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All Quiet On The Western Front

By Erich Maria Remarque

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

This story is neither an...
accusation nor a confession...
and least of all an adventure...
for death is not an adventure...
to those who stand
face to face...
with it. It will try simply to...
tell of a generation
of men who.
even though they may have...
escaped its shells, were
destroyed...

by the war...

- Thirty thousand.

- From the Russians?

No, from the French.

From the Russians we capture
more than that every day.

Mr. Postman.

War is war and schnapps is schnapps,
and business must go on.

You didn't leave the mail
yet this morning.

Ah, I'm sorry, Mr. Meyer.

Hello, Himmelstoss. Anything
for us today?

- No, no, Master Peter.

- Oh, there must be something.

Here, here you go, young lad.

There. This is the last mail
deliver anyhow.

- What?

- Tomorrow I change uniforms.

- You're going in the army?

- Yes, I was called.

I'm a sergeant in the
reserves, you know.

I'll be called my self, if it doesn't
end in a few months.

- It will, though.

- I'm sure you're right, Mr. Meyer.

...defending our country,
our father land.

Now, my beloved class, this
is what we must do.
Strike with all our power.
Give every ounce of strength...
to win victory before the
end of the year.
It is with reluctance that I bring
this subject up again.
You are the life of the
fatherland, you boys.
You are the iron men
of Germany.
You are the gay heroes who
will repulse the enemy...
when you are called upon
to do so.
It is not for me to suggest
that any of you...
should stand up and offer
to defend his country.
But I wonder if such a thing is
going through your heads.
I know that in one
of the schools...
the boys have risen up
in the classroom...
and enlisted in a mass.
But, of course, if such a thing
should happen here...
you would not blame me
for a feeling of pride.
Perhaps some will say...
that you should not be
allowed to go yet...
that you are too young, that you
have homes, mothers. Fathers...
that you should not
be torn away.
Are your fathers so forgetful
of their fatherland...
that they would let it perish
father than you?
Are your mothers so weak that
they cannot send a son...

to defend the land which
gave them birth?
And after all, is a little
experience...
such a hard thing
for a boy?
Is the honour of wearing
a uniform...
something from which
we should run?
And if our young ladies glory
in those who wear it...
is that anything to be
ashamed of?
I know you have never desired
the adulation of heroes.
That has not been part
of my teaching.
We have sought to make
ourselves worthy...
and let a claim come
when it would.
But to be foremost
in battle...
is a virtue not to be
despised.
I believe it will be
a quick war...
that there will be
few losses.
But if losses there must be...
then let us remember
the Latin phrase...
which must have come to the
lips of many a Roman...
when he stood embattled
in a foreign land:
"Dulce et decorum est
pro patria mori."
"Sweet and fitting it is to die
for the fatherland."
Some of you may
have ambitions.
I know of one young man who has

great promise as a writer...
and he has written the first
act of a tragedy...
which would be a credit to
one of the masters.
And he is dreaming,
I suppose...
of following in the footsteps
of Goethe and Schiller...
and I hope he will.
But now our country calls.
The fatherland needs leaders.
Personal ambition must
be thrown aside...
in the one great sacrifice
for our country.
Here is a glorious beginning
to your fives.
The field of honour
calls you.
Why are we here?
You, Kropp, what has
kept you back?
You, Mueller, you know how
much you are needed?
Ah, I see you look
at your leader.
And I, too, look to you,
Paul Baumer...
and I wonder what you
are going to do.
- I'll go.
- I want to go.
Count on me.
- Me too.
- I'm ready.
I'm not gonna stay home!
Follow me!
Enlist now!
- No more classes!
- No more classes!
- Don't be a quitter!
- Come on, Behn!
Stick together. That's what

we've got to do.
- Let's all stick together.
- Come on, Behn.
All right.
All right.
- I'll go.
- That's the way!
Let's go!
Hey! Let's sing!
Come on!
Keep in line there,
soldiers.
Anything you say,
General.
Detail, halt!
Left face!
Get into uniform, ready to
report. Fall out!
I betcha a place like this gets
you in good condition.
You have to be for the
long marches.
I'm gonna get in the
cavalry and ride.
No cavalry for me.
Infantry's where you
see the fighting.
Where are all the guns? That's
what I want to know.
Oh, you don't get a gun for
a long while yet.
If I'm gonna bump off the enemy,
I gotta have some practice.
Bayonet drill. That's
what I want.
You won a medal that
times, Mueller.
You wait. In about a month I'll
be covered with them.
Say, keep your boots
out of my face!
Why, it's an Honor to have those
boots in your face.
They're the best pair in the army!

My uncle gave them to me.
Just look at that special
imported leather.
Put them anyplace you like,
except in my face.
Not even a kitchen maid'll
look at me in this!
Attention!
Well, for the love of...
It's Himmelstoss!
- So it is.
- And all dressed up.
Hello, Himmie. You didn't think you'd
see me again so soon, did you?
- You see my rank?
- Sure.
Fall back, then!
Himmelstoss, we certainly
are glad to see you.
What did you say?
- I was going to say...
- Never mind!
What's the matter with you?
When you address your superior
officer, say "sir"!
- Where'd he get such a nice uniform?
- Any mail for us, Himmie?
- Quiet!
- My dear fellow, you're shouting.
Ah, come on, Himmelstoss.
We know ya. Take off the
false whiskers.
- I believe you mean it!
- You'll find out that I mean it.
But only three days ago you
were our postman.
Silence!
Come back here!
Line up!
Line up! Get in some kind
of a line!
All of you! Line up,
I say!
What a pretty sight that is!

Have you never heard
of standing in line?
You make a fine mess of it.
Well, I'll have to
teach you.
We'll append the whole
day on it, huh?
You may be stupid but
I'm used to that.
And then there'll be plenty
of other things too.
Oh, I'll not neglect you.
You're not much to
begin with...
but I'll do my best.
I see that we have come here with
a slight misunderstanding...
and we'll correct that,
too, won't we, huh?
And the first thing to do is to forget
everything you ever knew.
Everything you ever learned,
forget! See?
Forget what you've been and what
you think you're going to be.
You're going to be soldiers,
and that's all!
I'll take the mother's milk out of you!
I'll make you hard-boiled!
I'll make soldiers out of you
or kill you!
Now... salute!
Detachment... lie down!
Head down!
Keep your head down,
Baumer!
Detachment... get up!
Now sing!
Do you call that singing?
Detachment, halt!
So... we have no spirit, huh?
We are in no mood
for recreation.
Work is what we want.

Good!
Then we'll go back
to work!
Detachment... lie down!
Keep your head down!
Now sing!
Men... halt!
Order, arms!

Inspection at 3:

Dismissed!
Oh, that swine! That means
we get no time off.
It will take four hours to get
ready for inspection.
- I'd like to know what's in his mind.
- He hasn't got any!
I'm gonna cut him open sometime
and find out!
He's too thick-skinned.
He won't cut.
This is the fourth time he's made
me disappoint that poor girl.
Arms!
Order, arms!
Left shoulder, arms!
Squad right. To the right,
march!
Left, left, left, left.
Follow right,
march!
Squad, left march!
Forward... march!
Detachment...
halt!
Present arms!
Himmelstoss.
Excellent work. They're going up
front tomorrow.
- I recommend leave till midnight.
- Very good, sir.
Left, left, left.
Detachment...
lie down!

Crawl forward!
He spoiled our leave. I'll never
forgive him for that.
- The rat!
- Leave till midnight.
It'll take till midnight to
dry our clothes.
There goes the filthy
ape now.
While we slave over this mud, he
goes off to have a few drinks!
Someday I'm going to take one
smack at him... just one.
Me too. That's gonna be my
life's work from now on.
Why only one? I'm gonna
take several.
I might even kick him while
he's down I feel mean.
What are you doing?
You're not going to desert,
are you?
What?
Listen. I've got an idea.
Crawl forward!
Lie down!
Lie down! Crawl forward!
Oh! What?
Cover!
Paul, you all right?
Behn! Behn!
Behn! Come on!
Behn, come on! You fool!
Behn!
Get up! Come on.
Sounds like more replacements
coming in.
Yeah. Tjaden must have gone
home, for that wood.
There's some more, fresh from
the turnip patch.
I suppose this is where
we bunk.
That's me, "I. Westhus..."

and this is where I live.

- I didn't know!

- Well, you know now!

Yes. Yes, of course.

- It's all right.

- Here's a bunk, Paul.

- When did we eat last?

- Don't remind me.

- I was fine until you spoke.

- Where are we anyway?

I don't know. The name on the
railroad station's been shot off.

There must be something
to eat somewhere.

I'll tell you what I'll do.

I'll ask those fellas.

Sorry to disturb you,

Mr. Westhus.

Oh. Meet Detering. A better
farmer never lived.

- And Mr. Tjaden.

- Sit down.

You see, we haven't eaten
since breakfast.

We thought maybe you could tell us
what we ought to do about it.

Eat without further delay.

Well, what's funny
about that?

This is a bad town to bring an
appetite to, soldier.

We've been here since yesterday morning
living on baled hay and razor blades.

We're willing to buy our food.

Where's the canteen?

The only canteen in these regions
is out looking for supplies.

- Ever hear of Katczinsky?

- Who?

Katczinsky. He's uncanny.

If there's any food within 25 miles,
he'll be the one to get it.

Attention!

What's this?

Volunteers for the future
general's staff.

Sometime I'm gonna take one of
you volunteers apart...
and find out what makes you leave
school and join the army.

At ease. This is no
parade ground.

- Hungry?

- Yes.

Wait! Wait a minute!
That's no invitation.

- Can you pay?

- Yeah, sure.

I have some money.

No, not money. That's just
pieces of paper.

Have you got any cigarettes,
cigars...

- Or soap, cognac...

- Yeah.

- Chewing tobacco?

- Yeah, yeah.

Kat!

Are you crazy? There ain't
enough here for us.

I wish you three would get
bumped off.

I'm tired of feeding ya
for nothing.

Bring everything you got.

- I'm so hungry...

- I'd be glad to give you...

- Come on!

- Is this enough, sir?

Kat!

- You've got the wiring detail tonight.

- Where?

- Past the graveyard.

- With this bunch?

It's quiet tonight. You can teach them
a couple of things.

Thanks. I'd rather
do it alone.

- These babes get killed off too fast.

- Well, the lorry's waiting.

Last night I was too

hungry to sleep...

and tonight, when I get the wrinkles out

of my gut, they think up wiring duty.

Well, here's your chances,

heroes.

For the fatherland!

Come on, get your stuff and

let's get out of here.

- Is that any way to drive?

- Let him drive any way he wants.

Suppose he breaks your arm. You

get sent home, don't you?

A lot better than having

a hole in your guts.

If there's any of you left, I'll pick

you up in the morning.

Well, if that ride you gave us

didn't kill us, nothing will.

And be on time. I don't want to

miss my breakfast.

You better wait for your army,

Papa.

Here, here. Don't be

so backward.

Listen, children. All we got to do

is to string a little wire.

We pick it up at the dump and carry

it to where we need it.

Now, you're gonna see some shell fire,

and you're gonna be scared, see?

It's all right, boy.

Get up.

Here. Never mind.

It's happened to better men than you,

and it's happened to me.

When we come back, I'll get you all

some nice clean underwear.

That kind of shell you don't have

to pay much attention to.

Those big fellas just make a lot

of noise and land about...

five miles behind the line.
The things we've got to watch
out for are the light ones.
They don't give you
much warning.
They go "waa-aa-aah zing."
And when you hear that,
down!
Mother Earth.
Press yourselves down
upon her.
Bury yourselves deep
into her.
Just keep your eyes on me.
When you see me flop,
you flop...
only try to beat me to it.
Now listen.
I'll show you how
it's done.
Give me a couple of those.
That's to kill the noise.
Tjaden.
See that?
- What's that mean?
- Bombardment.
My eyes!
I'm blind!
I can't see!
God!
My eyes! I can't see!
- I can't see!
- It's Behn! It's Behn!
- I'll go get him...
- You'll get killed!
- Let me...
- Lay down and stay there!
He's dead.
- He's dead!
- Why did you risk your life...
bringing him in?
But it's Behn!
- My friend.
- He's a corpse, no matter who it is.

Now, don't any of you
ever do that again.

Put him over there.

- Mind the wire.

- Mind the wire.

- Mind the wire.

- Mind the wire.

- Mind the wire.

- Mind the wire.

All right, come on.

All right, come on. Get your packs
and fall in. Hurry up!

Come on. Hurry up.

Make it snappy.

Get your packs
and fall in.

Kat, what are we doing?

What's happening?

You heard him. Orders
to march.

- But where to, for the love of...

- Another party.

And this one is gonna
last a long time.

Come on.

Here we go.

Company, attention!

Shoulder arms!

March right,
march!

Take your hands off that!

- Queen takes it!

- Well, if you think...

that's a queen, look again.

Ah, it's a jack.

- Yeah.

- Honest, these cards all look alike.

It's too noisy!

I can't play.

I suppose your delicate nerves...

- Can't stand it.

- Get up!

That's Oscar.

The son of a...

Look at that!
Don't be so snooty. You may wish
you had this back.
About two more days of this...
and this rat-bitten and of a piece
of bread's gonna taste...
like a hunk of fruitcake.
It wouldn't... It wouldn't last two
more days, would it?
Didn't I tell you this was
gonna be a bad one?
I don't mind the days so much.
It's keeping up all night...
Ah, two more days makes
a week, kid.
Then you can say you've
been under fire!
You're not scared, are you?
No. I was just asking.
That's all.
- Wanna play some more?
- Do you?
- Sure.
- All right. My deal.
You better get your boot back
before Oscar eats that!
The kid's all right.
Yeah, yeah. Let him sleep.
He's dreaming.
Oh, God. Can't you see
it's Behn?
He didn't want to
come to war!
No, no.
It isn't Behn.
It isn't Behn!
It's Kemmerick!
It's me!
Shut up, will you? It's bad
enough in here as it is.
Every...
Everything's all right, Franz.
You're dreaming.
You're just dreaming,

I guess.

- Attention!

- At ease.

The barrage is getting worse.

The men in two more

dugouts gone.

However, we'll do our best to get

some food up here by evening.

Stop! Stop!

Let me out!

- What did you do that for?

- Shut up! Grab him.

- No.

- Now hold him.

You all right now?

I think so.

I couldn't hold out

much longer.

- Oh, god, it's Franz!

- Get him over there!

No, he's been hit in the stomach.

He can't have anything to drink.

Get a stretcher.

Where'd they get you,

Kemmerick?

- Here it is, sir.

- Take his head.

All right. Take him out.

- Is it serious, sir?

- I'm not sure.

- Tell the others he's all right.

- Yes, sir.

If we're going to fight,

why don't we fight?

Why don't we go over?

You could go crazy

staying here.

Let's do something!

- Let's go after them!

- Sit down!

If that cook of ours had any guts, he'd

try to bring something through.

He's so far behind the lines he

can't hear the shooting!

- Here's Kat. Get anything?
- Any luck?
- We'll have to split this up among us.
- Something to eat!
We need butter too.
Yes. And dessert. And a feather
bed to sleep on.
- Rats! Rats!
- Rats!
Get out of the way!
What's that?
Come on! Grab your rifles!
Come on!
- Here they come.
- Get your grenades here.
Hurry up. Come on, hurry up.
Let's go!
Let's go!
Back to your own lines!
- Fill it up.
- And hurry up.
I've got other things to do.
I've been waiting for this
for three weeks.
When they all
get here.
What do you want?
Beans, you homely - looking
son of a frog's leg.
- What do you think I want?
- We're hungry.
Shut up! I'll feed you when
you're all here.
- We're all here now.
- Only half the company's here.
Get the rest.
Wake them up.
I wish I could wake them up.
There's 80 of us left.
The rest is in dressing stations
or pushing up daisies.
Eighty? And I cooked for 150!
All right. We'll have enough for
once. Come on. Dish out!

You mean you've cooked
beans for 150...
and you've got bread
for 150...
and sausage for 150, and
tobacco for 150?
Everything! It's all wrong. I should
have been notified.
What a feast!
Everyone gets two issues.
- Get back in line! Get back in line!
- Oh, no!
That won't do.
I can't give 80 men what's
meant for 150.
Listen.
You drew rations for the 2nd
Company, didn't ya?
Yeah.
All right. We're the
I've got my orders.
- Kat's right.
- We're the 2nd Company?
And if only half of us get back,
that's our good luck.
- Come on. Dish it out.
- Come on!
- No!
- Hey!
You're the yellowest baboon that
ever drew a cook wagon...
and you're scared...
it shows.
All we want to hear out of you
is one more little yip...
and we'll cut ya up
and eat ya raw.
Why, you keep your kitchen
so far back of the lines...
we never get anything to eat until
it's cold and we're asleep!
Now, you low-down rat,
get out...
or we wreck the joint!

- Come on! Give us...

- Attention!

At ease.

What's going on here?

He's cooked for 150, sir, and he only wants to give us half.

- Looks pretty good.

- Yes, sir.

Serve the whole issue.

- The men can use it.

- Yes, sir.

- And bring me a plate too.

- Yes, sir.

All right. Take it all.

Take everything.

Give them honey. Give them what they want.

- Fill it up!

- Fill it up!

- Don't mind me.

- Oh, that's all right. Don't mention it.

You know...

I could do with some more beans.

Go help yourself. There's more ever there.

It's too far.

I wonder, when are we going back to the front?

Tomorrow.

It's enough to take away a man's appetite.

You know, if they're gonna march us in again tomorrow...

we ought to go see how

Kemmerick is.

- That's a good idea.

- Let's do that.

- How far is the dressing station?

- About two miles.

- We could take his things to him.

- Good!

It seemed rotten to think of a thing like that happening to him...

a nice fellow like
Kemmerick.

Ah, the French certainly deserve to be
punished for starting this war.

Everybody says it's
somebody else.

Well, how do they
start a war?

Well, one country offends
another.

How could one country
offend another?

You mean there's a mountain over
in Germany gets mad...
at a field over in France?

Well, stupid, one people
offends another.

Oh, if that's it, I shouldn't
be here at all.

I don't feel offended.

It don't apply to tramps
like you.

Good. Then I can be going
home right away.

- Ah, you just try it.

- Yeah. You wanna get shot?

The Kaiser and me...

Me and the Kaiser felt just
alike about this war.

We didn't either of us want any
war, so I'm going home.

- He's there already.

- Somebody must have wanted it.

Maybe it was the English.

No, I don't want to shoot
any Englishmen.

I never saw one till

I came up here.

And I suppose most of them never saw
a German till they came up here.

No, I'm sure they weren't
asked about it.

No.

Well...

it must be doing somebody
some good.

- Not me and the Kaiser.

- I think maybe the Kaiser...
wanted a war.

You leave us
out of this.

I don't see that.

The Kaiser's got everything
he needs.

Well, he never had a
war before.

Every full-grown emperor needs one
war to make him famous.

- Why, that's history.

- Yeah, generals too. They need war.
And manufacturers.

They get rich.

I think it's more a
kind of fever.

Nobody wants it
in particular...

and then all at once,
there it is.

We didn't want it. The English
didn't want it.

And here we are fighting.

I'll tell you how it should
all be done.

Whenever there's a big
war coming on...

- You should rope off a big field...

- And sell tickets.

Yeah. And...

And on the big day...

you should take all the kings and
their cabinets and their generals...

put them in the center dressed
in their underpants...

and let them fight it out
with clubs.

The best country wins.

Well, now that Kat's settled everything,
let's go see Kemmerick.

Something interesting might
happen on the way.
Might cheer him up.
Boys, me and the Kaiser want you
back in time to march tomorrow.
Don't forget.
- We'll be back.
- Give the boy my regards.
There he is.
- Hello, Kemmerick.
- How are you?
How's it going?
How are things going? Are they
looking after you all right?
How are they treating you?
Franz?
They're robbers here.
Robbers.
They stole my watch!
I always told you, nobody should
carry as good a watch as that.
- They took it while I was under ether!
- Franz, you'll get it back.
Do you feel all right?
- Just look at my hand.
- That's because you lost...
so much blood.
Just eat decently and you'll
get well again.
You must eat. What's the main thing.
It looks good too.
I have such a terrible pain
in my foot.
Every toe on my right
foot hurts.
Well, how can your foot hurt
when your leg's been...
I know what you mean!
I know!
I know now!
They cut my leg off.
Why didn't they tell me? Why...
Why didn't they tell me?
- Franz! Franz!

- Now I can't walk anymore!
You must be thankful that you've
come off with only that.
I wanted to be a
forester once.
You can yet. They make artificial
legs that are wonderful.
And you're through too. You can
go home. Think of that.
We brought your things
for you. See?
Put them under the bed.
That's a marvellous pair
of boots.
Look at that leather!
What comfort.
I was just thinking.
If you're not going to be using
these, Franz...
why didn't you leave
them with us?
What good are they to you?
I can use them.
My boots give me blister
after blister...
Well, we'll be going,
Franz.
Oh, don't go. Stay just
a little while longer.
- I'll come right back. We'll be
coming soon again, Franz.
- I know you'll be feeling better.
- Bye.
- Bye.
- Good-bye, Franz.
You think he'll last till after mess?
- I don't think...
- Done for.
Boys, you go along.
I'll see you later.
Good-bye. All right, Paul.
I'm sorry, Paul.
I wouldn't touch a thing of
his if he could use it.

I'd go barefoot over barbed wire for
him if it'd do him any good.
Only... Only why should some
orderly get those boots?
I understand, Mueller. We're
all alike out here.
And good boots
are scarce.
Tell the doctor to come,
please.
Doctor, the man in the next bed
would like to see you, sir.
I've done everything I can for him.
There's no helping him.
Poor little fella.
He says next time,
Franz.
Do you think I'll ever
get well?
Why, of course.
- Do you really think so?
- Sure, once you get...
over the operation.
I don't think so.
Franz! Don't talk nonsense. Why,
you'll be as good as new.
They fix up worse things
than that.
Perhaps you'll go to the
convalescent home...
in Klosterberg among
the villagers.
Then you can look out of the
windows, across the fields...
to the two trees
on the horizon.
The loveliest time of the year
now when the corn ripens.
You can go out without
asking anyone.
You can even play piano
if you want to.
Oh... Oh, but, Franz, you must
try to sleep now.

O God...

this is Franz Kemmerick...

only 19 years old.

He doesn't want to die.

Please don't let him die.

Paul.

- Paul.

- Franz.

Take my boots home

for Mueller.

Oh, no, Franz, no.

And if... Paul...

you find my watch,

send it home.

Franz!

Doctor! Doctor!

Doctor!

Doctor! Where's the doctor?

Why isn't there a doctor here?

Doctor, come quick!

- Franz Kemmerick is dying!

- Which one is that?

- Amputated leg.

- I've amputated a dozen legs today.

- Bed 26, sir.

- You see to it.

I'm due in the operating room.

One operating after another since

Sixteen dead today, and

yours is the 17th.

There'll probably be 20

by the morning.

You're looking good.

Very good today.

What's your hurry? Hey! I'll bet

he stole those boots!

I got it, Kat.

Listen:

arithmetic series...

is $S = A + L \times N$ over 2."

Interesting, isn't it?

What do you wanna learn

that stuff for?

One day you'll stop a bullet
and it'll all be worthless.
I get a lot of fun out of it.
My boots!
Mueller.
I saw him die.
I didn't know what it was like
to die before.
And then... then I
came outside...
and it felt...
it felt so good to be alive that
I started in to walk fast.
I began to think of the
strangest things...
like being out in the fields.
Things like that.
You know... girls.
And it felt as if
there were...
something electric running from
the ground up through me.
And I started. I began
to run hard.
I passed soldiers and I heard
voices calling to me.
I ran and I ran.
I felt as if I couldn't breathe
enough air into me.
And... And now I'm hungry.
I don't mind the war now.
Be a pleasure to go to the front
in boots like these.
It's a good invention
just the same.
If you crack each separate louse, think
of all the energy you use up. Watch.
Burned to death.
How was patrol? Bad?
Must've been terrible if they had
time to gather the harvest.
We passed a cherry tree and when
he saw it, he went crazy.
I could hardly drag him away.

It was... beautiful.
I have a big orchard with cherry
trees at home.
When they're in full blossom...
from the hayloft it looks
like one single sheet.
So white.
- Perhaps you can get leave soon.
- You may even be sent...
back as a farmer.
A woman can't run a farm alone.
That's no good, you know?
No matter how hard
she works.
Harvest coming on again.
What's the matter
with him?
Got a letter yesterday from his wife.
He wants to get back to his farm.
We'd all like to get
back home.
I wonder what we'd do if it were
suddenly peacetime again?
Get drunk and look
for women!
I'd go looking for
a Cinderella...
that could wear this
for a garter.
And when I'd found her, nobody'd
see me for two weeks.
I'll go back to the
peat fields...
and those pleasant hours
in the beer gardens.
And there's worse things
than cobbling too.
Look. My family.
I oughta give you a kick in the
backside for starting all this.
It's all right for all you to talk.
You've got something to go back to.
Wives, children, jobs.
But what about us? What have

we got to go back to?

- School?

- Why not?

You know everything already.

A man can't take all that rubbish

they teach you seriously...

after three years of

shells and bombs.

You can't peel that

off easily.

They never taught us anything

really useful...

like how to light a cigarette in the

wind or make a fire out of wet wood...

or bayonet a man in the belly instead

of the ribs where it gets jammed.

What can happen to us

afterwards?

I'll tell you. Take our class.

Out of 20, three are officers...

nine dead...

Mueller and three others

wounded...

and one in the madhouse.

We'll all be dead someday,

so let's forget it.

Hurry up! Get in there!

Hurry up!

Himmelstoss!

What's up?

- What are you, crazy?

- It's Himmelstoss!

Himmelstoss? There is justice

in the army!

Well, well. So, we are

all here, huh?

A bit longer than you,

Himmie.

Since when have we become

so familiar?

Stand up and click your heels

together! All of you!

- Take a running jump at yourself!

- Who's your friend?

Would somebody get General
Ludendorff a nice, comfortable chair?
I command you as your
superior officer!
- Do you want to be court-martialed?
- I do!
There's going to be a big
attack tonight...
and I'd just love to
get out of it.
Kiss my butt!
It isn't customary to ask for
salutes here.
But I'll tell you what we'll do.
We're going to attack a town that
we tried to take once before.
Many killed and many wounded.
It was great fun.
This time you're
going with us.
If any of us stops a bullet,
before we die...
we're going to come to you, click
our heels together and ask stiffly...
"Please, Sergeant Himmelstoss,
may we go?"
You'll...
You'll pay for this,
you...
There it is.
Right on time. Better
get ready, boys.
I'm wounded!
I'm wounded!
It's just a scratch, you yellow rat!
Up! Get out with the others!
- Up!
- No! No! No!
You yellow rat!
Stinking yellow rat! Let the
others do it, eh?
Get up!
Get up!
Get up! Forward!

- Get out here.
- Command... was forward.
Command was forward!
Forward!
Forward! Forward!
Forward!
Forward!
Counterattack.
I want to help you.
I want to help you.
Stop that! Stop it, stop it.
I can bear the rest of it.
I can't listen to that!
Why do you take so long dying?
You're going to die anyway!
Oh, no.
Oh, no. You won't die.
Oh, no. You won't die. They're
only little wounds.
You'll get home. You'll be
all right.
You'll get home long
before I will.
You know I can't run away. That's
why you accuse me.
I tell you, I didn't want to kill you.
I tried to keep you alive.
If you jumped in here again,
I wouldn't do it.
When you jumped in here you were my
enemy, and I was afraid of you.
But you're just a man like me,
and I killed you.
Forgive me, comrade.
Say that for me. Say you
forgive me.
Oh, no. You're dead.
You're better off than I am.
You're through.
They can't do any more
to you now.
Oh, God, why did they
do this to us?
We only wanted to live,

you and I.
Why should they send us out
to fight each other?
If we threw away these rifles
and these uniforms...
you could be my brother just
like Kat and Albert.
You'll have to forgive me, comrade.
I'll do all I can.
I'll write to your parents.
I'll write to...
I'll write to your wife.
I'll write to her.
I promise she'll not want
for anything.
I'll help her and your
parents too.
Only forgive me.
Forgive me!
Forgive me. Forgive me.
Forgive me.
Terrible thing happened
yesterday.
I stabbed a man. With my own
hands, stabbed him.
I know how it is.
Your first time.
Never mind. The stretcher-bearers
will find him.
- He's dead. I watched him die.
- You couldn't do anything about it.
We have to kill. We
can't help it.
That's what we are here for.
Look there, for instance.
That got him. You should've seen how
he leaped in the air.
That fellow had to shoot with us
for today with three hits.
If he keeps it up, he'll have a
decoration for his...
buttonhole this evening.
Don't you lose any more sleep
over this business.

Maybe it was because I was out
there with him so long, huh?
Sure, that's it.
After all, war is war.
March! Forward!
Forward, march!
Quick there! Forward!
Company... halt!
Dismissed!
Uncommissioned officers,
enlisted men...
dismiss!
Come on! Let's get outta here!
- Give me your best sausage.
- Two.
Give me a beer.
One, two, three!
Hey, come on. A beer.
Hey, get out of here!
Come on. Give me a beer.
A beer. One b...
here's hoping we get falling-down
drunk tonight.
Here's how it started.
I'd forgotten there were
girls like that.
There aren't.
Just look at those thin,
little shoes.
She couldn't march many
miles in those.
Paul! Don't speak about marching.
You're boring the young lady.
A thousand pardons.
- How old you think she is?
- Oh, about 22.
No, that'd make her
older than us.
She's... 17.
A girl like that.
That'd be good,
Albert?
We wouldn't have much of a
chance with him around.

We could take a bath wash
our clothes...

All right.

And I might even go so far
as to get deloused.

Wait a minute! She's a long way
from here now.

Look at the date.

May, 1917.

- Four months ago.

- That's true.

Well, here's to her anyway.

Here's to them all,
everywhere.

Albert...

- We might as well wash up anyway.

- All right.

Personally, I like them
bigger around.

This conversation was on a high
moral plane up to now.

Now we do need a bath.

- A bath?

- For what?

You wouldn't understand.

This water is freezing. This romantic
business has gone too far.

Ahh, but think of her
beautiful eyes!

Oh, and her hair.

- Here we are!

- We're not gonna miss a thing!

Go away!

- What are you doing here?

- Bathing!

They tell me there's some people in
this world takes a bath every week!

Women!

Mademoiselle, you want to swim?

Mademoiselle!

Aw, baby!

Aw, no, girls! Don't go away!

Aw, mama!

- Please don't go!

- Don't go away!
Food! Food!
Halt! You know you're forbidden
to cross.
You fellows stay on this side
or you'll get...
yourselves in a lot of trouble.
What are they jabbering
about?
They want us to swing over tonight.
They're expecting us.
- That's fine!
- We'll do it!
That blonde's crazy about me.
But there's four of us and
only three of them.
I was the one that
stopped them!
That blonde piece of work is mine.
You three fight for what's left.
Fight's the word. All's fair
in love and war.
What do you mean? What're
you gonna do?
You'll find out.
Au revoir!
Au revoir!
- C'est moi, blondie!
- Bon ami! Bon ami!
Vos camarades!
Vos camarades!
She means the door.
Not only modest, but dashing!
A perfect fit.
It might've been made for me.
An officer's coat.
We're calling distinguished
company.
Merci.
Have another little drink,
comrade.
Is this your birthday
or mine?
Why?

You've been buying me drink
after drink for two hours.
What I'm trying to figure
out is why.
Why?
Why?
Oh. I it's just that the boys...
told me to amuse you
for a little while.
Oh, nice boys.
They... They said you'd
understand.
I've been betrayed!
Yeah, you certainly have.
Take that for a minute!
I'll give you more!
It's too loud.
Suzanne. And I wouldn't even
know you if I did.
And yet, I'll remember
you always.
Toujours.
Oh, if you could only know how
different this is...
from the women we
soldiers meet.
You. That's what I'm
talking about. Vous.
It seems as though all war and
terror and grossness...
had fallen away from me...
like a miracle.
Like something I never believed.
Pauvre garon.
Pauvre garon.
Frau Paul.
We're going, Paul.
Have a look. Nice, new coffins.
Huh! For us.
I must say, that's a very cheerful
preparation for this offensive.
That's very considerate of them.
But I don't see any long...
enough for our comrade Tjaden.

Mind you, I'm not speaking
to you, you traitors.

- But no coffin's gonna get me.

- I should say not, heartbreaker.

You'll be thankful if they slip
a waterproof sheet...

around that Aunt Sally of a
carcass of yours.

Oh... Oh, my side!

My side.

Catholic hospital,
Albert.

They say you always get good
food and good treatment.

- We're lucky.

- After that rainy dressing station...

and 24 hours on the train, we
deserve to have some luck.

I'm Hamacher.

Yeah, that's my name.

I got a crack in the head and they
gave me a certificate stating...

"Josef Hamacher is
periodically...

not responsible for
his actions."

And ever since then, Hamacher has
been having a grand time.

I hope you boys are not too
badly wounded.

The others die off so quickly we
don't have time to get acquainted.

You'll get to know us...

very well.

Thank you.

You too.

I'm sorry, my dear. It's
time to go now.

Yes, sister.

Watch.

If they take his clothes away,
you've seen the last of him.

See? They're taking him to
the dying room.

Dying room?

When you're ready to kick the bucket, they get you out... of the way so they can use the bed.

In the corner of the building there's a little room... right next to the morgue! It's so convenient. It saves a lot of trouble.

But suppose he gets well? I've seen a lot of them go in that dying room... but nobody ever comes back.

Sister.

Sister. Sister.

- Is that you ringing, Paul?

- Yes.

- Is something going on?

- I think I have a haemorrhage.

The bandage is all wet. I've been ringing forever and nobody comes. I think I'm bleeding.

Sister, get me a sterile dressing and an ice pack.

- Why didn't someone call me?

- He's been ringing.

Nobody can walk, Sister.

- Sister, is it bad?

- No. No, we'll be all right.

We've got it in time.

What's the matter? What are you doing?

We must rearrange your bandages.

Where are you taking me?

To the bandaging ward.

No, no! I'm not going!

I'm staying here!

Paul! Paul!

- Now, now!

- I'm not going to the dying room!

- We're going to the bandaging ward.

- Why are you taking my clothes?

You're lying to me! But I'll come
back. I won't die!

I'll come back!

I won't die!

I'll come back!

I won't die!

I'm not going to die!

I'll come back!

Sister Libertine, how is he?

Poor boy. They had to
amputate his leg.

Paul. Paul.

Paul.

Oh, he is...

gone.

Gone.

Hello. Welcome home,

Albert!

- How do you fell, kid?

- All right.

But I've got such
an awful pain.

My foot hur...

Hamacher. Did they cut
my leg off?

Of course not! How many did
you have? Two?

You still got them!

One, two!

Don't play the fool, Hamacher.

Tell me truthfully.

Of course not. And
you look fine.

Look. See?

- I won't be a cripple.

- Now, now.

- I won't live like that!

- Be calm.

I'll kill myself the first
chance I get!

Albert!

- I won't live! I won't live!

- Yes, you will.
Albert! Albert!
Albert, I've come back!
I told you I'd come back. Look,
everybody! I've come back!
Paul. Paul.
That's not where I'm going.
I live over there.
Paul, I'm so happy.
Hamacher, I've come back
from the dead!
It's most irregular. Never
happened before.
Albert, get well quickly...
so we can go home soon.
- Everything will be all right now.
- Yes, Paul.
Everything will be all right...
now.
Oh! Paul! Paul!
Paul.
- What's the matter, Paul?
- Nothing.
Nothing.
Paul.
Give me your hanky chief.
- Mother?
- Here I am, Paul. Here I am.
Mother's ill.
- Are you wounded?
- No, Mother. I got leave.
Here I am crying instead
of being glad.
Anna, get down the jar
of blackberries.
You still like them,
don't you?
Yes, Mother. I haven't had
any for a long time.
We might almost have known
you were coming.
- I'm making potato cakes.
- Don't let them burn.
Paul... sit down...

beside me.

My Paul.

My baby.

I almost forgot, Mother. I've got
some little presents for you.

Look, Mother. Bread,
sausage and rice.

Paul, you've been starving
yourself.

Hadn't I better go and tell
father Paul's home?

Paul could watch the things
on the stove.

No, I'm getting up.

Oh, Paul, you're a soldier now,
aren't you?

But somehow, I don't seem
to know you.

I'll take these off,
mother.

I'll get your suit. It's in the
wardrobe, just where you left it.

Are you really here,
Paul?

You won't...

You won't disappear,
will you?

No. I'm here.

Your things are ready
for you, Paul.

I remember when you
caught that one.

Yes. And you took it away from
me, didn't you?

Yes, I did.

We're behind the lines, but we know
how to honour the soldier...

who goes on in spite of
blood and death.

Gentlemen, my son.

- Prosit.

- Prosit.

Cheers.

I'm glad to know you, young man,

I am glad to know you.
How are things out there?
Terrible, eh? Terrible.
But we must carry on.
After all, you do at least get
decent food out there.
Naturally, it's worse here.
Naturally.
But the best for our soldiers all
the time. That's our motto.
The best for our soldiers.
But...
you must give the Frenchies
a good licking!
And, if you boys want to
come home...
let me show you what you must
do before you can come home.
Give us a hand there,
men.
Now, then, there's the line.
Runs so,
in a "V".
Here is St. Quentin. You can
see for yourself.
You're almost through now.
All right?
Shove ahead out there and
don't stick to that...
everlasting French warfare!
Smash through the johnnies! And
then you will have peace.
When you get in it... the war isn't
the way it looks back here.
Oh! You don't know
anything about it.
Of course, you know about
the details...
but this relates
to the whole!
You can't judge that.
Of course, you do your duty
and you risk your life.
But for that, you receive

the highest honour.

I said that every man in the war
ought to have the Iron cross.

First, the enemy lines must be
broken through in Flanders.

- On to Paris! Push on to Paris!

- Right.

No, not in Flanders. I'll tell you
just where the...

break should come.

Here.

The enemy has too many
reserves there.

- I insist upon Flanders!

- Why should they do that...

when they're halfway through

St. Quentin already?

Because Flanders is

a flat country!

- No mountains, no obstructions!

- There's too many rivers there!

From the farms they

have gone;...

from the schools, from

the factories.

They have gone bravely,

nobly, ever forward...

realizing there is no other duty

now but to save the fatherland.

Paul! How are you,

Paul?

Glad to see you,

Professor.

You've come at the right moment,

Baumer! Just at the right moment.

And as if to prove all have said,

here is one of the first to go.

A lad who sat before me on

these very benches...

who gave up all to serve in the

first year of the war...

one of the iron youth who have made

Germany invincible in the field.

Look at him... sturdy and bronze

and clear-eyed.
The kind of soldier every one
of you should envy.
Oh, lad, you must
speak to them.
You must tell them what it means
to serve your fatherland.
- No, I can't tell them anything.
- You must, Paul.
Just a word... Just tell them how
much they're needed out there.
Tell them why you went and
what it meant to you.
I can't say anything.
You can remember some deed of
heroism, some touch of nobility.
Tell about it.
I can't tell you anything
you don't know.
We live in the trenches
out there. We fight.
We try not to be killed,
sometimes we are.
That's all.
No. No, Paul.
I've been there! I know
what it's like.
That's not what one
dwells on, Paul.
I heard you in here reciting
that same old stuff...
making more iron men,
more young heroes.
You still think it's beautiful
and sweet to die...
for your country, don't you?
We used to think
you knew.
The first bombardment
taught us better.
It's dirty and painful to die
for your country.
When it comes to dying for
your country...

it's better not to die at all!
There are millions out there dying
for their countries...
and what good is it?
Paul!
You asked me to tell them how
much they're needed out there.
He tells you,
"Go out and die."
Oh, but if you'll pardon me, it's
easier to say "Go out and die"
than it is to do it.
Coward!
And it's easier to say it than
to watch it happen.
No! No! Boys, boys!
- I'm sorry, Baumer, but I must say...
- It's no use talking like this.
You won't know
what I mean.
Only, it's been a long while since we
enlisted out of this classroom.
So long I thought maybe the whole
world had learned by this time.
Only now they're sending babies,
and they won't last a week!
I shouldn't have come
on leave.
Up at the front you're alive or
you're dead, and that's all!
You can't fool anybody
about that very long.
Up there we know we're lost and done
for whether we're dead or alive.
Three years we've had
of it... four years.
Every day a year and every
night a century.
Our bodies are earth and our
thoughts are clay...
and we sleep and
eat with death.
We're done for because you
can't live that way...

and keep anything
inside you!
I shouldn't have come on leave.
I'll go back tomorrow.
I've got four days more, but
I can't stand it here!
I'll go back tomorrow!
Sorry.
Mother, you'll catch cold here.
You must go to sleep.
There'll be plenty of time
to sleep...
when you're gone.
Must you go tomorrow, Paul?
Must you?
Yes, Mother. Orders were
changed.
Are you very much afraid,
Paul?
No, Mother.
There's something I want to
say to you, Paul.
It's...
Just be on your guard against
the women out there.
They're no good.
Where we are, there aren't
any women, Mother.
Be very careful at the
front, Paul.
Yes, Mother,
I will.
I'll pray for you
every day.
And if you could, get a job that's
not quite so dangerous.
Yes, Mother. I'll try and get
in the cookhouse.
- That can easily be done.
- You do it then, and if...
- The others say anything...
- That won't worry me, Mother.
Now, you must go to bed and
you must get well...

quickly before I come back.
I put two sets of underwear...
new ones... in your pack.
They'll keep you nice
and warm.
They're all wool.
That's sweet of you.
Good night...
my son.
Good night,
Mother.
Oh, Mother, Mother.
You still think
I'm a child.
Why can't I put my head
in your lap and cry?
- Is this the 2nd Company?
- Yes, sir.
- Is this all of it?
- Yes, sir.
We had 150 men, but this is all
that came back yesterday.
But now they're going to give us
enough to make 150 again.
How old are you?
Sixteen.
No use. I couldn't
find anything.
We'll have to eat the
sawdust.
Not me! I'll go hungry first.
It makes me sick.
Now it's gonna be a
real war again.
Paul! How's old Paul?
Here I am.
You know, the 2nd Company's
getting hard to find.
Nobody seemed to know
where you were.
I'm glad you found it.
I guess I don't get
much of this.
There used to be some food in the

sawdust. Now it's all sawdust.
No joke, either. Eats ya
up inside.
This doesn't look much like
the old 2nd Company.
The replacements are
all like that.
Not even old enough to
carry a pack.
All they know how
to do is die.
I guess... some of the old-timers
are here yet.
Paul, they're trying to invent
something to kill me right now.
Where's Westhus?
Messenger dog was wounded.
He went out to get it.
- Is it true about the armistice?
- Doesn't look that way back there.
You mean they want us to
go on fighting?
That's what they say.
They're crazy!
Germany'll be empty
pretty soon.
Where is... Where is Detering?
He got homesick. You remember
about the cherry blossoms?
I guess he never got
over that.
He started out one night to go home
and help his wife with the farm.
They got him behind the lines, and
we never heard of him since.
He was just homesick, but probably
they couldn't see it that way.
Where's Kat? Is he...
Not Kat! If he were out, the
war would be over.
You remember what he always says:
They're saving him for the last.
- Where is he?
- He's out looking for food...

something to make
soup with.

- Which way?

- Down the road about...
two miles that way.

I'll see you later.

Kat!

Paul!

Hello, Paul.

- How's the side?

- Oh, it's all right now. It's fine.

- Have any luck?

- No, the general's staff's been...
over this country
with a rake.

Let's sit down there.

Tell me, Paul... how was
it at home?

Have a good leave?

- In spots.

- What's the matter?

I'm no good for back
there anymore, Kat.

None of us are. We've been
in this too long.

The young men thought I was a
coward because I told them that...
we learn that death is stronger
than duty to one's country.

The old men said

"Go on. Push on to Paris."

My father even wanted me to
wear my uniform around him.

It's not home back
there anymore.

All I could think of was, "I'd like
to get back and see Kat again."

You're all I've got left,
Kat.

I'm not much to have left.

I missed you, Paul.

At least we know what it's all about
out here. There're no lies here.

Push on to Paris?

You ought to see what they've
got on the other side.
They eat white bread
over there.
They've got dozens of
airplanes to our one...
and tanks that'll go
over anything.
What've we got left?
Guns so worn they drop shells
on our own men.
No food, no ammunition,
no officers.
Push on to Paris!
So that's the way they talk
back there.
I guess we'd better
be going.
How I lied to my
poor mother.
I told her it wasn't so bad
out here because there was...
always a lot of us together.
Now that I'm with you, I'm beginning
to believe that I told her the truth.
Down!
That's another one that missed us.
Come on. Let's go.
Wait a minute. Looks like the old
bread wagon's broke down.
I guess I don't walk the
rest of the way.
Did that get ya, Kat?
Aah, I think it broke my shin.
That's not so bad.
Hold it together.
- Just my luck?
- Good luck.
That means the war is over.
Oh, no, sir!
This war don't end till
they really get me.
Now this one...
Easy, now.

- Hey!
- Easy!
Easy!
Come on. I'll take you in.
Give me your hand.
Easy.
All right.
Well, kid... now we're gonna
be separated.
Maybe we can do something together
later on when the war is over.
Yes, kid.
You give me your address,
I'll give you mine.
You can't get both of us
in one day.
Ah, we'll surely see each
other again, Kat.
Remember that day when you brought
the whole pig into the factory?
And that day in the woods when you
taught us how to dodge shells?
And my first bombardment.
How I cried.
I was a young recruit then.
Here we are.
Here we are.
All right now, Kat.
You could've spared yourself
the trouble. He's dead.
Oh, no. He's just fainted.
He was hit in the shin.
He's dead.
Would you like to take
his pay book?
- You're not related, are you?
- No, we're not related.
Your deal. Get his name
and number?
Yeah, Corporal Stanislaus
Kaczynsky, 306.

THE END: