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# Suvorov

By Georgiy Grebner

**SUVOROV:**

Kinostudio "MOSFILM" 1940  
Father Suvorov is with us.  
And Kutuzov, his friend!

**Directed by:**

Vsevolod Pudovkin & Mikhail Doller  
We shout "Hurrah!"  
thru the mountains,  
Squashing damn enemies!  
Squashing damn enemies!  
And so he went on to the wall  
Father, brothers!  
All roads are ours, Count Suvorov!  
He commands with his rod  
waving it like a bayonet!  
Without debates, persuasions...  
Nikolay P. Cherkasov  
as general Suvorov  
Better for enemy to surrender itself.  
Behind us - World glory -  
dozens of brilliant victories:  
Krakow, Turtukay,  
Rymnik, Focsani, Kinburn  
and an unprecedentedly  
daring assault on Ismail.  
Poland. 1794. After the battle  
on the outskirts of Warsaw  
They carry him! They carry him!  
They carry him!  
The horse was killed  
under him, but he's fine!  
Miraculous heroes!  
My sons!  
Heroes! Thank you! Glory to you!  
Lower!  
Was it you who take this banner?  
He did it, Your Excellency.  
What's your name, sonny?  
- Titmouse!  
Ivan!  
"Titmouse", the first time in combat.  
Yours, Platonich?

- Mine, Your Excellency.  
"Titmouse", you say?  
Ha! What kind of a bird is titmouse?  
No, no! "Titmouse" is not good enough!  
You're a hero!  
Enough! Eagle!  
From now on, you'll be "Eagle".  
Not "Titmouse"!  
Thank you, Platonich, for new hero.  
In short, we've beaten them.  
Will we give 'em time to recover?  
God have mercy - we will not!  
We will continue to strike!  
Relax a bit, and then - forward.  
Warsaw is under our nose!  
Sons of Fanagoritsy - excellent!  
Suzdaltsy - good!  
Rostovtsy...  
I won't say anything.  
You know how to scream songs, but  
you're less eager to join the fight?  
Look, next time...  
Azovtsy!  
Where's the commander of the Azov?  
-Here, Your Excellency!  
You bewildered?!  
Stuck in the swamp?  
You ran under canister shots fire?  
How many people you lost in vain?  
How many, I'm asking you?  
More than 500, Your Excellency.  
-You're lying! All!  
The whole regiment would have been  
dead, if it wasn't for major Tyurin.  
What if he didn't get  
you out of the swamp?  
Take off his sword!  
You're going to  
court-martial immediately.  
The regiment will be given  
to major Tyurin. Tyurin!  
Yes, Your Excellency.  
Thank you, Hero! Soldier!  
To avoid a long waiting...

Take mine.  
Glory to Colonel Tyurin,  
commander of Azov!  
Hurrah-ah!  
Major Tyurin, Your Excellency.  
-Colonel! I said it clearly.  
Colonel Tyurin!  
The former soldier!  
I hope the Queen Mother  
will not refuse this to me.  
For the soldiers of the  
Fatherland are above all!  
I remember you very well, my brother.  
Under Turtukay,  
and under Rimnic, and at Ismail.  
And you, bug-eyed peacock... where  
did you disappear with the porridge?  
Soldiers were exhausted after the  
battle, and you wasn't there!  
Now remember this, once and for all:  
If you ever come late again,  
I'll hang you on the first aspen.  
Believe me this! I love  
you, and I'll keep my word.  
All clear in the circle of  
20 km, Alexander Vasilich.  
We've got five squadrons of prisoners,  
and the others...  
They didn't save themselves.  
That's right, Misha! Correctly!  
Enemy shouldn't be allowed to leave  
the battlefield. Not a single one.  
Uncut forest will grow again.  
Salute and glory to Russian Cavalry!  
Hurrah-ah!  
Your Excellency,  
put on your coat, please.  
-No, Prokhor.  
The adjutant arrived with a package.  
-The adjutant?!  
Where's the adjutant?  
Personal adjutant of the  
commander of the corps,  
His Excellency the general

duke Lobanov-Rostovsky,  
lieutenant Meshchersky,  
with urgent message.

Finally arrived... Go on!

Give it here, your message.

Read it, my dear, loudly.

You're among Russians.

To His Excellency, gentleman  
and count... -Shorter!

To general Suvorov. Continue!

The message.

"Fulfilling orders of the commander  
Field Marshal duke Repnin,  
I've started to march  
on the carriageway  
in the direction of the Polish  
fortified camp in Sokolki village..."

Stop!

You mean this camp?

The order of the commander,  
as is known to Your Excellency,  
is set out...

-Set out, set out.

I got that order yesterday,  
and it was very clear.

Go to Sokolki and work fast.

And to general Lobanov-Rostovsky,  
to hurry and join with me.

But that is not what we see here!

Your Excellency...

-Continue!

"And according to this,  
I ask Your Excellency,  
to speed up the movement and  
to unite with me in the field,  
and to deploy forces for a  
joint attack at the enemy camp,  
not later than this sixth of October."

Stop!

What October 6th?

What date is today?

-Fifth, Al. Vasilich.

The fifth!

So, your Lobanov-Rostovsky

has passed half of the way?  
And tomorrow he'll be here?  
And tomorrow, you say,  
he'll go to attack?  
Now we're in trouble!  
But, you see, there will be no attack.  
Polish camp - is no more here. See  
for yourself. Not a single smoke, see?  
Well, they bewildered!  
We crushed them without  
waiting for your general.  
What to do now, God have mercy?  
Stop!  
Shall we turn back the clock,  
so that we can again  
strike at the camp with Lobanov?  
No, impossible.  
Allow me to report...  
our corps moves with the speed  
envisaged with regulations.  
Well, well! Hurry, but slowly!  
And how?  
Going around, darling. Around!  
But I went thru the forest!  
Half the length, three times faster.  
Drum! Map!  
-Drum! Quickly!  
I stayed in Grushevke  
for more than three days.  
And Lobanov-Rostovsky was here!  
Here thru these fields,  
and now on your road, he drags  
to unfold his front.  
And I quickly gathered  
my troops in one day,  
passed 35 miles thru the forest  
and went straight into battle.  
Going through forests is a violation  
of the rules, Your Excellency.  
Which rules? Ancient? Gatchina's?  
No, my darling!  
No obstacles would stop my soldier!  
I don't beat him to go into  
battle - he rushes alone.

He will pass everywhere!  
And wherever one passes,  
the entire army will pass.  
So that's it, sir. It's a war here!  
Not a parade at Gatchina square!  
The enemy naps.  
Waiting for you from the field,  
just like your duke plans.  
The enemy knows,  
Suvorov is 70 miles away.  
But we... heroically  
doubled, tripled our steps.  
Over steep mountains,  
through dense forests,  
we fly like eagles, out of the blue.  
Hit 'em, cut them,  
don't let 'em recover!  
In the flank! In the rear!  
With Russian bayonets!  
And we're done. With glory!  
In short, the Commander's  
order has been fulfilled.  
The camp is mine! Sokolka is mine!  
The road to Warsaw is opened.  
As for the rules, my dear,  
I shall answer it before God.  
He is our general, He leads us.  
And before the Empress-Mother!  
Prokhorov, bring me a spoon!  
I will eat porridge with Fanagoritsy.  
With the first battalion!  
Catherine's wars died down...  
Unfading glory covered the  
banners of Suvorov regiments...  
After the death of Empress  
Catherine, in November 1796,  
the Russian throne was  
inherited by her son Paul I  
The army was transformed  
according to "Gatchina manners."  
Old rules were returned together  
with ridiculous uniforms,  
abolished, with the influence of  
Suvorov, almost thirty years ago.

His Excellency has invited me,  
count Arakcheev.  
Enter, please.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Your Majesty!  
Your Majesty!  
Your Majesty!  
I'm not thanking you for myself...  
but for the benefit  
of the Russian state.  
Your Majesty!  
Get up.  
Get up!  
For the empire of the great order.  
For the bearing of your thoughts...  
aimed to the assertion of this order.  
My order!  
And this Suvorov,  
this muddleheaded old man,  
dares to break the  
uniformity of harmony,  
which I have established,  
I the Russian autocrat!  
Your Majesty...  
Spirit of disobedience  
imbued not only Field  
Marshal Suvorov himself,  
but his generals and officers, as well.  
Even the soldiers, I believe.  
Here it is!  
The letter, Your Majesty...  
We intercepted it.  
Sent by Suvorov to count Deribas.  
"I don't know, in which ancient castle  
they have found  
that exotic article, nibbled by mice?  
This masquerade with  
plaits and curls  
spread the stench in the barracks,  
lice,  
and contagion."  
This is about our military  
regulations, Your Majesty.

What else?  
What?  
What?!  
Speak!  
I don't dare.  
-Read it!  
I order you!  
Poem... a poem, Your Majesty.  
Related to Your Majesty.  
Seems that count Suvorov is not only  
the Field Marshal, but a poet, too.  
The rumor ascribes this to him.  
-Read it!  
"You are not the crowned head  
in Peter's glorious city,  
But a despot and corporal  
on the parade ground."  
Get out! Out! Out!  
How many troops Suvorov has in Tulchin?  
60 thousand bayonets, Your Majesty.  
It was ordered to disband his  
headquarter and send 'em here.  
Did those generals arrive here?  
-No, Your Majesty.  
Only two colonels arrived with  
communiques, Your Majesty.  
With communiques?  
Who are they?  
-Tyurin and...  
Lobashkin, Your Majesty.  
Their families background?  
-Nobles of the soldiers, Your Majesty.  
Fosterlings of Suvorov. For him,  
they would go thru ice and fire!  
Hmm!  
Those Colonels...  
tell them to be on the  
square during inspection.  
I will interrogate them!  
Suvorov will learn what obedience is.  
Don't linger here, get out!  
Send him the order by a loyal officer.  
Order is ready, Your Majesty.  
Enter!

Give this package with His  
Majesty's personal order,  
to Field Marshal Suvorov.  
And watch the people around you.  
If you notice the  
spirit of disobedience...  
report it in detail.  
Go!  
Who are you?  
Your Imperial Majesty, colonel Tyurin,  
headquarter of South-Western army.  
-What for are the crosses?  
For Ismail, for Warsaw, for Rome.  
-Why are you standing like that?!  
Why the old uniform?  
Where are the braids and curls?  
Don't you know the rules?!  
Who do you deign to obey, sir?!  
Field Marshal Suvorov, Your Majesty.  
Awards befit someone  
who, above all, honors  
the duty of obedience to his Emperor.  
Take off his sword!  
To the fortress!  
Remove the crosses!  
Attention!  
-Stand still!  
Attention!  
Fall in!  
What's that regiment?!  
Third Light Infantry,  
of Suvorov, Your Majesty.  
Colonel to me!  
Regiment! About face!  
Regiment! About face!

**Direction:**

**Direction:**

to Siberia! March!  
I will drive the Suvorov  
spirit out of them.  
Suvorov's fighting troops  
were in the far away Tulchin

His Excellency  
General-in-chief Suvorov?  
Here, Your Excellency!  
Where is my regiment going?  
-To Siberia.  
Rumors has it that  
they have passed Kazan.  
Were you at the parade that day?  
-I was.  
Was my communique presented  
to the sovereign? -No.  
It was on the chest of mister  
Colonel... under the uniform.  
And the bullet...  
-I know! I know everything.  
Where's the other Colonel?  
In the fortress.  
So...  
Thank you.  
Take a rest from the road.  
"You, whom we revered as the first,  
remain the last.  
Please favor and act  
according to the regulations  
without bringing up reminders  
of the duty of the service,  
for you are not in  
capacity to judge about it.  
Paul."  
Do not turn your back to  
the history, Your Majesty.  
Uh... Why all this!  
Prokhorov!  
Proshka!  
Captain Meshchersky, come closer!  
There will be no answer  
to the message of  
His Imperial Majesty.  
Because there is no war...  
Field Marshal Alexander Suvorov  
can not command the troops.  
And does not want to!  
Your Excellency...  
Now go and hurry, my dear.

Godspeed!  
Long journey awaits you.  
Your Honor!  
His Excellency asks you to  
take this and not to be angry.  
Spring nights are chilly, with  
God's help, you will not catch cold.  
Do not follow my example!  
Anyway, it's too late.  
Battles are over...  
and me and my victories  
are of no use to anyone.  
In the morning, sound the  
trumpet for the last parade.  
I'm going to Kobrin, in the village.  
On very welcome vacation!  
Soldiers!  
This cross...  
you gave me for Focsani.  
This one... for Ismail!  
This star...  
shined for me in the sky of Warsaw.  
Alexander Vasilich... father!  
With you... I've deserved it...  
With you... I will leave it.  
Father!  
At least say a word!  
Come closer.  
Brothers, what is this?  
-Don't go!  
Don't leave all this!  
-Stay here, father!  
For forty years,  
I led you from victory to victory.  
With you, I didn't know for defeat.  
I never retreated!  
Kurtukaytsy, kinburdovtsy,  
ismailtsy, varshavtsy - heroes!  
My children...  
Farewell!  
Remember Suvorov - Field Marshal...  
and the soldier!  
Cherish your military glory!  
Cherish it within your hearts,

carry it on your bayonets!  
Forward! Always forward!  
Prokhor, go!  
-Let's go!  
Father! Father!  
For a daring response to the  
emperor, Suvorov was exiled  
in the village of Konchanskoe,  
lost in the remote  
forests of Novgorod...  
But even in the years  
of the "royal disgrace"  
veteran heroes didn't  
leave their commander  
Konchanskoe  
Count Alexander Suvorov Rymniksky  
And then we came to Ismail...  
Terrible fortress.  
Unique in the whole world.  
The black stone walls  
were higher than clouds.  
I looked up, and I felt dizzy.  
We thought it was impenetrable.  
There is no such force.  
And he... just chuckles.  
We piled our wall right  
against Ismail's wall!  
We piled it just to  
be a little higher.  
He drove us to that  
wall from dawn to dusk.  
Up - down! Up - down! And up again!  
And... fear disappeared.  
We got used to it, or what?  
But we suddenly received the order  
from His Highness Duke Potemkin:  
"Retreat, Suvorov."

**And he answered:**

understand this strange word."  
And he sent his order  
to Turkish Pasha.  
What order, uncle?  
-The only one Suvorov knew.

"24 hours at your disposal - to think!"

If only one shot is fired,  
this offer is not valid.

Assault - Death!

I remember that winter night.

I was on guard in his tent.

Suddenly, I see - he goes out.

He ascended the mound,  
and stood watching.

And during the night,  
the fog was thickening.

But he saw everything.

He sees through the wall.

He is gifted with such a force.

Where are the Turkish redoubts...

how many cannons they have, where  
they set up the ambushes that night.

He saw it all!

He stood there for an hour,  
or two - I don't remember...

And then he gave the common signal.

He clapped with his hands,  
and shouted the kochegin's call.

And my God! The rockets soared,  
they blew in the trumpets,  
the army was risen.

And then it started.

-Was it terrible?

All hell broke loose! Earthquake!  
300 cannons at point blank range!  
And we're going.

No one thought to stay alive.

Some were already killed, but their  
feet were still carrying them forward!

Only the bayonets were glittering.

Forward!

"Forward!" Suvorov shouted, and was  
the first who climbed on the wall.

We followed him.

And no bullet hit him.

And no sword cut him.

One janissary, a giant,  
swung his scimitar at him,  
but he just looked,

and the janissary dropped dead!  
I saw it myself.  
Uncle, why Suvorov was  
shouting like a rooster?  
Ah, Suvorov is not intimidated  
by enemy's bayonets,  
but worries about babbling tongues.  
Spy comes quickly,  
and has a sharp ear!  
All kind of things happen  
at the headquarters.  
When will the battle begin,  
no one knows.  
Only he knows!  
So, the end of the story is well-known.  
-Victory!  
Glory!  
In the evenings,  
he dictated his famous  
military textbook  
"The science of Victory"  
What was the last part?  
-The seventh chapter.  
"About prowess and knowledge"  
-So...  
Who knows how to act,  
he knows no fear.  
The speed is the  
companion of victory.  
Sharp eye, speed,  
surprise - are our leaders!  
A true commander is the one...  
who defeats the enemy  
before even reaching it!  
First, win with your thoughts,  
and then with your actions!  
And this is a must for all...  
In order that the army  
understands it's leader,  
every soldier has to  
know his maneuver:  
Know and dare!  
One wise man is worth three fools!  
Be perspicacious, cautious...

Have a definite goal!  
Find someone to be  
an example of a hero.  
Watch him, go after him!  
Get close to him!  
Overtake! Glory to you!  
You're Russian!  
I have the honor...  
-Huh?  
Alexander Vassilich, we caught him!  
Who?  
-A prisoner.  
Prisoner? -Yeah, he was sneaking  
around, but we caught him.  
Bring him here!  
Go now, my dear.  
Go, go.  
Go!  
On your knees! Now!  
Who is this? Remove the bandage!  
Hat off!  
Petro!  
Oh, my dear friend! Petro!  
Look at him! Duke Petro!  
Thank you!  
My dear friend!  
Here, gentlemen cavaliers!  
-Hello, old timers!  
Hello...  
-Silence!  
Welcome Peter Ivanovich!  
Close the shutters!  
Close tightly!  
Platonich, send cavaliers on patrol!  
Bath?  
Platonich in a bathhouse!  
Pashka! Bring some pickled  
mushrooms and anisette.  
Petro! Petyenka!  
English, Italian,  
German, French.  
And this... from your daughter.  
Thank you.  
Here's the latest plan of General

Bonaparte's current campaign.  
See how he leads the fight.  
He doesn't give time to recover!

**His ambition:**

to take away the enemy's will  
and to show how relentless he is.  
He gathers his forces into a fist  
and hits the enemy piece by piece.  
Blow after blow!  
And then the cavalry!  
Until the full extermination,  
to full victory!  
Well done! But this is nothing new.  
I beat Poles and Turks the same way.  
This boy sure walks well.  
It's time to calm him.  
Now is the time,  
or it'll be too late.  
Now look, this is his path.  
He took Italy. And Austria...  
No problem - it lays down at his feet.  
And what will be his next target?  
Russia.  
But Europe in vain  
moves against Russia.  
She will find a fierce hate,  
great valor  
and it's coffin.  
A year later,  
Suvorov was suddenly summoned  
to the Emperor Paul. The  
rendezvous took place in Gatchina  
Suvorov.  
But, Mikhail Illarionovich will  
explain this curiosity to us.  
Tell us why? Who needs that old...  
You want to say, genius!  
Oh, yes.  
-Europe, Your Excellency.  
Only Suvorov can protect Europe  
from these fearsome acts  
of General Bonaparte.  
He's coming!

Hurrah-ah-ah-ah!  
His Excellency Count Suvorov Rymniksky.  
Mishenka! My one-eyed boy!  
Well, thank you! At least  
one of my friends is here.  
Oh, mama! So many generals are here!  
Andryusha.  
Lead Andryusha, it's slippery here.  
Hello, Alexey Andreyevich.  
Hello, Earl - the extraordinary one!  
I know it by heart, and repeat every  
morning, the story about your life.  
How's that?  
-Here's how!  
Last year in November the seventh  
- promoted to commandant.  
8th - General, 9th - in the Guards,  
12th to Barons,  
14th - "Anna" first degree,  
with 20 thousand serfs.  
In less than a year - you're an Earl!  
We, the elders,  
simply cannot keep up with you.  
I'm fully committed  
to serve my Emperor.  
It was the will of His Majesty to  
reward me, not only for my merits.  
Sweet!  
Good that you have the  
rank and medals...  
merits can always come later.  
His Imperial Majesty  
is asking Count Suvorov-Rymniksky  
to be welcome to a private audience.  
Well, thank you, I should go now.  
He bows to a lackey!  
Your Excellency, this is a lackey.  
I know, dear, I know,  
that's why I bow.  
Today, a lackey, tomorrow - a baron!  
Impious illegal rulers of France,  
found a military leader - Bonaparte.  
You know this.  
This is a great peril to our allies,

Great Britain, and above all, Austria.  
Thinking about the help,  
we have found it best to call you.  
And to forget your former  
insolent disobedience.  
For our first duty is to care for  
the welfare of Russia and Europe.  
My life and death belongs  
to Russia, Your Majesty.  
According to this...  
we decided to give you  
the command of our army.  
In order to lead this  
perfect mechanism...  
with thy military glory.  
I'm afraid, Your Majesty... I won't  
be able to command a mechanism.  
You will.  
-I won't, Your Majesty.  
You will!  
My soldier is...  
like a tool which  
drives other components.  
A spring...  
which operates bayonet or saber.  
The Army of great harmony and order.  
Speak!  
Mechanism...  
Springs...  
Like a dummy!  
A dummy, Your Majesty, with a bayonet,  
or with a sword, is still a dummy.  
With such an army,  
not just me - the sinner,  
but even the One above me,  
cannot win.  
I command the people,  
Your Majesty, not springs.  
Nonsense!  
The army of Frederick of Prussia  
covered itself with glory.  
I'm Russian, Your Majesty, it doesn't  
befit me to hop after Frederick.  
That's my cavalry on the battlefield!

I've had enough of your impertinence!  
Oh! Your Majesty, allow me to retire.  
Forgive the old man.  
-What?!  
Belly ache.  
-Get out!  
Buffoon!  
Clown!  
Hurrah-ah-ah-ah!  
- Ismail - glory!  
Warsaw - glory!  
Poltava - glory!  
Glory!  
Another year has passed  
Listen, old girl...  
This will be written on a tombstone.  
"Stop here, passerby.  
Here lies a man who is  
not like other mortals.  
Off the beaten paths,  
he sang a bass in the choir,  
honoring the thunder  
of Peter and Alexander.  
He poured buckets of  
cold water on himself,  
but flames of courage he poured  
into the hearts of the people."  
You don't approve it?  
So get out, you fool.  
Prokhorov!  
Proshka!  
Well! They're all sleeping.  
My counselors, gentlemen cavaliers...  
A link...  
Can this be the end?  
You cannot hide it!  
I can smell anisette a  
mile away, Your Excellency.  
So, that's the vault where  
you hide your gunpowder!  
And I trusted you.  
-Then put a guard here!  
Never mind all this, Prokhor.  
I'm leaving.

Where to, God have mercy?  
To the monks. On the great vows.  
My time is coming.  
Soon, I'll have to report...  
to my general.  
Discharge all men from service,  
cannons to be melted for church bells,  
and I go to monastery.  
Proud name mine - Alexander...  
I will change.  
I'll be called Akaki,  
Agathon, or whatever.  
Good heavens!  
What kind of a monk you  
would become, God have mercy?  
How would you live without anisette?  
And what about me?  
And gentlemen cavaliers?  
They sure would follow you.  
Battalion of veterans in the monastery.  
What would become of such  
a monastery? A shame!  
Gentlemen cavaliers would sell  
entire monastery for liquor.  
No, Alexander Vasilich,  
don't offend God.  
You can't.  
-I will!  
Anisette doesn't harm God.  
-No!  
Yes.  
-No!  
Go now, Prokhor.  
Tomorrow we will talk.  
Go and look what the cat dragged in!  
From St. Petersburg,  
Alexander Vasilich.  
They're not welcome!  
For St. Petersburg, Suvorov  
is not here. No, not here!  
Where are you then, Alexander Vasilich?  
-Where?  
Died! Passed away!  
-God forbid!

How can I say that?  
Couriers from His Imperial Majesty,  
with an edict!  
Edict?!  
God help us, they don't even  
want to let me die in piece!  
Let 'em in!  
Ah... the messenger of the Gods!  
No salvation from you.  
Major General of the Guards Tolbukhin.  
I know you.  
Very well, sir, hand me the edict.  
Prokhorov, take the coats.  
"Paul I, Emperor, to Suvorov.  
I've just received the urgent news  
about the strong desire of my allies  
that you lead..."  
My eyes are veiled. Read it, general.  
"...that you lead armies in Italy.  
Regarding the current  
situation in Europe,  
I suggest you to immediately  
take the leadership  
and command in your hands. Paul."  
"Take the leadership and  
command in your hands."  
Too late, my Lord Tsar.  
Now it's too late.  
Too late, too late. -It is  
believed that general Bonaparte  
is crushing Austrian army... -And  
he will crush it! It's not difficult.  
...and with all his  
forces overwhelm Russia.  
...Bonaparte  
Yes... He's a true leader.  
But against Russia...  
No!  
Wake up all the cavaliers!  
We're here, Your Excellency!  
Egorka!  
Fly like a bullet to headman Fomka.  
Borrow 200 rubles, credit for the road.  
Proshka! The coat.

I sang bass in the choir, for reason.  
Now I'll sing it with Mars!  
Prepare the horses!  
An hour to assemble, another to go.  
Let the bells jingle!  
So began the legendary  
"Italian campaign"...  
Within 4 months Suvorov forced  
the best generals of France to flee  
and cleared Italy of the enemy,  
giving the country under authority  
of the allied Austrian crown.  
The road to Paris was open  
Hurrah-ah!  
God bless, we've beaten these, too!  
The last... in Italy.  
Hurrah! Viva!  
You fought bravely, God have mercy!  
Especially you, General.  
You handled it with glory.  
It would be a sin to  
take it away from you.  
I swear, I shall never rise  
it against you, General.  
Good for you!  
Next time I wouldn't return it to you.  
Stand up!  
You're free!  
You're free, too, gentlemen generals.  
See you in Paris!  
To Paris!  
-To Paris!  
To Paris!  
-To Paris!  
To Field Marshal Suvorov  
from His Majesty Emperor of Austria.  
Let 'em through!  
Here, gentlemen generals...  
an order...  
from the Austrian  
court's military council,  
to whom we are subjected.  
"The Austrian crown is not interested  
in further advancing in the territory.

Holy Empire have already  
reached the destined borders."

Well, in short,  
we interrupt our campaign.  
We do not go to Paris,  
we go to the Swiss land.  
To rescue Russian troops  
of Rimsky-Korsakov.  
So that Austrian gentlemen  
can devote to the pastime  
in their winter quarters.

**Signed:**

The Emperor."  
Please leave me alone.  
I'd like to know...  
how much gold French Directory gave  
for this maneuver.  
And to whom exactly?!  
Eh... Your Majesties.  
Choosing the shortest route,  
which enemy didn't expect,  
Suvorov set his troops to storm  
the Alpine mountain heights  
You see?  
Do you hear where I'm sending you?  
In the bypass,  
to hit the French in the rear.  
And as soon as you can.  
Won't be the first time,  
Alexander Vasilich.  
And not the last.  
The road is difficult,  
suitable only for mountain goats...  
and your rangers, duke Petro.  
-I will pass through.  
I'll pass during a night  
and sit on their shoulders.  
You have to climb  
above their batteries.  
Will you pass through?  
You will pass! You always pass for me!  
Just wait for my signal in the dawn.  
So, when you open fire,

I'll start the attack.  
Well... Godspeed!  
He's leaving only a minor  
battalion in the valley.  
There are only barriers yonder.  
He has sent Bagration to the bypass.  
-He's changed the plan again?  
Exactly!  
He leads all the major  
forces to Saint-Gothard.  
Madness! It's a straight road to death.  
Straight road to the French rear.  
Be aware of this and  
don't waste a minute.  
Oh, Holy Mother!  
Up there is even steeper.  
Hello, miraculous heroes!  
At your command, Your Excellency!  
Well, brothers, are we going  
to fly over this hillock?  
Hillock!  
These are always  
hillocks to him. Eagle!  
Come on, let's go!  
-Come on, let's go!  
On the mountain cliffs,  
above the bottomless abyss,  
Bagration led his unit to  
bypass the French positions  
The troops, ready to assault,  
waited for the signal  
Your Excellency...  
our hopes in Bagration,  
are in vain.  
We must either begin  
the assault, or...  
Bagration has opened fire!  
Look, he's over their heads!  
He never betrayed his own people!  
Unfurl our banners!  
Forward! Shame and death  
to those who lag behind!  
Forward!  
Hurrah!

September 6th, 1799

Saint Gotthard Pass was taken

Prokhor Semyonitch,

report this to Alexander Vasilich...

Military council is with him now.

-Wait! We've found this man.

In our uniform.

-Well...

Looks like he fell of the cliff.

He's dead.

We wanted to see if he's alive,

and we found this package.

This is the most difficult way,

but the shortest.

Alexander Vasilich!

Generals, I have to interrupt

the meeting for a short time.

A dead man has been found.

And he's got a letter.

It's written in German.

It's dark here, I cannot make it out.

Come on... your eyes are young.

Come here!

Translate, my dear.

"Suvorov changed his plan again."

Translate it.

Excuse me, Excellence...

"Here at St. Gotthard...

there are only a few battalions.

The main forces

remained in the valleys.

Apparently, the goal

of General Suvorov..."

Colonel Tour doesn't

translate correctly.

"Suvorov again changed the direction.

His main forces are

here at St. Gotthard.

Suvorov intends to attack

you from the rear."

Ah!

Thank you, my dear,

you translated correctly.

To whom is addressed this letter?

To the French, Misha.  
To general Massena.  
You didn't succeed this time.  
I'm sorry, my dear,  
it's your own fault.  
12 rifles. Without a trial!  
Get up colonel.  
Forward, always forward -  
to help Rimsky-Korsakov  
Alexander Vasilich!  
Alexander Vassilich, courier  
from Switzerland with a message.  
His guide was killed and  
the horse fell frozen.  
Sit down, sit down.  
Where are you coming from, hero?  
-From Switzerland.  
This is a package with royal decree  
on awarding you the title of  
Generalissimus of the Russian Army.  
A bronze monument will  
be erected in Your honor.  
What about Korsakov?  
He fought with Massena.  
-Be exact!  
Defeated...  
and his army is scattered.  
Defeated.  
Defeated...  
Gentlemen of the military council!  
In incessant battles,  
with resolute maneuvers  
we broke the enemy who  
was many times stronger.  
The assault of St. Gotthard,  
opened the way for us.  
Glory to Bagration!  
That's his achievement.  
We escaped from those ghastly gorges.  
And our goal was near. It was!  
But justice and death should  
be looked straight in the eyes.  
In short.  
We have been betrayed by our allies.

Your Excellency!  
Not by you Weyrother, nor you  
Altynberg - sit and be quiet.  
But your Palagin, Archduke of Austria  
who abandoned front on Swiss soil.  
Thus, the French forces were freed  
and Rimsky-Korsakov defeated.  
His army is scattered.  
And now these new hostile  
forces threaten us.  
In front of us is Lecurt.  
Massena is approaching from the left.  
That is 75 thousand against our 12.  
We are separated by an abyss. A  
mountain stream Reiss is on its bottom.  
We cannot retreat!  
Rearward trails are  
closed by landslides.  
We're surrounded!  
Yes... surrounded.  
Never before...  
the army under my command  
was in such deadly  
and terrible position.  
Gentlemen of Military Council,  
I welcome your opinions.  
He passed away.  
And we won't wait long, either.  
We'll die of hunger or cold.  
Look, where we are!  
-What a country!  
Infernal!  
We're doomed! Finished!  
Let's go down - it's warmer.  
-Which way?  
Look!  
There is no road.  
We must say that we wish to go back.  
-Are you crazy?!  
We've never retreated in 40 years.  
-We must!  
We must go somewhere.  
Suvorov is smart...  
but God is smarter, obviously.

He doesn't give a road.  
Well, brothers, this may be the end.  
Alexander Vassilich  
has led us for 40 years  
without any mistake.  
Maybe here he's made one...  
due to his old age.  
Excellence, I believe  
that our first duty  
is to save exhausted army.  
-Well...  
The only way out...  
I hardly dare to utter the words,  
which you, Excellence,  
despised all your life.  
The only choice is...  
to lay down arms.  
To lay down arms.  
There is no other way!  
Yes, there is!  
-Ha! There is!  
This is the abyss.  
At its bottom, is river Reuss.  
It is possible to cross the abyss.  
Devil's Bridge?  
-Yes. Devil's Bridge.  
Just a straw. But through this  
very straw, is the path to victory.  
We would again hit the  
French in the rear.  
Impossible!  
The trail to the bridge is too narrow.  
The path between the rocks is  
impassable. A narrow corridor!  
Defended by French cannons.  
Just a single cannon...  
is ample to stop any assault.  
-I know.  
Bagration will eliminate  
those cannons from above.  
Right, duke Pyotr?  
It won't be the first time!  
You and your rangers will  
circumvent below the cliff.

You'll take over the French battery  
and open the road for us.  
Denisov and Platov will go  
downward to the right of the bridge.  
Me and Miloradovich,  
we'll hit 'em in the forehead.  
Well? Does Military Council agree?  
Attack?  
-Attack!  
Attack! -Attack!  
-Madness! Army is exhausted!  
Your Greatness, I have no  
doubt about mighty courage  
of my wonderful heroes!  
Karpych!  
Order the gathering of the elders.  
I'll talk to them.  
And your Austrians will  
go to the reserves.  
Gentlemen officers, to your troops!  
All here?  
-All, Your Excellency.  
Where's the cavalier Ognyev?  
He died.  
And Prokhorov?  
-He passed away this morning.  
He froze to death.  
Eternal memory to the heroes.  
They were great heroes!  
I remember them from Ismail.  
Their glory will never die out.  
Now we have to carry that  
glory further impeccably!  
Well... old timers, we have flown high.  
Above the clouds.  
Up here, even ravens don't  
come to pick up bones.  
Huh? Platonich!  
A lot of our bones  
lie on these roads,  
Your Excellency.  
It's hard, old men. I know!  
We've got only one bullet each.  
-We shared the last biscuit.

We can only dream about tobacco.  
It's difficult!  
When you took Ismail... I remember,  
I wrote to Empress-Mother:  
"To undertake such an assault,  
Your Majesty,  
I can decide only once in a lifetime."  
Thanks to God, now I see that  
it can be even more difficult.  
Well, old timers... cheer up!  
Youngsters are looking at  
us, they learn from us.  
Let's go forward! We should do that.  
Well, death is not terrible to us,  
it is afraid of us.  
Right, Avdeich?  
Seems that there is no place  
to go, Your Excellency.  
When was that that we  
had nowhere to go?!  
Look, there's a mountain  
crevice, not far away.  
The passage is narrow and  
the French cannons are there.  
But don't worry,  
we have a cure for those guns.  
Duke Pyotr with rangers  
will attack from the top!  
And then it'll be our time:  
under enemy fire to the bridge,  
to the assault!  
To Devil's bridge?  
-That's right!  
60 steps in length, 7 steps wide.  
Just don't look down,  
it's almost a mile away.  
We will pass the bridge, go through,  
come to the Frenchmen from  
behind in the green valley,  
and there's all bread and sun you wish!  
There is another way.  
Burn banners,  
rip crosses,  
and kneel before the infidels.

Why are you silent,  
gentlemen cavaliers?  
Or are you not my children anymore?  
And I'm not a father to you?  
Well... if that is so...  
Bury here our military glory.  
Together with me!  
My gray hair shall not be ashamed!  
I will not give up. Dig me a grave!  
Bury me here!  
Allow me to say, Alexander Vasilich.  
Forgive us, Your Excellency.  
Now that you've said this...  
We wanted to come to  
you and tell you simply  
that our strength's on the  
wane and we wanted to go back.  
Right, gentlemen cavaliers?  
Right. True.  
There was no road before us,  
just Judgment Day and Hell.  
We thought we would die in vain.  
We were blinded...  
We didn't see any way out.  
But now, you have explained.  
I don't speak only for myself,  
but for all of us!  
For all, right!  
Lead us, Alexander Vasilich!  
To that bridge.  
Built by the devil or not,  
we don't care!  
We'll pass through!  
-Lead us!  
And we'll lead the youth along.  
We won't give up our glory!  
We won't give up our glory!  
I didn't expect anything else.  
Thank you!  
Heroes!  
-Hurrah-ah!  
Warriors!  
Like eagles, you've soared to  
the highest peaks of Europe.

The thunder of ancient glory  
echoes in your banners!  
The flame of victory glows  
on the tips of your bayonets!  
Victory loves you!  
Forward!  
-Hurrah-ah!  
Hurrah-ah!  
Forward!  
Hurrah!  
Hurrah-ah!  
Hurrah-ah!  
The bridge! They've blown  
up the bridge! Those devils!  
Clear the way!  
Let sharpshooters take cover!  
Return fire!  
Dismantle the cabin, build the bridge!  
All generals, all officers, forward!  
Remove the waist scarves,  
bind the logs with scarves!  
The bridge is ready, Your Excellency.  
Forward, my Eagles!  
Look, how your old field marshal  
still knows how to beat the enemy!  
Forward!  
-Hurrah-ah!  
Forward!

**THE END:**

by Quigley (04.2016)