

**BAND OF BROTHERS
PART 8:
"THE LAST PATROL"**

By
Erik Bork

Based on the book by Stephen E. Ambrose

Revisions by Bruce C. McKenna

Note to the Reader: This is an exact REPLICA of the original teleplay written by Eric Bork, with revisions by Bruce C. McKenna.

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 a very early draft of Part 8, "The Patrol" (which later became "The Last Patrol").

No liberties were taken. Scenes, actions, characters and dialogue were transcribed and composed verbatim, using Final Draft 11, on September 13, 2021. This coincides with the 20th anniversary of the HBO release of "Band of Brothers." ~ Nick Runyard

FADE IN:

1 **EXT. ROAD - LATE WINTER AFTERNOON**

1

A cleanly dressed TROOPER carries his MUSSETTE BAG along the side of a COLUMN of battered trucks on a muddy road. The mud splatters against his crisp jump pants. It's SLEETING. He passes hundreds of exhausted Troopers who stare at him with hollow eyes. All of them miserable, pinched with cold.

DAVID WEBSTER late of EASY CO, searches the trucks to his right. He hears "MOUNT UP..." Engines ROAR to life. He sees something and breaks into a trot --

WEBSTER

Hey! Easy! Luz!

2 **ANGLE ON TRUCK**

2

that houses the Easy Co. HQ Personnel.

LUZ and a shivering LIPTON, who is wrapped in a blanket and looks ill, sit by CAPTAIN SPEIRS. They all look exhausted. The truck has no TOP. They huddle in the freezing rain.

The men look up at him. Luz half-heartedly jokes...

LUZ

Hey Webster... How's the Dictionary?

WEBSTER

(happy to be razzed)
Haven't heard that one in a while... Where's Captain Winters?

LUZ

Battalion. Captain Speirs runs Easy now.

Webster nods at Speirs, who simply stares at him, then hands LIPTON a SCHNAPPS bottle. Lipton takes a small SWIG.

WEBSTER

First platoon up ahead?

Luz jerks his thumb up toward the head of the column.

WEBSTER gives Luz a smiling THUMBS UP and walks up to the next truck. As he bows against the sleet we hear him in VOICE OVER.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

WEBSTER (V.O.)

As soon as I saw those white spades
and those ragged faces, I thought I
was home.

3 **EXT. ROAD - FOLLOWING**

3

He reaches the back of the next truck. It's filled with the
THIRD PLATOON: ALLEY, MCCLUNG, POWERS and BILL KIEHN huddle
around a small stove they've pilfered. The truck starts to
move. A spinning wheel sprays Webster with dirty snow.

WEBSTER

Hey! Whaddya know?

But the men don't even respond. Webster's a bit taken aback.

WEBSTER (CONT'D)

It's me. Webster.
(a coupla NODS, that's
all)
Hoobler up front?

Nobody answers. Webster walks up past the slowly moving
truck. He pulls his collar up against a sudden cold WIND.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

After two months of Red Cross
nurses fussing over wounds that
wouldn't heal fast enough, drifting
through a sea of replacements, I
couldn't wait to see the guys. I
thought they'd be glad to see me.

4 **EXT. ROAD (FOLLOWING)**

4

He reaches the next truck. He sees HEFFRON, LESNIEWSKI and
others. This time Webster's greeting is more subdued.

WEBSTER

Guys...

HEFFRON

(elbows Lesniewski)
Hey, look, ain't that Harvard?

Webster is expecting more, but that's it. He smiles
uncertainly at MALARKEY, who doesn't even acknowledge him.

WEBSTER nonplussed at his reception, moves up past the truck.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

WEBSTER (V.O.)
It never dawned on me I'd become a
replacement myself.

5 INT. DEUCE AND A HALF - SAME 5

Webster calls out to the next slowly moving truck.

WEBSTER
Hey, it's me. Webster.

Ten men sit in the back of the open truck. EUGENE JACKSON,
JOHNNY MARTIN, BULL RANDELMAN, BOB MARSH, KEN MERCIER and a
few others, including LIEUTENANT FOLEY.

One of the men, ROY COBB, a handsome, but grizzled Toccoa man
calls out to Webster. He's caustic.

COBB
Whaddya know, it's the professor.
Where ya been? Screwing all our
women?

WEBSTER has to jog as the truck picks up speed. He THROWS his
duffel bag over the tailgate and clambers up into the truck.

6 INT. TRUCK - 1ST PLATOON 6

WEBSTER
It's been hard to find you guys.

COBB
(bitter)
How hard could that be? Just head
for the goddamn front.

Webster settles down and glances over the men. He counts TEN
Troopers. There should be forty. Cobb turns to Foley.

COBB (CONT'D)
This here's Webster, Lieutenant.
Wounded in Holland. He's a Harvard
boy. Ain't that right Professor?

Webster offers his hand. After a BEAT, Foley shakes it.

WEBSTER
So the rest of the platoon up
front?

FOLEY
This is it.

(CONTINUED)

WEBSTER
(surprised)
Where's Julian?

There's a pause. Johnny Martin leans forward.

MARTIN
He's dead.

WEBSTER
Sawosko?

MARTIN
Dead.

WEBSTER
Jesus.
(afraid to ask now)
Where's Hoobler?

Martin just shakes his head.

COBB
(off-handed)
Bled to death.

MARTIN
Shot himself in the leg. Toye,
Guarnere hit bad. Muck, Penkala
dead. Mellet's gone. Carson, Gordon
wounded. Bunch of others. Bastogne
was...

COBB
Bastogne was a lot of fun, Webster.
You shoulda been there.

EUGENE JACKSON, a baby-faced Trooper turns to Webster.

JACKSON
You see any of them replacements
we've been hearing about?

WEBSTER
(shakes his head)
Where we headed?

COBB
Germany, Webster. Where else?

MARTIN
Krauts broke through near
Bitschoffen.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: (2)

MARTIN (CONT'D)

(wry)
Sort of a "Bitch Bulge."

FOLEY

We're headed to a German town.
Haguenau.

WEBSTER

Haguenau? That's not in Germany.
It's Alsace-Lorraine. France and
Germany trade it every war.

COBB

(explodes)
Haguenau?... Fuck Haguenau! And
fuck you too, Webster for being so
goddamn happy to see us.

The others go silent.

WEBSTER is hurt by this. We MOVE IN on his face. He stares
out the back of the truck at the immense column of moving
trucks.

7 **WEBSTER'S POV OF COLUMN**

7

WEBSTER (V.O.)

Yeah. Fuck me. I'd done my job.
Jumped in Normandy, Holland.
Wounded twice. But it didn't
matter. I missed Bastogne.

(BEAT)

I might as well have missed the
war...

DISSOLVE TO:

8 **INT. O.P. 2 - NIGHT**

8

WEBSTER inside a house, his back against a pile of broken
plaster. His eyes rimmed with exhaustion. His face covered in
stubble. A still smoking .30 MACHINE GUN sits next to him.

This room is the locale from which Webster recalls everything
that happened. This is the source of his narrative.

As his V.O. continues, he writes in a small notebook. His
right arm is smeared with wet BLOOD. Even his hand.

(CONTINUED)

WEBSTER (V.O.)

We'd been ordered to replace the 313th Infantry of the 79th Division. They'd been fighting the 25th Panzer Grenadiers to a standstill for a month. Now it was our turn.

Webster stops writing. He looks up.

ANGLE ON ROOM - WEBSTER'S P.O.V.

The rest of the First Platoon sits apart from him. All staring vacantly at the floor. Stunned. Mute. Clearly something drastic has affected them all.

Cobb sits by himself staring into the distance.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

We were met in town by a jeepload of replacement officers, as eager as I had been to join the company...

EXT. HAGUENAU - NIGHT

The trucks carrying the Battalion roll to a stop in a SQUARE. The town is severely BOMBED OUT. Dark. And empty.

INSERT TITLE: D DAY PLUS 214: HAGUENAU, ALSACE

WEBSTER gets out of the truck with the rest of the First Platoon. Stiff-legged. Sergeants bellow at the men.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

But I don't think any were so eager as Lieutenant Henry Sweet Jones. West Point. Class of '44.

Webster looks over at a JEEP nearby. Several CLEAN CUT officers stand and watch the men unload. We MOVE IN on one in particular. A tall, thin, handsome Lieutenant, who stares at the trucks eagerly. This is HENRY JONES, 22-ish.

Jones walks up to Cobb.

JONES

Soldier. Is this second battalion?
(no answer)
Soldier, I'm talking to you.

Cobb leans down and RE-BLOUSES his pants into his JUMP BOOTS. Jones leans over and puts his head on Cobb's level.

(CONTINUED)

JONES (CONT'D)
Are you deaf, Private?

Cobb looks startled.

COBB
Oh, sorry, Sir. I didn't realize
you were talking to me.
(straightens up)
You see, I'm a Paratrooper and no
one calls me soldier.

Jones just stares at him. Webster pipes up.

WEBSTER
What can I do for you Lieutenant?

JONES
Is this Second Battalion?
(Webster NODS)
Where would I find your commanding
officer.

Webster points toward the center of the square where DICK WINTERS talks to LEWIS NIXON as they pore over a map. WEBSTER watches as Jones moves through a crowd of deploying Troopers and approaches Winters. He SNAPS a salute.

JONES
Sir. Lieutenant Henry Sweet Jones
reporting for duty.

Winters stares at the stiff salute. Winters turns to Nixon.

WINTERS
What's he doing?

NIXON
I think he's saluting.

WINTERS
What am I supposed to do?

NIXON
You'd better return it or we'll be
here all night.

Winters returns the salute. As Jones drops his arm, Winters notices the WEST POINT RING on Jones' hand.

(CONTINUED)

WINTERS
West Point?

JONES
(proud)
Graduated June 6th, 1944, Sir.

NIXON
Is that so...

Winters smiles. He regards Jones for a BEAT. Then looks up at the masses of men. Sees something.

WINTERS
Lieutenant. Report to Easy Company.
Captain Speirs commanding.

Winters points to SPEIRS in the distance. Jones SALUTES, and heads off. Winters and Nixon go back to their map.

JONES pushes through the men again. He approaches Speirs who is helping CARWOOD LIPTON down out of the truck. Lipton's dead drunk and SINGING. The men around him laugh at him.

LIPTON
I'm a Beaver... an EAGER BEAVER...

Jones doesn't know what to say. He turns to Speirs.

JONES
Captain Speirs?

SPEIRS
Help me get him down.

Jones goes to help.

WEBSTER watches. Cobb suddenly grabs him by his collar.

COBB
Quit daydreamin'.

Webster follows the rest of First Platoon out of the rubble filled square when suddenly they all hear a faint thwock, thwock. It gets louder ...THWOCK THWOCK. The men crouch down as a huge German SHELL cuts through the air toward town.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

Webster throws himself flat. THWOCK THWOCK!!! BLAM! A huge explosion rocks Haguenau about a quarter of mile away.

As Webster gets up, Martin grins at him.

MARTIN
What's the matter, Web? Nervous in
the service?

We MOVE IN on Webster. And we are:

13 INT. O.P. TWO - 1ST PLATOON - DAY

13

IN CLOSE on Webster as he COOKS food on a stove. PULLING BACK reveals First Platoon taking it easy in the basement of a bombed house. A moldy mattress lies on the floor. Broken glass and plaster everywhere. Empty ration cans strewn about. In short, a cesspool. Martin, Cobb, Randleman and SERGEANT MERCIER play POKER, using food as currency.

MARTIN
I'll see your measly deuces, Cobb.
And raise ya...

He takes two cans of SPAM and slams them down.

Some of the men clear their throats. Martin looks up.

JONES walks down into the basement. Martin gets up.

JONES
I'm Lieutenant Jones. Your new
Assistant Platoon leader.

MARTIN
Pee Wee Martin. I'd be your platoon
Sergeant.

As Martin goes to shake hands, he notices the WEST POINT RING on Jones' right hand.

COBB mutters to Webster.

COBB
Fifteen.

WEBSTER
Fifteen what?

COBB
Looies since D-Day.

BACK TO JONES

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

JONES
Would you be the Sergeant getting
the Commission?

Martin looks around the room.

JONES (CONT'D)
The battlefield Commission...

MARTIN
Not this week. You're thinking of
the Company First Sergeant. Lipton.
He's the one.

JONES
(feeling awkward)
Oh...So what's the situation?

MARTIN
Upstairs.
(as they walk upstairs)
Lieutenant Foley's back at
Company...

When they're gone, the men look at each other.

COBB
You see the ring?
(off the men's shrugs)
West Point. 'If you don't have the
ring, it don't mean a thing...'

14 INT. O.P. 2 - 1ST FLOOR

14

MARTIN and Jones walk up to the first floor hallway. A .30 caliber machine gun lies on top of a marble table. It's aimed at a piece of PLYWOOD jammed into a window frame. Two Troopers stand aside as Martin removes a RAG from a large hole.

The two of them peer through the hole at.

15 THE GERMAN LINES

15

We see the swollen MODER about thirty yards away. The river is about twenty yards wide, very swift and cuts through town.

Several ISOLATED HOUSES lie across the river. Beyond the houses, a FIELD stretches off for about half a mile and ends in a FOREST. GERMANS move around the distant trees. A TRUCK flits amid the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN (O.S.)

Krauts lay low across the river. We do the same. Mostly just flares and a few mortars. But watch out during the day. They got us pretty well zeroed. Some .88s. Snipers, too. Plus they got some kinda railroad gun back there. Big motherfucker. Maybe a Two-Oh-Five. Shells 'bout the size of a Deuce and half. Mostly random but it keeps us honest.

(BEAT)

We're supposed to watch for infiltration. But it's not gonna happen.

JONES (O.S.)

No? Why not?

MARTIN (O.S.)

Krauts have had it. That's why.

Suddenly a GERMAN runs in a crouch much closer. In full view. He moves across the big field toward a house with GREEN SHUTTERS. Only about a hundred yards away.

JONES (O.S.)

Hey!

JONES reaches for his SIDEARM. Excited. Martin looks out at the German then back at Jones' .45. He PLUGS up the hole.

Jones feels foolish and reholsters his side-arm.

As they walk downstairs, Jones tries to change the subject.

JONES

So, what did this Lipton do? I mean it must have been something special to get a battlefield commission.

MARTIN

Special? Everything we do is special...

Jones and Martin walk in again. Jones looks at the SEVEN or EIGHT men there. Turns to Martin.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

So, where's the rest of the platoon?

MARTIN

Oh. Jackson? He's in the can.

JACKSON comes down the stairs, buttoning his JUMP PANTS.

JACKSON

Right here, Sarge. Got me a bad case of the Sobels.

JONES

(realizing)
This is it?

WEBSTER

We're expecting replacements.

Before Martin can answer the OUTSIDE DOOR opens and LUZ walks into the basement as he lets out a SPOOL of wire.

JACKSON

Hey, Portugee. What's new?

LUZ

(looks over the squalid room)
Damn boys, this is four star. 'Course rear echelon types is sleepin' on sheets.

He sees JONES. Smiles slightly as he begins to HOOK UP a telephone to the new wire.

LUZ (CONT'D)

HQ is buzzin'. New Looey went AWOL. (really enjoys this)
Get this, the guy comes in, gets his orders and gets lost his first day. Can you believe that? Any you guys seen him?

He finishes the wiring and casts a quick glance at Jones. Martin looks over at Jones, who starts to realize.

JONES

This Lieutenant have a name, private?

LUZ

Why let me see.... I think it was...Jones. Yeah.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

LUZ (CONT'D)
Lieutenant Jones. Got lost on his
way to OP One. You know. Second
Platoon.

The men start to laugh.

JONES
(not asking)
This isn't Second Platoon.

The men GUFFAW. Jones smiles. He rolls with it.

MARTIN
This here's First Platoon,
Lieutenant.

LUZ
(grinning; to Jones)
Come on, I'll take ya there.

Luz leads him out. As Jones EXITS, he turns back to Cobb.

JONES
Good luck with number sixteen.

Webster LAUGHS. And then he tapers off. And we are:

18 INT. O.P. TWO - NIGHT

18

Webster sits next to a REPLACEMENT Trooper, NORM NIETZKE, a
fresh-faced skinny nineteen year old.

WEBSTER (V.O.)
We finally got our replacements.
Ninety day wonders they rushed
through jump school...

Webster watches as Nietzsche finishes CLEANING his M-1.

WEBSTER
And remember. Stay in the shadows.
Watch for Krauts sneaking across
the river.
(Nietzke nods)
What you say your name was?

NIETZKE
Nietzke. Norm.

MARTIN (O.S.)
NITZER!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

NIETZKE

Yes sir!

Sgt. Martin points at him from the stairs.

MARTIN

You. Webster. On the North
perimeter.

They gather up their M-1s and head for the door. As they do,
they pass by another spirited POKER GAME.

WEBSTER

Just keep your head low, watch the
older fellas and keep your mouth
shut.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

Keep your head low, watch the older
fellas and keep your mouth shut. It
was good advice for all of us.
Especially replacement officers...

DISSOLVER TO:

19 INT. O.P. TWO - NIGHT

19

We're back on the exhausted Webster as he writes in his
notebook. He stops and rubs his eyes. He notices the BLOOD
smeared on his hand.

Cobb takes a PULL from a SCHNAPPS BOTTLE, and offers it to
Webster. Webster shakes his head and continues to write.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

I thought I knew how they felt.
Coming into the Company. Trying to
fit in. If you paid attention, then
maybe the men just might accept
you. Maybe. Lieutenant Jones knew
that.

20 EXT. OP TWO - NIGHT

20

Webster and Nietzsche stand guard outside the house.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

Sure he wanted glory. But not on
our backs. Too bad for Jones there
didn't seem any way for him to make
his mark. There didn't seem much
left for us to do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

WEBSTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(BEAT)
Until February 12th.

Nietzke looks over at Webster.

NIETZKE
You believe all that stuff about
the Krauts. You know death camps
for Jews and things like that?

WEBSTER
Nah. Expect it's all propaganda to
make us hate them more than we
already do.

Suddenly they hear the distinctive Thwock THWOCK of the heavy
shell. Both men crouch down. The shell screams in and BOOM
...several hundred yards to the rear.

NIETZKE
What the hell is that?

Webster doesn't answer. He turns away from the town and
stares into the dark, straining to hear something...

21 **ANGLE ON HAGUENAU - WEBSTER'S P.O.V.**

21

Searchlights beam up into the clouds. A few TRACERS burp up
over the church steeple to the south. A FIRE burns somewhere,
casting an eerie orange glow to the night.

They hear a SCUFFLE nearby.

BACK TO WEBSTER AND NIETZKE

Nietzke GRIPS his M-1 tightly. Slowly brings it up...when
SPEIRS AND LIPTON emerge from the gloom with JONES tagging on
their heels. Speirs turns to Jones.

SPEIRS
What?

JONES
Sir. I was just wondering...

Jones tails off. Speirs turns to Webster and Nietzke.

SPEIRS
Both of you. Inside.

Webster leads them to the door to the basement. After the
three officers enter, Webster and Nietzke follow.

22

INT. OP TWO - FOLLOWING

22

The men put down their cards, food, books as Speirs, Lipton and Jones come in. Lieutenant Foley and Sergeant Mercier look up.

Webster and Nietzsche sidle in and-watch.

The men put down their cards, food, books as Speirs, Lipton and Jones come in. Lieutenant Foley and Sergeant Mercier look up.

Webster and Nietzsche sidle in and-watch.

SPEIRS

Regiment wants a patrol for prisoners. Lieutenant Foley, pick four men. No replacements. Sergeant Mercier will be in command. We'll meet at the CP 1700 hours tomorrow for a briefing. We're going out in a coupla nights.

The men stare back. Incredulous. Speirs turns to Jones.

SPEIRS (CONT'D)

Are you lost again, Jones? This is First Platoon. OP Two. You're with Second. OP One. Remember?

Speirs turns on his heels and EXITS with Lipton. Jones stands and looks at the ground for a BEAT.

WEBSTER watches him as he EXITS. THE MEN try to look busy. No one looks Foley in the eye.

FOLEY

Okay. I don't like it either...
(looks; then BEAT)
Jackson. McCreary. Winn.
(BEAT)
And Cobb.

COBB

(explodes)
I knew it. I fuckin' knew it. How come you don't volunteer, Foley?

MARTIN

Stow it, Cobb.' You heard Captain Speirs. He's putting a Noncom in charge.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

COBB
It's all bullshit. It's too late in
the war for this crap. Prisoners?
What the fuck are they gonna tell
us we don't know.
(shakes his head)
Aw...fuck me.

Cobb throws a Ration can and storms upstairs. After a BEAT.

MARTIN
Webster, Nietzsche. Back outside.

23 EXT. O.P. TWO - FOLLOWING

23

Speirs finishes taking a leak against the wall as Webster and Nietzsche come out. Jones is lobbying.

JONES
I'd like to volunteer for the
patrol, Sir.

Speirs finishes buttoning up his pants. Regards the young Lieutenant. Then takes out a cigarette and ignoring BLACK OUT rules, he fires up his zippo.

Suddenly a SNIPER SHOT RINGS out ...and a bullet-smacks into the wall behind them. They all duck except Speirs.

Nietzke looks up at Speirs like he's insane.

SPEIRS
I'll think about it.
(to Lipton)
Come on. Let's hit second platoon.

He moves on. After a BEAT, Jones and Lipton follow.

WEBSTER watches them disappear into the dark.

WEBSTER (V.O.)
Lieutenant Jones wanted it so bad,
he could taste it. But news of the
patrol didn't make any of the men
happy. Nobody wanted to go.

24 INT. O.P. ONE - 2ND PLATOON - NIGHT - FOLLOWING

24

Speirs stands by MALARKEY, who looks up from a CARD GAME. He reacts to something Speirs says and throws his cards down.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

SPEIRS points at Lesniewski, who puts down a book. He stares at Speirs as he ITCHES his leg. Shrugs.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

Malarkey and Lesniewski got tagged
from Second Platoon...

Jones watches Speirs EXIT. After a BEAT, he follows.

25 **EXT. O.P. ONE - 2ND PLATOON**

25

Jones comes out as Speirs is about to walk away.

SPEIRS

Stay with your Platoon, Lieutenant.

JONES

If you don't mind, Sir. I'd like to
tag along. See how it's done.

Speirs looks at Lipton. Shrugs. Then moves on. Jones turns to Lipton and puts his hand out. Lipton shakes it.

LIPTON

Carwood Lipton. Company First
Sergeant.

JONES

Henry Sweet Jones.

26 **INT. O.P. THREE - 3RD PLATOON - NIGHT - FOLLOWING**

26

Speirs, Lipton and Jones enter. The men of THIRD PLATOON sit around a large table eating a FEAST of scrounged food. WINE BOTTLES line the table. Speirs points to MCCLUNG.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

One Lung McClung from Third Platoon
drew lead scout.

McClung stops eating for a BEAT. He stares at Speirs with enmity. Then goes back to his can of PEACHES.

We suddenly HEAR the thwock.... Thwock.. THWOCK...of the sixteen inch shell. The men stop eating and listen.

THWOCK. . . THWOCK! ! ! They've never heard it so loud
...Suddenly the shell SCREAMS in. The men hit the dirt. BOOM!
The building reverberates. But nothing more than DUST falls.
The men breathe. A few JOKES. ALLEY checks the wine bottles
...when suddenly Alley realizes --

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

ALLEY
Anybody next door?

MCCLUNG
Kiehn!

All of them rush out of the basement.

27 **EXT. BUILDING - BY O.P. THREE - NIGHT - FOLLOWING** 27

They all move toward the adjacent building, which is SMOKING badly. One of the WALLS has been blown in.

ALLEY
BILL!

They reach the side of the building. Several troopers start digging in the rubble. Pulling pieces of cement out. McClung, Alley and others pull a heavy piece off of BILL KEIHN dead in his sleeping bag. Everything below his chest is crushed FLAT beneath the rest of the falling wall.

JONES stares down at the dead body. His first real taste of war.

ALLEY walks away and sits down. His eyes tear up. McClung puts a hand on his shoulder.

WEBSTER (V.O.)
They'd seen it a ten thousand times
before, but Kiehn's death...

DISSOLVE TO:

28 **INT. BY O.P. THREE - DAY** 28

THE NEXT MORNING WEBSTER AND LIPTON stare down at Kiehn's body as GRAVES REGISTRATION tries to dig him out. Other Easy Co. stand near them.

WEBSTER
...Bill Kiehn was a Toccoa man and
it hit the company hard. Most of
the guys went to see his body the
next day. They'd never done that
before. We usually didn't have time
to pay respects.
(BEAT)
More than a few of us thought his
death was a bad omen.

JONES walks up. He stares at Kiehn. He turns to Lipton.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

Did you know him?

Lipton looks up at him. Then starts to walk away from Kiehn's body. Jones follows.

LIPTON

You went to West Point, didn't you?

JONES

Graduated on D-Day.

They stop. Behind them the company crowds around to pay their last respects to Kiehn. Jones glances over at the MODER, glistening in the morning light. Lipton follows his gaze.

JONES (CONT'D)

You think you could talk to Speirs?

(off Lipton's look)

What about the Battalion Commander?

LIPTON

Captain Winters?

JONES

Battalion Commander's only a
Captain?

LIPTON

(nods)

For now.

JONES

(after a BEAT)

I can't be in this war and never
see combat.

Lipton looks at him. Then back at the small crowd of men around Kiehn's grave. Jones realizes he's overstepped.

JONES (CONT'D)

Congratulations on the Commission.
You must be quite honored.

LIPTON

Won't be official 'til I get the
paper.

(glances back toward
Kiehn)

Who knows? I could get nailed by a
sniper any minute.

He walks away.

29 **A RIFLE SHOT -- CRACK!**

29

SMASH CUT TO:

A GERMAN SOLDIER drops onto one knee in the field across the Moder from OP Two. He's hit.

WEBSTER (V.O.)
Everyone was spooked.

CRACK! Another shot hits the German in the arm. The German staggers. And begins to limp toward the house with the green shutters across the Moder.

WEBSTER (V.O.)
Cobb didn't help matters.

30 **REVERSE ANGLE - INT. O.P. TWO**

30

Cobb draws another bead on the German with his M-1.

COBB
Look at that cheeky sonofabitch go.

Martin, Jackson, Nietzsche and Webster comes over to look at:

31 **THE GERMAN**

31

about fifty yards from the house.

32 **COBB**

32

pulls up his rifle. Nietzsche watches as he sights in again.

COBB
(for Nietzsche's benefit)
Now watch. You gotta lead'em a bit.

MARTIN
Aw, Cobb, let him go.

Cobb focuses... And then FIRES.

33 **THE GERMAN**

33

falls...and starts to CRAWL to the house. It's a pathetic sight.

COB (O.S.)
That's three!

WEBSTER (V.O.)

He had only one thing on his mind.
The closer the patrol loomed, the
more Jones realized it was the last
chance he'd have to burnish that
West Point Ring...

(BEAT)

Lieutenant Jones was just dying to
get on that Patrol...

We follow Jones as he makes a bee line toward WINTERS AND
SPEIRS who watch the men.

SPEIRS

Tomorrow night looks good. Moon'll
be dark until about two am.

WINTERS

I want every field of fire nailed
down on this one. Every gun in the
Battalion zeroed in. I don't want
anything left to chance.

JONES arrives. He SALUTES. Eyes Speirs. Neither winters or
Speirs return the salute this time. Jones lowers his hand.

JONES

Captain Winters.

WINTERS

What can we do for you, Lieutenant?

JONES

Sir. I'd like to volunteer for the
patrol. Pick up some experience.

WINTERS

Of course you would...

Before he can go on, he's interrupted.

VOICE (O.S.)

Captain Winters...

He turns. It's the mild-mannered Easy Co. clerk, ALLEN VEST.

VEST

Captain ...I'd...I'd really like to
be on that patrol. Sir.

Jones watches intently.

(CONTINUED)

VEST (CONT'D)
I've been fightin' with paper clips
since Toccoa. Please, sir.

Winters GRINS.

WINTERS
Absolutely.

VEST
Thanks, Captain.

Vest smiles and practically skips back to the showers.

JONES looks at Winters expectantly. Winters stares back at him.

WINTERS
I'll think about it, Lieutenant.

Jones starts to say something, but stops himself. He nods. Disappointed. He walks back.

WEBSTER watches Jones. COBB suddenly cuts in front of him.

WEBSTER
Hey!

LUZ and JACKSON cut in front of Webster, as well.

JACKSON
(smells his armpit)
Add some bay leaves and we'd have
soup...

WEBSTER
Hey, what's the deal?

Jackson, his face and clothes caked with weeks of GRIME turns to Webster. He glances down at Webster's mostly clean ODs.

WEBSTER'S GLANCE goes down to his clean uniform. Looks back up. Without a word he leaves the line and goes over to JONES.

Suddenly the faint sounds of an ORGAN waft across the Square. It's a BACH FUGUE coming from behind German lines.

The Square goes quiet for a BEAT, listening. And although the music continues through this and subsequent scenes, the men shrug it off. They go back to their showers.

LESNIEWSKI hobbles past Jones and Webster. They watch as EUGENE ROE comes up to him.

(CONTINUED)

ROE

Joe... Let me check you.

LESNIEWSKI

(fierce; shrugs him off)
I'm fine.

He tries to limp away, but Roe stops him.

Lesniewski glares at Roe. But Roe doesn't back down. Lesniewski looks over where the men are stripping to take showers. Sighs and nods to Roe.

The Medic pulls up his jump pants leg and sucks air in through his teeth. Lesniewski's leg is covered in OPEN RED SORES that ooze puss.

ROE

(looks up sharply)
How long you had this?

LESNIEWSKI

(resigned)
A coupla weeks. Shrapnel. I thought I could treat it myself.

Roe pulls up the other leg. The infection is there, as well.

ROE

You don't get back to a hospital, this'll kill you. You understand?

Lesniewski looks toward the men. He nods. Then walks away.

BACK TO WEBSTER AND JONES watching this. The MUSIC still plays under the scene.

WEBSTER

(confidentially)
You really want to get your ODs dirty? Talk to Sergeant Malarkey. Your Platoon. Rumor has it he's not feeling well.

Jones turns to look at Webster.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

The Patrol was finally set for the next evening...

The FUGUE continues to play under...

38 **SERIES OF SCENES**

38

of the men getting preparing.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

Everybody got ready in their own way. Made their peace with whatever god they still believed in. Gave buddies letters to send home, just in case...

COBB (LATE AFTERNOON) walks along a rubble filled street with four scrounged BOTTLES of SCHNAPPS. He stops to listen to the MUSIC.

WEBSTER and NIETZKE, both carrying an armload of POTATOES, join him. They all hear something. Cobb, Webster, and Nietzsche walk up to a small courtyard where A DYING HORSE with a broken leg wheezes in agony. Eyes rolling in terror.

COBB stares down at it. Upset. He takes out his .45 and SHOOTs the horse between the eyes. He sits down, opens a BOTTLE and takes a swig of Schnapps. The MUSIC rolls over him.

39 **JACKSON (DUSK)**

39

sits inside OP TWO as he clips several GRENADES onto his jacket. He stops and listens to the MUSIC.

40 **SPEIRS (NIGHT)**

40

chops up a Louis XIV sideboard and THROWS it into the fire inside Company HQ. Behind him, a TROOPER packs Composition C into a SATCHEL CHARGE. The music is faint.

ALLEN VEST (NIGHT) sharpens his never-used KNIFE. We PAN DOWN to his foot. It bobs up and down with nervous energy.

41 **MALARKEY (NIGHT)**

41

stares into a stove fire. Jones walks up to him.

JONES

Sergeant ...About the patrol.
 (Malarkey looks up; then
 away)
 How 'bout I take your place?

Malarkey looks up again. His eyes not so dull anymore.

52 CONTINUED:

WINTERS
(interrupting)
You can go, Lieutenant. Just follow
your Noncom. You're no use to me
dead. Is that clear?

JONES
Yes, Sir!

Winters turns back to Speirs.

WINTERS
Put Malarkey on the .50 here with
you...

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK AND CRANES UP to reveal WEBSTER, who
leans over his .30 caliber machine Gun in the window of OP
TWO, staring down at the officers below him. The BACH FUGUE
becomes stronger now.

53 **WEBSTER - IN WINDOW, O.P. TWO** 53

turns to face the German lines. He searches for the source of
the music as the FUGUE reaches its FINALE, floating
mournfully over the town.

54 **THE GERMAN SIDE OF TOWN** 54

The last rays of light strike the upper stories of burned out
buildings. His gaze comes to rest on a CATHEDRAL STEEPLE.

WEBSTER (V.O.)
Bach and Hitler. What a country.
(beat)
He played from his heart, whoever
it was in that Cathedral. A German
officer, probably. A man of
culture. Pounding out a requiem for
the war...
(beat)
I wondered if he believed in divine
intervention...

DISSOLVE TO:

55 **INT. OP TWO - NIGHT** 55

The exhausted, blood-soaked Webster writes in his NOTEBOOK.
Some of the men are now asleep on the floor behind him. COBB
is now a THIRD of the way through his bottle of Schnapps.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

WEBSTER (V.O.)
What if we make our own destiny?
(BEAT)
Jones got his patrol. And I helped
him.

56 EXT. RIVER BANK - NIGHT

56

The men who are going on the Patrol sit or crouch around WINTERS and SPEIRS. COBB, MCCREARY, WINN, JACKSON AND MERCIER. MCCLUNG, SISK, VEST, and a few HQ and S-2 types. They eat sandwiches and drink hot coffee.

LT. JONES stands to the side. All their faces have been painted black with grease-paint. They bristle with armament. It's a cloudy moonless night. No searchlights, and oddly, no mortar fire. Dead quiet. Speirs talks softly.

SPEIRS
You'll target the house with the
green shutters directly across from
OP Two. After the river, you'll
split up into two groups...

JONES is ramped up, excited to go. As Speirs continues his briefing O.S. He glances at THE MEN McClung calmly TAPES his dog tags so they won't jingle.

SPEIRS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...Mercier, your squad will hit the
house from the riverside. McClung,
take your half into town and see if
you can't flush some out, then arc
back to the rear of the house.

Vest CLIPS more hand grenades than he could ever use to his jacket. He's visibly NERVOUS. Sisk fiddles with a long TUBE that contains a RED FLASHLIGHT.

McClung hands Jones the TAPE and gestures to his dog tags.

SPEIRS (CONT'D)
When you nab a prisoner, come
straight back to the boats. Blow
your whistles. We'll cover you as
you cross back over.

WINTERS
Lieutenant Jones.

Jones looks up. Eager.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

Yes, Sir!

WINTERS

Keep a head count. I don't want to leave anybody over there.

JONES

Yes, Sir!

WINTERS

(to Mercier)
Satchel charge?

Mercier holds up a bag.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Use a ten hour fuse.
(to the men)
Any questions?

JONES finishes COUNTING the men and tapes up his dog tags. As he does we see his WEST POINT RING on the chain. He finishes, passes the tape to SISK.

MCCLUNG silently reaches over and pulls out Jones' CANTEEN. He shakes his head. Points to his own empty holder.

Jones nods and puts his canteen down on the ground.

The rope that leads across the river suddenly rises up and twitches. MERCIER and a TROOPER scramble down to the water where FOUR RUBBER BOATS are tied. They take the rope and RE-TIGHTEN IT around a tree.

Mercier looks at Speirs who NODS and taps his watch.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Good luck.

THE MEN start to get into the RUBBER BOATS in the water by the rope.

JONES is the first to get into the lead boat. MCCLUNG gets in behind him with VEST and another Trooper.

JACKSON, MERCIER and SISK and one other trooper climb into the next one. Four others into the THIRD-BOAT: COBB, WINN, MCCREARY, and an S-2 get in the last one.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

JONES stares ahead into the gloom, his hand on the rope. He turns to see McClung looking at Vest. Six or seven HAND GRENADES clink together on Vest's jacket. McClung shakes his head, takes half of them off and drops them in the water.

A TROOPER emerges from the water, pulling himself across on the rope: MALLEY from Dog Co., who swam the rope across. He grins at JONES and pulls himself out. Gives Speirs a THUMBS up.

MCCLUNG
(to Jones; whispering)
Let's go.

McClung and Jones begin pulling themselves across the MODER.

58 **EXT. RIVER - FOLLOWING**

58

The lead boats begin to move out into the water, the men pulling on the rope. As the other three boats begin to move out, the FOURTH BOAT with Cobb and the others, bobs and bounces in the swift current as they wait for the other boats to move.

Cobb lets go of the rope to adjust his helmet, and the BOAT suddenly swings out. The others panic and pull them in too fast. Suddenly the boat FLIPS. WINN starts to sink, laden down with his BAR. Cobb grabs him and the two of them flounder downstream. Cobb CURSING.

JONES AND MCCLUNG hear GURGLING and SPLUTTERING behind them.

JONES
(whispering)
What do we do?

MCCLUNG
(whispering)
Keep going.

Jones looks back at the two remaining boats behind them.

JONES
(whispers to himself)
Twelve...

They start pulling again.

66

66

All waiting. Listening. Praying.

67

EXT. ENEMY RIVERBANK - FOLLOWING

67

McClung and Jones pull the boat up to the German side of the river. The next boat arrives. Then the last. The men gather in a group and crouch down. The men all WHISPER.

MERCIER

Who'd we lose?

MCCLUNG

Cobb, McCreary, two others.

Mercier nods. Then motions McClung to move out.

McClung silently gets out in a crouch and moves up the bank to the road that parallels the River. He carefully places one foot after the other into the mud. Very carefully.

JONES watches McClung move up the bank. McClung looks up and down. Sees nothing. He moves up to a BARBED WIRE FENCE that runs by the side of the road. It has CANS attached to it. He motions back for the rest to come up to the fence. JONES is about to go first, when Mercier grabs him.

MERCIER

Follow his footsteps. Mines.

Jones NODS. Moves up the slope. The rest follow behind him.

MERCIER brings up the rear. He moves quietly up toward McClung. He POINTS at McClung and then to a lane that leads into the German line. McClung NODS.

Mercier gestures to JACKSON, SISK, a few others to follow him down the line of the fence toward the target house with the GREEN SHUTTERS, which is about forty yards downstream. McClung turns to the fence. He studies it.

JONES moves up to the FENCE and lays his BODY DOWN over the fence, making a bridge so the men can climb over him, avoiding the BARBS. As he does, the CANS rattle. Jones freezes, gripping the CANS. The men crouch.

A GERMAN MACHINE GUN BURPS about fifty yards up stream. The men all hit the dirt.

71 CONTINUED:

JONES moves around it toward the front. He stops when he sees MERCIER who aims his rifle grenade at a window to the cellar. He fires--and BLOWS out the window. JACKSON rushes forward and tosses TWO GRENADES into the blasted opening.

He WAITS a beat ...BOOM! And then KICKS open the doorway.

Jackson disappears into the doorway. Half a second later...

BOOM! His body is blown back outside.

Mercier and another Trooper rush past Jackson inside the OP, out of Jones' sight. JONES rushes forward to Jackson, who holds his HEAD in his hands.

JACKSON

I'm okay. I'm okay.

His head is bleeding badly, but he SITS up. Stunned. Jones STARES down at him, his eyes WIDE at all the blood. He turns and moves into the OP.

72 INT. GERMAN OP - FOLLOWING

72

Jones bursts in. He can barely see through the dust. A few Germans lie dead near him.

TROOPER

Hande Hoch! Hande Hoch! SCHNELL!

Jones hears a SHOT. Then another. He takes two steps to his right and stops in SHOCK when he sees A GERMAN SOLDIER pull up his rifle and aims it directly at JONES who is framed by the open window. Jones FREEZES.

THE GERMAN starts to fire when CRACK! A rifle shot. He crumples, shot through the chest.

MERCIER lowers his rifle and glances at Jones to move forward. We hear a German SCREAMING (O.S.)

GERMAN (O.S.)

NO MAKE DEAD. COMRADE! COMRADE!

JONES snaps out of it. Mercier yells.

MERCIER

Hande Hoch! Hande Hoch!

A WIDE-EYED Jones watches the chaos. One of the remaining Germans, a FELDWEBEL (Staff sergeant) raises his hands in terror. He was the one screaming before.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

GERMAN STAFF SGT
Comrade ...Please! Comrade!
(hysterical)
NO SHOOT! NO MAKE DEAD!

Mercier hits him with his rifle butt. One of the S-2 types drags him out.

A PIECE OF WALL suddenly collapses near Jones. He's startled and brings his gun up. The dust finally settles. Jones looks around the room. It's in a SHAMBLES. Four or five DEAD GERMANS strewn about. A couple of other TROOPERS point their carbines at the staircase that leads upstairs. Jones sees the German who almost shot him, moaning in a corner.

MERCIER takes out the Composition C charge, sets the TEN HOUR FUSE into the bar of plastique and places it behind a stove.

Then he sees the lone remaining GERMAN still alive in a corner. Moaning. Mercier KICKS him.

MERCIER
SCHNELL!

The man staggers up, holding his chest.

MERCIER (CONT'D)
Out!

The German stumbles out. Mercier motions to Jones and the other TROOPERS to follow the German. JONES nods and runs back outside.

73 **EXT. OP - SAME**

73

Jones comes out to see Sisk as he helps the wounded German toward the river. German MACHINE GUN FIRE SMACKS into the wall above Jones' head. He crouches and looks at MCCLUNG, VEST AND THE OTHERS rushing back toward the river. They have a German NONCOM who dashed out the back of the building. Vest KICKS the German down toward the boats.

JONES looks down to his right to see Mercier trying to help the wounded Jackson up.

MERCIER
Come on, Jackson...

Jones rushes forward to help. He grabs one of Jackson's arms, as the wounded Trooper stands up. Jackson promptly VOMITS. They start to half run down toward the water. More German Machine Gun FIRE opens up nearby. Blind firing.

(CONTINUED)

MERCIER (CONT'D)
Come on! Let's MOVE!

They reach the river. Sisk and the others push the two healthy German prisoners into the lead boat. Sisk gets in with his PISTOL drawn on them. The other men pile into the second boat. Others jump into the water.

MERCIER AND JONES lift Jackson into the last boat. Jones gets in next to Jackson and holds him up. Jackson's still conscious. Jones looks up and tries frantically to count the number of men.

JONES' P.O.V.

We see men in the water, some in the boats.

Mercier looks at the wounded GERMAN, bleeding badly from his chest. He nods at Sisk who's been half carrying the man.

MERCIER (CONT'D)
Leave him. He'll die.

Sisk simply lets go. The man falls. As he does VEST moves forward and takes out his .45. He aims it at the dying German. His eyes are wide. Almost hysterical.

VEST
Let me kill him. I wanna kill him.

MERCIER
Take it easy.

Mercier GUIDES Vest to the water where he gets into the BOAT with Jackson and Jones. Jones looks around again. He doesn't see anyone on shore, but Mercier.

JONES
We're all here!

MERCIER puts his whistle to his lips and BLOWS. The shrill sound is almost immediately blotted out by...

JONES involuntarily FLINCHES as every gun in the Battalion opens up on selected targets. He looks at THE RIVER STREAMS of red tracers arc across and HOSE DOWN the German side of the river.

The ANTI-TANK gun screams a round into a building. Larger shells THUMP into the rear of the German lines. The sound is immense.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 74

THE MEN start pulling the boats, or themselves across the river.

75 **QUICK SERIES OF SHOTS** 75

Webster and Martin drag the .30 MG down toward the river. As they do, they pass a tense NIETZKE who waits by the corner of OP Two. He thinks he's listening to Armageddon.

76 76

Malarkey aims the .50 and FIRES continuously.

77 77

Shifty Powers and Jim Alley fire at the DISTANT BARN.

78 78

An .88 shell screams past Webster and SLAMS into the house behind OP TWO. He drops down and starts to FIRE his Machine gun into the GERMAN OP across the river. MARTIN feeding the belts through for him.

79 79

Mercier continues to hold Jackson, who slumps down, smearing blood all over the Lieutenant's ODS. Jones listens, STUNNED by the deafening cacophony of explosions all around him.

80 80

WEBSTER turns to see Lipton running toward OP Two. Suddenly a MORTAR ROUND whispers toward them. Lipton hits the ground and it EXPLODES about five feet away from him. 81 Lipton's neck and ear are PEPPERED with shrapnel, -but he doesn't really know it yet. He's stunned. Then gets up again and goes down to the water in a crouch. looks up toward the sound of thousands of bullets TEARING through the air a few feet above his head.

81 81

A FLARE bursts above them as they reach the south bank. The light of it illuminates Jackson's BLOODY head.

82

82

WEBSTER looks toward the river bank where.

83

83

SISK AND THE TWO PRISONERS scramble out and run past Webster, Sisk YELLING at them. The others scramble past Webster on their way to OP Two. Jones helps Jackson out of the last boat.

WEBSTER gets up and helps Jones drag Jackson across the field. As they reach OP TWO, NIETZKE helps drag Jackson inside.

84

84

MERCIER AND MCCLUNG make sure all the men pile inside. As they do, an .88 shell screams in and SLAMS into the upper stories of the building. They quickly duck into the cellar.

85

INT. O.P. TWO - FOLLOWING

85

The Germans are pushed into the cellar. COBB, WINN, and MCCREARY, still wet, sit by the stove. They stand up as the Germans move to the center of the room. The Patrol CROWDS in behind them. The men are all breathing heavily. Dripping wet. Some close to hyperventilating on adrenaline. The room is packed, with the men on top of each other. Their blood is up. All of them look as Webster, Jones and Nietzsche lay the MOANING JACKSON down by the wall. Still conscious, but blood flowing down his face.

MERCIER

(To Webster)

Get a medic up here!

JONES watches Jackson. His face is as white as a sheet.

THE MEN face the Germans. The staff Sergeant is terrified. The other NONCOM PRISONER remains stoic. Webster picks up the PHONE, his ODS soaked in Jackson's blood.

WEBSTER

We need a Medic. A MEDIC!

Jackson begins to BABBLE. It's unsettling.

MERCIER

Hang in there, Jackson.

(CONTINUED)

The mood suddenly becomes ugly. Several of the men move closer to the prisoners.

VEST pushes the calmer of the Germans.

VEST
(re: Jackson)
You do that? Huh?

Some of the other men crowd the prisoners. Cobb KICKS the frightened Staff Sergeant.

GERMAN STAFF SGT
(blubbering)
Please ...Comrades...No make
dead...

JONES glances over at WEBSTER who looks back, locking eyes with Jones.

VEST punches the panicky Staff Sergeant. Martin grabs him.

MARTIN
Lay off, Vest.

Vest shakes Martin off; tries to HIT the soldier again when ANOTHER .88 slams into the top of the house. The room SHAKES. Plaster falls.

JONES visibly FLINCHES. More GERMAN SHELLS scream overhead.

And suddenly we hear a SCREAM. It's high pitched. Agonizing. It tears at the men. Jones turns to look at JACKSON clawing at his head. His screams reverberate under the scene.

JACKSON
It hurts! IT HURTS! OH GOD, IT
HURTS!

The mood in the room threatens to spin out of control Vest turns to the two prisoners. He pulls out his .45.

VEST
I'M GONNA KILL YOU!

He puts the gun up to the calmer German's head. The German doesn't flinch. He stares at Vest.

MARTIN
Battalion needs these prisoners!

Mercier and Martin pull Vest away.

(CONTINUED)

COBB

Let him shoot one, Sarge.

Martin shoots Cobb a look. Jackson's horrible cries grow louder.

JACKSON

OH GOD. PLEASE KILL ME. SOMEBODY
KILL ME! MERCIER? MERCIER? PLEASE
SOMEBODY KILL ME ...OH GODDD...KILL
ME!

Mercier goes to comfort Jackson. But he's unnerved, doesn't know what to say or do. He tries to restrain Jackson, who THRASHES on the ground.

Jackson starts to WRITHE in agony, his back arched. He continues to scream as his heels begin to DRUM on the ground.

MERCIER

(almost pleading)

It'll be okay, kid. Roe's coming.
You'll be okay.

JONES watches Jackson. He unconsciously grips his TAGS and WEST POINT RING. He can't look away. WE MOVE UP above Jones. Above the men. Above the Germans as they watch the horrifying tableau of the last Toccoa man to die in the War.

Jackson's screaming becomes fainter as --

WEBSTER (V.O.)

I knew he was going to die.

(BEAT)

We all did.

From ABOVE, we see Lipton rush in. He's bleeding from his neck and ear. He goes to Jackson first. Then turns to the prisoners. We can hear him faintly.

LIPTON

Sisk! Martin! Get the prisoners
back to battalion.

ROE and RALPH SPINA rush into the room. Roe pushes Mercier aside and begins examining the silently SCREAMING Jackson.

Sisk and Martin escort the prisoners out. The men make an aisle for them. Cobb KICKS the stoic German one last time.

Spina and another Trooper pick up Jackson and put him on a stretcher. All we hear now is WEBSTER'S V.O.

(CONTINUED)

WEBSTER (V.O.)

And what for?

Jones, soaked in Jackson's blood watches the stretcher with the now completely silent SCREAMING JACKSON leave the cellar.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

Twenty years old. Back in America the standard of living continues to rise, the racetracks are booming, the night clubs are making their greatest profits in history...

We MOVE DOWN to Webster. Shaken. His ODS covered in Jackson's blood.

He SLIDES DOWN with one arm on the .30 caliber he carried in. It's barrel still smoking hot. We MOVE IN on his pinched face.

DISSOLVE TO:

We're back on the exhausted Webster. Writing in his NOTEBOOK, his hand still wet with Jackson's blood. The .30 machine gun next to him no longer smokes.

We know that Webster's narration has been leading up to now.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

...Hell, this is a boom, this is prosperity, this is the way to win a war...

The other men either sleep fitfully, or stare dully at the glowing stove. Despondent. Webster looks over at COBB who sits behind him. Head in his hands. The SCHNAPPS BOTTLE set between his Corcorans is now less than HALF FULL. He rocks himself slightly.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

Jackson was twenty years old and he hadn't begun to live, and he gave up his life shrieking and moaning on a stretcher. Killed by his own grenade.

A LONG BEAT of silence-The German bombardment has ended. Suddenly we hear a horrible WHEEZING GURGLE from outside.

Cobb looks up.

(CONTINUED)

WEBSTER puts his notebook down. A couple of other men still awake hear it as well. Cobb sits up groggily.

WEBSTER
What is that?

MARTIN
It's coming from the river.

Mercier sits up. Listens to another wheezing GURGLE.

MERCIER
Jesus ...'the Kraut I shot

They listen to more gasping sounds. It sounds horrible.

WEBSTER
We'd better kill him. He'll
pinpoint us.

MERCIER
Forget it. He'll die anyway.

WEBSTER
I'll do it.

COBB
You? You don't got the balls.

Webster stands. Hurt by the cut because it's true. He walks out. Cobb CURSES again and staggers to his feet. Half drunk. He follows Webster, still gripping his bottle.

It's just before dawn. A soft SNOW falls on the town. Webster sneaks down to the river just across from the wheezing, dying German, only forty yards away. Cobb comes up, still carrying his Schnapps bottle. They listen ...hear the WHEEZING again.

Webster takes a GRENADE, pulls the pin and throws it toward the sound of the dying German. They wait BOOM. A BEAT of silence ...two BEATS, and then the gasping starts again. Cobb shuts his eyes.

Webster takes out another hand grenade. Throws it further... BOOM ...Silence ...And then the horrible wheezing starts again.

COBB can't stand it any longer. He puts his bottle down. Takes out his own hand grenade and pushes past Webster.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

COBB

You never was no good, Webster...

He PULLS the pin, throws the grenade as far as he can. BOOM.

They wait for several BEATS in the silent falling snow. The German's dead. Cobb gives Webster a penetrating look. Snatches up his BOTTLE and takes a long pull. We MOVE IN CLOSE on the bottle as he lowers it. And we are:

88 INT. OP TWO - FOLLOWING DAY

88

Cobb's empty SCHNAPPS BOTTLE slams down on the makeshift table. Cobb is stewed. He eyes NIETZKE who looks at him.

COBB

What're you lookinat?

Nietzke looks away. Webster stares at Cobb. Afraid of him.

The door opens and Lieutenant FOLEY walks in. He sees Cobb and the bottle.

FOLEY

The hell you doing, Cobb?

COBB

Th'hell you doing, yourself? Gonna send us on'nother patrol? Get mor'v'us killed?

FOLEY

STAND UP!

COBB

Awww...fuck you.

MARTIN

Cobb...

COBB

An' you too, Johnny "Pee Wee..."

Cobb throws the empty BOTTLE at Martin. Foley and Martin advance on him. Cobb staggers up and CHARGES at Foley. Takes a swing at him. Martin steps back and pulls out his .45 He CLUBS Cobb once on the head.

COBB (CONT'D)

I'LL KILL YA!

Cobb CHARGES at Martin, who sidesteps him. Cobb slams into the STOVE and collapses.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

Martin points his gun down at Cobb. Foley puts his hand on Martin's arm.

FOLEY

Enough.

Martin holsters it. Still fuming. Foley leans over Cobb, who slowly curls up into a ball, grabbing his knees.

FOLEY (CONT'D)

You're done. I'm gonna court-martial you, Cobb. You hear me? you're DONE!

The other men pile into the room to see what the commotion is about. RANDELMAN, MERCIER and others. WEBSTER watches as Foley pushes Cobb up. Cobb's now placid. Mute. Broken.

WEBSTER (V.O.)

...I wonder if people back home will ever know what it cost the soldiers in terror, bloodshed, and hideous agonizing deaths to win this war...

The men watch as Foley and Martin escort Cobb outside.

CUT TO:

89 **GERMAN O.P.**

89

BOOM! an explosion in the distance. Just far enough away to take the sting out of it.

90 **INT. BATTALION HQ - DAY**

90

Winters stands at window staring at the German OP with the green shutters. He watches the dust settle from the satchel charge placed by the patrol. He looks at his watch.

WINTERS

Right on time.

He turns to face the room.

JONES AND LIPTON stand in front of him at attention. Lipton has a bandage over his ear and neck. MOVING BACK reveals Speirs and Nixon who stand to one side.

(CONTINUED)

WINTERS (CONT'D)
At ease gentlemen.
(to Lipton)
Sergeant Lipton...

Winters hands Lipton some PAPERS.

WINTERS (CONT'D)
Your honorable discharge as an
enlisted man. And a copy of your
battlefield commission to second
lieutenant.
(smiling)
Congratulations Carwood.

Lipton slowly reaches out for the papers. It's simply the proudest moment of his life.

Speirs and Nixon CONGRATULATE him.

JONES is very envious, but happy for Lipton. Jones shakes the dazed new Second Lieutenant's hand. Then turns as ...

WINTERS (CONT'D)
Lieutenant Jones. Regiment has seen
fit to promote you to First
Lieutenant. They want you over
there.
(hands him papers)
Here are your transfer orders out
of Easy Company.
(neutral)
Congratulations and good luck.

He hands Jones his papers. Jones smiles, but doesn't know what to say. He knows he hasn't earned it.

JONES
Thank you, Sir.

Lipton and Jones SALUTE again, and walk out.

WINTERS AND NIXON watch them leave. Lost in thought. After a BEAT, Nixon reaches into his pocket and pulls out a BOX.

NIXON
Before I forget. My mother sent'em
to me. I don't have any use for
them.

Winters opens the BOX. Inside lies a set of GOLD OAK LEAVES. Winters stares at them. He looks up at Nixon, who GRINS. Nixon reaches into his pocket and pulls out a set of PAPERS.

(CONTINUED)

NIXON (CONT'D)
Regiment's been pretty busy, so...
(hands winters the papers)
Congratulations.
(BEAT)
You finally outrank me. Major
Winters.

Winters stares at the papers. Then the OAK LEAF CLUSTERS. He looks up at Nixon.

SPEIRS
Congratulations, Sir

Nixon reaches out and SHAKES Winters hand. Nixon SIGHS.

NIXON
Sink wants another patrol.
(BEAT)
He was bragging Easy up to Colonel
Harper of the 327th last night. And
he wants another one. He wants you
to do it again.

Winters and Speirs are stunned. After a long BEAT Winters looks down at the OAK LEAF CLUSTERS. He CLOSES the box and puts it into his pocket.

NIXON (CONT'D)
What are you going to say?

Winters looks up at his friend.

WINTERS
"Yes Sir."

Webster and about ten other men wait in the cold. All griping. A crisp frozen snow covers the ground. MARTIN is there, as is NIETZKE, HEFFRON, STEIN, ALLEY, MCCLUNG, and WEBSTER. A couple of REPLACEMENTS we don't know. They're all armed to the teeth.

MCCLUNG
Where's that gung-ho Looney?

MARTIN
WPPA.

MCCLUNG
Huh?

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

West Point Protective Association.
Got himself promoted, kicked up to
Regiment. Word is he's gettin' a
purple heart for cutting himself.
You know, barbed wire.

MCCLUNG

Shee-it.

Winters, Speirs and Nixon arrive, their FOOTSTEPS crunching
noisily in the frozen slush. The men quiet down and arc
around them.

WINTERS looks over the faces of the expectant men.

WINTERS

Word is, we'll be heading into
Germany. Soon.

(BEAT)

So tomorrow morning you will report
that you made it across the river
and penetrated two hundred yards
behind the German line, but were
unable to secure any live
prisoners.

WEBSTER is stunned. He looks around at the other men. Afraid
maybe he didn't hear the Major right. THE MEN stare at their
commanding officer, who holds their gaze.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Is that understood?

They start to realize what he's just done for them. A chorus
of "Yessirs" begin to move around the circle. The Chorus soon
changes to "Thank you, sir..thank you..." which echoes around
Winters. When it's quiet again --

WINTERS (CONT'D)

I don't have to add that I'm
putting my butt on the line here.

They stare at their commanding officer with respect and great
affection. Some with grins they can't suppress.

WINTERS (CONT'D)

Any questions?
(there are none)
Dismissed.

WEBSTER watches Winters, Speirs and Nixon leave. He turns to
the men.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

They stay arced in a circle for a couple of BEATS. Together. Slapping each other on the backs. They begin to gleefully tromp back toward their respective OPS in small groups. Finally, the only left is Webster.

He takes a deep breath and looks up at the sky. And we are:

92 **EXT. HAGUENAU -- DAY**

92

Webster walks with FIRST PLATOON toward a long line of trucks. He lugs a .30 machine gun, and his MUSSETTE BAG. The sun is SHINING and it's warmer now.

The men josh with each other. OP TWO is visible in the b.g. toward the river behind Webster. Floyd TALBERT, the new Company Sergeant calls out.

TALBERT

Let's move it. HUP HUP. We gotta roll!

WEBSTER (V.O.)

So the second patrol never happened. Word was Captain Nixon wrote up a bogus report that said it did. Regiment never got wise.

(BEAT)

We were heading into Germany now, and that's all they cared about.

Webster walks closer to the truck. He draws abreast of - WINTERS and NIXON. Just as he's about to move on ...we hear the distinctive Thwock Thwock... The men all FREEZE. They listen to the shell whistle through the air. THWOCK THWOCK. It tumbles closer and closer. Some duck down, but most just stand and stare toward the River, including WEBSTER.

KABLAM!

The German .205 slams directly into OP TWO. The entire building COLLAPSES in a heap of dust and rubble.

WINTERS gazes at the demolished building.

WINTERS

You know what?

(he looks at Nixon)

I think we're gonna make it.

THE TRUCKS start up with an tremendous heartening ROAR. Webster moves past winters and Nixon and JUMPS up onto the tailgate of a Deuce and Half.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

NIETZKE grabs hoists up Webster's Mussette bag. Webster sits down next to him and puts his machine gun across his lap. The rest of the platoon follows. The tailgate is CLOSED.

WEBSTER looks out the back of the truck toward the RUBBLE of Haguenau. The truck begins to MOVE. Suddenly his attention is caught by something O.S.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK away from the convoy, and across the now nearly deserted town - square to find - LIEUTENANT JONES standing alone, dressed in new, crisp, clean ODS. Watching.

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE 8