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# Revenge of the Red Baron

By Michael McDonald

Simple. See? Child's play.

Like landing an old albatross.

- Well, Rittmeister...

- Von Richthofen.

- Voss. Werner Voss.

- Voss.

This is Lieutenant Ernest Udet.

- Lieutenant.

- Welcome.

And Hermann Goering.

Honored.

- Do you play, Rittmeister?

- I never play, Lieutenant.

Do you intend to give me  
an in, Richthofen?

The game is to take, Lieutenant,  
not to give.

You play very well, Baron.

Thank you, Major.

Regrettable that one can't  
fly a billiard table, isn't it?

Or that one should fly  
as if his craft were a billiard table.

- Sir, the landing...

- That's all right.

I think you'll do.

We'll work on the flying.

- Sir?

- Yes.

If you'd rather

I flew with another squadron...

No, no.

I like the way you play billiards.

- Did you have a cold trip of it, Baron?

- Sir?

Yes, sir.

Well, you found your quarry.

All that was left of him.

Do you want to remember  
your first kill, Richthofen?

Yeah. I want to remember them all.

That's what victory's about, isn't it, sir?

I have to admit I don't know

what victory is all about, Richthofen.

But as for remembering  
the men you've killed,  
you needn't worry about that.  
By the way, Rittmeister,  
what's the stall speed of your aircraft?  
I don't know, sir.  
What's the sheer strength of the fabric  
of your plane's wing?  
I don't know, sir.  
Well, I took this little trophy  
from the wing of your plane  
while you were out there  
chasing that Frenchman.  
But for God, he would have been  
drinking with his comrades  
and you would have been  
out there in the mud.  
Never fly straight and level  
for more than 30 seconds at a time.  
If you do, you present an easy target  
to the enemy.  
Keep your head turning  
as though it were mounted on a swivel.  
Feel your way after the other plane  
so that you can drop into a loop  
without losing the enemy.  
Close in. Close in fast. Hi.  
Get right around, pull in.  
Get right around behind him.  
Try to get in as close as you can.  
You got to get very close in,  
right on top of him.  
Watch out for a lame duck.  
He may be a part of a trap  
in which you will become the hunted  
instead of the hunter.  
Only fight when the tactical advantage  
is in your favor,  
and then make every bullet count.  
Hit your target fast from out of the sun.  
Look, don't put your hand  
in front of the sun like that,  
put your thumb in front of the sun.  
See what I mean? Right there.

You can see all around you.  
All right. Let's go.  
Well?  
Number 10 squadron was hurt.  
The Germans have two down.  
- All of ours are coming back.  
- Good. Good.  
- They weren't up in strength, then?  
- Strength enough.  
We were lucky to manage a draw,  
more or less.  
I see the new planes have come.  
Now we can have a go at them.  
Hound them.  
Yes, wouldn't that be nice,  
the hares become hounds.  
I hear the AA is a far better plane.  
Kill you, if you don't watch out.  
I beg your pardon?  
Short of span, you lose lift.  
Don't know what you're doing,  
you're dead.  
Yes, they say at least 120.  
That's with the spanner squeezed to 200.  
These are 190s.  
They give you 1,000 feet more ceiling.  
Got to get above the sons of bitches.  
I don't think we've met.  
Are you assigned in this area?  
Brown.  
I just came in.  
I'm supposed to look up the old boy  
who runs number 24 squadron.  
And I am the old boy  
who runs number 24 squadron.  
Well, nice to be here.  
I figure you can use me.  
That's what I figure. I shall have to  
find something for you to do.  
You have orders?  
I was 890 feet per minute.  
Set at 21,000 feet half the afternoon.  
Very nice.  
- You're American, aren't you?

- I'm Canadian.
- Well, it's half American, isn't it?
- It's half British, too.
- Say, that's the Victoria Cross, isn't it?
- Yes, it is.

They say it's hard to get.

The only people I've ever heard  
of getting it are...

Dead.

Yeah.

Manfred, they confirmed the S.E.5  
about an hour ago.

It almost fell on  
one of our artillery positions.

And that makes you an ace.

- Congratulations.

- Congratulations.

I had my sights right on him.

I mean, there was nothing he could do.

I waved him down,

but he wouldn't have it.

He fought like a cornered rat,  
so I gave him...

I blasted half the ground around him.

Christ, this goddamn weather.

A cold hangs on, no way to get rid of it.

Werner, you need a rest.

The surgeon said...

You leave it to me

as to when I get my rest.

He ran right into

my bullets, you see?

Little brother.

I... Well, I came to get your autograph,

Baron von Richthofen.

Werner, this is my brother, Lothar.

- Werner Voss.

- God, another one.

There'll be no British planes left  
for the rest of us.

You have already flown combat,  
haven't you?

Some. Certainly not as much as all of you.

Everyone knows Udet, Wolff, and Voss.

- What the hell is this, Goering?  
- It's nothing.  
It isn't anything.  
It's damn well something.  
If it's anything like the last one,  
a naked girl on velvet with her legs all...  
Come on, let me see it. Come on.  
Well?  
It's all right.  
It's all right. It's all right.  
Happens to be a steal at 30,000 marks.  
It's all right.  
Gentlemen, to Rittmeister  
Richthofen and his trench victory.  
And to our squadron.  
May it continue as it has begun,  
in the service of the fatherland.  
A toast to a distinguished young foe.  
I give you  
Rittmeister Baron von Richthofen.  
To von Richthofen.  
- To von Richthofen.  
I say, Thompson,  
who is that fellow over there?  
Oh, don't you know?  
It's the new Canadian fellow, Brown.  
A cultural note, Lieutenant Brown,  
there is a custom among us  
called the toast.  
It takes place when gentlemen rise  
and drink to an object of mutual esteem.  
It is expected that  
all gentlemen present take part.  
I'd rather pass, Lieutenant.  
Is it that you don't care for our wine?  
Oh, well, he can't drink anyway, you know.  
- And why not?  
- Ulcers.  
He takes something white for them.  
Would you like to take the toast in milk,  
Mr. Brown?  
Your von Richthofen is not an object  
of my esteem, Lieutenant,  
and I won't drink to the bastard

in wine or milk.  
Gentlemen, that's quite enough.  
I'm sorry you feel as you do,  
Lieutenant Brown.  
You don't have to explain to him, Major.  
We believe, Lieutenant Brown,  
that men can be enemies  
without becoming beasts.  
Those who survive this business will find  
they still have need of those traditions  
which separates gentlemen from savages.  
I'll save my wine for the next gentleman  
your German knight blasts out of the sky.  
Good evening, gentlemen.  
Racist bugger.  
Leave his wine, anyhow.  
Let it stay at his place and go sour.  
We have to hit them harder, gentlemen.  
We have the advantage now,  
but we can't keep it forever.  
We have to the win while we still have it.  
All right, now,  
watch out for those new S.E.s,  
they're very fast. Very fast.  
Richthofen.  
I wasn't speaking to you alone, you know.  
I don't expect you to  
win the war single-handed.  
Why not, Major?  
Because I need you.  
There aren't many men like you.  
Another year of this,  
there will be even fewer.  
In a year's time,  
we will be having our lunch in London.  
Manfred,  
you know, sometimes I think  
you don't hear anything I tell you.  
Do you really think you'll live forever?  
Every moment I'm in the air  
with these Spandaus in my hands,  
that's forever.  
Good luck.  
Stay in the sun.

Boelke's dead because of  
that damn clown from the provinces.

Easy.

- Von did another victory!

- He didn't hit Richthofen.

It was your landing gear he struck.

Why the hell didn't you pull up?

It was Von you hit, wasn't it? Wasn't it?

So that's it.

I don't have a "von" in front of my name.

You're all a bunch of peasants.

You let him get away with murder

because he's Baron von Richthofen.

I did what I felt was best.

I thought that

if I could head right for the English,

as though I were going ram him he...

I owed Boelke everything.

- If I could've taken his place...

- You'd like that, wouldn't you?

Goddamn you, you'll never take his place.

You killed him.

And if they ever give

this squadron to me...

I'll put in for transfer 10 minutes later.

If Richthofen did cause the accident,

I suppose we are expected

to nail a carcass to a tree.

Not necessarily, Colonel.

Von has choice of crucifixion

or canonization.

Well, now, obviously the squadron

needs a new leader.

But then, there are several choices.

- Voss, Goering...

- I know Voss.

If you choose Voss, we'll be back here

next week doing this all over again.

To be perfectly candid, sir,

I prefer Goering.

I like his way of thinking.

But it won't work.

The people won't warm to him.

And as for the politicians, well,



what they really need is a man for Berlin.  
We need another Boelke.  
Who would Boelke have chosen?  
It is difficult to know how  
one may bid farewell to such a comrade.  
I can say to you only these words.  
Who will defend this army,  
older than the empire itself?  
War is both king of all  
and father of all.  
Some it has revealed as gods,  
others as men.  
What's he doing up there?  
Why did they give him the decoration?  
Who knows? It doesn't mean anything.  
The hell it doesn't.  
I wonder what they'd give him  
if he got us all killed.  
Well, he's only 23.  
Do you gentlemen remember  
what it was like to be 23?  
I was never 23.  
If I had been, I'd remember.  
Come in.  
Ah, Richthofen.  
Von Richthofen, I believe.  
Good to see you.  
Come, shall we have a drink?  
You know Boelke  
thought a deal of you, Baron.  
He was more than kind to me.  
We are going to give you  
the squadron, von Richthofen.  
Well, what do you think of that?  
I think that would be very nice.  
To Baron Manfred von Richthofen,  
may he lead as did Boelke, his teacher.  
And hunt the British from the skies.  
And live to enjoy his reward.  
Herr Rittmeister, you started  
the war as a cavalry officer, yeah?

**RICHTHOFEN. :**

So now, how does it feel to fly?

To fight in the sky?  
My ancestors were Teutonic knights, sir.  
I merely exchanged the horse  
for an airplane.  
I see.  
Then the flying is just a means to an end?  
The flying is wonderful, but it's the hunt  
that I find more satisfying.  
The stalking, the chase,  
and, finally, the kill.  
The climax.  
Then you enjoy it, then? The war?  
Oh, what shall I say?  
War is the father of nations.  
It makes them slaves  
or it makes them free.  
Victory brings with it a climax,  
a sense of fulfilment.  
But the danger every day, every minute,  
while you are in the air?  
I never think of it.  
It's like the weather. Always there.  
But when you hunt, you think of  
what you're hunting, don't you?  
Oh, good morning.  
It's a lovely day.  
Come down.  
You understand?  
I have a motorcycle.  
We can go for a ride by the river.  
Daffodils... How do you say?  
Come down.  
Come on.  
Come down.  
I have to go.  
Do you understand?  
I'm a pilot.  
I have to go fight the Germans.  
I'll try to come back.  
What the hell do you mean, "Paint them"?  
How can you conceal an airplane?  
You're out of your mind.  
What do I know how, Herr Rittmeister?  
They gave me this order.

It says, "Paint them". Look.  
Holzapfel, should a man  
hide from his enemies?  
That depends, Herr Rittmeister.  
Should a gentleman  
hide from his enemies?  
No, Herr Rittmeister, he should not.  
Then perhaps we should...  
What the hell is this?  
"Paint them".  
- It's so stupid.  
- It says, "Paint multicolored,  
in order to obscure the character  
and shape of the craft".  
Right. Multicolored.  
Udet, Goering, all of you,  
call out your crewmen.  
Tell them it's special duty.  
Lothar, you and Holzapfel,  
get over to Supply,  
get me every can of paint you can find  
and plenty of brushes.  
- What colors?  
- Every color in the rainbow.  
Germany's bid for a voice  
in the destiny of Europe, gentlemen,  
is more than a war. It's a crusade.  
- And what does that call for?  
- Rationing, Herr Major?  
It calls for sacrifice, Herr Richter.  
Young leaders who are totally dedicated.  
You've all heard of the exploits of Baron  
von Richthofen and Boelke's Jasta.  
Yellow.  
Yellow. Blue.  
- Blue.  
- Blue.  
They'll transfer every damn one of us  
to the infantry.  
I'll be roasting rats on the Somme.  
I got them.  
Good, Lothar. That's wonderful.  
I think I'll take some black first and  
paint a Fraulein on my brother's, yeah?

Now, what color shall we paint my plane?  
- What do you think?  
- Well, I think it's fine.  
My God! They'll see it 20 miles away.  
They represent the best in Germany today.  
If one is embarking on a crusade,  
these are the knights  
that one would want to...  
To hire, Herr Major?  
You are a cynic, Herr Richter.  
They are just completing some work  
on their aircrafts.  
They may be tired, keyed up.  
Take that into consideration, gentlemen.  
Come on. Hurry up. Hurry up!  
Let's finish this thing here.  
God! Wait till the son of bitches get here.  
The sons of bitches are here, Lieutenant.  
Gentlemen, it's good to see you.  
Rittmeister, perhaps you can explain this.  
We're following orders, Colonel.  
Come now, Rittmeister,  
the orders were clear enough.  
A triumph of clarity.  
They said, "Paint the planes".  
To render them unobtrusive.  
It said, "Paint them multicolored  
to obscure the character and shape".  
I think they have you there, Cargonico.  
God knows, they are multicolored.  
Whatever character or shape  
they may have is fairly well obscured.  
But this is preposterous.  
Everyone in the air service knows  
we are using brown and green lozenges  
for camouflage.  
I beg the Colonel's pardon.  
We are German fighting men,  
not English sparrows.  
The Emperor may command that we die,  
but no one has the right to  
command that we hide.  
Gentlemen, naturally  
I approve your sentiment.

But this display, it's fantastic.  
It's a circus, Colonel Cargonico,  
a flying circus.  
A win for the black.  
Come on, there's another one there.  
Your father's fine. Your mother  
sends her love, so does my sister.  
That's nice.  
How the hell did you get over here  
so quickly? I thought you were in school.  
I was.  
Till one of my teachers said  
this would be the last one.  
- Last what?  
- Last war, of course.  
So you see, Roy, I had to come.  
I mean, we'll be  
the last soldiers, won't we?  
The others who come after will envy us.  
Oh, well played, sir.  
- Yeah, you'll fit in plenty well around here.  
- I hope so.  
They all talk that kind of horse shit.  
No, no. Easy, easy, easy. Watch his arm.  
Oh, jeez!  
Well, he's dead.  
- Roy...  
- His name was Kenyon.  
You think the next generation  
will envy him?  
There was no need for that.  
He couldn't have hurt them anymore,  
could he?  
Of course, he could have.  
If he'd gotten out alive,  
he could've been flying again tomorrow.  
Mr. Brown,  
some of the squadron feel that  
your gesture the other evening  
was disrespectful to Major Hawker.  
Well, they're wrong.  
But that doesn't matter.  
I'll stay clear of the mess,  
so they can go on

toasting von Richthofen and his gang.  
I very much doubt  
they'll be toasting the Germans again.  
- That's one point you made.  
- It wasn't my point, sir.  
Lanoe Hawker and I...  
We believed in the same things.  
We belong to that other world  
that you have no use for.  
And now I wonder,  
who will see us through?  
Just men. No more knights.  
Just Thompsons, Murphys, Mays,  
and Browns.  
If you don't win with them, sir,  
there's really no other way.  
I suspect that's why  
I despise you a little, Brown.  
Sir?  
Because, unfortunately,  
I'm forced to agree with you.  
Rittmeister Baron Manfred  
von Richthofen,  
you are called to His Majesty,  
the Emperor.  
It's fine killing the English up there,  
isn't it?  
Yes, Your Majesty.  
Of course, yes.  
I only wish I were with you.  
The hardest part of the war is  
not being at the front.  
Of course, Your Majesty.  
They betrayed us, you know?  
The British. They sold us like cabbages  
to the French. They are not fit for empire.  
But we'll see to that.  
Go back now, Richthofen.  
Go back and butcher  
another 40 of the sons of bitches.  
As you wish, Your Majesty.  
Oh, Herr Baron. That is, Rittmeister.  
Either will do.  
The guard said it would be all right...

I explained to him the purpose...  
Perhaps you would like to  
explain it to me?  
I'm Steiner, sir, I...  
You know, I brought the...  
Of course, the jeweler.  
So pleased to meet you at last.  
- I want to say...  
- Yeah?  
I want to say  
what a privilege it is to me to...  
To supply you with these trophies.  
I...  
I feel...  
When I read in the newspapers of your...  
Your successes, I...  
I somehow feel as if I was  
up there in the sky along with you.  
That's very kind of you, Herr Steiner.  
- Thank you very much.  
- Thank you, Herr Baron.  
Won't you stay for a drink?  
Oh, no, thank you.  
I think I'd better be getting along.  
Goodbye, Herr Baron.  
Isn't it grand, von Richthofen?  
In just a few hours,  
you've conquered Berlin.  
Only a temporary occupation, Major.  
Excuse me, Colonel, tomorrow Berlin  
will belong to the bureaucrats again.  
Well, let me present your host,  
Anthony Fokker.  
The most important man  
in the air service next to yourself.  
Oh, you're most kind, Herr Oberst.  
Let me welcome you to my house,  
Herr Rittmeister.  
- You've been a long time coming.  
- Pardon me?  
Well, they've all been here.  
Himmelman, Boelke, Schrder.  
Of course, we talked about war planes.  
Good evening.

The problems of building them,  
flying them, naturally.  
Your planes are famous, Herr Fokker.  
They deserve to be.  
Please.  
You know,  
I've always wanted to talk to you.  
I want to draw upon your experience,  
show you some ideas of mine.  
Thank you. I can imagine better planes  
than some I've flown.  
Perhaps I can show you one.  
This is the new Pegasus.  
My God, Fokker, it's...  
Go on, say it.  
It's not a crime for a soldier to  
admire something beautiful. It is.  
You know, I never planned it to be  
this way.  
I designed it to be as beautiful  
and as precise as a bird of prey.  
Somehow it came out this way.  
Beautiful.  
- Is she fast?  
- Fast enough.  
It's her manoeuvrability  
that makes her so special.  
- How about response?  
- Fabulous. I've tried her.  
She's up to anything  
that you could require.  
- Well, she looks dangerous.  
- Not for you, my friend.  
She's... If I may so, she's just your meat.  
You can handle her without a doubt.  
Now, I really must get back to my guests.  
So, if you'll excuse me,  
I'll leave you two to look over my lady.  
He talks a great deal.  
He was trying to sell me.  
Did you need to be sold?  
It's a fine piece of design.  
It's where I live.  
Talk about luck. No jamming at all.



Like hell. It's spacing and pyro load.  
A guy from  
the machine gun corps helped me.  
From now on, you load your own.  
My God, how long will that take?  
How long you figure to be dead?  
There goes St. Francis of the Machine.  
Engines purr beneath his hands,  
motorbikes cough with his blessing,  
and guns... Why, machine guns sing  
their hearts out at the sight of him.  
The way you screwed yours up,  
Murphy, they got to love you, too.  
You bastard!  
You'll never have the brains and the guts  
that Hawker had.  
I got one thing up on Hawker.  
Still alive.  
I can fix that!  
Stop him!  
All right, mate.  
You that bad a marksman, Murphy?  
Can't you shoot a man in the back?  
How did they get Hawker, Murphy? Huh?  
How did they kill him?  
You better start practicing  
back-shooting, mister.  
Preliminaries are over.  
You want us to forget we're human.  
All right, damn you, I've forgotten.  
No.  
I want you to remember why we're here.  
I want you to think about killing.  
When the job is killing you,  
study the work of first-class killers.  
For example?  
Wolves, Mr. Thompson.  
They hunt in packs.  
They've been known to leave the carcass  
of their prey to lure other animals.  
Bait?  
It's Richthofen.  
He cost us Reiner and Powell.  
It's for you.

- And who are you, sir?

- I am Manfred, sir.

Manfred? There's no Manfred here.

You're von Richthofen. You understand?

You're von Richthofen.

What is your name?

Who are you?

Richthofen.

I don't think I understand  
just what you have in mind.

Well, it's like he says, sir.

You wish to raid the German aerodrome?

### **About 5:**

About supper time, I believe.

Yes, sir, about that time. A little after tea.

Well, Commander?

Well, I must think about it, gentlemen.

I can't help wondering where it may lead.

Major Hawker's dead, sir.

This is your idea, isn't it, Brown?

Think of it this way, sir.

It's simply our turn to bat.

- Was anything stirring out there?

- A few pigeons. Nothing much.

Herr Parsonow came by. He said  
there was a boar pestering his corn.

I said I'd tell you.

A boar would be nice.

- It's been...

- June, I think.

- What?

Your last boar.

Lothar said you handled him badly.

And you...

My God, how do you manage it?

How do you remember?

I remember whatever has to do  
with my sons.

Whatever matters to them, matters to me.

But what matters to you, Mother?

What really matters to you?

My sons.

You're feeling better, my boy?

- Well enough to go back, I think.

- Good. Very good.

There is a great deal left

we have to do to end this war.

That will be a fine thing, Father.

When this is over,

we'll have to put things to their rights.

We'll use the army to

clean out the socialist rabble.

Put things back to rights, Father?

Do you really think so?

Workers Party. Peasants presuming to

make policy this war will put an end to.

Things will be different when it's over.

That's a safe judgment, Father.

Last night, I was reading

the history of Frederick the Great

and his son, Manfred, the Teutonic knight.

A great hero.

Your name, my boy.

Do you suppose he enjoyed the sun?

One should.

In Italy, he fought against great odds.

He died. Was buried on the field.

To live forever.

To be disinterred by his enemies,

and his bones left to bleach

on the banks of a river.

The German people forget nothing.

Except the name of his favorite stallion

and the town where his mistress lived.

I wish you had married, or even...

There was no time.

- How long does it take a man to...

- Forget himself?

- Not so long as it takes to love.

- Certainly.

Still, I would like to see

what the future holds for us.

I believe

that's the last thing you want, Father.

After the war, we'll set things right again.

It'll be like it was before.

For God's sake, move those planes!

Get my plane started.  
We'll show those bastards!  
Come, let's get them!  
Switches off.  
- Where are you hit?  
- I don't know.  
Oh, God, look at my leg.  
- I feel like I've got a damn...  
- It's hell back there.  
They wrecked every plane in the line.  
Nobody got off the ground.  
It's like the trenches.  
They brought the trenches to us.  
The whole, bloody, sweet, safe world,  
going up in flames, it was.  
It was lovely. It was. It was lovely.  
Lieutenant, have you any count  
on aircrafts destroyed?  
Anywhere from 15 to 20.  
Everything visible was hit.  
- What about personnel?  
- I beg your pardon?  
He means, how many of the bastards  
did we kill? We killed plenty.  
They were still in the mess hall.  
We thought if we hit them at supper time,  
it would be rather like...  
The last supper.  
You destroyed the ammunition  
and hit the officers' mess.  
What about the barracks?  
May, you hit the long brown building.  
Yes, I hit that twice.  
I bet that was the barracks.  
No. No, that would be the hospital.  
Am I to understand that my people  
have bombed a hospital?  
Did you see a Red Cross flag in front of  
the building or painted on top of it?  
There was so much smoke,  
I couldn't see anything.  
Then it wasn't a hospital, was it?  
I beg your pardon, Major.  
Does the placement of a flag

determine a hospital?

The Hague Convention makes clear  
that the absence of such marking...

Would the presence of wounded men,  
and doctors and nurses,  
have anything to do  
with your classification?

Essentially, no.

Colonel, I'm afraid  
the cricket match is over.

You'll be receiving detailed orders soon  
for strafing attacks,  
ambushes of officer personnel,  
destruction of all classes of supplies,  
including medical.

Are there any limits left, Major?

We didn't initiate  
this raising of the stakes,  
but we have to match them, of course.

Really no choice.

Is there?

Herr Rittmeister, thank God you're back.

The British, they...

Everything's gone all to hell.

Lothar. Where's my brother?

They shot him. They strafed him  
on the field while he was taking off.

- Where is he?

- He's alive. He got a bullet in the leg.

Do you want to see him?

Later.

We have an entire squadron  
to put back together.

What do we have left?

You mean planes?

Hell, take a look around you.

It would take two days just to  
find parts enough to put one together.

Call Werner.

Have him meet me over by the hangar.

What?

Voss. I want Voss. I need him. Now!

Herr Rittmeister,

Voss died the day you fell.

Of course.  
That's right. I remember.  
I want a status report  
from all officers.  
I don't want hysterical surmise.  
I want to know  
if there are any planes we can fly,  
how soon we can get replacements,  
and when we'll be able  
to land on the field next.  
I want each of you...  
Who's in charge around here?  
I'm von Richthofen.  
What have you got there?  
What do I have?  
I have a baker's dozen of planes for you.  
Fokker's planes.  
All right.  
Let's get them uncrated and assembled.  
Everyone will have to  
do the work of three men  
if we want to attack the British  
this afternoon.  
We didn't lose a plane.  
That's the beauty of it.  
It's only the beginning.  
And with the Americans here...  
Oh, my God! We'll smash them to pieces.  
You don't seem very happy about that.  
Oh, I feel fine about it.  
It's just that I thought we could  
throw off the pretense. Get on with it.  
You're right.  
I wonder if that Hawker  
didn't know something.  
What? What could he have known?  
That we have to pretend to go mad.  
I think you've been at it too long.  
After all, we're not talking  
about philosophy.  
War is a problem in applied physics.  
Isn't it?  
Yeah, a problem in physics.  
Flag party, present arms.

You bastards!  
My God!  
My God!  
I thought we had wiped them out.  
No, we've made a mistake.  
A miscalculation, like in physics.  
Goering. Lieutenant Goering.  
Sir?  
You left formation  
over the British aerodrome.  
You were seen strafing medical personnel.  
I did my duty, Herr Rittmeister.  
- It was my judgment.  
- You have no judgment.  
And all your judgment does is win you  
silver trophies while we lose the war.  
God damn it!  
What is the sense of playing with them?  
Tomorrow there'll be at us again.  
If I were in command, I'd bomb them,  
strafe them, gas them!  
Attention!  
What the hell would you do  
with a command?  
You don't make war. You're not a soldier.  
You're an assassin!  
The soldiers are losing.  
I make war to win.  
It doesn't matter how.  
It may come to that,  
but it will not start in my squadron.  
Get out of my sight.  
And Goering.  
Sir?  
If you should make  
another such judgment,  
you needn't concern yourself  
with the command,  
because I'll go to the Emperor  
to see you shot.  
Lieutenant Brown, the readers  
of The Toronto Star want to know  
about Canada's newest ace.  
What is there to know?

- I'm just a technician. I change things.

- Change things?

Put a plane in front of me with a man in it,  
I change them into a wreck and a corpse.

Well, how do you like France?

Yeah, it's a nice country, isn't it?

Lots of my friends will be staying  
after the war.

How do you like

the French girls, Lieutenant?

With both their arms and legs, I think.

The German planes,  
are they dangerous?

The Germans, they're dangerous.

Planes, they're dangerous too.

They kill as many Germans as we do.

The same way ours do us.

But now that we outnumber the Germans,  
we're winning, aren't we?

How in Christ's name do I know?

I go out in the morning

and try to stay alive till I run out of petrol.

One day I come back and

they tell me that I'm an ace.

But you've shot down

eight German planes.

Is it eight?

God almighty, I thought it was 100.

I keep shooting them down but he's

always up there again in the morning.

How the hell do I know

who's winning the war?

One of these mornings...

- One of these mornings it'll all be over.

- How can it be over?

There's still some of us alive.

They wouldn't end it

with any of us still alive, now would they?

Gunther! Holzapfel, call Gunther.

My God, Manfred!

Voss, Wolff. Who's next?

We're all next, little brother.

Now I know how pheasants

must feel in the autumn.



They promise you a safe war  
when you enlisted?  
Enlist? Hell, they drafted me.  
I was in the Ministry of Defense.  
Could've been a junior secretary by now.  
I didn't know they drafted men  
into the flying service.  
They've just begun.  
Is there anything wrong?  
I just wish to hell they'd paint  
these damn planes a nice drab brown.  
The English can see us a mile away.  
Hey, look, here come the Yanks.  
Oh, hey, I want some beer, boys.  
Look at that, William.  
How could we lose now?  
How do you mean?  
Spare parts for the machines, Brown,  
100 million of them.  
We'll swamp the damn Krauts.  
How can we lose?  
- Hey. Take it easy, buddy.  
- Hey, you're American, huh?  
- No, I'm Canadian.  
- Well, that's half American, ain't it?  
We've only to come to speak  
to you, von Richthofen, about the future.  
Germany's and yours.  
The general intelligence picture is bleak.  
Colonel Trackl, your report.  
Within six months,  
the general Allied offensive,  
strengthened by a number of  
American divisions, will begin.  
It is clear that  
the offensive will be terminal.  
We will be pushed back to the Rhine  
in the first phase.  
And in the second phase,  
we will be invaded.  
So you will understand, von Richthofen,  
why I am removing you  
from the flying roster.  
You mean the squadron is to stand down?

Well, no.  
As a matter of fact, the squadron  
will be pressed into  
ever more hazardous service.  
You mean, I am removed  
from active duty alone?  
You do understand the reasons for this,  
don't you?  
We are forced to plan for the future.  
We must organize now.  
So next time, the Jews and  
the Communists and the merchants  
won't have a chance  
to stab us in the back.  
You could, if you wish to accept,  
become chief test pilot for my company.  
We would be producing designs  
suitable for modification to military use.  
We will be designing racing planes,  
don't you see?  
Well, Herr Rittmeister,  
what do you have to say?  
I say, you're all insane.  
Damn it, Richthofen,  
we're going to lose this war!  
But nobody at the top  
is willing to admit it.  
If there's going to be a future Germany,  
somebody has to move.  
I don't give a damn  
about your future plans,  
your next war.  
Captain,  
we are speaking to you as an equal.  
I am not your equal.  
I'm a solider.  
I have 30 men fighting for their lives.  
I will not stand down.  
I made you.  
I picked you up and made you.  
- Now I hope the British blast you!  
- Never doubt it, General.  
They will.  
Roy, what the hell are you doing

in here alone? It's time to fly.

Yeah.

I'm ready.

Buck up, old man, it's almost over.

Before the leaves fall...

It'll never be over.

One day, they'll change  
the system of dating.

"B.C." will mean "before combat".

"A.D." will mean "after death".

Come off it. They can't kill us all.

What's the difference? We're already dead.

"Esteemed Herr Rittmeister,

because of war shortages,

we beg to inform that

the silver required to make  
your small cups is no longer available.

We can, however, supply an identical cup  
made up in base metal plated with tin".

- I should've gone for that boar, brother.

- What?

Nothing.

I'll have to write Steiner.

I don't want his tin cups.

Would you like to tell me

what happened at that meeting yesterday?

The others all left looking as if  
they were headed for Switzerland.

Wasn't anything. Just routine.

Let's go.

I'd like to take a look at this  
when you get back.

I had to rebuild some of the parts.

I feel like I've been in this plane forever.

I think it'll all be over soon,

Herr Rittmeister.

What happened with Goering,  
isn't he flying?

He received a call from von Hppner.

He's been grounded.

That's odd.

Not really.

Switches off.

- Impossible!

- Way to go, Brown!  
What a fighter!  
To the Richthofen Jasta!  
And its new commander.