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Saints and Soldiers: Airborne Creed

By Lamont Gray

[Peaceful Music]
[Speaking German]
[Speaking German]
Fertig machen.
Zielen.
Feuer.
[Gunshots]
Schmidt.
[Gunshot]
[Gunshot]
[Mouthing words]
Five minutes out!
Get ready!
[Distant Gunfire and Explosions]
[Grunts]
[Distant Yelling]
Here they come!
Look out!
[Gunfire]
Stop right there!
This way.
[Distant Yelling]
[Distant Dog Barking]
[Chattering in German]
[Indistinct Chatter]
[Dog Barking]
[Yelling in German]
Don't shoot!
Nicht schiessen! Nicht schiessen!
Komm hier!
[Dog Snarling]
Nicht schiessen.
Nicht schiessen.
[Mumbling in German]
Was ist das?
Wo ist deine einheit?
[Yelling in German]
Auf den knien.
Bist du alleine?
[Chattering in German]
Bist du alleine?
Granate!
[Explosions and Gunfire]
[Gunshot]

I've never been so happy
to see you guys in my life.
It's just me.
What?
I'm alone.
Where's the rest of your unit?
I don't know. Where's the rest of yours?
Name's Curtis.
I'm Rossi.
Thank you.
Yeah, don't mention it.
What're you looking for? .
Promised my buddy Gates
I'd get him a souvenir.
S.S. Death Head Ring, a Luger,
something good like that.
I have no idea where the
drop zone is from here.
Hey, you got a compass?
Uh, yes, I do.
Let me see it.
Where's yours?
Lost it in the jump.
That ground came up a
lot faster than I expected.
Hard to do a PLF in the dark.
Makes for a rough landing.
That mountain range puts us right here.
13 miles from the drop zone.
How are we so far off the mark?
Oh, blame it on the Pathfinders.
When I jumped, I swear they
were dumping me over the ocean.
One hell of a ride.
Well, I hope our boys are
waiting for us in Les Arcs.
Well, that's still two
miles past the drop zone.
Here.
Better get going. You ready?
Yup, let me just grab my rifle.
Let's check it out.
I'll go first.
I'll go.

You cover me.
Okay, it's all yours.
Don't move.
Democracy.
Lafayette.
Curtis?
Sarge?
Just you two troopers?
Yeah, we couldn't find anyone else.
This is Corporal Rossi.
Sergeant Jones, Bravo Company.
[Humming]
What're you singing?
Uh, it's an old hymn.
It's not very uplifting.
You got anything else?
Not right now.
What happened to you?
Oh.
My whole stick did it.
Seemed like a good idea at the time.
What would your mother think?
If all your friends jump off a bridge,
are you going to?
All my friends jump out of planes.
Sort of the same thing.
Well, what's the story?
There's got to be a story.
Well, it's a warrior thing.
Heading into battle.
I'd explain it, but I don't
think you two would understand.
[Chuckling]
Fair enough.
What's the plan, Sarge?
[Sighs]
Well, we just can't sit here and wait.
Germans will be sending out patrols.
Who knows how long it'll be
before the unit comes and finds us.
Battalion was supposed
to rendezvous at Les Arcs.
That's what we're gonna do.
If we're lucky, we can

get there by nightfall.
And how far away's that?
Oh, I'd say...
Um, 19 kilometers.
No, I need to hear it in miles.
You don't know how to
convert kilometers into miles?
They taught us that at basic.
Yeah, they taught it, but I didn't learn it.
It's, uh, about 11 miles.
Well, I don't know about you,
but I joined the Paratroopers
to get a ride into the fight.
Not so I could wear my
boots out trying to find it.
Most likely we'll see a
lot of Germans along the way.
Yeah, you can count on that.
[Sighs]
We'll just have to improvise.
What is it that Colonel Graves said?
"A few men can create a
hell of a lot of trouble
if they happen to be in the right place."
Do what we were trained to do.
We'll make it back.
This is why we're here.
Right, gentlemen?
Jump out of an airplane,
land behind enemy lines
In the pitch of night,
all for an extra 50 bucks a month.
"I am an airborne trooper!
A Paratrooper.
I jump by parachute
from any plane in flight.
I volunteered to do this
knowing well the hazards of my choice."

Both:

Famed for deeds in war.
Renowned for readiness in peace."

All:

uphold its honor and prestige
In all I am and all I do."
I recite that to myself every day.
Why does that not surprise me, Curtis?
Make you feel invincible?
You know, as a kid, my friends and I
Would go down the pike in Long Beach.
There was a roller coaster down there-
Cyclone Racer.
The Cyclone Racer. You've heard of it?
Yeah, it's famous.
They say the first drop is so steep,
it kills people.
Yeah, exactly.
We'd purchase our tickets,
and we'd rush to that front seat.
As it would leave the station,
Make its way up that steep hill,
we'd undo that safety latch and climb up
on the front of that car
and dangle our legs down.
And all of a sudden-
Voom!
100 miles an hour.
Legs vibrating, and
I'm thinking to myself,
"I'm gonna die.
I'm gonna fall off this
thing and get crushed."
Couldn't do something a
little less adventurous,
like shave a Mohawk into
your hair or something?
Oh, it gets better.
By the time we're out of that first dip,
we started from the
front seat to the back seat.
By the time the ride's over,
we're all the way in the rear.
Not sure why I did it.
Maybe just liked the
thrill of cheating death.
Was that the story you
told to get into the 517th?

Didn't have to.

Major Seitz took one look at me
and knew I was the
perfect physical specimen.

[Laughs]

Let's keep going.

Ever hear about these Aryan Nazi babies?

No, why don't you enlighten us Curtis?

Well Hitler wants a pure Nazi race - right...

Yea...

So he finds people with Aryan qualities and
takes their babies.

As soon as their born the Third Reich
comes in and takes them away

Nazi's just come in and take the babies
away from their mothers when they're born.

That's right...Hitler has these places where he gets all the
young Aryan people together to make little Nazi babies
it's like a factory...he breeds them like horses.

They run some tests...put them in a room together.

These people never met; don't even know each other.

Not nice to meet you...that's nice perfume you're wearing...

No..nothing like that. Just throw out the dance card
and there's the door.

I gotta admit - I didn't know about that.

Hold on....

You know.... they got a name for places like that.

Yea - except those places aren't in the business
of making babies.

Babies that grow up, put on uniforms
conquer the world, kill our guys...

They'll get theirs eventually...either
in this life or the next.

You really think so?

Yeah, I know so.

Hold up.

I want to check the map.

[Shutter Clicks]

Well, look at you.

What do you think?

Is it me?

It's short.

But handsome.

My very own handsome soldier.

They're beautiful.
So is this for me?
I don't know.
Guess we'll see.
Hey, handsome, I need
you to open this door.
Yup. Here.
Thank you.
- Where are my manners?
Okay.
We're good to go.
Hey, Rossi.
What goes through
your mind when we jump?
What do you mean?
Well...
You know,
what do you think about
when we jump out of the plane?
Some guys are counting the seconds
before they hit the ground.
Others are thinking
about how they're gonna die.
I'm just wondering what you think about.
I don't think about anything, really.
Why? What do you think about?
I usually think about my girl, Charlotte.
She seems to calm me down.
[Whispering]
What are you doing?
Got a rock in my boot.
Throw it.
[Explosion]
Phew.
[gunshot and metal clanging]
Clear.
[Chuckles]
Well, I think you got him.
[Laughing]
A damn rock in my boot.
You know, Rossi,
I'm gonna recommend
you get a medal for that.
Just go find your Luger, Gates.

Let's see, what have you been up to,
you naughty, naughty Germans?

Huh?

What have we here?

Hey, Rossi.

Give you one guess whose
mug I'm looking at right now.

[Laughing]

Let's make you pretty, Mein Fuehrer.

Aww, yeah. There you go--

[Zipping and Pinging]

Ah!

[Explosion]

We've gone, what, five, six kilometers?

What do you think, Curtis?

Yeah, that's about what I'm figuring.

What's that in miles?

Multiply it by .62.

[Sighs]

Was never very good at math.

Probably because I got

kicked out of school so often.

Why's that?

Fighting mostly.

Yeah, I've seen you fight.

Really?

Where?

Camp Mackall.

You, uh--you had the record
for most knockouts, right?

Yeah, still do.

That's you?

Gee-whiz.

[Camera Clicking]

I thought you'd be bigger.

What you got there, Sergeant?

Uh, father gave it to me.

Weren't you studying
to be in the ministry?

Yeah, I was.

Mother's Catholic. Father's Baptist.

Went to a lot of church growing up.

So why aren't you a chaplain?

One of those holy Joes?

I can be holy out here.
Among the heathens.
You fellas want to convert?
Ooh.
All right, you let me
know when you're ready.
All right, grab your gear.
Let's go.
Your mother's waiting in the car.
I'm sorry, I just- I lost track of time.
She can wait. Ford has
very comfortable seats.
Dad, I...
Think I know what I have to do.
I feel it.
But...just a hard thing.
Well, if you feel a call to serve,
you should certainly heed that call.
You'll be much more
than useful as a chaplain.
[Sighs]
But I just...
I feel it's not enough.
What do you mean?
I've enlisted in the Airborne, Dad.
No.
- Gonna be a Paratrooper.
Absolutely not.
- It's done.
No.
[Speaking German]
[Stick Cracking]
[Gunshot]
[Yelling in German]
[Gunfire]
Ah!
Oof!
[Gunshots]
I got him!
I got him.
[Gunshot]
Come on, who's got my Luger?
Hey, take my picture.
Come on, hurry.

Gonna send this home to my mom.
Make her proud.
You look like a safari game hunter.
What are you doing?
Put the camera away.
Let's go.
What is it?
Someone is watching us.
Up on the embankment
on the right flank.
You sure?
Yeah. I'm sure.
[Speaking French]
[Speaking French]
Oui.
Come forward. Slowly.
Je suis le Sergent Jones.
Je m'appelle Emilie.
You know French?
Mother's French-Canadian.
You speak English?
A little bit.
Can you take us to Les Arcs?
There are more Americans there.
[Speaking French]
Germans? How many?
Cinq, peut etre six.
Can she help us or not?
What's she saying?
Her name's Emilie.
She said she can help us.
She wants our help first.
With what? Help with what?
She wants us to free a
group of her resistance friends.
The Germans are holding
them not far from here.
No.
No, no, you take us to us to Les Arcs,
and then we'll come back,
and we'll help you,
but not before that.
She says it can't wait.
Could be too late.

Then we leave her.
We don't need her help.
We'll find Les Arcs on our own.
Please.
I need your help.
S'il vous plait.
How do we know this isn't an ambush?
She could be conspiring with the Nazis,
leading us straight into a trap.
I-I don't think so.
Merci, suivez-moi.
What'd you tell her?
I told her that a few men
can create a hell of a lot of trouble
if they happen to be in the right place.
Well, of course you did.
You're Saint Jones,
the protector of strangers in the woods.
Go.
Hold up.
Sergeant.
Permettez.
D'accord.
Merci.
There's a parachute down there.
American?
Yeah, it looks like it.
We need to know for sure.
[Airplane Engine Rumbling]
Down!
Whoo-hoo!
That's one of ours.
Did he see us?
Oh, yeah, he saw us.
He's wagging his wings, look.
What the hell?
[Airplane Engine Roaring]
[Gunfire]
Cross the field, now!
Hut, hut. Go, go, go, go!
[Gunfire]
Down!
Il est parti.
[Breathing Heavily]

Yeah, I think he's gone.
Curtis, help me cover him up.
Oh, wow.
[Laughs]
I don't know what to say.
I saw it in the window of Mr.
Steven's pawn shop.
Thank you.
You don't want to waste our
last day together kissing,
do you?
You have to send me
a picture every week.
That way, I can see what you see.
What would I do without you?
That's easy.
First you close your eyes.
Close your eyes.
Think of me holding you close.
And then you breathe.
What if I don't come back?
Then I'll come get you.
So what's the plan now?
Nothing's changed.
- Think about it.
She's taking us way out of our way,
and we don't know a thing about her.
No, you don't know a thing about her.
Well, enlighten us, please.
Father was a doctor.
Fought in the first war,
didn't want to touch a gun after that.
Germans invaded,
she joined the resistance.
He didn't want her to
have anything to do with it.
Three weeks ago,
the Gestapo found her out,
grabbed her father and her brother,
tortured and executed them.
She's got more invested
in this than you do.
What's your real name?
Look, I know you understand me

better than you're letting on.
Why do you need to know?
Because I want to trust you.
Then trust me.
We're gonna have to do this fast,
or we lose the objective.
Rossi, I'm gonna move up on these two.
You circle around the east side.
Clear the rear.
Come meet me back up front.
Curtis. Curtis.
You and Emilie, stay here. Cover me.
Okay.
- Okay.
"I'm an airborne trooper.
A Paratrooper.
I jump by parachute
from any plane in flight.
I volunteered to do this
knowing well the hazards of my choice."
Sorry.
"It is my pledge to
uphold its honor and prestige
in all I am and all I do.
I serve a mighty
airborne force famed for"--
[Clears Throat]
Sorry. I'm done.
I'm done.
Hey. Haende hoch.
Nein, nicht schiesse. Nicht schiessen.
Ugh.
[Gunshots]
Abfahrest!
[Explosion]
Ah!
[Gunfire]
Clear.
Hey, that was good cover fire.
She's the good shot.
Rossi, there's another prisoner.
Go check the other building.
This is Phillipe and this Jacques.
Merci beaucoup.

Je vous en prie.

Hello.

- Jacques.

[Door Creaking]

[Door Shutting]

[Gunshots]

[Clattering]

[Gunshots]

[Gun Clicking]

[Straining]

[Both Groaning]

[Glass Shatters]

Rossi!

Rossi!

Open the door.

[Knocking]

The door.

Come here.

Stand clear!

[Gunshot]

Rossi!

[Grunting]

Rossi.

Rossi!

Come--

Hold it.

Look at him.

He's dead. He's dead.

He's dead.

[Panting]

Come on.

Let's get you cleaned up.

Look, you have special
gifts and a calling to minister.

God doesn't want you
to die in some foxhole.

He doesn't want anyone
to die in a foxhole, Dad.

But your calling is special.

You have to find a different way to serve.

A safer way.

Exactly, you haven't
thought this through.

I have thought this through.

That's all I've been doing
is thinking this through.
It's good to give comfort and guidance.
I can do that. I will do that.
You know that I have to be
where I can do the most good.
Yeah.
Well, I taught you how
to make your own choices.
This changes everything.
I'll be in the car with your mother.
Is that how you say it?
Hold up. Hold up.
Arreter.
There's a vehicle coming.
Hands up.
- Whoa, whoa, whoa.
Troopers of the 517.
Good to see you, boys.
Lieutenant, sir.
Sergeant Jones.
Lieutenant Woodward.
This is my driver, Stewart.
Have the, uh--the allies
pushed this far overnight?
Hell, yeah. We hit some Krauts hard.
You see any resistance?
Yeah, a little.
We took out a German
outpost back there,
freed some partisans.
Well, you'll be happy to
know that about six miles
back up this road is the
rest of your battalion.
That's good to hear.
Hey, sir, looks like we
got a leak of some kind.
We must have got
caught up on something.
Oh, yeah. That's a cracked fuel line.
Might be able to fix that.
You boys thirsty?
So, Lieutenant, what

exactly are you doing out here?
I'm in charge of the
Ordinance Department Reclamation.
And it's just... Just you and Stewart?
Well, for now it is.
There's a war going on.
Pretty shorthanded.
Hey, did you ever hear about that officer
that got his head cut off?
Heh, no.
I'm pretty sure I'd remember that story.
Yeah, it was in this little town in Italy.
I don't remember the name of it.
But across the road,
the Germans rigged this piano wire.
No, it was guillotine wire.
Whatever.
When you tell the story,
you can call it guillotine wire.
So the officer sits down in his jeep, right.
The windshield's down.
He's driving maybe 15 miles an hour.
That wire catches him right in the neck.
No.
It was his mouth.
I heard it was his neck.
His head popped clean off.
I picked up every single one of his teeth.
It was his mouth.
Okay, well, I think that's gonna fix it.
Here.
Appreciate you guys doing that.
Not a problem.
So where's home for you?
Seattle, Washington.
Ah, it's wet and rainy.
Yeah.
Lot of--lot of totem poles.
You know, sometimes I feel like
the short man on the totem pole.
Low man.
Excuse me?
Don't you mean "Low
man on the totem pole"?

Oh, yeah, right. Low man.
So, uh, how about you guys?
Where you from?
I'm from Albuquerque, New Mexico.
Torrance, California. Born and raised.
All right. Never been there.
Never really, uh, been
anywhere outside the northwest.
You ever see any fire?
We don't run into much
resistance, you know?
I've been shot at a few times,
but it's pretty quiet.
Besides, if we get ambushed,
we can just burn the records
and, you know, they'll
have a list of our inventory.
Je peux voir votre arme?
Excuse me?
Je peux?
I'm sorry, I don't
understand what she's saying.
She wants to see the rifle.
Oh.
Pretty.
Je peux tirer.
Did you hear that, Rossi?
She thinks your rifle is pretty.
Probably because she can fold
it up and put it in her purse.
Sir, I know we're instructed
to conserve ammo out here,
but she wants to fire the weapon.
Are you okay with that?
I don't see a problem with that.
The Germans are long gone by now.
Oui. Essayez.
[Gun Clicking]
Got to take the safety off.
Hm.
Rossi...
Well, I heard you say my name.
What're you talking about?
What's she saying?

She says she wants to
have a shooting contest.
She thinks she's better than you.
Oh, I'd love to see this.
No.
No, we're not--
She wants to bet on it.
All right. All right, I'll take your money.
I'll take her money.
So what do you got, Rossi?
Ca marche, oui.
She approves.
Now what do you want?
Well, I said I'll take her money but, um...
I'll settle for a kiss.
Yeah?
- Mm-hmm.
Looks like we got a deal.
This is gonna be great.
What is this, Coney Island?
That's 100 yards,
give or take a yard.
It's not fair. She's never gonna hit that.
I'm not sure I can do it.
I think that's the point.
I'm just going to embarrass you.
Uh, Rossi.
You should let the lady go first.
Oh.
Yeah, by all means.
Ah, non, je prefere passer apres.
I guess she wants you to
show her how it's done.
Whatever the lady wants.
All right, three shots. That's it.
[Speaking French]
Oui, ca va.
Would you mind?
Just...
Merci.
Nice shot.
She's a good shot.
She's never gonna hit it standing.
She's gonna do it standing up

and make you look like a fool.
That's what she's gonna do.
Congratulations, that was impressive.
Merci.
Well, I certainly admire your courage.
I mean, you're dropping
into enemy territory
Without artillery cover.
No knowledge of the area.
You know, I got a
cousin who's in the Navy.
It's completely different for them.
They're sleeping in
the same bed every night,
warm food, daily
news from home, movies.
I'm not saying it's easy.
It's just not as
nutty as what you guys do.
Movies?
Yeah, l--boy, I can't
remember the last time
I saw one of those.
Curtis.
Yes, sir.
When was the last time you
saw a movie, you remember?
It's been a while. Uh...
Watch on the Rhine with Paul Lukas.
Hey, Lieutenant, uh, meant to ask you...
Where were you before
you landed in Provence?
We were in Italy.
So were we.
Where exactly?
We landed in the south.
In Civitavecchia?
- No.
Sergeant, we got to get going.
You guys got to meet
up with your battalion.
You guys head straight up--
- Where'd you land, sir?
Sergeant, I don't have

time for any more questions.
You guys need to get
moving and that's an order.
Very simple question I'm asking you, sir.
Where did you land in Italy?
Are you out of your mind?
They're Germans.
Get their weapons. Check 'em.
You are gonna have to
tell us exactly who you are.
There's nothing I hate
more than sneaky, lying Nazis.
Sit down.
Search 'em again.
Check his pockets.
Don't miss anything.
They're clean.
Who is Francois Poulenc?
I must only give you
my name and my rank.
Who is Francois Poulenc?
Schneider, Klaus. Private.
Why are you here?
What--what's your mission?
Destroy equipment?
Assassinate officers?
Intelligence?
What?
Speak.
I need to know your
connection to this man.
I'm not a fool, Sergeant.
I know how your country works.
Americans don't hurt prisoners.
You tell me right now.
Or I swear I will blow
the lid off your skull.
You'll do no such thing.
Now.
Smoke and mirrors.
That's what this is.
Like I said, I know Americans.
Ugh.
[Gunshots]

These fine French people,
they don't like Germans very much.
I need to know who Francois Poulenc is
and why you're carrying his name.
Right now.

Poulenc was one of our
best informants in Provence.
And you were planning on meeting him?
At Le Toume. At his apartment.
And then what?

We were to remove him for
fear that the allied troops
would catch him with
valuable information.
Well, I wouldn't worry.
The resistance will take care of him.

[Speaking French]

Bien. Okay.

All right.

Hey, how'd you
figure they were Germans?
American G.I. With German binoculars?
Did you notice all
that brass he was wearing?
We don't do that in the field.
Yeah, officer in the back seat?
Patton even rides shotgun.
Yeah, close call.

[Rustling]

Allo.

These guys kill Germans?

Yeah, I guess.

Then they eat 'em.

[Laughs]

Got a Panzer and a half-track.

Maybe 12 to 15 infantry.

Do we keep moving or
stay here till they pass?

No, I figure we got a job to do.

Yeah, a few men and a
whole hell of a lot of trouble.

We got to take that tank out.

This isn't gonna be easy.

Curtis, you stay up here on this ridge.

You'll be able to shoot
down right into the top
of that half-track.

I want you to rain down
rifle grenades on them.

Got it.

Me, Rossi, Phillipe,
we'll head down by the riverbed.
We'll wait for them to pass by us,
and then we'll flank them on their left.

Clear?

We still got to take out that tank.

Oh, magnetic charge.

Yeah, that's perfect.

You come with us, okay?

Jacques.

Merci.

[Grenade blasting]

[Explosion]

[Yelling in German]

[Gunshots]

[Yelling in German]

[Gunfire]

[Blasting and Explosion]

Go left. Go left!

[Canon Blasting]

I got to get that tank!

[Sporadic Gunfire]

[Explosion]

-Ah!

Down. Get down.

Gah!

[Gunshots]

Ay!

[Explosion]

[Yelling in German]

[Mechanical Grinding]

[Rapid Gunfire]

[Gunshots and Metallic Clanging]

[Muffled Yelling in German]

Ah!

[Muffled Explosion]

[Coughing]

[Gasping]

[Gunshot]
- Guh!
[Straining]
[Gunshot] ugh.
[Gunfire]
Uh!
You know.
I'm not gonna recommend
you for a medal.
You need a medic.
[Chuckles]
Medic. Medic!
You're gonna be fine.
You're gonna be fine.
Oh, are you a bad liar.
[Distant Gunfire]
You're gonna be fine.
Grenade!
[Explosion]
Gates. Gates.
Don't go, Bud. Don't go!
I'll get you out of here, okay?
I'm gonna get you out of here!
[Groaning]
No, no! Gates.
[Echoing] I'm not gonna
recommend you for a medal.
Don't go, Bud. Don't go!
I'll get you out of here, okay?
I'm gonna get you out of here!
Dad, I...
Think I know what I have to do.
I feel it.
Well, if you feel a call to serve,
you should certainly heed that call.
[Gasping]
I've enlisted in the Airborne, Dad.
God doesn't want you
to die in some foxhole.
"I am an airborne trooper.
A Paratrooper.
I jump by parachute
from any plane in flight.
I-volunteered to do this..."

[Struggling]
Told you I would come get you.
Oh, Charlotte.
Close your eyes.
Close your eyes. Close your eyes.
[Gasping]
Close your eyes.
[Sniffing]
[Chuckles]
Think of me holding you close.
Think of me holding you close.
And then you breathe.
And then you breathe.
[Gasping Slowly]
[Groaning]
[Breathing Heavily]
[Gunshot]
[Breathing Heavily]
Ugh.
[Door Sliding]
[Speaking German]
Wie fuehlen sie sich?
Mmm.
Es schmeckt gut.
Bitte, nehmen sie.
Sie muessen essen.
Sie muessen gesund werden.
Eat.
Food.
Eat.
Meisten sie ist eklig.
Aber wenn man tagelang
nicht gegessen hat,
dann ist es doch nicht so schlecht.
Ich heisse Erich Neumann.
Erich.
Und sie?
Wie heissen sie?
Your name?
[Sighs]
Are you an officer?
Entschuldigung?
Ich weiss nicht was sie meinen.
Your bars.

Officer?
Offizier, ja.
Das ist mien brueder.
Er hat Englisch gelernt.
Ein dual major.
Ahh...
Translator.
Er versucht zu mir... Englisch zu lernen.
This is your brother?
Ja.
Translates English?
Ja.
Where is he?
Where?
Er ist im...
Er ist im Italian gefallen.
Italy?
Well, he's lucky.
I've been to Italy.
Is he still there?
Er--
Er ist tot.
What?
Dead.
I-I had a friend...
In Italy with me.
He was my best friend.
[Sighs]
I don't know why I'm even talking to you.
I'm not sure you understand me.
I-I promised his mother...
That I would keep him safe.
Do you have a family?
Ja.
Yes, uh, children? Kids?
Ich habe einen sohn.
You have a photo?
[Laughs]
Is this your boy?
He's wearing your uniform.
I hate this uniform.
And I'm supposed to hate you.
I'm supposed to want to kill you.
[Sobbing]

Don't you miss your brother?
And don't you want to kill me?
I...
am...
tired.
I'm tired too.
[Crying]
Yeah, I'm sorry.
[Sniffles]
[Pained grunting]
[Labored Breathing]
[Speaking German]
[Pained Gasping]
Elsa.
Hey.
Hey, somebody's coming.
Wake up.
Get-
Wake up.
Hey.
Wake up.
Democracy.
Lafayette.
I'm coming in.
He's injured. It's just the two of us.
Captain, it's all clear.
He's gone.
Corporal, did you shoot this man?
No, I didn't.
Zoot. Zoot.
We got a wounded trooper.
Get the medic in here.
Yes, sir.
[Departing Footsteps]
Captain, he's-
He's my prisoner, so I
think that belongs to me.
Fair enough.
That is a nice Luger.
Pinder, I want you to
alert the Aid Station.
Let 'em know that
we're bringing wounded in.
Yes, sir.

[Indistinct Chatter]

[Pained Grunt]

How's the report coming?

Almost finished.

Excuse me.

Excuse me.

- Yeah?

Could you tell me if
a Sergeant Caleb Jones
Came through here?

Jones?

Yeah, Jones. Injured.

Moved to an Aid Station in Draguignan.

What about Harland Curtis?

He's a corporal.

Corporal Curtis...

K.I.A.

I'll be right back.

Oh, hi.

You're okay.

Anybody else with you?

No.

But they destroyed the tank.

I thought you might want this.

Is this Curtis's?

Mm-hmm.

Thank you, Emilie.

Emilie's not my real name.

Yeah, I know.

Do you have a real name?

I'm sorry.

Would you mind waiting outside?

I just need to finish up with him.

I'm sorry about your family.

I'm sorry about your friends.

It's okay?

[Camera Clicking]