

"PATTON"

Screenplay

by

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and

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SHOOTING SCRIPT
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"PATTON"

(NOTE: All scenes in which
Germans speak will be shot in
German, with English subtitles.)

FADE IN

1 EXT. PLATFORM - MED. VIEW - DAY

Our entire frame is filled with the image of an American flag, stretched tight. We hear a jumble of conversation in the b.g.; then:

VOICE

(o.s.)

At-ten-shun!

Now we hear the click of hundreds of boots. GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON, JR. steps into our view; more than six feet tall, he looms high against the b.g. of the flag. He glares down at us, the audience.

A MILITARY BAND plays THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER, Patton comes to a smart salute, and we watch him for the duration of the entire anthem. He is straight and husky and as gaudy as a peacock. His helmet is lacquered and shines with four silver stars. He wears a tailored tunic, with four stars on each shoulder, thirty brightly hued decorations on the left breast, five horizontal and three diagonal gold stripes on the sleeve. Beneath the tunic, he wears a shirt with four stars on each lapel, making a total of twenty stars. A vivid blue sash is draped across his breast, parallel to one of yellow. A red collar sash weighted by another medal hangs from his neck. The rest of his costume consists of a gold-buckled belt, with his ivory-handled pistols on either side, riding breeches, boots, and a riding crop. Four stars on the handle of his pistols brings the grand total to twenty-eight stars. On his fingers he wears four conspicuous rings.

2-
8

SERIES OF CUTS

As the anthem continues, we cut to a series of tight shots featuring various aspects of Patton's uniform and decorations -- emphasizing the clusters of stars on his shoulders, his shirt, his pistols.

CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

The anthem concludes and he completes his salute. Now this twenty-eight-star general scans us carefully. In a vibrant voice, and with a cold, mean look, he speaks directly at us:

PATTON

At ease, men. I want you to remember that no bastard ever won a war by dying for his country. He won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country... Men, the stuff we heard about America not wanting to fight, wanting to stay out of the war, was a lot of horsedung. Americans traditionally love to fight. All real Americans love the sting of battle. When you were kids you all admired the champion marble player, the fastest runner, the big league ballplayers, the toughest boxers. Americans love a winner and do not tolerate a loser. Americans play to win all the time. I wouldn't give a hoot in hell for a man who lost and laughed. That's why Americans have never lost, and will never lose a war, for the very thought of losing is hateful to Americans. An army is a team. It lives, sleeps, eats, fights as a team. This individuality stuff is a lot of crap. The bilious bastards who wrote that stuff about individuality for the Saturday Evening Post don't know any more about real battle than they do about a sock full of silt. We have the finest food, equipment, the best spirit and men in the world. Why, by God, I actually pity those poor bastards we're going against -- by God, I do. We won't just shoot the bastards. We're going to cut out their living guts and use them to grease the treads of our tanks. We're going to murder those lousy Hun bastards by the bushel. Many of you boys are wondering whether you'll chicken out under fire. Don't worry about it; I can assure you you will all do your duty. The Nazis are the enemy. Wade into them and spill their blood. Shoot them in the belly. When you stick your hand into a bunch of goo that a moment before was your best friend's face...you'll know what to

9 Cont.

PATTON (Cont.)

do. There's another thing I want you to remember. I don't want to get any messages saying: 'We are holding our position.' We're not holding anything. Let the Hun do that. We are advancing constantly and are not interested in holding anything, except onto the enemy. We're going to hold onto him by the nose and kick him in the ass. We'll kick the hell out of him all the time. We'll go through them like crap through a goose.

(pause)

There's one thing you men will be able to say when you get home. You may all thank God for it. Thirty years from now, when you are sitting around the fireside with your grandson on your knee and he asks what you did in the great World War II, you won't have to say, 'I shoveled shit in Louisiana.'

(pause)

All right -- now you sonsuvbitches know how I feel. I will be proud to lead you wonderful guys into battle anytime, anywhere.

He stares sincerely, almost wet-eyed at us for a moment.

PATTON

That is all.

NOTE: TITLES TO RUN OVER SCENES 10 - 12

10 EXT. DESERT NEAR KASSERINE - EXTREME LONG SHOT - DAY

SUBTITLE: NORTH AFRICA - THE KASSERINE PASS -
FEBRUARY, 1943

We view the enormous sloping desert, baking hot in the midday sun. Tanks, half-tracks and self-propelled artillery are spread about in the distance. Scattered over the hot sands are the bodies of dead Americans. Arab women and children, dressed in brightly colored costumes, scavenge the uniforms, boots and equipment and pack them on heavily laden camels.

11 MED. SHOT - ARAB WOMEN

One woman, an infant strapped to her back and a small child helping her, strips a soldier totally naked and hurries the precious belongings to the camel pack. The women work quickly and silently; there are no games, no joking, no playing with the treasure.

We hear the sound of motor vehicles approaching.

12 ANOTHER ANGLE

Shimmering in the rising heat waves, two jeeps come into scene and pull up to a halt. In the rear are two American generals and, beside the Driver, a Captain who carries

Cont.

12 Cont.

a submachine gun. The Major General carries a Springfield '03 rifle across his lap. In the other jeep is Bradley's Second Aide, who carries a bazooka. The Captain fires a burst of his submachine gun into the air to frighten off the Arab women, and they scurry toward their camels.

13 CLOSE SHOT - MAJOR GENERAL

He shields his eyes from the sun as he rises to study the battlefield grimly. He is a tall, lanky, gentle-looking man. His face has great strength, but his eyes reflect wisdom and understanding.

SUBTITLE: MAJOR GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY,
REPRESENTATIVE OF GENERAL EISENHOWER

(NOTE: Bradley will carry a Springfield in Africa, a carbine in Sicily and a .45 in Europe.)

14 CLOSE SHOT - CAPTAIN

He is a man in his mid-twenties. He, too, is affected by the scene of carnage.

SUBTITLE: CAPTAIN CHESTER B. HANSEN,
AIDE TO GENERAL BRADLEY

15 MED. LONG SHOT - THEIR P.O.V.

As the camera pans across the bitter scene, the Arab women melt into the arid folds of the desert.

16 TWO SHOT - REAR OF COMMAND CAR

Beside Bradley is BRIGADIER GENERAL CARVER. (Fictitious character -- no subtitle.) Since he participated in the debacle, he is diffident about commenting on it -- especially to a representative of General Eisenhower.

CARVER

The Arabs need food and clothing.
They strip our dead before we can
even bury them.

BRADLEY

(studying the scene)
Looks like the reports were accurate.

CARVER

(consulting a pad)
Sixty-one armored vehicles -- forty-
five tons of ammunition -- twenty-
five 40mm guns -- three self-propelled
105s. Not counting mortars, machine
guns, rifles, pistols, telescopes,
belt buckles, GI socks.

16 Cont.

CARVER (Cont.)

(uneasily)

And one thousand eight hundred men.

Bradley's gaze goes back to the silent battlefield.

17 LONG SHOT - THE BATTLEFIELD

Camera explores the stark horror of the silent, deserted killing ground.

18 EXT. PARADE GROUND AT MARRAKECH - MED. CLOSE SHOT -
MOUNTED KETTLEDRUMMER - DAY

SUBTITLE: MARRAKECH -- MOROCCO - 1943

The exotically caparisoned mounted Drummer fills the screen as he beats his two huge instruments with a flourish. Visually as well as auditorially, this is in sharpest contrast to the preceding scene. A military band of about one hundred pieces is blaring out a martial air.

Camera pulls back to reveal the entire mounted band of a Moroccan regiment of Chasseurs-a-Cheval, with their sheep mascot and bell-covered umbrella. Lined up behind the band is the regiment, in scarlet uniforms, white capes and turbans.

19 MED. SHOT - REVIEWING STAND

The colorfully garbed SULTAN addresses General Patton, whose uniform and decorations are only slightly less bizarre than those about him.

SULTAN

My people salute you, General --
for your brilliant amphibious
landing on the continent of Africa
-- and for your enlightened
administration of my country.

PATTON

I've enjoyed being here,
Your Excellency. But naturally I'd
prefer to be up at the front in
Tunisia fighting Germans.

The Sultan nods, places the ribbon of a large disc-shaped decoration around Patton's neck.

20 TWO SHOT - SULTAN AND PATTON

SULTAN

(reading inscription)

'The lions in their dens tremble at
his approach'.

20 Cont.

Patton glances down, eyes the decoration.

PATTON
(with genuine pride)
I appreciate that, Your Excellency.

There is a fanfare from the band and they turn to watch.

21 LONG SHOT - PARADE GROUND

Playing a stirring march, the band moves out to pass in review, followed by the colorful Chasseurs.

22 MED. SHOT - PATTON AND SULTAN

With Patton's party is LIEUTENANT COLONEL HENRY DAVENPORT, (fictitious character -- no subtitle). At Patton's side is his Aide, CAPTAIN RICHARD N. JENSON. Patton is both fascinated and impressed by the color and the pageantry.

23 MED. LONG SHOT

On the parade ground, a battalion of French territorial infantry in white uniforms passes in review, followed by Moroccan infantry with the red Fourragere. The streets are bristling with excited spectators.

24 ANOTHER ANGLE

The strutting commander of the Foreign Legion, leading a battalion of Legionnaires in traditional white caps and red epaulets.

25 LONG SHOT - PARADE GROUND

The Legion contingent is followed by other exotically dressed units -- French Senegalese, Goums on horseback with flowing capes. They are fierce-looking and each man carries a huge knife. These French colonial troops suggest the romantic military splendor of the past.

26 TWO SHOT - PATTON AND JENSON

Patton is clearly moved. This is his dish of tea.

Cont.

26 Cont.

PATTON
 (fervently)
 Magnificent!
 (to Jenson)
 I wish our troops looked like that!

He and the Sultan return the salute of the unit passing.

SULTAN
 Tell me, General what do you think
 of Marrakech?

PATTON
 I love it, Your Excellency. It's
 a combination of Hollywood and the
 Bible.

A-26 EXT. GERMAN POW ENCLOSURE - MED. SHOT - DAY

Camera moves, with barbed wire fence in f.g., along the outside of the POW cage, picking up the faces of the American prisoners inside. They are a grim, bearded, dirty and dejected lot.

Camera picks up an immaculate Africa Corps staff COLONEL striding along outside the wire carrying a briefcase. We follow him as he crosses to a command car in which is seated a German Field Marshal, surrounded by aides and staff officers.

B-26 MED. SHOT AT COMMAND CAR

ROMMEL, goggles on chest, is studying a map on which an officer is pointing out dispositions.

SUBTITLE: FIELD MARSHAL ERWIN ROMMEL,
 COMMANDER, AFRICA CORPS

The staff Colonel comes into scene, presents himself to Rommel.

COLONEL
 Heil Hitler!

He gets no response from Rommel.

COLONEL
 You wanted to see the interrogation reports on the American prisoners captured in our victory at Kasserine, Field Marshal.

(he hands the briefcase
 to Rommel's aide)
 They are not very good soldiers,
 these Americans.

Unimpressed, Rommel is incisive, thoughtful. He gives the Colonel a sharp glance.

B-26 Cont.

ROMMEL

I wouldn't be so sure after one battle. Their tanks were no match for our guns.

COLONEL

One could say the same, sir, for their leadership.

Rommel eyes the Colonel evenly. He's not that easily flattered.

ROMMEL

They were not under American command at Kasserine. They were under British General Anderson -- did you know that?

COLONEL

(undaunted, he smiles)
British commanders and American troops. They had the worst of everything!

ROMMEL

I remind you that Montgomery is a British commander. And he has driven us halfway across Africa.

COLONEL

In any case, we have met the Americans for the first time and defeated them... Personally, I feel extremely optimistic.

Rommel eyes him with dry disdain.

ROMMEL

You can afford to be an optimist. I can't.

27

EXT. U.S. II CORPS HEADQUARTERS, DJEBEL KOUIF TOWN SQUARE - FULL SHOT - DAY

The jeep bearing Bradley, Carver and Hansen drives up in front of the headquarters. Lounging dejectedly outside is a group of unkempt GIs. Bearded and unsoldierly, they straggle to their feet, some managing a ragged salute. It is clearly a unit without discipline or morale, a unit that's suffered defeat.

Bradley and Carver return the salutes as they step out of the jeep. Bradley studies the soldiers closely as the jeep pulls away and Hansen goes on inside.

28 TWO SHOT - BRADLEY AND CARVER

BRADLEY
 (quietly, as he eyes
 the soldiers)
 These men fight at Kasserine?

CARVER
 (uneasily)
 Yes, sir.

Bradley moves to go inside, changes his mind, turns to Carver, asking for frankness.

BRADLEY
 John, General Eisenhower sent me down here to make a report and I've got to lay it on the line. What went wrong?

CARVER
 Everything. Second-rate tanks -- bad intelligence -- green troops... So green some of the boys marked our mine fields for their own protection and forgot to take the flags down.

BRADLEY
 (eyeing him shrewdly)
 Green commanders, too?

CARVER
 Yes, sir.

BRADLEY
 For the American Army to take a licking like that our first time at bat against the Germans --
 (he shakes his head)
 Up against Rommel we need the best tank man we've got. Somebody tough enough to pull this outfit together.

CARVER
 (with a quick, apprehensive glance)
 George Patton?

BRADLEY
 (enigmatic)
 Possibly --

CARVER
 God help us.

29 EXT. THE DESERT - EXTREME FULL VIEW - DAWN

We see the distant apparition of a chain of military vehicles kicking up the dust as it speeds along the desert, silhouetted before a great rising rosy sun. A siren wails, coming out of nowhere and growing louder and louder, until the half-track, with banners flying and machine guns fore and aft, comes at us as ostentatiously as a fire engine.

30 MED. SHOT

General Patton, in a bulky trench coat, stands upright in the armored car, his face grimacing into the wind, a Caesar in his chariot.

31 EXT. DJEBEL KOUIF TOWN SQUARE - FULL SHOT - DAY

The caravan roars into the decrepit square opposite the schoolhouse that serves as II Corps Headquarters. Arabs scurry through the streets in the midst of a cackling exodus of camels and chickens.

32 ANOTHER ANGLE

The caravan comes to a halt before the schoolhouse where a single SENTRY stands sloppily at his post. Patton steps over the side of his car, followed by a Lieutenant and a Captain.

Patton regards the town square and the scruffy-looking soldiers lounging in it, his face frozen in the same expression as when it was blown by the wind.

33 PATTON'S P.O.V.

Groups of unshaven GIs, wearing sweaters and field jackets, yawning and indescribably slack, pull themselves to their feet. Most of them manage a ragged series of salutes. Others simply watch with mild curiosity.

34 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

His jaw tightens, his eyes begin to flash.

35 TWO SHOT - CAPTAIN AND LIEUTENANT

They eye the General apprehensively. Jenson is a young man, STILLER in his mid-forties.

SUBTITLE: CAPTAIN RICHARD N. JENSON
AND LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER C. STILLER,
AIDES TO GENERAL PATTON

36 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

Eyes flashing, rage barely under control, he draws himself up and snaps off an ultrasmart salute to the ragged crew. Turning on his heel, he passes a crudely built sign designating II Corps Headquarters, on which a chicken squats. Nearby an Arab peddler leans, unimpressed, against a pen of chickens.

37 ANGLE AT ENTRANCE II CORPS HEADQUARTERS

The Sentry, without tie and needing a shave, pulls himself to attention as Patton approaches. The man manages a salute, then stares at Patton with a slack-jawed and not unfriendly smile.

Patton's eyes widen. Incapable of speech, there issues from within him a volcanic rumble that is almost a retch. Failing to return the man's salute, he strides into the building.

JENSON

Sentry, where's the Duty Officer?

SENTRY

Sir, I don't rightly know.

JENSON

Is he in the building?

SENTRY

Sir, I'm under the impression he is not.

Visibly irritated, Jenson goes on into the building, following Stiller.

38 INT. II CORPS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Jenson follows Stiller down the corridor, which is quite dark because the blackout curtains have not yet been pulled open. Patton can be seen down the corridor, opening doors, glancing inside, slamming them shut again. He opens a map room door and steps inside, followed by Stiller.

39 INT. MAP ROOM - FULL SHOT

Seated in the map room is a young SECOND LIEUTENANT, smiling contentedly, his feet up on a table, reading a magazine. Seeing Patton and Stiller, he nervously hops to attention.

STILLER

What are you doing, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT

(flustered)

Well, sir, I -- I'm on Map Room duty, sir.

STILLER

That your map?

Cont.

39 Cont.

LIEUTENANT
 (tossing magazine
 aside)
 No, sir -- it's definitely not
 a map, sir.

Patton turns and strides out, followed by Stiller.

40 INT. ANOTHER OFFICE - FULL SHOT

as Jenson enters. There are several desks in the make-shift office, at one of which sits a sleeping LIEUTENANT. A SERGEANT concentrates intently on a solitaire layout. Patton and Stiller appear in the corridor outside, pause to overhear the conversation.

JENSON
 LIEUTENANT!

The Lieutenant pops upright, pulls himself to his feet. The Sergeant merely looks up; he's seen a lot of captains.

JENSON
 (sternly)
 Where's the Duty Officer?

LIEUTENANT
 Sir, he -- I think he's at his
 quarters, shaving.

JENSON
 Why isn't he here on duty?

LIEUTENANT
 I guess he needed a shave.
 (grinning)
 We've got a new commanding general
 due in today.

Patton appears in the doorway, his face looking like a storm at sea. The Lieutenant instantly loses his grin. He hits a rigid attention, yells at the card-playing Sergeant.

LIEUTENANT
 (frenziedly)
 Forbes! Snap to!

Patton turns on his heel with a growl of rage and disappears.

41 INT. CORRIDOR - FOLLOWING PATTON

He angrily moves down the dark corridor. We move faster and faster to keep up with him, until there is a dull clunk and Patton practically falls flat on his face. We hear a groan and then:

Cont.

41 Cont.

VOICE

Who the hell's kicking me in the butt!

A PRIVATE, who had been curled asleep on the corridor floor, rises, about to punch whomever it was in the nose, when he realizes that he is face to face with General Patton.

PRIVATE

(coming to a salute)

Oh! Sorry, sir.

JENSON

What were you doing down there, soldier?

PRIVATE

(decisively)

Trying to get some sleep, sir.

PATTON

Well, get the hell back down there, son. You're the only sonuvabitch in this headquarters who knows what he's trying to do!

PRIVATE

Yessir.

42 INT. STAIRWAY AND SECOND-FLOOR CORRIDOR - MED. SHOT

Someone pulls aside heavy blackout curtains, letting in some light. SERGEANT WILLIAM GEORGE MEEKS, Patton's Negro orderly, and a couple of other enlisted men carry the General's personal gear -- a footlocker marked with his name and rank, etc. -- up the stairs. Patton himself passes these bearers on his way upstairs, is met by Stiller as he reaches the second floor.

STILLER

General Bradley's waiting in your office, sir.

(pointing to an office)

Down at the end of the hall.

Patton and Stiller move off down the hall as, unseen by them, a couple of enlisted men carry by us a footlocker marked MAJOR GENERAL LLOYD R. FREDENDALL.

43 INT. II CORPS COMMANDING GENERAL'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT

The spacious room is bare and depersonalized, having been just vacated. Bradley stands at a window, waiting.

Cont.

43 Cont.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Brad! How the hell are you!

Patton comes into scene and the two men shake hands.

BRADLEY

Fine, George. Good to see you.

(checking his
watch)We were all under the impression
that you wouldn't be here until 0900.

PATTON

I gathered that. You know my boys,
don't you? Dick Jenson and Al Stiller.Bradley nods with a smile.. Patton plants himself behind
the desk, lights a cigar.

PATTON

Tell me, Brad -- what are you
doing here?

BRADLEY

Ike wanted a report on this Kasserine
setback. Meanwhile, I'm supposed to
stay here in your headquarters -- as
an observer -- but I report directly
to Ike. His 'eyes and ears' was the
way he put it.

PATTON

(grinning)

I see - a spy!

(turning to Jenson)

Get me General Eisenhower's headquarters.

Jenson picks up the phone.

JENSON

(into phone)

Allied Force Headquarters.

PATTON

What really went wrong at Kasserine?
I've only seen the preliminary report.

BRADLEY

Apparently everything went wrong.
We'd send over a 75mm shell, the
Krauts would return an 88. Their
tanks are diesels -- even when we
managed to hit them they kept running.
The men call our tanks 'Purple Heart
Boxes.' One hot piece of shrapnel
and the gasoline explodes.

43 Cont.1

PATTON

I warned them about the tanks.

BRADLEY

I talked to one soldier about the half-tracks. Asked him if machine-gun fire pierced the armor. He said, 'No, sir -- the bullets only come in one side and rattle around a bit.'

PATTON

I hear we had trouble coordinating the air cover.

BRADLEY

The trouble was no air cover.

JENSON

(handing him
telephone)

General Smith on the line, sir.

PATTON

(into phone)

Beetle, I'm calling about Bradley and his job here... Look, I need a good number two man. I want to make Brad my deputy commander... Okay? You clear it with Ike.

He hangs up, takes a mean puff of his cigar, scowls up at Bradley shrewdly.

PATTON

Now you're not spying for Ike anymore -- you're working for me.

(challenging)

Okay?

BRADLEY

Fine.

Patton turns to Jenson.

PATTON

Dick -- you got those stars?

JENSON

(with a grin)

Yes, sir.

PATTON

Well, let's get 'em on.

Cont.

43 Cont.2

Jenson produces a handful of shiny three-star collar pieces. Patton sits down behind the big desk as Stiller on one side and Jenson on the other start to pin on the new insignia. An expression of doubt flashes across Bradley's face; Patton notices it.

PATTON

Hell, I've been nominated by the President.

BRADLEY

But it isn't official until it's approved by the Senate.

PATTON

(grinning)
Well -- they have their schedule and I have mine.

BRADLEY

(watching the aides work)

George, if you were named Admiral of the Turkish Navy, I'll bet your aides could dip into their haversacks and come up with the appropriate badge of rank.

(with a grin)

Anyway -- premature congratulations.

Their ceremonial duties over, Stiller goes out and Jenson busies himself arranging a desk for himself. Patton rises and crosses to a mirror to inspect his new rank. Bradley crosses to the window.

PATTON

Those stars would look a lot better on a green shirt... Did I ever tell you I once designed a uniform for tank crewmen? It was green leather with red stripes, sort of a row of brass buttons here and topped by a gold football helmet.

(wistfully)

The Army rejected it. But damn, it was beautiful.

Camera moves in on Bradley at the window, looking down into the street below.

44-
45

OUT

46 BRADLEY'S P.O.V.

GENERAL FREDENDALL, in a jeep with a driver and one aide, is saying good-bye to a couple of his staff officers. It is obviously a dispirited and uncomfortable farewell.

47 FULL SHOT - OFFICE

Bradley indicates the street below to explain what he's been looking at.

BRADLEY

Lloyd Fredendall's just leaving.

Patton crosses to the window.

48- OUT
50

51 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MED. LONG SHOT

Fredendall's jeep barrels out of the square and disappears. Camera pans to Patton's command car, where two drivers are replacing a huge two-star plate with a huge three-star plate.

52 INT. COMMANDING GENERAL'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT

Bradley and Patton are still watching down below. Bradley turns to Patton.

BRADLEY

George, there's one other thing I put in my Kasserine report. Some of our boys were just plain scared.

PATTON

They'll get over that. Even the best foxhounds are gun-shy the first time out. I can remember when nothing scared me worse than the idea of a bullet coming straight for my nose. I don't know why, but somehow the idea of getting it straight in the nose was just more horrible than any other possibility.

BRADLEY

(a wry smile)

I can understand that, George, with such a handsome nose.

Cont.

52 Cont.

PATTON

(relighting his
cigar; he pulls on
it fiercely)

You want to know why this outfit
got the hell kicked out of it?
A blind man could see it in five
minutes! They don't look like
soldiers -- they don't act like
soldiers -- why should they fight
like soldiers?!

BRADLEY

No question about it -- the
discipline's pretty poor.

PATTON

(looking at his
watch)

Starting in fifteen minutes, we're
going to turn these boys into razor-
sharp fanatics.

(Vesuvius preparing
to erupt)

These men may lose their fear of
Germans, but by God they'll never
lose their fear of me!

53 EXT. DJEBEL KOUIF TOWN SQUARE - MED. SHOT - DAY

Patton and Jenson cross the square on their way to the
officers' mess hall.

54 INT. OFFICERS' MESS HALL - MED. SHOT

A few sleepy OFFICERS have begun to straggle in as Patton
enters, with Jenson in tow. A cheerful COOK approaches.

COOK

Up bright and early, General.
Breakfast?

PATTON

Am I to understand that my officers
have all finished their breakfast?

COOK

We're open from six to eight. Most
of the officers are just coming in, sir.

PATTON

(indicating officers
entering)

Inform these officers that the mess
hall is closed.

54 Cont.

COOK

But, sir, it's only a quarter to eight.

PATTON

After this, you open at six o'clock and no one is admitted after six-fifteen...Where are your leggings?

COOK

(startled)

Leggings? Hell, General, sir, I'm a cook.

PATTON

You're a soldier!
(over his shoulder,
to Jenson)

A twenty dollar fine.

Scowling, Patton turns away from the flabbergasted Cook to the others present.

PATTON

You all heard me. Beginning now, men without leggings or helmets or ties - men with unshined shoes and soiled uniforms -- are going to get skinned for it!

55 TWO SHOT - PATTON AND JENSON

Panning with them as they move away, Patton growling to Jenson quietly.

PATTON

Hit 'em in the pocketbook and they'll remember.

56 INT. IMPROVISED SQUAD ROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

This is a large room that's been converted into enlisted men's quarters, with rows of bunks, combat gear, etc. As Patton, accompanied by Jenson, sweeps through the empty room, his eye falls on a pinup tacked to the wall. We get a glimpse of a raw, provocative pose of an enormously bosomed girl. Patton pauses, his Puritan outrage unmistakable.

PATTON

This is a barracks -- not a bordello!

He tears the picture off the wall, balls it up and throws it down sternly. Then he marches out.

57 EXT. OUTDOOR LATRINE - TRUCKING SHOT

Camera follows Patton in f.g. as, in going from squad room to town square, he happens to pass a row of canvas stalls, followed by Jenson. Seated in each stall is a soldier, revealed from the neck up. Patton speaks curtly as he passes the first stall. The soldier inside is hatless.

PATTON

No helmet -- twenty dollars.
(passing the
second stall)

No helmet and no leggings --
twenty-five dollars.

He crosses to the third stall where a very young and sharply turned-out GI sits at attention, a polished helmet on his head. He looks straight ahead, but his face wears a vacuous and slightly pained expression appropriate to what he's doing.

PATTON

Now that man looks like a soldier!

A-57 EXT. DJEBEL KOUIF TOWN SQUARE - MED. SHOT - DAY

Patton and Jenson cross the square to the building being used for a hospital. They are trailed by wide-eyed urchins.

PATTON

I do not admit the existence of 'battle fatigue.' Once you concede its reality, you admit the reality of demoralization. And you can't win battles with demoralized troops. That sort of thing has to be stopped or you get an uncontrollable infection... Like conscientious objection.

58 INT. REAR AREA HOSPITAL - MED. SHOT

Patton, followed by Jenson, moves down the aisle of the busy ward, where he is met by a MEDICAL OFFICER. Nurses and other medical personnel (except this medical officer) all wear helmets.

PATTON

(he's got a head of
steam up)

I understand you have two cases
of self-inflicted wounds.

MEDICAL OFFICER

Yes, sir -- we do.

Cont.

58 Cont.

PATTON

Get them out of here.

MEDICAL OFFICER

Sir, one of them's developed a serious infection.

PATTON

I don't give a damn if he croaks. Get him somewhere else, but out of here. They don't belong in the same building as boys who've been wounded in battle.

MEDICAL OFFICER

(acceding without agreeing)

I'll see that they're moved, sir.

PATTON

Another thing -- there'll be no 'battle fatigue' in my command... That's an order!

MEDICAL OFFICER

Yes, sir.

PATTON

(growling contemptuously)

Battle fatigue is a free ride; a little yellow-belly's ticket to a hospital... I'm not going to subsidize cowardice.

MEDICAL OFFICER

(eyeing the General blandly)

Yes, sir --

Patton has started to turn away, but something in the doctor's tone pulls him back.

PATTON

Where's your helmet, Doctor?

MEDICAL OFFICER

I don't wear a helmet when I'm in the hospital, General.

PATTON

(turning to leave)

Start.

58 Cont.1

MEDICAL OFFICER

(after Patton)

I can't use my stethoscope when
I'm wearing my helmet..

PATTON

(realizes he's
been challenged)

Then cut two holes in your helmet
so you can. AND GET THOSE YELLOW-
BELLIES OUT OF HERE TODAY.

59

EXT. DESERT - MED. LONG SHOT - LATE AFTERNOON

A two-and-a-half-ton truck is parked out on the desert
beside the dusty, deserted road. There is nothing else
to be seen for miles. Camera moves in on truck, coming
to rest as it reveals a SERGEANT reclining in the cab,
smoking while he watches a PFC standing beside the cab
shaving. The soldier's tin mirror and helmet full of
water rest on the hood of the truck.

SERGEANT

You know what's so important in
the back of this truck?

Preoccupied with shaving, the Pfc shakes his head.

SERGEANT

Shoe polish.

PFC

Shoe polish?!

SERGEANT

Georgie Patton is a nut about spit
and polish. If I let you turn up
at his headquarters without a shave,
you'd get a month in the stockade.

There is the sound of an approaching vehicle, then the
insistent honking of a horn. The Sergeant, irritated,
sticks his hand out of the cab, without looking, and
motions the other vehicle ahead.

SERGEANT

(impatiently)

Come ahead, you silly bastard!

60

ANOTHER ANGLE AT TRUCK

Revealing a jeep as it drives up alongside the soldier
shaving. Beside the SERGEANT DRIVER (Bradley's driver)
the jeep contains a three-star and a two-star general --

Cont.

60 Cont.

Patton and Bradley. The shaving soldier gulps, faced suddenly with all that brass. He shifts his razor awkwardly, manages a salute.

PATTON
(frowning sternly)
What's in that helmet, soldier?

PFC
Water, sir --
(helplessly
indicating Sergeant)
He told me to shave.

PATTON
(angrily)
I want your head in that helmet --
not water!

With the back of his hand, Patton sweeps the helmet off the hood of the truck.

PATTON
Now pick it up and wear it!

As the PFC retrieves his helmet, Patton gestures to his driver and the jeep roars on out of scene. The PFC is stunned by this general who materializes out in the desert and disappears in a matter of seconds.

PFC
(to Sergeant)
You told me he wanted everybody
to shave.

SERGEANT
I also told you he was a nut!

61 MED. CLOSE SHOT - MOVING JEEP

Patton is studying the terrain ahead.

PATTON
Turn right here, driver.

DRIVER
Sir, the battlefield is straight
ahead.

PATTON
Don't talk back to me, Sergeant.
I can smell a battlefield.

BRADLEY
(quietly)
George, he was out here just yesterday.

Cont.

61 Cont.

PATTON

(insistently)

It's over there. Turn right, dammit!

The Driver makes the turn as ordered.

62 EXT. - VIEW THROUGH RUINS - DUSK

as the jeep approaches from the distance. Camera moves along the silent eternal ruins of what was once an aqueduct. The car comes to a stop. Patton, dwarfed by the structure, steps out and looks up at the ancient ruins in awe. The wind makes an eerie sound through the stone.

63 MED. SHOT

Bradley steps out of the car, moves closer to Patton.

PATTON

(quietly)

It was here. The battlefield was here.

(pause)

The Carthaginians defending the Aqueduct were attacked by three Roman legions. The Carthaginians were proud and brave, but they couldn't hold. Massacre. Arab women stripped them of their tunics, their swords, their lances. The soldiers lay naked in the sun...

64 CLOSE SHOT - BRADLEY

listening, puzzled, as the strange wind whistles.

PATTON

(o.s.)

...two thousand years ago.

65 TWO SHOT - PATTON AND BRADLEY

PATTON

I was there, Brad.

(with a faint smile)

You don't believe me, do you?

Bradley doesn't react.

PATTON

You know what the poet said --

Cont.

65 Cont.

PATTON (Cont.)
 (quoting -- and
 giving it every-
 thing)
 'Through the travail of ages,
 Midst the pomp and toils of war,
 Have I fought and strove and perished
 countless times upon the star.

66 CLOSE SHOT - BRADLEY

as he listens, studying Patton.

PATTON'S VOICE
 (o.s.)
 So as through a glass and darkly
 The age-long strife I see

67 TWO SHOT

PATTON
 Where I fought in many guises,
 Many names -- but always me.'
 (after a suitable
 pause for effect)
 You know who the poet was?

BRADLEY
 No.

PATTON
 (with a sudden grin)
 Me.

68 INT. MAP ROOM - II CORPS HEADQUARTERS - MED. SHOT - DAY

Patton has had the map room totally revamped and it is now an elaborate and buzzing center of charts and information. COLONEL GASTON BELL (fictitious character - no subtitle), is conducting a briefing for Patton, Bradley, Jenson, Stiller, Hansen and several other OFFICERS, using a map.

69 CLOSE SHOT - COLONEL BELL

BELL
 There's an opportunity here for us to mount an offensive. We have concentrated on harassing the enemy's flank, to draw his strength away from the British. However, it appears now that we could split the Africa Corps and drive through Rommel to the sea.

70 FULL SHOT

PATTON

(sardonically)

Sorry, Bell -- that territory is reserved for General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery. We're supposed to let him win this one --

(sarcastically)

-- no matter how long it takes him to do it.

BRADLEY

They're entitled to have their hero. After all, Montgomery pushed Rommel clear across North Africa.

PATTON

What about the Americans? They need a hero, too, don't they?

BRADLEY

(with a quiet smile)

You have anybody in mind, George?

Jenson enters.

JENSON

Excuse me, sir, Air Vice Marshal Coningham is here with General Buford.

Patton rises, dismissing them with a nod.

PATTON

(with a grim smile)

Excuse me, gentlemen, while I ask our Limey friends what's happened to our air cover.

(as they go)

Round one with the British coming up.

The officers file out and Jenson enters, escorting AIR VICE MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR CONINGHAM AND LIEUTENANT GENERAL HARRY BUFORD (fictitious character - no subtitle).

71 TWO SHOT - PATTON AND BUFORD

as the two men greet and shake hands.

PATTON

Harry -- how are you?

72 THREE SHOT - PATTON, BUFORD AND CONINGHAM
as Patton turns to Coningham.

BUFORD
George, you know Arthur Coningham --

PATTON
(sizing up his man
as they shake hands)
Sir Arthur --

73 CLOSE SHOT - CONINGHAM

CONINGHAM
Delighted to see you, General.
I've heard so much about you.

SUBTITLE: AIR VICE MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR CONINGHAM,
COMMANDER, TACTICAL AIR FORCE

74 BACK TO SCENE

BUFORD
(trying to exercise
diplomacy)
It appears, gentlemen, there's
been some misunderstanding here,
and Ike thought we ought to get
things straightened out --

PATTON
No misunderstanding at all, Harry.
We're supposed to have allied air
cover and we don't get it. German
planes have been strafing my troops
-- same as they did to Lloyd Fredendall.

CONINGHAM
If I may say so, General, I'm
afraid your operations reports
are inaccurate --

PATTON
Reports? Three days ago those
Krauts took off after my command
car -- ran my ass into a ditch!

CONINGHAM
(stiffly)
My staff has assured me we have
complete air supremacy everywhere
in the Mediterranean.

Cont.

74 Cont.

PATTON

When I complained about inadequate air support, you said our troops were 'not battleworthy'. You spoke about 'the discredited practice of using air force as an alibi for lack of success on the ground'... Bad enough I have to play nursemaid to Montgomery -- I don't have to stand for that!

CONINGHAM

I sincerely apologize for that remark -- whoever made it.

(with a smile)

And I promise you one thing, General -- you'll see no more German planes.

In that instant, without time even for the raising of Patton's eyebrow, four Heinkel fighter-bombers roar over the building, spattering machine-gun fire. The room rocks, plaster flakes from the ceiling, and the three men flatten themselves on the floor.

75 THREE SHOT ON FLOOR

A satisfied Patton looks over at his fellow officers, resplendent in their uniforms.

PATTON

You were discussing air supremacy, Sir Arthur --

Just then the windows shatter.

76 MED. SHOT

Patton is up; Buford goes to the door. Patton looks out the shattered windows.

77 PATTON'S P.O.V.

The four low-flying fighter-bombers strafing the streets. The Arabs run. A herd of camels panics and stampedes.

78 INT. MAP ROOM - MED. SHOT

PATTON

Look at those camels run!

Buford tries but can't open the door.

BUFORD

Damn door won't open.

78 Cont.

Patton leaps over the window ledging, enthralled by the spectacle of the camel stampede.

PATTON

Go ahead, you bastards! Take a shot at me! Right in the NOSE!

BUFORD

Get back in here, George, we need a corps commander, not a casualty.

79 UP ANGLE AT HEINKEL

It soars down, all guns going.

80 EXT. BUILDING - MED. SHOT - PATTON

Camels stampeding all around him. From a shoulder holster he draws a pistol, fires at the planes. The fighter-bombers soar off as quickly as they came. Patton peers back at the amazed group of officers. Buford offers his arm to get Patton back into the building. Coningham shakes his head.

CONINGHAM

Now how the devil did you ever manage to stage that?

PATTON

(enormously pleased)

If I could find the Nazi sonsuvbitches who flew those planes, I'd mail them each a medal.

81 EXT. TEMPORARY U.S. MILITARY CEMETERY - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

The crosses over the graves -- and an occasional Star of David -- are seen as silhouettes in b.g. as Patton and Jenson walk along beside the cemetery on a little rise.

PATTON

I can't get over how cold the nights are in the desert.

JENSON

Awfully cold, sir.

82 ANOTHER ANGLE

as Patton walks up the little rise toward camera, pauses to look out into the sparkling, clear desert night.

PATTON

Rommel's out there some place, waiting for me.

82 Cont.

JENSON

Yes, sir.

PATTON

I want to fight the champ. If you lose, you've lost to the champ and it's no disgrace. If you win, you're the new champ... If I had my way I'd send that genius sonuvabitch an engraved invitation in iambic pentameter -- a challenge in two stanzas to meet me alone out in the desert.

JENSON

I'll deliver it.

PATTON

Rommel in his tank and me in mine. We'd stop at twenty paces, climb out of the turrets and shake hands. Then we'd button up and do battle -- just the two of us. And that battle would decide the outcome of the war.

JENSON

Too bad jousting's gone out of style. It's like your poetry, General -- it isn't part of the Twentieth Century.

PATTON

Yeah, maybe so. The world grew up. Helluva shame... Dick, I want guards posted around this area. If we don't, the damn Arabs'll dig them up to get their uniforms.

JENSON

Yes, sir.

PATTON

I want these men taken care of. Our graves mustn't disappear into the sand like all the others who fought here -- the Greeks, the Romans, the Carthaginians.

(after a pause;
suddenly)

I hate the Twentieth Century!

Patton turns and walks away. Jenson, fascinated, watches him go.

83 INT. REICHSCHANCELLERY MAP ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

It is a large room with situation maps of the Russian and North African fronts on the walls. Noncoms make minor adjustments of the front lines and troop dispositions. Young women in uniform - the "Grey Mice" - operate a communications network that keeps the room alive with cold, automated sound.

CAPTAIN STEIGER, a junior staff officer whose gentle, studious manner suggests the university rather than the Wehrmacht, makes his way across the bustling room to GENERAL JODL, who studies one of the wall maps, comparing some data he holds in his hand. Jodl is a small, thin, pallid man with a highly nervous manner. (Steiger is fictional - no subtitle).

SUBTITLE: COLONEL GENERAL ALFRED JODL,
HITLER'S CHIEF OF STAFF

STEIGER

(presenting himself
to Jodl)

Captain Oskar Steiger reporting, sir.

JODL

Come with me, Steiger.

84 INT. ROMMEL'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT

Rommel sits behind the desk, a handkerchief to his aching face, suffering an acute and painful attack of nasal diphtheria. Jodl escorts Steiger in.

JODL

Field Marshal -- I hope you are
feeling better --

Rommel dismisses this with an impatient gesture.

JODL

Captain Steiger here is at your
disposal. He has been assigned to
research the American General Patton.

ROMMEL

Very well. What do you have for me?

STEIGER

(consulting notes)

General Patton comes of a military
family. His grandfather was a hero
of the American Civil War. He was
educated at the Virginia Military
Institute and West Point.

84 Cont.

ROMMEL

You're not telling me anything about the man.

STEIGER

Sir, he writes poetry and believes in reincarnation. He's one of the richest officers in the American Army. He prays on his knees, but he curses like a stable boy, and he has one standing order: 'Always take the offensive -- never dig in.'

JODL

Excuse me, Field Marshal -- we see the Fuehrer in fifteen minutes. He will want to know what you propose to do about Patton's forces.

ROMMEL

I will attack and annihilate him.
(he adds quietly)
Before he does the same to me.

85 INT. PATTON'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Meeks and Jenson enter quietly. As Meeks opens the heavy curtains, Jenson moves to a sleeping Patton. A book has fallen on the floor next to him. Jenson picks it up.

86 CLOSE SHOT - BOOK

The clearly legible title is THE TANK IN WARFARE,
by Erwin Rommel

87 BACK TO SCENE

JENSON

General...General...

PATTON

(waking)
What is it?

JENSON

Sir, we intercepted a German radio message: Rommel's Tenth Panzer is going to hit us near El Guettar.

PATTON

(to himself, eagerly)
Rommel.

88 EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD - MORNING

Groups of camels and Arabs move off in the distance as though intuitively forewarned of the impending battle.

89 NEW ANGLE

on the silent, golden desert. Everything is still now.

90 INT. PATTON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sergeant Meeks is dressing Patton with practiced efficiency and skill. Neither speaks but there is a certain solemnity recalling years before when warriors prepared for battle. The polished leather belt, the cavalry pants, the boots -- all with a quality of ritual -- are placed on Patton.

91 MED. SHOT - ARTILLERY EMPLACEMENTS

Noncoms wear an air of excitement. The men are tense, waiting. Guns and men are hidden on sides and backs of hill dunes.

92 INT. PATTON'S BEDROOM

Meeks solemnly brushes the uniform and then places the three-star helmet on Patton's head as though he were the Archbishop of Canterbury. Patton can see himself staring back from the mirror. He is frightening.

PATTON

All my life I've wanted to lead
a lot of men in a desperate battle.
Now I'm going to do it.

93 EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD - LONG SHOT - DAY

A German scout car appears from a fold in the valley, reconnoitering the area, its commander scanning the terrain with binoculars.

94 REVERSE ANGLE (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

Shooting toward the American positions but revealing nothing.

95 MED. SHOT - SCOUT CAR

The commander lowers his binoculars, speaks into a radio. The scout car turns and disappears into a wadi.

96 EXT. OBSERVATION POST - THE BATTLEFIELD

Bradley's radio-equipped jeep makes it up the tough climb to the command post. The sunlight glint in his spectacles gives him a clear, deadly seriousness as he joins Hansen and his Second Aide and one or two other officers at the O.P.

97 EXT. PATTON'S OBSERVATION POST

perched on the hill. Patton stands in his armored command car, machine guns fore and aft, scanning the terrain with binoculars, Jensen beside him. American tanks can be seen in positions of concealment.

Cont.

97 Cont.

PATTON
(a smile of
satisfaction)

Look.

98 THEIR P.O.V.

In the distance a full battalion of German Infantry marches toward the basin in a battle formation that suggests the classic. The column is seemingly endless, winding in and around the hills and wadis of the distance like a snake.

99 EXT. BRADLEY'S OBSERVATION POST - CLOSE SHOT - BRADLEY
watching through his binoculars.

BRADLEY
Battalion strength...at least.

100 LONG SHOT

The German Infantry begins a series of geometric movements, deploying into combat formation.

101 ANOTHER LONG ANGLE

We barely hear German commands shouted as the companies break rhythmically into smaller groups and then, in turn, smaller yet.

102 MOVING SHOT UNDER CAMOUFLAGE NETS

The American gun positions, with double foxholes dug near the guns. The hot sun throws patterns through the camouflage netting. Small groups of infantry waiting near the gun crews.

103 EXT. PATTON'S OBSERVATION POST - MED. SHOT

Patton and Jenson watch silently.

JENSON
They haven't spotted our positions yet.

PATTON
They'll get an education in about twenty seconds... Wait'll they get a dose of that time-fire.

Camera moves in close on Patton. Binoculars to his eyes, he is tense, barely able to control his inner excitement.

104 EXT. AERIAL VIEW ON THE BASIN

The infantry is through the bottleneck, proceeding without knowing the positions of the Americans. They move closer, closer -- and suddenly the American artillery opens up with devastating air bursts, stunning the infantry and temporarily sending them into disorder. They are quickly reorganized and now the offensive is reasserted.

105 VIEW FROM PATTON'S OBSERVATION POST

The insect infantry crawls forward to serious casualties.

106 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

PATTON

What a helluva way to waste fine infantry.

107 NEW FULL ANGLE

The German troops move into the blazing death-dealing line of U.S. fire. Suddenly we notice sixty Nazi tanks coming through the El Guettar pass, charging across the plains after the infantry. They seem like beetles running back and forth on the plain, scurrying blindly along, stopping and almost waving their antennae, running again, like small beads in the distance.

108 NEW ANGLE - LONG SHOT

The artillery shells burst in the air like ugly flowers. It is truly a color spectacle, the gold and blue of the desert terrain and the sudden black blossoming of the air bursts.

109 UP ANGLE

as four Heinkel fighter-bombers roar down from out of the sky.

110 P.O.V. OF THE HEINKELS

swooping down on the contest below, bombing a column of American tanks moving under cover of a wadi. Two tanks are hit and burst into yellow flame.

111 MED. SHOT

The blast has practically split the lead Sherman apart. The crewmen leap out.

112 EXT. PATTON'S COMMAND POST - MED. CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

We can see the flaming smoke rising from the tanks.

112 Cont.

PATTON

(to Jenson, fiercely)

Dick -- go tell General Bradley
to hit 'em hard on that right
flank. Here's where we hold 'em
by the nose and kick 'em in the ass.

Jenson leaves.

113 MED. SHOT - BRADLEY'S OBSERVATION POST

Jenson clambers up the rocky hillside to Bradley's position. He finds Bradley and Hansen watching the battle. Yelling above the din, Jenson is relaying Patton's instructions to Bradley, when the sound of approaching aircraft is heard. Jenson and a Sergeant take cover in a small rocky fold in the ground. Bradley and Hansen dive into ditches.

114 LONG SHOT - GERMAN HEINKELS

approaching.

115 MED. SHOT - BRADLEY'S OBSERVATION POST

with Bradley's ditch in f.g. Bradley's long legs can be seen sticking up out of the shallow ditch -- also his Springfield rifle.

HANSEN

(yelling over noise
of approaching planes)

Get your legs down, General!

BRADLEY

(he tries, grins)

'Fraid they're too long, Chet.

The planes roar over, their bombs exploding as they hit. One enormous explosion hits between Bradley's ditch and the spot where Jenson and the Sergeant have taken cover. Debris fills the screen.

116 MED. CLOSE SHOT - BRADLEY

As the debris clears, he picks up his precious Springfield, finds a jagged hole in the stock. He works the bolt, ejecting a shell, then shoves the bolt home, satisfied the piece works. He looks o.s., is sobered by what he sees.

117 MED. SHOT

Bradley rises, moves over to where the Sergeant is bending over the lifeless body of Jenson. Recognizing that Jenson is dead, Bradley is deeply affected.

BRADLEY
(to Sergeant)
Put him on my jeep.

118- OUT
125

126 LONG SHOT - THE BATTLEFIELD

As the German tanks advance toward camera, there suddenly appears behind them, emerging from a wadi on the German left flank, a group of American tanks. They cut in sharply and open fire on the Germans from the rear.

127 MED. SHOT - GERMAN TANK

The tank commander has spotted the Americans, and the tank lumbers slowly around to meet the new threat.

128 INT. GERMAN TANK - FULL SHOT

An explosion rocks the tank. The tank commander yells something indistinguishable to his driver, who frantically tries to wheel the vehicle around.

129 CLOSE SHOT - GERMAN TANK COMMANDER

Looking through his periscope, his eyes widen.

130 EXT. THE BATTLEFIELD - LONG SHOT

German tanks are wheeling to meet the threat to their rear as American armor pours out of the wadi, firing.

131 EXT. TURRET OF GERMAN TANK - MED. SHOT

There is an explosion as the turret takes a hit, the hatch springing open and belching smoke.

132 LONG SHOT - BATTLEFIELD

Now the battle in full perspective. The American tanks have caught the Germans by surprise and cut across their rear, while the anti-tank positions which have been threatened continue to fire. Every so often there is a direct hit and a German tank goes up in smoke.

133 EXT. AMERICAN TANK - FULL SHOT

The tank does a screeching pinwheel movement, turning about and firing at the flank of a German tank.

- 134 MED. SHOT - SIDE OF GERMAN TANK
The shell hits and the tread springs apart with a screeching sound.
- 135 FULL SHOT - GERMAN TANK
The hatch opens and the Germans, face-blackened from the flames, leap out -- one of them actually on fire.
- 136 MED. LONG SHOT - AMERICAN INFANTRY
The line of skirmishers has taken cover as a German tank fires at them with its machine guns.
- 137 ANOTHER ANGLE
Revealing German Infantry advancing on the Americans, taking cover behind the tanks. They fire at the American Infantrymen and the Americans fire back.
- 138 MED. SHOT - GERMAN TANK
It heads for the line of American Infantry.
- 139 MED. SHOT - AMERICAN BAZOOKAMAN
He lines up his sights and fires the weapon. As the bazooka round hits, the tank explodes.
- 140 EXT. PATTON'S OBSERVATION POST - ANGLE ON PATTON
He puts the binoculars to his eyes.
- 141 WE SEE:
that many of the German tanks are aflame. Less than thirty are turning to escape.
- 142 SLOW DOLLY IN ON PATTON
looking through binoculars.
- PATTON
(the highest
possible level
of jubilation)
Rommel, you stupid bastard, I read
your book!
- 143 LONGER ANGLE - PATTON'S OBSERVATION POST
Patton is in b.g. faced away from camera, still triumphantly scanning the battlefield. Into f.g. comes Bradley's jeep, with the General in the front seat and Jenson's body laid across the rear seat. Preoccupied, Patton is paying no attention as Bradley gets out of the jeep, walks slowly over toward Patton.

144 EXT. DESERTED TUNISIAN FARMHOUSE - WIDE SHOT - LATE DAY

On a rise, in outline against the reddening sky, is a two-wheel ammunition caisson. Atop the caisson is a stretcher on which is a man's body in a white GI mattress cover. Camera moves in.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Captain Richard N. Jenson was a fine boy - loyal, unselfish and efficient. I am terribly sorry.

A hand uncovers the face of Jenson and camera reveals Patton as he touches the face, then kisses it and finally kneels beside the caisson. Camera lifts away to reveal Meeks and Patton's Driver bringing up a pair of black-blanketed horses which they hitch to the yoke of the caisson.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

There are no coffins here, since there is no wood...We will have a trumpeter and honor guard, but we will not fire the volleys, as it would make people think an air raid was on.

145 CLOSEUP - JENSON'S FACE

as Patton's hands enclose it within the mattress cover.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I enclosed a lock of Dick's hair in a letter to his mother.

146 GROUP SHOT

The small ceremonial cortege, including Carver and Stiller, comes to attention as Patton rises.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

He was a fine man and a fine officer and he had no vices. I shall miss him a lot.

147 WIDE SHOT

The caisson moves off with Meeks and Patton's Driver leading the horses, Stiller behind the caisson and Patton abreast of it.

Cont.

147 Cont.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I can't see the reason such fine young men get killed. There are so many battles yet to fight.

Camera widens to see the small procession make its way across the vast desert floor.

148-
153

BLACK AND WHITE NEWSREEL

This film, with newsreel quality, is seen in World War II aspect ratio, with rousing stock music.

NEWSREEL TITLE: BRITISH AND AMERICAN TROOPS
LINK UP IN TUNISIA!

(NOTE: All newsreel titles throughout the film will bear the Fox Movietone News logo.)

A- SERIES OF SHOTS

D

Exhausted groups of British troops in faded summer combat dress have come face to face with equally battle-worn American troops in their heavyweight combat O.D.s. In contrast to the high-key narration, we see that the cameramen, trying not to be included, are frantically signaling the diffident men to greet each other in some sort of enthusiastic demonstration. Very obviously taking directions, the soldiers perfunctorily greet each other, exchange cigarettes and shake hands -- all for the folks back home. Overhead our planes can be seen.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Battle-weary but victorious, American GIs and Tommies of the British Eighth Army meet in a joyful allied victory celebration at Wadi Akarit in North Africa. For the first time in this war, Broadway and Piccadilly join hands!

NEWSREEL TITLE: GENERAL PATTON,
HERO OF EL GUETTAR!

E MED. SHOT - PATTON IN TANK

Patton, dressed to the teeth, is in the open turret of a tank, scanning the far horizon with as fierce and hammy an expression as he can muster for the newsreels -- which was pretty fierce and hammy.

Cont.

148- Cont.
153

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr., colorful and hard-driving commander of the American Second Corps, gives U.S. troops a great victory in North Africa when he defeats the seasoned panzers of German Field Marshal Rommel at El Guettar.

NEWSREEL TITLE: MONTY PRESSES ON!

F MED. SHOT - MONTGOMERY IN JEEP

Montgomery, a totally different personality but just as image-conscious in his own way, is dressed in beret, turtle-neck sweater and corduroy pants. As his jeep drives alongside a column of British troops, he favors them with a wave and a "one of the boys" smile -- even reaches out to shake a few hands as he passes. The men cheer him wildly.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Meanwhile, General Montgomery, hero of El Alamein, continues to lead his veteran and victorious British Eighth Army in a relentless drive against Rommel's vaunted Africa Corps.

(NOTE: END OF NEWSREEL)

154 MED. CLOSE SHOT - BRADLEY

Bradley is seated on an ammo box in front of his tent, with a towel draped around his neck, as a GI gives him a haircut. Suddenly the sound of an approaching aircraft cuts the stillness. Bradley looks up, frowning, as it roars by close overhead.

A-154 MED. SHOT - PIPER CUB

Patton grins and waves to Bradley from the small spotter plane, which is coming in for a landing.

B-154 MED. LONG SHOT - CUB STRIP

This is no more than a field cleared of brush and adjoins Bradley's headquarters. Bradley pulls the towel off his neck as he moves over to meet the little plane that has landed and is taxiing toward him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The plane stops and Patton steps out. There's a bounce to his step and a glint in his eye as he comes over to Bradley.

PATTON

Brad -- if you've got any whisky,
you can buy us both a drink!

BRADLEY

(shaking his head
apologetically)
George, I don't believe I have
a thing --

PATTON

Well, I've got something for you.
(takes three-star
pin from his pocket,
hands it to Bradley)
Three stars!

BRADLEY

(looking at them
fondly)
I knew this was in the works --
but I didn't know it had Senate
approval.

PATTON

That's nothing but a formality.
Put 'em on!

BRADLEY

(putting them in
his pocket)
I'd just as soon wait --

PATTON

You're a corps commander, Brad!
Ike's giving you command of
Second Corps.

BRADLEY

(thoughtfully)
Well, I'll be doggoned --
(suddenly)
What about you?

PATTON

I'm going to Seventh Army at
Mostaganem to take over planning
for the Sicily operation.

BRADLEY

Congratulations, George.

155 Cont.

PATTON

I'd like to see you come along and
take Second Corps into Sicily...
If you want to, I'll fix it with Ike.

BRADLEY

(pleased by the
prospect of a
corps command)
Nothing I'd like better.

PATTON

You'll have to clean up the
situation here in North Africa
first.

BRADLEY

That's okay with me --
(he breaks into a
sudden, eager grin)
Tell you what I do have, George --
couple of bottles of warm beer.

PATTON

(gruffly)
Well, why the hell didn't you say
so? A man could die of thirst around
here!

Grinning, Bradley leads the way toward his tent.

156 INT. REICHSCHANCELLERY MAP ROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

Jodl's staff, including Steiger, are gathered around a
table, and Jodl is concluding the meeting.

JODL

It is obvious that North Africa
will soon be lost. We must now
anticipate the enemy's next move
and I will expect a staff report
in the next twenty-four hours.
(nodding dismissal)
That will be all.

The Officers rise, go about their business. Jodl passes
by Steiger, who alone has remained seated. Beside him is
a stack of books and clippings.

JODL

You, Steiger -- you haven't said
a word.

STEIGER

No one asked me to, sir.

156 Cont.

JODL
 (impatiently)
 I'm asking you now. You think
 Patton will attack Sardinia?

STEIGER
 No, sir.

JODL
 Why not?

STEIGER
 Patton, sir, is a military historian.
 He knows that Sicily, not Sardinia,
 has always been the key to Italy. If
 Patton has anything to say about it,
 he will probably attack Sicily at
 Syracuse --
 (with a faint,
 fond smile)
 -- as the Athenians did.

JODL
 (impatient and
 annoyed)
 Steiger --! This is the Twentieth
 Century!

STEIGER
 But you must understand, General --
 Patton is a Sixteenth Century man.

He digs a volume out of his pile of books, flips to a
 marked page.

STEIGER
 Just listen to this:
 (reading)
 'On a quiet street in New York, in
 nineteen twenty-two, Patton was on
 his way to a dinner, wearing white
 tie and tails, when he came upon
 three men pushing a young girl into
 the back of a truck. He leaped out
 of his car, produced a revolver, and
 forced the men at gunpoint to release
 the woman.'

(as though this
 were the punch line
 of a marvelous joke)
 It turned out the woman was the
 fiancee of one of the men, and he
 was merely helping her into the
 truck!

Cont.

156 Cont.1

STEIGER (Cont.)
 (relishing the
 story)
 What could be more revealing?

JODL
 I don't know what you're talking about!

STEIGER
 (it's all so clear)
 Don Quixote encounters six merchants
 of Toledo on the road and saves
 Dulcinea's virtue!

JODL
 Who the devil is Dulcinea?

STEIGER
 Don't you see, sir? Patton is a
 romantic warrior, lost in contemporary
 times...The secret of Patton is the
past. He'll urge an attack on Sicily
 because that's what the Athenians did!

157 EXT. MOORISH HOUSE - FULL SHOT - DAY

This elaborate house looks out over the bay at Mostaganem.

SUBTITLE: PATTON'S HEADQUARTERS
 MOSTAGANEM, ALGERIA

Camera moves in on a loggia where Patton is talking to
 GENERAL CARVER.

CARVER
 General Bradley's done a tremendous
 job with Second Corps. He's moved
 into Bizerte and taken over forty-
 one thousand prisoners.

PATTON
 (approvingly)
 Good...Damn good!

CARVER
 (smiling)
 You're not surprised, are you,
 sir? After all, you trained that
 outfit.

Patton nods, moves on inside, followed by Carver.

158 INT. PATTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT MOSTAGANEM - MED. SHOT

Army and Navy officers and their aides speed back and forth and there is a rumble of conversation. LIEUTENANT COLONEL CHARLES R. CODMAN, a dapper debonair and unflappable man in his mid-forties, starts forward as Patton enters, then stops.

159 ANOTHER ANGLE

Colonel (now full Colonel) Davenport moves across the room toward Patton, pre-empting the General's attention.

DAVENPORT

Excuse me, General --

Patton is distracted by his cigar, which has gone dead. He puffs frantically, but it is out. Almost instantly Codman appears in scene, whips out a Zippo and lights the General's cigar. Patton accepts the light without noticing Codman. His job with the Zippo done, Codman disappears from the scene. Davenport resumes, glancing at paper in his hand.

DAVENPORT

Sir, this is interesting. We've discovered that Rommel wasn't present at El Guettar.

PATTON

(taking this as a personal affront)

Who says so?

DAVENPORT

G-2, sir.

PATTON

(grabs the report;
then fiercely)

They trying to tell me that when we took on Tenth Panzer, Rommel was in Berlin with an earache?

DAVENPORT

(always the facts)

Severe nasal diphtheria, sir...
G-2 also reports that Hitler probably retained Rommel in Berlin because things were going badly for the Africa Corps and he wanted his favorite general to save face.

Cont.

159 Cont.

PATTON

Well, I'm my favorite general and
won't be told that some second-
stringer was in command against me.
Then I lose face!

He puffs frantically but the cigar has gone dead again.
As if by magic, Codman appears, applies the lighted Zippo.
Patton gets the cigar going, notices Codman for the first
time.

PATTON

(growling)

Who the hell are you?

CARVER

General, this is Lieutenant Colonel
Codman, your new aide.

PATTON

Oh, yes.

(remembering)

I pulled your name off the list
because I know your family.

CODMAN

I'm glad you did, sir.

PATTON

Codman, that Kraut Rommel is the
best they have -- and I kicked hell
out of him. Now my own G-2 section
is trying to tell me he wasn't even
there!

CODMAN

(polite, diplomatic,
soothingly quiet)

But, General, he undoubtedly planned
the German battle.

Patton glares at him, frowning, unsure of Codman's point.

CODMAN

If you defeat Rommel's plan, you've
defeated Rommel. Isn't that true, sir?

Somewhat mollified, Patton takes a long pull on the cigar
as he studies his new aide, finds more here than meets the
eye. Obviously a man of taste and discretion.

PATTON

Codman, I want you to have a drink
with me tonight.

159 Cont.1

CODMAN

Yes, sir.

PATTON

I have a plan for the invasion of Sicily and I want to make sure I get it approved. You can help me.

Codman nods.

PATTON

I want to give a dinner for General Alexander. Want to get to him before Montgomery does... This'll be a formal affair, Codman -- but purely social.

(drily)

By that I mean purely political.

CODMAN

Yes, sir.

PATTON

I want the finest food and the best wines available.

(eyeing Codman appraisingly)

Everything comme il faut.

CODMAN

(nodding, unruffled)

Entendu, mon General.

PATTON

(pleased with Codman's French)

Quelque chose vraiment special.

CODMAN

Ca va sans dire... Qui aimeriez-vous inviter?

PATTON

Le Marechal Alexander et son Chef d'Etat-Major. Peut-etre Tedder. Pas trop de monde et plutot intime, d'accord?

CODMAN

D'accord, mon General --

Caught up in his planning, Patton has wandered off with Codman, leaving Carver and Davenport staring after them, amazed by the boss' command of French.

160 INT. PATTON'S VILLA AT MOSTAGANEM - MED. SHOT THROUGH HALLWAY - NIGHT

Codman stands, immaculately dressed, appraising the party he has arranged. Through the alcove, past an impressive line of fine paintings, a GI can be seen at a piano, playing a Beethoven sonata.

Camera moves through the alcove into a palatial dining room, where a magnificent table is laid in the classic manner.

There is a mumble of dinner conversation as the camera moves along one side of the table, revealing the elegantly uniformed allied officers. Camera holds for a moment on AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR TEDDER.

SUBTITLE: AIR CHIEF MARSHALL SIR ARTHUR TEDDER,
CHIEF, MEDITERRANEAN AIR COMMAND

Camera continues on past Carver. At the end of the table, seated on Patton's right, is GENERAL SIR HAROLD R.L.G. ALEXANDER.

SUBTITLE: GENERAL SIR HAROLD R.L.G. ALEXANDER
DEPUTY COMMANDER, ALLIED FORCE

Working on Alexander, Patton, of course, leads the conversation.

PATTON

You remember, General, what Alcibiades said in four fifteen B.C. during the Peloponnesian War: 'If Syracuse falls, all Sicily falls -- then Italy!' He knew that Syracuse was the jugular of the island -- and Alcibiades always went for the throat.

Alexander, impressed, glances approvingly at Tedder.

PATTON

I propose to take Sicily the same way!

161 MED. CLOSE SHOT - HALLWAY

Davenport approaches Codman, who is keeping a keen supervisory eye on the proceedings.

DAVENPORT

How's it going?

CODMAN

I think the old man has them in his pocket.

162 INT. DINING ROOM - MED. SHOT

Patton has pulled a set of drapes, revealing a wall map of Sicily. He is at the map illustrating his points, which are of course directed to Alexander.

PATTON

According to my plan, General,
Montgomery will land here.

(he points to
Syracuse)

I will hit the beach here and seize
the port of Palermo. Monty can pin
down the Germans in the south, while
I drive east, take the city of
Messina, and cut off the escape route
of the Germans.

ALEXANDER

(impressed)

Looks like an interesting plan,
George.

PATTON

(expansively, to
the group)

Gentlemen -- here's to the conquest
of Sicily!

They all raise their glasses and sip their wine.

163 TWO SHOT - ALEXANDER AND PATTON

ALEXANDER

(admiringly)

You know, George, you would have
made a great marshal for Napoleon
if you had lived in the Eighteenth
Century.

PATTON

(with a quiet,
confident smile)

But I did, Sir Harold -- I did!

Alexander laughs, catering good-humoredly to his host.
Patton smiles, because he is riding the crest of a
diplomatic triumph, but he is actually quite serious.

164 EXT. ALLIED FORCE HEADQUARTERS - ALGIERS - FULL SHOT - DAY

SUBTITLE: ALLIED FORCE HEADQUARTERS - ALGIERS

MONTGOMERY drives up in a staff car, gets out and hurries
into the building.

165 INT. CORRIDOR ALLIED FORCE HEADQUARTERS

As Montgomery moves down the corridor, SUPERIMPOSE:

SUBTITLE: GENERAL SIR BERNARD LAW MONTGOMERY,
COMMANDING GENERAL, BRITISH EIGHTH ARMY

Montgomery moves to the doorway of an office, the open door of which is marked MAJOR GENERAL WALTER BEDELL SMITH. He speaks to someone inside.

MONTGOMERY

Pardon me -- General Smith in?

OFFICER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I believe he's in the lavatory, sir.

MONTGOMERY

Thank you.

He turns and moves on down the corridor.

166 INT. LAVATORY - DAY

GENERAL SMITH is washing his hands at the sink.

SUBTITLE: MAJOR GENERAL WALTER BEDELL SMITH,
CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL EISENHOWER

Montgomery enters.

- MONTGOMERY

Oh -- there you are...Beetle,
I've been giving a good bit of
thought to the Sicily operation.

SMITH

Yes?

MONTGOMERY

I assume we're alone --

Montgomery quickly scans the bottom of the stalls, making sure no alien feet are present.

SMITH

You know Georgie Patton's already
discussed his plan with Alexander.

MONTGOMERY

I realize that. I have an idea his
play may lead to an absolute disaster.

He leans forward, exhales his breath over the mirror, creating a fog area. He draws on this with his finger.

166 Cont.

MONTGOMERY

Beetle, look: This is Sicily. According to Patton's plan, I would attack Syracuse - here - and he would attack Palermo -- up here. Obviously our forces would be divided -- and just as obviously we could be chopped up piecemeal.

(with some asperity)

What I propose -- and what I shall insist on, by the way -- is this: I land at Syracuse as planned. But the Americans land here at Gela. I drive north to Messina, with the Americans protecting my flank... After all, Messina is the key. It's the reason for invading Sicily!

SMITH

I'll tell Ike about this and I'm sure he'll give it serious consideration.

They go out together.

167 INT. CORRIDOR - TWO SHOT - MONTGOMERY AND SMITH

MONTGOMERY

Amusing, isn't it?

SMITH

What?

MONTGOMERY

The final plans for the invasion of Sicily having been put forward in an Algerian lavatory.

168 INT. DARKENED HOLD OF LST - DAY

In the cavernous darkness there is the ear-splitting roar of tank engines. Then the huge doors in the bow of the vessel open, admitting sudden bright sunlight. A tank with snorkel equipment moves out of f.g., waddles ponderously out onto the ramp.

169 MED. CLOSE SHOT - TANK

Standing in the turret of the tank is Patton, impatient and enraged when the tank hesitates, poised on the edge of the ramp. He calls down into the tank.

PATTON

Come on -- get the lead out!

170 INT. TANK

The DRIVER and the ASSISTANT DRIVER can be seen at the controls, with Patton's legs in evidence from the turret. The engine noise is loud in the confined space, and the men have to yell.

ASSISTANT DRIVER
(to Driver, nervously)
No! Hold it!

DRIVER
What's the matter?

ASSISTANT DRIVER
I don't want to get drowned in this damn thing.

PATTON'S VOICE
(o.s. roaring,
from above)
Do I have to come down there myself?!

ASSISTANT DRIVER
(to Driver, gesturing
him forward)
Go ahead. I'd rather drown.

171 MED. SHOT - TANK

The huge vehicle waddles forward off the ramp, dropping into the surf that covers its tracks. However, it survives and moves up the beach.

172 MED. SHOT - PATTON'S STAFF

Carver, Davenport, Bell, Codman and several other officers are watching and grinning as "the old man" demonstrates the new equipment successfully. A staff car drives up and the staff salutes snappily as General Alexander steps out.

173 MED. SHOT - TANK

The huge vehicle has stopped at the water line, and Patton jumps down out of the turret as Codman comes into scene.

PATTON
(exuberantly)
It works, Codman, it works! With that snorkel equipment, we can land any place!

CODMAN
General Alexander is here, sir --

Patton turns, moves off toward staff car.

174 MED. CLOSE SHOT AT STAFF CAR

Patton comes into scene and salutes as Alexander gets out of the car. Alexander returns the salute, then the two men shake hands.

PATTON

(full of enthusiasm)

Sir Harold, congratulations on a great British invention. If it weren't so damn secret I'd like to call in the photographers.

ALEXANDER

George, I have bad news for you about your Sicily plan. I'm afraid Ike has turned it down.

Patton is both amazed and annoyed.

ALEXANDER

He feels that since the Italians will be defending their native soil for the first time, and since German resistance is stiffening, our forces shouldn't be divided.

PATTON

Where do I land then?

ALEXANDER

In the Gulf of Gela.

PATTON

What for? There's nothing there but a beach.

ALEXANDER

Yes, but it puts you in good position to support Montgomery.

PATTON

(evenly)

And where does Montgomery land?

ALEXANDER

He'll land in Syracuse and drive north to Catania -- possibly even Messina. You'll be alongside, protecting his left.

PATTON

(bitterly)

You mean we get the burden again, while good old Monty gets the glory.

Cont.

174 Cont.

ALEXANDER

Ike had to consider all points of view. He made his decision not as an American but as an ally.

(after a moment)

If it were the other way 'round, I assure you Monty would protest.

PATTON

No, dammit, I've been in the Army thirty years, and when I get an order, I say 'Yes, sir', and do my damndest to carry it out.

(unable to contain his fury, he growls)

But this is what you get when your commander-in-chief stops being an American and becomes an ally.

175 INT. REICHSCHANCELLERY - MAP ROOM - DAY

On a screen in the darkened room we see projected in black and white (and without sound) uncut U.S. Signal Corps footage of Patton landing on the beach at Gela. Harkins and other staff officers are with him.

In some of the shots Signal Corps cameramen appear with their hand-held Eyemos. Patton steps off a landing craft and wades ashore with his fiercest expression, pistols on his hips, shiny helmet gleaming, surrounded by his staff.

Since this is uncut footage, we see the Signal Corps slate -- PATTON - SICILY LANDING - ROLL 3. There follows other angles of the same action, revealing that this is staged for the cameras with Patton's willing - if not eager - cooperation. We even see him put on his fierce warlike scowl the moment the cameras roll.

During the above, the following is heard from o.s.:

JODL'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Here is the gangster Patton arriving on the beach at Gela with his Seventh Army.

STEIGER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

This film was captured after the landing.

Camera pulls back and we recognize the map room in which are seated several Wehrmacht officers in addition to Jodl and Steiger. The room, of course, is in color, the film

175 Cont.

on the screen being the only thing in black and white. The Army footage continues, showing action shots of troops going ashore and other aspects of the amphibious landing. The German officers continue their conversation as they watch shots of Patton on the beach yelling orders at individual soldiers, cursing them as he urges them inland.

GERMAN OFFICER

I didn't realize he was so tall.

STEIGER

Over six feet.

SECOND GERMAN OFFICER

He is constantly giving personal commands.

JODL

Obviously they now have two prima donnas in Sicily -- Montgomery and Patton.

On the screen there appears a shot of Bradley landing with his troops on another beach. Wearing ordinary GI uniform except for the stars on his helmet, he steps into the surf with a few of his staff, carrying a carbine and almost indistinguishable from the soldiers landing with him. The whole tone is as unpretentious and businesslike as Patton was flamboyant.

JODL

There's another three-star general. Who is he?

STEIGER

This is General Bradley. He commands the American Second Corps.

GERMAN OFFICER

He looks like a common soldier.

STEIGER

He is extremely capable and completely unpretentious. Most unusual for a general.

(he turns to find
Jodl glaring at him;
quickly)

I beg your pardon, sir.

176 EXT. SICILIAN ROAD - DAY

Bradley's jeep moves down road toward Patton's command post in b.g.

177

INT. PATTON'S COMMAND POST - A FARMHOUSE IN SOUTHERN SICILY

Patton, Bell and Codman are in the elaborate but portable map room. Bell is at a map of Sicily.

BELL

I don't think I've made myself clear, sir. It's true that Montgomery has met the toughest resistance of the campaign here at Catania. However --

PATTON

(secretly enjoying himself)

It's perfectly clear. Monty's as stuck as a bug on flypaper.

BELL

(indicating paper in his hand)

But this order from General Alexander... he's directing you to give up the Vizzini-Caltagirone Road and turn it over to Montgomery!

PATTON

(shrugging)

So Bradley will have to fight his way up the center over tough mountain roads -- that's all.

BELL

(eyeing Patton uncertainly)

Yes, sir --

PATTON

(nudging Bell, he taps the map at Messina)

Here's where the ball game is, Bell -- up here at Messina. If they'd used my plan, I'd have been there by this time and cut off the escape of every damn Kraut and Italian on this island... But I'll tell you what I'm going to do now. I'm going to Palermo first, then I'm going to beat that Limey into Messina!

Bradley enters, his face grim, something obviously on his mind.

Cont.

177 Cont.

BRADLEY

George -- what's this about taking the Vizzini Road away from Second Corps?

PATTON

General Alexander's orders. He says the road goes to Montgomery.

BRADLEY

That road was assigned to me. How am I going to move north without it? You know the terrain up there.

PATTON

(his heart bleeding)

I know, Brad, but Monty's run into tough opposition -- very tough.

Bradley glances at the map, then eyes Patton with growing suspicion.

BRADLEY

George -- you wouldn't be taking advantage of this situation, would you?

PATTON

I don't know what you're talking about.

BRADLEY

Without that road, all of your army but my Second Corps is out of a job. Free to go on to Palermo, if you like.

PATTON

Who said anything about Palermo?

BRADLEY

I can read a map.
(indicating probing salients on map)
Does Alexander know you've pushed out this far?

PATTON

(waving this aside)

Hell, that's nothing but a reconnaissance in force.

BRADLEY

(firmly accusing)

George, are you telling me I've got to slug it out over those mountains with heavy resistance just so you can make a bigger splash than Monty?

177 Cont.1

PATTON

(full of helpless
innocence)Brad, I just carry out my orders,
like the simple old soldier I am.Carver enters with a teletype dispatch in his hand. He
nods respectfully to Bradley.

CARVER

General Bradley --
(to Patton)Sir, General Alexander's gotten
wind of your westerly movement.
He says here: 'Stop immediately.
Go no farther than Agrigento.
Repeat, stop immediately.'

PATTON

(eyeing Carver
for a moment)That's what you think it says.
But I think it was garbled in
transmission. Ask them to re-
transmit the message -- and take
your time about it.
(with a wink at Bradley)
That'll take half a day at least.

CARVER

Yes, sir.

He goes.

PATTON

Where were we, Brad?

BRADLEY

(slowly, accusingly,
his eyes fixed on
Patton)We were talking about a simple
old soldier...

178 EXT. ROAD TO PALERMO - LONG SHOT - DAY

Columns of Patton's tanks and self-propelled artillery speed
along the primitive Sicilian road. There is no resistance
as the tanks barrel along with hatches open and infantry-
men on top.

179 ANOTHER ANGLE ON ROAD

Patton's armored command car, along with the rest of his entourage, races past a column of two-and-a-half-ton trucks, its siren blasting. A line of Italian prisoners is being herded to the rear.

180 TWO SHOT - PATTON AND CODMAN

Standing up in the command vehicle, Patton views the scene of speeding, clanking, irresistible power with undisguised exultation.

PATTON

(rapturously)

Look, Cod. Could anything be more magnificent?!... I must tell the truth -- I love it. Goddammit, I do love it!

Codman glances at him, not quite sure how to respond.

181 EXT. HILLY COUNTRY IN SICILY - DAY

Bradley's jeep, in which are Bradley, his driver, Hansen and Bradley's Second Aide, drives along a road by a farmhouse held by an American infantry platoon. From a hillside nearby, German artillery is pounding the area.

182 MED. SHOT - JEEP

As the jeep approaches the farmhouse, the shelling grows more intense. A shell hits too close for comfort and, at a signal from Bradley, all four men bail out.

183 ANGLE AT FARMHOUSE WALL

Bradley and his party take cover. As a shell hits nearby, a GI from the infantry platoon also dives for cover behind the wall. There is another tremendous explosion and debris rains down on the men huddled behind the wall. The GI pulls himself up, unable to see from his position the insignia worn by the others.

SOLDIER

(disgustedly)

Wonder what silly sonuvabitch is in charge of this operation!

BRADLEY

(with a wry,
private grin)

I don't know, but they ought to hang him.

184 INT. MONTGOMERY'S CARAVAN - FULL SHOT - DAY

A British Colonel stands before the desk of Montgomery, who refers sternly to a piece of paper in his hand.

MONTGOMERY

I want this communique entirely rewritten. British armies are never 'bogged down by enemy resistance'. We 'momentarily slow our advance to prepare for new and stunning blows against the enemy'.

(scathingly)

If you're going to write, Welkin, for God's sake use a little imagination!

185 EXT. PATTON'S COMMAND POST - LATE AFTERNOON

Patton's cavalcade storms up to the headquarters and pulls to a halt. Out in front, as Patton steps down from his command car, is a group of four or five clergymen, in clerical collars, being escorted by the Seventh Army CHAPLAIN. Patton greets him in high good humor.

PATTON

'Afternoon, Chaplain --

CHAPLAIN

General, these gentlemen are here from the States looking over our program for the spiritual welfare of the men.

PATTON

Good. Stick with us and we'll take you into Palermo.

CLERGYMAN

(indicating Chaplain)

Colonel Davis showed us your quarters, General Patton, and I was interested to see a Bible beside your bed. Do you actually find time to read it?

PATTON

(in dead earnest)

I sure do... Every goddamn day.

186 INT. REICHSCHANCELLERY MAP ROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

Steiger approaches Jodl, who is studying a wall map of the Russian front.

STEIGER

Sir -- the Americans have taken Palermo!

JODL

Damn!

187 EXT. MONTGOMERY'S CARAVAN

Montgomery sits at a table, dressed in his roguish, casual manner, as an AIDE enters.

AIDE

General -- Patton's taken Palermo!

MONTGOMERY

(explosively)

Damn!

188 EXT. PALERMO STREET NEAR WATERFRONT - TRUCKING - DAY

Camera moves up the inclined road, whizzing past crowds of Sicilians chanting in a definite rhythm: "Viva, viva, viva, viva."

189 REVERSE ANGLE - THE PATTON ENTOURAGE

Two command cars and two jeeps. With Patton are Codman and Davenport.

PATTON

(enjoying himself
enormously)

Palermo is the most conquered city in the world. The Phoenicians, the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Byzantines. Then came the Arabs, the Spaniards, the Neapolitans. And now me.

190 MED. SHOT - CROWDED STREET

Patton's vehicles press through the cheering crowd as people offer lemons and watermelons to the victorious Americans. A motorcycle courier makes his way through the crowd, draws up alongside the command car. He holds out a message, which Codman reaches over and takes from his hand.

191 TWO SHOT - PATTON AND CODMAN

Codman has glanced at the message.

CODMAN

(with a grin)

This is from General Alexander, sir, reminding you that you are not to take Palermo.

PATTON

Send him a message, Codman. Ask him if he wants me to give it back.

192 MED. LONG SHOT

The Patton convoy comes to a halt in front of a cathedral, at the entrance to which stands a Cardinal in all his finery. Leaving the car, Patton strides over and kisses the Cardinal's ring, a gesture which is theatrically perfect and brings a ringing cheer from the people lining the sidewalk.

193 EXT. PATTON'S PALAZZO IN PALERMO - FULL VIEW - DAY

At each of the four corners of the palace a tank, fully manned, stands guard. Patton is conducting a press conference on the lawn. He stands like a conquering king, wearing a custom-tailored whipcord jacket. CORRESPONDENTS sit about the lawn on folding chairs.

PATTON

(ebulliently)

For a change, let me ask you a question. You've just come from Washington. What's the reaction to our boys taking Palermo?

CORRESPONDENT #1

(hesitantly)

Well, sir -- the general impression is that your Seventh Army barreled through token resistance, while Montgomery faced the brunt of the fighting.

PATTON

(his smile hits the ground like a sack of lemons)

By God, don't they know we took on the Herman Goering Division, the toughest outfit in the German Army?

CORRESPONDENT #2

The people back home are interested in you, General. They're curious about your pearl-handled revolvers.

PATTON

(outraged)

They're ivory! Nobody but a pimp for a cheap New Orleans whorehouse would carry a pearl-handled pistol!

CORRESPONDENT #3

What about your language, General?

Cont.

193 Cont.

PATTON

When I want something to stick,
I give it to them loud and dirty
so they'll remember it.

CORRESPONDENT #1

How do the men react to that?

PATTON

God dammit, I don't want these men to
love me -- I want them to fight
for me!
(eyes flashing, jaw set)

CORRESPONDENT #2

Ernie Pyle says you've got a
secret weapon here in Sicily --
General Bradley. 'The GI General'
-- that's what Ernie calls him.

PATTON

(gruffly)
Omar Bradley's no secret. He's a
damn fine commander.

CORRESPONDENT #3

What's your feeling about Montgomery?

PATTON

He's the best general the Limeys
have. But he's more concerned
about not losing a battle than
he is about winning one.

CORRESPONDENT #3

(baiting him)
You think he's not aggressive enough
-- is that correct?

Patton notices the men have been scribbling furiously,
starts to pull back.

Cont.

193 Cont.1

PATTON

Now, wait a minute, boys -- I've been getting into enough trouble lately. Yesterday the Inspector General's office told me my Italian prisoners didn't have enough latrines. They never knew what a goddamn latrine was until I showed them!

(this gets a laugh)

So if anything I've said sounded critical of my distinguished British colleague -- I hope you'll just forget it.

(again unable to resist, he smiles)

I will tell you this, off the record. I'm going to beat the sonuvabitch into Messina!

194 INT. MONTGOMERY'S CARAVAN - CLOSE SHOT - FRONT PAGE
NEWSPAPER - DAY

The headline reads: PATTON VOWS TO TAKE MESSINA,
RESCUE STALLED BRITISH ALLIES

Camera pulls back to reveal the newspaper is in Montgomery's hand. Monty is building up a head of steam as he reads. MAJOR GENERAL DE GUINGAND enters with a report in his hand.

SUBTITLE: MAJOR GENERAL FRANCIS W. DE GUINGAND,
MONTGOMERY'S CHIEF OF STAFF

Cont.

194 Cont.

MONTGOMERY

(outraged)

Freddy, do you realize what this madman Patton is saying? He's going to save our skins by taking Messina!

DE GUINGAND

You might find this report interesting, sir.

MONTGOMERY

(his smoldering
jealousy building)

Here I am in these bloody marshes, fighting malaria as well as Germans, while he's taking Palermo without opposition and getting all the glory.

(having glanced at
report, elatedly)

Well! Now he's up against three good Jerry divisions and he's stuck for a change... He's not going to get Messina. That's reserved for the British Eighth Army and me!

195 EXT. PATTON'S ADVANCE COMMAND POST (A FARMHOUSE IN NORTHERN SICILY) - MED. SHOT - BRADLEY AND GENERAL TRUSCOTT - DAY

They are walking through an olive grove toward the headquarters. Both men appear concerned, preoccupied. ARTILLERY FIRE can be heard in the distance.

196 TWO SHOT - BRADLEY AND TRUSCOTT

BRADLEY

It's very simple, Lucian. Terry Allen's bogged down east of Troina. You're bogged down on the coast road. We need an end run here to break things loose.

SUBTITLE: MAJOR GENERAL LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT, JR.,
COMMANDING GENERAL, THIRD INFANTRY
DIVISION

197 MED. SHOT - ENTRANCE TO COMMAND POST

Patton has appeared at the doorway of the farmhouse.

Cont.

197 Cont.

PATTON

Gentlemen, do you realize where we are? We're in an olive grove where Hannibal may have wandered.

(warmly)

Lucian! How's my little fighting sonuvabitch?

(motioning them inside)

Come on in. Brad and I have a job for you. We tried the same thing last week and picked up twelve miles. Everybody from old man Churchill on down was waving our flag.

198 INT. PATTON'S COMMAND POST - FULL SHOT

Patton crosses to map, jabs with his cigar, describing an arc around the German defenses on coast road.

PATTON

Lucian -- we want you to send a reinforced battalion by sea to make a landing up here behind the Kraut lines. Last week we brought in sixteen hundred prisoners that way.

TRUSCOTT

General Bradley says you want me to tie this in with a land-based attack.

PATTON

That's right... I want a coordinated assault the morning of the eleventh.

TRUSCOTT

I don't think we can make the linkup by the eleventh.

PATTON

Hell, it's only fifteen or twenty miles!

TRUSCOTT

General, my boys have been fighting and dying for yards.

PATTON

Maybe you better kick a few butts if you have to.

(a warm personal appeal)

Lucian -- I recommended you for your DSM and your last promotion. I know what you can do if you put your mind to it.

198 Cont.

TRUSCOTT

I'm sorry -- I can't do the impossible!

PATTON

Damn it, Lucian, you're too old an athlete to think you can postpone a match that's been scheduled.

TRUSCOTT

You're an old athlete yourself, sir. You know that matches sometimes are postponed.

BRADLEY

George -- if Lucian's right and we can't back it up by land, our end run could be a disaster. Those men might get caught up there on the beach and cut to pieces.

PATTON

(thoroughly annoyed)

What's the matter with you two?

BRADLEY

All we're talking about is not rushing in before we're ready... Give him an extra day.

TRUSCOTT

Just one more day --

PATTON

(angrily)

I will like hell! The landing is on. We're going to Messina and we're going to get there before Monty does.

TRUSCOTT

What's so important about that?

Infuriated by this challenge to his own indefensible position, Patton seethes.

PATTON

Truscott, if your conscience won't let you conduct this operation, I will relieve you and let someone else do it.

Cont.

198 Cont.1

TRUSCOTT

General, it's your privilege to
relieve me anytime you want to.

There is a long moment, during which Patton gets his anger
under control. He speaks with absolute authority.

PATTON

Gentlemen, this match will not be
postponed.

(to Truscott)

You got any questions?

TRUSCOTT

No, sir.

Patton breaks the tension by setting out three glasses
from a tray on his desk and reaching for the decanter.

PATTON

(as he pours three drinks)

Lucian -- you're a good man, but
you're too damn conservative...
You know what Frederick the Great
said? Always audacity! 'L'audace,
l'audace, toujours l'audace!

(shoving a glass
toward Truscott)

Come on -- let's have a drink.

Unwilling to bend the knee, Truscott speaks with quiet
dignity.

TRUSCOTT

Excuse me, sir -- I'm not going to
be drinking the next couple of days.

He salutes, turns and goes out. Patton glances over to
find Bradley's eyes staring at him evenly.

BRADLEY

George, if anything happens to those
men, I want to be with them.

PATTON

Well, you're not going -- so forget
it.

(belligerently resentful)

What are you trying to tell me --
that Truscott's right?

Cont.

198 Cont.2

BRADLEY

(his sense of outrage
taking over)

You're gambling with the lives of those boys just so you can beat Montgomery into Messina. If you pull it off, you're a hero. But if you don't, what about them? Think about the ordinary combat soldier. He doesn't share your dreams of glory. He's stuck here -- living out every day with death tugging at his elbow.

(his bitter anger
growing)

There's one big difference between you and me, George. I do this job because I'm trained to do it. You do it because you love it!

Bradley turns and walks out, leaving Patton staring after him.

199 EXT. GROUP OF LANDING CRAFT OFF SHORE - NIGHT

200 INT. LCI - MED. SHOT

Combat-equipped infantrymen are huddled in the dark landing craft, torn as always between hope and fear.

201- SERIES OF CUTS

204

- A. The landing craft let down their ramps with a huge splash.
- B. They disgorge their cargo of assault troops.
- C. The infantrymen make a silent and unopposed dash across the sand to an embankment beside the coast road.

205 MED. SHOT - ROAD

From far down the road the sound of an approaching ENGINE is heard. In a moment we can see a motorcycle with side-car, then we recognize the rider as a German soldier.

206 MED. CLOSE SHOT - TRUCKING - LINE OF RIFLEMEN

In the dark, the word is passed in a whisper from one rifleman to the next, camera following as each man receives and passes on the message:

Cont.

206 Cont.

RIFLEMAN

Hold your fire.

This is repeated in turn by two or three succeeding riflemen.

207 ANGLE ON EMBANKMENT

The silence is shattered by the sharp clatter of the motor-cycle's engine. Shooting down the line of riflemen, we can see their heads turn as the word to hold fire is passed toward camera. But a soldier in f.g. who has not yet got the word, sees the approaching German cyclist. He raises his rifle and fires.

208 MED. SHOT ON ROAD

as the German cyclist is hit. He screams and his motor-cycle slews wildly off the road, depositing his twisted body in a ditch.

209 LONG SHOT AT EMBANKMENT

Shooting over the riflemen taking cover behind it. There is a sudden, startling flash of light as a parachute flare illuminates the area. Then, from the wooded rise across the road, all hell breaks loose. Machine guns, mortars and small arms fire suddenly comes pouring onto the beach.

210-
211 SERIES OF CUTS

German machine guns and mortars firing.

212-
214 SERIES OF CUTS

The American Infantrymen take what cover they can against the embankment, but the mortar shells lob in as they find the range.

- A. Infantryman getting hit.
- B. Landing craft shoving off beach under heavy mortar fire.
- C. Riflemen who have scrambled to the top of the embankment to fire are cut down by machine gun bursts.

215 INT. PATTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT FORWARD COMMAND POST -
FULL SHOT - DAY

Carver is on a field phone and Patton is pacing the floor; his face a storm cloud of frustration.

Cont.

215 Cont.

CARVER

(holding the phone)

Those men on the beach are really catching hell, General. Truscott's men are doing their best, but we have no replacements for him and he can't break through to the coast.

PATTON

(with sudden grim decision)

I'm going up there myself.

216 EXT. RIVERBANK (CENTRAL SICILY) - MED. SHOT - DAY

A column of tanks is halted beside the river. The COLONEL in command, his helmet off, is fuming over a map with a couple of staff officers.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s., roaring as from a distance)

Colonel -- !

The Colonel looks up, stares across the river in amazement.

COLONEL

How the hell did he get over there?

217 MED. SHOT - PATTON

standing on the opposite bank, yelling.

PATTON

What the hell are you waiting for?!

218 MED. SHOT - COLONEL

COLONEL

Looking for a place to ford, General. I sent out a patrol to reconnoiter.

219 MED. SHOT - PATTON

PATTON

I've already done that. Down by those trees this sewer's only three feet deep.

(lashing out)

You get that outfit cranked up or you're going to be out of a job!

220 MED. SHOT - COLONEL

COLONEL
(quaking)
Yes, sir!

PATTON'S VOICE
(roaring)
And put that helmet on!

Fumbling for his helmet, the Colonel hastens to comply.

221 EXT. WOODED AREA - MED. LONG SHOT - AMERICAN INFANTRY - DAY

An infantry platoon rises up from positions of cover and moves forward. Almost immediately they are taken under heavy machine-gun fire.

222 INT. BATTALION COMMAND POST (A BOMB-DAMAGED PEASANT HUT) - DAY

In the tiny room there are Patton and Stiller; a shattered LIEUTENANT COLONEL, who is battalion commander; a Major, who is his executive; and a communications SERGEANT. Patton is taking the hide off the Lieutenant Colonel, who is trying to defend himself.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL
The reason we're pinned down, General, is we can't get any air support.

PATTON
The hell with that! Nobody's getting air support!
(raging)
If you can't put some fire under this battalion, Colonel, by God we'll find somebody who can!
(jabbing a forefinger at the Major)
I'm putting you in command, Major!
(fiercely)
I'll give you four hours -- and if you don't break through to that beachhead, I'll fire you!

Patton turns and stalks out, followed by Stiller.

SERGEANT
Colonel, there are fifty thousand men on this island who'd like to shoot that sonuvabitch.

223 OUTSKIRTS SMALL TOWN IN CENTRAL SICILY - MED. SHOT - DAY

A mechanized artillery outfit -- guns, trucks, weapons, etc. -- is stalled and bunched up on the road leading

Cont.

223 Cont.

into the little town, making a perfect target for air attack. Patton's command car barrels into scene and he is livid when he sees the vulnerable column of motionless equipment. He yells to a SERGEANT in a weapons carrier.

PATTON

(roaring)

What's holding up this column?

SERGEANT

(appalled when he recognizes the apoplectic face of Patton)

I -- I don't know, sir --

From o.s. there is the sound of approaching aircraft. Patton glances up, then gives his driver a poke in the back.

PATTON

Let's go.

The driver pulls the car off onto the shoulder of the road and roars ahead, steering an expert but dangerous course between the stalled column and the steep ditch beside the road. The roar of the planes is almost overhead now.

224 LONG ANGLE - TWO HEINKEL FIGHTER-BOMBERS

The German planes open up with their machine guns.

225 LONG SHOT - THE STALLED COLUMN (P.O.V. THE PLANES)

as the planes strafe the entire length of the sitting duck column. Men scatter and some are cut down. Patton's command car continues to skirt the edge of the road at top speed.

226 MED. SHOT - PATTON'S COMMAND CAR

Machine-gun fire spatters all around it. The driver ducks down as best he can. Codman and the others are on the floor. But Patton is still standing, his jaw jutting in angry defiance.

PATTON

(his voice cool)

Pull up over there.

227 ANGLE ON BRIDGE

This is a narrow bridge leading into the tiny town. On the bridge we see what is holding up the column. A

227 Cont.

SICILIAN PEASANT, alternately crying and shouting, is trying to coax a team of donkeys attached to his cart to move off the bridge so the machinery of war can get across. An exasperated MAJOR, along with a couple of noncoms, tries to aid in moving the donkeys.

Suddenly Patton is upon them.

PATTON
What the hell's going on here?

MAJOR
Sir, it's these mules --

PATTON
(furious)
They're jackasses! You let a whole column get stalled and strafed on account of a couple of jackasses? What the hell's the matter with you?

Before the Sicilian has time to do more than cry out in protest, Patton has drawn his pistol.

228 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

He fires twice. There is a scream of anguish from the Sicilian.

229 MED. SHOT

The donkeys now lie motionless on the bridge.

PATTON
(to the Major
and his men)
Don't just stand there! Dump them
in the river!

The men move to obey, pushing the heavy corpses over the side.

230 VIEW ON THE WATER

as the beasts hit the river. We see in the reflection that the column is moving again.

231 LONG SHOT - UP ANGLE - THE TWO HEINKELS

They bank into a steep turn to come back for another pass at the helpless column.

232 MED. SHOT - WING GUNS - HEINKEL

The machine guns clatter as they go into their second strafing run.

233 MED. LONG SHOT AT BRIDGE

The column is gathering speed as it clatters across the bridge. The planes roar over, but the moving equipment is harder to hit. Patton stands alone at the side of the bridge, oblivious to the machine-gun fire stitching the area around him, impatiently waving the vehicles across and urging them to greater speed.

234 EXT. ROAD IN CENTRAL SICILY - MED. LONG SHOT - DAY

On the bright sunlit road Patton's vehicles, returning from the front, have slowed to avoid a truck convoy headed toward the front. On the other side of the road, headed back, is a straggling line of GIs, the walking wounded, interspersed with an occasional ambulance and even a litter carried by mud-and-blood-encrusted medics. They are in strange and shocking contrast to Patton's shiny, polished car with its colorful banners and insignia, which overtakes them going in the same direction.

235 MED. SHOT - WALKING WOUNDED

Their wounds covered with temporary blood-soaked bandages, the men bearded and gaunt, bone-weary and numb with pain. Those whose eyes are bandaged are led by others. Those with leg wounds are given support by their fellows. Crude splints, improvised crutches and slings are everywhere. The men stare hollow-eyes at the Patton vehicles.

236 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

His face remains hawklike and unyielding, but something in his eyes indicates the twinge of guilt and sympathy he is unwilling to reveal.

237 MED. CLOSE SHOT - TWO WOUNDED SOLDIERS

One is naked to the waist, his chest heavily bandaged. The other is hobbling along, with the aid of an improvised crutch, on a badly shattered foot. They stare up at Patton, who is passing by slowly.

FIRST WOUNDED SOLDIER

There he goes -- 'old blood and guts.'

SECOND WOUNDED SOLDIER

(bitterly)

Yeah -- our blood and his guts.

238 EXT. ROAD - MED. CLOSE SHOT - IN COMMAND CAR - DAY

Shooting over Patton's shoulder, with his driver at the wheel. On the road up ahead is a sign with an arrow that reads: 149TH EVACUATION HOSPITAL.

Cont.

238 Cont.

Patton taps the driver on the shoulder, indicates with his pointed finger that he is to follow the arrow. The driver starts to turn off the road.

239 INT. HOSPITAL TENT - MED. SHOT - DAY

Patton is walking down the aisle, accompanied by a Medical Corps COLONEL, the Ward Surgeon and the ever-present Codman. The patients here are all badly wounded. Some are amputees, some have bandages covering their entire faces, some are getting plasma. Patton stops by each bed with a word for each man. We can't hear what he's saying until:

Camera moves in on Patton as he stops by one of the beds, occupied by a MEXICAN-AMERICAN SOLDIER. Patton glances at the name tag on the bed.

PATTON

Where'd you get it, Gomez?

MEXICAN-AMERICAN SOLDIER

(weakly)

In the chest, sir.

PATTON

You might be interested in this -- the last German I saw had no chest and no head either.

(pats his arm)

Get well quickly, son.

Moving on, Patton has to pause as a mobile stretcher is pushed by. On it is a man's body, covered completely by a sheet. Patton moves on to a bed where a soldier lies pale and motionless under an oxygen mask. The man is unconscious and he is breathing heavily and with difficulty. His entire upper body is heavily bandaged. Patton turns to Codman with a gesture, and Codman produces a Purple Heart medal out of a briefcase he carries. Patton pins the medal onto the pillowcase of the unconscious soldier. Then he kneels beside the boy's bed, takes off his helmet, and bows his head in prayer for a moment.

240-
242

INDIVIDUAL REACTIONS

The Colonel, a nurse, a medical corpsman. The gesture is so corny and improbable that they each stare, even though moved, stunned and disbelieving. Is this the Patton they've heard so much about?

243

MED. SHOT

as Patton rises and moves on. He comes upon a young GI sitting on a bed fully clothed, wearing a helmet liner, with no sign of a dressing or a wound. Patton eyes him suspiciously.

243 Cont.

PATTON
What's the matter with you?

GI
I -- I guess I just can't take it,
sir.

The boy begins to cry.

PATTON
What did you say?

GI
Sir, it's my nerves. I can't stand
the shelling anymore.

PATTON
(his voice rising)
Your nerves hell! You're just a
goddamn coward!

The soldier actually starts crying now and Patton slaps
him hard across the face.

PATTON
Shut up! I won't have a yellow
bastard sit here crying in front
of these brave men who've been
wounded in battle.

Patton strikes the man again. The man's helmet liner
falls off and rolls across the floor.

PATTON
(shouting now at the top
of his lungs)
Don't admit this yellow bastard.
There's nothing the matter with him.
I don't want sonsuvbitches who
haven't the guts to fight stinking
up this place of honor.
(to soldier)
You're going back to the front!
You may get shot and killed, but
you're going back to fight. Either
that or I'll stand you up in front
of a firing squad!

His right hand drops to his holster.

PATTON
I ought to shoot you myself, you
goddamn whimpering coward!

Cont.

243 Cont.1

A team of medical officers quickly takes the sobbing boy away.

PATTON
(screaming)
Send him up to the front. You hear
me... goddamn coward!

Patton suddenly realizes that everyone in the tent is staring at him.

PATTON
I won't have cowards in my army!

244 EXT. BRADLEY'S TRAILER COMMAND POST - DAY

Bradley sits in the sunlight under the makeshift awning of his trailer. Patton's command car drives up and Bradley rises to meet him. Still strained and apprehensive, Patton doesn't get out.

PATTON
I had to kick some butts up there,
but Truscott finally broke through
to those people on the beach.

BRADLEY
(unable to resist;
evenly)
You get the casualty reports?

PATTON
(his face momentarily
clouding)
Yeah -- I got 'em.
(impatiently)
What's the latest on the coast
road?

BRADLEY
The 3rd Division's east of Brolo,
heading toward Messina.

PATTON
The hell you say!
(with sudden elation)
Let's get dressed up and go over
there. I want to go in with the
troops!

BRADLEY
You go ahead, George. I'm not very
good at that.

Patton glances at him, looking for implied criticism, but finds none. After a moment, defensively:

244 Cont.

PATTON

I know about the casualties we took.
But if we hadn't made that end run,
God knows how many more we would
have had.

Patton signals to his driver, who pulls the car out fast.
Bradley watches it disappear, is turning back to his
trailer when Hansen comes into scene carrying a typewritten
sheet.

HANSEN

Sir, General Kean wanted you to see
this... It's about General Patton.
(handing message to
Bradley)

It came in to the surgeon from the
CO of the One hundred Forty-ninth
Evacuation Hospital.

Bradley looks over the report and his face goes grave.

BRADLEY

Anyone else see this?

HANSEN

No, sir -- just General Kean and
the surgeon.

BRADLEY

Put it in an envelope and lock it
up in my safe.

HANSEN

Yes, sir.

Bradley hands the message back to Hansen, shakes his head
gravely. Then as Hansen starts away:

BRADLEY

Chet -- mark it to be opened only
by you or me.

245 EXT. COAST ROAD (NORTHERN SICILY) - MED. SHOT - DAY

In the turret of the leading tank of an armored column
stands Patton, his polished helmet shining, looking every
inch the conquering hero. The clatter of armor as the
column races across the peaceful countryside toward
Messina brings excitement to his eyes.

246 EXT. A ROAD OUT OF CATANIA (EAST COAST OF SICILY) - DAY

A British convoy moves along the road northward to Messina.
General Montgomery stands along the roadside, smiling and

246 Cont.

returning the friendly waves of his men. We notice that in contrast with the American troops the men of the Eighth Army dress any way they please. Because of the heat, most of them are half naked. One of the enlisted men shouts out as his tank passes the sweater-wearing General.

BRITISH SOLDIER

Hello, there, Monty.

MONTGOMERY

Hello, yourself.

Another vehicle has a driver who is absolutely naked and wears a silk top hat. He laughingly tips his hat to his General. Montgomery breaks out into laughter; then, after that vehicle passes, turns to his Aide dryly:

MONTGOMERY

Issue an order: Henceforth, top hats will not be worn by members of the Eighth Army.

Another vehicle full of cheering men passes.

SECOND BRITISH SOLDIER

Fifty kilometers to Messina, Monty!

He waves back, smiling and nodding.

247 EXT. MESSINA - DAY

Highland Pipers strut proudly toward the main square of the bomb-damaged town, their pipes blaring. Montgomery's command car is behind them. They round a corner, then stop, the wind in the bags remaining for a dissonant moment. Montgomery climbs out of his car, takes a few steps forward so he can look around the corner.

248 MONTGOMERY'S P.O.V.

Patton, with folded arms, standing before the town hall, backed by his nattily uniformed staff: Stiller, Codman, Bell, Davenport, Carver. All about the square are American vehicles and men. Patton wears a triumphant smile on his face. Montgomery approaches Patton.

MONTGOMERY

Don't smirk, Patton, I shan't kiss you.

PATTON

That's a pity, because I shaved very close this morning in preparation for getting smacked by you.

248 Cont.

Montgomery smiles and salutes. Patton returns it smartly. The pipers begin their tune once again as Montgomery turns and moves back toward his vehicle.

249 OUT

A-249 INT. BAR IN MESSINA - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

The bar is full of soldiers, all neatly uniformed, Patton fashion, and there are plenty of MPs in evidence. A reporter named LARRY DOYLE, in correspondent's uniform, is being half-led, half-dragged to the bar by a big, LOUDMOUTHED GI.

LOUDMOUTHED SOLDIER

Here's the man you're looking for, Mr. Doyle. He's my buddy and he was there! Saw the whole thing!

(to a quiet, diffident man having a drink with another GI)

Go on -- tell him, Charlie!

DOYLE

You actually saw this happen?

LOUDMOUTHED SOLDIER

(before he can answer)

Saw it? He was right in the next bed! Patton took one look at this GI, hauled off and hit him across the face!

(jumping around as he acts it out)

Then he grabs him and kicks him. But hard. Knocked him ass over teakettle.

THIRD SOLDIER

(getting his oar in)

All the time he was calling him every dirty name in the book.

DOYLE

Were you there, too?

THIRD SOLDIER

No -- Charlie told us.

LOUDMOUTHED SOLDIER

Then he took out his guns and threatened to shoot this guy!

Cont.

A-249 Cont.

DOYLE

(to Quiet Soldier)

He actually threatened to shoot
him?

LOUDMOUTHED SOLDIER

(jumping in)

Would I lie to you?

DOYLE

(trying to sideslip

Loudmouth)

Charlie -- what do you think they
should do to General Patton for this?

THIRD SOLDIER

They oughta give him a medical
discharge. He's mentally deranged.

LOUDMOUTHED SOLDIER

When you've got Patton, who needs
Hitler?

DOYLE

I'm asking him.

QUIET SOLDIER

If he wants to kick me in the ass
a few times, it's all right with
me. I think Patton'll get me home
safe.

LOUDMOUTHED SOLDIER

(impatiently)

He'll get you home in a box!

THIRD SOLDIER

(the broken record)

If you ask me, they oughta give
him a medical discharge.

LOUDMOUTHED SOLDIER

Who the hell asked you? You weren't
even there!

250

INT. PATTON'S PALAZZO HEADQUARTERS IN PALERMO - MED. SHOT -
DAY

In f.g. Patton sits slumped in a huge chair, his face
clouded in deep depression. His very motionlessness is
in stark contrast to his usual kinetic energy. One
lifeless hand, holding a letter, rests in his lap.

Cont.

250 Cont.

In b.g. Bradley is admitted by Codman, who gestures Bradley in silently, then goes out himself. Bradley moves forward, a little puzzled by Patton's failure to turn and greet him.

BRADLEY

You wanted to see me, George?

PATTON

(lifelessly)

I've got a letter here from Ike.

He hands the letter to Bradley without looking up. As Bradley starts to read the letter, Patton speaks in a strained, making-conversation tone.

PATTON

I was rereading Caesar's 'Commentaries' the other night. In battle, Caesar wore a red robe so he would be clearly distinguishable from his men. I was struck by this fact because --

(he suddenly pauses,
swallows; we sense he's
been kicked in the stomach)

'Despicable'...

(closing his eyes
in pain)

First time in my life anybody ever applied that word to me.

BRADLEY

(looking up, gently)

At least it's a personal reprimand -- not official.

PATTON

(suddenly, violently)

That man was yellow! Should have been tried for cowardice and shot!

(then, just as suddenly,
confused)

Have they forgotten about all the people who are getting a hell of a lot worse than a little kick in the pants?... I ruffled his pride a little. What's that compared to war?... Two weeks ago, when we took Palermo, I was a hero -- the greatest general since Stonewall Jackson. Now they draw cartoons about me -- the dirty bastards.

Cont.

250 Cont.1

PATTON (Cont.)

(hands a newspaper
clipping to Bradley)They've got me holding a little
GI and kicking him with an iron
boot.(his rage and resentment
building)You see what's on that boot? A
swastika! On my boot! An iron
boot with a swastika on it!He takes the letter from Bradley, slumps back in his
chair, reads in a dead, lifeless voice.

PATTON

'... you will apologize to the soldier
you slapped, to all doctors and nurses
who were present in the tent, to every
patient who can be reached, and last
but not least, to the Seventh Army as
a whole, through individual units, one
at a time.'

Bradley looks at Patton with genuine sympathy.

PATTON

God, I feel low.

251 INT. CHAPEL OF PATTON'S PALAZZO IN PALERMO - FULL SHOT -
DAYPatton kneels, praying, in the nave in front of a huge
Byzantine marble candleholder. The morning sunlight
stabs through the windows of the dome.

252 MED. SHOT

Patton rises and we see that he is dressed in his typical
magnificence. He leaves the chapel.

253 EXT. THE PALAZZO - FULL SHOT

Men of Patton's command are gathered outside. They
immediately become silent as Patton's impressive figure
strides across the entrance to the head of a broad
stairway.

AN OFFICER

ATTEN-SHUN!

254 MOVING SHOT

As Patton proceeds to the center, we see the faces of
young GIs watching him. We see the nurses, the doctors
who had been present in the tent.

255 MED. SHOT - PATTON

He looks over the men intently, takes a deep breath, pulls himself to his full height.

PATTON

I thought I'd stand up here and let you fellows see if I'm as big a sonuvabitch as some of you think I am.

256 FULL SHOT

Disarmed, the GIs go wild! First, with laughter, then with cheers. This pleases Patton. He finally holds his hands up for silence.

PATTON

(with quiet dignity)

I assure you I had no intention of being either harsh or cruel in my treatment of the soldier in question. My sole purpose was to try and restore in him some appreciation of his obligations as a man and a soldier. If one can shame a coward, I felt, one might help him regain his self-respect... It was this I had in mind -- though I admit freely now that my method was wrong... I hope you will understand my motive -- and will accept this explanation and this apology... Dismissed.

257-
259 BLACK AND WHITE NEWSREEL

NEWSREEL TITLE: PATTON SOLDIER-SLAPPING STIRS HEATED CONTROVERSY!

A. MED. SHOT - WOMAN AT PODIUM

A middle-aged WOMAN speaks before half a dozen microphones.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Mrs. Hilda Scott, National President of Mothers for America, gives us the women's point of view:

MRS. SCOTT

As a woman, I think that monster Patton should be thrown out of the Army! As a mother, I demand it!

Cont.

257- Cont.

259

B MED. CLOSE SHOT - CONGRESSMAN AT SMALL LECTERN

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Congressional opinion is sharply divided. Debating the subject here is Representative William Shaw, of Omaha, Nebraska:

REPRESENTATIVE SHAW

(shaking his jowls,
he takes his stand)

My friends, if you have a good thoroughbred racehorse that bites and kicks the stableboy, but wins a race for you every Saturday, you'd be crazy to take him out and shoot him, wouldn't you?

He waits for and gets his applause. Meanwhile:

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

This point of view is opposed by Congressman Sam Buckman, of California.

Camera executes a hand-held pan to another Congressman standing at a similar lectern across the stage.

REPRESENTATIVE BUCKMAN

I say to you, ladies and gentlemen, that we happen to care about our stableboys! We think they're worth a good deal more than winning a horse race!

There is wild applause.

(NOTE: END OF NEWSREEL)

INT. PATTON'S PALAZZO HEADQUARTERS IN PALERMO - MED. SHOT
(TRUCKING) - NIGHT

Camera moves ahead of Patton and Meeks as they move through a series of offices toward Patton's private office.

PATTON

It is my belief, Meeks, that the temple we saw today marks the spot where Hasdrubal committed suicide in 397 B.C., and that the Greeks built that temple to celebrate the act. But when the Carthaginians came back, they destroyed it.

MEEKS

Yes, sir.

PATTON

On second thought, I am not sure if it was Hasdrubal or the old Hannibal. Anyhow, when he saw that the battle was lost, he jumped on the funeral pyre.

They have arrived in Patton's private office, where Codman is arranging a tray on which he has an ice bucket with a bottle of champagne and several glasses. He is transferring a pile of envelopes from the tray to Patton's desk.

CODMAN

Good evening, General. Just want to make a report on a private poll I've been taking.

PATTON

What poll?

CODMAN

The fan mail. Eleven percent 'con' -- eighty-nine percent 'pro'. That eleven percent of protest in most cases are both obscene and anonymous. But the 'pro' letters are mostly from relatives and servicemen.

(picking one up, reading:)

'I want you to know that we are proud our son is serving in your Army. From the newspaper account, we are not clear as to exactly what you did, and why, but we want you to know we are for you. Keep going, and God bless you.'

PATTON

(morosely)

'Keep going' where?

260 Cont.

During the above, Meeks has withdrawn.

CODMAN

(trying to cheer him up)
I thought you might like a sip of
wine, General... It's New Year's
Day -- and you didn't celebrate
at all last night.

PATTON

I'm fed up with sitting here in this
royal doghouse. We've taken Sicily.
I'm ready for a new assignment.

CODMAN

Maybe you've got it.
(taking an envelope
from the tray)
Here's a radio message just came in.

PATTON

(before opening the
envelope, his ambition
clear)
The one coming up is the big job.
Command of all American troops for
the European invasion.

Patton opens the envelope and reads the message. He is
quite literally stunned.

PATTON

Cod -- I've been relieved.
(unable to accept it)
They've relieved me from command of
Seventh Army.

CODMAN

I don't believe it.

Patton hands him the message.

PATTON

(grimly)
Happy New Year!

CODMAN

Wait a minute, sir. If they were
going to give you another command,
isn't it logical that they'd relieve
you here first?

PATTON

(wondering if he dare share
Codman's optimism)
You mean the invasion command?

260 Cont.1

Codman nods.

PATTON

Well -- it's possible --
 (dying to believe)
 I know it's been discussed from
 time to time.

CODMAN

The logic of it is so obvious. It
 couldn't mean anything else!
 (with sudden
 enthusiasm)
 Sir, I'm going to open this bottle
 of wine.

PATTON

(Codman's enthusiasm is
 contagious)
 By God, I'm going to help you drink
 it!

261

INT. PATTON'S BEDROOM IN PALAZZO - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

The drapes are drawn and Meeks has laid out Patton's uniform for tomorrow. Meeks himself is seated by the bed, gravely polishing the already-shining helmet. As Patton enters, Meeks rises, studying him with unobtrusive concern. But Patton is in good spirits, buoyed up by the wine and by his renewed hopes.

MEEKS

(watching him
 closely)
 How you feeling, General?

PATTON

Not bad. Not bad at all.
 (sitting on bed)
 Get me some writing paper, will
 you, George.

MEEKS

Yes, sir.

PATTON

(pulling off one shoe)
 Your wife ever give you the devil
 for not writing?

MEEKS

All the time. But I don't write as
 often as you do. Just can't get
 around to it.

261 Cont.

PATTON

Lucky thing for us that we've got 'em.

(grinning, he pulls off the other shoe)

Who the hell would want to marry a couple of broken-down horse cavalrymen?

MEEKS

That's what my wife says to me every time I come home.

Patton has risen and crossed to the French doors leading to a balcony. He glances at a clock on the mantel as he goes.

PATTON

George, what are you doing up this late?

MEEKS

(evasively)

I just thought you might like a nice hot bath or a glass of milk or something --

262

EXT. LOGGIA OUTSIDE PATTON'S BEDROOM - MED. SHOT

As Patton steps out to inhale the sweet night air, Meeks appears behind him from the bedroom.

MEEKS

I got a sleeping pill from the doc -- just in case you need it.

PATTON

Sleeping pill?... Say, what's going on here?

MEEKS

(he thinks Patton is concealing his real feelings)

General, we all heard the news tonight. They announced it on the radio.

PATTON

What news?

MEEKS

You know. About General Bradley. How they gave him the top American command for the invasion.

Cont.

262 Cont.

This hits Patton right between the eyes, shattering utterly the optimistic dream he built up with Codman. He looks wounded and pale.

PATTON

Oh... Oh, yeah --

MEEKS

I figured you might be feeling kind of low --

Unable to reply, Patton simply shakes his head.

263

TWO SHOT - PATTON AND MEEKS

Feeling utterly helpless, Meeks gestures toward the bedroom.

MEEKS

Your writin' things are on the desk.

PATTON

No, I -- I won't be writing tonight.

Acutely aware of Patton's suffering, Meeks is deeply moved.

MEEKS

(loyally resentful, he
shakes his head)
One little dogface -- one measly
little slap -- that's what done it.

PATTON

(suddenly venting his
emotions)
Oh, George -- I wish I'd kissed the
sonuvabitch!

FADE OUT

I N T E R M I S S I O N

FADE IN

264 EXT. LAWN OF VILLA IN CORSICA (AJACCIO) - MED. LONG SHOT - DAY

The sweeping lawn looks out over the Roman sea wall, the old port and the colorful city itself. Gathered on the lawn are the middle-aged ladies and gentlemen of the upper-crust French colony. Standing on the landing of a sweeping flight of steps, Patton is addressing them in French.

PATTON

Nous rendons hommage aux superbes forces de la France Libre menees par le General De Gaulle et le General Leclerc. Et n'oublions pas les heros, hommes et femmes, de la Resistance, qui risquent leur vie chaque jour pour vaincre le Boche.

Camera has pulled back, leaving Patton, and centers on a group of four or five CORRESPONDENTS gathered around Codman, who is translating for them.

CODMAN

(his eye on Patton)

He is paying tribute to the Free French forces under De Gaulle and Leclerc. Also to the brave men and women of the Resistance who risk their lives every day to help destroy the Germans.

A-264
B

INTERCUTS - PATTON AND CODMAN

PATTON

La France redeviendra libre -- je vous en donne ma parole! Tout comme les troupes de la France Libre ont debarque ici en Corse pour liberer la terre natale de Napoleon, je debarquerai bientot en France et aiderai a la liberation de la terre natale de Lafayette!

CODMAN

(keeping an eye on Patton, translating)
'France will be free again -- I give you my word. Just as Free French troops landed here in Corsica to liberate the birthplace of Napoleon, I will land someday in France and help liberate the birthplace of Lafayette!

265

MED. SHOT - PATTON

The conclusion of his remarks has brought enthusiastic applause. Smiling and bowing, he steps down the stairs and is accepting the warm congratulations of the local leaders as Codman comes into scene.

265 Cont.

CODMAN

General -- the reporters would
like a word with you.

266 GROUP SHOT - THE CORRESPONDENTS

They watch as Codman leads Patton over to them.

PATTON

'Afternoon, gentlemen --

FIRST CORRESPONDENT

General Patton, can you say anything
about the purpose of this visit to
Corsica?

PATTON

(gruffly)

I was ordered here by
General Eisenhower.

FIRST CORRESPONDENT

It was reported that you wrote the
mother of the boy you slapped, saying:
'The yellow rat should have been shot.'
Is that true, General?

With a visible effort, Patton manages to control himself.

PATTON

No comment.

SECOND CORRESPONDENT

I understand General Alexander suggested
you take on General Mark Clark's
assignment in Italy, but the War Department
killed it because of the slapping
incident.

Patton glares at the correspondent but controls himself.

PATTON

No comment.

SECOND CORRESPONDENT

Can you tell us where you'll be going
from here?

PATTON

General Eisenhower has ordered me to
Malta. That's off the record.
Interview concluded.

Patton takes one last glaring look at the First Correspondent
who asked about the "yellow rat" matter, then turns away
and exits.

267

INT. REICHSCHANCELLERY MAP ROOM - TWO SHOT - JODL AND
STEIGER - NIGHT

JODL

Malta?

STEIGER

Yes, sir.

With a look of concern, Jodl turns to a large wall map, studies it gravely. He points first to the island of Malta, then to the coast of Greece.

JODL

Malta as a base, possibly -- then
Southern Greece --
(he turns with
sudden decision,
picks up a phone)
Get me Field Marshal Keitel.

268

EXT. RUINED FORTRESS IN MALTA - MED. SHOT - DAY

Patton is acting as guide for his staff, pointing out to them the ancient fort.

PATTON

During the siege of 1528, those
forts were held by four hundred
Knights of Malta and eight hundred
mercenaries against a force of
forty thousand Turks.

As the others look off at the forts, Patton turns privately to Codman.

PATTON

Codman -- did we get any response
from Ike about those two turkeys
I sent him for Christmas?

CODMAN

No, sir.

Patton motions for the others to investigate.

PATTON

Go on over, gentlemen -- take a look.

As the officers move off, Patton speaks to Codman, shaking his head.

PATTON

I'm afraid you boys have hitched
your wagon to a falling star...
Pass the word -- if anyone wants
out, I'll understand.

268 Cont.

CODMAN

Sir, I can speak for the entire staff. We want to stay with you, no matter what duty you're assigned.

PATTON

(seething with deep, barely controllable frustration)

Up in London they're planning the invasion of Europe. What the hell am I doing out here in the boondocks? This is the moment I've trained my mind and body and spirit for. I'm a soldier! It's as natural for me to be a soldier as it is to breathe, and it would be as hard to give up as it would to stop breathing!

(growling resentfully)

All right, let's get on to Cairo -- see if the pyramids are still standing.

269

INT. REICHSCHANCELLERY MAP ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - MAP OF EGYPT - DAY

Camera pulls back to reveal Jodl talking on a phone as he studies the map. Steiger is by his side.

JODL

(into phone)

There is only one reason for him to be in Cairo. To confer with the Greek and Yugoslav governments in exile... Let the Italians garrison Italy, for God's sake -- it's their country. We'll need our German troops to reinforce Crete and the coast of Greece if Patton strikes from Egypt!

He hangs up, concerned and preoccupied.

STEIGER

I have some new information, sir. Patton is under severe criticism. He may even be court-martialed.

(indicating news releases in his hand)

It seems he slapped an enlisted man.

JODL

(losing patience)

Steiger, do you believe everything they put in their newspapers? Would they sacrifice their best field commander because he slapped a common soldier?

270 EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

A London bobby strolls the fog-shrouded street as a big black Packard, its headlights shielded, careens around a corner and comes to a stop in front of a brownstone building. Patton, bundled in a heavy coat, steps out of the car, accompanied by Codman, and approaches the inconspicuous front door.

271 INT. LIVING ROOM - LONDON FLAT - FULL SHOT

Patton and Codman enter, admitted by a CORPORAL. Patton takes a critical look about. The decor is extremely feminine, with a paneled foyer, dainty Louis XV furniture, fluffy drapes and exotic prints.

PATTON

(growling)

This place is for me?

CORPORAL

Yes, sir. This way, sir.

PATTON

(grumbling as he follows)

Whoever found this place is a genius for cloak-and-dagger.

The Corporal leads the way through the frilly hallway.

272 INT. BEDROOM - LONDON FLAT - FULL SHOT

The curtains are pink and the walls are covered with mirrors. There is a white bear rug on the parquet. The room is dominated by an enormous white bed lying low and lascivious under a fancy pink silk-embroidered coverlet. Patton looks up at the ceiling.

273 ANOTHER ANGLE

The entire ceiling is covered with mirror.

PATTON

(to Codman)

Who the hell picked this cathouse?

CODMAN

I believe it was General Smith, sir.

PATTON

He did it to spite me, the sonuvabitch!

Reflected in the ceiling mirror, the image of General Bedell Smith is seen entering the room.

Cont.

273 Cont.

SMITH

Welcome to London, Georgie.

274 MED. SHOT

Patton turns to Smith and his arrogance subsides. He is mentally exhausted and deeply apprehensive. Smith is businesslike, unbending, humorless.

PATTON

Hello, Beetle. Is... is Ike here?

SMITH

He asked me to brief you.
(to Codman and
the Corporal)
Excuse us, please.

Codman and the Corporal quickly take their leave, closing the mirrored door. Smith makes himself comfortable in one of the plump chairs.

SMITH

First of all, I want to put you straight about Ike. We hear a lot about you criticizing his decisions.

PATTON

No, Beetle, not really. Hell, you know I'm just a damn fool, but sometimes I wonder whether he's a Limey at heart.

SMITH

George, this is the toughest coalition ever attempted in history. Ike sits on top, trying to hold it together and lick the Germans at the same time. Believe me, it's one hell of a job.

PATTON

I know that. But, Beetle --

SMITH

We have an important job for you in connection with the Normandy invasion --

PATTON

I've studied the Overlord plan, and it has one serious flaw. It depends on Monty taking Caen on D-day. Well, he'll never make it, because it's impossible. I've got a plan for another landing in the vicinity of Calais, following an air bombardment --

Cont.

274 Cont.

SMITH

(interrupting)

Please -- will you just listen for a change? And remember, Ike stuck by you when everyone -- and I mean everyone -- wanted Patton with a rope around his neck.

(with finality)

We're going to let it leak out that you're here under cover -- that you're preparing to invade at the Pas de Calais. We hope to pin down the German Fifteenth Army there so they can't be used against us in Normandy.

PATTON

(deeply shaken)

Is that all you people think I'm good for?

SMITH

(ignoring this)

We're building an army of twelve divisions around you -- all fictitious, of course. Dummy troop concentrations, dummy landing craft and simulated radio traffic... You see, the Germans are convinced that you're going to lead the main invasion effort...The German agents will spot you here before long. Then we'll move you to your new headquarters in Knutsford.

PATTON

What do I do there?

SMITH

Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

(rising, preparing to leave)

Frankly, George, you're on probation. If you take my advice, you'll behave yourself. And remember, your worst enemy is your own big mouth.

A-274

INT. EISENHOWER'S HEADQUARTERS AT GROSVENOR SQUARE -
MED. SHOT - NIGHT

Patton is waiting in a large anteroom what has a quiet but vigorous excitement about it. Staff officers bob out of this door, into that one. A door opens and General Bradley comes out. Patton notices him with pleasure.

PATTON

Brad!

Bradley has important things on his mind, but he is pleased to see his old boss.

BRADLEY

Good to see you. How is everything?

Bedell Smith sticks his head out of the office marked GENERAL EISENHOWER, beckons to Bradley.

SMITH

Oh, General Bradley --

Bradley turns to find Smith beckoning him to come into Ike's office. This, of course, is a command.

BRADLEY

Excuse me, will you, George.

PATTON

Sure, Erad. See you later --

Bradley has followed Smith into the office, leaving Patton alone and very much out of things.

275

EXT. TOWN OF KNUTSFORD - MED. LONG SHOT - DAY

An all-female brass band, resplendent in their Women's Land Army uniforms, is playing with a good deal more enthusiasm than talent. A large group of ladies stands outside the new Knutsford "Welcome" Club, attached to the front of which is a large red, white and blue banner reading: KNUTSFORD WELCOMES OUR AMERICAN ALLIES.

The band plays The Stars and Stripes Forever as Patton's car pulls up into the crowd, which seems to be populated solely by middle-aged and older women.

Patton's Packard comes to a stop by Codman who opens the door. He is surprised by a menacing white English bull terrier, who is immediately upon him. Patton steps out, holding the dog's leash.

PATTON

Look at this nasty-faced sonuvabitch, Codman, bred for combat. I'm going to call him William, for William the Conqueror.

275 Cont.

The dog causes some consternation among the ladies.

CODMAN
General, maybe you'd better leave
him in the car.

PATTON
It's all right, Codman. Good
afternoon, ladies.

William spots a medium-sized terrier, as does Patton.

PATTON
Watch this, Cod.

CODMAN
General, he'll kill that dog!

PATTON
Nah, I'll hold him.

276 ANGLE ON THE TERRIER

He sees William, bears his small fangs and growls menacingly.

277 ANGLE ON PATTON AND WILLIAM

William shrinks back in fear, runs around behind Patton,
peering nervously from behind his leg, whining piteously.

278 MED. SHOT

as the littlest, daintiest lady stoops to pick up the
terrier.

LADY
I'm terribly sorry, General. Did
Abigail frighten your poor dog?

PATTON
(crestfallen)
Quite all right, Madame.

Codman smiles, eases Patton away.

CODMAN
This way, sir.

PATTON
(fiercely, to William,
as he goes)
Your name isn't William. It's Willy!

279 EXT. THE NEW CLUB - DAY

Patton sits quietly with Willy on the floor by his chair, while a MRS. SMITH opens the proceedings:

MRS. SMITH

My dear friends, General George S. Patton, Jr. has accepted our invitation to say a few words to you in honour of this inaugural ceremony.

280 ANGLE FAVORING PATTON

He feels a fish out of water in this frumpy and frilly environment.

MRS. SMITH

General Patton is not here in his official capacity. And I have assured him most earnestly that nothing he says will be quoted... May I present General Patton.

Patton rises, a little flush-faced, as the British ladies applaud. Codman leans over and whispers to him:

CODMAN

Remember, sir -- watch your language.

Patton takes his place at the podium.

PATTON

My dear ladies, until today my only experience in welcoming has been to welcome Germans and Italians to the infernal regions. In this I have been quite successful, as the troops whom I have had the honor to command have killed or captured some 170,000 of our enemies.

With that the ladies go into another dainty round of applause, a few of them shouting in their meek little voices: "Hear, hear!"

PATTON

I feel that such clubs as this are of very real value because I believe with Mr. Bernard Shaw that the British and the Americans are two people separated by a common language.

A titter of laughter goes across the room.

Cont.

280 Cont.

PATTON

And since it is the evident destiny of the British and the Americans to rule the world, the better we know each other the better we will do.

During the applause that follows, Codman leans forward, tries to get Patton's attention.

CODMAN

(during the applause)

The Russians! Don't forget the Russians!

Patton turns but can't hear what Codman is saying because of the applause. Scowling at Codman, he turns back and proceeds.

PATTON

A club like this is an ideal place for promoting mutual understanding. As soon as our soldiers meet and know the English ladies and write home and tell our women how truly lovely you are, the sooner the American ladies will get jealous and force this war to a quick termination. And I will then get a chance to go to the Pacific and kill Japanese.

More enthusiastic applause rings through the crowd and the little ladies stand up, some on tiptoe, to honor the General. The band starts to play.

281-
284

BLACK AND WHITE NEWSREEL

NEWSREEL TITLE: PATTON INSULTS
RUSSIAN ALLIES!

A. FULL SHOT - UNION SQUARE IN NEW YORK (STOCK)

The square is filled with angry, milling protesters, some listening to speakers.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

In cities all over the nation, mass meetings are held to protest General George Patton's statement that Britain and America will rule the postwar world -- that Russia will have nothing to say.

Cont.

281- Cont.
284

B. INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE

A SENATOR is seated at his desk, with an American flag on a standard behind him.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Congressional leaders, like Senator Claiborn Foss, are quick to react.

SENATOR FOSS

This man has insulted our Russian allies, implying Anglo-American world rule. In my opinion he should be severely disciplined.

C. MED. SHOT - MRS. SCOTT

A familiar-looking middle-aged woman speaking at a microphone.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

Mrs. Hilda Scott, National President of Mothers for America:

MRS. SCOTT

I still think that monster should be thrown out of the Army.

NOTE: END OF NEWSREEL

285

INT. BEDELL SMITH'S OFFICE IN LONDON - DAY

PATTON

(standing before
Smith's desk)

Beetle, this time I didn't do a damn thing! They said there were no reporters there. I just made a few remarks off the record.

SMITH

Ike told you to keep your mouth shut and you wouldn't listen. Don't you realize how suspicious the Russians are of the British and ourselves?

PATTON

I was just trying to be polite to the old ladies. If they'd had any Russians there, I would have mentioned them. I don't like the sonsuvbitches, but I would have mentioned them out of politeness.

285 Cont.

PATTON (Cont.)
 (irritated to find
 himself out of his
 element)

Beetle, I don't know anything about politics -- you know that. I have no political ambitions after the war. All I want to do is command an army in combat!

SMITH

It's out of our hands, George. Ike sent a message last night to the Chief of Staff in Washington.

PATTON

General Marshall is a good man, a fair man.

SMITH

So now it's up to Marshall whether you stay here as a decoy or he orders you home.

286- BLACK AND WHITE NEWSREEL (TO BE ASSEMBLED ESSENTIALLY
 294 FROM STOCK FOOTAGE)

NEWSREEL HEADLINE: INVASION FLEET SAILS!

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Assembled in the ports of England, the mightiest armada in military history prepares to cross the channel and assault the German-held fortress of Europe.

- A. SERIES OF CUTS
- D. Featuring the loading of LSTs and other naval craft. Tanks and vehicles of all types and sizes creak aboard the big ships.
- E. GANGPLANK OF BRITISH TROOPSHIP
 as Tommies in battle dress move up the gangplank.
- F. ANGLE ON GENERAL MONTGOMERY
 On the dockside, he's shaking hands and laughing with some of his men as they head toward the gangplank.
- G. FULL SHOT - AMERICAN TROOPSHIP
 Thousands of GIs wave as the ship moves out.
- H. CLOSE SHOT - GENERAL BRADLEY
 He waves back from the bridge of a naval vessel.
- I. LONG SHOT
 as the invasion fleet pulls out.

295 EXT. PEOVER HALL - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

A car drives up and Patton gets out, goes inside.

296 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - PATTON'S RESIDENCE AT KNUTSFORD
(PEOVER HALL)

The large foyer is cold and cavernous. Meeks comes to the door to meet Patton as he enters, takes his cap and coat. Patton's face is drawn and somber.

PATTON

George, the war is over.

MEEKS

Sir?

PATTON

It's just a matter of waiting for our orders.

Meeks studies Patton's face with sympathy and concern.

PATTON

I think I'm destined to achieve some great thing. What, I don't know. But this last incident is so trivial in its nature and so terrible in its effect that it is not the result of an accident, but the work of God.

MEEKS

Yes, sir.

PATTON

Do you realize, George -- this may be the last great opportunity of my lifetime? Imagine -- a war involving the entire world -- and I'm left out of it! God will not permit this. I must be allowed to fulfill my destiny!
(then quietly)
His will be done.

He turns and moves off across the huge lonely hall.

297-
306 BLACK AND WHITE NEWSREEL

NEWSREEL HEADLINE:

D-DAY!
ALLIES INVADE FRANCE!

Cont.

297- Cont.
306

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

In the greatest amphibious operation ever attempted, a predawn naval bombardment prepares the way for Allied soldiers to assault the Normandy beaches and claw out a desperate foothold on the continent of Europe.

A.- SERIES OF CUTS OF NAVAL SHIPS

D. The great armada lies off the coast of Normandy, its guns and rockets blasting the beaches. From the troop transports landing craft are lowered to the sea, and men clamber down the cargo nets to board them.

E.- SERIES OF CUTS ON THE ASSAULT BEACHES

J. The landing craft boil through the surf, their ramps slap down and the men pour out. They struggle forward through the water, shellfire exploding all around them. A landing craft is hit but another takes its place. The men fight their way up the beach.

NOTE: END OF NEWSREEL

307 EXT. C-47 AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT OVER CHANNEL - FULL SHOT - DAY

308 EXT. C-47 AIRPLANE - MED. SHOT

It is a bucket-seat job, loaded with high-priority equipment -- spare airplane parts, several propellers, a big electric generator, etc. Squeezed into the available space between the crates and heavy equipment are Patton, Codman, Meeks and Willy. Beside Patton is a volume of HISTORY OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST. He has his battered Michelin road map out and is showing it to Codman.

PATTON

I knew Monty couldn't take Caen on D-day of D plus ten, and I said so. Here they are, all hung up in this hedgerow country. What they should do now is pivot, the way von Schlieffen did on Alsace. Then we'd have a chance to do some broken field running.

(tossing map aside)

But they won't listen to me.

(glancing about
disgustedly)

What a way to land on the continent of Europe. With the rest of the spare parts.

(he picks up one, looks
at it and throws it
aside)

Cont.

308 Cont.

CODMAN

(with a smile)

Sir, everything on this plane is high-priority. General Bradley wouldn't send for you unless he had something in mind.

PATTON

(after a moment, with deep resolve)

I've learned my lesson, Cod. If I ever get another chance, so help me, I'm going to shut up and play the game.

(sternly)

If I forget that, you remind me!

CODMAN

I'll give you a gentle nudge in the ribs.

PATTON

You give me a swift kick in the ass!

CODMAN

(swallowing hard)

Yes, sir.

309

EXT. BRADLEY'S MOBILE FIELD OFFICE IN NORMANDY - MED. SHOT - DAY

A flight of P-51s roars by overhead as Bradley's jeep, bearing Patton and Codman, Bradley's aide driving, pulls into the tented compound that makes up the command post. They are met by Hansen, who salutes sharply.

HANSEN

General -- welcome to France.

PATTON

I hope there's still a war going on, Hansen. Where's the boss?

HANSEN

This way, sir.

Artillery fire can be heard in the distance as Patton and Codman step out of the jeep and follow Hansen.

310

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRADLEY'S MOBILE FIELD OFFICE

This new map van is half the length of a Pullman car and is connected by a hinged steel deck to the 2-1/2 ton truck used for Bradley's living quarters. Patton, Codman and Hansen are approaching the vehicle when Montgomery, all bustle and business, comes out.

310 Cont.

MONTGOMERY

Patton! Haven't seen you since
Messina!

PATTON

How are you, General?

MONTGOMERY

Understand you're doing a splendid
job of decoying the Jerries.

(jauntily)

Forgive me -- I'm off to the front...

Best of everything, old boy.

(he pauses, turns)

By the way -- Intelligence has
confirmed that I'm against Rommel
again.

He hurries on over to his jeep and drives off. Patton
watches him go, green with envy.

PATTON

Rommel. I'd love to tangle with
that beautiful bastard.

Bradley has appeared in the doorway of his field office.

BRADLEY

(calling out)

How are you, George?

PATTON

(coming over)

Pretty fair, Brad -- for a man on
the dole.

They shake hands and Bradley escorts him inside.

311

INT. BRADLEY'S MOBILE FIELD OFFICE - FULL SHOT

This specially designed trailer is quite elaborate. Four
plexiglass astrodomes in the roof admit daylight, and a
bank of fluorescents illuminates the mapboards that run
the length of the walls. There is a carpeted, mahogany-
paneled office in the front, separated from the map room
by a railing. It looks like the chancel of a well-
appointed church.

PATTON

(glancing around)

This is very plush.

(grinning)

Looks like you're bucking for
Archbishop.

311 Cont.

BRADLEY

(diffidently)

Chet Hansen had this rig built for me.

(getting down to business)

George -- Ike wanted me to have a talk with you. I told him you and I could level with each other.

PATTON

That's right.

BRADLEY

We're going to activate Third Army soon as I take over 12th Army Group.

PATTON

(his eyes brightening)

Do I get it?

BRADLEY

I'll be honest with you -- I've had reservations. You've been senior to me ever since I got out of the Academy. You were the boss in North Africa and Sicily. Might be a problem for both of us.

PATTON

It wouldn't bother me.

BRADLEY

The other thing is --

(he hesitates)

I don't want to hit this too hard -- but we're different kinds of people, George --

PATTON

You're right, Brad. Goddammit, you're always right. Between my screwy ideas and your brains, we make a wonderful team. We proved that in Sicily.

BRADLEY

Tell you the truth -- if I'd been your senior in Sicily, I would have relieved you.

Cont.

311 Cont.1

PATTON

(pleading comes hard,
but he's desperate)

Brad, I'll crawl on my belly to get a command. For God's sake, get me into the fight. The only way I can get out of the doghouse is to pull something spectacular. I have to get back in this war! My God, Hitler's own people tried to kill him two days ago. First thing you know it'll be over and --

(the thought is too awful;
frankly begging)

I'll keep my mouth shut. I'll behave myself -- I give you my word, Brad.

Bradley studies him for a moment. Without responding, Bradley turns to a big map on the wall, changing the subject entirely.

BRADLEY

George, I've been working on a plan called COBRA. Like to know what you think of it.

312 ANGLE AT MAP

Chagrined, Patton reluctantly follows as Bradley uses the map to illustrate his remarks.

BRADLEY

We're slugging our way through hedgerow country half an acre a day. Have to find a way to break out.

(pointing)

I want to use this St.-Lo-Periers road. Let Monty pin down the enemy forces around Caen...We'd pulverize an area three and a half miles wide with saturation bombing. Follow that up with seven divisions. Then we'll have Third Army swing around and make an end run across France.

(asking for a professional
opinion)

Well -- what do you think?

PATTON

I think you need a screwball horse cavalryman to command Third Army.

BRADLEY

(with a quiet grin)

George -- we came to that conclusion back in England three months ago.

Cont.

312 Cont.

PATTON

You what?(accusingly, as he
realizes Bradley means it)

Why, you dirty son of a --!

(suddenly pulling
himself up)I forgot. I promised to keep my
mouth shut!

313 INT. REICHSCHANCELLERY MAP ROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

Rommel and Jodl are examining a large wall map of the Normandy coast, with Steiger standing by. Rommel points to several sharp salients indicated in the German defenses near Coutances.

ROMMEL

What is this enemy activity
near Coutances?

JODL

(glancing at paper
in his hand)

'Enemy armored forces driving
through our defenses at Lessay.
American tank units moving at great
speed, slicing through to the rear areas.'

STEIGER

(to Rommel)

Excuse me, Field Marshal. This
sounds very much like Patton.

JODL

(in mild annoyance)

Patton is in England.

ROMMEL

Do we know this?

JODL

Normandy is merely a feint. The major
invasion will come at Calais and Patton
will lead it. The Fuehrer has ordered
that under no circumstances should the
Fifteenth Army be moved to Normandy.

ROMMEL

Those men are sitting on the beach
at Calais throwing pebbles at each
other while our men in Normandy
are being slaughtered.

Cont.

313 Cont.

JODL

The Fifteenth Army is waiting for Patton at Calais and Calais is where he will land.

ROMMEL

You seem perfectly willing, Jodl, to accept this nonsense. Why?

JODL

(with a faint smile
of superiority)

Because I am not prepared, sir, to dispute the Fuehrer.

314 EXT. ROAD LEADING OUT OF HEDGEROW COUNTRY - MOVING SHOT - DAY

Tanks driving forward at tremendous speed. There is an air of excitement, of movement, of drive.

315 EXT. ANOTHER ROAD

Patton's jeep driving madly along. Coming up alongside the lead tank without pausing, Patton stands in the jeep and shouts to the tank commander.

PATTON

Go as far as you can, as fast as you can!

316 HIGH ANGLE (P.O.V. OF AIRPLANE)

Shooting down on an armored column racing along a road.

317 ANGLE ON P-51 IN FLIGHT

318 CLOSE SHOT - TANK COMMANDER IN TURRET OF MOVING TANK

PILOT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

There's a roadblock up ahead. Slow down and I'll see what I can do.

TANK COMMANDER

(into his mike)

Roger.

He turns to give the signal to slow down the column.

319 ANGLE ON GERMAN ROADBLOCK

It is built of wrecked vehicles and wooden timbers. The German soldiers, hearing the roar of advancing armor, assume positions of defense. There is the sound of a fast-approaching aircraft.

320 UP ANGLE ON P-51

The plane is angled down, its wing guns firing.

321 MED. SHOT - ROADBLOCK

Machine-gun bullets pound the area, and some of the Germans manning the roadblock are cut down. The P-51 roars by overhead.

322 ANOTHER ANGLE ON ROADBLOCK

as American armored column approaches, gathering speed. Two German soldiers who are not hit attempt to reposition their Panzerfaust to get a shot at the lead tank.

323 MOVING SHOT - LEAD TANK

It does not hesitate, but crashes through the roadblock, its machine gun firing, knocking out the Panzerfaust and its crew. It races on relentlessly, followed by the other tanks.

324 INT. BRADLEY'S MOBILE FIELD OFFICE - MED. SHOT - DAY

The map section is bustling with activity now. A couple of noncoms work at celluloid-covered wall maps with sponges, trying to keep up with Patton's advance. They alter the little red squares and circles representing German positions -- and the blue ones representing those of the Allies.

General Bradley and General Bedell Smith are watching the changes recorded on the map as camera moves in to two shot of them.

SMITH

You'd think George would at least have the courtesy to let us know where he's going.

Bradley grins, delighted that Patton is performing so well. They are interrupted by Hansen, who hands a message to Bradley.

HANSEN

Excuse me, General, there's a heavy German counterattack aimed at Mortain. Five panzer and SS divisions have penetrated the First Army front.

BRADLEY

(his face serious as he studies the message)
Keep me posted on this, Chet.

325

INT. REICHSCHANCELLERY MAP ROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

Steiger -- now a major -- watches as Jodl studies a wall map showing the German advance toward Mortain. (It is the equivalent of the map in A SOLDIER'S STORY, page 373.)

JODL

(elated as he studies
the map)

This offensive was a stroke of military genius. And remember -- it was ordered by the Fuehrer -- not by the Army!

(pointing to deep
German penetration)

This attack isolates the British from the Americans. We will drive them piecemeal back into the sea.

(motioning north with
the back of his hand)

Montgomery this way --

(sweeping south and
west with his palm)

Bradley and Patton this way.

STEIGER

But we don't even know where Patton is!

A-325

EXT. ROADSIDE - MED. SHOT - DAY

A column of troops is marching by as Bradley and Hansen, in a jeep, scan the countryside looking for someone. Suddenly Hansen points to a section of the marching column.

HANSEN

There he is, sir. In that column --

B-325

ANGLE ON MARCHING COLUMN

In the column of GIs marching at route step is Patton. He's talking to the men with great interest -- and listening just as intently. After a moment, Hansen's voice can be heard.

HANSEN'S VOICE

(o.s.)

General Patton -- !

Patton looks up, sees Bradley. With a nod to the marching soldiers, he moves out to join Bradley, camera following him to Bradley's jeep.

PATTON

(to Bradley)

This one outfit's been dragging its tail, and I came up here to find out why... Men are tired, that's all -- and they're badly led. I'll put a new commander in here and they'll be fine.

Cont.

B-325 Cont.

BRADLEY

George, we've got the German attack pretty well stopped at Mortain. I believe we can turn this pocket into a trap if we move fast enough.

PATTON

You give me the word and I'll drive north to Falaise.

BRADLEY

No -- I want you to go as far as Argentan and hold there. Montgomery's Canadians will come on down and close the gap.

PATTON

He's not set for it -- and I am. We can mousetrap a whole German Army in that pocket, but if we wait for Monty, they'll get away...Brad, if those Germans escape, we'll only have to fight them again someplace else.

BRADLEY

Don't you think I realize that, George?

PATTON

Then let me nail them.

BRADLEY

There'll be nineteen German divisions trying to bust out of that trap. You'd be stretched too thin. Besides, you might run into our own bombing.

(with quiet but
final authority)

I want you to build up a solid shoulder at Argentan and hold there - understand?

PATTON

(controlling the
explosion within him)

Yes, sir -- goddammit!

326 INT. PATTON'S COMMAND POST - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Patton is fencing with a young BRITISH LIAISON OFFICER. (Perhaps saber would be more interesting and effective than foils.) Patton is more expert than the Englishman -- and much more aggressive. He slashes away, always on the attack -- never parries. Willy is lying on the floor watching the fencers. Bell enters the room, not at all surprised at what is going on.

Cont.

326 Cont.

BELL

Excuse me, sir.

PATTON

What is it?
 (still-fencing)
 Your guard, Phillips!

BELL

Sir, the Canadians have already
 advanced by one-half mile.

PATTON

(slashing away at
 his opponent)
Half a mile? What the hell is
Monty doing?
 (exasperated, to
 the Britisher)
 I could kill every damn Kraut in
 that pocket if I didn't have to
 sit here and wait for that boss of
 yours...I'd drive the British back
 into the sea for another Dunkirk.
 Why doesn't Monty just attack?!
 (slashing aggressively)
 That's what I do -- I attack!...
 Always attack!

He's driven his opponent back almost to the wall.

BELL

Sir, Field Marshal Rommel's car
 was hit today in a strafing attack
 by one of our planes. He was
 very badly wounded.

Patton stops fencing, slowly lowers his saber. After a
 moment, he growls:

PATTON

Hope he pulls through -- the
 sonuvabitch.

Obviously moved and disturbed by this news, he tosses
 his saber aside, speaks with sudden determination:

PATTON

Bell -- get General Bradley on
 the phone.

BELL

Yes, sir.

327 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON ON PHONE

PATTON

(insistently)

Brad -- instead of sitting on my rosy butt waiting for Monty, why can't I get moving again? There's nothing out front -- nothing between me and the Seine!... My intelligence people tell me there's hardly any German strength between Vitre and the Loire. And the bridge at Angers is still intact.

328 CLOSE SHOT - BRADLEY ON PHONE

BRADLEY

Can you hold that shoulder and still move forward?

329 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON ON PHONE

PATTON

Hell, I can leave two divisions here to wait for Monty and I can be across the Seine in a week!... What's that? I can't hear you, Brad --!

330 CLOSE SHOT - BRADLEY ON PHONE

BRADLEY

(raising his voice)

I said get moving!

331 EXT. ROAD THROUGH FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A column of tanks roars down the road and into camera at high speed, mud flying in all directions.

332 MED. SHOT - SUPPLY TRUCKS - DAY

careening down highway. In the b.g. we see more columns of tanks. There is movement everywhere.

333 EXT. THE ROAD TO LE MANS - DAY

Columns of mud-spattered vehicles moving forward, companies of infantry plodding on through the wet. One GI looks up and turns to his friend.

GI

Good God, look at that!

334 WHAT THEY SEE

Their first view of Patton in combat. He is standing up in his command car, his attire all spit and polish. On

Cont.

334 Cont.

his hips are the pistols, on his head the polished helmet. Even the command car manages to remain immaculate and shiny.

One GI shouts out to him:

GI
Where you going, General?

Patton turns, smiles.

PATTON
To Berlin! I'm personally going
to shoot that paper-hanging sonuvabitch!

335 MED. LONG SHOT - AMERICAN TANK PLATOON

They are firing from a hull-down position behind a little rise.

336 MED. SHOT - GERMAN TANK

It is hit and blown up.

337 LONG SHOT - ON ROAD

German infantry troops are being herded to the rear by GIs.

338 CLOSE SHOT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

The headline reads: PATTON DASHES ACROSS FRANCE
THIRD ARMY BAGS 20,000 GERMANS

Camera pulls back to reveal the paper in the hand of Bradley. With a broad grin on his face, Bradley hands the paper over to Hansen.

BRADLEY
Give George a headline and he's good
for another thirty miles.

339 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Patton's armor roars past as a column of German soldiers, hands behind their necks, trudge in the opposite direction.

340 INT. REICHSCHANCELLERY - MAP ROOM

Steiger is keeping his own score of the German casualties inflicted by Patton's army. He has a piece of opaque plastic on his desk, on which has been printed in crayon the word CASUALTIES. Under this is the following:

| | |
|--------------------|--------|
| KILLED | 4,126 |
| WOUNDED | 13,084 |
| CAPTURED | 16,119 |

Cont.

340 Cont.

Steiger erases the 16, 119 figure with a cloth and substitutes 18,563.

341 EXT. ROADSIDE - MED. SHOT - DAY

An American half-track with General Carver in it pulls up alongside a lead tank. Carver shouts to the tank COMMANDER.

CARVER

Have you lost contact with the enemy?

COMMANDER

Yes, sir.

CARVER

Well, move up after them!

COMMANDER

(grinning)

We bypassed them, General. They're behind us!

342 INT. REICHSCHANCELLERY - MED. CLOSE SHOT - STEIGER

working on his chart again. It now reads:

| | |
|---------------|--------|
| KILLED. . . . | 8,973 |
| WOUNDED . . . | 27,081 |
| CAPTURED. . . | 18,563 |

He is rubbing out the 18,563 figure and substituting 34,104.

343 EXT. FIELD - DAY

A column of Third Army tanks stopped. Several tank COMMANDERS are squatting around their maps.

TANK COMMANDER #1

Hell, it just isn't on the map!

TANK COMMANDER #2

You know why? We've run clear off the map.

344 INT. REICHSCHANCELLERY - MED. CLOSE SHOT - STEIGER

His chart now reads:

| | |
|---------------|--------|
| KILLED. . . . | 16,217 |
| WOUNDED . . . | 55,023 |
| CAPTURED. . . | 34,104 |

He is rubbing out the 34,104 figure and substituting in crayon 62,163.

345 EXT. ROAD - MED. SHOT - DAY

Patton and Codman are in a jeep as it moves down the road. They are looking up into the sky and Patton is talking into a microphone.

346 UP ANGLE - ON LIGHT RECON PLANE

as it circles overhead.

347 MED. LONG SHOT - ROAD

Still looking up, Patton yells orders into the microphone and gestures toward a halted tank column beside the road.

348 ANOTHER ANGLE

Several small parachutes blossom open below the circling plane and drop to the ground. Camera pans down as tank commanders rush to open the tubular packets attached to the chutes. Maps are unrolled and the tank commanders remount their vehicles. In a few moments the tank engines are roaring as they speed onward again.

349 MED. SHOT - PATTON'S JEEP

There is a broad triumphant grin on Patton's face as the jeep roars past the tank column. The tankers wave and grin back as Patton passes. On his face, as he feels the thrill of this hell-for-leather dash, is an expression close to ecstasy.

350 EXT. ROAD INTERSECTION - MED. SHOT - DAY

Several ambulances are trying to cross the main road, and a heavy traffic snarl has developed. Two tanks are slithering around in the mud, their treads getting no traction, adding to the confusion. An MP knee-deep in mud is trying to unsnarl the traffic, but he's not getting anywhere.

351 INT. LIGHT LIAISON PLANE - CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

His face is grim as he sees the traffic snarl below.

PATTON

(to Pilot)

Take me down to that foul-up.

352 EXT. PLANE - LONG SHOT

as it circles and proceeds to land in a field adjoining the crossroads.

353 MED. SHOT - TRAFFIC SNARL

Tanks, ambulances, half-tracks are in a welter of confusion. Drivers are yelling pointlessly and the MP is hopelessly out of his depth. Patton bursts on the scene like a tornado, yells at the MP.

PATTON

Get out of the way! I'll unscramble this mess!

As he backs away from the rampaging Patton, the MP stumbles and falls into a mud puddle, getting soaking wet.

354 EXT. ROAD - MED. SHOT - BRADLEY'S JEEP

Bradley and Hansen are in the jeep as it approaches the traffic jam and slows down. Bradley surveys the scene.

355 MED. LONG SHOT - TRAFFIC JAM

Wallowing through the mud, Patton has jumped up on a gasoline drum that is in water up to half its height. Yelling directions we cannot make out but are clearly blistering, he manages to pull order out of the chaos and get the column moving again.

A-355 ANGLE ON BRADLEY

Passing the MP, who is wet and shaking with cold, Bradley motions Hansen to stop, takes off his field jacket.

BRADLEY

Chet, take this over to that boy. I can get another one a lot easier than he can.

356 ANGLE ON PATTON

The roaring lash of his tongue having broken the log jam, he now directs traffic with the magnificent grace of a Roman policeman. He is interrupted by Hansen, who salutes and reports that Bradley wants to see him. (The roar of the vehicles drowns out all dialogue.) Turning the traffic control back to the MP, Patton leaps down from his gasoline drum, moves over to join Bradley.

357 MED. SHOT AT BRADLEY'S JEEP

as Patton approaches, salutes.

BRADLEY

You'd make a good traffic cop.
(then, seriously)
George, this drive to the Seine has been absolutely magnificent. But I'm sorry to say we have to slow you down.

357 Cont.

PATTON

What the hell for?

BRADLEY

For the time being we have to cut off your supplies -- gasoline, ammunition, everything. SHAEF is up against a new set of priorities.

PATTON

(his suspicions
growing heated)

I think I smell Montgomery.

BRADLEY

Now take it easy, George. There are serious issues involved here -- political issues.

PATTON

(belligerently)

By God it is Montgomery!

BRADLEY

The launching sites for the V-2 bombs are all in his area. And Mr. Churchill wants those rocket bases destroyed. Hitler's killing more civilians in London than soldiers in the field!

PATTON

(disdainfully)

They expect Monty to do anything about it?

BRADLEY

He said if he was given the supplies, he'd pounce on them like a savage wolf.

PATTON

He'll pounce like a savage rabbit!

(angrily)

You give me that gasoline and I'll gain ground with it. I'll kill Germans, too. Give me 400,000 gallons and I'll go to Berlin!

BRADLEY

George, I can't do it.

Cont.

357 Cont.1

PATTON

That Siegfried line is an empty shell -- don't you realize that? They've stripped it and sent all the equipment to the eastern front. It's overgrown and crawling with cows. I could poke through it in two days!

BRADLEY

(his patience running out)

No use arguing with me. This wasn't my idea.

PATTON

What did you pick me to command for if you won't let me kill Germans?

BRADLEY

(finally exasperated and angry)

I didn't pick you! Ike picked you! ...You've performed brilliantly -- you're loyal and dedicated. You're one of the best field commanders I have, but you don't know when to shut up... George, you're a pain in the neck!

PATTON

(taken aback, he quiets down)

I've got a lot of faults, Brad -- I know that -- but ingratitude isn't one of them. And I owe you a lot... Hell, I know I'm a prima donna -- I admit it! What I hate about Monty is that he won't admit it!

358 INT. PATTON'S COMMAND POST (ACROSS THE SEINE) - MED. SHOT
- NIGHT

Patton is lecturing his Third Army staff, including the familiar faces of Carver, Davenport, Bell, Codman, Stiller. Willy is at Patton's feet.

PATTON

I will not allow Third Army to sit on its ass! I want you to round up every drop of gas and every bit of ammunition you can find. Drain and deadline all supply vehicles.

Cont.

358 Cont.

PATTON (Cont.)

Ground the spotter planes... Go on out and get gasoline -- I don't care how you get it. We'll move forward till our engines go dry -- then we'll fight on foot! Remember, this isn't the War College -- this is Third Army!

359 EXT. ROAD JUNCTION - MED. SHOT - DAY

A nattily dressed Military Policeman stands in the intersection, holding up his hand to stop the lead truck of a convoy with FIRST ARMY on their bumpers.

An MP LIEUTENANT, standing beside a temporary sign reading FIRST ARMY GASOLINE DEPOT, calls out to the DRIVER of the lead truck.

MP LIEUTENANT

Is that First Army gasoline?

DRIVER

Yes, sir.

MP LIEUTENANT

(jabbing his thumb in direction indicated by sign)

Detour... This way.

The MP in the intersection signals gracefully the indicated direction, and the truck convoy moves out. After the last truck has passed, the MP Lieutenant reaches up and peels off a piece of masking tape on the sign that bears the word FIRST, leaving the sign as it was originally -- THIRD ARMY GASOLINE DEPOT. The MP exchanges a grin with his Lieutenant.

MP

Lieutenant -- we'll get the bronze star for this.

360 EXT. ROAD - LONG SHOT - DAY

A column of four tanks moves down the road.

361 MED. SHOT - SECOND TANK

The tank's engine sputters, coughs and dies. The vehicle stops and the crew gets out. The third and fourth tanks slow down and the men clamber aboard.

362 EXT. ROAD - MED. LONG SHOT - DAY

Down the road comes an unlikely caravan -- a tank towing an ammunition truck, behind which is fastened a weapons carrier, which in turn has a 105mm howitzer attached to it.

363 EXT. FIELD AND WOODS - LONG SHOT - DAY

A tank unit is moving across the field in line. Half have run out of gas, and as we watch, five or six sputter and come to a stop. The crews get out with their weapons and move forward on foot.

364-
366 SERIES OF CUTS - DAY

Quick flashes of tanks stopped in odd positions, shot from odd angles. They look like frozen frames -- one tank stalled climbing a ditch, another fording a little stream, another on the side of a hill.

367 EXT. FIELD - MED. LONG SHOT - NIGHT

Three American tanks move across the field.

368 CLOSE SHOT - TANK COMMANDER

He's a CAPTAIN, a big man who fills the hatch as he scans the darkness ahead through binoculars.

369 MED. LONG SHOT (BINOCULAR EFFECT)

A column of German armored vehicles can be seen in the darkness moving along a road.

370 MED. SHOT - THREE AMERICAN TANKS

They are headed toward the road. The third tank coughs, sputters and stops as its engine dies.

371 CLOSE SHOT - TANK COMMANDER (SERGEANT) OF SECOND TANK

He speaks into his microphone.

TANK COMMANDER

Captain -- Bailey's run out of gas
and there's a Kraut column up ahead.

372 CLOSE SHOT - CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN

(quietly, into his
mike)

I know... Button up and open fire
soon as you find a target.

373 LONG SHOT - AMERICAN TANKS

They open fire, their gun flashes piercing the night.

374 ANGLE ON GERMAN ARMORED COLUMN

as they return the fire. In a moment a hot battle is raging, the ghostly forms of the armored vehicles momentarily illuminated by the muzzle flashes.

375 EXT. ROAD - MED. LONG SHOT - DAWN

Patton's jeep, driven by Codman, appears in the distance, moves toward camera. As it negotiates a little bend in the road, Patton signals Codman to stop. They both get out, staring at the road ahead.

376 LONG SHOT - ROAD (THEIR P.O.V.)

In the gray silence of early dawn the devastation of last night's tank battle can be seen. An SS panzer detachment, an awesome collection of tanks, field guns, ambulances and trucks, lies scattered along the road, the vehicles dead and burned out. Two of the three American tanks can be seen, one blasted open, its insides still smoking.

Patton and Codman move past camera into scene. They move forward without words, fascinated by the strange silent atmosphere of this killing ground.

377 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON (MOVING)

as he surveys the scene.

378 WHAT HE SEES

Vehicles and field pieces are blasted and charred. And everywhere -- in the vehicles, in the ditch, in the field beside it -- are the corpses of German soldiers. Dead men sit in trucks as if still driving. Wounded men, now dead, spill crazily out of an ambulance. A man sits upright at his field piece as though asleep.

379 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

His eyes absorb every detail.

380 MED. SHOT

Lying on the ground beside an American tank are the bodies of several GIs.

381 MED. SHOT

Continuing on, Patton suddenly comes across the big quiet Captain we saw in his tank last night. Bone-tired, his eyes glazed and bloodshot with fatigue, he sits propped against the treads of a tank.

PATTON

Were you in command here, Captain?

381 Cont.

The Captain looks up at Patton blankly, makes no effort to rise. He is almost too exhausted to speak.

CAPTAIN

I was in command... My tank platoon was supporting an infantry company. Tanks ran out of gas -- so we had to fight it out. We started eleven o'clock last night, finished a couple of hours ago.

Patton looks up and notices that in the field nearby are American and German dead, seemingly in each other's embrace.

CAPTAIN

This morning the fighting was hand-to-hand.

Patton looks at the Captain, then suddenly takes the exhausted face in his hands and kisses the man on the forehead. Camera follows Patton as he moves off, deeply moved, and continues to explore the strange, silent battleground.

382

ANOTHER ANGLE

He proceeds a few more steps, totally immersed in the eerie scene. Then he pauses, pulls out of his pocket an old folded Michelin touring map, glances at it fondly.

PATTON

You know, God -- it always comes to me at night. Starts out as a headache... I take an aspirin and it turns into a dream. Then I've got it.

(inner excitement mounting)

Right now the whole Nazi Reich is mine for the taking... Think of it! I was almost sent home in disgrace -- and now I have precisely the right instrument at precisely the right moment in history --

(shows the map to Codman, his finger pointing for emphasis)

-- at exactly the right place.

CODMAN

(looking where Patton's finger points)

The Saar?

382 Cont.

PATTON

(nodding)

This will change soon, like a planet spinning off into the universe. Such a moment won't come again for a thousand years. And all I need is a few miserable gallons of gasoline.

(tapping the map again with his finger)

Right now, this is the weak spot. Ten days and I could be in Berlin.

CODMAN

What about the fortifications at Verdun and Metz?

PATTON

Fixed fortifications are man's monument to stupidity.

(confidently)

When mountain ranges and oceans can be overcome, anything built by man can be overcome.

(smiling, like a boy with a riddle)

You know how I know they're finished out there?

Codman shakes his head.

PATTON

The carts. They're using carts to lug their supplies and wounded.

Camera moves close to Patton and, for a moment, we almost can remember the spectacle he describes.

PATTON

In my dream I saw the carts. They kept buzzing around in my head and I couldn't figure out why. Then I remembered: the nightmare in the snow -- the endless, agonizing retreat from Moscow. God the cold! The wounded, and what was left of the supplies, were thrown into carts. Napoleon was finished. No color left, not even the red of blood. Only snow.

He pauses for a long moment, looking at the battlefield.

PATTON

(with deep inner excitement)

Just look at that, Codman. Compared to war, all other forms of human endeavor shrink to insignificance.

383-
393

BLACK AND WHITE NEWSREEL

NEWSREEL TITLE: ALLIES LIBERATE PARIS!

A.- SHOTS OF LIBERATION OF PARIS (STOCK)

E.

These shots show French troops entering Paris, with the wildly cheering populace out to greet them. The Parisians swarm all over the soldiers, kissing them, giving them food and wine, etc. Scenes of absolute triumph and unrestrained joy.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Paris is liberated -- and French troops lead the way! The Allies march into the historic city after four years of Nazi occupation. The hard-fighting French Second Armored Division under Major General Jacques Leclerc, temporarily detached from Patton's Third Army, gets a welcome they will never forget as they enter their beloved Paris!

NEWSREEL TITLE: MONTGOMERY DRIVES INTO BELGIUM!

F.- SHOTS OF BRITISH TROOPS ON THE MOVE

H.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

In a powerful drive to the north British General Montgomery cuts off and bypasses the French coastal towns of Boulogne, Calais and Dunkirk -- pushing on to capture the vital Belgian port of Antwerp.

NEWSREEL TITLE: PATTON RACES TOWARD GERMANY!

I.- SHOTS OF ARMORED FORCES ROLLING (STOCK)

K.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Meanwhile, the main body of Patton's army, resupplied now and rolling like a juggernaut, is slashing toward the Saar. Nazi resistance appears to be crumbling, and it seems that nothing can stop our troops from driving on into the heart of Germany.

NOTE: END OF NEWSREEL.

394- SERIES OF CUTS IN THE ARDENNES FOREST
397

The screen is made opaque by a whirling blizzard. The music is cold, strange, frightening. Out of the mist and snow a ghostly formation of giant German tanks looms up, lunging forward. A roadside sign -- ST. VITH. German mechanized artillery races forward past a sign reading MALMEDY. German infantry slogging on behind protecting tanks. Another sign: HOUFFALIZE.

398 MED. SHOT IN SNOWY FOREST

American infantry, under a heavy mortar barrage, are ordered by a platoon commander to relinquish their position. They break and run as Nazi tanks loom up on the forest road.

399 LONG SHOT - ROAD

Showing burning American vehicles, spilled-out American dead.

400 MED. SHOT - ROADSIDE

as German tanks roar past, moving forward. Camera pans across a still-smoldering American personnel carrier, beside which is a sign in English: NO PARKING.

401 INT. PATTON'S COMMAND POST (AT NANCY) - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

Patton is at work with his maps. Artillery can be heard in b.g. as Davenport enters. It is windy and storming outside. Willy is sleeping on the floor.

DAVENPORT

Sir, General Bradley on your line.

Patton picks up the phone, speaks with unbounded enthusiasm.

PATTON

Brad -- I've got a bridgehead across the Saar! I'm on my way into Germany!

402 INT. BRADLEY'S MOBILE FIELD OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - BRADLEY

BRADLEY

(into phone, firmly)
Wait a minute, George. We've got some trouble up north. I want you to transfer 10th Armored to Middleton's VIII Corps right away.

403 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

PATTON

(roaring)
Brad, you can't do that to me -- !

404 CLOSE SHOT - BRADLEY

BRADLEY

(with quiet but
unshakable authority)

I don't have time to argue. There's a lot of enemy activity up around the Ardennes. Don't know yet how serious it is, but Ike wants us to meet with Beetle Smith tomorrow at Verdun. Be there at eleven hundred.

405 MED. CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

PATTON

Yes, sir.

(he hangs up, turns
to Davenport)

Get Bell in here. We may have a new ball game.

A-405 INT. PATTON'S COMMAND POST - CLOSE SHOT - MAP - NIGHT

This map takes in Patton's present positions as well as Luxembourg and the Ardennes. Camera pulls back to reveal Patton and Bell.

BELL

(indicating paper
in his hand)

The last intercept indicated the German troop concentration north of Trier is breaking up. After that they went on radio silence.

(pointedly)

When we put our units on radio silence, it means we're going to move.

PATTON

(computing the
possibilities)

There's absolutely no reason for us to assume the Germans are mounting a major offensive.. The weather is awful. Their supplies are low. And the German army hasn't mounted a winter attack since Frederick the Great...Therefore, I believe that's exactly what they're going to do.

B-405 INT. COMMAND POST - MED. SHOT

The Third Army staff is gathered, listening to Patton. Willy is seated in a chair with the others.

PATTON

(using map)

I want you to start making contingency plans for pulling out of our eastward attack, changing direction ninety degrees and moving up to Luxembourg.

B-405 Cont.

PATTON (Cont.)

(noticing the glances
being exchanged)

Don't look so stunned, gentlemen.
Plan for three possible axes of attack:
from Diekirch due north; from Arlon
toward Bastogne; from Neufchateau
against the German left flank.

406 EXT. FRENCH BARRACKS IN VERDUN - MED. SHOT - DAY

A sign on the building designates it as EAGLE MAIN.
Sentries stand outside the snow-swept building as Patton
is driven up in a jeep. He gets out, hurries on inside.

407 INT. DAY ROOM IN FRENCH BARRACKS - MED. SHOT

It is a fairly barren room with a heavy table, around which
are seated, in addition to Bradley and Patton, Smith, Tedder,
de Guingand and a few SHAEF officers. There is a map on an
easel showing the deep penetration of the allied lines along
the Ardennes front, and at the map is a British BRIGADIER
GENERAL.

BRIGADIER GENERAL

We've identified four German armies
-- the Seventh, the Fifth Panzer, the
Sixth SS Panzer and the Fifteenth.
They've hit us with twenty-six divisions.
They overran two regiments of the 106th
Division, and seventy-five hundred of
our men were forced to surrender...Our
immediate concern is that Von Runstedt
has the 101st Airborne trapped here at
Bastogne --

SMITH

Bastogne, by the way, is the key to
this entire area. If we can hold it,
we can break up the German offensive.
If they take it, we're in serious trouble.

(looking to de Guingand
and Patton)

Ike wants to know if somebody can get
up there and relieve the 101st before
they're cut to pieces.

DE GUINGAND

I'm afraid there's nothing Field Marshal
Montgomery can do -- not for some weeks
at any rate.

SMITH

George -- what about you?

Cont.

407 Cont.

PATTON

I can attack with three divisions
in forty-eight hours.

There is a stir and a shifting of chairs, surprise and
skepticism on every face.

BRADLEY

I'd give myself some leeway if
I were you.

SMITH

(a little impatient)
Ike wants a realistic estimate,
George ... You're in the middle
of a fight now. And it's over
a hundred miles to Bastogne.

PATTON

(with quiet
assurance)
My staff's already working out
the details.

They eye him in amazement.

SMITH

Frankly, I don't see how it's
possible. Not in this kind of
weather.

DE GUINGAND

I should think first of all, you'd
want to fall back and regroup.

PATTON

(enjoying this)
Not me, Freddy. I don't like to
pay twice for the same real estate.

TEDDER

What about your men? You can't
pull them out of the line, cart
them off a hundred miles, and
expect them to attack without
rest!

PATTON

I trained those men, Arthur. They'll
do anything I tell them to do.

DE GUINGAND

(drily needling)
We hadn't realized you were so
popular with your troops, General.

407 Cont.1

PATTON

Maybe I'm not. They'll do it because they're good soldiers... And because they know, as I do, that we can still lose this war!

DE GUINGAND

I think I can speak, sir, for Field Marshal Montgomery. He'd say you're demanding the impossible of your men.

PATTON

(with a taunting smile)

Sure he would. He doesn't realize that's what we're in business for!

408 EXT. THIRD ARMY TANK PARK - MED. SHOT - DAY

There is heavy snow on the ground. Everywhere there is feverish preparation for an armored attack. A tank crew is busy slapping white paint on the side of its tank. Another tank, already whitened, is moving out fast.

409 MED. SHOT

The last member of a tank crew sloshes white paint on his helmet and mounts up as the tank pulls out.

410 MED. SHOT AT FARMHOUSE

Two tanks are parked beside the farmhouse. GIs are tossing sheets down from a second-story window to men below, who are ripping them up for camouflage suits, cutting armholes, etc. One tank crew, already fitted out, mounts up and zooms off.

411 LONG SHOT - ROAD

A Third Army armored outfit roars northward along the snow-clogged road.

412 INT. BRADLEY'S OFFICE (LUXEMBOURG) - DAY

A window of this office looks out upon an arched bridge. Moving over it is a never-ending stream of Third Army tanks, half-tracks and 2-1/2 ton trucks. Bradley and Hansen are watching through the window.

HANSEN

If they get there in time it'll be a miracle.

BRADLEY

(quietly)

George is pretty good at miracles.

413 MED. LONG SHOT - ICY ROADSIDE

Artillery fire can be heard as Third Army trucks pull up and infantrymen pile out, deploying on both sides of the road.

414 LONG SHOT - INFANTRY ADVANCING

German tanks appear, their guns firing at the advancing American infantry. Two of the tanks fire searing bursts from the flame-throwers, a frightening crimson tongue against the white snow.

415 EXT. VILLAGE - MED. LONG SHOT

An American tank, buttoned up, advances down the street scattering cows, pigs and chickens. It is taking heavy fire from a building. The tank rumbles up to the building, pokes the muzzle of its gun through a window and blasts away, silencing the opposition.

416 EXT. WINTRY ROADSIDE - MED. SHOT - DAY

Patton, Davenport and Codman are in a jeep watching a mechanized outfit roll by on the snow-covered icy road. It's an impressive sight: self-propelled guns, rocket launchers, heavy equipment of all kinds and men -- hundreds of men -- rolling forward.

417- SERIES OF CUTS

419

Shots of the soldiers manning this equipment -- the men in the trucks, on the self-propelled guns, in the armored personnel carriers. They are young -- but they have the look of veteran soldiers.

420 MED. CLOSE SHOT - PATTON, DAVENPORT AND CODMAN

Patton watches as his men pass by.

PATTON

Here's where the training and discipline pays off. What other outfit could pull out of a winter battle, move a hundred miles, and go into a major attack with no sleep, no rest, not even hot food?

(with a deep sense of
pride and glory)

God, I'm proud of these men.

421- SERIES OF CUTS

423

Faces of individual GIs: A tank commander in his turret, face seared by the icy wind. A soldier in a 2-1/2 ton truck, gouging frozen K ration out of a tin with a trench knife. Infantrymen marching against the wintry blast.

424 MED. SHOT - TANK

Chalked on its side is the legend: HEY, IKE - WANT TO WIN?
LET GEORGE DO IT!

425 MED. SHOT - ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIER

In chalk, on its side: HOME ALIVE IN '45

426 EXT. ICY ROAD INTERSECTION - MED. SHOT

The COLONEL commanding an armored regiment is watching from his radio-equipped jeep as MPs sort out the traffic. Patton drives up, and the Colonel gets out of his jeep with a piece of paper, comes over to Patton and salutes. The sound of artillery fire can be heard.

COLONEL

(indicating message
in his hand)

Sir, General McAuliffe's turned down
a German surrender demand!.... You
know what he said?

PATTON

What?

COLONEL

He said, 'Nuts!'

PATTON

(with a broad grin
of admiration)

Keep moving, Colonel! A man that
eloquent has to be saved!

427 EXT. HEAVILY WOODED AREA - LONG SHOT

Heavy enemy shells are bursting all around as the GIs advance through the snow-shrouded forest. Air bursts clip the tops of huge fir trees and they come tumbling to the ground.

428 LONG SHOT - EDGE OF FOREST

The GIs emerge from the woods, firing as they go. In the distance, we can see German troops who have broken and are retreating.

429 OUT

430 LONG SHOT - ROAD

A German tank outfit is retreating down the snowy, muddy road.

431 REVERSE ANGLE

An American armored unit is in hot pursuit.

432 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ROADSIDE

A German noncom pushes the plunger on a detonator.

433 LONG SHOT - ROAD

Shooting over American tanks in f.g., with German tanks disappearing in distance. Suddenly, in a series of explosions starting at the far end and working forward, trees are blasted in such a way that they fall from both sides of the road across the roadway. The lead American tank swings abruptly and moves off the road, signaling other tanks to follow.

434 MED. LONG SHOT - BESIDE ROAD

Melting snow has created a sea of mud and the tanks, trying to circumvent the roadblock, are slewing around in hopeless confusion.

435 INT. PATTON'S COMMAND POST (AT NANCY) - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Members of the Third Army staff are busy at phones or with paper work -- Carver, Bell, Davenport, Codman, etc. There's a sense of tension and urgency. Willy is present. And Patton is the center of the activity.

Cont.

435 Cont.

BELL

Sir, Von Rundstedt's thrown another panzer division against Bastogne. 101st Airborne is hanging on by their fingernails.

PATTON

Air cover -- that's what we need. Twenty-four hours of decent weather and we could make it.

CARVER

(handing Patton
a phone)

General Mason, sir --

PATTON

(into phone)

Mace -- we're short of foot soldiers. I want you to cannibalize your anti-tank units and turn them into riflemen. Yes -- every damn one you can find!

He hangs up. Davenport has entered, snow-covered.

DAVENPORT

(grimly)

General -- I just got the weather report for tomorrow. More snow.

CARVER

There goes our air cover. Sir, we may have to pull up and wait for better weather.

PATTON

There are brave men dying up there. I won't wait for one hour or one minute. We keep moving -- is that clear?!

(after a suitable pause)

We attack all night and we attack tomorrow morning. If we are not victorious, let no one come back alive.

He nods curtly in dismissal, turns to his maps. The staff members greet this overblown statement with an exchange of uncertain glances, edge their way to the door, leaving Patton alone with Codman. Codman eyes him, decides to venture the question.

CODMAN

You know something, General? Sometimes they can't tell when you're acting and when you're not.

Cont.

435 Cont.1

PATTON

(with a sly and
private smile)

It isn't important for them to know.
It's only important for me to know.

The Third Army CHAPLAIN, a Colonel, enters, wearing a
snow-flecked heavy combat jacket.

CHAPLAIN

You wanted to see me, General?

PATTON

Chaplain, I'm sick and tired of Third
Army trying to fight Germans, the
Supreme Command, no gasoline -- and
now this ungodly weather!... I want
a prayer. A weather prayer.

CHAPLAIN

(puzzled)

Weather prayer, sir?

PATTON

Let's see if you can't get God working
on our side in this thing.

CHAPLAIN

It's going to take a pretty thick rug
for that kind of praying.

PATTON

I don't care if it takes a flying
carpet.

CHAPLAIN

I'm not sure, General, how that would
be received -- a prayer for good
weather so we can kill our fellowman.

PATTON

I can assure you, because of my intimate
relations with the Almighty, that if
you write a good prayer, we'll have good
weather.

(curtly, glancing at
his watch)

I'll expect that prayer within an hour.

CHAPLAIN

(all but gulping)

Yes, sir.

436 EXT. NEAR PATTON'S COMMAND POST - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

Patton is moving through the snow and sleet of the bitter wintry night. Armored vehicles of every description are roaring past him, headed north.

437 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON (MOVING)

He has a piece of paper in his hand. He looks up from the paper, speaks as he walks along, with great intensity.

PATTON

'Almighty and most merciful Father...
we humbly beseech Thee, of Thy great
goodness, to restrain these immoderate
rains with which we have had to contend...'

438 EXT. SNOW-COVERED ROAD - NIGHT

American tanks drive forward through a blizzard of snow. An occasional muzzle blast sears the night.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'...Grant us fair weather for Battle.
Graciously hearken to us as soldiers
who call upon Thee that...'

439 EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Freezing infantrymen move through the forest, with artillery shells exploding all around them. Some men drop and do not rise again.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'...armed with Thy power, we may
advance from victory to victory...'

440 EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

A shot of the treetops as a tree burst hits. The snow-covered top of a giant tree is sheared off and drops heavily to the ground.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'...and crush the oppression and
wickedness of our enemies...'

441 CLOSE SHOT - WOUNDED GI

A hollow-eyed dogface, his left arm shattered, staggers forward mechanically, oblivious to cold and blood and pain.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'...and establish Thy justice among
men and nations. Amen.'

442 LONG SHOT - AMERICAN HEAVY BOMBERS - DAY (STOCK)

The flight of bombers flies by overhead against the sudden bright blue of a clear winter sky.

443 EXT. PATTON'S COMMAND POST (AT NANCY) - MED. CLOSE SHOT

Patton, Davenport and Codman standing outside the CP, staring up at the aircraft with happy faces. Willy is with them.

PATTON

(euphoric)

Weather's perfect!... Get me that Chaplain. He stands in good with the Lord and I want to decorate him!

444 LONG SHOT - AMERICAN ARMORED COLUMN - DAY

A spectacular shot of armor racing down a snow-covered road at top speed, with a flight of P-51s flying cover in the brilliant blue sky overhead.

445 CLOSE SHOT - 155MM SHELL - DAY

On the shell is chalked: MERRY XMAS FROM
101ST AIRBORNE

The shell is slammed into the breech and the breech block locked.

446 CLOSE SHOT - MUZZLE 155 GUN FIRING

447- SERIES OF CUTS: MEN OF 101ST AIRBORNE IN DEFENSIVE
450 PERIMETER - OUTSKIRTS OF BASTOGNE

Man firing from snow-covered foxhole, featuring his 101st Airborne shoulder patch.

Man in double foxhole wrapping burlap around his frost-bitten feet, tears of pain running down his cheeks - and another GI is forcing a cigarette between his lips. Other soldiers firing at advancing Germans.

451 LONG SHOT - GERMANS ADVANCING THROUGH WOODED AREA

452- SERIES OF CUTS: AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN DEFENSE PERIMETER
455

as they fight desperately to hold off the attackers: Cooks and bakers, wearing their white uniforms over their ODs, firing at the Germans.

Negro Quartermaster troops, firing carbines, bazookas, even hurling grenades.

456 MED. LONG SHOT - GERMANS

The attackers advance inexorably. Two tanks appear, in support of the German infantry, firing into the positions of the defenders.

457 MED. SHOT - AMERICAN ANTI-TANK GUN

The half-frozen crew loads and fires as fast as possible.

458 MED. SHOT - GERMAN TANK

Ignoring the anti-tank fire, the German fires his gun.

459 MED. SHOT - ANTI-TANK POSITION

The gun takes a direct hit, the crew is destroyed.

460 MED. LONG SHOT

The American defenders can't stand up against the overwhelming odds and they start pulling back behind a wall near the town.

461 ANGLE ON THE ADVANCING GERMANS

Suddenly, out of nowhere, Third Army tanks appear from the woods, flanking the German advance. They roar into action, knocking out the two German tanks and delivering a withering fire into the German infantry, which breaks and runs, leaving heavy casualties. An American armored spearhead follows the lead tanks, with infantrymen clinging to the sides of the Shermans, tearing in toward the beleaguered town.

462 MED. SHOT AT WALL

as the defenders rise up, scarcely able to believe what they see.

GI

It's the Third Army! Old Georgie
did it! He did it!

Wild with joy, a GI pokes the motionless man next to him. Like a figure of stone, the dead man falls against the wall on his face, frozen solid.

463- SERIES OF CUTS
466

The ragged, bone-weary and desperate defenders of Bastogne creep out in stunned and half-hysterical amazement. They throw their arms around the Third Army GIs who slide down off the tanks and embrace them wildly.

467- BLACK AND WHITE NEWSREEL
469

NEWSREEL TITLE: BRITISH PREPARE FOR RHINE CROSSING!

A.- SERIES OF STOCK SHOTS
C.

Showing mammoth preparations for the Rhine crossing. British troops, huge stockpiles of ammunition, trucks, tanks, bulldozers, assault craft, etc. And a shot of Winston Churchill.

Cont.

467- Cont.
469

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

British Field Marshal Montgomery, with three Allied armies, has assembled the greatest military buildup since D-day in order to assault what Winston Churchill has called 'the greatest water obstacle in Western Europe'.

A-469 INT. PATTON'S COMMAND POST - DAY

Patton is speaking into a phone, and he is beside himself with excitement.

PATTON

Hello, Brad? I'm across!

B-469 CLOSE SHOT - BRADLEY AT PHONE

BRADLEY

Well, I'll be damned. You mean across the Rhine?

C-469 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

PATTON

Yes! I sneaked a division over last night. Do me a favor and make the announcement, will you? I want the world to know Third Army did it before Monty could even get started!

470- BLACK AND WHITE NEWSREEL (CONTINUED)
472

NEWSREEL TITLE: ALLIES LINK UP AT ELBE!

D.- SERIES OF STOCK SHOTS
F

Russian and American troops meeting at Torgau. They exchange greetings, cigarettes, embraces. They clown for the cameramen, trying on each other's caps, etc.

NARRATOR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Russian and American soldiers, meeting for the first time in World War II, enact a scene of wild celebration as the two allied armies meet at the Elbe River, deep inside Nazi Germany.

NOTE: END OF NEWSREEL

473 INT. REICHSCHANCELLERY - MED. SHOT - DAY

This usually crowded, bustling room is silent now and unoccupied -- silent except for the nearby thunder of
Cont.

473 Cont.

Russian siege guns -- unoccupied except for the two lonely figures of Jodl and Steiger. The deserted maps, the silent teletypes give the huge room a quality of palpable defeat. There is fallen plaster from nearby shellbursts. Jodl, literal-minded even in chaos, works feverishly to destroy classified material. Steiger is quite calmly glancing through a pile of Patton material on his desk.

JODL

(impatiently)

Get a move on, Steiger. I want everything destroyed. Papers, maps, everything.

STEIGER

(with a grim,
private smile)

Everything will be destroyed, General -- that I can promise you.

There is a particularly loud, close burst of artillery fire, and the point of Steiger's remark is not entirely lost on Jodl.

JODL

(as plaster dust
filters down)

I'll never let those Russian barbarians take me! I'll die by my own hand first -- as the Fuehrer did in his bunker!

His eye falls on a picture of Hitler on the wall, its frame hanging crooked from the shelling. Steiger, who seems strangely unmoved, uninvolved, is looking at a photograph of Patton he has come across.

STEIGER

(studying the picture
with quiet objectivity)

He, too, will be destroyed. The absence of war will kill him.

(thoughtfully)

The pure warrior -- a magnificent anachronism.

474- OUT
479

480 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT (FORMERLY SCENE 482)

The room has been cleared of tables and elaborately decorated with Russian and American flags for a joint reception of high-ranking American and Russian officers. A balalaika band of Russian soldiers is playing. There are dancers and acrobats performing. Patton stands talking with Codman and Davenport as a RUSSIAN GENERAL, complete with medals, approaches with a civilian INTERPRETER. The Russian smiles affably and Patton scowls ferociously as the Interpreter speaks to him in English. A waiter appears, bearing a tray on which are two stiff drinks.

INTERPRETER

Excuse me, sir -- General Katkov wishes to know if you will join him for a drink to celebrate the German surrender.

Cont.

480 Cont.

PATTON

You tell the General I don't care to
drink with him or any other Russian
sonuvabitch.

Both Davenport and Codman react and the Interpreter
stares at him in open-mouthed disbelief.

INTERPRETER

Sir, I - I cannot tell the General that --

PATTON

(firmly)

You tell him word for word -- and
don't leave out the 'sonuvabitch'!

The Interpreter turns, red-faced and apologetic, and repeats
Patton's reply in Russian. The General flushes angrily,
glares at Patton and for a moment an international explosion
seems likely. Then, controlling himself, the Russian gets
off a couple of quick sentences to the Interpreter in
Russian.

INTERPRETER

(to Patton)

The General says he thinks you
are a sonuvabitch, too.

PATTON

(suddenly laughing)

Okay -- I'll drink to that.
One sonuvabitch to another.

The two men take the glasses off the tray and drink.

481 INT. PATTON'S OFFICE IN OCCUPATION HEADQUARTERS -
(BAD TOLZ) - DAY - (FORMERLY SCENE 480)

A group of CORRESPONDENTS is gathered in the office
questioning Patton. Davenport and Codman are also present.

FIRST CORRESPONDENT

General, is it true that President
Roosevelt, before he died, promised
you a combat command in the Pacific?

PATTON

(his personal
disappointment apparent)

Yes, he did. But once he was gone,
there wasn't a chance.

(with a wry smile)

MacArthur didn't want me out there.

Cont.

481 Cont.

SECOND CORRESPONDENT

We've been told about these wonder weapons the Germans were working on. Long-range rockets, push-button bombing, weapons that don't need soldiers --

PATTON

(a depressed man)

Wonder weapons! God, I can't see the wonder in them. Killing without heroics. Nothing is glorified, nothing is reaffirmed. No heroes, no cowards, no troops...

(pause)

No generals. Only those who are left alive and those who are left... dead. I'm glad I won't live to see it.

THIRD CORRESPONDENT

It's been pointed out, General, that you're still using former Nazis in key positions, despite the official de-Nazification policy.

PATTON

(testily)

If I'm supplied with trained personnel, I'll get rid of the Nazis. Till then, I'll use the people who know how to run the railroads and keep the telephones working.

SECOND CORRESPONDENT

(apparently casually)

After all, General, didn't most ordinary Nazis join the party in about the same way Americans become Republicans or Democrats?

PATTON

Yes. That's about it.

Codman and Harkins react with instant apprehension. The Correspondents exchange glances, scribble furiously.

THIRD CORRESPONDENT

(baiting him)

You do agree, don't you, that our national policy should be made by civilians and not by the military?

Cont.

481 Cont.1

PATTON

The politicians never let us finish
a war. They always stop short --
leave us with another war to be fought.

THIRD CORRESPONDENT

(with a shrewd smile)

You thinking about our Russian
allies, General?

Patton smiles blandly, doesn't reply.

FIRST CORRESPONDENT

Sir, did you say if you found your
army between the Germans and the
Russians, you'd attack in both
directions?

PATTON

No, I didn't say that -- but I wish
I had.

The reporters are scribbling again.

482

OUT

483

INT. PATTON'S OFFICE IN OCCUPATION HEADQUARTERS (BAD TOLZ) -
CLOSE SHOT PAINTING OF PATTON - NIGHT

We reveal that an artist is working on the portrait. Patton wears his seven rows of ribbons, his four stars, his ivory-handled pistols. Camera pans to Patton himself in the exact uniform and pose. But he looks different from the painting; he looks tired and worn, his hair sparser, his eyes dark, his face pale.

CODMAN

(entering)

Sir, there's a call on your line from
Supreme Headquarters. General Smith.

As Patton crosses and picks up the phone, Codman motions the artist out of the room.

484

CLOSE SHOT - GENERAL SMITH AT PHONE

His face is stern, his voice cuts like a lash.

SMITH

Ike is furious! How could you
possibly compare Democrats and
Republicans to the Nazi party?...
And this statement that you refuse
to de-Nazify has everybody screaming
-- the British, the Russians, everybody.

485 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON AT PHONE

PATTON

(impatiently)

The hell with those Mongoloid Russians. We let them take Berlin and Prague and God knows what else. Are we going to let them dictate policy, too?

486 CLOSE SHOT - SMITH

SMITH

Don't be a fool, George. The war in Europe is over. Washington dictates policy.

487 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

His personal prejudice and his burning aversion to the prospect of a peacetime existence combine to make him pretty frenetic.

PATTON

The war shouldn't be over! And we should stop pussyfooting about the goddamn Russians. We'll have to fight them sooner or later. Why not do it now while we have an army to do it with? Instead of disarming these German troops, we should get them to help us fight the damn Bolsheviks!

488 CLOSE SHOT - SMITH

SMITH

George, you'd better shup up. This line may be tapped.

489 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

PATTON

I don't give a damn if it is! You want to know something, Beetle? Up till now we've been fighting the wrong people!

(in a manic phase,
his eyes burn with
excitement)

Look -- you and Ike don't have to get involved if you're so damn soft about it. Just leave it to me. In ten days I can have us at war with those sonsuvbitches and make it look like they started it.

490 CLOSE SHOT - SMITH

SMITH
 (genuinely frightened
 and appalled)
 You're mad, George -- you're absolutely
 out of your mind!

491 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON

PATTON
 (almost frenziedly)
 I'm no diplomat. I'm a combat
 soldier -- and that's what these
 jokers understand. You get Ike
 to give me the word and I'll kick
 their behinds back into Russia
 where they belong -- !

492 CLOSE SHOT - SMITH

His face grim, he quietly and deliberately hangs up.

A-492 MED. SHOT - PATTON'S OFFICE

Stunned, Patton hangs up, stares silently at Codman, who
 has been watching him.

CODMAN
 Shall I call the artist back, sir?

PATTON
 Hell with it... Nobody wants to look
 at a picture of me. I'm mad, didn't
 you know that?

493 INT. PATTON'S BEDROOM (BAD TOLZ) - CLOSE SHOT - BED

Laid out on the bed with meticulous care is Patton's
 elaborate blouse, with all its colorful decorations.
 Also the pistol belt, the shiny helmet, the riding
 breeches and, beside the bed, the highly polished boots.
 Camera pulls back to reveal Patton dressing before a
 mirror. He wears a pair of plain GI trousers, and Meeks
 is helping him into a simple Eisenhower jacket totally
 devoid of decorations, bearing only the four stars of his
 rank. As Patton studies his unfamiliar image in the mirror,
 he seems, for the first time, to have aged. His eyes look
 tired and his face is pale.

MEEKS
 (studying Patton's appearance
 without enthusiasm)
 General -- you sure you want to wear
 that uniform?

493 Cont.

PATTON
 (deeply apprehensive,
 he doesn't hear)
 General Eisenhower's treated me
 very fairly -- but when he sends
 for me, it usually means trouble.

Patton has buttoned up the unadorned jacket, and Meeks is
 not at all pleased with the result.

MEEKS
 (shaking his head)
 That makes you look -- I don't know --
 kinda naked.

PATTON
 You know something, George? That's
 the way I feel.

A-493 INT. ELABORATE FOYER - MED SHOT - NIGHT

Featured is an impressive door (presumably in Buckingham
 Palace) with a liveried doorman outside it. Waiting nearby
 on an antique settee is Montgomery. He is in his most
 impressive military finery -- medals, honours, etc. --
 much more elaborately dressed than we have ever seen him.
 The door opens and a GUARDS OFFICER, in dress uniform,
 steps outside, bows slightly as he speaks to Montgomery.

OFFICER
 Field Marshal -- His Majesty is
 prepared to receive the next Commander
 of the Imperial General Staff.

Montgomery rises and goes on into the open door, which is
 held for him and the Guards Officer by the doorman.

494 INT. ANTEROOM IN SUPREME HEADQUARTERS (FRANKFURT) - DAY

The place is decorated with elaborate flags, plaques, SHAEF
 insignia. A group of five or six CORRESPONDENTS waits
 impatiently in the anteroom. Several faces are recognizable
 as having been at the press conference in Patton's Bad Tolz
 office. Camera moves into office door, on which is a sign:
 GENERAL EISENHOWER. The door opens and Patton comes out.
 His eyes are lifeless and he appears shaken, utterly drained.

495 ANOTHER ANGLE

The Correspondents are stunned by his appearance. As he
 closes the door and moves off, one of them steps forward to
 speak to him.

Cont.

495 Cont.

CORRESPONDENT

One moment, General --

Uncharacteristically affected by the shock Patton has sustained, two of the Correspondents take hold of their colleague and pull him back. They watch as Patton, oblivious, moves across the room like a sleepwalker and goes out.

496 INT. PATTON'S HEADQUARTERS (IN BAD TOLZ) - DAY

Lined up in the room are Carver, Davenport, Bell, Codman, Stiller and several enlisted men, including Sergeant Meeks and Patton's driver. Camera follows as Patton moves down the line shaking each man's hand in turn. The men try to remain at blank-faced attention, but most eyes are misty. At the end of the line, Patton turns to face the group and there are tears in his eyes.

PATTON

Well, gentlemen -- all good things
must come to an end --

(he continues
with difficulty)

The best thing that has come to
me in my life is the honor and
privilege of having commanded the
Third Army. Good-bye -- and God
bless you.

He turns quickly and goes out.

497 EXT. PATTON'S HEADQUARTERS (IN BAD TOLZ) - MED. SHOT - DAY

It is a gray winter day, the sun blotted out by an overcast that mutes all colors. There is snow on the ground and the streets are icy. Patton comes out of the building alone, deep in his own unhappiness, and is surprised to find himself facing Bradley, who has actually been waiting for him. Bradley now wears four stars.

PATTON

I've been relieved, Brad. They've
taken Third Army away from me.

BRADLEY

I know.
(he tries to sound casual)
I thought we might have dinner together
tonight --

PATTON

(touched and grateful)
That's damn thoughtful, Brad, and
I appreciate it.

(gesturing toward his
jeep across the street)
Right now I'm going to take Willy for a
walk.

Cont.

497 Cont.

Bradley joins him as they move across the sidewalk. A man is unhitching a team of oxen from a cart parked in the street. As the oxen are removed, the cart starts rolling down the icy street. Gathering speed, it is headed straight for Patton as he steps off the curb.

BRADLEY

George -- look out!

Patton manages to leap out of the way just in time, and the cart crashes to a stop against a parked car.

498

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Patton gets up, brushes the snow off his uniform.

PATTON

(wryly)

After all I've been through, imagine me getting killed by an oxcart.

Bradley grins. Patton continues moodily.

PATTON

You know -- there's only one proper end for a professional soldier. A quick death inflicted by the last bullet of the last battle.

They move on across the street, camera panning with them.

499

TWO SHOT - PATTON AND BRADLEY (TRUCKING)

They walk down the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street.

PATTON

In our drive across Europe Third Army liberated twelve thousand cities and towns -- inflicted a million and a half enemy casualties.

BRADLEY

(thoughtfully)

I have a feeling that from now on just being a good soldier won't be enough. I'm afraid we're going to have to be diplomats and administrators, too.

PATTON

(growling his disgust)

God help us!

499 Cont.

They have come to Patton's parked jeep where his driver is holding Willy. He hands the leash to Patton, who takes the dog.

BRADLEY

George -- I just want to say one thing -- you've done a magnificent job here in Europe... I think that soldier you slapped back in Sicily did more to win the war than any other private in the Army.

Overwhelmed by Bradley's generosity, Patton's face breaks into a big, sudden grin.

PATTON

See you for dinner.

He turns away, leading Willy with him, and Bradley watches him go.

500 MED. LONG SHOT

as Patton moves down a short side street, beyond which we can see open snow-covered countryside. An enormous windmill turns slowly. In f.g., a group of GIs is busy working, hauling supplies.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

For over a thousand years, Roman conquerors returning from the wars enjoyed the honor of a triumph, a tumultuous parade.

501 LONG SHOT - SNOWY COUNTRYSIDE

As Patton and Willy walk together toward the ice-covered windmill, stark against the snow. Its creaking sound combined with the sound of the wind, produces a strange effect.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

In the procession came trumpeters and musicians and strange animals from the conquered territories...

502 ANOTHER ANGLE

Patton's figure stands out against the otherwise absolutely white snowscape. The windmill, with its eerie sound, is still in frame.

Cont.

502 Cont.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

...together with carts laden with
treasure and captured armaments.

503 CLOSE SHOT - PATTON WALKING

deep in thought, his eyes fixed on some middle-distance
of his own.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

The conqueror rode in a triumphal
chariot, the dazed prisoners walking
in chains before him.

504 EXTREMELY HIGH ANGLE

The distant figure of Patton, headed toward the creaking
windmill, is tiny against the vast expanse of snow.

PATTON'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Sometimes his children, robed in
white, stood with him in the chariot,
or rode the trace horses... A slave
stood behind the conqueror, holding
a golden crown and whispering in his
ear a warning that all glory is
fleeting...

The figure of Patton has disappeared -- and there is only
the ice-covered windmill and the whiteness of the snow.

BRADLEY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Within a few weeks, George Patton
died of injuries received when his
staff car collided with a truck
near the German city of Mannheim.

505 OUT

FADE OUT

T H E E N D