

FIRESTORM

Pilot: The City of Miracles

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FADE IN

TEASER

EXT. FIELDS UNDER FIRE - LATE AFTERNOON

Northern France, August, 1944.

TIGHT ON overgrown fields and abandoned farms, where an artillery barrage chases GIs running like hell. EXPLOSIONS are deafening, earth-shaking.

TITLE OVER

FIRESTORM

SERIES OF SHOTS

>> GI 1 trips a mine. EXPLOSION throws him sky-high.

>> GI 2 runs in tall grass and is impaled on a lost pitchfork.

>> GI RADIOMAN runs for a huge tree that EXPLODES, walloping him with splinters.

>> SPEARS runs, face streaked with blood like war paint.

>> JEFFERSON and JUNIOR fist-fight, oblivious to hellfire.

Buildings and haystacks catch fire. More GIs run through smoke and haze, barely seen.

SGT HORSE dashes through the barrage shepherding troops. More concerned for his men than himself, he seems unkillable.

Sgt Horse is a big Ohio farm boy, 22 YO. Keeps a green sprig in his helmet band for luck.

Sgt Horse grabs running GI 3 and, farm-boy strong, tosses him into a shell hole. Panicked, GI 3 tries to climb out. Sgt Horse kicks him back in.

SGT HORSE

Stay down!

A panicked HORSE gallops from smoke, BUMPS Sgt Horse, runs on. It has a red hand print on its flank.

MORE SHOTS

>> GI 4 runs, looks back, and drops down an abandoned well.

>> GI 5 reaches a stone farmhouse, kicks in the door, sees a booby-trap wire too late, and EXPLODES.

>> MACAULAY raises his huge BAR and BLASTS seemingly nothing.

>> EINSTEIN veers to snatch wild flowers, runs on.

>> CLUTCH slides into a shell hole. Not to hide, but to loot a dead GI's watch. He climbs out and runs on.

A shell BLOWS up a farm pond. Sgt Horse is pelted with FROGS.

SGT HORSE
A rain of frogs...

SHARKY, panicked, runs headlong for a tall impassable hedge.

Sharky is a city kid, new recruit, scared green. Has a dog leash tucked in his belt.

Sgt Horse sees Sharky run, runs for him.

He sees GYPSY scream at someone inside a dark ruined shop.

Gypsy is young, gorgeous, bosomy, sexy-scary.

GYPSY
You pigs! You motherless dogs! A
curse on you --

SHELL WHINES, BLOWS UP shop. Gypsy is knocked down.

Sgt Horse runs for both, trips over a running GERMAN SHEPHERD.

Sharky runs headlong at the hedge, BOUNCES off. But the hedge EXPLODES. Sharky dives through the gap, trips, FLOPS before Nazi-like boots. Looming above is...

WWI DOUGHBOY in tin hat, long coat, gas mask, no rifle.

Doughboy drags Sharky toward a dark cellar doorway.

SHARKY
No. Hey. Lemme go. I'm on your
side. Help!

Sharky breaks free and LEAPS back through the hedge gap -- SMACKS into the running German Shepherd.

SHARKY
Hey, dog! Come here, boy!

Dog runs off. So does Sharky.

Sgt Horse looks for Gypsy. Sees her sitting in dust, dazed by the explosion.

A Man in Green reaches for her hand.

The Man in Green is ancient, in a long coat and flat hat, all green, face always in shadow, hands stained black.

GYPSY

(rattled)

You are too kind -- Ah! Mother
Mary, protect me!

Gypsy snatches back her hand. Crabs backwards. SOBS, PRAYS, genuflects. MIG presses like a dark angel --

-- Jolts to a halt as Sgt Horse grabs his shoulder.

SGT HORSE

Brother, for crying out loud, get --

Horse pauses. Why does this guy look familiar?

MIG takes Sgt Horse's arm gently, reaches for his hand --

GYPSY

Don't let him touch you!

Sgt Horse stiff-arms MIG. Dust swirls. MIG is gone. Gypsy runs away. Sgt Horse runs on, turns as --

-- HORSE WHINNIES. Sgt Horse is BUMPED again as BRONCO rides by at a gallop, bareback, WHOOPING like a cowboy. He sees the bloody hand print on its flank.

BRONCO

Wa-hoo!

Sharky runs past, blind, aiming for the distant forest. Sgt Horse snags him, drags him toward town.

SGT HORSE

It's a rolling barrage, dunderhead.
Coming this way.

SHARKY

Get me out'a here!

Incoming shell WHINES. Sgt Horse shields Sharky. An EXPLOSION knocks them flying.

Horse is knocked out. Sharky yanks on him frantically.

SHARKY

Come on, Sarge. Don't chicken out
on me!

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. OHIO TOWN - MORNING

A farm town is hyped on war. Recruits board busses before
the Recruiting Office. Girls and mothers cry. The old Home
Guard marches. Patriotic music blares from a store.

THUDS, KICKS, PUNCHES sound in an alley.

Local Boys beat and kick Civilian Horse. He curls in a ball
and takes it.

LOCAL BOYS

Chicken! Coward! Too good to fight,
eh? Yellow. Gutless puke.

Civilian Horse wears a white shirt, suspenders, work pants.

POLICE WHISTLE blasts. Local Boys run off. One SPITS.
Another jams a paper in Horse's shirt, then runs off.

Policeman picks Horse up. Leads to an outdoor faucet and
washes off blood.

POLICEMAN

You all right? Who was it?

Horse shakes his head, picks up his broad Amish hat and
staggers off.

SGT HORSE

I thank thee.

POLICEMAN

It's not gonna get any easier. You
should stay out of town.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FIELDS UNDER FIRE

EXPLOSIONS continue. Sharky pulls on Sgt Horse.

SHARKY

Sarge, we got to get into town --

A SHELL WHINES. EXPLOSION engulfs them in smoke and dust.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. FOREST EDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

A dark forest stops at neglected vineyards.

TITLE OVER

30 Minutes Ago...

A GERMAN SENTRY on patrol meets a DOG HANDLER with a big GERMAN SHEPHERD. Lets the dog off leash. They exchange cigarettes, a light.

Dog GROWLS at forest. Germans turn. Two SHOTS drop them dead. Dog runs off.

A company of 24 American GIs come out of the forest.

The company has the usual mix of riflemen, one BAR, radioman, medic. We will explore some, but for now GIs in BG are:

>> Cpl Macaulay, a football star with varsity numbers "13" stitched on his sleeve and a huge BAR, a walking tank.

>> Jefferson, a light-skinned African-American with a Duke Ellington pencil mustache.

>> Clutch, lean, hungry, watchful.

>> Einstein, a smug ivory-tower professor with a Van Dyke.

>> Junior, a Southern boy, green recruit, chewing a match.

>> Bronco, a cowboy movie star with a kid's Sheriff badge and a six-shooter in a cut-down GI holster.

>> Spears, a Native American with a headband around his helmet and an antique scalping knife on his belt.

Sgt Horse flashes two fives: Take ten.

Veterans check weapons. Recruits fret. Some GIs smoke. Spears hones his scalping knife. Jefferson trims his mustache. Bronco practices fancy gun spins.

Sgt Horse pulls binoculars and a map and studies the town. Sharky, nervous, sticks close. He stares at dead Germans.

SHARKY

Them's Krauts, huh?

SGT HORSE
The Master Race.

SHOT THROUGH BINOCs: Panning outward... Neglected vineyards
meet fallow fields meet abandoned farms. Dead quiet.

SHARKY
What's so special about this rinky-
dink town?

SGT HORSE
Dunno. But your 90-day wonder --

SHARKY
Lieutenant Bosk.

Far behind in the forest sounds an ominous EXPLOSION.

SGT HORSE
-- Thinks it's worth a few lives.
Hey.

Sharky creeps from cover to dead Germans, picks up the dog
leash, scurries back. Sgt Horse is puzzled.

SHARKY
We're Dog Company, ain't we?

SHOT THROUGH BINOCs: Abandoned farms meet the abandoned east
side of town. A river separates the east side from the
downtown. A single bridge is barricaded with debris.

SGT HORSE
Bridge.

SHOT THROUGH BINOCs: Past the bridge, the city shows signs
of life. Clothes flap on lines. Someone rides a bicycle.
Centermost is a tall church with spire, then a large lake.

Sharky stares at the dead Germans.

SHARKY
Ain't like the movies, is it?

Struck funny, veterans LAUGH LIKE FOOLS. Sgt Horse wipes
his eyes, scans...

SHOT THROUGH BINOCs: PAN UP the spire, and two silhouetted
figures look back. Light winks on binoculars.

SGT HORSE
Drat.

Spooked, veterans gear up. Sgt Horse spreads his map.

SGT HORSE
This is Saint Michel-du-Lac. "The
City of Miracles."

SHARKY
What kind of miracles?

Macaulay THUMPS Sharky's helmet: Keep quiet.

SGT HORSE
The mission is to sneak in --
In town, a SIREN WAILS. Vets SIGH.

SGT HORSE
-- Through this east side, which is
abandoned. So probably booby-trapped
like heck, so don't touch anything.

SHARKY
(mouths)
"Like heck?"

SGT HORSE
At 2200 we rendezvous at that bridge
with the Resistance leader. He'll
have -- whatever it is MI wants to
know. He's "Pinocchio", we're "Mickey
Mouse".

SHARKY
(mouths)
This whole army is Mickey Mouse.

SGT HORSE
Then we pull back here and sit tight.
If we get separated, look for a flare.
Charlie or Foxtrot are due by 1500
tomorrow, and honcho will formulate
an attack. If the Krauts push, we
can call in artillery --

SHOT: West, on a high ridge, artillery fires a RANGING SHOT.

SHARKY
You mean like that?

A SHELL SCREAMS overhead and EXPLODES in the forest behind.
Veterans fall flat. Recruits gawk until dragged down.

SGT HORSE
That doesn't make sense. The Krauts
have only ack-ack --

SHOT: The ridge puffs white as the BARRAGE BEGINS.

SHARKY

Holy Hannah.

Shells SCREAM overhead and EXPLODE, blowing the forest to flinders -- and marching toward Sgt Horse's company.

SGT HORSE

Get into town and take cover!

SHELLS POUND DOWN. GIs run like hell for town.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - AFTERNOON

One side of the square is the Town Hall, now German HQ with a big swastika flag. A siren sits on top.

Opposite is the huge church. Before it stands a large statue of winged Saint Michael with arm raised. But it's pocked with bullet holes, and head and sword are broken off, missing.

PAN UP the statue to...

EXT. BELL TOWER - AFTERNOON

The bell frame is empty, the bell long gone. A makeshift telephone line runs down to German HQ.

FATHER D'ORLEANS walks around four sides of the tower ringing a HAND BELL. Steps around GERMAN SNIPER.

Father D'Orleans, 60s, is poor-sighted, devout, carefree.

German Sniper, elite, wears a sharp uniform and peaked cap.

German Sniper scans all around with shielded binoculars. Stops, GRUNTS. Father D'Orleans squints, can't see.

FATHER D'ORLEANS

What is it?

Sniper CRANKS the telephone handle, calls.

GERMAN SNIPER

(in German)

Major, a company of "Ami" quit the woods to the southeast. Yes, southeast.

FATHER D'ORLEANS

"Ami"? Americans. This calls for a celebratory Mass.

Father D'Orleans descends through a trap door.

ROTH comes up, helps MAJOR GOTTSCHALK climb up, PUFFING.

Cpl Roth is young in a smart uniform with a dashing pistol belt. He's fond of his superior.

Major Gottschalk is 49, regular German Wehrmacht, always tired from worry. Roth hands him binoculars.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK
(puffing)
Where?

SHOT THROUGH BINOCs -- BLURRED: Far at the forest's edge, blurry green figures hunker.

GERMAN SNIPER
Sir, your fields glasses are not
shielded. Sunlight might flash --

As warned, light FLASHES off Gottschalk's binoculars.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK
So. They're here. Roth.

Roth hops down the ladder. German Sniper scans with binoculars, points south.

GERMAN SNIPER
Sir. Incoming vehicles. Ours.

Gottschalk looks through binoculars.

SHOT THROUGH BINOCs: A German command car, truck, and a captured American Jeep roll into the city.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK
Scheisse. Better the enemy than
those ghouls.

Gottschalk descends the precarious ladder.

INT. CHURCH

The church is huge, dark, old.

A stained glass window facing the lake depicts Saint Michael standing on the lake with spread wings and a flaming sword.

Father D'Orleans conducts Mass. He faces not the pews but the glowing window.

FATHER D'ORLEANS

(chants)

*Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui
Sancto...*

Major Gottschalk enters through a side door from the belfry.
He looks around the church...

PAN BACK to reveal... The church is empty.

A SCREAM wells from under the floor. Outside, a SIREN winds
up, drowning out SCREAM.

Major Gottschalk exits the big front doors.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - AFTERNOON

SIREN blares atop HQ. German Soldiers in standard gray or
green drift in and assemble. In this backwater, the occupying
force is older men, kids, and fuck-ups. Roth juggles rosters.

Civilians gather, hoping for news, BUZZING, but stop as --

-- Scary German military SINGING approaches.

Major Gottschalk exits church. Frowns. Roth runs to him.

SS command car rolls in with SS FAUST, SS OFFICER 2, and
four SS Bodyguards.

SS Hauptman (Captain) Faust is young, ruthless, and ambitious.
His only vanity is an ornate sword.

They exit the car. One SS Bodyguard is DIETER.

Dieter Gottschalk, the Major's estranged son, is 21 YO,
handsome, resolute, fanatical.

The truck carries ten SS SOLDIERS who SING. They wear camo
smocks and extra gear, all business. Their sergeant is an
iron-hard bald Feldwebel SIKORSKY.

Finally, an SS soldier drives a captured American Jeep with
a bullet hole in the driver's windshield.

Civilians and German Soldiers stir: SS are fanatics who kill
anyone: civilians, prisoners, "disloyal" Germans.

SS Faust takes a GI map and walkie-talkie from the Jeep.
Both are splashed with blood.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

Hauptman, welcome --

SS FAUST
Where are the Americans?

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK
Sir? We're still unsure --

SS FAUST
Where? Show me. And turn off that
damned siren.

Roth runs off. Squinting, Major Gottschalk marks the map.
SS Faust hands marked map to SS Officer 2, who walks O.S.

SIREN winds down and stops.

CLOSE ON: An unknown man's lips, GI walkie-talkie, American
map with Gottschalk's mark.

(It's MUELLER, a poster-perfect Nazi who's American-born.)

He calls the (unseen) 651st Artillery, African-American GIs.

MUELLER
(into walkie)
High-hat, this is Red Dog. Do you
read? Over.

651ST ARTILLERY
(AA voice from walkie)
Red Dog, this is High-hat. What'cha
need? Over.

MUELLER
Calling for rolling barrage on Map D-
12, grid 34-D to 33-D, quick as you
can. Code word is "Tarzan."

651ST ARTILLERY
That's... east side of "San Mitchell-
du-Luke"? Acknowledge. Over.

MUELLER
Acknowledged. Let 'er rip. St.
Louis Browns?

651ST ARTILLERY
(laughs)
Indians!

SS Faust talks to Major Gottschalk. Four Bodyguards surround
them. (One is Dieter, but Gottschalk doesn't notice.)

SS Faust looks at the local German force, sneers.

SS FAUST

Major, why is this post unprepared
for battle?

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

Hauptmann, we are a skeleton force --

SS FAUST

Artillery will blow the Americans to
shreds --

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

We have only a single anti-aircraft --

SS FAUST

Once the shelling ceases, send in
all your troops to mop up --

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

Sir, the east side is barricaded --

SS FAUST

Then lift the barricade, you dunce.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

And riddled with mines and booby
traps and unexploded ordnance --

SS Faust fiddles with his sword hilt. Bodyguards watch the
sword in anticipation.

ROTH

Hauptmann, sir, if I might apprise
you of our resources?

SS FAUST

Obergefreiter, I see you wear a
pistol. Use it.

Roth blanches. SS Faust points at an alley. Two SS
Bodyguards (not Dieter) "escort" Roth into the alley.

Major Gottschalk is furious, but keeps cool.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

We are at your disposal, Hauptmann.

SS FAUST

Yes, you are. Move your troops east
to wait out the barrage.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

What is the order of battle?

SS FAUST
You just received it.

In the alley, a PISTOL BANGS. Major Gottschalk JUMPS.

SS FAUST
You get off lightly. Had I drawn my sword, my bodyguards would have executed everyone on your staff.

He slowly draws his sword, showing it off.

SS FAUST
This sword was given me by the Fuhrer's own hand. So my orders come directly from him. Do you understand?

Major Gottschalk seethes.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK
Send every man to kill the Americans, yes, Hauptmann.

Distant BOOM, then the first SHELL SCREAMS overhead.

EXT. PARK

A small park in town, neat, with some bushes.

Yvette cuts through the park.

Yvette is 16 YO, intense. She wears a school uniform and beret and carries a heavy book bag.

SIREN sounds. She stops, listens, hurries another way.

But hears a SOB behind bushes. Stops. Peeks.

Andre and Three Bullies terrorize a Small Boy. All wear school uniforms.

Andre is 16, a classmate, cold-eyed and creepy.

Bullies push Small Boy around, TRIP him. Pick him back up and repeat. Andre steps on the back of his head.

ANDRE
You keep opening your mouth, it's going to get filled with dirt --

Yvette BURSTS onto the scene, swings her heavy book bag, CLONKS Andre on the head. WHAPS Bullies in the face.

YVETTE

Pick on someone your own size, you
Vichy cowards!

Her sudden attack staggers them. Yvette GRABS Boy and runs.

FARTHER ON

Yvette ducks into cover in case they're followed. Boy CRIES.
She CHUCKS his chin closed.

YVETTE

Enough. Be brave. Now get home.

Boy runs off. Yvette peeks out, then hustles off.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Establishing. An old boathouse on the lake shore, boarded
up. The bank is eaten away. The only entrance is a plank
through a window.

SIREN wails. Tinny JAZZ sounds from inside.

INT. BOATHOUSE

Inside is lit, as boards are pried off lake-side windows.
Trash, broken bottles, old furniture are strewn about.

French Teens drink wine and dance to a scratchy Victrola
DANCE TUNE that drowns out SIREN.

PAUL POLEY sits on an old stool, seemingly drunk. One leg sticks
out awkwardly.

Paul is 22 YO, old before his time.

He plies German Soldiers HANS and STIGGUR with wine. Both
are drunk and bobble machine pistols.

Hans and Stiggur are German draftees, one tall, one short.
Young, slackers, fuck-ups.

PAUL

A shame you pull back to Laval.
We'll miss you.

STIGGUR

(tipsy)
A rumor to fool the Resistance.

HANS

(tipsy)

We must guard the church. Very
important -- doings.

Yvette climbs in the window. Paul frowns, but plays drunk.

Yvette stops the Victrola DANCE TUNE. SIREN is heard. Teens
stop dancing, silently chastised.

HANS

Ach, we must go.

Hans and Stiggur climb out the window. Paul hands them wine.

PAUL

Take care --

A SPLASH announces one fell into the lake. Another SPLASH.

Teens drop party antics and gather around Paul. He whirls
on Yvette, sober and angry.

YVETTE

Do not argue, big brother.

PAUL

This is no time for games, Yvie.
One mistake and all our families may
be executed.

YVETTE

And an .88 might land on our heads
as we sleep in our beds.

PAUL

(to Teens)

Go home. The Germans will enforce
the curfew, but meet behind the old
music hall at 9:00, those who can.

YVETTE

What is our target?

She's ignored as Teens file out the window.

Limping, Paul opens a secret compartment in the Victrola
cabinet, takes out a short-wave radio. Hands it to Yvette
so he can climb out the window.

EXT. BOATHOUSE

Paul slithers down the narrow plank. Awkwardly, because one leg is WOODEN. Yvette follows.

PAUL

(grunts)

No leg would be easier than half a leg.

YVETTE

Oh, sure, blame Les Bosch. You probably fell down an outhouse hole.

PAUL

Mock a man's war wound. You need a good spanking.

YVETTE

Would you spank Joan of Arc?

PAUL

Till she cried tears of silver.

Paul pitches the radio in the lake. SPLASH.

YVETTE

How will we communicate with the Allied Command?

Paul pulls out a notebook. Yvette is puzzled.

A distant BOOM. A SHELL SCREAMS overhead. EXPLODES in the distant forest.

PAUL

And there go our Allies.

EXT. PARK

SIREN BLARES.

Andre and Three Bullies exit the park. Andre is still mad, and PUNCHES each Bully in the arm, hard. They take it.

ANDRE

Rousted by a girl. You pigs aren't worth an English turd.

Hans and Stiggur hustle past, wet, tipsy, sloppy. Andre throws a Nazi salute.

ANDRE
Heil Hitler!

Fuddled, H&S return it, hustle on. Andre hooks a thumb.

ANDRE
Why can't you be like them, eh?
He gets an idea. Signals to follow.

EXT. GERMAN MP BARRICADE - AFTERNOON

German Military Policemen, MP 1 and MP 2, man a barricade.

Distant BOOM, SHELL SCREAMS overhead. MP 1 looks up. MP 2 moves downstreet to see.

Hans and Stiggur tiptoe, tipsy and wet. Surreptitiously check machine pistols. March "smartly", really weaving.

GERMAN MP 1
(distracted)
You two idiots. Where have you been?

HANS
(tipsy)
Feldgendarmerie, we patrolled the lake for insurgents.

STIGGUR
(tipsy)
No insurgents found, Feldgendarmerie.

GERMAN MP 1
It's a wonder you didn't fall in.

He raises the bar. But smells liquor. Sees they're wet.

GERMAN MP 1
Drunk on duty? You'll be shot --

Stiggur SHOTS MP 1. Stuck, Hans SHOTS MP 2.

Stiggur whirls to shoot German MP 2, stumbles, and nearly BLASTS Hans, who sprawls.

HANS
Why do that? I could have talked us out of trouble.

STIGGUR
We're under attack. They'll blame the partisans.

HANS

Probably give us medals. Everyone
hates these bastards.

Stiggur searches dead MP 1. Hans catches his ear and drags him along.

STIGGUR

Think they have any -- Ow! Candy!
Mints! To clear our breath!

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - AFTERNOON

Like a thunderstorm, the full BARRAGE BEGINS, SCREAMS over town. Even this distant, EXPLOSIONS shake the ground.

>> Father D'Orleans exits the church.

>> SS Faust, Dieter, and SS Bodyguard wait impatiently.

>> Hans and Stiggur arrive, puffing, slip into ranks.

>> Paul and Yvette enter the square.

>> Andre and Three Bullies enter the square.

>> Major Gottschalk seethes.

Everyone looks up. Thus no one sees...

The Man in Green rides in on a gaunt WHITE HORSE, bareback, no saddle or bridle. He dismounts, lets horse go, rubs black hands, roams and studies everyone because...

The CAST is FROZEN. MIG peers into faces as if weighing souls. Good useless people: Father D'Orleans, Paul, Major Gottschalk. Evil prospects: SS Faust, Andre, Dieter. Possibles: Yvette, Mueller, Hans and Stiggur.

He SNAPS FINGERS. People move, but still nobody sees him. (Oddly, they can hear him and his horse.)

BARRAGE still roars overhead, a sound like freight trains.

Major Gottschalk is distracted as WHITE HORSE CLOPS by. He can hear it but not see it. Hearing things?

SS FAUST

Where are my bodyguards?

He sends Dieter.

Dieter trots into the alley. Staggers back in shock.

DIETER
H- Hauptmann!

Major Gottschalk whirls at the voice, is shocked to discover it's Dieter, his estranged son!

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK
Dieter?

ALLEY

The alley is littered with rubble. TWO SS BODYGUARDS lie dead. No Roth, only his dropped pistol.

SS Faust enters. Dieter flips a body, drops it in shock.

CLOSE ON: Bodyguards' eyes are plucked out.

SS FAUST
Who would dare?

Unnoticed, Man in Green comes, listens. So does Major Gottschalk.

SS FAUST
(to Major Gottschalk)
Find who did this.

SS Faust storms off. Gottschalk snags Dieter's arm.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK
Son...

DIETER
Excuse me, Herr Major, but I have no father.

Dieter walks away. Major Gottschalk is stricken.

TOWN SQUARE

Man in Green catches Dieter's hand. Dieter whirls.

DIETER
I said - Eh?

There's no one near him. His hand itches. A black thumb print won't rub off. What the hell?

By the Jeep, SS Faust and SS Officer 2 light Camel cigarettes with a Zippo lighter. SS signals Sikorsky.

SS FAUST

Find the best house in town, kick
out the inhabitants, and bivouac the
men. Give me two more bodyguards.
That one and another.

"That one" is Mueller. He joins Dieter to instant mutual
dislike. A fourth SS Soldier falls in as Bodyguard.

SS Faust stops as Andre and Three Bullies goose-step up and
throw a Nazi salute. Man in Green walks up to listen, unseen.

ANDRE

Hauptmann, we are French citizens
who greatly admire the Third Reich.
We wish to enlist as Werewolves.

SS FAUST

Werewolves...

IN GERMAN RANKS

Hans and Stiggur try to look invisible. Fidgeting attracts
UNTEROFFIZIER (Sgt) ZIMMERMAN.

Unt Zimmerman is 40, scarred veteran of many campaigns, now
running to fat.

He notes WATER PUDDLING AROUND THEIR BOOTS. Grabs their
machine pistols. SNIFFS the barrels.

HANS

(face averted)

We -- potted at ducks along the lake,
Unteroffizier.

Zimmerman SNIFFS his breath.

UNT. ZIMMERMAN

And couldn't save a drop of branch
water for your favorite sergeant?

STIGGUR

We -- spilled it, Unteroffizier.

UNT. ZIMMERMAN

Blasphemy. For that, you will be
punished. Unless you're lucky and
the Americans kill you first.

Hans and Stiggur exchange glances. Combat?

Andre and Three Bullies goose-step away. Father D'Orleans
enters church. MIG follows him, unseen.

SS Faust, SS Officer 2, and Bodyguards enter command car, summon Major Gottschalk.

BUTTON

SS FAUST

The Americans must never reach this square. See you press the attack. I don't care how many of your useless Wehrmacht buggers are killed, I want the Allies wiped out.

Major Gottschalk throws a Nazi salute, enters HQ.

Command car drives off. An SS Soldier tries to start American Jeep. It CRANKS, won't start. Sikorsky waves: Leave it. SS Soldiers board truck and drive off.

The square is deserted. BARRAGE SLOWS, STOPS. Silence falls.

Jeep STARTS up and rolls quietly away.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. RUINED BARN - EVENING

Light comes from a roof hole. A cow KICKS in a stall.
BARRAGE outside SLOWS, STOPS.

Sgt Horse, lying flat, GROANS. Sharky fumbles with a bandage.

SHARKY

It's artillery to soften up the enemy,
then infantry to mop up, right, Sarge?
So company's coming, right? Stop
squirming.

Bandage wrapper CRINKLES.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HORSCH FARM BARN - DAY

Cows KICK in their stalls, hungry. Civilian Horse unfolds a
blooded piece of paper. It CRINKLES.

CLOSE ON: Torn poster of Uncle Sam glaring, "I WANT YOU!"

HANNAH (O.S.)

(pronounced "Yacob")

Jacob?

Horse hides the poster. Strong, lugs hay bales in each hand.

HANNAH enters. Sees he's beaten and ashamed.

Hannah is an Amish-type beauty 20 YO.

HANNAH

Your mamma wonders why you -- Oh!
The English boys? Those rascals.

SGT HORSE

They do what they think is right.

HANNAH

Beating a helpless man half to death?

SGT HORSE

I'm not helpless.

HANNAH

No, of course not. You're a good man, Jacob Horsch. You must not hate them.

SGT HORSE

It's not them I hate.

HANNAH

Nor yourself, either. It is not easy, our way, in these trying times. God tests us.

SGT HORSE

And finds us wanting.

She grasps his face. He winces.

HANNAH

You have done nothing wrong.

SGT HORSE

No sin of commission.

HANNAH

Nor omission. Come. Your mother says your food gets cold.

SGT HORSE

I'll eat later. When it's dark.

She kisses his cheek and exits.

END FLASHBACK

INT. RUINED BARN

Sharky bandages Sgt Horse's cheek. He sits up, reels.

SHARKY

Easy. You took a cannon shell to the head.

SGT HORSE

Nobody -- Spears? Bronco? Mac?

SHARKY

Scattered to hell and gone. It's just you and me.

SGT HORSE

It's worse -- than that. Those were -- 155s.

SHARKY

Our own side shelled us? Who's the
genius called that in?

SGT HORSE

Some -- devil --

Sgt Horse tries to rise, collapses. Sharky wants to cry.

EXT. YVETTE'S HOME - EVENING

Establishing. A neat house on a street once pretty, now
shabby after years of privation.

INT. YVETTE'S HOME

Neat, Catholic icons, crowded with grandparents, relatives,
and children.

BARRAGE outside SLOWS, STOPS.

MAMAN POLEY cooks. Looks up at silence. PAPA POLEY looks
out the front door.

Maman Poley is 40, still attractive, but worried.

Papa Poley is 50+, always angry. Bites on a cold pipe.

Paul and Yvette enter the back door.

MAMAN POLEY

Thank *le bon Dieu* -- Yvette?

Yvette runs upstairs, hurrying.

PAPA POLEY

The Americans are here?

Paul nods. UNLOCKS a cellar door, limps downstairs.

Yvette comes downstairs, throwing on play clothes. Maman
embraces her, SNIFFLES.

MAMAN POLEY

Yvette, this is not your fight.

YVETTE

We must all do our part for *La Belle*
France.

MAMAN POLEY

Your brother does too much already.
Daughter. *Le Bosch, les Allemands*,
they are people too. We must not
fight them.

YVETTE

What? No! They are killers,
murderers. They would destroy our
country, our family --

Papa Poley pulls them apart.

PAPA POLEY

Maman, see to your stove.

Paul comes up from cellar with a grain sack. Maman appeals
to him.

PAUL

She can run like a whippet. God
knows I can't.

The two get ready to go. Maman hugs Yvette, and cries.

YVETTE

For whom do you weep, Maman?

MAMAN POLEY

For all of us, child.

Papa pulls her loose, shoos them out.

MAMAN POLEY

You'd send our children to their
deaths?

PAPA POLEY

To their duty.

MAMAN POLEY

And when all our children are dead?

PAPA POLEY

Pray our country is free.

EXT. YVETTE'S BACKYARD - EVENING

The back yard has a garden, privy, back gate to an alley.

Paul and Yvette exit the back gate.

PAUL
We should split up. Follow the park
path along the river --

YVETTE
You told the others the old music
hall. You're ditching me.

PAUL
There are two missions, Yvie. Most
important is to meet the Americans --

YVETTE
Why two? Wait. You... fear there
is a mole in our cell?

PAUL
I said it was dangerous.

YVETTE
All the more reason you need me.
Lead on.

Paul gives up, leads on.

INT. RUINED BARN - EVENING

Sharky goes round and round, peeking out gaps.

COW LOWS. Sgt Horse wakes again. Rises, shaky.

Slow, clumsy, Sgt. Horse takes off his helmet shell, rinses
it from his canteen, milks the cow. Sharky gawks.

SGT HORSE
Her udders are full. She's in pain.

Milk HISSES into the helmet.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HORSCH FARM BARN - DAY

Civilian Horse finishes milking a cow. HISS-HISS.

His face is puffy and swollen. He's stiff with pain. He
pours the milk into a can, caps it, carries it --

OUTSIDE

-- To a wagon loaded with more cans.

MAMA HORSCH works in the garden.

Mama Horsch is 40, Amish-type, sad.

SGT HORSE
Need anything in town, Mama?

She caresses his battered cheek and gets teary.

MAMA HORSCH
Just don't do anything foolish, son.

He drives out.

EXT. OHIO COUNTRY ROAD

As the wagon pulls onto the road, a roadster whips by. BEEP!

The horse shies and almost dumps the wagon. Civilian Horse soothes it and continues.

An Army training plane ROARS over and spooks the horse. Horse gets down and walk horse by the bridle.

EXT. OHIO TOWN - DAY

Horse leads the skittish horse. Passing a bar, he hears FDR speak on the radio.

FDR
(over radio)
... We have learned that we must
live as men, and not as ostriches,
nor as dogs in the manger. We have
learned to be citizens of the world...

A DRUNK stumbles out of a bar into Horse, who catches him. But Drunk SPITS in his face.

LOCAL DRUNK
Whoa. Thanks. Guess I had --
(spits)
You're one of them Bible-spouting
cowards. But I see someone's talking
sense --

SGT HORSE
(patiently)
It is against our way to --

LOCAL DRUNK

Get away, you lousy yellow Jap-lover!
Go to Hell.

SGT HORSE

That I might.

Reverend Stuckey spots Horse and hurries up.

REVEREND STUCKEY

Jacob, good to see thee. I --

SGT HORSE

No need for words, Reverend.

REVEREND STUCKEY

I traffic in words, Jacob, as you
traffic in milk. I know it's hard --

SGT HORSE

Why? Why must it be so hard?

REVEREND STUCKEY

"Wide is the gate, and broad is the
way, that leadeth to destruction,"
Jacob. The Lord has a plan for us
all. Your work is here. Other men
take up the fight --

SGT HORSE

And so I won't fight with you.

REVEREND STUCKEY

Jacob, you are not a lost soul.
Look to God. He'll send you a sign.

Horse jerks the bridle. The horse BUCKS. A milk can FALLS
from the wagon and SPILLS milk in the road.

END FLASHBACK

INT. RUINED BARN

The cow is empty, munches hay. Sgt Horse sips milk from the
helmet. Shares.

Sharky sips, SPITS, bobbles the helmet so the milk SPILLS.

SHARKY

It's warm!

Sgt Horse rinses his helmet. Picks up rifle.

SHARKY

What do we do?

SGT HORSE

Look for a sign from God.

SHARKY

Look what he sent me. A sergeant
who milks cows.

INT. CHURCH - EVENING

Father D'Orleans conducts Mass to an empty church. Stops as --

FATHER D'ORLEANS

(chants Latin Mass)

*Aperi, Dómine, os meum ad benedicéndum
nomen sanctum tuum - Eh?*

BARRAGE outside SLOWS, STOPS. In the silence, BOOTS TRAMP.

SS Faust, SS Officer 2, and four Bodyguards enter, look
around. Father D'Orleans, poor-sighted, comes close.

FATHER D'ORLEANS

(sarcastic)

Welcome, our conquerors, to the City
of Miracles.

SS FAUST

Why is the church empty?

FATHER D'ORLEANS

It is not empty. God is here.

(Faust scoffs)

From this very spot Saint Michel,
God's warrior-angel, threw his sacred
sword into the lake and ascended to
Heaven.

He gestures at the stained glass window.

SS FAUST

What good is an ancient relic drowned,
forever out of reach? It's a new
age, Father. On this sacred spot
will the Nazi Empire create new
miracles.

FATHER D'ORLEANS

Saint Michel will never permit such
an abomination.

Angry, SS Faust draws his sword, threatens Father D'Orleans.

SS FAUST

I see no angel, but here is a sword
to defend this -- building. It is
useful only because the cellars are
large and the insipid Allies would
never bomb it.

Father D'Orleans makes the Sign of the Cross and pushes the
blade aside.

SS FAUST

Courage from a man of the cloth.
But same as a lost sword, what good
a priest without a congregation?

FATHER D'ORLEANS

People believe our church is cursed.
But they wait. Miracles are like
angels. They come when most needed.

Muffled SCREAM wells up from cellar.

SS FAUST

All churches are cursed. Show me
the cellar.

Father D'Orleans opens a side door. SS Faust and four
Bodyguards descend. He closes door. Hangs up vestments.

Takes a lantern and cane from a cupboard. Squares his
shoulders, drops his anger, salutes the window.

FATHER D'ORLEANS

In times of strife, my friend, best
to keep one's head.

He enters a different door, descends narrow stairs.

INT. CATACOMBS

Creepy catacombs run higgledy-piggledy under the city.
Twisty turns, niches with skulls and bones, dusty sepulchers.

By lantern light, Father D'Orleans finds a corner marked
with chalk. Peering, he starts at an unmarked corner.

He moves skulls, apologizing to each, searching behind, under.

FATHER D'ORLEANS
 (to Skulls)
 Your pardon, brother. Forgive me,
 madame. If you please, child. Etc.

He pokes with a cane, knocks down cobwebs, COUGHS, reads
 etched names. Patiently searches without finding.

Picks up a skull painted red. Puzzles. Hears a RUSTLE and
 PATTERN.

FATHER D'ORLEANS
 Who's there?

Down the tunnel, Two Shadowy Figures drag bedraggled Roth by
 his bound hands. Then are gone.

Distracted, Father D'Orleans sets RED SKULL back without
 apologizing. Moves on.

Red Skull falls from a niche. Rolls on its own across the
 tunnel and BITES a protruding leg bone.

INT. CHURCH CELLAR

The cellar is low, ancient, dim.

Four German Soldiers guard a big new door. Four SS Bodyguards
 idle. Mueller notes SCARS on the floor run to the big door.

Door CLACKS. SS Faust and SS Officer 2 come out. Man in
 Green trails them, unnoticed.

SS FAUST
 (to SS Officer 2)
 Bloody fool. I'll teach him respect.
 "My orders come straight from Der
 Fuhrer." So do mine.
 (takes a breath)
 See that he gets more subjects.
 Young ones. Those French boys from
 the square...

Father D'Orleans enters from a side tunnel, dusty and
 cobwebby. Poor-sighted, squints.

He walks up and touches MIG's shoulder. MIG startles.

FATHER D'ORLEANS
 Should you be here, my son? Townsfolk
 might mistake you for a collaborator.

SS Officers see the dotty priest talk to no one.

MIG is flabbergasted: he's only seen when he wishes! He makes a Jedi gesture to mind-fog the priest.

But Father D'Orleans catches MIG's hand and guides it in the Sign of the Cross.

FATHER D'ORLEANS
Head, heart, left --

MIG rips free, bolts up the stairs, shoes CLOPPING. SS Faust and SS Officer 2 hear CLOPPING, see nothing.

SS FAUST
Echoes.

Door CLACKS, OPENS. COLLABORATOR, in black hood with eye slits, hands bound, is pitched out. He FLOPS on the floor.

COLLABORATOR is a French teen, male, identity unknown.

SS FAUST
(to Bodyguards)
Bring this one. His name is
Pinocchio.

Bodyguards hustle Collaborator. They exit.

FATHER D'ORLEANS
Because he is the Nazis' puppet?

EXT. FORTIFIED FARM - EVENING

Sgt Horse and Sharky exit the barn, circle a haystack.

A tumbledown farmhouse is ringed by an earthen dike.

SHARKY
This for hide-and-seek?

SGT HORSE
Flood dike.

SHARKY
We'd be safe in here, right?

SGT HORSE
We're not here to hide. We're here
to liberate the citizens of the world
from fascism and tyranny.

Sgt Horse leads towards the ruined streets.

SHARKY
Just you and me?

SGT HORSE
And God. All the way to Berlin.

SHARKY
Hitler just crapped his pants.

OVERHEAD: ROAR. A US Mustang fighter plane, painted with a raven emblem, ZOOMS by.

SGT HORSE
Huh. Poor soul must be lost.

OVERHEAD: TWIN ROARS. Two German Fighter Planes ZOOM after US plane. But 2nd German Fighter spots Horse and Sharky, veers, STRAFES.

Bullets ZING around. But Horse watches the US plane as if mesmerized. Sharky jumps for him.

SHARKY
Horse!

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. OHIO COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Civilian Horse drives the wagon toward home.

SGT HORSE
(to his horse)
Other men will take up the fight,
Belle. And I, the dog in the manger?
I'm to wait for a sign --

Horse WHINNIES at ZOOM.

OVERHEAD: A US training plane ROARS past, engine afire.

The plane wobbles, SKIDS down in a field, BURNING.

Horse abandons the wagon and runs. Plane BURNS fiercely.

Trapped in flames, the Pilot's face can't be seen -- like a shining angel. His hand stabs: "Get back!" But to Horse it looks like he's pointing: "You, you!"

Plane EXPLODES. Horse is knocked down and out.

SOON

POLICEMAN
(through fog)
Horsch! Jacob! Can you hear me?

Horse sits up, bloodied, blackened.

SGT HORSE
(stunned)
Give me -- a ride to town.

POLICEMAN
I can run you home --

SGT HORSE
You don't argue -- with God!

SOON, IN TOWN

Bloodied and blackened, Civilian Horse marches up the steps to the Recruiting Office. Reaches the door, but staggers.

Someone takes his arm, pulls him gently -- insistently -- toward a bench.

Still in shock, Horse almost sits down. Then he stiff-arms the helper and enters.

"Kind" helper is the Man in Green, thwarted.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. RUINED STREET - EVENING

Having strafed and passed, German Plane 2 circles back.

Sharky grabs onto Sgt. Horse, tries to yank him into a cellar hole, can't budge the big farmer.

SHARKY
Sarge, like the movies?

Oh, right. They jump for a cellar hole as German Plane 2 drops a WHISTLING bomb that EXPLODES.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The only bridge to the abandoned east side is jammed with junk cars, lumber, and wires.

German Company B, under Unt Zimmerman, walks (not marches) up and begins tearing a gap. Hans and Stiggur suffer.

HANS
(gasping)
What are our orders?

STIGGUR
(gasping)
East. Hunt. Shoot.

HANS
Die. Goddamn SS.

UNT. ZIMMERMAN
Silence in the ranks --

OVERHEAD: US Mustang ROARS by. Two German Fighters pursue.

German Company B watches. Wince at STRAFING and BOMB.

A truck RUMBLES up. Driver signals: Need two guys.

UNT. ZIMMERMAN
(to Hans and Stiggur)
You two like hard work. Catch up
when you can.

Hans and Stiggur climb in the truck. It drives off.

GERMAN SOLDIER
That leaves us two men short,
Unteroffizier.

The company rips open a gap, pause.

UNT. ZIMMERMAN
Lucky us. Pay attention, children.
Our industrious sappers did an
especially fine job lacing the east
side with mines, booby traps, and
God knows what. So keep your filthy
hands to yourselves and watch your
clumsy feet.

Gritting teeth, German Company B passes through the gap.

OS, a vehicle STARTS. The driverless Jeep creeps up. THUMPS the gap, can't pass, stops.

EXT. CELLAR HOLE - EVENING

Sgt Horse and Sharky crawl out, filthy with dust. They hear muffled CLASSICAL PIANO (with one CLINKER key).

SHARKY
Must've busted an eardrum --

OVERHEAD: US Mustang loops, SHOOTs down German Plane 1.

SHARKY
Air Corps. That's the way to fight.
Sitting down --

OVERHEAD: German Plane 2 gets the drop on US Mustang, SHOOTs. Mustang climbs, burning. US Pilot bails out. His parachute drifts towards the woods. German Plane 2 flies off.

SGT HORSE
Big ol' stick up your butt.

Sgt Horse checks his watch.

SHARKY
Got a hot date?

SGT HORSE
What's the mission?

SHARKY
Get to some bridge and make like
Donald Duck. What about our guys?

SGT HORSE
They can take care of themselves.
Now hush up. And walk in my tracks.

SHARKY
Why?

Sharky STUMBLES over something. CLANK! Sgt Horse glares, then gawks.

NOT FAR OFF

German Company B under Unt Zimmerman creep. Hear the CLANK! Move that way.

SGT HORSE AND SHARKY

The kicked object is a GI helmet. Looking around in rubble, they find a DEAD GI, his throat cut.

SHARKY

Crap.

SGT HORSE

His throat's been cut.

SHARKY

All this killer ordnance piled around,
and this schmo gets his throat cut?

SGT HORSE

Shh!

Sgt Horse, sixth sense screaming, quickly removes the Dead GI's dog tags. He takes one tag off the chain, wedges the notched end between the GI's teeth -

SHARKY

What are you doing? Ugh!

-- And WHACKS the tag with his hand to drive it tight between the corpse's teeth. He pockets the other tag, pats it.

SGT HORSE

That's why the notch.

(beat)

If I buy the farm, you collect my
tag and these. Got it?

SHARKY

Got it.

SECONDS LATER

German Company B arrives. Unt Zimmerman notes Dead GI and protruding dog tag, nods to follow.

But the last German Soldier lingers to loot the Dead GI. He steps around to the feet to take the boots --

-- And trips a mine. BOOM!

German Company B ducks. Unt Zimmerman glares: What did I tell you all?

EXT. PETROL DUMP - NIGHT

An abandoned cannery along the river.

Paul and Yvette wait in shadows. Three Teens arrive. Paul checks his watch.

PAUL
Where are the rest?

RESISTANCE TEEN
Not coming. Germans are everywhere.
A company even crossed to the east
side.

PAUL
Damn. We need that bridge clear.

YVETTE
Why?

No answer. Paul, limping, with grain sack, leads them down a trashy alley. Teens move trash and pick up a long board.

Yvette trips and falls. FLOP!

PAUL
Silence!

Razor wire is snagged atop fences and lumber. Beyond, on cannery grounds, petrol drums are stacked in clusters with wide gaps as fire prevention.

German Soldiers patrol without lights, antsy.

PAUL
Their wind is up.

YVETTE
They learn what it is to be invaded.

RUMBLING, a truck rushes up. German Soldiers hop out, open a makeshift gate, drive in.

Soldiers load petrol drums. Two are Hans and Stiggur.

GERMAN SOLDIER
(in German)
Move, move. Get those barrels loaded!

Teens look to Paul. He decides.

PAUL
The more confusion the better.

Paul dumps the grain sack. Potatoes, a pick axe head, paper-wrapped bundles: two sticks of TNT. He gives TNT to Teens.

PAUL

Wait till you see flames.

Teens slink off with TNT. Paul and Yvette drop the board across razor wire. Paul crawls over the board. Yvette snags on razor wire, gets stuck. Paul RIPS her free.

They creep behind drums. Paul uses the pick ax head to pry open a drum. Gasoline GURGLES.

Paul opens a book of matches, wedges a cigarette in sideways, closes the matches: a simple time bomb. Yvette: Why?

PAUL

With luck the Germans will think a cigarette touched it off.

YVETTE

Better they know we struck for freedom.

PAUL

Better they don't hang one Frenchman for every drum lost. This is only a diversion anyway.

RUMBLING, a second truck rolls in. More Germans hop out. One German Soldier uncovers a man-high shape (a spotlight).

Paul lights the cigarette, shielding the flame.

But Hans points, asking to pee. Sergeant nods permission. Stiggur joins, slacking off.

Hans urinates almost on Paul and Yvette. Paul is burning his hand shielding the cigarette. Hans SNIFFS smoke.

HANS

(sniffs)

Stiggur, are you smoking?

STIGGUR

In a petrol dump? Are you crazy?

Yvette signals: What to do? Paul waves: Go! Yvette refuses.

HANS

Call the sergeant.

Desperate, Paul flicks the lit cigarette. Gasoline ignites with a WHOOSH! Soldiers SHOUT. Hans and Stiggur run.

A ways off, hurled TNT BLOWS petrol drums. Second EXPLOSION.

Paul and Yvette turn to run. But Yvette collides with --

-- Man in Green blocking her path! Paul tangles with Yvette.

PAUL
I said run!

YVETTE
A man -- He's -- Where --

Man in Green is gone. Spotlight swings their way. Paul gives Yvette a notebook.

PAUL
Down the bank is a boat. Cross the river. Meet the Americans at 10:00 by the bridge. Give them this. We are "Pinocchio", they are "Mickey Mouse".

YVETTE
I won't leave you --

Paul shoves Yvette into shadows. She runs. Sure she's clear, Paul steps into spotlight with hands raised.

GERMAN SOLDIER
Halt!

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

SS command car and truck are parked. Petrol EXPLOSIONS sound in the distance. Light flares.

SS Faust and Bodyguards exit church with hooded Collaborator. See the flares. Get in car and truck.

SS FAUST
(to Driver)
There. Wherever that is.

EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT

Sliding through brush, clutching the notebook, Yvette scampers down the river bank.

BUTTON

YVETTE
I will show the world what Yvette Poley can do.

EXT. RUINED STREET - NIGHT

Sgt Horse and Sharky creep. Hear something, duck in an alley.

SOON

German Company B creeps. Unt Zimmerman hears a CHAIN RATTLE. Signals three Soldiers to circle.

ALLEY END

Exiting alley, Sgt Horse snags on a slung chain that RATTLES.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. HORSCH FARM BARN - NIGHT

CHAINS RATTLE as PAPA HORSCH milks cows.

Papa Horsch is 45, looks older.

Civilian Horse enters, charred and bloody, paper in hand.

SGT HORSE

Papa, I'm home.

PAPA HORSCH

(milking)

I think not.

(Huh?)

T'was a different man went to town.

SGT HORSE

I signed my name in blood.

PAPA HORSCH

What a man does is between God and himself. I 'spect your sister can take over milking. Have you told your mother?

SGT HORSE

I 'spect she already knows.

PAPA HORSCH

Cows can't wait, son.

SGT HORSE

May I have your blessing, Papa?

PAPA HORSCH
... That I cannot give thee.

EXT. HORSCH FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Hurting in heart and body, Civilian Horse stops in darkness.
Sends up a silent prayer.

SCREEN DOOR OPENS. Mama Horsch is silhouetted. DOG WOOFs.

The family dog comes romping, playful. Horse bends to pat
it. But the dog SNIFFs blood, WHINES, runs off.

Horse trudges for the house.

INT. HORSCH FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The kitchen is cheery with shined pots and strings of onions.
The huge table has a dozen place settings.

Mama bustles. Hannah sits in a shawl drinking tea.

Civilian Horse enters. They GASP at smudges and blood.
Solemnly he washes his hands.

SGT HORSE
Mama, I've done something foolish.

Mama Horsch brings a plate from the oven. Hungry, he sits,
digs in. Nods to Hannah. She's cool.

MAMA HORSCH
Jacob, you can't do anything foolish.
It's not in you --

Mama SOBS, exits. Horse eats.

HANNAH
(cold)
So you'll emulate the Lord, and be
mighty in battle? And make your
mother cry?

SGT HORSE
"Men must work and women must weep."

HANNAH
And so must I?

SGT HORSE
I had to do something, Hannah.

HANNAH
Working a farm, growing food, building
a life is doing nothing?

SGT HORSE
God sent me a sign.

HANNAH
Don't blame God for your own
frailties.

SGT HORSE
I'll come back when it's over.

HANNAH
No you won't.
(Huh?)
The man who returns won't be Jacob
Horsch. He'll be a stranger.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. RUINED STREET - NIGHT

CHAIN RATTLES. Sgt Horse shoves Sharky back. Quickly fixes
his bayonet to his rifle. Sharky fumbles his.

SHARKY
Where?

SGT HORSE
Dunno. I'm a stranger here.

Hobnails CLATTER as three German Soldiers rush.

Calm, efficient, Sgt Horse SHOOTs German Soldier 1. Dodges
German Soldier 2, stabs him in the guts with his bayonet
then, farm-boy strong, rams him into German Soldier 3, and
SHOOTs, killing both. Sharky just gawks.

BULLETS ZING. Horse lobs a grenade. CRACK! They run.

SGT HORSE
Dive in whenever you're ready.

SHARKY
I never killed anything in my life.

SGT HORSE
Emulate the Lord. Be mighty in
battle.

SHARKY

Stick to milking cows, Sarge.

Petrol EXPLOSIONS flare across the river.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Major Gottschalk comes out of HQ, moves to see the petrol flares in the distance. A German Clerk tails him.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

The petrol dump. Roth!
(recalls Roth is gone)
Hell and damnation.

GERMAN CLERK

That's this side of the river, sir.
Maybe the Resistance? And the two
MPs shot by the lake?

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

Likely our own troops shot them.
Everyone hates those bastards.

German Clerk looks at dark alley.

GERMAN CLERK

Do you think they killed those SS?
Why would they pluck out their eyes?

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

God knows. We're surrounded by
enemies. Fetch my car.

GERMAN CLERK

The SS commandeered it.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

Then fetch me a horse!

EXT. RUINED STREET - NIGHT

Keeping to shadows, Sgt Horse pulls a flashlight and map.

A letter with Hannah's handwriting falls from his pocket.
Sharky picks up letter, notes it's unopened.

SHARKY

I might be green, but I can spot a
"Dear John" letter.

Sgt Horse's flashlight beam wobbles.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. HORSCH FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Horse and Hannah walk by wobbling lantern light.

HANNAH

The Army? Where will they send you?

SGT HORSE

They're fighting all over the world.
I could end up in Germany. Wouldn't
that be something?

HANNAH

Don't expect me to write. I'll be
verklemt. And you'll meet girls.
French girls are fast, they say, and
fresh.

SGT HORSE

There's only one girl I care for,
Hannah.

Hannah WHIRLS into Horse's arms. Gives him a scorching KISS,
mashes her bosom and hips against him.

HANNAH

(sexy)

Tell the draft board you made a
mistake. Get a religious exemption.
We could be married. Mr. and Mrs.
Jacob Horsch. You could have me
whenever you wish.

(waits)

What? You don't want me?

Horse is too stunned to reply. Hannah is flustered by her
own boldness. She runs into the night, skirts SWISHING.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. RUINED STREET - NIGHT

Sgt Horse stuffs the letter in his pocket, cloth SWISHING.

SGT HORSE

My name isn't John. Or Horse.

GUNFIRE RATTLES in the night, a skirmish. Sgt Horse leads the opposite way.

SHARKY
Someone catching hell, must be our
guys? Shouldn't we help 'em?

SGT HORSE
We're not Boy Scouts. The mission
comes first.

SHARKY
But --

SGT HORSE
(suddenly angry)
You think this is easy? I promised
to keep those guys alive. But we
don't get what we want.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

On the abandoned east side, by the bridge, houses were leveled for a clear field of fire. Ruins are hip-high.

Across the river, petrol fires light up the night.

Yvette fidgets in darkness. Clutches the notebook. A SCUFF sounds. She peeks. Sgt Horse and Sharky creep along.

YVETTE
(hisses)
Monsieur American!

They whip around, rifles leveled. The girl barely comes up to Sgt Horse's chest. They're amazed.

YVETTE
(taps her nose)
Pinocchio. May I never tell a lie.

SHARKY
More like Jiminy Cricket.

SGT HORSE
Mickey Mouse.

Yvette gives him the notebook. Sgt Horse shines a flash on a page. Looks right. Stows it away.

SGT HORSE
Short shrift for a lot of lives.
(MORE)

SGT HORSE (CONT'D)
 You need anything? C-4? Grenades?
 Ammo?

SHARKY
 Sweet-talker.

YVETTE
 Chocolate?

Sgt Horse hands her a box of rations. She squeezes his hand.

YVETTE
Merci, mon brave.

SGT HORSE
 Don't let the Krauts catch you with
 that.

Yvette hooks a thumb at fires across the river.

YVETTE
 We do not fear the "Krauts".

Yvette slips away. Sgt Horse stares. He may be smitten.

SHARKY
 I got a sister her age. Hosts tea
 parties for her dolls.

SGT HORSE
 Where I come from, she could be
 married.

SHARKY
 Yeah? You got any sisters?

SGT HORSE
 One. She can castrate a hog with a
 paring knife.

SHARKY
 I'll keep looking.

A vehicle with no lights crosses the bridge. It can't be
 friendly, so GIs move off.

The vehicle stops, blocked by rubble. It's the roaming Jeep.

EXT. PETROL DUMP - NIGHT

Petrol drums burn, but not all, since they were staggered.

IN SHADOWS

Yvette returns warily, hides, looks for Paul.

SHOTS SEEN FROM YVETTE'S POV:

>> Hans and Stiggur hold Paul on the ground. His wooden leg sticks out awkwardly.

>> SS command car and truck arrive. SS Faust comes with Bodyguards.

SS FAUST
Bring "Pinocchio".

>> Paul startles: that's his code name.

Yvette also GASPS to hear the name "Pinocchio".

>> Soldiers drag up Collaborator in his hood.

SS FAUST
Who is he?

>> Collaborator leans in, WHISPERS.

PAUL
Traitor! Vichy!

SS FAUST
Feldwebel, take a detail and our puppet.

>> Sikorsky, SS Soldiers, Collaborator board truck, drive off.

Yvette panics. Can they be going to her house?

SS FAUST
Why are you not enlisted? Ah.
(to Dieter)
Take it.

>> SS Faust KICKS Paul's wooden leg. Dieter wrenches it loose.

SS FAUST
Another brave little puppet. Return it, with vigor.

>> Dieter BEATS Paul with his own wooden leg. Hans and Stiggur run.

>> SS Faust draws his sword, STABS Paul through the eye.

SS FAUST

A final gift from Der Fuhrer.

SOBBING, panicked, Yvette runs.

BUTTON

YVETTE

*Non, non, s'il vous plait, le bon
Dieu. Let it not be!*

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Carrying a lantern, Father D'Orleans goes to lock the front doors with a big set of keys.

But a SCUFF sounds behind. He peers. A Shadowy Figure is backlit by faint light from the stained glass window.

FATHER D'ORLEANS

Who -- are you?

Light, like a flaming angel, glows, GROWS.

FATHER D'ORLEANS

Our prayers are answered -- Ahh!

Light increases, searing. Father D'Orleans sinks in agony.

EXT. FORTIFIED FARM - NIGHT

Sgt Horse and Sharky reach the diked farm and haystack.

They hear EERIE (human) WOLF HOWLS in the night.

SHARKY

That ain't wolves, is it?

Sgt Horse pulls a flare gun from his pack, SHOOTS haystack. It burns, spills smoke.

SHARKY

That smoke'll bring Krauts.

SGT HORSE

It'll bring in our guys --

SHARKY

The ghost!

As the fire grows, LIGHT REFLECTS out in the darkness. Off the lenses of Doughboy's gas mask.

SGT HORSE

That's... a Doughboy?

SHARKY

From World War 1? That makes him a ghost.

Doughboy is gone. Spooked, Sgt Horse and Sharky crouch behind the dike to wait.

SHARKY
Wish I was back in Yonkers.

SGT HORSE
Me too.

SHARKY
Ain't you got a farm somewhere?

Sgt Horse looks around at ruined farms wistfully.

SGT HORSE
Not any more... Maybe I'll stay here.

SHARKY
We got a spare bedroom.

SNARLS sound in the tumbledown barn. Sgt Horse nods: Check it out. Sharky goes.

Sgt Horse takes out Hannah's unopened letter as SMOKE drifts across him.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. OHIO TOWN - DAY

Smoke billows through town as farmers burn fields. A bus IDLES by Recruiting Office. Men board.

Civilian Horse walks up with a valise and paper. ARMY RECRUITER with a clipboard takes paper.

ARMY RECRUITER
Jacob Hors- Horch? Hor-

Through smoke, Horse sees a horse and wagon pull up. The (same) horse has a bloody hand print on its flank.

SGT HORSE
"Horse."

ARMY RECRUITER
The Army can always use those. Wait here.

Horse sits on the bench. Takes a last look at town. Takes a deep breath of smoke.

LOCAL BOY (O.S.)
Glad you're doing the right thing.
No hard feelings?

Local Boy who beat and kicked him holds out a hand to shake.
Horse shakes, squeezes, tighter. Local Boy GASPS, sinks.

HANNAH (O.S.)
Jacob Horsch!

A figure rushes up in the smoke. Wide flat hat? Long
flapping coat tails? The Man in Green?

No, it's Hannah in flat straw hat and long skirt, storming
out of smoke like a harpy. Local Boy splits.

HANNAH
Already with the English ways,
bullying the bullies? Do you know
the word for you, Jacob Horsch?

END FLASHBACK

FORTIFIED FARM

Sgt Horse ponders the unopened letter, puts it away.

EXT. YVETTE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The kitchen shows a lit lamp, safe and homey.

Yvette runs up, YANKS open the back gate, --

-- BLEATS as she's snagged from shadows by Maman Poley.

MAMAN POLEY
My child, where have you been?

YVETTE
Oh, Maman. Paul is dead. They killed
him! But we must get out and hide.
All of us --

MAMAN POLEY
What? Why? No, you didn't -- Shh!

Out front, a truck RUSHES UP. BRAKES SCREECH.

GERMAN SOLDIER (O.S.)
(in German)
Make it quick! No one lives!

Out front, Sikorsky's SS Squad KICKS open the front door.
GUNFIRE and SCREAMS light the house.

MAMAN POLEY

Oh, *mon Dieu*! What have you done?

Maman Poley collapses. Both SOB.

YVETTE

Oh, Maman! It's all my fault!

EXT. TUMBLEDOWN BARN - NIGHT

Sharky creeps in with his flashlight.

The pale spot of light shows scary chains, jagged wood.
Stops on COW, dead, slashed up, soaked in blood.

SNARL. The lost German Shepherd, tears at carcass. Oddly,
the dog is slathered in blood.

SHARKY

Skinned alive!

DOG GROWLS, advances. Sharky doesn't even think, just SNAP-
SHOOTS. KILLS it. Sharky BAWLS.

EXT. RUINED STREET - NIGHT

German Company B creeps. Hears HOOVES CLOP. Raises rifles.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK (O.S.)

Stand down.

Major Gottschalk rides up on a saddled horse: the horse with
Spears' bloody hand print on its flank.

Soldiers salute. Gottschalk waves it away.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

I'm here to observe. Where are the
Americans?

UNT. ZIMMERMAN

Scattered, Herr Major. We hunt --

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

There.

Up in the saddle, Gottschalk sees the haystack burn. Pats
the horse's neck. Leads the company on.

FAR BACK

Hans and Stiggur dawdle along. See the haystack burning.
Head for it, slowly.

STIGGUR
We should check these farms for
calvados.

HANS
Any kegs left behind must be booby-
trapped.

STIGGUR
Still.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

The church is dark. The front door CREAKS open.

FATHER ANDRETTI and SISTER MAGDALENA enter.

Father Andretti is Italian, 35, handsome but hard-eyed, in a
black cassock.

Sister Magdalena is Italian, 23, plain, in a habit and wimple.

They carry luggage. She has an odd child's coffin case.

FATHER D'ORLEANS
(moans)

They find Father D'Orleans collapsed. Help him sit up.
Sister Magdalena goes for a candle.

FATHER ANDRETTI
(sniffs)
Father D'Orleans? Was there a fire?

FATHER D'ORLEANS
Who...

FATHER ANDRETTI
There was a letter. From the Vatican.

Sister brings a candle. Scorch marks show on floor and pews.
Father D'Orleans' eyes are white: he's blind.

FATHER D'ORLEANS
(joyous, babbling)
We are blessed. A visitation. He's
taken my sight, but I saw. He's
come to lift the curse.

SISTER MAGDALENA
Who, Father?

Father D'Orleans points -- at the stained glass window of
St. Michael with his flaming sword.

FATHER ANDRETTI
We're just in time.

SISTER MAGDALENA
Father, we can help. We are
exorcists.

EXT. FORTIFIED FARM - NIGHT

Light from the burning haystack flickers. Smoke rolls.

Sgt Horse hunkers. Sharky comes, SNIFFLES.

SGT HORSE
What's the word?

SHOTS sound in the dark. Then Macaulay WHISTLES. Arrives
with a few GIs.

SGT HORSE
Hang tight. Once the rest get here,
we'll pull back to the woods.

Bronco carries in Gypsy, sets her down. She GROANS.

GYPSY
(groans)

SGT HORSE
What did I tell you about picking up
souvenirs?

BRONCO
Won her in a poker game. She's hurt.

Bronco administers first aid.

GYPSY
(in pain)
It was -- wolves...

Spears lurches in, FALLS DOWN, PUKES.

SHARKY
Is he drunk?

Jefferson enters with Junior. Jefferson HUMS classical music.

JEFFERSON
B flat over C.

Sharky peers all around.

SHARKY
Sarge, we're surrounded.

SHOT: German silhouettes show all around in the dark.

SGT HORSE
Steady. The Lord is with us.

SHARKY
Hope he brought lots of ammo. Hey!

Bullets BANG, SMACK the dike, spatter dirt.

OPPOSITE, IN THE DARK

German Company B spreads out. Major Gottschalk dismounts his horse, SLAPS it to the rear.

A German Soldier SHOOTs. More. Unt Zimmerman stops them.

SS Faust, Bodyguards, and SS Squad walk up.

SS FAUST
What is the situation?

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK
They're surrounded, Hauptmann.

SS FAUST
Offer them surrender.

Major Gottschalk frowns, cups hands.

FORTIFIED FARM

Sgt Horse takes a head count.

SGT HORSE
Sixteen effectives.
(Spears RETCHES)
Fifteen.

SHARKY
The girl makes two more.

Gypsy sits, MOANS as Bronco bandages her.

GYPSY

(in pain)

American, listen. There is someone
you must kill.

SHARKY

Take a number.

GYPSY

The Man in Green. He is the Devil.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

OPPOSITE, IN THE DARK

Major Gottschalk calls. SS Faust steps back to Sikorsky.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK

(calls)

Americans! You are surrounded and
outnumbered! I offer you life!
Surrender and you will not be harmed!

SS FAUST

(low, to Sikorsky)

When the Americans come out, cut
them down. Eh?

SS Faust turns -- and Man in Green clasps his hand. Faust
RECOILS as if burned. His hand has a black thumb print.

MIG turns and goes. Faust draws his sword and runs after.

SS FAUST

You bastard! Halt!

German Soldiers see Faust run after -- no one.

OUT IN THE DARK

SS Faust chases, but MIG seems to blink away. SS Faust
circles foolishly, sword in hand.

FARTHER OUT

Man in Green watches Faust. But a SCUFF sounds.

Hans and Stiggur come lallygagging from the dark.

MIG turns to go -- and BUMPS into Doughboy.

Incredibly, MIG falls back from Doughboy in FRIGHT. MIG
runs off, long coat FLAPPING like a bat.

Hans and Stiggur hear the FLAPPING, see nothing, hurry to
their company.

FORTIFIED FARM

Gypsy is pained by first aid, but insists on explaining.

SGT HORSE

Who says he's -- who you said?

GYPSY

I am Rom. A Gypsy. We know the legends. The Man in Green is Satan walking this world. Sowing mischief and sorrow wherever he goes, since the day he nailed Christ to the cross.

SGT HORSE

There you go, Sharky.
(Huh?)
That's why we're here.

MAJOR GOTTSCHALK (O.S.)

Americans! Surrender and live! I give my word!

Smoke billows over them. Sgt Horse breathes it in.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. OHIO TOWN - DAY

Smoke swirls around the Recruiting Office. Hannah gives Civilian Horse hell as he boards the bus.

HANNAH

... The word for you is coward,
Jacob Horsch! Coward!

END FLASHBACK

EXT. FORTIFIED FARM

GIs hunker, wary, scared. Look at Sgt Horse.

SHARKY

What do we do, Sarge?

BUTTON

SGT HORSE

We fight.

END OF TAG

END OF SHOW

FADE TO BLACK