

DIE VERGESSENEN SOLDATEN

"THE FORGOTTEN SOLDIERS"

Written by
Lawrence Whitener

*African-American tankers, Japanese-American soldiers, and
British female pilots, are the unrecognized heroes of WW-II.*

*Dialogue in quotes are verbatim by their historical characters.
Action Lines in quotes are from WW-II D.O.D. After-Action Reports.
No embellishment. What they actually did, is unbelievable enough.*

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by Lawrence Whitener

CAPTION: *Based on their true stories*

FADE IN:

EXT. THE ITALIAN ALPS - EARLY MORNING

TWO ITALIAN CARABINIERI soldiers with rifles slung over their shoulders pace on guard-duty across the top of a 7,000 foot high ridge. Far below their long snowy ski-slope is a four-story red-plaster ski lodge called, *Hotel Campo Imperatore*.

EXT. HOTEL CAMPO IMPERATORE - MOMENTS LATER

This rectangular building has a huge semi-circular bay-front with windows and sits on a vast slanted rocky grassy plateau.

200 MORE CARABINIERI SOLDIERS in same uniforms, their rifles stacked in gun-pyramids, are sunning themselves at tables drinking wine and *laughing*. "Their War" is far, far away.

EXT. AIRSPACE OVER SAME ITALIAN ALPS - SIMULTANEOUS

Snow-covered mountain peaks whisk below SEVEN DFS-230 German gliders painted-white with huge red Swastikas on their tails. They fly in silent single-file formation through the passes.

INT. LEAD GERMAN GLIDER COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

PILOT, 20s, in German *Luftwaffe* jumpsuit, sits alone at his controls with canvas backdrop separating him from the cabin.

INT. LEAD GERMAN GLIDER CABIN - IMMEDIATELY

EIGHT GERMAN PARATROOPERS sit in fours on two wooden planks on either side wearing snow-cammo white helmets and uniforms holding upright unloaded MP-35 machine-guns. Their leader is 6' 4", 36, with a scar down one cheekbone to his mouth-corner with a shorter scar from same mouth-corner down to jawline.

CAPTION UNDER: *German SS Lieutenant Colonel Otto Skorzeny*

FADE CAPTION: *The Allies have nicknamed him, SCARFACE.*

Scarface wears a *Waffen-SS* paratrooper uniform with a *Mauser* 9mm pistol in his shoulder-holster. He keeps searching for something out his window, then asks in German through canvas.

SCARFACE

Wo sind sie? Ich muss sehen!

GLIDER PILOT (O.S.)
Nein, mein Herr! Verboten!

Scarface flips open a *Waffen-SS* butterfly knife and slices through Pilot's canvas pulling it down from its moorings.

SCARFACE
"Ich habe ein fotografisches
Gedächtnis!"

TRANSLATION UNDER: *I have a photographic memory!*

He looks out the window, recognizes their location, and points his knife to a natural "V" between two peaks.

SCARFACE
Da, da!

Pilot shakes his head. Scarface puts knife to Pilot's throat.

GLIDER PILOT
Ya, ya!

EXT. AIRSPACE OVER ITALIAN ALPS - CONTINUOUS

Scarface's German glider banks between these same two peaks.
Other Six German Gliders bank following same. ALL fly silent.

EXT. ROAD TO CAMPO IMPERATORE CABLECAR STATION - SIMULTANEOUS

A column of forty transport trucks with German markings pull up to the Hotel's funicular cablecar loading platform.

SENIOR and JUNIOR Italian Officers, both wearing *black shirt* uniforms, *stomp* to attention holding high stiff Nazi salutes.

Major HARALD MORS, 34, bald, in German Paratrooper uniform with binoculars around his neck, exits his lead truck giving the two Italian's required return Nazi-salute. He holds out an official-looking document explaining in Italian.

MORS
Ordini da Generalè Cerica.

Senior Italian Officer gives same document to his Junior Officer who reads it silent, then furrows his brow.

JUNIOR ITALIAN OFFICER
Mi scusi.

Junior Italian Officer turns the *crank* of their field radio.

Mors pulls a Luger fitted with a suppressor and silently shoots him in the back. Senior Officer fumbles trying to open his belt-pistol's flap. Mors shoots him through the heart.

MORS

Mi scusi.

Moors pulls out a neck-whistle from his uniform and blows it.

End flaps on all forty trucks flip open and TWO HUNDRED uniformed German Paratroopers jump out with machine guns.

TWO PARATROOPERS each scale two telephone poles across the road from each other to cut communication lines while the Other 198 Paratroopers surround the station setting up MG-42 machine-gun nests with *PanzerFaust* bazookas.

Mors is Hitler's designated leader for this rescue attempt. He waves a hand forward and Fifty German armored cars with ten German *Panzer* tanks roll up to take flanking positions.

CAPTION: *September 12, 1943 - The Gran Sasso Raid*

INT. GERMAN LEAD GLIDER - SIMULTANEOUS

The Hotel Campo Imperatore and its rocky plateau can be seen. Scarface points over Pilot's shoulder with his knife where to land. Pilot begins their approach. Scarface yells in German.

SCARFACE

Munition!

His Eight Paratroopers pull a rifle clip from their waist-belt pack to hold against their weapon.

SCARFACE

Oben!

The Eight Paratroopers lift their feet high in unison.

Scarface refolds his knife and sits lifting his own feet.

EXT. HOTEL CAMPO IMPERATORE FRONT PLATEAU - MOMENTS LATER

Scarface's Lead German Glider, followed by his other Six German Gliders in "V" formation, each roll to a bumpy stop. Seven wing-tips leans over to touch the ground in unison.

INT. LEAD GERMAN GLIDER - IMMEDIATELY

Scarface's towering presence is always dominating. He stands.

SCARFACE

Laden!

His Eight Paratroopers load their clips into their *MP-35's* and rack back loading bolts to a single well-trained *thock*.

SCARFACE

Machen, Machen, Machen!

His Eight Paratroopers exit their plane's side door running to kneel in defensive positions outside.

Scarface pats Pilot's shoulder, then exits. Pilot faints.

EXT. HOTEL CAMPO IMPERATORE FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Other Six Gliders empty their FORTY-EIGHT PARATROOPERS and SIX SS-WAFFEN OFFICERS to take a knee in defensive position.

A high-pitched *whooshing* sound is heard overhead. None look.

Their THREE MISSING GLIDERS fly in to land. The LAST GLIDER lands too steep and rolls to auger-in nose first, raising its tail high, then settles back down hard *cracking* its fuselage.

The Two Undamaged Gliders empty their SIXTEEN PARATROOPERS and TWO SS-WAFFEN OFFICERS who take up defensive positions.

Scarface waves a hand forward and all EIGHTY COMMANDOS storm to fall in prone offensive firing position aiming at the 200 Carabinieri frozen in silent disbelief with mouths open.

From the Crashed Glider, SEVEN DAZED GERMAN PARATROOPERS stumble out, recover, then run to join their prone comrades.

Scarface has thought of everything to keep these Carabinieri Military Police off balance. FRANKENSTEIN LURCH, a 7' tall German Paratrooper now exits hip-aiming a 23-pound *MG-42* machine-gun with its ammo-belt feeding over one muscled arm.

Behind him exits GENERAL FERNANDO SOLETTI, 54, with a Hitler-type mustache in an Italian North African Police uniform. He has been paid well by the Germans to undermine his cohorts. He throws both arms high over-actor *yelling* in Italian.

SOLETTI

"Non sparare, Non sparare!"

As if in a bad comedy, 200 Carabinieri throw their weapons down like electrocuted to stab their hands high in the air. German Commandos collect all the Italian rifles to "stack arms" in proper 4-rifle pyramids as Scarface and his Eight Paratroopers rush into the Hotel.

INT. HOTEL CAMPO IMPERATORE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Scarface, in excellent shape, enters with his pistol drawn.

A lone stunned ITALIAN RADIO SPECIALIST sits at a table working a large short-wave transceiver. Radio Specialist drops his wine glass to begin fiddling with its dials.

"Scarface runs over and kicks the chair out from under him, then uses his pistol-butt to smash the radio's glass meters." He kneels putting gun barrel between Radio Specialist's eyes.

SCARFACE

Numero?

RADIO SPECIALIST

(holds up two fingers)

Du  ?

Scarface runs up the stairs three-at-a-time. Two Of His Paratroopers try to keep up with him. They don't succeed.

Scarface's Other Six Paratroopers fan out taking HOTEL STAFF and Radio Specialist outside as prisoners.

INT. HOTEL CAMPO'S SECOND FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Scarface exits the staircase running down the hall looking at suite numbers. His Two Paratroopers lag behind him winded. He comes to a plaque reading "La Suite #2" and flat boot-kicks the door in at its handle *smashing* it open. He runs inside.

INT. HOTEL CAMPO SUITE 2 - CONTINUOUS

Scarface, followed by his Two Paratroopers, see a 59 year old unshaven man, bald, with black doll's eyes that twitch constantly, cowering in a corner wearing a worn tweed suit.

CAPTION UNDER: *BENITO MUSSOLINI, Italian Prime Minister*

FADE CAPTION: *Deposed and imprisoned by his own Facist Party*

Scarface holsters his gun, then holds out a hand in friendship with palm up, again speaking in perfect Italian.

SCARFACE

"Der F  hrer hat mich geschickt um
sie zu befreien."

TRANSLATION UNDER: *The Fuhrer sent me to free you.*

Mussolini tries to kiss Scarface who holds him away.

Scarface motions his Two Paratroopers to take Mussolini outside. Scarface opens the double-windows and looks out over the plateau to see his Paratroopers now control everything.

EXT. HOTEL CAMPO PLATEAU - SIMULTANEOUS

His German Paratroopers see Scarface and snap to attention with deafening heel *clicks*. Scarface head-motions, and ONE PARATROOPER *shoots* a green flare into the sky.

"A two-seater German Reconnaissance Plane flies in, but crashes while landing. It's RECONNOISSANCE PILOT is dazed."

Scarface exits the hotel nodding again to the same One Paratrooper who now *shoots* a white flare into the sky.

"A small light German OBSERVATION PLANE lands undamaged."

Below Station's Cable-car arrives. Mors and TWENTY STATION PARATROOPERS exit running. Mors asks about any resistance.

MORS

Kampf?

SCARFACE

(*raspberries*)

Kapüt. Du?

Mors holds up both hands with "ten fingers splayed, then both thumbs turn-up showing those ten were only wounded slightly."

Second cable-car arrives of TWENTY MORE STATION PARATROOPERS.

Mors hand-gestures for All Forty Men to join their "German brethren who are now *laughing*, drinking wine, and taking group pictures with all their new-found Italian friends."

Mussolini recovered to now play the honored guest with hand-shaking and cheek-kissing extolling his savior repeatedly.

MUSSOLINI

"Sapevo che il mio amico non mi
avrebbe abbandonato!" etc.

TRANSLATION UNDER: *I knew my friend would not abandon me!*

Scarface indicates for his Eight Paratroopers to escort Mussolini to the Observation Plane. They do.

"Scarface helps Mussolini into its narrow cabin, then indicates for him to slide over and tries to climb in."

Mors pulls him back out shocked. "They speak English to hide their discussion from their Men."

MORS

"This is not my plan?"

SCARFACE

"I am changing it per order of der Fuhrer."

MORS

"I am Commander of *Operation Eiche*, not you!"

SCARFACE

History favors the bold my freund.
"You have tanks and trucks to make your way back to our Lines."

Scarface makes the German *Good Luck* sign of squeezing both thumbs inside their fingers and pumping his fists in English.

SCARFACE

Good, luck.

Scarface tries to force his bulk into the small cabin again.

Observation Pilot Captain HEINRICH GERLACH, 31, "with black hair and black eyes, exits in a *Luftwaffe* flight-suit having Ace-medals and yanks out Scarface by his belt." He bear-hugs him, then tries to reason with the big German lug in English.

GERLACH

You, are soldier. I, am pilot.
(pats fuselage)
This, two-seater.
(holds up two fingers)
Eins, zwei. Ya?

Scarface uses his height and demeanor to tower over Gerlach holding up the German "three," a thumb and its two fingers.

SCARFACE

Drei.

They stare as poker players. Gerlach folds, then *claps* hands.

GERLACH

"Räumen sie alle steine bis zur klippe weg!"

TRANSLATION UNDER: *Clear all rocks to cliff!*

Mors yells instructions, first in German, then Italian.

The 200 Carabinieri and Hotel Staff go to help the German Paratroopers throw rocks out of the way of the plane.

"Gerlach jams Scarface's big frame in the luggage compartment behind his two seats squashing Mussolini against the dash."

Gerlach walks around to his door stabbing a pointer-finger into his temple repeatedly while *chuckling* in English.

GERLACH

Vee are all going to die.

Gerlach gets in to lean out his window *yelling* in German.

GERLACH

"Halten sie das flugzeug zurück!"

Mors raises a hand. "Some Paratroopers stand in front of the plane's wings pushing back as Others push back on the tail."

Gerlach revs his engine to red line, then yells, *Release!*

GERLACH

LOS!

Mors drops his hand. All Holding Paratroopers dive out of harm's way. The plane taxis over them faster and faster towards the plateau's sheer cliff. ALL hold their breath.

EXT. HOTEL CAMPO PLATEAU CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

Severely overloaded, the "Observation Plane rumbles over plateau's edge and disappears."

Mors with his Paratroopers, Carabinieri, Soleti, and Hotel Staff, all rush to the cliff's edge and peer over.

INT. GERMAN OBSERVATION PLANE - SIMULTANEOUS

"The plane screams in a nose-dive towards the rocks below."

Mussolini is *crying* like a little girl while Gerlach yanks back on his yoke *laughing* mad.

GERLACH

Vee are all going to die!

Scarface places his gun's barrel against Gerlach's temple.

SCARFACE

You, first.

EXT. HOTEL CAMPO CLIFF EDGE - IMMEDIATELY

ALL watch silent as far below "the plane pulls up at the last moment, bounces off a boulder, then flies away."

ALL *cheer* ecstatic except Soleti who shakes his head.

SOLETI

Insano.

Mors shakes his head while talking to the disappearing plane.

MORS

Nein. He will be Germany's first
Commander to receive the *Knight's*
Cross on the same day as my raid.

Mors turns to give the overhead *Hook-up* hand-command to his Paratroopers who line up in columns at the cable car.

The 200 Carabinieri step leisurely to their stacked weapons.

All German Paratroopers turn as one aiming at the Carabinieri who jump back again with their hands held high.

Mors wags finger at Carabinieri, *Uh-uh-uh*, then shoos with back of his hands to go in the Hotel. They do. (*all is true*)

EXT. SKI RIDGE ABOVE HOTEL CAMPOS - SIMULTANEOUS

Earlier Two Carabinieri now lay in prone position looking down on all. FIRST is aiming through the scope of an Italian *Carcano* sniper-rifle as the SECOND spots through binoculars.

"First" is American Army sniper THOMAS NETANEL TEMKIN, age 22, who looks more like 32 from his scope-kill memories. His black hair is as short as his beard stubble to prevent lice and allow him to *feel* wind and temperature change. His black eyes and the fact he never smiles led his O.S.S. British Naval Intelligence handlers to code-call him, BOLLOCKS. He has learned to cope with and hide his secret. He is dyslexic.

"Second" is an O.S.S. British Spotter wearing a brown scarf as an ascot. OLIVER WILLIAM BROWN, known as WILLY, is anorexic thin with blonde hair and blue eyes. British High Command tested his intelligence, then transferred him where his brains could do more damage than his non-existent brawn. None know of his forbidden sexual preference except Bollocks. Willy breaks into his impeccably cultured British accent.

WILLY

Thought the blighter was tits up.

Bollocks only speaks enough words to get his message across.

BOLLOCKS

No kill.

WILLY

Well thank you, Mister Obvious.
Afraid we'll catch all kinds of
hell back home since his escape
will negate the Italian proviso
government's suit for peace.

BOLLOCKS

No shot.

WILLY

Succinct as always. Do believe we
should take advantage of all the
commotion down there to make our
escape. I'm sure High Command has
another special assignment for us.

Bollocks and Willy crawl backwards over the ridge past the
dead and stripped bodies of the REAL TWO ITALIAN CARABINIERI.

A storm front moves in darkening the sky as thunder *rumbles*.

EXT. THE NORMANDY COASTLINE AT SUNRISE - WEEKS LATER

Rough seas buffet "almost 7,000 ships of every type trying to
land 156,000 British, American, and Canadian troops."

EXT. AN ALLIED LANDING CRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

Inside the bow of a wave-buffed *Higgins Boat* are 36 AFRICAN-
AMERICAN U.S. ARMY SOLDIERS, 18-21, hunkered down as "German
machine-gun fire hit their upright steel loading ramp like
typewriter keys."

One Soldier has a pencil-thin mustache and could be a male
model. He has a Red Cross sleeve on one arm and a helmet with
four large white circles around it each having red crosses
inside them. Over his shoulder hangs a green canvas medical
bag with same logo.

CAPTION UNDER: *U.S. Army Medic Waverley Woodson Jr., 21*

WOODSON (V.O.)

Over 2,000 of my African-American
brothers took part in this D-Day
Invasion. My 320th Barrage Balloon
Battalion were the first to land.

Their Four-Man Caucasian U.S. Coast Guard Crew all wear *Mae West* life-preservers. "BOWMAN and STERNMAN fire 30-caliber machine-guns up at the German machine-gun nests as the ENGINEER yells to his Coxswain, Seaman JOHN R. ROBERTS, 20."

ENGINEER
DROP, DROP, DROP!

Roberts knows what will happen if he hits his release lever.

ROBERTS
But, Sir --?!

Engineer aims his .45 cal. *Colt* at Roberts who releases their boat's only protection. Their ramp falls down into the water.

FIRST FOUR SOLDIERS fall dead from *Oblique* machine-gun fire from a German nest further down on the ridge. SECOND FOUR SOLDIERS die from *Enfilade* fire by the German gun directly in front of their boat. Arms, legs, hands, and blood fly as both guns return-swing *firing* to wound REMAINING 28 SOLDIERS. "Woodson goes down with a round in his groin."

ENGINEER
OUT, OUT, OUT!

Those that can, scramble over the sides. FEW make it. "LAST SOLDIER grabs Woodson's collar to pull him out."

ENGINEER
Dead! Leave Him!

"All are blown up and out into the bloody sea when their ship takes a direct German artillery hit."

EXT. WOODSON OVERBOARD UNDERWATER - MOMENTS LATER

"The ship that won the war" for this Allied Invasion now floats on top as only plywood fragments and an oil slick.

Woodson's lifeless body sinks with his first-aid gear.

Blood spreads out into the water from his groin like a huge red ink spot. His eyes pop open, then bubbles blow out his mouth *screaming*. "His feet hit bottom and he stands."

EXT. OMAHA BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Woodson's head breaks through to see *exploding* Landing Craft and ALLIES flying like the Devil's own Fourth of July. Dead bodies float carried in, then out, by uncaring waves.

The sea is crimson that day as *screams* of DYING MEN are drowned-out by shell *whines*, bullet *tracers* and cratering *explosions*. Their world that day literally is, Hell On Earth.

CAPTION: *June 6, 1944 - Omaha Beach, D-Day*

"The Three Crew-members, along with Roberts, float in the water around Woodson. He pulls two-at-a-time onto the bloody beach, then begins CPR on all Four." One-by-one, they cough out sea water to breathe-in resurrection air.

"Woodson splashes back out into the water to drag more DEAD and DYING onto the beach. The wounded are his only mission."

EXT. GERMAN SNIPER'S RIFLE SCOPE VIEW - SIMULTANEOUS

Deadly cross-hairs center on Woodson's now unhelmeted head.

EXT. RIDGELINE ABOVE SAME BEACH - IMMEDIATELY

Same GERMAN SNIPER lies concealed in a cement drainage ditch aiming down at Woodson. He dry-spits disgusted to the side and speaks in German-accented English.

GERMAN SNIPER
You are mine now, blackee.

German Sniper inhales deep, then holds breath to squeeze his trigger. A bullet *richlochs* off the cement above his head sending hot shards hitting his check. He goose-necks up.

GERMAN SNIPER
Was zum fick?!

Double-clang as a 30.06 bullet pierces his *Stahlhelm* helmet on one side and exits out the other side with his brains.

EXT. FAR BACK UP ON SAME RIDGELINE - SIMULTANEOUS

Rolling higher ground above the German Sniper's drainage ditch overlooks the lower ridgeline and beach far below. A big pile of branches moves, then a RABBIT runs out of them.

WILLY (O.S.)
Hare today, gone tomorrow.

EXT. INSIDE SAME RIDGELINE SNIPER NEST - IMMEDIATELY

Willy and Bollocks, in ghillie suits, lay prone under cover.

Bollocks's aiming-cheek rests on the form-fitted leather-pad of his *M1-C Garand* to align his eye with its side-scope.

Willy scans through his brass spotting binoculars.

EXT. WILLY'S FIELD GLASSES VIEW - SIMULTANEOUS

Willy's British Ross 8x crosshairs and angle graduations focus in on the bloody concrete of the German Sniper's drainage ditch. It looks like a bright red Picasso painting.

WILLY

*I say, well done. Used your first
shot to startle him up.*

Willy's view swings down to the beach and focuses on Woodson.

EXT. OMAHA BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

"Woodson established a first-aid station and WOUNDED SOLDIERS lay with tourniquets, arm-slings, and bloody head bandages." TWO LESS-WOUNDED SOLDIERS lay over Seaman John Roberts holding him down as Woodson amputates his devastated leg.

WILLY (O.S.)

Can't save them all you know.

BOLLOCKS (O.S.)

This one's --worth saving.

Woodson continues to treat his almost-all Caucasian wounded as Bollock's rifle fire echos from high above.

ROBERTS (V.O.)

"Woodson worked 30 straight hours before treating his own wounds. He saved over 300 lives /including mine/ but never received the Congressional Medal of Honor."

EXT. TOP SECRET TRAINING GROUNDS IN ENGLAND - WEEKS LATER

A Jeep with Bollocks and Willy, who drives, stops at a sentry post with a wooden drop-down gate in a thick forest. Bollocks wears his U.S. Army Ranger uniform with sniper-patch. Willy wears his British Navy uniform with Intelligence flash. BRITISH SENTRY, in Regular British Army uniform with a slung *Enfield* rifle, checks their I.D.s, then points down the road lifting the gate. Willy and Bollocks drive through. British Sentry *winds-up*, then calls on his field-phone.

Further down the road, their Jeep is stopped by TWO BRITISH COMMANDOS in camouflage standing in the road with *Sten* submachine-guns hip-aimed.

WILLY

I say old chaps, any idea what the
blazes we're doing here?

TWO BRITISH COMMANDOS

(pointer-fingers to lips)

Shhhh.

THIRD BRITISH COMMANDO drives another Jeep out of the trees ahead of them pulling a flatbed trailer with two wooden posts mounted upright. On a rope strung between the two posts are hanging meal bags. One by one, single *shots* ring out from the forest *exploding* each bag. All *shooting* stops.

The Two British Commandos wave Willy and Bollocks on through.

Willy and Bollocks drive to the stopped second Jeep with its trailer. Both get out. Bollocks studies the cloth tatters. A British Sniper, 36, short hair like Bollocks, but sporting a pencil-thin mustache wearing a ghillie suit and carrying a custom-made sniper-rifle, steps out of the trees.

CAPTION UNDER: *Captain Edmund Harley Bennett, O.S.S. Sniper*

His POLISH SPOTTER "has black hair and eyes with a short and thick mustache" who also wears a ghillie suit, but around his neck is a pair of huge binoculars. He exits behind Edmunds.

WILLY

Jolly good shot, sir.

Bollocks is still examining the Jeep and its trailer so he speaks with his back to them.

BOLLOCKS

Mauser Karabiner 98k.

EDMUND

Know your weapons, Yank.

Bollocks turns around to stare at Edmund's rifle scope.

BOLLOCKS

Ziess telescopic scope modified
to 1,000 meters. Nice.

Willy reaches to examine Polish Spotter's binoculars who pulls out a modified-with-silencer sidearm while his other hand's pointer-finger gives the Two Guards earlier warning.

POLISH SPOTTER

So sorry, most secret.

Third British Commando hands a note to Edmund who reads it.

EDMUND

Hmmm? Seems High Command says we're
all supposed to become --chums.

Spotter and Willy shake hands as Willy speaks perfect Polish.

WILLY

Miło cię poznać --chum.

Polish Spotter is so happy to hear his native language spoken correctly, he picks Willy up in a bear-hug extolling, *Friend*.

POLISH SPOTTER

Kolega, kolega!

Willy smiles pained as he tries to extricate himself from his new friend's solid grasp.

Edmunds steps out of his ghillie suit wearing his British Army Captain's uniform and places the suit in the second Jeep, then packs his rifle in a gun case already in it and closes, then *pats* it. He sits in the back of Willy's Jeep ramrod.

Polish Spotter removes his own ghillie suit wearing the dark green uniform of the *Polish Home Army*. He puts his binoculars in a wood-case with suit in second Jeep, then joins Edmund.

EDMUND

Shall we toddle?

Willy looks to Bollocks who shrugs shoulders, then both get in as driver and passenger again.

WILLY

Where to sir?

EDMUND

The local pub, I should think.

INT. "THE GREYHOUND PUB" IN BROMELY - THAT EVENING

Small English bar with a dart board and eclectic BRITISH MALE PATRONS, all elderly, in various casual dress.

Willy, Bollocks, Edmund, and Polish Spotter, enter. The last three sit at a table while Willy remains standing.

WILLY

First round on me then?
(to Bollocks)
Milk, if they have it?

EDMUND

"Milk?!"

Polish Spotter *whispers* asking in Pole and Edmund explains.
Spotter turns to ask in broken English with a thick accent.

POLISH SPOTTER

Momma, boy?

None, except Willy, have seen anyone move as fast as Bollocks who uses a Judo throw to put the Polish Sniper on the ground in a crossed-wrists submission choke-hold.

Bar goes pin-drop silent, then an elderly BRITISH CODGER with bad teeth announces.

BRITISH CODGER

I'll have two a' what the Yank's got!

Bar Patrons break out in *guffaws* then go back to talking.

Willy bends down to Spotter who is having trouble breathing.

WILLY

I do believe it would behoove you to apologize rapidly, old bean.

Spotter's face is turning blue as he taps Bollocks wrists.

POLISH SPOTTER

So, sorry.

Bollocks jumps up and offers a hand down to Polish Spotter yanking him to standing. Both re-sit in their chairs.

WILLY

Now that we've all gotten acquainted, pints all around?

POLISH SPOTTER

Wodka.

As if on cue, Bar Patrons stop talking again to stare.

EDMUND

Lager for me thanks. And Cider, dry, for my --kolega.

INT. PUB'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

BARTENDER, female, late 20s, beefy, in shirt and pants with one bad front tooth, puts a glass of milk on the bar's top.

WILLY

Two bitters with a sandy cider,
please. I say, any starters?

Bartender puts a bowl of hand-made pretzels on the bar, then draws their drinks. She speaks with a thick Cockney accent.

BARTENDER

Who's Adolf?

Willy is eating pretzels and *chokes* spitting pretzel-dust.

WILLY

What?! Oh. No. He's Pole. Afraid I
don't know his name.

Bartender puts two dimple-mugs of draft on the bar.

BARTENDER

Just as well, luv. Prob'ly too
foreign to say.

Bartender pours a glass of cider from a ceramic jug and sets it on the bar. She points to each item tallying their prices.

BARTENDER

Six pence for melk and biscuits,
thirteen pence each for the pints,
ten pence for the Swiss Roll's
apple juice. That's ...

Willy puts correct total monies on her bar-top. She collects it head-motioning to Bollocks.

BARTENDER

And a Yank to boot. You part a'
Roosevelt's United Nations?

WILLY

Hardly, we're just --"chums."

BARTENDER

Tell the Polack I gets off at ten.

Willy almost drops their drinks.

WILLY

Beg your pardon?

BARTENDER
Prefers the silent type.

Willy carries their drinks to his table shivering.

WILLY
As well as dumb and blind.

EXT. THE GREYHOUND PUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Village tower-clock *chimes* 10 as Edmund, Willy, and Bollocks exit. The first two are drunk. Bollocks is not.

Female Bartender exits on Polish Spotter's arm and escorts him away weaving as he waves back to his kolegas silly.

WILLY
I say, any chance he's going to be
at all remorseful in the wee morn?

EDMUND
Won't remember his name till tea.

Both laugh as only Brits can.

WILLY/EDMUND
A-hah, a-hah, a-hah.

Edmund's top front teeth fall out. Willy catches them.

EDMUND
Damf!

Willy hands them back. Edmund puts his dentures back in.

WILLY
How on Earth did you come to lose
your upper pearlies?

EDMUND
"German bombing raid while I was
patrolling Liverpool."

Edmund secures his teeth, then offers hand. They shake.

EDMUND
Nice drinking with you, Yank.

BOLLOCKS
Relocate often, Tommie.
(to Willy)
Would you see the Captain safely
back to his barracks, please?

Willy puts Edmund's arm around his neck as he asks Bollocks.

WILLY

Usual run-a-bout?

EDMUND

Thought you were Colonial, not a bloody Aussie!

BOLLOCKS

A sniper's best friend, are their legs.

Edmund *hums* the melody to Britain's most popular fight song "We're going to hang out the wash on the Siegfried Line." Edmund and Willy weave-walk supporting each other *singing*.

EDMUND/WILLY

"We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line, Have you any dirty washing, mother dear? We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line, Cause the washing day is here," etc.

Bollocks watches them disappear, then jogs into the darkness.

EXT. A STREET IN KENT - NOW PAST MIDNIGHT

Bollocks has been jogging almost two hours and stops not knowing where he is. He bends over resting hands on knees.

MARGARET

Looking for something?

Bollocks looks up to see MARGARET BUCHANAN, 20s, quaffed short brunette hair of the time with piercing green eyes, wearing a shirt, tie, jacket, and long skirt uniform of a British Army Nurse with her beret worn at a stylish tilt.

BOLLOCKS

You?

MARGARET

Beg you pardon?

BOLLOCKS

(looks around embarrassed)
Where am I?

MARGARET

Kent, last I checked. Where do you hail?

BOLLOCKS

Bromely.

MARGARET

Good Lord, that's over forty kilometers. How did you get here?

BOLLOCKS

Ran.

MARGARET

Why, would anyone do such a thing?

Bollocks is still catching his wind examining Margaret.

BOLLOCKS

To meet you?

A *buzzing* sound is heard getting closer up in the night sky. Both gaze up to see what looks like a toy airplane only it doesn't have a propeller and sounds like a *popping* motorboat.

MARGARET

I say, what the devil is that?

It's *buzzing-sound stops*. Bollocks recognizes the *wind-scream* of a plane diving. He looks searching, then runs to a coal-plate on the street and lifts it. He motions to Margaret.

BOLLOCKS

In!

MARGARET

I'm not getting ...?!

Bollocks grabs her and drops her down inside. She *screams*.

MARGARET (O.S.)

What is wrong with youuuu --?!

Bollocks climbs in to pull the cast iron lid overtop them.

INT. THEIR COAL BIN IN KENT - MOMENTS LATER

Bollocks lights his Zippo black-crackle cigarette lighter. They are inside a fairly empty coal bin feeding to a house. Margaret has soot on her face and hands. She is not happy.

MARGARET

Just look at me!

BOLLOCKS

I am.

MARGARET

(motions to his lighter)

May I have an American fag then?

BOLLOCKS

Don't smoke, bad for night vision.

The German V-1 weapon *slams* into a house up the street. The ground shakes. Margaret launches herself into Bollocks arms.

MARGARET

What is happening?!

BOLLOCKS

My thoughts exactly.

Their eyes meet, romance-sparks fly. They back apart.

MARGARET

No, I meant --out there?

BOLLOCKS

Some kind of new Master Race terror weapon I would think.

Clanging of horse drawn fire-brigade wagon rolling overhead.

MARGARET

Well, it is terrorizing me.

Margaret leans forward seductive. Bollocks leans away.

BOLLOCKS

What --are you doing?

More commotion of vehicles rushing hurried overhead followed by *crying, sobbing, and wailing*.

MARGARET

Surviving.

(leans closer pleading)

Make it go away.

As if on a first date in grade school, Bollocks barely puts his arm around her. She snuggles. He looks uncomfortable.

EXT. SAME STREET IN KENT - NOW ON FIRE

Fire, carnage, and devastation. TOWNSPEOPLE hurry to help.

CAPTION: *June 13, 1944*

MARGARET (V.O.)

This was "the first of over 7,000
Buzz Bombs, or Doodlebugs as we
Englanders called them, with one
civilian death per strike and over
16,000 wounded by war's end."

EXT. THE ADMIRALTY BUILDING, LONDON - DAYS LATER

Located in Whitehall, this historic three-story U-square-shaped building houses British Naval Intelligence Division.

Horse drawn carriages trot outside on its main street as
MOTORCYCLE COURIERS carry in, then take back out dispatches.

INT. ADMIRALTY BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Willy, Bollocks, Edmunds, and Polish Spotter, march shoulder to shoulder in sync down an opulent hallway to *stomp-stop* in front of an office door guarded by TWO BRITISH ROYAL MARINES in green berets. FIRST Marine knuckle-raps below and behind himself on the door. SECOND Marine reaches behind to open it. Both Marines never take their eyes off "The Four Unknowns."

Edmunds and Bollocks enter, but Willy and Polish Spotter are stopped by the Two Royal Marines who then close the door.

INT. RUSHBROOKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

"High-ceiling modest office with a plain desk. *"Paul Revere sitting on his horse holding a lantern"* hand-carved wood statue sits in front of two wooden In-and-Out file boxes. Fireplace behind has a huge world map sitting on its mantel."

Sitting behind the desk writing in a British Navy uniform is a thin 51-year-old man with short white hair. His black eyes are intense, almost sad. He puts his pen down.

CAPTION UNDER: *Vice-Admiral Edmund Rushbrooke*

FADE CAPTION: *Director of all British Naval Intelligence*

Bollocks and Edmund, who *stomps*, come to ram-rod attention.

RUSHBROOKE

Gentlemen, --sit.

Bollocks and Edmund sit. Edmund straightens his uniform.

RUSHBROOKE

Not impressed by your Gran Sasso
After Action Report, Sergeant.

Bollocks shifts uncomfortable *sucking* his teeth.

RUSHBROOKE

Then I read your D-Day report. One
hundred confirmed kills? You put
"ace" in accurate. That's why I've
assigned you to Captain Bennett.
(to Edmund)
Working out satisfactorily is he?

EDMUND

Spot on, sir.

Rushbrooke pulls out a thick manuscript to drop on his desk.

RUSHBROOKE

This is a "one-hundred and twenty
page dossier recording Hitler's
lifestyle and daily routine
gathered from hundreds of hours of
prisoner of war interviews, old
maps, and captured documents.
(strokes it reverently)
A bazooka attack on his personal
car, a suitcase bomb placed on his
private train, a Kamikaze-style
bomber attack on either, and of
course, poison in his food or tea.
(examines his own pen)
Even a hollowed-out pen filled with
Anthrax."

Rushbrooke puts down his pen to stare at his snipers.

RUSHBROOKE

All of these lethals were first
considered by S.O.E., but then we
captured one of his bodyguards at
Normandy.
(to Bollocks)
Thanks to you, Sergeant. You speak
flawless German, yes?

Bollocks recites the *Hitler Oath* in perfect German.

BOLLOCKS

"I swear to God this holy oath
that I shall render unconditional
obedience ..."

Rushbrooke waves for him to stop, then turns to Edmund who picks up where Bollocks left off saying in perfect German.

EDMUND

"To the Leader of the German Reich
and people, Adolf Hitler."

RUSHBROOKE

(smiles, clears throat)
Would you two chaps mind terribly
being dropped behind enemy lines
tomorrow night to assassinate that
paper-hanging son-of-a-bitch?

Bollocks shooting-eyebrow goes up. He and Edmund glance at each other, then jump to attention holding perfect salutes.

RUSHBROOKE

Captain Bennett, "you've trained
for this mission, so know it has a
high chance of success, but little
chance for successful extraction."
Therefore, the decision was made
for Sergeant Temkin to be your
spotter and back-up sniper should
you yourself become incapacitated.

Edmund head-motions to the door about his Polish Spotter.

RUSHBROOKE

Not open to discussion I'm afraid.
Briefing is just down the hall,
gentlemen. You are not to speak to
your Spotters on the way out. Is
that understood?

Edmund *stomps* a boot hard. It echoes.

EDMUND

Sir!

Bollocks *grumbles* something unintelligible like a bear.

There is a *commotion* outside the door with Polish *yelling*.

All Three look. Edmund straightens his uniform embarrassed.

EDMUND

Afraid that would be mine, sir. He
was looking forward, to the flight.

EXT. GERMAN HEINKEL HE 111 - THE NEXT NIGHT

The captured German medium bomber carries a Two-Man British CREW. Its mostly-glass huge bubble-nose clearly shows its BOMBARDIER-NOSEGUNNER lying prone in the front of the nose looking down into his bomb-sight ahead of and beside the BOMBER PILOT, sitting in a single chair with a huge yoke. Both wear captured German *Luftwaffe* Bomber-crew uniforms.

INT. SAME CAPTURED HEINKEL HE 111 - MOMENTS LATER

Bollocks and Edmund sit on either side of its second bomb-bay now "wearing German *Mountain Troop* green uniforms with sniper insignia." Their pants and shirt cuffs are duct-taped to prevent wind-flapping. Goggles are up on their foreheads.

Edmund inspects the hi-power binoculars, then puts them back in the wooden case strapped to his chest above reserve chute.

Bollocks opens the Mauser rifle's breach to look inside it.

Both have to yell over the plane's engine and wind noise.

BOLLOCKS

Frangible bullets?!

EDMUND

Yes, but still not as good as our Lee-Enfield Number Four, eh?!

BOLLOCKS

"But still" not as good as "their" Mosin-Nagant '32! Those Russians sure know how to make a sniper rifle!

EDMUND

Those are the most words you've ever answered back to me!

BOLLOCKS

First time you said anything worth answering!

EDMUND

Do you normally use your quite capable American Springfield '03?!

BOLLOCKS

(shakes head)

Five Rounds!

EDMUND

But your M-1 Garand makes that God-
awful metal pinging when its clip
ejects forcing you to relocate?!

BOLLOCKS

Signature sound!

EDMUND

Your what?!

The bomb-bay doors open. A red lightbulb turns on above them.

Both grip their static-line's snap-hook between their teeth,
stand, and pull their goggles down over their eyes.

Bollocks locks the rifle in its case, straps it vertical onto
one side, then pull-tests on its leg strap attached to his
ankle. He hooks his static-line toggle to the overhead cable.

Edmund locks his static-line toggle onto same cable and takes
out his dentures to button in a shirt pocket.

Red bulb goes off, then the Green one next to it turns on.

EDMUND

Thould be a dilly!

Edmund crosses both arms across his chest tight, then drops
out the open bomb bay with legs held tight together.

BOLLOCKS

Limeys.

Bollocks drops out with arms crossed and feet together.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE SALZBURG, AUSTRIA - MOMENTS LATER

Two black parachutes open in the moonless sky. Both float
towards a large town's Baroque architecture of yellow, brown,
and pink-colored plaster walls with red clay-tile roofs. A
17th Century Cathedral is at the town's end.

INT. COBBLER SHOP IN SALZBURG - LATER SAME NIGHT

A small shoe repair shop with shoes and boots of every kind
on its window-shelves is closed with all the lights off.

Its front doorknob turns being jimmied then opens. Merchant
bell hanging over it *dings*. Bollocks enters reaching up to
silence the bell. Edmund enters closing the door. Both are in
their German uniforms but now without the earlier leg-tape.

A lit gas-lantern descends the shop's backstairs by "Herr HEIDENTALER, a devout anti-Nazi and their British contact," who peers down wearing a nightgown and matching nightcap.

Heidentaler and Willy speak code in Bavarian.

EDMUND

"We bring a message from your nephew, Dieser."

HEIDENTALER

"But he is in a prison camp?"

EDMUND

"Which is why we are here."

HEIDENTALER

Who sent you?

BOLLOCKS

(answers in English)

Uncle Sam.

Heidentaler's face lights up as he runs to shake their hands enthusiastic, looks nervous out his front door's window, then drops a lock-bar across it. He ushers them upstairs.

INT. HEIDENTALER'S UPSTAIRS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

His bedroom efficiency is just that, one big room. Patched-blankets are hung over its window to hide his lamp's light.

Bollocks and Edmund sit at a small table now being served by Heidentaler. He is not that good a cook, but is delighted to get the chance to speak his broken English.

HEIDENTALER

How are goulash?

Edmund pulls something stringy out of his teeth.

EDMUND

Quite, *unique*. Thought beef was hard to come by in Austria?

HEIDENTALER

Not cow, ratte.

EDMUND

(chokes on his bite)

Rat?! As in, rodent?

Bollocks studies his spoonful, then continues eating.

BOLLOCKS

Better to eat it, then vice versa.

Heidentaler smiles ignorant. Edmund forces a smile, than eats only his potatoes and field onions. Bollocks is finished and *belches*. Heidentaler *claps*. Edmund uses a Scottish accent.

EDMUND

Aye, I'm layin' with the heathen.

Heidentaler *slops* another big spoonful into Edmund's bowl who cringes. Bollocks reaches over with his spoon to help eat it. Edmund encourages him to eat more in Polish.

EDMUND

Kolega, kolega!

INT. FLATBED TRUCK ON AUSTRIAN MOUNTAIN ROAD - NOW DAYBREAK

Sun has not yet risen as Heidentaler drives. Edmund and Bollocks sit beside him in their green German uniforms.

BOLLOCKS

You're sure of his timeframe?

HEIDENTALER

Ya, ya, like, uh --clock, work.
Every noon he walk to Salzburg
Teahouse with his ordered-to-stay-
back bodyguards. There is path in
woods where he, uh --?

(snaps fingers)

"Out of sight" of sentry towers.

EDMUND

What does he do at the teahouse?

HEIDENTALER

"Sip Chamomile tea and nibble --
(makes a rat's *squeak*)
on apple-cake."

(dry-spits disgusted)

Then "sleep in soft arm-chair as
his funkerei whisper. Later he is
driven back to Berghof, his Wolf's
Lair. All his henchmen walk back."

BOLLOCKS

(in a bad British accent)

Cheeky fellow.

Heidentaler doesn't understand. Edmund translates in German.

EDMUND
Schwachkopf.

Heidentaler *laughs* reaching over to *slap* Bollocks's knee.

HEIDENTALER
Ya, ya! He big --dick, head.

Heidentaler goes back to driving, then his smile turns upside down. He now speaks his broken English ominous.

HEIDENTALER
They vill kill you, kolegas.

EDMUND
(thumbs to Bollocks)
Only schwachkopf.

Heidentaler bursts out *laughing*. Bollocks nods, *Yeah-yeah*.

EXT. SNIPER NEST ABOVE HITLER'S WALKWAY - LATER SAME DAY

Birds *chirp*, leaves blow in the wind, Mother Nature reigns.

Edmund lies prone looking through his rifle-scope as Bollocks lies beside him using Polish Spotter's hi-power binoculars. Both are covered by branches of leaves. They whisper.

EDMUND
One shot.

BOLLOCKS
Many kills.

EDMUND
*Like how you think, Yank. If I go
down, you take over.*

EXT. HITLER'S WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Walking around a curve on "the concrete sidewalk-trail" is ADOLPH SCHICKLGRUBER HITLER, 55, 5' 9", mustache and greased black hair's forehead-bang glued down at 45°, who wears his own-designed Führer paramilitary uniform. He looks haggard.

Walking behind Hitler are his six lackeys who help him run the Nazi Regime; HERMANN GÖRING, HEINRICH HIMMLER, JOSEPH GOEBBELS, ALBERT SPEER, ADOLF EICHMANN, and Admiral KARL DÖNITZ who would succeed Hitler if killed. All wear suits.

EDMUND (O.S.)
Oh, my, God.

BOLLOCKS (O.S.)
Jerk-off jackpot.

Far behind the seven most evil men in history, walks Hitler's elite BODYGUARDS, the R.S.D., all in black suits.

EXT. EDMUND'S SCOPE VIEW - MOMENTS LATER

Edmund's scope focuses on Hitler, then tracks behind him from one infamous man to the next as he and Bollocks whisper.

EDMUND
Hermann Göring, World War I fighter ace, now their Luftwaffe Commander.

BOLLOCKS
Clip his wings.

EDMUND
Heinrich Himmler, Reichsführer of the S.S. Never saw active service in WW I, studied Agronomy instead.

BOLLOCKS
Plant him six feet under.

EDMUND
Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda, who extolls the extermination of all Jews.

BOLLOCKS
Put a star in his forehead.

EDMUND
Albert Speer, former architect who literally built the Nazi Party from the ground up.

BOLLOCKS
Bring his house down.

EDMUND
Adolf Eichmann, author of their Final Solution and Commander of all ghettos and concentration camps.

BOLLOCKS
Annihilate 'im.

EDMUND

*Karl Dönitz, a former sub-commander
who formed their Wolfpack and is
now Grand Admiral of the Navy.*

(sighs wishful)

*Army, Navy, Air Force, Gestapo --a
veritable sniper's smorgasbord. We
could single-handedly end this big
bad war, old boy.*

SCOPE POV: Edmund's scope-view tracks on Hitler's head.

Bollocks runs down the sniper's universal checklist spotting
through the most expensive binoculars of that time.

BOLLOCKS

*A.A. good. Ballistic Advantage at
400 yards. Ballistic Coefficient is
downhill. Bullet Drop one click up.*

Edmund adjusts the BDC top wheel on his scope accordingly.

BOLLOCKS

*Multiple Target Hold equals Cold
Barrel Zero.*

Edmund adjusts the side wheel on his sight.

BOLLOCKS

No MOA Come-ups. FFP good.

Bollocks goose-necks up to check the wind on the leaves.

BOLLOCKS

*Kentucky Windage left. Tennessee
Elevation at tracking discretion.*

Edmond *chuckles*.

BOLLOCKS

What?

EDMUND

*Quite the colorful Colonial
colloquialisms, American.*

BOLLOCKS

God save the King, Britisher.

EDMUND

Engagement Sequence.

Edmund breathes deep, exhales slow, then squeezes trigger.

BOLLOCKS

What the --? HOLD!

SCOPE POV: Edmund's scope swings to see Heidentaler strolling with a walking-stick to and happily waving at Hitler's party.

EDMUND

What the bloody Hell?

EXT. HITLER'S WALKWAY - IMMEDIATELY

Hitler's Bodyguards rush ahead with weapons drawn aiming at Heidentaler. All parties speak in German.

HEIDENTALER

Can you please direct me to the
Mooslahnerkopf Teehaus, please?

"SS Staff Sergeant ROCHUS MISCH, 27, clean-shaven with short hair, has a high forehead making him look dull-witted. He is Hitler's personal bodyguard from the beginning and will be until the very end." He aims his Luger at Heidentaler.

MISCH

Hands, Up!

Heidentaler throws up both hands acting afraid.

MISCH

Papers!

HEIDENTALER

You are not, robbing me?

Hitler's Henchmen *laugh*.

Heidentaler hands over his I.D. papers. Misch reads them.

HEIDENTALER

Invited by friends to the teahouse
I have heard so much about, but
never been to. I got lost. I'm sure
my friends have left by now.

Misch spins Heidentaler around and pats him down. Satisfied, he spins him back calling him a "fool."

MISCH

You are going the wrong way,
(*toy-shen*, fool)
täuschen!
(points to Hitler)
Don't you know who that is?

HEIDENTALER

A very nice man?

Too much, even Hitler has to join in their *laughing*.

MISCH

Where did you pass our sentries?

HEIDENTALER

You are first, I have come across?

Misch *snaps* his fingers pointing ahead. HALF OF RSD run ahead disappearing down the path. Hitler waves both his hands down.

HITLER

Rochus, Rochus, calm down.

(to Heidentaler)

What do you do?

HEIDENTALER

A humble cobbler, sir.

HITLER

Who repairs boots?

Heidentaler asks Misch for permission with his eyes. Misch rolls his eyes, then nods. Heidentaler drops to a knee and examines Hitler's boots, then *Tch-Tch's*.

HITLER

What?

HEIDENTALER

Whoever made these should be shot.

Hitler smiles turning to Goebbels.

HITLER

You hear, my dear Joseph. I told you that one was a Jew.

Hitler's Henchmen *laugh* on cue whenever Hitler does.

HEIDENTALER

Excuse me sir, but I can build you a new pair by tomorrow. I just need to take measurements.

HITLER

You say you have never been to this most wonderful teahouse? Good, then you shall be my guest. They have wunderbar Apfelkuchen there.

HEIDENTALER

Very kind of you sir. I can trace
your feet there and you can pick
them up tomorrow afternoon.

(clears throat)

May I have your name, please?

Too-too much, even Misch has to now *laugh* with the Others.

HITLER

Call me, Adolph.

Heidentaler steps back wide-eyed. Hitler puts an arm around
his shoulders, then leads him down the path as an old friend.

Heidentaler turns back to Misch shaking his head animated.

MISCH

Why are you shaking your head?

HEIDENTALER

Because I can not believe how fate
is my hunter. Imagine me, having
tea with the greatest German leader
--the world will never know.

They all walk to have tea as best-buds now, except Misch, who
keeps looking back over his shoulder up at the woods.

EXT. SNIPER NEST - MOMENTS LATER

Bollocks pulls down his binoculars.

BOLLOCKS

Heidentaler called it off.

EDMUND

Couldn't. Had to be Command. Damn.

BOLLOCKS

But they're all here?

Edmund goose-necks up watching Hitler disappear.

EDMUND

We can still end this awful fubar!

Edmund re-sights through his rifle-scope. Bollocks reaches
over to cover its Objective Lens with a hand.

BOLLOCKS

Heidentaler will die.

EDMUND

Double Damn.

They clean up their nest leaving no trace and crawl backwards up the hill. Creeping to Heidentaler's shop will take hours. But that's okay, they have lots of adrenaline to burn off.

CAPTION: *July 13, 1944 - "Operation Foxley" is abandoned*

INT. RUSHBROOKE'S ADMIRALTY OFFICE - ONE WEEK LATER

Rushbrooke sits at his desk writing. *Knock* on his door. He finishes writing his thought, puts down pen, then gets a bottle of Brandy from a desk drawer and pours three glasses.

Lighter *knock* at his door. Rushbrooke downs a glass, refills it, then stands straightening his uniform.

RUSHBROOKE

Enter.

Edmund and Bollocks enter. Edmund *stomps* hard and snaps to rigid attention as only a pissed-off British Officer can.

EDMUND

SIR!

Even Bollocks winces.

RUSHBROOKE

Sit, please.

Bollocks sits normal. Edmund sits ram-rod. Rushbrooke hands out two glasses. Bollocks takes one. Edmund refuses second.

EDMUND

I only drink to celebrate, sir.

Rushbrooke offers him the glass again.

RUSHBROOKE

Don't be uncivil --Captain.

Edmund takes it. Rushbrooke sits and offers a toast raising his glass. Bollocks raises his. Edmund barely raises his.

RUSHBROOKE

"Absent friends."

All Three toast, chug, then set their glasses on Rushbrooke's desk. All Three have different silent reactions to liquor's strength, then recover to awkward silence.

RUSHBROOKE

Yes, well. I suppose you both are wondering --?

EDMUND

That would be an understatement.

Rushbrooke gives Edmund a sniper's thousand-yard stare.

BOLLOCKS

They were all there, sir.

RUSHBROOKE

And if you had shot "all" there, you wouldn't all be sitting here now, would you?

EDMUND

We were both prepared to end with The War, sir.

RUSHBROOKE

"Consensus is, Hitler is such a bad military leader, the war will end sooner with him losing it for us."

BOLLOCKS

But they do have some worthy Generals, sir.

RUSHBROOKE

Yes, but thankfully "Adolf Hirnschal" won't let them run it.

EDMUND

Only hindsight will prove you right, Admiral.

This is the first time we see Rushbrooke frustrated as he *slams* a fist on his desk.

RUSHBROOKE

"Wasn't my decision!"

(calms down)

Besides, sets a bad precedent.

(refills their glasses)

Going around popping off each other's leaders.

Bollocks and Edmund reach to take their glasses. All Three raise them high to repeat the well-used British toast.

RUSHBROOKE

To, "Ourselves --."

EDMUND/BOLLOCKS

"For nobody else will concern
themselves with our well-being!"

All Three chug, then *slam* their glasses upside down on desk.

RUSHBROOKE

Right! Good job getting back.

Rushbrooke stands. Edmund and Bollocks spring-up standing.

RUSHBROOKE

Join your Spotters. You'll receive
new orders in the morning. In the
meantime, enjoy your evening off.

Edmund and Bollocks salute, about-face in unison, and exit.

Rushbrooke refills glass, then toasts his door as it closes.

RUSHBROOKE

"For nobody else will."

INT. OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO MARGARET'S FLAT - THAT NIGHT

Bollocks stands outside Margaret's door straightening his
uniform holding a potted-plant with vivid orange seeds. He
knocks. Door opens. Margaret wears a simple dress.

MARGARET

Based on how fast you disappeared
without a word last time, surprised
to get your call at hospital, Yank.

He offers her the orange bouquet. She takes, but holds away.

MARGARET

Stinking Iris?

BOLLOCKS

What?

MARGARET

Its name.

BOLLOCKS

(embarrassed)
I didn't --? I liked its color.
(studies plant)
Does it?

MARGARET

Only when its leaves are crushed.

Bollocks is more embarrassed and tries to take it back, but she steps inside her apartment with it beckoning.

MARGARET

It is the thought that counts, so they say.

BOLLOCKS

"They say" --a lot.

Bollocks enters closing the door.

INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Small efficiency with two twin-size metal-spring beds catty-corner across from a kitchenette. A small round table in the center is set for two.

MARGARET

Roomie was called away. Shame to waste her meal. Better when it's hot. Ever had Yorkshire Pudding?

BOLLOCKS

Dessert? Before dinner?

MARGARET

Corner butcher had a bone with marrow so I was able to make what some might call a beefy juice. Care to sample my cooking?

Bollocks removes his U.S. Army Garrison Cap, folds it under his pant's web-belt, then sits at the table ramrod.

MARGARET

Brave lad.

Margaret puts down the Stinking Iris, then pours gravy over two puffed pastries on two plates, garnishes both with field onions, sets both plates on the table, and goes to sit.

Bollocks springs from his seat to pull out her chair.

MARGARET

My goodness you're fast.

BOLLOCKS

Only with a bullet.

Margaret sits, then Bollocks. He picks up his fork. Margaret bows her head closing her eyes. Bollocks hesitates.

MARGARET

We give thanks in this wee home.
(one eye opens)
Join me?

Bollocks sits up straight putting down his fork. Margaret waits, then her other eye opens. She sits up studying him.

MARGARET

Do you --hate God?

BOLLOCKS

Other way around.

Bollocks stands to leave. Margaret rushes to him.

MARGARET

Please stay, I owe you my life.

BOLLOCKS

No one owes me anything!

Margaret turns Bollocks to take his face in her hands.

MARGARET

Who hurt you so bad?

Bollocks falls back against door like he was shot. Margaret sees his pain and smiles as only an angel of mercy can.

MARGARET

It would be a sin to waste such
good food with so many starving.
(re-sits, beckons)
We don't have to talk.

Bollocks re-sits wary. Margaret bows her head saying a silent prayer, then opens her eyes smiling.

BOLLOCKS

With all the killing and suffering,
you really think your God listens?

MARGARET

Faith is choosing to believe in
something when common sense tells
you not to. What do you believe in?

BOLLOCKS

Accuracy.

Margaret picks up her glass of water. Bollocks picks up his.

BOLLOCKS
What are we toasting?

MARGARET
"Accuracy."

They toast, then begin eating. Bollocks is surprised.

BOLLOCKS
This is actually --quite tasty.

MARGARET
What was your mum's favorite dish?

BOLLOCKS
Wouldn't know.

MARGARET
She didn't cook?

BOLLOCKS
Wouldn't know.

MARGARET
And your father?

BOLLOCKS
Ditto.

Margaret has to reason-out Bollocks's cryptic remarks.

MARGARET
You're --an orphan?

Bollocks put down his fork pushing back his chair.

BOLLOCKS
By the same bullet.

MARGARET
Excuse me?

Both Bollocks fists *smash* onto the table rattling dishes.

BOLLOCKS
There is no excuse!

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. A RUSSIAN FIELD - YEARS AGO

A mass grave has been dug. A German troop-carrier truck pulls off a dirt road to park by the same trench-hole.

A Volkswagen *Kübelwagen* follows parking. TWO GERMAN INFANTRY jump out of backseat with MP-40s aimed at the back of the truck. A THIRD GERMAN INFANTRY jumps out of the truck's back and yanks the truck's flaps open revealing, 20 MEN and WOMEN, Russian peasant couples, in tattered clothes, of all ages.

The Three German Infantry motion with their guns saying, *Out*.

THREE GERMAN INFANTRY

Los, Los!

20 scared Men and Women exit holding onto their partners as Two German Infantry herd them to stand in front of the pit.

RED-FACED WAFFEN-SS OFFICER exits his Volkswagen and comes to the Russian Couples, then politely moves all the Wives to stand in front of their Husbands. He thanks them in Russian.

WAFFEN OFFICER

Spasibo. Spasibo. Spasibo. etc.

Waffen Officer draws his Luger to place its barrel on FIRST WIFE's forehead. His bullet kills her and her HUSBAND behind.

Both Corpses dead-fall back into the trench. Waffen Officer repeats, reloads, and murders Eight Couples who fall back into the hole.

EXT. SAME FIELD FURTHER BACK - SIMULTANEOUS

YOUNG BOLLOCKS, 8, his face covered with mud now streaked by tears, watches petrified as Waffen Officer comes to the last remaining Couple. The WIFE looks towards Bollocks and smiles.

German Officer's Luger fires *exploding* the back of her head into her HUSBAND's. Their Corpses dead-fall into the trench.

Young Bollocks goes to scream, but a mud-covered HAND reaches from behind to cover his mouth whispering in Russian.

FACELESS HAND

*Tol'ko zhivyye mogut otomstit' za
svoikh mertvetsov.*

TRANSLATION UNDER: *Only the living, can avenge their dead.*

TURNING POINT: Young Bollocks sorrowful stare becomes the remorseless glare that will forever shape his future's view.

RETURN TO.

INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - PRESENT NIGHT

Young Bollocks dirty face MORPHS into that of Adult Bollocks unshaven face with exact same lifeless doll's eyes.

BOLLOCKS

"The Germans stood wives in front
of husbands to save ammunition."

Bollocks goes to the door. Margaret rushes to stop him.

MARGARET

What's it like?

BOLLOCKS

You don't want to know.

MARGARET

I meant, being a sniper?

BOLLOCKS

Thought we didn't have to talk?

MARGARET

We don't.

Margaret kisses his cheek. Bollocks doesn't respond. She kisses his lips sexy. He steps back. Margaret leads him by the hand like a little boy to re-sit at the table. Both do.

MARGARET

Care to hear about my day?

Bollocks shrugs. Margaret begins speaking, but he doesn't listen. He's too busy doing the two things he lets himself enjoy; eating, and studying his objective. He smiles at both.

EXT. U.S. BIVOUAC CAMP IN ENGLAND - WEEKS LATER

One of the many temporary D-Day staging areas near Brighton's seafront two hours from London. U.S. Army Corps of ENGINEERS are taking down large tents and packing them onto trucks.

INT. ARMY TENT IN BRIGHTON - MOMENTS LATER

A standard officer's 6' x 6' canvas tent has one cot.

Bollock's *Garand M1-C* with M-81 scope is broken down and oiled on a wooden crate covered by an oil-stained sheet.

Willy enters the tent and *double-stomps* hard to attention.

BOLLOCKS

No wonder Brits have flat feet.

WILLY

Better than American fat feet.

Bollocks looks down at his boots. His dark brown pants are tucked-in with canvas covers over his laces to keep dirt out. What he wears and how he wears it is for crawling undetected.

WILLY

Why do you constantly insist on oiling your best friend daily?

BOLLOCKS

If you still have to ask.

WILLY

Ahhh. And when could you be so kind as to accompany me to the Commander's tent? I believe we are finally getting a new assignment.

BOLLOCKS

Not yet.

WILLY

Now see here my good chap, don't you think you carry your lone wolf image a bit too far at times?

Bollocks scrutinizes each part of his rifle like a jeweler.

BOLLOCKS

Not, yet.

WILLY

Then kindly tell me then, when the rest of us can expect your company?

BOLLOCKS

Time.

Willy reflex-looks at his *Army Trade Pattern* wristwatch.

Bollocks closes his eyes and rebuilds his M-1 with amazing speed. He lays down his finished weapon and opens his eyes.

BOLLOCKS

Time?

Willy looks at his watch again, double-takes, then shakes his head and holds open the tent's flap.

WILLY

Shall we --Ace?

Bollocks locks in an eight-round clip making sure not to get *M1-thumb*, then stands and slings his rifle over a shoulder.

WILLY

Expect you sleep with it, too.

Bollocks *curse-mutters* exiting. Willy exits behind him.

WILLY

*Only thing you will sleep with.***EXT. BRIGHTEN COMMANDER'S TENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Large Pyramid Tent guarded by TWO POLISH SOLDIERS in full length green wool coats who stand ramrod straight outside it wearing WZ-31 round helmets while holding *Poln-98* rifles.

Willy and Bollocks approach, then look at each other.

BOLLOCKS

We still in England?

WILLY

Were when we left.

(biv-aye, welcome)

Bywaj.

Two Polish Soldiers each slide their inside boots over to touch the other's as their rifles now cross barring entry.

WILLY

Or not?

Inside tent, their Commander yells in Polish "Pass in peace."

SOSNKOWSKI (O.S.)

(sage spoi-koi-uu)

Przejdź w spokoju!

The Two Polish Soldiers slide back to rigid attention.

WILLY

(jink-uu-eh, thank you)

Dziękuję, kolegas.

*(aside to Bollocks)**But can they fight?*

Two Polish Soldiers girder answering in thick-accent English.

ONE POLISH SOLDIER
Most welcome to test.

TWO POLISH SOLDIER
Yes, most welcome. P-l-e-a-s-e.

Bollocks *snort-chuckles* as Willy holds up both hands as a non-threat, then he follows Bollocks into the tent.

INT. BRITISH COMMAND TENT - CONTINUOUS

Large high-roof square tent with maps on stands and a long folding table having other maps laid out. Four wooden folding chairs sit around a small low folding table holding a brandy snifter and crystal glasses on a silver tray. A large burning cigar smolders in its hand-stamped copper ashtray.

Bollocks and Willy enter, then snap to attention holding surprised perfect salutes.

The British gentleman, 70, wearing a naval uniform with battle ribbons, picks up the smoldering cigar to puff on it.

CAPTION UNDER: WINSTON CHURCHILL, *British Prime Minister*

U.S. Army Air Forces General who resembles General Dwight D. Eisenhower, stands erect at 6', 185 lbs, in dress uniform with battle ribbons.

CAPTION UNDER: HENRY 'HAP' ARNOLD, *U.S. Air Force Commander*

Polish Home Army Brigade General, 59, thin with white hair as short as Bollocks with just-beginning jowls, stares cold. His four-point Polish officer's cap makes him look like a true taskmaster. His uniform has three Polish cross-medals.

CAPTION UNDER: GENERAL KAZIMIERZ SOSNKOWSKI, *Polish Commander*

FADE CAPTION: *brilliant strategist, speaks seven languages*

Rushbrooke, now in his British Navy dress uniform, stands with "The Three Leaders" talking. They finish. All Four sit.

Only Rushbrooke returns their salute so Willy and Bollocks can finally come to a sharp *Parade Rest*.

RUSHBROOKE
Gentlemen, are you familiar with
the "British Operation Warsaw
Airlift?"

Willy *stomps* a boot.

WILLY

Sir! It is our low-level air-drop
to shore up the Polish Home Army.

HAP ARNOLD

(to Bollocks)

Sergeant, what do you know of our
"Operation Frantic?"

BOLLOCKS

Sir?

CHURCHILL

Precisely! Your "President has
ignored my repeated pleas for
support of our gallant Polish
comrades!" Stalin's Red Devil Army
stopped their advance in order to
let the German army crush their
Polish rebellion.

(to General Arnold)

Which your Commander-in-Chief could
subvert if he wished!

HAP ARNOLD

Sir, you are "close to flying two
hundred sorties over Warsaw without
Soviet Air Clearance. Whereas the
U.S., has just obtained it."

CHURCHILL

"For one drop only!"

Sosnkowski *clicks* his heels to Willy and Bollocks.

SOSNKOWSKI

Without help, we can not win.
With help from you, we can win.

Willy and Bollocks come to ram-rod attention with chests out.

RUSHBROOKE

Gentlemen, Allied Command would
like you to train Polish snipers.

CHURCHILL

To do what Russian snipers did to
those nasty Germans in Stalingrad.

BOLLOCKS

When, sir?

Sosnkowski answers *Yuu-kra* (tomorrow) in Polish.

SOSNKOWSKI

Jutro.

Willy and Bollocks side-glance as their stance wavers.

WILLY

Tomorrow --sir?

HAP ARNOLD

Your flight leaves tonight.

Churchill *puffs* his cigar angry to General Arnold.

CHURCHILL

Your only flight.

BOLLOCKS

Armament, sir?

RUSHBROOKE

We were able to liberate thirty
Mosin-Nagant M91-30's. That way,
your Polish snipers can resupply
from recovered Russian stockpiles.

BOLLOCKS

Which may or may not be recovered.
(to Sosnkowski)
Sir, how many marksmen can you
provide for training?

SOSNKOWSKI

As many as can be spared.

WILLY

Afraid that's not good enough, sir.
We don't have time to teach basic
skills, only refine honed ones. One
sniper team, can kill one hundred.

BOLLOCKS

(cough-whispers to Willy)
Twenty Springfields.

HAP ARNOLD

What?! And add a "sir" onto the end
of that, mister!

WILLY

We need twenty Springfields with a
thousand rounds each --Sir!
(to Churchill)
And ten Enfields, sir. With half
that ammunition amount, of course.

CHURCHILL
(nods chewing on cigar)
"Of course."

Bollocks and Willy wheel to Arnold looking over his head.

BOLLOCKS
And fifty Thompsons with five
thousand rounds each --.

WILLY/BOLLOCKS
(both *stomp* a boot)
Sir!

General Arnold is beside himself. Churchill *puffs* smiling.

CHURCHILL
Then you'll do it?

Willy and Bollocks both answer in Polish, "*To Poland.*"

WILLY/BOLLOCKS
Za Polskę!

Sosnkowski jumps up yelling "*Hoe-deetch*" in Polish, *Enter!*

SOSNKOWSKI
Wchodzić!

The Two Polish Soldiers enter and *stomp* to attention.

Sosnkowski motions to the Brandy saying "*Vlatch*", *Pour.*

SOSNKOWSKI
Wlać.

Two Polish Soldiers fill table's four glasses with Brandy.

SOSNKOWSKI
Wlać, wlać!

Two Polish soldiers now fill an additional four glasses, then hand all eight glasses out.

Churchill offers a toast with two fingers correctly splayed.

CHURCHILL
V for Victory, gentlemen.

ALL Eight toast, with the Three Poles saying "w" for "v."

ALL EIGHT
Victory!

All Eight chug their drinks, then the Two Polish soldiers look around for a fireplace to throw their glasses in.

Sosnkowski throws his on the ground, then *stomps* on it. Two Polish Soldiers do the same. Willy and Bollocks follow suit.

Churchill throws his on the ground, then head-motions to Willy who *stomps* on it.

CHURCHILL

Jolly good.

Rushbrooke looks to General Arnold, then both do the same.

RUSHBROOKE

Damn fine waste of crystal.

HAP ARNOLD

*Let's hope, it's not a waste, of
damn fine men.*

Churchill shakes hands congratulating Willy, then Bollocks.

CHURCHILL

Jolly --good.

EXT. WARSAW, POLAND - WEEKS LATER

"Thirty-five percent of the city is in rubble." Smoke rises throughout it as German artillery *flashes* in the distance.

CAPTION: *September 1, 1944 - 30 days into The Warsaw Uprising*

50 POLISH SNIPERS, each in rag-tag Polish uniforms, holding either a *Springfield* M1903-A4, a British *WW-I* P1914 Mk1T, or a Soviet *Mosin-Nagant* M91/30, all with scopes, stand with their 50 POLISH SPOTTERS having cartridge belts crisscrossing their chests, and Thompson sub-machine guns strapped to their backs. Only the 50 Polish Spotters wear binoculars.

Willy gives a cut-throat gesture yelling in Polish, *Kill!*

WILLY

(*zah-beetch*)

Zabić!

The One Hundred Poles pair-up into 50 Sniper Teams and fan out through the war-torn city repeating the fearsome war cry.

POLISH SNIPERS (O.S.)

Zabić, Zabić, Zabić!

Bollocks steps out of the shadows now wearing his own-design leather harness that allows him to swing-change from rifle to machine-gun. Both are slung across his back. The British silenced-pistol *Welrod* is holstered on one thigh.

WILLY

How many?

BOLLOCKS

Half.

WILLY

Damn fine waste of ...

Bollocks recognizes the M1903-A4 sonic *scream* a millisecond before its round blasts a hole through Willy's chest who deadfalls backwards literally never knowing what hit him.

Bollocks dives behind rubble as a second round *hits* nearby.

INT. WARSAW BUILDING RUINS - IMMEDIATELY

Second floor of a bombed-out home. Furnishings, wallpaper, and paintings are undamaged on its far wall.

TRAITOR SNIPER, one of the One Hundred Poles, lies on the floor aiming his *Springfield* rifle out the missing wall.

Beside him lies his dead SPOTTER with a knife in his back.

TRAITOR searches through his scope, then curses in German.

TRAITOR

Scheise.

Traitor stands with his rifle, pulls his knife out of Spotter to wipe off on him, re-sheaths, then exits out bent-running.

EXT. WARSAW RUINS - MOMENTS LATER

Traitor sprints through city's debris and carnage running towards the sound of German artillery *explosions*.

Bollocks steps out ahead of him shoulder-aiming his rifle.

Traitor freezes losing all Polish pretense to now speak English with a German accent.

TRAITOR

Vee are the same, you and I.

Bollocks walks towards Traitor aiming-ordering in German.

BOLLOCKS
(*in-vaf-nin*, disarm)
Entwaffnen!

Traitor drops his rifle, machine-gun, and pistol, then pulls out his *Polish Paratrooper F-S* knife to also drop.

BOLLOCKS
Nein.

TRAITOR
Vee are professionals, ya?

Bollocks props his rifle against a rubble wall, hangs his machine-gun on it, then pulls out his *Fairbairn-Sykes* blade.

BOLLOCKS
This, is as personal, as it gets.

The two warriors circle each other looking for an opening.

KNIFE FIGHT: Traitor is good and gets in some slashes, but Bollocks is better and gets in multiple stabs.

TRAITOR
You vill die, and for vhat?

BOLLOCKS
You -- "vill" never know.

Traitor stabs forward, Bollocks traps his wrist in an X-block while throwing Traitor over a hip to the ground. Bollocks keeps control of Traitor's knife-wrist with one hand as he stabs his own knife hilt-deep into Traitor's shoulder.

TRAITOR
You are *güt*.

BOLLOCKS
No. I am bad, very bad.

Bollocks stabs Traitor in his other shoulder with Traitor's own knife.

BOLLOCKS
How many?

Traitor smiles evil. Bollocks pulls out his boot-knife to stab it into Traitor's thigh.

BOLLOCKS
Bet you have one too, Fritz.

Bollocks searches to pull a knife out of Traitor's boot.

BOLLOCKS

How, many?

No response. Bollocks stabs this knife into Traitor's good thigh. Still no response. Bollocks sits on Traitor's knife-thighs while twisting both shoulder-knives. Traitor *moans*.

TRAITOR

One.

BOLLOCKS

Who?!

No response. Bollocks twists both shoulder knives more.

TRAITOR

Günter.

BOLLOCKS

Polish!

TRAITOR

("r" is trilled)

Cezary!

BOLLOCKS

Caesar? How appropriate.

(eyes squint beyond evil)

Et tu, butthead?

Bollocks locks both hands around Traitor's throat squeezing. Their eyes stare into each other's as Traitor fights for his right to life kicking and punching. Traitor manages to pull a knife out of his shoulder and stab Bollocks in his side. Bollocks eyes go to slits as he digs his thumbs in. Traitor's eyes go wide, then blank. Bollocks gives one last throttle, then throws his head back. His mouth opens to the heavens.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF WAR TORN WARSAW - IMMEDIATELY

Above all the shrieking shells, explosions, death screams, gun fire, and war-cries, Bollocks echoing blood-curdling yell is so primordial from years of pent-up anger and sorrow, that for just a moment, both sides appear to cease-fire in awe.

BOLLOCKS (ECHOING)

Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeeeeeee --!

EXT. ANOTHER WARSAW ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

ROOF POLISH SNIPER is lying aiming down through a crack in its siding.

His ROOF SPOTTER crawls backwards silent, then gets up on both knees and pulls out his boot knife. He raises it high for a spinal kill.

A 30.06 bullet takes Roof Spotter's knife-hand off at the wrist spinning him 90° to the source of the shot. A second round enters his forehead *exploding* the back of his head out.

EXT. DIFFERENT WARSAW ROOFTOP - IMMEDIATELY

Bollocks lies aiming through his scope several buildings away. Bollocks talks to his dead target.

BOLLOCKS

Wanted you --to see it coming.

EXT. STREETS OF WARSAW - MOMENTS LATER

BOLLOCKS BERSERK MONTAGE: Bollocks cuts the leather cheek-pad off his Garand's stock and stuffs it in a pocket so he can shoulder-aim while running. He charges full speed MANY GERMAN SOLDIERS going only for head-shots. When his rifle's *ping* indicates its clip has ejected empty, he swings his Thompson up and fires while picking up German potato-masher grenades from His Dead to throw them. When his Thompson clicks empty, he picks up fallen German MP-40s firing until their clips are empty. Bollocks then picks up fallen Russian PSH-41s firing two-handed. He is crazed, but not crazy, and stays in the shadows while crouch-running making it hard to see him. His targets barely have time to comprehend, let alone raise their own weapons, before his murderous spree is upon them.

EXT. ROOFTOPS OF WARSAW - CONTINUOUS

The Poles have seen extreme combat fighting, but never mad-dog mean like this. Their rabid cheers can be heard *echoing* throughout the city followed by their own rifle *shots*.

POLISH SNIPERS (O.S.)

Zabić! ...Zabić! ...Zabić! etc!

EXT. AERIAL OF CITY OF WARSAW - THAT NIGHT

Fires burn throughout making it look demonic. Behind their own Lines, Germans have made camp for the night.

INT. WARSAW BUILDING BEHIND GERMAN LINES - MOMENTS LATER

GERMAN SQUAD sits around a campfire in a bombed-out building.

Waffen-SS General, 48, short black hair, enters wearing a black SS-uniform. He has "a high forehead with receding hairline that makes his bushy black eyebrows give him a Cro-Magnon look." His small thin lips intensive his straight-line expressionless sickly-smile.

CAPTION UNDER: *General KARL HEINRICH WILHELM KOPPE, Commander of all Warsaw German troops and Concentration Camps in Poland*

FADE CAPTION: *using mobile gas chambers and public executions*

KOPPE
Eev-ning, gentle-men.

German Squad snaps to attention. Koppe waves them off.

KOPPE
Güt, hunt-ting?

German Squad nods smiling.

Bollocks yells from the shadows in German, *Don't shoot.*

BOLLOCKS (O.S.)
Nicht schiesen, Nicht schiesen!

German Squad jumps in front of Koppe with rifles aimed.

KOPPE
Identifizieren!

Bollocks steps into their fire's light now wearing the German Polish-Spotter's bloody uniform with no visible weapons.

Koppe steps through his German Squad and points to Bollocks uniform's blood stains. Bollocks fake-smiles saying, *Polish.*

BOLLOCKS
Polin.

German Squad relaxes *laughing* and re-sits.

KOPPE
Namë?

Bollocks sits on what's left of a wall and bends over to adjust his boot.

BOLLOCKS
Caësar.

Koppe *snaps* his fingers. German Squad jumps back up re-aiming their rifles at Bollocks.

KOPPE

Passwort?

Bollocks sits up smiling giving the "cut-throat" hand-sign.

BOLLOCKS

Töt.

(changes to English)

Which means da same in American
jargon, ya? He is --toast.

Koppe tilts his head holding up two fingers.

BOLLOCKS

Shot one, strangled two. Which
means three things, you speak
English, you sent them, and --

Koppe finger-motions for his German Squad to take careful aim
as he steps behind them saying in German, "Third?"

KOPPE

Dritte?

Bollocks eyes burn red. He moves his boot to the unmistakable
ping of an American Mk-2 grenade's arming-handle jettisoning.
Bollocks boot-heel kicks it towards the Germans while
somersaulting backwards over his wall.

Grenade's explosion sends dirt, stone, fire-embers, shrapnel,
and German body parts flying. Dirt and smoke fog the area.

EXT. BESIDE WILLY'S CORPSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Warsaw's orange-hue fires show Bollocks changed back into his
American uniform now with multiple tears and blood-stains
nicked by many German bullets and bayonets.

Bollocks kneels silent in prayer with his head bowed beside
Willy's lifeless body, then reaches into Willy's blood-soaked
breast pocket and pulls out a small metal object to hold up.

Firelight flickers on a single shiny 7.65 Parabellum bullet.

BOLLOCKS

You always said you wanted to send
this --special delivery.

Bollocks puts the round in his own breast pocket and pats it.

BOLLOCKS

Don't worry old friend, you will.

Bollocks touches two fingers to his lips, then same two to Willy's lips. In Russian he says "Good night, sweet prince."

BOLLOCKS

"Spokoynoy nochi, milyy prints."

Bollocks puts on Willy's brown scarf continuing in English.

BOLLOCKS

"And flights of angels sing thee to
thy rest." --Time to go ...

Bollocks clutches his chest hyperventilating in intense pain having a *Panic Attack* tsunami. Years of detachment retake control and his breathing slows. His eyes well up with tears.

BOLLOCKS

Home.

Bollocks stands cradling Willy in his arms, then walks into the cascading shadows.

WILLY (V.O.)

"Koppe survived the assassination
attempt, and a month later crushed
The Polish Warsaw Rebellion."

EXT. U.S. FIELD HEADQUARTERS, VOSGES MOUNTAINS - DAYS LATER

U.S. SOLDIERS, all Caucasian of all ages, in dirty uniforms, move about with purpose around its large Command Tent.

INT. SAME COMMAND TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Boyishly handsome Japanese-descent 20-year-old, sniper flash above his red, blue, and white stripe shoulder patch saying "442nd" emblem with motto below, "*Go For Broke*" enters and comes to text-book attention holding a perfect salute.

CAPTION UNDER: *Daniel Ken Inouye, Platoon Sergeant*

Standing behind a wooden folding table looking at maps is GENERAL DAHLQUIST, 49, who has "a high flat forehead with a boxer's nose and wears two stars" on his Army helmet.

CAPTION UNDER: *Major General John Ernest Dahlquist*

FADE CAPTION: *"known for his poor tactical decisions"*

DAHLQUIST

"275 men of the 1st Battalion, have been surrounded by German forces for five days. The 2nd and 3rd Battalions have failed to rescue. Their fellow Texans are referred to now as, *The Lost Battalion*."

INOUE

The 442nd will find them, sir!

DAHLQUIST

Your all Japanese-American infantry unit from U.S. Detention Camps is the "most highly decorated unit in Army history." What motivates your men to fight so fierce?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SMALL RAIL STATION ON HONOLULU - TWO YEARS EARLIER

Baby-faced Corporal Inouye, in uniform, with *U.S. Army* duffle bag slung over one shoulder stands beside his father, HYOTARO INOUE, in a worn black suit. Both stare ahead waiting for the incoming train. Young Inouye *clears* his throat.

INOUE

"Father, thank you for settling our family in Hawaii. I have heard stories from the others how their parents are so poorly treated in the camps stateside. When visiting, they can not hug or shake hands, and remain separated by fencing."

HYOTARO

"We are too many on this island. Without us, all would cease."

Both continue to stare ahead in silence as the train arrives. It's steam envelopes them. Hyotaro *clears* his throat.

HYOTARO

"We all love this country. Whatever you do, do not dishonor it. Remember, never dishonor your family. And if you must give your life, do so with honor."

INOUE

"Yes, sir. Good-bye."

Inouye steps up to board the train, but his shirt is pulled from behind. He turns. Hyotaro hands him two silver dollars.

HYOTARO

"Good, luck."

Inouye bows, then puts both coins in his shirt's pocket and boards without looking back.

Hyotaro stands stoic as his son's train pulls out. A single tear rolls down one cheek.

RETURN TO.

EXT. VOSGES MOUNTAINS - PRESENT DAY

Lush forests grow on rolling piedmonts of rocks and grass.

CAPTION: *October 25, 1944 - Eastern France*

Inouye is leading an attack to free *The Lost Battalion* when a "German OFFICER rises in front of him to fire his Luger point blank into Inouye's chest." As Inouye falls back, a 30.06 round *fires* to sever the German Officer's head from his neck.

The German Officer's SEVEN GERMAN SOLDIERS now rise from concealment to aim at Inouye's MEN. Seven seconds and seven 30.06 rounds later, they too are permanently separated from their thoughts. An M-1's ejector *ping* echoes far behind all.

Inouye's Men continue with their charge showing no reaction to Inouye's death, then no mercy to LIVING GERMAN SOLDIERS.

A Japanese-American MEDIC kneels over Inouye saying a silent prayer. Inouye's eyes snap open as he *gasps* for breath. Medic is shocked, then pats Inouye around his smoking bullet-hole looking for injuries. He stops confused, then "removes Hyotaro's two silver dollars from Inouye's shirt pocket. They are back-to-back and both dented by the same bullet."

"Inouye snatches both coins away from Medic and stands to put them back in their pocket." He gets his footing, turns around, salute-waves up to Bollocks's high hill behind, then runs after His Men *firing* his Thompson. (*all true*)

Medic stares at the same hill, then hears a faint delayed echo. It is the Japanese sports cheer, "Go for it."

BOLLOCKS (O.S.)

Ganbatte!

INOUYE (V.O.)

"The 442nd suffered over 800 casualties, but rescued 211 survivors of The Lost Battalion."

INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - WEEKS LATER

Margaret and Bollocks sleep naked under their twin bed's covers with the lights off, their arms around each other.

Front doorknob turns being fiddled with, then door opens.

A silhouette tip-toes in shoeless until it is grabbed from behind in a choke-hold. Silhouette drops its shoes and struggles *kicking* the end table over with the Stinking Iris.

Margaret quick-lights an oil lamp and turns up its wick.

Bollocks stands nude strangling from behind Margaret's ROOMMATE, late 20s, African-American, wearing a U.S. Red Cross all-white uniform with blue cape lined-in-red having the U.S. Red Cross insignia on her cape's back.

MARGARET

TOM!

Bollocks steps back still in a sleep-trance. His wounds cicatrization scars look more like ritual scarification.

Margaret's Roommate runs into a corner holding her throat *coughing*, then begins crying. Margaret goes to console her.

Bollocks steps forward crushing the Iris leaves, then steps back. He's confused, composes, then gathers the rest of his neatly folded uniform and dresses while going to the door.

Margaret makes sure her Roommate is okay, then runs to him and throws her arms around his waist hugging from behind.

MARGARET

Can't you let go of the killing,
even for a moment?

Bollocks pats Willy's small lump in his breast pocket.

BOLLOCKS

I can't let go, ever, of the dying.
It's how I hold on to, the living.

MARGARET

When will it stop?

BOLLOCKS

Not until they're all dead.

MARGARET

Who?

Bollocks turns with "good-bye" eyes and kisses her forehead.

BOLLOCKS

That --is my problem.

Bollocks exits closing the door.

Margaret falls to her knees. Her Roommate comes to console her as both hug crying while fanning the foul-smelling air.

ROOMMATE (V.O.)

"500 African-American nurses held commissions compared to 59,000 Caucasian nurses. We were only allowed to treat African-American servicemen and German P.O.W.s."

INT. RUSHBROOKE'S ADMIRALTY OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Rushbrooke now has "four rotary phones on a slim side-table 90° to his desk." Knock on his door.

RUSHBROOKE

Enter.

Bollocks enters wearing a new crisp American Ranger uniform.

RUSHBROOKE

Sorry for your loss.

BOLLOCKS

Not as sorry as they'll be, sir.

Rushbrooke hand-motions for Bollocks to sit who does not.

BOLLOCKS

Prefer to stand, sir.

RUSHBROOKE

Always on the offense, eh?

BOLLOCKS

Best defense, sir.

RUSHBROOKE

Yes, well, we have a new spotter for you.

BOLLOCKS

No thank you, sir.

RUSHBROOKE

But all Sniper Teams act in pairs?

BOLLOCKS

No, thank you --sir.

RUSHBROOKE

Afraid that's not your option.

If the Devil's cartel spawns snipers, Bollocks is their commander-in-chief. Bollocks leans forward glaring.

RUSHBROOKE

Why should I grant you such an exception?

BOLLOCKS

Because there are places only a single soldier can go, sir. You asked I be loaned to your British Special Operations Branch. Now, is my time --alone.

RUSHBROOKE

C.S. decoded a German communique, and the War Office agrees, that German High Command might be planning one final offensive. The question is, where?

Rushbrooke motions Bollocks over to his mantel-map and taps his pen on the country of Belgium. Bollocks looks away from the map. Their words and drawings confuse him.

RUSHBROOKE

"Intelligence suggests it might be in the Ardennes area."

BOLLOCKS

"Capturing Bostogne would split the Allied forces supply lines."

RUSHBROOKE

And stop our drive to Berlin. Exactly. And if you can discern that, then Hitler's Generals can.

BOLLOCKS

Yes sir, which is why I've been studying that area by plane.

RUSHBROOKE

Remarkable. Because --?

BOLLOCKS

Scuttlebutt is, "the Germans have recruited their English speaking commandos into a covert unit, probably for insertion behind our Lines." A single American sniper might be able to track them, sir.

RUSHBROOKE

Exactly what the Admiralty thought. And since our regular snipers only work in pairs, the only way to get around our own rules, are to bend them. Something I believe you're already quite familiar with --.

Rushbrooke smiles and extends a hand. They shake.

RUSHBROOKE

Lieutenant Commander Temkin.
(tilts head)
Your last name is of Russian origin, yes?

No response. Rushbrooke brings out his earlier bottle, now almost empty, and fills two glasses.

RUSHBROOKE

Been saving this for a last hurrah.

BOLLOCKS

Enough for a third glass, sir?

Rushbrooke nods and empties his bottle into a third glass.

RUSHBROOKE

(holds his glass up)
"To fallen comrades --."

BOLLOCKS

(raises his higher)
"Remember them always."

Both chug their drinks, then Rushbrooke empties the third glass into both of theirs, and raises his for another toast.

RUSHBROOKE

To Willy.

BOLLOCKS

I will --remember him "always."

Both chug their drinks, then turn their glasses upside down on the desk. Rushbrooke recovers *choking* on his alcohol.

RUSHBROOKE

Of course, you do understand, the British Officer Corps can't have one of its own running around being called a ball's sack. Now can we?

Bollocks turns the third glass upside down on the desk.

BOLLOCKS

Ghost.

Bollocks new codename is now, GHOST.

RUSHBROOKE

I say, good show. --Ghost.

Rushbrooke turns back to his map. Ghost looks away.

EXT. ARDENNES FOREST, BELGIUM - DAYS LATER

Snow and frigid temperatures take their toll as soldiers from both sides lie dead "frozen in grotesque and often absurd positions." This is warfare at its basest, hand-to-hand.

EXT. TOWN OF BASTOGNE, BELGIUM AT NIGHT - WEEKS LATER

The Town of Bastogne has large open farmland and is known for its transportation rivers. Its rolling hills give way to dense forests impenetrable by heavy vehicles and tanks.

CAPTION: *December 25, 1944 - Battle of the Bulge*

FADE CAPTION: *two weeks into The Siege of Bastogne*

American General, Caucasian-pale, 46, short hair and short in stature, wears a brown leather bomber-jacket with a shoulder patch saying, "*Screaming Eagles*." He jumps in a foxhole.

CAPTION UNDER: *Brigadier General Anthony C. McAuliff, Acting Commander of the 101st Airborne*

FOXHOLE AIRBORNE stomps both feet on his hole's frozen sides.

FOXHOLE AIRBORNE

Whatcha' tell 'em, General?

Throughout the frozen forest floor is heard the *thumping* of other Airborne stomping their boots inside their foxholes.

MCAULIFFE

Our "101st Airborne are exhausted,
freezing, and without hot food for
three weeks, outnumbered 5 to 1."
What do you think I told the S.O.B?

The hourly German artillery barrage *screams* in overhead.

MCAULIFFE

Merry F'n Christmas!

Night turns into day as trees *explode* like giant fireworks.

INT. GERMAN COMMAND TENT - LATER SAME DAY

Communications and Headquarters of surrounding German army.

German General, 48, "very short hair, wears a thick monocle that makes its one eye look cross-eyed." He sits in a black tank-commander's uniform *drumming* fingers on a table. His black leather tank-commander's jacket is hung over his lap.

CAPTION UNDER: General HEINRICH VON LÜTTWITZ, Commander of the 47th German Panzer Corps

A German LIEUTENANT, in black *SS Communications Officer* uniform, hurries in with a piece of paper and very nervous.

VON LUTTWITZ

Vhat does his single vord mean?

Lieutenant unfolds his piece of paper as both hands shake.

LIEUTENANT

"After intensive analyzation and
interrogation of prisoners --."

Lieutenant fades off wishing he were somewhere else.

Lüttwitz yanks the paper out of Lieutenant's hands, reads it, looks up, looks down reading it again, then looks up again.

The Lieutenant loosens his high collar nervous.

LIEUTENANT

Ya. "Nuts" mean --Fick Du.

Several American cannon shells *explode* outside.

LIEUTENANT

Their artillerie is closer? How?!

Von Luttwitzthat puts on his leather jacket nonchalant.

VON LUTTWITZ THAT
Idiot, that is Patton's tanks.

Lüttwitz exits followed by the Lieutenant to sound of more exploding American tank-shells.

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)
"Hitler publicly disgraced Lüttwitz
at the 1936 Berlin Olympics for not
winning his event to offset African-
American Jesse Owens win."

MCAULIFFE (V.O.)
Thanks to my single-word response,
Lüttwitz did finally win --infamy.

EXT. LIEGE/BOSTOGNE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

M-4 Sherman tank platoon with painted unit number "761st" and under that, "*Come Out Fighting*," rumbles up the frozen road surrounded on both sides by iced ditches. Sand bags are tied around all tanks sides to absorb incoming kinetic energy.

Lead tank's hatch opens. Its "Commander, African-American and part Cherokee, tall and lanky with fierce eyes" stands out.

CAPTION UNDER: *Staff Sergeant Ruben Rivers, 23*

Laying in the frozen ditches hunkered down from the German machine guns are the just arrived new 17th Airborne Rangers.

DITCH AIRBORNE, with an "*Eagle Talon*" shoulder patch, stares at Rivers. His mouth falls open with a Southern accent.

DITCH AIRBORNE
"Where in the Hell are those
niggers goin' with those tanks?"

A U.S. Army Major General, "Caucasian, 49, short hair with receding hairline to the top of his head," with same shoulder patch, lies ahead of Ditch Airborne and yells back to him.

GENERAL RIDGWAY
"I'd prefer to have five tanks from
the 761st, to fifty from any other
armored unit!"

CAPTION UNDER: *Major General MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY, 82nd
Airborne Commander at Normandy*

FADE CAPTION: *Commander of newly formed 17th Airborne Rangers*

EXT. LIEGE-BOSTOGNE ROADBLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

German machine-guns and mortars *fire* far behind the road's blockade of fallen trees laid with German mines.

With German machine-gun fire *ricocheting* off his tank, Rivers jumps out to grab a cable coiled on the front of his tank and runs to loop it around the blockade of trees.

His Four-man CREW inside their tank give him covering fire. Bow Gunner and Driver *fire* their .30 caliber Browning machine-guns as the Cannon Gunner *fires* his own interior .30 caliber.

Rivers runs back to hook the cable onto his tank's front tow-ring, then climbs in closing his top hatch. His tank backs up swinging the blockade-trees out of the way which *blow up* the road-mines. Rivers tank leads his other 761st tanks forward.

EXT. LIEGE-BOSTOGNE ROAD DITCHES - IMMEDIATELY

General Ridgeway sees the road is now clear and looks back at Ditch Airborne while pointing to Rivers.

GENERAL RIDGWAY

Say, Thank You!

Before any response, General Ridgeway jumps up to run forward *firing* his Thompson machine-gun yelling the 17th's new motto.

GENERAL RIDGWAY

"Thunder From Heaven!"

His 17th Airborne Rangers follow *firing* and *screaming*.

761st vehicles fan out into the fields. "52 Sherman Tanks, 17 Stuart tanks, 35 Rocket Launcher Tanks, 13 M3-halftracks with Anti-Tank Launchers, 5 M3-halftracks with 81-mm mortars, 3 M3-Ambulance halftracks, and one M3-Ammunition halftrack."

Their 761st 3/4-ton Command Vehicle pulls up on a hill. Its African-American COMMUNICATIONS SPECIALIST jumps out to lay signal flags marking their front line for Allied air cover.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF BATTLEFIELD - SIMULTANEOUS

Two brand new shiny stainless-steel U.S. Army Air-Corps P-51 *Type-D Mustangs* with six wing-rockets each, are flying over.

JOY (V.O.)

The "Air Transport Auxiliary
shuttled planes to Front Line
pilots. It was composed of 650
civilian pilots from 22 countries."

ANNE (V.O.)

Of those pilots from Britain, "168
were women."

INT. LEAD MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Pilot has long blonde curls sticking out all around the edges
of her brown-leather flying helmet.

CAPTION UNDER: *Joyce "Joy" Gough, 21, a former bank cashier*

FADE CAPTION: *qualified on 38 different types of aircraft*

Joy pulls her flying-goggles up with one hand to her helmet's
forehead. She has piercing blue eyes. She looks down and out
her canopy's side, then keys her radio with a British accent.

JOY

Awfully considerate to set out
arrows. Don't you think, Anne?

INT. WING MUSTANG - IMMEDIATELY

Its pilot raises her goggles. She has brown eyes and looks
down and out her canopy's side. Her brunette hair peeks out
around her leather helmet. She speaks British ever politely.

CAPTION UNDER: *Annette Mahon, 25, a former C.P.A.*

FADE CAPTION: *nick-named "Queen Barracuda" for flying the
cumbersome three-man Fairey Barracuda bomber --alone*

ANNE

Too bad we're forbidden combat.
Think those Americans below know?

JOY (FILTERED)

How could they? We're British Air
Corps hide-in-plain-sight secret.

Both watch below the most organized tank battlefield chaos.

ANNE

Those boys are certainly flying
about down there. Any idea which
unit they are?

JOY (FILTERED)

None. But they have done some serious training.

ANNE

Just like us. --Uh, you know Joy, we are flying, Yank machinery.

JOY (FILTERED)

Who broke the rules to save time. We are not supposed to fly armed.

ANNE

But the Yanks did, and those are Yanks down there who need help.

JOY (FILTERED)

Are you absolutely mad?!

ANNE

Only at Germans, for killing so many of our boys. There are a lot of widows back home, you know.

JOY (FILTERED)

(quotes Irish Blessing)

"Those who don't love us, may God turn their hearts."

ANNE

"And if God doesn't turn their hearts, may She turn their ankles, so we know them by their limping."

JOY (FILTERED)

Oh my God, Anne, tell me you're not suggesting ...?!

ANNE

Not "suggesting" anything, dearie.
(pulls her goggles down)
Just doing my part, that's all.

INT. LEAD MUSTANG - IMMEDIATELY

Joy is now looking out the other side of her canopy in time to see Anne peel-off diving. Joy pulls her goggles down.

JOY

One pass, then we get the hell out, and we never tell a soul. Agreed?

ANNE (FILTERED)
Don't know what you're talking
about, luv.

EXT. ABOVE THE BATTLEFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The two Mustang's dive side-by-side following Specialist's signal flags. Each P-51 targets a German tank then each *fire* two rockets destroying both tanks. Both planes pull up.

EXT. DOWN ON THE BATTLEFIELD - SIMULTANEOUS

The American Rangers hoot, holler, and wave at the P-51s.

INT. WING MUSTANG - IMMEDIATELY

Anne is watching the revelry below as her plane climbs.

ANNE
Oh my, the lovelies are waving.
Should we throw a wobbly back?

JOY (FILTERED)
No. Come on, you promised.

ANNE
But they seem so happy to see us?
They'll be so much sadder, to see
us go. Wasn't it a wonderful sight
seeing all our sparkles pop-off?

INT. LEAD MUSTANG - SIMULTANEOUS

Joy shakes her head in disbelief.

JOY
"Sparkles?!" We killed German
tanks, there were men in them!

ANNE (FILTERED)
Who would have killed our men, and
their friends certainly will, if
someone, we, don't do something.

Joy shakes her head No and knife-edge slices a hand forward.

ANNE (FILTERED)
Don't know what you're talking
about, luv.

Joy watches in horror as Anne dives in again.

ANNE (FILTERED)
May I please-please say it, just
this once?

Joy *sighs*, then dives to follow Anne.

JOY
If you must.

EXT. ABOVE THE BATTLEFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The two Mustangs *scream* down at two more German tanks.

ANNE (FILTERED)
I must, I must. --Tally Hooooooo!

Each P-51 *fires* two rockets taking out two more German tanks,
then both pull back up into the clouds.

ANNE (FILTERED)
Wasn't that marvelous, simply
marvelous?!

JOY (FILTERED)
Actually, yes. And no one must ever
know.

The two P-51s continue on with their ferry-mission.

The American Soldiers below wave for them to come back.

INT. JOY'S MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER

Both fly along pretending not to be excited. Both fail.

ANNE (FILTERED)
Except of course, those pesky
American ground crew when we land.

JOY
The who --? Why?
(no response, realizes)
Because we're missing four each!

ANNE (FILTERED)
But if we have none --?

JOY
Then they'll reason --*oh, blimey.*

EXT. ABOVE THE BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Joy's Mustang dives in again now followed by Anne's.

ANNE (FILTERED)
Go on, say it. You'll never be able
to say it again, you know.

JOY (FILTERED)
Oh Anne, you're such a fright.
(inhales full)
TALLY HOOOOOOOOO --!

Each Mustang *fires* their last two rockets taking out two more German tanks, then pull up to fly away forever.

American Rangers shake their rifles rejoicing at the P-51's.

Sunlight gleams off the P-51's wings as both "wave" back.

CHURCHILL (V.O.)
"We could not have won the air-war
without Spitfire Girls."

JOY (V.O.)
Our "15 female pilot survivors were
finally awarded the English Badge
of Courage --in 2008."

EXT. BOSTOGNE TANK BATTLEFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The full-blown tank battles look like grounded dog-fights.

The "761st *Black Panthers* have their namesake's roaring head of bared white teeth with red tongue painted on each tank."

RIVERS (FILTERED)
Listen Up! All American tanks are
smaller and lighter than German
tanks so one direct hit kills us!
But our Shermans are faster, so our
tactic is always what?!

ALL TANK COMMANDERS (FILTERED)
Move n' Shoot, Move n' Shoot!

INT. RUBEN RIVERS TANK - SIMULTANEOUS

Rivers looks through his parabolic periscope *yelling*.

RIVERS

Black Panthers versus White-ass
Panthers! We fly or we die!
(spots a target)
Gunner! Shot! Tank!

Rivers rotates their tank's turret towards his target and lays his periscope's bulls-eye on it.

CANNON GUNNER SIGHT INSERT: Gunner can now see River's same target through his own cannon-periscope.

GUNNER

Identify!

Loader inserts an anti-piercing round into the cannon, closes its breach, and releases the canon's safety.

LOADER

UP!

RIVERS SIGHT INSERT: His periscope-sight has no range-finder, only cross-hairs. Ranging is an estimate based on experience.

RIVERS

Range --150!

GUNNER SIGHT INSERT: His sight centers the cannon's reticle on the target based on the Commander's Range number.

RIVERS

Observe, Observe, Observe!

Their cannon *fires*. All Firing Commands took four seconds.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF FORT HOOD, TEXAS - EARLIER THAT YEAR

Huge bustling U.S. Army camp for mechanized training.

CAPTION: *U.S. Army Tank Training Facility, Fort Hood, Texas*

At the camps farthest end, "*The 761st* is segregated beside a sewage treatment plant with their own PX, chow tent, latrine, and laundry." African-American soldier-ants scurry about.

BATES (V.O.)

Listen Up! "When traveling by train, all 761st personnel must draw their window shades fully down for fear of being shot at by -- persons unknown."

EXT. FORT HOOD 761ST AREA - MOMENTS LATER

The 761st has 676 African-American ENLISTED MEN, 30 AFRICAN-AMERICAN OFFICERS, and 5 CAUCASIAN OFFICERS. All are lined-up at attention in front of their earlier listed equipment that now include 23 rear-line 1/4-ton trucks used for carrying food and supplies or removing the wounded and dead.

A Caucasian Officer, 35, addresses them. Athletic and fit, in Army dress uniform with a boyish-look. He sleeps with, eats with, and protects his men. He is of course, from *The North*.

CAPTION UNDER: *Lieutenant Colonel Paul L. Bates*

BATES

"Most tankers only get two months of training. You've had two years!"

From the back of Review Line, an UNKNOWN VOICE explains why.

UNKNOWN VOICE

'Cause "the Army don't know what to do with us!"

Hush as ALL wait for Bate's response. He grins.

BATES

Until, TODAY!

ALL *cheer*. Bates holds up a hand for immediate silence. His men are a well-oiled unified disciplined fighting machine that follow orders immediately. You can now hear a pin drop.

BATES

"I don't give a damn about what happened before, let's go from here. And if you're gonna go from here, and you're gonna make it, we got to do it --together!"

African-American, tall, thin, "with a smile that won't quit."

CAPTION UNDER: *Ivan H. Harrison, 25, Second Lieutenant*

HARRISON

Sir, you "turned down a promotion with transfer saying you were already in the best tank battalion in the war." Three cheers for, "The Great White Father!" Hip, hip ...!

Bates holds up a hand. ALL come back to silent attention.

BATES

"Each of you must learn the other man's job. If they go down, you must take over or your tank goes down. If your tank goes down --?

761ST

Find Another Tank!

BATES

What's the worst any tanker can do?

761ST

Waste Ammunition!

BATES

How do you not waste a round?

761ST

Observe the fall of your shot before firing again!

BATES

What?!

761ST

Observe, Observe, Observe!"

BATES (V.O.)

"Captain --Ivan Harrison became the U.S. Army's first African-American Tank Battalion Commander."

RETURN TO.

INT. RUBEN RIVERS TANK - PRESENT BASTOGNE BATTLE

PERISCOPE POV: Cannon Gunner observes his round to target. A direct hit on Panther's tread breaking it and disabling tank.

CANNON GUNNER

Hit!

Rivers already has their next target.

RIVERS

Gunner!

EXT. BASTOGNE BATTLEFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

761st Mortar-trucks *fire* to keep the German Infantry at bay.

761st Anti-Tank Rocket Launcher follows Rivers action and *fires*. It destroys Rivers's sitting-target German tank.

River's tank is hopping over field-humps like a roller-coaster car off its tracks. His cannon *fires*.

A Second German Panther tank's tread is disabled by Rivers.

761st M3-halftrack *fires* its Anti-Tank Cannon. Their shell destroys Rivers's second clay-pigeon German tank.

EXT. BASTOGNE BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS

All around Rivers, his fellow 761st tankers are doing the same, moving and shooting while 761st Rocket Launchers and Anti-Tank Guns follow them looking for disabled German tanks.

In horn-rimmed glasses with fuzz on his upper lip that never grows into a mustache, the quiet, polite, and easy-going soldier voted "Nicest guy in the battalion" is the "only 761st Commander who rides outside on his tank firing its .50 caliber machine gun at every god damn thing he sees."

CAPTION UNDER: *Warren G. Harding Crecy, 21, Tank Commander*

FADE CAPTION: *voted "Baddest Man in the 761st"*

"Crecy's tank attacks three German Panther tanks at once. His Sherman moves and shoots disabling all three Panthers."

His Three Germans are destroyed by 761st anti-tank support.

Crecy *yells* into the internal microphone hung around his neck with its wire feeding back inside his open tank's hatch.

CRECY
Zig-zag dammit!

INT. CRECY'S TANK - IMMEDIATELY

A Sherman driver's cockpit has a slightly curved metal seat and two large floor control-levers with gas and brake pedals. Its dash-panel gauges sit on a shelf up on the left.

Crecy's tank driver is wearing head-phones looking through his periscope.

CAPTION UNDER: *Corporal HARRY TYREE, 21, Tank Driver*

CRECY (FILTERED)
Harder, Dammit!

Tyree talks to himself as he tightens a G.I. web belt he has fashioned into a make-shift seat-belt around his thighs. Tyree pushes and yanks his two yokes in opposite directions.

TYREE

I'll show you God, Damn, Harder.

Their interior's floor tilts almost to 45° indicating their tank is now rolling along angled on one tread. (*true*)

CRECY (FILTERED)

Yaahooooo, keep it up!

Tyree has to smile, then looks through his periscope, and yanks both his two levers their opposite ways harder.

TYREE

Crazy man, crazy.

EXT. CRECY'S TANK - MOMENTS LATER

"Their tank is hit by a German tank's .88 round. Crecy is blown off top. He climbs back up to look inside his hatch."

INTERIOR TANK POV: "All Four of his Crew are injured."

Crecy ducks as a German machine-gun nest opens fire on his disabled tank. He fires his .50 caliber. German nest is töt.

CREZY

Escape, Escape, Escape!

His men are trapped by German over-lapping fields of fire. "Crecy lays 30-caliber ammunition belts over both shoulders, releases its two mounting-pins, then lifts the 30-caliber machine-gun off its pedestal and jumps off his burning tank to walk forward hip-firing the 30-pound gun." His fire is so accurate, "he kills first nest's Infantry as a second German nest opens up on him. He doesn't flinch, just swings his barrel and takes out that second nest's Infantry."

Tyree helps his Three Crew members crawl out from under the tank's bottom escape hatch. All Four limp away as Tyree looks back to see Crezy become the world's first *Black Rambo*.

TYREE (V.O.)

"Crecy destroyed multiple machine gun nests and anti-tank positions. After the battle, we had to pry the empty machine gun out of his hands."

INT. RUEBEN RIVERS TANK - MOMENTS LATER

"A German Panther round *hits* them. His Bow Gunner and Driver are wounded." The smell of diesel fuel becomes overwhelming.

RIVERS
Diesel! Out, Out, Out!

Rivers opens his top-turret hatch. German *MG-34* machine-gun fire *richlochets* off it.

RIVERS
Escape, Escape, Escape!

Loader opens tank's bottom emergency hatch, then helps pull the Bow Gunner and Driver out through it.

Sound of more German machine-gun *fire* hits near the bottom of Rivers tank. He knows his Men can not escape safely.

RIVERS
Retreat, Retreat, Retreat!

"Rivers opens his top-hatch and crawls out to stand firing the outside 50-caliber machine gun. His Crew escapes."

"A nearby 761st Sherman is hit by a Panther round. Rivers runs for it, pulls open its turret top-hatch, and climbs in."

INT. RIVERS SECOND TANK OF THE BATTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Its FIVE-MAN CREW are injured. Rivers helps its COMMANDER out of the command-chair and looks through Commander's periscope.

RIVERS
Go, Go, Go!

SECOND DRIVER and SECOND BOW GUNNER are wounded, but swing into action driven by Rivers enthusiasm.

RIVERS
GUNNER, SHOT, TANK!

The injured tank Commander helps his SECOND LOADER load and clear the canon as Rivers rotates the turret.

SECOND LOADER
VERIFY!

SECOND CANNON GUNNER can see Rivers target in his periscope.

SECOND CANNON GUNNER
UP!

EXT. RIVERS SECOND TANK - MOMENTS LATER

"Rivers cannon *fires* and his Third Panther tank is disabled."

761st Rocket Launcher destroys his third helpless victim.

"Rivers cannon disables a Fourth German Panther."

761st Anti-Tank gun takes out River's fourth target.

"Rivers Second Tank is near the forest and rolls over a mine exploding it." His Sherman rises up, then *slams* back down.

INT. RUEBEN RIVERS SECOND TANK - MOMENTS LATER

"All Second Crew are dead. Rivers is wounded, but moves from periscope to periscope doing all duties, then *fires* cannon."

RIVERS SECOND TANK'S PERISCOPE POV: Rivers sees his round hit the ground in front of a Fifth Panzer.

Rivers begins his canon's loading sequence again.

RIVERS

I got you, I got you!

Top hatch opens and Ivan Harrison, now wearing Captain's bars, jams his head in.

HARRISON

Who the hell you think you are, a
one man army?!

Harrison grabs River's collar to pull him out. River's shrugs him off trying to load a shell. Harrison re-grabs.

HARRISON

TANKER! Out, Out, Out!

Rivers responds to the order and is pulled out.

EXT. 761ST COMMAND TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

"Side-door on truck opens and Colonel Bates exits running towards Rivers carrying a Thompson."

Second to exit running behind Bates is African-American, 38, "in a tanker's jumpsuit with round *War U.S. Correspondent* shoulder-patch. He only carries a camera with a notepad."

CAPTION UNDER: Trezzant W. Anderson, War Journalist

TREZZANT (V.O.)

"My dispatches are only printed in U.S. African-American newspapers because the official Armed Forces position is, *No one cares about Negro soldiers back home.*"

EXT. RIVERS SECOND TANK - CONTINUOUS

Bates and Trezzant arrive. Rivers uniform is soaked in blood.

A 761st tank fires a smoke round in front of them, then continues bouncing at full speed looking for another target.

M3 Ambulance-halftrack pulls up. It's African-American MEDIC jumps out with first-aid kit. Medic rips Rivers pant's leg off. "Rivers leg is split wide open from inside crotch to knee exposing the bone."

BATES

Evac!

"Ambulance-Medic tries to give Rivers a morphine shot who pushes Medic away to grab Bates lapels with bloody hands."

RIVERS

"Captain, you're gonna need me today! This is one order, the only order, I'll ever disobey!"

Ambulance-Medic looks to Bates who nods. "Medic uses huge safety-pins to pin Rivers gash then wraps his leg in gauze."

Rivers motions, Ambulance Medic and Bates help Rivers stand.

"A Third 761st Sherman is hit. Rivers hops over to now his third tank of the day and climbs into it."

His THIRD TANK'S WOUNDED CREW climb out and fall onto the ground. Ambulance Medic, Bates, and Trezzant, help these Five Wounded Crew into the Ambulance Halftrack.

REPLACEMENTS halftrack pulls up to Rivers Third Tank as FOUR AFRICAN-AMERICAN TANKERS, 20s, jump out and climb into tank.

TREZZANT (V.O.)

"761st Replacements come from other African-American units. Their only tank training, is on-the-job."

"Rivers races off now in his Third Sherman. It *fires*, but its round bounces off the German's heavy armor that fires back a 16-pound armor-piercing shell that hits Rivers Third Tank."

INT. RIVERS THIRD TANK OF THE BATTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Percussion smoke reveals third tank's new FNG Driver and FNG Bow Gunner are injured. Rivers rotates the turret.

RIVERS
GUNNER!

"A second Panther shell hits Rivers tank blowing his brains against the back wall."

TREZZANT (V.O.)
"Sergeant Rivers was awarded the
Congressional Medal of Honor
posthumously --in 1997."

EXT. 761ST COMMAND TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

Bates witnessed Rivers Third Tank *explode* and exits his command vehicle again running to it followed by Trezzant.

"A German COMMANDO UNIT has crawled around the battlefield and opens fire on Bates." Bates is hit, bad.

"Trezzant picks up the Thompson and fires back while dragging Bates to safety under the vehicle" *yelling* back inside it.

TREZZANT
"Major Wingo! Bates is hit, you
must assume command!"

Exiting the command vehicle is a "Caucasian Major, 30s, who has been their Executive Officer since the beginning. A soft-looking officer with a pale face who is a racist." He is of course, from *The South*.

CAPTION UNDER: *Major Charles M. Wingo, 761st Exec Officer*

Wingo scans battlefield's carnage with binoculars as same German Commandos open *fire* on him. He drops his binoculars, then "jumps in a jeep and heads in the opposite direction."

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. FORT HOOD 761ST AREA - EARLIER REVIEW SCENE

Colonel Bates goes to stand at attention next to Major Wingo.

A jeep drives up with three stars on its front plate and stops. Its infamous passenger climbs up on top of its hood.

CAPTION: *November 2, 1944 - The 761st is activated*

Lieutenant General, 58, "3rd Army Commander, in uniform with 3-star helmet," does look like the actor George C. Scott, only thinner. But this over-actor, never needs a megaphone.

CAPTION UNDER: *General GEORGE S. PATTON must replace his killed Tankers. He has observed The 761st maneuvers for days.*

PATTON

"Now men, you are the first Negro tankers to ever fight in the American army! I have nothing but the Best in my army! I don't care what color you are, so long as you go up there and kill those Kraut sonsabitches! Do you understand me?! Children, old people, church people, I want you to shoot-up every God Damn thing you see!"

Private First Class, African-American, baby-faced baby, is in awe and whispers.

MCCONNELL

"Did you see his eyes? That man is crazy! I'm more scared of him than the Krauts."

CAPTION UNDER: *Tank crew Private George McConnell, 16*

FADE CAPTION: *His mother lied to the Recruiting Officer*

RETURN TO.

INT. MCCONNELL'S TANK - PRESENT BASTOGNE BATTLE

McConnell, now wearing Corporal stripes, looks through his cannon's periscope.

PERISCOPE POV: "Wingo's jeep speeds away from the fight."

MCCONNELL

"Might not be plumb chicken, but he sure got henhouse ways."

MCCONNELL'S COMMANDER (O.S.)

Gunner!

McConnell swings his periscope to his Commander's target.

EXT. BOSTOGNE 761ST REAR BATTLE LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Major Wingo is setting new Jeep land-speed records.

TREZZANT (V.O.)

"Even though he never fought in any battle, Major Wingo was diagnosed with combat fatigue and sent back to the States."

EXT. BASTOGNE BATTLEFIELD - MOMENTS LATER

McConnell's tank-shell *hits* a German Panther disabling it.

PANTHER COMMANDER, in SS black-uniform with SS-scar down one cheek, opens top hatch to *rack* back the loading-bolt on a "recently installed anti-aircraft gun." Gun's large round "Y" front-sight centers on Bates tended by Trezzant. Panther Commander presses his trigger just as his head disappears like an exploding red balloon *popped* by a 30.06 bullet.

PANTHER CREW crawl out from under their dead tank only to die outside, one-by-one, from five more 30.06 bullets.

BOLLOCKS (V.O.)

"Colonel Bates recovered, (*Bam*), was offered a second promotion with transfer, (*Bam*), turned down both to return as 761st Commander, (*Bam*) where he remained, (*Bam*), until the end of the War." (*Bam, Ping*)

EXT. ROAD TO ALLIED COMMAND HEADQUARTERS - DAYS LATER

Battle rages as blizzards and freezing rain reduce visibility to zero. Frost-covered equipment must be chiseled out of the ground every morning after freezing to it overnight.

A regular U.S. Army Jeep with no stars is speeding down a frozen dirt road surrounded on both sides by hills of trees.

Sitting in back is an African-American Private with a 761st yellow-blue-red triangle shoulder patch. He is holding a Thompson machine-gun and scanning for tangos.

CAPTION UNDER: *ERNEST A. JENKINS, 21, Silver Star recipient*

DRIVER is an African-American CORPORAL, 21, of the Army's "Dump Truck Division" with a *Red Ball Express* shoulder patch.

Front passenger is a General, 52, "physical cross between Patton and Eisenhower who often served as their referee." He wears a full length Army winter jacket with rounded "A" on one shoulder and collar turned up. His standard G.I. helmet has three stars on it. He wears G.I. black-framed glasses.

CAPTION UNDER: GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY, "*The G.I. General*"

OMAR BRADLEY

How'd I rate a Silver Star
recipient?

JENKINS

Repairs to our engine, sir. You
needed an armed escort. Just doing
my part.

OMAR BRADLEY

Not the way Old Georgie tells it.
(turns around in seat)
General Patton pinned it on you
himself didn't he?

JENKINS

Twice, sir.

OMAR BRADLEY

Excuse me?

JENKINS

Dropped it the first time, sir.

OMAR BRADLEY

Sounds like George. What's the name
of your outfit again?

JENKINS

He calls us, "Patton's Panthers."

OMAR BRADLEY

(nods, turns forward)
Sounds like George. Is it true that
when one of your tanks is disabled,
its crew gets out to fight on foot?

JENKINS

"Come Out Fighting" is our motto,
sir. In or out.

OMAR BRADLEY

I would like to see those Germans.

JENKINS

They always seem a bit surprised,
sir.

OMAR BRADLEY

How so?

JENKINS

Most have never seen a Negro soldier, let alone an angry one charging and shooting at them.

(looks up at the hills)

Think some of them just up and die of plain fright, sir.

General Bradley really is a *Regular Joe* and laughs like one.

OMAR BRADLEY

How do you like being in this man's army?

JENKINS

Would if I could, sir. If I were treated like one.

Bradley, never one to duck hard questions, turns around.

OMAR BRADLEY

Got a complaint, soldier?

JENKINS

Just the observation, sir.

OMAR BRADLEY

Which is?

JENKINS

"Until this battle, Negro soldiers and nurses were segregated. Parades, church services, canteens, transport." We are always kept separate, hidden, as if the Army is ashamed to show we exist, sir.

Bradley turns facing forward in his seat grumbling.

OMAR BRADLEY

How about you, Red Ball?

RED BALL

"Keep Them Rolling" is our transportation motto, sir. You needed a driver. I'm paid to drive.

OMAR BRADLEY

I meant, do "you" have a complaint?

RED BALL

Is what it is till it ain't, sir.

OMAR BRADLEY

Then why did you two enlist?

JEMKINS

We've always loved our country --.

RED BALL

Even if "our country," hasn't
always loved us, sir.

OMAR BRADLEY

Yeah well, your country couldn't
win, without both your units.
(stares ahead thinking)
Things will get better.

JENKINS/RED BALL

That would be appreciated, sir.

Their Jeep comes upon a checkpoint with a tree-limb across as
its crossing-gate and stops.

An EIGHT-MAN SQUAD, in American uniforms, all carry Thompson
machine guns with standard 20-round straight-clips, and aim.

Their LT, 30s, blonde-hair, blue-eyed, holds up a hand. LT
swaggers over, sees the General's stars, and head-motions to
his Squad who lower their guns. LT holds out a gloved-palm.

LT

Sorry sir, orders.

OMAR BRADLEY

Can't be too careful, son, what
with the fake G.I.s running around.

Omar hands over his *General's Passbook*. LT checks its papers.

LT

"Fake soldiers," sir?

OMAR BRADLEY

You haven't heard?
(to Driver)
Make a note to resend in code.

Driver tries to write, can't, shakes his pen, it's frozen.

OMAR BRADLEY

German's "Operation Grief" is
causing me a lot of grief I can
tell you. Some SS Commander --?

Bradley turns to Jenkins looking for the German's name.

JENKINS

Scarface, sir. He's the one who
rescued Mussolini, sir.

OMAR BRADLEY

Yeah, ole' Scary-face sent his
English speaking commandos behind
our lines disguised as Americans.

LT

So that's why we have these crazy
challenges. Sorry sir, have to ask.

OMAR BRADLEY

Go ahead, son.

LT

"What's the capital of Illinois?"

OMAR BRADLEY

"Springfield."

LT aims his Thompson at Jenkins. His Seven Squad Members rush
to surround the Jeep in a "V" with their Thompsons aimed.

LT

Nice try, Jerry. "It's Chicago!"
Watch cross-fire boys, looks like
Santa sent us Kraut for Christmas.

RED BALL

Excuse me sir, might want to read a
history book. It is, "Springfield."

LT pulls out his *Colt M1911* sidearm and racks its slide now
aiming it at Driver speaking English with a German accent.

LT

Ya --vee know.

LT shoots Red Ball in shoulder. Jenkins moves. LT covers him.

LT

Who is dumbkopf now?
(aims at Jenkins)
You, black bastard?

Jenkins and LT stare waiting for the other to make a move.

OMAR BRADLEY

I'm not worth dying over, son.

Jenkins hands over his Thompson. LT holsters his .45, then
pulls out his knife to threaten Jenkins crotch.

LT

In da Fatherland, "we sterilize all hereditarily unfit race."

JENKINS

We heard what you did to our Negro
333rd Field Artillery Battalion
after they surrendered.

LT

Dat? Dat was fun. "Beating their
black heads in with gun butts and
gouging out eyes with bayonets."
(now a German redneck)
Uuu-eee boys, look like vee gonna
have ourselves a black bar-b-cue
with one genuine general on a spit
--to take back to da Führer!
(*clicks* boot-heels)
"Loyalty --!"

His Seven Squad Members *click* boots to rigid attention.

SEVEN SQUAD MEMBERS

"Is Our Honor!"

The patience of any sniper is always rewarded by the fate of efficiency. Every sniper lives for the "two-for-one" shot.

Two German Squad Members stand ram-rod with Two Other Squad Members behind them. Two 30.06 rounds *fire* into each of the Front Members penetrating their heads into the Rear Members standing behind. The Four Squad Members fall backwards dead.

Soldiers know it, armies train them for it, but until it happens, the human reaction when being shot at is to freeze. That is what snipers count on. A third 30.06 bullet bulls-eyes another German forehead. Five down, three to go.

Sixth Squad Member sprints for a boulder. A 30.06 round *hits* the rock in front of him making him stop. This is the last mistake he will ever make. He falls dead from a head-shot.

Seventh Squad Member runs to a tree. "One Shot, One Kill" is every sniper's motto, but if you can't kill them, at least incapacitate them. A 30.06 round *hits* Seventh Member in a hip. The excruciating pain renders him inoperable.

German LT has been hiding in a ditch and pulls the pin on his American grenade. He jumps up to throw it at Bradley's Jeep.

A 30.06 round hits LT's grenade *exploding* it and him into a snow-cloud of oblivion.

Ghost is a sniper, not a sadist. He knows the pain his shot caused to the Seventh Member who still rolls in agony. His eighth and last 30.06 bullet puts him out of Ghost's misery.

The *ping* of Ghost's empty rifle-clip being ejected barely echoes in the heavy snow.

OMAR BRADLEY

What the --?!

A snowbank with a long stick rises up on a hill. The snow falls off a sniper's white snow-suit with a hood, and rifle wrapped in white canvas. White gloves pull back the hood to reveal it is Ghost. He slides down the hill towards them.

GHOST

I thought the capital was Chicago,
too!

OMAR BRADLEY

Who the --?!

GHOST

Hey, Earnie.

Jenkins nods, then gets out to search German corpses for Intel. He pulls his service revolver from his chest-holster and puts one round into each German's heads for the 333rd.

OMAR BRADLEY

You know this soldier, soldier?

JENKINS

Yes sir. Some call him dead-eye. I
call him, dead-head.

Ghost throws the blocking tree-limb into the ditch.

GHOST

Well at least I still have one.
Yours froze to death long ago.

JENKINS

Just the big one.

GHOST

That's what I said.

Bradley attends to Red Ball's wound.

OMAR BRADLEY

Good shootin', son. Glad you
happened along.

Ghost helps Jenkins drag the now searched German bodies into a ditch shaking his head.

GHOST

Been watching them for days, sir.

Jenkins helps Red Ball into the back seat who picks up the Thompson to hold with his good hand.

OMAR BRADLEY

"Days?!" How many similar units have you identified?

GHOST

Enough to assassinate, too many to annihilate.

Jenkins sits in driver's seat and *starts* the engine. He holds out an arm. Ghost grabs at the forearm like Roman soldiers.

GHOST/JENKINS

Accuracy.

Bradly watches Ghost disappear up the hill into the snow.

OMAR BRADLEY

Where's he going?

JENKINS

To do what he was born to, sir.

OMAR BRADLEY

Didn't catch his name?

JENKINS

Didn't throw it, sir. But that's okay, if he told you, he'd have to shoot you. --*And he would, too.*

Their jeep drives on as wind turns the red snow, white.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

"The Battle of the Bulge ended on January 15, 1945. The Allies lost 75,000 men, the Germans 120,000. But more importantly, they lost equipment, they couldn't replace."

TREZZANT (V.O.)

"The day after the Battle of the Bulge ended, the U.S. Armed Forces returned to segregating African-American servicemen and women."

JENKINS (V.O.)

"The 761st fought 183 consecutive days receiving 3 Campaign Ribbons, 11 Silver Stars, 69 Bronze Stars, and 300 Purple Hearts." The 761st "captured or killed 130,000 Germans, freed 30 towns, and were the first tanks to break through the unbreakable cement and steel *Siegfried Line* into Germany."

EXT. FRANCE AND ITALY'S BORDER - MONTHS LATER

Along the top of the Apennines mountains joining Italy and France, German infantry and artillery have dug in. "It is impossible terrain, and the worst possible scenario for any American forces attacking uphill against fortifications."

Now a Lieutenant, Daniel Inouye leads a flanking attack on a heavily-defended ridge near San Terenzo in Tuscany.

CAPTION: *April 21, 1945 - The Gothic Line, Italy*

"Inouye and his Men are ambushed by three different *MG-43* machine gun nests at relatively close range. Inouye is hit in the stomach, but does not fall. Instead, he single-handedly takes-out the first nest with his Thompson and hand grenades.

Earlier Medic again tries to tend to Inouye's bleeding wound. Inouye waves him off and leads his Men to attack and destroy the Second Nest. Inouye falls to his hands and knees from blood loss but commands his Men to lay down covering fire.

INOUYE

COVER!

Inouye crawls within 10 yards of the Third Nest. As he raises his cocked arm to throw his last grenade, a German BUNKER SOLDIER fires a *K98 Schiessbecher* through the slot. Its rifle grenade hits Inouye's right elbow severing most of it while still leaving his own primed grenade reflexively clenched.

Horrified, Inouye's Men try to rush to his aid. Inouye waves them back, then uses his good hand to pry the live grenade out of his useless clenched fist as he sees the Bunker Soldier has reloaded his rifle with another grenade. Inouye throws grenade through bunker's firing slot. It *explodes*.

German Bunker now out-of-action, but Inouye can hear *moans* inside. He hobbles to it firing his Thompson one-handed with his mangled arm flopping around. His Men watch fighting back retching. Inouye silences all Germans in the Third Nest just as a last German bullet hits him in a leg dropping him."

A 30.06 round cuts the offending German soldier in half.

His Men and Medic rush to his side. Angry, Inouye exclaims.

INOUE

"Nobody called off the war!"

His Men continue on with their fight charging and *screaming*.

Medic puts a tourniquet on Inouye's mutilated right arm just above the elbow. Inouye finger-salutes towards a high hill, then passes out. Medic looks up at the same hill, then waves.

HYOTARO (V.O.)

"My son's arm was amputated at a field hospital with no anesthesia. He was awarded the Bronze Star and the Distinguished Service Cross. He went on to serve Hawaii in the U.S. Congress from 1959 to 2012, my two coins always in his shirt pocket."

EXT. FORESTS OF WEIMAR, GERMANY - MONTHS LATER

Located in central Germany, the City of Weimar has lush forests and rolling grassy hills all around it. Known as "The Capital of Germany's Culture," it has a fine-arts university, a huge music centre, and a giant library.

U.S.A.F. B-17 bombers *roar* overhead dropping their payload.

CAPTION: *Under strict orders, all bombs fall dead center in Weimar avoiding major structures. 1,600 citizens die.*

EXT. WEIMAR'S GERMAN INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Four miles away from the city is a sprawling complex for building German V-2 rocket components.

CAPTION: *"Same U.S. bombers again bomb with pinpoint accuracy ordered to miss the nearby concentration camp of Buchenwald."*

U.S. bombs *fall*. "INDUSTRIAL WORKERS are Jewish slave labor. Their INDUSTRIAL GERMAN GUARDS take refuge in cement bunkers refusing to let their Workers in, most Jewish Workers die."

EXT. NEARBY BUCHENWALD CONCENTRATION CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Camp *klaxons* sound as speakers on poles blare in German.

SPEAKERS (FILTERED)

"All members of SS out of the camp immediately!"

"Chaos in the camp as GERMAN SS GUARDS run out of their SS Quarters scrambling to escape the camp. WATCHTOWER GUARDS are unsure. SOME climb down and run out the front gate. Other REMAINING GUARDS stay up in their posts."

CAPTION: *April 11, 1945 - Buchenwald Concentration Camp*

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

"A lone JEW PRISONER emaciated with sores on his face wearing tattered striped-prisoner rags, sits in the now empty office confused. Its phone rings. He jumps up afraid, hesitates, then picks up the receiver to listen to German SS Command."

SS COMMAND (FILTERED)

"Were explosives set off killing Jew prisoners?"

PRISONER

"Uh --ya?"

SS COMMAND (FILTERED)

"Güt!"

"SS Command hangs up." Jew Prisoner holds the receiver until its disconnect-tone comes on. He hangs up to sit exhausted, then for the first time in years, begins to smile, then chuckle, then laugh. His laughter turns into tears of joy.

INT. BUCHENWALD PRISONER BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Prisoners are emaciated and sickly in striped-prisoner rags.

A GROUP OF PRISONERS stand watch at doors and windows. They glance over their shoulders watching THREE OTHER PRISONERS.

"GWIDON DAMAZYN, 33, Polish, pulls up floorboards to take out a homemade short-wave transmitter and unrolls its spliced-wire antennae to give to TEOFIL WITEK, 28, Polish, who climbs up to attach their homemade antennae wire to a roof beam as KONSTANTIN IVANOVICH LEONOV, 30, Russian, pulls up more floorboards to take out a homemade generator and hook its power cord to same transmitter."

The Three Prisoners stare at each other until Leonov pulls the generator's starter-string like on a lawn mower. It hums to life.

Damazyn closes his eyes, then *taps* the morse code signal he has memorized for months on transmitter's top key. His first is in English.

TAPPING TRANSLATION: "To the army of General Patton. This is Buchenwald concentration camp. SOS. We request help. The SS wants to destroy us."

No response. Witek *taps* it again in German. No response.

Leonov takes over and *taps* same message in Russian. Nothing.

Three minutes seem like hours, then their key *taps* back.

Everyone jumps. Damazyn listens with his eyes closed moving his mouth silently remembering each word. Tapping *stops*.

Damazyn opens his eyes and speaks English with a thick Polish accent and the natural nervousness of possible rescue.

DAMAZYN

"Hold out. Rushing to your aid.
Staff of Third Army."

"Prisoners begin pulling up floorboards and removing homemade weapons of wooden daggers, scrap-metal knives, zip-guns, stolen pistols, and one rifle." All join hands and bow their heads in silent prayer. All open their eyes and for the first time in their lives, become soldiers. They storm out of the building on pure adrenaline *screaming*.

Sounds of *gunfire* outside. Damazyn and Leonov hug each other.

Three minutes seem like hours, then *Cheering* from outside.

Damazyn faints. Leonov catches him, then kisses his forehead. Witek falls to his knees *weeping*. (*everything is true*)

EXT. REAR GATE OF BUCHENWALD CAMP - LATER SAME DAY

"The interior *Gustloff Factory* is surrounded by electrified barbed-wire. The entire camp is enclosed in razor wire."

"U.S. Army 9th Armored Infantry Battalion convoy pulls up to its back gate on the only road that leads to Weimar."

A lone SS officer in black uniform, 47, "pudgy and puffy-faced from years of debauchery," stands in front of the gate. He straightens his uniform.

CAPTION UNDER: *S.S. Colonel Karl-Otto Koch, Camp Commandant*

"A reconnaissance troop of the U.S. 9th Infantry Battalion, Combat Team 9 of the 6th Armored Division, arrives. In its *M8 Greyhound* six-wheeled armored car are Captain FREDERIC KEEFER, (20s), Tech Sergeant HERBERT GOTTSCHALK, 25, Sergeant HARRY WARD, 24, and its driver Private JAMES HOYT, 19."

Keefer jumps out. Ward and Gottschalk, who speaks German, flank Keefer with their regular M-1 Garrands aimed.

GOTTSCHALK

Kommandant?!

Otto takes one step forward with hands clasped behind his back, then *clicks* his shiny boot-heels together and nods.

GOTTSCHALK

Wo sind deine Männer?

Otto cranes his neck, re-centers his monocle, then speaks English with a cultured German accent.

OTTO

What men I had, are dead. The
cowards we had, fled.

Keefer turns to give commands.

OTTO

I do not believe they escaped far,
Captain.

Keefer turns back.

OTTO

I heard Scharfschütze rifle fire.
And if my numbers are correct --.
(adjusts monocle)
And they always are. You will find
them all quite --töt.

"PRISONER-SURVIVORS, broken and shattered, emaciated and sickly, who don't even look human" zombie step-by-step shuffle to the wire looking like animals afraid of predators.

"TWO SURVIVORS, elderly, fall down dead."

Camp's stench hits all the U.S. Soldiers. SOME turn away, OTHERS throw up. All wish they were someplace else.

"Keefer now sees the corpses of Prisoners hung from hooks."

KEEFER

My, God.

OTTO

Gott wants nothing to do with this place. Neither do I, danke. --Ciao.

Otto's hands fast-move from behind into a two-handed grip on his Luger as he dead-aims at Keefer.

A 30.06 round enters one eye from the side and exits out the other eye taking Otto's face with it. He spins dead-falling.

Keefer turns to the direction of the rifle's echoing report and waves, then turns back to Ward and Gottschalk.

KEEFER

"Go to the town. Round up everybody, and march them out here with all the food, water, and bandages they can carry."

WARD

And if they won't come, sir?

Keefer's glare shows there are no excuses that day as both jump in the Jeep to make a U-turn speeding back to town.

"MORE ELDERLY SURVIVORS waver hands-clasped, then fall dead."

Keefer motions and ALL U.S. SOLDIERS jump out of vehicles to break the double-gates open and run to assist Survivors.

CAPTION UNDER KOCH'S CORPSE: *Koch and his wife, Ilse Koch, murdered 56,000 prisoners for their gold teeth and jewelry*

FADE CAPTION: *"Ilse selected tattooed prisoners for death in order to fashion lampshades from their skin. She died by suicide at Aichach women's prison on September 1, 1967."*

KEEFER

"How could the town's people let this happen?"

EXT. UP IN THE TREELINE NEAR BUCHENWALD - IMMEDIATELY

Ghost, wearing a ghillie suit, lies prone on a hill still aiming through his scope. He answers Keefer's question.

GHOST

Because none are so blind, as those that choose not to see.

Ghost walks down the hill zig-zagging through SS CAMP GUARD BODIES he killed. He freezes by a CORPSE. One of its fists is clenched. Something glitters in it.

Ghost steps on wrist and uses rifle-barrel's end to open its hand. Dead hand holds gold *Chai* symbols and *Stars of David*.

Ghost is frozen horrified. His body trembles. He holds his shooting hand out in front of him. It shakes. His mouth opens to scream. Nothing comes out. He drops to both knees *sobbing*.

KEEFER (V.O.)

"Two hundred more prisoners died that day literally in our arms. All of Weimar's townspeople, less than five miles away, said they never knew what was happening."

BATES (V.O.)

"The 761st rescued the sub-camp at Gunskirchen. My wonderful men, who had known persecution all their lives, were unprepared for the survivor horrors of the still unbeknownst holocaust. My Tankers cried for five minutes."

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER IN BERLIN - DAYS LATER

Infamous concrete bunker under the German *Reich Chancellery*.

"Outside its thick metal door, Sargeant Misch stands guard in his black SS-uniform."

HITLER YOUTH, 16, thin, wearing same black uniform with a gold chain from breast pocket to jacket's mid-button, also wears a miniature Iron Cross medal. He runs in out of breath.

Misch catches Youth who is crying by his shoulders.

HITLER YOUTH

Berlin, Kaput!

Misch nods, turns Youth around, pats him on the fanny, and speaks English to him with a German accent.

MISCH

Go home, little soldier.

Youth turns back angry drawing, but barely able to hold the weight of his real Luger and recites the Hitler Oath.

HITLER YOUTH

"Ich schwore bei Gott diesen heiligen eid, day ich dem Füh --"

Misch stops Youth by taking his Luger, then rubs his hair.

MISCH

Run and hide, little man. Grow up
big and strong. Strong enough, to
continue our Nazi heritage.

(sharp Nazi salute)

Long live der Führer!

HITLER YOUTH

(Nazi return-salute)

Sieg Heil!

Hitler Youth *clicks* his boot heels together and about-faces.
He wipes his eyes, then little-boy marches out.

Misch is touched by Youth's emotions as he slips the Luger
inside his belt.

GERMAN CLERK, in brown Nazi office-uniform and unarmed, runs
in with head down in his hands upset.

GERMAN CLERK

Mussolini, Töt!

German Clerk flat-palms hitting Misch under his chin snapping
his head back to *double-tap* the metal door. It is Ghost. He
catches the unconscious Misch laying him on the floor silent.

From behind the door, Hitler answers tired.

HITLER (O.S.)

Ya?

Ghost snaps his head to the voice that ordered the deaths of
millions. He takes the Youth's Luger out of Misch's belt.

INT. THE FÜHRERBUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Its metal door *creaks* open sounding like a haunted mansion.

Hitler, now 56, in his own-design brown Nazi uniform of
oversized breast pockets with left one holding a German Cross
and other medals, sits slouched in an upholstered wing chair.
A wide black Swastika arm-band is on his left sleeve. His
long-sleeve shirt has bright red Swastika cuff links.

Ghost enters with the boy's Luger aimed and scans the room.

BLONDI, a dead German Shepherd, lies at Hitler's feet. In the
matching chair next to Hitler sits his days-old bride, EVA
BRAUN, 33, in a flowered silk dress with pearl necklace and
matching bracelet. Her hair is coiffed like a Hollywood star.

Ghost wishes Hitler a belated birthday greeting in German.

GHOST

Alles Gute zum Geburtstag
nachträglich.

HITLER

(in English)

"Happy Birthday?" You are late?
(holds up ten fingers)
Everything --is too late now.

Hitler *chortles* into a cough and waves Ghost to lower his
Luger. He looks at his side-table, then holds up its capsule.

Ghost sniffs the air to recognize its telltale burnt-almond.

GHOST

Zyanid?

HITLER

(points to Blondie)

Vorks güt.

Hitler bends to pet his dead dog one last time, then reaches
over to hold Eva's lifeless hand while examining his own
little black "death pill."

HITLER

I will never become, "a spectacle
arranged by Jews."

Ghost unbuttons his German tunic to reveal his own American
uniform underneath, then unbuttons its top button to pull out
a necklace. He opens his hand to let drop, a *Star of David*.

GHOST

Too late.

Hitler is at first appalled, then *guffaws* as a true despot.

HITLER

No Jew, vill take me alive.

Hitler goes to swallow his capsule. Ghost *slaps* it away, then
ejects his Luger's clip and thumb-ejects each round until its
clip is empty. He reaches into his American uniform's breast
pocket to retrieve and hold up Willy's 9mm Parabellum round.
Ghost loads it in now empty clip, inserts clip, yanks back
the gun's Toggle Bolt, then releases its loading chamber. He
slams the loaded pistol on the table next to Hitler.

GHOST

Ve'll see!

Hitler picks up Luger, examines it, then aims it at Ghost.

Ghost recites the speech he has rehearsed a million times.

GHOST

One bullet won't kill me before I
wrap my Jewish hands around your
chicken neck and choke the life you
have so poorly earned out of you.

HITLER

"Ve'll see."

Ghost screams in German, *Do it!*

GHOST

LOS!

A real Hitler-laugh, is too evil-horrible to describe. Hitler tries to fire, but the Luger jams. Hitler drops to all-fours trying to gather its ejected rounds on the floor.

Ghost pulls off Willy's scarf from around his own neck and knots it in the middle. He steps behind Hitler.

GHOST

Special delivery.

Ghost goes to the dark side whipping the scarf around Hitler's neck and putting a knee onto Hitler's back pulling.

Door flies open and a GERMAN BERLIN DEFENSE OFFICER in brown uniform enters with Luger drawn aiming at Ghost. Defense Officer sees Ghost's American uniform, tilts his head, then fires grazing Ghost's shoulder spinning him away.

Defense Officer covers Ghost going to Hitler and removes Willy's scarf from around his neck.

DEFENSE OFFICER

Güt, mein Führer?

HITLER

(*coughing, recovering*)

Ya, ya.

Hitler gives his jammed Luger to Defense Officer who holsters his own. He clears it catching Willy's bullet and reloads it.

HITLER

(stab-points to Ghost)

Los!

Defense Officer aims the Luger at Ghost, then quick-places its barrel against Hitler's temple and *fires*.

GHOST

What!?

Time stands still for Ghost as he tries to comprehend he is now looking at Hitler's brain matter splashed everywhere.

Defense Officer undoes his top buttons to pull his uniform open. He wears a Soviet commando uniform underneath.

CAPTION UNDER: *Lt. Col. Ivan Klimenko, 3rd Shock Army*

FADE CAPTION: *"Stalin's personal SMERSH Commander"*

KLIMENKO

Amerikanets?

GHOST

Russkie?

Klimenko switches to English with a thick Russian accent.

KLIMENKO

P-l-e-a-s-e, Mother Russia.

GHOST

SMERSH?

KLIMENKO

O.S.S?

Ghost picks up the fallen cyanide pill and jams it down Hitler's throat. Ghost drops his head as *Mission Accomplished* and stands with shoulders drooped. He is so, so tired.

Klimenko tosses Willy's scarf to Ghost.

KLIMENKO

Feel, bet-ter?

Ghost's adrenaline is wearing off as he looks at his bleeding shot-shoulder.

GHOST

Not really.

KLIMENKO

Guud. Please to leave now.

GHOST

Stalin?

Klimenko nods, then holds out a hand. Ghost doesn't shake it. Klimenko pulls his hand back, then *claps* both.

TWO SMERSH RUSSIAN COMMANDOS, in German uniforms, enter covering Ghost who coils. Klimenko waves them to stand down.

KLIMENKO

"I must take him to, The Boss."

Ghost backs away putting on Willy's scarf saying in Russian.

GHOST

Das Vedanya.

Ghost strips down to his American uniform and exits.

CAPTION: April 30, 1945 at 3:30 p.m.

"Klimenko motions to his Men to take Hitler. They wrap his corpse in the floor rug." Klimenko stares at the door.

KLIMENKO

Ya. Till "vee" --meet again.

Klimenko and His Men exit with Hitler's body-rug. The metal door *bangs* shut behind them like a bank vault.

KLIMENKO (V.O.)

Vee "released disinformation for years that Hitler had escaped, reburying his remains eight times before burning them in 1970."

(*chuckles evil*)

Or so, vee reported.

EXT. STREETS OF LONDON - VJ DAY

Mass celebration by entire city with African-American male Soldiers and African-American female Support Staff hugging, kissing and throwing their caps in the air.

Margaret with her Roommate, both in their British nursing uniforms, are kissing every male soldier of every nation.

MARGARET (V.O.)

"World War Two officially ended on the 15th of August 1945 as Russia finally declared war on the Japanese after the U.S. dropped their two atomic bombs on Japan."

HAP ARNOLD (V.O.)

"More than one million African-Americans served in all fields during World War II. Tuskegee pilots, never lost a bomber."

PATTON (V.O.)

"The 761st Tank Battalion and 452nd Anti-Aircraft Artillery Battalion were cited for bravery during the Battle of the Bulge. Their African-American 5th Tank Group defeated the Japanese in the Pacific."

CHURCHILL (V.O.)

"Your own General Eisenhower said the Allies could not have won the War without African-American soldiers and Women's Army Corps."

Standing in the shadows stoic amid all of London's frivolity is Ghost, now wearing a wool suit with matching fedora. He watches Margaret, then steps off the curb towards her, but freezes seeing Klimenko, dressed same, across the street, who turns up his collar and walks away. Ghost reverts back to the hunter-protector he made himself into, *sighs* sad looking at Margaret, then turns up his own collar, and follows Klimenko into the shadows.

GHOST (V.O.)

But already a new war had broken-out, The Cold War. And I, was its first soldier.

FADE OUT.

SUGGESTED END CAPTION PANEL

Actual pages of "Operation Foxley" dossier showing complete British details for assassinating Hitler.