

"THE BIG RED ONE"

3/20/58

ESTIMATING

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FORM 216

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1 SCRIPT

3/20/58

ESTIMATING

Title "THE BIG RED ONE"

Signed _____

"THE BIG RED ONE"

Written

by

Samuel Fuller

3/20/58

PRODUCTION AND MILITARY NOTE

Battles in this script are detailed so that the Army, Navy, Air Force and Department of Defense may have an unquestionable picture of the military maneuvers, materiel and manpower essential in making THE BIG RED ONE a big and important show.

The following area breakdown, made in conjunction with Major Raymond Harvey, U.S. Army who is Liaison Officer on this project, comprises three Army locales where major battles of historical significance can be staged with our principals with the cooperation of troops and materiel.

The problem of the Mediterranean and European Theater of Operations terrain was solved. The three Army installations are germane, in their individual and adaptable land aspects, to the North Africa and European battlefields.

All have weapons essential for this production.

All have troops trained to handle these weapons.

The producer's plan of re-staging great battles fought by the First Division was heartily accepted by General Buchanan, Commanding General of the 1st Division, Fort Riley, Kansas. The plan is to stage action with principals and 1st Division soldiers in such a manner that the actual staging will serve as exercises for 1st Division men at Fort Riley. Just as our actors, these 1st Division soldiers will participate in the mistakes we made, and finally will overcome these mistakes on the battlefield.

Actual historical problems, essential in the script, will serve as a training course for the soldiers.

VILLAGES:

One village to be used as BELGIAN VILLAGE and GERMAN VILLAGE.

BEACHES:

One beach to be used for three amphibious invasions of NORTH AFRICA, SICILY and NORMANDY. Also same BEACH to be used for German evacuation from SICILY across Strait of Messina.

AIR FORCE:

U.S. motor-driven World War II fighter planes near TUCSON, ARIZONA are in operational condition.

The following breakdown proposes where battles can be staged with troops and materiel and to what countries they pertain:

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(C)

NORTH AFRICA

CAMP IRWIN

137 miles from LA is training center for tank men and tank units.
It is perfect terrain for the Battle of Kasserine Pass.

Terrain:

Covers 750,000 acres of Mohave Desert.
Mountainous, hilly, flat desert.
Surface covered with gravel and sand dunes.

Troops:

1 Armored Group.
1 Tank Battalion.
2 Transportation truck companies.
1 Radio-controlled aerial detachment.
1 Service unit.

Equipment:

200 M-48 (Patton) tanks to be used as GERMAN TIGERS.
50 M-24 (Light) tanks to be World War II U.S. tanks.
Personnel carriers that tow guns.
Half-tracks.
Self-propelled guns. (SPs)
Radio control target resembles piper cub, can be
shot down in flames by ack-ack.
Air Field with hangar, buildings, dry lake bed.
Light aircraft, L-19s and L-20s.
Helicopter.
Flame-throwing tanks. (M-48)

Ranges:

7 Tactical tank firing problem ranges.
Old tanks used as targets.
Troops trained to fire, maneuver tanks under
simulated combat conditions.

Transportation:

Improved and dirt roads.
Trails connect maneuver areas.

Dumps:

Gas and ammunition dumps fenced with barbed wire.
Quonset hut.

SICILY FRANCE BELGIUM GERMANY

FORT RILEY:

Kansas, training center for Infantry troops and home of the 1st Division.

Terrain:

Rolling, with short grass covering surface.
Scattered trees.
Kansas River runs thru reservation.
A bridge.

Troops:

15,000 armed men wearing Big Red 1 shoulder patch.
5,000 additional troops.

Equipment:

80 tanks.
4 battalions of artillery.
105s, 155s.
8-inch howitzers.
Self-propelled guns.
1 Battalion Engineers.
Signal.
Ordnance.
QM.
Light aviation.
Helicopters.

Ranges:

Houses used for target practice.
Squad, platoon, company firing areas.
Artillery range.
Bazooka range.
Night firing range.
All infantry weapons.

NOTE:

Scene of the General addressing 15,000 armed members of the 1st Division, in script, to be shot at Fort Riley with 1st Division men playing themselves.

SICILY FRANCE BELGIUM GERMANY CZECHOSLAVAKIA

FORT LEWIS:

Washington, training center for Infantry troops and Divisional type units.

Terrain:

87,000 acres at Main Post area.
207,000 acres at Yakima Firing Center.
Rolling and flat terrain.
Nisqually River cuts thru edge of reservation.
East side bordered by Puget Sound.
Many lakes, streams.
Wooded areas.
Open fields under cultivation.
Abandoned farmhouses, several outlying buildings.

Troops:

4th Infantry Division.

Equipment:

M-48 (Patton) tanks.
M-24 (Light) tanks.
Engineers.
Artillery.
Signal.
Ordnance.
QM.
Light aviation.

Ranges:

Mock village for village, city fighting.
Flame-throwing range with bunkers, pillboxes.
Squad, platoon, company tactical firing problems.
Mortar and artillery fire support.
Large modern airfield to handle large troop carriers.

Cold Weather Training Camp:

Can be used for Kamp Falkenau, Czechoslovakia battle.

McCord Air Force Base:

adjoining Fort Lewis has troop carrier planes:
C-118s, C-47s, C-54s.

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(F)

CAST

THE MEN

THE SERGEANT
GRIFFITH
ZAB
VINCI
JOHNSON

THE WOMEN

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL
ITALIAN GIRL
ENGLISH GIRL
FRENCH GIRL
BELGIAN GIRL
GERMAN GIRL
GIRL NO. 1163

THE OFFICERS

THE GENERAL
THE COLONEL
THE CAPTAIN
THE LIEUTENANT

PROLOGUE

FADE IN

a. BATTLEFIELD - DAWN

An AMERICAN PRIVATE is crawling toward CAMERA with his rifle.
OVER HIM the legend:

NO MAN'S LAND
WORLD WAR I
FRANCE, 1918

Identified as THE PRIVATE in the prologue, this rifleman is our star - the impregnable symbol of "the little man with the rifle" despite his big, powerful frame. He is the spirit of the 1st Division. This story is his odyssey in War. Wearing a World War I helmet, the mud on his rugged face makes him appear older. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he bellies forward to A FIGURE sprawled near a shellhole. The Private examines the American doughboy. Dead. He starts to crawl away but stops. He has animal instinct. He can "smell" the enemy. He stares at:

b. NO MAN'S LAND

Bleak, no movement.

c. THE PRIVATE

bellying forward.

d. A GERMAN

crawling toward CAMERA with his rifle. Wearing a World War I helmet, he has animal instinct. He stops. He can "smell" the enemy. He bellies forward.

e. THE TWO WARRIORS (HIGH ANGLE)

unable to see they are crawling to a head-on collision as they skirt base of high mound which separates them.

f. CLOSE THE PRIVATE

coming face-to-face with:

g. CLOSE THE GERMAN

just as startled.

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PROLOGUE (H)

h. THE TWO (HIGH ANGLE)

Too close to use weapons, they explode in a violent hand-to-hand fight as CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES DOWN to reveal a 15-foot unforgettable monument on the mound: THE SAVIOUR ON THE CROSS. They battle beneath the Saviour.

i. CLOSE THE TWO

locked in combat where there are no rules. The Private is being strangled. He brings his knee up with smashing strength. The German doubles in agony, collapses - his head crashing into a shellhole filled with mud. The Private leaps on him, holds his head in the mud. The German's body jerks in panic. Then it stops jerking. Suffocation is swift. The exhausted Private rests on the dead German. The Private is sick to his stomach. Then something attracts him. It is sticking out of the German's pack. It is a German forage hat and it has a red piping. He pulls the hat out and examines it and shoves it into his coat and reaches out for his rifle. He is still breathing hard. Keeping low, he crawls away from the dead German, crawls past the Saviour on the Cross, crawls past a stone marker reading: "SOISSONS".

j. A WORLD WAR I TRENCH (ALSO TO BE USED IN WORLD WAR II, 1944)

Several American DOUGHBOYS are on their rifles against sandbags. Others crowd the trench, seated, exhausted. All are mud-covered. One reacts to sound of someone crawling toward trench. He aims, then relaxes for he recognizes:

k. THE PRIVATE

crawling past a small graveyard. In f.g. on a leaning gravestone is this inscription:

"MORT POUR LA PATRIE"
1850
1870

The Private crawls up to the trench, slides down, wearily works his way through doughboys toward a sharp turn in the trench.

l. CLOSER THE PRIVATE

reaching his squad. Several doughboys are seated, their backs against wall of trench. One of them is a CORPORAL. They watch the Private sag to the ground and drink from his canteen.

(CONTINUED)

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PROLOGUE (I)

1 (Cont.)

The Private takes out a jackknife, opens it, pulls out his captured German forage hat and proceeds to cut off the red piping. He cuts carefully. The others watch.

Smoke drifts through the trench. They watch him begin to carefully rip off the red piping.

CORPORAL:

What's that for?

THE PRIVATE:

The Division patch.

CORPORAL:

You going to start that again?

THE PRIVATE:

Next time I walk into a French bar those mademoiselles are going to know what outfit I'm in without having to ask.

CORPORAL:

Just stick to your rifle, doughboy. Let Pershing worry about that.

The Private cuts a two-inch strip of the red piping and holds it up against his left shoulder.

THE PRIVATE:

How do you like it?

CORPORAL:

(indifferently)

All it looks like is a - a red number one.

THE PRIVATE:

The First means number one. The big One.
The Big Red One.

CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSEUP of piping in his fingers held up against his shoulder as we

DISSOLVE TO:

m. THE BIG RED ONE PATCH

filling the screen. It is the patch as it is today, a slight modification of the Private's red piping.

(CONTINUED)

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PROLOGUE (J)

m (Cont.)

VOICE:

The Big Red 1 is the nickname for the 1st U.S. Infantry Division. But it is more than a name. It is an emotion.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to patch centered on screen.

VOICE:

This production is dedicated to all shoulder patches of the United States Armed Forces which served in World War II in the Pacific, the Mediterranean and the European Theater of Operations.

Colorful patches of every fighting division and insignias of the U.S. Air Force, U.S. Navy, U.S. Marine Corps appear until the Big Red 1 patch is completely surrounded by a blaze of emblems.

DISSOLVE TO:

CAST CREDITS identify characters with CLOSEUPS: so-and-so as THE SERGEANT, etc. The seven girls are identified in same manner, so-and-so as THE FRENCH-ARAB, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

n. U.S. SIGNAL CORPS FOOTAGE

of these THREE Generals in action. SUPERIMPOSED over them in order are these legends:

Warner Brothers are grateful to these Generals who commanded the 1st Division in combat in World War II from the first shot in North Africa to the last shot in Czechoslovakia:

MAJOR GENERAL TERRY ALLEN
The Invasions of North Africa and Sicily.

LT. GENERAL CLARENCE HUEBNER
D-Day, Battle of France, the Invasions of Belgium and Germany.

MAJOR GENERAL CLIFT ANDRUS
Battle of the Bulge, Battle of Germany,
Battle of Czechoslovakia.

FADE OUT.

END OF PROLOGUE

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NORTH AFRICA

FADE IN

1. INT. HOLD OF BRITISH TRANSPORT

NIGHT

Bright flares sputtering like fireflies. GIs are striking matches, lighting up. Cigarettes. Cigars. Pipes. Cigarette lighters. Two on a match. Faces. Thick smoke. Silence.

2. CLOSE THE SERGEANT

He is the Private who cut the red piping at Soissons in 1918. He is now THE SERGEANT, about 42, clean shaven with fighting mouth and an air of battle-wise authority. He is wearing the Stars & Stripes brassard on his left arm. He is not wearing the Red 1 patch. He is SQUAD LEADER of the 1ST SQUAD. Right now he is studying the faces of the 11 men in his squad. They are nervous. Matches held up to cigarettes reveal their uneasiness, waiting to be baptized under fire. They all wear the Stars & Stripes brassards. Some of them are wearing their helmets: World War II steel helmets. No insignias. PRIVATE GRIFFITH rips off a ROYAL NAVY poster, turns it over and calmly begins to draw a cartoon with his left hand. In all his 20 years this sensitive rifleman has never lifted his hand against another man - yet now he shows no fear. PRIVATE JOHNSON, also in his early twenties, is frightened. Not too bright, he definitely is not portrayed as that shabby caricature of the hillbilly type. PRIVATE ZAB, 22, is fed up. His face, illuminated by match as he lights a cigar, shows contempt for the whole damn thing. A born bitch-artist, he is husky, big and rugged. These three riflemen are our principals. The rest of the squad, along with Johnson, watch Griffith the southpaw sketch rapidly. But they are not really watching. They are sweating it out - and the Sergeant knows it as he keeps an experienced eye on them. There is no man to relay an order between him and these eleven men. Their lives depend on him - directly.

ZAB:

This is a British ship, ain't it? How come they're not making the invasion with us?

THE SERGEANT:

Because the French are fighting mad since their fleet was hit by the British.

(tapping his brassard)

That's why we're all wearing these Stars & Stripes. We're counting on Vichy not to shoot at Uncle Sam.

JOHNSON:

Vichy? I thought we were going to fight Germans. Who's Vichy?

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:

That's part of the French government playing ball with Hitler. From what the Old Man says, it's all fouled up in North Africa. Some Frenchmen are for Vichy, some against it and all are sweating out what to do.

JOHNSON:

I'm all mixed up.

THE SERGEANT:

Who isn't? The Arabs are beefing, the French are leery of the British and we've got our fingers crossed nobody'll stop our landing. In the other war we shot or got shot at but in this war nobody knows who's on whose side.

GRIFFITH:

(as he draws)

What if the French start shooting?

THE SERGEANT:

We'll have to shoot back.

GRIFFITH:

(looking up; pale)

I don't want to kill a Frenchman.

JOHNSON:

Me neither! My uncle was in the other war and he said the French were on our side.

THE SERGEANT:

I just told you, Johnson. There's Vichy French on those beaches. They've got a deal on with Hitler. They've got a leader called Petain who's playing footsies with Nazis 'cause Hitler's got him over a barrel ...If this fellow Giraud gets to Africa - he's a French general - his people will swing over to our side. He's anti-Vichy. Now do you understand?

JOHNSON:

(completely baffled)

You lost me back there, Sergeant.

(fiddling with rifle knob)

I still don't know how this knob works.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont .1)

THE SERGEANT:

(glad to get off Vichy subject)
Let's say the wind's blowing 20 miles an hour and the enemy's 200 yards away. All you do is multiply 20 by 2 and divide by 10. What've you got?

JOHNSON:

I'd be dead by that time.

The men laugh.

ZAB:

They pack us like rats in this barge and you jokers think it's funny.

THE SERGEANT:

What's eating you?

ZAB:

The infantry!

THE SERGEANT:

Why did you enlist?

ZAB:

I didn't sign up to be a dogface. Know why you meatheads ain't in the Air Force? 'Cause you got to have brain muscle to to fly. If I had education think I'd be stuck in this hold with you illiterates?
(lifts his rifle)

This BB gun's for yesterday's war. A pea shooter for slobs and morons. You gotta be smart to fly!

THE SERGEANT:

Sure you do but a bomber can't occupy a city, a battleship can't take a hill, a sub can't clean out snipers and artillery can't dig out the enemy.

ZAB:

Ah, there's nothing worth seeing in the infantry.

THE SERGEANT:

Oh -- there's one thing we'll get to see.

ZAB:

Sure - our graves.

GRIFFITH:

What'll we get to see?

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont.2)

THE SERGEANT:

The enemy...Nobody else gets to see him face-to-face. When we fight him, it's personal. When we kill him, it's a private war. Just you and him.

GRIFFITH:

(after a silence)

How did it feel - the first time you killed a man. I mean - a man you saw die right in front of you?

THE SERGEANT:

First you feel like you did something against God...but it had to be done...then a big fist hits you in the gut and starts to twist ...and it never lets go.

JOHNSON:

They'll never get me to make another invasion.

DISSOLVE TO:

3. EXT. DECK OF BRITISH TRANSPORT

NIGHT

THE LIEUTENANT, 24, tall, West Point, leader of the 1ST PLATOON, is at the rail. The Sergeant, Griffith, Zab and Johnson appear. The Lieutenant points.

THE LIEUTENANT:

That's Oran.

JOHNSON:

Who, sir?

THE LIEUTENANT:

Our objective in North Africa.

JOHNSON:

(staring)

Y'mean that's North Africa?

4. LONG SHOT BRIGHT GLOW

in the distance.

5. GROUP AT RAIL

GRIFFITH:

(optimistically)

There's no blackout! Maybe they won't shoot at us.

(CONTINUED)

5 (Cont.)

CAMERA ANGLES to include THE CAPTAIN, commanding their COMPANY "I". He is in his late twenties. He watches glow on horizon.

THE CAPTAIN:

Maybe...but the French are in a spot no matter what they do. If they resist, we shoot. If they cooperate, Hitler butchers their families...What've you got there, Griffith? Who's the cartoon of this time?

Griffith shows him cartoon. The Captain grins, moves off with sketch, passing men at rail until he reaches THE COLONEL, commanding the 16TH INFANTRY REGIMENT OF THE FIRST DIVISION.

THE COLONEL:

Anything wrong, Captain?

THE CAPTAIN:

On the contrary, sir.

He gives him sketch. The Colonel grins, moves off with it, passing officers at rail until he reaches THE GENERAL, commanding the 1ST U.S. INFANTRY DIVISION.

THE GENERAL:

Yes, Colonel?

THE COLONEL:

This ought to give you a rough idea of the morale of our troops, General.

The General takes the sketch and smiles that leathery smile of his.

6. INSERT GRIFFITH'S CARTOON

It is a funny caricature of the General wearing a 2-star helmet with a Big Red 1 insignia. Printed under the figure is "The General" and in comic strip style words are coming from his mouth enclosed in a balloon. The words are:

"NOTHING IN HELL CAN STOP
THE 1ST DIVISION!"

DISSOLVE TO:

7. NORTH AFRICAN DOCK A FRENCH OFFICER DAWN

passing a machine gun section manned by French-Vichy soldiers. He goes into the Vichy Coastal Defense Hq.

8. INT. VICHY COASTAL DEFENSE HQ

DAWN

Vichy officers are listening to music from radio when suddenly FDR's voice breaks in. They turn from map of North Africa.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S VOICE:

An American landing force is enroute. Do not sabotage. Do not scuttle. Do not fire at us. We are Americans. We are coming to help you fight the Axis.

The voice is cut off. The officers look at each other.

PETAIN'S VOICE:

This is Petain. I am replying to President Roosevelt's message. France and her honor are at stake. We are attacked and will defend ourselves. That is the order I give.

A VICHY OFFICER switches off radio, stares at his colleagues.

VICHY OFFICER:

Petain is right!

ANTI-VICHY OFFICER:

You know we've been waiting for the Americans! Now is our chance.

VICHY OFFICER:

There will be reprisals! Order your men to resist. Order our docks destroyed!

ANTI-VICHY OFFICER:

Use your head, sir! The Americans are our last resort. They can't fail!

VICHY OFFICER:

If we French do not resist - even token resistance - you know what the Nazis will do to our people in France.

9. ASSAULT BOAT #1 THE SERGEANT

DAWN

This CLOSE SHOT of the Sergeant is a HELICOPTER SHOT. He is next to a PFC who is speaking into a portable loudspeaker.

PFC:

(into loudspeaker)

Ne tirez pas! Ne tirez pas! Do not
shoot! We are Americans! We come as
friends! Do not fire! Ne tirez pas!

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

HELICOPTER CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the Sergeant's squad in the assault boat that is roaring through the water. The PFC continues his plea. It is the first time an invading force is asking the defenders to hold their fire. HELICOPTER CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP to reveal about THIRTY ASSAULT BOATS roaring through water, all packed with infantrymen. At all times in this shot we keep Assault Boat #1 in f.g. More VOICES are heard coming from assault craft, asking the French to hold their fire, telling them Americans are coming to help them. As HELICOPTER CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP the screen is enlarging all the time until we reach whatever wide screen medium will be used. From this moment on the production is in wide screen. As we reach our high point in the PULL BACK to stun the viewer with a vast panorama of ships and boats, the following legend crashes over the scene:

INVASION OF NORTH AFRICA
NOVEMBER 8, 1942
ORAN, ALGERIA

We see destroyers and battleships and, as far as the eye can see from the helicopter, nothing but boats and more boats and scores of assault craft racing toward the beaches of North Africa. And over this extreme long shot we can still hear the VOICES of the Americans asking the French to hold their fire.

10. SEVERAL FAST MOVING SHOTS ASSAULT BOATS

charging through water as we hear:

VOICES:

(thru loudspeakers)

Hold your fire!

Ne tirez pas!

We are Americans!

We are Americans!

11. ASSAULT BOAT #1

approaching the beach. It makes the first of the touchdowns, unopposed. Men with rifles and equipment spill down ramp through water to the beach.

12. THE SERGEANT

splashing through water, rifle held aloft, is followed by his men. Griffith, Zab and Johnson look at each other as the Sergeant takes out a flare. They even grin. Hell, this war is a cinch. They feel as safe as if they were in a States-side exercise. The Sergeant sends up a white flare.

13. TRANSPORT DECK THE GENERAL

delighted as he observes it through binocs.

THE GENERAL:

Thank God! The first landing party's
ashore, unopposed!

14. CLOSE VICHY MACHINE GUNS ON DOCK

blasting at Americans with tracers. The Battle of North
Africa has begun.

15. THE SERGEANT'S SQUAD

stunned by this sudden noise. The Sergeant hits but his
green men stand, transfixed by their baptism. He flings
them flat and yells, his words drowned out by more machine
guns opening fire on the beaches. The Sergeant returns the
fire. A GI gets up to seek a safer position. He is hit and
crashes on Griffith.

16. CLOSE GRIFFITH

pulling away from the weight on him. He stares at the hid-
eous, bloody-faced corpse staring back at him. It is his
first contact with death, death by violence. He is frozen,
his rifle next to him unused. The Sergeant jams the rifle
into his hands, whacks him hard on the back with a bark.

THE SERGEANT:

Fire!

(yelling to others)

Don't bunch up. Spread out. Spread out.

Fire!

CAMERA PULLS BACK SWIFTLY to Zab and Johnson also frozen in
fear, staring at another dead American who is sprawled
grotesquely inches from them. A tremendous explosion o.s.
rocks the area and the sky becomes a flashing sheet of fire.

17. PORTION OF DOCK

ablaze. A second explosion follows. Vichy are determined to
destroy everything before Americans can control the Bay.

18. VICHY MACHINE GUNS

firing. Suddenly their crews are overpowered by armed French-
men. This is the beginning of the Fighting French in action.

19. VICHY COASTAL GUN

firing on Americans. A group of Fighting French attack the Vichy gunners, seize the gun. The Vichyites not only stop resistance, but eagerly fall in with the Free French.

20. SEVERAL SHOTS THE FIGHTING FRENCH

led by a FIGHTING FRENCH OFFICER seizing Vichy gun positions.

21. FIGHTING FRENCH OFFICER

and his band of armed French Youths who are anxious to support GIs in the invasion are rushing toward the beaches, waving white flags and shouting over din of GI rifles.

22. THE LIEUTENANT

seeing the Fighting French Officer approaching with French youths. The white banners make him shout to his platoon.

THE OFFICER:

Hold your fire!

23. THE SERGEANT

relaying order to his squad.

THE SERGEANT:

Hold fire!

24. THE CAPTAIN

watching his Lieutenant advancing toward him, followed by Fighting French Officer and French Youths.

THE CAPTAIN:

What's up?

THE LIEUTENANT:

The Free French have taken over most of the beach guns. They want to join us.

THE CAPTAIN:

Great! Let's start pushing inland.

FIGHTING FRENCH OFFICER:

Just in case there are any die-hard Vichy troops who are still resisting.

(motions; a French youth
brings up loudspeaker;
into loudspeaker)

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.)

FIGHTING FRENCH OFFICER: (Cont.)

I am reading a plea to all Frenchmen on the beach from General Henri Giraud.
"I urge you to save your bullets for the Germans."

25. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

listening to VOICE boom across beach thru loudspeaker.

FRENCH OFFICER'S VOICE: (Cont.)

"The Americans have come to help us fight our enemy. Help them defeat Hitler. Help them restore France to the French!"

ZAB:

This invasion was a lead pipe cinch.

JOHNSON:

Did you see the way they gave up?

GRIFFITH:

(cockily to the Sergeant)
Know that big fist I'm supposed to feel in the gut? Nothing.

The Sergeant studies these men who have that "we can lick anybody" attitude. He says nothing.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

26. ESTABLISHING SHOT KASSERINE PASS

DAY

Emerging thru Draw are U.S. infantry, tanks, halftracks. CAMERA PANS to a HILL. Men are around its base, others digging in on summit.

27. SUMMIT THE CAPTAIN

on radio as men are digging in.

THE CAPTAIN:

(into radio)
We're digging in on the forward slope of Hill 504 facing Kasserine Pass.

CAMERA MOVES to the Sergeant and squad digging in.

ZAB:

(growling)
Awright, so we staked our claim to this anthill. Now what?

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:

There'll be another hill.

ZAB:

I didn't sign up to be no goat. I'm a rifleman, not a ditchdigger!

THE SERGEANT:

I never saw a guy so itchy to meet up with the Germans.

ZAB:

I ain't even seen one yet!

JOHNSON:

I heard they pulled out of Africa.

GRIFFITH:

It's a cinch they want no part of us.

ZAB:

Take my word for it, we'll be doing nothing but pulling patrols, digging holes and climbing hills. This ain't my kind of war.

JOHNSON:

I'd sure like to come out of this with the Silver Star.

ZAB:

Medals are for slobs. Only citation I want is a transfer out.

THE SERGEANT:

I can swing it for you. 34th or 9th Division. What's your choice?

ZAB:

London! Work all day, fight girls all night. There's a man shortage there.

GRIFFITH:

I thought you were going to open up a harem when we capture Tunis.

ZAB:

Capture Tunis? You kiddin'? We were supposed to have taken Tunis by Christmas. Here it is February - no Tunis - no Germans - nothin'!

DISSOLVE TO:

28. HILL SUMMIT THE SQUAD

NIGHT

dug in. CAMERA MOVES PAST them in their holes to HOLD ON the Sergeant and Griffith in close holes. The Sergeant is asleep. Griffith is staring at him. Something is bothering him. He shakes the Sergeant, who grunts.

GRIFFITH:

You asleep?

THE SERGEANT:

Yes!

GRIFFITH:

How come you're still fighting a squad?

THE SERGEANT:

Did you wake me up to ask me that?

GRIFFITH:

I got to thinking...You've got so much time in the Army and - we're all kind of curious about it.

THE SERGEANT:

Listen, Rembrandt, I was a First Sergeant when you were too young to push your pencil.

GRIFFITH:

What happened?

THE SERGEANT:

When I finish my war memoirs I'll give you an autographed copy.

GRIFFITH:

I'll illustrate it for you.

THE SERGEANT:

Yeah...for a southpaw you really got the talent for it.

GRIFFITH:

Zab says soon as we take Tunis the war's over for us. I'm going to try to get on a New York newspaper as a cartoonist.

THE SERGEANT:

I never saw a wetnose so anxious to get out of uniform that hasn't even been scratched yet.

GRIFFITH:

Oh, I'll wear it for a while to help me pick up girls.

THE SERGEANT:

I remember when it was poison.

(CONTINUED)

28 (Cont.)

GRIFFITH:

When what was poison?

THE SERGEANT:

The uniform! I remember when parents beefed that it contaminated their darling little daughters. Why, if a girl was seen with a soldier, sailor or marine right off the bat she was called a hooker.

(with quiet mounting
anger)

Cut the Army to the bone! Chop 'em down! That's always the big battle cry when the shooting's over but when all Hell breaks loose again like in this war they - Ah, they don't need us till we get all shot up for them. It's a fouled-up situation if you need a war going just to have people respect the uniform...I know what a shooting war is - and it stinks. It's not civilized. But civilians start it and we finish it!

29. SEVERAL CLOSE SHOT GRIFFITH, JOHNSON, ZAB

thinking of his words.

30. CLOSEUP THE SERGEANT

still furious with the whole situation. He stares, thinking, then closes his eyes, tries to get back to sleep.

A WOMAN'S VOICE:

(soft, sensuous, bedroommy)

Hello suckers of the First Division.

31. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

sitting up in their holes, staring at each other, stunned as the voice continues thru a loudspeaker.

WOMAN'S VOICE:

Your wives are making love to war profiteers and your sweethearts are kissing men on strike at defense plants back in the good old U.S.A. while you are stuck out here in the middle of nowhere waiting to have your heads shot off.

The men are on their feet with weapons, baffled by this, trying to figure out where the voice is coming from. The Lieutenant appears.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

THE LIEUTENANT:

We've got men trying to run down that
loudspeaker. Stay put and keep alert.

He exits. The uncomfortable squad settle down near their
holes.

WOMAN'S VOICE:

That's right, suckers, you should be
nervous. What are you doing here?
Why are you fighting? We hate the
British, not the Americans.

ZAB:

(uncomfortably)

Ah, shut up!

WOMAN'S VOICE:

Well, I'll try to keep you awake so that
you won't be killed in your sleep by the
Afrika Korps. Tomorrow is St. Valentine's
Day...think of your wives, your sweethearts,
your loved ones back home...think of those
perfumed girls with soft skin and soft hair
and stacked...oh, brother, how they are
stacked.

She sings the song "LILI MARLENE" softly as CAMERA SLOWLY
PASSES faces of men listening and thinking of their women.
(LILI MARLENE is listed under Alien Property Custodian)

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

32. LONG SHOT A DRAW IN THE KASSERINE PASS DAY

as additional U.S. Infantry and tanks are moving thru Draw.
CAMERA PANS to the Captain and Lieutenant on summit of Hill
watching reinforcements approaching.

THE LIEUTENANT:

(hopefully)

Maybe the whole Division will be together
now.

THE CAPTAIN:

Nope, we're stilled spread out, taking
orders from the British and half our outfit's
under French command.

THE LIEUTENANT:

But why?

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.)

THE CAPTAIN:

Why? That's what the General wants to know! That's why he asked the Top Brass if this was a private war or could anybody get into the fight. And by anybody he means the 1st Division as a Division and not an apple pie cut up all over North Africa. We haven't operated as a team since we hit Oran and being committed piecemeal not only fouls up tactics but kills the spirit of an outfit. Until the 16th, 18th and 26th fight together as a team under one command, this is going to be one hell of a lousy war!

33. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD ON SUMMIT

watching reinforcements below approaching the Hill.

ZAB:

Wait'll they hear Axis Sally singin to us again tonight. Watch 'em jump.

THE SERGEANT:

The way you did?

ZAB:

Ah, she didn't bother me. Did they find the loudspeaker?

THE SERGEANT:

Not yet. That crack she made last night - about the Afrika Korps. That's Rommel!

ZAB:

Rommel, Schmommel! Nothin' but Kraut propaganda. Know them stories you told us about the other war?

(grins)

You really been pulling our legs, huh?
All we need on this camping trip is a cowboy quartet and -

The Sergeant hears the incoming scream and hits the dirt. The others stare at him, puzzled, until the scream grows louder and they, too, hit. CAMERA ANGLES to the Captain, Lieutenant and men hitting. Below we can see reinforcements at base of hill. The first enemy shell lands directly in their midst. Several more shells land. Men, tanks, vehicles scramble for cover that does not exist. The air

(CONTINUED)

- 33 (Cont.)
is beginning to fill with black smoke. More shells come in.
34. FORWARD SLOPE OF HILL MEN
shelled. They scramble to the:
35. SUMMIT
shelled. Men scramble down reverse slope of hill.
36. THE SERGEANT'S SQUAD
shelled, scrambling off summit down reverse slope.
37. FULL SHOT FIFTY GERMAN TANKS
advancing. CAMERA PANS TO:
38. ONE HUNDRED GERMAN TANKS
advancing. Tanks are moving thru pass. Many of them are Tigers.
39. HELICOPTER SHOT MASS OF GERMAN GRENADIERS
advancing. These are enemy infantry, mopup troops for tanks. COPTER FLIES OVER THEM, LOW, PULLING BACK WITH THEM IN THEIR ADVANCE and as we pull back we begin to catch dust kicked up by tanks...now we are over the German tanks...pulling back with their advance, and pulling up until we have ENORMOUS HIGH SHOT of Tigers plowing ahead, firing as grenadiers are in b.g. behind them.
40. U.S. TANKS, TANK-DESTROYERS
firing.
41. A U.S. TANK
firing at:

42. A TIGER TANK

advancing. The shell bounces off Tiger. The Tiger fires.

43. U.S. TANK

hit, erupts in flames.

44. FULL SHOT TANK DUEL

as Tigers knock out our tanks. Shells explode. Friendly and enemy tanks begin to blaze and smoke. Tank destroyers and trucks are knocked out. The Tigers are moving forward, always firing, like a big mountain of steel that nothing can stop. They flank out for the Draw. Now all U.S. tanks, vehicles and men are trapped in the Kasserine Pass as more tanks advance to shell our tanks and men. Outnumbered, out-classed, outranged, our tanks do not have a chance against the powerful Tigers.

45. SUMMIT OF HILL FIRST WAVE OF GERMAN GRENADIERS

spilling downhill thru rocks with fixed bayonets. CAMERA ANGLES to the Sergeant staring up at them.

THE SERGEANT:

People! Put your knives on!

His squad reacts, looks up, and fixes bayonets.

46. GRIFFITH, JOHNSON AND ZAB

staring wide-eyed. Now they are seeing the German soldier in action. They can hear the Germans shouting. The three men fire rapidly, reload, fire, reload, fire.

47. FIRST WAVE OF GERMANS

Their downhill assault is checked. Many are killed as bullets chip rocks. Firing is tremendous. Those still moving are cut down. Finally there is no movement. Only the o.s. sound of Tigers firing, shells bursting.

48. THE SQUAD

perspiring, watching, reloading, panting hard.

49. THE SERGEANT

breathing hard, reloading, watching summit of hill.

50. GRIFFITH, JOHNSON AND ZAB

staring at each other, flushed with their first victory, still shaking but shining with triumph when they HEAR:

GERMAN VOICES:

Folgen Sie mir! Rasch! Rasch! Rasch!

A collective gasp goes thru the three men. They look up. CAMERA ANGLES to SUMMIT OF HILL where another group of Germans are swarming downhill thru rocks, shooting, shouting. The astonished GI's open fire again as several of the enemy overrun them.

51. GRIFFITH

and a German clash in close combat. Griffith bayonets him.

GERMAN:

American schweinehund!

Griffith tries to pull bayonet out, can't. He fires. The bayonet comes out. A shouting German makes him whirl. He catches the enemy with butt stroke in face. A body crashes on Griffith, knocking him down, face-to-face against the dead German. For the first time the Big Fist the Sergeant described now hits him in the gut and starts to twist.

52. JOHNSON

shooting pointblank at charging German. The dead German crashes on him. Johnson gapes at the German's hands on his chest. The hands are gone. Stumps. For the first time the Big Fist hits him in the gut, starts to twist.

53. ZAB

firing when a shellburst deafens him. Showered by dirt, stones and part of a man, he sees a German standing over him, swinging a rifle by barrel. The butt comes down. Zab yells, jerks. The butt slams rock an inch from his head.

GERMAN:

Schweinehund!

The German leaps on him. Another shattering burst and the earth seems to open up. Smoke. As smoke clears Zab is stabbing German with bayonet again and again. More shouts:

GERMAN VOICES:

Folgen Sie mir! Rasch! Rasch!

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)

Zab cannot believe there are more of them coming. But they keep coming. For the first time the Big Fist hits him in the gut, starts to twist. Seized by hysteria, driven by panic, Zab goes berserk and starts to run downhill.

54. OTHER GI'S

overrun by tremendous number of shouting Germans, abandon their rock positions, start working downhill.

55. THE LIEUTENANT

shouting at his men, trying to prevent a rout.

56. THE SERGEANT

stopping GI's who are withdrawing, throwing them down behind rocks, yelling for them to hold.

57. SUMMIT OF HILL THIRD WAVE OF GERMANS

swarming downhill, shooting.

58. SEVERAL CLOSEUPS GI'S

reacting to this nightmarish, noisy avalanche.

59. A GI

running downhill in terror to base of hill.

60. GERMAN FLAME-THROWING TANK

spurting streak of flame toward base.

61. THE GI

barbecued.

62. GRIFFITH

confused by shouts, shells, smoke - starts to run.

63. JOHNSON

starts to run.

64. HELICOPTER SHOT THE ROUT

Tanks and vehicles are destroyed, burning, smoking, as the Afrika Korps has elements of the 1st Division on the run. The scene is a mass cauldron, an inferno of panic and death and tremendous noise - a violence of smoke and blood.

65. FAST CUTS GI'S

outnumbered, outranged, outclassed, disorganized, darting and dying and dodging.....trying to escape Tigers and pursuing Grenadiers.

66. THE DRAW

as GI's are running toward it. A Tiger looms up in f.g. and its 88 fires into mass of U.S. infantry seeking cover.

67. SMOKE

Emerging through it: tanks firing, GI's running, Zab running, Griffith running, Johnson running...and behind them shouting Germans, filled with flush of the kill of battle, the thrill of victory.

DISSOLVE TO:

68. LONG SHOT SMOKE

DUSK

in extreme distance. In f.g. approaching are ragged, dazed, blood-covered survivors of the attack. CAMERA PULLS BACK with them as we pass more survivors on the ground, resting. Most of them are bandaged. A wounded GI is leading a blind GI whose eyes are covered with bandage. The Sergeant is carrying the Lieutenant. The Captain and a GI are carrying a wounded GI. Medics are treating the wounded. The sting of defeat is loud in the silence among these men. CAMERA HOLDS on Griffith, Zab and Johnson - their shoulder, leg, hand bandaged. Griffith is in a ROCK RECESS. He has a fixed stare. His face is like wax. Zab and Johnson, however, seem to have recovered with remarkable speed from the panic. The Sergeant appears, waves for a medic who goes to work on the Lieutenant. The Sergeant glances at Griffith, Zab and Johnson with disgust, slumps down near Griffith. Griffith is staring at:

69. A GRASSHOPPER

on a rock. It jumps.

70. CLOSE GROUP THE GRASSHOPPER

jumps on the Sergeant's knee. He flicks it off against a rock.

71. CLOSE GRIFFITH

staring at:

72. THE GRASSHOPPER

It does not move.

73. GROUP

GRIFFITH:

Why did you kill it?

THE SERGEANT:

Huh?

GRIFFITH:

Why did you kill that grasshopper?

THE SERGEANT:

Knock it off!

GRIFFITH:

It wasn't hurting you.

JOHNSON:

Take it easy, Griff.

GRIFFITH:

You didn't have to kill it! It's an omen.

THE SERGEANT:

Shut up!

GRIFFITH:

(completely off his rocker)

That grasshopper is us. You kill him and they kill us and somebody kills them and everybody goes on killing everybody! It's bad luck! You didn't have to kill it!

Griffith is leaning over the Sergeant, shouting into his face. The Sergeant grabs him, throws him violently against the rock.

THE SERGEANT:

(as he throws him)

Shut up!

(CONT INUED)

73 (Cont.)

ZAB:

Poor guy's blown his top.

THE SERGEANT:

Oh, you're all right now, huh?

ZAB:

Sure I'm all right. I'm big enough to
take care of myself.

(the Sergeant glares)

Everybody ran!

JOHNSON:

Nobody could hold them back.

THE SERGEANT:

Keep your trap shut!

The Captain appears, watches the medic treat the Lieutenant.

THE CAPTAIN:

(to the Sergeant)

Elements of the 26th and some British
Armored outfit got caught in the Pass, too.
Some of them got through the flank the way
we did. Soon as all casualties are patched,
we move.

(glaring at Griffith,

Zab and Johnson)

They buckle on you, too?

THE SERGEANT:

It was their first fight, sir.

The Captain moves on. Zab and Johnson stare at the Sergeant
who covered for them. He leaves without a word. They look
at each other, unable to figure out why he didn't blast them
in front of the Captain. Griffith turns his head, stares at
them. He is still off his rocker.

JOHNSON:

I guess it means we lost the war, huh?

Zab stares at him in silence.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

74. CLOSE STEEL HELMETS

The Big Red 1 insignia is put on the helmets.

75. CLOSE SHOULDER PATCHES

The Big Red 1 patches are put on combat jackets.

76. ASSEMBLY AREA THE GENERAL

DAY

standing on top of a tank, speaking into a mike. His voice rings out thru loudspeaker.

THE GENERAL:

For the first time since we hit Oran the Division is together - and what I'm going to say to you 15,000 men goes for those of you who were in the Kasserine brawl, those who weren't, and to all replacements.

77. HELICOPTER SHOT 1ST DIVISION (15,000 MEN)

armed, in formation, facing the General. As he continues, COPTER CAMERA MOVES DOWN TOWARD MEN who are wearing patches and insignia on helmets. USING A FOUR or SIX LENS, we MOVE CLOSER to one particular group in this tremendous mass of helmets and rifles. We PASS over the Colonel, the Captain, the Lieutenant and MOVE toward the Sergeant and his squad.

THE GENERAL'S VOICE:

When some of you get chased back to the one-yard line it hurts all of us. We have Division Artillery to thank for stopping that rout from becoming an all-out defeat along the front. For those elements who fought in the Pass, it was your first major encounter with the Germans and they whipped you in the first round and made you run. One man can start a rout. A rout means panic. Panic means defeat. Panic is contagious. It's a word that's never been in the Division's dictionary since there was a United States.

COPTER CAMERA reaches the Sergeant and squad - and HOLDS on these whipped men. Ashamed, they keep eyes down. The Sergeant is grim. Griffith, Zab and Johnson are perspiring. New faces in the squad are listening attentively.

THE GENERAL'S VOICE:

You've all been trained for a job nobody likes to do but has to be done. To do that job you've got to have spirit - esprit de corps. Without spirit you have no pride, no honor, no goal, no will to fight. Spirit is the backbone of our Division, the lifeline of our regiments, the blood of our battalions, the courage of our companies, the power of our platoons and the heartbeat of our squads.

78. MOVING SHOT FACES OF MEN

THE GENERAL'S VOICE:

We were born the day Alexander Hamilton fired the first shot in the Revolutionary War. Since then every doughboy in the First Division has

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.)

THE GENERAL'S VOICE: (Cont.)
had the fighting spirit that makes an Army -
and the Army makes the Nation. If you don't
have that spirit you don't belong in the First
Division.

79. CLOSE THE GENERAL

THE GENERAL:
The Kasserine proved one thing. We've got to
fight as a unit. And we're going to from now
on. We're not split up any more. We're a
team - under one command. That's why you're
all wearing the Big Red One on your helmets
and your shoulders.

80. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

Griffith, Zab and Johnson are lifting their eyes as his words
charge their hearts with fighting spirit. Their faces begin
to shine, their shame is being wiped off, and that determin-
ation so essential in a fighting unit begins to light up
their eyes in a blaze of esprit de corps.

THE GENERAL'S VOICE:
We're going to wipe out the Kasserine defeat
right now. We're going to hit the Afrika Korps
like they've never been hit before and we're
going to whip them because now we know how
they fight and how to whip them, because we're
fighting mad, because we've got the spirit to
attack and the will to fight.

81. HELICOPTER FULL SHOT FIRST DIVISION

THE GENERAL'S VOICE:
And God help the enemy for nothing in Hell is
going to stop the 1st Division!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

82. U.S. ARTILLERY

DAY

lined hub-to-hub opening the counterattack, their guns firing

83. U.S. TANKS

advancing in formation under artillery barrage.

84. LONG SHOT U.S. INFANTRY

advancing behind tanks. SUPERIMPOSED is MAP OF NORTH AFRICA specifically emphasizing such names as "TEBESSA," "KASSERINE," "GAFSA," "MAKNASSY." MAP DISSOLVES OUT and CAMERA ANGLES to a roadsign in f.g. which reads: "EL GUETTAR." This remains in f.g. as we see infantry in distance advancing behind tanks.

85. GRIFFITH

moving behind a tank, sweat pouring down his face, that big fist in his gut twisting more and more, his mouth and nose filled with dust, heat blasts from noisy tank hitting him. Griffith catches the Sergeant watching him, continues grimly. Our artillery firing.

86. ZAB

advancing behind a tank, fighting that urge to run, a most natural urge in this inferno of noise and dust. He, too, catches the Sergeant eyeing him, continues, face bathed in sweat. Our artillery firing.

87. JOHNSON

advancing alongside a tank, breathing hard, coughing from the dust, eyes smarting. He sees the Sergeant keeping an eye on him. He does not show phony courage, neither does he show lack of fear for he is afraid. Our artillery firing.

88. THE SERGEANT

advancing, maneuvering to a flank, then to another, always keeping check on his squad. Our artillery shoot never lets up as shells are heard screaming overhead toward enemy. The Sergeant shouts to a replacement above din to get his rump moving. At this moment the first enemy shell comes in and hits a U.S. tank. The Sergeant and men hit the ground as the detonation mushrooms in black smoke, followed by flames and shell splinters. The Sergeant is on his feet, jerking frightened replacements to their feet, fighting din with shouts for his squad to keep moving. He gets every man to continue the advance.

89. U.S. TANKS

beginning to fire on the move. Incoming shells begin to land around them. As they pass, screen fills with smoke and dust and exploding shells and tremendous noise. CAMERA PULLS UP to reveal more U.S. tanks following, and still more - and thru smoke we see small figures of the Infantry moving with tanks.

90. GERMAN TIGERS

firing, holding their position as U.S. shells are landing.

91. U.S. TANKS

advancing. Entire first wave firing simultaneously.

92. GERMAN TANKS

as shells keep coming in.

93. U.S. TANKS

spreading out as they fire. Thru gaps appears second wave of tanks advancing, their guns firing.

94. A TIGER

as six shells hit it one after another. Since their thick-skins are tougher than ours, their guns better, we are forced to use many shells instead of their one 88. But it begins to pay off. The Tiger is knocked out of action and begins to burn. Two of the German crew escape the flames.

95. U.S. TANKS

Second wave of advancing tanks spread and thru gaps appears the third wave, their guns firing. Every second of this counterattack the Americans are increasing their fire power and getting closer and closer to the Tigers.

96. FULL SHOT U.S. TANKS AND INFANTRY

attacking in depth, passing blazing, smoking U.S. tanks.

97. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

advancing. The Sergeant begins to run, shouting at his men. They begin to run. Their tanks begin to pick up speed in moving and in firing. The men begin to pick up speed. The Sergeant passes a blazing U.S. tank.

98. GRIFFITH

staring, as he passes tank....eyes bulging as he sees an American tanker caught halfway out of turret, being barbecued. Griffith feels that big fist in his gut twist harder, harsher.

(CONTINUED)

98 (Cont.)

He is ready to collapse from exhaustion and panic - but he does not. He continues the advance on the run, plowing thru smoke, keeping close to a moving tank.

99. ZAB

determined not to cave in this time, moving forward, sickened by sight of an American tanker, his clothes ablaze, screaming and running toward him, rolling on the ground to beat out flames.

100. JOHNSON

exerting every muscle to continue the advance, reacting to a group of GI's blown apart by an enemy shell. He hits the ground but is up like a shot and running forward. Groans and cries of wounded fill his ears, scream of shells, bursts...but he advances.

101. THE SERGEANT

advancing. The SOUND of enemy machine guns and rifle fire is heard now. The Sergeant quickly checks his moving squad. Soon they will once again meet the Grenadiers face-to-face and this time the enemy infantry must be wiped out.

102. GERMAN FLAME-THROWING TANK

fires long tongue of flame at:

103. LEAD ADVANCING U.S. TANK

engulfed by flames. It fires. A Tiger shell hits it. More flames from enemy tank. U.S. tank erupts in smoke and begins to burn. More U.S. tanks pass it, firing. Some are hit. Others continue their advance.

104. SEVERAL FAST SHOTS U.S. TANKS

firing at:

105. LEAD TIGER

hit, beginning to smoke.

106. U.S. TANKS

passing smoking Tiger.

107. U.S. INFANTRY

advancing behind tanks, always moving thru in depth, approaching smoking Tiger.

108. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

passing smoking Tiger. It explodes in flames. Men continue. Small arms fire and machine gun fire LOUDER now from enemy.

109. CLOSE THE SERGEANT

moving with tank for cover as they approach a German tank. The Sergeant maneuvers to blind spot of enemy tank, grenades front sprockets, side ventilator. The loader tries to escape. The Sergeant kills him, moves on.

110. HELICOPTER SHOT U.S. TANKS AND INFANTRY

advancing. From this HIGH ANGLE we get clear picture of the great counterattack. Our tanks, dispersed to prevent any Tiger from outflanking us, are attacking in strength and always in depth. Our infantry moving ahead, darting from behind one tank to another, working closer and closer toward the first line of enemy armor defense. Behind first line we can see Grenadiers readying to stop our infantry assault. The battle is raging with smoke and fire. Suddenly the German tanks begin to move - but not to advance - to turn to the rear! The tremendous attacking forces of U.S. tanks and infantry are moving too damn fast in their determined advance. The enemy tanks are pulling back for better cover to hold off the assault.

111. GRIFFITH

killing Grenadiers like a madman.

112. JOHNSON

killing Grenadiers.

113. ZAB

killing Grenadiers. A Grenadier turns to the rear and starts to run. A German officer stops him. The Grenadier pushes him aside, runs. The German officer shoots him in the back, kills him. The officer turns to face the Americans. Zab kills the officer.

114. GRENADIERS

on the run.

115. GERMAN TANKS

rumbling to the rear.

116. FULL SHOT ENEMY TANKS AND GRENADIERS

in full rout as U.S. Infantry and tanks pursue them in depth, the first flush of victory resounding in their constant firing. The vast battlefield has become a sea of dust, fire, smoke and, above all, the fighting spirit of the 1st Division.

DISSOLVE TO:

117. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

NIGHT

still advancing past burning tanks that light up the battlefield. Advancing past German artillery pieces to show penetration in depth. There is no letup. U.S. tanks roar thru the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

118. THE SQUAD (MINUS THE SERGEANT)

NIGHT

exhausted, resting on ground next to a knocked-out, smoking Tiger tank. In distance tanks are burning. The Sergeant appears. Faces of all men are streaked with dirt, dust and fatigue. Some of the men are wearing bandages. Zab is smoking a cigar. He speaks to the Sergeant who sits against tank.

ZAB:

We got the ball, why don't we keep carrying it? Let's get this over with.

THE SERGEANT:

Our supply line was hit. Got to wait here for fuel and ammo.

(to a replacement)

Your name's Strongheart, isn't it?

ARMSTRONG:

Armstrong.

THE SERGEANT:

(pointing)

Plant your stern out there.

(CONTINUED)

118 (Cont.)

ARMSTRONG:

What for?

THE SERGEANT:

To make sure the Germans aren't doing the same thing while we're holed up here.

ZAB:

(as Armstrong leaves)

Sending out that wetnose is like dancing on a mine field. I'll give him a hand.

THE SERGEANT:

Stay put, he's got to learn. Get some shuteye while we can.

Griffith, Zab and Johnson stretch out to sleep. The Sergeant finds the replacements staring at him, puzzled.

THE SERGEANT:

Something wrong with your ears?

A REPLACEMENT:

Don't we have to dig foxholes?

THE SERGEANT:

If you want to. Make 'em slit trenches, long and deep. Dig your grave every night if you want to stay alive.

He stretches out to sleep. The replacements look at each other, decide to do the same. All huddle against the Tiger.

DISSOLVE TO:

119. SAME AREA THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

NIGHT

asleep next to the Tiger. The Sergeant opens his eyes, looks at his watch, puts on his helmet, picks up his rifle and starts in direction he sent Armstrong.

GRIFFITH:

Where you going?

THE SERGEANT:

Check on Strongheart.

He leaves. Griffith thinks for a moment, hurries after him.

GRIFFITH:

(quietly)

Sergeant.

(the Sergeant turns)

I - I know what you mean now. I feel that big fist in my gut. And it's twisting.

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:
You'll get used to it.

GRIFFITH:
You still sore at me?
(silence)
I thought the whole German Army was over-
running us on that hill. That's why I went
off my rocker.

THE SERGEANT:
That's what always fouls up an outfit. A
man sees some Krauts and yells there's
millions.

GRIFFITH:
But I didn't run from them this time. None
of us did.

THE SERGEANT:
What do you want - a medal?

GRIFFITH:
About that grasshopper -

THE SERGEANT:
Griff, a blowtop dies lots of times before
he's killed. Do your job - and you'll die
only once.

GRIFFITH:
(as the Sergeant turns
to go)
Something else... uh.....it's not just the
Germans that's got me all mixed up.

THE SERGEANT:
Nobody else's shooting at you.

GRIFFITH:
We burn up replacements as fast as they come
and - well - you hear about a doctor working
years to keep one man alive and -

THE SERGEANT:
(confused)
You need sleep.

GRIFFITH:
(uncomfortably)
I'm trying to tell you something.

(CONTINUED)

119 (Cont. 1)

THE SERGEANT:

Then get it over with.

GRIFFITH:

You hear about surgeons operating for hours just to save one man.

THE SERGEANT:

What're you driving at?

GRIFFITH:

And when there's a death in the family the whole town feels it and talks about it but - but here they go so fast and nobody says anything about them and it's like they never lived - and it's wrong! I mean - you get to like somebody and -

THE SERGEANT:

You sweating me out?

(Griffith looks at him)

Don't worry about me, Griff. Old soldiers never die. We always come back.

(starts off; turns with a grin)

So they tell me.

Griffith watches his Sergeant swallowed up in the night. Griffith slowly turns and goes back to the Tiger. He lights a cigarette and stretches out to stare at the sky. The others are snoring. Suddenly an enemy shell is heard coming in and he hugs tank. The burst awakens the others. They poke around tank and see a dozen shells landing in the distance with terrific bursts. Griffith gapes. The shells are landing where the Sergeant had gone. He starts forward, but more shells come in and the ground trembles. Now the enemy shells are being walked toward their Tiger and they huddle low as bursts and smoke and earth engulf them. Suddenly it becomes extremely quiet. Griffith is up on his feet, running toward direction the Sergeant went.

DISSOLVE TO:

120. THE LIEUTENANT

NIGHT

and men searching shelled area near a knocked-out German 150-mm gun. The Captain appears with infantrymen.

THE LIEUTENANT:

We found part of Armstrong.

He holds up an identification bracelet.

(CONTINUED)

dg
sl

"THE BIG RED ONE"

3/20/58
33.

120 (Cont)

THE CAPTAIN:
(taking it)
What about the Sergeant?

THE LIEUTENANT:
He must've been blown apart, sir. Not
a piece of him in this area.

THE CAPTAIN:
I hate to be the one to tell the Colonel.
Artillery's shooting a TOT in five minutes.
Get your platoon moving.

The Captain leaves with men. The Lieutenant looks around once
more for anything that might be a part of the Sergeant.

THE LIEUTENANT:
Let's go.

He starts off. Griffith, Zab and Johnson slowly fall in with
others, still searching area. Griffith is by himself in f.g.
searching in anguish.

THE LIEUTENANT:
Griffith.

121. MOVING CLOSE GRIFFITH
fighting back tears as he gives up the hunt for his Sergeant.
122. U.S. ARTILLERY
with every gun firing TIME ON TARGET.
123. U.S. TANKS
advancing under this terrific barrage.
124. U.S. INFANTRY
advancing behind tanks.
125. FULL SHOT CONTINUATION OF COUNTERATTACK
as Infantry and Tanks advance with U.S. shells landing far
ahead of them. Dozens of detonations illuminate the contin-
uation of the crushing defeat of the Afrika Korps.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

126. INT. FIELD HOSPITAL CLOSE THE SERGEANT DAY

awakening from a deep anesthesia. He is bandaged. He looks up.

THE SERGEANT:

Did we lick Rommel?

127. A NURSE

looking down at him. She moves away to reveal a large placard of HITLER nailed to a tent pole.

128. THE SERGEANT

stunned. Painfully, he turns head as CAMERA ANGLES to a GERMAN DOCTOR speaking to a German patient. In a corner are piled German shoes, German helmets, bloody fragment-torn German uniforms, bowls with blood-stained rags. The Sergeant turns his head away, resigned he is in a German field hospital. A GERMAN INTERROGATOR appears in front of him.

GERMAN INTERROGATOR:

(with accent)

How do you feel, Sergeant?

THE SERGEANT:

Did I lose an arm or leg?

GERMAN INTERROGATOR:

You have splinter wounds but they will heal without complications.

THE SERGEANT:

Am I still in Africa?

GERMAN INTERROGATOR:

I am with the Interrogation Team. I will do the questioning.

(the Sergeant turns his head away)

I know you were leader of the 1st Squad, 1st Platoon, Company I, 3rd Battalion, 16th Infantry of the 1st United States Infantry Division. I also know all about Griffith and Zab and Johnson - and Strongheart.

THE SERGEANT:

Was I that delirious?....If it's not verboten to tell me - how did I get here?

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.)

GERMAN INTERROGATOR:

You wandered into our lines suffering from shock.

129. CLOSEUP THE SERGEANT

GERMAN INTERROGATOR'S VOICE:

The Big Red One has been wiped out.

The Sergeant stares, trying to figure out how much of this could be on the level. His hard-bitten pride is defiant, but fear of this possibility knifes him.

DISSOLVE TO:

130. INT. A FRENCH SCHOOLHOUSE THRU WINDOW DAY

Outside schoolhouse Italian soldiers are spraying American, French and British uniforms with sulphur, supervised by German guards. As clothes are thrown thru window CAMERA PULLS BACK to stripped American, British and French PRISONERS OF WAR scrambling for their clothes. A British soldier, WOODINGTON, hunts for his uniform. He finds himself holding Italian trousers, a French shirt and German socks and shoes. Then he spots his uniform, pushes thru prisoners to the Sergeant who is putting on a British shirt.

WOODINGTON:

Sorry, old boy, nice try.

The Sergeant grins, takes off shirt, gives it to him. The Sergeant starts to climb into his international outfit given him by the Germans as Woody dons his own uniform.

THE SERGEANT:

How long've you been here?

WOODINGTON:

Since last night.

THE SERGEANT:

Have you heard what's happening?

WOODINGTON:

Unfortunately the news isn't too encouraging.

THE SERGEANT:

But we had them on the run!

WOODINGTON:

I remember saying that back in '41 until we lost Tobruk.

(lowering voice)

Let's try to engineer an escape.

(CONTINUED)

130 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:
I've been thinking about that. The
Italian guards won't be hard to handle.

WOODINGTON:
No, but did you see those Schmeissers
in the hands of the Germans?

THE SERGEANT:
No accuracy there, they just spray. It's
the first four-to-six shots that count.

WOODINGTON:
(dryly)
I'm only concerned with those four-to-six shots.

The Sergeant grins.

DISSOLVE TO:

131. INT. SCHOOLHOUSE THE SERGEANT AND WOODY NIGHT

asleep on the floor with other PWs packed close. The sound of
a truck, the bark of a German, the door unlocked, the light
turned on make the PWs sit up. CAMERA ANGLES to 10 MORE
ALLIED PRISONERS herded into the packed room.

132. CLOSE THE SERGEANT

hungrily searching for a familiar face. He reacts to:

133. AN AMERICAN PRISONER

wearing the Big Red One patch.

134. THE SERGEANT

elated.

THE SERGEANT:
First Division!

The light is switched off, the door slammed, and the Sergeant
is crawling over men on the floor in the darkness.

THE SERGEANT:
First Division!

VOICE:
Over here.

(CONTINUED)

134 (Cont.)

The Sergeant works through grunting PWs to the American PW who is near a small window thru which a pencil of moonlight illuminates the corner.

THE SERGEANT:

What outfit?

26TH MAN:

K, 26th.

THE SERGEANT:

I, 16th.

26TH MAN:

Where'd they capture you?

THE SERGEANT:

El Guettar.

26TH MAN:

Concussion grenade coldcocked me at Mateur. El Guettar? That was when we clobbered Rommel's 10th SS Panzer! You been here all that time?

THE SERGEANT:

Kraut hospital. What happened after El Guettar?

26TH MAN:

You heard about the Kraut document we captured there, didn't you? It said "Destroy the 1st Division and capture its General" ! How do you like that? The Afrika Korps worried about us!

THE SERGEANT:

Did you whip 'em?

26TH MAN:

And how! We kept belting and they kept belting and - Boy, this'll kill you. When our radio guys broke the Kraut battle code and learned they postponed their counterattack from four o'clock to four forty-five, we sent 'em a message over their radio battle net at four-fifteen. Know what we said? Here was the message: "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GUYS WAITING FOR? WE HAVE BEEN READY EVER SINCE 4 O'CLOCK. SIGNED THE FIRST DIVISION."

(they laugh)

Well, we kept slugging it out toe-to-toe, this time we dogfaces moving in front of the tanks. How do you like that? We knocked out fifty tanks, buttoned up every objective, smashed thru their mousetrap, sent Rommel running home to Germany and opened the way for our tanks to hit Mateur and here I am.

(CONTINUED)

134 (Cont.1)

THE SERGEANT:
(overjoyed with the report)
Where's the outfit now?

26TH MAN:
In Tunis.

THE SERGEANT:
What did you say?

26TH MAN:
I said the 1st is in Tunis, that's what I said.

THE SERGEANT:
(dying inside)
You must be nuts. This is Tunis!

26TH MAN:
Huh?

THE SERGEANT:
We're in Tunis. Right here!

They stare at each other. It is a whipped, doomed moment for these two First Division men.

DISSOLVE TO:

135. INT. SCHOOLHOUSE CLOSE THE SERGEANT NIGHT

asleep. He stirs, slowly opens his eyes, listens. He is sure he can hear sound of distant shells landing. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he strains hard to listen and now Woody opens his eyes. He, too, hears it. Both men slowly sit up. The sound is getting closer. CAMERA MOVES PAST prisoners who slowly awaken, who are sitting up, listening, staring at each other, their faces beginning to shine with hope....now the shells are really heard distinctly and the prisoners are all awake....listening ...for those shells coming closer and closer are their Hope.

DISSOLVE TO:

136. EXT. BRITISH COMMAND POST DAY

It is a small Arabic building. Several British tanks and tankers are in evidence. Sign in front: "6TH BRITISH ARMoured". The Sergeant and Woody emerge, scrubbed, shaved, both wearing new British uniforms with British shorts and shoes. They feel great.

WOODY:
Let's invade a harem. Tunis is only twenty minutes away. Come on, it'll do both of us proper.

(CONTINUED)

136 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:

No, I've got beaucoup mileage to cover.

WOODY:

You're not going to start hitchhiking now?
The campaign's over, Sergeant. We deserve
a holiday - and anyway, you need a little
recreation before you start for Oran.
That's about a thousand miles from here!

THE SERGEANT:

I'd feel a lot better getting back to my
outfit soon as I can.

(extends hand)

Maybe we'll run into each other again, Woody.
Thanks for helping me get this British layout.

WOODY:

(shaking his hand)

Don't forget, if you ever get to England look
us up straightaway. My father's proprietor of
the Bell and Crown, finest pub in Bricport,
Dorset. Where's your home?

THE SERGEANT:

You can always reach me at APO 1.

Woody watches him run out to the road and flag down a lorry
headed West. As dust from vanishing lorry fills screen MAP
OF NORTH AFRICA, is SUPERIMPOSED over the Sergeant getting all
kinds of lifts, hitchhiking, eating, sleeping, DAY & NIGHT,
showing tremendous distance he covers as CAMERA MOVES ACROSS
MAP passing "BOUGIE" "TIZI-OUZO" "BOU-FARIK" "MILIANA"
"ORLEANSVILLE" and finally to "ORAN".

DISSOLVE TO:

137. INT. REPLACEMENT DEPOT OFFICE MAJOR CONRAD NIGHT

MAJOR CONRAD is at his desk. Facing him is an MP.

MP:

I picked up another Big Red One casual
beating his way back to his outfit.

MAJOR CONRAD:

AWOL?

MP:

He says he was captured at Kasserine and
was liberated in Tunis by the British.
(the major nods)

The MP opens the door. Sign above door in corridor reads:
"U.S. ARMY REPLACEMENT DEPOT. Major Alison Conrad".

(CONTINUED)

MP:

(into corridor)

Come on in, Sergeant.

The Sergeant, weary, still in British outfit, enters, gives Major Conrad a snappy salute, which is returned.

THE SERGEANT:

Sir, can I use your phone, please.

The 16th'll send a jeep for me.

MAJOR CONRAD:

Won't do you any good, Sergeant. Your outfit's gone.

THE SERGEANT:

(floored)

What?

MAJOR CONRAD:

(feeling for him)

The 1st Division sailed for Algiers.
Their bivouac's near Staouli.

THE SERGEANT:

(after a beaten moment)

Well, guess I better get going then.

MAJOR CONRAD:

I guess not, Sergeant.

THE SERGEANT:

(puzzled)

What do you mean, sir?

MAJOR CONRAD:

Men with your combat time are what we need at this replacement depot. Lifts the morale. I'm keeping you on as cadre to train green troops.

THE SERGEANT:

(with growing alarm)

That's not for me, sir! I just want to get back to my outfit.

MAJOR CONRAD:

Sorry, but we're shorthanded. Your home is right here from now on, Sergeant.

CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSEUP of the Sergeant reacting to this.

DISSOLVE TO:

138. A HIGHWAY A GI TRUCK

DAY

pulling up to a crossroad.

TRUCK DRIVER:

(shouting behind him)

Okay!

From rear of truck the Sergeant, now in GI uniform, emerges.

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

waves his thanks. The truck rolls down side road. The Sergeant begins to hike along main highway. SUPERIMPOSED OVER him is MAP OF NORTH AFRICA showing him getting more lifts as CAMERA MOVES ACROSS MAP NOW EASTWARD TOWARD ALGIERS passing "TENES" "CHERCHEL" "TIPASA" "SIDI-FERRUCH" and finally MOVES IN TO "ALGIERS".

DISSOLVE TO:

139. ALONGSIDE A ROAD THE SERGEANT NIGHT

exhausted, resting, smoking, waiting for a ride. It is deathly quiet. He hears sound of women's voices, laughter, music. He rises to investigate, uncovering stone marker that reads: "STAOULI 25" and moves toward laughter. CAMERA ANGLES to include an Arab tent village in b.g. He heads toward tent from which a light flickers.

140. ARAB TENT

as CAMERA MOVES the Sergeant to it. Thru open flap he sees tent jampacked with Arab girls who are raising hell, drinking, dancing to music supplied by a couple of old Arabs. Bottles of wine are going fast. A FRENCH-ARAB GIRL sees the Sergeant and pulls him into tent.

141. INT. ARAB TENT

as the French-Arab Girl drags him in to the shouting delight of all these camp followers. They give him a drink and paw him and he sags to the ground, grateful for a little recreation after the tremendous hike from Tunis to Oran and back to Algiers. He has plenty of chocolate and cigarettes, from the Replacement Depot, and distributes them. They kiss and hug him. The French-Arab Girl dances for him. Her figure is an arsenal of sex. He welcomes all the attention he is getting. He is hungry for some of this stuff, and damn tired of the road. The smoke gets thicker, the music faster, the movements of the French-Arab Girl more sensuous.

DISSOLVE TO:

142. INT. ARAB TENT THE SERGEANT AND FRENCH-ARAB GIRL NIGHT

alone near the floor lamp. Flat on his back, drunk and feeling great, wearing a long hooded Arab tunic - a djellaba - he is king for a night as the beautiful Girl holds wine bottle to his lips. He takes a big swig. She takes one. She is drunk, too.

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:

(thickly)

Now let me get this straight again...
why are you different than the others?

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL:

(thumbing self proudly)

French-Arab...French-Arab, moi! Speak
beaucoup English, moi. Beaucoup. Know
much, moi. Promenade beaucoup, moi.

THE SERGEANT:

I better get promenadin'...my outfit's
not far...Staouli....

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL:

Non, non, no promenade tonight...

He makes a half-hearted attempt to sit up, but falls back
She laughs, gives him another drink. He reaches out, puts
his fingers round back of her head at neck and pulls her down.
She enjoys the kiss as much as he does.

THE SERGEANT:

You like Germans?

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL:

Oui.

THE SERGEANT:

You like Americans.

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL:

Oui.

THE SERGEANT:

You're a liar.

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL:

Oui.

(he laughs)

You are fatigue, mon cherie?

THE SERGEANT:

Oui!

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL:

You stay here with me, please.

THE SERGEANT:

If the Germans had won would you say that
to a German?

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL:

Mais oui! Certainment!

(he laughs; she fingers his tunic)

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.1)

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL: (Cont.)

You are beautiful in the djellaba. No one will know where you are, mon Sergeant. It will be very good for me - my man an American!

THE SERGEANT:

You girls ever get tired of following the soldiers?

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL:

Oh, no, mon cherie, that is how we live. But I will not follow any more camps now... I will be very good to you.

(kisses him)

Oh, cherie, cherie, I am so happy you are the victor.

THE SERGEANT:

Why?

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL:

Germans smell of bad cheese.

THE SERGEANT:

And what do I smell like?

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL:

(softly)

You smell American!

He pulls her closer to him, strokes her hair. She begins to hum "Lili Marlene". He reacts, his eyes questioning her. She smiles, understanding his surprise.

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL:

I hear Germans play that music for Americans beaucoup nights.

THE SERGEANT:

First time I heard that was at the Kasserine Pass.

FRENCH-ARAB GIRL:

It is a beautiful song.

THE SERGEANT:

(remembering)

Yeah...

She strokes his face and softly begins to sing "Lili Marlene" to him.

FADE OUT.

"THE BIG RED ONE"

3/20/58
43a.

SICILY

FADE IN

143. AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT

DAY

anchored off coast of North Africa.

144. DECK MOVING SHOT GIs

sitting around in groups, playing cards, reading, cleaning weapons, being briefed, sleeping. They are wearing Big Red I shoulder patches and insignia on helmets. CAMERA HOLDS on Griffith, now CORPORAL GRIFFITH, standing at rail looking off at coast of North Africa. Near him Zab, Johnson and several GIs are in a hot crap game with SERGEANT VINCI who is handling the bones. New member of the squad, Vinci is tall, dark, handsome, 28, tough; all earmarks of hardened combat infantrymen. On his left shoulder he wears 1st Division patch. A GI blanket over a box serves as a wall. Vinci throws dice against box.

VINCI:

Nine! Six and three, five and four,
makes no difference, honey, all I want
is a nine.

(makes it)

Nine it is! Ha! Best number in the world.

(gathering money)

Like the 9th Division. Best outfit in the
army. Fifty bucks. Make it a natural, honey.

(throws)

Nine again! Just what I wanted! The 9th's
with me all the time.

ZAB:

Who asked you to leave it?

VINCI:

Leave it? I was shanghaied.

(throws)

A nine! Look at that! Yes, sir, my
body belongs to the 1st but my heart
belongs to the 9th.

JOHNSON:

What do you mean shanghaied?

VINCI:

Hundred bucks! I got hit at El Guettar,
evacuated and slapped into a repple-depple
as a casual. When I beefed about being
used as cadre they slapped me into the
1st Division.

(CONTINUED)

144 (Cont.)

VINCI: (Cont.)

(throws)

Nine again! Ever see anything like it?
Once in the 9th, always in the 9th!

Griffith, leaning on rail, suddenly reacts, his eyes widen.

GRIFFITH:

Hey! HEY, LOOK! The Sergeant!

The men rush to the rail.

GRIFFITH:

(shouting)

The Sergeant's back!

More men rush to the rail.

145. A LAUNCH

pulling up to transport. In it several officers, a courier -
and the grinning Sergeant with rifle, in helmet and in combat
clothes.

146. GIs ALL ALONG THE RAIL

looking down, astonished to find him still alive.

147. CLOSE MOVING SHOT FACES OF GRIFFITH, ZAB AND JOHNSON

watching, their throats choked up, on the verge of happy tears.

DISSOLVE TO:

148. DECK THE SERGEANT

pushing through mob of GIs who are slapping him on the back,
shouting at him. Every man is damned happy to see him back.
He reaches his squad. Griffith, Zab and Johnson pump his
hand, slap his back, feel his arms and legs to see if he's
really all there.

VINCI:

So you're the guy who helped Pershing
win the other war?

THE SERGEANT:

Who's this joker?

GRIFFITH:

(swallowing hard)

Sergeant Vinci. Your replacement.

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:

My what?

The Lieutenant pushes through GIs, shakes the Sergeant's hand.

THE LIEUTENANT:

You just made it, Sergeant. We're shoving off.

THE SERGEANT:

This joker here, sir - you didn't turn the squad over to him?

THE LIEUTENANT:

(enjoying his wrath)

We had you written off as MIA.

THE SERGEANT:

MIA? I was only missing in action a few months, nothing serious. I want my squad back?

THE LIEUTENANT:

(loving his anger)

You've got it back.

THE SERGEANT:

(calming down)

That's all I want to hear, sir.

(sizing up Vinci)

You want to stick in my squad to take over case I'm hit or do you want out?

VINCI:

And lose contact with these lousy crap shooters? I'll stick.

The Captain pushes through men, greets the Sergeant warmly.

THE CAPTAIN:

Now I feel better about the invasion.

THE SERGEANT:

Where do we hit this time, sir?

THE CAPTAIN:

Sicily. We'll fill you in on the beach job.

(staring at him)

What happened to you? We couldn't find a piece of you the night you disappeared.

THE SERGEANT:

I was taken PW, sent to Tunis and -

(CONTINUED)

148 (Cont.1)

THE CAPTAIN:
Better put it all down in writing. The
Colonel will want a blow-by-blow report.
(to Sergeant Vinci)
I just learned you have a relative in Sicily.

VINCI:
My grandmother, sir. Lives near Caltanissetta.

THE CAPTAIN:
You speak Italian?

VINCI:
Yes, sir.

THE CAPTAIN:
Were you born there?

VINCI:
My father was. Believe me, Captain, when we
see the Italians all we got to do is shout
Come state paisan and nobody'll get hurt.

THE CAPTAIN:
Just make sure you shout Come state paisan
behind your bazooka.

DISSOLVE TO:

149. DECK OF TRANSPORT

NIGHT

The Sergeant and squad descending rope ladder to bucking as-
sault craft below. Climbing down jerking net as sound of guns
are heard firing. Johnson yells at the Sergeant.

JOHNSON:
They'll never get me to make another invasion.

150. FULL SHOT THE INVASION

NIGHT

Black sky filled with tracers. Guns flashing. Assault craft
roaring toward beaches. Shore searchlight knocked out. Sky
and shore afire. SUPERIMPOSED over this Mare Nostrum inferno:

INVASION OF SICILY
JULY 10, 1943

LEGEND DISSOLVES OUT and we HOLD on first waves speeding toward
beaches, the boats silhouetted against blazing horizon. It
looks like a 4th of July night at Coney Island.

151. THE BEACH

as assault boats touchdown and men spill down ramps carrying
weapons aloft and move thru water and shed life belts on the
beach and hit for cover as tracers streak overhead.

152. AN ITALIAN COASTAL GUN

firing at ships.

153. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

working off beach to this gun. Vinci and Johnson, carrying bazooka and rockets, advance under cover fire from squad. In b.g. more men emerging from water, advancing, some are hit and fall, others continue. The Sergeant and squad lay down fire on:

154. ITALIAN MACHINE GUN SECTION

defending coastal gun. Subjected to concentrated fire, some are killed, others surrender. Vinci and Johnson overrun their position with bazooka, continue toward coastal gun. The Sergeant and squad appear, herd Italians.

155. VINCI AND JOHNSON

firing bazooka at coastal gun crew. The third rocket brings results. Now the Sergeant and squad pass Vinci and Johnson, assault coastal gun for mop-up.

156. COASTAL GUN

Some diehard Italians appear from concrete cover to resist the Sergeant and Griffith. Three Italians are killed. Griffith hurries toward flank with others to check rear of concrete position.

157. A WOUNDED ITALIAN

behind stack of shells. He lifts his Beretta pistol, aims at:

158. THE SERGEANT'S BACK

as Vinci appears with bazooka, spots Italian behind shells, knocks the Sergeant down as pistol fires. Vinci throws bazooka at:

159. WOUNDED ITALIAN

struck by bazooka. An instant later Vinci is there, lifts bazooka and smashes Italian with it, killing him. The Sergeant appears. He and Vinci, breathing hard, are looking at the soldier.

(CONTINUED)

159 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:

Italian.

VINCI:

Yeah.

THE SERGEANT:

Thought all you had to do was yell Come state
paisan and nobody'd get hurt.

VINCI:

This paisan didn't hear me.

DISSOLVE TO:

160. ATOP A HILL THE SERGEANT'S SQUAD DAY

resting. Zab smoking a cigar. The Sergeant shaving out of
helmet. Johnson washing feet out of helmet. Griffith look-
ing through captured binocs. Vinci reading captured Italian
movie magazine. Others eating. Holes have been dug.

ZAB:

That true what they say about these Sicilian
babes, Vinci? They give you the knife if you
don't marry 'em?

VINCI:

The babe who goes for you will need a knife -
for her own throat.

ZAB:

You never seen me in action. I hope we get to
Rome! Those dolls there are rated the hottest
pasta in Europe.

(spits - examining cigar)

Where'd you pick up this weed?

VINCI:

Near that coastal gun.

ZAB :

Tastes like spaghetti wrapped in buffalo chips.

GRIFFITH:

Who's on our left?

THE SERGEANT:

3rd Division. Heavyweights. Called "Rock of the
Marne" in the other war.

GRIFFITH:

How'd we get the nickname of the Big Red One?

(CONTINUED)

160 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:

Well, back in 1918 at Soissons there was a -

ZAB:

(ribbing him)

Here we go again! Pershing's Finest at bat!

VINCI:

(also ribbing him)

Over the top with Blackjack and the Sergeant.
Next week: How I captured the Kaiser!

THE SERGEANT:

(grinning - as men laugh)

In that brawl nobody ever heard of the 9th.

VINCI:

Nobody ever heard of the 1st in the Civil War.

THE SERGEANT:

The 16th was in that fight.

(the men show interest)

Sure, we've been in every action since - even
chased Pancho Villa in Mexico.

JOHNSON:

Did they catch him?

The men laugh as the Sergeant shakes his head sheepishly, continues shaving - stops. All men react to THAT SOUND. They look. Without turning head, the Sergeant holds his hand out. Griffith puts binocs into his hand. The Sergeant, face still lathered, lifts binocs to eyes.

161. LONG SHOT GERMAN SCOUT TANK (THRU BINOCS)

advancing alone.

162. CLOSER GERMAN SCOUT TANK

advancing to a stop. TANKER standing is searching area in front of him with glasses. CAMERA ANGLES, holding him in f.g. to reveal 100 GERMAN TANKS behind him. They are not moving. He speaks into radio. He advances. Slowly tanks in distance start to rumble forward.

163. THE SERGEANT'S SQUAD

staring. The Sergeant is on the radio, still looking thru binocs.

(CONTINUED)

163 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:

(into radio)

So far he's out there alone, sir.

THE LIEUTENANT'S VOICE:

Did the 2nd Platoon tie in with you yet?

THE SERGEANT:

(into radio)

No, sir.

(checking map)

We're smack on rendezvous point zero one seven about two miles south of Ponte Olivo airfield. Here they come, sir! Can't tell how many...the plains below us are filled with tanks!

THE LIEUTENANT'S VOICE:

Dig deep, stay put, don't mess with tanks but hold that hill and stop their infantry. We don't want another Kasserine Pass!

164. GERMAN TANKS

advancing in battle-wedge formation in sea of moving dust. CAMERA PANS TO INCLUDE lead scout tank passing and HOLDS ON Sergeant and squad in close f.g. dug in, watching from hill position. The tanks are closer now and our men begin to eat dust as the earth shakes and noise explodes in their ears. The tanks pass, a giant steel formation enroute to the beaches of Gela. The air fills with dust. The dust blots out the Sergeant and his squad.

165. DIVISION COMMAND POST MAP OF SICILY

Next to it, Griffith's cartoon of the General. The CP bristles as G-3 marks map while on phone; G-2 on phone. The General is studying map. A NAVAL ENSIGN, packing walkie-talkie, holding a map, is waiting for orders. Concern fills the CP.

G-3:

Enemy tanks pouring thru our whole sector.
16th overrun at this point.

G-2:

(holding phone)

18th overrun by Tigers north of Highway 115.

(into phone)

Go on.

G-3:

That puts them here.

(answering phone)

Danger Three.

(CONTINUED)

165 (Cont.)

G-2:

(hangs up - marking map)
Another tank column smashed through the 26th down this road from Niscemi. They've been identified as the Hermann Goering Panzer Division.

ENSIGN:

Sir, the cruiser's waiting calls for gunfire.

THE GENERAL:

We can't give the Navy any target until I know my infantry's clear. Keep hounding your Beachmaster for news of Cannon Company. We need O'Brien and his guns.

(to G-1)

Stan, I want every clerk and cook in this area to grab a rifle.

G-3:

(holding phone)

It's the 16th, sir. Tigers have smashed through completely, heading our way.

THE GENERAL:

(grabbing phone)

George! Under no circumstances will anyone be pulled back. There'll be no Kasserine. Hold your positions when their Grenadiers attack. What's that? Great! Great!

(hangs up - to Ensign)

Some of our infantry has moved to the right clearing 584293. Get those Navy guns firing.

ENSIGN:

(into radio as he checks grid squares)

Savannah! Savannah! Fire mission. Enemy tanks. 584293. 584293.

166. AMERICAN CRUISER

her guns open up the battle against:

167. GERMAN TANKS

advancing. Naval shells begin to register. The Tigers begin to work their way toward:

168. SAND DUNES

Tigers maneuver behind dunes for cover from Naval gunfire. CAMERA ANGLES TO REVEAL beaches under Tigers' guns. Tigers fire. Shells fall on men, boats, equipment along beaches.

169. THE BEACH CAPTAIN O'BRIEN

unloading his 105s of Cannon Company as Tiger shells plaster beaches in b.g. THE BEACHMASTER rushes up to him.

O'BRIEN:

What's the matter with the Navy? Why don't they knock out those coastal guns?

BEACHMASTER:

Captain O'Brien?

O'BRIEN:

Yes!

BEACHMASTER:

(pointing)

Tiger tanks hidden behind those dunes!

O'BRIEN:

Tanks!

(shouting to his artillerymen)

Come on, this time we're going to see our targets!

170. CRUISER

firing.

171. GERMAN TANKS

protected behind sand dunes, plastering beaches.

172. O'BRIEN'S GUNS

moving into positions on CREST OF DUNES.

O'BRIEN:

Shell H.E. Fuse quick!

Gun crews fly into action.

173. TANKS

firing on beaches.

174. BEACHES

Vehicles blown up. Boats blown up. Men blown up.

175. O'BRIEN'S GUNS ON CREST OF DUNES

Shells rammed in barrels. Breech blocks closed.

O'BRIEN:

Sight over the bore and fire!

Lanyards pulled. Bolts of steel shells exploding thru barrels.

176. TANKS

behind sand dunes, stunned by shelling from 105s. Tanks are hit, begin to blaze. Those in b.g. begin to pull out of this trap.

177. CRUISER

firing at:

178. TANKS

pulling out of dunes, becoming targets. Tigers are shellacked by O'Brien's guns and the Navy.

179. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

staring, their faces filled with dust and dirt. Sweat runs down the dirt. Their eyes bulge at:

180. LONG SHOT TEN GERMAN GRENADIERS

advancing.

181. THE SERGEANT'S SQUAD

THE SERGEANT:

They're just poking in advance. Wonder how many people behind them?

ZAB:

(sweating - growling thru cigar)

Who picked this hill for us anyway?

THE SERGEANT

You heard the Lieutenant. The whole Division's been overrun by tanks. Everybody's sweating out the Grenadiers.

(CONTINUED)

181 (Cont.)

ZAB:

Yeah? Put me back at Division an' I'll sweat out with 'em! We knock those guys off you know what's going to happen to us!

VINCI:

If we don't knock 'em off it'll happen to us anyway.

ZAB:

Who's asking you?

VINCI:

I'm tellin' you!

THE SERGEANT:

Knock it off. You jokers act like this was your first picnic. All right, they're close enough. Let's go to work.

They settle into best cover firing position.

182. TEN GERMAN GRENADIERS

passing the hill. The Sergeant and squad open fire. The fight is swift. From excellent positions, protected by rocks, our men suffer no casualties, kill the ten German infantry. CAMERA SLOWLY ANGLES DURING finale of this fire fight to LONG SHOT OF 500 GERMAN GRENADIERS advancing with several tanks and halftracks.

183. THE SERGEANT'S SQUAD

reacting to this. They know they are doomed now.

THE SERGEANT:

(into radio)

Between two and three companies of enemy infantry with some tanks on the way.

THE LIEUTENANT'S VOICE:

I'll put you thru direct to Navy at Division.

THE SERGEANT:

(into radio)

The Navy?

THE LIEUTENANT'S VOICE

Their ships and O'Brien are plastering Tigers on the beaches.

(CONTINUED)

183 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:

(into radio)

We going to get Navy guns to shell here?

THE LIEUTENANT'S VOICE:

Right. Don't let those Grenadiers pass your position. Hold 'em back so they'll make a target. We can't shell if they're on top of you.

The Sergeant looks at his men. Johnson grins with relief.

JOHNSON:

How do you like that? Navy shelling way inland! Y'see, Zab, you got all hot and bothered for nothing.

ZAB:

Drop dead, meathead! That's just eyewash. By the time those gobs start playing with their guns those Krauts'll be making sausage out of us. Why don't we let 'em pass us? Let the Navy shell 'em behind us.

THE SERGEANT:

Rest of the company's behind us.

ZAB:

That's TS!

JOHNSON:

(floored by this)

You don't mean that.

ZAB:

Sure I do, you pinhead. I'm thinking of my skin, not theirs. Only boy heroes open up on a mob of Grenadiers. Guys with muscle in their heads don't bother 'em. What I wouldn't give to be out of this outfit!

THE SERGEANT:

(looks at him for a moment - to the others)

Start throwing stuff at them. They're in range to get hurt.

He and his men open fire.

184. 500 GERMAN GRENADIERS AND TANKS

as bullets begin to register, stopping the advance. Grenadiers disperse. A tank opens fire.

185. THE SERGEANT'S SQUAD

firing as the shell lands fifty yards away. Another shell lands closer. The third shell is beginning to zero. The fourth shell makes them shift positions. One of the squad shouts when a splinter hits him. The fifth shell makes them bounce. But they continue their fire. Vinci and Johnson are firing the bazooka. They must hold them back until the Navy goes to work. The Sergeant is on the radio now, shouting against sound of rifle fire and bursting shells.

186. DIVISION COMMAND POST

in shambles as men are firing bazookas at German tanks plowing through area. Flat on ground behind smashed field table the Ensign is checking grid squares.

ENSIGN:

(into radio)

Okay, Sergeant, got it. Will relay.

187. CRUISER

firing.

188. THE SERGEANT'S SQUAD

as Naval shell lands short, exploding close to them.

189. THE SERGEANT

showered by earth, rocks and smoke.

THE SERGEANT:

(into radio)

Short 200 yards! That one parted our hair. Get it up! Get it up! Did you get that?

(silence - in panic)

Hello? Hello! HELLO!

190. JOHNSON

as tank shells concentrate in his area, bouncing him up and down. He is subjected to tremendous shelling. Hidden between two rocks, with a rock for cover, the jarring effect seizes him. Concussion and combat fatigue grip him. He blows his top. He suddenly rises to his feet, dropping his hands to his sides and starts down toward the enemy.

JOHNSON:

(dazed - appealing to the enemy)

Now come on, fellas, you don't want to do that. It's not nice. Now you stop that.

191. THE SERGEANT

staring.

THE SERGEANT:

Johnson! Get down! Get down!

THE LIEUTENANT'S VOICE:

We lost contact. Where did that shell land?

THE SERGEANT:

(into radio)

Short! Short! 200 yards short!

(yelling to Johnson)

Johnson!

192. TANK

shelling. Its machine gun firing at:

193. JOHNSON

exposed, walking like a man in a trance.

JOHNSON:

Aw, please, fellas. I asked you to stop that.

194. ZAB

staring at Johnson. Horrified, he leaps up and races down after him amidst bursting shells from tank. Tank's machine gun hits him. He crashes. He is up again, limping after Johnson who is walking toward the tank.

195. VINCI

firing his bazooka, loaded by Griffith.

196. TANK

hit, begins to smoke, then burn. Johnson passes it, is walking toward mass of enemy infantry. Zab reaches him, propels him round, starts leading him back toward hill. A big Navy shell lands close, knocking both of them down.

197. THE SERGEANT AND OTHERS

gaping.

(CONTINUED)

197 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:

(into radio)

Up! Up! Lift it. Raise it! Too close! Too close!

198. ENEMY INFANTRY AND TANKS

in distance. In f.g. Zab is helping Johnson back to the hill. Naval shell lands in midst of enemy.

199. THE SERGEANT

THE SERGEANT:

(into radio)

You're on it! Pour it on! Pour it on!

200. DIVISION COMMAND POST ENSIGN

ENSIGN:

(into radio)

On target! Fire for effect!

201. CRUISER

firing.

202. ENEMY INFANTRY AND TANKS

shelled by Naval guns.

DISSOLVE TO:

203. BASE OF HILL JOHNSON

NIGHT

still in a daze, sitting on a rock as a medic examines him in front of the Captain.

JOHNSON:

(muttering to self)

Just ask them nicelike and they'll go home.

MEDIC:

He's had it, sir. Hospital for him.

THE CAPTAIN:

Hospital my neck. Put him to work in the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

203 (Cont.)

CAMERA MOVES him to medic jeep flying Red Cross flag as Zab, bandaged, smoking cigar and grinning, is lifted onto jeep litter while the Lieutenant, Sergeant, Griffith and Vinci watch.

ZAB:

Well, sir, that million dollar wound's taking me to London and those Piccadilly babes.

THE CAPTAIN:

I hate to lose you, Zab. That was quite a job going after Johnson. Calls for a medal.

ZAB:

They better not try hanging a gong on me. I wasn't in my right mind, sir. Ask me now if I'd stick my neck out for that meathead. How is he?

THE CAPTAIN:

(grinning)

He'll be okay.

The jeep starts away.

THE SERGEANT:

Well, Zab, you wanted out!

ZAB:

And I am out! So long, suckers.

They watch the jeep drive off.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

204. RAVINE THE LIEUTENANT (MINUS ZAB AND JOHNSON) DAY

on a patrol with the Sergeant, Griffith, Vinci and several others. They hear SOUND of a gun firing, shell going thru air, then landing in distance with muffled noise. As they advance on this job, sound of enemy gun barking becomes louder. The Lieutenant peels off, ascends TO CAMERA and stares o.s. at an incredible sight. He signals. Rest of them join him, gape at:

205. A GERMAN TANK IN A HOUSE

The tank has plowed through rear and is completely concealed. Several houses are in area. The tank fills the house and is firing through a window. We see turret open, a German on a radio, two Germans checking mapboard, two Germans cleaning

(CONTINUED)

205 (Cont.)

a machine gun; near them food and coffee. They have moved in. On the side of the house is a large INSCRIPTION in Italian ending with the word "MUSSOLINI".

206. THE LIEUTENANT AND MEN

jarred, jerking every time the gun fires.

THE LIENTENANT:

I'll time my take off with the next blast.

The Sergeant and men focus weapons on the Germans. As the 88 fires again the Lieutenant leaps forward and the men open fire simultaneously.

207. TANK IN HOUSE

as Germans on mapboard, near machine gun, and German on radio are killed. The Lieutenant rushes to the tank, climbs up and lobs in several grenades while the Sergeant appears checking left side of house, Griffith and others on right side. Vinci rushes to the tank while the Lieutenant now climbs down turret to check. Vinci climbs up tank.

VINCI:

(shouting thru turret)

Okay, sir?

THE LIENTENANT'S VOICE:

Okay.

Vinci leaps down from tank, picks up a crucifix, stares at wrecked interior of typical Sicilian home. The Lieutenant now emerges from tank, descends. Vinci, in f.g., spots something on the floor. He picks it up and begins to sweat and shake and his face goes white - and horror hits him with full impact. He stares at the smashed photograph in his hand.

VINCI:

(as hysteria mounts)

This is my mother and father!

The Lieutenant reacts, moves toward him. The Sergeant and Griffith appear, watching him.

VINCI:

(terrified)

They sent it to my grandmother when they got married back home.

(tears well up)

This is my grandmother's house! She's under the tank!

(CONTINUED)

207 (Cont.)

He races alongside the steel monster, looking for any sign of a human being. Chills hit the men as they watch Vinci begin to blow his top.

VINCI:

(screaming)

Nonna! Nonna! Nonna!

He dashes between tank and wall of house, kicking aside smashed furniture, throwing things that are in his path, searching for his grandmother. Crying and screaming like a madman, he collapses against the tank and his body jerks with sobs as the horror of what happened smashes him in the gut.

VINCI:

Nonna!...Nonna!

His body jerks with sobs.

AN OLD LADY'S VOICE:

(in Italian - gentle)

Are you American?

The Lieutenant, Sergeant and Griffith turn.

208. AN OLD ITALIAN LADY

Tiny, white-haired protruding from under black shawl, in typical black peasant dress, black shoes, advances apologetically. She looks like a saint. She continues in Italian.

OLD LADY:

I have come for my crucifix, please.

She moves past them as CAMERA ANGLES TO Vinci on floor sobbing against the tank. She timidly approaches him, sees the crucifix in his hand - and then the photograph.

OLD LADY:

(kindly)

I know soldiers like war souvenirs but please do not take that photograph.

She edges closer, starts to pull photo from his hand. He jerks it away, lifts his tear-splashed anguished face.

OLD LADY:

Please, it is my photograph.

(CONTINUED)

208 (Cont.)

VINCI:
(in Italian)
Your photograph?

OLD LADY:
Ah, you speak Italian! It is of my son and his wife. They live in America. Why are you weeping, my son?

It is too much for him. He pulls her down, burying his head against her and his body shakes.

VINCI:
(sobbing)
Nonna! Nonna! I am Antonio Vinci!

She breaks into cold sweat, crosses herself and begins to sob as she covers her grandson with kisses.

DISSOLVE TO:

209. EXT. SAME HOUSE

DAY

The Lieutenant is taking a picture of Vinci and his grandmother at a long table on which are vino bottles and GI food. It is a party. Several Italian men and women are present, happily singing "O Sole Mio" with the GIs. A FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL is sitting on the Sergeant's lap. An Italian is playing an accordion. Behind them on house is that gigantic motto in Italian. The tank is still in the house. The Sergeant gives the child a chocolate bar.

CHILD:
Grazie.

THE SERGEANT:
(warmly)
Forget it.

The child says something in Italian to Vinci who laughs, answers her. The child shakes her head, not understanding, staring at the Sergeant.

VINCI:
She can't understand what forget it means.

GRIFFITH:
(staring at sign on house)
What does that say, Vinci?

VINCI:
(translating)
"If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I die, avenge me. Mussolini."

(CONTINUED)

209 (Cont.)

The men laugh. A PRIEST appears, is delighted to meet Vinci and the others, then says something to Vinci in Italian.

VINCI:

Somebody's been hurt up in that house. He wants to know if we have any medicine.

THE LIEUTENANT:

I'll check it.

Vinci tells the priest. The Lieutenant follows him toward a house in b.g. The grandmother watches the way the Sergeant has captivated the Italian child on his lap and says something to Vinci. He answers in Italian. She stares at the Sergeant.

VINCI:

(to the Sergeant)

My grandmother wants to know how big a family you got the way you take to kids.

THE SERGEANT:

Yeah? What'd you tell her?

VINCI:

That you got eleven gorillas in your family and they all shave.

The Sergeant grins. The grandmother smiles curiously at him. The Italian child plays with the Sergeant's helmet, fingering the twigs and mud he has plastered thru net for camouflage to blend into terrain.

GRIFFITH:

We really got a break here. The Lieutenant says we hole up for the night, tie in with the company tomorrow.

210. INT. ITALIAN GIRL'S HOUSE

The Lieutenant follows the priest through rubble into ruins of house. Two walls are still upright. An antique bathtub is in a corner. In other corner the Lieutenant finds an eye-walloper: THE ITALIAN GIRL, about 19, is beautiful with long black hair and a figure totally perfect with typical Italian bosom. She is fiddling with a makeshift bandage around her shapely thigh. The Lieutenant stares at her for a moment, hit by her stunning beauty, then remembers why the priest led him here. Swiftly he examines the wound, washes away caked blood with water from canteen, sprinkles sulfa powder on it, giving her pills to swallow, followed up with water from his canteen. She watches him closely, her eyes revealing she certainly finds him damn handsome. He dresses wound.

ITALIAN GIRL:

Grazie.

THE LIEUTENANT:

You're welcome.

He looks at the tub.

THE LIEUTENANT:

I can sure stand a bath.

(CONTINUED)

210 (Cont.)

She looks at him, not understanding. He points to tub. She and the priest break into excited Italian.

DISSOLVE TO:

211. INT. ITALIAN GIRL'S HOUSE THE ITALIAN GIRL DAY

lifting pail of steaming water from wood-burning stove and handing it to the priest who carries to the tub. The Lieutenant is in the tub, having a ball, as the priest dumps more hot water into the tub. The priest shows him where a towel is handy for him and says something in Italian that he must go.

THE LIEUTENANT:

Grazie.

The priest nods and exits. The Lieutenant starts to sing "O Sole Mio" as he splashes water. He stops singing, catches:

212. ITALIAN GIRL

taking his clothes and hurrying off with them.

213. THE LIEUTENANT

astonished.

THE LIEUTENANT:

Hey!

He reaches out for the towel.

214. EXT. ITALIAN GIRL'S HOUSE THE LIEUTENANT

emerging with towel draped round him, running after the Girl.

215. ITALIAN GIRL

hurrying away with his clothes, hears him shouting. She turns, startled to find him advancing with towel round him. He reaches her, grabbing his clothes.

THE LIEUTENANT:

That's a fine way to thank me for dressing your wound! You little thief!

The Italian Girl starts explaining in Italian. The Lieutenant turns and walks away, boiling mad. She follows him, babbling in Italian.

(CONTINUED)

215 (Cont.)

THE LIEUTENANT:

(angrily)

Get lost!

The Italian Girl stops following him, unhappily watches him stomp off.

DISSOLVE TO:

216. EXT. ITALIAN GIRL'S HOUSE THE LIEUTENANT NIGHT

dressed and entering house with guilt. The Italian Girl sees him, exits through rear - where there is no standing wall. He hurries after her, grabs her.

THE LIEUTENANT:

Wait a minute. I came to apologize. I'm sorry.

(she jerks free; starts off, but
he hangs onto her)

Don't you understand? I'm sorry! Apologista.

(she stops struggling)

Honest, I thought you were taking off with my clothes. How did I know you were going to wash them? You forgive me?

(silence)

Here - I brought you a peace offering.

(gives her bottle of perfume)

Smell it. It's the McCoy. Picked it up in Algiers.

She opens it, smells it and is in heaven.

ITALIAN GIRL:

Grazie!

THE LIEUTENANT:

Friends now? Paisan? Amico? Amica? Si?

She nods. She goes to a smashed cupboard, looks for a moment, gives him a small cask about a foot in length.

ITALIAN GIRL:

Vino.

He looks around for a glass. She laughs, pulls tiny spigot out and holds cask above her mouth, leaning head back. She puts tiny hole to her lips and drinks. He tries it. It is delicious. She laughs. He grabs her close and kisses her.

ITALIAN GIRL:

Matrimonio?

THE LIEUTENANT:

(shaking his head)

No. No wife.

(CONTINUED)

216 (Cont.)

ITALIAN GIRL:

Signorina?

THE LIEUTENANT:

No. No girl. No sweetheart.

In Italian she softly tells him how grateful she and her people are to be liberated; how she has always dreamed of a big strong handsome man like the Lieutenant coming into her life - especially an American. She has never seen an American before. Living here in this forgotten area of Sicily, she knows so little, has seen nothing. Does he understand her loneliness?

ITALIAN GIRL:

Solitario.

THE LIEUTENANT:

(watching her mouth, her eyes)

I think I know what you mean. You're lonesome.
Solitario - lonesome.

ITALIAN GIRL:

Si, si. Solitario!

From distance the accordion player is playing a soft, Italian romantic tune. The Lieutenant forgets the war, holds her close. She does not pull away, wanting the same thing he wants. He sits with her near the rubble and holds her close. They kiss. The world is slipping away from them. She becomes very passionate and strokes his face and runs her hand through his hair. She is his and he knows it. Another kiss as CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES IN to CLOSE SHOT of THE TWO and the Girl is in paradise as he holds her even closer. She kisses him more fervently. Suddenly he pulls away from her. Stares at her. She shows alarm. What is wrong? What has she done to make him look at her like that? She asks this softly in Italian. He wipes his brow and his face. He is perspiring.

THE LIEUTENANT:

(quietly)

It's no good...it's no good at all. No honey, it's - it isn't you... Look - I - I'm a dope for telling you this, you know that? I'm lonely too. I can stand a lot of this loving. I need it. What I should do is keep my trap shut - but - but I just can't. In this case maybe it wouldn't be wrong -- but I just can't go through with it. I lied to you, honey. I'm married. Matrimonio. Si. Me - matrimonio. I thought I could get away with it...but I -

He exits. CAMERA HOLDS on her MOVING IN CLOSER as she realizes what a hell of a wonderful guy the Lieutenant is. Tears come to her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

217. EXT. HOUSE WITH TANK IN IT

DAY

The Lieutenant and his patrol are ready to leave. Vinci is embracing his grandmother. The priest and others are watching. The Lieutenant is looking at the Italian Girl. The Sergeant is looking around for his helmet.

THE SERGEANT:

Anybody see my helmet?

The Italian Child appears with his helmet. He stares at it. It has been washed and scrubbed clean of all its mud and twigs and now is a vivid splash of color, covered with white, red and yellow flowers, skillfully arranged to hold fast in the net. The child watches him eagerly for his reaction.

THE SERGEANT:

Bella! Bella! Grazie!

He puts it on and the delighted child claps her hands. The Italian Girl and Vinci's grandmother and the priest smile - but Vinci does not like the idea.

VINCI:

You're not going to wear that garden
out in the open, are you, Sergeant?

THE SERGEANT:

Sure!

THE LIEUTENANT:

Let's go.
(to the Girl)
Addio.

ITALIAN GIRL:

Addio.

He waves goodbye to all, starts off. Vinci kisses his grandmother again, waves goodbye. The Sergeant and Griffith wave, and with rest of patrol follow the Lieutenant.

218. THE LIEUTENANT AND PATROL

working their way thru rocks when they hear a sound behind them. They turn. It is the Italian Child running up to the Sergeant, hugging his thigh.

CHILD:

Addio. Addio.

She says something in Italian.

(CONTINUED)

218 (Cont.)

VINCI:

She thinks you don't like her, Sergeant.
You didn't say goodbye to her.

The Sergeant lifts the child. She throws her arms around his neck and kisses him.

219. TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS

The LEAN ONE is aiming his rifle from behind a rock. The STOCKY ONE is watching.

220. LONG SHOT THE SERGEANT'S HELMET

with flowers making a perfect target. In f.g. the Lean German is still aiming.

STOCKY GERMAN:

What's the matter with you? Shoot! Shoot!

LEAN GERMAN:

He's holding a child.

The Stocky German roughly pushes him aside, lifts his rifle, fires.

221. THE SERGEANT

hitting ground like a shot with child in his arms. He deposits her between two rocks. The Lieutenant and others crawl into scene. They wait for more shots. Silence.

222. THE TWO GERMANS

working their way thru rocks to spot another target. Suddenly they are subjected to tremendous rifle fire. They are killed.

223. THE SERGEANT

working through rocks to the child. He lifts her, kissed her.

THE SERGEANT:

Addio.

He rejoins the Lieutenant and patrol. The child watches them leave. She takes another bite of the chocolate and CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSEUP of her face, chocolate running down from mouth to chin. SUPERIMPOSED OVER FACE of child is MAP OF SICILY and CAMERA PASSES towns of "CALTANISSETTA" "ENNA"

(CONTINUED)

223 (Cont.)

"NICOSIA" "CERAMI" and HOLDS on "TROINA". Montage over her face is of infantry, artillery and air in action.

DISSOLVE TO:

224. PLATOON BIVOUAC AREA THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD DAY

sitting on the ground, eating. Vinci is reading a letter from home. Johnson, the Sergeant and Griffith are eating. In b.g. GIs are eating, moving around, gabbing in small groups near hot chow line.

VINCI:

Hey, that picture the Lieutenant took of me and my grandmother! It's in the newspaper!

JOHNSON:

What's in the package?

Vinci opens a package. It is a long loaf of bread. The men are disappointed. Vinci breaks end open, pulls out a bottle of whiskey.

VINCI:

My mother's right on the ball! Today's my birthday!

He passes bottle. Suddenly a hand comes down hard on Johnson's helmet, ringing his ears and head. CAMERA ANGLES to Zab laughing. They are astonished to see him, particularly the Sergeant.

JOHNSON:

Zab! Hey, I never got a chance to thank you.

ZAB:

(lighting a cigar, grabbing the bottle for a swig)
Ah, I didn't know what I was doing. Say, you jokers really been living. Scotch! How do you feel, meathead?

JOHNSON:

Great. Only thing is when I was working in the company kitchen the mess sergeant give me all the chow I wanted when I wasn't hungry, now when I'm hungry he gives me nothin' but a bad time.

THE SERGEANT:

What're you doing back here, Zab? I thought you wanted out?

(CONTINUED)

224 (Cont.)

ZAB:

Sure I want out - when I want it.

The Sergeant grins. The others smile. The Lieutenant, in passing, calls out:

THE LIEUTENANT:

Replacements here in an hour, Sergeant.
Did you show it to them, Zab?

THE SERGEANT:

(as Zab reacts uncomfortably)
Show us what, sir?

THE LIEUTENANT:

The Silver Star. The Colonel pinned it on him up at Regiment.

JOHNSON:

The Silver Star? Let's see it, Zab.

ZAB:

You kiddin'? I threw it away.

They watch silently as he walks off.

225. ZAB

moving behind a tree. Making sure he is unobserved, he pulls blue box from pocket, opens it, stares at the medal he was awarded for Gallantry In Action.

226. CLOSE THE SILVER STAR MEDAL

SUPERIMPOSED over medal LONG SHOT of Infantry on the move, passing roadsign "TROINA". OVER THIS montage of Infantry storming heights of Troina as "AUGUST 4TH" "AUGUST 5TH" "AUGUST 6TH" crash over scenes of them being counterattacked many times. Finally over this an Infantry attack and MAP OF SICILY comes on MOVING IN TO "MESSINA" showing the Strait of Messina separated by few miles of water from tip of Boot of Italy.

DISSOLVE TO:

227. SEVERAL SHOTS GERMANS IN WATER DAY

piling into craft, fishing boats, barges as they are shelled.

228. LONG SHOT ENEMY EVACUATION OF SICILY

Shooting over U.S. tanks shelling beaches below we see hundreds of Germans trying to get into all kinds of boats to cross to Italy. OVER THIS IS SUPERIMPOSED:

THE ENEMY EVACUATION OF SICILY
ACROSS THE STRAIT OF MESSINA
TO THE ITALIAN MAINLAND MARKS
THE FIRST LOSS OF AXIS TERRITORY
IN EUROPE.

THE ALLIES WERE DETERMINED TO
WIPE OUT THE MEMORY OF DUNKIRK.

MESSINA IS DUNKIRK IN REVERSE.

FADE OUT.

I N T E R M I S S I O N

"TAKE A 10 MINUTE BREAK"

"THE BIG RED ONE"

3/20/58
72a.

ENGLAND

FADE IN

229. INT. WAREHOUSE ELEMENTS OF FIRST DIVISION NIGHT

facing the General. The men are not wearing shoulder patches. Big Red 1 insignias have been painted off all helmets.

THE GENERAL:

You are now in Liverpool. You were ordered to paint the Big Red One off all helmets and remove all patches because we don't want the enemy to know we're in England.

CAMERA MOVING PAST FACES of men.

THE GENERAL'S VOICE:

Since we're an amphibious outfit the Germans believe we're at sea preparing to hit Italy or the Balkans. We want to keep them guessing. As far as anyone's concerned in this country, you've just arrived from the States, never been to Africa or Sicily, never saw any combat. You're green troops, replacements. You'll swap no war yarns over beer, you'll have no medals to flash in front of British girls, there'll be no brawls in pubs about your outfit.

CAMERA HOLDS on the Sergeant and squad listening.

THE GENERAL'S VOICE:

You are not to reveal to anyone that you are the First Division!

DISSOLVE TO:

230. INT. PUB

NIGHT

The Sergeant, Griffith, Zab, Vinci and Johnson, wearing Class A uniforms minus patches or ribbons, are seated at corner table in noisy pub which is jam-packed with local American GIs wearing ribbons and Service of Supply patch.

GRIFFITH:

Sure this is the pub?

THE SERGEANT:

Bell and Crown. Only one in Bridport.

CAMERA MOVES the Sergeant to the bar where he sees photos of Their Majesties, Churchill, FDR behind bar - and also three photos of British service men: Army, Navy, Air Force. He stares at:

231. CLOSEUP PHOTO OF WOODY

in uniform, smiling.

232. THE SERGEANT

staring at Woody's photo as MR. WOODINGTON behind bar notices.

MR. WOODINGTON:

They're my three sons. Tommy was in the RAF.
He was killed at Dunkirk. Larry was in the
Royal Navy. He was killed by a bomb in London.
Jack was with the 8th Army in North Africa.
We call him Woody. Another whiskey, Sergeant?

THE SERGEANT:

(down in the dumps now)
That's rough, losing three sons.

MR. WOODINGTON:

Oh, Woody's fighting in Italy.

THE SERGEANT:

(brightening)
Five more whiskies, please, with beer
chasers.

He looks toward his group in corner. They are watching him.
He grins, holds up finger against thumb, signalling "okay".

233. GROUP AT TABLE

smiling, relieved. A LOCAL GI, drunk, big, six-two, 200
pounds, covered with ribbons and scratching for trouble,
pushes thru GIs to our group at table, leans on Zab, glaring
at group.

LOCAL GI:

You jokers just get to England?

ZAB:

Get lost, meathead.

LOCAL GI:

What's that?

GRIFFITH:

(to prevent bloodshed)
He calls everyone he likes "meathead".

(CONTINUED)

233 (Cont.)

LOCAL GI:

Who asked you to butt in, wiseguy? I
been here a year sweatin' out Hitler's
invasion.

ZAB:

(pushing him away)
Then crawl back into your hole and sweat
him out there.

LOCAL GI:

(angrily)
What's that?

JOHNSON:

Where'd you get all them medals?

LOCAL GI:

They're ribbons! This is the Good Conduct
ribbon an' this --- say --- how long you
been in the Army?

GRIFFITH:

We're recruits.

VINCI:

From North Carolina.

LOCAL GI:

(shouting to his friends)
Hey, take a look at what they're shipping over
now to fight the war!

His friends crowd round the table, making our group very
uncomfortable. They laugh. The big Local GI grabs a
drink from his friend and gulps it down. He and his friends
feel superior to these wetnoses just arrived from the
States.

LOCAL GI:

(leaning on Zab again)
Bridport's got other pubs. This is our
hangout.

ZAB:

(overwhelmed by his breath)
The last time I killed a man was four days
ago on Carolina and you know why? 'Cause
he smelled like you. Now beat it.

LOCAL GI:

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

233 (Cont.1)

Zab shoves him away. The drink in Local GI's hand spills all over his array of ribbons just as the Sergeant pushes into scene with tray of five whiskies and beer chasers which he sets on table.

LOCAL GI:

(to Zab:

You want a bust in the nose?

JOHNSON:

He's sorry, soldier. He's nervous being away from home the first time.

LOCAL GI:

Yeah? Time you recruits showed a little respect for the real Army!

THE SERGEANT:

You're right!

(Local GI turns)

We're new around here, soldier. Maybe you can tip us off how to make time with the local babes.

LOCAL GI:

You kiddin'? These babes belong to us! We don't want you Johnny-come-latelys barging into our territory. What chicken outfit you guys in anyway?

Vinci leaps up with an explosion.

VINCI:

(shouting)

Chicken outfit? I'll tell you what outfit we're in you pinheaded, two-bit noncombatant! We're in the -

The Sergeant's fist catches Vinci in the middle of the next word. Vinci drops like a sandbag. The Sergeant grabs the startled Local GI.

THE SERGEANT:

(to Local GI)

What's the idea stabbing my friend?

LOCAL GI:

(completely bewildered by all this)

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

233 (Cont.2)

GRIFFITH:

Come on, these guys play too rough!

They pick up and carry the unconscious Vinci through noisy GIs who's collected round them just as the Captain enters. He wears Class A uniform minus patch or ribbons.

THE SERGEANT:

He fainted, sir.

THE CAPTAIN:

The street's crawling with MPs who grill soldiers who faint.

(to Mr. Woodington)

Are you the proprietor?

MR. WOODINGTON:

(worriedly)

Yes, sir, Captain, I don't want any trouble with the authorities, sir.

THE CAPTAIN:

Got a back room?

DISSOLVE TO:

234. INT. WOODINGTON'S LIVING QUARTERS IN REAR OF PUB NIGHT

Vinci, stretched out on couch in this living room with fireplace, piano, dart board, opens his eyes to find SYBIL WOODINGTON, 20, lovely, British putting a cold towel on his forehead, wiping his mouth.

VINCI:

(grinning)

You a nurse?

SYBIL:

I'm a farmhand.

VINCI:

That's for me. Farmers - they're the backbone of the nation.

SYBIL:

(smiling)

I'm in the Women's Land Army.

VINCI:

Where's the rest of the squad?

(CONTINUED)

234 (Cont.)

SYBIL:

Your friends?

(he nods)

They're at the bar. Your Captain is very upset. What was the fight about?

VINCI:

I forgot.

SYBIL:

I know you Yanks who've just arrived from the States are homesick, but a whiskey and beer should't make you that drunk to start trouble.

VINCI:

Who hit me?

SYBIL:

I don't know, but you have quite a bruise.
(feeling his jaw)

VINCI:

Ow. Can you kind of massage it gentle like?

SYBIL:

You're all right now.
(starts to rise)

VINCI:

(holding her back)

Wait a minute I - uh - you - you must be England's secret weapon. I never thought they made 'em like you. What's your name?

SYBIL:

Sybil Woodington. My father's proprietor of the pub.

VINCI:

Sergeant Vinci - and I'm glad I got clobbered. How about taking in a movie with me some night?

SYBIL:

I don't see why not.

VINCI:

Tonight?

SYBIL:

It's too late.

(CONTINUED)

234 (Cont.1)

VINCI:

Tomorrow night?

SYBIL:

I'd love to - oh, I'm sorry. I can't.

VINCI:

The next night then?

SYBIL:

Yes, of course...May I give you some advice?

VINCI:

I'm all yours.

SYBIL:

Some of the Yanks stationed here are rather -
hardboiled - the way you put it. Please don't
irritate them. They are very impatient with
Americans just arrived from the States. The
authorities can make trouble for my father if
the Bell and Crown gets the name of a brawling
pub.

VINCI:

Honey, I'll keep my big mouth shut and nix
schliessen.

SYBIL:

Nix what?

VINCI:

(uncomfortably)

Means no shooting.

SYBIL:

German, isn't it?

VINCI:

(flushing)

Search me. We trainees pick up all kinds of
expressions.

She studies him curiously and he regrets the slip. The
Captain enters, behind him the Sergeant.

SYBIL:

He's ready to pack back to his billet.

VINCI:

(rising)

Well, thanks for the Florence Nightingale.
See you.

He exits with the Sergeant.

(CONTINUED)

234 (Cont.2)

THE CAPTAIN:

You won't forget about that dance tomorrow night?

SYBIL:

I'm looking forward to it.

THE CAPTAIN:

Good night, Miss Woodington.

SYBIL:

Good night, Captain.

He exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

235. INT. TEA ROOM LONG SHOT ACK-ACK GUN FACING CHANNEL DAY

through window. It is snowing. CAMERA PULLS BACK to the Captain and Sybil seated against window in a corner, having tea.

SYBIL:

Farming's only part of it. We have an army of women doing everything from addressing envelopes to digging for bodies. You're not listening to a word I said.

THE CAPTAIN:

I'm waiting to hear you talk about us - and our situation.

SYBIL:

Please let's not.

THE CAPTAIN:

Why not?

SYBIL:

Every time we've been together I only sense the feeling of a wolf call in you, nothing else.

He takes her hand and brings it up to his mouth kissing it.

THE CAPTAIN:

It's not the lonely soldier that wants you.

SYBIL:

I don't believe you.

THE CAPTAIN:

The war has nothing to do with it. Nothing.

SYBIL:

How long has it been since your wife passed away?

(CONTINUED)

234 (Cont.)

THE CAPTAIN:

Two years.

SYBIL:

I'm afraid your writing has made a monk out of you.

THE CAPTAIN:

You're getting close to the truth.

SYBIL:

What was it like - being cooped up in a world of your own with your typewriter and your dreams?

THE CAPTAIN:

Like a caveman's retreat.

SYBIL:

That's what I thought.

THE CAPTAIN:

Why do you find fault with that?

SYBIL:

A girl doesn't want to satisfy a starving hermit who's come out of solitary confinement - at least I don't.

THE CAPTAIN:

My work back home was isolation, a voluntary exile. But I'm a human hermit, Sybil. I don't mind being a hermit with my work but I don't want to die one away from it.

SYBIL:

You always get so - so serious. Never any light talk over fish and chips or when we go to the cinema. You're so different than the others.

THE CAPTAIN:

That's because I know the difference between a wartime marriage - and marriage. Most soldiers fear it because they know many wartime marriages explode after the last shot has been fired. I'm not afraid because I know what I want...speaking about the others. Have I any serious competition?

SYBIL:

Yes.

He stares, surprised by her unexpected bluntness.

DISSOLVE TO:

236. ENGLISH LANDSCAPE FULL SHOT

DAY

Snow has gone. It is a pastoral panorama of the English countryside. Vast. Quiet. Peaceful. Beautiful.

DISSOLVE TO:

237. VINCI AND SYBIL

in an embrace, kissing. They are on a picnic. On ground near them: two bicycles, picnic basket.

VINCI:

The more I'm with you the more I'm wrong.

SYBIL:

About what?

VINCI:

English babes. I always figured you were icicles with broad A's.

SYBIL:

(softly)

Antonio da Vinci.

VINCI:

Not da Vinci. Just plain Vinci.

SYBIL:

I love the sound of it...like music...makes me think of Rome and Venice and gondolas....

(picks up heart-shaped
box of chocolates)

You're so sweet. This Valentine's gift is lovely - and delicious. If you were home who would you give this box to?

VINCI:

I play the field.

SYBIL:

So do I.

VINCI:

Huh?

SYBIL:

(laughing)

Not the way you play.

VINCI:

It's different for a man, you know.

SYBIL:

Why?

VINCI:

I don't know why - guess every guy feels that way, that's all. Personally, I like a babe who's been around. Cuts red tape down to the bone.

(CONTINUED)

237 (Cont.)

SYBIL:
Would you marry one?

VINCI:
Marry one? You're talking about the main event,
honey. That takes beaucoup time.

SYBIL:
I like the way you drop a French word now and then.

VINCI:
School French.

SYBIL:
(getting serious)
You know about my brother Woody.

VINCI:
Sure, he's in Italy. What's the matter? He get hit?

SYBIL:
No....He fought in Africa and Sicily. He has had
much combat experience. His letters are horrible.
They're about you.

VINCI:
Me?

SYBIL:
About men like you. He calls them the green children.

VINCI:
All combat men call us that - even worse.

SYBIL:
He said a soldier's a child until he actually meets
the enemy in battle. Then he becomes a man or a
grave. But what kind of man? A man who will never
again be kind or gentle or human! A man who kills
can't be a man because it's unnatural to kill. He
must end up a beast.

VINCI:
Did your brother write you that?

SYBIL:
No. But that's what I could read between his lines.

VINCI:
What're you shaking for?

(CONTINUED)

237 (Cont.1)

SYBIL:

Right now you love a brass band and a parade. But you're so green, Tony. Green and young and virile. You have no idea what war can do to people. I'm afraid, Tony. For the first time in my life I'm afraid because I love you, Tony. I really love you and I'm frightened.

She kisses him fervently. When their lips part he looks at her for a long moment. He had only figured on a local romance between invasions. Now what?

DISSOLVE TO:

238. EXT. QUONSET HUT VINCI DAY

exhausted, moving toward hut with weary members of the squad, their combat uniforms wet with clinging sand. The day is bleak. In distance is the beach. This is Slapton Sands, England, training area for invasion exercises.

239. INT. QUONSET HUT

as weary men flop on cots with aching backs. Two pot-bellied stoves give warmth. In f.g. the Sergeant and squad hit cots with grunts, stretch out, dead to the world. The Lieutenant enters, angrily looks at the beat men.

THE LIEUTENANT:

I'll tell you when to hit the sack!

(they slowly sit up)

That was the sloppiest action yet. You had as much spirit as a dead fish.

ZAB:

It's been knocked out of us, Lieutenant.

THE LIEUTENANT:

Better make that crack good, Zab!

ZAB:

Nothing personal, sir, you know that. But a guy gets fed up taking a lot of gaff from these local commands and having to sit on our hands with our traps shut.

THE LIEUTENANT:

Ignore them.

ZAB:

We get a bad time everywhere. Bridport. London. Exeter. West Bay. No matter where we go there's always a GI wants to know where we were when the fighting was on.

(CONTINUED)

239 (Cont.)

THE LIEUTENANT:

There's nothing any of us can do but roll with the punches and let them take us apart. Forget all that! Concentrate on practice landings. That's why we keep coming back here to Slapton Sands. But this platoon's been fouling up. 2nd Squad stalled the section on beach obstacles. 3rd Squad goofed up the tiein. And the 1st Squad -

THE SERGEANT:

(cutting in)

My squad could've been stoned with a slingshot from shingle to pillbox. We were sloppy, sir.

THE LIEUTENANT:

You're damn right you were! You've all been hitting the ramps like zombies. Tomorrow we go through live rounds to weed out the slow starters. The General and Russian brass'll be here to see how we're shaping up. You squad leaders better get your men on the ball and make sure there isn't a single marblehead in my platoon who doesn't know his job on D-Day!

He exits. CAMERA MOVES IN TO the Sergeant and his squad. There is an uncomfortable silence.

JOHNSON:

I never saw him boiling like that.

ZAB:

(lighting cigar)

The Old Man must've rawhided his butt for the way we hit that beach.

GRIFFITH:

Russian brass. Wonder where we'll hit this time?

ZAB:

Fifty bucks it's Germany.

GRIFFITH:

Two-to-one it's France.

JOHNSON:

Ten bucks says it's Italy.

VINCI:

Who cares? A beach is a beach?

THE SERGEANT:

What's been eating you, Vinci? You sick?

VINCI:

(impatiently)

Ah, let's get the lesson over with!

(CONTINUED)

239 (Cont.1)

They look at him, then at the Sergeant, and shrug. Something is bothering Vinci, there is no doubt. The Sergeant places his rifle on the cot. He uses his canteen as church steeple, drinking cup as pillbox, pack of cigarettes as stone house, steel helmet as a hill.

THE SERGEANT:

All right, let's go over it again.
(indicating rifle)

This is the beachline. We touchdown near the stone house here. Vinci and you five bypass the church and the town and set up an OP on this hill to watch for German tanks headed for the beach. You should have your OP setup by 40 minutes after H-Hour. The rest of us cover Griff while he scrambles over the shingle to bangalore a hole in the wire. If he gets it we relay till it's blown. Our sector's called Exit E-1, right there. When the breach's blown we knock out this pillbox and tie in with E Company on our left to attack the village through these hedgerows. So far, according to Regiment, there's still two German Schnelle Battalions bivouacked on the bluffs. They're coastal units, they got fat living round there for years. We hit them hard. That's all this squad's got to do the first hour. Once we establish the beachhead, there'll be thousands of men moving through us to sandbag the Krauts inland. Clean your weapons.

They go to their cots. Vinci remains, staring at the Sergeant worriedly.

THE SERGEANT:

You are sick, aren't you?

VINCI:

I'm thinking of getting married.

THE SERGEANT:

(grinning)

Do you have to?

VINCI:

(bristling)

Nothing like that! I want to.

THE SERGEANT:

Forget it!

(CONTINUED)

239 (Cont.2)

VINCI:

What do you mean forget it?

THE SERGEANT:

Lots of GIs've been tapped by overseas wives for allotments and that insurance. The Army's wise to hookers.

VINCI:

She's no hooker!

THE SERGEANT:

All right, so she's no hooker. There's a truckload of papers you've got to sign. If she's a nice girl, then the Army protects her. Medical reports, psychiatric reports, if you've got a prison record. They put you thru the wringer, Vinci. You'll be signing papers when the war's over.

A VOICE:

Get your rumps out everyone. It's the General!

240. EXT. EXERCISE AREA FULL SHOT MASS OF MEN

falling into formation as the General faces them. They quiet down without a command. It is silent now.

THE GENERAL:

You're not orphans anymore! We don't care now if the Germans know where we are. The Big Red One goes back on all helmets. Sew your patches on again. All battle decorations will be worn on Class A uniforms.

For a moment the silent men stare at him, then there is an explosion of cheers and whistles and they break ranks with a spirit they have sorely missed.

241. VINCI

moving thru overjoyed, excited GIs until he reaches the Lieutenant.

VINCI:

Sir - I want to get married.

THE LIEUTENANT:

You what?

VINCI:

There's no law against it, is there?

(CONTINUED)

241 (Cont.)

THE LIEUTENANT:
You'll be marrying your own widow.

VINCI:
Who do I have to get the okay from?

THE LIEUTENANT:
The Old Man - and he'll kill it.

VINCI:
Then who do I go to, sir?

THE LIEUTENANT:
They'll back him up all the way to Division.
Use your head, Vinci. He's not going to jeopardize
an invasion squad with your mind on a girl!

CAMERA MOVES Vinci through more GIs to the Captain.

VINCI:
Sir - I need your official okay for me to get
married.

THE CAPTAIN:
This action's going to be the biggest of them all,
Vinci. You know that.

VINCI:
Yes, sir, but believe me it won't interfere with
my job.

THE CAPTAIN:
There's a lot of red tape -

VINCI:
We'll sign everything, sir.

THE CAPTAIN:
Troops stationed here get married, Vinci,
but you're a combat man! You just can't -

VINCI:
I'll be lousy for the squad if I don't get married,
sir. It's been driving me nuts. Hit me like
an 88.

(CONTINUED)

241 (Cont.1)

THE CAPTAIN:

She must pack a wallop. Who's the girl?

VINCI:

Sybil Woodington. Remember the first night we were in Bridport, sir? Her father owns the Bell and Crown.

(the floored Captain
stares at him)

She's no phony after my allotment or insurance, Captain. You remember her! She's a fine girl. We talked it over. We both know what my chances are of coming out of the war - but while I'm still in one piece we want to get married. The Lieutenant says if you kill it I'm dead. What do you say, Captain. Give me a break.

CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSEUP of the Captain thinking of Sybil.

DISSOLVE TO:

242. INT. PUB

NIGHT

Quiet. Local GIs with their Good Conduct ribbons are at tables, at the bar. Foremost among them is our 200 pound friend, THE LOCAL GI who started that beef with the squad. Mr. Woodington and Sybil are in a corner. She is going over some papers with him when the door is thrown open with a crash. The Sergeant, Griffith, Vinci, Zab and Johnson barge in with the shock of an earthquake. They are wearing their patches and combat ribbons. Zab and Johnson grab the surprised Local GI and lift him off his feet.

ZAB:

Now tell us how you won the war in England, sonny?

The Local GI's eyes pop at the fruit salad on Zab's chest, at the green and red French fourragere looped over his left shoulder, and especially at ~~the~~ famous Big Red One shoulder patch.

LOCAL GI:

(gasping)

First Division!

dg
as

"THE BIG RED ONE"

3/20/58
90.

243. VINCI

lifting Sybil off her feet, happily crushing her with kisses as a flabbergasted Mr. Woodington stares speechless, wide-eyed and open-mouthed.

DISSOLVE TO:

244. INT. WAR TENT A SAND TABLE NIGHT

It is an exact replica of the assault beaches of Normandy, marked off OMAHA BEACH with sectors EASY RED and FOX GREEN, showing miniature village, church spire, draws, pillboxes, EXIT E-1, E-2, etc., shingle, water obstacles, minefields. The Captain, Lieutenant, Sergeant and squad, with others, are studying sand table as the Colonel briefs them, pointing to it now and then.

THE COLONEL:

The First Division, reinforced, will land with two regimental combat teams abreast. The 16th is one of these. On our right will be the 116th of the 29th Division. You can smoke.

(they light up)

You've all trained for seven months to take this objective on Omaha Beach. For some it'll be your third touchdown, for all it'll be the most important nut to crack in this war. H-Hour will be 6:30 in the morning. D-Day is still undetermined. Latest reports confirm fact there are still two enemy Schnelle Battalions that we'll hit. They're defending this area here on Easy Red. When you leave this marshalling area it'll be for the invasion of France. Your first objective is Normandy in this village: Colleville-sur-mer.

CAMERA MOVES to CLOSE of miniature village on sand table, labeled: "COLLEVILLE-SUR-MER".

DIRECT CUT TO:

245. INT. GERMAN 7TH ARMY HQ. PORTRAIT OF HITLER NIGHT

on wall. CAMERA PULLS BACK to large situation map of French coast. Date on map: "JUNE 4TH, 1944." The German GENERAL is smoking a cigar as his G-3 studies map with other members of staff.

GERMAN GENERAL:

Oh, before I forget. Von Rundstedt wants every man in the command to memorize this field order.
(reading from order)

"The enemy must be destroyed in the water no matter where he invades. Signed. Field Marshal

(CONTINUED)

245 (Cont.)

GERMAN GENERAL: (Cont.)

Rommel."

(gives man report; back to map)

Beside our two Schnelle Battalions, what battle-hardened troops have we to call on?

ENEMY G-3:

The 352nd's in the St. Lo-Caumont area, sir.

GERMAN GENERAL:

How long've they been off the Russian front?

ENEMY G-3:

Two months, sir. Full strength now.

GERMAN GENERAL:

Let's not let them loaf around and get soft. Commit them to some anti-invasion maneuvers, combat-loaded. Start the exercises the morning of - uh - say June 6th. Have them set up defensive positions at Colleville and inform them I'll personally be there to see there's no laxity. I know how combat men despise exercises.

G-3 marks unit on map as CAMERA MOVES IN to MAP and to VILLAGE MARKED "COLLEVILLE-SUR-MER". G-3's pencil encircles name.

FADE OUT.

"THE BIG RED ONE"

3/20/58
91a.

FRANCE

FADE IN

246. SEVERAL SHOTS GERMAN PILLBOX GUNS DAY
firing.

247. FULL HELICOPTER SHOT THE INVASION

U.S. ships and boats fill the screen, firing, being fired on. Noise is deafening. Brown smoke fills the air. This is the greatest invasion in the history of man. SUPERIMPOSED is:

D-DAY
JUNE 6, 1944
OMAHA BEACH

COPTER CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES DOWN thru all this hell to CLOSE MOVING SHOT of ASSAULT BOAT #1 - carrying the Captain, Lieutenant, Sergeant, his squad, Naval personnel. All men are soaked, cramped, freezing in this 32-foot coffin-shaped steel boat; seasick, ears slammed by blasts of big guns, jarred by concussions. In f.g. are Johnson and the Sergeant. Johnson shouts into his ear.

JOHNSON:

They'll never get me to make another invasion!

THE SERGEANT:

(shouting back)

You won't have to. Nothing but land from the beach to Berlin.

JOHNSON:

Oh, yeah? There's lakes and rivers!

A NAVAL OFFICER raises his glasses, looks through them as a wave drenches him.

248. THE BEACH (THRU SPRAYED BINOCs)

Thru battle smoke can be seen bluffs broken by draws, a church spire, a small house, burning gorse, our shells landing.

249. NAVAL OFFICER

looking at his watch.

250. INSERT HIS WATCH

It is 6:25. A wave drenches watch.

251. NAVAL GUNS

firing. SUPERIMPOSED over their gun flashes is the watch reading 6:27. Naval guns stop firing. It is H minus three minutes.

252. MOVING SHOT FIVE ASSAULT BOATS

charging toward beaches with #1 in f.g. #5 in far b.g. hits an underwater mine, capsizes. #4 is hit by a shell, is set ablaze. #3 smashes into underwater obstacle. #2 is hit by a shell, blows up. #1 is still roaring ahead when a shell hits its stern and it begins to burn, hung up, smoke pouring out.

253. CLOSE RAMP OF #1

coming down.

254. REVERSE RAMP

over backs of helmeted infantrymen as descending ramp reveals France. Boiling water. Obstacles. Mist. Smoke. Obscured landmarks. The Captain checks his men, is the first to rush down ramp and vanishes in deep water. Startled infantrymen look at each other.

COXSWAIN:

(shouting)

Get off before she blows!

The Lieutenant rushes down ramp, followed by the Sergeant and others.

255. THE CAPTAIN'S HELMET

appearing in water, moving forward. Now his head appears and his hands are holding up his weapon...followed by the Lieutenant's helmet...then other helmets appearing, hands holding up rifles, BARs, bazookas, ammo boxes, tripods, machine gun barrels, TNT. OVER THIS:

H-HOUR
6:30 A.M.

256. MOVING SHOT THE CAPTAIN AND COMPANY I

advancing, holding their chins up to keep mouths out of water. As faces emerge men cough and gasp but always advance, moving past obstacles that are mined as enemy shells land, as they are subjected to small arms fire from the bluffs and beaches. In this PULL BACK we pass all kinds of underwater obstacles as

(CONTINUED)

256 (Cont.)

our men gradually are getting closer to the beach. Some are killed, some wounded. Medics grab wounded, help them. Smoke and bursting shells fill scene as men advance until we are PULLING BACK with them over waterline, across beach to HOLD as they rush forward across sands to the shingle for cover. The shingle shelter is not much. Small rocks, millions of pebbles. Men fall as they advance. In b.g. others are blown up by mines. Assault boats are burning, blow up. Far as the eye can see men are trying to get to the shingle. In f.g. the Sergeant and his squad are racing toward it, hitting when shells land, leaping up, soaking wet, freezing, covered with sand. Johnson is hit in the leg. He crashes, is up again, catching up with his squad. They reach the shingle, lay still, hearts bursting as mortar shells play along top of shingle, registering casualties in b.g. The men begin to dig, but they can't dig in the shingle. Now all hell breaks loose from the bluffs as they are subjected to tremendous fire from enemy.

THE SERGEANT:

(confused)

That doesn't sound like two Schnelle Battalions!

ZAB:

That's the whole damn German Army up there!

GRIFFITH:

Our bombs must've hit something!

THE SERGEANT:

Airfields. They knocked out all Kraut planes.

VINCI:

That's all we need now - Kraut planes!

A medic falls on Johnson, begins to treat his wound. The Sergeant looks over shingle, is driven back by machine gun fire, looks over it again, sees:

257. A STONE HOUSE

used by Germans for target practice. It represents the pack of cigarettes the Sergeant used to brief his squad. It now shelters mortar and machine gun sections. Beyond house is minefield, then thick wire obstacles in depth, then the draws and smoking meadow, and beyond the clifflike slope and above: the bluffs that must be scaled.

258. CLOSEUP THE SERGEANT

gaping up at:

259. LONG SHOT GERMAN SOLDIERS ATOP BLUFF

moving about, giving orders.

260. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

He aims rifle, squeezes. Nothing happens. He examines piece. Alarmed, he racks back, stares at chamber.

THE SERGEANT:

(shouting)

Strip and clean!

His men stare. Strip and clean now? They try to shoot, their weapons fail them. Thus, under tremendous enemy fire from the bluffs, the men have to strip and clean on this 7-yard beach-head called Easy Red sector of Omaha Beach.

261. SIX DD TANKS

touching down. Five are hit by shells and burn. The 6th is knocked out, but its guns still keep firing. Confusion all along the beaches. Men rushing about looking for units. Shells and small arms kill and wound them. As more men advance in shingle, they hit and crawl. It is death to be on your feet. The 7-yard beachhead is beginning to be backed. Now there is no room, but still more men are coming off assault boats.

262. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

Their weapons are working now. They give Griffith and his bangalore covering fire but he is driven back behind shingle by fierce enemy machine gun fire. The Lieutenant works up to them, sees the trouble. CAMERA MOVES the Lieutenant past men crouching behind shingle until he reaches the 6th DD tank. He points out the stone house that is keeping his bangalore pinned down. The tank's gun fires at:

263. STONE HOUSE

Four fast shells demolish it, the mortars and machine guns.

264. GRIFFITH

jumping over seawall with bangalore under his squad's covering fire and running across minefield with a prayer, passing Skull & Crossbones signs neatly carrying "ACHTUNG MINEN". He trips a wire. An AP mine's splinter gets him in right shoulder as he crashes with the explosion.

265. THE BANGALORE RELAY ZAB

leaps over shingle, rushes to fallen Griffith, grabs bangalore and dashes forward toward thick wire. A shell lands. Concussion knocks him down and out.

266. A RECRUIT

leaps up, rushes past Griffith to Zab, grabs bangalore, runs forward. He is shot, falls.

267. A 2ND RECRUIT

leaps up, races to the bangalore, grabs it and runs forward to be smashed to ground by shell concussion.

268. THE SERGEANT

leaps up and races to the bangalore, grabs it and charges forward when two shells land on each side, concussion knocking him out.

269. JOHNSON

starts over seawall. Vinci pulls him back by bandaged leg.

JOHNSON:

(shouting)

Get more charges!

He limps over shingle and hurries to the bangalore, grabs it and runs as fast as he can toward wire. He collapses out of sheer exhaustion. He tries to move forward. He is too beat.

270. THE LIEUTENANT

leaping over seawall, runs under enemy fire to the bangalore, grabs it and moves forward until he reaches the wire. He sets the bangalore and pulls the friction igniter - but it fails to act. He works frantically until a German bullet hits him. He is out. More bullets kick area around him.

271. THE SERGEANT

coming to, sees the Lieutenant and bangalore against wire. He crawls under small arms fire, passing minefield signs, until he reaches the Lieutenant. He pulls him away and starts working, fixing igniter. He pulls and there is a tremendous explosion. A large gap is blown in the wire but it is not deep enough to get thru. The Sergeant growls as he glares at wire laid in depth. He needs more charges. Noise of battle increases now.

272. THE CAPTAIN AND VINCI

carrying explosives, making the dash thru minefield to

(CONTINUED)

272 (Cont.)

the Sergeant at the wire. The trio work in coordination, blow another gap, and another until there is a breach. The GAP, to be called EXIT E-1 is now open. The Captain examines the Lieutenant.

THE CAPTAIN:

Flesh wound.

VINCI:

I'll get my men and setup that OP on the hill!

THE CAPTAIN:

First find the Colonel. Tell him E-1's open.

Vinci dashes back to shingle under enemy fire.

273. MOVING SHOT VINCI'S RUN ALONG OMAHA BEACH

Dodging, falling, getting up again, working through hundreds of men lined along beach behind shingle, moving past dead, wounded, frightened men as more waves are coming in to find no room, as enemy shells and machine gun and small arms fire rake area, Vinci is making the run to find the Colonel. He is forced to splash through the bloody waters of Easy Red and leap over men who are hit and screaming for help. He keeps on running, a moving target. He sees the Colonel and reaches him with his last ounce of strength.

VINCI:

E-1's open, sir!

Vinci collapses from exhaustion. The Colonel stands up and his words become immortal in the story of D-Day.

THE COLONEL:

There are two kinds of men on this beach: those who are dead and those who are about to die. Get off the damn beach and die inland.

He jerks frightened men to their feet, kicks paralyzed men to move, and he starts the movement along beach behind shingle. The men follow him toward E-1.

274. LONG SHOT GERMAN PILLBOX GUN (SHOOTING UP)

firing. CAMERA PANS to the Captain, the Sergeant and group of men heavily armed working their way through smoking grass toward base of bluffs to knock out that gun. Zab appears, still groggy from concussion, joins group.

THE CAPTAIN:

(to the Sergeant)

You and Zab grab any troops, move up from the right. Rest of you come with me.

275. SMOKING GRASS THE SERGEANT AND ZAB

working thru it until they come across group of men led by Griffith whose shoulder wound has been bandaged.

GRIFFITH:

Part of E Company.

THE SERGEANT:

Did Vinci make it?

GRIFFITH:

Don't know. Seen Johnson?

THE SERGEANT:

No. The Old Man's hitting that pillbox from the left. We hit it from the right, let's go.

ZAB:

I thought the 29th Division was in on this picnic?

GRIFFITH:

(pointing to beach)

They've got no exit.

276. LONG SHOT MEN OF 29TH DIVISION (SHOOTING DOWN)

massed and trapped, shelled on far left of Exit E-1.

277. CLOSE MEN OF 29TH DIVISION

wearing Blue and Gray shoulder patch of the rival armies in the Civil War, are pinned down by violent enemy fire and as groups try to move over the shingle, they are wiped out by shells and machine guns and snipers. A NONCOM crawls to an OFFICER. Both are wearing bandages. Dead are sprawled all round them.

NONCOM:

(pointing)

There's an exit off the beach, sir! E-1 - First Division sector - near that stone house!

The Officer leaps up and shouts but noise of shells bursting drowns out his yell. He gets men to rise, jerking them up, kicking them, running to E-1. And they follow.

278. THE SERGEANT'S GROUP

working upward to rightflank the pillbox when subjected to heavy mortar fire, stopping their advance, pinning them down. Mortar shells are registering. Men shout as they are hit.

279. JOHNSON

working thru smoke reaches the Sergeant as mortar shells still plaster area.

JOHNSON:

I spotted their mortars.

THE SERGEANT:

You, Zab and four men move out.

Johnson, Zab and four men crawl off thru smoke under mortar fire.

280. GERMAN MORTAR PIT

This ingenious construction is an octangular pit. On each side of its EIGHT CONCRETE ANGLES are OIL-PAINTED PANORAMIC SKETCHES of the beaches and ground features. These paintings have ranges and deflections. Supporting the two mortar sections are four machine guns, Schmeisser men and riflemen. Their mortars are firing as fast as they can drop the shells in. Their machine guns are firing. Their Schmeissers are firing. Their riflemen are firing. The pit is filled with noise.

281. JOHNSON'S GROUP

working thru smoking, burning grass, now their ally. German guns spot them and two of the men are killed. Zab bellies forward, is hit. But he continues to fire with the other man.

ZAB:

(yelling)

Bear left, Johnson, we'll keep pouring it on!

Johnson moves forward as Zab and other man lay down covering fire.

282. JOHNSON

working closer and closer under their fire and thru smoke. He gets close enough for grenading and lobs four of them into the pit. The explosions are deafening. Johnson leaps up and assaults the pit. Not all the enemy are dead. Several fresh Germans appear. Johnson empties his clip and leaps into smoking pit and smashes Germans with rifle which he is swinging by barrel. Suddenly all action ceases. He is covered with blood. Suddenly a steel bayonet creases his side, clangs into concrete wall and jarred out of German's hand. Johnson and the German battle in close combat. Gouge. Kick. Elbow.

(CONTINUED)

282 (Cont.)

GERMAN:
American schweinehund!

Johnson knees him. The German grunts in pain, doubles over. Johnson picks up his own steel helmet and, using it as a weapon, smashes it down on the German until he kills him. Exhausted, Johnson falls against the wall.

JOHNSON:
(when he can yell)
Zab?

ZAB'S VOICE:
Yeah?

JOHNSON:
(relieved)
How's the other guys?

ZAB'S VOICE:
Kaput.

JOHNSON:
Good cover here.
(silence; alarmed)
Zab!

ZAB'S VOICE:
Shut up, knothhead. I'm comin'!

Johnson picks up a thick tube, cuts it in half, tears off tin-foil and takes a bite. He is staring at the paintings on the wall when Zab crawls into scene. Johnson helps him into the pit.

JOHNSON:
Want some schweinehund cheese?

Zab waves it aside, opens first-aid kit to treat his thigh wound.

JOHNSON:
(admiring paintings as he eats cheese)
These Krauts knew how to live. Look at them paintings. Like back home in the sitting room.

ZAB:
They're pictures of the beaches. Smart Krauts.

He gulps sulfa pills, drinks water while Johnson sprinkles powder on thigh wound.

ZAB:
That von Rundstedt's smart. No wonder they parted our eyelashes on the beach. With them ranges and deflections they could zero in on a hair.

(CONTINUED)

282 (Cont.1)

ZAB: (Cont.)
(gulps more water)
Without looking.

JOHNSON:
I think I got hit again.

ZAB:
Don't you know?

Johnson shows him his arm wound. This time Zab pours sulfa on wound as Johnson gulps pills, swallows water.

ZAB:
They can shove these Purple Hearts. I'm going to make one of them hospital ships back to England.

JOHNSON:
No more boat rides for me. You go ahead.

ZAB:
And leave you alone? I wouldn't do that.

JOHNSON:
Gee, thanks, Zab.

ZAB:
Thanks my neck. It'd be treason if the Krauts captured you. It'd set the Division back a hundred years.
(looking around)
Let's see if there's anything worth looting round here.

283. HELICOPTER SHOT CLOSE 29TH DIV. MEN (TOWARD CHANNEL)

moving along exposed surf toward 1st Division's exit. COPTER CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP revealing beaches littered with dead, wounded treated by medics, gasmasks, life preservers, smashed equipment, burning assault boats, blazing tanks, smoking craft and more assault boats coming in with men spilling down ramps and headed for beaches. The sea beyond is a wall of gray smoke. COPTER CAMERA PULLS OVER EXIT E-1 which has become the only funnel for escape off Omaha Beach. Staked and taped thru minefield, men are working through narrow corridor. It is a hole in the dike and the flood of men coming from the left and the right to merge thru - a flood of infantrymen pouring thru like ants to reach the breach in the wire blown by the 16th Infantry. COPTER CAMERA is now FULL BACK and HOLDS over long barrel of a German pillbox gun that has been knocked out. This is an historical shot.

284. GERMAN MORTAR PIT JOHNSON AND ZAB

bandaged, shivering. Johnson in b.g. probing thru ammo boxes
(CONTINUED)

284 (Cont.)

for loot he can use. In f.g. Zab, chewing on a cigar, is sprinkling talc from can on bare foot to dry it. Johnson finds a radio, brings it to Zab.

JOHNSON:

Here's a radio. Got batteries.

ZAB:

Try and get Paris.

Johnson stares at two pairs of dry socks on box near Zab. He puts radio down, picks up socks.

JOHNSON:

(astonished)

Dry socks!

Zab slaps his hand away, grabbing socks.

ZAB:

Find your own loot.

(indicating corpse o.s.)

He had a couple pair new socks in his pack and a can of after-shave talc. Comes in handy now.

Johnson looks hungrily at dry socks. Zab gives in, tosses him extra pair. Johnson removes leggings, shoe, wet sock and begins to massage his frozen, damp foot. Zab tosses him talc can. Johnson sprinkles talc on foot, massaging it blissfully, grunting in ecstasy.

JOHNSON:

(indogface paradise)

What a fancy invasion!

FADE OUT.

285. EXT. GERMAN SHELTERS ZAB (MUD)

DAY

slopping thru quagmire, carrying his helmet in both hands. It is filled with donuts. He passes German grave with wooden Maltese Cross in mud and reaches the Sergeant and squad holed up in German shelters. German radio playing music.

JOHNSON:

Hey, are they donuts?

ZAB:

They ain't bagels.

(distributing donuts to squad)

There's a cute Red Cross babe back there. Got lost last night. Her truck bogged down. Know what she said? Hah! She said she heard the

(CONTINUED)

285 (Cont.)

ZAB: (Cont.)

United States Army is made up of the First Division and ten million replacements. Called us prima donnas. How long we stuck in these ratholes?

THE SERGEANT:

Till we can bust out of these hedgerows.

VINCI:

Then we still keep going?

THE SERGEANT:

Uh-huh.

VINCI:

Why isn't another outfit paying the freight on this ride? We made a hole for 'em on the beach. Let somebody else push inland.

ZAB:

(grinning)

That wedding ring's giving you the jumps, Vinci.

THE SERGEANT:

Beaucoup divisions'll be in on this sandbag the minute the weather lifts.

VINCI:

Like who?

THE SERGEANT:

2nd Division.

ZAB:

That Indian Head outfit? They only got here D plus one them visitors!

GRIFFITH:

They took Hill 192. I think they'll spearhead to Paris. Or maybe the 4th. They helped mop up Cherbourg.

ZAB:

Yeah? Nobody's going to bust into Paris first except us.

THE SERGEANT:

I thought London was your town.

ZAB:

Nah, Paris. Why do you think me and Johnson beat our way back to this outfit from the hospital? Them Paris babes with their black cancan lingerie. That's for us, right, Johnson?

A VOICE:

Which one of you is Johnson?

(CONTINUED)

285 (Cont.1)

ZAB:

(without looking up)

Who wants to know?

He looks up and leaps out of shelter with a salute that almost knocks him back on his rump. The others look up, and out of their shelters in a flash. CAMERA ANGLES to include the General, the Colonel and the Captain standing in the mud, looking at the men.

THE GENERAL:

Relax.

JOHNSON:

Sir, Private Johnson, sir.

THE GENERAL:

I said relax.

(Johnson does not)

How long've you been in this outfit?

JOHNSON:

Since Oran, sir.

THE GENERAL:

Been hit a couple of times, too.

JOHNSON:

I was slow, sir.

THE GENERAL:

(warmly)

Relax, Johnson.

(Johnson smiles, relaxes)

Your squad comfortable, Sergeant?

THE SERGEANT:

Like home, sir.

THE GENERAL:

Don't get too used to those German holes. We're breaking through the St. Lo area soon as the weather lifts. And it won't be like Africa or Sicily. This time we'll own the skies. 4500 planes to soften them up before you hit them. How many of you left since Oran?

THE SERGEANT:

Four, sir.

VINCI:

Five, sir! Sergeant Vinci, sir. I hit Algiers with the 9th Division.

(CONTINUED)

285 (Cont.2)

THE GENERAL:

One of the best.

VINCI:

Yes, sir!

THE GENERAL:

So are we. General Eisenhower called us his Praetorian Guard. Did you know that?

JOHNSON:

Pray what, sir?

THE GENERAL:

I had to ask, too, Johnson. They were the top soldiers in the old Roman days.

(recalling)

Vinci...You married an English girl.

VINCI:

Yes, sir, we're expecting a baby.

The Captain is expressionless.

THE GENERAL:

First or Ninth?

VINCI:

First Division baby, sir. In seven months, sometime in February.

THE CAPTAIN:

(as the General studies
Griffith)

Corporal Griffith is the cartoonist, sir.

THE GENERAL:

Hmmm...you've got a lot of talent, Corporal, even though you made my nose look like Schnozzle Durante's.

(to Zab)

What's your name?

ZAB:

Private Zab, sir.

THE GENERAL:

You don't look happy.

ZAB:

I'm not, sir.

The Colonel, Captain, Sergeant and men are stunned. They wait for the axe to chop Zab's head off.

(CONTINUED)

285 (Cont.3)

THE GENERAL:
What's your beef?

ZAB:
I don't like holing up here, sir. When do we take Paris?

THE GENERAL:
(laughing)
He's as itchy as you are, Colonel.
(seriously)
Private Johnson, that was a nice day's work you did in that mortar pit on D-Day. The Captain recommended you for the Distinguished Service Cross.

The General opens the box, takes out medal, hands box to the Captain and pins the DSC on the astonished Johnson, shakes his hand, looks at the men. They salute. He returns it and leaves. The Captain grins, gives the stupefied Johnson the box, joins the Colonel following the General. The overwhelmed Johnson is speechless, ready to bawl. All he wanted was his greatest dream, the Silver Star, and now he has the DSC! He snaps out of his daze and CAMERA MOVES him sloshing thru mud after the General's group.

JOHNSON:
(calling out)
Captain, sir!

The Captain stops, turns as the General and Colonel keep moving. Johnson reaches him, pumps the Captain's hand.

JOHNSON:
I forgot to thank you. Thanks, sir, thanks! I - uh - one thing bothers me, sir. When you and the Sergeant clobbered that pillbox - how could you have known about me in that mortar pit?

THE CAPTAIN:
Zab wrote up your citation for the DSC.

The Captain moves on. CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSEUP of Johnson. He is choked up more than ever now. That crazy Zab!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

286. CLOSE THE SAVIOUR ON THE CROSS BATTLEFIELD DAWN

It is the same Cross we saw in the 1918-Soissons Prologue. CAMERA PANS DOWN to Vinci on his knees in silent prayer. Music is heard o.s. The music stops. There is static. Then a VOICE is heard with the news.

(CONTINUED)

286 (Cont.)

BROADCASTER'S VOICE:

Field-Marshal Gunther von Kluge, who replaced von Rundstedt after the invasion of Normandy, and whose 7th German Army was destroyed last month in the fabulous St-Lo breakout, was reported to have taken his life by cyanide. Since the liberation of Paris, the enemy is fleeing to the Belgian frontier to help defend the Siegfried Line in Germany. The liberation of France is only days away -

During his speech CAMERA MOVES Vinci to the Sergeant and squad resting near the old World War I trenches the Sergeant fought in. (SAME TRENCH AS IN PROLOGUE). Grass has grown. The men, minus Johnson, are listening to Johnson's German radio. Zab switches off radio in disgust.

ZAB:

What a crock! We were that close to Paris!
(indicating by holding two
fingers together)

And we had to bypass it to attack this place!
What's the matter with the General? Don't he
know-them Paris babes jack up our morale?

The Sergeant is looking up at the Cross, remembering 1918.

VINCI:

I'd like to know what these Krauts are eating
to make 'em keep on fighting. They ought to
know when they're licked.

GRIFFITH:

They won't holler Uncle till we're in Berlin.

ZAB:

Hey, that's why we didn't go to Paris. They're
saving us for them Berlin frauleins! They're
all zovtik- real delicatessen tasting.

Johnson appears.

JOHNSON:

We sure are in a fast-moving outfit.

VINCI:

The war over?

JOHNSON:

(pointing)

They don't even wait for the bodies to get cold.
They got a First Division monument over there -
with all the names of the guys who got killed
in the 16th.

(CONTINUED)

286 (Cont.1)

The men stare at him. A chill hits them all as they slowly rise, the amused Sergeant among them, and follow Johnson.

287. THE MEN

approaching. They stop, stare at:

288. 1ST DIVISION WORLD WAR I MEMORIAL MONUMENT NEAR SOISSONS

With the Big Red One insignia on top, the words "FIRST INFANTRY DIVISION. 16th Infantry" - and under it names of those killed in action.

289. GROUP

staring, each man chilled to the bone.

THE SERGEANT:

That's from the other war.

The men step closer, examining it in silence.

GRIFFITH:

The names are just the same as the ones in our outfit now.

THE SERGEANT:

Yeah.

GRIFFITH:

You fought here?

THE SERGEANT:

Yeah, I was here.

GRIFFITH:

Which one was the first to die in that war?

THE SERGEANT:

There were three of them. Corporal Gresham, Private Enright and Private Hay.

The men are motionless and silent in the presence of this simple but impressive reminder of the Great War. They feel part of the dead on the plaques. The Lieutenant appears with JACQUES and a group of MAQUIS armed with grease guns.

THE LIEUTENANT:

I've got a job for you, Sergeant. I want you to -

(CONTINUED)

289 (Cont.)

He stops, sees the men gazing at the monument. He slowly goes to it, stands looking up at it for a long moment. He steps back a pace, looking at it, then turns and gets down to business.

THE LIEUTENANT:

Jacques is going to tie in with some Maquis who've checked a bridge in enemy territory. Send three men with him. Get the info back to me if that bridge can support tanks. You take the rest, patrol down to the Aisne River.

THE SERGEANT:

Griff, take Harvey and Halpin. Move out with Jacques.

Griffith, Harvey and Halpin follow Jacques out of the area, passing, in f.g., the same stone marker we saw in the Prologue: "SOISSONS".

DISSOLVE TO:

290. EXT. CAVE IN WOODS

NIGHT

Jacques leads Griffith, Harvey and Halpin into the cave.

291. INT. FRENCH CAVE

THREE MAQUIS are in the cave. One, flat on his back, is wounded. The second is facing us, working on wound. The third is kneeling next to wounded man, back to us. Jacques enters, followed by Griffith, Harvey and Halpin. A lamp on ground illuminates ancient cave.

GRIFFITH:

Check the wound, Harv.

Harvey kneels. Griffith is attracted to the walls on which are marvelously preserved and realistic paintings of animals.

GRIFFITH:

Look at those paintings! Must be 5000 years old.

A GIRL'S VOICE:

(French accent)

30,000 years is closer to it.

(CONTINUED)

291 (Cont.)

He turns. The Maquis with back to us rises: A FRENCH GIRL with wide-eyed urchin face. About 21, a symbol of sex even in her rough peasant coat and pants. She takes a sketch from her pocket, gives it to him.

FRENCH GIRL:

This is the sketch of the bridge, Corporal. These marginal drawings give an estimate of the strength of the beams.

GRIFFITH:

This is great. Who made it?

FRENCH GIRL:

I'm what you jokingly call a Bohemian artist.

GRIFFITH:

I draw cartoons - but nothing professional like this. How is he, Harv?

HARVEY:

Bullet's deep.

FRENCH GIRL:

Pierre was shot near the bridge. There are many German patrols looking for us.

GRIFFITH:

Give Halpin a hand making a stretcher, Harv. I'll check the bullet. Better cover them, Jacques.

Jacques, Harvey and Halpin exit. Griffith starts to work on the wound. She kneels, watches him.

GRIFFITH:

Bring the lamp closer.
(she does; as he works)
You live in the artists' colony?

FRENCH GIRL:

Montmarte.

GRIFFITH:

I never pictured one of you in this war.

FRENCH GIRL:

You are in it.

GRIFFITH:

I'm no Bohemian with a beret and a beard.

(CONTINUED)

291 (Cont.1)

FRENCH GIRL:

(smiling)

So many of you picture us as pseudo-intellectuals with filthy smocks and drunken nude models swilling absinthe for breakfast. Let me tell you this, Corporal, when an artist throws all his talent into killing he becomes a very good killer. That's why the German soldier is so gross all the time - like a trained pig with no feelings, no gentleness, no sensitivities, no conscience, no talent -

GRIFFITH:

Beethoven.

FRENCH GIRL:

Beethoven?

GRIFFITH:

That's my boy. Don't tell me he had no talent.

FRENCH GIRL:

He despised dictators. Don't use Beethoven as an example of German talent. I'm talking of the pigs of today who -

He holds out his hand for silence. She stares uneasily. He rises slowly with his rifle. She rises slowly.

GRIFFITH:

(whispering)

Smell 'em?

FRENCH GIRL:

(puzzled)

Smell who?

He turns as a GERMAN STICK HAND GRENADE is thrown into the cave, falling into a far corner. He flings the girl to the ground away from the potato masher. The detonation comes just as he throws himself flat on her, pitching them into blackness.

DISSOLVE TO:

292. INT. FRENCH CAVE TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS NIGHT

sitting against wall, drunk, sharing bottle of cognac. They are Privates GERSTEN and BOUHLER with burp guns. Gersten crawls past the unconscious Griffith, past Pierre, past a German lamp on ground to the girl who is out. He removes

(CONTINUED)

292 (Cont.)

her coat. There is no shirt. She is wearing parachute silk stretched tight over high breasts. Gersten laughs.

GERSTEN:

Bouhler, look, German parachute silk.

He bends over, kisses her. She opens her eyes, struggles. A MAN'S HAND grabs him, pulls him off. He looks up at his officer, THE OBERLEUTNANT, and crawls to rejoin Bouhler. The Oberleutnant goes to them, glares with disgust, grabs bottle from Bouhler.

OBERLEUTNANT:

(with contempt)

I should have let you stupid drunkards look for that unmined path. It would have saved the Wehrmacht the trouble of executing you had you stepped on mines.

He gives Griffith some cognac. Griffith comes to.

OBERLEUTNANT:

Just concussion from a badly-thrown grenade, Corporal.
(taking map from
his pocket)
For whom was this sketch of the bridge made?

Silence.

OBERLEUTNANT:

The SS will make you talk. That is their job, not mine. You Americans forced us to have rubber-band boundaries. It's that kind of confusion that has given us worthless specimens like those two drunken disgraces to the uniform. You will be treated as a prisoner of war. As for this underground mole.

(takes pistol out,
puts bullet into
wounded Pierre's head)

He hasn't the courage to wear a uniform.

(to the girl)

And how many Germans have you shot in the back?

FRENCH GIRL:

It's bad manners to count!

OBERLEUTNANT:

You rate a bullet, too.

FRENCH GIRL:

Cochon!

(CONTINUED)

292 (Cont.1)

OBERLEUTNANT:

Bouhler, try to pull yourself together and tie the Corporal's hands behind him with the mole's belt.

Bouhler does this.

GERSTEN:

Are you still going to press charges, Herr Oberleutnant?

OBERLEUTNANT:

I will personally command the firing squad at your execution, Gersten.

Gersten points his weapon at his officer.

OBERLEUTNANT:

(unafraid)

If you shoot me, you will still be tried and executed.

Gersten kills him with a burst.

BOUHLER:

(horrified)

Gersten, you are verruckt!

Gersten kills Bouhler with a burst. He checks Griffith's hands, laughs. Now there is no damn Oberleutnant between him and the girl. She draws back.

GERSTEN:

If you fight me, fraulein, it will be worse.

293. GRIFFITH

in f.g. helplessly watches Gersten fling her to the ground, holding her, kissing her. Suddenly Gersten cries out in pain. The girl leaps away from him, passing Griffith. Gersten is up and rushing toward her. Griffith trips him. Gersten crashes to ground. The girl rushes out of cave in panic. Gersten kicks Griffith, then rushes out after the girl.

294. EXT. CAVE GERSTEN (BEGINS TO RAIN) NIGHT

staggering out as lightning flashes, thunder cracks and it begins to rain. He pursues her.

295. FRENCH GIRL (RAINING)

running for her life, crashes into a field sign. She stares at Skull and Crossbones. Above it: "ACHTUNG MINEN!" Below it: "ATTENTION aux MINES!" She pulls sign up and tosses it out in the mine field and turns as Gersten appears advancing. Rain beats down hard as she maneuvers away from path she took, lures him into mine field. He advances until he steps on a mine. The explosion is music to the girl.

DISSOLVE TO:

296. THE WOODS GRIFFITH AND FRENCH GIRL (RAIN) NIGHT

running. He has his helmet and rifle; she is wearing her coat. She collapses. He carries her until he sees a knocked out German tank.

DISSOLVE TO:

297. INT. GERMAN TANK (RAIN) NIGHT

Wrapped in German blanket, the French Girl is in Griffith's arms in driver's compartment of tank. Near them a collapsible German stove; on grating Griffith's drinking cup. Rain can be heard beating on steel. He gives her hot coffee. She opens her eyes.

GRIFFITH:

We're in a German tank.

FRENCH GIRL:

American coffee - and hot!

GRIFFITH:

The dead tanker had dry matches.

(she reacts)

We're alone.

She snuggles closer, then reacts to her coat, pants and parachute silk bra hanging on controls to dry out.

FRENCH GIRL:

(suddenly remembering)

The sketch!

He picks up his helmet, pulls liner out, shows her sketch safely deposited between liner and helmet. There is a long silence; their cheeks are touching, burning in closeness.

(CONTINUED)

297 (Cont.)

FRENCH GIRL:

As a child I wanted to draw cartoons. When I grew up I knew I did not have the talent for humor. The whole world loves cartoons.

GRIFFITH:

Do you know Barney Google?

FRENCH GIRL:

Oh, yes, he was very popular in France. And Spark Plug!

GRIFFITH:

A plug from the glue factory.

She laughs, forgetting the war. Held close, their bodies warm, is something she has hungered for.

FRENCH GIRL:

Will you draw a cartoon of me?

GRIFFITH:

I can't draw pretty girls.

FRENCH GIRL:

I don't care if you make me look funny.

He studies her face. They kiss - a kiss of youth.

FRENCH GIRL:

We must get back with that sketch.

GRIFFITH:

Soon as you're strong enough.

She puts her arms around his neck and kisses him.

FRENCH GIRL:

I am strong enough.

298. EXT. GERMAN TANK (RAIN)

In f.g. sprawled near bush is the dead German tanker.

FADE OUT.

"THE BIG RED ONE"

115A.

BELGIUM

FADE IN

299. NEAR CROSSROADS MOVING SHOT THE SERGEANT DAY

checking his squad as each man is firing rapidly. Mortar, machine gun and rifle in noisy action. Griffith is back at work. The Sergeant reaches his radio.

THE SERGEANT:

(into radio)

We can't hold this flank much longer, sir! We're running low on ammo and they keep attacking. We need help!

THE LIEUTENANT'S VOICE:

We've got our hands full here. Hold that flank I'll try to get ammo to you.

300. GERMANS

assaulting, firing.

301. THE SQUAD

firing, their tremendous fire rapidity sounds like a company of men firing weapons. Gradually each man has to stop firing as he runs out of ammunition. Finally all their guns stop. They look at each other, sweating, knowing they are licked. The Sergeant nervously looks around, trying to figure out what to do - when he sees:

302. A GERMAN

advancing with white flag. Behind him THE OBERST (Colonel) in Prussian long gray coat and boots, with several of his Staff.

303. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

uncomfortably watching. They look at each other.

THE SERGEANT:

(muttering)

We could make a run for it but I think they're all round us waiting to open up if we do.

ZAB:

(nervously)

It's the salt mines in Germany for us! What a way to wind up the war!

THE SERGEANT:

There's nothing else we can do but surrender. We've got nothing left to fight with.

(CONTINUED)

303 (Cont.)

The Germans reach the doomed squad. There is a weird silence.

OBERST:

(with accent)

Where is your officer?

(the Sergeant glances to rear)

Well, protocol can wait. We are low on fuel and food and are prepared for an honorable surrender.

The Sergeant and men are stunned by this switch. The Sergeant observes that the Oberst is beginning to realize he only faces a handful of Americans.

THE SERGEANT:

(quick on trigger; shouting to no one in rear)

Tell those tanks to hold their fire! You - get over to the mortar sections, tell 'em not to open up!

(shouting to no one on his right)

Captain, hold your fire!

His men stare. Johnson watches dumbly.

THE LIEUTENANT'S VOICE:

(coming over radio)

Do you think you can -

THE SERGEANT:

(cutting into radio)

Call off that air strike, Major! Tell Division Artillery to hold their fire! They've surrendered!

(switches off radio; to Oberst)

We have you completely surrounded, sir, but you have my word for it, we will hold all fire.

OBERST:

(hesitantly; then sold)

Thank you. I shall inform my men.

THE SERGEANT:

Have them stack ammunition in one pile, all unloaded weapons in another. They are to advance with their hands on their heads.

The Oberst nods, leaves with Staff. The Sergeant mops his brow; his men are still floored by sudden turn of events.

THE SERGEANT:

(into radio)

Lieutenant, they threw the towel in!

THE LIEUTENANT'S VOICE:

What's going on out there, have you blown your top? What's all that about our tanks holding fire?

THE SERGEANT:

(into radio)

They've surrendered, sir! I'll need help to handle PWs. We can't take a chance without a single bullet among us. I figure we bagged 50-75 Germans!

(CONTINUED)

dg
as

"THE BIG RED ONE"

3/20/58
118.

303 (Cont.1)

THE LIEUTENANT'S VOICE:
Ammo's on the way. Keep up your bluff till
the Old Man gets there with more troops.

The perspiring Sergeant sighs. He moves to position to
see exactly how many Germans they have bagged. His mouth
drops open as he stares. The others join him. Their eyes
pop.

ZAB:
(astonished)
Holy smoke, we sure got 'em surrounded!

304. LONG SHOT THE OBERST AND PRISONERS

advancing. Behind Oberst and Staff are about 1,000 Germans.
SUPERIMPOSED OVER this:

INVASION OF BELGIUM
SEPTEMBER 3, 1944

In f.g. is road sign: "MONS". TITLE DISSOLVES OUT and over
shot of mass troops of enemy MAP OF BELGIUM is SUPERIMPOSED.
CAMERA PASSES past "CHARLEROI" "NAMUR" "LIEGE". Troops
DISSOLVE OUT and we HOLD on map as CAMERA PULLS BACK to find
gigantic map flanked by swastikas in INT. GERMAN HIGH COMMAND
HQ. A GERMAN COMMANDER on platform nervously watches Amer-
ican's progress on map. An AIDE brings him phone.

AIDE:
Chief of Staff, sir.

GERMAN COMMANDER:
(into phone; sweating)
We've just confirmed the figure, sir. That
Mons collision cost us 2000 dead and 30,000
captured. Our troops were racing parallel
with the enemy. It was catastrophic.
(checking map)
Elements of the American First Army have opened
a path to Liege. Yes, sir, that's exactly what
we're doing, sir. We're building up against
thrusts at Aachen and the Hurtgen Forest.
(Aide brings him flash report)
Sir! We've just received word that the American
1st Division is attacking the Siegfried Line
eight kilometers from Aachen!

CAMERA MOVES TO MAP OF GERMANY and HOLDS CLOSE on "AACHEN"
until that word fills screen.

FADE OUT.

"THE BIG RED ONE"

118a.

GERMANY

FADE IN

305. CLOSE SHOT A DRAGON'S TOOTH DAY

The Sergeant and squad advance past it, under enemy fire. CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES to reveal a section of the Dragon's Teeth of the Siegfried Line. These barriers, resembling blunt-headed, conical gravestones, are tank traps and mined. The squad gives covering fire for ENGINEERS who blow a gap in the teeth. U.S. tanks appear, rumble thru gap. In b.g. infantry is advancing thru teeth, using them as cover. SUPERIMPOSED over this:

INVASION OF GERMANY
SEPTEMBER 12, 1944

DISSOLVE TO:

306. AACHEN STREET MOVIE THEATRE DAY

(THIS IS OUR MAIN STREET SET IN THE BATTLE OF AACHEN)
Sign above theatre: "AACHEN THEATRE". To right is a FUR SHOP. To left concrete building, with this sign near it: "1ST SS PANZER HQ". Defending Hq. is a Tiger tank, an SP (self-propelled) gun, and German infantry. A German motorcycle COURIER pulls up, dismounts in front of theatre. He halts for a moment to study movie stills, then enters Hq.

307. INT. HQ. BUILDING STAIRWAY COURIER

rushing down concrete steps, opens Hq. door.

308. INT. CELLAR HQ. OF 1ST SS PANZER

Courier enters, gives dispatch to man as CAMERA MOVES thru bustling CP to GERMAN COLONEL in command of Aachen troops. On his desk is Hitler's autographed picture. On wall is map of Aachen. The German Colonel, wearing Iron Cross, war decorations, combat badge, Russian Campaign Ribbon, is studying map with staff.

GERMAN COLONEL:

Take this order.

(clerk is ready for dictation)

To all officers and enlisted men of the
1st SS Panzer Division: the eyes of all
Germany are on Aachen. This is the testing
ground. Aachen is one big human pillbox,
the heart of the Siegfried Line. And it
must hold. We have refused to surrender to
the Americans for if Aachen falls, Germany
falls. Sieg Heil. Heil Hitler!

309. INT. GERMAN FARMHOUSE FIRST DIVISION COMMAND POST DAY

The General and staff are studying wall map of Aachen. Next to map is Griffith's battered cartoon of the General.

G-3:

(glancing at his watch)
Their time's up, sir.

THE GENERAL:

(making the decision)
Move in.

DISSOLVE TO:

310. EXT. DRY GOODS STORE NIGHT

The Sergeant and squad are in a fire fight with German infantry. Two Germans duck thru smashed street window into dry goods store. Vinci appears, firing.

A GERMAN'S VOICE:

(from inside dry goods store)
Nix schiessen! Kamerad! Alles kaput!

He appears in store window holding up a large white towel.

VINCI:

(waving him to rear)
Zuruck!

GERMAN:

Nix schiessen! Alles kaput!

He steps over rubble into street. Vinci waves him on. As the German passes Vinci he fires a burst thru towel. Vinci crashes to ground as the Sergeant opens up, killing the German. The German falls with towel, dead. The Sergeant checks him to make sure, then examines Vinci. Rest of squad appear.

GRIFFITH:

Who got it?

THE SERGEANT:

Vinci. Medic! Medic!

GIs are passing our group. A medic appears, examines Vinci.

THE SERGEANT:

(quietly; grim to squad)
A lot of these SS will yell "Alles kaput".
If they got a weapon when they yell, kill them!

He and the squad move on into the street fight ahead. The medic treats Vinci. Next to them is the dead German with his gun and his white towel of "surrender".

DISSOLVE TO:

311. AACHEN STREET MOVIE THEATER

DAY

The Tiger in front of movie house is firing down the street. The SP is firing. German mortars, machine guns, Schmeissers and rifles are blasting down the street. We notice difference now. Most of the street is in rubble from bombs and shells.

312. LONG SHOT SAME STREET

with movie theater in distance. Now we can see street that looks like Roman ruins. In f.g. are two U.S. tanks, an anti-tank gun and mortars - all knocked out. The tanks are burning, smoking. On right group of GIs hugging wall. On left the Sergeant and squad hugging wall. Above them on wall is slogan painted in huge letters: "SIEG HEIL. HEIL HITLER". A GI dashes from his mortars to the Sergeant.

313. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

against wall. The GI reaches him.

THE GI:

All our mortars are knocked out! We can't touch their SP now.

THE SERGEANT:

Then we've got to get close enough to knock it out.

(to all men)

I'll jump off down the right side of the street, Griffith on left. Give us heavy rifle cross-fire, hit every window in front of us in case of snipers.

(to GI)

Tell them to open their Fifties smack down middle of street.

THE GI:

But we got no mortars, Sergeant! Nothin'!

THE SERGEANT:

This'll distract that SP.

He grabs a rifle grenade launcher from a man, grabs a rocket, darts out behind smoking U.S. tank, slams rifle butt on ground to give grenade high angle of elevation like a mortar. He fires the rocket, dashes back to his squad.

314. THE PROJECTILE IN THE AIR

traveling about 200 feet in a high arc, then, at end of its 5-second fuse, explodes in air.

315. GERMAN SP CREW

subjected to the air burst.

316. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

GI:

Gotcha!

He dashes off to other men on other side of burning tank.

THE SERGEANT:

Johnson, if I get hit or Griff, jump in,
try to reach that Tiger.

(Johnson is perspiring)

What's the matter? You look worried.

JOHNSON:

I was thinking of my brother the Marine
in the Pacific.

THE SERGEANT:

Want to swap with him?

JOHNSON:

Hell, no, sir! Snakes make me faint!

THE SERGEANT:

Griff, jump with my tracers. Zab, keep these
men hitting windows and doorways.

The Sergeant hurries off to right side of street, passing
burning tanks, reaches group huddling against wall.

317. GRIFFITH

waiting, watching. From his angle he can see the Sergeant
across the street, burning tanks separating them. The Fifties
behind tanks open fire down street. The rifle grenade launch-
ers go into "mortar" action. Riflemen get into position to
crossfire. The Sergeant fires tracers, starts running down
right side of street toward the movie house. Riflemen near
Griffith open fire, giving the Sergeant rolling rifle fire on
windows and doorways. Griffith leaps forward, dashing down
left side of street toward movie theatre.

318. RIFLEMEN ACROSS THE STREET

opening fire to give Griffith rolling bullet barrage into
windows and doorways. We see Griffith hugging wall as he
races as fast as his legs can go. All hell is breaking loose
in the street now, friendly and enemy fire.

319. LONG SHOT STREET (HIGH ANGLE)

clearly showing riflemen on each side giving crossfire support as Griffith and the Sergeant are running toward the movie house. Our Fifties and grenade launchers are firing, protected by smoke from burning tanks.

320. THE SERGEANT

running. A German shell hits section of building in front of him. He leaps into doorway as section of building collapses. He tries to skirt rubble but bullets drive him back.

321. GRIFFITH

on his side of street, working as fast as possible, getting closer to the Tiger in front of movie house. A shell's burst blows him into a doorway.

322. INT. CORRIDOR GRIFFITH

dazed by concussion. His body jerks every time the Tiger o.s. fires. Plaster falls. He edges toward doorway but machine gun bullets drive him back. He tries a locked door, shoots it open, goes in.

323. INT. MEAT STORAGE GRIFFITH

enters, pushes thru sides of beef and hogs hanging from hooks to another door, tries it. It opens. He sees:

324. INT. BUTCHER SHOP (SHOOTING TOWARD MOVIE THEATRE ACROSS THE STREET)

There is the Tiger, firing. In theatre's entrance are Germans firing machine guns. Above them huge photos of current movie attraction. Between theatre and SS Hq. are mortars firing from doorway. Above, from windows, German riflemen are in action. In butcher shop are Germans working a Panzerfaust (bazooka) and machine gun. On floor are boxes of potato mashers (grenades), rockets for Panzerfaust, ammo for MG. NOISE of SP o.s. firing, Tiger's 88 firing, mortars, and crew in butcher shop firing is deafening.

325. GRIFFITH

unobserved, unheard, jams fresh clip into rifle and opens fire, swiftly registering, kills crew in butcher window; butt-smashes two Germans when his clip zings out, lays flat among dead to appraise situation as he jams new clip into rifle. Using

(CONTINUED)

325 (Cont.)

corpses as barricade, he opens up on enemy in theatre entrance, scores; reloads and shoots at snipers in windows; reloads and shoots at mortar crew. Fresh German troops appear and begin to grenade him. He swings German machine gun into action, killing grenade throwers. During all this action the Tiger's 88 and machine guns are firing down street. The Tiger is in plain view from Griffith's position. The SP (self-propelled) gun is o.s. Every time the Tiger fires the butcher shop rocks, plaster falls, wurst hanging from above swings. Griffith slings rifle, barrel on back, loads a rocket into Panzerfaust, checks his rear for kickback - then works forward thru smashed display of meats and gets into best firing position in wrecked window display front. He fires. The kickback of the German bazooka is tremendous. The rocket hits bogie. He reloads and fires at the Tiger again, and again, and again, and again. The blasts are awesome. The Tiger explodes in flames and smoke pours out. Germans in b.g. appear, in panic and stunned. Griffith fires Panzerfaust at them. Using professional, seasoned combat sense under pressure, which is the making of the Infantryman, Griffith operates that Panzerfaust with skill, rapidity and fabulous results. When courageous Germans rush him, he grenades them. Then he tries to get that SP gun that is still firing, but he can't from this position. He jams German stick grenades in his belt, grabs Panzerfaust and rocket shells - and dashes from butcher window front into the street, ducking behind the burning Tiger. Smoke and flames from Tiger are wind-whipped toward SP gun crew and supporting mortar and machine gun crew behind and on SP's flanks.

326. THE SERGEANT

firing from behind rubble that stopped his run, sees Griffith. The Sergeant is half-way between Griffith and his own men up the street.

THE SERGEANT:

(shouting to his men; waving)

Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

327. GRIFFITH BEHIND SMOKING TIGER

as friendly fire ceases. Only SP and support are heard firing now. He lays down Panzerfaust and rockets and, using smoke to screen him, climbs up blazing Tiger, the flames blown from him, and gets a down-bead on SP crew. He lobes in a potato masher, and another, and another. He throws six of them, knocks out SP gun crew and most of their support. He sees, thru smoke, a group of frightened Germans racing into 1st SS Panzer Hq.

328. ANOTHER ANGLE GRIFFITH

jumping off blazing Tiger, grabbing Panzerfaust and rockets and dashing into 1st SS Panzer Hq.

329. INT. HQ. BUILDING STAIRWAY GRIFFITH

appearing at top of concrete stairway, throws stick grenade, pushes back to escape concussion and fragments from burst, reappears and fires the Panzerfaust.

330. 1ST SS PANZER HQ DOOR

as the rocket hits it. Following explosion a second rocket hits and the area shakes, fills with smoke, debris and agonizing screams of wounded Germans.

331. GRIFFITH

collapsing. Smoke thickens. More shouts in German. Then the Sergeant appears, followed by Johnson and others. The Sergeant stumbles over Griffith.

THE SERGEANT:

Get him out of here!

Johnson carries Griffith out. The Sergeant and others dash down concrete stairs thru smoke, continuing attack.

332. EXT. AACHEN THEATRE

Johnson emerges from Hq. carrying Griffith. GIs are now racing thru the street past knocked out German mortars, machine guns and dead.

JOHNSON:

Medic! Medic! Hey, medic!

A medic rushes up, examines Griffith.

MEDIC:

Losing blood fast. Suffering from shock.
Grab a blanket!

As Johnson hurries off, the medic takes out plasma.

333. JOHNSON

passing FUR SHOP, part of which is ablaze with headless models and fur pieces burning. Arms, sticking up thru debris - lovely bare arms of models. Johnson grabs a beautiful ermine coat out of demolished window front, shakes debris out of it, hurries back.

334. MOVIE THEATRE ENTRANCE MEDIC AND GRIFFITH

Griffith is getting plasma while medic is treating leg wound. Johnson runs up, throws ermine coat over Griffith.

JOHNSON:

Don't forget, Doc, that's my rabbit.

A GI eating long wurst, carrying more, tosses one to Johnson. Johnson begins to eat wurst and studies smashed display front in theater entrance loaded with movie stills of current attraction. Johnson stares at still of gorgeous German actress showing plenty of leg, then stares at a huge photo of two actors in a violent fist fight. While the medic is working on Griffith, Johnson's eyes are glued to the movie still of the fist fight.

JOHNSON:

Boy, that's a movie I want to see. Must have a lot of action in it!

Behind him we can see the sign: "1ST SS PANZER HQ."

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

335. EXT. AACHEN THEATRE CLOSE A SIGN DAY

in place of SS sign, new one now reads: "1ST U.S. ARMY COMMAND POST." CAMERA PULLS BACK passing an HONOR GUARD of two U.S. rifle squads, a small representation of staff officers, some U.S. military and some German civilian spectators and HOLDS on the back of a 4-STAR U.S. GENERAL facing SERGEANT GRIFFITH. Griffith is in Class A uniform. A SIGNAL CORPS photographer is readying to grab photo of presentation. Street has been cleared, rubble and debris piled on sides. Clean-shaven and rested, Griffith's face shines.

4-STAR GENERAL:

Where's your cane?

GRIFFITH:

I didn't need it any more, sir.

4-STAR GENERAL:

Your outfit's slugging it out in the Hurtgen Forest. Do you really think you're fit to rejoin them?

GRIFFITH:

(emphatically)

Yes, sir!

335 (Cont.)

The 4-Star General places ribbon and medal over Griffith's head round his neck as flash from photographer's bulb explodes.

4-STAR GENERAL:

Sergeant Griffith, I'd rather have this Medal of Honor than be General.

CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSEUP of Griffith and medal.

DISSOLVE TO:

336. HURTGEN FOREST CLOSE MOVING SHOT GRIFFITH DAY

with beard, face haggard, mud-splashed, on brink of exhaustion - moving forward as SOUND of 20mm shells explode. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include the Sergeant, Zab .. and Johnson who is hauling his Aachen ermine coat bundled up on back over his pack. They are in f.g. In b.g. the Lieutenant and rest of the 1st Platoon. Vinci not present. All faces are gaunt, haggard, bearded - mute proof that this is toughest battle of all: tree bursts - and the elements. They work thru dark, treacherous woods, a damp green monument that is taking the strength out of the Fighting First. They plod on thru this wooded nightmare under enemy fire.

DISSOLVE TO:

337. THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

dug in, shivering. Enemy shells plaster area. Johnson is wrapped in his Aachen ermine - now muddy, torn.

ZAB:

If I had the Medal of Honor I'd be home now making speeches, fighting off drinks and babes.

JOHNSON:

How come you didn't go back to the States, Griff?

GRIFFITH:

Cause I'm a meathead.

THE SERGEANT:

You could've, you know.

GRIFFITH:

I had to open my big mouth.

ZAB:

(growling)

Ah...these holes ain't any good for tree bursts.

(CONTINUED)

337 (Cont.)

The Lieutenant crawls up to them with his carbine. Like them, he is bearded and beat.

THE LIEUTENANT:

2nd Platoon says those 20s are supporting warm bunkers, six feet deep, wood-paneled walls, stoves, blankets. The platoon that takes them lives in them.

THE SERGEANT:

Do we get first crack?

THE LIEUTENANT:

That's up to the Captain.

He smiles at Johnson wrapped in massive ermine coat.

THE LIEUTENANT:

Bet that's keeping you warm.

JOHNSON:

(grinning)

They been razzin' me for luggin' it all the way from Aachen, sir, but it's payin' off.

THE LIEUTENANT:

(touching the ermine coat)

What my wife wouldn't give for this ermine.

JOHNSON:

That's right, Lieutenant. Best kind of rabbit is ermine.

The Lieutenant crawls off. Suddenly the tree bursts stop. The men look at each other. It is uncannily quiet. They shrug, appreciating the break. Maybe they can get a little shuteye now. They try it, maneuvering into "comfortable" positions. Zab works closer to Johnson, slowly starts pulling some of the ermine over to cover his own body. There is a sudden crack of a German rifle, echoing thru the woods. Then there is the crack of an American weapon. The men slowly sit up, look at each other.

THE SERGEANT:

That was a carbine.

He is out of his hole with weapon and gone.

338. A DEAD GERMAN AND THE LIEUTENANT

motionless on ground, their faces in earth only a few feet apart, facing each other. The Sergeant appears, checks German for death, gently turns the Lieutenant over. Griffith, Zab and Johnson appear. Johnson has mud-frozen ermine over him. They stare at the Lieutenant with disbelief.

339. CLOSE THE LIEUTENANT

opening his eyes.

THE LIEUTENANT:

Did I kill the man who killed me?

THE SERGEANT'S VOICE:

Yes, sir.

Satisfied, the Lieutenant closes his eyes and dies.

340. GROUP

The Sergeant checks him, leaves. Griffith and Zab look at their dead platoon leader and leave. Johnson looks at him, covers the body with the ermine coat and leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

341. INT. SQUAD AID TENT

NIGHT

crowded with casualties blanketed on ground. SOUND of firing in distance. A medic giving plasma. The REGIMENTAL SURGEON checking patient. The Surgeon sees the Colonel enter. Haggard, red-eyed, mud-covered and exhausted, the Colonel chews on cigar butt.

SURGEON:

Your back giving you more trouble, sir?

THE COLONEL:

No, but you are! How come you're not sending back more men to the line?

SURGEON:

They're beat.

THE COLONEL:

I gave orders to reclaim them as fast as possible. How many haywire cases have you got here?

CHAPLAIN'S VOICE:

They don't have time to go haywire.

The surprised Colonel turns to stare at the wounded CHAPLAIN.

THE COLONEL:

How did you get hit, Chaplain?

CHAPLAIN:

Went out to bring back a dead boy. Pride in the outfit's keeping our men going, Colonel, but pride can't whip combat exhaustion. Only way to lick it is rest.

(CONTINUED)

341 (Cont.)

THE COLONEL

Take a look at the map and talk to me about rest!
Both sides of these damn woods expose our flanks.
My men've never been trimmed down like this before.

SURGEON:

We've been on the line 150 days.

A blanketed casualty is carried in.

MEDIC:

Exhaustion, sir.

The Colonel looks at the new patient.

342. CLOSEUP THE SERGEANT

A bad case of exhaustion.

343. GROUP

The Colonel blows his top.

THE COLONEL:

We're losing the cream!

SURGEON:

It'll get worse when the snow hits us. The menace
of trench foot and respiratory illness will knock
us cold. We're not only fighting Germans. We're
fighting elements!

THE COLONEL:

So's the enemy!

CHAPLAIN:

But they keep rotating men. We can't.

SURGEON:

With freezing holes to fight in and sleep in,
with damp, denseness, tree bursts, claustrophobia -
we just can't lick that combination in this wooded
closet, sir, not when we've been slugging it out
since June 6th without a breather!

CHAPLAIN:

It boils down to one fact, Colonel. Our spirit
can whip the Hurtgen. Our bodies cannot.

DISSOLVE TO:

344. HURTGEN FOREST THE CAPTAIN

NIGHT

passing men in holes, men hiding behind trees until he reaches Griffith and squad. The Sergeant is not present. The Captain looks at the MORTAR FO (Forward Observer) with radio. Then he turns on Griffith.

GRIFFITH:

We're all set for the new Lieutenant, sir.
(looking past Captain)
Is he with you?

THE CAPTAIN:

He was killed.

Griffith, Johnson and Zab exchange looks.

THE CAPTAIN:

Why did you tell the FO to give you every mortar we've got? You've tied up my section with your fire orders. Have you blown your top?

GRIFFITH:

(floored by this blast)

No, sir. I figured an alternate fuse-quick for the 20 mm's in front of that key bunker and fuse-delay for the bunker itself. It'll work, Captain. I'm sure.

345. CLOSEUP THE CAPTAIN

listening to Griffith's rising enthusiasm in the plan.

GRIFFITH'S VOICE:

While we throw stuff in their bread basket and shower 'em with tree bursts at the same time the 2nd Squad can flank that firebreak, the 3rd Squad covers us and we hit headon against that key bunker.

The impressed, desperate Captain reflects confidence.

THE CAPTAIN:

Okay, your platoon takes those bunkers.

346. GRIFFITH AND THE CAPTAIN

with Zab and Johnson behind them. Griffith stares, certain he has not heard right.

GRIFFITH:

My platoon?

(CONTINUED)

346 (Cont.)

THE CAPTAIN:

You've got the platoon, Lieutenant. Fight it!

The Captain leaves. Griffith stares, open-mouthed. Zab cracks him on the back. Johnson is grinning proudly.

ZAB:

Well, Griff, start making noise like a Lieutenant!

347. CLOSE A MORTAR SHELL

marked FUSE-QUICK dropped into a mortar.

348. CLOSE A MORTAR SHELL

marked FUSE-DELAY dropped into a mortar.

349. KEY GERMAN BUNKER

Griffith attacking with the 1st Platoon.

DISSOLVE TO:

350. COMPANY I COMMAND POST IN WOODS (SNOWING) DAY

A bearded, exhausted Captain faces remnants of his company: 45 physically whipped, bearded men.

THE CAPTAIN:

The Company's down to less than platoon strength but there's still a job to do. Anybody want to step out?

(no one moves)

The Division broke the German's back in the Hurtgen. We're being pulled off the line. The 9th Division's relieving us. Your big job's to do nothing but rest. We'll be spending Christmas in Belgium.

There is no reaction from the weary men who are too dazed and groggy for the words to sink in. CAMERA MOVES to Griffith, Zab and Johnson staring as snow falls, clinging to their beards. Too beat to react, they just don't believe a damn word of it.

FADE OUT.

3/20/58
132a.

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

AND

BATTLE OF GERMANY

FADE IN

351. A BELGAIN VILLAGE (SNOW)

NIGHT

A jeep passes roadsign: "HERVE," drives into village. Windows are blacked out. Smoke coming from chimneys. Peaceful. Quiet.

352. EXT. CAFE-MARBAISE

Combination hotel-bar-cafe on corner, windows blacked out. Jeep pulls up. Vinci, bundled in overcoat, gets out. Jeep pulls away. Vinci hears music, laughter, singing coming from inside. He knocks. No answer. He bangs on door.

A VOICE:

Blow, bum!

Vinci begins to kick door. A door is opened a few inches, a FACE appears pushing aside hanging GI blanket.

VINCI:

First Platoon?

FACE:

Yeah, but it's a private party.

He tries to slam door shut but Vinci stops him.

VINCI:

What do you mean, private? This is Vinci!

FACE:

Vinci?

He pulls Vinci in, slams door shut.

353. INT. CAFE-MARBAISE

exploding with GIs and Belgium girls having a ball. A GI is banging DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS on a piano. Girls are singing it with men. Some are dancing. Most are kissing. Zab is hugging MADAME MARBAISE, a mountain of a woman, behind a high white marble bar with its two black siphons. She is about fifty years old. Above them a gigantic caricature of her by Griffith, showing her massive laugh. It is captioned: "MADAME MARBAISE, HERVE, BELGIUM. DEC. 16, 1944. LT. GRIFFITH. 1ST DIV."

(CONTINUED)

353 (Cont.)

ZAB:
(spotting him)
Vinci!

Johnson, kissing a girl as they dance, turns, stares. The Sergeant, drunk in a corner, with a half-dozen girls, rises, goes toward Vinci. The three men embrace Vinci. Zab and Johnson are wearing Corporal stripes now.

ZAB:
Girls, this is Vinci. He's married
so you're all out of luck!

They mob Vinci, kiss him. He is overwhelmed by this tremendous ovation for him.

VINCI:
Boy, you really timed this shindig right
on the nose for me.

ZAB:
For you? The platoon's throwing this
party for Griff.

Griffith emerges through swarm of girls. He shakes Vinci's hand, pounds him on the shoulder. Vinci stares at Griffith's face smeared with lipstick - and then he sees Griffith's shiny new bars. Griffith is high and King for the Night and loves it.

VINCI:
(gaping)
Lieutenant! Hey - if I hadn't been
knocked out of action I'd've gotten
that commission.

GRIFFITH:
That's right, Vinci boy. Have a
belt!

They all drink. They kiss the girls. They drink again. The music begins. Zab drags Vinci through GIs and girls to the bar, introduces him to Madame Marbaise.

ZAB:
Meet the boss of this outfit. She
fixed up everything - girls, drinks,
steaks, eggs - honey, this is Vinci.
Vinci, this is Madame Marbaise.

(CONTINUED)

353 (Cont. 1)

She moves her 200 giant pounds from behind bar, lifts him like a child and kisses him. She squeezes breath right out of him with her bear-like grip. She is lusty. She laughs and the walls shake.

ZAB:

Fix him up with those Belgian eggs on
Boeuf-steak, honey!

He whistles for attention. It becomes quiet. He toasts.

ZAB:

To the Lieutenant who fought the
platoon from North Africa to Germany.

All men lift their glasses and drink to the dead Lieutenant.

ZAB:

And now - to the guest of honor -
(toasting)

To the new commanding officer of the
1st Platoon - best platoon in the whole
damn Army - Lieutenant Griffith!

They drink to his health. He is moved. The Sergeant, Zab, Vinci and Johnson meet his eyes. They are proud of him. They love him. And Griffith is too choked up to say a word.

ZAB:

And now let's show these Belgian babes
that the First Division is first in
war, first in peace and first in -
(gropes for word)

MEN:

(shouting)

Come on, Zab, say it, say it, say
it!

ZAB:

First in the specialized art of
schmoosing!

The piano player bangs away, the men grab girls and all
hell explodes once more. The music: ROLL OUT THE BARREL.

DISSOLVE TO:

354. INT. CAFE-MARBAISE CLOSE THE SERGEANT NIGHT

asleep in a chair, leaning back against the wall. He is snoring. O.S. can be heard soft piano playing - a romantic Italian tune. CAMERA PULLS BACK to Griffith dancing with a girl, holding her close to him, their feet hardly moving. CAMERA PASSES Vinci in a world of his own gently playing the piano. CAMERA MOVES into kitchen in rear. Zab is just finishing a platter of eggs on a steak. Madame Marbaise plants another steak in front of him and carefully puts several fried eggs on the steak. She sits, watching him happily as he digs into the eggs on the steak. He grins. She smiles, delighted that he enjoys her dish so much.

DISSOLVE TO:

355. INT. ROOM NIGHT

Johnson and the Belgian girl are in an embrace, sitting on a couch. In corner is a typical Belgian high bed with thick mattress and cover and pillow. The girl is very lovely and very young, about 19 or 20. When he comes out of the kiss he looks at her strangely.

BELGIAN GIRL:

(with soft accent)

Why do you look like that at me, Shonny?

JOHNSON:

You been nice to me.

BELGIAN GIRL:

Oui...

JOHNSON:

You haven't asked for any cigarettes or chocolate...

BELGIAN GIRL:

Non...

JOHNSON:

I - I don't understand... You must want something? I've got no nylon stockings, I'll tell you that.

BELGIAN GIRL:

I do not want anything from you, Shonny...
(kisses him)

JOHNSON:

Something's wrong here! I don't rate this.

(CONTINUED)

355 (Cont.)

BELGIAN GIRL:

Why, Shonny? Why is something wrong?

JOHNSON:

Well, I'm not the brightest dogface in the squad - I mean - I know I'm a big meathead and I never figured a beautiful girl like you would be nice to me unless -

She stops his words with another kiss. She strokes his face. Her whisper is as soothing as her hand.

BELGIAN GIRL:

I do not understand what is this meathead, Shonny....but to me you are not a dogface... you are a nice, warm, wonderful face... you are tender.

JOHNSON:

I never been treated like this.

BELGIAN GIRL:

You have never been loved like this.

(silence for a moment)

In school in Liege we were taught English... and learned much about your Benjamin Franklin...

JOHNSON:

(quietly)

I know about him. He was a great man.

BELGIAN GIRL:

Oui...he said... "after crosses and losses men grow humbler and wiser"...

JOHNSON:

You're real educated. Y'know something? I don't feel dumb when you talk to me. I always feel kinda left out of things. But not with you.

BELGIAN GIRL:

Shonny... it is not difficult to look down on others....but to look down on ourselves... that is difficult. Compris?

JOHNSON:

(shaking head)

No.

(CONTINUED)

355 (Cont.1)

BELGIAN GIRL:

We were taught that humility is virtue. This affaire d'amour has taught me something, Shonny....for five years I have seen many men, many soldiers...and always I knew my body was inviting and my legs beautiful and my nose straight and my mouth full and my eyes -
(pauses)

I lived on compliments, Shonny... I was always scheming to attract the richest officer, the handsomest of men...there was no intermission for me in my vanity....Oui...I have a fine education but I was so ignorant...vanity is bad, Shonny...like quicksand...
(kisses him gently)

You have helped me, Shonny...you have pulled me from the quicksand...Now do you understand?

He does understand. He does not have to say a word. Their eyes lock. He kisses her and the clinch is one of high passion. Suddenly the door is thrown open with a bang. They are startled by the crash. They turn.

356. THE DOOR

Zab is standing there in combat outfit with rifle slung. He is wearing his helmet, leggings. In his hand is another rifle and helmet. Over his shoulder is an ammo belt.

BELGIAN GIRL'S VOICE

Allez-vous en!

JOHNSON'S VOICE:

What do you want?

ZAB:

I don't want you, lover. Von Rundstedt wants you!

He tosses helmet, rifle and belt at Johnson o.s.

357. INT. BARN GRIFFITH

NIGHT

sitting on an ammo box, studying a map near a lamp. The blanket over door is pushed aside and the Sergeant enters. He, like Griffith, is dressed for action. He carries rifle.

GRIFFITH:

How's your head?

THE SERGEANT:

Big as this barn and twice as gamy.

(CONTINUED)

357 (Cont.)

They look up as the sound of a passing rocket, like a railway train running over iron bars in the sky, shakes the barn.

THE SERGEANT:

One of those buzz-bombs hit the hospital in Verviers.

GRIFFITH:

Most of them are headed for England. Vinci's been after the Old Man to check if Bridport's been hit.

THE SERGEANT:

How did it go with the Old Man?

GRIFFITH:

(smiling)

Oh, little uneasy at first when he briefed us but the other officers made me feel right at home. I wanted to use Madame Marbaise's place for my CP but the Captain kicked me out, took it over himself.

THE SERGEANT:

That's why he's a Captain. Now - what about Von Rundstedt?

GRIFFITH:

He's busting through with lots of tanks but nobody knows where or how many.

THE SERGEANT:

When do we pull out?

GRIFFITH:

We don't. The whole company's going to stay right here. Only one squad of our platoon goes out on the limb - on our right flank.

THE SERGEANT:

Where?

(Griffith shows him on map)

Only one squad?

GRIFFITH:

That's what the Captain wants.

THE SERGEANT:

He's the boss. Let's see that again.
(studies map)

I figure best way to get through that snow is to move south of Dison.

(grins)

Johnson's going to hate to leave this place.

(CONTINUED)

357 (Cont.1)

GRIFFITH:

He won't have to.

THE SERGEANT:

That's great. We'll pull this patrol
without him.

GRIFFITH:

You're staying here, too. I'm not sending
out your squad.

(the Sergeant reacts)

2nd squad is getting this job.

THE SERGEANT:

Why?

GRIFFITH:

(uncomfortably)

Why not?

THE SERGEANT:

Come off it, Griff. you can't pull a
stunt like that.

GRIFFITH:

(bristling)

Like what?

THE SERGEANT:

Like favoring our squad because you
were in it.

GRIFFITH:

Knock it off.

THE SERGEANT:

The other squads'll resent it.

GRIFFITH:

Let 'em.

THE SERGEANT:

I'm only telling you for your own good.

GRIFFITH:

Just don't try to run my platoon for me!

(embarrassing silence)

Didn't mean that blast.

(CONTINUED)

357 (Cont.2)

THE SERGEANT:

(warmly)

Forget it...look, Griff, it's just you don't start off your first command playing footsies with your friends. That can foul up everybody - and I don't want no part of it.

The other Squad Leaders enter. They gesture to the Sergeant, who gestures back.

2ND SQUAD LEADER:

What's the job, sir?

GRIFFITH:

Everybody holes up in Herve. I'll show you how we'll tie in. One squad patrols Disson for enemy tanks.

(the squad leaders wait)

1st Squad moves out right now.

THE SERGEANT:

(smiling)

Yes, sir.

The Sergeant leaves. Griffith watches him with misgivings.

358. INT. GERMAN HIGH COMMAND HQ

NIGHT

An elated GERMAN GENERAL is studying a gigantic situation map of the Ardennes, clearly showing, via arrows, the thrusts of the 6TH and 5TH SS PANZER DIVISIONS. Also evident are all U.S., British and German units by identification.

GERMAN GENERAL:

(into phone)

The bulge widened by our Panzers has thrown the enemy into confusion. The blitz is progressing on schedule. Bad weather and low ground fog should be given medals as our greatest allies. Antwerp will be ours by Christmas and we shall have Paris by New Year's. By January Von Rundsted will have the Americans started back to the beaches of Normandy!

DISSOLVE TO:

359. SNOW HOLES THE SERGEANT AND SQUAD

NIGHT

dug in, wearing camouflage snow suits, holding vigil and freezing while trying to get their frozen weapons to work. TRENT, a replacement, is working on radio. It is snowing.

THE SERGEANT:

How are you doing, Trent?

TRENT:

Still can't make contact.

The Sergeant moves out of hole to give him a hand.

360. INT. CAFE MARBAISE

NIGHT

Now the Captain's CP. He and his platoon leaders, among them Griffith, are huddled near stove, looking at map as he speaks. In b.g. Madame Marbaise is seen in kitchen.

THE CAPTAIN:

Battalion says all reports are confusing but Von Rundstedt must have beaucoup tanks to have thrown a Sunday punch like that. If he's headed for Liege, he'll come barging through us. How's that squad doing out on our right flank, Griff?

GRIFFITH:

Their radio must have frostbite, sir.

THE CAPTAIN:

Send a runner to check.

GRIFFITH:

I did, sir.

A GI DRIVER enters with weapon.

GI DRIVER:

Company I, sir?

THE CAPTAIN:

Right.

The Driver gives him a dispatch, goes to stove to warm up.

THE CAPTAIN:

(after reading it)

How come Regiment didn't flash this over the phone?

GI DRIVER:

I don't know, sir. Heard they're maybe leery the Krauts got a tap on our lines.

(CONTINUED)

360 (Cont.)

THE CAPTAIN:
(to a PFC near phone)
Get me Regiment.

PFC:
Line's kaput, sir. Bull gang's working on it.

THE CAPTAIN:
(to platoon leaders)
We're getting infantry reinforcements coming
in on our right. Make sure your men let
them through all roadblocks. Ah!

He beams as Madame Marbaise appears with platter of steaks,
with eggs on them. He and the officers sit to eat.

THE CAPTAIN:
(to hungry-looking GI driver)
Grab yourself some chow.

GI DRIVER:
Thank you, sir.

MADAME MARBAISE:
(to driver)
I have beaucoup boeuf steak. Come - avec moi.

She leads him into kitchen. The Captain and platoon leaders
devour the delicious chow.

THE CAPTAIN:
(to Griffith)
Tell Vinci no buzz-bomb fell on Bridport.

361. INT. KITCHEN MADAME MARBAISE AND DRIVER

as he digs into steak covered with eggs. She watches him
with a smile. CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSEUP of her face. Her
beam fades and with growing fear she stares at:

362. CLOSE DRIVER'S HANDS

using knife and fork not as an American, but as a German:
shoveling toward him with both utensils. A TATTOOED NUMBER
is revealed above his wrist.

363. CLOSEUP MADAME MARBAISE

perspiring as truth hits her with frightening impact.

364. MADAME MARBAISE AND DRIVER

His back is to her as he eats. She steps back, takes a .45 from holster on gunbelt hanging behind her, tensely flips safety off and aims gun at his back.

MADAME MARBAISE:

(in German)

Does your mother make steaks like that?

GI DRIVER:

(cfl guard; in German)

No, we do not put eggs on our -

He chokes on food, grabs rifle as she shoots.

365. THE CAPTAIN AND PLATOON LEADERS

eating, stunned by gun shot, dash from table to kitchen, CAMERA MOVING THEM IN rapidly. They are shocked to find her with gun, driver on floor. The Captain checks him. She kneels.

366. CLOSE DRIVER'S HAND

as she pulls sleeve back revealing his SS TATTOOED NUMBER and the SWASTIKA.

367. THE CAPTAIN AND GROUP

THE CAPTAIN:

SS! They must've parachuted hundreds of them all over our rear. How do you like that? In GI uniform! Tell your men to shoot any GI coming in from our right flank. They're Germans!

(all platoon leaders, but Griffith, leave)
Daskis! Get a medic over here! This Kraut's still alive!

GRIFFITH:

What do you mean shoot any GI coming from the right flank? I've got a squad out there!

THE CAPTAIN:

If you can't make contact with them they're out of luck.

(Griffith is astonished)

We can't take chances, Griff. We've got to draw a line somewhere for infiltration. And don't you leave your position. Keep the rest of the platoon in town, understand?

(CONTINUED)

367 (Cont.)

Griffith hurries off. The Captain watches him, understanding what Griffith is going through.

PFC'S VOICE:

2nd Platoon's on the phone, sir. Sergeant Stockwell wants to talk to you.

368. EXT. CAFE MARBAISE (SNOWING) NIGHT

Griffith is angrily headed toward his own CP when, in b.g., the Captain emerges from the cafe.

THE CAPTAIN:

Griff!

(Griffith turns)

One of your men from that squad out on the right flank has been shot up. He's over at the 2nd Platoon CP. Take my jeep!

Griffith charges back toward the Captain.

DISSOLVE TO:

369. INT. WOODSHED 2ND PLATOON CP CLOSE TRENT NIGHT

being treated by medic. Trent is the replacement we saw trying to fix the squad's radio in the snow hole. Griffith and several men of the 2nd Platoon are round him as CAMERA PULLS BACK. Trent is frightened and in pain.

GRIFFITH:

What the hell kind of talk is that - the whole squad wiped out? What happened? Come on, talk!

TRENT:

The Sergeant - and Vinci - they spotted German tanks.

GRIFFITH:

How many?

TRENT:

I got hit.

GRIFFITH:

(exploding)

I know you got hit. Then you took off, didn't you?

(Trent shakes his head)

What about Zab and Johnson?

TRENT:

They spotted GIs at our rear. Thousands of GIs.
(thru sobs of panic)

(CONTINUED)

369 (Cont.)

TRENT: (Cont.)

They opened up on us, sir. GIs - they opened up!
Thousands of 'em!

GRIFFITH:

(boiling mad)

That's what I get loading my squad with these
meathead recruits! One scratch and a few Krauts
and it's the whole damn German Army overrunning us!
(shouting into Trent's face)

Is the Sergeant dead? Did you see him get hit?
Speak up, Trent! Speak up!

Trent is sobbing.

DISSOLVE TO:

370. INT. KITCHEN CAFE MARBAISE

NIGHT

A medic is covering the dead German in GI uniform. He
and a litter-bearer carry him out, passing the Colonel,
his S-3 and the Captain who watch the body pass them.
They advance silently to a table as German is carried out
of cafe. Griffith enters. The Captain sees him.

THE CAPTAIN:

What is it, Griff?

GRIFFITH:

I've got to move my platoon to help that
squad! They're getting shellacked!

THE CAPTAIN:

Get back to your platoon and stay there.

GRIFFITH:

But the squad's been overrun!

THE CAPTAIN:

They're okay and get this, Griff, you're fighting
a platoon, not just one squad, and if you can't
handle the responsibility turn your bars in.

GRIFFITH:

(exploding)

Responsibility? That squad needs help right now!
What're we stalling for?

THE COLONEL:

What's all the shouting for, Lieutenant?

GRIFFITH:

My first command, sir, and my squad's out on the
limb!

(CONTINUED)

370 (Cont.)

THE COLONEL:

The Captain said they're okay. Stop worrying about them.

GRIFFITH:

But I am worried, sir! Damn worried!

THE COLONEL:

What squad is that?

GRIFFITH:

1st squad, sir, 1st platoon.

THE COLONEL:

(to the Captain)

That the group pulled out by White?

THE CAPTAIN:

Yes, sir.

THE COLONEL:

They're all right, Griffith.

GRIFFITH:

(an angry plea)

But, sir, I just talked to one of their men! He was in that action. I just talked to him!

The Colonel is about to blast him, but sees the terror and anxiety in Griffith's face - and understands.

THE COLONEL:

(to PFC)

Get me F Company 2nd Battalion.

PFC:

(into phone)

Break thru for Dagwood Six get me White...Hello? Fox Company. Hello? Hold on.

(to the Colonel)

F Company, sir.

THE COLONEL:

Tell Captain Cunningham to get that 3rd Battalion Sergeant on the phone.

PFC:

(into phone)

Dagwood Six wants that Sergeant out of Blue on the phone.

Griffith is sweating now in the silence that follows. He knows his career as a Lieutenant is over - but all he is interested in is the welfare of the 1st Squad - nothing else. Proof! He wants proof they are all right.

(CONTINUED)

370 (Cont.1)

PFC:

He's on, sir.

THE COLONEL:

Pick up the phone, Lieutenant Griffith.

GRIFFITH:

(grabbing phone; eagerly)

Sergeant?

371. INT. TENT F COMPANY CP CLOSE ZAB NIGHT

on the phone, eating a turkey leg, his helmet covered with snow, his uniform soaked.

ZAB:

(into phone)

Griff? Hi, boy! This is Zab.

372. GRIFFITH AND GROUP

relieved, sags to chair with phone.

GRIFFITH:

(into phone)

How's the Sergeant?

373. ZAB

ZAB:

(into phone)

He's out checkin' more turkey legs for the squad... Yeah, some Krauts in GI uniforms jumped us...coupla our wetnoses got hit...Sure we got hurt by tanks but not bad - this 2nd Bat's on the ball, Griff, backed us up. Hey, can you hear this? Listen!

He holds phone out thru tent flap. We HEAR distant singing in German. It is "Deutschland Uber Alles".

ZAB:

(into phone)

Ja hear 'em, Griff? Hah! An' I only thought the Italians were opera stars. Merry Christmas, Griff.

374. GRIFFITH AND GROUP

as he hangs up, wipes sweat off face. He feels better until

(CONTINUED)

374 (Cont.)

he remembers, reacts to the Colonel and Captain staring at him.

GRIFFITH:

(slowly rising; uncomfortably)

They're okay, sir. Thank you.

(a long uneasy silence)

The Germans are singing Deutschland Uber Alles to rib our troops.

(silence)

Their joke of a Christmas Carol.

(silence; he mops sweat off again;

swallows hard; to the Captain)

I'll - uh - I'll be at my platoon CP, sir.

THE CAPTAIN:

And stay there!

Griffith beams, starts out, nervously salutes them, exits.

S-3:

Is that TOT still on, sir?

THE COLONEL:

Yes.

(explaining to the Captain)

Every gun's going to fire one round at midnight along the entire front.

(grins)

A split-second Christmas Carol for the enemy.

THE CAPTAIN:

(glancing at his watch)

It's exactly 12 o'clock, sir.

375. FAST CUTS - TOT (SNOWING)

NIGHT

This TIME-ON-TARGET artillery salute is a big clap of holiday thunder as gun bursts flash in the wintry sky, becoming one thunderous symphony Dec. 24, 1944, midnight in the Ardennes.

376. INT. CAFE MARBAISE

NIGHT

The Colonel, Captain and S-3.

THE COLONEL:

(with a twinkle)

An extra note has been added to Deutschland Uber Alles.

DISSOLVE TO:

377. MAP OF THE ARDENNES AND GERMANY

SUPERIMPOSED over map is CLOSE of Griffith with Red 1 on helmet. He fires rifle. Explosion is timed with name of "MONSCHAU" on map ZOOMING toward us. The Sergeant fires and it is "BASTOGNE". Vinci fires and it is "ST. VITH". Zab fires and it is "MALMEDY". Johnson fires and it is "ROER RIVER DAMS" (CAMERA MOVING INTO GERMANY). Now the five men: Griffith, the Sergeant, Vinci, Zab and Johnson are firing together as CAMERA REACHES "RHINE RIVER" and MOVES TO CLOSEUP of "BONN" on the Rhine. SUPERIMPOSED OVER THIS is LONG SHOT of the Rhine River.

DISSOLVE TO:

378. INT. ROOM IN A BONN HOUSE GRIFFITH NIGHT

with the Sergeant and squad.

GRIFFITH:

The Germans blew the Bonn Bridge so we're
holing up here tonight. Tomorrow the Old
Man'll figure out how we can cross the Rhine.

DISSOLVE TO:

379. INT. BEETHOVEN'S ROOM GRIFFITH AND JOHNSON DAWN

asleep on floor. Light coming thru window awakens Griffith who opens his eyes, then reacts to:

380. CLOSE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF BEETHOVEN'S 5TH SYMPHONY

framed in glass on wall with Beethoven's signature. CAMERA MOVES to Original Manuscript of Beethoven's 9th Symphony with his signature. CAMERA MOVES to A PAINTING OF BEETHOVEN, a BUST OF BEETHOVEN.

381. GRIFFITH

intoxicated by this discovery as dawn light grows brighter. Speechless, overwhelmed by this terrific moment, he sits up, discovering he and Johnson have been asleep next to Beethoven's piano which is roped off. He feels the piano as if touching gold. Johnson is still snoring.

GRIFFITH:

(leaping up with a shout)
Beethoven!

(CONTINUED)

381 (Cont.)

Frightened out of his sleep, Johnson leaps up with rifle.

JOHNSON:

Huh? Huh? What'd you spot?

GRIFFITH:

(awed; as if in a cathedral; staring
at the original 5th and 9th symphonies)
Look at them! The 5th. The 9th!

JOHNSON:

Them divisions here, too?

Griffith devours the treasures on the wall, the letters
and photos and paintings. He turns to Johnson, anxious
to share this tremendous moment with somebody.

GRIFFITH:

Beethoven was here!

JOHNSON:

What outfit?

Still dazzled by the originals, Griffith goes from one to
another.

GRIFFITH:

He was born here. Of course! Bonn. This
is a museum now. We slept in Beethoven's
birthplace!

(he looks at Johnson to share
the excitement; a plea)
Come on, now, Johnson, you must've heard
of Beethoven!

JOHNSON:

(apologetically)
I don't know, Griff. So many guys come and
go in this outfit, it's hard to keep track
of names.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

382. A CROSSROAD SIGN IN GERMANY

DAY

reading: "NORDHAUSEN 8" "LEIPZIG 130" "BERLIN 190".
CAMERA ANGLES to the Sergeant and squad approaching through

(CONTINUED)

382 (Cont.)

hilly country, on mopup job. Zab takes off his helmet to scratch his head. He drops helmet. The sound of it crashing to ground makes Vinci jump as if shot - and Vinci throws himself flat on ground. Johnson picks up helmet, tosses it to Zab.

ZAB:

Danke schoen.

JOHNSON:

You're welcome.

THE SERGEANT:

(as Vinci rises, brushing
off dirt)

What's got into you, Vinci? You've been
jumpy ever since we hit the Harz Mountains.

VINCI:

You'd be jumpy, too, if you had a two-month
old baby you never saw! I can't afford to
let anything happen to me this late in the
game.

There is a rifle shot. The bullet misses Vinci's shoe
by inches. All men hit for cover. A GI is shot, yells
as he crashes to ground. The Sergeant signals he has
spotted the enemy. Points. His men lay down tremendous
firing cover as he zigzags to flank of a great rock.

383. THE SERGEANT

working to firing position, spots enemy, aims - but is unable
to squeeze trigger as he stares at:

384. A HITLER YOUTH

10 years old, wearing swastika armband with word: "HITLER-
JUGEND". He is firing a rifle from behind the rock. Suddenly
from behind him the Sergeant appears, grabbing the kid who
fights viciously. The Sergeant jerks weapon out of his hand
and leads kid forward.

385. THE SQUAD

staring at the kid. One of the GIs is treating wounded GI.

VINCI:

(furiously)

He came that close to getting me the
little punk! You should've blown his
head off!

(CONTINUED)

385 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:

You wouldn't've.

JOHNSON:

That jerk don't look more than ten years old.

THE SERGEANT:

He was on a rifle, he shot a man, by right I should've blown his head off. Well - what should we do with these punks? If we kill 'em we're called child-killers and if we let 'em go we're called American suckers. Hitler's got us coming and going with these little -

The Sergeant is so furious he could kill the defiant child who glares at them, unafraid.

THE SERGEANT:

We'll jackass him back to Battalion. Let them figure out what to do with him. But right now -
(to kid whom he jerks with iron grip)
I'm going to give you something you punks should have had years ago. Pull off his pants.

VINCI:

With pleasure!

Johnson removes his belt, gives it to the Sergeant as the Hitler Youth screams and kicks and struggles. The men crowd round him, blocking him off. We hear the belt come smacking down on his little Nazi stern. We hear the kid scream and cry as the strap keeps smacking.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

386. EXT. GERMAN SHACK A SIGN (RAINING) NIGHT
in front of shack reads: "1ST DIVISION COMMAND POST".

387. INT. DIVISION CP

The General and his staff are miserable. A tarp has been put up to keep rain from leaky roof from swamping them. Huddled round a smoky GI stove, they listen to the violent wind raging, look up as tarp above them begins to give - weighted with water. One half gives and they leap out of way as water comes down like the Niagara. One side of the shack is blown away by the wind. A plank falls. G-3 is glaring at a very uncomfortable G-1.

G-3:

This is without a doubt the lousiest command post in the entire history of warfare!

THE GENERAL:

Quit beefing. Think of those men out on the line.

DIRECT CUT TO:

388. INT. GERMAN CASTLE CLOSE ZAB'S FEET (RAINING) NIGHT

on footstool, stretched out in front of a big blazing fireplace. His shoes are off. He is moving his toes. CAMERA PULLS BACK to Zab leaning back in a couch. His rifle barrel is leaning against his shoulder. In his hand is a champagne glass. He drinks the champagne. The glass is empty. He holds out the glass. A woman's hand comes in with bottle, refills glass. CAMERA ANGLES to a GERMAN GIRL. She is wearing a house dress, low neck. She is not zovtig. She is a beautiful specimen, about 22 or 23, with soft, blonde long hair and body poets break careers trying to describe. She has class and poise and when she speaks there is the pleasant result in your ears of a well-educated woman. Her speech is a mixture of German and British, mostly British. Zab has moved in, there is no doubt. He is in paradise with the champagne bottles on a tray on the floor - and this sexy German sitting on the floor so close to him, serving him. He can't keep his eyes off her figure. She refills her own glass and they drink. He takes her hand, smells the perfume.

ZAB:

French?

GERMAN GIRL:

I would not use any other perfume.

ZAB:

So you're a countess.

GERMAN GIRL:

Is that so difficult for you to accept?

ZAB:

How many castles you got beside this?

GERMAN GIRL:

(smiling)

I believe one is enough.

ZAB:

And you're no Nazi.

GERMAN GIRL:

I told you, Corporal.

ZAB:

Hah! Every time we take a town nobody's a Nazi. We must've been fighting a lot of ghosts in your country.

GERMAN GIRL:

I can understand your attitude, but it is true.

(CONTINUED)

388 (Cont.)

ZAB:

All you Dutchmen are alike. When you know it's alles kaput you yell Hitler nicht goot.

GERMAN GIRL:

My husband said that because of Hitler Germany will be broken up into little pieces.

ZAB:

Not Germany, your highness - but Germans. Where is the count?

GERMAN GIRL:

He was killed in Aachen.

ZAB:

And he hated little Adolf enough to die for him in Aachen, huh? Come off it, princess.

GERMAN GIRL:

You don't believe me.

ZAB:

I wouldn't believe you on a stack of Mein Kampf. Why are you giving me all this champagne?

GERMAN GIRL:

A soldier always comes first.

ZAB:

That's the swastika in you, eh, countess? Anybody in your camp who can goosestep gets top priority.

GERMAN GIRL:

That is what we were taught.

ZAB:

You were also taught to give out with the Sieg Heil every time your Storm Troopers kicked old ladies and kids to death.

GERMAN GIRL:

We are all guilty of that...I would give anything to have never been any part of it...I would do anything now to help stop all this killing.

He puts his glass down, pulls her up to him, her body pressing hard against his. He runs his hand through her hair, down her face, across her shoulder down her arm.

(CONTINUED)

388 (Cont. 1)

ZAB:

You would, huh?

He pulls her face closer, sniffing.

ZAB:

That perfume is working on me. I'm really a gentle guy down deep.

GERMAN GIRL:

I would not like to face you on the field of battle. I saw you kill those two German soldiers in the hall.

ZAB:

I came in to get out of the rain and those jokers were in the way.

He pulls her closer. She does not resist. He kisses her neck.

GERMAN GIRL:

You still despise me?

ZAB:

Till I die.

GERMAN GIRL:

Then how can you kiss me?

ZAB:

Ever hear of Jekyll and Hyde? That's me. The good part in me says you're rat poison. The bad part in me says you're the juiciest female in Germany.

There is a clap of thunder. The wind howls. The rain hammers. The General's dogface is on the line.

DISSOLVE TO:

389. GERMAN VILLAGE

DAY

Griffith is leading his platoon through deserted cobblestone street that is S shaped. German signs are all over the street, some still hanging from buildings. All is rubble. He reaches the bend in street and stops. Facing him:

390. THE VOLKSSTURM

The People's Army: Old men, middle-aged men, old women wearing armbands and holding up portraits of Hitler. The mass of Hitler portraits reminds one of an election rally. The people are armed with butcher knives, rakes, shovels, rocks, pitchforks. Massed in the narrow village street, they form a rock against the platoon. There are about 100 members of the Volksturm - and seventy-five large portraits of Der Fuehrer are held above their heads. A 6-year-old CHILD standing in front of them is holding a placard that reads: "VOLKSSTURM."

391. GRIFFITH AND PLATOON

GRIFFITH:
(without taking eyes off
German civilians)

Fritz!

A S/SGT emerges. He is an interrogator.

GRIFFITH:
Tell them we're coming through. If they
don't clear the street by the time I count
three we'll shoot.

Fritz translates the words into German.

392. ANOTHER ANGLE GERMANS AND SOLDIERS

as Fritz finishes the ultimatum, turns to Griffith.

GRIFFITH:
Sergeant.

The Sergeant steps up to him.

GRIFFITH:
See that butcher knife near the window on
the left?

393. CLOSE A HUSKY GERMAN

near window, holding a butcher knife. He is about 45.

394. GRIFFITH AND THE SERGEANT

THE SERGEANT:
I see him.

GRIFFITH:
If they don't scatter get him with one
round. That'll make them move.

THE SERGEANT:
Right.

GRIFFITH:
One.

S/SGT:
Ein!

GRIFFITH:
Two.

395. VOLKSSTURM

stone-faced, not a person moves.

S/SGT'S VOICE:

Zwei!

396. GROUP

1st squad shifts uncomfortably, getting weapons ready for all hell to break loose. The Sergeant lifts rifle, aims at Herr Butcher Knife. Vinci is not present.

GRIFFITH:

Three.

S/SGT:

Drei!

The People's Army stand their ground. The Sergeant starts to squeeze his trigger. Suddenly Zab steps forward.

ZAB:

Hold it, Sergeant.
(Sergeant lowers rifle)

GRIFFITH:

(angrily)
What is this?

Zab whispers into his ear.

GRIFFITH:

What?

ZAB:

We got nothing to lose. She's a Countess.

GRIFFITH:

Which one?

ZAB:

That blonde babe in the second row, third from left. She carries weight - and them pitchforks can hurt.

GRIFFITH:

(shaking his head)
You're crazy you know that. Try it.

Zab advances to the People's Army. He shoves aside several men with placards. He pulls the German Girl out of the mob.

(CONTINUED)

396 (Cont.)

She is holding a Hitler placard. He jockeys her away from them into a doorway and talks to her. We cannot hear them. Finally she steps out in front of the civilians and tosses her placard to the ground and shouts in German for them to do the same and break it up for only blood will be spilled and they should be tired of all this killing. There are several grumbles, but gradually the people listen to her. Home-made weapons are dropped. The people form a path in the narrow street, hugging the buildings, shoving into doorways. Zab waves "okay" to Griffith.

397. GRIFFITH AND PLATOON

gaping, unable to believe this incredible sight. The Sergeant looks at Griffith with bafflement. Griffith smiles, shrugs.

398. VOLKSSTURM

still holding Hitler portraits aloft as Griffith and platoon approach. Zab smiles at:

399. GERMAN GIRL

in doorway. She smiles back, throws him a kiss.

400. ZAB

throwing back a kiss. He falls in beside Griffith and the 1st Platoon tensely moves through the People's Army, flanked by pictures of Hitler. The only sound is sound of their boots on cobblestones. People glare at them, but not a single man or woman makes trouble. The Countess had registered with great strength.

401. MOVING SHOT GRIFFITH'S PLATOON

In f.g. Griffith and Zab. All the men are relieved as they draw away from the Volkssturm in b.g.

GRIFFITH:

(mopping his brow)

How did you work that?

ZAB:

I told her if she called them dogs off nobody would get hurt. That hit her where she lives.

(CONTINUED)

401 (Cont.)

GRIFFITH:

It was that simple?

ZAB:

Oh, I also promised to take her to the States when the war's over.

GRIFFITH:

(with disbelief)

No German would swallow that line.

ZAB:

She's a Nazi. They swallow anything.

FADE OUT.

"THE BIG RED ONE"

3/20/58
160A.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

FADE IN

402. EXT. KAMP FALKENAU - CLOSE - A SWASTIKA PRE-DAWN

filling screen. As first wave of morning light breaks, the giant wooden swastika becomes silhouetted against a gray sky. CAMERA ANGLES to a watchtower set on stilts that raise it above top strand of wire. In it a tired German guard rubs his eyes, glances at his watch. CAMERA PANS DOWN to MAIN GATE under suspended swastika. Gate is flanked by 12-foot barbed wire fence. Sign at entrance: "KAMP FALKENAU". A MASSIVE GERMAN GUARD yawns. He wears the Death-head killers insignia of Himmler's pride and joy, the meanest SS concentration camp guards in the German army. His relief appears. The Massive Guard leaves gate toward compound and CAMERA MOVES him across area. On his left, behind barbed-wire fence, are six flimsy one-story buildings, prisoner barracks that look like immense wooden coffins. On his right, behind wire, six more barracks. In distance scattered buildings, including SOLDIERS' BARRACKS. He passes a small neat building. WE HOLD on this building and its sign on door: "KOMMANDANT". CAMERA MOVES to a window. It is getting day now. Thru window we see THE KOMMANDANT asleep in bed. Above him hangs Hitler. On a table near bed are a phone, box of cigars, half-finished cognac bottle, a glass, German newspapers and magazines. His Major's uniform is hanging neatly within reach. On it and on his hat we see insignia of S.S. Death's-head formation. He stirs, for something is awakening him. He opens his eyes, answers the phone. He listens. Now he is sitting up, swinging his legs over the side of the bed. Now he is standing as he hears the news. He nods, impatiently pulls the alarm. A SIREN is heard.

403. SOLDIERS' BARRACKS

Armed Germans spill out. The SIREN is still heard.

DISSOLVE TO:

404. WATCHTOWER - THE KOMMANDANT DAY

lowering binocs, wiping glasses. He is perspiring, the cognac running out of his pores. The quiet is killing him. He lifts binocs again, looks through them at:

405. TERRAIN - THRU BINOCS

No sign of enemy. Only rolling hills of shrub and woods in the distance.

406. LONG SHOT KAMP FALKENAU (100 YARDS AWAY)

CAMERA PANS DOWN to the Captain and Company I prone, lined behind shrubs and small rises. The Captain is back in action.

407. THE SERGEANT'S SQUAD

waiting for signal. Vinci is back in action.

408. GI SHARPSHOOTER - IN A TREE

aiming rifle thru telescope-sight at:

409. THE KOMMANDANT - THRU SIGHT

peering thru binocs. On his hat is sinister skull and cross-bones. There is a rifle shot. The bullet shatters the binocs.

410. THE RIFLE, SMOKE AND FRAGMENTARY ATTACK OF COMPANY I

75 men fire rifles from prone position as 75 men stand and throw 75 smoke grenades. Soon as the smoke begins to fill area between Main Gate and infantrymen, 150 men charge into the smoke as enemy tracers are seen - but the Germans cannot see the GIs. Reaching smoke, the same 75 men fire rifles as the other 75 throw 75 more smoke grenades. This leapfrog coordination under supporting rifle fire moves the company closer and closer to the Main Gate. Now the men begin to lob in fragmentary grenades. Since the area has quickly filled with burning white smoke, the frag's black smoke is distinct contrast. Smoke pops, frag bursts. Sound of fight begins to take on full meaning of this attack.

411. THE SWASTIKA

in the white and black smoke. We are high on CAMERA CRANE TRUCK to left of watchtower, SHOOTING DOWN on swastika over Main Gate. As GIs advance, CAMERA ADVANCES with them and just as the wooden swastika falls and the GIs crash thru Main Gate, this title crashes over scene:

LIBERATION OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA
APRIL 28, 1945

(CONTINUED)

411 (Cont.)

CAMERA MOVING FORWARD with attacking GIs. Gun positions are overrun. Fierce hand-to-hand fighting follows. But all the time the attackers are moving forward. All the time CAMERA is moving forward. The smoke is clearing. Now Germans and Americans settle down to the fight that counts: typical ground combat. Around buildings. Into them. Grenades. Rifles. Bayonets. Knives.

412. EXT. KOMMANDNAT'S QUARTERS

Two SS dash into building for refuge. CAMERA MOVES TO SAME WINDOW as Zab enters building, grenades them, is about to leave, spots cognac and cigars. He shoves bottle into pocket, grabs handful of cigars, sticks them in pocket.

413. EXT. RAG BUILDING

Four SS rush in. Johnson after them. He grenades door, charges in. CAMERA CHARGES IN WITH HIM. Two SS surrender. Two are dead. Inside we see old clothes, coats, shirts, suits, pants, union suits, dresses.

414. INT. OVEN ROOM

An SS enters, hides behind one of the big ovens used for the cremation of camp prisoners. The Sergeant enters, kills him. The Sergeant stares at the ovens, then leaves.

415. INT. TREASURE ROOM

Three SS are hiding behind a long table. On table in neat piles are teeth, watches, rings. A grenade is thrown thru window. The burst kills two SS. The 3rd tosses weapon down, rises, hands high. Vinci appears in window with rifle.

416. EXT. SMALL ONE-STORY CONCRETE BUILDING

with no windows. An SS appears, opens door, hurries in, slams door. An instant later Griffith appears. He tries door. It is locked. He fires several bursts, charges in.

417. INT. BUILDING

packed with dead inmates stacked like cordwood. Griffith gets sick to his stomach. He hears a sound, fires. The SS crashes to the floor. Griffith hurries out.

418. THE CAPTAIN

checking prisoners being rounded up as GIs are blowing the barbed-wire fences in front of inmate barracks. The GIs open doors of barracks. From the left emerge men, from the right, women.

419. MALE PRISONERS

emaciated, gaunt, all skeletons emerge from barracks.

420. FEMALE PRISONERS

dazed, sick, sallow, starving emerge from barracks.

421. FULL SHOT - CAMP INMATES

kissing hands of GIs, embracing them, kneeling and grabbing their legs in gratitude.

DISSOLVE TO:

422. INT. A BARRACKS - THE SERGEANT

DAY

investigating for hidden snipers. It is a filthy room with straw on floor for beds. He is about to leave, hears sound coming from narrow door. He kicks door in, follows his rifle in.

423. INT. TINY ROOM

A small table, a chair, some boxes. List of barracks inmates on dirty paper nailed to wall. He looks around, kicks table aside, kicks boxes aside and finds a GIRL cowering in corner, her eyes filled with fear. Thin. Long black hair. She is shaking, staring up at:

424. CLOSE - MUZZLE OF SERGEANT'S RIFLE

looking like mouth of cannon to her.

425. THE TWO

He reaches down to help her up but she retreats like a cornered animal and curls up - a terrified kitten. He slings his rifle. She watches that movement like a hawk. He has barrel on back, sling across chest. Slowly he reaches down to show her he is not going to hurt her. Gently he lifts her. She is weightless. He looks at her forearm. On it is her tattooed "1163". She stares at him, her large hazel eyes big and stunned. He smiles. Slowly her face reacts. She begins to realize he has not come to kill her. She flings her arms around his neck and buries her head against his chest and clings to him desperately as a child clings to safety out of a nightmare. He carries her out.

DISSOLVE TO:

426. MOVING SHOT - THE TWO

DAY

He is carrying her through open square, passing liberated men and women being examined by GI medics....passing starved ones fed by Company kitchen...passing all shapes of war and torture...passing pain, futility, sickness and throughout his walk it is very quiet. None of the GIs say a word. He passes Griffith, Zab, Johnson and Vinci herding prisoners. He passes his Captain...he reaches the Regimental Surgeon who is separating TB inmates from others. The first words spoken in this sequence are:

THE SERGEANT:

Doc, will you see what you can do for her?

DISSOLVE TO:

427. SQUAD BIVOUAC AREA - CLOSE - ZAB

DAY

sitting on a liberated chair (from Kommandant's quarters) in front of his pup tent, smoking one of the Kommandant's cigars. As he speaks CAMERA PULLS BACK to Griffith also in a chair, drawing a cartoon, Vinci writing a letter, Johnson cleaning his feet.

ZAB:

Ain't Havana but them SS punks smoked a fair Zigarre.

(watching Griffith)

Lieutenant Griffith.

GRIFFITH:

(in high spirits)

Yes, sir!

(CONTINUED)

427 (Cont.)

ZAB:

Think that French babe'll remember you?

GRIFFITH:

She's got a corner of her studio all fixed
for my bivouac.

He holds up the cartoon for them to see.

428. INSERT - CARTOON (ON TOP OF LETTERHEAD: "AMERICAN RED CROSS")

dated MAY 7TH, 1945, he has drawn a caricature of himself
wearing beret, smock, spade-beard ala French artist. He is
holding a painter's palette, drawing cartoon on canvas of
the French Girl as Mona Lisa - a very funny cartoon of her.
Caption coming from his mouth: "SEE YOU IN PARIS WHEN IT'S
OVER."

429. GROUP

smiling at cartoon.

JOHNSON:

Y'promised to draw one for me, too. I
want to send it to that girl in Belgium...
Boy, what a woman.

ZAB:

(sourly)

You serious about her?

JOHNSON:

Sure. When the shootin's over why don't you
come back with me to Herve...be my best man?

ZAB:

You mean for me to have any part in raising
more meatheads like you? You kiddin'?

JOHNSON:

You going to stay in the Army?

ZAB:

You kiddin? The Sergeant found a home
here - not me. The only uniform I want
is a blue suit with an American babe on
my wicked right arm.

A GI passes them.

GI:

Hitler's dead.

(CONTINUED)

429 (Cont.)

He moves on. The statement makes no impression on the squad.

ZAB:

No ring though. Getting married and being in the Army's the same thing.

VINCI:

How long we stuck here, Griff?

GRIFFITH:

The Russians are calling the shots. We don't attack the Elbe till they say so.

ZAB:

What do you mean till they say so? What've they got to do with when we hit and where?

GRIFFITH:

Search me. All I know is plenty of Germans are trying to reach our lines to escape the Russians.

VINCI:

Guy from K Company told me he heard a reporter said the war's over.

GRIFFITH:

Yeah - and that newshound got chewed for that phony story. That's the 20th rumor to hit the sumphole.

ZAB:

All I know is that it's sure one hell of a beachhead from France to Czechoslovakia.

DISSOLVE TO:

430. THE SERGEANT AND THE GIRL - NEAR WOODS DAY

on a picnic. She is delighted with the music box she is holding. It is playing "Blue Danube". She moves her head to keep time with the lovely music. On ground next to them is his drinking cup. Her features are exquisite. Fragile - but a sensitive delicacy that makes him think of a madonna with a halo of gentleness. She speaks English with European accent. Her voice and accent are soft. Her confinement has taken its toll, she still looks weak. The song dies down. She rewinds it. The music begins again.

THE GIRL:

It is so beautiful.....so beautiful....

(CONTINUED)

430 (Cont.)

He takes her hand, gently feels her wrist and her forearm, his fingers running over her tattooed number. She freezes. He wants to relax her, get her over this horror. He tries.

THE SERGEANT:

(reading)

Number 1163. That's the only name you remember?

GIRL 1163:

(with poignant regret)

Yes.

THE SERGEANT:

1-1-6-3 ... I've got the same number.

(she is puzzled)

1st Division. 16th Infantry. 3rd Battalion.
See?

She laughs. A healthy laugh, bubbling with life. She looks at him, her eyes filling with gratitude for all that he has brought her. To her, this big American soldier is as refreshing as balm; he soothes her like a prayer. She does not want this dream to end.

GIRL 1163:

I have just made another prayer that you do not have to go into the woods to fight.

THE SERGEANT:

So far I'm been getting the breaks. Means I've been lucky being able to hang around here.

GIRL 1163:

It will be over soon.

THE SERGEANT:

(shaking his head)

I've been through this before. I don't believe anything until it happens - official. Have some more milk.

(as she drinks)

You still can't remember where you learned to speak English?

GIRL 1163:

I - I've tried so many times...I do not remember much before I was brought here.

THE SERGEANT:

Well, it'll all come back soon as we put more beef on you. Main thing is, you made it.

(CONTINUED)

430 (Cont.1)

GIRL 1163:

I made it?

THE SERGEANT:

Means you'll be all right.

(takes out GI mirror)

See? Don't know yourself, do you? There's a little color coming back. And that's only the beginning.

GIRL 1163:

(looking into mirror)

Do you think I look good for my 35 years of age?

THE SERGEANT:

You look great.

GIRL 1163:

I am 21.

(puts mirror down)

Number 5548 was my friend. She slept next to me. She always wanted a mirror. She died in the rag room. The men in camp worked on slave farms, the women in the rag room. They sorted out thousands of pieces of clothes; the good clothes were sent to Germany, the bad to Himmler's workers.

THE SERGEANT:

(anxious to change subject)

How about another sandwich?

GIRL 1163:

Please let me tell you...please... I did not work in the rag room. Only the older women, those who were no longer any good for the House of Love.

THE SERGEANT:

(uncomfortably)

House of Love?

GIRL 1163:

It was where the German soldiers found their recreation. It was that - or being paraded naked in the camp every day until they decided to throw you into the oven. The German doctors performed all kinds of experiments on us with needles - some kind of narcotics...most of the time we were living in a - like a dream.

(CONTINUED)

430 (Cont.2)

THE SERGEANT:

Why don't you finish your milk?

GIRL 1163:

Please, I am not sick when I talk of it...I never dreamed I would be able to talk of it like this...but you do not make me ashamed or unclean...that is what it is...talking to you... it is like getting the dirt out of me.

The melody has run out. It is very quiet.

THE SERGEANT:

Thank God that's all ended now.

GIRL 1163:

I feel that my war will never end.

THE SERGEANT:

Everybody's war comes to an end.

(she shakes her head)

Ever hear of the One Hundred Year War? They must've had beards when they called it quits - but it came to an end. All soldiers know that.

GIRL 1163:

(shuddering)

Soldiers!

THE SERGEANT:

I can understand why you hate them.

GIRL 1163:

A uniform does not hide an animal.

THE SERGEANT:

No, it doesn't. But all soldiers aren't the same.

GIRL 1163:

Is it your profession - soldiering?

THE SERGEANT:

Yes.

GIRL 1163:

You were not forced to fight for your country?

THE SERGEANT:

No.

GIRL 1163:

(with growing discomfort)

You like war?

(CONTINUED)

430 (Cont.3)

THE SERGEANT:

No.

GIRL 1163:

Then why is it your profession?

THE SERGEANT:

Well, let me put it to you this way. You need an Army to stop things from happening - like the things that happened to you - and millions of others who couldn't fight back.

GIRL 1163:

But they were professional soldiers, too!
The SS, the SA!

THE SERGEANT:

It's a little different in our case. We don't put on a uniform to hurt people. We never have. But we've got to have people who know how to fight when our people are in danger. It's a career - like a lawyer or a doctor or business man.

(smiles)

Do I sound like a recruiting sergeant?

GIRL 1163:

What do you mean.

THE SERGEANT:

Not important. Important thing is a country's like your house. You build it strong to last. If a storm hits it, you lose it if it's weak. And if you don't care about your home, then it's not worth living in...it's not worth fighting for.

GIRL 1163:

Where is your home?

THE SERGEANT:

(grinning)

I found one in the First Division.

GIRL 1163:

No family?

THE SERGEANT:

(shakes his head)

If I come out of this in one piece - I want to take you to America as my wife.

GIRL 1163:

(staring)

You want to marry me?

(CONTINUED)

430 (Cont.4)

THE SERGEANT:

I've never wanted anything more in my life.

She rises, too moved to force words through her choked-up throat. The horror of the past seems to have been wiped off clean by his remark. All of it. She looks at him and her eyes begin to fill with tears and her face gives him his answer.

GIRL 1163:

I will pray that you come back in one piece.
I will pray hard.

He rises. Their eyes hold. The show of devotion between them is realized to the hilt. They don't have to say much. They know.

THE SERGEANT:

(quietly)
I'll pray, too.

He pulls her close to him and lifts her effortlessly in his arms. She is still a feather. They look at each other for a long moment, their eyes sparkling. It seems color is rushing back to her cheeks. He puts his lips against her ear and whispers.

GIRL 1163:

(softly)
I love you, too.

He kisses her on the lips. Slowly, during the kiss her arms drop limply. Quietly her life slips out of his arms and comes to an end. Her dead weight makes him slowly break the kiss. Her head sags. Her eyes are closed. She has died with the smile of a saint. He stares at her, rooted, transfixed. He has seen the dead before.

THE SERGEANT:

(a heartbreaking plea)
Wait a minute....wait a minute!

The ominous note of doom that is the warrior's bed mate seizes him. His cry has been unheard. He is speaking to a fragile corpse.

THE SERGEANT:

(chokingly)
Oh, no...no...please...please...

He sinks to the ground with his love in his arms and holds her close to him like a child. The Soldier and his beloved:

(CONTINUED)

430 (Cont.5)

Death. The pressure of all the war he has been through now engulfs him in this stunned grief. He begins to cry.

DISSOLVE TO:

431. EXT. MEDICAL TENT

DAY

Several medics treating GIs. The Regimental Surgeon sees the Sergeant approaching, carrying the girl. The Surgeon sees her arms dangling and stiffens and goes toward them. The Sergeant reaches the Surgeon. The Sergeant's eyes are red and the shock is still engraved in his hard face.

THE SERGEANT:

(very quietly)

Nobody shot her. She just slipped away from me....I don't get it.

REGIMENTAL SURGEON:

I told you. She was sick.

THE SERGEANT:

She was full of life.

REGIMENTAL SURGEON:

Sometimes it's brightest before the lights go out. Let me have her.

He reaches out to take her but the Sergeant hangs onto the only woman he has ever loved, ever wanted. He is still unable to understand why this happened to a girl so harmless, so fragile, so deserving of life.

REGIMENTAL SURGEON:

(softly)

Let me have her, Sergeant.

THE SERGEANT:

(hardly audible)

No dirt coffin for her. I'll make the box.

THE REGIMENTAL SURGEON:

All right, Sergeant.

The Sergeant surrenders his love and turns and walks away slowly.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

432. FALKENAU WOODS THE SQUAD

NIGHT

sitting in closed circle, in silence, very much depressed.

(CONTINUED)

432 (Cont.)

The Sergeant is not present. Griffith, Zab and Johnson are staring at the ground. Zab is chewing on a dead cigar butt. The Captain appears. Only Vinci looks up, then looks away.

THE CAPTAIN:

I've been trying to reach you.

GRIFFITH:

My radio's on the blink.

THE CAPTAIN:

Where's the Sergeant?

Griffith jerks thumb towards woods.

ZAB:

He's going to catch a bullet wandering out there by himself, sir.

THE CAPTAIN:

War's over.

The four men are not impressed. No reaction. The Captain smiles.

THE CAPTAIN:

That's how I took it but it's official this time. The Germans surrendered to the Division near Elbogen.

(the men begin to look up now)

Surrender leaflets've been dropped in the woods, signed by Ike and by the High German Command. The shooting war's been over since one minute past midnight, May 9th.

ZAB:

(glancing at watch)

Holy smoke! That's two hours ago! If I'd got hit it would've been on the house.

THE CAPTAIN:

Start gathering the Germans who want to surrender.

He leaves. The men look at each other. This is the moment they have all dreamed of, prayed for, were afraid to ever discuss openly for fear none would be alive to see it. Now that it is here, they don't know how to act or what to say.

GRIFFITH:

(suddenly remembering)

The Sergeant!

They rush off into the woods to find him.

433. THE SERGEANT

sitting on a log, his rifle barrel resting across it a few feet from him. He is in a world of his own, listening to "Blue Danube" playing in the music box in his hands. Very slowly a change comes across his face. He smells the enemy. He slowly turns his head to stare up at:

434. A GERMAN SOLDIER

holding up a leaflet and burp gun. He is about 25, tall, husky and tense.

GERMAN SOLDIER:

Nicht schiessen! Alles kaput! Finished!

He shifts his machine-pistol toward the Sergeant.

435. THE SERGEANT

springs like a shot and crashes the German to the ground.

GERMAN SOLDIER:

No! NO! Bitte. Kaput! Ich - please!

The music-box on the ground is playing the "Blue Danube" as the two warriors are locked in deadly kill. The German is now fighting for his life and fights hard. Once again, as in 1918 in Soissons, the Sergeant is in the very private war: hand-to-hand combat. The German fights dirty. The Sergeant fights dirty. Gouging. Kicking. Kneeing. Elbowing. The battle is exploding with violence. The "Blue Danube" music is beginning to die down. The strains are coming slower and slower. The two men roll over the box, crushing it. Near them is the surrender leaflet. The Sergeant feels the German's knife in scabbard and gets it out and lunges it into the German.

GERMAN SOLDIER:

(gasping)

Murderer!

He is still. The panting Sergeant tosses knife away.

GRIFFITH'S VOICE:

Sergeant! SERGEANT!

The Sergeant, breathing hard, exhausted, rises, picks up his rifle and slings it as Griffith, Zab, Johnson and Vinci appear. They are relieved to find him in one piece.

GRIFFITH:

War's over!

Zab strikes a match, lifts it to cigar butt. The Sergeant knocks match and butt to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

435 (Cont.)

THE SERGEANT:

Don't let those damn rumors go to your head.
There's people round here.

ZAB:

That was my last cigar butt! Give me a
cigarette, Johnson.

GRIFFITH:

It's official, Sergeant. The Captain just told
us. Been over for hours. Came down from Division.

Zab moves away from the Sergeant, strikes another match
to light cigarette. He tries lighting it like a cigar.

ZAB:

Dogfaces're going crazy making fires,
Sergeant. We ain't seen outside light for
three years and -

He stops, stares at ground, then holds out burning match
toward:

436. GERMAN SOLDIER

next to surrender leaflet.

437. GROUP

Zab turns, holding up dying match. They move toward him
curiously. He strikes another match, holds it down. They
see the enemy and leaflet. There is an uneasy pall of
silence and guilt and shock as they turn and look at the
Sergeant. He stands there - a pale ghost. The silence is
terrible.

ZAB:

Well, that's the last Kraut killed by the
First Division.

He tosses match away.

THE SERGEANT:

He wasn't killed. He was murdered.

(quietly)

And I murdered him.

(picks up leaflet; strikes match)

It's official all right..."Surrender all
weapons, unloaded."

(CONTINUED)

437 (Cont.)

The flame reaches his fingers. He stares at the leaflet, drops it. He drops the match and picks up the German's burp gun. There is no magazine. Zab strikes a match. The Sergeant racks back. They all pray that there is a bullet in the chamber. The flame shows the chamber empty. The Sergeant tosses burp gun to ground. Griffith is sick; tries to excuse this shocking act of war.

GRIFFITH:

You didn't know it was over.

THE SERGEANT:

(now the impact of his act
hits him with force)

He did.

He walks away with the gait of a dead man and their hearts go out to him. Slowly they follow him in silence. Zab, staring at the German, leans over, then hurries to join group.

ZAB:

He's going fast.

The Sergeant stops like a shot, whirls, leaps through brush and falls on his knees. With mounting hope he examines the German.

THE SERGEANT:

His heart's still pumping!

He strikes a match as the others rush to him, fall on their knees, crowd round the German. The Sergeant grabs leaflet, puts flame to it, uses blazing leaflet to give him light as he and Griffith examine wound. At the same time Zab is taking out his first aid packet and opening it.

GRIFFITH:

Knife?

(the Sergeant grunts in
affirmative)

All he needs is blood. We'll plug the
gash and haul him back.

The Sergeant and his squad work together for the last time in the war, work like a machine. Without a word, the Sergeant and squad are one. The Sergeant dumps sulfa powder on wound. Griffith stuffs sulfa pills into German's mouth. Zab opens the German's mouth. Vinci guides water from canteen down German's throat. Johnson keeps striking matches. The German coughs. All men react. He's got to live for the Sergeant's sake. The German swallows. Griffith gives him more water. The Sergeant is bandaging wound, stops flow of blood. They all watch tensely.

(CONTINUED)

437 (Cont.1)

GERMAN SOLDIER:

(opening his eyes)

Alles kaput.

Tension descends. The men look at each other, excited, happy.

THE SERGEANT:

(encouragingly; himself
again)

Not for you, buster! Nicht alles kaput
for you! You made it! I'm going to
wetnurse you till you're okay. Verstehen
Sie?

Tears of gratitude appear in the German's eyes. The Sergeant
takes cigarette from Zab's mouth, sticks it between German's
lips. The German puffs. The cigarette is delicious. He
smiles.

GERMAN SOLDIER:

Danke schoen.

THE SERGEANT:

(all choked up; smiles)

Forget it.

SUPERIMPOSED over the Sergeant and squad lifting the German
is the insignia of the Big Red 1 shoulder patch. More
lights begin to appear as the Sergeant and his squad carry
the enemy toward bright flares sputtering like fireflies
in a smokers' gallery. And still more lights and more
lights until the woods in Czechoslovakia blaze with the
full impact of V-E Day. SUPERIMPOSED over the insignia is
the motto of the 1st U.S. Infantry Division in big, bold
letters:

"NO MISSION TOO DIFFICULT

NO SACRIFICE TOO GREAT

DUTY FIRST"

FADE OUT

THE END