

# INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS

Written by

Quentin Tarantino

1.

## **EXT - DAIRY FARM- DAY**

The modest dairy farm in the countryside of Nancy, France  
(what the

French call cow country).

We Read a SUBTITLE in the sky above the farm house;

## **CHAPTER ONE**

"ONCE UPON A TIME IN...

## **NAZI OCCUPIED FRANCE"**

This SUBTITLE disappears, and is replaced by another one;

"1941

One year into the German  
occupation of France".

The farm consists of a house, small barn, and twelve cows  
spread  
about.

The owner of the property, a bull of a man FRENCH FARMER,  
brings a axe  
up and down on A tree stump blemishing his property. However  
simply by  
sight, you'd never know if he's been beating at this stump  
for the last  
year, or just started today.

## **JULIE**

One of his three pretty teenage daughters, is hanging up  
laundry on  
the clothes line. As she hangs up a white bed sheet, she  
hears a  
noise, moving the sheet aside she see's;

## **JULIE'S POV:**

A Nazi town car convertible, with two little nazi flags  
attached to

the hood, a NAZI SOLDIER behind the wheel, a NAZI OFFICER  
alone in the  
back seat, following TWO OTHER NAZI SOLDIERS on motorcycles,  
coming up  
over the hill on the country road leading to their farm.

**JULIE**

Pappa.  
The French Farmer sinks his axe in the stump, looks over his  
shoulder,  
and see's the Germans approaching.  
The FARMERS WIFE, CHARLOTTE comes to the doorway of their  
home,  
followed by her TWO OTHER TEENAGE DAUGHTERS, and see the  
Germans  
approaching.  
The Farmer yells to his family in FRENCH, SUBTITLED IN  
ENGLISH;

**FARMER**

Go back inside and shut the door.

**IL**

**FARMER**

(to Julie)  
Julie, get me some water from the pump  
to wash up with, then get inside with  
your mother.  
The young lady runs to the water pump by the house. She  
picks up a  
basin, and begins pumping, after a few pumps, water comes  
out  
splashing into the basin.  
The French Farmer sits down on the stump he was previously  
chopping  
away at, pulls a handkerchief from his pocket, wipes sweat  
from off  
his face, and waits for the Nazi convoy to arrive. After  
living for  
a year with the sword of Damocles suspended over his head,  
this may  
very well be the end.

Julie finishes filling the water basin, and places it on the window sill.

**JULIE**

Ready Pappa.

**FARMER**

Thank you darling, now go inside and take care of your mother. Don't run.

Julie walks inside the farm house and closes the door behind her.

As her father stands up from his stump, and moves over to the window sill with the water basin...

.The SOUND of the ENGINES of the two motorcycles and car get LOUDER.

The Farmer SPLASHES water from the basin on his face and down his front. He takes a towel off a nail, and wipes the excess water from

his face and chest, as he watches the two motorcycles, the one

automobile, and the four representatives of the National Socialist

Party come to a halt on his property.

We don't move into them, but keep observing them from a distance, like

the Farmer.

The TWO NAZI MOTORCYCLIST are off their bikes, and standing at

attention next to them.

The NAZI DRIVER has walked around the automobile, and opened the door

for his superior.

The NAZI OFFICER says to The Driver in UNSUBTITLED GERMAN;

**NAZI OFFICER**

This is the property of Perrier LaPadite?

3

**NAZI DRIVER**

Yes heer Colonel.

The Nazi officer climbs out of the back the vehicle,  
carrying  
in his left hand  
n d

**OFFICER**

Herman, until I summon you, I am to be  
left alone.

**NAZI DRIVER**

As you wish Heer Col.  
The S.S. COLONEL yells to The Farmer in FRENCH, SUBTITLED IN  
ENGLISH;

**NAZI OFFICER**

Is this the property of Perrier LaPadite?

**FARMER**

I am Perrier LaPadite.  
The S.S. Colonel crosses the distance between them with long  
strides,  
and says in French with a smile on his face;

**NAZI OFFICER**

It is a pleasure to meet you Monsieur  
LaPadite, I am Colonel Hans Landa of  
the S.S.  
COLONEL.HANS LANDA offers the French Farmer PERRIER LAPADITE  
his hand.  
The Frenchman takes the German hand in his and shakes it.

**PERRIER**

How may I help you?

**COL LANDA**

I was hoping you could invite me inside  
your home and we may have a discussion.

**INT - LAPADITE FARM HOUSE - DAY**

The door to the farm house swings open, and the Farmer  
gesturestfor  
the S.S. COL to enter. Removing his grey S.S. cap,  
inside the Frenchman's home.  
Col Landa is immediately greeted with the sight of the  
Farmers wife,  
and three pretty daughters standing together in the kitchen,  
smiling  
in his direction.  
The Farmer enters behind him, closing the door.

**VA**

**PERRIER**

Colonel Landa, this is my family.  
The S.S. COL clicks his heels together, and takes the hand  
of the  
French Farmers Wife...

**COL LANDA**

Col Hans Landa of the S.S. madame,  
at your service.  
He kisses her hand, then continues without letting go of his  
hostess  
hand...

**COL LANDA**

please excuse my rude intrusion on your  
routine.

**FARMERS WIFE**

Don't be ridiculous, heer Col.  
While still holding the French Woman's hand, and looking  
into her  
eyes, The S.S. Colonel says;

**COL LANDA**

Monsieur LaPadite, the rumors I have  
heard in the village about your family  
are all true. Your wife is a beautiful  
woman.  
His eyes leave the mother, and move to the three daughters.

**COL. LANDA**

**(CON' T )**

And each of your daughters is more lovely  
then the last.

**PERRIER**

Merci. Please have a seat.  
The Farmer offers The S.S. Colonel a seat at the families  
wooden  
offer,  
on  
dinner table. The Nazi officer excepts the French Farmers  
and lowers himself into the chair. Placing his grey S.S. cap

by his the table, and keeping his black attache case on the floor  
feet.

The Farmer (perfect host) turns to his Wife and says;

**PERRIER**

Charlotte, would you be so good as to get  
The Colonel some wine?

**COL LANDA**

Merci be coupe Monsieur LaPadite, but no  
wine. This being a dairy farm one would  
be safe in assuming you have milk?

**CHARLOTTE**

Oui.

**COL LANDA**

Then milk is what I prefer.

**CHARLOTTE**

Very Well.

The mother of three, takes a craft of milk out of the ice  
box,  
and pours a tall glass of the fresh white liquid for The  
Colonel.

The S.S. Colonel takes a long drink from the glass, then  
puts it down

LOUDLY on the wooden table.

**COL LANDA**

Monsieur, to both your family, and your  
cows, I say; Bravo.

**PERRIER**

Merci.

**COL LANDA**

Please, join me at your  
table.

**PERRIER**

Very well.

from The French Farmer sit's at his wooden dinner table across  
The Nazi.  
The Women remain standing.  
Col Landa leans forward, and says to the Farmer in a low  
tone of

**CONFIDENTIALLY;**

**COL LANDA**

Monsieur LaPadite, what we have to discuss, would be better discussed in private. You'll notice, I left my men outdoors- if it wouldn't offend them, could you ask your lovely ladies to step outside.

**PERRIER**

You are right.

**G.**

**PERRIER**

(to his women)

Charlotte, would you take the girls outside. The Colonel and I need to have a few words.

her The Farmers wife follows her husbands orders, and gathers  
daughter's taking them outside, closing the door behind  
them.

Farmers The Two Men are alone, at the farmers dinner table, in the  
humble home.

**COL LANDA**

Monsieur LaPadite, I regret to inform you I've exhausted the extent of my French. To continue to speak it so inadequately, would only serve to embarrass me. However, I've been lead to believe you speak English quite well?

**PERRIER**

Oui.

**COL LANDA**

Well, it just so happens, I do as well.  
This being your house, I ask your  
permission to switch to English, for the  
remainder of the conversation?

**PERRIER**

By all means.  
They now speak ENGLISH;

**COL LANDA**

Monsieur LaPadite, while I'm very  
familiar with you, and your family.  
I have no way of knowing if you are  
familiar with who I am. Are you aware  
of my existence?  
The Farmer answers;

**PERRIER**

Yes.

**COL LANDA**

This is good. Are you aware of the job  
I've been ordered to carry out in France?

**I**

**PERRIER**

Yes.  
The Colonel drinks more milk.

**COL LANDA**

Please tell me what you've heard?

**PERRIER**

I've heard, the fuhrer has put you in  
charge of rounding up the Jews left in  
France who are ether hiding, or passing  
for Gentile.  
The S.S.Colonel smiles.

**COL LANDA**

The Fuhrer couldn't of said it better himself.

**PERRIER**

But the meaning of your visit, pleasant though it is, is mysterious to me. The Germans looked through my house nine months ago for hiding Jews, and found nothing.

**COL LANDA**

I'm aware of that, I read the report on this area. But like any enterprise, when under new management, there's always a slight duplication of efforts. Most of it being a complete waste of time, but needs to be done nevertheless.

I just have A few questions Monsieur LaPadite, if you can assist me with answers, my department can close the file on your family.

Taking his black leather attache case, and placing it on the table, he takes out a folder from inside. He also extracts a expensive black fountain pen from his uniform front pocket. Opening the folder, and referring to it;

**COL LANDA**

Now before the occupation there were four Jewish families in this area, all dairy farmers like yourself. The Loveitts, The Doleracs, The Rollins, and The Dreyfus's, is that correct?

8,

**PERRIER**

To my knowledge those were the Jewish families among the dairy farmers.  
- Heer Colonel, would it disturb you if I smoked my pipe?  
Looking up from his papers.

**COL LANDA**

Please, Monsieur LaPadite, it is your house, make yourself comfortable.

The Farmer gets up from the table, goes to his shelf over the

fireplace, and removes from it a WOODEN BOX that contains all the

fixins to his pipe. He sits back down at the table with his Nazi guest.

As The Farmer loads the bowel of his pipe with tobacco, sets a match

to it, and begins slowly puffing, making it red hot, the S.S. Colonel

studies the papers in front of him.

**COL LANDA**

Now according to these papers, all the Jewish families in this area have been accounted for - except, The Dreyfusions. Somewhere in the last year it would appear they have vanished.

Which leads me to the conclusion that they've ether made good their escape, or someone is very successfully hiding them.

(looking up from his papers, across the table at The

**FARMER)**

What have you heard about The Dreyfusions Monsieur LaPadite?

**PERRIER**

Only rumors -

**COL LANDA**

- I love rumors! Facts can be so misleading, where rumors, true or false are often reveling. So Monsieur LaPadite, what rumors have you heard regarding The Dreyfusions?

The Farmerlooks at Landa.

I.

**COL LANDA**

Speak freely Monsieur LaPadite, I want to hear what the rumors are, not who told them to you.

The Farmer puffs thoughtfully on his pipe.

**PERRIER**

Again, this is just a rumor - but we heard the Dreyfusis had made there way into Spain.

**COL LANDA**

So the rumors you've heard have been of escape?

**PERRIER**

Yes.

**COL LANDA**

Were the LaPadites and the Dreyfusis friendly?

As the Farmer answers this question, the CAMERA LOWERS behind his chair, to the floor, past the floor, to a small area underneath the floorboards revealing;

**FIVE HUMAN BEINGS**

lying vertically underneath the farmers floorboards. These human beings are The DREYFUSIS, who have lived lying down underneath the dairy farmers house for the past year. But one couldn't call what The Dreyfusis have done for the last year living. This family has done the only thing they could, hidden from a occupying army that wishes to exterminate them.

**PERRIER**

We were families in the same community, in the same bussiness. I wouldn't say we were friends, but members of the same community, we had common interest.

The S.S. Colonel takes in this answer, seems to except it, then moves to the next question.

**COL LANDA**

Having never met the Dreyfusions, would you confirm for me the exact members of the household and their names?

10.

**PERRIER**

There were five of them.  
The father, Jacob... .wife, Miram...  
her brother, Bob ...

**COL LANDA**

- How old is Bob?

**PERRIER**

Thirty - thirty one?

**COL LANDA**

Continue.

**PERRIER**

And the children... Amos... and Shoshanna.

**COL LANDA**

Ages of the children?

**PERRIER**

Amos - six - I believe. And Shosanna,  
was fifteen or sixteen, I'm not really  
sure.

**CUT TO**

**UXT - DAIRY FARM - DAY**

The Mother and her three Daughters finish taking the laundry  
off the clothes line.

They can't hear anything going on inside.  
e three Nazi Soldiers watch the three Daughters.

**SACK TO LANDA AND PERRIER**

**COL LANDA**

Well I guess that should do it.

Be begins gathering up his papers, and putting them back  
into his

ttache case.

the Farmer, cool as a cucumber, puffs on his pipe.

**COL LANDA**

However, before I go, could I have another  
glass of your delicious milk?

it.

**PERRIER**

But of course.

Farmer stands up, goes over to the ice box, and takes out  
the  
glass,  
aft of milk. As he walks over and fills the Nazi Colonel's  
German Officer talks.

**COL LANDA**

Monsieur LaPadite, are you aware of the  
nickname the people of France have given  
me?

**PERRIER**

I have no interest in such things.

**COL LANDA**

But you are aware of what they call me?

**PERRIER**

I'm aware.

**COL LANDA**

What are you aware of?

**PERRIER**

That they call you, "The Jew Hunter".

**COL LANDA**

Precisely! Now I understand your  
trepidation in repeating it.  
Before he was assassinated, Heydrich

apparently hated the moniker the good  
people of Prague bestowed on him.  
Actually why he would hate the name,  
"The Hangman", is baffling to me  
It would appear he did everything in  
his power to earn it. But I, on the  
other hand, love my unofficial title,  
precisely because I've earned it.  
As "The Jew Hunter" enjoys his fresh milk, he continues to  
theorize  
with the french farmer.

**COL LANDA**

The feature that makes me such a effective  
hunter of the Jews, is, as opposed to most  
German soldiers, I can think like a jew.  
where they can only think like a German,  
or more precisely, a German soldier.  
Now if one were to determine what attribute  
the German people share with a beast, it  
would be the cunning and predatory instinct  
of a hawk.

**COL LANDA**

**(CON'T)**

Negro's - gorilla's - brain - lips -  
smell - physical strength - penis size.  
But, if one were to determine what attributes  
the jews share with a beast, it would be  
that of the rat.  
Now the Fuhrer and Gobbles propaganda  
have said pretty much the same thing.  
Where our conclusions differ, is I don't  
consider the comparison a insult.  
Consider for a moment, the world a rat  
lives in. It's a hostile world indeed.  
If a rat were to scamper through your  
front door right now, would you greet it  
with hostility?

**FERRIER**

I suppose I would.

**COL LANDA**

Has a rat ever done anything to you to create this animosity you feel toward them?

**PERRIER**

Rat's spread disease, they bite people -

**COL LANDA**

- Unless some fool is stupid enough to try and handle a live one, rats don't make it a practise of biting human beings. Rats were the cause of the bubonic plague, but that was some time ago. In all your born days, has a rat ever caused you to be sick a day in your life? I purpose to you, any disease a rat could spread, a squirrel could equally carry. Yet I assume you don't share the same animosity with squirrels that you do with rats, do you?

**PERRIER**

No.

**COL LANDA**

Yet, they are both rodent's, are they not? And except for the fact that one has a big bushy tail, while the other has a long repugnt tail of rodent skin, they even rather look alike, don't they?

**13.6**

**PERRIER**

It is a interesting thought, beer Colonel.

**COL LANDA**

However, interesting as the thought may be, it makes not one bit of difference to how you feel. If a rat were to scamper through your door, this very minute, would you offer it a saucer of your

delicious milk?

**PERRIER**

Probably not.

**COL LANDA**

I didn't think so. You don't like them.  
You don't really know why you don't like  
them. All you know is, you find them  
repulsive.  
(let's the

**METAPHOR**

sink in)

What a tremendously hostile world a rat  
must endure. Yet, not only does he  
survive, he thrives. And the reason for  
this, is because our little foe has a  
instinct for survival and preservation  
second to none. And that Monsieur, is  
what a Jew shares with a rat.  
Consequently, a German soldier, conducts  
a search of a house suspected of hiding  
Jews. Where does the hawk look? He looks  
in the barn, he looks in the attic,  
he looks in the cellar - he looks  
everywhere, he would hide. But there are  
many places it would never occur to a  
hawk to hide. However the reason the  
Führer brought me off my Alps in Austria,  
and placed me in French cow country today,  
is because it does occur to me. Because  
I'm aware what tremendous feats human  
beings are capable of once they abandon  
dignity.

(Changing tone)

May I smoke my pipe as well?

The Farmer's cool facade is little by little eroding.

**PERRIER**

Please, Colonel, make yourself at home.

The Jew Hunter, removes both a pipe and a bag of tobacco fixings.

The pipe, strangely enough, is a Calabash, made from a "S" shaped goard

kith a yellow skin, made famous by Sherlock Holmes.

A the Nazi Colonel, busies himself with his smoking life, he ontinues to hold court at the Frenchmans table.

**COL LANDA**

The other mistake the German soldier make is their severe handling of the citizens who give shelter and aid to the Jews. These citizens are not enemies of the state. They are simply confused people, trying to make some sense out of the madness war creates.

These citizens do not need punishing.

They simply need to be reminded of their duty in war time.

Let's use you as a example Monsieur LaPadite. In this war, you have found yourself in the middle of a conflict that has nothing to do with yourself, your lovely ladies, or your cows - yet, here you are.

So Monsieur LaPadite, let me purpose a question. In this time of war, what is your number one duty? Is it to fight the Germans in the name of France to your last breath? Or, is it to harass the occupying army to the best of your ability? Or, is it to protect the poor unfortunate victims of warfare who can not protect themselfs?

Or, is your number one duty in this time of bloodshed, to protect those very beautiful women who constitute your family?

The Colonel lets the last statement stand.

**COL LANDA**

That was a question Monsieur LaPadite.

In this time of war, What do you consider your number one duty?

**PERRIER**

To protect my family.

**COL LANDA**

Now, my job dictates, that I must have my men enter your home, and conduct a thorough search, before I can officially

cross your families name off my list.

**COL LANDA**

**(CON'T)**

And if there are any irregularities to be found, rest assured, they will be. That is unless, you have something to tell me that will make the conducting of a search unnecessary.

**(PAUSE)**

I might add also, that any information that makes the performing of My duty easier, will not be met with punishment. Actually quite the contrary, it will be met with reward.

And that reward will be, your family will cease to be harassed in anyway, by the German military during the rest of our occupation of your country.

German  
The Farmer, pipe in mouth, stares across the table at his  
opponent.

**COL LANDA**

You are sheltering enemies of the state, are you not?

**PERRIER**

Yes.

**COL LANDA**

Your sheltering them underneath your floorboards aren't you?

**PERRIER**

Yes.

**COL LANDA**

Point out to me the area's where their hiding.

The Farmer points out the area's on the floor with the  
Dreyfusis are

underneath.

**COL LANDA**

Since I haven't heard any disturbance,  
I assume that while their listening,  
they don't speak english?

**PERRIER**

Yes .

**COL LANDA**

I'm going to switch back to french now,  
and I want you to follow my masquerade  
- is that clear?

**PERRIER**

Yes.

Colonel Landa stands up from the table, and switching to  
FRENCH says

**SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;**

**COL LANDA**

Monsieur LaPadite, I thank you for milk,  
and your hospitably. I do believe our  
business here is done.

The Nazi Officer opens the front door, and silently motions  
for his  
son to approach the house.

**COL LANDA**

Mademoiselle LaPadite, I thank you for  
your time, we shant be bothering your  
family any longer.

Yet the LaPadite women watch the Nazi soldiers, machine guns  
at ready,  
approach the house.

The Soldiers enter the doorway, Col Landa, silently points  
out area of  
the floor the Jews are hiding under.

**COL LANDA**

So, Monsieur and Madame LaPadite  
I bid you adieu.

otions to the Soldiers with his index finger.  
wy TEAR UP the wood floor with MACHINE GUN FIRE.  
The little farm house is filled with SMOKE, DUST, SPLINTERS,  
SCREAMS,  
BULLET CASINGS, and even a little BLOOD.  
With a hand motion from the Colonel, the Soldiers cut off  
their  
gunfire. The Colonel keeps his finger in the air to indicate  
silence.

#### **UNDERNEATH THE FLOORBOARDS**

The entire Dreyfus family lay dead. Except for sixteen year  
old  
SHOSANNA, who miraculously escaped being struck by the  
nazi's bullets.  
With her dead family surrounding her, the young girl goes  
for freedom  
(represented by wire mesh vent).

#### **L LANDA**

ears movement underneath the floor, looks down and see's a  
SHAPE  
Wing forward between the planks in the floor.

#### **COL LANDA**

It's the girl. Nobody moves

I'.

T

KICKED open, the girl SPRINGS out.

#### **COL LANDA**

as he crosses the floor, he see's the young girl RUNNING  
towards the  
cover of the woods. He unlatches the window, and opens it.  
Shosanna  
to perfectly FRAMED in the window sill.

#### **SHOSANNA**

RUNNING towards woods. Farm house and Col in the window in  
B.G.

#### **SLIPPERY BAREFEET**

LAPPING against wet grass.  
Qt! SHOSANNMA' S FACE  
same as a animal being chased by a predator FLIGHT - PANIC -

FEAR

**SNOSANNA'S POV**

the safety of tree's, getting closer.

**COL LANDA**

Pramed by the window, takes his LUGAR, and straight arm aims  
at the fleeing Jew, cocking back the hammer with his thumb.

**CU COL LANDA**

SLOW ZOOM into his eyes as he aims.

**PROFILE CU SHOSANNA**

Sod dash for life.

**L LANDA**

changes his mind. He yells to the rat fleeing the trap,  
heading for the safety of the wood pile, in FRENCH SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH;

**COL LANDA**

Au revoir, Shosanna! Till we meet again!

**HOSANNA**

Maces it to the woods, and is gone.  
T h e S.S. Colonel closes the window.

17.

**EXT - NAZI TOWN CAR (MOVING) - DAY**

diihe ac seat of the convertible, that'sa stsn tColonel Hans  
Lan speeding away from the French farm house.  
Landa speaks to his Driver in GERMAN, SUBTITLED into  
ENGLISH;

**COL LANDA**

Herman, I sense` a question on your lips?  
Out with it?

**DRIVER**

Why did you allow an enemy of the state to escape?

**COL LANDA**

Oh, I don't think the state is in too much danger, do you?

**DRIVER**

I suppose not.

**COL LANDA**

I'm glad you see it my way. Besides, not putting a bullet in the back of a fifteen year old girl, and allowing her to escape, are not necessarily the same thing. She's a young girl, no food, no shelter, no shoes, who's just witnessed the massacre of her entire family. She may not survive the night. And after word spreads about what happened today, it's highly unlikely she will find any willing farmers to extend her aid. If I had to guess her fate, I'd say she'll probably be turned in by some neighbour. Or, she'll be spotted by some German soldier. Or, we'll find her body in the woods, dead from starvation or exposure. Or, perhaps-she'll survive. She will elude capture. She will escape to America. She will move to New York city. Where she will be elected, President of the United States. The S.S. Colonel chuckles at his little funny.

**TITLE CARD: "INGLORIOUS BASTERDS"**

1\$,

**FADE UP**

**CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:**

**F**

## CHAPTER TWO

### "INGLORIOUS BASTERDS"

#### FADE UP

#### EXT - SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND - DAY

A bunch of SOLDIERS are lined up at attention. LIEUTENANT ALDO.RAINE, a hillbilly from the mountains of Tennessee, walks down the line. He recruits the men, the Germans will later call; "The Basterds". Lt.Aldo has one defining physical characteristic, a ROPE BURN around his neck. As if once upon a time, he survived a LYNCHING. The scar will never once be mentioned.

#### LT.ALDO

My name is Lt.Aldo Raine, and I'm puttin together a special team. And I need me eight soldiers. Eight - Jewish - American - soldiers. Now y'all might of heard rumors about the armada happening soon. Well, we'll be leavin a little earlier. We're gonna be dropped into France, dressed as civilians. And once we're in enemy territory, as a bushwackin, guerrilla army, we're gonna be doin one thing, and thing only, Killin Nazi's. The Members of the National Socialist Party, have conquered Europe through murder, torture, intimidation, and terror. And that's exactly what we're gonna do to them. Now I don't know bout y'all? But I sure as hell, didnt come down from the goddamn Smoky mountains, cross five thousand miles of water, fight my way through half Sicily, and then jump out of a fuckin air-o-plane, to teach the Nazi's lessons in humanity. Nazi ain't got no humanity. There the foot soldiers of a Jew hatin, mass murderin manic, and they need to be destroyed. That's why any and every son-of-a--bitch we find wearin a Nazi uniform, there gonna die.

if.

**LT. ALDO**

**(CON'T)**

We will be cruel to the Germans,  
and through our cruelty, they will  
know who we are. They will find the  
evidence of our cruelty, in the  
disembowed, dismembered, and  
disfigured bodies of their brothers  
we leave behind us. And the German  
will not be able to help themselves  
from imagining the cruelty their  
brothers endured at our hands, and  
our boot heels, and the edge of our  
knives.

And the Germans, will be sickened by us.  
And the Germans, will talk about us.  
And the Germans, will fear us.  
And when the Germans close their eyes  
at night, and their sub conscious  
tortures them for the evil they've done,  
it will be with thoughts of us,  
that it tortures them with.  
He stops pacing, and looks at everybody.

**LT. ALDO**

Sound good?  
They all say;

**ALL**

Yes, sir!

**LT. ALDO**

That's what I like to hear. But I  
got a word of warning to all would-be  
warriors. When you join my command,  
you take on debit. A debit you owe  
me, personally. Every man under my  
command, owes me, one hundred nazi scalps.  
And I want my scalps.  
And all y'all will git me, one hundred  
Nazi scalps, taken from the heads of  
one hundred dead Nazi's...  
.or you will die trying.

**CUT TO**

**EXT - MOUNTAIN TOP CHALET- DAY**

A huge Chalet on a misty mountain top in Barvia.

ZO

**A SUBTITLE APPEARS:**

"BARVIA

**BURSTICH GARDEN**

**(HITLERS PRIVATE LAIR) "**

**INT - BURSTICH GARDEN - DAY**

In a huge room, ADOLPH HITLER, pounds on a big table with his fist, as he rants at TWO GERMAN GENERALS.

They speak GERMAN SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

**HITLER**

How much more of these jew swine must I endure? They butcher my men like they were fish bait! This pack of filthy degenerates, are doing what the Russian army didn't, and Patton's army couldn't. Turning soldiers of The Third Reich, into superstitious old women!

**GERMAN GENERAL**

Just the cowards among them mine Fuhrer.

Hitler pounds furiously on the desk with his fist.

**HITLER**

No, no, no, no, no, no! I have heard the rumors myself! Solders of The Third Reich, who have brought the world to there knee`s, now pecking and clucking like chickens. Do you know the latest rumor they've conjured up, in their fear induced delirium? The one that beats my boys with a bat. The one they call "The Bear Jew"...is a Golem.

A avenging jew angel, conjured up by  
a vengeful rabbi, to smite the Aryans!

**GENERAL**

Mine Fuhrer, this is just soldiers  
gossip, no one really believes The  
Bear Jew is a golem.

**HITLER**

Why not? They seem to be able to elude  
capture like a aberration.  
They seem to be able to appear and  
disappear at will.

**Z}.**

**HITLER**

**(CON'T)**

You want to prove their flesh and  
blood? Then BRING THEM TO ME!  
I will hang them naked, by their  
heels, from the eiffel tower!  
And then throw their bodies in  
the sewers, for the rats of Paris  
to feast!

The Fuhrer sits down at the table to compose himself, and  
wipe his greasy black hair out of his face.

**HITLER**

**(DISGUSTED)**

The Bear Jew.  
He hits the button on the intercom on his desk.

**HITLER**

**KLIEST1**

KLIEST VOICE comes out of the intercom;

**KLIEST'S VOICE (OS)**

Year mine Fuhrer.

**HITLER**

I have a order I want relayed to all German soldiers stationed in France. The Jew degenerate known as The Bear Jew, hence forth, is never to be referred to as The Bear Jew again. We will cease to aid the Americans any longer in there attempt to undermine the German soldier psyche. Did you get that Kliest?

**KLIEST'S VOICE (OS)**

Yes mine Fubrer. Do you still wish to see Private Butz?

**HITLER**

Who and what is a private Butz?

**KELIST'S VOICE (OS)**

He's the soldier you wanted to see personally. His squad was ambushed by Lt.Raines Jews. He was it's only survivor.

**HITLER**

Indeed I do want to see him, thank you for reminding me. Send him in.

**CUT TO**

0

**EXT - FRENCH WOODS -- DAY**

**CU FACE OF DEAD GERMAN SOLDIER**

His head lies on the ground horizontal. A HAND reaches into FRAME, KNOCKS aside the dead German patriots helmet, and grabs a handful of the cadavers blonde hair. A LARGE KNIFE ENTERS FRAME, and begins SLICING ALONG THE HAIRLINE. This process is called SCALPING. After SLICING is complete, the SCALP easily peels off like a banana.

**GERMAN PRISONERS PVT.BUTZ AND SGT.RACHTMAN**

on their knees, hands behind there heads.

Private Butz NARRATES the scene in GERMAN SUBTITLED into

**ENGLISH;**

**PVT .BUTZ (VO)**

Werner and I were the only ones left  
alive after the ambush. While one man  
guarded us, the rest removed the hair.  
All The Basterds wore German scalps  
tied to their belts.

**CU SCALPS**

hanging from belts.

**PVT .BUTZ (VO)**

They not only took valuables...

**WE SEE QUICK CUTS OF**

Rings, Weapons, Iron Cross, and somebody digging out a Gold  
Tooth with a knife, being removed from Dead Germans.

**PVT .BUTZ (VO)**

..They also took their identification  
papers.

**CU IDENTIFICATION PAPERS**

taken from the inside pocket of a dead German uniform.

**BASTERD PFC.UTIVICH**

flips through the I.D. papers till he gets to the page that  
contains the German soldiers, name, statistics, and photo.

**PFC.UTIVICH**

Sigfried Muller.

t3.

**PVT .BUTZ (VO)**

.and tore out the identification page.  
Utivich RIPS the page out, and sticks it in his pocket.  
Tossing the torn book on the dead, scalpless body.

**PVT .BUTZ (VO)**

...They then removed their boots...

**CU GERMAN COMBAT BOOTS**

laces untied.. .boot pulled off...

**SOCKS**

removed, reveling dead bare feet...

**BASTERDS**

tossing the boots off a hill.

**PVT.BUTZ (VO)**

Throwing them away from the bodies...

**DEAD GERMANS**

scalps removed from their heads, pink bare feet...

**PVT.BUTZ (VO)**

The Basterds, took their lives, their hair, their valuables, their identity, and finally their dignity in death.

True that. The sight of the dead soldiers with bare feet does rob the tableaux of a certain dignity, that is normally felt in battlefield shots.

**BACK TO HITLER**

**HITLER**

The dogsl  
He fights his frustration, then...

**HITLER**

Continue.

**BACK TO THE BASTERDS**

Aldo screams to The Basterd who's guarding the two German prisoners.

**LT.ALDO**

Hey Hirschberg, send that kraut sarge over.

**BASTERD PFC.HIRSCHBERG**

KICKS Sgt.Rachtman in the back.

zw.

**PFC. HIRSCHBERG**

You! Go!

Sgt. Rachtman is a little slow to respond. So Hirschberg grabs him by the hair, YANKS him to his feet, and KICKS him in the ass, sending him on his way.

Most of The Bastreds sit in a circle, Indian style, with Aldo in the middle.

As Sgt. Rachtman walks towards this circle of Basterds, A OFF SCREEN LITERARY NARRATOR (not Pvt. Butz) speaks over the SOUNDTRACK in ENGLISH;

**NARRATOR (VO)**

Sgt. Werner Rachtman has seen many interrogations since Germany decided it should rule Europe. But this is the first time he's ever been on the wrong end of the exchange.

It's always been his belief, only a weakling, in mind, body, and spirit complies with the enemy under threat of consequence.

As Werner watched men cry like women, pleadingly offer their knowledge, in exchange for their worthless lives, he made a vow to himself.

If his role is to die in this conflict.

When they put him under the earth, his dignity would be buried with him.

For in the other world, the gods only respect the ones they test first.

Well Sgt, this is your test.

And the gods are watching.

The captured German Sgt, enters the circle of Basterds, stands straight before the sitting southern Lieutenant, and salutes his captor.

**SGT. RACHTMAN**

**(ENGLISH)**

Sgt. Werner Rachtman.

Aldo returns the salute, looking up at him.

**LT. ALDO**

Lt. Aldo Raine, pleased to meet cha.

You know what sit down means Werner?

**SGT. RACHTMAN**

Yes.

**LT. ALDO**

Then sit down.

**2.5.**

The German Sgt does.

**LT. ALDO**

Hows your English Werner? Cause if  
need be, we gotta a couple fellas  
can translate.

Aldo points at one of The Basterds in the circle,

**CPL. WILHELM WICKI.**

**LT. ALDO**

Wicki there, a Austrian Jew, got the  
fuck outta Saltzberg, while the  
gettin was good. Became American,  
got drafted, and came back to give  
y'all what for.

Then Aldo points to another Basterd. A big scary looking  
Basterd, in a German Sgt's uniform, named, SGT. HUGO STIGLITZ

**LT. ALDO**

And another one over there, you  
might be familiar with, Sgt. Hugo  
Stiglitz. Heard of 'em.

The two German Sgt's look at each other.

**SGT. RACHTMAN**

Everybody in the German army's heard  
of Hugo Stiglitz.

The Basterds laugh, a couple pat Hugo on the back.

The NARRATOR comes back on the SOUNDTRACK.

**NARRATOR (VO)**

The reason for Hugo Stiglitz's  
celebrity among German soldiers  
is simple.

WE SEE A PHOTO OF HUGO on the front page of the Nazi version  
of Stars and Stripes (the military newspaper).

**NARRATOR (VO)**

As a German enlisted man, he killed  
thirteen Gestapo officers, mostly  
Majors.

**WE SEE THE MILITARY PHOTOS OF ALL THIRTEEN GESTAPO OFFICERS.**

**ZC.**

**NARRATOR (VO)**

Instead of putting him up against a wall, the High Command decided to send him back to Berlin, to be made a example of.

Hugo in chains, being put in a lone troop truck, part of a prison convoy, enroute to Berlin.

**NARRATOR (VO)**

Needless to say, once The Basterds heard about him, he never got there.

**EXT- FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

The Basterds AMBUSH the prison convoy, killing everybody. They walk to the back of the troop truck, inside Hugo in chains, stares back at them.

**LT. ALDO**

Sgt.Hugo Stiglitz?  
Hugo nods.

**LT. ALDO**

I'm Lt.Aldo Raine, and these are The Basterds. Ever heard of us?  
Hugo nods his head, yes.

**LT. ALDO**

We just wanna say, we're a big fan of your work. When it comes to killin Nazi's, I think you show great talent, and I pride myself on havin a eye for that kind of talent. But your status as a Nazi killer, is still amateur. We all came here to see, if you wanna go pro?

**BACK TO THEBASTERD CIRCLE.**

**LT. ALDO**

Now Werner, I'm gonna assume you know who we are?

**SGT. RACHTMAN**

Aldo the Apache.  
The circle of Basterds giggle.

**Z7.**

**LT. ALDO**

Well Werner, if you heard of us, you probably heard, we ain't in the prisoner takin business. We in the killin Nazi business. And cousin, business is boomin.  
The Basterds laugh.

**LT. ALDO**

Now that leaves two ways we can play this out. Either kill ya, or let ya go. Now weather or not you gonna leave this circle alive, depends entirely on you.  
Aldo takes out a map of the area, and lays it out in front of his prisoner.

**LT. ALDO**

Up the road a piece, there's a orchard. 'sides you, we know there's another kraut patrol fuckin around here somewhere. Now if that patrol were to have any crackshots, that orchard, would be a goddamn snipers delight. Now if you ever wanna eat a sauerkraut sandwich again, you gotta show me on this map, where they are, you gotta tell me how many they are, and you gotta tell me, what kinda artillery they carrying with 'em?

**SGT. RACHTMAN**

You can't expect me to divulge information that would put German lives in danger?

**LT. ALDO**

well, Werner that's where your wrong.  
Because that's exactly what I expect.  
I need to know about Germans hidin  
in trees? And you need to tell me?  
And you need to tell me, right now?  
Now take your finger, and point out  
on this map, where this partys bein  
held, how manys comin, and what they  
brought to play with?  
Werner site, head held high, back straight, chin up, every  
inch the German hero facing death.

**2S.**

**SGT. WERNER**

F I respectfully refuse, sir.  
Aldo jerks his thumb behind him.

**LT. ALDO**

You see that ole boy battin rocks?  
WE RACK FOCUS to a one of The Basterds not in the circle.  
He's wearing a wife beater, and power hitting stones  
with a baseball bat.  
Werners eyes go to the ballplayer.

**LT. ALDO**

That's Sgt. Donny Donowitz. But you  
might know him better by his nickname,  
The Bear Jew. Now if you heard of  
Aldo the Apache, you gotta heard about  
The Bear Jew?

**SGT. RACHTMAN**

I heard.

**LT. ALDO**

What did you hear?

**SGT. RACHTMAN**

He beats German soldiers with a club.

**LT. ALDO**

He bashes their brains in with a

baseball bat, what he does.

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

back to us, still haven't seen his face. He Babe Ruths a rock soaring into the atmosphere.

**LT. ALDO**

Now Werner, I'm gonna ask you one last-goddamn-time, and if you still, "respectfully refuse", I'm callin The Bear Jew over here, and he's gonna take that big bat of his, and he's gonna beat your ass to death with it. Now take your wengersitnitzel lickin finger, and point out on this map what I want to know.

**SGT. RACHTMAN**

Fuck you and your jew dogs.

t v.

Instead of getting mad, The Basterds burst out LAUGHING.  
I k  
Aldo says to Werner, with a giggle in his voice;

**LT. ALDO**

Actually Werner, we're all tickled ya said that. Frankly, watchin Donny beat Nazi's, to death, is the closest we ever get to goin to the movies.

**(YELLING)**

**DONNY!**

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

he turns to CAMERA, and yells;

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

Yeah?

**LT. ALDO**

Got a German here wants to die for country. Oblige him.

**SGT.DONNY DONOWITZ**

Bat over his shoulder, smiles.

**CUT TO**

**INT - BARBER SHOP (BOSTIN) - DAY**

Donny, cutting heads, in his pop's barber shop, in Bostin.

**DONNY**

.ya got the goddamn fuckin Germans,  
declaring open season on Jews in  
Europe, and I'm suppose to fly to the  
fuckin Philippines, and fight a bunch  
of fuckin Japs - not me pal.  
If we just go in this against the Japs,  
the whole U.S.of fuckin A can go take a  
running jump at the moon.

**HEAD**

You know they got a word for what your  
sayin Donny, it's called treason.

**DONNY**

Hey, stick your treason up your poop  
hole. If I'm gonna kill my fellow man  
in the name of liberty, that fellow  
man, will be German.

**3401**

**INT - SPORTING GOODS STORE- DAY**

MR.GOOROWITZ'S sporting goods shop in Donny's Jewish Bostin  
neighbourhood. Donny walks in.

**MR.GOOROWITZ**

Hello Donny, how are you?

**DONNY**

Ah, just dandy, Mr.Goorowitz.

**MR.GOOROWITZ**

Your mother, your father - everything  
good there?

**DONNY**

There just fine. I'm shippin off next week.

The store proprietor, extends his hand to the young man.

**MR. GOOROWITZ**

Good for you son. Kill one of those Nazi basterds for me, will ya?

**DONNY**

That's the idea, Mr.Goorowitz.

**MR. GOOROWITZ**

What can I do you for, Donny?

**DONNY**

I need a baseball bat.

The store owner leads him to a basket with eight bats init.

Donny starts going through them without saying anything.

**MR. GOOROWITZ**

You gettin your little brother a present before you ship out?

Donny, concentrating on the bats, not looking up;

**DONNY**

No.

Donny's "no", silences the gabby Goorowitz. He seems to settle on one, feeling it's weight in his hands.

**DONNY**

Can I try this one on for size, outside?

**31.**

Extending his arm;

**MR. GOOROWITZ**

Be my guest.

The phone rings.

**MR. GOOROWITZ**

I'll get that, you go right ahead.

The proprietor answers the phone, and gets into a conversation with his OFF SCREEN Mother.

Donny walks outside, WE STAY IN STORE, but can see him clearly through the stores big picture window. However, Mr.Goorowitz instinctively, turns his back to Donny to speak with his mother. Donny starts swinging the bat. It's pretty obvious he's pantomiming beating somebody to death with it. Then the he starts yelling;

**DONNY**

Take that ya Nazi basterd! You like fuckin with the Jews? Wanna Fuck with the Jews? The American jews are gonna FUCK with you... ..!

Mr.Goorowitz, see's none of this, as he speaks to his mother. He hangs up the phone, just as Donny walks back into the store. Store owner turns to store customer.

**DONNY**

Is this the heaviest ya got?

**CUT TO**

**INT - HALLWAY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Donny, dressed nice, in a apartment building in his Jewish Bastin neighbourhood. He knocks on a door. A VERY OLD JEWISH WOMAN opens the door, only a little, peering out at the young man.

**OLD WOMAN**

How can I help you?

**DONNY**

Mrs.Himmelstein?

**MRS.HIMMELSTEIN**

State your business young man.

**3Z..**

**DONNY**

Mrs.Himmelstein, I'm Donny Donowitz, my father Sy Donowitz, owns the barber shop on Greeny Ave, "Sy's Barber Shop".

**MRS. HIMMELSTEIN**

I've seen it. Do you live in the neighbourhood?

**DONNY**

All my life.

**MRS. HIMMELSTEIN**

Again, state your business?

**DONNY**

May I have a word with you?

**MRS. HIMMELSTEIN**

What about?

**DONNY**

Our people in Europe.  
She thinks for a beat, then holds the door open for the young man.

**MRS. HIMMELSTEIN**

Come in. Would you like some tea?

**INT - MRS. HIMMELSTEIN'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Donny sits on a overstuffed sofa, holding a tea cup and saucer in his hand. Mrs. Himmelstein sits on a overstuffed chair, holding her tea, looking across at her visitor.

**DONNY**

(Sipping tea)  
Very good.

**MRS. HIMMELSTEIN**

If you like tea.  
Donny chuckles at her little joke. The old woman remains stone. She wasn't joking. He places his saucer on the coffee table and begins;

**DONNY**

Mrs. Himmelstein, do you have any love ones over in Europe who your concerned for?

33.

**MRS. HIMMELSTEIN**

What compels you young man, to ask a stranger such a personal question?

**DONNY**

Because I'm going to Europe. And I'm gonna make it right.

**MRS. HIMMELSTEIN**

And just how do intend to do that, Joshua?

**DONNY**

**MRS. HIMMELSTEIN**

And what exactly do you intend to do with that toy?

**DONNY**

I'm gonna beat every Nazi I find to death with it.

**MRS. HIMMELSTEIN**

I thought we were having tea together?

**MRS. HIMMELSTEIN**

And in this pursuit, how is it that I can be of service?

**DONNY**

I'm going through the neighbourhood. If you have any love ones in Europe, who's safety you fear for, I'd like you to write their name on my bat.

**BACK TO BASTERDS**

Donny takes a long walk to Werner...

As WE CUT BACK and FORTH BETWEEN DONNY WALKING and WERNER WAITING, WE ALSO CUT BACK and FORTE BETWEEN DONNY and

**MRS. HIMMELSTEIN...**

**MRS. HIMMELSTEIN**

You must be a real BASTERD, Donny?

**DONNY**

You bet your sweet ass I am.

**MRS.HIMMELSTEIN**

Good. A Basterds work is never done.  
Specially in Germany.  
Donny steps up to the plate, looking down at the Nazi;

**DONNY**

Gimmie your papers.  
Werner hands Donny up his papers.  
Donny RIPS the identity page out, and sticks it in his pocket.

**MRS.HIMMELSTEIN**

Hand me your sword Gideon. I do believe  
I will join you on this journey.

**INSERT**

she signs the BAT, "MADELEINE"

**BACK TO BASTERDS**

Donny BEATS Werner TO DEATH WITH THE BAT, to the cheers of  
The Basterds.

**PVT.BUTZ**

watches. Hirschberg says to him;

**PFC.HIRSCHBERG**

About now, I'd be shittin my pants, if  
I was you.  
Aldo points a finger at Butzsr and crooks it toward him.

**PFC.HIRSCHBERG**

That means you, cup cake.  
A crying, visibly shaken, Butz site down in front of Aldo.

**LT.ALDO**

You wanna live?

**PVT.BUTZ**

Yes, sir.

**LT.ALDO**

Point out on this map, the German  
position.  
His arm shoots out like a rocket, and points out the  
positions.

3 s.

**PVT. BUTZ**

This area here.

**LT. ALDO**

How many?

**PVT. BUTZ**

Maybe twelve.

**LT. ALDO**

What kinda of artillery?

**PVT. BUTZ**

They have a machine gun dug in here pointing north.

**HITLER**

How did you survived this ordel?

WE SEE Pvt. Butz in The Fuhrer's room for the first time.

He wears a Nazi cap, which is unusual in the presence of The Fuhrer, but he seems okay with it.

**PRVT. BUTZ**

They let me go.

**FROM HERE ON WE GO BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN ALDO AND HITLER.**

**LT. ALDO**

Now when you report what happened here, you can't tell 'em, you told us, what you told us. They'll shoot ya. But there gonna wanna know, why you so special, we let you live? So tell 'em, we let ya live, so you could spread the word through the ranks, what's gonna happen to every Nazi we find.

**HITLER**

You are not to tell anybody anything!

Not one word of detail! Your outfit was ambushed, and you got a away.

Not one word more.

**PVT. BUTZ**

Yes mine Fuhrer.

**HITLER**

Did they mark you like they did the other survivors?

**36**

**PVT. BUTZ**

Yes mine Fuhrer.

**HITLER**

Remove your hat and show me.

**LT. ALDO**

Now say we let ya go, and say you survive the 'war? When you get back home, what 'eha gonna do?

**PVT. BUTZ**

I will hug my mother like I've never hugged her before.

**LT. ALDO**

Well, ain't that's a real nice boy. Are you going to take off your uniform?

**PVT. BUTZ**

Not only shall I remove it, but I intend to burn it!

The young German is telling Aldo, what he thinks, Aldo wants to hear. But the last answer didn't go down as well as he thought it would, evident by the frown on Aldo's face.

**LT. ALDO**

Yeah, that's what we thought. We don't like that. You see, we like our Nazi's in uniforms. That way, you can spot 'em, just like that.

(Snaps his fingers)

But you take off that uniform, ain't nobody gonna know you was a Nazi. And that don't sit well with us.

Aldo removes a LARGE KNIFE from a sheath on his belt.

**LT. ALDO**

So I'm gonna give ya a little somethin,  
you can't take off.

**BACK TO HITLER**

Pvt. Butz removes his combat helmet, hair hangs in his face,  
his moves it aside, and WE SEE a SWASTIKA has been HAND

**CARVED INTO HIS FOREHEAD.**

**BACK TO BASTERDS**

**BUTZ'S POV:**

on ground, looking up at them. Aldo has just carved the  
swastika, and he's holding the bloody knife. All The  
Basterds crowd around to admire his handy work.

37.

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

You know Lieutenant, your getting pretty  
good at that.

**LT. ALDO**

You know how you get to Carnegie Hall,  
don't 'ch? Practice.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**OVER BLACK**

**CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:**

**CHAPTER THREE**

**"GERMAN NIGHT IN PARIS"**

NOTE: This whole Chapter will be filmed in French New Wave  
Black and White.

**INT - CINEMA AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

We're in the auditorium of a cinema in Paris. However the  
CAMERA is pointed in the direction of the audience, not the  
screen. We start CLOSE on the projector beam, emanating from  
the little glass window in the back of the theatre

and  
citizens  
dark

The CAMERA continues to DOLLY back, making the Shot Wider  
Wider, bringing in more and more the German occupied  
of Paris, who stare at the OFF SCREEN silver screen in the

We can hear the OFF SCREEN SOUNDTRACK of a Goebbels produced  
German omm paw paw musical movie being projected.  
The Shot continues to pull further and further back, and the  
German dialogue continues to fill the auditorium...

**TILL...**

the

.The DOLLY SHOT LANDS on a CLOSE UP of Shosanna,. watching  
movie.

**A SUBTITLE APPEARS:**

**"1941**

**PARIS**

**TWO WEEKS AFTER THE MASSACRE**

**OF SHOSANNA'S FAMILY"**

gather

We hear the sound of the German musicals climax.  
The lights go up in the auditorium.  
Shosanna, dressed in a NURSES UNIFORM she swiped from  
somewhere, remains seated, as the rest of the PATRONS,  
their coats, and file out.

**3P.**

**EXT - LITTLE CINEMA (PARIS)- NIGHT**

inside

Patrons exit under the cinema marquee, as someone from

SHUTS OFF the marquees lights.  
The MARQUEE READS in French:  
"GERMAN NIGHT BRIDGET VON HAMMERSMARK in MADCAP IN MEXICO".

**EXT - PROJECTION BOOTH (LITTLE CINEMA)**

A French Black Man, who we will learn later is named MARCEL,

taking  
rewinds.

is the cinema's projectionist. We see him for a moment,  
the film reels off the projector, and placing them on

**INT - AUDITORIUM**

**CU SHOSANNA**

still sitting in her seat. Except for her, the auditorium is empty.

The owner of the Cinema, a attractive looking French woman, who we will later know as MADAME MIMIEUX, appears in one of the cinema's opera box balconies.

Looking down from her perch at the young girl, sitting in the empty cinema.

The DIALOGUE will be spoken in FRENCH, and SUBTITLED into

**ENGLISH.**

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

So young woman, since it's beyond obvious we're closed for the evening. I must assume you want something. What can I do for you?

**SHOSANNA**

May I sleep here tonight?

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

So I gather your not a nurse?

**SHOSANNA**

No.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

But your a bright little thing, that's clever disguise. Where is your family?

**SHOSANNA**

Murdered.

3 1.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

So your a war orphan?

**SHOSANNA**

We were from Nancy. The Bosch found us

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

Is this a sad story?

**SHOSANNA**

Oui.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

Sad stories bore me. These days everyone in Paris has one. I haven't bore you with mine, don't bore me with yours.

**SHOSANNA**

You can run the machines?

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

What machines?

Using her hands to pantomime the rotating film reels on a projector, she says;

**SHOSANNA**

The machines that show the film?

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

The projectors? Yes, I own a cinema, of course I can operate them.

**SHOSANNA**

I know, I saw you.

**FLASH ON:**

**CU SHOSANNA**

eyes creeping up the stairway in the projection booth, watching...

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

expertly working the projectors...

**BACK TO SHOSANNA**

**SHOSANNA**

Teach me. Teach me to run the machines, that show the film. It's only you and the negro. I know you could use some help.

40.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

I know at least six people who've been put up against a wall, and machine gunned for sheltering enemies of the state. I have no intention of being unlucky number seven. How long have you been in Paris?

**SHOSANNA**

A week, and a few days.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

How have you survived the curfew without capture?

**SHOSANNA**

I sleep on rooftops.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

Again, I'm forced to admit, clever girl. How is it?

**SHOSANNA**

Cold.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

**(LAUGHS)**

I can imagine.

**SHOSANNA**

Respectfully, no you can't.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

Fair enough.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

So you can't operate a 35mm film projector, you want me teach you, in order to work here, in order to use my cinema, as a hole to hide in, is that correct?

**SHOSANNA**

Oui.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

Whats your name?

**SHOSANNA**

Shosanna.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

I'm Madame Mimieux. You may call me Madame. This is a cinema. Not a home for wayward war orphans. Having said that, what you say is true. If you were truly exceptional, I could find use for you. So Shosanna, are you truly exceptional?

**SHOSANNA**

Oui Madame.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

I will be the judge of that.

**DISSOLVE TO**

**TITLE CARD:**

Which shows a lovely PENCIL SKETCH of the CITY OF PARIS, complete with Eiffel Tower.

**ABOVE IT READS:**

"1944

PARIS"

**THEN...**

The CAMERA PULLS BACK, and we see we're not looking at a

TITLE

CARD at all, but a CALENDER stuck on the wall of the Little Cinema's Projection Booth. Before we leave it, WE SEE the Month is JUNE.

..The CAMERA finds, the THREE YEARS OLDER SHOSANNA, working as the PROJECTIONIST. It would appear, that Shosanna passed Madame Mimieux's exceptional test.

A lyrical Morricone-like tune PLAYS on the SOUNDTRACK, this will be "Shosanna's Theme".

A Little Bell, begins RINGING, on one of the projectors, alerting Shosanna it's time for a REEL CHANGE. Shosanna stands at the projector, watching the old German film she's projecting, waiting for the 1st REEL CHANGE MARK...

**SILVER SCREEN**

of the little cinema. On Screen LENI REFENSHTAL lies horizontal as a ice sickle drips on her head in the old German film, "The White Hell Of Piza Palu", The 1st REEL CHANGE MARK POPS ON in the upper right hand corner of the FRAME... (That tells the projectionist to get ready).

As the FILM REEL on the 1st PROJECTOR rolls out, Shosanna stands ready, waiting by the 2nd PROJECTOR...

**WHEN...**

**SILVER SCREEN**

the 2nd REEL CHANGE MARK POPS ON in the same place (That's one).

**SHOSANNA**

THROWS the lever on the 2nd PROJECTOR, switching the film from projector 1# to projector 2#, executing a perfect REEL CHANGE.

As Shosanna's Theme plays on the Soundtrack, we watch viva MONTAGE, her go through her daily chores. Carry heavy film cans up the stairs, empty the rat traps, ect,ect...

**EXT - CINEMA - NIGHT**

The MARQUEE READS in French:  
"GERMAN NIGHT LENI REFENSHTAL in PABST WHITE HELL OF PIZA PALU"

Shosanna emerges from the cinema carrying two buckets of LETTERS (for the marquee), and a tall ladder. Her chore here,

obviously, is to change the show on the marquee. The LITERARY NARRATOR comes on the Soundtrack in ENGLISH;

**NARRATOR (VO)**

To operate a cinema in Paris during the occupation, one had two choices. Ether you could show new German propaganda films, produced under the watchful eye of Joseph Goebbels. Or... .you could have a German night in your weekly schedule, and show allowed German classic films.

Their German night was Thursday.

changing Shosanna, by herself, perched up high on the ladder,

the letters on the marquee.

walks A YOUNG GERMAN SOLDIER (about the same age as Shosanna),

out of the cinema. He sees the ladder with the young French girl on top, and walks over.

They speak FRENCH, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

What starts tomorrow?

up Shosanna looks down, seeing the young German Soldier smiling

at her from below.

**LC 3.**

**SHOSANNA**

A Max Linder festival.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

Ummmm, I always preferred Linder to Chaplin. Except Linder never made a film as good as "The Kid". The chase climax of "The Kid", superb.

Shosanna continues working, not adding to the conversation.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

I suppose now you could use a "M" a "A" and a "X"?

**SHOSANNA**

No need, I can manage.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

Don't be ridiculous, it's my pleasure.  
He hands the French damsel the letters spelling MAX.

**SHOSANNA**

Merci.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

I adore your cinema very much.

**SHOSANNA**

Merci.

She busies herself with the marquee letters...

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

**SHOSANNA**

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

**SHOSANNA**

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

How does a young girl, such as yourself,  
own a cinema?

Do to his uniform, and Shosanna's situation, all his efforts  
at trying to make small talk, strikes the young Jewess in  
hiding as a Gestapo interrogation.

**SHOSANNA**

My aunt left it to me.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

Lucky girl.

Shosanna makes no reply back.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

Merci for hoisting a German night.

**SHOSANNA**

I don't have a choice, but your welcome.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

Do you chose the German films yourself?

**SHOSANNA**

Oui.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

Then my merci stands. I love the Refensthal mountain films, especially, "Pizu Palu". It's nice to see a French girl who's a admirer of Refensthal.

**SHOSANNA**

"Admire", would not be the adjective I would use to describe my feelings towards Fraulein Refensthal.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

But you do admire the director. Pabst, don't you? That's why you included his name on the marquee. She climbs down from the ladder and faces the German Private.

**SHOSANNA**

I'm French. We respect directors in our country.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

Apparently even Germans.

**SHOSANNA**

Even Germans. Merci for assistance, Private. Adieu. She turns to go back inside.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

Your not finished?

**SHOSANNA**

I'll finish in the morning. She opens the door to go inside.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

May I ask your name?

**SHOSANNA**

You wish to see my papers?  
She hands him her excellently forged papers.  
That's obviously not what he meant, but he takes them anyway  
to read her name.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

Emmanuelle Mimieux. That's a very  
pretty name.

**SHOSANNA**

Merci. Are you finished with my papers?  
He hands them back.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

Mademoiselle. My name is Fredrick Zoller.  
She gives no response.

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

It's been a pleasure chatting with a  
fellow cinema lover. Sweet dreams,  
Mademoiselle.  
He gives her a little salute, and walks into the black of a  
curfew imposed night.  
She looks after him. She didn't show it, but he kinda got to  
her. After all, for any true cinema lover, it's hard to hate  
anybody who, CINEMA MON AMOUR.

**EXT - ROOFTOP CINEMA - NIGHT**

Shosanna stands on the roof of her cinema, late at night,  
lighting up a cigarette. As she takes her first big drag,  
she remembers a voice.

**FLASH ON**

MADAME MIMIEUX, the younger Shosanna, and the black  
projectionist Marcel, in the projection booth. Shosanna  
lights up a cigarette, and Madame Mimieux SLAPS her face  
HARD, knocking the cigarette out of her mouth. Marcel  
quickly STAMPS it out on the floor.

If-7.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

if I ever see you light up a cigarette  
in my cinema again, I'll turn you into  
the Nazi's, do you understand?

Shosanna is shocked by this statement.

**SHOSANNA**

Oui, Madame.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

And for bringing a open flame in my cinema, you deserve far worse then a Nazi jewish boxcar. With your thick head, what do you think the highest priority of a cinema manager is? Keeping this fucking place from burning down to the ground, that's what! In my collection, I have over 350, 35mm, nitrate film prints, which are not only immensely flammable, but highly unstable. And should they catch fire, they burn three times faster then paper. If that happens.. .POOF...all gone, cinema no more, every body burned alive. If I ever see you with a open flame in my cinema again, I won't turn you into the Nazi's I'll kill you myself. And the fucking Germans will give me a curfew pass. Do you understand me?

**SHOSANNA**

Out, Madame.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

Do you believe me?

**SHOSANNA**

Out, Madame.

**MADAME MIMIEUX**

You damn well better.

**BACK TO ROOF**

Shosanna exhales cigarette smoke.  
Marcel comes onto the roof.

**MARCEL**

Are you well?

**SHOSANNA**

Even on the roof I can't smoke a cigarette without hearing Madames voice yelling at me. That's why I do it. To hear Madames voice again.

**MARCEL**

We both miss her.

**SHOSANNA**

I know. I'm fine, darling. I'll be to bed soon.  
Marcel goes back inside, Shosanna smokes.

**INT - FRENCH BISTRO - AFTERNOON**

Shosanna sits in the back of a French bistro, reading a book, "The Saint in New York" by Leslie Charteris, drinking wine. When the young German Private from the other day, FREDRICK ZOLLER, walks in. He gets a beer, then notices the French girl sitting in the back. He smiles, and heads over to her. "Oh no, not this guy again", she thinks. Again they speak in FRENCH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

**FREDRICK**

May I join you?

**SHOSANNA**

Look Fredrick -

**FREDRICK**

**(SMILING)**

- You remember my name?

**SHOSANNA**

Yes....Look, you seem a pleasant enough fellow -

**FREDRICK**

- Merci.

**SHOSANNA**

Your welcome. - regardless, I want you to stop pestering me.

**FREDRICK**

I apologize mademoiselle, I wasn't trying to be a pest. I was simply trying to be friendly.

**SHOSANNA**

I don't wish to be your friend.

**FREDRICK**

Why not?

**SHOSANNA**

Don't act like a infant. You know why.

**FREDRICK**

I'm more then just a uniform.

**SHOSANNA**

Not to me. If you are so desperate for a French girlfriend, I suggest you try Vichy?

Just then TWO OTHER GERMAN SOLDIERS come over, obviously very impressed with Fredrick. They make a fuss over him in UNSUBTITLED GERMAN, which nether Shosanna, or the non German speaking members of the movies audience, can understand. He signs autographs for them, shakes their hands, and they go on their way. Shosanna's eyes narrow.

**SHOSANNA**

Who are you?

**FREDRICK**

I thought I was just a uniform?

**SHOSANNA**

Your not just a German soldier, are you somebodies son?

**FREDRICK**

Most German soldiers are somebodies son.

**SHOSANNA**

Yeah, but your not just somebody. What are you, Hitlers nephew?  
He leans in across the table, she leans in too, and he says;

**FREDRICK**

Yes.

**SHOSANNA**

Really?

**FREDRICK**

No not really, I'm just teasing you.  
She leans back annoyed.

**SHOSANNA**

Then what is it? What are you, a German  
movie star?

6'0

**FREDRICK**

Not exactly.

**SHOSANNA**

(Pfuit), what does that mean, "not exactly".  
I asked if you were a movie star, the  
answer to that question, is yes or no.  
Fredrick laughs at that line.

**FREDRICK**

When you said that just now, you  
reminded me of my sister.  
This catches young Shosanna off guard.

**FREDRICK**

I come from a home of six sisters.  
We run a family operated cinema in Munich.  
Seeing you run around your cinema,  
reminds me of them. Especially my sister  
Helga. She raised me, when our father  
wasn't up to the job. I admire her very  
much. You'd like her, she doesn't wear a  
German uniform.

**SHOSANNA**

You were raised by Helga?

**FREDRICK**

All my sisters, I'm the baby, but Helga  
was the bossiest.

**SHOSANNA**

And your mother and father?

**FREDRICK**

My mother died. And my father was a loser. My fathers moto; "If at first you don't succeed, quit". The day he left, good riddance. My sisters are all I need. It's why I like your cinema. It makes me feel both closer to them, and a little homesick at the same time.

**SHOSANNA**

is your cinema still operatiing?

**FREDRICK**

Oui.

**SHOSANNA**

What's it called?

**5!**

**FREDRICK**

The Kino Haus.

**SHOSANNA**

How has it done durring the war?

**FREDRICK**

Actually, in Germany, cinema attendance is up.

**SHOSANNA**

No doubt, you don't have to operate under a curfew.

**FREDRICK**

How often do you fill your house?

**SHOSANNA**

(Pfuit), not since before the war.

**FREDRICK**

So if you had one big engagement, that would help you out?

**SHOSANNA**

Of course, but that's not likely to happen.

TWO MORE GERMAN SOLDIERS and their TWO FRENCH DATES approach the table. They ask for Fredricks autograph, he signs it for them. One of the French Girls says in FRENCH, how exciting it is to meet a real live German war hero. Shosanna hears it. They leave. So that's it, she thinks.

**SHOSANNA**

So your a war hero? Why didn't you tell me?

**FREDRICK**

Everybody knows that, I liked you didn't.

**SHOSANNA**

What did you do?  
He takes a sip of beer.

**FREDRICK**

I've shot the most enemy soldiers in world war two...so far.  
You bet your sweet ass that got her attention.

**SHOSANNA**

Wow.

52

**FREDRICK**

I was alone in a bell tower in a walled off city in Russia. It was myself, and a thousand rounds of ammo, in a bird's nest, against three hundred Soviet soldiers.

**SHOSANNA**

What's a bird's nest?

**FREDRICK**

A bird's nest is what a sniper would call a bell tower. It's a high structure, offering a three hundred and sixty degree view. Very advantageous for marksmen.

**SHOSANNA**

How many Russian's did you kill?

**FREDRICK**

Sixty-eight.

**(BEAT)**

The first day. A hundred and fifty the second day. Thirty-two, the third day. On the fourth day, they exited the city. Naturally my war story received a lot of attention in Germany, that's why they all recognize me. They call me the German Sgt. York.

**SHOSANNA**

Maybe they'll make a film about your exploits.

**FREDRICK**

Well, that's just what Joseph Goebbels thought. So he did. It's called "Nation's Pride", and guess what, they wanted me to play myself, so I did. They have posters for it in kiosks all over Paris. That's another reason for all the attention.

**SHOSANNA**

"Nation's Pride" is about you? "Nation's Pride" is starring you?

**FREDRICK**

I know, comical, huh?

**SHOSANNA**

Not so comical. So what are you doing in Paris, enjoying a rest?

**FREDRICK**

Hardly. I've been doing publicity,  
having my picture taken with different  
German luminaries, visiting troops,  
that sort of thing. Goebbels wants the  
film to premier in Paris, so I've been  
helping them in the planning.

Joseph is very keen on this film.  
He's telling anybody who will listen,  
when "Nation's Pride" is released,  
I'll be the German Van Johnson.

Shosanna, wasn't falling for the young German, by any  
stretch.

However his exploits, as well as his charming manner, can't  
help but impress. But his referring to Goebbels as "Joseph",  
like their friends, is all she needed to get on the right

side

of things. This young man is trouble with a capital "T", and  
she needs to stay far fucking away from him.  
She abruptly rises, and says;

**SHOSANNA**

Well, good luck with your premier  
Private. I hope all goes well for  
Joseph and yourself. Au revoir.  
And with that, she disappears. Leaving the perplexed private  
alone.

**EXT - CINEMA MARQUEE - DAY**

It's the next day.  
Shosanna and Marcel are changing the letters on the marquee.  
Marcel excuses himself to visit the toilet.  
Shosanna is alone outside the little cinema, perched up on  
her  
ladder.

**WHEN...**

.A BLACK NAZI SEDAN pulls up in front of the little cinema.  
A GERMAN MAJOR in a black Gestapo uniform steps out of the  
back  
of the sedan.  
The DRIVER, a German Private, steps out as well.  
Yelling to the young girl up high on the ladder;  
Both GERMAN and FRENCH will be SUBTITLED into ENGLISH.

5 q.

**GESTAPO MAJOR**

Mademoiselle Nimieux?

**SHOSANNA**

Oui?

Telling his Driver in German to ask her in French;

**GESTAPO MAJOR**

Ask her if this is her cinema?  
in French The Driver asks Shosanna;

**DRIVER**

is this your cinema?

**SHOSANNA**

**GESTAPO MAJOR**

Tell her to come down.

**DRIVER**

Come down please.

She climbs down the ladder.

The Driver opens the back door of the sedan, indicating for

her

to get in.

**SHOSANNA**

I don't understand, what have I done?

**DRIVER**

(to Major)

She wants to know what she's done?

**GESTAPO MAJOR**

Who says she's done anything?

**DRIVER**

Who says you've done anything?

Then in her best imitation of Madame Mimeux's  
arrogantmanner.

**SHOSANNA**

Then I demand to know what this is about,

and where do you propose to take me?

up his

The Driver begins to translate, when the Gestapo Major holds

young

hand, telling him not to bother. The Major looks at the

French girl and tells her in German;

55.

**GESTAPO MAJOR**

Get your ass in that car.

No translation necessary. She climbs into the back of the car,  
followed by the Germans. The sedan takes off.

**INT - SEDAN (MOVING) - DAY**

The Nazi sedan drives through the early afternoon Paris streets.

**WE HOLD SHOSANNA IN TIGHT CU**

the whole ride, never showing her Nazi oppressor sitting beside her. We just hold on her face trying not to reveal anything. The sedan stops. The car door opens and the Driver offers Shosanna his hand.

**EXT/INT- MAXIUM'S (FAMOUS PARIS CAFE) - DAY**

She steps out of the car, and is lead into a Paris cafe by the Gestapo Officer. It takes the young Jewess a moment or two before she realizes she's not being led to a Gestapo interrogation room, a railroad car, or a concentration camp, but to lunch. The best table at Maxims. Three people, and two dogs, sit at it.

Germany's Minister of Propaganda, and the number two man in Hitlers Third Reich, JOSEPH GOEBBELS, his female French translator

(and mistress), FRANCESCA MONDINO, and young Private Zoller, are the people. TWO BLACK FRENCH POODLES, belonging to Mademoiselle Mondino, sit together in another chair at the table.

We join them in mid-conversation;

They all speak GERMAN, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

**GOEBBELS**

- it's only the off spring of slaves that allows America to be competitive athletically. America olympic gold can measured in Negro sweat.

Shosanna is lead through the French eatery by the Gestapo  
Major.

Private Zoller see's her, and stands up, excuse's himself,  
and greets her before she reaches the table.

Fredrick says in French, SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

**FREDRICK**

Good you came. I wasn't sure weather or  
not you'd except my invitation.

**SHOSANNA**

Invitation?

**THEN...**

.Goebbles Voice says OFF SCREEN;

**GOEBBLES (OS)**

Is that the young lady in question,  
Fredrick?

Private Zoller turns in his direction, takes Shosanna by the  
arm, and leads her to him.

**FREDRICK**

Yes it is, beer Goebbels. Emmanuelle,  
there is somebody I want you to meet.  
Joseph Goebbels, remaining seated, looks up at the young

French  
mouth.

girl, scrutinizing her as he spoons creme brule into his

The excited Fredrick introduces Shosanna to the propaganda  
minister formally.

**FREDRICK**

Emmanuelle Mimieux, I'd like to  
introduce you to the minister of  
propaganda, the leader of the entire  
German film industry, and now I'm a  
actor, my boss, Joseph Goebbels.  
Goebbels offers up his long spider-like fingers for Shosanna

to

shake. She does.

**GOEBBELS**

Your reputation precedes you Fraulein

big

Mimieux.  
He looks to Francesca to translate, but she's just taken a  
bite of terri misu.  
They all laugh.  
Fredrick jumps in...

**FREDRICK**

And normally, this is beer Goebbels French  
interpreter, Mademoiselle Francesca  
Mondino.

**FRANCESCA**

looks up at Shosanna.

**5'?**

NARRATOR'S VOICE comes on soundtrack;

**NARRATOR (VO)**

Francesca Mondino is much more than  
Goebbels French Interpreter.  
She's also Goebbels favorite French  
actress to appear in his films...

**FLASH ON:**

**FILM CLIP**

from one of Francesca's B/W Goebbels produced productions.  
Francesca, dressed as a French peasant girl, with a YOUNG

**GERMAN (MOVIE) SOLDIER.**

She speaks in FRENCH, SUBTITLED in to ENGLISH;

**FRANCESCA/PEASANT GIRL**

I love you, I can't help it. My country  
or my heart, which do I betray?  
A SUBTITLE APPEARS below naming the films title;

**"SENTIMENTAL COMBAT" (1943)**

**FLASH ON**

Francesca and Goebbels having sex in her boudoir, on her red  
velvet bed.

**NARRATOR (VO)**

And Goebbels favorite French Mistress,  
to act in his bed.

WE SEE JUST A SUPER QUICK SHOT OF Goebbels FUCKING Francesca

**DOGGY STYLE.**

**FRANCESCA**

**(ANIMAL-LIKE)**

Do it! Do it! Fuck me - fill me!

**BACK TO FRANCESCA**

looking at Shosanna.

**FRANCESCA**

Bon jour.

**SHOSANNA**

Bon jour.

**I**

f.

**FREDRICK**

And you've met the Major.

The Gestapo officer steps up and says, to Fredrick in  
German;

**GESTAPO MAJOR**

Actually, I didn't introduce myself.

(to Shosanna)

Major Deiter Helistrom of the Gestapo, at  
your service mademoiselle.

(he clicks  
his heels)

Please allow me, have a seat.

The Gestapo Officer pulls out a chair, for the young lady to  
sit  
down. Shosanna takes the hot seat. Seated to her right is  
Private Zoller. To her left are the two curly pampered  
poodles. Major Helistrom pours Shosanna a glass of red wine  
from a small craft on the table.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Try the wine mademoiselle, it's quite good.  
Goebbels looks across the table at her.

**GOEBBELS**

well I must say, you've made quite a  
impression on our boy.  
Francesca interprets Goebbels German for Shosanna.

**GOEBBELS**

I must say fraulein, I should be rather  
annoyed with you.  
Francesca interprets..

**GOEBBELS**

I arrive in France, and I wish to have  
lunch with my star...  
Francesca interprets...

**GOEBBELS**

Little do I know Be's become  
the toast of paris, and now he  
must find time for me.  
Francesca interprets...

c9 Ã¢â¬, -Ã¢â¬

**GOEBBELS**

People wait in line hours, day's,  
to see me. For the Fuhrer and  
Private Zoller, I wait.  
Francesca interprets...

**GOEBBELS**

So finally, I'm granted a audience  
with the young Private, and he spends  
the entire lunch speaking of you  
and your cinema.  
Francesca interprets...

**GOEBBELS**

So Fraulein Mimieux, let's get down  
to business.  
Private Zoller interrupts -

**FREDRICK**

- Heer Goebbels, I haven't informed her yet.

**GOEBBELS**

Unless the girls a simpleton, I'm sure she's figured it out by now, after all she does operate a cinema. Francesca, tell her.  
Francesca tells Shosanna in French;

**FRANCESCA**

What they're trying to tell you Emmanuelle, is Private Zoller has spent the last hour at lunch, trying to convince Monsieur Goebbels to abandon previous plans for Private Zollers film premier, and change the venue to your cinema.  
Zoller reacts.

**FRANCESCA**

**(FRENCH**  
to Zoller)  
What?

**FREDRICK**

I wanted to inform her.

**FRANCESCA**

Shit. I apologize Private, of course you did.

60.

**GOEBBELS**

**(GERMAN**  
to Francesca)  
What's the issue?

**FRANCESCA**

The Private wanted to inform the

mademoiselle himself.

**GOEBBELS**

Nonsense. Until I ask a few questions, he has nothing to inform. Let the record state, I have not agreed to a venue change.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Duly noted.  
Goebbels speaks German to Shosanna;

**GOEBBELS**

You have opera boxes?

**SHOSANNA**

**GOEBBELS**

**SHOSANNA**

**GOEBBELS**

More would be better. How many seats in your auditorium?

**SHOSANNA**

Three hundred and fifty.

**GOEBBELS**

That's almost four hundred less than The Ritz.  
Fredrick jumps in...

**FREDRICK**

But beer Goebbels, that's not such a terrible thing. You said yourself you didn't want to indulge every two faced french bourgeois taking up space currying favor. With less seats it makes the event more exclusive. Your not trying to fill the house, their fighting for seats.

**FREDRICK**

**(CON'T)**

Besides, to hell with the French. This is a German night, a German event, a German celebration. This night is for you, me, the German military, the high command, their family and friends. The only people who should be allowed in the room, are people who will be moved by the exploits on screen. Goebbels listens silently, then after a bit of a pause;

**GOEBBELS**

I see your public speaking has improved. It appears I've created a monster. A strangely persuasive monster. When the war's over, politics awaits. Table chuckles.

**GOEBBELS**

Well Private, though it is true, I'm inclined to indulge you anything. I must watch a film in this young ladies cinema before I can say, yes or no.  
(to Shosanna)  
So young lady, you are to close your cinema tonight, and have a private screening me. Francesca interprets...

**GOEBBELS**

What German films do you have?  
Francesca asks..

**SHOSANNA**

My cinema , on German night, tends to show older German classics. Francesca interprets...

**GOEBBELS**

Why not my films?  
Francesca asks...

**6Z.**

**SHOSANNA**

I draw a older German audience in my cinema, that appreciate the nostalgia of the earlier time. Francesca interprets...

**GOEBBELS**

That's nonsense fraulein. Us Germans are looking forward, not backwards. That era of German cinema is dead. The German cinema I create, will not only be thee cinema of Europe. But the worlds only alternative to the degenerate Jewish influence of Hollywood. Fredrick Jumps in...

**FREDRICK**

Along with being a cinema owner, Emmanuelle is quite a formidable film critic. He chuckles, but alone.

**GOEBBELS**

WSo it would appear. Unfortunately for the fraulein, I've outlawed film criticism. Zoller, thinking fast, says;

**FREDRICK**

Why don't you screen "Lucky Kids"? I'm sure Emmanuelle hasn't seen. it. And it's so funny, I've been meaning to recommend it to her, for her German night. That's a great idea, let's watch "Lucky Kids" tonight.

**GOEBBELS**

Ahhh, "Lucky Kids", "Lucky Kids", "Lucky Kids". When all is said and done, my most purely enjoyable production. Not only that, I wouldn't be surprised, if sixty years from now, It's "Lucky Kids" that I'm the most remembered for. I know it doesn't seem like it now,

but mark my words.  
Very well, I'll have a print sent  
over to the fraulein's cinema.  
We'll screen "Lucky Kids" tonight.

**63**

As Francesca interprets this for Shosanna...  
...the empty chair next to the young Jewish girl is suddenly  
filled with the bottom half of a grey S.S. officer uniform.

**GOEBBELS**

Ah Landa, your here, this is the  
young lady in question.  
The S.S. Officer sits down, and it's our old friend from the  
first scene COL HANS LANDA.

**FREDRICK**

Shosanna, this4pol Hans Landa of  
the SS., he'll be running security  
for the premier.

**CU SHOSANNA**

A bomb is dropped and detonated behind her eyes. But if she  
gives any indication of this, her war story ends here.  
The S.S. OFFICER  
that murdered her family, takes her hand and kisses it,  
saying in perfect French;

**COL LANDA**

Charmed Mademoiselle.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Better known as "The Jew Hunter".  
The table laughs.

**GOEBBELS**

Oh Francesca, what was that funny  
thing the Fuhrer said about Hans?

**FRANCESCA**

What thing?

**GOEBBELS**

You know, you were there, it was a

funny thing the Fuhrer said,  
about Hans...Something about a pig?  
Francesca's memory is jogged.

**FRANCESCA**

Oh, yes of course.  
She repeats it by whispering it in Goebbels ear.

**6 "F"**

**GOEBBELS**

Oh, yes of course, that's it. So  
the Fuhrer said, he wouldn't be  
surprised if Hans weren't rooting  
out Jews like a truffle pig from  
the play pen.

**FRANCESCA**

That's what we need, pigs that can  
root out Jews.

**COL LANDA**

Who needs pigs when you have me?  
Big hearty laugh around the table.

**GOEBBELS**

Do you have a engagement tonight?

**COL LANDA**

Well, as a matter of fact, I do -

**GOEBBELS**

- Break it. We're all going to the  
Fraulein's cinema tonight to view  
"Lucky Kids".

**COL LANDA**

Splendid.  
Then Reich Ministers companion mademoiselle Mondino,

**INTERRUPTS;**

**FRANCESCA**

And now I must get Reich Minister Goebbels

to his next appointment.

**GOEBBELS**

Slave driver! French slave driver!  
They all chuckle.  
Everybody begins to stand up from the table...  
..Francesca gathers the stupid dogs...  
.as Col Landa stands, he says;

**COL LANDA**

Actually, in my role as security  
chief of this joyous German occasion,  
I'm afraid I must have a word with  
Mademoiselle Mimieux.

**C. 5.**

Mademoiselle Mimieux eyes go to Private Zoller, who  
responds.

**FREDRICK**

What sort of discussion?

**COL LANDA**

That sounded suspiciously like a  
Private questioning the order of a  
Colonel? Or am I just being sensitive?

**FREDRICK**

Nothing could be further from the  
truth Colonel. Your authority is  
beyond question.  
But your reputation does proceed  
you. Should Mademoiselle Mimieux  
or myself be concerned?

**GOEBBELS**

Hans, the boy means no harm, he's  
simply smitten. And he's correct.  
Your reputation does proceed you.  
Laughter all around. The Reich Minister and his axis  
entourage,  
on  
make their way to front of the cafe, with the two dumb dogs  
a leash, leading the way.

**COL LANDA**

No need for concern, you two.  
As security chief, I simply need  
to have a chat with the possible  
new venue's property owner.

**FREDRICK**

I was just hoping to escort  
Mademoiselle Mimieux back to her  
cinema.

**GOEBBELS**

Nonsense! You can eat ice cream,  
and walk along the Sienne another  
time. Right now, allow Col Landa  
to do his job.  
Everybody saystheir farewells.  
Col Landa offers the young jew in hiding a seat at a small  
table in the outside patio area of Maxims.  
The fluency and poetic proficiency of the S.S. jew hunters  
french, revels to the audience, that his feigning clumsiness

at

french with Monsieur Lapadite in the films first scene, was  
simply a interrogation-technique.

bd.

They speak FRENCH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

**COL LANDA**

Have you tried the strudel here?

**SHOSANNA**

No.

**COL LANDA**

It's not so terrible. So how is it  
the young Private and yourself came  
to be acquainted?  
She's about to answer, when a WAITER approaches.

**COL LANDA**

Yes, two strudels, one for myself,  
and one for the mademoiselle. A cup  
of espresso, with a container of.

steamed milk, on the side.  
For the Mademoiselle, a glass of milk.  
Considering Shosanna. grew up on a dairy farm, and the last  
time she was on a dairy farm, her strudel companion murdered her  
entire family, his ordering her milk is, to say the  
least... . disconcerting.  
The key to Col Landa's power, and or charm, depending on the  
side ones on, lies in his ability to convince you he's privy  
to your secrets.

**COL LANDA**

So Mademoiselle, you were beginning  
to explain....?

**SHOSANNA**

**(ANXIOUSLY)**

Up untill a couple of days ago,  
I had no knowledge of Private Zoller,  
or his exploits. To me, the Private  
was simply just a patron of my cinema.  
We spoke a few times, but -

**COL LANDA**

- Mademoiselle, let me interrupt you.  
This is a simple formality, no  
reason for you to feel anxious.  
The Colonel takes one look at it, and says to the Waiter;

67

**COL LANDA**

I apologize, I forgot to order the  
cream fresh.

**WAITER**

One moment.  
He exits.

**COL LANDA**

(Refuring to  
the apple pie)

Wait for the cream.  
(Back to

**BUSINESS)**

So Emmanuelle - May I call you  
Emmanuelle?

**SHOSANNA**

Oui.

**COL LANDA**

So Emmanuelle, explain to me how  
does it happen, that a young lady  
such as your self, comes to own a  
cinema?

The Waiter returns, applying cream fresh to the two  
strudels.

The S.S. Colonel looks across the table at his companion,  
picking up his fork, he says;

**COL LANDA**

After you.

Shosanna takes a whip creamy bite of strudel, Landa  
follows her lead.

**COL LANDA**

**(MOUTHFULL**

of pie)

Success?

Shosanna, mouth full of pie, indicates she approves.

**.COL LANDA**

Like I said, not so terrible.

(Back to

**BUSINESS)**

So you were explaining the origin of  
your cinema ownership?

**SHOSANNA**

The cinema originally belonged to  
my aunt and uncle -  
Col Landa removes a little black book from his pocket.

**COL LANDA**

- What is there names?

**SHOSANNA**

Jean-Pierre and Ada Mimieux.  
He records the names in his little book.

**COL LANDA**

Where are they now?

**SHOSANNA**

My uncle was killed during blitzkrieg.

**COL LANDA**

Pity... . Continue.

**SHOSANNA**

Aunt Ada passed away from fever  
last spring.'

**COL LANDA**

Regrettable.

**(RESPECTFUL**

**PAUSE)**

It's come to my attention you have  
a negro in your employ, is that true?

**SHOSANNA**

Yes, he's a Frenchman. His name is  
Marcel. He worked with my aunt and  
uncle since they opened the cinema.  
He's the only other one who works  
with me.

**COL LANDA**

Doing what?

**SHOSANNA**

Projectionist.

**COL LANDA**

Is he any good?

**SHOSANNA**

The best.

61.

**COL LANDA**

Actually one could see where that might be a good trade for them. Can you operate the projectors?

**SHOSANNA**

Of course I can.

**COL LANDA**

Knowing the Reich Minister as I do, I'm quite positive he wouldn't want the success or failure of his illustrious evening, dependent on the prowess of a negro. So if it comes to pass we hold this event at your venue, talented no doubt, as your negro may be, you will operate the projectors. Is that exceptable?  
As if she has any say.

**SHOSANNA**

Oui.

Col Landa takes another bite of strudel, Shosanna follows  
suit.

**COL LANDA**

So it would appear our young hero is quite smitten with you?

**SHOSANNA**

Private Zollers feelings for me aren't of a romantic nature.

**COL LANDA**

Mademoiselle...?

**SHOSANNA**

Colonel, his feelings are not romantic. I remind him of his sister.

**COL LANDA**

That doesn't mean his feelings  
aren't romantic.

**SHOSANNA**

I remind him of his sister who  
raised him.

70

**COL LANDA**

It's sounding more and more romantic  
by the minute.

S.S.

Landa takes out a handsome looking cigarette case, with a

LOGO on it. Removing one of the fags, he lights it up with a  
fancy S.S. gold lighter. He offers one to Shosanna.

**COL LANDA**

Cigarette?

**SHOSANNA**

No thank you.

**COL LANDA**

Do you smoke?

**SHOSANNA**

Yes.

**COL LANDA**

Then I insist, you must take one.  
There not French, there German.  
I hope your not nationalist about  
your tobacco, to me French cigarettes  
are a sin against nicotine.  
She takes one, but makes no move to light it.  
He inhales deep, and says;

**COL LANDA**

I did have some thing else I wanted  
to ask you, but right now, for the  
life of me, I can't remember what it  
is. Oh well, must not of been important.

Col Landa stands up, throws some French francs on the table, puts on his grey S.S. cap, touches his finger to his visor, saluting Shosanna, and saying:

**COL LANDA**

Till tonight.

And with that he's gone.

Shosanna breaths a sigh of relief.

The CAMERA begins to slowly lower from a MEDIUM CU to her feet

ankles and floor. We see her shoes are in a puddle of urine. During her conversation and strudel with the man that exterminated her entire family, shosanna pissed herself. She drops the German cigarette in to the piss puddle by her feet.

7 1.

**INT - CINEMA AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

The SILVER SCREEN

on screen is the German screwball comedy "LUCKY KIDS".

We hear OFF SCREEN laughter at the on screen aryan antics.

**CU GOEBBELS**

Watching the screen, basking in his own toxic genius.

**CU FRANCESCA**

Laughing at the comedy, hand covering her mouth.

**CU TWO BLACK POODLES**

Pantingly watching the screen.

**CU MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Smiling, smoking a French cigarette.

**CU COL LANDA**

Smoking his calabash, amused.

**CU FREDRICK ZOLLER**

Truly enjoying himself.

**CU SHOSANNA**

watching the screen.

The LITERARY NARRATOR comes on the soundtrack.

**NARRATOR (VO)**

While Shosanna sits there pretending to be amused by the aryan antics of Goebbels Frank Capra copy, "Lucky Kids", a thought suddenly comes to her.

We see her face get slightly distracted behind the eyes.

**NARRATOR (VO)**

What if tonight, accidentally, the cinema burned down? The Third Reich would lose it's Minister of propaganda, it's national hero, and it's top jew hunter, all in one fell swoop.

She chuckles at the thought, though it looks like she's laughing at the German comedy.

**SILVER SCREEN**

"The END" card for "Lucky Kids" is projected. The Nazi rouges gallery, and Shosanna, applaud the film.

**IZ**

The lights go up.

**P**

Goebbels excepts congratulations, as they stand and begin to file out into the lobby.

**NARRATOR (VO)**

The screening of "Lucky Kids" was a complete success. And Heer Goebbels conceded to have the venue changed to Shosannas cinema. Not only that, in a moment of inspiration, Heer Goebbels had a idea. Goebbels speaks GERMAN, and Francesca translates;

**GOEBBELS**

I must say, I appreciate the modesty of this auditorium. Your Cinema has real respect, almost church like. Not to say we couldn't spruce the

place up a bit. In Versailles  
there's a crystal chandelier hanging  
in the banquet hall that is  
extraordinary. we're going to get it,  
and hang it from the very middle of  
auditorium roof. Also I want to go to  
Louvre, pick up a few Greek nudes,  
and just scatter them about the lobby.

#### **MONTAGE**

we see a quick series of shots that show all that happening.  
The chandelier being removed from the ceiling of Versailles.  
Greek nude statues being hand trucked out of the Louvre.  
A truck driving through the french countryside with the  
enormous crystal chandelier in the back.  
The lobby of Shosanna's cinema, pimped out in Nazi

iconography.

WORKERS buzz around decorating. The Greek statues are moved  
into place.

the

We see Workers trying with incredible difficulty, to hoist

huge, heavy, and twinkingly fragile chandelier, in Shosanna's  
auditorium, which now resembles something out of one of

Tinto

Brass's Italian B-movie rip off's of Visconti's "The

Damned".

#### **SHOSANNA**

watches all this from a opera box, she shakes her head in  
disbelief.

73

#### **BACK TO SHOSANNA AND THE NAZI "S**

in the lobby, post screening of "Lucky Rids", she's  
soundlessly

escorting them to the door, as they make their goodbyes.

#### **NARRATOR (VO)**

As they left the little French  
cinema that night, all the Germans  
were very happy...

We see Private Zoller hanging back, so he can say goodbye.

**NARRATOR (VO)**

None more so than Private Zoller.  
She closes the door on him. Watching the Nazi's walk into  
the  
Paris night. Their shadows, for a moment onAwall, look  
like grotesque Nazi charcthers. 4644  
The Nazi's are gone.  
Marcel sits at the top of the staircase of the lobby,  
looking  
down at Shosanna.  
They speak in FRENCH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

**MARCEL**

What the fuck are we suppose to do?

**SHOSANNA**

It looks like we're suppose to have  
a Nazi premier.

**MARCEL**

Like I said, what the fuck are we  
suppose to do?

**SHOSANNA**

Well, I need to speak with you  
about that.

**MARCEL**

About what?

**SHOSANNA**

About these Hun swine, commandeering  
our cinema.

**MARCEL**

What about it?  
She slowly walks up the stairs to Marcel. She makes him part  
his legs, and sits on the lower step, between his legs. Her  
back up against his chest, his arms around her shoulders.  
Shosanna has only known this type of intimacy with Marcel.

**SHOSANNA**

Well, when I was watching the bosch  
(Said in

**ENGLISH)**

Capra-corn abomination,  
(Back to

**FRENCH)**

I got a idea.

**MARCEL**

I'm confused, what are we talking  
about?

**SHOSANNA**

Filling the cinema with Nazi's and  
their whores, and burning it down  
to the ground.

**MARCEL**

I'm not talking about that, your  
talking about that.

**SHOSANNA**

No, we're talking about that,  
right now. If we can keep this  
place from burning down by  
ourselves, we can burn it down  
by ourselves.

**MARCEL**

Shosanna -

**SHOSANNA**

No, Marcel, just for sake of argument,  
if we wanted to burn down the cinema,  
for any number of reasons, you and I  
could physically accomplish that, no?

**MARCEL**

Oui Shosanna, we could do that.

**SHOSANNA**

And with Madame Mimieux's 350 nitrate  
film print collection, we wouldn't  
even need explosives, would we?

**MARCEL**

You mean we wouldn't need any more  
explosives?

**SHOSANNA**

Oui, that's exactly what I mean.  
She begins kissing his hands.

75.

**SHOSANNA**

**(CON'T)**

I am going to burn down the cinema  
on Nazi night.  
One of his fingers probes her mouth.

**SHOSANNA**

**(CON'T)**

And if I'm going to burn down the  
cinema, which I am, we both know,  
your not going to let me do it  
by myself.  
The back of her head presses up hard against him, as his  
hand both caresses, and grips her lovely neck.

**SHOSANNA**

**(CON'T)**

Because you love me. And I love you.  
And your the only person on this earth  
I can trust.  
She then TWISTS around, so she's straddling him. They are  
now, face to face.

**SHOSANNA**

**(CON'T)**

But that's not all we're going to do.  
Does the filmmaking equipment in the  
attic still work? I know the film  
camera does. How about the sound  
recorder?

**MARCEL**

Quite well, actually. I recorded a  
new guitarist I met in a cafe last  
week. It works superb. Why do we

need filmmaking equipment?

**SHOSANNA**

Because Marcel, my sweet, we're going to make a film. Just for the Nazi's.

**FADE TO BLACK**

?G.

**FADE OFF**

**INT - ENGLISH COUNTRY ESTATE - DAY**

A young MILITARY ATTACHE, opens the sliding double doors that serve as a entrance to the room.

**MILITARY ATTACHE**

Right this way, Lieutenant.

inside  
A snappy handsome British Lieutenant in dress browns, steps the room. This officer, who has been mixing it up with the Gerrys since the late thirties, is named LT.ARCHIE

HICOX.

A young George Sanders type(The Saint and Private affairs of Bel Ami, years).

Upon entering the room, Lt.Hicox is gobsmacked. Standing before him is legendary military mastermind, GENERAL ED FENECH, a older George Sanders type (Village of

the

Dammed).

But in the back of the room, sitting behind a piano, smoking his ever present cigar, is the unmistakable bulk of WINSTON CHURCHELL.

**LT. HICOX**

Lt. Archie Hicox, reporting sir.

**GEN FENECH**

(Salutes back)

General Ed Fenech, at ease Hicox.

Drink?

Hicox's eye's go to the formidable bulldog behind the piano,

behind who's scrutinizing him behind his cigar. However the man  
the cigar makes no gesture, and the General, makes no  
acknowledgment of the three hundred pound gorilla in the  
room.

Which Lt.Hicox knows enough to mean, if Churchell isn't  
introduced, he ain't there.

**LT.HICOX**

if you offered me a scotch and plane  
water, I could drink a scotch and  
plain water.

?7.

**GEN.FENECH**

That a boy, Lieutenant. Make it  
yourself, like a good chap,  
will you? Bars in the globe.  
Hicox heads over to the bar globe.

**LT.HICOX**

Something for yourself, sir?

**GEN.FENECH**

and Whiskey straight. No junk in it.  
The Lieutenant moves over to the Columbus-style globe bar,  
busies himself mixing spirits, playing bartender chappy.  
Fenech, eyeing the Lieutenant's file.

**GEN.FENECH**

It says here you've run three  
undercover commando operations in  
Germany, and German occupied  
territories? Frankfaurt, Holland,  
and Norway to be exact?  
Back to them, mixing drinks, he says;

**LT.HICOX**

Extraordinary people, the Norwegian's.

**GEN.FENECH**

It says here you speak German fluently?

**LT.HICOX**

Like a Katzenjammer Kid.

**GEN.FENECH**

And your occupation before the war?  
His back still to us, as he bartends...

**LT. H I COX**

I'm a film critic.

**GEN.FENECH**

List your accomplishments?

**LT.HICOX**

Well sir, such as they are, I write reviews and articles, for a publication called; "Films and Filmmakers". As well as our sister publication.

7f .

**GEN.FENECH**

What's that called?

**LT.HICOX**

"Flickers Bi-Monthly". And I've had two books published.

**GEN.FENECH**

Impressive. Don't be modest Lieutenant, what are their titles?

**LT. HI COX**

The first book was called; "Art Of The Eye's, The Heart, and The Mind:A Study of German Cinema in the Twenties". And the second one was called; ... He turns around with his whiskey and plain water, and the Generals whiskey no junk. He finishes what he was saying, as he walks toward the General, handing him his drink.

**LT.HICOX**

"Twenty-Four Frame Da Vinci".  
It's a subtexual film criticism

study of the work of German director  
G.W. Pabst.

**LT. HI COX**

What should we drink to, sir?

**GEN. FENECH**

(Thinking, for  
a moment)  
Down with Hitler.

**LT. HICOX**

All the way down, sir.

**GEN. FENECH**

Are you familiar with German cinema  
under the Third Reich?

**LT. HI COX**

Yes. Obviously I haven't seen any of  
the films made in the last three  
years, but I am familiar with it.

**GEN. FENECH**

Explain it to me.?

77

**LT. HICOX**

Pardon sir?

**GEN. FENECH**

This little escapade of ours,  
requires a knowledge of the German  
film industry under the Third Reich.  
Explain to me UFA, under Goebbels?

**LT. HICOX**

Goebbels considers the films he's  
making to be the beginning of a new  
era in German cinema. A alternative  
to what he considers the Jewish  
German intellectual cinema of the  
twenties. And the Jewish controlled

dogma of Hollywood.  
SUDDENLY... Bellowing from the back of the room;

**CHURCHELL**

How's he doing?

**LT. H I COX**

Frightfully sorry sir, once again?

**CHURCHELL**

You say he wants to take on the Jews  
at their own game? Compared to say  
.Louis B.Mayer...how's he doing?

**LT.HICOX**

Quite well, actually. Since Goebbels  
has taken over, film attendance has  
steadily risen in Germany over the  
last eight years. But Louis B.Mayer  
wouldn't be Goebbels proper opposite  
number. I believe Goebbels see's himself  
closer to David O.Selznick.  
Gen.Fenech looks to the Prime Minister.  
With a puff of cigar smoke, Churchell says;

**CHURCHELL**

Brief him.

**GEM. FENECH**

Lt.Bicox, at this point in time I'd  
like to brief you on, Operation Kino.  
Three days from now, Joseph Goebbels is  
throwing a gala premier of one of his  
new movies in Paris -

80.

**LT.HICOX**

- What film sir?  
The General has to resort to peeking at his file.

**GEN. FENECH**

The motion pictures called; "Nation's  
Pride".

**LT. HICOX**

Oh, you mean the film about Private Zoller?

**GEN. FENECH**

We don't have any intelligence, on exactly, what the film that night will be about.

**LT. HICOX**

But it's called "Nation's Pride"?

**GEN. FENECH**

Yes.

**LT. HICOX**

I can tell you what it's about, it's about Private Fredrick Zoller. He's the German Sgt. York. Fenech can't help suppress a smile, they have the right man.

**GEN. FENECH**

In attendance at this joyous Germanic occasion, will be Goebbels, Gerring, Boorman, and most of the German High command, including all high ranking officers of both The S.S., and, The Gestapo. As well as luminaries of the Nazi propaganda film industry.

**LT. HICOX**

The master race at play, aye?

**GEN. FENECH**

Basically, we have all our rotten eggs in one basket. The objective of Operation Kino.... Blow up the basket.

**LT. HICOX**

(Reciting a poem)  
"...and like the snows of yesteryear, gone from this earth". Jolly good, sir.

**GEN. FENECH**

An American Secret Service outfit,  
that lives deep behind enemy lines,  
will be your assist. The Germans call  
them; "The Basterds".

**LT. HICOX**

"The Basterds", never heard of them.

**GEN. FENECH**

Whole point of the secret service,  
old boy, you not hearing of them.  
But the Gerrys have heard of them,  
because these yanks have been them  
the devil. Their leader is a chap  
named Lt. Aldo Raine. The Germans  
call him, "Aldo the Apache".

**LT. HICOX**

Why do they call him that?

**GEN. FENECH**

Best guess, is because he removes the  
scalps of the Nazi dead.

**LT. HICOX**

Scalps, sir?

**GEN. FENECH**

The hair.  
He runs his finger along his hairline.

**GEN. FENECH**

Like a red Injun.

**LT. HICOX**

Rather gruesome sounding little  
Dicky bird, isn't he?

**GEN. FENECH**

No doubt the whole lot, a bunch a  
nutters. But you've heard the  
expression, "It takes a thief".

**LT. HICOX**

Indeed.  
General Fenech continues on with his exposition, moving over  
to a military map.

9i.

**GEN. FENECH**

You'll be dropped into France, about twenty four kilometers outside of Paris. The Basterds will be waiting for you. First thing, you go to a little village called, "Nadine".

(He points it out on the map)

Apparently the Gerrys never go there. In Nadine, there's a tavern, called, "La Louisiane", you'll rendez-vous with our double agent, and she'll take it from there. She's the one who's going to get you in the premiere. It will be you, her, and two German born members of the Basterds. She's also made all the other arrangements your going to need.

**LT. HICOX**

How will I know her?

**GEN. FENECH**

I suspect that won't be too much trouble for you. Your contact is Bridget Von Hammersmark.

**LT. HICOX**

Bridget Von Hammersmark? The German movie star is working for England?

**GEN. FENECH**

For the last two years now. one could even say Operation Kino was her brainchild.  
In the back of the room the bulldog barks;

**CHURCHELL**

Extraordinary women.

**LT. BICOX**

Quite.

**GEN. FENECH**

You'll go to the premiere as her

escort, lucky devil. She'll also have the premiere tickets for the other two. Got the gist?

**LT.HICOX**

I think so, sir. Paris when it sizzles. The three British bulldogs laugh.

**9 3**

**EXT - CINEMA ROOFTOP - DAY**

Shosanna and Marcel are on the rooftop of their cinema, literally, making a movie. Marcel is behind a old (even then) BOLEX 35MM MOVIE CAMERA, positioned low looking up.

Shosanna, the camera subject, stands on boxes looking down into it.

A old timey MICROPHONE is positioned out of frame.

As they always do, and always will, they speak FRENCH SUBTITLED into you know what.

**MARCEL**

We need a sync mark.

**SHOSANNA**

What is a sync mark?

**MARCEL**

A action and noise put together, So we can sync up the picture and sound.

**SHOSANNA**

How do we do that?

**MARCEL**

Clap your hands. She does.

**MARCEL**

In frame imbecile. She claps her hands in front of her face.

**MARCEL**

Ready?  
Shosanna takes a deep breath, then;

**SHOSANNA**

Ready.

**MARCEL**

Action.

**WE CUT BEFORE SHE SPEAKS TO...**

**GIR**

**.THE SCENE EARLIER BETWEEN MARCEL AND SHOSANNA IN THE**

**LOBBY, ON THE STAIRS, TALKING ABOUT BURNING DOWN THE CINEMA.**

Big difference this time, it's in COLOR.

**MARCEL**

But how do we get it developed?  
Only a suicidal idiot like us would  
develop that footage. How do we get  
a35mm print with a soundtrack?

**SHOSANNA**

Do you know one person who can do  
both things?

**MARCEL**

Of course Gaspar, very nice man,  
took care of all the experimental  
filmmakers. But nobody in their  
right mind would strike a print of  
what your talking about. If the  
Nazi's found out, their life wouldn't  
be worth this.  
He snaps his fingers.

**SHOSANNA**

In a wolf fight, you ether eat the  
wolf, or the wolf eats you. If we're  
going to obliterate the Nazi's,  
we have to use their tactics.

**MARCEL**

What does that mean?

**SHOSANNA**

We find somebody who can develop and process a35mm print. And we make them do it, or we kill them. Once we tell them what we want to do, if they refuse, we have to kill them anyway, or they'll turn us in.

**MARCEL**

Would you do that?

**SHOSANNA**

Like that.  
Snaps her fingers.

?S,

**INT - SMALL FILM PROCESSING LAB- LATE NIGHT**

A old mom and pop film processing lab circa the Thirties.  
Late late at night.

GASPAR, the fatherly figure of all the experimental French filmmakers in the decade before German rule, takes a SAVAGE BEATING at the hands of his friend Marcel.  
Shosanna watches, pitiless.

**SHOSANNA**

Bring that fucker over here!  
Put his head down on that table.  
Marcel, holds his arm behind him, as he forces his head flat against the table top.  
Shosanna brings a HATCHET DOWN DEEP into the table, just by his face.

**SHOSANNA**

You ether do what the fuck we tell you to, or I'll bury this axe in your collaborating skull.

**GASPAR**

I'm not a collaborator!

**SHOSANNA**

Then prove it! Or does your manhood go no deeper, then standing to piss? Marcel, does his wife, and children know you?

**MARCEL**

Oui.

**SHOSANNA**

Then after we kill this dog for Germans, we'll go and silence them. She lifts up the hatchet, raises it high...

**SHOSANNA**

Prepare to die, collaborator fucker!

**CUT TO**

**GASPAR**

hands the couple a SMALL SILVER CAN OF 35mm FILM. Outside the shop window, it's morning.

**INT - PROJECTION BOOTH-**

WE SEE the five heavy silver film cans of Fredrick Zollers life story "Nations Pride" (clearly marked) on the floor of the projection booth.

The can for REEL 4 is open and empty.

Shosanna's at the editing bench, REEL 4, is up on the rewinds...

Shosanna SPLICES her and Marcel's footage into REEL 4 of Fredricks film. Rewinds it, puts it back in the can, and puts a piece of RED TAPE on REEL 4 CAN.

She walks out of the booth, turning off the lights behind her, PLUNGING THE SCREEN INTO DARKNESS.

**BLACK FRAME**

**FROM BLACK DISSOLVE TO**

**EXT - LA LOUISIANE (TAVERN) - NIGHT**

We see a small basement tavern, with a old rustic sign out front that reads, "La Louisiane".

**A SUBTITLE APPEARS:**

"The Village of

**NADINE, FRANCE"**

TWO SHOT LT.HICOX and LT.ALDO RAINE

Aldo is dressed like a French civilian. Hicox is dressed in

a

German grey S.S. Cap't uniform. They look out of a window,

in a

apartment, in the village of Nadine, overlooking the tavern.

**LT.ALDO**

You didn't say the goddamn rendez-vous  
was in a fuckin basement.

**LT.HICOX**

I didn't know.

**LT.ALDO**

You said it was in a tavern?

**LT.HICOX**

it is a tavern.

**LT.ALDO**

Yeah, in a basement. You know,  
fightin in a basement offers a lot  
of difficulties, number one being,  
your fighting in a basement.

Wilhelm Wicki, joins the SHOT, dressed in a German S.S.  
Lieutenant uniform.

**WICKI**

What if we go in there, and she's  
not even there?

**LT.HICOX**

We wait. Don't worry, she's a British  
spy, she'll make the rendez-vous.

clothes,

WE SEE the other Basterds, dressed in French civilian

grey

are in the room as well, they are, Donowitz, Hirschberg,  
and Utivich. And in the back of the room, dressed in the

uniform of a S.S. Lieutenant, Hugo Stiglitz sits off by  
himself,  
sharpening his S.S. DAGGER on his leather belt looped around  
his  
boot. Anybody not in the scene from the Basterds opening  
chapter, is dead.  
of Lt.Hicox watches Stiglitz off by himself on the other side  
the room, SHARPENS his dagger menacingly.  
.Stiglitz is fucking weird...  
Lt.Hicox approaches Stiglitz...

**LT.NICOX**

Stiglitz, right?

**STIGLITZ**

That's right, sir.

He continues bringing the blades edge, up, then, down on the  
leather strap.

**LT.HICOX**

I hear your pretty good with that?  
Meaning the blade. Stiglitz doesn't answer.

**LT.HICOX**

You know, we're not looking for  
trouble, right now. We're simply  
making contact with our agent.  
Should be uneventful. However, on  
the off chance I'm wrong, and things  
prove eventful. I need to know, we can  
all remain calm.

**99.**

The renegade Gerry Sergeant, stops his blades progress, and  
looks up at the limy Lieutenant.

**STIGLITZ**

I don't look calm to you?

**LT.HICOX**

Well, now you put it like that,  
I guess you do.  
He turns his attention back to his blade.

Hicox moves over to Aldo, and asks him privately;

**LT. HI COX**

This Gerry of yours, Stiglitz?  
Not exactly the loquacious type,  
is he?  
Aldo just looks at him.

**LT. ALDO**

Is that the kinds man you need, the  
loquacious type?

**LT. HICOX**

Fair point, Lieutenant.

**LT. ALDO**

So y'all git in trouble in there,  
what are we suppose to do?  
Make bets on how it all comes out?

**LT. HICOX**

If we get into trouble, we can  
handle it. But if trouble does  
happen, we need you to make damn  
sure no Germans, or French, for  
matter, escape from that basement.  
If Frau Von Hammersmark's cover is  
compromised, the mission is kaput.

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

Speaking of Frau Von Hammersmark,  
who's idea was it for the death trap  
redez-vous?

**LT. HICOX**

She chose the spot.

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

Well isn't that just dandy?

**LT. HICOX**

Look, she's not a military strategist.  
She's just a actress.

**LT. ALDO**

Ya don't got to be Stonewall  
Jackson to know you don't want to  
fight in a basement.

**LT. HICOX**

She wasn't picking a place to fight.  
She was picking a place, isolated,  
and without germans.

**PFC. HIRSCHBERG**

Lieutenant, I hate to be contrary,  
but I got me a Nazi pissin on  
Louisiana two-o'clock.  
They move to the window, and sure enough, ONE LONE NAZI  
PRIVATE, relieves himself against the side wall.  
Lt.Bicox, this was definitely, not the plan.

**LT. HICOX**

Shit.  
Sgt.Donowitz chides him;

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

So what do you think your fraulein  
Von Hammer -

**LT. HICOX**

- Obviously, I don't know, Sgt.  
The British officer watches the German soldier, who's not  
suppose to be there. When Hugo Stiglitz joins him at the  
window. Stiglitz looks down at the urinating Nazi, S.S.

dagger

in hand.

**STIGLITZ**

If we're going, let's go.  
He sheaths the dagger.

**EXT - LA LOUISIANE (BASEMENT TAVERN) - NIGHT**

The GERMAN PISSING PRIVATE, sloppily finishes his task.  
Cramping his noodle back in his pants, he descends the stairs  
that lead him back into the basement tavern. We Follow

him...

**INT - LA LOUISIANE (BASEMENT TAVERN) - NIGHT**

.Inside the basement tavern, La Louisiane. it has a very low

hanging basement ceiling. A old looking wood bar off to the right. And the only other space in the little tavern, is taken up by two large(at least in here) tables, which take up both half's of the room. And despite rumors to the contrary, one of the two tables, is completely filled with drunken celebrating Nazi enlisted men, of which our urinating friend is one of five.

**FIVE NAZI'S**

ONE GERMAN MASTER SGT, ONE FEMALE GERMAN SGT (a powerfully built stocky type), and THREE MALE GERMAN PRIVATES. The Five Nazi's are sitting around the table, drinking, and playing a very fun game with none other then the fraulein of the hour, UFA diva, BRIDGET VON HAMMERSMARK. Dressed to the nines in a chic Forties style women's suit, complete with fedora. The game their playing consists of each player having a card with the name of a famous person, real or imaginary, stuck to their forehead. The player doesn't know what name is on their forehead. So they ask the others questions to figure out who they are.

The Five Germans, five cards read; MASTER SGT #1(POLA NEGRI),

**FEMALE SGT #2(BEETHOVEN), GERMAN PRIVATE #3(MATA HARI),**

**GERMAN PRIVATE #4 (EDGAR WALLACE), GERMAN PRIVATE #5**

in (WINNETOU). And Bridget Von Hammersmark, who wears her card the brim of her fedora, has GENGHIS KHAN. It's German#5 (WINNETOU) turn to ask questions. The DIALOGUE will be in GERMAN, and SUBTITLED into ENGLISH. Also, while some dialogue will be written for the German Soldiers, it will be mostly made up from the exuberance of their game playing, and celebrating.

**WINNETOU**

.okay, I'm not German. Am I American?  
The whole table bursts out laughing.

**FEMALE SGT/BEETHOVEN**

Yes you are!

**EDGAR WALLACE**

Well, not really.

**SGT. POLA NEGRI**

What do you mean, not really? Of course he is.

91

**EDGAR WALLACE**

Well if he's so American, how come he's never been translated into English? He's not American. He's suppose to be American, but he's not a American creation. In fact, he's something very different.

**WINNETOU**

Okay, I'm a fictional, literary character, from the past, I'm American, and that's controversial.

**BRIDGET/GENGUS**

No it's not controversial. The nationality of the author, has nothing to do with the nationality of the character. The Character is the character. Hamlet's not British, he's Danish. So yes, this character was born in America.

**WINNETOU**

Well I'm glad that's settled. If I had a wife, would she be called a squaw? He's got it.  
The table Laughs.  
The TABLE

**YES!**

**WINNETOU**

Is my bloodbrother, Old Shatterhand?  
The TABLE  
Yes!

**WINNETOU**

Did Karl May write me?

The TABLE

Yes!

In the BACKGROUND, WE SEE, our three counterfeit German Officers, Hicox, Wicki, and Stiglitz, enter the basement tavern. They obviously see the five German soldiers, but

their

too far away for us (the audience) to read their face. No doubt their less than happy. Fraulein Von Hammersmark see's them as well. Without getting up, she waves to them.

**OZ**

**BRIDGET**

Hello, my lovelies, I will join you in moments. I'm finishing up a game with my five new friends here.

**LT. HICOX**

No hurry, Frau Von Hammersmark. Take your time, enjoy yourself.

**BRIDGET**

(To Winnetou)

So who are you?

**WINNETOU**

I am WINNETOU, CHIEF of the APACHES!

The table CHEERS, and APPLAUD the Apache Chief, as he takes the card off his forehead.

The other Four German Soldiers drink down there beer(part of the game).

Bridget Von Hammersmark knock backs her champagne.

**MATA HARI**

Frau Von Hammersmark, when your friends came in, did you realize you did a double take, like in the movies?

**BRIDGET**

Really? No, I wasn't aware of that at all.

**MATA HARI**

They must be second nature to you now?  
Did they teach you how to do a double  
take in the movies?

**BRIDGET**

Well, yes they did, but it's not really  
that difficult.

**SGT. POLA NEGRI**

Do one for us.

The Tableheartily agrees.

Bridget looks directly at the Master Sgt, and does a  
perfect,  
and perfectly funny, Double Take.  
The Table loves it.

q3.

**MATA HARI**

My turn, I want to try.

Mata Hari, looks directly at Beethoven, and does a Double  
Take.

**EDGER WALLACE**

I want to try.

He does.

Soon the whole Table is doing dueling Double Takes.

**HICOX - WICKI - STIGLITZ**

watch the table do dueling Double Takes. Obviously, they  
don't  
understand.

**THEN...**

.Bridget Von Hammersmark rises, and excuses herself from the  
Table. She removes the card stuck in her fedora, looking at  
the name Gengus Khaun for the first time.

**BRIDGET**

Gengus Khaun! I would never of gotten that.

She walks over, and joins the masquerading Germans table,

the

Gentlemen rise. She greets each warmly with a french cheek  
kiss, as if she knows them well.

They all take a seat. The two Basterds, and one Brit, drink

Whiskey. The taverns PROPRIETOR, a older, big bellyed  
Frenchman named EARL, comes over to the table, and pours  
more  
returning  
other  
champagne into Bridget's Champagne glass. He leaves,  
back behind the bar, with the YOUNG FRENCH BARMAID, the only  
person in the establishment.  
Obviously, they speak GERMAN, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

**LT. HICOX**

I thought this place was suppose to  
have more French then Germans?

**BRIDGET**

Normally that's true. The Sgt over  
there's wife, just had a baby. His  
commanding officer gave him, and his  
mates the night off to celebrate.

**WICXI**

We should leave.

**BRIDGET**

F No, we should stay. For one drink at  
least. I've been waiting for you in a  
bar, it would look strange if we left  
before we had a drink.

**LT. HICOX**

She's right, just be calm, and enjoy  
your booze.

**BACK TO THE GERMAN TABLE**

The French Barmaid, has taken Bridget's place in the  
rousing,  
she  
rowdy game. She tells them, her person must be French, or  
won't know them. Winnetou thinks for a moment, then writes a  
name on a card. The Barmaid puts it on her forehead, It  
says;

**NAPOLEON.**

The Germans all laugh.

**BACK TO THE BASTERDS TABLE**

**BRIDGET**

There's been some new developments.  
The cinema venue has changed.

**LT.HICOX**

Why?

**BRIDGET**

No one knows. But that in itself  
shouldn't be a problem. The cinema  
it's been changed to is considerably  
smaller than The Ritz. So whatever  
materials you brought for The Ritz,  
should be doubly effective here.  
Now this next piece of information  
is colossal, try not to over react.  
The Fubrer, will be attending tomorrow.  
Hugo Stiglitz does a SPIT TAKE.  
Bridget's eyes bore holes in him.

**BACK TO THE REAL GERMANS**

They see Hugo do the spit take, and burst out laughing.  
Keeping it up, they begin to do dueling spit takes, like

they

did dueling double takes earlier. Needless to say, they all  
get wet.

9

**BACK TO BASTERDS**

**BRIDGET**

(To Hicox)  
You'll be going as Ernst Schuller.  
You'll say your a associate producer  
on Riefenstahl's "Tiefeland". It's the  
one German production not under Goebbels  
control, and Leni wouldn't be caught dead  
at a Goebbels film affair.

**BACK TO REAL GERMAN TABLE**

Master Sgt. Pola Negri, drinks his beer, as he looks over, dreamily, at Bridget Von Hammersmark at the other table.

**BACK TO BASTERDS**

We See in Bridget continues to brief Hicox on his identity. the B.G., the German Master Sgt stand up from his table, and head toward Fraulein Von Bammersmark.

**BRIDGET**

.the films gone through many delays, and Leni's health is deteriorating, so if you have to speak...

her Hicox, seeing the German Master Sgt approach, signals for to cool it.

**SGT. POLA NEGRI**

Frau Von Hammersmark, I was just thinking, could you sign an autograph to my son on his birthday?

**BRIDGET**

I'd love to Wilhelm.

(To the Table)

This handsome happy Sgt, just became a father today.

The Pretend Officers offer congratulations to the Sgt.

The German Master Sgt, CLICKS his heels, and bows before his superior officers.

**SGT. POLA NEGRI**

Thank you, heil Hitler.

"Heil He raises his hand .... as do the seated phony officers;

Hitler".

As she takes a rather fancy fountain pen from her clutch..

**BRIDGET**

So Wilhelm, do you know the name of this progeny yet?

**SGT. POLA NEGRI**

I most certainly do, fraulein. His name is Maximilian.

Even the slightly psychotic Stiglitz, likes this German Sgt.

**STIGLITZ**

Wonderful name, Sgt.

**SGT. POLA NEGRI**

Thank you, Lieutenant. When he's old enough to ride a bicycle, I will buy him a blue one. And I will paint on the side "The Blue Max".  
He thrusts out his beer stein, for the officers to cheers. They do.  
Bridget finishes signing her autograph, with a big flourish.

**BRIDGET**

There you go. But wait, I'm not finished yet. She reaches into her clutch, and pulls out some lipstick. Applies some ruby red color to her lips, and then kisses the napkin, leaving a big red lip print. Then hands the  
treasured  
item to the young father.

**BRIDGET**

Nothing but the best for little Maximilian.

**SGT. POLA NEGRI**

Thank you fraulein, thank you. Max may not know who you are now. But he will. I will show him all of your movies. He will grow up with your films, and this napkin on his wall. Then, to the whole tavern...

**SGT. POLA NEGRI**

I purpose a toast to the greatest actress in Germany! There is no Dietrich, there is no Riefenstahl, only Von Hammersmark!  
The whole room toasts.  
This would be a good time for the German Sgt to go back to  
his  
table, and his men. And he almost does.... but... since he  
is  
drunk, and star struck, he out wears his welcome.

**SGT. POLA NEGRI**

So, Frau Von Hammersmark, what brings you to France?

97 .

Feeling any good Nazi officer's patience would of been exhausted long ago, Lt.Hicox butts in.

**LT.HICOX**

None of your business,Sgt.

You might not have worn out your welcome with the fraulein, with your drunken boorish behavior, but you have wore out your welcome with me.

The Table of game playing Soldiers, hear this, and get quiet.

**LT.HICOX**

Might I remind you Sgt.,your a enlisted man. This is a officers table. I suggest you stop pestering the fraulein, and rejoin your table.

The German Master Sgt., looks quizzically at the officer.

**SGT.POLA NEGRI**

Excuse me Cap't, but your accent is is very unusual.

The whole room pauses-for different reasons...

**SGT.POLA NEGRI**

Where are you from?

A silent moment passes between the two tables, then the two German born impostors spring into action.

**WICKI**

Sgt.! You must be ether drunk or mad, to speak to a superior officer with such impertinentness!

Stiglitz, STANDS and YELLS to the other table;

**STIGLITZ**

I'm making YOU,...

(Pointing at

**WINNETOU)**

.and YOU,..

(Pointing at

Edgar Wallace)

.responsible, for him.

(Pointing at

Sgt.Pola)

I suggest you take hold of your friend,

or he'll spend Max's first birthday  
in jail for public drunkenness!

**78**

The Germans SPRING UP, and take hold of Sgt.Pola...

**1W**

**WHEN...**

A GERMAN VOICE rings out;

**GERMAN VOICE (OS)**

Then might I inquire?

The Five known Germans move aside, revealing the unknown

German

in the room, unseen till now, our old friend from before  
MAJOR DEITER HELLSTROM of the GESTAPO. The Major stands from  
the little table he was sitting at.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Like the young newly christened father,

I too have a acute ear for accents.

And like him, I too find yours odd.

From where do you hail, Cap't?

Wicki jumps in;

**WICKI**

Major, this is highly inappr -

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

T wasn't speaking to you

Lt.Saltzberg,

(Turning to

**STIGLITZ)**

or you ether, Lt.Berlin.

(Looking at

**HICOX)**

I was speaking to Cap't I--don't-know-what.

The Gestapo Major is now standing beside Sgt.Pola, before

the

impostors table.

Lt.Hicox, calmly explains his origin.

**LT. HICOX**

I was born in the village that rests  
in the shadow of Piz Palu.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

The mountain?

**LT. HICOX**

Yes. In that village we all speak like  
this. Have you seen the Riefenstahl film?

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Yes.

f q s

**LT. HICOX**

Then you saw me. You remember the skiing  
torch scene?

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Yes I do.

**LT. HICOX**

In that scene was myself, my father,  
my sister, and my two brothers. My  
brother is so handsome, the director  
Pabst, gave him a Close Up.  
As Bridget Von Hammersmark places a cigarette in a ivory  
cigarette holder, which Hicox, as if on cue, lights for her,  
she says;

**BRIDGET**

Major, if my word means anything, I can  
vouch for everything the Young Cap't has  
just said. He does hail from the bottom  
of Piz Palu, he was in the film,  
and his brother is far more handsome  
then he.  
The impostors laugh.  
Then....so does the Gestapo Major. He turns to the Sgt.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

You should rejoin your friends.

bows

Which the young Sgt is more than happy to do. That table begins playing there game again. Major Hellstrom, the highest ranking officer in the room, graciously to the female German celebrity.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

May I join you?

**BRIDGET**

By all means, Major.

The Gestapo Major sits at the table, opposite Lt.Hicox, and Wicki. The French Barmaid brings over the Majors beer stein.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

So that's the source of your bazaar accent? Extraordinary. So what are you doing here Cap't?

**LT.HICOX**

Aside from having a drink with the lovely fraulein?

,00 .

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Well that pleasure requires no explanation. Chuckle...Chuckle

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

I mean in country. Your obviously not stationed in France, or I'd know who you are.

**LT HICOX**

You know every German in France?

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Worth knowing.

**LT.HICOX**

Well, there in lies the problem. We never claimed to be worth knowing. Chuckle... Chuckle.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

(Chuckling as  
he asks)

All levity aside, what are you doing  
in France?

**LT.HICOX**

Attending Goebbels film premiere as  
the frauleins escort.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Your the frauleins escort?

**LT.HICOX**

Somebody has to carry the lighter.  
Chuckle chuckle.

**BRIDGET**

The Captain is my date, but all three  
are my guests. We're old friends Major,  
who go back along time. Longer then  
a actress would care to admit.  
Chuckle chuckle.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Well, in that case, let me raise a glass  
to the three luckiest men in the room.

**BRIDGET**

I'll drink to that.

101

They cheers.

**BACK TO THE REAL GERMAN TABLE**

They continue to have alot of fun playing their game.

**BACK TO OFFICERS TABLE**

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

I must say, that game their playing  
looks like a good bit of fun. I didn't  
join them, because your quite right Cap't,

officers and enlisted men shouldn't fraternize. But seeing as we're all officers here,  
(Bowing to

**BRIDGET)**

.and sophisticated lady friends of officers. What say we play the game? Lt.Hicox begins to refuse, when Bridget (feeling she knows better), interrupts him;

**BRIDGET**

okay, one game.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

**WUNDERBAR**

The Major borrows five cards from the other table, and lays them out in front of Bridget and the officers.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

So the object of the game, is to write the name of a famous person on your card. Real or fictitious, doesn't matter. For instance, you could write Confucius or Fu Manchu.  
(He SNAPS his

**FINGERS)**

Eric' More pens.  
(Back to players)  
And they must be famous. No Aunt Inga's. When you finish writing, put the card face down on the table, and move it to the person to your left. The person to your right, will move their card in front of you. You pick up the card without looking at it, lick the back, and stick it on your forehead like so. He demonstrates.

)oz.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

**(CON'T)**

And in ten yes or no questions, you must  
guess who you are...

As Major Hellstrom finishes explaining the finer points of  
the  
game, The CAMERA PANS OFF HIM, and BEGINS SLOWLY ZOOMING

INTO

STIGLITZ. The Majors dialogue begins to FADE AWAY.  
Untill we're in a SPAGHETTI WESTERN FLASHBACK. Which is RED  
FILTERED FOOTAGE of Hugo being savagely WHIPPED by somebody  
wearing a GESTAPO UNIFORM, SUPERIMPOSED over his CLOSE UP.  
The Flashback disappears. It's driving Stiglitz crazy, being  
this close to a Gestapo uniform, and not plunging a knife

into

it.

The Majors Voice comes back on the soundtrack.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

.So let's give it a try, shall we?  
Everybody write your names.  
The Five players write their names...  
Then move their cards to the right...  
Everybody sticks their cards on their forehead...

**MAJORBRIDGETWILHELMARCHIEHUGO**

**HELLSTROMVON HAMMERSMARKWICKIHICOXSTIGLITZ**

is is is is is

**KING MARCOBULLDOGBRIGITTEG.W.**

**KONG POLO DRUMMOND HELM PABST**

**MAJ.KING KONG**

I'll start, give you the idea.  
Am I German?  
They laugh.

**BRIDGET**

No.

**MAJ.KING KONG**

Am I a American?  
They laugh - but then Wicki says;

**WICKI**

Wait a minute, he goes to

!03 .

**BRIDGET**

Don't be ridiculous, obviously he wasn't born in America.

**MAJ.KING KONG**

So... . I visited America, aye?  
The Table says; "Yes".

**MAJ.KING KONG**

Was this vist...fortuitous?

**WICKI**

Not for you.

**MAJ.KING KONG**

.Bummm. My native land, is it what one would call, exotic?  
The Table confers, and decides, yes it is exotic.

**MAJ.KING KONG**

Hummmm. That could be ether a reference to the jungle, or the Orient. I'm going to let my first instinct take over, and ask, am I from the jungle?  
The Tablesays; "Yes you are".

**MAJ.KING KONG**

Now gentlemen, around this time you could ask, weather your real or fictitious. I however, think that's too easy, so I won't ask that, yet. Okay, my native land is the jungle? I visited America, but my visit was not fortuitous to me, but the implication is that it was to somebody else. When I went from the jungle to America,... .Did I go by boat?  
"Yes".

**MAJ.KING KONG**

Did I go against my will?  
"Yes".

**MAJ.KING KONG**

On this boat ride, ... . Was I in chains?

**"YESIS**

**MAJ.KING KONG**

When I arrived in America,...Was I  
displayed in chains?  
"Yes".

**MAJ.KING KONG**

Am I the story of the Negro in America?  
The Table says, "No".

**MAJ.KING KONG**

Well then I must be King Kong.  
Be throws the card on the table.  
They applaud him.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Nov since I answered correctly, you all  
need to finish your drinks.  
The three counterfeit Nazi's knock back their whiskey.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Now, who's next?

**LT.HICOX**

Major, I don't mean to be rude. But the  
four of us are very good friends. And  
the four of us haven't seen each other  
in quite a while. So...  
Major, I'm afraid, you are intruding.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

I beg to differ Cap't. It's only if the  
fraulein considers my presence a  
intrusion, that I become a intruder.  
How about it fraulein? Am I intruding?

**BRIDGET**

Of course not, Major.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

I didn't think so. It's simply the young  
Cap't is immune to my charms.  
The Table's not sure what to do, is this a confrontation?  
Then, the Major laughs.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

I'm just joking, of course I'm intruding.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Allow me to refill your glasses gentlemen,  
and I will bid you and the fraulein adieu.  
(Leaning in)

Eric has a bottle of thirty-three year old  
single malt scotch whisky from the  
Scottish highlands. What do you say  
gentlemen?

**LT.HICOX**

Your most gracious, sir.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Eric, the thirty-three, and new glasses!  
You don't want to contaminate the thirty-  
three with the swill you were drinking.

**ERIC**

How many glasses?

**LT.HICOX**

Five glasses.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Not me. I like scotch, scotch doesn't like  
me.

**BRIDGET**

Nor I. I'll stay with bubbly.

Lt.Bicox, hold up three fingers(pinky to index), to Eric the  
owner.

**LT.HICOX**

Three glasses.

Eric brings the three glasses, and the old bottle, pouring

for

the three soldiers.

Major Helistrom lifts up his beer stein, and toasts;

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

To a thousand year Reich!  
They all mutter, "a thousand year reich", and toast glasses.  
The Gestapo Major puts down his beer stein, and then WE HEAR

a

CLICK, under the table.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Did you hear that? That's the sound of  
my Luger pointed right at your testicles.

**!Q( Æçâ, -Âç**

**LT.HICOX**

Why do you have a Luger pointed at my  
testicles?

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Because you've just given yourself  
away, Cap't. Your no more German then  
that scotch.

**LT.HICOX**

Well, -Major -

**BRIDGET**

- Major -

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

- Shut up slut.  
(To Hicox)  
You were saying?

**LT.HICOX**

I was saying that makes two of us. I've  
had a gun pointed at your balls since  
you sat down.

**SGT.STIGLITZ**

That makes three of us.

**UNDERTABLE**

We See all three guns pointed at appropriate crotches. As

well

pretty as Bridget's legs, right besides the Nazi Major's. Her  
gams are sure to be chewed up in the possible crossfire.

**SGT. STIGLITZ**

And at this range, I'm a real  
Fredrick Zoller.  
top. Hugo also brings out his dagger, and sticks it in the table

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Hummmmm ... Looks like we have a bit  
of a sticky situation here.

**LT. H ICOX**

What's going to happen, Major, is your  
going to stand up, and walk out that  
door with us.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

No no no no no no, I don't think so.  
I'm afraid you and I both know, no matter  
what happens to anybody else in this room,  
the two of us aren't going anywhere.

"7 .

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

(pointing behind  
him at the table)  
Too bad about them though. They seem  
like a likeable  
(referring to  
Stiglitz and Wicki)  
You two will have to shoot them.

**BRIDGET**

Then Major, I implore you. For the  
sake of those German troops, will  
you please leave with us?

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

Oh Bridget, your concern for German  
troops, gets me

(Pointing at  
his heart)

.right here. You mean for the sake  
your whore legs, don't you? You can't  
afford to get any bullet holes in them,  
your not finished spreading them for  
all the Hollywood Jews.

Lt.Hicox picks up his thirty-three year old single malt  
scotch, and says;

**LT.HICOX**

**(ENGLISH)**

'Well, if this is it old boy, I hope  
you dont mind if I go out speaking  
the kings?

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

**(ENGLISH)**

By all means, Cap't.  
The English film critic, commando, picks up the thirty-three  
the Nazi Major bought him, and says;

**LT.HICOX**

There's a special rung in hell reserved  
for people who waste good scotch.  
And seeing as I might be rapping on  
the door momentarily...  
He downs the stuff.

**LT.HICOX**

(To the Nazi

**MAJOR)**

I must say, damn good stuff, sir.

He puts the glass down.

**LT.HICOX**

Now about this, "Pickle", we find  
ourselves in. It would appear, there's  
only thing left for you to do.

**MAJOR HELLSTROM**

**(ENGLISH)**

And what would that be?

**LT. HICOX**

Stiglitz.

**STIGLITZ**

Say, auf wiedersehen to your balls!

**STIGLITZ**

FIRES into HELLSTROM'S BALLS...

As does HICOX, HITTING not only Hellstrom, but BRIDGET as well.

**HELLSTROM**

FIRES into HICOX'S BALLS and KNEE CAPS.

**STIGLITZ**

then JUMPS over the table, and begins STABBING HELLSTROM  
with the

**DAGGER.**

HICOX FALLS to the floor...DEAD.

BRIDGET FALLS to the floor.,SHOT.

**WICKI**

brings his weapon out from underneath the table, and BEGINS FIRING across at The GERMANS at the table, who unaware, were still PLAYING THE GAME.

**WINNETOU**

is SHOT IN THE BACK, before he even knew what was happening. EDGAR WALLACE and The FRENCH BARMAID are both SHOT by WICKI.

**SGT. POLA NEGRI**

FALLS to the floor in the confusion.  
each FEMALE SGT.BEETHOVEN and STIGLITZ bring their guns toward

other and FIRE. They BOTH TAKE and GIVE each other so many BULLETS, it's almost romantic when they collapse DEAD on the floor.

**I 09.**

WICKI and HATA HARI  
both ON THERE atMATA AARI is  
HIT THREE TIM atally)G

**SGT.POLA NEGRI**

comes the a CHINE GUNN,  
whole thehroom;,BWIPI NGERIC.  
The SHOOTING STOPS...the SMOKE caused by the gunfire ...

starts

to DISSIPATE... The only one in the room left alive, is the  
young German Sgt, with the machine gunn.  
WE HEAR the feet of the soldiers outside, reach the basement  
entrance.

The door opens...

, .The German Sgt, sends FIFTY BULLETS in the doors  
direction...

No one goes through it.

What we have here, is a rabbit hole like situation. No one  
inside is getting out, no one outside is getting in.

The young German Sgt, YELLS in ENGLISH, to the outside;

**GERMAN SGT**

You outside! Who are you? British,  
American, what?

Aldo's Voice YELLS down the hole;

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Were American's 1 What are you?

**GERMAN SGT**

I'm a German you idiot!

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

You speak English pretty good for a  
German!

**GERMAN SGT**

I agree! So let's talk!

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Okay, talk!

**GERMAN SGT**

I'm a father! My baby was born today  
in Frankfurt! Five hours ago! His name  
is Max! We were in here drinking and  
celebrating! They're the ones that  
came in shooting and killing!  
It's not my fault!

Ito.

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Okay, okay, it wasn't your fault!  
What's your name soldier?

**GERMAN SGT**

Wilhelm!

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

That's the same name as one of the  
guys you just killed!

**WILHELM**

They attacked us!

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Okay Wilhelm... is anybody alive  
on our side?

**WILHELM**

No!

We hear a VOICE OFF SCREEN, yell out;

**BRIDGET'S VOICE (OS)**

I'm alive!

Wilhelm spins in the direction of the voice.

**STILL**

**R**

On the floor, with a bullet in her BLOODY LEG, lies the  
alive Bridget Von Hammersmark.

The German Sgt points the muzzle of the machine gunn at  
the German celebrity; with hate in his eyes.

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Who's that?

**WILHELM**

(To BRIDGET,

**LOW)**

Make a sound whore, and I spit!  
Meaning the muzzle.

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Wilhelm, who is that?

**WILHELM**

is the girl on your side?  
Pause.

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Which girl?

**WILHELM**

I Who do you think, Von Hammersmark!

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Yeah, she's oar's!

**WILHELM**

(To Bridget  
LOW in GERMAN)  
I thought so. So you run with the  
American's now, huh? Now times are  
bad?

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Is she okay?

**WILHELM**

(To Bridget  
LOW in GERMAN)  
You despicable traitor.  
(To Aldo)  
She's been shot, but she's alive.  
(To Bridget  
LOW in GERMAN)  
For now.  
We hear The Basterds Curse their luck Off Screen.

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Okay Wilhelm, what'd ya say we  
make a deal?

**WILHELM**

What's your name?

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Aldo. Wilhelm, can I call yap Willi?

**WILHELM**

Yes.

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

So Willi, you know we could lob three or four or five or six grenades down there, and your little war story ends here. But good fer you, bad fer her, you die, she dies. So what say we make a swap?

**WILLI**

Keep talking?

112.

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Okay, Willi here's my deal! You let me and one of my men come down to take the girl away! And we take the girl, and leave! That simple, Willi! You go your way, we go ours! And little Max, gets to grow up playing catch with his daddy! So what'ya say, Willi, we got a deal?  
Willi thinks...  
Bridget watches Willi think...

**WILLI**

Aldo?

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

I'm here Willi!

**WILLI**

I want to trust you.... But howcanI?

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

What choice ya got?

**WILLI**

I could kill the girl!

**ALDO'S VOICE (OS)**

Well now, Willi, that's true enough. But something you need to know, so you don't get the wrong idea. Ain't none of us give a fuck bout that girl. But, admittedly, if you kill her, it would fuck up our plans. But you'll be dead by then anyway, so what'd you care? And lets not forget that little gatzenjammer Max, growin up without a pop. So in the spirit of gettin you home to him, we got a deal, Willi?

**WILLI**

Okay Aldo, I'm going to trust you!

Come down, no guns!

Aldo and Hirschberg come down the stairs, showing open hands.

Willi keeps his machine gunn trained on them.

Aldo with his hands up, says;

**A**

**ALDO**

Hey Willi, what's with the machine gunny I thought we had a deal?

**WILLI**

We do have a deal, now git the girl and go.

**ALDO**

Not so fast, Willi, we only have a deal, we trust each other. A Mexican stand off ain't trust.

**WILLI**

You need guns on me for it to be a Mexican stand off.

**ALDO**

you got guns on us, you decide to shoot, we're dead. Up top, they got grenades, they drop 'em down here, your dead. That's a Mexican stand off, and that wasn't the deal.

**WILLI**

Just take that fucking traitor, and go! See? Now your down here  
Now you get tricky - t

**ALDO**

- No tricks!- Ain't nobody gittin tricky, Willi; I swear to god, I'm too damn dumb to get tricky. But

**(MEANING**

**HIRSCHBERG)**

him and I lived up to the deal. We came down without guns. Now it's your turn. No trust, no deal.  
Willi pointing gun at them.,,, -thinking...

**ALDO**

i know your scarred. I'm scarred, he's scarred, we're all scarred.  
So what's it gonna be Willi?  
Either we got a deal, or you might as well just shoot us now.  
Willi decides...  
He puts the machine gun down on the bar.

**WILLI**

Fine. Take that fucking traitor and get her out of my sight.

**ALDO**

Danka, Willi, danka. okay, Hirschbeg, you grab her shoulder -

**WHEN...**

From behind Aldo and Hirschberg, Bridget lifts up Major Hellstrom's Luger, and EMPTIES the remaining bullets into

Sgt. Willi, who FALLS to the floor, DEAD.  
Aldo and Hirschberg spin around shocked.

**ALDO**

You fuckin bitch! I had a deal with  
that man!

From the floor, the bloody, sweaty, and in excoriating pain  
(she'll probably lose that leg), German movie star, says to

the

two American soldier's she's just meeting for the first

time;

**BRIDGET**

He was a enemy soldier, who knew who  
I was. He couldn't live.

**3**

Hirschberg loses control, and RICKS the woman on the floor,  
hard in the side.

**HIRSCHBERG**

I ought'a beat your fuckin head in

**ALDO**

Stop it. Just pick her up, and get  
that bitch outta here.

**HIRSCHBERG**

Aldo, she just-

**ALDO**

- She's right.

**HIRSCHBERG**

What?

**ALDO**

I said, she's right. He was a Nazi  
soldier. If he lived, he would doomed  
the mission.

**ELI**

)Is, .

**ALDO**

**61**

**(CON'T)**

Don't mean I like it, don't mean I like her, but she's right. Now as Willi said, "take this fuckin traitor, and get 'er outta my sight".

**EXT - LA LOUISIANE - NIGHT**

Hirschberg, carrying Fraulein Von Hammersmark, and Aldo emerge from the bowels of the basement. Bridget points at a fancy black sedan, telling them it's her's. Aldo, Hirschberg, Bridget, Donowitz, and Utivich pile in, and take off.

**INT - FRENCH HOUSE IN COUNTRY (BEDROOM) - NIGHT**

NOTE: In this entire scene, no French spoken will be SUBTITLED. A OLD MAN lies asleep under the covers of his blankets, in his bed, in his bedroom...

**WHEN...**

OFF SCREEN the sound of a DOOR BEING KICKED OPEN... r .The SOUND of what sounds like EIGHT DOGS BARKING .... and the sound of FEET RUNNING TOWARDS US... .his bedroom door, is THROWN OPEN, and Sgt. Donowitz RUSHES IN, grabbing the Old Man in his bed, and putting a 45 Automatic to his head.

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

**(ENGLISH)**

Doctor? Doctor?

**OLD MAN**

**(FRENCH)**

What? What's happening? head, shocking, Donny SLAMS the 45. hard against the Old Man's scarring, and bringing the old gent to attention.

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

**(ENGLISH)**

Doctor? Are you a fucking doctor?  
He nods his head, yes.

**SGT.DONOWITZ**

Andi amo...

Donny YANKS/DRAGS the Old Man out of bed, in his almost  
brutality comical nightshirt (which makes him cuter, thus the  
against him hurts more) towards the door...

**INT - DOCTORS EXAMINING ROOM - NIGHT**

.Into a doctors examining room, built into a French country  
house, with a examining table, and medical instruments.  
However, it's obviously the medical examining room  
of a veterinarian.

BARKING Along the walls are different cages with eight excited

dogs in it.

in The Soldiers are putting the shot in the leg, bleeding, and

excruciating pain, Bridget on the examining table.

Donny, still holding on to the Old Man, points in the girls  
direction...

**SGT.DONOWITZ**

**(ENGLISH)**

She's been shot. Shot. Bang bang...

(pointing at

his leg)

.in leg...understand?

**OLD MAN**

**(FRENCH)**

No no no, I don't speak English.

Man. Donny jams the barrel of his 45. into the thigh of the Old

**SGT.DONOWITZ**

**(ENGLISH)**

BANG BANG - in the leg, understand!

The Old Man nods his head yes.

**OLD MAN**

**(FRENCH)**

But I'm a veterinarian ...animals...  
I take care of animals...  
Bridget screams from the table...

**BRIDGET**

**(ENGLISH)**

He's a fucking veterinarian you  
imbecile!

1 00.

**SGT.DONOWITZ**

**I**

It's still a doctor. If he can get  
a bullet out of a cow, he can get  
a bullet outta you.

**LT.ALDO**

Right now, we just need morphine.  
Donny yells at the Old Man;

**SGT.DONOWITZ**

Morphine! We need morphine!  
The Old Man tries to explain in French, that he's not a  
human  
doctor...

**WHEN...**

..Donny takes the 45. and SHOOTs one of the DOGS in the  
cages.  
Everybody jumps.  
Donny SCREAMS at the Old Man;

**SGT.DONOWITZ**

**MORPHINE!!!**

7

**BANG**

He SHOOTs another dog...

**SGT.DONOWITZ**

**MOREPHINE!!!**

The Old Man begs him to stop, and goes to get the morphine.

**CUT TO**

The BODY of Gestapo Major DEITER HELLSTROM dead on the  
floor.

**INT - LA LOUISTANE- NIGHT**

Were back in the basement tavern. Colonel Hans Landa stands  
over the corpse. He moves over to the next corpse, a smile  
breaks out on his face.

He says in GERMAN SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

**COL.LANDA**

Ahhh Hugo, you've moved up in the  
world I see. Lieutenant. And with  
your record of insubordination.  
Truly remarkable.

**I**

A Nazi soldier named HERRMAN, joins the S.S. Officer.

**COL.LANDA**

And that ones...  
(Pointing at

**WICKI)**

.name is Weiheim Wicki. Bets  
Austrian born jew, who immigrated  
to the United States when things  
began turning sour for the Israelites.  
They are the two German born members of  
The Basterds. They've been known  
to don german uniforms, to ambush squads.

**FLASH ON**

Three Nazi Soldiers walking towards a company of other  
German

Soldiers. The Three Soldiers backs are to us. Dried bloody bullet holes cover the backs of the three uniforms. The SGT of the German company, yells to the trio;

**SGT.GERMAN COMPANY**

What brings you all the way out here?  
The TRIO MOW DOWN the GERMAN COMPANY with their machine  
guns.

**BACK TO LANDA**

**COL LANDA**

But that doesnt look like this.  
This is odd.  
Looking down he see's something...  
.bending down, he examines fraulein von Hammersmarks two pretty dress shoes lying on the floor.  
One shoe is covered in blood.  
The other, while blood speckled, is fairly clean.  
Picking up the clean shoe, and holding it in his hand.

**COL.LANDA**

It would appear somebodies missing.  
Somebody fashionable.  
A OFF SCREEN SOLDIER'S VOICE cries out;

**SOLDIERS VOICE (OS)**

Col, this ones still alive!  
We follow Hans to the spot on the floor where Sgt.Willi  
lies.  
He's shot in the chest, but it looks like Max's daddy is  
still  
alive.

!!.

**INT - EXAMINING ROOM -Ñ,Â° NIGHT**

Bridget on the examining table, post morphine shot.  
The other Basterds in the room watch Aldo interrogate the German lady.

**LT.ALDO**

Now 'fore we yank that slug outta ya,  
you need to answer a few questions

**BRIDGET**

Few questions about what?

**LT. ALDO**

About I got three men dead back there,  
and why don't you try tellin us what  
the fuck happened?

**BRIDGET**

The British officer blew his German  
act, and a Gestapo Major saw it.

**LT. ALDO**

'fore we get into who shot John,  
why did you invite my men to a  
rendez-vous in a basement with a bunch  
of Nazis?

**BRIDGET**

I can see, since you didn't see  
what happened inside, the Nazi's  
being there must look odd.

**LT. ALDO**

Yeah, we gotta word for that kinda  
odd in English, it's called,  
suspicious.

**BRI DGET**

Don't let your imagination get the  
better of you, Lieutenant. You met  
the sergeant, Willi. He had a baby  
tonight. His commanding officer gave  
him and his friends the night off to  
celebrate. The Germans being there  
was just a tragic coincidence.  
Aldo thinks for a moment...

**LT. ALDO**

Okay, I'll buy that. He was ether  
there with his men waiting for us,  
or he was there celebrating his  
sons birthday, he wasn't doin both.

120.

**LT. ALDO**

How did the shootin start?

**BRIDGET**

The English man, gave himself away.

**LT. ALDO**

How did he do that?

**BRIDGET**

He ordered three glasses.  
She holds up three fingers, index to pinky.

**BRIDGET**

We order, three glasses.  
She holds up three fingers, thumb to index.

**BRIDGET**

That's the German three. The other  
is odd. Germans would, and did notice it.

**LT. ALDO**

Okay, let's pretend there were no  
Germans, and everything went exactly  
the way it was suppose to. What would  
of been the next step?

**BRIDGET**

Tuxedos. To get them into the  
premiere, wearing military uniforms,  
with all the military there, would  
of been suicide. But going as  
members of the German film industry,  
they wear tuxedos, and blend in with  
everybody else. I arranged a tailor  
to fit three tuxedos tonight.

**LT. ALDO**

How did you intend to get them into  
the premiere?

**BRIDGET**

Hand me my purse.  
They do. And she opens it, and takes out three tickets to  
the  
film premiere.

**BRIDGET**

Lt.Hicox was going as my escort.

The other two were going as a German cameraman and his assistant.

**INN Ä, Â®**

**LT. ALDO**

Can you still get us in that premiere?

**BRIDGET**

Can you speak German better than your friends, no. Have I been shot, yes. I don't see me tripping the light fantastique up the red carpet any time soon. Least of all by tomorrow night.

**(PAUSE)**

However, there's something you don't know. There's been two recent developments regarding Operation Kino. One, the venue has been changed from The Ritz, to a much smaller venue.

**LT. ALDO**

Enormous changes at the last minute? That's not very Germatic. Why the hell is Goebbels doin stuff so damn peculiar?

**BRIDGET**

It probably has something to do with the second development.

**LT. ALDO**

Which is?

**FLASH ON**

IN A PRIVATE DINNING ROOM IN GERMANY, The FUHRER, aka Adolph Hitler, aka Adolph Shicklegroover, aka The Bohemian Corporal, having dinner with Goebbels, only a few short days ago. The FUHRER

**(GERMAN)**

I've been rethinking my position in regards to your Paris premiere of "Nations Pride". As the weeks have gone on, and the Americans are on the beach, I do find myself thinking more and more about this Private Zoller. This boy has done something tremendous for us. And I'm beginning to think my participation in this event could be meaningful.

**BACK TO BRIDGET**

**BRIDGET**

The Fuhrer's attending the premiere.

**1 2 Z.**

Donny breaks the teams silence;

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

What?

**LT. ALDO**

When the hell did this happen?

**BRIDGET**

The venue change, two weeks ago.  
The Fuhrer's attendance, four days ago.

**LT. ALDO**

And how come London don't know nothing about that?

**BRIDGET**

We need to get something straight, once and for all. Everything London knows, it learned from me. If I don't know, London doesn't know. So now, this is me, informing you, Hitler's coming to Paris.

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

**FUCK A DUCK?**

new

Aldo stands up from the chair, pacing as he takes in this information.

**BRIDGET**

What are you thinking?

**LT. ALDO**

I'm thinking getting a wack at plantin ole Uncle Adolph makes this a horse of a different color.

**BRIDGET**

What's that suppose to mean?

**LT. ALDO**

It means, your gettin us in that premiere.

**BRIDGET**

I'm going to probably end up losing this leg, bye bye acting career, fun while it lasted. How do you expect me to walk up a red carpet?

**X73**

**LT. ALDO**

The doggie docs gonna dig that slug outta your gam. Then he's gonna wrap it up in a cast, and you gotta good how I broke my leg mountain climbing story. That's German, ain't it? Y'all like climbin mountains, don'tch?

**BRIDGET**

I don't. I like smoking, drinking, and ordering in restaurants, but I see your point.

**LT. ALDO**

We fill ya up with morphine, till  
it's comin out ya ears. Then just  
limp your little ass up that  
rouge car-pet.

**BRIDGET**

Splendid. When the Nazi's put me up  
against a wall, it won't hurt  
so much.

(Changing tone)

I know this is a silly question  
before I ask it, but can you  
American's speak any other language  
then English?

**HIRSCHBERG**

Other then Yiddish?

**BRIDGET**

Preferably.

Donny referring to Aldo and himself.

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

We both speak alittle Italian.

**BRIDGET**

With a atrocious accent, no doubt.  
But that doesn't exactly kill us  
in the crib. Germans don't have a  
good ear for Italian. So you mumble  
Italian, and brazen through it, is  
that the plan?

**LT. ALDO**

That's about it.

**BRIDGET**

That sounds good.

**LT. ALDO**

it sounds like shit, but what else  
we gonna do, go home?

**BRIDGET**

No, it's good. If you don't blow it, with that, I can get you in the building.

(Change tone)

So, who does what?

**LT. ALDO**

Well I speak the most Italian, so I'll be your escort. Donowitz speaks the second most, so he'll be your Italian cameraman. And Hirschberg third most, so he'll be Donnys assistant.

**HIRSCHBERG**

I don't speak Italian.

**LT. ALDO**

Like I said, third best. Just keep your fuckin mouth shut. In fact why don't you start practising, right now.

**BRIDGET**

(Meaning Utivich)

What about the little one?

**UTIVICH**

Do you mean me?

**BRIDGET**

I didn't mean any offence.

**UTIVICH**

None taken you German cunt.

**LT. ALDO**

Utivich is the chauffeur.

**UTIVICH**

I can't drive.

Bridget SCREAMS in frustration;

**BRIDGET**

You Americans are fucking useless!

**UTIVICH**

IVGimmie a break, I'm from Manhattan.

**LT. ALDO**

No worries, son. We got over fourteen hours before the movie tomorrow. More then enough time for you to learn to drive.

**UTIVICH**

NO no no no, Lieutenant, it's not!

**LT. ALDO**

Oh yes yes yes yes, Private, it is. And yes yes yes yes, you will.

(Changes tone)

Look Utivich, you and I both know, if we went to grade school together, you damn sure ain't copyin off of my test. Well I lern't to drive in four hours on a Tennessee mountain road. And I'm a shit for brains coal miner bootlegger. Hirschberg, you know how to drive, right?

**HIRSCHBERG**

Yes.

**LT. ALDO**

Teach 'em.

**BRIDGET**

But there is a problem. I'm a movie star. This is a movie premiere. I can't show up looking like I was just in a Nazi gun fight. Now I have a dress for the premiere at my hotel. But sometime tomorrow, I have to get my hair done. All The Basterds, except Donny, burst out laughing.

**LT. ALDO**

Sister, you must got wunderbar luck. Guess who went to beauty school? The CAMERA WHIP PANS to SGT.DONOWITZ. Bridget rolls her eyes.

1 26.

**BLACK FRAME**

**CHAPTER TITLE APPEARS:**

**CHAPTER FIVE**

**"REVENGE OF THE GIANT FACE"**

**FADE OFF**

**INT - SHOSANNAS AND MARCELS LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT**

We're in Shosannas and Marcells living quarters, above the cinema. We've never been in here before.

**A SUBTITLE APPEARS ON SCREEN:**

**NIGHT OF "NATION'S PRIDE" PREMIERE**

She's standing before a full length mirror, in a real attractive Forties style dress for the premiere. She's stunning.

This is the first time in her life she's had the opportunity, or the occasion to wear something like this. Since she knows this is the last night of her life, no time like the present.

SOUNDS of the hub-bub of the premiere, not to mention the German brass band that's blaring Third Reich Marches, can be heard coming from below.

Shosanna walks to her apartment window, and looks down at the

Germatic miasma below.

SHOSANNAS POV: WE SEE all the pageantry below. Tons of SPECTATORS. Tons of guests dressed in Nazi uniforms, tuxedos,

and female finery, walking up the long red carpet (with a big Swastika in the middle, naturally) leading into Shosannas cinema. The German brass band omm-pa-pa-ing away. German Radio

and Film crews covering the event for the fatherland back home. And of course, MANY GERMAN SOLDIERS providing security for this joyous Germatic occasion.

Shosanna COUGHS up a lugi, and HOCKS it.

A GERMAN S.S. GENERAL, being interviewed by a RADIO COMMENTATOR,

the lugi HITS him right on his bald head.

out  
it's  
way

Shosanna goes back to the full length mirror, places a very fashionable Forties style hat on her head, then lowers the period style black fish net veil over her face. She takes a small GUN, and puts it in the pocket of her dress., and on. She exits the apartment door, to join the premiere. From this point on, there's no turning back, it's all the baby, all the fucking way!

12.7.

**INT - CINEMA STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

The stairwell in the building that connects the living quarters, with the cinema. She walks down the stairs, goes through a door that puts her next to the projection booth door. She takes out a key and opens it.

**INT - PROJECTION BOOTH - NIGHT**

laid

Marcel's prepping the film reels for tonight. The five silver metal film cans that carry one 35mm reel of film each are out. The cans for reels one and two are empty. Cans for reel three, our specially marked can for reel four, and can for reel five(which should never see the light of a projector) lie in wait.

Shosanna, looking like a Forties movie star, enters the projection booth.

The scene in FRENCH SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

**MARCEL**

Ooh lala, Danielle Darrieux, this is so exciting. Pleased to meet you.

**SHOSANNA**

Shut up fool.

Marcel lifts up the veil covering her face, and their lips meet.

**SHOSANNA**

Cheeky black bugger. I have to go down and socialize with these Hun pigs. Let's go over it again?

**MARCEL**

Reel one is on the first projector.  
Reel two is on the second. Three  
and four are ready to go.

**SHOSANNA**

Okay, the big sniper battle in the  
film begins around the middle of  
the third reel. Our film, comes on  
in the forth reel, so Somewhere  
towards the end of the third reel,  
go down and lock the doors of the  
auditorium. Then take your place  
behind the screen, and wait for my  
CUE, when I give it to you, BURN IT DOWN!

12 1.

**INT - CINEMA LOBBY - NIGHT**

The pageantry of the evening is in full swing, as all the  
German beautiful people, enter the cinema. They mingle in  
the

swastika covered, greek nude statue peppered lobby. Nazi  
Military Commanders, High Ranking Party Officials, and  
German

Celebrities (Emil tannings, Veit Harlin), hob knob and drink  
Champagne from passing WAITERS who carry glasses on silver  
trays.

We see Shosanna enter from the area at the top of the big  
staircase in the lobby that overlooks the lobby parlor  
entrance. She descends the staircase, and busies herself  
with

theatre stuff.

At the top of the staircase, looking down at the master race  
in all there finery, is Colonel Hans Landa, dressed in his  
finest SS Uniform, smoking on his Calabash.

**CAMERA FRAME**

directly behind him. On the right side, we see the figure of  
Col.Landa, from behind, watching the guests entering the  
cinema. On the left side of frame, is the cinema entrance,  
from a looking down perspective of the guests entering the  
building.

**THEN...**

.A THINK BUBBLE, like in a comic book, appears on the left side of frame, obscuring the cinema entrance. Inside of  
Landas think bubble, a little scene plays out.

**THINK BUBBLE**

Inside a hospital room filled with DOCTORS, NURSES, and a PATIENT in a hospital bed. Then Col.Landa enters the room,  
and screams at everybody;

**COL. LANDA**

I want everybody out of this room!  
They start to leave.

**COL. LANDA**

That means now, goddamnit!  
They RUSH OUT.  
He walks over to the Patient in the hospital bed, Its none other than SGT.WILLI, and yes, he's still alive.  
Landa pulls up a chair next to the bed, sits down.

**COL. LANDA**

Can you speak, Sgt?

**L - )1.**

**SGT.WILLI**

**(WEAKLY)**

Yes Colonel.

**COL. LANDA**

Tell me everything that happened in there?  
The THINK BUBBLE DISSOLVES away, reveling the entrance  
again,  
and as if on perfect cue, in walks Bridget Von Hammersmark, dressed lovely, leg in a big white cast. The three basterds  
in  
their tuxedos, flank her.

**CU COL. LANDA**

smiles.

He descends the stairs, towards the four saboteurs...  
They speak in GERMAN, SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

**COL. LANDA**

Fraulein Von Hammersmark, what  
has befallen Germany's most elegant  
swan?

**BRIDGET**

Colonel Landa, it's been years.  
Dashing as ever I see.

**COL. LANDA**

Flattery will get you everywhere,  
fraulein.  
They chuckle, and air kiss.

**COL. LANDA**

So what's happened to your lovely  
leg, a by product of kicking ass in  
the German cinema, no doubt.

**BRIDGET**

Save your flattery, you old dog.  
I know too many of your former  
conquests, to fall into that honey  
pot.  
Chuckle-chuckle...

**COL. LANDA**

Seriously, what happened?

130.

**BRIDGET**

Well, I tried my hand, foolishly I  
might add, at mountain climbing.  
And this was the result.

**COL. LANDA**

Mountain climbing? That's how you  
injured your leg, mountain climbing?

**BRIDGET**

Believe it or not, yes it is.  
A brief moment passes between the two...

**THEN...**

The Colonel BURSTS OUT with UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER. So uproarious  
in fact, that it's quite disconcerting to the four saboteurs.  
The Colonel begins to regain his composure...

**COL. LANDA**

Forgive me, fraulein. I don't mean  
laugh at your misfortune. It's just  
.mountain climbing? I'm curious  
fraulein, what could of ever  
compelled you to undertake such a  
foolhardy endeavor?  
The Double meaning is not lost on the German actress.

**BRIDGET**

Well, I chant be doing it again,  
I can tell you that.

**COL. LANDA**

That cast looks as fresh as my old  
Uncle Gustave, when were you climbing  
this mountain, last night?

**BRIDGET**

Very good eye, Colonel. It happened  
yesterday morning.

**COL. LANDA**

Hummm. And where exactly in Paris  
is this mountain?  
This stops her for a seconded.  
Then Landa laughs it off, taking them off the hook.

13[.

**COL. LANDA**

I'm just teasing you, fraulein. You

know me, I tease rough. So who are your three handsome escorts?

**BRIDGET**

I'm afraid neither three speak a word of German. Their friends of mine from Italy. This is a wonderful Italian stuntman, Antonio Margheriti.  
(Meaning Aldo)

A very talented cameraman, Enzo Gorlomi.  
(Meaning Donny)

And Enzo's camera assistant, Dominick Decocco.

The German fraulein turns to the three tuxedo wearing Basterds.

**BRIDGET**

**(ITALIAN)**

Gentlemen, this is a old friend, Col. Sans Landa of the S.S.

The Basterds know only too well who Landa the Jew Hunter is, but they can't show it.

**LT. ALDO**

**COL. LANDA**

Margheriti...?

**(ITALIAN)**

Am I saying it correctly...?  
.Margheriti?

**LT. ALDO**

**(ITALIAN)**

Yes. Correct.

**COL. LANDA**

**(ITALIAN)**

Margheriti.... Say it for me once please...?

**LT. ALDO**

Margheriti.

13ZÃçâ,-Âç

**COL. LANDA**

**(ITALIAN)**

I'm sorry, again...?

**LT. ALDO**

I4argheriti.

**COL. LANDA**

**(ITALIAN)**

Once more... .?

**LT. ALDO**

Margheriti.

**COL. LANDA**

Nargheriti.

**(FRENCH)**

It means daisies, I believe.  
Turning his gaze to Donny.

**COL. LANDA**

**(ITALIAN)**

What's your name again?

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

Enzo Gorlomi.

**COL. LANDA**

**(ITALIAN)**

Again... .?

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

Gorlomi.

**COL. LANDA**

**(ITALIAN)**

One more time, but let me really  
hear the music in it.

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

**(HAMMY ITALIAN)**

Gorlomi.  
Now to Hirschberg...

**COL. LANDA**

**(ITALIAN)**

And you?  
Then Hirschberg breaks out the best Italian accent of the

**GROUP;**

) 33.

**HIRSCHBERG**

Dominick Decocco.

**COL. LANDA**

Dominick Decocco?

**HIRSCHBERG**

Dominick Decocco.

**COL. LANDA**

Bravo... . Bravo.

**BRIDGET**

**(GERMAN)**

Well, my two cameraman friends need  
to find there seats.  
Col.Landa stops a WAITER with a tray of champagne glasses.

**COL. LANDA**

**(GERMAN)**

Not so fast, lets enjoy some champagne.  
Everyone gets a glass.

**COL. LANDA**

**(FRENCH)**

- Oh, Mademoiselle Mimieux, please  
join us, I have some friends I'd

like you to meet.  
Shosanna joins the circle, and is handed a champagne glass.  
This is the first moment The Basterds are aware of Shosanna.

**COL. LANDA**

**(FRENCH)**

May I say Mademoiselle, you look  
divine.

**SHOSANNA**

**(FRENCH)**

Merci'.

**COL. LANDA**

**(GERMAN)**

This lovely young lady, is Mademoiselle  
Emmanuelle Mimieux, this is her cinema,  
and she is our hostess for the evening.

**(FRENCH)**

And Mademoiselle, this battered, broken,  
and none worse for the wear German  
goddess, is Bridget Von Hammersmark.

**1 3 W.**

**BRIDGET**

Bonjour.

**SHOSANNA**

Bon jour.

**BRIDGET**

**(FRENCH)**

I'm afraid my companions don't speak  
any French, there Italian. This is  
Antonino, Enzo, and Dominick.  
All three smile goofy spaghetti bender smiles.

**COL. LANDA**

**(FRENCH)**

Actually fraulein Von Hammersmarks  
Italian associates, need help finding  
there seats. Perhaps Mademoiselle  
Mimieux would be so kind to escort  
them?

**SHOSANNA**

**(FRENCH)**

It would be my pleasure. Let me see  
your tickets?

Donny hands her two tickets. She indicates for them to  
follow her.

Donny and Hirschberg both exchange one last look with Aldo,  
then follow the young french girl into the auditorium.

**INT - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

The cinema auditorium is filling up quickly with grey and  
black uniforms.

Shosanna finds the two counterfeit Italians their seats.  
After she points out their seats, she turns to leave...  
Hirschberg...

.reaches out and grabs her wrist.

He looks her in the face, and filled with tremendous guilt,  
because if he's successful tonight he's going to blow this  
cute French girl to smithereens, he says;

**HIRSCHBERG**

Grazie.

13r.

The cute French Girl looks back at the goofy looking Italian  
boy with slicked back hair, that makes him look kind of  
Jewish, with tremendous guilt, knowing if she is successful  
tonight, she's going to burn him alive, and says;

**SHOSANNA**

Prego.

**BACK TO LOBBY**

They begin flicking the lights on and off. A GERMAN SOLDIER  
YELLS in GERMAN in the lobby;

**GERMAN SOLDIER**

Take your seats! The show is about to begin! Everybody take your seats!  
Col.Landa, Lt.Aldo, and Bridget are still together.

**COL. LANDA**

**(GERMAN)**

I must call The Fuhrer. He doesn't want to make his entrance untill everybody seated. Come with me Frau Von Hammersmark. The Fuhrer has heard your here, and he wishes to commend you personally.

**BRIDGET**

**(GERMAN)**

Me? Why?

**COL. LANDA**

**(GERMAN)**

Don't be modest. Everybody is quite taken with your resolve. A accident, like you've just experienced, and yet you still show up to to a important Party event. The Fuhrer was quite adamant in his gratitude. We'll use Mademoiselle Mimieux's office.  
(To Aldo  
in Italian)  
I'm afraid I must rob you of your companion, but only for a moment.

**BRIDGET**

**(ITALIAN)**

Yes, apparently The Fuhrer wishes to commend me.

**COL. LANDA**

**(ITALIAN)**

Wait here a moment. I promise I won't  
detain her long.

What are either of them suppose to do, argue?

Col.Landa goes over to one of the Nazi GAURD/USHER, and  
whispers in his ear, gesturing toward Aldo. Like he's  
saying,

leave the boy alone, till we come back... .Or is he?

Col.Landa limps Bridget away towards Shosannas office.

As Aldo stands in the lobby, more and more people enter the  
auditorium, till it's only Aldo and the six Nazi  
Gaurd/Ushers  
in the now vacant lobby.

**INT - SHOSANNA'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Shosanna's cinema manager office. It's small, cluttered, and  
dominated by a desk.

They both enter.

Col.Landa closes the door behind him, and LOCKS IT.

Bridget notices, but says nothing.

Now the two Germans are alone.

**COL. LANDA**

Have a seat fraulein.

Pointing at one lone chair in front of the desk.

She lowers herself in the chair.

Instead of moving around to the other side of the desk,  
opposite her. The SS Colonel pulls another little chair  
over,

and places it in front of the fraulein.

He sits. Their knees almost touching.

The colonel points to the foot not in the cast.

**COL. LANDA**

**(GERMAN)**

Let me see your foot.

**BRIDGET**

**(GERMAN)**

I beg your pardon?

1 31

Patting his lap.

**COL. LANDA**

Put your foot in my lap.

**BRIDGET**

Colonel, you embarrass me.

**COL. LANDA**

I assure you fraulein, my intention  
is not to flirt.

Patting his lap more with more aggression.

The nervous fraulein, lifts up her strapy dress shoe

enclosed

foot, and places it in the Colonel's lap.

The Colonel, very delicately, unfastens the thin straps that  
hold the frauleins shoe on her foot...

.He removes the shoe...

.Leaving only the frauleins bare foot...

**THEN...**

He removes from his heavy SS coat pocket, the pretty dress

shoe

the fraulein left behind at La Louisiane...

He slips it on her foot...

.it fits like a glove.

Bridget knows she's BUSTED.

Col.Landa smiles and says in ENGLISH;

**COL. LANDA**

What's that American expression...

"if the shoe fits...you must wear it".

He removes her foot from his lap.

**BRIDGET**

**(GERMAN)**

What now Colonel?

**COL LANDA**

**(GERMAN)**

Do you admit you treachery?

She stares defiant daggers into him.

1314

**BRIDGET**

**(GERMAN)**

The only thing I will admit to, is  
resisting you...

**(ENGLISH)**

Sons-a-bitches..

**(GERMAN)**

.to my last breath.

**COL. LANDA**

**(GERMAN)**

"Resist to your last breath"?

**SUDDENLY...**

Hans LUNGES forward, putting his strong mitts around Bridget  
Von Hammersmarks lily white delicate neck, and with all the  
violence of a Lion in mid-pounce, SQUEEZES with all his

MIGHT.

Bridgets face turns tomato RED, as the VEINS in her face  
BULGE, and her esophagus is CRUSHED in his GRIP.

With a violent YANK, he JERKS her TO THE FLOOR. She TUMBLES  
out of the chair, Landa never releasing his GRIP around her  
throat. Now fully on top of her, he BEARS DOWN, SQUEEZING

THE

VERY LIFE OUT OF HER. Every thing he has, he brings to bear

on

the elegant ladies neck.

Then, to finally finish her off, he begins BANGING THE BACK

OF

**HER HEAD, HARD AGAINST THE FLOOR...**

**BANG!**

**BANG!**

**BANG?**

She's dead.

He releases the grip around her throat. His hands are

**TREMBLING...**

He rises.

Strangling the very life out of somebody with your bear hands,

is the most violent act a human being can commit. Also, only humans strangle, the opposable thumbs being quite important part of the endeavor. As Hans Landa stands, the sheer violence he had to call on to accomplish this task, still surges through him. He tries to gain control of the trembling, that is rippling through his body. He takes out a silver SS FLASK (filled with peach schnapps), and knocks back a couple of swigs. He holds his hand out in front of him.

The

TREMBLING is beginning to subside. He picks up the telephone.

**139-**

Into the phone in German he says;

**COL. LANDA**

Inform The Fuhrer the audience has taken their seats, and we're ready to begin.  
Step one, in Hans master plan, done.  
He then dials another number...

**INT - LOBBY - NIGHT**

Aldo in the lobby...

**WHEN...**

.he's JUMPED by the SIX NAZI USHERS...  
He's THROWN ROUGHLY to the ground face first. Like the modern day Secret Service, within seconds, his wrists are handcuffed behind his back, he's searched, they find the BOMB attached to his ankle, it's removed, a BLACK CLOTH BAG is pulled over his head, then he's hoisted up, and RUSHED out of the building. This happens in mere seconds, and quietly too, no one in the auditorium is none the wiser...

**INT - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT**

,including Donowitz and Hirschberg, sitting amongst the master race, waiting for showtime.

**EXT - CINEMA - NIGHT**

The Six Nazi Soldiers, hustle the hooded Aldo, down the red carpet, then into the alley besides the cinema.

Aldo's put up against a wall.

Inside the black hood, he's SCREAMING every insulting thing about Germany, Germans, German food, German shepherd... anything.

**COL. LANDA'S VOICE (OS)**

Shut up!

The faceless black hood does.

Col.Landa, now standing directly in front of his hooded prisoner, says in ENGLISH;

**COL. LANDA**

As Stanley said to Livingston;  
Lt.Aldo Raine, I presume?

I 'to.

**LT. ALDO**

Hans Landa?

**COL. LANDA**

You've had a nice long run, Aldo.

Alas, your now in the hands of the SS. My hands to be exact. And they've been waiting along time, to touch you.

He reaches out with his finger, and lightly touches Aldo's face right in the middle of the hood.

Aldo's head VIOLENTLY FLINCHES.

**COL. LANDA**

Caught ya flinching.

In German, he orders the men put Aldo in the back of a truck.

Aldo, bound, and bagged, is put in the truck. Also in the truck is Utivich, wearing a makeshift chauffeurs uniform, bound, and bagged like the Lieutenant.

The Truck drives off.

Col.Landa turns around, and SEES FROM A DISTANCE, Hitlers motorcade pull up to the cinema.. Then the Fuhrer, Goebbels, Francesca, and the rest of the entourage, make there way

down

the red carpet into the cinema.  
Landa smiles.

**EXT TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT**

of We see the truck leaving the city of Paris, under the veil  
night.  
We also seem to be leaving the drama of Operation Kino.

**INT - TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT**

The two hooded prisoners, bounce along in the back of the  
truck.  
Utivich, is crying inside his hood.

**LT. ALDO**

Utivich?

**UTIVICH**

Is that you Lieutenant?

**LT. ALDO**

Yep.

lyl.

**UTIVICH} I**

Do you know what happened to Donny?  
Hirschberg? The woman?

**LT. ALDO**

No I do not.

**UTIVICH**

Lieutenant, sorry I'm crying.

**LT. ALDO**

Nothin to be sorry about, son.  
This bag, get to anyone.

**UTIVICH**

Not exactly John Wayne, am I?

**LT. ALDO**

John Waynes a pampered movie star.  
He burst into tears, if his cook,

busts his yoke at breakfast. Just  
try puttin a bag over his head, and  
hear what kinda sounds he makes.  
Utivich, giggles through the tears.

**LT. ALDO**

I just want you to know, son, I was  
real proud of you tonight. Learnin  
how to drive overnight. Driving in  
that Limo line. You was in the hot  
seat, son, and you stood up real good.  
Utivich Cries LOUDER.

foot Aldo takes his foot, finds Utivichs foot, and places his  
on top.  
The TOUCH has a slight calming effect on Utivich.  
In the darkness, Utivich has reclaimed his dignity.

**EXT- COUNTRY TAVERN - NIGHT**

The truck pulls up to a small tavern outside of Paris(not La  
Louisaiane),  
The two hooded prisoners, are walked inside the  
establishment.

**INT - COUNTRY TAVERN - NIGHT**

open The hooded men are lead into the closed for business, but  
for something else, rustic tavern.

in The Nazi Guards, unlock the handcuff, then sit them down  
chairs.  
Then, simultaneously, the hoods are YANKED OFF.  
now The two prisoners, are seated at a table, in what they can  
see, is a rustic tavern. On the table is one telephone, one  
bottle of Chianti, and three glasses. And on the opposite  
end of the table, sits Colonel Hans Landa.  
A NAZI SOLDIER sits posted at a impressive looking two way  
radio set up in the tavern.  
Colonel Lands starts in right away at the two baffled,  
discombobulated American soldiers.  
They will only speak ENGLISH in the scene.

**COL. LANDA**

Italian? Really?

**(BEAT)**

What could you have possibly been thinking?

**LT. ALDO**

Well, I speak alittle Italian -

**COL. LANDA**

I speak a little Tagalog, but I wouldn't begin to presume I could pass for Filipino. Don't get me wrong, I understand you were in a pickle, what with you losing your Germans. And I have nothing but admiration for improvisation. Still.... Chico Marx is more convincing. if the three of you had shown up to the premiere dressed in womans attire, it would have been more convincing. Landas eyes go to the Two Nazi Guards behind the prisoners.

**COL. LANDA**

**(GERMAN)**

You may leave us. But stay alert outside.

They exit, leaving the Colonel, the Lieutenant, the Private and a German Radio Man in the corner.

"43"

**COL. LANDA**

So your Aldo the Apache?

**LT. ALDO**

So your The Jew Hunter?

**COL. LANDA**

Jew Hunter, (pfuit), I'm a detective. A damn good detective. Finding people is my specialty. So naturally,

I worked for the Nazi's finding people.  
And yes, some of them were Jews.  
But Jew Hunter? Just the name that stuck.

**UTIVICH**

Well you do hafts admit, it is  
catchy.

**COL. LANDA**

Do you control the nicknames, your  
enemies bestow on you? Aldo the  
Apache and The Little Man?

**UTIVICH**

What do you mean, The Little Man?

**COL. LANDA**

The Germans nickname for you.

**UTIVICH**

The Germans nickname for me is, The  
Little Man?

**COL. LANDA**

Or "The Little One, ether one means you.  
And as if to make my point, I'm  
a little surprised how tall you  
were in real life. I mean, your a  
little fellow. But not circus midget  
little, as your reputation would  
suggest.

**LT. ALDO**

Where is my men? Where is Bridget  
Von Hammersmark?

**COL. LANDA**

Bridget Von Hammersmark. Oh I'm sure  
she's in whatever, big bubbling  
cesspool in hell, the devil reserves  
for traitors of her ilk.

**COL. LANDA**

**(COR'T)**

Well, lets just say, she got what she deserved. And when you purchase friends like Bridget Von Hammersmark, you get what you pay for. Now as far as your Pisanos, Sgt.Donowitz, and Pt.Hirschberg-

**LT. ALDO**

How do you know our names?

**COL. LANDA**

Lt.Aldo, if you don't think I wouldn't interrogate every single one of your swastika marked survivors... .? We simply aren't operating on the level of mutual respect I assumed. Now, back to the whereabouts of your two Italian saboteurs. At this moment, both Hirschberg, and Donowitz, should be sitting in the very seats we left them in. Seats, 0023 and 0024, if my memory serves. Explosives, still around there ankle, still ready to explode. And your mission, some would call a terrorist plot, as of this moment, is still a go. The two Basterds don't believe this. It can't be true.

**LT. ALDO**

That's a pretty exciting story. What's next, Eliza on the ice?

**COL. LANDA**

However, all I have to do, is pick pick up that phone right there. Inform the cinema, and your plans kupet.

**LT. ALDO**

IF, their still there, and IF their still alive, and that's one big IF, there ain't no way, you gonna take them boys without settin off them bombs.

**I R.T.**

**COL. LANDA**

**M**

I have no doubt, and yes, some Germans will die., and yes, it will ruin the evening, and yes, Goebbels will be very very very mad at you for what you've done to his big night. But you won't get Hitler, you won't get Goebbels, you won't get Gering, and you won't get Boorman. And you need all four to end the war.

**(PAUSE)**

But if I don't pick up that phone, right there, you may very well get all four. And if you get all four, you end the war...tonight. The Nazi Colonel lifts up the bottle of Chianti, and fills three glasses. As he pours, he says;

**COL. LANDA**

So gentlemen, lets discuss the prospect of ending the war-tonight. All three have their Chianti filled glasses.

**COL. LANDA**

So the way I see it, since Hitlers death, or possible rescue, rests solely on my reaction...If I do nothing ...it's as if I'm causing his death, even more then yourselves. Would you agree?

**LT. ALDO**

I guess so.

**COL. LANDA**

How about you Uitivich?

**UITIVICH**

I guess so too.

**COL. LANDA**

Good, we more or less, all agree. Gentlemen, I have no intention, of Killing Hitler, and killing Goebbels,

and Killing Gerring, and killing Boorman, not to mention winning the war single handedly for the allies, only later, to find myself standing before a Jewish tribunal.

I q  
Now they get it.

**COL. LANDA**

If you want to win the war, tonight,  
We have to make a deal.

**LT. ALDO**

What kinda deal?

**COL. LANDA**

The kind you wouldn't have the authority to make. However, I'm sure this mission of yours, has a commanding officer? A General, I'm betting. For ..

**(THINKING)**

.O.S.S. would be my guess.  
Aldo's eyebrows reveal that was a good guess.

**COL. LANDA**

Ooh, that's a bingo. Is that the way you say it, That's a bingo?

**LT. ALDO**

You just say, bingo.

**COL. LANDA**

Bingo! How fun. But I digress, where were we? Oh yes, make a deal. Over there is a very capable two way radio. And sitting behind it, is a more then capable radio operator, named Herrman. Get me somebody on the other end of that radio with the power of the pen, to authorize my - Let's call it, the terms of my conditional surrender, if that taste

better going down.

**BACK TO THE PREMIERE**

Shosanna in the booth, she brings down the lights.  
In the packed, excited auditorium, the house lights go down.  
CU CURTAIN SWITCH, she flips it.  
In the auditorium, the RED VELVET CURTAINS part.  
Shosanna, throws the lever on the first projector.

I q7 .

The PROJECTOR BULB goes HOT WHITE, PROJECTING A BEAM...  
FILM REELS rotate...  
35mm FILM moves through the projectors film gate...  
The opening seal of a film by The THIRD REICH flickers on

the

**SCREEN...**

Goebbels and Francesca watch...  
Hitler watches...  
Fredrick watches...  
Donowitz and Hirschberg watch...  
Shosanna, in the booth, watches through the little window...  
The CAMERA PANS OFF of Shosanna, to the clearly marked film  
can, REEL FOUR. The SURPRISE REEL.

**BACK TO LANDA AND THE HASTERDS**

Landa, with radio headphones over his ears, and a microphone  
in his hand, talks to the UNSEEN/UNHEARD American Brass on  
other end.

the

**COL. LANDA**

.So, when the military history of  
this night is written, it will be  
recorded, that I was part of  
"Operation Rino" from the very  
beginning, as a double agent.  
Anything I've done in my guise as a  
SS Colonel, was sanctioned by The  
O.S.S., as a necessary evil to  
establish my cover with The Germans.  
And it was my placement, of  
Lt.Raines dynamite in Hitler and  
Goebbels opera box that assured  
there demise. By the way, that last

part is actually true.

**FLASH ON**

Landa placing bomb in Goebbels and Francesca's opera box.

**BACK TO LANDA**

**COL. LANDA**

I want my full military pension and benefits under my proper rank. I want to receive the congregational medal of honor, for my invaluable assistance in the toppling of the Third Reich.

sided He looks over and sees Aldo and Uitvich watching the one conversation.

**COL. LANDA**

In fact, I want all the members of "Operation Kino" to receive the congregational medal of honor. Full citizenship for myself - but that goes without saying. And I would like the United States of America to purchase property for me on Nantucket island, as a reward for all the countless lives I've saved by bringing the tyranny of the National Socialist party to a swifter than imaged end. Do you have all that, sir?

**(PAUSE)**

I look forward to seeing you face to face as well, sir.

**(PAUSE)**

He's right here. The Colonel hands the headphones and microphone to Aldo.

**LT. ALDO**

Yes, sir?

his

We HEAR the VOICE on the other end of the radio, give Aldo

**ORDERS;**

**RADIO VOICE (OS)**

Colonel Landa will put you and Private Uitivich in a truck as prisoners. Then he and his radio operator, will get in the truck, drive to our lines. Upon crossing our lines, Colonel Landa and his man will surrender to you. You will then take over driving of the truck, a bring them straight to me for debriefing. Is that clear, Lieutenant?

**LT. ALDO**

Yes, sir.

The Conversation is over, he puts the radio down.

The three men look at one another.

Landa picks up his wine.

Ito .

**COL. LANDA**

So I suppose the only thing left to do is lift a glass, and toast to Donowitz and Hirschbergs success.

You too Herrman, come over here.

The four men, Col.Hans Landa, Lt.Aldo Raine, Pvt.Smithson Uitivich, and Herrman, lift up four glasses of wine.

**COL. LANDA**

Gentlemen, To history, and it's Witnesses.

**CHEERS.**

**BACK TO THE PREMIERE**

**WE CUT TO THE B/W FILM ON SCREEN.**

Fredrick Zoller, playing himself, is in a ornamental tower

in

a Russian village, picking off RUSSIAN SOLDIER's below.

**A RUSSIAN GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY**

peering at the German Private through binoculars. He lowers the long range glasses, and confers with one of his

OFFICERS.

**GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY**

**(RUSSIAN)**

What's the death toll?

**OFFICER**

**(RUSSIAN)**

47, so far.

**WE HEAR A SHOT.**

**OFFICER**

**(RUSSIAN)**

48. General, I implore you, we must destroy that tower!

**GENERAL KCHOVLANSKEY**

**(RUSSIAN)**

That tower is one of the oldest, and most beautiful structures in Russia. I won't be responsible for turning a thousand years of history into dust! A BRAVE RUSSIAN SOLDIER, tries to run between two buildings. Zoller, gets him. Then proceeds to pick him apart, one single bullet at a

time.

**IL**

**ISO.**

**SHOSANNA IN PROJECTION BOOTH**

She removes "REEL 4" (The Special Shosanna Reel), and prepares it on the 2nd Projector. Reel3, on the first Projector,

it's playing now, is halfway through. In a few short minutes,  
going to be show time.  
Marcel says to Shosanna in FRENCH, SUBTITLED in ENGLISH;

**MARCEL**

It's time. I should go lock the auditorium,  
and take my place behind the screen.  
This is the last time they will ever see each other, too  
much to say. He holds her in his arms and lays a one kiss before  
I die wet one on her.

**DONOWITZ AND HIRSCHBERG**

sit in their seats watching the movie, surrounded by DRESS  
UNIFORM NAZI'S. They've developed a dopey way of  
communicating with each other in this hostel environment.  
Basically, speaking English like it were gibberish Italian.  
They say English words, only adding a "I", or a "A", or a  
"O",  
to the end of it. And saying it in a exaggerated Italian  
accent, complete with pantomimes.  
Donowitz leans into Hirschberg, and says in a wispiers;  
They speak in ITALIA-ISH SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

**(ITALIA-ISH)**

I-a Go-a Toilet-a, Set-ta Boom-a.  
(I go to the toilet and set the bomb)  
When-a I-a Go-a, you-a Set-ta Boom-a.  
(When I go, you set your bomb)  
Hirschberg indicates/pantomimes, he can't set his bomb  
surrounded by all these Nazi's.  
Donowitz, pantomimes crossing his legs, setting bomb on  
ankle in his seat. Then getting up, and dropping it in the back of  
the auditorium, in the dark.  
Hirschberg doesn't get it.

**HIRSCHBERG**

What-a?  
(What?)  
Donny pantomimes again, more exaggerated, and with less  
patience.

**HIRSCHBERG**

Affirm-ato, affirm-ato.  
(Affirmative, affirmative)

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

They-o Look-o Screen-a, Not-o You-a.  
(They're looking at the screen, not you.)

**HIRSCHBERG**

Fantastic-o.

**(FANTASTIC)**

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

After-teri, Set-ta, Five-o Moment-o  
(Pointing to

**WATCH)**

You-a, Pphisst.  
(After you set the bomb, wait five  
minutes, and get out of here)

**HIRSCHBERG**

What-o?  
(What?)

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

Confuse-i, confuss-i, confuss-i.  
(Confused, confused, confused.)  
What-a, and-o what-o, same-o?  
(I thought "What-a" meant "What",  
does "What-O" mean "What", as well?)

**HIRSCHBERG**

Oh-o, sorr-o, I-o ment-a "What-a".  
(Oh, sorry, I ment what.)

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

After-teri, you-a set-ta boom-a,  
five-o moment-o, you-a, fuck-o Pphisst.  
(After you set the bomb, wait five  
minutes and get the fuck out of here.)

**HIRSCHBERG**

Affirm-ato, affirm-ato.  
(Affirmative, Affirmative)

**SGT. DONOWITZ**

Good-a, Luck-a.  
(Good luck.)

**15Z.**

Donowitz stands from his seat, and walks out of the dark auditorium, into the lobby. The Nazi Guards/Ushers are gone, the lobby is completely empty. Seeing the STAIRS leading down to the WATER CLOSET/BATHROOM, he descends them to plant the Boom-a, I mean, The Bomb.

**DESCENDING THE STAIRS**

leading to the Water closet. Like a lot of old cinema's, not only was the water closet located under the auditorium, you had to pass through a rather large SMOKING LOUNGE to get to it. In the Smoking Lounge are TEN NAZI ENLISTED MEN, the Guards/Ushers for the event, smoking and indulging in soldiers gossip. They're all in dress uniforms, and all are armed. Donowitz, in his tuxedo, acts cool, and walks right through them. They look up, but don't disturb there time off vibe. Donny enters the big Water Closet. Except for ONE LONE NAZI ENLISTED MAN at the urinal, it would appear as if Donny has the whole wash room to himself. He enters the privacy of a toilet stall, locks the door.

**MARCEL IN LOBBY**

He descends the stairs leading down from the projection booth, into the empty lobby. He goes to one of the auditorium doors, and peers inside.

**WE SEE THE SCREEN AND THE AUDIENCE FROM MARCELS POV:**

in the back of the room. The audience seems riveted to Fredrick's exploits on screen. Marcel closes the door, and with a KEY, DEADBOLTS it SHUT.

**INSIDE THE AUDITORIUM**

WE PAN OFF THE SCREEN to Marcel, who locks the two doors on ether side of the screen....due to curtains placed there, no one notices Marcells actions. Marcel then goes BEHIND THE SCREEN, WE SEE the IMAGE

(backward) of Fredricks sniper battle HUGE COVERING ENTIRE  
SIDE ROOM ...A PILE of over300nitrate FILM PRINTS, lay like

a

junk pile, right behind the screen.

Sitting down in a wooden chair facing the screen, and  
Pile-o-film, he lights up a cigarette, a absolute no-no in

a

cinema of this era, but tonight, what does it matter?4.  
He smokes, and waits for his cue to... .BURN IT DOWN!

)53.

**FREDRICK IN OPERA BOX**

along side Hitler, Goebbels, Francesca, and BOORMAN. On  
screen

the battle rages. He leans over and whispers something in  
Goebbels ear, we can't hear. Goebbels makes a very  
sympathetic  
face (at least sympathetic for Goebbels), and says in  
German;

**GOEBBELS**

Perfectly understandable, dear boy.  
You go now, and we'll see you after  
the show.

He exits the opera box. And walks to the projection booth  
door. He raps on the door in a trying to be amusing way.  
The door opens, just a little bit, Shosanna not friendly,  
stares at him.

Be, as per usual, is all smiles and charm.  
They speak in FRENCH, SUBTITLED into ENGLISH;

**FREDRICK**

Are you the manager, of this cinema?  
I want my money back. That actor in  
the movie stinks.  
He laughs.

**IV**

She doesn't even smile. She says, in all serious business;

**SHOSANNA**

What are you doing here?

**FREDRICK**

I came to visit you.

**SHOSANNA**

Can't you see how busy I am?

**FREDRICK**

Then allow me to lend a assist.

**SHOSANNA**

Fredrick it's not funny, you can't be here. This is your premiere, you need to be out there with them.

As Fredrick prepares to tell his little tale, with all the charm at his command, Shosanna listens, knowing the third

reel

is just about over, and her big reel change is coming up.

**FREDRICK**

Normally, you would be right. And for all the other films I do, I intend to endure evenings like tonight, in the proper sprit. However the fact remains, this film, is based on my military exploits. And in this case, my exploits consisted of me killing many men. Consequently, the part of the film that's playing now, ... I don't like watching this part.

**SHOSANNA**

Fredrick, I am sorry, but -

**FREDRICK**

- So, I thought, I'd come up here and do what I do best, annoy you. And from the look on your face, it would appear I haven't lost my touch.

**DONNY IN TOILET**

Sgt. Donowitz, with BOMB in his lap, sets the timer, six minutes from now. He then places the bomb in the back of the toilet tank.

**CAMERA ON FLOOR OF WATER CLOSET**

we see the tile of the floor stretch out before us. We see Donny's feet in the closed toilet stall. We HEAR, the OFF SCREEN Nazi Enlisted Man, finish his piss. Then HIS SHOES WALK THROUGH FRAME... .WE FOLLOW THEM TO... .The SINK...WE STAY ON The Shoes ...as WE HEAR The Soldier WASH HIS HANDS... THEN... THE CAMERA RISES UP HIS PANT LEG...Till...WE'RE EYE LEVEL with the German Soldier, with a ARMY CAP on his head, who's done washing his hands....THEN....The Soldier removes his cap, brushes some bangs out of his face, and WE CAN SEE

**THE SWASTIKA HAND CARVED INTO HIS FOREHEAD, UNDENIABLE MARK OF THE BASTARDS.** He SPLASHES some WATER ON HIS FACE, puts his cap back on his head, and joins his comrades in the smoking lounge. As he exits FRAME, he says to somebody OFF SCREEN;

**SWASTIKA FOREHEAD**

**(GERMAN)**

Hey Fritz, you owe me three cigarettes, now pay up.

**SHOSANNA AND FREDRICK**

Fredrick still outside the doorway, and Shosanna, still baring the way.

**SHOSANNA**

I have to get prepared for the reel change.

**FREDRICK**

Let me do it?

**SHOSANNA**

No.

**FREDRICK**

Oh please, it's been two years since  
i've done a reel change.

**SHOSANNA**

I said, no.

**FREDRICK**

(Cute whine)  
Come on, it's my premiere.

**SHOSANNA**

Are you so use to the Nazi's kissing  
your ass, you've forgotten what the  
word, "No" means? No Fredrick, you  
can't come in here, now go away!  
No subtitles for Fredrick needed this time, he gets it.  
He does a one-armed PILE DRIVE PUSH on the door, knocking

both

it OPEN, and Shosanna back into the room.  
Fredrick, a different cat then we've seen up till now,  
enters the booth, closing the door behind him, and LOCKING it.  
The quite startled Shosanna, says to Fredrick;

**SHOSANNA**

Fredrick, you hurt me.

**FREDRICK**

Well, it's nice to know you can feel  
something. Even if it's just physical  
pain.  
Fredrick steps forward...  
Shosanna steps backwards...

**FREDRICK**

I'm not a man you say, "Go away"  
to. There's over three hundred  
dead bodies in Russia, that if  
they could, would testify to that.  
After what I've done for you, you  
disrespect me at your peril.

**BACK TO WASHROOM**

The Swastika Forehead Soldier, get a light for his  
cigarette.

He takes a big drag.

**SOLDIER'S POV:**

Donny He faces the washroom, and down that long throw, he sees  
emerge from the toilet stall. His tuxedo jacket is off, and  
draped over his right hand. Sporting the white dress shirt,  
and black tuxedo vest. He's quite far away, so now he just  
looks like some guy in a tux, who just finished taking a  
shit.

Donny walks toward us ...

**CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD**

seeing him get closer...

**SOLDIER POV:**

Donny gets closer...

**CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD**

seeing him closer still...

**SOLDIER POV:**

Donny gets closer...

**CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD**

begins to notice...

**SOLDIER POV:**

Donny getting closer, begins to notice, German soldier  
notice him...

**CU SWASTIKA FOREHEAD**

now Donny is close enough for the Soldier to recognize. His  
face SCREAMS;

**SWASTIKA FOREHEAD**

The Bear Jew!!  
The Soldier's GUN is out of it's holster, and rising toward  
Donny's chest...

**WHEN...**

Donny raises his right arm, with the tuxedo jacket on it,  
and  
FIRES a GUN concealed under it.  
HITTING Swastika Forehead in the chest...Who finishes  
raising  
his GUN, FIRING HITTING Donny in the chest...

The Two Soldier's FIRE INTO each other.... Till there  
weapons are  
empty, and the two men lie dead on the floor.  
The Nine other NAZI'S in the room, stand shocked at what  
just  
happened in front of them.

Is".

#### **SHOSANNA AND FREDRICK IN PROJECTION BOOTH**

the  
Fredrick hears the gunshots below them, and turns towards  
door.

#### **FREDRICK**

What the hell was that?  
While Fredrick's back is turned, Shosanna takes a GUN out of  
her pocket, and SHOOTS Fredrick THREE TIMES in the back...  
..Be CRASHES HARD into the door, then FALLING FACE FIRST to  
the floor...  
Shosanna, gun in hand, looks out projection booth window  
into

the audience...

The ON SCREEN BATTLE rages so LOUDLY with GUNFIRE, that her  
weapon didn't stand a chance of being heard.

Her eyes go from the audience...

.up to the big screen...

.Which holds FREDRICK ZOLLER in a tight handsome CLOSE UP.

The Face on the silver screen, breaks the young girl's  
heart...

.She looks to his body, lying face down on the floor, blood  
flowing from the holes she put in his back...

.His body moves a little, and he lets out a painful MOAN...

.DIEING though he is, at this moment, Fredrick is still

#### **ALIVE...**

Shosanna moves to him...

..She touches him, and he lets out another MOAN...

.She turns his body over on it's back...

..he's holding a LUGER in his hand...

.he FIRES TWICE...

#### **BANG BANG**

Two bullets HIT HER POINT BLANK IN THE CHEST...

THROWING HER against the wall, then FALLING FORWARD on her

knees to the floor...  
..Fredrick, Luger still in hand, takes aim from the floor...

I,

**.FIRES...**

HITTING the bloody girl on the floor, in the thigh...  
.SPINNING her BODY around in agony...  
Like he did to the Russian on screen, he picks her apart,

one

bullet at a time...

**.FIRES...**

**BULLET BLOWS OFF HEEL OF HER FOOT...**

Luger drops to floor, Fredrick DIES.  
Our young French Jewish heroine, lies on the projection

booth

floor, in a pool of her own blood, her body RIDDLED with  
bullets, her nerve endings wracked with pain, CRIPPLED and

**DIEING...**

**WHEN...**

..the little bell on the 1st projector, starts to ring,  
informing the projectionist, it's time for The REEL CHANGE.  
Dieing or not, if Shosanna intends to get her revenge, she's  
going to have to lift her ass off the floor, and execute

this

fucking reel change.

**CINEMA AUDITORIUM**

The battle on screen continues waging. The audience is  
riveted.

The FUHRER

watches, completely caught up in the dramatic spectacle.  
He says to Goebbels in German;

**HITLER**

Extraordinary Joseph, simply  
extraordinary. This is your finest  
film yet.

proudly

Goebbels is beyond proud, he smiles to Francesca, who

pats his hand.

**PROJECTION BOOTH**

Shosanna, bloody, crippled, and fucked, with great painful effort, PULLS HERSELF OFF THE FLOOR...

**AUDITORIUM**

Hirschberg, sitting in his seat, SETS the BOMB on his ankle. Then stands up, and begins scooting past everybody in his

rows

knees.

**PROJECTION BOOTH**

like the German heroine in one of Riefenstahl's mountain

films,

Shosanna CLIMBS UP the 35mm film projector, like it was Piz Palu...

**FILM ON SCREEN**

Private Zoller FIRING away from his perch. In the top far right corner of The FRAME. WE SEE the 1st REEL CHANGE

MARK...

**PROJECTION BOOTH**

Shosanna hanging on to projector, waiting for 2nd reel

change

mark, it's a agonizing effort...

**BEHIND SCREEN**

Marcel, smoking, waiting for his cue...

**HIRSCHBERG**

get out of his xow, and begins walking up the aisle in the middle of the cinema towards the exit.

**ON SCREEN**

SERGIO LEONE CU FREDRICK, he SCREAMS to Russians below;

**MOVIE ZOLLER**

Who wants to send a message to Germany?

In the top right of FRAME The 2nd REEL CHANGE MARK POPS

ON...

**PROJECTION BOOTH**

CHANGE Shosanna TOSSES herself to the floor, as she THROWS THE  
OVER SWITCH on the 2nd Projector...

**EX CU PROJECTOR BULB**

BLASTING WHITE in our face.

**SLOW NOTION**

**SHOSANNA FALLING...**

**EX CU 35MM FILM**

**MOVING...**

**SHOSANNA**

HITS the DUSTY ground HARD, NOT in slow motion...

**PROJECTOR BEAM**

**SHOOTS OUT OF LITTLE PROJECTION BOOTH WINDOW**

hits screen.

**CU SHOSANNA**

projection on floor, eyes close, last breath blown into dusty  
booth floor. Like her family befor her, dead from Nazi  
bullets.

**AUDITORIUM**

**ON THE SILVER SCREEN FREDRICKS EX CU**

**CUT TO**

**ON SILVER SCREEN MATCHING SHOSANNA EX CU**

sky), CAMERA in the exact same placement, same background (b/w

looking SLIGHT LOW ANGLE LOOKING UP, so on screen Shosanna is

stares down on the Nazi's, the way Fredrick was looking down on the  
Russians. The way this HUGE IMAGE OF SHOSANNA'S GIANT FACE

down the auditorium of Nazi's, brings to mind Orwells "1984"  
Big Brother.

HITLER and GOEBBELS  
React.

**HIRSCHBERG**

standing in the middle of the aisle, turns towards the  
screen.

When he see's Shosanna's GIANT FACE, he's gobsmacked.

**BEHIND SCREEN**

Marcel sitting in the chair, with his cigarette, before the

**EVEN MORE GIANT FACE OF SHOSANNA.**

**SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE ON SCREEN**

She stares down the packed house of Nazi's, and says  
in FRENCH;

**SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE**

I have a message for Germany. I'm  
interrupting your Nazi propaganda  
horse shit, to inform you despicable  
German swine, that your all going to  
die.

HITLER and GOEBBELS  
react.

**HIRSCHBERG**

react.

**MARCEL**

smiles.

**SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE**

And I want you to look deep in the face  
of The Jew who's going to do it.

**AUDITORIUM AUDIENCE**

While the shocked German audience is transfixed to  
thescreen,  
behind the heads of most of them...  
The BOMB Landa set in Hitlers and Goebbels opera box...

**EXPLODES.**

BLOWING TO SMITHEREENS, HITLER, FRANCESCA, BOORMAN, and  
propelling GOEBBELS, still in his theatre seat, across the  
auditorium, into the opposite wall, and taking out a portion  
of the ceiling as well.  
The crowd reacts...

The explosion causes the huge chandelier from Versailles, to topple from it's jerry-rigged placement, and CRASH on to the audience below...

ON SCREEN THE GIANT FACE OF SHOSANNA finishes her WAR CRY.

**SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE**

My name is Shosanna Dreyfus, and this is the face of Jewish Vengeance! Marcel,

**BURN IT DOWN!**

**BEHIND THE SCREEN**

Marcel takes his cigarette, and FLICKS IT into the pile of nitrate film.

ON SCREEN SHOSANNAS GIANT FACE LAUGHS MANIACALLY at the scrambling little Nazi's, running in a panic, as FLAMES LIKE

**OUT OF A GIANT BLAST FURNACE, BURST THROUGH SHOSANNAS FACE,** and CLIMB UP THE WALLS of the cinema.

The AUDIENCE

STAMPEDES towards the exits...

**HIRSCHBERG**

with bomb set on ankle, is caught in a massive Day of the Locust SWARM OF BODIES...

People frantically pound on locked doors, trapping them to there grizzly fate.

The FLAMES and FIRE spread through thr auditorium...

Hirschberg caught in people crunch, knows this is it.

**HIS ANKLE BOMB GOES OFF**

right underneath everybody in the room.

The effect this has on the people in the room, is very

similar

to that of the effect a M-80blowing up in a ant hill, would have on the ants. The auditorium is a literal red rain of

legs,

arms, heads, torsos, and asses.

**THEN...**

**DONOWITZ TOILET BOMB**

BLOWS UP UNDERNEATH the auditorium.

**COLLAPSING THE CINEMA, AND BLOWING OUT THE FRONT OF THE  
THEATRE.**

As MADAM MIMEUX'S CINEMA BURNS...

Theses SUBTITLES APPEAR ON SCREEN as if on a military

**TELETYPE:**

**"OPERATION KINO A COMPLETE SUCCESS".**

**FADE OUT**

**FADE UP**

**"HITLER DEAD. GOEBBELS DEAD. BOORMAN DEAD.**

**GERING DEAD. ZOLLER DEAD. MOST OF HIGH COMMAND**

**DEAD"**

**FADE OUT**

**FADE IN**

**"FOUR DAYS LATER, GERMANY SURRENDERS"**

**FADE OUT**

**FADE IN**

**"ONCE UPON A TIME IN NAZI...**

**OCCUPIED FRANCE".**

**CUT TO**

**EXT -- WOODS - MORNING**

It's a misty early morning, in the woodsy area. The German truck, with Aldo and Uitivich in the back, and Landa and Herrman in the front comes to stop.

LANDA and HERRMAN IN TRUCK CAB

Herrman, behind the wheel, tells Landa in German;

**HERRMAN**

These are the American lines, sir.

In the back of the truck, sit the two last remaining members of The Basterds, Lt.Aldo Raine, and Prvt.Smithson Uitivich, both with their hands cuffed behind there back.

Landa and Herrman appear at truck rear, says in ENGLISH;

**COL. LANDA**

Okay Gentlemen, you can climb down.

**143**

Aldo and Uitivich climb down from the truck.  
Col.Landa indicates for Herrman to remove the handcuffs from  
the two prisoners.  
He does.

**COL. LANDA**

Herrman, hand them your weapon.  
He does.  
Col.Landa hands over his LUGER, and his very cool looking SS

**DAGGER.**

**COL. LANDA**

I am officially surrendering myself  
over to you, Lt.Raine. We are your  
prisoners.

**LT. ALDO**

Thank you very much Colonel. Uitivich,  
cuff the Colonel's hands behind his  
back.

**COL. LANDA**

Is that really necessary?  
As Uitivich cuffs the. Colonels hands behind his back, Aldo

**SAYS;**

**LT. ALDO**

I'm a slave to appearances.  
Then Aldo takes the Luger, and SHOTS HERRMAN DEAD.  
The bound Col.Landa is appalled.

**COL. LANDA**

Are you mad? What have you done? I made  
a deal with your General for that mans  
life!

**LT. ALDO**

Yeah, they made that deal, but they  
don't give a fuck about him, they  
need you.

**COL. LANDA**

You'll be shot for this.

t 6 q.

**LT. ALDO**

Raw I don't think so, more like I'll be chewed out. I've been chewed out before. You know, Uitivich and myself, heard that deal you made with the Brass. End the war tonight? I'd make that deal. How bout you Uitivich, you make that deal?

**UITIVICH**

I'd make that deal.

**LT. ALDO**

I don't blame ya. Damn good deal. And that pretty little nest ya feathered for yourself. Well, if your willing to barbecue the whole high command, I suppose that's worth certain considerations. Now I don't care about you gettin pensions, merit badges, ticker tape parades, who gives a damn, let's all go home. But .ldo have one question? When you go to your little place on Nantuckett Island, I image you gonna take off that handsome looking SS uniform of yours, ain't ya? For the first time in the movie, Col.Landa doesn't-respond.

**LT. ALDO**

That's what I thought. Now that...  
.I can't abide. How bout you Uitivich, can you abide it?

**UITIVICH**

Not one damn bit, sir.

**LT. ALDO**

I mean if I had my way, you'd wear that goddamn uniform for the rest of your pecker suckin life. But I'm aware that's ain't practical. I mean at some point ya gotta hafta take it off.

Hans He opens LandaSS DAGGER, and holds the BLADE in front of  
face.

**LT. ALDO**

So I'm gonna give you a little  
somethin you can't take off.

**CUT TO**

16c.

**CU COL. LANDA**

his The Dagger has just completed carving a swastika deep into  
forehead.

**COL. LANDA'S POV:**

On the ground, looking up at Aldo, bloody knife in hand, who  
straddles him.. And Uitivich, who's next to him. The two  
Basterds admire Aldo's handiwork.

**LT. ALDO**

You know somethin Uitivich, I think  
this just might be my masterpiece.

**END**