A BRIDGE TOO FAR

From the book
by
Cornelius Ryan

Screenplay
by
William Goldman
29 March 1976
FADE IN ON

INT. UNDERGROUND LEADER'S HOUSE - DAWN

A room that looks like it might belong in a dollhouse.

It's sparsely furnished, wonderfully neat. But right now, as we watch, something strange is going on; all the furniture is shaking. Nothing's about to topple over, but it's as if somehow, some giant was jiggling the room. 

NOW A MAN ENTERS, and we realize it's not a dollhouse at all, just a regular small living room in an ordinary place, but so neatly kept that it gave the effect of being a place where children play.

THE MAN IS A DUTCH UNDERGROUND LEADER. (And we'll be coming back to him again. We'll be coming back to almost everyone we meet in this story, one way or another.)

THE UNDERGROUND LEADER wears pyjamas. Dawn is breaking. The shades are tightly drawn but a little light filters through. From outside comes this sound that we realize has been with us from the start: an incredibly deep rumbling.

THE UNDERGROUND LEADER goes to a telephone, begins to dial.

HIS WIFE AND 12 YEAR OLD KID enter. THE KID wears thick glasses and might just be brighter than anybody. He isn't afraid; the MOTHER very much is. They speak in whispers.

(This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

UNDERGROUND LEADER'S WIFE

What is that sound?

He shakes his head, begins talking quickly into phone.

THE WIFE turns to her son.

LEADER'S WIFE

Can I look out?

KID WITH THICK GLASSES

(no question about it, he's boss; head shake)

They might shoot us.

THE UNDERGROUND LEADER hangs up, stands there. His face doesn't betray a lot of emotion, even as he speaks the following:

UNDERGROUND LEADER

The Germans have collapsed.
LEADER'S WIFE
They're leaving Holland?

He nods.

Then the war is over?

KID, WITH THICK GLASSES

Soon.

WIFE

But what is that sound?

UNDERGROUND LEADER
(for the first time
now, he smiles)

Panic.

And on that word --

CUT TO

2/10 EXT. A DUTCH ROAD (RETREAT) - DAWN

As the noise we've been hearing takes a quantum jump in volume, and this is it folks, the first giant shot of the film --

-- because this isn't just your ordinary road, this road is alive, it's packed, jammed, clogged, with every kind of vehicle imaginable because when the Germans retreated, if it had wheels, they grabbed it, and the Dutch had a phrase for this day, 'Mad Tuesday' they called it, Tuesday the Fifth of September, 1944, and that sense of madness should be felt here.

Because what we see is a panic like no one's ever looked at before: German soldiers pumping bicycles, but not just ordinary ones, these are loaded down, laden, giant suitcases draped over the handlebars. And trucks stuffed with more soldiers. And buses without room to breathe --

-- everywhere, smoke and dust, dust and smoke.

On and on they come. Farm wagons and half tracks and armored cars and civilian cars and carts and children's scooters and now a hearse being pulled by horses with 20 soldiers crushed together where the casket should be. And here come baby carriages filled with loot, liquor and lingerie and sewing machines and now a giant truck carrying an even bigger vat of wine and on the truck, drunk, dazed, soldiers -- all the soldiers, every German we see, drunk or not drunk, seems dazed. Those that walk plod, those that ride stare vacantly. -- Soldiers from every type of unit, sailors without ships, pilots without planes.
The line looks infinite and maybe it was, you can't see that far because the dust continues to rise. And the men continue to trudge back toward Germany. And the vehicles continue to roll.

Now a man on horseback tries forcing his way ahead -- the horse rears in fright. Now an old civilian car cannot take the load and it stops, almost like an old animal that has suffered a stroke. The soldiers inside clamber out, look to grab on to some other vehicle, any other vehicle. Some do, some don't, but none of them ever stop. They just keep moving, the whole screen is alive with what was once a triumphant army, fleeing home...

HOLD AND KEEP ON HOLDING until we

CUT TO

11 EXT. GERMAN SUPREME HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Big, ornate, impressive building.

A bunch of staff cars with motorcycle escort wheel in, brake sharply.

The Central Staff Car is a large Mercedes Benz. The driver is a SERGEANT, and in the car are two aide-de-camps -- a COLONEL and a MAJOR.

And there is FIELD MARSHAL VON RUNDSTEDT. 70 years old. Imperious. And as sharp as ever.

Drivers run around, opening doors, much flutter and nervousness as VON RUNDSTEDT leaves the car, hurries inside as we

CUT TO

12 INT. GERMAN SUPREME HEADQUARTERS - HALL - DAY

VON RUNDSTEDT moves quickly down the hall, followed by various staff people. As he passes, we can tell that the personnel involved in their various tasks watch him. He was, to most people, kind of legendary. Now --

CUT TO

13 INT. GERMAN SUPREME HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

Various military men up to the rank of general wait and as the door opens they come to attention. VON RUNDSTEDT enters starts immediately for the desk.

(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)
VON RUNDSTEDT
(to the Senior General)
You may begin.

BLUMENRITT
May I be first permitted to say, Field Marshal Von Runstedt, and I think I speak for all of us here when I tell you how pleased we are that you have been reappointed to command our forces in the West —

VON RUNDSTEDT
— speeches are for victory celebrations. Begin. Air power. Briefly.

BLUMENRITT
(glances at a paper)
Air power is minimal.

VON RUNDSTEDT
(nods)
And ammunition?

BLUMENRITT
Ammunition is also minimal.

VON RUNDSTEDT
Tanks? Troops? Replacements?

BLUMENRITT
Minimal.

VON RUNDSTEDT
Morale?
(answers his own question)
Non-existent.

VON RUNDSTEDT always carried a gold baton. Now he places it on the desk, stares at it, shaking his head. There is a considerable pause. Then —

BLUMENRITT
What do you think we should do?

VON RUNDSTEDT
Do? End the war, you fools.

The other officers laugh appreciatively. VON RUNDSTEDT looks at them.
VON RUNDSTEDT

Why in the world are you laughing?

BLUMENRITT

Because we have such confidence in you -- everyone knows you have never lost a battle.

VON RUNDSTEDT

I'm still young, give me time ... The first thing we have to do is to turn this rabble back into an army.

VON RUNDSTEDT walks to the nearest window, looks out at the grey day.

VON RUNDSTEDT

Anything at all on when they plan invading Holland?

BLUMENRITT

They seem to have paused in Belgium. Most likely supply problems; otherwise we can't imagine why.

VON RUNDSTEDT

I think it's because we're retreating faster than they can advance ...

HOLD ON VON RUNDSTEDT a moment. Then --

CUT TO

14

EXT. SQUARE WITH SIDEWALK CAFE - ARNHEM - DAY

Half a dozen Dutch MEN and WOMEN are sitting around a table, laughing, drinking beer, watching something --

CUT TO

15

EXT. SQUARE WITH SIDEWALK CAFE - ARNHEM - DAY

A bunch of straggling, retreating GERMAN SOLDIERS with a CORPORAL in command, walk past sidewalk cafe. We're in the lovely town square, and there's kind of a celebratory atmosphere as the locals watch the enemy plod by. No one taunts them -- nothing like that -- they just watch and smile and drink their beer sitting in the autumn sunshine as the trickle of German soldiers continue past. Now --

TILT UP TO
EXT. UNDERGROUND LEADER'S HOUSE - DAY

THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES we met in the opening scene. He's watching the scene outside from an upstairs window. The window is open and you can't tell a lot from his face, except that he's interested. Now, from outside the window --

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND LEADER'S HOUSE - KID'S ROOM - DAY

Inside the window. THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES is seated at a desk and all around him are sheets of paper. As the Germans move past below, he makes quick notations as to what he sees.

Behind him now, his father, THE UNDERGROUND LEADER, enters. (This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

UNDERGROUND LEADER

How many vehicles in the past hour?

KID WITH THICK GLASSES

(he is really bright)
Fifty-four, excluding bicycles.

UNDERGROUND LEADER

And for the same hour yesterday?

KID WITH THICK GLASSES

(glances at a sheet)
Ninety-Eight.

UNDERGROUND LEADER

(pacing, worried)
A week ago, your mother and I could have recaptured Holland; already the panic has stopped.

(gestures angrily towards the laughing civilians in the square)
It isn't over yet and those idiots don't realize it.

KID WITH THICK GLASSES

War takes time.

UNDERGROUND LEADER

Listen to the expert.

KID WITH THICK GLASSES

I was seven when they got here, next month I'll be twelve, I ought to know a little something.
THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES breaks off, starts taking notes again. Without looking at his father --

KID WITH THICK GLASSES
Father, the allies will come.

THE UNDERGROUND LEADER continues to pace. From outside now, a loud burst of laughter from the civilians which angers the LEADER visibly. He stops, scowls.

UNDERGROUND LEADER
When?

Hold on the two of them a moment as, from outside comes the loudest burst of laughter yet. But the LEADER and his KID don't crack a smile... Now --

CUT TO

INT. BROWNING’S HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - ENGLAND - DUSK

FIVE VERY FAMOUS FACES.

They were all generals, and we're sure not seeing them here for the last time, so let's take them in turn.

LT. GENERAL BROWNING was British, 47, a fastidious and elegant man. The husband, incidentally, of novelist Daphne du Maurier. He was Officer Commanding the British 1st Airborne Corps, and in charge of Operation Market, the airborne part of Market-Garden.

MAJ. GENERAL URQUHART was a Scot, 42, big and affable. He was in charge of the 1st Airborne Division and it was his job to take and hold the bridge at Arnhem, the last bridge, the prize.

MAJ. GENERAL SOSABOWSKI was 52, Polish, and in charge of the Polish First Parachute Brigade, which fought with URQUHART's men. SOSABOWSKI was colorful, flamboyant and tough.

BRIG. GENERAL GAVIN was American, 37, and the youngest Major General in the U.S. Army. He led the 82nd Airborne Division which a lot of officers on both sides thought was the best in the war. A lot of that was because of its leader.

MAJ. GENERAL MAXWELL TAYLOR was in charge of the 101st Airborne Division. TAYLOR was 43, a skilled linguist, and, like GAVIN, a veteran of a lot of parachute action.
We are setting this briefing at BROWNING’S HEADQUARTERS, in England. Actually, it was at Moor Park golf course. It is dusk, but outside, we can get an occasional glimpse of where we are. The room is filled with maps, chairs, desks, graphs, etc.

BROWNING was excited about the information he was about to deliver, and that should show here. He had also just put in a very difficult day and was tired, and that should show too.

BROWNING
I’ve just returned to England after spending the morning in Brussels with General Montgomery. He had an earlier meeting with General Eisenhower.

(pause)
They both feel, as I do, that when General Montgomery’s plan has succeeded, we should be able to end the war by Christmas, in less than one hundred days.

BROWNING lifts a folding map case onto his desk but doesn’t open it. His excitement is contagious though and the suspense is building.

BROWNING
Nothing like this has ever been attempted before. Simply put, this is to be the largest airborne operation ever mounted -- (Even Browning’s throat is just the least bit dry)
We’re going to fly 35,000 men 300 miles and drop them behind enemy lines.

That’s kind of a blockbuster piece of information and the GENERALS, for a moment, react to it in silence, then finally

Where?

TAYLOR

Holland.

BROWNING

When?

URQUHART.

BROWNING

I’ll come to that.
BROWNING opens up the single fold map case on his desk and motions to the FOUR GENERALS to gather round.

BROWNING
Right -- here's our ground support. XXX Corps, commanded by General Horrocks. Twenty thousand vehicles -- (draws circle with crayon) German front line here -- (draws line near circle)
Now, Monty's plan is this --

BROWNING begins tracing a line up a road on the map towards the town of Arnhem.

BROWNING
-- we're going to lay a carpet of airborne troops over which these ground forces can pass. We'll seize the crucial bridges with thunderclap surprise and hold them until XXX Corps can secure them.

At this point and on till the end of the scene, SOSABOWSKI's excitement for the project is clearly less than that of the other generals.

BROWNING
(pointing to Taylor)
Maxwell Taylor -- you and your 101st will take and hold the bridges around Eindhoven in the south -- (he circles the area with chalk. The 101st had the longest chunk to cover)
-- and Jim Gavin's 82nd will land in the center and take the bridges in and around Nijmegen -- (he circles that)
And you, Roy, -- with the British First Airborne get the prize. Arnhem. (he draws the smallest, sharpest circle)
Arnhem Bridge. And hold it.

URQUHART
For how long?

BROWNING
(indicating again the course of XXX Corps on the map)
Monty assures me that XXX Corps will
BROWNING (Cont)

cover the sixty-four miles in two
days.

(glances at Sosabowski)
Sosabowski -- you and the Polish
Brigade go with Roy Urquhart.

SOSABOWSKI barely nods.

BROWNING

Once we capture Arnhem Bridge,
and XXX Corps are across it, they
can drive east directly into the
industrial heart of Germany, and
once we control their factories --
(puts down his crayon)
-- then I don't think there'll be
a great deal that the Germans can do.
(dusts his hands)
We go next Sunday.

GAVIN

Seven days; thanks a lot.

BROWNING

The sooner we go the better -- while
we've got the Germans on the run.

SOSABOWSKI just studies the map.

BROWNING

What's troubling you, General
Sosabowski?

SOSABOWSKI

I have said nothing.

BROWNING

(they didn't like
each other much)
Your silences are thunderous.

SOSABOWSKI

General Browning, I am a Pole, and
considered by some to be smart. If
that is so, it makes me a member of
a true minority group, and minority
groups are more comfortable with
silence.

BROWNING

But you do disapprove?
SOSABOWSKI

I am thrilled that your great
Montgomery has devised this plan.
I promise I will be properly
ecstatic if it works.

BROWNING

When it works. .

SOSABOWSKI

(two men are talking)

Of course . . .

BROWNING

(back to the map now)

Good -- let's get down to details . . .

As the GENERALS all study the map --

CUT TO

19 INT. GERMAN SUPREME HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - NIGHT

A map of the same area, only with German spellings. Then --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

VON RUNDSTEDT looking at the map. With him is another MAN
who wears a monocle: FIELD MARSHAL MODEL. MODEL was 54, and
a great commander.
(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

VON RUNDSTEDT

What do you think, Model? Will
their attack come from Montgomery,
or Patton.

MODEL

(no doubt about it)

Patton.

VON RUNDSTEDT

(nods)

He is their best. Patton will lead
the assault. I would prefer Montgomery,
but even Eisenhower isn't that stupid.
(points to some flags
marking German positions)

Bittrich's panzer troops need some rest
if they're going to try to stop Patton.
Continued

MODEL
We should pull them back to somewhere safe.

VON RUNDSTEDT
Safe, quiet, out of the way. Where?
(picks a spot casually)
Arnhem?

MODEL shrugs; why not.

VON RUNDSTEDT
Arnhem.

As he takes out the BITTRICH flag, moves it into the Arnhem area --

CUT TO

20 EXT. AMERICAN AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

GAVIN and BROWNING are finishing talking. In the background is a small plane, ready to fly. GAIVIN and BROWNING salute, go their separate ways, BROWNING back to his plane, GAIVIN in the opposite direction, across the air strip, heading toward AN AIDE.

CUT TO

21 EXT. AMERICAN AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

The AIDE. His name was ARIE BESTEBREURTJE, but was called CAPTAIN HARRY. HARRY was Dutch; GAIVIN's expert on the area he was to jump into. Like GAIVIN, he was young and had seen a lot. He was in American uniform, but wore a badge on his upper sleeve that said 'NEDERLAND.'

CAPTAIN HARRY
(as GAVIN approaches)
Why the emergency meeting?

GAIVIN
Just keeping me abreast of little changes.

They start to walk fast across the airstrip together.

CAPTAIN HARRY
How big are the 'little changes'?
GAVIN
I'll answer you with typical
British understatement: gigantic.
(shakes his head)
Like for example, they can't fly
us in all at once -- too many men,
too much equipment, too few planes.
It'll take three days to get the
British and the Poles into Arnhem.

CAPTAIN HARRY
How about us?

GAVIN
We'll be fine -- Aside from the
fact that we're going to be
parachuting in in daylight, we've
got nothing to worry about.

CAPTAIN HARRY
(as the news registers)
Daylight?

GAVIN nods.

CAPTAIN HARRY
Has that ever been tried before?

GAVIN
Not in a major drop.

CAPTAIN HARRY
Think there might be a reason for
that?

GAVIN
Let's hope not.

CAPTAIN HARRY
What do you think?

GAVIN
slows slightly, but keeps on moving.

GAVIN
It'll be okay. Besides, it's
a no moon period, so we have to
go in daylight. Just so they get
us down close to our drop zones,
that's all that matters. Half a
mile away, even three quarters,
I'll settle for that.
GAVIN and HARRY pick up the pace again. GAVIN’s jeep is visible now. They head toward it --

CAPTAIN HARRY
I don’t want to hear anything else --
(looks at Gavin)
-- is there anything else?

GAVIN
You’re supposed to be my Dutch expert, Harry.

CAPTAIN HARRY
I forget to tell you something?

GAVIN
Just that the Germans first tried taking Nijmegen Bridge themselves back in 1940 --
(long pause)
-- and got slaughtered ...

GAVIN glances at HARRY who nods as we

CUT TO

22
EXT. ROAD NEAR HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

THE DUTCH KID WITH THICK GLASSES we saw before clocking the retreat of the Germans. Now he’s outside, it’s a beautiful day, and he’s pedaling along on his bicycle. He’s eating an apple and is, all in all, the picture of innocence.

Up ahead is a large white building --

As the KID continues his casual ride --

CUT TO

23
EXT. ROAD NEAR HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

A GERMAN SENTRY. Armed. Well turned-out, creased trousers, polished boots. He moves into the road, raises his hand.

THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES stops.
(This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

GERMAN SENTRY

Go back.
KID WITH THICK GLASSES
-- but I want to --

GERMAN SENTRY
-- you will do as directed.

KID WITH THICK GLASSES
(near tears -- frightened
and upset -- he points
on past the hotel)
But my friend -- she lives down the
road and ... It is my birthday --
she has a present -- my present.
(stares up at the sentry)
Please?

GERMAN SENTRY
(finally gestures for.
the kid to go through)
Be quick.

THE KID nods, takes off running as fast as he can, and as
he does, as the Hotel comes closer --

CUT TO

24 EXTERIOR. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

It's lovely and white and set back from the road. And
there are German staff cars parked in front of it. On
the lead staff car, a pennant is visible. It is checker-
board, metal, black, red and white.

CUT TO

25 EXTERIOR. ROAD BEYOND HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES as he zooms on by the place.
He doesn't seem to pay much attention, just glances at
it once as we

CUT TO

26 EXTERIOR. ROAD NEAR HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

THE SENTRY. Watching. Nothing arouses his suspicion.

CUT TO
27 EXT. ROAD BEYOND HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES, pumping on, rounding a bend, and the instant he's out of sight of the SENTRY -- he brakes, whips out a piece of paper and a pencil stub and starts to make a sketch.

CUT TO

28 EXT. SKETCH - FLAG - DAY

The sketch. It's a copy of the flag that we planted on the lead staff car. As THE KID continues to draw, licking his pencil stub, scratching away --

CUT TO

29 INT. UNDERGROUND LEADER'S HOUSE - KID'S ROOM - DAY

Another drawing of that pennant. Only this isn't a quick pencil sketch of it, this is much more carefully done. It's in color and the colors of the flag are pretty close to what the actual flag looked like.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

30 INT. UNDERGROUND LEADER'S HOUSE - KID'S ROOM - DAY

THE KID WITH THICK GLASSES and his father, THE UNDERGROUND LEADER. THE KID is standing, the FATHER seated, with various books and pictures open on the desk before him. We are back in the same room overlooking the town square which is now quiet.

(This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

UNDERGROUND LEADER
(very tense throughout)
You must be sure about the colors.

KID WITH THICK GLASSES
I am sure, father, believe me.

His father takes a book from the desk, turns several pages, stops. We see that he is at a page with a photograph of a similar pennant.

Now he goes through a bunch of pictures, pulls out one of GENERAL MODEL, the man we saw already, with the monocle.

UNDERGROUND LEADER
(terribly upset)
Model? A Field Marshal in Arnhem?
Why?
(stares at the photo)
The British will have an explanation.
KID WITH THICK GLASSES

Did you pass on the message about the tanks?

UNDERGROUND LEADER

Of course. But Model is something more important.
(pats his kid on the behind)
You're a good boy and a wonderful spy, now go and help your mother with supper.

As THE KID turns to go --

CUT TO

EXT. BROWNING'S HEADQUARTERS - ENGLAND - DAY

GENERAL BROWNING, elegant as always, is leaving his headquarters walking down the stairs toward his staff car. A YOUNG MAN dashes toward him from another direction.

This is MAJOR FULLER, a 25-year-old intelligence officer. His clothes don't tuck in right, his hair isn't ever really in place.

BROWNING
(stops, as Fuller approaches)

Yes, Fuller?

FULLER
(speaks very quickly, almost in a stammer)
We've got information on tanks, sir -- Dutch underground reports from the Arnhem area --

BROWNING

Has their strength been determined?

FULLER

No sir, but --

BROWNING

Have they been satisfactorily identified?

FULLER

Not by our intelligence sir, but --
BROWNING
In other words, it's simply the rumors as before.

FULLER
(nods -- then, a burst --)
But I believe these rumors, sir.

BROWNING
Why? The general consensus is that our opposition will be either Hitler Youth or old men on bicycles.

FULLER
I don't really know why -- perhaps because no one else in intelligence does;

(nervous at Browning's stare)
-- everyone is so optimistic --
I just want to be sure our airborne carpet consists of live troops, not dead ones.

(he stops self-consciously)
Everybody thinks I'm over-anxious but I would like to order another low-level reconnaissance of the Arnhem area -- if that's all right with you, sir.

BROWNING
(getting into his car)
Why not, if it will make you feel better.

The interview is clearly over -- FULLER turns to go.

BROWNING
Fuller --

FULLER
(hurries back)
Sir?

BROWNING
If I were you, I wouldn't get too upset by what people say. You see you're just somewhat brighter than the rest of us. That tends to make us somewhat nervous --
Continued

BROWNING gives FULLER a quick smile as the car drives away.
FULLER salutes -- a little too late.

CUT TO

INT. RAF HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - ENGLAND - DAY

We are looking at a gigantic aerial photograph of Arnhem,
with the bridge central. Whatever is referred to in the scene
can be pinpointed on the map.

URQUHART is in conversation with an RAF GROUP CAPTAIN.
SOSABOWSKI sits silently alongside. The GROUP CAPTAIN
is incredibly jovial but beneath it all you know he
means what he says.

GROUP CAPTAIN
Naturally, we will do our utmost to meet your tactical requirements but,
please, do bear in mind the one factor that's crippling all our plans --
we're desperately short of transport aircraft.

URQUHART
I understand.

GROUP CAPTAIN
In fact, I'm surprised nobody pointed this out when Monty dreamed up this operation -- anyway, what you need is a spot as close as possible to the bridge that's suitable for paratroops and gliders.
(points to area just north of bridge which is full of houses)
Clearly, this would not do for a drop zone -- you wouldn't want your chaps landing on the chimneys.

URQUHART
(pointing to the open land on the south end)
But this looks inviting. You could put us down here.

GROUP CAPTAIN
I'm sorry, sir, but all our reports indicate that terrain is too soft for glider landings. If the nose digs in on touch-down --
(demonstrates with hand)
GROUP CAPTAIN (Cont)
the whole thing goes arse over tip -- total write off.

URQUHART
All right, how about there?
(indicates open spot north of town)

GROUP CAPTAIN
Afraid not; you see, when we bank for our return, we'd be running into terrible flak from this airfield -- as I've said we can't afford to lose a single plane.

URQUHART
Presumably you're intending to let us land somewhere?

GROUP CAPTAIN
(unruffled)
— Believe me, sir, I'm doing the very best I can. But the problem is this: you have three lifts. Yourself and half the division on D-day, the other half on D plus one, and General Sosabowski and his Polish Brigade on D plus two. So you don't just need drop zones, you need drop zones you can properly hold and defend, correct?

URQUHART nods.

GROUP CAPTAIN
The perfect drop zone would be large enough for your needs, it would be flat and firm, and it would be easily defended. In fact, I have the perfect place.

WHERE?

GROUP CAPTAIN
(kind of touchy moment)
Well actually, it's not on this particular photograph --

(he points to an area that lies about two feet off the photo)

— it would be about here, I should think.
URQUHART
How far from the bridge?

GROUP CAPTAIN
Just under eight miles.

Before URQUHART can speak, he pulls down a map of the entire area, including the drop zone.

GROUP CAPTAIN
But it's very easy terrain to traverse, all our reports substantiate that.

SOSABOWSKI has risen and is now by the GROUP CAPTAIN examining the man's insignia.

GROUP CAPTAIN
What are you doing?

SOSABOWSKI
I was just making sure whose side you were on.

And with that he walks out. URQUHART stays where he is, staring at the new map. He is not, just now, a very happy man ...

CUT TO

33 EXT. DUTCH COUNTRY ROAD NEAR ARNHEM - DAY

A long straight road stretching away into the distance, flanked here and there by pine woods. We'll see it's near Arnhem by a road sign as we pass it. It is early morning. Weather beautiful. Sky clear.

The KID WITH THICK GLASSES cycles towards us, innocently taking in the air, but still keeping a sharp eye open for anything interesting.

The CAMERA is fairly low on the road, tracking ahead of him, keeping the KID and the wonderful view in shot as he rides along.

Now, in the sky, way behind the KID we become aware of a black dot which grows wings. It's a plane -- losing altitude -- coming down quite low now, and lining up with the road --

The KID hasn't heard it yet, and neither have we -- and now, as it flies towards us and the KID, maybe we begin to worry if the plane is going to open up with its machine guns and strafe the road --
And now the KID has heard the plane. His head swivels round, and the bike wobbles all over the road -- and with a great roar, the plane flashes past overhead -- and we just catch a glimpse of the red white and blue roundels and the black and white stripes under the wings as --

The CAMERA whips round, holding onto the plane as it passes. It's a SPITFIRE. We're behind the KID now, watching with him as in the distance, the Spitfire banks around in a wide circle, its wingtip almost touching the distant trees and --

The KID is off his bike now, watching. And the SPITFIRE is coming back towards us, making another low pass on the opposite side of the road.

And now the KID has a handkerchief out and he's waving like crazy at the SPITFIRE, spinning round as the SPITFIRE blasts overhead then dips its wings two or three times as it climbs away into the blue sky ...

CUT TO

34 EXT. DUTCH COUNTRY ROAD NEAR ARNHEM - DAY

The KID -- he stares into the distance, stops waving, blows his nose then puts his handkerchief away -- and his thoughts come back to earth with a bump as he sees --

Tanks, armored cars and self-propelled guns, parked amongst the trees. Two of the tanks are much nearer the road than the rest. Camouflaged netting strung between the trees cast a dappled pattern of light and shade on their turrets and hulls. The other armored vehicles are further back in the wood and are little more than dark, menacing shapes. But there's a lot of them ...

CUT TO

35 INT. BROWNING'S HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - ENGLAND

DAY

The same crucial GENERALS are present. This time there are fifteen additional high-ranking officers including BRIGADIER LATHBURY and COLONEL MACKENZIE.

URQUHART is at the front finishing up explaining his plan. BROWNING is closest to him. GAUIN and TAYLOR are halfway back. SOSABOWSKI sits towards the rear.

URQUHART
(confident, assured)
Now a drop zone eight miles from Arnhem Bridge might be thought
URQUHART (Cont)
by some to present problems --
(he goes on)

GAVIN and TAYLOR are stunned by this piece of information.

GAVIN
(whispered)
Christ, he can't mean it --

TAYLOR
(whispered back)
-- I'm afraid he does; he must
know what he's doing --

GAVIN
-- I'm not sure I do, why should
he have a corner on the market.

URQUHART who has been speaking throughout and paid the
whispering no mind. BROWNING is paying close attention.

URQUHART
(picking up from
where he left him
before)
-- and certainly, eight miles
cannot, under any stretch of the
imagination, be considered ideal,
but the gliders will be bringing
in a Reconnaissance squadron of
Jeeps specially fitted with twin
Vickers machine guns. The instant
we land, they'll race ahead to the
bridge and hold it until the other
battalions arrive on foot.

BROWNING
And they'll be quick enough to
capture both ends of Arnhem Bridge?

URQUHART
(nods)
Well, that's the plan.

BROWNING
(moves to the front
as Urquhart takes a
seat)
Very good.

SOSABOWSKI watches all this in silence.
BROWNING

Now -- as you know, my headquarters will be in the center, with the 82nd --

(he indicates Gavin)

-- remember we're all totally interlocked -- this is a bottom to top operation --

(here he indicates Taylor)

the 101st passes XXX Corps to the 82nd; the 82nd hands it over to the British Airborne. If any one group fails, it's utter failure for us all.

(he indicates the meeting is over)

We need three days of clear skies -- only the weatherman can stop us now. All right, gentlemen, thank you very much ...

Everyone begins to leave except SOSABOWSKI who moves forward to BROWNING.

SOSABOWSKI

-- only the weatherman? My God, what about the Germans?

The other officers stop.

SOSABOWSKI

-- don't you think that since we know Arnhem is crucial to their safety, they might know it too?

BROWNING

The few troops in the area are second rate -- certainly not frontline calibre. You ought to have more faith in General Montgomery's intelligence reports. He's done quite well for us during the past few years.

SOSABOWSKI

I will tell you the extent of my faith: I was thinking of asking for a letter from you, stating that I was forced to act under your orders, just in case my men get massacred.
BROWNING
Do you want such a letter?

SOSABOWSKI

No.

BROWNING

Why not?

SOSABOWSKI

In the case of a massacre -- (he shrugs, shakes his head)

-- what difference will it make?

There is a silence, and while it lasts --

CUT TO

36

INT. LOGISTICS CONTROL ROOM - ENGLAND - DAY

A very large room.

It's almost like a TV broadcasting room on election night. There is a desk in the center, maps all around covering the walls, many many other desks on the perimeter, and eventually, a lot of people scurrying around.

JUST NOW, the place is gearing up. The maps have pins in a few places, but those numbers will grow. We are going to be coming back here frequently between now and lift off. The scenes will be short however.

TWO ARMY COLONELS walk towards the center desks. These two might be carbon copies of each other, except that one is English, the other American. They are both slim, bright-eyed, and in their fifties, and just dazzling with figures. When we first meet them here, they seem fresh and bushy-tailed. As we come back to them briefly, from time to time as we will, their fatigue will build.

This first exchange goes briskly as they take their places across from each other, begin getting various sets of papers into usable positions. Around them, various AIDES begin to get themselves in readiness. When either of the COLONELS has a paper to be dispatched, they simply hold the paper out and an AIDE immediately is there to take it to its proper destination.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

Good morning, Colonel.
BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Good morning, Colonel.

(glancing at paper)

I make it twenty thousand two hundred, approximately; does your total agree with that?

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

(running finger down page)

For the number to be dropped by parachute? Yes. And approximately thirteen thousand seven hundred eighty-three troops to be landed by glider.

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

(checking his figures)

Quite. Making a total in the vicinity of thirty-three thousand nine hundred and eighty-three men who must be deployed to twenty-four airfields in the next seventy-two hours with the precise equipment for their specific tasks.

(looks at the American)

We've got to double-check all that without making mistakes. Do you think we can manage it?

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

No way.

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Quite right, totally impossible, shall we begin?

And as they start to work --

CUT TO

27 INT. SIGNALS BUILDING - ENGLAND - DAY

TWO OFFICERS are studying a particular piece of radio equipment. MAJOR STEELE is 27 and a worrier. LIEUTENANT COLE is 22, brash and very confident.

LIEUTENANT COLE

You mean you don't believe me, sir?

MAJOR STEELE

Well, clearly not.
LIEUTENANT DAY

What, then?

MAJOR STEELE

I'm just not sure these damn radios are strong enough to carry the eight miles from the drop zone to Arnhem Bridge.

LIEUTENANT COLE

They're perfectly okay. I've used them God knows how many times.

MAJOR STEELE

You've already told me that God knows how many times.

LIEUTENANT COLE

Well, we never had any problems with them in the desert.

MAJOR STEELE

Yes, I know. You've told me that too. (pacing now)

But you see, Cole, what bothers me -- what genuinely and truly has me more than a bit disturbed, is that Holland, being half underwater, is somewhat soggier than most deserts you're apt to find, and it tends to have a lot more trees.

LIEUTENANT COLE

Go and tell the General, if you're so damn sure.

MAJOR STEELE

If I were, believe me, I would. (quick look at Cole)

But suppose they don't really work?

LIEUTENANT COLE

Suppose we lose total contact? -- what difference will it make? The General will be on the bridge himself by nightfall. He won't have to radio the bridge if he's on it, will he?

MAJOR STEELE looks at the radio equipment, finally shrugs.

MAJOR STEELE

Well -- (beat)
MAJOR STEELE (Cont)

-- If anybody rocks the boat, it isn't going to be me ...

The radio equipment looks strong, efficient as hell. HOLD on it a moment. Then --

CUT TO

38 INT. LOGISTICS CONTROL ROOM - ENGLAND - DAY

It's a lot busier now.

OUR TWO LOGISTICS COLONELS are still at it. They look pretty good, considering they've neither of them slept.

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Have you a total for jeeps?

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

One thousand, four hundred and one, but that's just a ballpark figure.

Just a what?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Educated guess.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

Quite. I have a dispersal suggestion.

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Shoot.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

Since Taylor's 101st has the longest section to cover, I would have thought that they should come closest to having their requirement fulfilled.

The TWO COLONELS, making erasures on their papers.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

Okay, how many can we give them altogether?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

Three hundred sixty-three.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

You think so?
BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL
That's just a ballpark figure.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL
Quite.

Now as they continue working in the busy room --

CUT TO

39 INT. BROWNING'S HEADQUARTERS - BRIEFING ROOM - ENGLAND

DAY

The shades are down. FULLER is doing his best to operate a slide projector. He has set a screen into position and is, under the gaze of GENERAL BROWNING, clearly a bit flustered.

FULLER
The regular projector chap's at lunch just now, sir -- but I'll have it in a moment. --

(more trouble)

BROWNING
(gently amused)
I think you're doing splendidly, Fuller. (beat)
And as my own lunch is undoubtedly cold by now, since your urgent request made me leave it in the middle, I assure you I'm in no hurry.

FULLER
-- damn --
(turns to Browning)
-- almost, sir.

BROWNING nods.

FULLER
It's really worth your time sir; believe me.
(and now he's got it working)
There.

On that word --

CUT TO
THE SCREEN

We see a view of the reconnaissance area of the Dutch countryside. There is a boy with a bicycle on the road.

CUT TO

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

BROWNING and FULLER.

BROWNING
A splendid view of the Dutch countryside, Fuller... splendid -- but I don't see any tanks.

FULLER
Wait, sir. It's a lot clearer in the next picture. If I can just --

CUT TO

THE SCREEN

We see a series of slides in which two tanks come more and more into close-up.

FULLER'S VOICE (OVER)

Now...

CUT TO

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

BROWNING studies the screen in silence for a long time.

BROWNING

Next.

FULLER

Yessir, I had this one enlarged.

He advances another frame.

CUT TO

THE SCREEN

The tanks are bigger now, impossible to miss. They are under camouflage netting.

CUT TO
INT. BRIEFING ROOM

BROWNING. He gets up, approaches the screen, scrutinizes it for a long moment.

FULLER watches. The strain on the young man is intense, but it's also clear he's just a moment away from triumph.

BROWNING, turns, looks away from the screen now to the young MAJOR.

BROWNING
I wouldn't worry about those, sir, if I were you.

FULLER
(just stunned)
But you saw the tanks, sir?

BROWNING
I doubt whether they're fully serviceable.

FULLER
They've still got guns.

BROWNING
And so have we.

FULLER
(upset growing steadily now)
Sir — if they weren't serviceable, why would they bother to camouflage them?

BROWNING
Don't ask me to fathom the German mind.

FULLER
But -- we keep getting reports from the Dutch underground --

BROWNING
I have read the reports, Fuller. In fact I've passed them on to General Montgomery. But, you know, we've had hundreds of photographs from this and previous recce flights -- how many of them have shown tanks?

FULLER
Well just these five, sir.
BROWNING

Sixteen consecutive operations have been cancelled in the past months -- are you really asking us to cancel the biggest of them all because of five photographs?

FULLER is caught between a rock and a hard place. There's ultimately nothing he can do but shake his head.

FULLER

No, sir.

BROWNING

Understand something, Fuller -- no one here is evil; all we're trying to do is end the war. Why do you want to spoil our party?

HOLD ON BROWNING, then --

CUT TO

46 EXT. STREET AND SQUARE - LEOPOLDSVILLE - BELGIUM - DAY 46

LT. GENERAL BRIAN HORROCKS, THE COMMANDER OF XXX CORPS IN EXTREME CLOSE-UP and he's got a good face, the only strange thing is that right now, it is clearly jiggling up and down, and we begin to see why as we

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

HORROCKS in his Jeep, driving down a street that leads into a tree-lined town square in Belgium - LEOPOLDSVILLE. It's morning. HORROCKS' Jeep continues along, slowing and we see why -- it's got to thread its way as it approaches a cinema -- there are dozens of other Jeeps parked all around.

Something of import is clearly about to happen.

There are red capped M.P.'s checking credentials around the theater and a number of colorfully dressed men moving towards the theater.

They are two senior officers of XXX Corps.

No one was more colorful than LIEUTENANT COLONEL "JOE" VANDENLEUR, the commander of the Irish Guards Armored Group. He was forty-one at the time, tall and solid, and he wore his usual combat costume: a black beret, a multicolored camouflaged parachutist's jacket, corduroy trousers above high rubber boots, a .45 Colt strapped to one hip and, topping it all, a flamboyant emerald green scarf.
As he enters the lobby, he flashes some identification as do the other officers. As VANDELEUR proceeds inside --

CUT TO

47 INT. CINEMA - LEOPOLDSVILLE - DAY

The cinema is jammed with these colorful-looking people. At the front, filling the entirety of the movie screen, is a gigantic map. Colored tape snakes north from Leopoldsville up a single highway all the way to Arnhem. We can see various towns in larger type than others: Eindhoven, Son, Grave, Nijmegen, Arnhem. Now --

GENERAL HORROCKS moves onto the stage. He wears a ribbed khaki polo sweater. He was 49, a wonderful combat commander and immensely popular with his men. There is a buzz of 'Hear-hear' but HORROCKS gestures for quiet, gives a few 'Thank you, Gentlemen, thank you' and his audience quiets expectantly.

HORROCKS
This is a tale you'll tell your grandchildren -- and mightily bored they'll be.

He gets his reaction from the officers: laughter, anticipation. There was a very strong gung-ho feeling among these men.

HORROCKS
The plan is called Operation Market Garden. Market is the airborne element and Garden the ground forces - that's us. (using pointer).

This is our position on the Belgian border. Tomorrow, three airborne divisions will begin landing in Holland - the American 101st here, around Eindhoven, the American 82nd here, south of Nijmegen - and our own 1st Airborne boys here, at Arnhem - 64 miles behind enemy lines. Their job is to take and hold all the bridges in these three areas. Our job is to punch a hole through the German front line here then drive like hell up this road linking up with each airborne division on the way. Speed is the vital factor. The plan is to reach Eindhoven in two to three
HORROCKS (Cont)

hours, and Arnhem in two to three
days.

(taps town on map)

That is the prize, gentlemen. The
bridge over the Rhine. The last
bridge between us and Germany.
Kick-off will be at 1435 tomorrow
afternoon ... the Irish Guards
under the command of Colonel Vandeleur
will take the lead.

VANDELEUR turns to his cousin GILES sitting alongside --

VANDELEUR

Oh Christ, not us again.

HORROCKS

What do you say to that, Joe?

VANDELEUR

(rises)

Delighted, sir; truly delighted.

(sits)

HORROCKS

I have selected you to lead us not
only because of your extraordinary
fighting ability, but also because
in the unlikely event that the
Germans ever get you, they'll assume
from your attire they've captured
a wretched peasant, and immediately
send you on your way.

Again, the audience reacts. They really liked HORROCKS.

HORROCKS

Maintaining the speed of our advance will no
doubt be a problem -- it's a single highway --
and the bridges, of course, must be taken
intact. But if they're not, I've organised a
special task force of 9,000 engineers who, as
you know, are the brains of the army --

Chorus of good-natured jeers, punctuated by a few stout 'hear-hear's'
from the engineer officers present.

-- which is more than I can say for the rest
of you ruffians --

More reaction from the audience. Horrocks becomes serious.

Gentlemen: I'm not telling you it will be the
easiest party we've ever attended...
48 INT. FROST'S QUARTERS - ENGLAND - DAY

A copper fox hunting horn. It belongs to LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN FROST and that's who is holding it now as we

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

FROST in his quarters in England. He is 31 years old and four days away from being legendary.

PRIVATE WICKS, his 22 year old batman, appears in the doorway.

WICKS
(indicating hunting horn)
Do you want me to pack that, sir?

FROST
I'll carry it, thank you, Wicks. You didn't forget the golf clubs?

WICKS
They will be coming later in your staff car, Colonel.

FROST
My dinner jacket too?

WICKS
Do you think you'll have much call for it, sir?

FROST
Let's hope so.

WICKS nods, goes; FROST puts the horn on a nearby table. Hold. Then --

CUT TO

49 EXT. A BRIEFCASE - ENGLAND - DAY

It's shut, so we can't see what's inside.

And we also can't see anything of the MAN who is carrying it except his hand. That's all. We can't tell who he is in any way. We can't even tell if he's an officer or if he is, what group he belongs to. Or if he's English or American.

Nothing.

Just that briefcase.
HOLD ON IT. It's being carried along. We've got to be
wondering by now just what the hell's inside.

KEEP HOLDING.

What is inside? We'll find out. Soon.

The briefcase fills the screen now as we

CUT TO

50 INT. LOGISTICS CONTROL ROOM - ENGLAND - DAY

THE TWO LOGISTICS COLONELS are looking haggard now. Their
desk is a sea of coffee cups and pill bottles. They are
bleary eyed and their voices show strain. The room is full
around them, many many people constantly in movement,
taking papers here, there, shifting flags on various maps.

A FEMALE AIDE hurries to the COLONEL's desk, hands a piece
of paper over.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL
(looking at paper)
The 82nd needs felt caps. Have you
got any extra?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL
Your men are wearing felt hats when
they jump now? Very fashionable.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL
Caps, caps --
(makes a small square
with his fingers)
-- they jump with their rifles loaded
but they need little felt caps to
cover the muzzle so it doesn't get
dirt in it when they land.

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL
Ah, yes, of course; felt caps.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL
Right. Have you got any extra?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL
No.

As they go punchily on --

CUT TO
MAJOR FULLER. He looks' drained. He's walking across near BROWNING's headquarters. This whole scene is quiet; no one else is around. The setting could not be more idyllic.

OFFICER'S VOICE (OVER).

Major Fuller?

FULLER stops as a COLONEL hurries up to him.

OFFICER

My name's Sims, mind a bit of company?

FULLER

Of course not, sir.

COLONEL SIMS

Busy times.

FULLER nods.

COLONEL SIMS

You must be exhausted.

FULLER nods again. Then →

COLONEL SIMS

Are you? Exhausted?

FULLER (an odd question)

Well of course I am, who isn't?

COLONEL SIMS

We've been getting reports from a number of your friends; they're worried about you. They think perhaps you need a rest.

FULLER

We all need rest. Why are you saying this to me? -- Because I rocked the boat?

COLONEL SIMS

I'm a doctor; I'm only interested in your health. I think you ought to take a couple of weeks sick-leave.

There is a bench nearby. FULLER sinks down. The DOCTOR sits alongside.

FULLER

But why? I'm not ill or anything. I didn't do anything wrong ...
COLONEL SIMS
... of course not ... you're just a little tired.

FULLER
...yes ... tired ... but ...

And now, suddenly, surprisingly there are tears in his eyes. He doesn't try to hide it, just sits there, hands in his lap, tears on his face.

COLONEL SIMS
I think we might go.

FULLER
(turning to the Doctor)
Do I have to?

COLONEL SIMS nods.

FULLER
I don't want to be left behind. Please.

COLONEL SIMS
It's out of my hands, laddie.

FULLER
I wanted to go to the party ...

CUT TO

52 INT. GLASS'S TENT - ENGLAND - DAY

Two members of the 101st are going over equipment. Or, more accurately, one of them is; the other lies in a corner belting down whisky.

The DRINKER is a scared kid, GLASS, 22.

The OTHER GUY is terrific looking, leathery and hard, somewhere in the vicinity of 35-40. His name is EDDIE DOHUN.

DOHUN
Quit drinking that shit.

GLASS
Chock full of vitamins.

DOHUN
We did Normandy sober.

GLASS
Why do you think I'm getting smashed this time?
DOHUN grabs the whisky.

GLASS
Dammit, Eddie, give that back.

DOHUN (empties it)
Anything you say.

GLASS
I wish you hadn’t done that, because you see, my problem is that I’m not totally crazy about the prospect of dying.

DOHUN
So don’t die.

GLASS
That’s not quite reassuring enough.

DOHUN
What do you want, for chrissake, a guarantee?

GLASS
I would like that, yes.

DOHUN
Come on -- let’s get some food in you --

GLASS
--- I want your guarantee --

DOHUN
--- all right, shut up, you got it --

And now as he starts to help the KID into his tunic.

GLASS
Hey Eddie?

DOHUN
What?

GLASS
I wasn’t kidding, were you kidding ...?

We don’t hear DOHUN’s answer because they’re gone from the tent. But we did see them close as they left, and here’s the surprise: THE SCARED KID, GLASS, is a Captain. EDDIE DOHUN who is ordering him around, is just a Sergeant.

From here we
THE LOGISTICS COLONELS and they are drained. Their uniforms are rumpled, their eyes red, their voices strained and hoarse. The entire room around them seems just as beat; everyone moves in something close to slow motion.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

Cottesmore Field?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

(checking a list)

Sealed and shut.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

And the weather report for the next three days? Still clear?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

The weather is perfect --

(looks at his watch)

-- with eleven hours to go.

AMERICAN LOGISTICS COLONEL

Blackwell Field?

BRITISH LOGISTICS COLONEL

(checking a list)

Sealed and shut.

From now on, we just hear them, soft and constant as they check and recheck the various departure positions. Their dialogue goes along these lines:

'Salty Field?'

'Sealed and shut. And the weather remains perfect, with eleven hours to go.'

'Broadwell Field?'

'Sealed and shut. No problem with the weather with nine hours to go.'

'Chalgrove Field?'

'Chalgrove Field is sealed and shut ...'

Anyway, that's the kind of thing we hear as the tension builds and what we see is what's going on in the various fields as the night moves on toward morning, as we

CUT TO

54 INT.  FROST'S QUARTERS - ENGLAND - NIGHT

COLONEL FROST, deep asleep.

CUT TO
EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - NIGHT

SOME AMERICAN AND BRITISH SOLDIERS, walking sentry duty, on either side of a wire fence.

CUT TO

INT. GLASS'S TENT - ENGLAND - NIGHT

CAPTAIN GLASS, still young, still afraid, restless.

CUT TO

EXT. AIRFIELD - TENTS - ENGLAND - NIGHT

An endless line of dark tents in the night.

CUT TO

INT. URQUHART'S QUARTERS - ENGLAND - NIGHT

URQUHART drinking coffee.

CUT TO

INT. GAVIN'S QUARTERS - ENGLAND - NIGHT

GAVIN, drinking coffee.

CUT TO

INT. DOHUN'S QUARTERS - ENGLAND - NIGHT

SERGEANT DOHUN, smoking, staring at the night.

CUT TO

INT. FULLER'S QUARTERS - ENGLAND - NIGHT

MAJOR FULLER, slowly packing, going home.

CUT TO

INT. BARRACK ROOM - 82ND AREA - ENGLAND - NIGHT

And now we come to the main event as we still hear the LOGISTICS COLONELS, the tension rising and rising, because what we cut to next is something altogether remarkable and here's what it is. A PARATROOPER GETTING READY.

What's so unusual about that? Just that no one showed in detail just how much equipment, how many objects these guys had to handle in order to get themselves ready to hurl their bodies into the sky.
Continued

A YOUNG AMERICAN SOLDIER, crew cut. Not yet 20. But you can tell by the face and the way he handles himself the guy's a veteran. And he's got his boots on and his jacket and trousers. But that's nothing, just the beginning.

(The TWO COLONELS are still talking on, remember, the countdown getting lower and lower, the weather remaining fine.)

THE YOUNG SOLDIER takes a first aid packet; attaches it to a strap on his right shoulder. And in the pockets across the front go hand grenades until the pockets bulge. And in smaller pockets go stray bits of food from K ration boxes. (Still the COLONELS talking, still the countdown going on).

THE YOUNG SOLDIER has a knife; it goes on his belt, well forward. His back stays clear, so that if he lands on his butt, which these guys do 90 percent of the time, they won't critically wound themselves.

Now he takes his M-1 rifle, attaches a little felt cap over the open muzzle.

And he has a main parachute. And a reserve parachute. And a musette bag with 156 rounds of M-1 bullets. And a raincoat stuffed in on top of the ammunition. And finally, a helmet.

This is what it takes to send one soldier into airborne combat. Only we're not sending one, we're sending 35,000.

Now we move in on his face. It really is a good face, and there's a lot going on behind the eyes. Fear, sure, and eagerness too. But something else we've got to know and it's this: the kid's a killer.

Now, on this WONDERFUL YOUNG FACE

CUT 2

63- EXT. BRITISH GLIDER AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY 63-
67

SUNDAY MORNING, the 17TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1944.

It was, from every report we have, one of the most beautiful fall mornings in the history of the Empire.

BROWNING and URQUHART are walking down along a giant row of aircraft and gliders. Behind them and in front of them and every place else, men are in the constant fevered activity. Troops are boarding gliders and equipment is being manhandled through loading doors. Shouts and whistles and trucks carrying stuff roaring this way and that.
BROWNING, this lift off this morning is as elegant as ever, in his specially designed battledress, Sam Browne and gloves, Urquhart wears a camouflaged smock.

BROWNING
Amazing sight -- hmm?

URQUHART
When you think we only had seven days to get everything organised, it's --

BROWNING
-- a bloody miracle. It took six months to set up the Normandy operation and that was only half as big as this.

(a pause)
How do you feel?

URQUHART
Fine. I'll feel even better when we're in Holland. Do you remember a few months back when I was first appointed to this command; I told you I had never jumped but thought I ought to give it a go? You did me a big favor.

BROWNING
Oh -- what was that?

URQUHART
'Boy' you said -- you're far too old for that kind of thing -- and much too large.

BROWNING
Why was that such a favor?

URQUHART
Because I didn't tell you quite everything.

BROWNING
What don't I know?

URQUHART
I'm prone to airsickness.

BROWNING
What? -- Every flight?
Well, we'll soon find out, won't we?

As they salute and go their separate ways, we can see the whole of the field now, and it's huge and jammed.

CUT TO.

EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

An airplane motor revving up. It produces a considerable noise. Now --

CUT TO

EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

Another airplane starting. Considerably more noise.

And now another propeller starts. And another and now two more and each time the noise builds and builds.

And as more propellers start, you can almost sense the earth itself beginning to tremble and the instant that happens --

CUT TO

EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

The first airplane, just commencing to move, maybe going all of a slow foot or two before we

CUT TO

EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

Another airplane, and this one is already started, and it goes maybe half a dozen yards before we

CUT TO

EXT. AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

Another airplane, and this one is picking up speed now, and so we are, the cuts coming faster and faster as more and more airplanes are seen for little bursts, each one in a more advanced state of take off until we

CUT TO
80  EXT.  AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

The first airplane, just as it leaves the ground and the noise is a steady companion to us now, and as we enter the air with that first airplane --

CUT TO

81  EXT.  PADDOCK - ENGLAND - DAY

Half a dozen HORSES, running like crazy, rearing, frightened by the sound --

CUT TO

82  EXT.  FIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

And now we see some CATTLE bolting, and they're scared too --

CUT TO

83  EXT.  GEORGIAN HOUSE - ENGLAND - DAY

We see an ENGLISH FAMILY coming out of house, all dressed for church, and they're staring up too, as the NOISE passes by. A LAND GIRL is holding a restive pony and trap.

CUT TO

84  EXT.  INDUSTRIAL TOWN - ENGLAND - DAY

Traffic stops. Everyone gets out of their cars, stands there right smack in the middle of the road watching the sky as the NOISE goes on. (We haven't seen the sky yet ourselves, but we will, we will).

CUT TO

85  EXT.  COUNTRY CHURCH - ENGLAND - DAY

Now we see a beautiful old English church set out in a lovely field and the sun is beating down -- then in the distance the NOISE begins and as we watch the church, the sun is blotted out entirely -- the church is in deep shadow now and --

CUT TO

86  INT.  COUNTRY CHURCH - ENGLAND - DAY

Inside the church the ORGANIST is doing his best and so is the CHOIR and so are all the PARISHIONERS, trying their loudest to sing but what's the point, you can't hear a thing just the INCREDIBLE SOUND OF PLANES. Now the PARISHIONERS give up and rise --

CUT TO
87. EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - ENGLAND - DAY

The PARISHIONERS emerge and like everyone el amazement as the mightiest airborne force it
by ... and now, at last --

CUT TO

88. EXT. SKY - DAY

And what can you say about it, it's like the Pentagon, no
matter how big you're told it is, when you get there, it's
bigger. And right now, looking at the steady stream of
aircraft, you get the feeling that you would walk from wing
to wing, all the way to Holland --

-- except that's not all because now, from another part of
the sky comes another stream of planes, and as we watch,
slowly, the two come together and form one superchain and
still as we watch, they turn just a bit, shifting direction,
and if what we saw at first was startling, well, it's awe-
some now. The superchain goes on and on, as if it will never
come to an end ... HOLD. Then --

CUT TO

89. INT. GAVIN'S PLANE - DAY

GENERAL GAVIN looks out a window and we get another angle
of the size of the armada. Beside him is the Dutchman,
CAPTAIN HARRY.

CUT TO

90. INT. URQUHART'S GLIDER - DAY

URQUHART in his glider with six other people including a
PADRE. Alongside URQUHART is HANCOCK, someone we're going
to be seeing more of. URQUHART is not airsick but he isn't
what you'd call happy.

HANCOCK
Better than the desert, eh, sir?

URQUHART
What was that?

HANCOCK
Easier than walking, sir.

URQUHART
If you say so, Hancock.

CUT TO
INT. TAYLOR'S PLANE - DAY

GENERAL TAYLOR sits studying a map in silence.

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ASSEMBLY AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

HORROCKS and VANDELEUR drive along in Jeep. A second Jeep tags close behind. Parked British vehicles, mainly trucks, can be seen in every direction, interspersed with waiting groups of infantry men, loaded with kit, some standing, some sitting, some sprawled on the ground.

HORROCKS
You know, Joe, this isn't going to be the pushover everybody seems to think it is --

HORROCKS slows Jeep alongside an INFANTRY MAJOR, most of whose MEN appear to be asleep.

HORROCKS
Morning, Alan -- do your Sleeping Beauties know there's a war on?

We just catch the OFFICER's salute and 'Morning, sir' as HORROCKS speeds up again.

VANDELEUR
Is it true that more German Paratroops have moved into the line ahead of us?

HORROCKS
Yes. They obviously don't intend just to let us walk in the front door --

HORROCKS slows again by a COLONEL who stands near a Bren Gun Carrier piled high with ammunition crates. The FOUR-MAN CREW are wearing old black top hats.

HORROCKS
Hallo, Bob -- hope that's not my funeral they're going to --

CUT TO

ANOTHER SECTION of the XXX Corps line-up -- this time, perhaps parked through small village. More vehicles, jammed nose to tail. More waiting troops. And now some tanks.

HORROCKS
-- and I'm still desperately worried about having to throw everything up this road -- but there's no alternative --
And as they pass SCOTS GUARDS TANK COLONEL

HORROCKS

Morning, Tom --

SCOTS GUARDS COLONEL

Morning, sir -- see you at the nineteenth hole ...

HORROCKS

-- so I've decided to run the road like a railway. Nobody, repeat nobody, will be allowed to put more than five vehicles on the road without permission from my traffic control boys.

VANDELEUR

Including me?

D.L.I. OFFICER

Good luck, sir --

HORROCKS

(acknowledging Officer)

You too --

(smiles at Vandeleur)

Especially you, Joe --

HORROCKS slows Jeep again, this time by a COLDSTREAM GUARDS MAJOR standing by a tank marked 'BERLIN NEXT STOP'.

HORROCKS

Morning, Derek. I'm glad someone knows where we're going --

CUT TO

95 ANOTHER AREA. More tanks, more trucks, more men. HORROCKS 95 and VANDELEUR thread their way through.

HORROCKS

Time, Joe. That's the killer. We can't afford to drop behind schedule --

HORROCKS acknowledges salute of a COLONEL (SECOND HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY). The OFFICER has a huge handle-bar moustache.

HORROCKS

-- so for God's sake keep your tanks on the move --

CUT TO
Several Jeeps and a few other vehicles are parked in the big yard. Among them is a Scout Car with an IRISH GUARDS DRIVER. FOUR OFFICERS wait at the foot of a fire-escape that leads to the factory roof.

We can hear the heavy drone of approaching aircraft as HORROCKS and VANDELEUR drive into the yard followed by the second Jeep. Both men look up as HORROCKS swings the Jeep around into a parking space.

VANDELEUR
Good God Almighty --

CUT TO

A shot, over the windshield of the moving Jeep, past the factory roofs of the huge formation of aircraft.

CUT TO

HORROCKS and VANDELEUR get out of Jeep. THREE OFFICERS and a DRIVER get out of the second.

HORROCKS
That's just the 101st --

HORROCKS and VANDELEUR walk towards the fire-escape. The THREE OFFICERS from the Jeep follow them.

HORROCKS
The other two groups are on the Northern route --
(looks at watch)
H-hour in 90 minutes ...

VANDELEUR
I'd better get going --

HORROCKS starts to climb fire-escape followed by all SEVEN STAFF OFFICERS. VANDELEUR moves to Scout Car which is parked almost underneath.

HORROCKS
(climbing)
Good luck, Joe.

VANDELEUR
(getting into Scout Car)
Thank you, sir.
HORROCKS

Do you think you'll be able to manage it?

VANDELEUR

(now in Scout Car)

I've got nothing else planned for this afternoon.

VANDELEUR waves as the Scout Car drives off. HORROCKS continue to climb.

CUT TO

99 EXT. XXX CORPS ASSEMBLY AREA - FACTORY ROOF - DAY

HORROCKS climbs onto the flat roof followed by his SEVEN STAFF OFFICERS. The air armada is still darting overhead. HORROCKS crosses the roof and looks down --

CUT TO

100 EXT. XXX CORPS ASSEMBLY AREA - ROOFTOP VIEW - DAY

And we see even more tanks, plus armored cars and trucks of every kind, and more groups of infantry, stretching away along a winding road -- and along the road, we see VANDELEUR's Scout Car, driving towards the front of the long column.

CUT TO

101 INT. BROWNING'S GLIDER - DAY

BROWNING looks elegant, relaxed. He is accompanied by members of his personal staff.

CUT TO

102 INT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DAKOTA - DAY

The men are silent. Amid the noise of the plane's engines, we become aware of the sound of a chicken. We focus on PRIVATE DODDS and Nobby, another paratrooper who sits facing CORPORAL DAVIES inside the airplane. MYRTLE - the PARACHICK is in a zip bag attached to DAVIES' shoulder, with her head sticking out.

DODDS leans across aisle and offers CORPORAL DAVIES a ten shilling note.

DODDS

Hey, Corp -- here . . . just in case the bleeding grub runs short.
CORPORAL DAVIES looks puzzled.

DODDS
Put Nobby and me down for a leg each - alright?

DAVIES
Put your fucking money away, hoys, and I'll try and forget I heard that. This lady is the only qualified parachutist in the whole British Army and we both intend to come out of this one with our wings on - don't we Myrtle, my lovely?

(he caresses chicken)
And I'm sure these gentlemen are going to apologise, aren't they?

CORPORAL DAVIES eyes DODDS and NOBBY. DODDS and NOBBY exchange a look.

DODDS
Oh, yeah, sure... sorry. No offence.

NOBBY
Yeah, sorry, Myrtle...

DODDS and NOBBY exchange another look CORPORAL DAVIES doesn't see.

CUT TO

103 INT. UNIDENTIFIED GLIDER - DAY

THAT BRIEFCASE we've seen before. We still don't know what's in it or who it belongs to, but there it is, next to someone who we can't make out, in a glider on the way to Holland.

CUT TO

104 INT. AMERICAN 101ST. DIVISION DAKOTA - DAY

SERGEANT EDDIE DOUTH sitting waiting, arms crossed. There is the sound now that is reminiscent of rain on the wings.

PRIVATE BESIDE HIM
What the hell's that?

DOHUAN
Flak.

(quietly)
104 Continued

The PRIVATE reacts badly to the news. DOKUN sits as before. If we weren't sure before, we ought to be by now: not a whole lot bothers this guy. From the flak --

CUT TO

105 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

A beautifully set table, silver, glassware, the works. A WAITER is pouring wine. GENERAL MODEL is having lunch. He sits, sipping wine, very much a man at peace. Now, almost impossible to make out, we begin barely to hear the start of the sound of the approaching armada. If he hears it, MODEL pays no mind. He goes right on, sipping the lovely white wine as we

CUT TO

106 INT. BITTRICH'S HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

The office is empty, but there is a small terrace and that door is open. The armada sound is very loud now. A SERGEANT comes hurrying in, looks around the empty room. (This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

SERGEANT

General Bittrich?

BITTRICH'S VOICE (OVER)

Here, Matthias.

As MATTHIAS -- he is BITTRICH's driver -- goes to the open door --

CUT TO

107 EXT. BITTRICH'S HEADQUARTERS - TERRACE - DAY

WILHELM BITTRICH, on the terrace, watching the sky. He was 50 years old, lean and intelligent, and if there is such a thing in this world as a noble enemy, that's what BITTRICH was. (This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

BITTRICH

(almost admiringly)
What a spectacle.

(turns to Matthias)
If only once, I'd had such power in my hands ...

Now, from his face --

CUT TO
EXT. SKY ABOVE BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - DAY

A sky full of Dakotas.

In the far far blue distance, a teeny white dot.

Now a second dot. Still far away.

Five dots now. Little bigger, little closer. But still no more than just that: dots.

Now twenty dots.

Now twenty more.

Now we realize those aren't dots, those are parachutes opening and before we know it, we're into one of the giant shots of this or any film, the drop.

These are the British we're watching now, landing over the Arnhem area and what we're seeing is a procession of planes and as those planes hit a spot the men jump but from our point of view, each time they jump they seem bigger because we're seeing it all from up in the sky with them and we're rapidly approaching the drop zone ourselves and by now these aren't dots, these are men and the sky is filling rapidly and we get closer and closer and more and more men tumble into the skies and --

-- and now as we still watch something we don't expect happens and it's this: half a dozen men float right in front of us and down and we realize that we've been in the middle of the drop, and that the hundreds of men we've seen in front of us is nothing, because it's going on all around, and as at last we tilt down to the ground to see it all --

-- a giant open field and gliders all the hell over, some of them crashed, some not, and men floating down toward them and you couldn't ask for a better drop in practice, that's how well it's going.

SWITCH TO

(NOTE: I am aware that the word 'switch' used above is not a kosher screenwriting word. But now that we're all in Holland, I want to use it to indicate when we go from one place to another. All that will be clear when we see the movie; times of day, changes in costume, terrain -- these and other reminders will tell us immediately we've moved. But for the reading of the piece, I've decided, for clarity, to use the word 'switch' when we go from one place or group of men to a different scene. In other words, it means we've ended one scene, and are about to start another.)
Now while the British are still dots puffing out of planes, the 82nd is a bit further along, progress is being made, they are landing. And while the shot of the British drop was pretty almost, it isn't so post card-like for the 82nd, since they are jumping from only 400 feet, and when they land, they really land.

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND DROP ZONE - DAY
CAPTAIN HARRY, creaming himself as he lands, and now
CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND DROP ZONE - DAY
GAVIN, and he hits even harder, jarring himself terribly, for a moment he just lies there stunned as we
CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND DROP ZONE - DAY
Other MEMBERS of the 82nd are landing hard, some of them fifty yards from GAVIN, some of them further and they all took a pounding as they hit and now
CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND DROP ZONE - DAY
GAVIN, ripping off both his chutes, grabbing his rifle, taking off for the nearest woods in a run as from a different wooded area, GERMANS are firing at him and CAPTAIN HARRY joins him, the two of them tearing away for safety, removing the felt caps from their rifle muzzles as they go and
SWITCH TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST DROP ZONE - DAY
The 101ST are already down, their gliders open and what they had most of was jeeps and that's what we see now, dozens of jeeps and trailers, coming down out of the gliders.
CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST DROP ZONE - DAY
GENERAL TAYLOR in the lead jeep, already loaded and roaring off, motor going full out and as TAYLOR moves away
SWITCH TO
FIELD MARSHAL MODEL having another glass of wine. A COLONEL hurries up to him, bends over, speaks quietly) (This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

GERMAN COLONEL
I'm sorry to bother you, sir, but it seems British paratroops are landing. Two miles away.

MODEL
(confused)
Why would they be doing that?
There's nothing valuable here --
(suddenly it dawns)
-- me -- I'm valuable here, they must all be coming just to capture me --
(and he's standing -- shouting orders)
Call my chauffeur, get my car -- evacuate the headquarters --
(as he tears out)
-- and don't forget my cigars --

Now, once he's gone --

SWITCH TO

BITTRICH on the phone in his office. The last time we saw him he was calm, the place was quiet. Now he's tense, and there is a buzz of activity inside the room and outside we can see people rushing about. (This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

BITTRICH
-- well keep trying, there must be someone there!
(Rams down phone)

MAJOR GENERAL LUDWIG bursts into the room followed by a COLONEL and TWO MAJORS. LUDWIG is 45 years old, battle-hardened. He wears a black panzer uniform - as do his aides.

LUDWIG
-- I can't get any sense from anybody out there -- thousands of paratroops are dropping all over Holland? Is it true?

BITTRICH
(Nods)
Yes - west of Arnhem --
LUDWIG
Jesus - right on top of Field Marshal Model!

BITTRICH
I can't get through to his headquarters --

A SIGNALS CORPS CORPORAL hurries in and hands BITTRICH a paper. BITTRICH scans it quickly.

BITTRICH
(To LUDWIG)
From the Luftwaffe -- a big force have landed south of Nijmegen.

LUDWIG
They must be after the bridge. We'd better get our skates on!

The telephone rings on BITTRICH's desk. He snatches it up, listens --

BITTRICH
-- damn! ... it doesn't matter ... No!
Keep ringing.
(Slams down phone)

LUDWIG
Maybe they've got Model.

BITTRICH
Maybe they have. Look - I'll take care of Arnhem. You get down to Nijmegen as fast as you can. Take anything that'll move and get it on the road with every man you can lay hands on -- and hold Nijmegen Bridge. Nothing must get across. You've got to hold Nijmegen.

LUDWIG
(Puts on his cap)
Don't worry. They'll wish they'd stayed at home ... As he hangs up, starts to dial again --

SWITCH TO
132 EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

MODEL's car waiting, the motor running, below the steps
MODEL's driver, a Sergeant, is apprehensive.

-- but he isn't the only one upset -- there is a wild state
of pandemonium. Various high ranking officers are running
this way, that way, trying to get organized, trying to
figure out what the hell is the best thing to do --

-- at this point, MODEL comes tearing out the door, carrying
his suitcase. But as he hits the steps it bursts wide open
and his clothes fall, everything, shirts, ties, underwear,
fluttering in the breeze across the lovely front of the hotel.
As embarrassingly the OFFICERS nearest to him begin to gather
them up --

SWITCH TO

133-137 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - DAY

And it's madness -- various colored strips of cloth and pots
of smoke all intended to show men where they're supposed to
go to join up, and men are running every which way and there
are bagpipes piping and people shouting, but through it all,
one sound cuts through: FROST'S hunting horn.

CUT TO

138 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - DAY

FROST, standing on the edge of the drop zone, blowing his
horn, over and over again. A yellow smoke canister billows
out nearby.

Beside him stands a YOUNG MAJOR: HARRY CARLYLE.

CARLYLE
(shouting)
'B' company to me. 'A' company over
there!

FROST continues to sound his horn, drawing his men around him
as he keeps on blowing. From FROST and CARLYLE on the drop
zone --

SWITCH TO

139 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - FOREST ROAD - DAY

GAVIN and CAPTAIN HARRY, running like hell along a sunken
road through a heavy pine forest. They both keep their
rifles ready. GAVIN is moving a bit tilted, as if his back
were giving him trouble.
CAPTAIN HARRY
How far are we from headquarters?

GAVIN
Half a mile maybe, maybe mo--

And he shuts up fast and dives down along with HARRY as sudden machine gun fire rakes the road. The firing is coming from up ahead to the right. As he starts to crawl forward--

CUT TO

140
EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - FOREST ROAD - DAY

The bank of the road. Slanted. GAVIN reaches it, pauses, starts up the incline. HARRY is not far away, doing the same. GAVIN, and now it's the hard part, looking over, because you don't know what's there and he hesitates, then as he looks over--

CUT TO

141
EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - FOREST ROAD - DAY

A German machine gun with a SOLDIER ready to fire, the gun pointed dead at GAVIN's face, no more than ten yards away and

CUT TO

142
EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - FOREST ROAD - DAY

GAVIN, but before he can get a shot off--

CUT TO

143
EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - FOREST ROAD - DAY

The GERMAN SOLDIER by the machine gun, slumping forward as a shot rings out.

CUT TO

144
EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - FOREST ROAD - DAY

CAPTAIN HARRY, his rifle in his hands.

HARRY
(a little surprised)
I shot that from the hip.

GAVIN nods, exhales deeply. HOLD a moment on GAVIN, glad to be alive ... Then--

SWITCH TO
EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE – DAY

URQUHART kneels, consulting a map with another OFFICER. He stands up as COLONEL MACKENZIE and MAJOR STEELE approach.

MACKENZIE
Brigadier Lathbury's just left, sir; Johnny Frost and the second battalion are already on the river road.

URQUHART
(checks watch)
Any news of Freddie Gough's Jeep squadron?

MACKENZIE
Well - it's unconfirmed.

STEELE
It's rather bad luck, sir, considering how few gliders we lost on the way in --

URQUHART silences STEELE with a look.

MACKENZIE
-- it appears that a lot of the special jeeps didn't arrive, and those that did have been badly shot up in an ambush.

URQUHART
(digests news)
So what you're saying is that no-one's going to get to Arnhem Bridge except on foot --

MACKENZIE nods -- reluctantly.

URQUHART
Splendid ...

Now, surprisingly, on top of this news, there comes an unsettling sound: wild laughter and as URQUHART spins around --

CUT TO

EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE – WOODS – DAY

A group of MEN and WOMEN in white hospital gowns are laughing and pointing at all the soldiers. Some of them peek out from behind trees, pointing and laughing and from URQUHART's point of view, they might be laughing at him.

CUT TO
EXT. BRITISH 1ST AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - WOODS - DAY

URQUHART and STEELE watching them.

STEELLE
They must be from the lunatic asylum, sir.

URQUHART still stares.

STEELLE
It's located on the far side of the wood. It was bombed this morning by mistake.

CUT TO

EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - WOODS - DAY

The CRAZY PEOPLE standing in the shadowed wood, pointing and laughing and moving erratically around. It's all wrong, they shouldn't be here, and that makes it scary.

CUT TO

EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - WOODS - DAY

URQUHART and STEELE.

URQUHART
Let's hope they don't know something we don't know.

He walks away, then glances back and --

CUT TO

EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - WOODS - DAY

The CRAZIES. They're getting more out of control. HOLD ... then --

SWITCH TO

EXT. SKY - DAY

A circle of FIGHTER-BOMBERS going around and around in a great curving movement.

CUT TO
EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

COlONEL "JOE" VANDELEUR standing up in his scout car, surrounded by idling tanks and armored vehicles --

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - WOODS NEAR BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY


CUT TO

"JOE" VANDELEUR stands in his scout car, looking at his watch. He raises his mike and as he begins to speak into it we --

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

The front Sherman tank at the very head of the lead formation of the IRISH GUARDS. This is the sharp end.

A 19-year-old SECOND LIEUTENANT stands with his head and shoulders out of the turret of the tank. The engine is running. We hear the distorted crackle of a wireless message in his earphones. He raises his mike --

SECOND LIEUTENANT

Driver -- advance...

Not the most awe-inspiring order of all time, but it is 2.35 p.m. on Sunday the 17th of September, 1944 and does it bring results because as the command is spoken --

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - WOODS NEAR BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

WHAM -- the woods erupt as batteries of camouflaged artillery guns open fire and as the noise continues --

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

VANDELEUR and the IRISH GUARDS tanks with infantry alongside and riding on them. This is the great breakout of XXX Corps, and up ahead of them now, the shells from the guns are landing and as the Irish Guards begin rumbling forward at eight miles an hour, the shells keep preceding them, clearing the way, and now --

CUT TO
The FIGHTER BOMBERS bank out of their circle, zooming down, adding their power to the artillery and what we have now is an incredible thing, a moving belt of fire clearing the way for VANDELEUR's tanks and they keep right on and the shells keep right on and it's noisy as hell, sure, but you couldn't ask for a plan to begin any better and now

CUT TO

Up ahead of the moving belt of fire GERMAN TROOPS waiting. They are out of sight, in woods and trenches by the road that the IRISH GUARDS are taking and as they wait, you can see their fear as the moving belt of fire comes closer to them every second and

CUT TO

VANDELEUR, standing up in the middle of it all, watching as his forces advance through the incredible din. All his tanks and cars have yellow streamers so they can be seen from above and something's bothering VANDELEUR now, he's looking around more than before, it shouldn't be going this well, but it is and

CUT TO

The GERMANS, still scared but incredibly disciplined as they watch the moving belt of fire and it's almost on them and then it is on them, and shells are blasting all around and some of their guns are hit but not all, and some of their men are hit, but not all, and as we watch, the moving belt of fire moves on, and it's created havoc, sure, but the Germans are still alive and waiting and

CUT TO

The Irish lead tanks, rumbling ahead along the single road, protected by that belt of fire that seems to be clearing everything and

CUT TO
188- EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY
189
The GERMANS, watching the lead tanks, letting them go by, not bothering with them, just waiting silently and now --

CUT TO

190- EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY
192
A large group of tanks following the lead tanks until without warning the first one just erupts into flame and then another tank is hit and as it explodes

CUT TO

193- EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY
195
The GERMANS, blasting away now, creaming the shit out of the Irish Guards and --

CUT TO

196- EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY
200
Another Irish tank gone and now three more and the truth was that nine tanks were creamed in less than two minutes and that's what we're looking at now, the truth, because the road is strewn with flaming tanks, the road is now blocked --

CUT TO

201- EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY
204
The GERMANS, they increase their fire, giving it every goddam thing they've got and it looks like more than plenty until...we

CUT TO

205 EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

VANDELEUR in his scout car, screaming over the noise into his microphone.

VANDELEUR
Start the purple --
And we don't know what the hell he means --

CUT TO
206 INT. SHERMAN TANK TURRET - DAY

A TANK CREW loads smoke shell into breech --

CUT TO

207 EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

Sherman tank fires towards German lines.

CUT TO

208 EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

The German positions as the shells land in the area -- the shells explode into great purple colored bursts, marking the area and as the color widens --

CUT TO

209 EXT. AERIAL VIEW - GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

The German positions as seen from the sky where the Fighter Bombers are, and the land is suddenly pitted with all kinds of purple spots and now

CUT TO

210 EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

The Fighter Bombers screaming down toward the German positions and as they start to fire --

CUT TO

211- 216

EXT. GERMAN FRONT LINE - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

The GERMANS and this is it folks, goodbye, as shell after shell slams down around them, hitting them, destroying them and

CUT TO

217 EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

More purple marker shells landing on German positions.

CUT TO

218 EXT. VIEW FROM PILOT'S COCKPIT - GERMAN POSITIONS - DAY

As we dive down with other planes in rocket attack on Germans.

CUT TO
The German positions. They're on fire now. No more shooting, not from here. Only silence ... HOLD for a moment as a few dazed German survivors stumble towards the British lines.

A giant bulldozer getting into position to shove a burned Irish Guards tank. The bulldozer is slow and cumbersome and it takes a while. It's a little later in the afternoon now.

VANDELEUR watching from his scout car.

The bulldozer slowly moves the tank, topples it out of the road into the ditch alongside. It makes a huge crashing sound, the tank does, spins down, lies still.

"JOE" VANDELEUR is joined by his cousin GILES -- who comes over from his car. Throughout this next bit of conversation, British stretcher bearers are constantly visible, carrying the wounded back, lining both sides of the way. It's like an endless chain of maimed and dying.

GILES
(angular)
How the hell can they expect us to keep up to schedule on a road like this?

VANDELEUR
You don't know the worst.

GILES looks at him. There is a pause. Then --

VANDELEUR
This bit we're on now ...
Continued

Yes?

VANDELEUR
It's the wide part.

On his words --

EXT. XXX CORPS - BREAKOUT ROAD - DAY

The road ahead, the one XXX Corps must travel. It's narrow and for half a mile along the way, it's filled with dead tanks, all of them blocking the road as they continue to burn ... From this devastation --

SWITCH TO

EXT. GERMAN- OCCUPIED AREA - GLIDER CRASH SITE - DAY

The shattered wreckage of an American Waco glider. It has smashed into trees on landing and broken horribly.

CUT TO

EXT. GERMAN- OCCUPIED AREA - GLIDER CRASH SITE - DAY

A YOUNG BALD GERMAN SOLDIER, gun in hand, stands in some trees, staring at it. When he is confident that nothing moves inside, he moves forward.

He halts by the glider door, frightened more now. Taking a breath, he yanks the door open, fires wildly inside. No need; there is no answer. Now as he goes through the door

CUT TO

INT. CRASHED AMERICAN GLIDER - DAY

Inside the glider. The briefcase lies on the floor of the shattered transport, the same briefcase we've seen several times previous.

The GERMAN SOLDIER begins moving through wreckage of the glider, but we don't see that -- we only see his boots as he walks a step, probes at this with his boot toe, turns something else over.

He passes the briefcase, momentarily, then stops, stoops, picks it up and opens it. Whatever it is that's inside -- which we haven't seen yet -- the look on his face at least tells us this much: it's not your everyday merchandise.

As he spins hurriedly out of the glider, carrying the briefcase tightly in one hand --

SWITCH TO
The drop zone. It's more orderly now; over an hour has passed. But URQUHART looks, as he hurries across the field, more tense than before. He enters the communications area where MAJOR STEELE and LIEUTENANT COLE (the one who said 'Don't worry' back in England) are supervising RADIO OPERATORS working the equipment.

URQUHART
How's it going?

COLE
Not too well, sir. We haven't been able to make contact with General Browning, XXX Corps or England.

URQUHART
I see -- so no one knows we've arrived safely.

COLE
Not as far as we know, sir.

URQUHART
(turns to Major Steele)
Can't you use the VHF sets we were given for calling in air support?

STEELE
Well, sir -- it appears that the sets have been delivered with the wrong crystals --

URQUHART
So, in fact, they're useless.

STEELE
Yes, sir, I'm afraid they are.

URQUHART
Did you tell Brigadier Lathbury and Colonel Frost that the Jeep Squadron is unable to break through to the bridge?

STEELE
No, sir. At the moment, we're unable to contact any of the units moving into Arnhem.
URQUHART
(digests this bombshell)
Not a very satisfactory state of affairs, Steele.

STEELE
No, sir.

COLE
We can't quite understand it, sir. It's perfectly good equipment.

URQUHART
Then for God's sake, get it sorted out before we have a disaster on our hands.
(he walks away)

CUT TO

233 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - DIV COMMAND POST - DAY

HANCOCK, URQUHART'S BATMAN, waiting as URQUHART approaches, looking none too cheerful. HANCOCK hands URQUHART a mug of tea.

URQUHART
(he studies the mug of tea)
Hancock — I've got lunatics laughing at me from the woods, my original plan is scuppered now that the Jeeps haven't arrived, and my communications have completely broken down. Do you really think any of that can be helped by a mug of tea?

HANCOCK
(considers this; then --)
Couldn't hurt, sir.

As URQUHART starts almost to smile --

SWITCH TO

234 INT. BITTRICH'S HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

BITTRICH is with MODEL. MODEL was a great field commander, and the embarrassment of having dropped his undies on the steps of the hotel is a thing of the past. He is in constant movement now, BITTRICH tracking him.
(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)
BITTRICH

May I ask you once again, sir -- if it becomes necessary, for permission to blow up the bridges at Arnhem and Nijmegen.

MODEL

Willi, it will not be done.

(looks at Bittrich)

Ever. Is that clear? We need them for our counter attack.

BITTRICH

Counter attack with what? --

MODEL

-- paratroops cannot fight for long, they don't have enough equipment -- if you delay them, they are dead men. I have spoken to Von Kunstedt -- all available reinforcements will come first to us -- every hour that passes, we get stronger, they grow weak.

BITTRICH

But if we detonate the bridges --

MODEL

-- they don't want the bridges --

Do you really think if the British wanted Arnhem Bridge they would have landed eight miles away?

(starts to laugh)

Ridiculous.

BITTRICH remains in silence as we --

SWITCH TO

235 EXT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE -- DAY

A large, lovely house surrounded by a fine lawn. A WOMAN and FIVE SMALL CHILDREN standing on the lawn, waving. The woman was KATE TER HORST, 38, and soon to be known as a very brave lady. Now we see what the waving is about as we --

CUT TO

236 EXT. ROAD NEAR KATE TER HORST HOUSE -- DAY

FROST and a column of MEN on their way to the bridge. It's mid afternoon, sunny and fine, and they'd be making better time except for the numbers of civilians, all wearing orange color somewhere, who move along with the soldiers, offering apples, other kinds of food and drink. FROST and all his men are wearing camouflage for country fighting. We're in a
splendid residential part of the world. There is a certain amount of noise from the civilians.

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD NEAR KATE TER HORST HOUSE — DAY

FROST walks with CARLYLE. CARLYLE waves as he passes the TER HORST house. FROST was a superb soldier and a dogged man. CARLYLE made him laugh.

CARLYLE
Well, our lightning-like assault on Arabem Bridge is certainly a smashing success.

FROST nods, has to smile. CARLYLE speaks now to a Dutch civilian.

CARLYLE
I’ve an aversion to apples, I’m so sorry.

(back to Frost)
I’m sure the Germans will be thunderstruck with surprise when they discover us creeping secretly in their midst.

DUTCH CIVILIAN
Are there many of you?

FROST
Great numbers . . . thousands.

A DUTCH LADY thrusts a bunch of flowers at FROST. He refuses them with some embarrassment.

FROST
(trying to be heard over the people)
Look, do please try to understand -- ours is not a victory parade.

CARLYLE
Oh come on, Johnny -- things couldn’t be going better -- nothing’s wrong.

FROST
I know. And that’s what’s wrong . . .

As they continue to make their way through the cheering crowd -- SWITCH TO
EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - CANAL (GRAVE BRIDGE) - DAY

A giant of a man, LIEUTENANT FRANK REESE of the 82nd, is carrying his rifle over his head as he leads a patrol of troops toward Grave Bridge.

He is, it might be added, neck deep in water.

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

At both ends of the bridge are giant flak towers, with heavy guns protected by sandbags. It all looks ominous as hell. The flak towers are well armed. The GERMANS have not as yet seen REESE or his men.

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - CANAL (GRAVE BRIDGE) - DAY

REESE, slowly moving forward. When he's gone as far along the canal as he can and still have cover, he stops. He's close to the bridge now, close enough to see that the guns on the place are really deadly. REESE turns, whispers to a shortish SERGEANT -- the water's only to REESE's shoulders but it hits the SHORT SERGEANT -- his name is CAMPANELLA -- at the chin.

REESE

Do we charge 'em? Think we ought to wait for the rest of the men? What?

CAMPANELLA

I'll tell you the truth, Frank -- I'm sure not happy here.

He is all but swallowing water.

REESE

(nods -- to the others)

No noise, huh?

And with that, their guns still held high, they begin wading further along the canal only they're starting to be visible

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

The GERMAN in the flak towers on the bridge. No one notices REESE's forces yet.

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - CANAL (GRAVE BRIDGE) - DAY

REESE'S PLATOON. Scared but still silent, drawing closer and closer to the bridge until we
243 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA — GRAVE BRIDGE — DAY 243
The GERMANS in the nearest flak tower and one of them spots the PARATROOPERS, and that's it, the silence is over, the GERMANS turn their huge gun, start to fire as we

CUT TO

244 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA — CANAL (GRAVE BRIDGE) — DAY 244
REESE'S MEN, braced, as the first shots come exploding down, hitting behind them, a good bit behind them, and as they try to hurry forward in their slow wade along the canal —

CUT TO

245 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA — GRAVE BRIDGE — DAY 245
The flak gun, firing again and again and the noise is bad and

CUT TO

246 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA — CANAL (GRAVE BRIDGE) — DAY 246
REESE, and the shells are still landing behind him and he's half running along the canal now and

CUT TO

247 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA — GRAVE BRIDGE — DAY 247
The flak gun, booming again and —

CUT TO

248 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA — CANAL (GRAVE BRIDGE) — DAY 248
REESE, and something dawns on him as the gun continues to miss —

REESE
— those are flak guns for chrissakes —

CAMPANELLA.

— what? —

REESE
— they can't aim down this low —
(to his men)
— move —
He and his men charge forward —

CUT TO

249 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA — GRAVE BRIDGE — DAY 249
The GERMANS at the flak guns and it's true, they can't aim low, they're no goddam good at all, and the GERMAN SOLDIERS realize this —

CUT TO
250 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND - APPROACH TO GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

REESE, clambering out of the canal onto the approach of the bridge then onto the bridge itself, he and all his men firing and firing and --

CUT TO

251 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - APPROACH TO GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

REESE'S BAZOOKA MAN and LOADER kneeling and firing --

CUT TO

252 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

The near flak tower as the first bazooka shell explodes and

CUT TO

253 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - APPROACH TO GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

The BAZOOKA MAN and LOADER firing again --

CUT TO

254 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

The near flak tower, destroyed now, flaming and --

CUT TO

255 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

The far flak tower as the GERMAN manning it see what's happening, don't even hesitate, just run like hell away from the tower, leaving it undefended and

CUT TO

256 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

LIEUTENANT REESE on the Grave Bridge, watching as his men rush the far tower to secure it. He looks at CAMPANELLA. They are wet, but that's about all and the whole encounter has gone like a streak.

REESE
(to Campanella)
Hey? Am I crazy or did we just capture Grave Bridge?

CAMPANELLA nods. REESE looks at the far flak tower, shakes his head.

REESE
I don't think it's supposed to be this easy ...

And on those words --

SWITCH TO
COLONEL BOBBY STOUT OF THE AMERICAN 101ST in CLOSE UP.

This is one colorful guy. Short, he always wore a large helmet and constantly smoked big cigars, chewing on them. Sometimes, what with the size of the helmet and the size of the cigars, you couldn't get a clear look at his face. He was in his middle to late 30's, and was given, in moments of tension, to a skilled use of the vulgate.

And right now we're in a moment of considerable tension as we see STOUT leading his men in a wild charge across open terrain toward the highway bridge at SON and now

CUT TO

The bridge. Big and happily unprotected and

CUT TO

STOUT, tearing along and

CUT TO

The bridge and

CUT TO

STOUT, fifty yards away, now forty, now twenty-five, now --

CUT TO

Son Bridge as it blows sky high. The sound is both sudden and incredible and

CUT TO

STOUT, diving for the ground, covering his helmet with his arms, his men doing the same, lying there and as the debris starts landing around them --

CUT TO
266 **EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAY**

The bridge as another charge detonates, louder than the first and Christ it's a mother of a blast and

CUT TO

267 **EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - APPROACH TO SON BRIDGE - DAY**

STOUT and his men, immobile, as more and more debris comes down, tons of flying material. As it begins to lessen, STOUT is the first one up. Chomping at his cigar, he takes a look at where the bridge used to be --

CUT TO

268 **EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAY**

There's nothing much left but a central pillar with one large section of road still tottering on it, as if it was trying to balance itself.

STOUT
(surveying the situation)

Sum bitch.

CUT TO

269 **EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAY**

The bridge as the final section of road falls from the central pillar, making a gigantic crash as it hits the river.

CUT TO

270 **EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - APPROACH TO SON BRIDGE - DAY**

STOUT, standing there. Chomp chomp. Chomp chomp.

STOUT
(takes the cigar out, spits expertly. Then -- )

Shoooot ...

And on that note of passionate sincerity --

SWITCH TO

271 **EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE DROP ZONE - DIV COMMAND POST - DAY**

The drop zone. Later in the afternoon now, 4:30. URQUHART is getting into his Jeep. CORPORAL BROWN (his driver), a
RADIO OPERATOR, and LIEUTENANT COLE are already on board. 
MAJOR STEELE approaches.

STEELE
Still no contact, sir.

URQUHART
Keep at it, for God's sake.
I should be back shortly; Brigadier Lathbury can't have gone that far.
(getting in)
I must find out what's happening up front.

STEELE
I'm most awfully sorry, sir.

MAJOR STEELE watches as URQUHART roars off across the drop zone. He looks, for want of a better word, scared. Now --

SWITCH TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SIGNAL SECTION - DAY

COLONEL BOBBY STOUT comes running up to a PFC at a radio set. It's a little later in the afternoon. STOUT talks through his cigar.

STOUT
Can you send a message down to XXX Corps with that dingus?

RADIO PFC
Sure, Colonel -- we just got word from the 82nd up ahead -- they captured the Grave Bridge completely intact.

STOUT
Yeah, well that's terrific, but XXX Corps ain't about to reach the goddam intact Grave Bridge till the goddam Son Bridge gets fixed --
(chomps a moment)
-- tell our British cousins to hustle up some Bailey stuff.

RADIO PFC
Yessir.

STOUT
I'll meet 'em in Eindhoven when they get there -- make sure those schmucks do this right and have their Bailey stuff at the front of their column, got that?
STOUT (Cont)
(chomps again after the PFC nods 'yes')
—and be sure you say 'please'.

As he hurries off—

SWITCH TO

273 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - NARROW WOODED ROAD - DAY

There is a motor sound and as we watch, URQUHART's jeep comes roaring along. In the distance now, up ahead, there is steady gunfire.

URQUHART's jeep picks up speed, zooms out of sight.

HOLD ON THE ROAD and KEEP HOLDING.

Now, moving out of the woods, first singly, then in pairs and groups come GERMAN SOLDIERS.

CUT TO

274 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - NARROW WOODED ROAD - DAY

The GERMAN SOLDIERS have rifles and mortars. More and more of them appear and begin setting up positions and you get the very strong feeling that GENERAL URQUHART is going to have a difficult time getting back on the road he came...

SWITCH TO

275 EXT. TREES NEAR XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - DAY

A bunch of trees. Late afternoon. But forget them, they're not important. As a matter of fact, nothing that we see right now is important, it's what we hear—

Because behind the trees is a great rumbling and we better get used to it, because that is the sound of XXX Corps. When they're moving faster than they are now, the rumble will be a little higher; when they're going slower, a little less high but the main thing to set is that rumble—because once we know what it is, we never have to actually see the Corps to know it's on the move—

But now we do see them, because as we approach in the trees—

CUT TO

276 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - WOODED SECTION - DAY

The trees from the other side. Tanks rumble along, armored
cars too. In a scout car rides "JOE" VANDELEUR. His cousin GILES moves up alongside him in another scout car.

GILES
(shouting over the rumble)
I make it just under six miles to Eindhoven.

VANDELEUR
(quick glance skyward -- it's beginning to get on toward dusk)
We won't make it tonight, it'll be dark soon.

GILES
Well I hope to God the 101st can hang on till tomorrow.

JOE
Giles: remember what the General said: we are the cavalry. It would be bad form for us to arrive anywhere in advance of schedule.
(another quick glance skyward; a momentary worried expression)
In the nick of time will do very nicely ...

They ride past. XXX CORPS rumbles on as we

SWITCH TO

277
INT. BITTRICH'S HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - EVENING

We are looking at a page in a thick folder in someone's hands. It's a map tracing the path that XXX Corps must follow. Clearly visible are the crucial bridges: Eindhoven, Son, then Grave further north, still going north comes Nijmegen. Finally: Arnhem. Beyond the folder we can see the BALD GERMAN SOLDIER standing to attention.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

FIELD MARSHAL MODEL as he closes the folder. On the cover is stamped OPERATION MARKET-GARDEN. GENERAL LUDWIG is with him. (This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

LUDWIG
You see, sir? It's all there -- units, objectives, the schedule for their further drops.

MODEL nods.
LUDWIG
We've prepared Nijmegen Bridge for demolition -- if I blow it up tonight, this Market-Garden operation fails.

MODEL
Why do all my generals want to destroy my bridges?
(shakes his head)
Come, Ludwig; we can have dinner.

LUDWIG
Dinner? But sir, what about these plans?

MODEL
Those?
(shrugs)
They're false. Just a trick. I promise you, they wanted us to find them. White wine or red ...?

HOLD ON LUDWIG. Amazed...

SWITCH TO

278 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - WOODED OUTSKIRTS OF ARNHEM 278 EVENING

GENERAL URQUHART stands with BRIGADIER LATHBURY as COLE watches THREE SIG'FALCE work radio equipment. URQUHART's Jeep is in the background. Battle sounds from in front.

COLE
We're still getting nothing from Colonel Frost's battalion on the river road, sir.

LATHBURY
(a sweet faced man, turns to Urquhart)
Let's hope Johnny's meeting less resistance than we are.

URQUHART
(turns)
I must see for myself how he's doing before I go back to H.Q. All right, Cole, let's go ...

He starts for his Jeep, LATHBURY with him.

URQUHART
You've got to break through to the bridge, Gerald --
LATBURY
Well, we're completely blocked ahead of us. There's a good deal more resistance than we'd been led to expect.

URQUHART
What's their strength?

LATBURY
I can't estimate yet -- some Dutch underground people were here earlier trying to explain the situation but I am not sure how much they know.

URQUHART signals to CORPORAL BROWN to start the Jeep.

CUT TO

279 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - WOODED OUTSKIRTS OF ARNHEM 279 EVENING

URQUHART and LATBURY are closing in on the Jeep when out of nowhere a mortar shell explodes, blowing the vehicle to bits, killing LIEUTENANT COLE, CORPORAL BROWN and the RADIO OPERATOR.

CUT TO

280 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - WOODED OUTSKIRTS OF ARNHEM 280 EVENING

URQUHART and LATBURY dive to ground as the Jeep blows up and more mortar shells explode around them. As dirt, leaves and branches shower down, URQUHART and LATBURY scramble across to where CORPORAL BROWN and LIEUTENANT COLE lie fatally injured. Other soldiers get up and run forward.

URQUHART
(beside Corporal Brown)
Poor devil ... how's Cole?

LATBURY shakes his head. One of his paratroopers reaches him.

PARATROOPER
You alright, sir?

LATBURY
Yes, have a look at Corporal Brown will you?

There is a sudden burst of small-arms fire from a different direction -- from the way URQUHART came.
LATHBURY
(taking cover)
Christ almighty, they've got round behind us!

URQUHART
How the hell am I going to get back?
I can't stay here --

LATHBURY
I think it might be wiser if you spent the night with us --

URQUHART
Gerald, I've got to get back --

LATHBURY
-- but alive, sir. If we can reach those houses over there --
(points up ahead)
We can get ourselves organized and find out what the hell's happening.

More mortar shells fall, even closer now, and the small arms fire begins to build --

URQUHART
Right.
They take off --

SWITCH TO

281 EXT. STREET NEAR ARNHEM BRIDGE - EVENING

A lovely old street in a lovely old town. There is a pause. Then FROST dashes across our view. Here and gone. Another pause. A BUNCH OF BRITISH SOLDIERS do the same. In the background, just a quick glimpse of a section of Arnhem Bridge.

CUT TO

282 EXT. STREET CORNER NEAR ARNHEM BRIDGE - EVENING

MAJOR CARLYLE and the SOLDIERS. Waiting in silence. Now FROST moves forward. They follow. He comes to a corner, stops a moment, and we have another glancing look at part of the Bridge now --

CUT TO

283 EXT. ANOTHER STREET CLOSER TO ARNHEM BRIDGE - EVENING

FROST moves forward again, this time he turns the corner --

CUT TO
284 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - EVENING

It's the first time we've seen it all and here's the thing: it's lovely. The arches are soaring and graceful. The river is several hundred yards wide and the approaches to the bridge make it a considerable structure. But in spite of its size, it's really a pretty thing. Painted a rust color that is even in this dim light, wonderful looking.

CUT TO

285 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE AREA - RIVER ROAD - EVENING

Frost as his men follow him in silence, moving down the long road by the river that leads to the bridge several hundred yards away. The men are dressed as before, camouflaged, twigs and leaves stuck in the netting of their helmets. Now --

CUT TO

286 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE AREA - FROST'S HOUSE - EVENING

Frost approaches a front door with MAJOR CARLYLE and a number of SOLDIERS. He knocks gently.

Frost
(to Carlyle)
Something just occurred to me.

Carlyle
What was that, sir.

Frost
We're wearing the wrong camouflage --
(touches Carlyle's leaves and twigs)
-- this is all very well for the country, but I doubt if we'll actually fool anyone in the towns.
(knocks again, louder)
Come on, come on.

CUT TO

287 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE AREA - FROST'S HOUSE - EVENING

The front door opens just a crack. We see a DUTCH BACHELOR TYPE, peering out, frightened.

Frost
Look here, I'm extremely sorry, but I'm afraid we're going to have to occupy your house.
(and as he pushes the door open -- )
Right, chaps, carry on.
A NUMBER OF FROST'S MEN go past him into the house: his
WIRELESS OPERATOR, MAJOR CARLYLE, CORPORAL DAVIES, PRIVATE
DODDS, WICKS, the batman, and a bunch of other faces we're
going to be getting familiar with — and some of them will
live, some will be seen much later, inside the Perimeter when
it forms. For now though, they all hurry inside with equip-
ment as we

CUT TO

288 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE AREA — FROST'S HOUSE — EVENING 288

FROST turns to a young LIEUTENANT — DICK CORNISH.

FROST

Dick?

CORNISH

Yessir?

FROST

Take your men and occupy those houses
across the road — make sure we can
cover the bridge with our crossfire.

CORNISH nods, hurries off with a bunch of troops as we —

CUT TO

289 INT. FROST'S HOUSE — GROUND FLOOR — EVENING 289

FROST, entering the house — his men have begun preparing the
place for defense — they've started piling furniture up at
windows.

CUT TO

290 INT. FROST'S HOUSE — STAIRWAY — EVENING 290

The WIRELESS OPERATOR is set up on the stairs, and we hear him
now in what is going to become a continuing failing litany as
FROST starts up the stairs.

WIRELESS OPERATOR

This is Second Battalion calling Brigade
Headquarters. Come in Brigade. This
is Second Battalion. We have reached
the bridge, what is your position —

(he looks up at Frost
who bends over him)

Nothing, sir.
FROST
Perhaps you'll have better luck raising one of the other battalions.
(he sees something in the Radio Man's eyes)
You've tried, have you?

The WIRELESS OPERATOR nods.

FROST
Keep at it.

The WIRELESS OPERATOR doesn't see it but there's a worried look on FROST's face for a moment, but he buries it, and continues up the stairs.

CUT TO

INT. FROST'S HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - EVENING

A very very old DUTCH WOMAN. She stares stunned as the SOLDIERS destroy what five minutes ago was her home. More SOLDIERS move up the stairs after FROST, others occupy the upper floor. The OLD WOMAN runs to the BACHELOR TYPE who is her son.
(This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

OLD WOMAN
Order them out.

BACHELOR SON
Please, Mama.

OLD WOMAN
It is my house!

BACHELOR SON
Perhaps by tomorrow.

OLD WOMAN
(hesitates)
All right; tomorrow...

Now TWO SOLDIERS come down the stairs while others continue up.

CUT TO

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - EVENING

Arnhem Bridge seen from the house.

CUT TO
293 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - TOP FLOOR - EVENING

FROST and CARLYLE studying it out the window of the house. They're on the top floor.

CUT TO

294 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - EVENING

The bridge on the near side, just beyond the window. There is a pill-box a good distance away that is surrounded by some large 20 foot high wooden sheds. But there seems to be no movement at all.

On the far end of the bridge though, the south end, a few GERMAN SOLDIERS can be made out, walking idly back and forth.

CUT TO

295 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - TOP FLOOR - EVENING

CARLYLE

Shall we have a go at the far end now, sir?

FROST

'Having a go' is hardly textbook military terminology --

CARLYLE

-- but you'll let us try?

FROST hesitates, studies the bridge, and --

CUT TO

295- EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH RAMP - EVENING

CARLYLE with close to twenty men behind him. He is on the road approach to the bridge now. Ahead of him is the pill-box and the wooden sheds but they're not what he's watching. Very intently he is studying the GERMAN TROOPS on the far end of the bridge.

Now he slowly rises, gestures with an umbrella for the men to follow. He's evidently picked it up in the house, and he is never to be seen without it from now on. As he and his men continue forward --

CUT TO

298 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN END - EVENING

Maybe a dozen GERMAN SOLDIERS walking around talking to themselves.

CUT TO
299- EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - EVENING
CARLYLE still watching the GERMANS, moving up closer to the pill box and the sheds, not paying much mind to them because he gestures with his umbrella again and as he starts to run forward the men follow and as they all race full-speed the pill box unexpectedly opens fire, raking them with machine-gun bullets. CARLYLE goes down wounded in the shoulder and half a dozen other men are hit badly and the pill box keeps firing and firing as the BRITISH retreat, getting the hell off the bridge. Those that are still alive, that is.

CUT TO

304 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - TOP FLOOR - EVENING
As CARLYLE and his men retreat, FROST'S PARATROOPERS give covering fire from every available window.

CUT TO

305 EXT. HOUSES OPPOSITE FROST'S POSITION - EVENING
CORNISH and his PARATROOPERS also fire at the pill box, covering CARLYLE's retreat.

CUT TO

306 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - EVENING
As the PARATROOPERS retreat under fire, CARLYLE goes back to pick up a wounded man and drags him to safety.

CUT TO

307 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - STAIRWAY AND HALL - EVENING
FROST comes down stairs as wounded PARATROOPERS from the abortive bridge sortie are brought in -- some are on stretchers CARLYLE enters. His left sleeve is soaked in blood. He sits down. A MEDICAL ORDERLY slits open his sleeve and begins to clean his wound.

FROST
-- you all right?

CARLYLE
Fine --

FROST
We'll deal with those jokers as soon as it gets dark --

CUT TO

309 EXT. STREET BELOW ARNHEM BRIDGE - NIGHT
DAVIES and DODDS creep along the street. DAVIES has an ACKPAC
309 Continued

Flamethrower strapped to his back. DODDS carries a Bren gun to give covering fire. They are both, it might be noted, understandably edgy.

CUT TO

310 EXT. STAIRWAY ENTRANCE — ARNHEM BRIDGE (STREET LEVEL) — NIGHT

The great dark shadow of the bridge looms overhead as DAVIES and DODDS move silently along. Up ahead is an entrance with stairs leading up. They go through and start up the dark stairs --

CUT TO

311 EXT. STAIRWAY EXIT — ARNHEM BRIDGE LEVEL — NIGHT

As they near the top of the stairway, DAVIES and DODDS hesitate then take one slow step at a time. They reach and peer out. This next is whispered and their throats are very dry.

DODDS

Hey, Corp --

DAVIES

What -- ?

DODDS

Just wanted to say about, er — back in the plane — y’know we was only joking about Myrtle. If anything happens like, I wouldn’t like you to think — well —

DAVIES

I know that, boyo. If I thought you harbored any evil intentions towards Myrtle, I’d make sure you roasted before she did ...

(he pats flamethrower)

DODDS

Oh, great ... after you, Corp --

CUT TO

312 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE — NORTHERN END — NIGHT

DAVIES and DODDS crawl forward from the stairway exit to a low wall which separates a bicycle track on the side of the bridge from the main highway. They pause, then lock cautiously over the wall --

CUT TO
There is no sign of any movement.

**CUT TO**

**EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - NIGHT**

DAVIES readies the flamethrower for action.

**DODDS**
Better hit that slit first time, or we've bleeded had it --

DAVIES gives him a look of disgust and pokes the nozzle of the flamethrower over the wall. Just as he is about to fire, DODDS slides the Bren gun onto the wall and robs DAVIES' arm --

**CUT TO**

**EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - NIGHT**

A sheet of flame shoots across the road but instead of hitting the pill box, it sets light to the nearest shed. A burst of machine gun fire comes from the pill box.

**CUT TO**

**EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - NIGHT**

DAVIES and DODDS duck behind the low wall as bullets ricochet all around them.

**DAVIES**
Now you've buggered it, you clumsy bastard --

And on that the whole night seems to explode --

**CUT TO**

**EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - PILL BOX AND SHEDS - NIGHT**

The burning shed explodes like Krakatoa, and there are tracer bullets shooting all the hell around like fireworks and then the next shed goes and the one beside that -- they were for ammunition storage and as the explosions build --

**CUT TO**

**EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - NIGHT**

DAVIES and DODDS slowly peer over the wall with a look of total amazement --

**CUT TO**
319 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NIGHT

Arnhem Bridge starts to flame.
Not the bridge itself, but the paint that covers the bridge and as the flames run along the girders --

CUT TO

320 INT. FROST'S HOUSE - TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

FROST, from his window in the house, watching it. He holds his hunting horn in one hand. Now --

CUT TO

321 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN APPROACH - NIGHT

The German side of the bridge. GENERAL BITTRICH stands, his bright, gaunt face illuminated by the flames. Now --

CUT TO

322 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN END - NIGHT

The bridge -- flaming away. Now, as we stay on the bridge, we hear FROST'S HORN, sounding "Gone away", the one he blew on the drop zone to gather his men. He uses it again, and the sound is haunting, cutting through the night.

CUT TO

323 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN APPROACH - NIGHT

BITTRICH, watching the bridge, listening to the sound of FROST'S HORN.
(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

BITTRICH
(half smiles)
Fools' courage.

CUT TO

324 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN END - NIGHT

Arnhem Bridge in the night. We hear the SOUND of FROST'S HORN as the bridge continues to burn...

SLOW FADE OUT.
In the darkness we hear a familiar sound: the rumble of XXX Corps as we

FADE IN ON

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - HILL SECTION - DAWN

From out of sight, behind the crest of a hill comes XXX CORPS. And from the sound, they're moving faster than the last time. Now, from that motor rumble --

SWITCH TO

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN APPROACH RAMP - DAY

A different motor sound. Half tracks and armored cars loaded with men and weapons. Moving from one to the other is an exceptionally handsome blond GERMAN CAPTAIN. His name is GRABNER. The motors begin to rumble slightly more as we

CUT TO

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - SOUTHERN END - DAY

Arnhem Bridge. GRABNER is at the approach to the south end, out of sight of the British troops across. But the thing to notice is the change that's come over the structure. It was delicate and lovely only last evening. In this morning light, it is ugly and charred, black, and the bridge itself is strewn with wreckage. Arnhem Bridge is in the war now.

CUT TO

INT. FROST'S HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

FROST is trying to deal with the OLD WOMAN and her BACHELOR SON. The OLD WOMAN is jabbering on IN DUTCH, very upset.

BACHELOR SON
(translating shakily)
She says you're much too noisy.

FROST
She does understand there is something of a war going on?

BACHELOR SON
She has never liked noise -- she hates it, hates it --

And now suddenly we are aware of the mass sound of GRABNER's column. FROST whirs as CARLYLE, wounded but mobile, appears on the stairs --
(yelling)
They're coming, sir --

And on those words --

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY
GRABNER'S CHARGE. It is a wild act, the half tracks and the armored cars roaring up the approach onto the bridge itself, then roaring across the part of the bridge that spans the river down into FROST's positions on the other approach -- all the guns firing full out and the drivers doing an incredible job because the bridge is full of debris from the explosion of the previous night. The GERMANS swerve their vehicles missing first one obstacle, then the next as they come on and on, blasting as they approach and

EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY
FROST racing across the rooftop, getting ready to fire.

EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY
CARLYLE and more TROOPS with their rifles and machine-guns and anti tank guns and they're in every window and parapet and rooftop and

EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY
FROST, as the German shells start landing around his position, and fires start, and men start screaming and

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY
GRABNER, roaring on, starting to come into FROST's field of fire now and

EXT. CORNISH'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY
LIEUTENANT CORNISH and his MEN, in the corresponding buildings across the roadbridge, watching as GRABNER gets closer and preparing to fire --

EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY
FROST, shouting as CORNISH's men seem to be about to fire --
342 Continued

FROST

-- No -- Hold! -- Hold!

CUT TO

343 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY

GRABNER, increasing his speed, increasing his fire and

CUT TO

344 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

FROST, watching, watching, and GRABNER is really frighteningly
close now and

CUT TO

345 EXT. CORNISH'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

CORNISH, his position getting a pounding, but his men are
waiting and

CUT TO

346 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

CARLYLE is wounded again, by an exploding shell, and again
it's nothing fatal, but it couldn't feel all that good either
and

CUT TO

347 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY

GRABNER coming full blast and he's dead between the British
forces now, or almost, and the second he actually is --

CUT TO

348 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOPS - DAY

FROST, shouting and signaling --

FROST

FIRE!!

And as he starts to fire --

CUT TO

349 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY

GRABNER, not stopping and

CUT TO
EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

The BRITISH, zeroing in among them is SERGEANT CLEGG.

SGT. CLEGG
(to his neighbor)
Bloody hell, they're all fuckin' SS!
(then as he fires)
Bastards --

CUT TO

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - DAY

The bridge as GRABNER'S FORCES start to get decimated: a
half track DRIVER is hit, his car swerves, smashes into
another half track, the two career wildly out of control
as another car slams into them from behind and they’re blocking
the bridge now and the other cars try getting by but they
can't, all they can do is try to ram their way through and
the assault begins to slow and

CUT TO

EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

The BRITISH, increasing their fire, coming out from their
positions for clearer shots and

CUT TO

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY

A half track, totally out of control, crashing over the
bridge railing, falling down into the streets below, bursting
into flames and

CUT TO

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - DAY

What was once GRABNER'S FORCES. Just burning wreckage now;
a few GERMANS try running back to the south end; those that
are more wounded just stay numbly where they are, waiting to
be taken prisoner.

CUT TO

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - DAY

GERMAN LIEUTENANT tries pulling GRABNER from the wreckage.
After a moment he stops. No point. GRABNER is dead.

CUT TO

EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

FROST. He turns, helps CARLYLE to his feet. CARLYLE was
wounded in the shoulder the first time; this time it’s the
opposite arm. He manages to stand, opens his umbrella; it works fine. He shuts it back up. During this --

CARLYLE

No harm done.

FROST

(as they start inside)

Must you get wounded in each and every action?

CARLYLE

I've always striven for consistency, you know that.

And now as they're inside the house --

CUT TO

INT. FROST'S HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

The BACHELOR SON is holding his aged MOTHER. She is crying deeply and genuinely, her hands to her ears. WICKS is helping bring in some wounded, as are DODDS and his friend NOBBY, taking them down to the basement of the house. The RADIO MAN is, as always, on the job, his voice going on in the background: "This is Second Battalion, come in First Battalion. Second Battalion. Can you hear me at all, First Battalion, come in, First Battalion, come in First Battalion, over -"

FROST

(to Carlyle -- indicating the wound)

Get yourself cared for, I'm off to check with Cornish.

(he heads for the door, pauses by the Old Woman and her Son)

Look here, I am very very sorry.

The SON nods; the MOTHER probably doesn't understand; in any case, she continues to weep as FROST moves for the door and now --

CUT TO

EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - DAY

WICKS, checks that the street is clear, then dashes under bridge supports. He covers FROST, as he runs across the street toward the bridge, and just before he's safely under it -- a volley of rifle shots rings out, come close to killing him as he dives for cover.

.CUT TO
The tower, high, high up. The Germans have snipers up there, always firing down.

FROST, registering the fact as he looks at WICKS. They get up and break into another run as we

LIEUTENANT CORNISH in a basement room with many wounded. It's hot and there's constant coughing going on. FROST enters. WICKS remains by the door.

FROST

How are things?

CORNISH

(indicating the situation)

All in all, not too bad, sir.

FROST

(nods)

What is bad, I'm afraid, is this --

(he scratches a very rough drawing on the wall -- )

we have the North end of the bridge, they have the South; they also now control --

(and here he makes a line on the other side of his position)

all through here; probably the entire town.

CORNISH

In other words, you're saying we're surrounded.

FROST

(nods)

Something like that.

CORNISH nods -- as the coughing sound goes on --

XXX CORPS, later in the morning, rolling along. We see them now, the lead vehicles, and they look like they're going like
Continued

hell as we hold on them awhile. Now --

SWITCH TO

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - ARNHEM - DAY

URQUHART stands staring through the window at the blasting outside. LATHBURY and a number of other OFFICERS are with him including a small, lithe man -- CAPTAIN CLEMINSO.

URQUHART
I've got to risk it -- it's halfway through the morning. Things aren't going to get any better --

He turns away from the window as SERGEANT TOWNS enters from the rear.

LATHBURY
Yes, Sergeant, what is it?

TOWNS
We can't clear the streets, sir -- enemy strength keeps increasing -- there's no way we can break through to the bridge --

URQUHART
That makes it all the more imperative for me to get back to HQ -- before this situation gets completely out of control. Thank you, Sergeant.

SERGEANT TOWNS leaves.

LATHBURY
Captain Clemison and I will come for part of the way, sir.

URQUHART briefly examines his pistol.

URQUHART
All right, fine -- let's go.

He turns, starts for the door.

CUT TO

EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - BACK DOOR OF SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

The back door of the house as URQUHART opens it a crack. As always the street fighting sounds continue. Now the door opens enough more to reveal LATHBURY, carrying a Sten gun, and CAPTAIN CLEMINSO. There is a long pause. Then URQUHART nods once and all three charge out into the back garden.

CUT TO
375 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - SUBURBAN STREET INTERSECTION 375
DAY

URQUHART runs round corner of building, followed by LATHBURY and CLEMINSON, they all run across the intersection towards another house and URQUHART and CLEMINSON are making good time only LATHBURY isn't, and as he staggers and falls --

CUT TO

376 EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - SUBURBAN STREET INTERSECTION 376
DAY

URQUHART, rushing to the wounded man, lifting him, taking him on to the back of the nearest house as we

CUT TO

377 INT. "LATHBURY" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY 377

LATHBURY lies on a table. URQUHART does his best to give him a quick examination. A DUTCH COUPLE who speak broken English stand by CLEMINSON and they all concentrate on LATHBURY, not on the window just behind them and the firing outside.

URQUHART
Can you not move your legs, Gerald?

LATHBURY shakes his head.

URQUHART
I think it must be your spine.

(turns to Dutchman)

Can you help us?

OLD DUTCHMAN

How?

It's a very tense moment obviously and nobody notices the GERMAN SOLDIER who hurries by the window outside, barely bothering to glance in, but when he does, he halts and --

URQUHART
Is there a doctor you know nearby?

OLD DUTCHMAN

We can take --

But he stops suddenly as we --

CUT TO

378 INT. "LATHBURY" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY 378

URQUHART, his pistol in his hand, firing the thing again and
Continued
again through the window and as the glass shatters --
CUT TO

INT. "LATHBURY" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

The GERMAN -- his rifle falling from his hands, as he cries out, grabs his face, collapses, dies.
CUT TO

INT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - "LATHBURY" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

Inside the room as the DUTCHMAN points to the door --

DUTCHMAN
You go -- he will be fine -- fine --
You go --

CUT TO

EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - MAZE OF BACK GARDENS - DAY

URQUHART and CLEMINSON, outside again, and if the firing was bad before, now it's a nightmare, and they are again making their way down a maze of tiny back gardens and as they come to the end and look ahead --
CUT TO

EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - MAZE OF BACK GARDENS - DAY

A SQUAD OF GERMAN SOLDIERS, approaching and --
CUT TO

EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - MAZE OF BACK GARDENS - DAY

URQUHART and CLEMINSON out of sight flat against a wall. The soldiers are coming in their direction but as yet they haven't been seen. Suddenly a new voice is heard speaking IN DUTCH and --
CUT TO

EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - KITCHEN WINDOW OF "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY

A YOUNG DUTCH FAMILY, MAN, WIFE, CHILDREN, in the kitchen of their tiny house, which faces onto the garden where URQUHART and CLEMINSON are. As the YOUNG DUTCHMAN speaks and gestures for them to come in --
CUT TO
INT. "URQUHART" HOUSE - HALL AND STAIRWAY - DAY

URQUHART and CLEMINSON enter and follow the YOUNG DUTCHMAN upstairs and as they go through a door --

CUT TO

INT. "URQUHART" HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A small bedroom and the DUTCHMAN grabs some "pull-down" stairs, gestures URQUHART and CLEMINSON up towards the attic.

DUTCHMAN
(no English at all)
Deutsch -- Deutch --

Now he makes a circular gesture. Then he points up the stairs and --

CUT TO

INT. "URQUHART" HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

URQUHART and CLEMINSON climb in. The place is barely more than a crawl space. But there is a tiny window with a tiny shade. URQUHART carefully moves the shade a trifle, just enough to peer out.

URQUHART

We know they're behind us -- perhaps the front's better --

And as he looks out --

CUT TO

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY

An enormous German self-propelled gun slowly rumbles down the street.

CUT TO

INT. "URQUHART" HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

URQUHART watching, CLEMINSON over his shoulder. Now

CUT TO

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY

The self-propelled gun slowly approaches the house then stops. The driver turns off the motor. The CREW, all of them armed, get out, stretch, light cigarettes.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY

The view along the street. The top of the gun is the same
Continued

height as the tiny window. Probably if URQUHART wanted, he could touch the thing. Now more GERMAN SOLDIERS amble up, stop; begin settling in. Clearly, none of them are going anywhere just now...

CUT TO

INT. "URQUHART" HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

URQUHART releases the shade, rubs his eyes.

CLEMINSON

We're trapped, sir.

URQUHART

(looks at the other man, There is a pause. Then --)
I guessed...

HOLD on URQUHART. Then --

SWITCH TO

INT. METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE - AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

The view through the window is totally obscured by thick swirling fog. There is a ton of equipment but otherwise the place is empty except for a SQUADRON LEADER who sits smoking a pipe -- this guy is so Upper Class British you can't stand it. There is the sound of a door slamming, followed by footsteps. The office door opens.

SQUADRON LEADER

(barely glancing up)
I was rather expecting you again, General Sosabowski.

CUT TO

INT. METEOROLOGICAL OFFICE - DAY

SOSABOWSKI roaring toward the SQUADRON LEADER.

SOSABOWSKI

You have cancelled the second drop and I wish for an explanation.

SQUADRON LEADER

(languidly gesturing toward the window and the inclement weather)

The fog had more than a bit to do with it.
SOSABOWSKI

I am told there are planes flying 50 miles to the south -- explain please why we cannot move my supplies and equipment from here to there and then fly it to Arnhem.

SQUADRON LEADER

That's really quite a reasonable question, and I don't wish to bother you with a good deal of meteorological mumbo-jumbo, but the fact is, you see, whether we like it or not, fog moves.

SOSABOWSKI

Can't you tell where?

SQUADRON LEADER

In point of fact, you can't -- very slippery stuff, fog; you think you've got it and ah-ha, it's reversed itself and left you behind.

SOSABOWSKI

Meaning?

SQUADRON LEADER

Simply that if we took all your supplies and moved them the fifty miles where I grant you, just now the sun is shining, chances are by the time we got there, the fog could have easily preceded us.

(Knocking his pipe on his ashtray)

So we'll simply have to wait.

SOSABOWSKI

And do nothing?

SQUADRON LEADER

I think that puts it rather well...

He re-lights his pipe.

SOSABOWSKI

I feel an overwhelming urge to play 'Castrate the Weatherman.'

The SQUADRON LEADER isn't quite sure if he's heard correctly.

SOSABOWSKI

It's an old Polish game, you know.

SWITCH TO
395 EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - EINDHOVEN TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A DUTCH WOMAN in happy tears. She's jumping up and down and making lots of noise.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Half a dozen other DUTCH PEOPLE surrounding the DUTCH WOMAN. They are also yelling and jumping and smiling and now there is a tremendous noise and the instant we get it

CUT TO

396 EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - EINDHOVEN TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The whole of the square is jammed -- you never saw so many people wearing orange in your life. It's a glory day for the Dutch. A lot of them were singing, not well and not together, their national anthem, and a bunch of them had brought out their radios and you could hear snatches of broadcasting coming from the BBC and as always, in any crowd, there are those interested in making a buck and a bunch of MEN are selling orange buttons as they move along, all of them doing a business. In general, quite a sight. This was the first hook up of the Market and Garden forces and smack in the middle of the mob, trying to get his scout car through without killing everybody is "JOE" VANDELEUR at the head of his column of vehicles.

VOICE (OYER)

You Vandeleur?

VANDELEUR turns.

CUT TO

397 EXT. XXX CORPS AREA - EINDHOVEN TOWN SQUARE - DAY

COLONEL STOUT, cigar as always in his jaws, comes out of CROWD and jumps onto VANDELEUR's scout car.

BOBBY STOUT

I'm Bobby Stout. Helluva day, huh? -- look at 'em; wild.

VANDELEUR

(taking in the crowd)

Have you ever been liberated?

BOBBY STOUT

I got divorced twice, does that count?

VANDELEUR smiles, nods and as the noise seems about to overwhelm them --

BOBBY STOUT

(blasting over)

Hey -- have you got your Bailey crap
BOBBY STOUT (Cont)
amongst this stuff?
(indicates column of
tucks)

VANDELEUR
When you refer to 'Bailey crap' I take
it you mean that glorious precision-
made piece of British-built equipment
that is the envy of the civilized world?

STOUT nods -- VANDELEUR points behind them.

VANDELEUR
The trucks are back there somewhere
but how you're going to get them
through this crowd...

BOBBY STOUT
(jumping down)
Fear not, I got a side road pegged
out that'll avoid all this.
(touches his temple)
American ingenuity.
(shrugs)
'Course I was born in Yugoslavia,
but what the hell.

He waves and starts to make his way through the hysterically
happy crowds --

SWITCH TO

398 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GAVIN'S COMMAND POST - DAY
CAPTAIN HARRY racing in a Jeep across a field toward a farm
building. As he gets close, jams on the brakes --

CUT TO

399 INT. GAVIN'S COMMAND POST - DAY
And the place is a madhouse. GAVIN sees HARRY enter, goes
right to him. This next takes place in the midst of all the
constant swirling activity of a division at war.

GAVIN
Where have you been?

CAPTAIN HARRY
With some Dutch friends in Nijmegen --
(produces a sketch)
-- look.

CUT TO
A well-drawn, detailed sketch of the large traffic circle fronting Nijmegen Bridge. The sketch shows the German defensive positions, anti-tank guns, self-propelled artillery etc. It's awesome.

CAPTAIN HARRY (OVER)
This is why we can't take the bridge. The Germans have moved in SS Panzer troops and sealed off the whole area.

CUT TO

INT. GAVIN'S COMMAND POST - DAY

GAVIN and HARRY looking at sketch.

GAVIN
Christ, you'd think they didn't want us to get across or something.

CAPTAIN HARRY
(hands Gavin another sketch)
Here's a map of the same area.
(points)
Every street leading to the bridge is blocked, every house around it is occupied. The underground people say it's just impossible to break through.

GAVIN
(studies both sketches in turn)
They could be right...

HOLD ON GAVIN - gauging the difficulties, weighing the risks. If he's got any ideas, at this moment anyway, nothing shows.

SWITCH TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SHELLED WOOD - DAY

SERGEANT EDDIE DOHUN driving up in a Jeep. He stops by another AMERICAN SERGEANT. In the background are war-ravaged woods, still burning.

DOHUN
Where's the Captain?

SERGEANT
(dazed)
Dead.

DOHUN
I didn't ask how he was goddamnit I asked where!
The dazed SERGEANT motions toward the woods as we --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SHELLED WOOD - DAY

DOHUN's Jeep, small, racing across the scarred landscape.

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SHELLED WOOD - DAY

DOHUN roars up in his Jeep, jumps out, and starts. DOHUN then does a strange thing: he bends down, picks up the corpse of CAPTAIN GLASS, puts him in the front of the Jeep, propping him there alongside where he, the driver, belongs. And what's strange about this is not just the gesture but the fact that he's handling GLASS gently. As if that mattered anymore to the CAPTAIN.

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SHELLED WOOD - DAY

Now DOHUN, still making sure that GLASS is upright in the other front seat, moves around the CAPTAIN, gets in position to drive. He puts one hand on the corpse's shoulder, and with the other hand starts the vehicle, takes off like a mad bastard through the woods as we --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

The woods with DOHUN racing along, much too fast for this kind of terrain, bumping and twisting, avoiding collision after collision with tree after tree, bouncing and swerving while all the time holding tight to CAPTAIN GLASS in the seat alongside, and sometimes, when DOHUN makes a left turn, the centrifugal force throws them against the turn and GLASS starts to fall out of the vehicle and DOHUN has to take his eyes off where he's going for a moment, stretch over, grab GLASS just before he loses him and --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

Some trees, as the Jeep veers dead at them and --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

DOHUN, fighting for control, still driving one-handed, but
Continued
he's got GLASS upright again and now he can give his attention
to the goddam trees and he swerves the Jeep, throws it sharply
the other way just in time to avoid the collision and --

CUT TO:

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY
GLASS, lifeless and --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY
DOHUN, driving one-handed, going faster than ever now and --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY
The woods, flying by and --
GLASS, held there in DOHUN's grip and --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY
DOHUN, suddenly braking the car all he's got, jamming his foot
down and it all makes sense suddenly as we --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY
An armed GERMAN PATROL in a half-track driving slowly through
the wood ahead --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY
DOHUN -- watching them. He looks quickly over his shoulder
and spots two large open-type bushes. He reverses the Jeep
expertly between them. He's not exactly hidden from view but
the bushes match the color of the Jeep and it's better than
being out in the open. He looks back at the GERMANS --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY
The GERMANS in the half-track show no sign of having seen him,
and they haven't heard the Jeep because of the noise their own
vehicle is making and the DRIVER is concentrating on not hitting,
Continued

the trees because what he's driving is really a truck not a tank --

CUT TO

420 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

And DOHUN is feeling better because it looks as if the half-track is going to drive right on and he's going to be able to get away, then --

CUT TO

421 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

The GERMAN half-track stops with its motor running on the edge of a path through the woods. The GERMAN PATROL in the back of the half-track jump down to stretch their legs. Some of them light cigarettes, one of them takes a leak against a tree and they're all pretty relaxed, talking amongst themselves and one of them, maybe an OFFICER is checking a map with the driver who is half out of the cab. They don't seem to be too sure of their location --

CUT TO

422 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

DOHUN straightens GLASS up in his seat, but keeps his eyes on the half-track.

CUT TO

423 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

The GERMANS. Some of them are sitting down now, and it's beginning to look as if they may be there for some time, and now TWO of the GERMANS are looking towards us and --

CUT TO

424 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

DOHUN - he isn't sure whether the TWO GERMANS have seen the Jeep or are just taking in the scenery, but he isn't taking any chances. He looks over his shoulder to see if he can reverse his way out of trouble - and he freezes as he sees --

CUT TO

425 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

ANOTHER GERMAN PATROL -- coming in from DOHUN's left, this time on foot. They're spread out in two straggling lines, and while the soldiers over by the half-track have left their rifles in the racks, this foot patrol have got guns in their hands, with one finger on the trigger, and if they keep on their present
course there is no way they are not going to see DOHUN and the Jeep --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

DOHUN - and now he knows he's in trouble. He drops his hand onto the gearshift -- for a second, we think he's about to take off, but he changes his mind, switches off the ignition and reaches forward to take his rifle from the carrier fixed to the inside of the windshield of the Jeep -- but what good is a rifle going to be against TWO armed patrols when all you have on your side is a corpse --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

Over on the path, the DRIVER of the half-track cuts his motor and gets out of the vehicle. Suddenly we become aware of the almost total lack of noise -- broken only by the distant, sporadic conversation of the GERMANS --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

DOHUN, in his Jeep, waiting, hardly daring to breathe. He looks towards --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

The GERMAN FOOT PATROL. They haven't spotted him yet.

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

CAPTAIN GLASS. Just as before. Always as before.

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

The GERMAN FOOT PATROL -- they're sure as hell taking their time. They're talking amongst themselves and then one of them lets out a yell and raises his arm --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

DOHUN rips his rifle from the carrier on the windshield and is half-way out of the Jeep when he hears --
EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

One of the SOLDIERS by the half-track yelling back to the GERMAN in the foot patrol. And now he's beckoning the patrol over to where he is --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

And now DOHUN knows how he's going to get out of the jam he's in. He clips his rifle back into the carrier, settles in behind the wheel and carefully selects four-wheel drive. He checks the GERMANS in front then the FOOT PATROL. --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

The FOOT PATROL are now maybe only twenty-five to thirty yards away, but their attention is on their buddies by the half-track --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

And VROOMMMM! DOHUN guns the Jeeps motor, and takes off in four-wheel drive, getting maximum traction, coming out from between the bushes like a partridge breaking cover - zigzagging between the two groups of GERMANS, and heading towards the group by the half-track and --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

The FOOT PATROL - they're startled, but they're not slow to react, and they've seen enough U.S. Jeeps to know what they've got in front of them, and several SOLDIERS are raising their rifles and sub-machine guns, but they're not firing because it's not just DOHUN's Jeep that's in front of them but their own guys as well, and that's what's stopping them --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

And the GERMANS by the half-track are not in much better shape because most of their guns are in the half-track, and right now the most important thing is to get behind some kind of cover before the FOOT PATROL gun them down by accident, or DOHUN runs them over on purpose and now --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - WOODED SECTION - DAY

DOHUN drives through the startled GERMANS, curves round the nose of the half-track and goes out of sight.  

CUT TO
The FOOT PATROL is running up to the half-track now, and one of the SOLDIERS from the half-track is back inside and he's cocked the big pylon-mounted machine gun and he swings it round onto DOHUN's back as the others start firing rifles but --

CUT TO

DOHUN is long gone, and the burst of fire just chews the bark off a line of trees, and they've lost him --

CUT TO

DOHUN zig-zags out of the trees and heads towards a road, holding CAPTAIN GLASS tight with one hand, the bouncing steering wheel with the other, pushing the Jeep as hard as he can until he reaches --

CUT TO

Red Cross tents, ambulance Jeeps, and motorbikes around a barn. Lots of activity. People that can move are moving, those that can't are just sitting between them. An M.P. LIEUTENANT in a Jeep is talking to an M.P. SERGEANT on traffic duty.

CUT TO

DOHUN, lifting GLASS out of the Jeep, looking around.

CUT TO

'Hospital' is a really misleading word -- the place was a barn, and that's what it still looks like except that the animals have been moved out and a MEDICAL TEAM has moved in.

To one side is a YOUNG DOCTOR, a MAJOR, who is treating a long file of walking wounded, aided by a COUPLE OF MEDICS.

Inside the barn, is the operating room -- it's been walled off and roofed over with olive-drab canvas to create a sterile area but it's still a pretty makeshift job.

Nearby is a line of BADLY WOUNDED SOLDIERS on stretchers, waiting their turn for surgery. By each of them, a bayoneted rifle has been driven into the ground, with a plasma or saline
Continued

drip bottle taped to the butt. A MEDIC is checking how they're doing.

A TOUGH-LOOKING COLONEL throws back the curtain that forms the door to the operating room and TWO MEDICS carry out a SOLDIER on a stretcher. Behind the COLONEL we can see the operating table, anaesthetic bottles, and whatever else there is. DOHUN walks up to him with GLASS in his arms.

DOHUN

Colonel --

TOUGH COLONEL

Not now, Sergeant --

DOHUN

-- I'd like for you to look at my captain.

TOUGH COLONEL

(one quick glance)

I'm sorry, Sergeant. Put him down --

And as he points --

CUT TO

EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

A line of DEAD MEN.

CUT TO

EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

DOHUN and the TOUGH COLONEL. There is a pause, then DOHUN walks forward past the TOUGH COLONEL, and places GLASS on the operating table.

TOUGH COLONEL

-- what in the name of hell --

DOHUN

-- you said to put him down --

TOUGH COLONEL

-- I'm not in a mood for crapping around, Sergeant --

DOHUN

-- Colonel, he's going to die if you don't look at him --

TOUGH COLONEL

-- he's dead now --
449 Continued

DOHUN

-- it would mean a lot to me if you'd check him out, Colonel.

And with that, calmly and quietly, DOHUN pulls out his pistol.

CUT TO

450 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

The TOUGH COLONEL as he realizes what DOHUN's doing.

DOHUN

Would you look at him please?

He cocks the pistol.

CUT TO

451 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

DOHUN, raising the pistol, pointing it straight at the TOUGH COLONEL as he closes the curtain behind him.

DOHUN

Right now, or I'll blow your fucking head off.

CUT TO

452 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

The TOUGH COLONEL doesn't move.

CUT TO

453 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

DOHUN -- about to fire until we --

CUT TO

454 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY

The TOUGH COLONEL, moving toward CAPTAIN GLASS.

TOUGH COLONEL

I can give him a quick examination if you'd like.

DOHUN

(gun still pointed)
Thank you very much, sir.

CUT TO
455 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY
The inert CAPTAIN GLASS as the TOUGH COLONEL moves to him, looks briefly at his wounds and -- CUT TO

456 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY
DOHUN, gun still pointed at the TOUGH COLONEL, waiting. Now -- CUT TO

457 INT. OPERATING TENT - DAY
The TOUGH COLONEL. CLOSE UP. Stunned.

TOUGH COLONEL
Son of a bitch --
(turns - yells)
Orderly!

Ignoring DOHUN's pistol, the TOUGH COLONEL begins to clean GLASS's head wound.

CUT TO

458 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY
A MEDICAL ORDERLY hurries towards the operating tent with a tank of oxygen. Goes in -- CUT TO

459 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY
DOHUN, a short distance away, watching. The pistol is still in his hand. He turns, walks away still further, stops, glances back.

CUT TO

460 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY
The tented operating theatre. No movement.

CUT TO

461 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY
DOHUN puts his pistol in its holster then lights up a cigarette. He inhales deeply, closes his eyes.

CUT TO

462 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY
The tented operating theatre. No movement inside. An ambulance. Jeep drives past. TWO STRETCHER BEARERS walk in and out of FRAME.

CUT TO
463 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

DOHUN, drinking coffee, watching --

CUT TO

464 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

A SECOND MEDICAL ORDERLY hurries towards the operating tent with plasma. Goes in --

CUT TO

465 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

It's late afternoon now, long shadows. DOHUN stands up, puts last cigarette in his mouth, crumples pack and throws it away. He lights cigarette, looks up and sees --

CUT TO

466 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

The TOUGH COLONEL, throwing back the curtain as he did when we first saw him. Behind him now, CAPTAIN GLASS is visible, covered in bandages; as some ORDERLIES enter with a stretcher --

CUT TO

467 EXT. OPEN BARN - AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

DOHUN, standing where we left him. There's half a pack of butts on the ground around him now. The TOUGH COLONEL moves straight at him:

TOUGH COLONEL
I got the bullet out of his skull.

DOHUN
He's gonna live, though, right?

TOUGH COLONEL
(nods)
He'll have a hell of a headache.

DOHUN
(handing over his pistol)
Okay. You can turn me in now.

The TOUGH COLONEL takes the pistol and they start to walk away from the open barn.

TOUGH COLONEL
That was a court martial offense, you understood that when you did it?

DOHUN
Yessir.
Tough Colonel

I hope to hell it was worth it.

Dohun

I guess time will tell on that, sir.

Tough Colonel

My response is strictly limited -- regardless of what my personal preference might be, you understand that too?

Dohun

I do.

Tough Colonel

It's like somebody cheating in school -- once word gets out you can behave any way you goddam please and not get punished, well, your discipline's gone and forget about getting it back. So you're gonna have to be arrested, over and out.

As Dohun nods --

Cut to

Ext. American 101st Field Hospital - Day

The M.P. Lieutenant is standing near the entrance to the field hospital area. He turns his head as the Tough Colonel's voice is heard, over --

Tough Colonel (Over)

Lieutenant Rafferty --

Rafferty (turning sharply -- a very spit-and-polish guy)

Yes, sir, Colonel.

And as he starts to half-run --

Cut to

Ext. American 101st Field Hospital - Day

Dohun and the Tough Colonel, watching the M.P. Lieutenant hurry toward them.

The Tough Colonel takes out a cigarette of his own, lights it. Dohun takes his cigarette, grinds it out with his heel.

Tough Colonel

Lieutenant Rafferty --

Rafferty stands by Dohun.
This is Sergeant --
(stops)
-- what the hell's your name?

Eddie Dohun.

Sergeant Dohun here has just pulled a gun on me, threatened to kill me if I didn't do precisely what he ordered -- I want you to put him under arrest --

-- yessir --

and I want you to keep him there -- I want you to keep him there for at least ten seconds.

(confused)
I'm not all that sure I understand, Colonel.

Count to ten, Lieutenant -- fast --

(like one word)
Onetwothreefourfivesixsevenseightnine ten.
(looks at the Colonel)
Like that, sir?

(dissingning Rafferty)
Thank you, Rafferty.

As Rafferty goes, he hands Dohun's pistol back.

This is yours, I think.

They start to move towards DOHUN's Jeep now.

(taking the pistol)
It looks like mine, sir.

(beat)
You scared the shit out of me, you dumb bastard.
DOHUN
(gesturing back to
the M.P.)
You scared the shit out of me too,
if that makes you feel any better.

TOUGH COLONEL
Goddam right it does.
(he stops).
Eddie?

DOHUN
Sir?

TOUGH COLONEL
You wouldn't really have killed me,
would you?

CUT TO

470 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST FIELD HOSPITAL - DAY

DOHUN -- He looks as if he's almost about to smile -- but he
doesn't.

DOHUN
Don't ask.

HOLD ON DOHUN. HOLD AND KEEP HOLDING ... Then --

SWITCH TO

471 EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - EVENING

The canal where the Son Bridge was before it got blown up in
STOUT's face. Occasional bits of debris are still visible,
reminding us where we are.

STOUT walks into the SHOT. It's getting on to sunset now.

He pauses. Then, in that voice of his we have come to know
shatters glass without half-trying --

STOUT
-- let's haul a little ass! --

And we're into our STOUT MONTAGE.

It takes twelve hours, ending only at dawn of Tuesday. And we
go all over, to various places and people we've come to know.
But basically, this is STOUT's moment and if the audience doesn't
quite know what we're doing or what a Bailey Bridge is, that's
more or less intentional up to now. And in what follows, we
never see anything completely, just parts of the whole. And
STOUT who never stops moving.

CUT TO
A British truck as the flap is thrown back, STOUT doing the throwing and --

A BUNCH OF BRITISH TRUCKS, starting to unload, British and American troops both working and --

STOUT helping to carry a girder-like thing that's ten feet square and as he puts it down --

ANOTHER SIMILAR SQUARE, being set down alongside and --

STOUT -- Shouting 'move, move, move' and --

BRITISH AND AMERICAN TROOPS moving, on the double, it's early evening now, the sun going down and --

INT. "URQUHART'S" HOUSE -- ATTIC -- EVENING

URQUHART and CLEMINSON wait desperately by the window, but the self-propelled artillery piece is still there and --

SWITCH BACK TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA -- SON BRIDGE -- NIGHT

It is really dark now, but the work area is illuminated by generator-powered floodlights, magnesium flares and torches. STOUT turns to see a G.I. ENGINEER staring at two more of these ten-foot sections --

STOUT

-- hammer it, hammer it --  

-- where? --  

G.I. ENGINEER

-- didn't you ever build a Bailey Bridge before? --  

STOUT

-- no sir --  

G.I. ENGINEER

-- me neither, hammer it anyway --
And as the soldier starts to pound --

CUT TO

STOUT in the water, guiding some men carrying a load --

STOUT -- easy, easy with that --

(big)

-- for chrissakes I said easy --

CUT TO

A BRITISH ENGINEER getting his hand caught badly as two sections of the bridge catch his hand and as he starts to pass out with the pain --

CUT TO

STOUT grabbing the ENGINEER, carrying him out of the water onto land and as the work goes on and --

SWITCH TO

INT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GAVIN'S TENT - NIGHT

GAVIN, trying to catch some sleep on the cold ground. His back makes him half-wince; he reaches around, tries to massage it as he --

SWITCH TO

INT. FROST'S HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

A GERMAN SOLDIER asleep.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that he's wounded. There are a lot of maimed GERMAN and BRITISH SOLDIERS in the cellar. The place is starting to fill up as TWO MEDICAL ORDERLIES bring in more SOLDIERS. FROST moves among his men.

SWITCH BACK TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - NIGHT

STOUT wading along the water's edge and --

CUT TO

STOUT, grabbing a cup of coffee, shouting orders -- his voice is starting to get just a little hoarse; fatigue is starting to tell. It's the middle of the night now and

SWITCH TO
EXT. XXX CORPS AREA ADVANCE ROAD - NIGHT

VANDELEUR, sprawled half-asleep by the side of his scout car. Behind him: the hulking shadows of XXX CORPS and

SWITCH BACK TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - NIGHT

STOUT, shouting at some G.I.'s carrying another large hunk of something.

-- STOUT

-- Move it or milk it --

The G.I.'s go faster as we --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - NIGHT

STOUT, glancing at his watch, scowling at whatever it tells him.

CUT TO

EXT. SKY - DAWN

The sky, starting now to lighten.

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN

The BRITISH ENGINEER who got his hand creamed. He's had it bandaged and is working again, STOUT alongside and

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN

STOUT -- He looks like one beat son of a bitch and for a moment he just stands there. Then, the loudest we have ever heard him:

STOUT

ROLL THE FUCKERS!!!

And as he gestures --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST Area - SON BRIDGE - DAWN

The identical shot of the canal we began the montage with. Only now there's a Bailey Bridge built across it. They did it in twelve hours and as we see the incredible amount of work that was done --

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN

XXX CORPS as at last they can move again. We follow the
Continued

lead tanks as they reach the edge of the bridge, hesitate, then start across, and sure it's rickety, but they could hold a hundred tons and we stay on the bridge as tank after tank after tank begins rumbling across. Then we

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN

STOUT, watching it all, waving and smiling. Behind him is the G.I. ENGINEER.

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN

Tanks of the IRISH GUARDS passing, crews waving back.

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 101ST AREA - SON BRIDGE - DAWN

STOUT turns, and once he does, the smile goes --

G.I. ENGINEER

What's wrong, sir?

STOUT

They're thirty-six hours behind schedule ... HOLD ON STOUT's troubled face a moment. Then --

SWITCH TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON AREA - DAY

XXX CORPS moving up the single narrow road. Along the side of the road they are being waved to by soldiers of the 101st Airborne and the XXX Corps Personnel waves back, as we

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON AREA - DAY

GENERAL MAXWELL TAYLOR in his Jeep, riding up alongside an IRISH GUARDS tank. A TANK LIEUTENANT stands in the turret.

TAYLOR

We'll be turning you over to the 82nd now.

TANK LIEUTENANT

Yessir.

TAYLOR

They're good soldiers, the 82nd --
The TANK LIEUTENANT nods --

TAYLOR

-- Just be sure you keep your hand on your wallet at all times.

And he throws a salute as we --

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON SECTOR - DAY

The BRITISH TANK LIEUTENANT, saluting back, and as TAYLOR watches, XXX CORPS starts going visibly faster and at last the feeling is unmistakable that the worst is over and the cavalry is humping like crazy to get there on time --

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON SECTOR - DAY

TAYLOR, in his Jeep, slowing now, watching them go --

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON SECTOR - DAY

One of the lead tanks of XXX Corps. Just so we're familiar with what it looks like because we're going to see it again. Now --

SWITCH TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

The bridge that the 82nd took so easily when the GERMANS couldn't depress their guns far enough down to shoot.

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE BRIDGE - DAY

PARATROOPERS from the 82nd, standing by the bridge, waving as XXX CORPS vehicles rumble over, making a hell of a racket but still going faster than we've ever seen them.

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - GRAVE SECTOR - DAY

A whole bunch of AMERICAN SOLDIERS waving as XXX CORPS vehicles roar by -- these are soldiers of the 82nd Airborne -- XXX CORPS has never gone so fast and they've moved now from one division area to the next, the planks at last working, and as XXX CORPS goes into overdrive --

CUT TO
508 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE SECTOR - DAY

That lead tank again, moving like hell. HOLD on it for a moment, so that we get used to the sound, then --

**CUT TO**

509 INT. 'FROST'S HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

FROST becomes aware of the same sound --

FROST

(soft)

They're here.

And on his words --

**CUT TO**

510 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY

Through the girders we catch a glimpse of a tank starting to rumble across towards FROST's positions.

**CUT TO**

511 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

Several BRITISH SOLDIERS are in defensive positions on the rooftop. CARLYLE is standing up, waving his umbrella at the tank --

CARLYLE

(shouting)

You're late, you lazy bastards, but we'll forgive you --

FROST joins him.

CARLYLE

-- that was gracious of me, don't you think?

**CUT TO**

512 EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

FROST -- and the look of relief that was just on his face is gone as he sees --

**CUT TO**

513 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN END - DAY

The tank on the bridge -- it's a lot closer now, and as it turns sideways to avoid a burnt-out half-track, we catch sight of the black and white cross on the side of the turret -- it's not the XXX Corps tank we were expecting, it's GERMAN, and the instant that realization hits us, the tank fires two rounds into
CORNISH's positions on the other side of the road. These are the loudest explosions we've heard yet, and they blow enormous holes in the facade of houses --

CUT TO

EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

FROST and CARLYLE reacting, dropping to the ground alongside their SOLDIERS. FROST leveling his Sten gun at the tank as a SOLDIER beside him aims a PIAT gun at it and fires --

CUT TO

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - DAY

The GERMAN tank, still traveling, and the projectile from the PIAT gun explodes just behind it, and already, the tank turret is traversing round towards FROST's positions, and now as the tank continues on into the town, the muzzle of its big gun is pointing right at us -- and it fires, and --

CUT TO

EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

There is a thunderous roar as the shell hits the roof, blowing half of it away, killing most of the SOLDIERS, and for a moment we think FROST and CARLYLE are dead too, but they start to get up, and so do a few more MEN nearby them as --

CUT TO

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - DAY

The GERMAN tank fires again. It's much further away now, still moving on into town, and --

CUT TO

EXT. FROST'S HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

The second shell blasts into a lower floor of the house, but FROST is braced, ready, and he's got the PIAT gun to his shoulder as CARLYLE slips in a projectile, and FROST fires --

CUT TO

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - DAY

The GERMAN tank, still traveling, swings its turret round to face the front, and it's out of range, and the PIAT round explodes harmlessly on the road behind it --

SWITCH TO
520 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET CORNER NEAR "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 520
A SQUAD OF BRITISH PARATROOPERS, led by a YOUNG CORPORAL are
bunched at a corner. There is around them in the distance,
the endless sound of street-fighting. Now, on a signal from
the YOUNG CORPORAL --
CUT TO

521 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET CORNER NEAR "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 521
The BRITISH PATROL rounding the corner, bursting out with all
the firepower they have and the instant they do --
CUT TO

522 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 522
Their target, and it's the self-propelled artillery piece
that has been blocking URQUHART's escape and keeping him
prisoner and the Germans by the gun aren't ready for the
English attack and they try to retaliate as we
CUT TO

523 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 523
The BRITISH PATROL, blasting all out, advancing, advancing,
and as they do --
CUT TO

524 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 524
The GERMANS by the self-propelled gun, and those that are left
alive break into a wild retreat and
CUT TO

525 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 525
The BRITISH PATROL, racing to the self-propelled artillery
piece, and the instant it's theirs --
CUT TO

526 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 526
The front door of the house opens, URQUHART races out followed
by CLEMINSON.
CUT TO

527 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "URQUHART" HOUSE - DAY 527
URQUHART approaches the YOUNG CORPORAL.

URQUHART
Corporal, I need a Jeep --
The YOUNG CORPORAL gawks at URQUHART and points the road.

URQUHART
-- to take me to Headquarters.

YOUNG CORPORAL
(still pointing)
You're dead, sir -- we were told that --

URQUHART
I can assure you it was an error.
(takes off)

SWITCH TO

528  EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE SECTOR - DAY

A column of BRITISH tanks and vehicles speeding up the narrow ribbon of road. This is their best time yet --

CUT TO

529  EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE SECTOR - DAY

AMERICAN PARATROOPERS of the 82nd really waving them on, cheering like crazy as we

SWITCH TO

530  EXT. BRITISH AIRBORNE AREA - HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

URQUHART roars up in a Jeep. It's the same hotel that MODEL was having lunch in when the attack started but it isn't as lovely as it was when MODEL dropped his underwear on the front steps. Now, the wide green lawn in front of it is dotted with slit trenches and windows are broken all across the front. It still looks the same structurally, but it's not where you'd like to spend your vacation anymore. The SOLDIERS that spot URQUHART are bewildered and amazed.

CUT TO

531  EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

URQUHART jumps out of the Jeep and goes fast up the steps.

CUT TO

532  INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

It's been converted into the nerve centre of Divisional Headquarters but there is still lingering evidence of previous German occupation including a damaged portrait of Hitler. An ARMY CLERK is hammering away at a battered typewriter.
URQUHART enters, followed by LT. COLONEL MACKENZIE, his Chief of Staff and various OFFICERS we've seen before. Already in the room is STEELE and a few other PARATROOP OFFICERS and MEN.

URQUHART
(turning to face them)
Good morning, gentlemen ... apologies for my enforced absence.
(to Lt. Colonel Barker)
Dennis, Gerald Lathbury's been put out of action. I'd like you to go into town and take over the Brigade. How soon can you leave?

BARKER
Right away, sir.

URQUHART
Good. Pull them together and keep pushing forward to the bridge --

BARKER nods and leaves quickly. URQUHART turns to MACKENZIE.

URQUHART
Did the rest of the division arrive safely?

MACKENZIE
Yes, sir, but we're in all kinds of trouble.

URQUHART
Break it to me gently, Mack --

MACKENZIE
Well, sir, it looks very much as if we've landed on top of two SS Panzer divisions --

URQUHART
Good God ...

MACKENZIE
As you can imagine, it's hard to stop tanks with rifles and machine-guns.

URQUHART
Show me on the map.

MACKENZIE leads the way to a wall map. It's just a few feet away. The OTHER OFFICERS crowd in behind URQUHART and MACKENZIE. On the wall map we can see thick black arcs indicating the German forces and scattered red areas indicating the British positions. There's more black than red, and you don't need to be a军事 expert to know who's winning --
MACKENZIE
You can see what we're up against. Johnny Frost and some of his chaps managed to get through to the bridge but now the Germans have driven down to the river, they're completely cut off.

URQUHART
I see -- still now that we're all here, we should be able to break through to him --

(looks at watch)

-- Sosabowski's Polish Brigade is due in at twelve, is that right, Mack?

HANCOCK enters quickly and gives URQUHART a cup of tea.
URQUHART nods his thanks. The look between them says it all.

MACKENZIE
If they arrive, sir. Yesterday's air-lift was three hours late due to fog in England, and the gliders carrying the Pole's equipment didn't arrive at all.

URQUHART
(sips tea - it tastes good)
I see ... now give me the good news.

MACKENZIE
I'm afraid there isn't any, sir. As you can see, we're more or less surrounded. So far, we're holding our own, but we're now desperately short of food, medicine, and above all, ammunition ...

URQUHART
(this is a surprise - )
Aren't we getting our daily supply drop?

MACKENZIE
Oh, yes, the Air Force is flying it in on schedule -- the trouble is the Germans have overrun the dropping zones ...

URQUHART
(stunned -- )
Good God -- don't our pilots know that?

MACKENZIE shakes his head.

URQUHART
Mack -- in heaven's name, why?
532 Continued

**STEEL**
(hates to tell him)

It's the radios, sir. We still haven't been able to contact anyone outside Arnhem...

CUT TO

533 **EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY**

A wonderful, gruff giant of a man. He is at this moment waving a yellow scarf. The man's name is TAFFY BRACE, and he's a CORPORAL in the Royal Army Medical Corps. We're going to be seeing him again.

CUT TO

534 **EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY**

A bunch of other SOLDIERS standing around TAFFY BRACE waving scarves and parachute canopies and all around them are smoke pots billowing yellow smoke and they're all shouting on top of each other -- "Here -- over here for chrissakes -- this way --"

CUT TO

535 **EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY**

URQUHART, standing on the steps, with other OFFICERS and HANCOCK, his batman a step behind, and they're all of them, every soldier, shouting or not, staring up at the sky as --

CUT TO

536 **EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY**

SOLDIERS pour petrol on the ground and light it to try and attract the attention of --

CUT TO

537 **EXT. SKY - DAY**

The planes -- Dakotas of the Royal Air Force, surrounded by bursts of German flak, as they continue on, following their orders, ignoring the attempts from the soldiers below to make them understand. --

CUT TO

538 **EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY**

URQUHART, distraught as he watches the planes pass overhead.

CUT TO
An equally distraught YOUNG ARTILLERYMAN waves a strip of parachute canopy with another PARA. A REGIMENTAL SERGEANT MAJOR nearby waves a white sheet.

YOUNG ARTILLERYMAN
-- what the hell are they doing? They must be able to see us, can’t they?

SERGEANT MAJOR
(resigned - stops waving)
They can see us alright, laddie, but they're under orders to ignore signals from the ground. For all they know, we could be Germans...

YOUNG ARTILLERYMAN
(points to where planes are heading)
But they're giving it all to the bloody Germans --

CUT TO

The planes fly on, holding their tight formation, getting blasted by the flak, but staying on course, dropping their supplies -- into German-held territory.

CUT TO

The parachute canisters dropping through the sky --

CUT TO

The SOLDIERS can see some of the canisters are falling so close you could almost risk a dash for them because that's how bad things are, how much they need medical supplies and food and --

CUT TO

More and more canisters, floating down gracefully beneath their colored parachutes and

CUT TO

A fireball in the sky as a plane plummets down and

CUT TO
EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY

The SOLDIERS around the hotel, screaming insanely as if somehow they could make the pilots hear and

CUT TO

EXT. PARKLAND NEAR HARTENSTEIN - DAY

A canister landing in what must be no-man's land, it's that close to the Hartenstein and

CUT TO

EXT. PARKLAND NEAR HARTENSTEIN - DAY

MARSH, a young private from the South Staffordshire Regiment breaking into a wild run towards that one canister in no-man's land.

CUT TO

EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY

TAFFY BRACE, the giant medic, and all the other soldiers in the area, turning their attention from the planes in the sky to MARSH making his run and as they try and give him covering fire

CUT TO

EXT. WOODS BEYOND PARKLAND - DAY

GERMAN SOLDIERS, blasting at MARSH with their weapons and

CUT TO

EXT. PARKLAND NEAR HARTENSTEIN - DAY

MARSH, diving down as a mortar shell hits nearby and for a minute you'd think he's had it but then he's up again, running like crazy for the single goddam canister and

CUT TO

EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY

The BRITISH TROOPS, firing and

CUT TO

EXT. WOODS BEYOND PARKLAND - DAY

The GERMANS, firing and

CUT TO

EXT. PARKLAND NEAR HARTENSTEIN - DAY

The canister, it's the size of a big drum and

CUT TO
MARSH, diving down beside the thing, he actually did it, or half-did it, because now returning is really going to be hard, dragging and carrying the big canister with him, and he's winded as hell, he's not the running type.

CUT TO

MARSH -- lifting the canister, somehow finding the strength to get it off the ground. It's impossible, but he's doing it. He gets both arms underneath it and staggers forward -- determined to make it back to the Hartenstein and --

Suddenly he stops, sways, then sinks slowly to his knees. The canister drops from his arms to reveal blood seeping through his camouflage tunic --

MARSH, still on his knees, dying now. He looks down at the canister -- and now we see the canister, lying in front of him. It has burst open, and from it, has spilled dozens of bright new berets -- URQUHART's forces after all were called the Red Devils because of their unique headgear --

He falls forward across the open canister, his face cushioned in the useless berets...

CUT TO

A dramatic see-it-one shot and it's a gasper. One of the biggest structures in Western Europe. Gigantic, with great arches criss-crossed with girders soaring a hundred feet into the air. Nijmegen Bridge makes Arnhem Bridge look like a tinker toy.

On it, GERMAN TROOPS and vehicles are moving across from north to south, heading into town and as

CUT TO

GENERAL LUDWIG stands on a bunker perhaps a mile from Nijmegen Bridge, looking at it through his binoculars.

CUT TO

CLOSE UP on bridge span. GERMAN TROOPS and vehicles are moving across bridge.

CUT TO
559 EXTERIOR, NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

The Southern end. GERMAN TROOPS and vehicles drive off the end of bridge, fanning out left and right.

CUT TO

560 EXTERIOR, STREET INTERSECTION - NIJMEGEN - DAY

A PATROL OF AMERICAN 82ND PARATROOPERS, led by a LIEUTENANT, pause nervously and take cover in the nearest doorway. A SERGEANT makes a crouching run over to the LIEUTENANT.

LIEUTENANT
(consults map of town)
Okay, lessee -
(points)
That street's Oude Marktlaan so Nijmegen Bridge should be down that way.
(points in opposite direction)

CUT TO

561 EXTERIOR, STREET OFF INTERSECTION - NIJMEGEN - DAY

The PATROL move round the corner in combat formation and move quickly down the street. Behind them, a German tank moves across the end of the street, turns its turret -- and as the patrol turn and react --

The tank sweeps the street with its machine gun, cutting down the AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

CUT TO

562 INTERIOR, HOUSE IN SAME STREET - NIJMEGEN - DAY

An AMERICAN SOLDIER shoulders open the front door to escape the hail of bullets outside and comes face to face with a GERMAN SOLDIER crouched in the hallway, his finger on the trigger of a sub-machine gun.

CUT TO

563 EXTERIOR, STREET OFF INTERSECTION - NIJMEGEN - DAY

A burst of firing. The AMERICAN collapses backwards out of the house. He's dead as he hits the pavement. And behind him, the rest of the patrol is dead too.

CUT TO
Fifty SS PANZERGRENADIERS supported by two tanks and a self-propelled gun are pouring fire into the houses occupied by FROST's men and the noise and devastation is now terrible --

CUT TO

INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

The main room of the house he commandeered -- and it's almost impossible to recognize. A shambles, wounded all around. Water has clearly been cut off -- bare pipes are visible, shattered in the walls, with an occasional drip of water being all that's left as a reminder.

CUT TO

INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

FROST is kneeling over some wounded GUY and it's not until we see the umbrella that we realize it's CARLYLE that's been shot almost into unrecognizability. A MEDICAL ORDERLY kneels by FROST, gives CARLYLE a small shot of morphine.

"Cries of pain are constant here. It was horrendous at the bridge and was soon to get worse."

FROST

(quietly)

Any chance, Whitney.

WHITNEY

(headshake)

Don't think so, sir not unless we're relieved by tomorrow ... Now, from somewhere comes A VOICE RAISED, speaking DUTCH and we --

CUT TO

INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - OLD WOMAN'S ROOM - DAY

The OLD WOMAN whose house this was. Her son is wounded, immobile in a corner, and she is shouting but no one is paying much attention. except NOBLY CLARK, a PRIVATE and a RECCE SQUADRON TROOPER who are helping with the wounded. Now they look over to the OLD WOMAN who keeps shouting the same thing over and over.

NOBLY CLARK

You get any of that?

TROOPER

She wants someone to order her a taxi.
Continued

Everyone goes on doing what they were doing and the OLD WOMAN after a few more times of shouting what she's been shouting, goes to a corner of the room and takes a small piece of luggage she's packed and walks to the door, opens it and

CUT TO

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "FROST'S" HOUSE - DAY

The street as the OLD WOMAN moves outside, waving her hand and signalling, calling it out over and over--

OLD WOMAN
(it's the same word,
Dutch or English)

-- Taxi! -- Taxi! --

Gunfire hits her from all over; we don't see who, we don't have to. She spins around like a rag doll, starts to go down when another burst hits her from the opposite direction and as she starts to spin that way and then

CUT TO

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "FROST'S" HOUSE - DAY

The OLD LADY falling. She knows there's a war on now...
HOLD. Then --

SWITCH TO

EXT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - DAY

An absolutely beautiful house near Arnhem. Actually, we glimpsed it before, as FROST was marching to the Bridge and we saw KATE TER HORST standing in front with her five children, waving to the soldiers as they passed.

The house has 14 rooms and is 200 years old; a former vicarage.

Now, KATE TER HORST stands in the doorway; slender, gentle and blue-eyed, her life is just about to change.

This place is as close to a mansion as existed in the area. It's getting on toward late afternoon; the shadows are lovely and long. But always now, the crashing and exploding of war.

DOCTOR SPAANDER and DOCTOR WEAVER, a young British Colonel under 35, stand facing KATE TER HORST.
DOCTOR SPAANDER is the leading civilian physician of the entire area. In his 60's, he has a remarkable amount of energy and is a man who naturally tends. When he sets his mind to something, there isn't much he can't do.

(First part of scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

KATE TER HORST
'Good evening, Doctor, can I help you?'

DOCTOR SPAANDER
(indicating the other physician)
Doctor Weaver has a request to make.
(to Weaver -- in English now)
Go ahead now, please.

WEAVER
(speaking slowly, as to someone who didn't understand the language -- accompanying)
What we've done is -- we've set up a defensive pocket --
(gesturing more)
-- more or less thumb-shaped, with the river as the base.

DOCTOR SPAANDER
Kate speaks surprisingly good English, Doctor --

WEAVER
(much faster now)
Ah, well then of course you see that we're in a quite strong position for holding out till XXX Corps reaches us, but we have to make certain arrangements.

KATE TER HORST
(to Spaander)
The words come through, I don't know that I follow the military strategy.

DOCTOR SPAANDER
(taking charge)
Well, we have our main hospital, of course, but it is full to bursting point and there is great need for additional space.
KATE TER HORST
(her five kids up behind
her now, peering out)
My house would seem suitable.

WEAVER
Just for the slightly wounded --
you know, patch them up, send them
back, that sort of thing.

DOCTOR SPAANDER
I feel it may be a little more than that.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE KATE TER HORST HOUSE - DAY
Half a dozen WOUNDED BRITISH, waiting a suitable distance from
the door.

EXT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - DAY
KATE, gesturing for them to come in.

KATE TER HORST
We waste time -- come ...

INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY
Much the finest-looking place we've seen. Nothing palatial;
just the kind of place you'd like to have grown up in.
Provided you could afford it. Lovely furniture, rugs, etc.

The WOUNDED SOLDIERS are ushered in by KATE TER HORST,
SPAANDER and WEAVER. As the first SOLDIER crosses the rug
near the entrance --

HOLD on a tiny drop of blood on the lovely rug ... now

SWITCH TO

INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - STAIRWAY - DAY
JOHNNY FROST -- he is right at the top of the house. Behind
him, a WOUNDED RADIO OPERATOR is still trying to contact the
outside world -- someone -- anyone ... The aerial of his
wireless set is now stuck through the huge hole made in the
roof by the first German tank. FROST starts to walk slowly
down the stairs.
He's in what's left of the house he commandeered and there are WOUNDED PARATROOPERS everywhere, but those who can are still holding weapons. There's no food anymore, the water we know is gone, there are holes in the walls and the ceiling.

FROST continues on down the stairs, as the fighting rages outside. He moves on past the landing to the floor below.

And this is the middle floor, and it's much worse. More bodies, more pain. Everybody is filthy and unshaven. Only the weapons are clean.

FROST walks on down still more, and now he's coming to the ground floor. If the middle floor was worse than the third, then this makes the second look like the Ascot Races. We recognize the faces -- CORPORAL DAVIES, PRIVATE DODDS, NOBBY CLARK, WICKS, FROST's Batman; various PARATROOPERS, ENGINEERS, a PADRE, MEDICAL ORDERLIES, etc.

In the middle of the room, FROST stops, nods to his men as he has all along, licks the palm of his hand, tries to get his hair looking neater.

That's an odd gesture, we hadn't expected it. And we don't expect what happens next either: suddenly, the sound of fighting diminishes then stops. FROST looks at his watch, nods, puts on his red beret, and heads on out the door as we

CUT TO

575 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

The sun is going down. BITTRICH waits on the bridge, with another man, A YOUNG GERMAN who we saw with him at the start, SERGEANT MATTHIAS.

CUT TO

576 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

FROST, moving toward BITTRICH on the bridge.

CUT TO

577 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

BITTRICH, watching as FROST stops, a good distance away. They face each other and after a long moment -- BITTRICH mutters something to MATTHIAS in GERMAN.

MATTHIAS
(in English)
There is no point in continuing this fighting.
I agree.

MATTHIAS
(after Bittrich has spoken again, he again speaks in English)
We are willing to discuss a surrender.

578 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

FROST. CLOSE UP. There is a long long pause, as he considers it all.

579 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

BITTRICH watching FROST; waiting. Then --

580 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

FROST
We haven't proper facilities to take you all prisoner, sorry.

M判THIAS
What?

FROST
I'd like to; but I can't accept your surrender; was there anything else?

581 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

M判THIAS speaks in GERMAN to BITTRICH. BITTRICH half-smiles when he understands the response; then he shakes his head 'no'. Nothing else.

582 EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

FROST turns, and starts back to his beleaguered position.
EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

BITTRICH and MATTHIAS watch FROST walk away.

MATTHIAS
(in German)
So now?

BITTRICH's next decision isn't easy. Finally, quietly, he speaks.

BITTRICH

Flatten Arnhem.

HOLD ON BITTRICH. Then --

CUT TO

EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - EVENING

It's a little darker, an hour later, and as BITTRICH's guns begin to fire, the top floor of the building is hit. The guns fire again and again, the top floor is smashed. Soldiers can be seen scrambling down as the guns fire again and now the floor next to what was the top floor is hit and flames burst out of the shattered windows and again the guns and again the third floor is hit and again and again the terrible guns and the building is not just being destroyed, no, it's being murdered right before our eyes...

CUT TO

EXT. STREET IN ARNHEM - EVENING

-- the rhythm of the blasting is the same, just a bit softer. which is how we know where we are, and another GERMAN armored car driving down a narrow street toward the bridge as we --

CUT TO

EXT. STREET IN ARNHEM - EVENING

The KID WITH THICK GLASSES we saw at the start and he's with his UNDERGROUND LEADER FATHER -- they are carrying a corpse between them. The street-fighting is vicious and we see why they're carrying the corpse now as we

CUT TO

EXT. STREET IN ARNHEM - EVENING

A HUMAN ROADBLOCK THE DUTCH are building. It is made up of anything that can be piled in the street, including, even, the bodies of dead Dutch civilians. It's six feet high and it blocks the street the armored car is soon to try to pass. All kinds of DUTCH are doing this, ignoring the firing, scurrying across, building the roadblock.
Now the KID WITH THICK GLASSES and his FATHER take the corpse, put it on the pile.

A blast of fire. The KID WITH THICK GLASSES dies bloody. His FATHER cries out, drops to him. More gunfire. The FATHER falls dead across the son. There is a pause —

Then more DUTCH CIVILIANS take their places, lift the father and the son, place them on the human roadblock that the father and son were helping build only moments before. HOLD for a moment, then —

SWITCH TO

593-594

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

It's relatively quiet now — we're a good distance from the action. What we hear sounds like popguns going off, nothing more.

A very IMPRESSIVE BUNCH OF OFFICERS including a STAFF COLONEL are standing, shuffling in the dust by the front of the school. GENERAL HORROCKS and GENERAL BROWNING we've met before. They've got a bunch of aides with them. GENERAL GAVIN and CAPTAIN HARRY get out of a Jeep, join the others. GAVIN looks more tense than we've yet seen him. But they are all, all, under a tremendous amount of pressure.

BROWNING

Any movement at Nijmegen?

GAVIN shakes his head 'no'.

HORROCKS

No way of blasting through to the bridge?

GAVIN

I'd lose all my men for nothing. There's a thousand of them lying dead out there now.

STAFF COLONEL

You mean it's over, sir?

GAVIN

(loud)
I didn't say that, did I?

(quieter)
We've paid for that bridge, and we're going to collect. But to do it we need tank support.
HORROCKS
You've got it, Jimmy. The Grenadier Guards will be happy to oblige.
(turns to Grenadier Lt. Colonel)
Is that all right, Alex?

GRENADELIER COLONEL
Absolutely, sir.

GAVIN
It's not just tanks. I want boats. If XXX Corps was American we'd have boats. Did you bring any?

HORROCKS
(turns to Staff Colonel)
Mike?

STAFF COLONEL
I think we have three or four lorries with boats back down the line somewhere, sir.

GAVIN
Can you get them up here tonight?

STAFF COLONEL
Well, sir, it won't be easy - we've got one road, ten-mile traffic jams on it, and Germans throwing shells at us. I don't know quite what we can do, but -

GAVIN
Except try -- you can do that, can't you?

CUT TO

595  EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

The STAFF COLONEL nodding, surprised. He watches now as GAVIN moves off with BROWNING and HORROCKS.

CUT TO

596  EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

The THREE GENERALS from the STAFF COLONEL's point of view, so we can't hear much but rumbling, nothing we can make out at all.

But as we watch, GAVIN draws a line with his foot in the dust. Then another line parallel. Finally, he draws a half-circle, going across the pair. Now he looks at HORROCKS and BROWNING.

CUT TO
EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

HORROCKS' ASSISTANT, watching the three generals, trying to make sense of what the other men are doing. As he watches, CAPTAIN HARRY walks up to him, whispers in his ear.

CAPTAIN HARRY

General Gavin's a bit scratchy, but it's nothing personal; when we parachuted in on Sunday, he broke his back ...  

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

The THREE GENERALS, HORROCKS and BROWNING are studying the little dust markings GAVIN made with his boot toe. Finally they look at GAVIN; sod. GAVIN turns, hurries away as we

CUT TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

The markings in the dust. God knows what they mean. But chances are we're going to find out ... HOLD. Then --

SWITCH TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT

FOUR GUYS, ENGLISH, running toward four trucks. The FRONT DRIVER is the one we're going to see most of: you want him on your side when there's trouble. As he starts his motor, begins driving forward --

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT

A line of British trucks, parked along the roadside for the night.

The four trucks with the boats begin slowly to edge past the others. But they're not going fast yet.

SWITCH TO

EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - RIVER MEADOW - NIGHT

GAVIN and HARRY and a bunch of OTHER U.S. OFFICERS moving along as on the ground, large numbers of the 82nd are trying to get some sleep. The sound of firing is present, but distant.

CUT TO
A PRIVATE ON GUARD DUTY stopping dead as GAVIN comes up.

GAVIN
Major Cook around?

PRIVATE ON GUARD DUTY
(You don't talk to Generals all that often if you're a Private; it tends to dry the throat)
I think down there, sir.
(and points down a hill)

CUT TO

GAVIN, gesturing to the other OFFICERS to wait. Then he sets off in the direction the PRIVATE pointed. We can tell now his back is really giving him trouble.

GAVIN
Julian? Where the hell are you?

CUT TO

MAJOR JULIAN COOK as he hears GAVIN call his name. If COOK had been an actor, he would have been a star. Young, already a veteran of a lot of action, he was attractive and, fortunately considering what he was about to go through, relatively fearless.

COOK
Here, sir.

He has been drinking coffee. As GAVIN approaches, he offers some to the GENERAL, who takes it. COOK looks at GAVIN a moment. Then --

GAVIN
We're going to take Nijmegen Bridge tonight.

COOK nods, waits.

GAVIN
What's the best way to take a bridge?

COOK
Both ends at once --
GAVIN
-- I'm sending two companies across the river by boat. -- and I need a man with very special qualities to lead.

COOK

Go on.

GAVIN
He's got to be tough enough to do it -- and he's got to be experienced enough to do it. Plus one more thing.

COOK

What's that?

GAVIN
He's got to be dumb enough to do it.
(he smiles at Cook -- gives the coffee back)

Start getting ready.

As GAVIN leaves --

HOLD ON COOK. He blows on his coffee. The steam rises against his eyes.

A BABY-FACED CAPTAIN moves to COOK. This is one of the many faces we'll come to be familiar with in the COOK crossing.

BABY-FACED CAPTAIN
What was all that, Julian?

COOK
Someone's come up with a real nightmare ...

He continues to blow the steam against his eyes, staring out at the night ... Now --

SWITCH TO

606 INT. BRITISH TRUCK - NIGHT

THE LEAD DRIVER. Totally unafraid. He picks up his speed, goes faster. We can hear artillery fire pounding, loud --

CUT TO

607 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - SON BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT

The four trucks roar across the Bailey Bridge built by STOUT's paratroopers and British Engineers. The sound of artillery fire is much louder now --

CUT TO
INT. BRITISH TRUCK - NIGHT

The LEAD DRIVER, a really good man, concentrating like hell on the road --

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT

The four trucks as an artillery shell suddenly hits the lead truck, blasts it to bits.

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT

The three following trucks braking noisily.

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT

What was once the lead truck, burning in the night ...

SWITCH TO

INT. GAVIN'S HEADQUARTERS TENT - NIGHT

GAVIN looks up as CAPTAIN HARRY enters --

CAPTAIN HARRY

I just got word from the Dutch Resistance people in Arnhem ...

And -- ?

GAVIN

CAPTAIN HARRY

- It's not going too well for the British.

GAVIN finds the news hard to accept --

The main force never reached the bridge. Those that did are hanging on by their fingernails.

GAVIN

And General Urquhart -- ?

CAPTAIN HARRY

He's got his back to the river. The Germans have his men trapped in a pocket and they're squeezing it smaller and smaller.
How long can they hold?
CAPTAIN HARRY shakes his head. Not much longer is what he means.

CUT TO

INT. GAVIN'S HEADQUARTERS TENT - NIGHT

GAVIN -- getting up irritably.

GAVIN
Where are those goddam boats?

SWITCH TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT

The three boat trucks, moving along the road. It's still dark. And they're going surprisingly slowly. Now they're not even doing that -- they stop, motor running, and as they begin honking their horns --

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT

The road ahead. Blocked with tanks and heavy equipment.

CUT TO

EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - GRAVE BRIDGE SECTOR - NIGHT

The three trucks, horns honking in wild frustration...

SWITCH TO

INT. GAVIN'S HEADQUARTERS TENT - NIGHT

COOK enters the tent --

GAVIN
Come in, Julian. A little change in plan.

COOK waits.

We have to cross in daylight.

COOK
(tries to nod)

Daylight.
GAVIN
Traffic's all screwed up for miles.
By the time we're ready, it'll be 8.
That's when we go.

COOK
Fine.

GAVIN
I'd like to wait till tomorrow night,
but the British can't hold.

COOK
Better by day.
(he doesn't mean it)

GAVIN
Much.
(neither does he)

HOLD ON THE TWO MEN looking at each other. Then --

CUT TO

618 EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY

A bunker a mile from Nijmegen Bridge. Dawn. GENERAL LUDWIG
and a YOUNG GERMAN LIEUTENANT stand on top of the bunker with
binoculars. LUDWIG trains his on one end of the bridge.

LUDWIG
I will tell you something --

CUT TO

619 EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

The CAMERA swings along the whole incredible length of
Nijmegen Bridge to the other end. A hundred men are waiting
there. Now the CAMERA swings back but not all the way.
It stops in the dead centre of the bridge.

LUDWIG (Over)
Market Garden was a stupid plan.

GERMAN LIEUTENANT (Over)
Perhaps if it had worked ...

LUDWIG (Over)
If it had worked --

CUT TO
EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY

LUDWIG looking at that central area through his binoculars.

LUDWIG — it would still have been a stupid plan.

He takes the binoculars down, continues studying that central part of the bridge. And now there's almost a smile on his face as we

CUT TO

EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

The central area. CLOSE UP. Not much to say about it.

Stay with it. Now we're getting somewhere, and that somewhere is the underside of the giant bridge. It is loaded with explosives, what looks like enough to blow a dozen bridges. All of it lethal and wired and ready ... HOLD

CUT TO

EXT. GAVIN'S COMMAND POST - DAY

Early morning. GAVIN is talking with VANDELEUR.

VANDELEUR

Any news of the boats?

GAVIN

No, but we're switching the start to 9, just to be sure. And you'll start laying smoke just before we go.

VANDELEUR

Fine.

GAVIN

They're gonna get creamed from the far embankment. Your smokescreen's going to be their only protection.

VANDELEUR

Don't worry, sir. We'll cover you.

GAVIN

(looks at Vandaleur — he's worried as hell; Vandaleur too)

Please ...

CUT TO
COOK talking to a bunch of OFFICERS involved in the crossing. It's been said that a really good leader must never let his men know when he had doubts. COOK was wracked with doubts, but his men never knew.

COOK
I'm thrilled to report that our nine o'clock departure has been postponed until ten, so you can all have an extra hour of fun and relaxation.

OLD-LOOKING LIEUTENANT
Julian?
Yessir.

OLD-LOOKING LIEUTENANT
Any specifics about the boats?

COOK
We are reliably informed that they float. Other than that, we don't know squat. Not how big, how many, how heavy, we only are sure that the river is wide and the current strong. As more cheery information comes my way, I'll be only too glad to pass it along to you.

(smiles)
Folks -- there's gonna be a lot of on the job training before this day is over.

As the meeting breaks --

CUT TO

EXT. BACK STREET - OUTSKIRTS OF NIJMEGEN

A LARGE FORCE OF PARATROOPERS from the 82nd with four tanks from the GRENADIER GUARDS await the command to advance. There is sound of sporadic firing from all around them.

CUT TO

INT. GAVIN'S HEADQUARTERS TENT - DAY
GAVIN in his tent, slamming down the phone.

GAVIN
Goddamnit.
(he looks at Captain Harry)
We go at noon.

SWITCH TO
626 EXT. XXX CORPS ADVANCE ROAD - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY

The three trucks. Creeping along. The road is jammed with XXX Corps material. They're trying to make time but there's just no way.

SWITCH BACK TO

627 INT. GAVIN'S HEADQUARTERS TENT - DAY

GAVIN, pacing and

CUT TO

628 EXT. BROKEN GROUND NEAR RIVER - DAY

VANDELEUR, pacing alongside his scout car.

CUT TO

629 EXT. AMERICAN 82ND AREA - RIVER MEADOW - DAY

COOK with his men. He seems the same as before but his men are showing the strain.

Badly. We're getting to know a little what these guys look like now, the BABY-FACED CAPTAIN is there. There's a CLERIC too, he looks fresh out of Princeton Seminary. There is the OLD-LOOKING LIEUTENANT.

COOK
(to his top men)
Perhaps you wonder why I've called us here together.
(no reaction)
That was supposed to be a joke.
(No reaction. The tension is thick enough to eat)
I have reached a decision which I thought I should share with you.
(beat)
I intend to go across like George Washington, standing on the prow.
You poor farts can do the rowing --

COOK suddenly looks up with surprise —

CUT TO
EXT. ROAD BY RIVER MEADOW - DAY

The three trucks, and my God, they've gotten through, they made it, they're here and as COOK and his MEN rush to the trucks --

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD BY RIVER MEADOW - DAY

COOK and his men together with a number of ROYAL ENGINEERS, pulling the boats from the trucks, starting to assemble the things and My God, they're flimsy! -- plywood bottoms and canvas sides and not many oars and the whole thing held together with wooden pegs and if you're going to make a river crossing under fire, this sure wouldn't be the kind of pleasure craft you'd pick out for yourself and they're having a terrible time making the pegs fit and hold properly and --

CUT TO

EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT - DAY

VANDELEUR's giant tanks, three and four are lined up already as a fifth, and sixth, come slowly into position.

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD BY RIVER MEADOW - DAY

COOK, moving among the men, helping every way he can to get the flimsy thing assembled and there's a search on for more oars but there aren't any more, so it's going to have to be done with rifle butts and

CUT TO

EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT - DAY

A dozen Sherman tanks of the IRISH GUARDS, lined up behind the embankment, with their commanders in the turrets. They start firing in rapid succession and as they do --

CUT TO

EXT. WAAL RIVER - DAY

The far river bank with the shells hitting and smoke starts to spread all across the water and

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD BY RIVER MEADOW - DAY

COOK, with maybe a dozen or so boats ready, not enough, and everybody's shouting and swearing and working their butts off to make this happen in time and

CUT TO
EXT. WAAI RIVER - DAY

The far river bank and more and more shells landing, the smoke getting thicker and thicker and

CUT TO

EXT. RIVER MEADOW - DAY

COOK and his MEN, starting to load their equipment into the flimsy boats and the noise is building and building as we

CUT TO

EXT. NORTH BANK OF WAAI RIVER - DAY

Smoke shells explode, blanking off the German positions with a cloud of dense white smoke.

CUT TO

EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY

LUHWIG, staring for a moment at the smoke screen. He can't see much other than the smoke itself, but it worries him and as he heads down from the roof of his bunker ---

CUT TO

INT. BITTRICH'S HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

FIELD MARSHAL MODEL in his office, as a STAFF CAPTAIN hands the phone to him.

(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

STAFF CAPTAIN

General Ludwig.

MODEL

(takes phone)

Yes? What else can you see beside the smoke?

CUT TO

INT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY

LUHWIG, speaking on the phone to MODEL inside his bunker.

(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

LUHWIG

Nothing yet -- but they are clearly trying a river assault.

MODEL (OVER)

It will fail.
LUDWIG
I know it will fail, of course it will fail, but what if it doesn't fail -- have I your permission to blow the bridge?
(listens to Model's reply)

The YOUNG LIEUTENANT watches LUDWIG.

LUDWIG
Jawohl, Herr Feldmarschall --

He hangs up the phone - turns to the YOUNG LIEUTENANT and paraphrases MODEL's words.

LUDWIG
'They will not cross the river. And we will not blow the bridge.'
(shakes his head in disbelief)
Have all the demolition charges been checked?

YOUNG LIEUTENANT
Yes, sir. Everything's wired and ready. Captain Krafft is standing by as ordered.

Good.

He looks through bunker slit towards Nijmegen Bridge.

LUDWIG
I haven't the least intention of being shot by Berlin for letting bridges fall into enemy hands.
(glances at Lieutenant)
If British tanks ever start across that bridge --

(he spreads his hands wide)
-- I'll blow it to bits . . .

CUT TO

649 EXT. HIGH GROUND - RIVER AREA - DAY

GAVIN, standing on a high spot with a sweeping view of the river. Nearby the leaves of a tree start to wave in the breeze, a look of sheer horror hits GAVIN's face and

CUT TO

650 EXT. HIGH GROUND - RIVER AREA - DAY

The tree, the leaves really waving now and
EXT. HIGH GROUND—RIVER AREA—DAY

GAVIN -- he knows what that means, it means wind and wind means bad things which we realize right now as we

CUT TO

EXT. WAAL RIVER—DAY

The smoke screen so carefully laid down, thick and protective -- only now as the wind sweeps the area, as we watch, the smoke-screen begins to dissolve and blow away and at the terrible moment --

CUT TO

EXT. SOUTH BANK OF WAAL RIVER—DAY

JULIAN COOK shouting "GO!" and with that, leading his MEN in a charge down to the river, and this is it, this is the start of what a lot of people think was the bravest single action of the war and we start to see why now as we

CUT TO

EXT. RIVER WAAL—DAY

The river and Jesus, it's a quarter of a mile wide, 400 yards of open water and the smoke screen is disintegrating rapidly now and we can tell that the current of the river is strong, strong enough to kill you and

CUT TO

EXT. SOUTH BANK OF WAAL RIVER—DAY

COOK, his MEN, and the ROYAL ENGINEERS who manned the boats, running forward. As they reach the water, they put the boats in but the paratroopers aren't trained for this kind of thing and from the start there's trouble as a couple of the boats are put in water that's too shallow and they get bogged down and block others and as the men struggle, thrashing around, trying to get to where it's deeper, they start to lose balance, a few of them, as the strength of the current begins to make itself known and

CUT TO

EXT. WAAL RIVER CROSSING—DAY

A couple of boats, overloaded, sinking and

CUT TO

A couple of others, circling around as the MEN can't get the paddling done together and

CUT TO
667 COOK, shouting over the confusion, shouting 'KEEP GOING KEEP GOING' over and over and

CUT TO

668 SOLDIERS falling overboard, guys we've seen around, faces that we've become a little bit familiar with and --

CUT TO

669 Paddles dropping and

CUT TO

670 Another boat overturning and this one contained the BABY-FACED CAPTAIN.

CUT TO

671 COOK, paddling in his boat, using his rifle butt as a paddle and as he starts to make a little headway

CUT TO

672 The remaining boats, twenty some of them, and they're beginning to get the hang of it too and in one the CLERIC is saying, 'Thy will be done, Thy will be done,' he cannot stop saying, 'Thy will be done' and

CUT TO

673 EXT. GERMAN POSITIONS - WAAL RIVER - DAY

The GERMANS open fire, raking the river with machine gun and

CUT TO

674 EXT. RIVER EMBANKMENT - DAY

VANDELEUR's tanks pour covering fire into the far embankment and --

CUT TO

675 EXT. WAAL RIVER CROSSING - DAY

COOK in the river, pulling with everything he's got --

COOK

Hail Mary --
    (stroke)
-- full of grace --
    (stroke)
-- Hail Mary --
    (stroke)
-- full of grace --
    (stroke)

CUT TO
EXT. GERMAN POSITIONS - WAAL RIVER - DAY

Some shells from VANDEPLER's tanks land on target but the GERMANS step up the intensity of their small arms and mortar fire and that's not a surprise, no, you expect that, but what you don't expect is who is doing the firing because we're close enough to see the killers now and they're 15, they're children and

CUT TO

EXT. WAAL RIVER CROSSING - DAY

The whole shot of the river with COOK in the lead and his men are getting slaughtered now, shells burst all over, geysers of water erupt, the machine guns hit like rain but they keep on, they keep on, the ones left alive to, but as they do this, the closer they get to the far embankment, the more accurate that firing becomes and we

HOLD ON COOK and KEEP HOLDING on COOK until we

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - NIJMEGEN - DAY

PARATROOPERS from the 82nd moving forward, firing, bursting into houses on either side of the street as the GRENADIER GUARDS' tanks rumble forward.

CUT TO

EXT. WAAL RIVER CROSSING - DAY

COOK in the river, 'Hail Mary,' 'Hail Mary' and

CUT BACK TO

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIJMEGEN - DAY

A SERGEANT and a squad of PARATROOPERS from the 82nd burst out onto a roof and gun down a group of GERMANS who are busy firing down on more PARATROOPERS in the street below.

CUT TO

EXT. WAAL RIVER CROSSING - DAY

COOK in the river, and now the boat beside him is hit and explodes and all the men die and this one had the OLD LOOKING LIEUTENANT, but COOK keeps on and another shell hits near enough to a boat behind him to capsize it and

CUT TO

Another boat, all the men in it dead but one and he's just lying there dazed and bloody as the boat goes around and around and

CUT TO
COOK, leading the way, stroking with his rifle butt and all the other MEN in the boat doing the same and 'Hail Mary,' 'Hail Mary' and

CUT TO

EXT. NORTH BANK - WAAL RIVER - DAY
And my God, they're going to make it, half of them anyway. COOK and his MEN start coming ashore, running through the water onto land, firing their machine guns and bazookas and

CUT TO

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIJMEGEN - DAY
PARATROOPERS from the 82nd, firing down into the street, mowing down twenty or more retreating GERMAN SOLDIERS.

CUT TO

EXT. GERMAN POSITIONS - WAAL RIVER - DAY
COOK'S MEN, splitting, some of them running toward where the 15-year-olds were killing them, while the rest follow COOK toward the great Nijmegen Bridge and

CUT TO

EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY
The giant bridge as GERMANS begin to climb up, up into the girders, loaded with weapons and a bunch of GERMANS are already up there, waiting 100 feet up in the air and

CUT TO

EXT. NORTHERN APPROACH - NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY
COOK, firing as he approaches the far end of the bridge, he fires and his MEN fire and

CUT TO

EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY
The girders, the GERMANS firing down and

CUT TO

EXT. NORTHERN APPROACH - NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY
COOK, blasting up and as he does, as he fires and runs and fires and runs, from above him, the GERMANS start to fall and

CUT TO
EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

The girders as those GERMANS that have strapped themselves in lie dead and dangling, limp and

CUT TO

EXT. STREET NEAR NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

PARATROOPERS of the 82nd and GRENADIER GUARDS tanks press forward. German resistance is beginning to crumble, and out of some of the houses come GERMAN SOLDIERS with their hands up.

CUT TO

EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

COOK, firing, advancing toward the center of the bridge as the Germans drop around him and

CUT TO

EXT. SOUTHERN APPROACH TO NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

The GERMANS retreat before the advancing PARATROOPERS and GRENADIER GUARDS' tanks, some firing as they go, others giving up, dropping their weapons, getting the hell out of it, only a few of the SS PANZERGRENADIERS hanging on but it's hopeless now ...

CUT TO

EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

COOK at the head of his MEN, approaches the area of the center of the bridge, the underside being where the explosives are wired and

CUT TO

EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

The BRITISH tanks advancing onto the bridge --

CUT TO

EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

COOK, waving them on, standing directly above the explosives, only of course, he doesn't know it and --

CUT TO

EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY

LUDWIG on his bunker, watching as the tanks roll along the bridge and --
(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)
Continued

Are you ready?

Yes, General.

KRAFFT, the demolition expert kneeling by the plunger, his fingers around the handle and

COOK standing there, waiting for the tanks to reach him and

The BRITISH tanks rumbling closer and closer to the center of the bridge and

LUDWIG -- (IN GERMAN)

NOW!

KRAFFT -- as he slams the plunger down --

Nothing happens.

LUDWIG shouting at KRAFFT. (IN GERMAN)

AGAIN!! AGAIN!!

And as the DEMOLITIONS MAN slams the plunger down again and again --
EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

The BRITISH tanks continue to roll. Clearly, the detonator has failed and we

CUT TO

EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY

COOK, leaning against the rail, a good day's work done and as he watches the tanks roll by

CUT TO

EXT. BUNKER - NIJMEGEN AREA - DAY

LUDWIG watching as the tanks roll on and on across the bridge.

(This scene is IN GERMAN - SUBTITLED)

LUDWIG
(stunned)
My God, they're eleven miles from
Arnhem.
(staring)
Nothing can stop them now ...

CUT TO

EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - DAY

The tanks of XXX CORPS, moving forward across the bridge.

HOLD. Then ---

SWITCH TO

EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

The GERMANS are farther advanced now, blasting away at will.

CUT TO

INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

FROST in what's left of his headquarters as the shells burst all around. There are fires everywhere, SOLDIERS are trying to put them out.

The British are fighting behind burning piles of rubble, firing through the intense flames ...

CUT TO

EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

The German guns, tattooing the British positions.

CUT TO
727 EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

CORPORAL DAVIES, the soldier who brought the PARACHICK, fighting a fire. A shell explodes and he's dead.

CUT TO

728 EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

PRIVATE DODDS, stunned, unable to react for the moment. Another shell hits and he's dead too -- they're all dying now as we

CUT TO

729 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

The WOUNDED RADIC MAN, huddled with his set in the highest tenable point in the ruins.

RADIC MAN
(yells to Wounded Para)
It's working -- we're through to HQ -- get the Colonel.

The WOUNDED PARA relays the message:

WOUNDED PARA
(yells)
Colonel --

CUT TO

730 INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

FROST, battling a fire -- he turns.

WOUNDED PARA
(still yelling)
It's HQ, sir --

CUT TO

731 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

URQUHART, by a wireless set. This whole ensuing dialogue is not an easy thing for either one of them.

FROST (OVER)
Sunray on set, pass your message ... over.

URQUHART
What's your situation, Johnny -- over.

FROST (OVER)
I hadn't expected the pleasure, sir.

FROST isn't all that audible -- URQUHART can hear the chaos.

CUT TO
INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

FROST, by the WOUNDED RADIO MAN doing his best to hear.

FROST
We're holding out, but we badly
need reinforcements, and most of all
ammunition.

CUT TO

INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

URQUHART. Pause.

URQUHART
I'm not sure whether it's a case of us
coming for you or you coming for us.

CUT TO

INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

FROST. He understands.

FROST
We'll just wait for XXX Corps then.

CUT TO

INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

URQUHART.

URQUHART
That would probably be best.

CUT TO

INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

FROST. All hell is exploding around him.

FROST
Very cheering talking to you, General.

CUT TO

INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DINING ROOM - DAY

URQUHART. Both men are wracked by now.

URQUHART
The whole lot of us were only supposed
to hold the damn bridge for two days --
you've held it alone for four. Have
you anything else for me?

CUT TO
INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - UPPPER FLOOR - DAY

FROST

No sir. I'll give you a call when
XXX Corps arrive, over.

URQUHART (OVER)

Right ... over and out.

FROST gives the mike back to MAJOR MAN as we --

CUT TO

EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

The German artillery letting it all go and

CUT TO

EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

FROST, running back to help with the fires as the shell
explodes and throws him high, flings him down, his legs limp
and bloody --

HOLD ON FROST, wounded on the ground, now --

SWITCH TO

EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - EVENING

The tanks that we saw streaming across are still there, and the
bridge is still as before. Only the tanks aren't moving now.
They're stopped. Dead. And as that surprise hits us --

CUT TO

EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - EVENING

A BRITISH CORPORAL is cooking something to eat on a primus
stove by a tank.

CUT TO

EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - EVENING

We're just on the other side of Nijmegen Bridge. It's later
in the afternoon. All we can see are tanks in defensive
positions. Those soldiers not manning guns are brewing up.
In the distance, we can hear sporadic burst of gunfire.

CUT TO

EXT. NIJMEGEN BRIDGE - NORTHERN APPROACH - EVENING

COOK, talking to a GRENADE MAJOR. COOK is confused and
angry.
INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

FROST, sitting on a box leaning against a wall. The pain is terrible. It's very hard for him to get any life at all into his eyes. We're in the ruins of his headquarters. Flames, dead and dying. WICKS, Frost's Batman comes over to him.

WICKS
It's Major Carlyle, sir.

WICKS helps FROST to his feet.

CUT TO

INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - CELLAR - NIGHT

CARLYLE, lying by his umbrella. Just about gone. FROST is led over, sits by the other man. They are able to recognize each other.

CARLYLE
... Well, Johnny ...

FROST
Harry ...?

CARLYLE looks up at him.

FROST
... I never asked you this before because ... you were so desperate for me to, I didn't want to give the satisfaction ... but ... why the hell do you carry that goddam umbrella ...?

CARLYLE
... memory ...

FROST
(didn't get it)
Say again ...?

CARLYLE
... bad memory ... always forgot the password ... I knew no Jerry would ever carry one ... I had to prove I was an Englishman ...

They both close their eyes now; the only difference is that CARLYLE is not going to open his again.

SWITCH TO

INT. POLISH DAKOTA - DAY

SOSABOWSKI sits with his PARATROOPERS. They are every one of them, all Poles, laden with equipment.
There is silence. Tremendous tension. From the look of things, we're at jump time, everyone seems set to go out into space and take his chances.

The silence goes on and on until we

751  INT. POLISH DAKOTA - DAY

An RAF SERGEANT suddenly opening the door of the plane from the outside --

    RAF SERGEANT
    Cancelled again, sir, sorry, maybe later.

And now it hits us that we're not in the sky at all but just ready for take off, still in England, and all of this should come as a considerable surprise.  

752  EXT. POLISH AIRFIELD - ENGLAND - DAY

SOSABOWSKI, cursing softly in Polish as he leaves the plane, jumps down to the field, scowlingly walks off.

The whole field is covered with fog. Worse even than before. All around SOSABOWSKI we see troops and planes and equipment, ready but helpless.

SOSABOWSKI continues to walk. The confusion on the field builds all around him. Frustration and the rest of it.

HOLD ON SOSABOWSKI until he disappears into the fog ...

SWITCH TO

753  INT. "FROST'S" HOUSE - CELLAR - DAY

The WOUNDED RADIO MAN, still by his set. Flames all over,  

We see FROST, in numbing pain still, and WICKS, and those other faces left alive that we've come to see around him.

    RADIO MAN
    -- come in XXX Corps -- come in XXX Corps -- please hurry, please hurry --
    (he gets nothing, looks at Frost, shakes his head)
    FROST.
    ... doesn't matter ... anymore ... ammunition all gone.
WICKS, his batman, tries to ease FROST's pain.

FROST
(to anyone alive)
... go ... try to get back ... rejoin
the main force ...
WICKS
And you, sir?
FROST
(makes a shrug)
... be fine ...
(and now he shakes
his head)
... we just didn't get away with it
this time ... but we gave them a damn
good run for their money ...

HOLD -- then

EXT. ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

BITTRICH in EXTREME CLOSE UP --
PULL BACK TO REVEAL

BITTRICH standing in his car. MATTHIAS is behind the wheel.

CONTINUE PULLING BACK

We are on Arnhem Bridge as the Germans take command. Other
cars and men on foot follow, but we stay with BITTRICH, the
battle won, as he drives slowly across what was once the
battleground. There is no longer the continual sound of guns.
The battle for Arnhem Bridge was about to move into the past.

EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

British wounded -- FROST'S MEN, being hoisted onto wagons by
GERMAN SOLDIERS.

EXT. FROST'S POSITIONS - ARNHEM BRIDGE - DAY

FROST himself watches BITTRICH's approach. He has ripped off
his badges of Rank and lies propped outside of what was once
his headquarters.
Bittrich. He sees Frost now, motions for the car to stop. He gets out. Matthias following.
Frost waits as Bittrich advances. They've been through a lot; can't speak a word the other understands.
Bittrich stops. Long pause. Finally he reaches into his pocket, takes out something, hands it to Frost.
Frost looks at it, shakes his head. It's chocolate.
Bittrich glances to Matthias, speaks quickly in German.

Matthias
He says please take it, it's very good, your planes dropped it to us yesterday.

Bittrich
(holds out the chocolate again)

English...

We see now -- it's a bar of Cadbury's.
Frost and Bittrich just look at the thing and shake their heads. Is it funny or sad ...?
Hold on the two men. Then --

Switch to
758-759 Ext. XXX Corps - Arnhem - Nijmegen Road - Day
It's one tank wide and the lead tank is silhouetted against the sky and easy to hit, as are the tanks trailing off behind. But there are a lot of infantry now, hundreds of men surrounding the machines, protecting them, and even though the Germans are firing from the woods, XXX Corps is advancing again. Advancing steadily up toward Arnhem.

Cut to
760 Ext. Road into Arnhem
Trucks full of clean-looking armed and experienced German troops, a long line of them. Reinforcements.
As they drive on, we can tell from a road sign they're heading for the Arnhem area.

Switch to
761 Ext. Hartenstein Hotel - Grounds - Day
We are looking at the Hartenstein Hotel. Its beautiful lawn is a thing of the past now -- nothing but slit trenches.
Taffy Brace is carrying a wounded man toward the hotel.
The area he's walking through is dotted with dead and wounded. The German Artillery firing is louder and closer than ever.
TAFFY seems unaffected by it. He stops by another wounded man, kneels, picks him up too. He passes a PADRE, administering the last rites to a SOLDIER.

Now he continues on toward the Hartenstein carrying both wounded. The weight doesn't seem to bother him at all. The second man he has picked up is a SERGEANT and badly hurt.

SERGEANT
Did we get any morphia?

TAFFY BRACE
(they didn't)
Morphia's only for people who are really hurt.

SERGEANT
(dazed)
... I thought I was really hurt ...

TAFFY BRACE
(smiles, shakes his head)
Wrong.

As he continues on with his burden outside the hotel.

CUT TO

762 INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

KATE TER HORST is in her basement, putting her FIVE SMALL CHILDREN to sleep. Or at least, getting them to lie down. The noise of the guns outside is paralyzing. She moves from one to the other, smoothing, patting, whispering to each in turn. Now, as she starts upstairs --

CUT TO

763- INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 763-

The lovely house and there are over three hundred MEN lying wounded and dying on every available inch of floor.

Bullets are actually whizzing through the rooms of the house. Occasionally, a shell bursts outside. The noise is hitting an almost painful level now.

CUT TO

765 INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 765

KATE TER HORST in the cellar doorway, surveying it all. She remains there a moment more and what follows is not a prayer, not fingers-clasped-eyes-aimed-toward-the-heavens kind of thing. Instead, it's more a whisper; a brave lady talking to herself before entering the house that has become a battleground. (This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)
(soft)
... would five minutes be too much
to ask ... just five quiet minutes ...
Dear God ... let these young men die
in peace ...
CUT TO

766 INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

A room. It's just awful. TWO ORDERLIES come in with a
WOUNDED MAN. As they enter, there is additional firing from
outside. The WOUNDED MAN dies.

FIRST ORDERLY
(looking down at his feet --
this is said almost in wonder,
before the pain sets in)
Amazing -- look -- my boots are full
of blood.

And as the SECOND ORDERLY grabs him, lays him down --
CUT TO

767 INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

KATE TER HORST, moving towards the living room where DOCTOR
SPAANDER, is operating on what was a billiard table.

KATE was, from all accounts, incredibly serene throughout these
days. She moves along silently, and if she was afraid, it
didn't show.

As she passes along, A SOLDIER is trying to bang his head against:
a radiator; ANOTHER SOLDIER is trying to get him to stop.

KATE continues on. Now a voice comes, very soft --

MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
... please ...?

Yes?

KATE TER HORST

She stops, looks down at a very young and grievously wounded
PRIVATE.

PRIVATE
(tries to move fingers)
... take my hand ...?

KATE TER HORST as she nods, kneels and takes the man's hand.
She keeps holding and we continue watching her, because how it
hits us that the PRIVATE is dying, something she knew when she
knelt by him.
The firing goes on and on. Shouts from the hit, moans from the wounded.

Finally, there is a slight pull from the PRIVATE's hand. KATE hesitates, lays the hand gently down, leaves the DEAD BOY, and as she starts to rise --

CUT TO

INT. KATE TER HORST HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DOCTOR SPAANDER, at the operating table. KATE comes up to him. She is terribly moved.
(This scene is IN DUTCH - SUBTITLED)

KATE TER HORST
Can it get worse?

DOCTOR SPAANDER
(looks at her a moment, then --)
Oh yes. Much.

As he continues to work, she moves alongside, does what she can as we

SWITCH TO

EXT. EDGE OF POLISH DROP ZONE - DAY

A bunch of GERMAN SOLDIERS. They are firing rifles and machine-guns up into the sky, we don't know at what. But as they keep on firing --

CUT TO

INT. POLISH DAKOTA - DAY

The plane is loaded with PARATROOPS. We see SOSABOWSKI ready to go out the door.

SOSABOWSKI
(as he jumps)
God bless Field Marshal Montgomery.

CUT TO

EXT. EDGE OF POLISH DROP ZONE - DAY

The GERMANS, stepping up their fire. We have a good idea what it's all about now but we still don't go to the sky when we expect. We HOLD on the GERMANS as they fire and fire and slowly it begins to dawn on us that maybe we don't really want to see what's going on up there but then we have to as we

CUT TO
The sky and the poor POLES are getting slaughtered in the air.

The POLES try and fight, try and fire as they swing in space, but forget it, it's no use --

The sky is full of dying men, but not all the men die -- the majority in fact landed and lived through this moment -- but enough of them bought it to make the moment indelible. They jerk like giant marionettes as bullets hit them, some of them cry out, some die too fast for sound. Some, as they are hit, dropped their weapons and hang limp until they careen to earth.

SWITCH TO

The fighting is getting much tougher now, the XXX Corps advance is slowing perceptibly. German shells, fired from the flanking woods, drop all over.

Now the lead tank is hit, slew sideways, blocks the advance, and begins to burn. The heat is terrible.

The following tank comes up, tries to push the lead tank off the road. But it can't quite do it. SOLDIERS start screaming for a bulldozer. As they do --

CUT TO

The whole long line of the advance. Way in the rear, there is a bulldozer. God only knows how long it's going to take for it to reach the lead tank.

But until it does, XXX Corps is stalled...

SWITCH TO

Or what's left of the Hartenstein. The German pounding from outside is merciless now.

URQUHART is in a hallway talking to DOCTOR SPAANDER, the Dutch medical leader, and COLONEL WEAVER.

During this scene, we see occasionally in the background, various SOLDIERS moving this way and that along the hall. All that's important to note is this: they're all dazed now, filthy more dead, as they say, than alive.
WEAVER

Doctor Spaander agrees with me, sir, we've got to do something about them.

URQUHART

(to Spaander)

What can we do?

DOCTOR SPAANDER

General Urquhart, I have in mind to ask the Germans to take our wounded into their hospitals. We have no further space or supplies. I think we should arrange an evacuation. Have I your permission to try?

URQUHART

Certainly, if Weaver agrees --- but I don't think my permission's going to be your major problem.

(he glances out a nearby window)

Listen: those are our guns out there -- that's XXX Corps.

How far?

URQUHART

Less than two miles.

(shakes his head)

Exactly where they were yesterday ... As he continues to stare out the window --

SWITCH TO

780 INT. POLISH BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Sosabowski, sitting with what's left of his headquarters staff in a deserted farmhouse. Pressure lamps provide the only illumination. It's early evening. Sosabowski is studying some torn maps when there is a noise at the door and as he quickly looks up --

CUT TO

781 INT. POLISH BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A Polish colonel brings a British soldier in his underwear -- sopping wet and covered with mud. He salutes.

Muddy Soldier

I've come with a message from General Urquhart, sir.
SOSABOWSKI
How did you manage to do that?

MUDDY SOLDIER
I swam the Rhine, sir; I'm afraid our radios are all up the spout.

SOSABOWSKI nods.

MUDDY SOLDIER
The General asks if you could get your men across the river? We've been holding out for six days now and any help at all would be of considerable assistance.

SOSABOWSKI
And you'll swim back with my reply?

The MUDDY SOLDIER nods.

SOSABOWSKI
We can't very well swim, nor and bring equipment.
(there is a long pause)
We have some small rubber dinghies. But that's all.

MUDDY SOLDIER
I'm afraid rubber dinghies may be a bit flimsy for the Rhine, sir.

SOSABOWSKI
I agree with you.
(a pause)
Tell the General we're coming tonight ...

HOLD ON SOSABOWSKI. Then --

CUT TO

EXT. RHINE RIVER - POLISH CROSSING - NIGHT

SOSABOWSKI stands in mud by the river bank getting the POLES set for crossing. There is no moon.

A thick rope stretches all the way across the river. The rubber dinghies are tiny, flimsy things, capable of carrying at most, three men.

SOSABOWSKI helps his PARATROOPERS into the dinghies, then they are pulled a few feet and another dinghy is put into the water. They are attached to the long rope, and as three more men get in, they are pulled out a short distance, making room for another dinghy.

All, all in total silence.
Six rubber dinghies and several rafts carrying stores are already in the water. POLISH SOLDIERS huddle in the dinghies. No one makes a sound.

CUT TO

SOSABOWSKI, helping to attach the home-made rafts to the rope now. The rafts carry supplies, and heavier equipment. As each raft is attached, the rope is pulled and there is more room made for the next raft or dinghy. Eventually, we're going to have a stretch of dinghies and rafts going far out into the river.

CUT TO

The POLES. Young, very edgy. They have reason to be, it's a dangerous time.

CUT TO

SOSABOWSKI, ankle-deep in mud, helping more soldiers move supplies as the crossing becomes more and more a reality. Now --

CUT TO

The dark sky. Dead silence.

CUT TO

The POLES. Waiting to get into their little dinghies for the trip.

CUT TO

The river. The long line of Polish troops and supplies keeps getting longer.

CUT TO

SOSABOWSKI, working.

CUT TO

The sky. Dark and silent.

CUT TO

SOSABOWSKI whirling as from downriver now there comes an unusual sound and as he stares toward the sky --

CUT TO

The dark night. Nothing different from before except one thing: there's a tiny red spark up there now.

HOLD on the spark.

Suddenly it erupts and it's a magnesium flare, a parachute magnesium flare and as the magnesium catches it bursts into incredible white light and as another spark catches --

CUT TO
The river, illuminated like day, the soldiers out there helpless on the river and

CUT TO

The sky as flare after flare erupts and it's like daylight now and

CUT TO

SOSABOWSKI, helpless, staring as we

CUT TO

Downriver and a vicious barrage of German machine-gun fire as it starts to rake the river and we HOLD on the night and the firing, HOLD and keep HOLDING until we

CUT TO

SOSABOWSKI and he's been around, seen a lot, but nothing much worse than this, and now, from his agonized eyes --

CUT TO

The river and the dinghies. All the young POLES are dead. They lie sprawled and bloody as the firing from the German machine-guns goes on and on.

CUT TO

The sky as the flares go out.

CUT TO

The river as the firing stops. The flares die slowly. Finally, darkness again.

HOLD on the river. Then --

SWITCH TO

EXT. ROAD INTO ARNHEM - DAY

DOCTOR SPAANDER and COLONEL WEAVER driving along under a white flag, followed by a German Jeep with a DRIVER and an SS MAJOR on board. At this moment, we don't quite know exactly where we are, but we're about to find out, because as the Jeep turns a corner --

CUT TO

EXT. SUBURBS OF ARNHEM - DAY

DOCTOR SPAANDER, in the Jeep, as he reacts to what he sees --

CUT TO

EXT. SUBURBS OF ARNHEM - DAY

The devastated remains of what once was Arnhem, his home.
DOCTOR SPAANDER
If you would just say 'yes' it would be very possible.

LUDWIG
We are, forgive me, at war. And, may I also add, winning --

DOCTOR SPAANDER
-- winning and losing isn't our concern, living and dying is. A cease-fire. One hour. Two. Just to evacuate our wounded. Afterwards you can kill us all you want to.

LUDWIG gestures sharply with his hands, a 'no' gesture. But the reaction's kind of odd, because all the other GERMAN OFFICERS in the room suddenly come to attention as we

CUT TO

INT. GERMAN BATTLE HEADQUARTERS - ARNHEM - DAY

BITTRICH in the doorway. He stands there, looking around. BITTRICH carries a bottle of brandy in one hand. Now, he says something IN GERMAN. LUDWIG answers IN GERMAN. BITTRICH gestures. LUDWIG goes to his superior and as they talk --

CUT TO

INT. GERMAN BATTLE HEADQUARTERS - ARNHEM - DAY

DOCTOR SPAANDER and COLONEL WEAVER, watching. There is only mumbling, nothing intelligible from the two Generals. Then LUDWIG retires. BITTRICH comes forward. He looks angry. SPAANDER watches him come.

BITTRICH stops, looks at SPAANDER, speaks quick (IN GERMAN)

DOCTOR SPAANDER (translating Bittrich's words to Weaver, softly)
The cease fire begins at three. (he speaks to Bittrich IN GERMAN)

WEAVER (to Spaander)
Thank him, please.

I just did.

DOCTOR SPAANDER
And now BITTRICH says a few more words, suddenly holds out the bottle. SPAANDER glances at WEAVER, as he takes the brandy.
This is for your general...

Now he looks at the bottle, then at BITTRICH, nods and as he does --

SWITCH TO

EXT. ROAD NEAR HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

The firing is deafening as we've come to expect it. Then, with no warning whatsoever, it begins to grow less loud, steadily diminishes, and finally stops altogether.

Now in the silence, a procession starts to appear. With GERMANS at the wheel, every Jeep, every ambulance, every vehicle that can still move has been loaded up with wounded and is driving down the road.

Some can walk a little, and those that can, do. But mostly it's cars full of pain, as the BRITISH are evacuated through the amazing quiet... Now --

A STRANGE SOUND -- for a moment you'd almost think, my God, someone's playing the fucking flute and then

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD NEAR HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

A PRIVATE in a slit-trench and he is playing the flute, staring off at the sky, and it's lovely because his choice is one of the Bach Brandenburg Concertos, and his fingers move across the instrument skillfully and the glorious tunes tumble out, and as this goes on --

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD NEAR HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

The procession of walking wounded starts. These are the Red Devils that can go under their own power, and they trudge along the road, all with a week's growth of beard, battle-damaged; filthy blood-soaked bandages covering some of their wound. But the most compelling thing of all is their eyes: red-rimmed, deep-sunk, peering out from drawn, mud-caked faces, the faces haggard from pain and the pounding and the lack of sleep --

-- but the crazy thing was, according to those who saw this, there was somehow about them the feeling that you were looking at a bunch of undefeated heroes. As these hundred plus men move --

The kid with the flute keeps right on playing.

The convoy of the evacuated keeps right on going. It's a huge sight, dozens of vehicles, followed by the men, going slowly, slowly along...

The flute goes on too; J.S. Bach never sounded any lovelier...

Now --

CUT TO

Continued

DOCTOR SPAANDER

816

817

818

819
It's later in the day, starting to get dark. The firing begins again -- and maybe it sounds louder than ever because we've just had the quiet time, but in any case, it sure as hell does sound more deafening than anything we've heard before as the Germans pour everything into what they plan to be the ultimate annihilation of the British forces left alive. The ground seems to tremble. No. Forget the 'seems'. It is shaking. HOLD on the holocaust. Then --

SWITCH TO

EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - DAY

AN AMERICAN MILITARY POLICEMAN. Now --

CUT TO

EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - DAY

Another AMERICAN M.P. And beside him, a BRITISH M.P. Both of them armed and ready and

CUT TO

EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE - DAY

A very high church, maybe a couple of hundred feet. And there are BRITISH and AMERICAN M.P.s guarding the place. Jeeps all the hell over. The M.P.s watch the church, something obviously pretty important is going on inside.

It's afternoon of a different day. Grey and gloomy. A low flat sky. Now --

CUT TO

INT. CHURCH TOWER - STAIRWAY - DAY

The winding tiny stairway that leads to the top. We don't see anything, but we hear the sound of footsteps hurrying higher and higher and now --

CUT TO

EXT. CHURCH TOWER - HIGH PARAPET - DAY

HORROCKS, BROWNING, GAVIN, VANDELEUR and SOSABOWSKI as they exit, panting, onto the narrow terraced area at the very top of the church. They carry binoculars and as they move to the rail --

CUT TO
EXT. ARNHEM LANDSCAPE - DAY

URQUHART's position as seen through binoculars from the church tower. A pall of smoke covers the area.

CUT TO

EXT. CHURCH TOWER - HIGH PARAPET - DAY

The FIVE GENERALS. They are all exhausted and upset.

GAVIN
What are we? -- one mile short?

VANDELEUR
(to Horrocks)
We've come this far -- one fical bash, it's worth that.

HORROCKS
(pointing out toward Urquhart's position)
They're trying to force Urquhart away from the river -- once they do that, once they've got him surrounded, he'll be annihilated.

BROWNING
Monty would never want us to run that risk.

HORROCKS
(to Browning)
Have we replaced the boats we lost at Nijmegen?

BROWNING
(nods. There is a pause.)
Well then ...

GAVIN
It's over you mean? We're going to pull them out?

There is a long pause now as the CAMERA looks at each of the GENERALS. The answer to GAVIN's question is very clear from their faces. The terrible pounding continues in the distance. All five look, for want of a better word, gutted. Finally GAVIN breaks it --

GAVIN
-- I was too goddam slow taking Nijmegen --
HORROCKS
-- I was too slow getting started
after Nijmegen --

VANDELEUR
-- it was the terrain -- that single
road.

BROWNING
-- and the bloody fog in England --

SOSABOWSKI
And the Germans ... but it doesn't
matter what it was --
(as they all turn,
look at him)
The minute one man says to another,
'I know what let's do today, let's
play the war game --
(long pause)
-- everybody dies...

HOLD ON SOSABOWSKI. Then --

SWITCH TO

828 EXT. SKY OVER HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - DAY

The sky, exploding over URQUHART's positions in a wild
torrential rain. You can't see, you can't hear, it's just
a wild downpour. Barely discernible is what remains of
the Hartenstein Hotel.

CUT TO

829 INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - CELLAR - DAY

A RADIO OPERATOR, URQUHART stands with a paper in his hands.
HANCOCK, his batman, is at a respectful distance.

URQUHART stares at the paper. Stunned and angry --

URQUHART
Withdraw? Withdraw now?
(he looks at Hancock)
They said they'd be here in two days,
we've been here nine.
(he starts out --)
One bloody mile -- you'd think they
could accomplish that --
The view out of the window. Burnt-out Jeeps, abandoned equipment litter the grounds. The rain continues to beat down. PULL BACK TO REVEAL URQUHART -- staring out at the rain.

He turns away from the window. The man was a General, a good one, and he knew an order when he got one. He also knew the horrendous condition of his troops.

Slowly, as we watch URQUHART'S FACE, we can see it happen: the anger goes, he sighs, resigned to do what he has to do, which is get the retreat going. MACKENZIE enters the room.

URQUHART

We've been given our marching orders.

URQUHART turns back to the window.

CUT TO

INT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - CELLAR - NIGHT

A group of URQUHART'S OFFICERS. The RADIO MAN is visible in the corner. URQUHART stands at the front. He has darkened his face with mud and his eyes jump out at you. As he speaks, he tapes equipment to his uniform, because soon, silence is going to be crucial.

The OTHER OFFICERS have darkened their faces too. And they are taping equipment too. Some others are winding cloth around their boots. Outside, the rain roars down.

URQUHART

As I told you this afternoon, if they ever find we're leaving, they'll destroy us, so we must take every precaution.

(points to Radio Man)

MacDonald has agreed to man the wireless in order to give the Germans something to listen to, and all the Padres and medical staff have volunteered to stay behind as well.

(he looks around)

Jerry doesn't expect us to try to get out, so I've designed this like a collapsing bag -- the wounded who are too bad to move will replace the men firing our defense will seem as before. By the time Jerry discovers what's happened we should be safely across the river.
And now he takes out the brandy bottle Bittrich gave Doctor Spaander, takes a swallow, hands it around.

URQUHART

Pleasant journey.

As the bottle starts around --

CUT TO

EXT. SKY ABOVE HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - NIGHT

The night, Inky. Wind picking up. The rain as hard as before.

CUT TO

EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - NIGHT

Several wounded BRITISH SOLDIERS amongst whom is CLEMINSON, who was trapped in the attic with Urquhart. They are crawling slowly toward a group who are manning slit-trenches.

There is an exchange made -- the wounded take over, the healthy ones leave. Not a break in the firing rhythm.

Another of the WOUNDED, it should be noted, is WICKS, who was FROST'S BATMAN and with him through all the horror at Arnhem Bridge.

Probably he's soon to be a dead man. But he's firing into the night as we

CUT TO

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR RIVER - NIGHT

A living chain of SOLDIERS -- it is too dark to make out much of anything -- they hold on to the one in front as they slowly move down away from the Hartenstein down in the direction of the Rhine. The wind is almost a gale now, and the rain has increased.

The SOLDIERS continue silently on. They have all blackened their faces with mud and tied material around their boots. They follow strips of parachute tape leading from one tree to the next, forming a line to be followed in the terrible black night.

If they weren't so exhausted and beaten, they would be scared to death. As they continue silently on --

CUT TO
A dozen boats with CANADIAN ENGINEER DRIVERS are waiting silently by the edge to begin the evacuation. If the troops arrive -- the drivers look at one another nervously as we

CUT TO

The night and the rain and.

CUT TO

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR RIVER - NIGHT

A bunch of walking WOUNDED, being helped along, hobbling as best they can --

CUT TO

A bunch of SHELL SHOCKED -- one foot in front of the other, trudging slowly --

CUT TO

Several SOLDIERS tripping and falling into a foxhole -- they half cry out, stop, then look around frightened. There is a pause. No one heard.

CUT TO

URQUHART, covered with mud, walking slowly through the drenching rain, HANCOCK right behind him.

CUT TO

Another BUNCH OF SOLDIERS, the rain beating down on them as they move slowly through the darkness. They could be some prehistoric beasts; certainly, they don't look particularly human.

CUT TO

Some GERMANS, armed and talking as we

CUT TO

URQUHART and HANCOCK, frozen, as a few yards away, the GERMANS continue to talk.

CUT TO
The GERMANS. They talk a moment more.

URQUHART and HANCOCK. They might be statues.

The GERMANS. One of them laughs about something or
other, then they move off through the rain.

URQUHART and HANCOCK. They wait before continuing.
HANCOCK seems as if he just might come apart. URQUHART
leads him on.

EXT. RIVER BANK - EVACUATION - NIGHT

The boats by the river as the first SURVIVORS reach them,
silently start to climb in, helped by the CANADIANS.

EXT. RIVER BANK - EVACUATION - NIGHT

The whole incredible human chain, coming to the river in the
storm and there isn't a sound from any of them and

EXT. WOODED AREA NEAR RIVER - NIGHT

URQUHART and HANCOCK, and HANCOCK seems to be calmer.

EXT. RIVER BANK - EVACUATION - NIGHT

What was once Urquhart's Army, moving numb and dazed and the
rain is incredible now -- a SOLDIER stumbles, falls, gets
up -- but the sound of the rain covers it all as we

URQUHART leading HANCOCK along

HANCOCK
(whispering)
I'm beginning to believe we're
actually going to make it, sir.
857 URQUHART an angry and a frustrated man. Who had endured.

URQUHART
God was a Scotsman, I thought
everyone knew that ...

HOLD on his blackened face as he moves down towards the Rhine ... Now --

SWITCH TO

858 EXT. ROAD SOUTH OF RHINE - DAWN

A jeep driving along. -- almost dawn now -- we're on the other side of the river. URQUHART is being driven by a CAPTAIN in the Jeep as we

CUT TO

859 EXT. BROWNING'S BATTLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The Jeep stops outside. URQUHART gets out, starts toward it --

CUT TO

860 INT. BROWNING'S BATTLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

URQUHART stands there, still drenched and covered with mud, a great angry bull of a man. A YOUNG STAFF MAJOR enters, he's BROWNING'S ADC.

YOUNG STAFF MAJOR
General Browning will be down right away, sir; but he wondered if perhaps you might like to change.

URQUHART
(blinks)
Change?

YOUNG STAFF MAJOR
Your clothes, sir:

URQUHART
No, thank you. I do not wish to accept the General's kind offer. I know it's perverse of me, but I want him to see us as we are -- as we have been!
And on that, BROWNING enters. He has been described as having looked as if he had just attended a parade. The YOUNG STAFF MAJOR leaves hastily. The TWO GENERALS just look at each other. Then --

BROWNING

How are you, Roy?

URQUHART

I'm not sure I'll know for a while.
(beat)
But I'm sorry about the way it worked out.

BROWNING

You did all you could.

URQUHART

Yes, but did everyone else?

BROWNING

(unwilling to debate that question)
They've got a bed ready for you upstairs.

URQUHART

I took more than ten thousand men to Arnhem, and I've come out with two. I don't feel much like sleeping.

BROWNING

I've just been on to Wency. He's terribly proud and pleased.

URQUHART

(blinks)
Pleased?

BROWNING

Of course. He feels Market-Garden was 90 percent successful.

URQUHART only shakes his head. BROWNING's good face breaks into a reassuring smile.

BROWNING

We just tried to go a bridge too far.

HOLD ON BROWNING for a moment. Then --

SWITCH TO
The front steps of the hotel. The next morning. Beautiful and sunny.

The entire area is a sea of dazed, wounded shell-shocked men. No one moves. No sound but pain. TWO PADRES do what they can to comfort. DOCTOR WEAVER is visible also, doing what he can without supplies.

CUT TO

EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY

TAFFY BRACE walks up the slit-trenched front lawn of the hotel, carrying a WOUNDED MAN in his arms. Now he gently sets him down with the others. He pauses, looks around --

CUT TO

EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - GROUNDS - DAY

What's left of the lawn. No more wounded to collect. Just the ruined land.

CUT TO

EXT. HARTENSTEIN HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

TAFFY BRACE. He moves onto the steps of the Hartenstein, passing various people as he goes.

One of them was the BOY WHO PLAYED THE FLUTE during the evacuation. No more. His fingers are gone. He stares.

Now TAFFY passes another familiar face -- it is FROST'S RADIO MAN, the poor bastard who kept saying, 'Come in XXX Corps, please hurry, please hurry.' No need for hurry now. He stares, dazed; grievously wounded.

And now MAJOR STEELE, his head wound round with dirty bandages -- he'd been right about the radio's not being strong enough. Not that it matters now.

TAFFY sits. He's like some giant mother hen protecting its brood.

The hundred or so wounded sit there. Nothing ...