

"D A W N P A T R O L"

Screen Play

by

Seton I. Miller
and
Dan Totheroh

Original Story

by

John Monk Saunders

- 0 -

Directed

by

Edmund Goulding

Supervisor: Lord
August 4, 1938

C H A R A C T E R S

COURTNEY

SCOTT

MAJOR BRAND

PHIPPS

HOLLISTER

WATKINS

BOTT

VON MUELLER

SQUIRES

YOUNG SCOTT

BENTHAM (The Singer)

Personnel of Squadron 59 at start of story:
Listed on blackboard.

"A" Flight - Capt. Courtney
Scott
Selfridge
Woolsey
Hollister
Blane
Machen

"B" Flight - Capt. Squires
Varden
Murrell
Bentham
Keach
Rollins
Thorburn

(NOTE: In this script, scenes and types of scenes to be used from Original picture will be referred to as "Stock Scene".)

IMPORTANT!
RETURN STORY DEPT.

FADE IN

1. SPECIAL SHOT IN WOODS (FOR BEAUTY)

Shadows... peace... birds. Hold to suitable music...

With electric suddenness - and dissonant change of music - an aeroplane in flames thunders down into the scene.

Dust ... smoke ... flames licking up into the leafy boughs ... the frightened flurry of birds, away ...

PAN DOWN - to identify section of place ... 59th Squadron ... and the music stops ... just the naked crackling of the flaming aeroplane ... and we HEAR the voice of the mechanic speaking sharply.

COCKNEY MECHANIC:

I'd like to make a bonfire of the
'ole blinkin' lot of 'em!

DISSOLVE TO:

2. 59TH SQUADRON AIRDROME REPAIR BARN DAY

The planes are in the process of repair. The speaker of the previous scene is in the f.g., continuing.

COCKNEY MECHANIC:

That's all they're good for. No ... not even that. They been shot up so much they ain't worth the blinkin' petrol to set 'em afire...

During this speech, the tall, lugubrious form of Flight Sergeant Watkins (Arthur Treacher type) has entered the doorway of the barn. His look of permanent surprise is accentuated at this moment, as he fingers his untidy walrus mustache.

WATKINS:

'Old 'ard, me lad ... that's the King's property you're talkin' abaht.

He walks forward to the mechanic.

COCKNEY MECHANIC:

(holding up a broken part
with an absurd shape)

I know, Sergeant ... but look ... !

SERGEANT:

I've looked -- and so 'as everybody else. Wot abaht it?

(CONTINUED)

COCKNEY MECHANIC:
Well ... wot abaht it?

SERGEANT:
Don't muck it abaht. Mend it ...
and shut your mouth!

COCKNEY MECHANIC:
Wot abaht "A" flight?

SERGEANT:
Well -- wot abaht "A" flight?

COCKNEY MECHANIC:
Well -- wot abaht it?

SERGEANT:
Well --
(he glances off)
'Ere's the Major -- stil star-gazin'
... that's wot abaht it?

He moves out.

TRIM HIM TO:

3. EXT. REPAIR BARN

The tall figure of Major Brand is walking slowly away, his hands clenched behind him. He is scanning the sky. As the figure of Sergeant Watkins, which has emerged from the door in f.g., moves quickly up behind him - CAMERA FOLLOWS Watkins, who stops and salutes as Brand stops ... pausing by his side, looking up in the same direction. The two men glance at each other and hold it in silence. The Major glances at his watch. A noise is heard - and Watkins turns and looks down to see Ronald, the rooster, emerge from the partly-open barn door. Ronald is a proud and stately cockerel.

SERGEANT:
H'oh, it's you! -- Well, if you're askin', there's no sign of "A" flight yet... Yes, you're cocky, aren't you?
-- 'Ow's your family, matey?

He pulls open the barn door and enters.

4. SHOT IN BARN * SHOOTING OVER ONTO DOOR

On raised packing cases, evidence of chickens, etc. Business ad lib as Watkins bends into the scene. Brand is seen to glance in and lean against the barn door -

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

with a gesture of temporary resignation, but still looking up. The voice of Watkins continues volubly.

SERGEANT:

'Ere you are, Major... 'Ere's five 'ens wot 'ave been turnin' in h'eggs for the Mess as regular as clockwork... and 'ere's Mildred - this black un - goes and disappears 'erself - and a dozen h'eggs with 'er... I concluded some bloke's gone and pinched 'er for a fricassee, and I'm gettin' me dander up -- gonna make it 'ot for all of 'em... and lo and be'old -- when I h'opens the door this mornin' - I can't believe me ears! -- There's a peep-peep - tweet-tweet - and h'every fowl in the place is goin' barmy -- and Ronald 'ere, the cockerel, starts actin' tiddley - just like a papa should -- and 'ere, right be'ind me eyes, is Mildred and 'er chicks -- all alive, and kickin' -- 'atched in the night! Look, Major ... !

Most of this has been played over a shot of the hen and chicks -- then over the Major, who is still looking up at the skies.

MAJOR BRAND:

Quiet ... !

Both men listen... There is a distant hum... Watkins, who knows it is not the sound of planes returning, turns back to the barn.

MAJOR BRAND:

How many this time?

SERGEANT:

H'eight of 'em ... all peeping h'out into life for the first time, 'Ere's little chickens bein' 'atched into life - just as young boys like ours is bein' crashed out of life... It's barmy -- ain't it, sir?

MAJOR BRAND:

(throws him a quick glance)

Quiet ... !

SERGEANT:

'Tain't "A" Flight, sir -- I know. My ears is copped for 'em. Them's bees down that there lane... We'd be 'avin' 'oney for breakfast if I could get some of the lads.....

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.1)

Brand has moved away. There is a "take 'em" from Watkins, who watches him.

From Watkins' angle, Phipps has entered to Brand. We cannot hear what he says ... but, whatever it is, the Major walks quickly away towards his office.

DISSOLVE TO:

5. INT. MAJOR BRAND'S OFFICE MED.SHOT ENTRANCE IN B.G.

Bott, the orderly, is at Brand's desk, stealing a drink from a newly opened bottle of Scotch. He splutters and chokes and quickly puts bottle down as he sees Brand striding in, followed by Phipps. Brand is under great tension. Phipps sits down at his desk. We see that the phone receiver has been left off the hook. As Brand crosses to phone and answers it, Bott quickly withdraws. Phipps occupies himself with official papers.

MAJOR BRAND:

(into phone)

59th Squadron... Yes, this is Brand...No, "A" Flight is not back yet... You send men out on a job like that and expect them back in no time at all -- Don't you? ---

(he is growing rapidly angry)

Yes, I can hear, sir ... You'll get others to do it next time? -- That will be splendid! Yes, sir ... Yes...

(bitter sarcasm. His mood changes suddenly)

We've done every dirty job you can think up for us -- haven't we? --- If our men here can't do it, I'd like to know who can... They're the best Squadron in France - General - and you know it, sir -- and, furthermore ----- Right, sir!

(he slams up the receiver, beginning to pace up and down)

Officious, overdressed brass hat! Orders ... Orders.....

PHIPPS:

Thinks the 59th can't do it, eh?

BRAND:

(crosses back; pours glass of whiskey)

The 59th can do anything he can think up! (drinks whiskey)

It's a slaughter-house -- that's what it is. And I'm the butcher!

(CONTINUED)

PHIPPS:
(watching him carefully)
Don't call yourself names, Brand...
Duty is ----

6. AT TWO MED. CLOSE

BRAND:
(interrupting him
savagely)
Duty! -- Do you realize how many men
we've lost in the last fortnight --
Do you?

PHIPPS:
(quietly)
Yes.

BRAND:
Sixteen men ... !

PHIPPS:
More than a man a day...

BRAND:
(he paces, glances out of
window, looking up; turns
back and continues speech)
Yes, and here's "A" Flight - out on
another rotten show -- seven fine boys
-- three of them first time out --
first time over the lines ... and if
half of them get back, we're lucky!

PHIPPS:
(quietly)
It is a rotten job, Brand -- but you
mustn't let it get you.

A pause - Brand makes a gesture of nervous irritation.

BRAND:
They just love to telephone and say,
'Bombers after a bridge -- get out
and protect 'em.' -- You say, 'All
right, fine, cheerio!' -- You send up
a flight - in planes that have been
shot to pieces -- patched up with spit
and glue... Do our boys argue? -- Do
they complain? -- Never! -- They just
say, 'Righto!' - and go out -- and go
out -- and do it!

(CONTINUED)

6 (Cont.)

Phipps is about to reply when we HEAR the faint, growing thunder of approaching planes. Both men become immobile, silent, listening... Brand's face mask-like. We HEAR five planes roar over the roof. Brand and Phipps automatically count "one" as the first plane roars over.

7-9. X STOCK SHOT

of planes 2, 3, 4. and 5, roaring over farmhouse and zooming up in the turn for the landing.

10. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

Brand is standing stock still, his face drawn.

PHIPPS:

Five.

BRAND:

Five ... out of seven.

He seems to pull himself together, strides across to double door, lower half of which is closed.

11. AT DOOR FROM OUTSIDE

as Brand stops, looking out, his hands gripping the ledge of the door.

12. X STOCK SHOT

(Reverse order of planes to give LONG SHOT effect from Brand's angle first.)

Third plane landing in LONG SHOT.

13. X STOCK SHOT

CLOSE SHOT - first plane coming in.

14. X STOCK SHOT

Second plane coming in.

15. x STOCK SHOT

Fourth and fifth planes land.

16. x STOCK SHOT

Two planes rounding tree.

17. x STOCK SHOT

Field - Pushing planes up to line.

18. x STOCK SHOT

CLOSER SHOT of above.

19. COURTNEY IN PLANE CLOSE SHOT

as he pulls goggles up, leaving his eyes framed in white in his grimy face. Sergeant Watkins runs in eagerly.

SERGEANT:

All right, sir?

COURTNEY:

(grinning at the
lanky six-footer)

All right, Tiny.

He starts to get out.

20. COURTNEY'S PLANE MED. CLOSE

As he climbs out, the Sergeant discovers a big hole in fabric right behind seat.

SERGEANT:

(whistles)

Helloooo

COURTNEY:

Shrapnel... almost blew the plane over.

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

SERGEANT:
(measuring)
Only five inches from your rudder.

COURTNEY:
But what a difference those five
inches made to me!

He strides off scene.

21. SCOTT'S PLANE MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT

Scott is just climbing out of his plane as Courtney
comes in. The two are great friends.

COURTNEY:
How'd you like it, Scotto?

As they continue talking, they start walking slowly
along line of planes.

SCOTT:
I thought it was charming! And
you, old son?

COURTNEY:
All right.

SCOTT:
(getting out
cigarettes)
Nice, hot show, wasn't it?

COURTNEY:
One of the hottest!

SCOTT:
Cigarette?

COURTNEY:
Yes. Have you got a match?

SCOTT:
Yes. Who'd we lose?

COURTNEY:
Two of the new men. Blane and
Machen... There's Hollister.

22. AT HOLLISTER'S PLANE

Hollister is just a kid. He is climbing dazedly out of plane... numb with grief... automatically taking off his helmet. With a sudden revulsion of feeling he hurls helmet on ground and walks toward farmhouse.

23. SCOTT AND COURTNEY TRUCK SHOT

COURTNEY:

(shaking head)

I'm sorry for him. Machen was his best friend. What a rotten war!

24. AT FARMHOUSE ENTRANCE MED. SHOT

as Hollister approaches door. Scott and Courtney are a short distance behind, with other fliers behind them. Courtney calls after Hollister.

COURTNEY:

Hollister....

Hollister keeps on, not even hearing them.

25. INT. FARMHOUSE BAR FULL SHOT

A few fliers are in the bar... a big room... table phonograph... a small bar made of a plank across two barrels. It is near the stairs.

Hollister comes in... numb... stricken... seeing no one, heading for the stairs. Scott and Courtney, slightly behind, head toward the bar. Bott is behind it and immediately puts up two glasses, pouring drinks.

26. AT BAR AND STAIRS MED. CLOSE

as Hollister starts up the stairs.

COURTNEY:

Better have a drink with us, Hollister.

Hollister half turns on stairs, continuing up, his voice harsh, half-strangled.

HOLLISTER:

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

He stumbles on upstairs. Bott is watching him with sympathy, and turns back.

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont.)

BOTT:
 (pouring drinks;
 speaks hesitantly)
 Machen, sir?

COURTNEY:
 Yes... and Blane, too. Poor kids!

The two toss off their drinks as Bott speaks.

BOTT:
 (shaking head)
 It's a bit 'ard... and their first
 time over the lines...

As Courtney nods, his eyes look upstairs. With sudden decision he takes bottle and pours a stiff drink into another glass and heads quickly upstairs.

27. INT. HOLLISTER'S ROOM MED. SHOT

There are two beds, with baggage near both of them. Some stuff is unpacked on Hollister's bed. Machen's kit-bag is lying, still packed, on his bed. Hollister is sitting on Machen's bed, holding his coat, staring at the kit-bag, on the verge of breaking.

Courtney comes in to him, sizing up the situation.

28. AT BED MED. CLOSE

as Courtney comes in. Hollister looks up at him dazedly.

HOLLISTER:
 (with growing intensity)
 Bobby Machen... He didn't come back,
 Courtney... He didn't come back... !

COURTNEY:
 (quietly)
 No...
 (watches him)
 Steady....

HOLLISTER:
 (an agonized, incoherent mumble)
 He isn't gone? -- No... no... that
 couldn't have been Bob... It was burn-
 ing... It couldn't have been Bob...

COURTNEY:
 (offering drink)
 Drink....

(CONTINUED)

28 (Cont.)

HOLLISTER:
No ... I'm all right.....

COURTNEY:
(forcing it into
his hand)
Come on... take it... bottoms up!
There's a good feller... You'll feel
better...

HOLLISTER:
Thank you, sir.

COURTNEY:
You can pack Machen's things, later.

HOLLISTER:
He -- didn't have time to unpack...

The glass slips from his hand and he breaks completely,
sobbing brokenly... harshly. Courtney quietly moves
Machen's kit over and sits down on the bed between it
and Hollister, speaking quietly.

COURTNEY:
(quietly)
You come from Harrogate, don't you,
Hollister?

Hollister's head, which is down, nods. Then he looks
up suddenly, his eyes full.

HOLLISTER:
(vaguely)
Why ...?

COURTNEY:
(quietly)
Nice spot - Harrogate... An aunt of
mine lived there... When I was a nipper,
I used to be sent up there to see her
in the summer... She was a nice old
thing -- deaf as a post....
(a note of forced laughter)
She used the oddest looking ear-trumpet
in captivity...
(play some of this OVER
Hollister, looking up --
and the face of Courtney,
proceeding. His intent is
obvious)
The first time I saw it, I thought it
was a fish horn...

Hollister seems to realize Courtney's intent. His head
goes down and his sobbing is audible.

CUT TO:

29. INT. BAR MED CLOSE PAN SHOT

The pilots, including Scott, are listening to the sobbing upstairs, and it isn't pleasant. Scott takes the bottle and pours another drink. Phipps comes out, as he does so, looking up, speaking calmly to Scott.

PHIPPS:

Who's that?

SCOTT:

Oh, that ... that's Hollister.

PHIPPS:

I see... Where's Courtney?

SCOTT:

Up with him...

As they speak, the sobbing upstairs lessens, and as Phipps crosses on to foot of stairs, it ceases. Phipps gets a few steps up when Courtney starts down. His face is grim.

PHIPPS:

Oh - here you are. Brand wants to see you right off.

Courtney nods, and the two descend.

30. BAR MED. SHOT

As Courtney crosses to Brand's office, Phipps joins Scott at the bar.

31. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

Brand is at window, hands clasped tightly behind back. The door opens and Courtney enters, staring at Brand expressionlessly as latter turns and comes back toward desk.

COURTNEY:

(clipped)

We reached the bridge. The bombers scored a direct hit and wiped it out.

BRAND:

They did...?

COURTNEY:

(his eyes condemning)

Yes! -- We lost two men ... Blane and Machen.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

BRAND:
You did ... ?

COURTNEY:
Yes. That's all.

Brand's tension and rage have risen under Courtney's cold eyes. As Courtney turns on his heel to leave, Brand's control snaps - his voice is savage, biting.

BRAND:
Wait a minute, Courtney.
(as Courtney
turns back)
You were responsible for those
new men!

Courtney comes back to desk as if he would like to hit Brand, and the two are at each other's throats.

32. AT DESK MED. CLOSE

COURTNEY:
You're right -- I'm responsible for
those new men... Do you think we got
into that Heinie nest on purpose? --
Did I send the Huns an engraved invitation?

BRAND:
Wait a minute... !

COURTNEY:
(topping him)
We were outnumbered and forced down low
-- and we had to fight our way out!

BRAND:
All right -- suppose you did. You
could have... (been more cautious).

COURTNEY:
(interrupting)
You don't think I enjoyed losing those
two kids -- do you?
(pause - reaction)
Scattering them down over France...
burning them up - in planes that should
be on the scrap heap...

As they speak the next two lines, the phone rings twice.
They pay no attention to it.

(CONTINUED)

32 (Cont.)

BRAND:

That's right, now -- go on -- tell me
 what's in your mind...that I'm a mur-
 derer...that I ought to give you better
 planes...older men... better flyers!
 Say it, why don't you? -- go on -- say
 it!

(veins stand out upon his
 face. He cannot go on)

COURTNEY:

(his own nerves nearing
 the top)

I'm not blaming anyone, Brand.

33. INT. BAR AND DOOR TO BRAND'S OFFICE MED. CLOSE

Phipps and Scott are at the bar, drinking. They have
 heard the angry uproar inside. The phone is heard to
 ring again. Phipps glances at Scott.

BOTT:

(to Phipps)

That's the telephone, sir...

PHIPPS:

(shortly)

I know.

(he speaks to Scott)

I wonder if I'd better go in.

He puts down his glass and looks toward the office.

34. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE MED. CLOSE

The scene has developed.

COURTNEY:

If you or anyone else can do it better
 - I'd like to suggest that you got up
 there and have a try at it.

BRAND:

(topping him)

You think I don't want to? -- You think
 it's fun to walk up and down here --
 chained to this desk -- waiting -- and
 then have you come in here and tell me
 that...

(he breaks off)

(CONTINUED)

34 (Cont.)

COURTNEY:

What...?

BRAND:

I've put up with a lot from you lately,
Courtney... I'm --

He breaks off abruptly as Phipps enters impassively,
with a glance at the two. Phipps crosses towards the
phone on Brand's desk. Brand turns and walks back.
Courtney stands motionless and silent. Phipps glances
from one to the other, as he answers the phone.

PHIPPS:

(into phone)

59th... Hello...

(he jiggles the hook
and hangs up)

They've rung off...

He exits, giving a regretful glance back at the two as
he closes the door.

35. INT. BAR MED. CLOSE

as he rejoins Scott and picks up his glass with a shrug.

PHIPPS:

They're at it again... It's a dog fight.

SCOTT:

Why don't they chuck it? -- It isn't
funny any more... They're both such
good chaps...

PHIPPS:

You know what it is, Scott? ... Brand
is just about at the end of his tother.
His nerves are frayed out. It's the
responsibility down here -- running the
show on the ground when he'd infinitely
rather be up there in a plane himself --
personally taking all the risks.

(Phipps takes a
reflective sip)

For a man of Brand's temperament, a
dangerous job is so much easier than
sending other fellows into danger....
But he's got nothing against Courtney.
He needs him and depends on him.

SCOTT:

It's a funny war.

PHIPPS:

Not awfully.

CUT INTO:

36. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE MED. CLOSE SHOT

Courtney stands sullenly watching Brand who is talking on the phone.

BRAND:

(into phone)

59th... Brand speaking... Yes, the Flight is back -- and the job's finished... Blew the whole thing up...

(he glances over

at Courtney)

Did you expect them to do any more?

-- Yes... We lost two men... Yes --- only two....

COURTNEY:

(with great bitterness)

Only two!

He has had enough. He walks out the double door to the outside.

37. EXT. FARMHOUSE TRUCK SHOT

as Courtney exits and walks grimly around end of farmhouse toward hangars.

HOLLISTER'S VOICE:

Courtney ... !

Courtney doesn't hear. Hollister calls again, as he comes into scene after Courtney.

HOLLISTER:

Courtney!

COURTNEY:

(in no mood; stops, turns, snaps)

What?

HOLLISTER:

May I have a word?

COURTNEY:

What?

HOLLISTER:

I'm sorry... I gave way like that...

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

COURTNEY:
I've forgotten it.

HOLLISTER:
I haven't... I can't...

COURTNEY:
Try -- you will.

HOLLISTER:
You were very decent... You seemed
to understand...

COURTNEY:
Of course I understand. What do
you think we're made of?

HOLLISTER:
You're made of something I haven't
got, Courtney... I can't do this...
I know I can't...

COURTNEY:
(quietly)
No?

HOLLISTER:
I've got to get out of here -- I've
got to transfer to something else --
I don't fit, Courtney... I'll be
truthful -- I can't help it -- I'm
afraid.

COURTNEY:
(quietly)
You think we're never afraid?

HOLLISTER:
I saw Bob Machen fall -- and hit....
I can't go up there again! -- I can't
get in that plane again! -- It will
burn -- like Bob's ...!

Courtney, pretending not to have heard, picks up a can
filled with stones and offers it to Hollister, quietly,
casually.

COURTNEY:
(indicating offscene)
Let's see if you can hit one....

Hollister stops, not understanding an instant, then
looks offscene as Courtney throws one.

38. FENCE MED. SHOT

The men on in foreground. In b.g. a fence with about ten bully-beef tins lined up on it. Courtney's rock misses, hitting low on the wood.

COURTNEY:

Miss. You need a good eye. Go ahead... try it.

Hollister takes a rock and throws. It also misses.

COURTNEY:

Try again...

(Hollister takes rock)

What do you say to a shilling a rock?

HOLLISTER:

Yes... All right...

As he throws and hits can, and Courtney is preparing a rock, we -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

39.

42.

INT. BAR

NIGHT

The pilots are scattered around, many drinking, two playing chess... one in a corner playing chess.... Hollister in a b. g. corner watching the scene with strained bewilderment at the gaiety... "Poor Butterfly" is being played on a scratchy phonograph.

43. AT BAR MED. CLOSE PAN

Scott and Courtney are at bar. Scott is feeling high. Squires, leader of "B" flight is seated at table next to bar reading some reports ... looks up at Courtney.

SQUIRES:

I say, Courtney... remember Griggs, of the 37th... he was killed the other day at Allensville... pulled the wings off an F E.

COURTNEY:

Too bad.

SCOTT:

(chortling)

I'll never forget him on his first solo flight. He cracked up plenty of planes after that. Do you remember the time he pancaked on that house in the early morning and found himself hanging upside down staring into the girl's bedroom?

COURTNEY:

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

They both laugh. The record ends and starts scratching. Scott hastily crosses to gramophone. CAMERA PANNING with him as he starts record again, cranking gramophone.

44. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT

He watches Scott with affectionate amusement.

COURTNEY:

Don't you ever get fed up with that tune?

45. AT GRAMOPHONE MED. SHOT

Scott wobbles as he winds it up, speaking in valiant defense.

SCOTT:

No ... Why should I? It's a jolly good tune.

FIRST FLIER:

It's jolly awful!

FLIERS:

(good-naturedly)

Shut it off, Scotty. You've worn the blinking thing to a frazzle. Give us a rest.

SCOTT:

(drawing himself up)

The gentlemen don't appreciate good music.

He turns and starts to amble back toward bar when a flier throws a magazine at gramophone, knocking needle off record with a loud scratch. Scott whirls and sees culprit.

SCOTT:

Who did that?

He starts to put needle back on. The other man grins and lunges toward him to block him.

FLIER:

Not now, me lad.

Scott gets hold of the gramophone arm as the two struggle, laughing. Courtney comes into scene and pulls Scott away.

COURTNEY:

Come on, Scotto. Back to your kennel or I'll have to put a muzzle on you.

As he speaks he half lifts Scott around and pushes him away, but Scott does a half circle toward bar.

46. AT BAR MED. CLOSE TRUCK SHOT

SCOTT:

(with a drunken bow)

Al' right... gentlemen. I'm out-voted.

(to Bott)

Slight spot of Scotch, Bott.

(CONTINUED)

46. (Cont.)

Courtney comes in grinning.

COURTNEY:

One more spot and your ears will
be a - wash.

SCOTT:

(to Bott)

Spot for the Captain, too, Bott.

As Bott pours drink, from offscene beginning quietly, a rich baritone voice starts singing, and the singing continues during ensuing TRUCK PAN SHOT, with the fliers, including Courtney and Scott, joining in the choruses.

As the singing starts, Courtney and Scott turn with their drinks, listening appreciatively. CAMERA STARTS to PAN AROUND bar, as fliers listen, showing their appreciation, TRUCKS PAST Squires and men at table, picks up the singer, Bentham, who is singing casually with his head down as he plays chess with the other flier, then to a CLOSE SHOT of HOLLISTER listening to the chorus offscene. He is pale and shaken, revolted. at all the gaiety in the midst of recent death.

FLIER:

(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 a toast to the dead already
Hurrah for the next man who dies.
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!

On this line the CAMERA has reached Brand's door and holds on the chalked word "Throne."

WIPE THRU TO:

47. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE

dimly lit... candles on Phipp's desk and on Brand's but the corners of the room are in darkness. The inevitable half empty bottle of whiskey is on Brand's desk. Outside, the fliers sing the second chorus and continue verses and choruses as background to this scene.

(CONTINUED)

47 (Cont.)

Brand is seated at desk, pouring a glass of whiskey. Phipps is at his desk, writing a letter. He pauses studies the letter an instant, then glances up.

PHIPPS:

Is there an 'e' in courageously, Brand?

BRAND:

(half thinking)

Courageously?

(abruptly)

Yes... of course.

PHIPPS:

(looking at letter)

Just writing a letter of sympathy to Mrs. Machen... I'm puzzled over that word 'courageously' ... it has an unfamiliar look.

BRAND:

(harshly)

Unfamiliar... You've written it often enough.

PHIPPS:

Don't you think our letters of sympathy are becoming a little stereotyped? I think I'll try and alter my prose style - and humanize this one.

BRAND:

No matter how you write it, it'll break her heart.

He sits an instant, listening - then sets his glass down with a crash and rises abruptly, pacing across the room.

BRAND:

(harshly)

Listen to them... 'Hoorah for the next man who dies...' Bluffing themselves that death doesn't mean anything any more... trying to live for the moment... as if they didn't care a hang if they go up tomorrow - and never come back!

(pause - quietly)

And they don't come back, do they?

As he speaks, he rubs his hands back across his face, covering his ears, standing back to Phipps. Phipps quickly and quietly rises, fearing Brand is going to break, and steps to the door, opening it.

48. INT. BAR AT THRONE DOOR MED. CLOSE SHOT

Scott is standing at bar as Phipps leans out.

SCOTT:

(jovially)

Hi - there you are!

Phipps shakes his head significantly and the singing starts to die out as he speaks.

PHIPPS:

(significantly)

How about playing the gramophone?

The song dies as Scott responds with a gay wave of triumph, starting offscene.

SCOTT:

Certainly...Here we go, my lads!

The telephone rings inside office as Phipps starts back in.

49. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

As Phipps closes door, the phone rings again - and Brand, who is crossing toward it, picks it up.

50. BRAND CLOSE SHOT

BRAND:

59th... Brand speaking... Oh, a good one this time... I understand -- And when I do I get the men to do it? -- What?-- They're on their way up now?-- That's good....

(as he says this, phonograph record of "Poor Butterfly" starts again and plays through)
Of course we'll do it -- but if any of them get back from a filthy job like that, it will be a miracle ...

(he is speaking sarcastically, as though to stop some facetious jabber at the other end of the telephone)

All right ... I understand ... Goodbye.

He hangs down phone.

51. ROOM MED. SHOT

PHIPPS:

What now? -- A new something nasty?

BRAND:

Yes. Four new youngsters are on their way up here - and they'll get their baptism right away - with Courtney - who'll have to take them up... Strange how a man like that can annoy you - and yet keep you worried to death about his safety -- isn't it?

PHIPPS:

Not strange -- it's the responsibility. Haven't you ever seen a mother risk her life to save her child -- and then spank it soundly for getting itself into danger?

BRAND:

(gets up during the following line, buckling on Sam Brown belt as he speaks)

When I order him to take up replacements again, you watch him -- he's going to stand there, looking holes clear through me... you watch him. Then he'll say, 'Right!' -- like that.... 'Right!' --- Come on.... let's get at it.

Phipps rises and precedes Brand to door, opening it.

52. INT. BAR MED. SHOT

The gramophone is still playing. Scott is slumped in chair near it, asleep. Courtney is at the bar. Phipps enters... and speaks as if this ritual had been gone through many times.

PHIPPS:

Do you mind turning that off, Vardon?
(a flier on the other side of gramophone turns it off)

Thanks.

(as Brand comes out)

Quiet, lads ... attention over there, please. Orders for tomorrow morning.

Brand delivers his orders in clipped speech. Courtney's face gets cold and grim as he listens. Brand is aware of his expression but tries to ignore it.

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.)

BRAND:

Gentlemen Orders for tomorrow....
 "A" Flight on the early show over
 Boulay Sector ... We're making an
 advance.... Four-thirty in the morn-
 ing. We're to patrol four kilometers
 behind the enemy lines. Strafe enemy
 reinforcements and munition convoys.
 When the barrage starts "B" Flight
 will cover our observation ships and
 artillery. You'll take up the details
 among yourselves, later on. That's
 all. Thank you, gentlemen.

He glances at Courtney and starts to turn back to his
 office, then stops and strides back to Courtney.

BRAND:

(harsh)

Well go on ... What about it?

53. AT TWO MED. CLOSE PAN SHOT

COURTNEY:

(evenly)

"A" Flight has only five men ...

BRAND:

More replacements are on their way
 up. They'll be here first thing in
 the morning.

COURTNEY:

You're telling me that I'm expected
 to go out - on a job like that -
 with two inexperienced men?

BRAND:

Yes! Those are the orders!

COURTNEY:

(stares at him an instant -
 then speaks quietly)

Right!

Brand stares at him an instant, then turns on his
 heel and crosses toward office, CAMERA PANNING WITH
 HIM. As Phipps PANS into scene, turning to accompany
 Brand, there is dry amusement on his face. Brand sees
 the expression and snaps at him.

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)

BRAND:
Well ... what's funny.

PHIPPS:
You win again, Brand. He said
'Right!' - just as you said he
would.

Oh Phipps' last word, they exit into office and door
closes.

54. AT BAR MED. CLOSE

SQUIRES:
(grinning)
Glad I'm not in "A" flight.

YOUNG "A" FLIGHT FLIER:
(smiling)
We'll be over that same battery we
were this morning ... Some day they'll
get our range.

As they speak Courtney only half hears, looking off
toward blackboard.

COURTNEY:
(half attentive)
Yes -- if they keep at it long enough.

He crosses to blackboard.

55. AT BLACKBOARD MED. CLOSE

as Courtney stands looking at it an instant ...
(Blane and Machen are the last two names on list)
... then picks up a cloth and slowly wipes out one
name, then the other.

56. HOLLISTER CLOSE SHOT

as he watches Courtney's action numbly.

57. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT

As he tosses the rag back on the bar, there is a
crash offscene and laughter. Courtney turns quickly
on the crash.

58. AT FLOOR MED. CLOSE

Scott has toppled over backward in his chair. He is half asleep, and with his eyes still closed, untangles his legs from the chair and curls up on the floor, head on hand, blissfully starting back to sleep.

SCOTT:

(mumbling)

'Night, gentlemen.

59. COURTNEY MED. CLOSE PAN SHOT

as he grins affectionately and crosses to Scott, CAMERA PANNING with him. He speaks to the others as he crosses, shaking his head.

COURTNEY:

A few drinks and he goes sound asleep.

(he bends over Scott,

shaking him, imitating a nurse's voice)

Come along now, Master Scott, sir...

It's time to tucky-uppy....

SCOTT:

(curls up more snugly

on the floor; mumbles)

Lemme alone, old son -- wanna sleep.

FLIER:

Pick him up -- you'll save time.

COURTNEY:

You pick him up

FLIER:

No, you pick him up.

COURTNEY:

(pulls Scott into position)

Come on, you silly ass -- wake up!

SCOTT:

Wake up...?

(he opens his eyes)

Oh ... good morning, all!

COURTNEY:

(pulling him up to feet)

Oh, come on -- get on your feet here, now...

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

He drops Scott over his back and picks him up, life saver fashion, with Scott's head and arms hanging down limply, heading for stairs, CAMERA PANNING. As they cross last few steps -

COURTNEY:

Say goodnight to the gentlemen.

Scott waves an arm aimlessly, mumbling sleepily as they start up the steps.

SCOTT:

Goodnight to the gentlemen.

There is ad lib laughter and kidding.

AD LIB:

Goodnight....

Tuck him in, Courtney.

Make him say his prayers.

Tell him a nice bedtime story.

Wash his neck and ears.

As they disappear up the stairs, CAMERA KEEPS PANNING ON, DROPPING BACK DOWN, PICKING UP Hollister, who is sitting motionless, still staring off at the blackboard. Phipps comes in to him, carrying the Machen letter he has been writing, and a pen... and speaks quietly to Hollister who looks from him to letter.

PHIPPS:

I've been writing a letter to Mrs. Machen, Hollister. Won't you help me with it.... a paragraph or two...?

For an instant Hollister is silent, shaking head slightly; then his voice comes unexpectedly loud and strident.

HOLLISTER:

What can I say to her?! What can I say?!

PHIPPS:

Come on just a word

Phipps quietly puts the letter on table in front of him, and hands him the pen with a little encouraging nod and smile.

60. INT. COURTNEY'S ROOM MED. SHOT

The room is neat - orderly. Two cots with covers turned down....shaving kits on chairs....towels over backs. On Courtney's bed conservative pajamas are laid out. On Scott's are a violent pair of silk pajamas with large, loud polka-dots on stripes.

Courtney has flopped Scott down full length on his bed and is pulling off his last boot, his trousers pulling half off with it. As Courtney gets boot off and drops it to floor, Scott waves his hand in sleepy, drunken dignity.

SCOTT:

Very good, James.....the trousers.

Courtney jerks them off, nearly pulling Scott off the bed, chuckling fondly.

COURTNEY:

One drink - and you get as fuzzy as an owl.....you can't keep your blinkers open.

SCOTT:

(in a fuzz)

One drink? -- Perhaps two.... or maybe four... who knows? Who cares? - Who?

(with a gesture)

Pajamas, my man -- the piebald ones. You may discard the lower half ... never use 'em.

61. AT TWO CLOSE SHOT

Courtney pulls Scott upright.

COURTNEY:

(kidding)

Your shirt, sir...

SCOTT:

Indeed, yes -- and my special medicine, James.. Sundry spots are flitting before my eyes.....

COURTNEY:

These somber little pajamas will help, sir.

SCOTT:

They do, indeed.... A going-away present - from Clarice.

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont.)

COURTNEY:

Who?

SCOTT:

(sighs)

Clarice was --- is ---

(he holds the pillow
to him)

Clarice....!

(he looks up with
one eye)

You may tuck me up, James.

COURTNEY:

What time in the morning, sir?

SCOTT:

(with a beautiful
gesture)Call me early, Mother darling --
for I'm to be Queen of the May!

His eyes close. Courtney turns towards the window -
looks out - walks back.

SCOTT:

(sits up suddenly)

What's a matter, old son --- what
are you mooning about?

COURTNEY:

(almost to himself)

Hollister... It's pretty rough,
losing your best friend - ssst -
like that!

SCOTT:

(to remind us he is
still fuddled)

Sssst - like that! --- Go to bed.

Courtney sits. Scott's eyes close.

62. MED. CLOSE AT BEDS

COURTNEY:

Machen was a baby... He wasn't much
older than that nipper brother of
yours....Donny.....

At the word 'Donny', Scott sits up.

(CONTINUED)

62 (Cont.)

SCOTT:

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

(his head goes down
again - and then up
again)

Remember when he had that glass of
beer with us? He thought he was
quite a lad, didn't he? -- Remember?

COURTNEY:

Yes -- I remember dropping him on
his head when he was a baby....

SCOTT:

(sleepily)

Really? -- Why? -- Did you do that?

COURTNEY:

Your mother let me hold him -- and
he spoiled my new suit!

SCOTT:

Are you quite certain it was Donny
you dropped? --- My head has adopted
an opening-and-shutting effect -
concertina-wise... It's an odd feel-
ing....

COURTNEY:

(moving to window)

All that seems awfully far away,
now... doesn't it?

SCOTT:

My head seems very far away....

COURTNEY:

(by window)

That's the only thing that's real,
now....that out there....

There is a pause. He turns back towards bed.

63. MED. CLOSE ON COURTNEY

COURTNEY:

Imagine being back home again - and
waking up in the morning - with
nothing to do but to relax... peace
and quiet....

(he is undressing)

... And to be sure that you'd be
able to get back into your own bed
again that night... Silly isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont.)

He is answered by a long, gentle snore and turns, smiling at what he sees.

64. SCOTT HIS ANGLE

- peacefully asleep and snoring, in his loud pajamas.

65. COURTNEY AT WINDOW

He looks off at Scotty an instant, then turns back to window, looking thoughtfully out.

DISSOLVE TO:

66-68. EXT. ROAD NEAR SQUADRON HEADQUARTERS DAY

A moving staff car loaded with four rambunctious youths.. boys...young airmen.... all singing and marking the bumps caused by a broken spring loudly in their song. Spot for "Tipperary" or "Pack Up Your Troubles."

DISSOLVE TO:

69. INT. OF THE MESS

Courtney, coatless, is munching his breakfast... the tall figure of Watkins watching him sympathetically at a proper and respectful distance. Watkins is speaking.

WATKINS:

'Oney you could 'ave 'ad.... but could I rassle up one volunteer to parley with them blinkin' bees? No! .. H'oh, they'll go up in the h'air with their lives in their 'ands... but will one of them face a bee? No! .. H'it's a phenomena!

COURTNEY:

(amused)

You're splendid with the chicken, Watkins... Strange you can't manage the bees.

(CONTINUED)

WATKINS:

Mr. Courtney, I put a sack over me 'ead, just as Mr. Scott recommended, with a pair of 'is gloves...it was only yesterday. H'out I go to be friendly..... I kept on buzzin' back at 'em -- like this --

(he buzzes)

That was h'all right -- till I h'opened the door and was about to buzz lady-like at the Queen -- and then they started skirmishin' down at me legs and up me trousers..... H'oh, no, I says... 'Oney or no 'oney... you see wot I mean, sir?... 'Wot for?' - I says - 'Wot for?' You see?

COURTNEY:

Yes, Watkins.....I do see.

Scotty comes down on the run, dressed in the top of his striped pajamas.

COURTNEY:

Good morning, Mr. Scott... A beautiful morning, Mr. Scott... An egg, Mr. Scott?

WATKINS:

New-laid, sir...

SCOTTY:

(groans)

Eggs? -- No!

(he makes a grimace)

All I want is coffee. Bring me gallons of it -- boiling!

(holds his head, groans.)

COURTNEY:

(to Watkins)

Don't stand there gaping, Watkins. Fry Mr. Scott a couple of headache powders on toast.

(sound of singing is heard)

Who's singing at this time of the morning?

WATKINS:

(looking out of the window)

Replacements coming up, sir...

COURTNEY:

Right...

CUT TO:

70. EXT. FARMHOUSE

The staff car drives up. The boys start to get out.
Watkins comes through the door.

WATKINS:
Good morning, gentlemen.
(indicating door)
Right this way, if you please...
We'll bring your luggage in.

The boys start toward the door. Botts and another private come out, start over to the car, begin unloading kitbags, etc.

WATKINS:
(to Botts)
All right, now. Look alive. Don't
be makin' a career out of the job.

Botts gives Watkins a pained, dignified look.

71. AT COURTNEY'S TABLE MED. CLOSE

Courtney's face watching the four new men coming through the door.

SCOTT:
They seem to get younger every
time...

COURTNEY:
(amusingly)
If the war continues, my lad, our
replacements will start arriving by
perambulator - complete with nipples,
rattles and what-nots...for the use
of.....

SCOTT:
Shut up -- here they come!

Courtney exits to group.

72. AT RECRUITS

Behind them, Botts and the private are bringing in luggage. As Courtney enters, the Sergeant speaks to the recruits.

(CONTINUED)

72 (Cont.)

SERGEANT:
Captain Courtney.

With boyish awe they snap to perfect attention as Courtney speaks.

COURTNEY:
Good morning, gentlemen.

AD LIB FROM ALL:
Good morning.
Good morning, sir.

During this, the Sergeant exits outside. The oldest boy steps a pace forward and salutes.

RUSSELL:
Russell, Second Lieutenant, sir...
(hands paper to
Courtney)
... reporting from the pool for
duty.

COURTNEY:
(taking papers -
cordially)
Hello, Russell. Oh, break off.
No formality here.

The boys break off to ease.

BURT:
Thanks.

Courtney shakes hands with Russell and then the others one by one... and his quiet manliness makes each of the youngsters start hero-worshipping then and there. Smythe, the last, can't be more than fifteen or sixteen.. a mere baby... but valiantly earnest and brave.

COURTNEY:
Glad you're with us, Russell.

RUSSELL:
Thank you, sir.

COURTNEY:
(to second)
Your name?

BURT:
Burt, sir.

COURTNEY:
How do you do.

(CONTINUED)

72 (Cont. 1)

Cleaver, sir. CLEAVER:

How are you. COURTNEY:

(eagerly)
Smythe, sir. SMYTHE:

Courtney smiles at the boys' enthusiasm as he shakes hands. He unfolds the papers and glances at them, then looks at the fellows again.

COURTNEY:
How many hours have you fellows
had in combat?

73. AT MEN CLOSE PAN SHOT

- picking up each man as he answers.

Eighteen. RUSSELL:

Thirteen. BURT:

Fifteen. CLEAVER:

The CAMERA IS ON Smythe. He speaks with bright pride.

SMYTHE:
Seven ... and one half, sir.

74. COURTNEY CLOSEUP

He looks at Smythe an instant, hiding the hopeless pity he feels, then smiles.

COURTNEY:
(gently)
Seven and a half.

75. AT SMYTHE CLOSEUP

SMYTHE:

Yes, sir.

76. AT GROUP MED. CLOSE

Courtney looks back at others.

COURTNEY:

I'll take Russell and Cleaver.
Get into your flying togs right
away. Change here. You're going
over with us to Strafe trenches
in Boulay sector.

The two chosen are surprised and delighted.

RUSSELL:

Right!

CLEAVER:

We're really going over?

Russell swings Cleaver around by the arm.

RUSSELL:

Come on.

The two hurriedly open their luggage and break out their
flying togs, climbing swiftly into them during ensuing
scenes.

77. AT TABLE

Scotty sits there sipping coffee, ironically looking at
the new men.

78. TOWARD STAIRS AND TABLES MED. SHOT

Hollister comes slowly down stairs, dressed for flying.
There is stark fear in his eyes as he looks off at the
newcomers. At the same time Bott is pouring the last
of four cups of coffee and Scott is picking them up.
Bott addresses Hollister as he pours last cup.

BOTT:

(to Hollister)

Morning, sir. I'll 'ave your
breakfast right up.

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.)

HOLLISTER:

I don't want any.

SCOTT:

Better have some coffee, Hollister.

He exits with four cups.

79. AT NEW GROUP MED. SHOT

They are half into flying clothes as Scott comes in.
He is carrying a pot of coffee.

SCOTT:

Have some coffee, fellows.

AD LIB:

Yes, indeed.
Thank you, sir.

COURTNEY:

This is Mr. Scott. He's with us
on "A" Flight.

They exchange ad lib greetings, the new men showing
great respect for this veteran too. They drink coffee
as they continue to dress. Courtney crosses toward
blackboard.

80. AT BLACKBOARD AND THRONE DOOR MED. CLOSE

- as Courtney comes in and writes "Russell" and "Cleaver"
where Blane and Machen formerly were.

81. HOLLISTER CLOSE SHOT

- as he reluctantly sips coffee, seeming to force it
down, watching Courtney.

82. ROOM MED. SHOT

As Courtney puts down chalk and turns back to group,
throne door opens and Phipps comes out, followed by
Brand.

PHIPPS:

(to new men)

Good morning, fellows.

(CONTINUED)

BOYS:

Good morning.

PHIPPS:

Good morning, Courtney.

Courtney nods acknowledgment and speaks to Brand.

COURTNEY:

The new replacements...

(indicating)

I'm taking Russell and Cleaver.

The two step forward as they are singled out.

PHIPPS:

(to boys)

This is Major Brand.

RUSSELL:

How do you do, sir.

BRAND:

Hello, Russell.

Hello, Cleaver...

CLEAVER:

How are you, sir?

83. AT GROUP MED. CLOSE

BRAND:

Gentlemen, this job is not going to be easy.

(to cover his glance

at Courtney - and

Courtney's return glance)

I want you to follow Captain Courtney's orders closely...

RUSSELL:

Yes, sir.

BRAND:

If you stick to his tail, he's going to get you through....

RUSSELL:

Yes, sir.

Quick reaction from Courtney.

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont.)

BRAND:

Remember this....if you are forced down over the enemy lines, destroy your plane immediately -- give no information except your name and corps... Understand?

RECRUITS:

(taking his tone)

Yes, sir.

COURTNEY:

Right!

Courtney turns away.

84. ROOM MED. SHOT TOWARD ENTRANCE

As Courtney crosses, Scotty finishes getting into his flying suit and picks up helmet.

SCOTT:

Come on.

The new men go with him. Also Hollister and two other flyers from other tables and one just hurrying down the steps. They exit.

85. STOCK SHOT EXT. FARMHOUSE AT DAWN

- as Courtney, Scott and five Flyers come out of farmhouse and start across field toward planes.

86. PLANES ON LINE

As Courtney and the men come in, Sergeant Watkins meets them.

COURTNEY:

Sergeant, Mr. Russell and Mr. Cleaver are flying four and five.

SERGEANT:

Yes, sir. This way, gentlemen.

COURTNEY:

Thank you. Cheerio!

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.)

BOYS:

Thank you, sir.

They exit after Sergeant. Hollister comes past.
Courtney stops him.

COURTNEY:

Oh, Hollister...you're an old hand
now...We're counting on you.

HOLLISTER:

Right.

Hollister leaves. Courtney looks after him an instant,
then turns to Scott.

COURTNEY:

Watch him...Remember you're protecting
the tail.

SCOTT:

Righto.

He starts away, but Courtney checks him.

COURTNEY:

And Scotty, you'd better watch
yourself too, old man....your valet
wouldn't want to break in a new
master at this late date.

They part, heading for separate planes, Scott's nearest.

87. LINE LONG SHOT

- as Courtney, heading for plane, stops and gives Sergeant
final instructions. Roar of motors makes it impossible
to hear dialogue. Other pilots are climbing in.

88. SCOTT'S PLANE MED. CLOSE

He is climbing in, his mechanic with him.

SCOTT:

Everything all right, Mac?

MECHANIC:

In tip-top shape, sir.

He runs around front.

89. AT PROPELLER CLOSE

- as the mechanic takes hold.

MECHANIC:

(calling)

Contact?

90. SCOTT IN SEAT

SCOTT:

(calling)

Contact!

91. AT MECHANIC MED. CLOSE

He swings the propeller. The plane roars into life.

92. STOCK SHOT

Moving shot along row of planes as they roar into life.

93. AT THREE PLANES MED. CLOSE PAN SHOT

- as Sergeant Watkins runs in to Russell, yelling above the roar of the motors.

SERGEANT:

Has the officer got any papers on his person that might give information to the h'enemy?

Russell shakes his head. Sergeant dashes on to Cleaver, yelling:

SERGEANT:

Has the officer got any papers on his person that might give information to the h'enemy?

CLEAVER:

No.

The Sergeant runs on to side of Courtney's cockpit, beaming at him as he yells:

SERGEANT:

Happy landings, sir.

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)-

Courtney nods. The Sergeant exits. Courtney turns and waves good luck to Scott. e

94. SCOTT IN PLANE CLOSE SHOT

- as he waves good-luck to Courtney.

95. CLOSEUP COURTNEY

in his plane. He waves in return to Scott.

96.x STOCK SHOT LONG SHOT

as planes take off.

97. EXT. OFFICE MED. CLOSE PAN SHOT

Burt and Smythe are standing looking at the departing planes, wistful envy in their faces.

BURT:

Beat us to it by just a few more
flying hours....Lucky devils!

Smythe nods. The CAMERA PANS OVER to reveal Brand and Phipps watching the planes. Brand's gaze is concentrated on planes. He does not hear remark, but Phipps turns to look at them briefly...understanding pity in his eyes. Brand keeps on looking.

98. x STOCK SHOT

LONG SHOT of planes taking off.

DISSOLVE TO:

99. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE TRUCK SHOT

We discover desk. Brand's hand is pouring a tumbler half full of Scotch. From the tilt of the bottle we see that it is almost empty. A clock on the desk ticks steadily...it seems unusually loud during the first part of this sequence. Over scene comes Phipps' voice reading a letter, continuing as we TRUCK BACK to reveal the office. Phipps is at his desk, fondly reading letter. Brand isn't even listening to him...he seems to be waiting...waiting.

PHIPPS' VOICE:

(reading during TRUCK BACK)

...And mother and I talk about how much you would love the old rock path now...Last Sunday's rain brought out the first primroses. Jennie's had seven darling puppies...

(he breaks off, chuckling)

Well, well...the rain seems to accomplish many blessings...Think of it, Brand...a litter of seven.

(reading)

We'll have to give them away because the milk rationing is very strict now and we won't be able to buy enough for them.

(he lowers letter)

Buy enough! Strange. Pups are usually provided their own private rations by their mother.

(shakes head)

Even England's getting muddled with this war.

(pensively)

Jenny. You know, Brand...we ought to have a dog around here...Come in in the morning and cheer us up...

(he whistles and

pats his leg)

Come on, old fellow...come here. Make things rather cozy and ...

He breaks off as he hears something, and in the silence we hear the distant drone of approaching planes...louder, and they start thundering in over the farmhouse. Brand listens, his face strained. He and Phipps count on their fingers, silently, as before. One...two...three...four...and then silence. There are no more. Brand seems to wilt.

100. x STOCK SHOT
LONG SHOT FIELD NEAR HANGARS

Planes taxiing in.

101. COURTNEY'S PLANE CLOSE SHOT

- as it comes to a stop. Courtney sits motionless an instant, his face white and strained. Then he listlessly pulls off his goggles.

102. AT PLANE MED. CLOSE PAN

The Sergeant runs in, sick at heart.

SERGEANT:

Not Mr. Scott, sir.

Courtney nods silently and starts to climb out.

103.x STOCK SHOT
LONG SHOT FIELD

More planes taxiing in.

104. HOLLISTER'S PLANE MED. CLOSE

- as it stops. He is pale...almost sick. He quickly gets out and runs offscene.

105. COURTNEY'S PLANE

Courtney is just walking away toward farmhouse when Hollister runs in, intercepting him.

HOLLISTER:

(jerkily)

He was trying...there were two
Boche on me... Scott was trying
to help me get away.

Courtney has already given him a brief glance and is walking on without speaking on Hollister's last words.

106. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE

Brand is pouring another drink as the door opens and Courtney comes in. He is concealing his grief..... staring at Brand. For an instant they wait for each other to speak.

BRAND:

(abrupt - defensive)

Well?

COURTNEY:

(speaks in a hard, flat
voice - terse)

We broke up the counter attack for
an hour....then the Heinies found
us... We lost Russell, Cleaver...

(an effort)

....and Scott.

Brand's face becomes more haggard. Courtney turns on his heel and exits.

107. AT BLACKBOARD AND BAR MED. CLOSE

- as Courtney stops, alone in front of the blackboard... slowly takes rag off bar and wipes out the names "Russell ...Cleaver..." A pause - then he slowly rubs out the name - "Scott". Bott, at the bar, is watching him. Courtney moves on to bar.

108. AT BAR MED. CLOSE

Bott automatically sets up the drink, pouring it. He is deeply grieved.

BOTT:

Mr. Scott, sir?

COURTNEY:

(quietly)

Mr. Scott....yes.

He takes a drink. Brand comes quietly out of his office and stops at bar beside Courtney. Without orders, Bott pours a drink for Brand. Brand stands watching Courtney, who is looking away....There is silence.... Brand raises his glass, speaks quietly.

BRAND:

To him....!

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont.)

Courtney turns. It is probable that his eyes would not have become wet - as they do - if he had not seen Brand hold up the glass and say, almost tenderly, "To him!"

COURTNEY:

(choking)

To Scotto.....sleep tight!

He glances over to see Bott, with a glass in his hand, silently giving their toast. Courtney acknowledges Bott's toast with a quick gesture. Glancing off, Brand follows his example, curtly. Brand drinks deeply. Bott moves forward to his empty glass. Brand pulls Courtney's glass over, too. Courtney commences to speak, as though to himself. He speaks quickly, in a low, chanting, unreal tone.

COURTNEY:

We were strafing a convoy...right after the first barrage... We were working under a cloud-bank... The Jerries dropped down on us -- like that --

(with a gesture)

Cleaver went down before he could fire a shot.... I didn't see Russell - but he must have gone at about the same time.... Then Hollister ----

BRAND:

What?

COURTNEY:

Something went wrong....

BRAND:

He funkcd?

COURTNEY:

Yes - he did. He got into a jam, and ----

BRAND:

What?

COURTNEY:

(with an odd smile)

Scotty went after him - trying to help him - and ---- a Jerry shot him out of control.

BRAND:

You're sure?

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont.1)

COURTNEY:

I saw it... Scotto was only a little way below me... There was nothing I could do.... His tail surfaces were shot away.... He went into a spin.... And he waved - goodbye....

(he imitates Scotty with a characteristic gesture, waving goodbye)

I went bald-headed for the Jerry - put a bullet in his motor.

BRAND:

Where did he go down?

COURTNEY:

I was too busy to see, exactly -- the way things were humming -- but it was somewhere behind our own lines.

BRAND:

Behind our lines?

COURTNEY:

Yes.

There is silence for a moment.

109. AT GRAMAPHONE MED. CLOSE

Squires and two other flyers of "B" Flight are sitting around listening...also Burt, one of the new men. Burt, as if to cover the silence, starts the record: "Poor Butterfly". Squires hastily grabs his arm, dragging needle off record with a scratch.

110. AT BAR MED. CLOSE

Courtney glares around, speaking with a violent note.

COURTNEY:

Oh...go ahead and play it! What does it matter? Maybe old Scotty will hear it.... Great if you really thought he could....

(a smile breaks almost broadly)

You know... I was thinking... he was wearing those loud piebald pajamas... What a shock they'll give the devil!

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

BRAND:
Good fellow, Scott!

COURTNEY:
Yes....

PHIPPS' VOICE:
(heard from off scene)
All right....bring him in!

111. THROUGH FRONT ENTRANCE MED. SHOT

Phipps has turned just inside of entrance, calling back out.

PHIPPS:
Oh, Sergeant -- you can send that car back.

SERGEANT'S VOICE:
Yes, sir.

PHIPPS:
Just wait here a minute, Gifford.

He crosses off scene toward bar.

112. AT BAR MED. CLOSE

Courtney's face is already cold.

PHIPPS:
(entering)
Major.... an artillery car just brought in a German aviator.

BRAND:
Where was he captured?

PHIPPS:
They say leader of "A" Flight brought him down. That's you, Courtney.

As he says line, Courtney realizes that this is the man who shot Scott down. Sudden cold hatred in his eyes and he starts off scene impulsively, as if he'd like to kill the man... but Brand catches his arm and holds him back.

BRAND:
Steady, old man. Bring him in here.

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont.)

PHIPPS:
 (turning - calling)
 All right, Gifford... Come along
 now.

113. TOWARD ENTRANCE MED. CLOSE

Two fliers are bringing in a young blond German aviator,
 rank of Captain... CAMERA PANS as they lead him across
 to bar, PANNING in group.

PHIPPS:
 Herr Hauptmann... wie heissen Sie,
 bitte?

The German speaks no English... is attentive.

VON MUELLER:
 Hauptmann... von Mueller.

PHIPPS:
 Hauptmann von Mueller... Major Brand.

The German snaps his heels and bows with stiff formality.

VON MUELLER:
 Sehr erfreut, Herr Major.

PHIPPS:
 Captain Courtney.

VON MUELLER:
 (again formal bow)
 Sehr angenehm.

Courtney sees how young the man is... realizes that it's
 all in the game... Scotty.... himself.... anyone.....
 and calms down. He nods acknowledgment.

BRAND:
 Phipps, tell him Courtney's the
 man who shot him down.

PHIPPS:
 Captain Courtney ist derjenige,
 der Sie abgeschossen hat.

VON MUELLER:
 (stares at him in
 great surprise)
 Tatsächlich Mein Kompliment Kapitain.
 Sie sind ein erstklassiger Fleiger der
 Beste dem ich bis jetzt begegnet bin.
 Es ist mir eine Ehre Sie kennen zu
 lernen.

(CONTINUED)

113 (Cont.)

PHIPPS:

He says he's delighted to meet you.

COURTNEY:

Ask him if he wants a drink.

PHIPPS:

Duerfen wir Ihnen etwas zu trinken anbieten?

VON MUELLER:

Ich bin so frei. Vielen dank, ja.

Bott pours a drink for him.

114. ENTRANCE MED. CLOSE

as Hollister comes in, downcast...and suddenly stares as he sees the fliers fraternizing with the German.... about to drink with him. He shakes his head in violent protest, about to speak violently but checks himself.

VON MUELLER'S VOICE:

Prosit!

115. AT BAR MED. CLOSE

as the German continues, lifting his glass formally.

VON MUELLER:

Auf duetschen Sieg, meine Herren!

As he says it, the others are getting their glasses. They look at him in surprise.

PHIPPS:

(laughing)

He's asking us to drink a Heinie toast -- to the day they blow us all to Hades!

Courtney shakes his head, lifts up his glass.

COURTNEY:

To the Dead!

VON MUELLER:

(puzzled - to Phipps)
Was sagen sie?

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)

PHIPPS:

Er moechte, dass wir auf die
Gefallenen anstossen.

VON MUELLER:

(understanding - turns
back to Courtney gravely -
in German)

Aud die Gefallenen.

With great formality he touches glasses and they drink,
as we -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

116. INT. HOLLISTER'S ROOM MED. SHOT

It is in darkness, except for one candle's flickering light. Hollister is sitting on the edge of the bed, his face tortured. OVER SCENE comes the tumultuous NOISE of laughter and talk and singing from a big binge going on downstairs. A group is singing drunkenly.

VOICE:

"We meet 'neath the sounding
rafters,
The walls all around us are bare"

During the next line Hollister gets up abruptly and heads for door --

VOICE:

"They echo the peals of laughter - "

117. INT. BAR CROWD SINGING

The crowd is getting gloriously lit. The German is sitting in a chair by table, waving a champagne glass, singing at the top of his voice, almost drowned out... trying his best to pronounce the English words. Courtney is sitting above him on table, one foot on German's chair, singing too.

"It seems though the dead are there.
So stand by your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies.
Here's a toast to the dead already
Hurray for the next man who dies!"

Courtney immediately holds up his hands to check any further singing and turns to German as he speaks. Hollister comes into b.g., watching with growing revulsion and horror.

COURTNEY:

No, no, no!
(patiently teaching)
Now if you must sing, don't say -
(imitating German)
Zee naxt maaan who die... Say THE...

VON MUELLER:

(trying earnestly)
Zee...

(CONTINUED)

THE!

COURTNEY:

VON MUELLER:
(with difficulty -
still a little off)

The....

COURTNEY:

Next.

VON MUELLER:

Next.

COURTNEY:

Man.

VON MUELLER:
(still far off)

Maaan...

COURTNEY:

Man...

VON MUELLER:

Man!

COURTNEY:
(delighted; patting
him on back)
Fine! There you have it!
(to crowd)
All right.

The song immediately continues.

CHORUS:

So stand by your glasses steady...
This world is a world of lies....

117A. HOLLISTER MED. CLOSE

Hollister is watching. The song is playing over his face.

117B. SHOT FROM HOLLISTER'S ANGLE ON GROUP

From Hollister's angle, we see the German and Courtney and others singing lustily.

Hollister's control snaps completely. He dashes forward, out of scene.

117D. GROUP SINGING

Hollister lunges into the scene. Courtney catches him, football-fashion. The German is surprised and taut..... then relaxes. Almost a smile comes. Courtney is holding Hollister. There is a personal struggle, in silence, between the two for a moment.

HOLLISTER:

(hoarsely)

You can drink with him..and laugh -
with the man who murdered your best
friend! --

He makes another movement toward the German. A couple of fliers are seen to place themselves between the German and Courtney and Hollister. Courtney forces Hollister back with superior strength.

HOLLISTER:

He's dead -- You know that, don't
you?

(he screams; his
control is gone)

So is Diane -- and Smythe -- and
Machen...my best friend! They're
dead!

COURTNEY:

Shut up!

He almost throws Hollister against the bar.

HOLLISTER:

(at his top pitch)

They're not coming back any more...!

(he sags suddenly.

Courtney is holding
his shoulders in a
grip against the bar.

Hollister speaks
squarely to him)

You've forgotten Scott already!

Courtney half nods....At that, they hear noise and
a loud bellow outside.

VOICE:

Now you wait right here....I'll
be back in a few minutes.

(CONTINUED)

They turn.... Courtney's face as he realizes....

118. ON DOORWAY FROM COURTNEY'S ANGLE

Stepping through the door, Scotty poses in the doorway.

SCOTT:
(framed in door)
Cheerio!

118A. FLASH OF COURTNEY

leaving Hollister.

SCOTT:
Scotto!

119. FULLER SHOT

Courtney has to push through the others - who have seized Scott. There is pandemonium. Courtney's voice is drowned out as the fliers stampede around Scott, surrounding him.

AD LIB:
(all confused shouts)
Scott!
What happened to you?
You're supposed to be dead!

119A. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT

as he stands transfixed, trying to believe his eyes, tears of happiness in them...trying to believe it is true. The tumult continues off scene, the voices ending with shouts.

AD LIB:
Up with him!
Up with him!

Courtney walks off scene.

120. AT CROWD MED. PAN SHOT

as they boost Scott, champagne and all, onto their shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT:
(yelling protest)
Easy, easy, boys....I'm in a
delicate condition....

As they start to march around the room, carrying Scott
on their shoulders. Courtney intercepts the crowd,
reaching up to grasp Scott's hand.

COURTNEY:
Hello, Scotto!

SCOTT:
(beaming down from his
perch)
Hello, old son!

Courtney pulls him down off shoulders as he speaks next
line.

COURTNEY:
You're just in time. We were
celebrating your wake.

SCOTT:
Fine! I've gotta be here for that!
Well....I'm just in time...You can't
have a wake without a corpse, can you?

COURTNEY:
You're one of the most drunken,
disorderly corpses I've ever seen!

121. AT TWO CLOSE

Mob in b.g.

COURTNEY:
Tell me...what in the world ever
happened to you?

SCOTT:
Well, I got a whole load of bullets...
and the last thing I remember was pan-
caking into a trench and watching my
wings fold up...and then I woke up with
a bump on my head....feel it! And a
stretcher bearer pouring some rum down
my throat. You should have some of
that rum!

(CONTINUED)

COURTNEY:

But of course you didn't take any
of that, did you?

122. MED. SHOT AT GROUP

SCOTT:

No, no...just a spot! But I
stopped at all the pubs...on the
way back....Here, I brought a
surprise for you...come on, we'll
open them up and go right on with
the wake.

As he speaks, he passes out the bottles of champagne
amid the cheers of the crowd, opening the last one him-
self with a loud pop. Von Mueller, who has been watch-
ing him with drunken interest in b.g., suddenly comes
up to him, dragging a chair, carrying a glass, and with
great ceremony bows and pushes chair under him, trying
to take champagne bottle, but Scott clings to it, star-
ing at him in tipsy amazement.

VON MUELLER:

Pliss....?

123. AT THREE MED. CLOSE

as Scott stares at him.

SCOTT:

What?

VON MUELLER:

(trying to pull bottle)

Pliss....?

SCOTT:

What's this?

COURTNEY:

That's the man who shot you down.

SCOTT:

(dazed)

The what....that who?

COURTNEY:

Phipps, introduce them.

VON MUELLER:

Wer ist das?

(CONTINUED)

PHIPPS:

Das ist der Herr, den Sie herunter-
gebracht haben.

As Phipps speaks, the German's face lights with beaming affection.

VON MUELLER:

Ach das ist der Mann, den ich
abgeschossen habe? Das freut
mich sehr -- grosses Vergnuegen
Sie kennen zu lernen.

He turns to Scott, lifting his arms and leaning back with a wild exclamation of pleasure. Scott does the same thing...they do the comedy exclamation routine a couple of times and fall into each other's arms in a drunken, affectionate embrace.

AD LIB:

(during embrace)

Das ist wundervoll Kamerad,
ausgezeichnet, ich freue mich
das muss begossen werden.

After an instant, Scotty tries to free himself and turns back to Courtney, but the German is now his pal and won't let him go, leaning against him, his arm affectionately around Scott's shoulder. Scott tries to pull free, helplessly speaking to Courtney.

SCOTT:

What does he want from my
life?

COURTNEY:

I haven't the remotest idea.

VON MUELLER:

Verstehen Sie nicht begiessen,
trinken.
(mit Geste)

COURTNEY:

(indicating bottle)

Drink? Drink? He's inviting us
to have a drink.

VON MUELLER:

Klar, natuerlich!

(CONTINUED)

The three head toward the bar, and we -

DISSOLVE TO:

124. CLOSE SHOT AT BAR

Von Mueller, Courtney and Scott, all gloriously drunk, are at the bar -- the best of friends. Von Mueller is leaning toward the other two men - talking to them intimately, confidentially.

VON MUELLER:

Die Tatsache, dass wir Feinde sind, das heisst nicht, dass wir uns persoenlich hassen muessen, verstehen Sie? Absolut nicht! Verstehen Sie? Es ist wie beim Sport. Fair plie! Sportsmaen- nisch! Das ist wichtig, Kameraden. Wir muessen unsere Pflicht tun als Soldaten. Selbstverstaendlich. Aber deshalb koennen wir nette Kerle sein, die sich gern haben. Verstehen Sie? Es soll uns nicht hindern, dass wir uns bei einer solchen Gelegenheit hochleben lassen. Hoch! Hoch!!

COURTNEY

&

SCOTT:

Yah - yah.

COURTNEY:

Nice fellow - but rather chatty, don't you think?

SCOTT:

Wonder what he's gabbing about. I had German at school, but --

(CONTINUED)

124 (Cont.)

COURTNEY:

So did I --- but I can't
understand it the way the
Germans speak it.

VON MUELLER:

Auf das Wohl ihrer Frau Gemahlin
und Familie.

COURTNEY:

Another toast...here we go again,
mother.

As they touch glasses and drink, Bott comes in
behind bar.

BOTT:

(to Courtney)

Big pardon, sir...there's a
Mr. Flaherty outside askin'
for you.

Scott straightens, hitting his forehead with his
hand.

SCOTT:

(to Courtney)

What's the matter with me.
My car and chauffeur are wait-
ing outside. He's going to
take me on a personally con-
ducted tour of the inns and
taverns of France.

(takes Courtney's
and German's arms)

Come on.

VON MUELLER:

Grossartig.

CAMERA PANS with the three as they cross room...

(CONTINUED)

124 (Cont.1)

COURTNEY:

Gentlemen, just tell 'em to keep
the war going until we get back...
we're going out to roll in a few
gutters.

They exit.

125. EXT. FARMHOUSE MED. CLOSE

As they come out, Flaherty, a stubby, comic, drunk
soldier is waiting on a motorcycle with side car. Scott
introduces Courtney to him.

SCOTT:

(joyously cockeyed)

Hello, Flaherty ... Captain Courtney,
this is Mr. Flaherty ... best driver
on the Western Front ... Good singer,
too. We sang all the way home, too,
didn't we?

FLAHERTY:

(thickly)

Yes, sir.

(indicating German)

Is he singer, too?

COURTNEY:

Is he a singer? What a question.
We call him the golden-voiced canary
of the Western Front. Fritz... meet
Mr. Flaherty.

The German clicks his heels and bows, starting to fall
on his face. Courtney and Scott catch him. They start
to pile into the side car, Scott first, Courtney on top,
Von Mueller last.

126. AT MOTORCYCLE CLOSE

FLAHERTY:

(to Courtney)

Do you know "Plum and Apple", sir?

COURTNEY:

Do I know "Plum and Apple"! My good
man I am probably the finest Plum
and Apple singer unchanged today!

(CONTINUED)

FLAHERTY:

Oh fine!

(he puts finger beside
nose and tunes up)Me..me..me..me. We'll sing it to-
gether.

As he sings, he tromps on starter and motor starts. Von Mueller is climbing on top as he starts singing with them.

FLAHERTY, SCOTT, COURTNEY:

Plum and Apple...

Plum and Apple...

Courtney is singing a very loud and alcoholic attempt at close harmony. At the same time Von Mueller sings the only song he knows.

VON MUELLER:

(singing loudly)

In Der Heimat, in der Heimat...

COURTNEY:

Oh, that's wonderful, Fritz. Each man
for himself.

As he speaks, Flaherty and Scott stop singing in disgust. Before they can start again, Sergeant slips in to them from the darkness.

WATKINS:

Beg pardon, sir...I'm gettin' sleepy.
A little Bo-Peen, sir... sleep.

COURTNEY:

Well.. go to bed.

WATKINS:

I can't sir... without my 'Eine.

COURTNEY:

Your - what?

WATKINS:

(indicating Von Mueller)

'Eine, sir... the h'officer... 'E's a
prisoner of war... in my charge, sir.

SCOTT:

That's right, he is a prisoner of war!

COURTNEY:

So he is. Take him... with our bless-
ing.

(CONTINUED)

126 (Cont.1)

He politely boosts the German off his stomach, leaving him standing beside Watkins.

COURTNEY:
(to the German)
Goodbye, Fritz.

GERMAN:
Was is los?

COURTNEY:
Wir haben just remembered, you're
a prisoner of war. Goodbye.
(motorcycle drives
away)

Von Mueller temporarily forgets that he isn't in the German army; addresses Watkins as he would a German non-commissioned man.

VON MUELLER:
(to Sergeant)
Was faellt Ihnen ein? Abtreten!

SERGEANT:
Beg pardon, sir.

VON MUELLER:
Sind Sie besoffen Unteroffizier?

Phipps comes out the door, takes Von Mueller's arm.

PHIPPS:
May I remind you, sir --- that you're
a prisoner of war....Kriegsgefangener.

VON MUELLER:
(suddenly realizing)
Ja.... Kriegsgefangener.

Von Mueller and Phipps go back into the room.

127. x STOCK SHOT
LONG SHOT FRONT OF FARMHOUSE

(If possible to use - cutting into it after the motorcycle starts as if Watkins and Von Mueller were already out of scene.)

THE THREE:
(continuing song)
Plum and apple -
There's always some....

128. KEY SHOT

Motorcycle roaring along country road at breakneck speed, the three singing -

THE THREE:

(singing)

The A.E.F. get strawberry jam
And rations of Rum
But we poor bloats
We only get
Apple and plum!

COURTNEY:

Delicious... but delicious! Let's
sing it again.

Ahead of them and going in the same direction is a group of trucks. It looks as if the motorcycle were about to crash into the rear of the trucks. But instead, it zigzags its way between them.... The three men keep singing "Apple and Plum".

129. KEY SHOT MOTORCYCLE AND SIDECAR

Racing along road. Singing continues. The motorcycle is now past the trucks.

130. CROSS-ROADS

A second line of trucks crossing in front of motorcycle path.

131. KEY SHOT

Motorcycle cutting in between trucks at a right angle to them -- just misses being annihilated.

132. LONG SHOT JUST BEYOND CROSS-ROADS

The motorcycle racing away. The wheel of the side-car comes off -- so that the motorcycle and side-car have only two wheels. The men all lean to one side and balance the machine -- which continues at top speed down the road. Singing continues as we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

133. BRAND'S OFFICE FOLLOWING MORNING

Brand is at the telephone. Phipps, listening, is amused.

BRAND:

(phone)

Of course you must keep order...
I'm not disputing that. Military
Police are for that purpose...so...
so...

(pause)

I've told you. I do not think it
a good plan to put them under arrest.
(he is holding back
an explosion)

Because I need them here -- that's
why.....They did --- she did?
He did?.....The Frenchman did? The
father? Oh, the sweetheart... Oh,
she did?

(softly)

Oh, they did?

(quite loud)

Oh, they are? Well, why didn't you
say so? I certainly will...I'll
take care of them. Yes, I agree.
It is, as you say, a bit thick.....
Of course, I'll discipline them....
Goodbye.

(hangs up and turns
to Phipps)

Drunk as lords all night...raising
Cain.

PHIPPS:

Really? I almost envy them. Tell
the truth - don't you, Brand?

BRAND:

Apparently, they dropped some French
girl's sweetheart into a well - or
something....If only we didn't need
them so badly here! I'd let the
Military Police put them in -----

Stops talking as he hears B Flight coming in. They
count the planes; start for the field.

CUT TO:

8/22/38.
67-68-69.

134. OUT.

135. x STOCK SHOT FIELD

Two planes come in.

136. x STOCK SHOT CLOSE SHOT PLANE

coming in.

137. x STOCK SHOT ANOTHER ANGLE PLANE

coming in.

138. x STOCK SHOT PLANE

circling field.

139. OUT

140. x STOCK SHOT NEAR HANGARS PLANES

coming up into line.

141. CONVENIENT LOCATION NEAR HANGARS

Squires' plane comes to a stop. The motor cuts off. Squires is wounded. Mechanics run in and help him out. His arm is in bad shape.....a gash on his face, which is dirty and taut with pain. General business of helping him out.

WATKINS:

Put your weight on me, sir....

(general business)

You've been in a nice bloomin' mess this time, sir...

MECHANIC:

(Herbert Evans)

'Ere's a h'egg crate 'eaded for the rubbish 'eap...

They help him over to -

8/22/38
70-71. *e*

142. CONVENIENT SECTION BY HANGARS

Brand and Phipps come in quickly.

WATKINS:

It's Captain Squires, sir... It's his arm, sir...

BRAND:

Hello, Squires... You did get it, didn't you? What happened?

SQUIRES:

It's what's going to happen... We've got visitors...

Others of "B" and "A" Flights build into the scene.

BRAND:

What do you mean?

SQUIRES:

I mean that - Von Richter has moved in across the lines.

BRAND:

Von Richter...!

SQUIRES:

Yes. We ran into one flight -- then another. There was nothing we could do... The air was filled with them, all of a sudden. What a mess! It's lucky any of us got back... What fliers they are!

BRAND:

Plenty of them, eh?

SQUIRES:

We were outnumbered four to one... We didn't have a chance.

During this scene, business of cutting sleeve and arm being bandaged. There is a sudden sound -- a roaring noise. They look off.

CUT TO:

143. SHOT FROM THEIR ANGLE

The comic effect of the motor-bike tearing in. Courtney and Scott wave.

CUT TO:

8/22/38
72.

144. SCENE AS BEFORE:

Brand shouts:

BRAND:

Courtney!

The motorcycle sweeps comically around and almost into the Scott and Courtney careen out and run forward. Seeing the situation, Courtney's manner changes instantly, characteristically. He glances at Squires' condition. Straightening up and becoming again the soldier, he speaks.

COURTNEY:

Hello, Squires... Badly hurt?
(to Brand)

Good morning, sir...
(to Squires)

We saw you fellows coming in, from the road. Who did you lose?

SQUIRES:

Courtney, Von Richter is over there.

SCOTT:

Von Richter! -- A little excitement...

BRAND:

(looks sharply at the two who are far from drunk now. Speaks quietly)
Do you hear that, Courtney? -- Von Richter! That will make things lively for us, won't it? -- Von Richter.... As if it wasn't bad enough....!

COURTNEY:

(quietly)

Yes...

(he turns to Squires)

Who did you lose, Squires?

SQUIRES:

Thornburgh and Murrell... Varden and -- and -- Hollister.

Reaction on Brand...

BRAND:

(quietly)

Four.... Four out of seven....

SCOTT:

Hollister....

(CONTINUED)

8/22/38
73.

144 (Cont.)

COURTNEY:
How did Hollister go?

SQUIRES:
He was trying to help Thornburgh...

Courtney's face lights. He is silent for an instant...
nods.

COURTNEY:
Like a man..... I'm very glad.

BRAND:
(takes command suddenly)
Help Captain Squires over to the
Medical Officer.... And you, Courtney -
you'd better come with me. This Von
Richter business ---

Sound of a German plane. From off scene comes the
rapidly approaching roar of a diving plane.

VOICES:
(shouting)
Take cover!
A German plane!
A fritz!
Look out!

SCOTT:
Speak of the devil.....!

There are more confused shouts behind these lines as
Courtney and Squires turn swiftly, looking up and off.

CUT TO:

145)
146) OUT.
147)

148. x STOCK SHOT

SHOT OF German plane coming over hills toward airdrome.

149. x STOCK SHOT

English machine gunners firing at plane.

150. x STOCK SHOT CLOSER SHOT

- German plane approaching farmhouse.

151. x STOCK SHOT

German plane drops boots. Men run out on field.

152. FIELD AT BOOTS MED. CLOSE

- as men dash in, Courtney in lead, Scott and a few men behind. He picks up boots - to which a note is attached. During this action there is excited ad lib.

AD LIB:

Boots!

By George...that's strange!

What did the fellow want?

Say, Courtney, what is it?

COURTNEY:

(reading)

"One pair of trench boots, for the use of British flying officers. You will be safer on the ground. -- Signed -

Von Richter."

One of the "B" Flight fliers lunges savagely toward Courtney, trying to grab boots.

153. AT GROUP MED. CLOSE PAN

- as he lunges in.

FLIER:

Give me those boots, Courtney.

Courtney holds the boots away from him, restraining him with an arm, but two or three others pile in.

2ND & 3RD FLIERS:

Here, Courtney....

I'll take them back...!

Courtney holds them off, speaking grimly.

COURTNEY:

Just a minute, my lads. I want them.

(CONTINUED)

8/22/38
75. e

153 (Cont.)

A prompt and violent ad lib protest starts, but Brand stalks angrily in, shouting them down.

BRAND:

Hold on! There's going to be no volunteer patrols.

(glaring around)

Don't you realize those boots are just a trick to get you up in the air? None of you is going to commit suicide by going out alone!

As he speaks the above lines he jerks the boots away from Courtney, and the latter lets him take them without resistance. Brand continues without stopping, glaring around the circle.

BRAND:

(continuing)

You'll die soon enough! Not a man
leaves the ground without my orders!
Understand?

There is silence. Brand stalks off, carrying the boots -- and we PAN WITH HIM as he walks away, back to CAMERA.

154. AT COURTNEY AND SCOTT CLOSE

- as the two stand side by side, looking after him with silent purpose, and we know they haven't seen the last of those boots, as we -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

155. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE PAN TRUCK SHOT DAY

The CAMERA DISCOVERS the wall and window. It is just barely dawn outside. The inside wall is almost dark. CAMERA PANS DOWN to reveal about a third of the couch, which is pulled close to the fireplace. Brand is sound asleep on it, covered up. In the fireplace only ashes and a few remaining embers. CAMERA TRUCKS AND PANS ON DOWN to the three feet of space between head of couch and fireplace. The German field boots are sitting there. The hooked end of a walking cane appears stealthily into scene, gently hooks the boots and slowly drags them out of scene. CAMERA PANS AND TRUCKS BACK, revealing Scott, in full flying outfit, stretched flat on his stomach in the middle of the office, holding his breath as he pulls boots toward him. He gets them, with an expression of relief, and cautiously gets up on his hands and knees, then to his feet, stealing from the room. Brand sleeps on.

156. x STOCK SHOT

Planes being pushed onto field through mist and dawn.

157. FIELD TOWARD FARM HOUSE DAWN

- as Courtney and Scott run onto field through mist, Scott handing boots to Courtney.

158. AT PLANES MED. CLOSE

Mechanics are around planes. (Same number as in stock shot). As the two come in, Sergeant Watkins comes hurrying in from other direction.

COURTNEY:

Morning, Tiny.

SERGEANT:

Good morning. Everything is ready, gentlemen... and I 'opes you gentlemen realize I'm 'elping you against my own better judgment.

COURTNEY:

(grinning)

Absolutely, Tiny. When we get back, you can listen thru the keyhole while Brand reads us the Riot Act.

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.)

Courtney nods and turns to smile at Scott as he takes hold of plane to climb in.

COURTNEY:

Give them the devil.

SCOTT:

(grinning)

Right - old son.

He exits.

159. SCOTT'S PLANE MED. CLOSE

As Scott climbs in, the mechanic runs in carrying a potato masher grenade with a huge head, holding it up to Scott.

MECHANIC:

Pardon me, sir. I been savin' this ever since Neuve Chapelle. Would you mind dumpin' this on them 'eines' 'eads with my compliments, sir?

SCOTT:

(takes grenade -
grinning)

Right, Chubby..... I'll be glad to.

The mechanic beams and runs around to head of plane.

160. x STOCK SHOT

under planes, showing bombs.

VOICE:

Wind 'er up!

161. AT COURTNEY'S PLANE MED. CLOSE

Sergeant is speaking to him.

SERGEANT:

Make it a quick one, Sir... we'll 'ave tea an' eggs fresh from Ronald's favorite wife waitin' when you come back, Sir.

Courtney nods. At the same time mechanic calls from offscene.

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.)

Contact?

MECHANIC'S VOICE:

Contact.

COURTNEY:

162. x STOCK SHOT

Shot toward front of planes as propellers go over.

163. AT COURTNEY'S COCKPIT MED. CLOSE

The plane is pulsing with life, heavy prop wash blowing on Watkins, who clutches hat as he calls above roar of motor.

SERGEANT:

Happy landings, Sir.

COURTNEY:

Thank you, Tiny.

He waves offscene toward Scott.

164. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT

He grins and salutes back.

165. x STOCK SHOT

As planes get under way, taking off.

166. INT. BRAND'S OFFICE MED. CLOSE PAN

The motors' roar is loud in the office. Brand, half dazed with sleep, is just sitting up. He realizes that planes are taking off and launches himself off couch, raging. He is dressed in trousers and undershirt. He dashes toward double door to outside, CAMERA PANNING with him.

167. AT DOOR FROM OUTSIDE

- as Brand comes to a stop in doorway, glaring in white, speechless fury.

168. x STOCK SHOT

Planes taking off - rising swiftly over farmhouse as we
FADE OUT.

FADE IN

169. x STOCK SHOT
LONG SHOT German airdrome.
170. x STOCK SHOT
Line of German planes at airdrome.
171. x STOCK SHOT
German flight sergeant inspecting planes.
172. x STOCK SHOT
Scott's and Courtney's planes humming along.
173. INT. COURTNEY'S PLANE CLOSEUP KEY SHOT
Scott's plane in b.g., if possible.
Courtney is looking down toward ground, then waves a signal to Scott.
174. SCOTT IN PLANE CLOSEUP KEY SHOT
- as he grins and answers the signal.
175. x STOCK SHOT
LONG SHOT of their planes diving on German Airdrome.
176. x STOCK SHOT
Reaction of German officers as they hear enemy planes.
177. x STOCK SHOT
Planes diving on field.

178. x STOCK SHOT
Planes circle field and bomb German plane.
179. x STOCK SHOT
Plane turning and zooming.
180. x STOCK SHOT
German aviator running toward his plane.
181. x STOCK SHOT
CLOSEUP Bomb rack - bomb drops.
182. x STOCK SHOT
Plane flying over field, bombs German plane taking off.
183. x STOCK SHOT
German machine gunners firing.
184. COURTNEY IN PLANE CLOSEUP FROM REAR KEY SHOT
- as he approaches German sheds firing his machine guns.
185. COURTNEY IN PLANE FROM FRONT KEY SHOT
The same action. We see Courtney's alert face above and behind machine guns. The guns are chattering savagely.
186. x STOCK SHOT
German machine gunners firing.
187. x STOCK SHOT
Courtney and Scott's planes in the air, circling.

188. COURTNEY FROM REAR KEY SHOT
- as his plane approaches German buildings, levelling.
German plane taking off the ground.
189. x STOCK SHOT
Underside of plane, bomb dropping.
190. x STOCK SHOT
Through window where German private was standing we see
plane come into scene, drop bomb and fly out.
191. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT
- grimly flying, machine guns barking.
192. x STOCK SHOT
From behind German machine gunner's plane approaches.
They fire at it.
193. x STOCK SHOT
Underside of plane. Bomb drops.
194. x STOCK SHOT
German machine gunners are killed by bomb.
195. COURTNEY FROM REAR KEY SHOT
- as his plane climbs. He is jubilant at hitting machine
gunners.
196. COURTNEY FROM FRONT KEY SHOT
He is completely happy. He pulls the plane into a bank-
ing turn -- the key b.g., in motion.

197. x STOCK SHOT
Another bomb released -- one bomb remains in rack.
198. x STOCK SHOT
LONG SHOT - Plane circling as bomb drops.
199. x STOCK SHOT
Another German aviator running for his plane.
200. x STOCK SHOT
He gets in and takes off.
201. COURTNEY FROM REAR KEY SHOT
Courtney, diving, sees German take off in key b.g. below.
202. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT FROM FRONT KEY SHOT
- firing at German, the machine guns in long burst.
203. x STOCK SHOT
Courtney's plane riding over German plane taking off.
204. x STOCK SHOT
CLOSEUP - German being hit.
205. x STOCK SHOT
Courtney's plane passes German plane.
206. x STOCK SHOT
German plane crashes.

207. x STOCK SHOT
Courtney circles again.
208. x STOCK SHOT
German machine gunners fire.
209. SCOTT CLOSEUP KEY SHOT
- as he circles airdrome, looking down.
210. x STOCK SHOT
Germans firing machine gun at Courtney and killed as he machine-guns them.
211. SCOTT CLOSEUP KEY SHOT
- as he reacts to last scene, relieved and elated.
212. x STOCK SHOT
LONG SHOT - Scott zooming over the field again.
213. x STOCK SHOT
German soldiers running for cover amongst sandbags as plane passes over field firing at them.
214. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT
He kisses his hand grenade and throws it.
215. x STOCK SHOT
Hand grenade landing in field.

216. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

- laughing as hand grenade lands.

217. x STOCK SHOT

Plane flying by another German machine gun.

218. x STOCK SHOT

Another German aviator running for his plane.

219 x STOCK SHOT

Scott or Courtney machine-guns German aviator taking off and sets him afire. German crashes.

220. x STOCK SHOT

German plane burning as British plane flies through scene.

221. x STOCK SHOT

Bomb rack's last bomb drops.

222. x STOCK SHOT

Effect of bomb dropping.

223. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

He laughs gleefully and signals to Scott.

224. SCOTT CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

Scott returns the signal.

225. COURTNEY FROM REAR KEY SHOT

Back view of Courtney approaching field. He drops the boots.

226. x STOCK SHOT

LONG SHOT - Boots dropping from plane.

227. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

- as the plane zooms steeply, ground falling swiftly away. He leans over side, shouting:

COURTNEY:
You can keep the boots! They don't
fit!

228. x STOCK SHOT

Germans picking up boots as Scott's plane flies through scene.

229. x STOCK SHOT

Scott and Courtney's planes flying away from airdrome.

230. x STOCK SHOT

German infantry sees them.

231. x STOCK SHOT

Whole episode of German infantry firing at planes.

232. x STOCK SHOT

Under-carriage of Courtney's machine hit by bullets. The sound effect of a suddenly tortured motor.

233. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

- as he reacts swiftly to the disabled plane. He quickly controls it and starts studying the terrain below for a landing. Offscene the motor sounds of distress increase.

234. :: STOCK SHOT

- as Courtney's plane starts down for landing.

235. x STOCK SHOT

- of jubilant Germans starting to run.

236. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

As his plane comes down, he is alertly guiding it.

237. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

He is leaning anxiously out, looking below, tremendously worried.

238. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney's plane almost crashes in landing.

239. AT WRECKED PLANE MED. CLOSE

- as Courtney climbs out of disabled plane and quickly turns to look up. He waves up as we HEAR the thunder of Scott's motor roar down offscene and zoom up again.

(NOTE: If we have a key shot of Scott's plane zooming low over wrecked plane - or just zooming down toward ground, without Barthelmess in f.g., we can use it as key shot for Courtney waving.)

240. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

- as he reacts to the call for help -- waves down that he is going to land.

(NOTE: If there is a key shot of ground behind plane falling away, with wrecked plane and Barthelmess beside it, would be best key shot.)

241. x STOCK SHOT

Scott's plane turning to come back and help Courtney.

242. x STOCK SHOT

Scott's plane makes landing and taxis by Courtney.

243. x STOCK SHOT

Scott's plane taxiing to a stop.

244. x STOCK SHOT

Cut of Germans coming through brush to capture Courtney.

245. COURTNEY AT PLANE MED. CLOSE

He fires Very pistol into his gas tank to set plane afire.
Plane bursts into flames. Courtney runs offscene.

246. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney jumps onto wing of Scott's plane. Plane takes off.

247. FUSELAGE CLOSE SHOT

- as Courtney gets a good grip on a bracing wing and side of cockpit, grinning and yelling above noise of engine.

COURTNEY:

Kick her, Scotto! We'll get back
for some of those fresh eggs.

Scott bursts the engine to full speed.

248. x STOCK SHOT

Germans fire.

249. x STOCK SHOT

Side shot of plane taking off.

250. PLANE FUSELAGE CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

Courtney hanging to side of Scott's plane, half lying on wing as background drops away.

251. x STOCK SHOT

LONG SHOT - Plane in air.

252. x STOCK SHOT

Burning remains of Courtney's plane.

253. x STOCK SHOT

LONG SHOT - Scott's plane in air.

254. x STOCK SHOT

German big guns firing at it.

255. x STOCK SHOT

Plane flying with shells bursting around it.

256. PLANE FUSELAGE CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

Scott, and Courtney on wing of plane, react to shells bursting around them.

257. x STOCK SHOT

Shot of heavy German guns firing.

258. x STOCK SHOT

Plane in air - a shell bursts near it.

259. x STOCK SHOT INSTRUMENT BOARD OF PLANE (STOCK)

The oil line is hit. Oil gushes out.

260. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

- as the stream of hot oil hits him in face and goggles. He gives a grimace of pain and frantically pulls goggles off. Oil hits him in the eyes. He tries vainly to wipe it out.

261. PLANE FUSELAGE CLOSE TWO SHOT KEY

The plane lurches. Scott is trying to get oil out of eyes.

COURTNEY:

What's the matter Scotto?

SCOTT:

Can't see. Oil in my eyes.

He struggles to guide plane, but b.g. whirls as plane starts into spin.

262. x STOCK SHOT LONG SHOT OF AIRPLANE

falling into spin.

263. FUSELAGE CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

Plane is in fast spin. The b.g. is whirling dizzily -- wind screaming through wires. Scott is blinded... helpless... struggling with controls. The whipping motion of the spin causes Courtney's body to hurl back and forth. He holds on tightly.

264. x STOCK SHOT LONG SHOT

Plane spinning.

265. FUSELAGE CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

Courtney half pulls himself up in the blast of air, dividing his attention between Scott and terrain ahead, giving instructions which Scott blindly follows. The words are shouted, half drowned by stuttering motor and screaming wires.

(CONTINUED)

8/29/38
90.

"THE DAWN PATROL"

(Changes)

265 (Cont.)

COURTNEY:

Pull out! We're in a right hand spin!

Scott struggles blindly with the controls.

SCOTT:

I... I can't see!

COURTNEY:

That's it... clear forward...
left... Now you're diving... pull
up... that's it.. We're out of it...

As he speaks above, the b.g. motion suits the words, the
b.g. stopping whirling.

COURTNEY:

We can make it... We're over our
own lines now... Keep her level....
steady....

266. x STOCK SHOT SCOTT'S PLANE

wavering toward a bad landing.

267. FUSELAGE CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

Courtney watching ahead. In b.g. the ground is rising
into scene.

COURTNEY:

Let her come down a little... up....
Hang on... we're going to hit! UP!
Look out!

268. x STOCK SHOT

Scott's plane coming down in distress.

269. x STOCK SHOT

Section of French trench.

(NOTE: From here on to end of sequence we HEAR continu-
ous battle sounds offscene.. guns, machine guns, cannons.)

8/29/38
91.

270. x STOCK SHOT

FLASH TWO SHOT - SCOTT AND COURTNEY preparing to crash - trench in f.g. - Plane coming toward it.

271. x STOCK SHOT

Plane crashes and turns over.

272. SHELL HOLE AND WRECKED PLANE MED. CLOSE

(NOTE: We reproduce the shell hole with wrecked plane over it, and section of French trench.)

We CUT TO scene just as Courtney drops to bottom of shell hole in the cloud of dust around plane. Scott is hanging upside down, making motions to be released. Courtney looks around dazedly for Scott an instant, then sees him hanging, and crawls over to him, trying to unfasten Scott's belt as they speak.

COURTNEY:

(anxiously)

Are you all right?

SCOTT:

(voice muffled)

Yes... I'm all right.

COURTNEY:

(wrestling with fastening -
Scott begins to drop)

Fine... there... watch yourself!

Scott falls on top of Courtney and they roll to bottom of shell hole. Scott struggles to a sitting position, groping.

SCOTT:

I can't see... give me something...
quick!

COURTNEY:

Right!

Courtney gives him scarf to wipe eyes on. Scott does so.

SCOTT:

That's better...

(grinning)

Well... we made it, didn't we?

They start to laugh.... A French sergeant runs into scene; stands at the top of the shell hole; looks down at them as if they were crazy.

FADE OUT.

(Scenes 273-277 are out.)

8/29/38
91.

270. x STOCK SHOT

FLASH TWO SHOT - SCOTT AND COURTNEY preparing to crash - trench in f.g. - Plane coming toward it.

271. x STOCK SHOT

Plane crashes and turns over.

272. SHELL HOLE AND WRECKED PLANE MED. CLOSE

(NOTE: We reproduce the shell hole with wrecked plane over it, and section of French trench.)

We CUT TO scene just as Courtney drops to bottom of shell hole in the cloud of dust around plane. Scott is hanging upside down, making motions to be released. Courtney looks around dazedly for Scott an instant, then sees him hanging, and crawls over to him, trying to unfasten Scott's belt as they speak.

COURTNEY:

(anxiously)

Are you all right?

SCOTT:

(voice muffled)

Yes... I'm all right.

COURTNEY:

(wrestling with fastening -

Scott begins to drop)

Fine... there... watch yourself!

Scott falls on top of Courtney and they roll to bottom of shell hole. Scott struggles to a sitting position, groping.

SCOTT:

I can't see... give me something... quick!

COURTNEY:

Right!

Courtney gives him scarf to wipe eyes on. Scott does so.

SCOTT:

That's better...

(grinning)

Well... we made it, didn't we?

They start to laugh.... A French sergeant runs into scene; stands at the top of the shell hole; looks down at them as if they were crazy.

FADE OUT.

(Scenes 273-277 are out.)

273 x STOCK SHOT

French Sergeant runs over to Courtney's shell hole.

274. INT. SHELL HOLE MED. SHOT

- as the Frenchman appears on rim of shell hole, yelling excitedly down at them, gesticulating toward Germany, then toward his own trench.

FRENCHMAN:

Vite! Les Boches vont te bombarder!
Viens avec moi! T'abrite-toi! Vite!
Vite!!

The two look with sudden apprehension in direction he points first.

COURTNEY:

Not a bid idea at all... We'd better go.

They scramble up side of shell hole, disappearing after Frenchman.

275. x STOCK SHOT

BACK SHOT - Courtney and Scott following French Sergeant out of shell hole toward trench.

276. x STOCK SHOT

French Sergeant conducting boys toward trench.

277. SECTION OF FRENCH TRENCH MED. CLOSE

- as the three lunge down into the trench, Scott and Courtney tumbling to a sitting position among three or four French soldiers. They start roaring with laughter. A Frenchman forces a canteen on Courtney. He drinks. His eyes widen with delight.

COURTNEY:

Ha! So this is the rum you were babbling about.... Very choice, Scotto, very choice.

He starts gulping some more but Scott grabs at it.

SCOTT:

Hey! Leave some for me!

He starts gulping some, Courtney grinning as we

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

278. BRAND'S OFFICE

Brand is pacing, talking to Phipps. His voice is hoarse. We have the feeling that he has been raging for some time and has generated a temper. There is an understandable exasperation with him.

BRAND:

This desk is a farce... They command themselves... Orders don't mean anything, any more... It's a circus .. !

PHIPPS:

That's true, but you must remember that --

BRAND:

(cutting him)

I remember giving orders -- and those orders have been disobeyed! With the Infantry or any other branch, an officer in command can keep discipline... What can I do? -- They're laughing up their sleeves!

PHIPPS:

Or dead...

BRAND:

Yes - or dead.

PHIPPS:

(hearing something)

No... they're not dead.

He moves over to the window.

279. SHOT OF COURTNEY AND SCOTT EXT. FARMHOUSE

- alighting from French car.. their actions slightly reminiscent of their last return - but restrained.
FOLLOW THEM INTO:

280. INT. BAR

They are greeted as they enter the bar by several of the men -- but Phipps, at the door to the Throne Room, beckons them sharply.

CUT INTO:

281. BRAND'S OFFICE

as Courtney and Scott come to the desk.

BRAND:

(with violence)

You went out against my direct orders, didn't you?

(he rises. He is holding his temper by a thread. Suddenly he blazes)

What do you fellows imagine I'm here for! -- to watch you turn an army into a circus! -- stand by and watch you take equipment that we badly need -- and smash it up for your caprice -- for a lark? -- You've left school, haven't you? -- You're grown up, aren't you? --

(he pauses -- and turns)

We should feel that Courtney and Scott are with him. They are by no means naughty school boys. From the audience point of view, Brand is right -- and from the audience point of view Scott and Courtney were very right. So there should be balance -- and more important suspense.

BRAND:

I've played fair with you fellows for months...

(he slams the desk)

But this is organized warfare -- not your own private feud! -- You went out against Von Richter -- and were outnumbered four to one -- you fools! -- when we need every man and every plane! --- Well --- I'm not going to stand for it any longer! I've made out a report on this situation for headquarters!

(he paces)

There will be a court-martial -- and somebody's going to get hurt! --

Telephone has been ringing -- and Phipps, who has answered it with the usual -- "59th.. Hold on..." -- speaks.

PHIPPS:

(to Brand)

Headquarters...

Brand strides to telephone.

(CONTINUED)

281 (Cont.)

BRAND:

Now we'll see!

(he crosses, picks up the
phone, speaks by habit)

Brand.. Yes, sir... Yes, sir...

(sharp glance at Scott
and Courtney)

(he sits suddenly)

The 'drome was bombed? --- Destroyed
it? --- Really? --- Oh... Yes... Oh...
(his face brightens)

281a. REACTIONS OF COURTNEY AND SCOTT

281b. BRAND AT TELEPHONE

BRAND:

From here.... Yes, they did.... No,
only two of them.... Excellent? --
Yes.... What? ---- Would you mind
repeating that, sir? --- Yes, sir....
with pleasure, sir.... Yes, sir....
Right away... Thank you.He replaces the telephone and sits watching Courtney
and Scott for an appreciable time, tapping the desk
with his pencil. His transition is slow - but sure.
He rises whistling -- leisurely pours three drinks
which they take.

BRAND:

(approaching Courtney
and Scott)And thank you, too, gentlemen. Thank
you very much. And now - I've got
you, Courtney I've got you where
I want you, you blighter!

COURTNEY:

What?

BRAND:

(laughing)

So far, the war has been a personal
adventure for you, hasn't it? ---
full of -(he gestures to
indicate noise)boom --- and glory. As an individual
flyer, you have been admirable ... and
you have evaded responsibility with

(CONTINUED)

BRAND:(Cont.)
 supreme skill -- disobeyed orders --
 blamed me -- accused me of putting
 kids into canvas coffins. Well --
 listen to this, my lad... Headquarters
 liked your raid this morning.... in
 fact, they liked it so much that they've
 promoted me -- up to the Wing.....

Courtney and Scott are staring. Brand crosses --
 picks up his hat and cane -- tears up the report --
 throws it back into the corner.

BRAND:
 (continues)
 I am ordered to appoint someone
 in my place here -- in my place --
 here at this little desk....

COURTNEY:
 What do you mean?

BRAND:
 (crosses back, pointing
 to the desk chair)
 I mean -- that that someone -- is
 going to be you! -- See how you
 like it -- Mister Squadron Commander!
 (he turns at the door)
 Right!

Courtney stands staring dazedly at the desk, leans
 against it.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

282. EXT. ROAD NEAR AIRDROME

NIGHT

The lights of a lorry approach CAMERA. A sharp command is heard.

VOICE:

Halt!

Brakes grind on. A sentry or corporal of M.P. detail moves up to driver, in front of lorry, in f.g.

DRIVER:

Replacements... 59th Squadron --

Sentry - or corporal - mounts step and is seen to flash a light down.

CUT TO:

283. IN LORRY

Onto the faces of six very young officers who are seated comfortably on their equipment. They are looking up.

CUT TO:

284. FACE OF CORPORAL

CORPORAL:

Good evenin', gents... 59th Squadron
Replacements -- ?

BOYS:

(almost together)

Right-ho!

Thems we be...

Six little girls from school are we...
et cetera.

When the light goes off their faces, the CAMERA HOLDS THE GROUP in whatever light is left. By the bumps and sound track, we get the feeling that they are on their way.

MOOREHEAD:

The Rocky Road to Dublin...

(CONTINUED)

284. (Cont.)

DONNY SCOTT:
 (whose head is averted)
 I imagine the terrain is pretty
 bumped up in this sector.

RUTHERFORD:
 (winking at Clark
 and Moorehead)
 That is not improbable. Will you
 go on with your story, General?

MOOREHEAD:
 How many hours have you had, General?

We know that the three boys have been quietly ribbing
 Donny.

285. REVERSE CLOSE SHOT OF GROUP

We meet in Donny a truly seasoned youth of eighteen...
 although, if one judged by his brow, his huge pipe and
 his manner, he might be a seasoned warrior of fifty.
 In a few seconds we know that he is pathetically young --
 but very proud, and saturated with the moment.

DONNY:
 (removing his pipe and
 adopting the manner of
 the old sea captain,
 answering questions of
 young listeners patiently,
 tolerantly, after his mid-
 night yard. He speaks
 profoundly)
 Oh, a great many. Nine, to be
 precise.
 (he might have said
 nine thousand hours.
 As an afterthought)
 That was Brooklands, of course. I
 got my ticket on a long-horn -- and
 finished up in a good old abro....
all the way out...
 (he makes a loud burring
 sound as if he himself
 were a very powerful en-
 gine. His hand is for-
 ward, clutching the handle
 of his walking stick as
 though it were a joy stick.
 He banks and turns -- and,
 as he lands (in pantomime)
 he lets out a loud -- "WHOA!"
 Then, resuming his manner
 of maturity, he proceeds:)

(CONTINUED)

285 (Cont.)

DONNY:(Cont.)

An F. E., for me, though -- any time.

There is silence - but for the bumping of the lorry.
The others watch him. Rutherford again winks at Moore-
head.

RUTHERFORD:

Yes... yes... quite so.

MOOREHEAD:

(with a wink)

Are you sure you've been legally
commissioned, General?

DONNY:

(in high spirits)

Commissioned? -- I bear my commission
with me.... Oh, pimply youth --

(he tugs out a paper)

-- to thwart the doubts of such as
thee...

(waving the paper, he
continues as though
quoting a classic)

Let not this beardless face of mine
deceive....

(he commences to read --
but we know that he knows
it by heart;)

George, by the Grace of God... of the
United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ire-
land.... British Dominions beyond the
seas... King... Defender of the Faith...
to our trusty and well-beloved.... We,
reposing a special trust and confidence
in your loyalty, courage and good con-
duct.....

Laughingly, all the boys take up the text and chant the
following lines in unison -

ALL THE BOYS:

... duty as such in the rank of
Second Lieutenant - or in such
higher rank as We may from time
to time be pleased to pr-r-r-omote
.... Given at our Court at St. James
.... in the fifth year of Our Roign....
by His Majesty's command....

They can go no further because the scene is topped by
the truck - which lurches and twists to the grinding of
brakes.

DISSOLVE TO:

286. INT. BAR PAN SHOT

General evening activity. Phonograph is playing "Poor Butterfly". Scott is sitting near it.

CAMERA DISCOVERS a CLOSEUP of a new bottle of whiskey on bar being opened by Bott. CAMERA TRUCKS BACK as he pulls cork and comes out from behind bar.

287. SCOTT MED. CLOSE

- sitting by phonograph, now in Captain's uniform. His face grows troubled as he watches Bott come by.

288. BOTT SCOTT'S ANGLE PAN SHOT

- as Bott crosses toward Brand's...now Courtney's office and enters with bottle.

289. SCOTT MED. CLOSE

- as he gets up and crosses after Bott.

290. INT. COURTNEY'S OFFICE AT DESK MED. CLOSE

Courtney is on the phone, now in Major's uniform. He is greatly changed... tired... haggard...beginning to have the same jerky temper that Brand had. As he speaks, Bott brings bottle in and puts it on desk, exiting toward door.

COURTNEY:

(savagely)

... I can't hear you. What?...
Well, let the infantry get demoralized. I can't put planes over them because I haven't anybody to fly 'em. Six replacements?

(savage contempt)

Replacements!! More kids! Von Richter's squadron has shot us out of the air... killed our best men...

291. ROOM MED. SHOT

- as Bott goes out. Scott stands in doorway, his face serious and worried.

(CONTINUED)

291 (Cont.)

COURTNEY:

(continuing)

Do you think green kids can stop him? He'll kill them off - like the others!

(there is an angry rattle on the phone. Courtney's face grows grim and resigned)

Right... It'll be done....but I tell you they won't have a chance....

The phone clicks off, interrupting him. Courtney slams up the phone.

COURTNEY:

Brass hats -- sitting back there in easy chairs -- making excuses for sending up boys they know won't last a week!

As he speaks he pours a large slug of whiskey.

SCOTT:

(coming in, casual)

No use trying to reason with them, Court.

Courtney is so preoccupied, he gives Scott only a brief flickering glance as he drinks the drink down.

SCOTT:

(kidding about something that is serious to him; grinning)

Third little bottle down the hatch today. Pretty pink elephants and polka-dotted mice, eh, old son? - And gnomes dancing around the Maypole all over your desk....

COURTNEY:

(snapping - harshly)

All right....what?!

Scott is taken aback....as if he had been struck across the face.

SCOTT:

(quietly)

Sorry!

Courtney sees his expression and is immediately contrite. He gets up, putting his hand on Scott's arm.

(CONTINUED)

291 (Cont,1)

COURTNEY:

No, I'm sorry, Scotto...I'm jumpy...
The old nerves -- you know... You
know...

SCOTT:

I do know, old son -- I have them my-
self. I can't seem to get used to
being out in front of that flight
alone... I miss you up there.

COURTNEY:

I miss it myself. This is such a
rotten job...

SCOTT:

Well, someone's got to do it.

COURTNEY:

Why me? I'm a flyer -- more or less...
(he smiles)

SCOTT:

(with an effort
at cheer)

None better, my boy.... By the way,
I got a good story from Fife -- that
red-headed mechanic -- just now...
It appears ----

COURTNEY:

Not now -- do you mind? I couldn't....
I've just been talking to Headquarters
-- and they've a pretty little job for
us this time.... You remember -- Brand
used to call himself the -- the
executioner....?

SCOTT:

Poor old Brand.... he was nearly
potty when he left here.

COURTNEY:

I can understand a lot about him, now...

SCOTT:

Cheer up, Court! -- C'est la guerre....

(NOTE: This scene has been amplified -- to precede the
violent quarrel between them.)

The scene is interrupted by a knock at the door.

COURTNEY:

Come in.

(CONTINUED)

291 (Cont.2)

The Sergeant enters.

SERGEANT:

Some more new men outside, sir.

COURTNEY:

(looks at Scott; a
bitter note)

More lambs for the slaughter....
Fix them up, will you, Scotto?

SCOTT:

Right.

COURTNEY:

Make them as comfortable as you can.

SCOTT:

(nods; then to Sergeant)
Come along, Tiny.

SERGEANT:

They're really young this time,
sir. Really young.

They exit. Courtney looks after them an instant, then
almost automatically pours another drink.

292. INT. BAR TOWARD ENTRANCE MED. CLOSE

The first two young replacements are coming in, looking
around with great interest and excitement as Scott and
Sergeant enter.

SCOTT:

(smiling cordially)

Good evening. I'm Scott....
skipper of "A" flight.

The two immediately snap to attention. As the first,
Billings speaks and hands Scott papers, two more come
in and come to attention.

billings;

Lieutenant Billings, sir....
reporting from the pool for duty.

SCOTT:

Right. At ease, gentlemen...
No formality here.
(he starts check-
ing paper)

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT:
Billings, Moorehead, Gregory....
We'll have your luggage taken to
the first house on the left....
that'll be your quarters.

BOYS:
Right.
Thank you, sir.

As the above lines are spoken, the last two replacements come in, in background. The three who have spoken start back toward door.

293. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT PAN

as he starts reading again, briskly.

SCOTT:
Rutherford, Jones, Scott....
(he stops, staring at
paper, and quickly looks
up, a flash of joy on his
face)
Donny! --- That's not Donny!

The CAMERA PANS SWIFTLY to one of the last two boys to enter...a fine-looking youngster...very apple-cheeked and young. He is smiling delightedly.

DONNY:
(holding his pipe)
Hello, there!

As he speaks, Scott enters to him and they shake hands in warm affection. Sergeant is in b.g. But even as they do so, the first surprise leaves Scott, and the meaning of his brother's presence hits him in the face. A glint of haggard fear shows in his eyes...but he tries to hide it.

SCOTT:
You little -- ! Where did you
blow from?

DONNY:
(with the air of an
old soldier)
Brooklands.

SCOTT:
But I ... I thought you were in school.

DONNY:
Not much! -- I had to get in...I went
through ground school in precisely
four weeks and two days.

(CONTINUED)

293 (Cont.)

SCOTT:
Oh ... you did!

DONNY:
Aren't you glad to see me?

SCOTT:
Oh ... yes....
(to Sergeant)
Tiny, this is my baby brother.

294. TOWARD ENTRANCE MED. SHOT

SERGEANT:
(a strange look from
Scott to Donny)
Yes... How do you do, Mr. Scott.

SCOTT:
Show these gentlemen to their
quarters, Sergeant.

As he speaks he hands papers to Sergeant. The Sergeant
nods and turns to other men, indicating outside.

SERGEANT:
Step this way, gents.

295. AT SCOTT AND DONNY MED. CLOSE PAN SHOT

DONNY:
(earnestly)
Look here, Scotty -- hold down on
that 'baby' stuff -- do you mind?
You're the big lad of the family,
but -- I'm in it with you now ...
(amusingly)
... replete with kit and high hopes...
(gives Scott a playful
nudge)
'Officer and a gentleman' stuff --
you know --
(he is, at this moment,
slightly and pathetically
reminiscent of Scotty -
whom we have learned to like
for just these characteristics)

(NOTE: The dialogue will read as if spoken by a much
older man --- but from now on, with Donny, there will be
so much more pathos if we see an extremely young man try-
ing very hard to be an old soldier.)

(CONTINUED)

295 (Cont.)

SCOTT:

All right, Donny... How many hours have you had?

DONNY:

(boyishly)

Nine... Came through combat manœuvres without a hitch. You should have seen me!

SCOTT:

(grimly)

That's fine!

DONNY:

Don't rag me -- I'm serious...
By the way, I understand Court's in command here.

SCOTT:

Yes.

DONNY:

Don't rag me in front of him, will you? -- Be a sport! --

SCOTT:

No, I won't, Donny.

(tenderly)

Come on, I'll show you your quarters.
You'll be in the next room to me.

DONNY:

(as they move off)

Great -- but what about old Court?

It is almost as if Scott didn't want Courtney to find his brother. He takes Donny's arm and heads him toward stairway.

SCOTT:

(quickly)

You'll see him later. Carry on....

The CAMERA KEEPS ON PANNING. Phipps is crossing room toward Courtney's office, CAMERA PANNING HIM IN.

296. INT. COURTNEY'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

Courtney is on the phone. Phipps crosses and sits down quietly at his desk.

(CONTINUED)

296 (Cont.)

COURTNEY:

Hello.... Hello... Yes, speaking!
What's that? Wait a moment ... all
right, go ahead. What? Yes, go on.
Four patrols a day.

(harsh - rebelling)

I can't do that... I can't do it, I
tell you! With a lot of green men...
We'll be wiped out...

(the harsh anger fades
again to grim terseness)

All right, we'll do it! Right!

(he slowly hangs up -
turns to Phipps)

Before the week is out, Phipps, you'll
see the end of the 59th Squadron.

PHIPPS:

There isn't an end of anything,
Courtney... it just goes on and on.

COURTNEY:

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

He isn't looking at Phipps as he says the above. Phipps
recognizes the symptoms ... wants to snap him out of it,
and coughs, getting up.

PHIPPS:

Well ... ready for orders?

Phipps opens door, going out ahead.

297. INT. BAR MED. CLOSE SHOT

- As Phipps comes out, "Poor Butterfly" is playing.

PHIPPS:

Turn that off, Ames, will you?

FLIER:

Right.

He turns it off. The noise in the room still goes on.

PHIPPS:

Thanks! Quiet, lads ... quiet,
please.

298. BAR MED. SHOT

PHIPPS:

(continuing)

....Orders for tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

298 (Cont.)

As Phipps' voice continues into scene, the fliers cease their occupations and pay attention, some drawing closer from far parts of the room. Scott and Donny are just coming down the bottom steps, partly hidden by other fliers and one of the wood upright pillars.

299. TOWARD DOOR TO COURTNEY'S OFFICE MED. CLOSE

Courtney is coming out, stopping near Phipps....and speaks with grim crispness.

COURTNEY:

Orders, fellows. There's no need for secrecy... G.H.Q. has found that Fritz is going to make a big push day after tomorrow. They're starting minor advances now. You'll patrol the Mantez woods sector, opposite the German Sixth army. You'll fly four patrols a day... Every man goes into the air at dawn tomorrow. You'll have the dirty work... machine gunning infantry....flying low.... strafing their supply trucks...and any shock troops they try to bring up...

(he hesitates)

So you'll be flying below Von Richter's patrols -- and you'll have to watch out... That's all.

He turns to pin a paper on the blackboard.

300. AT SCOTT AND DONNY MED. CLOSE

Donny is watching with beaming affection. As he sees Courtney start to go, he calls, hurrying off scene, Scott starting after him.

DONNY:

Court!

301. AT BLACKBOARD & OFFICE ENTRANCE MED. CLOSE

Courtney turns with quick curiosity as Donny enters scene, followed by Scott. He stares in amazement... a smile of pleasure.

COURTNEY:

You...!

(as they shake hands)

(CONTINUED)

301 (Cont.)

DONNY:
(beaming)
Why not?

COURTNEY:
Donny.....!

As he speaks, the change comes over Courtney's face, too. He gives a flickering glance at Scott....and the full realization leaves him sick and numb.

DONNY:
It's wonderful to see you.

COURTNEY:
(eyeing him up and down)
So - you're one of the replacements....

DONNY:
Yes -- and, I go up tomorrow, don't I?

COURTNEY:
(quietly; slowly)
Yes....you do.....Donny.

SCOTT:
(in)
No - he doesn't!

DONNY:
But you ----

Scott's control snaps. He pulls Donny back by the arm, facing Courtney, glaring, his voice low and tense.

SCOTT:
Just a minute, Donny....
(to Courtney)
You're not sending this kid out on patrol tomorrow... You can't!

COURTNEY:
Hold on!

SCOTT:
(blazing)
No, you hold on! -- If you think I'm going to take him up against Von Richter - you're balmy!

DONNY:
(hurt - at a loss)
But, Scotto, I'm really a good flier.....

(CONTINUED)

301 (Cont. 1)

SCOTT:

(angrily)

Quiet!

(to Courtney)

He's not going up.

COURTNEY:

(harshly - to Donny)

You be ready to go at dawn tomorrow.

DONNY:

(smartly)

Yes, sir.

But even as he is saying the words, Courtney has turned on his heel and strides into his office, closing the door. Scott stands a frozen instant, then strides into the office after him.

302. INT. OFFICE MED. SHOT

as Scott comes in after him, slamming the door, Courtney is starting to pick up the whiskey bottle.

SCOTT:

(with bitter condemnation)

And you're the one that gapped to
Brand about sending green kids up
to get killed!

(his voice rising
with harsh fear
and anger)

Combat manœuvres! Ground school!
He doesn't know what it's all about...
What chance would he have?

COURTNEY:

As much chance as any of the others...
I can't make exceptions!

(sudden savage emotion)

Do you think I want to do this. It's
orders!

SCOTT:

(desperately)

I know it's orders...but not tomorrow.
Just give me three days...two days...
let me get him up in the air...teach
him a few basic tricks...so he'll have
a fighting chance. He doesn't know
anything! He can't even do a half loop
with a roll out. Do you hear that?!!

(CONTINUED)

302 (Cont.)

SCOTT: (Cont.)

He can't even do a roll out! What good will he be to us up there? Do you think he's going to knock down any Boche planes? NO! All he'll do is add another mark to Von Richter's score. He'll get shot to pieces in the first minute. They'll slaughter him. Give me just a few days, Court.....

Courtney can't listen to Scott beg for his brother's life any longer. He interrupts...his control snapping.

COURTNEY:

(barking)

I said -- every man in the air at dawn tomorrow!

SCOTT:

(savagely)

I won't take him up!

COURTNEY:

(shouting)

Those are orders, do you hear me? ORDERS! Now get out! Get out, I tell you!

Scott stands for an instant; then there is a cold, shattering finality in his low voice.

SCOTT:

Right.

He turns and strides out of the room, closing the door. Courtney stands for an instant motionless, then sits down at the desk. The drink he has poured is in front of him, but he doesn't touch it. He stares into space for an instant, then slowly picks up phone.

COURTNEY:

(into phone)

Hello... G.H.Q.... General Barrager... This is Captain Courtney - 59th... Sir, the replacements have arrived... We've an impossible situation here, sir... I'm sure they haven't the first idea of combat tactics -- and what good would they be against Von Richter? --- I thought --- May I go on? --- I say, if we could take them up and show them enough to be able to knock down one Boche before they're killed....

(CONTINUED)

302 (Cont. 1)

COURTNEY: (Cont.)

We could go out short-handed, yes...
 My few experienced men would have
 a better chance of pulling through -
 if they were free to fight - instead
 of having to protect these replace-
 ments..... Am I clear? --- If you could
 give us a week, we'd -- we'd be in a
 position ---

The other end has hung up. Courtney hangs up the phone
 and tosses off the drink. He is sunk. He gets up slow-
 ly and crosses to the door, opening it.

303. INT. BAR TOWARD DOOR MED. CLOSE

Phipps is standing at end of bar. Courtney opens the
 door.

COURTNEY:

Phipps...send Scott's brother in
 here.

PHIPPS:

Yes.

He exits across room as Courtney closes door.

304. AT TABLE MED. CLOSE

Scott's face is a hard, bitter mask. He is taking a
 drink. Donny is sitting with him, distressed, protest-
 ing, as we come into scene.

DONNY:

(with his pipe)

It's ridiculous for you and Court
 to be scrapping about me. I'm an
 excellent flier. I've had combat
 manoeuvres...there's a chap over
 there can tell you.....

Scott gives him an affectionate push - or perhaps pulls
 playfully at the pipe which Donny holds between his
 teeth. Phipps enters scene.

PHIPPS:

(a quiet smile)

Major Courtney would like to
 see you.

(CONTINUED)

304 (Cont.)

DONNY:
(looks uncertainly
from Phipps to Scott -
and back)
Thank you...

He gets up uncertainly. Scott sits in grim silence.
Donny exits quickly.

305. INT. BAR DOOR TO COURTNEY'S OFFICE MED. CLOSE

as Donny comes in...instinctively straightens his uniform, braces up in true soldier style, and knocks.

306. INT. COURTNEY'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

Courtney looks toward door.

COURTNEY:
Come in.

Donny comes in, closing the door. Courtney indicates a chair by desk.

COURTNEY:
Sit down, Donny.

Donny is no longer sure of Courtney's affection for himhe seems a different person, and Donny is a little uncertain.

DONNY:
Thank you.

307. AT DESK MED. CLOSE

as he sits down. Courtney smiles at him.

COURTNEY:
I was a bit sharp with you just now, Donny....

DONNY:
Oh, that's quite all right, Court.
Scotty lost his head a bit....

COURTNEY:
We all do here -- sometimes.

DONNY:
Of course.

(CONTINUED)

307 (Cont.)

Courtney glances at Donny. He and the audience get the pathetic precociousness of this boy. He is full of charm and bravery...he is Young England....he is adopting the demeanor of his elders -- of the Army men he has known traditionally through the years. It is his heritage of confidence - that could seem arrogance if not completely understood....which Donny must be, by this time.

COURTNEY:

(purposely adopting the attitude of one speaking to another of equal age and experience)

Nerves get jumpy.....you know....a lot of chaps crowded together...and Scotty's responsible for the new men...

DONNY:

When he sees me fly, he won't worry.

COURTNEY:

Frankly, it's more than flying -- he's right about that. You're going out against veterans -- fliers like Von Richter....

DONNY:

Are you trying to say that you think I won't get back tomorrow?

A little pause. Courtney, trying to keep the boy from realizing the certainty of his fate, is just a trifle too casual.

COURTNEY:

No....there's nothing impossibly difficult about combat flying -- but you must remember that Scotty and the others have had a great many hours and -- one can't be too confident or careless, at first. Take it the way you play a game at school....stay on your toes...and remember everything you learn....and....you'll have no trouble.

DONNY:

I'm glad to hear you say that.

COURTNEY:

It's true. Stick close to Scotty tomorrow ---and watch how he handles his ship.

(CONTINUED)

307 (Cont. 1)

DONNY:

(proudly)

He's a fine flier -- isn't he,
Court?

COURTNEY:

The best.

He turns away. Donny watches him, ripely relishing the idea of continuing the conversation with another officer.

DONNY:

You know....I liked your comparison
about this --- and a game at school.

COURTNEY:

(turns sharply)

And that comparison goes for the whole war, Donny -- a big, noisy, rather silly game? Here we are -- going at it hammer and tongs -- and we don't really know why -- or what it's all about... and I'll bet you our friends over there - the enemy - feel exactly the same way.

DONNY:

Possibly --

(he is very proud of
Courtney expanding
to him)

COURTNEY:

Some day it will end - just as suddenly as it started - and we'll all go home...until some other bunch of monkeys sitting around a long table pushes us into another war. I remember a biology teacher I had at school.... He used to say, 'Man is a savage animal who, periodically, tries to relieve his nervous tension by destroying himself.' A lot of nonsense.

(rises)

All right, Donny. See you in the morning.

DONNY:

Thanks, Court.

Donny nods and gets up, but instead of leaving, he takes a small medallion from his pocket and gives it to Courtney as he speaks, and we clearly realize that he hasn't been kidded....that he knows what Courtney really thinks.

(CONTINUED)

8/4/38
115A.

307 (Cont. 2)

COURTNEY:

All through the centuries the
instant old Britain's in any
kind of trouble, every kid --
every lad -- is up and at 'em just
like you -- ready to give 'em --
give -- to give it to them.

DONNY:

(laughing in spite
of himself)

Good old Court.

COURTNEY:

Carry on -- see you in the morning.

DONNY:

Thanks, Court.

Donny nods and gets up, but instead of leaving, he takes
a small medallion from his pocket and gives it to
Courtney as he speaks; and we clearly realize that he
hasn't been kidded... that he knows what Courtney really
thinks.

(CONTINUED)

307 (Cont. 2)

DONNY:

(quietly)

I suppose there's a certain chance
that one might not - come back...
It has been known, hasn't it?

COURTNEY:

(quietly)

Yes.

DONNY:

In that case, I ---

COURTNEY:

What, Donny?

DONNY:

(handing him the medal)

Would you mind if I left this with
you? I got it on the crew last
year.... It's silly -- but it's
rather precious to me....

For an instant Courtney can't find his voice. He looks
at Donny....then gives a little smile of admiration and
affection, and nods.

COURTNEY:

Of course.

DONNY:

Thanks again. Goodnight.

COURTNEY:

Good-night.

Donny exits.

308. COURTNEY CLOSEUP

as he stares at the medal an instant...sick at heart.
His head lowers into his hands....his hands rub hard
across his face, as we -

FADE OUT.

8/15/38
116A.

"THE DAWN PATROL"

Added Scene

308A. SCOTT'S ROOM NIGHT

Scott sits reflectively on the bed, watching Donny who is unpacking his kit. Donny's spirits are characteristically high; Scott can think of only one thing: 'This boy, my brother, will be dead tomorrow.'

DONNY:

(holding up a pair of
slacks)

Not bad, eh? I got them at Fenno's ... of course, they robbed me blind - but a tailor either knows his business or he doesn't and Fenno does and he makes you pay for it. At any rate, I'll cut quite a swathe in these when I go on leave. A blinkin' toff, what me lad!

(tosses slacks on the
cot; rummages in his
kit-bag again)

Now let's see what else Santa Claus has for the children.

(brings out a pair of
flying gloves)

Cast your eyes on these, my boy. Rather smart if I do say so myself - me who shouldn't. Also very useful for driving a car when I go home on leave. "Who is that magnificently dressed chap over there dipping his snout in a beaker of bubbly?" "That's none other than Flight Lieutenant Donald Scott, the pride of the R.F.C." I'll have another pip --

(indicates shoulder)

by that time. Right?

SCOTT:

(forcing himself to smile)

Yes, Donny. Right.

DONNY:

(again, in the kit-bag)

And here we have some shaving soap that puts to shame the lilies of the field ---

He stops his babbling as the door opens and Courtney comes into the room.

(CONTINUED)

308A (Cont.)

8/15/38
116B.

DONNY:
Hello, Court --- just unpacking
my trousseau and making Scotto
envious.

COURTNEY:
I see --- fine.

A little pause.

DONNY:
You wanted something?

COURTNEY:
Just to ... say good night.

DONNY:
Come on in. Sit down.

Courtney glances at Scott for some evidence of friendli-
ness. Scott won't even look at him.

COURTNEY:
No. I've got some work to do.
Good night.

Ill at ease, obsessed by a sense of guilt and horror --
Courtney leaves.

DONNY:
Good old Court!

Scott grunts an inaudible reply; starts to pour himself
a drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

Present Scene 309.

FADE IN

309. x STOCK SHOT

DAWN

The line of ships on field. Pilots running toward them.

310. AT PLANES MED. CLOSE

- as Scott and Donny come in in flying clothes. Scott is terrifically upset... worried... trying to hide his fear.

SCOTT:

Stick close, Donny... and I'll get you through.

DONNY:

(trying to re-assure him)

Don't worry about me, Scotto.
I'm fine -- couldn't be better.

He goes toward plane - Scott toward his, but stops as he sees Courtney offscene, and glares with all the bitter hatred and condemnation that is in his heart.

311. EXT. COURTNEY'S OFFICE MED. CLOSE

Courtney and Phipps wearing greatcoats in the chill of the dawn, are standing in the same spot where Brand and Phipps stood earlier. Courtney makes a slight motion as if he wanted to hurry forward and say goodbye to Scott and tell him he's sorry, but suddenly ceases the motion, resigned....helpless.

312. AT SCOTT MED. CLOSE

He is turning and striding away toward plane, paying no further attention to Courtney.

313. x STOCK SHOT

Line of planes as motors are started.

314. x STOCK SHOT

Scott climbing into his plane.

315. x STOCK SHOT

Planes starting to taxi off.

316. COURTNEY CLOSEUP

- as they stand watching. Courtney is completely down.

317. x STOCK SHOT

Planes taxiing off away from CAMERA.

318. COURTNEY AND PHIPPS MED. CLOSE

- as they watch the planes take off. The wash and dust from the propellers beat in their faces.

319. x STOCK SHOT

Planes taking off into the sky.

320. COURTNEY AND PHIPPS MED. CLOSE

Courtney turns, haggard and weary, toward the office entrance, Phipps accompanying him. They enter.

321. INT. COURTNEY'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

The noise of the planes is dying away in the distance. Courtney crosses to his desk and drops into his chair, his head dropping into his hands. At the same time Phipps crosses toward his desk.

322. PHIPPS' DESK CLOSE SHOT

- as Phipps comes in, deep in thought, standing behind his desk. Almost subconsciously he picks up a match and starts breaking it in little pieces.

323. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT

His head raises a little, staring into space. He becomes aware of what Phipps is doing... watches silently.

324. PHIPPS CLOSE SHOT

He puts the seven broken pieces of match in his hand and tosses them slightly a couple of times, deep in thought.

INSERT: of his hand with the seven small pieces of match in it.

BACK TO SCENE:

Phipps tosses the pieces, turning his hand quickly over, trying to catch them on the back. Only three pieces are caught.

INSERT: Back of hand - showing only three small pieces of match lying on it.

BACK TO SCENE:

as Phipps stares at the matches.

325. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT

He seems to force himself to ask -

COURTNEY:
How many, Phipps?

326. PHIPPS CLOSE SHOT

For the first time he is aware that Courtney is watching.... glances across at him.

PHIPPS:
Three.

327. COURTNEY CLOSEUP

His face seems to darken... becomes more haggard.

DISSOLVE TO:

328. x STOCK SHOT

Seven planes in the air.

329. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

He is flight commander. He looks back worriedly toward Donny's plane to see that he is all right.

330. DONNY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

He is worried and alert... looking around... trying to be brave.

331. x STOCK SHOT

Planes in "V" formation.

332. x STOCK SHOT

German planes flying to meet them.

333. x STOCK SHOT

CLOSEUP of Von Richter.

334. x STOCK SHOT

British planes as Von Richter sees them.

335. x STOCK SHOT

Von Richter signals his planes to dive.

336. x STOCK SHOT

German ships start in pursuit of British ships.

337. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

Scott sees the Germans above him. He glances fearfully toward Donny... signals to his men that they are approaching.

338. x STOCK SHOT

German ships dive on British ships.

339. DONNY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

He is badly frightened and confused as German ships cross behind his plane.

340. x STOCK SHOT

Start of dog fight.

341. x STOCK SHOTS SEQUENCE

Several cuts of general confusion and dog fight.

342. DONNY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

Donny is looking around confusedly... but bravely and determined trying to fly his plane right.

343. x STOCK SHOT

Cut of dog fight.

344. x STOCK SHOT

Von Richter sighting young Scott.

345. DONNY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

Donny is tense, alert, flying. He doesn't see Von Richter swerve in behind him, shooting at him. Then he suddenly looks at wing... gets panicky... looks around and sees Von Richter.

346. x STOCK SHOT
Dog fight.
347. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT
He is busy flying... but looking around for Donny...
fearful.
348. x STOCK SHOT
CLOSEUP Von Richter, firing.
349. x STOCK SHOT
Von Richter in f.g., back to CAMERA, firing at young
Scott, hits him, sets him afire.
350. DONNY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT
- as smoke fills his cockpit. He looks around in
helpless panic.
- 350a. YOUNG FLIER
- sees Donny's plane burning - screams.

YOUNG FLIER:
Scott -- your brother -- your
brother.
- 350b. SCOTT
- sees young flier gesturing toward Donny's plane --
looks in that direction.
- 350c. x STOCK SHOT
Smoke trailing from young Scott's plane.

351. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

He realizes it is Donny. There is stark terror in his face. He tries to shout above the roar of the motor.

352. x STOCK SHOT

Smoke trailing from young Scott's plane.

353. DONNY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

He is trying to get away from the fire... out of his seat... afraid, helpless. We can barely see him through the smoke.

354. x STOCK SHOT

Von Richter firing.

355. DONNY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

As he tries to get out of his seat he is hit by bullets. The shock rocks his body. He slumps down and forward.

356. x STOCK SHOT

- as Donny's plane, burning and now out of control, banks up and falls off into a spin.

357. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

As he sees Donny's plane falling, following it down with his eyes, he goes half crazy, shaking his head, screaming....half sobbing.

SCOTT:

No, no! Donny! Donny! No,
no....no....no....

358. x STOCK SHOT

Donny's plane spinning down, smoke behind it.

359. SCOTT CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

- as he watches, mute, sick...his face a tragic mask, as his brother goes down to his death.

360. x STOCK SHOT

Donny's plane spinning on down, closer to earth.

361. x STOCK SHOT

Crash of Donny's plane.

DISSOLVE TO:

362. SCOTT CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

Scott, in his plane, driving it home. Through the crash comes Scott's face...white..tragic...tear-stained. He is consumed by a terrible, broken hate.

363. x STOCK SHOT FIELD
First plane coming in.

364. x STOCK SHOT
Second plane coming in.

365. x STOCK SHOT FIELD
Two planes taxi up to hangars.

366. SCOTT'S PLANE CLOSE TRUCK SHOT
As it rolls to a stop, Scott already climbing out. He hits the ground and starts striding...striding...hate in his eyes, tears rolling down his cheeks. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH HIM to door of farmhouse. He enters.

367. INT. BAR CLOSE TRUCK SHOT
CAMERA TRUCKS Scott across bar and into Courtney's office door.

368. INT. COURTNEY'S OFFICE MED. SHOT
As the door jerks open and Scott bursts in, we find Courtney standing white-faced and resigned, waiting for him. Courtney has seen the two returning planes... knows what has happened.... is completely broken up, and expecting, though dreading, what is coming. Scott confronts him an instant in dead, venomous silence... then his voice comes ... low, broken ... crying as he speaks ... a rising, savage finality.

SCOTT:

You got what you wanted
He's gone ... they slaughtered
him just as I knew they would...
I watched him burn ... you killed
him ... You helped them murder
him. You dirty butcher!

He loses control, completely.....savagely striking
Courtney across the face with the back of his hand.

(CONTINUED)

368 (Cont.)

Courtney makes no move of defense, his expression of appeal ... a dread realization that this is the end of a great friendship. After the blow Scott stands an instant as if about to hit him a second time, then suddenly turns and strides out.

369. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT

- as the door slams offscene. He continues to stand motionless looking at the door, and blood trickles down his chin from his cut mouth, as we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

370. COUNTRY ROAD MED. SHOT DAY

An English open staff car is coming along the winding lane beside a stone wall toward airdrome ... chauffeur in front Major Brand, now Colonel Brand, and his adjutant in back.

371. STONE GATE MED. CLOSE

As the staff car swings in through gate, a flock of chickens in the road almost get run over, dispersing in a cloud of squawking feathers.

372. SERGEANT AND MECHANIC CLOSE

A quick cut to Sergeant and Mechanic, who are stopped over repairing a chicken coop. The squawking is still coming from offscene as Sergeant straightens in swift rage, turning and shouting angrily.

SERGEANT:

(fast)

Look out for those chickens! Who do you think you are - Ben Hur?

(sudden startled panic in his face - he quickly ducks back down as he continues to mechanic)

Oh, oh ... brass hat. 'Ope he didn't 'hear me shoutin' at 'im. Here goes goes more trouble.

373. EXT. FARMHOUSE MED. CLOSE

as car rolls to a stop and Brand rises, starting to get out. He carries a carton of cigarettes wrapped in paper. We see that he is a changed man ... looks five years younger ... all traces of heavy strain completely gone. Phipps strolls into scene, recognizes him and hurries forward. A warm, cordial greeting between the two.

BRAND:

(enthusiastic)

Hello, Phipps!

PHIPPS:

Hello, Brand! Is it really you! By gad, you know you're looking a new man.

(CONTINUED)

373 (Cont.)

BRAND:
 Thanks...I feel like one.
 (warm affection)
 I've missed you, my boy.

PHIPPS:
 Oh ... that's very nice of you
 to say so.

As he speaks, Sergeant comes into scene. Brand is happy
 to see another old face.

BRAND:
 Hello, Watkins.

The Sergeant salutes.

SERGEANT:
 How d'ye do ... Major ...
 (catching him-
 self)
 ... Colonel.

BRAND:
 How are the chickens?

SERGEANT:
 (lying - remembering the
 near-demise of his flock)
 Er ... top 'ole, sir. Top 'ole.

BRAND:
 And the bees?

SERGEANT:
 (trucfully)
 Well, sir .. the 'ole 'ive is still
 down there...simply oozin' with 'oney,
 sir. But I still 'aven't found a
 volunteer who 'as enough courage to
 put a sack on 'is 'oad an' steal it
 from the little buzzers.

Brand chuckles.

SERGEANT:
 'Ave you any luggage, sir?

BRAND:
 No...just up for a minute.
 (to Phipps)
 Is Courtney inside, Phipps?

PHIPPS:
 Yes.

(CONTINUED)

373 (Cont.1)

BRAND:

Right.

(introducing his
adjutant)

This is Mr. Sterling, Phipps.

As he exits, the two men greet each other.

PHIPPS:

How are you, Sterling?

STERLING:

How do you do.

374. INT. COURTNEY'S OFFICE MED. SHOT

Courtney is seated at desk. He is haggard and worn...
the job is beginning to get him...just as it got Brand.
He looks toward door.

COURTNEY:

Come in.

Brand enters. He greets Courtney with vigorous enthusi-
asm. The switched contrast in the two men is very evi-
dent. At sight of Brand, Courtney's face darkens
slightly. He knows that the visit means trouble.

BRAND:

Hello, Courtney! Delighted to
see you -- but delighted!

COURTNEY:

(rising)

How are you, Brand?

They shake hands.

375. AT DESK MED. CLOSE

BRAND:

Couldn't possibly be better...
thank you ... same old shop, eh?
Nothing changed.

COURTNEY:

Pull up a chair.

He doesn't take his eyes off Brand as latter pulls a
chair over, standing hat on cane beside desk. He hands
Courtney the package of cigarettes.

(CONTINUED)

375 (Cont.)

BRAND:

I thought you might fancy some of those Oasis corksips you were always trying to buy. I happened to run across a carton up at Headquarters Mess.

COURTNEY:

That's very kind of you.
(taking bottle
and glasses)
Have a drink?

BRAND:

Thanks ... I could do with one nicely.
(as Courtney pours,
Brand stops him at
a very small amount)
That's enough.

Courtney passes glass, sitting down as he pours his own.
They drink.

BRAND:

How's Scott?

COURTNEY:

(an instant's pause -
then rather flatly)

Fine.

A slight pause. Courtney's tone tells Brand that something is wrong.

BRAND:

You don't say that with too much conviction, old boy.

COURTNEY:

Scott and I haven't spoken for almost two weeks.

BRAND:

Oh...sorry.

(obviously anxious
to change the subject)
You've been having a foul time of it,
haven't you, Courtney?

(chuckles)

The old man says you've been raising
the very devil...objecting to his orders....

Courtney is silent an instant, looking at Brand...then
speaks in a low steady voice.

COURTNEY:

All right...let's have it.

(CONTINUED)

375 (Cont.1)

BRAND:
(surprised)
Have what?

COURTNEY:
What brought you here?

Brand gets up as he pulls out an official envelope and tosses it across in front of Courtney.

BRAND:
Suspect this isn't altogether a social call, do you? Well, I'm afraid you've guessed it...The General sent this to you.... too important to talk about over the phone.

Courtney picks up the envelope. Brand gives him a quick look of "Wait till you read that, old boy" and turns away.

376. ROOM MED. SHOT

as Brand whistling softly and tunelessly, takes a casual stroll across to the window and glances out, then turns to stroll back. During this Courtney pulls out contents and glances at first page. His face darkens with the same defiant rage that Brand showed to H.Q. at start of picture. He glares up at Brand.

COURTNEY:
(boiling)
This is insane!

BRAND:
(easily)
Of course it is...but it has to be done.

377. AT DESK MED. CLOSE

Brand is back at the desk as he continues. His casual, social manner has vanished into the cold, soldierly directness characteristic of him.

BRAND:
The enemy are going to start their biggest push so far...day after tomorrow. They've concentrated their munitions and supplies at the Soulet rail head. You destroy that rail head and you'll stop their drive.

(CONTINUED)

377 (Cont.)

COURTNEY:

(explosively)

You're balmy, Brand! Soulet is sixty kilometres behind their lines. Before we got half that far the whole German air force would be on our necks. The flight couldn't make it!!

BRAND:

(terse - emphatic)

No...but one plane could.

COURTNEY:

(staring)

What?

BRAND:

(leaning forward)

At dusk. It's up to one man to go in alone. He'll have to take a chance on getting through before they can stop him.

COURTNEY:

(in flat fury)

I say it can't be done.

BRAND:

It has to be done!

COURTNEY:

The man who goes won't stand a dog's chance of getting back.

BRAND:

(grimly)

Then you refuse?!

Courtney's defiance fades just as Brand's did.

COURTNEY:

(after a pause, grimly)

There is no refusal...I'll go myself.

Brand smiles and slowly shakes his head.

BRAND:

No, you won't, my boy. Absolutely not. I know exactly how you feel, Courtney... but you're chained to this desk. Just as I was. You'll have to ask for a volunteer.

(taps papers)

The instructions are there.

COURTNEY:

(after a pause)

Right.

(CONTINUED)

377 (Cont:1)

He gets up, taking papers. As he rises Brand gives a faint sardonic smile.

BRAND:

(slight gesture toward his own hat)

Brass hat!

Courtney crosses to door without a word, Brand following.

378. INT. BAR MED. CLOSE

as Courtney comes out of door followed by Brand. As Courtney stops, Brand takes a position behind and slightly to one side, watching with quiet interest.

COURTNEY:

Attention!

379. INT. BAR MED. SHOT

as the men cease their activities and become attentive. Scott, who is at bar taking a drink, turns, putting glass down, staring in cold anger at Courtney. There has obviously been no change in their complete breakup.

380. AT COURTNEY MED. SHOT

Scott is directly to one side of Courtney and about ten feet away. Others are in scene. Courtney looks around the men an instant, but completely ignores Scott. He starts to read from papers.

COURTNEY:

Gentlemen, this just came from Wing.
(reading)

Enemy in the 22nd and 23rd sectors.
Plan major offensive on entire front
19th instant at ak emma. Munitions
for the advance concentrated in a dump
at railroad at Soulet.

(he stops reading -
looks up)

Our squadron is ordered to destroy it.
Soulet is sixty kilometres behind the
German lines ...there is no chance for
a flight to get through.

As he continues speaking, Scott, an old hand, realizing first what is coming, starts moving forward slowly, his face grimly tense.

(CONTINUED)

380 (Cont.)

COURTNEY:

One man...flying low..hedge-hopping,
might possibly succeed. The chances
are ten to one he won't come back.

The following happens together.

SCOTT:

(in a low, hard voice)

I'll go.

Courtney hears him and at the same time turns partly
away from him, continuing without stopping in a slightly
louder voice, as if to drown Scott out.

COURTNEY:

I want a volunteer.

Four or five men step swiftly forward in a quick ad lib
shout to obtain the job.

AD LIB:

(over each other)

I'll do it.

Let me have it.

I'll go.

Here, sir.

They swarm around Courtney, but before he can answer,
Scott grabs his arm and swings him partly around,
snapping at him in grim, furious challenge.

SCOTT:

That's my job, Courtney! I spoke
first! Do I get it?

381. COURTNEY AND SCOTT CLOSE SHOT

as Courtney looks at him an instant, trying to hide his
feelings, then speaks.

COURTNEY:

(in a low voice)

Right...you get it.

(handing him papers)

Here are the instructions..read them
carefully. You will leave at dusk.

(glances at watch)

You've...got two hours.

SCOTT:

(a savage bark)

Right!

He turns his back on Courtney.

382. INT. BAR MED. SHOT

as Scott turns away, speaking tersely to a flier.

SCOTT:

Craig... tell the Sergeant to get
my plane ready.

Craig nods and exits. Scott goes on to the stairs without looking back.

383. AT COURTNEY AND BRAND MED. CLOSE

Courtney stands looking after Scott for an instant, sick at heart, then turns and goes into his office, Brand following.

DISSOLVE TO:

384. INT. SCOTT'S ROOM MED. SHOT

&

385. Scott is standing by one of the two beds, on which is a bunch of articles and personal possessions, and his dunnage bag. He is at the moment tossing his flying suit on a chair and shoving a couple of articles in the dunnage bag. Bott, very quiet and deeply distressed, is standing beside him handing him a couple more articles. Scott, picking up a letter on the bed, hands it to Bott.

SCOTT:

Send that out by the first post,
will you, Bott?

BOTT:

Yes, sir.

386. AT TWO MED. CLOSE PAN SHOT

Scott sees his razor on the bed... a very fancy razor in a leather case... picks it up and hands it to Bott as he speaks:

SCOTT:

Oh... here's this fancy razor
you've been casting sheeps' eyes
at.... Take it.

BOTT:

(protesting)
You're not giving it to me, sir?

(CONTINUED)

386 (Cont.)

SCOTT:

Why not? After all the months
you've babied it... dried it...
polished it? Go on -- it's yours.

BOTT:

I couldn't, Mr. Scott. You'll be
wantin' it when you get back from
the flight.

(forced brightness)

Tomorrow mornin' you'll be yellin'
"Bott! 'Ow the devil do you think
I can shave without my razor?"

SCOTT:

(a smile - shaking head)

From now on, I'm going to grow a
long beard, Bott.

(picks up other articles,
bestowing them on Bott)

Brush... soap bowl...

(tossing him bottle of
toilet water)

Take this, too --- make you smell
like a geranium.

BOTT:

(sadly)

Very good, sir --- if you insist.

SCOTT:

The dunnage bag and ---

He suddenly stops, his face freezing as he sees some-
thing over Bott's shoulder. CAMERA PANS QUICKLY across
to reveal Courtney standing in the open doorway, a
military map in one hand.

387. SCOTT CLOSE SHOT

His voice is terse and biting.

SCOTT:

Well?

388. ROOM MED. SHOT

Courtney speaks as he crosses to table and puts map on
it.

COURTNEY:

(calmly)

I think I've found a route that'll
give you more of a chance and....

(CONTINUED)

388 (Cont.)

SCOTT:
I'm very busy, Courtney.

COURTNEY:
(harshly)
I'm in command here and you'll
listen to my orders! Sit down!

Scott replies with biting sarcasm.

SCOTT:
Yes, Major.
(to Bott)
Bring the Major a chair, Bott.
(as Bott hurriedly
brings it; to Courtney)
Will you have a chair, sir?

Courtney sits down, speaking to Bott.

COURTNEY:
That's all, Bott.

BOTT:
Yes, sir.

He hastily departs, closing door. At same time Scott
sits down, waiting in deadly cold silence.

389. AT TABLE MED. CLOSE

- as Courtney takes pencil and traces route for Scott.

COURTNEY:
I've checked with Intelligence...
There's no anti-aircraft in this
quartermile of line... You'll cross
here....fly low into the entrance of
the Luonne Valley... There's hardly
any activity there and the hills
will hide you... You're through it
in ten miles...hit the railway here...
then east following the tracks to
Soulet. The big warehouses are
right at the railhead...the ammuni-
tions are piled over in this area...
A hit anywhere in this vicinity will
set the whole thing off. The enemy
high patrol will be on its way back
at dusk. You'll have to go in very
low the whole way to avoid them...
The only chance is to reach it be-
fore they spot you.

(CONTINUED)

389 (Cont.)

Scott interrupts with a sardonic sneer.

SCOTT:

Amazing!

COURTNEY:

(continues impulsively,
indicating map)

From this point on the place is alive
with archies... They'll phone ahead
and you may run into a barrage....
but you'll have to keep on going.

(a pause - he puts down the
pencil; the recapitulation
has made it doubly clear to
both Scott and Courtney that
Scott has about one chance
in a million)

(Courtney's next line is
hesitant and a bit apolo-
getic)

And that's all.

Scott replies in a sardonic tone that implies that
nothing Courtney has said alters the fact that he will
probably get killed.

SCOTT:

Yes -- that's undoubtedly all.

COURTNEY:

Yes.

390. ROOM MED. SHOT

Scott gets up and walks across room as if he had been
dismissed. Courtney slowly rises and crosses to door,
starting to open it. He pauses, turns to look at Scott,
who is staring out window. Courtney can't force himself
to go without a last effort to wipe away the hatred be-
tween them. He closes door and crosses to Scott.

391. AT TWO MED. CLOSE

- as Courtney takes Scott's arm and pulls him around
slightly, still with a businesslike manner, indicating
bed.

COURTNEY:

Why not get some sleep for a while?
You've got an hour and a half.
You'll be clearer-headed...on your
toes. I want that plane back. We
need every one of them. I want it
back, do you understand? I want you back.

(CONTINUED)

391 (Cont.)

SCOTT:
(sardonic, at the impos-
sibility, weakening a
little)

Back!?

COURTNEY:
Yes. Go on and take a nap.

SCOTT:
I couldn't sleep....

He turns back to window. Courtney stands an instant, troubled...then he sees something offscene.

INSERT: of nearly full bottle of whiskey
and three glasses on side table.

BACK TO SCENE:

His face brightens with alert determination, a plan coming into his mind. He quickly crosses.

392. AT TABLE MED. CLOSE PAN SHOT

- as he picks up bottle and two glasses and crosses back to Scott, pouring a large drink. Scott is sitting down on bed...shakes his head.

SCOTT:
No, thanks... That stuff'll knock
me higher than a kite.

COURTNEY:
One won't hurt you...
(hands him drink)
Toss it off.

He pours a short one for himself, not looking at Scott. Scott tosses off the drink, studying Courtney.

SCOTT:
You're a funny bird...

COURTNEY:
I haven't found myself very amusing
lately.
(pours more liquor into
Scott's glass; raises his
own in a toast)
To the job!

(CONTINUED)

392 (Cont.)

SCOTT:

The job! -- I'll drink to that...
 (he drinks...the
 drinks are warming
 him and he gradually
 breaks down)

You know....I've never seen one of
 those large ammunition dumps hit
 the ceiling. You'll probably hear
 it back here... If you do, think of
 me.

As he has been talking, Courtney has casually placed the
 bottle on the chair beside the bed.

COURTNEY:

I'll be listening --- and thinking.

Scott, as if from habit, takes the bottle and pours
 another drink, watching the liquor absently, his mind
 far away. There is a pause.

SCOTT:

Court....

COURTNEY:

What?

SCOTT:

It's all the war, isn't it? ---
 Donny's going -- the old brass hats --
 orders -- "A" flight -- "B" Flight --
 a drink or two -- a laugh -- a friend --

COURTNEY:

Yes....

SCOTT:

I shouldn't go out there - bad
 friends - with anyone...should I?

COURTNEY:

It would be nicer not to.

SCOTT:

What I mean is -- especially you...

393. COURTNEY CLOSEUP

He doesn't speak.

393A. COURTNEY AND SCOTT AS BEFORE

SCOTT:

A long time, isn't it? -- school --
 London -- home -- and all that....
 We've had some fun, haven't we?

(CONTINUED)

393A (Cont.)

COURTNEY:

(beams)
Haven't we just!

SCOTT:

I've missed you here - these last
few weeks...especially when I'd
had a couple of snifters... James --
my good man James... No one to pull
off the old boots when I couldn't...
(he laughs)
... Scotty blotto again... you know...
(he laughs again)

COURTNEY:

I could never teach you just when to
stop.

SCOTT:

But it spoils the fun when you stop.
Will you ever forget ---

COURTNEY:

What?

SCOTT:

At old Lady Carsdale's...remember,
I toppled over on the table - with
my face in the soup.... You were
too far away to catch me.....

COURTNEY:

(laughs)
You didn't see her old Ladyship's
face when the soup arrived in her
lap!

SCOTT:

You fool -- she didn't have any lap.
Did you ever see a person who looked
so straight sitting down?

(he yawns)

An optical illusion, old boy....

(pours another drink;

sprawls back on bed)

Ah, me... it's fun looking back ...

(he is gazing up at
ceiling)

Ah yes, James. You've grown old
and grey in my service.

COURTNEY:

Yes, sir.... and always found it a
great pleasure serving you, sir.

(throws coat over

Scott's feet)

SCOTT:

(looks and beams drunkenly)
You are an ass, James -- really.

(CONTINUED)

393A (Cont.1)

COURTNEY:

I am indeed, sir.. Might I suggest
a good forty winks... a doze?

SCOTT:

And I'll wake with a nice fresh
smile for Fritzzy... boom, boom,
boom! Here's your morning cup
of tea, Fritzzy... and your morning
bun -- bam!

(business ad lib)

Tuck me in, James....

COURTNEY:

Yes, sir.

SCOTT:

Call me early, Mother darling -

COURTNEY:

I know, Sir. For tomorrow you're
to be Queen of the May.

As he says this, Scott's eyes close. Courtney stands
looking down at him. He knows he is saying goodbye to
his friend for the last time.

SCOTT:

How long have I got, Mother? --
James, I mean....

COURTNEY:

(with meaning)

Plenty of time, sir -- loads of it.

SCOTT:

No kidding... get me up in time.
I've got to go over that plane.

COURTNEY:

Of course. Rest well....

(Scott's hand comes

out. Courtney takes it)

SCOTT:

Thanks, James... Court... Old son...

There is silence. Scott is asleep. Courtney stands an
instant looking down at him; then softly moves to window.

394. ROOM MED. SHOT

- as Courtney lowers window curtain and then takes
Scott's flying helmet and goggles from wall, and
crosses back.

395. AT SCOTT MED. CLOSE SHOT

- as Courtney comes back for a last farewell. His hand rests for an instant on Scott's head.

COURTNEY:

(his voice low - muffled)

Happy landings, Scotto.

He turns toward door.

396. ROOM MED. SHOT

- as Courtney crosses to a door, a brief glance back, then he exits, closing it.

WIPE TO:

397. FLYING FIELD MED. CLOSE PAN SHOT DUSK

- as Courtney, in flying outfit, strides across field from farmhouse toward plane, pulling on his flying gloves.

398. AT PLANE MED. CLOSE

Sergeant is checking plane over with minute care. A mechanic is just climbing down from wing.

MECHANIC:

Guns are all right, Sergeant.

SERGEANT:

They 'oppin' well better be and h'everything else about the ship too.

He sees the figure coming, then realizes with surprised distress that it is Courtney. Courtney enters scene.

COURTNEY:

(in quiet smile)

Hello, Tiny.

Sergeant shakes his head in bewildered protest.

SERGEANT:

You're not flying, sir?

(CONTINUED)

398 (Cont.)

Courtney's smile is warmer. He adds with the same quietness.

COURTNEY:

Yes, Tiny...going West.

As he says the last word he climbs briskly in. The Sergeant is on the point of tears, and suddenly blusters busily to conceal his emotion.

SERGEANT:

(to mechanic)

Get busy, there...the propeller...
'op to it...

Mechanic runs to propeller.

MECHANIC:

Switch off.

COURTNEY:

Switch off.

The mechanic rocks the blade, sucking in gas.

MECHANIC:

Contact.

COURTNEY:

Contact.

399. X STOCK SHOT

Plane is cranked up.

("Switch off" dialogue track of preceding scene may need to be played over this.)

400. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT

The motor is thundering. Sergeant runs into the wind of the wash and puts his hand on Courtney's arm in a sincere gesture of affection and almost tearful farewell, calling above roar of motor.

(CONTINUED)

400 (Cont.)

SERGEANT:
Happy landing, sir.

COURTNEY:
(a smile)
Thank you, Tiny. Thank you for
everything...my best to the
chickens and the bees.

He guns the motor. The plane moves offscene.

401. X STOCK SHOT

Plane taking off from field.

402. SERGEANT CLOSE SHOT

- as he stands, sincerely miserable, watching the departure.

403. X STOCK SHOT

Plane in air flying away from camera.

DISSOLVE TO:

(NOTE: We may want one stock cut of the plane thundering along low, at full speed, before the next cut.)

404. X STOCK SHOT

German observation post as plane flies over.

405. X STOCK SHOT

German soldier comes down from observation post, runs into dugout, telephones information about British plane passing over.

406. X STOCK SHOT

Pilot room German airdrome. German pilots get information about British plane.

407. x STOCK SHOT

Pilots run outside toward their planes.

408. x STOCK SHOT

Shots of German pilots taking off.

409. x STOCK SHOT

British plane flying along.

410. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

A shot of Courtney from the side, looking down, keenly alert.

411. x STOCK SHOT

German planes flying in pursuit.

412. x STOCK SHOT

British plane flying along.

413. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

A side shot of Courtney as he recognizes landmark ahead and below.

414. x STOCK SHOT

From behind Courtney as he approaches railroad.

415. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney flying over train and railroad track.

416. x STOCK SHOT

Side shot of Courtney's plane flying along tracks.

417. x STOCK SHOT

Three German planes in pursuit.

418. x Courtney's plane flying toward camera along tracks.

419. x STOCK SHOT

Another shot of Courtney's plane.

420. x STOCK SHOT

Back shot of Courtney taking a curve over railroad tracks to his left. 2

(NOTE: Planes in this sequence all flying left to right.)

421. x STOCK SHOT

Miniature German munitions factory.

422. x STOCK SHOT

CLOSER SHOT shed at German factory.

423. x STOCK SHOT

Iron stairs near German factory.

424. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney's plane coming along tracks.

425. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

A side shot of Courtney looking toward the ground, grimly alert now, watching for Archie below.

426. x STOCK SHOT

From behind Courtney flying over multiple railroad tracks.

427. x STOCK SHOT

Three German ships in pursuit.

428. x STOCK SHOT

German telephone exchange.

429. x STOCK SHOT

German anti-aircraft battery preparing to go into action.

430. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney's plane left to right over tracks.

431. x STOCK SHOT

German listening post.

432. x STOCK SHOT

CLOSE SHOT - German switchboard.

433. x STOCK SHOT

Heavy anti-aircraft battery starting into action.

434. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney's plane over tracks.

435. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

A side closeup... with steely calm... throwing plane into a bank.

436. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney circling over battery.

437. x STOCK SHOT

Battery firing at him.

438. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney's plane in air with shells bursting around it.

439. x STOCK SHOT

Battery firing almost vertically.

440. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney over munitions factory. Shot from rear.

441. x STOCK SHOT

Lighter German anti-aircraft firing from behind sandbags.

442. x STOCK SHOT

Another German battery firing from behind sandbags factory in the b.g.

443. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

- from the front, as Courtney looks around as he approaches his objective, grimly sizing it up.

444. x STOCK SHOT
Freight cars as seen from plane.
445. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT
Courtney looks at the freight cars... pulls bomb lever.
446. x STOCK SHOT
Bomb racks as bomb drops.
447. x STOCK SHOT
Explosion of freight train and bridge.
448. x STOCK SHOT
Heavy anti-aircraft gun firing at Courtney.
449. x STOCK SHOT
Three separate German batteries firing.
450. x STOCK SHOT
Plane circling to avoid fire.
451. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT
A front shot of Courtney looking around in alert anxiety ... banking the plane, dodging Archie. Then he studies factory.
452. x STOCK SHOT
Munitions factory as Courtney sees it from the air.
453. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT
A front shot as he releases a bomb.
454. x STOCK SHOT
Bomb rack as bomb falls.
455. x STOCK SHOT
Factory exploding as bomb hits it.
456. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT
From front. Courtney grins elatedly at his direct hit. He releases another bomb.
457. x STOCK SHOT
Single German anti-aircraft as bomb explodes very near to it.

458. x STOCK SHOT

Side angle of this explosion.

459. x STOCK SHOT

Cuts of German workmen running down iron stairs and through sheds.

460. x STOCK SHOT

Explosions near iron steps.

461. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

From front. Courtney is delighted... a grim smile of triumph as he watches below. He jerks release lever again.

462. x STOCK SHOT

Bomb rack - last bomb on right side drops.

463. x STOCK SHOT

Section of factory as bomb hits it.

464. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney's plane circling.

465. x STOCK SHOT

Three German planes from left to right.

466. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

From front. He is looking down over his right shoulder. He releases bomb.

467. x STOCK SHOT

Bomb racks, left side. Two bombs on racks; the next to the last bomb is released.

468. x STOCK SHOT

Large chimneys as bomb hits.

469. x STOCK SHOT

Several cuts of tool shed and various spots in factory crumbling from force of explosion.

470. x STOCK SHOT

Left bomb rack of plane. Last bomb is released.

471. x STOCK SHOTS

More cuts of damage done by bomb including telephone exchange.

472. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

From front, as he flies along. He looks down at his hand off scene.

473. x STOCK SHOT INSERT

of Donny's medal, held in his flying glove.

474. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

He smiles down warmly and affectionately at the medal, a reminiscent light in his eyes. Suddenly he hears a faint, different drone in the distance, turns quickly, looking back.

475. x STOCK SHOT

As he looks back, seeing the three German planes approaching.

476. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

He looks quickly ahead, studying his position, his face grim and concentrated now, then looks back again.

477. x STOCK SHOT

Three German planes.

478. x STOCK SHOT

Von Richter with German planes in b.g. looking down at Courtney.

479. x STOCK SHOT

Von Richter signals for his planes to dive on Courtney.

480. x STOCK SHOT

Three German planes starting to dive.

481. x STOCK SHOT

LONG SHOT of three German planes diving on Courtney's tail.

482. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney loops to escape.

483. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

- as his plane loops ... he is aching to get in position for a shot. 2

484. x STOCK SHOT

German planes circling around Courtney trying to get a bead on him.

485. x STOCK SHOT

Von Richter firing straight into camera, planes behind him.

486. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney coming toward camera with German planes firing at him.

487. x STOCK SHOT

Back CLOSEUP - Von Richter firing toward Camera.

488. x STOCK SHOT

Back CLOSEUP - Courtney flying away from Von Richter.

489. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

From front, as grimly alert he trips his guns in a
withering blast, the flames spurting into lens.

490. x STOCK SHOT

Two planes in air right to left.

491. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

From front. Courtney firing into CAMERA.

492. x STOCK SHOT

German plane hit and starting to spin.

493. x STOCK SHOT

Von Richter sees German plane hit, fires again at
Courtney.

494. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney looking back while Von Richter fires at him.

495. x STOCK SHOT

Von Richter firing into CAMERA.

496. x STOCK SHOT

Three planes circling.

497. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney looking back.

498. x STOCK SHOT

Two planes circling.

499. x STOCK SHOT

Von Richter looking back as Courtney flies through scene in b.g.

500. x STOCK SHOT

Side of Von Richter's plane hit by bullets.

501. x STOCK SHOT

Courtney in f.g., back to CAMERA, firing at Von Richter in b.g.

502. x STOCK SHOT

CLOSEUP - Von Richter being hit by bullets.

503. x STOCK SHOT

Von Richter's plane starts to spin.

504. COURTNEY CLOSEUP KEY SHOT

From side - as he watches Von Richter's plane spin to earth.

505. x STOCK SHOT

Second German aviator firing at Courtney.

506. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

Courtney in f.g., facing CAMERA, German behind him shooting at him. Courtney looks back, then throws his plane into quick bank.

507. x STOCK SHOT

German shooting at Courtney.

508. x STOCK SHOT

Side of Courtney's plane being hit by German bullets.

509. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

From front. Courtney is hit by bullets. The impact rocks him. He sags, momentarily stunned, his face strained with agony. His plane begins to catch fire, smoke rising in increasing clouds from cockpit in front of him.

510. x STOCK SHOT

German, back to CAMERA in f.g., sees Courtney's flaming plane in b.g.

511. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

From front. Flame is licking up through the smoke now. With an effort Courtney pulls himself erect and looks around for the German... sees him above and to one side. His face is already blackening with the flame and smoke. He gives a mocking grin and salute of congratulation and farewell.

512. x STOCK SHOT

CLOSEUP of German acknowledging salute.

513. COURTNEY CLOSE SHOT KEY SHOT

As he slumps down unconscious, the flames are rising higher, almost concealing him.

514. x STOCK SHOT

LONG SHOT - Two planes in sky. Courtney's plane begins to spiral down.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

515. INT. BAR MED. SHOT

NIGHT

The bar is in semi-darkness and deserted except for Scott, who is pacing up and down, distracted and grief-stricken. He wears a flying coat. Phipps, wearing a coat, comes in from outside, troubled and grave. Scott wheels on him.

SCOTT:

(anxiously)

Any news, Phipps?

PHIPPS:

No ... have you heard anything?

Scott answers, his voice rising to almost a frantic, helpless grief.

SCOTT:

No ... I've been phoning headquarters and observation posts at Mantz ... haven't heard a thing! We must do something, Phipps ... we must do something!!

PHIPPS:

(quietly)

We've dug a trench in the field... filled it with petrol. As soon as we hear his motor we'll light it and help him land. What more can we do?

SCOTT:

(his voice broken)

I don't know! All I can think of is that Courtney is out there alone without me.

(bitter self-condemnation)

Doing the thing I should have done....

Phipps takes him by the arm, quietly taking him along.

PHIPPS:

Come along, my lad ... Come along ... We'll wait outside.

They exit.

516. x STOCK SHOT

Landing field at night. Men waiting around for Courtney to come in.

517. FIELD MED. CLOSE

- as Phipps and Scott come in. Sergeant enters to Phipps who stops. Scott strolls numbly on, exiting, not even listening to Sergeant.

SERGEANT:

We've petroled the width of the field, sir. Plenty of light to land by when he comes.

PHIPPS:

(gravely - reluctantly)
I'm afraid it's no use, Tiny.

SERGEANT:

I'm afraid so, sir.

He stops, miserable. Then suddenly he tenses... looks up as very faintly from a distance we hear the minute hum of a motor. From this instant on, during ensuing scenes, it builds to a screaming, diving roar.

SERGEANT:

(excited hope)
I hear a motor!

518. SCOTT CLOSEUP

He is looking up with sudden desperate hope in his face, the motor growing louder.

518a. AT SCOTT, PHIPPS AND SERGEANT MED. CLOSE

SERGEANT:

It's him!!

Scott wheels, shouting off scene.

SCOTT:

Light the petrol!
Light the petrol!

519. x STOCK SHOT LONG SHOT FIELD

- as the gasoline is lighted.

(NOTE: From this point we have key shots of gasoline lit field without Fairbanks and old characters in f.g. We can play new characters in process shots with flame b.g. Otherwise they will be outside shots with fire-light from off scene flickering on their faces.)

520. SCOTT; PHIPPS AND SERGEANT

Other fliers are coming into scene.

The plane is now making a screaming, roaring dive, getting so close it can be seen. There is sudden alarm in the Sergeant's face.

SERGEANT:

(shouting)

That's a German plane!

FLIER:

Down, everybody....

They are all ducking, but still looking up.

521. x STOCK SHOT

German plane dives over field, dropping package. Men run out after it disappears.

522. x STOCK SHOT

Mechanic picks up bundle and message dropped from German plane, hurrying back.

523. AT GROUP MED. CLOSE

- as Scott, Phipps, Sergeant and others, who are moving quickly forward, come to a stop as mechanic comes in handing the small bundle to Phipps. It is a helmet and goggles, and a white paper.

MECHANIC:

Here's the package he dropped, sir.

Phipps opens note. For an instant the group waits in tense silence as Phipps reads -- the scene lit by the flickering fire -- the only sound the "whooshing" of the burning petrol.

SCOTT:

(torn with anxiety)

What does it mean?

Phipps doesn't reply for an instant, then looks slowly up at Scott ... and somehow his voice is muffled. He speaks with a slight effort.

(CONTINUED)

PHIPPS:

It means... a gallant gentleman died this afternoon. And for what? What have all these deaths accomplished? So many fine chaps who have died and are going to die in this war, and in future wars.

There is a moment's dead silence... Scott looking at Phipps, his face stricken. One by one the other fliers turn slowly away and disappear in the darkness, then the Sergeant, his face grief-stricken. Phipps puts the small bundle in Scott's hand and walks slowly away, lost in the darkness. Scott is left alone, holding the bundle, looking off into the night sky ... his face lit by the flickering fire... and he is crying. After an instant his choked voice comes, softly.

SCOTT:

Goodbye... old son.

He stands motionless, still looking, as we -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

524. INSERT OF BLACKBOARD

Offscene "Poor Butterfly" is playing on the gramophone. A hand comes in and slowly erases the name at the top of the blackboard -

Major Courtney

DISSOLVE TO:

525. INT. BAR MED. SHOT

NIGHT

The gaiety and chatter are just as they have always been. The office door opens and Phipps, just as always, comes out, walking a few steps toward gramophone.

PHIPPS:

Would you mind turning it off,
Hewitt?

FLIER:

Right...

He turns off gramophone.

PHIPPS:

Thanks.

(to crowd)

Quiet, lads... Attention everybody...
Orders for tomorrow.

The noise and chatter die down.

526. AT OFFICE DOOR CLOSE SHOT

-as out of the office comes Scott...now in Major's uniform...his face beginning to have the same tired look that Brand's and Courtney's wore. He is carrying a paper...orders. But he does not refer to it at first as he comes to a stop in the same place his predecessors stopped, looks around and speaks gravely.

SCOTT:

Fellows... you will be glad to know
that our squadron has received special
mention for its part in checking the
enemy advance...

As he finishes the above words, there is a growing sound
of voices from outside...young, exuberant voices.

(CONTINUED)

526 (Cont.)

CONFUSED VOICES:

(growing louder)

What a ride!

Hop off there...

Right in there, sir...

Come on, Fred...

During this Scott turns and looks off toward door.

527. AT DOOR MED. CLOSE

- as the first two of new and very young replacements come gaily through door, excited, happy, looking back out... past others behind them...

REPLACEMENTS:

How about our luggage?

Would you bring mine into...

Watkins is ushering them in through the door.

WATKINS:

All right, gentlemen. Kindly report to Major Scott.

They suddenly realize what is going on offscene, and freeze into embarrassed silence.

528. AT SCOTT CLOSE SHOT

- as he glances at them an instant longer, then glances down at his paper, and looks back toward the fliers he has been addressing, his voice steady and quiet.

SCOTT:

Orders for tomorrow... "A" Flight ready to take off at dawn to patrol the Marne Sector... 3500 Metres... "B" Flight to accompany bombers over Mantez woods at 5000 feet...

As he is speaking the words, the scene -

FADES OUT.

IMPORTANT!THE END**RETURN****STORY DEPT.**