKE

I got serious doubts about living forever, Retread. Serious doubts.

GORYL

(a loud whisper)

Ssssssst. Keep quiet.

They're all moving cautiously down the steep slope among boulders now, all of them scared as shells boom in the distance and WILDMAN screams not very far away.

AMONG THE BOULDERS

WILDMAN is sedated, in shock. ROCK is bandaging him.

KLUZEWSKI

How the fuck do we get him back up, Sarge?

ROCK

Carry him. Gimme another bandage.

PASCALANO is the lookout, he's looking down where GERMANS are hidden below, catches sight of a flash of uniform and squeezes off a single shot.

CRACK! CRACK! Ping! The GERMANS answer from below with two shots that spang harmlessly off the boulders.

ROCK

Okay, let's go. Klú, you give me a hand with Wildman...Pascalano, watch our ass.

ROCK shoulders WILDMAN while KLUZEWSKI helps balance the load. Then they start to struggle up the slope, PASCALANO keeping an eye on the rear.

Suddenly KLUZEWSKI glimpses movement ahead. He shouts and shoves ROCK violently forward.

KLUZEWSKI

Hit it, Sarge, they're above us.

RATTA RATTA RATTA TATTA TATTAA...automatic fire splatters around them from above.

ROCK shoves WILDMAN against the face of a boulder and squeezes against him, trying to "melt" the two of them right into the stone.

KLUZEWSKI is pressed under an overhang with about an inch of cover to spare, like ROCK.

And PASCALANO is similarly pinned as bullets zing off the stone surfaces inches away.

ROCK

Klu! You okay?

KLUZEWSKI is squeezing his body away from bullets...

KLUZEWSKI

S-so far.

ROCK

Pascalano?

PASCALANO

I'm o...

PASCALANO is replying when a German grenade, the potato masher style, plops among the boulders two feet away. For a quarter second he stares at certain death...then his foot shoots out and he kicks the grenade down the slope.

BOOOOOOOOM!

PASCALANO

(shaking)  
...kay, S-sergeant.

KLUZEWSKI

What the hell are we gonna do, Sarge?  
I can't move, I'm pinned.

ROCK

Hang tight, the Lieutenant'll support  
us.

KLUZEWSKI

He's a kid, he'll shit his pants.

BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA! A sudden increase in fire. GERMAN shouts.

ROCK

That's him now.

#### UP THE SLOPE

Nestled among the boulders, GORYL is flipping a grenade down on startled GERMAN SOLDIERS while RETREAD fires the second BAR and BIGELOW hands him magazines. WHIPSNAKE and TEXAS are blazing away with their rifles, ambushing the shit out of the six GERMAN SOLDIERS.

BAWHOOOOM! GORYL'S grenade goes off and GORYL picks up his rifle and aims at a WOUNDED GERMAN staggering for cover.

CRACK! THE WOUNDED GERMAN goes down and lies motionless.

GORYL

Hold your fire, I think we got 'em.

GORYL looks down among the boulders.

He can see parts of three different GERMAN UNIFORMS...motionless.

GORYL turns to RETREAD.

GORYL

Cover me, Retread.

GORYL has his pistol out and he's crawling cautiously down to where the GERMAN BODIES lie.

#### FURTHER DOWN THE SLOPE

ROCK is checking WILDMAN who's unconscious now as PASCALANO and KLUZEWSKI crouch around him among the boulders.

PASCALANO

How'd joo know, Sarge? About the  
Lieutenant...

ROCK

You remember that time in Kassarene  
with that armored car?

PASCALANO

"Remember"! I shit my pants!

ROCK

Yeah, but after you shit your pants,  
you took out the armored car, you  
remember that?

PASCALANO

And you knew I would?

ROCK

Keep those guys pinned down.

### AMONG THE BOULDERS

GORYL is creeping down to where the ambushed GERMANS were. Six feet ahead of him is a motionless leg. The rest of the GERMAN'S body is hidden from view behind the boulder. And anything else that might be waiting. A wounded German with a pistol perhaps...

Terrified, GORYL sweats like a pig as he creeps around a boulder, pistol in hand.

Then he pauses. His hand feels wet.

Looking at the hand, he sees it's soaked with blood.

A pool of blood lies on the rock.

GORYL, scarcely breathing, moves around the boulder.

A GERMAN lies face down only two feet in front of him.

GORYL gulps.

Putting the gun to the GERMAN'S head he pushes the limp body, exposing the face.

Lifeless. Blonde. Dead. Young.

GORYL crawls over the body and around the next boulder.

A GERMAN sits slumped against a rock, his chest soaked with blood, his eyes staring lifelessly at nothing.

A few feet away another GERMAN is face down in a pool of blood.

Pointing the pistol, GORYL crawls cautiously toward him and moves his head.

The man's features are gone, his face a mass of bloody pulp.

GORYL is gagging when he hears RETREAD'S VOICE calling out.

RETREAD'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Lieutenant? You okay?

GORYL  
(recovering)  
Yeah.

CUT TO

BOULDERS/MOMENTS LATER

They're all together among the boulders, PASCALANO and BIGELOW watching, the others bunched around ROCK and WILDMAN.

WILDMAN looks bad.

BEEF  
It's bad enough when the krauts get you...but when your own fucking weapon gets you...

ROCK  
Where's the Lieutenant?

BEHIND A BOULDER

GORYL is separated from the others behind a boulder, squirming around, half in and half out of his pants, when he looks up and sees RETREAD crawl around the rock. GORYL looks embarrassed.

GORYL  
Uh, I, uh...taking, uh, a crap.

RETREAD  
(knowingly)  
Want some clean underwear? I got one pair.

GORYL  
(very embarrassed)  
Yeah?

RETREAD  
We all done it. It don't matter.  
(pulling underwear from pack)  
Listen, it ain't the load in your pants that matters, Lieutenant... It's how you carry the load.

GORYL  
Oh.

RETREAD  
 (handing over the pants)  
 You didn't smell too bad there, sir.

AMONG THE BOULDERS

WILDMAN is moaning, semi-conscious, as ROCK tends to him while PASCALANO and KLUZEWSKI look on.

PASCALANO  
 Christ, he looks bad, Sarge.

ROCK  
 Shock. He needs blood, he needs a medic.

KLUZEWSKI  
 More like he needs a miracle!

ROCK glares at KLUZEWSKI who drops his eyes hastily...

TEN YARDS AWAY

Crouched among the boulders, BIGELOW, TEXAS, WHIPSNAKE, and BEEF are looking down into the valley as RETREAD joins them.

Below, in the pass, tiny figures, GERMAN SOLDIERS are hovering beside a six foot boulder, one of many blocking the pass.

The GERMAN SOLDIERS suddenly sprint away.

BA WHOOOOOM! The boulder explodes.

RETREAD  
 Demolition team. They're gonna clear the pass.

BEEF looks along the barrel of his rifle as he watches the two GERMAN SOLDIERS hurrying toward another boulder.

BEEF  
 Wish I had the range...

RETREAD  
 Don't waste a round.

POP! A rifle shot in the distance. One of the GERMAN SOLDIERS goes down. The other hesitates. POP! POP! The other GERMAN SOLDIER sprints for cover. POP! POP! He almost makes it before he goes down.

For a moment BEEF and the others just stare in stunned silence. Then...

TEXAS  
 The colored guys are still there!

BEEF

The bastards didn't get out...

POP! POP! More shots in the pass.

RETREAD

(impressed)

They're not gonna let the krauts clear the pass.

BEEF

They're crazy! We gave 'em a goddamn chance to get out. They're nuts! They're stupid!

TEXAS

All a that. And balls of pure steel!

CUT TO

AMONG THE BOULDERS

GORYL and ROCK are huddled together near the unconscious WILDMAN. ROCK indicates the pale winter sun smearing the western horizon.

ROCK

Be dark soon, sir. We could slip out then.

GORYL

(nodding)

That must be what Baker's gonna do too. Wait for dark.

ROCK glances at WILDMAN, then he looks at GORYL, struggling with something, something that's hard to say...

ROCK

Listen, sir, I know this is my fault. It was my idea to --

GORYL

(sharply)

It was your idea, but it was my decision. I'm the officer, Sergeant...

ROCK

Yes, sir, but I kind of talked you into --

GORYL

(looking him hard in the eye)

I could have said "no," Sergeant.

ROCK finds GORYL looking him right in the eye. GORYL'S face is stubbled, he looks older. He's a peer now.

ROCK

Right, sir.

VAN ROCKLIN HOUSE/AKRON/DAY

The MAILMAN puts the mail in the box, then hurries off down the sidewalk as VAN ROCKLIN opens the door.

MAILMAN

(nervous)  
Somethin' from the Government, Mister  
Van Rocklin.

VAN ROCKLIN frowns as he opens the mailbox.

MAILMAN

Hope it ain't bad news or anythin'.

VAN ROCKLIN stares at the envelope addressed to him from the War Department. His fingers tremble as he starts to open it.

INSIDE THE HOUSE

MRS. VAN ROCKLIN, a white haired woman in her sixties, looks with alarm as VAN ROCKLIN enters, completely absorbed in the letter.

MRS. VAN ROCKLIN

Fritz...what is it?  
(he's reading, he doesn't  
respond)  
Fritz!

VAN ROCKLIN looks like a ghost, pale and shaken, but he breathes a sigh of relief.

VAN ROCKLIN

It's all right. He was injured, but  
he's all right.

MRS. VAN ROCKLIN

(horrified)  
Injured!

VAN ROCKLIN

But it's all right now. It's not  
serious anymore. He's in a hospital,  
they're going to send him home.

MRS. VAN ROCKLIN collapses in his comforting arms and they hold each other.

MRS. VAN ROCKLIN

Oh my God! I was so afraid...the way  
you looked. I thought...I thought...

VAN ROCKLIN

Hush now, it's all right. He's safe.

CUT TO

AMONG THE BOULDERS/NIGHT

It's pitch black as Easy prepares to move out. Invisible in the darkness, they are sounds...shoes scuffing...harsh grunts...urgent whispering...

VOICES/DARKNESS

Ready? Go ahead. You got him? Lift.  
Unnnnh. Okay, let's go. Ready,  
Sergeant? All set, sir. Texas,  
point. Retread, rear. Retread?  
Retread?

MOON, CLOUDS/NIGHT

The clouds clear the moon, illuminating the night.

AMONG THE BOULDERS

Moonlight reveals RETREAD as he looks upward, listening intently. A very faint droning sound comes from above the cloud cover.

Something crosses the moon, glimpsed briefly, the silhouette of a PARATROOPER. Then the clouds cover the moon and all is blackness again.

RETREAD'S VOICE/DARKNESS

Aw shit. Sarge! Ssssst, Sarge.

TEN YARDS AWAY/MOMENTS LATER

ROCK and GORYL are having an urgent conversation in the darkness...

GORYL

If he only saw one man...

ROCK

He heard two planes. That means at least two squads. It could be a whole company.

GORYL

Then we're...surrounded. Cut off.  
They're behind us.

ROCK

The question is...do we proceed or do we stay put?

GORYL

If we proceed, we'll run into them up there in the woods...

ROCK

...and they'll have the advantage,  
they're hunting us, we've got a  
wounded man...

GORYL

If we stay, we've got a solid  
defensive position, they'll have a  
tough time getting at us, but...

ROCK

...but we'll be stuck here in the  
morning. Probably pinned down.

GORYL

Between the devil and the deep blue  
sea.

ROCK

Between the rock and the hard place...  
There isn't any right answer,  
Lieutenant...

GORYL

But there's probably a wrong one...

ROCK

I'm not gonna second guess you no  
matter how it turns out...

GORYL

(making up his mind)  
We'll dig in. Position the men in  
twos, take turns awake, tell them to  
be very alert...It might not be  
mortars and machineguns...these could  
be commandos.

ROCK

Right, sir.

ROCK starts to move off, but GORYL stops him.

GORYL

Also, Sergeant...

ROCK stops and looks back.

GORYL

(continuing)  
Send a man off on the flank about  
fifty yards...

ROCK

(confounded)  
Sir?

GORYL

So he doesn't give our position away.  
I want him to yell a warning to Baker.  
About the paratroopers. They may not  
have seen them.

ROCK

(impressed)

Good idea, sir.

CUT TO

ALONG THE SLOPE/MINUTES LATER

WHIPSNAKE stands among the boulders and shouts at the top of his  
lungs...

WHIPSNAKE

HEY, BAKER! HEY, BAKER, THIS IS EASY!  
THE DEGENERATE MINDLESS PIG GERMANS  
DROPPED AN AIRBORNE COMPANY BEHIND US.  
WATCH YOUR AMERICAN ASS! WATCH --

BANG! BANG! Ping! Ping! WHIPSNAKE breaks off as bullets pierce the  
night, singing off the rocks around him...

AMONG THE BOULDERS

Barely visible in the moonlight ROCK crouches with the others,  
listening as the shots cease and a sudden eerie silence begins.

BEEF

Nothing. No acknowledgement.

ROCK

They're not gonna give their position  
away.

TEXAS

Could be they fell back already, got  
away...

BEEF

Or maybe the paratroopers already got  
'em...cut their throats...

ROCK

All right, knock it off. Split up in  
twos, take turns watching, stay  
alert...

BEEF

We're fucked, you know that? Stuck  
here! We really got our tit in a  
ringer this --

ROCK

(sharply)

That's enough, Beef. Listen up, all of you. Beef's right, we're in a pile of shit. It's my fault, I got us into this because I thought we should back up Baker...

In the moonlight, hardened faces look solemnly at ROCK, listening to his apology. But ROCK'S voice is suddenly a cold snarl, his eyes are like flint...

ROCK

(continuing)

Well, that's tough, ladies...this is a war, we're supposed to fight.

BEEF, WHIPSNAKE, and the others gasp at the word "ladies"...

ROCK

(continuing)

Now those guys in Baker, they might have a little more ammo than us, they might have a bazooka...but there's about ten of them, and about ten of us. They're just as beat up as us, just as tired as us, and they're not getting pussy any more than we are. In fact the krauts are pounding them a lot worse than us. And every time the krauts give those colored guys some shit, those colored guys dish some shit out. They wrecked three tanks today and they've held up a German column more than six hours. You think they fell back? You think they're dead? Or you think they got pissed off and they're on their way to Berlin, all ragged ass ten of 'em, gonna string up the Fuhrer by his dick?

(he pauses, glaring,  
then...)

All right, take your positions and let's hope we acquit ourselves half as good as those guys.

Before anyone can move, there's a popping sound from below in the pass.

Peering over a boulder, RETREAD sees a bright flare hanging over the blocked pass...and GERMAN SOLDIERS hastily dashing for cover.

RETREAD

I don't think the colored guys left for Berlin yet, Sergeant.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! The GERMAN SOLDIERS are shot down as the flare fades.

AMONG THE BOULDERS/LATER

PASCALANO is alert, weapon ready behind a boulder while close by TEXAS is settling down to sleep, still shaking his head in disbelief...

TEXAS

He never called us nothin' like that before..."ladies"..."!

PASCALANO

I never seen him so upset...this is the worst...worse than when Weller fell asleep that time...

BEEF

It's causa the Wildman. They go way back...an' he knows Wildman ain't gonna make it.

TEN YARDS AWAY/BOULDERS

It's spooky quiet now as BIGELOW peers into the darkness while TEXAS sleeps curled up behind him against a boulder.

Something touches BIGELOW'S hand. He considers it. Then he feels it on his face.

Snow. It's drifting down silently as the moon shines intermittently through the clouds and we...

CUT TO

A MONTAGE

Snow falling on the moonlit "duos."

PASCALANO watching, BEEF sleeping...

ROCK watching, turns and checks the unconscious WILDMAN, wipes snow from his face.

KLUZEWSKI watches while WHIPSNAKE stirs in his sleep...

GORYL watches while RETREAD sleeps and we...

CUT TO

BOULDERS/MUCH LATER

The snow has stopped falling and the spooky silence continues. TEXAS, his helmet covered with snow, is watching the darkness while BIGELOW, his blanket covered with three hours of snow, is sleeping.

Studying the darkness intently, TEXAS adjusts his hands on his rifle. He stiffens. Did he hear something? Without taking his eyes off the darkness he kicks BIGELOW awake.

TEXAS

(a whisper)

I think there's someone out there.

BIGELOW searches desperately for his lifesavers as he looks into the darkness too.

TEN YARDS AWAY

It's KLUZEWSKI'S turn to sleep. He's curled up in his blanket, also covered with snow.

A grunt in the darkness! Violent! Urgent!

KLUZEWSKI stirs slightly.

A moan, like somebody had their throat slit and they're dying quietly.

KLUZEWSKI stirs.

Unnnnh. Another groan.

KLUZEWSKI'S eyes open.

Silhouetted in the gloom three feet away WHIPSNAKE is struggling desperately with a shadowy figure. A strangled grunt of effort and the scuffling of clothes on the rock surface are the only sounds in the spooky moonlit darkness.

Pulling his knife, KLUZEWSKI lunges and grabs the GERMAN from behind. He's just about to plunge his knife deep in the enemy soldier when he freezes mid-motion and stares in stunned disbelief...The GERMAN SOLDIER'S helmet has fallen off...and the GERMAN SOLDIER is ANGIE dressed in a Nazi uniform that's too big for her. Her face is smudged with dirt, her eyes glazed with lust, her fatigues open, exposing firm breasts, one leg of her pants off as she frantically humps WHIPSNAKE while speaking to the amazed KLUZEWSKI...

ANGIE

Klu...honey...please, not now, I unnnh I unnnh I'm gonna come... don't...please...unnnnh...unnnh...

KLUZEWSKI recovers and struggles to separate the two of them...

KLUZEWSKI

Angie, you fucking bitch, that's my partner. You're fucking my partner, you whore...

ANGIE

Klu...I couldn't find you...I got hot pants, Klu...it was you I wanted...

A shocked WHIPSNAKE pulls away, hastily buttoning his pants as he looks from one to the other of them, amazed and apologetic...

WHIPSNAKE

Jesus, Klu, she's your wife?...Hey, I'm sorry, I didn't know she was your wife, I --

KLUZEWSKI

Who the fuck did you think she was, you stupid shit?

WHIPSNAKE

I dunno. I was asleep, I was thinking about my...girlfriend. All of a sudden I'm getting a blow job. My girlfriend never did that, she wouldn't --

KLUZEWSKI

(turning on Angie,  
incredulous)  
You gave him a blow job?

ANGIE

Klu, I told you, I got hot pants, I wanted a man, I looked for you, but I couldn't find --

WHIPSNAKE

Hey, Klu, take it easy, don't be so hard on her, she's no different than us, she gets horny and...

KLUZEWSKI

She gets horny and she fucks anything that moves. We don't got no women, but she's around men. How about it, Ange, how many times you had the postman, huh?

ANGIE

Once! Only one time, Klu...

KLUZEWSKI

(leaping up)  
YOU FUCKED THE POSTMAN!

WHIPSNAKE

Klu, easy, buddy, there's Nazis all over, keep it down.

KLUZEWSKI

(bellowing)  
 FUCK THE NAZIS! DID YOU HEAR WHAT SHE  
 SAID, YOU ASSHOLE? SHE FUCKED THE  
 POSTMAN! PROBABLY WHILE THE KIDS WERE  
 WATCHING! WERE THE KIDS WATCHING, YOU  
 B...?

KLUZEWSKI is turning to ANGIE, but WHIPSNAKE grabs him...

WHIPSNAKE

Goddamnit, Klu, pull yourself  
 together.

KLUZEWSKI

WHIP! IT'S NAZIS! FUCKIN' NAZIS!

WHIPSNAKE turns and sees what KLUZEWSKI'S seeing...

Four very blonde, very Aryan GERMAN SOLDIERS are looming in the moonlight. Their cruel and youthful faces smirk with self assurance as ANGIE, naked now, kneels in front of the one named HANS and unzips his pants. HANS unholsters his luger and puts the muzzle close to ANGIE'S face, his finger on the trigger...

KLUZEWSKI

NO!

ANGIE leers and takes the barrel in her mouth, mouthing it lasciviously, licking, sucking, licking, as HANS gives KLUZEWSKI a smile and a wink.

KLUZEWSKI suddenly realizes another German, FRITZ, is kneeling behind her, humping like a dog as she responds.

KLUZEWSKI

ANGIE! YOU GODDAMN SLUT!

ANGIE

But, honey, you just said "fuck the  
 Nazis"...oooooooooh...uuunnh!

WHIPSNAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)

(urgent)

Klu! Help me! Klu!

WHIPSNAKE'S VOICE is very present and urgent, very real, unlike the dreamy events transpiring in the moonlight.

BUT KLUZEWSKI IGNORES WHIPSNAKE'S REPEATED, DESPERATE PLEAS AS HE LUNGES AT THE SMIRKING NAZIS...

KLUZEWSKI

DIRTY KRAUT BASTARD, I'LL KILL YOU,  
 YOU PIG!

WHIPSNAKE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 (strangled)  
 Ughhhh. KLU! HELP!

ANGIE looks startled as KLUZEWSKI hurls FRITZ aside and grapples furiously with HANS. The sounds of the violent struggle are very real...

ROCK/BOULDERS

ROCK has his weapon ready as he listens to cursing in the darkness and the sound of a struggle...

RETREAD AND GORYL/BOULDERS

GORYL is shaking himself awake, seeing RETREAD crouched tensely, weapon ready...

GORYL  
 What...?

RETREAD  
 Sshhhh. I dunno.

BEEF AND PASCALANO/BOULDERS

Peering nervously into the darkness, BEEF and PASCALANO listen to grunts and scuffling sounds twenty yards away.

TEXAS AND BIGELOW/BOULDERS

TEXAS is listening to the scuffling, his rifle raised and ready as he peers into the darkness while, behind him, BIGELOW is muttering and shifting.

TEXAS  
 (whisper)  
 What the fuck're you doing?

BIGELOW  
 Can't find my lifesavers.

SERGEANT ROCK/BOULDERS

ROCK swings the muzzle of his gun around urgently aiming at a sound in the darkness.

ROCK  
 Who is it?

VOICE  
 Max Schmelling.

ROCK  
 (relaxing)  
 Joe Louis. Come in.

Moonlight illuminates WHIPSNAKE as he crawls around a boulder into view, his nose bloody, his fatigues soaked with blood. His voice is trembling from exertion and fear...

WHIPSNAKE

Couple of krauts jumped us, tried to kill us quietly, slit our throats...

ROCK

Is Kluzewski okay?

WHIPSNAKE

(nodding)

He killed both guys with his bare fucking hands. This guy was choking me, trying to cut my throat, Klu grabbed him, beat his head against a rock...

(shaken, he indicates his shirt)

Th-these...these are...brains all over my shirt. A German guy's brains...

ROCK

Pull yourself together and go back to your position.

WHIPSNAKE

I should tell the Lieutenant. I was looking...

ROCK

I'll tell the Lieutenant, I'll alert everyone, go back.

WHIPSNAKE

Right. Thanks, Sarge.

BOULDERS/TWENTY YARDS AWAY

HANS' remaining eye stares sightlessly at the moon, his skull horribly crushed. FRITZ'S corpse next to him doesn't look much better. KLUZEWSKI is crouched close by, glaring into the darkness, panning his rifle, still fuming under his breath...

KLUZEWSKI

Fucking perverts...

Suddenly a sound behind him causes KLUZEWSKI to whirl, pointing his rifle into the shadows beyond the boulder...

VOICE/DARKNESS

Max Schmelling.

KLUZEWSKI

Joe Fucking Lewis. That you, Whip?

WHIPSAKE crawls around the boulder.

WHIPSAKE

I told Rock.

(then...)

I see you're playing with your rifle  
instead of your dick for a change.

KLUZEWSKI

Fuck you.

FIFTEEN YARDS AWAY

RETREAD stiffens, points his rifle into the moonlit shadows as GORYL  
raises his weapon too...

RETREAD

Spit it out.

VOICE (O.S.)

Max Schmelling.

RETREAD

Joe Louis.

RETREAD lowers the weapon and ROCK appears.

ROCK

They're trying to commando us, take  
us in twos. I'm gonna alert the men.

BOULDERS/ANOTHER FIFTEEN YARDS AWAY

TEXAS hears something and nudges BIGELOW as he points his rifle...

TEXAS

You hear that?

BIGELOW listens, raising his own rifle.

There's a scuffling noise in the darkness, somebody moving, then a  
VOICE muttering...

VOICE/DARKNESS

Oh, fuck!

TEXAS

Whozzat? Spit it out.

VOICE/DARKNESS

Ow, goddamnit.

BIGELOW

Izzat you, Retread?

Silence. Then movement again. BIGELOW points his rifle, trembling.

BIGELOW  
 Say it! Say "Schmelling," you  
 asshole!

TEXAS does a take, looking at BIGELOW in amazement.

VOICE/DARKNESS  
 Fuck.

BIGELOW  
 Say it!

VOICE/DARKNESS  
 Schmelling.

BIGELOW relaxes and lowers his rifle.

BIGELOW  
 Joe Louis. Is that you, Re...urrrgh!

The GERMAN SOLDIER comes around the boulder so fast he slits BIGELOW'S throat before TEXAS can raise his rifle and fire. Even as TEXAS aims, a SECOND GERMAN gets TEXAS from behind and slits his throat.

Three more GERMANS crawl into view as the FIRST GERMAN crouches over BIGELOW, cupping a lit match in one hand while he fishes BIGELOW'S dog tag from the blood at BIGELOW'S neck and wipes it off.

FIRST GERMAN  
 (reading)  
 Biggle-oww. Bigga-low. Bigelow.  
 Fuck.

SECOND GERMAN  
 Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

The dying light of the match the FIRST GERMAN notices a half pack of lifesavers in the snow beside BIGELOW'S body. Picking them up he eats a couple and offers the rest to the SECOND GERMAN.

FIRST GERMAN  
 Sussigkeiten.

The SECOND GERMAN accepts the "sweets" and gulps them down.

SECOND GERMAN  
 Fuck. Shit.

BOULDERS/TEN YARDS AWAY

BEEF and PASCALANO are staring at the darkness alertly when someone hisses among the boulders...

VOICE/DARKNESS  
 Ssssssst.

Both men point their rifles...

BEEF

Who goes?

VOICE/DARKNESS

Schmelling, who's that?

BEEF

(relaxing)

Joe Louis. That you, Sarge?

ROCK scrambles around the boulder.

PASCALANO

What happened, Sarge, what's going on?

GORYL AND RETREAD/BOULDERS

RETREAD looks down into the pass where explosions blossom in the night like flowers of fire.

RETREAD

The krauts are blowing up all those boulders, clearing the pass.

GORYL

Helluvan outfit, those colored guys.

RETREAD

Yeah, but the tanks are gonna go through. They're heroes, but it don't mean anything. They're like the Sergeant...

GORYL

Why do you hate Rock?

RETREAD

I don't hate him, he's okay...for an asshole. It's just his style pisses me off, he's too much of a hero.

GORYL

Meaning he takes risks?

RETREAD

For nothing. Soldiers don't win wars. Planes win, big guns win, ships. Soldiers are so much fodder. You think we wanted this pass? If we wanted this pass, they woulda put in an armored outfit with air support, heavy artillery, long toms...

GORYL

Sssssh!

GORYL is raising his rifle, looking into the darkness. RETREAD follows suit and for a long moment both men are silent, listening. Then...

VOICE/DARKNESS

Fuck.

GORYL

Identify yourself.

VOICE/DARKNESS

Shit.

GORYL

Say the password or I shoot.

VOICE/DARKNESS

Schmelling. Fuck.

RETREAD frowns suspicious as GORYL lowers his rifle.

RETREAD

Joe Lewis. Who is it?

VOICE/DARKNESS

Bigelow.

That does it. RETREAD relaxes too and suddenly...

CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA CHATTA...

The night is alive with muzzle flashes and the furious stutter of automatic fire as men SCREAM in the dark and the weapon pans burst after burst into the agony.

Sudden silence.

Clutching their rifles and staring stupidly into the night, GORYL and RETREAD see ROCK loom from behind a boulder, cradling the BAR...

ROCK

They got Texas and Bigelow, I found them with their throats cut.

GORYL and RETREAD stand up and see five GERMANS sprawled among the boulders, their blood staining the snow. One of them groans.

GORYL

They...they knew the password. One of them said "Bigelow."

CRACK! ROCK squeezes off a single shot, silencing the groaning man...

ROCK

They won't use it anymore. Better collect their potato mashers, Retread. I'm gonna see to the Wildman. I left him alone.

ROCK disappears, leaving GORYL still amazed and RETREAD grimly considering the carnage.

RETREAD

I said he was an asshole...I didn't say he wasn't a good soldier.

RIDGE/OUTSIDE FARMHOUSE/MOONLIGHT

Walking the perimeter on watch, the three GIS are again sharing a cigarette and hiding the glow in a helmet. Below in the pass there's a sudden lonely burst of automatic weapons fire, then silence.

FIRST GI

What the fuck's goin' on down there?

SECOND GI

The krauts are taking a long time to get through fifteen or twenty guys...

THIRD GI

I heard that Easy outfit was tough, they were at Kassarene, they got that big Sergeant...

FIRST GI

The one with the medals...

SECOND GI

Baker's down there too, colored guys...

THIRD GI

Colored guys aren't gonna fight like that, not when they're outnumbered, colored guys are quitters.

FIRST GI

Horseshit! What about Joe Louis?

THIRD GI

Hey, this ain't a boxing match, this is a fucking war. I got nothing against Negroes, but they're scareda guns.

SECOND GI

Me too. I'm scareda guns.

FIRST GI  
Yeah, now that you mention it...

FIRST GI  
Uh-oh.

The FIRST GI is seeing GENERAL COOK emerge from the farmhouse in the moonlight, carrying a pail.

COOK  
Sign and countersign, soldier, you have to challenge everyone.

FIRST GI  
Right, sir...spit it out, General.

COOK  
Red Grange.

FIRST GI  
Number seventy-seven.

They all watch as COOK hurries past them with the pail and heads over the ridge down into the woods.

SECOND GI  
Where the hell is he going?

FIRST GI  
Must be gonna take a crap.

THIRD GI  
And bring it back in a bucket?

PRITCHARD'S VOICE (O.S.)  
At ease!

The three GIS turn in horror to find PRITCHARD looming behind them.

FIRST GI  
Uh, sorry, sir, we, uh, didn't see you...

PRITCHARD  
Where did the General go?

SECOND GI  
(pointing)  
Down there, sir.

PRITCHARD  
Stick with him, all three of you.  
I'll post a new watch.

FIRST GI  
Uh, "stick with him," sir?

PRITCHARD

Protect your fucking pants.

PRITCHARD turns on his heels and heads for the farmhouse as we...

CUT TO

CATHEDRAL HOSPITAL/NIGHT

In the confusion of suffering and misery a gaunt looking man with a heavily bandaged head lies in a cot, listening to the DOCTOR standing over him.

DOCTOR

Some confusion, even some memory loss, is normal with a concussion, General. You're very lucky that's all you suffered under the circumstances.

The man in the cot is GENERAL DUGAN. We recognize his voice...

DUGAN

There was a Captain Sloan with me. Is he...did he...?

DOCTOR

Sloan was killed in the explosion, you were thrown clear. Apparently a shell hit a truck close to you...

DUGAN

(shaken, remembering)  
A truck, yeah, I remember. Cooks. They were killed too?

DOCTOR

Two were killed, one seriously injured, another is missing. Listen, General, Colonel Cronkite wondered if you were feeling well enough to talk with him...?

CRONKITE pushes forward on cue, usurping the DOCTOR'S place.

CRONKITE

Hullo, General. We're all glad you made it.

DUGAN

Hell of a thing about Captain Sloan. And the others. Sonofabitch! I assume we've pulled back, I assume you...

CRONKITE

(uncomfortable)

Uh, not...exactly, sir. The krauts seemed to have, uh, launched an armored assault and, uh, we, uh, seem to be...seem to be...holding them, sir.

DUGAN

"Holding them"! With what? How?

CRONKITE

I can't explain it, sir. It's all very confused, we've lost radio contact with Battalion HQ. But our spotter plane reported a dozen Panzers tied up in the throat of the pass...

DUGAN

A dozen Panzers! We gotta get the hell outta there, you can't fight Panzers with a rear guard...

CRONKITE

Well, uh, General, before we lost communication with Battalion, we relayed a message from General Cook to Regimental requesting air and artillery support for --

DUGAN

(sitting up)

General Cook! Who the fuck is General Cook?

CRONKITE looks harassed and worried as DUGAN glares at him indignantly and we...

CUT TO

PAINTED WORDS/ROCK FACE/DAWN

Huge letters in white paint are smeared on a rock face overlooking the pass. They spell out loud and clear...

FUCK HITLER

WOODS/DAWN

A head appears from behind a tree. It's WHIPSNAKE staring in wide-eyed wonder at the words on the rock. What the fuck, he can't believe it. Shaking his head, he looks around furtively, then moves cautiously off through the woods, apparently alone.

BOULDERS/SLOPE/LATER

ROCK and GORYL are crouched among the boulders facing WHIPSNAKE while RETREAD keeps watch behind them and WILDMAN lies unconscious.

GORYL

"Fuck Hitler"?

WHIPSNAKE

That's what it said. Huge letters.

GORYL looks to ROCK who shrugs. Behind them RETREAD speaks up...

RETREAD

Baker maybe. They musta done it, those guys are crazy.

GORYL

But no Germans?

WHIPSNAKE

No, sir. Didn't see any an' I went about half a mile into the woods.

GORYL looks to ROCK.

ROCK

Baker musta taken the heat for us again. Seven guys on us, Baker gets the rest.

BOOOOOM! Another explosion in the pass. RETREAD is watching the action below.

RETREAD

That's it, they got it cleared.

The others join RETREAD peering down into the pass where they see the column of eight tanks begin to wind through the debris of boulders into the pass, squeezing past the disabled tank still partially blocking the narrowest section.

ROCK, GORYL, and the others watch grimly, their faces gaunt and weary, their eyes dull with defeat.

RETREAD

Bastards.

KLUZEWSKI

We're officially behind enemy lines now I guess.

BOOOOOOM! Another explosion.

ROCK frowns. They're all looking at the lead tank, suddenly canted at an angle, motionless. The column of tanks behind grinds to an abrupt halt.

RETREAD

A mine! They musta mined it.

Rrrrrrr. The lead tank engines grind as the wounded machine tries to move out of the way, then...

KA-BLAM! The whole tank shudders from a bazooka shell and smoke pours from torn armor.

WHIPSNAKE

(incredulous)

They're there! They're still fucking there!

ROCK is staring in disbelief as he watches the second tank moving forward, turret turning, attacking the bazooka position, firing. KA BOOOOOM! The shell explodes against the boulders.

KA-BLAM! The second tank takes a bazooka hit in the turret that crumples armor and slams the gun aside, bent at a useless angle...

RETREAD

(jubilant)

Siiiiiiilk!

KLUZEWSKI

(awed)

Those bastards. God damn!

ROCK is stunned, shaken. He can't believe what he's seeing.

GORYL

I guess we better move. Baker's giving us another chance.

CUT TO

BOULDERS/MINUTES LATER

KLUZEWSKI and WHIPSNAKE are carrying WILDMAN up the slope in a poncho while RETREAD walks point and ROCK brings up the rear. ROCK glances back down at the pass.

Far below he can see the tanks stalled in a line while tiny GERMAN FOOT SOLDIERS slink among the boulders, trying to get position.

Chatta chatta chatta. The sound of machinegun fire drifts upward from the firefight.

ROCK is turning back to the climb when something catches his eye to the north.

Five "birds" are clearing the mountains to the north, tiny silhouettes in the dawn sky.

For a moment ROCK stares as dawn sunlight suddenly gleams off a "bird's" wing. Then he gives a sharp command...

ROCK

Planes! Let's go for the woods, sir!

PILOT'S POINT OF VIEW/COCKPIT

It's a beautiful dawn seen from the Stuka cockpit as sun glitters off the snowy slopes and the PILOT watches the valley unfold before him while his radio crackles with urgent German voices. Ahead and below he can see the narrow pass and the column of stalled tanks and a rock face featuring "FUCK HITLER" in big white letters.

Responding to radio commands, the PILOT veers to the right and the sky pans by in a blur of blue as he separates from his companions and aims his nose at the rocky slope on the west wall of the pass.

Far below he can see tiny GERMAN SOLDIERS waving and pointing up the slope.

Near the top of the slope he can just glimpse tiny figures, the EASY SOLDIERS scrambling up the slope and into the woods at the top.

Now he's diving at the woods, his dive-activated sirens coming rapidly up to full scream as the woods loom larger in the windscreen and tiny figures disappear among the trees.

Now his wing-mounted machineguns begin to chatter mercilessly...

IN THE WOODS

ROCK is helping haul WILDMAN behind a tree as the Stuka bears down on them. The thunder of the engines is deafening, bullets chew up trees.

KLUZEWSKI hugs the earth...

WHIPSNAKE presses against a tree...

Just as the sound reaches unbearable volume it suddenly drops off as the Stuka pulls abruptly out of its dive and climbs up again into the sky.

ROCK peers out and spots the underwing load.

ROCK

Stay down. He's got bombs, he's coming back.

Fear. It shows in their faces as they crouch or lie in their positions, waiting.

The Stuka comes screaming down out of the sky again, cannons flashing, machineguns nattering. Wood chips fly as bullets tear into trees and the screaming engines get louder and louder and louder and...

BOOOOOOOM! BAH-DOOOOOOOOOM! The woods shake with the thunder of the bombs, heat and fire fill the air.

There's a moment of quiet then, followed by KLUZEWSKI'S shout of enthusiasm...

KLUZEWSKI

Missed us! Dumb bastard missed us!  
Fuck you, kraut!

Shaking like a leaf, GORYL watches the plane climbing back into the sky.

ROCK is looking off into the pass beyond the fringe of woods.

The other four Stukas are wheeling in the sky like angry hornets, taking turns diving at Baker's position.

KLUZEWSKI'S watching too. Suddenly he sees a figure dart out from among the boulders in the pass and scamper toward a new position.

KLUZEWSKI

No! No! No! Don't show yourself,  
idiot! No!

ROCK, RETREAD, and the others are all watching now, seeing a diving STUKA adjust its dive, heading right for the boulders where the figure disappeared, machineguns firing.

KLUZEWSKI

He gave away their position, he...

WHUMP! At the bottom of its dive the STUKA suddenly shudders in the air, smoke pours from the fuselage. The plane struggles out of its dive, wobbles along at low altitude billowing smoke, then plunges into the rocky wall of the pass and explodes.

WHIPSNAKE

No! No, they couldn't...

RETREAD

(jumping up)  
AWRIGHT, SILK! YEAH LIGHTNING! YEAH  
BAKER! STUKA BAZOOKA!

CRACK! Retread is dropped by a rifle shot.

ROCK spins, spots movement, and opens up with the BAR.

Everybody's covering up again...bullets are flying.

Wriggling on his stomach, WHIPSNAKE is the first one to reach RETREAD who's thrashing around in agony in the bloody snow.

RETREAD

Aaaaaah! Aaaaah, shit! Stay away from me, it's nothin', goddamnit, a fucking scratch, what a dumb bastard, I was cheering for Chrissake, I deserve it, aaaaahhhh...Stay the fuck away, stay away...

RETREAD slaps at WHIPSNAKE who's crouching over him.

WHIPSNAKE

Where you hit, Retread? Wh...?

RETREAD

I dunno, it hurts, it's okay, lee me alone, I'm just winded, aaaah, it knocked the w-wind...wind outta me aaaaaah.

CRACK! CRACK! KLUZEWSKI is firing at GERMAN SOLDIERS he can only glimpse among the trees fifty yards away.

CRACK! CRACK! "Invisible" GERMANS fire back.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA! ROCK squeezes off a burst from the BAR.

WHIPSNAKE

Just lemme see where...

RETREAD suddenly stiffens, his eyes bulge sightlessly, he's convulsing and choking on his tongue.

WHIPSNAKE tries to hold the thrashing RETREAD down and clear his tongue from his throat.

GORYL pauses to watch RETREAD thrashing and convulsing for half a second before he moves into position close to ROCK and points his rifle at the "invisible" GERMANS.

RETREAD stiffens mid convulsion, then sags limply in the snow, his eyes open and blind.

WHIPSNAKE

No, goddamnit, hang on.

WHIPSNAKE is trying to get RETREAD to breathe, but RETREAD is gone.

Sprawled beside ROCK behind a tree trunk, GORYL is looking for a good shot as he confers with ROCK...

GORYL

How many?

ROCK

At least six. Probably more.

GORYL

We're pretty low on ammo.

WHIPSNAKE wriggles close to them as a couple of shots whistle close by.

WHIPSNAKE

Retread is dead.

ROCK

How about if I cover the rear, sir,  
while you and the men fall back?

GORYL looks at ROCK, but ROCK doesn't meet the look, he's looking down the sights, looking for GERMANS... GORYL hesitates for a moment, then he makes up his mind...

GORYL

Okay, give us ten minutes, then  
follow.

ROCK reaches in his pack and pulls out a cigar, placing it unlit between his teeth...

ROCK

Right, sir.

ROCK mouthes the cigar and peers into the woods, looking for a target, but the enemy is virtually invisible...

#### TEN YARDS AWAY

GORYL accepts a handful of clips collected by BEEF. He's turning to take them to ROCK when he sees WILDMAN.

WILDMAN'S eyes are unfocussed, his mouth open, his jaw slack, his skin grey and waxy. GORYL feels WILDMAN'S wrist, searching for a pulse.

#### ROCK/BEHIND A TREE

ROCK fires a short burst as a GERMAN scrambles from one tree to another, advancing. The GERMAN yells a pained oath, wounded.

GORYL creeps close to ROCK and puts the clips beside him...

GORYL

We gotcha another thirty rounds.

ROCK

Thanks.

GORYL

(with difficulty)

Sergeant...we're not taking Wildman.

ROCK gives GORYL a sharp look...

GORYL

He's not gonna make it.

ROCK is looking back at the woods, aiming.

ROCK

Yes, sir. I know.

GORYL

And, Sergeant, don't even try to carry him, that's an order. You're a soldier, not a hero. We'll wait for you at --

ROCK

Don't wait, sir. I won't play hero, you don't play hero. If I don't catch up, it's 'cause they got me.

ROCK isn't looking at GORYL, he's firing into the woods.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA...Two GERMAN SOLDIERS dive for cover.

For a moment GORYL watches ROCK defend his position, then he moves off...

GORYL

All right, Sergeant, we're gone.

OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE/DAY

COOK'S face is pale and dead. He's lying in the poncho the GIS brought him back in while PRITCHARD stares down at the body in dismay and the GIS stand by.

PRITCHARD

"Fell"? Fell how?

The GIS exchange uneasy glances between answers...

FIRST GI

Off a sorta cliff...

THIRD GI

We were painting this sign...at least he was...

SECOND GI

We were helping...holding the paint and...

PRITCHARD

(disbelief)

Painting...a...sign?

FIRST GI

"Fuck Hitler."

PRITCHARD

(sharply)  
What? I beg your pardon...

SECOND GI

In big letters...

THIRD GI

Huge letters!

PRITCHARD

General Cook...was painting "Fuck  
Hitler" in enemy territory...?

FIRST GI

A cook, sir...but not a General...

SECOND GI

His name was Cummings...

THIRD GI

He was a cook with the Third  
Infantry...

PRITCHARD'S jaw is sagging, he's too stunned to speak.

FIRST GI

He was conscious for a while after he  
fell...

SECOND GI

He told us everything...

THIRD GI

They were on their way up here to give  
us a "hot," him anna buncha cooks in  
a four by four...

FIRST GI

Booom! German shell...

SECOND GI

Killed his buddies...

THIRD GI

And turned over this jeep with a  
Captain and a General...

FIRST GI

He takes this helmet...a General's  
helmet...

SECOND GI

He was pretty confused, he said...

THIRD GI

"Crazed."

## FIRST GI

He wanted us to win the war.

## SECOND GI

He said the, er, leadership is...weak.

## THIRD GI

The part about his clothes being soaked with gasoline was true...

PRITCHARD isn't listening anymore. He's staring at COOK/CUMMINGS' body and shaking his head in horror...

## PRITCHARD

A cook! He ordered up six rifle companies!

WOODS

GORYL is leading his weary ragtag group through the woods that rise above the steep walls of the pass. The men look exhausted, defeated, as they plod hurriedly through the snow, hearing far behind them the brief bursts of gunfire indicating the continuing battle between the Germans and Rock. In the sky to their left the four remaining STUKAS snarl as they regroup and turn back to the north...

## KLUZEWSKI

Outta ammo. There they go.

WHIPSNAKE is listening to the patter of the BAR far behind them.

## WHIPSNAKE

Rock shoulda backed off by now.

## BEEF

More planes. Poor Baker.

They all look and see six dread Messerschmitt ME 109s replacing the STUKAS in the sky over the pass.

GORYL looks grimly over his shoulder at them as he walks. The men keep plodding as the thunder of the planes grows louder. It seems as if there is nothing for them but defeat, defeat, and more defeat as they continue their ignominious retreat.

Then a ME 109 rages over the woods, as if to pass over them.

## GORYL

Okay, men, let's take cover, lets...

Looking up, GORYL breaks off mid-sentence at the sight of a blur of silver above and the sudden bluster of angry cannons and machineguns.

In half a second the ME 109 is streaming smoke, plummeting into the slope, and exploding like a bomb.

The swooping blur of silver banks hard and climbs back up, a Republic P-47 Thunderbolt looking for prey, Donald Duck in paint glaring from the silver fuselage.

The stunned men of Easy stare at the sky where four more THUNDERBOLTS are taking on the ME 109s in a fury of speed and gunfire.

KLUZEWSKI falls to his knees as if in church as another ME 109 tumbles out of the sky, smoking.

Tears flow unabashedly down WHIPSNAKE'S dirty unshaven cheeks as he sings to himself, privately, in a low voice, out of tune...

WHIPSNAKE  
(to himself, a song)  
Oh, beautiful, for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain...

Another ME 109 explodes in mid-air as a THUNDERBOLT rakes it mercilessly with machinegun fire... They rule the sky, the THUNDERBOLTS, taking no prisoners, dealing out swift sure death to the outclassed ME 109s.

BEEF is hugging GORYL, KLUZEWSKI is cheering!

WHIPSNAKE  
(continuing, very low)  
For purple mountains' majesty  
Above the fruited plain...

#### WOODS/A MILE AWAY

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! Rifle fire.

ROCK is in trouble, running low through trees, heading for cover behind a modest formation of boulders in the middle of the woods.

Spang, spang, spang! Bullets splinter off the boulders as he dives for cover. Hastily he raises the BAR and runs off a burst at his pursuers. BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA...

Several GERMAN SOLDIERS dive for cover on the ground.

The magazine is empty, no more ammo, ROCK pushes the BAR aside, and unslings an M-1.

CRACK! SPANG! CRACK! SPANG! Bullets ricochet close to his head, somebody firing from the side. They've almost got ROCK surrounded.

CRACK! CRACK! ROCK returns the fire at just a glimpse of uniform fifty yards away.

CRACK! A shot from the other side. They're flanking him, almost but not quite surrounding him.

This is bad. They already know where he is, so he relights the stub of cigar clenched between his teeth and scans the woods carefully for a target. He hears a GERMAN VOICE...

GERMAN VOICE/WOODS  
(German, subtitled)  
Hans! I think it's only one man.  
Alone!

Suddenly a GERMAN SOLDIER rears up only twenty yards away, arm cocked, grenade in hand...

CRACK! ROCK pans and fires without hesitation...

The GERMAN SOLDIER goes down before he can throw the grenade...

GERMAN VOICE/WOODS  
(German, subtitled)  
Peter! Throw it!

Too late! The grenade goes off un-thrown. BOOOOM!

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! Two GERMANS pop up and sprint low between trees and ROCK squeezes off three shots.

A silence engulfs the woods then. ROCK, sweating, loads his last clip.

To his right, movement, a blur of uniforms among the trees.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! He fires, sending one man sprawling.

BANG! BANG! BANG! A GERMAN SOLDIER jumps up, firing only twenty yards away, bullets whiz at ROCK, ROCK swings the rifle, CRACK! CRACK! The GERMAN SOLDIER staggers forward, dead, ten yards on the other side of the boulder.

ROCK glances at his shoulder where a bullet has torn his uniform and his flesh. He's going to bandage it, but sudden movement again on the right...

CRACK! CRACK! ROCK fires twice, and a blur of uniforms disappears among the trees. ROCK'S clip is empty, no more ammo. He hastily inspects his wound and relights his cigar.

The woods are suddenly very quiet. A VOICE snarls from somewhere straight ahead, disturbingly close but unseen, speaking in heavily accented English...

GERMAN VOICE/WOODS  
(in accented English)  
You! Asshole! You hear me, nigger  
Jew? Dead! Cut your balls off!

ROCK is relighting his cigar, his eyes busy surveying the woods, as he responds in a "cheery" burst of German...

ROCK

(German, subtitled)

Hans! Your mother's here! Your  
darling mother! Great tits! What a  
woman!

ANGLE ON TWO GERMANS

Outside of ROCK'S line of vision, two GERMAN SOLDIERS are flanking ROCK, almost behind him. They can't see him, but they can hear his voice... and they can see a curl of smoke from his cigar coiling above the boulder he's crouched behind.

ROCK'S VOICE (O.S.)

(continuing)

Shit, Hans! Your mother's taking off  
her pants. What an ass! You must  
love her a lot!

The two GERMAN SOLDIERS continue their stealthy approach as a GERMAN VOICE responds to ROCK, this time in German..

GERMAN VOICE (O.S.)

(German, subtitled)

Hey, American, you got a good accent.  
Why don't you surrender? Huh? We'll  
treat you good. Very nice. Asshole!

The two GERMAN SOLDIERS don't give ROCK a chance to reply. They're only six feet from the boulder where he's hidden, they can smell the smoke curling from his cigar, they charge forward, firing point blank...

RATTA TATTA TATTA, CRACK, CRACK, RATTA TATTA...

The GERMAN SOLDIERS stop firing abruptly when they see what they're shooting at.

ROCK'S pack is there on the ground, they've shot the shit out of it, but ROCK'S not there! Though his cigar butt is smoldering in a crease in the boulder.

And just then...PLOP! A grenade lands right at their feet.

Both GERMAN SOLDIERS stare at it in horror for a quarter second...then they dive aside, flat on their bellies, covering their faces...

BEHIND A TREE/FIVE YARDS AWAY

ROCK is pressed against a tree, waiting for the grenade to go off...but nothing happens.

Puzzled, ROCK peers out from behind the tree.

He sees the grenade lying there...and FREIDRICH and HORST lying on their faces.

ROCK'S rueful look says it's a dud! Now what?

A VOICE calls in German from the woods.

GERMAN VOICE (O.S.)

(German, subtitled)

Horst! Freidrich? Did you get the  
fucker?

ANGLE ON FREIDRICH AND HORST

FREIDRICH looks up, peeks at the grenade.

It just lies there.

FREIDRICH

(in German)

A dud!

He's scrambling to his feet, grabbing his rifle.

So is HORST...when suddenly ROCK lunges from behind the tree, knife in hand...

ROCK

BOOOOOOOOM!

Sinking his knife deep into the astonished FREIDRICH'S rib cage, he shoves him back into HORST who's trying to raise his rifle.

FREIDRICH goes down, coughing blood, done for, and HORST stumbles backward, tries to raise his rifle only to find himself wrestling with the powerful ROCK.

But HORST is no slouch. A big, muscular man himself, he manages to club ROCK in the face with a rifle butt.

WOODS/OTHER SIDE OF BOULDER

A GERMAN SERGEANT is cautiously leading the remaining two GERMAN SOLDIERS toward the boulder. He calls out...

GERMAN SERGEANT

Horst?

HORST'S VOICE (O.S.)

(German, subtitled)

Help!

The GERMAN SERGEANT and the two SOLDIERS respond to the strangled cry, rushing toward the boulder, guns ready...

BEHIND THE BOULDER

Coming around the boulder, weapons raised, the GERMAN SERGEANT and the two SOLDIERS find FREIDRICH sitting down bleeding to death.

Fifteen yards away HORST and ROCK are staggering among the trees, grappling furiously, slamming against trunks, engaged in an awkward life or death struggle.

What the GERMAN SERGEANT and the two SOLDIERS don't see is the dud grenade lying on the ground, almost at their feet.

BA-WHOOOOOOOOOOM! Just as the GERMAN SERGEANT'S steps place him within a foot of the grenade all three of them are ravaged with shrapnel...

#### WOODS/THIRTY YARDS AWAY

Bloody and torn, ROCK and HORST are struggling to the death and it's not pretty, it's not Hollywood punches, it's biting, kicking, kneeling, butting, and biting some more, rolling in the snow, battling to their feet, careening into tree trunks...

ROCK drives HORST back into a tree, HORST knees ROCK in the groin, they roll on the ground, locked in an embrace while HORST sinks his teeth deeply into ROCK'S cheek and blood flows. Rolling, they come to a stone protruding from the ground and it's there that ROCK, with a supreme effort, manages to smash HORST'S head against the stone until HORST suddenly goes limp and his eyes roll back in his head.

For a second all ROCK can do is suck air into his lungs. Then he collapses, rolling off HORST'S body into the snow until his cheek rests against...A COMBAT BOOT!

For a second ROCK just stares at the leather of the boot close-up. Then he slowly looks up the boot to the leg and follows the leg upward with his eyes.

Looming over him is a tough looking, battle-scarred American SERGEANT, six-four, muscular...and black as coal. The big man reaches a huge black hand down to ROCK...

STEELE

Steele. Baker Company.

ROCK takes the hand and lets the big man hoist him to his feet.

ROCK

Rock. Easy.

STEELE

(impressed)

You all alone, Rock?

ROCK

Rear guard. There's krauts all over, they...

ROCK is looking around with alarm, but STEELE interrupts him, producing bandages...

STEELE

Not no more, Rock. There's dead bodies all over the damn woods! You left a helluva trail, Hitler gonna be mad with you, I swear! You really raised some hell.

STEELE keeps talking as he bandages the numerous tears in ROCK'S flesh, his huge black hands very gentle in contradiction to his brutal appearance...

STEELE

(continuing)

When I come up on you, it was just you and him...

(indicates Horst's body)

...and I says to myself, "Big Willie, if you interfere now, you an' that white Sergeant gonna have yourselves a prisoner." An' then I ax myself, "Do you an' that white Sergeant really want a prisoner?" An' I seen you handle yourself with a certain determination, not unlike myself, an I says to myself again, "I believe that white Sergeant gonna prevail over that kraut bastard," so I didn't interfere...

ROCK

We saw you and your men down in the pass...

STEELE

(bandaging, pleased)

Yeah, we did some good soldier-work ourselves, didn't we...for a buncha country colored boys. We're a Negro outfit.

Bandaged now, ROCK considers the proud STEELE'S coal black face...

ROCK

That's not an Italian suntan, then?

STEELE

Ha ha, where you from, Rock?

ROCK is heading back toward the boulders and his pack.

ROCK

Akron, Ohio. Where are your men?

STEELE

(walking with him)

Akron, mmmmm. Thought I recognized the accent. My men been thinned out some, like yours. What's left of 'em fell back, just like yours. It's juss you an' me, the rear guard. Think we oughtta attack or what, heh heh?

STEELE glances up where P-47s snarl overhead, ruling the sky.

ROCK'S PACK/MOMENTS LATER

ROCK considers his pack lying on the ground near the GERMAN CORPSES. It's shot full of holes from FREIDRICH and HORST'S attack. He lifts it gingerly and opens it while STEELE goes over the corpses.

STEELE

I love these German binoculars. Zeiss. I juss keep upgrading my collection.

ROCK is reaching in the pack and finding his bullet riddled box of cigars.

STEELE

Kinda like the lugers too.  
(pocketing one)  
They say if you surrender an' the krauts find a luger on you, they torture you and kill you.

Opening the box ROCK finds a dismal collection of mutilated cigars and loose tobacco.

ROCK

Not planning on surrendering, huh?

STEELE

(suddenly serious)

The black man don't surrender, Sergeant. The krauts figure all men of color got lugers. They...cut up...summa my men a couple days ago.

For a moment their eyes meet and nothing is said. Then ROCK speaks soberly...

ROCK

I got a man back there half a mile. I gotta get his tags.

STEELE

I'll walk witcha.

WOODS/SECONDS LATER

Walking back through the woods, STEELE keeps a wary eye on the woods while ROCK continues to fish in the cigar box. He finally finds a cigar and shoves it in his mouth, lights it.

ROCK

Wanna cigar?

STEELE

Yeah. You got an extra?

ROCK reaches in the box and fishes out one more intact cigar, hands it to STEELE who hesitates...

STEELE

I wouldn't take a man's last smoke.

ROCK

Plenty more.

ROCK closes the box on nothing but loose tobacco, no more cigars.

As STEELE lights his cigar, they walk past GERMAN SOLDIERS sprawled in the bloody snow and slumped against trees. ROCK is scanning the woods for landmarks.

ROCK

Over there.

ROCK points as we...

CUT TO

WILDMAN/SECONDS LATER

Propped against a tree, WILDMAN grins weakly from a ghostly pale face...

WILDMAN

Hiya, Sarge. Gonna save my ass again?

ROCK is staring at WILDMAN. He didn't expect this. Neither did STEELE...

STEELE

Thought you said he was...

ROCK

Guess I was premature.

WILDMAN

Dead? You thought I was dead? Me too.

ROCK sees something in the snow close to WILDMAN. Reaching down, he picks up one of the two empty bottles and considers it. It's a plasma bottle.

WILDMAN

(continuing, weakly)

I wake up, I dunno where I am, hurt like hell, all I see is this red-haired guy over me, didn't know if he was a nazzey throat cutter or an angel of the Lord in heaven. Then I see he's shooting blood in me...

ROCK

(sharply)

Red hair?

WILDMAN

He was a goddamn medic. He gives me medicine, says, "Hang on, soldier, you doan wanna die, think about your girlfriend." Says he can't carry me himself, but somebody'll come for me, and off he goes, disappears.

ROCK is staring at a double set of footprints in the snow, coming and going. He follows the footprints with his eyes, sees them disappear into the ominous woods...in the direction of battle. Whatever the redhead's doing, he isn't retreating!

ROCK

(turning back to Wildman)

Well, I guess you thought about your girlfriend, huh?

WILDMAN

I'm savin' myself for her. I guess I'm gonna ride that bus again, the one with no springs...?

ROCK glances at STEELE who shrugs glumly as we...

CUT TO

RIDGE/OUTSIDE FARMHOUSE

There's an air of confusion as truckloads of fresh troops arrive and unload, creating a chaotic atmosphere. Big guns are being pulled into position, SARGEANTS are assembling the replacements. Frightened eyes, young faces, clean uniforms...

Frowning, PRITCHARD hurries through the turmoil and enters the farmhouse...

INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE

Lounging on the floor and slumped up against the walls of the farmhouse, the weary men of Easy look up as PRITCHARD enters.

PRITCHARD

At ease, men. Uh, there's some bad news and I wanted...

GORYL

(alarmed)

Rock? The Sergeant?

PRITCHARD

No, no, we haven't located Sergeant Rock, nothing like that. It's just a little...problem. I know I promised you men the next truck out...you certainly deserve it...but there was a little snafu and somebody let a bunch of colored fellows from Baker, Negroes, into the truck...

Impassive faces of Easy stare uncomprehendingly at PRITCHARD who goes rattling on...

PRITCHARD

I could kick them out...but I kind of hate to do that, they fought like hell and they're as beat up as you. I mean, there's room in the truck, but you guys'd probably rather wait for the next one...

The men of Easy look at each other as though PRITCHARD had just finished a speech in Greek or classical Latin as we...

CUT TO

INSIDE A FOUR BY FOUR/MOMENTS LATER

Eight bone weary BLACK SOLDIERS are sprawled in the rear of the 4X4 troop carrier as the men from Easy start to climb in.

TIGER COLE, a tough looking Corporal from Baker, is quick to spot GORYL and he snaps at LIGHTNING MULLINS lounging on the right hand bench.

TIGER

Lightning! Officer on board, move your ass.

GORYL

At ease, men.

GORYL scrambles in. The black men are all moving to the left bench, bunching up, facing the men from Easy who are taking places on the opposite bench facing them. There's an awkwardness, everybody's exhausted, weary nods are exchanged. The black soldiers are as bandaged, as gaunt, as unshaven, as young, and as tired as the men from Easy, their uniforms filthy and torn.

LIGHTNING

Say, Lieutenant, you didn't see no great big staff sergeant walkin' round out there, didja?

GORYL and all the men from Easy look up sharply at LIGHTNING...

LIGHTNING

Colored man? Sorta lame?

GORYL

No, I'm afraid not.

TIGER speaks softly to LIGHTNING, reassuring him as the truck lurches forward...

TIGER

He be along. Ain't no nazzies gonna hurt Big Willie, he indestructible.

The truck is bouncing along now and the two rows of soldiers face each other uncomfortably, a certain tension in the air between them. BEEF suddenly breaks the silence with a voice full of outrage...

BEEF

Hey, Lieutenant...

The atmosphere is electric as GORYL turns to BEEF and everybody follows the look to see what put the edge in BEEF'S voice. They see BEEF glaring indignantly at the brown skinned Negro directly across from him who wears a bandage over his left eye (so does Beef) and a sling on his right arm (so does Beef).

GORYL

(uneasy)  
What's up, Beef?

BEEF

(pointing)  
This guy's got my wound!

Everybody looks. TIGER breaks the amazed silence...

TIGER

Aaaaw shit, Silk! You got the man's wound.

SILK considers his wounded arm soberly.

SILK

Thought it was mine, it hurts like hell!

BEEF

That's it! That's the one, "hurts like hell," that proves it's mine!

SILK

Well, shit, I ain't gonna argue with you, I ain't that partial to it anyhow, you could have it.

Now BEEF shakes his head, suddenly shifting gears...

BEEF

Well, what the hell, we're all fightin' the same war, we got a common enemy. I ain't gonna be an asshole about it even if it is mine. I'm gonna share it with you.

SILK

(ruefully)

Well, I sure do appreciate the generosity.

Grins and low chuckles. The ice is broken, the atmosphere is relaxed now as the truck bounces along the road.

Another black soldier, COLLINS, speaks up now...

COLLINS

Say, anybody here know if we winning or losing this war?

#### OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE

American guns are thundering from the ridge, hurling shells into the woods to the north as GENERAL DUGAN, COLONEL CRONKITE, AND MAJOR PRITCHARD face a semicircle of WAR CORRESPONDENTS and PHOTOGRAPHERS from Life and Look, all wearing fatigues and helmets...

DUGAN

You will hear a lot from the Germans about "will" and (pardon my French) all that kind of shit. Well, lemme tell you fellas something about "will." The Germans counterattacked down there, they overwhelmed our boys, outnumbered 'em, outgunned 'em, cost them seventy, eighty per cent casualties.

(MORE)

DUGAN (Cont'd)

They opened the pass and started marching through with an armored column, a couple of rifle companies, air support, heavy artillery barrages, and there wasn't anything we could do about it. All our fire power at that time was committed east of here, we were spread too thin to hold the pass. But Major Pritchard here and his very brave men decided they were gonna hold anyway and they were gonna test their will against some Nazzey steel.

(a beat)

And you don't see any nazxies on this side of the pass, do you?

Flashbulbs pop as PRITCHARD beams modestly and we...

CUT TO

WOODED SLOPE/THE PASS

As they make their weary way along the slope, carrying WILDMAN between them in a poncho, STEELE and ROCK soberly consider the pass far below where scorched and blackened Panzers, immobile and still smoking, attest to the fury of American air power.

STEELE shakes his head at the sight.

STEELE

Daaaaamn! We fight an' fight, day an' night, couple weeks right on the line...an' we doan do half the damage them flyboys do in five minutes.

ROCK

Yeah, that's how it is in love and war.

STEELE

Ain't it true. But I will say, when I come over here to sunny Italy an' I seen those nazxies, I about shit in my pants. I says to myself, "Big Willie, you gonna get killed bad. Those nazxies are soldiers, they raised to kill, they be fighting machines! Your boys ain't nothin' but farm boys and grocery clerks, you ain't but a damn truckdriver your ownself." Probably the same with you, huh, Rock? What you do?

ROCK

Ironworker.

STEELE

An' your boys be postmen an'  
cabdrivers an' delivery boys an'  
plumbers an' carpenters.

ROCK

The Wildman here's a piano teacher.

STEELE

A piano teacher! Well, that's what  
I mean, I figured those nazxies was  
real soldiers, I figured they was  
gonna fight real good...and I wasn't  
wrong, was I?

ROCK

Nope.

STEELE

What I didn't know then was how good  
a buncha farm boys an' ironworkers an'  
such could fight.

ROCK isn't listening. He's seen something on the next ridge where  
smoke is blowing from a big gun.

Silhouetted in the smoke is a LONE FIGURE heading north into enemy  
territory, his torso draped with plasma bottles, a red cross on his  
arm. His helmet is cocked back on his head and backlight shines  
through the shock of red hair spilling onto his forehead.

Almost immediately he's lost in the smoke.

ROCK keeps moving forward without taking his eyes off the spot where  
O'HARA disappeared as STEELE continues...

STEELE

I mean, if I was a nazzey an' I hadda  
go up against my men or your men, I'd  
be scared, you know?

ROCK

Yeah.

ROCK'S attention is on the ridge.

The smoke clears...but O'HARA is gone.

BOOOOOM! The big gun thunders again, belching smoke, hurling furious  
steel north at the German positions.

STEELE

You think we gonna win it, Rock?

BEGIN CLOSING CREDITS

