

SGT. ROCK

Written by
Guy Ritchie

and the character created by
Bob Kanigher

No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced, or used by
any means, or quoted or published in any medium without the prior
written consent of Warner Bros.

Second DRAFT
March 28, 2008
© 2008

WARNER BROS.
All Rights Reserved

FADE IN:

EXT. WWII BATTLEFIELD - DAY

A title card comes at us through the fog of battle:

WAR!

SERIES OF SHOTS: Air-cooled M-1s kick repeatedly. Shells shriek overhead. Mortar fire pounds a hillside, sending up great geysers of dirt. An Mg-42 thrusts its ugly snout out of a foxhole and blasts so rapidly it sounds like a power saw. A Nazi helmet, with something still in it, bounces off the front of a Jeep. Moaning Germans are hauled away on stretchers, passing a NAZI LIEUTENANT, his uniform bloody and sweat-stained, his face sunburnt from days of battle. He stares up at a mountain pass and shakes his head in a mixture of astonishment and admiration.

NAZI LIEUTENANT
(German, subtitled)
Unbelievable.

Reinforcements arrive on the battlefield, led by a YOUNG CAPTAIN whose MEN are fresh-faced and armed to the teeth, ready to do their part for the Fatherland. The Captain steps up to the Lieutenant and salutes enthusiastically, the battle-worn Lieutenant makes a vague gesture of acknowledgment.

CAPTAIN
(German, subtitled)
What is their strength?

NAZI LIEUTENANT
(German, subtitled)
Five.

CAPTAIN
(German, subtitled)
Five battalions?

NAZI LIEUTENANT
(German, subtitled)
Five...Men, sir.

The CAPTAIN looks at him with disbelief.

CAPTAIN
(German, subtitled)
Five men?

The LIEUTENANT nods and smiles, the CAPTAIN pushes past him and focuses his field glasses on a mountain peak where smoke swirls and a ragged American flag flies.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

(German, subtitled)

Their right flank is undefended.

(lowering glasses)

This humiliation ends today. Gather
your men for a ground assault.

EXT. AMERICAN STRONGHOLD

A pair of steely EYES watch the gathering Nazis below, cigar
smoke wafting across them like a veil.

EXT. NAZI ADVANCE

The Lieutenant moves his MEN up the middle as The Captain
leads a SQUAD around the flank. With each crunch of boots,
we see quick shots of determined faces, hands on weapons,
bayonets gleaming. We end on The Captain, who yells...

CAPTAIN

(German, subtitled)

Attack!

The men charge up the narrow undefended pass. Suddenly,
land mines erupt beneath their feet, blowing men into pieces.
At the same moment, a hail of gunfire rains out from all
sides in a classic ambush. The Captain turns in a circle as
his men are cut down -- screaming, falling, tumbling down
the mountain -- some tripping mines as they fall. All of a
sudden, the cigar smoker, SGT. ROCK (38, superhuman) is up
over the ridge with a machine gun in either hand and belts
of .50 caliber ammo slung over his shoulders. The mountain
of a man is nailing impossible shots, hurling grenades, and
throwing knives that all find their German targets. Shit,
this man has eyes in the back of his head. He's a one man
killing machine. His feats are becoming more and more
unlikely, and gradually, fantastic action becomes humorous
in its ability to look magnificent, but virtually impossible.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Retreat!

A bullet strafes THE CAPTAINS face, he falls and cowers
beneath the gunfire as, all around him, his men fall dead or
flee. Finally, the shooting stops. In the silence, The
Captain hears the footfall of heavy boots approaching and
the jangle of a bandoleer. A shadow falls over him. The
Captain slowly looks up to reveal an impossibly imposing and
impressive caricature of military-macho-magnificence...our
first clear sight of the infamous, SGT ROCK...

ROCK

Close, but no cigar.

The scene is interrupted by the cry of,...

EDITOR

Bullshit!

INT. BUNKER -- LONDON

Four men are playing poker at a table in the middle of a sandbagged air raid bunker. Three of the men are GENERALS in uniform. The odd man out and in civilian clothing is a newspaper EDITOR(45). The thud of bombs outside blends in with air raid sirens as their debate continues and dust falls around them.

GENERAL NO 1

Bullshit or not, we run this paper to boost morale. With eight inches of snow on the ground and the German armor pushing through the Ardennes we need all the morale we can get.

(beat)

I raise.

The General no1 pushes money into the pot.

GENERAL NO 2

Our men get enough reality out on the front line. You take this story and you make it work.

(beat)

I fold.

The General no2 mucks his hand.

GENERAL NO 3

When the war's over you can go home and a run a newspaper any way you please, but for now, see if you can't bring this Rock character to life. Give us all something to cheer about.

(beat)

Fold.

The General no3 throws in his hand. The three Generals look at the EDITOR.

EDITOR

Well seeing as you put it like that, I suppose I might be able to spare a man to look into it. I call.

He pushes money into the pot.

EDITOR (CONT'D)

What you got there General?

GENERAL NO 1

Three Kings!

The Editor turns over his own cards, two eights and two aces. The General scoops the pot toward him and looks in pity at the Editor.

GENERAL NO 1 (CONT'D)

Dead man's hand.

INT. LONDON-STARS & STRIPES EDITOR'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

We cut to hear a similar cry of...

TONY

Bullshit!

The EDITOR cleans bricks off his desk from last night's bombing, while TONY, a writer (30's) sits smoking his cigarette truculently. There's a hole in the wall that looks out down the river Thames. GOYLE, a nerdy looking, bespectacled, 21-year-old, is sweeping debris in the background and putting bottles into a cardboard box. He's listening in to the conversation when he shouldn't be.

GOYLE

But it makes a good story.

EDITOR

What's it got to do with you Goyle?
Get on with cleaning up the office.

(turning back to Tony)

What's the first rule of journalism
Tony?

TONY

Never let the truth get in the way
of a good story. But this isn't
even a good story, this is bullshit!

EDITOR

It might be bullshit, but it's
bullshit the brass wants.

GOYLE

I'll do it.

EDITOR

You'll do what Goyle?

GOYLE

I have heard about this Sergeant
Rock, I could really make him into
something sir. I could do a lot
more for this place than just
translating propaganda. If you'd
let me,....

EDITOR

Goyle not again, now get out.

The Editor turns to Goyle and notices him manhandling his single malt.

EDITOR (CONT'D)

Stick to your job and mind that
whisky, it's twice as old as you and
a lot more valuable.

Goyle walks out of the office with the box, we see the bottle rattling precariously on his loaded pile. We hear a SMASH.

EDITOR (CONT'D)

Goyle!!

GOYLE (O.S.)

Sorry sir.

INT. STARS & STRIPES INTERIOR OFFICE

GOYLE finishes clearing up the broken bottle and sits back at his desk which yawns under piles of paperwork. We can see the EDITOR and TONY continuing to argue through a broken window in the office wall. GOYLE surveys the chaos in front of him. Where to begin?

From nowhere a pile of German newspapers hits the desk in front of him. We look up with him to see SALLY (20) the paper's secretary.

SALLY

(Playfully)

What are the enemy saying about us
this week?

GOYLE

(wearily moving the
papers to one side)

When I've figured it out you'll be
the first to know.

SALLY

Poor old Goyle. Stuck behind a desk,
reading the news instead of writing
it.

GOYLE

I don't think the boss likes me.

SALLY

You're clever, you're clumsy and
you're the only Englishman within
yelling distance. He doesn't want
bilingual Brits with physics degrees -
he wants people to write his stories,
his way.

GOYLE

I could give him stories.

SALLY

I know you could Goyle, but now you just have to convince him of that.

GOYLE

Sally, please marry me,...

SALLY

That could be dangerous.

GOYLE

(indicating the bomb
damage)

And this is safety?

INT. STARS & STRIPES- EDITOR'S OFFICE

The Editor and Tony are still talking.

TONY

I'm telling you it's a bum story.
It's Berlin or bust for me baby,
this war is coming to an end and I'm
going to be sitting in the front row
when the curtain comes down.

(beat)

And you're going to be the man that
prints that story ahead of anybody
else.

(beat)

The brass wants a cartoon hero?
Send that kid to sketch him,...

EDITOR

Goyle?

TONY

Yeah, the office genius, Professor
Goyle! Speaks a dozen languages and
thinks he can split the atom. He
says he wants it, and you know he
can write, a bit too clever for his
own good maybe, but throw the dog a
bone.

(beat)

You want the rest of your whiskey to
make it to the end of the war? Get
him outta here.

EDITOR

(considering)

He's a disaster area.

TONY

So send him to a war zone, he'll fit right in. What's he doing here anyway?

EDITOR

I swapped him.

TONY

For what?

EDITOR

This allied integration program. I give the Brits the finest US combat reporter I ever had- present company excepted. And they give me Goyle, their 'best man'. OK he speaks German, but he's done more damage to this office than the Luftwaffe.

TONY

No good deed goes unpunished.

The Editor laughs.

TONY (CONT'D)

If the Brits cared what he was doing they'd have found something for him to do. The kid's a fifth wheel, cut him loose. The brass is happy, we're happy, the whisky's happy, 'allied integration' is happy, and Goyle sees a little action.

(beat)

Who knows, maybe he'll even trip over a story. The only loser here is Hitler!

The Editor thinks for a second.

EDITOR

GOYLE!

INT. CARGO TRUCK

We pull back from the name GOYLE etched in webbing on a uniform to see its owner sitting in the back of a cargo truck with a GANG OF GI's on their way to France. They're all listening to a story one of the SOLDIERS is enjoying telling, GOYLE is taking notes.

SOLDIER

Rock! Yeah, I heard he sits on the front of a tank, right next to the barrel firing his machine gun and smoking a cigar.

(MORE)

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

They say he lights that Cohiba from
the barrel of an M1.

WE SEE all of this of course, bullets bounce off the front
of the tank, while Rock calmly takes pot shots at the
attackers. The canon roars, he extracts his cigar and in
ultra slow motion he lights his cigar from the horizontal
flame that is spent from the mouth of the gun.

GOYLE

Really?

Goyle likes the sound of these stories. He believes them
without reservation.

OTHER SOLDIER

I don't buy it. I heard all these
stories before. A sergeant named
Rock saves men from Panzers. Rock
and his ragtag platoon kick the Nazis
out of Africa, then Italy,... Please!

SECOND SOLDIER

You'd rather believe in the chain of
command?

OTHER SOLDIER

You prefer the fairy tale?

SECOND SOLDIER

I believe in action.

EXT. SHIP

Goyle's looking nauseous listening to a couple of GI's
continue their stories of Sgt Rock, while on a boat crossing
the channel.

SOLDIER

I heard he was captured one time.
Only thing the Nazi's got outta his
smiler was a mouthful of spit and a
flash of white teeth,...took a beating
from hell. He didn't eat for a month
or drink for a week. Got so thin he
slipped through the bars, then he
crept back in to steal the
commandant's Rembrandt,..and tickle
his wife.

INT. TRAIN

Goyle is sitting on a train in a similar scenario. Another
SOLDIER is finishing the story.

ANOTHER SOLDIER

Apparently she hid him under the bed sheets for a week.

We see Goyle dutifully transcribing all of this onto his pad.

EXT. WALKING TO AIRPLANE

Goyle is walking with another GI, again with his note book out.

OTHER SOLDIER

How else do you think we knew where to land on D day?

INT. BURNT OUT FRENCH CAFE

We see Goyle having something to eat in a French cafe that's full of soldiers.

SOLDIER

Odds are he's a foxhole fantasy.

Goyle looks disappointed.

GOYLE

You're saying he's not real?

SOLDIER

Of course not, he's been made up by the brass. He's a 'pull up a sand bag and listen to a tall one', he's a propaganda piece.

GOYLE

But no one's ever written anything about him.

SOLDIER

So I guess some sucker will get that job.

EXT. ROAD

We see Goyle, marching through a chaotic parade of MEN and equipment. The ground's covered in muddy snow, it looks like some kind of evacuation is taking place, everyone is cold, pissed off and going in the other direction. Goyle heads toward what looks like the HQ. Eventually, he is forced off the road by a cargo truck piled high with an unfeasible collection of culinary gear.

INT. CARGO TRUCK

Charlie, The COOK, (45, a little fat, a little florid, and has a determined-slightly mad glint in his eye.

He is the SECOND SOLDIER from the troop we saw earlier) is driving at the front of the line. Another COOK sits beside him. We SEE in the distance a jeep approaching.

OTHER COOK

That's a General coming down the road Charlie, we've got to move off it.

COOK

I ain't going nowhere.

OTHER COOK

(weary, but resigned
to dealing with his
comrade's excesses)

Charlie, it's a General. We gotta get out of the way.

COOK

What in God's name for? An army marches on its stomach and I aim to give that stomach what it needs. You can run a war without Generals, but a General can't run a war without cooks!

OTHER COOK

C'mon, you've been sore since those Generals sent your goose back.

COOK

You're damn right I'm sore about it.

OTHER COOK

Charlie, move the truck.

COOK

(drifting off into
his memory)

Said it was tough, they said that goose was swimming in fat.

OTHER COOK

Charlie, let's go, huh?

COOK

(back in the moment,
and angry)

I'll tell you what's swimming in fat - this army, the brass, that's who! And I'll tell you who's tough, we're tough!

OTHER COOK

(growing more anxious)

Ok Charlie, you're tough I agree,
now can we get off the road before
we find out how tough the General
is?

COOK

If they ran this thing the way I run
a kitchen we'd be in Germany by now.

OTHER COOK

Here we go again,...

INT. GENERAL'S CAR

We see GENERAL KUBERT, eye patch (50) inside his General's
jeep, all business. As they near the cargo truck they are
having to come to a halt - they can't pass.

GEN. KUBERT

What's that idiot doing there
Private?

PRIVATE

I don't know Sir, I think he must
be having err, problems.

GEN. KUBERT

Problems? I'll give him problems.
Use your horn man, make him move.
Beep beep.

PRIVATE

I don't believe he knows who you are
sir.

GEN. KUBERT

Doesn't know who I am? What the
hell are those stars doing on that
flag if they don't know who I am?
I'll sort this out myself.

GENERAL KUBERT storms out of the jeep to confront the COOK
who is climbing down from his own transport, the other cook
struggles to restrain him.

OTHER COOK

(resigning himself to
a disastrous outcome)

We'll get court marshalled for this,
Charlie. Charlie!

COOK
(continuing his rant,
oblivious)
They couldn't even make a decision
to court martial me. This war has
come to a stand still because
everyone's too scared what'll happen
to their ass if they make the wrong
one. Well I'm not scared,...and
I've made my decision.

INT. TENT - PRITCHARD HQ

Major PRITCHARD (35) is staring at GOYLE in disbelief.

MAJ. PRITCHARD
You've got to be kidding me.

GOYLE
No, Sir,...

MAJ. PRITCHARD
Am I asleep, is this a dream? Did I
dream you?

GOYLE
No sir. I'm real, Sir.

MAJ. PRITCHARD
Well that's great 'cos you really
couldn't have come at a better time.
Do you have any idea what's going on
here?

GOYLE
I,...

Major Pritchard interrupts, he is not interested in having a
journalist at his base.

MAJ PRITCHARD
Well, seeing as you are real private,
I'll keep it real simple for you. I
am trying to move thousands of men
and their equipment out of here.
It is a huge undertaking, infinitely
complex and fraught with problems.
And now the press are here. Looking
for one man?

GOYLE
I don't want to cause any trouble.

MAJ PRITCHARD
Oh I shouldn't worry about that, we
have plenty of trouble here, no one's
(MORE)

MAJ PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
going to notice a little more.
Besides, it doesn't matter what you
want. These are orders and I am
'ordered' to assist you in any way
possible.

GOYLE
That's very kind.

MAJ PRITCHARD
I'm not kind, you're just lucky.
(pause)
We both are, because today is our
lucky day - you don't have to find
Rock and I don't have to help you
find Rock, because Rock's dead.

INT. TWEE FRENCH FARM HOUSE

There is a man lying on a ridiculously inviting French sofa,
its SGT ROCK. A young, attractive NURSE is massaging his
feet, she passes him a beer, he takes it and has a sip. He
looks more relaxed than a sports fan after Sunday lunch.
There's a SOLDIER making a complicated looking meal round a
sweet country cooker. The whole scene is too inviting and
comfortable to be true. Juxtaposed are the explosions
outside. Sitting opposite him is a refined looking old
bastard smoking a cigar, ROCK'S FATHER (55) We can still
hear bombs going off in the back ground.

ROCK'S FATHER
Son, you gotta keep fighting.

SGT ROCK
I don't wanna keep fighting, dad. I
been doing it too long, seen too
many deaths. I don't like it. In
fact I hate it.

ROCK'S FATHER
Somebody's gotta do it son.

There's a heavy banging on the door.

Rock thinks about going to answer, but the nurse doesn't let
his feet go easily. His eyes get heavy again.

ICE CREAM (O.S.)
COME ON SERGEANT COME BACK OUT HERE
YOU BASTARD, DON'T THROW IT ALL AWAY,
THINK ABOUT THE WOMEN, THINK ABOUT
THE FOOD, WAKE UP YOU STUPID SUNNAVA
BITCH.

ROCK
Oh shit,...

Rock gets up reluctantly and with great effort. His father passes him a cigar on route.

ROCK'S FATHER

Take this, you'll need it.

ICE CREAM (O.S.)

IF YOU DON'T ANSWER ME I AM GOING TO
COME AND GET YOU. YOU SAD OLD
BASTARD. I AM COMING IN, DO YOU
HEAR?

Rock sighs as he opens the door - we cut the other side as it opens.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD

It is midwinter, snow on the ground and snow falling. SGT ROCK is lying with a pile of bricks on top of him, a cigar is still in his mouth, with blood coming out of his ears. ICE CREAM, a 25 year-old soldier whose youthful exuberance manages to shine through a battle scarred exterior, is pounding on his chest. Rock's eyes open with desperation, he tugs for breath. He has returned from the dead, a more mortal figure than the one seen previously in the soldier's stories.

ICE CREAM

THAT'S IT. COME BACK SARGE!

INT. TENT - PRITCHARD'S HQ

GOYLE

He's definitely dead?

MAJ PRITCHARD

Yeah definitely, probably. So you've wasted your time, but you're not gonna take up any more of mine.

Goyle looks disappointed, but he's not about to give up. This was his big break, and he was hoping to meet a hero.

GOYLE

I feel I should be certain sir.

MAJ PRITCHARD

You'd like to go out there and find missing troops? Is that what you want to do? Well, you must be a busy man cos I got a whole list here for you if you like. I got Baker Company, a goddamn Negro unit-wandering loose somewhere. God only knows what those people are doing.

(MORE)

MAJ PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

They have tanks and I have no idea where they are or who they're answering to. You wanna bring them in as well? You'd think they wouldn't be too hard to find.

GOYLE

I'm sorry Major. It's just, I have to write this piece. It's my big break.

MAJ PRITCHARD

Big break? You want to write a piece, write it on how an ideal conflict doesn't need men like Rock. Their sort of attitude is an obstacle to operational efficiency. Battle's aren't won by 'heroes' out there. They're won by careful planning, in here,...

PRITCHARD taps his map and then his head.

MAJ PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

And in here.

(beat)

Last I heard Easy Company was about five miles North. You run along up there if you want, but know this, me and the rest of the war are heading in the other direction.

(beat)

Now, if you're still going, you can take 'em their mail.

PRITCHARD tosses GOYLE a sack of letters.

MAJ. PRITCHARD

Get out of here and grab the first vehicle you can find, head north till something happens.

(beat)

And Goyle, something will happen.

EXT. TENT - PRITCHARDS HQ

Goyle approaches a GI with a truck who is in conversation with another SERGEANT. GOYLE waits for them to finish and then hands him his orders.

GOYLE

I'm, erh, I'm from Stars and Stripes, you know, the newspaper and...

The PFC looks at the orders that Goyle hands over to him and quickly answers.

PFC

I ain't got no gas.

GOYLE

But...I just heard you tell that sergeant you had, I heard you, I thought I heard you say you had sixty miles of gas.

PFC

Well this here is southerly gas, can't you smell it? It's got that Southerly smell. It won't go north, not up to the line. I'd love to take you, but it's a matter of internal combustion.

GOYLE

(undeterred)

Where do I need to go to get some northerly gas?

PFC

What you need is a lotta luck and a different driver.

The GI jumps in his truck and begins to pull away. GOYLE is left holding his note from Pritchard, out of step like a kid arriving at a new school.

Suddenly we hear a HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLE shriek from above, it's approaching the compound fast.

EXT. ROAD - WIDE

We see Pritchard's HQ off the road as well as the Cook and General Kubert's showdown on the road. Everyone stops what they are doing and looks to the sky. A single shell strikes the road and compound, obliterating it in a spectacular burst of energy. Tents are shredded, trucks overturned; a fireball radiates out, tearing up ground as it goes. The shock wave hits a checkpoint, turning the guard shack into splinters and tossing a Jeep high into the air. The Jeep twirls toward GOYLE who is sprinting from PRITCHARD'S HQ as other soldiers run for cover. The commotion settles and Goyle picks himself up.

GOYLE

What was that?

GI

I ain't never seen one shell do that.

GOYLE

(gazing up at the sky)

Do they usually fire another one?

The GI can see this guy has never been in the field before.

GI
You injured?

GOYLE
No.

GI
You a medic?

GOYLE
No.

GI
You got some place to be?

GOYLE
Yes, I think so.

GI
Then go there, before another shell
comes in.

The GI runs off. Goyle looks at his map, flustered. What has he got himself into? He gets his bearings and finds a bicycle, which has been knocked over by the explosion. As he checks it still works a truck drives past heading south with troops and the wounded on board. A SOLDIER calls out from the back.

SOLDIER
Get in if you want out.

GOYLE
Thanks, but I'm going in the other
direction.

A confused look and a shrug from the soldier as the truck pulls away. GOYLE gets on the bike and rides north.

EXT. TWEE FRENCH FARM HOUSE -- EVENING

ROCK is being slapped back into life. He's coughing and trying to recover his coordination.

ROCK
What the hell's going on Ice Cream?
Where are we?

ICE CREAM
We're behind enemy lines and we just
started our vacation.

ROCK
Hell of a way to start it. What's
all the mess about?

ICE CREAM

There was an accident - half the building fell on top of you and er...we lost the chef, his cooker blew up. I mean it really exploded. It was the one he made himself. I told him it was a bad idea.

ROCK

We lost Philippe? I liked Philippe. Damn good cook. What about the meat?

ICE CREAM

Philippe, the meat...the meat and Philippe, it's all the same thing.

ROCK

That's not good. From now on we split the ingredients up between the men, we're not taking any more chances. Philippe would have wanted us to have that meal,...

ICE CREAM

Yes he would.

ROCK

Then what happened?

ICE CREAM

(nostalgic already
for Rock's promise
of time off and good
food)

We was happily preparing a nice lunch, we were gonna make that meat into a stroganoff, it being a German dish and all...

ROCK

It's a Russian dish actually.

ICE CREAM

Anyway, we had the cream, mushrooms, fresh cracked pepper, we was just debating whether or not to use them onions they gave us back in the village. Philippe says they don't go in no Stroganoff, we're frying the onions and WHAMO! It was like the whole building just exploded.

RETREAD appears(35, he and ROCK argue, but they've been through hell together. Together they're the elder statesmen of the gang). He wears a dirty apron over his uniform and a cleaver hangs from his belt, he's in shock to see the Sarge alive, but it's not the first time he's seen him resurrected.

RETREAD

Ahhhh, you're dead Sarge, I just told everyone you're dead!

ROCK

Sorry Retread, I hope it's not a disappointment.

RETREAD

I'm used to it. But I already told Pritchard that you were dead - he didn't sound too disappointed.

ROCK

What else did he say?

RETREAD

Nothing. Radio died just after you did.

WILDMAN (28, heavy set, wild beard and has a rifle with a huge scope. He has German decorations on a tattered American uniform which is augmented by bits of fleece and hide, he is more 19th century trapper than 20th century soldier) enters.

WILDMAN

Holy mother of God. We were right Retread, he can't die! I said it was impossible, I knew you weren't really dead Sarge, you're indestructible. Can I have a kiss? I need a kiss.

WILDMAN throws himself all over Rock.

ROCK

Whoa! Get that beard out of my face nature boy, a kiss from you might be all it takes to kill me.

Rock pulls himself up and brushes himself off.

ROCK (CONT'D)

All that smoke and noise could have attracted the Germans. Let's get out there and see if we're still alone.

ICE CREAM

Are you sure you're OK Sarge?

ROCK

If the vacation's OK, I'm OK.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A large gray owl turns its head toward Goyle who is wheeling his bicycle through a thick and frozen forest. Evidently lost, he fumbles with a map - snow is everywhere and everything looks the same.

GOYLE

Where am I?

He pushes on through the trees struggling with the bike, the map, and his compass. He's dwarfed by his dark surroundings like a child in a fairy tale. He begins singing "Don't Fence Me In" to himself for reassurance. He pushes branches out of his way when one snaps back, hitting him in the face and knocking his glasses off. As he searches for them in the snow we hear a vehicle approaching.

GOYLE (CONT'D)

Thank you God!

He finds the glasses and is cleaning them off as he emerges from the woods onto a road. He begins waving at the approaching truck.

Switch to GOYLE's POV as he puts on his glasses, the truck comes into focus. It is German.

GOYLE (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

He struggles frantically to get on the bike and head back into the trees, but has difficulty getting any momentum on the rough woodland terrain. He is getting nowhere fast as we see the German truck loom into view behind him. It has to pull up as the woods block its path - soldiers pour out of the back and start to pursue GOYLE, who is still tottering away on his bike. They start taking the occasional pot shot at our boy. He pedals for his life, dodging bullets and trees more by luck than judgment, the Germans are gaining on him. GOYLE looks behind him, cycles into a tree and flies forwards into a ditch.

He lies still and tries to cover his breathing. Soon after, a massive GERMAN coolly walks up to the edge of the trench and looks down at a shivering Goyle. The German smiles, he's in no rush to kill him, he lets his gun relax for a second while he pulls out a cigarette and a lighter. He lights up and raises his gun. Just before he shoots, the rock against which Goyle is cowering moves, it's Sgt ROCK who has been perfectly camouflaged, we were looking directly at him but we couldn't see. He fires his machine gun and riddles the German with bullets.

The GERMAN falls and the lighter slips out of his hand, ROCK picks up the lighter and lights his cigar. He gets up calm as you like and walks away as we HEAR more shooting nearby.

Goyle is speechless and shocked, this is his first taste of combat.

GOYLE (CONT'D)

You, you're an American,...

ROCK

You must be military intelligence.

GOYLE

I'm a reporter.

Rock turning and walking away.

ROCK

Well here's the news, in 15 minutes this place will be swarming with Germans, and it's you that's invited them. My boys aren't gonna be happy about this. What are you doing out here?

ROCK begins to lead GOYLE back through the forest, checking behind him all the way to see if they are being pursued.

GOYLE

I was looking for a soldier.

ROCK

Behind the lines? What's his name?

GOYLE

Rock, Sergeant Rock.

Pause, ROCK smiles slightly, checks their surroundings.

ROCK

That man was a hero, write great things.

ROCK moves on. GOYLE follows.

GOYLE

Did you know him?

ROCK

I met him. Everything they say is true, the good stuff that is. Tall as a tree, tough as a bear,...they say he was a hell of a lover too,...

ICE CREAM (O.S.)

Hey Sarge, Sergeant Rock!

GOYLE looks at ROCK.

ROCK

And he's surrounded by idiots.

GERONIMO (25, an American Indian, with various tribal additions to his uniform) and ICE CREAM appear from out of the undergrowth.

ROCK (CONT'D)

Did you take care of them?

ICE CREAM

Yeah, there were twelve of them.
You think they heard Phillipe's
cooker?

ROCK

(looking at Goyle's
uniform)

Either that or Goyle invited them.

ICE CREAM

A girl?

ROCK

He's pretty, but he ain't that pretty.
You best be careful Goyle, he's as
horny as he is blind.

(beat)

Now, we gotta move.

ICE CREAM

Dammit Sarge, we were just getting
comfortable.

ROCK

Blame Goyle.

The group turn to Goyle frustrated.

GOYLE

Sorry.

ROCK begins moving, the others follow.

EXT. TWEE FRENCH FARM HOUSE

They emerge from the trees at the French Farm House. RETREAD stands in the doorway, holding a frying pan, face like thunder. The house is now in disrepair from the accident with the cooker. If ROCK is effectively the squad's father then he is the mother.

RETREAD

Oh, here they are! Don't tell me,
dinner's off.

ROCK

We're on the move.

WILDMAN emerges from the farm house, chewing.

RETREAD

I knew this was gonna happen. I
knew the vacation was gonna get
ruined. Who's that?

They all look to Goyle.

GOYLE

I'm Goyle. I'm a reporter, for Stars
and Stripes.

ICE CREAM

An English Goyle? I like English
Goyle's.

GERONIMO

What's an English girl doing on Stars
& Stripes?

WILDMAN

'Allied Integration' where've you
been? Hey anybody notice any owls
out there? According to my book
this is a fantastic area for owls.

They ignore him.

ICE CREAM

You gonna make us famous?

ROCK

He's gonna make us dead if we don't
get out of here.

Everyone starts collecting gear to move out.

ICE CREAM

(to GOYLE)

Hey, lend me your glasses.

GOYLE hands them over, ICE CREAM tries them on, squints and
tosses them back.

ICE CREAM (CONT'D)

You got real problems.

RETREAD

(packing up and pissed
off)

Some vacation this turned out to be.

(MORE)

RETREAD (CONT'D)

Philippe everywhere, food nowhere,
and now Germans are coming to ruin
the party.

GOYLE

I didn't mean to cause any trouble.
But aren't you supposed to be fighting
Germans anyway?

There is a deadly pause, while all eyes bear down on Goyle.

GOYLE (CONT'D)

Have I said something?

ROCK

Your timing's bad Goyle, why do you
think we are behind enemy lines?

GOYLE

You fight the Germans, wherever you
find them, ...Everyone says you're a
hero.

ROCK

No Goyle. Fifty-one weeks of the
year we fight Germans, lose good men
and eat very bad food. But not this
week, this is "our" week, vacation
week. This is good food and wine
week. We hired a chef, brushed our
hair, bought a guide book, and sneaked
off the map for a little R&R.

RETREAD

You can do your story next week.

Clang! Suddenly a bullet ricochets off GOYLE'S helmet, part
of a burst of incoming fire. All the men dive for cover.

ROCK

If I keep you alive that long.

GOYLE

What was that?

WILDMAN

A bullet. Don't take it personally.

ICE CREAM

How many Gerry?

Geronimo sniffs the air.

GERONIMO

Lots.

Without speaking the squad goes into what is evidently a subconscious routine. Wildman sprints from cover and disappears. The rest of the group head into the farmhouse.

INT. TWEE FRENCH FARM HOUSE

GOYLE

Can he smell the enemy?

RETREAD

He can't smell his own farts.

ICE CREAM

Well, I smell money. Twenty bucks says he's right.

RETREAD

You're on.

(to Goyle)

Might as well have a marble stuck up each nostril, but he's Indian so he thinks he's a tracker.

GERONIMO

Saved your ass more than once though haven't I?

RETREAD

That's cos you love my ass, not 'cos you love me?

A single shot rings out, followed by a bird call.

WILDMAN (O.S.)

All clear.

EXT. TWEE FRENCH FARM HOUSE

The men emerge from the Farmhouse.

ICE CREAM

Where are they?

WILDMAN

200 yards, South East.

ICE CREAM

(To RETREAD)

Hey Mr Happy, you owe me twenty bucks.

RETREAD

My accountant's in Berlin.

ICE CREAM

With your mammy!

We hear another truck load of Germans approaching.

RETREAD
 (getting twitchy)
 Dammit Goyle, you've ruined the whole day.

ROCK
 (to Retread, keeping him focused)
 Hey!

They exchange a glance.

ROCK (CONT'D)
 (to everyone)
 Let's move.

EXT. FOREST

The squad moves on quickly, GOYLE looks nervously at the woods around him as he brings up the rear.

He looks at his newfound protectors, their unorthodox dress and attitudes, and the fact that he's nearly died twice in half an hour are clearly not what he was expecting. He wants to flee, but he wants to fit in more. Most of all he wants to stay alive.

INT. REMAINS OF MAJOR PRITCHARD'S COMMAND CENTER

Soldiers are struggling to restore some sort of order to what's left of HQ. Pritchard himself is fussing over his damaged maps while berating those around him. One SOLDIER is struggling to repair a radio.

MAJ. PRITCHARD
 We have to get communications up and running, what's left and what's working? How long until we can get signal?

SOLDIER
 We should be back up within a few hours sir.

MAJ. PRITCHARD
 Hours! We need to be up, organized and out of here before then.

The doors to the tent swing open and there stands an almost naked man. He is wearing nothing but military boots, a two-star General's helmet, and is holding a ladle in his hand. It's the COOK.

The soldiers' jaws drop when they see the two-stars and they jump to their feet and salute. The COOK is taken slightly by surprise, he looks subtly over his shoulder into a broken window and catches the two-stars in the reflection.

Without giving away his surprise he immediately adjusts his countenance and assumes the attitude of a General.

MAJ. PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
General Kubert?

COOK
(gesturing about him
with the ladle)
What's this debacle all about, Major?

MAJ. PRITCHARD
Sir, we were in the process of pulling back from this position when, as you can see, we were hit by some kind of a shell. We weren't prepared for an attack of this nature...

COOK
You weren't prepared? This is war Major, War! What did you want a telegram, a smoke signal, a scented letter with a pressed flower inside? They're trying to kill us man, get prepared.
(beat)
Look at me Major, look at me.

MAJ. PRITCHARD
Yes, sir.

COOK
Are you looking at me major, I mean really looking? What do you see?

Pritchard doesn't really want to look at the naked rotund General at all, but he forces himself to.

MAJ. PRITCHARD
I see a General sir.

COOK
Don't be an imbecile man, I'm naked. What you see is a naked general, no wonder this place is a goddamn mess, you can't even see what's in front of you. What am I?

MAJ. PRITCHARD
A naked General Sir.

COOK
I may be naked Major. But I am NEVER unprepared. You think you need a uniform to be prepared Major?

MAJ. PRITCHARD

No Sir, I guess not.

COOK

Good, then you can give me yours.

INT. GERMAN BASE - HANGER

A jeep with two MEN inside it is driving through a large aircraft hangar past busy engineers and idle planes. It passes the tail section of huge airplane. The jeep falls into shadow as it moves under the giant wing then back into the light where it slows down until it stops by a vast wheel-part of the undercarriage-beneath which we can see men seated at a long table as if for dinner. The driver gets out and runs around to open the door for his passenger, CAPTAIN GROATS. He steps out of the vehicle and walks toward the table which we see is set expensively. Groats throws his hand up in the standard greeting of...

GROATS (subtitled)

Heil Hitler!

Reveal COLONEL MANNHEIM sitting at the table. The other diners are all in Luftwaffe dress uniform. At the opposite end from MANNHEIM sits a giant figure, the Amerikabomber's PILOT. MANNHEIM doesn't salute and instead beckons Groats to sit alongside him.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

Have a seat, Captain Groats.

GROATS sits down.

GROATS (subtitled)

A little lax on the formalities I see, Colonel.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

Here we are more concerned about the future of war than the traditions of service, Captain.

Mannheim snaps his fingers. A waiter rolls a serving tray forward and sets two covered plates before the men.

MANNHEIM (subtitled) (CONT'D)

You're a little late. I'm afraid the crew have already eaten, but I felt that you and I should dine together nonetheless.

GROATS (subtitled)

It will be my honor, Herr Colonel.

The covers are pulled off...beneath are perfectly cooked steaks. Groats looks somewhat uncomfortable.

Mannheim begins eating.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
So what do you think of the train?

GROATS (subtitled)
Most efficient and impressive.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
The Americans don't know which way
to run. And a few well placed shells
have cleared the path to launch this,
the real surprise

He gestures with his fork at the aircraft above.

GROATS (subtitled)
It's fantastic. The Fuhrer will
pleased.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
This is a weapon the Führer rejected
when it was first designed. He felt
it was,...what did he say?

He turns to one of his officer, for confirmation.

OFFICER (subtitled)
That it was 'out of scale', Herr
Colonel.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
Yes, that it didn't conform with
German battlefield aesthetics.
Imagine.

GROATS (subtitled)
I am certain the Fuhrer will take a
different view in light of your recent
successes Colonel.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
Is there something wrong with your
food?

He looks to Groats' plate -- untouched, as is his fork.

GROATS (subtitled)
I'm sure it is most excellent, but...

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
But what, Captain?

GROATS (subtitled)
As officers of the Reich, we are
discouraged from eating meat.
(MORE)

GROATS (subtitled) (CONT'D)
Per the Führer's orders, vegetables
are to be consumed at official
luncheons and dinners.

Mannheim just chomps his steak and looks at Groats.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
You do not want steak?

GROATS (subtitled).
It is not an issue of what I want.
The Führer --

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
The Führer? The Fuhrer is hiding in
a bunker in Berlin with his mistress!
His hands shake from disease. He
consumes narcotics. He allows
soldiers to freeze on the Russian
front while he designs cities that
will never be...that is what comes
from eating only vegetables!

GROATS (subtitled)
Colonel, this is the Führer of whom
we speak.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
You are with me, Captain Groats.
This is my base, where I -- and those
who are like-minded -- eat what we
want. So if you want steak, Captain,
it's there in front of you.

Groats squirms, swallows, then...

GROATS (subtitled)
I would prefer vegetables, Herr
Colonel.

Mannheim glares at him. He then pushes his own plate forward
and takes the meat from his mouth with his napkin.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
Excellent. Excellent, Captain.
Loyalty is a most German virtue. I
don't need to tell you, there have
been plots, even among the Führer's
own men. Tests are sometimes
necessary.

Groats breathes an audible sigh of relief.

Mannheim again snaps his fingers. The chef retrieves a second
plate from below the cart. He sets it before Groats and
lifts the cover to reveal vegetables on a bed of rice.

MANNHEIM (subtitled) (CONT'D)

I expect this will be more to your liking.

GROATS (subtitled)

Yes. Thank you, Herr Colonel.

Groats begins to eat as Mannheim continues...

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

You can't trust anybody. Ten minutes after you inspected the train, it was attacked by partisans.

GROATS (subtitled)

Attacked?

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

They blew a section of track, the usual thing. Nothing for you to worry about, Captain. The train will be back here soon enough. Besides, its work is done, the Americans are gone and the skies are clear.

GROATS (subtitled)

I'm sure the Fuhrer will soon approve the launch of the plane, Colonel.

Groats coughs. He sets down his fork and reaches for his water.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

The plane will fly, Captain, but it will not be because of Hitler. It will be in spite of him. I'm not prepared to wait for his approval again.

GROATS is now choking, pulling at his collar, he falls to the floor dying. MANNHEIM resumes eating his steak.

MANNHEIM (subtitled) (CONT'D)

As we say in our French colony, 'bon appetite'.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

ROCK & CO jogging through the forest. GERONIMO is on point, followed by GOYLE and ROCK, the others bring up the rear. They come out of the trees and into the outskirts of a village. GERONIMO stops and signals back for the rest to do so, the small column falls still and silent.

RETREAD

Here we go, ...Ice Cream, we on?

GOYLE

What's happening?

RETREAD

He thinks he can hear General Custer coming over the hill.

GERONIMO gestures upwards. ROCK motions back for everyone to be quiet, there is total silence. Nothing. Retread makes a 'pay up' gesture to Ice Cream-evidently they have a book going in Geronimo's predictions. Everyone waits. Gradually there is the sound of an aircraft approaching. First loud, then ridiculously loud, it is on top of them, but not in the direction GERONIMO had indicated. Instead it looms up from behind, it bounces across the tree line until it crashes into a village. The squad begin to move in.

ICE CREAM

(to RETREAD)

You owe me.

RETREAD

Bullshit. Right idea, wrong direction, that's quits.

GERONIMO

There's more,...

We hear the sound of another aircraft approaching. We look up to see a parachute falling. As he nears the ground a German fighter swoops in and opens fire on the falling figure.

WILDMAN

Bastards.

ROCK

C'mon.

EXT. VILLAGE

We follow the team into the village where we see the aircraft is embedded in the side of a building with its tail section sticking out. Though the place appears to be deserted, they move cautiously, wary of snipers.

GERONIMO

That 109's coming back.

We hear the aircraft returning, the squad take cover. The German fighter takes another pass at the village, strafing the street where the squad are taking cover and then flies away. The men emerge from hiding. ROCK signals GERONIMO and ICE CREAM to head up the road toward the parachutist and sends WILDMAN and RETREAD to check out the plane. GOYLE gets up to follow them, but ROCK motions for him to stay put alongside him. He looks disappointed, he's scared, but trying to fit in.

EXT. VILLAGE

GERONIMO is ahead of ICE CREAM as they are walking up the street. GERONIMO hears something and motions ICE CREAM to stop. ICE CREAM thinks he's seen something though and opens fire.

GERONIMO

Don't shoot! Don't shoot, it's a girl.

ICE CREAM

Eh?

GERONIMO

YOU SHOT A GIRL!

ICE CREAM

I shot Goyle?

GERONIMO

No, it's a woman. You're shooting at a woman.

ICE CREAM lowers his rifle and looks appalled. He and GERONIMO jog up the road toward their former target, evidently she has taken cover.

ICE CREAM

Hey, lady, it's OK, nobody's trying to kill you.

EVA, 25, French, appears from behind a wall with her hands up, behind her is a parachute. She's angry and beautiful.

EVA

People are always trying to kill me. I'm on your side, OK?

ICE CREAM

(smitten)

Sure, that's plenty OK.

GERONIMO

Calm down Ice Cream, no wonder you're going blind.

ROCK and GOYLE run up, WILDMAN and RETREAD are close behind.

ROCK

What's this.

GERONIMO

This is the pilot.

EVA

I fly for the resistance, ok? They
give me information, I drop it back
to the allies.

RETREAD holds a package from the aircraft.

RETREAD

This kind of information?

EVA

(relieved)

You found it!

RETREAD

Sitting right there in the cockpit.
Got your radio too.

ROCK takes the package.

ROCK

What is this?

EVA

I just fly, I don't ask questions.

ROCK

Airborne resistance? Must be
important.

RETREAD

It's all in German.

GOYLE

I speak German.

ROCK

You do something useful Goyle?

He tosses the package to GOYLE.

ROCK (CONT'D)

Time to justify your existence.

GOYLE looks at the package intently then looks at the group.

GOYLE

I'll get started.

GERONIMO

I hear engines.

RETREAD

Engines or injuns?

We hear some serious machinery approaching.

ROCK

Let's go.

EXT. VILLAGE

We cut to see the enemy arriving in the form of two formidable armored half-tracks complete with heavy caliber mounted guns. The squad crouches down and begins to follow ROCK's lead, but they have forgotten GOYLE who stands spellbound by the approaching vehicles. Suddenly ROCK, looking back, does a double take.

ROCK

Goyle!

GOYLE snaps out of it, but it's too late, the nearest half-track's cannon swings towards their position and opens fire. The huge bullets rip into the buildings around the men and turns the walls into dust and rubble. GOYLE scampers towards the others on all fours like a frightened dog as twenty German troops emerge from the half tracks, some carrying heavy weapons and take up position as the cannon's relentless barrage continues to pin the Americans down.

The wall they are hiding behind is in pieces now and bullets continue to rip through the plaster, it's obvious they can't stay here any longer.

Behind them stands an ancient, but sturdy looking chapel complete with graveyard and bell tower that lies across an open road. They will have to move through the enemy's line of fire to get there. They all know what they have to do.

WILDMAN

Let's go to church.

Rock gives a series of silent signals and the squad bursts into action. GERONIMO unpins two grenades with his mouth, stands and hurls them simultaneously at where the Germans are assembling their weapons. At the same time ICE CREAM comes round the corner of the wall and lays down fire with his BAR. WILDMAN-having redirected ICE CREAM's line of fire toward it's intended targets-pops over the wall and snipes down an individual soldier. RETREAD lays down indiscriminate, but effective covering fire, as GERONIMO's perfectly-aimed grenades explode. Bodies fly and smoke and dirt rise up giving ROCK the opportunity he needs to cross the road shielding EVA and GOYLE, firing toward the GERMANS all the while.

As the smoke begins to clear the cannon on the half-track resumes firing at the remains of the squad who are following Rock & Co across the road. The other half track lurches into life and begins moving slowly toward the church with troops sheltering behind.

EXT. CHAPEL

ROCK, EVA & GOYLE sprint into the chapel while the rest of the squad take cover behind gravestones and inside the chapel doorway. Chunks of headstones and masonry explode around them as the incoming fire intensifies.

ICE CREAM is frantically reloading his BAR while sheltering behind a tomb. He yells back at ROCK who is firing from inside the chapel.

ICE CREAM

We're gonna need something extra here!

INT. CHAPEL

WILDMAN has crawled inside.

ROCK

Wildman, how we fixed for surprises?

WILDMAN digs round in his supplies and pulls out a single bazooka round.

ROCK (CONT'D)

That's it?

WILDMAN

Don't you worry, I'll make it count.

He takes the weapon and the rocket and climbs the stairs toward the belfry, meanwhile the battle rages on.

EXT. CHAPEL

GERONIMO crouched behind a headstone is sifting through his pack. He digs out his last grenades and looks over at ICE CREAM who looks back and shakes his head 'yes' as he loads up the final clip of ammunition for his BAR, as RETREAD continues firing. GERONIMO hurls another grenade toward the advancing half track. As it explodes, ICE CREAM pops out and begins unloading his gun into the aftermath, while the others return fire from inside the church. It's clear that their weapons are having only a cosmetic effect on the armored vehicle, which is now being followed up the road by the other.

INT. BELFRY

With calm determination WILDMAN loads up the bazooka and takes careful aim at the half track below.

WILDMAN

Forgive me father, for I know exactly what I'm doing.

We follow the shell (super slow mo) as it flies out of the bazooka and connects with the half track, sending the vehicle and the surrounding soldiers into oblivion. WILDMAN is pleased, the men on the ground relieved. From WILDMAN's POV we see the second half track lurch into reverse and begin to pull away from the chapel.

INT. CHAPEL

The rest of the squad has moved to inside the chapel doors. GOYLE looks through the plans, his shock overcome by his desire to do something useful.

EVA

How come you get the paperwork?

GOYLE

I'm not good with guns.

She looks at him, puzzled.

GOYLE (CONT'D)

I'm a reporter.

EVA

I'm a teacher.

GOYLE

Teacher turned pilot?

EVA

I taught flying.

We see the rest of the squad, making a plan.

ICE CREAM

How long you figure it'll take them to figure out we ain't got another shell?

ROCK

Long enough to radio back and have every gray uniform in the valley queuing up to join the party.

RETREAD

We got a radio.

ROCK

Will it work?

EVA

We made it ourselves.

RETREAD

(tinkering with it)
I'd never have guessed.

GERONIMO ducks down from the belfry.

GERONIMO

Sarge, they're coming back, but this time there's more of em, I think we've really pissed em off.

ROCK

(looking at EVA)

I don't know if we can take the credit for that.

(he turns to RETREAD)

How's that radio?

RETREAD winds a handle and the radio comes to life. RETREAD smiles.

EXT. PRITCHARD'S HQ

Two soldiers are having a cigarette outside the remains of what was the communications building.

SOLDIER

There he was, standing just about as naked as the day he was born, didn't seem to give a damn. Said he'd got gas all over his uniform so he had to take it off before he caught fire.

OTHER SOLDIER

A general! What's his name?

SOLDIER

General Kubert.

The COOK suddenly emerges through the door of the building, PRITCHARD's uniform struggles to contain his substantial gut, PRITCHARD follows as the soldiers snap to attention.

COOK

(they are continuing a conversation)

The fact of the matter is there's Germans out there Major and our job is to get rid of them.

PRITCHARD

Sir-with the greatest respect-our orders are to retreat from this position, and we're already late.

COOK

Late? What do you think this is Pritchard, just another day at the office?

PRITCHARD

Sir, according to intelligence there is no enemy activity in this sector.

COOK

Oh bullshit Major, who do think fired that shell up here, the tooth fairy? Just look at that mountain, everything about it spells trouble. They're up there, I can smell 'em.

A soldier runs up.

SOLDIER

Major!

Pritchard motions for the soldier to wait.

COOK

What's up soldier?

SOLDIER

A radio message Sir, Easy Company. They're up in the valley, they say their under attack,...Sir, ..from German armor.

PRITCHARD bristles with dismay as COOK explodes with excitement, he grabs the soldier by the arm and begins striding towards the radio tent while PRITCHARD scuttles along behind.

COOK

This is what I'm talking about, men in the field! Who's in command up there?

SOLDIER

Sergeant Rock, sir.

PRITCHARD

Rock's dead! It can't be.

COOK

Doesn't sound dead to me, how do you kill a man named Rock? I love him already! Let's give him everything we got. The hell with your retreat Major, I want Howitzers, I want Long Toms, I want air support! We're gonna rain hell on those bastards.

EXT. VILLAGE

The Germans are progressing on foot up the road toward the chapel, shooting sporadically at our men inside.

The half track is moving in as well, it's clear that reinforcements have arrived. They have set up mortar positions which are firing into the graveyard as light mobile artillery is being assembled. The chapel's days are numbered.

INT. CHAPEL

The squad are now completely pinned down. ICE CREAM, GERONIMO and WILDMAN are returning fire from the doorway with what's left of their ammunition, the roof is partially collapsed, dust and rubble fall from above while the building and its fittings rattle and shake with the incoming fire. GOYLE is doing his best to make sense of the documents in the satchel. RETREAD is with the radio, ROCK surveys the battle.

ROCK

This is more than just the regular reception committee, this is something else. Goyle, what we got in that package?

GOYLE looks up and shakes his head, he can't figure it out yet.

GOYLE

Well, it's in German.

ROCK

We already know that Goyle.

GOYLE

I mean serious German, it's technical. It's gonna take time to work it out.

ROCK

'Tread?

RETREAD

Still waiting.

INT. TENT PRITCHARD'S HQ

COOK and PRITCHARD are standing over a RADIO OPERATOR who's listening intently to his set.

PRITCHARD

Sir, I have to point out that it's irregular to say the least to requisition an artillery strike without,...

COOK

Don't talk to me about irregularities in the middle of warfare Major. The vital ingredient here is instinct.

(MORE)

COOK (CONT'D)

Sometimes one must simply sense what to do and set about it. You think those men up there have time to wait for your protocol to come and save their brave American souls?

PRITCHARD

I appreciate that Sir, but if we could just wait for normal communications to be resumed,...

COOK

(taking Pritchard
aside)

Question me in front of the men again Major and you'll be struggling to resume communications with your balls, that's if you ever had any.

INT. FRENCH CHATEAU

This is divisional HQ, a young CAPTAIN runs down a long corridor until he comes to an open door which he knocks upon. Inside we see GENERAL STEIN (Late 40's) he is reclining in a bathtub and smoking a pipe.

CAPTAIN

(averting his eyes)

General, we've heard from General Kubert.

GEN. STEIN

Kubert, that sonofabitch! I wondered what happened to him. What does he want?

CAPTAIN

He wants artillery sir.

GEN. STEIN

I thought he went up there to shake hands and bring everybody back. That valley is supposed to be cleared out.

(amused)

That's Kubert for you, that one eyed Pirate could find trouble in a Swiss convent.

CAPTAIN

What shall I do sir?

GEN. STEIN

Give the old dog whatever he needs. And get me a towel!

INT. CHAPEL

The Germans are nearly in the door now. Holes are appearing in the side of the building, Rock & Co are bunched up by the altar and behind pews at the rear of the building fighting back as formidably as their dwindling ammunition allows. In the midst of the chaos RETREAD still has his ear to the radio.

ICE CREAM

Sarge, we're done, we gotta move, now.

EVA

(from the back of the building)

There's another way out.

RETREAD

Sarge!

ROCK

What is it Retread? I'm busy..

RETREAD

You ain't gonna believe this,...

ROCK

WHAT?

RETREAD

They've ok'd a strike!

The camera tracks in to disbelieving eyes, astonished at the fact that, for once, they've got what they asked for.

RETREAD (CONT'D)

It's almost like we're part of an army!

Enemy bullets thud into the radio. Clearly it's made its last broadcast. Then, approaching from the distance, we hear the whistle and whine of incoming artillery. Everyone knows what's coming.

GERONIMO

Sarge. We need to run.

ROCK

Well let's run.

BANG! Hell lands in shells.

EXT. CHAPEL

We see all seven running for their lives through the rear of the chapel as the village and the Germans disintegrate behind them.

EXT. PRITCHARD'S HQ

COOK is standing atop a kind of ersatz observation post made of surplus equipment, he is viewing the effects of the artillery barrage through a pair of binoculars.

COOK
(speaking slowly,
savoring the moment)
OUTSTANDING!

He soaks up the moment before lowering his glasses and turning his attention to the crowd of increasingly admiring and astonished troops beneath him. In the midst of it all stands PRITCHARD, looking like he's lost a pint of blood.

COOK (CONT'D)
PRITCHARD!

PRITCHARD
Sir,...

COOK
Get these men a hot meal.

PRITCHARD
Err, we have no cook, Sir.

COOK
(He announces
heroically)
Then I'll cook.

The TROOPS burst into spontaneous applause as Cook descends triumphantly into his crowd of new disciples.

EXT. VILLAGE

The squad, minus GERONIMO are moving out of the village, still dodging the occasional bursts of fire from the surviving enemy below. A shot whistles past RETREAD. He throws down his weapon, casts of his helmet, and begins ranting.

RETREAD
That's it! I've had it. Enough
with this.

He turns on ROCK, the others looks on nervously, but do not act, they have seen him like this before. GOYLE and EVA are considerably more alarmed.

RETREAD (CONT'D)
I knew this was gonna happen, it's
always the same. You said we were
gonna take time out. We had it all
mapped out, but you had to find a
chef.

ROCK
 (reaching out)
 Hey,...

RETREAD pushes him away.

RETREAD
 A chef that nearly kills us! Now we
 got Hantzel and Gretel here too, and
 everybody wants us dead again. Well,
 they're not gonna get me 'cos I'm
 not fighting any more. Forget the
 vacation, I'm retiring, right now.
 I'm gone.

He begins taking off his clothes. ROCK grabs him firmly by
 the shoulder and looks into his eye. RETREAD is hyper
 ventilating and shaking.

ROCK
 Retread, come back. Come back...you
 can't retire, they'll shoot you.
 It's called desertion.

RETREAD
 They're shooting at me anyway! And
 I've been hit five times. Maybe it
 would be better to get shot an
 American. Maybe they can put a stop
 to all this!

ROCK leads RETREAD away from the others, he calms down a
 little. Shots are still being fired.

RETREAD (CONT'D)
 You should have let me do the cooking.
 None of this would have happened.

ROCK
 We've been here before, haven't we
 Retread? We've gotta look like we're
 together in front of the kids...
 (gesturing to the
 others)
 Set an example. Nobody likes getting
 shot at, we just have to look like
 we don't mind.

RETREAD
 (coming round)
 Right, right.

ROCK
 It's nobody's fault. It's a war,
 it's an imperfect world.

RETREAD
(smiling almost)
You should have let me cook.

ROCK
You're probably right.

RETREAD
I'm sorry, you know how I am...

ROCK
Listen, get the book, find somewhere,
we'll have something to eat.

RETREAD
Really?

ROCK
Absolutely, you pick a place, I'll
get us there alive.

Another bullet whistles by. GERONIMO appears.

GERONIMO
Sarge, I think I've found somewhere.

RETREAD picks up his gun, GOYLE hands him his helmet, they
exchange looks, embarrassed.

EXT. MOUNTAIN

The squad and Eva are stood at the entrance to a cave in the
mountainside, out of breath. In the distance the village
burns behind them.

ICE CREAM
Do you think it goes through the
mountain?

ROCK
Well it gets us outta here.

They move inside.

INT. CAVE

ROCK
Ok men, let's get that fire lit and
see what we got to eat.

The men each produce somewhat surprising ingredients from
their packs and pockets. It's an impressive selection under
the circumstances, but nothing that really adds up to a meal.
As the squad dish out the foodstuffs GOYLE unfolds the
documents they took from Eva and begins to study them
intently.

ICE CREAM

Man, I wish we still had that beef.

ROCK weighs up their position, the walls of the cave are covered in prehistoric paintings illuminated by the firelight. Primitive figures are depicted in scenes of combat, feast and slaughter. Beyond him other passages run away into darkness.

ROCK

Gerry, see what's back there, see if there's another way out and take Ice Cream with you.

RETREAD

Dinner's in half an hour. Show up late and you lose your Indian reservation.

EXT. PRITCHARD'S HQ

What was once the command post has been transformed into scene of wild consumption and excess. A French gypsy band gaily serenades the troops who are gathered around COOK, chopping vegetables and drinking straight from bottles of wine.

COOK

If there is a country a war should
be fought in gentlemen, it's France.
Why do you think the Germans are
trying to invade it?
(beat)
Because of all this!

He gestures at the banquet before them.

COOK (CONT'D)

And tonight I am going to show you
what all the noise is about. Tonight
you are going to eat like Frenchmen.

PRITCHARD

Sir if I could just have a moment,...

COOK

What is it Major?

PRITCHARD

I was just wondering sir what your
position might be viz a vis the
retreat.

COOK

You know war is like an onion, son.
(MORE)

COOK (CONT'D)

Lotta different layers to it, lotta tears. Peel it back and what do you have?

PRITCHARD

I don't know Sir.

COOK

It's still an onion, Major. Doesn't matter how far you run.

Cook tosses an onion to PRITCHARD who catches it.

COOK (CONT'D)

Get peelin' Major, before I give you something else to cry about.

INT. DEEPER IN CAVE

GERONIMO and ICE CREAM are picking their way through the gloom with a torch

GERONIMO

Something back here smells wrong.

ICE CREAM

Probably bats.

(looking into the
dark)

I think I can see the way out of here.

ICE CREAM trips over something.

ICE CREAM (CONT'D)

What was that?

GERONIMO comes in with his torch. He squints, he can't make out what it is, the camera leans in. GERONIMO reaches his hand out and pokes whatever ICE CREAM tripped over. Suddenly a pair of white, wide eyes flash open.

INT.CAVE- CAMPFIRE

The others are sitting near the fire. Eva and Goyle are looking over the paper work.

EVA

Whatever it is my people thought it was important enough to risk flying it out. If you can't work it out, I have to take it to someone who can.

GOYLE

Give me a little more time.

We move over to the campfire.

WILDMAN

Sarge, I gotta confession to make.

ROCK looks up to see that WILDMAN is holding a bottle of wine.

ROCK

Tell me you didn't take that from the church.

WILDMAN

Will I go to hell?

ROCK

Well if you do, I'll be coming with you.

Rock produces an identical bottle.

They are about to laugh when suddenly they hear the approaching screams of the other two. There is another sound blended in with the screams, a roar echoing through the tunnels the sound could be anything, but it's certainly not good news. The men get into positions and draw their weapons. The ambush is set for whatever comes round the corner, except perhaps GERONIMO & ICE CREAM running full tilt and screaming.

GERONIMO/ICE CREAM

IT'S A BEAR! IT'S A BEAR!

The squad is paralyzed by the shock of witnessing GERONIMO tearing past.

GERONIMO

Shoot it!

ICE CREAM follows.

ICE CREAM

Shoot it!

ROCK

I like bears,...

RETREAD

I like bears too.

EXT. PRITCHARD'S HQ

We cut back to the COOK, who has a bottle of wine in one hand and is dancing with one of the privates. The gypsy band is in full swing, the place is a full on post banquet celebration. On the edge of the festivities, PRITCHARD looks on despairingly as a drunk soldier tosses another of his beloved maps into the growing fire.

INT. CAVE

In the firelight, the preamble to a huge meal which consists mainly of bear. ROCK is tasting what RETREAD has prepared.

EVA

I thought you said you liked bears.

RETREAD

I like to eat 'em. More garlic?

ROCK

You can never have too much garlic,
but steady on the salt.

EVA

Did you have to kill it?

WILDMAN

What do you think we are, savages?
We kill animals before we eat them.

GERONIMO and ICE CREAM have found time to go through the mail that Goyle was carrying. We see they are filtering through the number of letters that are in the pile.

ICE CREAM

Package for the Sarge, but that's
all.

GERONIMO

Dead guys get all the good mail.

ICE CREAM

Let's see what they're missing.

He opens a letter and finds a picture of a beautiful young woman inside.

ICE CREAM (CONT'D)

Now that's what I'm talking about,...

GERONIMO

You're a sick man, give that to me.

Ice Cream does nothing of the sort and reads on.

ICE CREAM

Let's see, this is, Angie, the beloved
of one Mr Kluzewski.

GERONIMO

Kluzewski?

ICE CREAM

He came up with us about a month ago, poor bastard, I don't think he even made it to the end of the day. Check it out, this picture is worth money.

GERONIMO leans over and we follow his POV to the picture. It's a gorgeous young woman, wearing almost nothing and looking like she'd wear less.

GERONIMO

This ain't right.

ICE CREAM

(taking the piss)

This is war soldier, ain't nothin' right about any of it.

He begins to read aloud from the letter.

ICE CREAM (CONT'D)

I imagine you are looking forward to Christmas, blah blah, Mom says to keep your socks dry-sensible woman-blah blah. Aw there ain't nothing good in here. I miss you more each day, blah blah blah, amen.

RETREAD

(Jokingly)

You should marry that girl!

ICE CREAM

Yeah, but will she wait for me?

In the glow of the firelight we see ROCK seated at the base of a wall. GERONIMO hands him his package. He opens it, it's a box of cigars from America. There is note which he unfolds, we read it with him...DEAR SON. KILL HITLER. LOVE MOM.

ROCK smiles and lights a cigar in the fire before heading out to the cave entrance. GOYLE nearby still looking over the plans. WILDMAN, now a little unsteady on his feet, is looking down toward the village.

WILDMAN

Germans are back Sarge, plenty of 'em.

ROCK

You don't sound too worried.

WILDMAN offers ROCK a drink.

WILDMAN

I'm insulated.

ROCK

Cognac?

WILDMAN

It was Phillipe's.

ROCK

You want to join him? Keep drinking it.

(he walks to Goyle)

You figured out what these Krauts after?

Eva joins the group.

GOYLE

There's a point marked on these maps, I think it's the same one in these aerial photographs, I'm not sure. It looks like it might be an air base, maybe, I can see railway lines. These documents mention some sort of plane, but the scale of it, it just doesn't add up.

ROCK

(to Eva)

You and your resistance friends know anything about this?

EVA

I heard rumors, but I just fly the plane. We didn't know the whole picture, only our own part so if we are captured, no matter what they do, we can only give up what we know.

WILDMAN

Just like the army, except none of us knows anything.

ROCK

I know this much. We came up here to stay out of trouble.

Goyle was hoping that his work should yield results.

GOYLE

You can't just ignore this, whatever it is, it's significant. The Germans want this back.

ROCK

The more they want it, the less I
want them to get it.

(looking back)

Gerry, Ice Cream, congratulations.

ICE CREAM

For what Sarge?

ROCK

The mission you just bravely
volunteered for. Goyle, give 'em
what you got. You heroes are gonna
take this stuff back over the line,
find the first officer with veins in
his brains, give it to him and tell
him to hit that place hard.

ICE CREAM

Whatever you say Sarge.

ROCK

Get moving before those Germans get
up here, be lucky ladies. Eat well
and stay alive, you know where to
find us.

GERONIMO and ICE CREAM depart. Goyle is still determined to
be heard and is convinced his discovery merits a more thorough
response.

GOYLE

What are you going to do?

ROCK

We are going to proceed as planned.
What was the name of that hotel,
Retread?

Retread pulls out his well thumbed Michelin guide.

RETREAD

"Le Sanglier"

ROCK

"Le Sanglier" means wild boar, am I
right?

EVA nods.

RETREAD

(reading aloud)

"This hunting lodge is famed for
it's game and local produce, it's
proximity to the Champagne region
and generally meticulous cellar mean

(MORE)

RETREAD (CONT'D)

that it offers a combination of fine cuisine and vintage wine that is unrivaled in the area."

Goyle's amazed, this isn't what he was expecting from Rock at all.

GOYLE

You're going to a hotel?

ROCK

This isn't just a hotel, you heard what the book said, this is unrivaled.

GOYLE

Whatever was on that map, it was serious, surely we ought to try and do something? Surely?

ROCK

I was in the army long before this disagreement kicked off and if you don't get me killed, I'll be in it long afterwards. Young men like yourself, you think it's all about the here and now, but I gotta take a longer view. This time it's Hitler, next week it's gonna be someone else. I'll be fighting when you've moved on to smarter and prettier things Goyle. So don't tell me how and when and where to fight, 'cos when it comes down to it, fighting's what I do.

It's obvious Goyle is frustrated. His "hero" appears to have his own agenda.

GOYLE

So long as it doesn't interfere with 'vacation week?'

Rock considers whether to get angry, but stays calm.

ROCK

Like I said, I gotta take a longer view. The war takes care of itself Goyle. I just try to keep guys like you alive. If you shut up and play along I might even pull it off.

There's a stand off here, GOYLE intelligently melts.

ROCK (CONT'D)

How far to that hotel Retread?

RETREAD

These tunnels come out where we hope they do, about a half a day's march.

ROCK

Wake up Wildman!

WILDMAN

What we doing Sarge?

ROCK

We're moving.

The team move into the cave to find the other way out.

INT. GERMAN BASE

MANNHEIM sits in an office, he stares out of the window at his creation, the giant Amerikabomber. There is a knock at the door.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

Enter.

OFFICER (subtitled)

We have the prisoner, Sir.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

Oh, bring him in.

A couple SOLDIERS push a handcuffed and badly beaten man into the room, he falls to his knees. MANNHEIM gets up and goes over to him.

MANNHEIM (subtitled) (CONT'D)

Bad day, huh?

He turns to one of the OFFICERS.

MANNHEIM (subtitled) (CONT'D)

What does he have to say?

OFFICER (subtitled)

Nothing. We caught him after the plane took off. He won't say what was on it or where it came from.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

Where is it now?

OFFICER (subtitled)

Shot down, but no trace of the pilot, or whatever they were carrying.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
(speaking to the
prisoner in German)
Must have been important, eh? For
you to think it was worth flying it
back to the allies. Risky operation,
what did you have that was so
important I wonder?

OFFICER (subtitled)
I don't think he speaks German Sir.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
It doesn't matter what he speaks,
he's not going to talk to us.
Probably didn't even know what he
was dealing with anyway. Did you?

The prisoner looks at him with contempt.

MANNHEIM (CONT'D)
I'm not waiting for Hitler and I'm
not waiting for this farmer to tell
us what he doesn't even know. Proceed
as planned.

Mannheim goes back to his model.

OFFICER (subtitled)
What about the prisoner?

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
(without looking up)
Kill him, and do it somewhere public.
I don't want these people thinking
help is on its way. But, Corporal,
I want that pilot found.

EXT. CAVE

ROCK, WILDMAN, RETREAD, EVA and GOYLE are picking their way
by torchlight through the cave towards an opening in the
distance. EVA and GOYLE are in the rear, RETREAD is on point.

GOYLE
(muttering)
Vacation week,...

EVA
What's the matter with you?

GOYLE
Forget it.

EVA
Hey, they saved our lives, if they
want a vacation, that's fine by me.

GOYLE

I spent most of this war on vacation.

EVA

And now you think you want to be a hero?

GOYLE

I want to do something.

EVA

You want to save the world? First you have to stay alive.

As they talked amongst themselves they have arrived without realizing it next to ROCK, who has waited for them to catch up. GOYLE jumps when he sees him.

ROCK

What's up Goyle?

GOYLE

I'm supposed to be a combat correspondent.

ROCK

Well I'm sorry if combat's not shaping up to your expectations.

GOYLE

We're running away though, aren't we?

ROCK

You're a smart kid but you still don't get it, do you?

He points out RETREAD up ahead.

ROCK (CONT'D)

You think I'm gonna put a guy like that in the firing line, for the sake of your story, or Pritchard's next brilliant idea?

(beat)

This isn't a vacation Goyle. It's more of an essential psychiatric hiatus.

RETREAD has reached the cave's exit and calls back.

RETREAD

Sarge! Something down here you should see.

POV through binoculars we get our first view of the Gustav train gun, a huge rail-mounted weapon that has come to a

standstill in the middle of ROCK's proposed route. The canon itself is over 30 meters and the train that transports it is made of more than 25 carriages, in all the whole armored procession is over a mile long.

Some of the trains 500 strong detachment of TROOPS appear to be gathered round large fires they have built to keep warm while a large number of troops and CIVILIANS are in the final stages of repairing a DAMAGED SECTION of the track that transports it. Pull back to see the squad gathered at the edge of the cave looking down, ROCK lowers his binoculars.

EXT. CAVE - EXIT

GOYLE

That has to be the gun that took out
the base.

ROCK weighs it up, there's no way they can't intervene. He Turns to EVA.

ROCK

Your friends do that?

EVA

I think so.

ROCK

Well they picked a hell of a spot.

Retread bleakly looks at the map in his restaurant guide and folds it away.

RETREAD

So much for the country stroll.

WILDMAN

I gotta take a leak.

EXT. FOREST

Still drunk, WILDMAN lurches through the undergrowth, hanging on to trees for support. He is about to undo his belt when he looks up to see a heavily camouflaged American tank atop of which are seated two African American soldiers. WILDMAN takes a step back in amazement, losing his footing as he does so.

EXT. CAVE - EXIT

The squad react to the sound of WILDMAN shouting and falling through the trees.

EVA

What's that?

ROCK picks up the binoculars.

EXT. TRAIN

Through the binoculars we see that WILDMAN has fallen through the trees and slid across the snow now amongst the GERMANS. He is quickly restrained and frog marched up to one of the boxcars where an OFFICER yells at him and they start to beat him badly.

EXT. CAVE - EXIT

ROCK taking this in. His eye's narrow. One of his boys is in trouble and he's pissed off.

ROCK

Throw me Wildman's rifle.

RETREAD does instantly. ROCK takes aim in a heartbeat. We watch through the telescopic sight, a German extracts a gleaming knife and threatens WILDMAN with it. It's a gesture designed to intimidate-it fails. WILDMAN smiles and spits out a tooth in the German's face. ROCK slams the bolt action forward on WILDMAN'S rifle. His finger tightens on the trigger. The German realizes WILDMAN has called his bluff, he screams at his subordinates, and WILDMAN is thrown onto the train. The OFFICER sends out other soldiers to form a search party. Rock lowers his gun.

EXT. CAVE - EXIT

RETREAD

What we gonna do?

ROCK

It's gonna take careful planning.

EXT. TRAIN

Three GERMANS are standing round a fire when all of a sudden Rock joins them. He extracts a burning piece of club-like wood. The Germans are in double take shock, but before they know it, Rock has smashed one round the head, kicked one in the balls, and karate chops one in the throat. He then relights his cigar with the smoldering club, while the Germans sputter in agony.

EXT. TRAIN

ROCK, RETREAD, and GOYLE have put on the shared components of the downed Germans uniforms. They are ill-fitting and incomplete, slightly ridiculous.

RETREAD

What's phase two of the careful plan?

ROCK

We adopt the enemy mind set.

GOYLE
Which would be what?

ROCK
We walk right in like we own the
place.

EVA
What about me?

EXT. TRAIN -- LATER

The squad are walking confidently through the semi-chaos of the train battalion. EVA is in the middle of the men, covered by a large overcoat, wearing a helmet and keeping her head down. It goes as ROCK suggested, they are not challenged and they almost reach the train when.

GERMAN OFFICER (O.S.)
(in German)
Halt!

We zoom in with the OFFICER's POV to where he can see EVA's hair which has begun to flow out from under her helmet.

GERMAN OFFICER (subtitled) (CONT'D)
What have we here?

He reaches in to where EVA is standing and removes her helmet, we see the squad gripping their weapons and bracing for action while considering their next move. A moment of great tension as the officer removes the helmet and turns EVA's face to face him. He begins to smile.

GERMAN OFFICER (subtitled) (CONT'D)
I knew we were recruiting young boys
and old men, but I had no idea things
had gone this far.

RETREAD has produced his meat cleaver and is on the verge of quietly taking the officer out when suddenly GOYLE, whose desire to impress and assist ROCK and Co outweighs his relative inexperience, intervenes.

GOYLE
(in perfect German)
Don't you recognize her?

The OFFICER looks baffled. Slight double take from ROCK as well, who's impressed.

GOYLE (CONT'D)
(German, whispering)
It's Eva Marlene.

GERMAN OFFICER
EVA MARLENE!

GOYLE

(German subtitled)

Hush, man. You want to cause a stampede? Yeah, it's Eva Marlene.

GERMAN OFFICER

(German subtitled)

I...I only ever heard her voice on the radio, I mean, I heard she was beautiful but,...

GOYLE

(German subtitled)

Yeah, yeah calm down. It's supposed to be a secret.

GERMAN OFFICER

(German subtitled)

The Commandant's birthday!

GOYLE

(German subtitled)

Yeah, she's coming to the base to perform. Please, could you get us back on board.

The OFFICER quick to help - ushers them to the train and holds a carriage door open - the squad slips in with him.

INT. TRAIN

In the carriage WILDMAN is tied to a chair dripping wet, bruised and sobered enough to recognize his friends. Three German soldiers stand over him, one holding an empty bucket. The Officer makes his way over to the scene.

OFFICER (subtitled)

What is happening here?

SOLDIER (subtitled)

We found this-thing-rolling around outside.

OTHER SOLDIER (subtitled)

We think it's American.

SOLDIER (subtitled)

(pulling a face)

It's breath must be against the Geneva Convention!

The soldiers laugh.

WILDMAN

What'd they say?

RETREAD

They said you stink.

The GERMANS are still computing what this outbreak of English means when ROCK and RETREAD began dispatching them with lethal finesse. WILDMAN breaks his bonds with one hand and sets about his captors with the chair that is still attached to the other, they are soon overcome.

WILDMAN

Much obliged.

ROCK

(checking outside)

Thank Goyle, he got us in here.

GOYLE flushes with pride, he feels he's one of the team now. WILDMAN nods in acknowledgement.

RETREAD

So what's phase three of the master plan?

ROCK

We walk off here the same way we walked on. Wildman, get a uniform, let's go,...

ROCK slides open the carriage door to leave when there is an explosion on the mountainside - we hear the whistle of an incoming shell. Before they can take in what has happened the far end of the train explodes. Soldiers outside start running toward the train and the engine begins to chug as the train prepares for sudden departure.

RETREAD

What was that?

WILDMAN

(pulling on a uniform)

Oh yeah, there's a couple a black fellas up on the hill, in a tank.

Incredulous looks between the squad who are now unable to leave the carriage due to soldiers piling in. The train starts moving.

RETREAD

Nice vacation.

ROCK

I know. You ok?

RETREAD

I like fighting. It's the bits in between that get me itchy.

The squad makes it's way up the train. Taking advantage of the disorder, they pass through a barracks wagon filled with MEN and they push open another door.

INT. TRAIN-OFFICER'S BAR

Rock & Co are staring in awe at a fully stocked and fabulously ornate bar that stands before them unattended. We see their reflections amidst the lavish supply of alcohol reflected in the mirror behind.

GOYLE

Perhaps we should keep moving.

WILDMAN moves behind the bar takes two bottles and goes to move on.

WILDMAN

For later.

The others follow. They move into the next car, a huge mobile kitchen, where delicious smelling food is being prepared. The men look at each other--clearly this is going to be even more of a challenge than the bar. As they move through WILDMAN begins to mutter.

WILDMAN (CONT'D)

You think they serve beer?

RETREAD

Yea though I walk through the valley
of chow, I shall eat no dinner, lead
me not into temptation.

They are about to enter the next carriage as ROCK goes to open the door.

WILDMAN

If the next one is full of broads,
then that's it. I'm going German.

The door opens and there are German officers seated at a table; they seem unconcerned by the fighting outside, they are waiting for their food. They look up at their ragged and uninvited guests with hostility and suspicion, however these officers are drunk and are obviously celebrating something. ROCK snaps to attention and others quickly follow suit. An OFFICER stands up, comes over and inspects them with disdain.

OFFICER

(German subtitled)

This carriage is for officers only,
and what are you doing with her?

Our boys have been caught short again, this time they're fucked, suddenly another German officer jumps to a convenient conclusion.

GERMAN OFFICER

(drunk stage whisper)

Ahhh, the entertainment for the commandant! Move her through, move her through!

They grab Eva and start singing 'Happy Birthday' in German. Our boys are stuck rather awkwardly on their own down at the end of the carriage, but everyone else is happily distracted by the new arrival. As 'Happy Birthday' comes to an end, one of the Germans pulls at the great coat Eva has pulled over her shoulders, it neatly comes off, almost like it has been prepared, to reveal straps full of grenades and sundry resistance supplies, she is a one woman army. For a second the Germans don't know what to think, it's like they're looking at the 1944 blueprint for Lara Croft, but Eva faintly starts to sing 'Happy Birthday' in French, and incorporates the grenades into her seductive routine. The Germans think all their Christmases have come at once and start pounding the table in excitement. Eva enjoys her moment. It ends with her pulling two grenades off of her necklace, she underarm throws them to the commandant who catches them enthusiastically and juggles them like they're hot potatoes. He throws them to his mate. At which point Eva hits the deck, followed by ROCK & Co while the officers disintegrate along with the grenades.

EXT.TRAIN- GUN CARRIAGE

Rock & Co run out from the last carriage to see that the vast weapon lies ahead of them and beyond that the engine. They walk past shells as tall as they are while a team of engineers and soldiers scurry around. With their outfits singed and EVA struggling to get back into her coat their already unlikely appearance is sufficient- along with the explosions from the neighboring carriage-for an artillery officer to question what these people think they're doing on his gun.

GERMAN OFFICER

(German, subtitled)

What's going on?

As this happens, WILDMAN who is bringing up the rear, looks back to see a crowd of German troops-now wise to the situation-falling over one another to get through the ruins of the officer's car. He opens fire immediately and calls back over his shoulder.

WILDMAN

Sarge!

ROCK takes in the situation instantly and shoots the soldier ahead who has questioned them. Before the rest of the gunners can fully react, Rock is among them in full-on hero mode, he dodges bullets. All those who stand in his way are dispatched with lethal skill until he is confronted by a huge engineer who starts swinging at him with a giant wrench. There is a one-on-one confrontation which ROCK eventually wins. EVA and GOYLE look on transfixed, but the spell is broken by RETREAD who has opened fire in the other direction to take out a group of troops who are moving along the train's roof in an attempt to outmanoeuvre WILDMAN's rear guard action.

RETREAD

Feel free to lend a hand here.

EVA draws a weapon and backs up RETREAD and WILDMAN, GOYLE dithers for a moment until we hear the sound of...

ROCK (O.S.)

GOYLE!!

ROCK has dealt with everyone in his immediate vicinity and is summoning GOYLE toward the mechanism which fires the huge weapon. GOYLE runs toward him. ROCK is still intermittently returning fire in either direction, GOYLE clasps his helmet to his head and looks about nervously.

ROCK (CONT'D)

Think you can fire this gun?

GOYLE

(Looking at a baffling
array of levers)

I don't know, physics is my thing,
this is engineering, really.

ROCK

This is an emergency, really. Take
an educated guess.

GOYLE

My guess is we need to load it first.

They look around them, the shells are bigger than they are. RETREAD, WILDMAN and EVA are gradually being pushed back to ROCK & GOYLE's position. The stand off won't last much longer, troops are pouring down the rest of the train.

GOYLE (CONT'D)

There has to be a mechanism.

WILDMAN takes a chance and throws a huge lever-it uncouples the gun carriage from the engine that's been pulling the train, though for the moment the momentum keeps them close together. ROCK looks at him in dismay.

ROCK

Keep trying!

WILDMAN throws another lever and half a dozen shells are sent rolling off the train and into the valley floor. Looks of horror all round.

WILDMAN

Oops. Sorry Sarge.

Everyone is shooting and looking for a way out except GOYLE, who sizes up the equipment until he finds a small inconspicuous button and presses it. The gears around the cannon click into life and an automatic loading process begins, the squad look on amazement-while fighting-as a shell is rolled from a moving cradle into the breach of the weapon which slams closed. It happens with swift German efficiency.

GOYLE

(pointing out a switch
to EVA)

Would you do the honors?

ROCK

(still shooting)

JUST DO IT!

GOYLE

You might want to cover your ears.

EVA throws the switch. There is a loud 'CLANG'-a moment of recognition between everyone, the approaching troops who recognize the sound and then,...

An impossibly loud explosion, we deafen the audience and the characters.

We follow the progress of a huge shell as it bursts from the cannon barrel, tearing through the crowd of attacking Germans and down through the train, turning the carriages we have seen before, the bar, the kitchen, and the barracks into matchwood, destroying everything in its path before detonating into the mountainside to the rear of the train with another huge roar.

The gun carriage itself leaps backwards-towards the engine-powered up the track by the enormous recoil from the gun, for a moment a jump between the two is feasible and in one movement ROCK scoops up EVA dives toward the engine. WILDMAN tosses GOYLE to ROCK and then he and RETREAD make the jump just as the track bends and the gun's carriage's momentum ends.

INT. GERMAN BASE

MANNHEIM is at his desk, pouring himself a drink when suddenly the sound of the explosion rings out in the distance.

The ground shakes and the collection of glasses and decanters in front of him rattle together ominously. He knows that something is wrong.

EXT. PRITCHARD'S HQ

The place is chaos on an imperial level, clearly COOK has managed to bring in ludicrous amounts of weaponry and food. COOK himself lies comatose, like a medieval monarch, surrounded by snoozing soldiers and half eaten food. Dogs fight over the leftovers when the explosion shakes the air. The animals run for cover and COOK awakes with a start.

COOK

Pritchard!

EXT. FOREST

GERONIMO and ICE CREAM are making their way through the woods on the other side of the mountain. There is debris and the occasional body lying about, smoke rises from craters, a recent battle scene. They hear the explosion and stop in their tracks.

GERONIMO

I was beginning to worry, hadn't heard anything blow up for hours.

ICE CREAM

Yeah? My stomach's almost as loud. We should have eaten more of that bear.

GERONIMO

Nothing was wasted.

ICE CREAM

What are you saying?

GERONIMO

I'm saying the rest of the bear is right here. How long we been walking for?

ICE CREAM

Six, eight hours?

GERONIMO

High time we had something to eat.

They jump down into a foxhole where GERONIMO begins to dig around inside his backpack. ICE CREAM looks on expectantly, but soon recoils with disgust.

ICE CREAM

Oh man, what is that?

We see GERONIMO produce the following from his pack, light a fire and begin to prepare them,...

GERONIMO
Liver, gall bladder, balls, spleen...

ICE CREAM
I ain't eating no balls Gerry.

GERONIMO
Is that 'cos you know what they taste like? Cos' they're nothing like human balls.

ICE CREAM
How would you know?

Montage of cutting, chopping, things hitting a hot pan.

GERONIMO
C'mon Ice Cream, its the best bit.
Chinese pay a fortune for bear's balls, source of virility they say.

GERONIMO stirs the food, seasons it.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)
Wouldn't be right not to eat all of the animal, disrespectful.

He offers a plate to ICE CREAM who recoils.

ICE CREAM
I don't need virility right now Gerry,
I need food I can recognize.

GERONIMO grunts in agreement-his mouth is full.

ICE CREAM (CONT'D)
Do me a favor, keep watch and let me sleep till the banquet's over, I gotta take five.

FADE OUT.

EXT.FOREST

A thick fog has fallen over GERONIMO who is now also sleeping in the foxhole. ICE CREAM, blinking and awake can tell time has passed, but how much?

ICE CREAM
Hey Gerry...

There is no response. ICE CREAM is uneasy as he sits back in the foxhole. He suddenly stiffens 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 ICE CREAM 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.

IT REALLY MOVES! WRITHING, EXPOSING A DELICATE WRIST.

Without taking his eyes off the horrifying phenomenon, ICE CREAM hisses urgently at GERONIMO.

ICE CREAM (CONT'D)

G, Gerry, wake up!

GERONIMO DOESN'T STIR.

ICE CREAM can't 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, ICE CREAM sees the hand wipe mud from the face.

ICE CREAM (CONT'D)

Whoa!

It's ANGIE from the picture we saw earlier, she is squirming out of the muddy wall of the foxhole, a lithe young woman of twenty-three, barely dressed save for a smattering of underwear. She gives an apologetic little laugh...

ANGIE

I missed you, baby.

ICE CREAM doesn't know what to do or where to look.

ICE CREAM

Something strange is happening here,
isn't it?

ANGIE

I've been going crazy. You been
gone so long.

ICE CREAM casts a frantic glance at GERONIMO who's still sound asleep...thank God. ICE CREAM backs away as ANGIE moves toward him.

ICE CREAM

Look you're that dead guy's girl.
I'm sorry, I didn't mean what I said,
it was Retread's idea. He's sick.

ANGIE

I'm sick too, baby.

It's a small foxhole, there's nowhere to go. ANGIE has a hand on ICE CREAM'S crotch.

The rain is washing the mud off her, revealing her breasts, her skin, and her hair. She's moving the hand gently, speaking in a breathy, intimate voice.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You're here. That's all that really matters.

ICE CREAM

Oh stop, stop.

(giving in)

Oh, ok, carry on then...

ICE CREAM let's himself go. His eyes are rolling, his breath is heavy. She's kneading his crotch. He kisses her, puts a hand on her breast. She moans. Rain soaks them both. Suddenly she pushes him away and speaks to him, the voice is not ANGIE's but the angry tones of GERONIMO.

GERONIMO (O.S.)

Get your hands off me you sick son of a bitch!

We pull back to reveal ICE CREAM, who has evidently been dry-humping GERONIMO while they were both asleep. Ice Cream bolts awake.

ICE CREAM

I'm sorry man, I thought you were the woman.

GERONIMO

Goddamn it Ice Cream, do I look like a woman?

ICE CREAM

I was dreaming.

GERONIMO

I am the woman of your dreams? You were after my balls, weren't you, Ice Cream?

ICE CREAM

No I wasn't, I was dreaming, Angie, she came out of the mud, and just went for me, I am sorry Gerry I don't want your balls or the bears balls. I just wanna get outta here.

GERONIMO

A soon as we hit civilization I'm gonna get you a pair of glasses.

(beat)

My treat.

GERONIMO is dusting himself down when ICE CREAM sees something over his shoulder.

ICE CREAM

Look out!

ICE CREAM opens fire with a machine gun and empties an entire magazine into the fog.

GERONIMO

Who you shooting now Magoo?

Through the fog comes a horse, a German soldier slumped dead in the saddle.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)

Mounted patrol and you missed the horse,...this is a miracle.

GERONIMO takes the soldier from the saddle and begins to stroke the horse.

ICE CREAM

Hey, can we eat it?

GERONIMO

What are you, French?

EXT. PRITCHARD'S HQ

The COOK is marching around intently amidst the remains of last night's chaos.

COOK

Dammit Major, you heard that explosion. Rock's up there, he's making progress I can feel it, and there's no way I'm standing back and leaving a natural born hero like that out there to dry. Get me air support Major and get it now. I want him to be able to cast his eyes up to heaven and know that help is on its way.

EXT. CHATEAU DIVISION HQ

General STEIN is in a thick fur coat, swinging at golf balls on the lawn. The CAPTAIN calls out from inside the Chateau.

CAPTAIN

General, I've got Major Pritchard on the line again.

GEN. STEIN

What does he want now?

CAPTAIN

He says that Kubert wants air support,
Sir.

General STEIN misses his shot.

GEN. STEIN

Air support! That crazy one-eyed
bastard, what does he think he's
seen?

CAPTAIN

The target location seems a
little...vague sir.

GEN. STEIN

He knows better than that! Accuracy
is everything in this business.

He strikes a golf ball which narrowly misses the CAPTAIN.

GEN. STEIN (CONT'D)

No coordinates-no air support. What
do I have to do this morning?

CAPTAIN

(Consulting a clipboard)

You're decorating the wounded at the
field hospital, Sir.

GEN. STEIN

You looking for a Purple Heart too,
Captain?

CAPTAIN

No Sir.

GEN. STEIN

Then get off the fairway.

The CAPTAIN runs for cover as STEIN tees up another shot.

EXT. PRITCHARD'S HQ

COOK

Where's my air support Major?

PRITCHARD

They're insisting on specific
coordinates Sir.

COOK

Pen pushing scum!

COOK shouts up at his lookout in the tower.

COOK (CONT'D)

You see anywhere up there we can drop some bombs?

LOOKOUT

Nothing happening, Sir.

COOK

Goddamn enemy, never around when you need 'em.

INT. GERMAN BASE

An agitated MANNHEIM is berating an underling.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

If we didn't fire the weapon, Lieutenant, who did?

SOLDIER (subtitled)

It is not possible to say Colonel, we have lost contact with the train.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

Lost contact?

SOLDIER (subtitled)

The train, we no longer have...

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

I know what it means! I'm asking you if you have any idea how it happened?

SOLDIER (subtitled)

I would prefer not to speculate, Sir.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

Speculate? I'm surprised you even know what the word means. Five years ago you would have been peeling potatoes for a unit like this, now I'm asking you for advice. What's happening to the world? Get out!

The soldier salutes and leaves. MANNHEIM calls for an officer who swiftly appears.

MANNHEIM (CONT'D)

How long to prepare the Amerikabomber for take off?

OFFICER (subtitled)

Forty five minutes, Sir.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

Do it. It's time to win this war.

INT. TRAIN

The squad are moving along in the locomotive.

ROCK

This taking us any closer to where
we wanna be?

Retread pulls out his guide book.

RETREAD

These tracks aren't even on the map.

GOYLE

They're new, these must be the ones
that lead to the base.

ROCK

So we're going in the wrong direction?

Eva, who is looking through binoculars interjects and
indicates what she can see ahead.

EVA

Not for much longer.

ROCK

Ok, stop it.

The engine slows to a stop as EVA hands the binoculars to
ROCK. We follow his POV as he takes in the scene. At the
end of the tracks is a base across a frozen lake, in the
distance is the hanger. Men are moving around busily, though
we cannot see into the hangar, it's clear that something's
going on.

RETREAD

Careful plan?

ROCK

Very careful.

GOYLE

This is the base, from the plans.
It has to be.

ROCK

Hey!

GOYLE

What did I say?

ROCK

Nothing. Just be careful what you wish for.

Wildman gets distracted by something - he looks up into the sky.

WILDMAN

Is that a white-tailed eagle!

WILDMAN takes the binoculars and jumps down from the engine.

EXT. TRAIN

WILDMAN is scanning the tree tops and does an alarmed double take.

WILDMAN

Sarge! Sarge you might wanna see this.

EXT. TRAIN

ROCK & Co are off the train, looking in amazement at two American tanks that are rolling toward them out of the woods. Each is decorated with a weird, but effective paint job which works as winter camouflage, on the turrets sit their African American commanders, SMITH and WILKINS. The tanks pull up to the train.

ROCK

Nice tanks.

SMITH

Indeed.

WILDMAN

What are they? That's not a Sherman.

SMITH jumps down and pats his tank admiringly.

SMITH

What you have here was formerly known as the T20 prototype combat tank. We made some modifications of our own, been running some tests. Can't shoot straight-which is how we came to be opening fire on the rear end of your train-but she moves like shit off a shovel.

RETREAD is admiring WILKINS' tank.

RETREAD

What kind of engine you got in here?

WILKINS

GM. Tuned up it'll give you about 400 HP, but we stripped every spare rivet out of these things, the power to weight ratio, it's outstanding.

RETREAD

How's the mileage?

WILKINS

Beautiful.

RETREAD notices a fragment of Nazi insignia on the tank chassis.

RETREAD.

What's this?

WILKINS

We took out a Tiger, welded some of the plate on here, you know that German armor? Really, it's second to none.

RETREAD

I hear you.

WILDMAN

So what, you guys are like test pilots?

SMITH

We're regular armor, Negro unit.

ROCK

Really? You pick up on that?

RETREAD

No, I would never have noticed that.

SMITH

Got tired of sitting around being told by our C.O. that these tanks weren't combat ready, so we took 'em out and we readied 'em.

GOYLE

Would that be Major Pritchard?

SMITH

Yes it would.

GOYLE

He seemed very keen to get you back. He's organizing a retreat.

SMITH

Well that's the problem. They kept us in training for two years, before we got here. You boys are ready in what?

WILDMAN

Three months.

SMITH

Exactly. So now that we and the tanks are finally 'combat ready' we aren't about to run from nothing. And I think we found something here, don't you?

ROCK is weighing up his options when EVA walks up and hands him the binoculars.

EVA

I found something too.

EVA directs ROCK's vision until we see what he is seeing. A body hangs from a tree at the edge of the woods, MANNHEIM'S prisoner.

EVA (CONT'D)

He was the one who gave me the plans.

ROCK

OK. Let's see what we can do.

He takes GOYLE aside.

ROCK (CONT'D)

Your dream came true kid. See if you can help us get through it alive.

EXT. TRAIN & TANKS

Rock, RETREAD and the tank crews are gathered together watching GOYLE who is sketching out a map of the base with a stick in the snow.

GOYLE

From what I saw, this side is just where the train goes in, the runway is on the opposite side.

SMITH

If that plane is as big as you say it is you aren't gonna miss it whichever way you come.

WILKINS

I say we just go straight over.

RETREAD

You gonna take those tanks on ice?

GOYLE

It ought to be possible-in theory,
if you can go fast enough.

WILKINS

We'll go fast.

GOYLE

Yes, but you can't go too fast, the
motion could generate a wave-under
the ice-and that could crack it from
below.

RETREAD

What you thinking Sarge?

ROCK

These boys and young Goyle are just
itching to get into some trouble.

RETREAD

And the vacation?

ROCK takes a look at EVA who along with WILDMAN is burying
her friend.

ROCK

We'll go next week.

He addresses them all.

ROCK (CONT'D)

Let's do it.

Everyone starts to get ready.

SMITH

(to Wilkins)

You know the only way they're gonna
give us a medal is if we pull off
some kind of outrageous shit. And
I'm not talking about no posthumous
affair either. We gotta make this
work and survive.

INT.GERMAN BASE

MANNHEIM is admiring the scale of the Amerikabomber when a
soldier runs up to him.

SOLDIER (subtitled)

Please to report that the aircraft
will be ready for take off in thirty
(MORE)

SOLDIER (subtitled) (CONT'D)
minutes, Colonel. But there has
been a development, Sir, with the
train.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
Development, what do you mean
"development"?

SOLDIER (subtitled)
Part of it is coming back.

We pull back to see MANNHEIM moving through the busy hangar
to a point where he can see across the lake. We see that
the locomotive is now speeding toward the base.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)
Bring out the tanks.

The soldier runs off. Mannheim stares out at the horizon.
Soldiers scramble around to carry out the orders, from beneath
camouflage nets emerge two previously concealed tanks that
are swiftly manned and brought into position. The tanks race
out of the hangar. We cut between the crews inside loading
them and driving them with the overall view and a close up
of the locomotive as it hurtles towards them.

INT. TANK 1

The tank's commander is trying to get a bead on the fast
moving train, eventually he thinks he's got a shot.

COMMANDER
Fire!

We follow the shell as it bursts from the barrel towards the
speeding train. It misses, by a matter of inches the train
pulls out of reach. WE CUT TO:

INT. TANK 2

The procedure is the same as in the other tank, except this
time the shell whistles just in front of the engine.

EXT. LAKE

We see that tank 1 is stuck, struggling to cross the railway
line with the train coming directly toward it. The turret
of the Panzer swings round to face the oncoming engine. WE
CUT TO:

INT. TANK 1

The crew of the tank are frantically trying to reload as the
train bears down upon them. We see from the gunner's POV as
the engine is right on top of them. The crew are screaming
at each other to complete the reload in time.

Finally it's done.

COMMANDER

Fire!

Again we follow the shell from the barrel, this time it's on target.

EXT. LAKE

We see from above that the engine is unmanned and filled with explosives and tank shells. As the shell detonates - the explosives packed onto the train go off both train and tank are flipped up off the tracks and are consumed in a ball of smoke, flame and general destruction. As the dust and debris fall away we see ROCK, framed in chaos, sitting at the gun outside of SMITH'S tank as it speeds along the tracks, with WILKINS' tank to the rear.

INT. BASE

MANNHEIM is watching all this through binoculars, he focuses in on SMITH.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

Unbelievable.

EXT. LAKE

The two American tanks separate and head out onto the ice at speed, aiming to enclose the surviving German tank in a pincer movement. The German tank drives onto the ice as well as it creaks and cracks under the weight of the three vehicles. The German tank swings its turret toward SMITH'S.

INT. SMITH'S TANK

ROCK sticks his head inside. We see GOYLE, EVA, inside alongside SMITH and the tank's driver.

ROCK

Incoming!

EXT. LAKE

A shell fires straight from the German, tank but bounces off the American tank's modified armor.

INT. SMITH'S TANK

The tank rings like a bell from the impact, the passengers are shaken up.

GOYLE

Did we just get hit?

SMITH
Nothing we can't handle.

ROCK (O.S.)
Let's move!

SMITH
I ain't gonna give 'em a second
chance.

GOYLE
Not too fast!

EXT. LAKE

WILKINS' tank is speeding across the ice trying to get an angle on the German armor whose turret sways between the two fast moving targets.

INT. WILKINS' TANK

RETREAD and WILDMAN are crouched inside along with WILKINS and his driver. WILDMAN is looking through a hatch.

WILDMAN
We got a clear shot here!

WILKINS
This gun's got a mind of its own.

WILDMAN
They're gonna fire!

RETREAD
You rather freeze to death or burn
to death?

WILKINS
Relax.

WILKINS fires his gun. We follow the projectile as it heads towards the enemy tank but falls short, exploding just in front of it.

INT. WILKINS' TANK

RETREAD
Did he hit it?

WILDMAN
Not exactly.

WILKINS
I adopted an alternate strategy.

EXT. LAKE

We see a substantial crack spreading from the hole in front of the German tank and running out to where each of the American tanks are standing. The crack widens into fissures that collapse into the water, the enemy tank falls through into the lake.

EXT. SMITH'S TANK

ROCK see's the split in the ice heading toward them.

ROCK

Let's go!

INT. WILKINS' TANK

WILKINS is frantically working the controls as the ice breaks around them, it has stalled.

WILKINS

Not now baby, not now!

The tank lurches down.

EXT. SMITH'S TANK

The tank is moving fast, managing just to outrun the crack in the ice and reach the shore before it catches them. It runs up the bank and briefly takes to the air before landing in front of the hangar where troops are in jeeps and on foot moving toward it. When they see the tank facing them there is a visible lapse in their enthusiasm, reinforced by the fact that ROCK has opened fire with the tank's mounted machine gun. The tank now speeds towards the hangar, taking out the opposition as it goes.

INT. BASE

MANNHEIM

Seal the doors!

Soldiers run to and fro, dragging shut the giant doors of the hangar as the tank heads full tilt toward them. As the doors slam shut the tank skids to halt a hundred yards in front of them. Any soldiers left outside have either been killed or scattered. One by one the squad emerge from the tank, whose engine is smoking badly, and survey the scene.

SMITH

I think the engine needs some attention.

ROCK

Where are the others?

GOYLE

I see 'em.

WE close in to see the turret of WILKINS tank where it has come to rest, just above the water line with the rest of the tank submerged. Evidently it has sunk in the shallows.

SMITH

(to his driver)

You best run over there and convince them they aren't dead.

SMITH'S DRIVER

Sarge.

The Smith's driver sprints off towards the lake. Rock see's a metal access ladder that runs up the side of the hanger.

ROCK

We should get moving before the Krauts get their balls back.

INT. WILKINS' TANK

Water is leaking through joints in the armor, it's like a submarine movie, WILKINS, WILDMAN, RETREAD and the tank's DRIVER are stuck inside, it's almost completely dark.

WILDMAN

You think this is it?

RETREAD

Looks like we're freezing to death.

WILDMAN

Make the most of it 'cos you know we're going to hell.

The hatch above them rattles and begins to open, light and air rush in, followed by the face of SMITH'S DRIVER.

SMITH'S DRIVER

What's up with you fellas? Satan ain't no black man!

WILDMAN

So what, this is heaven?

SMITH'S DRIVER

As near as you're ever gonna get.

EXT. PRITCHARD'S HQ

PRITCHARD is still desperately negotiating into his field telephone. As he talks he peers through the flaps of the tent and winces at the chaos outside.

MAJ. PRITCHARD

I am aware of the overall strategic intent I can assure of you that, but Sir with the greatest respect...we have no coordinates...what we have here is what you might call a developing situation...indeed but General Kubert...correct Sir, General Kubert feels that the situation demands air support...he is not available to speak to you himself at present...he is,...

We see COOK, he is napping.

MAJ. PRITCHARD (CONT'D)

In a forward, position, dealing with the aftermath of err, an earlier operation.

LOOKOUT (O.S.)

General!

Pritchard closes his eyes in contemplation of whatever will happen next.

LOOKOUT (CONT'D)

General!

WE CUT TO...

COOK, opening his eyes and responding with surprising haste to the alarm.

LOOKOUT (CONT'D)

General!

COOK adjusts his uniform, surveying his surroundings as though recalling his deception, a moment of doubt perhaps and then back into character.

COOK

What do you see out there soldier?

LOOKOUT

There's something coming down the mountain, Sir.

COOK

Enemy something?

LOOKOUT

I'm not sure Sir, but from here it looks like,...

COOK

Spit it out, son.

LOOKOUT

It looks like two men on a horse.

EXT. FOREST

GERONIMO is speeding down the mountainside on horseback while ICE CREAM clings on for dear life behind. GERONIMO is loving every second of it. ICE CREAM is having a terrible time.

ICE CREAM

Whoa, Gerry, c'mon, take it easy,
I'm gonna puke here!

GERONIMO

I thought you were hungry?

ICE CREAM

Well now I'm sick too!

GERONIMO makes no concessions and bucks the horse down the mountainside one handed like a rodeo rider, whooping as he goes.

EXT. PRITCHARD'S HQ

WE CUT to reveal the same view but from the LOOKOUT's POV through binoculars.

COOK

Are those Americans on that horse,
soldier?

LOOKOUT

Yes Sir, I believe they are.

EXT. PRITCHARD'S HQ -MINUTES LATER

COOK is waiting with a kind of half-baked guard of honor who are standing to attention ready to receive GERONIMO and ICE CREAM. They come down through the camp on the back of their exhausted horse. The soldiers can't quite believe what they are seeing, neither can the men who are meeting them. Contained amazement all round.

GERONIMO

Private Johnson, Private Hawks
reporting Sir.

COOK

Where you men from?

GERONIMO

We're with Easy Company Sir.

COOK

Dammit man, why didn't you say so.
(MORE)

COOK (CONT'D)

You been with Rock, what the hell's going on?

GERONIMO

Enemy Sir, lot's of enemy. According to this, they got a base up there big enough to hide the Hindenburg.

COOK

Where the hell is this place?

ICE CREAM

(Presenting the maps)

We ain't seen it, but to the best of our understanding it's around here.

COOK

(triumphant)

Pritchard! You tell division we got all the coordinates they need!

PRITCHARD appears from his tent, ear still stuck to the telephone, all color drains from his face.

INT. FIELD HOSPITAL

GENERAL STEIN and his CAPTAIN enter a tented ward led by an army DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

It was a quite an explosion, these men are fortunate to be alive, well, most of them.

STEIN looks at the wounded, obviously upset. He stops by a man whose face is almost entirely covered in bandages-except for an eye patch.

STEIN

This man lost an eye?

DOCTOR

(checking his notes)

No, as it happens, the ocular injury is a pre-existing condition.

CAPTAIN

He lost his eye already Sir.

STEIN

I know what it means, Captain! It means this man is a hero amongst heroes.

STEIN moves in close to the wounded man.

STEIN (CONT'D)

What's your name Son?

The man struggles to answer.

DOCTOR

This is an officer, Sir. A general William Kubert.

STEIN

(horrified)

Bill? Bill is that you?

The man grunts.

STEIN (CONT'D)

What the hell's going on here Captain?

CAPTAIN

I don't know Sir, Major Pritchard said that General Kubert...

STEIN

THIS is BILL Kubert, does he look to you as if he needs air support?

CAPTAIN

No Sir, he does not.

STEIN

Let's pay this Major Pritchard a visit. You coming Bill?

KUBERT grunts.

DOCTOR

I'm afraid that's out of the question Sir.

STEIN

Don't give me that, this is Bill Kubert! He won't wanna miss a thing.

INT. GERMAN BASE

MANNHEIM is in a room above the main area of the hangar looking down on the final preparations for the bomber's launch. An alarm is ringing. Behind him the PILOT is fishing off what had obviously been a substantial meal and is hurriedly putting on his flight suit. The walls are covered in maps, charts and plans of the Amerikabomber.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

It's ironic really, here are the Americans at last, knocking at our door. And in less than twelve hours, you will be knocking at their's.

He runs a gloved hand down the area of a map showing the Eastern seaboard of the U.S.A before turning his attention to the pilot who he inspects like some sort of prize winning animal.

MANNHEIM (subtitled) (CONT'D)

The difference is dedication. These cavaliers, our enemy, they think only of victory and going home. Our own leader is in hiding! But men like you and me are beyond such considerations. For us there is no victory and no surrender, we cannot stop until the world is changed.

He goes to the plans of the bomber.

MANNHEIM (subtitled) (CONT'D)

And you are going to change the world.
Make no mistake about that.

There is a knock at the door. An officer is there, MANNHEIM waves him in.

MANNHEIM (subtitled) (CONT'D)

How long?

OFFICER (subtitled)

Ten minutes.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

And what of the Americans?

OFFICER (subtitled)

Nothing Sir.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

Find them, now. This isn't a fairy tale, they can't have just disappeared. This plane leaves no matter what, you understand? Nothing must stop this. Nothing.

Close up on the OFFICER's face assimilating the orders as MANNHEIM leans in to make his point.

EXT. BASE ROOF

ROCK, EVA, GOYLE and SMITH are on the snow-covered roof of the hangar. SMITH is attaching wires and a grenade to the top of the ladder, while a squad of Germans with bloodhounds are rooting around below. A weird droning begins, the engines of the giant plane.

GOYLE

What do you think?

ROCK

I think whatever they were gonna do,
they're gonna do it even sooner.

SMITH finishes what he's doing and joins the others.

SMITH

The next man to climb that ladder is
the last man that ever will.

GOYLE

Gerry and Ice Cream, do you think
they made it?

ROCK

We'll know soon enough.

SMITH

So what's the plan?

ROCK

Shh, I can feel one forming...

ROCK marches on purposefully only to suddenly disappear through the snow as a skylight in the roof below collapses under him, taking GOYLE who was behind him along for the ride.

INT. HANGAR LAB

ROCK and GOYLE come crashing through the roof into an area full of scientific equipment, technicians in lab coats freeze for a moment in surprise. GOYLE picks himself up, but has no idea what to do while the Germans stare at him. One of the technicians moves towards an alarm. ROCK stands up, combat ready, his gun on a level with the technician's head.

ROCK

I wouldn't do that.

GOYLE (subtitled)

He says, I wouldn't do that.

The technician freezes in ROCK's sights, his colleague across the room makes a move toward an open window that faces out into the hangar to signal for assistance. WE CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR

At the foot of the steps that lead up into the bomber MANNHEIM is walking up into the plane with the PILOT, there is a degree of ceremony, but also a sense of mild panic. The PILOT is flanked by other members of the bomber crew - any words are lost in the drone of the engines. We can see the window of the lab up above them.

There is a flash and blood splashes on the glass - we can tell that ROCK has shot one of the technicians, but covered by the noise of the aircraft the shot makes no sound.

INT. LAB

As one technician lies dead the other stands terrified with his hands in the air.

ROCK

How's life on the roof Sergeant?

CUT TO roof where SMITH is keeping an eye on the top of the ladder. We see soldiers come up it only to activate the booby trap which explodes.

SMITH

It's warming up nicely.

CUT TO lab where GOYLE is looking around.

GOYLE

This stuff is unbelievable. I've never seen equipment like this before.

ROCK

What do you figure they were gonna do with it?

GOYLE

I don't know, I mean, this stuff is all in German but it looks like,...

ROCK

Looks like what?

GOYLE

I'm not qualified to say but, it looks like atomic material, radiation. These things, they're in their infancy, nobody really knows.

ROCK

Ask him what's going on here, and tell him I won't ask twice.

GOYLE

He says,...

TECHNICIAN

(in English)

We don't make anything here, there are tests with atomic energy elsewhere.

(MORE)

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

As far as I know they are not successful, but there are by products, radioactive by products from the processes. They send them here and they tell us to add them to the bombs. The bombs and the plane.

GOYLE

And the plane, what do you mean?

TECHNICIAN

The Amerikabomber,...

ROCK

What did you say?

TECHNICIAN

The plane *is* a bomb. It isn't designed to come back.

ROCK

(to Goyle)

This make any sense to you?

GOYLE

The plane is full of explosive. Contaminated explosive. Right?

TECHNICIAN

Correct.

GOYLE

If it crashes, if it get's shot down, whatever happens to it, wherever it happens, it's a disaster.

Suddenly a burst of machine gun fire rips into the room, smashing glass and scientific equipment and tearing into the technician who falls dead to the floor. A Nazi patrol has discovered them and is shooting through the open door of the lab. ROCK returns fire and drags GOYLE to the ground, pulling them out of harm's way. They can see the others on the roof, but there is no way they can reach them. ROCK & GOYLE are pinned down.

ROCK

Get outta here.

SMITH and EVA all look down from the roof, distraught at ROCK's predicament.

ROCK (CONT'D)

Get on that plane!

EXT. BASE ROOF

SMITH stands and marches on the roof with a sense of purpose, measuring out his steps as he goes.

SMITH

One good thing about the Germans.

He looks back to judge the distance from where he stands to the other skylight-from which the sounds of fighting still emerge.

SMITH (CONT'D)

They love symmetry.

SMITH smashes his rifle through the snow and breaks through another skylight. EVA comes across to help. As the snow and glass falls away we can see they are directly above the Amerikabomber.

INT. BASE

ROCK & GOYLE are still pinned down by the Germans who have begun to fight their way into the room. The shooting is intense. ROCK occasionally pops out from behind cover to return fire, wounding and killing when he does so, but the fallen are instantly replaced. He falls back behind the bench that shelters them and does a quick inventory of his ammunition-it is running out. He looks at GOYLE.

GOYLE

My gun's on the roof.

As bullets rip past them ROCK takes out and lights a cigar. GOYLE watches him do it and we follow his POV as he looks past ROCK and notices some unbroken jars of chemicals. The writing is in German but the symbol that they are flammable is legible to anyone.

GOYLE scoots across the floor to where the chemicals are, grabs as many bottles as he can carry and scrambles back. ROCK continues to return fire as GOYLE rips up the TECHNICIAN's lab coat, soaks the strips in chemicals then stuffs them into the bottles to make Molotovs. Just as he is finishing, ROCK's gun runs out of ammunition and he duck's back down to the floor.

GOYLE (CONT'D)

Got a light?

ROCK tosses him a lighter. GOYLE uses it to light one Molotov which he passes to Rock before lighting another for himself. Both men hold the flaming cocktails in their hands. They look at each other, affirm that they are ready before leaping up in unison and hurling the explosive towards the enemy.

The bottles explode, covering the Germans in burning liquid, driving back those it does not kill and filling the room with flames.

EXT. BASE ROOF

EVA is still on the roof as SMITH, who is balancing on the bomber's back reaches back to help her down, he pauses for a second. She jumps down onto the plane with SMITH'S assistance. SMITH motions them towards a gun turret at the tail end of the fuselage that is still open, they steal along the spine of the giant aircraft and slip inside.

INT. AMERIKABOMBER -COCKPIT

The PILOT is being strapped into position by a junior AIRMAN where MANNHEIM strides purposefully about admiring the plane's interior.

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

Such ingenuity,...technical perfection.

He turns to the pilot.

MANNHEIM (subtitled) (CONT'D)

Human perfection! This is the peak of creation and yet it exists only to be destroyed. But from this, a new tomorrow. A new world, a new America, and you will be its founding father, in time, we will nurse what you have created to maturity. I only wish I was coming with you. I envy you, you know that?

There is a huge explosion. From the cockpit we can see that a fireball is tearing through the windows of the lab and debris flies out into the hangar itself. WE CUT TO:

INT. HANGAR GANTRY

At the top of the gantry to the bomber stands MANNHEIM'S beleaguered OFFICER. As we watch the fire spread through the building he looks nervous, then decisive as he signals the ground crew to release the blocks that are holding back the aircraft and slams the exit hatch closed with a thud that echoes all the way back to the cockpit where we CUT TO...

INT. AMERIKABOMBER COCKPIT

MANNHEIM (subtitled)

Shit!

The PILOT throws the throttle forward and the AMERIKABOMBER begins to taxi out of the hangar.

INT. BASE LAB

From the smoldering ruins of the lab we see GOYLE emerge looking ragged alongside ROCK, his cigar intact and burning carrying two German machine guns which he inspects the magazines of. Parts of GOYLE's are smoldering, ROCK pats him down.

We follow their POV as they look out into the hangar where the plane is picking up speed. In the haste of the launch a cargo bay hangs open at the rear, sending out sparks as it drags across the ground. Amongst the sundry German vehicles scattered around the hangar, ROCK also catches sight of a motorbike and sidecar.

ROCK

C'mon.

He tosses a gun to GOYLE. The two men sprint down a metal staircase towards the hangar floor. Initially the ground crew are in disarray, but as the Americans get nearer to the floor they are spotted and ROCK and GOYLE both are engaged in a full on fire fight by the time they reach the ground. The men keep moving as the Amerikabomber is almost out the door.

Goyle fires but he's hopeless, ROCK sprints over to the motorbike and kicks it into life. There are secondary explosions throughout the burning building as he does so. We can see that the Amerikabomber is now out of the hangar and onto the runway. ROCK revs the bike, releases the brake, and makes straight for GOYLE, who is still firing. GOYLE jumps on the bike and covers the rear with his gun as best he can. ROCK looks ahead and sees-disaster.

Scores of troops are coming out of lorries that have arrived on the runway, as the giant bomber rolls past they assemble in firing formation, facing ROCK, who guns the engine and assesses the situation, it looks impossible.

Suddenly German soldiers fall to the ground. GOYLE looks at his own weapon in disbelief. Pull back to see WILKINS' tank speeding round the corner, water leaking from it and RETREAD firing its mounted machine gun while WILDMAN picks men off with his sniper fire.

INT. TANK 2

RETREAD

I tell you these guys know how to
tune an engine!

The tank fires a shell, which bends at a weird angle and hits one of the trucks. ROCK'S path is clear.

EXT. HANGAR

ROCK & GOYLE speed toward the Amerikabomber on the bike. We can see that though they are pulling closer the plane is beginning to take flight while the open hatch still drags along the ground.

MANNHEIM's face appears at the rear of the plane, evidently he is looking for a way out, he ducks back inside though when he sees what's coming.

With one last burst of speed as the bomber's wheels pull free of the tarmac ROCK steers the bike up the ramp and into the back of the ascending plane.

EXT. PRITCHARD'S HQ

COOK, GERONIMO, ICE CREAM and assorted troops are in the process of assembling food round a camp fire amidst the chaos of the HQ. Suddenly there is a shout from above.

LOOKOUT

General Kubert!

COOK

Whaddaya see Soldier?

LOOKOUT

Fire on the horizon Sir.

The men turn and face where the LOOKOUT is indicating. We SEE there is a tower of black smoke rising from the direction of the burning hangar.

COOK

Those birds in the air yet Major?

MAJ PRITCHARD

Affirmative Sir, the planes are on their way.

ICE CREAM

Maybe Rock did the job for 'em?

GERONIMO

Maybe...

Geronimo listens hard as though he hears something, gradually the sound of giant engines becomes clear to everyone and a the camp is plunged into shadow as the huge shape of the Amerikabomber flies overhead, blocking out the weak winter sun.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)

Maybe not.

We follow the shadow of the plane as it travels over the base and across the road beneath it. When it passes we see revealed in the light a jeep approaching the base which has stopped to look at the aircraft. At the wheel and in the passenger seat are members of the military police. In the back sits GENERAL STEIN, the CAPTAIN and the heavily bandaged GENERAL KUBERT, still attached to a drip.

Geronimo sees what is happening and looks over the Cook - he speaks to Ice Cream.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)

You recognize that guy, the General?

ICE CREAM

Nope.

GERONIMO

Why am I asking you, you can't recognize anyone.

GERONIMO gets up and goes over to COOK, he motions him to one side.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)

Sir, can I have a word with you?

COOK

Absolutely soldier.

GERONIMO

What's for dinner, General?

COOK

What did you have in mind, soldier?

GERONIMO

I think a surprise is on the menu, is it not?

GERONIMO points out STEIN's jeep approaching.

GERONIMO (CONT'D)

In Paris there's a potato with your name on it.

He smiles.

COOK

Which way's Paris?

GERONIMO points at the horse.

GERONIMO

Ask him.

INT. AMERIKABOMBER - LOADING BAY

ROCK and GOYLE are off the bike and are holding on to fixtures in the plane's loading bay as the wind whips around them. Barrels of the plane's mysterious cargo that were not secured in time are rolling around close to the open hatchway. Both men struggle to operate the winches that will bring up the loading ramp, they are able to effect some progress, but not enough.

VOICE (O.S.)

You need a hand?

The men turn to see SMITH and EVA. Together they seal up the hatchway. GOYLE turns his attention to the barrels.

SMITH

You were right, this is a big plane.

ROCK

You think this thing can get to America?

SMITH

Maybe, but it couldn't hold enough fuel to make it back.

GOYLE

It's not meant to come back. This isn't a bomber, this is a bomb. It's full of irradiated material. If it gets shot down, if it crashes, wherever it happens, it's a disaster.

SMITH

So what are you saying, we gotta land it?

GOYLE

And land it safely.

ROCK

Anybody know how to fly?

The men look at each other and then at EVA, she is deep in thought.

EVA

A plane's a plane, right?

INT. AMERIKABOMBER - MAIN FUSELAGE

We move up the plane. Its midsection of is used for navigation, there are charts, radio and communication equipment, machines panels and gauges of every kind manned by a group of technicians in headphones who occasionally disappear up into what is evidently the cockpit end.

WE SEE one of the technicians plotting a course, he traces the line of its trajectory through Northern Europe, across the channel, over Britain, across the Atlantic and beyond.
CUT TO:

INT. AMERIKABOMBER - REAR FUSELAGE

ROCK & Co are crouched in the tail section of the where they are able to peer through at the Communication room.

EVA

Another careful plan?

ROCK extracts his revolver.

GOYLE

Before this plan unfolds can I remind you that flying in a volatile giant bomb and firing guns at the same are a bad idea.

ROCK stashes his gun as some of the Navigators jump to their feet. He pulls out a knife and throws it, killing the nearest member of the crew.

GUNNER (subtitled)

Enemy aircraft!

COOK's air support has arrived, the plane banks to one side as the pilot takes evasive action.

As the plane tips, ROCK & CO as well as the NAVIGATORS are thrown around. They engage in a desperate hand to hand struggle as they are thrown from side to side and up and down. The cabin's locked in combat as the machine gunner fires on the attacking aircraft which scream past. WE CUT to see bullets ripping into the fuselage of the Amerikabomber tearing holes in it, and narrowly missing the explosives. ROCK, SMITH and EVA gradually get the better of things with a little help from GOYLE who, has taken a bullet to the shoulder. They move forward and Goyle takes the seat by the radio and attempts a transmission.

GOYLE

Mayday, Mayday, attention allied aircraft!

As GOYLE struggles with the radio WE CUT TO:

INT. AMERIKABOMBER- COCKPIT

The PILOT looks behind him and takes stock of what is happening. He looks around at the fighters preparing for another attack and forces the joystick back sending the aircraft into a steep climb, out of range of the pursuing fighters.

INT. AMERIKABOMBER - MAIN FUSELAGE

Everyone is cast down toward the tail section except ROCK who is able to hold on to part of the fuselage and GOYLE who is strapped in to the communications seat, he has on a headset and is frantically working the dials.

As the plane flies upwards at almost ninety degrees, ROCK and the PILOT fight, swinging from anything they can hold on to and raining blows on one another with whatever limbs they have free. One of them crashes into the joystick as they struggle, sending the aircraft into a steep descent. They fight as it falls, eventually it reaches terminal velocity and the struggle continues in what is effectively zero gravity. After an epic battle against each other and the laws of physics, ROCK finally gets the better of THE PILOT as the plane-whose engine's are now screaming-plummet towards the earth.

ROCK hauls himself into the cockpit and forces the joystick out of the position where it was wedged. The plane lurches forward and heads back toward being horizontal again. EVA pushes past him and takes control. She gets the plane horizontal but something isn't right.

EVA

The steering's damaged.

SMITH

Let me take a look.

INT. AMERIKABOMBER - LOADING BAY

The plane is swaying dangerously. SMITH examines a section of panelling that has been torn away by the allied attack. He can see that the transmission wires to the tail fins have been damaged. He looks around for a way to fix it, looks around the loading then calls back toward GOYLE.

SMITH

Hey Goyle! Some of that stuff fell out the back.

GOYLE

It's OK, I think we're over the ocean.

EVA

We were. I can see land again.

GOYLE'S radio bursts into life.

RADIO

This is RAF intercept station, receiving your message, please identify yourself, over...

GOYLE
We're over England!

SMITH calls from the back again.

SMITH
GOYLE, that big Nazi wearing a belt?

GOYLE looks at the pilot's body.

GOYLE
Yes.

SMITH
Take it off him and toss it up here.

EXT. SKY

The Amerikabomber, smoking from its wounds, the engine on fire, lurches over the Kent countryside, escorted by a spitfire on either wing.

EVA
I'm losing power, we need to set
this thing down.

GOYLE
Hold on.

GOYLE runs up the plane and hands the belt to SMITH who begins to repair the transmission while GOYLE helps.

ROCK sits down and takes a moment, reaches into his pocket for the box of cigars, there's one left, he lights it. He also finds the note from his mother and reads it again. "Dear Son, Kill Hitler!" ROCK laughs to himself.

INT. AMERIKABOMBER

In a compartment to the side of the main fuselage we see MANNHEIM who has been hiding throughout. He pulls out a dagger. He moves closer to ROCK, sinks the dagger into his back and holds it there as he speaks.

MANNHEIM
Congratulations Sergeant, a truly
impressive effort. Quite heroic,
but futile nonetheless. You've
averted one tragedy and caused
another. New York, London, it's all
the same, wherever this lands the
devastation will be total. I'd like
you to see it Sergeant, but for the
sake of this mission I think it's
better that I kill you now. It's a
shame you won't have a better look
at what you've done.

ROCK looks into the plane, his vision blurs. Through his eyes we look up to where GOYLE was sitting at the radio and see he has been replaced by ROCK'S FATHER.

ROCK'S FATHER.

Aren't you going to offer me a cigar?

ROCK

This is my last one dad, the box is empty.

ROCK'S FATHER

Check again son.

ROCK

I'm telling you dad, I'm out. This time I can really feel it.

ROCK'S FATHER

If you can still feel it then there's still something there.

ROCK reaches out again, he finds something.

ROCK

You're a sonafabitch dad.

His father smiles.

ROCK'S FATHER

What does that make you?

Rock smiles and looks down to where he thought he was holding the cigar, he now has Mannheim's knife and clearly had extracted it when he thought he was reaching for a cigar. He snaps back into the real world and throws it into MANNHEIM'S heart. MANNHEIM freezes. ROCK kicks him hard into a bullet riddled section of the fuselage that tears open under his flying weight, he holds on for a moment before is sucked outside into the waiting propeller.

EXT. SKY

The plane is flying down the Thames past all the familiar landmarks of London. It clips the top of Tower Bridge before falling again and skipping up the river losing parts of its wings as it crashes into boats and buildings on the way.

INT. AMERIKABOMBER - COCKPIT

EVA wrestles with the controls.

INT. AMERIKABOMBER - REAR FUSELAGE

SMITH has completed the repair.

SMITH

How we doing?

INT. AMERIKABOMBER - COCKPIT

EVA

I think we're going to be all right.

INT. STARS & STRIPES EDITOR'S OFFICE

The EDITOR and TONY are drinking King Of Scots whiskey.

SALLY calls through from the other office where she is looking out the window.

SALLY

Sir!

EDITOR

Not now Sally, I'm busy. I've saved
the best till last Tony, bon voyage.
Berlin's waiting for you.

SALLY

But Sir,...

TONY

I'm telling you the end of this war
is the start of our careers.

SALLY

I really think you should see this.

The men hear the whining engines and realize something is
up.

SALLY (CONT'D)

I'm evacuating the building Sir.

The men turn round and look out the window, the plane flies
overhead and an engine falls from the wing and into the
office, spilling their drinks and covering them with debris.

INT. AMERIKABOMBER

What's left of the plane comes gently and safely to a
standstill on the river outside the Houses of Parliament.
There is widespread relief and disbelief amongst all those
on board.

ROCK

Goyle, what kind of range you got on
that radio?

GOYLE

Well this is state of the art German
electronics Sergeant, I expect you
can reach just about anywhere.

INT. GERMAN BASE

The base is partly ruined and allied troops are in command. RETREAD, WILDMAN, WILKINS, and his DRIVER are standing by WILKINS' tank.

RETREAD

You really get 200k off of one tank of fuel?

WILKINS

More, if you know what you're doing.

A soldier runs up to them.

SOLDIER

You guys in Easy company?

RETREAD

We're what's left of it, why?

SOLDIER

I got a message here from a Sergeant Rock in London, something about a dinner reservation?

EXT. PRITCHARD'S HQ

Outside the base, a distraught PRITCHARD is being led forcibly into the jeep by the MP's while GENERAL STEIN looks on scornfully. KUBERT is being held by soldiers.

MAJ PRITCHARD

I swear to you Sir, he was here and he looked like a General. I swear I never wanted to do anything bad. I just wanted to retreat. I was only following orders!

At the tent a radio operator calls out for GERONIMO who along with ICE CREAM is sitting by a huge mound of fresh fruit, feasting on bananas, pomegranates and other unfeasible things.

RADIO OPERATOR

I got a Sergeant ROCK for you private, says he's calling from London.

The men look at each other in acknowledgment.

GERONIMO gets up to take the radio as PRITCHARD is driven away screaming. We pull back to reveal COOK sat on the horse heading into the sunset, drinking from a bottle as he goes. As PRITCHARD'S car leaves it crushes the discarded General's helmet.

We hear a familiar cry of,....

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Bullshit!

EXT. HOSPITAL GARDEN

GOYLE is in pajamas and a dressing gown, his arm in a sling, playing cards with other patients.

GOYLE

I'm telling you, that's how it happened. Raise.

He pushes money into the pot.

PATIENT 1

I still say it's bullshit and you're bluffing.

GOYLE

Well, you'll have to pay to find out.

PATIENT 2

I'm out.

PATIENT 1

Me too I'm broke. Come on Goyle, what do you have there?

GOYLE keeps his cards hidden and rakes in the pot.

GOYLE

Well you know what they say about poker?

PATIENT 1

What?

GOYLE

If you can't spot the sucker, it's probably you.

THE END