

**THE DIRTY DOZEN**

CAST OF CHARACTERS

7/4/66

<u>Character</u>	<u>Artist</u>
MAJOR REISMANN	LEE MARVIN
GENERAL WORDEN	ERNEST BORGNINE
JOSEPH WLADISLAW	CHARLES BRONSON
MILO VLADEK	DON BORISENKO
ROBERT JEFFERSON	JIM BROWN
GLENN GILPIN	BEN CARRUTHERS
VICTOR FRANKO	JOHN CASSAVETES
ROSCOE LEVER	STUART COOPER
SGT. BOWREN	RICHARD JAECKEL
MAJOR MAX ARMBRUSTER	GEORGE KENNEDY
PEDRO JIMINEZ	TRINI LOPEZ
SETH SAWYER	COLIN MAITLAND
TASSOS BRAVOS	AL MANCINI
CAPTAIN STUART KINDER	RALPH MEEKER
CORPORAL MORGAN	ROBERT PHILLIPS
COL. EVERETT-DASHER-BREED	ROBERT RYAN
ARCHER MAGGOT	TELLY SAVALAS
VERNON PINKLEY	DONALD SUTHERLAND
SAMSON POSEY	CLINT WALKER
COLONEL DENTON	ROBERT WEBBER
LADY MARGOT	-----

1 EXT. MILITARY PRISON MARSTON-TYNE DAY

ESTABLISHING SHOT: It is dawn. A thin, penetrating rain has just finished falling upon the grey granite of the old prison.

2 NEW ANGLE

Water runs in rivulets from the oilskin cape of the white-helmeted MILITARY POLICEMAN who stands guard outside the enormous prison gate. A recently painted signboard stands out in contrast to the ancient weathered stones of the prison: it bears the legend:

MARSTON-TYNE MILITARY PRISON  
U.S. ARMY - E.T.O.

The Military Policeman stamps his feet and shakes the rain from his sodden cape.

CUT TO:

3 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR MARSTON-TYNE DAY

A condemned soldier is to be hanged. He is escorted from his cell by the COMMANDING OFFICER of the prison, a CHAPLAIN and three M.P. guards. A doctor has slipped the man some sort of pill and he walks in a daze. The CHAPLAIN intones a prayer softly in Latin. There is suddenly a rattling of tin cups and pans on the bars and shouts.

VOICES

So long, kid... You show 'em, soldier...  
Bye, boy... etc.

As the party passes through the door...

CUT TO:

4 INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER MARSTON-TYNE DAY

The execution chamber is completely silent. There is a noose hanging from the ceiling, below it a trapdoor. Standing around the edges of the room are the shadowy figures of the official witnesses. As the execution party enters the chamber there is a brief surge of noise from the corridor - then the sound-proof door is closed again and the big M.P. MASTER SERGEANT brings the parade to attention.

MASTER SERGEANT

Ten-SHUN!

4 Continued

The witnesses come to attention.

5 CLOSE SHOT

MAJOR JOHN REISMAN, about 40, a tough professional soldier from Virginia, is one of the witnesses. His face is without expression - only his eyes moving back and forth as they follow the nervous little sounds from OFF SCREEN: G.I. shoes on the stone floor, a cough, and a clearing of the throat, some whispers.

6 REISMAN'S POV

The MASTER SERGEANT steps back from tying the prisoner's feet. The braceboard, strapped to the prisoner's back is already in place. The CHAPLAIN interrupts a silent prayer and steps forward to address the prisoner.

CHAPLAIN

Private Gardiner, do you have  
anything to say to me as Chaplain?

The prisoner hesitates, then opens his mouth but cannot formulate the words.

CHAPLAIN (coaxing him)

What is it, son?

The prisoner's mouth works in spasms like a frantic gold-fish but no sound emerges. The CHAPLAIN glances around apologetically, sensing that the others are anxious to get on with the job.

7 RESUME CLOSE SHOT REISMAN

The muscles in REISMAN's cheek tauten as he tries to control his reaction of disgust.

OVERSCENE: The CHAPLAIN resumes a muttered prayer. Then the sounds that all this was leading up to:-  
As the tension mounts REISMAN's face grows quite still and he gazes unblinkingly at CAMERA. There is a moment of complete silence and then the sound of a wooden lever being pulled sharply, followed by the trapdoor opening and the body plummeting through the hole in the floor. REISMAN blinks rapidly and starts to turn his head away in total revulsion.

## 8 NEW ANGLE

As the rope and body become still, TWO Medical Corps DOCTORS approach it, ready to perform the last official act of the ceremony.

CUT TO:

## 9 EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT LONDON DAY

The great indolent, silvery barrage balloons float serenely over a grey London skyline. Superimposed over this is...

LONDON, 1944

## 10 HIGH ANGLE

A 1940 TAXI pulls up outside the large TOWN HOUSE that serves as the headquarters of the Special Operations office of the Strategic Services in London. REISMAN jumps out, pays the DRIVER and slams the door in the brusque manner of an angry man in a hurry. He moves OUT OF FRAME and the taxi pulls away.

CUT TO:

## 11 INT. ENTRANCE HALL DAY

A MILITARY POLICEMAN has admitted REISMAN and is examining his pass.

POLICEMAN

Just down the corridor to the -

REISMAN (interrupting impatiently)

Yeah, I know.

He fairly snatches the pass back and turns away. HOLD ON: The offended M. P. as he watches REISMAN stride off down the hall.

CUT TO:

## 12 INT. MAJOR ARMBRUSTER'S OFFICE DAY

MAJOR MAX ARMBRUSTER, a mild mannered, scholarly-looking soldier is standing by a filing cabinet, selecting a number of documents. The door bursts open and REISMAN stalks in, still seething with anger over the execution he was made to witness. ARMBRUSTER knows where his friend has been and moves quickly to greet him with a mixture of pleasure and concern.

12 Continued

**ARMBRUSTER**

John! Good to see you.

**REISMAN (aggressively)**

Don't give me that - I haven't been  
anywhere. We had breakfast together  
...remember?

He ignores ARMBRUSTER's outstretched hand and moves away across the office. ARMBRUSTER bites his lip, his worst fears confirmed.

**ARMBRUSTER**

Pretty bad, huh?

**REISMAN (viciously sarcastic)**

Hell, no! I haven't had that much fun  
in years!

He glances around the office as if searching for something on which to vent his fury. ARMBRUSTER looks at him with thoughtful anxiety and moves back to the filing cabinet. REISMAN joins him with angry impatience.

**REISMAN**

Now listen, Max. What're they giving me here? It's bad enough sitting around waiting for reassignment, but what in hell was the idea of sending me half way across the country to watch that performance?

**ARMBRUSTER (sympathetically)**

There is a connection, John.

**REISMAN (explosively)**

Between reassignment and that! What're they going to do - gimme a job as a hangman?

**ARMBRUSTER** shakes his head in weary resignation.

**ARMBRUSTER**

Come on, John, you know better than that -

12 Continued

REISMAN (interrupting)

Just do me a favour! Explain it to me, will you?

ARMBRUSTER (after a pause)

That's what we brought you in for. But stealing General Worden's surprise is more than my job's worth. He wants to see you himself.

REISMAN

Here? Old Murderous Mac!? Old Wonderman Worden's paying us a personal visit?... I should live so long -

ARMBRUSTER glances at his wristwatch and interrupts him nervously.

ARMBRUSTER

Yes, but believe me - he's in no mood for nicknames. In fact he's in no mood - no mood at all. Period!

REISMAN

What's the matter, didn't he eat his ration of babies this morning?

ARMBRUSTER

He called for your personal file, and I'm not sure he liked what he saw. Just this once, do me a favour. Be nice - take it easy -

REISMAN (ironically)

Oh, sure.

ARMBRUSTER frowns, selects another file from the cabinet and moves towards CAMERA.

CUT TO:

13 INT. ANTE-ROOM GENERAL DENTON'S OFFICE DAY

A SERGEANT CLERK sits at a desk guarding the entrance to the office from visitors such as COLONEL EVERETT DASHER BREED, a beautifully tailored product of West Point, whose invariably immaculate

13 Continued

appearance may suggest something out of Madam Butterfly, but actually serves to disguise an efficient and consumingly ambitious career officer. He is looking impatiently at the Sergeant who studiously avoids his gaze. BREED has just risen to his feet and is crossing to speak to the sergeant when the outer door opens and ARMBRUSTER sails in with REISMAN in tow. There is instant and angry recognition between BREED and REISMAN, but ARMBRUSTER is aware of this animosity and does not give it time to become verbalised.

ARMBRUSTER (a polite nod)

Colonel.

REISMAN offers a similar, but faintly sardonic nod as ARMBRUSTER steers him across the office, knocks on the door and opens it without waiting for a reply. The SERGEANT had made no attempt to impede his progress. HOLD ON: BREED's reaction as he realises that the two Majors are getting preference over him.

CUT TO:

14 INT. GENERAL DENTON'S OFFICE DAY

Already present are GENERAL WORDEN, a tough professional with the very roughest of edges, who looks as though he only reluctantly gave up chewing tobacco when he acquired his second star; GENERAL DENTON, an altogether smoother and more sophisticated officer. He only has one star as yet, but we may be sure that if cunning or sheer hard-nosed ambition have anything to do with it he will soon acquire a second or even a third; COLONEL GOULD, a severe, elderly staff officer, and CAPTAIN STUART KINDER, a dark young man of such obvious intellect that one would immediately take him for a war-time officer who would be more at home pursuing abstract studies at Harvard or Princeton.

ARMBRUSTER announces REISMAN from the doorway.

ARMBRUSTER

Major Reisman, sir.

ARMBRUSTER frowns quickly at REISMAN as if to remind him to play it cool, then moves to sit in silence at the side of the room. REISMAN crosses the room, stops in front of the desk and salutes. WORDEN gazes up at him in silent appraisal. There is nothing friendly about the General's expression and he makes no effort to introduce the other officers.



14 Continued

**WORDEN**

Sit down, Major.

A hard-backed chair has already been placed in front of the desk. The atmosphere suggests that REISMAN is going to be chastised rather than briefed. WORDEN takes his time and when he finally speaks again it is with calculated and deliberate brutality.

**WORDEN**

Tell me, Major - what did you think of the hanging?

REISMAN hesitates as he rejects an angry retort in favour of a deliberately cool, almost insolent one.

**REISMAN**

It looked very efficient. But then I'm not an expert...

He has not added the words "Perhaps you are", but his tone implies them. DENTON stiffens but WORDEN merely looks at REISMAN thoughtfully as if wondering whether to bite his head off now or later.

**WORDEN (quietly)**

I meant how did you personally feel about it?

**REISMAN**

It wasn't the loveliest way to spend an evening, sir.

**WORDEN (a touch of asperity)**

It wasn't staged for your entertainment.

**REISMAN**

I hope Private Gardiner was aware of that, sir.

**WORDEN**

Private Gardiner...?

**REISMAN (dead-pan)**

Yes, sir. He was the object of the exercise.

14 Continued

WORDEN's grunt makes it clear that he has either long since forgotten, or never knew, the name of the soldier who was executed. The Colonel, and more particularly, General DENTON, have reacted unfavourably to this exchange and DENTON starts to remonstrate with REISMAN.

DENTON

Now look here, Major. There happens to have been a reason.

WORDEN, who is examining REISMAN's file, brushes his interruption aside with a wave of the hand.

WORDEN

All right, Denton. Let it go.  
(to REISMAN)

I have your service record here, Major. It's long on fireworks, long on transfers, long on one tough scrape after another and very short on discipline... Deplorably short on discipline.

He looks up as if to invite comment, but gets none and ploughs on.

WORDEN (continued)

You did a good job in Italy and then you loused it up by exceeding your orders and that wasn't the first time either. Right?

He looks up, daring REISMAN to contradict him.

REISMAN

I didn't write those reports, sir.

WORDEN

What the devil is that supposed to mean?

REISMAN (stolidly)

It means that I don't necessarily agree with what's in them.

WORDEN

Perhaps you'd prefer to write your own.

14 Continued

The question is a purely rhetorical one and clearly intended to put an end to the exchange, but REISMAN answers it anyway.

REISMAN

No sir. I'm not much interested in embroidery - only results.

WORDEN is sufficiently angry to raise his voice for the first time.

WORDEN

That'll do for now, Major. This war wasn't started for your private gratification, and you can be damn sure the Army isn't being run for your personal convenience either.

(after a pause)

You've now been awaiting re-assignment for something over two months and with your record you could go on waiting forever. However, I get orders too and right now I have some that sound as if they were made for someone just like you. Personally I don't go for this behind-the-lines Special Services nonsense... far as I'm concerned a soldier's job is to wear his uniform and kill the enemy. But that's another matter.

(he turns to indicate DENTON)

General Denton will be in charge of this operation and directly responsible to me. Colonel Gould is his aide, Captain Kinder of the Psychological Warfare Department is our liaison with the intellectual giants who thought up this little scheme; and Armbruster here will represent your own Special Services outfit. Now I'm going to ask General Denton to give you this just as it came down to us, and after that if you have any intelligent questions you can ask them. Understand?

REISMAN

Yes, sir.

WORDEN pushes a sheet of paper across to DENTON who begins to read in a dry, unpleasantly pedantic tone of voice.

14 Continued

DENTON (reading)

Project Amnesty. You will select Twelve General Prisoners convicted and sentenced to death or to long terms of imprisonment for murder, rape, robbery and/or other crimes of violence etc. Train and qualify these prisoners in as much of the business of behind-the-lines operations as they can absorb in a brief but unspecified time; and then deliver them secretly into the European mainland and just prior to the invasion to attack and destroy the target specified overleaf.

There is a long pause and DENTON looks impatiently at REISMAN.

DENTON

Well?

REISMAN

Just those few brilliant words of wisdom - that's all?

DENTON (tightly)

That's all!

REISMAN

What about "The target specified overleaf?"

DENTON (coldly)

That doesn't concern you now.

REISMAN raises his eyebrows in a particularly insolent gesture of mock surprise.

WORDEN

What do you say, Major?

REISMAN

I'd say it confirms a suspicion that I've had for quite a while now... Sir.

Sensing impending disaster, ARMBRUSTER shifts uneasily in his chair.

DENTON (icily)

Do you think we might be allowed to share that suspicion... Major?

REISMAN starts off with heavy sarcasm and ends on a note of downright anger.

REISMAN

Yes, Sir. I think you should. Of course I don't know who dreamt up this little gem, but since I have to presume that most of us are anxious to win this war, it certainly wouldn't do to advertise the fact, but at least one of the people we're all working for just has to be a raving lunatic.

DENTON (exploding)

That's enough, Major.

Judging from his expression it might seem that WORDEN secretly agrees with REISMAN's sentiments, but the utterance of such opinions in front of witnesses is a breach of discipline that WORDEN clearly cannot allow.

WORDEN (dangerously precise)

Major Reisman, you are here to be briefed on an operation. You have permission only to ask "relevant questions" concerning that operation. You will not make personal comments of any kind concerning the officers responsible for its conception.

(after a pause)

So either ask intelligent questions or shut up.

Though he modifies his tone, REISMAN's choice of words is still more than faintly sarcastic.

REISMAN

Would it be "relevant" to ask why I am being offered this assignment?

WORDEN

It's not being offered. It's being given.

14 . Continued

**REISMAN** (drily)

You mean I'm volunteering, Sir?

**WORDEN**

Exactly, Major. I'm glad you look at these things realistically. Anything else?

**REISMAN**

Yes, Sir. Assuming that I'm in my right mind, why would I volunteer for a mission like this?

**WORDEN** (coldly)

I thought I'd made myself understood. The voluntary aspect as far as you're concerned, is merely a matter of form. It will look good on your record - and it's high time something looked good on your record. I already told you this Army isn't being run for your personal convenience. A lot of officers are carrying out a lot of hazardous missions - some of them with only a remote chance of success. You've been chosen for this one. Any more questions?

There is a pause and then, accepting defeat on one point, **REISMAN** goes back to the attack on another.

REISMAN (glancing at DENTON)

Yes, Sir... I gather that the actual target is not supposed "to concern me now." But I do find it somewhat difficult to visualise just what kind of a mission would make criminals, and badly trained ones at that, more suitable than highly specialised, regular troops.

WORDEN

Not more suitable... more readily expendable. You understand "expendable"? It means we can afford to lose them. Understand? When we hit those beaches we're going to need every available man to cover a whole variety of essential targets. This mission doesn't fall into "that" category.

(blandly)

Matter of fact, if our information is reliable, there's a damn good chance that this mission will be a failure. On the other hand, if it succeeds, well then that's just so much gravy for us.

REISMAN

But considerably less rewarding for the men involved...?

WORDEN

Considerably.

He nods contentedly as if the thought actually gave him some kind of amused satisfaction. REISMAN is as sarcastic as he dares.

REISMAN

I don't like to appear unduly cautious, sir, but if my personal survival is going to depend on the performance of a dozen dead-heads, then it might be useful to know just what I have to train them for.

14 Continued

**WORDEN**

All right, let's just have the basic outline, Major.

**ARMBRUSTER**

The Germans are using a large chateau near Rennes in Brittany, as a rest center and conference place for General Staff Officers. The target has no real military value in itself, but what with conferences, discussion groups, and the like going on all the time, there's hardly a day when there aren't a considerable number of general officers in residence - usually with benefit of female companionship. Eliminating a sufficient number of senior officers couldn't help but have the effect of disrupting their chain of command. So the idea is simply that our men are dropped by parachute, enter the chateau and kill as many senior officers as possible in the time available.

(after a pause)

Naturally the place is fortified and heavily guarded.

**REISMAN (drily)**

"Naturally."

There is a pause during which nobody seems anxious to speak.

**REISMAN**

This may be a large assumption, but assuming there are any survivors - I mean on "our side" ... how do we get back?

**ARMBRUSTER** clearly hasn't the faintest idea. He looks at **DENTON**, who does not know either, and turns to **WORDEN**.

**WORDEN**

That would appear to be their problem. But from what I can see of it, survivors are a pretty remote probability.

**REISMAN** digests this without comment.



14 Continued

REISMAN

What's the deal with the men?

WORDEN glances at DENTON.

DENTON

None - and let's have no misunderstanding about that. It's exactly what it says - an amnesty - a temporary postponement - and nothing more. You take it or leave it on that basis.

REISMAN

Like you said, sir. Let's not have any misunderstanding. The idea stinks! I don't want any part of it.

DENTON

Now see here, we've had just about enough of your insolence.

REISMAN (heatedly)

It's not a question of insolence. It's a question of practicality. I'm the guy that's presumably being asked to sell this idea to twelve happy, smiling volunteers. Right?

WORDEN (quiet, but pointed)

They have an alternative way to go.

REISMAN

That's no way for anybody to go.

WORDEN (calmly)

I disagree with you, Major. I know a great many people who should go in precisely that way.

(he allows himself a grim, private smile)

But that's beside the point. What's your basic objection?

14 Continued

REISMAN

I'll tell you my basic objection, sir. This plan calls for the use of men who are, by definition, incapable of taking discipline or any kind of authority, never mind intensive training. Now, if there isn't even the possibility of a remission in their sentences, then they have nothing to look forward to and absolutely no reason to cooperate.

WORDEN rubs his chin in silent contemplation.

WORDEN (grudgingly)

You have a point, Major. But I don't have the power to reverse the findings of a general court-martial.

REISMAN

You have the power to commute the sentence of such a court.

ARMBRUSTER

Excuse me, General, but you do have authority under the "Statutes of Occupation" to make such a ruling.

As WORDEN ponders this one, DENTON looks at him as if he thought not even WORDEN would let himself in for something so unorthodox. But WORDEN ignores his gaze.

WORDEN (with finality)

All right, Major, you've got a deal. Let's say that if any of these men really distinguish themselves, then we will give serious consideration to the possibility of commutation or remission.

REISMAN

That's not a deal at all. Who's to say whether they "really distinguish themselves"?

14 Continued

**WORDEN (coldly)**

I think you can leave that decision to me. And remember the other alternative will apply with equal force. Any breach of security on this project, any failure of discipline and the prisoners go right back where they came from. Understood?

**REISMAN**

Yes, sir.

Continued

**WORDEN**

Good.

(nodding at ARMBRUSTER)

Major Armbruster.

**ARMBRUSTER**

Captain Kinder has supplied me with a list of thirty-four prisoners. Five of them are under sentence of death, the others are all long-term - anything from twenty years to life. We thought you might like to pick your own team.

**REISMAN** frowns unhappily and reluctantly opens the file. **KINDER** produces a second pack of documents.

**KINDER**

These are the service records and court-martial transcripts. They should be some help.

**REISMAN** (fending him off)

I'll take the five under sentence of death; I'd rather you picked the others.

(he glances at **WORDEN**)

Playing at God isn't in my line.

**WORDEN** looks at **REISMAN** as if assessing this last little dig at his authority, then dismisses the thought.

**WORDEN**

Right. Is there anything else, gentlemen?

He glances at the other senior officers and **REISMAN** comes right back at him.

14 Continued

REISMAN

Yes, sir. I saw Colonel Breed outside. Is he in any way connected with this operation?

WORDEN gives him a simmering look that threatens to boil over into explosive anger.

WORDEN

What if he were?

REISMAN (frankly)

I'd be unhappy, Sir.

Having escaped most of the wrath that his previous remarks and attitude were in danger of unleashing, REISMAN now seems really to have put his foot in it.

14 Continued

**WORDEN** (dangerously)

You appear to have forgotten that the progression of ranks in this army is as follows: Lieutenant, Captain, Major, Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel and so on and so forth, rising to a number of other ranks that are not likely to ever figure in your career. I don't give a damn about past history. Colonel Breed is your superior officer and you will at all times behave accordingly. Is that clear?

**REISMAN** (tightly)

Yes, sir.

**WORDEN** (after a pause)

It so happens that Colonel Breed is not concerned with this operation, but he is taking over the Parachute School where some of your training will be carried out. And I don't want to hear any complaints - from either of you!

(he gets up)

Now get moving, you've got a job to do.

**REISMAN** comes to attention, salutes and marches out.

**WORDEN**

Thank you, Gentlemen.

Moving across the office with **WORDEN**, **DENTON** uses **WORDEN**'s last flash of anger with **REISMAN** to return to the attack.

**DENTON**

Seems to me that Major Reisman is heading rapidly towards a court martial of his own. He is undoubtedly the worst disciplined, ill mannered junior officer I've ever had the misfortune to meet.

**WORDEN**

You may be right, Denton...

14 Continued

He glances at the three junior officers grouped in a corner of the room, then grins surreptitiously at DENTON.

WORDEN (continued)

But he's right about one thing though.  
Somebody up there just has to be a  
raving lunatic.

DENTON looks offended and faintly shocked.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

15 EXT. MARSTON-TYNE AND PRISON

The town is small and the prison old. REISMAN arrives driving his own jeep and stops outside the enormous, solid gates which are guarded by a white helmeted MILITARY POLICEMAN. As the policeman inspects REISMAN's pass and opens the small door that has been let into the big gates:

CUT TO:

16 EXT. PRISON YARD MARSTON-TYNE

A piercing whistle, the harsh sounds of military commands and marching feet echo back and forth across the bleak yard. REISMAN enters from the main gate and pauses to take in the scene.

17 REISMAN's POV

THREE heavily-armed MILITARY POLICEMEN under the command of SERGEANT BOWREN, an open-faced but frighteningly tough M.P. are supervising a parade of the TWELVE PRISONERS. The M.P.'s move back and forth, barking out orders and harrying the prisoners like sheepdogs. But in spite of this the prisoners come out of the cellblock and begin to line up in a slovenly manner, totally indifferent to the threat of the armed guards. Becoming aware of an observer, BOWREN hands the parade over to CORPORAL MORGAN, a smooth-faced character who looks sly rather than aggressive. BOWREN about-turns and heads smartly towards CAMERA.

FADE IN

18 MAIN TITLES

thru  
48

As titles continue over, REISMAN makes his first inspection of the

18 Continued

thru

48 **DIRTY DOZEN.** He is accompanied by **BOWREN** who carries a **CLIPBOARD** with a list of the prisoners on it. **REISMAN** pauses briefly in front of each of the prisoners while **BOWREN** raps out their sentence.

**CLOSE SHOT**

**VICTOR FRANKO**, a Chicago hoodlum who has already spent ten years in various penitentiaries, stares defiantly at **CAMERA**.

**BOWREN**

Franko, Victor. Sentence: death by hanging.

**CLOSE SHOT**

**ROBERT JEFFERSON**, a huge, intelligent-looking negro, returns the **CAMERA**'s unblinking stare, his handsome face totally devoid of any expression.

**BOWREN**

Jefferson, Robert. Sentence: death by hanging.

**REVERSE SHOT**

**REISMAN** looks searchingly at **CAMERA**, evidently taking in every last detail, but not revealing any reaction.

**CLOSE SHOT**

**ARCHER MAGGOT**, a red-neck from the bible belt, whose only achievement in life has been to graduate from his rural, cracker background to the seamy streets of Phenix City, Alabama. He would maintain that he went there to spread the word of the Lord and preach against the evil influence of Negroes, Catholics, Jews and in fact anyone not subscribing to his particular form of religious mania. But since he was convicted of murder and rape we may suspect that he found Phenix City interesting for other than religious reasons.



18 Continued  
thru  
48

**BOWREN**

Maggot, Archer. Sentence: death  
by hanging.

**CLOSE SHOT**

**SAMSON POSEY**, a part Indian giant with little formal education, but with a kind of instinctive feeling for people which often allows him to go right to the heart of a situation where other, more sophisticated people, are still grappling with superficialities. He gazes at **CAMERA** with frank, open-faced candour.

**BOWREN**

Posey, Samson. Sentence: death  
by hanging.

The words "death by hanging" make **POSEY** slowly wince.

**CLOSE SHOT**

**JOSEPH WLADISLAW**, a granite-faced, but not unintelligent man, who was in fact an officer at the time of his court-martial, stares angrily at **CAMERA**.

**BOWREN**

Wladislaw, Joseph. Sentence: death  
by hanging.

The foregoing figure in various degrees of importance in the story.  
The following are less conspicuous.

**CLOSE SHOT**

**PEDRO JIMINEZ**, a boyishly handsome Mexican, ordinarily amiable but quick tempered and reckless.  
Condemned to a long prison term.

**CLOSE SHOT**

**BRAVOS, TASSO**, a little man whose lack of stature and mild but highly intelligent features make him look entirely out of place in this parade,

18  
thru  
48

Continued

blinks nervously at CAMERA.  
He has been condemned to a long  
prison term for fraud.

SETH SAWYER, the only one of  
the prisoners who has been a  
soldier in combat. Condemned to  
a long prison term.

ROSCOE LEVER, a wily stick-up man  
who used a gun once too often.  
Condemned to a long prison term.

MILO VLADEK, a violent-looking  
man who would appear to be capable  
of anything, in fact condemned  
to a long prison term for desertion.

GLENN GILPIN, once in the Engineers.  
Condemned to a long prison term.

VERNON PINKLEY, condemned to a  
long prison term.

REISMAN and BOWREN come to the end of the line and move away  
to take up positions in front of the parade.

FADE OUT

MAIN TITLES

49

NEW ANGLE

Prisoners and guards all look expectantly at REISMAN, who ignores  
their wary glances and deliberately lets them wait a moment or two  
longer.

REISMAN

(finally)

Rearrange the ranks you're in by height,  
left to right and snap it up.

When they shuffle into position, POSEY is on the left. REISMAN  
watches his unsoldierly exhibition without expression.

49 Continued

**REISMAN**

Now count off.

(they count off)

Now if I have reason to talk to you I'll call you by number, if you have reason to talk to me, you address me as Major, or Sir.

(to BOWREN)

Take over, Sergeant, and let's see what they can do with a little close-order drill.

**BOWREN**

Yes sir. Right face! Forward - march!

There is an immediate snafu. All move but FRANKO, who remains defiantly in place.

**BOWREN**

Prisoners - halt! Fall out and fall in as you were!

(to FRANKO)

What's the matter with you - don't you understand English?

**REISMAN**

Just a minute, Sergeant.

He was waiting for this, the first trouble, and he's ready for it.

**REISMAN**

Something the matter with you, Number Ten?

**FRANKO**

Yeah, I got a pain.

**REISMAN** (wearily sceptical)

All right, Number Ten, where does it hurt?

FRANKO gazes at him patronisingly as if to say "now where do you think". A snigger from the ranks underlines the fact that the joke is on REISMAN.

49 Continued

REISMAN

You are speaking to an officer,  
Number Ten. Now maybe you'd  
like to explain to all of us just  
exactly where your pain is located  
- and do it properly.

Now, if FRANKO proceeds, the joke will be on him. He hesitates  
and becomes sullen again.

FRANKO

I don't have to say, Sir, to you or  
anybody else. And I don't have to  
march either. I know the rules.

REISMAN

Why don't you have to march,  
Number Ten?

FRANKO

Because condemned men don't have to  
drill and there's nothing you can do  
about it, mister. Nothing.

REISMAN

What's your name?

FRANKO

Number Ten.

BOWREN

His name's Franko, sir.

REISMAN

Come over here, Franko. I want  
to talk to you.

REISMAN is smiling and his manner is conciliatory, and FRANKO  
shrugs, completely confident of his position, and walks with him  
toward the wall. REISMAN puts a friendly arm across his shoulder  
until they reach the wall and then speaks to him softly.

REISMAN

Listen, you little wop bastard. Either  
you march or I'm going to beat your  
brains out...now move it!

49 Continued

Deliberately he moves away from him, knowing what is going to happen, inviting it, in fact. His back is a temptation that FRANKO can't resist. As he goes for him, REISMAN drops on one knee, tucks his head down and reaches up. FRANKO bounces on the ground by his knee, and before he can even start to get up, REISMAN kicks him on the side of the jaw and FRANKO is out cold. BOWREN and the other guards have moved up.

REISMAN

What did you see, Sergeant?

BOWREN (the old routine)

I saw the Major attacked by this prisoner and forced to defend himself.

REISMAN

Thank you, Sergeant.

(to a guard)

Take him back to his cell.

(turning to the prisoners)

Now you, let's try that again.

BOWREN

Prisoners - attention!

They are still not very soldierly but at least now they make an effort.

BOWREN

Right - face! Forward - march!

As they move out...

DISSOLVE TO:

50 INT. FRANKO'S CELL DAY

FRANKO sits hunched up on his bunk when the sound of the door being unlocked makes him look up in sharp anxiety.

51 NEW ANGLE

The door swings open and BOWREN steps back to let REISMAN enter before closing the door again.

51 Continued

REISMAN (cheerfully)

How's the jaw, buster? If you're going to act tough you should learn to take better care of yourself - you really should.

FRANKO's hand rises involuntarily to nurse his jaw.

FRANKO

It still bothers you, huh! Franko's pain bothers the major - tough! I'm dead - false face - so I don't speak when I'm told. I don't march. I don't do nothing. I know the rules.

REISMAN (sarcastically)

Sure you do, Franko. Knowing the rules is your profession, isn't it? You're one guy that really knows his way around.

Too smart to rise to the bait of REISMAN's sarcasm, FRANKO clams up suddenly.

REISMAN (after a pause)

Matter of fact, I understand you used to be quite a man with the syndicate back in Chicago, right?

FRANKO (non-committal)

You've seen my record.

REISMAN drops his bantering tone.

REISMAN

Yeah, I've seen your record, so let's cut the nonsense, shall we. First thing you do when you hit London, you get yourself involved in a penny-ante stick-up, start blasting, kill some old guy and come away with - what, Franko? What did you have in your pocket when they nailed you?

FRANKO (defensively)

What did I have? Whad'ya mean, "What did I have?"

51 Continued

REISMAN

Come on, big shot, don't be modest.  
What did you have in your pocket?

FRANKO

I had enough.

REISMAN

Sure... you had two pounds and ten  
shillings. That's about ten dollars.  
You're so smart you're going to be  
hung for a lousy ten dollars.

FRANKO

So, what's it to you?

REISMAN

Nothing, nothing at all. I just -

FRANKO (interrupting sharply)

Get off my back! You got better things  
to do than snow me. What d'you want?

Looking at him pensively, REISMAN is mildly impressed that  
FRANKO should have guessed that he has something to sell.

REISMAN

For all I care they can hang you for ten  
dollars or ten cents, it doesn't make a  
bit of difference to me. But it so happens  
that just temporarily I do have some pull  
around here. I might get you sprung...if  
I wanted to.

FRANKO looks at him with the contemptuous scepticism of a man  
whose life has taught him to trust nobody.

FRANKO

Are you a General? You're not a General.  
And if you were you would not blow your nose  
at me. I know the rules. I studied them. Only  
a general can grant my reprieve and if  
you're a general you're shacked up with...

51 Continued

REISMAN (interrupting with finality)  
I've got better people to swap jokes with.  
I'm giving you a straight proposition  
and all I'm interested in is a straight  
yes or no.

FRANKO looks at him for a moment and realises he is in earnest.

FRANKO  
You're the talker. I'm the listener.

REISMAN  
You can either sweat out the two days  
you've got left and then get hung, or you  
can join the outfit I'm putting together.  
If you do that you'll be out of here in twenty-  
four hours, but you'll be worked to death,  
you'll take every kind of beating there is.  
Then, if I'm satisfied with you, you'll  
"go in" just where the Army tells you and  
the chances are you may get killed  
anyway.

FRANKO makes a last, cautious inquiry.

FRANKO  
What's the deal if I stay alive?

REISMAN (brusquely)  
You might get off the hook ... Guard!

Realising that for the moment there will be no further bartering,  
FRANKO comes back almost too quickly.

FRANKO  
O.K. Count me in.

REISMAN  
But get this, slip up anywhere along  
the line, just once, and you'll be right  
back here.

FRANKO (half-laughing)  
You crazy or something. Think I want to  
die. Just get me outta here and I'm your  
boy!



51 Continued

**REISMAN**

Okay.

(starting out)

The neck-tie party's off - but one more effort like this morning and you're dead.

**FRANKO**

Not a chance, Major. You get me out of here and I'm with you.

A glitter has come into FRANKO's eyes. He will beat these bastards yet, especially if all he has to deal with is this chump Major.

**CUT TO:**

52 INT. CORRIDOR PRISON DAY

**MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT:** SERGEANT BOWREN is examining the list of names on his clipboard.

**OVERSCENE:** A cell door slams, keys rattle, footsteps move along the corridor and another cell door is heard to open.

BOWREN makes a mark against one of the names on his list. In this and succeeding CUTS to BOWREN's list it is not necessary that we should understand BOWREN's method of notation or even the order of the names on the list. We need only to gather that each of the prisoners is being interviewed individually, and this method will dispense with unnecessary time-consuming DISSOLVES between scenes.

CUT TO:

53 INT. WLADISLAW'S CELL PRISON DAY

**BIG CLOSE UP:** THE OAK LEAVES on REISMAN's shoulder reflect the thin rays of sunshine that filter in through the single window in the cell. A powerful, stubby FOREFINGER stabs down at the badge of rank to emphasize the words that are spoken **OVERSCENE:**

WLADISLAW (over)

Does that little piece of tin give you  
guys the right to keep askin' questions?

**PULL BACK TO REVEAL:** REISMAN sitting on a stool with the granite-faced WLADISLAW standing over him. He is studying a folder containing WLADISLAW's Army records.

REISMAN (half smiling)

Sometimes it helps...I thought your folks  
were Polish, how come you speak German?

WLADISLAW (bored)

My old man was a coalminer in Silesia -  
if you didn't speak German you didn't  
dig coal, and if you didn't dig coal you  
didn't get to eat.

REISMAN

And that's the language he got by with when  
he came to the States?

53 Continued

WLADISLAW (indifferently)  
Yeah, only in the States they don't  
call it German, they call it  
Pennsylvania Dutch.

REISMAN  
Pretty tough job, digging coal  
back in those days.

WLADISLAW (abruptly)  
Still is - but I guess that's a  
subject an officer and a gentleman  
wouldn't know about.

REISMAN (slowly puts down the folder)  
Some might.

WLADISLAW snorts skeptically.

WLADISLAW  
The fact is, Major, I just don't like  
officers... any of 'em. Never have.

REISMAN  
But you were one yourself, weren't you?

WLADISLAW  
Yeah, for three lousy days. Italy -  
the guys were getting shot up so fast,  
I guess they just ran outta officer  
material.

REISMAN (mildly)  
Or maybe somebody simply thought  
you'd make a good officer.

53 Continued

**WLADISLAW** (a harsh laugh)

Well if they did they certainly made a big mistake. Shooting a medic in the back of the head ain't figured to be conduct becoming to an officer, right?

**REISMAN**

I thought you claimed he was going over the hill?

**WLADISLAW**

Whadd'ya mean "claimed"! Sure he was going over the hill. My platoon was stuck out in the most murderous, damn cross-fire you ever saw, half of 'em bleeding to death and this lover took off like a jackrabbit. He wasn't about to come back, either, so shooting him was the best way of holding on to the medical supplies he was running off with. Anyway...I figured he had it coming.

**REISMAN** (rising)

Well, you only made one mistake...

**WLADISLAW** glowers at him ready to justify his actions all over again. He is totally unprepared for what follows.

**REISMAN** (continued - from the door)

You shouldn't have let anyone see you do it.

**WLADISLAW** is incredulous at having found what is evidently the first person who has some sympathy for his point of view.

CUT TO:

54 INT. CORRIDOR PRISON

A chow trolley is being wheeled down the corridor by TWO MP GUARDS. A third Guard, CORPORAL MORGAN, has been dishing out food from the trolley to the individual cells, on crude, tin plates. They stop in front of the cell occupied by JEFFERSON. Holding the plate of food in one hand, MORGAN swings open the door to reveal JEFFERSON facing CAMERA ready to receive his food. MORGAN pushes the plate into his hands.

54 Continued

MORGAN

Here y'are, Jefferson. You be a good boy now, and maybe you'll get to eat with the white folks tonight.

As JEFFERSON starts forward at him, MORGAN slams the door in his face and moves on laughing.

55 NEW ANGLE

MORGAN's laughter is carried over and continued in an altogether harsher, more vicious tone from behind a cell door at which REISMAN has just arrived. Noting the incident, REISMAN turns from watching MORGAN and opens the cell door. MAGGOT, who already has his plate of food steps back from the doorway, his laughter fading. REISMAN enters the cell.

REISMAN (quietly ironic)

Ah, Mr. Maggot, I see you have a sense of humor...

(MAGGOT just scowls)

A real all-American hero laughing in the face of death, huh?

MAGGOT

They're not gonna hang me, Major. I never raped that evil slut or any other female creature. The Lord gave me that woman and told me to chastize her.

REISMAN

And then told you to beat her to death, huh?

MAGGOT (ignoring the sarcasm)

I only did what I was called to do. I was in a state of grace when that woman tried to soil my spirit - there's others have tried to do that, Major, but I was brought up to know what's right.

REISMAN (ironic)

Well, maybe you're right, Maggot. Maybe you won't hang after all.

MAGGOT

Huh?

55 Continued

**MAGGOT** (with easy familiarity)

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord". Paul to the Romans, Chapter twelve.

**REISMAN** (drily)

Exactly. But isn't that supposed to mean that you can leave the punishment of transgressors in His capable hands?

**MAGGOT** looks at him with that typical expression of patronizing superiority with which we shall become familiar.

**MAGGOT**

You're right, Major, that's exactly what it means. But that doesn't restrict Him in the choice of His tools, does it? I told you before, I only do what I am called upon to do.

**REISMAN** (ironic)

Well, maybe you're right, Maggot. Maybe you won't hang after all.

**MAGGOT**

Huh?

55 Continued

MAGGOT (with easy familiarity)  
"Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the  
Lord". Paul to the Romans, Chapter twelve.

REISMAN (drily)  
Exactly. But isn't that supposed to mean  
that you can leave the punishment of  
transgressors in His capable hands?

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superiority with which we shall become familiar.

MAGGOT  
You're right, Major, that's exactly what it  
means. But that doesn't restrict Him in the  
choice of His tools, does it? I told you before,  
I only do what I am called upon to do.

REISMAN (ironic)  
Well, maybe you're right, Maggot. Maybe  
you won't hang after all.

MAGGOT  
Huh?

REISMAN  
No, I think a man like you is destined for higher  
things. Besides, us Southern boys gotta stick  
together, don't we?

*Received 5-2-66*

55 Continued

Still holding his plate, MAGGOT sinks down onto his bunk, confused and suspicious.

CUT TO:

56 CLOSE SHOT

Facing CAMERA, SERGEANT BOWREN marks his list and turns away.

CUT TO:

57 INT. SAMSON POSEY'S CELL PRISON DAY

TWO SHOT: REISMAN has evidently just put his proposition to POSEY, but simple though it may be, the child-like giant appears to have difficulty in making up his mind.

REISMAN (slightly impatient)  
Well come on, Posey. What d'you say?

POSEY (cautiously)  
I hear you, Major, but I don't get it. That old feller with the white hair, that was doin' all the talkin' in court, he said they were fixin' to hang me no matter what.

REISMAN (patiently now)  
That's right, Posey, but that's what I've just been trying to tell you. You do like I say and they won't hang you.

POSEY (suddenly fearful)  
They gonna kill me some other way?

REISMAN (trying not to smile)  
Well, not on purpose anyhow. No, Posey - stick with me and the only way you could get killed is in combat. All right?



57 Continued

**POSEY**

I think my folks would be happy  
if I died like a soldier.

(after a pause)

But I don't think I would.

**REISMAN** (smiling)

It may not come to that.

He turns to go.

CUT TO:

58 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR

**SERGEANT BOWREN** strides down the corridor with his clipboard tucked military fashion under his arm. He sees **CORPORAL MORGAN** and another **GUARD** chatting quietly at the end of the corridor. **BOWREN**'s voice rings out and echoes through the building.

**BOWREN**

Corporal! If you've got nothing to do,  
I'll find something for you... move it!

**MORGAN** and the **GUARD** straighten up guiltily.

CUT TO:

59 INT. JEFFERSON'S CELL MARSTON-TYNE DAY

**CLOSE SHOT: JEFFERSON** lies on his bunk with his hands behind his head. Physically he is totally relaxed, but the expression on his face is one of rejection and contempt. **PULL BACK TO REVEAL: REISMAN** sitting on a stool a few feet away. He looks at **JEFFERSON** and ends what has evidently been a long silence with a sigh.

**REISMAN** (amiably ironic)

You know, what gets me about you is  
your enthusiasm.

(he pauses, but gets no reaction)

All right, let's agree it's no dice, but  
you don't mind if I just sit and talk a  
while, do you?

**JEFFERSON** finally replies without bothering to shift his gaze from the ceiling.

59 Continued

**JEFFERSON**

Go right ahead. It doesn't make a bit of difference to me. I learned how not to listen a long, long time ago.

Though his tone is dull with anger, his accents are no different from any other American of somewhat better-than-average education. REISMAN purses his lips, realizing that in this case, he has a long, hard job ahead of him.

**REISMAN (deliberately provoking)**

I don't understand you, Jefferson. You are a college graduate, "All Big Ten", a Staff-Sergeant and somebody had just recommended you for officers training school. How does an intelligent man like you wind up in here?

JEFFERSON looks at him contemptuously as if he had expected at least a modicum of intelligence from Reisman. Catlike he suddenly swings himself into a sitting position on the bunk, he leans forward and begins to talk as if he had a frog in his throat, using the ignorant white man's idea of negro jargon as a deliberate and ironic way of showing his contempt.

**JEFFERSON**

Well, Mistah Charley, I'll tell you. I'm walkin' down this heah street an' I'm real low - way down. I didn't have a cent and I was hongry - man, was I ever hongry. Then I seen this little white dwarf struttin' along an' I just couldn't hold back - I just gobbled him up, hair n' hide... Ate him alive, you know?

**REISMAN (dead-pan)**

How did he taste?

For one, brief moment, JEFFERSON goes along with the joke and smiles ruefully in spite of himself.

**JEFFERSON**

Man, he was somethin' else. He was awful. I was sick for a week.

59 Continued

His smile vanishes like a flash and he reverts to the tone reserved for the enemy.

JEFFERSON (continued)

Don't sweet-talk me, Whitey. You know why I'm here. Or maybe you think I should have let those cracker bastards go right ahead and castrate me.

He slowly swings his feet back onto the bunk and lies back exactly as before.

REISMAN (quietly)

I read the transcript of your trial. Seeing what those guys were trying to do to you, I'd say you had some considerable justification.

JEFFERSON (ironic)

Thank you, Mr Major, sir. I sure do thank you for that.

REISMAN

But the court didn't agree, right? So where does that get us? Letting them hang you isn't going to win your fight for you either. The hangman's a white man too, you know.

JEFFERSON (sarcastically)

You don't say. Well, I wouldn't have it any other way.

REISMAN

Sure, if you have to go you're going to show 'em up - show 'em they can't get to you even with a rope, right? I understand that, and that's fine so long as there's no alternative. But I'm offering you an alternative which means you can keep fighting.

JEFFERSON (sceptically)

Yeah, who for?

59 Continued

REISMAN

Yourself if you want. Those Krauts, they're really the master race merchants. They don't exactly subscribe to the idea of your equality either, you know.

JEFFERSON

That's your war, man - not mine. I don't need to travel any three thousand miles to get into that fight. You don't like the Krauts, Major - you fight them. I'll pick my own enemies.

REISMAN shakes his head and turns to go.

REISMAN

I guess, that's your privilege... Only trouble is you're not going to be able to exercise it for very long. March fifth you got a date with that big Master Sergeant with the long rope, that's just six days from now.

59 Continued

He goes out and closes the cell door behind him before JEFFERSON can reply. HOLD ON: JEFFERSON's reaction.

CUT TO:

60 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR DAY

POV SHOT: SHOOTING THRU' THE SPYHOLE in the cell door; unaware of being watched, JIMINEZ sits on the bunk strumming despondently on a cheap guitar that is devoid of strings. His plate of food stands untouched on the floor.

61 NEW ANGLE

Out in the corridor REISMAN turns away from the spyhole and looks at SERGEANT BOWREN who is standing beside him.

REISMAN

You know, Sergeant, I've been looking at the transcript of that guy's trial. There's a couple of things that just don't fit.

(BOWREN raises an unimpressed eyebrow)

Has he ever claimed he didn't do it?

BOWREN's smile is friendly but faintly patronising just the same.

BOWREN

I guess you haven't been around jails a lot, have you, Major?

(REISMAN shrugs)

That's the first thing you learn - in jail everybody's innocent.

REISMAN smiles and they start to move away.

BOWREN (continued)

Matter of fact though -

(he jerks his thumb back at the cell)

He ain't ever said a word 'bout that one way or the other. Just keeps bugging the guards 'cos he isn't allowed to have any strings on that guitar.

61 Continued

REISMAN (ironic)

You ever had a prisoner that hanged himself with a guitar string.

BOWREN

No sir, and we ain't about to either.

REISMAN

If he makes the trip, let him have his strings, okay?

BOWREN nods and they move off down the corridor.

DISSOLVE TO:

62 INT. LARGE ROOM PRISON DAY

Seated on wooden chairs, the twelve prisoners scrape and shuffle their feet restlessly on the stone floor. FOUR MILITARY POLICEMEN stand guard against the far wall. REISMAN enters with BOWREN.

REISMAN (to the Guards)

Guards out!

BOWREN (after a beat)

All right, outside.

Neither BOWREN nor the Guards care for this, but that's what the man said. The door closes. REISMAN is alone with his group.

REISMAN

My name, for those of you who may have forgotten it, is Reisman. You have all volunteered for a mission which gives you just three ways to go; you can foul up during training - in which case you'll find yourselves back here for execution of sentence; you can foul up in action - in which case I will personally blow your brains out; or, you can do as you're told - in which case you may just get by.

He pauses briefly to let his words sink in.

REISMAN

Now apart from that there are just two things you have to remember. One... This mission is a secret one. I will give you the details when I think you're ready for them. Meanwhile,

62 Continued

REISMAN (continued)

you will not reveal to anyone the things you are doing or anything you are told. Not even to the guards, not even to Eisenhower. Two... You must not try to escape. There will be no excuses - and there will be no appeal. Any breach of either of these conditions by any one of you will mean that you are all shipped right back here for execution of sentence. You are, therefore, dependant on each other, and if any one of you tries something smart - all twelve of you get it right in the head!... Right! So try and remember that. Now, are there any questions?

MAGGOT (after a long silence)

Sir. Do we have to eat with niggers?

JEFFERSON leaps for him and MAGGOT, never dreaming that he would be attacked in the presence of an officer, is caught off-guard. The others scramble back, tumbling over their chairs, as JEFFERSON knocks MAGGOT against the wall.

REISMAN (pleasantly)

Good afternoon, Gentlemen.

MAGGOT comes back at JEFFERSON and REISMAN leaves the room while the outcome of the fight is still indefinite.

63 CORRIDOR DAY

REISMAN stops BOWREN and the guards from entering the room.

REISMAN

It's all right. One gentleman from the South just inquired about the dining arrangements. He and his colleague are discussing the place cards now.

As REISMAN walks away BOWREN and the guards listen for a moment to the bedlam inside and then BOWREN relaxes comfortably against the wall.

63 Continued

BOWREN

What I mean about the White Sox, they always got the pitching, but I got a sister could hit better than some of them guys...

The bedlam continues as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

64 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD DAY

Eleven TRUCKS loaded with the makings of a stockade are lined up ready to move out. Each is driven by a prisoner with an armed MP in the seat beside him. Hunched over the wheel of his truck, POSEY towers above the Guard that is sitting beside him. But the threat of POSEY's physical superiority is mitigated or nullified by his obvious pleasure at being entrusted with a job that he knows and understands. Standing by his jeep, which is driven by JEFFERSON, REISMAN gives the signal to BOWREN who blows his whistle and waves his arm for the lead truck to move on out.

65 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

The driver of the lead truck is WLADISLAW. Riding shotgun beside him is CORPORAL MORGAN.

66 NEW ANGLE

As the first truck grinds away through the big gates, BOWREN comes up to REISMAN, who stands watching the procession thoughtfully.

BOWREN

Right sir. We're on our way.

REISMAN (nodding)

Yeah...

(after a pause)

What do you think, Sergeant?

BOWREN

You'll do just fine sir.

REISMAN

Don't gimme that. I said what do you think.

BOWREN hesitates, but only for a fraction.



66 Continued

BOWREN (evenly)

I think the first chance they get,  
one of them lovers is going to shoot  
the Major right in the head... Sir.

REISMAN (drily)

Thank you, Sergeant.

BOWREN runs to join his truck which is just leaving and REISMAN jumps into the jeep as JEFFERSON lets in the clutch.

: DISSOLVE TO:

67 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD DAY

The convoy rolls on at a steady speed.

68 EXT/INT. TRUCK FRANKO AND BOWREN DAY

FRANKO is a man whose face conceals nothing. Excited by his first freedom in months, he is looking around eagerly speculating on the possibilities of a break. BOWREN reads his thoughts with no difficulty whatsoever. When FRANKO sneaks a look at the grease-gun in BOWREN's lap - the nuzzle is pointed right at his belly - the eagerness fades from his face and he drives on with eyes firmly fixed on the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

69 EXT. GATE TO AN ESTATE DAY

REISMAN makes his way from the rear of the convoy which has been halted in front of the padlocked gates.

JEFFERSON

Looks like we're not welcome, Major.

REISMAN (drawing his pistol)

In that case...

CUT TO:

## 70 NEW ANGLE

Several of the prisoners lean out from the cabs in their trucks, pleasantly astonished by REISMAN's direct approach.  
OVERSCENE: The sound of Reisman's .45 automatic.

## 71 RESUME SCENE

The padlock has been shot away. REISMAN and JEFFERSON swing open the gates to let the first truck go through. As he starts back for his jeep REISMAN notices the broadly appreciative reactions of the men to something OFF SCREEN:

## 72 A WIDER ANGLE

Striding towards CAMERA from the MANOR HOUSE that lies back from the road is LADY MARGOT STRATHALLAN, 35 and beautifully formed, she has that tantalising attractiveness which comes from a background and upbringing that make for the kind of person who is always aware of being a lady but admits to being a woman only in moments of total intimacy. But, although one may wish to ignore it, the promise is there for anyone to see. Arriving slightly out of breath and only partially able to disguise her distress at the appreciative attentions of the men driving by, LADY MARGOT is momentarily speechless. REISMAN seizes the initiative with charming and only slightly exaggerated courtesy.

REISMAN

Ah, Lady Margot Strathallan, I presume.

(saluting amiably)

I represent the United States Army.

LADY MARGOT (with infinite disdain)

I can see that.

As she turns to examine the broken padlock, REISMAN and JEFFERSON look at each other in comic commiseration and BOWREN, grateful that his truck is just passing, grins apologetically and continues on.

LADY MARGOT (continued - indicating padlock)

You had no right to do that.

REISMAN

Possibly not, ma'am. But I'm afraid there's been some misunderstanding.

72 Continued

REISMAN (continued - he takes a letter  
from his pocket)

We were told that arrangements had been made  
to hold this road open.

LADY MARGOT

And finding it closed, your natural and  
immediate reaction was to take out a  
gun and blast your way in.

REISMAN (smiling)

Well no, Ma'am, not my natural reaction  
. . . but to tell you the truth, with the  
merchandise I'm transporting the  
sooner we get where we're going,  
the better for all concerned.

LADY MARGOT (sarcastically)

I've no doubt you're engaged in some  
activity of quite staggering national  
importance.

LADY MARGOT has been ignoring the letter in REISMAN's hand.  
He holds it out to her.

REISMAN (restrained)

We wouldn't be here, Ma'am, if we didn't  
have your father's written permission  
to use a part of these grounds for our  
training programme.

LADY MARGOT (ignoring the letter)

Did you speak to him personally?

REISMAN (trying not to smile)

Yes, Ma'am - face to face.

LADY MARGOT

Did you tell him you were Americans?

REISMAN

Well no, Ma'am, but I did wave an  
American flag throughout the interview  
and I sort of figured he'd guess.

72 Continued

LADY MARGOT is not even remotely amused. She glances distractedly at the broken padlock and at the last of the trucks that are going by. Then, reacting briefly to the sight of JEFFERSON as he waits in the Major's jeep, she turns on REISMAN again.

LADY MARGOT

Well, it's simply not good enough.  
What's the name of your Commanding  
Officer?

REISMAN

I'm afraid I can't tell you that.

LADY MARGOT (furiously)

You can't tell me? I suppose it's a state  
secret. You people really are ridiculous.

REISMAN

If you mean the Army, ma'am, I'm  
inclined to agree with you. However,  
I don't like to say this because I'm  
sure it has been said before, but there  
is a war on, you know.

LADY MARGOT (icily)

My husband was involved in this "war"  
some considerable time before you  
were even aware of it - September 1939,  
to be precise. And since I am sure you  
admire precision, Major; it was  
precisely six weeks ago that he was shot  
down and killed over Germany.

REISMAN (genuinely contrite)

I'm sorry -

LADY MARGOT (ignoring him)

It doesn't require a troop of boy scouts  
to remind me we're at war.

REISMAN (lamely)

I'll get one of the men to fix the gate.

But LADY MARGOT has already turned on her heel and is striding  
away.

DISSOLVE TO:

73

EXT. BIVOUAC SITE. WOODLAND. DAY.

The convoy has already arrived in a clearing and the PRISONERS, surrounded by armed MP's, are sitting around, some of them smoking, when REISMAN arrives in his jeep.

BOWREN

Attention! On your feet!

REISMAN

All right, gentlemen...

BOWREN (interrupting with a shout)

Franko, put that cigaret out.

REISMAN pauses to watch as FRANKO reluctantly takes the butt from his mouth and grinds it underfoot.

REISMAN

Thank you. Now, if Mr. Franko is ready, perhaps you will all pay attention. The joyride is over. We are now going to start work and this will be our home for the next several weeks. What there is of it will be built by you. The construction work will not be allowed to interfere with the training schedule. So the sooner you get thru, the sooner you'll be sleeping in out of the rain. Sergeant Bowren, you're in charge. I want this stockade put up and completed before the end of the month.

He hands BOWREN some rolled up plans and glances pointedly at FRANKO.

REISMAN (continued)

And incidentally, while you're in training the cigaret ration will be restricted to five cigaretts per man per day. When you do smoke, you'll do it in your own time, not the Army's. That's all.

He nods at BOWREN and moves away.

BOWREN

Now let's move it! Say, Posey, you're supposed to be the expert on construction around here - show these guys how it's done, will you.

Chivvied by their guards, the prisoners begin to unload the materials that they will use to construct their own prison.

DISSOLVE TO:

46A

27/4/66

73/  
104

## EXT. STOCKADE. BABY MONTAGE. DAY

Various cuts of the prisoners constructing the stockade. Shots of the men raising fence-posts, stringing barbed wire. Lifting roof sections, at work on the guard-tower, manually moving the mobile generator into place, nailing tar-paper on roof section, completing and testing latrine, hammering at wall sections, digging post-holes, with great difficulty hanging the gates, etc. POSEY whose skill and familiarity with tools have made him a natural candidate for the job of Bowren's straw boss, is in evidence throughout, skillfully wielding the various tools and, on occasion, instructing less qualified members of the Dozen in their use. (ALL THESE CUTS ARE TO BE SHOT ON THE BACK LOT AGAINST THE SKY OR TOWARDS THE GROUND)

DISSOLVE:

105

## EXT. COMPLETED STOCKADE. DAY

The twelve prisoners lie about the barbed wire enclosure, completely exhausted. The guards, in a languid, almost off-duty attitude slowly

105 Continued

patrol the outer perimeter. Of the two larger huts (one for the guards, one for the prisoners) only one is completed. The hut designated for the prisoners has no windows, no doors, nor any floor- and looks very much like a well-designed wind-tunnel. However, all these various un-installed components... windows, doors, flooring, etc. etc. .... are conspicuously stacked against the front of the prisoners' hut.

Three very strange pieces of unexplained paraphernalia stand staunchly embedded in the middle of the stockade. One is an arch-like structure about thirty feet high. WLADISLAW stands beneath this and continues to throw a grappling hook on a moderately light line to the top of the arch, evidently in the hope that it will catch and remain firm... it does not. Next to the arch is a high pole, not unlike a telephone pole. FRANKO is at the foot of this one with pole-climbers crampons on his boots and a short rope slung behind the pole and held by both hands. He is languidly "going through the motions" of trying to "climb the pole". On the other side of the arch is an equally high pole with a "T" top with a loose rope hanging down from the extended "T". JIMINEZ is at the base of the rope, ineffectually trying to climb up it. At the far end of the compound, BOWREN resolutely strides forward from REISMAN's smaller but similarly designed Command Post.

BOWREN (yelling)

Alright... let's move it!

Very slowly, and with considerable difficulty, the other prisoners struggle to their feet.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

106 EXT. STOCKADE NIGHT

The hum of the generator is heard throughout the scene. In the guards' hut and in Reisman's hut a rather ineffectual attempt has been made to black out the windows, but considerable light is in evidence.

There is, however, no light from the prisoners' hut. As the CAMERA moves up towards this particular building, an excessively loud voice... with only a minimum of static... comes from a radio that would seem to be located in the guards' hut. Lord Haw-Haw (voice over)

CUT TO:

## 107 INT. PRISONERS' BARRACK NIGHT

The PRISONERS are huddled up in various attitudes of discomfort, each of them trying in his own way to make the best of the primitive conditions. JIMINEZ, near one of the open doorways, uses the small amount of light filtering across from the guards' hut next door to make a temporary repair to the bridge of his guitar. BRAVOS is using the same source of light, mumbling in undertones, as he gives POSEY an elementary lesson in spelling. MAGGOT and a few others have already curled up to go to sleep.

OVERSCENE: The radio from the Guards' hut next door. Lord Haw-Haw is just coming to the end of his pitch.

HAW HAW (over)

... whereas, on the Atlantic Wall the German forces have been preparing a few nice surprises for you Gentlemen, just in case Mr Churchill is really foolish enough to attempt an invasion. He may not be unduly worried about this, but then, of course, he will not be taking any active part in such an invasion. That job is one he will be happy to delegate to you... That brings us to the end of Radio Bremen's programme of news and commentary, and from now until eleven o'clock, when we will be broadcasting our late news bulletins, here is our usual programme of popular music.

There is a brief pause and then we hear the voice of a German woman singing "Lili Marlene" in German. Hearing the introductory bars, JIMINEZ, sitting in a corner, picks up his guitar to follow the melody. The singer only manages to complete one verse before she is rudely interrupted by the infuriated MAGGOT.

MAGGOT (roaring)

Keep that cheap, wailing slut quiet!

His fury is immediately effective and the radio dies. JIMINEZ continues to pick out the melody, which is rudely shattered by WLADISLAW interpolating some suitable lines of his own.

NOTE: See Song Sheet "A" at rear of script.

## 108 CLOSE SHOT

The shadowy figure of BOWREN appears in the open doorway and WLADISLAW and any others that have joined in the song are rudely interrupted.



108 Continued

BOWREN (yelling)

You can cut the concert. Any more noise and I'll have all of you out on some more close order drill, Now shut up!

There are a few incoherent grumbles and protests, but they die quickly and as BOWREN moves away, the barrack room becomes silent.

109 MEDIUM SHOT

JIMINEZ reluctantly puts away his guitar and the others settle down to compose themselves for sleep as best they can. Only FRANKO remains alert.

110 TWO SHOT

FRANKO nudges PINKLEY.

FRANKO (whispering)  
You been keeping your eyes open?

PINKLEY raises his sad, bloodhound face.

PINKLEY  
For what?

FRANKO (incredulous)  
You don't aim to stay here, do you?

PINKLEY (reasonably)  
I don't have nowhere else to go.

FRANKO  
Well, not me, buddy. They got just  
ten guards. That's not gonna hold me.

He raises his head to look around.

111 FRANKO'S POV

There is no movement from any of the other prisoners. A patch of light shines invitingly through the gaping hole at the far end of the hut.

112 NEW ANGLE

FRANKO rises cautiously to his feet and tiptoes towards the exit. As he passes CAMERA, we HOLD ON: WLADISLAW who has been lying on his back with his eyes closed. He slowly opens his eyes, watches FRANKO leave, then turns to nudge JEFFERSON.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. COMPOUND NIGHT

FRANKO creeps around the side of the hut to look over the lay of the land.

114 FRANKO'S POV

There is a GUARD on the watch tower but his back is turned to CAMERA. The silence of the camp is broken only by the Guard, who occasionally stamps his feet to keep warm.

## 115 RESUME SCENE

FRANKO backs out of sight from the tower and moves along the wire, searching for a suitable opening. Finding a loose strand, he spreads the wires apart and is about to scramble through, when he catches sight of two enormous dark shapes closing in on him.

WLADISLAW (a fierce whisper)  
You tryin' to get us all hung?

FRANKO backs away, talking fast, his eyes darting back and forth, constantly searching for a way to escape from the two men.

FRANKO  
Cut it out, will ya. How can I get you  
hung - they're gonna hang you anyway.  
Don't tell me you believe that guy  
Reisman!

But WLADISLAW and JEFFERSON keep closing in, cold, unrelenting and silent. FRANKO's voice rises in frustration at what he takes to be their incredible stupidity.

FRANKO  
You gonna let that bum make suckers out  
of you? Whose side are you on, anyway?

Sensing that JEFFERSON will be the first to reach him, FRANKO tries to gain time by shaming him.

FRANKO  
What is this, Uncle Tom's week?

JEFFERSON is momentarily fooled into questioning his own motives. His hesitation is only fractional, but it is sufficient to let FRANKO dodge out of reach before he moves forward again more determined than ever.

FRANKO  
Listen, you can come with me - we'll be  
home free.

He is cut short by a violent blow from WLADISLAW. The remainder of the increasingly incoherent dialogue that follows is punctuated by blows from JEFFERSON and WLADISLAW.

115 Continued

**FRANKO**

You stupid bastards. You're with them. Think they'll give you a medal? They'll hang you. He doesn't give a damn about you! You're doing just what he wants! You trust Reisman and you're dead. He's not going to help you. We go on that mission and we all get killed - that's what they want. Those schmucks in there are going to get chopped - every last one of them and they weren't even due for hanging. You, you stupid apes! What do you think you've got coming?

Seeing a last faint hope of escape, **FRANKO** scuttles away from his assailants and heads down the narrow passage between the two huts, only to come face to face with the gigantic figure of **POSEY**. He stops short, hesitates and turns back to be felled by a final blow from **WLADISLAW**. **WLADISLAW**, **JEFFERSON** and **POSEY** pick up the unconscious **FRANKO** like a sack of potatoes.

116 **NEW ANGLE**

As they come around the side of the hut, carrying **FRANKO** between them, the three men stumble right into **REISMAN**, who must, we realise, have been close enough to have had a very good idea of what has been going on. But **WLADISLAW**, **JEFFERSON** & **POSEY** are confused as they stand there facing **REISMAN**. It seems that further violence is inevitable. **REISMAN** looks at **FRANKO** speculatively.

**REISMAN** (after a pause)

He slip on a bar of soap?

**WLADISLAW** (a mere grunt)

Yeah.

**REISMAN** nods and steps aside to let them go back to their hut, dragging the unconscious **FRANKO** behind them.

## 117 CLOSE SHOT

REISMAN watches them thoughtfully, then turns away.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 118 MONTAGE SEQUENCE DAY

thru

137

A gruelling series of training exercises led by REISMAN and followed in more leisurely fashion by the armed guards culminates in:-

## 138 BEACH AND CLIFF DAY

A rope has been rigged from the top of the cliff that rises a sheer 100 feet from the beach. Still well guarded by the MP's, a few of the prisoners have already climbed the rope and are on top of the cliff. On the beach below, REISMAN and the rest are watching JIMINEZ as he sets out fearfully.

REISMAN (calling out)

That's right - hold with your arms and lock with your legs. Hold with your arms and lock with your legs.

Nearing the top, JIMINEZ looks down and freezes.

REISMAN

What are you waiting for? When the time comes you're gonna have to clear that distance in 30 seconds flat. Get moving.

JIMINEZ (terrified)

I can't make it!

(instead of going up he makes as if to lower himself)

REISMAN

Come back down here and you go straight back to jail.

JIMINEZ freezes again.

REISMAN

Get moving.

JIMINEZ (almost hysterically)

I can't - I can't.

138 Continued

REISMAN unlimbers his grease-gun.

REISMAN

Hold that rope right, Sergeant. I'll show him what he can do.

(calling out)

All right, Jiminez. You're gonna have just one way to go now, and that's up.

Aiming at a point some 50 feet up the cliff and just a few feet below JIMINEZ, REISMAN looses off a burst of fire which cuts right thru' the rope. Looking down in horror, JIMINEZ sees the rope fall away beneath him and a second burst of bullets begin to stitch its way up towards him. He scuttles up the rest of the way like a monkey.

139 TOP OF CLIFF DAY

POSEY pulls JIMINEZ over the top and he collapses on his back white with terror.

140 CLOSE SHOT

As he realises that he has made it and is still alive, an idiotic smile of pride spreads over JIMINEZ' face.

141 EXT. CLIFF BASE DAY

The remaining prisoners smile at each other, as they realise that the rope is no longer serviceable. REISMAN looks from their smiling faces to the severed rope on the cliff and back again.

REISMAN (yelling to POSEY)

Alright, chief, let's see some more of that Apache know-how, re-thread the pulley and get a new line down here, will ya!

FRANKO

I thought Jiminez was the only one who had to get to the top of that chateau.

REISMAN slowly turns and looks at FRANKO with complete contempt as if not really believing his stupidity.

REISMAN (quietly)

What if he gets killed before he gets to the chateau?

The two men just look at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 142 EXT. STOCKADE DAY

Always watched by the guards some of the prisoners are putting the finishing touches (painting window frames etc.) to the first barrack hut, while others are carrying in the furniture (a stove, chairs, a table, camp-beds etc). They have just finished when REISMAN and BOWREN come by to inspect their work. The second hut, though structurally complete, is really little more than a wind tunnel. All the furniture such as stoves etc., which would make it reasonably habitable is still stacked up outside.

BOWREN

Prisoners, fall in!

The prisoners stumble into an untidy group and look expectantly at REISMAN.

REISMAN

Thank you gentlemen, that'll be all for today. You can turn in now. Reveille will be at 05.30 hours. Any questions?

FRANKO glances at the open doorway of the first hut in which the off-duty guards are already making themselves at home.

FRANKO

What about our hut, Major? It's not finished yet.

REISMAN

That's a very good question Franko. You hear that Gentlemen. Mr Franko with his great eye for detail has observed that the prisoners' quarters are not yet entirely complete.

(after a pause)

The answer to that one, Mr. Franko, is that you are not entirely ready to occupy your quarters with the degree of comfort that you would no doubt like... When you've earned that privilege you'll hear from me again. Goodnight Gentlemen.

He moves away across the stockade leaving a disgruntled bunch of prisoners to examine their primitive quarters and compare them unfavourably with the relative luxury enjoyed by the guards.

CUT TO:

4.7.66.

PLEASE OMIT THE FOLLOWING PAGES FROM  
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4.7.66.

144. OMIT.

145. EXT. REISMAN'S HUT. STOCKADE. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT: Hefting a wicked-looking commando knife, REISMAN looks around with frightening deliberation.

REISMAN (finally)

Now then, which of you guys would like to stick this in my guts?

(his eyes search CAMERA)

146. REVERSE SHOT

CAMERA PANS over various reactions of the twelve prisoners who are seated on the ground in front of REISMAN. FRANKO raises his hand as if he were reluctantly volunteering for an onerous task.

FRANKO

Well, Major, if it's gonna help the war effort...

(he grins wolfishly)

147. NEW ANGLE.

REISMAN looks at FRANKO witheringly, then dismisses him.

REISMAN

Just a minute, Franko, you'll get your turn.

CAPTAIN KINDER comes out of the hut behind REISMAN. He clearly has not heard any of the foregoing.

Continued.....

147 Continued

KINDER (easily)

Okay, Major, we're all set.

But REISMAN's eye is already fixed on POSEY, as he waves KINDER aside without even looking round.

REISMAN

All right, Posey, on your feet.

POSEY rises reluctantly, not sure of what is going to happen, but suspecting that it will not be anything pleasant.

REISMAN (continued)

Tell me, Posey, what are you in for?  
I mean what did they get you for?

POSEY (unhappy)

You know that, Major, I already told you that. That guy wouldn't quite riding me and I - I hit him ...

The memory of the incident comes flooding back to him and POSEY is lost for words.

REISMAN

Killed him with your bare hands, didn't you, Chief?

POSEY (defensively)

I only hit him the one time.

REISMAN

That's right, drove his jawbone right up around his ears and killed him deader'n a mackerel, isn't that what you said?

REISMAN is advancing on POSEY, and holding out the knife to him.

POSEY

I didn't mean to kill him, Major, you know that.

REISMAN

I know, Posey. You weren't even trying, were you? All right, so let's see what you can do when you're really trying.

He holds out the knife to POSEY, who backs away further.

147 Continued

**POSEY**

No, sir.. I don't want no more trouble...  
I don't want to hurt you, Major.

**KINDER** watches in horror as **REISMAN** keeps moving forward, his words are coaxing and soft but his manner is becoming more threatening as **POSEY** finally backs up against the wall of the hut and can retreat no further.

**REISMAN**

Come on, Chief, take the knife. Show the boys how it's done... Take the knife and try to stick me with it.

He keeps poking the increasingly desperate **POSEY** with the handle of the knife.

**POSEY** (shaking his head)

No...

**REISMAN**

What's the matter, Chief, you chicken?  
(prodding away all the time)  
Come on, now. You'd better hold on to this knife, 'cos if you don't I'm gonna part your hair with it.

**POSEY** (his voice rising)

You keep away from me now...

**REISMAN** (prodding)

Why, are you going to hurt me?

He lets out a snort of contempt and at that moment, pushed beyond endurance, **POSEY** snatches the knife from him and attacks.

4.7.66.

- 58 - / 59

147. Continued

In one swift, practised motion, REISMAN's right forearm flashes up and blocks the downward striking knife arm - his left arm smashing into the crook of POSEY's elbow, bending the arm backward - his left hand locked on his right wrist, trapping the knife arm in a vice. He draws his elbows close in to his body, bends swiftly from the waist and forces the knife arm backward, POSEY with it. The brute strength of the man, trembling against him, almost breaks the hold but REISMAN holds it, pressuring POSEY downwards. The knife drops. POSEY falls to the ground with a grunt and before he can reach for the knife or get up, REISMAN kicks it to BOWREN. Then in the friendliest and most reassuring manner in the world, REISMAN tousles POSEY's hair, helps him to his feet and pats him on the back.

REISMAN

Thanks, Chief. You see, no harm done - none at all. You just gotta learn to hold onto that temper of yours; do that and there won't be anybody can take a knife away from you. Now I'm just gonna show these other fellas a couple of things, meanwhile, you go on in with Cap'n Kinder there.

POSEY, who is only just recovering from the shock, looks up suspiciously.

POSEY

What's he gonna do?

FRANKO (derisively)

Well, he can't test your intelligence, that's for sure.

POSEY gazes at FRANKO, aware that he is being got at. REISMAN frowns and leads POSEY solicitously towards the porch.

REISMAN

Don't worry, he's just going to talk to you for a while.

As POSEY follows KINDER hesitantly into the hut, REISMAN takes the knife from BOWREN and turns to the others.

REISMAN

Who's next?

DISSOLVE TO:

- 60 -

148. EXT. REISMAN'S HUT AND COMPOUND DAY

149.

POSEY, looking much happier now, emerges from the hut, looks around and moves purposefully across the compound, where ten of the prisoners - all but MAGGOT, are paired off and practising the throws that REISMAN has been teaching them.

150. NEW ANGLE

BOWREN is watching the violent enthusiasm with which the prisoners are lighting into each other. Pausing to correct the posture of one of the combatants, REISMAN moves to join BOWREN.

REISMAN

They're doing okay, huh?

BOWREN (doubtfully)

Yes, sir. I just hope they don't forget who they're supposed to use this stuff on.

REISMAN smiles thinly and turns to face POSEY as he moves into FRAME. Of all the prisoners, POSEY is the most genuinely casual and off-hand in his relations to superior officers, simply because nobody has ever got it into his head that he is supposed to show respect on the basis of rank.

POSEY (enthusiastically)

Say, Major. That Kinder feller, he figures maybe he could teach me letters. Folks back home'd be plum proud of me if I could write.

REISMAN (amiably)

That'd put you way ahead of most of the guys around here.

POSEY nods happily.

CUT TO:

151. INT. REISMAN'S HUT COMPOUND DAY

CLOSE SHOT: With an expression of weariness that is beginning to border on despair, KINDER puts a large card down on the desk and picks up another one.

151 Continued

**KINDER**

All right, then. What does this one mean to you?

He holds up a card which has an ink blot on it, the only recognisable feature of which is that both sides are identical.

151a NEW ANGLE

MAGGOT is hunched up on a chair, his expression surly and suspicious. His eyes widen as he sees the card as if he had recognised something that made him excited, but then he catches himself and closes up again.

**MAGGOT**

You're trying to trick me.

**KINDER** (patiently)

No, I'm not. These are just ink blots, that's all. Nothing to get upset about.

Realising that he is not going to get any further with this particular test, he puts the card away and turns to face MAGGOT again.

**KINDER**

You know, I understand about that girl better than you think, I do really. But surely that's no reason to hate all women?

**MAGGOT**

I don't hate anyone - I only know what is offensive in the eyes of the Lord. Some of His creatures please Him, but some offend - and those that do have to be crushed.

**KINDER**

And you're a minority of one, specially appointed to do the crushing?

**MAGGOT** (quoting)

A man with God is always in the majority.

**KINDER** (acknowledging the point)

Yes, but either way you have a special mission to stamp out evil, right?

151a Continued

MAGGOT shakes his head as if he found Kinder incredibly obtuse, and then explains himself with weary patience.

MAGGOT

I have been given an insight into women that others don't have - sometimes I am called upon to use it in the execution of the Lord's will.

KINDER

But if women are your particular province, why do you hate Major Reisman so much?

MAGGOT

I didn't say that. I said he would be punished.

KINDER

But what for? He didn't have anything to do with your case.

151a Continued

**MAGGOT**

There are eleven evil men out there who were going to suffer for their wickedness, that fellow Reisman snatched them back from the brink of the pit. He tried to cheat the Lord of His vengeance.



151a Continued

KINDER

You think that's what God wanted, do you? You think he wanted to punish those men?

MAGGOT

He will. You wait and see, he'll punish those men and Reisman too.

KINDER

But not you?

MAGGOT looks at him as if he found KINDER's stupidity quite incredible.

MAGGOT

But I am His servant.

KINDER smiles, but there is something eerily impressive about MAGGOT's unshakeable conviction.

CUT TO:

152 EXT. COMPOUND DAY

The prisoners have moved onto another phase of unarmed combat. BRAVOS is shaping up to FRANKO, who cynically tries to cool the other man's evident enthusiasm.

FRANKO (quietly)

Listen, kid, take it easy. We can fake it - no need to get ourselves hurt.

BRAVOS

Why don't you shut up!

FRANKO (jeering)

What's the matter with you - you think you're fighting to save your mother?

BRAVOS rushes him and is sent hurtling away in a beautifully executed flying mare. He lands on his back with a bone jarring thump.

153 MEDIUM SHOT

As BRAVOS scrambles to his feet ready to commit murder, REISMAN appears at his side and puts a hand on his shoulder.

153 Continued

**REISMAN**

If you don't learn to fall better than  
that you're gonna end up in a wheelchair.

He moves off to supervise another pair of prisoners. BRAVOS  
turns to see FRANKO grinning at him as if to say "I told you so".  
But FRANKO's grin vanishes when POSEY moves into FRAME  
to grab him by the shoulder.

**POSEY**

You wanna try that with me?

FRANKO shrugs eloquently as if to say "Not on your life".

**POSEY (continued)**

Then don't try taking it out on the kid.

He releases FRANKO and moves to join BRAVOS.

**CUT TO:**

154 INT. REISMAN'S HUT COMPOUND DAY

MAGGOT'S chair is now occupied by WLADISLAW who listens to  
KINDER with a mixture of suspicion and contempt.

**KINDER**

Now this is really quite simple. I'm  
going to say just one word and then I  
want you to come back at me as fast  
as you can with whatever word occurs  
to you. Like for instance, if I were  
to say - Happiness, you might say -  
children.

**WLADISLAW (stolidly)**

I wouldn't.

**KINDER**

Sure, that was just an example, but  
for instance if I were to say ambition,  
what would you say?

**WLADISLAW (thoughtful pause)**

I don't think I'd say anything.

154 Continued

KINDER manages to produce a smile as if WLADISLAW has made a joke.

KINDER

Well anyway, let's give it a try, okay?

WLADISLAW shrugs indifferently.

KINDER (continued)

Weapon.

WLADISLAW

Baseball.

154 Continued

KINDER hesitates for a fraction.

KINDER

Knife.

WLADISLAW

Dodgers.

KINDER frowns.

KINDER

Officer.

WLADISLAW

Pitcher.

KINDER (pausing)

You're just thinking about one thing,  
aren't you?

WLADISLAW

Yeah. What are you thinking about?

KINDER

Well, you see, I don't want you to think  
just about the one thing. I'd like for  
you to concentrate on each of the words  
that I throw at you.

WLADISLAW (shrugging)

Okay.

KINDER

Food.

WLADISLAW

Cincinnati.

KINDER

Comfort.

WLADISLAW

Chicago.

KINDER

What made you say that?

154 Continued

WLADISLAW

That's what I was thinking about.

KINDER sighs wearily.

DISSOLVE TO:

155 EXT. HUT AND COMPOUND NIGHT

REISMAN crosses the compound to enter the hut.

CUT TO:

156 INT. REISMAN'S HUT COMPOUND NIGHT

KINDER sits at the desk sorting out a stack of documents. He looks up as REISMAN enters.

REISMAN

How we doing?

KINDER shrugs and by way of reply holds up one of the ink blot cards.

KINDER

What do you see?

We gather from REISMAN's expression that he does not have much faith in psychological methods.

REISMAN

An ink blot.

KINDER

No, come on.

REISMAN

All right. I see a cloud with a shape not unlike a large fish.

KINDER

That's what Posey says, which makes the two of you about the only guys in the place that are half-way normal - that's apart from myself, of course.

REISMAN

Naturally.

**KINDER**

No really - you know what Pinkley says it is? He says it's a disgusting old man who just drowned his wife's cat. Maggot says it's a woman chained up in a cellar. Wladislaw claims it's General MacArthur with a sack over his head and Sawyer wouldn't even say. Just sat there trembling 'till I took it away.

**REISMAN (laughing)**

So what does that give you?

**KINDER**

It doesn't give me anything, but taken along with these other results, it gives you just about the most twisted, anti-social bunch of psychopathic deformities I ever ran into. And the worst, or the most dangerous, of the whole bunch is Maggot. Look...you have one religious maniac, one malignant dwarf, two near idiots, and the rest I don't even like to think about.

**REISMAN**

Good. I can't think of a better way to fight a war...

**KINDER**

But look, everything in these tests points to the fact that each of these men has a built-in resentment against any kind of authority - any kind.

**REISMAN (interrupting)**

Don't you?

**KINDER (irritably conceding the point)**

All right, sure, but this is different. These guys think the United States Army is the enemy - not the Germans.

**REISMAN**

That's reasonable. They know the Army, the Germans haven't done anything to them yet.

**KINDER**

Yes, very sophisticated. You can twist it round any way you want to, but the fact remains that you are their main enemy and when the time comes it's you that's liable to be their number one target.

156 Continued

**REISMAN**

That's not bad either. At least it gives them something in common - and right now, that's my main problem.

**KINDER (bemused)**

Huh?

**REISMAN**

Individually they're coming along pretty well - better than we had any right to expect. But not together. Not as a unit. They've got to click as a team and right now that's what's lacking.

**KINDER (sceptically)**

You think putting them on guard duty's going to help?

**REISMAN**

It may give them some sense of participation. Don't worry, their rifles aren't loaded -  
(smiling)  
At least, I don't think they are.

There is a pause and then **KINDER** comes back with a final effort.

**KINDER**

Look, why don't you let me weed out the real hard-core creeps... especially Maggot... we can have them replaced - it's not too late.

**REISMAN**

Nothing doing. We made a deal with those guys, and it's the kind of deal you can't blow. If any of them are going back to the hangman, it'll be their fault - not mine.

**KINDER**

Yes, but -

**REISMAN**

I didn't pick this team - the Army did. So this is one time the Army is going with its starting line-up - all the way!



156 Continued

**KINDER**  
Including Maggot?

**REISMAN** starts to confirm this when he is interrupted by a commotion outside.

156 Continued

GUARD (voice over)  
Halt...! Hold it right there.

REISMAN  
What in hell -

He jumps up and heads for the door with KINDER on his heels.

CUT TO:

157 EXT. WATCH TOWER COMPOUND NIGHT

Holding his rifle, MAGGOT peers down towards the Compound gates.

158 HIGH ANGLE MAGGOT'S POV

BOWREN confronts LADY MARGOT, who is holding her large DOG on a leash, just outside the compound. REISMAN and KINDER move into FRAME.

159 COMPOUND GATES GROUP SHOT

REISMAN  
Evening, Ma'am, did you lose your way?

LADY MARGOT  
These are still my grounds, Major.

REISMAN  
Not this part of them, they're not. This is a restricted area. I thought that had been pointed out to you before. Now, may I ask what you're doing out here at this "time of day?"

LADY MARGOT (after a pause)  
I wasn't thinking. Or rather I wasn't thinking of where I was going.

REISMAN  
Just walking the dog, huh? Well, I'm afraid you're gonna have to walk him right back again - only this time you'll have some company, just to make sure the two of you don't get lost a second time.

159

Continued

LADY MARGOT (coldly sarcastic)  
Thank you, Major, but I don't think I shall  
require your assistance. Besides, you must  
be terribly busy.

She has assumed that REISMAN was offering himself as an escort,  
now he just smiles and turns to BOWREN.

REISMAN  
Sergeant Bowren, please see that the  
lady gets back to her house.

LADY MARGOT  
Now look here, I may have made a  
mistake, but that doesn't give you the  
right to behave like an ill-mannered lout.  
I shall most certainly speak to Colonel  
Breed about this in the morning.

REISMAN tries to hide his surprise.

REISMAN  
Speak to Colonel Breed? Excuse me but  
didn't I already warn you that this is a  
secret operation?

LADY MARGOT  
It could hardly be a secret from your  
Commanding Officer.

REISMAN (blandly)  
What gave you the impression that  
Colonel Breed was my Commanding Officer?

Realising that she has revealed too much, LADY MARGOT hastily  
tries to minimise her mistake, but only succeeds in planting the  
first seeds of real suspicion in Reisman's mind concerning her  
relationship to BREED.

LADY MARGOT  
Well, he is the Senior Officer in this area,  
isn't he?

REISMAN  
Is he?

Her voice falters as she takes in REISMAN's sardonic smile.

159 Continued

LADY MARGOT

So I was given to understand.

REISMAN

I see. In that case perhaps he will be able to give you some satisfaction.

She looks at him sharply, trying to gauge if the double-meaning was intentional.

REISMAN (continued)

Meanwhile, I'm afraid you'll have to be satisfied with Sergeant Bowren.

This time LADY MARGOT is in no doubt as to the underlying sexual implications of Reisman's remark. She turns on her heel and REISMAN nods at BOWREN indicating that he should follow her.

REISMAN (amiably)

Goodnight, Ma'am.

BOWREN sets out after LADY MARGOT and her dog. REISMAN and KINDER watch them go.

160 TWO SHOT

REISMAN is shaking his head in amused disbelief.

REISMAN (softly)

So that's how Breed got it!

KINDER

Got what?

REISMAN

The location of this place - If I know anything we've just stumbled on a real old-fashioned romance. Old Dapper Dan and the recently bereaved "Lady Tightguts". You know...he'd throw the war for a wife with a title.

REISMAN chuckles as they start back.

CUT TO:

161 EXT. WATCH TOWER COMPOUND NIGHT

MAGGOT raises his rifle to aim down into the Compound.

162 POV SHOT

SHOOTING THRU' THE RIFLE SIGHTS CAMERA PANS with REISMAN and KINDER as they stroll back towards their hut.

KINDER

You really love that Colonel, don't you?  
What gives with you two anyway?

REISMAN (laughing bitterly)

Oh him... I was with his outfit down in Sicily. He wanted to put on some fireworks for a visiting General, would have been quite a show too. Trouble was - it would have cost half my Company and wouldn't have meant a damn thing. I countermanded the order.

KINDER

Countermanded, or disobeyed?

162 Continued

REISMAN (laughing)  
Take your choice.

They have arrived at the porch. REISMAN sits down on the step and offers KINDER a cigarette.

163 TIGHT TWO SHOT

REISMAN holds up a light for KINDER and gazes with apparent absent-mindedness into the darkness.

KINDER  
But what do you suppose the lady was really doing here?

REISMAN  
Oh, come now, Captain, don't tell me you didn't get it - an old psycho-watcher like you.

KINDER  
What do you mean?

REISMAN (looking off screen)  
Breed's girl friend was doing a bit of spying for him, that's all.  
(he looks at KINDER casually)  
Wait here a minute, will you,

KINDER looks round faintly puzzled as REISMAN gets up and goes into the hut.

164 EXT. WATCH TOWER NIGHT

MAGGOT lowers his rifle and leans forward as if to get a better look.

165 MAGGOT'S POV

KINDER sits smoking quietly on the steps of the porch.

CUT TO:

166 EXT. BACK OF REISMAN'S HUT AND COMPOUND NIGHT

REISMAN slips quietly out of the back of his hut and starts to work his way quickly and quietly around the side of the Compound towards the watch tower.

CUT TO:

167 EXT. WATCH TOWER AND COMPOUND NIGHT

MAGGOT'S POV: KINDER is lined up just right in the rifle sights.

MAGGOT (over - a slow whisper)  
Now then you Godless ape, how would you  
like a bullet right thru' your head.

The sights remain steady for a moment or two longer, then suddenly,  
it jerks wildly.

FLASH CUT TO:

168 FULL SHOT

REISMAN has appeared on the Tower behind MAGGOT and snatched  
his rifle from him. MAGGOT looks round and just has time to  
register how Reisman must have crept up behind him before REISMAN  
brings the rifle butt down on his head.

REISMAN (shouting)  
All right, everybody out! All of you!  
On the double!

MAGGOT is almost out on the floor of the Tower.

169 NEW ANGLE

Prisoners and guards stream out into the Compound to look up at  
REISMAN on the Tower.

170 LOW ANGLE POV SHOT

REISMAN has grabbed the semi-conscious MAGGOT by the scruff of  
the neck and is holding him up so that his head lolls over the side of  
the Tower.

REISMAN  
You see this guy? He's supposed to be a  
guard. Protecting you from the enemy.  
So what happens? The enemy not only  
coldcocks him but takes his weapon and  
hits him over the head with it.

He lets go of MAGGOT contemptuously so that his head thumps back  
down onto the platform.

REISMAN  
Anybody else goes on guard - keep your  
eyes open - it's healthier. That's all.  
Goodnight.  
(he turns away)

## 171 CLOSE SHOT

Up on the Tower, MAGGOT starts to sit up unsteadily and stares at REISMAN with hatred and humiliation.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 172 EXT. COMPOUND DAY

We come in on FRANKO shaving with cold water. This is just after reveille and the prisoners are about their morning cleaning up. One of the MP's is pouring water from a five-gallon can into helmets held out to him. But FRANKO is getting angrier and angrier until all of a sudden he kicks his helmet over and throws his razor as far as he can.

FRANKO

The hell with it!

BOWREN

What's eating you now?

FRANKO

How the hell can I shave with cold water?

BOWREN

You're in the field. Now where d'you think you're gonna get hot water in the field?

FRANKO

The guards got hot water. Ain't they in the field too?

MAGGOT

Yeah, what about that? How come they got hot water and we don't?

BOWREN (to FRANKO)

Why don't you keep your big mouth shut.

FRANKO

We ain't shaving in no cold water!

PINKLEY

That's right! Not if the guards don't.

POSEY

That's right, we're not.



172 Continued

FRANKO

There ain't none of us gonna shave or wash either - not in cold water - that right?

A chorus of angry voices sings out in agreement. Only WLADISLAW and JEFFERSON remain on the sidelines, watching to see which way things will go.

JIMINEZ

That's right.

POSEY (innocently sincere)

I don't like shaving in cold water, Sergeant.

FRANKO

And you can't make us either.

BOWREN

You're building up trouble for yourself, Buster, big trouble.

FRANKO (almost hysterical)

Whad'ya gonna do, hang us?

(to the others)

What can they do? They can't do anything.

(to BOWREN)

So what'ya gonna do?

BOWREN looks at him steadily then turns on his heel and walks away without replying. The prisoners jeer.

CUT TO:

173 INT. REISMAN's HUT DAY

REISMAN and KINDER have been listening. BOWREN enters.

BOWREN

We've got a little trouble out there, Major.

REISMAN

I heard it.

(to KINDER)

Wait here, Stu.

(to BOWREN)

Come on.

BOWREN follows him out.

174 EXT. COMPOUND DAY

The prisoners stand muttering in an untidy group. REISMAN moves into FRAME with BOWREN.

REISMAN (sharply)

Fall in.

Still in the grip of their defiance the prisoners shuffle about to form two untidy ranks. REISMAN looks them over contemptuously.

REISMAN

All right, now who's refusing to shave?

FRANKO (after a sullen pause)

We are.

REISMAN

Who's we?

There is no response and no way of knowing whether, when it comes to the push, FRANKO will be the only hold-out or whether he too will buckle.

REISMAN (continued)

Okay, all those refusing to shave - one step forward - march.

For a moment or two there is no movement at all and then all twelve of the prisoners with the exception of POSEY take one step forward and come to attention again. It only requires a single further beat for the slow-thinking POSEY to follow suit.

REISMAN

So you all want to stink, huh? And maybe itch too. Well, that's okay with me. I don't have to smell you. But you're welcome to smell each other.

(to BOWREN)

There'll be no further issues of shaving equipment, no further issues of soap and from now on, no more hot meals. Nothing but K rations - courtesy of Mr Franko. Dismiss.

He turns on his heel and marches back to his hut.

CUT TO:

## 175 INT. REISMAN'S HUT DAY

CLOSE SHOT: KINDER has been watching the scene. He is perturbed and becomes more so when he sees REISMAN's happy expression.

## 176 NEW ANGLE

As REISMAN re-enters the hut he is having a hard time holding back a smile until he is out of sight of the prisoners.

REISMAN (closing the door)

Hey, I really think we may have something there.

KINDER (sardonically)

Yeah, what the Army calls "mutiny".

REISMAN

Ach, who cares about that. Remember what I was saying last night about working separately? Twelve rugged individualists?

KINDER

So?

REISMAN

Well, you heard them. It was all we ain't gonna do this and we ain't gonna do that. And did you see the way they all stepped forward - even Posey joined 'em, and he's probably been shaving in cold water all his life.

(chuckling)

Boy, do I love that Franko!

KINDER (sarcastically)

Yeah, you should. Up until now you just had twelve individual guys that hated your guts - now you're working against a team.

CUT TO:

## 177 EXT. COMPOUND DAY

While BOWREN has been consulting with CORPORAL MORGAN about the orders of the day that are attached to his clipboard, the prisoners have relaxed into an untidy group again. BOWREN turns to address them.

177 Continued

**BOWREN**

Now that we're not washing any more,  
we're gonna have just that much more time  
for work, right? So if the gentlemen  
of the dirty dozen have no objection,  
we'll get on with it.

(barking)

Fall in ... Ten-SHUN.

177 Continued

The Dirty Dozen fall in and come to attention with a snap. Straight as ramrods, they are obviously proud of their new identity and glare back at him defiantly.

BOWREN (heavily sarcastic, but  
pleased just the same)  
Oh boy, real soldiers. Right turn.  
By the left - quick march.

The Dirty Dozen move off in creditable military fashion.

DISSOLVE TO:

178 INT. THE DOZENS' HUT NIGHT

The prisoners hut is still unfurnished, but on this occasion there is a blackboard, with a diagram on it, that stands on an easel under the naked light at one side of the room. The Dozen are in various positions of indolent relaxation. POSEY, MAGGOT, BRAVOS, PINKLEY and FRANKO are playing Poker on the floor. They are using their severely restricted cigarette ration as stakes in a game of Five Card Draw. POSEY is dealing; handling the cards with surprising, almost professional skill. He has just picked up FRANKO's discards.

POSEY (to BRAVOS)  
How many?

BRAVOS (hesitantly)  
Two.

POSEY looks enquiringly at PINKLEY.

PINKLEY  
I'll take three.

FRANKO  
Three! Boy, if you're drawing three  
cards in this game, you shouldn't  
even be in it.

There are already a considerable number of loose cigarettes in the kitty from the first round of betting. The atmosphere is tense and FRANKO's interjection is met by irritated frowns. POSEY is running the game with tight efficiency. He watches MAGGOT like a hawk as he waits for him to say how many cards he wants.

178 Continued

**MAGGOT**

Just the one.

POSEY's hands move as smoothly as ever but we notice that MAGGOT's decision makes his eyes flicker for just a moment as if he suspected that something were wrong.

**POSEY (to MAGGOT)**

Raiser bets.

**PINKLEY (to POSEY)**

Aren't you drawing?

**POSEY (patiently)**

I already folded.

**FRANKO (to PINKLEY)**

Man, you're some Poker player.  
Why don't you pay attention to what's going on.

**POSEY (to MAGGOT)**

Your bet.

**MAGGOT**

Ten.

He pushes ten cigarettes into the middle.

**FRANKO**

Filled your straight, did you? Well  
that's gonna be too good for me.

He throws in his hand. BRAVOS, totally incapable of hiding his emotions, clearly has a good hand.

**BRAVOS (excitedly)**

Your ten and ten more.

**FRANKO (wincing)**

I hope you know what you're doing, kid.

**PINKLEY**

You guys are just greedy.

He throws in his hand. MAGGOT looks at BRAVOS with pleasurable anticipation of a snake that is about to devour a rabbit.

178 Continued

**MAGGOT**

Your ten and another sixty.

He pushes ten loose cigarettes and three unopened packs into the middle, leaving just a few loose cigarettes in his pile.

**FRANKO (to MAGGOT)**

It's all right for you, you don't smoke anyway.

**POSEY** looks at **BRAVOS** to see what he is going to do.

**BRAVOS (feigning confidence)**

I'll see that -

(he shoves the remainder of  
his pile into the kitty)

And raise it one.

He takes the unlit cigarette on which he has been sucking nervously and puts it in the pot. **MAGGOT** contemptuously flicks in another cigarette to meet the bet.

**MAGGOT**

What've you got?

**BRAVOS (triumphantly)**

Full house.

He reveals three threes and a pair of tens.

**MAGGOT (after a deliberate pause)**

Not good enough. I have a straight flush.

He spreads out his straight flush on the floor and starts to rake in the pile of cigarettes. We get a brief glimpse of **BRAVOS**'s total misery, then suddenly **POSEY** is on his feet grabbing **MAGGOT** by the collar and raising him from the floor. As **MAGGOT**'s legs straighten out, the four cards that he had hidden behind his knee fall to the floor.

**POSEY**

Not by our rules you don't.

Raising his hand to grasp **POSEY**'s wrist, **MAGGOT** remains completely calm and contemptuous.

178 Continued

**MAGGOT**

Your rules! Why you poor benighted oaf - what rules do you have that a man of my calling should need to live by? I wasn't put in this world to suffer miserable creatures like you. . Now take your filthy, grasping paws off me or you're going to offend me.

Thrown by MAGGOT's incredible self-righteousness, POSEY has hesitated to hit him. He is about to do so now when SERGEANT BOWREN comes in.

**POSEY** (about to let go)

I'll show you what -

**BOWREN** (sharply)

Cut it out! Attention!

BOWREN is closely followed by REISMAN and KINDER. The men spring to attention, and the cigarettes are left strewn on the floor. REISMAN has evidently witnessed the tail-end of this incident, but chooses to brush it aside.

**REISMAN**

If you men are all thru, let's get on to something else, shall we. Sergeant Bowren, pick up those cigarettes and distribute them equally among the players.

He moves over to the blackboard, using the diagram to illustrate his points.

**REISMAN** (continued)

Sergeant Bowren's already explained tonight's exercise to you and as you know, if you do well then tomorrow we'll be moving on to the firing range and we'll be using live ammunition.

He pauses to let this information sink in. There is a perceptible ripple of anticipation.

**REISMAN** (continued)

Meanwhile, for those of you who've already forgotten what Sergeant Bowren told you; group one will be commanded by Wladislaw. Group two by Jefferson.



178 Continued

He turns to illustrate his words on the blackboard behind him.

**REISMAN (continued)**

Wladislaw's squad will be guarding this perimeter against Jefferson's men whose objective will be to reach this rendezvous inside the perimeter without being captured. The exercise is over when one or more of Jefferson's men reach this objective or, when all of them have been captured or killed. The real object of this exercise is to achieve your aim without being detected. The attackers will be deemed to have been killed or captured when they are tagged by any

continued.

178 Continued.

REISMAN (continued)

one of the defending side. I don't want any violence. You will not be under guard, but that doesn't necessarily mean that you'll be unobserved. You can check anything you're uncertain about with Captain Kinder. That's all.

SERGEANT BOWREN opens the door and the men start to leave.

REISMAN

Wladislaw, just wait here a minute will you?

WLADISLAW detaches himself from the others as they troop out.

REISMAN

How's the brush-up course in German coming?

WLADISLAW (smiling at his own joke)

Well, this place isn't any Berlitz Institute, is it?

Now they are alone, REISMAN offers him a cigarette. WLADISLAW eyes him warily, then accepts the cigarette with cautious reserve.

WLADISLAW

Thanks.

REISMAN (after a pause)

Tell me something - have we come along far enough for these guys to be trusted?

WLADISLAW (stalling)

To do what, Major?

REISMAN

Can I trust them or not?

WLADISLAW (after a long pause)

No.

REISMAN nods and starts to turn away.

WLADISLAW (continued - surprisingly)

Not yet.

178 Continued

REISMAN

I see.

WLADISLAW (rising)

Is that all, Major?

REISMAN

When you think I can, will you  
let me know?

178 Continued

WLADISLAW grins enigmatically and turns to go.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

179 EXT. GROUNDS AND WOODS NEAR MANOR HOUSE NIGHT

The roof of the old house is outlined against the night sky. A match flares up and we recognise KINDER cupping his hands to light cigarets for himself and REISMAN.

KINDER

D'you reckon any of Jefferson's bunch  
are going to make it?

REISMAN (glancing at his watch)

I dunno, but I sure hope they hurry  
it up. I don't want to spend all night  
waiting for them.

They squat down in companionable silence, which is suddenly broken by a raucous sound from the woods.

OVERSCENE: FRANKO's schmalzy version of "I'll Walk Alone" is interrupted by a harsh cry and all is silence again.

REISMAN and KINDER have risen to their feet and moved to the edge of the lawn to investigate the strange phenomenon of the burst of song.

KINDER

Seems quiet enough now.

REISMAN

Yeah. And I'll bet you three months'  
pay it was that clown Franko.

They start to re-trace their steps when REISMAN looks OFFSCREEN and grabs KINDER by the arm.

REISMAN

What's that?

180 OMITTED

181 POV SHOT

Further up the drive towards the Manor House a flame flickers briefly and then goes out.

182 RESUME SCENE

REISMAN frowns thoughtfully.

KINDER

You think maybe the bereaved  
widow's got visitors?

REISMAN

Let's see.

They move quickly up the drive.

CUT TO:

182A EXT. STOCKADE. NIGHT. FULL SHOT.

THE DOZEN, weary from the long "night manoeuvres",  
drag themselves across the compound and somehow manage  
to stumble into their hut. The guards keep them under  
close surveillance. REISMAN and BOWREN follow them  
into the Dozen's hut.

183 INT. THE DOZEN'S HUT. FULL SHOT.

THE DOZEN are sprawled about in various stages of  
collapse and exhaustion. REISMAN, followed by BOWREN,  
enters and stops just inside the door.

REISMAN (half smiling)

Despite a few "irregularities" I think  
tonight's manoeuvres went extremely well,  
consequently tomorrow we'll see if any  
of you can shoot. We will move to the  
firing range first thing in the morning...  
that means 05.30.(REISMAN smiles bleakly in acknowledgement  
of the many groans)  
Goodnight, gentlemen.REISMAN turns and exits. BOWREN turns and cuts off  
the light switch.

BOWREN

All right - knock it off. Like the man  
said... get your sleep - you're gonna  
need it.BOWREN turns and exits. THE DOZEN start to move  
toward their sleeping bags. As WLADISLAW passes  
JEFFERSON,

WLADISLAW (not understanding)

"Irregularities"... what irregularities?

JEFFERSON (pointing to  
FRANKO and MAGGOT)I had to put these two under open  
arrest. They stayed in the truck  
'til the exercise was over.

183 ctd.

FRANKO (to JEFFERSON)

This guy should really be an M.P. - he really should - he just loves to push people around. I was only trying to provide our preacher friend here with a little entertainment.

JEFFERSON

That's not what you were trying to do; you were trying to foul up the entire exercise - tryin' to make me look bad.

FRANKO

Hell, no, man. If you wanna play tin soldiers with Mr. Reisman, go right ahead. Me, I'm too old. I gotta take it easy.

JEFFERSON

Reisman hasn't crossed us yet, and until he does, I'm not about to cross him! So just shut up - understand?

JEFFERSON fixes FRANKO with a terrifying stare, then slowly turns away. FRANKO looks at MAGGOT and laughs.

FRANKO

"He ain't gonna cross Reisman first". Boy is he a creep. If that stupid Major really gives me a gun tomorrow there's gonna be a terrible accident. Just one little slip of my finger and Mr. Reisman's gonna get his head blown off. Man, oh man! - how I hope he shows up on that target range.

MAGGOT looks at him, wondering if this is an idle boast or if this time he really means it.

MAGGOT

You ever handled one of those grease guns, boy?

FRANKO (distractedly)

Huh? Sure, why?

MAGGOT (as if to himself)

Slip the safety on one of them... all it needs is a little bump and that gun will keep going all by itself.

FRANKO looks at him with a new kind of interest that amounts to something like respect.

DISSOLVE TO:

(Scene 204 - Blue Page 86, 7.4.66.)

185 Continued

DRIVER

Yes, Sir.

Anxious to make up for having been caught unawares and generally uneasy about the possible significance of this nocturnal visit, the DRIVER fumbles for his cigarets. REISMAN leans against the door of the car, accepts a cigaret and starts to chat in an amiable and desultory fashion.

REISMAN

I guess driving senior officers is a pretty miserable duty, huh?

DRIVER (cautiously sycophantic)

Oh, no, Sir, I like it.

REISMAN

Sure, but it can't be a lot of fun being stuck out in a place like this when your buddies are all back at the base or living it up somewhere.

DRIVER (warming to REISMAN's manner)

You're right about that, Major, no fun at all.

REISMAN

Pretty cold out here, huh?

DRIVER

Boy you should have been here six months ago - thought I'd like to freeze.

REISMAN (carefully casual)

Six months, huh. Colonel Breed been coming out here that long?

DRIVER (animated)

Yes, Sir, regular as clockwork.

REISMAN

You don't say.

The DRIVER suddenly becomes uneasy again, as if he were dimly aware that he had inadvertently been indiscreet.

185 Continued

REISMAN (continued)

Well never mind, I guess it's better than sitting in a foxhole someplace. Nice talking to you, soldier.

DRIVER

Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.

REISMAN throws him a casual salute and moves away.

CUT TO:

186 EXT/INT. TRUCK ROADWAY NEAR GROUNDS NIGHT

FRANKO scrambles to his feet and looks out of the back of the truck, trying to catch the attention of the guard.

FRANKO (calling out)

Hey, buddy. You got a cigarette?

The GUARD's voice comes from some distance away - rough and unpleasant.

MORGAN(over)

Shut up, will ya.

FRANKO looks round as if to enlist MAGGOT's sympathy.

FRANKO (ironically)

Isn't it great the way we're all buddies in this Army?

187-  
200A OMITTED.

201. EXT. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT.

KINDER has been waiting in the shadows. He moves forward as REISMAN appears.

REISMAN (chuckling)

Well, well, well, whad'ya know. Little old Colonel Breed just ain't the Simon pure character we all thought.

KINDER

Huh?

REISMAN

In fact Dapper Dan has been a very, very naughty boy.



201 Continued

KINDER

What are you talking about?

REISMAN

Sancho Panza back there tells me that the Colonel's been visiting his titled lady friend for the past six months.

KINDER

So?

REISMAN

So... you're forgetting that Lady Margot's only been a poor old widow woman for about six weeks.

KINDER (amused)

So, the Colonel's been guilty of conduct that might be described as unbecoming to an Officer and a Gentleman, huh?

REISMAN

(ironically English)

Shacking up with the war hero's wife before her husband's dead isn't done, old chap.... just isn't done.

They move back towards their position on the edge of the grounds.

201a EXT/INT. TRUCK. ROADWAY NEAR GROUNDS NIGHT  
CLOSE STAGE

MAGGOT has been busy with his own thoughts. He ignores FRANKO's crack and gazes at him speculatively.

MAGGOT

You ever handled one of those grease guns, boy?

FRANKO (distractedly)

Huh? Sure, why?

MAGGOT

(as if to himself)

Slip the safety on one of them, and all it needs is a little bump - that gun will keep going all by itself.

FRANKO looks at him with a new kind of interest that amounts to something like respect.

202/ EXT. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT.  
203

As they approach their old position, REISMAN and KINDER meet up with BOWREN and another M.P. GUARD.

REISMAN

Who's winning the war, Sergeant?

BOWREN

Well, sir, seems like Jefferson had to put two of his own men under field arrest, but looks like the rest of his squad made it. They're heading for the truck back down the road.

Continued Blue Page 86  
dated 7/4/66

202/ Continued  
203

REISMAN

Good. Let's bring in the others.

BOWREN

Yes, sir.

BOWREN takes a whistle that is suspended from a cord round his neck and begins to let out a series of long, piercing blasts.

DISSOLVE TO:

204 EXT. RIFLE RANGE DAY

LOW ANGLE: FRANKO, MAGGOT and JIMINEZ stand facing CAMERA in an at ease position with SUB-MACHINE GUNS hanging from the crooks of their arms.

OVERSCENE: A sharp blast from an MP's whistle.

FLASH PAN TO:

205 TARGETS AND BUTTS

Three life-like TARGETS made of plywood and painted to look like German soldiers rise on their hinges from the butts or target pit and remain in an upright position. A white-helmeted MP rises from the butts and waves a flag.

CUT TO:

206 FIRING LINE DAY

TWO SHOT: REISMAN and BOWREN are standing together. REISMAN thoughtfully weighs six magazines of ammunition in his hand.

REISMAN

Remember what I asked you when we left the prison?

BOWREN (looking off)

You mean about them "shooting the Major right in the head"?

REISMAN nods "yes", then indicates the magazines in his hand.

REISMAN

Well, if you're going to win your bet, today might be the day, huh?

BOWREN apprehensively glances OFFSCREEN.

207 POV SHOT

The three prisoners are still standing at ease on the firing line.

208 RESUME SCENE

BOWREN nods without betraying any particular emotion.

BOWREN (evenly)

Yes, sir, it sure seems like a good day  
for it.

Faintly amused and rather impressed by BOWREN's refusal to get excited, REISMAN gives him a bleak smile and turns away.

209 FULL SHOT

REISMAN crosses to the dirty dozen and moves along the line, issuing a magazine to each of the three men.

REISMAN

Don't load 'till I tell you to.

He walks out in front of the men until he is standing directly between them and the targets. Unlimbering his own gun, he holds it at his hip, pointed at the ground. As he gives the next order, BOWREN, KINDER and two other MP GUARDS, by now as tense and as nervous as the prisoners themselves, if not for the same reason, slowly edge into more strategic positions.

REISMAN

Alright - load = lock your guns, put  
them on safety and keep them pointed at  
the sky.

210 NEW ANGLE

Everything about FRANKO's movements as he services his gun with loving and surprisingly expert hands suggests that he is at the height of one of his manic moods. Several of the other prisoners on the line cast quick glances at him to see if he has remembered the promise he made to himself the night before. But FRANKO's gun is already loaded and he is looking OFFSCREEN.

211 FRANKO'S POV

REISMAN stands out in the open, waiting in patient silence for the slowest member of the three to finish loading.

## 212 REVERSE SHOT (REISMAN'S POV)

All but JIMINEZ who is still fumbling, have loaded and are at the ready. CAMERA PANS with REISMAN as he turns to glance at Bowren.

## 213 CLOSE SHOT REISMAN

The full remark that Bowren originally made in the prison yard is heard OVERSCENE.

BOWREN (voice over)

"I think the first chance they get, one of those lovers is going to shoot the Major right in the head, Sir".

## 214 FULL SHOT

REISMAN takes a step forward to address the men on the firing line.

REISMAN

All right? When you get the signal from the target pit you can start blasting.

(unable to resist a final sarcasm)

You're all pretty tough guys, so don't let the noise frighten you - just see if you can put a couple of rounds within the general area of the targets.

REISMAN turns his back on the three prisoners with their loaded guns and heads for the target pit.

## 215 TIGHT GROUP SHOT

The other prisoners glance at FRANKO who is muttering agitatedly under his breath.

FRANKO

You said it, Major. A couple of rounds in the general area of the target.

His eyes narrow menacingly.

## 216 POV SHOT

REISMAN keeps walking slowly towards the target pit, never once turning to look back at CAMERA.

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217 RESUME SCENE

FRANKO is already releasing the safety catch and turning his body sideways as if he were about to fire.

218. CLOSE SHOT KINDER

KINDER is looking intently at the three armed men when a piercing whistle makes him jerk round almost in fright.

219. KINDER'S POV

CAMERA FLASH PANS just in time to see REISMAN drop out of sight into the target pit and then FLASH PANS back again to the DIRTY DOZEN before the whistle stops blowing. Nothing happens. Nobody fires, because they are all gazing in fascination at FRANKO, who has had his gun at the ready all the times but stands there now in a kind of petrified trance.

BOWREN (shouting-over)

Are you deaf!

He moves into FRAME behind the DIRTY DOZEN

BOWREN

What the hell's the matter with you.  
Fire!

The men start guiltily, then commence firing.

220 CLOSE SHOT FRANKO

As the gun bucks and chatters in his hands, a slow idiot smile of happiness begins to spread across his face.

CUT TO:

221 TARGET AREA

All of the life-like dummies begin to disintegrate under a hail of bullets.

DISSOLVE TO:

New Scene 223A, Yellow Page 91 dated 4.7.66.

Omitting Page 90 dated 7.4.66, Scenes 222 and 223.

222 Continued

are either griping or sunk in morose silence. BOWREN, REISMAN and KINDER bring up the rear.

**MAGGOT**

Fine thing - we gotta march twenty-five miles and the stinking screws come back in a truck.

They move into the compound and see the field kitchen that has been set up near the two barracks. As REISMAN and KINDER leave the column to go to Reisman's hut, the Dirty Dozen break ranks and rush towards the field kitchen where an MP GUARD is waiting to serve them.

223 NEW ANGLE

Moving forward in the concerted rush, JIMINEZ stumbles and falls into the mud. As he picks himself up, FRANKO and MAGGOT who are at the head of the line turn to look at him.

**MAGGOT (nastily)**

Serve you right, your folks should've stayed south of that crummy border and you wouldn't be in this mess.

**JIMINEZ (needling amiably)**

Sure, but if I stay in Mexico, who's gonna look after your wife?

MAGGOT is angry but his reply is ineffectual.

**MAGGOT**

I don't have a wife!

**JIMINEZ**

She's a very lucky woman.

FRANKO turns impatiently on the MP GUARD waiting to serve.

**FRANKO**

Hey, pig-face, let's have something to eat.

The GUARD looks round hesitantly, waiting for orders, and is grateful when he sees REISMAN and KINDER move into FRAME. His hand rests on the lid of the big cauldron.

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223A EXT. COMPOUND. CLOSE SHOT OF REISMAN.

REISMAN

You're still the dirtiest soldiers in this Army and you're getting filthier every day, but your training is almost finished. Two days from now you're going to learn how to jump with a parachute and you're gonna learn it in a hurry. This training will be at a regular Army base and I want to remind you that this operation is secret. Top secret. You won't be wearing dog-tags and you will not tell anyone anything at all. Nothing... understand... Nothing! One word...one slip from any of you and the deal's off - and you know what that means.

(to the GUARD)

Okay, serve it up.

As he and KINDER turn away, the GUARD lifts the lid of the cauldron to reveal that for the first time since FRANKO's rebellion, there is hot food. The men press forward.

224. TWO SHOT

REISMAN and KINDER are walking back to REISMAN's hut.

KINDER

Colonel Breed's not going to like that secrecy bit. He'll want to know what's going on.

REISMAN

We still have top priority, don't we?



224 Continued

**KINDER**

Well, yes, but that doesn't -

**REISMAN (interrupting)**

Do we have the juice, or don't we?

**KINDER**

Yes. Yes, we do.

224 Continued

**REISMAN**

Then he doesn't have to like it. You're supposed to be the liaison officer. Just get the orders passed from the highest echelon you can find. Tell Colonel Everett Dasher Breed that a group over which he will have no authority will be arriving on Tuesday. Tell him that the identity of the men is secret - tell him that one of the men is really a General if you like - tell him any damn thing you want to, but just keep that sweet-smelling, jumped-up, Westpoint tailor's dummy out of my hair. Okay?

**KINDER (resigned)**

I'll see what I can do.

**REISMAN**

Sure you will.

They move on into Reisman's hut.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

225 **COLONEL BREED'S OFFICE DAY**

**BREED** is in his office in the Army parachute base headquarters building. An **AIDE** hangs up the phone.

**AIDE**

They're almost here, Sir - just passed the checkpoint.

**BREED**

Nothing more from London?

**AIDE**

No, Sir.

**BREED**

I don't see why they can't be a little more specific about a thing like this.

**BREED** starts out.

## 226 EXT. BASE HEADQUARTERS DAY

The reception committee consists of two platoons of smartly dressed paratroopers, one on each side of the road leading up to the big barn-like base headquarters building, and the base band. As BREED comes out of the building, putting on his gloves, the two platoons are snapped to magnificent attention and the band STRIKES UP an appropriate TUNE as...

## 227 DIRT ROAD DAY (PICTURESQUE LOCATION)

This is a country road between the checkpoint gate and headquarters. In the background lies a small country town. REISMAN in his jeep, with JEFFERSON driving, heads a procession of two trucks. At the wheel of the truck behind the jeep is FRANKO, with BOWREN riding shotgun on him. WLADISLAW drives the second truck, with MORGAN riding shotgun on him. The remainder of the prisoners and MP's are hidden in the trucks.

CUT TO:

## 228 EXT. BASE HEADQUARTERS DAY

The paratrooper platoons are still at attention and the BAND is still PLAYING. BREED looks irritably at his watch.

BREED

Did you ask what General?

AIDE

Yes, Sir, but the same thing again - no information beyond what was in the order.

VOICE

Here comes something!

CUT TO:

## 229 REISMAN'S CAVALCADE FROM BREED'S POV DAY

The two slow-moving trucks and a jeep don't seem very impressive and appear to be cluttering up the road from whence the General is momentarily expected.

BREED (voice over)

Somebody get those idiots off the road.

An AIDE runs to intercept the tiny cavalcade.

CUT TO:

## 230 REISMAN'S JEEP DAY

JEFFERSON

Looks like we're running into a party.

REISMAN (recognising BREED)

Holy Moses, it's for us!

AIDE

Get those trucks out of here - there's a General coming.

REISMAN (coldly)

Yeah. Okay, okay.

(to JEFFERSON)

Let's have a little dignity around here.

JEFFERSON straightens up behind the wheel and REISMAN comes to a stiff salute.

## 231 FULL SHOT DAY

The cavalcade moves slowly between the paratroop battalions, and as BREED, expressionless, returns the salute, REISMAN jumps down.

REISMAN

Major Reisman reporting, sir.

BREED (curtly)

Where's the General?

There is a moment's hesitation as REISMAN realises that someone has taken his words to Kinder literally.

REISMAN (after a pause)

In the second truck, Sir. You understand of course that he's travelling incognito -

BREED (stiffly)

Oh...? But we thought he might care to inspect our number one platoon.

He indicates a platoon of magnificently groomed Paratroopers that is lined up with weapons at the ready for inspection.

REISMAN

If you'll give me a moment, Sir, I'll see how he feels about that...

As REISMAN goes off to the back of the second truck, BREED looks after him uncertainly.

## 232 SECOND TRUCK DAY

REISMAN pulls aside the flaps and drops the tail gate to look at his collection of hairy monsters.

REISMAN (softly)

Pinkley, how'd you like to be a General?

PINKLEY (startled)

What kind of a General, Sir?

REISMAN (drily)

Just a plain ordinary, home-lovin' American General.

(to all of them)

Everybody out and fall in. Somebody told these jokers they were getting a General, so that's what they're gonna get.

PINKLEY

But what do I do?

REISMAN

You've seen Generals inspecting troops, haven't you? Look mean, walk slow and act stupid. Go up one way and down the other - make like there's a bad smell in your nose, and straight back to the truck, okay?

PINKLEY nods doubtfully.

233 / NEW ANGLE  
234

BREED looks round to see eleven frightful-looking soldiers and SIX MILITARY POLICEMEN lining up beside the trucks. Before he has time to recover from the shock, REISMAN and PINKLEY are marching back towards him and he finds himself presenting the bogus General with a salute.

BREED'S AIDE

Number One Platoon, Second Battalion,  
Fifth Paratroop Regiment ready for  
inspection, sir!

PINKLEY

Thank you, Captain.

As the three "officers" turn to inspect the Platoon, an OFFICER brings the troops to the salute.

233/  
234

Continued

OFFICER

Present - ARMS

Trailed by REISMAN and BREED, PINKLEY does just as he has been told. He walks rapidly along the front rank, hardly glancing at the men in front of him. But then just as he is about to reach the end, he stops, walks back a couple of paces, forcing BREED and REISMAN to retreat again, and stops in front of one of the young paratroopers. REISMAN frowns anxiously, because this certainly was not in the script. But there is worse to come. PINKLEY looks the soldier up and down for a horrifyingly long moment, and then addresses him with all the false sincerity that visiting Generals usually muster.

PINKLEY

Very pretty, Colonel. Very pretty, but can they fight?

BREED:(emphatically)

Yes, sir!

PINKLEY

I hope you're right, Colonel.  
(He moves to another man)  
Where are you from, son?

PARATROOPER

Madison City, Missouri, sir.

PINKLEY:(Brusque, disgusted)

Never heard of it.

(to Reisman)

Alright, Major, let's get back to work. Thank you, Colonel.

He salutes and walks away. Reisman and Breed exchange a look and Reisman hurries off after Pinkley.

235/  
236

TWO SHOT

PINKLEY is trying hard not to smile as Reisman catches up with him. They walk back past the troops and Reisman hisses through his teeth.

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235/ Continued.  
236

REISMAN

You ever pull another stunt like that and I'll beat your brains out.

PINKLEY

But Major, you told me...

REISMAN

All right, Sergeant. Move them out and form them into a column of two.

SERGEANT

Atten-SHUN. Right face. Fall out. Fall in column of two. Column left. Forward, quick march. Eyes left, front.

237 NEW ANGLE

BREED is still watching them move away, his face a study in anger, frustration and bewilderment.

As the column passes him, BREED crosses to Reisman.

BREED (furiously)

Some people may consider you a first-class soldier, but as far as I am concerned you are an undisciplined, disorganized clown, and I'm going to make it my business to run you right out of this Army.

REISMAN (smiling)

Why, Colonel, I didn't know you cared.

With this, Reisman just turns and walks away after THE DIRTY DOZEN. Still fuming, BREED turns towards a PARATROOPER SERGEANT and motions to him.

BREED

Clayton.

The SERGEANT accompanies BREED back to his car, receiving quiet instructions as we

DISSOLVE TO:

Scene 241.

Blue Page 100, dated 4.7.66.

Omitting Pages 97a to 99 inclusive, Scenes 238/240.

238 Continued

REISMAN pushes off and swings free. BREED stands behind the ground instructor at the loudspeaker. By chance, POSEY and JIMINEZ are also in this area. During the following, we will have to INTERCUT between REISMAN dangling from the top of the tower and BREED and the GROUP at the loudspeaker.

BREED

Are you ready, Major?

He has taken over the loudspeaker from the instructor.

REISMAN

Go ahead.

But nothing happens. BREED has begun the harrassment.

BREED

You'll have to speak up, Major. I can't hear you.

Having heard him very clearly, POSEY and JIMINEZ look at the COLONEL. Is the son-of-a-bitch deaf? BREED's remarks through the loudspeaker can be heard all over the field.

REISMAN

Pull the plug!

Still nothing. Both POSEY and JIMINEZ now realise what the COLONEL is doing and to their surprise it angers them. But BREED is playing it very straight, with a soothing note in his voice, as if to a frightened child.

BREED

Take your time if you're a little nervous. It happens that way sometimes. Just don't panic, that's all. And try to remember - when you land take a little roll. Don't try for a stand-up grandstand play, You'll smash your legs -

REISMAN

I'm ready! Go ahead!

BREED

There's no hurry -

JIMINEZ

He said he's ready, Sir.



238 Continued

BREED stares at him, then waves up to the man operating the mechanism, and REISMAN drops. Fortunately for him, he drops correctly and makes a good landing with a neat roll. His manner is calm and his face expressionless as he begins to unbuckle himself.

REISMAN

Wind's just right. Who's next?

SAWYER (yelling down)

I am, Sir.

REISMAN (to POSEY & JIMINEZ)

Could you hear me all right when I was up there?

POSEY & JIMINEZ (together-loudly)

Right from the first, Sir... Fine, just fine, Sir!

Both men understand that REISMAN wants all this to be heard by the COLONEL.

REISMAN

I'll be with you in a minute.

BREED now stands with one of the INSTRUCTORS. What Reisman may be too preoccupied to notice, but what the audience should see, is that more than one of the prisoners shoots angry glances at the Colonel. POSEY and JIMINEZ are not the only ones who have recognised the effort to embarrass Reisman and it is a subconscious sign of their inclusion of the Major in their growing unity that they resent it. REISMAN crosses to BREED.

REISMAN (to the INSTRUCTOR)

Get over to the tower with the others.

The INSTRUCTOR looks at BREED, who nods, and the two officers are left alone. REISMAN switches off the loudspeaker.

REISMAN

You may be a first-class soldier but you're also a miserable bastard and if you ever do a thing like that again I'll kick your teeth right down your throat.

BREED (smiling)

You realise that I can now have you arrested and court-martialed for insubordination?

4.7.66.

- 100 -

241. EXT. LATRINE DAY

This is a post latrine, a properly built affair. As several of the DIRTY DOZEN and a couple of M.Ps emerge on the double....

242 INT. LATRINE DAY

thru

259

Delayed, WLADISLAW is hurrying out when CLAYTON and another large paratrooper, a CORPORAL, grab him from behind, shoving him off-balance against the wall.

WLADISLAW

What is going on...?

Continued White Page 101 dated 2.4.66.

242  
thru  
259

Continued

CLAYTON

Take it easy, buddy. We just want to ask you a few questions.

WLADISLAW

Well, sure. But get your hands off.

CORPORAL (relaxing)

Now listen -

From the book: The instant their hands come loose, WLADISLAW went at them. He ducked, brought interlocked fists up against the jaw of the Corporal, side-stepped to chop downward against the other one's neck, but suddenly the guy wasn't there and he felt the hammer-edge of Clayton's hand in his kidney and went down gasping for breath. He knew damn well then he wasn't up against any amateurs. While he groped for air, Clayton was on him and had his right arm twisted and locked behind his back, forcing him back up on his feet again. But Reisman had taught him how to get out of that one, and the instant he had his breath back he brought his right heel down hard on Clayton's arch and slammed his left elbow back into the guy's solar plexus, heard the trooper's cry of pain as he released his arm. In the next seconds of give and take, as the Corporal came back up off the floor to join the fight, Wladislav suddenly realized he was enjoying himself. Then they nailed him to the ground, but good, arms and legs unmovable.

CORPORAL

Now talk, you bastard! Who the hell are you?

WLADISLAW

Number Six.

He continues to struggle, to thresh around, twisting and turning, trying to dislodge them.

CORPORAL

You gonna tell us or not?

WLADISLAW

I told you - NUMBER SIX!

CORPORAL

Okay, wise guy, you asked for it.  
(he yanks WLADISLAW's arms  
down to his side)  
(to CLAYTON)

Hold him!

242 Continued

thru  
259

He undoes WLADISLAW's jacket and rips his T-shirt.

**CORPORAL**

Where the hell are your dog-tags?

WLADISLAW lifts his head a few inches off the floor and spits in the CORPORAL's face. Now the two men really start to hammer him. Moments later, JEFFERSON and POSEY saunter into the latrine and are amazed by what they find going on. . . . they immediately join in. There is a short, terrifyingly vicious struggle and the two paratroopers are left groaning helplessly on the floor. JEFFERSON and POSEY help the badly beaten WLADISLAW from the latrine.

CUT TO:

260 EXT. TRUCKS DAY

All but WLADISLAW, JEFFERSON and POSEY are already in the trucks and BOWREN has just started back to look for them as they move into FRAME.

**BOWREN**

Where the hell have you been?

**JEFFERSON**

He's okay, Sergeant - just slipped on a "bar of soap".

They climb into the truck amongst the others as BOWREN gives the order for the motorcade to pull out.

CUT TO:

261 INT. TRUCK DAY

The truck moves off. WLADISLAW lies back too badly hurt even to talk.

**JEFFERSON**

Of all the miserable. . .

**BRAVOS (breaking-in)**

Who?

**JEFFERSON**

Who? Reisman! He got two of those "paras" to jump him.  
(indicating WLADISLAW)

261 Continued

**JEFFERSON (continued)**

Tried to make him talk. Gave him a pretty hard time.

**LEVER**

Did he tell 'em anything?

**JEFFERSON**

You crazy?

Remembering Jefferson's words on the night of the exercise, **FRANKO** jeers at him sarcastically.

**FRANKO**

Tell me, Sambo, who was it said string along with Reisman 'till he crosses you?

**JEFFERSON** scowls, but he is too disgusted to retaliate.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

262 **EXT. C.47 AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT DAY (STOCK)**

The jump plane drones overhead.

**CUT TO:**

263 **INT. C.47 DAY STUDIO**

Wearing their 'chutes and helmets, the prisoners are waiting in varying degrees of nervousness. A **JUMPMASTER** stands at the far side of the open doorway.

**JUMPMASTER**

Stand up...! Hook up...! Check your equipment.

A light comes on over the door as they come near the drop zone. First in line is **REISMAN** himself, followed by **MAGGOT**, **FRANKO**, **BOWREN** and then the rest of the Dirty Dozen. As **REISMAN** starts towards the door, **FRANKO** nudges **MAGGOT** and indicates the hook of **REISMAN**'s parachute as it moves along the rail. **FRANKO** makes a squeezing gesture with his thumb and forefinger as if to suggest the possibility of unhooking **REISMAN** just before he jumps. He turns to look at the others and finds himself staring straight at the unsmiling **BOWREN**.

264 NEW ANGLE

The JUMPMaster motions REISMAN forward, and REISMAN turns for a last word with MAGGOT.

264 Continued

REISMAN

Believe me, you'll find this easier  
than the tower.

MAGGOT gazes at him bleakly.

JUMPMASTER

Ready! ... Go!

He slaps REISMAN on the leg and REISMAN jumps out into the wind.  
The others follow.

CUT TO:

265 EXT. SKY WITH PARACHUTES DAY (STOCK)

Fourteen parachutes are floating down.

DISSOLVE TO:

266 EXT. WATCH TOWER STOCKADE NIGHT

MAGGOT paces up and down, restless and angered at being on guard  
duty again.

267 MAGGOT'S POV

The other men can just be dimly seen as they lounge about during  
one of their brief rest periods. REISMAN is seen talking to  
MORGAN near his hut. The CAMERA slowly ZOOMS in to FRAME  
on JIMINEZ, who is sitting on the stoop of the "prisoners' hut",  
languidly strumming his guitar and softly singing (this will be known  
as "Trini's Song" - see page C at rear of script).

268 RESUME SCENE

MAGGOT scowls and turns away.

269 EXT. REISMAN'S HUT STOCKADE NIGHT

TWO SHOT: Talking to MORGAN, REISMAN glances at his watch, and  
looks OFFSCREEN in the direction of the gates.

REISMAN

They should be here by now You'd  
better get the men together - I'll talk  
to them first. They can use your hut  
for tonight.

MORGAN

Yes, Sir, right away.

269 Continued

As REISMAN turns away to re-enter his hut, MORGAN moves out of FRAME and is heard calling to the men.

MORGAN (over)

Okay, you guys. Get over to the MP hut - the Major wants to talk to you. Come on, let's move it... Let's go.

There are murmurs and groans from various parts of the compound as the MEN reluctantly begin to gather together for what they assume will be another of Reisman's pep talks. Their protests mingle with the sound of a truck approaching from somewhere outside the camp.

CUT TO:

270 EXT. WATCH TOWER NIGHT

His attention attracted by the sound of the truck, MAGGOT looks down curiously towards the gate.

271 MAGGOT'S POV

One of the Unit's trucks grinds up to the gates and Sergeant BOWREN leans out to talk to the GUARD.

CUT TO:

272 INT. MP'S HUT NIGHT

All but MAGGOT are gathered in the hut under the supervision of a single MP GUARD. The door opens and REISMAN enters carrying three bottles of whisky, which he places on a table. The prisoners' indifference changes to mild curiosity.

REISMAN (indicating whisky)

All right, gentlemen. The jump school didn't kill you - maybe this will. Your training's just about over, I guess that entitles you to a graduation ball - or something.

The men are able to appreciate the whisky but three bottles don't make a party, never mind a ball. REISMAN grins at their confusion, opens the door and calls out into the compound.



272 Continued

REISMAN

Okay, Sergeant, wheel 'em in.

OVERSCENE: The distinctly feminine sounds of laughter and mock protest. The prisoners react in bewilderment and disbelief.

CUT TO:

273 EXT. COMPOUND NIGHT

REISMAN comes to the doorway of the hut to see BOWREN helping a strangely assorted group of SEVEN or EIGHT WOMEN to clamber down from the tail board of the truck. KINDER, looking more worried than pleased, is helping in the operation. BOWREN indicates the men in the hut.

BOWREN

Shall I tell 'em it's with the Major's compliments, Sir?

REISMAN

Hell, no. Tell 'em it's part of the training.

He turns to go back into the hut.

273a NEW ANGLE

CLOSE SHOT: MAGGOT looks down and sees the women. His lips move convulsively, and though most of his speech is incoherent, his self-righteous anger is clearly close to exploding into action.

MAGGOT

He's deliberately doing that - turning this place into a stinking cess-pool - fouling his sty like a pig.

He tries to turn away but the sight of the women being led into the barracks holds him fascinated.

CUT TO:

274 INT. MP'S HUT NIGHT

As the WOMEN stumble in out of the darkness and almost unconsciously gather in a protective group near the door, the prisoners react unexpectedly. Instead of moving forward with the exultant cry

274 Continued

of "Oh boy, girls", that one would expect in a movie about a group of deprived college boys, they shrink back to form a second protective group as if they suspected that this were all part of some diabolical trick. REISMAN turns to glance at the women, and BOWREN appears in the doorway.

BOWREN (a quiet murmur)

Sorry, Major, I could only find eight.  
I guess it's like cops - when you're  
looking for 'em -

274 Continued

**REISMAN** (brushing aside the apology)  
That's okay - that's fine.

The ladies have come in a variety of shapes and sizes and their ages range from the early twenties to a rather suspect mid-forties. But differ as they may in size and appearance, they all have their profession in common and all look eminently suited to the purpose of their visit.

As **BOWREN** moves to leave again, a deliciously plump **WOMAN** grabs him by the arm and is evidently speaking for all her colleagues when she whispers her misgivings in his ear.

**FIRST WOMAN**  
But they're filthy!

**BOWREN** (a fatherly smile)  
They certainly are, ma'am, but they mean well.

**REISMAN**  
You Gentlemen will be back on duty at 0600 hours in the morning, which oddly enough is just the length of time that these ladies have kindly consented to be our guests. Meanwhile, you may care to get

274 Continued

REISMAN (continued)  
acquainted. I doubt if Mr Maggot will  
want to avail himself of... er... but  
you could save some of this for him  
when he comes off duty.

(he indicates the whisky)  
Goodnight, gentlemen.

He goes out.

275 EXT. MP HUT COMPOUND NIGHT

KINDER is waiting for REISMAN as he comes out.

KINDER  
Are you crazy?

REISMAN  
Could be. Let's take a walk -  
(he glances back at the hut)  
we might inhibit them.

KINDER  
You wanna bet?

As they move off across the compound their attention is drawn by  
a roar from MAGGOT.

MAGGOT (over)  
You there, Major Reisman!

They turn to look up.

275a POV SHOT

MAGGOT continues to shout and makes as if to climb down from the  
tower.

MAGGOT  
I saw those strumpets, Reisman.  
You're turning this place into a  
bottomless pit of vice - condemning  
those men to suffer eternal fire.

275b NEW ANGLE TO INCLUDE REISMAN

REISMAN (shouting)  
That's not half of what you'll suffer  
if you don't get back up there. Now  
cut it out!

275b Continued

MAGGOT hesitates, then scrambles back up onto his perch.

CUT TO:

276 INT. MP HUT NIGHT

Most of the Dirty Dozen are painfully aware of their grubby condition and are trying to cover their embarrassment in various ways. POSEY and PINKLEY contrive to be feverishly busy finding something to drink the whisky out of, while others stand about uneasily, wondering what to do. FRANKO is the first to break the ice. He walks up and interrupts the whispered conversation that TWO of the women are having together.

FRANKO

Wanna dance?

2nd WOMAN (perplexed)

But there's no music.

FRANKO

Try humming.

Taking his own advice, he starts hissing through his teeth like a snare drum, grabs the WOMAN and pulls her towards the middle of

276 Continued

the room. She seems ready to pull away from him again, but the situation is saved by JEFFERSON who has found a portable radio on one of the Guard's bunks, and switches it on to provide music.

CUT TO:

277 EXT. WATCHTOWER COMPOUND NIGHT

Hearing the music and ensuing commotion, MAGGOT scowls in fierce disapproval and turns to look down at the man responsible for all this wickedness.

278 MAGGOT'S POV

REISMAN and KINDER are sitting on the stoop of REISMAN's hut. KINDER reacts to the sounds coming from the MP hut.

KINDER (sarcastically)

I don't know why you didn't invite  
Denton and Breed while you were about  
it.

REISMAN (chuckling)

You think they'll be mad we didn't ask  
them?

KINDER

Only if someone tells them what a good  
time we had.

He shudders at the thought of the possible repercussions and lights a cigarette as if to comfort himself.

279 RESUME SCENE

MAGGOT glances round, studying the route that Reisman took when he surprised him on Guard Duty. Putting down his rifle, he surreptitiously starts down off the tower.

280 CLOSE SHOT

As MAGGOT climbs down the tower and sets off around the perimeter, he keeps up a constant stream of muttered imprecations.

MAGGOT

Spitting in the face of the redeemer...  
That's what he's doing - defiling the  
purity of souls that were sent into this  
world to live clean...

4.7.66.

- 109 -

280. Continued

It is doubtful whether his words even have any meaning for MAGGOT, but he breathes them out as if they were some incantation that will destroy all evil spirits.

281. NEW ANGLE

As he gets near REISMAN's hut, MAGGOT's speech becomes nothing more than a fierce, rhythmic breathing, but his mouth keeps moving as if it were forming words.

CUT TO:

282. EXT. REISMAN'S HUT COMPOUND NIGHT

Listening to the music from the MP's hut, KINDER shakes his head.

KINDER

I hope you know what you're doing.

REISMAN (starting facetiously)

Seems to me we've taken reasonable precautions...

(he laughs)

Ch boy, just think if we'd let Maggot loose amongst all those "female sinners".

(after a pause)

But, seriously Stu, they've done pretty well. Apart from Maggot, they're really beginning to shape up. I guess they're entitled to a night out - especially when you remember that this could be the last waltz for some of them.

The sounds from the MP's hut rise in volume, almost as if the men inside were aware of the truth behind REISMAN's words.

CUT TO:

283 INT. MP HUT NIGHT

There are now half a dozen couples on the improvised dance floor. The two remaining women are conducting a conversation with each other in urgent whispers. PINKLEY has been looking troubled for some time, and now he turns to BRAVOS, who is drinking a good deal more than his share of the whisky.

4.7.66.

- 110 -

283. Continued

PINKLEY (solemnly)

You know something, there's three more  
guys than there is girls.

BRAVOS

You just figure that out?

PINKLEY (proudly)

Yeah.

BRAVOS shakes his head and pours himself another drink.

CUT TO:

284. EXT. REISMAN'S HUT COMPOUND NIGHT

REISMAN and KINDER are silent as they listen to the  
increasing sounds of revelry from the MPs' hut.

KINDER (slowly, thoughtful)

Yeah, I guess you're right - it may be  
the last waltz for a lot of people; not  
just these guys. Like you said - the  
Germans haven't done anything to them yet;  
but the Germans are waiting for them just  
the same. I've been interrogating some of  
the fellows coming back from Commando  
raids... Doesn't matter where we land -  
it's going to be just one big meat grinder.

REISMAN seems only to have been listening with half an  
ear.

As REISMAN leans forward to stub out his cigarette,  
MAGGOT appears in the doorway behind him, silently  
creeping forward, holding a metal bar that he has picked  
up on his way. As MAGGOT raises his arm to strike,  
REISMAN reveals that he must have been aware of MAGGOT's  
presence all along. He turns, catches MAGGOT's arm as  
it comes down and sends him flying over his shoulder to  
sprawl in the dirt at the bottom of the step.

MAGGOT staggers to his feet and is immediately chopped  
down by two vicious open-handed judo blows from REISMAN.

REISMAN (looking down at him)

You just haven't learned a thing, have you?



4.7.66.

- 110A -

284 Continued

KINDER

And he won't, either. I told you about this character. He's just about the best example of a psychotic I've ever come across.

REISMAN (drily)

You mean he's nuts.

KINDER

Exactly - and he's no more capable of learning from experience than you are of flying. If you don't get rid of him you're going to have nothing but trouble.

REISMAN

That we got already. Come on, let's get him inside.

They move forward to lift MAGGOT up.

DISSOLVE TO:

Scene 290, Blue Page 112, dated 4.7.66.

Omitting White Page 111, dated 2.4.66., Scene Nos. 285, 286, 287.

285 INT. MP's HUT NIGHT

Over in one corner a group made up of JIMINEZ, WLADISLAW, FRANKO and SMITH is drunkenly serenading four or five of the WOMEN as they try to teach them their own version of "Lilli Marlene".

From somewhere OFFSCREEN comes a not altogether displeased shriek of protest.

WOMAN (over)  
Leave off, will yer. You're going  
to tear my dress.

WLADISLAW and some of the others looks round.

286 POV SHOT

POSEY is lumbering after one of the WOMEN who has just run out into the compound, giggling hysterically.

287 RESUME SCENE

FRANKO grins at WLADISLAW and rises to his feet.

FRANKO  
D'you reckon he needs some  
help?

WLADISLAW (drily)  
Don't worry, he'll figure it out  
for himself.

WLADISLAW catches his arm and pulls him down again.

CUT TO:

4.7.66.

- 112 -

290 EXT. STOCKADE DAY

A terribly earnest CPL. MORGAN, looking as though he could not possibly be aware of the previous night's events, stands on sentry duty at the gate. Two army trucks come bucketing down the road and pull up near the gate in a cloud of dust. The immaculate COLONEL BREED steps down from the passenger seat, while A SQUADRON of his PARATROOPERS tumble out of the two trucks and are quickly drawn up in correct military order.

291 NEW ANGLE

An N.C.O. barks out an order and the squad of PARATROOPERS follow the COLONEL, who is already advancing towards the gates.

CORPORAL MORGAN

Halt! This is a restricted area, sir.

BREED

I know that.

Continued White Page 113 dated 2,4,66.

291 Continued

A negligent wave of his hand causes **THREE HEAVILY ARMED PARATROOPERS** to detach themselves from the squad and move up in support. We recognise two of the three as **CLAYTON** and the large **CORPORAL** who beat up Wladislaw.

**BREED** (continued)  
Where's Major Reisman?

**MORGAN** (nervously)  
He's in town, Sir.

**BREED**  
What's your name, Corporal?

**MORGAN** (flustered)  
Morgan, sir.

**BREED**  
Open this gate.

**MORGAN** takes one look at the three paratroopers and does as he is asked. Coming to check on the cause of the commotion, and never thinking for a moment that anyone would have opened the gate, **BOWREN** is taken by surprise so that Breed's abrupt order to the three paratroopers to disarm him is easily accomplished.

**BOWREN**  
But you can't come in here, Sir.

**BREED**  
Take his gun, Sergeant.

The **THIRD PARATROOPER** (a Master Sergeant) steps forward and snatches Bowren's gun before he has a chance to protest further. The prisoners have begun to drift into view, wondering what this is all about.

**BREED**  
Get that rabble into some kind of order, Sergeant.

**MASTER SERGEANT** (bawling at prisoners)  
Alright, you men, fall in at the double.

291 Continued

BOWREN has not yet accepted defeat.

BOWREN (stolidly)  
I have to warn you, Sir, that you are  
contravening orders direct from -

BREED  
Contravening - nothing! Fall in with  
the rest of your men and wait until  
you're spoken to.

BOWREN hesitates, realises that there is nothing to be gained by  
disobeying a direct order and moves to join the Dirty Dozen and the  
other Guards. MORGAN is about to slink off after him when  
BREED calls him back.

BREED  
Come here, Corporal.

MORGAN  
Sir.

BREED walks him away out of earshot of the others.

BREED (quietly)  
You want to keep those stripes,  
Corporal?

MORGAN  
Yes, Sir.

BREED  
Well, you can keep those stripes or  
you can spend the rest of this war  
behind bars, it's up to you. Now  
just answer one question.

MORGAN is hesitant, but there is no doubt that he will do as he is told.

CUT TO:

292 EXT. ROAD NEAR STOCKADE DAY

REISMAN's jeep comes over the brow of the hill, passes through  
the dip in the road and starts up the incline from which part of the  
camp is visible. REISMAN glances OFFSCREEN and reacts quickly.

## 293 POV SHOT

BREED is walking up and down as his paratroopers in the compound get the Dirty Dozen into some semblance of order.

## 294 RESUME SCENE

REISMAN brakes quickly, switches off the engine and lets his jeep coast back silently until it is out of sight again.

## 295 EXT. COMPOUND DAY

It is now BREED's turn to conduct a tour of inspection. As he moves towards the men that are lined up in front of him with CLAYTON and the CORPORAL in attendance CAMERA FLASH PANS to POSEY and JEFFERSON, who stand together at the far end of the line. POSEY nudges JEFFERSON, indicating CLAYTON and the CORPORAL.

POSEY (whispering)

Aren't those the guys that - ?

JEFFERSON and CLAYTON have already exchanged unfriendly looks of recognition.

JEFFERSON (nodding grimly)

Yeah, we had it figured wrong.

A few places further down the line, WLADISLAW has also recognised CLAYTON and the CORPORAL and reacted to their scornful gestures of recognition. He turns to glance at his two companions.

WLADISLAW

Why, those... !

JEFFERSON (an urgent whisper)

Wait for it, man. Wait for it.

Whispering out of the side of his mouth, WLADISLAW passes the word on down the line. CAMERA tracks rapidly along the line as each of the Dirty Dozen receives the word and passes it on until it reaches the far end, just as BREED stops in front of Pinkley.

BREED

Alright, General, let's have your name, rank and serial number.

PINKLEY hesitates but FRANKO, further down the row has no such inhibitions.

295 Continued

**FRANKO** (loudly)

You tell him and you've had it... we've  
all had it!

**BREED** (glancing at **FRANKO**)

Silence!

(to **PINKLEY**)

What's your name, soldier?

**PINKLEY**

Number Nine, Sir.

**BREED** scowls and turns to call out to **CLAYTON** and the **CORPORAL**  
who are standing off to one side with Corporal **MORGAN** between them.

**BREED**

Clayton, bring that man over here.

**MORGAN** is marched forward as if under escort.

CUT TO:

296 OMITTED

297 EXT. ROAD NEAR STOCKADE DAY

On foot now **REISMAN** is working his way cautiously towards the  
wire at the back of his hut.

CUT TO:

298 EXT. COMPOUND DAY

**BREED** is still standing in front of **PINKLEY**, talking to **CPL. MORGAN**.

**BREED**

Now I want you to give Corporal Jackson  
this man's name, rank and serial  
number.

(he indicates **PINKLEY**)

And the same goes for all the rest.

**MORGAN**

I don't know all that, Sir -

**BREED**

Then tell him what you do know!

**BREED** turns away, goes down the line to **FRANKO**, and stands  
there looking at him for a few moments before speaking.

298 Continued

**BREED**

What did you say back there?

**FRANKO**

Nothing, Sir.

**BREED**

Step forward, soldier.

**FRANKO** steps forward out of the ranks and comes to attention again.

**BREED** (continued)

When was the last time you bathed?

**FRANKO**

I don't remember, Sir.

**BREED**

You're filthy - a disgrace to the uniform.

(calling to the Master Sergeant)

Sergeant Fredericks, get me a razor and some water.

(addressing the prisoners)

This man is now going to demonstrate the proper procedure for bathing and shaving in the field. Right, soldier?

**FRANKO**

No, Sir.

**BREED**

No, Sir, what?

**FRANKO**

No, Sir... I ain't gonna shave, Sir.

**BREED**

Then we'll have to do it the hard way.

(turning to his men)

Dry-shave him.

**TWO TROOPERS** run forward and grab **FRANKO** while a **THIRD** knocks off his helmet. **FRANKO** struggles in silence.



299 TWO SHOT

WLADISLAW nudges POSEY and nods, "now".

300 FULL SHOT

FRANKO is still struggling when WLADISLAW, JEFFERSON and POSEY come flying to his assistance. All seven men go down in an untidy heap with WLADISLAW, JEFFERSON and POSEY very much on top. The other prisoners square off ready for anything when a sudden burst of machine gun fire comes as if from nowhere and every man in the compound, including BREED, hits the dirt. In the silence that follows, BREED lifts his head to look around, immediately inviting a second burst that kicks dirt into his face.

REISMAN (over)

Everybody stay exactly where you are.

BREED

Reisman... ?

REISMAN (over)

That's right, Colonel - you too.

The men remain flat on the ground, but start to look around cautiously.

301 LOW ANGLE

REISMAN appears on the roof of his hut, his gun keeping them well covered.

REISMAN

Colonel Breed, would you be good enough to tell your men to dispose of their arms.

Another burst as a paratrooper starts to lift his carbine and there is no need for an order from Breed. His MEN hastily toss their weapons aside.

REISMAN

Sergeant Bowren, see that those weapons are collected, will you?

BREED (standing up slowly)

You must be out of your mind.

REISMAN

Maybe so...

He slithers down the sloping roof and drops to the ground.

301 Continued

REISMAN (continued)

Just step over here and we'll discuss it.

He jerks his gun to indicate the door of his hut.

302 NEW ANGLE

WLADISLAW and JEFFERSON show the greatest enthusiasm in helping BOWREN to collect the paratroopers' guns. Seeing REISMAN and BREED enter the hut, they grin at each other and continue with their work.

CUT TO:

303 INT. REISMAN'S HUT

BREED sits at the desk where REISMAN has placed him, while REISMAN stands over him still holding his gun.

REISMAN

You've really done it this time, haven't you? Starting with forcible entry into a maximum security area -

BREED (interrupting coolly)

That's how it's designated, is it?

REISMAN

You know damn well it is.

BREED

Then perhaps you'll be able to explain how a "maximum security area" came to be used for the entertainment of prostitutes.

REISMAN is in a tight corner and he knows it.

REISMAN (quietly after a pause)

I don't suppose I have to ask you where you got your information.

BREED (smugly)

You may take it that I have it on good authority, and furthermore it was confirmed by your own Corporal Morgan. I don't think your superiors will doubt the reliability of my witnesses.

303 continued

REISMAN is worried, but surprises BREED by smiling as if he weren't.

REISMAN

In that case I guess the only mitigating circumstance I'll be able to offer is that at least none of the ladies were widows, at least not ... "recent"... widows.

BREED (coldly)

Would you care to explain that?

REISMAN (smiling)

Oh come now, Colonel, I don't need to explain that to you, do I?

BREED

Bringing personalities into it isn't going to help you.

REISMAN

We'll see about that... won't we?

BREED looks at him disdainfully, and it is evident that he thinks his position is unassailable.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

304/  
305

INT. GENERAL DENTON'S OFFICE. NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT: Playing with a pencil which he turns over and over in his hands as if this were the only way of holding on to and containing his violent temper. GENERAL WORDEN sits at the desk, his expression dark as thunder.

DENTON (over)

I think you know very well that I was never in favour of you leading this operation...

Continued

DENTON glances to his left and CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal REISMAN sitting in stony silence on a hard-backed chair, while DENTON paces up and down, giving chapter and verse of Reisman's derelictions. Leaning back, elegantly at ease, BREED listens with cool satisfaction.

DENTON (continued)

I can't say that I'm disappointed in your performance, Major, because the impression you made on me was distinctly unfavorable in the first place. However, be that as it may, Colonel Breed's report on your unit's level of achievement and general behaviour at the parachute training school was entirely negative, and would in itself justify my recommendation that this entire operation be cancelled.

(he glances deferentially at WORDEN)

Your men will of course be sent back to Marston-Tyne for execution of sentence. Whether or not disciplinary action should be taken against you personally is a matter for the General. I take it you don't deny your responsibility for the fact that on the night of April fourteenth/fifteenth, a military establishment of the United States Army was the scene of a drunken party in which no less than seven female civilians took an active part.

REISMAN cannot hide a little smile at the thought of just how "active" the part was. DENTON looks at him sharply.

DENTON (continued)

Well?

REISMAN

Yes, sir, they took an active part all right.

DENTON (angrily)

We're talking about a flagrant breach of military discipline, Major! Are you in a position to offer even the remotest mitigating circumstance?

REISMAN looks at DENTON, then turns to gaze steadily at BREED before replying.

304/  
305

Continued

As if realising that the worst has already happened and that nothing can now matter either way, REISMAN stands up angrily.

REISMAN

Yes, I am! It's a joke and a lousy one at that. We promised those men a chance to get off the hook. They've worked damn hard for that - and now, when they're just shaping up we're gonna say "Sorry fellers, the deal's off". Why?

DENTON

You've only yourself to blame for that. It was you who was responsible for bringing those women into the camp.

REISMAN

All right, so that's against regulations. Are you going to hang five men and send the rest to jail for life for that? Because if you did that, you'd have to lock up half the United States Army - officers included. Anyway, you just said it yourself, that was my fault - not theirs.. It certainly isn't going to affect the ability of those men as soldiers.

DENTON (smoothly)

We have already heard about their ability as soldiers from Colonel Breed.

REISMAN

That's his opinion. Those guys have packed six months' intensive training into as many weeks and as of this moment I'd back them against any soldier in this Army.

BREED (smiling)

You can't be serious.

REISMAN (turning on him)

You're damn right I'm serious. Listen, my men might not look pretty but any one of them is worth ten of those fancy chocolate soldiers you've been playing with.

304/  
305

Continued

DENTON looks at WORDEN as if to allow him the opportunity of choking off Reisman, but the GENERAL just goes on playing with his pencil.

DENTON

There's no need to be abusive... in any case, comparisons of that kind are hardly to the point.

304/ Continued  
305

REISMAN (glancing at WORDEN)

With respect, Sir, they're precisely to the point. It is my contention that these men are more than capable of doing the job that was given them.

(turning on DENTON again)

You don't believe it. All right, you're entitled to your doubts, but you set this thing up; you let them think they were going to get a chance -the least you can do is to let them prove what they're capable of.

REISMAN's passion merely makes DENTON smile.

DENTON

Frankly, I shudder to think what they might be capable of.

REISMAN (thru DENTON to WORDEN)

Look, I'm saying they can do it. Give us the chance to prove it and then if they fail your conscience is clear, you won't need to have any doubts about sending them back to take what's coming to them.

WORDEN (suddenly)

Just how would you propose to have them prove their abilities?

REISMAN has only been concerned with defending his men and the practical question of proof has not occurred to him.

DENTON

It can't be done, can it.

REISMAN hesitates, sees BREED's self-satisfied smile of triumph and is suddenly struck by the total awareness that he has painted himself into a corner from which there is no escape. He ponders the possibility of whether to introduce Lady Margot into the conversation, while the room sits in silence - then:

ARMBRUSTER (slowly, thinking it out)

Well yes, I suppose it could... I mean there might be a way... what I mean is, General, that if you recall, next week we've got the Divisional manoeuvres down in

304/ Continued  
305

**ARMBRUSTER** (continued)  
Devonshire. Colonel Breed's outfit will be part of that operation - in fact his Company has been assigned the defence of Divisional Headquarters.

**WORDEN** (really not understanding)  
So?

Almost little-boy-like, **ARMBRUSTER** slowly looks towards **REISMAN** - hasn't he got it? Didn't Reisman get the signal? Slowly, **REISMAN**'s face breaks into an enormous smile.

**REISMAN** (with ever-growing confidence)  
So... if you allow my twelve men to operate as an independent unit attached to the opposing forces, they'll not only show you what they can do - I'm telling you now they'll knock out Colonel Breed's Headquarters and capture his entire staff.

**BREED** finds this assertion so outlandish that he actually laughs.

**BREED** (contemptuously)  
That I'd like to see.

**WORDEN** (emphatically)  
So would I.

For the first time in the entire meeting, **WORDEN**'s expression has become animated and it is clear from his tone that a temporary reprieve for **Reisman**'s men, which might never have been achieved on the basis of any rational decision, has now come about simply because of **Worden**'s capricious whim. **BREED** and **DENTON** can hardly believe their ears.

DISSOLVE TO:

306 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD DAY

A large truck comes rumbling towards **CAMERA**. **FRANKO** is behind the wheel and sitting beside him, rubbing his chin, savouring the luxury of being freshly shaved after all these weeks, is **WLADISLAW**. Humming their private version of "Lilli Marlene", **FRANKO** is ecstatically happy as if he were on the way to the biggest party of his life. Unseen by **CAMERA**, the ten men in the back of the truck take up **Franko**'s tune and sing with boisterous abandon.

CUT TO:



307 EXT. BLUE FORCE's MARSHALLING AREA DAY

JEEPS, COMMAND CARS, TRUCKS, WEAPON CARRIERS and even TANKS move about purposefully in various directions, giving the usual military impression of turmoil and confusion. The one thing that is clear and immediately recognisable is that all the MILITARY PERSONNEL are wearing BLUE ARMBANDS to distinguish them from the (red) opposing forces, with whom they will subsequently be involved. The only exceptions are a few senior-looking officers who wear GREEN ARMBANDS and have their helmets clearly stamped with the words OBSERVER or UMPIRE.

308 MEDIUM SHOT

REISMAN and KINDER, both wearing OBSERVER's insignia, stand by their jeep by the side of the road. KINDER looks anxiously at his watch and is about to speak to REISMAN when the violent hooting of a horn makes both of them turn sharply.

309 POV SHOT

A truck comes bucketing down the road, pulls up just short of CAMERA and the Dirty Dozen disembark in a hurry.

310 NEW ANGLE

As the MEN come cascading out of the truck carrying their weapons and wearing their blue armbands, REISMAN and KINDER are struck by the fact that all of them are well scrubbed and clean-shaven.

KINDER

Great God in heaven!

WLADISLAW (grinning)

Think we'll pass, Major?

REISMAN

You're very pretty, but you're late.

KINDER points at his watch to remind REISMAN of the time.

REISMAN (continued)

Have you got everything you need?

WLADISLAW (cheerfully)

Oh, absolutely.

REISMAN

Right. We're joining the Generals at the Umpire's Headquarters. As of now you're on your own. Good luck.

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310 Continued

As REISMAN starts to turn away, his attention is suddenly caught by the personnel carrier that has conveyed THE DIRTY DOZEN to this rendezvous. He turns back with aggressive curiosity.

REISMAN

Where the hell did you get that vehicle?

FRANKO (smiling)

We stole it from the same motor pool where we're gonna steal everything else we need. Anything else...  
Major, sir?

REISMAN looks at KINDER with a sort of exasperated resignation.

REISMAN

No, I guess not.

REISMAN looks at KINDER with a sort of exasperated resignation.

REISMAN

No, I guess not.

REISMAN and KINDER get in their jeep and drive off as THE DOZEN splits up into three teams and heads off in three separate directions.

CUT TO

Scene 311, Blue Page 126, dated 4.7.66.

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## 311. EXT. BREED'S COMMAND POST RED DIVISIONAL H.Q. DAY

A sign-board bearing the legend: DIVISIONAL H.Q. (RED FORCES) stands in front of an old FARM HOUSE that has been partially gutted to provide a working H.Q. BREED'S command car pulls up. BREED gets out and walks rapidly towards the building, talking all the time to a harrassed AIDE, who is taking down instructions on a clipboard.

BREED

Charlie and Fox Companies will remain in support in back of the woods. They'll need to get supplies and transport from the Second Battalion. Rogers won't like it, but I don't want any arguments...

The AIDE makes a note and hurries to keep up with BREED.

CUT TO:

## 312. INT. BREED'S COMMAND POST DAY

TWO JUNIOR OFFICERS are pouring over maps while a THIRD OFFICER supervises the SERGEANT who is operating a field radio. A couple of ORDERLIES are busy with routine tasks. They all spring to attention as BREED comes storming in.

BREED

At ease. Callaghan, what about Johnson's armour?

The young LIEUTENANT by the radio moves to join BREED with a message pad in his hand.

LIEUTENANT

They just came through two minutes ago, sir. The armour's all set.

BREED

Good.

He turns to survey the terrain from the window, his mind already grappling with other tactical problems.

312. Continued

AIDE (tentatively)  
Is there anything else, sir?

BREED (distractedly)  
Huh?

He glances at his nervous Aide and, democratic fellow that he is, comes down briefly from his Olympian heights "to share a joke with the fellows."

BREED  
Not unless any of those tramps from Major Reisman's outfit show up. If that happens just get rid of them quietly -  
(a thin smile)  
We don't want any of them to get hurt... now do we?

AIDE (smiling)  
No, Sir.

BREED is already concerned with larger issues again. He gazes out of the window through narrowed eyes, doing a fair imitation of General McArthur surveying the battlefield.

CUT TO:

313. EXT. WAR GAMES UMPIRE'S HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

This building is, in effect, Worden's H.Q. in the field; a huge Georgian mansion, it is very much grander than any of the other buildings featured. CAMERA brings Reisman's jeep from the road to the entrance and he and KINDER get out. They are met at the door by BOWREN, who is also wearing the insignia of a neutral observer.

REISMAN  
Where's Major Armbruster?

BOWREN  
Gone to check up on our group, Sir.

They go in.

TOUGH MASTER SERGEANT (yelling)  
Isn't anyone going to park the Major's jeep?

CUT TO:

314. INT. CORRIDOR. WAR GAMES HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

This is a long hall that leads into the War Games Room. There are large topograph maps on all the walls. REISMAN and KINDER, followed by BOWREN, enter and are half way down the hall before DENTON

continued.....

314. Continued

accompanied by an aide... marches from the War Games Room.

DENTON

Well?

REISMAN

They're warming up now, Sir.

DENTON (sarcastically)

Don't let your enthusiasm run away with you, Major. This exercise is scheduled to last for three days.

REISMAN

Unless, of course, Colonel Breed should happen to lose his Headquarters sooner than that.

DENTON turns slowly to look at him with an expression of infinite superiority and disdain.

DENTON (languidly)

I think the remoteness of that eventuality hardly makes it a topic worthy of discussion, do you...?

Hmm?

(he sighs regretfully)

It really is a shame you weren't able to attend West Point, Major. It might have given you some dim conception of what is militarily possible - and what isn't.

BOWREN cannot resist grinning at DENTON's elaborate phraseology. REISMAN scowls and nudges him. DENTON and his aide exit.

REISMAN (an urgent whisper)

Where's General Worden?

BOWREN (whispering)

He said he'd have more "fun" watching the exercise in the field.

REISMAN mutters anxiously to himself.

REISMAN (in a whisper)

Oh, my God!

REISMAN and KINDER, followed by BOWREN exit into the War Games Room.

CUT TO:

315. EXT. PICTURESQUE CROSSROADS DAY

A jeep pulls up and GENERAL WORDEN sits in silence beside the DRIVER while an overfed AIDE studies a map without, apparently, being able to make much sense out of it.

315 Continued

AIDE (nervously)  
Be with you in a minute, Sir.

WORDEN (dangerously patient)  
Good.

Knowing his General, the driver holds his breath and cringes in anticipation of an explosion.

WORDEN (after a pause)  
How about this one?

He nods his head in one of the three available directions as if it were a casual inquiry, but succeeds in giving the unmistakable impression that he had the geography of the area clearly marked in his head all the time.

AIDE (quickly)  
Yes, Sir. I think that's it, Sir.

WORDEN (deadpan)  
Excellent, Haskell, excellent.

WORDEN nods at the DRIVER who lets in the clutch with a grateful sigh and the jeep speeds off. CAMERA PANS quickly to a clump of bushes near one of the roads that WORDEN didn't take. Wearing the insignia of an Observer, MAJOR ARMBRUSTER is crouched down watching the departing jeep. He is just checking his watch when WLADISLAW, SAWYER, JIMINEZ and PINKLEY come running down the hill and settle in the bushes beside him. All carry carbines, blank ammo and dummy grenades. In addition, JIMINEZ is lugging a bar. Their heavy field packs are loaded with stuff.

ARMBRUSTER  
Where are the others?

WLADISLAW (checking his watch)  
0844.  
(looking off)  
Four of 'em ought to be coming over that ridge pretty soon.

ARMBRUSTER (startled)  
They'd better be coming fast, then, the enemy is going to lay a live artillery barrage on that ridge at 0850. Didn't you know that?

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PLEASE OMIT THE FOLLOWING PAGES FROM  
THE SCRIPT:-

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322. Omit

323 Omit

324 Omit

325 EXT. WLADISLAW'S POSITION NEAR RIDGE. DAY

Still in the bushes, waiting for the other four,  
WLADISLAW is becoming anxious, but not as anxious as  
ARMERUSTER.

ARMERUSTER (looking off)  
They're not going to make it.

Continued on White Page 134, dated 2.4.66.



325 Continued

JIMINEZ

Yes,, they are. Look!

326 POV SHOT RIDGE

The faces of JEFFERSON, SMITH, LEVER and BRAVOS appear over the ridge as they lie down to examine the terrain.

327 RESUME SCENE

WLADISLAW's jubilation is short-lived when he realises that the quartet on the ridge is not moving.

WLADISLAW (an angry whisper)

Get moving!

He rises to his feet and starts waving to them.

328 POV SHOT

JEFFERSON acknowledges the signal, gets up and motions to the others to follow him.

CUT TO:

329 INT. BREED'S COMMAND POST DAY

BREED is looking impatiently at his watch, when the Radio Operator calls out to him.

RADIO OPERATOR

All set, sir.

BREED moves to take the microphone from him and utters the words that obviously make his life worth living.

BREED (into microphone)

Batteries numbers one, three and four open fire and continue at will.

His face positively glows in anticipation of the lovely, destructive noise he has unleashed. As we hear the first piece of artillery let loose -

CUT TO:

## 330 EXT. ARTILLERY PARK DAY

The ground shakes and heaves as a mass of assorted artillery starts firing.

CUT TO:

## 331 EXT. RIDGE DAY

JEFFERSON, SMITH, LEVER and BRAVOS have just started down the ridge when they are lost from sight under a series of explosions.

## 332 WLADISLAW'S POSITION

WLADISLAW and the others react in horror as the ridge disappears in clouds of smoke and earth.

## 333 RIDGE DAY

The dirt is still settling when there is a lull in the barrage. The four men spring to their feet and make for the road at the bottom of the slope.

## 334 WLADISLAW'S POSITION

The four men race across the road and dive into the bushes as the barrage opens up again.

BRAVOS (gasping)

Those "lovers" were trying to kill us.

WLADISLAW grabs JEFFERSON by the shoulder.

WLADISLAW (to the others)

All right, everybody, change.

ARMBRUSTER stiffens as they swiftly remove their Blue identification armbands and put on Red ones.

ARMBRUSTER

You can't do that!

WLADISLAW

That's alright, Sir, we're going to change back, later. Let's go.

He heads down through a thicket and they all follow, crouching low.

CUT TO:

335/ EXT. BUSHES NEAR ROAD DAY  
336

Hidden by a clump of bushes close to the road, MAGGOT and GILPIN are on their knees over their open field packs, hastily assembling a heavy machine gun.

OVERSCENE. The sound of an approaching vehicle. MAGGOT raises his head to look.

337 MAGGOT'S POV

FRANKO is driving his jeep slowly along the road, obviously looking for Maggot and Gilpin.

338 RESUME SCENE

MAGGOT and GILPIN get to their feet and start to change their arm-bands, when GILPIN sees something OFFSCREEN that makes him hesitate.

339 POV SHOT

A Red Force GUARD is patrolling a crossing a little way down the road, in full view of the place where Gilpin and Maggot would have to meet up with FRANKO and POSEY.

340 RESUME SCENE

GILPIN frantically tries to catch FRANKO's attention, while MAGGOT looks around, strangely indifferent to the outcome.

341 EXT. JEEP AND ROAD DAY

POSEY sees GILPIN waving and draws FRANKO's attention to him. Following Gilpin's frantic indications they see the GUARD further down the road. FRANKO acknowledges the information with a wave of the hand and drives on to within 50 yards of the Guard.

342 NEW ANGLE

Stopping the jeep, FRANKO gets out with his back to CAMERA, puts on a helmet and walks openly towards the Guard.

343 MEDIUM/CLOSE SHOT

Hearing FRANKO's footsteps the GUARD turns to face CAMERA just as FRANKO moves into FRAME.

FRANKO

Okay, buddy. You're dead.

343 Continued

GUARD (staggered)  
Whad'you mean, dead?

344 NEW ANGLE

We see for the first time that FRANKO is wearing an Umpire's helmet.

FRANKO  
Don't answer back, soldier.

GUARD (stuttering)  
But...But...Sir, how did I get  
killed?

He looks round in vain for any sign of the enemy.

FRANKO  
You just stepped on an anti-  
personnel device.

The GUARD glances guiltily at his feet.

FRANKO (continued)  
(impatiently)  
Come on, then. Let's have your weapon.  
(taking the rifle)  
Now go back to your Unit and report  
yourself killed in action.

GUARD  
Yes, sir.

He turns hesitantly and starts shambling off down the road.

FRANKO (shouting after him)  
On the double!

The GUARD glances back fearfully and breaks into a run. FRANKO turns to signal the "all clear" to MAGGOT and GILPIN.

345 REVERSE SHOT

MAGGOT and GILPIN hurry towards the jeep, grinning like maniacs.

CUT TO:

346 EXT. ROAD NEAR BREED'S COMMAND POST DAY

WLADISLAW and his group, still accompanied by ARMBRUSTER, emerge from a field to regroup at the side of the road.

WLADISLAW

Okay fellas... take ten..

The others sink down gratefully, while ARMBRUSTER looks round in bewilderment.

ARMBRUSTER

What are we waiting for now?

WLADISLAW

A jeep with a heavy machine gun  
and four men.

ARMBRUSTER nods sagely, but he cannot pretend that it makes any sense to him. He wanders off a few paces, then turns to call back.

ARMBRUSTER (hopefully)

This one?

WLADISLAW turns to look.

347 POV SHOT

GENERAL WORDEN'S jeep comes bowling down the road.

348 RESUME SCENE

WLADISLAW shakes his head vehemently at ARMBRUSTER and brings his men to attention.

349 NEW ANGLE

WLADISLAW salutes smartly as the jeep goes by. Recognising ARMBRUSTER, WORDEN glances sharply at the members of the Dirty Dozen but lets his driver go on without comment. The men watch Worden's jeep go on down the road, then turn to see FRANKO and his three passengers approaching. WLADISLAW calls out to JEFFERSON, his second in command.

WLADISLAW

Okay, Jefferson, get those explosives  
loaded up.

349 Continued

**ARMBRUSTER**

Explosives!?

**WLADISLAW** (casually)

Yeah, I've got the time pencils here.

He slaps his small pack.

**ARMBRUSTER**

But there's no such thing as dummy fuses or explosives on this exercise...

**WLADISLAW**

That's right, so we had to grab some of the real stuff.

**ARMBRUSTER** (shocked)

You mean you stole it?

But **WLADISLAW** has already moved off to join the others by the jeep and rap out a series of rapid orders.

350 EXT. MEDIUM SHOT JEEP

**FRANKO** is still greeting his comrades as **WLADISLAW** approaches.

**WLADISLAW** (jerking his thumb)

Okay, Franko, out!

**FRANKO** (aggressively insubordinate)

Whad'ya mean out?

(indicating jeep)

Who stole this thing anyway?

**WLADISLAW**

You did. But you and Pinkley are the only guys that Colonel Breed ever got a really good look at. Having him recognise any of us is a big enough risk without taking you along.

As **FRANKO** clambers reluctantly from the jeep and **WLADISLAW** takes his place behind the wheel, **ARMBRUSTER** joins the group to try and find out what's going on. **WLADISLAW** starts the engine.

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350 Continued

WLADISLAW  
(to JEFFERSON)

I'm allowing you until 0930 for that ambulance. If it doesn't arrive by then I'll figure you got nailed and we'll take a whack at Plan B.

Thorough confused, ARMBRUSTER steps forward to ask something just as WLADISLAW lets in the clutch.

WLADISLAW  
See you later, Major.

ARMBRUSTER can only stand and stare as the jeep heads for the crossing and turns off towards Breed's Command Post.

CUT TO:

351 INT/EXT. BREED'S COMMAND POST DAY

GENERAL WORDEN'S jeep draws up and he stamps into the farm house.

BREED (coming to attention)  
Morning, Sir.

WORDEN  
Morning, Breed. Everything under control?

BREED  
I think you could say that, Sir.

WORDEN  
Good. Carry on. I just dropped by to see how things are shaping up.

He selects a comfortable looking camp chair, sits down and lights up a cigar. BREED looks at him with a faint flicker of anxiety, but it passes quickly and he goes back to work.

CUT TO:

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352. EXT. JEEP IN ROAD.

The jeep that Wladislaw has commandeered from Franko now lies in a deep gulley at the side of the road. Big gaping holes have been ripped in one tire. A hole has been punched in the gas tank, and as we DISSOLVE IN WLADISLAW is ripping POSEY's tunic and GILPIN is preparing a sling for his arm. Meanwhile, MAGGOT is pouring gasoline all over the "tipped over" jeep.

WLADISLAW

Remember, Chief, you're supposed to be badly injured. Okay?

POSEY

Okay.

WLADISLAW looks around, making sure that everybody is clear.

WLADISLAW

All right, now hit the deck!

Striking a match, he lights the end of the trail of gas then runs to rejoin the others on the ground at the other side of the road.

The fire races along the trail and the jeep goes up with a big thump. They rise to their feet again quickly to complete their work.

CUT TO:



## 353 EXT. BREED'S COMMAND POST DAY

Roused by the explosion, there is an uncertain activity among the Guards, paratroopers, etc., around the building, and three machine gunners rise from their concealment. What the hell was it? A SERGEANT comes out of the building followed by BREED and WORDEN who stand in the door.

SERGEANT (to anybody)

What was it?

SOLDIER

Up the road - see that smoke?

SERGEANT

Hey, Mack, take a look!

MACK and another SOLDIER jump into a jeep.

BREED

What the hell are they doing around that ridge!

VOICES (off)

Help! Help!

## 354 ROAD DAY

As smoky and battered as they have been able to make themselves look, WLADISLAW and GILPIN are racing down the road to the Command Post.

WLADISLAW

Help, somebody!

MACK's jeep meets them and claws to a stop.

WLADISLAW

We got a bad accident! Can we get an ambulance?

MACK

Back there... They can radio for one.

He ROARS off up the road as WLADISLAW and GILPIN race on.

CUT TO:

## 355 EXT. BREED'S COMMAND POST DAY

BREED and WORDEN still stand in the doorway as WLADISLAW and GILPIN come panting up. Apparently recognising at least WLADISLAW as one of the men who was with Major Armbruster as he drove by, WORDEN's expression becomes faintly suspicious. WLADISLAW, on the other hand, recognising WORDEN as a two-star General, is so taken aback that he has no difficulty in pretending to be out of breath.

WLADISLAW (saluting feebly)  
Can we call an ambulance? We got  
a feller hurt bad...

BREED glances deferentially at WORDEN, who indicates that he is there merely as an onlooker.

BREED (to the SERGEANT)  
Go see what happened.

SERGEANT  
Yes, sir.  
(to GILPIN & WLADISLAW)  
Come on, you two.

BREED  
Just a moment.  
(indicating WLADISLAW)  
Wait here.

He turns to look inside as WLADISLAW reluctantly comes back.

## 356 INT. COMMAND POST DAY

BREED (from door)  
Call an ambulance.

RADIO OPERATOR  
Yes, sir.

## 357 EXT. COMMAND POST DAY

BREED  
What were you doing on that road?

WLADISLAW  
We had a blow-out, Sir, and the  
jeep went into the ditch.

357 Continued

**BREED**

I didn't ask you that. I asked you what you were doing on that road.

**WLADISLAW**

We were spotting for the Artillery, Sir. That barrage earlier on...

**BREED** is only partially satisfied.

CUT TO:

358 EXT. ROAD AND DITCH DAY

The jeep is still burning as **MAGGOT** and **MACK** struggle to lift the enormous **POSEY** out of the ditch. **POSEY**'s face, head and chest are swathed in broad bands of gauze that have been liberally plastered with ketchup. He is groaning pitifully.

**MACK** (concerned)

Easy - easy! Those are third degree burns, buddy.

**MAGGOT**'s "so what" reaction seems unnecessarily brutal to **MACK**, who is looking at him a bit strangely as the **SERGEANT** arrives with **GILPIN**.

**GILPIN**

They're calling for an ambulance now.

**SERGEANT**

Can we get him in the jeep?

**MACK** (as they lift him into the jeep)

Easy! Easy!

As **MAGGOT** and **GILPIN** step back, **MAGGOT** thoughtfully licks some ketchup off his fingers and exchanges a surreptitious grin with **GILPIN**.

CUT TO:

359 INT. BREED'S COMMAND POST DAY

**WORDEN** watches doubtfully as **BREED** gives **WLADISLAW** a close examination.

359 Continued

**BREED**

What is your name and outfit?

**WLADISLAW**PFC Donald Matthews. Serial Number  
726256. Battery B. 526, Field Artillery.**BREED**

Where are your orders?

**WLADISLAW**

Here, Sir, from Captain Thornhill.

**BREED** (examining phoney order)I know all the men under my command -  
but I don't recall having seen you before.**WLADISLAW** (looking anxiously  
at **WORDEN**)

No, sir, I got transferred in last week.

As **WORDEN** turns away we have the definite impression that he  
is at least partially aware of what is going on.**CUT TO:**360 **EXT. BREED'S COMMAND POST DAY**As the jeep pulls up **TWO STRETCHER BEARERS** are already in  
attendance and **POSEY** is lifted out tenderly. **GILPIN** leans over  
him anxiously.**GILPIN**It's all right, Phil. We've got an  
ambulance coming for you.**POSEY** opens one eye, closes it again, and lets out a horrible  
groan as he is carried into the Command Post.361 **INT. COMMAND POST DAY****BREED**

Put him over there.

(to **GILPIN**, **WLADISLAW** & **MAGGOT**)You men stay here and keep out of  
the way.

361 Continued

**PRISONERS**

Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Thank you very much, Sir.

**GILPIN** (to the **SERGEANT**)

I can take care of him. I used to be a medico.

He starts to remove **POSEY**'s boots. **BREED** is now occupied with something else and nobody appears to be paying them any further attention. **GILPIN** gets out two time pencils, drops them into **POSEY**'s boots and puts the boots near the radio table. As **WLADISLAW** takes off his pack and starts to set it down in a strategic position, he becomes aware of **GENERAL WORDEN** watching him. Their eyes meet for a moment, and then **WORDEN** turns away.

362 **CLOSE SHOT**

**WORDEN** smothers a grin and casually addresses **BREED**:

**WORDEN**

Thank you, Colonel, very instructive.

363 **FULL SHOT**

**WLADISLAW** watches apprehensively as **WORDEN** goes on talking to **BREED**.

**WORDEN** (continued)

I think I'll take a little drive -get the full picture.

**BREED**

Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir.

He salutes. **WORDEN** nods to his **AIDE** and they start out together.

CUT TO:

364 **EXT. ROAD AND AMBULANCE DAY**

As the ambulance comes around a curve, it's bell ringing, **JEFFERSON** steps from the lane into the road. He is now wearing a Red Armband and the silver bars of a Captain.

**FRANKO** and **SAWYER** set the machine gun down. Sitting beside the **DRIVER** of the ambulance is a Medical Corps **LIEUTENANT**.

364 Continued

**JEFFERSON**

Sorry, gentlemen, this is the end of the line for you.

**DRIVER**

But we got a bad accident down there, sir -

**JEFFERSON (smiling)**

That's too bad, 'cos you just became prisoners of war.

The DRIVER looks at the LIEUTENANT.

**DRIVER**

They're the enemy, Sir.

**LIEUTENANT**

But you're wearing Red Force insignia.

**JEFFERSON (cheerfully)**

That's right, we're traitors.

**LIEUTENANT**

Now look here, I'm a doctor, Captain.

**JEFFERSON (enjoying himself)**

And I'm a Captain, Lieutenant.

**LIEUTENANT**

Yes, sir, I see that. But we just got a radio message there's a man badly hurt down there. Here's our permission to cross all lines and roadblocks -

Still holding his gun, JEFFERSON takes the orders and crumples them casually in his hand.

**JEFFERSON**

Very cute idea, Lieutenant, but it won't work. Out!

**LIEUTENANT (angrily)**

But it's not a gag, sir. There's a real casualty down there...

(seeing ARMBRUSTER)

Will you explain the rules to him, sir. The man may be dying.

364 Continued

**ARMBRUSTER** (embarrassed)

I'm just an Observer, Lieutenant, not an Umpire. I can't interfere or make any rulings -

**JEFFERSON** (impatiently)

Hop out, both of you.

The **LIEUTENANT** and his **DRIVER** get out reluctantly and are moving over to remonstrate with **ARMBRUSTER** when **FRANKO** gives them cause for further surprise and consternation.

**FRANKO** (calling out)

Okay, you guys, let's have the field prison equipment.

To the amazement of the Lieutenant and his Driver, another five men, **LEVER**, **SMITH**, **PINKLEY**, **BRAVOS** and **JIMINEZ** emerge from the undergrowth at the side of the road, carrying a confusing variety of equipment. The Lieutenant watches spellbound as **JIMINEZ** places a large metal staple on the ground and **SMITH**, using a sledgehammer, starts to drive the three-foot spikes into the earth. The **LIEUTENANT** looks to Armbruster for an explanation, but this is a new one on Armbruster as well and he can only shrug in sympathetic bewilderment. **FRANKO** has already got behind the wheel of the ambulance.

**JEFFERSON**

Come on, men. Hurry it up there.

Before the Lieutenant and his Driver know what is happening, they have been handcuffed and made to lie on the ground with the other end of the handcuffs attached to the metal staple that is now firmly embedded in the ground. **ARMBRUSTER** is torn between protesting to Jefferson and trying to reassure the two helpless prisoners.

**ARMBRUSTER**

Jefferson!

**JEFFERSON** (getting in beside **FRANKO**)

Sorry, Major, we can't spare any men to look after prisoners.

The others are already clambering into the ambulance. As the doors close and the ambulance starts to move off, **JEFFERSON** calls out impatiently.

364 Continued

**JEFFERSON**

You coming with us?

**ARMBRUSTER** hesitates a little longer, so that when he finally decides to go along, the ambulance is already moving. He has to jump on to the running board to make the rest of the journey holding on to a handrail provided for that purpose.  
**HOLD ON** the two prisoners struggling helplessly.

CUT TO:

365 INT. AMBULANCE

**JIMINEZ, LEVER, SMITH, PINKLEY, SAWYER** and **BRAVOS** are assembling grease guns and other weapons of destruction.

**OVERSCENE:** the jangling of the ambulance bell.

CUT TO:

366 INT. BREED'S COMMAND POST DAY

Forgotten by **BREED** and his paratroopers, **WLADISLAW** is shoving **POSEY**'s boots further under the radio table. He glances anxiously at his watch

CUT TO:

367 EXT. ROAD DAY

**GENERAL WORDEN**, his **AIDE** and **DRIVER** are bowling along, when they hear the insistent, jangling bell coming from the opposite direction. The **DRIVER** glances at **WORDEN**, gets a nod, and pulls up at the side of the narrow road to give the ambulance room.

368 NEW ANGLE POV SHOT

The ambulance appears round a curve in the road and bears down on **CAMERA** like a bat out of hell, with **ARMBRUSTER** still standing on the running board and hanging on for dear life.

369 NEW ANGLE

Recognising **WORDEN**, **ARMBRUSTER** is sufficiently confused to let go with one hand and offer him a salute as the ambulance flies by.  
**HOLD ON:** **WORDEN**, his **AIDE** and the **DRIVER** as they turn to watch the ambulance go around the corner.



## 369a MEDIUM SHOT

FRANKO looks up to see ARMBRUSTER still at the salute, flicks the wheel to make the ambulance swerve and throw ARMBRUSTER from his perch.

## 369b MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

ARMBRUSTER comes to rest in the roadway, picks himself up, looks in both directions and limps off after the ambulance.

CUT TO:

370 INT. BREED'S COMMAND POST DAY

The four members of the Dirty Dozen are still being largely ignored, but WLADISLAW is getting distinctly worried about the time and now POSEY takes it into his head to become restless. He starts to sit up and GILPIN brutally shoves him down again. OVERSCENE: The ambulance bell rings furiously as it approaches the Command Post. WLADISLAW starts to edge into a strategic position.

CUT TO:

371 EXT. BREED'S COMMAND POST DAY

Occasioning no particular interest, FRANKO curves the ambulance past the entrance, brakes with a flourish and then backs it up so that it blocks the entrance. As he and JEFFERSON jump down.

CUT TO:

372 INT. COMMAND POST DAY

Reacting to the apparently unnecessary proximity of the ambulance that is blocking the open doorway, BREED turns automatically to look at the injured POSEY, who has just risen from the stretcher and is taking the carbine that GILPIN offers him.

BREED (totally confused)

What - what's the matter with that man?

WLADISLAW (deadpan)

I think he's feeling better, Sir.

At that moment the doors of the ambulance burst open to reveal a machine gun set up to cover everything. As the men spill out of the ambulance, WLADISLAW draws his bayonet, grabs BREED in a half-Nelson and holds the blade to his throat.

WLADISLAW

Major Reisman's compliments, Sir.

Would you prefer to be captured or destroyed?

BREED looks up angrily, to see ARMBRUSTER limp up to the window and grin. WLADISLAW slowly releases BREED.

WLADISLAW (reluctantly)

I guess we'd better just make it captured.

(he glances at his watch)

372 Continued

WLADISLAW (continued)

Gilpin, you've got just forty-five seconds to de-fuse those explosives.

As GILPIN and POSEY rush to neutralise the charges set in various parts of the room it is the Umpire's turn to look horrified along with BREED.

CUT TO:

373 EXT. WAR GAMES UMPIRE'S HEADQUARTERS DAY

Too nervous to stay inside, REISMAN is alone in front of the building when KINDER appears at the door.

KINDER

Hey, John! They've done it! They've knocked off Breed.

REISMAN hurries to follow KINDER back into the building.

CUT TO:

374 INT. WAR GAMES UMPIRE'S HEADQUARTERS DAY

DENTON is remonstrating with the RADIO OPERATOR.

DENTON

Call them back. They must've got their lines crossed. There's gotta be some mistake.

REISMAN hurries across the room with KINDER.

REISMAN (grinning)

Yes, sir. I guess little ole Colonel Breed has slipped up.

DENTON is just turning on him when the radio loudspeaker crackles into life again and we hear ARMBRUSTER's voice.

RADIO LOUDSPEAKER

Attention Purple Fox. Attention Purple Fox. Correction last message. Area Umpire has just over-ruled last message... Disregard last message - repeat, disregard.

374. Continued.

As REISMAN and KINDER look at each other with mounting anxiety, DENTON begins to smile.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

375. INT. SMALL OFFICE WAR GAMES H.Q. DAY.

A HAND closes REISMAN's personal file with a gesture of finality. PULL BACK to reveal DENTON as he rises from his desk to address REISMAN, who stands in front of him. BREED leans back in a chair, looking self-satisfied.

DENTON

I've no doubt that you look upon your service record as being highly colourful, Major, but that isn't my view of it. I think you know that I was not in favour of you leading this operation; so I can't say that I'm disappointed in your performance, because the impression you made on me was distinctly unfavourable in the first place. It is my job to run an efficient department, and when a General Officer has to spend half his time on disciplinary matters, efficiency is not what you get. You behave as if this were some personal matter, but it isn't. What happens to you is something to which I am totally indifferent. But the nature of the operation I'm running is not. Colonel Breed's report on your unit's level of achievement.....

REISMAN

(looking at BREED)

We did take control of Colonel Breed's Headquarters, didn't we?

BREED

Only by breaking every rule in the book - every rule specifically laid down for the conduct of this exercise.

REISMAN

You're a great man for the rule book, Colonel, I know that. It looks great on paper, or maybe West Point, but it didn't save your Headquarters, did it?

DENTON

(icily)

Major Reisman, if you had had the privilege of attending West Point maybe you wouldn't show such staggering indifference to the future of your military career. I can assure you that the future becomes bleaker every time you open your mouth.

375. Continued.

REISMAN

Yes, Sir, and maybe if I had had "the privilege" of attending West Point, I'd have been a General before I was in long pants. But as it is my military career is going to last just as long as this war, and not a moment longer. Right now, the only thing I'm concerned with is the future of the men that were put under my command.

The pointed reference to Denton's youth and precocious success reaches its target, but DENTON remains cold as ice.

DENTON

In that case you went about securing their future in an extremely unintelligent manner. You ignored standing orders, interfered with legitimate military personnel and destroyed Government property!

REISMAN

(contemptuously impatient)

Government property! Government property gets destroyed every day. It just so happens that on this occasion it got destroyed for a good reason.

DENTON

(tartly)

On the contrary, it was totally unnecessary. The area Umpire changed his mind when the situation was explained to him and as Chief Umpire I'm supporting him in that ruling. Your operation failed, and all you've done as the officer responsible is to lay yourself open to a number of very serious charges. Meanwhile, I'm recommending that your men be returned to military prison and that you be transferred to "other duties". Is that understood?

REISMAN

(exploding)

No, it damn well isn't! Of all the stupid -

DENTON and BREED have shot to their feet and for a moment all three men are shouting at once.

375 Continued

**DENTON**

Hold your tongue! I shall -

**BREED**

I think you owe the General -

**REISMAN**

What in hell did you expect -

The door opens and GENERAL WORDEN comes in. All three lapse into silence.

**WORDEN (amiably)**

Carry on Gentlemen. What was the matter under discussion?

There is a pause and then DENTON indicates REISMAN with a patronizing gesture.

**DENTON**

Major Reisman here, was under the impression that the bizarre exhibition put on by his men in some way justified our allowing him to carry on with the original mission. I was just -

**WORDEN (interrupting cheerfully)**

It most certainly does! That was the best tactical exercise I've seen in a long, long time. If they're just half as successful over in France they may really bring it off.

REISMAN is so cheerful about the prospect that he appears not even to notice DENTON's consternation and BREED's defeated gasp of horror. REISMAN turns to give BREED the sweetest smile imaginable.

**QUICK DISSOLVE TO:**

376 EXT. PRISONERS' HUT STOCKADE NIGHT

The delayed laugh of the previous scene is taken up and much enlarged by cackles of glee from the Dirty Dozen inside the hut. CAMERA registers the fact that now the prisoners' hut is fully equipped with doors and glazed windows.

**CUT TO:**

377 INT. PRISONERS' HUT NIGHT

After their success on the exercise the prisoners have finally graduated to having the same furnishings as the guards, all of whom, with the

377 Continued

exception of BOWREN have now been returned to their units. The bunks and other furnishings have been shifted to one side in order to make room for a long trestle table at which REISMAN, and the DIRTY DOZEN are now eating. REISMAN sits in the middle with six members of the DIRTY DOZEN flanking him on either side. While they all laugh uproariously at some joke, the nature of which is indicated by the previous scene, BOWREN is clambering up onto a stack of crates to take a photograph. REISMAN is the first to stop laughing. He holds up his hands to gain their attention.

REISMAN

Gentlemen, I agree that the operation was pretty funny - even funnier when you consider that you might not have survived it.

The murmur of other voices has died out completely now and they all look at him in bewilderment at the moment that BOWREN takes the picture.

REISMAN (continued - slightly shamefaced)

I didn't want to tell you before - I thought it might make you nervous. But after that last little party we had, the Generals were all for sending you back to serve out your sentences...

WLADISLAW (prompting)

... or get hung.

REISMAN (a sober confirmation)

"Or get hung." I made a deal with them. Knocking off Breed's Headquarters was your ticket for getting off the hook.

There is a moment of appalled silence.

WLADISLAW (sarcastically)

But you weren't really worried either way, were you, Major?

REISMAN shrugs modestly.

FRANKO

Hey if we'd a lost out on that operation we'd have had to find a new line for the Major.

377 Continued

REISMAN

New Line?

FRANKO raises his knife like a conductor's baton and leads the rest of the Dirty Dozen into the lines of their "Lili Marlene" (see page "B" at rear of script), that concern REISMAN, but have previously been kept from him. MAGGOT, whom we have never previously seen drinking, appears to be particularly affected by the alcohol and while the others sing with rough good humour, he quite unselfconsciously spits out the words with real venom. As the singing ends, REISMAN pushes back his chair and stands up.

REISMAN

Very good, but we've still got one operation to go, and if we louse up this one, none of you are ever going to play the violin again.

(after a pause)

It may not have struck you that way, but up until now we've just been playing at this game - the day after tomorrow it's gonna be for real. And if you want to know how real that is, then I'll tell you. It's my guess there'll be quite a few of us that won't be coming back. It's no use squawking about that - you've known all along that the Army didn't love you and anyway you volunteered - which is more than I did. Now the only way to get the Army off your back and be your own man again is to do this job and do it properly. Anybody that does make it will have earned the amnesty that this operation was all about in the first place.

He pauses for a moment and then motions to BOWREN who removes the drapes from the MODEL of the Chateau and places it in front of the men, causing several loud and exaggerated groans of protest.

REISMAN (continued)

Alright, alright. We've been over this a thousand times, I know that. But even if we have it down pat there's any number of things can go wrong and we've gotta be prepared to improvise. So now let's just see what should happen if things go right. One...



377 Continued

THE MEN (in unison)  
Down at the roadblock we've just begun

REISMAN  
Two

THE MEN (drawing their fingers  
across their throats)  
The guards are through

PLEASE NOTE: Page 155 on Pink Paper dated 23/4/66  
precedes this page. The old page 155A  
dated 23/4/66 should be discarded.

377 Continued:

REISMAN

Three.

THE MEN

The Major's men are on the spree.

REISMAN places the figures representing WLADISLAW, PINKLEY and himself in a toy jeep, wheels it to the front of the MODEL.

REISMAN

Four.

THE MEN

The Major and Wladislaw are thru the door.

FRANKO (interrupting)

Which one's the Major?

REISMAN glances at the two figures in his hand and sees that one of them is the milkmaid from a set of child's farmyard toys. He quells FRANKO with a scowl and goes on.

REISMAN

Five.

THE MEN

Pinkley stays out in the drive.

REISMAN

Six.

THE MEN

The Major gives the rope a fix.

REISMAN

Seven.

THE MEN

Wladislaw throws the hook to heaven.

REISMAN

Eight.

THE MEN

Jiminez has got a date.

REISMAN indicates the figure of Jiminez climbing the rope to the roof.

REISMAN

Nine.

THE MEN

The other guys go up the line.

377 Continued:

REISMAN indicates three men climbing the rope into room eleven.

REISMAN

Ten.

THE MEN

Sawyer and Gilpin are in the pen.

REISMAN places two of the toy figures in the model boathouse.

REISMAN

Eleven.

THE MEN

Posey guards points five and seven.

REISMAN indicates the two numbered points which represent the roadblock and the road along which any relief column would have to come.

REISMAN

Twelve.

THE MEN

The Major and Wladislaw go down to delve.

Interrupting the flow, REISMAN suddenly holds up the figure of a toy DUCK and shoots out a question to try and trip up POSEY.

REISMAN

Where's Donald Duck?

POSEY becomes aware that everyone is looking at him. He is offended that anyone should suppose he would not know the answer.

POSEY

Donald Duck's down at the crossroads with a machine gun.

REISMAN places the toy figure in the proper position.

REISMAN

Right. And see that you don't go to sleep there, or we're all going to be in trouble. Thirteen.

THE MEN

Franko goes up without being seen.

REISMAN indicates the telephone pole.

REISMAN

Fourteen.

377 Continued:

THE MEN

Zero hour. Jiminez cuts the cable. Franko cuts the 'phone.

REISMAN

Fifteen.

THE MEN

Franko goes in where the others have been.

REISMAN

Sixteen.

THE MEN

We all come out like it's Halloween.

REISMAN (rounding it off for them)

And shoot every officer in sight.

FRANKO

Ours or theirs?

REISMAN (smiling bleakly)

Try theirs first. All right, let's take it from the beginning without the interruptions. One.

THE MEN

Road block.

As the men take up the chant again we:

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

378 INT. PLANE IN FLIGHT. NIGHT

REISMAN stands in the center aisle conducting the litany that is carried over from the previous scene.

REISMAN

Fourteen.

THE MEN

Zero hour. Jiminez cuts the cable. Franko cuts the 'phone.

378 Continued

**REISMAN**

Fifteen.

**THE MEN**

Franko follows into room eleven.

**REISMAN**

Sixteen.

**THE MEN**

We all come out, and shoot every officer in sight.

**REISMAN**

Seventeen.

**WLADISLAW AND THE OTHERS**

Seventeen...?

Number seventeen was clearly never any part of the rehearsed programme.

**REISMAN**

Seventeen we get the hell out of there and head for the coast where hopefully the invasion won't have been a total disaster - otherwise we're going to have a bit of trouble getting back.

He smiles but the DIRTY DOZEN are not amused. He looks from one to the other as if trying to gauge what each of them may be capable of.

**BRAVOS (nervously)**

How much longer, Major?

**REISMAN**

I'll go ask the driver.

He casts a parting glance at MAGGOT who sits there mumbling darkly to himself, and heads for the flight deck.

**HOLD ON:** MAGGOT who looks up, revealing that he has been aware of REISMAN's scrutiny.

## 379 NEW ANGLE

We get a brief glimpse of the PILOT and CO-PILOT through the half-open door of the flight deck where REISMAN is standing.

REISMAN

Thanks.

The pilot waves an acknowledgment and REISMAN turns to go back. As he closes the door and moves past a compartment normally reserved for cargo he catches sight of BOWREN crouched in the shadows.

REISMAN (after a pause)

I guess you think Sergeants are indispensable, huh?

379 Continued

BOWREN (straightening up)  
No, sir, but officers have a way of  
getting lost.

REISMAN looks at him quizzically.

REISMAN  
You still hoping to win that bet?

BOWREN  
Not really, but there's one guy might  
win it for me just the same.

REISMAN  
Maggot?

BOWREN shrugs eloquently.

REISMAN (after a pause)  
You got a parachute?

BOWREN (grinning)  
Wouldn't dream of going without one.

REISMAN nods abruptly and leads the way back into the main body of  
the plane.

CUT TO:

380 EXT. PLANE IN FLIGHT NIGHT (STOCK)

The C.47 ploughs on through an overcast sky.

CUT TO:

381 INT. PLANE NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT: The red light above the door starts flashing. PULL  
BACK TO REVEAL individual members of the DIRTY DOZEN looking  
at the light with varying degrees of fear and expectation. The JUMP  
MASTER moves over to REISMAN.

JUMP MASTER  
All set, Major?

381. Continued.

REISMAN nods, rises to his feet and hooks himself up first in line. The others follow suit. The green light comes on and the JUMP MASTER kicks out the cargo 'chutes. Then it's REISMAN's turn. He looks round, nods and is gone.

CUT TO:

382. TEMPORARILY OMITTED.

383. EXT. GROUND TO AIR SHOT NIGHT (STOCK)

They are dropping in a perfect stick. The droning of the C.47's engines is already beginning to fade.

DISSOLVE TO:

383A. INT. EXT. WOOD. MASTER ANGLE.

REISMAN and nine of the DOZEN wait anxiously among the the trees. A noise is heard from back of CAMERA and all quickly turn to discover WLADISLAW and JEFFERSON. The following is in whispers.

REISMAN (looking at his watch -  
irritated)

Where the hell have you been. We're  
six minutes late.

WLADISLAW  
Looking for Jiminez.

REISMAN  
Well.

WLADISLAW  
We found him... hung up in an apple tree.

JEFFERSON  
His neck's broken.

Every man is shocked and saddened by the news.

PINKLEY (a whisper)  
To come this far and...

REISMAN tries desperately to check the falling spirits and maintain the emotional momentum.



383A Ctd.

REISMAN

Well, Franko... now you know why everyone  
"checked out" on the rope. Right...?

FRANKO doesn't answer, just turns away. REISMAN looks  
over the men.

REISMAN

All right, Gilpin...EIGHT.

GILPIN (getting it)

Gilpin's got a date...

REISMAN (gaining confidence)

Fourteen.

ALL THE MEN (chanting in unison)

Zero hour...

REISMAN

and...

GILPIN and ALL THE MEN

Gilpin cuts the cable. Franko cuts the phone.

REISMAN

All right, let's go...

BRAVOS (to Posey)

Great way to start out...

They all exit.

384. EXT. ROAD BLOCK NIGHT

This road block on the way to the Chateau is manned by  
TWO GUARDS, who are lounging casually in the execution  
of what has obviously been an undemanding duty for as  
long as they can remember.

FIRST GUARD (in German with sub-  
titles)

Two more weeks of this nonsense and  
I'll be home.

SECOND GUARD (ironically)

Final victory?

FIRST GUARD (smiling)

No, that may take a little longer.  
I'm going on leave.

He draws on an illicit cigarette and gazes idly OFF SCREEN

CUT TO:

385 EXT. ROCKY HILLSIDE NIGHT

FOUR FIGURES spread out over on the road are inching up the slope towards the road block. They are MAGGOT, POSEY, LEVER and GILPIN, moving noiselessly.

CUT TO:

Continue Original Page 161

**386 EXT. ROAD BLOCK NIGHT**

The first Guard is just passing his cigarette to his buddy when their attention is drawn by the sound of a VOICE down the road, speaking German. They snap into the proper posture.

**387 LONG POV SHOT**

TWO GERMAN OFFICERS are approaching on foot, one of them is explaining something to the other in a loud voice.

**FIRST OFFICER (WLADISLAW)**

Then he finished the whole bottle and  
fell out of the window.

The second officer (REISMAN) doesn't understand a word, but joins in the first officer's laughter.

**388 EXT. HILLSIDE NIGHT**

The four figures edge up the slope a little faster, zeroing in on the road block.

CUT TO:

**389 EXT. ROAD BLOCK NIGHT**

The two Guards are preoccupied with the approaching officers when they are taken from behind by MAGGOT, POSEY, LEVER and JIMINEZ. It is swift, silent, brutal work, with knives.

**390 NEW ANGLE**

The two officers (REISMAN and WLADISLAW) approach at a run. A THIRD FIGURE (PINKLEY) also in German uniform appears out of the dark. No words are spoken as POSEY picks up a heavy machine gun guarding the road block and runs off into the shadows while MAGGOT, LEVER and JIMINEZ drag away the bodies of the Guards. Moments later, REISMAN, WLADISLAW and PINKLEY are left in sole command of the road block.

CUT TO:

**391 EXT. WOODS NIGHT**

BOWREN and the remainder of the DIRTY DOZEN are moving rapidly through the woods.

CUT TO:

**392 EXT. ROAD NIGHT**

An open German STAFF CAR with a DRIVER and TWO OFFICERS is whipping along the country road. The driver changes down and the staff car slows up.

**393 POV SHOT THROUGH WINDSCREEN**

CAMERA approaches the road block, where PINKLEY stands on guard.

**394 NEW ANGLE**

As the car pulls up, REISMAN and WLADISLAW move forward to be greeted by the two officers in the car (a Colonel and a Captain).

COLONEL (in German)  
Good evening, Gentlemen.

REISMAN salutes and bows stiffly while WLADISLAW almost casually shoots both the Officers with a silenced .22, and then jerks his thumb at the driver, telling him to get out.

CUT TO:

**395 EXT. WOODS NIGHT**

BOWREN and the others approach the edge of the woods and begin to spread out as they catch sight of their target.

**396 POV SHOT CHATEAU NIGHT**

The Chateau is more-or-less blacked out, but the building and the various ancillary structures are clearly visible.

**397 TWO SHOT**

POSEY and BRAVOS edge forward conversing in whispers as they examine the target.

BRAVOS (surprised)  
Hey, it's just like the Major said it would be.

POSEY (in awe)  
Yeah, it's real pretty.

They look round to watch the others dispersing.

## 398 EXT. ROAD NEAR CHATEAU NIGHT

The open staff car, driven by PINKLEY, with REISMAN and WLADISLAW in the back, rounds the curve in the road, which will later be guarded by POSEY and his machine gun. REISMAN glances at his watch, then noticing that WLADISLAW still has his pistol exposed, points this out to him and WLADISLAW puts it away in its holster.

CUT TO:

## 399 EXT. FULL SHOT CHATEAU NIGHT

The Chateau is surrounded by a stone wall in which the only opening is formed by a motor gate. Inside this gate, off to the right, is a motor pool filled with a variety of service cars and several large trucks, including a half track.

## 400 NEW ANGLE

REISMAN's staff car comes over the bridge that spans the small stream, passes through the gate and draws up in front of the Chateau.

## 401 MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

REISMAN and WLADISLAW get out, nod at PINKLEY, who remains behind the wheel, and head for the main entrance.

## 402 NEW ANGLE

As PINKLEY watches REISMAN and WLADISLAW waiting to gain admission, he sees an ARMED GUARD emerge from the GUARD ROOM that is situated to the right of the main entrance. The armed Guard looks out into the motor pool as if to check what vehicle it is that has just arrived and then goes in again just as the main doors of the Chateau are opened to admit REISMAN and WLADISLAW.

CUT TO:

## 403 INT. CHATEAU

The GERMAN SERGEANT who has opened the door is talking to WLADISLAW, while REISMAN makes a show of looking around in order to avoid the necessity of speaking German.

SERGEANT (in German with sub-titles)  
Good-evening, Sir.

403 Continued

WLADISLAW (stiffly)  
Colonel Schultz of General Helmut's  
staff.

SERGEANT (S.T.)  
Very good, sir. If you will just sign the  
book, sir, I will have the Orderly find  
rooms for you.

As the two Officers sign the visitors' book, the SERGEANT barks at  
an ORDERLY (Private soldier).

SERGEANT (S.T.)  
Mueller, show these gentlemen to their  
rooms.  
(consulting a list)  
Numbers five and six in the East Wing.

WLADISLAW (curtly)  
Thank you, Sergeant.

They turn and follow the ORDERLY, who has already taken their  
bags. As they mount the grand staircase:

CUT TO:

404 EXT. MOTOR POOL CHATEAU NIGHT

PINKLEY is still sitting in the staff car, from which he has an  
excellent view of the GUARD ROOM, but the position is also an  
exposed one. He looks around nervously as if trying to assess the  
progress being made by the rest of the Dozen. Finding that there  
is nothing to see, he glances cautiously up at the roof.

405 PINKLEY'S POV

The Radio Mast that JIMINEZ will have to reach is clearly visible.

406 RESUME SCENE

PINKLEY looks down to check the sub-machine gun that lies at his  
feet.

CUT TO:

## 407 EXT. BOAT HOUSE NEAR CHATEAU NIGHT

GILPIN and SAWYER have crept up into their pre-arranged positions inside the boat house, where two motor launches ride gently at their moorings. They are setting up a HEAVY MACHINE GUN.

## 408 POV SHOT

As GILPIN swings the gun on its mountings, traversing from left to right, we see that his line of fire would cover the bridge over the lake as well as the main entrance of the Chateau. The sights of the machine gun come to rest on PINKLEY, sitting in the staff car.

GILPIN (over)

You wanna give Pinkley a fright?

## 409 RESUME SCENE

Busy stacking ammunition, SAWYER is not amused.

CUT TO:

## 410 EXT. MOTOR POOL CHATEAU NIGHT

PINKLEY is just shifting nervously in his seat, when the Guard Room door opens and a SENTRY, carrying a rifle, comes out. Moving across the front of the Chateau, he sees PINKLEY, nods amiably and goes off on what is evidently a tour of guard duty around the outside of the building.

CUT TO:

## 411 INT. STAIRS AND CORRIDOR CHATEAU NIGHT

As they reach the top of the stairs and follow the Orderly down the corridor, WLADISLAW and REISMAN look anxiously at the room numbers, trying to gauge how far their rooms will be from room eleven.

CUT TO:

## 412 EXT. HILLOCK NEAR ROAD BLOCK NIGHT

POSEY and BRAVOS have set up their machine gun to cover the road block and the approaches to the Chateau. They sit down. POSEY digs in his pocket and takes out the figure of Donald Duck that was used by REISMAN to illustrate the plan.

412 Continued

**BRAVOS** (kidding him)  
Hey, man, that's Government property!

**POSEY** (solemnly)  
I know. I stole it.

**BRAVOS**  
You figure it's gonna be lucky for you?

**POSEY** shrugs sheepishly and puts the toy figure down at the base of the machine gun.

**BRAVOS**  
I don't believe in stuff like that.

He turns away.

**CUT TO:**



## 413 INT. CORRIDOR AND ROOMS 5 AND 6 CHATEAU NIGHT

The ORDERLY has thrown open the door of room number five and stepped back to let WLADISLAW enter. REISMAN follows WLADISLAW.

ORDERLY (to REISMAN) (S.T.)

Your room is across the hall, sir.

REISMAN nods, but joins WLADISLAW all the same. The ORDERLY remains in the doorway holding the two bags.

ORDERLY (S.T.)

If you gentlemen would like to take a drink in the bar, I will unpack your bags for you.

WLADISLAW (coming back quickly)

We'll do that.

(taking the bags)

That will be all, thank you.

He ushers the ORDERLY out of the room and closes the door. REISMAN looks at his watch. They look at each other and grin as if to congratulate themselves on having got this far.

REISMAN

How's your German holding up?

WLADISLAW (shaking his head doubtfully)

I dunno, those two guys coming down the stairs - I couldn't understand a word they were saying.

REISMAN

Never mind, just act mean and grunt. Come on, let's go find room number eleven.

He moves to the door and opens it cautiously.

## 414 INT. CORRIDOR AND ROOM NUMBER 5. CHATEAU NIGHT

A high-ranking officer has just left his room further down the corridor and is passing room number five as REISMAN opens the door and peers out.

OFFICER (amiably)

Good evening, Major.

414 Continued

REISMAN clears his throat to make it sound as much like a greeting as possible, and smiles. The officer keeps going. REISMAN turns and whispers to WLADISLAW.

REISMAN (a whisper)  
You better go first.

They emerge into the corridor carrying their bags.

CUT TO:

415 EXT. EAST WING AND GROUNDS CHATEAU NIGHT

JIMINEZ appears out of the darkness on the far side of the lawn. He pauses to make sure there is no Sentry in evidence, then dashes across the lawn to take cover in the shadows of the building. Moments later MAGGOT repeats the same operation.

416 TWO SHOT

MAGGOT and JIMINEZ scan the face of the building, searching for room number eleven.

417 POV SHOT

All the windows on the facade of the east Wing remain closed.

418 RESUME SCENE

JIMINEZ looks anxiously at MAGGOT.

JIMINEZ  
They should be up there by now.

MAGGOT, who has plans of his own, is not much concerned, but JIMINEZ is too tense to notice his companion's indifference.

CUT TO:

419 INT. CORRIDOR AND ROOM ELEVEN CHATEAU NIGHT

Carrying their bags, REISMAN and WLADISLAW hurry along the corridor and let themselves into room number eleven. REISMAN looks round to make sure they have not been observed, then closes the door. As they previously surmised from the architects drawings and the model, room eleven is a store room with racks along the wall containing sheets, blankets, cleaning materials etc. While WLADISLAW

419 Continued

hurries across the room to open the window, REISMAN unzips their bags and takes out two ropes, one of which has a grappling hook on one end, of the kind with which we saw WLADISLAW practising in previous scenes.

420 EXT. GROUNDS AND ROOM ELEVEN CHATEAU NIGHT

Relieved to see the window of room number eleven finally being opened, JIMINEZ reaches out to catch the end of the rope that REISMAN throws out. WLADISLAW leans out of the window to throw the grappling hook as previously practised. The first throw fails and JIMINEZ looks carefully round the side of the building to see if the noise has alerted anyone. Seeing something OFFSCREEN he hurries back, pushes MAGGOT into the shadows and signals frantically for WLADISLAW to get out of sight.

421 INT. ROOM ELEVEN CHATEAU NIGHT

WLADISLAW shrinks to one side and holds up his hand to keep REISMAN quiet.

422 WLADISLAW'S POV

The Sentry that greeted PINKLEY so amiably, crosses the lawn on his way round the building. He passes some fifty feet from CAMERA without looking back at the building.

423 EXT. EAST WING CHATEAU NIGHT

JIMINEZ emerges from the shadows, whistles softly to WLADISLAW and signals for him to resume his efforts. As WLADISLAW leans out to try again, there is a slight commotion at the far side of the lawn as JEFFERSON, SMITH and FRANKO come galloping over to join JIMINEZ and MAGGOT. They look up to see WLADISLAW's second attempt with the grappling hook fail.

FRANKO

Stupid pollack!

JEFFERSON turns to wave him into silence.

424 INT. ROOM ELEVEN CHATEAU NIGHT

REISMAN moves to the window.

REISMAN

Hurry it up.

424 Continued

WLADISLAW glances at him irritably and leans out to try again. He closes his eyes, as if it might help to dampen the sound of the hook falling again. But this time the sound does not come. He opens his eyes again, smiles and tugs at the rope.

425 INSERT

The grappling hook stuck fast on the parapet of the roof.

426 RESUME SCENE

REISMAN gives WLADISLAW a brief, congratulatory pat on the back, then looks at his watch and leans out of the window to wave his hand as the signal to indicate that the time sequence has begun. He underlines the signal for the men below with a whispered confirmation.

REISMAN

Five minutes.

(to WLADISLAW)

Let's go find where the turkeys are.

They head for the door.

427 EXT. EAST WING CHATEAU NIGHT

JIMINEZ checks his watch, then starts up the rope, FRANKO does likewise, then crosses to station himself at the base of the telephone pole, which he will have to climb in order to cut off the 'phones at the moment that JIMINEZ neutralizes the radio.

CUT TO:

428 EXT. MOTOR POOL NIGHT

PINKLEY also glances at his watch and looks up at the Radio Mast.

CUT TO:

429 INT. STAIRS AND ENTRANCE HALL KRIEGSPIEL PARLOUR  
CHATEAU NIGHT

REISMAN and WLADISLAW are coming down the main staircase into a scene of considerable activity, in which a variety of SENIOR OFFICERS, SERVICE WIVES, OTHER LADIES, SERVANTS and ORDERLIES are moving about. REISMAN and WLADISLAW nod politely at everyone they pass and head for the Kriegspiel Parlour. As they pass through the Library, WLADISLAW notices something OFFSCREEN and nudges REISMAN who follows his gaze.

## 430 POV SHOT

A notice board and an arrow indicate the location of the Radio Room. The legend is, of course, in German.

## 431 RESUME SCENE

REISMAN looks at WLADISLAW and shrugs.

WLADISLAW (sotto voce)  
Radio Room.

REISMAN nods sagely.

CUT TO:

## 432 EXT. BRIDGE OVER STREAM CHATEAU NIGHT

BOWREN and LEVER are crawling into position at the base of the bridge, where they will be able to cover the front of the Chateau.

CUT TO:

## 433 EXT. EAST WING CHATEAU NIGHT

All but FRANKO, who is still waiting at the base of the telephone pole, have started up the rope. JIMINEZ is already starting up the second rope that will take him up to the roof.

CUT TO:

## 434 INT. ROOM ELEVEN AND CORRIDOR CHATEAU NIGHT

JEFFERSON, who was the first up the rope, stands by the door and peeps cautiously into the corridor.

## 435 JEFFERSON'S POV

The corridor is deserted.

## 436 RESUME SCENE

JEFFERSON turns back to speak to the others.

JEFFERSON  
All set?

MAGGOT, last in line, heaves himself through the window and starts to pull up the rope.

436 Continued

**JEFFERSON**

What are you doing? Franko's still down there.

**MAGGOT** lets the rope down again, mutters something under his breath and grins in anticipation of his own plans, but it is too dark for **JEFFERSON** or anyone else to register this.

CUT TO:

437 INT. KRIEGSPIEL PARLOUR CHATEAU NIGHT

**REISMAN** and **WLADISLAW** have armed themselves with books from one of the shelves and retired unobtrusively to a corner of the room. **WLADISLAW** peers at his book and mutters to **REISMAN**.

**WLADISLAW**

Too bad I can't really read this stuff -  
I think it's dirty.

**REISMAN** frowns at him and glances at his watch again.

438 NEW ANGLE

A portly, grey-haired, square-headed General of the old officer class, comes into the room carrying a drink. He looks around, evidently seeking companionship. The other people in the room are all busy with their own devices and the General's eye settles on **REISMAN** and **WLADISLAW**. Before they know it he has borne down on them and started to make conversation.

**GENERAL** (in German with sub-titles)

(indicating his glass)

They still have a marvellous Moselle here.

**WLADISLAW** (nodding)

First class.

Taking his cue from **WLADISLAW**, **REISMAN** nods vehemently and grins like an idiot.

**GENERAL** (bumbling on) (S. T.)

I was in Paris last week. Don't know what the world's coming to - couldn't get a decent glass of wine anywhere. Mind you, I remember in the last war we were drinking nothing but Potato Schnapps.

(a sad afterthought)

Of course, we lost that one, didn't we?

438 Continued

WLADISLAW hasn't understood a word, but it is clear from the General's expression that commiseration is in order, so he nods his head sadly and makes appropriate noises. REISMAN looks up at the clock on the wall.

GENERAL (S.T.)

Of course it doesn't do to say so but we don't seem to be doing too well in this one either...

He turns away to survey the room as if to confirm that certainly none of those present are going to turn the tide of the war. REISMAN takes advantage of this brief moment to draw WLADISLAW's attention to the clock and mouth the words "two minutes" at him.

CUT TO:

439 EXT. ROOF AND RADIO MAST CHATEAU NIGHT

Having reached the top of the rope and pulled himself over the parapet, JIMINEZ pauses to catch his breath, pulls up the rope and then sets out across the flat section of roof to scale the last few feet to the Radio Mast. Pushing like a long jumper with his right foot on the flat surface to give himself additional purchase for the final scramble up the sloping part of the roof, JIMINEZ stumbles and puts his foot right through the rotting zinc surface. Recovering from his fright, he lies still for a moment, praying that no one will have heard him.

440 EXT. MOTOR POOL CHATEAU NIGHT

Seated in his car, PINKLEY hears the noise and looks up in fright.

441 PINKLEY'S POV

JIMINEZ lies spreadeagled on the roof in full view of anyone in the Motor Pool who cares to look up.

442 RESUME SCENE

PINKLEY's hand shakes as he lights a cigarette and watches JIMINEZ.

443 CLOSE SHOT JIMINEZ

Satisfied that he is still undiscovered, JIMINEZ starts to try and disentangle himself, only to find that his foot seems well and truly stuck.

## 444 INSERT

The lath and plaster beneath the surface of the roof have been twisted into a V shaped trap which effectively imprisons JIMINEZ' boot.

## 445 RESUME SCENE

JIMINEZ looks at his watch, and sees that he still has just under two minutes to go. He is frightened but not yet desperate. Since the first wild tug does not succeed in dislodging his foot, he turns to examine the situation and try to set about correcting it in a more methodical manner.

CUT TO:

## 446 INT. CORRIDOR NEAR STAIRS EAST WING CHATEAU NIGHT

The corridor is deserted but we notice that most of the doors are just partially open. Now one of the doors opens wider and MAGGOT carrying his sub-machine gun and bristling with hand grenades steps into the corridor. Thinking himself unobserved, he starts to move away. At that moment, JEFFERSON who occupies the adjoining room, sticks his head out and sees MAGGOT. He violently points to his watch.

JEFFERSON (a fierce whisper)

Get back in, man!

He waves his hand at him furiously, and MAGGOT, who is not yet ready to make his play, hesitates.

MAGGOT (whispering)

Just wanted to see the other fellers  
were alright.

JEFFERSON's instructions to get back into his room is given additional weight by the sound of somebody approaching from around the corner with a squeaky trolley. MAGGOT smiles as if they were playing some kind of game and slips back into his room.

CUT TO:

## 447 INT. JEFFERSON'S ROOM

As the sound of the squeaky trolley grows in volume, JEFFERSON closes his door quietly and leans against the wall behind it. He is deeply troubled and growing increasingly suspicious of MAGGOT's bizarre behaviour.



## 448 INT. CORRIDOR EAST WING CHATEAU NIGHT

A middle-aged FRENCH HOUSEMAID is wheeling a trolley laden with laundry, bed linen etc. down the corridor. She stops in front of one of the rooms leading off the corridor, takes some clean towels from the trolley and goes into the room.

CUT TO:

## 449 EXT. MOTOR POOL NIGHT

PINKLEY is now really getting frantic. He is just getting out of his car as if to try and attract JIMINEZ' attention, when he hears somebody whistling at him from the shadows at the side of the building. He looks round sharply.

## 450 POV SHOT

The Sentry, who has been going his rounds, is waving surreptitiously at PINKLEY.

## 451 RESUME SCENE

PINKLEY is totally confused and just stands there not knowing what to do. Losing patience with him the Sentry walks over with a number of exaggeratedly conspiratorial gestures and as PINKLEY backs away and starts to feel for the sub-machine gun in the staff car behind him the Sentry smiles and reaches out for Pinkley's cigarette. Nodding his thanks the Sentry moves away again. PINKLEY glances up at the roof, but the Sentry is still much too near for him to risk calling out to Jiminez.

CUT TO:

## 452 INT. CORRIDOR EAST WING CHATEAU NIGHT

The maid comes out of the room she entered when we last saw her and crosses to the room that we know JEFFERSON is in.

CUT TO:

453  
thru  
552 DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE

The next brief minutes of screen time require so much inter-cutting that a shot by shot description would be confusing to read. But the final form will dramatically convey the following things happening in rapid succession:

- D. AN OFFICER'S GIRL FRIEND enters the room in which MAGGOT is hiding - looking for her friend. MAGGOT sets on her, holding a hand over her mouth and a knife at her throat. He frogmarches the terrified girl out of the the room, into the corridor, and before cutting her throat, deliberately causes her to give the alarm by making her scream.
- E. FRANKO is already poised to cut the telephone wires. Hearing the scream, he jumps the gun, cuts the wires and heads for the rope that will take him up into room eleven.
- F. INT. KRIEGSPIEL PARLOUR.

REISMAN, WLADISLAW and the GENERAL, as well as others downstairs, hear the scream and start to react.

TIGHT THREE SHOT:

A very autocratic, dignified, authoritative-looking GERMAN FIELD MARSHAL is playing "Skat" with another GENERAL (junior grade) and his aide. On hearing the scream, all three men look towards the stairs, then the FIELD MARSHAL allows himself a slight chuckle.

FIELD MARSHAL (in German, with subtitles)

Pre-invasion nerves or passion?

The two other OFFICERS join their COMMANDER in obsequious though hearty laughter.

FIELD MARSHAL (S.T. - still chuckling)

Or both?

Now all three men laugh uproariously.

- G. JEFFERSON comes into the corridor just as MAGGOT cuts the GIRL's throat, but is rendered helpless by MAGGOT opening up on him with his gun. He dives back into his room to try and work his way round through the connecting doors to a more advantageous position from which he can eliminate MAGGOT.

INT. KRIEGSPIEL PARLOUR. TIGHT SHOT.

A single of the FIELD MARSHAL as he pops up into close up, having been galvanized into action at the first sounds of offstage machine-gun fire.

FIELD MARSHAL (in German, with subtitles)

All ladies and officers above the rank of Major into the shelter... at once... hurry!

- D** JEFFERSON remains hidden as the maid comes into his room and turns down the bed. He watches in horror as she uses a connecting door to enter the room in which we suppose MAGGOT to be. As the maid turns down the bed in this second room, it seems at first as though MAGGOT has vanished, but then suddenly he is upon her, holding a hand over her mouth and a knife to her throat. He frog-marches the terrified woman out into the corridor and before cutting her throat, deliberately causes her to give the alarm by making her scream.
- E** FRANKO is already poised to cut the telephone wires. Hearing the scream, he jumps the gun, cuts the wires and heads for the rope that will take him up into room eleven.
- F** REISMAN and WLADISLAW and the GENERAL as well as others downstairs hear the scream and start to react.
- G** JEFFERSON comes into the corridor just as MAGGOT cuts the maid's throat, but is rendered helpless by MAGGOT opening up on him with his gun. He dives back into his room to try and work his way round through the connecting doors to a more advantageous position from which he can eliminate MAGGOT.
- H** FRANKO gets into room eleven only to find himself cut off from further progress by MAGGOT's command of the corridor.
- I** SMITH is similarly trapped.
- J** WLADISLAW, realizing that there was still a minute to go to zero hour and that the radio (and as far as he knows telephone) have not been cut off, races to the Radio Room only to find that the Operator, alarmed by the shooting, is already sending out an urgent message. WLADISLAW shoots the Operator and hurries downstairs again.
- K** Hearing the shooting, PINKLEY screams at JIMINEZ to cut the cable. But JIMINEZ is still trapped. Not knowing that the fatal message has already been sent, JIMINEZ sacrifices his life by destroying the tower in the only manner available to him. He tosses a grenade which destroys the tower but also kills him.
- L** JEFFERSON succeeds in working his way round to get the drop on MAGGOT. He kills him but it is already too late to carry out the "turkey shoot" as planned. Reacting to the uproar, an efficient German junior officer has started herding all the other officers and their wives to the safety of the bunker situated in the cellars. JEFFERSON, FRANKO and SMITH arrive on the stairs just in time to see REISMAN and WLADISLAW reluctantly having to allow themselves to be directed towards the bunker.

- M** Meanwhile, PINKLEY...as planned...is in an excellent position to hold back the Sentries trying to escape from the Guard Room. He has already shot the first two or three as they emerged and is keeping the others at bay when the Sentry, who was on his rounds, comes back, sees PINKLEY in German uniform firing at the Guard Room, draws the correct conclusion and kills him.
- N** JEFFERSON, SMITH and FRANKO are confused. A few German junior officers are racing around trying to control the situation, but since the senior officers have all been herded downstairs the DIRTY DOZEN have no valid target.
- O** Down below, REISMAN and WLADISLAW have hung back as long as they dared and have finally been forced into revealing themselves by shooting two junior officers that were urging them to enter the bunker. With all the senior German officers safely inside, the door of the bunker is slammed shut against this new threat from Reisman and Wladislaw and locked from the inside. "That's something you didn't think about, huh?" says WLADISLAW. REISMAN weighs up the situation quickly.
- With considerable difficulty, REISMAN swings the steel-plated outer door of the bunker into its "closed" position and with WLADISLAW's help lifts up the giant four by four steel bar that makes it impossible to open the door from the inside. Smiling, but out of breath, he turns to WLADISLAW. "They've got to breathe, don't they?". Starting to shed their German uniforms, both WLADISLAW and REISMAN run up the stairs toward the front door and the motor-pool ... and the inevitable ventilators.
- P** Meanwhile, BOWREN and LEVER have joined in the fire fight. They have killed the Sentry that accounted for Pinkley, and, together with SAWYER and GILPIN, are holding back what remains of the Sentries in the Guard Room.
- Q** Hearing the battle, POSEY and BRAVOS don't know whether to remain at their posts or go off in support.
- R** Leaving SMITH to cover the servants in the Chateau, REISMAN, WLADISLAW, JEFFERSON and FRANKO come out into the motor pool to try and salvage the operation that has back-fired because of MAGGOT's duplicity.

**553 EXT. MOTOR POOL CHATEAU NIGHT**

Other than the occasional burst from BOWREN and LEVER, who are keeping whatever may remain of the Sentries bottled up in the

553 Continued

Guard Room, the firing has now died down. Shedding their German officers' tunics as they go, REISMAN and WLADISLAW, followed by FRANKO and JEFFERSON, race out into the motor pool. BOWREN and LEVER move forward to meet them.

REISMAN (shouting to BOWREN)  
They're all locked in the bunker!  
Bring your grenades.  
(to WLADISLAW)  
They have to be over there.

REISMAN indicates the section of the motor pool which is above the bunker. WLADISLAW and JEFFERSON are already on their way. REISMAN pauses to glance at the staff car in which they arrived. The tyres have been shot to pieces. He grabs FRANKO by the arm and indicates the other vehicles in the pool.

REISMAN  
See if any of those will start!

He races off to join WLADISLAW and JEFFERSON.

554 NEW ANGLE

WLADISLAW discovers the first ventilator and turns to see that there are another three running in a straight line across the motor pool at intervals of five yards.

WLADISLAW  
Get these covers off!

He grabs the metal cover that protects the ventilator from the weather, and wrenches it off. As the cover comes away, we can see light from the bunker below. Then WLADISLAW moves to help JEFFERSON who is having trouble removing the second one. GILPIN and SAWYER come running from the Boat House bringing their own supply of grenades.

CUT TO:

555 EXT. ROAD BLOCK NIGHT

POSEY is alone with his machine gun, when BRAVOS comes running from the direction of the Chateau.

BRAVOS (as he runs)  
Something's gone wrong! Can't see properly.

555 Continued

POSEY hardly has time to react to this information before the sound of vehicles approaching from the opposite direction makes him turn back to his gun.

POSEY

Look!

As BRAVOS collapses panting at his side, POSEY points OFFSCREEN.

556 POV SHOT

A column of vehicles with dimmed lights, to comply with black-out regulations, is approaching the bend in the road.

557 RESUME SCENE

POSEY swings the machine gun to train it on the approaching vehicles.

558 EXT. MOTOR POOL CHATEAU NIGHT

The last of the ventilator covers has been removed. JEFFERSON is about to pull the pin from a grenade and throw it into one of the ventilators.

REISMAN (running up)

No! Put 'em in live.

He crouches down to demonstrate.

559 CLOSE SHOT

REISMAN drops an unprimed grenade down the ventilator shaft. The grenade bounces on the steel mesh of the grill that covers the ceiling, and lies there glinting dully in the light from below.

560 NEW ANGLE

Catching on immediately, JEFFERSON grins and starts to dump more unprimed grenades, until there is a little nest of five or six grenades lying on the grill of the ventilator.

561 HIGH ANGLE

While REISMAN, WLADISLAW and JEFFERSON are dumping grenades in the ventilators, and LEVER has been keeping the Guard Room covered with an occasional burst from his sub-machine gun, the others have gone to help FRANKO start one of the trucks. GILPIN comes running back, calling out to REISMAN.

561 Continued

GILPIN

It won't start! The bastard won't -

He is suddenly cut down by a burst of fire from the Guard Room. REISMAN whirls round to see that LEVER has been shot and that the Guard Room is no longer covered. Before REISMAN can issue an order, BOWREN is already there spraying the Guard Room with his sub-machine gun. REISMAN yells to SAWYER and FRANKO who are working on the truck.

REISMAN

Leave that! Get some gas over here.

He bends down to drop a last grenade into the ventilator.

562 CLOSE SHOT GRILL VENT

Down below the nest of grenades, hands reach up out of uniformed sleeves, desperately trying to loosen and remove the steel grill.

563 RESUME SCENE

SAWYER comes running up with a five-gallon JERRY-CAN and REISMAN starts to pour petrol down the ventilator. JEFFERSON and WLADISLAW are grabbing Jerry-cans from the parked vehicles to dump into the other ventilators.

OVERSCENE: The sound of machine gun fire from the road.

REISMAN straightens up to shout at SAWYER and SMITH, who has just emerged from the house.

REISMAN (yelling)

Sawyer! Smith! Get back to the Boat House, and cover that road!

As SMITH and SAWYER race off:

CUT TO:

564 EXT. ROAD BLOCK NIGHT

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT. Screaming like a maniac, POSEY is blasting away with his heavy machine gun. BRAVOS lies shot and dying at his side.

565 NEW ANGLE

The leading vehicle of the German relief column has been shot to pieces by Posey's withering fire. But the troops in the other vehicles

565 Continued

are rapidly being deployed and it is evident that POSEY can not hold his position much longer. As he traverses the gun, a light ARMoured VEHICLE races around the side of the column and by-passes Posey's position on its way to the Chateau.

CUT TO:

566 EXT. BOAT HOUSE CHATEAU NIGHT

SMITH and SAWYER race into the boat house and shift the machine gun so that it covers the approach road on the far side of the bridge.

CUT TO:

567 EXT. MOTOR POOL CHATEAU NIGHT

BOWREN is still covering the Guard Room. JEFFERSON is pouring the last of the gasoline into the ventilators. REISMAN, WLADISLAW and FRANKO have been trying to get a vehicle from the tangled chaos of the motor pool. The immobilized truck and two smaller unserviceable vehicles effectively seal off the other vehicles. But now REISMAN leaps into the driving seat of a massive, armoured HALF-TRACK and starts the engine. The half-track lurches forward and starts to push one of the smaller vehicles aside, as if it were a toy.

CUT TO:

568 INT. BOAT HOUSE CHATEAU NIGHT

Firing can now be heard from several points on the road. SAWYER is blasting away with the machine gun, while SMITH services him with ammunition.

SMITH (yelling)

Over there!

He grabs SAWYER's shoulder and points frantically.

569 NEW ANGLE

The light armoured vehicle that by-passed Posey's position is careering across the bridge to the Chateau. SAWYER traverses rapidly. The vehicle goes out of control and smashes into the stone wall on the perimeter of the motor pool, effectively sealing off the exit.

CUT TO:



## 570 EXT. ROAD BLOCK NIGHT

POSEY is still at his post, but he has been wounded and is having difficulty keeping his machine gun going. The Germans are closing in on him rapidly.

CUT TO:

## 571 EXT. MOTOR POOL NIGHT

REISMAN, with FRANKO and WLADISLAW aboard is driving the half-track across the Motor Pool towards the blocked up entrance. He slows down and leans out to shout at JEFFERSON, who is now ready to ignite the bunker, which has in effect been made into a massive unexploded bomb.

REISMAN

Alright, let 'em have it... Well go on, blow it!

JEFFERSON shakes his head "no".

JEFFERSON

Get that thing out of here first or we'll all go up.

REISMAN (nodding)

We'll wait for you on the bridge.  
(he drives on)

CUT TO:

## 572 EXT. BOAT HOUSE NIGHT

SAWYER is traversing desperately as the fire power of the German forces that have by now by-passed POSEY, increase. SMITH moves into FRAME from the direction of the motor pool.

SMITH

Come on, they're pulling out.

SAWYER looses off a final burst, scrambles to his feet and they start towards the motor pool.

## 573 POV SHOT

The half-track has reached the blocked up motor gate and the howl of its massive engine can be heard even over the gun fire as it strains to dislodge the light armoured vehicle that is blocking the exit.

## 574 RESUME SCENE

SAWYER stops and grabs SMITH.

SAWYER

They won't make it.

They turn, run back into the Boat House and cast off the moorings of one of the motor launches.

SAWYER

(jumping aboard)

We can take this right out the other side!

He starts swinging the motor. SMITH pushes the boat out and jumps aboard.

CUT TO:

## 575 EXT. MOTOR POOL NIGHT

With a howl of protest from the engine, the half-track rears right up and over one side of the vehicle blocking the exit. As it thumps down onto the road again, REISMAN turns to wave and yell at JEFFERSON and BOWREN.

REISMAN

Now... Come on!

WLADISLAW hits him on the shoulder to draw his attention to the bridge ahead.

## 576 NEW ANGLE

A German armoured vehicle is already half way across the bridge on its way to the Chateau. A hail of bullets from the half-track burst one of the front tyres of the approaching vehicle and it slews round to ram the parapet of the bridge. WLADISLAW has already jumped down from the half-track and is skirmishing towards the German vehicle with a grenade in his hand.

## 577 EXT. FAR SIDE OF STREAM NIGHT

TWO GERMAN SOLDIERS run forward with a machine gun, flop down near the banks of the stream and start exchanging fire with the men in the half-track. The MACHINE GUNNER catches sight of something to his right, traverses and SMITH and SAWYER, whose boat has just emerged from the Boat House, disappear in a hail of bullets and splintering timber.

CUT TO:

## 578 NEW ANGLE

WLADISLAW tosses his grenade and as it explodes, the firing from the German armoured vehicle ceases. The half-track starts to move again.

## 579 REVERSE SHOT

BOWREN is keeping the Guard Room covered as he backs away towards the motor gate. He shouts to JEFFERSON

BOWREN

Let's go! ... Blow 'em!

BOWREN turns and runs.

## 580 CLOSE SHOT

JEFFERSON checks his four grenades, takes a deep breath and tenses himself for the seemingly impossible feat of athleticism which will require him to run from one ventilator to another dropping in live grenades as he goes and then to get clear before the whole thing explodes.

## 581 NEW ANGLE

There is a brief moment of complete silence as BOWREN reaches the half-track and they all turn back to watch JEFFERSON.

## 582 CLOSE SHOT

JEFFERSON pulls the pin from the first grenade and starts his run.

## 583 NEW ANGLE

Moving with quite incredible speed and grace as if performing a long-practised sport, JEFFERSON races against time as he drops first one, then two, then three and finally the fourth grenade - wheels off at an angle and streaks away across the motor pool. For a moment it seems that he is really going to make it and then, just as he has put a distance that might almost have been safe, between himself and the bunker, he is cut down by a hail of bullets from the machine gun across the water. The impetus of his run sends him rolling over and over and then, just as his body comes to rest, the bunker goes up in a tremendous explosion. As the motor pool erupts, a great sheet of flame lights up the Chateau. The Guard Room and a whole center section of the facade are carried away in the blast.

## 584 EXT. BRIDGE OVER LAKE

REISMAN, WLADISLAW, FRANKO and BOWREN are in the half-track. As the others look back appalled by the strength of the explosion, REISMAN drives the half-track straight at the armoured vehicle that has crashed half way through the parapet of the bridge.

## 585 CLOSE SHOT

The half-track nudges against the side of the armoured vehicle.

## 586 MEDIUM SHOT

With a rending of masonry and metal, the armoured vehicle is pitched through the parapet, off the side of the bridge and into the water.

## 587 NEW ANGLE

With BOWREN, WLADISLAW and FRANKO taking cover behind the armour plating and returning the fire that is now coming from all around, REISMAN drives on towards the road block.

CUT TO:

## 588 OMITTED.

## 589 EXT. ROAD BLOCK NIGHT

Badly wounded, POSEY lies slumped across his empty machine gun. Things are strangely quiet for a moment. OVSERCENE: German soldiers call out to each other as they advance warily on Posey's position. Reacting to the voices, POSEY painfully drags himself to his knees, pulls the pin from a grenade and with a tremendous effort, pitches it forward into the darkness. There is an explosion and a scream. POSEY grins and starts to drag himself away into the undergrowth.

CUT TO:

## 590 EXT. ROAD AND ROAD BLOCK NIGHT

In the confusion following upon the explosion of POSEY's hand grenade, the half-track comes thundering down the road, scattering terrified Germans in all directions and returning the fire that is coming from other, better positioned, enemy troops.

## 591 INT/EXT. HALF-TRACK

REISMAN is hunched over the wheel as they pass the last of the German vehicles which were pulled to the side of the road. As they race into the clear, FRANKO has one of those sudden attacks of manic, almost hysterical fits of exuberance which, in other circumstances, his comrades have learnt to cherish.

FRANKO

We made it! We made it! Those lovely, stupid bastards.

He bounces up and down on his seat, shouting with delight.

## 592 CLOSE SHOT

BOWREN stops firing a moment. He yells angrily at FRANKO, without looking round.

BOWREN

Shut up and keep shooting!

He fires another burst and empties his magazine.

## 593 NEW ANGLE

As BOWREN turns to reload, he sees FRANKO still sitting there smiling and making no effort to fire.

BOWREN (furiously)

Keep shooting.

He reaches out to shove FRANKO, who falls forward with blood streaming down his neck from where a bullet has pierced his brain. REISMAN reacts briefly to the sight of Franko's body, then turns back to scan the road ahead.

HOLD ON: BOWREN and WLADISLAW's reaction.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

## 594 EXT. HELICOPTER SHOT NIGHT

The Half-Track is speeding along a deserted road. As CAMERA begins to pull UP and AWAY we hear GENERAL WORDEN's voice OVER.

WORDEN (rather detached)

Within the context of the Invasion of France, Operation Amnesty could be described as a modest success. A number of German

594 Continued

## WORDEN (continued)

General Officers were eliminated and although these were, of course, replaced - the resulting disruption of the German Operational Command on the day of the Normandy landings cannot fail to have been of some value to us. Major Reisman and the General prisoner Wladislaw were severely wounded, as were the Prisoners Posey and Sawyer, who were captured by the enemy and subsequently liberated. . .

As CAMERA PULLS RIGHT UP into an EXTREME HIGH ANGLE WORDEN's voice continues OVER.

## QUICK DISSOLVE:

595 EXT. LARGE HOSPITAL WITH APPROPRIATE PERIOD VEHICLES IN EVIDENCE. DAY EXTREME HIGH SHOT

WORDEN's voice continues over as CAMERA ZOOMS IN on a particular window.

596 INT. WARD MILITARY HOSPITAL DAY

GENERALS WORDEN and DENTON are standing by REISMAN's bedside. WLADISLAW lies in the adjoining bed, and BOWREN, limping but otherwise unscathed, is standing nearby. WORDEN's voice continues over for a few moments without dialogue. WLADISLAW is still the same, unregenerate rebel that he has always been and he watches with some distaste as WORDEN talks to REISMAN.

## WORDEN'S VOICE (over)

We are recommending that those members of the Group known as the Dirty Dozen who survived this operation should have their service records amended to indicate that they are being returned to active duty at their former ranks, and that the next of kin of those who were killed be advised that they lost their lives in line of duty.

WORDEN bends to tap REISMAN on the shoulder and now his voice comes over live.

## WORDEN

You did a fine job, Major.



Soldier Version  
(now slick, polished  
rehearsed)

"LILI MARLENE"

Inside hut - last supper

1st Chorus

Soldier 1            You can take that lamp-post and stick it in your ear  
Soldier 2            Naw, stick it up her nose - in her ear, she couldn't hear  
Soldier 3            And if it ain't lamp-posts that you love  
                         We've got a major that you can shove  
Soldier 4            What should we do with the Major  
                         Please tell us, Lili Marlene  
Soldier 5            Just drop him in the toilet  
(falsetto            And make sure you pull the chain  
female  
voice)

2nd Chorus

Soldier 1            Hey, guys, you won't believe what I am gonna say  
                         They forgot to serve me breakfast in bed today  
Soldier 2            I'll go tell the Gen'ral, he's my pal  
Soldier 3            Don't interrupt him, he's (bleep bleep) your gal  
Soldier 4            What should we do with the Gen'ral  
                         Please tell us, Lili Marlene  
Soldier 5            Just like you did with the Captain  
(falsetto            And make sure you pull the chain.  
female  
voice)

3rd Chorus

Soldier 1            Fellers, I must leave you, I hope you won't be sore  
(sadly)                I'm called for jury duty and I mustn't break the law  
Soldier 2            And I got a parking ticket in the mail  
(Franko)  
Soldier 3            If you don't pay you'll go to jail  
Soldier 4            Oh what should Franko do  
                         Tell him, Lili, what to do  
Soldier 5            Go home and pay the fine  
(falsetto            We'll hold up the war for you.  
female  
voice)