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# 633 Squadron

By James Clavell

Come on!  
Hardly touched us.  
Bring my gloves, Evans?  
Right you are, man.  
Greiner, make a note  
of that flak tower.  
Well done, Digger.  
Yeah, it's not bad, is it?  
- Got a light, old boy?  
- There you go.  
That Jerry ammunition truck  
made a pretty tempting target.  
So did you  
when you broke formation.  
How did I know  
I'd run into a flak tower?  
Know what I'm gonna do,  
Gillibrand?  
No, sir.  
I'll recommend you for a medal.  
Thanks very much, Skipper.  
I appreciate that.  
When it comes,  
I'll pin it right on your tail.  
Roy, what are you  
doing on your leave?  
Sleep for three days.  
Who with?  
I'm heading right for Hyde Park.  
Why Hyde Park?  
I thought ducks  
were out of season.  
Not the kind of birds I'm after.  
How about you, Scott?  
Anywhere I don't have  
to look at aircraft.  
Group Captain Barratt  
wants to see you.  
He says it's urgent.  
Scott, take care  
of the debriefing.  
- Right, Skipper.  
- What's up?  
Thank you.

Hello, Roy.

Don, what's happening?

We've got visitors.

- Sir.

- Come in, Barratt.

This is Wing Commander Grant  
and Squadron Leader Adams.

Air Vice Marshal Davis  
and Lieutenant Bergman.

Glad to meet you, Grant.

- How do you do?

- How are you?

Sit down, gentlemen.

Congratulations, Grant.

I hear today's operation  
was a great success.

We all got back, sir.

Good. There'll be  
no more operations...

for your squadron  
for the next 17 days.

You mean we're on leave, sir?

No, I don't.

All leave is cancelled  
until further orders.

633 Squadron are assigned  
an urgent secret operation.

Your men are going  
into training for it.

That's all they need know.

Mind if I ask a question?

- Yes?

- Why our squadron?

What do you mean?

Some men have been on  
12 strikes in two weeks.

They're tired  
and looking forward to leave.

They'll have to wait.

All leave is cancelled.

Since you took over...

your squadron has attained  
a high degree of efficiency.

Look upon this assignment

as a reward.  
I'll try to, sir.  
Now, for the operation.  
The Germans have been building  
mysterious concrete blocks...  
up and down France and Belgium.  
Intelligence have come up with  
the answer to what they are.  
They're rocket launching pads.  
The Huns have got  
a new operational rocket.  
D-Day is imminent.  
These rockets  
could smash the invasion...  
and they're ready  
by the thousands.  
Why don't they use them?  
Fuel.  
Without special fuel,  
these rockets are so much scrap.  
Now we come to why  
Lieutenant Bergman is here.  
He's one of the leaders  
of the Norwegian Linge...  
the resistance.  
They have discovered  
the location...  
of the only factory  
the Nazis have at present...  
which can make fuel  
for these rockets.  
It's at a fjord  
just north of Bergen.  
Bergen. Here's the fjord.  
It's called  
the Swartsfjord...  
the Black Water fjord.  
As to the exact location  
of the factory...  
I'll let Lieutenant Bergman  
tell you.  
First, I must explain  
that the factory itself...  
is not the target.

It's not the target?  
The factory is bomb-proof  
and sheltered by a huge cliff.  
Then what do we bomb?  
The mountain.  
You'll blow away  
the whole overhanging cliff...  
so that it buries the factory.  
I should explain why  
you cannot bomb from above.  
We brought in geologists  
to study this mountain.  
There is a fissure  
underneath the overhang.  
If you explode from below,  
the overhanging cliff...  
will come down, we hope.  
The only way  
to get into position...  
is to fly up the fjord  
at about 200 feet.  
The Huns have flak posts  
at the mouth of the fjord.  
At 200 feet,  
you'll be blown to hell...  
which brings me back  
to Bergman.  
At an exact hour on M-Day,  
the day of our mission...  
Bergman and his men  
will neutralize the flak posts.  
If all goes well...  
you should have  
a clear run up the fjord.  
If all goes well.  
The factory will be  
shipping fuel in 18 days.  
Your special bombs  
will be ready in 17.  
Today is "M" minus 17.  
Your orders are to obliterate  
the target at whatever cost.  
Any questions?  
Lieutenant Bergman will be

working closely with you.  
He knows the target well.  
What are we practicing on?  
We've found a valley  
in Scotland.  
It's not nearly as tough  
as the fjord...  
but it's the best we can do.  
- Barratt?  
- Sir?  
This gives you  
exact schedules and routes...  
to the training site.  
Training to  
commence immediately.  
That's all, gentlemen.  
Will you find Lieutenant Bergman  
suitable quarters?  
I certainly will, sir.  
Nice to have you with us,  
Lieutenant.  
Thank you very much.  
Wing Commander!  
I wanted to tell you  
how pleased I am...  
they chose you  
for this operation.  
I'm glad you are, Lieutenant.  
Wish I felt the same.  
You give me the impression  
of doing difficult things.  
I do what they tell me to do.  
This is terribly important.  
That's what they always say.  
You sound so cynical.  
Do I?  
You have not seen  
the Nazis at close range.  
- Close enough.  
- In the air, yes.  
But I have seen them  
in my own country...  
torturing and  
killing innocent people.

So you want to bury them  
under that mountain?  
Yes, if it will help  
win the war.  
Look, as long as  
we're working together...  
we might as well  
understand each other.  
We'll do the best job we can...  
but it's a job,  
not the Holy Grail, OK?  
I will try to remember that.  
You do that.  
Climb in, Lieutenant.  
I'll drive you to your quarters.  
Thank you.  
"X" marks the spot.  
Our climb was slow.  
We'll have to increase  
our approach speed to 290.  
How are we going to bomb  
the target...  
even if we get  
the right approach speed?  
That's what  
we're here to find out.  
Made eight passes already,  
and each one's a bust.  
Skipper,  
let's sit this one out.  
Don't you trust me, Hoppy?  
Like my dear old mum...  
but this one's a bit dicey.  
I thought you wanted  
to see Scotland.  
Yeah, but not upside down.  
You had a good day, Grant.  
Not good enough.  
I'll try again tomorrow.  
That's yesterday, today,  
tomorrow.  
Three days out of your 17, Roy.  
Perhaps you'd better  
take the squadron.

All right.

I wish there was some way  
to see that target.

I could describe it to you,  
every detail.

Wasn't Bissel an artist?  
The center peak is higher.  
This one?

Yes. And the cliff  
hangs over more.

Fine.

What's this all about, Skipper?

You'll find out soon enough.

I see. Sort of hush-hush?

You sure

that's the way it is?

As you remember it?

Yes. That's as good as a photograph.

Good. Thanks, Bissel.

Sir.

Bissel, how you making out  
with Mary what's-her-name?

- Mary Blake?

- Yeah.

It's sort of hush-hush...  
but we're getting married.

He's out of his head.

Don't you approve  
of war marriages?

No. Not for me.

You don't want any attachments?

That's right.

How wide is that fjord?

Not over 200 yards.

What's on the other side  
of the fjord?

A lake.

A large lake.

What's that?

A sail boat.

My sister Hilde and I  
used to go sailing there.

She's in England now.

How'd she get out of Norway?



We smuggled her out  
in a fishing boat...  
just after  
our parents were killed.  
And your parents, Roy,  
where are they?  
My mother's dead.  
I haven't seen my father  
since I was a kid.  
I have been more fortunate.  
My memories before the war  
were happy ones.  
What did you do before the war?  
I was studying to become  
a doctor...  
until the Nazis came.  
Instead of  
learning how to cure...  
we learned how to kill.  
I will send word!  
With all  
these reinforcements...  
do you think  
they'll call off the attack?  
Not if Erik can help it.  
There are many more Germans.  
We'll spread ourselves thinner  
and start 24-hour patrols.  
Thanks.  
Stand easy, gentlemen.  
I've called you here...  
because I've just had  
a message from Intelligence.  
The Germans have moved in  
another entire regiment...  
and a string of  
Ack-Ack vehicles a mile long...  
right into our target area.  
Our underground cannot knock out  
another German regiment.  
We have not enough men.  
Get some more.  
If we can,  
they will need training.

What about  
a parachute attack?  
It would not work.  
There is no place  
to land or group.  
Commandos. They can work  
their way into the fjord.  
We have discarded that idea  
a dozen times.  
We have to send in more  
men, trained or not.  
Could we have more time?  
There is no more time.  
M-Day stands.  
In that case,  
we will do the best we can.  
Well, Grant?  
I didn't say anything, sir.  
No, but I could  
hear you thinking.  
Under the new circumstances,  
are you willing to go in?  
Are you asking me to volunteer?  
No, damn it, I'm not.  
I'm giving you an order.  
In that case, I volunteer.  
How'd we do?  
Perfect. Wish it'd been  
the Germans down there.  
Try and match that.  
Speed... 295, dead on.  
Altitude... 200 feet,  
and keep it low.  
Peel off in this order...  
Scott...  
Gillibrand...  
Singh.  
I don't know why  
you ever left that coal mine.  
That's what I could do with  
right now...  
a nice, deep, cozy coal mine.  
If I make a mess of this...  
you'll be deeper

than any coal mine.  
Scott, peel!  
Gillibrand, peel!  
Stand by, Singh. Peel!  
Now!  
You fool!  
You bloody Australian fool!  
I'm getting married.  
Try and remember that.  
How could I forget it?  
I was figuring on  
getting the widow.  
I love your raw colonial humor.  
Bloody aborigine!  
Too close, Gillibrand.  
Pull up sooner.  
OK, Skipper!  
Do you think  
they'll ever get it?  
Give them a week.  
They'll get it.  
Look!  
This way!  
- Thanks.  
- What?  
- You saved my neck.  
- Why shouldn't I?  
You're damn lucky  
they didn't get you.  
Look out!  
Listen, there I was...  
with this Messerschmitt  
coming in at twelve o'clock.  
I was out of ammunition.  
What did you do then?  
I opened the escape hatch,  
reached up...  
grabbed him by the tail  
and pulled him down.  
Now there's  
a really beautiful sight.  
Haven't you seen a pair of legs  
before, you big ape?  
Not like yours, sweetheart.

What's the matter with you,  
Aussie?  
Don't they let you see girls  
till you're over 40?  
They don't have girls  
Down Under.  
Down under what?  
- Here comes Rosie!  
- Stand back, lads!  
Stop it. Come on.  
- Come here!  
- Let her go.  
I'll ask you  
to step aside, sir.  
I'll step aside,  
if you step outside with me.  
Don't listen to him.  
We'll live in Australia  
and raise kangaroos.  
- Marry me.  
- Belt him one.  
You wouldn't hit a lad  
with one hand?  
Depends what he's doing with it.  
Break it up, boys.  
I will see you through.  
A gentleman at last.  
Here we are.  
Keep you hale and hearty  
till you're ninety.  
That's our aim, Rosie.  
Hale and hearty  
till we're ninety.  
What do you suppose  
those special bombs are for?  
Not what, who.  
I got it straight  
from the Adjutant's WAAF.  
They're for the paper-hanger.  
Berchtesgarten?  
Wow!  
One of these bullets  
clipped me right on the hand.  
This medic came up and said...

"Shall I take you  
to the infirmary, sir?"  
I said, "No, but drop this  
off at the garage."  
That's for me. Just my type.  
What makes you think  
you'll get first crack?  
Rank, old boy. Excuse me.  
I wonder  
if I might entice you...  
into joining me for a drink,  
my love?  
- Erik!  
- Hilde!  
It's been such a long time.  
Three years.  
Sometimes I was so afraid  
I might never see you again.  
You know me better than that.  
Of course.  
Let me have a look at you.  
What a fine uniform.  
The navy, isn't it?  
Yes. Unfortunately  
a navy without ships.  
I don't care.  
As long as you're safe  
and not in Norway...  
I think we've broken up  
the party.  
Let's go into the parlor.  
I have so many questions  
to ask...  
I don't know where to start.  
Some chaps have all the luck.  
Don't be silly.  
That's  
Lieutenant Bergman's sister.  
I've got a sister.  
Would you like to see  
a photograph?  
What use is a photograph?  
Anyway,  
she probably looks like you.

Same again, Mr. Kearns.  
This round's on my sister.  
Rosie!  
How about some music?  
Who's next?  
Let's get another pint  
of that going.  
Welcome aboard, Skipper!  
Come in, girls!  
Don't be shy!  
There you are!  
Sit right here, darling!  
Well played!  
- What are you drinking, Skipper?  
- What do you got?  
- Whiskey?  
- That's what we're drinking.  
Hey, girls, girls?  
How'd you break out  
of the barracks?  
Roy brought a ladder,  
didn't you?  
- A little second story work.  
- Here you are, Skipper.  
You've arrived just in time  
to make the party complete!  
- Here's to girls!  
- All of 'em!  
Haven't met all of them.  
You haven't  
met Bergman's sister.  
She's in the other room.  
Here's to the one  
I haven't met.  
Go on.  
That's all.  
That is how I got to England.  
And now you work  
for the English?  
Yes, with the RAF squadron  
as liaison officer...  
but that is all  
I'm permitted to tell you.  
Enough about me.

What have you been doing?  
I have been  
working in the country...  
with children who have been  
sent out of the bombed areas.  
Roy, come in.  
I'd like you  
to meet my sister Hilde.  
- Wing Commander Grant.  
- How do you do?  
I was just  
drinking a toast to you.  
Thank you. My brother has been  
telling me about you.  
You're the girl  
in the sail boat, aren't you?  
Sail boat?  
I was telling Roy  
about the times...  
we went sailing on our lake.  
Yes, I remember,  
but I felt much younger then.  
The last three years  
seem more like three hundred.  
You're a mighty pretty old lady.  
Thank you, again...  
but you don't have  
to pay me compliments.  
Just take care of my brother.  
We take care of each other.  
Mutual Aid Society.  
Roy?  
Your drink's getting warm.  
Excuse me.  
I was just looking for you.  
I bet you were.  
Is that his fiancee?  
He would be amused  
to hear you say that.  
No, I don't think  
he takes her too seriously.  
I feel he doesn't  
take anything seriously.  
But they are all like that,

different from us.  
The more they feel something,  
the less they show it.  
Today some of their friends  
were killed...  
and tonight they are drinking,  
very gay.  
And you feel  
that he is dependable...  
for whatever it is  
you're doing?  
Yes. Completely.  
Good morning.  
Good hit, Gillibrand.  
Roger. Out, Skip.  
Now!  
Blue Leader to Jones, you're up.  
Clobber it.  
OK, Skipper!  
What went wrong?  
Their luck ran out.  
Blue Leader to squadron.  
Form on Scott,  
return to station.  
Come in.  
Sorry to disturb you.  
I wanted to speak to you.  
Come on in.  
What's up?  
I've come to say good-bye.  
Good-bye?  
Yes. Davis had word  
from the underground.  
They have not been able  
to raise enough men.  
They're dropping me in tonight.  
How are you  
going to get more men?  
There is a unit operating  
in the mountains...  
just north of the fjord.  
I might be  
able to bring them down.  
If you can get by



the German lines.  
Yes.  
Hello. This is Grant.  
Get me Operations.  
Hold on.  
I'll fly you in.  
They've already assigned  
a Mitchell.  
The hell with the Mitchell.  
I'll fly the drop.  
Hello, Jerry?  
Get my ship on the line.  
I'm making a drop tonight.  
Right.  
You should not  
take unnecessary risks.  
Look who's talking.  
I would like to see Hilde  
before I go.  
All right. We'll pick her up  
after I talk to Davis.  
We'd planned on going  
to the party tonight.  
The one for Bissel and Mary.  
They're getting married,  
aren't they?  
It's funny.  
Two die, two get married.  
Kind of evens things up.  
I thought you were  
against marriage.  
I'm also against death...  
but it happens anyway.  
I'd feel better  
if I could fly him myself, sir.  
I've ordered a Mitchell  
to fly him in...  
and make an arms drop  
at the same time.  
Could I fly the Mitchell?  
You're grounded until M-Day.  
Grounded?  
When did that happen?  
I've just made the decision.

Scott can lead the remainder  
of the practice flights.  
What kind of a decision is that?  
You're too important to risk.  
Yes, sir.  
Is it all right if  
I drive him to the airplane...  
or is that too great a risk?  
We'll take a chance on it.  
Thank you, sir.  
When the war is over, we can  
take Roy sailing on our lake.  
Will you come, Roy?  
Sure, I'll come.  
And we can go fishing  
like before.  
You like to fish?  
Yeah, I like to fish.  
Good.  
That will be something  
to look forward to, huh?  
Hilde?  
Take good care of her, Roy.  
Good luck  
when you hit that ground.  
And to you in the air.  
All right.  
Are you angry with me?  
No. Why should I be angry?  
You don't seem to be friendly.  
Hell, I'm friendly.  
I got a lot on my mind.  
Now you've got me besides.  
Is that what  
you were thinking of?  
No.  
I promise  
I won't be a bother...  
but one favor I have to ask you.  
Let me know if  
there is some news about Erik.  
Sure. Give me your address  
and I'll let you know.  
I'm staying here

until I know he's safe.  
No. I don't think  
that's a good idea.  
Why not?  
There are a lot of  
hungry characters around here.  
I think you do not understand.  
Erik is all that's left for me  
in the world...  
and now he's gone.  
Yeah, I understand.  
I'm sorry.  
Pardon me!  
Happy days, old boy.  
And nights.  
Rosie!  
Rosie!  
I'm coming!  
Come on!  
All the bubbly will be gone!  
How about these?  
Is that all you could get?  
There is a war on, you know.  
You could have fooled me.  
I'll get some more tin cans.  
Sounds like quite a party.  
You want to join them?  
No. I'm not in a party mood.  
I'll just go up to my room.  
All right.  
You don't have to see me in.  
I promised Erik  
I'd take care of you.  
I know what it is.  
You don't want to throw me  
to those hungry characters.  
That's right.  
Here comes the bride!  
Skipper!  
Care to kiss the bride?  
You bet.  
Just a minute! That's enough!  
Good luck, Bissel.  
I brought my luck with me.

Come on, guys!  
Don't worry.  
It's not contagious.  
You sure?  
Yes, I'm sure.  
Good night, and thank you.  
Good night. Hilde?  
Yes?  
I've been grounded.  
Grounded?  
I won't be flying  
for a couple of days...  
and I was wondering...  
if tomorrow  
you were free, maybe...  
If you're inviting me,  
the answer is yes.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
Erik!  
It's good to have you back.  
Are you all right?  
- I'm fine.  
- Down!  
They haven't  
patrolled here before.  
It happened three days ago.  
They're all over the place.  
Twenty hostages  
were shot yesterday...  
for a bridge Goth blew up.  
You had orders. No attacks.  
His sister was raped.  
We must bury the chute.  
With all  
the German patrols...  
it would be better  
to wait till dark.  
We can't.  
The weapons must get through  
to the other units.  
Easy.  
Slow down at the barricade.  
Go!

Over the bridge!  
I'll cover you!  
Go on! Over the bridge!  
What did you do  
before the war, Roy?  
I was a barnstormer.  
Barnstormer?  
Aerial circuses, aerobatics,  
things like that.  
Now you fly in the war.  
Do you hate the Germans?  
I never met any.  
The only ones I've ever seen  
have been through a gun sight.  
Not the best way  
to get acquainted.  
Why did you  
enter the war so early?  
I had to do something.  
The air circus folded,  
so I joined the Eagle Squadron.  
It was different with me.  
Where I grew up,  
everything was very safe.  
I got one.  
Bring him in  
before he gets away!  
No, he might throw the hook.  
The idea is to give him  
a little bit of play.  
It's a sardine!  
It's a Norwegian sardine.  
How'd he get over here?  
All right, little sardine,  
back to your fjord.  
Now, you want  
to take that over there?  
Straighten the line out?  
That's it.  
Get it straight now.  
You're very good.  
I used to do it  
for the fishermen.  
Sometimes they took me

out on the boat with them.  
Don, you're up late.  
Roy... they've captured Erik.  
The Gestapo's got him...  
and they've had him

**since 8:**

You know what that means.  
They'll work on him...  
and they'll break him down  
and make him talk.  
This whole operation's in danger  
unless we can stop it.  
How?  
We know the building  
they've got him in...  
Gestapo headquarters in Bergen.  
This building must be bombed.  
We believe  
that a single Mosquito...  
might get through tonight  
and stop him.  
You want a killer, right?  
We need a man to do a job.  
You want a killer.  
Listen, Roy...  
do you remember  
Charlie, that collie I had?  
Remember how we nursed him  
when he was run over?  
But it was no good.  
He was in pain,  
so I had to shoot him.  
I don't care about  
your canine love stories.  
We're talking about  
a man's life.  
We are talking  
about many men's lives!  
I'm grounded, remember?  
That order can be rescinded  
in the circumstances.  
What circumstances?  
If you should volunteer.

Is there a choice?  
Yes.  
It's a hell of choice.  
Who'll be my navigator?  
Bissel's volunteered.  
Tell him to get my plane ready.  
I'll be out in half an hour.  
We'll be waiting for you.  
Get me The Black Swan.  
How are you feeling, Lieutenant?  
Very sociable.  
Listen to me, Lieutenant.  
I'm going to ask you  
some questions.  
You will have to answer them  
sooner or later.  
You will save yourself much pain  
by answering now.  
What were you doing in England,  
and whom did you see?  
I was not in England.  
Come, Lieutenant...  
those canisters and weapons  
we found.  
I know nothing about them.  
You are insulting  
our intelligence.  
We will try something  
nearer home.  
What is the location of  
your underground headquarters?  
I have nothing to say.  
Surely you would not deny  
you are a member?  
I have nothing to say.  
I'm afraid  
we shall have to persuade you.  
Take off his clothes.  
Advise Intelligence  
one aircraft dispatched...  
en route to pre-designated  
Norwegian target.  
Yes. I can be reached here  
at Sutton Craddock Operations.

We'll wait.  
He should be  
crossing the coast now.  
If Bergman talks...  
He won't talk.  
We'll know soon enough.  
Go on, Lieutenant. What else?  
Well, Lieutenant?  
There's the building.  
Blue Leader to Control.  
Blue Leader... Control.  
Wheels down  
but one light's showing.  
I don't think it's locked.  
All crash crews.  
All crash crews stand by  
for emergency landing.  
Hang on, Bissel,  
this might be a little rough.  
Oh, my God. Bissel!  
Hold it, son!  
Get him out of here!  
You're quite sure  
it was Gestapo headquarters?  
Yes, sir.  
Then we can assume  
that Bergman is dead.  
Yes, sir.  
Grant,  
it may seem ironic to you...  
but I'm going to recommend you  
for an award...  
for what you did today.  
You may have saved  
the whole operation.  
Shall I break the news  
to Bergman's sister, Roy?  
I shan't mention your part,  
of course.  
No, I'll tell her.  
Gentleman,  
I can't take a chance...  
on anything else going wrong.  
I'm moving up the operation.



Take off 0330 hours  
tomorrow morning.  
But, sir,  
what about the bombs?  
They'll be here tonight.  
Adams,  
get in touch with the Linge.  
Tell them to plan  
their attack for tomorrow.  
Yes, sir. At what time?  
Daybreak.  
Grant, you'd better get  
that wound seen to.  
Sir?  
How's a man going to be  
without a face and blind?  
Awful, isn't it, sir?  
I killed him, Hilde.  
He was in the building.  
And I knew it.  
You knew  
they were torturing him.  
You stopped it.  
Erik cannot thank you, Roy.  
So I thank you for him.  
Good-bye, Hilde.  
Good-bye?  
Another mission?  
I will wait for you.  
I'm glad.  
Please come back.  
Please do come back.  
We've got a date.  
The bombs you'll be using  
are earthquake bombs...  
and that is literally  
their purpose...  
to cause an earthquake...  
which will bring down...  
the overhanging section  
and bury that factory...  
the Germans have built  
under that cliff.  
Gentlemen,

you may return to your seats.  
Squadron Leader Adams  
will continue with the briefing.  
This is the flight plan  
from Sutton Craddock.  
By following this dogleg,  
the chances of losing...  
the surprise element  
over the sea are reduced.  
If you are detected...  
this route will  
lead the enemy to believe...  
that you're on  
a coastal shipping strike.  
Wing Commander Grant,  
anything to add?  
I would just  
like to remind the men...  
we will drop the bombs  
within 50 yards of each other...  
at ten-second intervals.  
The geologists calculate  
that 12 bombs of this size...  
exploding in this pattern,  
will break loose the overhang.  
Skipper, excuse me,  
I'd like to ask a question.  
Go ahead.  
Isn't it likely that each plane  
could be blown apart...  
by the explosion of the bomb  
in front of it?  
Not if our calculations  
are correct.  
I hope  
you've got a good calculator.  
With all  
those gun emplacements...  
the flak's going  
to be murderous, isn't it?  
The Norwegian underground  
will attack at exactly 0630.  
Which means you should be  
entering the fjord...

not earlier than 0655  
and not later than 0705.  
Squadron Leader Adams.  
Time check your watches.  
It's coming up 2:47 in...  
5, 4, 3, 2, 1, check.  
Your call sign is Everest.  
The code for  
the successful completion...  
of the operation is Vesuvius.  
Sounds like that mountain...  
could turn into  
a bloody big volcano.  
Yes, and we hope  
the Germans will be under it.  
Any further questions?  
Yes, sir,  
I've got a question.  
Just a bit of curiosity,  
really...  
but what does that factory make?  
You'll be told  
when you get back.  
This much  
I can tell you, though.  
No squadron  
has ever been sent out...  
on a more critically  
important operation.  
That's all, gentleman.  
Except... good luck.  
Thank you, sir.  
Well, Roy...  
What's that?  
I've got Davis' permission  
and Medical's to come along.  
Without a command, of course.  
You're a little late,  
aren't you?  
What do you mean?  
You haven't been  
on any practice missions.  
We take off in half an hour.  
I've studied every detail

of this strike.  
I know I can follow you in.  
Why do you want to risk  
your neck?  
I'm damned if I know, Roy.  
OK, Don.  
You can take Jones' place.  
You'll lead Red Section.  
Thanks.  
How do you feel now?  
Scared. And you?  
Scared.  
Johansen!  
Johansen!  
They have moved up M-Day.  
They want us to attack  
at 0630 hours.  
It is time to send "Matterhorn."  
We are starting the attack.  
Ambush! Ambush!  
Landfall nine minutes, Skipper.  
Dead on 0703.  
Right.  
ETA 0703, sir.  
633 Operation Control.  
It's for you, sir.  
Davis here. Yes.  
What?  
I see. Thank you.  
Intelligence reports  
Germans ambushed the Linge...  
trailed some of the survivors  
to their hideout...  
destroyed everything.  
Arms, communications,  
men... the lot.  
- When's their landfall?  
- 0703.  
Send this message  
to Wing Commander Grant.  
"Linge destroyed."  
"Enemy anti-aircraft intact."  
"You have permission to abort."  
- Hoppy?

- Abort.

Blue Leader to all sections.

Enemy anti-aircraft intact.

Keep your eyes open.

We're going in.

Skipper, I'm gonna recommend you  
for a medal...

and when it comes,

I'll pin it right on your...

- What?

- On your tail.

There's Norway.

And you can have it.

We got bandits up ahead, boys.

Bandits up above.

Keep down low.

- You all right?

- Yeah.

Throw an extinguisher, Reynolds.

Reynolds!

Skipper.

Blue Leader to White Section.

I'm coming back in

to cover your run.

Roger, Blue Leader!

Hit it!

Four hits.

Three aircraft lost.

Two crews ditched in fjord.

You've got bandits

at seven o'clock, Clark.

Dive, Clark!

Green Section,

you're way behind.

Come on, Green Section.

Bomb release!

Bomb release!

Put it out!

Put the bloody thing out!

Break for the fjord.

Gillibrand,

break for the fjord.

- How many hits?

- Six.

Send it.  
- Won't that mountain ever go?  
- Send it!  
Six... direct... hits.  
Nine... aircraft... lost.  
One... bomb... left.  
I'm coming in on target now  
with an engine dead.  
Now!  
Skipper!  
It's going! It's going!  
Vesuvius, sir.  
Vesuvius!  
All right, Scott,  
let's get the hell out of here.  
You lead, and I'll cover.  
Roger, Skipper.  
Skipper.  
Skipper!  
You OK?  
Yes, Skipper.  
Can you move?  
Where does it hurt?  
All over.  
I can't reach them, sir.  
Keep trying!  
Yes.  
He's coming  
on the line now, sir.  
Davis, here, sir.  
Vesuvius, sir.  
Complete success.  
Thank you, sir.  
At least  
the rockets won't happen.  
Of course they'll happen.  
But they won't start tomorrow  
or this month or on D-Day...  
and that's important.  
what's it all add up to?  
All their sacrifice?  
A successful operation.  
But they're probably all dead...  
all 633 Squadron.

You can't kill a squadron.