

**BAND OF BROTHERS  
PART 3:**

**"D PLUS 3"**

By

E. Max Frye

Based on the book by Stephen E. Ambrose

Revisions by Erik Bork

Note to the Reader: This is an exact REPLICA of the original teleplay written by E. Max Frye, with revisions by Eric Bork.

The original -- archived -- version of the script appeared on a (no longer accessible) website dedicated to actor Dexter Fletcher, who portrays John W. Martin. The script was published on April 7, 2004, as an HTML file, and was said to be a scan of an early draft of Part 3, "D Plus 3" (which later became "Carentan").

No liberties were taken. Scenes, actions, characters and dialogue were transcribed and composed verbatim, using Final Draft 11, on September 12, 2021. This coincides with the 20th anniversary of the HBO release of "Band of Brothers." ~ Nick Runyard

FADE IN:

A bare foot, cold and lifeless ... We are

1

**EXT. NORMANDY ROAD - DAY**

1

DEAD AMERICANS line the road, their faces covered with coats and blankets. Visible are Screaming Eagle patches and dirty brown Corcorans, just enough to identify some of them as paratroopers.

**SUPER: 9 JUNE 1944, D Day plus 3**

A TEAM of Graves Registration personnel removes dog tags and records names. Someone else uses a hand sprayer to douse the bodies with disinfectant. Nearby a pile of weapons, many broken and bent, await disposal.

DEAD GERMANS on the other side of the road lie in their hobnailed boots, although nobody's bothered to cover their faces.

Birds sing even as artillery thunders in the distance. The war, although over for these men, goes on.

GORDON (O.C.)

Those poor fools ...

WALTER GORDON, FLOYD TALBERT AND SHIFTY POWERS trudge up the road: tired, dirty and still trying to find Easy and the 506, after three days of hard fighting.

GORDON (CONT'D)

They went and got themselves killed and this Great Crusade isn't hardly even started yet.

POWERS

You suppose any of 'em are ours?

GORDON

Ain't our drop zone.

TALBERT

Hold up, fellas.

He bends over a dead German and removes a camouflaged rain poncho tucked in the man's belt.

POWERS

That doesn't mean they're not ours.  
Look where we landed.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

GORDON

You got a point there, Shifty.

They look at the bodies mutely. *Friends?*

TALBERT

C'mon, let's get out of here.

(to Sprayer)

Hey, buddy, which way'd the war go?

SPRAYER

(pointing)

Down the road that a ways.

2 EXT. COW PASTURE - DAY

2

A cow pasture full of discarded chutes, anti-glider poles and the bloated bodies of a dozen cows.

A LONE TROOPER stands in the grass looking up at the white clouds floating peacefully across the blue Normandy sky. He seems strangely detached from his grim surroundings.

GORDON, TALBERT AND POWERS round a curve in the road and stop in their tracks. They regard the trooper, following his gaze to the passing clouds. But whatever it is he sees up there, he's alone.

TALBERT

Hey, that looks like what's-his-name. You know, from 1st Platoon.

POWERS

Our first platoon?

GORDON

Hey, it sure does.

TALBERT

What is his name?

POWERS

Don't look familiar to me...

TALBERT

(calling)

Blithe?

PRIVATE ALBERT BLITHE turns with red-rimmed eyes in a blackened face. He smiles in recognition and shuffles over.

TALBERT (CONT'D)

Thought that was you. You alone?

(CONTINUED)

BLITHE

You're the first familiar faces  
I've seen.

GORDON

Ain't surprised. They dropped us  
all over the Cotentin Peninsula.

TALBERT

We been fighting with the 502nd  
since we hit the ground--You?

BLITHE

I've been... trying to find Easy.

TALBERT

Join the club. Let's go.

Blithe takes one last look at the sky and falls into step  
with the others.

MORE (O.C.)

.. gum, razor blades, soap, socks  
...

ALTON MORE AND DON MALARKEY are hastily going through a pile  
of musette bags kneeling in the shade of a walled garden.

MORE

... two packs of Luckies, a Baby  
Ruth and a fin. Cheapskate.

MALARKEY

Socks, razor, hairbrush - what's  
this? (a kazoo) ... smokes,  
letters, Hershey Bar. Hey, I'll  
trade you the Hershey Bar for the  
Baby Ruth.

MORE

No deal.

MALARKEY

It's got almonds.

MORE

I'm not tradin' a Baby Ruth for a  
Hershey Bar with almonds.

Malarkey comes across a few battered photos: a girlfriend, a  
mom and dad, maybe a younger sibling...

(CONTINUED)

MALARKEY

I've had enough of this, anyway.

MORE

What are you talking about? There's a gold mine here!

MALARKEY

I don't want to steal from our own guys ...

MORE

Scrounging is not stealing. Everybody knows that. Besides, these guys ain't never gonna miss it.

MALARKEY

I know, but ...

MORE

But what? We've been taking stuff from dead Krauts. What's the difference?

MALARKEY

Dead Krauts are dead Krauts. There's a big difference.

More reaches into another bag and his face goes pale.

MORE

(holds up a pair of tiny knit baby booties)  
C'mon, let's get out of here.

They drop everything and hurry out of the garden and into ...

**EXT. TOWN SQUARE - ANGOVILLE-AU-PLAIN**

... where TROOPERS from Easy and the 2nd Battalion - now essentially reassembled - mill around in the late afternoon sun.

BLITHE, GORDON, TALBERT AND POWERS straggle up the street.

TALBERT

Hey-ya, fellas! We thought we'd never find you guys!

JOE LIEBGOTT flashes a gold ring with an inlaid SS Totenkopf.

(CONTINUED)

LIEBGOTT  
Hey, Tab! Death's Head! SS!

TALBERT  
Slick! Look at mine!

Talbert excitedly pulls out his rain poncho.

LIEBGOTT  
Cammo. That's a nice one.

The happy-go-luck DON HOOBLER looks on enviously.

HOOBLER  
Dammit, I want something with a  
swastika on it!

BLITHE, exhausted, looks around for 1st Platoon.

PERCONTE  
Hey, Blithe! Over here!

FRANK PERCONTE AND BILL DUKEMAN sit in the shade of a tree.  
Blithe plops down beside them.

PERCONTE (CONT'D)  
Welcome to France, Alberto.

DUKEMAN  
How was your jump?

BLITHE  
Missed the DZ.

PERCONTE  
That goes without saying.

BLITHE  
I guess nothing went as planned.

DUKEMAN  
You can say that again.

BLITHE  
What about you guys?

Perconte pulls his sleeve back to reveal a dozen watches.

PERCONTE  
They're all tickin.' Unlike their  
previous owners. You get anything  
good?

(CONTINUED)

BLITHE

Not yet, no.

Blithe watches the activity all around them, still getting his bearings.

BLITHE (CONT'D)

So, uh, have we... lost anybody?

DUKEMAN

Tommy Burgess took one in the face. Popeye Wynn got pinked in the behind. But they're gonna be okay.

BLITHE

That's good.

PERCONTE

You didn't run into Lt. Meehan in your travels, did you?

BLITHE

No. Why?

PERCONTE

Company HQ's still missing. They think the plane went down.

DUKEMAN

I say he's gonna turn up.

PERCONTE

I ain't holdin' my breath.

BLITHE

So, who's in command, then?

DUKEMAN

Winters, for now. Lt. Welsh has 1st platoon.

As Blithe digests this, head spinning ...

LIEUTENANT HARRY WELSH takes a long pull from his canteen and addresses his men.

WELSH

Let's go, 1st Platoon! On your feet! We're movin' out!

Blithe, Dukeman, Perconte, Hoobler, and the rest of 1st Platoon (including BOYLE, CHRISTENSON, LUZ, MARTIN and MCGRATH) get to their feet.

(CONTINUED)

WELSH (CONT'D)

Listen up! It'll be dark soon, and I want light and-noise discipline from here on. That means no talking, no smoking and no playin' grab-fanny with the man in front of you.

BOYLE

Where we headed, Lieutenant?

WELSH

We're taking Carentan.

HOOBLER

That sounds fun.

WELSH

It's the only place where armor from Omaha and Utah Beach can link up and head, inland. Until we do they're stuck on the sand. General Taylor's sending the whole division.

LUZ

(a command voice)

Remember, boys, just give me three days and three nights of hard fighting and you'll be relieved.

Hoobler raises his hand.

HOOBLER

Lieutenant? I'll be lead scout.

WELSH

Corporal Hoobler is lead scout.  
(eyeing Blithe)  
Blithe, glad you could join us.

BLITHE

Thank you, sir.

WELSH

Platoon, fall in behind F Company.  
Let's shake a leg!

LUZ

(a command voice)

And another thing to remember, boys, flies spread disease. So keep yours closed!

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

The men gear up and prepare to move out.

5 **EXT. TREES AND FIELDS/NARROW TRAIL - MAGIC HOUR - DUSK** 5

Easy Company moves single file along a hedgerow.

A FLOODED FIELD glimmering in the moon light, is clogged with the twisted detritus of bitter fighting. Bodies lay where they've fallen and vehicles burn, casting an eerie light over the troopers as they march past.

HOOBLER leads Easy along a trail. He stops at the body of a dead German lying in his path. The man's hand sticks up stiffly.

Hoobler puts a finger to his lips as Welsh comes up.

Welsh steps over the dead German and moves on. Hoobler waits for the next man in line, Blithe.

HOOBLER  
(whispering)  
Don't wake Jerry.

He takes off after Welsh. Blithe steps over the body as Perconte appears. Blithe points out the body and moves on. Perconte steps over it gingerly, careful not to touch it. He turns and signals.

SKINNY SISK grabs the dead man's hand and gives it a shake, then steps on his stomach. The corpse lets out a gaseous blehhhhh.

SISK  
Sorry, buddy.

WELSH at the head of the column, stops and peers into the darkness.

HOOBLER  
What's cookin', Lieutenant?

WELSH  
We lost F Company.

HOOBLER  
Again?

Perconte appears.

HOOBLER (CONT'D)  
We lost F Company.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

PERCONTE

Again?

And now Blithe.

PERCONTE (CONT'D)

Hey, Blithe, guess what -

WELSH

Perconte! Go back and pass the word to hold up.

PERCONTE

Yes, sir.

WELSH

Hoobler, take Blithe and go find F Company.

HOOBLER

Yes, sir. C'mon, Blithe.

He pulls Blithe away into the darkness.

6 **EXT. ANOTHER HEDGEROW - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT**

6

MOONLIGHT shines on the hedgerow. Hoobler and Blithe move silently, rifles at the ready. Hoobler slaps at a mosquito.

HOOBLER

Dang mosquitos!

7 **EXT. NARROW TRAIL FRONT OF COLUMN - NIGHT**

7

WELSH slaps at a mosquito as lieutenants RICHARD WINTERS and LEWIS NIXON catch up to the head of the column.

WELSH

F Company has got no respect for night maneuvers.

WINTERS

You send somebody to --

WELSH

I got Hoobler and Blithe out there now.

(checking his watch)

It's going to be light in a few hours.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

WINTERS

Let's get this show on the road.

They take off as Welsh slaps at another mosquito.

8 **EXT. HEDGEROW - NIGHT**

8

HOOBLER AND BLITHE continue along cautiously, Hoobler leading, adrenalized; Blithe following, tense. Suddenly they hear:

F CO. TROOPER (O.S.)

Flash!

Blithe swings his rifle up. Hoobler holds up his hand.

HOOBLER

Thunder!

A TROOPER from F Company steps out of the darkness. Blithe relaxes.

F CO. TROOPER

I could hear y'all all the way across the field.

HOOBLER

You F Company?

F CO. TROOPER

'Sright. Where y'all been?

HOOBLER

Blithe, why don't you go back and tell the Lieutenant we found F Company. I'll figure out where these yokels are at and meet you back here.

F CO. TROOPER

Hey, who y'all callin' a yokel?

HOOBLER

Go on, Blithe.

9 **EXT. TREES - NIGHT**

9

A MOONLIT TRAIL as Blithe makes his way back. Suddenly, he freezes.

A GERMAN PARATROOPER weapon in hand, eyes him coldly from the bushes, BLITHE stands frozen, not even breathing.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

WINTERS (O.S.)  
He's dead, Private.

WINTERS AND NIXON move down the trail from the other direction.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Did you find Fox Company?

They converge on the dead German, stiff with rigor mortis.

BLITHE  
Yes, sir.  
(re: the German)  
I thought he had me.

Nixon examines the insignias on the corpse.

NIXON  
Fallschirmjager.

BLITHE  
Paratrooper?

NIXON  
Division thinks there's a regiment  
of them holding Carentan.

WINTERS  
One less to worry about.

Blithe touches a tiny sprig of white flowers pinned to the lapel of the dead trooper's jump jacket.

NIXON  
Never seen Edelweiss?  
(off Blithe's blank look)  
It's a badge of honor. Only grows  
above the treeline in the Alps. You  
have to climb up there to pick it.

10 **EXT. UNDER RAINCOAT, CARENTAN CAUSEWAY - NIGHT**

10

LATER THAT NIGHT

On A MAP of the Cotentin Peninsula and the small town of Carentan.

SUPER: CARENTAN, 12 JUNE, D-Day plus 6

STRAYER (O.S.)  
General Taylor has devised a simple  
3-pronged attack ...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

STRAYER, NIXON, WINTERS, AND SEVERAL OTHER OFFICERS (INCLUDING D AND F COMPANY COMMANDERS, GROSS AND MULVEY) huddle under a GI raincoat studying the map with a flash-light.

STRAYER (CONT'D)

The 501st will come in from the North, the 327th Glider Regiment from the East. We of the 506th will act as the pincer, hooking around and attacking from the south-west along this road. Our objective is the T-junction here. With everything else flooded, any Krauts trying to withdraw are going to have to go through us. The rest of `em are gonna get their feet awful wet.

11 **EXT. ROAD, CARENTAN - DAWN**

11

1ST PLATOON crouches in a ditch that runs along a narrow road sloping down to the T-junction.

STRAYR (V.O.)

Easy Company'll lead with F on their flank. Dog'll be in reserve. Jump off is at 0600. Good luck, gentlemen.

WINTERS AND WELSH eye the road leading to the T-junction and the buildings surrounding it.

WINTERS

Harry, I want you to take 1st Platoon straight up the middle -- hard and fast. I'll follow with the 2nd and 3rd.

AN ANONYMOUS LIEUTENANT {an extra - used to be Lavenson} slips away into the trees to relieve himself. His pale skin looks ghostly in the early morning light. A shot rings out. He goes down, hit in the ass.

EUGENE ROE, Easy's medic, runs out to help the braying lieutenant.

BLITHE and 1st Platoon watch from the ditch.

CHRISTENSON

Sounded like an M-1.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

LUZ  
F Company's over there.

BOYLE  
So much for the element of  
surprise.

Blithe looks around nervously. One of the other men makes the sign of the cross.

WINTERS  
C'mon, you men, MOVE!

1ST PLATOON remains frozen, their eyes wide with fear and indecision.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
MOVE IT! GET GOING!

THE GERMAN MACHINE GUN fires at Winters in the middle of the road.

WELSH'S SQUAD charges it, unaware that they're alone in doing so.

WINTERS now becomes a man possessed. He screams and kicks at the men as bullets snap past and glance off the pavement.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
Move out! Move out!

BLITHE wide-eyed, looks up at WINTERS while a thousand German bullets churn the air around him.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
I said move out, GODDAMN IT!

EASY COMPANY start to push and shove each other out of the way as they jump into the road and charge forward. Blithe is left behind by the first few ...

12 **EXT. INTERSECTION, CARENTAN - DAWN**

12

AT THE CAFE Welsh and the five others hit the wall beside the window from which the machine gun is firing. They toss grenades in, and follow with a hail of rifle fire. The MG goes silent.

OTHER EASY CO. TROOPERS race toward them, some peeling off to the left at the T-junction; others to the right. SNIPER FIRE zings past, not hitting anyone.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

TIPPER brings up the rear, loaded down with a Bazooka, shells and an M-1. He clanks up against a wall, having also avoided the sniper fire. Lipton is next to him.

LIPTON

Take Lieb Gott, start clearing these houses!

Tipper and Lieb Gott head off toward the structure next door. Lipton watches a second story window on a building at the end of the street, which has exterior steps leading up to it. He grabs Shifty Powers.

LIPTON (CONT'D)

Come with me.

As they take off toward the building, Welsh takes his five men in the opposite direction, and they are joined by COMPTON, GUARNERE, Randleman, Dukeman, VAN KLINKEN and others.

WELSH

Two on a house!

13 **EXT. BUILDING, CARENTAN - DAWN**

13

AT THE FIRST HOUSE THEY COME TO Compton tosses a grenade into a window. BOOM! Guarneri kicks open the door and rushes in, firing his M-1.

ACROSS THE STREET Troopers are checking other houses in two-man groups the same way: one throws a grenade, the other charges in, ready to fire. But there are few Germans to be found.

WELSH

Nobody in these!

No sooner has he spoken than a German "potato masher" grenade clatters into the street in front of him. He grabs it and heaves it as far as he can in the direction it came, over a house.

14 **INT. BUILDING, CARENTAN - DAY**

14

A FRONT DOOR ON THE OTHER END OF THE STREET is kicked open and Tipper barges in firing. But there's nobody there, only a framed photograph of Marechal Petain. Tipper heads through, finds a back door. Cautiously cracks it open to reveal a small yard with a tiny outhouse structure.

(CONTINUED)

TIPPER

Hande hoch!

No answer. He fires a couple M-1 rounds into it. Turns and heads back into the house.

LIEBGOTT (O.S.)

Tipper!

Tipper races to the front door. In the doorway ...

FLASH!

His whole world turns a bright and silent white. He tries to take aim with his M-1, but sees no enemy.

LIEBGOTT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(distorted and faint)

Tipper! Answer me! Tipper!

He turns to see Liebgott coming toward him, wide-eyed. We see why:

TIPPER is miraculously still on his feet, but both legs are broken and his left eye is gone.

LIEBGOTT (CONT'D)

Lookin' good, Tip. Lookin' real good. You gotta sit down.

Liebgott eases him to the floor, bones in Tipper's legs crunching as he goes down.

LIEBGOTT (CONT'D)

You hang tough, buddy. I'm gonna go get help.

As Liebgott takes off, Tipper notices the hole burned through one of his boots by the mortar round that hit him.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE STREET Lipton and Powers arrive at the building Lipton had been watching. Powers waits, grenade in hand, looking up toward a second story window as Lipton climbs the exterior staircase to a blown-out second window. As he reaches the top, Powers flings the grenade toward the first window. It crashes through and explodes. Lipton, wide-eyed, rifle ready, stands in the second window. All he can see inside is dust and smoke, no one to shoot at. He fires a couple of rounds and decides to high-tail it back down.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

As he reaches the bottom he sees MORTAR EXPLOSIONS on the wall of a building down the street, bracketing other unwitting Easy men nearby. He runs toward them.

LIPTON  
They got us zeroed! Spread it out!  
Go! Go! Go.

BOOM! A round explodes and Lipton is blown backward against a wall. His rifle clatters to the ground, his right hand numb and useless, his face bloodied.

From out of the smoke and dust Talbert skids to his side.

TALBERT  
Hey, buddy!

He tears Lipton's sleeve, uses it to tie a makeshift tourniquet on Lipton's wounded arm. Lipton can only stare at the blood beginning to soak his pants.

LIPTON  
Tab ...

Quickly Talbert draws a knife and slits Lipton's pants open.

TALBERT  
You're okay, Lip. Everything's  
right where it should be. Upsy-  
Daisy!

He throws the bloody Lipton over his shoulder and takes off.

FATHER MALONEY (O.S.)  
Hail Mary, full of grace ...

16 **EXT. STREET, CARENTAN - DAY**

16

FATHER MALONEY rosary in hand, walks down the middle of the street, blessing the wounded and dying. The shells whistle by overhead.

MORE AND MALARKEY duck into a doorway as sniper fire pings around them. More looks out and sees Father Maloney.

MORE  
Hey, Malarkey, you see what I see?

Malarkey follows his gaze.

MALARKEY  
Crazy fools, the Irish.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

He jumps out of the doorway and fires a full clip in the direction of the sniper. More follows.

17 INT./EXT. HOUSE, CARENTAN - DAY 17

IN A SECOND FLOOR WINDOW WALTER GORDON full-loads a machine gun and fire at a squad of Germans retreating across a flooded field. Randleman is with him, launching rifle grenades in the same direction.

18 EXT. FLOODED FIELD, CARENTAN - DAY 18

THE GERMANS dead and dying, spin lazily in the dirty water.

19 INT./EXT. HOUSE, CARENTAN - DAY 19

RANDLEMAN hears an explosion from behind, goes to the opposite window. Down in the street he sees.

20 EXT. HOUSE, CARENTAN - DAY 20

MAX FRYE (replacing Burr Smith, who's now in pt. 7 only) who stares wide-eyed at a potato masher that lands on the cobblestones next to him. It explodes. Frye is down.

21 INT./EXT. HOUSE, CARENTAN - DAY 21

GORDON in the second story room, breaks down his machine gun, and turns to see Randleman gone, heads down the stairs.

22 EXT. INTERSECTION, CARENTAN - DAY 22

DOWN IN THE STREET RANDLEMAN swoops in, picks up Frye like a rag doll, and carts him off.

WINTERS stands by a building nearby, scanning the street.

A PARATROOPER on a white horse comes galloping into view. He wears a top hat and brandishes a six-shooter in one hand.

TROOPER  
Mornin', sir.

WINTERS  
Who are you, trooper?

(CONTINUED)

TROOPER

Able Company of the 501. Supposed  
to let you know we got everything  
from here north cleared of Krauts -  
-

THWACK! A bullet smacks into a wall nearby.

TROOPER (CONT'D)

Well, most of it anyway.

WINTERS

Tell your C.O. the 506 arrived in  
force and have secured positions  
south of you.

THWACK! Another round hits the wall.

TROOPER

Got it, sir. HA!

He spurs his horse around and gallops away.

STRAYER (O.S.)

Lt. Winters!

STRAYER and NIXON are crouched in a doorway across the  
street.

WINTERS

Sir?

STRAYER

Is it safe out there?

His words are lost in the crackle of small arms fire.

WINTERS

What's that, sir?

STRAYER

Safe. Is-it-safe?

Winters shoots a look at Nixon, who suppresses a smile.

WINTERS

Yes, sir!

(stepping into the road)

A-okay!

Strayer hurries across the road. He's followed by Nixon.

CRACK! A shot deflects off the cobblestones. Winters  
flinches, hit in the ankle. He hops back to cover, furious.

23

**INT. BARN, CARENTAN (AID STATION) - DAY**

23

AN OLD STONE BARN missing its roof, serves as an aid station.

ROE (O.S.)  
There she is ...

MEDIC EUGENE ROE probes the wound in Winters' ankle with a pair of tweezers, pulling out-a chunk of spent lead.

ROE (CONT'D)  
Lucky it was a ricochet. Just caught a piece of it.

WINTERS  
(muttering to himself)  
Stupid.

ROE  
What?

WINTERS  
Nothing.

Roe dresses the wound as Winters looks around at the wounded: Lipton, Frye, Tipper ...

ROE  
You gonna be able to stay off it?

WINTERS  
Doesn't look that way.

Roe stops what he's doing, looks at him.

ROE  
We're not going to stay and enjoy our first town for long, are we?

WINTERS  
We expect a counterattack. Carentan's as important to them as it is to us.

Lipton can't help eavesdropping on this.

LIPTON  
Any idea when?

WINTERS  
We're not waiting around to find out. Division wants us to head east, toward the high ground, and set up a defensive position.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
With all the flooded fields, it's  
the only direction they can  
approach from.

As Roe and Lipton digest this, Winters notices ...

ALBERT BLITHE sitting quietly against a wall, not noticeably  
wounded at all. In fact, there's not a scratch on him. He  
just stares blankly into space.

Winters watches him.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
(to Roe)  
What's wrong with him?

ROE  
Nothing. 'cept he can't see.

WINTERS  
Can't see?

ROE  
So he says.

Winters gets up and hobbles around, looking over the men. He  
makes his way over to Blithe and kneels beside him.

WINTERS  
Blithe?

He waves his hand in front of Blithe's face.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
It's Lt. Winters.

No answer. Blithe stares straight ahead:

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
What happened?

BLITHE  
I don't know, sir. Things just  
kinda... went black on me.

WINTERS  
You can't see?

BLITHE  
Not a thing, sir. Not a thing.

Winters peers into his sightless eyes. Looks over at Roe, who  
shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

WINTERS

Well, you just take it easy,  
Blithe, and we're gonna get you  
outta here. We'll get you back to  
England. You're gonna be okay.

BLITHE

Sir, I didn't want to let anyone  
down...

Blithe looks in Winters' direction, trying to focus on him,  
pained and embarrassed by his blindness. He tries to speak  
but there are no words. He grits his teeth angrily.

WINTERS

Just take it easy. It's okay, son.

Winters stands up, hobbles toward Roe... As he does so,  
Blithe rubs his eyes, takes a few deep breaths, blinks  
repeatedly, trying to calm himself.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

(to Roe)

Let's get these men evacuated...

BLITHE

Sir!

Winters turns. Blithe is standing.

WINTERS

What is it?

BLITHE

Thank you, sir. I'm okay. I think  
I'm going to be okay.

Blithe looks around the barn, energized, disbelieving.  
Winters doesn't know what to say.

WINTERS

You can see?

BLITHE

I don't know what happened. This  
is... thank God. I think I'm okay.

WINTERS

Alright. Well, uh, you stay here a  
little while longer, make sure.  
Then you can report back to your  
platoon.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

BLITHE

Yes, sir.

Winters, a little spooked, looks over at Roe, who is also perplexed.

WINTERS

Let's start prepping to move out.

24 **EXT. CARENTAN STREETS - DAY**

24

The men of Easy Company are resting in clumps throughout the deserted streets of the town.

MORE (O.S.)

Berlin by Christmas, that's how I see it.

More, buried deep in his raincoat, puffs on a cigarette and blows smoke in all directions to keep the mosquitos at bay.

MALARKEY

You're full of it.

MALARKEY, BLITHE, ALEX PENKALA AND WARREN MUCK sit against a wall, their gear piled around them. They eat German black bread and Limburger cheese from a tube. It's almost relaxed, this moment.

MUCK

Hoo-ey! This Kraut cheese stinks.

PENKALA

Bread's stale, too.

MORE

Yessir, the way we came in here and took over... don't seem Jerry's got too much fight left in him.

MALARKEY

Hey, More, just don't get hit in the face when Jerry throws in the sponge.

MORE

Mark my words, Berlin by Christmas.

More shakes out another smoke, lights it with a Zippo.

SPEIRS (O.S.)

Enjoy it while it lasts.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

All heads turn.

LT. RONALD SPEIRS, Tommy gun in hand, stands over them, unsmiling. They freeze in place. Malarkey sizes him up.

SPEIRS (CONT'D)  
We're moving out soon.

MORE  
Out of town, Lieutenant? Already?

SPEIRS  
That's right.

MORE  
Well... that ain't good, is it?

SPEIRS  
Just be ready.

And off he goes. The men look on, waiting until he's out of earshot. Finally:

MUCK  
(to More)  
Consider yourself lucky. He's shot men for less.  
(to Malarkey)  
Ain't that right?

MALARKEY  
I told you, I didn't see it.

PENKALA  
What, the prisoners? Or the sergeant in his own platoon.

MUCK  
What? I didn't hear that one.

MALARKEY  
He shot one of his own guys?

PENKALA  
Supposedly the guy was drunk, and refused to go on a patrol. Who knows if it's true.

MUCK  
I know a guy who said an eyewitness told him that Speirs hosed those prisoners.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

BLITHE  
Which prisoners?

MUCK  
On D-Day. Speirs comes across these  
Kraut prisoners diggin' a hole or  
somesuch, under guard and all, and  
he breaks out a pack of smokes and  
hands 'em out

PENKALA  
Even gives 'em a light.

25 **EXT. NORMANDY ROADSIDE - FLASHBACK (SEE EPISODE #2) - DAY** 25

Eight GERMAN PRISONERS pass around a pack of cigarettes,  
speaking in German, laughing. Speirs gives them all a light,  
sizing them up. Then he gets back on the road and watches  
them for a beat.

MUCK (V.O.)  
Then all of a sudden he swings up  
his Thompson and hoses 'em --

Speirs grabs his Tommy gun, aims it at the prisoners.

26 **EXT. CARENTAN STREET - RESUME - DAY**

26

MUCK  
I mean, hoo-ey! Gives 'em smokes  
first? That's why I don't believe  
he really did it.

PETKALA  
I heard he DIDN'T do it, and the  
guy who did only shot them in the  
legs...

27 **EXT. NORMANDY ROADSIDE - FLASHBACK (SEE EPISODE #2) - DAY** 27

Again, the eight German prisoners with the cigarettes,  
smoking, enjoying themselves. Suddenly, an offscreen tommy  
gun begins firing and they go down screaming, one by one, hit  
in the thighs, knees, and lower legs.

REVEAL ANOTHER TROOPER Standing over them, gun smoking, as  
Speirs looks on in surprise, his own Thompson slung over his  
shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

MORE (V.O.)

No, no, no, it was him, but it was more than eight guys. It was like twenty.

28 **EXT. NORMANDY ROADSIDE - FLASHBACK (SEE EPISODE #2) - DAY** 28

MOMENTS EARLIER

This time there are at least twice as many German prisoners. As Speirs lights one of their cigarettes, he notices the death's head SS badge on the man's lapel.

MORE (V.O.)

And they were SS.

WIDER

As Speirs watches them smoke, then suddenly levels his Thompson at them and starts shooting. Doesn't stop until all have fallen but one man -- whose hand shakes uncontrollably, holding a cigarette, as he, stares at Speirs with raw terror in his eyes.

MORE (V.O.)

Except one guy. Who he left alone.

CLOSE ON THE SHAKING CIGARETTE HAND

And the lapel behind it: no SS badge.

29 **EXT. CARENTAN STREET - RESUME - DAY**

29

More, Malarkey, Penkala and Blithe consider this a moment. Hard to know what to believe.

PENKALA

All I know is, from what I heard, he took that last 105 on D-day practically by himself, charging through MG fire like a maniac...

MALARKEY

That I did see.

PENKALA

I don't care if any of the other stuff's true.

Muck looks at Blithe and shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

MUCK

What do you think, Albert?

BLITHE

I'll have to take everybody's word for it. 'Cause I didn't see any of it.

WELSH (O.S.)

First platoon! Let's go! Assemble on me! We're moving out!

And the men scramble to their feet. Blithe is slow to get up. Welsh walks by.

WELSH (CONT'D)

That means you, Private Blithe!

CLOSE ON BLITHE as the company moves through a field, toward a hedgerow ahead, in a massive skirmisher line. He's near the far-right edge of the, company, which is at the far-right edge of the line, flanked on the right by a railroad track, beyond which is a flooded field. Luz, Perconte and Hoobler are nearby.

PERCONTE

How far we going?

LUZ

Until they say, "stop"

HOUBLER

High ground. There's high ground ahead.

PERCONTE

Okay, genius, answer me this: why is it Easy is always either at the front of an advance, or, like now, exposed on the very far edge of the line?

HOUBLER

You afraid those Nazis gonna row across this field and attack you?

PERCONTE

I'm just saying... we're never in the middle. And yet we're the fifth of nine companies in the regiment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

PERCONTE (CONT'D)  
"Able" through "India." Think about  
it.

And now they're coming upon the hedgerow. Peaking through,  
they see a small stream a few feet ahead of them, a field,  
and on the other side of the field another hedgerow. At the  
bottom of a slope, rising to higher ground.

HOOBLER  
You see that? You see that hill?  
What did I tell you.

And from that higher ground comes GERMAN FIRE Intense and  
focused. Aimed right at them. The trees above them CRACKLE  
with shell bursts. Machine gun bullets slash through the  
leaves.

WELSH  
Get down!!

CHAOS as the men take cover in the hedgerow.

ON BLITHE As he huddles as near to the ground as he can.

BLITHE'S POV: His comrades do the same, taking fire of all  
types and from all directions at once.

THE OFFICERS

Work to spread the men out and deploy them amid the chaos.

CLOSE ON BLITHE

As he stares toward the enemy lines, immobile. Staying on  
him, the image begins to DARKEN and the sound of the  
firefight FADE until we realize we are now:

31 **EXT. EASY COMPANY LINES - NIGHT**

31

STILL TIGHT ON BLITHE, still staring out toward the enemy,  
only it is hours later, now quiet, and black, and he is in a  
foxhole, which he shares with JOHNNY MARTIN.

The moon appears from behind a cloud, lighting up the sky.  
From the German lines random gunfire and the song Mein  
Blondes Baby can be heard.

MARTIN  
What do suppose they're singin'  
about?

Blithe grips his rifle tighter. No idea.

(CONTINUED)

WELSH (O.S.)  
Catchy tune, ain't it?

Welsh appears from out of the darkness.

MARTIN  
Hey, lieutenant, what's the news?

WELSH  
Same as it's been since this  
afternoon. They're in their  
hedgerow; we're in ours. Now, you  
gonna let Blithe get some sack  
time?

MARTIN  
You spell me a minute, sir? My back  
teeth are floatin'.

WELSH  
Get back here A-SAP, Martin.

MARTIN  
Count on me, sir.

He pulls himself out of the hole and disappears to the rear.  
Welsh settles down next to Blithe.

WELSH  
How you doing, Blithe?

BLITHE  
I'm okay, sir.

WELSH  
What happened at the Aid Station  
today?

BLITHE  
Doc Roe called it hysterical  
blindness.

Welsh takes out his canteen, drinks, and offers it to Blithe.

BLITHE (CONT'D)  
No thank you, sir.

WELSH  
Go on, Blithe. You know what they  
said in basic: dehydration is a  
soldier's worst enemy.

Blithe takes the canteen and drinks. He almost gags at the  
strong taste of alcohol. Welsh watches him, grins.

(CONTINUED)

WELSH (CONT'D)

It's a game, Blithe, that's all.  
We're just movin' the ball forward  
one yard at a time. Nothin' but a  
game.

BLITHE

Yes, sir.  
(unsure)  
What is, sir?

WELSH

This. This. The whole thing.

Blithe nods but clearly he doesn't see it that way. Welsh has another drink then offers his canteen to Blithe again.

BLITHE

No, thank you, sir.

WELSH

Just a game. That's what I keep  
telling myself. It's just a game.

WINTERS (O.S.)

Harry?

Winters appears. Welsh sees him and hops out of the hole.  
Leaves the canteen with Blithe. Welsh walks a few steps with  
Winters, watching him...

WELSH

Not much of a limp

WINTERS

I'll survive.

WELSH

How is it?

WINTERS

Hurts.

WELSH

War is hell.

WINTERS

G2 says the Germans only left a  
company to defend Carentan. The  
rest pulled out sometime last  
night.

WELSH

I knew that town was too easy.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

WINTERS

They regrouped south of town, and may have been on their way to counterattack when we ran into them here. Unknown strength. From across the field they can hear machine pistols being fired, and German voices yelling slogans for their benefit. We know they want the town back. And we're in the way.

WELSH

We should fix bayonets.

WINTERS

If they don't come before then, we're attacking at first light.

Welsh nods.

WELSH

"Three days and three nights of hard fighting," my homesick ass.

Martin returns as Winters leaves. Sees Welsh fixing his bayonet. His eyes widen.

**MEIN BLONDES BABY** bleeds over a snoring PRIVATE GEORGE SMITH. We are:

32 **EXT. EASY COMPANY LINES - NIGHT**

32

Smith is sound asleep in a foxhole. From out of the shadows a figure in a German rain poncho appears. It's Talbert.

(all dialogue is whispered)

TALBERT

Hey, Smith, wake up.

He prods him with his pistol.

TALBERT (CONT'D)

Smith! Get up! It's your watch.

Smith's eyes suddenly open. He looks up at Talbert, silhouetted against the sky, and grabs his rifle.

TALBERT (CONT'D)

Whoa, Smith! It's me, Talbert!

Smith lunges with his bayonet. A miss.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

TALBERT (CONT'D)  
Smith! No! Don't!

He keeps lunging, finally striking Talbert in the chest.

LIEBGOTT AND ROD STROHL come running. They grab Smith and pull him away.

LIEBGOTT  
Smith, what are you tryin' to do?  
That's Talbert!

SMITH  
I'm -- What? Oh, gosh! Oh, gosh!

Liebgott rips away Talbert's poncho and jump jacket. Blood is everywhere.

TALBERT  
(loudly)  
I'm okay ... Medic! Okay ...

LIEBGOTT  
Tab, quiet down. C'mon, Strohl,  
let's get him back to the aid  
station.

They pick up the moaning Talbert and haul him away.

SMITH  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. He  
looked like a Kraut! I didn't know  
it was him. Oh, my God...

33 **EXT. ANOTHER AREA OF HEDGEROWS - NIGHT**

33

BLITHE AND MARTIN both asleep in a foxhole, are awakened by Talbert's awful moans in the darkness.

MARTIN  
What the -- ?

BLITHE  
Are they coming?

They listen, clutching their rifles, but the sounds fade. All is quiet.

MARTIN  
Sounds like it's coming from Third  
Platoon. Blithe, go check it out.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

Blithe hesitates, finally nods', pulls himself up out of the hole.

34 **EXT. HEDGEROW, CARENTAN - NIGHT**

34

MOMENTS LATER

Blithe is moving through the darkness in a fast crouch, not sure where he's going, stopping, listening, hearing some whispered activity, and heading toward it. Stops when he hears A CRICKET click once: Blithe hurries to find his own cricket, fumbles with it, trying to respond, when he hears:

SPEIRS (O.S.)

Flash.

BLITHE

Thunder! Thunder!

SPEIRS appears out of the darkness, tommy gun in hand, eyes blazing.

SPEIRS

Where are you going, Private?

BLITHE

To check out the noise, sir.

SPEIRS

I just came from there.  
Everything's under control.

BLITHE

Yes, sir.

Speirs heads off in the direction Blithe came from, Blithe follows.

SPEIRS

You got some nervous privates in your company.

BLITHE

We do, sir. I can vouch for that.

Speirs looks him over summarily.

SPEIRS

They don't see how simple it is.

BLITHE

How simple what is, sir?

(CONTINUED)

Speirs stops now, hoping these words will sink in.

SPEIRS

To just do what you have to do.

Blithe nods, not sure how to respond to this. Speirs continues walking, Blithe following.

BLITHE

Like you did on D-day, Sir?

SPEIRS

Like all of us did.

They reach Blithe's hole. Martin is asleep. Blithe slides down in next to him. Looks up at Speirs.

BLITHE

When I landed on D-day, lieutenant, I found myself in a ditch all by myself and I... fell asleep. I think it was those airsickness pills they gave us.

SPEIRS

Uh huh.

BLITHE

But when I woke up, I didn't really... try to find my unit. To fight. I just kind of... stayed put.

SPEIRS

What's your name, trooper?

BLITHE

Blithe, Sir. Albert Blithe.

SPEIRS

You know why you stayed in that ditch, Blithe?

BLITHE

I was scared, sir.

SPEIRS

We're all scared. It's because you still have hope.

BLITHE

You don't, sir?

(CONTINUED)

SPEIRS

Here's the way I see it. There's only one way for me to fight this war, and that's to accept the fact... that I'm already dead.

Blithe, breathless, barely nods.

SPEIRS (CONT'D)

Now get some sleep, private.

And he disappears into the darkness.

**EXT. EASY COMPANY LINES - DAWN**

A PINK HAZE pushes away the night in the eastern sky.

**SUPER: 13 JUNE, D-Day plus 7**

LEO BOYLE tosses out clips of M-1 ammo like they were candy as Welsh preps 1st Platoon for the attack.

WELSH

We don't know what they've got. We may be attacking a weaker force, possibly more paratroopers --

HOUBLER

And you know how they can be!

WELSH

Fire and maneuver. That's the name of the game, fire and maneuver. Dog and Fox companies will be on our left flank, moving with us. Any questions?

(none)

Let's make 'em holler.

PERCONTE looks at the dozen watches on his wrist.

PERCONTE

It's 9:30 in the evening in Chicago. Must be nice.

WINTERS looks at his watch.

CU - The second hand sweeps across the twelve. It's 0530. Winters signals for the company to MOVE OUT.

BOOM! An 88 round smashes into a tree, sending red hot shrapnel in every direction.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

Immediately a violent barrage of artillery and small arms fire erupts the top of the hill across from them. Everyone dives for cover.

WINTERS rushes up and down the lines.

WINTERS  
Fire! Return fire!

And the men begin to shoot back in the general direction of the German lines.

BLITHE scrambles for cover. He clutches his rifle to his chest and sinks further into the dirt.

GORDON grabs his machine gun, sets it over the top of a gate and begins to spray the opposite hedgerow.

36 **EXT. EASY COMPANY LINES - DAY**

36

STRAYER AND NIXON occupy the top of a small hill, the battalion CP.

STRAYER  
Give the order! Commence fire!

Nixon rolls away and crawls toward four 81mm mortar teams he set up on the hill.

NIXON  
Let 'em have it!

The mortar crews go into action.

37 **EXT. EASY COMPANY LINES - DAY**

37

EASY COMPANY returns fire with everything they've got.

EMPTY M-1 CLIPS begin to fall at the men's feet.

A YOUNG SAPLING green and leafy, just above Blithe, is caught in the storm. The volume and intensity of fire coming from both sides begins to tear off leaves, bark and branches.

BLITHE frozen, pounds on the butt of his rifle in anger.

On the hillside, out of the smoke, behind and above the German hedgerow, appears the menacing shape of Tiger Tanks. They cross the skyline and slither down the slope, their machine guns and 88's firing through the vegetation on the Americans.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

WELSH sees this.

WELSH  
Where'd they come from?!

38 **EXT. EASY COMPANY LINES - DAY**

38

NIXON has his binoculars out and is studying the same line of tanks.

NIXON  
Looks like... SS Panzer Grenadiers.  
Jesus, could be a whole division.

STRAYER  
We're light infantry, for cripsake!

Looking at the American lines, Nixon sees the left side of the lines crumble as men start to retreat from the trees.

NIXON  
F Company's breaking.

STRAYER  
What?

NIXON  
So 's Dog.

STRAYER  
Who gave that order! Goddamn it,  
Easy better hold position!

NIXON  
So far they are, but now their  
flank's exposed.

Strayer leaps up and races down the hill.

39 **EXT. EASY COMPANY LINES - CONTINUOUS**

39

German troops pour down the hill with the tanks, as the LEAD GERMAN TANK seeks an opening in the hedgerow to slip through.

LEO BOYLE tries to escape a burst of machine gun fire from the lead tank. Not quick enough, he takes a bullet through the leg.

ONE TROOPER gets SEVERAL FINGERS shot off. CRIES of MEDIC UP! ring out.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

WINTERS moves up and down Easy's line, yelling over the din, encouraging, cajoling, pleading...

WINTERS

Keep your heads down ... Raise up,  
fire ... Don't slack off ... Keep  
firing ... KEEP FIRING!!

TREEBURSTS rain shrapnel over the American lines. Rifle and machine gun fire tear up the ground. Smoke and dust fill the air.

BLITHE is immobile, lost.

A HAND comes into frame and rests on his shoulder.

SPEIRS (V.O.)

(calmly)

You're gonna be okay, Blithe.

(we never see Speirs himself, just a hand, in fact, we're never really sure Speirs is there at all)

SPEIRS (V.O.)

Just stand up, and fire your  
weapon.

And Blithe, slowly, stands up. The shells whiz past. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! He empties a clip. It falls to his feet.

SPEIRS (V.O.)

That's it. Keep it up.

Blithe reloads, empties another clip. Finally notices WINTERS there beside him, rifle in hand.

WINTERS

KEEP FIRING!! DON'T SLACK OFF!!  
KEEP FIRING!!

BLITHE fires away. The crack of his rifle and the sound of Winters' voice quickly lose themselves in the cacophony of battle, a sound so intense and overpowering that it becomes a solid wall of noise.

GORDON sprays the fields and hedgerows with the machine gun. Shiny brass casings spill into the green grass.

MALARKEY works his 60mm mortar as muck feeds the tube.



43 CONTINUED:

They start across the open field in front of the tank. It roars forward, starting its climb over the hedgerow embankment, as they position themselves for a shot.

MCGRATH

You're gonna get me killed, sir!

Welsh loads a round and taps McGrath on the helmet: McGrath fires, WHOOSH!, but the round glances off the tank's armor. The turret swings toward them.

MCGRATH (CONT'D)

You're gonna get me killed,  
Lieutenant! I just know it.

Welsh's hands shake as he picks up another round, pulls the pin and reloads the bazooka.

WELSH

Don't fire till I tell you!

Unable to depress the barrel low enough because of its angle on the hedgerow, the tank fires and the shell screams over their heads.

MCGRATH

I knew it! I knew you were gonna  
get me killed!

WELSH

Hold your fire, McGrath!

The tank climbs higher up the embankment and, as it reaches the apex of its climb, exposes its vulnerable underbelly.

WELSH (CONT'D)

Now! Fire, McGrath! Fire!

McGrath fires, WHOOSH!

THE GERMAN TANK takes a direct hit. It shakes, blows dust, and stops moving, stuck in place.

THE TANKS behind it grind to a halt, blocked from advancing further. They begin to move around, seeking defilade, and another way into the battlefield. One takes a hit. WELSH sees this and looks toward the left to see a U.S. SHERMAN TANK firing into the German lines.

44 **EXT. EASY COMPANY LINES - DAY**

44

NIXON swings his binoculars around.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

NIXON  
Well, hello, 2nd Armored!!

45 **EXT. EASY COMPANY LINES - DAY**

45

WINTERS sees the tanks as well -- a welcome sight.

WINTERS  
LET'S GO, MEN!! KEEP FIRING!! KEEP  
FIRING!! POUR IT ON!!

GORDON though bleeding from the calf and shoulder, lays down a ragged stream of fire.

HOOBLER also wounded, lets out a Yankee version of a Rebel Yell and blazes away.

RANDLEMAN runs for a jeep parked nearby. A bullet strikes the pack on his back and knocks him to his knees. He gets up, peels off his pack, and jumps on the jeep, swinging the .50 caliber machine gun around and opening up.

BLITHE firing, reloading, firing: then from out of the smoke, he sees a single FALLSCHIRMJAGER behind a thinning section of hedgerow some 200 yards away.

Blithe takes careful aim ... and pulls the trigger. The man goes down in a tangle of arms and legs.

STRAYER leads the remaining troops of D and F Companies back into a line along Easy' flank. The tide of battle has turned.

WINTERS AND WELSH turn to see the Shermans tear the hedgerows up with their machine guns and cannons. Welsh grins from ear to ear.

WELSH  
Oh, you beautiful babies, you!!

FRESH TROOPS from the 29th Division follow behind the Shermans.

EASY COMPANY slacks their fire as the Shermans open up in earnest. EMPTY M-1 CLIPS fill the bottom of Blithe's foxhole. He slides down onto his haunches, completely drained.

THE YOUNG SAPLING ABOVE HIM is now totally denuded of leaves, branches and bark. But somehow it remains standing.

TRANSITION TO:

46 **EXT. EASY COMPANY LINES - DAY**

46

IN BLITHE'S HOLE, A FRESH-FACED GI pokes his head in.

GI  
Hey, buddy, you okay?

Blithe looks up, his eyes focusing on the face looming above him. He climbs out of the hole.

The GI, shiny clean, looks over the pile of empty clips.

GI (CONT'D)  
Looks like you fellas had  
yourselves a heck of a fight.

Blithe looks to where the German went down. Without a word he takes off across the field.

THE DISABLED TIGER TANK smolders in the hedgerow.

BLITHE hunts for his German nearby. He looks back toward his foxhole, making sure the alignment is right, and continues until he sees BLOOD a small pool in the dirt and then more leading away into a stand of trees. Excited, he follows it. MORE BLOOD is smeared on the grass and leaves. And then A BLOODY FIELD DRESSING lies on the ground. It's stained a dark red. Blithe kicks it and lifts his rifle. He moves cautiously through the trees one careful step at a time. A DEAD FALLSCHIRMJAGER lies on his side, motionless, hand on his wounded gut. BLITHE stands over him. Pale dead eyes stare at Blithe's boots. A SPRIG OF EDELWEISS is pinned to the man's jacket. Blithe reaches down and removes it. Carefully, he pins it to his own jacket.

47 **EXT. BATTLE-SCARRED HOTEL - CARENTAN - NIGHT**

47

AN AMERICAN FLAG hangs over the doorway, which is labelled "OFFICER'S BILLET."

On the front steps Welsh is fast asleep, his right elbow rests on one knee, a Zippo lighter cocked in his hand. A cigarette dangles from his lips.

Winters limps up, dirty and unwashed.

WINTERS  
Harry...

Welsh doesn't move a muscle, doesn't even open his eyes.

WELSH  
How's the leg?

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

WINTERS

Stiff. Sore. They want me to take it easy for a few days.

WELSH

Uh-huh...

WINTERS

Somebody else should probably run the company while I do.

WELSH

Oughta be an easy job. I imagine we're off the line for a while. Probably getting on a boat soon.

He finally opens one eye, looks up at Winters.

WELSH (CONT'D)

That's what the Colonel said, right?

WINTERS

Next few days should be quiet. Beyond that...

Welsh closes the eye. He might have predicted as much.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

He appreciates Easy holding the line, yesterday.

WELSH

Somebody had to.

WINTERS

Said General Taylor was pleased, too.

WELSH

In that case, I volunteer. Put me in charge.

48 **EXT. HEDGEROW - ANOTHER FIELD SOUTH OF CARENTAN - DAY** 48

It provides inadequate shelter from the pouring rain to a tired bunch of Easy Company troopers.

NIXON AND WELSH use binoculars to glass the fields through a break in the vegetation.

WELSH

Who you wanna send?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

NIXON  
Ask for volunteers.

WELSH  
I hate asking for volunteers.

NIXON  
Then pick 'em.

Welsh gives him a dirty look and calls out.

WELSH  
Need a patrol for a look/see on a  
farm house. Who wants to go?

Not a man moves. Except for Blithe. He stands up.

BLITHE  
I'll go.

WELSH  
Anybody else?  
(no)  
Martin, Dukeman. You just  
volunteered. Hubba-hubba!

BLITHE  
I'll be lead scout.

WELSH  
Blithe's lead scout.

49 **EXT. FIELD, CARENTAN - DAY**

49

WILD FLOWERS are crushed under a pair of Corcorans as BLITHE works his way cautiously across a field. Fifty yards behind him are Dukeman and Martin.

50 **EXT. HEDGEROW - DAY**

50

NIXON AND WELSH behind the hedgerow, stare through binoculars.

NIXON  
See 'em?

WELSH  
Naw. You?

NIXON  
No.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

Welsh leans against the hedgerow's earthen base. He pulls out a canvas-wrapped bundle, his reserve chute, which he uses as a pillow to sit on.

NIXON (CONT'D)

Exactly what is it you're doing with your reserve chute, Harry? You been carrying that darn thing around ever since we jumped.

WELSH

Gonna send it to Kitty when we get back to England. It's silk. Figure it'll make a good wedding dress, you know, what with rationing and all.

NIXON

(a grin)

Geez, Welsh, I never would've guessed.

WELSH

What? That I'm so sentimental?

NIXON

No, that you think we're ever gonna get back to England.

51 **EXT. FIELD, CARENTAN - DAY**

51

A FRENCH FARM HOUSE sits behind a stone wall on the edge of the field.

BLITHE approaches, cautious but with his wits about him. The house looks harmless. He hesitates, moves forward.

BAM! A shot rings out. Blithe goes down, hit in the neck. As the blood pumps out of him he stares up at the white clouds floating peacefully across the blue Normandy sky.

52 **EXT. HEDGEROW - DAY**

52

WELSH AND NIXON look at each other with dread.

WELSH

Here we go again.

They glass the fields, see the patrol hightailing it back, Dukeman and Martin dragging Blithe between them.

(CONTINUED)

WELSH (CONT'D)  
Covering fire!

TROOPERS along the hedgerow open up with rifles and machine guns.

DUKEMAN AND MARTIN burst through a gap in the hedgerow and collapse in the mud.

WELSH (CONT'D)  
Cease fire! Cease fire!

The firing stops as Martin presses a battle dressing to Blithe's head. Blood is everywhere.

MARTIN  
Medic! Get a medic up here!

WELSH  
Medic up!

The call goes out. Welsh helps Martin with Blithe. Dukeman lies in the mud trying to catch his breath.

WINTERS (hobbling) AND ROE come running.

WINTERS  
What happened?

NIXON  
Sniper.

They watch Roe work desperately to stop the bleeding. He presses battle dressings across the wounded man's face. They turn a bright but soggy red.

WINTERS  
Who is it?

WELSH  
Blithe.

Winters takes a deep breath and wipes the rain from his face.

NIXON  
Any news from regiment?

WINTERS  
Yeah. We're going back to England.

Nobody says a word. Welsh pulls out a cigarette, but his Zippo won't light in the rain. He finally gives up.



55 CONTINUED:

COBB (CONT'D)  
You have no shame.

Gordon smiles.

GORDON  
I've got one hole in my shoulder. A  
second in my calf. And then there's  
the boil on my shin that had to be  
lanced...

Gordon hides the purple hearts as an ORDERLY wheels an  
unconscious and heavily bandaged patient into the space next  
to him. It's Albert Blithe. Gordon turns somber.

COBB  
Who's that? He don't look so good.

56 **EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE, ROAD - DAY** 56

A GI motorcycle tearing down it. Alton more drives while Don  
malarkey sits in the sidecar beside him, beer bottle in hand.

**SUPER: 13 JULY, D-Day plus 37, SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND**

More swerves to miss a British lorry coming the other way.  
Malarkey laughs uproariously. God, it's good to be alive.

57 **EXT. LOVELY BRICK HOUSE, ALDBOURNE - DAY** 57

serves as the officer's billet for Easy Company.

WINTERS (V.O)  
Dear Mrs. Blithe: As your son's  
commanding officer I wanted to  
write and let you know that,  
although seriously wounded, he is  
receiving the best medical care the  
Army can provide.

58 **INT. WINTERS' ROOM, ALDBOURNE - CONTINUOUS** 58

Richard Winters sits at a desk (bad leg on a pillow) writing  
letters. On his collar are a pair of captain's bars.

A KNOCK

Winters looks up to see PRIVATE DAVID WEBSTER standing in the  
doorway, at attention.

(CONTINUED)

WEBSTER

Private Webster reporting, sir.

WINTERS

Something wrong with Regimental HQ  
Company, Webster?

WEBSTER

I joined the paratroops to fight,  
sir.

Winters studies him silently, then fingers the stack of  
letters on his desk, a good fifty.

WINTERS

Easy went into Normandy with 139  
men. Five weeks later, we're down  
to 74.

WEBSTER

Yes, sir.

WINTERS

We're going to have a lot of new  
guys coming in, with no idea of  
what they're facing.

WEBSTER

I'd still like to transfer, sir.

Winters turns back to his letter writing.

WINTERS

Put in the paperwork. I'll see to  
it you're reassigned to us.

Webster salutes and heads for the door.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Webster?

WEBSTER

Sir?

WINTERS

You were a machine gunner, weren't  
you?

WEBSTER

Assistant machine gunner, sir.

WINTERS

Good. I've got a little job for  
you.

59

**EXT. MUDDY FIELD, ALDBOURNE - DAY**

59

Christenson and Webster, sitting in the field, full-load a light machine gun.

CHRISTENSON

One of these dumb-ass replacements gets hurt and they'll rip those captain's bars right off his collar.

WINTERS addresses a group of 30 REPLACEMENTS.

WINTERS

We found in Normandy that the key to a successful assault on an enemy position is to lay down a good, steady base of fire and then advance right under it.

EARL HALE, BABE HEFFRON, LEO HASHEY AND TONY GARCIA replacements all, exchange nervous looks.

HEFFRON

(sotto)

Did he say under it?

BILL GUARNERE AND JOHNNY MARTIN new tattoos decorating their forearms and new stripes on their sleeves, stand to one side and watch the fun.

WINTERS

Just remember to keep your heads down and keep moving.

LIEUTENANT THOMAS PEACOCK a replacement officer, steps forward.

PEACOCK

Sir, does this mean officers, too?

WINTERS

Especially officers.

REPLACEMENT OFFICERS ED SHAMES AND BOB BREWER don't look happy at the prospect.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Christenson!

CHRISTENSON

Sir!

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

WINTERS  
Covering fire!

Christenson and Webster open up -- with LIVE FIRE -- on a pile of sandbags set up at the other end of the field.

WINTERS (CONT'D)  
All right, first group, let's move out!

And he leads the nervous troopers across the field. CHRISTENSON can't help but grin as he fires. GUARNERE AND MARTIN laugh as they watch the new guys scramble through the mud.

60 **EXT. MUDDY FIELD - LATER - DAY**

60

Hale, Heffron, Hashey and Garcia are covered in mud from head to toe. They trudge across the field, their weapons slung over their shoulders, dog tired.

GUARNERE watches them file past.

GUARNERE  
Hey, you!

He tags Heffron, who eyes him apprehensively.

GUARNERE (CONT'D)  
Where you from?

HEFFRON  
Who's askin'?

GUARNERE  
You from Philadelphia?

HEFFRON  
South Philly, yeah.

GUARNERE  
I knew it! I could tell by the way you walk!  
(proudly)  
Winton Street!

Heffron smiles. A comrade.

HEFFRON  
Mifflin Sreet.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

GUARNERE

Hey, you know Johnny Waylon? Called him Tar Head. Used to live over around Mifflin Street.

And they walk off to the trucks together.

GORDON (O.S.)

"The Night Of The Bayonet ..."

61 INT. EASY MESS HALL (BARN/STABLE), ALDBOURNE - NIGHT 61

On A SEA OF LAUGHING FACES -- the enlisted men of Easy Company. These include many of the-wounded (BOYLE, COBB, HOOBLER, LIPTON, RANDLEMAN, SISK AND Max Frye). They listen eagerly to GORDON (on crutches) recite a poem of his own composition.

GORDON

The night was filled with dark and cold,  
When Sergeant Talbert, the story's told,  
Pulled on his poncho and headed out,  
To check the lines dressed like a Kraut.

FLOYD TALBERT just back from the hospital, flushes bright red while the men hoot and holler and pound the tables.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Upon a trooper our hero came,  
Fast asleep, he called his name.  
Smith! O Smith! Get up! It's time,  
To take your turn out on the line.  
But Private Smith, so very weary,  
Cracked an eye, all red and bleary,  
Grabbed his rifle, he did not tarry,  
Hearing Floyd but seeing Jerry.  
IT'S ME! cried Tab, DON'T DO IT!,  
and yet, Smith charged, toot sweet,  
with bayonet.  
He lunged, he thrust, both high and low,  
And skewered the boy from Kokomo.  
And as they carried Floyd away,  
Our punctured hero was heard to say,  
when in this war you venture out,  
Best never do it dressed as a Kraut!

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

Pandemonium.

Gordon pins a *spare* purple heart onto Talbert.

TALBERT

I could have shot the little prick  
a dozen times, but I didn't think  
we could spare a man!!

HALE, HASHEY, HEFFRON AND GARCIA segregated with the other  
replacements at their own table, smile self-consciously while  
the veterans roar with laughter.

LEWIS NIXON grim-faced, makes his way through the crowd  
unnoticed until...

A VOICE

Ten-hutt!

Everybody snaps to as Nixon turns to address them.

NIXON

At ease!  
(they relax)  
Men, I have a couple of  
announcements to make. First: the  
training exercise scheduled for  
2200 has been cancelled.

WILD CHEERS. Nixon holds up a hand.

NIXON (CONT'D)

Secondly: all passes are hereby  
revoked. Pack your gear, all of it,  
as we won't be coming back to  
England. Anybody who hasn't made  
out a will can find the forms in  
the supply office. Trucks will  
depart for Membury at 0700.

STUNNED SILENCE as he starts for the door.

A VOICE

Ten-hutt!

Everybody snaps to, but as soon as he's gone shoulders slump.  
The air has gone out of the balloon. They're jumping again.

62 **EXT. EASY COMPANY STABLE BILLET - DAWN**

62

The place is buzzing. Men and equipment are everywhere and  
everything is moving at double time.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

MORE and MALARKEY dead drunk, pull up out front on their motorcycle. They dismount and wobble.

63 INT. EASY COMPANY STABLE BILLET - DAWN

63

The place has been turned upside down. There's gear everywhere. More and Malarkey look at each other, confused.

MALARKEY

Hey, fellas! What's goin' on?

64 INT. VILLAGE. LAUNDRY - DAY

64

A BELL TINKLES and MRS. EMMA LAMB, a harried English woman in her thirties, glides across her tiny home laundry. TWO SMALL KIDS are helping her with sorting and pressing.

MALARKEY painfully hungover, is standing out front. He smiles politely when the door opens and removes his hat.

MALARKEY

Morning, Mrs. Lamb. I'm sorry to bother you so early --

MRS. LAMB

Oh, Private Malarkey. Come in.

65 INT. VILLAGE LAUNDRY - DAY

65

MALARKEY

It's Sergeant Malarkey now, ma'am. Just got promoted.

MRS. LAMB

Lovely. I imagine you'll be wanting your laundry. I heard the trucks rumbling by all night. Figured the Yanks must be on their way off again.

MALARKEY

Looks like for good this time.

She goes behind the counter and pulls out a package wrapped in brown paper and string. Scrawled across it is the name MALARKEY.

MRS. LAMB

Sorry to hear that. Here you are, two shirts, two pairs of trousers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

MRS. LAMB (CONT'D)  
Light starch. That's two bob,  
tuppence.

Malarkey holds out a handful of change. Mrs. Lamb picks out the correct amount.

MR. LAMB  
Would you like a cup of tea? I've  
got the water boiling.

MALARKEY  
No thank you. I'm in a hel - I mean  
- a bit of a hurry. But thank you  
anyway.

He starts for the door.

MRS. LAMB  
Private?

MALARKEY  
(turning)  
Ma'am?

The old lady pulls out another brown paper package and places it on the counter.

MRS. LAMB  
Lt. Meehan is one of yours, isn't  
he? I hope he hasn't forgotten his  
laundry.

Malarkey looks at the brown paper package and the name MEEHAN scribbled on it. He swallows.

MALARKEY  
I'll take it.

He puts some coins down and picks up Meehan's laundry.

MRS. LAMB  
And the others?

She smiles and, one after another, places brown paper packages on the counter.

Malarkey looks at the names: EVANS, ROBERT, MURRAY, OWEN, RIGGS, WENTZEL, WIMER, COLLINS, MOYA, MILLE R, SNIDER, MCGONIGAL, OATS, TELSTAD, ELLIOT, WARREN ... and finally ... BLITHE.

TRANSITION TO:

66

**EXT. WHITE CLOUDS - DAY**

66

float peacefully across a blue Normandy sky.

**SUPER: Private Albert Blithe of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania was shipped to an Army hospital in the United States later that summer. Never fully recovering from the wounds he received in Normandy, he died in 1948.**

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE 3