

THE GAMES OF 1940

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A pure bright FLAME of hope.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: a torch.

REVEAL: the Olympic torch juxtaposed with the swastika.

1936 OLYMPIC GAMES, BERLIN.

FOOTAGE from Leni Riefenstahl's "Olympia" showing an immense stadium filled with masses giving the Nazi salute. Hitler swells with pride as the German team marches by, right arms out-thrust. A German-accented announcer, with the harsh staccato delivery of that era intones:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

*Auf wiedersehen, may we all meet
again, in four years time, for the
1940 Olympic Games in Tokyo, Japan.*

A 21 gun salute. Hundreds of doves are released, swirling in the sky.

ARCHIVE NEWSREEL FOOTAGE: Spanish Civil War. German Luftwaffe and Italian war-planes swirl in the sky, peel off in formation and dive-bomb Guernica, reducing it to rubble.

ARCHIVE NEWSREEL FOOTAGE: the rape of Nanking. Civilians being beheaded in the streets. A Japanese accented voice:

JAPANESE VOICE

The Imperial Government recognizes
all of Japan's resources must be
mobilized to enable the nation to
reach a speedy conclusion of the
troubling China incident.

SIMULATED ARCHIVE FOOTAGE: press conference. A Frenchman with thin moustaches - HENRY DE BAILLET-LATOUR - Chairman of the Olympic Committee (a desk placard in front of him identifies him as such) announces:

BAILLET-LATOUR

With withdrawal of Japanese support
from the Tokyo Olympiad the
International Olympic Committee has
awarded the event to the runner-up,
Helsinki, Finland.

From photographic flash guns to...

ARCHIVE FOOTAGE of bombs exploding as German Stuka dive-bombers scream down on Polish cities.

Buildings collapse.

Storm Troopers goose-step through broken streets.

Hitler poses languidly in front of the Eiffel Tower.

AGAIN AN IOC PRESS CONFERENCE

BAILLET-LATOURE (CONT'D)

Sadly, given recent world events,
the Olympics that were to be staged
in Helsinki from July 20 to August
4, must be cancelled. Under these
conditions it is difficult to see
how the Olympic Games can possibly
exist.

FOOTAGE of the British surrender at Dunkirk. Columns and
columns of soldiers with their hands in the air.

The smoke of war fills the screen. END CREDITS.

TWO MALE VOICES are heard in cadence:

TWO MALE VOICES

Onetwothreefour! Onetwothreefour!

INT. PRIVATE GYMNASIUM - DAY

Two men work-out in a small, well-appointed, gym equipped
with weights, rubber tension cords, medicine balls and Indian
clubs.

ADLER - fiftyish, not in the best of shape, but trying hard.

THEO - early thirties, tall and blond, the body of an
athlete.

They're training with Indian club exercises.

THEO

Four more reps. Onetwothreefour.

ADLER

A man like myself...
onetwothreefour...shouldn't have to
do this...onetwothreefour... I
prefer to be admired...
onetwothreefour...for my
ideas...onetwothreefour...

THEO

Once you're back in shape you'll be
admired for both mind and
body...onetwothreefour! Now the
medicine.

He tosses the medicine ball at Adler, who barely manages to
catch it.

THEO (CONT'D)

Sorry, bad throw.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

As they strip off their shoes, shorts and T-shirts, wrapping themselves in towels, Adler sucks in his gut, striking a manly pose.

THEO

Admirable.

ADLER

I'm glad you've come to work with me. When those pen pushers look at personnel records, do they see a man? No, only a date of birth. Thanks to you, that will no longer effect my advancement.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - DAY

As they shower:

ADLER

You've read the Odyssey?

Theo looks confused by the non-sequitur, nods.

ADLER (CONT'D)

The Iliad?

THEO

No.

ADLER

Of course not! Because when the battle is over, Achilles, although magnificent in combat, is no longer of any use. With victory achieved, everyone looks to Ulysses for leadership: he represents the most sublime fulfillment of human endeavor: the man of *ideas*. Its from the Greeks we learn the difference between glory and fame.

Turns his back to Theo and demands:

ADLER (CONT'D)

Soap me.

Theo doesn't want to, but has no choice, scrubs Adler's back with a bar of soap.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

As they get into their clothes CAMERA stays tight on their faces.

ADLER

We'll make a good team, you and I.
Be loyal, be trustworthy, and
together we will climb to the very
top of the ladder. Come, we should
welcome our new guests.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Stabsarzt (Medical Captain) DR. **THEODOR KAMM** a newly arrived medical officer and Oberstleutnant (Lieutenant Colonel) **ERNST ADLER**, the camp Kommandant of...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND, STALAG 13A - DAY

A cacophony of whistle blasts and barked orders.

Prisoners from six other countries - France, Poland, Holland, Belgium, Yugoslavia, and Norway - have already been assembled. Some, like the Poles, have been here for months. They look haggard, dirty and dispirited. Many with beards and unkempt hair; more like animals than men. They stare at the newcomers vacantly as bedraggled exhausted British prisoners from Dunkirk spew in thru the camp gates like vomit.

The proceedings are watched with disdain by the officer in charge, Hauptmann (Captain) - **GLAZER** - a man of small stature but with large needs for recognition. He is inordinately proud of his patent leather hair.

Super:

JUNE, 1940. STALAG XIIIA, LANGWASSER, NUREMBERG, GERMANY.

German Shepherds bark. German soldiers shout incomprehensible orders. The POWs are herded into groups of fifty. A water hose is thrown to one of the groups. They try to drink and sluice themselves. Pushing starts. At a signal from Glazer rifle butts are used and the hose is yanked away.

In the midst of the chaos a young Private - **JIMMY** - broken by battle, staggers, babbling nonsense, his face deathly pale, eyes absent, trickles of dry blood coming from his ears, and starts to fall.

A soldier next to him - **CHRIS** - early twenties, blond, brash and athletic, captured too quickly to have known the horrors of combat, tries to hold him.

Chris turns to the soldier next to him - **WILLIE** - ten years older, fit, dark, nervous, intense. Something in his eyes speaks of a greater defeat than the one suffered at Dunkirk.

CHRIS

Grab the other side.

The accent, surprisingly, is American. Willie doesn't answer, tries to distance himself, he doesn't want trouble.

Chris gives Willie the finger, defiantly slings one of Jimmy's arms over his shoulders.

Reluctantly, Willie takes Jimmy's other arm and slings it over his shoulder, whispers:

WILLIE
What's a Yank doing here?

CHRIS
My summer in Europe.

They find themselves in a front row. Willie tries to move them back. A guard sees, forces them into their original position.

INT. KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Adler and Kamm watch the proceedings below from this elevated space, furnished with Bauhaus elegance. Bookshelves filled with philosophical volumes. A large table holds a scale model of the Stalag.

ADLER
I came up with the plans myself...
(adjusts his tie)
...and have expectations this will
become the model for all future
Stalags.
(taps his head)
Ideas!

They exit the office.

HOLD for a moment on the model. CAMERA rises and peers thru a large window giving a commanding view of the prison compound.

POV: again, the vast complex of huts and barbed wire fences as far as the eye can see.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - DAY

The two officers in immaculate uniforms stride from the command building, exuding power.

With a swagger Adler approaches a small platform equipped with a microphone. The doctor stands a short distance away.

Ranks of British prisoners: asleep on their feet with exhaustion. The CRACKLE of loudspeakers startles them.

POV: Adler, on his platform, taps the microphone. Then:

ADLER

Prisoners! For you the war is over.
Soon, for everyone, the war will be
over.

PAN ACROSS ranks upon ranks of the defeated.

ADLER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Be grateful you stand on sacred
soil. Here at Langwasser, at this
holy shrine, the National Socialist
Party held their first rallies. It
is here the Thousand Year Reich
began.

(seems lost in a vision,
then abruptly)

The German High Command has, in
their infinite mercy, ordered you
be treated according to the terms
of the Geneva Convention. I shall
abide by the terms of that treaty
in every detail. It stipulates
prisoners of different nations must
not be forced to live together.
Therefore, if you are seen
fraternizing, you will be shot. The
Geneva Convention demands you
receive a daily diet of no less
than 800 calories. You will get
800, not a single calorie more. The
Geneva Convention insists prisoners
must not be forced to do war
labor...all labor helps the war
effort, so you will do nothing.
You've been told international law
gives you the right to attempt
escape.

Adler gets down from the platform. He's joined by Glazer. The
Kommandant calmly inspects faces as he moves along the ranks.
He nearly picks Chris, but instead selects a man close by.

ADLER (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Run.

The young soldier is puzzled, disoriented. Adler signals and
the main gate swings open, countryside and freedom beckoning.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Run!

(shouts)

RUUUUUUN!

The young soldier starts to run.

He is immediately shot in the back of the head by Glazer; bits of bone and brain showering those nearby. The gates swing closed.

ADLER (CONT'D)

The Third Reich has a good German law, *Kugel Erless*, the Bullet Law, for anyone who tries to run away. Welcome to Stalag XIII A.

Jimmy starts to scream hysterically.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Silence!

CHRIS

He can't hear. Sir.

ADLER

Glazer!

Glazer swings his service pistol towards Jimmy.

Willie suddenly grabs Jimmy and hugs him tightly; difficult to tell whether in a supportive embrace, or simply to deny him the breath to cry. The boy becomes quiet. Adler stares at the trio, tells Glazer:

ADLER (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

Get their names.

He calmly walks to Theo. They head toward the office.

ADLER (CONT'D)

It is not enough to defeat the enemy on the battlefield. No! Their spirit must be broken. One must annihilate their will, deprive them of their manhood. Then they will be shining examples of passivity to discourage those who would resist. Will others try to escape? One bullet saves many lives. We are doing God's work. Ideas like that bring everlasting fame.

EXT. PROCESSING AREA - DAY

A brief montage of EXTREME CLOSE UPS.

POWs stripped, hosed down, shaved, scrubbed with disinfectant, inspected in all orifices - mouths, ears, nostrils and anuses.

Uniforms being boiled, put through wringers, given back damp.

Number plates being issued.

INT. INTERROGATION CENTER - DAY

Establishing shot. A corridor of closed doors.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 - DAY

Willie sits before a German officer at a small table with a dossier in front of him, a lamp overhead.

INTERROGATOR

You come without your dog-tag?

WILLIE

Lost in combat.

INT. ANOTHER INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

An identical space. Chris sits in front of another officer. All his cockiness is gone. The reality of the situation has hit home and he feels compelled to fill the silence with the sound of his own voice.

CHRIS

I know, it's a reasonable question:
what the hell am I doing here?
That's exactly what my old man is
asking: what the hell is my jerk
son doing in Europe trying to get
himself killed? I figured the
Limmies needed help. So I came
through Canada. It's cold up there.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 1 - DAY

WILLIE

We can sit here forever. It's much
cooler than outside.

The interrogating officer realizes Willie is going to remain silent, closes Willie's dossier and puts it on a pile.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 2 - DAY

CHRIS

The old man figures I'm an
alcoholic. Sure, I get sloshed once
in a while. But look at these
hands. Well, I'm a little nervous.
(winks)
You Krauts knock back a few
brewskis after work, huh?

The officer in front of Chris closes the files.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We done?

INT. BRITISH BARRACK- DAY

Total chaos. Everyone looking desperately for a decent bunk. More and more POWs pouring in.

A guard is checking name-tags.

Chris enters the barrack, escorted by a guard, who assigns him to an unwanted bunk close to the night soil buckets. Willie has a nearby bunk.

CHRIS

Hey, pal, we got the *en suite*.

WILLIE

You drew attention to us.

CHRIS

Impregnate yourself.

A Scottish POW - ANDREW - comes over, Jimmy is with him.

ANDREW

You know this poor lad?

CHRIS

There you are! We've a special section of the dorm. With its own bathroom.

EXT. MAIN STREET, LANGWASSER - LATE AFTERNOON

An early model VW makes its way down the street of a picture-perfect little German village, with geraniums in all the window boxes.

Matrons nod and smile to Herr Doctor Kamm, several men tip their hats in courtesy. Theo, still shaken from what he witnessed at the camp, nods stiffly in return.

EXT. DRIVEWAY TO KAMM'S COTTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Pulling into the drive of a cottage, Theo unfolds himself from the bug. Before he can get to the cottage door it is opened from the inside by his wife - GRETA - 35, dark blond and beautiful. She greets him with a welcoming smile and a quick kiss.

GRETA

Home at last, Theo!

INT. KAMM'S COTTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Once in the house the quick peck becomes something more intense. These two love each other.

GRETA

How was your day, darling?

Theo stops in the bathroom to wash his hands.

THEO

New arrivals. Very busy.

Suddenly he spots something on his shiny boots and looks sickened.

POV: a bit of gristle and a glob of congealed blood.

Theo quickly cleans it off with a piece of toilet paper, which he flushes.

GRETA

Do they realize how lucky they are
having a doctor like you?

Theo watches Greta through the bathroom mirror. Her face is so pure, her smile so generous. He tries to get rid of his feeling of uneasiness.

THEO

Everything good?

GRETA

I've been doing things, yes. I show
you.

Theo finishes drying his hands and they walk into...

THEO'S STUDY: his files and dossiers have been neatly put onto shelves.

GRETA (CONT'D)

For your book. All your research,
nice and orderly.

Theo looks at his wife with adoration.

THEO

You are marvelous.

LIVING ROOM: cheerfully decorated. Folk art paintings on the walls, and a nicely framed photo of the Fuhrer. In a dining alcove the table is set for three. Several still unpacked boxes are neatly stacked - signs they've just moved in. Greta goes to the French windows overlooking a gracious garden.

GRETA

But look...such a tragedy!

Theo can't see what's wrong.

GRETA (CONT'D)
In shadow most of the day!
(discouraged)
We'll never have ripe tomatoes.

The kitchen garden is in the shade.

THEO
(kisses her shoulders)
I'll move it.

A noise behind. Theo smiles and turns.

THEO (CONT'D)
Little Adolf!

A four year old rushes into his dad's arms.

LITTLE ADOLF
Poppa!

An beautiful child. Theo lifts him into the air in joy.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - DUSK

In total contrast to Dr. Kamm's home, despairing men sit slouched on their bunks, bodies aching and stomachs empty.

EXT. BRITISH BARRACK - CONTINUOUS

Hungry faces crowd the window, peering out ravenously. None more hungrily than - **GARETH** - a barrel-shaped former truck driver from the Midlands. A BELL starts ringing. Gareth spots something.

GARETH
Look at the waitresses.

POV: two burly guards are headed towards the barracks carrying a steaming cauldron between them. With them is a grizzled Prussian foot soldier of the old school, Oberwachtmeister (Master Sergeant) - **GUNTHER BRUNNER**.

INT. WILLIE'S BARRACK - CONTINUOUS

The door bursts open and the trio enters.

Some of the men, still in a state of confusion and fear, rise to salute.

A tough-looking Sergeant Major - **COCKCROFT** - tells them:

COCKCROFT

That's not an officer. Don't stand,
don't salute.

Gunther gives a dismissive flick of his fingers at
Cockcroft's arm patch.

GUNTHER

I'm Sergeant Gunther Brunner.
Who're you?

COCKCROFT

Sergeant Major James Cockcroft.

GUNTHER

You out-rank me. But my side is
winning the war. Any question who's
in charge?

COCKCROFT

When do the dancing girls serve
diner?

GUNTHER

For you, no soup tonight, Sergeant
Major.

Gunther walks back into the main gathering.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Each morning a bread loaf is given
to six men. That is your food until
evening soup. Each Bread Loaf Unit
will share one Red Cross parcel. If
they arrive. A question?

NIGEL - a thin nervous schoolteacher from Bath raises his
hand.

NIGEL

Isn't each man supposed to receive
his own parcel?

GUNTHER

Why do you think this?

NIGEL

I read it. I'm a school-teacher.

GUNTHER

Teacher, learn to share. There's a
big demand for packages.

Chris loses his hold on Jimmy, who walks towards the door
tears rolling down his cheeks.

JIMMY

I'm going home.

Chris grabs him.

CHRIS
He needs help.

GUNTHER
Help keep him quiet. The current
mental care program is not what
you'd wish for him.

The warning is chilling.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
When the siren is heard for lights
out, keep away from the doors and
windows, or you will be shot. Last
business. A "Man Of Confidence"
must be elected. Someone you can
trust, someone I can work with.

CHRIS
I nominate Sergeant Major
Cockcroft. Anyone opposed?
Unanimous. Democracy in action.

GUNTHER
(to Cockcroft)
You may decline.

COCKCROFT
(faint smile)
My men need me.

A METALLIC SCRAPING SOUNDS are heard.

THE SAME - A BIT LATER

Willie and Chris are on their bunks next to the night soil
buckets scraping their metal cups for the last remnants of
soup. Jimmy sits close by staring at his cup.

Cockcroft comes over with Gareth, Nigel, and **ANDREW** - a
ginger haired son of a Glasgow publican.

COCKCROFT
(referring to Jimmy's
soup)
That going to waste?

CHRIS
He wants it.

Chris spoons watery soup into Jimmy's mouth. Some of it
dribbles down his chin.

COCKCROFT
We're in with this lot.

GARETH
Seven to a loaf?!

COCKCROFT
Want to be odd man out?

NIGEL
And near the slops. Not very
hygienic.

ANDREW
Don't worry, Sweetie, in a week
you'll be smelling like a whore's
crotch.

NIGEL
No need to be disgusting.

Suddenly SIRENS WAIL and everyone freezes. The lights
flicker.

ANDREW
Put another bob in the meter.

Darkness.

Curses and groans as they scramble for bunks. Gradually
silence descends, punctuated by coughs and flatulence.
Somebody asks:

VOICE IN DARKNESS
How'd we end up in a place like
this?

GARETH'S VOICE
What you expect, a Butlin's Holiday
Camp?

COCKCROFT'S VOICE
They'll be no whining. Keep your
misery to yourself.

Silence. Darkness, except for the occasional beam from the
ever searching spotlights, periodically illuminating Willie
and Chris and the others in their bunks.

A volley of shots in the distance.

NIGEL'S VOICE
What was that?!

COCKCROFT'S VOICE
What do you think it was? Now go to
sleep.

A shadow passes Chris and Willie. The sound of water in a
bucket, inches away. The shadow passes back to its bunk.

JIMMY

Mother's coming to get me.

Another shape squats over a bucket with accompanying sounds.

EXT. STALAG COMPOUND - DAY

The blazing Bavarian summer sun throbs overhead.

BENEATH: ranks of prisoners stand at attention as guards stride up and down, counting, reporting their tallies to Glazer who enters the numbers onto a clipboard and totals them. He glances up towards the Kommandant's office.

Adler, at the window, just perceptibly shakes his head.
Glazer shouts:

GLAZER (SUBTITLED GERMAN)

Again!

The guards smirk, they know the routine. Counting recommences.

THE SAME - AN HOUR LATER

Same procedure. A Dutch soldier faints. Glazer shouts:

GLAZER (SUBTITLED GERMAN)

Leave him!

The man is left.

The guards return with their tallies. Glazer looks for guidance.

At the window Adler once more shakes his head.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED GERMAN) (CONT'D)

Again!

THE SAME - AN HOUR LATER

More prisoners prostrate with heat.

Glazer tallies, glances up at the Kommandant's window.

The window is empty. Glazer smiles.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED GERMAN)

Fourteen deceased. All present and accounted for!

EXT. THE BRITISH COMPOUND - LATER

The POWs mill around aimlessly.

Somebody kicks a stone. A pickup game of soccer starts.

Suddenly a shot rings out from the watch tower, kicking up a cloud of dust near one of the players. Loudspeakers crackle.

LOUDSPEAKER

No games!

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME - MORE TIME HAS PASSED

Willie is sitting on the barracks steps. Chris, with Jimmy, wanders over and sits down unasked. Silence.

Jimmy starts catching flies with his hand. Some of the others wander over.

GARETH

We'll be looking like them soon.

He's referring to the other compounds, particularly the Poles and Slavs, the first captured. Bearded, scraggly haired, and wild. The others not far behind.

NIGEL

We're British.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRISON CAMP, BRITISH SECTION, DAY.

Super: AUGUST, 1940.

Flies and mosquitos circle lazily. FOLLOW one of them as it alights on a wet forehead of a POW propped against the hut's wooden wall, craving some shade. It's almost midday, the shadow projected by the jutting roof isn't enough. The POW tries to blow the mosquito away; one, two, three times. He finally chases it off with his hand.

CAMERA leaves the POW, PANNING along the wall, reaches a corner where another POW (his arm patch missing) stands, skinny and haggard. He picks at a festering sore on his neck while haggling with a guard, gazing longingly at a piece of bread in the German's hand, it's black, half covered with mold.

HUNGRY POW

My insignia for *that*?

The guard shrugs, starts to walk away. He's stopped by the POW, who gives him the insignia. The guard grins. FOLLOW the POW as he enters the hut.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - CONTINUOUS

Men lay sprawled across their cots, unshaven, uniforms ragged, most are scratching themselves furiously. The hungry POW sits on his cot, starts to remove the mold from his bread. A greedy look from a man nearby.

POW WITH BREAD

Forget it.

A few bunks away Chris is sitting on his bed, bouncing a rough ball made of rags against the wall, THUD, THUD, THUD.

POW WITH BREAD (CONT'D)

Go play outside, Yankee boy.

CHRIS

And get shot?

POW WITH BREAD

Stop it!

Chris SLAMS the ball against the wall and exits.

EXT. PRISON CAMP, BRITISH SECTION - DAY.

CAMERA follows Chris as he wanders thru the compound.

WIDEN FRAME: a more extensive view of the English section. Small groups of POWs scattered about doing nothing, all in bad shape.

CHRIS

Anyone seen Jimmy?

Nigel is giving a history lesson to a bored group with nothing else to do.

NIGEL

...the thing to remember about
Oliver Cromwell is...

Most of his pupils are asleep.

CHRIS

Where'd the little guy go?

FOLLOW Chris to where Willie is squatting, drawing idly in the dust, lost in thought.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Seen Jimmy?

Willie doesn't react; as though he hadn't heard.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Help me find him?

Still no reaction.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Asshole.
(suddenly)
Oh fuck...

POV: at the far corner of the compound Jimmy is walking slowly towards the outer fence.

Willie is on his feet, Chris alongside him. They sprint to Jimmy, each grabbing an arm.

A BELL starts ringing. All the POWs hungrily head to their barracks.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO BARRACK - DAY

A rabble of POWs shoving each other. Cockroft, carrying a sack, tries to make his way thru.

COCKCROFT
Are you soldiers of His Majesty?!
Compose yourselves!

The POWs calm down, ashamed. Cockroft enters the hut.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - DAY

Cockcroft dumps Red Cross parcels on the big table in the middle of the hut. Most have been opened.

COCKCROFT
Now we know what "much in demand" means.

NIGEL
They didn't take the toothpaste.

COCKCROFT
Divi-up what's left. Any requests based on special needs will be considered.

HUNGRY POW
I have special needs!

COCKCROFT
Inability to tolerate hunger is a special weakness.

THE SAME - LATER

Everyone has their share. Some are discussing possible swaps. Chris savors a small piece of biscuit.

Jimmy just stares. Chris looks at his lap.

CHRIS
Where's your goodies?

The hungry POW and half a dozen of his buddies are munching away. Chris tells Willie:

CHRIS (CONT'D)
They stole his stuff.

Willie looks up, but says nothing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Going to help me get it back?

Willie doesn't respond.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Knew I could count on you.

Chris starts towards the hungry gang. Willie grabs his shirt.

WILLIE
There'll be trouble.

CHRIS
My middle name.

WILLIE
The guards will come.

CHRIS
I don't care.

WILLIE
I do.

Chris glares at the hungry gang.

CHRIS
Give it back.

HUNGRY POW
Someone's name on it, is there?
Anyone seen us take it? Besides,
its all gone.

He pats his stomach. Chris scoops up his own share, and Willie's, and dumps it onto Jimmy's lap.

CHRIS
This has his name on it.

Suddenly he spins and drives his fist piston-like into the hungry POW's gut, doubling him over in agony. His buddies don't feel like making a move.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Agreed?

The hungry POW groans and retches.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Eat too fast?

(to Willie)

Chicken shit.

EXT. BRITISH COMPOUND - LATER THAT DAY

Chris sees Willie come out of the hut and head toward the day latrine. He follows him with his eyes, then strolls in the same direction.

EXT. DAY LATRINE - DAY

A huge hole, partially full of faeces. A myriad of flies buzz. The stink is unbearable. Two wooden planks cross the hole. Willie is on one of the planks, he's about to pee.

CHRIS (O.C.)

Are we bothering you? Jimmy and I?

Willie turns, sees Chris; pretends nothing's happened.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Or do you just turn your back on everyone?

Willie ignores Chris.

WILLIE

I fight the battles I can win.

Chris starts rocking the plank with his foot. Willie is in danger of falling into the shit hole.

CHRIS

Knew you were an asshole the moment we met. I figured you were the perfect asshole. Then I realized: no asshole is perfect; an asshole is just...a smelly asshole. But maybe you're a douche bag? What are you, asshole or douche bag?

Chris pushes Willie, who teeters, almost falls.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Here's one battle you're not going
to win.

He's about to push again, when Willie leaps at Chris, fists flying.

EXT. BRITISH COMPOUND - DAY

Two figures, splattered with shit, erupt from the latrine locked in combat.

Willie connects, sending Chris sprawling. He turns his back and strides away. Chris is on his feet. Charges. A flying tackle. They roll in the dust, flailing away at each other.

Scrambling to their feet they stand toe to toe, slugging away at each other.

Whistles shriek, sirens wail, dogs bark.

EXT. BARBED WIRE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Led by Glazer and Gunther, Willie and Chris move in silence along a narrow alley bordered on both sides by towering barbed wire and searchlights. On one side is:

The Stalag graveyard. Already starting to fill. Several freshly dug graves in evidence.

On the other side: a guardhouse, surrounded by low-lying objects that can't be clearly seen.

EXT. PUNISHMENT AREA - DUSK

The objects turn out to be mini Quonset huts the size of dog kennels, with corrugated tin roofs and steel doors. Not tall enough to stand in. Nor long enough to lie down in. The proportions are perfect for discomfort.

The entire area is surrounded by a heavy barbed wire perimeter patrolled by guards.

Glazer goes to the door of the guard house. The area in front of it is illuminated by a huge searchlight on a pole. Insects are drawn to it on this warm summer night. Some sizzle against the hot bulb and fall, twirling like damaged helicopters, to the dirt below.

GLAZER

Gerfreiter Bernhart!

On watch is a young gawky university student with thick glasses - **PRIVATE BERNHART** - standing stiffly at attention. Glazer addresses him with dismissive scorn.

GLAZER (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
Tuck them into bed, Nurse Bernhart.

Bernhart lifts heavy metal bolts which release the hinged steel fronts of the kennels.

BERNHART (IN SCHOOLBOY ENGLISH)
Get in, please.

CHRIS
Where's the double bed?

GLAZER (SUBTITLE)
What did he say?!

BERNHART (SUBTITLE)
He begged for mercy.

Glazer nods, pleased, gestures for the process to proceed.

CHRIS' POV from within the tiny kennel: Bernhart's face framed in the opening. Then the door lowers. Darkness. Sounds of bolts sliding home.

WILLIE'S POV: Bernhart closing his kennel. Blackness.

OUTSIDE: Glazer tells Bernhart:

GLAZER (SUBTITLE)
Report everything you hear.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED)
Of course, Captain Glazer!

Glazer leaves, taking Gunther with him. Bernhart heaves a sign of relief.

THE SAME - LATER

Some hours have gone by. Bernhart sits in a chair outside the guard house, reading a book by the illumination spilling from a searchlight on a pole. Underneath it dead insects have begun to pile up. The silence is finally broken.

CHRIS (O.C.)
Psssst. Douchebag?

Bernhart downs his book. From another kennel a Polish accent:

TIMOS (O.C.)
You must whisper. They bang on the metal roof. Your ears ring for hours.

Bernhart goes into the guard house.

CHRIS (O.C.)
Who're you?

TIMOS (O.C.)
Timos. From Polish section.

Another voice from another kennel, this time a Nordic accent.

BJORN (O.C.)
Chaplain Bjorn Tharaldsen. Norway.

Bernhart comes back from the guardhouse with a notebook and pencil. Another voice is heard - French accent.

ANTOINE (O.C.)
You will need to pray tomorrow,
Monsieur.

Bernhart starts taking notes.

KENNELS: light seeps in thru the cracks where the corrugated roof meets the wooden walls. As each prisoner speaks he can be seen in the dim light, curled in his painful position.

CHRIS
A Frenchie? Jeez, they let anyone
in here.

ANTOINE
Antoine from Morocco.

TIMOS
Thinks he's Papillon.

ANTOINE
Eight times I escape.

TIMOS
Eight times he gets caught.

ANTOINE
If you run they shoot. So I fall
down. They beat me. I try again.

CHRIS
What's your crime, Pollack? Other
than being Polish.

Bernhart stifles a laugh.

TIMOS
Insulting guards. My hobby.

CHRIS
Chaplain, what's your sin?

BJORN

Attending church services in
Langwasser. Good-hearted Germans
gave soap and food. I was caught.

CHRIS

Name's Chris. Manly art of
fisticuffs.

BJORN

Your friend is quiet.

CHRIS

Strong silent type. When do we have
exercise? I'm getting cramps.

ANTOINE

Beware what you wish for. In the
morning we do running.

CHRIS

I like that.

ANTOINE

You won't like this.

TIMOS

What do you know about running?

ANTOINE

In Morocco, everyday, on the way to
school...lions chase us.
(laughs crazily)
I can win any race.

CHRIS

I was Triple A gold medalist.
Sprints. Til I got into a little
trouble.

From a kennel that hasn't been heard from yet.

WILLIE

I ran long distance.

CHRIS

It speaks!

Bernhart spots one of the perimeter guards returning to the
guard house. He quickly closes his notebook and races inside.

TIMOS

What kind of long distance?

WILLIE

Marathon.

TIMOS

That's long.

ANTOINE

Were you any good?

WILLIE

(pause, then)

Yes.

CHRIS

Bet I can run you into the ground.

ANTOINE

Monsieurs, what we do here...isn't exactly running.

Bernhart comes out of the guard house with a baton, which he beats on the metal roofs: CLANG, CLANG, CLANG...

IN CHRIS' KENNEL: a deafening CLANG reverberates.

THE SAME - NEXT MORNING

CLANG. A blinding stream of light as the door of Chris' kennel is unbolted and lifted.

GUARD

Heraus!

Chris can't move. Can't even think. He's totally disoriented. A pair of hands reaches in, grabs him by the hair and pulls him out.

EXT. PUNISHMENT AREA - MORNING

An impressive pile of fried contorted insects rests beneath the darkened searchlight.

Groggy prisoners writhe in pain from cramped muscles, close to the breaking point.

GUARD

Lauf!

CHRIS

Ha ha ha.

The guard is about to smash Chris with his rifle butt. Bernhart stops him with a gesture.

BERNHART

Lauf means run. Run like a frog.
Start. Hop hop hop.

Antoine demonstrates:

ANTOINE

Like this...

Knees bent in a squatting position, arms and hands outstretched in front of the body. A difficult position and painful enough to hold in a stationary position. But to be forced to hop around and around in a circle...excruciating.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

We hop til we drop. Everyone watches...so we feel like merde.

Beyond the barbed wire perimeter prisoners from the various compounds are watching the ritual with depressed fascination, while guards observe with glee, as round and round the punished hop.

GUARD

Hopfen! Hopfen! Hopfen!

The man, in their weakened state, agonize through the exercise. Bjorn topples with exhaustion and cramps, sobbing in defeat. A guard kicks him, but God's man can't get up. The guard leaves him there. The others continue, round and round.

Something is happening between Chris and Willie. They look at each other questioningly. Willie nods. Chris nods back. Antoine sees, he too nods. Now Timor becomes aware of what's going on, and grunts. A silent agreement has been made. **The four remaining Frog-Runners start to race.** Faster and faster they hop.

The guards are laughing, thinking its hilarious. Bernhart watches with fascination as round and round the racers spring.

In the other compounds the onlookers are beginning to take notice. Cockcroft is one of them. He waves others in the British compound over to watch. They all realize something important is happening.

Suddenly Timos is seized with a cramp and tumbles to the dust, clutching his leg. A couple of kicks from the guards...he's left where he is.

Around and round the three remaining Frog Runners hop, sweat pouring, contorted with pain, but they're smiling, because they're racing.

Antoine falters...valiantly tries to gather his strength...makes another circuit...then slows and...still fighting...finally stops and falls.

Only Willie and Chris now. Their eyes locked. Determined to defeat the other. Round and round. Their neck veins bulging. White foam filling their mouths.

By now Bernhart has realized what is going on: the prisoners have turned the punishment into a contest! He sees Glazer approaching.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED)
(to a nearby guard)
Beat them!

The guard doesn't need encouragement, Willie and Chris are beaten. They lay in the dusty ground, exhausted and bleeding. Glazer has reached Bernhart, looks at the bodies in the dust.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED)
It appears you can act like a
soldier...*Corporal* Bernhart.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED)
Thank you, Captain Glazer! I will
serve you always, Captain Glazer!

GLAZER (SUBTITLED)
Don't over-do it.

The Frog-Runners are dragged to their kennels. Willie is limp, face covered with blood.

Bernhart nervously turns to Glazer, who shrugs his shoulders.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)
When Doctor Theo is finished, back
into the kennels.

He strides away.

INT. GUARD HOUSE - DAY.

The Frog-Runners are sitting in the guard house, drinking water. Willie is being bandaged by Theo.

THEO
Hard to kill such a strong fellow.
(to Bernhart in subtitled
German)
Look at those legs, like a frog.

Willie tenses.

THEO (CONT'D)
I hurt you?

Willie shakes his head.

THEO (CONT'D)
You're a long distance runner?

WILLIE

(nods, then adds quickly)
Local clubs.

THEO

You could have been more than that.

(to Chris)

A sprinter? I knew it.

(Antoine)

This one...? A new Jesse Owens?

Schwarze are good athletes. Except swimming. Their bones are too heavy.

(Bjorn)

I think not.

(Timos)

A Slav... What can I say. Workers. Not an insult. Merely observation. This was my specialty, before the unfortunate hostilities. My medical thesis was the relationship between body types and sports performance. I hope to publish when peace is secured. If I had time I'd take your measurements. But I must return to my infirmary, and you to your barracks.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED)

Herr Doctor, Captain Glazer ordered...

THEO (SUBTITLED)

Captain Glazer is not a doctor.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - DAY

Under armed guard, the five Frog-Runners are marched in silence towards their national compounds. Then:

CHRIS

Felt good didn't it?

EXT. BRITISH COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The compound is the same as when they left, yet... Gareth gives them a clenched fist salute. Willie and Chris look at each other: what's that all about? Andrew plays 'air bagpipes' in honour of their return. Nigel rushes up and shakes their hands, then beats a hasty retreat. Cockcroft comes over.

COCKCROFT

Well done, lads.

CHRIS

We won the Kentucky Derby?

They're interrupted by the appearance of Gunther at the door of the barrack. He points at Chris:

GUNTHER

Commandant's office.

CHRIS

How could I do anything wrong? I was in The House Of The Punished.

INT. KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Adler all smiles and effusive charm.

ADLER

My honored American guest! Please be seated.

A RED CROSS REPRESENTATIVE in business suit sits quietly at the table, briefcase on his lap. Chris remains standing.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Zigarette?

CHRIS

Don't smoke.

ADLER

Schokolade?

Adler offers a chocolate bar (of the type found in Red Cross packages) expecting Chris to take a piece. Chris takes the whole bar and puts it in his shirt pocket. Adler raises an eyebrow.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Why did you not inform us your father is such an important fellow.

CHRIS

(feigned concern)
Dad's been captured?

ADLER

(forced laughter)
I let the Red Cross explain.

RED CROSS REPRESENTATIVE

Your father, Congressman Prine, has written a letter...

(to Adler)

May I give it to the prisoner?

ADLER

"Prisoner"? We don't regard Mr. Christopher Prine as a prisoner. He is a misguided young man, temporarily in our care.

The representative hands an envelope. While Chris is reading:

ADLER (CONT'D)

Germany and USA have always been \ good friends; from the time of the Revolution War, when only Germans were allowed to be the body guard of George Washington. What does your loving father write?

CHRIS

(deadpan)

He worships me.

ADLER

Ah, a father's love.

RED CROSS REPRESENTATIVE

In a few weeks there will be a prisoner exchange.

ADLER

Enlisted men included! The German High Command does not care only about 'top brass'.

RED CROSS REPRESENTATIVE

There are five openings on the list.

ADLER

You will be one of them!

RED CROSS REPRESENTATIVE

Your father has gone to a great deal of trouble.

ADLER

Take note, Red Cross, this is how we treat Americans placed in our safekeeping. *Shutz!*

A guard opens the door.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Escort our American friend back to his comrades.

At the door, hidden from the Red Cross man, Adler wags a finger at Chris and transfers the bar of chocolate from Chris' shirt pocket to his own.

INT. WILLIE'S BARRACK - DAY

Almost deserted. Willie and Chris are sitting on their bunks. Chris keeps his eyes on Jimmy, who is staring into space.

WILLIE

Give me a good reason.

(no response)

Give me a bad reason.

(no response)

You think the Nazis are going to miss you?

CHRIS

All my life I've been a pussy.

(finally an out-pouring)

When cops busted me for d and d, who bailed me out? Daddy. When my grades weren't good...correction, when I didn't go to class and was thrown out...who got me into another college? Pops. When his business friends' debutante daughters were my dates, who knocked them up? Junior. When I started winning track medals, what did I do? Got thrown off the team. Well... one day I decided to do something on my very own. The old man hates the Brits. He and Joe Kennedy. So I volunteered, just to piss him off. This was the first thing in my life that was mine. I even screwed that up! Got captured first day in Dunkirk. Now I'd like not to screw up being a prisoner. Just for once, I'd like to do something right.

WILLIE

What can you do here?

CHRIS

(shrugs)

Have more frog races?

WILLIE

(dismissive)

Brilliant.

EXT. BRITISH COMPOUND - DAY

Chris approaches the fence that separates the English section from the French, trying to attract attention.

FRENCH POW

You're the American?

CHRIS
How'd you guess?

FRENCH POW
Antoine said tall, stupid,
ridiculous looking.

The French POW disappears.

THE SAME - SOME MINUTES LATER

Antoine approaches Chris.

CHRIS
Willie and I want to offer you a re-
match.

Antoine beams.

ANTOINE
This time I win!

CHRIS
But we have to invite the others.
How can we meet?

With studied casualness Antoine looks around to make sure no
one is listening.

ANTOINE
Eat a cigarette.

CHRIS
What happens?

ANTOINE
Cramps, fever, toilet, infirmary.
You don't die. A trick I learned in
prison.

CHRIS
Yeah, I know.

ANTOINE
Sure you do.

CAMERA LIFTS AND WIDENS following Antoine from the English
fence to the Polish fence to spread the word.

COCKROFT (V.O.)
Eat it!

WILLIE (V.O.)
I'm on a diet.

INT. WILLIE'S BARRACK - NIGHT

Willie is sitting in his bunk, Chris and Cockcroft confronting him with a cigarette.

WILLIE

I don't think it's a good idea.

Cockcroft glares at him.

COCKROFT

I think it is. I saw how the lads brightened up.

WILLIE

Then you eat the cigarette.

CHRIS

He's playing hard to get.

COCKROFT

Shall we help him?

Willie gulps, takes the cigarette, sniffs it, licks it...bolts it down. They watch him carefully. Nothing happens. Then, a strange look on his face.

WILLIE

Oh shit...

Chris wrinkles his face and takes a bite of his cigarette. A look of utter disgust.

COCKROFT

Don't nibble it! It's not your girlfriend's titty.

Willie starts to gag.

CAMERA STARTS TO SPIN...

INT. OBSERVATION WARD, INFIRMARY - DAY

SPIN comes to rest ON WILLIE: forehead beaded with sweat, drifting from unconsciousness to consciousness.

TIMOS (O.C.)

What do you think, British?

WILLIE

I think I'm going to die.

THEO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

At his desk the doctor stares at five dossiers, listening to voices coming from the ward.

OBSERVATION WARD - CONTINUOUS

TIMOS
...you mean running?

CHRIS
Like a track meet.

CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Theo coming silently towards the ward.

OBSERVATION WARD - CONTINUOUS

TIMOS
Like...what?

WILLIE
Olympics. We make our national
flags, parade around the camp,
invite Hitler, Mussolini,
Churchill...maybe FDR and Stalin.

CHRIS
Fantastic idea!

WILLIE
Chris, I was joking.

THEO (O.C.)
The product of nicotine poisoning?

Theo has their medical records in hand.

THEO (CONT'D)
A doctor has five prisoners take
ill all on the same day, all from
nicotine poisoning, and they all
happen to be the same five he just
examined in The House Of The
Punished. A doctor, if he is not
really stupid, takes notice.

CHRIS
You could measure us.

THEO
What?

CHRIS
In the name of science. For your
book.

THEO
Are you serious?

BJORN

The Tokyo Games were cancelled.
Which is not a good thing. This is
serious to all of us. Sport is
sport, whether in war or peace.

CHRIS

Wouldn't it would be an honor for
Germany to keep the flame alive?

THEO

(remembering)

"The sportive, knightly battle
awakens the best human
characteristics. It doesn't
separate, but unites the combatants
in understanding and respect. It
also helps to connect the countries
in the spirit of peace. That's why
the Olympic Flame should never
die."

CHRIS

Beautifully said. Your words?

THEO

Adolph Hitler.

He sees them staring at him.

THEO (CONT'D)

I will ask the Kommandant. He may
not approve, of course. But I will
try to explain in the Führer's own
words. Please, nothing is to be
done until we have spoken. "Be
patient toward all that is unsolved
in your heart and try to love the
questions themselves. Do not now
seek the answers, which cannot be
given you ..."

WILLIE

(almost unwillingly)

"...because you would not be able
to live them."

CHRIS

Hitler?

WILLIE

Rilke.

THEO

You know his work?

WILLIE
(downplays)
A little.

THEO
In German?

Willie shakes his head, no.

THEO (CONT'D)
Pity. In the original it is even
better. Please, no more tobacco
feasting. When I have news, I'll
bring you back for re-examination.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE INFIRMARY - DAY

The Frog-Runners are being escorted back to their national
compounds.

WILLIE
He quotes Hitler about the Olympic
Games?!? When Jesse Owens won four
gold medals, Hitler said people who
came from the jungle are primitive,
which is why their physiques are
stronger than those of civilized
whites, so they should be excluded.
Future Olympic Games were to only
to be held in Germany. And only
Aryans qualified.

TIMOS
I'm so glad you like the idea.
(holy words)
"The Games of 1940".

BJORN
If the Commandant approves. Until
then...

ANTOINE
Mother is the word.

INT. FRENCH BARRACK - DAY

Antoine bursts in.

ANTOINE (SUBTITLED)
I'm going to win gold medals at the
Olympic Games!

INT. BELGIAN BARRACK - DAY

Belgian POWs gather in two groups, very excited. Their burly Man Of Confidence - GILLES - stands on the table.

GILLES (SUBTITLED FRENCH)
The French say there's to be an
Olympic Games! We must quickly form
a Belgium National Committee.

JAN (SUBTITLED FLEMISH)
Who put you in charge? Flemish
Belgians demand equal
representation.

EXT. DUTCH COMPOUND - DAY

Dutch POWs are quietly standing in a circle. A tall Hollander - **CORNELIUS** - is in the middle.

CORNELIUS (SUBTITLED)
We're not many, so we run the risk
of disgracing Holland.

A mumble from the others.

DUTCH POW 1 (SUBTITLED)
Frankie was a great boxer before
the war.

FRANKIE (SUBTITLED)
Pretty good.

DUTCH POW 2 (SUBTITLED)
I did weight-lifting...

The mumble becomes one of cautious approval.

EXT. YUGOSLAVIAN COMPOUND - DAY

About twenty.

MIRKO (SUBTITLE)
Who wants to be on the Yugoslav
national volleyball team?

All twenty raise their hands enthusiastically.

ALEX (SUBTITLE)
Hundred metre dash?

All twenty raise their hands.

INT. KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Adler gazes adoringly at his stalag model. Next to it a thick report with glossy black covers emblazoned with the swastika.

He pours himself a shot from a silver flask, and toasts:

ADLER

To me.

Knocks it back. Picks up the report and holds it aloft indolently.

ADLER (CONT'D)

To Berlin.

A hand takes it.

WIDEN SHOT: the hand belongs to Glazer.

ADLER (CONT'D)

If this goes to the top...and I know it will!...and you maintain discipline...I know you will!...I might take you to Berlin with me.

GLAZER

(elated)

My Commandant!

ADLER

But there must be no problems.

INT. POLISH BARRACK - DAY

Timos tries to cope with the emotions in his hut.

TIMOS (SUBTITLED)

What did you hear?!

POLISH POW 1 (SUBTITLED)

From the Slavs. "Prisoner Olympics". I want to be in the marathon!

POLISH POW 2 (SUBTITLED)

Dressage for me.

TIMOS (SUBTITLED)

"Dressage"?

POLISH POW 2 (SUBTITLED)

Horse riding.

TIMOS (SUBTITLED)

Horses?

INT. NORWEGIAN BARRACK - DAY

All are solemnly gathered around Bjorn.

NORWEGIAN POW (SUBTITLED)
I was a champion cross country skier.

BJORN (SUBTITLED)
These are *summer* Olympics.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - DAY

Nigel holding forth. Everyone listening. PAN across their faces.

NIGEL
That's how you end the Olympic Games. Only one way: the Marathon. Greek Democracy was in peril; invaders about to destroy freedom and make them slaves. This was two and half thousand years ago. They fought at a place called Marathon. A soldier named Philippides ran forty two kilometers, from Marathon to Athens, without stopping. When he arrived, he shouted one word - "Nikomen!" - then died. "Nikomen! We won!" It gave others courage to fight on.

CHRIS
You know, this was all Willie's idea!

Willie could strangle him.

WILLIE
The doctor said keep it quiet. It might not happen.

COCKROFT
Cat's out of bag, hard to stuff it back in.

ADLER & THEO (V.O.)
Ein-zwei-drei-vier! Ein-zwei-drei-vier!

INT. ADLER'S PRIVATE GYMNASIUM - NEW DAY

The two officers are using India rubber expanders.

ADLER & THEO
Ein-zwei-drei-vier!

THEO
Now your favorite.

ADLER
Ach.

Theo picks up the medicine ball and throws it to Adler.

THEO
I'm concerned about prisoner
attitude.

Adler struggles to throw it back.

ADLER
Report any insubordination to
Captain Glazer.

THEO
I didn't mean that. But...when pent
up energy builds...not directed at
us, of course...but among
themselves, leading to possible
violence...

ADLER
I would welcome it.

Adler forms a pistol with forefinger and thumb, pantomimes
shooting; as a result the medicine ball almost slams into his
gut.

THEO
Surely too much of that...
(mirrors the shooting
pantomime)
...will not look good on our
records?

ADLER
What do you suggest we give them,
Philharmonic concerts? Or nightclub
cabaret?

THEO
I thought possibly...in the words
of our Fuhrer at the Olympic
Games...

ADLER
This isn't Berlin. We're not saying
pretty words in front of the press.
Here we do the real job. Sport
gives dignity. That is the one
thing they must not have.
(strikes a pose)
Am I fit?

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

The Frog-Runners have been summoned.

CHRIS

Crap.

Perhaps because of his own disappointment, Theo flares.

THEO

The Kommandant and I are officers
in the German Army. You will speak
with respect.

Chris starts to reply.

CHRIS

Only if I respect what you...

THEO

Enough! There's nothing medically
wrong with you. Return to your
barracks.

CHRIS

Aw forchristsake don't be such a
dick!!!

THEO

Sergeant Brunner!

INT. KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE - LATER

Adler is at the window, studying the compound below. A CLICK
of heels. Glazer has entered. Adler gestures. Glazer joins
him at the window.

ADLER

What do you see?

Glazer is confused.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Giraffes, polar bears...?

Glazer realizes its a joke. He peers out the window,
desperate to come up with the correct answer.

GLAZER

Dirty prisoners.

ADLER

Half right. Dirty prisoners of
different nations near the
fence...*talking to each other.*
Fraternizing!!!

GLAZER
You're right!

ADLER
Glad you think so.

GLAZER
I'll issue a warning and have it
stopped.

ADLER
They were warned when they arrived.

EXT. GUARD HOUSE AND THE HOUSE OF THE PUNISHED - NIGHT

A sizeable pile of insects on the ground under the light.
Bernhart is in his chair, outside the office, notebook and
pencil at the ready.

CUT TO each kennel as they speak, their faces only partly
illuminated by streaks of light coming in thru the cracks.

WILLIE
You were terrific, Chris. Maybe a
career in the Diplomatic Corps?

CHRIS
Screw you! Let's just do it!

ANTOINE
I agree with the stupid American.
We do it in secret. I want to win a
gold.

TIMOS
All you think of is me me me. A
typical Frenchman.

ANTOINE
Moroccan. In the French army.

TIMOS
No wonder they surrendered. I think
about my men. Going ahead is too
dangerous.

BJORN
I feel the same.

CHRIS
Chickenshits, all of you.

WILLIE
I see the Olympic spirit of
brotherhood overwhelms us.

TIMOS (O.C.)
Is that a yes or a no?

Silence.

CHRIS
You have the deciding vote,
douchbag.

From a perimeter guard.

GUARD (SUBTITLED)
What's going on?!

Bernhart quietly slips into the guardhouse, shuts the door,
pours himself a mug of coffee, dumps the rest, sets up a new
pot for brewing.

Outside, the guard pounds on the corrugated iron kennels with
his truncheon, deafening the Frog-Runners.

Bernhart comes back out, fragrant steam wafting from his mug.

GUARD (SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)
You didn't hear them?

BERNHART (SUBTITLED)
I was making coffee.

GUARD (SUBTITLED)
Smells good.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED)
From the Red Cross packages.

GUARD (SUBTITLED)
I'll miss them when we win the war.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED)
A fresh pot's brewing.

The guard goes into the hut.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)
Shut the door, keep the insects
out.

The guard shuts the door. Bernhart remains outside and
listens as the voices start up again.

CHRIS
They gone?

ANTOINE (O.C.)
If they weren't, we'd know.

CHRIS (O.C.)
What's it to be, Billy boy?

Silence.

CHRIS (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Come on!

WILLIE (O.C.)
No.

Long pause, then:

CHRIS (O.C.)
You heard it here first, folks. Mr
Douchebag votes no. The Games of
1940 are once again cancelled.

Bernhart writes down the results down in his notebook.

THE SAME - MORNING

The punished have been pulled out of their kennels to do
"exercise". They can hardly move.

Glazer looks on, pleased. Asks Bernhart:

GLAZER (SUBTITLED GERMAN)
Anything to report?

BERNHART (SUBTITLED GERMAN)
They remained silent, Captain
Glazer.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED GERMAN)
Give them some exercise.

Glazer blows his whistle.

The punished start doing the frog-run.

Prisoners from other compounds are watching.

The Frog-Runners make a few circuits. Bjorn goes down first.
The others follow rapidly. Nobody really tries. Guards kick
at them. None of the Frog-Runners seem to care.

Glazer is very satisfied.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - DAY

The Frog-Runners are being escorted home. Other prisoners
look at them with disappointment and turn away. Chris
comments bitterly:

CHRIS
We're going to give them a lot to
live for.

WILLIE

There's something to be said for
just staying alive.

CHRIS

Depends what you do with it.

CRACK! Their heads turn.

ELEVATED VIEW: in the French compound a POW who was near the fence talking with Gareth staggers, knees buckle, falls. Gareth runs like hell.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - DAY

Willie and Chris step into loaded silence. All eyes are on them, expectant, waiting for the decision. Willie shakes his head.

CHRIS

It's all over. No Games.

It's as though the air had been let out of the room. Everyone avoids eye contact. Andrew sums it up:

ANDREW

Shite.

EXT. BRITISH BARRACK - DUSK

A hot evening in August. Soup is being served outside. Willie and Chris line up with the rest. They can't help but see the disappointment, frustration, and repressed rage in their fellow POWs. Nothing is said. Nothing needs to be said.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - EVENING

Windows are being shuttered, the door closed. Everyone's getting ready for lights out. Chris realizes:

CHRIS

Where's Jimmy?

(shouting)

Jimmy?

Suddenly the piercing sound of the alarm siren breaks the silence.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Jimmy!

Chris races to the door and opens it. Willie and Cockcroft try in vain to grab him, but he's stopped by Gunther blocking the doorway. Chris sees Jimmy heading like a sleepwalker toward the outer fence, tries to squeeze past.

GUNTHER
They'll shoot you.

Cockroft and Willie hold Chris back.

CHRIS
(desperate)
JIMMMYYYYYYY!!!

EXT. WATCH TOWER - CONTINUOUS

A sentry with a sniper rifle targets Jimmy. Suddenly a voice calls from the compound.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED)
Hold fire!

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Glazer is watching the scene.

The French are also watching from their huts.

From the distant doorway of one of the British barracks:

CHRIS
NOOOOOOO!!!

Jimmy reaches the fence, deliberately reaches up and grasps the wires.

ELEVATED VIEW of the camp, for a second the lights flicker and dim.

BACK TO Glazer in the compound. He shouts at the watch tower:

GLAZER (SUBTITLED)
Now you may shoot any prisoner you see!

A SHOT rings out, and a prisoner tumbles from one of the doorways. Instantly windows shut, doors slam, and the compound is deserted except for a satisfied looking Glazer.

Guards trotting out with body-bags and stretchers.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - LATE NIGHT

Chris tosses restlessly, having a nightmare. Willie is wide awake, staring.

POV: on Jimmy's bunk, a ROLLED MATTRESS.

Willie gets up. Rips a large section from his sheet. Takes some things from his gear bag.

He sits by a window. The floodlights coming in thru the join of the shutters gives him a shaft of light. He start to sew.

THE SAME - DAWN

Willie completes his task. A siren announces the night curfew is over.

EXT. BRITISH COMPOUND - EARLY MORNING

Willie exits the hut. A few prisoners are stumbling out of their barracks. Willie has a piece of fabric in his hand. He picks up a stone, wraps the fabric around it, heads toward the French section, making sure he doesn't get too near the fence. He throws the stone with the fabric wrapped around.

EXT. FRENCH COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

The wrapped stone lands at Antoine's feet. Antoine picks it up, unwraps the fabric. Crudely sewn, but unmistakably a Union Jack.

INT. FRENCH BARRACK - DAY

Antoine, surrounded by excited French POWs, is sewing a French flag. He wraps the Tricolor together with the Union Jack around the stone.

EXT. FRENCH COMPOUND - DAY

Antoine throws the flag-wrapped stone over the fence into the Polish section.

EXT. POLISH COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Timos unwraps the two flags, understands, nods to Antoine on the other side of the fence.

INT. NORWEGIAN BARRACK - DAY

Bjorn sews a Norwegian flag to join the three handmade flags on the table: English, French, and Polish.

EXT. DUTCH COMPOUND - DAY

The stone is now wrapped in seven flags, making quite a bundle. The Hollander who said earlier he had been a weight-lifter hefts it. The Dutch Man of Confidence, Cornelius, is worried.

CORNELIUS (SUBTITLED)
Can you throw it to the Belgians?

WEIGHTLIFTER (SUBTITLED)
Of course.

CORNELIUS (SUBTITLED)
It's far.

WEIGHTLIFTER (SUBTITLED)
I'm strong.

They look around the compound.

POV: no guards nearby. In the watch tower the sentry is positioned in the other direction.

CORNELIUS (SUBTITLED)
Now!

The weight-lifter winds up and throws...the package flies thru the air. A good toss. Too good. It flies over the Belgium fence and lands beyond their reach.

Looks of frantic frustration in both compounds. A guard is coming!

It's Bernhart. He meanders along in his uncoordinated manner. Stops. Looks down at the object at his feet.

POV: the handmade flags wrapped around a heavy object.

Bernhart see the Dutch staring at him. They quickly turn away. He sees the Belgians also staring, then they too look away.

With the side of his foot Bernhart neatly kicks the flag-ball under the Belgium fence.

EXT. BRITISH BARRACK - DAY

Willie, Chris, and some of the others are sitting on the steps when something lands on the hut's roof, making a loud clunk. An object rolls down and lands next to them, almost hitting Cockcroft on the head.

Cockcroft picks up the bundle, sees the flags, and breaks into a grin.

WILLIE
Get me a cigarette. I prefer the French ones. They're tastier.

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

Willie is puking in a bucket, groaning with pain.

WILLIE

You know the reason.

Theo looks uneasy.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

We voted.

The doctor looks even more disconcerted.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

We're going ahead.

THEO

That's insubordination.

WILLIE

Which is why we need a safe place to meet.

THEO

Don't come to me. I obey my Kommandant's orders.

WILLIE

What about higher orders? The Hippocratic Oath: Doctor, do no harm.

THEO

Don't play philosophy games with me. This is not ancient Greece!

WILLIE

That's been noticed. "Destiny gives us the cards," Doctor, "but we play the game."

THEO

Shopenauer...

WILLIE

A good German if I'm not mistaken.

He falls back on his litter, depleted.

INT. KITCHEN, THEO'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Theo and Greta are washing dishes together. She notices her husband is pensive, but asks nothing. They finish, Theo dries his hands, goes to:

INT. LIVING ROOM, THEO'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Little Adolf is sleeping on the couch. Theo takes him in his arms, carrying him to:

INT. LITTLE ADOLF'S BEDROOM, THEO'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Theo puts his son into the small bed. For a moment his concern vanishes, he smiles in gentleness and love. But then the darkness takes over again. Greta appears by his side, smiling in encouragement, waiting.

GRETA

What's wrong?

THEO

The prisoners asked me to do something the Kommandant does not approve of.

GRETA

And?

THEO

I feel what they're asking is reasonable.

GRETA

Then perhaps the Kommandant is wrong?

THEO

I mustn't think that.

GRETA

Ask yourself, Theo: what would Our Great Leader do? Is Chancellor Hitler ever wrong? Does he make mistakes?

THEO

Never.

GRETA

We know that, we live that. We see everyday where it has brought us. You remember what Germany was when we were kids... And what it is now.

THEO

Yes...he has given us back our pride, dignity, power. What Hitler has done is magnificent.

GRETA

So perhaps Kommandant Adler is not being a good German. Perhaps the Fuhrer would disagree with him.

Theo stares at their child, not saying nothing.

GRETA (CONT'D)
You're the best man I've ever
known, Theo. You'll do the right
thing.

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

Willie wakes up, still in the infirmary, surprised to find
the other Frog-Runners with him.

CHRIS
Good morning, lazy bastard!

Willie and Theo exchange glances.

THEO
I am keeping track of a possible
typhus epidemic. You're now under
observation. Every two days you
will be collected for a follow up
inspection. What you discuss on
those occasions is not my business.
I do not wish to hear, I refuse to
know.

Theo exits. The POWs look each other.

INT. BELGIAN BARRACK - EVENING

PAN along a row of Army boots.

GILLES (SUBTITLED)
Chose your size. They're the best
we have.

A young athletic looking POW - **JAN TRITIGNANT** - stares at
him, bewildered and moved.

GILLES (SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)
You'll be running for all of
Belgium.

Jan takes off his old boots that are virtually falling apart,
and picks out an almost new pair. He tries them on. A perfect
fit. He holds out his old pair.

JAN (SUBTITLED)
Who gets these?

GILLES (SUBTITLED)
I'll wear them with honor.

INT. POLISH BARRACK - EVENING

Timos stands at a table, his fellow Poles file past depositing pieces of bread and morsels from Red Cross parcels.

TIMOS (SUBTITLED)
Anyone contributing to our
athletes' training table will earn
eternal Polish gratitude. This is
not compulsory of course.

Every Polish POW leaves something on the table.

INT. NORWEGIAN BARRACK - NIGHT.

Handfuls of straw are stuffed into a once thin, now increasingly plump, mattress.

THE SAME - A BIT LATER

Bjorn approaches his new bed with reverence. It is the only solo bunk in the barrack, by the window, and the linen is clean.

BJORN (SUBTITLE)
I've never done shot put in my
life. I don't deserve this.

A comrade pats him in encouragement. Bjorn smiles, lies back on the bed, and sighs.

INT. YUGOSLAV BARRACK - NIGHT

Twenty Yugoslavs are celebrating with the product of a small still.

ALEX (SUBTITLED)
To the noble potato.

They all drink.

YUGOSLAV POWS
Yeyyyyyyy!

ALEX (SUBTITLED)
To the gold medal we will win in
the long jump!

YUGOSLAVIAN POWS
Yeyyyyyyyyyy!!

They all drink.

ALEX (SUBTITLED)
To the gold medal we will win in
volleyball!

YUGOSLAVIAN POWS
Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!

They drink again.

INT. A BELGIUM BARRACK - DAY

Man Of Confidence - **MARCEL ABSIL** - has the floor.

MARCEL (SUBTITLED)
Our national honor is at stake.

Dialogue segues to English

MARCEL (CONT'D)
I will understand, however, if
anyone is not interested in putting
their life at risk.

The young POW, Jan Tritignant, raises his hand.

JAN
How dangerous?

MARCEL
Knowing Commandant Alder: "hard
consequences".

JAN
Niiiiice.
(then)
One hundred meter dash.

INT. FRENCH BARRACK - LATE AFTERNOON

Athletic preparations abound: pushups, sit-ups, anything to
build fitness and strength.

A small group, using sharp pieces of broken bottles, whittle
two U-shape cradles into the wooden side bars of two parallel
top bunks. A piece of metal pipe is fitted into these
cradles. One of the men starts to use it for chin-ups while
others wait their turn.

A passing Frenchman - **CLAUDE DUPRES** - asks:

DUPRES (SUBTITLED FRENCH)
Where'd you get that?

The dialogue segues into English.

FRENCH POW

Next door.

Dupres looks out the window.

POV: prisoners are crawling under the next barrack, others stand around cursing, swearing at a stream of water coming from under their barrack.

Dupres grins, then sees Antoine sitting morosely on his bunk.

DUPRES

What's the matter, your girlfriend
dump you?

Antoine shrugs hopelessly.

ANTOINE

I'm stuck with knocking you out in
boxing.

DUPRES

Dream on.

ANTOINE

I want to do something serious:
but, no, Antoine...impossible,
Antoine...crazy, Antoine.

DUPRES

What you want to do?

ANTOINE

Pole vault.

DUPRES

You're crazy, Antoine.

INT. DUTCH BARRACK - NIGHT

Cornelius climbs onto his bunk...and almost falls thru the middle. He peels back the mattress. Several planks are missing.

CORNELIUS (SUBTITLED)

Who's the thief?

Silence. A nearby POW points to the far end of the barrack.

Cornelius walks in that direction. All the POWs fall silent as he makes his way.

He comes upon a trio, quite unaware, happily whittling and sanding away at the planks. Suddenly they become conscious of silence, and Cornelius towering behind them. He takes one of the planks, looks at it.

FIRST WHITTTLER (SUBTITLED)
We're making bows.

SECOND WHITTTLER (SUBTITLED)
For archery.

EXT. BELGIUM COMPOUND - DAY.

A guard is leaning against the corner of the barrack. Nearby a couple of Belgium POWs talk casually. Suddenly one of them elbows the other. They immediately start to argue, pushing each other. The guard intervenes and separates them. At the same time a group of POWs run past. The two stop their argument. The guard returns to his post, unaware of the training.

INT. GUARD HOUSE, PUNISHMENT AREA - DAY

Bernhart is writing in his notebook. Gunther steps in carrying a folder, Bernhart immediately stands, salutes.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED)
Good morning, Herr Sergeant.

GUNTHER (SUBTITLED)
The weekly discipline report.

Gunther gives the folder to Bernhart. Glazer's voice can be heard outside.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED)
I beg your pardon, Herr Sergeant...

Bernhart rushes out. Gunther sees the notebook. He picks it up, flips thru the pages; what he see makes him curious, he reads further and scowls. Bernhart comes back in, sees what Gunther is reading, and turns ashen.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)
Herr Sergeant, that is personal.

Gunther glares at him.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)
After the war I hope to write a
novel. From my imagination.
(holds out his hand)
Please...

Gunther leaves, taking the notebook with him.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - DUSK

While the others wait for their soup, Willie, Chris and Cockroft are in a planning session, papers in front of them.

Andrew keeps watch by the door. He whistles. The papers disappear, replaced by playing cards. Gunther enters. He throws the notebook on the table.

Willie picks up the notebook, gives it a glance.

WILLIE

We don't know German.

GUNTHER

It tells the fairy story of prisoners who talk at night about making secret Olympic games against the Kommandant's orders.

WILLIE

Someone has a lively imagination.

GUNTHER

Perhaps I should show it to the Kommandant.

CHRIS

That a question, or a statement?

COCKCROFT

What do you want, Sergeant Brunner? Chocolate, coffee, cigarettes?

GUNTHER

You insult me, Master Sergeant. Germany has a right be represented. Refusal will be a violation of the Olympic spirit.

COCKCROFT

You can't do that.

GUNTHER

You wish to be reported?

COCKCROFT

You'd be disobeying your Commandant.

GUNTHER

I'd be infiltrating a prisoner conspiracy. Anything goes wrong, you are first on my list of disclosures, Sergeant Major Cockcroft.

COCKCROFT

That's blackmail.

GUNTHER

Other German guards may wish to compete. I will vouch for them.
No German team, no Games.

INT. GUARD HOUSE, PUNISHMENT AREA - NIGHT

Gunther hands a terrified Bernhart back his notebook.

GUNTHER (SUBTITLED)

Hide this. Or you'll be writing a novel about the front lines.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED)

Thank you, Herr Sergeant.

GUNTHER (SUBTITLED)

Can you run?

Bernhart shakes his head.

GUNTHER (SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)

Jump?

BERNHART

Sergeant, I've never jumped.

GUNTHER

You have long legs. Better learn how. This is for Germany.

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

The committee is assembled. Theo is taking measurements - length of bones, muscle girth, etc. - while they talk.

BJORN

We can't exclude a nation that wants to participate.

WILLIE

Sure we can. If they're racists.

BJORN

We're not?

They look at Bjorn, not understanding.

BJORN (CONT'D)

When we think they are less than human and cannot be changed, it is we who have become racist.

CHRIS

The trouble with you, Chaplain: you're too damn good.

TIMOS

How do we know he won't turn us in?

THEO (O.C.)

If he wanted to, he would have done so already.

The committee turns to find Theo.

CHRIS

We thought you didn't want to know.

THEO

My hearing is too good.

CHRIS

We're going to elect an Olympic Committee President. I you Krauts want to be in the Games, you better vote.

THEO

What did you call us?!

CHRIS

Polack, Frog, Squarehead, Limmie, Yank, Kraut. Get over it.

ANTOINE

I would be the perfect President!

CHRIS

Hands up for those who think that's an insane idea.

Everyone raises their hands. Even Antoine. Out of the blue:

THEO

I propose Willie.

Willie starts shaking his head.

THEO (CONT'D)

I need to know it is someone who won't betray me. Private Rose is the only one I can trust. If you want a "Kraut" on your Committee, I insist.

BJORN

All in favor?

Everyone raises his hand. Even Antoine. Willie tries to object. Theo cuts him off.

THEO

You don't have permission to refuse.

Timos takes off his T-shirt, looks around, grabs a package of child's crayons on the desk. Theo protests:

THEO (CONT'D)
Those are for Little...
(realizes he's about to
use an unwelcome name)
...for my little boy.

Timos ignores him. Using a glass as a stencil, he draws five circles on his T-shirt.

TIMOS
Can't have Olympics without Olympic
flag.
(sniffs it)
You'll find my perfume
irresistible.

Theo takes a piece of paper from his pocket, embarrassed.

THEO
I brought the Olympic oath. And the
Olympic creed.

CHRIS
This from a guy who didn't want to
help?

Theo puts the paper on the table and they all gather around, linking arms.

OLYMPIC COMMITTEE
*We swear we will take part in the
Olympic Games in a spirit of
chivalry...*

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - DUSK

Gunther takes out a pack of cigarettes, lights one, exhales the smoke. The POWs nearby sniff it longingly.

OLYMPIC COMMITTEE (V.O.)
*...for the honour of our country
and for the glory of sport.*

He hands it to Willie, then exits the barrack.

EXT. BRITISH SECTION/FRENCH SECTION - DUSK

Willie carries the cigarette, held aloft to the far end of the British compound. The cigarette is down to a stub. He casually flicks it thru the fence. Gunther, who happens to be passing by, casually picks it up and uses it to light a fresh cigarette. He strolls towards the French compound and flicks it thru the fence.

Antoine picks it up and starts smoking it greedily. Someone clips him on the head and Antoine gets serious and carries it to the far end of the French compound and flicks it to Gunther on the other side.

OLYMPIC COMMITTEE (V.O.)
*The most important thing in the
Olympic Games is not to win but to
take part...*

EXT. ALL THE OTHER SECTIONS - CONTINUOUS

A new cigarette is carried in each section.

OLYMPIC COMMITTEE (V.O.)
*...just as the most important thing
in life is not the triumph but the
struggle.*

EXT. POLISH FENCE AND GUARDS QUARTERING - CONTINUOUS

Gunther picks up a glowing butt outside the Polish compound, lights a fresh cigarette, and strolls towards the guards' barracks. All eyes pinned on Gunther as he hangs a tin can full of oil outside the barrack, and stuffs in an old rag as a wick. An officer approaches.

OFFICER (SUBTITLED)
What are you doing, Sergeant
Brunner?

GUNTHER (SUBTITLED)
Doctor's orders, a smoke pot to
keep away mosquitoes.

OLYMPIC COMMITTEE
*The essential thing is not to have
conquered but to have fought well.*

Gunther lights the oil tin 'torch'.

EXT. BRITISH COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Willie, Chris, Cockcroft and the others watch the distant 'lighting of the flame' ceremony.

CHRIS
Let the Games begin.

CLANG!

INT. FRENCH BARRACK - EVENING

The "clang!" comes from a garbage can lid being struck with the heel of a boot.

Lookouts are posted at the windows to warn of approaching guards.

A makeshift ring has been created by string tied across the center aisle between the rows of bunks.

Bets are being placed, cigarettes as currency.

The nearby bunks are crowded with onlookers.

A POW announces:

FRENCH POW (SUBTITLED)
Presenting...first elimination
round...Welterweight Division...

Segue to English.

FRENCH POW (CONT'D)
In the far corner, The Mauler From
Marseilles! Claude "Gauloises Blu"
Dupres!

Cheers and whistles. Dupres makes his appearance in just underwear; the lack of food shows, he's more skin and bones than muscle.

FRENCH POW (CONT'D)
In the near corner...from the Atlas
Mountains of French Morocco..."The
Berber Bomber" Antoine Benharoun!

Antoine in underwear is truly pathetic.

FRENCH POW (CONT'D)
Clean fight...touch gloves...

Makeshift boxing gloves have been fabricated from t-shirts stuffed with towels and socks.

CLANG! Dupres and Antoine come out of their corners and try to trade punches. The 'gloves' feel like lead weights. They start running out of steam quickly.

When the spectators realize this is not lack of skill, but lack of food, the crowd grows silent and the match becomes painful to watch.

The two boxers stand hands at their sides, panting, occasionally summoning just enough energy to throw a wild round-house swing that almost topples the man who throws the punch.

Finally one of Dupres' lands on the side of Antoine's neck. He drops to the ground like a sack of potatoes. The count starts.

Antoine gamely struggles to his feet.

The fight continues. Antoine throws a desperation punch. Dupres goes down. Struggles to one knee. Collapses.

CLANG!

Silence. Then:

FRENCH POW (CONT'D)

The winner is...

Antoine stops him, helps Dupres to his feet, holds both their hands aloft. Getting his wind back, the old Antoine starts to resurface.

ANTOINE

If I had food, I could've knocked him out.

DUPRES

What?!

Antoine grins. He embraces Dupres.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - NEW DAY

Adler can be seen at the window of his office, on the phone, nodding earnestly, very pleased.

INT. KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ADLER (SUBTITLED)

...I understand.

He hangs up. Still doesn't turn. The dialogue segues to English.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Yes?

THEO (O.C.)

A medical matter, Kommandant.

Adler turns, looks at Theo then Gunther.

ADLER

There's no cure for stupidity.

(beat)

A joke, Sergeant. Haven't you a sense of humor?

Gunther forces a smile.

ADLER (CONT'D)
The problem?

GUNTHER
Dust.

ADLER
Dust. Any idea who that was on the phone? Berlin. And you talk dust?

GUNTHER
The road next to our barracks is unpaved.

ADLER
You want an autobahn?

THEO
Dust is causing lung congestion and chest infections.

ADLER
Close the widows.

GUNTHER
It is August, Kommandant, the sun beats down.

ADLER
Now you want me to serve you cold beer and pretzels? Why did Berlin call? To invite me...yes, and the camp doctor...to the opening of a special new camp. That means my plans have gone to the top.

He gestures grandly to his model.

ADLER (CONT'D)
This has been copied for the new camp I guarantee. *Ideas!* What is your idea for dealing with dust?

THEO
Cobblestones.

Adler looks at him.

GUNTHER
For the health of German soldiers.

ADLER
Very well, let them put down cobblestones.

GUNTHER

Kommandant, I cannot ask the men to do manual labor with prisoners looking on, laughing at them. For one day only, could we use prison labor? I'll work them hard. This won't be a picnic.

ADLER

Alright, as long as you stop speaking about dust and cobblestones.

(to Theo)

When our trip is scheduled I'll let you know.

They're about to leave.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Doctor?

Theo turns.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Do I need a new uniform?

THEO

I think you deserve it.

Adler nods, very pleased.

EXT. DIRT ROAD BEHIND GUARDS' BARRACKS - DAY

THE WORK CREW is lined up. They just happen to be the contestants in the shot put: **IAN**, a Welshman from the British section; Bjorn, representing Norway; Timos for Poland; a Belgian, a Yugoslav, and a Dutchman. Gunther inspects them.

GUNTHER

Strong men. Good.

MONTAGE of laying down the cobblestones. When no one is looking, Gunther signals. One of the contestants hefts a cobblestone and 'puts' it as far as he can, then goes back to work...while Gunther casually measures out the distance with his big booted feet.

Finally he approaches a couple of guards nearby.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Get some water, eh? Thirsty work watching these animals.

The guards laugh, and obey. Gunther picks up a cobblestone.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

For the Fatherland.

And 'puts' it a good distance.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - THAT EVENING

CU of barbed wire being bent and twisted, tin foil from a cigarette pack being flattened.

WIDEN SHOT: Nigel and Andy are making a silver medal. Gunther waits patiently. The huge Welshman who was one of the participants is narrating:

IAN

...I lucky to come in third.
Gunther was awesome.

GUNTHER

Sergeant Gunther.

IAN

His went flying thru the air like a bird. I thought he'd won for sure.

CHRIS

Not bad for an old fart.

GUNTHER

Careful, Yankee Doodle...The House
Of The Punished is calling you.

ANDREW

Ready, Cocky.

Cockcroft takes the medal and formally announces.

COCKCROFT

Award ceremonies of these Olympic Games will take place at dawn, in the central latrine when the night soil is dumped. It's the only place guards won't go. So we're having a special ceremony here for Sergeant Gunther Brunner, winner of the Silver medal, shot put. Germany.

As Cockcroft hangs the medal on Gunther, Andrew starts a 'mouth trumpet' rendition of "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles". Gunther is moved, and for a moment shows it, then his usual stoney expression returns. He puts the medal in his breast pocket and exits.

EXT. CENTRAL LATRINES - DAWN

In the uncertain light of dawn prisoners in groups of two come from each national section carrying a barrow full of faeces. We recognize Willie, Chris, Ian, Antoine, Timos, and Bjorn with two fellow Norwegians.

INT. CENTRAL LATRINES - CONTINUOUS

The night soil details silently nod to each other, empty the barrows into the latrine, then gather by the edge of the huge latrine hole.

The two medal winners silently line up. Willie takes out the handmade medals, awards the gold to Bjorn and the bronze to Ian.

NORWEGIAN POW

We sing our anthem?

Willie peers thru the doorway with caution, no guards in sight.

WILLIE

Softly...

The three Norwegians start to mutter their national anthem, tears streaming down the face of one of them. Bjorn just smiles, proud and happy. All present are, in different ways, deeply moved. The first rays on the rising sun stream in thru the open doorway gleaming on the gold medal.

EXT. LAUNDRY AREA - DAY

A vast, wooden, open-faced shed containing half a dozen large basins filled with water and sheets.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL a broad cleared area of poles and wires, where hundreds of wet sheets are hung to dry in precisely lined rows, creating corridors of white walls.

POWs start arriving in pairs, hauling large baskets full of dirty sheets which they leave by the washing basins, then quickly disappear amongst the corridors of drying sheets.

The last pair arrive hurriedly, leave their basket, and take a large basket of clean sheets with them. They also disappear among the lines of drying sheets.

For some seconds nothing seems to be happening.

Lines of sheets ripple gently in a light breeze. The wash detail still scrubbing sheets in the shed.

A guard patrolling.

Abruptly a Dutch POW flies over the sheets using the Western roll technique. He disappears immediately.

Moments later another jumper flies thru the air: Bernhart.

NEW ANGLE, 90 DEGREES: showing what's happening between the lines of sheets. The dirty laundry basket is being used as a landing area for the jumpers.

Two POWs keep watch. When a guard comes close, the athletes are warned, pick up baskets and start collecting dry sheets from the wires. As soon as the guard is gone they lay down the basket and start the contest again.

A POW with a long pole adjusts the height of the wire...higher and higher. Everything is done in absolute silence.

SAME LOCATION - A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER

The Dutch jumper, battling exhaustion, focuses on the wire, now quite high. He takes a deep breath, glances at the two lookouts. They both nod. He starts his run, takes off, rolls...flies over without touching the wire. When he lands on the basket, and realizes he's won, he can't suppress a shout of joy. He jumps up and down like a little kid, embraced by other POWs regardless of nationality.

A guard races over, attracted by the shouting. Bernhart dives behind a curtain of sheets. The Dutchman pretends to have hurt himself with the basket, turning his shout of joy into one of pain. The embrace of the other POWs immediately turns into an attempt to support the injured man. The guard moves on. The POWs start to celebrate again, this time quietly. Bernhart peeks his head out.

INT. DUTCH BARRACK - NIGHT

The Dutch winner is being complimented - overwhelmed by joy. Their Man Of Confidence announces:

CORNELIUS (SUBTITLED)
As the winning nation we have the
privilege to send three people to
the prize-giving ceremony. Who
wants to carry the shit tomorrow?

All hands are raised enthusiastically.

INT. GUARD HOUSE, PUNISHMENT AREA - NIGHT

Gunther hangs a barbed-wire bronze medal around Bernhart's scrawny neck.

GUNTHER (SUBTITLED)
Why do you look like you're about
to cry? Olympic Bronze is good.

BERNHART (SUBTITLED)
Sergeant Brunner, this is the first
thing I have ever won.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - NIGHT

Darkness, snoring. But in a corner Willie, Chris, Cockcroft and Gareth are huddled around a flickering candle.

COCKCROFT

You sure?

GARETH

In a ditch next to the motor-shop.

WILLIE

Very risky...

CHRIS

A great chance!

GARETH

But where do we put it?

CHRIS

In the infirmary. Come on, we just do it.

COCKCROFT

Gareth and I do it.

GARETH

I'm with you, Cocky.

EXT. BRITISH BARRACK - NIGHT

A searchlight rakes across the door, then passes. The door eases open. Cockcroft and Gareth sneak out. Start to crawl.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - NIGHT

They reach the fence that separates their compound and the repair garage. They can see a large shallow ditch used to dump metal scrap. Among the other waste: an old DKW motorcycle stripped of its engine, exhaust system, and wheels; only the frame and chain mechanism still intact.

From his pants legs Cockcroft produces a bed plank that's been cut in half, with a notch carved at one end. Carefully they lift the bottom strand of barbed wire, holding it up with the two braces. The sergeant crawls under. Gareth starts to follow. The whisper:

COCKCROFT

Get your fat arse down.

GARETH

Can't make it any smaller.

He manages to squeeze through and they crawl into the ditch.

GARETH (CONT'D)
Christ, that looks heavy...

COCKROFT
We can do it, soldier.

Gareth nods, trying to take heart. They drag the motorcycle, crawling on their bellies. When they get to the fence they're faced with the problem of getting the DKW under the wire. The tilted handlebar snags on the lowest strand.

COCKCROFT
Slide under and pull.

Gareth tries to slide. The seat of his pants catches on the wire.

COCKROFT
Don't move!

Cockcroft releases the seat of Gareth's pants. Gareth slides thru, but in doing so displaces one of the support struts, creating a clatter as it hits the metal frame.

A guard hears and starts in their direction. Cockcroft realizes they're going to be spotted, tells Gareth urgently.

COCKROFT (CONT'D)
Go back! Go!!!

Gareth crawls towards their barrack as fast as he can. Cockcroft stands and runs toward the centre of the camp, creating a distraction. He's immediately picked up by the searchlight. He sprawls on the ground, hands in the air and is surrounded by guards.

INT. GUARDHOUSE - NIGHT

Cockcroft is tied to a chair, confronted by Glazer, Gunther and two other guards.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED)
Shoot him.

GUNTHER (SUBTITLED)
What charge, Captain Glazer?

GLAZER (SUBTITLED)
Trying to escape!

GUNTHER (SUBTITLED)
He was running *into* the camp.

GUARD (SUBTITLED)
This is true, Captain Glazer.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED)

Ask him why.

GUNTHER

Where were you going, idiot?

COCKCROFT

To the kitchen. I wanted to cook
Captain Glazer breakfast in bed.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED)

I heard my name!

GUNTHER (SUBTITLED)

He was trying to steal food. A
serious offense, demanding serious
punishment.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED)

Very well, administer serious
punishment.

Gunther nods briskly, waits for Glazer to leave.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)

I will observe. Begin.

Gunther has no choice. He and Cockcroft stare at each other.
SMACK! Gunther slaps Cockcroft across the face, hard.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)

Not with the open hand.

Expressionless, Gunther balls his big first.

EXT. BRITISH COMPOUND - DAWN

With Gunther leading the way, as expressionless as ever, the
two guards haul a semi-conscious Cockcroft towards his
barrack where he's dumped like a trash bag in front of the
door. Gunther dismisses the guards. Looks down at Cockcroft,
battered and bloodied almost beyond recognition.

GUNTHER

I tried not to break anything.

COCKCROFT

(manages to croak)
You hit like a sissy.

GUNTHER

What were you doing?

COCKCROFT

Taking the motorcycle frame. To the
infirmary. For bike racing.

GUNTHER
Crazy English.
(raps on barrack door)
Take him in.

The door opens and Cockcroft is hauled in by his fellow soldiers, including Chris, Willie, and Gareth.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
(in parting)
You're a strong man, Cockcroft.

EXT. SCRAP METAL DITCH - DAY

Gunther watches as the motorcycle frame is hauled out by two soldiers.

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

Theo is treating a patient when Gunther comes in with the two guards carrying the motorcycle frame.

GUNTHER (SUBTITLED)
I was told you need this.

He produces two bicycle pedals and puts them with the frame. Theo is speechless. Gunther and his men exit without waiting for an answer.

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

Chris, Willie and the rest of the Committee are in front of Theo. The motorcycle frame is resting against a wall

THEO
In my infirmary? A bicycle race???

CHRIS
You understand completely.

Theo falls silent, astounded. He looks at the frame, then at Chris and Willie, then the frame again.

THE SAME - LATER

The group is finishing mounting the cycle to the floor of one of the ward rooms. The bike pedals have been attached to the chain gear and weighted.

During this, unnoticed, Antoine manages to steal a roll of surgical tape.

Chris jumps on the seat and start to pedal. The hand of the odometer begins to move.

EXT. INFIRMARY DOOR - LATER

A sign on the door warns in subtitled German: - "Danger. Epidemic Zone".

In front of the door a line of POWs in groups of three.

INT. WARD ROOM, INFIRMARY - DAY

Willie, Chris and Theo stand by the motorcycle frame, Willie has a watch in his hand, Timos is sitting on the frame, his feet on the pedals, two Poles standing by him, one with a towel.

CHRIS

You have twenty minutes. Make as much distance as you can.

TIMOS

No Polish jokes?

Chris grins.

CHRIS

Go!

Timos starts to pedal as fast as he can, the two Poles spur him on in Polish with whispered words of encouragement; one of them flapping the towel to cool him.

THE SAME - TWENTY MINUTES LATER.

Timos has finished, exhausted, his two fellow POWs patting and congratulating him in Polish. Theo is about to call the next competitor when someone knocks at the outer door.

EXT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Theo opens the door cautiously. It's Glazer, trying to peer in. Theo comes out and closes the door behind him.

GLAZER (SUBTITLED)

I've been sent to make inquiries on behalf of Commandant Adler.

THEO (SUBTITLED)

Feel free. But I would not get too close, they may be infected.

Glazer steps aside quickly. Segue into English.

GLAZER

Who? What?

THEO

A Typhus possible epidemic. Germs can't tell the difference between Germans bodies and prisoners. But would you care to inspect?

GLAZER

(hesitates, then)

You have adequately answered my inquiry, I will make my report.

(starts to go, then)

The Commandant has a message: tomorrow morning you and he are going on a trip.

(no irony)

Lucky fellow.

Theo nods, stands, and re-enters the infirmary.

INT. WARD ROOM, INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Theo comes back in; the bike racers are waiting for him.

THEO

Finish this quickly.

Chris opens the other door to let the next contestant in: three guards are standing there, one of them is Bernhart. Theo's nerves beginning to fray.

THEO (CONT'D)

Now what?

One of the guards explains in broken English:

GUARD

I am next contestant, Herr Doctor.
For our Fatherland.

BERNHART

But we wish him to participate out of contest. We have decided, because we eat, it is not fair.

Digs into his pocket, hands over his medal and Gunther's.

BERNHART (CONT'D)

We are honored to have held them for one whole day.

INT. CENTRAL LATRINE - DAWN

The winners are gathered for the prize-giving ceremony. A Belgium wears the bronze, Nigel has the silver, and the gold is being hung around Timos neck as two fellow countrymen softly sing the Polish national anthem.

Thru the entrance-way Adler and Theo can be seen waiting outside the Commandant's office. Adler looks at his watch impatiently.

EXT. OUTSIDE KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Adler's field uniform is brand new.

ADLER (SUBTITLED)
What do you think?

THEO (SUBTITLED)
Very smart.

Segue into English.

ADLER
I've an excellent little Jewish
tailor. I pay him next to nothing.
He doesn't complain.
(laughs, then spots
something)
Punctual. A good sign.

A cloud of dust approaches the camp.

ADLER (CONT'D)
Hopefully they've sent a decent
car.

The main gates swing open. A chauffeur-driven Mercedes staff car pulls in, top down.

ADLER (CONT'D)
A Field Marshall's car!

THEO
With a Field Marshall in it.

LOW ANGLE DISTANCE SHOT of Adler and Kamm approaching the staff car, getting in and being driven away. This is seen from:

EXT. UNDERNEATH A FRENCH BARRACK - MORNING

Antoine is lying on something in the crawl-space. He seems excited as he waits. He hears a whistle, rushes out.

EXT. CORRIDOR BETWEEN TWO BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Antoine kneels in the alleyway. He was resting on an archery target made from a piece of mattress. He uses it as a shield, crouching behind the target.

At the other end of the alleyway is a French contestant, armed with bow and arrows. He takes aim and shoots. The arrow hits the mattress. Antoine quickly checks the distance from the centre, then ducks back into the crawl-space. So does the contestant at his end.

A guard is seen marching past the end of the alleyway.

When he's gone Antoine and the contestant reappear for another shot.

EXT. OTHER SECTIONS - CONTINUOUS

Jumping from compound to compound, archery contests are seen taking place.

Conclude in the Belgian section where, after the contestant shoots, a guard appears, but nobody hides. The guard actually a German contestant. He lets fly, but he's too strong, and completely misses the target.

The arrow flies beyond the end of the alleyway, landing in the compound itself.

The Belgium archer, the target holder, and the contestant guard scatter as another guard sees the arrow landing in the dust ten yards from him. He frowns, picks it up, searches the alleyway. No one is there.

EXT. STAFF CAR ON SILESIAN COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Adler, puffed with pride, yet terrified, sits next to - **FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER**. Theo is behind them, listening.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
In Berlin, there are rumors...

ADLER
(suddenly worried)
Yes?

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
About you. And what you're up to.

ADLER
I trust I've not given offense,
Field Marshall?

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
Modesty is an attractive trait. In
underlings. Be proud of your
accomplishments.

ADLER
Yes, Field Marshall!

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
Shortly I will return for a full
inspection. My report will go to
the top.

Adler's eyes widen.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER (CONT'D)
Your methods for peacetime
preparation have attracted His
attention.

Adler is in heaven. Pretending to stretch a kink in his neck
he turns to Theo and smirks.

WIPE TO:

EXT. STAFF CAR ON ROAD LEADING TO CAMP I - DAY

POV: a main gate looms. *"Arbeit macht frei!"*

HOESS (V.O.)
"Work shall set you free."

EXT. MAIN COURTYARD, AUSCHWITZ I - DAY

SS Hauptsturmführer - **RUDOLF HOESS** - and his senior staff
welcome the visitors. The camp consists mainly of renovated
barracks, anything new is fresh unpainted wood. No inmates
yet, it is eerily empty.

HOESS
We estimate 45 days, at the most,
and they will be "free".

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
Those who cannot work?

HOESS
Come.

EXT. ROAD TO WOODED AREA - DAY

A small parade of staff cars.

INT. KLINNER'S STAFF CAR - CONTINUOUS

In the backseat Theo asks:

THEO
This is for...prisoners of war?

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
The few who cause trouble. But
mainly for Jews. Also gypsies,
Communists, and homosexuals.

THEO
I thought Jews were being sent to
Madagascar...that was the rumor.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
Perhaps this is Madagascar?

EXT. FOREST GLEN - DAY

Birds chirping. An idyllic pastoral scene marred only by
several underground bunkers. The tour group assembles outside
the entrance to one of them.

HOESS
These proved inadequate for the
numbers we anticipate.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
How many?

HOESS
Two thousand.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
A week?

HOESS
A day. We did field trials with
Polish prisoners.

Adler listens with rapt attention and fascination, Theo with
growing dread.

HOESS (CONT'D)
Cotton soaked in sulfuric acid
placed in front of fans was found
to be too slow. Those selected
realized what was happening. Very
messy. Doctor?

CAMP DOCTOR
Now we are using Kyklon B. Three
minutes is usually enough. Fifteen
at the most. When they stop
screaming we know it's over.

HOESS
Come.

INT. STAFF CAR ON ROAD LEADING TO CAMP II - DAY

The car travels through beautiful meadows. The only jarring note is a barbed wire perimeter. A large table has been set up in the middle of the area.

EXT. DEMONSTRATION AREA IN MEADOW - DAY

The staff cars are parked neatly. The tour party and their hosts are gathered around the table, studying blueprints and drawings. Adler attempts to hide his disappointment.

ADLER
(pointing to the plans)
This is not quite what I had
imagined. What are these?

HOESS
Ovens.

CAMP DOCTOR
Disposal is a problem with large
numbers.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
You've thought of everything.
Fantastic. Adler, you and
Hauptsturmführer Hoess are soul
mates.

ADLER
I had hoped perhaps you were using
the plans I drew up.

HOESS
Excellent plans. But this is not a
holiday camp. This is a factory. We
manufacture death.

THEO
(suddenly)
Excuse me...

He disappears behind the staff cars.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
(alarmed, to Adler)
Find out what's wrong with him.

Adler rushes after Theo.

EXT. HIDDEN BY THE STAFF CARS - DAY

Theo is wiping his mouth.

ADLER
You're causing a scene.

THEO
Something I ate.

ADLER
Greta is such a bad cook?

THEO
The local cafe. I apologize.

Adler shouts back toward the group.

ADLER
Food poisoning. Nothing to be
concerned about.
(then)
Where was my head? I never dreamed
such things were possible.

THEO
(misunderstanding)
How could we possibly know.

ADLER
And to be called his soul mate...to
be praised by such a man... Why did
I not think of this idea?!

EXT. THE STREET WHERE THEO LIVES, LANGWASSER - NIGHT

All the lights are out. The VW creeps into view and pulls
into the driveway. Theo sits there for a long while, then
gets out.

INT. THEO'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Shoes in hand, Theo creeps into:

INT. LITTLE ADOLPH'S NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

Stares down at his little son.

INT. THEO'S STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Theo sits at his desk, pours himself a stiff shot from a
brandy decanter. Then he goes to the shelves Greta arranged
so carefully. Opens a thick file of folders. Flips thru the
sheets of measurements. Then can't bear to look at the
contents. Takes the files to the empty fireplace, disused in
the summer. Takes matches, lights them.

He watches the papers, covered with statistics, burn and curl.

The door opens. Greta, in dressing down and slippers, peers in.

GRETA

Theo, I saved some kugel for you...
(realizes)
Your book?! What're you doing???

THEO

Yes, what have I done?

INT. LIVING-ROOM - A BIT LATER

Greta sits on the over-stuffed sofa, legs tucked beneath her like a little girl. Theo sits opposite in an armchair, nursing his drink. The framed photographic portrait of Hitler stares down at them heroically.

GRETA

Look at those eyes. He is a kind man. The Führer would never allow such things.

THEO

I'm telling you what I saw...

Greta covers her ears.

GRETA

And I tell you I will not hear such things!

(fiercely)

If bad people make plans without our Führer's knowledge it is your duty to report them to our Leader!

THEO

It is inconceivable the Chancellor does not know.

GRETA

I will not listen!

THEO

Shush, you'll wake our son.

GRETA

Our Hitler does not know!!! Say it. You must say it!

THEO

(pause, then)

Perhaps he does not know.

GRETA

Good.

THEO

But *I* know.

Hitler still gazes at them heroically.

ADLER (V.O.) (SUBTITLED)

Doctor! A word if you please.

INT. KOMMANDANT'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

In English.

ADLER

Captain Glazer noticed frequent trips to the infirmary by the same men. He says you explained it might be typhus.

THEO

I don't want it to spread to the guards.

ADLER

Excellent. Keep a good watch. Find the germ carriers. We have seen the place where they may be cleansed, and the spread of sickness stopped.

Theo salutes and starts to leave.

ADLER (CONT'D)

One thing further...

Theo stops.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Are we in Texas or Oklahoma?

Theo looks confused. From his desk Adler takes a homemade arrow.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Have we Wild Indians in Stalag 13A?

THEO

A hungry prisoner trying to shoot a pigeon? Against the rules of course.

ADLER

Any lapse in discipline must not be tolerated. I make you personally responsible. My orders must be obeyed.

(MORE)

ADLER (CONT'D)

Anyone participating in, or assisting, unauthorized activities is to pay a heavy price. We are friends, Theo, and I treat my friends with gratitude. Just as I treat my enemies with carefully prepared cruelty.

THEO

Understood.

EXT. CENTRAL LATRINE - DAWN

The archery award ceremony is taking place: France, Yugoslavia, and Holland. Willie spots a figure appearing in the morning mist, heading toward them. A guard? The prize-winners hide their medals. But it's Theo. Everyone relaxes. When the stench hits him, he almost gags.

THEO

The Games are over.

CHRIS

We still have the 100 metre dash, and the marathon...

THEO

Listen to me! The day after tomorrow Field Marshall Klinner is coming to inspect and the Red Cross exchange will take place. This is Commandant Adler's great moment. He won't allow anything to go wrong! I've seen a new facility, a place with only one purpose: to kill. In ways you don't want to know. You will be sent there, we will all be sent there! Understood? You must stop!

Gagging, Theo rushes away.

ANTOINE

Not a happy man.

CHRIS

You believe that bullshit?

TIMOS

I've heard whispers. But I wouldn't let myself believe.

They fall into shocked silence.

ANTOINE

Roll call, that's when we could do it. I'll make a big mess so you'll have a chance to race.

WILLIE

What're you talking about?

ANTOINE

The 100 metres.

CHRIS

Doc is talking about an extermination camp, and you want to run a race?

ANTOINE

Think I'm crazy?

CHRIS

(beat)

No I think you're great.

ANTOINE

I've always thought so.

BJORN

You're going to try to escape?

ANTOINE

A magnificent spectacular attempt. I will be remembered forever.

TIMOS

You will be shot.

ANTOINE

Yes! Good! The first shot at me is the starting gun.

He looks around for a consensus.

TIMOS

Let the Games continue.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - NIGHT

The men are eating their meagre allotment of thin soup. Chris is cleaning a pair of light shoes in much better conditions than his usual ones. He sees Willie sitting on his own.

CHRIS

What's up, douchebag, got your period?

WILLIE

Why're you doing this, Chris?
You're going home.

CHRIS

Like I told you, I want to do this
one thing right. Just like you
really wanted win the marathon.

Suddenly a strange silence descends as Cockcroft, still
battered, but now able to walk, carries in a tin plate
covered with a T-shirt. He presents it to Chris, who looks at
it questioningly.

COCKCROFT

All the lads chipped in.

Chris lifts the T-shirt. On the plate is a small veal cutlet,
badly cooked. Chris is deeply moved.

CHRIS

Must've cost a lot of cigarettes.

Andrew pats him on the back.

ANDREW

Do your best.

Chris looks at the cutlet, his mouth watering. Cuts his first
bite. Ravenous eyes follow the fork to his mouth.

GARETH

Chew.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - MORNING

The usual roll-call routine, except...

IN THE FRENCH CONTINGENT they appear to be carrying an
object.

Antoine exchanges a glance with Duprè.

Suddenly a shoving match starts in the front row.

Guards rush over.

With attention diverted, Antoine manages to slip into the
last row.

POV: two long laundry poles are lying in the ground. This is
what the French were carrying.

Antoine leans over and extracts from his pants legs the piece
of metal pipe used as a chin-up bar. Then a roll of medical
tape from his pocket.

The two poles are connected by inserting them into the pipe and securing them with the tape. The pole is positioned on the ground in front of him so it extends along the row like a giant snake.

Roll call is taking place. Antoine reaches down and gets hold of one end of the pole. Starts to breath deeply.

Then he whistles.

The French contingent part slightly, creating a narrow corridor.

Antoine starts to run, heading in the direction of the outer fence, progressively raising the pole. His expression is one of complete happiness.

A guard on the edge of the ranks witnesses the unbelievable sight of a long pole mysteriously moving and raising through the French contingent. He's so amazed he stares at it.

Passing thru the front row Antoine keeps running towards the outer fence. Everyone can see him now.

With the guards distracted, the POWs are left unwatched. The 100 metre contestants, Chris among them, gather behind the Polish contingent - acting as a curtain for the race.

Antoine is getting close to the fence.

IN A WATCH TOWER a guard raises his rifle...takes aim...shoots...

Antoine plants the end of his pole in the ground and lifts off, shouting:

ANTOINE
Viva la Frannnnnnce!

The shot misses.

That's the signal for the start of the 100 metre dash.

Shoulder to shoulder they take off behind the Polish POWs.

The camp is in chaos, guards trying to get a clear shot at the pole vaulter.

Behind the Polish prisoners covering the race, Chris and the Belgian sprinter Jan Tritignant thunder towards the finish line, knees high, feet pounding the earth.

Drawing on his last reserves, making a supreme effort, Chris surges ahead, snaps his arms back, thrusts his chest, and crosses the line first.

He and Jan embrace, then turn to see what's happening with Antoine.

Incredibly, the Moroccan has managed to clear the fence and land on the other side.

Guards on motorcycles roar out from the main gate to chase him. Antoine realizes he's made it, raises a clenched fist of defiance to celebrate his incredible deed. Then flops down, hands in the air, as the motorcycles reach him.

The compound is mayhem. Guards trying to keep order among the prisoners elated by the amazing escape attempt. Timos unravels his T-shirt Olympic flag, waving it in exultation. He's swept away by the chaos, disappearing into the crowd.

Adler comes storming out of his command post, the area immediately becomes silent and still.

Glazer rushes up looking triumphant. Adler snaps:

ADLER (SUBTITLED)

What have you found to look happy about?

GLAZER (SUBTITLE)

You were correct, Kommandant. They are trying to hold Games!

Segue into English.

ADLER

"Trying?" They just held a race in front of your eyes!!!

Glazer holds out the T-shirt Olympic flag.

GLAZER

Someone dropped this. In the Polish section.

THE SAME - LATER

THE POLISH CONTINGENT stands at rigid attention. The rest of the compound is empty. Adler addresses the Poles, Glazer at his side. Timos listens grimly.

ADLER

You think you are athletes? I shall help you get into shape. Assume the push-up position.

GLAZER

Schnell!

The Poles drop into push-up position. The man next to Timos has his arm in a sling and finds it extremely difficult to hold himself with one arm.

ADLER

If you lie down, you are disobeying
a direct order from your
Kommandant. Captain Glazer is
instructed to put a bullet thru
your head. Captain Glazer does not
disobey orders.

The Pole with one arm begins to shake.

ADLER (CONT'D)

You will hold this position until
the flag person is revealed.

The man with one arm tumbles to the ground. Timos stares at
him.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Captain Glazer...do your duty.

Glazer strides over.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - CONTINUOUS

The prisoners sit on their bunks in semi darkness; the
windows shuttered for lock-down.

From the compound *a shot rings out.*

Willie and Chris look at each other in despair.

Suddenly the door opens.

GUNTHER

Private William Rose! Come!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE INFIRMARY - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Kamm is waiting for Willie in his khaki VW.

Willie is stunned. Another shot rings out from the main
compound.

THEO

Get in.

GUNTHER

Do it.

Willie gets in. The VW heads towards the main gate.

Willie turns in his seat to watch the compound.

POV: another Pole has collapsed to the ground. Glazer strides
over and draws his pistol.

Suddenly Timos scrambles to his feet, hands in the air.

Theo also witnesses this.

The duty officer signals for the gates to be opened. The VW drives thru.

EXT. DRIVEWAY TO THEO'S COTTAGE - A BIT LATER

The VW pulls up.

INT. THEO'S VW - CONTINUOUS

THEO
Get out. Say nothing.

EXT. DRIVEWAY TO THEO'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

As they walk towards the cottage:

THEO
Back of the house.

EXT. BACK GARDEN, THEO'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Willie is given a shovel.

THEO
Dig.

WILLIE
May I take off my shirt?

Theo nods. Willie strips off his shirt and starts digging. Theo speaks in subdued but enraged tones.

THEO
How could you do such a thing...

He's interrupted by Greta coming out the kitchen door.

GRETA (SUBTITLED)
Theo, you remembered, you are a
darling. But have him work quietly.
Little Adolph is taking his nap.

Greta takes a look at the worker.

GRETA (SUBTITLED) (CONT'D)
So thin. Don't you feed them?

THEO (SUBTITLED)
I've nothing to do with that.

GRETA (SUBTITLED)
This is not Stalag 13A. Poor
fellow. There's left-over stew I
was about to throw out.

THEO (SUBTITLED)
No, Greta, he is here to work.
Adler would not approve.

GRETA (SUBTITLED)
Who is Kommandant here?

She goes back into the kitchen.

THEO
My wife's a kind woman. But you
don't care what happens to her!

Willie stabs the hard earth.

THEO (CONT'D)
They have Timos. He will talk! Then
what happens to Greta? To our
little Adolph? What happens to my
family if we're discovered!?

WILLIE
(digging furiously)
What happens to the families who go
to the place you told us about? Do
you care about them?

THEO
No, I am not one of them.

WILLIE
*Aber, mein lieber Herr Doktor, bin
ich.*

THEO
You speak German?!

WILLIE
*Jah mein Herren, ich spreche
Deutsches. I am 'one of them'.
Wilhelm Rosen, born in Dusseldorf.*

Theo is stunned, and terrified. He's about to speak when
Greta comes out of the kitchen door, bowl and spoon in hand.

GRETA
Essen!
(haltingly)
Eat... Yes? *Essen.*

WILLIE
Thank you.

GRETA

Danke. Danke ist tank yew.
(to Theo, subtitled)
He's very nice.

With a pert wave to Theo she goes back inside. Willie eats ravenously. Theo stares at him. Then, between spoonfuls:

WILLIE

My father had very good sight. He could read the hand-writing on the wall at a very long distance. We came to England the year the National Socialist Party held their first rallies here in Langwasser.

THEO

(horrified)
What're you telling me?!

WILLIE

I learned English quickly, did well in school, was a good runner; eventually I won a scholarship to Cambridge. They asked me to be on the Olympic team. But I dreamed of winning the marathon for the land of my birth. I returned home. I knew I could win. Everyone knew I could win... One night men in black leather coats came to the team captain. They called me in. "Rosen, bad news, the Gestapo says you're a Jew."

THEO

A Jew!

WILLIE

I was more surprised than you. I didn't feel Jewish. Nothing had been said to me. We all went to church. Good German Protestants. But if your mother is Jewish, you're Jewish. Unknown to me, my grandmother was a member of the tribe. I was told to pack my bags; only Aryans could be on the team.

The bowl is empty. Willie scrapes at it.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

I came back to England, and returned to training, determined to win the marathon gold for England in the 1940 Tokyo Olympics. A war got in the way. Yes, Doctor, I'm a German Jew, fighting for the enemy.

(MORE)

WILLIE (CONT'D)

And you are the man who calls his
son Little Adolf.

He licks the bowl clean and resumes digging.

THEO

But...I trusted you!

Greta calls from a bedroom window, holding a sleepy-eyed
Adolf.

GRETA (SUBTITLE)

Everything alright? You woke him.

THEO (SUBTITLE)

Sorry, my love.

(hisses at Willie, in
English)

You put our lives at risk. To prove
what?

WILLIE

To prove we're not part of a
Thousand Year Reich.

THEO

But *I* am part of that Reich!

WILLIE

And you do nothing about it.

THEO

What can I do?

Willie doesn't look up from his digging.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Theo steps in, escorted by a guard. He finds Adler and Glazer
with Timos, who is handcuffed to a chair. He's been worked on
heavily. Theo casts a worried glance at him.

ADLER (SUBTITLED)

You're here as a witness.

THEO (SUBTITLED)

I don't understand.

Segue into English.

ADLER

The prisoner, Timos Piasecki, has
been seen many times coming and
going from your infirmary.

THEO

One of the many I check for
typhoid.

ADLER

We found out something very
interesting about this typhus
victim. He's involved in undercover
games. In my camp. The same Games
you proposed to me. Games I had
expressly forbidden.

Adler shows the doctor Timos' T-shirt flag. Under the Olympic
circles are the names of the events. The medal winners' names
are encoded.

ADLER (CONT'D)

This could not have been done
without help.

(to Timos)

You will tell the names of all
German personnel who conspired with
you.

TIMOS

Ok...I'll tell you. It was...
Churchill, Stalin, the Pope, and...
what's the name of the Indian
guy...? Gandhi! He was part of it
too.

Adler flushes with anger, but maintains his smiling demeanor.
Nods to Glazer, who gets ready with a burlap sack and a
bucket of water. Adler heads for the door. Theo starts to
follow.

ADLER

You stay.

THEO

I have patients I must attend to.

ADLER

You have this to attend to!

(all smiles again)

Your job is to lean this forgetful
fellow backwards in his chair.
Good. Now take the sack - damp,
cool, very refreshing - place it
over Forgetful's face. Now...
gently, slowly, Captain Glazer
pours water over the sack.

Timos starts to struggle frantically.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Forgetful will soon remember what
it is like to drown.

Timos' legs and hands stop twitching.

ADLER (CONT'D)
When he becomes unconscious revive
him with your medical
skill...then...begin again.

Adler exits, shutting the door.

EXT. BRITISH SECTION - DAY

Willie, Chris and Cockcroft stroll with apparently calmness,
as though engaged in small talk.

COCKROFT
We're fooked.

CHRIS
Timos is a tough nut.

COCKROFT
They'll crack him.

They see Gunther coming towards them.

INT. DARK INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Glazer removes the sack. Timos' face is blue.

Theo, pale and shocked, checks Timos' pulse. Shakes his head.

THEO (SUBTITLED)
Can I go now?

Glazer shrugs and walks away. Theo exits too.

EXT. COMMAND POST, MAIN COMPOUND - NIGHT

Theo moves like a zombie towards his car. Adler observes him
from the shadow of the command post doorway. Steps into the
light. Theo pretends he doesn't see him and tries to get into
his car quickly.

ADLER (SUBTITLED)
In a hurry?

THEO (SUBTITLED)
A long day.

Alder lights a cigarette. Segue into English.

ADLER
But a beautiful night, so starry,
so bright.
(MORE)

ADLER (CONT'D)
(offers a cigarette)
Zigarette?

THEO
No thank you. I should go.

ADLER
(holding the door firmly)
On the contrary, you should stay.

Theo freezes.

ADLER (CONT'D)
Nature is such a mystery. Peaceful
up there, brutal violence down
here. Human relationships...so
complex.
(ice-cold)
Your execution will be a kinder
fate than the one which awaits your
family. Little Adolf, without a
father, not allowed to carry the
name of our Leader. Who knows what
he will be called at the orphanage.
Poor sweet Greta, no husband,
unable to earn a living...except by
giving comfort to soldiers. Yes, so
much pain down here.

Theo is terrified.

ADLER (CONT'D)
Yet...tell all, and all will be
forgiven. No one will know. You'll
be allowed to volunteer for a
combat posting. Or remain doctor of
this camp. To do whatever I
request. Whichever you prefer.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - NIGHT

Willie cannot sleep, he stares at the ceiling.

INT. BEDROOM, THEO'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Greta is sleeping with little Adolf in her arms. The sweetest
scene. Theo stares at them, dazed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sitting on the sofa, nursing a drink, Theo tries to battle
his emotions, looking at Hitler's portrait on the wall.

Suddenly he gets up, goes to the portrait, and turns it
around so Hitler faces the wall.

Then he goes back to the sofa. And starts to cry.

EXT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - MORNING.

Seen thru the window of Adler's office. Theo comes in, starts to talk. Adler passes him a paper, Theo starts to write.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - MORNING

Bunks are being made up. The door bursts open. A squad of guards march in and make a beeline for Chris.

Before he can protest a rifle butt to the stomach shuts him up. He's hauled away. Willie stands, fully expecting to be taken too. The guards push him aside and exit.

Gunther closes the door so no one outside can hear.

GUNTHER

Doctor Kamm.

(to Willie)

But he didn't put you on the list.

HOLD on Willie.

EXT. PUNISHMENT AREA - MORNING

An open kennel, Bernhart and Chris in front of it. Bjorn is being locked into another kennel.

BERNHART

I am sorry.

CHRIS

Forget it, pal, this room has my name on it.

Chris gets into the kennel, Bernhart shuts the metallic door.

Jump from kennel to kennel as characters speak.

ANTOINE

My friends, you came to give me my gold medal?

CHRIS

Antoine! You're alive!

ANTOINE

Hard to kill a weed. Did you like my performance?

BJORN

A work of art.

CHRIS

Hey, Chaplain, they got you too?

BJORN

All of us, I'm afraid.

CHRIS

They didn't get Willie. Doc must think sunshine comes out of his cake hole.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - MORNING

The daily bread has been delivered. Cockroft is cutting his unit's loaf into six parts. He stares at the six slices. They all understand.

Cockroft divides Chris' slice into five slivers. Willie is lost in thought.

INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Adler works lovingly on his model of the Stalag, adding a new larger punishment sector, talking to someone unseen.

ADLER

When the Air Battle for Great Britain is won, and the invasion commences, we'll have many new guests. I don't want those in need of correction to be denied accommodation in the House of the Punished.

(adds another piece, very pleased with himself)

Tomorrow, Field Marshall Kliner will witness the Red Cross exchange. After our guests depart, the Olympians in the House of the Punished will join me for a farewell party. You wish to be invited?

REVERSE ANGLE. Adler is addressing Willie. Gunther stands in the background, expressionless.

ADLER (CONT'D)

Or shall I do it now?

WILLIE

Don't be stupid.

Adler un-holsters his pistol.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Shoot me and all you have is a mess on your floor. Listen to what I have say, medals on your chest. What will Berlin think if they hear a secret Olympic Games took place right in front of you? What will the Red Cross say if you take the American off the exchange list? What will the Foreign Office say? I can give you something better than a handful of dead prisoners and a ruined career.

ADLER

I already know. Doktor Theodor Kamm helped organize the Games.

WILLIE

Your information is wrong.

Adler's eyes narrow.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Dr. Kamm was useless. A true believer interested only in taking measurements to prove Aryan superiority. The Games were organized by a traitor operating here in Stalag 13A. A *German*. A *Jew*.

Adler's face colors.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

He will continue to make your life miserable if you don't catch him.

ADLER

Why do you tell me this?

WILLIE

Germany doesn't have exclusive rights on hating Yids. Put me on the exchange list and I tell the name.

ADLER

You dare bargain with me?

WILLIE

Have I got anything to lose?

ADLER

Tell me the name!

WILLIE

Tomorrow. At the exchange. When you get the name, if you're satisfied, add me to the list. If not...you're the Commandant.

ADLER

Yes I am.
(subtitled German to
Gunther)
Take him to the kennels. And,
Sergeant, not a word about this.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - DUSK

Gunther escorts Willie to The House of the Punished. Not a word is spoken.

EXT. PUNISHMENT AREA - DUSK

Gunther delivers Willie to Bernhart. A kennel door is open.

BERNHART

In you go.

Willie is locked into the cramped cage. Gunther gestures to the three nearby kennels. Bernhart nods, points:

BERNHART (CONT'D)

Norwegian, French, American,
English.

GUNTHER (SUBTITLE)

A moment.

Gunther approaches Bjorn's kennel, taps the roof lightly.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Farvel.

Antoine's kennel.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Au revoir.

Chris' kennel.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

So long.

Willie's kennel.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

Goodbye.

He walks out of the area. Hold a moment, then:

CHRIS (O.C. FROM KENNEL)
Fuck that.
(then)
Douchebag, whaddya think?

A beat, then:

WILLIE (O.C. FROM KENNEL)
Corporal Bernhart...?

CHRIS (O.C. KENNEL)
Get your sorry skinny high-jumping
ass over here.

EXT. BRITISH COMPOUND - DUSK

Bernhart approaches Cockroft. Cockroft nods. Bernhart heads toward the French section.

EXT. FRENCH COMPOUND - DUSK

The Frenchmen are queuing to get their evening soup. The first in line presents his mess tin. The guard fills it. The POW looks at it, then pours it onto the ground. He's immediately taken away by two guards.

EXT. YUGOSLAV COMPOUND - DUSK

Two POWs are standing near a guard. The first nods to the second, who looks reluctant. The first encourages him with a glance: just do it, man. The second hits the first with a punch and starts to shout. He's taken away by the guard.

INT/EXT OTHER SECTIONS - DUSK

Brawls are starting in every section. The prisoners responsible are being dragged away. All appear to be long-limbed - like long distance runners.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - DEAD OF NIGHT

No movement, or lights except for the stabbing of the watch tower searchlights.

Suddenly all hell breaks loose. Floodlights, dogs bark, guards swarm into barracks shouting "Raus!"

The loudspeakers crackle.

LOUSPEAKERS
Any prisoner found inside a barrack
in one minute will be shot.

INT. BRITISH BARRACK - CONTINUOUS

Guards storm through, herding groggy prisoners into the night. Gunther and Cockcroft exchange looks.

GUNTHER

I was your prisoner once. In the
War To End All Wars. Here we are
again.

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Men from all nationalities stream into the night air and form up.

Adler mounts the microphone podium, Glazer ready to execute any command. The loudspeakers whistle, then:

ADLER

Tomorrow is a very special day. I
need to know you're ready. Captain
Glazer will help you prepare. You
have at least seven hours until our
guests arrive. So you will have
plenty of time to practice standing
at attention. Should you change
position it will be considered
refusal to obey a direct order. We
all know what that means.

Glazer screams orders. They come to attention. Adler yawns and withdraws.

THE SAME - SEVERAL HOURS LATER.

PAN ACROSS desperate faces.

THE SAME - A FEW MORE HOURS LATER

Men are starting to collapse. Glazer gestures. Guards drag them away.

HOLD on those struggling to remain at attention.

Distant **shots** ring out.

THE SAME - FALSE DAWN

More men have collapse and are dragged away.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE RISING SUN

EXT. MAIN COMPOUND - MORNING

THE SUN hangs over the main gate

IN ONE DIRECTION: a cloud of dust is approaching.

IN THE OTHER DIRECTION: the entire camp, zombie-like, still at attention.

THE GATES SWING OPEN: Dr. Kamm's VW enters and parks.

Adler comes out and waves Theo over.

THEO

What is going on?

ADLER

A re-education program.

(beat)

I hear you overstated your importance.

Theo looks confused.

ADLER (CONT'D)

I've been told the Games were organized by someone else. A German-born Jew!

THEO

(ashen)

Who informed you of this?

ADLER

A prisoner who said you were a useless dreamer. Of course that might that be a pickled red herring. It might really be you. Unless you know who the other person is?

THEO

I know nothing but what I told you.

ADLER

You knew something was going on. You let me down. Have you decided your fate?

THEO

I will apply for a transfer to the front lines.

ADLER

It will be granted. You disappoint me, Theo. Never mind, I'll find the truth soon enough.

Another larger cloud of dust is approaching the camp.

Adler signals Glazer. The captain bounds over eagerly.

ADLER (CONT'D)
Everything is ready?

GLAZER
Yes, Kommandant!

ADLER
You haven't forgotten anything?

Glazer's eyes do a crazy little dance. He suspects he's done something wrong, but can't figure out what it is.

ADLER (CONT'D)
(spelling it out)
Get the American, and Rose, and the
other "Olympians".

GLAZER
Yes, Kommandant!

He rushes off.

The gates swing open allowing Field Marshall Klinner's staff car to enter, followed by a Red Cross sedan and transport lorry.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Adler as he rushes over to open the door for Klinner.

ADLER
Field Marshall Klinner, welcome to
my hotel.

The Field Marshall laughs as they walk down the ranks of exhausted prisoners attempting to keep at rigid attention.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
Very orderly. My congratulations.

Adler swells with pride.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER (CONT'D)
This Red Cross exchange pleases the
Foreign Office. It pleases me it
coincides with my visit. Most
considerate of you. Such things are
noticed.

He pats Adler playfully on the cheek. Adler can hardly contain his euphoria.

Adler snaps two fingers. An orderly brings a small black leather box. Adler knows instantly what this means. To heighten his pleasure he indulges in a moment of dalliance.

One of the prisoners - Nigel - has started to weave in place. Adler strides over.

ADLER
Are you trying to run?

Nigel shakes his head frantically. Adler is in his face.

ADLER (CONT'D)
The moment one foot moves one inch,
you are running.

NIGEL
(terrified)
I'm not running...

Adler reaches for his holster. Klinner shakes his head, gestures towards the Red Cross. Then points. Nigel has soiled himself, a large wet stain spreading from his crotch. The two officers enjoy the humor.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
Ah, this is a magic spot.
Surrounded by once-upon-a-time
warriors whose spirit you have so
successfully broken. Let them see a
hero of the Reich being rewarded.

He opens the box, takes out a medal and pins it on Adler's jacket. The Commandant is overwhelmed.

ADLER
The Iron Cross...*First Class*.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
Looks good. Who's your tailor?

Suddenly a strange sound is heard approaching; several guards chanting in unison "Lauf! Lauf! Lauf! Hopfen! Hopfen! Hopfen!"

Klinner and Adler look at each other.

From around the corner of the barracks come the Marathon 'Frog Runners', under the command of Captain Glazer.

Adler and Klinner are stunned.

A prisoner from the Polish ranks starts to applaud.

Then another.

Then Frenchmen, Brits, Yugoslavs, Dutch, Belgians and Norwegians are joining in.

Soon the entire camp is applauding and shouting encouragement to the Marathoners.

Nigel is cheering the loudest, his terror and humiliation forgotten.

Adler rushes to Glazer.

ADLER

What the hell is going on?!

GLAZER

Sergeant Gunther Brunner told me it was the Kommandant's wish to show firm punishment. He said the Field Marshall wanted to witness how Kommandant Adler has broken their will.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER

What is this nonsense?

While this is going on: the Frog Runners continue their Marathon, hopping round the compound. Willie is near the front of the pack.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER (CONT'D)

I'm not blind. A sporting even is taking place.

GLAZER

That is the Kommandant's idea, he makes them pretend it's a game.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER

Berlin will be fully informed of this game!

He heads towards his staff car. Adler races after him.

Meanwhile the Marathon continues in the mid-day sun. Frog-Runners are starting to drop out one by one.

ADLER

Field Marshall...

Klinner spins around enraged.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER

You question my judgement?

ADLER

I'm trying to protect you from embarrassment. Our Führer gave me the Iron Cross. First Class. Now you wish to tell Him it was premature?

Klinner stares at Adler with venom.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
If you harm my career, believe me,
I'll destroy you on my way down.

ADLER
Why should that be necessary?
(beat)
This never happened.

Klinner realizes Adler is providing them with a way out.

Around and around the compound the Frog Runners hop. Now it's down to Willie, Antoine, and a Belgium.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER
Should this comes out...I will need
to prove I took action.
(shouts)
Glazer! Get in. Next to the driver.

Glazer gets in, not realizing his fate.

FIELD MARSHALL KLINNER (CONT'D)
(to Adler)
This never happened. Never! And
don't come to Berlin. Ever.

Staff car doors slam. With a purr it pulls away. Gates open, then re-close. A cloud of dust recedes.

ADLER
Where is Sergeant Brunner?!?

Corporal Bernhart replies:

BERNHART
He said he was going to town, *mein*
Kommandant.

Sergeant Cockcroft smiles.

Adler is about to explode, but realizes the Red Cross official has approached.

RED CROSS OFFICIAL
Allowing the men to blow off steam
is to be commended. I wish other
officers in your position were so
enlightened.

A MIGHTY ROAR goes up.

The Marathon is nearing it's climax. The Belgium is down, Antoine battles on... weaves... collapses. Now its just Willie.

SHOT RIEFENSTAHL STYLE: Willie increases his speed, hopping faster and faster.

Then he's upright, running, knees high, a final lap around the compound, sprinting to the 'finish', arms in the air in triumph.

The compound erupts in cheers as Willie sprints to the finish, arms in the air...

WILLIE
Nikomen! We have won!

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Adler stares at Willie with hatred, then signs the papers.

ADLER
Your American friend and the
Committee are on the list. You are
not on the list. Not until I have
the name. As agreed.

WILLIE
As agreed. Make it official.

Adler gives the papers to a guard who delivers them to the Red Cross official. Now there's no way to renege without an international incident.

ADLER
Let's see if you're a man of your
word. The name of the traitor?

WILLIE
Wilhelm Rosen. Born in Dusseldorf.
German Jew. Could you wish for
anything more?

At first Adler doesn't comprehend. Then his face begins to redden.

ADLER
You!!!

HALF AN HOUR LATER

Chris, Antoine, and Bjorn are on the Red Cross lorry.

Willie has been put on a German Army truck. Adler tells the driver:

ADLER
Auschwitz.
(tells everyone)
Not a word of this. Not a word!

Chris leaps out of the Red Cross truck and dashes towards Willie's truck with something in his hand.

ADLER (SUBTITLED GERMAN) (CONT'D)

Stop him!

A guard steps forward, but is halted by Bernhart. Adler reaches for his Luger, pulls it out, takes aim...

Theodor stays his hand.

THEO (SUBTITLED GERMAN)

In front of the Red Cross?

(then)

Olympic medalists are always honored publicly. He won the gold.

Adler pretends nothing's happening as Chris reaches the truck, takes the gold medal made from cigarette pack paper and hangs the flimsy award around Willie's neck.

The entire camp, and a good number of the guards, salute the men who gave them back their self respect and their soul.

The two men embrace.

CHRIS

You won.

WILLIE

We won. Douche-bag.

The trucks start up.

Theodor struggles to show no emotion.

Chris leaps rejoins the Red Cross lorry.

The gates swing open.

The trucks depart.

Chris and Willie stare at each other as the two vehicles leave in different directions.

The lonesome figure of Willie gets smaller and smaller. The image gets darker, until only the faint glint of the gold medal can be seen, like a tiny flame in the night.

It explodes, becoming the blast of a bomb, gouging a hole in a beach.

EXT. OMAHA BEACH, NORMANDY - JUNE 6TH, 1944

Normandy, D-Day.

A landing craft opens its maw. At the head of a group of American soldiers, a name-plate: Capt. C Prine.

His men are terrified as they see soldiers in front of them falling like flies. Chris turns, roars, his eyes on fire. He storms ashore, followed by his men.

CHRIS (V.O.)

In the summer of 1940, in Stalag XIII A, prisoners from seven countries, under the threat of death, carried out a secret Olympic Games, a shining demonstration of the Olympic spirit transcending war.

The smoke of war envelopes the screen.

EXT. POLISH SPORTS MUSEUM, WARSAW - PRESENT DAY

In a dark dusty corner a small display.

CHRIS (V.O.)

This story remained unknown until 1973 when the Polish Sports Museum in Warsaw opened a small display of flags and medals saved by members of the Polish team, and the results of the seven events, hand-written by a member of the Olympic Committee. And a message:
"We are prisoners from England, France, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Yugoslavia, and Poland. We are sportsmen who have been loyal to the Olympic ideal. We made a conspiracy to keep alive the Olympic spirit. We remembered the beauty of the idea of fraternity, of noble confrontation, of sport. At a time when it seemed impossible to hope for freedom and peace, for fraternity and joy, we the men of Stalag 13A succeeded in maintaining the Olympic flame and the human spirit."

HOLD ON the crayon hand-drawn Olympic flag.

Scroll the hand-written names of the medalists.

THE END