

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

FLIGHT COMMANDER

F-13

"THE DAWN PATROL"

(Revised)

SOUND VERSION

14

March 14, 1930

**PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT TO PRODUCTION MANAGER
WHEN PICTURE IS COMPLETED**

F I R S T N A T I O N A L

PRESENTS

"THE DAWN PATROL"

(REVISED)

From the story by
John Monk Saunders.

Screen Play by
Seton I. Miller

Dialogue by
Dan Totherch

Directed by:
Howard Hawks.

March 14, 1930.

C A S T

DICK COURTNEY.....
DOUGLAS SCOTT.....
MAJOR BRAND.....
-LIEUTENANT PHIPPS.....
TERESE.....
BOTT.....
RALPH HOLLISTER.....
GORDON SCOTT.....

PLACE: The airdrome of the 59th
Squadron, Royal Flying Corps,
by Allonville Forest, France.

TIME: The late Fall of 1915.

"THE DAWN PATROL"

"A toast to the Dead already...
Hail to the next man who dies!"

The late Fall of 1915, when the new Fokker scouts swarmed into the air from the German 'dromes, sweeping the Front...savagely driving the British airmen backward to the ground, hopelessly outclassed in flying equipment. Obsolete planes...weak motors... imperfect machine guns...and the seasoned fighters who had died valiantly, replaced by mere boys, pitifully young...only partially trained...rushed forward to the death houses of the Flying Squadrons to fill the widening gaps.....

Personnel of Squadron 59 at start of story:

Major Drake Brand, Squadron Commander
Lieutenant Phipps, Adjutant.

"A" Flight (Courtney, Commander
(Scott
(Selfridge
(Woolsey
(3 vacancies

"B" Flight (Vardon, Commander
(Squires
(Murrell
(Blythe
(Fairley
(Kearley
(Thorburn

Replacements (Hollister
(Smythe
(Russell
(Burt
(Cleaver
(Rutherford
(Moorhead
(Gordon Scott
(Halloway

1.
FADE IN:

1. AIRDROME OF THE 59TH SQUADRON - FRANCE

A French farm by Allonville Forest. A rambling farmhouse and one or two other small buildings, and two or three camouflaged canvas hangars. Various planes are on line, one or two turning over, idling or revving up as mechanics work over them, testing and patching up recent bullet holes.

Open on putt-putt-putting sound of machine gun being fired.

2. CLOSEUP MACHINE GUN

On plane parapet, being tested by mechanics.

CUT TO:

3. TARGET

Cartoon of Kaiser in bull's eye. Bullets hitting it.

CUT BACK TO:

4. PLANE AND MACHINE GUN

FIELD SERGEANT, an Irishman with a bulbous, red-veined nose, stands off, checking up on pad.

FIELD SERGEANT
(jotting it down)
Number forty-four -- All right--
(starts to move on)

ARTIE (mechanic)
'Eard from "A" Flight yet, Sergeant?

FIELD SERGEANT
(gruffly)
No!
(he moves on.)

5. AT ANOTHER PLANE - PAN SHOT

CHUBBY, a plump mechanic, is laboriously putting patches on plane which is literally riddled with bullets. FIELD SERGEANT makes note of plane's number.

(Continued)

5 (Contd.)

CHUBBY
(seeing him)
'Eard from "A" Flight, Sergeant?

FIELD SERGEANT
(growling to hide real feeling)
No, I ain't! Think they write me
letters about it?

CHUBBY
Oh -- thought you might -- It's a 'ot
party they're on...
(shaking head, he reaches toward
middle of wing to cover up string
of bullet holes. He grunts from
the effort)

FIELD SERGEANT
What's eatin' you, Limmie? Is it yer belly
interferin'?

CHUBBY
Them bloomin' 'Uns picks the most
h'outlandish plices to make thear
bullet 'oles.

FIELD SERGEANT
Too bad about you, ain't it? An' I
guess it's you they got in mind when
they do it. Ferget yer belly an'
think about all these good motors
they're ruinin'.

CHUBBY
(shaking his head mournfully)
They're gettin' shot to bits every
patrol. Wot's the matter with us,
any'ow, Sergeant?

FIELD SERGEANT
What's the matter with us? Nothin' at
all! They got faster an' more powerful
planes, that's what.

CHUBBY
Well--they better rush us somethin' new
pretty quick or I won't 'ave nothink left
to work on.

FIELD SERGEANT
(sarcastically, as he walks on)
An' then what'll you do to reduce yer
belly, Chubby?

(Contd.)

5 (Contd.) (1.

CHUBBY
(beaching for another hole)
Don't be nasty, Sergeant.

The CAMERA PANS with SERGEANT on to the right, picking up another plane.

6. AT OTHER PLANE

HARRY, a Cockney mechanic with a wind-blown mustache, has been working on the motor of plane which also shows signs of a recent encounter with the Boche. He has stopped in his work to scan the sky for signs of planes.

FIELD SERGEANT
What are you star-gazin' at?

HARRY
I -- I was lookin' for signs of "A" Flight, Sergeant. Seems to me they been out a awful long time.

FIELD SERGEANT
Maybe they have, but that ain't gettin' a motor mended, is it? Get to work!

HARRY
Righto, Sergeant...
(bending over cockpit)
But it breaks me 'eart to see 'em goin' up...stone-cold mutton for the 'Eines, that's all...shot down as fast as they come...

FIELD SERGEANT
(gruffly)
Get to work, I'm tellin' you!

CAMERA PANS on with FIELD SERGEANT. Follow him toward farmhouse...

7. CLOSE WING EXT.OF FARMHOUSE - DOORWAY

A rough board by the door:

SQUADRON COMMANDER: MAJOR BRAND
59 SQUADRON

FIELD SERGEANT raps on the door and goes in, and we

DISSOLVE TO:

8. INT.MAJOR BRAND'S OFFICE

As FIELD SERGEANT enters, MAJOR BRAND is fuming with impotent anger, trying to speak into the phone. The phone is barking and sputtering and BRAND is having a hard time understanding what is being said. PHIPPS is at table looking over papers.

FIELD SERGEANT
(Putting report on the cluttered desk)
Morning report, sir....

BRAND
(Speaking through phone)
Hello...Hello...Are you there? Major Brand speaking...Hello... That signal corps be..... Are you there?
)phone barks)

FIELD SERGEANT
Heard anything about "A" Flight, sir?

BRAND glares at him, and PHIPPS, glancing up from his papers, cautions him to go out with wild gestures and pantomime. FIELD SERGEANT salutes BRAND and goes out.

BRAND
(at last getting some words)
No...No...The flight isn't back yet...
Can you expect to send men out on a filthy job like that and have them back in no time at all...What's that?
(phone barks)

THROUGH PHONE
(really heard only by BRAND)
All right, Major...next time we'll get somebody else who'll do it without--

BRAND
(savagely interrupting)
Next time you'll get someone else to do it -- What do you want someone else for? Haven't we done every nasty job you could think up for us? Haven't we? If my men can't do it, I'd like to know who can!... Best Squadron in France!
(phone clicks)
Hello...Hello...
(slamming up receiver)

BRAND begins to walk up and down. PHIPPS remains tactfully silent.

(Contd.)

8 (Contd.)

BRAND

Officious, over-dressed Brass Hat!...
Orders...orders...Thinks the 59th
can't do it...59th can do anything that
he can think up!...But it's a slaughter
house, that's what it is...and I'm the
executioner...

(returns to desk and tosses
off glass of whiskey like water)

PHIPPS

(cautiously)

You're too fond of calling yourself
names, Brand...Now, if I were you, I'd --

BRAND

(turning on him)

See here, Phipps, do you know how many
men we've lost in the last fortnight?...
Sixteen men, that's what...over a man a
day...and now there's "A" Flight out on
a rotten show--Seven splendid chaps...
three of them first time over the lines...
if half get back, we're lucky.

PHIPPS

(shaking his head)

I know it's a tough job, Brand...but I
shouldn't take it so hard. Captain
Courtney'll get 'em through all right.

Phone rings again, sharply. BRAND starts.

BRAND

(answering phone)

Hello...Yes, Major Brand speaking...Yes...
Yes...What?

THROUGH PHONE

"A" Flight tangled up with two Hun patrols
over Mantez sector...

BRAND

(interrupting)

What?..."A" Flight?...two Hun patrols?
Who's down?...What?...Five men?...What?...
You can't tell?...Hello...Hello...Why can't
you?...I sit here waiting...waiting for news,
and you...

(phone clicks. BRAND slams up and
starts pacing again)

BRAND

Yes, Courtney'll get them through all right...
but how many of them?...That was observation
post over Mantez sector. Reports "A" Flight
just jumped by two Hun patrols...five men down...

8 (Contd.) 1.

PHIPPS

That's bad.. Did he say which..

BRAND

(interrupting)

Didn't know which side... You know, Phipps... Someone picks up a phone... says 'Bombers after a bridge... protect 'em' You say, 'All right--cheero,' and send five men in rotten ships up to die... they don't argue or revolt... They just say, 'Righto' and go out and do it...

(his voice softening)

They're stout fellows, aren't they?

Sound of mouth organ being played off-scene.

BRAND pauses and reaches for whiskey bottle; starts to pour out drink; finds bottle empty and turns toward sound of mouth organ music.

BRAND (loudly and hoarsely)

Bott!

Mouth organ stops abruptly and there is a crash of glass and sound of running feet and BOTT comes precipitately into the room from a small side room which is his quarters. He is the orderly and messenger.

BOTT

(stopping breathlessly)
'Ere I am, sir...H'awlus at your service, sir.

BRAND

Another bottle...and stop playing that infernal mouth organ.

BOTT

Righto...(he starts out). 'Eard from the flight, sir?

BRAND

No! Get out!

BOTT goes. BRAND paces up and down, muttering to himself. In the silence, the high-pitched scream of airplanes diving steeply intoward the airdrome is heard. PHIPPS and BRAND hear it and both men are suddenly silent, listening intently. They begin counting off on their fingers, one-two-three-four... five...

BRAND (mumbling it)

Five--was that five, Phipps?

(Contd.)

8 (Contd.) 2.

PHIPPS
Five, Major...

BRAND
Five...five out of seven.

9. DROME

Five planes roaring down to make a landing. MECHANICS and FIELD SERGEANT running out to meet them. General activity on the field.

10. AT PLANE LINE

MECHANICS gathering. FIELD SERGEANT and CHUBBY come up.

CHUBBY (pointing)
Only five of 'em, Sergeant.

FIELD SERGEANT
(speaking gruffly to hide his real feelings)
We ought to be glad there's that many.

HARRY
(other mechanic, pointing up)
That's Scott's plane -- there's Vardon...
No, that's Courtney.

CHUBBY (face lighting up)
Yes...that's Courtney... 'E's all right...

HARRY
Must be the new men missin'...

HARRY and CHUBBY run out to meet planes.

11. AT PLANES

As planes land and taxi up to line, COURTNEY first, SCOTT a short distance behind him. Motors are cut off.

12. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

Taxiing up with MECHANICS running alongside each wing. Plane stops. COURTNEY gets out.

13. AT COURTNEY AND SCOTT

SCOTT comes up, taking off goggles and helmet and beating cold hands against his chest.

COURTNEY

(With genuine feeling)

How did you make it, Scotto?

SCOTT

All right, Court. Hot show, wasn't it?

COURTNEY

Right.

FIELD SERGEANT

(Examining Courtney's plane,
finding fabric ripped just
behind Courtney's seat)

Helloo...

(He whistles)

COURTNEY

Shrapnel...almost threw the plane over.

FIELD SERGEANT

(Measuring distance from hole
to seat)

Only five inches from your behind.

COURTNEY

(Smiling faintly)

That five inches is important!

SCOTT

(Digging for cigarettes)

Got a match?

COURTNEY

(Digs for matches, eyeing Scott's
cigarettes)

Righto. Got a cigarette?

SCOTT

Righto.

(Offers him one)

COURTNEY lights match and holds it out to Scott's
cigarette.

(Cont.)

13 Cont.

SCOTT
Who'd we lose?

COURTNEY
Two of the new men -- Blane and ...

Sound of another plane coming up - Courtney points:
Who's that?

SCOTT
That's...Hollister. He's all right. Then the
other was Machen.

COURTNEY
Poor old Hollister. Blane was his best friend...
What a rotten war.

14. AT HOLLISTER'S PLANE

HOLLISTER stumbles out and, in a daze, staggers over to
COURTNEY and SCOTT.

15. AT COURTNEY AND SCOTT

HOLLISTER
(Stumbling up to them)
Did you see Blane?...He was right beside me...
I saw him...
(Looking around)
He must be here, someplace ... Blane... Where's
Blane?...

COURTNEY
Steady, boy...steady...

HOLLISTER
Machen went down in flames...I saw him...
but not Blane.....Blane and I were in school
together...nothing ever hurt Blane...

COURTNEY
(Nodding head)
Yes, Hollister...Here, here, stand up...
that's the lad...This happens to all of us...

COURTNEY motions to SCOTT and the two being leading
HOLLISTER to farmhouse.

16. TRUCK SHOT TO BAR DOOR.

HOLLISTER

(Stumbling along)

Only -- only one minute -- and Blane was gone -- I can't believe it ... He smiled at me ... then flames ... I couldn't see.. I saw Machen...He dropped...all on fire.. but...Blane...

COURTNEY

(Gently helping him along)

He didn't know what happened, Hollister... There wasn't any pain...come on...that's it...

They take him into bar.

17. INT. BAR

Group of young fliers near stairs leading to bunkerooms. They are silent and staring as COURTNEY and SCOTT enter with HOLLISTER between them, and go toward bar.

COURTNEY

Better have a drink with us. It's good for the stomach.

HOLLISTER

(Shaking his head, numbly)

No...no... I couldn't .. I'm not .. drinking.

They stop at bar. COURTNEY motions to group of young fliers.

COURTNEY

Help him upstairs...

BURT

(One of young fliers, coming forward)

Come on, Hollister ...

He takes HOLLISTER and, with some other men, leads him upstairs.

COURTNEY takes bottle of whiskey from bar; silently pours a drink; looks at SCOTT who stands at bar and, taking glass, follows HOLLISTER upstairs.

18. INT. BUNK-ROOM

There are two beds, with baggage near both of them. Some stuff unpacked on one of beds. Kit-bag stands unpacked by other. HOLLISTER sitting on edge of bed; stooped over, retching and vomiting. BURT and other fliers standing over him.

COURTNEY comes in with glass of whiskey.

BURT

He's a bit sick, sir...

Silently, COURTNEY motions other men from room. They go.

COURTNEY

(Touching Hollister's shoulder,
gently)

Here, old chap .. you'd better take this.

HOLLISTER

(Muffled)

No...thanks...I'll be all right...

COURTNEY

(Forcing drink into Hollister's
hand)

Take it...you'll find it'll help you...

HOLLISTER raises the glass to his lips.

COURTNEY

That's fine .. bottoms up!

HOLLISTER bolts it, making a face.

COURTNEY

Feel better?

HOLLISTER

Yes, sir...it does help.

COURTNEY takes glass. He looks at the other bed - at the unpacked things.

COURTNEY

A little later, you'd better...pack up .. your
friend's things.

(Cont.)

18 Cont.

HOLLISTER makes a half-motion toward the things by the bed and says, brokenly:

HOLLISTER

Blane...didn't have time...to unpack.

COURTNEY looks grimly at the packed bag; then turns silently and leaves the room.

19. INT. BAR

SCOTT is sitting beside gramophone, playing "Poor Butterfly". COURTNEY comes downstairs from bunk-rooms - face set and grim. He goes straight to bar. BOTT behind bar.

COURTNEY

Have a drink, old boy.

SCOTT

Right.

He crosses to bar.

SCOTT

Whiskey-soda -- just a spot.

COURTNEY

Whiskey-soda...

BOTT pours drinks.

COURTNEY

Cheero, old boy.
(Raises his drink to Scott)

SCOTT

Bottoms up, old bean.

They drink together.

PHIBBS comes in from Major's office.

PHIBBS

Oh, here you are, Courtney. Brand wants
to see you right off.

(Cont.)

19 Cont.

COURTNEY

I was just going...
 (Finishes his drink; makes friendly
 gesture toward Scott and goes to
 Major's door)

PHIPPS

He's in a red tripe, Courtney. Better
 take it a little easy -- YOU Understand.

COURTNEY smiles back faintly and goes in.

20. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE

BRAND at window, hands clasped tightly behind back. His
 foot taps nervously on floor. Hearing sound at door,
 he turns abruptly and paces back to desk. Door opens and
 COURTNEY stands in doorway, eyes staring expressionlessly
 at BRAND. BRAND sta res back at him.

COURTNEY

They scored direct hits on the bridge --
 wiped it out -- one bomber down ---

BRAND

(Low voice) (His fists clenched on table)
 Yes....

COURTNEY

Lost two men ... Blane and Machen.

BRAND

Yes...I know.

COURTNEY (Quietly)

That's all...
 (Makes move as though to go out)

BRAND

(Springing up suddenly, pointing
 tense finger at COURTNEY)
 Wait a minute, Courtney. Did you have to do it
 that way? Why couldn't you have been more
 careful? You were responsible for those new
 men...

(Cont.)

20 Cont.

COURTNEY

(On edge, flaring up for a moment,
eyes blazing)

Do you think I got into that Heinie fleet on purpose? We were out-numbered and forced down low. We had to fight our way out --

BRAND

Yes -- I suppose ---

COURTNEY

(Going on, heedlessly)

Do you think I enjoyed losing those two men? ...scattering them all over France?...Burning them up in worthless planes!

BRAND

(Again flaring, as COURTNEY
Controls himself)

Why don't you say what you're really thinking? Tell me I'm wrong...tell me I ought to give you better planes...better fliers...blame me for it, why don't you?

COURTNEY

(Lighting cigarette, holding
temper now)

I don't blame anyone, Brand.

BRAND

You think it's easy to sit here and wait for men to come back -- wait and wait -- counting the planes -- one-two-three-four -five -- then silence -- no more -- You think that's easy -- easy to be the executioner. I know what you're thinking...

COURTNEY just looks at him.

Don't look at me like that -- accusing me -- I'm not to blame -- the whole army's on my neck -- I depend on you to help me -- this Squadron has desperate work to do!

21 INT. BAR

SCOTT is playing "Poor Butterfly." PHIPPS is sitting by him with a drink in his hand. SCOTT also has a drink. The young fliers and others are standing about room, talking in groups, or drinking at bar, most of them rather silent.

22. AT SCOTT AND PHIPPS

SCOTT

(To PHIPPS, indicating Brand's office, from which comes the mumble of the heated argument)

Phewww...listen to that! Storm's getting worse...

PHIPPS

Brand's not going to stand it much longer, Scott.

SCOTT

It's not Courtney's fault because we lost Blane and Machen.

PHIPPS

Brand should know that...

(Turning and looking at Scott)

What's the matter with him and Brand?

SCOTT

They've been at each other's throats ever since it all started, over a girl when they were on leave in Paris --

(With pride)

Naturally Courtney got her away from Brand...
You know how those things are...

PHIPPS (Shaking his head)

Things like that don't count now...It's the responsibility that's driving Brand potty. He's reached the end of his rope -- nerves frayed out...He knows we're licked up in the air and every kid that's shot down he feels he's the executioner.

(Shaking his head)

He doesn't hate Courtney...he depends on Courtney --- needs him...that's why...

(As voices rise in next room)

Guess I'll go in and interrupt before they forget and bash each other's skulls.

(Puts glass down and starts for office; thinks of something and looks back at SCOTT)

What was it that poet bloke wrote? 'Man kills the thing he loves...Some do it with a sword -- some with a bitter word'. Was that it?

SCOTT shakes his head, smiling, as PHIPPS goes into office.

23. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE

BRAND is speaking as PHIPPS enters and goes over to his desk and papers.

BRAND

I'm talking about your duty now -- your duty to me and those men out there -- I'm your superior officer and...
(Breaks off as PHIPPS comes across to desk)

COURTNEY

(After an awkward silence)
I suppose -- that's all?

BRAND rises and goes to phone.

BRAND

(After an instant)
Hello...Give me Wing...H.Q.? Brand speaking...the St. Ober bridge is wiped out...
(Suddenly savage)
Yes, blew up the whole thing. Could you expect any more than that?
(Tersely)
Yes...lost two of their eplacements...
(Something comes over the wire that angers Brand)
Yes...only two!

BRAND stares at the phone and slowly hangs up. He turns to desk and sinks down in chair, motionlessly staring at the wall.

COURTNEY

(In same dead voice, looking straight at BRAND)
Only two!

BRAND

(Meeting Courtney's staring, accusing eyes)
That's all...Get out!

COURTNEY turns and goes out, leaving BRAND staring.

F A D E O U T

FADE IN:

24. INT. BAR - THAT NIGHT

INSERT: Of COURTNEY'S hand pouring a glass of champagne from a bottle.

THE CAMERA TRUCK'S back to reveal the bar. The room is full of horse-play and noise. The atmosphere is intense - over-drawn.

As we FADE IN on scene, the gramophone is blatting out "Poor Butterfly." It plays the piece incessantly, except when a song is in progress. No one bothers to change the record, just to start it again.

SERIES OF QUICK FLASHES

25. AT GROUP

COURTNEY, SCOTT, VARDON and SELFRIDGE at one table, drinking and making foolish bets on everything.

26. AT VARDON AND SELFRIDGE

VARDON, a handsome fellow, showing snapshots of his various girls to SELFRIDGE who is quite drunk.

27. AT YOUNG FLIER

Writing a letter to his girl, in a corner.

28. AT AUSTRALIAN

Showing tipsy group how kangaroo carries her young in her pouch and how she hops.

29. AT PIG AND DOG FIGHT.

30 AT CANADIAN

Singing Franch Canuck song.

31 AT HOLLISTER.

With one of the younger fliers, BURT, at another table,

(Cont.)

31 (Cont.)

uncertain in the strange surroundings, still in the grip of Blane's death that afternoon.

Following dialogue to be used AD LIB or in the separate little closeups as written.

THORBURN

My gun jammed twice -- What good is it?
I'm going to yank it off.

WOOLSEY

That second burst must have just creased the seat of Fritz' pants. He would have stood straight up if the belt hadn't jerked him back.

SELFRIDGE (To VARDON)

Forty-eight hours leave to meet a girl? Who told you? You'll be lucky if you get time off to brush your teeth.

MURRELL

Right. You've got a date with your Maker -- not with a Mile.

They laugh.

SCOTT

(At other end of table, next to COURTNEY)

Anybody got any money they want to lose?

OTHERS (Eagerly)

Yes!

SCOTT (To COURTNEY)

I'll give odds, three to two, that we don't even see a Boche.

COURTNEY

Take you for a hundred francs -- and I've got a thousand more that says we'll not only see a Boche, but at least three of us will fold up in our canvas coffins.

32. CLOSEUP HOLLISTER

As he stares at COURTNEY, a look of horror in his eyes.

33. INT. BAR.

OTHERS

(Pounding on table)

I'll come in on that! Here -- here --

HOLLISTER'S face twists and his eyes close and open. He turns to BURT, at his side, who looks back uncertainly.

HOLLISTER

How can they forget so easily?

BURT shakes his head - he doesn't know. It is all new and awful to him, too, but he is not as sensitive as HOLLISTER. HOLLISTER turns again to stare at COURTNEY.

34. AT COURTNEY'S TABLE

COURTNEY

(Laughing)

Remember that pig-head, Griggs, at ground school? He would try a spin before he had even done a barrel-roll.

SCOTT

(Laughing)

He cracked up plenty of planes before that! Remember when he pancaked on a room in the early morning and found himself hanging upside down over the edge, staring into that girl's bedroom?

SCOTT roars, as well as some of the others who are listening.

COURTNEY

(Gasping)

Yes -- and she opened the window and bashed him in the eye --

35. INT. BAR

As the laughter subsides and the AD LIB talk is resumed, VARDON begins to sing a song. At first there is no attention paid to it, but the talk gradually dies, -- someone turns off the gramophone - and soon VARDON is singing in a silent room.

(Cont.)

35 Cont.

VARDON (Singing)

We meet 'neath the sounding rafters,
the walls all around us are bare.
They echo the peals of laughter...
It seems though the dead were there.

Chorus:

So stand by your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies.
Here's to the dead already -
Hurrah for the next man who dies!

COURTNEY, SCOTT and SELFRIDGE join in on the next verse,
singing as a quartette.

GROUP

Cut off from the land that bore us --
betrayed by the land that we find,
The good have gone before us,
And only the dull left behind.

36. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE

Brand's office is in half-light - the burning candles
lighting the neighborhood of his desk, but leaving
the corners dark and somberly shadowed. The inevitable
half-empty bottle of whiskey is on the desk
Beside it, a meal on a tray, only half eaten.

BRAND is at the desk, staring at the tray. PHIPPS is
seated at the side of the desk - papers piled all around
him and he is busily engaged in writing a letter, slowly
and carefully spelling out each word.

BRAND listens as the second chorus of the song starts up
in the other room. He only listens a moment, but the
chorus keeps coming into the room, along with the laughter
and the raised voices of the men.

CHORUS (Off-stage)

So stand by your glasses steady,
this world is a world of lies.
Here's to the dead already --
Hurrah for the next man who dies.

BRAND

Listen to them out there -- bluffing them-
selves -- pretending death doesn't mean any-
thing to them -- trying to live just for the
minute -- the hour -- Pretending they don't
care if they go up tomorrow -- and never come
back....

(Cont.)

36 Cont.

PHIPPS

There's one poor chap who doesn't pretend...

BRAND

(Looking up sharply)

Who's that?

PHIPPS

Hollister...He can't forget that his best friend went down in flames...I saw him out there, a little while ago...staring. wondering what it's all about --

(Shaking his head)

He'll never fit...

BRAND

He'll have to learn or ...Aw...why talk about him? I don't want to know his troubles...

BRAND stares before him. PHIPPS bends over his letter, but in a moment he shakes his head over what he has written.

PHIPPS

Is there an 'e' in courageously, Brand?

BRAND

(Answering without thinking)

Courageously? -- Yes, of course...

(Then realizing what he is saying)

What?

PHIPPS

It's the letter of condolence to Mrs. Blane.

(Scratching his head)

I'm puzzled over 'courageously.'. It has an unfamiliar look.

BRAND

(Jumping up and speaking harshly)

Unfamiliar?...you've written it often enough ... It'll break her heart, no matter how it's spelled. Don't ask me fool questions -- just -- just get it done, that's all!

(Cont.)

36 Cont.

BRAND paces up and down as noise from the bar continues to drift into room. PHIPPS goes back to his letter, shaking his head over that word 'courageously'. Silence for another moment and then PHIPPS looks up again.

PHIPPS

Hadn't you better finish your dinner, Brand?

BRAND

(Making a gesture of revulsion toward the tray)

I have a terrific appetite until I taste it -- and then --

(he shivers in disgust)

PHIPPS

(Sympathetically)

I know just how you feel...it certainly isn't the old broiled mutton chops and ale -- but if you can manage it, its warming...

AT PHIPPS mention of what is warming, BRAND looks around at the whiskey bottle - eyes it, as if thinking that whiskey was better. He pours himself a drink. The phone rings. BRAND crosses and answers it.

BRAND

Speaking...Yes...Yes...Hold on a minute...

(Gets pad and writes down instructions as he gets them over the phone)

Morning Patrol -- over Boulay sector?...

Yes...Yes...They're making an advance?...

Yes...Straffe reinforcements...Yes...Yes...

(Sarcastically)

That's splendid! But we haven't the men...

No! Well, you can order more replacements sent up...

(Phone barks)

What? They're on their way now? That's topping!

OTHER END OF PHONE

Well, are you going to do it?

BRAND

(With savage resentment)

Certainly, but if any of the men get back from filthy work like this, they'll be lucky!

(Cont.)

36 Cont.a.

He slams up phone and stares at pad, bitterly.

BRAND

What'll they think up next?

He shows the pad to PHIPPS, who gives a low whistle of awed surprise and shakes his head.

PHIPPS

That's nasty, isn't it?

BRAND

(Going around desk, distractedly)
Seven more men coming up to this hell...
and Courtney's got to take them up...
Courtney. It's a funny world, Phipps,
when you can be annoyed almost into your
grave by a man and yet tear yourself to
pieces worrying about his safety.

(He drops into chair)

PHIPPS

(With an understanding smile,
shaking his head)

I wouldn't say it was so strange, Brand.
It's just responsibility. Didn't you
ever see a mother risk her life in
pulling her child to safety -- then
soundly spank its bottom for getting
itself into danger?

BRAND

I've got to tell him to take up new re-
placements again... He'll resent it, but
he won't say anything. He'll just come
in and look holes clear through me while
I tell him -- then he'll say, 'Righto'
and go out...

(He rises abruptly)

Come along...let's tell him, Phipps.

PHIPPS rises and goes to door; opens it and goes into
the bar. BRAND takes the last of his drink and
follows.

37. INT. BAR

VARDON has finished song and SCOTT Has gone back to
playing "Poor Butterfly." He has another drink and is
sipping it, his eyes heavy. He yawns. COURTNEY at bar.
BOFF pouring him another drink.

(Cont.)

37 Cont.

BRAND'S door opens and PHIPPS comes out. He motions to SCOTT.

PHIPPS

Do you mind shutting it off, Scott?

38. AT GRAMOPHONE

SCOTT looks up at PHIPPS gloomily and reluctantly shuts off the piece.

39. INT. BAR.

PHIPPS crosses to bar.

PHIPPS

Whiskey-soda, Bott -- I'll put it up myself.

As BOTT sets out bottle, BRAND enters and stops near end of bar.

BRAND

Follows...

There is a prompt quieting down as attention is turned on him.

BRAND

(Glancing at paper)
 "A" Flight on the morning patrol over Boulay sector from 9 to 12. They're making an advance. Patrol four kilometres behind the enemy lines. Strafe any reinforcements and munition convoys they bring up for counter-attack. When the barrage starts, "B" Flight will cover our observation ships and artillery. Cleaver and Burt assigned to "B" Flight.

He finishes, amid ribald cheers and comment.

40. AT SCOTT

As he promptly starts the piece again and settles back comfortably to listen.

41. AT BAR

BRAND joins COURTNEY and PHIPPS

COURTNEY

" A" Flight's only got four men.

BRAND

More replacements are on their way up.
They'll be here tomorrow morning.

COURTNEY

You mean I've got to do a job like
that with three new men?

BRAND

(Ready to fly into a nervous
rage)

Yes -- Don't stare at me! Those are
the orders.

COURTNEY

(His eyes still meeting BRAND'S,
levelly)

Righto.

He turns from bar and crosses out of scene toward middle
of room.

PHIPPS looks at BRAND. BRAND takes drink BOTT has poured
for him and tosses it off. He turns and goes into the
office. PHIPPS follows.

42. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE

BRAND walks up and down. PHIPPS goes to his desk; sits
down; looks at papers; suddenly begins to chuckle.

BRAND

(Glaring at him)

What amuses you?

PHIPPS

You win again, Brand. He said 'Righto,' just
as you said.

BRAND glares at PHIPPS' who again bends over papers. He
begins walking again.

43. INT. BAR

As the men speak of the orders.

MURRELL

Just a nice peaceful trip tomorrow.

WOOLSEY (Half-singing)

I see Old Man Death -- in a chariot of fire.

BLYTHE

I say, Woolsey's got second sight.

VARDON (Laughing)

Who took up that bet with Courtney?

44. AT COURTNEY

He smiles at group; crosses to blackboard; carelessly picks up eraser.

45. AT HOLLISTER

HOLLISTER'S eyes follow COURTNEY - Staring.

46. AT COURTNEY

As he erases Machen's name - and then Blane's - leaving spaces blank.

47. AT HOLLISTER

As he spasmodically puts out his hand as if to stop COURTNEY - a cry checked on his lips.

48. INT. BAR

COURTNEY, returning to his table, sees HOLLISTER leave the room, white faced and staring. As COURTNEY sits down, his eyes are still on HOLLISTER going out the door. VARDON'S words bring out his thoughts.

(Cont.)

48 Cont.

VARDON (Laughing carelessly)
You're sitting on the hot stove tomorrow,
Courtney.

COURTNEY
You won't exactly be cooling your seat,
yourself. You'll be over the battery
that sent us some toasted kisses this
morning.....

49. AT COURTNEY'S TABLE

COURTNEY (Grinning)
Someday they'll get our range -- if they
keep at it long enough.

Into the scene comes the end of "Poor Butterfly." The record is not shut off, but keeps on turning and scratching. COURTNEY becomes aware of it and looks carelessly around; then stares in amused tolerance.

50. AT GRAMOPHONE - COURTNEY'S ANGLE

SCOTT, slouched back in chair, is sound asleep, and the gramophone scratches on aimlessly.

51. AT COURTNEY'S TABLE

COURTNEY motions for others to look.

COURTNEY
Those drinks have put Scott to sleep
again.

He rises as others chuckle and crosses to SCOTT.

52. INT. BAR

COURTNEY puts hand on SCOTT'S SHOULDER and shakes him,
playfully.

(Cont.)

52 Cont.

COURTNEY

Come on, old boy -- You've had enough.....

SCOTT grumbles, sleepily.

COURTNEY

All right -- up we go --

(He pulls SCOTT to his feet and helps him upstairs).

53. INT. COURTNEY'S ROOM

As COURTNEY enters and rolls SCOTT onto his bunk. SCOTT looks around sleepily.

SCOTT

Topping -- a valet to get me home --

Play 'Poor Butterfly,' James...

(He stretches elegantly and wakes up a little more)

COURTNEY

(Pulling off his shirt)

No more 'Butterfly' for you, old boy...

You get to bed.

SCOTT nods; sits up and unbuttons his shirt.

SCOTT

(On edge of bunk, sticking out foot.)

Take off my boots, James!

COURTNEY puts SCOTT'S boot between his legs and pulls. SCOTT, to assist him, places his other foot on COURTNEY'S rear and pushes. The boot comes off and COURTNEY goes flying. He picks up the boot; throws it at SCOTT. It hits SCOTT alongside the ear. SCOTT howls and throws it back. COURTNEY CATCHES IT; runs over to SCOTT; jumps on him and starts spanking him with the boot. SCOTT falls back on bunk. Suddenly COURTNEY becomes serious. He gives SCOTT a final wallop.

COURTNEY (Gruffly)

Now get to bed...

(Cont.)

53 Cont.

He drops boot and crosses to middle of room. SCOTT, sobered a little, sits up and begins to pull off his other boot.

SCOTT

What's the matter, old bean?

COURTNEY

(Looking back at SCOTT)

I was thinking of Hollister.

SCOTT

I'd recommend a change of thought.

COURTNEY

Did you see his face?

SCOTT

Forget it.

COURTNEY

He's got a lot to learn.

SCOTT

(Ready to crawl into his bunk)

Pretty rough -- losing his best friend.

For an instant COURTNEY and SCOTT look at each other, as if the words came pretty close home to their own relationship.

COURTNEY

They're so young. I was thinking -- Hollister isn't much older than your brother.

SCOTT (Smiling a little)

Gordon's sixteen now...

(He sobers)

I hope this mess is over before he gets out of school.

COURTNEY (With feeling)

Right!

SCOTT (Smiling reminiscently)

Remember when we went up to Winchester to see him. Gordon thought he was quite a man when he had that glass of stout with us at the village pub.

(Cont.)

53 Cont. a

COURTNEY (Laughing)

Right. And I'll never forget when he was a baby, your mother let me hold him...and he wet all over my new suit, so I dropped him on his neck....

SCOTT laughs with COURTNEY. SCOTT'S laugh ends up in another prodigious yawn. He lies back on his bunk. COURTNEY crosses thoughtfully toward the window, looking out.

54. THROUGH WINDOW - COURTNEY'S ANGLE

Outside is darkness. But we can see the distant horizon faintly lit by flashes - and momentary steady glows of the star shells.

55. COURTNEY - AT WINDOW.

COURTNEY (Thoughtfully)

All those memories seem very far away now... as if they'd never happened. That, out there, is the only thing that's real.

(He smiles wistfully)

Wouldn't it be funny to be back there again, fellow? I think I'd be as green about it as those new kids are up here. I'd have to learn manners again and how to walk along a road. Silly, isn't it?

There is no answer, except, perhaps, the hint of a snore. COURTNEY turns and looks across at SCOTT.

56. INT. ROOM

As COURTNEY looks. SCOTT is sound asleep, his shirt on the floor, his arm hanging out the side of the bed. COURTNEY crosses to him, smiling - quietly puts SCOTT'S arm on the bed, and covers him with a blanket. As he stands looking at the sleeping SCOTT, thoughtful now, we

F A D E O U T

FADE IN:

57. EXT.DROME - EARLY NEXT MORNING

We dimly see flying corps truck just driving up to farmhouse. FIELD SERGEANT hurries out to it as it stops. Young replacements jump down and begin to unload their dunnage bags.

58. INT.BAR - AT MESS TABLE

Fliers at mess table eating hasty breakfast served by BOTT. They are already in flying togs, suits half buttoned. HOLLISTER trying to eat, but pushing away his food.

VARDON

Eat hearty, lads...This might be the last.

BLYTHE

Go to the devil with a full belly, say I!

59. AT COURTNEY

Eating--dipping bread in coffee. Now and then he glances up at stairway leading to bunk-rooms.

60. AT STAIRWAY

SCOTT, late, comes running down, buttoning up his flying suit over a pair of vivid, zebra-striped pajamas.

61. AT MESS TABLE

COURTNEY

(laughing, as Scott sits down beside him and pours coffee for himself)
Going visiting Heinie in your pajamas, old boy?

SCOTT (grinning)

Right!

COURTNEY

Think you'll frighten him to death before you shoot him down?

Laughter at table.

61. Cont.

SCOTT
Why didn't you wake me up?

COURTNEY
After last night -- I thought you might
enjoy a few extra winks.

62. AT DOOR

Group of replacements crowd into room with dunnage bags;
looking about curiously, some eager, others awed.

FIELD SERGEANT
(Herding them in)
Step lively, boys -- step lively --

63. AT MESS TABLE

COURTNEY
(Face suddenly grave as he sees
replacements)
Look at them, Scotto!...Pucka green and
afraid to the marrow -- poor devils.

SCOTT
Wonder if they brought their nursing bottles
along?

COURTNEY
They don't stand a chance.

64. FROM COURTNEY'S ANGLE

Group of replacements come further into room; FIELD
SERGEANT herding them toward mess table.

COURTNEY (To Scott)
Well -- here goes...
(His jaw sets, as if he were forcing
himself against his will. He rises
and crosses to group)

65. AT GROUP

As COURTNEY comes up to them, the new men snap to attention.
COURTNEY studies them as he speaks:

(Cont.)

COURTNEY

I'm Courtney -- skipper of "A" Flight.

SMYTHE, one of the replacements, a young, fair-haired boy, hands COURTNEY a slip of paper.

SMYTHE

Smythe, 2nd Lieutenant, sir -- reporting from pilot pool for duty.

COURTNEY takes paper and starts to read it - glances up at group - sees they're still at attention.

COURTNEY

(With careless wave of hand)
Break off. We don't stand on formality here.

Replacements relax.

That's better -- makes me feel more comfortable.

(Consults paper again)

How many hours on pursuit have you had?

(Looks from one to another as they answer)

AD LIB.

(As COURTNEY looks at each)

SMYTHE: Fourteen

ANOTHER: Nine

ANOTHER: Sixteen, sir.

ANOTHER: Thirteen.

RUSSELL: Twenty-one.

LAST MAN: Seven (eagerly) -- and a half, sir.

COURTNEY looks at him with an understanding little smile.

COURTNEY

Seven and a half -- I see. --

As he picks out SMYTHE and RUSSELL, the two with the highest number of hours.

Let's see -- I'll take -- Smythe and --

(Turns to blackboard and writes names down)

INSERT: Blackboard. COURTNEY writes the two names in the places he had erased the night before. He tosses down the chalk and turns.

(Cont.)

65 Cont. a.

COURTNEY

(To SMYTHE and RUSSELL)

Into your flying togs, right away. You're going over with us to strafe trenches and munitions in the Boulay sector.

SMYTHE and RUSSELL make move as though to go to bunk-room.

COURTNEY

No -- dress right here. You haven't any time...

(He turns up toward the bar)

Excitement among replacements. SMYTHE AND RUSSELL Hastily undo their bags and get into flying togs.

66. AT REPLACEMENTS

ONE OF THEM

I say, you're a lucky dog, Smythe.

ANOTHER

Going up the first crack! That's topping!

ANOTHER

Help Russell, somebody. He's so excited he can't button his suit...

67. AT BAR

COURTNEY

(To SCOTT and some of the other fliers)

How about a drink?

SCOTT (Grinning)

Nursemaids shouldn't drink, old boy.

COURTNEY

Here's one who does. Bott!

BOTT

(Bobbing up from behind bar)

H'awlus at your service, sir.

COURTNEY

Whiskey...

(Cont.)

67 CONT.

-OTHERS (AD LIB)

Whiskey-soda --
 Brandy --
 etc. etc.

BOTT pours drinks and starts to put bottles back.

COURTNEY

Leave the bottles.

BOTT does so. COURTNEY turns and motions to the replacements.

COURTNEY

Lieutenant Smythe -- Russell --

They come over eagerly, still buttoning up their togs.

COURTNEY

Have a drink,
 (To BOTT, tersely)
 More glasses -- Come on!

BOTT puts out more glasses. They all drink, as BRAND enters from office and crosses to them. Replacements snap to attention.

BRAND

You don't have to do that here.

The two young men resume their dressing and drinking as BRAND greets them, ad lib, shaking hands.

BRAND

Hello -- How do you do? Lieutenant
 Smythe? How do you do?

(Then seriously)

This job isn't easy, fellows. I want you
 to follow Captain Courtney's flying orders
 closely. If you stick to his tail, he'll
 get you through all right.

(BRAND and COURTNEY exchange glances)

If any of you are forced down on the
 other side, burn your plane and don't give
 any information except your name and squadron
 number.

For the first time, SMYTHE and RUSSELL realize the
 seriousness of the situation. They exchange glances.

(Cont.)

67 Cont. A.

BRAND (Abruptly)
That's all -- Happy landings, fellows.

COURTNEY
(Finishing his drink)
Let's be off.

COURTNEY takes charge of the new men as the group leaves the room, BRAND and other fliers following.

68. AT LINE

Planes are warming up and mechanics are busy as the group of fliers arrive. FIELD SERGEANT giving orders. COURTNEY and SCOTT go at once to planes. HOLLISTER joins up with the new men, SMYTHE and RUSSELL.

69. AT GROUP

HOLLISTER
Are -- are you two friends?

SMYTHE
(Looking at RUSSELL)
Why yes, -- we are.

HOLLISTER
Oh -- then stick close -- together --
(He turns quickly and gets into his plane)

FIELD SERGEANT
(As SMYTHE and RUSSELL look at each other)
Don't take any papers or anything that will give information on flights -- only your identification tags.

SMYTHE and RUSSELL take out a few papers and personal trinkets and hand them to FIELD SERGEANT, who takes them and goes to COURTNEY'S plane.

70. AT COURTNEY'S PLANE

COURTNEY
Watch them, Scott. Remember you're protecting the tail.

(Cont.)

70 Cont.

SCOTT

Righto.

COURTNEY

And don't forget yourself while you're about it.

SCOTT

That goes for you too, old bean...

They slap each other's shoulders and SCOTT goes to his plane.

FIELD SERGEANT (To COURTNEY)

Happy landings, Cap'n.

COURTNEY

(Getting into his plane)

Thanks -- and make it a soft one...

He gives signal to start. His plane roars into life.

71. FLIGHT FORMATION - FROM CAMERA PLANE

As formation starts and roars into air.

72. AT COURTNEY - COCKPIT

As COURTNEY looks toward SCOTT and gives half-salute.

73. AT SCOTT

As he nods and waves back at COURTNEY.

74. FIELD PAN SHOT

As the planes swing away toward the east, disappearing over the trees.

75. AT OFFICE DOOR

BRAND, with PHIPPS, watching them off. He turns and goes inside, followed by PHIPPS.

76. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE

As PHIPPS closes the door and steps to the window beside it. BRAND picks up empty whiskey bottle and flings it aside. - abruptly going to a cupboard and taking out a new bottle. He crosses to his desk and sits down - tearing off the paper.

PHIPPS stares thoughtfully out of the window.

77. THROUGH WINDOW

A shot of the seven planes in the distance, from PHIPPS'S angle.

78. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE

PHIPPS shakes his head.

PHIPPS
Seven -- instead of six hundred...
'Theirs not to reason why...Theirs
but to do -- or die.' That fits,
rather -- doesn't it?

BRAND jerks upright at his desk.

BRAND
Shut up! Get out of here!

PHIPPS turns.

PHIPPS
I'm sorry.

BRAND
Get out!

PHIPPS
(Starting out; when he gets
near the door he says)
'into the jaws of Death rode the six--
no, seven --
(As BRAND snorts)
Oh, I'm very sorry, Major -- I forgot.
(He goes out quickly.)

(Cont.)

78 Cont.

The room is left silent. There is no sound of the planes now - only the ticking of an alarm clock, which begins to make itself felt. BRAND yanks the cork viciously - pours a drink and gulps it down. He stares at his desk - his fingers drumming on its top.

BRAND (Muttering)
Kids ... babies...

His face is suddenly old as he lifts it to look at the alarm clock on a little shelf across the room.

INSERT: Of clock. The CAMERA TRUCKS S^WIFTLY clear across the room - making the clock rush into the face of the camera until it covers the screen - and the ticking grows terrifically loud. It is 12:02...The clock glares from the screen...and as we go through the following dissolves, the ticking stays, with the same swift intensity, tic-toc, tic-toc...ticking the seconds of eternity...

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: The whiskey bottle quarter empty.

INSERT: The clock rushing at the camera again. It is 12:23.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: Brand's hands - tense - breaking a match into little pieces..Still the merciless ticking.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: The clock glaring swiftly up to camera again... It is 12:35.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: Brand's hand pouring a drink from the bottle, now three-quarters empty...

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: The clock beating its merciless rhythm...12:40...

DISSOLVE TO:

(Cont.)

78 Cont. a.

BRAND'S OFFICE

BRAND suddenly jerks to his feet - the clock still drumming with deafening loudness - strides savegely across the floor and back to his desk - stands uncertainly an instant, his face twisted, then sits down again - then he hears something - the clock sound fades out as we see that BRAND'S mind is focusing on something else - fades clear out - and, in the distance, we hear the hum of an airplane motor growing louder. BRAND stares at the wall. Louder - then the motor cuts to an idle and the plane swishes past the room overhead.

BRAND

(Staring at the wall - softly)

One.....

(He listens - straining - face haggard)

Another plane is approaching. The motor cuts off, and it swishes past the farmhouse outside for a landing.

Two...

A third plane comes in for a landing.

Three...

A fourth plane swishes past.

Four...

He listens again, but there are no more.

No more...

79. DROME

Four planes roaring down to make a landing. Mechanics and FIELD SERGEANT running out to meet them as before.

80. AT PLANE LINE

Mechanics gathering. FIELD SERGEANT and CHUBBY come up.

CHUBBY

Only four of 'em, Sergeant.

(Cont.)

80 Cont.

FIELD SERGEANT
There's Courtney.

ARTIE
There's Scott's plane.

CHUBBY
No...that ain't 'im.

HARRY
That's Hollister, ain't it?

81. THE LINE

As four planes taxi up to the line and cut motors off. Fliers and mechanics are gathering around the planes.

82. AT HOLLISTER'S PLANE

As the mechanics and others gather about. HOLLISTER sobbing hysterically as he pulls goggles off a vague - not talking to anyone in particular.

HOLLISTER
He did it for me -- He tried to help me --
He did it for me --

CHUBBY
(Throwing hat angrily to the
ground)
What a bleedin' shime!

HARRY
Shut up, Covey!

CHUBBY
It's plain suicide -- that's wot it is!

HOLLISTER
(As he climbs weakly out of plane,
pulling away from those who try to
help him - stumbling toward COURTNEY'S
plane)
Scott -- he was trying -- Scott was trying
to help me --

83. AT COURTNEY'S PLANE

COURTNEY staring at instrument board, mechanically pulling his helmet and goggles off. HOLLISTER'S features tortured as he reels up to COURTNEY'S cockpit.

HOLLISTER

He did all he could -- trying to help me -- I was coming along -- suddenly hundreds of Boche -- Scott was trying to help me -- get out -- he --

COURTNEY

Blubbering can't help matters -- You're all right, aren't you?

HOLLISTER is stunned by COURTNEY'S attitude as COURTNEY climbs out of plane and strides toward farmhouse.

84. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE

BRAND at desk. Looks up as COURTNEY comes in and stands in doorway. Two men look at each other, waiting for other to speak.

BRAND (On defensive)

Well -- Courtney?

COURTNEY (Tersely)

We broke up the counter-attack for an hour -- until the Fokkers found us. We lost Smythe, Russell and -- and -- Scott!

BRAND'S face becomes more haggard. He nods silently. COURTNEY goes out. BRAND Looks after him, his face filled with sympathy. Then he gets up and follows COURTNEY out.

85. INT. BAR

MURRELL and BLYTHE are at a table near the gramophone, talking in low, inaudible tones about recent tragedy. They stop talking as COURTNEY enters, crossing to bar. He pours himself a stiff drink; tosses it off; pours himself another. He turns; sees blackboard; goes to it.

86. AT DOOR LEADING TO BRAND'S OFFICE

BRAND Comes through door and crosses to bar.

87. CLOSEUP COURTNEY AT BOARD.

As he stares at Scott's name. For an instant there is a flash of pity in his eyes; then, with one swipe of the cloth, he erases SCOTT'S name and goes back to bar.

88. AT BAR

BRAND

(Who has been watching)

Can I do anything... Courtney?

COURTNEY (Slowly)

You can -- take a drink.

BRAND

(Smiling, in grim understanding)

Thanks -- I will.

BRAND takes a glass and COURTNEY hands him the bottle. As BRAND pours drink, he speaks without looking at COURTNEY.

BRAND (Impersonally)

What happened?

BRAND returns bottle.

89. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

Across the bar, his glass in front of him. He pours another drink as he talks.

COURTNEY

After the first barrage, we'd worked under a cloud bank strafing a convoy -- Fokkers dropped on us out of the bank -- knocked down Smythe before we could fire a shot. Scott and I knocked down two -- I didn't even see Russell go. Hollister got scared -- funk'd -- got into a jam. Scott went to help him -- a Boche shot him out of control. --

"Poor Butterfly" comes into the scene. COURTNEY pauses -- a look of pain passes over his face as he hears Scott's tune.

90. AT GRAMOPHONE

BLYTHE frantically yanks the machine to a stop, and the pin snarles across the record.

91. AT BAR.

COURTNEY

Go ahead -- play it! What does it matter?
(He gulps down his drink)

BRAND

(Glaring off at MURRELL and BLYTHE)
And then what... Courtney?

COURTNEY

I went bald-headed for the Boche that got him -- put a bullet in his motor...

BRAND

Where'd he fall?

COURTNEY

Back of our lines -- some more got after me--
I was too busy to see where Scott went down ...
(Pauses; then a strange grin twists his lips)

I just remembered -- Scotto was wearing those zebra-striped pajamas -- What a shock they'll give the devil...

(Pours another drink)

BRAND does not speak. The two men drink silently.

92. INT. BAR

Commotion heard at door. Loud talking. PHIPPS enters from outside quickly; speaks from door.

PHIPPS

Major -- an artillery car outside -- with a German aviator.

BRAND

What?

PHIPPS

Artillery says "A" Flight brought him down on their position.

(Cont.)

92. Cont.

BRAND and COURTNEY look at each other. COURTNEY takes a step forward. BRAND puts a hand on him.

BRAND
Steady, Courtney...

COURTNEY
I'm all right.

BRAND (To Phipps)
Send him in.

PHIPPS beckons out door. A German flying officer steps inside, dressed in flying suit, helmet and goggles in his hand. He is young and fair-haired.

PHIPPS
(Speaking in German to officer)
What is your name, Lieutenant?

HARTMANN
(Replying in German)
Lieutenant Hartmann...

PHIPPS
(As BRAND crosses)
Major... Ober Lieutenant Hartmann.

BRAND nods abruptly. Flier returns nod with stiff, from-the-hips German salute.

HARTMANN
Herr Major...

93. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he stares at the German.

PHIPPS
(In German, to Hartmann)
Herr Hauptmann...

HARTMANN
(Giving salute)
Herr Hauptmann...

(Cont.)

93 Cont.

PHIPPS

(Still in German to Hartmann)

This is the man who brought you down.

HARTMANN

(Grinning - excited)

Ya...Ya, .

COURTNEY

(To PHIPPS, after pause)

Ask him if he wants a drink.

(He turns to bar)

PHIPPS

(In German)

Will you have a drink?

HARTMANN grins and answers effusively in German.

COURTNEY (To BOTT)

Give the Heinie a drink.

HARTMANN crosses to bar, and COURTNEY takes bottle from BOTT and pours drink for him. He hands drink to HARTMANN and, without taking his eyes from him, picks up his own, as they drink, eyes levelly on each other,

F A D E O U T

FADE IN:

94. INT. BAR - THAT NIGHT

Voices, laughter, singing.

INSERT: of BOTT'S hand rapidly shaking up a drink in the leaky cocktail shaker. The sound of the quartette singing a rollicking song comes into the scene. The hand pulls the lid off the shaker and pours the foaming mixture into glasses, as we

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

95. CLOSEUP HOLLISTER'S EYES

As he stands at the bar - his eyes frenzied. His eyes swing as if looking around a table.

96. AT TABLE IN BAR - CLOSE PAN SHOT

From HOLLISTER'S angle. We see VARDON, the first of the quartette, singing as he looks to the right toward the others.

VARDON (singing with others)
 Take the cylinders out of my kidneys -
 Take the scutcheon pins out of my brain -
 Take the cam-box from under my backbone -
 And assemble the engine again.

The CAMERA PANS on to the right and picks up SELFRIDGE, singing. Bottles and glasses on the table. The CAMERA PANS on to the right, picking up COURTNEY. As we discover him, he is singing, his left arm over the back of a chair out of the scene. He stops singing and looks to the right - speaking above the singing.

COURTNEY
Don't say 'das' -- say 'the' -- Yes,
the' -- like this --
 (forms the word elaborately with
 the tip of his tongue showing
 between his teeth)

We PAN QUICKLY on to the right and find that the fourth member of the quartette is the German, singing in Scott's place, with all the jovial camaraderie of an old-time friend. The German's face rushes up into camera to full screen. He tries to do what COURTNEY has just shown him. He is very drunk.

97. CLOSEUP HOLLISTER'S EYES

We suddenly see HOLLISTER'S demented eyes instead of the German's face. The CAMERA TRUCKS SWIFTLY BACK as HOLLISTER steps forward in savage frenzy.

98. INT.BAR

As HOLLISTER rushes forward to COURTNEY'S table.

HOLLISTER

(as he goes forward,
screaming hoarsely)
Stop it! I can't stand it! Don't you
know they're dead -- Machen -- Russell --
Smythe -- Blane -- my best friend, Blane--
Blane's dead, do you hear? And Scott --
trying to save me -- Scott's dead -- dead --
they're all dead -- they're never coming back --
they're dead -- You can laugh and sing --
Blane and Scott -- Scott --
(pointing at German)
You killed him --
(whirling on German)
Yes, you -- you killed Scott -- you tried
to kill us --
(back to COURTNEY)
-- and you can drink with him --

As he continues, COURTNEY'S face becomes deathly white and he becomes tense in his chair until he is quivering.

COURTNEY is out of his chair like a frenzied tiger, the table careening aside - lunging at HOLLISTER -- getting his throat. HOLLISTER crashes backward against the bar and COURTNEY bends him down over it, choking him. COURTNEY suddenly realizes that he is choking HOLLISTER. He controls himself with an effort and releases him. HOLLISTER comes weakly to his feet, almost sane from the shock.

COURTNEY

I'm sorry, Hollister -- I forgot --
You're new up here -- You've got lots
to learn.

HOLLISTER hangs his head, sane now and broken. For the first time, he realizes a little of what it all means. COURTNEY strides across the room as if to leave. During this action, the sound of a motorcycle roaring nearer at terrific speed is heard. As COURTNEY starts across the room, there is the screeching of brakes outside. Everyone turns to stare at the door. A drunken song dies away, abruptly. Then a voice is heard.

THE VOICE

Wait here--we'll finish that chorus --
I'll be right back.

The door is flung open and SCOTT stands in the doorway, a comical bandage around his head, his arms filled with bottles of wine. His combination is open to the waist, displaying his gorgeous striped pajamas. His face is begrimed with dust. He is grinning broadly and gleefully tipsy. PHIPPS comes running in from other room. FLAHERTY, a motorcyclist follows him in.

(Contd.)

98 (Contd.)

SCOTT
(waving a bottle)
Cheerio!

99. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he stares at SCOTT, unbelievably.

100. INT.BAR

For an instant there is an unbelieving silence - then pandemonium - as the crowd flocks forward.

AD LIB (cries)
You're dead, old bean!
Get back in your canvas coffin!
Up comes Lazarus!

SCOTT
Say! Hold on! Anybody'd think I was
the King! Don't do that, boys. I'm
in a delicate condition!

SCOTT does not see COURTNEY in the tumult - and COURTNEY comes forward now, very quiet after the extreme reaction - perhaps shaking a little, but with a world of joy in his smile.

101. CLOSE COURTNEY AND SCOTT

COURTNEY
Hello, old boy!

He hooks a hand roughly around SCOTT'S neck and gives it a yank - then drops his hand as SCOTT replies:

SCOTT
H'are you, old bean...stopped at all
the bars for forty miles to collect some
drinks for you. Flaherty here drives a
mean motor cycle.

COURTNEY (grinning)
You're just in time. We were holding
your wake.

SCOTT
Right--I've got to be here for that--
(grinning)
Can't have a wake without a corpse, you know.

102. INT. BAR

COURTNEY
(pushing SCOTT down at a table)
What happened?

SCOTT looks around at his appreciative audience.

SCOTT
Plenty! I got a whole load of bullets--
The last thing I remember was pancaking
into a trench and watching the wings
fold up. I woke with a bandage on my
head and a stretcher-bearer pouring rum
down my throat.
(to COURTNEY)
You ought to have some of that rum!

COURTNEY (laughing)
You've had plenty!

SCOTT
(shaking his head)
No--just a spot--but I stopped at all
the bars on the way back--to celebrate.
Here --Open some of these and we'll have
the wake!

COURTNEY
Right. (opening bottles)

SCOTT
Wait -- must have my funeral march.

He puts on "Poor Butterfly". It scratches terribly.

Hey! Who scratched my record? Clear
as a bell before...now listen to it!

Much laughter. Suddenly SCOTT'S eyes light on HARTMANN.

SCOTT
(amazed - to COURTNEY)
Who's that?

COURTNEY
(taking HARTMANN'S arm and
dragging him over to SCOTT)
Here, old boy -- meet the Heinie that
got you.

SCOTT laughs. HARTMAN stares, very drunk, not understanding.

(Contd/)

102 (Contd.)

PHIPPS
 (speaking to him rapidly
 in German)
 This is the man you brought down.

HARTMANN'S eyes open very wide. He laughs, throwing out his arms.

HARTMEN (in German)
 Oh, my friend--my friend!

With arms out, he staggers to SCOTT and throws arms around his neck. Everybody laughs and yells.

SCOTT
 (trying to extricate himself)
 How do I get rid of the blighter?

COURTNEY
 ask him to have a drink.

SCOTT
 (pushing HARTMANN into chair)
 Sit down and have a drink.

HARTMANN drops into chair. COURTNEY sits down next to SCOTT. SCOTT pours drink for HARTMANN. COURTNEY pushes it to him.

SCOTT
 (lifting up bottle)
 Here's to softer landing places.

Three drink. HARTMANN says something in German, apologetically.

SCOTT
 (not understanding, but
 waving it aside)
 That's all right--forget it--forget it--Just look out if we meet again, that's all...

He speaks with wide smile.

SCOTT
 Come on - Dicke - we'll go places.
 (he drags COURTNEY out -FLAHERTY follows)

103. EXT. BARRACKS

The three enter by the motor cycle and side car.

SCOTT
 Meet Flaherty - my chauff'r. Best driver on the Western Front - drove me all the way home.

(Contd.)

103 (Contd.)

Dick and the infantryman laughingly greet each other.

SCOTT

We're going to take you to town.
We found an estaminet just out of
Allonville...You never tasted such
wine...

SICK

(interrupting)

But we can do our celebrating right
here.

SCOTT

...and we saw a girl there named
Marie...

(He closes his eyes and
sighs rapturously)

DICK

(promptly)

We can celebrate there much better.

SCOTT

(grinning - clambering
into side-car)

I thought the idea was good...

(as Dick scrambles in)

...Now you're going to have a nice
quiet little ride.

INFANTRYMAN

(Grinning)

All set?

There is an immediate roar - and the motorcycle shoots away
at a breath-taking pace, whirling around the corner of the
hangars with the side-car in the air.

104 ROAD - PAN

As the motorcycle skids into it from a side road and roars
down the main road at terrific speed, swerving from side to
side.

105. AT THREE - FROM SIDE

As the three ride, the scenery whipping past at terrific speed
in the background. The wind beats against them. They are
singing raucously, Scott clutching a liquor bottle. The dri-
ver is vocalizing with gusto, as if he thought he were a
Caruso - and Dick and Scott are harmonizing valiantly -

THREE

(song to be decided upon)

106. CROSS ROADS

A line of huge army trucks are crossing the main road at an intersection - a very little space separating them. Down the main road, from a distance, comes the motorcycle, its headlight swerving and bouncing.

107. AT THREE - FROM SIDE

As they continue singing, entirely heedless of anything ahead.

108. AT THREE - FROM BEHIND

As they continue shouting their song above the roar of the motorcycle. The road is rushing and swerving toward the motorcycle - and the cross roads and trucks loom up. It seems impossible for the motorcycle to get between two trucks that are crossing. They approach the crossing at full speed - the song abruptly stops as they roar between the trucks - and then it promptly starts again just where they left off as if nothing had happened -

DISSOLVE TO

109. FRENCH VILLAGE STREET - EXT. ESTAMINET - NIGHT

As the motorcycle roars around a corner with the side-car in the air, down the street and skids to a stop in front of the Estaminet. Dick and Scott clamber out.

DICK

(Shaking head sorrowfully)

It's tough you can't get it to go any faster.

(the infantryman is on the verge of tears of hurt disappointment.

Dick adds thoughtfully)

Maybe my mechanics could fix it up.

INFANTRYMAN

(Mournfully)

Didn't you think that was fast?

SCOTT

No...

(comfortingly)

...don't feel bad...we'll get it fixed...

Come along...there's lots of drinks left.

The infantryman shakes his head.

(Contd.)

INFANTRYMAN

I've gotta be gettin' back worse luck. The C.O. is probably throwin' a fit already.

SCOTT nods, grinning.

SCOTT

Yeah...he was dyspeptic...alcoholic liver. Well.. thanks a lot.

They shake hands. Dick shakes hands.

DICK

Thanks for the ride.

INFANTRYMAN

Nothin' at all...

(to SCOTT)

If you drop in on me again...give me a little warning...

The motorcycle starts away with a roar. The two look after him as he starts away.

110. STREET

As the Infantryman starts wildly down the street. He looks around and waves. The motorcycle swerves and wraps itself around a lamp post, hurling the infantryman clear. He picks himself up delightedly and pats the shattered machine.

INFANTRYMAN

Thanks...

(calling back to DICK and SCOTT)

Isn't that luck? Now I can come with you!

He runs back toward them.

111. EXT. ESTAMINET

As the INFANTRYMAN comes back. DICK and SCOTT stare at him enviously.

DICK

You'll probably live to be a hundred.

INFANTRYMAN (nodding seriously)

So my great-grandmother tells me.

(Contd.)

111 (Contd.)

As the three start into the estiminet together, opening the door, we get a glimpse of people inside - girls - singing - lively music, and

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

112. INT.ESTIMANET - AT DICK'S TABLE - CKOSE

DICK and SXOTT are in scene, seated at a table, part of which is out of scene. DICK is cold sober, but drinking SCOTT is tipsy drunk and getting decidedly sleepy. His flying suit is open, exposing the vivid pajamas.

As we FADE IN, the proprietor - an excitable, voluble, bearded little Frenchman, is placing a large shaker of drinks on the table. Scott looks at the shaker and then at the Frenchman with sleepy suspicion. The Frenchman recognizes the look and says, with great assurance -

PROPRIETOR

It is the very best...with my own hands I make eet!

Dick sniffs the shaker critically -

DICK

Are those eggs fresh?

PROPRIETOR

Le bon Dieu is my witness... this very morning the chickens crowed over those eggs!

SCOTT

You mean cackled!

PROPRIETOR

(shrugging)

What does it matter to a chicken?

He bustles off. SCOTT looks at the shaker and yawns prodigiously -

Dick pours drinks.

SCOTT

I don't think I better have any more.

DICK grins in secret, and replied with mischief in his eyes:

DICK

(shoving the large drink across to SCOTT)

(Contd.)

112. (Contd.)

DICK (Contd.)

Go ahead...a couple more won't hurt you...

(he turns and looks out of scene)

...will it?

113. CAMERA PANS and we see a beautiful FRENCH GIRL seated on the other side of DICK. She is a seductive, voluptuous type. She shakes her head - smiling persuasively at SCOTT.

TERESE

Mais non!

SCOTT grins back at her sleepily and gulps the drink. DICK grinning as he watches - and we

DISSOLVE TO:

114. EXT.VILLAGE STREET - TRUCK SHOT

As DICK and TERESA walk down the moonlit street, TERESE clinging to his arm. As they come opposite a dark, narrow alley-way, DICK stops and peers in -

115. ALLEY-WAY DICK'S ANGLE

A flash of a dark, deserted and secluded alley-way -

116. AT DICK AND TERESE

DICK grins impishly, indicating the alley-way

DICK

Let's walk through here.

TERESE

(Shaking her head wisely and laughing)

Mais non, mon cherie.. it es too dark.

DICK

(grinning)

Are you afraid of the dark?

TERESE

(smiling back)

Non...not when I am alone.

DICK chuckles and the two walk on as if the alley-way had never existed.

117. VILLAGE STREET - TRUCK SHOT

The two walk on. As they approach a cross street, the head of a column of infantry, moving toward the front, comes from the side street, crossing the other, and a continuous line of men bar their path. DICK and TERESE stop to watch them in silence.

118. AT SOLDIERS - TRUCKSHOT

As some of the soldiers come from the side street. Several look across at DICK and the girl.

119. DICK AND TERESE - TRUCK PAST - SOLDIERS' ANGLE - FLASH

Of DICK and TERESE standing watching.

120. AT SOLDIERS

As one of them sneers.

SOLDIER
(to others)
One of them easy-livin' aviators...
fifteen miles behind the lines!

2nd. SOLDIER
Yeah...the white-collar babies...

121. AT DICK AND TERESE

A flash of bitterness on DICK'S face as the soldier's voice continues into scene

2nd.SOLDIER (Contd.)
...they get the best of everything.

A third voice, more distant.

3rd SOLDIER
Where do they keep their planes...
I never see 'em.

A fourth voice, fading into the distance.

4th SOLDIER
Aw...quit grousin'!
Silence again...just the sound of tramping feet.. the rattle of equipment. DICK is thoughtful an instant - then shrugs as if to shake away the bitterness, and the two start on -

122. INT. ESTAMINET - SCOTT'S TABLE

SCOTT is sound asleep, peacefully slumped down in his chair. Two attractive French girls are seated on each side of him - drinking serenely and talking - and the little wine saucers with their price marks are being piled up in front of SCOTT -

123. EXT. BEYOND END OF VILLAGE

DICK and TERESE are strolling out beyond the end of the village. They come to a stop. In the vague background is a haywagon. On the other sides are open fields and woods.

124. AT TWO

As they stand, silently looking.

125. FIELDS - THEIR ANGLE

A picturesque shot of the moonlit fields and forests a round moon in the sky.

126. AT TWO

TERESE

(she looks at the fields
and her arms go up in the
air as she stretches her
lithe body in careless abandon)
Yesterday.. tomorrow...who cares?
Tonight is beautiful!

She turns halfway toward DICK, a picture of lithe, seductive beauty, and DICK takes her close in his arms - her arms steal around his neck - and for a long moment they kiss.

A faint sound comes through the darkness. The two look up still in each others arms.

TERESE

What is it?

There is a growing sound in the night - a deep, steady roaring....Raum -m....Raum-m...the roar of the chiming twin motors of a huge Gotha bombers - growing swiftly louder.

DICK

Gothas...bombers...a flock of them.

(Continued)

126 Continued

He has scarcely finished speaking when a siren suddenly starts a piercing wail in the village - eerie in the darkness.. From a distance comes a shout.

VOICE

Prenez garde....les Gothas!
(a dwindling string of French)

Dick and Terese look back toward the village.

127 VILLAGE STREET

Lights start going out. One or two people look fearfully out of windows and close the shutters. People are running through the streets.

VOICE

Air raid! Take cover!

More shadowing figures run by in panic. The thunder of the bombers grows steadily nearer.

128 VILLAGE DICK'S ANGLE

Suddenly there is the high pitched scream of a falling bomb. On the distant part of the village there is a rending crash and roaring explosion, followed by two more screaming bombs and other crashes, nearer. The siren is still going full blast.

129 AT DICK AND TERESE

As they watch, Terese clinging closely to DICK. More explosions come into scene - their faces are lit, momentarily, by the flare of the bombs. From somewhere comes the helpless agonized cry of someone wounded. Out of the darkness comes a voice.

VOICE

Stret--cher bearers....
stretcher bear.....ers!

130 VILLAGE THEIR ANGLE

In the distance, two shadowy stretcher bearers run past in answer to the call. There is pandemonium with the incessant screaming and exploding bombs. Two explode quite close.

131 AT DICK AND TERESE

DICK looks hurriedly around - sees the hay wagon.

DICK
The wagon! Come on!

He grabs Terese by the hand and starts running, pulling her along.

TERESE
No...no...there are tellars....

132 AT SIDE OF TRUCK

As DICK, running, still clinging to the cocktail shaker, drags Terese into scene.

The noise of explosions, crashes, falling debris and siren is terrific.

DICK
(laughing)
Under there, quick!

TERESE
(hanging back)
No....no....

DICK
It's as safe as any place.

TERESE
(doubtfully)
(looking at Dick)
Do you think we had better?

Her answer is a blinding flash and crash of a bomb near at hand that showers them with dirt. Terese hastily scrambles under the truck.

DICK looks up into the darkness and salutes - laughing.

DICK
Thanks!

As he climbs under the hay wagon, we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

133 JUST OUTSIDE ALLONVILLE FOLLOWING MORNING PAN

Trudging along the tracks comes a pajama-clad figure - hair tousled, a pair of loose old bedroom slippers flapping on his feet. It is SCOTT and he is having a hard time making the slippers stay on, and limping gingerly, for gravel is getting into them.

We PAN WITH HIM and pick up two farmers mounting the truck. SCOTT coming away from it. SCOTT walks along its side.

134 AT TRUCK

SCOTT sees the two staring at him and grins

SCOTT
(pointing)
Is the British flying squadron in
this direction?

The Frenchmen look at each other and chatter voluble French - and stare at him some more. SCOTT, seeing they do not understand English, makes a ludicrous effort to pantomime flying - to imitate an airplane swooping and banking.

SCOTT
(imitating)
Fly...airplane....bird....airdrome...
anything....

The Frenchmen stare at him as if he were crazy - and look at each other, chattering excitedly and pantomiming that SCOTT is a crazy man. But they look as if they themselves, were telling each other they are crazy. SCOTT gives up in disgust.

SCOTT
(dryly)
Thanks.... I thought so.

He limps on alongside of the truck. The two Frenchmen stare at each other and shake their heads, shrug, and go back to their posts.

135 SIDE OF TRUCK

The lower part of truck and track is in scene as a background as SCOTT limps in - sits down disgustedly and takes off his slippers - emptying pebbles and dirt out
(Continued)

135 Continued

of them.. As he does so, truck pulls out of scene, On the road, sound asleep - is Dick.

SCOTT gets the slippers on and gets up, starting along the track - suddenly stops short and stares in blank amazement as he sees DICK serenely asleep. Scott puts his fists on his hips and shakes his head grimly - and gradually grins and then laughs, DICK stirs.

SCOTT

Well....good morning, fellow.

DICK'S eyes open and he looks up - his eyes widening as he sees SCOTT. He grins.

DICK

Good morning, fellow.

DICK sits up, laughing at SCOTT'S comical pajama-clad figure.

DICK

Where's your flying togs?

SCOTT

(sheepishly)

Somebody stole 'em.

DICK is getting up, rubbing himself ruefully.

DICK

You shouldn't leave 'em lying around.

The two start along the tracks and we PAN until we see them from the rear, trudging along together. SCOTT'S striped pajamas flapping in the breeze, and we

FADE OUT

136 FADE IN:
THREE PLANES

Seen high up, heading to make a landing. Flight is returning. Mechanics, including CHUBBY and HARRY, standing near farmhouse. They see returning planes and start waving and running out on field. FIELD SERGEANT joins them. Sound of planes grows perceptibly louder. One of the planes rocking and greening as it comes down to land. PAN SHOT as they run toward planes.

FIELD SERGEANT

Somebody must be hit.

(Continued)

136 Continued

CHUBBY
'oo is it?

HARRY
Looks like VARDON

FIELD SERGEANT
He's just makin' it!

They run on toward line.

137 INT. BAR

COURTNEY AND SCOTT at table near gramophone, playing two-handed card game. Gramophone playing "Poor butterfly." BRAND at bar, drinking - more haggard than ever in appearance. BOTT behind bar.

From overhead comes sound of plane motor cutting off and swich of plane. COURTNEY quickly stops gramophone to listen. SCOTT jumps up and COURTNEY follows to door. They go out on field.

138 AT BRAND - CLOSE SHOT

As BRAND listens, a full glass in hand. We hear another plane come in, and two more, in quick succession.

BRAND
(as though he can't keep
count anymore)
How many was that, Bott?

BOTT
I -- I think it was four, sir.

BRAND
(mumbling to himself)
Four -- four -- four out of seven....
(He raises glass to lips
and the liquor is slopping in
his unsteady hand)

PHIPPS comes in from BRAND'S room.

PHIPPS
Only four, Major.

BRAND glares at him.

139 EXT DROME

As fliers twatch the four planes taxi up to the line, some hurrying toward planes. COURTNEY and SCOTT running.

140 AT LINE

BLYTHE, KEARLEY and MURRELL are climbing from their planes as mechanics take charge, the FIELD SERGEANT giving the planes a quick inspection.

141 AT VARDON'S PLANE

VARDON tries to get out and slumps back. COURTNEY, SCOTT and others hurry to him, seeing that he is wounded.

VARDON

(trying to speak naturally,
in spite of the pain)

Sorry, fellows -- they got me --

COURTNEY and SCOTT lift him out. They start slowly back to the bar with him. He staggers between them.

CHUBBY

What a bloomin' mess they've been in.

HARRY

I'd call it a bloomin' nawsty mess.

FIELD SERGEANT

We'll have to junk three of these planes.

HARRY

Blimme, Sergeant, what'll we use instead--
angel's wings?

INSERT: Of wing. Fabric and struts are shattered and pierced by bullets.

142 INT. BAR

PHIPPS

(at door, turns back to BRAND
who still stands at bar)

It's VARDON, Major -- looks like he's
got it bad.

BRAND does not reply. He takes another drink. COURTNEY and SCOTT come in, supporting VARDON who is doubled

(Continued)

142 Continued

up in great pain. BRAND turns to face them - to stare at VARDON. Other men follow, talking in the background.

VARDON

(As he sinks down by table and
BOTT hurries to him with a drink)
We've got visitors, Brand.

BRAND

What do you mean?

VARDON

I mean -- Von Richter's moved in
across the lines --

BRAND

Von Richter?

VARDON

Yes -- we ran into one flight -- then
another -- suddenly the air was filled
with 'em -- What a mess! It's lucky
any of us got back alive....

BRAND continues to stare at him. VARDON continues,
bitterly:

God what fliers they are! We didn't
have a chance -- out-numbered two
to one -- and all of them old hands.

(He lapses into silence for
a moment, as if recalling
the flight)

They got Thorburn, Squires and Hollister --
(He puts hand to head where
blood runs down)

BRAND

Hurt bad?

BARDON

No...just a splinter...from the wind-
shield --
(but his face is twisted
with pain)

BRAND

I guess you go blighty, Vardon...

VARDON

(rising and laughing at other men)
Don't you wish you had this, boys?....
(pointing to wound)
Shall I send you back some harps to
play with?

(Continued)

142 Continued

AD LIB

(from other men)

I say, Vardon, I'll buy that from
you!

That's a cushy one, Vardon!

MURRELL

Send us a dozen blonde angels --
from the Music Halls!

VARDON laughs, but he is dizzy on his feet.

BRAND

(muttering to himself)

Von Richter -- This is the finish!
(he goes out the door.)

143 EXT. FARMHOUSE

As COURTNEY and the other comes out with VARDON, the
latter makes a gesture of going on alone with MURRELL

VARDON

Never mind....Murrell can get me
over to the M.O.

COURTNEY and the others hands him over to MURRELL - but
COURTNEY says:

COURTNEY

(quietly)

Hollister....how did he die?

VARDON

Like a man. As he zoomed up and fell
out of control, I saw him....smile,

COURTNEY

(thoughtfully)

I'm glad....What a rotten war!

VARDON nods and starts off with MURRELL supporting him
when a sound makes everyone pause. COURTNEY and everyone
else look up.

144 AIR COURTNEY'S ANGLE

A German plane, marked with black cross, is screaming
down on the drome. Someone shouts:

AD LIB

A Fritz! A Fritz! Look out!

(Continued)

144 CONTINUED

The plane flattens, roaring over the drome and an object hurtles down from the plane, which climbs again, thundering.....

145 EXT. DROME

As the object drops on the tarmac. COURTNEY and SCOTT run toward it, followed by others. Even VARDON, wounded as he is, staggers forward, helped by MURRELL.

146 AT OBJECT

As COURTNEY and SCOTT run into scene. The object is a pair of German field boots. COURTNEY picks them up. A note is attached. As COURTNEY opens it, fliers gather around him. BRAND and PHIPPS join the group. COURTNEY looks at note; hands it to PHIPPS.

PHIPPS
(reading)
One pair of ground boots,..for the
exclusive use of English flying
officers.

For an instant there is an ominous silence - then VARDON, half-choked with pain, mutters:

VARDON
To blazes with them!

COURTNEY
(holding boots, grimly)
I think they'll find these boots won't
fit!

BLYTHE
(angrily)
Give them to me, Courtney -- I've
got a use for 'em.

MURRELL
(white-faced)
I'll take those!

BLYTHE makes a move forward but COURTNEY pushes him back.

COURTNEY
Wait a minute...I'm keeping these
boots!

(Continued)

146 Continued

BRAND has watched with grim understanding, struggling with his duty. At this point, he interposes, looking levelly at the men

BRAND

Hold up! There's going to be no voluntary patrols unless I order them! Von Richter's squadron is the strongest on the front. We're going to catch hell - None of you are going to commit suicide by going out alone -- Not a man leaves the ground -- understand?

BRAND flings last word as a challenge. His eyes rest on COURTNEY. BRAND turns and strides toward his office.

COURTNEY and SCOTT glance at each other. COURTNEY nods toward hangars, and the two start away from group, COURTNEY still carrying boots.

DISSOLVE TO:

147 INT. HANGAR CLOSEUP ON BOOTS

Boots standing on gasoline can. Into scene comes CHUBBY'S voice, speaking in whisper:

CHUBBY

(off-scene)

'Urry up now -- 'urry up -- Rig them bomb racks on both planes -- Get a 'ustle on.

As he continues speaking CAMERA PANS AWAY from boots and we see CHUBBY talking to ARTIE and HARRY.

CHUBBY

This 'ere's a dawn patrol, h'understand? If any of you makes a sound or shows a light, I'll knock your bloomin' 'eads off!

ARTIE

They'll catch bloomin' 'ell for this.

CHUBBY

'oo from?

ARTIE

From the Major, of course.

(Continued)

147 Continued

HARRY

(peering out from a round plane)
Oh? I thought you meant Von
Richter.

CHUBBY

(planting his hand over Harry's
face)
Spoken like a true British gentleman!
(He pushes Harry out of sight.)

CAMERA PANS across to other side of hangar, and we see COURTNEY and SCOTT sitting on gasoline cans, open boxes of ammunition in front of them. They are loading ammunition belts and examining bullets carefully.....

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

148. AIRDROME - NEXT MORNING - DAWN

A long shot of airdrome. It is the misty dimness just before dawn. The airdrome is asleep -- but out toward the far end of the field, six figures are silently towing two fighting planes toward the end of the field. They are nearly there.

149. AT END OF FIELD

As the two planes are pushed to the end of the field by COURTNEY and SCOTT who are dressed for flying, and the four mechanics. COURTNEY has German boots in his hand. Bombs are strung on racks under the planes. The tail skids are dropped to the ground. Two mechanics place chocks under the wheels. The other two are swinging the propellers. COURTNEY and SCOTT are together.

COURTNEY

Be careful, old man -- remember Von Richter.

SCOTT

Right.

They grip hands; then drop them abruptly.

COURTNEY

Warm your motor fast...we won't have much time.

SCOTT nods with answering grin and the two shake hands. They climb into cockpits, COURTNEY putting the boots inside his. They strap themselves in, as the two mechanics who have spun the props, run around and wipe the mist from their windshields.

COURTNEY

(As he loads his gun)

Thanks very much, Chubby.

CHUBBY

(Handing potato masher grenade to COURTNEY)

I've been saving this every since Vimy Ridge -- Kiss it and throw it for me!

COURTNEY (Smiling)

Right.

ARTIE

Make it a quick one, Cap'n...an' I'll have some tea and strawberry jam waitin' when you come back.

(Cont.)

149 Cont.

The mechanics grip hands, ready to run past the propellers.

MECHANICS

Contact?
Contact?

COURTNEY

Contact.

SCOTT

Contact.

The mechanics run past, swinging the props. Motors roar into life. COURTNEY and SCOTT race them to warm them quickly. COURTNEY looks across at SCOTT and yells above the roar of the motors, jerking his head back toward the farmhouse.

COURTNEY

It won't be long now!

He is right. As he looks toward farmhouse, BRAND'S office door flies open and a figure rushes out.

150. AT EXT. BRAND'S DOOR.

As BRAND lunges out of his office, bawling:

BRAND

What's going on here?

He looks toward the far end of the field.

151 FAR END OF FIELD - BRAND'S ANGLE

As the roar of the planes increases and they take off down the field toward the camera.

152. BRAND - PAN SHOT

As he runs forward again, toward the line, yelling:

BRAND

Courtney...Scott...did you hear
my orders? Come back here --

His yelling is drowned as the two planes roar at him, taking off.

153. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he peers cautiously over the side of his cockpit.

154. AT GROUND - FROM PLANE

Below is BRAND, shaking his fist and yelling up at the planes.

155 CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he grins, shrugs, and settles himself, grimly looking ahead, his purpose clearly fixed in his mind.

156 AIRDROME

As the two planes soar over the trees and disappear. BRAND storms back to his office. A few sleepy heads are poking inquiringly out of doorways.

F A D E O U T

FADE IN:

157. GERMAN AIRDROME - EARLY MORNING.

An establishing shot of the German airdrome in the gray light. Two or three small buildings - the quarters and offices of the personnel - and long, camouflaged hangars. On the line is a flight of planes - mechanics getting them ready for the morning patrol. The planes bear the German black crosses. There is much activity as we see the drome. A cocky Field Sergeant is giving brusque orders to the mechanics. (Orders to be in German)

158. TWO PLANES - FROM AIR.

COURTNEY'S and SCOTT'S planes as they streak along into Germany. COURTNEY in the lead.

159. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he looks ahead and down, grimly. Suddenly he is alert - staring downward.

160. GERMAN DROME - FROM AIR.

The German drome is just coming into view beyond some trees.

161. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he looks quickly around at the plane behind and at the side.

162. AT PLANES - FROM AIR

As COURTNEY'S plane suddenly rocks. SCOTT'S rocks in response - and COURTNEY'S plane suddenly noses down in a screaming dive, followed by SCOTT'S.

163. GERMAN DROME

As the two planes dive on it, guns going full blast. The Mechanics break and gun. A bomb drops and bursts in a black geyser near the planes on the line. As the two planes zoom up and turn, coming back, Germans are running from the buildings - consternation everywhere. The planes rake the drome with machine gun fire.

164. AT DUGOUT

As Germans rush for the dugout - some dropping as the planes roar by overhead.

165. AT MACHINE GUNS

As Germans run for the guns, frantically loading them and starting to fire.

166. AIRDROME

As COURTNEY and SCOTT proceed to ravage the airdrome. A bomb gets one of the hangars, which blows up and roars into flame.

167. AT LINE

Two pilots and their mechanics succeed in getting two motors started. The pilots clamber into their seats and start.

168. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he looks grimly over the side and banks his machine around vertically.

169. FROM COURTNEY'S PLANE - SHOOTING FORWARD

As the plane dives on the two German planes taking off below, spraying them with bullets.

170. DROME - TOWARD PLANES

AS COURTNEY'S plane flattens out over the two German planes riddled with bullets, they crash to the ground, splintering, scattering wreckage - two tangled masses of wire and fabric. COURTNEY'S plane is climbing again - steeply.

171. DROME

Bombs burst among the machines on the line - getting them on fire. The drome becomes a blazing inferno. Men coming out of doorways fall as the buildings are

(Cont.)

171 Cont.

raked with fire from the planes. The planes swoop almost to the ground - flattening out, with their wheels almost touching the ground as they chase a group of Germans running toward a dugout - then bank steeply - their wings almost touching the ground and head back toward the airdrome mess hall - guns roaring.

172. INT. GERMAN MESS

Germans are crowded inside the doorway. Suddenly they throw themselves to the ground - out of the way - others dropping, already hit - as the walls and windows are shattered and ripped by crossing lines of machine gun bullets showering glass and splinters of wood.

173. EXT. MESS BUILDING

As the planes, almost reaching the building, zoom upward, just clearing the roofs.

174. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

He smiles as he sees something over the side.

175. outhouse - BEHIND HANGARS.

An obvious toilet. COURTNEY'S plane dives on it, machine gun in full blast, raking it with fire. The door bursts open and several Germans run stumbling out, two or three holding up their trousers.

176. GERMAN DROME

AS COURTNEY'S plane zooms up from behind hangar and bomb drops - and a second hangar goes up in smoke. Suddenly COURTNEY'S motor cuts off and the plane swishes down near the drome, which is now a shattered, blazing mass of fire.

177. COURTNEY - COCKPIT

AS COURTNEY pulls out the boots and heaves them over the side - shouting down:

COURTNEY
They're the wrong size!

The motor roars into life again.

178. GERMAN AIRDROME

AS COURTNEY'S plane zooms up to meet SCOTT'S, which is circling in a steep bank, and the two flatten out and disappear swiftly over the trees.

179. PLANES - FLYING LOW

As the two planes head back for the lines..suddenly they go into another roaring dive.

180. COURTNEY'S PLANE - SHOOTING FROM BEHIND DICK

As the plane dives, a German captive balloon looms up before it - the gun barks incessantly.

181. BELOW BALLOON - AT GROUND TRUCK

As Germans run back and forth, an officer is shouting frantic orders. The ground crew starts to pull down the balloon - taking up on the cable - working desperately.

182. MACHING GUNE EMPLACEMENT

A short distance away from the truck, the machine guns protecting the balloon go into action - firing nearly straight up.

183. BALLOON - FROM GROUND

AS SCOTT'S plane dives on the balloon - the two planes circle and dive again.

184. AT MACHINE GUNS.

A flash of the machine guns firing continuously.

185. COURTNEY'S PLANE - SHOOTING FROM BEHIND DICK

As the plane dives at the balloon a third time - the bag looming up in front of the stuttering gun.

186. BALLOON - FROM GROUND

AS COURTNEY'S plane zooms over the balloon, there is a sheet of flame from the balloon. In an instant, it is a roaring mass of flame - dropping swiftly.

187. AT TRUCK - FROM A LITTLE DISTANCE

As the horror-stricken ground crew try to jump from the truck, the burning balloon falls on it, enveloping crew and truck in a flaming mass.

188. FROM COURTNEY'S PLANE - AS IT CIRCLES

We see the flaming ruins of the balloon on the ground below.

189. MACHINE GUN POSITION

FLASH of the machine guns going full blast.

190. CLOSEUP COURTNEY & WING AND COCKPIT

COURTNEY'S motor suddenly stops, followed by the sound of bullets flac-flacking through the wing fabric. A bullet has found the motor. COURTNEY works at the gas pump, but the motor will not start.

191. CLOSEUP SCOTT

As he looks across and sees COURTNEY'S plane starting to glide downward. SCOTT throws his plane into a bank and starts circling.

192. FROM SCOTT'S PLANE

As it travels in a wide circle so that we are going around a field, we see COURTNEY'S plane gliding down toward the field.

193. GERMAN MACHINE GUN POSITION

The Germans cheer and congratulate each other - and jump up and start running toward the field, joining others who are running past.

194. FIELD

As COURTNEY makes a dead-stick landing - SCOTT'S plane circling overhead. COURTNEY climbs out and waves up that he is O.K.

195. CLOSEUP SCOTT

As he shows relief and waves back. But suddenly he gazes in another direction.

196. FROM SCOTT'S PLANE

We see the far end of the field. Germans are running into the open from the trees.

197. CLOSEUP SCOTT

As he banks quickly and pushes the stick forward, reaching for his machine gun.

198. FROM SCOTT'S PLANE - FORWARD

As the plane dives, gun stuttering, we see Germans waver, some falling, and the rest run back to the shelter of the trees, shooting with pistols. The plane zooms, the trees dropping from sight.

199. FROM COURTNEY'S END OF FIELD

COURTNEY and plane in foreground. As SCOTT'S plane banks around and comes down for a landing, COURTNEY, seeing what SCOTT intends to do, waves for him to go on, but SCOTT'S plane keeps coming toward foreground-lands and stops by COURTNEY As the latter sets his plane on fire.

SCOTT
(Beckoning)
Come on, Fellow.

COURTNEY
(Running to the plane)
Kick her old bean, and let's get back
for the strawberry jam!

(Cont.)

199 Cont.

The Germans are running for the plane now, shouting as they come. COURTNEY climbs on wing close to the cockpit. The engine roars and the plane lumbers across the field - lopy with its added burden.

200. AT GERMANS

As two or three stop so they can shoot more steadily-emptying their revolvers.

201. AT PLANE - WING AND COCKPIT

As it lumbers into the air, SCOTT suddenly reels at the impact of a bullet. COURTNEY is blowing mocking kisses back at the Germans on the ground below and does not see it. SCOTT IS ALMOST Stunned, and clutches vaguely at his shoulder. The plane rocks, and suddenly COURTNEY looks around to see what the trouble is.

INSERT: SCOTT'S shoulder. Blood on SCOTT'S Hand - a bullet hole in the flying suit that is rapidly spreading.

SCOTT reels dizzily; with an effort, pulls himself upright.

202. PLANE - FROM GROUND

We see German second line trenches - a machine gun emplacement. The plane comes into view - flying dangerously low. All the Germans start shooting at it - the machine guns open fire.

203. AT PLANE

SCOTT is shaking his head - trying to clear his brain. COURTNEY is looking at the ground below. He turns to SCOTT encouragingly.

204. AT PLANE - WING AND COCKPIT

INSERT: Of wing and engine. Another dotted line appears - across the wing - traveling toward the engine. Suddenly the oil line bursts as a bullet gets it, and oil shoots out, spreading.

The shower of hot oil hits SCOTT in the face - blinding him - some of it getting on COURTNEY. SCOTT sways - trying vaguely to wipe off his goggles.

205. AT PLANE - FROM AIR.

As the plane wavers and side-slips, starting into a spin.

206. AT WING AND COCKPIT

As we see the two again, the motor suddenly freezes up with a shriek and stops. COURTNEY is talking to SCOTT in desperate encouragement, dividing his attention between the ground and SCOTT.

COURTNEY

Pull out old boy! We're in a right-hand spin...

SCOTT struggles blindly at the controls.

SCOTT

I -- I can't see!

COURTNEY

That's right...now you're diving... pull up...that's it!

207. AT PLANE - FROM AIR

As the plane, which is out of the spin and diving, pulls out into level but wobbly flight.

208. AT WING AND COCKPIT

COURTNEY

We can make it...we're over the lines now...keep her level...steady...

(COURTNEY looks ahead)

There's a good place..just behind our front line...right a little...ease down now...

The ground begins to come up toward the plane until the plane is almost ready to land.

COURTNEY

...steady...all right...level off... hold her up, old boy...up...up...UP!

209. FRENCH FRONT LINE TRENCH

We shoot from the trench through a mass of barbed wire. French soldiers are watching as the plane flattens out and lands, crumpling the undercarriage, nosing over into a shell hole. The roar of front line warfare is all around. Soldiers scramble from the trench and start for the plane, crouching low, half-crawling.

210. AT PLANE

AS COURTNEY, who has been thrown a short distance, picks himself up and hurries back to the plane. SCOTT is climbing weakly and blindly from the cockpit. COURTNEY helps him to the ground.

COURTNEY

Good, old boy.

SCOTT leans weakly against the plane and waves COURTNEY aside as if he were all right.

SCOTT

We made it, didn't we, old bean!

As he says the words, grinning through the mask of oil and dirt, he falls over in a dead faint. COURTNEY stoops beside him. The Frenchmen are coming on the run now - shouting warnings.

(Cont.)

210 Cont.

FRENCH SERGEANT

(Waving his arms in direction
of Germany)

Allez...allez vite! The boche will
shell you.

COURTNEY looks apprehensively toward the lines, then starts quickly to gather SCOTT into his arms. The Frenchman indicates SCOTT to the others and shouts a string of French. They hastily help COURTNEY pick SCOTT up and the whole group starts toward the protection of the trenches, crouching low.

211. FROM TRENCH

As the group hurries away from the plane, there is the scream of shells. The group falls flat on the ground. There is a showering explosion in the field - a second and third - the shells shrieking before they light - and a fourth - which demolishes the plane - another almost on top of the first.

212. AT GROUP

Flat on the ground. COURTNEY and the SERGEANT next to each other. A shower of dirt, a shattered piece of plane strut and ragged piece of fabric clinging to it, falls in front of COURTNEY. He picks it up - grins and looks across at the SERGEANT.

COURTNEY

Thanks.

213. TRENCH

As the shelling lessens, the group gets up and hurries on, tumbling into the truck. COURTNEY gets to his knees beside SCOTT, anxiously tearing the flying suit aside from SCOTT'S shoulder.

COURTNEY

Come on, boy -- wake up..

(He turns to the Frenchman)

Hurry up...get bandages.....

(Cont.)

213 Cont.

He turns back to SCOTT. One of the Frenchmen pours out a stiff jolt of rum and gives it to COURTNEY. COURTNEY lifts up SCOTT'S head, pillowing it on his arm, and pours liquor down SCOTT'S throat. SCOTT stirs; his eyes slowly open - looking around vaguely.

COURTNEY

Are you all right?

SCOTT looks up at him and tastes the rum in his mouth. He smiles weakly.

SCOTT

I -- I only did it to get the rum --

DISSOLVE TO:

214. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE

BRAND pacing up and down in a fit of nervous passion. He is deadly gray from strain and is on very edge of going completely to pieces. PHIPPS comes in, quickly.

PHIPPS (Excited)

Captain Courtney's back -- with Scott -- in a French army car -- I told Courtney you wanted to see him at once, Major --

(Turns at sound outside)

Here he is now...

PHIPPS stands aside and COURTNEY comes in. PHIPPS slips out. COURTNEY closes the door. BRAND'S eyes meet COURTNEY'S. They stare at each other.

COURTNEY

(Walking over to Brand's desk - sits on edge of desk, calmly lights cigarette.)

Phipps said you wanted to see me.

BRAND advances toward COURTNEY - and stops before he reaches him.

(Cont.)

214 Cont.

BRAND
(Struggling to control his voice.)

I suppose you think you're going to get away with this, Courtney! Well...you think wrong this time! You disobeyed my direct orders. Do you think I issued them to hear myself talk? You went out against Von Richter -- Von Richter, do you hear? You defied him when we're outnumbered two to one. You fool! We need every man -- every plane -- you went out and smashed two of them. I'm going to court-martial you for this -- break you out of the Flying Corps!

The phone rings. BRAND glares at it. It rings again, and he strides across and answers it.

BRAND
Well?... (Phone splutters) What?... I can't hear you... Yes... Yes... What?
(He listens intently with quickening interest - amazement on his face at first, then gradually his lips form a stoney grin)

215. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he stares at BRAND, puzzled.

216. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE

BRAND (Grinning wider)
Right... Right... Thanks...

BRAND hangs up; leans against the wall. Suddenly he begins to laugh, hysterically. He tries to speak to COURTNEY. Another burst of wild laughter comes from his lips. Then he manages to speak, brokenly, between gale after gale of insane laughter.

(Cont.)

216 Cont.

BRAND

I've got you -- I've got you, Courtney -- just where I want you. You've broken orders -- you've refused responsibility-- All right, that's your bed now -- you've made it for yourself -- now lie in it --

(Coming around desk, still laughing)
I'm ordered up to Wing at once... I've got to appoint someone in my place...

(He gasps with laughter, crossing and taking his hat from the wall his stick from the desk)

...in my place, understand? I'm going to appoint you -- see how you like it, Mr. -- Mr. Squadron Commander!

He lurches across to the door as COURTNEY stands motionless staring at him. In the doorway, BRAND turns and looks at COURTNEY - gives another burst of laughter and slams the door, leaving COURTNEY alone, motionless, in the silent room, as we

F A D E O U T

217 FADE IN
AIRDROME

87

Same as first scene in script, only it is late afternoon, almost dusk. FIELD SERGEANT coming from field with field report.

218 CLOSE EXT WING OF FARMHOUSE

Squadron Commander's door now has Captain COURTNEY on it, in place of Major BRAND. FIELD SERGEANT raps on door and goes in.

FADE IN:

219 INT. OFFICE PAN CLOSE SHOTS

FIELD SERGEANT puts report down on desk. CAMERA TRUCKS back a little, showing whole top of desk. It is littered with crumpled papers. Near at hand is half-empty bottle of whiskey and liquor-stained glass. FIELD SERGEANT goes out.

From the fade in COURTNEY'S VOICE has been coming into scene, talking into telephone. His voice is savage, full of revolt, helplessly arguing against the stone wall that is Brass Hat.

COURTNEY

Let the infantry get demoralized...
I can't put planes over them...
(phone barks) I've got only
three men....

OTHER END OF PHONE

(half-muffled)

But we're sending up four re-
placements. They're on their
way now....

COURTNEY

Four replacements coming up?
(savagely)
Well, what about it? Two flights
couldn't buck Von Richter! How can
you expect one to do anything?

Phone barks again. As it does so, we PAN UP and find COURTNEY at phone. He has changed terrifically - drawn haggard. The job of Squadron Commander - responsibility of executioner - has dragged him down, just as it did BRAND.

(Continued)

COURTNEY

(still at phone)
 Sending replacements... Yes, more
 kid... You're only making a death house
 of this place... Von Richter's squadron
 has shot us out of the air for a month...
 driven us into the ground... killed our
 best men... wiped out "B" Flight....

OTHER END OF PHONE

(again half muffled)
 Those are the orders, Courtney.

COURTNEY

But I tell you they won't have a
 chance!

Phone barks and hangs up. COURTNEY turns and stares
 across room.

220 INT BRAND'S OFFICE

COURTNEY staring at PHIPPS who has been looking mourn-
 fully out window. PHIPPS turns and sees COURTNEY'S
 vacant stare.

PHIPPS

(shrugging)
 No use trying to reason with 'em.
 (crossing room)
 If I might say so... there's no
reason in none of it.

COURTNEY

Brass hats.... sitting back there
 in easy chairs making excuses for
 sending up kids they know won't
 last a week....
 (laughs bitterly)
 ...and they keep yelling for us to
 stop Von Richter... stop Von Richter!...
 (pours stiff drink, staring
 at liquor as it gurgles into
 glass)
 (half to himself)
 Courtney... executioner Courtney... successor
 to executioner Major Brand.... and I have
 to order SCOTT to take them up... to send
 Scott out against Von Richter... with no
 protection at his back....
 (pounding on table)
 How can he protect them? Answer
 me that, Phipps.
 (brings fist down again on table)

(Continued)

PHIPPS
(startled)
It's --- it's beyond me, sir....

COURTNEY
(whirling in chair to face Phipps)
Sending me out to die...sitting and waiting....wondering if they'll come back!

Door opens and SCOTT saunters in, just as COURTNEY takes full glass of Scotch and gulps it down. SCOTT'S face worried. He makes impulsive gesture to check COURTNEY, but stops as COURTNEY turns to face him.

SCOTT
(nodding toward table)
I say, old boy, don't you think....

COURTNEY
(still under emotional stress)
None of that preaching!....

SCOTT'S face shows COURTNEY'S manner has cut him, and COURTNEY sees it. He is immediately contrite.

COURTNEY
I'm sorry....guess I'm getting jumpy.

SCOTT'S forgiveness is shown in his instant grin.

SCOTT
Forget it....I'm all jumpy myself... can't seem to get used to being out in front of the flight....
(grins regretfully)
Every time I wish you were along... so I could sit up there on your tail in rear position.

COURTNEY
(smiling faintly)
You want somebody to stop the bullets, isn't that it, old boy?

FIELD SERGEANT looks in, worried disgust on his face.

FIELD SERGEANT
The replacements are here, sir.

(Continued)

220 Continued

COURTNEY'S smile fades. Nods dismissal to SERGEANT.
Latter closes door. SCOTT looks at COURTNEY hopefully.

SCOTT

Transfers this time -- I hope

COURTNEY

No...more kids to have killed off.

(indicating door)

Fix 'em up, will you boy?

SCOTT

Right.

COURTNEY

Make 'em comfortable as you can.

SCOTT nods and exits.

221 EXT FARMHOUSE

Quite dark. We dimly see flying corps truck short distance away. Four youthful replacements have unloaded dunnage and are walking toward farmhouse. FIELD SERGEANT joins them. SCOTT comes out and stands watching them.

SCOTT

(stepping over to them as they
come up)

I'm Scott...Skipper of "A" Flight...

Replacements come to attention.

Don't need to do that here.

One of oldest boys steps up and gives SCOTT paper.

SCOTT

(reading off names, holding
paper up to light of window)

Rutherford....

RUTHERFORD

Here, sir.

SCOTT

Moorhead....

MOORHEAD

Here, sir.

SCOTT

Gordon....

(He stops, tongue thick)

Continued

221 Continued

GORDON
 (hurrying forward, stumbling
 in haste)
 Douglas!

He holds out hand. SCOTT stares at him.

GORDON
 (still holding our hand -
 smile fading)
 Aren't you glad to see me?

SCOTT
 Gordon....I thought you were in school.

GORDON
 I couldn't stand not being in it any
 longer, so I left....and enlisted...
 (proudly)
 Went through ground school in four
 weeks....

SCOTT glances at SERGEANT and latter glances back, grimly.

You always thought I was a kid,
 Douglas. I'm going to prove to
 prove to you I'M not.

Scott looks at him for long second; then says slowly:

SCOTT
 Right....I suppose you're a man --
 now...
 (pauses)
 ...or you will be ...in a little
 while.

GORDON
 Wait till you see me fly ...out there..
 (waves toward front)
 I passed combat manoeuvres perfectly.

SCOTT
 That's -- splendid.

GORDON
 Is Courtney around?

SCOTT
 You'll see him later.

GORDON nods. Field SERGEANT is staring toward bunk
 rooms with other replacements.

GORDON
 I'll have to stow my luggage away,
 wont' I?

(Continued)

221 Continued

He departs abruptly, rejoining group and gathering up dunnage. SCOTT looks after him, face showing ghastly emptiness he feels. Turns toward bar entrance, numbly.

222 INT. OFFICE

Phone ringing insistently. COURTNEY answers it.

COURTNEY

Hello....speaking....

Phone starts a series of barking explosions, giving COURTNEY no opportunity to speak. As sounds cease, COURTNEY still doesn't speak. He licks lips as if they have suddenly gone dry.

COURTNEY

There will be no reinforcements?

(phone barks off)

Right....

Hangs up phone; crosses to desk; sits down and pours a drink. Stares at glass.

COURTNEY

Before the week is out, Phipps --
the end of Squadron Fifty-nine....

We'll be under everything
that flies....cold mutton.

A jolly picnic for Von Richter!

(jumping up)

Send everyone into the mess!

PHIPPS

Righto....

He hurries out. COURTNEY takes another drink and follows PHIPPS; taking a slip of paper with him.

223 INT. MESS

As replacements enter. GORDON Crosses to SCOTT

GORDON

Isn't it topping? They say
we'll be sent right up!

SCOTT

Don't raise your hopes, Gordon.
I'll see that you won't be sent
up for a while.

(Continued)

223 Continued

Before GORDON can reply, COURTNEY and PHELPS enter. Silence in room. Replacements snap to attention. COURTNEY looks around at group. GORDON smiles and starts to move forward, but COURTNEY'S eyes return to slip of paper.

COURTNEY

I guess there's no need for secrecy. G.H.Q. has found out that Fritz starts the big push day after tomorrow. They're starting minor advances now on strategic points and river crossings. You'll fly four patrols a day and every man will go into the air at dawn tomorrow.

224 CLOSEUP GORDON

As he watches COURTNEY eagerly, listening as COURTNEY'S voice continues into scene.

COURTNEY

...You will patrol the Mantex Woods sector, opposite the German Sixth Army.....

225 CLOSEUP SCOTT

As he stares in disbelief at COURTNEY, as voice continues into scene.

COURTNEY

...It means you'll have to do all the dirty work...flying low...machine gunning infantry....strafing their supply trucks....and any shock troops they try to bring up....

SCOTT'S face darkens.

226 INT. MESS

As COURTNEY gives final order, looks toward SCOTT and is surprised to see dark look on his face.

COURTNEY

You're pitted against Von Richter and you'll be flying below enemy patrols. You'll have to watch out. (abruptly) Scott will take you up in the dawn patrol.

(Continued)

226 Continued

There is excitement among replacements. GORDON crosses to COURTNEY, hand out, before SCOTT can move.

GORDON
Hello....Captain....

COURTNEY
(not recognizing him
for a moment)
H--hello...
(stares at him, vaguely
remembering)

GORDON
Don't you remember me...I'm the
youngster who played you a nasty
trick once...and you let me fall...
I don't blame you either.....
(laughs)

COURTNEY
Not -- not Gordon --- Gordon Scott?

GORDON
Right...Isn't it jolly, meeting
like this?

COURTNEY
(swallowing drily)
You're one of the -- replacements?

GORDON
Right.
(proudly)
Douglas was surprised too.
(He goes to move away)

SCOTT has not taken accusing eyes from COURTNEY. He suddenly flings out restraining hand.

SCOTT
Gordon...wait a minute....

GORDON turns in surprise at tone of SCOTT'S voice.

SCOTT
You're not going to send this kid
into the air!

COURTNEY
(half-pleading - desperate)
Hold on, boy!

(Continued)

226 Continued

SCOTT

Hold on nothing! If you think I'm going to take him up against Von Richter, you're balmy! Filers! Ground school! He doesn't know what it's all about! What chance would he have?

COURTNEY

As much chance as the others....
(eyes on SCOTT, appealingly)
Don't you see, man -- it's orders--
We're all in the same boat -- I can't play favorites --

GORDON

Douglas -- you don't understand --
I'm not....

SCOTT

(whirling on him)
Keep quiet!
(back to Courtney)
I won't take him up!

COURTNEY

(forcing himself to speak evenly)
I said...every man in the air at dawn tomorrow.

SCOTT

And you're the one who talked about putting school kids in canvas coffins....

COURTNEY

Get out of here! Do you hear me?
Get out!

SCOTT glares at COURTNEY for an instant.

SCOTT

All right, You'll be the one to sit and wait....wait until he comes back....
(He quickly leaves the room)

GORDON

Courtney -- I --

COURTNEY

You, too -- get out!

GORDON

Yes...sir.

(Continued.)

226 Continued

He leaves the room, COURTNEY staring after him. COURTNEY Crosses to bar; pours a drink, hand trembling. Starts to drink; sets drink down untasted and goes out.

227 INT. GORDON'S BUNK ROOM

Gordon alone undoing dunnage bag. Sets flying togs out for morning. COURTNEY enters. GORDON comes to attention, a figure of pitiful uncertainty. A wan smile crosses COURTNEY'S lips as he shakes head. GORDON relaxes.

COURTNEY

Sorry I spoke that way, Gordon.

GORDON

Oh, that's quite all right...I don't think you need to worry about me. Douglas really doesn't know how well I can fly...He can't realize that I've grown up.

COURTNEY

Scott's right. You've learned how to fly -- but not in combat. None of the other boys who came up here from the schools had much chance...

GORDON looks at him, his self-confidence a little shaken.

COURTNEY

You're going out there against veterans -- superb flyers -- like Von Richter...You may come back... and you may not....

GORDON

You mean that I may dietomorrow?

COURTNEY

(putting hand on Gordon's shoulder)

Well -- let's not put it as bluntly as that -- but you've got to be on your mettle -- every moment -- remember every trick you've learned...and if you should lose... be a good loser, just like you were in school... die bravely...if you have to die...

GORDON

Of course....

(Continued)

227 Continued

COURTNEY

None of us will be here long -- and it really isn't so bad -- if you know, when you fall, that you've done all you could for - for England.

A light leaps in GORDON'S Eyes.

GORDON

It would be splendid to die like that. I'm not afraid, -- really. But I warn you, I'll come back. I can fight better than you think.

COURTNEY

Right-o --
(he turns to go)

GORDON

(taking off a chain bracelet from his wrist)
Oh, Captain....

COURTNEY turns at door.

GORDON

Perhaps -- I'd better leave this with you, if you don't mind -- in case anything should happen. I got it on the crew -- last year -- Silly, but it's - it's rather precious to me.

COURTNEY

Right.
(he takes it)

GORDON

Thanks awfully.

COURTNEY goes out abruptly, putting trinket in his pocket.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON:

TITLE: THE DAWN PATROL

228. EXT. FARMHOUSE

Dawn. Cold and gray sky. Indistinct figures moving about field. Fliers coming out of farmhouse, buttoning flying suits, adjusting helmets, goggles. COURTNEY and GORDON come out. COURTNEY stops; holds out hand.

COURTNEY

Cheerio.

GORDON

Thanks a wfully. -- Remember what I said...I'll see you later.

SCOTT comes out, dressed for flight. He pauses a moment, looks accusingly at COURTNEY; makes as if to speak; changes mind and snaps out:

SCOTT

Come along, Gordon.

GORDON

Right.
(Runs after SCOTT.)

They go toward line.

229. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

Looks after SCOTT and GORDON; then turns to office door.

DISSOLVE TO:

230. THE LINE

Pilots getting into planes as SCOTT and GORDON arrive. GORDON goes to his plane and gets in.

231. CLOSEUP SCOTT

As he watches GORDON get into his plane.

232. AT PLANES

AS GORDON looks at SCOTT. SCOTT gets into plane.

SCOTT
Fly in second position on my right --

GORDON nods.

SCOTT
Stick close to my tail -- I'll try and
get you through.

GORDON
Don't worry, Douglas -- I'm not a bit
afraid, really.
(With a laugh)
You watch me -- I'm better than you think.

SCOTT
Good boy -- Cheerio.

SCOTT gives signal.

233. EXT. OFFICE

COURTNEY standing by PHIPPS, watching. PHIPPS slowly
breaking up match.

234. AT FIELD - COURTNEY'S ANGLE

As flight takes off, to the east, over trees. As
they disappear.

235. EXT. OFFICE

PHIPPS tosses broken pieces of match in air, turning
back of hand to catch falling pieces. COURTNEY notices.

COURTNEY
How many?

PHIPPS holds out hand.

PHIPPS
Three...

COURTNEY takes pieces and turns inside. PHIPPS follows.

236. INT. OFFICE

COURTNEY crosses to desk, drops match on it, and pours drink. As he drinks, pokes match-pieces together and snaps them to floor. He picks up pencil.

INSERT: Paper. COURTNEY'S hand writes: 5:03.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: CAMERA RUSHING UP to clock in COURTNEY'S office - ticking incessantly. The hands are at 5:29.

237. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

Stares at clock - speaks, half to himself.

COURTNEY

If they can get through...without meeting Von Richter...

(He rises)

238. INT. OFFICE

As COURTNEY gets up, pacing across it. He looks at the clock.

INSERT: Clock - drumming the seconds - 5:32.

239. FLIGHT - FROM AIR

The flight, in perfect formation, flies toward east - nearly to the lines now.

240. VON RICHTER'S SQUADRON - FROM AIR

Flight of fifteen to twenty planes - black crosses on their wings - flying high above clouds.

241. ENGLISH FLIGHT

Flying steadily eastward.

242. CLOSEUP SCOTT.

Looking downward, studying position - glancing back once at GORDON - then again at ground.

243. GERMAN SQUADRON

flying eastward.

244. CLOSEUP VON RICHTER

Powerfully built German. He is looking over side - watching clouds below. Suddenly he sees something - leans further over.

245. BELOW - THROUGH CLOUDS - VON RICHTER'S ANGLE.

From a height above the clouds we see, down through a clear space, English Flight, flying in the opposite direction, far below.

246. GERMAN FLIGHT

Suddenly leader's plane rocks violently - and then goes into a power dive, the other planes following, falling off the air.

247. ENGLISH FLIGHT

Still moving in perfect formation, unaware of the danger above.

248. CLOSEUP SCOTT

Looking downward. Suddenly he looks upward into the sun - a flash of horror on face. He looks quickly around at GORDON'S plane.

249. ENGLISH FLIGHT

As SCOTT'S plane rocks violently.

250. CLOSEUP GORDON

Seeing the rocking plane ahead. He looks around quickly - unable to see any enemy ships. His eyes widen with stunned surprise.

INSERT: Of bullets ripping through his wing.

GORDON still can't find where the bullets are coming from.

251. ENGLISH FLIGHT

As the German flight dives onto them - both formations breaking up as if by magic into circling, looping, whirling planes.

AD LIP SHOTS OF DOG FIGHTS.

252. CLOSEUP SCOTT

As he manoeuvres his plane, trying to keep track of GORDON at same time.

253. CLOSEUP GORDON

Fighting - chin up - determined - the earth whirling dizzily around the plane as it manoeuvres.

254. DOG FIGHT

Two or three planes from both sides go out of control at intervals and go spinning toward ground.

255. CLOSEUP SELFRIDGE

As he gets hit - falling back - eyes, closed with the first shock, open an instant and he smiles up an instant at the other planes - in farewell

256. DOG FIGHT

AS SELFRIDGE'S plane spins down out of control. Only three planes left - SCOTT'S - GORDON'S - AND HALLOWAY'S.

257. CLOSEUP VON RICHTER

As he dives, firing.

258. GORDON PLANE - CLOSE SHOT

As there is sudden burst of smoke and flame that sweeps back, enveloping GORDON.

259. CLOSEUP SCOTT

As he looks out the side in horror.

260. GORDON'S PLANE - SCOTT'S ANGLE

As GORDON'S plane, enveloped in rapidly spreading flame and smoke, shoots up into a vertical out-of-control climb - and then falls off into spin.

261. CLOSEUP SCOTT

As he leans out, watching his brother spin down.

262. CLOSEUP GORDON

Blackened by smoke and fire - as he struggles to regain control of his ship - warding off flames with his arm.

263. ARTILLERY POSITION

A flash of a German artillery position as gunners look up, trying to throw themselves out of the way.

264. FLAME ENVELOPED PLANE - SHOOTING FORWARD.

A flash of the flame-wrapped plane as the ground stops spinning and it is diving straight on the artillery position.

265. ARTILLERY POSITION - FROM A DISTANCE

As the flaming plane hits, followed by explosion.

266. CLOSEUP SCOTT

As he sees the plane crash on the artillery position. He stares, unbelievably - then his face is suddenly savage with anger.

267. DOG FIGHT

As another German plane goes down and then the two English planes remaining break away, hopelessly outnumbered, streaking for home.

268. TWO PLANES

As they head toward home - SCOTT'S in the lead - flying west now.

DISSOLVE TO:

269. ENGLISH DROME

As the two planes appear over the trees.

270. INT. OFFICE

COURTNEY SEATED AT DESK GULPING a drink. He is dead drunk. Whiskey bottle is empty. He stops - listening - and stares at PHIPPS. From overhead, comes the sound of a motor cutting off - the plane swishes overhead - another - and then silence. COURTNEY sets the glass down.

(Cont.)

270 Cont.

COURTNEY (Thickly)
 TWO... (With a broken laugh)
 ...the match was wrong.

270A. AT LINE

The two planes stopping at the line. Mechanics gather around as motors are cut off.

271. AT SCOTT'S PLANE - TRUCK SHOT

SCOTT'S climbs from machine - plows through the men without seeing them - his bloodshot eyes on door of COURTNEY'S office. We TRUCK BACK with him as he strides toward office - shoves the door inward and enters.

272. INT. OFFICE

AS SCOTT flings the door open and stops inside, glaring at COURTNEY, whose back is toward door. COURTNEY stares up at PHIPPS and then lurches to his feet, turning to face SCOTT. He stares at SCOTT, as the latter looks at him with bitter hatred. There is an instant's tense silence.....

SCOTT

I hope you're satisfied. He went down...
 in flames. You dirty butcher!

COURTNEY winces.

COURTNEY

(Hand out in protest)
 Old man...

SCOTT (Savagely)

That's gone, Courtney! From now on you're just a drunken sot that ranks me. You sent that kid up without a chance....you even told him how to die!

(He laughs hysterically until he gasps out the last broken sentence)
 A rotter...told my brother...how to die!

(Cont.)

272 Cont.

SCOTT flings out of the room, still laughing hysterically - slamming the door behind him. For instant, COURTNEY stands looking at the door, then slumps down, broken, at his desk, head on arms, and cries like a baby. And PHIPPS, who has watched the scene in white silence, limps over to the desk. He makes a move to pat COURTNEY on the shoulder. But he stops - and in the silence of the room - a silence only broken by COURTNEY'S sobs - he picks up the empty whiskey bottle on the desk - crosses to the cupboard - takes out a new bottle - puts it on desk - and silently leaves room, as we

F A D E O U T

FADE IN:

273. AIRDROME - THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON.

Air Corps motor car drives onto drome and up to office doorway.

274. AT DOORWAY.

As car stops. MAJOR BRAND is in the back seat - a changed man - looking five years younger - the traces of heavy strain gone. PHIPPS coming along outside; recognizes BRAND and hurries to meet him as he gets out of the car.

PHIPPS

By jove, Major, is it you? Jolly good to see you again.

BRAND

And you, Phipps.
(With a twinkle in his eye)
I've missed you.

PHIPPS (Confused)

Oh -- that's nice of you to say so, but I know what a trial I was to you...

BRAND (Smiling)

Forget that -- it's all over now. Where's the Captain?

At mention of COURTNEY, PHIPPS'S smile changes to troubled look. He nods inside. BRAND sees the change of expression. He glances quickly toward office door, and crosses to it, entering.

275. INT. OFFICE

AS BRAND enters. COURTNEY is tossing off drink. He puts glass down and looks up at BRAND.

276. CLOSEUP BRAND

As he looks at COURTNEY, almost staggered by the change.

277. INT. OFFICE

COURTNEY sees BRAND'S astonishment and nods grimly, as if to say "you're right." BRAND, in spite of their former relationship and parting, frankly offers his hand. And COURTNEY, who has learned much, takes it.

BRAND

Glad to see you, Courtney.

COURTNEY

(Shaking hands)

How are you, Major...Have a drink.

BRAND

Thanks...I will -- but just a spot.

COURTNEY looks up at him quickly; then pours two large drinks. As the MAJOR takes his, he looks around him.

BRAND

The place looks about the same -- maybe a few more holes.

COURTNEY

Right...a few more holes...

BRAND

(With a quick glance at COURTNEY
A NOTE of apology)

You've caught merry hades, haven't you.
I'm sorry, Courtney.

COURTNEY

Oh, that's all right,
(Tosses off drink)
I didn't think you'd ever want to come
up here again. What brought you?

BRAND

Brass Hat sent me up.

COURTNEY (Resentfully)

Oh? -- I can expect some pleasant news
then. Well? What is it now?

(Cont.)

277 Cont.

BRAND

You've had a rotten time, Courtney -- I know exactly how you feel -- but Brass Hat says that you've raised the very devil objecting to orders...

(COURTNEY nods again, grimly, and BRAND smiles a little, in understanding)

This assignment was too important to argue about over a barking phone ... he didn't want any chance of a leak, so --

COURTNEY (Tersely)

What is it?

BRAND leans across the desk.

BRAND

The Germans start the big push tomorrow at dawn...and chiefly in this sector.

(COURTNEY nods)

A big munition dump has been concentrated at Rains to supply the forces that will drive against our sector. The destruction of that dump will stop their drive .. and it's up to your squadron to do it!

COURTNEY

You're balmy, Brand. Rainz is sixty kilometres into Germany. By the time a flight got half that far, the whole German air force would be on their necks.

BRAND

Right. A whole flight couldn't make it. It's up to one man to go in today...alone... at dusk. He'll have to take a chance on getting there before they can stop him.

COURTNEY

It can't be done..Not one of our planes will carry enough petrol to get it there and back. I won't send a man out again like that.

(Pausing bitterly)

I've done it once too often!

BRAND

It has to be done!

Their glances meet for an instant, COURTNEY pours drink and gulps it slowly, thinking.

(Cont.)

277 Cont. a

COURTNEY (Quietly)
I won't send any one of them out...

BRAND (Rising grimly)
Then you refuse...

COURTNEY
(Curtly)
There's no refusal...I'll go myself.

BRAND smiles slowly and shakes his head.

BRAND
Out of luck, Courtney. You're chained here...just as I was. You'd better ask for a volunteer.

COURTNEY sits at his desk, without answering, then turns and calls.

COURTNEY
Phipps.

He waits, silently.

278. INT. BAR

It is filled with the usual reckless gaiety. The strain of four patrols a day has told on the fliers. SCOTT is the leader of the group, in a reckless mood. He drinks with complete abandon, since nothing really matters to him anymore.

"Poor Butterfly" is filling the room. The record ends, SCOTT starts it again, singing with it, waving his glass, heedless of the slopping wine.

SCOTT
(Singing)
Poor But-ter-fly,
Have you met Von' Richter --

PHIPPS enters the bar.

PHIPPS
(Indicating gramophone)
Do you mind shutting it off, Scott?

SCOTT
(With mocking bow)
Delighted, old chap.

As he turns and shuts off machine, COURTNEY and BRAND enter room. A silence falls.

279. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

Looking straight at SCOTT.

280. AT SCOTT

As SCOTT turns from gramophone; slumps down in chair and stares back at COURTNEY defiantly.

281. INT. BAR

COURTNEY

Fellows-- Brass Hat's sent us another nasty job...

(Still silence in the room)

The Germans have concentrated munitions in a dump at Rainz. Our Squadron is ordered to destroy it. (Pauses) Only one man might go in alone. Ten chances to one he won't come back... I'm not going to order anyone to do this job... I want a volunteer.

The words are hardly out of his mouth when SCOTT lunges forward.

SCOTT (Shouting it)

That job's mine!

COURTNEY can't help a half-restraining gesture. He looks about for other volunteers.

SCOTT

(As COURTNEY remains silent)

I spoke first, Courtney. Do I get it?

COURTNEY

(In a low voice)

Right. You get it...

(Looking at his wrist watch)

You go at dusk...in exactly...two hours.

SCOTT turns, with a shout to the others.

(Cont.,)

281 Cont.

SCOTT

(Laughing as he goes to bar)
 Line up, boys...Bott, take every man's
 order and bring me the chat. Come on
 boys -- a drink to the next one who dies!

As SCOTT gets to the bar, COURTNEY turns away, unable
 to watch any longer.

COURTNEY

(Speaking tersely to PHIPPS)
 Have them get his plane ready...load it
 with incendiary bombs...

PHIPPS nods and hurries out. COURTNEY Goes out silently,
 followed by BRAND. The shouting of the men at the
 bar follows them out door.

282. INT. OFFICE

As COURTNEY and BRAND walk in. They pause a moment and
 look at each other, as hilarious sounds come in to them
 from the bar. The gramophone has been put on again and
 is playing "Poor Butterfly."

BRAND

Sorry, Courtney...It's a beastly war...
 (Offers his hand)
 Goodbye.

COURTNEY

Right.
 (Giving his hand)
 Goodbye.

BRAND goes toward outer door; he thinks of something
 and turns back, with a smile.

BRAND

Oh, by the way -- you and I have one
 bit of luck, anyhow. I saw the girl
 in Paris. She's interested in a
 quartermaster now. Thought you'd like
 to say 'Cheero' with me.

COURTNEY

Cheero!

He turns toward desk, and BRAND goes out, closing door.
 COURTNEY stops at desk; listens for a moment to the
 noises in bar which have calmed down a bit; then goes
 to window and stares out.

283.

THROUGH WINDOW - COURTNEY'S ANGLE

OF SCOTT'S plane on the line. The mechanics are servicing it, stringing bombs on the rack beneath.

284. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

AS COURTNEY watches, an idea begins to form in his mind. He looks at the rays of late sunlight in the room. He looks at wrist watch. He turns out of the scene.

285. INT, OFFICE

AS COURTNEY crosses to cabinet and takes out a quart of whiskey, putting it in his pocket. He turns to desk and picks up some maps and papers, acting now as a man whose mind is made up. He leaves room.

286. INT. HALLWAY UPSTAIRS.

COURTNEY comes up, shadow looming before him. He stops at the door of SCOTT'S bunk room. He knocks. silence. - knocks again.

C
COURTNEY

Scot...

There is no reply. Knocks once more; then, setting his jaw with determination, he opens door, entering.

288. INT. SCOTT'S ROOM - CLOSE PAN SHOT

As COURTNEY enters and closes door, eyes widening a little at what he sees. We PAN to SCOTT, who is calmly packing his dunnage bag and putting his room in order. Flying togs laid out. He looks up, instantly resentful.

289. INT. ROOM

As SCOTT looks across at COURTNEY

SCOTT
Get out, Courtney.

COURTNEY walks coolly to the table and puts the maps down.

COURTNEY
(Indicating maps)
Like it or not, I'm going over the route with you.

As SCOTT replies, COURTNEY takes whiskey bottle from pocket and strips cover off.

SCOTT
I know what I'm going to do. You don't need to tell me how to die!

COURTNEY
(Opening bottle)
I'm Squadron Commander here, and you'll listen to my orders. Sit down.

COURTNEY pours himself a drink, purposely ignoring a second glass on the table, but he puts the bottle down near the second glass. He sits down before the maps. SCOTT drops kit bag on bed and crosses to the table, sitting down, pouring a full glass of whiskey.

290. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

A quick flash of triumph on COURTNEY'S face as he sees SCOTT takes whiskey.

291. AT TABLE

SCOTT starts to drink.

COURTNEY (Slyly)
Better not drink too much -- you've had a lot already -- You can't stand it.

SCOTT (Instantly defiant)
Can't I? I know what I can stand....
(He deliberately swallows the whole drink and reaches for another.)

(Cont.)

291 Cont.

COURTNEY

(Shrugging indifferently)

All right -- go ahead.

SCOTT (After a pause)

Well? -- Let's get through with it.

COURTNEY fills his own glass and SCOTT'S and indicates the maps, but his eyes take note of the fact that SCOTT has taken the second drink in his hand. SCOTT drinks second drink as COURTNEY talks.

COURTNEY (Tracing with finger)

This is the dump -- right here...at the railhead...that's the railhead -- it's only a small village...and the big warehouse is right off the tracks...see here? The dump is just beyond the warehouse...

(Tracing route)

You'll have to hit the railroad about here and follow it to the south until you get there...

COURTNEY breaks off to drink and fills both glasses again. SCOTT starts to drink, but is delayed by a prodigious yawn, his eyes closing as he does so. Again the triumph comes into COURTNEY'S face, and we play the scene strongly for the fact that COURTNEY is trying to put SCOTT to sleep. SCOTT drinks, and COURTNEY continues to talk, impersonally. SCOTT listens, sullenly and sleepily. The light has already dimmed.

COURTNEY

The afternoon high patrol will probably be back at the German drome by dusk, but you'll have to go in very low to avoid it...

As he speaks, COURTNEY'S eyes turn toward wall by window, noting slanting rays of sunlight.

INSERT: Of window - COURTNEY'S angle.

We see shadow of window -- sill, fairly well up on wall. COURTNEY'S voice continues into scene.

COURTNEY (Cont.)

...If they're still up. And go like blazes -- You've got to reach it before they can locate you...

(Cont.)

291 Cont. a.

SCOTT

(His voice very thick, his
tongue stumbling)
You'd think I was one of those green
kids -- first lessons in flying --
ground school --
(He laughs a little, drunkenly)

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME INSERT: The sunlight on wall very thin
now, no sharply etched shadow.
The light is dim. It is dusk.
There is no sound.

292. INT. BUNK ROOM

Room vague in the dusk. COURTNEY sitting silently
at table looking at SCOTT, who is sprawled on the
table asleep. Whiskey bottle is empty.

Suddenly sound of an airplane motor being started
and warmed up comes from outside, a little muffled.
The sound instantly rouses COURTNEY. He gets up
quietly - takes up SCOTT'S flying togs - begins to
put them on.

SCOTT

(Stirring and mumbling vaguely)
Wh-? -- Time to go yet?
(But he does not raise his head)

COURTNEY (Gently)

No -- not yet.

SCOTT

(Still with head down)
Guess you couldn't help it -- Orders --
Brass Hat -- Can't go out there still
sore -- at you --

COURTNEY (In a whisper)

That's all right...I understand...
(Looks at his watch)
You've a good hour yet...I'll wake you
when it's time...

(Cont.)

292. Cont.

COURTNEY (Cont.)
 (He puts his hand gently on
 SCOTT'S SHOULDER)
 Happy landings -- old fellow.

COURTNEY finishes dressing - tiptoes to door - takes out Gordon's wrist chain - looks at it - goes out. SCOTT does not move.

293. EXT. FARMHOUSE

As COURTNEY comes out into dimming light, adjusting helmet and goggles. He walks swiftly toward waiting plane. p

294. AT PLANE

FIELD SERGEANT there. Mechanics hurry to chock ropes as COURTNEY climbs into cockpit. Gives motor tentative burst or two. COURTNEY looks around. FIELD SERGEANT recognizes him - makes a surprised sign.

295. EXT. FARMHOUSE

Fliers piling out doorway in surprise. They expected SCOTT to return there.

296. AT PLANE

As COURTNEY sees them coming, he hastily waves for mechanics to clear wheels. They yank chocks.

FIELD SERGEANT
 Happy landings -- Cap'n.
 (Turns away to hide moisture
 in eyes)

297. AIRDROME

As fliers run toward line, plane roars into life and starts across field, lifting swiftly and swinging to east, low over trees, as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

298. GERMAN LISTENING POST - TRENCH

A German leaning idly against wall of trench, cigarette in hand, singing few lines of German song.

GERMAN
(singing song in German)

He stops - on the alert - listening. The scream of a plane flying at terrific speed comes into scene - growing each second. German stares up.

299. PLANE - PAN SHOT - FROM GROUND

As plane tears toward foreground, just above trees - and roars past.

300. CLOSEUP COURTNEY - FLASH CUTTING INTO ABOVE SCENE

COURTNEY, jaw set, holding Gordon's chain bracelet in his hand.

301. TRENCH

As German scrambled down into dugout.

302. DUGOUT

As German stumbles in. Phone operator leaning back in chair, smoking.

GERMAN (in German)
Enemy plane! Flying low... heading
into our lines... tell exchange it's
heading southeast by east... quick!

Phone operator excitedly plugging in before German is half through.

Continued

302. CONTINUED

OPERATOR

(repeating message in German)

Exchange Headquarters...Exchange...
Listening Post forty-seven calling...
Enemy plane coming in low...southeast
by east...Enemy plane coming in low...

As he repeats, we

CUT TO:

303. INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE HEADQUARTERS

WE see interior of small room - an office with a battery of phones. Through open doorway can be seen long switchboard with several operators. Officer listens to phone an instant - then rushes out into the exchange.

304. INT. EXCHANGE

As OFFICER rushes in - ordering operators.

OFFICER

Send it out...Enemy plane coming
low past Post forty-seven...south-
east by east...

Operators are already plugging in. All of them start to repeat message in German.

305. A GERMAN AIRDROME OFFICER - PAN

Flying officer listening to phone. He slams it up - jumps to feet - rushes out door.

306. EXT. DOOR - PAN SHOT

As officer rushes out toward group of pilots near line - calling as he runs.

OFFICER

Enemy plane coming in past Post forty-
seven...southeast by east.

The pilots run for their planes, shouting to mechanics to start them. As they clamber in, the motors roar into life. Planes take off down field...

307. COURTNEY'S PLANE - FROM GROUND
As it roars past open field, just skimming trees.
308. INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE
Of operators - droning out message.
309. ANOTHER DROME - INT. OFFICE
As officer slams up phone and rushes out.
310. EXTERIOR - GERMAN PLANES ON LINE
Another line. OFFICER runs past, shouting message.
Fliers run toward planes.
311. INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE
Flash of operators droning message.
312. INT. WAREHOUSE
A desk is at the wall. Several Germans idling in room. Through big double doors, in background miniature, we see the mountainous ammunition dump. German whirls from phone.

GERMAN
Enemy plane coming in this direction!
Tell our gunners!

There is scramble of men running outside. German sticks to phone.

GERMAN (into phone)
Keep us informed...
313. COURTNEY'S PLANE - FROM GROUND
Flying past at terrific speed.

314. INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Another flash of operators plugging in swiftly - repeating message.

315. ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY

Man listening on field phone turns and calls message excitedly

OPERATOR

Enemy plane coming this way...

Officer jumps to feet, ordering men to guns.

GERMAN

Load the guns...continuous fire if it comes this way...

Gets out binoculars and starts scanning the sky.

316. COURTNEY'S PLANE - FROM GROUND

As it screams past.

317. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he looks over the side, holding Donnie's bracelet in his hand.

318. FROM PLANE - COURTNEY'S ANGLE

Below we see fields and railroad. As we watch, plane banks to right and we are heading south, parallel to tracks - climbing now.

319. INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

As operators drone message.

320. MACHINE GUN EMPLACEMENT

As gunner listens on phone. As he listens, he turns and speaks to the others.

Continued

320. CONTINUED

GUNNER

Enemy plane coming in direction
of dump.

The gunners come to life, getting guns ready, extra
belts of ammunition out, jabbering excitedly.

321. ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY

Suddenly there is commotion - shouted orders. Battery
goes into action.

322. COURTNEY'S PLANE - FROM AIR

COURTNEY is flying high now. Suddenly banks and
circles sharply, straightening out.

323. CLOSEUP COURTNEY - COCKPIT

As he looks, in triumph, over side.

324. DUMP - COURTNEY'S ANGLE

Far below, we see village, warehouse and dump -
railroad running through village. On two or three
side of dump are repeated flashes of anti-aircraft guns.

325. AT COURTNEY - COCKPIT

As he jerks bomb release.

INSERT: Under-side of plane as one of bombs release.

326. DOWNWARD - FROM PLANE

As bomb falls swiftly.

327. INT. WAREHOUSE

From outside, comes distant sound of machine firing. Over it, we hear high-pitched scream of falling bomb. Two or three men stumble through door. A fourth is in doorway as terrific explosion shakes building, showering dirt in door, accompanied by a flare of light. Man entering is knocked flat. Men inside cringe back. Man crawls rapidly from doorway where he has fallen - not even taking time to get to his feet.

GERMAN

(as he crawls - in German)

He is bombing the dump...it is the end!

328. COURTNEY - COCKPIT

As he jerks the release lever again, twice.

INSERT: Of two bombs falling away, one after another.

COURTNEY peers down, watching.

329. DUMP - BELOW

As bombs fall, scream growing fainter. Then we see two flashes, closer to dump.

330. THREE GERMAN PLANES - FROM AIR

Heading swiftly across scene.

331. COURTNEY'S PLANE - FROM AIR

As it circles and two bombs drop from it.

332. INT. WAREHOUSE

Several men cringing inside now. Scream of bombs is heard. One of Germans, crouching against the wall in fear, crosses himself. Through doorway, we hear rending explosion and flare of light near dump.

333. INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

A rending explosion - and building crumples; walls shattering; debris falling - flame and smoke hide scene.

334. FLASH OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT

Firing continuously. Officer shouts, desperately.

OFFICER

Get him! Three degrees left....
two hundred feet more elevation!

335. CLOSEUP DICK - COCKPIT

He is looking down. He looks up and out to the side.

336. FROM COURTNEY'S PLANE - IN AIR

In distance, we see the three German ships heading toward camera.

337. CLOSEUP COURTNEY - COCKPIT

As he yanks lever twice - and twice again - dumping all remaining bombs.

INSERT: As the last four bombs drop away from under-side of plane - two and two.

338. INT. WAREHOUSE

German cower again as they hear the twice-intensified scream of bombs. Through doorway, we see two direct hits on ammunition dump - then a ghastly prolonged series of shattering explosions and steady glare of light from dump that continues - drowned by two more close explosions of the second two bombs - and the warehouse crumples, filled with flame and smoke and falling timbers that bury Germans from sight.

339. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he looks down.

340. DUMP BELOW - COURTNEY'S ANGLE

Dump is burning - spreading glare and repeated flashes of explosions.

341. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he smiles and looks off to side.

342. PLANES - FROM AIR

The three German planes are close now. COURTNEY'S plane banks steeply away and dives toward home - German diving after it.

343. PLANES - FROM GROUND

As COURTNEY'S plane dives toward ground - Germans in hot pursuit. COURTNEY does an IMMELMAN turn and, for a moment, gives them battle - the four planes circling and looping.

344. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he fires - the ground whirling dizzily around the plane.

345. PLANES - FROM GROUND

As COURTNEY flattens out again, racing for home - Germans after him.

AD LIB SHOTS OF CHASE FROM GROUND

Ad lib location shots of chase close to the ground. Down dry river beds; around clumps of trees; across fields. At the end of the ground chase --

346. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As tops of trees dart past. He looks back - sees that he cannot shake them off and pulls back on the stick - zooming up - trees falling away below.

347. PLANES - FROM AIR

As the planes climb, COURTNEY dodging - others hanging on, doggedly.

348. GERMAN PLANE - FROM BEHIND PILOT

As the plane gets COURTNEY'S plane into gun sights.

349. CLOSEUP GERMAN - COCKPIT

As his jaw sets grimly and he starts his guns in a long burst.

350. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

As he looks out at his wing.

INSERT: Bullets ripping through wing, toward motor.

COURTNEY shoves stick to side viciously - but too late - sheet of flame shoots back from the motor, enveloping COURTNEY.

351. PLANES - FROM AIR

AS COURTNEY'S plane shoots up, falling off out of control, spinning.

352. COURTNEY - COCKPIT

As COURTNEY, shielding his face from the spreading flames, unbuckles belt and climbs up in cockpit, face already blackened from fire - laughs up at three planes above, gives mocking farewell gesture of salute, and jumps from falling plane.

353. FIELD - WOODS - TOWARD WEST

We CUT TO long shot from a field. Last glow is in western sky. Ragged trees silhouetted against sky - and above trees, in black silhouette, three German planes circle over the place where COURTNEY went down - and we

FADE OUT

354. COURTNEY shoves stick to side viciously. Plane dives toward earth.

355. FIELD HEMMED IN BY THICK WOODS

COURTNEY'S plane crashes. He stumbles out; yanks out pistol. In other hand, he still holds Gordon's bracelet. Blood is running down his hand, covering bracelet and streaking down his wrist.

VOICES of German soldiers in woods, calling in German:

AD LIB

No -- no -- this way!
I saw him fall this way!
To the right!
Etc., etc.

356. EDGE OF WOODS

German soldiers with guns burst into field and run, shouting, toward COURTNEY'S plane.

357. COURTNEY'S plane

COURTNEY, leaning against smashed wing, fires pistol into gas tank. German soldiers run up, pointing guns and yelling at him, in German, to surrender.

358. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

Still holding Gordon's trinket. Laughs as soldiers as gas tank flames up, the flames rapidly enveloping the wing against which COURTNEY still leans.

COURTNEY

(answering their shouts)

Speak English -- damn you --

CONTINUED

358. CONTINUED

He turns pistol on them and fires in rapid succession, emptying his gun. Smoke rushes across his face and obscures him as he slips down into flames.

359. FIELD - WOODS - TOWARD WEST

We VUT TO long shot from field. Last glow is in western sky. Ragged trees are silhouetted against the sky, and above the trees, like circling black birds of prey, the three German planes circle over the place where COURTNEY went down, and we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

360 ENGLISH DROME - NIGHT

Fliers grouped on field, two or three carrying lanterns. In dim light, mechanics are seen rolling two barrels of gasoline along the sides of field.

361 AT GROUP

Fliers are gathered around PHIPPS, anxiously looking toward east, holding silent vigil - glow from the lanterns shining up in their faces from below, throwing faces into lines of light and shadow. PHIPPS eyes turn and look in another direction - and an expression of deep sympathy comes into his face.

362 SCOTT - PHEPP'S ANGLE

SCOTT pacing up and down - a broken figure in dim light - hair ruffled - eyes staring - head lowered. He pauses to look toward the east, then head lowers again and he resumes his mechanical pacing.

363 AT GROUP

As mechanic comes up and says in a low voice:

MECHANIC

We've got gasoline the whole length
of the field....

PHIPPS nods, without speaking. FIELD SERGEANT looks at his watch.

SERGEANT

His petrol's given out before now....

Fliers look at him silently. PHIPPS finally breaks his silence.

PHIPPS

I guess it's no use....

He starts to turn away, and so do some others, but they are brought to a stop by a flier's sharp word.

FLIER

Listen!

(Continued)

363 Continued

Into scene comes distant drone of a plane motor - increasing rapidly.

364 FLASH OF SCOTT

As he looks up, a sudden desperate hope in his face. Sound increasing swiftly.

365 AT GROUP

SCOTT
(abruptly calling)
Light the gas! Light the gas! He's coming back!

366 CLOSE SHOT MECHANIC

As he lights match and tosses it to ground.

367 AIRDROME

As two walls of flame leap into air -- running swiftly down field until the whole field is lined on each side by sheets of flame.

368 AT GROUP

Group is lighted by a bright, flickering glow now. SCOTT comes over and stands by PHIPPS as they all look. The plane is in a roaring dive now. Suddenly SERGEANT recognizes the motor.

SERGEANT
A German plane!

There is an instant shout from one of the fliers.

FLIER
Machine guns!

Some of them start to run.

(Continued)

PHIPPS

No...wait!

The men return -- all looking.

369 DROME

As German plane dips down toward field, between lines of flame, in screaming power dive - and a packet falls from the plane. The plane zooms swiftly up again into darkness. Mechanics and fliers are running for the packet and get it.

370 AT GROUP

As PHIPPS and SCOTT and some of the fliers wait. PHIPPS and SCOTT look at each other.

SERGEANT enters and hands bundle to PHIPPS. It is a helmet and pair of goggles. Attached is a note. SCOTT'S eyes are fixed on the note and PHIPPS opens it.

PHIPPS

(reads in German first)

SCOTT

What does it say?

PHIPPS

(reading in English)

'Your plane three hundred and eight, brought down. The pilot fulfilled his mission - and died gallantly'.

PHIPPS looks up again at SCOTT and there are frank tears in his eyes. He hands SCOTT the helmet and goggles and note and quietly walks away. Other fliers also turn away into the darkness, and SCOTT is left alone, staring into the east, the firelight flickering on his face.

SCOTT

(brokenly - almost whispering)

Good-bye -- old man.

As he stands motionless in the fire-lit darkness, we

F A D E O U T

FADE IN

371 INT. BAR - NIGHT

We see again the same scene of revelry -- drinking and card-playing. We do not see the corner in which the gramophone stands, but into scene comes the blating record "Poor Butterfly." PHIPPS comes in from outside - looks toward gramophone.

PHIPPS

Do you mind shutting it off?

372 AT GRAMOPHONE

A new flier is in the chair where SCOTT usually sits. He nods and shuts off record.

373 BAR

As PHIPPS crosses to it.

PHIPPS

(to BOTT)

A whiskey and soda, Bott....I'll
out it up myself...

BOTT nods. As he gets out the bottle, a voice comes into scene.

VOICE

Orders for tomorrow, fellows...

THE CAMERA PANS over as the voice continues:

"A" Flight to patrol Le Main sector
from 6 to 8 at 3500 metres. "B"
Flight over Mantex Woods at 5000 to
escort observation planes....

THE PANNING CAMERA discovers SCOTT at the beginning of these lines. SCOTT is the Squadron Commander. He is standing at the end of the bar just where COURTNEY AND BRAND stood....and as he comes to the end of the orders, we

FADE OUT

END OF PICTURE

OPTIONAL ENDING

374 AT GROUP

PHIPPS

(Reading)

Your plane three hundred and eight -
brought down. The Pilot fulfilled
his mission - and is being held a
prisoner. His wounds are not fatal.

A reaction of relief from all.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

375 PRISON HOSPITAL IN GERMANY

COURTNEY in bed with a pretty German Nurse.
After trying to make her understand English, he
pantomimes a drink and the nurse brings back his
medicine and a glass.

FADE OUTEND OF PICTURE