

THE GREAT ESCAPE

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"THE GREAT ESCAPE"

"In its essence this is the story of a group of men - and of one man, Roger Bushell, who was the colorful leader. And yet through it all runs the theme that even in death man can triumph over any obstacle.

"To my mind this is also the story of a Tower of Babel. The fact that this tower was in reverse and happened to be a tunnel is a minor point. What was important then - and is more so now - is that this Tower of Babel was successfully erected. It proves something important. In one magnificent gesture the seventy-six ragged, verminous men of all nationalities who climbed out of that stinking hole in the ground in Silesia on that windy March night in 1944 thumbed their collective nose at the entire Third Reich and all it stood for.

"They triumphed, through the only means left to them, over an idea that was rotten from the core out. And they proved for all posterity that men, working together, can dig a damned deep hole in the ground - or build a shining Tower of Babel.

George Harsh"

From the introduction to
Paul Brickhill's THE GREAT ESCAPE

FADE IN:
EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN

1 A HEAVILY GUARDED TRUCK

1

barrels through the dawning mist. It is preceded by an open car with many uniformed GERMAN SOLDIERS in it - one stands grimly beside a mounted machine gun which covers the truck. More German soldiers in motorcycle sidecars flank the truck, also guard it warily with machine guns. Following is another open car with another machine gun pointing towards the truck. CAMERA PANS the convoy around to see, ahead, many other trucks also heavily guarded, waiting in a formation area. Hundreds of German soldiers ring the whole area. Machine guns at the ready.

RAMSEY'S VOICE

In some way, all countrysides have a beauty - in peace as well as war. But during a war the countryside becomes dominated by other things - machinery, guns, bullets, men.

(pause)

And in the course of war some men live, some die, and some are captured.

(pause)

Towards the end of World War II Germany was one vast prison camp and the problem of containment of prisoners - slave laborers and prisoners of war - was acute. Among these there was a small group of officer POW's who were a constant thorn in the German side for however much the Germans tried to keep them locked up - there were escapes and escapes and escapes.

(beat)

So with simple Teutonic logic, the Germans decided to end, once and for all, the irritant of this special group. They decided to concentrate all the worst offenders from camps all over Germany into a special escape proof camp. And they decided to watch this camp very well indeed. Its name was Stalag Luft North.

- 2 A TRAIN 2
chugs to a halt at a deserted siding. Immediately hundreds of German soldiers, heavily armed, converge as the cattle truck doors are unbolted and a small group of tired, filthy RAF OFFICER POW's jump down and are guided to covered trucks.
- 3 TRUCKS 3
The prisoners, massed - just faces and movement - are cursed by grimfaced guards into the trucks under extreme security conditions.
- 4 THE MAIN CONVOY 4
The SENIOR GERMAN OFFICER, tall, jackbooted, gives the start order and immediately engines grind into life, motorcycles take up their positions and snarl into convoy line of march. Each truck swarmed like a queen bee with guards.
- 5 ANOTHER ANGLE - A HEAVILY GUARDED TRUCK 5
joins the convoy. Papers are passed over, and the truck is motioned into line.
- 6 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE MAIN CONVOY 6
grinds into malevolent life. Snatches of white faces of the prisoners. Fatigue. Swarming guards.
- 7 A GERMAN TOWN 7
The traffic is cordoned off by German soldier traffic cops as a convoy barrels through - watched by silent, curious crowds. Once the last truck - swarmed as always by guards - is passed, the soldiers jump into trucks, cars, etc. and follow hurriedly.
- EXT. STALAG LUFT - DAY
- 8 SENTRY TOWER - SENTRY 8
The fifteen foot sentry tower is a little more than a covered platform with an armed - always armed - uniformed sentry. Searchlight. Telephone. Around the SENTRY'S neck is a pair of binoculars. He looks off, reacts.
- 9 HIS POV 9
The convoy approaches through monotonous, desolate pine woods.

3.
10 THE SENTRY 10
immediately blows his whistle. This is taken up by others. Over comes guttural German commands.
- 11 FROM TOWER - THE CONVOY 11
grinds through the barbed gate and begins forming up in the vast, desolate camp area. 300 yards by 300 yards. Dirt. Surrounded by nine foot barbed wire double fences. Impossible to scale. Machine-gunned sentry towers every 150 yards. Fifteen new barrack huts. Hundreds of guards, "ferrets" (Prison spies) converge on the twenty trucks - all heavily armed.
- 12 TRUCK 12
The canvas flap is opened and the POW's begin to get out. All tired. Dressed in haphazard uniforms. Carrying pots, pans, bedrolls, boxes; one has a guitar, another a teapot; some carry nothing; all are RAF officers. They stare around silently, appalled by the extent of security restrictions.
- 13 ANOTHER TRUCK 13
More ferrets and guards get the silent POW's into some semblance of order and line them up to be searched. The first man, EAMES - a young Flight Lieutenant - stumbles, drops his pack, sourly bends down to pick it up.
- 14 CLOSE SHOT - HIS HANDS 14
as he passes a pair of wire cutters to the next in line. The wire cutters disappear...
- 15 EAMES 15
straightens and allows KRAMER, a German ferret, to search him. Very efficiently. Kramer finds a jack knife, pockets it happily. As he nods for Eames to move out...
- 16 CLOSE SHOT - HANDS 16
the wire cutters are deftly passed over once more - disappear.
- 17 MAIN GATE - THE LAST TRUCK 17
grinds through and the heavily armed guards close the evil barbed wire gate with finality.

SUPE:

THE GREAT ESCAPE

and intersperse the remaining credits over:

4.

18 FULL SHOT 18

The ferrets searching... officers streaming off to find quarters...

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

19 FULL SHOT 19

Tiny cubicle rooms - long corridors... officers tapping walls... peering under bunks... into attic traps... settling bedding straight... casing the joint actively and passively...

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

20 DANNY VELINSKI 20

a Polish RAF officer, chunky, squats on the dirt near the "trip wire" with WILLIE DIX, a young Englishman.

21 ANOTHER PART OF COMPOUND 21

near the trip wire is HILTS, a taut American. He wears a baseball mitt and stares out of the camp thoughtfully. Beside him is GOFF, another American flyer.

22 NEAR A TRUCK - HENDLEY 22

a tall, impeccably dressed American, is thoughtfully watching the German truck driver tinkering with the engine.

INT. BARRACK ROOM - DAY

23 DAI NIMMO 23

a small, dark Welshman, is getting his bunk shipshape in the cursing, shoving mass of men. Nearby is CAVENDISH, a strong tall man with a flamboyant moustache.

EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY

24 MAJOR MERIVALE 24

His age is in sharp contrast to the others. He steeples his hands thoughtfully, watching some pathetic Russian slave laborers tidy the remains of cut-down trees. His hands are strangely twisted, two fingers almost frozen into a perpetual V for victory sign.

25 NEAR THE COOKHOUSE - SEDGWICK 25

An Australian contemplates pots and pans. Then exits.

26 NEAR THE FENCE - SANDY MACDONALD 5.
26

strolls along with ERIC ASHLEY-PITT, Lt. Commander RN, Fleet Air Arm. As they walk, they scrutinize the camp. Concerned.

27 NEAR THE MAIN GATE - A GERMAN SERGEANT 27

A tough professional soldier - STRACHWITZ - escorts GROUP CAPTAIN RAMSEY past the sentries at the gate. Ramsey is erect, dressed in battered RAF uniform, a scarf at his neck; he limps and walks with a stick. Strachwitz leads him to the Headquarters Building just outside the compound proper.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - DAY

28 FULL SHOT 28

Strachwitz walks up the steps with Ramsey.

INT. POSEN'S OFFICE - DAY

29 CAPTAIN POSEN 29

is small, very neat, very efficient. He watches from a window then turns as Strachwitz enters, salutes.
THE CREDITS END.

STRACHWITZ
Der Herr Staffel-Kapitaen
Ramsey.

POSEN
Good morning, Group Captain.
I am Captain Posen, Colonel
Von Luger's adjutant. Since,
as Senior British Officer, you
are to be liaison between the
prisoners and the Colonel, he
wishes to make clear to you
certain matters of --
(groping)
-- the word is 'policy'?

Ramsey nods politely and Posen turns, knocks on the door.

VON LUGER'S VOICE
Herein.

INT. VON LUGER'S OFFICE - DAY

30 STRACHWITZ 30

holds the door open courteously for Ramsey and Posen.

31 VON LUGER

31

is a Prussian Luftwaffe officer. Colonel. Immaculate. Many medal ribbons. Some from World War One. Of an age with Ramsey. He stands near a window. Big desk - peerless. Von Luger returns Ramsey's casual salute punctiliously.

VON LUGER

I am Colonel Von Luger, the
Commandant.

(politely)

Please sit down.

Strachwitz stands stiff at attention. Ramsey sits. Posen stands. Von Luger sits behind the desk. On it is a large file. He passes cigarettes. A long silence.

VON LUGER

In the past four years the Reich has been forced to spend an enormous amount of time, energy man power and equipment hunting down escaping officer POW's.

RAMSEY

(politely)

It's rather nice to know you're wanted, isn't it, Colonel Von Luger?

VON LUGER

With us it is not a matter for levity. There will be no escapes from this camp.

RAMSEY

(wearily)

It is the sworn duty of officers to try to escape. If they can't, it is their sworn duty to cause the enemy to use an inordinate number of soldiers to guard them and their sworn duty to harass the enemy to the best of their ability.

VON LUGER

I know. The men under your authority have been most successful.

(CONTINUED)

He glances at the file - a photo and a sheet catches his eye - picks it up.

VON LUGER

(irritably)

Merivale, for example. Caught at Dunkirk. Escaped. Recaptured. Escaped. Recaptured. He even tried to jump out of the train coming here. Seventeen attempted escapes - this is close to insanity.

RAMSEY

Quite.

VON LUGER

He was in the First World War -- and he's not even an Air Force Officer.

RAMSEY

He's a major in the British Expeditionary Force. As you said. Captured at Dunkirk.

(quizzically)

Colonel, do you expect officers to forget their duty?

(CONTINUED)

VON LUGER

It is because we expect the opposite that we have brought you here. This camp embodies all we have learned of security measures. We have in effect put all our rotten eggs in one basket and -- believe me, Group Captain -- we intend to watch this basket carefully.

RAMSEY

(after pause)

Very wise.

VON LUGER

You will not be denied the usual facilities. Sports, a library, a camp theatre. And for gardening, we will entrust you - during the day - with tools. But please --
(a sardonic grin)
-- use them for gardening. Devote your energies to these things. Give up your hopeless attempts to escape and with intelligent cooperation - we may all sit out the war as comfortably as possible.

There is a moment's pause as he waits for some response from Ramsey, then --

VON LUGER

(continuing)

Are there any questions?

RAMSEY

Have you ever been caged, Colonel Von Luger?

They stare at each other.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

are near the warning wire under the watchful eyes of the sentries and goonbox men. Danny picks up some dirt, lets the sandy soil dribble through his fingers, shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

Too much sand.

Willie is studying the woods beyond the fence.

WILLIE

How far are the trees?

DANNY

Over a hundred feet.

WILLIE

(does some mental
triangulation)

Less.

DANNY

Still a long way to dig.

WILLIE

We'll get Cavendish to make a
survey.

They stroll along.

WILLIE

I wish "Big X" were here. As
I'm senior tunnel expert, I'm
afraid I might be elected.

DANNY

You'd make a good "Big X",
Willie.

WILLIE

(shakes his head)

No. That takes a different
sort of mind.

DANNY

(looks about to
see if he could
possibly be overheard)

Do you think "Big X" got away?

WILLIE

No. He'd've sent us word,
somehow, if he had.

DANNY

You think the Gestapo has him?

WILLIE

That - or he's dead.

stand huddled under guard in a group near the Vorlager, morose and dirty. Some wear long Russian Army greatcoats, but most are barely clothed in motley rags. Some carry tools - axes, pitchforks. Some are still finishing their job, tossing branches into the trucks. Merivale joins a group of POW's nearby. Sedgwick, the lanky Australian, is among them.

MERIVALE

(urgently)

Hold these for me in case I should return.

The POW's react immediately, cover him as he takes off his hat and other identifying clothes, gives them to the men, who put them on.

MERIVALE

(whispers)

Now if you would just put on some sort of brief show for the goons.

SEDGWICK

What'll it be - "Battle Royal"? "The Mad Prisoner"? "The Busker"? "Fisticuffs"?

MERIVALE

Fisticuffs would be jolly good..

Sedgwick grabs Merivale's sweater from HAYNES, the man holding it.

SEDGWICK

It's mine, you bloody Limey!

HAYNES

(shouting)

It's mine you bloody, illiterate Aussie son of a ...

Sedgwick hauls off a haymaker and they go at it. Haynes lands an apparently smashing blow on Sedgwick who goes down. Haynes leaps on him and they struggle - other POW's egg them on excitedly. Guards and ferrets come over to break up the fight.

slips in with the Russians, quickly dirties his hands and face.

10.
35 SEDGWICK 35
is lying on his face still being pummelled by Haynes, who refuses to be dragged off by the guards. Sedgwick notes Merivale's strategy with interest.
- 36 CLOSE AT THE TRUCKS 36
During all this, IVES, the jockey-sized New Zealander, vaults into the back of the first truck and disappears into the branches.
- 37 WILLIE AND DANNY 37
dive into the next truck, disappear under a camouflage of branches.
- 38 BY THE VORLAGER AREA 38

Hendley arrives at one of the trucks, snakes open a tool box, whisks out a small wrench and pliers. A Ferret spots him. Hendley quickly moves away. He is joined by Ashley-Pitt and Sandy MacDonald. He immediately switches the tools to MacDonald who hides them on his person while WERNER rushes up.

Werner is a Ferret. While not stupid, neither is he overly bright. The demands on manpower in Germany precluded always having brains and efficiency at the level of a spy in a prison camp.

WERNER

You steal some tools from the truck?

HENDLEY

Tools?

WERNER

Why are you loafing here?

HENDLEY

Is there a law?

WERNER

Oh, American.

HENDLEY

Yes, and you are a German.

WERNER

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

He immediately begins to search Hendley, patting him all over. He speaks in his earnest way.

WERNER

(continuing)

Why do you come to Germany?
Why fight for England - your
enemy?

HENDLEY

(keeping his attention)

Enemy? What do you mean?

WERNER

In 1812 they burned your
capitol.

HENDLEY

What? Propaganda!

Werner is through with him -- turns to MacDonald, but Ashley-Pitt places himself first and Werner begins searching him.

HENDLEY

(continuing)

Nothing but propaganda, that's
all.

WERNER

(shaking his head;

steadfastly reiterating)

It's in the history books. I
read it.

As Werner searches Ashley-Pitt the latter laughs, can't stand to be searched, he's so ticklish.

ASHLEY-PITT

(putting on an act)

Oh, I say. Please! I can't
bear it. I'm very ticklish.

Under cover of this MacDonald slips tools to Hendley who gets them into his trousers pocket.

WERNER

(searching MacDonald)

For stealing tools, cooler.

HENDLEY

What tools?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

WERNER

Go now. Away from here.

They walk away.

39 BY WARNING WIRE - HILTS

39

stands contemplating the area between the wire and the fences, and their relation to the goon towers. He is oblivious to the uproar of the fight which is now diminishing. His preoccupied slapping of the baseball in his first baseman's mitt stops. GOFF, another American, joins him.

GOFF

Only one other Yank in the place as far as I can find out. Seems like we're new boys.

(beat)

Hey, you in some kind of trance or something?

HILTS

We got us a blind spot.

GOFF

Huh?

HILTS

The way those goon towers are placed, there's a blind spot on that fence.

GOFF

You're crazy.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Hilts looks off into nothing for some moments, his eyes glazing as he thinks. Then he snaps out of his reverie, nods his head briskly. First glancing about to see who is watching, he flips the baseball in the air a time or two, then pretending to fumble, deliberately shoves the ball to the place at the fence. No one notices this. Except Goff:

GOFF

(appalled)

You ain't going out there!

HILTS

Not till the Goons're looking
somewhere else.

40 AT RUSSIAN GROUP

40

Merivale taps a man in front of him.

MERIVALE

Tovarich.

The man turns. Merivale holds up two cigarettes, pantomimes he will trade cigarettes for the axe the man is carrying, and the coat he is wearing. The exchange takes place. A German guard suddenly shouts an order. Merivale stiffens, then as the men march off realizes that was the command. As the Russians move along the pass the far corner of a hut. Sedgwick pops from behind the corner, falls in behind Merivale. He too has messed himself up and with his gaunt face looks perhaps more convincing than Merivale.

41 CLOSE MOVING SHOT - SEDGWICK AND MERIVALE

41

as they march along.

SEDGWICK

(whispering)

You know any Russian?

MERIVALE

Only one phrase.

SEDGWICK

Well, come on!

MERIVALE

Ya vass lublu.

SEDGWICK

Ya vass -- ?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

MERIVALE

Lublu.

SEDGWICK

(practicing)

Ya vass lublu. Ya vass lublu.

(then)

What's it mean?

MERIVALE

I love you.

SEDGWICK

(reacts, then sourly)

What good is that?

MERIVALE

I couldn't say. Hadn't planned
on using it myself.

42 AT APPELL AREA

42

all eyes are attracted to the marching Russians and the burp gun guards marching with them. Ramsey is entering the compound, stands near Hendley, watching.

43 AT THE WARNING WIRE

43

Hilts notices the attention paid to the marching Russians. He takes a deep breath and, as Goff watches in horror, steps over the warning wire, saunters out to the ball. At the fence he stands motionless for a moment. The sentries are watching the Russians. It is apparent the goonbo men don't see him, and he indicates this with a gesture to Goff. Then reaches down for his ball to start back. At this moment, the ferret, FRICK, spots him, yells. There is a burst of fire from a nearby sentry, the bullets splattering around Hilts' feet as he dives out into the clear area between the warning wire and the fence.

HILTS

(yelling)

Nicht shasen! Don't shoot!

Hold it!

He holds his arms high above his head, rockstill. Every gun in sight is fixed on Hilts though firing is held. Even the marching Russians and their guards halt as all watch. Frick runs to the edge of the warning wire, shouts at Hilts.

(CONTINUED)

FRICK

You fool! To cross the wire
is death.

HILTS

Huh?

FRICK

This wire. The warning wire.
It is absolutely forbidden to
cross it. You know that!

Hilts holds up the baseball.

HILTS

My baseball rolled over. How
else could I get it?

FRICK

You first ask permission.

Hilts turns to a goon box machine gunner, holds up the
ball.

HILTS

Hey! Okay?

FRICK

(furious)

Stop this nonsense and get over
the wire or you will be killed
instantly.

HILTS

Okay - okay.

The Russians are ordered on the march again. Goff stares
at Hilts as if he has burst into flames.

HILTS

(slapping the ball,
winks, studying
the fence)

Useful piece of information.

44 NEAR THE GATE - STRACHWITZ

44

watches the approaching Russians. As the guards open
the main gate for the Russians and they are going through
he calls out.

STRACHWITZ

Halt!

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

As the group is halted, Strachwitz walks over to them.
Steps directly beside Sedgwick.

STRACHWITZ

Step out!

Merivale turns to him.

MERIVALE

Nyet. Nyet.

(slapping Sedgwick
on the shoulder)

Tovarich! Tovarich!

STRACHWITZ

So?

MERIVALE

Tovarich!

STRACHWITZ

And who vouches for you, Major
Merivale?

He gestures to the guards who move forward.

STRACHWITZ

Back in the camp. Next time
you go to the cooler.

(to the guards)

Bringzen die sofort ins't lage!

As Merivale and Sedgwick are escorted back to the compound,
the Russians are marched on out. Strachwitz takes a pitch-
fork from them. The trucks carrying the branches approach
the gate. As the first truck stops at the gate Strachwitz
gets on to it, gently prods the branches. There is a
sudden yell. Strachwitz relaxes sardonically.

IVES' VOICE

Take it easy.

He emerges from the branches.

STRACHWITZ

Your name?

IVES

(as he gets down)

Flight Lt. Ives.

(CONTINUED)

STRACHWITZ

(nods as he remembers)

Ah yes. New Zealander. The photograph in your file doesn't do you justice.

STRACHWITZ

(throws the pitchfork to guard)

Bringt jeden um den ihr findet.

The guard begins to prod the branches savagely, making sure no one is there. Ives immediately gives a short double whistle through his teeth which is a signal "the jig is up" and the others emerge from the trucks somewhat sheepishly. Then:

STRACHWITZ

I will take no action against you now. This is the first day here and there has been much stupidity - and carelessness.

His eyes fall on Frick and the other ferrets near him, who shrivel.

STRACHWITZ

(continuing)

On both sides. Dismiss.

45 AT TRUCK

45

during all of this, Hilts has sneaked to a truck, where he now hangs spread-eagled underneath by his hands and toes hooked into the lower chassis.

46 STRACHWITZ

46

turns away from Ives and the others as they exit and goes grimly to the truck under which Hilts is hanging. He orders the driver out with a gesture and takes his place at the wheel. Then throwing the truck in reverse, backs into the camp, then slams it into gear and races into the tree trunk studded appell area. The others watch in horror as Strachwitz drives the truck across the stumps. Hilts flattens himself upward to his utmost as the stumps go by him by fractions of an inch. But he doesn't let go or cry out. Strachwitz stops the truck for a moment. Underneath the truck, Hilts' face is grim, but he doesn't budge. Strachwitz's face flushes with anger and slamming the truck in gear again he takes off, this time violently careening the truck over the highest stumps. Finally he stops, beaten in his attempt to make Hilts give in. He gets out and stands by the truck.

47 CLOSE ON PIGLET IVES

47

He gives Strachwitz a loud derisive 'bird'.

48 STRACHWITZ

48

reacts, notes Ives out of the corner of his eyes, but concentrates on the truck.

STRACHWITZ

You may come out now, Hilts!

Hilts emerges and faces Strachwitz, his eyes cold with hatred as ferrets and guards converge. Hilts lifts up the tab of the collar of his shirt. Under it (as was often done by Americans in combat) is his insignia of rank.

HILTS

It's Captain Hilts.

STRACHWITZ

(barking)

Cooler!

Hilts turns away, under guard, recovers his baseball mitt and ball from Goff and heads off toward the cooler. Strachwitz turns to Ives. Points at him.

STRACHWITZ

Cooler.

Ives goes off after Hilts followed by two sentries. The others watch Strachwitz cautiously. Strachwitz looks them over balefully. Merivale, who has observed all this with professional interest, moves to Goff.

MERIVALE

Who is that chap?

GOFF

Virgil Hilts, from Nebraska.
The Cooler King.

MERIVALE

I beg your pardon?

GOFF

(after a pause)

In our last camp, Virgil logged more time in the cooler than all the rest put together.

49 NEAR COOLER - HILTS AND IVES 17.
49

march forward under guard into the cooler.

INT. COOLER - DAY

50 CORRIDOR 50

Detention cells lead off the long corridor. Barred tiny door windows.

51 CELL - HILTS 51

as he enters the tiny cement cell. The door slams shut. Footsteps, another cell door clangs shut as Ives too is put into solitary. Hilts jumps, catches his fingers on the ledge of the high single small barred window, and chins himself up for a look. Then he drops to the floor again, where he paces about furiously. Finally to cool himself off, he stretches out on the floor where he methodically begins doing push-ups.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

52 MACDONALD 52

stands near a hut. With him are Danny, Willie, Ashley-Pitt, Merivale and Sedgwick. The Camp is quiet. Hendley arrives, passes the tools he has stolen to Sedgwick.

HENDLEY

Add these to your collection.

MACDONALD

(almost to himself)

Quite a first twenty minutes,
I must say.

WILLIE

I'd say we made fools of
ourselves.

Danny, watching Strachwitz, speaks in his soft, intense voice.

DANNY

As the Oberfeldwebel said, this
is only the first day.

HENDLEY

He sure plans to separate the
men from the boys.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

53 A STAFF CAR

53

approaches the Headquarters Building. KUHN, a high ranking Gestapo civilian gets out of the front seat. He is soft spoken, polite, dangerous. Two SS guards - Kuhn's constant body guard - get out of the back seat with a man in battered RAF uniform between them. This is SQUADRON LEADER CYRIL BARTLETT - a big blonde man with broad shoulders and cold intense eyes. He is handcuffed. Kuhn leads the way to the Headquarters Building.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

54 AT HUT

54

MacDonald, Hendley and the others watch.

MACDONALD
(softly)

Eric.

ASHLEY-PITT
Yes. I'll tell Ramsey.

He exits. MacDonald speaks quietly to the other men.

MACDONALD
Let's not tip who it is to the
goons. Pass the word.

They move away in apparent disinterest.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS BUILDING - DAY

55 CAPTAIN POSEN

55

comes out nervously to greet Kuhn.

POSEN
Guten morgen, Herr Kuhn.

He exchanges salutes - also with the SS men - sees Bartlett, reacts.

POSEN
Er ist Bartlett, nicht wahr?
Ich habe gehort das er...

KUHN
You might as well speak English.
He understands German perfectly.
Where is Von Luger?

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

With increasing nervousness, Posen leads the way. Obsequiously holds the door open for them. Bartlett is shoved into the building.

INT. RAMSEY'S ROOM - DAY

56 RAMSEY

56

tiredly puts his foot on a stool in the tiny room, studies great lists of typewritten names. There is only one bunk in the room which would normally house four. Rough furniture. Teapot and cup. An excited knock and Ashley-Pitt hurries in.

ASHLEY-PITT

(breathing hard
from running)

Excuse me, sir. Some of the chaps think they spotted Cyril being taken into HQ.

RAMSEY

What?

(then quickly)

Better take precautions.

ASHLEY-PITT

We have, sir.

RAMSEY

Bring him here. Soon as possible.

ASHLEY-PITT

(exits)

Yes sir.

INT. VON LUGER'S OFFICE - DAY

57 FULL SHOT

57

The door opens without a knock and Kuhn enters with Bartlett and the SS officers, Posen bleakly behind.

KUHN

(saluting)

Heil Hitler.

Von Luger returns the salute but there is an edge to his manner and his distaste is thinly veiled.

(CONTINUED)

KUHN

(continuing; passing
over papers)

The prisoner, Bartlett, is
discharged into your custody,
Colonel von Luger.

Von Luger holds onto his temper, and signs the necessary
form.

KUHN

(puts down key to
handcuffs on the desk)

I suggest this prisoner be kept
under the closest security
confinement. Permanently.

VON LUGER

(to Posen, snaps)

Make a note of Herr Kuhn's
"suggestion".

Von Luger looks at the key. Posen unlocks the handcuffs.

POSEN

Ja, Herr Colonel.

KUHN

(softly)

We have reason to believe he
is the leader of numerous
criminal escape attempts.

VON LUGER

(after pause)

Squadron Leader Bartlett has
been...

(refers to file.)

... three months in your care
and the Gestapo has only
"reason to believe"?

KUHN

(gently)

If he falls into our hands
once more, he will not be so
lucky.

VON LUGER

(hard)

Escaped Air Force officers are
the responsibility of the
Luftwaffe, not the Gestapo.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2)

57

KUHNS

At present, yes, Herr Colonel.
That is why he is returned to
your care.

A silence, then in dismissal, Von Luger nods to Posen.

VON LUGER

Put him in the camp.

Bartlett and Posen and a guard exit. Kuhn's two SS men
remain.

KUHNS

(soft smile)

Of course, if the Luftwaffe is
not up to the task they will
find themselves totally in our
charge. We, regrettably, are
not so professionally understanding.

(gets up)

Heil Hitler!

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (3)

57

He exits. Von Luger stares after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

58 MAIN GATE - GROUP OF POW'S

58

Among them, Danny, Ashley-Pitt...

59 THEIR POV.

59

Bartlett wearily approaches under heavy guard. Strachwitz watches.

60 THE GROUP

60

makes no reaction. Some turn away. Some watch casually. As Bartlett approaches closer Ashley-Pitt reacts to his gauntness. He comes through the gate, Ashley-Pitt wanders up.

ASHLEY-PITT

(casually)

Hello, Cyril. You'll be in
104 - I'll show you.

BARTLETT

(as casually)

Thanks.

They exit. Strachwitz stares after them...

INT. RAMSEY'S ROOM - DAY

61 RAMSEY

61

waits anxiously. A knock.

RAMSEY

Come in.

Bartlett enters, Ashley-Pitt smiles - leaves the two men alone.

BARTLETT

Hello, sir.

RAMSEY

Hello, Cyril.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

Between them there is enormous camaraderie, enormous respect. But held right down.

RAMSEY

Looks like you've had a rough time.

BARTLETT

The Gestapo wanted to find out who helped me to the border. God! I had only a hundred yards to go.

RAMSEY

(after pause)

The fellows wanted to put up a welcome committee, That's for later. Lot of your old friends here.

BARTLETT

(hardly listening)

Oh? Who?

RAMSEY

Danny Velinski... Willy Dix... Ashley-Pitt... the Artful Dodger...

BARTLETT

Old Merivale? Hasn't he made it yet?

RAMSEY

Not yet.

BARTLETT

(looks around the camp)

How long have you been here?

RAMSEY

Arrived today. New camp. Expert guards. The elite.

He turns back to the teapot, pours. From time to time he glances perturbed at Bartlett who sits staring into space, lost in thought.

RAMSEY

Here.

(CONTINUED)

BARTLETT

(drinking)

My God, that's good. That's so good.

(beat)

Christ! We'll never get out of these bloody camps.

RAMSEY

(after pause)

Last of the tea until the Red Cross packages get through again. I scrounged this from Sedgwick.

BARTLETT

Is he here too?

RAMSEY

(laughs)

All the "rotten" eggs as Von Luger called us.

(beat)

They've cleaned out all the camps and dumped us here.

Bartlett stares at him suddenly alert. Ramsey is concerned.

RAMSEY

What's the matter?

BARTLETT

(after pause)

What about Tommy Bristol?

RAMSEY

No. He's not here yet. But there's an American called Hendley. He's supposed to be twice as good a thief and blackmailer as...

(beat)

Why?

BARTLETT

Don't you see? Unknowingly the goons have put together the finest escape team in history.

(CONTINUED)

RAMSEY

They know what they're doing, Cyril. Have you seen the double wires? The towers? Triple guards? Tunnelling's out - the soil's too sandy. They've thought of everything. They've even Strachwitz in charge of the ferrets.

BARTLETT

I saw him. He's very efficient.
(beat)
I'm calling a meeting of "X" immediately.

RAMSEY

(thoughtfully)

I think you should stay out of it, Cyril. You're a marked man.

CYRIL

I was elected "Big X". It's my job.

RAMSEY

I know. And you're the best that's ever been. But I think it's time for a change.

BARTLETT

(beat)

Do you think I'm wire happy?

RAMSEY

I think it would be a good thing for you to slack off. There's plenty of time.

BARTLETT

Not for me.

(pause)

I've an idea that the whole bloody Reich is going to regret the day they built this camp.

RAMSEY

I must point out, Cyril, that however unsatisfactory this camp is - or will be - we are still in the hands of the Luftwaffe - not the Gestapo.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (4)

61

RAMSEY (CONT'D)

(crisply)

The "X" organization was formed
to assist escapes - by team effort -
not to wage a private war.

BARTLETT

I want to fight the war, sir.
The way I know best. I'm not
wire happy. Yet. When I am,
I'll tell you. You can trust
me, sir.

A long pause.

RAMSEY

All right.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

62 GROUP SHOT

62

Ramsey, Merivale, Danny, Willie, MacDonald, Ashley-Pitt,
Sedgwick, Griffiths, Cavendish, and Hendley and Bartlett.

BARTLETT

(getting up - smiles)

Well, sir, I think we're all
interested in Von Luger's "policy".
I think we should follow his
instructions carefully.

(to the others)

We're going to devote our
energies to gardening, sports,
cultural pursuits. We put the
goons to sleep. Meanwhile "X"
goes into operation immediately.

(begins pacing)

We are going to make some changes --
particularly in policy. As and
from today there are going to be
no more blitz-out, no lone man
operations. They've locked us
up in a special prison - so we're
going to have a special plan. A
big one.

(pause)

We're going to tunnel...

(CONTINUED)

DANNY

No good, Cyril. Soil's too sandy.

BARTLETT

We'll sink a shaft thirty feet deep, then tunnel out horizontally. That should get us under the sand, avoid the goon probing, and avoid sound detectors.

(beat)

The first tunnel will go out of Hut 105, directly east, under the wire and under the cooler to the safety of the trees.

There is a silence. Then:

WILLIE

But that's over three hundred feet.

BARTLETT

(calmly to Cavendish)

What's the actual figure, Dennis?

CAVENDISH

Three hundred and thirty-five feet.

WILLIE

(after pause)

You said "first tunnel", Cyril?

BARTLETT

Yes. The second goes north from somewhere in here, and the third goes south out of 104.

(beat)

Code names, Tom, Dick and Harry.

They all stare at him as though he is crazy. The door opens and Blythe comes in.

BLYTHE

Sorry I'm late.

BARTLETT

That's all right, Colin. We're going to tunnel.

BLYTHE

Good.

(CONTINUED)

MACDONALD

(to Bartlett)

That's quite an undertaking.

BARTLETT

I propose we involve the whole camp in some way or another. You'll be in charge of security. You'll have to devise the best security net ever.

MACDONALD

I can imagine.

ASHLEY-PITT

But where the hell are we going to hide the dirt? That's going to amount to about thirty tons.

BARTLETT

I'd say it was nearer forty. You're the dirt disposal expert, come up with an answer.

SEDGWICK

(after pause -
hesitantly)

Why three tunnels sir, all at once.

BARTLETT

Because we're ready for a really big job. And if they find one tunnel then we've still two spare. We're still organized.

They look at each other, then once more MacDonald breaks the silence.

MACDONALD

How many men do you plan to take out?

BARTLETT

Two hundred and fifty.

They stare at him, knowing that he's crazy. Bartlett starts talking - his magnetism shows.

(CONTINUED)

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starts talking - his magnetism shows.

(CONTINUED)

BARTLETT

It sounds impossible, doesn't it? But I know we can do it. It only sounds impossible. Two years ago it would have been impossible. But now, now we're experts. Now we've got the skill.

(beat)

And think - think what a smack in the bloody teeth it would be for the goons. Hitler would have a bloody heart attack - this is their Number One security prison - that'd make a few heads fall. And think of the foul up - the monumental foul up we'd cause them.

There is a dead silence. They look at each other, mesmerized. Then, Bartlett turns to Griffiths.

BARTLETT

You're head tailor. We'll need over a hundred suits of clothes.

(to Cavendish)

Two hundred and fifty maps.

(to Sedgwick)

You're head of manufacturing.

Two hundred and fifty compasses and iron rations for four days.

(to MacDonald)

You're responsible for security.

I've got to have a system of stooges covering the whole compound from front to back, covering every goon in and out, and a signal system so perfect that if a ferret gets within a hundred feet of a hut where work is going on, we can close down without a sign.

(to Hendley)

You're chief scrounger. You've got to get the material. Whatever it is. And your team is also responsible for blackmailing operations - I've got to have local train timetables, map information, etc.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARTLETT (CONT'D)

(to Danny)

Danny, you'll be in charge of traps and second to Willie who is as usual the Tunnel King. You have to have your traps planned and ready for digging operations in two weeks. We'll pick locations tomorrow.

(he hesitates, then smiles - to all of them)

Two hundred and fifty of us are going to break out of here before winter.

In dead silence:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUT 107 - NIGHT

63 CORRIDOR

63

Hendley comes down the corridor thoughtfully, turns into:

64 HENDLEY'S ROOM - HENDLEY

64

enters. There are two bunks, table, chairs. He notices with surprise that there is someone else's gear on the upper bunk. He frowns at it. The door opens and Colin Blythe enters. He carries a hot teapot.

BLYTHE

Oh, hello, Hendley - I'm Colin Blythe. They put me in here thinking you might be able to help me with my work.

He puts the teapot down, ostentatiously puts on its tea cozy, and begins meticulously to straighten his meager possessions. Hendley reacts as he sees binoculars. He picks them up, glances through them out of the window.

BLYTHE

For birds.

HENDLEY

I do a little hunting myself.

BLYTHE

Not hunting. Watching.

(CONTINUED)

Hendley puts down the glasses, re-studies Blythe.

HENDLEY

Oh. A bird watcher?

BLYTHE

Yes. Watching them and drawing them. Are there bird watchers in the States?

(beat)

I suppose not.

(beat)

Tea?

HENDLEY

I only drank tea once - in a hospital.

Blythe raises his eyebrows slightly, then busies himself pouring a cup of tea.

BLYTHE

I'll need a camera.

HENDLEY

(mock amazement)

Only one?

BLYTHE

One should do if it's a good one. A thirty-five millimeter f2.8 single lens reflex with a focal plane shutter should suffice.

HENDLEY

(after a moment)

I'll see what I can do.

BLYTHE

And film, of course.

HENDLEY

Oh, of course.

Blythe pours the tea, observes its weak color.

BLYTHE

I'm afraid I've used these poor leaves close to twenty times.

(tastes - shakes his head)

But it's not that I mind so much. Tea without milk is so uncivilized.

(CONTINUED)

Hendley opens his foot locker, produces a small can of condensed milk. Blythe takes it.

BLYTHE

I couldn't have been more surprised if you'd produced Churchill.

HENDLEY

You want him?

BLYTHE

(looks at Hendley, amazed)

Of course not.

Blythe poises the cup at his lips with great anticipation. There is a surreptitious knock. Danny comes in.

DANNY

I've got to have a bag of cement.

HENDLEY

(wearily)

Only one?

DANNY

Three would be better. 'Night.

The door closes as softly as it opened.

HENDLEY

Blythe - what are you doing here?

BLYTHE

Don't really know. It was my own silly fault. I'm in photographic interpretation. Went for a joy ride to see for myself. Terrifying. The aircraft bought it. Got shot down. Very poor show.

HENDLEY

No, I meant, what do you do here?

BLYTHE

Oh, I'm the forger.

Blythe sips his tea with great satisfaction. Hendley stares at him.

BLYTHE

Splendid!

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

65 LONG SHOT

65

The long beams from the searchlights on the goon towers sweep the darkened compound and huts as the Hundefuehrers prowl with their dogs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

66 THE WHOLE CAMP - AT APPELL

66

In ranks, being counted by ferrets under Strachwitz. Ramsey is in front of the ranks - Posen nearby. The final man is counted. Strachwitz takes the tally to Posen who nods.

POSEN
(to Ramsey)

Dismiss!

RAMSEY

Dismiss!

The men stream away to begin the new day.

67 A DETAIL

67

begins drawing gardening tools. Danny and Hendley are watching.

DANNY
(sourly)

I could certainly use one of those.

HENDLEY
(slight smile)

Now you know the rules, Danny.
Gardening tools are only for
gardening.

(beat)

Relax. Use what you've got.

Merivale comes up.

MERIVALE
You're both wanted in 105.

HENDLEY
(wearily)
No peace for the Godly.

They exit.

68 NEAR THE FRONT HUTS - THE STOOGES

68

take up various positions strategically chosen so that they can see one another. Hendley and Danny cross to 105 as:

69 NEAR THE FRONT GATE - SORREN

69

the duty "pilot" establishes himself where he can watch headquarters, and another duty stooge sits down by a small incinerator next to which there is a coal scuttle and an old Red Cross box. He is in clear view of the man near the gate as well as the others around the huts. The man at the gate looks the whole headquarters area over carefully, then surreptitiously signals the man at the incinerator who places the Red Cross box to the left of the incinerator and leans the coal scuttle against it. This signal is relayed to a man sitting at Hut 105. He pulls a string beside him that leads into the hut.

INT. HUT 105 - DAY

70 SITTING ROOM - DANNY AND HENDLEY

70

enter to join Bartlett, Ashley-Pitt (the lookout at the window), and a few others. The small tin can filled with pebbles, hanging on a string, rattles the "all clear". Then Danny moves the stove away from its tiled base. He carefully lifts the base - which now is fitted to a camouflaging hinged frame - reveals the foundations made out of cemented broken rubble.

BARTLETT

Pretty good so far.

DANNY

We'll keep a fire in the stove so the goons won't feel inclined to move it.

(beat)

I'll have to have some new tiles. A couple are chipped -- we can't take chances.

HENDLEY

(immediately)

There're some in one thirteen's wash room that'd match perfectly.

BARTLETT

Good.

(he indicates
foundation to
Danny)

That's rather awkward.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

DANNY
 (grins)
 Not when you're organized.

Suddenly from outside comes the SOUND of hammering, clattering. Bartlett reacts; goes over to the window.

EXT. HUT 105 - DAY

71 DIVERSIONARY HOBBY MAKERS

71

are grouped around the hut, beating cans and plates into alternate shapes, come decorous, mostly useless. A ferret passes irritatedly, then leaves...

INT. HUT 105 - DAY

72 SITTING ROOM - DANNY

72

takes out a piece of chalk, writes 73 on the underside of the trap, stares down. Over the hubbub from outside, grimly:

DANNY
 Now, you Black Beast! This
 time I'm going to do you. Once
 and for all.

He takes the crude pickaxe adapted from a baseball bat and a steel spike, and starts hacking at the cemented foundation. After pause, Hendley turns to Bartlett:

HENDLEY
 (quietly)
 Why seventy-three?

BARTLETT
 This is the seventy-third
 tunnel Danny's started.

HENDLEY
 How many got discovered?

BARTLETT
 Well, this one hasn't yet.

HENDLEY
 (quickly)
 Touch wood!

INT. COOLER - DAY

73

CORRIDOR

73

The CAMERA SHOOTs DOWN the length of the narrow corridor towards the entrance door at the far end, raking along the doors to the individual cells. The guards enter the door in the background with food pails.

1ST GUARD

(with phoney
joviality)

Guten morgen, Früstuk.

(pause)

Breakfast!

There is no response from the cells. The first guard opens the lower trap and the second puts a pail through it. Then the two come down to the foreground cell, pass the second pail through its trap door. Without further word they march off towards the entrance door.

74

IN CELL - IVES

74

raises the lid of his pail and studies the contents with revulsion. The entrance door is heard clanging shut. Ives squats down at the lower trapdoor, and reaches out through it with his pail.

75

IN CORRIDOR

75

the pail is tipped over and the contents dumped out. As they gurgle down into the drain, a pail emerges from the far cell and its contents are dumped out.

76

IN IVES' CELL - IVES

76

paces restlessly. Over comes a strange SOUND. A maddening, constant plin-plank-plonk-smack. Ives looks at the wall in exasperation, controls himself, resumes his pacing.

77

IN HILTS' CELL - HILTS

77

is sitting on the floor of the concrete walled cubicle playing a complicated game of rebound with his ball and glove. He is extremely skillful with the various ricochets, which set up a regular rhythm.

(INTERCUT - IVES - HILTS. They have to shout to be heard.)

IVES

Hilts!

(CONTINUED)

HILTS

Yeah.

IVES

(making conversation)

What did you do in the States?
Play baseball?

HILTS

Nope. Went to college. Did
do a little motorcycle riding.

IVES

(interest)

Professional?

HILTS

Dirt track at County Fairs. I
picked up a buck here and there.
Helped pay my tuition.

IVES

What were you studying? Physical
Education?

HILTS

(reacts annoyed)

Chemical Engineering.

IVES

(reacts with dis-
belief, then to
Hilts)

Did a little riding myself.
Queenstown, New Zealand.

HILTS

Motorcycle?

IVES

Jockey.

HILTS

Huh?

IVES

(shouting)

Jockey. Don't you have them in
the States? Horse racing.
Reason I was small enough to be
a tail gunner.

HILTS

Uh.

(CONTINUED)

IVES

(musing)

Those were the days. Saturday nights in some of those out-country towns. You had to fight the Sheilas off.

HILTS

Huh?

IVES

Sheilas.

HILTS

Huh?

IVES

(shouting)

Girls, man, girls! Don't you have 'em in the States?

He commences pacing again. The plink-plank-plonk-smack has come to a stop.

IVES

(continuing;
after a moment)

Hilts.

(no answer)

Hilts?

(sarcastically)

Are you there, Hilts?

Hilts sits motionless, his eyes glazed and far away. Finally he speaks as if the word has just been invented.

HILTS

Girls!

With an effort he snaps himself back to reality. The gardeners have started work outside and the SOUND of their tools is heard. It is a faint sound, but it suddenly gives Hilts a thought.

HILTS

Were you a tunnel man, Ives?

IVES

Sure. I'd be the man up in front. Like the bit on an augur. Mate - I could really go through the dirt.

(pause)

Hilts!

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (3)

77

Hilts jumps up, chins himself on the ledge of the tiny window so that he can see out. The window faces the wire and the woods beyond.

HILTS

(hanging on the ledge, studying)

Ives, how much dirt could you go through, in say, eight hours?

IVES

Oh, soft sandy dirt like here, maybe even twenty feet, But it's not the digging, mate, it's the shoring up and getting the dirt out. And most of all, hiding the dirt.

Hilts comes out of his reverie, nods his head briskly, drops to the floor.

HILTS

How would you like to blitz out with me? Under the wire and gone - overnight?

IVES.

How do we do it?

HILTS

Easy!

The entrance door opens and the guards enter to pick up the breakfast containers. They notice the contents have been poured down the drain.

1ST GUARD

You did not like breakfast? Sorry. Tonight at dinner we will have for you Weiner Schnitzel with Sauerbraten, Beer from Bavaria. And from Westphalia - Steinhager.

Hilts considers this for a moment. Then --

HILTS

Hey buddy. Hear Hitler has upped his estimate of how long the war will last.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (4)

77

GUARD

So?

HILTS

So up yours.

He recommences his rebound game. The guards stomp out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUT 104 - NIGHT

78 BARRACK ROOM - DANNY

78

is in a borrowed bunk. Others are sleeping or half-asleep as the ferrets lock the shutters. A stooge is at a spy hole, covering. A wait. Then:

STOUGE

All clear.

Immediately the team goes into operation. Danny heads for the end toilet-shower. Haynes reaches under his mattress and pulls out a shallow tray. In it is a neat square of concrete. He tests that it's set, turns it out, making sure not to leave telltale marks on the blanket.

79 SHOWER-TOILET - DANNY

79

is at the eighteen inch grating. He jerks it out and steps back as two other POW's begin to empty the shallow drain with a crude pump into a bucket.

80 BARRACK ROOM - HAYNES

80

wearily begins to carry the cement flagstone down the length of the hut, holding it with small lugs that have been sunk into concrete.

81 SHOWER-TOILET - DANNY

81

looks down into the hole. It is about three feet deep and almost dry now. About eighteen inches up one side is a small drain pipe. The opposite whole of the wall in this concrete "box" has been cut away and quite a sizeable amount of earth already removed. Haynes comes in with the slab and Danny gets down into the hole and gently maneuvers it into place. The fit is exact. Now Danny smears soap and cement paste down the cracks.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

82 SEARCHLIGHTS 82

sweep the bleak area. Soft padding footsteps running. A swarm of soldiers and ferrets converge on 105.

INT. BARRACKS 104

83 STOUGE 83

gives the warning whistle. Immediate coverup procedure.

84 TOILET-SHOWER - DANNY 84

swears as he slams out of the hole, rips off his clothes. Another man throws the pail of water down the hole, another slams the grating into place. Danny turns on the shower.

85 THE DOOR 85

jerks open. Kramer enters.

KRAMER

'Raus... 'Raus...

The POW's start cursing, delaying tactics. Haynes is not quick enough with the pump. Kramer grabs it.

KRAMER

What is this, hein?

(no answer)

Then we will find out.

Other guards start getting the men out of the hut as Kramer still carrying the pump, heads for the Toilet-Shower.

86 TOILET-SHOWER - DANNY 86

almost has a fit when he sees the pump but he hides his concern.

KRAMER

Out! You'd better get warm clothes. You might be outside all night!

Kramer is in no mood for backchat, so Danny moves back into barracks. Kramer looks around grimly, looks at the pump, then at the floors.

87 THE GUARDS

87

and ferrets start tearing the place apart. One finds the cement tray. Another a cold chisel.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VON LUGER'S OFFICE - DAY

88 THE PUMP, TRAY, COLD CHISEL

88

are on Von Luger's desk. Ramsey, Von Luger, Posen, Strachwitz are looking at the things.

VON LUGER

Why should we find these things in 104?

RAMSEY

I have no idea.

VON LUGER

Come, now Group Captain. The chisel is to cut through cement, the tray is to cast a false slab. To cover a tunnel, no?

RAMSEY

It's possible.

VON LUGER

But why this? Is it to suck in or to blow out?

RAMSEY

(picks it up)

I've no idea.

VON LUGER

(snaps to Strachwitz)

Test every cement floor in the camp.

Strachwitz salutes, hurries out.

VON LUGER

I'm sorry. You may be uncomfortable, for a week or so.

RAMSEY

What's a week or two, amongst friends, Colonel? Will that be all?

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

Von Luger nods, returns Ramsey's salute.

POSEN

(to Ramsey)

Perhaps we found them before
they had a chance to be used.

VON LUGER

(grates to Posen)

It will be your job to find
out!

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

89 NEAR THE VORLAGER GATE

89

Hilts and Ives have been released from the cooler and the two guards admit them into the compound. Men with a purpose, they head straight for the outdoor kitchen which is deserted this time of day. After looking about cautiously to make sure they are not observed, Hilts snakes out a long steel poker used to fire the big stoves; Ives in turn finds two small tin saucepans with handles, shoves them under the jacket and the two men walk off, Hilts holding the poker tight against his leg.

90 CLOSE ON A STOGE

90

who, unnoticed by Hilts and Ives, has observed this
thievery. He is puzzled.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUT 106 - NIGHT

91 SITTING ROOM - RAMSEY

91

sits in a chair smoking his pipe. Around him are Bartlett,
MacDonald and Merivale. This group is obviously consider-
ing some rather serious problem.

MACDONALD

(breaks silence -
to Bartlett)

I'd vote no. We've put the
goons to sleep exactly as you
said. But just one little
thing - like this - and we're
up the creek without a paddle.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

The door opens. Hilts and Ives enter.

RAMSEY
Good evening, Ives.

IVES
You wanted us, sir?

RAMSEY
Evening, Hilts.

HILTS
Evening, sir.

Ramsey makes introductions. Ives knows the men present. Hilts does not.

RAMSEY
Captain Hilts - Squadron Leader
Bartlett, Major Merivale and
Flight Lt. MacDonald.

There are murmured responses.

RAMSEY
(to Hilts and Ives)
Sit down, won't you?

Ives remains standing but Hilts warily takes a chair.

RAMSEY
(to Hilts)
We understand you and Ives are
contemplating a "blitz-out".

HILTS
(mildly)
Where did you hear that?

BARTLETT
(smiles)
It's MacDonald's business to
know everything that goes on.

HILTS
(looking MacDonald
over with interest)
That a fact!

BARTLETT
We thought you might talk it
over.

(CONTINUED)

HILTS

Why? It's only a two man job.

RAMSEY

(after a moment)

You're supposed to clear all escape attempts in advance with Squadron Leader Bartlett. We don't want to interfere - just to help. What type of blitz did you contemplate?

Hilts thinks this over, then as he warms to his subject.

HILTS

We snake out at night to a spot I found near the wire. A blind spot.

(with gestures)

First we dig straight down three feet - spread the dirt around so it won't make a pile - then go straight out.

(he pauses - all hang on his words)

Ives digs in front, passes the dirt back to me. I stash it in back.

(illustrates with another gesture)

We go right through the earth like a couple of moles. By dawn we're under the wire - and gone.

There is a long pause as all sit in stunned silence. Bartlett breaks the reverie.

BARTLETT

When do you intend to try this?

HILTS

(the obvious - to him)

Tonight.

There is a reaction to this. MacDonald looks at Bartlett.

RAMSEY

(tentatively)

Hilts, this may not be quite the right time for this sort of thing.

(CONTINUED)

IVES

(quick, emotional,
desperate)

Look sir, I've been in the bag
for three years now, sir, and
I'm bloody close to being wire
happy. It's a blitz-out for
me or forget it. It'll work.
I know it will.

Ramsey looks at Bartlett, after a pause, nods.

BARTLETT

(thinks, then nods,
too)

Good luck.

Hilts and Ives start for the door. As they reach it
Merivale buttonholes Hilts.

MERIVALE

One thing, laddie - how do you
breathe?

HILTS

We got a steel rod. We shove
it up through the ground and
make air holes as we go along.

Merivale's eyes pop as Hilts nods pleasantly and is gone.

MERIVALE

Why didn't I think of that one?
It's so stupid, it's positively
brilliant!

MACDONALD

It'll bring every goon in the
camp down on us.

BARTLETT

Perhaps - but perhaps we're being
too clever. We've stopped the
blitz-outs. The Goons may think
we're tunneling. This blitz-out
will be a very good red herring.
Then, Hilts is an American and
I don't feel we can claim any real
jurisdiction over him, and last...

RAMSEY

(cutting in)

You're eaten up by curiosity to
see if it will work.

DISSOLVE TO:

- EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT
- 92 THE SEARCHLIGHTS 92
flood the compound, trace patterns throughout the darkness.
- 93 A WINDOW 93
eyes are peering out.
- 94 FACES 94
pressed to chinks in the walls.
- INT. HUTS - NIGHT
- 95 GROUP OF POW'S 95
setting up chairs for a better view through the slats of windows.
- 96 SEDGWICK 96
setting up a "book" on "if they make it - if they don't".
- 97 HENDLEY AND BLYTHE 97
are peering through their window. Hendley has the binoculars.
- HENDLEY
(almost to himself)
Well, come on. If you're going
to do it, do it!
- 98 BARTLETT AND RAMSEY 98
watch and wait patiently.
- 99 OTHERS 99
are impatient. Willie and Danny hardly hold their excitement.

EXT. COMPOUND - INT. HUT - NIGHT

(The following sequence is played in a series of CUTS and DISSOLVES between the diggers and the silently watching men.)

- 100 FULL SHOT 100
The night activities have started. The goon tower guards continuously rake the compound with their searchlights and the Hundsfeuhrrers and their dogs are on their regular patrols. The lights in the prisoners' huts are all out.

101 CLOSE SHOT 101

Hilts and Ives skuttle out from the shadow of a hut and silently move to a spot near the fence. Kneeling, they begin digging with controlled speed and a minimum of noise.

102 IN THE HUT 102

Bartlett, Ramsey, MacDonald, Merivale have taken up vantage points overlooking the section where Hilts and Ives are working. MacDonald and Merivale are at one window; Bartlett and Ramsey at another.

103 AT THE FENCE 103

Hilts and Ives dig the three-foot-straight-down hole. The searchlights sweeping the compound just miss the digging spot time after time. Finally Ives disappears into the hole. Then Hilts. Hilts' hands appear, smooth out the remaining dirt piled around the edges, then disappear.

104 IN THE HUT 104

as time passes, Bartlett returns with tea for himself and Ramsey, starts to hand the cup to Ramsey - freezes as he locks off.

105 AT THE FENCE 105

a short distance beyond the hole, the steel rod pushes up through the ground, maneuvers up and down for a few seconds to clear a hole, and then is withdrawn.

106 IN THE HUT 106

Bartlett in his preoccupation spills tea on Ramsey's coat. Absently wipes it clean as he and Ramsey watch.

(We follow the progress of the digging, cutting from the watching faces of the men in the hut to the rise of the rod through the ground at regular intervals as the mole-tunnel moves forward, to unconcerned sentries and patrolling guards. Finally it is under the fence and making progress towards the woods. As the night grows colder the men notice that a plume of vapor is beginning to rise from the furthest breathing hole. The searchlights sweep, unconcerned.)

107 IN THE HUT 107

The men react in dismay as a Hundsfuehrer and his dog approach on their patrol inside the wire.

108 NEAR THE FENCE

108

The Hundsfeuhrer's dog becomes aware of the vapor from the hole beyond the fence. He whimpers and begins to edge in that direction. The Hundsfeuhrer, who is half asleep as he trudges along, jerks him back with a muttered exclamation. The dog pulls again in the direction of hole.

109 IN THE HUT - MERIVALE

109

disappears from his spot at the window and in a moment, appears -

110 OUTSIDE THE HUT - MERIVALE

110

moves along beside it in the shadows until he is close to the Hundsfeuhrer and his dog. He has improvised a sling shot with a thick rubber band, using thumb and forefinger of his left hand for the braces. He lets go a stone which nails the dog in the rear.

111 AT THE FENCE - THE DOG

111

leaps in the air yelping from the impact. The Hundsfeuhrer is startled and angry.

HUNDSFEUHRER

(jerking the dog)

Was zum teufel ist los mit dir?
Komm schon!

He leads the dog away roughly.

112 IN THE HUT - THE WATCHERS

112

in the window, relax.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - INT. HUT - DAY (DAWN)

113 GOON TOWERS, FENCES AND BUILDINGS

113

It is almost dawn. A definite lightening can be seen in the sky.

114 IN THE HUT - THE WATCHERS

114

wait, tense, aware that time is running out.

115 OUTSIDE THE FENCE

115

the first light of the morning sun moves across the ground, the steel rod appears again, maneuvers, is withdrawn. By now it is moving very feebly and the breathing hole is still far short of the woods.

INT. MOLE TUNNEL - DAWN

116 CLOSE

116

This is the first time we have seen Ives and Hilts in the tunnel. They are barely visible, illuminated only by the light coming down through the air vent. They are in a bad way; sweating and breathing in gasps. Ives scoops wearily with saucapan, passes the dirt back to Hilts. Hilts makes an attempt to put the dirt behind him, can't. He sags wearily.

IVES

(hoarsely)

What's up, Yank?

HILTS

We're boxed in.

IVES

What?

HILTS

(attempts explanation)

I - uh - well - uh -

(breaks off, gestures futilely)

With a torturous effort Ives spirals his head around so he can look back. The CAMERA MOVES to follow his look. Hilts is folded up like a jackknife with his knees up under his chin against his chest. He is completely surrounded with dirt which has closed in behind him. Ives takes some time to grasp what has happened, then:

IVES

(desperately)

But look here, Yank. What did you do when you tried this before?

HILTS

(shrugs - hopelessly)

This is my first time.

Ives shows horror.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - INT. HUT - DAY

117 TOP OF GOON TOWER - A GUARD

117

looks about absently, then catching something out of the corner of his eye in the direction of the woods, whirls and sees something that makes his eyes bug in amazed unbelief.

118 POV - THE GROUND

118

A small mound of earth is rising as if from the work of a gigantic mole.

119 AT THE FENCE - NEAR THE TOWER

119

The goon tower guard yells. Immediately there are shouts from the other towers and all hell breaks loose in the camp with a warning siren going, guards running, etc. The mound of earth breaks open and Hilts climbs out slowly.

GUARD

(burp gun sighted
on Hilts)

Stehen bleiben! Oder ich
schiesse.

As other guards aim their burp guns through the fence, Hilts helps Ives from the hole. Guards are running towards the two men from outside the fence. Ives begins to tremble violently, almost panics and makes a move as if to run for the cover of the woods. Hilts grabs him, holds him.

120 IN THE HUT

120

Ramsey, Bartlett and MacDonald watch in letdown dismay. Merivale turns away from the window and slams his tea cup into the sink - smashing it.

121 FULL SHOT.

121

Guards headed by Strachwitz converge on Hilts and Ives.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COOLER - DAY

122 IVES' CELL

122

SOUND of another cell door slamming shut. A moment then this cell door opens, Ives is shoved inside, the door clangs shut, footsteps and gutteral cursing patter away. Ives looks around the cell, abject in panic, desperately trying to control.

123 HILTS' CELL - HILTS

123

hurls himself to the floor, begins grimly doing push-ups to work off the violence of his disappointment.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HENDLEY'S ROOM - DAY

124 HENDLEY

124

looks up as MacDonald enters cheerily, puts a large carton on the table, a checkboard under his arm. MacDonald opens the carton - it is full of goodies. Hendley examines them with growing astonishment - three jars of jam (strawberry, currant, marmalade), American coffee, two cans of biscuits, ten packs of assorted cigarettes, six big bars of chocolate. Hendley picks one up with religious awe.

MACDONALD

This completely cleans out the gift food in the whole organization.

Reluctantly Hendley puts the chocolate back, opens his foot locker, takes out a big tin of Danish butter, places it next to the box.

HENDLEY

Compliments of Von Luger.
(pleased with himself)
I helped liberate it.

MacDonald pats the box

MACDONALD

Put 'em to work. Good luck.

He exits. Hendley holds one of the beautifully packaged chocolate bars. Fights temptation, literally drooling. The door opens. It is MacDonald.

MACDONALD

Hendley, we know your intentions are honorable but the flesh is weak. Should you happen to liberate any of that stuff, there will be Yankee parts spread all over the compound.

He exits. Hendley sighs.

EXT. HENDLEY'S HUT - DAY

125 MACDONALD

125

comes out. Bartlett is waiting for him. The two move along past the huts. Bartlett is studying the camp. MacDonald carries a clipboard. Bartlett stops by a stooge.

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

BARTLETT
(to MacDonald)

This man can't properly see
the stooges over there by the
library, Sandy.

MACDONALD
(making a note on
his clipboard)

I'll fix it.

Bartlett continues on his inspection of the camp from the
"X" organization standpoint.

INT. BARRACKS HUT - DAY

126 SEDGWICK AND HIS MANUFACTURERS

126

This is Sedgwick's domain and here he and his manufacturers
are quietly working. Bartlett and MacDonald enter.

BARTLETT
(to Sedgwick)

What's holding up the air
pump for "Tom"? Without
it we have to dig with the
trap open all the time.

SEDGWICK
(unruffled)

Patience is a virtue, Cyril,
old clobber!

He picks up an apparatus consisting of barracks bags
sewn together and cradled in a wooden case.

SEDGWICK
(demonstrating)

We're waiting to get at the
valves.

With this a full chorus of male voices from off scene
strikes up a Christmas Carol.

VOICES
(strong)

It came upon a midnight clear,
That glorious song of old.
Etc., etc.

MACDONALD
(startled)

What the devil!

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

He crosses to a window, pulls aside the curtains. Sedgwick and his men shift the nature of their work. Hacksaws, files and hammers come into play.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

127 AT SIDE OF BARRACKS HUT

127

MacDonald can be seen looking out the window. Bartlett behind him. A considerable group of men is arranged in a semi-circle around LASSITER, the leader who conducts them as they sing.

INT. BARRACKS HUT - DAY

128 FULL SHOT

128

MacDonald turns to Bartlett over the tumult:

BARTLETT

Gives Sedgwick an hour mornings
and afternoons to hammer and
pound.

MACDONALD

(looks off, frowns)

Isn't that a pretty large group
to be in the know?

BARTLETT

They're not. Ramsey arbitrarily
assigned them this spot.

(slight smile)

Poor old Lassiter complains
bitterly about the "rude blokes"
who keep pounding in here!

MacDonald grins as Bartlett turns away.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

129 A SECLUDED AREA NEXT TO HENDLEY'S HUT

129

Werner stands listening to the choral singers and, nearby, Hendley stands speculatively watching Werner. Reaching a decision, he joins Werner.

HENDLEY

Good morning.

WERNER

Good morning.

(CONTINUED)

As the two listen to the singing, Hendley takes a cigarette from a pack, puts it in his lips, pats his pocket for matches.

HENDLEY

Excuse me, do you have a light?

Fishing out a lighter, Werner lights it for him.

HENDLEY

Thanks.

Puffing luxuriously, he exhales so that the smoke drifts past Werner's face. Werner sniffs hungrily.

HENDLEY

Oh, I'm sorry - would you like one?

After a brief, futile battle with duty, Werner glances about to make sure he's unobserved and then takes a cigarette from the pack and puts it in his pocket.

WERNER

I'll smoke it when I'm off duty. Thank you.

Hendley tucks two more in Werner's pocket.

HENDLEY

You must have roommates.
(looks around)
Beautiful day, isn't it?

WERNER

Yes. But I think it might rain later.

HENDLEY

Oh, no. Red sky in the morning sailors take warning. Red sky at night sailor's delight.

WERNER

I never heard that before.

HENDLEY

I learned it in the Boy Scouts.

WERNER

You were a Boy Scout? So was I.

(CONTINUED)

HENDLEY

No.

WERNER

But yes. I had nineteen merit badges.

HENDLEY

I had twenty.

WERNER

I was working on my twentieth when the government abolished scouting and send me into the Hitler Youth instead.

There is a pause.

HENDLEY

Tell, me, Werner - will you stay in the Army after the war?

WERNER

(shakes his head)

No. I'm not a well man. My teeth.

HENDLEY

Huh?

WERNER

Ya. Our dentist here is a butcher. But don't tell any one I said so.

HENDLEY

A soldier's got a right to grumble.

WERNER

Maybe in your army. Here one little criticism and zzt! The Russian front.

HENDLEY

You don't say! Look, why don't we go into my room where we can talk comfortably?

WERNER

I'd better not. If Strachwitz should see me --

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: (3)

129

HENDLEY

I'll make some coffee.

Werner reacts.

HENDLEY

Real coffee.

He takes Werner by the arm and they enter the hut.

INT. HENDLEY'S ROOM - DAY

130 HENDLEY

130

enters, followed by Werner. He opens his foot locker and searches for the coffee. As he does so he lays various items of food on top of his trunk. Werner's eyes widen at the display of goodies. As the bars of Dutch chocolate appear he murmurs involuntarily:

WERNER

Ach du lieber. Chocolate.

HENDLEY

(looking up)

Huh? Oh, here, have one. I
can't eat it all.

Torn between fear and greed Werner puts the chocolate in his pocket as Hendley continues searching. Suddenly Werner stares appalled. The can of Danish butter. Shakily he picks it up. The can is stamped in German, "Officers Mess Only".

WERNER

(appalled)

Von Luger's butter, Gott in
Himmel! Ich bin ferucht!

HENDLEY

Help yourself. You want the
can?

WERNER

Gott in Himmel, nein!

HENDLEY

Why not? We're friends.

WERNER

With you in the cooler, will
we still be friends? I must
report it.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

HENDLEY

(puts can down)

I don't understand you, Werner.
Report what? That you and I
chatted in my room?

Werner stares at him - starts out - remembers the chocolate.
Takes it out and tries to give it back. Hendley stuffs it
back in Werner's pocket, holds him from going.

HENDLEY

What difference does a little
chocolate make? It isn't half
as much as you took when you
cleaned out France.

WERNER

No! NO!

Hendley suddenly gives up.

HENDLEY

Oh, all right, Werner. If
you don't want it - forget
it.

WERNER

I must go!

He rushes out. Hendley blandly thumbs through Werner's
pocketbook which he filched during the scuffle, puts it
in his hip pocket. Then he sees the chocolate. Temptation.
Hurriedly he shoves it and the other things back in the
foot locker.

INT. LIBRARY

131 BLYTHE

131

already has his team of forgers hard at work. Again
there are stooges guarding from windows, etc. Six men
are bent over papers carefully hand-lettering passes.
Blythe is bent over his desk oblivious as Bartlett and
MacDonald enter, still inspecting.

132 CLOSE SHOT - PAPER

132

this is a gate pass, printed in German. Many seals
and imprints. Blythe finishes making a signature from
an original.

133 ANOTHER ANGLE - BLYTHE

133

picks up a rubber heel, turns it over. Now we notice that the bottom is carved into a stamp. Delicately he puts ink on the cast, imprints the paper. Now the paper is stamped as the original. Blythe studies it; brings the paper close to his eyes. Then, he curses:

BLYTHE

For the love of God, Smith!
You've left out a whole
bloody eagle.

SMITHY

Impossible!

BLYTHE

You certainly have! Look!
(Smithy examines
it)

SMITHY

Oh Shi....

BLYTHE

(irritably)
That's four days' work up the
blasted spout!

He rips the paper to pieces.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

134 KRAMER (A FERRET)

134

is wandering around aimlessly. Then suddenly he darts for the library door jerks it open...

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

135 BLYTHE

135

is at the blackboard.

BLYTHE

(lecturing)
... and of course you'll have
the most difficulty with the
set of the Nycticorax's wings...

(CONTINUED)

Bartlett and Mac and all the others are concentrated on the lecture. Drawing materials in front of them. As the lecture continues, Hendley enters through another door, stops as he spots Kramer.

BLYTHE (continuing)

Sit down, Hendley. You'll find sketching materials on one of the tables.

(continues to lecture)

Observe carefully how long they are - here - in comparison with the wingset of the common purple heron.

Hendley heads for the only available seat. Near the door.

KRAMER

Well, Herr Hendley, have you taken to birds, too, now?

HENDLEY

Why don't you stick around and learn something, yourself?

Kramer listens a moment -- then exits. Blythe continues his lecture for a few seconds, then two sharp raps on the window are heard. Blythe immediately drops his lecture and crosses to Bartlett. The men in the room put aside their pretense of bird study and get out their real work.

BLYTHE

(offering a document)

An Urlaubchem. Permission to cross a frontier.

He hands Bartlett a companion document.

BLYTHE (continuing)

Which one is the forgery?

BARTLETT

(after a moment)

This one.

MACDONALD

Right!

(CONTINUED)

BLYTHE

They're both forgeries.

He puts them back on the table. Bartlett, impressed, picks the papers up again, studies them.

BARTLETT

Where did you get the typewriter?

BLYTHE

They're all hand-lettered. What's really holding us up is a genuine travel permit. We've no idea what they look like.

Hendley comes forward. Takes out Werner's pocket book.

HENDLEY

Here's one.

(he lays it
on the table)

And a military identity card,
and - uh -

MACDONALD

(gasps)

An Auswels! Permission to be
on Reich property.

HENDLEY

And a ticket to Odin. A
military pay record. And --

(reads)

-- ferret assignments by day
and hour for next week.

During this Blythe studies the documents hungrily, myopically holds the papers bare inches from his eyes. This isn't noticed by Bartlett or MacDonald who are looking at Hendley.

BLYTHE

(to himself)

Splendid. Simply splendid.

BARTLETT

(to Hendley)

You get ten out of ten for this,
old boy.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (3)

135

HENDLEY

Thanks.

MACDONALD
(indicating
documents)

Where did you get them?

HENDLEY

They're on loan.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHAFT OF "TOM"

136 DANNY

136

stares at the virgin face of the thirty foot deep shaft. Behind him is a small "antechamber" and crowded into the area are Bartlett, Willie and Sedgwick. Danny and Willie are almost naked and dirt covered. Sedgwick has part of the air pump installed - measures space.

BARTLETT
(to Sedgwick)

Will you be able to fit it in?

SEDGWICK

My bloody oath, cobber.

BARTLETT
(after pause)

Top priority.

Danny stares at the face of the shaft, then starts hacking away. Viciously. Bartlett climbs up the ladder into...

INT. BARRACKS - 105 - DAY

137 MACDONALD

137

is waiting for him. Others are spread about the hut. A stooge guards from the window.

BARTLETT
(brushing dirt off)

So far so good.

Bartlett leads the way out, then as MacDonald passes a window...

(CONTINUED)

137 CONTINUED:

137

MACDONALD

Cyril!

Bartlett follows his glance.

138 THEIR POV THROUGH THE WINDOW

138

Hilts and Ives are leaving the Cooler, entering the Compound.

139 BARTLETT AND MACDONALD

139

They look at each other thoughtfully.

BARTLETT

(after pause)

Might be a good idea to talk to them.

MACDONALD

I'll fix it. Tomorrow after appell.

(laughs)

Nothing they can do tonight.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COOK HOUSE - NIGHT

140 FULL SHOT

140

The cookhouse is deserted. Beyond, searchlights sweep the whole area. A few wandering ferrets and guards with leashed dogs. Suddenly a ghost-like shadow. A match is lit surreptitiously. Then the match is tossed into a pan. The dimly seen figure evaporates. Abruptly the pan of fat catches fire - almost explodes. Flames begin to lick the structure...

141 A GOON TOWER GUARD

141

stares off - gives alarm...

142 FULL SHOT - GUARDS

142

stream cookhousewards to put out the fire...

143 FIRE ALARM

143

begins howling.

144 FULL SHOT GUARDHOUSE - GUARDS

144

open the main gate, come through on the double.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

- 145 POW'S 145
fight out of half-sleep, pour out...
- 146 BARTLETT 146
in his room hurriedly hides secret papers in a secret wall safe, hurries out.
- 147 RAMSEY 147
comes out of his room cursing...

INT. "TOM" - NIGHT

- 148 DIGGERS 148
anxiously stop their work, begin to hurry out of the tunnel and shaft...

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

- 149 FULL SHOT - POW'S AND GUARDS 149
begin to form a line from the fire pool to the fire...
- 150 THE COOKHOUSE 150
is burning nicely...
- 151 NEAR BARRACKS 151
Hilts and Ives come charging around the corner, skid to a stop, look off...
- 152 THEIR POV - GERMAN GUARDS 152
cover this route...
- 153 HILTS AND IVES 153
reverse, head around the barrack, seeking another route.
- 154 GUARDS 154
pour across the compound, jerking open doors, getting the POW's out to help fight the blaze...
- INT. HUT 105 - NIGHT
- 155 DIGGERS 155
are climbing out of "Tom" panicked...

156 ON HUT 105 DOOR - KRAMER

156

a ferret opens it...

157 HENDLEY

157

appalled, hurls himself at Kramer, barrels him down to cover for the last man coming out of "Tom", and in the general uproar and scuffle, the trap is slammed into place and the stove replaced...

HENDLEY

(covering Kramer's
view of "Tom"
with his body)

Terrribly sorry, just trying to
get to the fire. Hey, come on -
FIRE! COME ON!

Immediately they all start blocking the door, shoving pushing, covering for the diggers as, frightened to death, they fight into their clothes covering their sand-stained longjohns and others brush away the tell-tale sand...

INT. 104 - NIGHT

158 TOILET-SHOWER - DANNY

158

desperately cleans up from the "sealing operation", replaces the grill. Shouts...

STRACHWITZ'S VOICE

'Heraus! Feur!

(shouting)

Stop this nonsense and help
fight the fire.

159 STRACHWITZ

159

boxed in near the door as POW's cover his view of the coverup operation...

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

160 ANOTHER BARRACK - HILTS AND IVES

160

race around the corner, duck under the lee, stare off, then charge for the open gate.

161 NEAR GATE - ANOTHER DETAIL OF GUARDS

161

pours through the gate and the gate is slammed with finality. Hilts and Ives almost barrel them over, then in the melee, shake their heads disgustedly, head over towards the Fire Line...

162 NEAR COOKHOUSE - HILTS

162

calmly goes up to the fire, starts kicking it out as others toss water, dousing it. Werner amongst the guards. Soon the fire is under control in the shouting melee...

163 BARTLETT

163

is covered with grime. With MacDonald, Ashley-Pitt looks off irritably...

ASHLEY-PITT

Those stupid cooks. Clots, that's what they are! Stupid careless clots!

MACDONALD

We nearly lost the lot tonight.

Bartlett is looking at:

164 HILTS AND IVES

164

are helping to put out the last embers. Hilts goes for a last bucket of water.

165 BARTLETT

165

as he moves over to join Hilts.

BARTLETT

(casually)

I thought by this time you and Ives would be over the hill and into the wild blue yonder. What went wrong?

HILTS

Crashed right into twenty goons.

BARTLETT

(after pause)

Twenty goons nearly crashed right into Tom, Dick and Harry.

HILTS

I'm sorry about that. I didn't know you were working nights.

BARTLETT

Yes, and days.

He looks at Hilts for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

BARTLETT

Did you ever read the Bible,
Hilts?

HILTS

Yeah. I have.

BARTLETT

There's a verse in
Ecclesiasticus - "There is
one that laboureth and taketh
pains, and maketh haste, and
is so much the more behind".

Hilts smiles faintly.

BARTLETT (continuing)

The Bible also says: "Take
counsel with thine enemies,
make them thy friends."

HILTS

(considers)

Hm.

(then, quoting)

"Every counsellor extolleth;
but there is some that
counseleth for himself.
Beware of a counsellor and
know before what need he hath,
lest he counsel for himself
and cast his lot upon thee.
And -- uh -- clobber thee."

(grins)

That's Ecclesiasticus, too.

BARTLETT

(laughs)

I didn't finish my quote. It
goes -- "Take counsel with
thine enemies, make them
thy friends. For the common
good."

HILTS

What have you got in mind?

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: (2)

165

BARTLETT

Forget these insane blitzes
and go out with all the rest
of us in the tunnel. We can
use your energy.

HILTS

(grins)

It's a deal.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HENDLEY'S HUT - NIGHT

165A WERNER

165A

part of the fire fighting detail, brushes dirt off his
uniform. Then being sure he isn't observed, runs up
the steps of Hendley's hut.

INT. HENDLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

166 HENDLEY

166

has just come into the room. Is brushing off his
clothes. Blythe is lying in his bunk. The door bursts
open, and Werner rushes in. Distraught.

(CONTINUED)

WERNER

Herr Hendley, I --

He stops as he sees Blythe.

HENDLEY

(affably)

Hello, Werner. Oh, Blythe's
a friend, too.(looks Werner
over)

What's the matter?

WERNER

(voice low and
tremulous)My wallet. My papers. My
identity card. Gone. I lost
them. Everything!

HENDLEY

That's terrible, Werner, terrible.

(to Blythe)

Do you have any idea, Colin,
what would happen to Werner if
Strachwitz found this out?

(looks at Werner)

Zzzt! Eastern Front.

WERNER

I've looked every place. Every
place. I must have lost them --

(lowers his voice)

-- while I was in here.

HENDLEY

No!

Werner nods. He is trembling.

HENDLEY (continuing)

Relax, Werner. I told you we're
buddies. We'll find them if we
have to tear this room apart.

Werner moves forward to help search.

WERNER

Oh, thank you, Herr Hendley.

(CONTINUED)

HENDLEY

(checks him)

Might look a little peculiar
for you and me to be probing
around this time of night.
Leave it to me.

WERNER

(backing out)

Thank you.

HENDLEY

Forget it.

(as Werner is
almost gone)

Of course, there is one small
favor.

(Werner stops)

A camera.

Werner becomes absolutely rigid with fear. His lips
move, but no sound comes out.

HENDLEY (continuing)

(precisely)

Thirty-five millimeter two
point eight single lens reflex
with plane shutter.

BLYTHE

Focal plane shutter.

A spastic twitch appears on Werner's right cheek.

HENDLEY

It's a focal plane shutter,
Werner. Let me know when
you've got it.

The voices of guards closing up the barracks are heard.
Werner starts to speak. Can't. Totters out.

HENDLEY (continuing)

Crazy mixed up kid, that Werner.

(settling in
his bunk)

But I like him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHAFT ANTEROOM AND "TOM" TUNNEL - DAY

167 BARTLETT

167

comes down the ladder to the anteroom. Willie is digging the face of the tunnel, a distance of some thirty feet. Then Danny pushes the dirt cart ahead of him. Bartlett watches. Sedgwick is still installing the air pump.

BARTLETT

We're behind schedule, cobber.

SEDGWICK

We'll make better time now.

168 AT THE FACE

168

Willie digs and fills the cart. Danny pulls it back to the anteroom. Suddenly without warning the whole works collapses on Willie and he is buried in the fall of sand.

BARTLETT

Danny!

169 TUNNEL

169

Danny turns, shoots forward to the face. Just Willie's feet and ankles are showing. With one tremendous heave Danny pulls him out, sits him against the side of the tunnel.

DANNY

Willie, are you all right, boy?
Willie!

Willie's face is covered with sand and sweat. He spits out a mouthful of dirt, comes back into the anteroom.

WILLIE

(to Bartlett)

It's no good, Cyril. We're going to have to shore up the whole bloody thing. Every inch of the way. Same with "Dick" and "Harry".

DANNY

With what?

BARTLETT

(calmly)

I'll put Hendley on to it. And a new man we acquired last night.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

170

HENDLEY

170

supervises as all the boards behind the bookcases are stripped off the wall, the filled bookcases slid back to cover the bare space. A hatch to the attic is open. Hendley calls into it.

HENDLEY

Any luck up there?

VOICE

We're taking out one in three.

A rafter comes down out of the hole.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

171

CAVENDISH

171

enters wearily. He pauses by his bunk (the top of a three tierer) then; as always like a prima ballet dancer, he launches himself to his bed, flattens as before, but this time he and the mattresses crash through the bunks to the floor. He lies there momentarily more shocked than stunned. Looks up at the split bedboards in the bunks, half of which are missing. Across the aisle Ashley-Pitt looks up from his book, hesitates then goes back to his book.

ASHLEY-PITT

You're terribly impetuous,
Cavendish.

INT. NEXT BARRACKS - NIGHT

172

HILTS

172

is loaded down with bedboards. Whistles happily. He takes every other one from the bunks.

DISSOLVE:

INT. TUNNEL "TOM" - DAY

173

AT THE FACE (SHOOTING BACK)

173

A dirt disposal man is filling the hoist bucket. Beside him, Sedgwick supervises a man pumping air. Near the face, Hiltz is handing another bedboard to Willie who happily sets it into place. Perfect fit.

WILLIE

Lovely, just lovely.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUT 104 - DAY

174

ASHLEY-PITT

174

and dirt disposal men are looking down the shaft.

VOICE

Coming up.

The hoist rises with a load of dirt. As it is being placed in the carrying bags --

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

175

AT THE GARDENING AREA

175

The men are busy digging up their plots. Hilts appears pushing a wheelbarrow of dirt. He dumps it in Ramsey's plot.

HILTS

Compliments of the house, sir.

RAMSEY

Thank you, Hilts. Anytime.

Hilts begins to turn - looks off, reacts.

HILTS

Sir!

176

AT FRONT GATE

176

Von Luger appears from the headquarters building and starts across the road headed for the main gate of the compound. He is accompanied by Posen and Strachwitz who carries a clipboard, and is followed by four security guards who have been waiting. The gates swing open. The stooge system relays warning. Sorren is the "Duty Pilot".

INT. HUT 105 - DAY

177

THE TIN CAN

177

rattles. Moving like lightning, Willie, Danny and other diggers pour out of the shaft, slap the sand off their longjohns and, as the trap is closed, jump into their regular clothing like firemen. Others clean away the smallest grain of sand.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

178 BY HUT 105

178

the dirt disposers cover their work and separate as the word "goons" is passed along.

179 AT THE GARDENS

179

Ashley-Pitt ambles up to Ramsey who is working his plot. Hiltz is raking his "new" earth into the plot. Von Luger and his entourage approach studiously ignoring their presence, move past them. Von Luger stops, looks off at a tower guard. There is something about the condition of his machine gun.

VON LUGER

(to Posen)

Hauptmann Posen, die wache nat
den minutionsürtel nicht im
machinengewehr.

POSEN

(calls to man)

Minutionsürtel nicht im
machinengewehr!!

As the tower guard complies, Posen speaks to Strachwitz.

POSEN (continuing)

Was sie den namen?

STRACHWITZ

Klausner.

Strachwitz makes a note on his clipboard as Von Luger turns toward the gardeners, some of whom have paused to watch.

VON LUGER

Please, gentlemen. Continue.
This is merely a routine
inseption.

Turning to Ramsey, who is right next to him, he speaks as if he had just seen him. There is a subtle difference in Von Luger's manner. Although he is coolly polite there seems to be an ambiguous tone to all he says.

VON LUGER (continuing)

I must say I am surprised with
all this activity, Group Captain.
Pleased, of course, but surprised.

(CONTINUED)

RAMSEY

Surprised, Colonel?

VON LUGER

Fliers are gentlemen, not
peasants to dig in the earth.
So I am surprised.

RAMSEY

The English are very keen
on gardening.

VON LUGER

(after a look
at Hilts)

Yes. But...flowers. Is it not
so?

RAMSEY

But you can't eat flowers,
Colonel.

Von Luger's face is impassive. There is a long beat.

VON LUGER

A good point.

Another beat then begins to exit. He stops near Hilts.

VON LUGER (continuing)

Fresh soil, Hilts?

HILTS

(immediately)

Yes sir. From the other side
of the compound. Radishes
grow better in sandy soil.

VON LUGER

Ah, of course.

He turns away and moves on. Posen and Strachwitz
follow.

CLOSE ON RAMSEY AND ASHLEY-PITT

as Ramsey casually returns to working the ground.
Ashley-Pitt stares off after Von Luger.

ASHLEY-PITT

(under his breath)

My word.

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

RAMSEY

Who did you expect, Father Brown?

ASHLEY-PITT

I have the horrid impression he knows exactly what we're doing.

RAMSEY

If he does - we'll find out soon enough.

181 NEAR MAIN GATE - VON LUGER

181

heads on inspection, then abruptly changes course to Sorren the "Duty Officer" stooge who sits beside the trash can and Red Cross box. Uneasily Sorren gets up, salutes.

VON LUGER

You can check me out now.

SORREN

Er, beg your pardon sir?

VON LUGER

Let me have your list.

Sorren hesitates, Von Luger's eyes grow flinty. Sorren hands the list over. Von Luger smiles, glances at the list of his guards and ferrets - the times of entry, times of departure. He glances at his watch, enters his own name under "out" and the time, hands the list back. Pleasantly:

VON LUGER (continuing)

Give my compliments to Group Captain Ramsey. Ask him if I could have a daily copy. It would be most useful to have an independent - trustworthy - report on the movements of my men.

Nods politely, moves the Red Cross box into the all clear position, exits. In his nervousness, Sorren almost salutes his eye out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUT 105 - NIGHT

182 THE TRAP DOOR OF "TOM" 182

is open. Sedgwick is passing down some sections of bedboards and other wood.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

183 "TOM" 183

at the bottom of the shaft, Hilts and Ives get the boards, begin stacking them in the mouth of the shaft and "ante-room". Now the tunnel is sixty feet long - shored - and, at the far end, the dim light of a margarine lamp flickers.

184 AT THE FACE - DANNY 184

pouring with sweat, filthy dirty, eyes red rimmed with tiredness, hacks away dully. There is hardly enough room to lie down, let alone sit.

DANNY

(to the tunnel)

Come on, you Black Beast,
behave! No more falls, no
nothing. Danny's your friend.

He scrapes the sand into the trolley, mumbling all the time, laboriously starts crawling back as Ives hauls the trolley.

185 AT THE BASE OF THE SHAFT - IVES 185

empties the trolley, Hilts helping, into the growing pile of sand. Hilts calls down the tunnel to Danny.

HILTS

You want a breather, Danny?

DANNY'S VOICE

I'm coming out for a minute.

186 SHOT UP THE SHAFT 186

The shaft is now carefully shored with bedboards. Sedgwick is peering down from the floor of the hut.

SEDGWICK

That's the lot.

IVES

Send Danny down some water.

(CONTINUED)

186 CONTINUED:

186

SEDGEWICK

Coming up!

Ives turns away to clean away the sand. There is a sudden sharp crack. Ives and Hilts look up, startled. They see the shaft shoring boards tremble nervously, then they twist out of place. Sand begins cascading...more boards begin to buckle.

187 IVES - HILTS - DANNY

187

react with horror, fight their way out of the tunnel, out of the choking, blinding mass of air-sand in the shaft.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

188 POW'S

188

surge forward to help. Among them, Willie who was asleep.

189 SHOT DOWN INTO TUNNEL - IVES - HILT - DANNY

189

race up the ladder. Danny last. Danny slips, is almost immersed in the sea of sand as it fills the shaft with horrifying rapidity. He tries to fight free. The sand begins to drown him - the whole shaft collapsing. Ives and Hilts turn and drag Danny out just as the sand is sucking him to certain death.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

190 DANNY, HILTS AND IVES

190

lie on the floor of the hut gasping for breath in the horrified silence. Hilts is not a little affected by the near miss, wipes the sand out of his face.

191 DANNY

191

gets up shakily, stares down into the shaft, now almost completely full of loose fine sand, suddenly begins swearing incoherently in Polish, weeping with impotent rage. Willie compassionately tries to comfort his friend.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. "TOM" - DAY

192 DANNY

192

and a loader burrow forward. The work begins again.

- " INT. MANUFACTURING SHOP - DAY
- 193 SEDGWICK 193
- is joining bottomless-topless condensed milk cans into yard length tubes with adhesive tape. Other workers carefully unsolder the bottoms of other tin cans...
- INT. "HARRY" - DAY
- 194 WILLIE, HILTS AND IVES 194
- are doing the shoring. Patiently. Filthy longjohns. Sweat stained...
- INT. HUT 104 - DAY
- 195 TOILET-SHOWER - "HARRY'S" ORIFICE 195
- Stooges stand guard as an arm comes out of the drain with a pail of dirt and another man hurriedly empties it into disposal bags. The arm disappears. Muffled voices...
- INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT
- 196 GOONS 196
- making careful searches. POW's watch grimly as Strachwitz efficiently oversees...
- INT. "TOM" ANTEROOM - NIGHT
- 197 BARTLETT 197
- is using the air pump. Sand dribbles from the shored ceiling making him cough and curse. Another worker uses a hack saw to repair digging implements...
- 198 FACE OF THE TUNNEL - DANNY, WILLIE, OTHERS 198
- always cursing, always sweat stained, are laying one of the lengths of "air pipe" connecting it with the pipe already layed under the floor of the tunnel. Then he attaches the nozzle, which projects up six inches, then covers the air pipe with earth and fits a new floor board into position...
- EXT. COMPOUND - DAY (DUSK)
- 199 THE WHOLE CAMP 199
- is at appell. Numbering off while guards and ferrets search huts in the background...

78.

200 GUARDS 200
patrolling...

201 VON LUGER 201
inspecting...
INT. HUTS - DAY

202 "TOM" - "DICK" - "HARRY" 202
as anxious diggers pour out when a sudden search begins...
EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

203 STOOGES 203
relaying messages. Strachwitz glaring at them...
INT. HENDLEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

204 HENDLEY, GOFF AND HILTS 204
are acting very strangely. They are adding some raw
potatoes to an already large haul. Obviously, to them,
this is a most important, and most secret operation.
Hurriedly Hendley hides the spuds under his bunk, covering,
as Elyche enters.
INT. "HARRY" - DAY

205 FULL SHOT 205
The tunnelling proceeds well. Not as thoroughly shored
as "Tom" - the work of art - but well enough. Men curse
and fight the dirt into pails and loading bins.
INT. RECREATION HUT - DAY

206 ATTIC - HILTS 206
is supervising dirt being strewn carefully over the floor
of the attic. Everyone is grimy, sweaty. The rafters
are already covered with dirt. There is a loud creak -
work stops momentarily...

207 FORGERS 207
pause in their work, look up at ceiling. Lights hanging
from the ceiling vibrate slightly. Muffled curses. The
door opens and Hendley enters, crosses to Blythe who is
the only one engrossed in his work.

(CONTINUED)

HENDLEY
(quietly)

Colin?

Colin takes his time to look up, sees Hendley, smiles.
Hendley passes over a small camera.

HENDLEY (continuing)
Present from Father Werner.
(grins)
In exchange for his papers.

BLYTHE
But where's the film? If you
gave him those back we haven't
a hope...

HENDLEY
(cutting in)
You wouldn't want me to welsh on
a deal with you?
(grins)
He's getting it. Now his big
problem is: "Where did prisoner
Hendley get the camera?"
(pained)

Now would I squeal on a buddy?

He looks up startled as there is another loud crack.

BLYTHE
Your compatriot Hilts requested
permission to dispose of his
dirt in our attic.
(at the camera)
Perfect!

FORGER
(sourly)
One more split scantling and
we'll all be up to our arm pits!

BLYTHE
(calmly)
The dirt won't reach up that far,
dear boy.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

208 RAMSEY, BARTLETT AND MACDONALD

208

are strolling, apparently aimlessly - around the circuit. Just inside the warning wire. They stop to light a cigarette.

MACDONALD

(whispers)

We're over "Tom's" end, now.

RAMSEY

(looks at the trees)

How much further?

BARTLETT

(casually)

What do you think? Seventy-five?

MACDONALD

We make it eighty-nine.

BARTLETT

(after a pause)

What about the moon?

CAVENDISH

(tugs at moustache nervously)

There are a few good moonless days next week. Best time would be next month. No moon on the seventh, eighth or ninth.

Bartlett glances off, reacts. The others look off too.

209 AT COOLER - HILTS AND HENDLEY

209

are wheeling a barrow load of spuds toward their hut.

210 BARTLETT AND MACDONALD

210

watch Hendley and Hilts thoughtfully - a slight glance between them. Ramsey grunts.

RAMSEY

(absently - thinking of the tunnel move)

Why should those two be scrounging - or buying up - all the potatoes in the camp.

(CONTINUED)

210 CONTINUED:

210

MACDONALD

(absently)

Can't find out, Goff's permanently on guard outside a room. Hilts and Hendley lock themselves in every night.

Bartlett has been pondering, surreptitiously estimating the distance to the trees. Then decisively:

BARTLETT

We'll close down "Dick" and "Harry". Seal them. Five days'll put "Tom" into the trees.

(beat)

We're breaking out next week.

As they look at one another.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. "TOM" - DAY

211 AT THE FACE - HILTS

211

almost naked, happily bores through the sandy soil. Ives is the loader, cleaning up. The tunnel stretches behind them well lit with lamps every 50 feet or so. A shallow tray on wheels on wooden railway-lines trundles backwards as Ives jerks the signal rope. Hilts stops for a moment, stares at the new dirt.

HILTS

Hey, look at this.

IVES

What?

Laboriously Ives works his way around to look at the dirt Hilts has just cut out, then he anxiously shoves past to the face. Then slowly he stares back at Hilts horrified.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUT 105 - NIGHT

212 CLOSE SHOT - TABLE - TWO SMALL PILES OF DIRT

212

One of them is yellow - the other ordinary dirt color.

Bartlett, MacDonald, Willie, Danny, Hilts and Ives stare down at them worriedly. Hilts picks up a little, examines it.

WILLIE

Stick it in the attics?

HILTS

They're all full.

BARTLETT

Where's Ashley-Pitt?

HILTS

When he heard about this, he looked as though he was going to have a heart attack.

DANNY

(wearily)

Maybe he's committed suicide. I would.

BARTLETT

What about down the latrines?

HILTS

They're too full already.

BARTLETT

We have to camouflage it somehow.

WILLIE

(to Hilts)

Maybe you could sneak out at night. Scuff it into the compound dirt.

HILTS

All that'd get you is a bottom full of dog fangs.

The door opens, Ashley-Pitt enters carrying a blanket.

BARTLETT

Where the devil've you been?

ASHLEY-PITT

(with great dignity)

Not sitting on my bottom! I'm Royal Navy.

(beat)

Now you promise not to laugh?

(CONTINUED)

213 CONTINUED:

213

They stare at him blankly.

BARTLETT

Why should we laugh?

Ashley-Pitt lays down a blanket, steps onto it, then, almost shyly, undoes his pants, steps out of them. Down each leg is a long thin cylindrical bag with a string attached to the bottom of each. Like a magician performing his magnus opus, he pulls the strings with a flourish and dirt cascades out of the bottoms on to the blanket. They all roar with laughter.

BARTLETT

Ashley-Pitt, you, sir, have just become immortal!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

214 THE GARDENS

214

are no longer worked. They appear almost desolate. CAMERA WHIRLS AWAY as there is the sound of marching men. Hiltz is drilling a group of moth-eaten POW's.

215 CLOSE SHOT - THEIR FEET

215

Yellow sand streams from pants legs in the central section of marchers. Following feet scuff the sand into the dirt. And now the feet have passed... the compound dirt is as it always was...

216 THE MARCHING GROUP

216

are joined by other "full-dirt carriers" and the "empty-dirt carriers" judiciously depart for further supplies. Beyond them is a volley ball match. Cheers.

217 RAMSEY

217

surveys the scene expansively.

218 VOLLEY BALL MATCH

218

is going apace. Crowds of excited watchers roar and cheer their team on - or curse the opposition...

219 CLOSE ON FEET OF THE WATCHERS

219

Yellow sand dribbles constantly from many pants legs - and other feet pound it into the dirt...

INT. HUT - DAY

220 ASHLEY-PITT 220

like a cheshire cat, watches happily as dirt comes out of "Tom" and is funnelled into the carrying bags.

HAYNES

(as the funnel
misses the nozzle
of the hidden bag)

Watch it, Nimmo. I trust you
like my mother, but I got a
lot to lose.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

221 THE VOLLEY BALL MATCH 221

proceeds. Carriers deposit their treasure, feet scuff it into oblivion. Contentedly Ramsey turns away, reacts as there is a sudden warning and everyone goes into cover tactics. Strachwitz wanders up from the north compound area.

INT. HUT - "TOM" -

222 THE BLANKET 222

on which the carriers are 'loaded' is shaken clean down the shaft - the tunnelers disappear underground - the trap is closed and the stove set on top and fired in one smooth, well trained drill. Ashley-Pitt checks everything carefully, then exits...

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

223 THE VOLLEY BALL MATCH 223

continues with gusto, no sand disposal. Strachwitz watches bleakly for a moment, well aware of the watchful stooges through the area. He turns on his heel, begins to exit.

224 AT HUT 105 - TWO CARRIERS (NIMMO AND HAYNES) 224

amble out. Forty yards away Strachwitz is crossing to the main gate. He glances at them casually, looks away...

225 CLOSE SHOT - CARRIER'S PANTS LEG 225

A thin stream of yellow sand begins trickling from a defective leg bag.

226 NIMMO - HAYNES -

226

walking, oblivious of the slight, though screaming trail of yellow sand. Nimmo glances down, reacts, stops, bends down to pretend to tie his shoe lace. Haynes reacts too, covering - grimly conscious of Strachwitz's near presence...

227 STRACHWITZ

227

glances at them casually, glances away and continues his walk toward the guardhouse.

228 NIMMO AND HAYNES

228

wait until Strachwitz has disappeared. Ashley-Pitt ambles up, cautiously he obliterates the trail.

NIMMO

You think he saw?

ASHLEY-PITT

Doesn't look like it.

HAYNES

The bloody bag's defective.

ASHLEY-PITT

Spread the word - check all penguin pants! On the double.

(beat)

We've some good angels looking after us all right.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

229 HALF-WAY HOUSE "TOM" - MACDONALD

229

is on a "half-bed" awkwardly using both compass and footage marking twine. CAMERA PANS him around as he changes "half-beds", starts on second leg.

230 MOVING SHOT IN TUNNEL - MACDONALD

230

nervously checks and double checks his calculations.

231 ANOTHER ANGLE AT FACE (SHOOTING INTO TUNNEL) - MACDONALD

231

approaches. As his head pokes into a new ante-chamber CAMERA reveals that Willie and Danny and Cavendish are waiting for him. Just enough room for them to crouch. The tunnel has ended with finality. An anxious moment while MacDonald checks his calculations. No one speaks. A drip of perspiration splatters the paper he is working on. At length:

(CONTINUED)

MACDONALD

(nervously)

No doubt about it. We're ten feet beyond the trees.

WILLIE

Then it's up?

MACDONALD

"Big X" says it's up. If it checks.

CAVENDISH

Dammit, it does check, but how the hell can we be sure? No theodolite, no nothing. Dammit, we're supposed to be accurate to five feet.

DANNY

Is it up or isn't it?

CAVENDISH

Of course it's up.

(exits grumbling
to himself)

I'm a bloody fighter pilot
not a bloody surveyor.

MacDonald wipes the sweat off, looks at the dirt ceiling.

MACDONALD

How long will it take you?

DANNY

(a glance at Willie)

Seventy two working hours.

WILLIE

Including shoring - the escape
ladder.

They look at one another. The sweat drips.

MACDONALD

Let's close up. We've done
enough for tonight.

He exits, trundles away on a half bed. Willie follows. Now Danny is alone. A slight crack startles him. A thin trickle of sand. No danger. He exists hating the closeness. Fearing it.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY (DAWN)

232 FULL SHOT 232

Almost no movement. Only goons guarding sleepily. Some guards come yawning out of the guardhouse with the wrapped flag, march over to the flagpole, attach the flag, haul it up...

233 BARRACK HUTS 233

They are quiet. No sound. Then a door opens and Hilts sneaks cautiously, ducks around the lee of the hut to a garbage can. He looks around to see no one is watching, lights a match on his pants, tosses the match into the can, replaces the lid, walks off unconcerned towards Hendley's hut...

234 HENDLEY'S HUT - GOFF AND HENDLEY 234

are anxiously carrying out bottles, jam jars, crocks, full of colorless liquid, placing them near the steps of the cookhouse. Hilts turns a far corner, then covered by the guardhouse runs behind the back of the cookhouse disappears. Hendley comes back with more bottles, then he and Goff hurry back into his hut. A pause then Hilts races up - disappears inside Hendley's hut as noiselessly.

235 NEAR FLAGPOLE - GERMAN GUARD 235

glances off, reacts.

236 ON A MAKESHIFT FLAGPOLE - ABOVE THE COOKHOUSE 236

a homemade "Stars and Stripes" flutters proudly.

237 THE GARBAGE CAN 237

suddenly explodes. The lid careens into the sky on the plume of smoke.

238 GUARDS 238

react, burp guns ready.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY (DAWN)

239 POW'S 239

jerked from their sleep...

240 WINDOWS 240

pop up...

88.

241 HEADS 241
 poke out...
EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

242 POW'S 242
 pour startled out of barrack huts...

243 GUARDS AND STRACHWITZ 243
 stare off stunned.

244 HENDLEY, HILTS AND GOFF 244
 as the "Spirit of '76", come around the corner, head out
 into the center of the compound. Makeshift costumes.
 Hendley is the Old Man with the bloody bandage around his
 head - he beats the drum; Goff carries a makeshift
 revolutionary flag, leans into an imaginary gale; Hilts
 stiff-legs it along, playing off key Yankee Doodle on a
 flute, a large jug under his arm.

245 RAMSEY 245
 half dressed, stares off...

246 BARTLETT 246
 covers his fright, begins to laugh...

247 POW'S 247
 pour out of barracks in various stages of undress, begin
 to roar...

248 ASHLEY-PITT 248
 near MacDonald, looks off blankly. Cavendish's mouth is
 opened...

CAVENDISH

What the devil?

ASHLEY-PITT

Oh, I know - it's their
 Independence Day. July fourth.

CAVENDISH

(stunned)

My word! Look!

249 HILTS, HENDLEY AND GOFF

249

weave around. Hendley calls a halt. Now we notice they are half crooked. Ceremoniously Hilts passes the jug, and they all take another belt. Dynamite. They shudder then gamely strike up the march once more...

250 STRACHWITZ

250

watches. A grim smile sets on his face.

251 HENDLEY

251

moves out of the march, stops in front of Ramsey, salutes with a flourish.

HENDLEY

(slurring)

Compliments of Nuncle Sam,
Drinksss on th' 'ouse... at
th' kishen... Jooly Fourth!
N'indipendens Day -- down
with the Britishhh!

He salutes once more and almost falls...

252 GROUP OF POW'S

252

laughing, roaring converge on the cookhouse. Hilts and Goff, almost crooked, start ladling out the firewater...

263 ASHLEY-PITT - GOFF - POW'S

253

Ashley-Pitt smiles, toasts Goff.

ASHLEY-PITT

Here's to the Colony!

He drains the half glass. Pause. A slight shudder.

ASHLEY-PITT (continuing)

This is not bad at all. A
little watery, but...

(Goff
refills)

Oh thanks, old chap!

Others are milling about, getting their drinks. Ashley-Pitt wanders over towards Ramsey...

254 ASHLEY-PITT

254

His eyes suddenly glaze as the rotgut hits him. He staggers, then grimly forces himself erect.

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

254

ASHLEY-PITT (continuing)

Strordinary...

He sees Ramsey, salutes.

ASHLEY-PITT (continuing)

Thish stuffes inadequate but
woth trying, shir!

Ramsey laughs. Turns to Bartlett.

RAMSEY

Better close down for the day.

BARTLETT

(smiles)

We already have. Do them good
to let off steam.

(beat)

We're ready.

RAMSEY

(after pause)

I'd say that called for a
token drink.

255 MERIVALE

255

thoughtfully sniffs the liquor, then sips, then drinks.
He frowns, nods contentedly, takes another. Then another.
No effect.

256 MACDONALD

256

is sitting on the stoop, flushed and happy, as Goff
reels up.

GOFF

Wansumore, old buddy bloody,
old chap?

MACDONALD

Thanks.

He half gets up, then discovers that his legs won't work.

MACDONALD (continuing)

I say!

(suddenly slurring)

Bringe isht over old buddy,
sumthings slocked...

- 257 ASHLEY-PITT - RAMSEY 257
- Ashley-Pitt is bending Ramsey's ear. Ramsey is carefully sipping the liquor... token drink.
- ASHLEY-PITT
(hardly articulate)
Justsht doesent touch mee. No shir ,we Ashley-Pitts can shold our tiddly...
- 258 GROUP OF POW'S 258
- as the alcohol speeds through their systems, helped by empty stomachs...
- INT. RECREATION HALL - DAY
- 259 ANOTHER GROUP OF POW'S 259
- form around the piano. A song fest starts with Sedgwick thumping the piano...
- EXT. COMPOUND - DAY
- 260 ANOTHER GROUP 260
- including Hendley, Hilts, Goff form a snake line and begin weaving around the dirt...
- INT. HUT 105 ("TOM") - DAY
- 261 STRACHWITZ 261
- and ferrets sneak into the hut under cover, close the door carefully... The hut is empty. Strachwitz signals guard to be silent and keep away from the windows, then motions them to start a minute search of all floors...
- EXT. COMPOUND - DAY
- 262 THE HENDLEY GROUP 262
- is weaving around. Laughing, roaring men.
- 263 GERMAN MOTORCYCLIST 263
- is passing along the outside road. He looks off, stops, begins to gawk...
- 264 HIS POV 264
- The whole camp. POW's laughing, fighting, like a lunatic asylum...

92.

265 HENDLEY'S GROUP 265
weaves around. Hilts is near the head of the reeling
snake...

266 HILTS 266
stops transfixed, stares off...

267 HIS POV - THE GERMAN MOTORCYCLE 267
and the curious guard...

268 HILTS 268
ambles over toward the warning wire...

269 WATCHFUL GOON SENTRY IN TOWER 269
cocks his burp gun ominously...

INT. RECREATION HALL - DAY

270 SEDGWICK 270
is playing "Over the Waves" with the upper register -
plink, plink - as though he is Heifitz/Beethoven/Stravinsky
all rolled into one...

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

271 NEAR WIRE - HILTS 271
stops just inside the warning wire, obviously admiring the
motorcycle...

272 THE GERMAN MOTORCYCLIST 272
is obviously not a little proud of his sparkling machine.
He is about thirty feet away from Hilts. He smiles, very
friendly. "Hands across the wire."

273 HILTS 273
smiles back, friendly. "Hands across the wire."

INTERCUT:

Neither of the men speak a word but both pantomime the
following:

GERMAN: Nice motorcycle, eh?

HILTS: Pretty good. How many speeds forward?

(CONTINUED)

273 CONTINUED:

GERMAN: Four.HILTS: That's average. I've got a motorcycle at home.GERMAN: So?HILTS: (points at the Stars and Stripes) Across the ocean in America.GERMAN: Ah!HILTS: How fast does yours go?GERMAN: (with fingers) Eighty.HILTS: (snorts) That's pretty sad.GERMAN: (bristling) How fast does yours go?HILTS: (with fingers) A hundred.GERMAN: Ridiculous. Big mouth American!HILTS: (with Heil Hitler salute and holding his nose) German stuff stinks.GERMAN: Up yours.HILTS: Up yours.

274 THE MOTORCYCLIST

274

sourly kicks the start pedal. It won't start. Kicks again.

275 HILTS

275

gives him a horse laugh...

276 THE MOTORCYCLIST

276

seething, kicks again, now the engine fires - sweet note - and he roars away...

277 NEAR WIRE - HILTS

277

turns back from the warning wire. Faint piano music. The sudden trance - then Hilts' head nods, he exits.

278 GOON SENTRY ON TOWER

278

grimly replaces the safety.

279 AT THE KITCHEN - WILLING SERVERS

279

continue to ladle out the liquor. A few unconscious, seraphic bodies around. Men carelessly step over - or on - them as their whim takes them...

INT. HUT 105 ("TOM") - DAY

280 FULL SHOT

280

is strangely quiet after the roistering tumult, which inside the hut is muted. Strachwitz is near the stove. He looks around angrily. Kramer comes from the shower area.

KRAMER

(whispers)

Garnichts.

STRACHWITZ

Noch eine mal. Es muss hier sein. Noch eine mal!

Strachwitz pushes pass to investigate the shower area, wearily Kramer looks around the hut. On the stove coffee is steaming. The aroma tempts him. He forces away his need, once more begins a careful search of the floor areas.

INT. RECREATION HALL - DAY

281 THE SINGERS

281

are almost completely crooked. Sedgwick plonks away. Milling mass of people. Merivale, half crooked now, suddenly lifts up his arms, waist high and calls out:

MERIVALE

Scrum down!

Immediately two POW's get either side of him as instantly an opposing "scrum formation" gets together and the two sides lock, Merivale the "hooker" on one side, MacDonald the other. Miraculously a rigger ball appears and the scrum half tosses the ball into the writhing mass of struggling bodies.

282 SEDGWICK

282

turns and watches in a drunken stupor. Hilts enters and heads for the piano. He stares into its guts. Then, as Sedgwick is momentarily distracted, Hilts whips out a pair of wire cutters, cuts some of the piano wire strings, wraps them up and walks away contentedly...

283 THE SCRUM DOWN

283

a packed jammed mass of shouting, laughing, fighting men...

284 MERIVALE

284

crawls from under the swirling mass and heads tiredly for a chair. Sits. Now we see he has the ball in his lap. He smiles seraphically as over comes shouts:

VOICES

Here... I've got it... Come on
... Heel... heel, chaps. It's
over here, come on shove, shove...
heel, heel...

285 SEDGWICK

285

turns back from the melee, starts playing again. When he gets to the upper register, "plunk plunk", there is only a dull "thud thud". He frowns, tries it again. The same. He shrugs, continues playing - always including the "thud thud"...

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

286 HENDLEY'S GROUP

286

heads toward the fire pool, Bartlett and Ramsey watch amused. Rather than change course, Hendley leads the column into it. The shallow end... deeper... deeper... deeper... then they all scramble out. Now a body remains in the water, floats face down...

287 MACDONALD AND HENDLEY

287

stop. See the body, study it with interest. Ramsey watches with Bartlett.

RAMSEY

Not one of our lads, surely.

BARTLETT

Has to be one of the Yanks.
Never can hold their liquor.

Hendley and MacDonald move closer.

HENDLEY

Gost to be a limey... obviovsh...
cun never hole thre tiddly.

No one makes an attempt to pull the man out.

(CONTINUED)

287 CONTINUED:

287

MACDONALD

Shnonshence. Shank.

HENDLEY

Shnever!

He staggers into the pool, turns the body over. To his immense disgust...

288 GOFF

288

smiles happily - unconscious.

289 BARTLETT - RAMSEY - AND OTHERS

289

drag Goff out, begin to give him artificial respiration...

290 HENDLEY

290

looks down at Goff disgustedly.

HENDLEY

(slurring)

Dishgusting... dishgrash (hick)
t'the flag... jusht lacshs faith...

He weaves over and picks up a blanket someone has dropped and drapes it over his shoulders, staggers to the edge of the pool. Like a prophet, he raises his arms over the water.

HENDLEY

FAITH!

And he calmly walks forward, disappears.

291 RAMSEY - BARTLETT

291

calmly watch.

RAMSEY

No faith.

BARTLETT

Quite.

292 GOFF

292

coughs out some water, opens his eyes, looks off, focusing with difficulty...

293 HIS POV - HENDLEY

293

floats face downwards...

INT. HUT 105 - DAY

294 KRAMER 294

can no longer resist the aroma of the coffee. He pours a quick half-cup, carelessly burns himself, drops the coffee, hurriedly grabs a rag to clean up the mess.

295 KRAMER 295

stares down shocked. There's no mess. The coffee has disappeared. He gropes around. A thought. He gets the coffee, carefully pours some on the base of the stove. This, too, disappears. Frantically he rushes for Strachwitz. Whispered conversation. Strachwitz and Kramer carefully move the stove off the base plate. A moment... then "Tom's" false trap is opened and the purity of its shaft revealed.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

296 REVELERS 296

wind around laughing...

INT. RECREATION HALL - DAY

297 MERIVALE 297

is hauled into the scrum. Sedgwick still plays. Over the din comes whistles, shouts of guards...

EXT. MAIN GATE - DAY

298 GUARDS 298

run into the camp at the double. Beyond, Posen approaches at a run...

299 GROUPS OF REVELERS 299

start to quieten. Gradually a sickening pall spreads as they realize what has happened...

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

300 FACES 300

massed. Stony. Vast depression.

301 RAMSEY AND OTHERS 301

appalled...

302 DANNY, WILLIE, IVES AND OTHERS 302

paralyzed with misery. Ives totally affected...

| | | |
|-----|--|-----|
| | | 98. |
| 303 | HILTS AND OTHERS | 303 |
| | appalled... | |
| 304 | ASHLEY-PITT AND OTHERS | 304 |
| | grim. Stone sober - ashen. | |
| 305 | HENDLEY AND OTHERS | 305 |
| | dripping. He forces the alcohol away - sickened as he realizes what has happened... | |
| 306 | STRACHWITZ AND KRAMER | 306 |
| | cool, grimly amused, exultant... | |
| 307 | BARTLETT (alone) | 307 |
| | impassive. Only his eyes scream his anger. | |
| 308 | FULL SHOT - THE WHOLE CAMP | 308 |
| | dead silence. All POW's motionless. All stare at 105. Only guards and ferrets converge with exultant shouts on "Tom's" birthplace. | |

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP - DAY (DUSK)

| | | |
|-----|---|-----|
| 309 | FULL SHOT WHOLE CAMP AT APPELL | 309 |
| | The entire complement of POW's are in appell formation under a lowering sky. Searchlights already floodlight the massed ranks. Rain drizzles in the miserable half-light. Gloom. Ramsey stands alone in front of the ranks. Von Luger a few paces away, staring at the ranks. Kuhn and SS guards are there. The only movement is Kuhn ambling along the front rank... | |
| 310 | LINES OF POW FACES | 310 |
| | taut with misery. | |
| 311 | OTHER FACES | 311 |
| | all staring off. Depressed. Rain trickles down their faces... | |
| 312 | VON LUGER | 312 |
| | looks off. Taut, angry. Albeit victorious... | |

- 99.
- 313 BARTLETT 313
grim, white, impassive. Controlled hatred...
- 314 GROUP INCLUDING IVES 314
Ives is strangely different. Not overly noticeable - but a weird set to his eyes. Twitch of a face muscle. Brooding, half-unconscious stare. His hands mold themselves, almost absently. His lips move - no sound...
- 315 GROUP WITH HILTS 315
Hatred - cold vast hatred - in his eyes...
INT. HUT 105 ("TOM") - DAY (DUSK)
- 316 STRACHWITZ 316
stands motionless in the doorway looking in...
- 317 A GERMAN ARMY ENGINEER 317
is staring down the shaft. Another ENGINEER comes up out of the shaft carefully uncoiling insulated wire, continues laying the wire down the length of the hut out into the compound. The Engineer closes the trap, then heads out.
EXT. COMPOUND - DAY (DUSK)
- 318 ENGINEER AND STRACHWITZ 318
stand at doorway.
ENGINEER
(in German - to Strachwitz)
All ready, Oberfeldwebel.
(nods back at tunnel)
Wunderbar - wunderbar!
Strachwitz nods, then walks down the steps, heads for Von Luger. Kuhn still strolls along the front rank...
- 319 KUHN 319
a deadly smile on his face. He stops in front of Hendley.
KUHN
(almost gently)
Ah, the American, Hendley, isn't it? What do you know of this?

(CONTINUED)

319 CONTINUED:

319

Hendley stares at him. Kuhn half-smiles, moves on, stops again.

KUHN (continuing)

MacDonald. Ah yes. Three escapes from Stalag Zwei. The "Security" expert. You almost fooled the Luftwaffe this time.

(beat)

We would not be so easy to fool.

He moves on again. Stops in front of Danny, bypasses Hilts without a second glance. Softly:

KUHN (continuing)

Velinski. Why are you in RAF uniform? A traitor, eh? Why aren't you with the rest of the Polish cowards in Warsaw.

320 DANNY

320

beside himself with rage. Almost on the verge of an insane attack. The SS guards have their hands on their holstered guns. Only a touch from Willie keeps Danny from going berserk. Kuhn strolls on, passes Ives, passes many POW's. He is looking at Bartlett.

KUHN (continuing)

Ah, Bartlett. What do you know about this? Nothing, of course. The tunnel grew itself. Of course. But there are ways to find the truth. If it is really important.

Bartlett stares back at him, cold, beside himself with frustrated rage.

321 VON LUGER

321

is joined by Strachwitz who salute smartly.

STRACHWITZ

(in German)

Ready, sir.

Von Luger nods, still looking off screen, almost completely covering his disgust of Kuhn.

322 ANOTHER ANGLE - GERMAN ENGINEER

322

is finishing attaching the wires to a detonation device. Then he snaps the handle up, stares off screen...

323 KUHN

323

stops in front of Ramsey.

KUHN

You are responsible. You know that?

Ramsey stares at Kuhn stonily. Behind Kuhn, Von Luger approaches.

VON LUGER

(coldly - in German)

We're ready, Herr Kuhn.

KUHN

(with studied over-politeness, in English)

Perfect, Colonel von Luger. Such efficiency is to be complimented. You may rest assured it will be in my report.

Von Luger nods, turns and nods at Strachwitz who signals. "Detonate".

324 THE PLUNGER

324

is depressed...

325 THE STOVE

325

shudders...

326 THE WHOLE APPELL AREA

326

rumbles...

327 GROUND

327

as the subterranean explosions wreck the tunnel and a thin snake of earth forms a depression...

328 FACES

328

reacting. Misery. Sickening hopelessness.

329 KUHN

329

suddenly laughs. In the dead silence.

(CONTINUED)

329 CONTINUED:

329

KUHNS

(softly)

You'll never escape! Never.
You'll never see your homes
again. The Herenfolk will
conquer the world and make
slaves of your women and
children...

330 IVES

330

suddenly snaps. Wire happy. He breaks ranks and races
madly for the fence, screaming incoherently...

331 RAMSEY

331

appalled.

RAMSEY

Stop him!

332 TWO OFFICERS - (BALDWIN AND MEADE)

332

break from the ranks and hare after Ives...

333 FACES

333

appalled...

334 FULL SHOT - IVES

334

frothing, mouthing charges over the warning wire and,
hurling himself at the barbed fence, madly tries to
tear it to pieces with his bare hands...

335 TOWER GOON SENTRIES

335

cover Ives and the two men as they try to pull him off,
but do not fire. Obviously Ives has gone mad.

336 KUHNS

336

suddenly shrieks, furiously.

KUHNS

(in German)

Kill them, you stupid
bastards or you'll all be
at the Russian front.

Immediately an SS man jerks his burp gun.

103.

337 SS MAN 337
 sprays bullets off screen.

338 GOON SENTRY 338
 hesitates, fires a token burst...

339 IVES AND THE TWO MEN 339
 crumple as the bullets cut them down - pock mark the dirt...

340 RAMSEY 340
 stares off appalled.

341 VON LUGER 341
 appalled - quickly covered.

342 RANKS OF POW'S 342
 horrified. The SOUND of firing cuts as abruptly as it started.

343 ANOTHER ANGLE - RAMSEY 343
 cold hard, shaking with anger.

RAMSEY
 That was murder! Murder! He was mad - wire happy - any one could see that.. they were trying to help him... I demand that...

KUHN
 (cuts him off)
 You can't demand anything. You're all prisoners of the Reich! Any one across the wire gets killed.

344 THE MEN 344
 stir in their ranks ominously. Tension. An animal like rumble of men at the breaking point...

345 GUARDS 345
 react nervously...

346 ANOTHER ANGLE - KUHN

346

senses the tension, steps back in front of the ranks.

KUHN

(baiting them)

Go on. Please. Gentlemen.
Try to escape. The wire is
easy to get through. Please -
it will save us all a lot of
trouble! Any one else? Please
go on.

347 FULL SHOT

347

Dead silence. Hairbreath from a lunatic riot. A hand
goes up in the air...

348 HILTS

348

has his hand up. Others are staring off at Kuhn. Any
instant -- any sudden movement - will precipitate the
riot. Kuhn walks opposite Hiltz.

KUHN (continuing)

(walking up)

You want to run, hein?

(he stops in
front of Hiltz)

Well, what is it?

Hiltz suddenly and savagely belts Kuhn flat on his back.
Not bravado on Hiltz' part - just an instinctive battle-
bloodlust movement. A fantastic silence.

349 SS MEN

349

jerk their guns into fire position, ready to spray Hiltz
and, if necessary, the whole rank...

350 FRONT RANK

350

readies for suicide rush, careless of consequences...

351 VON LUGER

351

ashen.

VON LUGER

(violent order)

HALT! Nicht sheissen!

352 FULL SHOT - POW'S

352

hold their positions. Still ready. Kuhn gets up, shaking with rage, the blood pouring from his mouth, he spits out two teeth. Beside himself with fury, grimly looks at von Luger.

353 STRACHWITZ - GUARDS

353

have their guns at the ready. The SS men look around nervously. While all guns cover the POW's there is the faintest suggestion that von Luger's men are also covering the SS men. Kuhn notices this too - he controls his absolute fury.

354 KUHN

354

looks back at Hilts who is almost still in his "battle-coma" - longer time at all the POW's including Ramsey - then he turns and stops near von Luger. The same look - a promise of vengeance to come. Then he stalks away followed by the silent SS men.

355 RAMSEY

355

relaxes slightly, but is still grim and dangerously cold.

RAMSEY

(to von Luger)

I demand an immediate interview with the Swiss representative.

VON LUGER

I will arrange it immediately.

(snaps at
Strachwitz -
in German)

Get those soldiers away from the wire.

Strachwitz turns, immediately gives the necessary orders, as:

VON LUGER (continuing)

(to Ramsey)

You will no doubt wish a military funeral. I regret the occurrence.

(louder, including
all the POW's)

Listen to me. There will be no more tunnelling. There will be no more escape attempts. Any one over the warning wire will be shot. On my orders. You are finally warned.

He looks off at Hilts who is now out of the "battle-coma". He stares back. There is a moment between the two men.

(CONTINUED)

355 CONTINUED:

355

VON LUGER (continuing)

Cooler!

Immediately two guards converge on Hilts who calmly begins to walk between them.

VON LUGER (continuing)
(to Ramsey)

Dismiss.

He glances off as there is the beginning of an under-current. Yankee Doodle Dandy being softly hummed. By many men. Very soft. But quite clear.

356 HILTS

356

being marched off. The humming is timed to his march.

357 FACES OF POW'S

357

watching, the hum seems to come from nowhere - softly, so softly.

358 VON LUGER - RAMSEY

358

VON LUGER (continuing)

Dismiss!

He walks away, Strachwitz falling into step beside him, heads for main gate as:

RAMSEY
(quietly)

Dismiss.

But unlike before, instead of streaming away, the men stay where they are. Then slowly move into smaller groups, watching Hilts enter the cooler - the guards carrying the bodies back. Undercurrent - waves of anger. Bartlett and Ashley-Pitt converge on Ramsey. Cold, angry, brooding violence. The rain patters.

RAMSEY (continuing)

I want a report by senior officers! Eyewitness account. In writing. By tomorrow.

ASHLEY-PITT

Yes, sir. And I'll make arrangements for burial.

(CONTINUED)

358 CONTINUED:

358

RAMSEY

Who were they?

ASHLEY-PITT

Baldwin and Meade, DFC.

RAMSEY

Terrible. Just terrible.

Bartlett looks off at Strachwitz and the pathetic bodies.
His face closes.

BARTLETT

Open up Harry. We dig. Around
the clock.

ASHLEY-PITT

But what am I going to do with
the dirt? If we so much as
spread a teaspoon around, they'll
fall on us like locusts.

BARTLETT

We'll put it down Dick.

They stare at him and the enormity of the idea hits them.
Bartlett turns and exits purposefully. They look after
him.

359 NEAR MAIN GATE - GUARD DETAIL

359

is marching out of the compound. The faces of the guards
are grim, cold. The detail passes, heads for the opening
gate, Strachwitz near it. Last in line is the Artful
Dodger, blatantly marching out with the Germans, heading
out of the gate.

360 STRACHWITZ

360

purple with fury. Grabs him:

STRACHWITZ

(furiously)

Zum Teufel, Merivale, three
men are killed and you still
try this stupidity!

(grates)

Are you insane?

(CONTINUED)

360 CONTINUED:

360

MERIVALE

(thoughtfully)

Yes. I rather suppose I am.
(icily)

Insanity seems to be in the
air, hein?

STRACHWITZ

(angrily)

Cooler!

Immediately three guards converge, the Dodger walks off
whistling. Strachwitz stares after him:

STRACHWITZ (continuing)

(almost to
himself)

Gott im Himmel, will they
never learn!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. "HARRY" - NIGHT

361 DANNY 361

is digging with controlled ferocity. Behind him Willie is shovelling the dirt into a loading "half-bed".

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

362 SEARCHLIGHTS 362

rake the compound. Many more ferrets. Many more guards amble aimlessly, then suddenly converge for a snap inspection...

INT. HUTS - NIGHT

363 CURSING POW'S 363

being shoved outside while ferrets rip the hut apart.

364 TAILOR SHOP - GRIFFITHS 364

and the other tailors shut up shop in a hurry. Nimmo -- half fitted -- rips off the civilian suit, stashes it. Uniforms, sacking pieces of odd material are the makings of the "costumes".

INT. CELL - NIGHT

365 HILTS' CELL - HILTS 365

plays with the baseball - grimly.

366 MERIVALE'S CELL - MERIVALE 366

in his cell watches the search from the tiny window, then paces restlessly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

367 STOOGES 367

are as thick as the ferrets...

368 THE GARDENS 368

are untended...

- 369 THE VOLLEY BALL COURT 369
 is unoccupied. Group of silent POW's walk around...
INT. HUT - DAY
- 370 TAILORING SHOP - GRIFFITHS 370
 is sewing a suit of civilian clothes. Others show others
 how to adapt uniforms and make them look like civvies...
INT. "HARRY" - DAY
- 371 ANTE-CHAMBER - SEDGWICK 371
 is working the new air pump. Behind him, in the ante-
 chamber others are cutting boards to size with makeshift
 tools. Some are making...
- 372 CLOSE SHOT MOLD - A GERMAN BELT BUCKLE 372
 is added to the growing pile of ersatz cap badges, belt
 buckles, etc.
INT. LIBRARY - DAY
- 373 BLYTHE 373
 wipes his eyes tiredly, then grimly goes back to lettering.
 Others work grimly. A sudden signal and all work disap-
 pears and a ferret enters. Blythe is already lecturing...
INT. HUT 104 ("HARRY") - DAY
- 374 TOILET-SHOWER ENTRANCE - WILLIE 374
 exits from the opening tiredly. Sudden warning! He
 galvanizes into action. The next man, Danny, hurriedly
 ducks back into the tunnel as the slab and grating are
 slammed into place and the water poured into the trap.
- KRAMER'S VOICE
 'Raus. Out! Everyone out!
- Muffled cursing.
- INT. "HARRY" SHAFT - DAY
- 375 DANNY 375
 ducks down into the ante-room. All the men who were work-
 ing are motionless. Muffled cursing and movements above.
 A man nervously drops a makeshift saw. Seemingly a huge
 noise. Everyone holds his breath.

INT. HUT ("HARRY") - DAY

376 TOILET-SHOWER - KRAMER - STRACHWITZ 376

make a minute search of the toilet room, knocking cement floors. Then they exit into...

INT. BARRACK ROOM - HUT 104 ("HARRY") - DAY

377 OTHER GUARDS 377

are ripping the place apart searching for tools, or whatever.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COOLER - NIGHT

378 HILTS' CELL - HILTS 378

grimly tosses the baseball against the wall. Again. Again. Then suddenly he stops. Listens intently. He stretches out on the floor, presses his ear against the concrete...

379 VERY CLOSE SHOT - HILTS 379

as he holds his breath. For an instant the faintest sound - impression of tunneling. Hilts listens - straining. Nothing more. Perhaps he imagined it - perhaps not.

380 MERIVALE'S CELL - MERIVALE 380

also in solitary in his cell is also listening. Grimly. He gets up, paces around furiously.

381 HILTS' CELL - HILTS 381

listens, full of impotent rage. Grimly begins doing push-ups.

INT. "DICK" - NIGHT

382 AHSLEY-PITT 382

is supervising the dirt being packed against the face of the tunnel.

INT. LIBRARY ATTIC - NIGHT

383 KRAMER 383

pokes his head into the attic, with a flashlight carefully makes sure that there is no dirt there.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

384 FERRETS

384

look under barracks, making sure there is no extra dirt anywhere. At a window, a stooge guards, his eye pressed to a chink in the slats.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

385 NEAR HENDLEY'S HUT - WERNER

385

is walking along, looking under huts, searching as the others are searching. Also with his cordon of counter-ferrets. As Werner turns the corner of Hendley's hut, abruptly he hurries up the steps...

INT. HENDLEY'S HUT - DAY

386 HENDLEY

386

is lying on his bunk reading. Blythe is there. Hendley pretends surprise as Werner, white and nervous, shuts the door quickly. He fishes into his uniform and brings out a small roll of film, almost drops it in his anxiety.

HENDLEY

(taking it)

Werner, you're a living doll!

387 ON DOOR (AS IT JERKS OPEN) - STRACHWITZ

387

stands there, a deadly calm.

388 HENDLEY - WERNER - STRACHWITZ

388

Like magic the film disappears into Hendley's sleeve. Werner (back to Strachwitz) is almost paralyzed. Hendley reacts instantly:

HENDLEY (continuing)

(pretending anger)

For Pete's sake, you too
Strachwitz?

(angrily to Werner)

You've been through this hut
fifteen times in the last
couple of weeks! How many
times you gotta be told there's
nothing here?

(CONTINUED)

388 CONTINUED:

388

Werner shrugs, begins to search - covering his petrifying fear. After a pause:

STRACHWITZ
(to Werner - satisfied)

'Raus.

They exit. Hendley exhales and wipes the sweat off and gives Blythe the film.

HENDLEY
Two seconds earlier and that poor little guy would've been on the Russian front.

But Blythe is preoccupied, carefully examining the film. To Hendley's astonishment, Blythe is holding the film an inch or so away from his eyes; Hendley frowns - says nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

389 BLYTHE

389

is sitting with the camera, takes photo, reveals he is shooting a picture of Hendley dressed in a civilian suit, who heads a line of other POW's dressed in a motley array of costumes. Next in line is Nimmo. Weird windbreaker and pants, beret. He moves into position as Hendley steps aside.

HENDLEY
(to Nimmo)
What're you, Nimmo?

NIMMO
Bulgarian laborer.

HENDLEY
I didn't know you could speak Bulgarian.

NIMMO
I don't, bach. But Celtic sounds enough like it, look you.

INT. BARTLETT'S ROOM - DAY

390 BARTLETT

390

is sitting at his table. Calls out:

BARTLETT

Next.

The door opens and Cavendish comes in.

BARTLETT (continuing)

Nun, wir sind sie?

CAVENDISH

Je m'appelle Francois Jeville.

BARTLETT

Ach, Franzersich?

CAVENDISH

Non, Belgique.

BARTLETT

Votre permiss?

CAVENDISH

(dives into his
uniform with a
flourish, comes
out empty-handed)

Voila! At least forgery've
promised them on time.

BARTLETT

Good.

(beat)

Next!

Cavendish exits and door opens and Griffiths comes in.

BARTLETT (continuing)

Nun, wer sind Sie?

GRIFFITHS

Je suis Gason Seuille di Sec
Miolle. Francaise.

BARTLETT

Bien. Et votre place de
naissance?

GRIFFITHS

(faltering)

Uh - uh.

BARTLETT

For God's sake, man, you'd know
where you were born.

INT. COOLER - DAY

391

HILTS' - MERIVALE CELLS - INTERCUT

Hilts is bouncing the baseball. Merivale stares stonily out of the barred window high on one wall.

HILTS

(shouts)

Hey, Major! You mind a personal question?

MERIVALE

Certainly not!

HILTS

What happened to your hands?

MERIVALE

Oh -- nothing much. At Gallipoli in the Great War some chaps were in a boat, in the Straits. They were in trouble. I just pulled them out.

HILTS

How?

MERIVALE

Had to swim out to them -- had to tow the boat -- you know, bullets and all that sort of thing. The rope cut through the tendons of my hands.

HILTS

(reacts - then)

What was it? Steel cable?

MERIVALE

No, it was rather cold and the rope was frozen.

HILTS

(after pause)

I'm sorry. That's too bad.

(CONTINUED)

391 CONTINUED:

391

MERIVALE

It only takes one finger to
pull a trigger.

Hilts thinks about this. Suddenly listens intently,
presses his ear to the floor.

HILTS

Hey, Major -- from what I
hear Harry's growing into
quite a big boy.

Merivale looks up from studying his hands --

MERIVALE

Yes. It's about time he got
out of school.

HILTS

Sure hope we don't miss
graduation.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MACDONALD'S ROOM - NIGHT

393 MACDONALD

393

is tiredly interrogating POW's. Nimmo exits.

MACDONALD

(in German)

Next suspect!

Haynes comes in.

MACDONALD

Wie heissen Sie?

HAYNES

Eric Stressel von Munchen.

MACDONALD

Warum sind sie hier?

HAYNES

(a stream of German)

Ich Rabe urlaub bekommen.
Ich gehe nach Munchen und
vesuche meine kranke mutter.

MACDONALD

(crisply)

Your German's very good.

HAYNES

Thanks, Mac. I've put in a
lot of time...

(he catches himself)

MACDONALD

(snaps)

Watch that Haynes. It's the
easiest way in the world to
trip a suspect.

HAYNES

Sorry, Mac.

MACDONALD

Next.

Haynes goes out, another man comes in.

MACDONALD

Wie heissen Sie?

INT. TUNNEL "DICK" - DAY

394 WILLIE

394

is packing earth that is being brought down the shaft by Hiltz and others. The tunnel is almost completely full. He shakes his head wearily, tries to pack the earth tighter to make more room. Still the earth comes down the shaft. CAMERA watches up the shaft as the trap is slammed down. DARKNESS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

395 CLOUDS

395

cover the sky. Sentries stamp their feet. Heavy overcoats. A sharp wind. A Hundfuheurer passes with his German shepherd dog, rests momentarily in the lee of a hut.

INT. TAILOR'S SHOP - NIGHT

396 GRIFFITHS

396

is watching Bartlett inspect some men wearing his work. Not a little proud. Bartlett stops in front of Hendley.

BARTLETT

What're you going as?

HENDLEY

Travelling salesman. From Hamburg.

BARTLETT

That's a damned good suit. Might have come from Saville Row.

GRIFFITHS

(beams)

Thanks, Cyril.

BARTLETT

That's a criticism, Angus. Where would a Hamburger salesman get that amount of money? It's too good. Change the lines, put in more padding in the shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

396 CONTINUED:

396

Bartlett continues down the line.

BARTLETT (continuing)

What're you?

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

397 SEDGWICK

397

is passing out "iron rations" - a four inch square slab (about an inch thick) of chocolate concrete - to dubious escapees. Hilts takes his slab, stares at it.

SEDGWICK

Chocolate, sugar, cocoa, oats, glucose, margarine, ground biscuit.

ESCAPEE

And concrete.

HILTS

You eat this?

SEDGWICK

Of course.

HILTS

Have you?

SEDGWICK

I try every batch.

An Escapee speaks up from the rear of the line.

ESCAPEE

You may get the Victoria
Cross out of this, Sedgwick!

INT. "HARRY" -

398 AT FACE (SHOOTING BACK INTO TUNNEL) - BARTLETT

398

is approaching, lying on the small wheeled "flat-bed" on the wooden railway lines, using his arms to "paddle" himself along. He makes surprisingly good speed.

(CONTINUED)

398 CONTINUED:

398

At the orifice, he gets up and CAMERA REVEALS that he is now in a new shaft. The end shaft. Waiting in this shaft are Willie and Danny, Hilts and MacDonald. He looks up. The shaft ceiling is about twenty-five feet. A firm ladder is tacked to one side. The actual ceiling is only dirt from which roots emanate. Along one side a huge tree root enters the shaft delicately. All talk in whispers, nervous excitement.

DANNY

All right, Cyril?

BARTLETT

Yes.

Taking hold of his excitement, Danny climbs the ladder, CAMERA FOLLOWING. He carries a small probe and sticks it into the ceiling dirt. He shoves it carefully for eighteen inches, then abruptly there is no more resistance.

DANNY

(hard put
to contain
himself)

About eighteen inches!

399 AT THE BASE OF THE ESCAPE SHAFT - BARTLETT

399

and the rest react. Sounds of Danny returning.

BARTLETT

How long will it take to
break open?

DANNY

Twenty minutes.

Long silence. Then:

WILLIE

When's D Day?

BARTLETT

(after pause,
to MacDonald)

What's the forecast?

(CONTINUED)

399 CONTINUED:

399

MACDONALD

(as casually -
not feeling it
inside)

Well, the best time would probably be in five weeks. But there're four good moonless nights this week too -- tonight through Saturday night.

(pause)

Saturday'd be out.

HILTS

You have a date or something?

MACDONALD

It'd mean Sunday timetables for those going by trains.

(to Bartlett)

Weather prediction: good possibility of rain and overcast. Might be a cold snap -- frost too.

(pause)

By this time next month we could easily have snow.

BARTLETT

(after pause)

How many of the team are ready?

MACDONALD

Oh, a hundred and fifty odd.

(Hilts blinks at
the number)

The rest would BE ready, some way or another.

A slight crack breaks the silence. They look up. A thin trickle of sand comes from the dirt "roof".

BARTLETT

Date stamp all documents Friday.

He turns and exits into the tunnel. MacDonald wipes the sweat off. Exits. Then Hilts, Danny and Willie. Now the shaft is empty. Again a little crack. CAMERA goes to the roof. The sand cascades gently.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. BARRACK - DAY (DUSK)

400 CLOSE SHOT - A BATTERED RAF CAP 400

in it are many slips of paper. Folded neatly. A hand picks one, CAMERA reveals Blythe is holding the slip of paper. Nervously. Men are watching silently, many already have their slip numbers. Behind Blythe are a few more men in line. The last is Hilts. MacDonald is holding the hat, Ashley-Pitt beside him. Blythe opens the slip of paper, glances at it.

401 CLOSE SHOT - BLYTHE'S SLIP 401

The number is neat and big. 28

402 ANOTHER ANGLE - BLYTHE 402

is impassive as he heads for the door. Another man takes a slip, glances at it, grins broadly. The next opens his slip - re-reads it with growing sadness. MacDonald glances off, frowns.

403 BLYTHE 403

is near the door. He has taken his glasses off and is peering down nervously at the slip of paper, holding it an inch away from his eyes. He does it very quickly, sure that he is not being observed.

404 MACDONALD 404

reacts, appalled, as he realizes Blythe's eyes have almost failed him.

ASHLEY-PITT
(noticing the look)

What's the matter, Sandy?

MACDONALD

Nothing.

The last man, Hilts, takes his slip. Looks at it. Grins.

ASHLEY-PITT

Lucky number?

HILTS
(looking at it)

Yes sir!

405 CLOSE SHOT - HILTS' SLIP 405

the number is thirteen.

406 ANOTHER ANGLE - HILTS

406

exits happily. MacDonald stares at the door after Blythe, lost in thought.

ASHLEY-PITT
(quietly - to
the room)

Give your numbers to the Barrack
Commander. He'll give you other
details when the time comes.

NIMMO
When do you think, bach?

ASHLEY-PITT
Soon.
(to MacDonald)
Which Barrack's next?

MACDONALD
(still lost in
thought)

108.

They collect the hat, leave. The hut is very quiet. A man exhales as they look at one another or read and re-read their life-death number.

DISSOLVE TO.

INT. BARTLETT'S ROOM - NIGHT

407 BARTLETT

407

is rechecking some schedules with Ashley-Pitt. Searchlight from the compound splashes through the window-slats from time to time.

BARTLETT
Fine. When do the Goons switch
on the searchlights?

ASHLEY-PITT
Six-thirty.

BARTLETT
That's D hour.

ASHLEY-PITT
Good. That'll give us an extra
few minutes to get all the bods
in place.
(stretches)
Think I'll call it a night.

(CONTINUED)

Wearily he picks up the schedules, starts for the door. A knock. Ashley-Pitt opens the door, reveals Hilts.

BARTLETT

Yes, Hilts?

HILTS

Do you have a minute?

BARTLETT

Certainly, come on in.
'Night, Eric.

ASHLEY-PITT

(closing door)

Sleep tight!

BARTLETT

Sit down, Hilts. Have you got
all your gear ready? Iron rations?

HILTS

Yes, thanks.

(after pause)

Just wanted to ask a couple of
questions - if you don't mind.

BARTLETT

Shoot.

HILTS

Well. How many're going?

BARTLETT

Two hundred and fifty.

Hilts blinks, then smiles faintly.

HILTS

That's a mighty big number.

BARTLETT

It's a big plan.

HILTS

What do you figure our chances?
To get that number out?

BARTLETT

Excellent. To get them out
permanently - very bad.

(CONTINUED)

HILTS

(after a pause -
perplexed)

I thought the whole idea was to -
well, escape. To get home.

Bartlett studies Hilts thoughtfully.

BARTLETT

It is. At the same time maybe it's
not quite so selfish. You might call
it a war effort. A lot of fellows
are carrying part of the war ball
we should be carrying. (beat)
I'll make it clear for you. (beat)
When one man escapes, this one man
diverts about a hundred goons from
their war effort if he's caught
within an hour. A thousand goons
if it takes them a day to catch him.
Ten thousand if it takes a week.
Soldiers - police - mainly. Say we
multiply that by two hundred and
fifty. Think of the monumental muck
up we'd cause the goons. Why we'll
involve millions - if we're lucky!
The whole bloody Reich - if we're
very lucky.

Hilts stares at him bug-eyed:

HILTS

I thought I was blitz happy - but
you, you're the blitz king of them
all.

(beat)

Or wire happy!

BARTLETT

Who am I not to be?

HILTS

(after a pause)

Say we're not lucky. Say some
guys get killed. You think the
"monumental muck up" would be
worth it?

BARTLETT

If it shortens the war by a day -
even by an hour - yes.

HILTS

Say it doesn't. What then?

(CONTINUED)

BARTLETT

That's the measure of my
responsibility.

Hilts stares at him.

HILTS

Boy, this is one for the book.
(pause)
How many you figure'll make it?

BARTLETT

That's up to Lady Luck - or Fate
- or God - depending on your point
of view.

(gently)

Look, Hilts. Escaping is always a
very personal decision, always a
volunteer operation. No one -
Big "X" or the senior officer -
no one orders anyone to escape,
or not to escape. You wouldn't
be wrong if you decided not to
go.

Hilts stares at him pop eyed:

HILTS

Oh, I'm going. Of course! I
just wanted to know the odds.
Going? Of course I'm going!
I just wanted to know the score.

Suddenly the air raid siren begins shrieking.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

408 HUNDFUHRERS

408

and their dogs react. Abruptly the searchlight vanishes.
Hut lights begin to vanish. Only gloom now ...

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

409 FULL SHOT

409

The barracks lights flicker and die. In the gloom, faces
react. Hope, pride.

410 OTHER FACES

410

mixed with just a little fear. On some.

INT. RAMSEY'S HUT - NIGHT

411 RAMSEY

411

looks up from the book he had been reading. Reacts,
grimly satisfied. The siren begins to die.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

412 FERRETS AND GUARDS

412

ever more watchful in the blackness.

INT. BARTLETT'S ROOM - NIGHT

413 BARTLETT

413

and Hilts are listening. The siren dies. Silence.
Then faintly but distinctly the sound of bombs exploding,
and distant ack ack.

BARTLETT

The goon're catching a packet.

HILTS

(as thoughtfully)

Must be something big around
here to bomb so far from home.

BARTLETT

(after pause,
almost absently)

I often wonder where home is.
These days.

Hilts glances at him, then:

HILTS

Guess I'd better high tail it
back.

But Bartlett is preoccupied listening -- filled with
longing, staring out of a window.

BARTLETT

(absently)

Thanks for dropping by.

Hilts exits.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

414 TOWER GOON SENTRY

414

straining into the darkness, reacts!

127.

415 HIS POV - A SHADOW 415
or perhaps nothing!

416 TOWER GOON SENTRY 416
sprays the "death" area between warning wire and fence,
trigger happy.

417 GUARDS AND FERRETS 417
converge, shouting gutterally, in the general direction.

STRACHWITZ
(angrily)
Es ist garnichts heir!
Dumkopf!

The goon tower returns the shout, faintly. Strachwitz
shrugs, goes back to the patrol.

INT. RAMSEY'S HUT - NIGHT

418 RAMSEY 418
listens. Over comes the faintest, faintest SOUND of
bombs falling. Far away. Grimly amused.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

419 WILLIE 419
and all the others are listening. Faint sound of bombs
exploding - distant ack ack. Excitedly, almost unnoticed,
Danny, strangely white and drawn, slips out of the hut.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

420 STRACHWITZ 420
and the other guards are listening. They react too.
Grimly. A dog whines, frightened.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

421 FACES 421
are listening intently...

INT. HENDLEY AND BLYTHE'S ROOM - NIGHT

422 HENDLEY 422
lies in his bunk watching Blythe who is preoccupied
with shaving.

(CONTINUED)

422 CONTINUED:

422

Blythe mislocates a piece of his gear, can't see it, fumbles until he can find it. Hendley notices this, turns his head away, looks up at the ceiling in thought. There is a particularly loud crump of a distant bomb.

HENDLEY

Air raids are getting closer.

BLYTHE

Quite.

HENDLEY

And heavier. They must be doing pretty good on our side.

BLYTHE

I think so too.

HENDLEY

I mean, it might not be too long before they clobber the whole place.

BLYTHE

I hope so. That would be splendid.

Hendley sits up in his bunk.

HENDLEY

Colin, did you ever think of waiting it out here? Forgetting this escape?

BLYTHE

(a long pause)

Yes. But I can't.

(turns to Hendley)

I am not a hero, Hendley. I am not what's called "the operational type". But I don't want to stay here -- one minute longer than I have to.

There is another heavy bomb burst.

BLYTHE

(resumes shaving)

That was a good one.

HENDLEY

(lying down again)

Yeah.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

423 WILLIE

423

notices Danny's bunk is empty. Exits the hut anxiously.

EXT. WILLIE'S BARRACKS - NIGHT

424 WILLIE

424

comes out of the hut cautiously. Looks around. Nothing. Then he catches sight of someone crouching in the shadows.

425 ANOTHER ANGLE - WILLIE

425

comes up, gasps as he sees:

426 DANNY

426

who stares off, the white of his eyes showing, at the unseen fence. In his shaking hand is a pair of wire cutters.

427 ANOTHER ANGLE - DANNY, WILLIE

427

Willie gasps, ducks down beside him.

WILLIE

(urgent whisper)

What're you doing, Danny?
Are you crazy?

DANNY

(mumbling - out of himself)

This's the chance. I can make it.

He makes a move but Willie grabs him back.

WILLIE

Danny! Danny! For the love of God...

Danny tries to struggle free and Willie, tiny against Danny's bulk, belts him, trying to knock him out but the blow hardly touches Danny. He breaks free. Willie rigger tackles him, crashes him down, drags him under the lee of a hut. Danny stares up petrified at the floor - only a few inches above his head, tunnel-like.

(CONTINUED)

427 CONTINUED:

427

DANNY

(desperately)

It's caving in again. I'm
buried. I can't see! I'm
blind - I'm blind!

WILLIE

(horrified)

It's the lights, Danny. The
goons've cut the bloody lights.

DANNY

(struggling)

Let me out - Let me out! I
can't breathe - I'm suffocating...
HELP!

Frightened that the goons will hear, Willie, with super-
human strength, pulls him back again and backhands him
savagely. To his horror, Danny starts crying.

WILLIE

What is it Danny?

DANNY

(sobbing)

The tunnel - it's got me,
Willie. I can't stand it
any more. Not again. Never.
I can't - it's just like I'm
buried alive every time --

(desperately)

It's tonight or never for me,
Willie. I can't go down that
hole again. I can't. I just
can't.

Suddenly Willie stares off.

428 HIS POV

428

A goon sentry is searching with a flashlight - his burp
gun ready. Then he sees them - the gun covers them!

SENTRY

(angrily)

What you do there! COME OUT!

429 WILLIE AND DANNY

429

crawl out. Willie covering Danny.

(CONTINUED)

429 CONTINUED:

429

WILLIE

(desperately)

The air raid siren scared him.
Sent him a little crazy. He's
all right now. Come on, Danny.

(to the sentry)

You know, shell shock.

Quickly he hurries Danny away - and Danny, pathetic now, allows himself to be led. Nervously the sentry turns away. CAMERA goes to a window. Hilts is there. His shock shows.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARRACKS - DAY (TWILIGHT)

430 MEN 430

are getting ready. Changing into their escape suits.

431 OTHER MEN 431

are fixing gear.

432 BLYTHE AND HENDLEY 432

are dressing. Hendley slips out of the door, heads for the John. Blythe closes the door, his nerves are on edge. He finds a pin, sets it on the edge of the table, orients himself carefully then walks forward casually to pick it up. A miss by an inch. He does it again and this time bullseyes on the pin. He gets back into position, waits, sweating with nervousness. Glances at his watch.

INT. OTHER BARRACKS - DAY

433 MEN 433

are waiting nervously. Someone drops a book. The slight noise makes everyone jump.

434 CAVENDISH 434

is staring into a mirror, brushing his moustache into violence.

435 RAMSEY 435

quietly paces, up and down, up and down.

436 SORREN

436

sweatily checks and rechecks his lists.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY (DUSK)

437 SENTRIES

437

walk up and down, stamping their feet in the damp cold. Overcast sky -- the last gloomy light of day. A burst of laughter from the guard house and the whining oscillation of a radio being tuned in. A German folk song... men's chorus - warms the gloaming.

INT. HENDLEY'S ROOM - DAY (DUSK)

438 BLYTHE AND HENDLEY

438

wait fidgeting. A knock the door opens. Bartlett enters. He still wears his uniform. Grave face.

BLYTHE

(over friendly)

Hello, Cyril. How do we look?

(he struts a little)

Guten arabend, mein Herr. Wie geht es ihnen?

BARTLETT

(gravely)

Sorry, Colin. You're off the list. You can't go!

BLYTHE

What're you talking about?
Why not?

BARTLETT

Because you've torn your eyes out. For us.

BLYTHE

Nonsense.

BARTLETT

Look, Colin.

BLYTHE

(interrupting)

I can see as well as anyone.

(looks around)

See that pin?

(CONTINUED)

BARTLETT
(looks, then, after
pause)

Yes.

Blythe walks to it unerringly, picks it up. Coming back, all smiles, he stumbles over a chair which Bartlett quietly put in his way. Blythe stares down appalled, near tears.

HENDLEY
Is there any need to be so
tough?

BARTLETT
Yes. I'm afraid there is.
(to Blythe)
Sorry. I hate this eleventh
hour letdown, but I've only
just been told. It's too risky
for you.

HENDLEY
Don't you think that's Colin's
decision, not yours?

BARTLETT
Not altogether. He'd also be
a hazard to the whole escape.
That's my decision.

HENDLEY
If you want to talk about
hazards, what about you? You're
the biggest hazard of all of us.
You're a marked man, Bartlett.

BARTLETT
(after a pause)
Yes. That's true,

HENDLEY
Well, none of us have voted you
off the list, so you've no right
to do the same.

Bartlett looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

BARTLETT

If you're asking me how far a commander is allowed to go - or dares to go - or is allowed to play God, I can't answer you.

(beat)

But I can tell you a blind man is an unnecessary hazard not only to himself but to the whole plan and therefore will be eliminated.

HENDLEY

I agree. But Colin's going. I'll be his eyes. I'll take care of him. That's my decision.

Bartlett looks at him, gauging him. Then the faint smile.

BARTLETT

Very well. Good luck.

He turns and exits. Hendley stares after him sourly. Blythe takes off his glasses, wipes them.

BLYTHE

(very matter of fact)

Actually, I suppose after all, it's better if I didn't. Cyril's quite right. Completely right. I'm as blind as the proverbial bat.

HENDLEY

Hell, we'll make it in great shape. And that's the end of it.

Blythe replaces his glasses, fiddles with them. A long pause:

BLYTHE

Would you like some tea? We've got time.

Hendley looks up, suddenly vastly amused. He hides it and flattens his voice too:

HENDLEY

Thanks.

BLYTHE

Splendid.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUT CORRIDOR - DAY (DUSK)

439 BARTLETT

439

approaches, heading for Ramsey's room. Troubled.

INT. RAMSEY'S ROOM - DAY (DUSK)

440 RAMSEY

440

looks up, smiles.

RAMSEY

Hello, Cyril. I was going to drop by to wish you God speed.

BARTLETT

You remember when I just came to the camp, you said perhaps I should stay out of the escape?

RAMSEY

Yes, I remember.

BARTLETT

You remember I said I'd tell you if I ever got wire happy?

RAMSEY

Are you?

BARTLETT

I don't know. I don't think so -- but I'm not sure.

RAMSEY

Listen Cyril, war's a mucked up way of life. Who knows what's right or what's wrong? Or what's the difference between you and me or that poor man Ives.

BARTLETT

I feel I'm right to try to get back at the goons -- the only way we can.

RAMSEY

I agree, Cyril. My concern is the Gestapo.

(CONTINUED)

440 CONTINUED:

BARTLETT

You know, Sir, you always separate professional soldiers from the Gestapo. To me they're all the same. In fact, I know the Von Lugers are worse -- they know better. Yet they put the lunatics in power and they're leaving them there.

RAMSEY

(after pause)

I don't disagree with you, Cyril. I only pointed out a pertinent military fact.

(smiles)

Shouldn't you be getting ready?

(gravely)

Perhaps you and I shouldn't try to solve the insolvable.

(holds out
his hand)

Good luck, old chum.

BARTLETT

Thank you, Sir.

RAMSEY

God bless.

Bartlett leaves, Closes the door. Ramsey stares after him gravely.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BARTLETT'S ROOM (DUSK)

441 CLOSE SHOT - BARTLETT'S WRIST WATCH 441
 ticks loudly. It reads: 6:29 and a half. The second hand
 ticks past the half ...

442 BARTLETT 442
 looks down at it. He is dressed for escape. Alone in the
 tiny room. This is the first time he has been seen alone.
 Cold sweat beads his forehead. The shakes - vast fear
 dribbles from his eyes. Nausea.

INT. "HARRY" - NIGHT

443 DANNY AND WILLIE 443
 complete fitting bulbs to the end of the wire at the foot
 of the escape shaft.

WILLIE

What's the time?

DANNY

Six twenty-nine.

WILLIE

The Goons will throw the switch
 in a minute or two. Then we
 shall really see. How do you
 feel?

DANNY

I'll be all right.

Hilts arrives on his trolley. Puts down extra light bulbs.

HILTS

All set.

INT. BARTLETT'S ROOM - DAY - (DUSK)

444 BARTLETT 444
 tries to control the shakes. Watches the second hand.

445 WATCH - THE SECOND HAND 445
 five...four...three...two...one...six-thirty.

INT. "HARRY" - NIGHT

446 FULL SHOT 446
 The bulbs go on and a blaze of light ribbons the ceiling
 of the tunnel.

(CONTINUED)

446 CONTINUED:

446

WILLIE

Oh, lovely. Like Blackpool
at the height of the season.

DANNY

Let's get out of here.

HILTS

We have the Halfway House
trolleys to fix.

WILLIE

(indicating trolley)

Lead off, Hilts.

Hilts takes off on the trolley.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

447 CLOSE

447

right into the beam of a searchlight in a sentry-tower. The sentry swings the light aside and now we can see him. CAMERA PANS around the other sentry-box searchlights, making a 360 degree turn. Then it TILTS DOWN to the compound itself. The shafts of light move about, never still, occasionally picking up a Hundfuhrer and his dog, and, here and there, a lone ferret. All the shutters are closed on the huts.

INT. BARTLETT'S ROOM - NIGHT

448 BARTLETT

448

wipes the sweat off. A gentle knock. Instantly Bartlett is veiled once more by the strength of his will. MacDonald pokes his head into the room, nods silently. Bartlett picks up a briefcase, exits. Icey calm now.

INT. BARRACK CORRIDOR - NIGHT

449 A STOUGE

449

is at the spy hole. Bartlett and MacDonald approach, wait. The stooge gives the "all clear", jerks the door open for an instant, closes it behind the two.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

450 BARTLETT AND MACDONALD

450

wait for a hole in the searchlights, dart across to the next hut - 107. The door opens instantly, closes.

INT. HUT 107 - NIGHT

451 A STOUGE 451
guards the door, watches. A nod, then the two men exit again.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

452 BARTLETT AND MACDONALD 452
wait, then dart across to 104. Again, before they reach the door it opens for them.

INT. HUT 104 - NIGHT

453 A STOUGE 453
guards the door as they enter, go through the barracks to Sorren, the block commander, who has a clipboard and list of names. Everyone talks in whispers.

SORREN
(checks their
names)

Bartlett, MacDonald.

As they go on into the washroom, Merivale and Ashley-Pitt arrive.

INT. HUT 107 - NIGHT

454 FULL SHOT 454
Hendley and Blythe come through the door.

STOUGE
Name?

HENDLEY
Hendley.

BLYTHE
Blythe.

STOUGE
On your way.

CAMERA PANS as they go down the corridor. The stooge opens the door at the other end.

STOUGE (continuing)
All clear. On your way.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

455 CLOSE 455

Hendley and Blythe leave Hut 107, go to Hut 104 and enter.

INT. HUT 104 - NIGHT

456 FULL SHOT 456

Hendley and Blythe are admitted by the stooge.

SORREN

Hendley, Blythe. Go to the far end. Get into a bunk and stay there. Keep fairly quiet. If you have to talk, talk about the weather.

They leave. A moment later, the Stooge opens the door, Another escapee steps in.

SORREN

Name?

ESCAPEE

Eames.

INT. RAMSEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

457 RAMSEY 457

is staring out into the compound through the slats in the shutters. He too is sweating and anxious. After a moment, he exits.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

458 FULL SHOT 458

Shadows flit from hut to hut, leap frogging. A muffled curse as someone stumbles. No reaction from the nearby patrol. Slight movement near the guardhouse.

459 STRACHWITZ 459

stares into the compound uneasily. Then he shakes off the premonition.

STRACHWITZ

(angrily - to the
guards - in German)

Smarten up! You're German
soldiers, not gutter rats!

INT. BUNK ROOM - 104 - NIGHT

460 FULL SHOT

460

Ramsey enters. The bunkhouse is crammed to overcrowding. Men in bunks, on the floor, in the passageways. Strange costumes. All sweating. Silent. Ramsey goes toward the washroom.

461 WASHROOM

461

Bartlett stands with MacDonald by the open trap. He is outwardly calm - very calm.

BARTLETT

(matter of fact -
to MacDonald)

What's the holdup? We're
behind schedule.

MacDonald shrugs. Hilts scrambles up out of the trap. He is followed by Danny and then Willie.

HILTS

Needed a new rope on the end
trolleys.

WILLIE

All done now.

All three start putting on their escape outfits as Ramsey comes into the washroom. He addresses the group around Bartlett as well as those in the barracks beyond him.

RAMSEY

I've come to wish you all au
revoir and Godspeed. I can't
tell you how proud I am of you.
I look forward to seeing you all
again in London. Now I'll get
out of your way and give you a
clear run.

As Ramsey leaves, Bartlett turns to Danny.

BARTLETT

All right, Danny, off you go.

Danny looks down into the gaping hole of the trap. Suddenly his face is covered with sweat.

DANNY

You - you go, Cyril.

(CONTINUED)

BARTLETT

(amazed)

You're leading off to open
the tunnel.

DANNY

I'll come along later.

BARTLETT

Don't be ridiculous. It's
all been worked out.

WILLIE

Let him do it his way. I'll
stay too and -

BARTLETT

(cutting in)

Out of the question. Danny
get down there and on that
damned trolley at once.

DANNY

I'll be right after you. I
just -

Willie pushes Danny back into the semidarkness of the
barracks. Comes forward again, throws an appealing look
to Bartlett, then Hilts.

WILLIE

Let us do it our way, Cyril.
What difference does it make.
Hilts will open the hole.

HILTS

Sure.

Dives down into the trap.

WILLIE

(calling after him)

Don't forget to signal from
Halfway House for the next man.

HILTS' VOICE

Yeah.

BARTLETT

(to Willie)

Tell me what this is, dammit,
and tell me fast.

(CONTINUED)

461 CONTINUED: (2)

461

MACDONALD

Cyril, don't jam up everything
over who opens the tunnel. Come
on.

He starts Bartlett down the trap, follows him as Willie
turns away to find Danny.

INT. "HARRY" - SHAFT AND ENTERANCE ROOM - NIGHT

462 CLOSE

462

The two men go down the shaft -

BARTLETT

You know what this is?

MACDONALD

I think so.

BARTLETT

What is it, Sandy?

MACDONALD

I don't know for sure. But
I'd say it was fear. He -

BARTLETT

Impossible!

MacDonald is at the mouth of the tunnel. Receives the
signal Hilts is beyond the Halfway House.

MACDONALD

Cyril, whatever it is there'll
be less trouble if you let it
pass.

BARTLETT

(after a moment)

Right.

He gets on the trolley, heads up the tunnel as Merivale
and Ashley-Pitt come down the shaft.

INT. EXIT SHAFT - "HARRY" - NIGHT

463 HILTS

463

is hacking at the earth above. A shower of dirt, almost
blinds him.

INT. BARRACKS 104 - NIGHT

464 THE STOOGES 464
 is temporarily distracted from his spy hole. The door
 swings open. A GERMAN GUARD!

GERMAN GUARD
 Was is los herein? Hein?

465 STOOGES 465
 almost faints..

466 SORREN 466
 gasps, petrified...

467 OTHERS 467
 paralyzed with fear...

468 GERMAN GUARD 468

GERMAN GUARD
 Haff you never zzeeen a Sherman
 before, nein?

469 SORREN 469

SORREN
 (furiously)
 For the love of God, Haynes!
 Why the devil didn't you tell
 us you were going as a goon.

HAYNES
 Sorry, old boy! Thought I'd
 give you a surprise.

SORREN
 (weak)
 Get in a bunk... no wait! I'd
 better warn them. Someone'll
 have a heart attack.

INT. WASHROOM - 104 - NIGHT

470 CLOSE 470

Hendley and Blythe are in line at the trap. Sedgwick
 is instructing the men going down the shaft.

(CONTINUED)

470 CONTINUED:

SEDGWICK

All right now, sit down here.
There's a ledge a foot below -
feel it with your feet. Stand
with your right foot in the far
corner. Feel the top rung of
the ladder with your left foot.
Got it? Turn your body and down
you go.

INT. "HARRY" - NIGHT

471 EXIT SHAFT

471

Hilts stops for a moment, looks down. Bartlett is there
now with MacDonald, Ashley-Pitt and Merivale. Then Hilts
rips the last few inches of dirt away.

472 HALFWAY HOUSE

472

already crammed with bodies arriving... leaving... sudden
reaction. A slight draft.

HENDLEY

It's open!

Excitement.

473 TUNNEL ENTRANCE SHAFT

473

Men milling around. They too react as the cool air hits
them. Breathing easier.

EXT. EXIT HOLE - NIGHT

474 HILTS

474

cautiously puts his head up out of the hole, looks around
excitedly. Suddenly freezes.

475 ANOTHER ANGLE

475

Ten feet away is the goon tower. Hilts' head is naked
between wire and forest. Too short! He gasps...

476 FOREST TREES

476

are ten feet away. Some fifty yards away a sentry plods,
approaching...

477 HILTS

477

appalled, ducks back.

INT. TUNNEL SHAFT EXIT - NIGHT

478 HILTS

478

gasps to Bartlett:

HILTS

We're ten feet short.

479 FACES

479

Bartlett, Merivale, MacDonald, Ashley-Pitt appalled.
Silence. Then:

MACDONALD

Cyril...

BARTLETT

Dammit, Mac, I'm trying to
think!

(to Hilts)

Can you be seen from the goon
tower?

HILTS

Maybe - maybe not.

MACDONALD

We could postpone. Wait till
we've dug the last few feet.

BARTLETT

All the documents are stamped
for today. It's now or never.

(to Hilts)

How far are the trees?

HILTS

About ten feet.

BARTLETT

(to MacDonald)

Pass the word back. Twenty
feet of rope. On the double.MacDonald instantly obeys. Bartlett clambers up the
ladder to look...

480 FULL SHOT

480

along men lying waiting in tunnel.

NIMMO

What the devil's the holdup?

HAYNES

How the hell do I know?

481 HALFWAY HOUSE

481

stuffed with men.

BLYTHE

What the devil's the holdup?

HENDLEY

How the hell do I know?

VOICE

(muffled)

They want some rope. Twenty feet!

INT. HUT 104 - NIGHT

482 CLOSE

482

A voice comes up from the trap.

VOICE

Rope. Twenty feet.

SORREN

What's that for?

SEDGWICK

How the devil do I know?

INT. RAMSEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

483 RAMSEY

483

looks up as Goff knocks, enters.

RAMSEY

How's it going?

GOFF

Some kind of foul up, I think, sir.

RAMSEY

How many are out so far?

GOFF

I don't think any.

Ramsey stares at him - glances at his watch. Very perturbed.

INT. WASHROOM 104 - NIGHT

484 SEDGWICK AND SORREN 484
get more nervous every moment. The men are very fidgety.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

485 HALFWAY HOUSE 485

Too many men in the small area. The trolley trundles up.
A man passes the rope. Hendley and Blythe pass it forward.

VOICE

(whispered)

Phew, what a pong! If they
don't move soon, I'm leaving.
We've only got fifteen minutes
to catch our train.

VOICE

Looks like we missed it. Don't
you think?

EXT. "HARRY'S" EXIT HOLE - NIGHT

486 HILTS 486

peers up cautiously.

487 HIS POV - THE GOON TOWER GUARD 487

watches only into the camp...

488 THE TWO SENTRIES 488

trudge along away from the hole...

489 HILTS 489

slips out of the hole, uncoils the rope as he runs,
CAMERA FOLLOWING, ducks into the safety of the trees.
Sweating, he gives the rope a sharp tug.

INT. "HARRY" EXIT SHAFT - NIGHT

490 BARTLETT 490

is holding the rope which is attached to the top of the
ladder. Again the tug. Quickly - to Merivale.

BARTLETT

Good luck.

(CONTINUED)

490 CONTINUED:

490

MERIVALE

I'll look for you in Piccadilly.

He climbs out...

EXT. "HARRY" EXIT HOLE - NIGHT

491 MERIVALE

491

follows the rope to Hilts. Whispers:

MERIVALE

Jolly good. 'Night.

Hilts grins as Merivale hurries off into the darkness.
Hilts checks the sentries' positions, tugs the rope again.
In a moment Ashley-Pitt slips out of the hole, heads for
Hilts.

HILTS

'Luck.

Again he checks the sentries. Another man sneaks free.
Hilts checks again - freezes.

492 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE GOON TOWER GUARD

492

walks around his perch, looking out over the hole.

493 HILTS

493

holds his breath.

494 THE GOON TOWER GUARD

494

does warming exercises, then goes back to his searchlight
routine.

495 HILTS

495

sighs, jerks the rope again. Another dim figure - pops
up, hurries into the forest.

INT. WASHROOM 104 - NIGHT

496 SORREN

496

comes up to Sedgwick.

SORREN

Everyone's in position. I'll
take over. You can get into
your gear. What's the count?

(CONTINUED)

496 CONTINUED:

495

SEDGWICK

Twenty three ready in the tunnel.

SORREN

(bends down
near hole)

You ready for more, down there?

VOICES

No! What you think we are?

Bloody sardines?

Sorren grins, sees Danny and Willie. Surprised, he goes over to them.

SORREN

You're way out of turn, aren't you?

WILLIE

We'll go in a minute.

Sorren leaves.

DANNY

I can't, Willie. Don't wait. Please.

WILLIE

(hard)

If you don't - I won't. Then you'll have stopped my escape.

Danny stares at him. Grimly he moves into position. Heavier shakes as he looks at the black hole. Takes hold.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

497 AT TOP OF EXIT SHAFT - BLYTHE

497

about to climb out of the hole, stops short and listens. Hendley is right behind him. Somewhere, far off, faintly, there is a rumble.

BLYTHE

What's that?

HENDLEY

Air raid somewhere.

The sirens of the camp start wailing.

(CONTINUED)

497 CONTINUED:

497

MACDONALD
Oh God - no! The goons will
pull the switch.

498 AT HALF-WAY HOUSE - WILLIE, DANNY

498

arrive in tandem. The muffled sound of the sirens is
heard.

WILLIE
(barely audible)
Air raid!

Danny stiffens. The tunnel lights go out abruptly.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

499 HENDLEY - BLYTHE

499

at the mouth of the escape shaft see the searchlights
start dimming and go out.

HENDLEY
Give me your hand, Colin!

The two scuttle along the rope to Hilts, hand in hand.

HILTS
(jerks rope
quickly)
Take off buddy - this's our
lucky break!

INT. "HARRY" TUNNEL - NIGHT

500 TOTAL DARKNESS

500

There is a chorus of whispers.

VOICES
What's happened to the lights?
They've found us.
Who's got a match?
Let me out of here.
Easy, everyone, easy.
I can't see a bloody thing.
I can't stand it - let me out.
Shut up!
Shut him up someone.
Where's a match?

501 HALF-WAY HOUSE

501

Over the rising voices - cursing - a match flickers.
Goes out.

WILLIE'S VOICE

(frantic)

Hang on, Danny. Hang on. I've
got another one. I've got
another match here somewhere.

A match lights briefly. Danny is fighting his panic,
his face wet with sweat. The match goes out again. Willie
curses to himself.

WILLIE'S VOICE

I've got one more. I -- here it
is.

DANNY'S VOICE

Give it to me.

Danny lights it. The trembling has stopped.

DANNY

Get on the trolley. We can
get dozens out during this.
Pass the word!

WILLIE

You go first, Danny. I'll -

DANNY

Go on! I'll catch up. I'm
all right. Quick.

As Willie does so the match goes out. Blackness.

WILLIE'S VOICE

I'll wait for you at the exit.

EXT. COMPOUND - OUTSIDE WIRE - NIGHT

502 BARTLETT

502

has climbed out of the hole, stays by it as he helps -
and hurries - escapes out, starts them toward Hilts.

INT. BARRACKS SECTION - 104 - NIGHT

503 SORREN

503

calls in to the men jammed in the darkness of the room,
beside their suitcases and blanket rolls.

SORREN

All right, lads. Let's go.
It's starting to move.

INT. "HARRY" - NIGHT

504 HALF-WAY HOUSE

504

Blackness. Din. Curses:

VOICE

Here's a lamp. Pass it on.
Quick!

ESCAPEE'S VOICE

Let's have it.

A match strikes and the fat lamp is lit.

ESCAPEE

(holding it)

Pass the word. Everyone look
for a lamp and light it. Pass
the word.

Another man goes off on the forward trolley, escaping.

INT. "HARRY" EXIT SHAFT - NIGHT

505 MACDONALD

505

helps the men through. Willie is waiting for Danny who
appears on the trolley. Willie starts him up the shaft.

WILLIE

This time, you first.

Pushes him upward, slaps him on the rump.

EXT. EXIT HOLE - NIGHT

506 DANNY

506

emerges from the hole. Bartlett is still there. There's
a moment pause as they look at each other. Then:

BARTLETT

Good luck, Danny.

Willie appears and he and Danny go off toward Hilts.
Reaching Hilts, Willie and Danny pause.

WILLIE

I'll take over! Thanks!

HILTS

Plenty of time, old buddy!
I'm anchor man. You beat it.
Luck!

Danny and Willie move off into the woods.

INT. WASHROOM 104 - NIGHT

507 SEDGWICK

507

is going into the shaft with a large suitcase.

SORREN

What have you got in there, a piano?

SEDGWICK

(dead pan)

Hah. Hah.

SORREN

You'll never get that thing through.

SEDGWICK

I'll cope.

SORREN

Can't be done.

SEDGWICK

Don't worry about me, cobber.

He is gone down the shaft. A stooge at the window turns. Sudden warning whistle. Everyone freezes.

EXT. COMPOUND - NEAR HUT 104 - NIGHT

508 A HUNDFUHRER.

508

and his dog go past.

INT. WASHROOM 104 - NIGHT

509 STOOGES

509

turns away from window. Wipes sweat off.

STOOGES

All clear.

ESCAPEE

(to Sorren)

Who was the idiot with the steamer trunk?

SORREN

The Aussie, who else?

ESCAPEE

I wish he was home with the kangeroos.

INT. RAMSEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

510 RAMSEY

510

can stand the waiting no longer.

RAMSEY

(to Goff)

See how things are going,
there's a good chap.

Goff exits.

INT. "HARRY" - NIGHT

511 ENTRANCE SHAFT

511

Sedgwick gets on a trolley with his suitcase. It's a tight fit. He tugs the rope and rolls off.

511A MOVING SHOT - SEDGWICK

511A

moving down the tunnel. A corner of his suitcase brushes the wall of the tunnel. The trolley lurches an inch more and the suitcase edge jams against the shoring. Half a dozen boards come loose and the sand comes down.

512 HALF-WAY HOUSE

512

Sedgwick looks back to see what happened.

ESCAPEE

(to Sedgwick)

Get off. Don't waste time.

SEDGWICK

There's been a cave-in, dammit.

Sedgwick hands the escapee his suitcase, gets off the trolley and crawls back, CAMERA FOLLOWING. He scrapes the sand away until he finds the shoring and starts to make good the damage.

INT. "HARRY" ENTRANCE SHAFT - NIGHT

513 A PILEUP OF MEN

513

starts. Curses. A single oil lamp flickers.

EXT. COMPOUND - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

514 GUARDS

514

stroll the silent compound unconcerned. Suddenly the "all clear" siren begins. Instantly the searchlights switch on. Bartlett and four or five men can be seen clearly for an instant beyond the wire. They are like a still-life - then they all dart away to the trees...

EXT. TREES - NIGHT

515 HILTS

515

blinks with nervousness as Bartlett, MacDonald and the others hug the dirt near him. Silence only broken by their breathing...

INT. "HARRY" EXIT SHAFT - NIGHT

516 AN ESCAPEE

516

waits anxiously, holds the signal rope. Lights are on in the tunnel.

516A HALF-WAY HOUSE

516A

Sedgwick sweats in the floodlit tunnel, clearing away the damage. With the lights on - calmness.

EXT. TREES - NIGHT

517 BARTLETT

517

gets up, carefully looks around. Two sentries stroll along, turn their backs.

518 ANOTHER ANGLE (SHOT DOWN FROM GOON TOWER)

518

The tower guard watches into the camp. Behind him, Hilts jerks the signal rope. Another man ducks out of the hole, heads for the trees, disappears.

519 CLOSE

519

as Bartlett takes the rope from Hilts.

BARTLETT

I'll take over now. Good luck.

HILTS

I haven't a train to catch.

BARTLETT

Sorry, you don't. It's a long way to walk. Without papers.

HILTS

(grins)

I'm not walking.

MACDONALD

(nervous)

Come on, Cyril. They all know the drill. We're only in the way here.

(CONTINUED)

519 CONTINUED:

519

BARTLETT

That's a change, isn't it?
 (smiles at Hilts)
 You're all right, Hilts.
 Thanks.

Bartlett and MacDonald disappear into the woods.

INT. HUF 104 - BARRACKS - NIGHT

520 SORREN

520

steps over legs in the corridor and stops in the center.

SORREN

Let me have your attention everyone. Your attention, please. We're running far behind schedule. Those of you traveling by trains have probably already missed them. You'll be able to catch trains later but you won't be as far away as we'd hoped when the stuff hits the fan. If any one wants to change his mind, now's your chance.

(waits - silence)

All right. There'll be a further delay - there's been a cave-in.

ESCAPEE

Haven't you any good news?

SORREN

Yes. The last of the suitcase carriers have gone through and we're about to start on the blanket brigade. That should make things go faster, once we resume. Sit tight, boys.

Sorren picks his way back to the washroom. A call comes up from the trap.

MUFFLED VOICE

Hey - aloft. We're moving again.

CAVENDISH

Here we go again. Send them along.

Sorren hurries out of the washroom as Cavendish goes below.

INT. "HARRY" AT HALF-WAY HOUSE - NIGHT

521 GRIFFITHS 521
arrives, shifts to the next trolley as the first trolley is hauled back, hurtles into tunnel.

522 AT ENTRANCE SHAFT 522
Men are coming down the shaft. Cavendish gets on trolley and rolls away.

INT. RAMSEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

523 RAMSEY 523
paces up and down, glances at his watch repeatedly.

EXT. COMPOUND - OUTSIDE WIRE - NIGHT

524 HILTS 524
watches as he holds the rope's end. He tugs it. A man comes out. Another tug. Griffiths comes out of the hole, starts to run toward the woods. He trips and falls flat on his face, making a thudding noise.

525 TWO SENTRIES 525
turn and look off in the direction of the woods. Another guard appears. The three move closer as they talk. One sentry points up toward the woods. They stand listening.

526 HILTS 526
tense, hardly breathing, looking off.

527 GRIFFITHS 527
lying prone, not stirring a muscle...

INT. "HARRY" EXIT SHAFT - NIGHT

528 CAVENDISH 528
holds the signal rope.

CAVENDISH

Come on old boy, hurry up!

EXT. FENCE - NIGHT

529 THE SENTRIES 529
as they listen. Then the sentry who heard the noise in the first place starts off toward the woods to investigate, holding his burp gun at ready.

530 GRIFFITHS

530

lies doggo on the ground as the German sentry comes nearer. The German has been looking into the lights for some time and cannot see clearly in the increasing darkness as he approaches the woods. He passes Griffiths, without seeing him, steps on Griffiths' outstretched hand. Griffiths flinches but doesn't move as the German goes past.

531 HILTS

531

takes as much cover as he dares without moving. He watches wide-eyed as the German approaches.

532 GERMAN SENTRY

532

moves cautiously to the edge of the woods, looks all about him but doesn't see Hiltz in the shadows. He turns slowly and starts back towards the fence. Now Griffiths is between him and the lights of the compound. He takes a couple of steps toward the compound, then stops, gasps...

533 HIS POV - PORTION OF GRIFFITHS' BODY

533

silhouetted against the lights of the compound in the background.

534 GERMAN SENTRY

534

as his eyes widen. He approaches Griffiths cautiously, then seeing clearly who he is, raises his gun to firing position.

535 HILTS

535

jumps up with a yell -

HILTS

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

536 GERMAN SENTRY

536

standing over Griffiths, whirls startled, covers Hiltz. Behind him, Griffiths jumps up.

GRIFFITHS

Don't shoot! I give up. Don't shoot!

The German sentry whirls back toward Griffiths. Cavendish's head pops up out of the whole. The German, appalled, shouts inarticulately. At the same time his gun inadvertently fires into the air. Cavendish disappears, Griffiths raises his hands. Hiltz takes off into the woods. The German whirls, sprays the forest...

INT. 104 - NIGHT

537 FULL SHOT

537

Sorren, Haynes and the stooge are at the window - all frozen.

HAYNES

That appears to be a shot.

SORREN

That was indeed a bloody shot.
Someone's caught it.

(into the shaft)

Hey down there. Pass the word -
everyone back from the tunnel.

Haynes hares out of the washroom.

EXT. MAIN GATE - NIGHT

538 GUARDS

538

pour out of the guardhouse, here for the searchlight that has zeroed in on Griffiths who stands paralyzed, his arms above his head. Guttural shouts. A few isolated shots.

INT. RAMSEY'S ROOM - NIGHT

539 RAMSEY

539

reacts to the continuing short bursts of firing. Very tired. Very concerned. He gets up, grimly erect. Begins to exit.

INT. "HARRY" - EXIT SHAFT - NIGHT

540 CAVENDISH

540

ducks back into the tunnel. Desperate whisper:

CAVENDISH

Jig's up - the bloody goons...

He stares up petrified, as the sentry appears in the hole, stares down at them, menaces them with his burp gun.

GERMAN

(shouting)

'Raus! 'Raus! SOFORT!

He fires a short warning burst into the earth. Cavendish and the others pour up the ladder. Very fast. Some crouch back into the tunnel, petrified.

INT. "HARRY" - NIGHT

541 HALF-WAY HOUSE

541

An escapee is backing out of the escape tunnel. Now there's the beginning of a real pile up. And panic.

ESCAPEE

Bastards. They've known all along. They're plugging the blokes as they've been coming out.

ANOTHER ESCAPEE

Rot! We'd have heard shots before. The goons've just found the hole.

A THIRD ESCAPEE

Let's get the hell out of here.

He dives for the trolley and starts paddling back.

542 ENTRANCE SHAFT

542

An escapee starts back up the shaft to the washroom. One man is at the mouth of the tunnel shouting.

ESCAPEE

Come back! Come back!
Everyone back! They've found
"Harry"!

He starts to pull at the trolley rope.

543 MOVING SHOT

543

An escapee on the trolley moving back to the start of the tunnel. He scrambles off and pushes as close to the ladder as he can.

ESCAPEE

(to the others)

Someone's been shot back there.
Hurry. I think the goons are
coming down the tunnel. There
was someone just behind me.

544 MOUTH OF TUNNEL

544

Second escapee crawls out of the tunnel and shoves toward the shaft.

SECOND ESCAPEE

Hurry up! The goons are coming.
I heard one just behind me.

INT. HUT - 104 - NIGHT

545 GOFF

545

is coming out of the washroom into the corridor. The block seems to be on fire. Sorren comes toward him through the smoke.

GOFF

Where's the fire?

SORREN

They're burning the papers.

GOFF

I heard some of the boys were shot. By goons coming through the tunnel. I'm getting the hell out of here!

Goff runs out. One or two escapees run after him.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

546 GOFF AND OTHERS

546

come tearing out the door, the searchlights pick them up. Machine guns start to chatter. They run back through the door.

INT. HUT 104 - NIGHT

547 CLOSE

547

as they come running back into the hut.

SORREN

Change your mind?

GOFF

Wouldn't you?

Goff laughs but stops as the door bursts open and Strachwitz enters. He is carrying a pistol in his hand. Goes to the tunnel mouth, looks down.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

548 VON LUGER

548

is nose-to-nose with Griffiths at the front gate. Von Luger's collar is unbuttoned and he has a pistol in his hands. At his side is Posen with a great coat over his pajamas.

(CONTINUED)

548 CONTINUED:

548

Behind them, armed guards in formation double-time from the guardhouse through the inner gate into the compound. A group heads into the forest - sporadic gun fire, guttural commands. Von Luger is literally foaming.

VON LUGER

So, you don't want to stay in this camp, eh! COOLER!

(shouts at a guard - in German)

Get 'em all into appell!
AT ONCE!

Von Luger turns away and hurries toward the compound. Posen shakes his head angrily, a stream of German...

549 AT HUT 104

549

POW'S stream out to find the hut completely ringed by helmeted armed guards.

STRACHWITZ'S VOICE

Out. Out. Everyone out.
Ausgahan. Schnell.

Each prisoner is made to strip to his underwear as he comes out of the hut. Strachwitz and the goons are rough with those who resist.

550 GOFF

550

struggles to keep his pants. Von Luger enters and points to Goff.

VON LUGER

Cooler!

Two armed guards march Goff off as the goons start chivvying the other prisoners into three ranks as Von Luger watches.

A PRISONER

It's too cold to stand here like this - what sort of nonsense are you up to?

Von Luger points to him.

VON LUGER

Cooler.

Two guards march this prisoner after Goff. As they do -

(CONTINUED)

550 CONTINUED:

550

ANOTHER PRISONER

Coo, we are in a pet, aren't we?

Von Luger points to him.

VON LUGER

Cooler.

Two guards march this one away, too. Von Luger draws his pistol.

VON LUGER

If there are any more disturbances I will personally shoot two of you.

The ranks of prisoners quiet down, their eyes on Von Luger. The whole camp is being shoved into appell...

551 RAMSEY

551

joins the lineup. He sees Sorren.

RAMSEY

(whispers)

How many got out?

SORREN

(whispers)

Don't know exactly, sir. Maybe forty.

552 VON LUGER

552

shaking with rage, dangerous, walks along the ranks of men...

VON LUGER

You're going to stand there till we find out who's missing. If it takes ten hours! Do you understand? If it takes ten days! Is that clear? If it takes ten years! Do I make myself plain?

He comes face to face with Ramsey. A moment, then with a great effort, Von Luger controls himself.

553 STRACHWITZ

553

with the other ferrets has not quite completed herding all of the prisoners into line. They are still stalling for time, milling about, pretending confusion. Strachwitz grabs a burp gun from a guard, lays a long burst of bullets just over the heads of a group of the men. Silence. Immediate order as Strachwitz jars in a new clip.

NONCOM

Answer to your names. Adams?
Adams?... Arlen. Arlen.

A VOICE

Here.

NONCOME

Baleen? Baleen?... Bartlett.
Bartlett?...

EXT. MILITARY ESTABLISHMENTS - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

554 SERIES OF SHOTS

554

as lights go on in building, phones are seen being answered. Headlights of cars and motorcycles glare as they turn out of entry ways, roar off down deserted streets.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAWN

555 THE WHOLE CAMP

555

is still at appell. Surrounded by helmeted Wehrmacht guards. Ramsey in front. Von Luger in front of him. The last of the POW's goes through a team of men who have been making a photo-check, wearily joins the main body of POW's. The senior non-com tallies a slip of paper, gives it to Strachwitz, an SS man takes the slip arrogantly, looks at it, hands it back - stalks towards main gate. Impassive, Strachwitz glances at the slip, takes it to Posen. Posen glances at it, gives it to Von Luger.

556 VON LUGER

556

is erect, motionless. But his face is grey and his eyes red-rimmed. He reads the slip. His face sags.

VON LUGER

(barely audible)

Sechs und siebenschig?

557 RAKING SHOTS - POW'S

557

including Sorren. Whispers:

VOICES

How many?
 How many got away?
 Over fifty?
 I couldn't hear.
 I was the last. I saw the figures!
 Well come on for God's sake!
 Seventy six!

The number is taken up, whispered with the whine of the wind. Exultance - waves of excitement - but held down.

558 RAMSEY

558

listens. He hears the number. His face doesn't change. He stares at Von Luger who is looking at him dully.

VON LUGER
 (clears throat)

Dismiss!

RAMSEY
 (turns - a command)

Dismiss!

559 FULL SHOT - THE PARADE

559

salutes, Ramsey returns it, then the POW's break and collect into little groups. Growing roars of success...

560 VON LUGER

560

and Germans march grimly out of the compound.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

561 TELEPHONE

561

grinds into life. The room is German middle-class decor. The only light is the cold gray dawn seeping through a curtained window. A man comes through a doorway leading to a bedroom, tying his robe belt. His face is puffy with sleep and his hair is mussed. As he passes a shaft of light - KUHN!

KUHN
 (picks up receiver)
 Ja?... Stalag Luft?... Und?...

Und? Wieviel?

(his voice tightens)

Sechs und siebzig?...

Unglaublich... Ja... Ja... Gewiss.

He slams down the receiver, hurries back to the bedroom.

EXT. FOREST AREA - DAWN

562 FULL SHOT

562

Lines of helmeted soldiers in full field packs, comb the undergrowth. A distant burst of machine gun fire. CAMERA MOVES to reveal Danny and Willie hiding. They sneak deeper and deeper into the foliage. In the middle distance a guard starts running - a dim figure fleeing ahead. Burst of machine gun:

VOICE

(faintly)

Don't shoot - Nich Shiessen!
I give up... Oh Christ, Johnny's
caught it!

The guards grab the dim figure, hurry him into the open. In a moment other guards carry out a badly wounded POW.

563 DANNY AND WILLIE

563

hare away. All around there are grim searchers. Dogs bay on the wind.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROADBLOCK - MAIN INTERSECTION - EARLY MORNING

564 GUARDS

564

halt traffic on a main road. Military convoys - civilian trucks. Beginning of a pile up. The main artery slows to a crawl - each vehicle is searched.

EXT. STATION AT ODIN - EARLY MORNING

565 HENDLEY, BLYTHE

565

come down a small side road that approaches the station. There is a sprinkling of people on the station platform, pacing about as they wait for the train to arrive. Hendley guides Blythe towards the station waiting room, into it.

INT. STATION WAITING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

566 HENDLEY

566

looks about the room aghast. Two-thirds of the people are escapees, all sitting nervously, studiously ignoring each other. Among them are Bartlett, MacDonald, Merivale, and Ashley-Pitt who glances absently at the new arrivals as do others in the room including the real Germans. Hendley leads Blythe out again.

EXT. ODIN STATION - EARLY MORNING

567 HENDLEY

567

pulls Blythe back against the wall of the building.

BLYTHE

Trouble?

HENDLEY

(whispers)

The place is loaded with our guys. I guess everybody's missed their connections and got jammed up here. I think we -

He looks off. A police car is coming down the road. It is moving fast and blasts its siren-horn to clear the way around a truck. Hurriedly Hendley takes Blythe and they duck into a doorway.

INT. WAITING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

568 POW'S

568

react to the dying siren. The police car is heard stopping outside. A moment, then the door bursts open and two police officers come in, look about the room. The escapees almost jump out of their skins as they attempt bland interest. The first policeman spots what he is looking for - a telephone - and heads for it. Getting his number he rattles off a long string of German. This causes a murmur of excitement among the real Germans in the room. A woman sitting next to Merivale turns and speaks to him in German. He nods enthusiastically - not understanding a word she says. As the woman turns back to listen to the policeman on the phone once more, Merivale turns to Ashley-Pitt who is sitting next to him, stares at him questioningly. During this, the policeman waiting at the door, becoming aware of Merivale and Ashley-Pitt, regards them suspiciously. The first policeman hangs up the phone and heads for the door, calls briskly for his associate to follow. Escapees breathe inaudible sighs of relief.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - DAY

569 HENDLEY, BLYTHE

569

The whistle of an approaching train.

BLYTHE

Where do we buy tickets?

(CONTINUED)

569 CONTINUED:

569

HENDLEY

On the train.

Taking Blythe's arm, he guides him into position.

EXT. ODIN STATION - DAY

570 BARTLETT AND MACDONALD

570

make their way along the platform as the train pulls in. The platform crowds - civilians of all types, foreign workers, military personnel. The other escapees spread themselves as the train stops. Passengers descend. Others board. Bartlett and MacDonald move through the crowd looking for a compartment.

571 HENDLEY AND BLYTHE

571

get aboard a coach near the end of the train as do some others of the escapees.

572 BARTLETT AND MACDONALD

572

approach a forward car which has compartments that open to the outside. Bartlett, opens the door of one which seems empty, for MacDonald, who gets in quickly, freezes.

573 FOUR SS OFFICERS

573

are side by side on the long seat. Two are dozing. One is reading a manual. The other is cleaning his nails. The one cleaning his nails glances idly at MacDonald.

STATION MASTER'S VOICE

Einsteigen.

Somewhere a whistle blows.

INT. COMPARTMENT - DAY

574 MACDONALD

574

stands in the aisle, paralyzed. Bartlett looks down at the feet of one of the dozing SS officers, glares at him and clears his throat loudly.

575 THE SS OFFICER

575

who is cleaning his nails, nudges the sleeper who awakens, sits up, puts his feet down.

SS OFFICER

Entschuldigen Sie.

576 BARTLETT AND MACDONALD

576

stow their luggage and overcoats and sit down, the SS officer reading the manual lights a cigar, looks Bartlett and MacDonald over with casual interest. Bartlett takes a folded Paris newspaper, LeSoir, out of his pocket, whips it open, gives MacDonald half, starts to read. The train starts to move.

INT. COACH - DAY

577 HENDLEY AND BLYTHE

577

sit near the rear of the car. As the train gains speed Hendley looks back through the window...

578 HIS POV - MOVING

578

Two police cars pull up at the station. Police pile out of the cars, hurry into the station building.

579 HENDLEY

579

Exhales, leans back in his seat, studies the other occupants of the sparsely filled car. The seats immediately around Hendley and Blythe are empty.

EXT. HIGHWAY AND RAILROAD BRIDGE - DAY

580 THE TRAIN

580

passes by - rattles across the bridge that passes over a small river. On the road paralleling the tracks, Danny and Willie trudge along. The sound of approaching motors emerges from the diminishing sound of the train. Danny and Willie run off the road.

581 UNDER THE BRIDGE

581

Danny and Willie come down the embankment, hide under the arch of the bridge as a dozen military motorcycles zoom by overhead. The last of these have sidecars carrying armed men. Danny glances off, reacts, runs off. Willie follows.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF ROAD - DAY

582 FULL SHOT

582

The road is narrow and winds through a thick forest. Hilts comes up out of a deep ravine. Standing at the edge of the road, he studies its relation to the ravine. Makes some mental calculations, then takes the piano wire from his pocket (now tied together in one long single length) and crossing the road, ties one end of it to a tree.

(CONTINUED)

582 CONTINUED:

582

He lays the wire slack across the road on a bias to the edge of the ravine. Picking up a heavy branch, he ties the end of the wire to the top end of the branch. The sound of approaching motors. Hilts grabs the branch, runs back to the cover of the trees beyond the ravine. Places the branch as a lever and braces himself.

583 THE COVEY OF MOTORCYCLES

583

that passed Danny and Willie, comes roaring around the corner in single file, stretched out now by the winding road. One by one the motorcycles zoom across the slack wire on the road. Between the last and the next to last, Hilts hauls the wire taut. The motorcycle (with sidecar) caroms along the slanting wire and is deflected into the ravine. It disappears from sight, a thump is heard, then silence, except for the sound of the departing motorcycles.

584 RAVINE - THE TWO RIDERS

584

are sprawled in the ravine - out cold. Ignoring them, Hilts goes directly to the motorcycle, goes over it to see if it is seriously damaged. Almost tenderly, as if it were a friend who had taken a fall. Finally satisfied, he turns his attention to the inert Germans. Tries one of the helmets on. Too big. Tries the other. It's okay.

EXT. RIVERS EDGE - DAY

585 A TINY ROWBOAT

585

lobs in the water. Danny and Willie rush down, Danny picks up the oars. Willie unties and shoves off.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

586 FULL SHOT

586

as Hilts wheels his motorcycle out of the ravine, climbs aboard. The outfit he has put together from the two Germans doesn't look too ill-fitting.

587 HILTS

587

starts the machine. Roars off.

EXT. CURVE - DAY

588 FULL SHOT

588

as Hilts barrels flat out into the turn, loses it, and flies across a ditch and plasters the motorcycle and himself onto a field.

589 CLOSE

589

as Hilts hops around the fields in pain, hanging on to his leg. He stops, looks at the motorcycle reproachfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SMALL STATION - DAY

590 THE TRAIN 590

comes to a stop. On the platform amongst the travelers are three policemen accompanied by two armed members of the Wehrmacht. The search begins. First the outside compartments.

INT. COMPARTMENT - DAY

591 BARTLETT AND MACDONALD 591

react. The door opens and a Policeman enters. He barely glances at the identity cards offered by the SS officers. He studies Bartlett and MacDonald's papers carefully.

POLICE OFFICIAL

Frankreich?

BARTLETT

Oui.

MACDONALD

Moi aussi.

The official hands back their papers.

OFFICIAL
(moving on)

Sehr gut.

INT. REAR COACH - DAY

592 FULL SHOT 592

Hendley, Blythe, Merivale, Ashley-Pitt and the others wait - nervous - uncertain what is happening.

EXT. PLATFORM OF SMALL STATION - DAY

593 THE CONDUCTOR 593

signals the engineer to proceed and then climbs aboard the train as it pulls out.

INT. REAR COACH - DAY

594 CLOSE 594

As the train picks up speed, Hendley leaves his seat, murmurs to Blythe:

HENDLEY

Think I'd better see what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

594 CONTINUED:

594

He moves through the doors into the coach ahead.

595 BLYTHE, ASHLEY-PITT - AND THE OTHERS

595

wait tensely. In a moment Hendley reenters the coach, taps Blythe and leads the way back in the coach. As he passes Ashley-Pitt he whispers:

HENDLEY

Tallyho!

Ashley-Pitt grimly decides to brazen it out, sits back firmly. As he does so, Merivale gets up, goes into the W.C. and closes the door.

EXT. REAR PLATFORM - TRAIN - DAY

596 HENDLEY AND BLYTHE

596

come out.

HENDLEY

Colin, we'd never make the interrogation going on up there.

He moves Blythe to the lower step on the side of the car. Blythe squints at the rugged and precipitous countryside going by fast.

BLYTHE

Are we going to jump?

HENDLEY

I'll tap you when.

BLYTHE

I'd prefer it if you'd simply give me a sound push, old chap.

A reasonably smooth section of the embankment comes into view. Hendley gives Blythe a heave. Jumps off after him.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS AND WOODED MEADOW - DAY

597 HENDLEY AND BLYTHE

hit the embankment. Half running, half falling, they fly down the sloping embankment of the tracks to a crash stop at the foot of some trees. As the train goes out of sight Hendley picks himself up, goes to Blythe.

HENDLEY

All right?

(CONTINUED)

597 CONTINUED:

597

Blythe nods "yes" but indicates with a gesture his breath is knocked out. His glasses are still on his nose - the glass shattered. His fingers tell him his clothes are badly torn. Hendley goes over his own ripped and stained clothes.

HENDLEY (continuing)

(disgusted)

First we can't handle the language. Now the papers you sweated over won't do us any good. I've really loused this up.

BLYTHE

(getting his breath)

Now what?

HENDLEY

(sits down)

I don't know. Let me think.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

598 REAR COACH

598

The train is slowing down now as it swings into the turns of a steep grade. The police are completing their examination of the passengers. One of them goes to the head of the car followed by the two soldiers as the other finishes his scrutiny of Ashley-Pitt's papers.

POLICEMAN

(handing them
back)

Sehr gut.

ASHLEY-PITT

Danke.

The first policeman notices the W.C., knocks, then tries the door. It is locked.

POLICEMAN

(curtly)

Ausmachen! Polizer! Sofort!

599 IN THE W.C. - MERIVALE

599

reacts. He looks about the tiny compartment anxiously, sees a small hatch-type air vent in the roof above it.

600 IN THE CAR CORRIDOR - THE POLICEMAN 600

raps angrily on the door, tells the conductor to unlock the door. The door crashes open. The W.C. is empty. The policeman looks about the little room astonished. The conductor snaps the handle of the door back and forth, ventures the opinion it wasn't locked - only stuck. The policeman accepts this, moves on.

EXT. TOP OF TRAIN - DAY

601 MOVING SHOT - MERIVALE 601

lies flat on top of the train. He stares ahead - gasps. The front part of the train is entering a tunnel - a small stone-faced oval which makes a tight fit for the train. He watches the tunnel approach and as the car he is on goes into it, the screen becomes obscured and then black with the boiling smoke from the engine. After a few seconds, the train emerges from the tunnel into the sun light again and the smoke dissipates. Merivale is gone!

INT. MOUTH OF TUNNEL - DAY

602 FULL SHOT 602

as the smoke left by the train swirls clear we see Merivale hanging by his hands from the wooden cross members that hold signal wires at the top of the tunnel. He drops to the tracks, observes his bruised hands then takes off up the cinders.

EXT. ROAD - HILL COUNTRY - DAY

603 MOVING SHOT - HILTS 603

is moving along sedately on his motorcycle. Seeing something ahead, he eases back on the throttle.

604 MOVING POV - A ROAD BLOCK 604

Many vehicles are lined up in both directions as police search them, examine the papers of the irritated occupants.

605 MOVING SHOT - HILTS 605

looks about for some way to avoid this. There is none. Assuming a nonchalant air, he proceeds.

606 AT THE BARRIER - HILTS 606

slows his motorcycle to a bare crawl and politely and casually weaves it between the closely parked double row of vehicles. As he squeezes his way by the examining Gestapo men and police.

(CONTINUED)

606 CONTINUED:

606

HILTS

Heil Hitler!

The man reacts mechanically. Hiltz continues slowly until clear of the vehicles, then picks up speed.

607 MOVING SHOT - HILTS

607

smiles, pleased with himself.

EXT. BIG RIVER - DAY

603 FULL SHOT

608

A wide sweep of the broad river past a towering castle. In the middle, the tiny rowboat is going down stream. And, not far behind it, the tributary it left.

609 CLOSER ON ROWBOAT - DANNY

609

is rowing, Willie fishes happily from the stern.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

610 (WILD DOLLY) - SEDGWICK

and two other escapees race through the woods in a desperate run. Behind them, the baying of dogs...

611 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE ESCAPEES

611

fight their way through the undergrowth, slip, half fall, get up, race on...

612 ANOTHER ANGLE - HUNDFUHRERS AND DOGS

612

charge in pursuit. Twenty or thirty soldiers lope along, burp guns ready. One sees something ahead, stops, fires a burst...

613 SEDGWICK AND ESCAPEES

613

find themselves boxed in. No escape now. Desperately they begin to fan out, toss their documents away, compasses, etc. One shins up a tree, another darts for a bush, gets under, Sedgwick desperately tries to scale the rockface of the ravine...

614 ANOTHER ANGLE - HUNDFUHRERS AND DOGS

614

burst out into the open. A soldier reacts, fires a burst of bullets...

615 SEDGWICK 615

freezes as the bullets spray around him. Miraculously he is unhurt.

616 ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL SHOT 616

as all the escapees are herded together. Roughly.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

617 GERMAN PATROL BOAT 617

has a tug with a string of barges stopped. Police search. The beginning of a foul-up in the river - the barges get tangled. Curses. In the distance, another patrol boat scurries after a freighter. In the far distance the tiny rowboat heads down stream.

EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - DAY

618 CARS 618

full of SS men take off to join the search.

EXT. MILITARY BARRACKS - DAY

619 TROOPS 619

hurry out - in column - or in trucks to join the search.

EXT. HUGE STATION - DAY

620 FULL SHOT 620

There is a monumental foul-up as police and SS men block trains, check passes. Lines of patient - and impatient - civilians.

EXT. BAVARIAN TOWN - DAY

621 INTERSECTION 621

Roads go in several directions. Maze of signs including temporary military markers using code designations as well as normal place and distance route signs. A police car, half hidden, is parked nearby.

622 HILTS 622

pulls to a stop, studies the signs - all of which are unintelligible to him. Decides on a route, takes off.

623 THE POLICE 623

watch as Hilts leaves.

624 SECOND INTERSECTION - HILTS 624

is again confronted with a forest of signs. Makes another blind choice, turns to the left.

625 THE POLICE CAR 625

One of the policemen gets the other's attention, points.

626 HILTS 626

has made a circle, comes back to the same intersection he has just left, stops, confused. Behind him the police car pulls out, starts toward him. Seeing them, Hilts takes off again. The police car SOUNDS its siren. Hilts opens the throttle.

627 SERIES OF CUTS 627

as Hilts loses the police car, broadsiding the motorcycle and sidecar around sharp turns and into narrow side streets. Finally gets a road out of town, loses the chasing police car. Temporarily.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

628 MERIVALE 628

marches along at a good clip. He steps aside as a good quality car passes, stops. A moment's indecision, then Merivale brightens as he realizes the driver is offering him a ride.

EXT. CITY ON THE RIVER - DAY

629 FULL SHOT 629

Strings of barges and other river traffic work up river. The little rowboat goes by them on its way down river. Danny's head is bent as he bends to the oars in a steady long stroke.

WILLIE

Spell you for a turn.

Danny shakes his head. Then stops rowing momentarily, looking back.

DANNY

(a warning)

Willie!

(CONTINUED)

- 629 CONTINUED: 629
 Willie looks back, takes out a pipe, lights it, and holds
 the fishing line:
- 630 POLICE LAUNCH 630
 overhauls the rowboat.
- 631 ON THE ROWBOAT - WILLIE 631
 holds up a string of fish, waves the patrol boat away with
 an irritated gesture which says "don't scare away the
 "fish". The launch veers off and speeds away.

WILLIE

Amazing the courtesy one
 fisherman shows another.
 (reacts to
 string of fish)
 Danny, can't I chuck 'em
 overboard - they're getting
 dreadfully ripe.

DANNY

When you catch some more!

Willie puts the fish back down in the bottom of the boat.
 Turns his head to the wind.

EXT. ROAD - OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

- 632 FULL SHOT 632
 The road rises sharply and drops off sharply as it turns.
 Hilts comes tearing over the rise in the motorcycle and
 sidecar, climbs the hill, goes down the other side where
 he turns off the road suddenly and disappears into the
 trees, where he is completely hidden. The German police
 car hurtles in pursuit, bounces up and down the hill and
 almost turns over on the turn at the bottom of the hill.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

- 633 HILTS 633
 watches the departing car. Thinks for a moment. Nods his
 head. Then begins to unhook the sidecar.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

634 BARTLETT

634

and MacDonald stretch tiredly. Bartlett nods to MacDonald who goes to sleep. Now the compartment is crowded. Blinds down for blackout. A few sleepy passengers watch him curiously.

INT. CORRIDOR (ANOTHER PART OF TRAIN) - NIGHT

635 ASHLEY-PITT

635

sits on his suitcase in the jammed corridors, grimly tries to sleep. Beyond him, other escapees try to make themselves inconspicuous. The train begins to slow. Another station.

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

636 GUARDS, POLICE, SS MEN

636

are already herding passengers-to-be into lines for identity check. Hundreds of security guards - hundreds of muttering, cursing civilians and troops going or coming on leave.

ANNOUNCEMENT

(in German)

All leaves cancelled. All soldiers are to report back to their barracks. Immediately.

Disgruntled soldiers begin to shove back. More foul up.

INT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

637 SS OFFICER

637

one of Kuhn's ghouls, sits at a desk. Behind him, a bare room - odd lighting - sinister - chilling. Beside him a Gestapo man in civilian dress. Sedgewick stands before them.

SS OFFICER

Where were you going, Sedgewick?

SEDGWICK

I hadn't quite decided.

(CONTINUED)

SS OFFICER

What information were you to collect on the way?

(Sedgwick laughs)

What sabotage directions did you receive?

(Sedgwick laughs again)

What have you done with your papers?

SEDGWICK

Papers?

SS OFFICER

Forged papers and identity cards. Don't be stupid. What did you do with them?

SEDGWICK

(hard)

All I've done is escape from a prison camp. You'd do the same if you'd been locked up for three years.

SS OFFICER

You're wearing civilian clothes. You're a spy. Spies are shot.

SEDGWICK

This is my uniform. I had to recut it when I lost weight. Then I dyed it with boot-polish to cover some oil smears I picked up when I was shot down.

SS OFFICER

And you lost your insignia over the years?

SEDGWICK

Too right!

The SS officer nods to the police official who presses a button on his desk. A police guard enters and waits.

SS OFFICER

(in German)

Put him with the others. Send in the next.

Sedgwick is taken out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

638 A CELL DOOR

638

has a large S scrawled in chalk on it. The GUARD comes down the corridor with Sedgwick and a WARDER carrying a ring of keys. The warden opens the door and the guard pushes Sedgwick into the cell.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

639 SEDGWICK

639

enters and the door is slammed shut behind him. The cell is filled with escapees - more than a score.

ESCAPEE

Hello. Can't say I'm happy to see you again.

ESCAPEE 2

Just picked up?

SEDGWICK

This morning.

ESCAPEE 1

You've set the record so far, if that's any comfort. Most of us were picked up the first day.

SEDGWICK

What're they going to do with us?

ESCAPEE 2

Didn't you see the S on the door? They're sending us back to Sagan.

SEDGWICK

That's not so bad.

ESCAPEE 1

Unless the S stands for Schiesen.

ESCAPEE 3

They're not going to shoot anyone! They always say that!

(CONTINUED)

639 CONTINUED:

639

SEDGWICK

Why don't we ask the goons and settle it?

ESCAPEE 3

We did. He said it stands for "shut up".

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

640 HILTS

640

is holed up in the brush near a road. He is grimly trying to masticate some "iron rations". He swallows a piece gamely. Wished he hadn't. Reacts as a column of troop trucks begins to go past, sinks deeper into cover.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LARGE RAILROAD STATION - DAY

641 FULL SHOT

641

The platforms are crowded with troops - civilians - cordoned off as everyone is I.D. checked by the police. The train pulls into the station, stops.

642. BARTLETT AND MACDONALD

642

leave the train, start for the exit gate to the station waiting room. A line has formed at the gate where police are checking papers. Bartlett and MacDonald get in line.

643 ASHLEY-PITT

643

is still on the train. A detachment of police moves through the car. They check his identity card, move on. Ashley-Pitt looks out the window of the car, reacts violently to:

644 KUHN

644

is standing on the platform, accompanied by police and two SS men. His back is to the line where Bartlett and MacDonald are, as his eyes search the platform.

645 ASHLEY-PITT

645

goes to the door of the car. Looks off at Bartlett and MacDonald, then at Kuhn, uncertain what to do.

646 KUHN

646

turns toward Ashley-Pitt who shrinks back into the car vestibule as he and the SS men walk down the side of the car, stop directly opposite the door.

647 BARTLETT

647

in the line, glances back briefly at the train. At that instant Kuhn looks in his direction, stops as if shot. Bartlett glances away, not having seen Kuhn. Kuhn pulls out his revolver, hurries towards Bartlett...

648 ASHLEY-PITT

648

jumps down from the train, hurls himself at Kuhn in a flying rigger tackle, pole-axes him down, grabs at the gun. Violent struggle. Kuhn fires at Ashley-Pitt, misses as Ashley-Pitt jerks the gun into Kuhn's chest. The gun goes off as SS men try to drag Ashley-Pitt off. In the melee, Ashley-Pitt breaks away - flees down the platform...

649 BARTLETT AND MACDONALD

649

look back startled. Appalled, they notice the SS men grouped around Kuhn's body, and one SS man running through the crowd after someone. They react, duck out of line, into the vestibule, across the far platform...

650 ANOTHER ANGLE - BARTLETT AND MACDONALD

650

get through the train and down the other side onto the tracks, run away...

651 ASHLEY-PITT

651

hares down the platform in escape as SS man shouts to the crowds to get out of the way. Exasperated, one of the SS men fires in the air. The crowds scatter. Then he aims at Ashley-Pitt, fires a short burst...

652 ASHLEY-PITT

slams against the train as the bullets cut him across the back. He staggers on a step or two, collapses, blood streaming from his mouth. SS men and crowd surround him. Gutteral voices:

VOICES

(in German)

What the hell's going on?
One of those damned escapees...
Impossible...
Certainly looks like it...
Get away from here...

(CONTINUED)

652 CONTINUED:

652

An SS man turns Ashley-Pitt over roughly.

SS MAN
Your name? YOUR NAME?

ASHLEY-PITT
(imperceptibly -
- dying)
Lt. Commander Ashley-Pitt.
DSO. RN.

EXT. RAILROAD YARD - TRACKS - HIGHWAY BRIDGE - DAY

653 BARTLETT - MACDONALD

653

running full speed. They weave between the cars and engines sitting on the siding tracks of the yard, make their way across a steel bridge spanning a highway and down the stairs to the street level. Pausing there, they look back, see the police have lost them in the yard, then hurry down the street.

654 AROUND THE CORNER - ELECTRIC TWO-CAR INTERURBAN TRAIN 654

partly filled with people, is ready to pull out from its starting platform adjoining the station building. Casually, Bartlett and MacDonald get on the front car, sit on the far side at an open window. The MOTORMAN clangs the bell in preparation to start.

VOICE
Halt doch die locomotive,
bitte.

Bartlett and MacDonald look off. A Gestapo motor car is parked on the far side of the train. Two men get out of the motorcar, come over to the train. Politely, pleasantly.

GESTAPO MAN
(pleasantly - to
Bartlett/MacDonald)
Ausweise, bitte.

Bartlett and MacDonald hand him their papers.

GESTAPO MAN (continuing)
(examining papers
- smiles)
Ah Franzoesisch?

BARTLETT
Jawohl.

(CONTINUED)

654 CONTINUED:

654

GESTAPO MAN
Com merchantes?

BARTLETT
Mais oui. Vous parlez Francais?

GESTAPO MAN
Un peu.

BARTLETT
Votre accent est tres bon.

GESTAPO MAN
Je l'ai estude dans l'ecole
superieure.
(returns papers)
Eh bien. Passez.

He gestures to the motorman to go ahead.

BARTLETT
Merci.

MACDONALD
Merci.

The train begins to move slowly.

GESTAPO MAN
(to Bartlett)
Au revoir, monsieur.

BARTLETT
Au revoir.

The Gestapo man smiles at MacDonald, softly:

GESTAPO MAN
Good luck, chum!

MACDONALD
Thanks.

Instantly, MacDonald reacts with sickened horror at his slip. Guns now cover them.

GESTAPO MAN
Halt!
(snarls at
Bartlett and
MacDonald)
Out! Immediately!

INT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

655 LIST OF ESCAPEES

655

is tacked onto a wall. Alphabetical order. Alongside - date of capture. Most on Day One. All the names are ringed, except Hiltz, Hendley, Blythe, Bartlett, MacDonald, Danny, Willie and Merivale. CAMERA REVEALS the SS officer sitting at a glistening desk sorting out reports. Grim. The phone rings.

SS OFFICER

Ja?

(listens - smiles
sardonically)

Wunderschön.

He replaces phone, rings Bartlett and MacDonald on the list, exits.

INT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - OUTER OFFICE

656 SS OFFICER

656

enters. CAMERA REVEALS Bartlett and MacDonald. Both are manacled. They have been roughed up.

SS OFFICER

We meet again.

Bartlett and MacDonald stare at him stonily.

SS OFFICER (continuing)

(hard)

You're going to wish you never
put us to all this trouble.

(snaps in
German)

Solitary confinement!

Bartlett and MacDonald stare at him.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

657 DANNY AND WILLIE

657

are in the tiny boat, soft asleep, in the rushes that border the river bank. SOUND of searchers. Flicks of flashlights. Danny wakes without moving. A touch and Willie is awake. SOUND of searchers coming nearer. Danny pantomimes - Shall we shove off? Willie shakes his head. They sink deeper into the boat. Flashlights seek. Dim figures. Helmeted soldiers. A bird is flushed suddenly, whirls away with beating wings. A burst of trigger happy machine guns...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY (DAWN)

658 FULL SHOT 658

A satellite field accomodating small general purpose and training aircraft.

659 HENDLEY AND BLYTHE 659

wearing mechanic's overalls, stroll up to the nose of a Junkers trainer that is lined up with several others. Quickly Hendley takes a crank from a locker on the side of the plane, inserts it near the back of the engine, stands Blythe next to it.

HENDLEY

(quickly)

When I give you the word, you crank. After she starts don't move until I come for you or you'll get a mouthful of propeller.

Hendley gets into the plane, studies the controls and switches.

HENDLEY (continuing)

Contact!

Blythe cranks and the motor catches. Hendley jumps out of the plane and runs to Blythe's side, hurries him to the cockpit. He looks off as shouts start.

660 HIS POV - A SENTRY 660

is gesticulating, shouting at them.

661 TWO GERMAN MECHANICS 661

come out of a nearby hangar, react - they start hurrying toward them. Then, as Hendley guns the plane - they begin to run. Hendley spins the plane, takes off straight down the taxi strip, struggles into the air.

INT. PLANE COCKPIT - DAY

662 HENDLEY 662

shakes his head at the wild takeoff. Levels the plane.

663 SERIES OF CUTS 663

as Hendley drops the plane down into a valley until he is barely skimming the ground. Approaches a ridge, zooms up over it, drops down again, follows the valley under cover of the ridges.

(CONTINUED)

663 CONTINUED:

663

HENDLEY
 (adjusts compass)
 Next stop Switzerland.

The motor coughs. Hendley frowns, adjusts the throttle. It coughs again. The valley has begun to narrow. Hendley barely maintains altitude as the engine continues to lose power.

HENDLEY (continuing)
 Not getting fuel...
 (frantically
 checks controls)
 Got to be a booster pump
 somewheres...

The engine coughs, sputters.

HENDLEY (continuing)
 Do you know the German word
 for pump or booster or fuel?

BLYTHE
 No.

Hendley locates a lever, puts Blythe's hand on it.

HENDLEY
 God knows what this is,
 but pump it like hell.
 (engine stops)
 Never mind. Just hang on.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

664 FULL SHOT

664

The plane skims over some houses, sets down hard on a narrow highway. Bounces, disappears behind a clump of trees.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

665 CLOSER

665

the plane goes off the road, plows through the field crashing into a ditch.

EXT. PLANE - DAY

666 HENDLEY

666

Shakily crawls out of the cockpit. Pulls Blythe after him. The plane begins to burn - a sudden explosion whirls Hendley off his feet...

667 ANOTHER ANGLE - HENDLEY

667

as half blinded by the flames, he grabs Blythe pulling him to safety. Over comes the screams of police sirens, faintly excited guttural voices. Shakily Hendley peers over the broken wing.

668 HIS POV

668

a line of German soldiers runs toward them.

669 HENDLEY- BLYTHE

Hendley looks around desperately.

HENDLEY

(urgently)

Run for the trees.

Without thinking, he takes off, his line of retreat covered by the wreck. Blythe looks around helplessly -- starts running, but instead of running to the trees, he runs into the open. A crackle of machine gun. Blythe crumples.

670 HENDLEY

670

stops running. Stares back aghast. Then, leaving the safety of his own retreat, heads for Blythe -- kneels beside him. Over comes shouts in German of "hands up".

BLYTHE

I'm sorry I messed it up for you, Hendley.

He dies. Hendley gets to his feet grimly, raises his hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HARBOR - DAY (DUSK)

671 LONG SHOT

671

The harbor is filled with a variety of shipping, and the huge cranes of a working yard are silhouetted against the sky.

672 THE TINY ROWBOAT

672

moves between the towering merchantmen. Danny and Willie stop at the stern of one, crane their necks to see where she hails from.

673 POV - THE SHIP'S STERN

673

which bears the name: "Nils Halvorsen, Trondheim".

674 CLOSE ON ROWBOAT

674

as it bobs in the water under the stern of the ship.

WILLIE

Swedish!

DANNY

Could be goons on board.

WILLIE

Shall we chance it?

DANNY

Got to. Can't row this out
to sea.

A shower of garbage descends on them.

WILLIE

(outraged)

Hoi.

675 WILLIE'S POV

675

at the ship's rail a cook is lowering his empty slop tub
and raising a full one.

WILLIE'S VOICE

(louder)

Hoi!

The cook looks down.

676 NEAR THE SHIP'S STERN - DANNY

676

pulls the rowboat out to where they can communicate with
the cook.

WILLIE

Sprechen Sie Deutsch?
(no answer)

DANNY

Czi pan roscmawa po Polsku?
(no answer)

WILLIE

(finally)
Do you speak English?

(CONTINUED)

676 CONTINUED:

676

DANNY
(horrible
accent)

Parle vous Francais?

No response from the cook.

WILLIE
(to Danny)

Do you know any other language?

DANNY

I don't even know that one.

They look off to see a patrol boat approaching. It flies the Reich flag, carries guns mounted forward and is manned by Navy personnel. Danny and Willie exchange glances. A decision. Then Danny looks up at the rail and makes the V for Victory sign. The cook disappears. A moment later, his head is back with that of another man who grins down and makes the V for Victory sign. A line comes over the side and dangles beside Danny and Willie who grab it and start pulling themselves up.

677 ON THE DECK - AN OFFICER

677

comes to the rail beside the two men with the rope. From his manner it is apparent that he has observed what is going on and it is also apparent that the two crew men are not certain that his reaction will be favorable. As Danny and Willie come over the rail, they face the officer who studies them, expressionless. He looks at the patrol boat which is coming around the bow of the ship now, and then back at Danny and Willie who stand before him uncertainly. Then the officer, moving quickly, seizes a heavy piece of iron from the deck and drops it into the rowboat. From this height it plummets straight through the bottom, leaving a gaping hole. The water-logged rowboat sinks to its gunwales, becomes practically invisible in the slop of the waves on the water. The Naval patrol boat backs down to a stop alongside the merchantman. Danny and Willie duck down to the deck. On the patrol boat an officer calls out.

GERMAN OFFICER

Haben Sie einen plümen kahn
gesehen?

SWEDISH OFFICER

Ich sprache nicht Deutsch..

(CONTINUED)

GERMAN OFFICER

(makes rowing motions)

Ruderboot.

(hands close together)

Klein.

(hold up two fingers)

Zwei Manner.

The slight grim smile comes over the Swedish officer's face as he watches the German holding his arm outstretched with his two fingers rigid in an unaware V for Victory sign.

SWEDISH OFFICER

(with strong accent - making gestures)

V for Victory?

The naval officer drops his arm with a loud expression of disgust. Orders his boat underway.

GERMAN OFFICER

(muttering)

Trottel!!

(a beat)

So inen Bloedsinn dass er mich nicht verstehen will.

The powerful patrol boat spins on its stern, roars away. The Swedish officer again makes the V for Victory sign after it. This time viciously, meaningfully. He turns to Danny and Willie.

SWEDISH OFFICER

English?

(Willie nods - slowly)

I speak only few words English.

One is --

(he smiles warmly)

- welcome.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CELL - GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

678 SEDGWICK 678

and other POW's are uncomfortable, asleep. The cell door
slams open. SS guards, jailers:

SS MAN

Wake up! You're all going now.
Back to camp! Schnell!

He roughly wakes a few and they are all herded out,
grumbling, cursing...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

679 A TRUCK 679

is waiting. Sedgwick and the others - now handcuffed -
are herded onto it. Strangely, only a guard. Sedgwick,
the last, reacts angrily as he is shoved. But the butt
of the SS man's rifle cuts short his protest. He glances
off - gasps...

680 HIS POV - OTHER POW'S 680

are being herded into two other trucks. Among them is
Bartlett... or was it?

681 SEDGWICK 681

SEDGWICK

Hey - I thought I saw Cyril!

POW'S

(crowding)

Where? Over there? Couldn't
be! You sure?

But the SS guards drive them from the tail gate. Then
two SS men get into the back of the truck, jerk their
safety catches off ominously...

682 ANOTHER ANGLE - THE THREE TRUCKS 682

begin to move. Head out of the gates. Only a single
car with armed SS men per truck. Minimum security pre-
cautions.

EXT. ROADSIDE BEER PARLOR - NIGHT

683 FULL SHOT 683

A few cars and army trucks are parked. Glimmer of light as people come out, go in through the blackout curtains. Overhead is the drone of bombers. Distant crackle of ack ack. A shadow moves.

684 HILTS 684

is under a military car siphoning off some gasoline into a motorcycle's spare gas can. Now it is full. He screws on the stopper, pockets the length of rubber hose. Before he crawls away he jabs his pocket knife into one of the tires. Air hisses out.

EXT. LONELY SECOND HIGHWAY - NIGHT

685 A TRUCK 685

with its single guard-car travels at high speed.

INT. BACK OF TRUCK - NIGHT

686 BARTLETT - MACDONALD 686

and several other escapees are sitting with their backs against the sides. All are handcuffed. Very alert SS men watch them. All the POW's are drowsy, beat.

EXT. ANOTHER HIGHWAY - NIGHT

687 THE OTHER TWO TRUCKS 687

with their single attendant guard-cars...

INT. FIRST TRUCK - NIGHT

688 MORE DROWSY POW'S 688

try to sleep fitfully. SS guards.

INT. SECOND TRUCK - NIGHT

689 MORE DROWSY POW'S 689

as before. Dirty. Very tired. SS guards.

EXT. AN INTERSECTION - NIGHT

690 THE TWO TRUCKS 690

break their tandem. One truck and its guard car go left, the other right. Far off, searchlights seek the marauding night bombers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

691 BARTLETT'S TRUCK

691

goes more slowly now. Ahead is an enormous arched stone viaduct-like bridge.

INT. BACK OF TRUCK - NIGHT

692 BARTLETT

692

is awake, the rest asleep. His face mirrors grave concern. He doesn't notice MacDonald studying him.

MACDONALD

Cyril.

Immediately Bartlett's concern evaporates.

BARTLETT

Can't you sleep?

MACDONALD

What's bothering you?

BARTLETT

(after pause)

Well, I suppose I'm a little - surprised. I expected a long stay in solitary at least. Or a single short trip.

MACDONALD

(smiles)

So you'll have to stay with us. Is that so bad?

BARTLETT

(smiles - then:)

Just concerned about all of you and all the rest. Hope I haven't blotted seventy six ledgers.

MACDONALD

(easily)

We're all over twenty one. Foot loose and fancy free.

(beat)

We'd never have done it without you.

(smiles)

For what it's worth, I think you did a damn good job.

(CONTINUED)

692 CONTINUED:

692

The truck turns sharply, begins to slow. Bartlett reacts:

BARTLETT
(to SS guard
- in German)

Where are we? Have we arrived?

SS GUARD
(curtly - in
English)

Here you will stretch your legs.
Five minutes. It will be hours
yet to reach Sagan.

MacDonald brightens. Bartlett's face is impassive. The truck stops and the SS guards motion them out.

EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

693 BARTLETT'S TRUCK

693

is on the dirt road which leads under the viaduct - fifty yards or so off the highway. The POW's get down awkwardly - of course, still manacled. The guard motions them off a few paces. He is joined by other guards. All carry burp guns. Watchful.

694 BARTLETT - MACDONALD

694

Bartlett looks up at the night. Distant ack ack. Other POW's stretch tiredly, chat quietly.

BARTLETT
I enjoy being alive. "Harry"
and "Tom" and all the others
kept me alive. I've never
been happier.
(after pause)
You know, Mac...

695 CLOSE SHOT - THE SS MEN

695

simultaneously they jerk their guns up - spray a long burst of bullets in a swath. The chatter carries over to:

EXT. ANOTHER TYPE OF GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

696 FULL SHOT 696

A crackle of machine guns - fainter. Nearby is parked the second of the POW trucks. The crackle of guns carries over to:

EXT. A THIRD GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

697 LONG SHOT 697

The third truck. Parked. The faint machine gun fire cuts as abruptly as it started. A grim faced SS man is collecting shovels. He alone moves in the whole vista.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - NEAR SWISS BORDER - DAY

698 HILTS 698

comes over the rise, stops. It is very quiet. The motorcycle engine ticks smoothly.

699 HIS POV - AHEAD 699

is a small town. Roadblocked. Guards - an armored car - motorcycled soldiers. Beyond is the border town and beyond that, the mountains. Freedom. The guards see him.

700 HILTS 700

looks around. Then grimly he buckles his helmet, jerks the motorcycle into motion.

701 ANOTHER ANGLE ON ROADBLOCK - THE GUARDS 701

react. The armored car's machine gun covers Hilts as he approaches. A sentry jumps up, a hundred yards from the roadblock, challenges Hilts. He gains speed. Then the armored car opens up with the machine gun...

702 HILTS 702

swerves, cuts off the road, careens on to a track as other motorcycles and cars try to head him off. Hilts races, swerves, cuts through a clump of trees, soars off a rise, holds his machine erect as it bucks like a wild horse. Following is a burst of bullets. Hilts backtracks for the road, the others following wildly...

703 HILTS - RACING DOLLY

703

as he drops a gear and accelerates violently. Bullets spray the dirt and ricochet off the bike. He skids cruelly on the dirt and makes the road as three German motorcyclists turn a corner, race to intercept. Hilts opens the throttle and screams away, the German motorcycles pursuing.

EXT. WALLED BORDER TOWN - DAY

704 HILTS

704

broad-sides a corner, approaching. The lead German motorcycle hits a wet patch, skids and a murderous pile up happens - the two other bikes smashing into a wall.

705 HIGH WALLED ROAD - HILTS

705

throttles back as he comes to an intersection. Beyond, over a small wall is the Swiss border and the Swiss guards and the open road and dwarfing them - the Alps. Freedom. Brightening, he turns left --

706 WALLED ROAD

706

Hilts races down the tunnel like road turns right. Cul-de-sac! He turns, races down to the next turning - again turns right. This road leads him around in a circle.

707 ANOTHER ANGLE - HILTS

707

stops, almost frantic for now the Alps are right -- again blocked. Over comes the SOUND of approaching sirens. He races off, turns right in a nightmare dash.

708 ANOTHER ROAD - HILTS

708

races, turns left. Skids to a stop as again he hits a cul-de-sac -- the Alps are now left again. The sirens are louder. He backtracks. Screams right, then left.

709 HILTS

709

impotently slows as he grinds into another cul-de-sac. Now the sirens are loud, he looks back -

710 HIS POV - SOLDIERS - POLICE

710

have converged. block his escape.

711 HILTS

711

instantly turns, jerks the throttle open and almost kamakazi's into the mass of men, motorcycles and cars. The soldiers scatter - some are plowed under as he smashes into them, then ricochets off a car. The bike careens into the sky - Hilts flies off, falls half across a car, gets to his feet shakily, surprised he's still alive. Then he sees the four inert Germans, two others who are in agony, badly hurt, smiles grimly. Soldiers jerk the actions of their burp guns. Hilts raises one hand - the other flips his collar insignia.

GERMAN

Amerikaner!

Hilts raises both hands - waiting.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - TOULOUSE - DAY

712 A GERMAN STAFF CAR

712

pulls up to the curb. Two German army majors and a German colonel get out, cross the sidewalk and sit down at one of the tables. The cafe terrace is deserted except for the waiter who approaches the German officers with every sign of pleasure and a lone occupant of a nearby table reading a newspaper. The waiter bows and smiles as the three German officers make themselves comfortable.

WAITER

Bon jour, messieurs, bon jour.

A MAJOR

Bon jour, mon ami.

COLONEL

Bon jour, Aristede.

WAITER

Encore le meme chose?

COLONEL

Oui, le meme chose pour tous.

713 CLOSE

713

on the newspaper Courier De Toulouse being lowered. Merivale looks at the German officers, makes a move as though to get out of there, thinks better of it. Hides behind his paper again.

714 THE WAITER

714

is at the bar as the proprietor pours three glasses of cognac. He takes the tray and goes back to the sidewalk where he serves the officers.

WAITER

Service.

The waiter now heads for Merivale.

(CONTINUED)

716 MERIVALE'S POV

716

of the proprietor crouched behind the bar. Merivale turns to the waiter.

MERIVALE (pointing)

Er - uh - qu'est - ce-que -?

Before Merivale has a chance to finish, the waiter grabs him and forces him down behind the bar.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

717 A CAR

717

cruising slowly past the cafe. There is a burst of gunfire. The bar window dissolves and the three German officers slump to the table and fall to the floor. The car picks up speed.

INT. CAFE - DAY

718 MERIVALE

718

the waiter and the proprietor behind the bar.

MERIVALE

Dites moi - dites moi que - look
I don't speak French very well.
Do either of you speak English?

WAITER

A little.

MERIVALE

I'm a British officer. I've
escaped from prison camp. I'm
trying to cross the border to
Spain. Do you understand? Can
you help me?

WAITER

No. But I know someone who can.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY (DUSK)

719 A DIM GROUP OF FIGURES

719

approach. As they come up the rise - behind them rolling hills - they are seen more clearly. One is Merivale, the others are French in the berets of the Maquis. They point forward. Then their faint voices:

(CONTINUED)

719 CONTINUED:

719

VOICES

Adieu m'sieu.
Bon chance.

They turn and leave Merivale. Alone.

720 MERIVALE

720

is very tired. Travel stained. He peers into the growing darkness. Footsteps.

721 ANOTHER ANGLE - A SMALL SPANISH BOY

721

appears. Beyond him are the Pyrenees.

BOY

You are the English officer?

MERIVALE

Yes.

BOY

I am your guide, senor.

MERIVALE

(tired smile)

Welcome, young sir. Very much welcome.

BOY

(studies him,
then points off)

That is Spain.

MERIVALE

Yes. But it's more than that
- to me.

The boy considers this. Then:

BOY

Where do you come from -
back there?

MERIVALE

Some would call it hell - some
would call it life.

(beat)

I'd call it the past.

(CONTINUED)

721 CONTINUED:

721

BOY

(after pause)

My father says the past is
the present, and a little of
the future, but lived today
as always.

MERIVALE

(gravely)

He is a wise man. Perhaps
others can be as wise.

The boy studies him, then smiles a little smile.

722 LONG SHOT

722

Now there is only the mountain and the cloud-filled dusk
and the tiny figures of the man and the boy on the
breast of the mountain. They crest together. Man and
boy. Gently. Into freedom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VON LUGER'S OFFICE - DAY

723 VON LUGER

723

is sitting at his desk, looking at a sheet of paper. He
does not look up as Ramsey enters. He does not return
his salute. He does nothing except stare at the paper,
his face sagged.

VON LUGER

(almost inaudibly -
under great stress)

Eleven more of your men are being
returned today.

RAMSEY

Who?

VON LUGER

I do not have that information.

(pause)

I - I am directed - by higher
authority to inform you that -
that fifty of your officers
were shot while escaping.

(CONTINUED)

723 CONTINUED:

723

RAMSEY
(appalled)

Fifty?

VON LUGER
Their - their effects will be
returned.

RAMSEY
(pause)
How many were wounded?

VON LUGER
(offers him
paper)
Here are the names. Of the
dead.

RAMSEY
(harder)
How many were wounded?

VON LUGER
None.

Ramsey's face closes.

VON LUGER (continuing)
They - the higher authority
just directs me to inform you
that fifty were --

RAMSEY
Murdered!

He coldly takes the paper, exits without saluting -
without closing the door.

EXT. COMPOUND - MAIN GATE - DAY (DUSK)

724 A TRUCK

724

approaches. Stops outside the gate. The remainder of
the escapees, including Hendley (excluding Hiltz), tiredly
get out. POW's inside the wire begin to collect. The
main gate swings open and the men walk in.

EXT. HEADQUARTERS

725 RAMSEY

725

comes out on to the veranda, stops, glances off to see
the arrivals. Then he begins to read the list. Impassive.

726 ANOTHER ANGLE - A GESTAPO CAR

726

approaches, stops. Two Gestapo civilians and SS guards get out and enter the Headquarters building. Pass Ramsey, a look between them. He exits toward compound.

EXT. COMPOUND

727 THE POW'S

727

mill around the returnees. Hendley is there. Ramsey walks up -- his face a mask.

RAMSEY

Hello, Hendley!

HENDLEY

(sensing Ramsey's
inner misery)

What's the matter, sir?

RAMSEY

They shot fifty. Murdered
them.

HENDLEY

(appalled)

What?

Ramsey turns to Sorren.

RAMSEY

Post the list.

Sorren stares at it, horrified, then exits.

HENDLEY

Cyril?

RAMSEY

Yes.

(beat)

What happened to Colin?

HENDLEY

He bought it -- Cyril was
right. But the fifty!
What a waste!

Ramsey studies him. As grave. Sound of a car approaching -- they look off.

- 728 ANOTHER ANGLE - A MILITARY CAR 728
 stops outside the main gate. Hilts gets out under guard. He heads for the gate -- looks off, reacts.
- 729 HENDLEY AND RAMSEY 729
 also stare off.
- 730 ANOTHER ANGLE - VON LUGER 730
 hatless, is coming down the steps of the Headquarters Building his arms behind him, escorted by the Gestapo and SS men. Posen following - white and nervous. The main gate guards half begin to salute, stop appalled as they see Von Luger's wrists are in handcuffs. At the Gestapo car he stops, looks at Ramsey.
- 731 RAMSEY - HENDLEY 731
 Ramsey stares back, stonily. And Hendley.
- 732 POW'S 732
 near the list. Stare at it, stunned. Then Sorren turns -- sees the Gestapo men. Others see them. The whole group begins to move to the main gate. Ominously. A mutter of anger.
733. GESTAPO MEN 733
 react. The beginning of fear. One looks around, then sees Hilts, alone, outside the fence.
- GESTAPO MAN
 You! Get in the camp! At
 once! Go!
- Hilts walks over.
- GESTAPO MAN (continuing)
 I said in the camp, Dumkopf!
- Hilts suddenly belts him.
- 734 GUARDS 734
 react, startled.
- 735 SS MEN 735
 jerk their guns around. Posen is petrified.

736 POW'S - RAMSEY - HENDLEY

736

surge forward to ring the gate. The beginning of an angry roar and preparation for a suicidal rush. The Gestapo man gets to his feet, backs, white with rage. A deadly second. Fear with the SS men.

737 THE GESTAPO MAN

737

hesitates, then turns away, curtly orders Von Luger into the car. Von Luger looks at Hilts who looks back. A moment, then with renewed dignity, Von Luger obeys. The car drives away. Posen looks at Hilts.

POSEN
(nervously)

Cooler!

He exits as Hilts walks off. Two guards fall in step.

738 RAMSEY AND HENDLEY

738

stare off. Then glance at...

739 THEIR POV - POSEN

739

stands on the stoop of the veranda looking out over the camp. Alone, drawn.

740 RAMSEY AND HENDLEY

740

RAMSEY

Our new CO!

Hendley reacts, then glances around the camp thoughtfully.

HENDLEY

Where's Kramer? Werner?
And where's Strachwitz?

RAMSEY

Eastern front.

Sorren comes up behind them.

SORREN

(to Hendley)

I'm the new Big "X", Hendley.
There are some things we'll
need. There is a meeting
in the library.

HENDLEY

I'm your boy.

(CONTINUED)

740 CONTINUED:

740

Sorren exits. Hendley begins to exit, turns back to Ramsey.

HENDLEY (continuing)

Sir, do you know if anyone got away?

RAMSEY

No we don't yet.

(thoughtfully)

You know, Hendley, Cyril's real idea was to get back at the enemy the only way we could. He certainly did that here but we have only rumors about the outside.

HENDLEY

Sir, it was monumental. They must have used a million goons.

RAMSEY

Good. Good.

HENDLEY

(after pause)

Do you think it was worth the price, sir?

RAMSEY

I'd say that depends on your point of view, Hendley.

HENDLEY

Yes, sir.

A pause, then he exits.

741 THE COOLER - HILTS

741

goes in. The door clangs...

742 LIBRARY - SORREN AND HENDLEY

742

enter as do other members of "X".

743 RAMSEY

743

turns his gaze from where Von Luger has gone. Then to...

744 HEADQUARTERS - POSEN

744

stands on the veranda, feels Ramsey's look, bleakly turns away, enters the building.

745 FULL SHOT - THE COMPOUND

745

the caged and the guarders of the cage. Men walk around the perimeter, near the warning wire, studying, planning - probing. Seeking a chink in the mesh of the cage. Constantly. Under a lowering sky. The rain begins. But the men within still walk and watch and wait and plan...

FADE OUT.