

T H E B R I D G E A T R E M A G E N

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FADE IN:

1 MONTAGE OF FINAL WORLD WAR II BATTLES - ACTUAL BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE

Briefly we glimpse the grandiose scale of the death struggle between Germany and the Allies. Upon this vast panorama we see the relentless advance of the Allied armies, the sullen retreat of the Wehrmacht leaving in its wake scorched earth and the corpses of hostages. Amid the shots of great forces on the move, we may splice in glimpses of our principals, without emphasis, but simply as if caught in the greater action by a newsreel camera.

(Note: All scenes up to titles will be black and white and shot in the style of the opening newsreel footage.)

2 EXT. GERMAN LANDSCAPE - SPRING - DAY - (BLACK AND WHITE)

An American spearhead unit of armored vehicles speeds along a road. On the left side, the Rhine River. On the right side, open fields; ahead, a bridge.

CAMERA PANS over the vehicles and the faces of the MEN, tired, tense, ready for action. Suddenly tracer bullets sail toward them from the other side of the river. The spearhead fans out, circles through the open field, still heading for the bridge. The armored cars return fire. Tracer bullets now sailing both ways across the river.

Heavier gunfire from across the river hits an armored car which lurches, bursts into flames, then explodes. A personnel carrier is hit, swerves out of control with the DRIVER slumped over the wheel. Men fall out. The main spearhead is much closer to the bridge now, moving faster at reckless speed.

With a deafening roar, the bridge explodes. Smoke, flames, debris in the sky.

3 INT. BOMB SHELTER - GERMAN RHINELAND HQ - NIGHT - (BLACK AND WHITE)

CAMERA IS CLOSE on a large military map of the Rhineland clearly showing the river crossings and the latest relative positions of German and Allied forces. A hand reaches in, roughly slashes a red cross over a bridge. Along the course of the Rhine other bridges have been similarly crossed out to indicate their destruction.

4 ANGLE ON FIELD MARSHAL VON STURMER - (BLACK AND WHITE)

Stiff-backed, impeccably dressed, cold-eyed, he taps the map with the marking crayon.

VON STURMER

Much too close. The Americans almost captured the Obercassel bridge. The Fuehrer is determined it will not happen again.

CAMERA pulls back to disclose several GERMAN OFFICERS, bleary-eyed, hair tussled, all of them obviously hastily dressed. Clearly, they have been pulled out of their beds. In foreground is GENERAL VON BROCK, bull-necked, tough, bad-tempered. His tunic is only partly buttoned.

VON BROCK

(testy)

Little chance of that. There's only one bridge left.

On the model Von Sturmer indicates American position northwest of Remagen.

VON STURMER

And already it is threatened by the American Forces. General von Brock, you must prepare to destroy the Remagen Bridge at the earliest possible moment.

VON BROCK

(unbelieving)

But that's madness!

(pointing to model)

We have 110,000 men who would be trapped on the other side of the river!

VON STURMER

(coldly)

Don't state the obvious. I am well aware...

VON BROCK

(excited)

But the main body of our men is at least a day's march south of Remagen. Their only hope of salvation is the bridge.

VON STURMER

The Fuehrer is concerned only with the salvation of Germany.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED

VON BROCK

You are prepared to sacrifice the entire 15th Army?

VON STURMER

The 15th Army will stand or die. The Fuehrer has ordered that not one foot of our sacred soil be yielded to the enemy.

VON BROCK

(harsh and deliberate)

Herr Field Marshal, if orders won wars we would not now be fighting with our backs to the Rhine, we would be dancing at the London Savoy.

Von Sturmer stares coldly at Von Brock. The German Officers look uncomfortable as they wait for Von Sturmer's reaction.

VON STURMER

(angry)

I suggest you speak more carefully, General. You might be misunderstood.

(he puts papers on table)

These are your written orders. In the present conditions, I must require your counter-signature.

Von Brock glares at Von Sturmer. He picks up paper, glances at it.

VON BROCK

(heavily, facing Von Sturmer)

Quite clear, Herr Field Marshal. I am to destroy Remagen Bridge as soon as possible.

He bends to sign the paper, then hands it to Von Sturmer, who gives a curt nod of acknowledgement.

VON STURMER

(sardonic)

Goodnight, gentlemen. I'm sorry the war has disturbed your sleep.

As if slapped, the subordinate officers snap to attention as Von Sturmer turns quickly and leaves. Head down like a sullen bull, Von Brock watches him go. Then, still standing where he is, he nods dismissal to his staff. As they go, his AIDE turns toward him questioningly. Von Brock glances toward the Aide.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

VON BROCK

(with bitter
irony)

What a brilliant plan to shorten
the war!

(a beat)

Do exactly what the enemy wants.

As he turns away, Von Brock's gaze falls on the model of the only remaining bridge on the Rhine. AS CAMERA moves in on model, we DISSOLVE through to real structure.

5 EXT. REMAGEN BRIDGE - DAWN - B & W

As yet little damaged by any hostile action, the railroad bridge is a grim and ugly structure dominated by its four squat stone towers. Planking has been laid between the tracks to facilitate passage by trucks and other vehicles. Across it now flows the sorry traffic of war -- civilian refugees, farm animals and carts laden with family possessions, wounded soldiers and military vehicles, all fleeing the on-rushing Allied armies. Interspersed with shots of the bridge are other shots of the adjoining little resort town of Remagen as its inhabitants board up windows or lock doors to join the eastward migration across the Rhine. Some of these faces we shall see again in the tunnel. But here and there the CAMERA finds individuals not yet ready to leave. FRAU SCHMIDT, the plain little wife of the bridge commander, watches the refugees with apprehensive eyes. On the steps of the hotel, the 15 year-old houseboy, RUDI, stops sweeping to stare scornfully at the procession until he is jolted into action by the hotelkeeper, EMIL HOLZGANG'S, impatient hand. Upon these shots we SUPERIMPOSE.

MAIN TITLE AND CREDIT TITLES

(NOTE: During titles the earlier BLACK AND WHITE gradually shifts into a muted COLOR, which continues throughout film. At conclusion of titles, the next scene will slowly expand from left to right pushing the shots of Remagen from the screen.)

6 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - ARMORED COLUMN BIVOUAC - DAWN

An American command car speeds along the road through the bivouac area.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

An armored column is starting to move out amid the SOUNDS of tanks snarling, trucks roaring, and the clank of armor, which will form background noise throughout scene. The command car stops and BRIG. GEN. SHINNER jumps out.

CAMERA on a dozen army officers as they salute. Shinner, a quick, scholarly-appearing man with steel-rimmed glasses, hastily acknowledges the salutes then starts to spread out an American military map of the Rhineland area on the hood of the command car. Quickly the officers gather round, but already Shinner is speaking in a deceptively soft precise voice. Under it he is every inch a top-fighting General.

SHINNER

Just got word from G-2. At least
100,000 Germans are still here...

(indicates
on MAP)

On this side of the Rhine. They're
starting to move towards Remagen,
but we're going to cut them off.

(turns to
his Aide)

Who's out front now, Colonel Dent?

DENT is tall, immaculate, correct - the perfect butler to a General.

DENT

27th Armored Infantry, I think, sir.

SHINNER

(smiles)

You again, eh, Barnes?

MAJOR BARNES is a beefy, blustery man who must strike a great figure at the Officer's Club. His whole training has been in military academies and such, and he speaks in a ripe southern accent. During the scene reactions of other officers indicate they peg Barnes as a phoney.

BARNES

(with practiced
modesty)

Somebody has to be up there, sir.

SHINNER

(to all)

All right now, listen. I want
those Germans.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

SHINNER (cont'd)
(with deliberate
emphasis)

First, I want the Remagen Bridge
bombed, strafed, shelled -- anything
to keep those troops from crossing
it. Got that, Colonel?

DENT

Yes, sir.

SHINNER

Next. I want an experienced armored
unit to make an all-out drive for
the river. Whatever's in the way,
smash it, bypass it. I don't care
how, just so long as they get there
fast.

DENT

Sir, the men have been on the move
for weeks. They're dead on their
feet.

BARNES

So are the Germans, sir -- if you
don't mind my saying so.

SHINNER

(a beat as he
looks at Barnes)

Think you can do it?

BARNES

I know we can, sir.

SHINNER

Good then, get going. You're
spearhead. Want you in Stadt
Meckenheim by nightfall.

(shows him
on map)

You'll have four hours to rest and
refuel. Then tomorrow, Remagen.

BARNES

Yes, sir.

He salutes and hurries away, crosses the road and stops
by a jeep as CAPT. COLT climbs into it and starts the
engine. Young, gaunt with weariness, surviving on a
diet of cigarettes, Colt stares at Barnes.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (3)

BARNES
(continuing)
We're spearhead again, Tony.

COLT
(half under
his breath)
Jesus!

BARNES
(sympathetic grin)
Orders.

COLT
Why does it always have to be us?

BARNES
(cheerfully)
Nothing we can do about it. Next
stop - Stadt Meckenheim.
(waves him on)
Give them hell, you hear?

Grimly silent, Colt gets into his jeep, slaps his driver on the shoulder and the jeep roars away.

7 EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - EARLY MORNING

Colt's jeep speeds along the road, past navy assault boats and army halftracks loaded with dog-tired troops. He swerves alongside LT. PATTISON'S jeep.

COLT
Pattison. We're on the move again.
Where's Hartman?

Lt. Pattison is tall, gawky, not yet quite sure of himself. He has the unmistakable look of a fresh replacement. He gestures up the road.

PATTISON
Up ahead, sir, still riding point.

8 EXT. A FIELD - EARLY MORNING

CAMERA IS CLOSE ON LT. VIC HARTMAN, a picture of indolence, lying sprawled against the wheel of a truck. He stares expressionless into CAMERA. Then he lifts a bottle of wine to his mouth, takes a long swallow, sets it down. Sparely built, but rugged, he has the drawn, fevered look of men too long in combat.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the full tableaux. A skirmish has taken place. The truck Hartman leans against is German. Nearby other smashed German vehicles still smoulder, their dead occupants lying amid the wreckage in grotesque disarray. Among them, completely oblivious of the dead, squat the men of Hartman's platoon, eating and drinking from the supplies in one of the trucks. Like Hartman, the men seem drained of feelings and emotions. They eat and drink in the kind of bemused hush that sometimes follows an action.

9 ANGLE ON ANGEL

Swarthy, ugly and repellent, Sergeant ANGELO slowly pulls himself to his feet, begins to drift off among the vehicles and the dead.

10 ANGLE ON HARTMAN

Expressionless, he watches the Sergeant.

11 ANGLE ON ANGEL

Easing along, he surveys the German dead. He nudges one with his boot. In the outflung hand of another corpse he notices a partly eaten breakfast sausage and roll. Almost absently he reaches down, takes the sausage and munches it as he walks on. Passing between the trucks he spots what he has been looking for -- the bodies of the German officers. Shoving the last of the sausage in his mouth, he crouches down and methodically begins robbing the corpses, assessing each item of merchandise -- a watch, a ring, a wallet, field glasses -- with a practiced eye.

12 HARTMAN

He comes slowly around the truck and leans against it silently watching Angel. The Sergeant turns and sees he has a witness. There is a beat. Then, unruffled, Angel continues looting the bodies.

HARTMAN

You know, Angel -- you're a pig.

It is a matter of fact statement as though he were talking about the behavior of some curious kind of animal. Angel turns and gives a wide, false, grin, as though he had just gotten a compliment.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

ANGEL

And I love you too -- sir.

HARTMAN

(eyeing the loot)

Retirement fund?

ANGEL

(easily)

Everybody makes a profit out of the war. Why shouldn't I?

HARTMAN

(indicating
dead officers)

Not quite everybody. Ask your friend.

Angel has an arm around one of the officer's shoulders in a kind of embrace as he tries, with his other hand, to lift a pair of field binoculars over the dead man's head. Struck by Hartman's question, Angel suddenly stares straight into the face of the corpse, shoves it away in disgust and turns indignantly to Hartman.

ANGEL

Don't you have no feelings?

Almost immediately Angel's attention returns to his loot and he recovers his earlier aplomb.

ANGEL

(continuing)

You don't appreciate ambition, Lieutenant. I figure by the end of the war, I'll be rich enough to move in next to you.

HARTMAN

You'll never make it.

ANGEL

Don't be so sure...

HARTMAN

If you don't get killed in this war, you'll be mopping floors in Sing Sing.

ANGEL

(grins)

Don't knock it -- that's celebrity row. Big shots! Headlines!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

HARTMAN

Trouble with you, Angel, you got ambition, but no class. You'll never make the electric chair.

Angel's big grin switches off. Suddenly the basic contempt and hostility between the two men is nakedly exposed.

ANGEL

(bitter snarl)

Why don't you get off my back?

Hartman coolly stares at a cigar that is sticking out of Angel's top pocket. Deliberately Hartman takes it out, sticks it in his mouth. In a gesture of absolute contempt, he strikes a match on Angel's dogtags, takes a puff. With a half smile he enjoys Angel's seething anger, then turns as Colt's jeep roars up. Angel moves off with his loot as Colt stares quickly about, taking in the scene.

COLT

Any casualties?

HARTMAN

We hit 'em too fast.

COLT

Good.

(a beat,
then tersely)

We've got a new mission. Stadt Meckenheim by nightfall. Tomorrow Remagen.

HARTMAN

Barnes volunteer us for action again?

COLT

(impatiently)

Forget Barnes. Brass gives the orders.

HARTMAN

And Barnes picks them up like a dog picks up a bone.

(imitating Barnes'
southern accent)

"Suh, there's nothin' mah boys like better than all that screamin' shot and shell."

COLT

Knock it off, Hartman!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (3)

HARTMAN
 (quietly)
 You're beat, Tony.
 (shouts)
 Sergeant Angelo!
 (as Angel
 trots up)
 Pack up -- we're moving out.

ANGEL
 Where to?

HARTMAN
 Stadt Meckenheim.

ANGEL
 Oh shit -- sir.

Angel hurries away yelling orders. The men spring into action.

COLT
 Why do you let him talk to you
 like that, Hartman?

HARTMAN
 They're the only sounds he can
 make.
 (a beat)
 And he bites real hard.

COLT
 (tight-lipped)
 You riding point or do you want
 me to take it?

HARTMAN
 I am -- but, Tony, don't let's be
 too eager to win the war in the next
 five minutes.

Hartman strides away rapidly. Suddenly he seems to have tapped some new reserves of energy. As he checks men, weapons, and vehicles, his eyes miss nothing. Moving around a personnel carrier, he becomes the unseen witness to an attempted deal.

Angel is roping down jerry cans on a truck, aided by CORP. JELLICOE, a gullible Missouri redneck with a perennial wad of tobacco tucked in his cheek.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4)

ANGEL

Ninety bucks.

As Jellicoe studies watch in his hand.

ANGEL

(continuing)

Twenty-seven jewels for Christ
sake. Swiss movement, best damn
German watch you can buy!

JELlicOE

Payday?

ANGEL

Payday, hell. Now!

Jellicoe still stares at the watch. Hartman moves forward, pulls on ropes. Satisfied. Glances at watch.

HARTMAN

You're a fool if you give more
than twenty.

As Angel glares, Hartman strides on, passes PVT. SLAVEK, a big, unkempt soldier, with a sly, humorous glint in his eye, and the general appearance of an unmade bed.

PVT. SLAVEK

(a joke)

Hey, Lieutenant -- I hear we're
getting a three-day pass!

HARTMAN

(without stopping)

You've got more chance of being
hit by lightning.

(a beat)

You slobs get me to the river in
one piece, I'll guarantee you a
three-day pass.

He stops to look at PVT. GLOVER -- a very young, nervous, perennial country boy, toward whom the whole platoon has a protective, paternal feeling. He is squinting through a camera.

HARTMAN

(continuing)

Angel got to you, too - eh, Glover?

Glover quickly puts the camera aside.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (5)

GLOVER

(shyly)

I was thinking of taking up
photography after the war.

Hartman has picked up Glover's rifle. Quick inspection.
He throws it to Glover. Glover expertly catches it.

HARTMAN

This is your trade now, kid.

(sharp)

Clean it.

A few steps further on, Hartman looks up at PVT. BISSELL who is loading a machine gun in a careless manner. Bissell is a beetle-browed soldier, slow of wit, addicted to comic books which he studies incessantly. Without a word Hartman climbs onto the vehicle, swings the gun around and presses the trigger. Nothing happens. Bissell freezes.

Hartman makes a quick inspection of gun, He makes an adjustment, again tests gun and FIRES a burst. Now he swings on Bissell with explosive force.

HARTMAN

(continuing)

Don't foul up on this gun again,
Bissell. If you want to get killed,
I can make it easy for you!

He jumps down. Just beyond is a German command car with GERMAN MARKINGS. CORP. GREBS is testing the engine. Grebs is a good soldier -- compactly built, efficient and cheerful.

HARTMAN

She ready to run?

GREBS

I think so.

HARTMAN

(dryly)

She'd better. That's our secret
weapon.

Hartman's jeep pulls up. He jumps in, taps the Driver on the shoulder. The jeep speeds off toward the head of the line of armored vehicles.

(Again the new scene pushes the previous one off the screen. As Hartman's jeep leads off platoon on one side of screen, Kreuger's staff car is seen entering from the other side.)

13 EXT. RHINELAND HQ - DAY

It is an ancient baronial mansion that has suffered some bomb damage. Amid hectic activity in the courtyard with couriers dashing in and out, the staff car pulls up and MAJOR ERNST KREUGER steps out of the car. He looks the aristocrat that he is. A youthful LIEUTENANT comes running, salutes.

LIEUTENANT

Major Kreuger?

Kreuger nods.

LIEUTENANT

This way please.

He escorts Kreuger up the steps.

14 INT. RHINELAND HQ - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

Preceded by the Lieutenant, Kreuger enters a room jammed with personnel, moving from desk to desk, manning telephones, radio equipment.

LIEUTENANT

One moment, please.

He knocks on a door and enters. Kreuger waits, observing the activity, listening to the BABBLE of voices.

The Lieutenant holds the office door open. Inside the office we see General von Brock, motioning to Kreuger to enter.

15 INT. VON BROCK'S OFFICE - DAY

A spacious, high-ceilinged room that was once the hunting room of the mansion's aristocratic owner. Mounted heads of boar and deer, and other hunting trophies still hang upon the walls and above the great fireplace. But now maps, charts and other military paraphernalia are evidence of its present wartime use. Between Von Brock's desk and the fireplace is a large table model of the Rhine area under Von Brock's command. Beyond it, through the wide windows can be glimpsed an outbuilding or two and part of a pleasant open meadow sheltered by a thin windbreak of trees.

VON BROCK

Ernst! I'm so glad you could come.

(stands back)

You're looking well.

KREUGER

Feeling much better, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

Kreuger opens a handsome cigarette case, bearing in bold and unmistakable relief the Kreuger family crest.

VON BROCK

(as Kreuger
lights cigarette)

And your father? I haven't heard from the General for some time.

KREUGER

Impossible. He wasn't made for retirement.

VON BROCK

(a rueful shrug)

None of us are.

(a beat)

I had no idea you were in the hospital.

KREUGER

(slight shrug)

It's unimportant. I signed my own discharge.

VON BROCK

Not too soon, I hope!

KREUGER

(ironic smile)

With the Russians already in East Prussia?

(a beat)

And here...?

VON BROCK

Worse! Total confusion. Every day I get orders to attack with divisions that no longer exist.

(with grim humor)

Hitler still thinks he's winning the war.

Kreuger gives Von Brock a non-committal stare.

KREUGER

(after a beat)

The army helped Hitler into power. Are you saying we made a mistake?

Von Brock gives Kreuger a look, ignores the question.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

He strides to the table model of Rhineland, stares hard at it. Kreuger moves beside him. Abruptly Von Brock plants a beefy hand on the model.

VON BROCK
Here... the 15th Army, 110,000
men, trapped...

(moves hand)
Here the Remagen Bridge -- the
only way to save those men! And
what are my orders? Blow it up!
What in God's name can I do?

KREUGER
(evenly)
One can only do one's duty.

VON BROCK
(a grunt)
And what is that?

KREUGER
(with sudden
strength)
Delay. Try to save the army. Hold
the bridge as long as possible.

VON BROCK
(trying to
disguise
his relief)
You're suggesting I ignore an order?

They stare in each other's faces, each now exposed to the other.

VON BROCK
(continuing;
a beat)
If I put you in command of the
bridge, would you hold it open
until the last possible moment?

KREUGER
What are the defenses?

Von Brock strides over to his desk and picks up a paper, scans it.

VON BROCK
One regular Company, a reserve
Company, 600 volunteers from the East,
200 Hitler Youth, an anti-aircraft
unit, a bridge detail -- about 1600
men all told, fully equipped.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

KREUGER
(encouraged)
Not bad.
(turns back
to model)
Where are the Americans?

VON BROCK
(indicating)
About here... toward Bonn.

KREUGER
What if they break through towards
Stadt Meckenheim and threaten Remagen?

VON BROCK
I have managed to hold two panzer
battalions in reserve.

KREUGER
(weighs information,
then)
I think I should leave at once.

VON BROCK
Excellent.
(warmly)
Ernst, you understand in the
circumstances I cannot give you
written orders. But I do promise
you my full support.

KREUGER
From you, sir, that's quite enough.

They shake hands and salute. Kreuger turns and walks
through Communications Center down corridor toward
stairway.

(Kreuger walking down corridor is now pushed from
screen by U.S. armored column.)

16 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Led by Able Company, the armored unit speeds through
rolling country. In the lead jeep, Hartman is some
distance ahead of the following vehicles. As he comes
round a bend cut into a hill, he slows down, signals
for the column behind him to halt. It stops, sheltered
from view ahead by the hillside. Hartman climbs out,
waves his jeep back, then crouches at roadside to peer
through binoculars at a distant farmhouse. Silently,
Angel joins him.

17 FARMHOUSE - BINOCULAR SHOT

Several hundred yards off the main road, across a sloping open field, lies a farm compound -- house, barn, barnyard, all joined in a single unit by the barnyard wall. Nothing could look more peaceful. A lane lined by trees leads off at an angle from the farm to a lateral road in background.

18 BACK WITH HARTMAN

Colt's jeep screams up on road next to Hartman.

COLT

What's wrong? Why have you stopped?

Hartman lowers his binoculars.

HARTMAN

Checking on the farm ahead.

COLT

What do you see?

HARTMAN

Nothing.

COLT

Then get going!

Hartman is still staring at the building.

HARTMAN

It's all too easy -- no mines, roadblocks...

COLT

They don't have time. They're pulling out. The whole damn German Army's on the run.

HARTMAN

(shakes his head)

Don't you wish they were going to give it to us that easy!

He climbs out of his jeep still peering ahead.

COLT

So you're going to stop at every farmhouse, every...

HARTMAN

Don't know. Tell you as I get to them.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

COLT

Why the hell don't you admit it?
You don't like riding point!

HARTMAN

(expressionless)

I don't like riding point.

COLT

(angry)

All right, I'll ride point. Just
you keep up tight behind me!

HARTMAN

Depends how fast you're going.

In a fury, Colt gestures to his Driver to proceed ahead. The jeep takes off and speeds down the road. Hartman shakes his head, starts back into his own jeep.

19 INT. COLT'S JEEP

His gaze on the distant farmhouse, Colt holds a machine pistol loosely in his lap as the jeep speeds ahead.

An EXPLOSION shatters the jeep, killing its occupants and flinging their bodies into the road.

20 HARTMAN AND ANGEL

Instinctively they start toward Colt, but a burst of machine gun fire rakes the road. Turning, they bolt back, dive into the ditch near their vehicles. The gunfire ceases. Enmity briefly blacked out, they are suddenly superbly efficient men of war.

ANGEL

What was it... a mine?

HARTMAN

Panzerfaust, I think.

(angrily)

I knew that setup was too goddam
perfect!

ANGEL

Can we bypass it?

HARTMAN

(shakes head)

Did you look at the map? No chance.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

HARTMAN (cont'd)

(thinking)

I got a pretty good look through the glasses. The panzerfaust has got to be at the corner of the barnyard. If I took that lane that comes in from the other side...

(breaks off,
calls)

Grebs! Get the kraut command car!

In background Grebs springs into action.

ANGEL

Going in the back way, huh? Why don't I take a couple of armored cars and rush them from this side?

HARTMAN

Not till I get the panzerfaust. Wait till you hear the grenades, then you come up that field fast - and I mean fast.

Hartman rises, runs across the road and jumps into the German command car.

21 INT. GERMAN COMMAND CAR - DAY

Grebs is driving the car along a back road. He is not happy. Hartman, in the back seat, has a machine pistol and grenades beside him.

HARTMAN

Don't take it too fast, Grebs. Just normal speed.

GREBS

If they see our uniforms... Goodbye, Nancy.

Hartman touches Grebs' shoulder, gestures for him to turn into tree-lined lane. Beyond them the farmhouse looms much closer. Screened by the trees, they approach the building. Both men are increasingly tense as Hartman rolls down window preparing for action.

HARTMAN

(quietly)

When we break from the trees, just bring the car right up alongside the wall at the corner.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

In background we hear distant German voices that carry a note of excitement.

GREBS

I think they've seen us, sir.

HARTMAN

Hit the pedal, Grebs -- all the way!

As they careen forward machine gun fire almost intercepts them before they reach the wall. As they come to the corner, Hartman swiftly lobbs two grenades over the wall. Instantly there are the flash and concussion of explosions.

22 AT ROADSIDE

The armored cars, commanded by Angel, have been detached from the column. Engines running they have been waiting, hidden from the farmhouse. Now immediately, following the distant explosions of Hartman's grenades, Angel signals the charge.

23 WITH ANGEL

Weaving, light machine guns firing, the two cars charge up the open fields at breakneck speed, bouncing violently across the rough terrain. Around them, answering fire from the farmhouse kicks up the ground.

24 EXT. FARM COMPOUND - DAY

Swerving in evasive maneuvers as they race across the field, the armored cars reach the farm compound as Hartman's command car whips around the corner of the buildings. All guns firing into the farmhouse and out-buildings, the three vehicles - with Hartman in the lead - roar around the compound like Indians circling a wagon train.

Hartman's command car and one of the armored cars slam to a halt. Firing and hurling grenades, Hartman and the men dive through the shattered windows. From inside we hear shouts and screams.

25 EXT. BARNYARD

A square dirt yard enclosed by house, barn and wall, its main entrance is a high double gate now bolted.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

In background smoke billows from the barn. Through it, flushed by Hartman's group, Germans run into the courtyard, some with weapons.

With a crash, the gate ahead of them bursts open as Angel's armored car roars through. His machine gun rakes the yard, flinging the Germans like rag dolls onto the ground and against the walls.

Abruptly, all is silent. Hartman comes from the house, stares at the death around him as he crosses the ravaged courtyard. He stops at the armored car as Angel, hot and grim, climbs out and looks at German corpses.

ANGEL

(harshly)

That's the way I like to see the bastards!

Hartman coolly ignores Angel's outburst.

HARTMAN

Check on the buildings.

Hartman moves on past dead panzerfaust crew and through the shattered entrance gate.

26 EXT. FARM GATE

Near it, several young trees are beginning to flower. Beyond them the countryside rolls away gently into the distance -- a pastoral landscape of utter peace except for the platoon's weapons carrier driving up the road toward farmhouse.

27 ON HARTMAN

As his gaze holds on the scene for only an instant, we see him in an unguarded moment -- a man of sensibility, the man he was before war brutalized all his actions.

28 INT. FARMHOUSE - ANGEL

From a window he glimpses Hartman's private moment of introspection, of flight from combat. On Angel's face is an expression of sardonic contempt for what he sees as Hartman's weakness, his Achilles' heel.

As Jellicoe moves up behind him, Angel becomes conscious of another SOUND, the distant cackle of alarmed chickens. The two exchange a look.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

ANGEL

Jellicoe -- do you like chicken?

With a single thought, the pair turn and hurry off.

29 EXT. FARM GATE

Hartman watches as the weapons carrier drives up and stops. In the back, Colt's body lies under a tarp, only his boots sticking out.

DRIVER

(explaining)

I couldn't just leave the Captain
in the road, sir.

Hartman nods. As he turns away he sees Glover, head lowered and knees drawn up, slumped against the wall.

HARTMAN

You all right, soldier?

Glover raises his head.

GLOVER

Yes, sir.

(a beat)

For a minute I just felt awful tired.

HARTMAN

That's the way it hits you sometimes.

OVERSCENE comes the LOUD CLAMOR of shouting men and squawking chickens. Hartman looks through gate.

30 INT. BARN - DAY

In the dim light, Angel and Jellicoe seem to be doing some crazy dance as they try to corner chickens escaped from their broken pens. But at the last moment, they soar past the two men into the barnyard. Angel and Jellicoe rush after the birds.

ANGEL

(a yell)

Head 'em off, you guys! Head 'em
off!

31 EXT. BARNYARD - DAY

Shrieking and laughing in a kind of wild hysteria, Angel and Jellicoe pursue the chickens as they flap about among the German corpses. Around them the other soldiers have formed a noisy laughing circle of spectators cheering on Angel and Jellicoe, like an audience at a cockfight.

32 EXT. FARM GATE - DAY

Major Barnes drives up and stops. Hartman waits as Barnes gets out of the car.

BARNES

What happened?

HARTMAN

They started shooting at us.

Barnes glares at Hartman, is about to explode, checks himself.

BARNES

Where's Colt?

Hartman points to the feet sticking out of the weapons carrier. Barnes stares at the dead body.

BARNES

How did he get it?

HARTMAN

He was trying too hard.

(a beat)

Or he was pushed too hard.

BARNES

What the hell do you mean by that?

HARTMAN

Tony was tired. He got careless.

BARNES

(impatiently)

We're all pushed too hard. We're all tired.

HARTMAN

Not as tired as Tony.

Barnes, eager now to shift the subject, glares at the men who are yelling and laughing in a circle around the chickens.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

BARNES
What the hell is that?

HARTMAN
(staring off)
I guess you could call it a
victory dance.

Barnes is not amused. He'd like to blast Hartman, but somehow it always boomerangs.

BARNES
Now you listen to me, Lieutenant.
I want your men in Stadt Meckenheim
-- tonight! Not tomorrow - tonight!

Without waiting reply, he turns on his heel, climbs into his car and drives off as Hartman's jeep comes up.

HARTMAN
(a shout)
Angell!

The tumult quickly dies away. In background Angel turns grinning toward Hartman.

ANGEL
Just having a little recreation
-- sir!

HARTMAN
Move it.

He walks toward his jeep as men scatter to their vehicles. About to climb into the jeep, Hartman stops as Angel comes up. The sergeant is a repellent sight - dirty and blood-smearred. Grinning provocatively, he holds up two headless, bloodied hens.

ANGEL
Chicken dinner!

He winks. Hartman merely stares at him with a disgust approaching nausea.

ANGEL
(continuing)
What's the matter, Lieutenant?
Lose your appetite?

HARTMAN
(evenly)
I lose my appetite every time
I look at you.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL
 (sweetly)
 Can't let a little chicken blood
 upset you, Lieutenant.

Elaborately he wipes his bloodied hands on his uniform.

HARTMAN
 Didn't you forget something?

ANGEL
 Like what?

HARTMAN
 (nodding toward
 barnyard)
 Those dead Germans back there.

ANGEL
 Already checked them, sir. Nothing
 much worth keeping -- except this.

He holds out a bloody fist, turns it so the light glitters
 on the stone in a heavy gold ring.

HARTMAN
 That's what I admire about you,
 Angel. You're a true patriot.

ANGEL
 And you're an officer and a
 gentleman fighting your la-de-da
 war! Well, I been in it all my
 life. While you were sucking a
 tit in a nursery, I grew up in a
 garbage can. I know what it's
 all about. This!

He holds up his stained hands to Hartman's steady gaze.
 Then, as if suddenly ashamed at letting himself be carried
 away, he turns, goes back toward his armored car and throws
 the chickens inside.

Hartman watches him an instant, expressionless, then climbs
 into his jeep, nods quickly to his driver and the jeep
 drives away.

(Scene is pushed off screen by following scene.)

33 EXT. REMAGEN BRIDGE - DAY

The bridge is swarming with east-bound traffic, wounded
 soldiers, fleeing civilians.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

VOLUNTEER POLISH WORKERS (each with a yellow "P" on his breast) are replacing planks on the bridge. Some ENGINEER TROOPS are on a scaffolding repairing bomb damaged girders.

CAMERA picks up EMIL HOLZGANG, fat, red-faced, as he pushes his way to CAPTAIN KARL SCHMIDT, Defense Commander, a plain man in his early forties. He is conferring with CAPTAIN OTTO BAUMANN, Engineering Officer.

HOLZGANG
(calls)
Captain Schmidt!

SCHMIDT
(turns)
Oh, you again, Holzgang!

Holzgang halts in front of Schmidt.

HOLZGANG
(in a sweat)
What is happening? The reports say the Americans are everywhere! When are you going to blow up the bridge?

PEOPLE, getting in the way, make Holzgang even more angry. He pushes an OLD MAN out of his way.

SCHMIDT
When the Army orders me to.

BAUMANN
(disagreeably)
And when the Army gives us the explosives to do it...

HOLZGANG
(shaken)
No explosives? Surely to God the Army wouldn't permit such a thing to happen...

BAUMANN
(sarcastically)
The Army wasn't going to permit the Allies to land in France...

SCHMIDT
Baumann, I told you...

BAUMANN
(relentlessly)
If the SS had been in charge, things would be better...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

SCHMIDT

Baumann... enough!

BAUMANN

(more to Holzgang
than Schmidt)

What do you expect when the Army
thinks so little of the situation
here that they give command of the
bridge to a Reserve Captain?

SCHMIDT

(explodes)

Shut up!

VOLKSTURMER'S VOICE

(over)

Captain Schmidt!

Schmidt turns to confront a middle-aged man in a Volksturm
uniform.

VOLKSTURMER

Frau Schmidt is waiting...

Schmidt gives the Volksturmer a look of surprise.

SCHMIDT

Right away.

(turns to others)

Holzgang, when we blow the bridge
is none of your damn business.

HOLZGANG

(excited)

But it is my business. The people
are worried and who do they turn
to? Me!

SCHMIDT

(wearily)

The explosives are on the way.

HOLZGANG

(dramatically)

Thank God! For myself, I don't
care. But I have responsibilities.
I'm the Mayor. I must think of
women and children.

SCHMIDT

(dryly)

And no doubt your hotel.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

HOLZGANG

-- And why not? It's on the official list of great historical and cultural...

SCHMIDT

(interrupting)

When a bomb drops on it, you will have my fullest sympathy. Excuse me, please!

With a curt nod to Baumann and Holzgang he turns and pushes his way across the bridge to his headquarters in one of the western towers.

34 INT. SCHMIDT'S HEADQUARTERS - REMAGEN BRIDGE - DAY

It is a plain military office with several maps, charts and bridge diagrams on the wall. The tower is so situated that its windows command a view of the bridge in background with its endless traffic. Within the office, hands folded, sits MARTA SCHMIDT, a plain little hausfrau frightened and bewildered by great events. On Schmidt's desk is the reason for her coming -- a covered bowl of soup set on a napkin. She looks up eagerly as Schmidt enters, but her husband is brusque.

SCHMIDT

Marta! Why are you here?

MARTA

I brought you some soup. You ate no breakfast -- at least have your lunch.

SCHMIDT

I have no time! I try to tell you what is happening, but you don't listen...

MARTA

Please, Karl -- everyone must eat. The soup is getting cold.

SCHMIDT

My God -- the Americans may be here tomorrow and you're afraid the soup is getting cold.

Marta's eyes cloud with sudden fear.

MARTA

Tomorrow?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

SCHMIDT

Maybe sooner.

MARTA

And you...?

SCHMIDT

I stay here. What else?

MARTA

But you did your duty in one war
already. Why again?

SCHMIDT

(exasperated)

What do you want me to do? Desert
my post?

Of course not. Frau Schmidt has merely struggled against
reality. Her face shows she knows she has lost.

MARTA

(gently)

It has been so quiet for us here
in Remagen. I had hoped the war
would pass us by...

SCHMIDT

We were lucky - but that's ended!
I've been telling you to go to
your sister's. You cannot put it
off another hour. Go now!

There is a loud KNOCK on the door and Baumann enters, fret-
ful and impatient.

BAUMANN

Schmidt, the war does not wait
while you --

SCHMIDT

Baumann -- please!
(stares helplessly
at his wife)
Come - I must go.

Schmidt leads his wife outside after Baumann.

34A EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Schmidt and his wife come out of his tower office onto the
bridge. Around them is the roar and clamor of eastbound
traffic.

(CONTINUED)

34A CONTINUED:

MARTA

(falters)

But how will I know... If something...

SCHMIDT

(gently)

We must hope for the best.

Quickly, as if to stem a flood of emotion, Schmidt kisses his wife and hurries off. She looks after him in tearful bewilderment, as if her world had suddenly vanished.

35 EXT. A GERMAN COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The road is choked with traffic. CAMERA PANS over the vehicles and weary troops, and stops at Kreuger's car.

36 INT. KREUGER'S CAR - NIGHT

Kreuger is hunched up in the back seat, weary and impatient.

OVERSCENE there are indistinct voices, shouts, commands.

KREUGER

What the hell is holding us up?

DRIVER

I think it's a checkpoint ahead, Major.

Exasperated, Kreuger puts his hand on car door to go out, when directly beyond him CAR HEADLIGHTS switch on in the nearby meadow. They reveal a GERMAN OFFICER standing against a tree. The Officer begins to shield his eyes with his hands.

VOICE

(over)

Fire!

A volley of rifle shots! The Officer is slammed against the tree. The lights switch off!

37 ANGLE ON KREUGER

Rigid with shock at this hellish flash of violence. A hand RAPS on the car window. Kreuger turns and sees a face peering at him, thin-mouthed, ruthless eyes. Kreuger unwinds the window and stares at the SS Officer.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

SS OFFICER

Your papers.

Kreuger hands them to him. The SS Officer shines a torch on them.

SS OFFICER

Where are you going?

KREUGER

Remagen.

(shocked, he nods
toward meadow)

What was the meaning of that?

SS OFFICER

(indifferently)

To set an example. If officers
like him had stayed at their posts,
the Americans wouldn't be in Stadt
Meckenheim right now!

Kreuger turns slowly toward SS Officer.

KREUGER

Stadt Meckenheim...?

SS OFFICER

(examining papers)

These are your papers. Where are
your orders?

KREUGER

I have instructions from General
von Brock to take over command of
Remagen. I must get there as
soon as possible.

SS OFFICER

(gestures)

Pull over.

KREUGER

You don't understand. If the
Americans are in Stadt Meckenheim,
it is even more urgent that I...

SS OFFICER

I told you to pull over. We will
check with General von Brock's
headquarters.

As Kreuger leans back with a helpless, resigned look on his face, scene is pushed off screen by shot of Angel driving into Stadt Meckenheim.

38 INT. TRUCK CABIN - STADT MECKENHEIM - NIGHT

With Slavek slumped in the seat beside him, Angel drives his truck into the town square. Beyond them, through the windshield the vehicles and some of the men of Hartman's platoon are already scattered about the town square warming themselves at fires. White surrender flags flap from windows. Dead-eyed, Angel stares about him.

ANGEL

Jesus! What a way to fight a war!
The God damn conquering heroes
sleeping on the streets.

(glares up at
the houses)

And those Nazi bastards in their
nice warm beds. Next thing they'll
give us orders to tuck 'em in.

SLAVEK

I wouldn't mind tucking in one of
those fat juicy frauleins.

A dirty grin spreads over Angel's face.

ANGEL

Slavek, you standing at attention
when you say that?

SLAVEK

You know it, man. I been standing
at attention all through this war.

ANGEL

It's been so long, I've forgotten
how.

Hartman's jeep pulls up next to the truck.

HARTMAN

Angel.

He sees Angel's beatific smile, does a puzzled take.

39 EXT. STADT MECKENHEIM - NIGHT

HARTMAN

Follow me.

ANGEL

(explodes)

Where to -- for Chrissake! Ain't
we ever gonna rest?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

HARTMAN

Sleep in the street if you want.
I've got a better place.

Hartman's jeep circles the square rousing the men. Engines start, vehicles begin to move.

40 INT. JAIL - NIGHT

A long narrow JAIL with cells on both sides. Just to left of entrance is the Warden's Room.

The men stream in, look about amazed. Then they begin to throw kits into cells, slam doors, shout to each other.

BISSELL

Jesus! It's a God damn jail!

JELlicoe

Home sweet home.

GLOVER

Where's the can?

SLAVEK

Use your boot.

BISSELL

A God damn jail!

Angel passes with Hartman.

ANGEL

What's so special about a jail,
Bissell? It's warm, ain't it?

There is laughter, VOICES shouting "SHUT UP."

41 HARTMAN WITH ANGEL

HARTMAN

Bed 'em down fast, Angel. Four
hours, then we move again.

He turns back to the Warden's office and enters.

42 INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hartman throws down his kit, takes out bottle of wine, puts it on table.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

OVERSCENE we hear men's shouts, scuffle of boots, doors slamming, Angel's voice yelling orders.

The room is furnished with a desk, chair, sofa and a bed. Hartman drags out cork from bottle of wine with his teeth, drinks, and stares at the bed. Clearly all he wants to do is throw himself on it and sleep.

He is suddenly aware of the silence outside. He stares towards the door, puzzled.

43 INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Glover, Jellicoe, Slavek are standing in the doorway of one of the cells, peering in. More men pad in their stockinged feet towards the cell. There they stand transfixed, as though they cannot believe their eyes.

Angel appears, pushes through the men, stops in his tracks.

44 ANGEL'S POV

At the far end of the cell, apprehensive and speechless stands an extraordinarily attractive young woman in her early twenties.

45 INT. CELL

Angel catches his breath, takes a long look at the girl, then wheels on his men.

ANGEL

What you guys staring at? You never seen a dame?

(pushing them out)

C'mon. Blow! Out! Move!

He shoves the last man out and slams the door. Alone, he turns to confront the girl. Even now, dishevelled and fearful, she bears some subtle mark of quality, of breeding. For a moment it looks as if Angel intends to rape her. She steps back a pace watching him warily.

But when Angel speaks, his voice is surprisingly gentle, like a trainer approaching a skittish horse.

ANGEL

Scared you, huh? Well, you got nothing to worry about. I wouldn't let one of those guys lay a glove on you. Understand?

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

No answer, he tries again.

ANGEL
What's your name?

Angel licks his lips nervously, grins at the girl -- for the first time we realize "the pig" is stumbling and shy with a woman. Clumsily he moves forward, quickly wipes dust off a chair with his sleeve. He supplements his words with pantomime --

ANGEL
Like to sit down?

Cautiously she moves to the chair, sits rigidly at the edge of it -- her eyes never stop watching him. Encouraged, Angel goes on reassuringly.

ANGEL
Listen, it's going to be all right
-- I'll be nice to you.

He paws around in his pockets.

ANGEL
You like candy?
(thrusts out a
candy bar)
Chocolat?

There is still no answer from the girl, only a new gasp of alarm as the cell door swings open and Hartman strides into the cell. Knowing Angel, Hartman assumes the worst.

HARTMAN
What the hell's going on? Who
brought her in here?

ANGEL
She was already here - for
Chrissake!

Hartman eyes the girl skeptically.

HARTMAN
(to girl)
Prisoner? Why?

The girl finally speaks -- in English with a French accent.

GIRL
I am an alien.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

The girl may be lying or telling the truth. At the moment Hartman doesn't care.

HARTMAN

(hurriedly)

Well, lady -- this is no place for you now.

(as she starts to speak)

No time for chitchat. Come on. Out you go!

There is a moment's hesitation as she looks from one to the other, then she runs swiftly between them and out of the cell.

HARTMAN

I've got to see Barnes. You bring her back in here, I'll break your neck...

Hartman goes out of cell, closes door. In frustration and fury, Angel hurls the candy bar against the door.

46 INT. BARNES' OFFICE - STADT MECKENHEIM - NIGHT

A ground floor room in a bomb-damaged house. The windows are blacked out. Light comes from a Coleman lantern on a table which serves as Barnes' desk. Major Barnes is seated at the table working on a map.

Hartman enters and salutes, Barnes slips a reply.

BARNES

(still studying map)

Nice the way they gave us Stadt Meckenheim, eh?

HARTMAN

Always nice to get something for free.

BARNES

I think they're whipped. This war's just about over. Except the shouting.

HARTMAN

And some shooting.

(beat)

Put you out of a job, won't it, Barnes? You'll have to find another war...

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

As Barnes gives him a hard look, Hartman places on the table a wallet, a watch, a pay book.

BARNES

Tony's?

HARTMAN

That's right.

Barnes looks at a photograph in wallet, shoves it over to Hartman.

BARNES

What do I tell his wife?

HARTMAN

(looks at photograph)

Tell her he's dead.

BARNES

Come on. You don't just say that.

HARTMAN

Why not? It's the truth.

BARNES

Yeah, but you don't always have to tell it the hard way.

HARTMAN

You want to tie a ribbon on it? Come on, Barnes, you're a pro. In one of your manuals there must be a form telling you how to break the news.

BARNES

All you smart guys. You think you know too much to believe in anything. Why are you in the war?

HARTMAN

To live through it. Anybody wants to die in glory, that's their problem. All I want to do is get me and my men through this war -- in spite of themselves, in spite of the Germans, and in spite of guys like you...

(pause)

You didn't call me here to help you write a letter.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: (2)

BARNES
 (seething)
 You're God damn right. I've got
 you here because I'm giving you
 command of Company A.

HARTMAN
 (levelly)
 Why me?

BARNES
 Because you're available -- that's
 why.

HARTMAN
 Why not Pattison?

BARNES
 Hell, he's too green.
 (a beat)
 Don't get me wrong, Hartman. I
 don't like you or your men. You're
 all trouble. I've closed my eyes
 to the looting and disorderly
 conduct. They just don't act like
 soldiers.

HARTMAN
 (grins, softly)
 Yeah, but they get things done -
 don't they, Barnes?

BARNES
 (glares)
 Dismissed!

Hartman turns, goes out.

46A EXT. STADT MECKENHEIM STREET - NIGHT

Hartman comes out of Barnes' command post, finds Pattison's
 platoon just rolling into the darkened town. Pattison
 already has parked his jeep and is giving directions in
 background to a Sergeant behind the wheel of a truck.
 Hartman stops, calls the Lieutenant aside.

HARTMAN
 Pattison!

Pattison turns, comes to Hartman.

(CONTINUED)

46A CONTINUED:

HARTMAN

(continuing)

Bed your men down fast. We're rolling out at oh-six-hundred.

(explaining)

Barnes just gave me company command.

Pattison's face brightens with genuine pleasure.

PATTISON

Congratulations -- sir!

(a beat)

Any other orders?

For an instant Hartman looks at the Lieutenant, touched by his eagerness.

HARTMAN

(slowly)

Yeah. Watch yourself. In this outfit, lieutenants don't live long.

He nods and walks away as Pattison, a little taken aback, looks after him.

47 INT. JAIL - WARDEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Hartman enters, dog tired, as he slips out of his combat jacket. Then he stares. The girl is huddled on the sofa watching him. Hartman sits on the bed and unlaces his boots, still staring at her.

HARTMAN

I thought I kicked you out.

GIRL

(simply)

I've nowhere to go.

No trace of self-pity in her voice.

HARTMAN

French - aren't you?

GIRL

Yes.

HARTMAN

You in the Resistance?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

GIRL

(a long beat,
then wryly)

I made the mistake of falling in
love with a Nazi.

(at Hartman's look)

He was killed in the Ardennes.

Hartman looks at her, sighs as he stands.

HARTMAN

Honey -- you got problems, I got
problems, Eisenhower has problems,
God has problems. Right now I'm
going to sleep.

GIRL

I'll sleep with you.

(as Hartman turns)

For a carton of cigarettes.

HARTMAN

(surprised)

You don't sound like a whore.

GIRL

Maybe that's because I went to a
Convent School.

Hartman removes gun from holster, drops gun belt on chair.

HARTMAN

(dryly)

They didn't teach you this in
the Convent.

GIRL

No. This I learned in the war.

Hartman pauses again, arrested by her statement. Suddenly
he is aware of the gun in his hand. He places it on the
table by the bed. Opens his pack and throws her a carton
of cigarettes. She catches them.

HARTMAN

Help yourself.

He climbs into bed. He closes his eyes. Then opens them
again. The girl stands beside the bed. He gives a half
weary chuckle.

HARTMAN

Honey -- forget it. You don't
have to...

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: (2)

The girl gives him a pleased and grateful smile. There is a beat, then she leans down, pulls back the bed covers and climbs in. Hartman turns in surprise, then draws her close. They kiss hungrily.

48 INT. THE WARDEN'S ROOM - DAWN

Hartman opens his eyes, turns and looks at the girl snuggled up in his arms. His expression is suddenly tender. He climbs out of bed, moves to window and stares out.

49 DAWN

The sun beginning to show on the horizon. The dawn sun flooding into the room. Hartman standing at the window.

(This scene is slowly wiped from the screen by following scene.)

50 THE REMAGEN BRIDGE - DAWN

Kreuger's car drives over the bridge amid soldiers and civilians moving east. Engineer troops direct Polish workers repairing minor damage on the bridge. The Polish workers glance towards Kreuger with mask-like faces. Kreuger pays them no special attention; they are merely a detail in the total situation he is trying to observe. At the western tower occupied by Schmidt's headquarters, Kreuger gets out, starts toward the door which is flanked by a single guard.

51 INT. SCHMIDT'S HEADQUARTERS - DAWN

Schmidt has spent the night here on a cot. He is shrugging into his uniform jacket when the guard lets Kreuger into the room.

GUARD

Captain Schmidt, this is Major Kreuger.

SCHMIDT

(fervently)

Thank God you have come!

Greatly relieved he crosses to Kreuger and shakes hands.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

SCHMIDT
(continuing)
I expected you sooner. Headquarters
said you would be here last night.

KREUGER
(all business)
I was delayed on the road.
(looking about)
Captain, I must use your phone.

Schmidt gestures toward the desk. Kreuger picks up the receiver, speaks into it.

KREUGER
(continuing)
This is Major Kreuger. Get me
General von Brock at Rhineland
Headquarters. It's urgent.

Schmidt is pouring two cups of coffee from the pot simmering on a grill. As Kreuger turns from the phone, Schmidt hands him a cup which he accepts with a quick, grateful nod.

KREUGER
What's the last report on the
Americans?

SCHMIDT
Still in Stadt Meckenheim...

KREUGER
(thinks as he
sips coffee)
Good. Maybe they'll head toward
Bonn. Anyway, it will give us a
little time to prepare our defenses --

The door opens and Baumann, in his usual excitable state, hurries in. He gives Kreuger a hesitant, uncertain glance, then hastily addresses himself to Schmidt.

BAUMANN
Schmidt, we must do something
about all those civilians.
They're in the way -- we can't
get our work done!

Kreuger turns, looks at Baumann coolly, then questioningly at Schmidt.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

SCHMIDT

(quickly)

This is Captain Baumann, Chief
Engineering Officer.

(a gesture)

Major Kreuger.

BAUMANN

Good! Herr Major -- if we don't
clear the bridge, we'll never be
ready to blow it.

KREUGER

(evenly)

The most immediate problem,
Captain Baumann, is not to blow
up the bridge, but to keep it open.

BAUMANN

(politely hostile)

Excuse me, Herr Major, but is it
not true the Fuehrer has ordered
the bridge destroyed?

KREUGER

(coldly)

Does the Fuehrer transmit his
orders direct to you -- or are
you simply repeating rumor?

BAUMANN

(backtracking)

But I only understood that...

KREUGER

(interrupting)

As an officer, surely you are
aware of the penalty for spreading
defeatist rumors?

While Baumann struggles to find something to reply,
Kreuger turns his back on him and addresses Schmidt.

KREUGER

(crisply)

Now Captain, please brief me on
the condition of all the units at
our disposal. Is the regular
company fit for instant duty?

Schmidt and Baumann, despite their natural enmity, ex-
change a bewildered look.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

SCHMIDT
(hesitantly)
But there is no regular company.

KREUGER
I don't understand.

SCHMIDT
It's been transferred.

Kreuger stares at Schmidt in shocked surprise.

KREUGER
Well then, the reserve company --
is it fully equipped?

SCHMIDT
It no longer exists.

KREUGER
(restraining
himself)
The six hundred Russian and Polish
volunteers -- can we count on them?

SCHMIDT
The so-called volunteers have
vanished...

Kreuger pauses a moment as if to bring himself under
control.

KREUGER
Captain Schmidt, on paper at
least you have sixteen hundred
men. How many, in fact, do you
have?

SCHMIDT
(a beat)
About two hundred -- including
the bridge detail.

KREUGER
(with rising anger)
And the four hundred militia, the
Volksturm, the Hitler Youth?

SCHMIDT
A handful --

KREUGER
Where are the others?

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (4)

SCHMIDT

Defected.

KREUGER

(with great
intensity)Captain Schmidt, do you realize
that what you are saying is treason?

SCHMIDT

(quietly)

No, Herr Major. Only the truth.

The telephone breaks the tension. Schmidt picks up the receiver.

SCHMIDT

Yes...

(listens, turns
to Kreuger)General von Brock is temporarily
unavailable.

Kreuger seizes the phone and talks into it.

KREUGER

This is Major Kreuger. You must
convey this message to the General.
It is imperative he send the two
panzer battalions at once!

Kreuger puts away the phone. Still reeling under the
successive blows, his eye falls on Baumann.

KREUGER

(heavily)

Captain Baumann, I trust that
in the event of emergency at
least the explosives are in
place to blow up the bridge...

BAUMANN

Not yet, Herr Major.

(a thin smile)

It is reported that six hundred
kilos of high explosive are on
the way -- but perhaps that too
is only a rumor.

For an incredulous moment, Kreuger stares at Baumann. Then,
knowing the worst, he turns his back on his own dismay,
takes full command. He walks quickly to the window as
Schmidt joins him.

51A ANGLE PAST KREUGER

Beyond him are visible the bridge, the eastern towers and the river with the bow of a sunken gravel barge thrust up from the water near the main current.

KREUGER

The towers will give us an excellent field of fire on the bridge. What's in them?

SCHMIDT

Two heavy machine guns on each side.

KREUGER

(indicating)

That gravel barge. It will be useful. We'll put weapons on it.

(briskly turns)

Come. Show me your defenses.

52 OMITTED

53 EXT. WEST RIDGE DEFENSES - DAY

German soldiers are digging trenches, setting up machine gun positions and laying mines in the road, which curves through partly wooded terrain past an ancient steepled church.

In foreground, at an improvised bunker with a field telephone, Kreuger and Schmidt study a diagrammed map of the area. Near them, SERGEANT BECKER, a tough, scarred, 40-year old veteran is speaking.

BECKER

(apologetically)

... With only thirty-six men, sir, there's a limit to what we can do.

KREUGER

(quietly)

Sergeant Becker --

Instantly Becker snaps to attention. For a beat Kreuger eyes him with an instinctive affection. He knows the worth of such veterans.

KREUGER

(continuing, with dry humor)

Sergeant Becker, I am not asking you to launch a major offensive.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

KREUGER (cont'd)
(as Becker smiles)

I am only asking that you hold off the enemy until our reinforcements arrive.

BECKER
(respectfully)

Excuse me, Herr Major. We have heard a lot about reinforcements. The men don't believe it any more.

KREUGER

I tell you two panzer battalions will be here in a few hours. Do you believe me?

BECKER

Yes sir.

KREUGER
(with emphasis)

Then you make your men believe it! Good luck, Sergeant.

Becker salutes smartly and Kreuger returns it.

53A EXT. ERPELER LEY - ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN MOUNT - DAY

In the gunner's seat as the gun swivels on its mount, Kreuger is sighting down the barrel toward the west side of the river. Standing beside the weapon are Luftwaffe Lieutenant ECKERT and Schmidt.

KREUGER
(peering through
sights)

Can you lower the barrel any further?

ECKERT

No, Herr Major.

53B KREUGER'S POV

Through the gun-sights, traversing the opposite side of the river, we see the road approaches to the town and the bridge.

(CONTINUED)

53B CONTINUED:

KREUGER'S VOICE (over)

At least we can cover the road
 enemy tanks will have to use...

(as sights sweep
 ramp)

The approach ramp -- is it mined?

SCHMIDT'S VOICE (over)

Heavily mined, Herr Major. Can
 be blown up at a moment's notice.

53C BACK TO SCENE

As Kreuger gets off gun mount and joins Eckert and Schmidt
 CAMERA MOVEMENT reveals other anti-aircraft guns, several
 mortars and machine gun emplacements with a force of about
 forty men. Kreuger looks about, assessing the situation,
 then turns to Eckert.

KREUGER

Lieutenant Eckert, for the moment
 these are the heaviest weapons we
 have against the enemy. A great
 deal depends on you.

ECKERT

We will do our best, Herr Major.

Kreuger gives the Lieutenant a keen, appraising look.

KREUGER

(quietly)
 I'm sure of that.

53D EXT. TUNNEL MOUTH - DAY

Dimly the tunnel stretches beyond Kreuger and Schmidt,
 waiting as a GUARD listens to a field telephone at the
 tunnel entrance. Near him, in a protective emplacement,
 is a square detonating box with a plunger.

SCHMIDT

(a gesture)
 -- Our best shelter, a whole
 mountain above us.

KREUGER

And a first rate gun position.
 Get a work crew to build gun
 emplacements at once...

(CONTINUED)

53D CONTINUED:

He takes out his cigarette case, offers it to Schmidt, then lights a cigarette. They turn as the Guard puts down phone and steps toward them.

GUARD

Still no answer from General von Brock, Herr Major.

Kreuger's face for an instant reflects a kind of bewilderment -- why is Brock now so inaccessible? But quickly he conceals his anxiety.

KREUGER

(simply)

Keep trying.

(indicates
detonator)

And this...?

SCHMIDT

The master switch to destroy the bridge -- when we have the explosives.

Kreuger gives Schmidt a sharp glance, stares again at the detonator, then turns away and starts toward bridge.

53E EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Kreuger and Schmidt walk westward on the bridge past the east towers. Around them a straggling procession of refugees reluctantly make way for a battered military truck convoy pushing eastward across the bridge amid shouts and indistinct commands.

KREUGER

And the detonating circuit. What if it fails?

In answer, Schmidt kicks a rugged steel pipe running along one side of the bridge.

SCHMIDT

Nine-centimeter cable in heavy steel pipe. The circuit is tested every hour...

KREUGER

What if it fails?

SCHMIDT

A primer fuse to an emergency charge can be lit near the east tower -- if we have the explosives.

(CONTINUED)

53E CONTINUED:

KREUGER

I know, Captain Schmidt. I know!

Suddenly both men freeze. Around them others too have become aware of the same sinister distant SOUND -- the drone of approaching enemy aircraft. Everywhere frightened faces peer skyward. Too late a siren WAILS. Suddenly panic, a surge of movement, everyone running.

KREUGER

Clear the bridge! Get those trucks across!

As subordinates take up the cry, Kreuger and Schmidt try to wave on the convoy, push aside stampeding civilians. The SOUND of aircraft has become a sullen roar punctuated by anti-aircraft fire from Erpeler Ley.

54
thru OMITTED
56

57 AMERICAN BOMBERS - DAY

A small formation of medium attack bombers moving through scattered clouds as flak bursts near them. They begin to move in singly on their bombing runs.

58 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Amid the increasing din and confusion Kreuger sees a POLISH WORKER deliberately collide with a GERMAN FARMER pushing a heavily loaded handcart. The handcart tips over in front of a truck, halting the convoy.

Kreuger starts toward the Pole, but the first stick of bombs has begun to explode around the bridge, throwing up tall geysers of water, and increasing the general panic.

From a covered truck near him, three wounded German soldiers tumble out in terror, are caught in the stampede toward the east bank. One of the wounded falls and is trampled by the surging crowd.

Kreuger turns, runs to the truck of wounded and jumps in.

59 INT. TRUCK - DAY

Crowded on the straw flooring of the truck, panic-stricken wounded are yelling and rolling about as they try to get up and escape.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

They look up in surprise at the calm figure of Kreuger standing among them. There is a moment's lull in the bombing. Gradually the men grow more quiet. Kreuger smiles reassuringly.

KREUGER

(conversationally)

Gentlemen -- at the moment we probably are at the safest possible place. A bridge is almost impossible to hit from the air.

Now the crash of more bombs, the flash of their explosions lighting the inside of the truck. Again terror in the eyes of the men. Kreuger takes out his cigarette case, moves from man to man offering cigarettes. Reaching one of the soldiers, he realizes his case is empty.

KREUGER

Sorry.

He snaps the case shut. At that moment, the truck shakes violently in the concussion of a near miss.

KREUGER

(wryly)

That's one we won't have to worry about any more.

60 EXT. REMAGEN - THE BOMBING - DAY

Bright flashes of light, followed by the dull roar of explosions as a string of bombs falls onto the houses. Clouds of dust lunge skywards, licked by flames. In the settling dust we see the town split open, its intimate life exposed, roofs and walls torn away. The front of a house collapses exposing bedrooms, a bathroom, an upstairs sitting room, its furnishings miraculously undisturbed. Elsewhere, floors half torn away, furniture tumbles into the streets on top of the rubble.

61 INT. TRUCK - DAY

Kreuger still stands in the truck. The wounded soldiers listen intently as the drone of planes fades away. Then silence. The raid is over. Kreuger smiles and nods to the men, jumps out of the truck.

62 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Kreuger pushes his way among terrified, sobbing civilians hurrying toward the east bank and the tunnel.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

As if searching for someone, he looks toward Schmidt and Baumann who are shouting orders to a group of Polish workers clearing obstructions from the bridge -- including the handcart that stopped the convoy's movement. Suddenly Kreuger's gaze fixes on one of the figures. He starts toward it.

62A ANGLE ON POLISH WORKER

Hoping his act of sabotage has gone unnoticed, the Pole has again joined the work team clearing debris. But as he looks off, he sees Kreuger approaching. Warily he picks up a long crowbar, pretends work.

62B KREUGER AND POLISH WORKER

Kreuger stops a few steps from the Polish worker, who pretends to be unaware of him.

KREUGER
(sharply)

You!

(as Pole turns,
Kreuger gestures)

Come with me.

Suspicious and uncertain of what awaits him, the Pole does not move. He stares at Kreuger in sullen silence. Deliberately, to enforce his command, Kreuger removes his pistol from his holster and with it motions the Pole to leave his work. In a lightning movement, the Pole lunges forward, savagely swings the crowbar at Kreuger's head. Kreuger springs back. As the Pole wildly starts to swing again, Kreuger shoots twice. Hit in the chest, the Pole staggers backward and collapses. For a long moment, his gun still rigid in his outstretched hand, Kreuger stares at the corpse. Then slowly he returns the gun to its holster, only partly aware that Schmidt and Baumann have entered the scene. Baumann looks at Kreuger with a kind of grudging respect.

BAUMANN

That's the way to talk to those pigs!

Kreuger, still inwardly shaken by his sudden violence, fixes Baumann with a look of total contempt, then turns to Schmidt.

(CONTINUED)

62B CONTINUED:

KREUGER

I am going to see Mayor Holzgang about the civilian defense. When you reach von Brock put through the call to me at the inn.

He turns and moves off.

63 INT. CELLAR OF HOLZGANG'S HOTEL - DAY

Holzgang, his wife Greta, and several hotel employees are huddled in the dim cellar. An old WAITER holds a lantern, revealing in background large stores of packaged and tinned food, dozens of sausages and hams hanging from ceiling, aisles of wine racks.

Holzgang is easily the most frightened. Nearly as scared are the two young maids waiting big-eyed for more bombs to fall. But Frau Holzgang seems resigned, almost indifferent -- once attractive, she is now in her early forties, an embittered and unhappy woman. Isolated from them all, a figure of adolescent bravado, stands Rudi, the houseboy.

As the silence continues, Holzgang fears less for his life and more for his possessions. He holds a flashlight, nervously jabs its beam about the cellar probing for damage.

HOLZGANG

(fretfully)

Who knows what has happened?
The whole hotel could fall in on us. We must get Schirmer to check everything...

WAITER

Schirmer is gone. He went this morning with his family. There's not a carpenter left in town.

HOLZGANG

(futile rage)

Running like rats! Damn them -- damn them all!

He is suddenly silent. The ALL-CLEAR SIREN relieves the tension in the cellar. At once Holzgang bustles into action.

HOLZGANG

Rudi! Right away. See if there are any broken wine bottles...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

HOLZGANG (cont'd)

(to maids)

You! Cut up some bed sheets. I
want a flag for every window!

(to wife)

Greta, come with me!

He starts off up cellar steps to main floor. Behind him, Greta Holzgang confronts the furious face of Rudi, the bewildered looks of the waiter and maids -- all for the first time aware of Holzgang's plan to surrender.

GRETA

(quietly)

Do as Herr Holzgang says.

She turns and goes up the stairs.

64 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

The lobby, like everything else about the hotel, is in a style that might be termed Rhineland picturesque. It is commanded by an imposing, flag-decked portrait of Hitler behind the reception desk. There is some very minor damage -- concussion has shattered a couple of windows, thrown pictures and bric-a-brac about.

As Greta comes up, Holzgang is scuttling about with little moans and outcries as he surveys the damage -- straightening furniture, carefully trying to remove broken glass from table tops and chairs.

HOLZGANG

(impatiently)

Greta -- get a broom, sweep up
the glass!

Without a word, Greta begins to do as she is told. Behind the reception desk, almost absently, Holzgang straightens a framed photograph near the Hitler portrait -- it shows the Holzgangs' son, a thin, studious-looking young man in a Private's uniform. An Iron Cross is suspended from the frame by a ribbon. Suddenly Holzgang's attention is caught by something else. He lets out a cry of anguish, rushes toward a damaged Dresden china vase toppled over on a table.

A sizeable piece has been broken from the lip of the vase. Inevitably, Holzgang must find a scapegoat -- in his wife.

HOLZGANG

My God -- didn't I tell you to
pack these things away!

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

There is a KNOCK at the door. Holzgang ignores it.

HOLZGANG
(continuing)
Pay no attention. Find the glue.
At least we can try to...

There is a LOUDER BANGING at the door. Holzgang interrupts himself to turn angrily toward the door, not wanting to reveal his presence by answering. But the visitor is determined -- Now he not only knocks, but rattles the lock.

HOLZGANG
(continuing;
exasperated)
Go away! We are closed!

Almost instantly the door is kicked open and Kreuger stands there, witness to a small tableau: Greta with broom and dust pan, Holzgang tenderly holding his damaged vase.

HOLZGANG
(angry amazement)
What are you doing? This is private property.

KREUGER
(unimpressed)
Are you Mayor Holzgang?

HOLZGANG
Of course.

KREUGER
In charge of civil defense?

HOLZGANG
(slowly)
Yes.

KREUGER
(moving forward)
I am Major Kreuger - new military commander of Remagen...
(noting the vase, smiles)
Charming.

He takes the vase from Holzgang's hand, examines it appreciatively. Encouraged, Holzgang relaxes a little.

HOLZGANG
It is always good to meet someone who appreciates beautiful things...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

KREUGER

It must be very valuable.

HOLZGANG

(proudly)

Irreplaceable! At least 1500
reich marks.

KREUGER

(impressed)

Really! So much?

With an abrupt movement, Kreuger lets the vase fall and shatter on the floor. Holzgang stares at him, fearful and aghast.

KREUGER

(like a knife)

Herr Holzgang, half your town has been blown apart. Remagen may be under direct attack by nightfall. We need every able-bodied man to defend the town.

All of Holzgang's bombast has evaporated.

HOLZGANG

(fluttering)

But there's hardly anyone...

KREUGER

Find them.

(ironically)

The time has come, Herr Holzgang, when you too must make a small sacrifice.

Kreuger has provided an opportunity. Holzgang eagerly seizes it.

HOLZGANG

(righteously)

Excuse me, Herr Major... And what is that?

(points toward his
son's photograph)

My only son. Killed at Stalingrad. What greater sacrifice can a man make?

KREUGER

None... except the sacrifice made by your son.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

KREUGER (cont'd)
 (a beat, then
 wearily)
 Bring me a schnapps and some
 cigarettes.

HOLZGANG
 Greta. Quick. Bring it.

As Kreuger sinks into a lounge chair, one of the maids
 appears from the basement.

MAID
 (unaware of Kreuger)
 Herr Holzgang, the sheets are
 ready...

Terrified of exposure, Holzgang rushes at the maid and
 hustles her back to the cellar steps.

65 INT. CELLAR STEPS - DAY

Holzgang pushes the maid through the door, closes it
 behind them.

HOLZGANG
 (a furious whisper)
 What are you trying to do -- get
 me shot? That was the military
 commander, you fool --
 (pushes her again)
 Come, show me the sheets.

66 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

CAMERA IS CLOSE on Kreuger, slumped in the big chair, his
 eyes closed. On a small table beside him, Greta sets down
 a tray with a drink and two packs of cigarettes. As she
 looks down at him uncertainly, he opens his eyes again.
 Wearily he starts to reach in his pocket for money.

GRETA
 Please. Never mind. It is our
 pleasure.

KREUGER
 You are Frau Holzgang?

GRETA
 Yes.

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

Kreuger looks at her with some interest and surprise -- he'd thought her a servant. He downs the schnapps, lights a cigarette and stuffs the others into his cigarette case. As he starts to get to his feet, his eye falls on the son's photograph.

KREUGER

You have other children?

GRETA

No.

KREUGER

(nods toward photo)

You must be very proud of your son.

It is a perfunctory courtesy. Already he is walking to the door, his back to her.

GRETA

(evenly)

I am not proud -- at all.

Kreuger stops in his tracks, slowly turns back to face her.

GRETA

(continuing)

I miss him...

KREUGER

(a beat, then
quietly)

Germany has lost five million sons.

GRETA

I pity them. But I pity most my own son.

KREUGER

We must learn to live with our losses --

(indicates
smashed vase)

Even your husband.

GRETA

(with deep
bitterness)

My husband has lost nothing. He inherited new possessions - a black armband, my son's Iron Cross. It helped to make him Mayor. Our son was more valuable to him dead than alive.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: (2)

KREUGER

If your husband feels nothing he's
one of the lucky ones.

GRETA

One thing could touch him -- if
this hotel blew up...

(with restrained
intensity)

You would not believe how many
nights I've lain awake praying a
bomb would fall on it.

For a beat they silently face each other before a new concern freezes them -- from the direction of the west ridge above the town comes the heavy rattle of gunfire.

KREUGER

(listens, then)

Frau Holzgang, at the moment I
would say that there is a strong
possibility that your prayers may
be answered.

Kreuger starts toward the door, wheels sharply as the telephone rings. He rushes to the phone, picks it up, all impatience.

KREUGER

This is Major Kreuger. Yes, yes...!

(waits, relieved)

Herr General! The Americans are
here. Where are the panzers?

(listens, with
increasing shock
and dismay)

But why elsewhere? They were
promised here! This is where they
are needed!

(silence, then
tautly)

Herr General, your regrets will
not save the bridge. Two panzer
battalions might!

He slams down the phone, stands there a moment almost trembling with rage. Abruptly he picks up the receiver again.

KREUGER

(into phone)

Get me the command post on the
west ridge -- at once!

67 EXT. WEST RIDGE - GERMAN ADVANCE POSITION - DAY

CAMERA IS CLOSE on German defense bunker, gutted and torn by grenades and gunfire. Its machine guns and panzerfaust are thrown askew amid the bodies of several German soldiers. For a moment there is no movement at all. But OVERSCENE we hear RIFLE FIRE and INDISTINCT SHOUTS. We also hear, close by, the incongruous RINGING of the FIELD PHONE. Abruptly, several American soldiers leap over and around the gun position, hurry on, firing as they go. Hartman slides into the bunker, looks toward sound of ringing in foreground. As he scrambles toward it, SLIGHT CAMERA MOVEMENT discloses the phone's metal box, half-buried by dirt. Near it, his outstretched hand only inches from the phone, lies the body of the battle-scarred veteran, Sergeant Becker. Hartman opens the box, picks up the phone. He hears --

KREUGER'S VOICE

Sergeant Becker? Sergeant Becker?
Major von Kreuger here! Sergeant
Becker!

HARTMAN

Nein, Herr Major.

Hartman rips the cord loose, drops the phone on the ground.

67A INT. LOBBY OF HOLZGANG'S HOTEL - DAY

CAMERA CLOSE on Kreuger at phone as he reacts to the knowledge that, despite the assurances of help, Sergeant Becker was correct in his doubts, that he has been sacrificed to the enemy. But there is no time now to grieve the dead, or rue his failure to help them. He hangs up. With a wordless glance at Greta, waiting apprehensively, he grabs his cigarettes and hurries out of the hotel.

67B EXT. WEST RIDGE - DAY

Hartman climbs out of bunker as Angel runs up followed by Grebs, Slavek, Glover, Jellicoe and other familiar figures of Able Company, fanned out in battle formation. Beyond them, an American vehicle burns fiercely on the road with several American dead scattered about. Near it, gawky Lieutenant Pattison is deploying the men of his platoon as German survivors retreat around the church and downhill through the woods.

HARTMAN

(waving arm, shouts)
Pattison! Swing your men behind
them if you can --

(CONTINUED)

67B CONTINUED:

A burst of gunfire suddenly comes from the shutters enclosing the church belfry. In reply, Grebs and Jellicoe pour fire onto the belfry while Hartman, Angel, Glover and others race to the side door of the church and enter.

68 INT. CHURCH - DAY

Through stained glass windows the daylight falls dimly on the altar, statues and pews. Hartman, followed by Angel, Glover and others, races past altar toward main vestibule under belfry.

69 INT. VESTIBULE BELOW BELFRY - DAY

Hartman and his men burst through door from nave, race up the stairs.

70 INT. SPIRAL STAIRWAY TO BELFRY

As Hartman and men bolt pell-mell up the steps, pump bullets through the doorway at the top, then charge through.

71 INT. BELFRY - DAY

On one side, the louvers have been shattered by the gunfire. Below the bell lie three dead Germans. Barely pausing to check the enemies, Hartman crashes open the belfry shutters with the butt of his rifle.

Abruptly, he stops, looks again out of one of the apertures. Slowly, without a word, he moves toward it. Puzzled, Angel comes up beside him.

ANGEL

Well, I'll be damned.

HARTMAN

(quietly)

Get Major Barnes.

72 THEIR POV - REMAGEN BRIDGE

Hardly more than two miles away, beyond the town lying almost dreamily in the sunlight, stands intact the Remagen Bridge. Even from here one can clearly see the endless traffic flowing eastward across it.

73 BACK TO SCENE

By now several other soldiers have clustered silently around Hartman, awed by the spectacle.

HARTMAN

---(gazing at scene)
Glover -- you still interested
in photography?

GLOVER

Yes sir.

HARTMAN

Well, get that camera, quick.
When the Krauts blow that bridge
you'll have one of the biggest
pictures of the war...

As Glover dashes off, Hartman lifts his binoculars to survey the bridge. He lowers them again as Barnes comes pounding up the stairs. Barnes is overwhelmed and overjoyed at the sight.

BARNES

(almost chortling)
We got 'em. We got 'em. Right
where we want 'em.
(to radioman)
Get me headquarters! Tell artillery
to lay on the heavy stuff! Get
tanks up here, start shelling the
bridge!

HARTMAN

(dryly)
I think if you wait a minute, the
Krauts will probably save you the
trouble.

BARNES

Don't matter a damn. Push 'em
along -- push 'em along. You get
on down there fast as you boys can
travel. Quicker you boys get there,
quicker they blow the bridge,
quicker we got maybe six enemy
divisions corked and bottled...

(fervently)

Hartman boy, you do that for me
I'll promise you a unit citation...

HARTMAN

(straight-faced)
Major suh, there's nothin' mah men
would appreciate more... suh!

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

Barnes gives Hartman a hell of a look, wheels and charges back down the stairs. Hartman is unable to restrain a sudden chuckle. Shaking his head he starts to turn away from the belfry window, then raises his glasses for a last look as Glover comes up to snap picture of the bridge.

74 BINOCULAR SHOT - HARTMAN'S POV

For a moment the binoculars traverse the bridge as Hartman fiddles with the focus. Indistinctly we see a German jeep speed up the approach ramp, stop near the western towers, as the figure of a German officer jumps out and turns toward the west ridge. Now the image comes up clear and sharp -- it is Kreuger looking through his glasses at Hartman.

75 REVERSE BINOCULAR SHOT - KREUGER'S POV

Sharply defined in the belfry tower, Hartman puts down his glasses, stands an instant and disappears, ending the only moment in which -- unknown to each other - our principal adversaries share a distant contact.

76 EXT. REMAGEN BRIDGE - AT WEST TOWERS - DAY

Kreuger lowers his binoculars, hurries across the flow of bridge traffic to the door of Captain Schmidt's tower headquarters, goes in.

77 INT. SCHMIDT'S HEADQUARTERS - WEST TOWER - DAY

Schmidt is putting down the telephone as Kreuger strides in.

KREUGER

Schmidt -- transfer this command post to the tunnel - at once. Commandeer every able-bodied soldier --

SCHMIDT

Commandeer? What about our reinforcements?

KREUGER

They were sent elsewhere.

SCHMIDT

(stunned)
But General von Brock promised...

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

KREUGER

They were sent elsewhere!

He is shaking with anger. Lights a cigarette. Schmidt is almost afraid to ask --

SCHMIDT

The explosives?

KREUGER

I don't know.

Kreuger, plagued by his own sense of betrayal, erupts.

KREUGER

I gave you an order...!

The PHONE RINGS. Kreuger grabs it, snaps out a "Yes?"

77A EAST END OF BRIDGE

In front of the tunnel, as bridge traffic flows by onto east bank road, engineer troops are unloading a truck. Captain Baumann is on the phone just inside the tunnel. He is wild with elation.

CAPT. BAUMANN

Herr Major, the explosives have arrived! We are placing the charges!

77B INT. SCHMIDT'S HEADQUARTERS - DAY

KREUGER

(into phone)

Hurry! Fast as you can!

He hangs up, heaves an enormous sigh of relief. Schmidt, too, shows his gratitude for this intercession of providence. Kreuger's confidence returns with a rush.

KREUGER

(to Schmidt)

Get down to control point, stop all civilian traffic. I'll commandeer the troops.

They rush out.

77C EXT. MOUTH OF TUNNEL - DAY

Captain Baumann comes running to the truck. One of his men, staring at a packet of explosive, calls "Herr Captain!"

Baumann snatches it out of his hand, looks at it. Examines the boxes of explosives being unloaded. On the side of each box is stamped: DONERIT. Baumann's elation is severely dampened. Makes his decision.

BAUMANN

Double the amount. Place it at crucial points only. Double amount, crucial points only.

78
thru OMITTED
80

81 EXT. HEIGHTS ABOVE REMAGEN

On the hill above the west side of the river, American tanks have moved up. They open fire on the bridge. We see Major Barnes. Sweet music to his ear.

82 EXT. ERPELER LEY

On the hill above the east side of the river, German Lieutenant Eckert gives the order to fire. The anti-aircraft battery blasts away at the hills on the western side, now in American hands.

NOTE: The artillery duel continues throughout the following action.

82A UNDER THE BRIDGE

SEVERAL SHOTS of German engineer troops placing charges at crucial stress points -- large bundles of Donerit. Wires, already strung from the steel-enclosed main cable, are quickly attached to the explosives.

82B EXT. THE BRIDGE - WESTERN APPROACH RAMP

Several engineer troops are hurriedly arming the charge in the western approach ramp.

82C KREUGER ON BRIDGE

Traffic across the bridge has diminished. Kreuger lets a truckload of WOUNDED go by, then flags down a troop carrier, loaded with bearded, dispirited SOLDIERS. It screeches to a stop, nearly knocking him down. Beside the DRIVER is a sullen-faced SERGEANT.

KREUGER

Who commands this unit?
 (as Sergeant shrugs)
 Answer properly! Where is your officer?

SERGEANT

Dead, captured, running away --
 who knows? The 15th Army is
 falling apart, Herr Major!

Kreuger is interrupted. A motorcycle, bearing young LIEUTENANT ZIMRING has driven up. Zimring leaps out of the sidecar. He is barely twenty-one, brimming with devotion to Army and Fatherland. Slams his heels together and salutes.

LT. ZIMRING

Herr Major... Lieutenant Zimring,
 28th Artillery. I'm in command of
 a train, just south of here. Will
 the bridge stand long enough...

KREUGER

I can't promise anything.

LT. ZIMRING

Herr Major, the train carries
 secret weapons! The new anti-
 aircraft rockets!

KREUGER

(this changes
 things)

How soon will it be here?

LT. ZIMRING

Twenty minutes... half an hour.
 (pleading)
 Herr Major, I am responsible.

KREUGER

All right, all right... I'll try.

With a grateful "Thank you, Herr Major!" Lieutenant Zimring salutes, leaps into the motorcycle sidecar. The driver wheels around, races off.

(CONTINUED)

82C CONTINUED:

Kreuger has turned back to the sullen Sergeant. He and his men are dismayed to hear --

KREUGER

You all have weapons? The roadblocks in town are manned by Volksturm. Give them support, fight from house to house, anything to delay the Americans. Understand?

(no reply)

Answer me!

SERGEANT

(grudgingly)

Yes, Herr Major.

KREUGER

Turn your truck around! Quickly!

The half-dozen engineer troops, having finished at the approach ramp, come running. Eager, boyish ENGINEER PRIVATE MANFRED unreels wire, to be attached to a detonator. The Corporal in charge, a raw-boned peasant soldier, informs Kreuger --

ENGINEER CORPORAL

All ready, Herr Major.

KREUGER

(points to Private
Manfred)

You stay here.

(to Corporal)

Get machine guns. Man those two towers.

He points to the two towers at the eastern end of the bridge.

ENGINEER CORPORAL

Yes, Herr Major.

He and his men go running across the bridge. There is the scream and detonation of a shell. Kreuger's head swings around. Quickly he raises his binoculars to scan the stretch of roadway descending from the ridge toward the town -- the road he's previously viewed through the gun-sights on Erpeler Ley.

82D EXT. ROAD ABOVE REMAGEN - BINOCULAR SHOT - DAY

An American tank, target of a near-miss from Erpeler Ley, is just passing from view behind obstructing trees or buildings as it descends toward the town. Behind it, across the exposed stretch of road, a second and then a third tank successfully run the gauntlet of German shells bracketing the road.

83 EXT. BRIDGE - FAVORING TROOP CARRIER

The driver has started to turn around. The sullen-faced Sergeant, seeing Kreuger occupied, takes the driver's arm, gestures to turn back, head toward the east. The driver guns the engine, swings so close to Kreuger and Manfred that they have to throw themselves off the roadside. Before they can recover, the troop carrier is far down the bridge, beyond reach.

Shocked by the incident, Private Manfred, not yet twenty, nevertheless tries to reassure the veteran Kreuger still dazed by the extent of the swift-spreading dereliction.

PVT. MANFRED

We're better off without them,
Herr Major. Cowards only get in
the way.

Kreuger gives him a grateful look, gropes for his cigarette case and a smoke, one of his few remaining sources of sustenance. Sees the Engineer Private's hungry look. Offers him one. Lights it for him.

PVT. MANFRED

I thank you, Herr Major.

KREUGER

I thank you, Herr Engineer.

84 EXT. NORTHWEST ENTRANCE TO REMAGEN - DAY

The first American tank clanks ominously along an absolutely deserted street. From the tank there is a short burst of machine gun fire at an unseen target. Almost simultaneously there is answering fire from both sides of the street and panzerfaust rockets hit the tank, setting it on fire.

Two more tanks lumber into view. Systematically, they rake the buildings with cannon fire - walls, entire houses, collapse as smoke and debris fills the street. Again stillness. Then farther down the street, at windows and doors some white flags begin to appear.

85 EXT. ANOTHER REMAGEN STREET - DAY

Hartman and the men of Able Company (on foot now) move warily down the empty winding street. Some houses have white flags hung from windows. One by one, Able Company men appear, at intervals, on both sides of the street, crouching, hugging the houses, clumsy brown animals scurrying from doorway to doorway. We see Angel, Slavek, Pattison, Glover, Jellicoe, Grebs, Bissell, others of Hartman's men.

At a slight curve, Lieutenant Pattison, on the other side of the street, holds up a hand. Hartman moves up closer to bend to see what's ahead.

86 HARTMAN'S POV

Up ahead, the turning street widens into a small square at Holzgang's hotel. Some distance in front of the hotel stands an improvised street barricade of rubble and sandbags, which appears to be deserted. Behind it, Holzgang's hotel is decked with white flags.

86A INT. LOBBY OF HOLZGANG'S HOTEL - DAY

In extreme apprehension, Holzgang peers out toward the street, turns as the waiter and a maid hurry downstairs from the second floor.

MAID

(excitedly)

The white flags are out, Herr Holzgang. Anything else?

HOLZGANG

Yes -- pray. Come! Into the cellar!

He rushes with them toward the cellar stairs, disappears. For a moment there is no sound, no movement. Then through the archway leading to the dining room, Rudi quietly appears carrying a Schmeiser machine pistol and a box of ammunition. Caught between loathing for Holzgang's cowardice and his own instinctive desire also to find safety in the cellar, he hesitates. Then with sudden decision, he turns and rushes up the stairs.

86B UPPER HALL

as Rudi runs down hall TOWARD CAMERA, goes through a room door in foreground.

86c INT. SECOND FLOOR ROOM

Rudi closes the door, goes to a window and peers down toward the street. He pushes a chair into place at window as a futile shield, then sinks into a crouch and waits -- determined yet terrified, caught in some final bewildered loneliness.

87 FAVORING HARTMAN

As he studies the contradictory evidence of white flags and roadblock, his following soldier comes abreast, peers around Hartman with a look of satisfaction.

SOLDIER

Lieutenant, I think they're going to give it to...

A distant report interrupts his sentence. As Hartman looks he sees a small red hole in the soldier's forehead. His mouth still open to finish his sentence, the soldier falls dead at Hartman's feet. There is a scattering of shots from the barricade.

HARTMAN

(shouts)

Pattison! Hit them!

From his position, Pattison and several of his men pour automatic fire against the barricade. Simultaneously, on Hartman's side of the street, Jellicoe and several of Hartman's men move forward until Jellicoe can lob a grenade toward the barricade from the protection of a doorway. There is an explosion, screams and moans. A white flag appears. Guns at ready Hartman and his company close in on barricade.

88 THE BARRICADE

The structure is torn apart. Three Volksturm men are killed, others wounded. Gray and shaking with fear, the rest hold up their hands in surrender as Hartman's men swarm over the barricade.

Swiftly they run hands over the Germans for weapons as they begin to line them up. Bissell hurriedly pats the jacket of a befuddled graying Volksturmer. A burst of fire from the hotel kills them both and strikes down two other American soldiers.

Hartman and Angel react instantly. Under covering fire they rush toward the hotel.

89 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Hartman and Angel, quickly followed by Glover and Grebs burst through the door. While Glover and Grebs rush to search the ground floor, Hartman and Angel bolt upstairs. SOUND of FIRING covers any noise they make.

90 INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY

Rudi, terrified, cut by flying glass, tears mingled with blood, is still firing into the street. Behind him the door bursts open and Angel leaps into the room, firing his submachine gun. With a scream, Rudi topples forward. Angel runs up, turns over Rudi with his foot to make sure he's dead.

He isn't. Not quite. Shocked, Angel stares at the agony on the childlike face of a fifteen-year-old boy. With a last sigh he dies. Instinctively, Angel kneels down, puts his hand in the boy's shirt to feel his heart.

91 FAVORING HARTMAN

as he rushes to door, stops as he sees Angel bent over the dead figure of the sniper.

HARTMAN

Let's go. You can rob him later.

Hartman freezes as Angel rises and violently swings his gun on him, murder in his eyes. For an instant Hartman knows he himself is close to death. Astonished by Angel's reaction, his gaze falls on the sniper, sees it is only a boy. Understanding now, his eyes go back to Angel. Slowly Angel lowers his gun. While Hartman waits silently at the door, Angel pushes past him and goes out into the corridor.

92 INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Holzgang leads the parade out of the cellar, followed by Greta, the servant girls and the waiter. As Hartman and Angel come downstairs, Jellicoe and Glover prod the group into the lobby where other rough-looking American soldiers have now entered.

HOLZGANG

(at prod by
Jellicoe's gun)

Please! We are unarmed civilians.
We have done nothing.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

HARTMAN

(quietly)

Then who was the kid upstairs who
killed three of my men?

GREBS

And your damned hotel covered
with surrender flags!

GRETA

Rudi! Where is he?

HARTMAN

(a beat)

Dead.

Greta looks stricken, but not Holzgang.

HOLZGANG

I ordered him not to resist!

In a fury Angel leaps at him, grabs him.

ANGEL

(a cry)

You lying bastard -- !

HOLZGANG

(terrified)

But how could I stop him? They
were trained to kill. Hitler made
animals of them...

In disgust, Angel pushes Holzgang violently away. Hartman
looks at the innkeeper with cynical detachment.

HARTMAN

So you hate Hitler, too?

Hartman's eyes follow Greta's glance as instinctively she
turns toward the wall behind the reception desk - only
lighter squares on the wallpaper indicate where Hitler's
portrait and other Nazi memorabilia once hung.

HOLZGANG

(righteously)

A tragedy for Germany - but we
were helpless. I hate this
terrible war. I am a man of peace.
I am an innkeeper.

HARTMAN

I hope you are a good one.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

HARTMAN (cont'd)
 I am taking over your hotel.
 When they blow the bridge my men...
 (he indicates the
 scruffy men around
 him)
 ... will be back. They're used
 to the very best service.

Not knowing whether to sob or smile, Holzgang looks at the filthy lot. He finally manages a false, subservient grin.

HOLZGANG
 Anything you wish. We will
 cooperate in every way!

HARTMAN
 One more thing. If you want to
 show me how much you hate this
 terrible war...

HOLZGANG
 Yes, Herr Lieutenant?

Hartman reaches out, plucks the forgotten NAZI PARTY
 BUTTON from Holzgang's lapel, hands it to him.

HARTMAN
 File this among your souvenirs.

93 EXT. WEST END OF BRIDGE - DAY

All traffic has been stopped. Kreuger, Schmidt and Engineer Private Manfred, crouched behind girders, are alone on the bridge. Artillery shells scream overhead, some exploding along the east bank and Erpeler Ley, some near the bridge showering it with shrapnel. Amid the increasing tumult, SOUND OF TRAIN WHISTLE from the southwest -- the ARTILLERY TRAIN. The motorcycle bearing young Lieutenant Zimring comes roaring onto the approach ramp. Rattle of American GUNFIRE. The driver is killed. The motorcycle careens into the side of the bridge. Zimring, shaken but unharmed, comes running.

LT. ZIMRING
 Five minutes, Herr Major! Give
 me five minutes!

Kreuger raises his binoculars.

94 THE TRAIN - BINOCULAR SHOT

Two miles to the south, a freight train is approaching along the river's west bank. On FLATCARS, covered with tarps, are the anti-aircraft weapons. QUICK PAN SHOT TO:

95 EXT. REMAGEN - BINOCULAR SHOT

American tanks have covered half the distance from the town to the bridge. Behind them are loose columns of G.I.'s.

96 BACK TO SCENE

KREUGER

We don't have one minute.

(to Private

Manfred)

Prepare to fire the ramp charge.

Engineer Private Manfred kneels by the detonator. Lieutenant Zimring cries "Wait! Herr Major!" Kreuger shouts "Fire!" Private Manfred twists the detonator key.

97 THE EXPLOSION

The ramp goes up in a blast of smoke, flying debris and leaping, twisting railroad tracks.

98 BACK TO SCENE

KREUGER

Everyone to the tunnel!

Bullets are now whistling around them. Lieutenant Zimring doesn't move. Roughly, Kreuger gives him a shove, forces him to run with Manfred and Schmidt. Then, crouching behind a girder, Kreuger waits till the dust and smoke clear.

99 HIS POV

Where the ramp stood is now a huge crater, thirty feet in diameter, ten feet deep.

American tanks, followed by riflemen, are considerably nearer now.

100 KREUGER

He starts running across the seemingly endless quarter-mile span. In his exhausted condition he is soon gasping for breath.

101 ZIMRING, SCHMIDT AND MANFRED

They are running. Distant flashes and explosions from the direction of the train make Zimring stop and look off.

102 EXT. WEST BANK RAILROAD TRACKS - THE TRAIN

American tanks bracket the train. A car, carrying fuel or ammo, burns fiercely in background as German soldiers begin to leap down from the cars to surrender.

103 ZIMRING

Stricken, he hesitates until Schmidt again pulls him along.

104 FROM THE AMERICAN SIDE

We see the small figures running, making their getaway across the bridge, the lone figure of Kreuger far behind.

105 THE CRATER

Hartman, Angel and their men leave the protection of the tanks, leap into the crater, cross it, take positions on the far slope. Thus protected, they FIRE at the fleeing Germans with rifles and machine guns. Hartman looks down the bridge.

106 HARTMAN'S POV

Kreuger stops to catch his breath, looks back. He runs on. A TANK SHELL EXPLODES in the girders above him. Kreuger staggers and falls, lies still.

107 BACK TO SCENE

Hartman gestures to his men.

HARTMAN
Okay, save your ammo.

108 EXT. RIDGE ABOVE REMAGEN (WEST SIDE) - DAY

Major Barnes, an ARTILLERY SPOTTER and a few members of H.Q. Company are on the hill, observing events. Barnes is pacing jubilantly to and fro as several jeeps arrive, bringing the brass - Shinner, Dent and others. He meets them as they come up the hill. Appropriate salutes.

MAJOR BARNES

(all aglow)

Good to see you, sir. I think you've arrived just in time for the kill.

Ignoring Barnes, Shinner and Dent peer excitedly at the bridge through their binoculars. The Artillery Spotter is talking via radio as we see --

109 THE BRIDGE - BINOCULAR SHOT

We see Kreuger, lying in the middle of the bridge, but no particular notice is paid to him. To the Americans he's just another body. We see explosions in the water close to the bridge. During which we hear --

ARTILLERY SPOTTER'S VOICE

(In appropriate military language he is reporting, giving corrections to artillery back of the lines.)

110 BACK TO SCENE

General Shinner lowers his binoculars. His eyes are shining. To Artillery Spotter --

GENERAL SHINNER

Tell them to cease fire!

ARTILLERY SPOTTER

(startled)

Sir?

Barnes' head swings around, bewildered.

GENERAL SHINNER

Stop all artillery! Tell them hit the far side with smoke bombs!

COLONEL DENT

Smoke bombs?

SHINNER

Barnes! Where's your lead unit?

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

BARNES

By last report, they're right on the bridge approach, sir...

SHINNER

We're not going to blow that bridge, Barnes! We're going to take it...

Barnes stares, all the wheels in his brain spinning into a sudden reverse.

BARNES

Sir -- you really think there's a chance?

SHINNER

As long as it's standing, we've got a chance. If we get out there, cut every wire and cable.

(to Dent)

Alert HQ. Ask them to give us every available unit on the double.

BARNES

(feebly)

It'd be a terrible thing if they blew it with our boys on it --

SHINNER

You're a soldier, Barnes. It's worth the gamble if it shortens the war -- we're risking a hundred men to save a possible ten thousand, even fifty thousand.

(slaps Barnes' chest)

You've got a chance to make history, Major!

A gleam in Barnes' eye. He seems a bit taller. But his face falls on Shinner's final words.

SHINNER

(continuing)

All you have to do is just get your men across! Now - Major!

BARNES

(suddenly sober)

Yes sir!

He turns and sets off downhill in his jeep.

111 INT. TUNNEL MOUTH - EAST BANK

At top speed, a work crew is completing sandbag revetments for heavy machine guns, panzerfausts and even a light cannon at the tunnel mouth. SERGEANT FORST, a studious-looking communications man, is setting up a field telephone and radio atop several boxes in which the explosives arrived -- boxes plainly stamped with the word: DONERIT. Amid the furious activity Schmidt, Baumann and Zimring tensely look out at Kreuger, sprawled on the bridge. Near them, Engineer Private Manfred waits in terrible suspense at the detonator.

Schmidt is glued to his binoculars, in a torment of indecision. Baumann suffers no such qualms.

BAUMANN

Give the order, Schmidt!

(no answer)

He's dead! Can't you see he's dead?

(no answer)

If you're afraid to act, I'm not!

(to Manfred)

Prepare to fire!

SCHMIDT

No! Wait!

112 KREUGER - BINOCULAR SHOT

Kreuger stirs, slowly raises his head. The side of his head, gashed by a steel splinter, is bleeding.

Bullets crack and whine overhead. Kreuger crawls to a girder, drags himself to his feet. Does not notice that his cigarette case has fallen from his pocket, lies on the bridge.

113 THE TUNNEL

Schmidt lowers his binoculars, vastly relieved. So are Forst, Zimring and Private Manfred. Kreuger, their pillar of strength, is once more erect. Schmidt hands his binoculars to Baumann, runs out onto the bridge.

114 KREUGER - SHOOTING TOWARD TUNNEL

Before him stretches the long, empty span. Drunkenly he stumbles off toward the tunnel, an interminable distance away. The tiny figure of Schmidt is seen running to help him.

115 EXT. CRATER (WEST BANK)

Several of Hartman's men are watching at the rim of the crater. One of them, Grebs, snaps off a couple of shots at the distant figure of Kreuger who is partly protected by the bridge girders.

Below the rim, Hartman, Angel and the others smoke and rest as they wait for the bridge to blow. They are filled with a dreamy sense of well-being, as they enjoy a respite from battle.

Slavek slides down from the rim, stretches expansively.

SLAVEK

Well, fellas -- we got it made!
We got it made!

JELLICOE

(peers at him)

This guy needs a medic.

SLAVEK

It's the end of the line! War's
over!

GREBS

(from rim)

Anybody tell Eisenhower?

SLAVEK

Our war, you jerk! They promised
us leave when we got to the river.
(jerks head)
Well, what the hell is that out
there?

JELLICOE

By God, you're right. When they
blow that bridge I'm going to sack
out at the hotel until the main
column catches up. Let somebody
else travel point.

SLAVEK

(dreamily)

Yeah! Me, I'll be travelling point
down the Champs Elysees -- girls,
booze, plenty of hotcha.

(he winks at Glover)

How about it, Glover? When we get
back the Russkis will be in Berlin.

Glover responds with a shy grin.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

GREBS
 (catching fire)
 Damn you, Slavek -- you got me
 going!

(fervently,
 toward bridge)
 Blow, baby, BLOW!

JELlicOE
 Relax. Twenty minutes from now
 there'll be nothing out there but
 water.

A SOLDIER
 How about fifteen?

This starts a growing chorus of voices: "Hell no, ten."
 "Closer to five," "Two hours!" "They can't wait that long
 - half hour at the most." "Eighteen!" "Six." "Twelve."
 "Fourteen."

Angel has been listening with growing interest.

ANGEL
 (suddenly)
 All right, everybody! Let's make
 it a pool -- ten bucks each. Winner
 take all.

As if each bet were going to make the wish come true, the
 men eagerly throw money into the helmet. Angel looks over
 at Hartman who has been watching this sudden flurry with
 some amusement.

ANGEL
 How about you, Lieutenant?

HARTMAN
 (wryly)
 Come one, come all -- buy a piece
 of salvation!

ANGEL
 All you need is a lucky number.

HARTMAN
 With you holding the loot?

Angel shoves the helmet into Jellicoe's hands.

ANGEL
 Is he stupid enough to trust?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

In answer Hartman drops his ten into the helmet.

HARTMAN

I'll take any number you've got.

116 EXT. BRIDGE APPROACH - DAY

As his jeep swings up to crater, Barnes takes a hefty slug of whiskey from a flask, tosses it under seat, then makes a run for the crater.

117 EXT. THE CRATER - DAY

As Barnes slides into crater, Angel is checking his watch.

ANGEL

The time is exactly thirteen
hundred hours -- remember your
numbers --

Suddenly conscious of Barnes, everyone turns and stares. As Barnes uneasily brushes himself off, Hartman studies him and waits. Barnes looks like bad news.

BARNES

(nervously)

Got to talk to you, Hartman.

He looks about for a private place to talk; but there's no place to go. He must face Hartman in the presence of all.

BARNES

(with difficulty)

There's been a change of signals.

Tense silence. Hartman, with Angel close by, watches the Major unwaveringly. He's not going to make it easier for Barnes.

BARNES

(at last)

We've got to take the bridge.

HARTMAN

(unmoving)

Who says?

BARNES

Shinner's orders.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

HARTMAN
 (still unmoving)
 Shinner's crazy. They're going
 to blow it.

BARNES
 Not if we rush it -- cut the cable.

HARTMAN
 (with sudden
 violence)
 Let them blow it! That's not just
 a bridge. It's a death trap!

BARNES
 We're wasting time, Hartman.

HARTMAN
 (aroused to a
 cold fury)
 I got time to waste! Just what
 makes that bridge so Goddamn
 valuable?

BARNES
 Take the bridge and maybe it'll
 shorten the war.

HARTMAN
 Maybe. Dying's a lot more definite
 than that, Barnes.

BARNES
 (hard-pressed)
 Don't you think I know what war is!

HARTMAN
 No!
 (a beat, then
 savagely)
 Why don't you maybe boys take on
 some of the dirty chores? Why
 don't you take us 'across the
 bridge, Barnes?

BARNES
 Because I'm ordering you.

Terrified, without real authority, Barnes falls back on a last resort. He pulls his gun, points it at Hartman. For an instant there is a shocked tableau as Hartman and Angel stare in amazement at Barnes. Then Angel moves.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

Lightning quick he chops the gun from Barnes' hand and with a blow sends Barnes reeling back into the dirt of the crater. Almost speechless with rage, Barnes glares at his assailant.

BARNES

(hoarsely)

That's a court martial for you,
Angelo. You're dead!

ANGEL

Go fuck yourself!

Like a man bemused, Hartman turns his gaze toward Angel, suddenly an ally.

HARTMAN

You Goddamn idiot. Do you think
we ever had any choice?

Hartman turns, deliberately picks up a rifle, hands it to its owner. For a moment he looks, with a sudden grave tenderness, at his men. Then as he turns --

HARTMAN

(quietly)

Come on.

He starts to climb up out of the crater. Jellicoe, Glover, a couple of others begin to follow. Then more. But for an instant, Angel turns toward Barnes still lying on the side of the crater.

ANGEL

You want me -- come out there and
get me!

He climbs up. All the men are moving out now. At last there is no one left in the crater but Barnes, the loneliest man in the world.

118 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Quickly, using the protection of the bridge girders, the men string out on opposite sides of the roadway -- Angel leading men on one side, Hartman on the other. Their first objective: the western supporting pier partway out in the river.

Above their heads the artillery duel between the heights goes on.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

At their first appearance out of the crater, intense machine gun and rifle fire sweeps the bridge from the east towers, the tunnel, and positions on the east bank. As the bullets whine and ricochet among the girders, a man is hit, falls. Then another. And another.

Near the east towers which are pouring fire on the Americans, young Zimring runs to help Schmidt guide Kreuger back to the tunnel. A smoke shell strikes near the towers and the three men disappear into the spreading cloud.

118A INT. TUNNEL MOUTH - DAY

In an agony of impatience, Baumann peers toward the smoke that conceals Kreuger, Schmidt and Zimring. He half-turns toward Manfred, rigidly waiting at the detonator, as if about to order the explosion, then restrains himself. Turning back toward the bridge, he forces himself to wait.

118B EXT. BRIDGE - ANGLE PAST AMERICANS

More smoke shells, obscuring the view of the Germans on the east bank, begin to give a little more protection to Hartman's men. Hartman hurries them forward.

119 HARTMAN

Nearing the western pier (where the main span of the bridge begins) he sees the heavy steel pipe which encloses the cable. He fires a futile burst at the pipe, not expecting much to happen, and nothing does. Hopeless.

But no, not entirely. A bend in the pipe takes the cable under the bridge. Hartman crawls forward. Some planks have been blasted, leaving a gaping hole. He looks down, waves Angel to join him. Angel runs to Hartman, also looks down.

120 THEIR POV

Attached to the girders under the bridge are numerous charges - bundles of explosives.

121 HARTMAN AND ANGEL - UNDER THE BRIDGE

They lower themselves through the hole in the bridge, find footing on the beams, start ripping wires loose, dropping explosives in the river. Two more men join them at the hazardous task.

122 ON THE BRIDGE

Jellicoe, Glover and others run on, ahead of the hole, FIRING at the Germans to provide cover.

122A EXT. CRATER (WEST BANK)

Barnes is intensely watching the bridge action from the crater rim. Behind him, under the intermittent shell fire, more soldiers are coming along the approach ramp in short, sudden dashes. Barnes turns sharply as Pattison leaps into the crater beside him, quickly followed by several more breathless soldiers.

BARNES

(urgently)

Pattison - where's the rest of the platoon?

PATTISON

Coming up now, sir.

BARNES

Get them onto the bridge. Hurry!

Pattison, brave but untried, hesitates only a moment. Then with a wave of his arm to the men on the approach ramp, he leads the others out of the crater onto the bridge.

122B EXT. WEST RIDGE - DAY

With other officers and members of his staff, Shinner watches the bridge through his binoculars.

122C EXT. BRIDGE - EAST END

The figures of Kreuger, Schmidt and Zimring run up to the tunnel mouth.

123

&

124

OMITTED

125 INT. TUNNEL - EAST END

Kreuger, Schmidt and Zimring come staggering in. Schmidt offers a flask of brandy to Kreuger who gratefully takes a swallow.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

BAUMANN
(instantly)
For God's sake, Major. Let's
blow it!

He points to the detonator. Young Engineer Private Manfred is ready to turn the key.

Kreuger looks off, suddenly aware that there are people farther back in the tunnel.

KREUGER
One moment.

He steps to the curve of the tunnel and stares. The tunnel opens into a large cavernous room, once used for tool and supply storage by the railway, but now crowded with several hundred people waiting in noisy apprehension. Under the dim bulbs suspended from the ceiling are many of the Remagen farmers; other refugees from the western Rhineland with farm animals and carts of belongings; a handful of engineer troops, bedraggled wounded of the 15th Army, a few Volksturm, a small band of Polish workers. A hush falls on everyone as they see the authoritative figure of Kreuger.

KREUGER
(calmly, clearly)
We are about to explode the bridge.
I want all of you to lie down. Open
your mouths to protect your eardrums.

Starting with those in the foreground, the order is obeyed -- a wave of people pressing themselves to the ground.

125A BAUMANN AND MANFRED - AT DETONATOR

Almost beside himself at the delays, Baumann seems ready to leap at the detonator himself, but Manfred, pale and sweating, quietly waits.

126 UNDER THE BRIDGE - WESTERN PIER

No more than a third of the explosives have been removed. Hartman, Angel and the others work desperately.

127 INT. TUNNEL

Kreuger returns to the front of the tunnel, signals to Manfred.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

Private Manfred twists the detonator key. Nothing happens.
Twists it again. Nothing.

Baumann pushes him away, seizes the key, twists it again and again. Tests the circuit. Aghast they all stare at each other.

BAUMANN

The circuit -- it doesn't work.

There is a beat, then Baumann swings about as if looking for the culprit.

BAUMANN

(continuing;
hoarsely)

Sabotage!

Kreuger gives Baumann a look, then turns to Schmidt who already is surveying the bridge through his binoculars.

128 SCHMIDT'S POV - BINOCULAR SHOT

CAMERA FOLLOWS the heavy steel pipe, reaches a point where a shell exploded. Planks are shattered. The pipe is torn open, the cable severed.

129 BACK TO SCENE

As Kreuger waits questioningly, Schmidt turns to him.

SCHMIDT

The cable is broken. An enemy shell....!

Instantly Kreuger wheels toward Baumann, speaks in a controlled voice.

KREUGER

The emergency charge. At once!
Send a man to light the fuse.

BAUMANN

If we can still get to it.

Zimring steps forward, ready to go.

ZIMRING

Which side of the bridge?

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

MANFRED
(to Kreuger)

I can show him, Herr Major.

Kreuger's face shows his respect for their courage.

KREUGER

Good.

(to soldiers)

Give them covering fire.

Manfred picks up a rifle. Zimring brings out his pistol. They go running out through the heavy smoke.

130 ON THE BRIDGE

Zimring and Manfred run past the towers, emerge in the open, beyond the cloud of smoke. Now exposed to American fire, they dash from girder to girder, bullets whizzing past.

Fifty yards farther out can be seen the metal box containing the primer fuse.

A bullet barely misses Zimring. Manfred takes aim with his rifle.

131 AMERICAN RIFLEMEN

A little way beyond the western pier, as Pattison moves near them, several advance Americans -- Jellicoe, Slavek and Grebs -- fire at the two Germans from the protection of the girders.

Crouched against a girder, Glover is a little to the rear of Slavek and Grebs, when his glance is caught by Kreuger's cigarette case. Cautiously, he reaches for it, picks it up. A bullet hits him. He topples onto the roadway, curls up in agony.

132 ZIMRING AND MANFRED

They are making another dash forward. Manfred is hit in the leg. He falls, rolls out onto the bridge, near a gaping hole in the bridge floor torn open by one of the tank shells.

Zimring starts back to help him. Manfred motions him to go on. Machine gun bullets are whistling over Manfred's head. To get out of the line of fire he crawls to the hole, lets himself down through it.

133 UNDER THE BRIDGE

Manfred finds a perch on the network of steel beams. His leg pains him fiercely, but now something catches his eye. He brings his rifle into position.

134 HIS POV

In the distance he sees Americans, under the bridge, cutting wires, ripping loose bundles of explosives, dropping them in the river.

135 ANGEL

Manfred's first SHOT glances off a beam. Angel nearly falls. Hastily gets behind the beam. Directly below him is a deadly bundle of explosives. He stares at it in horrified fascination.

136 HARTMAN

He, too, has ducked behind a beam. Peeks out. A SHOT slams into the beam. He catches sight of Manfred, raises his submachine gun, FIRES a burst.

137 MANFRED

He is hit, unseated from his perch. Loses his rifle. Tenacious to the end, he clings to a beam with one hand. Loses his grip, falls into the fast-flowing river.

138 UNDER THE BRIDGE

We see three rowboats on the bank. Manfred struggles to swim to the bank, hasn't the strength. He is swept on, swept under.

139 ZIMRING

He is crouched over the metal box, lighting the fuse. It sputters, throwing off sparks.

He runs back to the hole in the bridge, looking for Manfred. No sign of him. Zimring, his own life at stake, must run.

140 PATTISON

He is kneeling on the bridge, yelling down through the hole --

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED:

PATTISON

Hartman! Get out of there! They
lighted a fuse! It's gonna blow!

141 UNDER THE BRIDGE

Hartman yells and gestures to Angel and the others --

HARTMAN

Up! Come on!

142 ON THE BRIDGE

Pattison helps Hartman and the others out. Hartman
gestures and shouts to his men on the bridge --

HARTMAN

Back! Everybody back! Run!

The men out forward come running. Hartman reaches out to
help a wounded man when a RUMBLING ROAR flings him from
his feet.

143 THE BRIDGE

Men are hurled into the air, along with flying timbers.
Then everything is obscured by great billows of smoke.

REACTION SHOTS - QUICK CUTS

144 (1) The GERMAN SIDE. Kreuger and the others, mission
accomplished, are limp with relief from the terrible
strain.

144A (2) BARNES. He and other Americans, in and around the
crater, are frozen with horror.

144B (3) SHINNER AND STAFF. They, too, are appalled. But then-

SHINNER

Good God!

144C THEIR POV

However damaged the bridge may be, it still stands.

145 INT. TUNNEL

Kreuger, Schmidt, Baumann, Zimring, behind them the shocked civilians and soldiers, present a tableau of black, bottomless dismay. (All but the Poles. Their faces light up.)

Kreuger turns to Baumann, wanting to kill him.

BAUMANN

Not my fault! I did all I could!

He grabs one of the boxes, shows Kreuger the name stamped on the side.

BAUMANN

(continuing)

The Army promised us first-grade military explosive! Look! Donerit! Second-grade industrial explosive -- not even half the strength!

Kreuger stares at the box, struggling to right his world. Then he turns to Sergeant Forst.

KREUGER

Phone headquarters. Get me General von Brock.

FORST

The phone lines are dead, Herr Major.

KREUGER

Then use the radio!

146 ON THE BRIDGE

The abortive explosion has precipitated a momentary cease-fire on both sides. As the smoke clears, some men on the bridge look at each other dazedly. Hartman and Angel are stretched out, begin to move groggily. They raise their heads to look about in vast astonishment. Then across the bridge where the explosion flung the Sergeant, Hartman sees Angel. Unsteadily, Hartman gets onto his feet.

HARTMAN

(a sudden wild exultant cry)

We're alive...! They blew it!

Angel has gotten to his hands and knees, sees the small crucifix hanging out of his shirt. He pulls it to his lips, kisses it, and lets out a yell.

(CONTINUED)

146 CONTINUED:

ANGEL

Jesus loves me!

Recklessly Hartman laughs, as if he felt suddenly indestructible. He half-turns to look for his other men. Instantly, his laughter dies.

147 HARTMAN'S POV

A bloodied hand is stretched out toward him, as if begging help.

148 BACK TO SCENE

Fast as he can, Hartman races some yards forward, past other still forms of men killed, falls to his knees beside the broken body of young Glover. The hand has dropped. Close beside it lies Kreuger's cigarette case. For an instant on Hartman's face is written the uselessness of pity. Almost unaware of his action, he gently reaches out, picks up the cigarette case, slips it into his pocket. From the eastern towers a renewed burst of fire rouses him to action. Once more he is the man of war.

He leaps to the side girders, waves to the men behind him.

HARTMAN

(a shout)

Come on! Let's take the bastards!

149 INT. TUNNEL

Kreuger, Schmidt, Baumann and Zimring are standing over Forst. In code Forst is calling headquarters, followed by, "Come in. Answer please. Come in. Answer please." To Kreuger --

FORST

Maybe Headquarters has moved,
Herr Major. Maybe under air
attack... radio silence...

KREUGER

(to Zimring)

Lieutenant...

As Kreuger leads Zimring aside, we see in background the milling crowd of frightened people. Kreuger and Zimring stop near two motorcycles. He gives the Lieutenant a brief look of respect and admiration.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

KREUGER

I must give you one more mission. Get through to von Brock at any cost. Tell him to bomb the bridge at once, send reinforcements before morning! Otherwise -- all is lost!

ZIMRING

Yes, Herr Major!

He salutes smartly. Kreuger does not return the salute. Instead holds out his hand. Zimring takes it. They shake hands warmly. Zimring puts on his helmet, climbs onto one of the motorcycles and signals to the soldiers at the mouth of the tunnel. They open up with heavy COVERING FIRE. The young Lieutenant roars out of the tunnel. Kreuger watches until he's out of sight.

150 EXT. RIVER ROAD (EAST SIDE OF RHINE) - DAY

Zimring, bent low over the motorcycle, is going full speed. Rifle FIRE, from across the river, kicks up dust around him.

151 EXT. WEST BANK

A heavy American machine gun begins to traverse with the speeding motorcycle on the opposite bank.

152 EXT. RIVER ROAD - ZIMRING

The machine gun fire pursues the motorcycle, then catches up with it. Zimring and the motorcycle are hurled off the road. Holding one useless, broken arm, he staggers on.

153 EXT. BRIDGE (NEAR TOWERS) - DAY

Hartman scurries forward, takes cover behind a girder. On the opposite side of the bridge, barely visible through the fog of smoke, are gangly, gawky Pattison and a couple more men. Having covered most of the distance across the bridge, all are dripping with sweat. The smoke clogs their lungs, stings their eyes. The stuttering machine gun FIRE from the twin towers adds deadly peril to their misery.

Hartman motions to Pattison to take the tower on his side of the bridge. The smoke thickens. Hartman dashes forward. Another figure appears -- Angel. He is coughing, gagging, barely able to breathe. Sees Hartman vanish into the smoke.

154 EXT. TOWER - SHOOTING UP

It looms near, heavy gray stone, orange FIRE spitting from the high windows. Hartman appears in the foreground, looks up. It's like trying to capture a castle single-handed.

155 BASE OF TOWER

Hartman hugs the tower wall, inches toward the tower door. Leaps back, seeing a figure running from the direction of the tunnel. It is one of the German Engineer Troops, draped with belts of machine gun ammunition. As he reaches the tower door, Hartman leaps on him swinging his gun like a club. The German goes down.

156 INT. TOWER ENTRANCE

Another German Engineer, inside, opens the door. Hartman's gun crashes into his face. He falls. The SOUND of machine gun FIRE, from above, roars through the stone tower. Hartman runs up the stone stairway.

157 INT. TOWER ROOM

The Engineer Corporal, the plain-faced peasant soldier we saw on the bridge, is at the window, firing a heavy machine gun. One of his men is feeding ammunition.

The door behind them is kicked open. Hartman charges in, shouting, "Hands up!" in German. Motions them away from the machine gun. They obey. Hartman picks up their machine gun to throw it out the window.

A belt of ammunition is draped over a chair. The German Corporal seizes it, swings with all his strength, hitting Hartman on the side of his helmet. He goes down. The Corporal whips out a knife. A BLAST OF GUNFIRE from the doorway kills him and the other German.

Angel dashes across the room, kneels by Hartman, turns him over, looks at him with intense concern.

Hartman opens his eyes, sees Angel's anxiety turn to relief, then embarrassment. Angel jumps up, grabs a half-empty bottle of schnapps (on a shelf with some tinned German rations), and offers it to the Lieutenant. Hartman takes a swig, hands the bottle back. For a moment their eyes meet in a wary kind of mutual respect.

HARTMAN

Much obliged.

Angel corks the bottle, stuffs it inside his pocket. Out they go.

158 THE OTHER TOWER

RATTLE OF GUNFIRE from inside. Lieutenant Pattison has done his job. Another German machine gun sails out the window. CAMERA PANS to the BRIDGE. Hartman's men, strung out across the bridge, are working their way eastward. Some are wounded. Back on the bridge are several dead.

159 EXT. MOUTH OF TUNNEL

German machine gunners SPRAY the bridge. A SMOKE BOMB hits nearby. The gunners continue to fire blindly.

160 EXT. ERPELER LEY

Lieutenant Eckert, the cool, methodical young Luftwaffe officer directs mortar fire and orders heavy machine guns brought to the edge of the steep slope, giving them direct line of fire at the approaching Americans (whenever smoke clears sufficiently for them to see).

Several of Eckert's men wear bloody bandages. A few lie dead, covered with blankets.

161 EXT. BRIDGE

Hartman leads the way, Angel at his heels, others strung out behind. Running, taking cover, firing, running, some being hit, others moving up, they cover the last thirty yards of the bridge.

162 EAST BANK

Hartman makes it to the end of the bridge. Under heavy FIRE from Erpeler Ley, he races off to the left, jumps into one of numerous shell craters. Angel and others follow him.

More men arrive, all of them exhausted. They take cover, cowering in the dirt under the unrelenting FIRE from above.

Hartman risks a look at the forbidding cliff, from the top of which comes the GUNFIRE pinning them down. A spray of bullets makes him duck down again. His face is only inches away from Angel's.

HARTMAN

You still think Jesus loves you?

ANGEL

One thing sure, nobody else does.

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

Pattison comes crawling from another shell crater, slides in beside Hartman. Pattison's glasses are covered with grime. He takes them off, spits on them, wipes them on his jacket. During which he states the obvious -

PATTISON

Sir, we're in a terrible spot here.
What do we do, sir?

HARTMAN

Hang on till it gets dark.
(hates to say it)
Then take the hill.

PATTISON

I've got half my platoon over here.
Want us to try?

HARTMAN

(looks at him
appreciatively)
Somebody's got to.

Pattison nods in acceptance, moves off.

163 EXT. WEST BANK - DAY

In spite of rifle fire and occasional mortar shells, bulldozers are pushing dirt, rubble, whatever is available, into the huge shell crater, in order that tanks can get onto the bridge. Infantry men are working with trench shovels, like coolies. Barnes, steamed up as never before, is cracking the whip.

BARNES

Shake it up! Come on, driver,
move it, will you! You! Sergeant!
Take some trucks, get some of the
rubble out of the streets.

"Yes sir." The Sergeant goes running. General Shinner drives up in his jeep. He strides over to Barnes at the crater.

SHINNER

Barnes, how long is it going to
take to fill this thing up!

BARNES

I hope by tomorrow daylight.

(CONTINUED)

163 CONTINUED:

SHINNER

Speed it up. The Germans can counter-attack in strength at any time. If we don't get tanks across, those men over there can be wiped out.

BARNES

We'll do the best we can, sir.

Shinner starts to move off, then turns back to face Barnes again.

SHINNER

(nodding toward
bridge)

That was a good job, Barnes.

There is a beat as Barnes looks at the General. Then:

BARNES

(for once without
horseshit)

It's the men, sir. They're the best.

164 INT. REAR OF TUNNEL - DAY

Sitting on the ground, lying where they can, huddled in family groups, the civilians wait in patient apprehension. Occasional BULLETS ricocheting into the tunnel bring moments of sharp terror. Outside the tunnel the thump of artillery adds its ominous overtone.

Schmidt has assembled all the military personnel in the tunnel -- a mixed bag of about seventy-five bridge engineers and guards, retreating regulars separated from their units, and local Volksturm, some of whose wives and children are also present in the tunnel. Flanked by Schmidt and Baumann, Kreuger faces the men. Despite his ordeal he has an air of calm assurance.

KREUGER

I will not deceive you. The situation is serious. A small force of Americans have crossed the bridge. But help for us is on the way and the Americans can get no armor across before tomorrow. Until then everything is up to us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

KREUGER (cont'd)

It is almost nightfall. With flares we can watch any movement on the bridge. But as soon as it is dark, you, Sergeant...

(he indicates
a rugged non-com)

... will take six men out to the barge in the river. Keep the enemy under fire from behind. The rest of us will attack and wipe them out.

(a beat)

At stake here is the future of Germany and for each of us -- our soldier's honor. Check your weapons and stand by.

As Kreuger walks away, some of the men begin to check their weapons. The rest exchange glances or stare non-committally after him.

165 KREUGER

Kreuger walks along the tracks past civilians who stare up at him. He stops, his attention caught by a woman tending a whimpering wounded German boy. As he halts, the woman turns partway to look up at him. Her movement reveals a large letter "P" on her dress. Kreuger looks at her for a surprised instant.

KREUGER

(quietly)

Thank you.

The woman looks at him with fierce loathing.

POLISH WOMAN

I don't do it for you. I do it for my own boy. You Germans butchered him in Warsaw.

Only the barest perceptible flinch on Kreuger's face. Then he walks quickly on. Baumann and Schmidt catch up with him as he reaches Forst, bent over the radio.

KREUGER

Have you reached headquarters yet?

FORST

No. Look!

The back of the radio has been gotten into, wires torn, parts damaged.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

SCHMIDT
How could that happen?

FORST
(hesitantly)
Only a few minutes ago... I went
to relieve myself.

BAUMANN
(in sudden rage)
It's the damned Poles. We should
kill them...!

Kreuger gives Baumann a stony stare, then turns to Forst.

KREUGER
Try to fix it.

He looks at his wrist watch, then sits against the tunnel
wall. Schmidt joins him.

SCHMIDT
Almost dark...
(sighs)
So much action today. It's
exhausting.

KREUGER
Not the action. It's the waiting.

Kreuger feels alone, besieged. He reaches into his pocket
for his cigarette case. Not there. Gropes through his
other pockets. Gone.

166 EXT. HARTMAN'S BRIDGEHEAD - NIGHT

Hartman opens Kreuger's cigarette case, cautiously lights
a cigarette, gives it to a wounded man.

The Americans are still pinned down by GUNFIRE from the
Erpeler Ley. Several have been wounded, a couple killed.

Hartman, checks his watch. "Get ready." He counts to him-
self. "Now!" Everyone OPENS FIRE on the top of the hill.

Led by gangly Lieutenant Pattison, a dozen men of Second
Platoon crawl out of holes, dash across the dark open space
to the base of the hill, begin to climb.

167 EXT. ERPELER LEY - SIDE OF HILL - NIGHT

It's a nearly vertical ascent, made more difficult by the
weight of their weapons.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

However, the Germans on the top of the hill can't fire at them without exposing themselves. Pattison's men claw their way up, grappling for hand-holds, kicking toe-holds as they go.

A FLARE arcs upward from the river itself, exposing the climbers. Rifle and machine gun FIRE rips into the hill. A man is hit. He cries out and falls. A second man gets it in the leg, tumbles screaming to the bottom. The rest maneuver frantically into hollows, flatten out on narrow ledges, anything to get out of sight. No one dares move.

168 HARTMAN'S SHELL HOLE

Hartman, Angel and the rest can't fathom where the new enemy gunfire is coming from. Another FLARE tells them. The half-sunken barge.

He and others BLAST away at the barge, but the up-tilted steel hull gives perfect protection to the Germans.

HARTMAN

What are they doing back there?
Why don't they do something about
that goddam barge?

ANGEL

Listen - I saw a couple rowboats,
down under the bridge.

HARTMAN

Rowboats?
(he catches on)
Jellicoe! Slavek!

He motions them to follow him and Angel. The four of them crawl off through the brush along the river bank, heading toward the bridge.

169 EXT. RIVER - IN ROWBOAT - NIGHT

Angel and Jellicoe are rowing the boat upstream. Hartman at the prow, Slavek at the stern, they turn into the mid-stream current, ship three of the oars, use one to guide a silent approach on the barge.

Up ahead looms the gravel barge, some twenty feet wide, sixty feet long, one end submerged, the other canted upward. Steady GUNFIRE from the barge is directed eastward at the Americans on the hill and the river bank.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

As Hartman reaches out to make contact with the western side of the steel hull, another FLARE lights the sky. But the rowboat is now hidden from the Germans aboard the barge.

Hartman eases the boat along the side of the hull. Sees the Germans' rowboat, fastened to a heavy rope dangling from the barge. Ties his boat alongside. Motions to his men. Each produces a hand grenade.

170 ABOARD THE BARGE - NIGHT

The half dozen Germans are deployed, facing east, dug into the gravel, almost out of sight.

Four GRENADES are lobbed into the barge. One of the Germans shouts a warning, then the EXPLOSIONS. Two of the Germans are killed.

Hartman is the first man onto the barge, followed by Angel, Jellicoe and Slavek. The Germans, though taken by surprise, have some small degree of protection, having dug in. They whirl around, OPEN FIRE.

Hartman, Angel and Jellicoe, flat on their bellies, FIRE BACK. Slavek, knife in hand, slithers across the barge. Leaps up, strikes, kills a German. He in turn is hit. Lunges feebly for another German, falls forward, dead.

Jellicoe jumps up, FIRING his sub-machine gun from the hip. He kills a fourth German, then turns slowly, his chest oozing blood. "Hartman" - drops his gun and falls. Angel is on one knee, FIRING across the barge. One of the last two Germans is hit, cries out. Angel leaps up, then spins around, hurled backward by the impact of a bullet, as Hartman kills the last German. Clutching a bloody shoulder, Angel reels, loses his balance, topples off the barge into the water.

Hartman scrambles to the side of the barge. Angel, his blood staining the water, raises his good arm to reach Hartman's hand. Their eyes meet in anguished horror, but their fingers are inches apart. Angel, thrashing the water, is swept away by the swift current. He goes under, bobs to the surface, then vanishes from sight.

HARTMAN
(an anguished cry,
hand still out-
stretched)

Angel....

Hartman moves slowly back to Jellicoe, kneels beside him to feel his wrist, his throat. Dead. No firing.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

Hartman on his knees in the eerie silence, looks slowly around him. At Slavek. At the blood-soaked corpses of the Germans. Back to Jellicoe. Tears streak his face as he stares off at the darkness of the river.

171 EXT. ERPELER LEY - SIDE OF HILL - NIGHT

Gunfire from the barge having been silenced, Lieutenant Pattison and his men are climbing again. Spaced out, they near the brow of the hill. Pattison takes out a grenade, motions to the next man. The signal is passed from man to man.

The grenades are thrown. They EXPLODE. The Americans climb onto --

172 THE HILLTOP - NIGHT

They OPEN FIRE, running, screaming, blazing away at everything that moves. Only ten of them, but it sounds like an army of madmen. Several Germans are killed. Others rise, hands up in surrender.

Not young Eckert. Crouched behind an anti-aircraft gun, he FIRES his pistol coolly, accurately, brings down two Americans.

Pattison charges the gun emplacement. He and Eckert FIRE simultaneously. Eckert is killed instantly. Pattison staggers forward, drops beside him. His glasses fall off. Even as he reaches for them, his hand goes limp.

Three Germans are running for the eastern slope of the hill. One is hit, goes down. The other two disappear down the darkened slope.

173 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

The tunnel is lighted by lanterns, casting nightmare shadows against the walls. Kreuger, a gray combat jacket over his tunic, is checking his pistol and a light machine gun preparatory to leading the attack on the American bridgehead.

Nearby Baumann is also checking his weapons. A middle-aged Volkstürmer stands by as Kreuger gives him an order.

KREUGER

Go at once to the Erpeler Ley.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED:

KREUGER (cont'd)

Tell Lieutenant Eckert that beginning at eight-ten he is to lay down the heaviest possible fire against the American advance positions for twenty minutes. We will attack at eight-thirty. That is all.

The Volksturmer gives a rather sloppy salute and hurries away toward rear of tunnel. Baumann looks after him contemptuously.

BAUMANN

It's a farce! Where are the bombers, our reinforcements? This is the most important place in Germany and what do we have to fight with -- old men, riffraff, the sweepings from the road....

KREUGER

(evenly) --

And you, Baumann -- will you fight as hard as you talk?

BAUMANN

(convincingly)

Kreuger -- you will find out when we attack.

Kreuger gives Baumann a look, then starts back toward the main section of the tunnel.

BAUMANN

(continuing; with vicious meaning)

You talked about honor. Now we will see who has it.

Kreuger swings about, his patience gone.

KREUGER

(furious)

Captain Baumann, I am giving you an order. Not one more word out of you -- it could be your last!

Kreuger moves on around the tunnel bend followed by Baumann. In the great chamber of the tunnel, Schmidt has assembled the soldiers for the attack. He looks grave, as well he might. Only a scant fifteen uniformed men remain. Kreuger looks about, shocked.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (2)

KREUGER
Where are the others?

SCHMIDT
Gone, Herr Major.

KREUGER
Where?

SCHMIDT
(helplessly)
God knows.

From the rear of the tunnel two soldiers come running, survivors of the fight on the hill. They arrive gasping for breath.

FIRST SURVIVOR
They've captured Erpeler! They
climbed the hill!

BAUMANN
(shrilly)
You bastards! You ran away!

KREUGER
QUIET!

He turns a terrible face on the two men.

KREUGER
(continuing)
Where are your weapons?

They stare at him frightened, trying to formulate an adequate answer. In furious impatience, Kreuger turns to Schmidt.

KREUGER
(continuing)
Arm them!

A Sergeant beckons, starts to lead them toward an arms rack in background. Schmidt makes a quiet aside to Kreuger.

SCHMIDT
Herr Major -- seventeen men, three
officers, what can we do?

KREUGER
(automatic response)
Fight. The enemy doesn't know how
many we are.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (3)

During this quiet exchange two OLDER SOLDIERS, at the rear of the small group, edge away toward the shadows, furtively seeking escape.

KREUGER

(to his men)

We will divide into two squads..

(to Schmidt)

You will lead one, I the other.
See that every man is equipped
with pistol, light machine gun,
as many rounds of ammunition as....

From the corner of his eye he sees the two men sneaking toward the rear of the tunnel.

KREUGER

Halt! Halt!

They run. Kreuger raises his machine gun and FIRES... a deafening ROAR that echoes through the tunnel. Women and children scream. Then silence.

Both men lie sprawled on the tunnel floor. Schmidt runs to them, kneels beside them. Both are dead. Looks up to see Kreuger gazing down at them, appalled by what he has done. Slowly, Schmidt gets to his feet, faces Kreuger with horrified amazement.

SCHMIDT

(a harsh whisper)

Why?

No answer. Kreuger stares at the two bodies, too shocked to reply.

SCHMIDT

(continuing; a beat)

They say that dying animals bite at
their own wounds... now we are
killing our own people.

Kreuger raises his head, but he has not heard Schmidt's words. He is still in a daze. The people in the tunnel have started to press forward around them.

KREUGER

(numbly)

Come... we must attack...

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (4)

SCHMIDT

(steadily)

It is useless. These men are
not going to die for nothing.
You've killed two men -- are you
going to try to kill us all?

Gradually Kreuger is regaining a kind of clarity and control.

KREUGER

It is our duty...

SCHMIDT

(simply)

You're duty - and mine - is to
these people.

He indicates the encircling crowd. They stare at Kreuger
with a fierce and unmistakable hatred, close to a violent
outburst.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Murderer!

There is a low rumble in the crowd. Instantly Schmidt
moves forward -- these are his people, familiar neighbors.

SCHMIDT

(sharply)

All right -- Karl, Wolfgang, Hans
-- back. All of you. Back!

The crowd slowly yields ground, moves back. Schmidt turns
again to Kreuger who has felt the hatred against him.

KREUGER

(a final,
hopeless question)

You will not attack?

SCHMIDT

We cannot.

KREUGER

(after a beat,
accepts reality)

Then I beg of you -- hold out
until the last possible moment.
Give me time to reach headquarters
and get reinforcements.

SCHMIDT

I will do my best, Herr Major.

173A EXT. AMERICAN BRIDGEHEAD - EAST BANK -- NIGHT

In the darkness, the figure of Hartman appears, climbing the bank from the river toward the American positions on the left. He looks up and listens as German machine guns in the tunnel open up a steady, continuous fire at bridge level above him. Through it, abruptly, comes the roar of a motorcycle as Kreuger makes his dash onto the east bank roadway past the American bridgehead. As the covering fire dies down, an American spotlight from the west bank stabs across the dark river searching for the motorcycle. For a brief moment, it pinpoints Kreuger, then it loses him.

173B A BRIDGEHEAD SHELL HOLE

Hartman crawls to the shell hole, slides in, exhausted. A dark figure stirs. It is Grebs, sole remaining familiar face from Hartman's platoon.

GREBS

(not sure)

Lieutenant?

HARTMAN

Yeah.

GREBS

Where the guys?

HARTMAN

(tonelessly)

Gone.

GREBS

All?

HARTMAN

All.

Grebs stares briefly at Hartman. Nothing more to be said. Separately they hunch up, keep watch on the tunnel waiting for reinforcements to come.

174
THRU OMITTED
176C

176D EXT. GERMAN COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Kreuger races recklessly past occasional military vehicles up the road winding through the hilly Rhine country.

(CONTINUED)

176D CONTINUED:

Suddenly the motorcycle sputters and coughs several times, then dies completely. Kreuger rolls to a halt at the roadside, stamps the pedal, tries again. Nothing. He looks up and down the road, sees a military truck approaching from the direction in which he has come. He steps into the road, flags down the truck. There is a quick exchange with the driver, which we cannot hear. Then quickly Kreuger gets into the cab and the truck rolls on.

176E EXT. RHINELAND HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

In the darkness, the courtyard is filled with hurried movement as headquarters prepares to abandon the mansion. Messengers come and go on motorcycles, trucks are being loaded with secret files, equipment and stores. Most significant is the number of dark SS uniforms that have appeared. The truck carrying Kreuger wheels into the courtyard, comes to a halt. Wearily, Kreuger gets down and walks stiffly toward the steps at the main entrance. Two SS GUARDS present arms and a SERGEANT quickly examines Kreuger's papers, then takes him in.

176F INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM -- NIGHT

Much of the equipment is gone or dismantled, but a skeleton staff remains. An SS LIEUTENANT sits at a table. Near him NON-COMMISSIONED PERSONNEL still perform clerical and communications duties. All their actions betray an awareness of overlying tension.

The Sergeant opens the door, points to the SS Officer, then waits while Kreuger wearily crosses the room. Without sleep for untold hours, Kreuger is almost at the limit of his endurance. He is at the point where every movement, even speech, is an effort.

KREUGER

(deliberately)

General von Brock -- I must see him.

SS LIEUTENANT

Impossible! He cannot be disturbed. What do you want?

KREUGER

(sudden rage)

Wake him, damn you... and get on your feet when I speak to you!

(CONTINUED)

176F CONTINUED:

Taken aback by Kreuger's outburst, the SS Lieutenant hesitates, then rises to attention.

SS LIEUTENANT

But Herr Major...

He is interrupted by the opening of the door to Von Brock's office. As both men turn, Kreuger also stiffens to attention. Standing in the doorway near them is GENERAL GERLACH, a narrow shouldered, pasty, thin-lipped man who might be a clerk if he were not wearing the uniform of an SS General. He stares a moment at Kreuger.

GERLACH

I am General Gerlach. Who are you?

KREUGER

Major Kreuger. I have just come from Remagen.

Gerlach's eyes flash a sudden interest. He gestures Kreuger into the office.

GERLACH

Ah! Come in...

KREUGER

(crossing to door)
General.. There is little time. The Americans have taken the bridge. I must report to General von...

He stops and stares.

176G ANGLE FROM DOORWAY - VON BROCK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Seated, not at his desk but in a small upright armchair, is General von Brock, who seems to have aged greatly since last we saw him. Beyond him at a table are seated two Staff Officers and a secretary taking notes. Before Kreuger can speak, Gerlach takes over.

GERLACH

(almost affably)
We have just been discussing the situation at Remagen with General von Brock. I have been sent by the Fuehrer to learn the facts. I'm sure you can help explain...

(CONTINUED)

176G CONTINUED:

KREUGER

(tersely)

It's very simple. We had too few troops to defend the bridge, not enough explosives to blow it up.

GERLACH

(a thin smile)

Is that your excuse, Herr Major?

(a sudden shout of rage)

There is never enough for you cowards, is there?

Now intensely alert despite his weariness, Kreuger stares at Gerlach. Then deliberately he turns his back on the SS General, speaks to von Brock.

KREUGER

(an urgent plea)

General von Brock -- we must counter-attack, bomb the bridge at once -- any further delay will be fatal...

Von Brock looks up at Kreuger in pained futility, shakes his head.

VON BROCK

(heavily)

Ernst -- it is useless. There is nothing I can...

GERLACH

(interrupting)

Major Kreuger, you will address your remarks to me. General von Brock has been relieved of his command.

Gerlach pauses as Kreuger stares aghast. Then:

GERLACH

(crisply)

And you, Major. The bridge at Remagen is no longer your concern. You are under arrest.

177
THRU OMITTED
179

180 EXT. BRIDGEHEAD - NIGHT

Waiting for reinforcements, Hartman and Grebs are pinned down in a shell hole a hundred yards or more from the tunnel mouth and slightly to the left of the main roadway. Others of the bridgehead survivors are scattered in nearby shell holes fanning off to the right across the torn ground. Ahead, the tunnel approach is flanked by sloping raw earth sides cut into the hill. Atop the sides of the cut, small trees and bushes climb the hillside around the tunnel.

In spent misery, the two men huddle in their combat jackets against the night's chill. As Grebs moves stiffly into a more comfortable position, there is a SCURRYING SOUND off in the darkness. They freeze, listening.

GREBS

(in sudden
excitement)

They're coming across!

Almost at once there is a long burst from the German machine guns at the tunnel mouth and a flare arcs upward into the night. Cautiously, the two peer back at the gaunt skeleton of the bridge silhouetted in the light. It is desolate and empty.

HARTMAN

(a beat, then
flatly)

Ugly son of a bitch, isn't it?

GREBS

What's the matter with those
guys back there? They waiting
for a bus?

HARTMAN

Getting nervous?

GREBS

No. Lonesome.

A grim little smile from Hartman, then, as the flare dies out --

HARTMAN

(wryly)

Never fear. Good old Barnes will
back us up.

(a serious
footnote)

If he doesn't, between now and
daylight, we've had it.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

GREBS
 (gloomily)
 I wish you hadn't made it
 official.
 (as both peer
 toward tunnel)
 What you think the Krauts got
 in there?

HARTMAN
 I don't know. But we'll damn
 soon find out.
 (at Grebs'
 questioning look)
 Either the Krauts are coming
 out, or we're going in.

GREBS
 With what we got left?

HARTMAN
 (nods)
 Take a count.

GREBS
 (calling softly)
 Sound off, you guys!

Out of the darkness, the muted voices float back. "Jenkins,"
 "Hawks," "Montano," "Julius," "Vorkapitch," "Engel,"
 "Brokaw."

-- There is a pause. Hartman and Grebs look at each other,
 in silent dismay. Then the voices pick up again: "Brown,"
 "Costello," "Gebhardt," "Savage," "Angelo," "Kessler" --

The silence returns, holds. Again Hartman and Grebs face
 each other.

GREBS
 Fourteen...

But Hartman doesn't hear him. Belatedly his mind is
 reacting to a momentous, incredible realization --

HARTMAN
 (almost a
 murmur)
 Angelo ---
 (a sudden
 great cry)
 ANGEL!

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED: (2)

He springs to the edge of the crater, eyes straining toward the other shell holes.

HARTMAN
(continuing)
Angel.....?

ANGEL'S VOICE
You're slowing down, Hartman.
Why ain't you in Berlin?

In a single bound, Hartman leaps out of the shell hole, dashes madly in Angel's direction. Instantly machine gun tracer fire searches for him, rips the ground around him as he runs.

180A EXT. ANOTHER SHELL CRATER

As another flare lights up the sky, Hartman flings himself into the shell hole, nearly lands on top of Angel. Laughing, almost with tears, they embrace wildly. Hartman throws his arms around Angel, clutches his head, ruffles his hair with his hands.

ANGLE
(eyes shining)
Oh man! Man alive!

HARTMAN
(lovingly)
You pig! You bastard!
(holds him off
to look at him)
What an ugly slob you are!

ANGEL
(laughing)
Blame my tailor! I got the pants
off a dead Kraut. Look! In the
pockets --
(pulls out
crumpled wad)
Twenty marks! And this -- !

He waves a scrap of paper at Hartman, who quickly examines it.

HARTMAN
Looks like a three-day pass.

(CONTINUED)

180A CONTINUED:

ANGEL
(at once)
I'm joining the Krauts.

Hartman laughs again, gives Angel a playful cuff.

ANGEL
Easy! You're striking a wounded
man!

HARTMAN
I'll get you a Purple Heart.

ANGEL
I figured the DSM for sure.

HARTMAN
Anything you want - name it!

ANGEL
So give me a butt --

Hartman reaches into his jacket, takes out the Kreuger
cigarette case, offers it. Larcey lights Angel's eye
as he takes the case, turns it over with awed apprecia-
tion.

ANGEL
Hey ----!

Quickly, Hartman reaches over, recovers the case.

HARTMAN
Not yet, you bastard. Wait till
I'm dead.

180B INT. VON BROCK'S OFFICE - RHINELAND HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

CAMERA CLOSE ON KREUGER standing wearily at attention as
he listens to the last phrases of a court martial verdict.

GERLACH'S VOICE
... by his failure to defend the
bridge or to destroy it, Major
Kreuger is guilty of cowardice
in the face of the enemy, and the
betrayal of his duty to the
Fatherland and the Fuehrer...

CAMERA PULLBACK reveals Kreuger facing Von Brock's desk
behind which Gerlach is seated between the two SS Staff
Officers.

(CONTINUED)

180B CONTINUED:

Still in the small upright chair where last we saw him, sits General von Brock, a crushed man overwhelmed by events. Gerlach, who has been reading from a sheet of paper, raises his head to look at Kreuger.

GERLACH

(briskly)

Have you anything to say?

KREUGER

One question. Why has General von Brock not testified?

GERLACH

The General was fully questioned before your arrival. However --

(turning toward
von Brock)

Perhaps he wishes to add something.

General von Brock has suffered an inner debacle. Slowly he speaks in a confused and halting manner.

VON BROCK

... In the present catastrophe
... It is not easy to know what
are one's responsibilities or
duty... Honor...

His voice trails away into some interior dialogue. In the silence, Kreuger is caught between pity and contempt as he stares at his mentor. Gerlach's quick commanding voice brings him back.

GERLACH

Major Kreuger!

KREUGER

(quietly,
wearily)

Nothing I say will alter the
verdict, reached by the court
before I came here...

180C INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Under guard, Young Zimring is brought into the room - obviously the next victim to be tried. He seems disoriented, bewildered. He looks off as from von Brock's office comes an indistinct command, the click of boots brought to attention, the stamp of feet. The door swings back and a Corporal marches out, followed by Kreuger and two soldiers. With a gasp of shocked recognition, Zimring stares at Kreuger.

(CONTINUED)

180C CONTINUED:

ZIMRING
(almost a
whisper)

Not you!

Kreuger does not speak, but his face reflects his anguished knowledge that the brave young Lieutenant also is about to be sacrificed. A sharp "March!" from the Corporal again starts Kreuger off.

180D EXT. REAR OF RHINELAND HQ - DAWN

His face drawn with a desperate weariness, Kreuger and his escort come out of a doorway and round the corner of the building. Instinctively, for a brief instant, Kreuger stops.

180E KREUGER'S POV

Ahead of him in the pale light of dawn is the small meadow first glimpsed through von Brock's window. In the center of the open field, in stark isolation, stands a single post. Some paces away, a QUICK CAMERA PAN reveals the waiting FIRING SQUAD.

180F BACK TO SCENE

Kreuger is marched to the post, and is permitted to stand unbound in front of it. Without thinking, he pats the pockets of his tunic, searching for his lost cigarette case.

The CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD steps forward, offers his own pack of cigarettes. Kreuger waves it away.

CAPTAIN OF GUARD
Herr Major, I regret very much...

The DRONE of a flight of BOMBERS is heard in the distance. Both men look up.

KREUGER
(a clinical
interest)
Ours or theirs?

CAPTAIN OF GUARD
Enemy planes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

180F CONTINUED:

Kreuger glances at the Captain with a faint smile.

KREUGER

Ah -- but who is the enemy?

The Captain turns sharply around, walks back to the firing squad. Series of COMMANDS from the Captain.

Kreuger looks up toward the planes, reacts violently to the bullets' impact as the VOLLEY rings out.

Instantly following this, almost a continuation, we hear the blast of machine gun fire.

181
THRU OMITTED
199

200 EXT. REMAGEN BRIDGE -- DAWN

Machine gun tracers sweep the bridge. Across it now, from the American-held west bank, many shadowy figures of soldiers are darting from girder to girder.

201 HARTMAN'S SHELL HOLE

In the crater with Angel and two other soldiers, he looks back toward the bridge, smiles grimly at the reinforcements filtering across in greater and greater numbers. Around them even now, fresh troops are plunging one by one to nearby shell holes and any other cover on the bridgehead.

With the two soldiers, Angel, despite his wound, is going to man a machine gun. Hartman, holding an automatic gun, swings toward Angel.

HARTMAN

Lay it on them!

ANGEL

(winks)

Take care.

For half a beat, their eyes lock, then --

HARTMAN

See you.

(calls across to
other shell hole)

Grebs! Let's go!

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

From all the bridgehead shell holes an intense fire is directed against the tunnel position. While Grebs and several men work up the opposite side, Hartman and his party scramble across the open space between the shell holes and the hillside.

202 WITH HARTMAN

As they rush toward the slope, reach the partial cover of the first bushes, Hartman and his men snake upward toward a position commanding the machine guns and the cannon at the tunnel mouth.

FLASHES OF ACTION

203 (a) Gunfire from the shell holes rips across the tunnel approaches at the sandbag revetment sheltering the German Guns.

203A (b) A fresh soldier jumps into a shell hole with a light machine gun, starts firing at the tunnel.

203B (c) Grebs and two remaining men of Hartman's platoon work their way up the bank opposite from Hartman.

203C (d) In the graying light, more figures are darting from girder to girder across the bridge.

204 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAWN

Hartman and his men crawl upward along the edge of the cut. Hartman holds up a warning hand.

205 HARTMAN'S P.O.V.

Protected by the revetment a few feet out from the tunnel mouth, Schmidt, Baumann and half a dozen Germans are firing three machine guns, swinging them from side to side. A small slide of rock and shale alert the Germans to their threat. Baumann looks up, picks up an automatic rifle, starts to swing around.

206 EXT. TUNNEL MOUTH - ANGLE PAST HARTMAN - DAWN

Hartman and his men pour fire into the tunnel outpost killing Baumann and two soldiers.

(CONTINUED)

206 CONTINUED:

The others, at a cry from Schmidt, leave their weapons and raise their arms. The firing ceases. Grebs and his men take position commanding tunnel mouth from the other side. Hartman motions them to keep guard there. For a moment, he looks back across the river.

207 HARTMAN'S P.O.V.

Across the bridge, teeming now with files of men, the first armored vehicles are starting across. Behind them tanks maneuver onto the ramp.

208 BACK TO SCENE

Hartman slides down the raw earth slope to tunnel level, as reinforcements, the bridgehead survivors and the first armored cars converge on the tunnel.

209 EXT. TUNNEL MOUTH - NEW ANGLE - DAY

A white flag has been raised at the revetment. Flanked by a single soldier, Sergeant Forst, Schmidt approaches Hartman.

SCHMIDT
(in English)
Captain Schmidt, Remagen Bridge
Security Command. I offer you
surrender.

Hartman nods, looks about, sees Angel and motions his men to bracket the tunnel so that the German's in effect, will have to run a gauntlet. Angel comes up beside Hartman.

HARTMAN
(coldly)
Bring out your men, hands on
their heads. One wrong move
and we start shooting. I don't
trust your white flags.

SCHMIDT
(with weary
irony)
You'll have no trouble.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED:

He motions his hand toward the tunnel. Hartman's men wait tensely. Then after a moment, amid the bristling might of the U.S. Army, the tunnel's occupants start out in a straggling procession. A few Volksturmiers, followed by women, children, old men, relieved Polish workers, mothers with babies, people carrying belongings, some leading animals. Those who have nothing to carry, small children in particular, likewise have their hands on their heads.

Engulfed by a wave of sadness and futility, Hartman stares at them. The frightened eyes of the children watching the American soldiers, a few sullen older boys in Hitler Youth uniforms.

One 8-year old BOY hesitates a moment, speaks to Schmidt.

BOY

(in German)

Herr Professor, what will happen to us?

SCHMIDT

(in German)

Nothing, Eric, nothing. Go to your home.

As the boy goes off, Hartman turns to Schmidt inquiringly.

SCHMIDT

(in English)

I told him to go home, nothing would happen...

(a beat)

He asks me because in peace time I am the schoolmaster.

HARTMAN

(after a long beat)

And what will you teach them now, schoolmaster?

With a curt nod, Hartman starts Schmidt moving. He and Angel fall in close beside him as they join the procession. With their captives, victor and vanquished alike, they move back across the bridge as the men and vehicles of war flow steadily eastward.

(CONTINUED)

209 CONTINUED: (2)

Amid the eastbound traffic a command car wheels slowly past Hartman and Angel. In it, behind a driver, sit Shinner and Barnes. From Shinner there is no recognition. But with Barnes there is an awkward beat as he meets the gaze of the two men. Then he raises his hand, forefinger and thumb circled in a "well done" sign.

Hartman and Angel grin at each other, move on between the two western towers, look up at a G.I. already posting a sign on the bridge:

CROSS THE RHINE WITH DRY FEET
COURTESY OF ABLE COMPANY
27TH ARMORED INFANTRY

But from Hartman and Angel there is no whoop of joy. Amid the symbols of victory, they are still too close to the cost of winning it. They look at each other in the humble knowledge that among so many companions, they survived.

Hartman takes Kreuger's cigarette case from his pocket, offers it to Angel, lights a cigarette himself. As he snaps it shut, Schmidt is staring at it.

SCHMIDT
Excuse me, Herr Lieutenant.
May I ask -- where did you get
that?

Suddenly conscious of the case, Hartman stares at it. For an instant, his face reflects a fleeting memory of young Glover.

HARTMAN
(simply)
From a friend.

He puts the case away. As Schmidt looks after him in bewilderment, Hartman and Angel move away, go on westward with their bedraggled company as CAMERA PULLS UP AND AWAY from them for a lofty final view of the town, the river, and in the distance, that ugly battered monster, the bridge.

FADE OUT