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# The Dirty Dozen: The Fatal Mission

By Nunnally Johnson

He's a little late.  
We landed a bit early, sir.  
You trust this guy, major?  
I've never seen him.  
U.S. Intelligence  
says he's a champion.  
What you might call  
a "Good German."  
All by his lonesome.  
Beautiful.  
Look...  
we can't let them  
take him alive.  
Let's go.  
Twenty-four twenty.  
Twenty-four  
twenty what, captain?  
He was trying to  
tell you something.  
You do realize  
that Captain Ludwig  
was on the personal staff  
of Admiral Canaris  
and the pipeline into  
German naval intelligence?  
He was also a close personal friend  
of my father's before the war.  
Oh, maybe you two should have  
left him on the admiral's staff.  
No, we couldn't do that.  
His information was too important.  
We had to try to get him out.  
Twenty?  
Mean anything to you, Clark?  
No.  
But I've passed it on to British  
and Free French intelligence.  
They may have something  
for us when we get to London.  
Easy, girl, you can't leave  
without Shorty.  
Lieutenant, do you think you could  
back up and get us out of this?  
Now, hold it.

Our guy's got a great left hand.  
Somebody do something!  
Let me go.  
Typical enlisted men's behaviour.  
Getting themselves killed  
in a bar fight  
over the questionable favours  
of some street whore.  
I couldn't agree  
with you more, sir.  
Do I hear you right, major?  
You, the champion  
of the underdog?  
Well, you know, a bum and a drunk in  
uniform is still a bum and a drunk, sir.  
Shorty? You okay?  
- What are you guys doing?  
- Champ, give me a hand.  
Hold it there.  
Hold it there, men.  
Break it up.  
I'll be back in a minute.  
I want those men arrested.  
You want them arrested?  
Yeah. I'll bet a month's salary that they  
were in the guardhouse this morning.  
I just want to make sure they're  
back in the guardhouse tonight.  
You see that big guy?  
Got a hell of a right too.  
Come in very handy  
on our next mission.  
Forgive me, general, but I think the  
major's gone on one mission too many.  
No, colonel, not yet.  
Not just yet.  
In the viewpoint of  
the German High Command,  
the Japanese failed to follow up  
their victory at Pearl Harbour  
and are not now considered  
to be trustworthy allies.  
They are also aware that the Allied  
war effort is now totally dedicated

to crushing Germany before  
turning to the Japanese.  
The High Command feels  
the war might go on for years  
and that Germany could still  
conceivably lose the war.  
Now, those generals were in no rush  
to share all this with the fhrer.  
Keeping themselves alive,  
sort of.

Yes.

Ultimately, they swallowed  
their Junker pride,  
and they took the word

**to this man:**

SS General Kurt Richter,  
a man whom Hitler  
has come to trust implicitly.  
They convinced Richter  
that it was his duty  
to inform the fhrer  
about the truth.

He did so.

But he also worked out an answer  
to the fhrer's next question:

"How does Germany  
ensure a final victory?"

Exactly. With

Operation Valkyrie.

The Fourth Reich, gentlemen.

Richter had come up with a list  
of a dozen men,

all top German geniuses

in government, science, the

military, police, education.

All of them under 35

and all of them loyal Nazis.

The existence of this

new shadow government

was confirmed by our contacts in

the German naval intelligence.

In the past few months

the German army surrounding

Stalingrad has surrendered  
and the U.S. Navy remains  
unbeatable in the Pacific.  
The fhrer has  
made the decision.  
These 12 men  
are standing by to be summoned to  
Munich, Germany at a moment's notice.  
From there, they  
will go on by train  
along the route of the  
now suspended Orient Express.  
Venice, Trieste,  
Belgrade, Sofia...  
and finally, Istanbul.  
And there, they will establish  
over 10 years,  
20, a century, if necessary  
all over the Middle East...  
the new Fourth Reich.  
You will take 12 general prisoners  
convicted and sentenced to death  
or to long terms of imprisonment.  
You will train and qualify  
the prisoners  
and deliver them secretly  
behind the lines.  
You will attack and destroy  
your assigned target.  
Any breach of security,  
any failure of discipline,  
and the prisoners go right back  
where they came from  
for summary execution of sentence.  
I want to speak  
to Private Stern alone.  
That's an order.  
You looking for another  
Dirty Dozen, major?  
No, no, no. I'm just biding my  
time until I become general  
and get the war over.  
Now, what happened?  
Got into a fight with an officer

in a bar.  
Hit him.  
Broke his jaw,  
sent him to the hospital.  
Oh, that's very shrewd. Now,  
what did he say to upset you?  
We got into  
a discussion about race.  
I told him he belonged  
on the other side.  
I see. So you wind up  
in a military prison again  
and you're facing another  
court-martial. Now, look.  
You know...  
I'll give you a chance to beat this  
thing and get back to the war.  
What do you say?  
Do you want it or not?  
I don't know, major.  
You get a lot of men killed.  
You kill a lot of good people.  
And I don't know anymore whether  
it's good versus evil with you.  
Maybe it's just evil versus evil.  
I'll find your keeper.  
Let's go!  
Take a walk with me, major.  
I've got some important  
information for you.  
Yes, sir.  
Nice morning, lieutenant.  
Yes. Yes, it is.  
You work for the general, huh?  
That's right.  
You've been with  
Major Wright before?  
That's right.  
And I made it back.  
War's over for me, lieutenant.  
Well, I wouldn't say that the war  
is altogether over for you, hmm.  
Ain't war hell, lieutenant?  
And when the Germans

surrendered in 1918,  
the French brought them  
down to a railroad car  
in the forest of Compigne.  
Little bit before  
my time, I'm afraid.  
And when the French  
surrendered in 1940,  
Hitler ordered that same railroad  
car from the old Orient Express  
brought back  
to the exact same spot.  
Oh, so that the French could  
feel the bayonet this time?  
Exactly. Now, that  
car was number 2419  
and it's in Berlin right now.  
Now, the thinking is  
that those Germans will blow up  
that damn thing  
before they'd ever  
surrender in it again.  
But how does?  
After 2419 comes 2420.  
The founding fathers  
of the new Fourth Reich  
will arrive in Istanbul  
in car number 2420.  
Now we know where this car is now?  
Lt. Campbell's come up  
with some new air recon  
photos that indicates  
they may be hidden  
in a train yard in Munich.  
Lieutenant Campbell apparently  
is a very bright young lady.  
Why, she's brilliant.  
You know, she grew up  
in this German aristocracy  
because her father was a Foreign  
Service officer for 30 years.  
Hell, Marshal Rommel  
used to bounce her on his knee.  
Before or after she turned 18?

Now, now.  
Demchuk, Dravko.  
Death by hanging.  
D'Agostino, Carmine.  
Death by hanging.  
Collins...  
Frederick.  
Unsentenced.  
Ricketts, Tom.  
Unsentenced.  
Hamilton, Joseph.  
Death by hanging.  
Hoffman, Thomas.  
Fifty years' hard labour.  
Wilson, Lonnie.  
Forty years' hard labour.  
Echevarria, Roberto.  
Fifty years' hard labour.  
Get back in line.  
The major said  
there would be one more.  
Well, maybe the major was wrong.  
We don't have a dozen, then.  
- Hey, Joey.  
- Hey, Stern.  
Pushing your luck,  
aren't you, Joe?  
All right.  
Ye of such little faith.  
Stern, Joseph.  
Unsentenced.  
You started off as a train engineer  
back home, Demchuk.  
You know, that talent  
may come in handy again.  
I was good engineer, sir.  
Uh-huh.  
Yeah, but before you handed  
the train in at the end of the day,  
you started robbing passengers.  
I was good train robber too, sir.  
You want to rob a train, major?  
Oh, no, no, no.  
I want to stop one



and pick off some bad people.

I pick off lots of bad people  
in my life.

I bet you have, Dravko.

I just bet you have.

All right, Holt.

What the hell is  
going on, sergeant?

I don't know, sir. We usually only  
get this when there's a hanging.

Hamilton's got a gun, right?

That's right.

Knocked out the MPs guarding  
it and pinned us down.

We may have to kill that boy.

Oh, that may take some doing.

He killed a white woman.

He's not getting anywhere.

Now we got that armoured truck back there.

We'll blow him apart if he tries to get down.

What are you gonna do?

Blow up a prison to kill a prisoner?

Who's been talking to him?

Talking to him?

That's right, talking to him.

Now you look, I'm gonna  
go up there and make a deal.

And I'm also gonna  
make a promise.

Make sure you don't break it.

Do you understand?

You got it.

Hamilton?

Hamilton, this is Major Wright.

You know who I am

and I know who you are.

Hamilton?

I wanna talk to you.

I'm better off dying  
right here and now.

I'll have a lot of company.

Now, what's your rush in dying?

You can't lose

anything by talking.

Okay.  
Come ahead, then.  
All right, I'm gonna lay it  
on the line with you, Hamilton.  
I can still use a man who can break  
out of a maximum-security cell,  
get up there,  
and grab a machine gun.  
Almost made it all the way.  
As far as I know,  
you haven't killed an MP  
and you're gonna hang anyway  
for a lot more than just  
an attempted escape.  
So, what the hell do  
you want from me?  
Why did you kill your wife?  
Just mind your own business.  
I met her in Paris.  
Then the war came.  
We made it to London.  
So I went back to the U.S.  
To join the Army.  
Man, I broke my butt  
to get back over here.  
Then I went to her apartment.  
She was living with an RAF captain.  
He pulled a gun and said,  
"Niggers ain't welcome in Britain."  
And then she laughed.  
She laughed.  
Why don't you put down your gun.  
Surrender and I promise you...  
you'll be training with the men  
in the morning.  
Army ain't gonna let you  
keep that promise.  
Oh, yes, they will. They need me,  
and I got news for you:  
They need you too.  
Along with 11 other slobs  
just like you.  
Okay.  
Okay, how you wanna work it?

You point that .30 calibre  
downrange...

and you follow me home.

All right.

Everybody line up and count off.

- One.

- Two.

- Three.

- Four.

- Five.

- Six.

- Seven.

- Eight.

- Nine.

- Ten.

- Eleven.

- Twelve.

All right.

Now, by your presence,  
you've indicated a strong desire  
to volunteer for this mission,  
which leaves you three ways to go.  
You can foul up during training,  
in which case you'll be sent back  
to prison for execution of sentence.

Two, I mean,  
you can foul up in action...  
in which case I will personally  
blow your brains out.

Or you can do what you're told,  
in which case,  
you may just get by.

Now, if any one of you  
tries to escape...  
you'll all be sent back  
for execution of sentence.

Therefore, you're all dependent  
on one another.

And if anybody tries to get smart,  
you'll all get it  
right in the head, right?

Right.

Now, due to the contingency  
nature of this mission

and the deteriorating relations  
between Private Hamilton  
and the staff and the MPs  
of Forbes Road Prison...  
you've been sent out  
here into the field  
and the nature of your training  
has been intensified.

"Ekkevarria."

Echevarria, sir.

Pick up my grips and follow me.

All right. Have them  
sent back to the barracks.

Yes, sir. All right!

Everybody into the barracks.

If you have something  
to complain about,  
the chaplain's hours are  
between 4 and 5. Let's go.

Hit it!

Echevarria, you're a mystery to me.

I went through your files.

You've been through  
some pretty heavy stuff.

Robbery, a gangland kidnapping,  
assault with a deadly weapon.

I had a very bad  
childhood, sir.

Well, I figured  
something like that.

But until you made that night  
withdrawal from the Bank of England  
with a .45 and a  
little dynamite...

you haven't done any  
heavy time, have you?

I always express  
sincere remorse, sir.

Sure you do.

I mean, parole officers, judges...  
even cops wanted  
to give you a break.

Well, man... I mean, major.

I always figure, when you're

going for it, go all out.  
When you're in the streets,  
raise hell.  
But when they get you,  
they got you.  
Be nice.  
Will that be all, major?  
That will be all.  
We won't be here that long.  
Well, glad to be  
of service, sir.  
Echevarria...  
my trench knife.  
I mean, where you going? Second  
time around, they hang you.  
Can't change overnight, major.  
Neither can I.  
Take off.  
Yes, sir.  
Knife! Recover!  
Knife! Recover!  
Knife! Recover!  
Stick them, boy!  
Hit the kraut!  
Recover!  
Knife! Recover!  
Hit the kraut, baby!  
- Yeah!  
- Recover!  
- Good, good.  
- Knife!  
Recover!  
Left! Recover!  
- Stick them, Shorty!  
- That's it.  
Where did they get  
your garrison cap, major?  
I don't know, Stern.  
Evil versus evil, I guess.  
Recover! Knife!  
Stick him, Shorty!  
Stick that kraut again!  
Come on, Shorty!  
His name is Major Wright.

This is the only film we have.  
It was found next to  
a dying newsreel cameraman.  
The film was made during an attack  
on the village of Agrigento  
in which the target is believed  
to have been Benito Mussolini.  
Our new contact says that even now,  
this officer is training another group  
drawn from American  
prisoners sentenced to death  
or long terms of imprisonment.  
The whole story seems  
a little incredible, general.  
Are you sure you're not wasting  
money on this, uh, this informant?  
It is the opinion of our  
senior agent in Ireland  
that the story  
is absolutely true.  
Well, maybe you're right.  
The whole country worships  
outlaws and gangsters.  
Now they've drafted them  
into the Army, I suppose.  
I've made arrangements to receive  
further reports from this informant.  
And we will supply all  
necessary technical equipment  
needed for transmission  
in the future.  
One moment, please.  
The Reich's  
chancellery, general.  
General Richter.  
Yes, mein Fhrer.  
No, mein Fhrer,  
it will not be a problem.  
We shall be in Istanbul  
on September the 3rd.  
Yes, mein Fhrer.  
Thank you.  
If there is nothing  
further, gentlemen...

And you honestly believe  
that this man can take  
a bunch of misfits, murderers...  
and common thieves  
and turn them into  
a cohesive fighting machine?  
Oh, it is not an entirely  
original concept, gentlemen:  
A "legion of the damned."  
Ordinarily, I'd be the first man out,  
but since this is  
our maiden voyage,  
Sergeant Holt will do the honours.  
What's the matter, Muez?  
You seem a little tense.  
I signed up to kill Germans,  
not jump out of planes.  
Wrong.  
You were due to go down  
one way or another.  
Either six foot at the end of a rope,  
or 6000 feet from an airplane.  
Look, you got  
yourself a good deal.  
I'll let you know when  
I got a good deal, major.  
Now, ordinarily, you'd have  
several days for preparation  
and your first jump  
would have been in the daytime.  
But there is no time.  
Your next jump now  
will be at night  
and into Yugoslavia.  
Attach your cables.  
Good luck.  
Go!  
D'Agostino?  
What the hell's wrong  
with you, D'Agostino?  
I can't jump, major.  
I never been any good  
at heights. I can't do it.  
It's a hell of a time

to tell somebody, soldier!  
Get up there and jump!  
No, major.  
I can't. I'll get killed, I know it.  
You want everybody to know  
that the hotshot syndicate hit man...  
has a yellow streak a mile long?  
I can't jump, major!  
You're so cool.  
You even offered them a last drag  
from your own cigarette  
just before  
you blew their brains out.  
You want a cigarette?  
Jump, you bum.  
I got to go. I'll freeze my leg.  
Come on! Let's get going!  
- Move it or milk it.  
- Come on.  
- Come on, move it.  
- It's freezing up here.  
Come on, let's move! Geronimo!  
Gotta be a nicer way to see  
Europe again, right, Hoffman?  
Hey, major, I'm an all-American boy.  
My parents just travelled  
around a lot.  
Oh, my God!  
Last night...  
after Hoffman bounced  
I had his body brought back here,  
along with his parachute.  
You think this was more than a  
routine training accident, major?  
I know now, lieutenant,  
that it was no accident.  
The chute line on Hoffman's  
parachute was cut.  
He jumped out of that plane with  
the jump ring in perfect position  
and the chute still didn't open.  
I thought the men  
packed their own chutes.  
No, you're talking about



paratroopers, lieutenant.  
My men are thieves and murderers.  
These are prefolded and put on  
an airplane by jump instructors.  
Anybody could have got  
to Hoffman's parachute,  
even helped him on with it.  
You said it yourself, major.  
You've got thieves and murderers.  
So one of them found  
a reason to kill another.  
Is that a reason for getting me out  
here in the middle of the night?  
No. My reason is Hoffman  
was one of my men.  
And he was very important.  
He spoke German.  
He travelled in Europe for years and  
he was familiar with Yugoslavia,  
which would have been  
a great help to me.  
So you're saying you need  
time to find a replacement?  
There is no time, colonel. The  
Nazis are gonna move those people.  
Major, you say that Hoffman  
spent years in Europe,  
picking up languages,  
he knew the Balkans.  
I grew up in Europe. I speak  
many European languages  
and I spent six summers  
in the Balkans and Yugoslavia.  
Apparently, for whatever reason, lieutenant,  
you want to go on this mission.  
Let me point something out  
to you.  
Now, for the rest of the training  
and behind enemy lines,  
your life will totally depend on men  
who've committed every crime in the book,  
including rape and murder.  
Now, do you still want to go?  
Hey, sarge, who's

in the movies tonight?  
Betty Grable, right?  
Yeah, singing and dancing  
her way into your heart.  
Come on, let's get  
out of the cold.  
How come the major took off with  
Hoffman's chute after he bounced?  
The way I get along  
with the major  
is whenever I have a big,  
fat question for him...  
I forget all about it.  
Hey, look, there's a dame in here!  
- All right, knock it off!  
- Knock it off.  
Find yourselves a seat  
and sit on it.  
- We've met, haven't we?  
- She's beautiful.  
This is Lieutenant Campbell.  
She'll be with us  
for the rest of the training  
and she'll also jump  
with us into Europe.  
All right, keep in mind...  
that she's an officer  
and any order she gives  
will be obeyed immediately.  
Is that clear?  
Yes, sir!  
Even if she wants  
to take advantage of us, sir?  
All right, sergeant,  
hit the switch.  
Yes, sir.  
Name? Kranz, Wolfgang.  
Importance to the party?  
Social planner and administrator.  
Created the camps at Dachau  
and Belsen.  
Very good, Stern.  
Name?  
Ulrich Brunner. Lieutenant.

Importance to the party?  
Some kind of banker, isn't he?  
Yes, a principled  
young financial adviser  
to the Reichminister,  
Albert Speer.  
Steel, Helmut...  
physical culture prophet.  
Directs a sexual revolutionary  
program  
supposedly aimed at impregnating  
all young women  
throughout the Greater Reich.  
Yeah? How do you like  
this guy, lieutenant?  
I think we'll have to  
cut his career short.  
Now, remember those faces.  
They won't always be wearing dress  
uniforms and swastika armbands.  
They may be in civilian clothes,  
or dressed as medical workers  
or orthodox priests.  
Hey, major, how come it has to be 12?  
Suppose we only get you 10 or 11?  
- Yeah, why not?  
- No good.  
That one that's left on that train  
may be the heir apparent  
to Adolf Hitler, the next fhrer.  
Hit the switch, sergeant.  
The next is a captured German film  
on the occupation of Yugoslavia.  
You'll notice that all the...  
I ain't never seen  
no garrison like this.  
Me neither.  
Whoa.  
Now who the hell smuggled a blue  
film into a maximum-security prison?  
Echevarria?  
Major, I had nothing  
to do with this.  
It's a bum rap.

No, of course not.  
I believe I've already had  
this course in training.  
I'll be outside if you need me.  
You're gonna miss the best part.  
Shall I let it continue, sir?  
Yeah...  
might as well see  
how the other half lives.  
I like that, I like that.  
I got this out of the mess hall.  
The guards have got .45s  
and machine guns.  
Did you forget about that?  
We'll get the major first.  
He's got a .45 carbine,  
lots of ammo.  
Then we get the guard at the  
barracks and we get his BAR.  
We grab one of the trucks  
and we disable all the others.  
Where do we go from here?  
West coast. Ireland's neutral.  
We grab a boat, we get to Ireland,  
we pull a few jobs, get a stake.  
Hey, that's a great idea.  
Are you crazy?  
You're right. It's a lousy idea.  
Who sticks the major?  
I thought you'd do  
that, D'Agostino.  
He kicked you out of the plane.  
Give me the knife.  
Are you nuts?  
You'll get all three of us killed  
and then crucify the others too.  
What did you come out here for, then?  
Because you asked us.  
And we wanted to see  
how many other men were crazy.  
Yeah, that's right.  
We ain't that crazy.  
Easy. Easy, Shorty. Easy!  
Easy. Hey, easy.

You okay? Are you okay?  
Yeah, I'm all right.  
Hey, these guys ain't nice.  
Hey. Now, go on back  
to your bunks...  
and don't get any more  
bright ideas.  
Good night, major.  
Way to go, champ.  
Way to go, buddy. All right.  
Now, just remember,  
if this was the real thing  
and you move too soon, you'd  
be spotted by the engineers...  
or the German passengers  
inside the cars.  
They'd stop the train  
and just scoop us up  
and we'd never get near  
anybody we want to get on it.  
Take positions.  
By the numbers. One...  
two, three, four...  
five, six...  
seven...  
eight, nine, 10, 11, 12.  
- All right.  
- Moving back.  
Who's in charge here?  
All right, fall out.  
Where the hell's the truck?  
Look, here comes the major.  
All right, you did a good job.  
And I'm reasonably happy  
with your work.  
This truck here,  
it's half full of booze.  
Fall out.  
All right.  
Collins, Echevarria...  
drop the tailgate.  
And careful with the cargo.  
Hey, that's it, baby.  
I assume you can handle

all of that.

Now, girls, your prime minister  
is looking forward  
to decorating each and  
every one of you individually.

Okay, so hurry it up.

Good-looking. Good.

- Give me one.

- Here you go.

My name's Lonnie.

I know where to take you.

Be careful.

Hey, watch it.

You brought stockings in nylon?

- Baby.

- Here's another one.

Freddie!

I've found you, love.

You look great.

Give us a kiss.

Are you something

like our commandos, then?

Tell me about it in the  
morning, baby, okay?

Baby, I haven't danced  
since grad night. Come on.

- Yeah, that's it.

- I can't believe it!

We haven't been

formally introduced yet.

Carmine D'Agostino.

Well, lieutenant,

the major appears to have  
some kind of unusual night  
maneuver in progress.

Yes, sir. I believe  
he referred to it as  
"improving relations  
with our allies."

Indeed.

Colonel. Well, I didn't expect to see  
you out in the field, so to speak.

I can see that. No, thank you.

You realize this little orgy

could get you court-martialled.  
These are sentenced prisoners  
convicted of capital crimes.  
They're also ready for battle, colonel.  
Come on, give them a break.  
Major, if you could bear  
to tear yourself away,  
the general is waiting  
for you down the road.  
Oh, did he want  
to join the party?  
Collins.  
Get lucky, soldier.  
You wanted to see me, major?  
I've got a problem, sir.  
We have several.  
We have two reports.  
One from inside Yugoslavia  
indicating suddenly increased  
security in all the major cities.  
Well, you picked Yugoslavia because  
it's on the main Orient Express route.  
That's right. And the  
partisans are expecting you.  
But the second report  
is that the Nazis are beginning to learn  
about you personally and what you do.  
Well, I'm not surprised.  
What the hell  
are you talking about?  
General, I asked you here because I  
believe there's a traitor in our group.  
Do you know who he is?  
No, not yet.  
But he got to Hoffman's parachute  
and he would have been  
invaluable to me in Yugoslavia.  
I went through the folders.  
And there's no way that Hoffman  
could've met any of these men  
before coming to  
the military prison.  
No, the Germans  
ordered the killing.

But how could the Nazis possibly have known who you were going to pick for the mission? They couldn't.

Obviously, our Mr. Somebody, he got in touch with the Germans after I assigned him to the mission. You know there was a blue film smuggled into the camp? And if you can smuggle a blue film in... you certainly can smuggle a message out. Then we have to abort the mission. How do we do that, Clark? The heirs apparent to the Third Reich leave Munich tonight. They'll arrive in Istanbul in three days. That's some party. Why don't you join us? If I joined that party, I'm afraid I'd lose my bars. How long have you been an officer, Lieutenant Campbell? Five months. I was given a direct commission because I have certain skills and education... over and above what's needed there. You're just like the rest of the Dirty Dozen. Yeah. We all got certain skills and education too. You know what's ironic? Those men committed crimes, they were put in prison... and they got this mission. I would've been willing to give everything I have. Maybe my life. I'm sorry. No. Don't stop now.



My dad is a Foreign Service officer.  
He married a Norwegian woman  
when he was stationed in Oslo.  
When the Nazis hit Norway,  
my mother had gone home  
to get her family out.  
She died in the first bombing raid.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm really sorry.  
Now, we can try an air strike  
at the train in open country,  
but we can't be sure  
they'd get all 12.  
And then, we could give this to  
British intelligence at Alexandria.  
Hey, wait a minute.  
How about my men?  
I mean, they've been working damn  
hard and they're ready to go!  
My staff is right. You really  
do become one of them.  
They'd have to go back to prison.  
Now wait a minute, general.  
If you send these men  
back to do time and die,  
you're gonna have  
a riot on your hands.  
And you may be right.  
I might be fighting on their side.  
What the hell do you want, major? You've got a  
traitor in your group and you don't know who it is.  
I don't know who it is,  
but somewhere down the line  
I'll find out who it is  
and get rid of him.  
Besides blowing up the Nazis  
or die trying.  
And that's the name of the game  
when it comes to the Dirty Dozen.  
Besides drinking and whoring...  
and falling down.  
And one of them is a traitor.  
We're approaching  
the jump area, major.

We'll be turning on the  
ready light at any moment.  
Let's see.  
Coordinates 4135-2794,  
is that right?  
Well, of course, sir.  
Any problem?  
No, no, no. No problem.  
Except we're not gonna jump there.  
Yes, I want you to change course  
5 degrees south of Skopje  
and bypass the jump area by some 20 miles.  
Have you got that?  
This is all very irregular, sir.  
You're breaking the plan.  
Well, my whole group is irregular,  
gentlemen. That's part of their job.  
We'll have to report it to our C.O.  
I don't care how many reports  
you make, captain,  
just as long as the new coordinates  
are 4131-2795. Have you got that?  
Hey, what the hell's  
going on here?  
We're changing directions.  
Major, if we don't jump  
where we planned,  
how will we link up  
with the Resistance?  
You let me worry about that.  
I've got an address in Skopje.  
You and I will find it, Demchuk.  
They are running late, Vasco.  
They'll be here.  
My sister received...  
Something's gone wrong.  
I have to get back to Skopje.  
We have to get out  
of here in any case.  
Whatever happens, I need one  
prisoner for interrogation.  
We'll take those six.  
You men, surrender!  
I have your prisoner

for interrogation, captain.  
Keep him alive.  
Don't look down, sir.  
Look at them as if  
you hate them  
and they will be sure  
you are Yugoslav.  
Yes? Ares is the god of war.  
And we are all his children.  
Come in.  
Stand still. Take their guns.  
Now, what the hell is this?  
Keep quiet. Peter,  
check the ammunition.  
U.S. Army, standard issue,  
.45-calibre ammunition,  
brand-new.  
Who are you looking for?  
I already gave you the password.  
The password could have been tortured out  
of men who then had their tongues torn out.  
Who are you looking for?  
A partisan leader.  
Initials Y.V.  
I am Yelena Vascovic.  
No one else knew  
that you had only my initials.  
What happened last night?  
Hey, look, I can talk a lot better  
without that cannon pointing at my head.  
Please, I'm sorry.  
I understand.  
I ordered an overflight  
over the landing area.  
I just had a hunch that maybe the  
Germans were there waiting for us.  
No partisan would  
give you to the Germans.  
Hey, I didn't say that.  
Okay, we had orders that, for whatever  
reason we didn't make any contact,  
we were to come here.  
So here we are.  
The men that were supposed

to meet you did not come back.

We have heard no word

all night from them.

It's best to assume they were taken.

One of them was my brother.

If they were lucky,

they had a chance to fight.

Look, can we get a message to the

British submarine off the coast?

Yes, of course.

Tell them we made it.

Eagle Four to Lion One.

Eagle Four to Lion One.

Can you read me?

- Yes, this is Lion One.

- Go ahead, please.

This is Eagle Four. 7-187-9.

The visitors have arrived.

Very good. I have a message

from Overlord in London.

Can you get out

of Skopje at once?

They must be reacting to your

decision to overfly the landing site.

Tell me what's wrong.

Nothing's wrong.

We're on our way.

Affirmative.

Very good. Cheerio.

Look, I'm sorry your brother

came to meet us last night.

My brother, God willing, is dead.

He's lost consciousness again.

Yes, I can see that.

I asked you to find out where

Major Wright will attack the train

and after hours of interrogation,

you have no results.

Forgive me, general. But would it

not be better to hold up the train

or take another route?

What explanation am I

supposed to give the fhrer?

That I cannot save his men

from a renegade major  
and 12 common criminals?  
Where do you want to hit that train?  
This is the plan  
We go through open country...  
and we meet the train  
here, near Nish.  
There's an overpass about 20 miles  
north of the Bulgarian border,  
near Pirot.  
The train slows down there  
because of a grade.  
And I've trained my men  
to jump on these moving cars  
from the overpass  
to take out these Nazi hotshots.  
Then I'll explain it to my men. If they  
have any problems, I'll let you know.  
Well, what can I do  
for you, Stern?  
The men are a little  
confused, major.  
Oh, a little scared, maybe?  
Well, a lot of things have been  
happening that don't quite add up.  
First, Hoffman jumps out  
of that plane and bounces.  
Hoffman was killed  
in a training accident.  
Only you grabbed the body and  
the chute and got him out of there.  
Yeah, then we don't jump  
where we're supposed to,  
we don't go into Skopje,  
we wind up in the hills.  
If you wanted to jump down with  
the Germans and walk in Skopje,  
you be my guest, Joe.  
What the hell's going on, major?  
All right. You're entitled to know.  
There's a ringer  
in the Dirty Dozen this time.  
That's right, something rotten.  
A Judas who's selling us all out.

Couldn't it be  
one of the Yugoslavians?  
No, the Yugoslavs  
didn't slice Hoffman's chute line.  
It's one of us, closer to home.  
Yes?  
Belgrade, general.  
General Richter.  
Give me the coordinates.  
Notify Oberkommando  
Berlin immediately.  
No, never mind,  
I will make the call myself.  
They attacked here  
less than an hour ago.  
But, sir, our information was  
that they would go on to Nish.  
That's right.  
Major Wright did not parachute in  
where we expected him.  
He didn't attack  
where we expected him.  
I doubt very much if he'll attack  
the train where we expect him.  
Get a plane ready  
to leave in 15 minutes.  
File flight information for Sofia.  
He's dead, sir.  
Yes, I can see that, captain.  
I thought we were going  
through open country.  
The major keeps  
changing his mind, I guess.  
You know what I been thinking?  
I got no idea.  
I never had a  
lieutenant before.  
You're taking the body to Pirot  
for burial and returning today?  
Was last wish of deceased.  
Your papers seem to be in order.  
Wait a minute.  
What village are you from?  
Kumanovo, sir.

Just few miles from here.  
I know where the damn village is.  
How many partisans are hiding there,  
waiting to murder German soldiers?  
None, sir, that I know of.  
Lying.  
Damned Macedonians.  
In mourning, are you?  
For a dear departed soul, yes.  
You could almost be German.  
Nordic, hm? Pure.  
Pure in this country of swine.  
Open the coffin.  
I want to see if you're smuggling  
anything across the border...  
besides the dead.  
Sir, it was closed  
after holy service.  
In this life, there is...  
Then I will open it.  
Yeah?  
All right, there must be  
a phone in there.  
Belgrade is trying to call back.  
They must have got through.  
All right, we'll be out  
of here in five minutes.  
And it'll be dark  
in a half-hour.  
Regular Army all the way,  
right, sergeant?  
Yes, sir.  
Look, I got Muez's dog tags.  
If anything should happen to me...  
I want you to get those  
tags back, if you can.  
Yes, sir.  
Now, we're supposed to attack  
the train on the border.  
The real target? East of Sofia.  
So my last year in school,  
I was either gonna get married  
or try for the Foreign Service.  
Must have been

a hell of a tough decision.  
Don't laugh. I might have  
been a very good wife...  
and/or a reasonably bright  
Foreign Service officer.  
Might have been?  
Can't you still be?  
I don't think that far ahead  
in the future, Joe.  
Not anymore.  
What about you?  
No postwar plans?  
I've been in the war  
a long time.  
No other way to go?  
No.  
I don't know of one, anyway.  
Well, that's not  
altogether true.  
It's just that sometimes...  
I want to give every Jew in the  
world an automatic weapon and say:  
"Hold onto this, you're gonna need it  
just to stay alive in this century."  
And other times I think, " My  
God, there must be some time..."  
when I don't have to kill  
just to stay alive."  
- Good morning, gentlemen.  
- Good morning.  
What's the latest, colonel?  
We have an underground  
report from Belgrade.  
There was no attack  
on the train last night  
and they crossed into  
Bulgaria roughly an hour ago.  
What about the English Submarine  
Force out here in the Adriatic?  
No word since the last  
communication from Skopje.  
The assumption is the Germans  
have seized the apartment  
and destroyed



the communications equipment.  
Well, maybe he's just afraid to use it  
until he finds out who's on his side.  
General, that train is one half day's  
journey from the Turkish border.  
The moment it  
crosses the border  
any attack upon it  
is an act of war on Turkey.  
What the hell  
do you want from me, Clark?  
I'm sure Wright will attack  
when he sees  
there's some chance to succeed.  
General, I've taken the liberty  
of alerting the 12th Fighter  
Command at Alexandria.  
But I thought we ruled out planes  
because we couldn't be sure  
of hitting 12 men in one  
railroad car from the air.  
You have an estimate?  
They could scramble and attack  
the train at 1200 hours today  
whilst it's still in Bulgaria,  
with a very good chance  
of complete success.  
And if the 12th Fighter  
group attacks  
the same time that the major  
and his people do,  
we won't have to worry about the Germans  
killing off all the Dirty Dozen.  
We'll blow them up ourselves.  
If that happens, it's war  
and it can't be helped.  
You know, Clark, you're a hell  
of a good officer...  
but you are a bastard.  
Now, what's the last moment  
they can go in from Alexandria?  
0900 hours, sir. We'll wait.  
General, any delay now...  
I said, we'll wait.

At 0900 hours,  
if we haven't heard from him...  
Major Wright and his command  
will be considered lost in action.  
And we'll go  
to an alternative solution.  
Sergeant Holt seemed surprised  
that you changed the plans again.  
Yes, something different from  
what the men expected, right?  
From the first moment  
you came to my apartment,  
I knew that something  
was wrong.  
My men are dying too.  
Isn't it time that  
you tell me more?  
It's time I told you that all the  
information I give to my men  
is transmitted  
right to the Germans,  
probably by a high-powered  
mini-transmitter.  
Well, then you have to find  
the traitor and kill him.  
No, I gotta be very careful.  
If I shake up the men too much now,  
they could turn on each other blindly.  
No, he'll make a wrong move  
and I'll nail him.  
God help us.  
Your papers?  
You've never seen  
a bridge before, huh?  
Oh, sorry, sir. He almost  
never leaves the farm.  
You have any papers, dummy?  
He was giving you a bad time?  
Well, you could say that.  
Move it!  
Good morning, gentlemen.  
As you know, we are within a  
few hours of the Turkish border  
and within the confines of our

esteemed Axis ally, Bulgaria.  
Will you be joining us  
for the rest of the trip, general?  
I regret I have one  
last mission to attend to.  
But I shall see you all  
in Istanbul tonight.  
Let me impress upon you  
the need for continued security.  
But I assure you,  
the fhrer's commands  
will be fulfilled.  
Speaking of the fhrer's  
commands, General Richter,  
I have here a letter  
delivered to me in Munich,  
signed by Adolf Hitler in Berlin  
three days ago.  
The reason I have not  
mentioned it before  
is because I felt we were  
still in grave danger.  
Security is essential.  
Gentlemen,  
the Thousand-Year Reich  
is in our hands...  
in train car 2420.  
"I send my heartfelt good wishes  
to all those involved"  
in this great  
and needed enterprise.  
I salute those who will spread  
the seeds of greater Germany  
throughout the world.  
Whatever happens to me,  
our final victory  
remains inevitable.  
Accordingly, I now designate  
as my successor  
and as the leader  
of the Fourth Reich...  
Major General of the Waffen S. S...  
"Karl Richter."  
Signed...

Adolf Hitler.  
What the hell is going on?  
Peter!  
We're coming through, sergeant.  
We have met the enemy, sir.  
They are gone.  
Good job.  
Damn good job.  
All right, let's see what we got.  
Must be almost a full  
dozen of them there.  
What do you think?  
You know the mission.  
Don't shoot! We surrender.  
Hold it. We're taking prisoners.  
We may need them later.  
Those are the bastards  
who started all this.  
That's an order, Stern.  
Throw out your weapons.  
You can do it, major.  
Don't let us down.  
Most of the hotshot high-ranking  
Nazis are back there, Dravko.  
Could be our ticket home.  
I don't understand.  
Where can we go?  
Lieutenant Campbell and I,  
we found a spur line on the map  
right down to the Aegean.  
Cutting through the tip of Greece.  
Yelena will contact  
the British sub in the area.  
Who knows? A hundred miles  
ahead, and we might make it.  
Hey, Demchuk.  
Where's the major?  
He's checking out that car.  
I better cover him.  
Decide to go to the other side  
for good, D'Agostino?  
What can I say, major?  
How did you guess?  
Nothing to say and nothing to do.

But I'm curious.  
When Wilson decided to escape  
you pretended  
to side with him. Why?  
He was talking about Ireland.  
I was already talking  
to the German consulate there.  
So you would've killed the three  
of them, brought me their heads.  
If it got to be necessary.  
I had to deliver the whole group.  
Only Collins saved me the trouble.  
So the high drama about you being  
afraid to jump out of the airplane,  
it was just to cover up the fact that  
you sliced Hoffman's chute, right?  
Major, I grew up hanging out  
the window of a 15-floor tenement.  
Now, don't tell me you're  
a native-born fascist, Carmine.  
You did it for the money, right?  
Hey, major.  
Money.  
Lots of money.  
That's what makes  
the world go round.  
See you in hell.  
See you in hell.  
Right.  
- Come on.  
- Get your back into it!  
Move it!  
Come on!  
That's right.  
Stop! Hold on, hold it up.  
Hold it up!  
Bring it back.  
We might need that tankful of gas.  
You mean, leave  
it in front of us?  
Couple it on and we'll push it  
all the way to Greece.  
All right. All right!  
Let's go! Come on, move it!

Begin immediate overflights  
of the train as it moves south.  
But surely they cannot take the  
train to the Turkish border, sir.  
Let's find the train  
first, captain.  
Then we shall decide  
exactly where it's going.  
Make sure that none of the planes  
fire on the train at this moment.  
But how else  
can they stop them?  
I'll stop them.  
We don't know how many  
of our people are still alive.  
They have tremendous value to  
this Major Wright, as hostages.  
He will be aware of that.  
Eagle Four to Lion One.  
Come in, please.  
Eagle Four to Lion One.  
Come in, please.  
We may be too far away. I don't know  
if they can pick us up anymore.  
Eagle Four to Lion One.  
Come in, please.  
- Lion One to Eagle Four.  
- Are you there?  
Yes, we are here. 7-187-9.  
Give them these coordinates first.  
Tell them I want a rendezvous on the  
second set of coordinates at 1030.  
We are proceeding south  
passing at 4123-2179.  
Can you arrange a rendezvous  
with us at 4128-2185?  
It will take some doing, but we'll  
try to have one of our subs there.  
What is your ETA?  
1030 hours.  
Very good. Cheerio.  
Good job, Yelena.  
You know, with any luck, I'll be able  
to buy you a drink in London next week.

It would be nice  
to have a drink in London.  
I haven't been there  
since my honeymoon.  
Seems like a thousand years ago.  
How long ago was it?  
Seven years. And your husband?  
Killed by the Germans  
in the first week of the war.  
Well, how about  
the rest of your family?  
Some of them are dead.  
Some I don't know  
if they're living or dead.  
My brother, well...  
You know what must have  
happened to my brother.  
Yes, I know.  
Well, look,  
why don't you come with us.  
I mean, they got a Yugoslav  
government-in-exile in London.  
You know, they'll  
put you to work.  
And then you can  
come back here after the war.  
When you say it, major, I believe it.  
You better believe it.  
Hey, major, most of these guys  
speak better English than I do.  
Yeah? Don't worry.  
Look what happened to them.  
Echevarria? Major.  
And how you doing, Joe?  
If I had my choice between  
touring the Balkans with you, major,  
or running a nightclub in Paris,  
call me "Mr. Show Biz."  
Hmm. You'll be all right.  
All right, contact the commanding  
officer of the 12th at Alexandria.  
Tell him to execute an immediate  
attack on that train.  
Tell him to take it out completely.

Kill anything in sight.

Very good, sir.

General, as you know, I haven't been a great admirer of Major Wright, but I'm sure he and his men had a damn good try.

Well, that's damn nice of you, colonel.

- But time is of...

- Excuse me, general.

We have just received word from the British submarine Lion One. Major Wright has attacked the train just outside of Sofia, Bulgaria, and is on his way to the Aegean.

All right!

You know, major, there may be 12 high-ranking party members or government officials upon that train.

Yes, general.

If I call for a cease-fire and negotiations, you will take no further actions until I give the command.

I understand, general.

The prime concern, of course, is to rescue our men.

The second concern is to make sure that none of these damned Americans leave here alive.

There they are, sergeant.

All right, spread the word.

Get everybody off the train.

Go ahead. Move it.

What about the Nazis in 2420?

They wanted the train, we're gonna give it to them.

All right, everybody out and off the train.

Come on, jump down!

Commence firing!



Let's go!  
All right, Dravko, let's go.  
Wipe them out!  
Get to your gun!  
I was always telling you  
to take it easy, Shorty.  
All right, sergeant.  
The Germans will have  
reinforcements here in 15 minutes.  
Let's get out of here  
and link up with the sub.  
I'm not going with you.  
I can't.  
What are you talking about?  
I mean, there's nothing  
for you back there.  
Oh, yes, there is.  
Every reason that I gave you  
to go is also a reason to stay.  
My husband, my brother,  
my whole family.  
My comrades.  
My life is here, always.  
Where would you go?  
Back to Yugoslavia  
to join Tito's Partisans.  
You will come back.  
Tell me that you will come back.  
Damn right.  
Let's move it out.  
Let's go, soldier!