

"THE AMERICANIZATION OF EMILY"

screenplay by;

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THE AMERICANIZATION OF EMILY

FADE IN TO THE ROLLING OF DRUMS:
EXT. HENDON AIRPORT - NIGHT

1

LONG WIDE ANGLE ESTABLISHING SHOT of the airport. A high-level military mission is about to arrive. Three black official cars wait on the grass by a landing strip. The drivers of the cars, three young uniformed English women, lounge in a group by one of the cars, smoking, murmuring between themselves. A Captain of the U.S. Navy, SPAULDING, hurries down to the three women drivers, calls something to them. They quickly step on their cigarettes, and each hurries to stand at attention by her car. Now a DC-4 taxis slowly into view out of the darkness. The following legend appears briefly over this:

Hendon Airport, England
May 4, 1944
Midnight

ANOTHER ANGLE across the three drivers and FAVORING EMILY BARHAM,

a handsome English girl of 24. In b.g., the DC-4 has come to a halt. REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM JESSUP and his team --- CAPTAIN MARVIN ELLENDER, LIEUTENANT COMMANDER STANLEY "BUS" CUMMINGS and CHARLES MADISON, and CHIEF PETTY OFFICER PAUL ADAMS disembark from the plane, each carrying an attache case. Captain Spaulding moves quickly forward to greet them. There is a brisk exchange of salutes and handshakes. The Admiral, Captain Ellender and Commander Cummings follow Captain Spaulding to the cars.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ACROSS EMILY

A jeep and a 3/4-ton truck roll up to the plane out of the darkness. Four sailors begin unloading crates, cases and cartons and everyone's luggage from the plane. In particular, there is an enormous crate that requires all the strength of the four sailors and two of the DC-4 crew to carry. Commander Madison supervises the distribution of the baggage to the separate cars. He busily signs bills of lading and other official documents. Chief Petty Officer Adams comes grunting down to Emily's car, lugging valises, sea bags, and other duffle. Emily hurries to open the trunk of her car for him. Now Commander Madison exchanges a few words with Admiral Jessup, who is already seated in the first of the cars, and then comes strolling down to Emily's car. We see now that Madison is an agreeable young Navy officer in

his late 30's. There is, however, something raffish about him which is not at all in key with the somber weightiness of this midnight mission. Indeed, as he passes the DRIVER of the second car, he gives her a good-natured pat.

1
CONT'D
(2)

THE SECOND DRIVER (smiles,
whispers)
Hiya, Charlie.

Emily's eyebrows shoot up at this.

MADISON (across Emily
to Adams)
All right, let's go.

Adams SLAMS the trunk shut.

LONG SHOT

showing the three cars turning on the airstrip and starting off. The loading of the truck and jeep continues in b.g.

EXT. NIGHT - LONDON RUNBYS SHOWING DAMAGE AND
MILITARY

1A

EXT. WESTCHESTER HOTEL - NIGHT - WIDE ANGLE SHOT

2

showing the mission getting out of the cars and going up the hotel steps. MP's and soldiers hurry out from the hotel to help with the luggage.

ACROSS Emily and SHOWING Madison dismissing the drivers of the other two cars. As he passes the DRIVER of the first car, he amiably pats her, too.

THE FIRST DRIVER (smiles
at Madison)
Glad you're back, Charlie.

Emily's eyebrows shoot up again.

MADISON (calling to
Adams in the car)
Let's go around the back and wait
for the truck.

2
CONT'D
(2)

Adams nods.

EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE - WESTCHESTER HOTEL

3

truck being unloaded.

INT. BASEMENT - WESTCHESTER HOTEL

4

Crates and cartons being carried by sweating sailors,
with Madison directing the traffic to the service
lifts.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE

5

As Madison comes out of service lift and strides
to Sixth Floor Kitchen, where the Captain, an
Englishman in hotel livery is standing in the open
doorway watching. A large refrigerator has just
been uncrated and stands in lofty isolation in the
middle of the kitchen. Madison pokes his head in.

MADISON (to Captain)
Hello, Tom.

CAPTAIN
Nice to have you back in London,
Sir.

MADISON (opens refrigerator)
That's an even gross of eggs, Tom,
four pounds of bacon, four tins of
coffee, six pounds of butter,
assorted marmalades, and ten pounds
of fresh oranges. Check those for
bruises, Tom. The Admiral break-
fasts at seven-thirty tomorrow with
Captain Ellender and Commander
Cummings. I've scribbled down the
way everyone likes their eggs.

He gives the Captain a piece of paper, turns to Adams, who is now directing more sailors and more crates down the hallway.

5
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON

I'll sign us in. You get the wash
and dry-cleaning.

Adams nods. Madison hurries down the hallway as more sailors and crates pour out of the service lift.

EXT. WESTCHESTER HOTEL
NIGHT-WIDE ANGLE SHOT

6

across Emily standing by her car. The jeep and truck have been unloaded. Madison comes out of the hotel in the best of spirits. He signs the papers submitted to him by the drivers of the truck and jeep. Now, as Emily watches him out of the corner of her eye, he stands on the sidewalk amiably drinking in the night air. After a moment, he ambles good-naturedly down to Emily, takes the trip-ticket she offers him and signs it, using a window of the car for a desk.

MADISON (smiles affably)

Well, get some sleep.

As she bends to get into the car, Madison pats her butt, more out of habit than anything else. However, this driver straightens and slaps his face a splendid, crisp slap, and then gets back into her car and starts the motor.

TRUCK DRIVER

You can't win them all, Commander.

Madison shrugs. Emily's car roars off into the night. Suddenly, the ululation of air-raid SIRENS fills the night. The lights of the hotel quickly black out. Madison darts a nervous look at the sky and hurries back into the hotel. To the ROLLING of drums and the EXPLOSION of bombs, a solemn legend rolls across the black screen:

In World War II, few men served
their countries more ably than a
small group of unheralded heroes
known as "The Dog-Robbers."

A "Dog-Robber" is the personal
attendant of a general or admiral,
and his job is to keep his general
or admiral well-clothed, well-fed,
and well-loved during the battle.

Every army and navy in the world
has its "Dog-Robbers", but, need-
less to say, ours were the best.

6
CONT'D
(2)

To these resolute procurers and
luftsmenschen, this film is grate-
fully dedicated.

With an enormous sweep of coronation MUSIC, we
explode into the credits:

7

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EMILY

Under the credits: EXTERIOR DAYLIGHT SHOTS of London
in the first week of May 1944, showing the streets
crowded with grim-faced, resolute military men,
obviously carrying the weight of the Invasion on
their particular backs and in their particular attache
cases.

EXT. NAVY BUILDING

7A

INT. LOBBY - NAVY BUILDING - FULL SHOT OF MADISON

8

entering the lobby which courses with purposeful
Navy personnel. We PAN him across to the stairway.

INT. COMM. CUMMINGS' OFFICE

9

as Madison enters, Cummings, bespectacled now, is
busy behind his desk. Chief Petty Officer Adams is
unloading a box filled with packages of nylon stock-
ings. Madison promptly begins stuffing his attache
case with these packages.

CUMMINGS (without looking
up from his administrative
chores)

Charlie, the Admiral's playing bridge
tonight with Generals Hallerton and
Waterson.

MADISON

Waterson doesn't play bridge.

CUMMINGS

He'll want a partner anyway.
Find a couple of someones to
complete the foursome. Dinner
will be at six --- steak, avocado
salad, ice-cream and the
appropriate wines.

MADISON (to Adams)

Call the Motor Pool and get me
a driver.

CUMMINGS

We're going to stay put here in
London for a while, Charlie, at
least until the balloon goes up.

MADISON

What balloon?

CUMMINGS

D-Day. The invasion of Europe.
So you might as well set up house.

MADISON

Okay.

ADAMS (on phone)

Motor Pool, please.

MADISON

General Waterson likes red-headed
partners, right?

(to Adams as he
starts for the door)

Never mind, Paul. I'll go by the
Motor Pool myself.

(exiting)

Avocado salad. That's a new one.

INT. MOTOR POOL - NAVY BUILDING

10

as Madison enters. In the anteroom, the DISPATCHER, a uniformed woman of 40, sits at her desk, busy at her phone.

DISPATCHER

Motor Pool, Miss Simpson here ---

She looks up as Madison enters, flutters her hand at him. He flutters his hand at her, continues on to the inner office where three uniformed English girls lounge about, on call. One is a blazing blonde, a second is the driver of the evening before who had slapped Madison's face. A brief cold look passes between Madison and this driver.

MADISON (to the blazing blonde)

Sheila, could you be a redhead by five-thirty this afternoon?

SHEILA

I could manage, love. Am I to dress or am I to drive?

MADISON

You'll have to dress. It's for dinner and a little bit of mauling. Two-star General who usually passes out about half-past eleven.

SHEILA

Oooh, a two-star General.

She follows Madison back into the dispatcher's office.

DISPATCHER (calling to third driver)

Push on to SHAEF, Pet. Two Navy Captains wait in front, here's your ticket.

Pat, the third driver, takes her trip-ticket.

PAT (exiting)

Ta-ra Charlie. Nice that you're back.

MADISON

Ta-ra.

(to Dispatcher)

I need a driver to take me to Hendon. How about Sheila?

DISPATCHER

She's on call.

(calls to Emily in
rear office)

Emily, dear, take Commander
Madison to Hendon Airport, here's
your ticket.

(the phone rings)

Motor Pool, Miss Simpson here ---

10
CONT'D
(2)

In the rear office, Emily looks up, puts her magazine
down, comes out into the dispatcher's office to pick
up her trip-ticket.

SHEILA (to Madison)

If I'm to be a redhead, love, I
shall need a new frock, don't you
agree?

MADISON

I'll be back at my room by lunch.

SHEILA

Ah, you're a love, Charlie.

By now, the dispatcher has finished writing up Emily's
trip-ticket. Emily takes it, exits through the door.
Madison is holding open for her. As Madison exits,
we hear:

DISPATCHER (to Sheila)

This is yours, love. Rear-Admiral
to go to Hammersmith.

SHEILA

Oooh, a Rear-Admiral.

(calls to exiting Madison)

I'll be up for my new dress during
lunch, love.

DISSOLVE TO:

11-12 OUT

EXT. HENDON AIRPORT - ENTRANCE GATES - DAY

13

FULL SHOT of the car pulling up to the gate. An MP SERGEANT comes forward to examine Madison's papers being offered through the rear window.

TWO SHOT of Madison and the MP Sergeant talking through the window, the back of Emily's head in b.g.

MADISON

Is Lieutenant Haworth still Navy Supply Officer here, Sergeant?

MP SERGEANT (handing papers back)

No, sir, there's a Lieutenant named Wade there now.

Madison extracts a package of nylon hose from his attache case, gives it to the Sergeant.

MP SERGEANT

Thank you, sir. It might help you to know, sir, this Lieutenant Wade is from Alabama.

MADISON (nods, then to Emily)

The Navy Supply enclosure.

The gates open. Emily drives the car into the field.

INT. NAVY SUPPLY DEPOT

14

FULL SHOT of LIEUTENANT VICTOR WADE, an Alabama boy of 28, sipping coffee. The depot is a large quonset hut, filled with monstrous refrigerators called "reefers".

WADE

This Admiral you're dog-robbing for, Madison, is he a good joe?

Madison, we suddenly discover, has a Southern drawl and reeks with the restrained charm of a Confederate gentleman.

MADISON

He's from Virginia, boy. Two stars. Adjutant to the Secretary of the Navy. Highest echelon, policy level.

REVERSE ANGLE across them to open doorway, showing Emily waiting by her car outside.

14
CONT'D
(2)

WADE

All those stories true about those lady volunteer drivers in the Navy Motor Pool?

MADISON

Some of them.

WADE

You think you could arrange one of those high echelon Navy Motor Pool drivers for me?

MADISON

Come round the Hotel tomorrow about three. I've got some bottles for you besides.

WADE

What kind of bottles?

MADISON

Now, what kind of bottles would I offer a Confederate kinsman in an alien land?

WADE

Don't tell me.

MADISON

I. W. Harper.

WADE

Man, you can't get bourbon over here.

MADISON

You've got three bottles.

WADE

You're quite a dog-robber, ain't you, Madison?

MADISON

Well, let's make sure we read each other clear, Wade. I'll take care of you. But, Lieutenant, my Admiral sets a better table than anybody in the European Theatre of Operations, including the Supreme Commander. I want the prime of everything you've got here. When I ask for a steak, I mean aged, two

(continued)

MADISON (continued)

14
CONT'D
(3)

inches thick, corn-fed, that you can cut with a sharp look. I'm setting up house now. For today, I want six dozen sirloin strips, a crate of oranges, a crate of grapefruit, six rib-roasts, three Swift's hams, six gallons of ice-cream and a gallon of chocolate syrup. I expect to be favored, and, if any other Admiral's dog-robber complains, my Admiral'll cover for you all the way to the Secretary of the Navy. If you do right, I'll get you the Legion of Merit with Clusters for your gallant service. But, if you fink on my Admiral, man --- well, my Admiral has a pet research project, the study of navigable waters in the Arctic Circle. And the last supply officer who sent my Admiral a chewy steak is now up at the North Pole, doing polar research. You read me, Lieutenant?

WADE

Oh, I read you, Commander.
(claps Madison on the back)

Madison hands Wade a page from his note book. They walk up the length of the quonset hut to the door.

WADE (calls to
Emily)

Just you drive that Chevvy
around to the dock, honey,
and we'll load you up.

EXT. THE SUPPLY ENCLOSURE - DAY

15

ACROSS Emily by her car as sailors load the car with cartons, crates and ice-cream containers. Madison stands by the trunk checking off the items. Wade stands by the door of the quonset hut, checking off his list. Emily regards it all with icy contempt.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - RUNBY

16

EXT. REAR PROJECTION - LONDON SUBURBS -
DAY

17

Inside the car as they drive back. Madison sits in the rear seat, crowded in by all the crates and cartons. He checks his watch, makes notes.

EMILY (suddenly)

You Americans are really enjoying this war, aren't you?

MADISON

Ma'am?

EMILY

Most English families haven't seen this many oranges or eggs in five years, but it's all one big Shriner's Convention for you Americans, isn't it?

Madison nods briefly, recognizing the type.

MADISON

Yeah, well, that's swell, Miss---

EMILY

Barham.

MADISON

Yeah, well, on to the hotel, Miss Barham, it's nearly lunch.

He turns his attention back to his notes.

INT. MADISON'S HOTEL ROOM

18

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing the entire bedroom which has more the look of a storeroom. There's hardly room to walk between all the crates and cartons. Chief Petty Officer Adams is still unpacking. The closets are jammed with frocks, the bed piled high with dress packages. The bureau is obscured by boxes of hosiery, lingerie, soap and soap-flakes. The bathroom is crammed with cases of liquor, cartons of candy, racks of perfume bottles, and a half-size refrigerator for chilling wine. Madison is perched on his bed talking on the phone, and sipping coffee --- his lunch.

MADISON (on phone)
Avocado, avocado! --- Demi-dou-
zaine -- Since when did you start
asking for ration coupons, Alfie?
---Oui, vingt minutes ---

(hangs up, stands,
mutters)

Well, that's the avocados. I
need a blonde, a bridge-playing
blonde.

(he looks frowning out
the window)

MADISON'S POV. Looking down through the window to
the sidewalk six floors below. Emily is standing
beside her car.

REVERSE SHOT across Madison at window and now show-
ing Sheila, who is now lifting a black sheath dress
from its package of tissues on the bed.

SHEILA

Oh, it's too bloody beautiful.

MADISON

I need a blonde, Sheila, an elegant
blonde, very crusty, with a British
diction calculated to bring out
the upstart in any American, who
can handle herself at a dinner
table and play bridge like an
assassin. Whatever happened to
Alice Luddens?

SHEILA (holding the
sheath against herself)
She married off, love. Just a
colonel in the paratroops. Can't
be choosey, I suppose, if you're
a widow with two kids. May I
try it on, Charlie?

Madison nods, now riffling through another of his
countless notebooks. Sheila dashes off into the
bathroom, unbuttoning her uniform, as Captain
Harry Spaulding enters from the hall. He affects
a cane. He pockets a bottle of perfume he finds
on the dresser.

SPAULDING

Well, the balloon's going up
any day now.

MADISON (looking down
at Emily again)
What balloon?

18
CONT'D
(3)

SPAULDING (with a
cavalier twirl of his
cane)
D-Day, old man. The invasion of
Europe. Any day now, one million
men are going to hit the beaches
of France in the greatest battle
in history.

MADISON
Oh. Harry, do you know any
blondes who play a good game of
bridge?

Sheila comes out of the bathroom dressed in her
black sheath.

SHEILA
What do you think, Charlie?

MADISON (looking down
at Emily again)
Yeah. It's worth a try.

He suddenly reaches over and appropriates
Spaulding's cane.

MADISON
Just for a little while, Harry.
It's a matter of state.

He opens the door to the hallway and exits, sudden-
ly walking with a noticeable limp, leaning heavily
on the cane. Spaulding watches him exit, a little
startled.

EXT. WESTCHESTER HOTEL - PARK LANE SIDE - DAY

19-21

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing Emily leaning against the
front fender of her car, smoking as Madison comes
out of the hotel. She is a little astonished to
see Madison walking with his right leg stiff as a
board and using a cane. So, for that matter, is
a LIEUTENANT j.g., who is going into the hotel.

FULL SHOT of the Lieutenant going in and Madison coming out.

19-21
CONT'D
(2)

LIEUTENANT

Hey, Charlie, what happened to you?

MADISON (mutters)

Knock off.

MED. SHOT as Madison comes down to the car. Emily steps quickly on her cigarette and hurries to open the rear door. Madison is making a great show of pain.

EMILY

An old wound, Commander?

MADISON (grimaces)

Yes. I caught a bit of flak when I was flying for the RAF in 1940. It acts up every now and then.

EMILY (not unamused)

Pity.

Madison rubs his suddenly wounded thigh, regards Emily.

MADISON

Do you play bridge, Miss Barham?

EMILY

Yes, I do. Why?

MADISON

Miss Barham, Admiral Jessup would like you to be his guest at dinner and for bridge this evening.

EMILY

Ah.

MADISON

Just dinner and bridge, nothing else. I'll have you driven to your quarters by half past ten.

19-21
CONT'D
(3)

EMILY

No, thank you. If you don't need me, Commander, may I take my lunch?

She hands him her trip-ticket. He signs it, gives it back.

MADISON

You're something of a prig, Miss Barham.

Emily, who had started round the car to get to her own seat, pauses and turns.

EMILY

I don't mean to be.

She frowns, continues round the front of the car.

INT. TRANSIENT WOMEN'S QUARTERS

22-24

HIGH ANGLE SHOT looking down on a large barracks-like room, lined with cots and filled with a variety of military women, dressed and undressed, toweling, toiletting, lipsticking, etc., WACS, WRENS, SPARS, etc.

FULL SHOT as Emily sinks down onto a cot next to a cot on which Sheila, swathed in towels, is drying her hair red with dabs of cotton. A small laboratory of bottles, vials, bowls and basins is spread out on the cot before her.

EMILY

Do you think I'm a prig, Sheila?

SHEILA

Oh, Lord, yes, love. You've been shattering us all with your virtue ever since you joined this Motor Pool.

22-24
CONT'D
(2)

EMILY

Have I been that awful?

SHEILA

Bloody virgin goddess herself.

EMILY

Well, the fact is I'm anything but. I'm grotesquely sentimental. I fall in love at the drop of a hat. That's why I gave up hospital driving. All those men moaning in the back of my ambulance, especially the lot from Africa. I used to read to them in my off-hours. When they healed and were being sent back to the front, they'd come looking for me in the ambulance garage to spend their last nights of leave with them. Little hotel rooms, bed and breakfast for a guinea. I paid the guinea myself more often than not.

(lies back on the bed,
suddenly weary)

I couldn't say no to them, could I?
I had just lost my husband, you see ---
(almost cries)

--at Tobruk, and I was overwhelmed with tenderness for all dying men... As I say, I'm grotesquely sentimental... Whatever are you doing with your hair?

SHEILA

I'm turning it red. I'm going to one of Charlie Madison's do's tonight.

EMILY

Oh yes. I was just asked to that one. Does it require red hair?

SHEILA

Oh, do come along, love. Charlie sets a marvelous table. Meats and sauces, ice creams, things we haven't seen in England in years. You'll get a nice frock out of it. Have you ever been up to Madison's room?

EMILY

No.

22-24
CONT'D
(3)

SHEILA

Well, you've got to see it. It's the swankiest shop in town. He's got everything up there but the crown jewels.

EMILY

Yes, so I've heard.

SHEILA

(pulls out a parcel from under her bed, extracts wisps of hosiery and lingerie)

Here, look at that. You can't buy that at Harrod's. That's nylon, love, and the other's pure silk. I'd show you the new dress, but I don't want the others here to see. Bonwit Teller's. You've heard of that, I imagine.

EMILY

You mean, he actually supplies you with a wardrobe?

SHEILA

Oh, Charlie dresses you proper. Americans don't like their women in uniforms.

EMILY

But it all ends in someone's bed, doesn't it? I mean, that's the point of it, isn't it?

SHEILA

Well, look who's talking, after that lurid confession you just made.

EMILY

Sorry. I'm rather a prig at that.

SHEILA

I feel rather tender towards the poor beggars myself.

EMILY (stands, on edge)

I don't want to feel tender towards anyone, especially soldiers.

(continued)

EMILY(continued)

(sits again)

I've lost a husband, a father and a brother in this war. When my husband was killed, I almost went insane. I take these things badly.

(lies back, tears in her eyes)

I fall in love too easily, and I shatter too easily. I don't want any more doomed men.

SHEILA

Oh, come on tonight, Emily. None of these chaps are doomed. They'll never see any of the shooting, that's for sure. We'll have a few laughs, love. I never saw anyone needed a few laughs as much as you.

CLOSEUP of EMILY. Her eyes close. A sigh shudders through her as she masters her tears.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ADM. JESSUP'S SUITE

25

Madison is going over the dinner arrangements with the Sixth Floor Service Captain, Tom. A handsome table has been set up in the middle of the living room. Madison moves around it checking every piece of silver, every plate.

MADISON (examining a water glass)

Very nice crystal, Tom. Danish?

SIXTH FLOOR CAPTAIN

Yes, sir.

MADISON

I don't much care for the centerpiece. Can you get something floral?

SIXTH FLOOR CAPTAIN

Yes, sir.

MADISON (fingering the table linen)

Italian, very lovely.

Madison is suddenly aware he is being watched. He looks across to the doorway leading to his room.

MADISON'S POV. Emily stands in the doorway, fascinated by all that's going on.

25
CONT'D
(2)

ACROSS Madison to Emily, as Madison turns to the Sixth Floor Captain.

MADISON

Cocktails at five-thirty, heavy on the gin, Tom. Dinner at six promptly. Once you've cleared away, I'll manage from there.

EMILY

You're not limping, Commander.

She turns back into Madison's room. Madison follows her.

INT. MADISON'S ROOM

26

REVERSE ANGLE as Emily enters followed by Madison.

EMILY (looking about
the room, wide-eyed)
It's the Arabian nights. Do you
have chests of rubies in the bath-
room?

MADISON

Just perfumes and liquor.

EMILY (walking about
looking at this case, that
carton)
I've heard about this room, Commander.
All the girls talk about it. But I
simply couldn't believe it. Bonwits,
Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord and Taylor ---
Sheila's right. It's the swankiest
shop in town. Good heavens! Arpage
perfume! How did you ever manage
Arpage perfume with the Germans
in Paris? There are Germans in Paris,
aren't there? There is a war on, I
think. You Americans must have heard
something about it, I'm sure.

Madison has found a cigar box among the welter of things on the bureau. Now he sits on a soft chair, lights a cigar.

MADISON (regards Emily
flatly)

Pick out a dress, honey, and be back
at five-thirty.

(Emily turns, startled)

You American-haters bore me to tears,
Miss Barham. I've dealt with Euro-
peans all my life, and I know all
about us parvenus from the States who
come over here and race around your
old cathedral towns with our cameras
and Coca-Cola bottles, brawl in your
pubs, paw your women, act like we
own the world. We overtip, we talk
too loud, we think we can buy any-
thing with a Hershey bar. I've had
Germans and Italians tell me how
politically ingenuous we are. Per-
haps so, but we haven't managed a
Hitler or a Mussolini yet. I've had
Frenchmen call me a savage because
I only took half an hour for lunch.
Hell, Miss Barham, the only reason
the French take two hours for lunch
is because the service in their res-
taurants is lousy. And the most
tedious of the lot are you British.
We crass Americans didn't introduce
war into your little island. This
war, Miss Barham, to which we Ameri-
cans are so insensitive, is the re-
sult of two thousand years of Euro-
pean greed, barbarism, superstition
and stupidity. Don't blame it on our
Coca-Cola bottles. Europe was a
going brothel long before we came to
town.

EMILY

Dear me, what an outburst.

MADISON

So, lay off, Mrs. Miniver. If you
don't like our Hershey bars, don't
take them. Pick yourself a frock or
get out. It's not my job to listen
to your sentimental contempt.

Emily appraises Madison with new eyes.

EMILY

I could almost believe you flew for
the RAF.

MADISON

I never flew for the RAF, and you know it.

EMILY

You didn't expect me to believe you for a minute, did you?

MADISON

Not for a minute.

EMILY

But why, Commander?

MADISON

You're here, Miss Barham.

Emily looks quickly at him.

EMILY

Yes, so I am. You're a complete rascal. I'll be back at five-thirty, Commander.

MADISON (escorting

her)

The Admiral will be delighted you're coming.

EMILY

I'm looking forward to it.

MADISON (opening the

door)

If I can be of any service, Miss Barham.

CLOSER SHOT FAVORING Emily in the open doorway.

EMILY

I have my own clothes, Commander.
I'll do without your Hershey bars.

TWO SHOT. For a moment, the two of them appraise each other silently, smiles pending on their lips, amused by the other.

EMILY (smiling amiably)

Do you have a girl, Commander?

MADISON (smiling just as

amiably)

None of your damn business, Miss Barham.

They both smile at each other. Emily goes out.
Madison closes the door.

26
CONT'D
(4)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE

27

ESTABLISHING SHOT of cocktail party.

There are twenty-five people present including a distinguished civilian, a Russian General -- Free French, British Navy, etc. Some ladies and some not so.

MED. SHOT - EMILY

27X1

Emily in conversation with an American Army Colonel of about forty and a British Naval Officer.

COLONEL

I don't much care for chamber music myself, but those Hungarians at the Princess are very good.

During above Emily's attention goes to Madison.

MED. SHOT - JESSUP, MADISON, HALLERTON

27X2

JESSUP

Listen, Willie, I don't like the way the Navy's publicity is being handled in Overlord.

HALLERTON

Yeah, I figured that's what this party was about.

Madison notices Emily and inquires visually if all is well.

JESSUP

We'll talk about it later.

HALLERTON

You're wasting your time, Jessie.

MED. SHOT - EMILY AND GROUP

27X3

as she responds visually to Madison.

COLONEL
I've been trying to get them
American visas.

27X3
CONT'D
(2)

MED. SHOT - MADISON - GROUP

27X4

as a Russian Officer approaches with a girl.

MADISON
Horoshaw?

RUSSIAN GENERAL
Ochen Horoshaw!

Russian General makes some Russian comment.
Madison laughs, and translates.

CUT TO:

Bux, Nameless Broad, French Naval Officer, Air
Force Officer and two other girls.

27X5

NAMELESS BROAD
Avocadoes! Really, I haven't
seen an avocado in London for
years!

BUS
When the Admiral entertains, he
likes to have a surprise or two
for his guests.

NAMELESS BROAD
But avocadoes.... and out of
season at that!

CUT TO:

Madison, continuing to translate for Russian.

27X6

MED. SHOT - EMILY - GROUP

27X7

BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER
You can't leave decent musicians
wandering around homeless. There
are so few really good ones as it
is.

An American General enters in b.g. - goes to bar.
Madison spots him. On the way to bar, Madison stops
to give instructions to Tom. Madison continues to
join Major at bar.

27X7
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON

Let's keep the food moving, Tom
....the Admiral wants the room
cleared for bridge in two hours.

TOM

As you wish, Sir.

MADISON

Hello, Ted, I've been looking for
you. I dropped in to see your wife
at the hospital in Washington. She's
really much stronger and says not to
worry about her.

MAJOR (as they move
away)

Thank you, Charlie. That was
very thoughtful of you and I
appreciate it.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE -
TWO HOURS LATER

28

ACROSS the bridge foursome in f.g. The Admiral
and Madison are paired against General Hallerton
and Emily. In b.g., the party is getting sexier.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Doubled.

GENERAL HALLERTON

Redoubled.

MADISON

Pass.

EMILY

Pass.

General Hallerton as dummy lays out his hand on the
table. Emily winces.

GENERAL HALLERTON

Did I overbid?

EMILY

Well, let us just say you have
unbridled courage.

28
CONT'D
(2)

Admiral Jessup leads a card. Emily slips a card from the dummy. The play goes quickly and expertly. Without losing a second's concentration, Admiral Jessup engages General Hallerton, now standing behind him, in conference.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Willie, I don't like the way the Navy's been left out of the publicity in the invasion. I want extreme measures taken to publicize the Navy's role in Overlord. The President supports me in this.

GENERAL HALLERTON

Yes, we got your cables, Jessie, but I don't know what you mean by extreme measures.

EMILY (studying the
cards)

Oh, dear, this is going to be a blood-bath.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

I want a Marine division to be the first assault wave.

GENERAL HALLERTON

Good Lord, you're not dragging that old chestnut in.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

The Marines are the traditional shock troops, and you know it.

GENERAL HALLERTON

Not in the European Theatre of Operations, they're not. You Navy guys had all the headlines in the South Pacific. Well, Europe's an Army show. That's been clearly understood from the beginning, Jessie.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

I wrote the Supreme Commander about this.

GENERAL HALLERTON

Yes, that's one of the reasons he's out of town. You must be off your nut, Jessie, if you think the assault plans are going to be changed at this stage of preparation. You know when the balloon's going up.

MADISON (pondering
his hand)
What balloon?

28
CONT'D
(3)

GENERAL HALLERTON
I've been instructed to say we'll
put on a few more Navy staff officers
at Supreme Headquarters, and we'll
push the PRO people to send out more
Navy releases. But the Supreme Com-
mander wants it clear, Jessie, that
he considers this inter-service com-
petitiveness in very bad taste. He's
got enough trouble keeping the English
and French in line.

Admiral Jessup gathers in a trick and then lays the
rest of his hand down.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
You're down four, Willie, doubled,
redoubled and vulnerable.

GENERAL HALLERTON (sit-
ting down, scowling)
A Marine division. You must be los-
ing your mind, Jessie. Who deals?

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ADM. JESSUP'S SUITE - TWO HOURS
LATER

29

ACROSS Admiral Jessup, standing at the window look-
ing out, showing the party breaking up. Admiral
Jessup is mumbling to himself; at least, it seems
that way. In b.g. Madison comes out of the room.
He starts to cross to the bridge table where
General Hallerton is still sitting, meticulously
re-checking the scores of the games. Cummings
intercepts him.

CUMMINGS (whispers)
The champagne, Charlie.

MADISON
It's being chilled. I'll leave it
outside your door in half an hour.

CUMMINGS (looking
around the room)
Where'd she go?

MADISON

I sent her in.

29
CONT'D
(2)

Cummings nods and exits out the front door. Madison leans down to General Hallerton.

MADISON

Your car's here, General.

GENERAL HALLERTON

(standing unhappily)

Thirty-four bucks, all right.

Two waiters have entered from the hall. With a gesture, Madison indicates he wants the room cleared.

MADISON (to General

Hallerton)

At Admiral Jessup's request, I've had the Scotch House send you three yards of tweed, General. It's for Mrs. Hallerton.

GENERAL HALLERTON

It won't get him his Marine division, Charlie, but it's thoughtful of him anyway. Thank him for me.

Madison crosses to Emily at the front door.

MADISON

There's a car for you, Miss Barham. May I take you down?

EMILY

No, I'll manage. I had a very nice time, Commander. Please ask me again.

She follows General Hallerton and Johnson and Sheila out. The waiters finish clearing away. Madison closes the door on them all. Admiral Jessup is still standing by the window, looking out. There's no doubt of it now; he is mumbling to himself.

MADISON

Sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP (turns)

What?

MADISON

I thought you said something to me, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
You're losing your mind, Charlie.

29
CONT'D
(3)

MADISON
Yes, sir. I'll lay out your night
clothes, sir.

He crosses to the Admiral's room. The Admiral turns
back to staring out the window.

INT. THE ADMIRAL'S ROOM

30

as Madison enters. He turns on the bedlamp, turns
off the overhead light and turns down the bed with
deft, familiar movements. He glides into the bath-
room, draws the Admiral's tub. Now he comes out,
extracts an old-fashioned nightshirt and sleeping
cap from the bureau drawer and lays them neatly
across the bed. The Admiral enters, unbuttoning
his jacket.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Was I very rude, leaving all the
goodbyes to you, Charlie?

MADISON
It wasn't noticed, sir.

Madison takes the Admiral's jacket, drapes it onto a
hanger, slips it into the closet. He bends and re-
trieves the Admiral's slippers, whisks a bathrobe
off a closet hook, and crosses back into the bathroom
where he turns off the tub and leaves the robe and
slippers. When he comes out, the Admiral has stripped
off his shirt which Madison takes.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
I've got the damndest headache.

MADISON
I'll fix you a drink before your
bath, Admiral.

The Admiral strips off his undershirt. Madison takes
it and folds it and the shirt neatly on a chair.
The Admiral straddles a hard-back chair, rests his
chin on his forearms. Madison begins massaging the
Admiral's shoulders.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Charlie, in seven weeks I've got to go back to Washington and testify before the Joint Committee on Military Affairs. On the agenda is a review of the Army's new Long-Range Bomber program and there'll be speculation as to whether this doesn't make carrier-based aircraft obsolete. In short, they're out to scrap the Navy again. Charlie, the Air Corps's coming out of this war as the darling of the services -- the Army and its Air Corps. The Navy will be the runt of the litter. They'll scrap us like they do after every war. They'll limit our capital ships, reduce our crews to cadres, strip us back to Pearl Harbor level. And then they'll scream how ill-prepared we are when the Russians hit us with another Pearl Harbor. All Washington is bug-eyed over this invasion of Europe, and this invasion of Europe is an all-Army show. That's why we're here, Charlie, to remind the American Congress and the public that this invasion is also a Navy show. I just threw in that Marine division for openers. They turned me down and now they owe me something. But what? I don't know what to aim for, but I've got to come up with something. It's driving me crazy. Charlie, fix me something for this head, it's killing me.

30
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON

Sure, Admiral.

Madison turns from his massaging and exits into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE

31

as Madison enters, moving to the improvised bar. He quickly mixes a drink and returns to the Admiral's bedroom.

INT. ADMIRAL JESSUP'S BEDROOM

32

ACROSS Madison as he enters with drink. The Admiral is now moving about the darkish room, muttering to himself.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (barely
audible)

32
CONT'D
(2)

Sure, George -- support that damned
peanut -- damn Chinese -- Communist
five years, George -- five years,
at most --

MADISON (proffering the
drink)

Here you are, sir.

The Admiral doesn't seem to see Madison. He crosses
past Madison and goes into the bathroom muttering.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

-- moderates, boy, moderates -- you're
on the nose there, George -- land re-
form, take the steam out of it -- only
damn Army in China anyway --

He disappears into the bathroom, closing the door.
Madison is left standing with an outstretched drink.
He sets the drink on the bedtable, calls into the
bathroom:

MADISON

I've left your drink on your bed-
table, sir.

There is no answer. Madison shrugs and crosses back
into the living room.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE

33

as Madison crosses to his own bedroom. He pauses
to dump a loaded ashtray, overlooked by the waiters,
into a trash can. He opens the door to his room and
goes in.

INT. MADISON'S BEDROOM

34

FULL SHOT of Madison as he enters his dark room. He
stops in the doorway, framed in the rectangle of
light, his face registering mild surprise.

ACROSS Madison to his bed. Emily is perched on the
bed, legs crossed, hands folded patiently in her lap.
She smiles up at Madison in the doorway.

REVERSE ANGLE across Emily to Madison in doorway.

MADISON

Come to think of it, I don't have a
girl.

CLOSEUP of Emily.

34
CONT'D
(2)

EMILY
I don't have a man.

TWO SHOT FAVORING Emily. She stands, smiles.

EMILY
Do you think we can keep it on that level?

CLOSEUP of Madison.

MADISON
Not a chance. This is going to be just one of those things, you and I. I can see that.

CLOSEUP of Emily.

EMILY
I like your spirit, Commander.

RIGHT TWO SHOT as she slips happily into his arms. They kiss many times. Madison kicks the door behind him shut. The room is now lit only by moonlight. Between kisses, they murmur.

MADISON
I'm not your type, you know.

EMILY
The hell you're not.

They kiss, clutch at each other. It's a hungry scene.

MADISON
I'd have thought you'd fancy heroes, and I'm yellow, honey, clear through.

EMILY (whispering)
That's your most attractive quality.

They sink onto the bed.

EMILY
I've had it with heroes, Charlie. Every man I've loved has died in this War, but you'll never get caught in the shooting. That's one I think I'm sure of. You can't imagine how attractive that makes you to me.

She tears at his tie and collar button so she can kiss his neck.

34
CONT'D
(3)

MADISON

Easy, tiger, that shirt's silk.

EMILY (affably)

Oh, shut up, and let me kiss you.

They wrap themselves ravenously around each other.

MADISON (delighted)

What a savage.

For a moment, the screen is filled with the bobbing and weaving of the two heads and the four shoulders of the lovers as they assail each other with embraces. Then, suddenly, the door to the hallway in b.g. is thrust open, and a shaft of light shoots into the room, bathing Madison and Emily with light. The two lovers slowly extricate themselves from their sinuous embrace and turn to see what this interruption is.

ACROSS Madison and Emily on the bed to the hallway door. Framed in the doorway against the light of the hall is the Admiral. He makes an odd figure dressed as he is in his old-fashioned nightshirt and with his sleeping cap askew on his brow and especially when he shouts at the two rather startled lovers:

ADMIRAL JESSUP

The first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor! Do you read me, sir? The first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor! Put your mind on that, sir!

He wheels and exits into the hallway as suddenly as he had appeared, slamming the door behind himself.

REVERSE ANGLE to Madison and Emily on the bed. They are both staring blankly at the CAMERA, where the Admiral had been standing.

EMILY

Dear me, what was that about?

34
CONT'D
(4)

Madison sits up slowly.

MADISON (frowning)

What did he say?

EMILY

I think he said, the first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor. That's a piquant thing to say, wouldn't you agree.

MADISON (stands)

Yes, I think I'd call that piquant.

He crosses to the doorway, opens it, peeks out into the hallway.

EMILY (on the

bed)

Does he do that often?

MADISON (looking up

and down the empty hallway)

No, I can't say I remember him doing that before. Listen, honey, excuse me for a minute.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE ADMIRAL'S SUITE

35

as Madison closes his bedroom door. He pads thoughtfully past the living room door to the Admiral's door. He knocks gently. There is no answer. After a moment, he opens the door tentatively.

ACROSS Madison in the doorway to the Admiral in his nightshirt sitting on his bed. The Admiral looks up.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Hello, Charlie. The first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor. Think about that for a moment.

MADISON (closing

the door)

In what reference, sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Yes, the unknown sailor. Let me kick that around in my own mind a bit. I want the whole team in my office at 0900 hours tomorrow morning to discuss just that.

MADISON

To discuss just what, sir?

35
CONT'D
(2)

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Arrange that, Charlie. 0900 hours,
the whole team. Good-night, Charlie.

The Admiral switches off his bedlamp, plunging the room into darkness, gets under the covers and goes promptly to sleep.

REVERSE SHOT across the sleeping Admiral to Madison standing in the dark by the door.

MADISON

Yes, sir.

He opens the door to the hallway and goes out.

INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE

36

as Madison comes out, closing the door. He stands a moment, perplexed to say the least. Then, frowning, he moves still another door down -- (Lt. Comm. Cummings' room) -- and KNOCKS sharply.

INT. LT. COMM. CUMMINGS' ROOM

37

ACROSS the bed looking to the door. The room is very dark, lit only by moonlight. Two bodies leap from the bed. They are Lt. Comm. Cummings with his clothes disarrayed and a Nameless Broad with no clothes on at all.

CUMMINGS (stuffing

his shirt-tails in)

Who is it?

THE NAMELESS BROAD (mutter-
ing imprecations)Always barging in in this ruddy
hotel.

The door opens, and Madison takes a step into the room.

MADISON

Bus, the screwiest thing just
happened.

CUMMINGS

For Pete's sakes, Charlie, close
the door, will you?

37
CONT'D
(2)

The Nameless Broad trying to hide behind Cummings
and look for her skirt at the same time, mutters:

THE NAMELESS BROAD

--- ruddy Americans, haven't got
the ruddiest clue to what privacy
means --

MADISON (closing
the door)

The Admiral just walked into my
room in his nightshirt; Bus, and
yelled out at the top of his lungs:
"The first dead man on Omaha Beach
must be a sailor!"

CUMMINGS

All right, Charlie, what's up?
I mean. you see the obvious state
of affairs here, Charlie.

MADISON

I'm telling you. I think the
Admiral's flipped a braid. He
just came charging into my room,
yelling: "The first dead man on
---"

CUMMINGS

Charlie, for Pete's sakes, I
mean...

(he indicates the
naked girl muttering
behind him)

THE NAMELESS BROAD

(muttering away)

Ruddy circus, the whole ruddy
place ---

CUMMINGS

Tomorrow morning, what do you
say, Charlie?

MADISON

Tomorrow morning, 0900 hours,
the Admiral wants the whole team
in his office to discuss "The
first dead man on Omaha Beach
must be a sailor."

CUMMINGS
Yeah, swell, great. See you
tomorrow, Charlie.

37
CONT'D
(3)

THE NAMELESS BROAD
Where's my ruddy shoes?

MADISON
All right, I'll see you tomorrow.

He turns and exits. Cummings scowls. The Nameless Broad mutters indistinguishable imprecations.

CUMMINGS (to the
Nameless Broad)
I think Charlie's flipped a screw.

THE NAMELESS BROAD
Ruddy circus, this hotel, I don't
mind saying ---

FADE OUT

FADE IN:
EXT. GROSVENOR SQUARE - DAY

38

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing an endless convoy of Army trucks and Jeeps inching along South Audley Street.

INT. ADMIRAL JESSUP'S OFFICE - NAVY BUILDING

39

ACROSS Admiral Jessup, spruce, shining and apparently sane, standing at the window looking down on the convoy. After a moment, the Admiral turns from the window.

REVERSE ANGLE ACROSS Admiral Jessup to his team -- Capt. Ellender, Lt. Commanders Cummings and Madison, and Chief Petty Officer Adams. They are sitting about the office. The office is a sparse room with a desk and chair, a picture of President Roosevelt and one of Admiral King on one wall. A second wall is entirely covered by a large map of Great Britain and Western Europe.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
We've got about a month
(he moves to the
wall map)

I want a movie made showing the
Navy's contributions to D-Day,
from the procurement of vessels
to the actual landing.

(Continued)

39
CONT'D
(2)

ADMIRAL JESSUP (continued)
Gentlemen, four thousand ships and
boats -- battleships, destroyers,
landing craft, spitkits, channel
steamers, excursion boats, private
yachts, tugs, tubs and Chinese junks
-- 4,000 vessels! -- the greatest
armada ever assembled by man! -- is
going to cross that channel. And
they're going to have to do it at
night and across one of the nastiest
pieces of water in the world, the
English Channel. And every inch of
that channel is mined in the bargain.
It'll be the most incredible Naval
achievement in history. If Hitler
could have done it, he'd have had the
world in his pocket. It's the Navy
that is the essence of victory in this
invasion. I want a movie that makes
that clear.

CUMMINGS

Sir --

ADMIRAL JESSUP
I especially want a movie about the
Navy Demolition units who are going
to be the first men in on those
beaches. Casualties are estimated
at fifty per cent in the first waves.
A lot of brave men are going to die
on D-Day, gentlemen. I want a movie
made that shows the first brave man
to die on those beaches was a sailor.

The phone RINGS. Cummings picks it up.

CUMMINGS (on phone)
This is Admiral Jessup's office.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
If that's Sir Roger Charlton's
office, I'll be there directly.

CUMMINGS (on phone)
He's leaving now, sir.
(hangs up)

ADMIRAL JESSUP (putting
on his hat)
Now, here's what I want done. I
want a photography team assigned
to the demolition engineers to
record their activities on film
right up to the beaches.

(continued)

ADMIRAL JESSUP (Cont'd)

I'm leaving this in your hands,
Bus. I consider this urgent.
Any questions?

39
CONT'D
(3)

He crosses to the door leading to Cummings outer office, pauses. The members of his team are all scowling, pursing their lips and avoiding each other's eyes.

CUMMINGS

Sir, there are already six Navy photography teams assigned to the first assault wave.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

I don't care about any other photography teams. I want one of my own to film the heroism of those Navy engineers. I want this film made, Commander. Now, you get some Photographer's Mates and start making it.

CUMMINGS

Yes, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Any questions?

CUMMINGS

No, sir.

Nobody else says anything, so the Admiral exits. A moment of silence fills the room until the CLICK of the outer office door being shut is HEARD. Cummings stands.

CUMMINGS

Now, how's that for a cockamamie assignment?

ELLENDER

Ever since his wife died last year he's been getting these eccentric flashes.

CUMMINGS (reaches
for the phone)

He's got something in the back of his mind. I better check around and see if there are any unattached Photographer's Mates around.

(to Madison, now leaving)

Where are you going?

Madison waves an airy goodbye and exits.

CUMMINGS (calling
after him)
Call in around noon, Charlie.

39
CONT'D
(4)

EXT. STREET IN ST. JOHN'S WOODS SECTION, LONDON -DAY 40

LONG SHOT of Madison coming down the street of pleasant middle-class houses, each embedded in charming gardens and isolated by neatly-chopped hedges. Madison is carrying a candy box. It is a lovely, uncharacteristically sunny morning for London. Half the peaceful street, however, has been shattered by bombing, and parts of walls are all that remain of some of the houses. At the near end of the street, Madison finds the house he's looking for, one that is still intact. He unlatches the gate and goes up the walk.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - DAY 41

FULL SHOT of Madison rapping the clapper on the front door.

ACROSS Madison to the street, marking the ravages of war on this serene row of houses. The door behind Madison opens. He turns to it.

CLOSEUP of Emily in the open doorway, smiling like a well-fed cat. She's clearly a woman in love.

EMILY

Hello, Charlie. Just in time for tea.

CLOSEUP of Madison. He's in love, too. Obviously, last night went off very well.

MADISON (entering

the house)

Thank you.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - FOYER 42

FULL SHOT of Madison and Emily in the darkish foyer. She's closing the door.

EMILY (notes the
box he's carrying,
frowns)

You've brought me a box of candy.

MADISON (proffering
the box)
Two dozen Hershey bars.

42
CONT'D
(1)

EMILY (annoyed)
Well, that's very American of
you, Charlie. You simply had
to bring along some small token
of opulence. Well, I don't
want them.

She turns, annoyed, and starts for the living room,
turns on the threshold.

EMILY
You Yanks can't show even affec-
tion without buying something.

MADISON (following her)
Well, don't get into a state over
it. I thought you liked chocolates.

EMILY
I do. But my country's at war,
and we're doing without chocolates
for the while. And I don't want
oranges, eggs and soap-flakes
either. Don't show me how profitable
it will be to fall in love with you,
Charlie. Don't Americanize me.

Madison is staring into the living room.

MADISON'S POV. The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY around the
living room. The room is flooded with family
photographs and portraits. On the piano alone,
there are some ten framed photographs of various
sizes, showing men in uniform for the most part.
On the wall hangs a portrait of a stern gray-
haired fellow in his 50's, wearing sashes of
honor across his chest and a variety of medals.

EMILY

That's my father. He lost a leg
in the first war. Got the Victoria
Cross for that. He died in an air
raid a week after that portrait was
painted.

42
CONT'D
(2)

That's my brother there.

(she indicates a
photograph on the
piano)

His name was Charlie, too, by the
way. He was shot down during the
Blitz. Sacrificed himself to save
his squadron.

The one you're looking at now is my
husband.

MADISON (holding a
photograph)

He looks like a rake.

EMILY

Yes. He was very bawdy. I was
insane about him. He died at
Tobruk. The rest of the lot there
are cousins. There's two of them
still living. The family's been
thinned out nicely, I must say.

(she takes Madison's arm)

Charlie, before we go out to my
mother, I must tell you she's a
little mad. You'll like her very
much, she's very funny. But she
may yatter away about my father
and brother as if they were still
alive. Just go along with her.
You do understand.

MADISON

Oh, I get the point. You don't
want my Hershey bars.

EMILY

Yes. I think it profane to enjoy
this war.

She starts for the French doors to the garden.
As she reaches for the knob, Madison stops her.

MADISON

You know, I never realized what a sensual satisfaction grieving is for women.

42
CONT'D
(3)

EMILY (stiffens)

I'm not sure that was a very tasteful thing for you to say.

MADISON

I'm not sentimental about war. I see nothing noble in widows.

EMILY (smiles)

You're jealous of my husband. I like that.

She opens the French doors, and they go out.

EXT. GARDEN OF EMILY'S HOUSE - DAY

43

WIDE ANGLE SHOT as Emily and Madison come into the garden. Emily's Mother is seated at a small garden table, pouring tea. MRS. BARHAM is a tweedy lady in her 50's and as mad as the Hatter.

MRS. BARHAM

You've brought chocolates! A whole boxful! What a trove!

CLOSER GROUP SHOT as everyone sits and gets comfortable.

EMILY (sitting)

I've already refused them, Mother.

MADISON

On ascetic grounds.

MRS. BARHAM

You're an absolute flagellant, Emily.

EMILY (sipping tea)

Oh, take the things if you want them.

MRS. BARHAM

I'll take just one. I'll save the rest for my husband.

(whispers conspiratorially to Madison)

I take it you're Emily's new lover, since she hasn't bothered to introduce us.

MADISON (whispers)
You must be her mother.

43
CONT'D
(2)

MRS. BARHAM
Ah, you've found the chink in my armor, have you? What are your religious beliefs, sir?

MADISON
I'm a practising coward.

MRS. BARHAM
Well, that is fervent of you.

EMILY
I should've know you two would get on. You're as potty as she is, Charlie.

MADISON (sipping tea)
Actually, before the war, I was an assistant night manager of a diplomatic hotel in Washington, D.C.

MRS. BARHAM
Whatever made you say that?

EMILY
Oh, Lord, I'm beginning to feel like Alice at the tea party.

MRS. BARHAM
The Commander is about to tell us of a religious experience, I think.

MADISON
Yes. Before the war, I was an assistant night manager of a diplomatic hotel in Washington, D.C. It was my job to arrange things for many of the great historical figures who came to Washington on great historical missions.

MRS. BARHAM
What exactly did you arrange?

MADISON
Usually, I arranged girls, but individual tastes varied, of course.

MRS. BARHAM
Of course.

MADISON

I've arranged discreet midnight dinners for ambassadors and premiers, field marshals, commissars and cabinet ministers from just about every country in the world.

43
CONT'D
(3)

MRS. BARHAM

You have, as it were, seen history with its trousers off.

MADISON

Yes, its paunches and knobby knees, its rumpled bedsheets and creaking mattresses.

MRS. BARHAM

That sort of work is called pandering over here.

MADISON

Only when done on a commission basis.

MRS. BARHAM

All the difference, of course.

MADISON

Well, it's useful work, anyway, especially in a war. I was offered all sorts of commissions in the Army and Navy, the one I have now, in fact. Admiral Jessup phoned me to join his staff. But, I had always been a little embarrassed by my job at the hotel and wanted to do something redeeming. Have you noticed that war — is the only chance a man gets to do something redeeming? That's why war's so attractive.

MRS. BARHAM

Yes, war is very handsome, I quite agree.

MADISON

At any rate, I turned down Admiral Jessup and enlisted in the Marines as a Private. I even applied for combat service. My wife, to all appearance a perfectly sensible woman, encouraged me in this idiotic decision. Seven months later, I found myself invading the Solomon

(continued)

MADISON (continued)

43
CONT'D
(4)

Islands. There I was, splashing away in the shoals of Guadalcanal. It suddenly occurred to me that a man could get killed doing this kind of thing. The fact is, most of the men splashing along with me were screaming in agony and dying like flies. I don't think any of them wanted to die. Yet they had all volunteered for the Marines, and the odds on getting killed are pretty good in the Marines. To make it more grotesque, their wives, sweethearts and mother had all applauded their acts of suicide, and their children were proud of them for it. It was then I realized how admirable war was, the most admirable act of man. Those were brave men dying there. In peacetime, they had all been normal, decent cowards, frightened of their wives, trembling before their bosses, terrified at the passing of the years. But war had made them gallant. They had been greedy men; now they were self-sacrificing. They had been selfish; now they were generous. Hell, war isn't hell at all. It's man at his best, the highest morality he is capable of.

He sits back, crosses his legs, sips his tea, quite pleased apparently with his long statement. The two women wait expectantly for him to go on, and after a moment, Mrs. Barham says:

MRS. BARHAM

Well, you're not going to just leave us there, splashing at Guadalcanal.

EMILY

Never mind that. What's all this about a wife?

Madison sets his teacup down, leans back, folds his hands across his chest, studies the clear sky.

MADISON

That night, I sat in the jungles of Guadalcanal, sopping wet and waiting to be killed, and all because there's a madman in Berlin, a homicidal paranoid in Moscow, a manic buffoon in Rome and a group of obsessed generals in Tokyo.

43
CONT'D
(5)

MRS. BARHAM

By George, he's right. They're all batty.

MADISON

I said to myself: "Charlie, you're as nutty as they are. Worse. At least, they're not sitting here in a jungle, waiting to be killed." It was then I had my blinding revelation.

MRS. BARHAM

Ah!

MADISON

I discovered I was a coward. That's my new religion. I'm a big believer in it. Cowardice will save the world. You see, cowards don't fight wars. They run like rabbits at the first shot. If everybody obeyed their natural impulse and ran like rabbits at the first shot, I don't see how we could possibly get to the second shot.

MRS. BARHAM

That seems perfectly sensible to me.

EMILY

Mother, he's just being facile.

MADISON

It's not war that's insane, you see; it's the morality of it. It's not greed and ambition that makes wars; it's goodness. Wars are always fought for the best of reasons, for liberation or manifest destiny, always against tyranny and always in the interests of humanity. So far this war, we've butchered some ten million humans in the interest of humanity. The next war, it seems, we'll have to destroy all of man in order to preserve his damn dignity. It's not war that is unnatural to us; it's virtue. As long as valor remains a virtue, we shall have soldiers. So I preach cowardice. Through cowardice, we shall all be saved.

43
CONT'D
(6)

MRS. BARHAM (stirred
almost to tears)
That was exalting, Commander!
Absolutely occult!

EMILY

Never mind the metaphysics, Commander.
Let's get back to your wife.

MADISON (sipping
his tea)

Well, needless to say, that first night in the jungle, I wrote to Admiral Jessup, saying in essence: "For heaven's sakes, get me out of this!" Two weeks later, I was transferred back to Washington. I raced home to my wife --

EMILY

And found her with another man.

MADISON

Oh, Lord, no. My wife, who had deceived me before the War more times than I care to think about, was now having the time of her life being faithful. She was furious with me for coming back. There was no reason for her being virtuous anymore. She promptly sued me for divorce on the grounds of religious differences. I was a Self-Preservationist, you see, and she was a High Anglican Sentimentalist.

EMILY (satisfied)
Well, you're fair game then.

43
CONT'D
(7)

MRS. BARHAM
After every war, you know, we always find out how unnecessary it was. After this one, I'm sure generals will dash off to write books about the blunders made by other generals, and statesmen will publish their secret diaries which will show beyond a doubt that the War could easily have been avoided in the first place.

The CAMERA EDGES IN on Mrs. Barham as her face suddenly clouds with pain. She is no longer the outlandish British dowager.

MRS. BARHAM (murmurs)
And the rest of us are, of course, left with the chores of bandaging the wounds and burying the dead.

ACROSS Mrs. Barham to Madison and Emily.

MADISON
I don't trust people who make bitter reflections about war, Mrs. Barham. It's always the generals with the bloodiest records who are the first to shout what a hell it is, and it's always the war widows who lead the Memorial Day parades.

EMILY
That was unkind, Charlie, and very rude.

CLOSEUP of Madison, quite serious himself now.

MADISON
We shall never end wars, Mrs. Barham, by blaming it on ministers and generals or war-mongering imperialists or all the other banal bogies. It's the rest of us who build statues to those generals and name boulevards after those ministers. It's the rest of us who make heroes of our dead and shrines of our battlefields. We wear our widow's weeds like nuns, Mrs. Barham, and perpetuate war by exalting its sacrifices. My brother died at Anzio --

EMILY
I didn't know that, Charlie.

MADISON (not taking
his eyes from Mrs. Barham)
Yes. An everyday soldier's death,
no special heroism involved. They
buried what pieces they found of
him. But my mother insists he died
a brave death and pretends to be
very proud.

MRS. BARHAM
Perhaps your mother needs this pretence
to endure your brother's death, Charlie.

MADISON
He's dead, Mrs. Barham. He was
killed at Anzio, an occasion for
grief, even anger, but why pride?

MRS. BARHAM
You're very hard on your mother,
Charlie. It seems a harmless pre-
tence really.

MADISON
No, Mrs. Barham. You see, now my
other brother can't wait to reach
enlistment age. That will be in
September.

MRS. BARHAM
Oh, Lord.

MADISON
It may be ministers and generals who
blunder us into wars, Mrs. Barham,
but the least the rest of us can do
is to resist honoring the institution.
What has my mother got for pretending
bravery was admirable? She is under
constant sedation and terrified she
might wake up one morning and find
her last son has run off to be brave.
I don't think I was rude or unkind
before, Mrs. Barham, do you?

ACROSS Madison to Mrs. Barham, perceptibly upset.

MRS. BARHAM
No.
(she stands suddenly)
You'd better push on, Emily, if you
have to report in at one o'clock.

EMILY (starting off
with Madison)
Give my best to father, then.

FULL SHOT of Mrs. Barham, standing by the tea table, staring at the cups. She has begun to cry.

43
CONT'D
(9)

MRS. BARHAM

Your father died in the Blitz, Emily.

FULL SHOT of Emily pausing on her way to the house with Madison, turning and regarding her mother carefully.

ACROSS Emily and Madison to Mrs. Barham.

MRS. BARHAM

And your brother died a brave and pointless death in December 1940. I've carried on much too long with it as it is.

Emily takes a solicitous step to her mother.

MRS. BARHAM

Do go, Emily. I really do want to be alone.

She looks full face at Madison, her eyes filled with tears.

MRS. BARHAM

You're a very kind man, Commander. Please come again.

MADISON

Thank you, ma'am. I'd like to.

He turns, takes Emily's arm and leads her back to the French doors of the house.

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing Madison and Emily going to the house. Emily keeps looking back at her mother who is standing now, head up, tears coursing down her cheeks, crying unahamedly.

EXT. NAVY BUILDING - GROSVENOR SQUARE - NIGHT

44

INT. ADMIRAL JESSUP'S OFFICE

45

Admirals Jessup, Healy and Hoyle at the end of a long conference. They are in shirtsleeves, collars open, ties askew, drawn and exhausted. The desk, which serves as a conference table, is covered by a waiter of documents, maps, charts, etc. The huge wall map is dotted with markers.

ADMIRAL HEALY

--and, at the same time, Jessie, it has to be a neap tide, so we can unload all the Army's heavy stuff with a minimum of open beach to cross. Jessie, D-Day has to be June Fifth or Sixth. We won't repeat these tidal conditions for half a year - at least with a moon -- and that'll put us into the winter -- Why don't we knock this briefing off, Jessie? We've been at it since three.

45
CONT'D
(2)

ADMIRAL JESSUP (on verge of exhaustion)
Yes, I'm tired, George. The portable port plan took me half a year to push through the Pentagon, let alone the British. I haven't got but two, three hours' sleep a night since Florence died. I'm really worn out.

ADMIRAL HOYLE

Why don't we get a couple of beers and get a decent sleep?

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Yeah, let's really tie one on tonight.

Cummings, aide-de-camp, enters, bringing more documents.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Bus, call Charlie Madison and tell him to set up a little bar at the hotel.

INT. MADISON'S ROOM - WESTCHESTER

46

Madison is extracting two bottles of Bourbon from a case. Emily is sipping tea.

MADISON (going to living room door)
Back in a minute.

INT. LIVING-ROOM - ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE - WESTCHESTER HOTEL

47

as Madison enters with the liquor. Cummings is waiting for him, takes the bottles from him. Laughter issues from the Admiral's room.

CUMMINGS

The old man's really tying one on tonight.

47
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON

He's earned it.

More laughter comes out of the Admiral's room.

INT. ADMIRAL JESSUP'S BEDROOM - WESTICHESTER HOTEL

48

As Cummings enters with bottles. The three Admirals are laughing so hard they can hardly breathe. Admiral Hoyle is bent over, clutching his sides, stamping about. Admiral Healy is sitting on a hard-back chair, a helpless heap of laughter. Admiral Jessup is weaving about the room, barely able to gasp out a story he is telling.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

-- "Hey !" says this master-at-arms,
"Hey, you cadets there in the bushes --"

This provokes a fresh wave of wheezing and grunting.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

"Hey, you cadets !" this jimmy-legs says. We weren't called midshipmen then, remember? We were called Naval Cadets ---

ADMIRAL HOYLE (singing)

I've drunk your health in company,
I've drunk your health alone....

ADMIRAL JESSUP

This was before they made Bancroft Hall into a dormitory because the O.O.D. was sitting in his ---

He just can't go on for laughing. He dissolves into wheezes and headshaking.

ADMIRAL HEALY

Remember when they christened the Kansas with a bottle of water and ---

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Anyway ---

ADMIRAL HOYLE (singing)

I've drunk your health so many times
I've damn near ruined my own.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

"Hey, you cadets!" this jimmy-leg
says --

48
CONT'D
(2)

The three Admirals burst into a fresh wail of laughter. They sink back onto chairs and/or the bed, gasping for air.

ADMIRAL HEALY

Oh! --- Oh! --- Oh!---

GROUP SHOT of the three Admirals, Jessup and Healy slumped on the bed, Hoyle straddling a hard-backed chair, three old bull walruses. Cummings enters the frame with a fresh drink for Admiral Jessup, disappears silently. A moment of pensive silence settles over the old Romans.

ADMIRAL HEALY

They're going to unify the services
after the war, Jessie?

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Looks that way. The Joint Committee on Military Affairs is holding hearings at the end of June. It's ostensibly about the Army's new bombers, but it's really about the Army pushing to be the dominant service in the Military Establishment.

ADMIRAL HEALY

A lot of talk about making the air corps
a separate service.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Yeah. Every Senator in Washington is
infatuated with strategic bombing.

(lurching to his feet)

You don't win wars with strategic bombers!
If you did, Hitler would be sitting in
this Hotel instead of us.

ADMIRAL HOYLE

Right!

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Hitler ruled the skies, and he had the
greatest army in the world, but he couldn't
cross thirty miles of English Channel!
Hitler had everything but a Navy, and now
he's finished!

(he reels around the room,
roaring with rage)

This planet is five-sixths water! God
made it that way, and that's the way it's
going to stay! In this world, you're as
strong as your sea-power!

ADMIRAL HEALY (beginning
to laugh again)
You tell 'em Jessie.

48
CONT'D
(3)

Admiral Jessup has focused his blurred eye on poor Cummings, standing by his improvised bar on the wall-table.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (roaring)
Boy! My father was class of 1869!
He beat Army two-to-nothing when they
were still pitching baseball underhand!

ADMIRAL HEALY (roaring with
laughter)
I wish he was pitching for us this
year, Jessie!

ADMIRAL JESSUP (to Cummings)
My grandfather died slipping a sloop
through the Union blockade at Charles-
ton!

CUMMINGS
Yes, sir.

ADMIRAL HOYLE
I knew we'd get to the Civil War all
right!

ADMIRAL JESSUP (riveting
Cummings with a bleary eye)
My people have shipped out for this
country under sail, wood and diesel
ever since Captain John Smith left a
Jessup to hold Jamestown in Sixteen
Ten! And I'm not going to see the
Navy sucking runt's udder in my time,
I'll tell you that!

CUMMINGS
Yes, sir.

The Admiral turns and exchanges looks with the other two Admirals. They promptly sail off into another flight of howling laughter, stomping about, wheezing and gasping for air.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Oh. --- By George! --- Oh!
(he smiles over to Cummings)
Hey, Bus, how's that movie coming
along?

INT. MADISON'S ROOM - WESTCHESTER HOTEL

49

Madison in soft chair as Emily pours him tea.
Cummings enters from the living room. In b.g.,
we hear a muffled shouting.

CUMMINGS

Charlie, you'd better come in here.

Cummings is sufficiently anxious of manner to make
Madison stand promptly and follow him out.

MADISON

What's the matter?

CUMMINGS

C'mon, you'll see.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE - WEST-
CHESTER HOTEL - TIGHT GROUP SHOT

50

of Admiral Jessup, a sagging dead weight, being
held up by Admirals Healy and Hoyle, framed in the
doorway of the Admiral's room. Admiral Jessup is
staring gauntly, fixedly at the floor and is shouting
hoarsely:

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Florence! --- Florence! ---

REVERSE ANGLE ACROSS the three Admirals as Cummings
and Madison enter.

ADMIRAL HEALY (muttering

to Jessup)

Take it easy, Jessie.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (shouting)

Florence! --- Florence! ---

Madison relieves Admiral Healy, wrapping Admiral
Jessup's arm around his own neck.

MADISON (to Admiral Healy)

All right, I've got him, sir.

(to Cummings)

Help me get him on the bed, Bus.

Cummings relieves Admiral Hoyle.

ADMIRAL HEALY

Think we ought to call a doctor?

MADISON

He'll be all right, sir.

50.
CONT'D
(2)

The two Commanders slowly bear their sagging Admiral to his bed.

INT. BEDROOM, ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE - WESTCHESTER
HOTEL - FULL SHOT - THE TWO AIDES

51

bearing the Admiral through the doorway into the dark bedroom.

MADISON

What happened?

CUMMINGS

I don't know. He asked me about that silly movie. I told him I couldn't locate any Photographer's Mates, and since he hadn't brought the matter up again, I had let it slide. He began yelling for his wife. We couldn't stop him.

They get the Admiral onto the bed. Madison loosens the old man's collar.

MADISON

Okay, Bus, I'll take care of him.

The Admiral opens his eyes. Cummings in b.g., at the door, watching, concerned.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (infirmly)

I want you to make this movie for me, Charlie. I want you to take charge. I want you to make this movie for me, Charlie.

CLOSE UP of Madison. He looks up slowly from removing the Admiral's shoes. He regards the Admiral for a moment, frowning, and then with compassion.

MADISON (gently)

Sure, Admiral, you leave it to me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CURZON STREET THEATRE - DAY - ESTABLISHING
SHOT OF A MOVIE HOUSE

51A

The marquee is blank except for the words: FOR
MILITARY USE ONLY.

INT. PROJECTION BOOTH - CURZON STREET THEATRE

52

A Sailor is threading the projector. Madison
attends.

SAILOR

Okay, Commander.

Madison nods, exits booth.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CURZON STREET THEATRE

53

as Madison enters. Cummings and Ellender are
slumped in their seats in an otherwise empty
auditorium.

MADISON

We might as well see some of this
film before the Admiral comes.

The house lights go down. A shaft of light shoots
out of the projection booth. On the screen we see
leader running through.

MADISON

This is the combat engineers in
training.

He takes a seat near the others. On the screen, a
roughly printed credit suddenly appears: COMBAT
DEMOLITION ENGINEERS - RESTRICTED. The film
depicts the following narration.

NARRATION

This is a beach somewhere on the west
coast of Wales. It has been prepared
to be an exact duplicate of the
beaches of France where the invasion of
Europe will take place. Every foot
has been mined. A six foot barrier
blocks any approach at the low-water
mark. Three years of German ingenuity
have gone into making that beach
impregnable. How will we get out
troops, tanks and weapons across that
beach? That's the job of the Navy
Combat Demolition Engineers. Here, on
this secret beach in Wales, the Navy
Engineers train for their hazardous duty

GROUP SHOT of Madison, Cummings, Ellender.

53
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON (to Cummings)
How did I get into this anyway?

An explosion on the screen blasts through the theatre. Madison looks back to the screen. On the screen we see a squad of demolition engineers splashing through shoulder-high water.

NARRATION

This is only a dry run. On D-Day these engineers will be under heavy mortar and artillery fire.

MADISON

Thanks a lot.

ELLENDER

Shut up, Charlie, I'm trying to watch the picture.

MADISON

You won't like it, Marv. It got lousy reviews.

Another explosion as another mine is blown up on the screen. Madison winces.

NARRATION

Those pieces of tapes are to mark the cleared channels.

Another explosion on screen. Madison sighs.

NARRATION

Each squad must clear an alley fifty feet wide for our troops to advance on the beaches.

Somebody slips into the seat behind Madison. He looks to see who it is; it's the Admiral.

NARRATION

These American sailors will actually be the first men to assault Hitler's European bastion.

TWO SHOT across Madison to the Admiral leaning forward in the seat behind him.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

That fact, Charlie, is exactly what I want clearly recorded on film. I want you and your photographers to get into the water with those engineers and film their activities right up to the beaches.

53
CONT'D
(3)

MADISON

Would you like us to start this movie again from the beginning, sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP (standing)

No, I've got to run. You're on the right track, Charlie.

He starts up the aisle to the rear. Another explosion blasts out from the screen.

MADISON (stands)

Sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP (almost to rear doors)

Yes, Charlie?

NARRATION (o.s.)

End Reel One, combat Demolition Engineers, Wales, Training Film.

WIDE ANGLE SHOT across Madison in f.g. showing the empty theatre as the houselights come up.

MADISON

Sir, I get the feeling a man could get killed making this movie.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (frowns briefly)

A lot of men are going to get killed on D-Day Commander.

MADISON

I would like to be relieved of this assignment, sir. It seems like a lot of risk to take for no particular reason, sir.

The temperature in the theatre drops about forty degrees as the Admiral examines Madison with an icy look; Ellender, who has been dozing, wakes up. Cummings, who has been sitting, now stands.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

I'm ordering you to make this film, Commander. That's reason enough.

MADISON

It seems to me, sir, that all that's at stake here is a matter of Naval Public Relations.

53
CONT'D
(4)

ADMIRAL JESSUP (barks)

No, Commander! What's at stake here is the essence of the military structure, the inviolability of command! I've given you an order, and you'll obey it, or I'll have you brigged! Is that clear?

MADISON

Yes, sir.

There is a brisk exchange of salutes between the Admiral and the members of his team. The Admiral exits. Nobody else moves. A long silence settles over the theatre.

MADISON (perching on
an arm of a seat)

Well, what do we do now?

CUMMINGS (starting up
the aisle)

Well, I don't know what Marvin's doing, but I'm going back to my office, Charlie, and cut your orders, Charlie.

MADISON

What orders?

CUMMINGS

Your orders authorizing you to transfer unattached personnel to your photographic unit.

MADISON

Oh, come on, Bus. I'm not going to make any silly movie.

CUMMINGS

Charlie, there aren't any unattached photographic personnel. I already checked. So report to me next week about that, and I'll cut you some new orders. I'll cut you temporary duty orders, flights orders -- By the time I finish cutting you orders for this movie, the war'll be over. Now, do it my way.

MADISON

I don't like it. It's devious.

CUMMINGS

Well, you tried the forthright frontal assault, and you pretty near got yourself courtmartialled, stripped of your commission, and sent to the Arctic Circle to do polar research. Man, you don't tell Two-Star Admirals you don't approve of their orders. Now you're on the Admiral's brig list, so I'll assign you to Exeter and Portland or one of the other channel ports for the purpose of making preliminary investigations and just stay out of the Admiral's sight. I'll assign Emily as your driver. You'll have a holiday for yourself. Now do this my way, Charlie.

53
CONT'D
(5)

Madison stares sceptically at Cummings and then looks over at Ellender, dozing off in his chair.

MADISON

A nutty situation, huh, Marv?

Ellender shrugs.

MADISON (to Cummings)

All right. I'll go to Sussex with Emily for a week. Not such a bad deal. It should be lovely in Sussex this time of year.

EXT. THE ROLLING DOWNS OF SUSSEX - DAY - LANDSCAPE SHOT

54

LONG LANDSCAPE SHOT showing the rolling downs of Sussex on a lovely June afternoon. It is a particularly idyllic scene, with a small herd of sheep grazing on a high ground and a stream overhung with shady trees wandering through the frame. A punt, poled by an indistinguishable male, drifts lazily into view.

FULL SHOT of the punt. The man turns out to be Madison in his Navy trousers with the cuffs rolled and his shirt open at the collar. Emily, in a skirt and sweater and flourishing a parasol, reclines against pillows in the bow. A picnic hamper sits in the middle of the punt. An Edwardian pastoral.

CLOSEUP of Emily, eyes closed, utterly at peace.

EMILY

As Sheila would say, "It's too bloody love-ly, really it is."

MADISON (having his
troubles steering the punt)
Well, you're not doing the bloody
poling.

54
CONT'D
(2)

EMILY
It's defiant, is it? Just give it
a big push.

Madison thrusts the pole into the bank with the intention of pushing strenuously off, but the soft earth of the bank yields and the pole slips. Madison almost pitches into the river. The punt lunges out into midstream and slides softly across to a heavily-shaded little island in the river. Emily laughs.

EXT. ISLAND IN RIVER - DAY - FULL SHOT

55

as Emily, holding her parasol and followed by Madison carrying the picnic hamper, climbs a small grassy knoll, obviously for the use of picnicking lovers. Emily is now in a laughing jag. Little snorts of laughter escape her, and she has to wipe the tears from her eyes. She sinks down onto the grass, her shoulders shaking silently. Madison sets the hamper down and stands looking down at her. Now, she bursts helplessly into an unleashed spasm of open laughter and falls back on the grass to lie staring helplessly up at the sun glinting in fragments through the overhanging foliage, laughing as if she had finally remembered the mechanics of it.

CLOSEUP of Madison looking down at her, very much in love.

CLOSEUP of Emily lying on the grass, eyes closed, as the spasm slowly subsides. Finally, a long last sigh shudders through her. Her eyes open slowly, and she stares up at Madison, as he sits beside her.

EMILY (murmurs)
Oh, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie,
Charlie, Charlie --

MADISON
I love you, Emily.

TIGHT TWO SHOT as they embrace on the grass.

EMILY
How many more weeks will we have,
Charlie?

MADISON

Three, maybe four. I know the
Admiral has to be back in
Washington the end of June.

55
CONT'D
(2)

EMILY

Oh, Lord, I hope I don't get pregnant.
(sits up)

I told myself a hundred times: "Don't
get earnest about this man. It's the
casual thing, a brief, passionate ex-
plosion. Don't get sticky about it,
for heaven's sake." Well, I'm sticky,
Charlie. I'm sticky as hell! I'm
insanely in love with you.

She cries bitterly. Madison reaches over for his
jacket on the ground a few feet away.

MADISON

Have you ever given any thought
to getting married?

Emily abruptly stops crying.

EMILY

You really do cut to the core of
things, Charlie.

MADISON (extracting
some papers from his
jacket)

I've got some Navy marriage appli-
cations here.

EMILY

Charlie, let's be sensible about
this.

MADISON

Emily, we're both nuts about each
other; let's get married.

EMILY

We're essentially incompatible,
Charlie. Don't leer; it's nothing
to do with that. It's a matter of
our fundamental approaches to life.
We're poles apart. I have this in-
grained British morality, and you,
Charlie, are the most immoral man
I've ever known. You're a shameless
coward, as selfish as a child,
interested only in what's in it for
you, and pretty ruthless about get-
ting it. For all your charm, you're
a scoundrel, Charlie. It seems I
don't mind making love to scoundrels,

EMILY (continued)
but I think it immoral to marry one.
You lack principles, Charlie. Isn't
there anything you'd die for?

55
CONT'D
(3)

MADISON
Sure. I'd die for you, if it ever
came down to that.

EMILY (deeply touched)
I really think you would at that.

MADISON
There's a lot of things I'd die for,
Emily - my family, my home, my country.
But that's love, not principle. Now,
if I were to bring a raging lion into
the house just to prove I'd die for you,
that would be highly principled of me,
but what's a lion doing in a man's
house anyway?

EMILY (tears well in
her eyes)
Oh, shut up.

MADISON
Emily, Washington's a big, interna-
tional city with a large British
colony. There's probably half a dozen
people there you already know.

EMILY
As a matter of fact, there is.

MADISON
It isn't going to be purgatory.

EMILY (smiling through
the tears)
It wouldn't matter if it were.
Whither thou goest, Charlie.
(folds the applications)
Charlie, I don't want to sign these
right now. I'll take them back to
London with us tonight. I don't know
why, but I feel I need a few hours
alone with this.

MADISON
Sure.

They are both embarrassed by her reluctance. They
avoid each other's eyes.

EXT. REAR PROJECTION - WESTCHESTER HOTEL - NIGHT

55A

In their car as it pulls up to the hotel with Madison driving and Emily dozing off, her head against the window of her car.

EXT. WESTCHESTER HOTEL - NIGHT

56-58

In the car, now come to a halt in front of the hotel, Madison shakes Emily's shoulder.

MADISON

We're back.

He slips out of the car. Emily, with a drowsy sigh, slithers across behind the wheel. Madison opens the rear door and fetches out his valise. He closes the rear door, and now the driver's door, leans on the open window, and he and Emily regard each other with the bemused smiles traditional with intoxicated lovers.

ACROSS Madison leaning on the car window to Emily behind the steering wheel.

EMILY

I've been very silly, Charlie. Of course, I'll marry you. I'll give you the signed documents in the morning. I love you very much, Charlie.

ACROSS Emily to Madison in the car window.

MADISON

Lord, I hope you get pregnant.

He withdraws from the window, turns and drifts up the steps into the hotel.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ADM. JESSUP'S SUITE

59-60

LONG SHOT looking down the length of hallway as Madison comes ambling dreamily down to the living room door of the suite. He extracts a key from his pocket, lets himself in.

INT. MADISON'S ROOM

61-62

as Madison enters. He switches on the overhead light, sinks onto the soft chair by the bed, the incorrigible smile on his face.

ACROSS Madison to his bed. There is a white 8 x 12 paper on his bed. After a moment, it catches his eye. He turns his head ever so slightly to get a better look at it and finally reaches over for it with a weary sigh. He reads the paper disinterestedly for a moment, but, bit by bit, his attention is involved.

MADISON

Who? -- What? -- What? -- What is this?

He stands, moving a step into better light and finishes reading the mimeographed paper. Then turning on his heel he strides past the crates and cartons to the door leading to the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE

63

as Madison strides out of his room. He strides up the corridor three doors to the door of Lt. Commander Cummings' room. Without bothering to knock, he opens the door and strides in.

INT. CUMMINGS' ROOM

64

as Madison strides in, a shaft of light from the hallway following him in. Otherwise, Cummings' room is dark. Two bodies leap from the bed. They are Lt. Commander Cummings in his pyjama top and still another of his NAMELESS BROADS who is not even wearing that.

NAMELESS BROAD NO. 3

(promptly wailing away)

I've never done this sort of thing before! He got me drunk! I was dragged up here against my --

CUMMINGS

Oh, shut up!

MADISON (brandishing

the paper)

What's this all about?

CUMMINGS

For Pete's sake, close the door!

NAMELESS BROAD NO. 3
I'm a decent girl! They gave me
knockout drops!

64
CONT'D
(2)

CUMMINGS (closing the
door)
Will you shut up!

MADISON (turning on
the light)
Now, look, Bus --

NAMELESS BROAD NO. 3
Who turned the bloody lights on?

CUMMINGS
Charlie, turn off the bloody lights!

MADISON
I want to read this thing to you.

CUMMINGS (turning off
the lights)
I know what it is! I drew it up!

MADISON
It's an order assigning me to a
demolition unit in Portland.

CUMMINGS
I know what it is!

MADISON
What are you yelling about?

CUMMINGS
What do you mean, what am I yelling
about? Don't you ever knock?

MADISON
All right. I'm sorry.

CUMMINGS
For Pete's sakes.
(to the Nameless Broad,
who is darting around the
dark room)
Will you stop jumping around?

NAMELESS BROAD NO. 3
I'm naked, dear. I'm looking for
something to put on.

CUMMINGS

This is my best friend, you dotty witch, not the house detective. Now, just stand at attention while Commander Madison and I confer.

64

CONT'D
(3)

The Nameless Broad, naked as a jaybird, stands to attention in b.g. Cummings sits wearily down on the edge of his bed.

CUMMINGS

I tell you, Charlie, ever since you're away all the time, I have to dig up my own girls, and I sure get some beauts. Now, Charlie, the Admiral came into my office yesterday and said: "I want Madison immediately assigned to a demolition unit." So I cut your orders. You and your camera crew will report to the Port Commander at Portland at 2200 hours on the fourth of June --

MADISON

The fourth of June is tomorrow.

CUMMINGS

I know the fourth of June is tomorrow. You just fill in the names.

MADISON

What names?

CUMMINGS

The names of your camera crew.

MADISON

I don't have any camera crew. What's the matter with you, Bus?

CUMMINGS

I know you don't have any camera crew, but by 1000 hours tomorrow morning I'll have cut flight orders for this camera crew you don't have on the 1900 flight to Portland with a copy of each order for COMINCH, SHAEF, COMNAVEU, COMLANCRABEU and for the Port Commander Portland PORLANCRABEU. It'll take me at least two hours just to rescind those orders, let alone draft you new flight orders, new requisition orders, new pay orders, new --

64
CONT'D
(4)

MADISON

All right, don't get so swept up by the sheer artistry of it all. This order here specifically states I'm assigned to the 6th Naval Engineer Unit. This whole silly movie is now official Navy business with a copy each for COMINCH, SHAEF and PORLANCRABEU.

CUMMINGS

Charlie, the ballcon's going up any day now. The Admiral's been down in Southampton at Supreme Command more often than he's in town this last week. I give you my word, this whole movie thing -- within a week, Charlie -- will slowly disappear into the swamps of Navy red-tape.

Madison scowls reasonably mollified.

MADISON

All right. Listen, can you assign Emily and me to the Lake District next week?

CUMMINGS

The Lake District?

NAMELESS BROAD NO. 3

Oh, it's lovely up there.

Cummings looks wearily to the Nameless Broad, still standing at attention in b.g.

CUMMINGS (muttering
to Madison)

This one really takes the cake, Charlie. Look, we don't have anything in the Lake District. How about Cornwall? Land's End. Rocky cliffs overlooking the sea. Very romantic. We've got an amphibious training base in Falmouth. I could assign you there.

MADISON

Sounds very nice. We'll take it.
(starts for the door, pauses
with his hand on the knob)
I'm going to marry her, Bus.

Cummings, sitting on the bed, looks slowly up. In moments of stress, Cummings has a tendency to get a bit earnest, if not utterly cliché. He stands, strides forcefully to Madison at the door, grips his friend's hand and stares searchingly into Madison's eyes.

64
CONT'D
(5)

CUMMINGS

You're getting a great girl, Charlie.

MADISON

Thank you, Bus.

CUMMINGS (now thumps

Madison's shoulder)

Buddy, I'm going to throw you the biggest spread this old town's ever seen. The whole works, formal Annapolis wedding, arch of sabers and all.

(clutches Madison's hand,
all Academy earnestness
again)

Congratulations, Sailor.

MADISON (deeply fond
of Cummings despite the
latter's impulse to intense
sincerity)

Thank you, mate. I'll see you tomorrow morning in the office.

(opens the door)

Cummings administers one more comradely poke in the shoulder.

CUMMINGS

See you tomorrow morning, buddy.

MADISON

Okay, buddy.

He exits, closing the door. Cummings turns to the Nameless Broad, still at attention in the b.g. shadows, and beams at her.

CUMMINGS

You may stand at ease now, sailor.

The Nameless Broad promptly slinks up to Cummings, wraps her arms around Cummings, and kisses him passionately.

INT. CUMMINGS' OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

65

FULL SHOT showing Cummings busy on the phone behind his desk and Madison, who has pulled a chair up to the desk, busy on the other phone. They are both in mid-conversation as we CUT IN.

MADISON

--I don't want ninety proof --

CUMMINGS

Motor Pool, please --

MADISON

This is for some Russians, Iggy, and they're always making cracks about the impotence of our American vodka --

CUMMINGS

--Cummings here in Admiral Jessup's office --

MADISON (hangs up, immediately picks up the receiver again -- to Cummings)
These Russians still like their women short and fat and reactionary?

CUMMINGS (nods; on phone)
-- A driver to take Admiral Jessup to Southampton at 0930 --

MADISON (to Cummings, nodding his head at the Admiral's door)
Who's in there with him, Marv?

Cummings nods.

INT. ADMIRAL JESSUP'S OFFICE

66

MED. SHOT ACROSS the Admiral behind his desk to Captain Ellender sitting in front of the desk, face down, intently reading from a notebook on his lap.

ELLENDER

Now, Jessie, we come to your research project in the Arctic Circle. We received a second cable yesterday afternoon from Norris. Jessie, the North Pole project is going to go right down the drain unless you raise a little hell again. Jessie --

Now, Ellender pauses in his pitch and just stares at the Admiral. An odd humming SOUND begins to suggest itself into b.g.

66
CONT'D
(2)

ELLENDER (frowning with
concern)
Jessie --

CAMERA SLOWLY DOLLIES from behind the Admiral to BEHIND Capt. Ellender until we see what Ellender is seeing. Admiral Jessup is seated behind his desk, slumped, his eyes staring vacuously at his desktop, his lower jaw hanging slackly, and the odd humming SOUND is coming from his oddly open mouth.

CLOSEUP of Ellender, just a little bit frightened.

ELLENDER
Jessie --

INT. CUMMINGS' OFFICE

67

Cummings is now busy over his deskful of administrative papers, but Madison is still hunched over his phone.

MADISON (on phone)
-- Ah, Imogene, tracked you down,
have I? Charlie Madison here. Listen,
love you haven't lost any weight,
have you? --

ACROSS Madison and Cummings to the Admiral's door. Ellender appears in the doorway, visibly upset.

MADISON (on phone)
-- or sacrificed any of your Tory
principles -- Yes, some more Russians --

ELLENDER
Hey, come here a minute.
(Madison and Cummings look
up; barking)
I said, come here a minute!

MADISON (on phone)
I'll call you back.

He hangs up. He and Cummings both rise and go around the desk to join Ellender in the doorway to the Admiral's office.

Their POV. Admiral Jessup is now squatting in a corner of the room, his knees drawn up to his chin, staring with unrelenting vacuity at the bare wall opposite him.

67
CONT'D
(2)

REVERSE ANGLE TIGHT REACTION SHOT of his three aides-- Ellender registering compassion, Cummings registering confusion, and Madison registering shock.

REVERSE TIGHT SHOT of the Admiral, squatting in his catatonic state.

MADISON'S VOICE

Admiral --

REVERSE ANGLE on the three aides.

CUMMINGS

Holy cow.

MADISON

We better get a doctor.

ELLENDER

Jessie --

The three aides step back into Cummings' office. Cummings quickly closes the Admiral's door.

CUMMINGS

He's supposed to be in Southampton in an hour at a meeting of the Joint Supreme Command.

MADISON

Are you out of your mind? That poor man's in a schizophrenic state. We've got to get him to a hospital.

CUMMINGS

Yeah, I suppose you're right.
(goes to the door, pauses)
He's really flipped, huh? Yeah, well, I better tell Admiral Healy about this.

He exits.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CUMMINGS' OFFICE

68

as Cummings comes out. He hurries down the hallway to a corner office. Two Seaman-Clerks hurry past him going the other way. Cummings opens the door of the corner office and goes in.

INT. CAPT. SPAULDING'S OFFICE

69

as Cummings enters, nervously closing the door after himself. Capt. Spaulding, who is Admiral Healy's administrative aide, has an office identical to Cummings.

SPAULDING (busy
at his desk)
Hiya, Bus.

CUMMINGS
Listen, Harry, something serious
has come up. I think Admiral Jessup
has gone mad, really flipped. I'd
like to see Admiral Healy about this
right away.

SPAULDING (looking
up from his work)
Admiral Healy's leaving for South-
hampton with Admiral Jessup in about
five minutes.

CUMMINGS
Well, Admiral Jessup isn't going to
Southampton. Harry, this is urgent.
Admiral Jessup has cracked up.

SPAULDING
What do you mean, Admiral Jessup
has cracked up?

CUMMINGS
I mean he's cracked up. He's
sitting on the floor of his office
right now in a trance.

Spaulding regards Cummings quizzically.

SPAULDING
Do I read you right, Commander?
Are you saying that Three-Star
Admiral William Jessup has cracked
up?

CUMMINGS
You know, you're a pompous ass,
Harry.

SPAULDING (stands)
This better not be a gag.

CUMMINGS
Do you think I'd joke about a thing
like this?

SPAULDING (coming
around the desk)
The Service takes a dim view of
Lieutenant Commanders who go around
calling the Adjutant to the Secretary of the Navy a nut.

69
CONT'D
(2)

Cummings wrenches the door open and hurries out into the hallway, followed by Captain Spaulding, who has paused to collect the cane he affects.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SPAULDING'S OFFICE - NAVY
BUILDING

70

as Cummings and Spaulding come out. As they stride down to Cummings' office, the Admiral comes out of that office and comes striding up to Spaulding's office. He is carrying his attache case and seems in the best of spirits.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (as
they pass each other)
Hello, Harry, Admiral Healy ready?

SPAULDING (continuing
on to Cummings' office)
He's waiting for you, sir. Admiral
Hoyle and Magnuson are in his office.

By now, Spaulding and Cummings realize it was Admiral Jessup who had just gone by, and Spaulding does a complete turn and starts back after the Admiral, and then does another turn to find Madison and Ellender coming out of Cummings' office.

SPAULDING
Now, what the hell is this all
about?

MADISON
Harry, Jessup's a very sick man,
and --

SPAULDING
You know, this sort of joke is
tasteless enough from you two --
(turns to Cummings who
is utterly confused)
-- but from an Academy man it's
obscene.

He follows an unhappy Cummings into Cummings' office.

INT. CUMMINGS' OFFICE - NAVY BUILDING

71

as Cummings followed by Spaulding, Madison and Ellender enter.

SPAULDING

You shore sailors ought to be sent out on a tour of duty just to --

CUMMINGS (erupting)

All right, Spaulding, I've had just about enough of your bilge! This blowhard here did four months as a mess officer in the South Pacific, and he's been playing old sea-salt ever since. Well, I didn't ask for a desk job. I've applied for line duty seven times, and you know it! And don't start pulling Academy on me. I was a cadet four-striper, and you never made more than mid-shipman adjutant of a lousy battalion.

SPAULDING

This outburst is bad joss, Commander, bad joss.

CUMMINGS

Well, don't start jackming me up like you were my senior cadet-officer.

MADISON

Listen, while you two schoolboys--

CUMMINGS (wheeling
on Madison)

And I don't want to hear any more cracks about us schoolboys! You civilian sailors seem to think there's something funny about a man taking pride in his service! Well, sir, permit me to inform you, sir, that I'm damn proud of being an Annapolis man, sir!

He wheels back to Spaulding, throws a whacking sharp salute. Spaulding returns a whacking sharp salute, turns crisply on his heel and strides out of the office.

MADISON

Look, fellows, right now the Admiral is on his way to South--

CUMMINGS (still fuming)

I didn't ask for this lousy desk job! I've got bad eyes! What can I do?

(CONTINUED)

CUMMINGS (Continued)

Do you think I want to tell my kids
that on D-Day their father was shackled
up in the Westchester Hotel?

71
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON

For Pete's sakes, Bus!

The door suddenly opens, and Capt. Spaulding reappears.
He is quite sombre now. The others turn to him,
sensing something has happened.

SPAULDING

Admiral Healy wants to see you, Bus.

CUMMINGS

What happened?

SPAULDING

I don't know. They're taking
Admiral Jessup to his hotel.

CUMMINGS

He must have flipped again.

ELLENDER

We better get over to the hotel, Charlie.

SPAULDING

No, stay here. Healy may want to see
you too. They're getting a doctor for
him.

He follows Cummings who is hurrying out of the office. A
moment of silence. Madison sits on a chair. Ellender
shuffles to the window, stares out.

ELLENDER

Well, that's the end of your silly
movie anyway, Charlie.

MADISON (depressed)

Yeah. Poor old guy.

INT. ADMIRAL HEALY'S OFFICE - NAVY BUILDING

72

WIDE ANGLE GROUP SHOT, showing Admiral Healy sitting
behind his desk, and Cummings standing at formal ease
in front of the desk. Admiral Hoyle sits to the side
of the desk, and a third Admiral, ADMIRAL MAGNUSON,
leans against a wall.

ADMIRAL HEALY (squinting
at Cummings)

--A movie? A movie designed to show the
first dead man on Omaha Beach was a sailor?

CUMMINGS

Yes, Sir.

72
CONT'D
(2)

Capt. Spaulding enters from his own office with a letter for Admiral Healy.

ADMIRAL HEALY (taking
the letter)

I got an odd letter from the Under
Chief of Naval Operations in today's
pouch. That's what I was asking
Jessup about when he went wild.

Capt. Spaulding returns with a file folder which he
places before Admiral Healy. The Admiral extracts
a paper.

ADMIRAL HOYLE

It's nearly twenty of ten, Tom.

ADMIRAL HEALY

Yeah.

(reads from the letter)

"Etcetra--etcetra--etcetra-- The
President expressed interest in
some moving picture Jessup is
making. Apparently, Jessup has
written directly to the President
about this. I wish Jessup would
keep me informed, even on these
little private projects of his.

(scowls, reads on)

Also, at the end of the meeting,
Harry Begley, the President's
assistant, made reference to a
Tomb for the Unknown Sailor.

(puts the paper down,

looks across to Cummings)

What Tomb for the Unknown Sailor,
Commander?

CUMMINGS

I don't know, Sir. I had no idea
Admiral Jessup was in communication
with the President or Harry Begley.

ADMIRAL HEALY (to the
other Admirals)

Do you know anything about a Tomb
for an Unknown Sailor?

ADMIRAL MAGNUSON

I assume Jessup meant the first
dead sailor on Omaha Beach to be
the sailor in the tomb.

ADMIRAL HEALY

What tomb?

CUMMINGS

ADMIRAL HEALY

There's no Tomb for--Oh, I see. I take it this is another of Jessie's projects.

72
CONT'D
(3)

Admiral Healy scowls, hands the file back to Captain Spaulding.

ADMIRAL HEALY (to Cummings)

This movie about the demolition engineers, Commander -- is such a movie being made?

CUMMINGS

Not really, Sir. We've --

ADMIRAL HEALY

Well, get it made.

(stands)

I want this incident closed, and I want it closed fast. I don't want anything that's happened to get outside of this office. We all know what some members of Congress and the newspapers could make out of this. Aside from the embarrassment caused to the Navy, I don't want the name of one of the finest men in our country stained by one unfortunate incident. I don't want even the President of the United States to know about this. Put together some kind of a movie, Commander, that I can give to Mr. Begley and that he can show to the President, who will then write Admiral Jessup a polite note, and this whole unhappy matter will be closed.

(puts on his hat, strides to the door)

I want to be kept informed on Admiral Jessup's condition every hour, Harry.

SPAULDING

Yes, Sir.

ADMIRAL HEALY (exiting,

followed by the other Admirals)

A hell of a day for this to happen.

Cummings and Spaulding salute the departing Admirals crisply. The Admirals return the salutes laconically and exit out through Spaulding's outer office and into the hallway.

SPAULDING (as he crosses

into his own office)

What's so crazy about a Tomb for the Unknown Sailor? Frankly, I think there's something splendid in the idea.

CLOSEUP of Cummings, pensive.

72
CONT'D
(4)

CUMMINGS

Yeah, it has a kind of a ring
to it, doesn't it?

INT. CUMMINGS' OFFICE - NAVY BUILDING

73

FULL SHOT ACROSS Madison and Ellender as Cummings
enters. Madison and Ellender rise from their seats.

ELLENDER

How's the old man, Bus?

Cummings nods but says nothing. Rapt in thought,
he moves slowly around to sit behind his desk. At
last, he looks up at Madison.

CUMMINGS

You know, Charlie, the President
has expressed an interest in
Admiral Jessup's movie.

MADISON

Naturally.

CUMMINGS

The Navy has committed itself to
this movie, and it'll be pretty
embarrassing if it isn't made.
So, Charlie --

(he stands, regards
Madison earnestly)

-- we're going to make that movie.

MADISON

That's very spunky of you, Bus.

Cummings comes around his desk, beams at Madison,
pokes him a comradely poke on the shoulder.

CUMMINGS (the old

Navy grit)

You and I are going to get on that
2100 flight to Portland this evening,
Charlie, and we're going to make
that movie. I'm going in this with
you, buddy. I'm going to cut orders
for the both of us right now.

Madison exchanges a look with Ellender but says nothing.

CUMMINGS (poking Madison
another comradely poke on the
shoulder)

Damn it, Charlie, this is exciting!

MADISON

Will you quit giving me those
comradely pokes?

73
CONT'D
(2)

CUMMINGS

This is it, kid! This is the
big show, and we're going to be
in there for the first shot!

MADISON (regards

Cummings warily)

Just how did you and I suddenly
become the Charge of the Light
Brigade, Bus?

CUMMINGS

Well --

(moves to the window,
stares out, seeing a
vision)

-- there's a lot more to this
movie than we knew about. The
Admiral had a much larger vision
in mind. Apparently, the Admiral's
idea is to build a Tomb for the
Unknown Sailor, and to put the first
dead man on Omaha Beach into it.

The idea is almost too much for Cummings. His eyes
blink with tears, and his spectacles cloud with
moisture. Madison and Ellender, on the other hand,
find this new thought a little too much to take in
one gulp. Madison looks blankly at Cummings, then
turns and moves slowly to a chair where he sits,
frowning in thought.

MADISON

A tomb for the what, Bus?

ELLENDER

Yeah, that's new for me too, Bus.

Cummings turns stiffly on the other two.

CUMMINGS

All right, sailors, that'll be all.

He yanks open a drawer, pulls out a stencil sheet,
angrily rolls it into his typewriter, types away.

CUMMINGS

The Navy wants this movie made, so it's going to be made. So you just get back to the hotel, Charlie, and pack your gear because you and I are going to be on that 2100 flight to Portland. That's an order, Commander!

73
CONT'D
(3)

MADISON

A tomb for the Unknown Sailor!
Holy Cow!

ELLENDER

All right, fellows, cool it off.

Cummings pauses in his typing to regard Madison.

CUMMINGS

Charlie, you and I have had it too easy. I think we've forgotten we're officers in the United States Navy, and it's not up to us to approve of our orders, even if those orders mean risking our lives.

(rips the stencil from
the typewriter)

Those are your orders, Charlie. You'll have a mimeographed copy in half an hour.

MADISON

I'll risk my life for my country, Bus. But this movie's just an unnecessary piece of Naval public relations, and I won't risk my life for that.

CUMMINGS (quietly)

You have your orders, Charlie.

MADISON (just as
quietly)

Well, I'm not going to do it.

CUMMINGS

You'll be on that 2100 flight with me, or I'll put you on charges.

MADISON

Then you just put me on charges, Bus.

The phone RINGS. Cummings picks it up.

73
CONT'D
(4)

CUMMINGS (on phone)
This is Admiral Jessup's office...
We'll come directly, sir.
(hangs up, stands)
They want us at the hotel.

He puts on his hat and strides out into the hallway, carrying the stencil with him.

ACROSS Madison and Ellender, still seated, through the open doorway to Cummings in the hallway.

CUMMINGS (calling off)
Sailor! Take this down to
mimeograph!

He exits the frame.

ELLENDER (standing,
reaching for his hat)
He's in one of his Annapolis
moods, so, for heaven's sakes,
Charlie, hold your temper.

MADISON (stands, mutters)
Tomb of the Unknown Sailor. Holy Cow!
(shouts to Cummings in the hall)
I'm not going to do it, Bus!

INT. MADISON'S ROOM - WESTCHESTER HOTEL

74-75

CLOSEUP of Madison, hissing in a violent whisper.

MADISON
I'm not going to do it, Bus!

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing Madison bent over to Cummings who is perched on the window sill, staring out over Park Lane, his face frozen in fury. Ellender is slouched in the soft chair, nursing a Scotch. The scene is played in whispers so as not to be overheard, but this does not diminish the intensity of the moment.

MADISON
Bus, I'm in love. I'm in love
like I never thought possible.
Life is especially dear to me
right now, and I'm not going to
leave mine on some beach in France
just to satisfy your grotesque
sense of service loyalty.

(continued)

74-75
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON (continued)

(he storms away, then storms
back to Cummings, hisses)
You don't really think I'm going to
sit two years in the brig for this!
I can't believe you're serious, Bus.
If it's the Navy's public image that
concerns you, just think what this
will look like in the newspapers.
The first dead man on Omaha Beach.
The Tomb of the Unknown Sailor. What
a hurricane Drew Pearson could make
out of that! You must remember that
small off-shore squall he kicked up
over the time General Patton slapped
that soldier.

Cummings, turns slowly from looking out the window
and stares at Madison, at first shocked and then in
utter contempt.

CUMMINGS (stands)

You're despicable, Madison.

MADISON (throws up his
hands)

This is insane! How did we ever get
into this?

(turns back to Cummings)

Now, Bus --

He is interrupted by a ringing slap across the face
administered to him by Cummings who is now standing
trembling with emotion.

CUMMINGS (his voice
quivering)

You aren't fit to wear the insignia
of a Naval Officer.

He reaches out and rips one of Madison's shoulder
epaulettes from its mooring. Madison stares at him
dumbfounded, then at Ellender.

MADISON

Well, that was pretty baroque,
wouldn't you say, Marv?

CUMMINGS

Madison, you're a coward and a scoun-
drel. If you want to make anything
of that, I'll be in my room.

He turns and strides to the door with as much dignity
as he can manage, considering he gets his sleeve caught
on a crate and he stumbles over a low carton on his
way out.

MADISON (calling after
him)
I'll send my second with a choice of
weapons.

74-
CON
(3)

Cummings exits, slamming the door. Madison sits
wearily on the bed. He is actually quite hurt by
Cummings' outburst.

MADISON (after a moment)
Well, Marv, it's your turn. Are you
going to break my saber over your
knee and snip off my buttons?

ELLENDER
You're not going to expose anything
to Drew Pearson, and you know it,
Charlie. You're much too fond of the
Admiral, and you're much too decent
to expose that old man to public
ridicule.

Madison stares unhappily down at the floor.

ELLENDER
You'll have to find a better angle
out of this than that.

MADISON
I'm supposed to be on a plane to
Portland at nine o'clock this evening.
Bus and I are supposed to report to
the Port Commander at Portland at
eleven o'clock tonight. That's not
much time to think up angles.

ELLENDER
You'll think of something.

The door to the living room opens, and a NAVY DOCTOR
stands in the doorway.

THE DOCTOR
The Admiral would like to see you,
Commander.

MADISON (stands)
Is he all right?

DOCTOR
He's fine.

Madison follows the Doctor into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - ADMIRAL JESSUP'S SUITE

76

as the Doctor and Madison cross to the Admiral's room.

INT. THE ADMIRAL'S ROOM

77

ACROSS Madison, pausing in the doorway, to the Admiral sitting on a chair in his nightshirt. In the dimly-lit curtained room, the Admiral seems suddenly a fragile old man with watery old eyes.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

(smiles weakly)

It seems I cracked up, Charlie.

REVERSE ANGLE to Madison.

MADISON

That's the price a sane man pays
in this world, Sir.

He moves around behind the Admiral.

TWO SHOT looking up at the Admiral with Madison behind him massaging the old man's neck and shoulders.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

They say a few days in the hospital.
I don't mind really except I'll have
to miss the big show. Admiral Kirk
asked me to observe from his flagship.

MADISON

Yes, I know, Sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

It's tonight, you know. The balloon
goes up tonight. I expect you've
heard that by now.

MADISON

Well, we all knew it was imminent,
Sir, but we didn't know it was tonight.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

The first boats push off at 2130 hours.

Madison is about to shift his hands to the other
shoulder when he suddenly frowns.

CU of Madison, his face screwed up in thought.

MADISON

The first boats push off at 2130
hours, Sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Well, the Irish-based transports will
start earlier, of course.

TWO SHOT of Madison and the Admiral, favoring
Madison.

77

MADISON

I've never licked military time,
Sir. 2139 hours -- that's half-
past nine in the evening, right?

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Right.

Madison begins massaging the Admiral again, his mind
clicking away. After a moment, a slow smile settles
on his face.

MADISON

Now, that's what I call an angle.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Did you say something, Charlie?

MADISON

No, Sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Watch yourself, Charlie. You'll
be cracking up yourself soon.

Madison nods, continues massaging.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE ADMIRAL'S SUITE

78

As Madison comes cheerfully out of his own room. He
is wearing his raincoat and is carrying a small over-
night bag. He goes merrily down the hallway three
doors to Commander Cummings' room. Here he pauses,
erases the well-fed cat's grin and replaces it with
an earnest expression of humility. Then, without
knocking, he opens the door to Cummings' room and
strides in.

INT. CUMMINGS' ROOM

79

As Madison enters. The room is fairly dark, the
curtains having been drawn. Two bodies leap from
the bed. Needless to say, they are Commander
Cummings and still another of his naked NAMELESS
BROADS. Cummings is in his shirt-tails.

CUMMINGS

Close the door!

He strides to the door, his shirt-tails flapping
and slams the door shut.

79
CONT'D
(2)

CUMMINGS

And don't turn on the lights! And
what do you want?

Across Cummings to Madison. Madison looks down at
the floor, scuffs his feet.

MADISON

Bus, I -- I don't know how to say
this, but --

(looks up slowly)

-- I'd like another chance. I'd
like to apologize for my con-
temptible behavior before, and --
well, I've packed my gear, and --
well, we've got a job to do, and
I'm ready to do it.

ACROSS Madison and Cummings, with the Nameless
Broad in b.g. She is sitting casually on the bed,
legs crossed and studying her fingernails.

CUMMINGS (with
a proud smile)

Underneath it all, you're a pretty
gutsy guy, Charlie, aren't you?

MADISON

I don't know what came over me
before. I showed the white
feather, I suppose.

CUMMINGS (gripping
Madison's shoulders)
Forget about it, Charlie.

NAMELESS BROAD NO.4

(lighting a cigarette)

Could you ring up for some food,
love? I haven't had my lunch yet.

The two men don't hear her. They are swept up in an
emotion greater than that which exists between a man
and a woman - the comradeship of brave men.

MADISON

I know we don't have much time,
Bus, but could I have leave to
say goodbye to my girl?

CUMMINGS

Oh, for Pete's sake, Charlie,
of course. You're making a
big dramatic deal out of this.
You have a tendency to be over-
sincere, Charlie.

79
CONT'D
(3)

MADISON

Yes, I guess I do.

CUMMINGS

You've got seven hours yet. Take
Emily to lunch and pick me up
around eight. I'll have her as-
signed to drive us to the airport.
Would you like that?

MADISON (simply)

Thanks, Bus.

CUMMINGS

All right, man. Don't be so
dramatic about it. What is it,
raining?

MADISON

Just started.

Now, it is Madison's turn to poke Cummings a
comradely poke in the shoulder, after which he
slips out into the hallway.

EXT. LONDON COUNTRYSIDE - RAINY NIGHT

80

LONG SHOT of a Navy Chevrolet bucketing along
through the sloshing rain of a June night

EXT. GATES AT HENDON AIRPORT - RAINY NIGHT

81

FULL SHOT of the car pulling up to the MP post at
the gates of the airport. Cummings shows the be-
slickered MP his credentials through the rear
window of the car. The gates open, and the car
drives into the airport.

EXT. HENDON AIRPORT - A LANDING STRIP - RAINY NIGHT

82

ACROSS a waiting DC-4 f.g., standing on the strip
in the rain, as the Navy Chevrolet pulls up in b.g.

ACROSS Emily in the driver's seat to Cummings
getting out of car.

82
CONT'D
(2)

CUMMINGS

You still have a couple of
minutes to say goodbye,
Charlie.

MADISON

Thanks, Bus.

CUMMINGS exits the frame. Madison slithers across
the seat and gets out of the car.

ACROSS Madison getting out the door to Emily, who
suddenly turns in her seat to Madison.

EMILY

(cries out)

Charlie!

MADISON

(pulling his overnight
bag out of the car)

What?

Emily opens her door.

ACROSS Madison standing outside the car as Emily
flings herself into his arms.

TIGHT TWO SHOT of lovers embracing in the rain.

EMILY

Write to me, Charlie.

MADISON

What do you mean, write to
you? With any luck I'll be
back in London for lunch to-
morrow.

He looks across to the DC-4 where Cummings is standing
in the open door of the plane, watching the lovers'
farewell.

MADISON

Honey, let me make it clear again.
I couldn't make this invasion if I
wanted to. The demolition engineers
will have shipped out a good two
hours before Bus and I even report
in. The Port Commander is going to
look at us as if we were nuts. I'll
see you tomorrow.

Emily is for some reason put out.

EMILY

It's like you were taking an overnight business trip.

MADISON

Well, that's what it amounts to. If I can't book a flight, I'll catch an afternoon train.

EMILY

It's a hell of a D-Day, that's all I can say. To be honest, Charlie, there's something very unpleasant about this little deceit you're pulling on the Navy. You've been cackling away all afternoon, as if the Invasion, in which the fate of nations and the lives of millions of men are at stake, was nothing more to you than a private joke. I keep thinking of all those men trooping onto all those ships tonight, wondering if they'll end up bodies on a beach.

Madison, who had taken a step to the plane, now takes a step back.

MADISON

I'm not cackling because there are going to be bodies on a beach tomorrow. I'm cackling because I'm not going to be one of them.

EMILY

And you've been pulling poor Bus Cummings' leg all the way out here in the car. The poor fellow really thinks he's going off on a gallant mission, and you led him on, and I think cruelly.

MADISON

I didn't lead him on. I just didn't stop him.

EMILY

You could have told him before there wasn't a chance of getting there in time.

MADISON

If I told him before, he'd have arranged an earlier flight, and, if I tell him now, he'll never forgive me for not having told him before. Honey, we're both getting drenched.

He strides off, gets halfway to the plane when she calls him again.

82

CONT 'I
(4)

EMILY

Charlie!

He turns, patiently annoyed, shuffles back again, wiping the rain from his face.

EMILY

I've decided not to marry you.

MADISON (sighs)

I figured this was coming. We'll talk about it when I get back.

EMILY

I don't want to see you when you get back. I don't want to see you again. I don't know if I can get over you as it is.

MADISON

Look, Emily, I'm not going to be brushed off in a driving drizzle and with my plane about to take off.

EMILY

Oh, for pity's sake, Charlie, must we have the tears and recriminations? We both know it's finished. Let's break it off now, in one snap, before we say things we'll regret.

MADISON

No, say them. There should be something we regret.

EMILY

Very well! I despise cowardice. I detest selfish people, and I loathe ruthlessness. Since you are cowardly, selfish and ruthless, I can't help but despise, detest and loathe you. That's not the way a woman should feel about the man she's going to marry.

MADISON

Don't be facile, Emily.

EMILY

What's so facile about it? I've been up all bloody night, staring at your bloody marriage applications. Well, I've signed them. They're in my purse. I was going to give them to you this afternoon when you came prancing in with this very funny joke you're playing on Bus and the Navy and your country and the whole bloody world. Well, I suppose I'm an incorrigible romantic, but I feel the joke's on me too, because I believe in honor and service and courage, in fair play and cricket, in the thin red line, and all those crochets of the British character which have civilized half the world.

MADISON

You British plundered half the world for your own profit. Let's not pass it off as the Age of Enlightenment.

EMILY

Yes! That's the American way of looking at it, isn't it?

MADISON

Emily, let's not get into one of these "the trouble with you Yank" things. It's got nothing to do with it.

EMILY

It's got everything to do with it! I'm British, and you're a blackguard, and I don't want to see your bloody face again!

She flounces into the car behind the wheel and slams the door shut. Madison stands dripping in the rain, regarding her.

MADISON

General Kitchenier aside, Emily, all that's going on here is a woman trying to shake off her lover. If you don't love me, just say so.

Emily bursts into tears, hiding her face in her hands.

MADISON

Nobody gets moral unless they're trying to get something or get out of something. You're trying to get out of marrying me. If you don't love me, say so.

(he waits; she turns away)
Otherwise, I figure you're just frightened.

EMILY (wheeling on him)

Frightened of what.

MADISON

Frightened of getting married.

EMILY

Don't be an ass.

MADISON

The weekend passion is over, and now it's down to signing applications, babies, setting up house. You have to commit yourself to life now, Emily, with its disease and desolation and its startling satisfactions. I don't want to know what's good or bad or true. I let God worry about truth. I just want to know the momentary fact of things. Life isn't good or bad or true; it's merely factual; it's sensual; it's alive. And my idea of sensual, living facts is you, a home, a country, a world, a universe in that order. I want to know what I am, not what I should be. Well, the fact is I'm a coward; I never met anyone who wasn't.

EMILY

I'm not.

MADISON

You're the most terrified woman I've ever met. You're even scared to get married.

EMILY

I've already been married.

82
CONT'D
(6)

MADISON

Sure, you married him three days before he went to Africa. Thank God, he didn't come back. You're forever falling for men on their last nights of furlough. That's about the limit of your commitments, one night, three days, a month. You prefer lovers to husbands, hotels to homes. You'd rather grieve than live.

82
CONT'D
(7)

EMILY

You're not only cowardly, selfish and ruthless; you're remarkably cruel as well.

MADISON

Come off it, Emily. The only immoral thing you've got against me is I'm alive.

Emily opens the car door of the car, steps up to Madison, and regards him with actual hatred.

EMILY

I'm going to slap your damn face, Charlie.

MADISON

Go ahead. I won't hit you back. I'm a coward.

She slaps his face smartly.

MADISON

On the other hand, I'm selfish and I don't give up what's mine. You're mine, Emily, and I'm not going to let you go.

She slaps him a second time.

TIGHT TWO SHOT across Emily to Madison, rubbing his sore cheek, his face streaked with rain.

MADISON

Emily, all you have to say is:
"I don't love you."

ACROSS Madison to Emily, her face streaked with tears.

EMILY

I don't love you, Charlie.

LONG SHOT ACROSS the two lovers to the open doorway of the waiting DC-4 as Cummings looms into view. He has to smile at the sight of the two lovers in the rain.

REVERSE LONG SHOT ACROSS Cummings in the plane to the two lovers. By George, it does look like farewell on Waterloo Bridge from here.

82
CONT'D
(8)

CUMMINGS

Hey!

TIGHT SHOT across Emily to Madison

MADISON

Well, you're a good woman. You've done the morally right thing. God save us all from people who do the morally right thing. It's always the rest of us who get broken in half. You're a bitch.

He turns and strides off, fumbling in his pockets for something. Halfway to the plane, he turns. He seems to be chewing on something.

MADISON

I want you to know that the last time you ever saw me, I was unregenerately eating a Hershey bar.

LONG WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing Emily standing stiffly by her car, Madison striding to the airplane where Cummings and one of the crew help him clamber up into the open doorway.

EXT. PORT OF PORTLAND - THE HARBOR - RAINY NIGHT

83

WIDE ANGLE SHOT looking down on the harbor, a madhouse of activity in the dark, rainy night. Out on the water, an ominous shadowy fleet. Out of the dark, wet, shouting b.g. of men and machines, the bulky, trench-coated figure of the Port Commander, CAPTAIN ROY FRAZER, climbs up toward the CAMERA. The CAMERA PANS him as he sloshes along to a group of quonset huts.

Waiting are Lt. Commanders Cummings and Madison, an ENSIGN, a BOATSWAIN, and two SHORE PATROLMEN. They all snap to attention.

CAPTAIN FRAZER

Now, what the hell is this all about?

CUMMINGS

Sir ---

CAPTAIN FRAZER

What is this, a featherheading gag, Commander? What demolition units does this refer to? The demolition units pushed off two hours ago! You featherheads in London, all you want to do is make movies. Who's running this featherheading War anyway, Ginger Rogers? The demolition units are halfway across the Channel, you featherheading imbeciles!! The invasion started an hour ago. Great Scott! Movies!

(wheels on the Ensign)

Edwards! Hide these Hollywood people somewhere where they won't get in my featherheading way.

He strides out.

CUMMINGS (calling nervously after him)
We didn't know, Sir.

THE ENSIGN

We'll have to put you up in one of the supply depots, Sir.

CUMMINGS (staring at Madison)
It's D-Day, Charlie! Tonight's D-Day, can't you get that through your head?

MADISON (simply couldn't be more disappointed)
It looks like the featherheading balloon went up without us, Bus.

THE ENSIGN (to the Boatswain)
Take these officers to one of the depots and get some cots for them.

84 OUT

EXT. SUPPLY DEPOT - PORTLAND - RAINY NIGHT

85

FULL SHOT of Madison standing in front of a Nissen hut, smoking a cigarette, staring out over the harbor.

HIS POV. The Harbor, now utterly empty and ghostlike, not a boat to be seen.

TIGHT SHOT of Madison, pleased as punch, turns, goes into the Nissen hut.

INT. SUPPLY DEPOT - PORTLAND

86-89

CU of Madison sleeping peacefully.

CAMERA DOLLIES BACK to show Madison sleeping on his cot. Cummings' cot is empty. A BOATSWAIN'S MATE enters and crosses to the counter. He leaves the door ajar so that some of the gray morning light diffuses into the room.

ACROSS the Boatswain's Mate at the counter to Madison, who is waking now. He gets up on one elbow, regards the Boatswain's Mate, now checking off a list.

MADISON

How's the Invasion going, Bosun?

THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE (looking
up briefly)

They called it off, Sir, didn't you know?

The Boatswain's Mate goes back to his list. Madison sits up, stretches, yawns.

MADISON (agreeably)

What do you mean they called it off?

THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE

The visibility never cleared up enough for the airborne troops. The whole fleet turned around in mid-channel and came back. It looks like we're going to have to try it all over again tonight.

MADISON (rubbing his eyes)

I don't follow you, Bosun. What do you mean, we're going to have to try all over again tonight?

But the Boatswain's Mate has picked up a pile of blankets and is out the door. Madison remains sitting on the cot in his shorts, slowly adjusting to the new day. Suddenly it hits him.

MADISON (shouting after
the Boatswain's Mate)

What do you mean, they called it off? What are you talking about?

He stands, aching in every bone from the uncomfortable sleep, and shuffles barefooted and in his shorts across the room to the open doorway.

TIGHT SHOT of Madison standing in the open doorway, his eyes blinking against the daylight. Then a look of utter, mute astonishment spreads over his face.

86-89
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON'S POV. WIDE ANGLE SHOT of the harbor, clogged with all its boats bobbing at their moorings, hundreds of men moving about on the docks, on the boats, getting in and out of trucks. A hurrying SHORE PATROLMAN suddenly barges into the f.g. of the frame, turns to CAMERA, shouts:

SHORE PATROLMAN

Hey, Sailor, get your pants on!

The Shore Patrolman hurries on. .

CU of Madison, stupefied by this incredible, nightmarish turns of events.

CUMMINGS' VOICE (o.s.)

Hey, Charlie!

ACROSS Madison in the doorway to Cummings, fully dressed and groomed and carrying an Eyemo camera, comes hurrying up the rise in ground from the docks.

CUMMINGS

Well, I've dug up one camera,
anyway, Charlie.

He comes up to the doorway, where Madison is still staring out, trying to gather his wits.

CUMMINGS

Let me in, Charlie.

REVERSE ANGLE looking into the supply depot as Madison, still not believing his eyes, steps back to let Cummings hurry into the supply room.

MADISON

What happened?

ACROSS Cummings as he puts the camera on the counter to Madison standing at the doorway, scowling in confusion.

CUMMINGS

What do you mean?

MADISON (erupting)
 What do you think I mean? I mean are you trying to tell me five thousand boats filled with one million men, tanks, trucks, airplanes, bombers, the whole incredible schmear just turned around in the middle of the ocean and came back?!

86-89
 CONT'D
 (3)

CUMMINGS (looking up)
 The moon didn't come out.

He steps into the doorway, looks up to the sky, cries out the anguished cry of a man who has lost his god.

MADISON
 What do You mean, the moon didn't come out?! How could You do this to me?!

In b.g., a jeep drives by. An MP, riding in it shouts:

MP IN JEEP
 Hey, Mac, get some clothes on!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OPERATIONS CENTER - ALLIED HDQTRS. - SOUTHWICK 90

HIGH WIDE ANGLE SHOT of the huge, jammed Operations Center at Southwick. One entire wall is covered by a gigantic chart of the English Channel. Two WRENS, working from a traveling stepladder, move colored markers over the face of the chart. Clustered in groups of two and three, staff officers from the various Allied services, whisper, murmur, study the huge wall map. Over this, the following legend appears:

June 5, 1944

EXT. PORTLAND - HARBOR - AFTERNOON

91

QUICK RE-ESTABLISHING SHOT. It is drizzling now, but the SHOUTING, intense ACTIVITY continues. Two bedraggled SAILORS in their slickers, a man in his late 40's and a kid of 19, both fairly crooked, slosh unsteadily along to a group of Nissen huts near the docks. They peer at the lettering on the door of the first hut and then lurch on to the next hut.

INT. SQUADROOM - 6TH ENGINEER UNIT - PORTLAND

92

TIGHT SHOT of Madison sitting glumly at the Officer of the Day's desk. He is also pretty crooked. On the desk, there is a fifth of Scotch from which he now takes a swallow. Also on the desk is the Eyemo camera. Madison is fully dressed.

ACROSS Madison to the door of the Dayroom as the two Sailors unsteadily enter.

THE OLD SAILOR
(mutters)
Commander Madison?

MADISON (takes
another belt at the
bottle)
Yeah.

THE OLD SAILOR
We were told to report to you.

Madison regards the two other drunks blearily.

MADISON
What for?

THE OLD SAILOR
I don't know. A Lieutenant
Commander Cummings comes in the
galley, he says: "Anybody here
know anything about cameras?"
I said: "I do a little home
movies." So he says: "Report
to Commander Madison in the
squadroom of the 6th Naval
Engineers."

THE YOUNG SAILOR
Yeah.

MADISON
Yeah, what?

THE YOUNG SAILOR
Yeah, that's what happened to
me.

Madison slugs away at the bottle.

92
CONT'D
(2)

THE OLD SAILOR
What's this all about, Commander?

MADISON
If I told you, you'd belt me in
the mouth. Maybe, you men better
have a shot of this.

THE OLD SAILOR
Sure.

The two Sailors unbutton their slickers, shamble over
to the desk, pull up chairs and join Madison.

GROUP SHOT of Madison and the two Sailors. For a
moment, nothing is said. The bottle is passed from
one to the other, and each takes a swig.

THE OLD SAILOR
(studying the nearly
empty bottle)
We're running a little low here.

Madison silently produces another bottle from behind
his desk, uncorks it with enormous concentration.

MADISON (opening
the bottle)
Well, this is the deal, men. At
1700 we get ferried out to an LST
to join the 6th Naval Engineers
who are already on board. At
2000, we push off. At 0500 tomor-
row morning, we go into an LCVP
with the Engineers. We'll be about
three thousand yards from Omaha
Beach. We move up to about a
thousand yards, the Engineers
get out of the boat and into the
water and start clearing the mines
and barricades. We get into the
water with them.

THE OLD SAILOR
What for?

MADISON

We're going to shoot movies.
We're going to shoot movies of
the Engineers clearing the mine-
fields and blowing up the barricades
all the way to the beach. Mostly,
we want to shoot movies of Engineers
getting killed, especially the first
body that washes up on Omaha Beach.
That's the deal, men. Now, what
do you think of that, mates?

ANOTHER ANGLE of the three men, FAVORING the Old
Sailor, who has been listening to all this without
expression. Now, he reaches for the bottle and
takes another belt. Madison takes another belt.

THE OLD SAILOR

Commander, you're out of your
ever-loving mind.

MADISON

You can say that again.

The Young Sailor suddenly stands.

THE YOUNG SAILOR

Well, men, I'm cutting out.

He sits down again.

THE OLD SAILOR (picking
up the camera)
What's this?

MADISON

That's the camera.

THE OLD SAILOR

How do you work it?

MADISON

How do I know?

THE OLD SAILOR

(opening the camera)

That's a pretty intricate camera,
I got a little old eight millimeter
Bell and Howell home. I never
saw a camera like this before.

MADISON (suddenly
standing)

Well, that's what they gave me.

He weaves aimlessly around the room, not quite sure
why he stood up in the first place.

THE YOUNG SAILOR (not
even bothering to stand)
Well, men, I'm cutting out.

92
CONT'D
(4)

ACROSS the Old Sailor, scowling at the open camera in his hand and the Young Sailor now belting away at the second bottle to Madison weaving around the room.

THE OLD SAILOR
I'll tell you one thing. You
got to put film in this camera.

Madison pauses in his weaving to study the Old Sailor blurrily.

MADISON
Are you sure of that, Sailor?

THE OLD SAILOR
Well, for the love of Mike, I
mean, what's the matter with you.
You have to have film if you're
going to shoot a movie. I know
that much.

MADISON
No, we're going to shoot this
movie without film. This movie,
Sailor, can't be made, has no
reason for being made, and none
of us knows how to make a movie
anyway; so there's no sense
using film.

THE OLD SAILOR
That makes sense.

He takes another swig.

THE YOUNG SAILOR
(sliding slowly down from
his chair onto the floor)
I'm cutting out of here.

Madison looks down at the boy on the floor: then
decides to sit on the floor himself.

THE OLD SAILOR (lurching to Madison)
Commander, that kid on the floor there and me have been loaded for two days. We started off with three bottles of vanilla extract. Then, we got in with some submarine guys, and we finished a Number Ten Can full of torpedo alcohol. Well, you have to be pretty stoned after that.

MADISON
I would think so.

THE OLD SAILOR (sits)
But we ain't that stoned, Commander. I mean, we ain't that stoned that we're going to shoot movies of dead bodies washing up on a beach.

ACROSS Madison and the Old Sailor to the door of the hut.

MADISON
Then, what do you say we don't make this movie?

THE OLD SAILOR
I say swell.

The door to the squadroom opens, and Cummings comes staggering in under a load of supplies and equipment. He is completely armed and outfitted for the invasion, dressed now in fleece-lined pants, wool shirt, wind-breaking jacket and helmet. He also wears a sleeveless canvas jacket which supports a ten-pound camera battery on his back. He has a Rolleiflex and a Leica camera dangling from around his neck.

CUMMINGS
All right! Up and at them!

He stares at the Young Sailor on the floor, at Madison and the Old Sailor sitting soddenly against the wall, the bottles on the desk.

CUMMINGS
You're crocked! You're all crocked!

He dumps the load of things he is carrying onto the desk and begins yanking the Young Sailor up off the floor.

CUMMINGS
Get up! -- Madison! Get that man on his feet!
(he manages to get the boy sitting on the chair)
Now, listen to me, you sots!

ACROSS Cummings to Madison and the Old Sailor slowly getting to their feet. Cummings throws a wind-breaker at each of them.

92
CONT'D
(6)

CUMMINGS

Get into these! Get into them fast, or, so help me God, I'll have the three of you shot! Now, how am I going to get you drunks on board that LST?

EXT. LST - PORTLAND HARBOR - AFTERNOON - RAIN

93-
96

LONG WIDE ANGLE SHOT along the side of the LST, showing Madison being hoisted up into the LST by way of pulley and tackle being tugged through a davit. The gunwale of the LST is lined with soldiers and sailors all watching the event with considerable interest and much advice. ("Watch your head, Commander!" -- "Watch his head, you jerk!" -- "Do you get flight pay for that, Commander?" -- "Is this trip necessary?", etc.)

The long-boat, from which he is being hoisted, circles and backs alongside. The LST rolls and washes in the waves.

FULL SHOT of Madison as he is pulled to the top of the gunwale and is helped over onto the lower deck by infantrymen and sailors. In B.G., we see the LST is a two-deck vessel with its Commander, a LIEUTENANT J.G., watching from the bridge. It has four tanks on it and two "ducks" or swimming trucks; also, some ninety men -- (a sixteen man demolition unit and an infantry platoon, all of whom have been stuck on board this heaving vessel for two and a half days and are pretty damn seasick). Madison looks pretty green-eyed himself.

EXT. ABOARD THE LST - THE HARBOR - PORTLAND - AFTERNOON

97

FULL SHOT showing a wobbly Madison being helped along the lower deck which is jammed with soldiers and sailors, sprawled, sitting, standing. In the f.g. of the frame are the Old Sailor and the Young Sailor who have apparently already been derricked aboard and are sitting slumped against the gunwale amid a pack of similarly seasick and miserable infantrymen. Madison sinks slowly to the deck, leaning back against somebody's field pack.

FIRST INFANTRYMAN (whose foot
he sits on)
Watch it Mac.

GROUP SHOT with Madison, the Old Sailor, the Young Sailor and several Infantrymen in f.g. but showing the rest of the lower deck, crammed with soldiers and machines. A whip of spray splashes over the gunwale, wetting everyone in the shot, but everybody is too wretched to care.

97
CONT'D
(2)

LIEUTENANT J.G. (on bridge,
shouting)
All right! Now, hear this! Now
hear this!

THE YOUNG SAILOR
I'm sick, man.

SECOND INFANTRYMAN
How many days we been stuck in this
bathtub?

THIRD INFANTRYMAN
Three days.

LIEUTENANT J.G.
I am going to read you a message
from your Supreme Commander!

A VOICE FROM THE LOWER DECK
We already heard it!

Cummings squats down into frame, beside Madison.

CUMMINGS
Here's your camera, Charlie.

He sticks an Eyemo camera on Madison's lap. Madison doesn't bother to acknowledge receipt. His head is back against the field pack, and his eyes are closed.

LIEUTENANT J.G. (reading
from a piece of paper)
"You are about to embark on a
Great Crusade toward which we have
striven these many months!"

CUMMINGS
I'll bring your camera batteries in
a minute.

He stands, moves out of frame.

LIEUTENANT J.G. (reading
at top of his lungs)
"The hopes and prayers of liberty -
loving people everywhere go with
you!"

A VOICE

Ah, can it!

97
CONT'D
(3)

LIEUTENANT J.G. (shouting
down to the lower deck)
Lieutenant, can't you keep your men
quiet?

AN ARMY LIEUTENANT (stand-
ing up from the crowded deck)
All right, you men, shut up!

A VOICE

You already read us about the great
crusade, Lieutenant!

AN ARMY LIEUTENANT

I know! Now, he's reading it! So
shut up!

THE YOUNG SAILOR

I'm sick.

An Infantryman leans across the frame, offering a
helmet to the Young Sailor.

LIEUTENANT J.G.

"The hopes and prayers of liberty-
loving people everywhere go with
you!"

TIGHT SHOT ACROSS the back of the Young Sailor,
who is now retching piteously into the Infantryman's
helmet, and showing Madison, his head now lolling on
his chest, fast asleep. Lieutenant J.G.'s voice
continues o.s.

LIEUTENANT J.G. (o.s.)

"In company with our brave allies
and brothers in arms on other
fronts, you are bringing about
the destruction of the German war
machine, the elimination of Nazi
tyranny over the oppressed
peoples of Europe --"

CAMERA NOW SLOWLY PULLS BACK AND UP to reveal the
whole endless fleet of vessels, bobbing, pitching,
tossing on the choppy waters.

LIEUTENANT J.G. (voice over)

" -- and security for ourselves in
a free world.

EXT. ABOARD LST - MID-CHANNEL - NIGHT - 0200 JUNE 6, 1944 98

CU of Madison asleep. Black night. The SWISH of water -- an overhead DRONE -- a sudden abrupt LAUGH off -- a SHOUT: ("All right, keep it down!")

TIGHT SHOT ACROSS Madison to the Old Sailor squatting beside him.

THE OLD SAILOR (sober now)
Commander Cummings wants us on the
bridge, sir.

Madison sits up slowly. In b.g., many of the men are standing, peering over the gunwales. They MURMUR, an occasional LAUGH, a SHOUT. Voices raised: -- "Hey, Lester!" -- "I'm over here, you jerk!" -- "Who took my canteen?" -- etc.

MADISON
Where the hell are we, Sailor?

THE OLD SAILOR
About five miles off the coast of
France. We better get up to the
bridge, Commander.

Madison slowly, stiffly stands, looks out over the gunwale. Raised voices in b.g.: -- "Does anybody know what we're supposed to do now?" -- "Hey, Corporal!" -- "All right, shut up over there!" -- etc. Suddenly, in the far distance, the MUFFLED SOUND of many bombs. Madison and the Old Sailor pause to look off.

THE OLD SAILOR
That's the aerial barrage. Two o'clock
right on the nose. They're going
through with the invasion this time.

Madison and the Old Sailor in b.g. resume their way to the stairs.

INT. CABIN ON LST - MID-CHANNEL

99

FULL SHOT of Cummings in his long-john undershirt, just finished with shaving himself. There is a Photographer's Mate standing by the wall of the tiny cabin, wearing field jacket, canvas battery vest, helmet, and with his pockets bulging with film-packs. There is a KNOCK on the door.

CUMMINGS
Come in.

In the mirror, we see the door open, and Madison and the Old Sailor enter.

99
CONT'D
(2)

CUMMINGS

Close the door, Charlie.

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing Madison closing the door, the Old Sailor by one wall, the Photographer's Mate by the other, and Cummings turning from the mirror.

CUMMINGS (putting his
razor back in its container)
Charlie, we got a real break.
There's a Navy camera unit assigned
to this ship. This is Photographer's
Mate Enright who's offered to show
us how these cameras work.

MADISON

Swell.

CUMMINGS (putting the
razor case into his toilet
article kit)
Go ahead, Sailor.

Photographer's Mate Enright scowls. Madison sits bleakly on the bunk.

ENRIGHT

Well, I'm a little confused about
your assignment, sir. Let's see
if I have this straight. You men
are actually going to get into the
water with the Engineers, because,
as I understand it, sir, you'll be
in about four foot of water, and
that's a rough sea, sir, and you'll
be lucky to keep your feet.

(takes Madison's camera)

You better let me put some gelatin
on this. Well, look, I'll wire it
up for you.

(he plugs in the
camera wire to one of
the batteries on the cabin
floor, runs the motor)

You see how it's done, sir, very
simple.

He now hoists the ten pound battery from the floor and sticks it into the canvas jacket on Madison's back. Madison almost sags to the floor.

99
CONT'D
(3)

ENRIGHT

They're pretty heavy, sir.
(to Cummings, now tying
his tie before the mirror)
If I may suggest, sir, I think
you and your crew should stay in
the LCVF with my crew. It's
going to be bouncy enough there,
but, at least, you'll be able to
hold your cameras reasonably
steady.

CUMMINGS (tying his tie)

We want to be on that beach with
the very first men, Sailor.

ENRIGHT

Well, my helmet goes off to you
gentlemen. I'll go down and get
some gelatin for your cameras.

CUMMINGS (slipping into
his windbreaker)

We'll be in the wardroom, getting
a bite to eat, Enright.

ENRIGHT (at the cabin
door)

Yes, sir.

He exits. Cummings leans across Madison to fetch
a revolver belt and holster from the bunk. He takes
out the .45, checks its movement, puts it back in
the holster, buckles the belt around his waist.

CUMMINGS

Men, before we go down to eat,
I want to read you a message from
our Supreme Commander.

He takes a piece of paper out of his pocket. Madison
stretches out on the bunk with a bad sigh. The Old
Sailor stands, staring bleakly down at his feet.

CUMMINGS (reading)

"You are about to embark on a
Great Crusade toward which we
have striven these many months --"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LST - MID-CHANNEL - DAWN - RAIN

100

HIGH WIDE-ANGLE SHOT looking down on the deck of the LST, now the scene of considerable excitement and activity. The men are all on their feet checking their equipment. Officers and non-coms move around the deck, shouting: "Sergeant, line those men up!" -- "All right, get in those trucks!" -- "Navy Engineers to the bow!" -- "Get over there!" -- A high Tennessee twang rises above the other voices: "Now, I want all you men to check your goddam equipment one more time!" The very first grey streaks of dawn lighten the sky, and the rain pours down in sheets of heavy drizzle.

CU of Petty Officer, shouting:

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER

Lower that boat, damn it!

ANGLE SHOT looking up from the water to the LST as an LCVP is being lowered over the side. An LCVP is already in the water alongside, bucking and tossing. All around, other LCVP's are being lowered, and men are climbing down the nets on other LST's. The air is filled with shouts and curses. It is still quite dark out, and the scene is grotesque. A scream rips out of the night, and then a shout: "He fell! He fell!" A patrol boat streaks through the melange of assault boats. A loudhailer suddenly bursts out in the night air: "Keep in line! Keep in line!"

WIDE ANGLE SHOT on lower deck of the LST with Cummings, Madison and the Old Sailor in foreground, surrounded by demolition engineers. Cummings is checking everyone's equipment.

CUMMINGS (to Madison)

All you have to do is pull this trigger, and that starts the camera.

MADISON (too miserable to do anything but complain)

Miserable rain.

In b.g., the infantrymen are loading into the ducks. A public-address system suddenly blares out:

PA SYSTEM

Now hear this! Okay, First Division! Get in there, and give 'em hell!

CUMMINGS (looking wildly about)

Where's the kid?

THE OLD SAILOR
He's too sick, sir.

100
CONT'D
(2)

LT. J.G. OF DEMOLITION UNIT
(calling to his men)
All right, boys, first demolition
team over the rail and into the
boats!

WIDE ANGLE SHOT shooting from the sea to the LST through the night. Two LCVP's swash and pitch alongside, sometimes smashing up against the side of the LST. The climbing nets and ladders are filled with Demolition Engineers, the bottom men, trying to time their jump into the LCVP with the rise of the boat on the waves.

FULL SHOT of Madison clambering over the rail.

Suddenly, a scream, almost in his ear. He turns, terrified.

Across Madison to the Demolition Engineers clambering down the scramble nets. An LCVP has suddenly washed high up against the LST and has crushed against one of the descending engineers. Shouts: "Move! Keep moving! Jump, you stupid nut!", etc.

SHOOTING UP from the LCVP pitching wildly alongside, as Madison, clutching his camera, jumps.

TIGHT SHOT looking down on Madison lying on the deck of the LCVP, eyes closed and clutching his camera. A wave splashes over the boat, drenching Madison. Over all this, the constant BOOMING of the Navy artillery.

EXT. 7,000 FEET FROM THE BEACHES - DAWN

101

LONG WIDE ANGLE SHOT SHOOTING out from the beaches to the Channel. Dawn is breaking slowly. The sky is still dark grey, but light. We can see more clearly now the vast conglomeration of LCVP's and other beaching craft chugging slowly in towards us across the choppy sea. Behind them, the hulking LST's and other transports, the huge rhino barges. Patrol boats scooting between the mess of slowly oncoming craft. Loud-hailers BLEATING out: "Keep in line! Keep 'em moving! Keep 'em moving!", etc. Far behind it all, we can see the flashes of the navy big guns as they continue their relentless barrage.

EXT. ABOARD THE LCVP - 5,000 FEET OUT - DAWN

102

TIGHT TWO SHOT showing Photographer's Mate Enright standing in the bow of the LCVP, his camera braced on his shoulder, shooting back to the stern of the boat, his CARRIER behind him. Dawn is breaking more quickly.

LONG SHOT from the stern of the LCVP to the bow where Enright is standing, braced against the pitch and toss of the boat, his camera pressed against his face. His Carrier, Cummings and the Ensign are also in the bow. In the f.g. of the frame are Madison, the Old Sailor and six demolition engineers, seated wet and shivering. Madison is absolutely numb with cold and wet and just plain terror.

ACROSS Cummings and the Ensign staring straight ahead to the beaches. The rain drizzles down, and nothing but white mist fills the grey sky-line. The LCVP rises and shoots forward on a sudden swell of water.

CUMMINGS (shouting)

About how far out are we?

ENSIGN (shouting back)

Maybe five, maybe six thousand feet.
We should see the low-water mark any minute.

CUMMINGS (shouting to

Madison)

We're about five, six thousand feet out!

A Boatswain's Mate of the Engineers stands up midships.

BOATSWAIN'S MATE (yelling

to the Engineers)

All right, let's get up front.

ENSIGN (shouting)

There's the low-water barrier!

Now, in the gray-white mist, washed by waves of dark water, there can just be seen some five hundred feet ahead thick ends of iron and steel rails poking out over the sea-line.

ENSIGN (shouts)

Get ready to lower the ramp!

Engineers crowd into the frame to look over the bow.

FIRST ENGINEER

How're we going to get at the damn things?

Suddenly, a BURST of mortar and '88s' firing from
ahead.

102
CONT'D
(2)

ENSIGN

They're shooting at us!

WIDE ANGLE SHOT of the LCVP as a German flare explodes
high over them and bleaches the last remnants of night
and everyone in the boat. Cummings cups his mouth and
shouts something.

THE OLD SAILOR

(lurching up to the bow)

I can't hear you!

ENSIGN

Let down the ramp!

The Engineers splash out into the water which comes up
to their necks. Splashing, struggling, they edge
forward toward the low water barricade which now looms
up in front of the LCVP. It consists of a six-foot
barricade of jagged iron and steel rails, wired and
mined. The Engineers shout instructions at each other:
"Get on my back!" "Frank, shinny up that damn pole!"
etc. In the LCVP, Cummings is pushing a numb, half-
frozen Madison to the bow-ramp.

MADISON

I'm freezing!

CUMMINGS

Let's go! Let's go!

ENSIGN (shouting at
the Engineers)

Blow something up! They're zeroed
in on us here!

Now, nothing more can be heard although everyone is
shouting. The air is one continual thrum of EXPLODING
shells and Naval artillery. The sky flares with red,
yellow, incandescent bursts. Engineers splash through
the water. Now, a barricade is blown up. Now, rifle
and machine gun FIRE adds to the ineffable din. Sudden-
ly, the LCVP is nearly struck by an 88 shell, and the
whole boat with its ramp open is swept high into the
air and through the newly-breached barricade towards
the beach. Madison, Cummings and the Old Sailor, who
had been standing at the bow-ramp, are pitched into
the air and come down swirling, gasping for breath,
thrashing about on the beach side of the barricade.

TIGHT SHOT of Madison thrashing about in the water,
gasping for air, still clutching his camera. He
looks desperately around.

MADISON'S POV. There, not more than a thousand feet directly ahead of him stretches the naked, white, unoccupied stretch of sand called Omaha Beach. Its clean white expanse is covered with steel jack-straws, wooden stakes and long fences of tubed steel, all wired, all mined, and all obviously sinister.

102
CONT'D
(3)

FULL SHOT of Madison standing knee-deep in water, staring at the beach, clutching his camera. He promptly wheels about-face and begins splashing away from the beach and back to the LCVP about five hundred feet to his seaward side.

EXT. ABOARD LCVP - 2,000 FEET OUT - DAWN

103

WIDE ANGLE SHOT looking seaward through the open ramp of the LCVP, singling out Enright, braced against the jamb of the ramp, filming furiously.

REVERSE ANGLE ACROSS Enright, and we see what he is filming. Madison is splashing his way seaward to the LCVP, and Cummings is splashing his way beachward to Madison.

FULL SHOT of Cummings splashing on and shouting:

CUMMINGS

You're going the wrong way. The beach is that way!

REVERSE SHOT ACROSS Cummings to Madison, splashing toward us and shouting:

MADISON

I know where the beach is! They're shooting at us! What's the matter with you?

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing Cummings and Madison splashing toward each other in belt-high water. Disaster, death and the havoc of War in b.g. Cummings yanks his revolver from its holster.

CUMMINGS (shouting)

You yellow rat! Head into that beach!

MADISON

What's the matter with you?

ACROSS Madison to Cummings. They are barely ten yards apart. Cummings is pointing the revolver at Madison.

CUMMINGS (screaming)

Take pictures! Take pictures!

MADISON (screaming)

What?

103
CONT'D
(2)

Cummings FIRES. The SHOT hits Madison in the thigh, spins him partly around and almost knocks him into the water.

CLOSE SHOT of Madison, flailing about in hip-deep water, staring aghast at Cummings. Then, in total terror, he wheels and starts splashing to the beach as fast as he can.

LONG SHOT ACROSS Enright taking movies of Cummings splashing after Madison, who is now splashing headlong into the shallows of Omaha Beach. Dead bodies float in the water, pitched about by the surge and swell. The air is deafened by BOMBS, MINES, MORTARS, ARTILLERY, RIFLES, MACHINE GUNS.

REVERSE LONG SHOT SHOOTING from the beach seaward. Madison comes dashing up on the beach, the first man on the long, white empty expanse of sand by some twenty yards. He is bug-eyed with terror. The CAMERA PANS him across the four hundred feet of beach as he dashes heedlessly past the steel jackstraws and wooden stakes on the beach, ripping his trousers on the barbed wire, stumbling against the steel obstacles. He vaults the four foot wall about three hundred feet up the beach like Jesse Owens, flinging his camera into the air as he does so, and sprints the last hundred feet to the steep escarpment at the end of the beach, clutching his right thigh. Just as he reaches the base of the escarpment, he apparently trips the detonator of a land mine, for there is an EXPLOSION just behind him, and he is thrown, arms outflung onto the sand.

LONG WIDE ANGLE PANORAMA SHOT showing Madison's body sprawled on the beach. For the length of this shot, Madison's body is the only body on the long white stretch of Omaha Beach.

CLOSE SHOT of Enright, hiding behind a logpile obstacle, loading his camera. He snaps his camera shut, dashes further up the beach towards the escarpment. Behind him, the beach is beginning to fill with the black forms of soldiers, tanks, trucks. The overwhelming thunder of the artillery, mortar and machine gun fire continues. A mine EXPLODES in f.g.

MED. SHOT as Enright dashes up to where Cummings is standing beside Madison, staring down at his best friend's body, numb with shock.

ENRIGHT

Well, he was the first dead man on Omaha Beach, if that means anything, Commander.

Cummings stares at Enright, then bursts into tears.

103
CONT'D
(3)

CUMMINGS (sobbing)

Now, that's funny, that's funny,
oh, my God, that's funny.

A mine explodes about twenty feet away showering the screen with sand. Enright and Cummings dash off along the escarpment. We hear the WHINE of ricocheting bullets as a MEDIC, identified by his red-cross armband, crawls across the frame to Madison's body.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. EMILY'S HOME - HER BEDROOM

104

A camera study in grief - Emily sits woodenly in the chair by her window. She seems unaware of the sun streaming in through the white curtains, bleaching her face. She seems unaware of anything really. She is in her bedclothes and a wrapper, her face sallow and white in the sun, her lips pale, almost imperceptible, her eyes swollen and dry, long past tears. She sits numbly, her external self as dead as Charlie, content apparently with the interior world she can create for herself out of fragments of memory and supported by the rigid premise that Madison is not dead. There is a gentle knock on the door which she doesn't seem to hear. Then the door opens to admit her mother.

MRS. BARHAM

Commander Cummings has come to
condole again.

Emily frowns, annoyed by the interruption of exterior life.

EMILY

I can't very well be condoled with
since I'm still pretending Charlie's
alive.

MRS. BARHAM

Well, just as long as you still know
it's pretending. I do think, Emily,
we've had enough of this sinister with-
drawal of yours. It's been eight days
now that you've gone off into this
medieval retreat. You're doing just
what I did, and you'll turn out as
mad as I, and there's very little
satisfaction in it.

Emily says nothing, already oblivious of her mother.
Mrs. Barham scowls annoyed, backs out of the room, closes
the door softly after herself.

INT. EMILY'S HOME - LANDING OUTSIDE HER BEDROOM 105

As Mrs. Barham comes out, closing the door. For a moment, in the half-darkness of the upstairs landing, Mrs. Barham allows her face to reveal her own grief and genuine concern for her daughter, but she quickly reassumes her old potty self and goes sailing down the stairs to the living room.

INT. EMILY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM 106

ACROSS Mrs. Barham entering to Bus Cummings rising from an overstuffed chair at her entrance. He is holding a folded newspaper.

MRS. BARHAM (cheerfully)
Absolutely wooden with grief. Sends her best, but asks to be excused.

CUMMINGS (extending
the newspaper)
Well, I just came by to show Emily this. I thought it might make her feel a little better.

INSERT CLOSEUP of the newspaper, opened for our inspection. It is a copy of the New York Globe, June 14, 1944, the headline being whatever it was for that date and presumably dealing with the advances made by the Allied Armies. However, what is most eye-catching is a four-column photograph of Madison as he leaped over the sea-wall on Omaha Beach, his head thrown back, his arms outflung - all-in-all, a photographic masterpiece in the study of gallantry.

CUMMINGS (voice
over)
That's yesterday's New York Globe, ma'am.

MRS. BARHAM (voice
over)
Yes, I'm on to that. What is it you want me to see?

CUMMINGS (voice over)
The photograph, ma'am. That's Charlie Madison, the first American on Omaha Beach. He's on the front page of the New York Globe.

TWO SHOT of Cummings and Mrs. Barham. Mrs. Barham is looking at the newspaper, politely interested.

MRS. BARHAM

Well, you can't say it's a very good likeness. It's mostly his back, isn't it?

106
CONT'D
(2)

CUMMINGS

Ma'am, that picture is on the front page of almost two hundred newspapers in the United States alone. We honestly didn't think it would catch on this big. Our Press Office people just sent that picture out as a standard release, and before we knew it -- Mrs. Barham, that picture was in practically every London newspaper yesterday. I was sure you'd seen it. Charlie's a hero, ma'am! Our Public Relations office is talking now of holding some sort of ceremony over his grave, building some sort of a monument?

MRS. BARHAM (appalled)

A monument?

CUMMINGS

Probably no more than a simple bronze plaque, but the Free French have indicated they'd be willing to declare Charlie's grave a French national shrine.

MRS. BARHAM

That's depraved!

CUMMINGS

We think the President of the United States will make a statement about Charlie. I didn't want to tell you about these things yet because we haven't got firm commitments, but Admiral Jessup is very close to the President. I don't know if we can get Charlie the Congressional Medal of Honor, but he's a cinch for the Navy Cross. As soon as I get an extra copy of Life Magazine, I'll bring it to you.

MRS. BARHAM

Whatever for?

CUMMINGS (beaming)

That picture of Charlie's on the cover.

MRS. BARHAM

Oh, this is shoddy! French national shrine, indeed! One might expect, I suppose, this sort of scandal-mongering from the French. But you, Commander, as his friend, surely could have done something more to keep the whole sordid business out of the press.

106
CONT'D
(3)

CUMMINGS

Ma'am?

MRS. BARHAM

We're all ashamed of Charlie, of course, but he has paid his price. There's no need to keep raking it up.

CUMMINGS

I'm not sure you have this exactly right, Mrs. Barham. Charlie's a hero.

MRS. BARHAM (in
absolute distress)

We never thought he'd stoop to that. Never! He seemed such an uncompromising coward. Yes, I did see this horrid picture in yesterday's Daily Mail. I burned the issue immediately. I wouldn't want Emily to see that, would I? It would shatter her utterly; she's barely holding on to sanity as it is.

EMILY'S VOICE (off)

Mother?

MRS. BARHAM

Oh, dear, there she is. You mustn't say a word about any of this. You must let me tell it to her when I think she's strong enough.

She moves out to the foot of the stairs in the foyer, leaving behind Cummings, who is beginning to feel like a hero in Kafka.

INT. EMILY'S HOME - FOYER

107

Mrs. Barham at the foot of the stairs; Emily on the second floor landing, dressed in her uniform now, hair tidied, and she's applying lipstick.

MRS. BARHAM

Going into work, that's very sensible of you.

EMILY

I don't know how you put up with me
this long, mother.

107
CONT'D
(2)

She comes down the stairs, buttoning her jacket. At the foot of the stairs, Mrs. Barham takes her daughter's arm and whispers quickly:

MRS. BARHAM

I must warn you, this fellow Cummings is still here, determined to commiserate. This is his third condolence call, and he's going to say all sorts of comforting things. You will be polite, won't you?

EMILY

Oh, he's just a bit sincere.

MRS. BARHAM

I must say, I find him grotesque.

She adjusts a smile onto her face, and the two women move back into the living room.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

108

ACROSS Emily and her mother entering to Cummings, standing head bowed, hat in hand. He slowly looks up to reveal an extravagantly grave face. He comes forward to Emily, too grieved to express it all in words, and merely takes her hand and looks mutely into her face.

CUMMINGS

You're doing the right thing, Emily.
Bury yourself in work. We've all
got to keep going.

Emily's eye is caught by the New York Globe, lying on the sofa, and she crosses to it.

MRS. BARHAM

Well, I might as well tell you, Emily.
Charlie's picture is in all the papers,
and they're going to build a monument
on his grave.

EMILY (studying
the Times)

Whatever for? All he did was
die. Dear me, we shall be cele-
brating cancer and automobile
smash-ups next.

CUMMINGS (erupting)
He didn't just die! He sacrificed
his life!

108
CONT'D
(2)

MRS. BARHAM
Well, that was pagan of him.

CUMMINGS
He was the first American to die
on Omaha Beach!

EMILY
Was there a contest?

CUMMINGS
What's the matter with you, Emily?
I thought you'd be proud.

EMILY (handing the
paper to her mother)
You might as well burn this,
mother -- along with yesterday's
Daily Mail which I fished out of
the garden furnace.
(to Cummings)
We no longer take pride in death
in this house, Bus. What was
admirable about Charlie was his
sensation of life -- cowardly,
selfish, greedy appreciation of
life, unadorned and uncertain as
it is. I loved him very much. I
don't think I shall ever love any-
one as much again. But I shall try.
(starts out to the foyer)
Are you going back to the Navy
Building, Bus?

Cummings turns to Mrs. Barham as if he expected
some sanity in that quarter.

CUMMINGS
No, I've got to pick up the
Admiral at the hospital.

EMILY (disappearing
into the foyer)
Drop me at Edgware Road. I can
take the bus there.

MRS. BARHAM (nudging
an unhappy Cummings)
I thought I saw her peeking at
me from the window when I was
burning those newspapers.

INT. SMALL PRIVATE ROOM - NAVY HOSPITAL - LONDON
SUBURB

109

FULL SHOT of Admiral Jessup, dressed in his shirt and pants, puffing a cigar, his old, brisk, groomed self again. He is putting toilet articles into a small valise on the bed, otherwise already packed. Bus Cummings is standing on the other side of the bed, holding the Admiral's jacket on its hanger, even more unhappy than he was in the last scene.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

A French national shrine: What possible purpose could be served by the French building a monument on Omaha Beach?

CUMMINGS

The PR Office is trying to prepare a pro-Navy climate for the Congressional Hearings Thursday, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Oh, that's just public relations flap. Do you seriously think a minor French ceremony on Normandy is going to affect any of those Congressmen in the Senate Committee Room. Give me my tie, Bus.

Cummings glumly hands the Admiral his tie. The Admiral turns to the little hospital wall mirror, but the thought of Madison makes him pause and frown sadly down at the floor.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

I was damned fond of Charlie. He was one of the few really decent men I've ever known aside from being the best dog-robber in the world. How did he ever get on Omaha Beach in the first place?

CUMMINGS

Sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Exactly what was this movie Charlie was making on Omaha Beach? What was Charlie doing, making a movie in the first place?

CUMMINGS

This was your movie, sir.

109
CONT'D
(2)

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Yes, you keep saying my movie.
What do you mean, my movie?

CUMMINGS

Sir, the movie you wanted made
about the Demolition Engineers.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

I don't remember any --

He turns, frowning, back to tying his tie before
the mirror. Suddenly, he understands, and he
turns back in utter horror to Cummings.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

By God, Bus, was this some idea
I conceived when I was cracking
up? I don't remember any movie.
I -- And you went ahead and did
it? I was unbalanced at the time,
Bus! I wasn't responsible! You
mean, Charlie Madison -- oh, my
God!

He sinks aghast onto the bed.

CUMMINGS

Sir, we wanted a hero, and we've
got one.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

You don't send a man to his death
just because we want a hero!

CUMMINGS

The whole purpose of our coming
over here, sir, was to find some-
thing to catch the eye of the
Committee on Military Affairs, to
remind them that the Navy is still
an essential service. We're trying
to keep from being scrapped, sir.

The Admiral stands, still shaken.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

May God forgive me; I'll never
forgive myself.

(he turns back to tying
his tie before the mirror,
still pained, but he has

his his work to do)

If you're trying to catch the eye of
the Joint Committee on Military Affairs,
Bus, you'll have to bury Charlie in
Washington, not on Omaha Beach,
preferably in the middle of the
Senate committee room and certainly
no further away than Pennsylvania
Avenue. I will not authorize funds
for any monument on Omaha Beach. We
need something more immediate than
that. Give me my jacket.

(slips into his jacket)

Have you got my flight orders?

CUMMINGS

Yes, sir. You leave for Washington
with Marv Ellender at 2200 hours tonight.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

(buttoning his jacket)

The only solace any of us has is that
if Charlie were here he'd be laughing
himself silly.

EXT. PORT OF SOUTHAMPTON - DAY

110

FULL SHOT of Lieutenant Commander Charles E. Madison —
slowly descending the ramp of a hospital ship. We
know it's a hospital ship because we can see the huge
red cross painted on the hull of the ship behind Madison.
Out of the hold, an endless file of wounded men are
being carried on stretchers down to the docks. Madison
himself is one of the ambulatory cases. He wears a red
regulation hospital robe and blue hospital pajamas. An
oaktag label dangles from his lapel. He requires a cane.

ANOTHER ANGLE, closer on Madison, revealing that he is
not in the least laughing himself silly. On the con-
trary, his face is set in a rigid mask of bitterness.
The other ambulatory patients, hobbling and lurching
along down the ramp with him on crutches or with
bandaged arms and heads, are all in the best of spirits.

VOICES AND SHOUTS

110
CONT'D
(2)

Oh, man, I thought I'd never see
this side of the Channel again!
Hey, Nurse! Hey, Lieutenant!
Where are we supposed to go?
Hey! They're serving food!
Oh, man, look at that nurse! How'd
you like to have her stick a thermometer
in your mouth?
Louie! If we get separated, remember
I'm in the 8th Infantry, 112th Regiment,
I Company!

The good spirits of all the others contrast with the
somber, coldly belligerent set of Madison's face.

ANOTHER ANGLE as Madison and the other ambulatory
patients reach the docks at the bottom of the ramp.
A MEDIC gently herds them to the dock railing:

MEDIC

Ambulatory patients over here.
You're now at the 6th Medical
Relocation Center in Southampton.
You'll all be properly taken care
of in just a few minutes. Is there
anyone who needs immediate attention?
We're here to help you.

Madison and the other ambulatories shuffle and hobble
along to join clumps of other ambulatory patients in
their tagged robes. We see now the docks are filled
from one end of the frame to the other with rows of
stretchers and bandaged men, uniformed NURSES and
MEDICS moving up and down the aisles between the
stretchers, checking the caktag identification labels,
marking their clip-boards and generally administering
to the wounded. Volunteer English Red Cross ladies
add to the crush by wheeling tea-carts of coffee and
magazines. Indeed, one Red Cross lady suddenly wheels
her cart into f.g. of the frame. The cart is piled
high with newspapers and Life Magazines. We see clearly
that Madison's picture is on the cover.

RED CROSS LADY (to Madison's

group)

Any of you chaps want a copy of Life
Magazine?

(to Madison in particular)

Want a copy of Life?

TIGHT SHOT across the Red Cross Lady to Madison staring
somerly out over the harbor. He turns, showing us
again the quiet anger on his face.

MADISON (coldly)

No, thank you, I've seen it already.

110
CONT'D
(3)

He turns back to staring fixedly out over the harbor. VOICES around him:

They told me I got at least four weeks convalescence.

Man, you're lucky. One Medic told me I'll probably be sent to a rehabilitation camp tomorrow or the next day.

VOICES

All I want is three days in London. I hear you have to beat them off with clubs. You know what's a great town for broads? Liverpool! You have to beat them off with clubs.

EXT. HENDON AIRPORT - NIGHT

111

LONG ESTABLISHING SHOT almost duplicating the shot that began the film -- a DC-4 looming vaguely on the black landing strip, three official cars lined up some yards away, a clump of uniformed people by the cars, some loading activity at the plane. In short, a high-level military mission is about to depart.

ACROSS Emily standing at the door of the car to the Admiral and Cummings with Ellender and Capt. Spaulding in b.g. supervising the transfer of the luggage from the cars to the plane.

ELLENDER (to one of the plane's crew)
Leave the attache case and the little bag. The rest can go.

Far off in b.g. of the frame, we get the feeling a car is approaching us in the dark night, its headlights dimmed for blackout purposes.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (to Cummings)
You and Adams lock up the shop. I want you both in Washington by Wednesday night. And forget about that tomb.

CUMMINGS
Yes, sir.

Cumming's attention, however, is with the car which comes screeching to a halt some fifteen yards away. The Admiral gives it a brief glance and turns to Ellender.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Admirals Koenig and Ridgely are scheduled to appear Thursday. I don't think they'll get to us before Monday.

111
CONT'D
(2)

ELLENDER

More likely Tuesday, the way Congressional hearings usually run.

FULL SHOT OF Chief Petty Officer Adams, who is driving the newly-arrived car, opening the door and getting out. He is obviously in distress.

ADAMS

Hey, Bus, can I see you a minute?

ACROSS Adams to the group at the official cars.

CUMMINGS

Something the matter?

ADAMS (as Cummings moves to him)

Yeah, I think you could say something's the matter.

TWO SHOT of Adams and Cummings. In b.g., the Admiral and Ellender are fishing their attache cases out of the first of the cars. Capt. Spaulding waits in attendance on them.

ADAMS (lowers his voice to a conspiratorial mutter)

I just got a call from the Sixth Relocation Center in Southampton. That's where they bring the casualties from France. They've got a Lieutenant Commander Charles E. Madison there ready to be released. Would we arrange transportation for him and bring a uniform. I don't know whether to laugh or cry.

During this speech, Cummings nods, purses his lips, cleans his glasses -- as if he were listening to the most perfunctory of problems.

ADAMS

I don't know if you heard me, Bus.
I said --

CUMMINGS

I heard you, and I don't get it.
What's the gag?

In b.g., the Admiral, Ellender and Spaulding, carrying their attache cases and hand luggage, are crossing the landing strip to the plane.

111
CONT'D
(3)

ADAMS

I spoke to him, Bus. He's alive.

CUMMINGS

What do you mean, he's alive?
He was practically a French national shrine. How the hell can he be alive.

ANOTHER ANGLE of Adams and Cummings with Emily in b.g. standing by her car.

ADAMS

He got on the phone, he said: "Hi, Paul" I said: "Hi, Charlie." He said: "Do me a favor, Paul. Call Miss Barham in the Motor Pool and tell her I'm all right."

CUMMINGS

I saw him with my own eyes, Paul!

ADAMS

He also said: "Tell Bus, if I ever lay my hands on him, I'm going to belt him right in his big, fat stern-sheets."

CU of Cummings, convinced and miserable about it.

CUMMINGS

He's alive. The first dead man on Omaha Beach is alive. Boy, that's great! Two hundred newspapers in the United States alone - the cover of Life Magazine - every newsreel in the world - and he's alive!

ADAMS

What's he mad at you for, Bus?

The expression of chagrin on Cummings' face changes to one of horror.

CUMMINGS

And not only is he alive, he's a coward! We had a nice dead hero - now, we have a lousy live coward.

ADAMS

What's the matter with you, Bus?

Cummings suddenly seizes the startled Adams by his jacket collar, almost throttling the poor fellow.

111
CONT'D
(4)

CUMMINGS (screaming)

Is this a gag, Paul?!

ADAMS (screaming)

It's no gag!

Cummings thrusts his Chief Petty Officer from him, breaks for the DC-4, shouting to Admiral Jessup, who is about to be helped into the plane.

CUMMINGS (shouting)

Sir! He's alive, damn it!

ACROSS the Admiral, Ellender and Capt. Spaulding at the plane with Emily in b.g. by her car and Cummings puffing his way in from screen right. The Admiral, Ellender and Spaulding turn to see what all the agitation is about. In b.g., Emily takes a few steps forward, not quite sure what was shouted, but, if we could see her more clearly in the poorly-lit b.g., we would know she has begun to tremble uncontrollably. The Admiral stares at Cummings, now comes to a halt in front of him.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Madison?

CUMMINGS

Yes, sir. He's in Southampton at a relocation center, ready to be released, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

Thank God!

ELLENDER

Oh, that's wonderful, that's wonderful,
oh, that's wonderful.

Now Emily emerges more clearly out of the darkish b.g., approaching the group at the plane, utterly unconscious of what she's doing, too terrified to believe what she suspects she has heard.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (beaming at Cummings)

Now, Bus! Now, we can bring your first man on Omaha Beach right into Room 610 of the Senate Building!

CUMMINGS

Sir?

ADMIRAL JESSUP

I want Madison flown to Washington on the first plane out of Southampton. I don't care what brass you have to throw off the plane. I want Madison in Washington tomorrow. We'll give Charlie a parade right down Pennsylvania Avenue and right up to the White House lawn where the President himself will decorate Charlie with the Navy Cross.

111
CONT'D
(5)

CUMMINGS (unhappily)

I'm not sure if we should involve the President in this, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

The President's an old Navy man, and sympathetic to our position throughout.

CUMMINGS

I just don't think we should go so big, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP

We're going to make a big, brass-band hero out of Charlie, using every coarse theatricality the PRO is overpaid to think up. And, on Monday or Tuesday morning, when I walk into that hearing, I'll smile my crisp military smile at all the Senators, and, in a perfunctory military way, introduce my two aides, "Captain Ellender here, my technical adviser, and Lieutenant Commander Charles E. Madison, gentlemen, the first American on Omaha Beach, a sailor." That's what's known, Bus, as letting them have it in spades, doubled, redoubled and vulnerable. Charlie will then modestly answer a few of the Senators' questions.

CUMMINGS (beginning
to feel genuinely ill)

Oh, he'll be modest all right. Sir, I better tell you right now what really happened on D-Day, sir.

The Admiral, however, has turned his attention to Emily, who has been advancing on the group, one dazed step after another.

EMILY (almost too
terrified to ask)
Is he alive? Is he alive? Is that
what you're saying? Is he alive?

111
CONT'D
(6)

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Yes, Miss Barham, we think he is.

EMILY
Oh, dear - oh, dear -

It's all she can get out. She stares helplessly
at all of them, her eyes blinking, and then, raises
her face, her eyes closed, tears slipping in indi-
vidual beads out from beneath her lashes, her face
nevertheless exhilarated by a faint, mute smile of
ineffable joy.

ADMIRAL JESSUP
Bus, get this lady down to
Southampton just as fast as you
can drive there.
(shakes Spaulding's
hand)
Good-bye, Harry.

SPAULDING
Good trip, sir.

ADMIRAL JESSUP (to
Cummings)
I want Charlie in Washington to-
morrow.

He turns, seizes the hands being offered to him
from the open doorway of the DC-4 and clambers up
into the plane.

ELLENDER (to Spaulding)
Good-bye, Harry.
(clasps Emily's hand)
Good-bye, Emily, we're all nearly
as happy as you are about this.

Emily has to bite her lip to keep from crying.

EMILY
That's very sweet of you, Captain.

Ellender climbs into the plane. The Admiral suddenly
reappears in the doorway of the plane, calls to
Cummings.

THE ADMIRAL

Bus, you were about to tell me
something before about Charlie on
D-Day.

111
CONT'D
(7)

Cummings frowns briefly, then calls back to the
Admiral.

CUMMINGS

Nothing, sir. I'll have him on the
first plane out of Southampton.

A GROUND CREWMAN (moving
into b.g.)

You all better step back there.

Cummings nods brusquely, turns on his heel and
strides off in the direction of Chief Petty
Officer Adams, waiting apprehensively by his car.
Emily, still enchanted, trots along behind him.
Spaulding swerves off to where the official cars
and the other drivers are waiting.

ACROSS Adams to Cummings and Emily as they approach
him. In b.g., the propellers of the DC-4 suddenly
whir into activity. About halfway to Adams,
Cummings whirls on Emily and shouts something at
her.

TWO SHOT of Cummings and Emily with DC-4 slowly
taxiing off in b.g.

CUMMINGS (shouting

to be heard over the motors)

What I was about to tell the Admiral
before was that Charlie Madison be-
came the first man on Omaha Beach
because I chased him up there with
a Colt 45! He was, in fact, running
the other way! -- bolting under fire,
an errant act of cowardice in the face
of the enemy! Our big brass-band hero
was a big brass-band coward! But I
didn't tell the Admiral that because
the Navy needs a hero, even a miser-
able, lousy yellow hero like Charlie
Madison! It's a hoax! The whole
thing's a hoax!

The Americanization of Emily
Chgs.

11-14-63

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EMILY (couldn't
be prouder)
Ah, now that's more my Charlie!
Craven to the end!

111
CONT'D
(8)

Behind them, the DC-4 suddenly fills the night with the ROAR of its motors. Cummings strides off again to Adams at the car, Emily happily trotting along behind him.

CUMMINGS (shouts
to Spaulding)
Harry, clear me a space for Madison
on the next flight out of Southampton!
I'll call you from the hospital there!

INT. A WARD - TRANSIENT HOSPITAL - SOUTHAMPTON

112

ACROSS Madison lying on his cot, looking down the length of the ward to its entrance door. It is almost midnight, and the ward is dark, some light spilling in from the corridor through the glass part of the entrance door. A night lamp drops enough light on Madison to show he is the only man in the whole ward who is awake. He lies motionlessly on his cot, staring at the ceiling. Occasionally he takes a puff on his cigarette or flicks the ash into an ashtray he has propped up on his chest. The ward itself is merely a long Nissen hut, equipped to hold perhaps fifty cots but which is cluttered with double that number. Several of the cots have been isolated with white screens. The DOOR OPENS; a shaft of light shoots in from the corridor, and a MEDIC enters, silhouetted briefly but clearly enough to show he is carrying a uniform on a hanger in one hand and a pair of shoes in the other. The door closes behind him, but we can still make out his shadowy figure picking his way down the tortuous aisle to Madison's bed in foreground.

THE MEDIC (draping the
uniform over the foot of
Madison's cot; whispers)
Your transportation's here, Commander.
Here's your uniform.
(he sets the shoes down
beside the bed)
Say, I didn't know you were the Madison,
Charles E., Lieutenant Commander U.S.N.
who --

MADISON (cutting him short)
Yeah.

Favoring his wounded thigh, Madison slowly sits up, his face set in its unrelenting mask of bitterness.

THE MEDIC
When you're dressed, Commander, you
have to sign out at the Administration
Office.

Madison says nothing, stands slowly, peels off his bathrobe.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - HOSPITAL - SOUTHAMPTON

113

A typical improvised military office in another, smaller quonset hut. One enters from the street through a plain wooden door. A second wooden door in the opposite wall leads outside to the interior area of the hospital. (The Administration Office is

connected to the other Nissen and Quonset huts which comprise the hospital by footpaths.) The second door bears a placard: NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL. A Nurse Captain sits behind the principal desk; several Army clerks sit behind other desks rattling away on their typewriters or filing in the many filing cabinets. Occasional identifying hospital personnel - nurses, Medics, Army hospital orderlies, a uniformed doctor, even a bathrobed patient - enter and exit on one or another hospital businesses, carrying identifying hospital props - laboratory specimens, bedpans, stethoscopes, etc. CUMMINGS is standing by the desk on the phone, as we cut in:

113
CONT'D
(2)

CUMMINGS (on phone)

I'm in the Administration Office now --

Chief Petty Officer Adams is studying the bulletin board which has a splendid large poster on it advising GI's to watch out for VD. Emily is pacing restlessly around the crowded, clattery room.

CUMMINGS (on phone)

Harry, I can get Madison to the airport by one o'clock, don't worry about it. You just clear a place on the plane for him...

Emily, in a feverish state of impatience, goes to the door marked No Admittance, opens it halfway and looks out. The Nurse Captain notes this sympathetically.

CUMMINGS (on phone)

What do you mean, you told Grissom? When?

Emily steps back to admit the Medic, who brought Madison his uniform.

THE MEDIC

Man, he's a cold fish, that Madison.

A CLERK

Go get the coffee pot, Mickey.

The Medic continues without breaking stride across the office and out through the street door.

CUMMINGS (to Adams)

Spaulding told the Public Relations Office. We'll have every news correspondent in London down here --

THE NURSE CAPTAIN (to Emily
at the door)

Why don't you wait outside for him, honey?

EMILY

Thank you.

She steps out of the office.

CUMMINGS (on phone)
Then wake up Admiral Healy. You
heard Jessup, Harry. He wants
Madison in Washington tomorrow.

113
CONT'D
(3)

The door to the street opens, and a Soldier enters.

THE SOLDIER (to the
Nurse Captain)
There's three English newspapermen
down at my office, Captain. What's
this about the first dead man being
alive?

Cummings looks up, frowns.

CUMMINGS (on phone)
I'll have him at the airport at 0100
hours, don't worry. It's only fifteen
minutes from here.

He hangs up.

EXT. OUTSIDE OFFICE - HOSPITAL - SOUTHAMPTON - NIGHT 114

ACROSS Emily, standing just outside the Administration Office, showing the rest of the hospital in b.g. -- i.e., what can be seen of it in the black-out night. A long, long paved footpath leads off to a roughly-roofed open passageway which splits off to several barely visible Nissen and Quonset huts. The footpath and arcaded passageway are lit just enough for camera purposes. The rest of the hospital sleeps silently in the dark night. Emily is smoking anxiously. Now, a Nurse trundles a small medical cart across the roofed passageway at the extreme b.g. of the frame, and Emily whirls to it. Disappointed, she turns full-face to the camera and lights another cigarette. How silent it all is now. Then, suddenly, she senses Madison through the small of her back, and she slowly turns so that we are shooting ACROSS her down the long length of dimly-lit footpath. There, at the far end of the path, turning in from the roofed passageway, is Charlie. He is dressed, walking with a noticeable limp, using a cane. She starts involuntarily a few paces up the footpath, then stops. Madison, who had been rapt in his brown study, looks up, stops.

CLOSEUP of Madison, expressionlessly regarding her.

MADISON'S POV. Looking down the long length of footpath to Emily, half-shadowed but recognizable and lit enough to see she is smiling. Behind her, the Administration Office hut, black-out shades drawn, but cracks of light slipping out here and there. Emily now ambles a few more paces up the path, stops.

EMILY

You're limping, Commander. The
old wound acting up?

114
CONT'D
(2)

REVERSE ACROSS Emily as Madison limps a few slow
steps down toward her. He stops, stands, regards
her warily.

ACROSS Madison to Emily who now ambles slowly up the
path to him.

EMILY

Where've you been? We expected
you back a week ago, yesterday.

She stops, stands.

ACROSS Emily to Madison, now only a few yards away.

MADISON

Sorry, I had to go to France for a
few days. Out of season this time
of year.

EMILY

Nobody worth knowing was there, I'm
sure.

MADISON

A very rough element going to France
nowadays.

FULL SHOT of the two of them, regarding each other
on the footpath. Then suddenly she whirls over the
few yards separating them and into his arms.

TIGHT TWO-SHOT of Madison and Emily in embrace.

EMILY

Oh, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie,
Charlie....

MADISON

Watch out for that leg there, honey.

EMILY

Oh, shut up and let me hold you.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - HOSPITAL - SOUTHAMPTON 115

WIDE ANGLE SHOT showing the office now jammed with
newspapermen, perhaps twenty of them, both uniformed

and civilian, with and without cameras. Cummings, Adams and a Clerk are trying to get them back out of the office and into the street.

115
CONT'D
(2)

CUMMINGS (shouting)

All right! All right! I haven't seen him myself yet!

A camera-flash explodes almost in his face.

NURSE CAPTAIN (shouting)

You'll have to wait outside! I'm terribly sorry! You'll have to wait outside!

(SHOUTS and VOICES from the reporters: "When was he brought here?" - "Is he seriously wounded?" - "Is he coming out? What's going on?" - "What's this about DeGaulle?")

CUMMINGS (to Adams)

I better get him.

Cummings crosses quickly to the door marked No Admittance, reaches for the knob.

LONG SHOT across Madison and Emily still in embrace looking down the footpath to the Administration Office as its door opens, momentarily emitting a burst of light and clamor, as Cummings comes out, quickly shutting the door. He hurries up the path to the lovers.

FULL SHOT of Madison and Emily in embrace, Madison looking up over Emily's shoulder, Emily turning her head to see what the flare of noise was. Cummings' back enters the frame.

MADISON

Don't come within cane's distance of me, you fink. You tried to kill me.

Madison releases himself from Emily's embrace.

CUMMINGS

All right, Charlie, you can get your licks in later. Right now, we've got a plane waiting to take you back to Washington. We have half an hour to get to the airport, and there's about twenty reporters in that office and more piling in by the minute. We can allow five minutes for pictures and a few questions, so let me brief you quickly on what you're to say.

MADISON

I'm going to say the truth, Bus.

CUMMINGS

I don't know how much of my little
hoax you know --

MADISON

Enough.

CUMMINGS

Your last words as you led the charge
up the beach were: "Okay, men, let's
show 'em whose beach this is!"

MADISON

Not quite the epic stature of "We've
just begun to fight", Bus.

CUMMINGS

Yeah, well --

MADISON

I'm going to tell them the truth, Bus.
I'm going to tell anybody who wants to
know the plain, unattractive and not
very epic truth.

CUMMINGS

Charlie, we have very little time --

MADISON

I'm going to tell them that a deranged
Admiral had a demented idea for a
lunatic movie whose only purpose was
to juice up the Navy's bid for military
appropriations - that my gallant wounds
were inflicted on me by my brother
officer, the fink --

CUMMINGS (beginning
to suspect Madison is
serious)

All right, Charlie, you've got a
legitimate beef against me, and I'll
take my raps for it --

MADISON

--and that my last inspirational words
as I led the charge away from the beach
were: "Hey, let's get the hell out of
here."

TWO SHOT of Cummings and Emily, frowning quizzically
at Madison.

MADISON

I've had a bad week, Bus. I've been in battle. I've seen the howl and heard the horror of it again. I'm not going to contribute to your wretched little hoax. I'm not going to help you preserve the wonder of war. I want people to know I was a coward. I want people to know the whole shabby story of my heroism.

115
CONT'D
(4)

TWO SHOT of Cummings and Emily, favoring Emily, who doesn't quite trust her ears.

CUMMINGS

I don't get it. Do you know what'll happen if --

MADISON

Oh, I know what'll happen when I expose this patchy canard. I'll embarrass my country, dishonor my service, disgrace my admiral, humiliate my family and get myself brigged for at least a couple of years.

EMILY

Then why do it?

MADISON

Because it's the right thing to do.

CLOSEUP of Emily, stunned, open-mouthed with disbelief.

EMILY

I can't believe it! Is this the Charlie Madison who once said: "God save us all from people who do the right thing! It's the rest of us who always get our backs broken"? Are you seriously going to destroy everything that means anything to you, Charlie, in a futile gesture of virtue? And you're going to put yourself in jail, are you?

MADISON

I don't care what happens to me.

EMILY

How bloody brave of you. But you do care what happens to me. You said you did, and I believed you. What am I to do while you sit about in your prison cell for five or six years, admiring the glisten of your own martyrdom?

MADISON

Honey, I want the world to know what
a fraud war is.

115
CONT'D
(5)

EMILY

War isn't a fraud, Charlie; it's very
real. At least, that's what you've
always tried to tell me, isn't it? --
that we shall never get rid of war if
we keep pretending it's unreal. It's
the virtue of war that's the fraud,
not war itself. It's the valor and
self-sacrifice and goodness of war
that needs the exposing. And here
you are, being brave, self-sacrificing
and absolutely clanking with moral
fervor, perpetuating the very things
you detest, merely to do the right
thing. Your conversion to morality
is actually funny, Charlie. All this
while, I've been terrified of becoming
Americanized, and you, you silly ass,
have turned into a bloody sentimental
Englishman.

MADISON

Emily, there's a matter of principle
involved here.

EMILY

A matter of what? Is this the
Charlie Madison who once said: "What's
a lion doing in a man's house anyway?"

MADISON

Emily, a man has to say the truth
when he knows it!

TWO SHOT

115X1

of Madison and Emily, regarding each other, shame-
lessly in love.

EMILY (meaning:

"I love you")

Is this the Charlie Madison who once
said: "I'm not equipped to deal with
truth. I let God worry about truth.
I just want to know the momentary
fact of things. Life isn't true;
it's merely factual -- "

115X1
CONT'D
(2)

MADISON (meaning:
"I love you too")
"-- and my idea of facts are you,
a home, a country, a world, and a
universe in that order."

EMILY
I'm quite prepared to supply all
that as my end of the deal.

MADISON
Yeah, and what are you getting out
of it?

EMILY
I'll settle for a Hershey bar.

The door of the Administration Office opens, and
Chief Petty Officer Adams comes hurrying out to the
others. Behind, the Nurse Captain fills the
rectangle of light made by the open doorway.

ADAMS (hurrying up)
Bus, there must be a hundred of
them! There's correspondents all
over the place!

THE NURSE CAPTAIN
(calling from the door)
Commander, would you please come?
We can't have all these people here.

Madison, who has been locked in a mutually obsessed
trance with Emily during all this, now smiles and
turns to Cummings, who hasn't understood a word
that was said all during the previous dialogue.

MADISON (wrapping one
arm around Emily and the
other around Cummings, he
says to Cummings)
Well, fink, how do you want me to
play it? Modest and self-effacing?

CUMMINGS (as they move
down the path to the Adminis-
tration Office)
Thanks, Charlie. I'll make this up
to you. I'll do anything you say.

MADISON (beaming at
his friend)
Oh, I've got something in mind for
you, Laddy.

By now, the rectangle of light made by the open Administration Office door is filling up with correspondents, and, in a moment, the whole screen is a constant flare of flashbulbs.

115X1
CONT'D
(3)

EXT. NORTH POLE - DAY

116

Actually, we dissolve in on a photograph of a parade on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C. Madison stands in the back of the main limousine, waving at the crowds who are flinging ticker-tape at him. DOLLY SLOWLY BACK AND UP to show, first, that it is a photograph on the front page of the New York Globe - then, we see that the man looking at the Times is Lieutenant Commander Cummings, swathed in furs and parkas with just enough of his frozen face sticking out to identify him - CONTINUE DOLLY FURTHER BACK until all that can be seen of poor Cummings is a small black figure on an endless desolation of snow and ice. Type on Screen the legend "Virtue is its own Reward" and underneath "The End" title.

FADE OUT

THE END