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# Uncertain Glory

By László Vadnay

Jean Picard.

Jean Picard.

Get up.

Your appeal was rejected  
by the Court of Cassation.

Your petition for pardon was not accepted.

The hour has come.

- Here are your clothes, Picard.

- The barber will shave your neck.

My head comes off the way it is.

It's unimportant.

Put his clothes on  
and bring him to my office.

- My son, are you prepared?

- Save that for somebody else.

Bad customer that Picard.

Well, I would imagine this miserable hour  
would make death twice as unpleasant.

To break in  
on a man's sleep and tell him.

Would you have  
the poor devil warned beforehand...

...and spend the whole night  
turning to ice?

- Ah Bonet.

- Good morning, warden.

On time, as usual.

How are you?

You know  
our famous Bonet, commissioner?

By reputation only.

- A great pleasure.

- Thank you.

Took him several months  
to run down this Picard.

A good piece  
of detective work. Outstanding.

Nonsense. It was routine, nothing more.

You think there's any chance  
of getting a confession from him?

None at all.

I'm merely here to go through the formality.

- He has quite a record.

- Oh, yes. Everything in the book.

I have followed him for 15 years  
from his first petty theft...  
...up through forgery,  
blackmail and burglary.  
But he's a clever one, commissioner.  
In all that time, I could never put him away  
for more than six months.

- Until he committed murder.

- Yes.

Inspector Bonet would like to ask you  
a few questions, Picard.

- Again?

- Again.

We begin with the date of February 7th.  
At about half-past 3 on that morning,  
you were walking down the rue de la Paix...  
...near the jewelry shop  
of one Aristide Rousseau, you paused.

- Is that right?

- So I've heard.

You forced your way in  
and helped yourself to certain jewelry...  
...to the approximate value  
of 400,000 francs.

Is that all?

In the course of this work,  
you were interrupted by the watchman.  
He attacked you with his gun,  
which you took away from him.  
You bound and gagged him,  
but when he attempted a disturbance...  
...you hit him heavily over the head  
with some blunt instrument.  
From the effects of this blow, he died.

- Correct?

- Yes, l...

I read it in the papers.  
However, you never told the court...  
...what the blunt instrument was  
that you used.

I said it was the floor.

Is that blunt enough?

And you have nothing new  
to add to that?

Only one remark, it's hardly new.

- Yes?

- You're a fool.

I didn't talk before.

What makes you think I'll talk now?

We're wasting time.

Let's get this over with.

This must give you a lot of satisfaction.

It does.

It's been a long road, hasn't it?

Yes, but you see,

it's come to the right ending, Picard.

- Air raid.

- The English always did get up too early...

...for my taste.

That sounds very close, warden.

Shall we go into the shelters?

- Not yet, they're passing over.

- The ammunition factory's behind us.

Proceed with the execution.

I didn't tell you

because I knew you'd start a fight...

...but when we were in the air-raid shelter,  
somebody pinched me.

Well, I don't mind, sweetheart.

It was just me.

Well, I certainly didn't  
recognize the touch.

- Who could that be at this hour?

- I don't know.

Well, go and see, darling.

Maybe you pinched

somebody else in the shelter.

Jean.

Shut that door.

But you were supposed to be...

- This morning you...

- There was a slight interruption, I...

I excused myself.

- What do you want from me?

- Nothing much.

Money. A few thousand francs,

a German permit to travel and a passport.

- Are you mad?

- You can get it for me.

Well, even if I could,  
the whole world's asleep at this hour.  
Get them.

I knew I could rely on you, Henri, but hurry,  
won't you? I haven't got much time.

With half the police in Paris after you,  
why come to my place?

I come to my best friend, naturally.

I'm a great believer in friendship, Henri.

I can trust you just like you can trust me.

Henri, don't pick up any telephones,  
will you?

You missed the guillotine last time...

...but if I'm caught again,  
you might not be so lucky.

Haven't I seen you before somewhere?

No, I think not.

Oh, I'm sure I have. I never forget a face.

Your name's...

...Louise, isn't it?

I've never seen you before.

No?

- Where's Henri?

- Oh, he'll be gone about an hour.

You look like you got caught  
in the air raid.

Caught in it?

- Can you keep a secret?

- Yes.

I was the inside man on that air raid.

I tipped the RAF off.

That's why I'm hiding.

Oh, you belong to the underground?

Body and soul.

What if they find you?

They'll line me up against a wall.

My life wouldn't be worth... that.

You're very brave.

Puff?

Hurry, quick.

Jean, Jean.

What? Oh.

- Did you get everything?

- There you are.  
Fine. And the money?  
I see you've helped yourself  
to my best suit.  
Well, what do you expect?  
We're friends, aren't we?  
Henri.  
Thanks.  
Thanks for everything.  
Gaston, are you telling me the truth  
about your school being bombed?  
There's nothing about it in the paper.  
A great many buildings  
were bombed, Father.  
Factories, yes.  
Well, our school  
sort of looks like a factory.  
I just hoped it might've been hit.  
I see.  
Well, the British bombers  
seemed to have missed it.  
They hit the Renault factory instead.  
And a part of the Prison Centrale.  
Fine thing,  
a boy hoping his school has blown up.  
- Now, suppose you run along and see, huh?  
- Go on, say goodbye to your father.  
- Bye, Father.  
- Goodbye.  
- Bye. Be a good boy.  
- Goodbye.  
- Bye.  
- Goodbye.  
- Bye.  
- Goodbye.  
- Goodbye, Mother.  
- Be good.  
Just what is this, my dear?  
Well, it said coffee on the bag.  
Why, what does it taste like?  
I'll tell you later.  
Inspector Bonet's residence.  
Yes, commissioner.  
No, he hasn't left yet.

Yes, I'll tell him at once. Goodbye, sir.  
Marcel, the commissioner  
is extremely annoyed with you.  
This is the third time he has called  
and you're still here.  
I imagine the Gestapo  
are prodding his derriere this morning.  
They will prod yours if Picard gets away.  
How can you be so calm  
and so indifferent to your duty?  
But, my dear foolish one,  
I have Picard already.  
You mean, you know where he's hiding?  
I have him here... just as securely  
as though I had him here...  
Explain yourself, Marcel.  
One of us is stupid.  
Precisely. Oh. Ha-ha.  
I've made a scientific study  
of this Jean Picard.  
There's nothing about him  
which I do not know, but nothing.  
His habits of life, circle of companions,  
even his thoughts.  
For me, all these are filed here...  
A, B, C, that is the Bonet method.  
Some day the Bonet method  
is gonna get us in the poorhouse.  
- Now, don't worry.  
- There's a man named Duval to see you, sir.  
Duval, the world is full of Duvals.  
What does he want?  
I didn't ask him.  
He says it's quite important.  
Wait.  
Duval.  
Yes.  
Come in, Duval.  
Sit down, Henri.  
Well, where is he?  
All passengers for Hendaye  
and the Spanish border...  
...will transfer at Bordeaux.  
Wonderful.

Lafite '24.

I didn't know there was any left in France.

Oh, very little, but there's always something left for those who appreciate the best.

Thank you, my friend.

And there're

very few of us left too. Here.

You know, if anybody'd ever told me

I'd follow a man clear across France...

...I'd have laughed in his face.

Then laugh in mine, sweetheart.

I knew it the minute I saw you.

What are you going to do?

Why come to Bordeaux?

Oh, I'm waiting to hear

from a couple of friends.

Tomorrow night they're gonna slip me across the border into Spain.

- Both of us?

- No, but...

But I'll send for you.

I got plenty of money.

Thanks to our mutual friend, Henri.

To Henri.

Who is it?

The waiter, sir, I have a message for you.

What?

Easy, Picard.

I don't like to use this.

It always upsets me.

Jean.

Oh.

How much did you get out of this?

I don't understand, Jean.

- What do you want with him?

- He's a convicted murderer.

And I'm taking him back to the guillotine.

women and Bonet.

Go to the devil.

No, Picard, that's your address.

Come on, get your hat.

You know better

than to try that with me.

Get up.



Next station, Clairvaux.

Everyone changes for Paris.

Change? They told me  
this was a through train.

But not today.

The bridge over the Gartempe  
was blown up last night.

- Sabotage?

- Yes.

Very soon the French railway  
will have to be run like a steeplechase.

- Was anyone killed?

- Fortunately, it was terrible.

The saboteur waited until a long  
German troop train was crossing.

That must've been a beautiful sight.

Oh. Which one of you gentlemen  
is the prisoner?

Ah. Of course. A bad type.

- What did he do?

- I killed a conductor.

For asking too many questions.

A hundred hostages.

"A hundred hostages to die  
unless saboteur found within five days."  
Horrible.

And all innocent.

Absolutely innocent of anything,  
and now they have to die in five days.

- Those Germans will catch the saboteur.

- No, they won't.

Don't forget the saboteurs  
are not ordinary criminals like you.

They are intelligent people  
and have great brains directing them.

They do things for France.

Hmm. What do the Germans do  
if a saboteur gives himself up?

Firing squad.

Oh, how many guns? Six?

Eight.

Tie his hands behind his back?

That's the custom.

Blindfolded, huh?

If a man wants to be. That's optional.  
Well, that's not so bad.  
At least it has more dignity  
than the guillotine.  
What time do we get to the prison?  
Tonight.  
Bonet?  
Bonet?  
I've got an idea.  
What would happen...?  
What would happen  
if I were to walk into the Gestapo...  
...and say that I was the fella  
that blew up this bridge?  
Oh, no, wait a minute.  
You can't shrug that off.  
That's an important thought.  
A hundred lives.  
A hundred innocent lives  
for one guilty one.  
That's an idea that's gonna take root  
in your mind and it'll grow there.  
And you'll never be able to get rid of it.  
I can see how it grew  
in your mind well enough.  
You can? Well, tell me.  
I'm not so sure myself.  
You are only playing for time.  
These hostages mean nothing to you.  
That's true, they don't.  
Not a thing.  
But they do to you.  
Don't they?  
And what...  
What a magnificent gesture.  
And no one would ever know about it,  
would they?  
Come on.  
It'd be a good joke on the Germans too.  
I've had enough of your jokes. Be quiet.  
That's the policeman in you.  
You're afraid.  
Afraid to break the law  
even in a good cause.

Listen, Bonet.

You said I've never done anything  
for anybody except myself.

All right, here's my chance.

You will have your chance.

The new executioner

is a poor devil with a large family.

And your job will bring him 500 francs.

The workings

of the typical bourgeois mind.

It's enough

to take the heart out of a man.

What heart?

That cold lump you feel in your chest?

That's fear.

I've already had one foot in the grave,  
it's still cold.

If you've ever been out there  
and seen that...

And then have them come

and cut the collar off your neck?

That's when a man dies.

Not when the knife comes down.

- And a firing squad would be easier?

- Pretty much.

Look, Bonet, I'll be honest with you.

I have, it's true,

a prejudice against the guillotine.

But I've got to die.

And this way you'll be rid of me.

They'll even fire a salute in my honor.

Your honor?

You amuse me, Picard.

- Captain, what have you found?

- Not a thing.

We've searched every field

within 10 kilometers of the bridge.

No trace of the saboteur.

I would like to offer you

a little professional advice, captain.

- Yes?

- The Gestapo does not entirely trust...

...you gentlemen of the Garde Mobile.

You are Frenchmen as,

no doubt, is the saboteur.  
If he is not found,  
we will hold you responsible.  
You, personally.  
Do you think these saboteurs  
are fools enough to wait to be caught?  
- We will leave the details to you, captain.  
- Yes, sir.  
What's the matter, Bonet?  
The Gestapo worry you?  
Or your conscience?  
Let's eat something.  
I'm sick of listening to you.  
My offer still worries you, doesn't it?  
And it always will,  
day and night, until you die.  
A hundred men.  
A hundred men you could've saved  
and didn't.  
Even I don't envy you, Bonet.  
A hundred Frenchmen.  
Look at them.  
All passengers for Tours, Orlans, Paris.  
Your train will proceed  
to the Gartempe bridge...  
...where the boats  
will take you across the river.  
Well, train's leaving.  
Now, listen, Picard, carefully.  
I've been with the Sret for 25 years  
without a black mark against me.  
What I shall do now is a crime for  
which I can be discharged and imprisoned.  
And I have a wife and children.  
But I'm going to risk everything  
on the word of a thief and a murderer.  
Yes, I accept your offer.  
Thanks.  
Now what?  
Not far from here there is a bridge.  
Or what's left of one.  
We are going to have a look at it.  
Now, go on.  
Keep in front of me

and don't try any tricks.  
It would spoil everything  
to be caught here.

Hmm.

- He did a fine job, that fellow.

- Not he.

"I did a fine job."

It is "I" from now on.

Get that into your skull.

There is only one saboteur  
and that's you.

All right. I did a fine job.

That's better.

Take a good look around here.

Everything you see,

photograph in your brain. Everything.

The Gestapo will ask a lot of questions.

Now, turn away

and tell me what you've seen.

All right.

Across the hill,

the tracks turn off to the left.

And before you come to the bridge,

a clump of trees.

Correct, elms.

- Elms.

- Good. Now what?

Then on the other side there's a road

and a little farmhouse.

That's correct.

Now, what else?

More trees, rows of them.

Poplars.

Say it.

- Poplars.

- All right.

Down the valley, a village.

I don't know the name.

Well, we'll go down and find out.

We've got to stop

for the night somewhere.

Oh, we're not going to Paris tonight?

No, tomorrow.

We have a lot to do before then.

- They go to sleep early here.

- No, nobody's asleep here.

They are all sitting up in the dark  
very much awake.

- What's the matter with them?

- They live too close to that bridge.

Most of the hostages  
must have been taken from here.

Good evening, Father.

Oh, good evening, my son.

Could you tell us where the hotel is?

But certainly. Just across the square.

Oh, thank you.

- Good evening, Madame Maret.

Good evening.

Come in, Father Le Clerc.

The mayor's wife  
is taking it very bravely.

And poor Madame Vincente  
tried to poison herself.

I've just left her. She's a little better.

What will become of my son, Father?

We must put our trust in God, madame.

I've always trusted him.

There's no better Christian  
in this village than I.

And now my only son  
has been taken from me.

They say he's going to be shot  
within four days.

Am I so unreasonable to ask why?

No.

But we must not lose faith.

In God's time, all will be answered.

Don't put me off  
with pious phrases, Father.

For Jules I would question every saint  
in heaven, and how could they reply?

It doesn't help us  
if people call them martyrs.

Martyrs are fools who die  
because they want to.

My son wants to live.

Good evening, Father Le Clerc.

Good evening, Marianne.  
Did you light a fresh candle for Jules?  
Yes, madame.  
And one for the others too.  
Marianne will be a comfort  
to you now, madame, more than ever.  
She is a child and no kin.  
He is a man and my own blood.  
Well, I must go.  
I have a few more families to visit.  
- Well, I'll be getting along too.  
- No, don't leave us yet.  
We've accomplished nothing.  
No plan, no hope.  
What can we do, madame?  
The saboteur  
has struck a blow for France.  
- Would you have him give himself up?  
- Is he worth more than a hundred lives?  
Anything that maintains a free spirit  
is worth more than life.  
Good night. Good night.  
- Good night, Father.  
- Good night, Father.  
Well, that leaves us  
just where we were before...  
...with folded hands,  
hoping for a miracle.  
That's what's wrong  
with this whole country.  
But why?  
Why must we depend upon the saboteur?  
Why cannot someone else  
take the blame?  
Benoit, you're old, you have no family,  
your life isn't worth much to anyone.  
Think of it, Benoit,  
you'll be saving a hundred men.  
Your own brother is one of them.  
Why, they'd put up a statue of you  
in the square.  
But who wants a statue?  
Oh, it would do no good in any case.  
The Germans would never believe it.

They wouldn't believe any of us villagers.

The saboteurs always come from far away.

The Germans know that.

Who is it?

Monsieur Morin, Madame Morin

wants you to come right home.

- There's some new guests at the hotel.

- Guest?

- Who are they?

- I don't know, they're both strangers.

Good night.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Good night.

Good night, Madame Maret.

Good night, madame.

Marianne.

- It isn't possible.

- What have I done, madame?

So you feel

like singing here in this house.

Oh, madame.

- I forgot.

- Forgot that a hundred of us are living...

...who are about to die?

I don't know what came over me.

Please, forgive me.

Poor child, it's hard when you're

not even allowed to sing at your age.

Now, I'm going to put to you the questions

the Gestapo will ask you tomorrow.

And you have to give me the answers.

One slip, one little mistake,

and they'll tear your story to pieces.

- Now, are you ready?

- Uh-huh.

- What is your name?

- Jean Picard.

There, you see, wrong from the start.

Don't you suppose

the Germans know that name too?

You'll be back on the guillotine



in no time.

We want a new name.

One they cannot check against your army record, that's the first thing they will do.

The army.

Wait a minute.

There was another thief in my regiment called Jean Dupont.

We looked enough alike to be brothers.

Except he was a little stupid.

Well, that would not kill the resemblance.

What happened to him?

I don't know.

He came from a place called Martinique.

I think he went back there.

Say...

It will take the Gestapo till the end of the war to find him.

- Yes, that's perfect.

- It's not perfect.

I remember his middle name too. Emile.

Why? What's wrong with that?

What's wrong with Emile?

Can you see that on a tombstone?

Sounds like a hairdresser.

- You are Jean Emile Dupont.

- All right.

Do you know where Martinique is?

Of course I know where it is.

- Off the coast of China, isn't it?

- Off the coast of China?

What a Frenchman.

Martinique is a small island in the West Indies.

The climate is very warm, the chief business is rum.

Ru... Rum? Oh.

- What else?

- Fort-de-France is the capital.

- Empress Josphine came from there.

- Oh.

Rum and girls like Josphine?

What did I ever leave for?

Now, where did you land in this country?

Oh, Le Havre.

- Marseilles.

- Marseilles.

You were working on a freighter  
and you jumped the ship.

Where did you get  
the dynamite for the bridge?

Santa Claus brought it to me.

- Who were your companions?

- I've forgotten.

Who gave you the order?

A carrier pigeon brought it to me,  
but I don't remember his name.

That's right.

You don't remember anything.

Or you just don't answer.

They will put you through the jumps,  
but you simply don't answer.

Jumps? What jumps?

You've got to be prepared.

Those Germans are going to work on you.

Work on me?

Oh, no. That wasn't part of the deal.

You should've told me that before.

Well, the deal wasn't my idea.

And there's always the guillotine,  
you know.

Go ahead.

Now...

I know there is something we've missed.

Some tricky little question.

Well...

We'll go through it again  
on the train tomorrow.

- Aren't you going to bed?

- I will, in a minute.

I think you're afraid.

Who wouldn't be?

- Never take any chances, do you?

- Not with your kind.

I intend to enjoy my pension some day.

Always the policeman.

Here I help you dig my own grave

and you still don't trust me.  
Hello.  
Call to Paris?  
There must be some mistake.  
Wait a minute.  
That's for me.  
Thank you.  
Hello?  
Sret Gnrale, this is Bonet speaking.  
Put me through to the commissioner.  
Yeah, LaFarge speaking.  
- Bonet?  
- The escaped prisoner, Jean Picard...  
...was found this morning at 2:15  
near the village of Chauvigny.  
I caught up with him after a chase,  
but was forced to shoot him.  
He refused my command to halt...  
...and attempted to swim  
across the River Vienne.  
The body has not yet been recovered.  
But I'll send word to the police of Poitiers  
to watch the river. That's all.  
Congratulations, old man.  
Duchamps, send out a general wire,  
the Picard case is closed.  
Better take a vacation  
for a couple of days.  
Thank you, LaFarge.  
Goodbye.  
What's the idea?  
Very simple.  
Within a few hours,  
every paper in France...  
...will print the story that the criminal,  
Jean Picard, has ceased to exist.  
No one will be looking for you from now on,  
except as a drowned body.  
And no one  
will be expecting any word from me.  
Hmm. Things will go badly for you  
if they ever find out, won't they?  
Yes.  
What's the deadline

for this saboteur to give himself up?

Tuesday.

Three more days. Why?

What's the matter?

I'm a dead man.

You are Jean Emile Dupont.

Yes, but the criminal, Jean Picard,  
has ceased to exist.

The manhunt's over.

I can look anybody in the face.

Everything's different.

This room, even you.

I am the same man.

Make no mistake about that.

Give me till Tuesday.

Three more days for living  
until I really die.

I've been waiting for that.

No, Picard.

You have an appointment in Paris.

Tonight.

If the Germans can wait,  
why should you be in such a hurry?

- Shut up, Picard.

- Why should I?

For one thing,

I'm not Picard, I'm Dupont.

Look, nobody loses anything.

Why do you wanna deprive me  
of the last three days of my life?

What about the hundred families sitting in  
these houses waiting for Tuesday evening?

- Trembling every time the clocks strike...?

- Let them tremble.

At this moment, everybody in the world  
is trembling about something. Bonnet.

I want those three days.

- Is that a threat?

- No.

I'm asking you as man to man.

When there's nothing left in life  
except a few days...

Why, can't you understand?

I'm tasting every breath,

I'm counting every step I take.  
I know I'm going to die, but...  
Well, captain, what luck this time?  
We searched the woods  
and halfway to Poitiers.  
Searched for what, mushrooms?  
If the saboteur were here,  
we'd have found him.  
Huh. You Garde Mobile couldn't find  
your own motorcycles behind a bush.  
Have the Germans done any better  
with 300 men?  
- No.  
- And why not?  
I'll tell you, because this saboteur  
was taken away by a British plane.  
By a plane? How do you know that?  
We found tracks  
where one landed and taken off.  
In a flat meadow,  
not an hour's walk from the bridge.  
May I be of any help to you, gentlemen?  
Oh, no thanks. We were just looking.  
Oh, yes, I'd like a shirt.  
You got one my size? Sixteen.  
I think so.  
We haven't much  
to offer our customers these days.  
No, I suppose not.  
That's fine.  
- That's a nice looking rod.  
- Yes.  
- Interested in fishing?  
- We were just talking about it.  
- How is the fishing around here?  
- I hear it's quite good recently.  
Good, we'll take a couple of those rods.  
- But...  
And some hooks and line, you know?  
- We have no time.  
- Why, what do you mean, no time?  
That's what we came down here for,  
wasn't it?  
I'll take this paper.

Why, yes.

I have the hardest time  
persuading my friend here...

...to really relax and enjoy our vacation.

We've only got three days.

- Now, will that be all?

- Yes, that's all.

- By the way, what are they using for bait?

- Grasshoppers.

If you can catch them.

Oh, sure,

my friend here can catch anything.

- Where's the river?

- About 2 kilometers.

- And it's only a brook.

- I see.

Which way is it?

Well, you go up this street...

...through the village and turn off  
the second footpath to your left.

Follow that footpath until you pass  
an old farmhouse on the right-hand side.

- Cross the stone bridge, turn left again and...

Oh, left, right, left, right.

Why, we'd never find it. We'd get lost.

- Why don't you come along and show us?

- Well, I...

Oh, excuse me, I'll be back in a moment.

What are you trying to do?

Not bad, is she?

I never ran

into this fresh country type before.

This is no time

to get mixed up with a girl.

Why, on the contrary, Bonet.

What do you mean?

How better can a man spend

the last three days of his life, huh?

What is it, madame?

- Who are those men?

- I don't know, I've never seen them before.

- Where are they from?

- I didn't ask.

They said they had a three-day vacation.

- Oh, what else did they tell you?  
- Well, they're going to fish.  
The younger man asked me  
if I'd show them the way to the brook.  
Why don't you?  
But, madame, they're strangers.  
- Did they buy anything?  
- Yes.  
All the more reason  
we should be hospitable.  
Run along, child.  
You've earned a little vacation yourself.  
- I'll mind the shop.  
- Thank you, madame.  
I'll try on this side.  
Oh, wait a minute.  
There you are.  
One of your pins.  
Let me keep it.  
- To remember you by.  
- All right.  
Say, just the two of you  
run the shop, huh?  
Now we do, yes.  
Madame Maret's son used to run it.  
But yesterday the Germans came  
and took him away as a hostage.  
They took 25 of the hundred men  
from our village.  
Yes, I heard about it.  
I knew each one of them well,  
ever since I was a child.  
We don't know what to do  
or where to turn.  
Turn this way a little.  
There, that's better.  
- Worrying won't do any good.  
- I know.  
Well, let's forget about them. Let's pretend  
we haven't got a worry in the world.  
This is just a June day  
like any other June day.  
Let's talk about something  
new and wonderful.

- Like what?  
- Like you and me.  
I don't even know your name.  
Jean. Jean Pi...  
Jean Dupont.  
And your friend's?  
Him? Oh, Alphonse.  
And you're only going  
to be here three days?  
Uh-huh. Maybe less.  
Well, you won't get a chance  
to get tired of me.  
I wouldn't.  
Tell me about your sweethearts.  
I suppose a pretty girl like you,  
you must have a dozen.  
- No.  
- No? Are all the men around here blind?  
No, it's just that  
I never met anyone like that.  
Then you've never been kissed?  
It's not just the kissing.  
But at times, one is very lonely.  
I'd like to have something  
to look forward to.  
To belong.  
Even if it was only for three days?  
- Now you're laughing at me.  
- No, I'm not.  
- Your skin's beautiful.  
- Thank you.  
What are you thinking about, Jean?  
I was looking at that little pulse  
in your throat, here.  
I was watching it tick away  
like a rare and delicate clock.  
And I was suddenly imagining it  
racing like mad, breathlessly.  
Where does that road lead to over there?  
That?  
Oh, it leads to Barraut's vineyard.  
Oh, is it far?  
Not very far.  
We often go there on Sundays



after mass.  
It's a lovely place.  
I wish you could see it.  
Yes, I wish I could.  
Come on. We are going back.  
What, so soon?  
We've had enough fishing.  
Both of us.  
But why do you have to go  
on Tuesday, Jean?  
We've got an appointment in Paris.  
Well, can't you put it off  
for a day or two?  
Uh-uh.  
I don't think these people can wait.  
- But we will see each other tomorrow?  
- Mm-hm.  
- What time?  
- Oh, it's Sunday.  
And I have to go to mass  
with Madame Maret in the morning.  
But immediately afterwards?  
I'll be waiting.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
Good night. Till tomorrow.  
You tricked me into giving you three days.  
You fasten on to the first girl you meet.  
- And who knows what you told her?  
- You'd be surprised.  
- Did you see that look in her eyes?  
- No, I saw the look in yours.  
Stop talking to strangers.  
They'll start asking questions  
and that'll be the end of us.  
What is the meaning of this?  
Every stranger in this district  
was ordered...  
...to report to police yesterday  
for identification.  
- Why didn't you?  
- We knew nothing about such an order.  
That's right.  
We're just here on a fishing trip.

Why? Any trouble?  
So you haven't heard, huh?  
Three nights ago,  
a plane landed near this village.  
Three men got out of it.  
A few hours later the great Gartempe bridge  
was destroyed by dynamite.  
Well, I always thought  
these saboteurs worked alone.  
- Don't you?  
- This was too big a job for one man.  
Two of them got away.  
The third saboteur was not so lucky.  
- So you've caught one of them?  
- We have.  
- Good work.  
- Perhaps more than one.  
Bring in the prisoner.  
Now, let me see your papers,  
both of you.  
Look, captain, l...  
Don't lose your temper  
with this poor fellow.  
After all, he's only doing his duty.  
I'm a little surprised  
you didn't recognize the famous inspector.  
Marcel Bonet.  
Of course. How stupid.  
- I beg a thousand pardons.  
- Oh, that's all right.  
Such little mistakes  
can happen to all of us.  
You couldn't expect the Sret  
to wear badges on their coats.  
Of course. You know something, Bonet?  
This man's a good officer.  
We could use more of his type.  
Captain, I think I'm gonna talk to them  
in Paris about you.  
Oh, thank you, sir.  
This man we caught, he is undoubtedly  
the saboteur, but he refuses to speak.  
We have...  
Fine business.

This is amusing.  
Why didn't you tell them  
you were a Sret man, Durand?  
Well, you know the orders.  
I said complete secrecy, yes.  
But I didn't mean that you should be deaf  
and dumb. You might have been shot.  
He is one of your men?  
Yes, a new one.  
We are working on the same job,  
captain, you and I.  
We have tried to keep under cover...  
...but the cover, apparently,  
wasn't quite thick enough for Durand.  
I'm extremely sorry about this mix-up.  
- We can't afford to take chances.  
Of course not.  
If you need us,  
we are at your service, gentlemen.  
Thank you, captain. I shall not hesitate.  
- Good night.  
- Good night.  
You idiots.  
- And now, my friend, who are you?  
- I was about to ask you that.  
What I have done should speak for itself.  
Major Andre Varrene,  
of the Free French Army...  
...stationed in England.  
- Then you are the saboteur?  
- Yes, of course.  
You have saved my life.  
I regret if I've put you in danger.  
Never mind that.  
- What are your plans for escape, major?  
- It's all arranged.  
At midnight. I was waiting in the woods  
when they picked me up.  
Very good.  
We'll get you back to the spot.  
But in the meantime, what can we do  
to make you comfortable?  
Nothing. Unless I could wash up a bit?  
There. Help yourself.

You're very kind, sir. Thank you.  
When we walked into this room,  
I was dumbfounded.  
You certainly had your wits  
about you tonight.  
Yes. Didn't I?  
What wits?  
I must be mad.  
All I had to do was to keep my mouth shut  
and you'd have never got out of this.  
Neither would he. But I would've.  
I would've been free.  
Free?  
Now, how does that weasel's brain  
of yours figure that?  
Because Jean Picard is dead.  
The great Bonet, himself,  
announced that fact.  
By now it's been all over the newspapers,  
on the radio everywhere.  
And you could never given Picard away  
without giving yourself away.  
So.  
If I had said nothing,  
the real saboteur would've died.  
- And that would have pleased you.  
- It would've delighted me.  
I ought to be kicked for a fool.  
There I was, free.  
Nothing could have stopped me.  
Nothing? You forget one thing, Picard.  
If you tried to escape,  
I would've killed you...  
...and explained it afterwards.  
So take my word,  
one move, one sound from you...  
Ah. Heh.  
How brave a gun makes a little man.  
And how small the biggest cowards.  
Your friends are late, major.  
Perhaps they've missed the field.  
I don't think so.  
It's a French pilot,  
a man from this district.

He knows every inch of it.  
Now, look, major, what I ask you  
about that bridge is not just idle curiosity.  
We may need that information later.  
It is extremely important  
to many people in France.  
Very well.  
It was carefully planned  
many weeks ago in England.  
We landed from the plane  
shortly after midnight...  
...three of us, as the Garde Mobile said.  
The Germans had guards at both ends  
of the bridge, a dozen of them.  
We knew it was impossible  
to overpower them.

**So at 1:**

going south crossed the bridge...  
...we were on it, in between the cars.  
Then we dropped off in the middle  
of the bridge and planted the bomb.  
The bomb? Not dynamite?  
A time bomb, a new type.  
Small, but very powerful.  
A bomb. Now, remember that.  
Then we concealed ourselves  
beneath the bridge until 3:17.  
When a northbound freight came across on  
schedule, we swung onto it and rode back.  
Past the same guards.  
Then dropped off about 4 kilometers  
north of the bridge and scattered...  
...to wait for tonight.  
And the rest you know.  
Brilliant work, major.  
I have only one regret...  
...that a hundred Frenchmen have to die  
for an act of mine.  
There he is.  
Goodbye, Bonet.  
I could smell the grave they'd dug for me  
until you two showed up.  
Good luck, major.

And you, my friend.

- I don't even know your name.

- It's unimportant.

- I hope we shall meet again.

- Hmm.

- It's unlikely.

- Go on, major.

So we meet again, captain.

What news of the saboteurs?

You would've heard if we had found them.

Perhaps, but perhaps not.

We believe that the saboteurs are two men,  
one of middle age, the other younger.

Have you seen any strangers  
of that description?

Yes. But they were both fully identified.

- Who are they?

- Members of the Sret.

- Have you any other suggestions?

- Only one.

Before Tuesday at 9 p.m.,

we want a report from you...

...that the saboteurs are caught.

Otherwise, the hostages will be 101.

Bonet.

Why, you shouldn't be out of bed.

- You thought you could get away from me.

- What?

Pick the lock and sneaked out.

Well, there's gratitude for you.

What do you mean?

I come out to do you a favor  
and this is the thanks I get.

Why, you were coughing so badly in there  
I thought you'd wake up the whole village.

The chemist said three of these  
would cure the cold of a horse.

I got you a dozen.

You expect me to take those?

They are probably poisoned.

Poison.

All right.

Here. Here's six.

Now are you satisfied?

I'll wait and see.  
Hey, hey, hey.  
You're pretty shaky.  
Why don't you sit down here.  
Do you good. Get some air.  
You're sick, all right.  
Wouldn't it be terrible  
if you passed out on me?  
- Where would I send the body?  
- Go to the devil.  
If I did you'd probably follow me there  
from force of habit.  
Well, I'll see you to his door  
right enough.  
Don't you think  
we should go into the church?  
- What for?  
- What do you mean "what for"?  
Don't you ever go?  
To church? Sure.  
Yeah, I went once when I was a kid.  
My mother took me  
to be christened, I think.  
And only a couple of years ago,  
I went again.  
One of your pals out of the Sret  
was tailing me...  
...and some fella told me  
they couldn't nab you in a church.  
Was he wrong.  
Well, just the same,  
I think you should see the priest.  
You know, straighten out your account.  
Look, the only help I ever got from up there  
came out of a bomb rack.  
All right. But, remember this.  
When the Gestapo puts you up against  
that wall, they won't let you have a priest.  
There will be nobody but you.  
You will stand there all alone,  
a couple of seconds from God.  
Look, Bonet.  
In that church,  
there's a nice, simple village priest.

What kind of confessions is he used to?  
Small, petty stuff.  
Swearing, drinking, beating your wife.  
Things like that.  
Why, if he would've heard my list,  
he'd faint.  
Uh-uh.  
For me, it would take at least a bishop.  
And I say to you mothers whose sons  
may give up their souls to God...  
...their sacrifice is not in vain,  
nor will it be forgotten.  
For as the son of Mary  
died upon his cross for all mankind...  
...so do we know and all the world with us,  
the true reason for their martyrdom.  
This is God's will, my children.  
We've not followed him.  
We put power and pleasure  
and vainglory before the love of him.  
We've sinned, my children,  
man and nations alike.  
And because of our sins, we now witness  
this tragedy that has come upon the earth.  
While there is still time, let us kneel...  
...and beg God's forgiveness and mercy.  
In the name of the Father  
and the Son and the Holy Ghost.  
Amen.  
Monsieur. Good morning, Jean.  
- Good morning.  
- Good morning.  
- Ready?  
- I'm going to fix some lunch...  
...and I'll be back in a few minutes.  
Why don't you go  
and see our church while you're waiting.  
- It's quite old and very beautiful.  
- Yes, it is, yes.  
I was at the early mass. Beautiful.  
Well, I shan't be very long.  
Good.  
What is this luncheon affair  
she spoke of?



Hmm? Oh, didn't I tell you?  
We're going on a picnic, the three of us.  
Another one of your tricks.  
Now, listen, Picard...  
Here's one with a cushion.  
Bonet.  
About that confessing...  
I...  
I think I'd like to tell a few things.  
Good.  
Go and see the priest.  
No, no. Not him. I'll tell you.  
- You can't do that.  
- Why not?  
I am not allowed to listen.  
Forget the rules.  
This is just between the two of us.  
It won't take long.  
I'll just tell you the highlights.  
In 1932, I think it was,  
in the rue St-Honor, there was...  
You listening?  
I shouldn't, but I am.  
All right.  
In 1932, there was a big bank robbery.  
A branch of Lazard's.  
Did you pull that one?  
Neat, wasn't it?  
Didn't leave any trace at all.  
Trace? You didn't leave anything.  
Did you work alone?  
Now, would the priest  
have asked me that?  
Go ahead. What else?  
Then do you remember when  
that famous painting of the Fra Angelico...  
...disappeared out of the Louvre?  
Yes.  
I worked with Max Legros on that one.  
Legros always worked alone.  
Well, this was sort of a personal favor.  
He just didn't know his way around  
art galleries.  
Are you telling the truth?

Of course, I am.

Why, this is a miracle.

This will clear up many things.

Are you the one who did away  
with Legros?

Well, in a way.

A very peculiar thing happened to Legros.

You know that to this day no trace  
has ever been found of his body.

How did you dispose of him?

You know he was a great drinker too.

Well, one day suddenly...

...poor Legros just burst into a flame.

- What?

- Spontaneous combustion.

One minute he was sitting down as happy  
Pfft.

There was a sudden explosion...

...and Legros went up in smoke.

Nothing left of him except  
a handful of ashes and a few gold teeth.

Here's one of them here.

Why, you...

Confession.

A bunch of lies.

Close the door.

- Are you with us on this, Vitrac?

- I am.

Good. Sit down.

All of you are familiar with the Gartempe  
bridge and the roads leading to it?

Yes.

Now, I will give you  
your instructions in turn.

Memorize them carefully.

Every little detail.

Are you really  
going away tomorrow, Jean?

Mm-hm.

Doesn't leave us much time, does it?

You aren't coming back?

Is there somebody else?

Some other girl?

No other girl.

Don't you care?

I care.

Then why, Jean?

It's too hard to tell you.

Too many things.

But after I'm gone, you'll get over it.

There's an old saying about that.

Love makes time pass

and time makes love pass.

- So...

- You don't believe that, Jean.

Time will never come between us,

no matter where you are.

We'll find each other

again someday, somewhere.

No.

Not after tomorrow, Marianne.

We'll never see each other again.

Now, for the last time,

repeat everything I've told you.

Vitrac, you begin.

Well, the night the bridge was blown up,

last Thursday night, it was...

...I was walking home from Clairvaux

with Latour and Razeau.

- What time was it?

**- Around 9:**

We were hurrying because of the curfew.

About a hundred meters

west of the bridge...

...we suddenly saw this fellow Dupont

climbing the bank of the ravine...

...like he was under the bridge.

Of course, we didn't know

who he was then...

...but we recognized him later

in the village and...

Well, go on. He was alone

and carrying a box of some sort.

That's right.

When he saw us he stopped,

looked very surprised...

...and than he dashed off the road

and disappeared in the woods.  
Then the Garde Mobile  
and the Gestapo will ask you...  
...why you didn't report this until now.  
What did I tell you to answer?  
Well, we thought he was just a fellow...  
...trying to get home before  
the curfew, like us.  
Then we forgot it.  
Latour, do you confirm this?  
Yes, it was Dupont.  
No mistake about that.  
I saw his face very clearly  
in the moonlight.  
That is not true, Latour.  
You were with me that night.  
We played chess until curfew time.  
What is going on here, madame?  
Father Le Clerc,  
these men have identified the saboteur.  
It's true, Father.  
We've suspected this fellow Dupont  
for two days now, each of us alone.  
- Now we've put our heads together.  
- You have, indeed.  
God has heard our prayer, Father.  
The men of the village  
will be saved now, all of them.  
I understand your despair, madame.  
But it's a poor counselor.  
You cannot save your son's life  
with that of an innocent man.  
Dupont is not the saboteur.  
You know he's not.  
It is not God who has spoken to you,  
but the devil himself.  
What if Dupont is innocent?  
These hundred men we wanna save,  
they're innocent too.  
Is my brother guilty?  
Does Jules Maret deserve to die?  
What is the life of one good-for-nothing  
against the lives of a hundred men?  
Answer us that.

If the hundred die...  
...then it is a crime of the Germans,  
for which they will answer.  
But if we stain our souls  
with the blood of Dupont...  
...then we must answer to God.  
As your priest, I forbid this mortal sin.  
It is murder, and I forbid it.  
What right has he to decide life or death?  
If it is murder to save  
our own flesh and blood, then let it be.  
Forget what he said.  
Go, tell the Garde Mobile.  
Mm-hm.  
You're a sick man, sir.  
No doubt about that.  
But I have to be in Paris by tomorrow.  
By tomorrow?  
Impossible. Quite impossible.  
I'll tell you plainly.  
With luck, you may be able to leave here  
in three days.  
Now, keep well covered, because  
what I've given you will make you sweat.  
Under no conditions  
let him get out of bed.  
I'll be back before midnight.  
Well, this is something  
we didn't count on.  
No, but I'm still a little ahead of you.  
What do you mean?  
When you undressed me, I took my gun.  
It's right here, in my hand.  
I wasn't thinking of running out on you.  
You've always been thinking of it,  
every minute, day and night.  
No, I haven't.  
But there is something I'd like to do.  
You won't leave this room without me.  
I left it before, didn't I? And I came back.  
I don't feel like talking.  
All right, let me talk.  
How far would I get without any papers?  
Why, they'd grab me before daylight

and I'd be right back on the guillotine.

- No, that wasn't what I wanted.

- Then what did you want?

Well, I...

Oh, I don't suppose

you'll believe this, Bonet...

...but this morning, in the church there,

I tried to make a fool out of you.

All I did was to make a fool

out of myself.

I've never been religious

or anything like that...

...but now there's only a few hours left...

...and I've been thinking

about what you said...

...about standing out there alone

tomorrow...

...up against that wall,

no priest to turn to.

I'm frightened.

I suppose this is about the only time

a man like me would turn to God.

But I can't do it unless you help me.

How?

- When?

- Now.

I want to go to this village priest

and tell him about myself...

...and try to clear my soul if it's possible.

You said it was.

And then I want to go to see Marianne.

To tell her goodbye.

That's all.

You can't think I'm lying.

I know it's the fever.

Somehow I think that for once

in your life you are telling the truth.

I am.

Look.

Here, it's a quarter to 8 now.

I'll be back here by 10:00 sharp.

I swear it, on my mother's head.

Ten o'clock sharp.

Thanks.

Better keep covered up.

Jean!

Jean!

Jean. The villagers, they're going to turn you over to the Garde Mobile.

- Turn me? What for?

- They say you're the saboteur.

They're all ready to swear they saw you at the bridge.

I know it's a lie, but they're desperate.

They'll do anything.

That road.

You knew a road through the woods.

- Yes.

- Where is it?

You'll never find it alone.

Come, I'll show you.

DuPrau, Robinette.

We've found the saboteur.

Come with us.

You'd better get out.

They're coming for your friend Dupont.

- Why, what's wrong?

- They say he's the saboteur.

We'll wait no longer for the Garde Mobile.

- We'll get him ourselves.

- Yeah.

Latour, Vitrac, Razeau. Come back.

You forget that the Lord has said to those who break his commandments:

"I will turn my face against you, ye shall be slain before your enemies.

And they that hate you shall reign over you."

These three men are liars.

They would've turned you into fools and murderers.

They invented this mad scheme in the hope of saving the hostages.

The man, Dupont, is not the saboteur.

You three have persisted in sin, mortal sin.

The only crime greater than theirs

is that you should believe them...  
...and send an innocent man  
to his death.

- What's the meaning of this?  
- These are ugly times, captain.  
They breed ugly thoughts,  
but my people are at peace again.  
They're about to return to their homes  
and repent.  
They are going now.  
I still wanna know the cause.  
Why were they gathered?  
That, my dear captain, is our affair.

- Where are they?  
- "They"?  
- Whom do you mean?  
- My Marianne.  
And your friend, Dupont.  
They? They are together?  
Don't try to deceive me.  
They've gone, both of them.  
Where are they?  
- I don't know.  
- You're lying.  
You're protecting him.  
He's guilty of a crime  
and there's a name for it.  
No, madame.  
His crime is without a name.  
And the guilt is mine.  
That's the road.  
Fine. I can find the way from here.  
Goodbye, Marianne.  
Thanks for everything.  
You've been an angel.  
Jean, I want to go with you.  
No, no. That wouldn't work out  
for either one of us.  
- Why wouldn't it?  
- Well, it wouldn't, that's all.  
Look, I'm running away from a lot more...  
...than those villagers,  
a lot more than the Garde Mobile.  
- I can't tell you about it.



- Jean, what have you done?  
You...  
You're not the saboteur.  
No, I'm not.  
Now, don't ask any more questions.  
Goodbye.  
Jean, I won't ask questions.  
It doesn't matter.  
We love each other.  
That's all a woman has to know.  
I've got nothing to offer you.  
- Nothing but fear and trouble and...  
- I don't care.  
You'd be with me.  
Maybe I wouldn't, for long.  
Take me with you, Jean.  
Why couldn't I have met you  
before it was so late in so many ways?  
Come on.  
She sleeps well.  
My place isn't far from here.  
I can give you a little breakfast  
such as it is.  
Thanks.  
- Do you think we could go a little faster?  
- Not with Celeste.  
She's like France.  
Too old to beat, too tough to die.  
What keeps her going?  
Courage.  
My son made this cheese.  
We ate a half of it with him  
only a few days ago.  
And now he's going to die.  
To die?  
He was plowing a field near the Gartempe  
bridge the day it was destroyed.  
The Germans took him along  
with the others.  
Those bells. What are they ringing for?  
They're ringing all over France today.  
For our son and his comrades.  
We must go out  
and join the others to pray for them.

Come, Gabrielle.  
What are you doing?  
I'm lighting a candle for him.  
He must be the son they spoke of.  
You're still worrying about them,  
aren't you?  
I can't help it, Jean.  
I keep seeing their faces.  
I pray God  
the saboteur will give himself up.  
Give himself up?  
What for? Why should he?  
You're all so sentimental  
about this thing.  
This is war.  
What's a hundred lives, more or less?  
That saboteur was working for 40 millions,  
for the whole of France.  
All of those people outside there,  
crying and praying and sniveling.  
What have they done for their country?  
Spitting whenever a German goes by,  
cursing him.  
Why, that doesn't mean a thing.  
But blowing up a bridge, killing a whole  
trainload of Germans, that counts.  
A handful of peasants is a cheap price.  
It's breaking your heart  
because you know a couple.  
Jean.  
Let me put it to you this way,  
supposing you knew the saboteur?  
Supposing it was your brother  
or someone you loved?  
- That would make a difference, wouldn't it?  
- I don't know.  
I don't understand these things.  
Jean, don't be angry with me.  
Angry?  
I'm not angry.  
How could I be?  
I've got everything in the world  
to make a man happy.  
I've got you.

But we've got to get away from here.  
There must be someplace we can go,  
someplace far away and...

- Martinique.  
- Martinique?

But that's across the world, Jean.  
That's the beauty of it.  
Oh, it's lovely there. Warm and peaceful.  
We'd be happy, safe.  
We could find a new life together.  
I've never done much with mine,  
but with you I could. I know I could.  
But can we get there, Jean?  
Or even out of France.  
You can get anywhere  
if you got enough money.

- Have we enough?  
- No.  
But I'll get it.  
I've got a couple of friends in Paris.  
But is it safe for us to go there?  
No, maybe not.  
I'll go alone.  
I'll have the money  
and I'll catch the first train back.  
You wait for me here,  
do you understand?  
I'll be back tomorrow afternoon.  
I'll be waiting.

- Until tomorrow.  
- Until tomorrow.

I love you with all my heart.  
With all your heart.  
That's the way I want it to be always.

- Goodbye, Marianne.  
- Goodbye.

Why didn't you telephone me, Marcel,  
as you always do?  
I was so worried, I couldn't sleep.  
When Madame Dore ran upstairs  
with newspaper and I read about it...  
...I nearly fainted.

- If only you...  
- Please, dear, I don't feel like talking.

I'd like to be alone for a few minutes.

- Is there anything wrong?

- No, nothing wrong.

Of course.

You're thinking about the man  
you had to kill.

- Yes.

- Well, it's a pity, of course.

But he was really no good  
to anyone, was he?

Well, he might have been.

But you told me yourself before you left  
that he was just another murderer.

Yes, that's true.

He was just another murderer.

Well, try to forget about him.

You did what you had to,  
that's the main thing.

What time is it?

- **Just 5:**

- Five?

Have you got something to do?

I don't know yet.

I have to think it over.

Please, darling,  
leave me alone for a while.

Darling.

- Can't I help you in any way?

- No.

Nobody can help me to decide this.

What name shall I say, sir?

Dupont.

Jean Emile Dupont.

He's expecting me.

What's the matter?

Why, don't tell me you've forgotten me?

Jean.

You came back.

Of course.

Didn't you think I would?

Uh...

Where's this place

I'm supposed to give myself up?

Gestapo Headquarters, Hotel Rothshield.

**Deadline's 9:**

Yes, less than an hour.

Well, I'd better be getting along.

Maybe those Gestapo clocks are fast.

You want me to go with you?

Yes, would you?

There's something I want you to do for me.

No place in the world like Paris, is there?

No, Jean, no place.

Somehow it's always more beautiful  
just before dark.

Uh...

There's a little village  
called Chateau Lechet near Poitiers.

Yes, I know the place.

She'll be waiting there  
tomorrow afternoon...

...at an old farmhouse  
just south of the town.

It's called Bazac's place.

- The bus driver will know it.

- I'll be there.

What do you want me to tell her?

Tell her I...

You'll think of something.

Well...

...there it is.

There is only one thing

I would like to ask you, Jean.

What was it

that really brought you back?

Why, you wouldn't believe

anything I told you, would you?

I would now.

Well, I don't know.

I've thought about it all night  
and I still don't know.

Maybe it was a look I saw

on Marianne's face as she lit a candle.

But there's more to it than that. It's...

Well, it's too many things  
to have a name.

I suppose there's a time when any man...  
...even a man like me,  
can find something bigger than himself...  
...for which he is ready to die.  
Without question.  
Almost... Almost happily.  
Yes, Jean. I know.  
What time do they shoot me? Tonight?  
No.  
Not before tomorrow.  
Well, it's been a long road, Jean.  
Hasn't it?  
Yes, but you see  
it's come to the right ending.  
What is it?  
Herr Major, this man claims to be  
the saboteur of the Gartempe bridge.  
What's that? The third in three days?  
The fourth, Herr Major.  
French capacity for magnificent gestures  
has always bored me to extinction.  
- What's your name?  
- Dupont.  
Jean Emile Dupont.  
Mm-hm.  
Well, my brave Dupont, it's very easy  
to find out whether you are lying or not.  
Your predecessors  
have all been unable to answer...  
...one small  
but rather interesting question:  
How would you manage to get past  
our guards at both ends of the bridge?  
Hmm?  
You see?  
You forgot to rehearse that one.  
Now, get out. We are very busy.  
I'd wait until 1:15 when a slow freight  
going south crossed the bridge.  
I'd be underneath that train.  
Half way across I'd drop off...  
...and plant a small but powerful time bomb  
below the middle span.  
I'd hide under the bridge until 3:17

when a northbound freight came by.  
I'd swing aboard.  
Get back past the same guards and drop off  
about three kilometers north of the bridge.  
Herr General.  
The Gartempe bridge.  
We have found the saboteur.  
Where is Jean?  
Is he coming later?  
No, my dear.  
Never?  
He didn't want me to ask questions.  
Who he is...  
...or what he did.  
Please tell me only one thing.  
You were his friend and you will know.  
What is he really like?  
Deep in his heart?  
He was a Frenchman.