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# What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?

By William Peter Blatty

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-Captain Cash, reporting as ordered, sir!

-Oh, rest, Captain.

I don't mean 'parade rest.' I mean rest!

Actually, I find this rather relaxing, sir.

Damn it to hell, Captain.

Sit down there, will you?

Rank has its privlleges, you know.

The general's aide is privlleged

to be at ease with his CO,

to find out he puts on his pants just

like any other human, one leg at a time.

-Do you want a drink?

-No, thank you, sir.

Privilege of command.

Now, Captain Cash, I have over here

a rather large problem.

-Come here.

-Yes, sir.

Now, there sits the little Sicilian

village of Valerno.

We just learned that it's being held

by an Italian force, company strength.

I don't have to tell you that

everything we've got is in the field.

My only available unit is Company C.

Now, the question is, do we bypass

Valerno or do we knock it out?

Well, going strictly by the book, sir,

we'd better...

-Wait a minute. Shove the book, Cash.

-Yes, sir.

They've got about as many decorations

as Goring times 10.

They're dead beat.

They're due for evacuation.

Now, what do you say?

-Knock them out, sir.

-They've got no leader, you know.

Captain Ellsworth Cody is en route

back to the States

and the lieutenant

who's now in charge is...

Well, I don't want to say he's unstable,

Now, what do you say?  
Knock them out, sir.  
Well, thanks for your help, Captain Cash,  
and good luck.  
-Good luck, sir?  
-That's right.  
I want to see what the book can do.  
I'm putting you in command  
of C Company.  
Yes, sir! Very good, sir!  
Yeah, well, we'll see how good it is.  
Those are good men, Cash.  
Don't waste any of them,  
I'll do my best, sir!  
-Oh. Wait a minute, Lionel.  
-Yes, sir.  
Would you do something for me?  
Something very simple.  
-Sir?  
-Max.  
Hardly anybody ever  
calls me that anymore,  
except my mother and the president,  
and I don't see much of them.  
Just say to me, ''Good night, Max.''  
Good night...  
All right, all right. All right, Cash.  
That's all. You have things to do.  
Good luck.  
And welcome to  
the brotherhood of command.  
Thank you, sir.  
Company C?  
Company... Who's in charge here?  
Ranking officer?  
-Who's your ranking officer?  
-Got me.  
Who's in charge? Your ranking officer.  
-We just work here.  
-Who's your ranking officer?  
Hey, back in line, buddy!  
We all got our problems.  
-Yeah, will you move on?  
-Yeah, come on.

Soldier, yours are just beginning!  
Now, what's your name?  
-Sergeant Rizzo.  
-Rizzo, huh?  
Now, where the hell  
is your ranking officer?  
Hey, sweetheart, he's talking about you!  
-You talking about me?  
-I've just about had it!  
Tell him your whole name, stupid.  
Lieutenant Christian.  
Lieutenant Jody Christian, serial number...  
Can it!  
and my first command to you  
is to shape these men up.  
I want soldiers at my back,  
not this cruddy collection of ragpickers.  
All leaves are canceled, Lieutenant.  
I want these men shaped up!  
I'm going now.  
Didn't you forget something?  
-What did we forget?  
-Think. Think.  
I think he wants a salute.  
Thank you.  
Valerno? What is this stuff about Valerno?  
Captain, why don't we give them  
a chance to surrender?  
One man.  
We'll send him into  
the village with a flag of truce.  
Lieutenant, I fully appreciate  
the richness of your experience.  
and we are going to take Valerno my way.  
By the book! Understand?  
Yes, your worship.  
-What was that?  
-Nothing.  
Captain Fausto Oppo at your service.  
-Do you surrender?  
-What the hell do you mean, surrender?  
Do not get excited, Captain.  
I was merely asking.  
-We'd rather die than surrender!

-Really?

Oh, ridiculous! Ask me to surrender!

-Well, will you surrender?

-But of course!

You... Excuse me.

-You really surrender?

-But of course.

But please, Captain,

let us savor this moment.

and the moment of surrender...

-Listen, we have a song for you.

-Yes.

-No, wait...

-We have been expecting you for weeks.

-Captain! Captain, please!

-My children.

The eyes of Texas are upon you

Captain!

All the live long day

The eyes of Texas are upon you

You cannot get away

Captain! Captain!

-Captain!

-You don't like it?

No. No, the song is fine.

Captain... Captain...

Well, this is my village

and these are my children.

Marvelous, just marvelous. Now, we...

-Yes, excuse me. We...

-Excuse me.

We fully, really, really appreciate the song.

But if you'll just round up your men,

we'll move out. Avanti, everybody!

-No, no, no, out? Do you mean...

-Yes, immediately.

-No, no, no, it's impossible.

-What?

-He said it's impossible.

-I know what he said, Christian.

-Then we agree. Why are we arguing?

-Because you have...

Because you have already surrendered,  
you know.

-You don't want us to surrender?  
-Of course. Of course, I do.  
-Well, I surrender!  
-All right, then move them out. Everybody!  
-Captain, he's trying to tell us something.  
-Christian!  
Will you keep out of this?  
Excuse me. Captain...  
Captain Oppo, you...  
Yes, very good.  
Now, we're making definite progress.  
Now, if you have surrendered,  
it means that I...  
-I am in command, huh?  
-But of course, we have agreed, Captain.  
Splendid. Now, if I am in charge,  
I command you, Captain Oppo,  
Captain, it's impossible!  
First, there is the matter of the festival.  
-The festival?  
-Yes, tonight.  
There will be drinking,  
there will be singing,  
there will be dancing in the streets.  
I cannot withhold from them such bliss.  
Therefore, we surrender tomorrow, okay?  
Tomorrow?  
No, no, no, no, no,  
you have already surrendered now!  
-Well, then, move your men out!Avanti!  
-No, tomorrow, Captain!  
-Tomorrow! Whats the matter?  
-Damn it! Move your men out now!  
-You are shouting!  
-Technically, yes!  
-Yes!  
-Yes!  
Very... Very strange.  
Look, Captain, we are at war!  
-I don't understand him!  
-We are at war!  
-The survival of the loudest?  
-Move your men out!  
You are impossible, Captain!

-You are an impossible man!  
-Don't turn your back on me!  
Captain. Captain, I didn't get your name.  
-Captain Cash?  
-Yes?  
Bravo!  
Did you see that?  
Did you see that little gesture?  
Did you see that salute?  
What are they doing?  
What are they doing?  
-What are you doing?  
-No festival, no surrender!  
We do not move from here!  
Mr. Christian! Move that man!  
Gentlemen! Gentlemen!  
Who are you?  
I am Giuseppe Romano.  
The mayor of Valerno.  
Marvelous! Purely marvelous!  
And what do you want?  
What should I want?  
What should I want but your happiness?  
Your happiness and peace.  
You and Captain Oppo, you must not fight.  
But now you are fighting and that is bad.  
Fighting settles nothing.  
We must find another way.  
The way of peace, yes?  
-Yes.  
-Good, good.  
-Let us vote.  
-What?  
-No!  
-Captain Cash!  
-No!  
-Captain Cash!  
Yes?  
-Bravo!  
-He did it again! He did it again!  
-Mr. Christian.  
-Yes, sir?  
Is he doing anything against the flag?  
-No. No, sir.

-Then, what does it mean?

Give me the exact, literal translation of that little gesture.

-Want it by the book, sir?

-By the book!

You're kidding! He said... Why, you...

Captain!

Captain, what is wrong in a festival?

Look...

Mr. Mayor, do you mind? Please.

Mr. Mayor, do I look like an ogre?

I am in the Army,  
and I take orders, like anybody else,  
and that means that mine is not  
to reason why, mine is but to do or die!

-Who said that? Who said that?

-But, Captain...

Captain, what is the harm in a festival?

I do not understand.

No! No! Nobody... Nobody understands!

I understand, Captain. Captain.

-I think its time we had a little talk.

-I think its time we had a little talk.

Now, Captain, before I say a word,

I want to say that...

Granted this is unmilitary,  
granted it's ridiculous, granted it's insane.

But now suppose, just suppose  
that you give them that festival.

Out of the question! Give them  
the festival? Mr. Christian, that's...

Listen. Listen.

It would mean a guaranteed surrender.

Now, which is more important?

A days delay in moving them out  
or fighting the war by the book?

You told me yourself, it could affect  
the entire outcome of the war.

-It certainly could.

-All right, then.

The hang-up is General Bolt.

What about Bolt?

What about the delay?

What am I to do, send him a wire?



'Hello, Max, the weather's fine.  
Having a little party.  
-I'll handle General Bolt.  
-How?  
-Minow!  
-Yo!  
Look, as soon as you've  
established communications,  
-'Have encountered minor resistance.'  
-I like it!  
You like it? You like it?  
-You like it?  
-Oh, Captain.  
just who the hell can you trust?  
Then lump it, Rizzo. Lump it!  
This is war! It's not a picnic!  
Could even be a trap! That's it! That's it!  
One gigantic trap!  
Strategy-wise, they figure to weaken us  
with the wine and the women.  
Remember the Trojan horse?  
Remember the Trojan horse?  
Do you realize how long...  
Listen, Rizzo, your job is  
to guard those Italians.  
Guard those Italians,  
and shadow Oppo's men.  
-No fraternizing, no boozing.  
-But, Captain...  
Listen, I'm gonna say it once more,  
and this is it!  
-This is war. They are the enemy!  
-You're wrong! There's wine!  
Just remember that!  
Lieutenant Christian! Over here!  
-Lieutenant Christian? All secure?  
-Sir?  
I'm going to move around the square now.  
See you anon, Lieutenant.  
Anon, Captain.  
Who did that? Who did that?  
'I am going to move around  
the square now!'  
Why don't you get him off our backs?

There's a party going on!  
-I like parties more than I like parades.  
-So do I.  
Look, we'll see.  
I'll see what I can do, right?  
-What the hell!  
-Why not?  
Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait!  
-Vino?  
-No, thanks.  
-Yeah, why not?  
-All right, damn it! Why not?  
Beautiful! Beautiful!  
What the hell are you doing?  
-Well, Captain, we were just...  
-I know what you were just!  
Fraternizing with the enemy  
and drinking while on duty!  
The penalty for either offense can  
only be one thing, and that is...  
What the hell happened to my hat?  
Who took my...  
Give me that! Are you...  
-Rizzo! Rizzo!  
Have you taken leave of your senses, man?  
-Sir?  
-What about the Trojan horse?  
Did you forget that?  
Did you forget the Trojan horse?  
Well, listen to me, Rizzo.  
For the last time, this is war!  
Not a... Oh, no...  
Oh, Lionel. Comrade in arms!  
How are you?  
-What do you want?  
-To salute you.  
-You're a disgrace to the uniform!  
-What? You insult a man who salutes you?  
A descendant of Pax Romana,  
the victorious Roman legions?  
And you strike me as rather sad.  
Listen, why are you so serious?  
Come on, why don't you have a drink?  
Because while your responsibilities

have terminated,  
Back to your posts!  
Back to your posts!  
Back to your posts!  
Soldiers fraternizing with  
the enemy in time of war!  
Do you know what that means?  
Back to your post!  
Back to your post!  
Did you hear what I said?  
Back to your post!  
Listen, fella.  
Trying to strike an officer in a time of war!  
Do you know what that means?  
Back to your post!  
-Soldier, back to your post!  
-Yes, sir.  
Look at you! You're so young,  
sweet and gentle. What are you...  
-Captain Cash. Captain Cash!  
-We'll vote later.  
-Later well vote.  
-Sit down. Sit down and rest.  
-I can't. I can't...  
-No, no, no, no, no.  
Even a Caesar cannot go on fighting  
every day and every night.  
Look, Mr. Mayor, I am neither  
a tyrant nor a martinet!  
-I am...  
-Men's lives are in his hands, Romano.  
-I understand.  
-Do you really?  
Are you perhaps Sicilian?  
-No, why? Do I look Sicilian?  
-Not at all.  
-Have a drink.  
-Oh, I'm sorry, but I'm on duty.  
Captain, relax. I'll take care of it.  
Sit down. You're in good hands here.  
It is rumored that Hannibal  
crossing the Alps  
was in a state of complete and total drunk.  
-Hey, baby, wait for me!

-Soldier!  
Soldier, come back here, soldier!  
Come back to your post!  
-Soldier, you...  
-Look, Captain, listen.  
-Listen, Captain.  
-What?  
Well, these people are touchy that way.  
Oh, we don't want to have snipers  
at our backs.  
Gentlemen! Gina, my daughter.  
-Good evening, Captain Cash.  
-Yes?  
How are you?  
Oh, I am so happy to see you again, and...  
-Are you really?  
-Yes, of course.  
-My nerves are a little on edge.  
I have dynamite in a bottle.  
Get it.  
It isn't that, it's just that  
my men are waiting...  
Oh, please. Relax.  
-Relax. Relax. Relax.  
-Your hands are very warm. Yes.  
-Oh, look at...  
-Thank you.  
Isn't he a handsome devil?  
-Oh, yes.  
-Here we are.  
-You are beautiful.  
-Well, I don't know about beautiful.  
Oh, yes, please believe me.  
Oh, yes. For you.  
-Oh, no, I really...  
-Oh, yes, you must...  
-On me.  
-Oh, here, here.  
Oh, thank you. Thank you.  
-I propose a toast. To Gina's beauty!  
-Oh, thank you.  
Not to drink is to call her ugly!  
-Oh, yes. Thank you.  
-Salute. Thank you.

Hey, buddy, how about some wine?  
-To the defeat of the Axis Powers.  
-Defeat of the Axis Powers.  
-Isn't that treason?  
-That's not very diplomatic.  
Oh, sorry, to the defeat  
of the Axis Powers.  
-Is it wrong for me to drink?  
-Oh, no. Why?  
Is it wrong for birds to fly?  
Drunk?  
It is permissible for eagles!  
Eagles may fly drunk, and you,  
my brave captain, you are an eagle!  
A winged victory!  
-Gina, an Cora.  
-Ah, yes.  
No, no, no, this one.  
Well?  
I don't like to waste good table wine.  
-Oh, God, my troops!  
-Oh, no! No, no! No, no, no, no!  
-My troops...  
-Relax.  
Rest, you eagle.  
Gina!  
Gina!  
Gina! Gina!  
Captain Oppo, happy New Year!  
Thank you! Thank you! Did you...  
-Have you seen Gina?  
-Gina?  
Yes. An angel! A temptress!  
A symphony! A volcano!  
-Maybe she is in the hotel!  
-No, no, no! I just came out of there.  
-She's not in there.  
-Oh, no, no.  
There! There!  
-Where have I failed me?  
-You have done all you can, Captain.  
Have I really? Have I really?  
-You have. Yes, you have.  
-Oh, no.

-Gina...

-Yes?

Am I a fool to care?

To General Dwight D. Eisenhower!

To Senor Fandango Guava!

-Who's he?

-Flamenco dancer.

-Come on, Oppo, it's all set up.

-She is not my Gina!

Who's Gina?

Exactly my question. Who's Gina?

Wait.

-Nice, huh?

-Bravo, very nice.

To Elbert Hubbard of East Lackawanna.

To Elbert Hubbard of East Wannalacka.

No.

No. It's East Lackawanna.

Okay. Wannalacka.

That's right, Wannalacka.

-Wannalacka.

-Wannalacka.

Picture. Picture.

Hey. Hold steady.

I'm holding it steady.

-Sorry, I...

-It's all right.

-Picture.

-Nice. Easy, easy.

All right, now look at your birdie.

I'm sorry.

Gina...

-Thank you.

-Gina.

There's a tavern in a town

There are two taverns in a town, even!

And lots of broads!

There's a tavern...

Yeah, well,

you gotta beat three old ladies!

Look whos taking candy away

from the bambinos here!

We might have won this battle,

but we're losing the war of nerves.

Move over, baby. Move over.  
It takes one to beat one.  
Ten-hut!  
Lionel?  
All right, let's pull ourselves...  
Pull ourselves together.  
Thank you, my dear. Let's look smart!  
Let's conduct ourselves  
in a military manner.  
After all, cleanliness is  
next to Schofield Barracks.  
As you were. Cleanliness is...  
Yes!  
Cleanliness is next...  
Lionel. No. What are you doing?  
Come here, dear.  
Oh, sorry.  
Sorry, my love. As you were, men.  
Oh, Lionel.  
-One more?  
-Yes, here.  
Lionel! Lionel, you mustn't slip.  
So our little cardboard soldier  
is a mortal, after all!  
I heard that, Sergeant Rizzo.  
You are treading on thin ice.  
Treading on thin ice,  
so watch what you say, friend.  
Come on, come on.  
Come on, who's next?  
I am, but all I got are  
three balloons left in scrip.  
What's he saying?  
He says you can bet any part of your  
uniform or your gear.  
He says... He thinks... He likes yours.  
His is shabby. He likes ours better.  
Well, you tell him he's got a deal, man.  
Column of files to the left to the right.  
Column to the right, march.  
Hup, two, three, four.  
Hup, two, three, four.  
-That's no fair tickling now, come on!  
-You're ticklish? Well...

Oh! Gina, please.  
-That's classified information. I can't...  
-Oh, come here, dear.  
I tell no one.  
You promise, Gina?  
You promise you won't tell anyone?  
Cross my heart.  
Yes. Oh, yes?  
Promise you won't tell anybody.  
-Because it's a big secret...  
-Oh, tell me.  
Tell me, please.  
You are a very warm people.  
You know that?  
-Yes?  
-Oh, you're so warm! I love this country.  
-I bet my belt and my field jacket.  
-Easy, baby, easy!  
Quiet! I know what I'm doing!  
-A toast!  
-A toast to what?  
Peace in our time!  
Do you think I'm a bad captain?  
Don't be foolish.  
-I'm not bad.  
-No.  
Firm.  
But I'm not bad.  
' 'Firm but fair Cash.' '  
That's what they used to call me at O.C.S.  
-Where?  
-O.C.S.  
Otis, Couth and Slade.  
That's an advertising firm.  
You are a long, long way from there.  
I was an office boy.  
-Is that a very good job?  
-Oh, yeah.  
Tote that barge, block that ad.  
Clean out that basket.  
I was what they call a gofer.  
-What is ' 'gofer' '?  
-Gofer?  
I used to go for coffee, go for stamps,



but I had discipline.  
Man needs discipline.  
You can die from lack of discipline.  
That's good.  
-I feel guilty.  
-About me?  
No.About my men.  
General Bolt.  
I'm like a son to dear old Max.  
Who is Max?  
I don't know. That's what bothers me.  
Lieutenant Christian!  
Lieutenant Christian!  
Lieutenant Christian!  
-Lieutenant Christian!  
-Silence!  
-Lieutenant!  
-WII Corporal Minow cut out the racket?  
I just got the message.  
He's on his way here, right now!  
Judas priest!  
-What time is he due?

**-09:**

Stay.  
Don't move!  
I'll be right down.  
No, no, no, no!  
Oppo! Oppo, wake up. Wake up.  
-Who are you?  
-Never mind who I am. Just...  
Are you awake?  
Look, now listen. We've got  
a hell of a lot of trouble here now.  
No, no, Oppo. Oppo?  
What is the time?  
We're in a hell of a lot of trouble.  
There's an American intelligence officer  
named Pott who's going to be here  
It's too late. The party's over now.  
No, no, no, we didn't invite him  
to the party.  
Why?  
that we were having a little battle

here at Valerno, see?  
But that's a lie.  
Yes, I know it's a lie.  
But we had to lie. We lied for you.  
Yes, I remember.  
We are grateful. Very grateful.  
Oh, good, now I would like you to do  
a little something for me now.  
-Would you, please?  
-Yes.

**At exactly 09:**

I would like you to take your men,  
and march them right down to our field  
headquarters under a white flag of truce.  
-Flag of truce.  
-And forget about the festival.  
-This never happened. Understand that?  
-Yeah. Yeah.  
Now, look, we've been fighting.  
You've been resisting.  
-Yes. Yes.  
-You can understand that?  
Yes. Don't be a child.  
I'm a descendant of Machiavelli.  
No, no, it's my hat. I gotta have my hat.  
Lieutenant Christian.  
Stay here and watch for Pott.  
Quiet! Quiet!  
Quiet!  
Listen, what the hell is going on here?  
These dum-dums won our uniforms  
in a card game last night.  
-We were all smashed and...  
-Where's the captain?  
-Digging latrines! Flying kites!  
-Rizzo!  
How the hell am I supposed to know?  
Leave me alone! I'm only a kid!  
Well, I have news from the front  
for you, my child!  
-What?  
-Now! Oppo surrenders at 10:00.  
We keep Pott company

until he arrives, right?

-Right.

-And in the meantime,  
the costume ball is over!

Then go into town and shape up  
the troops. Capisce?

Si, Si, I capisce.

Lieutenant!

Lieutenant Christian!

-Pott! He's here!

-What?

All right, listen! Pott is here.

A half a mile down the road.

So hide, everybody, hide anywhere!

-Hide! Hide!

-Hide! Hide!

-Where's Cash?

-Upstairs with a broad!

Hide! Hide!

No, no, no, no! All right now.

Put your hands down! Hide! Hide!

Ten-hut!

-Major!

-Lieutenant Christian. At ease.

Good Lord, these men look like  
they've been through hell!

Yes, sir, that about sums it up.

Hell, sir. Pure hell.

-Whats the situation?

-Fluid.

Sir, I don't like the composition.

Could I have you over there with...

-Casualties?

-Frightful, sir.

-Damn shame.

-Yes, sir.

What about...

Give your men at ease, Lieutenant.

At ease, men! At ease, please!

Look, he said, ''At ease.''

Can't you men fathom a simple order?

Well, sir, they hate to let up  
even for an instant.

Dulls their keen fighting edge.

-No pictures, please!  
-No pictures?  
-No.  
-What's your name?  
Let's have that again, soldier!  
You're mumbling!  
What is he...  
It's the incessant gunfire.  
I'm afraid they don't hear too well.  
All right. Fall in!  
-My God, it's Cash!  
-You may be right!  
Should you be moving him like that?  
I mean, what if he's broken a...  
Crazy stubborn fool!  
-Out of a death bed to lead another attack!  
-Yes, they're like that. They're like that!  
These academy boys are like that.  
Stuck up. Know what I mean?  
Yeah. Come on.  
Right in here, sir.  
You guys are marvelous.  
You went through a lot of hell.  
Here, move in closer, move in closer.  
You, pull in. I want to get a picture of this.  
'The heroes of Valerno.'  
-Gina! Gina!  
-He's gone, sir. He's far gone!  
Smells like a distillery in here!  
Yes, sir. We had to improvise last night.  
We ran out of morphine.  
Oh, good morning!  
-Oh, Gina!  
-Who the hell is that?  
-Well, I am the daughter...  
-Of the local surgeon, sir.  
A partisan.  
Lost four brothers fighting the Nazis.  
-The nurse!  
-Nurse?  
-Oh, Lionel! Oh, help me!  
-Yes, sir.  
-Oh, my little choo-choo.  
-Choo-choo!

Choo-choo, yes. Her little choo-choo.  
That's an idiomatic Italian colloquialism,  
meaning her 'poor wounded war hero.'  
-Well, this has gone far enough!  
-It has, sir?  
-Right. Order an air strike!  
-An airstrike?  
but we can certainly give you  
air support, Lieutenant!  
We'll level this bloody town!  
-Looks like they've got you, Major.  
-Me? What do you mean, me?  
Well, you're obviously the ranking officer.  
and decided to take you prisoner.  
-Listen, isn't there something...  
You'd better watch it, Major.  
He looks like a mean one to me.  
Down! Down!  
Down! Down!  
Just take it easy now, Major.  
They'll probably hold you prisoner in town.  
In town. Let's go, you!  
Don't worry about a thing, Major.  
We'll try to take care of it.  
Hey, you, shut up your mouth!  
Outside! Let's go!  
-Sergeant, don't do anything foolish.  
-Oh? For instance?  
Hey, you, get into the jeep.  
No, Lumpe, for heaven's sake, not now!  
Come on!  
Benedetto! Benedetto! Benedetto!  
I've reached the bank!  
Are you sure?  
I've checked the map a hundred times.  
We are directly beneath the vault.  
All the live long day  
You cannot get away  
In compliance with the codes of war,  
having exhausted all available resources,  
and in the face of overwhelming...  
Excuse me.  
...odds, we are compelled to surrender.  
Lieutenant.

Hey, Lieutenant, hold it! Let me get  
a good picture. Nice smile, that's it!  
All right, fall in!  
Lionel!  
Gina! Gina!  
The surrender is off!  
-Oh, come on, Oppo...  
-And you shut up, snake!  
Now I know why you stay with me  
in the bathtub!  
Whats the matter with you? No!  
The eyes of Texas are upon you  
All right, all right, gentlemen, let's go  
rescue our glorious leader from the ducks!  
-Hello.  
-Hello, Captain Cash.  
Come on. Come on. Up, up! Here we go!  
Get a hold of him. Take it easy.  
Are you all right? Are you all right?  
Oh, easy now. Right, yes.  
-What are you doing? Get out...  
-Come on.  
-Where is Potty?  
-Who?  
Potty! The major from Intelligence,  
that I wish to speak with immediately!  
The catacombs!  
A man gets in there and he is lost...  
...lost forever. An endless, hopeless maze!  
-But there didn't  
used to be a hole there.  
No.  
Remember, keep your mouth shut!  
What I told you was cosmic secret, right?  
Lieutenant, relax.  
I wouldn't give Pott the time of day!  
What have you done with the salami?  
What?  
I ate it.  
Oppo! Now, look, be reasonable.  
Now, we're in a hell of a lot of trouble.  
You steal my Gina, I steal you Potty!  
-Steal my what?  
-His Potty.

Yes, Potty. Major Potty.  
And if I tell him the truth about  
what happened last night...  
-Oppo, that's blackmail!  
-It is blackmail!  
Then you go!  
Take a squad of men  
and go find Major Pott!  
Watch out, now! Glasses!  
Sergeant Rizzo, please, don't do that!  
Here are those recon photos  
from Valerno, sir!  
Let's have them.  
Holy cow! 'Minor resistance,' hell,  
they're fighting hand-to-hand  
in the streets!  
What?  
Wait a minute! Major what? Major who?  
Major Pott of G-2.  
Pott came here during the festival?  
-No. No, no, just relax. Relax.  
-During the festival? Oh, no!  
-Come here, now. Lie down.  
-Come here. Relax.  
-Come on. There we go.  
-Yes, I have to lie down.  
Oh, Christian, what about Pott?  
Don't pause like that.  
Now just keep talking.  
I get very nervous when you pause.  
Keep talking.  
Well, first of all, you fell down the stairs.  
Check. I fell down the stairs.  
-Dead drunk.  
-I fell down the stairs dead drunk?  
Harriet! My cousin Harriet!  
-Major Pott, you idiot!  
-No, no, no, just...  
Oh, good! Good boy!  
See, if you can't trust your own lieutenant,  
who can you trust?  
But then, when he told me  
to order the air strike...  
-Strike where? Strike where? Strike here?

-No, no, it's all right. I took care of it.

-You took care of it?

-I took care of it my way.

-Your way?

-I gave him to the Italians.

-Gave him to the... Who?

-Major Pott.

You gave Pott to the Italians?

Well, no, no, not really.

Actually, it was Needleman and Rizzo.

Rizzo and Needleman gave Pott away?

Well, they were dressed  
in Italian uniforms, see?

-When we went down...

-In Italian uniforms?

-Yes.

-How could you... What's he saying?

Look, what I'm trying to say is  
that the Italians won their uniforms

-in a poker game the night before.

-They won their uniforms in poker?

They won their uniforms in poker?

What are you...

-Relax. Relax.

-I am relaxed!

You see, Pott thinks that Needleman  
and Rizzo are Oppo's men.

Christian, what did you do with Pott?

-Well, we put him in jail, and then...

-You put...

I'm going... I'm going crazy!

I'm going crazy! What...

Get out of town, filthy imperialist!

John Wayne!

What's going on? What's wrong?

What have I done?

-Oh, who the hell

knows, Captain?

It's them! It's them!

Look at them! Its them!

-What's with him?

-What's not with me? Major Pott!

-Who said he's in jail?

-Oh, you mean, he isn't?



-He escaped.  
-My whole life just passed in front of me.  
I can't find him for beans.  
Yeah, down in some tunnels  
under the town.  
Catacombs or something.  
Oppo said that's a maze.  
-Guys get lost in there for weeks.  
-Oh, don't be an idiot. They die.  
-Hold his head. Are you all right, Captain?  
I'm all right.  
I'm all right. Yes.  
I could hardly let Pott just go ahead  
and order an air strike,  
and I wasn't about to tell him that  
we captured the Italians yesterday,  
and we gave them a little night off...  
Captain, would you stop that?  
-What?  
-That humming!  
So! This is how you keep order  
in my village, Captain Cash?  
Riot and disorder! Leave town! Get out!  
-Papa!  
-Get out!  
My daughter! My daughter!  
You drunken swine!  
How can you dare to debauch  
my innocent daughter?  
Lieutenant Christian,  
you're sitting on my bed.  
I just want to finish my explanation.  
Oh, good.  
I was hoping there might be more.  
Well, you see, the reason  
we had to get rid of Major Pott  
was because pretty soon  
Oppo was going to surrender.  
It was all set up.  
Oppo promised to keep his mouth shut,  
about the festival, I mean.  
Then you fell off the balcony  
in your underwear.  
On purpose?

Oh, come on, Captain,  
get with it, will you?  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt you.  
-Did Oppo surrender?  
-No, no, he didn't surrender.  
-Then he saw Gina practically nude.  
-Nude!  
Oh, Lionel, I am so sorry,  
my little choo-choo,  
but I must go now.  
Bye.  
So, that's when we found out  
that Pott was missing.  
-Then we had the fight.  
-Who?  
-Everyone.  
-Oh, that's only fair.  
-Then the recon plane flew over.  
-And they were taking our pictures?  
Will we be in the papers?  
Lieutenant!  
Captain, message from General Bolt.  
'Your gallantry has inspired us all.  
'Impossible to send reinforcements.  
Keep fighting.  
'Our hopes and prayers are with you.'  
Boy, I gotta get out of here!  
I can't spend the whole night in this place.  
Now, listen, you got in here,  
you can get out.  
There's got to be a way out.  
Just don't lose your head.  
Are you crazy? Let's surrender!  
You'll get us trapped  
because your girl threw you over.  
Silence! I am in command!  
Okay. Christian.  
Captain, I want to...  
Hold it. He's hung up back here.  
-Wait a minute.  
-Let him hang.  
-All right.  
-Are you okay?  
I'm all right, just relax.

-I can stand on my own two...  
-Look out, there he goes again!  
I'll take you up. Come on.  
-Captain Oppo.  
-What do you want?  
I think you and I should have a little talk.  
-You don't have any Potty, eh?  
-Any what?  
-Potty! Potty!  
-Major Pott.  
We will find your Potty!  
And then you will surrender to me!  
No, Captain, we will find the major,  
and you will surrender to me!  
Oh, we shall see.  
I've had just about enough...  
-What is going on?  
-A message from his general!  
What is he saying? What is it?  
What is it? What is he saying?  
It says, ''Your courage has inspired us.  
Keep fighting.''  
Keep fighting? Keep fighting?  
Well, well, well, how does it feel to be  
in the same boat, Captain Oppo?  
-Captain Cash...  
-Yes.  
He did it again!  
-Listen here...  
-Now, wait a minute, gentlemen.  
Listen, Captain Cash!  
Gentlemen! Now, wait a minute.  
Hey! Wait! Wait.  
May I make a suggestion, Captain, please?  
Go ahead, Lieutenant.  
is going to be on your record,  
every word on your record!  
Thank you, Captain.  
Now, gentlemen, it seems that  
we're faced with a Mexican stand-off.  
No one can move until we find Pott.  
Yes, in the meantime,  
there'll be more recon planes flying over.  
More recon planes flying over.

And if those photographs show  
that we're not fighting,  
we've had it, gentlemen, purely had it!  
Until we find Major Pott  
and get this surrender thing worked out,  
we fake a battle!  
What is he saying?  
What did he say? Did he say, fake a battle?  
-Yes, sir.  
-That's what I thought he said.  
-Fake a battle here?  
-Fake a battle!  
-Well, what the hell else is there to do?  
-That's a good idea!  
-Yeah!  
-We can do it!  
-Fake a battle!  
-Fake a battle?  
Get back! Get back!  
-Captain?  
-What?  
-Captain?  
-What?  
Message from General Bolt.  
Oh, Major Bolt. What does he want?  
What does he want?  
He wants to know  
how the battle is coming.  
Now, take him over...  
-Let's get him over.  
-Here we go. Here we go, up!  
It's just a question of time.  
I'll get out of here.  
What? You really think so?  
No, some like it in the pot, nine days old.  
Poor bastards!  
Isn't there something we can do?  
Ah, now, Charlie, just what the hell  
would you suggest?  
Show me one soldier who isn't up  
to his G.I. tail in shot and shell,  
and I'll send him back up there  
to reinforce C Company!  
But we can give them air support, General.

Order Cash to pull his men out  
to the hills, then level the town.  
According to C Company's  
latest communication,  
they stand a better chance trying to take  
that town than to retreat into the hills.  
Captain Cash says  
it'd be suicide to pull out.  
So, if they don't pull out, we can't  
very well level the town, can we, Colonel?  
They'll just have to wait  
until we take Messina, that's all.  
Back inside, you...  
Needleman, die!  
That was beautiful, Robert! Beautiful!  
Lieutenant, look at that!  
What do they think they're doing?  
Hey, lady, wait a minute.  
You're not supposed to be up here.  
We're rehearsing.  
When the plane comes over,  
if you're up here hanging laundry...  
Lieutenant!  
Go tell that lady to quit interfering  
with our rehearsal!  
Right.  
No! No! No!  
No, no, no!  
What no? You're dead!  
No, this is supposed to resemble  
a real battle.  
Then fall down!  
You've just been shot at close range  
by the greatest marksman  
in the Italian army!  
No. When I open fire, no one is exempt!  
Are you sure this time?  
Trust me, beloved!  
Hey, that's pretty good, Minow.  
Needleman! Minow!  
Get your tails down here!  
Come on, come on.  
Crowd around here now.  
Come on. Come on, now.

Crowd around here!  
Oppo, bring them up here, huh?  
Thank you, thank you, thank you.  
It's all very gratifying, gentlemen.  
Get up here, Oppo.  
Now translate this for me. Maybe we can  
eliminate some of these coffee breaks.  
Okay.  
Some of the temperament.  
All right, all right. Now, Captain Cash  
is going to be here any minute.  
We all know what that means, right?  
-Hey, Lieutenant!  
-Okay?  
What do you want, Blair?  
Aircraft coming this way, sir!  
Damn! Okay.  
Got no choice. This is it.  
Come on, places! Come on.  
All right now, Oppo,  
no mistakes this time.  
One cup of coffee  
and I start using live ammo, got it?  
Back inside, hookers!  
No, no, inside, ladies, please, huh?  
Back inside, ladies! Inside!  
Oppo, eh?  
Please, huh?  
Hey, Lieutenant! Lieutenant!  
About two miles and closing!  
- Don't give me ideas!  
One of those broads  
beat me out of six bucks.  
-You haven't had six bucks in a year!  
-That's what you think.  
Minow, Needleman, get out there!  
Get back to your places!  
And give me back that six bucks.  
-I don't know where it is.  
-Yeah? Go find it!  
Fate has intervened  
in the form of Valerno!  
We merely land a division,  
take the village...

and we would outflank  
the Americans and the English!  
Divert Panzer Group Mendenheim  
to Valerno at once!  
Three days. Three incredible days!  
And what have we accomplished?  
I'll tell you.  
We have misplaced Major Pott.  
This idiot has made a move,  
directed by Cecil B. Christian,  
starring the Three Knuckleheads,  
and that famous Italian hero, Kid Guts.  
Salt.  
In the meantime, there's a war going on.  
Not a documentary, but a war!  
A real, live war!  
-They also serve...  
-Cut it! Just knock it off!  
while we're playing  
' 'Button, button, who's got the button?''  
Well, gentlemen, I've had it! I have had it!  
Do you understand?  
No more games!  
The Italians are moving out! Today! Now!  
What about Major Pott, sir?  
-Well, Captain Oppo?  
-Well, Captain, we do not surrender.  
Then we fight.  
How does that grab you, Oppo?  
Fight, shoot, kill!  
Well, make up your mind.  
Seconds are ticking...  
Captain. Let's go.  
-Come on, Captain.  
-It's all right now. Up, up, upsy-daisy.  
-You speak English?  
-Of course.  
-What do you want?  
-My men, why are they prisoners?  
I might ask you the very same question.  
We found them consorting  
with the enemy.  
Take your place with  
the rest of the prisoners.

I didn't get your name, Colonel.  
-Colonel Kastorp.  
-Oh, Colonel Kastorp.  
-Colonel Kastorp?  
-Yeah?  
Hey, Oppo, Oppo!  
No.  
March them out!  
Darling, I'm home.  
That's right! That's right!  
And that's why we are here, Oppo,  
because of you!  
You and your bloody soccerball!  
You and your bloody festival!  
Kindly please do not shout.  
Oppo, kindly do not live,  
because you, you are my albatross.  
You are my millstone, and you,  
you are my flaming white elephant!  
-Rizzo! Oh, you!  
-People are watching.  
Olly, Olly, oxen free!  
One-sided run leg-off!.  
Up the rebels! Down the chimney!  
Down, down, down,  
derry down, derry down!  
Yes, yes. What? What? What's this?  
What ho! My lucky helmet!  
The boy stood on the burning deck.  
His fleece was white as snow,  
and everywhere that Barry went,  
the ship was sure to go.  
Garbo speaks!  
Take two and hit to the right!  
Stroke! Stroke, you devils! Stroke!  
Din... Gunga Din, bring water, you beggar!  
I do not surrender  
because you took my Gina!  
You did not surrender  
because you are a frink!  
-A frink?  
-Yeah, a fraud, a fink, a frink!  
That's right, don't argue with me!  
I am sick!



What...

-Major Pott!

-Tippy Canoe and Tyler, too!

Major Pott, are you all...

If nominated, I will not run!

If elected, I... Back! Back!

Where cheetah? Where apple pan dowdy?

Send me your poor,

your tired, your homely.

Send me your... Back! Back! Back!

Elephantiasis!

Captain?

Captain Cash?

Captain Cash?

-What is this place, Oppo?

-It's part of the catacombs.

This must be the gladiator's room.

Captain Cash.

-Thank heaven.

-What happened?

He's out of his mind! He went screaming  
down the tunnel here! Screaming!

-What is it, Oppo? Where does it go?

-Back to the center of the village.

-Yes, we'll gather at the river

Lieutenant, we have to get  
word back to the general.

You and I are taking off.

After dark, I want you to start  
slipping the men out.

Well, sir, what happens  
when there's only five of us left?

-Slip out all the traffic will bear.

-Right.

Crisis-wise, the important thing is  
to get word back to the general.

All right.

We will use this as our headquarters.

Officers quartered upstairs.

We have the finest accommodations.

I will have dinner at precisely 8:00.

Send up a bottle of your finest wine.

Send her up, too.

We must kidnap Colonel Kastorp!

He is the same notorious colonel  
who led the attack on Leningrad.  
The party will reward us!  
We'll go to Russia! We'll be heroes!  
He has ordered a bottle of wine.  
We'll drug the wine.  
Oh, wait a minute.  
Help me get it on.  
Oppo, now listen to me.  
I want you to take me to the edge of town  
and double back to get the men.  
They'd never find their way alone.  
Okay? Come, let's go.  
Come on, come on, quickly!  
You come with me!  
So what? Relax, relax.  
Be natural. And smile.  
Smile.  
Not like a man, like a girl, eh?  
-Here he comes. Here he comes.  
-Embrace me. Embrace me.  
Rizzo, Needleman, Minow, Lumpe!  
In the hole! Come on!  
All right, look. The Germans got Cash.  
-You're kidding.  
-Yeah.  
Lumpe, you take charge here.  
Get out as many men as you possibly can  
without being too damn obvious.  
-Right.  
-I'll send Oppo back as guide.  
Come on, Oppo. Let's go.  
Colonel?  
-Oh, Lionel!  
-It's me, it's me.  
What happened?  
I don't know. I think he's dead.  
Oh, Lionel, you must do something.  
They are going to shoot all the prisoners.  
They what?  
Tomorrow, at dawn,  
all of the men in the stadium.  
-By his orders!  
-Why that...

-Gina, listen.  
-Yes.  
And listen very carefully.  
I want you to sit by the manhole cover  
and wait for Christian.  
He should be coming up any minute now.  
Warn him about the execution.  
Tell him I'm trying to make it  
back to General Bolt.  
Send someone else if I don't make it.  
Now, do you understand?  
Well?  
I'm an American! I am not Kastorp!  
Let me go! I'm an American!  
Gina!  
-No, no, no, in English.  
-Yes, in English.  
Cash, he has escaped.  
He is going to the American general.  
But the Germans are going to kill you all,  
all of the prisoners!  
It's himself.  
Oh, Lionel. Oh, Lionel!  
-Cash?  
-Come on, wake up, baby!  
Hey! Hey! It's our guys. It's all right.  
-How many more can Lumpe get out?  
-I think we're about it.  
One of the guards got nosey and he  
started taking a count of all the prisoners.  
-Why?  
-What for?  
Hey, you guys, give me a hand.  
-Keep it quiet up there!  
-Get them up! Move them out!  
Let's go!  
What the hell's going on here?  
They're our guys.  
No, they're not.  
They're Germans in our uniforms.  
Okay, you three, down in the hole!  
Come on.  
All right, now, everybody go out,  
get one German each,

bring him back here before dawn. Go! Go!

Come on, move.

Lionel, now I go to the hotel,  
and I'll get you some other clothes.

But if they've discovered the colonel,  
it'll be too dangerous.

If you want to get word to your general,  
it's a risk that must be taken!

-Gina, I refuse to let you... No!

-Just don't argue with me, Lionel.

Oh, Lionel.

-Lionel.

-Come on, come on.

-Are you well?

-Up, just come up.

Been dead about an hour.

Take hostages.

He looks just like Colonel Kastorp.

That's because he is Colonel Kastorp.

Then who was the Colonel...

The man who was just here?

Where did he go?

The wine has done its work.

He is stunned like an ox.

It has also made him very stiff.

He is as cold as ice.

'Half a league,

Half a league onward

'Cannons to the right of them,

Cannons to the left of them,

'Volleyed and thundered

and Dundered and Blitzened'

All right, straighten up that line.

'One, two, three, O'Leary

Four, five...'

Major Pott!

Major Pott, it's me, Captain Cash. It's me!

-What is it?

-Somebody's knocked off Colonel Kastorp.

-What? Who?

-I don't know,

but they've brought in some  
of the villagers as hostages.

-For what? Are they going to shoot them?

-Yeah, probably. Easy.  
Wait till the next election.  
What are we doing?  
Calm, calm.  
Hey, Rizzo, what do we do if they spot us?  
-Tell them he's an escaped prisoner.  
-Right.  
Hey, Rizzo, I just thought of something.  
I don't speak any German. Do you?  
-No.  
-Swell.  
I'm invisible! I'm invisible!  
I'm not really here.  
What are you doing?  
Answer me!  
Are you crazy?  
-Take your helmet off.  
-Get the rifles.  
-Yeah.  
-Good luck, you guys.  
-Knock it off.  
Get ready. It's almost dawn.  
Easy, easy.  
-Anybody else up there, Blair?  
-No, I'm it.  
Let's go. Grab a gun!  
This time are you sure?  
A jackass couldn't miss it!  
Am I dumber than a jackass?  
You're certainly no smarter.  
Fire! Fire!  
Wonderful, wonderful.  
Congratulations, Major Cash.  
Give me a light.  
Major, sir?  
That's the way the cannon roars, Cash,  
promotion-wise and career-wise.  
Wonderful.  
Now, let's get this show on the road.  
But we can't just yet, sir.  
What?  
Well, we can't.  
The Italian soldiers won't leave, sir.  
-Again?

-The Italians won't leave, sir.  
Well, I've got a trigger-happy  
armored division out there  
that says they damn well better leave.  
Sorry, sir, but they're all hiding.  
Louder, Cash. I could swear  
I just heard you say they're hiding.  
They won't leave until  
we give them a party.  
A what?  
Party, sir.  
Cash, are you out of your mind?  
What the hell do you mean,  
give them a party?  
-We'll whoop it up for  
Old Nassau We'll whoop it up again  
We'll whoop it up for Old Nassau  
General, how are you, sir?  
Yes, she'll fill you in, sir. Excuse me.  
-Well, buona sera, buona sera.  
-Oh, buona sera, you speak Italian.  
Oh, well...  
Papa.  
-Do you like our wine? Oh, very nice.  
-Oh, yeah, very much, very much.  
-Excuse me, sir.  
-Well, for you and for me.  
-You're a very pretty  
historian. You have marvelous eyes.  
-Oh, thank you.  
Oh, no, no, they are brown.  
Now, I think I'm entitled to have  
my opinion on that, you know, rank...  
Has its privileges. Isn't that right, Max?  
I think of blue in connection  
with Aurora Borealis.  
Oh, and who is Aurora Borealis?  
Well, Aurora Borealis was  
a bubble dancer I knew in Chicago.  
Oh, yeah.  
Repent, you fools, repent.  
White man speak with forked tongue.  
Back, back to the reservation.  
You'll get no more rifles from Kincaid!

Captain Oppo!