



Scripts.com

Attack

By James Poe

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Fragile Fox, Fragile Fox. First squad.

First squad. Over to you, Lieutenant.

How about it, Ingersoll?

Gonna try for that pillbox?

We can give it a try, but we'll

need support if we get jammed.

They still got you pinned?

- Yes.

- Then we go ahead all the way.

But if we get pinned down, we'll need

Captain Cooney to get us outta there.

- Fragile Fox, over and out.

- Heroes. Glory hounds.

Got that, Captain? First squad from

my platoon, they're going all the way.

Are your men set to support 'em?

Give me a hand signal. Out.

Hher.

Lousy mortar.

They got Ingersoll's squad zeroed in.

They're pinned by machine-gun fire.

Now they're getting it with mortars.

Attack from your side,

take the heat off of Ingersoll.

Fragile Fox One, this is Two.

Let's get the lead out!

Over and out.

Cooney, where are you?

You said you'd back them up!

It's up to you, Cooney. Do you hear me?

Cooney, where are you?!

Fall back!

Cooney! Cooney!

I can't hold.

The machine gun's still got us pinned.

You said you'd back them up!

Come in, Cooney.

Cooney! Cooney! Cooney, over!

It's all over, Lieutenant.

Yeah, you're just wasting your battery.

That's all for today, fellas.

If you have a request, send it to me,

care of Armed Forces Radio Service.

Goodbye.

All right, all right, knock it off.

Come on.

Knock it off!

We've been waitin' around here for two hours and you expect instant coffee.

Jackson, you ain't an orderly orderly.

And that jug is out of uniform.

It ain't wearing any rust.

- Fill it up. That oughta make it rusty.

- Very funny. Who's it for?

- Captain Cooney.

- Captain Cooney?

Every time Jackson runs an errand, Cooney tips him a stripe.

- Hurry. He's expecting Colonel Bartlett.

- There's a parlay for ya.

When you salute them two, you gotta apologise to your arm.

- What's with Cooney and the colonel?

- What's the hot dope?

- You got the inside pipe to Cooney.

- Spit it.

We get Christmas in Paris, or do I climb the walls to get to my pin-ups?

- The captain never tells me anything.

- Baloney.

Jackson, you're a traitor.

Besides, I don't trust soldiers who shine their shoes.

Jackson! Jackson!

- His master's voice.

- Mother's calling.

- Coffee, Private?

- Why not?

I already got an ulcer.

Strong, ain't it?

- You called me, Captain?

- Yes, I called. Where are the forms?

- Which forms, sir?

- Which...?

The replacement forms.

They should be at Division today.

- Already sent them out, sir.

- Oh. OK.

Did you get the coffee?

Yes, sir.

Well, come on, come on!

The way they run this army...

Inefficiency, repetition.

Huh! I tell you, son, if I ran my business

back home the way they run this army,

I'd be bankrupt in a month.

- One month!

- Yes, sir.

It'd be a break for the taxpayers

if they'd let some...

let some businessmen

take over for a change.

It's an interesting idea, Captain.

Get that box of cigars out of my musette.

I want Clyde - Colonel Bartlett -

to feel like he was back home.

Like we was both back home.

Little ol' Riverview.

- Some cigars and a few ashtrays, too?

- Yeah, but nothing fancy.

We're just a couple of small-town

boys, the colonel and me. Understand?

We like our pleasures...

simple.

- Get a towel, Corporal.

- Yes, sir.

- John?

- Yes, sir?

Did you get those requisitions

approved for the winter underwear?

Wouldn't you know it, sir?

Only the top parts.

Great. Just great.

Hi, there, Woody boy.

You all set for the game?

- All ready.

- The colonel will be along...

Where is Costa?

- Joe? Hasn't he shown up?

- No!

He's been getting a little out of line

lately. He's unofficer-like.
I'm sure you're mistaken, Captain.
John, you told the lieutenant
he was expected, didn't you?
Yes, sir. I told him this morning.
Ten-hut!
- Carry on, gentlemen. Corporal.
- Hey! Hi.
Erskine, Woodruff. Is this all?
You in a mind to play three-handed?
Costa's been held up.
I'm gonna put a torch under him now.
You do that, son.
And tell him I said
to bring plenty of money.
Yes, sir.
Well, Clyde! Glad you could get over!
Sure... Where's that bourbon
you were talkin' about?
Comin' right up.
You, uh, care for a little branch water?
You don't want me
to rust my plumbing, do you?
Pittsburgh, mon pre faisait a.
Oh? Il tait forgeron?
- Costa, where are you?
- I'm in here, Harry!
Yeah. Fabriquer...
Harry, how do you say "railroad tracks"?
- Des rails de chemin de fer.
- All right.
Des rails de chemin de fer.
Oh.
Harry, meet Monsieur Bouisse.
Monsieur Bouisse, Lieutenant Woodruff.
Enchant. Enchant.
- This is his shop. It's nice, huh?
- Yeah. Look, you know what time it is?
Know how old this shop is? 500 years.
- It's been in his family all that time.
- I know, George Washington slept here.
Look, Joe, the colonel's here.
If we don't talk to him now,
we might not get another chance.

So he's here.

- All right, Jackson, take off.

- Yes, sir.

Don't worry about
little ol' Erskine Cooney.

- Sit down.

- Yeah.

- Well? Did you bring the letter?

- The letter?

- From my father.

- No, I'm sorry, I forgot.

- I left it up at headquarters.

- Oh... Well, that's all right.

Just that... he hasn't written to me
very much lately, and...

The judge's been busy,
what with elections coming.

Oh, yeah. I guess so.

But I reckon he'd be proud
if he could see me now.

Sure. You're a company commander
in the US Infantry.

Well told, I am. And, uh...

- when my citation comes through...

- Oh, yes. The, uh, citation.

That'll make up for those times
I let him down. You know what I mean?

Oh, excuse me.

You know, I was thinking, Clyde.

Maybe I'll keep it a secret.

Then when I come home,
I'll walk right up to him,
I'll put my hand out for a shake,
and when he looks down...

- Huh?

- That's one way of doin' it.

That old man'll just about bust!

Yes, he will. And I aim
to get that citation for you.

But you're gonna have to be patient.

- Sure thing, Clyde.

- These things take time.

The right moment comes along,
and I'll slip it through.

- You wanna know something?

- What?

We get back home...

I'm gonna go right on
calling you "Colonel". Huh?

Huh? What do you think?

I think I'd like that fine.

I'm hard put to recall a bona fide
colonel in our corner of the state.

Joe, I've got a plan for getting
Cooney out of the company.

A lost cause.

- Are you gonna listen to me?

- What's to listen?

You know Bartlett has political ambitions.

Cooney's old man owns the machine.

QED, Erskine can do no wrong.

We got him for the duration.

Now you've got that off your chest, listen
to me for a second and shut up, will ya?

- Huh?

- Go ahead.

All right, now. I'll give it
to you plain and simple.

One is, at least a part of Bartlett's political
future depends on his war record, right?

Two:

- Yeah, right.

- OK.

Three is, Cooney is completely
unreliable and Bartlett knows it.

His next foul-up could be a big one.

Not 14 men, but something big.

Let's face it, this is for keeps.

- So what is the plan?

- OK...

I'd like to lay it on the line with Bartlett,
suggest that he kick Cooney upstairs.

- Not a chance.

- Why not?

He gets the guy stashed away
in a desk job at Battalion or Division.

Worst he can do is get

his thumb caught in a filing cabinet.
Our worries are over, Bartlett's worries
are over. All we gotta do is fight the war.
Come on, Joe, what do you say?
How about it, huh?
It won't work.
Why not?
It won't work! And he won't go for
this straight-talk routine.
He's a lieutenant colonel,
and you're just a lousy lieutenant.
He'll hit you with
that old, sweet song about
"Son, I was in the National Guard
while you was learning your ABCs."
They're two of a kind.
Huh! I bet Cooney never figured on a war
when he joined that National Guard.
Probably figured it was gonna be
all corn pone and chitlins and...
and the chance to wear his uniform
to the Saturday fox hunt.
OK, I'll go it alone.
Don't go dramatic on me, dogface.
I'll play cards,
if you think it'll do any good.
OK. I tell ya, it's the only way
we're gonna get close to Bartlett.
Just remember,
one crack out of Cooney...
Just one.
- Five in a row!
- When are leaves gonna start, Colonel?
Soon as we get back
to France and settle down.
You suppose this war might be over
before we re-form?
I hate to disappoint you,
but I wager it will be.
Sure hate to go in any rough stuff
with those green kids they've sent us.
Yeah, those replacements need work.
Don't worry. We'll all go home
with a record we can be proud of.

Anybody says Fox Company
isn't tops can answer to me.
I swear, this CO of yours is about
as touchy as a she-bear with cubs.
Yeah, sure is.
What's it gonna be here,
five-card no-draw?
Suits me. OK with the rest of you boys?
Still a 50-franc limit?
Yeah.
Wheel 'em and deal 'em, Lieutenant.
Wheel and deal.
"She-bear with cubs".
What kind of a crack is that?
What do you mean by that?
- Come on, Erskine.
- Ante up, Joe.
This is a friendly game, Costa. I aim to
keep it that way. You're trying to bait me.
Sit down. He didn't mean a thing.
- You think so?
- It was a joke.
Tell him it was a joke, Costa.
I made a joke.
I guess you'll be mixing in some politics
back in Riverview, Colonel.
Oh, I don't know. I might run
for dogcatcher or something.
"Tippecanoe and Bartlett too."
I'm under the gun?
- Yeah.
- Cost you gentlemen 50 francs.
I'll just have to bump you, Colonel.
Oh. Well, I'll take a peek.
Expose yourself, Lieutenant.
- Threes and jacks.
- That's a good hand.
But not good enough. Three lovely ladies,
and I'll just rake the pot.
- You ever lose?
- I can't afford to.
- I'm just a boy from little ol' Riverview.
- I won't forget that last session.
Where was that?

Oh... that was in that cellar
outside Aachen.
You cleaned us all out that game, too.
I kept bucking you.
Oh, yeah. You and that...
Lathrop was his name, Colonel.
Lieutenant Ned Lathrop.
That's right. Lathrop. He was a good man.
Too bad about him. What was he doing?
Trying to help the squad that got cut off?
Sergeant Ingersoll's squad
from my platoon.
- Well, he...
- He what?
Ingersoll disobeyed orders, trying to take
that pillbox. He overstepped his authority.
They were good men.
The best, if you ask me.
Well, I didn't ask you, Lieutenant.
Now, gentlemen,
let's keep this a friendly game.
Same game.
- Anyone could've seen it was hopeless.
- I don't think it was hopeless, Captain.
You can think anything you want.
There's no law against it.
But I'm ordering you to keep
your lousy insinuations to yourself!
- Erskine!
- He has no right to question my honour!
- Ingersoll was one of my best men.
- Sit down, Erskine.
If you're so friendly with your men,
resign your commission.
You don't want to be an officer.
You're just a snotnosed pup!
Cooney!
Come on, come on! Come on, Joe.
It's all right, Harry. I'm going.
If you'll excuse me, Colonel.
I'm sorry I blew it, Clyde.
Why don't you go outside and walk
around? Maybe that'll cool you off.
Yes...

I guess I will.
I'm mighty sorry
this had to happen, Clyde.
I'll give this to Joe when I see him.
Everybody goes off the deep end
sometime or another, don't they?
Yes, sir.
All the same, I don't think
we should spread this around.
- Spread what around?
- That's the idea.
Boys seem a little touchy these days.
Yes, sir, they are.
While we're on the subject, Colonel...
There's something that I'd like to say.
Shoot.
Well...
The morale of this company is in what
I consider to be a dangerous condition.
Oh? And what do you suppose
brought this about, Lieutenant?
I think it stemmed from
what happened at Aachen.
Oh?
Colonel, I know you
and Captain Cooney are very close.
Maybe I'm sticking my neck out on this,
but the feeling among the men is that
the captain... that he chickened out there.
That your opinion, too?
He had the only reserve.
He might've done something.
On the other hand he may have felt
his reserve wasn't strong enough.
Then the facts are hardly conclusive.
It's not a matter of conclusive facts, sir!
Colonel, can I talk to you straight?
Rank and all that aside?
I don't see why not.
Don't suppose whatever it is you want
to go beyond the two of us. Shoot.
Colonel, you know
Captain Cooney better than...
...better than any man in this division,

maybe better than any man alive.
I know Erskine. Ever since I was 14 years
old, a clerk in the judge's office.
You know his good points
and his shortcomings.

- Go on.

- You know he fouled up there at Aachen.
He cost the lives of a whole squad.
A good sergeant, a good lieutenant.
Think what he could do
if this company got in a real bind.
Come on, son, give me the punch line.
You want me to kick Erskine upstairs?

- Yes, sir, as a matter of fact...

- It figures.

And it's not a bad solution. But there's
some points you're not considering.
You talked straight to me
and I'm gonna talk straight to you.
I'd appreciate your discretion. This is
in confidence between you and me.
Erskine's very important to me. Let's
make no pretence. We both know why.
My staff is small, compact, efficient.
Runs like clockwork.
Between you and me, I got no room
for Erskine over at Battalion.

- I thought of Division.

- I send him up to General Parsons?
In what capacity? I mean, specifically.
So you see how it is.
We all got our troubles.
I appreciate your concern
for the morale of this company.
I'm just as concerned. More.

- I'm responsible for this company.

- Why don't you face the facts?!

- A lot of guys are gonna get killed...

- Shut up!

You spoke your piece, now I'm gonna
speak mine. You listening?
Yes, sir.
It all boils down to one basic fact.
This company is...

Let's just say it's a bit shaky in the morale department and not too fit for combat.

- Correct?

- Correct.

- That's your worry?

- That's my worry.

Then you can forget about it.

- What's your first name?

- Harry.

Stop worrying, Harry.

Cos I got it straight from the top.

It's a hundred to one that

we'll never see combat again.

Is that the real word, Colonel?

From the top?

From the top. A hundred to one.

- Fragile Fox One.

- This is Division. Colonel Bartlett there?

Yes. Hold on just a minute.

Colonel Bartlett.

General Parsons wants to see all commanders as soon as possible.

- Tell the general I'll be right over.

- Thank you, sir.

So, that being the situation...

I want you to relax

about Erskine. Ride it out.

A year from now, you'll be a civilian

again, adjusting to the problems of peace.

I feel better already, Colonel.

That's the ticket, Harry.

Can you see me with a shave,

haircut, some toilet water?

You talk like you're the last guy left.

And we don't know if we're going back.

- Colonel's driver told me.

- What does he know?

- All right, there's the lieutenant. Ask him.

- OK, I will.

Hey, Lieutenant, about that scuttlebutt.

Is it for real?

- What scuttlebutt?

- About us being out of it.

- Don't bet on it.

- I hope they're right for once.
Let's face it, I'm a hero.
I got the blood lust.
I'm a glory hound, and when I get...
But you just don't like to fight.
That's my problem, Chaplain. I'm yellow.
PFC Bernstein, plump fat coward. Can
I get a section eight for being yellow?
Most of the guys'd all go to hell in a
bucket for you or Lieutenant Woodruff.
The way things are, this outfit's
got an esprit de garbage pail.
- Your French stinks.
- So does the morale.
Beat it.
Yes, sir.
Lieutenant Costa, sir.
- Russians!
- He's a regular Cossack. He's real tough.
But underneath it all, Snowden,
there beats a heart of solid rock.
Stop the scratching, Bernstein.
I'm just checking to see
if I got my dog tags.
Hello, Lieutenant.
- I thought I'd find you here.
- So, what happened?
You jerk. Why did you blow up?
Forget that. I saw the colonel leave.
What happened?
I talked to him. I told him that
we were in no shape for combat.
- All right, let's go!
- And?
- What's going on over there?
- Never mind. What did he say?
He already knew about Cooney,
and he was understanding.
Sure. Understanding.
You'd think those two
were a vaudeville team.
Erskine and Clyde:
funny sayings, eccentric dances.
Just a couple of little ol' country boys.

Up to their knees in blood.
What it adds up to is this:
we've nothing to worry about
as far as Cooney is concerned.
The word from upstairs is
it looks like we're out of the shooting.
- What if we're not?
- He said it's a hundred to one that we are.
What if we have to go back up? The
colonel conned you out of any action.
He didn't con me.
He talked straight sense.
You haven't got it figured. I have.
If we go back, I got a solution for Cooney.
A simple one. No channels to go through.
- Just a nice, simple solution.
- What? Joe! What would you do?
I got it figured.
Just let him goof once more.
- Look, don't get any funny ideas.
- I mean it, Harry!
Lieutenant!
Get your men on the road
in 20 minutes, sir. Full packs.
- Back to France?
- No, sir. We're going back up.
There's been a big breakthrough.
The paratroopers are already
on their way up.
All right. Better get over
and alert the platoon.
I want all platoon leaders outside the TP
once their men are on the road.
Yes, sir.
Well?
A hundred to one, huh?
Joe! Joe!
Cooney is still in command,
for better or worse.
And that's the situation. And I'm the exec.
If anything happens to him...
I don't care if it's you or anyone else.
The office makes the man, huh, Harry?
Let's wait and see developments.

The section we're concerned with is...
Now, here we are. And the...
- May I have your attention?
- Sorry.
Here we are. You got it?
We want this town, La Nelle.
You won't need this map till you get there
cos you can see it from the hill.
- What does G-2 say?
- Nothing.
It hasn't been taken yet.
I don't care how you do it. Just do it.
Right. Will do.
Keep contact with me on the 201.
Maybe the Krauts have pulled out.
If they have, walk in.
If they haven't, run them out.
- Can we expect any assistance?
- All the other companies are committed.
This operation on La Nelle
is strictly Fox Company.
- OK, sir.
- Good luck.
Well, Woodruff, looks like Fox Company's
got another tough job.
Hitting the town
from both sides would do it.
We can use Weapons
in reserve for the 1st and 2nd.
- I'll take Weapons, you take 1st and 2nd?
- That's sound enough. Jackson!
Get Lieutenant Costa over here.
Tell him to bring his platoon sergeant.
- Come on, on the double!
- Yes, sir.
If the first platoon gets pinned,
we can cover them.
Let's take a closer look here.
Now, supposing...
supposing we send a platoon
to probe down the road here.
Nobody there, they walk in.
We follow 'em.
If they meet with any resistance...

Here. They take this old house,
here in the outskirts, and they hole up.
- I don't know about that.
- Your idea is sound. It's very sound.
But it's rigid. It's by the book.
This way we hold off
till we see what's what,
then we can hit 'em from either side.
And we got a base of fire
right here in the town, if we need it.
Yes, sir, that's the plan.
That would be one method, I suppose.
Hey, Costa.
We've got another
nasty little job to do here.
La Nelle?
Yeah. Division wants it occupied.
We got the assignment.
There may be Krauts in there.
Most likely not.
Let's just go on the basis that there are.
Here. You take your platoon
right down this road here.
You'll be covered most of the way.
- You get there, you outpost the town.
- Sounds nice and neat, Captain.
Now let's go on the basis that
the joint is just crawling with Krauts.
I'm in there with one platoon.
What happens?
You take this house here in the outskirts
and you hole up.
We hit them with the rest of the company.
You give us a base of fire.
If we need it. Got it?
You run into any real trouble,
we'll be behind you.
I hope.
All right, if you don't like it, I'll get
Lieutenant Miller's platoon to try it.
- Are you for it, Harry?
- Joe, I think it should work.
Toliver, we'll move the men
down the road in a platoon column.

Road's covered till about
400 yards from the house.
That last stretch I don't like.
Wide open. Could be trouble.
Only thing good about it is it's downhill.
What?
If they're dug in, they could
give us a hard, hard time.
No use trying to crawl it.
There's no cover.
400 yards in battle gear
is too far to run,
so we'll walk the first half
and then we'll kick out.
And pray. What do you think?
- It could be a real, real crock, sir.
- Get the men moving.
- I'll be with you in a minute.
- Yes, sir.
That's a mighty fine platoon sergeant
you got there.
The best.
And he's not gonna wind up
in any wringer.
Him nor any of the rest of my men.
- What do you mean by that?
- Just this.
We can take that house all right
but, boy, I'd hate to get stuck with it.
- You get into trouble, we'll back you up!
- I know, I got your word on it.
What do you want,
a contract or something?
All right, come on. Don't worry.
- You'll back me up, Harry?
- You want my word too?
Yeah.
All right, you've got it.
Maybe you'd like me to call in Jackson.
Maybe you'd like his word on it, too.
I want Jackson standing by to receive me.
And, Cooney... I'm gonna to give you
something to think about.
If I ever lose another man

on account of you,
just one,
you'll never see the States again.
That's court-martial talk, soldier.
I got a witness standing right here.
Let him hear me too, loud and clear,
so there won't be any misunderstanding.
You double-cross me
like you did Ingersoll, you...
You play the gutless wonder once more
and I'll come back and I'll get you.
I'll shove this grenade down your throat
and pull the pin.
Here he comes.
Let's go!
Let's go, boys.
All right, end of the line!
Here's where the turkey shoot begins!
How does it look?
I don't know, sir. It's hard to tell.
Hey, soldier,
how'd you like to get relieved?
- What, go down there?
- Sure.
Drop dead.
- It looks quiet.
- So does a graveyard.
That's right, Lieutenant.
You know, there's a cowboy movie
where one joker says
"Mighty quiet out there.
Too quiet," he says.
Same thing every time. It's too quiet.
It is too quiet.
Squad leaders. Medics.
That's an awful long haul, Lieutenant.
That's the farmhouse.
Whether we're running
into trouble or not, we don't know.
It's too far and too bare for crawling,
so it's gonna be a track meet.
Stay off of the road. It could be mined.
- Got it?
- We got it.

That's an awful distance
to run... sir.
We're gonna walk the first half.
- You'll give us the signal?
- That's right.
We'll take off in threes,
well spread, on signal.
Five-second intervals. That oughta
put us about 10, 12 yards apart.
No bunching up, no stopping,
not for anybody.
- Medics, are you ready?
- We're ready, Lieutenant.
We don't want you at the farmhouse.
Attend to casualties between here and...
Toliver and I lead off. And Willis...
- Who's got the radio?
- Right here, sir.
- What's your name, soldier?
- Abramowitz, sir.
You go with us, Abramowitz.
- Johnson, you're calling time.
- Sir.
Keep your eye on me.
If it gets too rugged, I'll signal you.
I don't want to put
the whole platoon in a wringer.
I do this, you hold up the rest of the men.
Yes, sir.
- All right, move out!
- First squad, move up!
- Move out in threes.
- Second squad, move up.
Come on, boys! Get out there! Let's go!
More, Abramowitz.
Five, four, three, two, and go!
Five, four, three, two, and go!
Five, four, three, two, and go!
Five, four, three, two...
and go!
Five, four, three, two, and go!
Five, four, three, two, and go!
Five, four, three, two, and go!
Five, four, three, two and go!

Five, four, three, two and go!
Five, four, three, two and go!
Five, four, three, two and go!
So far, so good.
If they're in there,
now's when they'll open up.
Yeah. We're too far out to go back now.
Let's go!
Medic!
No more, no more!
That's it.
Cellar.
Cellar.
Upstairs.
All clear.
I got a stitch.
Watch the town.
All clear out back. Is this it?
This all that made it?
Yeah.
I'm way out of condition.
Real bad shape. My wind's all shot.
You know what the cause is?
Too many cigarettes.
From now on, I'm gonna stay healthy.
- You're healthier than he is.
- That's for sure.
- You're lucky it wasn't uphill.
- He'd have never made it.
- Not with all the lead he's carrying.
- That's where I want the lead.
- Nowheres else.
- Maybe he's right.
Sergeant Kelly got it in the gut.
So did Lucas.
- They got Lucas?
- Yes, sir. I seen him fall.
A medic ran over to him.
How about the rest of Johnson's squad?
Liegert caught one in the throat.
It looked like...
Lucky five of us got here.
They really threw it at us.
It wasn't Wiener schnitzel, huh, Sarge?

A German cook can kill you just as quick.

Kelly. Lucas.

- You're sure about Liegert?

- Yes, sir.

I'm telling you, it's miraculous.

I don't know how I got here.

You know what it is?

It's a miracle, that's what.

- All right.

- Absolutely miraculous.

Sending one platoon in here like that.

Plain crazy, Lieutenant.

How could he ever

dream up one like that?

Settle down. Long as we stay here,

we ought to be OK. They won't rush us.

How do you know, sir?

- Keep watching that town!

- Yes, sir. But how do you know, sir?

I don't know.

But analyse it. We're boxed. They know it.

All they gotta do is wait till

we stick up our heads, and... pow.

- Just like plucking possum.

- So what do we do, sir?

We sit tight and wait

till the company attacks in strength.

Is that what Cooney said?

That he'd back us up?

That's what the man said.

Well? What do you think?

Relax. You got here.

That means anybody could do it.

Yeah, maybe.

Except Captain Cooney, huh?

Take it easy. You don't see

the lieutenant worrying, do you?

- Wanna know what I think?

- What do you think?

The only one who ain't worrying

is Abramowitz there.

Snowden? The hell with being healthy.

- Give me a cigarette.

- Shut up.

Fragile Fox Two to Fragile Fox One,
over to you.

Maybe he's too far, Lieutenant.

- Hey, Lieutenant!

- What?

- I thought I saw something.

- Where?

- On the road, just back of the steeple.

- What was it?

I don't know. A tank, a turret, something.

- I don't see anything.

- It pulled back.

- That's how it caught my eye.

- A truck?

- Yeah.

- Could very well have been a truck.

The way our luck's going,
it's gotta be a tank.

If they got tanks in there,
they'll nail us to the floor.

- You'd make great wall-to-wall carpeting.

- Shut up, both of you.

Did you spot him? Ricks, you see him?

No, sir.

Fragile Fox Two to Fragile Fox One.

In order to get a shot at Bernstein,
he would have to be...

Yeah, sure. See? The church steeple. That
sacrilegious son-of-a-gun is in the belfry.

How do you know that?

Only place he can angle a shot at you.

- Can you see him?

- Not now, I don't.

If you can't see him,
how can you get a shot at him?

Strategy, Bernstein.

You step out front and bring me in
what you see by the stoop.

- Out front?

- Move.

Fragile Fox Two to Fragile Fox One,
do you read me? Over.

Fragile Fox One,

I read you loud and clear.

Is that you, Jackson? Over.
Yes, sir, it's me. Hold on, Lieutenant.
I'll get somebody. Over.
Captain, it's Lieutenant Costa
on the radio, sir.
See what's doing, Woody boy.
Go on, see what he wants.
You know what he wants, Captain.
All right, bare a hand here!
Get these men in there. Take it easy.
- This is Harry. What's the score? Over.
- Where's Cooney? Over.
- Harry, the town is heavily occupied.
- Ask him if Berlin's occupied.
Tell him Cooney's
a southern-fried schlemiel.
What?
What? They caught us in the open
and they chopped us up. Over.
- You gonna rig a dummy to draw fire?
- You wanna volunteer?
- What a screwball idea.
- Yeah.

I repeat:

The medics are picking
them up right now. Over.
Put this on him. It'll make him look real.
They are?
- First wounded are already coming in.
- So where's the support?
Tell Cooney we're pinned.

I repeat:

Doctor, I have a man in the balcony.
Look, you tell him
we're in that little ol' house.
Tell him I lost Lucas, Kelly, Liegert,
I don't know how many.
So where's the rest of the company?
Where's that support that was
gonna be right behind us all? Over!
Joe, hang on. I'll call you right back.
Over and out.

Captain.

Captain!

- Captain!

- Well?

We gotta move.

Joe is pinned. It's our turn.

Let's make sure we make the right move.

Let's not get excited, up in the air!

- I'll have the company saddle up.

- Hold on there!

Maybe there's more to this
than we can handle.

Come on.

Jackson, I'll take over.

What do you mean,

more than we can handle?

We're ordered to take La Nelle.

Let's form up and do it.

- The thing to do is pull 'em back.

- We can't pull back. They're pinned!

Then let 'em hole up!

We'll call for artillery!

Artillery won't do any good.

It takes men to hit the town!

Risk a whole company for the remains
of one platoon? Think straight, boy!

Think straight? I'm thinking
about the job we've gotta do!

If I've made a mistake in judgment,
it was an honest one.

Now, listen, Cooney.

I gave Costa my word.

So what are you, a boy scout?

Some kind of white knight?

I gave him my word.

Look, soldier, to be perfectly frank,
I don't give a damn what you gave him.

Great-looking soldier.

He's uglier than Bernstein.

Hurry it up.

Wait a minute. If this sad sack is gonna
die, why don't we make him an officer?

- Make him a general.

- No, a lieutenant.

Make him a captain.

- You know who he looks like?

- No...

- Shove it out, Bernstein.

- I'll take over.

All right, sir, go out there
and draw some lead.

- Do you see him?

- Yeah, but not enough.

- What does he look like?

- A man.

Them cruddy Krauts.

- A little more, Bernstein.

- More?

Come on, Bernstein.

Wow!

No more bats in that belfry.

- I swear, Toliver, that was shootin'!

- Just like pluckin' possum.

Toliver!

Get away from that hole.

Them cruddy Krauts.

They shoot until you're on top of them.

Then they run out.

"Kamerad. Give me Zigaretten."

The trouble with you, Ricks,
is you're bitter.

Sure. I hate them cruddy Krauts,
if that's what you mean.

- Probably no more than they hate you.

- Me?

- Why should they hate me?

- Cos you're the enemy.

What do you mean? I'm an American,
for crying out loud! They're the enemy.

Abramowitz. Jacob R Abramowitz.

He's got O-type blood.

That's a fine, cruddy note,
calling me the enemy.

What do you think you are?

An exchange student?

How could I be the enemy?

- Ricks!

- Yes, sir?

You leave here again, I'll beat you bloody!

Got that?

Fragile Fox Two to Fragile Fox One, over.

Fragile Fox One, this is Fragile Fox Two.

Where's the support? Over!

Say it again, Harry.

Nice and slow,

so there's no mistake. Over.

Yeah.

We stuck with the lease?

Yeah.

Kommen Sie out.

Raus! Raus!

Come on!

Amerikaner! Freie Menschen!

Wir sind so froh, dass ihr hier seid.

- I thought you flushed out the cellar.

- I did. They must've been hiding.

- Did you look?

- Yeah. No. Who'd have thought of it?

Anybody with their head on!

That wouldn't be you, would it?

Get down there now and search

the whole place! Every last inch of it.

Halt deinen Mund!

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. My uncle.

Er will mich bald rberbringen,

nach Amerika. Schwartz.

Die Brauerei. Bitte. Das ist mein Onkel.

Halt's Maul.

The mean one's a captain.

It's the same in every army.

Toliver, these boys

are the answer to a prayer.

I want it real quiet now.

I'm gonna work on the old guy.

OK, you. In there.

In there. Panzers?

Panzers, was?

Come on, sprechen Sie!

Otto, ich warne dich.

Nicht sprechen Sie, understand?

Ich wei gar nichts.

You got the old guy

scared stiff, Lieutenant.
Any mechanised stuff in there?
Was?
Come on, now, sprechen Sie!
Otto, deinen Namen, deinen Rang,
deine Nummer - sonst nichts.
He's making with the Articles of War.
They don't apply to us.
Not in a vice like this.
This is a .45-calibre automatic, Captain.
Verstehen Sie? Nicht sprechen!
How about it? Panzers?
Panzers?
SS, huh? SS?
Ich wei nicht.
You won't get it out of him.
Whitey's got him too scared.
Namen, Rang und Nummer!
Keep your mouth shut!
Panzers? Come on, now!
- Das sind...
- Otto, du Idiot!
Du brauchst doch nur zu warten.
Im Dorf, auf dem Kirchturm, berall.
Die sind jetzt schon tot.
Tot?
Ja, so gut wie tot.
You know what he says?
He says all they gotta do is wait.
He says we're covered from the town.
He says we're "tot".
Dead.
Got a lot of firepower
in the town, Captain?
Tell me about it.
I take it you are acquainted with the
covenants of the Geneva Convention.
Then you must know that
we will tell you absolutely nothing.
Nicht! Wartet!
Es sind doch wir.
Panzers?
Panzers.
Erschieen Sie mich nicht.

Ich habe drei Kinder.
How many tanks? One? Two?
Wie viele?
Acht, zehn. Und SS.
What'd he say?
He says the place is crawling
with mechanised stuff. And SS.
Ricks.
Fragile Fox Two to Fragile Fox One, over.
Woodruff... I can't hear you.
I can't hear you. Over.
Louder, Harry. I can't...
Hey, look! A tank!
The guy wasn't lying.
They'll flatten us.
What a way to reduce.
Woodruff?
Are you receiving me? Over.

OK, get this:

I don't know how many. We're pulling out!

I repeat:

Request artillery and smoke cover.

Repeat:

and smoke cover. Over.
Roger. Fragile Fox Two out. No, wait!
I got a message for Cooney. Understand?
You tell him I'm comin' back.
Tell him I'm comin' back!
Start that artillery.
Fragile Fox Two out.
B Battery, this is Fox Company.
I don't have to draw you
a picture on this one.
Keep the house between you
and the town as long as you can.
Just let me make one thing clear.
I'm not just giving you the word,
I'm giving you the law.
I'm giving you an order.
Don't stop for anybody. You got that?
No matter who gets it, you don't stop!

Get set. You're gonna
run the Kraut in front of you.
- He'll slow me up.
- You heard the lieutenant.
- Can't we leave him behind?
- Division Intelligence will need him.
Soon as you hear our stuff
coming over, take off.
Let's go, Bernstein!
Like I always said,
a fighting army is a running army.
All right, now. 20-yard intervals.
Don't bunch up.
Ricks! Get a move on. Let's get movin'.
- You ready?
- Lieutenant, don't rush me.
- Hail Mary, full of grace...
- Go!
My Jesus! Mary!
Snowden!
Take this.
- See you around, Lieutenant.
- Go.
Don't you wait around too long
after I'm gone.
I'll still beat you up that hill.
- You're talking to a flying Toliver, Joe.
- Yeah?
Get out of here.
Toliver!
The Lord is with thee.
Blessed art thou among women.
Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Amen.
- Lieutenant?
- Where are you hit?
I don't know. The chest or lungs.
Feels like bubbling.
Maybe you shouldn't, Lieutenant.
You'll never make it.
Lieutenant?
Remember when you hit me back there?
- Don't talk.
- You were right.

I fouled up...

But I understood what you meant.

- These men, sir...

- What?

These men...

The sergeant, poor guy...

Right in the face.

Jackson!

- Yes, sir.

- Shut up.

- Yes, Captain, but these...

- Shut up!

Captain!

Sergeant Toliver is coming up the street!

He's got a German with him!

Well, where'd you get the Kraut?

Brought him back

from that "little ol' house".

Bring him along.

- Where's Lieutenant Costa?

- He was the last to run for it.

I waited for him in the draw over the crest
of that hill, but he never did show up.

- They must've gotten Ricks, too.

- How long did you wait?

Long enough for 'em both to show
if they was gonna.

OK, bring him inside.

- Division?

- This is Division.

This is Fox Company. We have a prisoner.

What about those tanks?

- How many?

- I saw two.

Prisoner says there's all kind
of mechanised stuff in there.

Prisoner reports at least two tanks
in La Nelle, maybe more.

- Get the prisoner over to G-2.

- We'll send him by Jeep right away.

Had those tanks started to move
when you pulled out?

No, sir. But they sure is shooting now.

How about it, Toliver?

What were Lieutenant Costa's chances?

I don't know, sir. It was mighty wide open.

Feels like he just didn't make it.

One of the best platoon leaders I ever had.

You stinking Nazi.

- Don't do that!

- That's for Costa, you squarehead!

Take it easy! He's been cooperating.

- Come on, Toliver, I'll buy you a drink.

- No, thank you.

- Thought you were a drinking man.

- Not now, sir.

This here's bourbon, Toliver.

This is real Kentucky bourbon.

I never heard of a true Southerner
refusing a Kentucky bourbon. Here.

No, sir. Thanking you kindly.

What's the matter, boy? Come on.

Captain, down where I come from,
we dearly love our whiskey.

But we don't drink with another man
unless we respect him.

Well, go dry. Your loss.

I've got transportation for...

What happened to him?

Nothing a little more of
the same wouldn't cure.

- Take him up to Division.

- Crummy, no-good Nazi.

- They're hitting some of those houses!

- OK, OK!

- Sound like 88s.

- You think so?

- Now we got big trouble.

- They won't attack.

We got companies each side.

Sector's pinched off.

It is not! Take a look.

- You don't need to show me no map!

- They're gonna knock us out of here.

That leaves two companies out on a limb.

Once they've got the crossroads,
we're all up the creek!

Don't get excited!

I was soldierin' when you were...
The worst thing to do is get excited!
Sir, them's 88s.
All right, what are
we gonna do now? Huh?
- Round up what's left of your platoon.
- Yes, sir.
- All right, now what? What, Cooney?
- There's only one thing to do.
Fall back. Miller's platoon
can hold till we make the woods.
- How do they get out?
- We'll cover them.
- They wouldn't have a prayer.
- I'm in command here!
- Face the facts!
- That's what I'm doing!
- What the hell is going on here?
- Clyde!
- They've got tanks!
- Don't you "Clyde" me.
- Colonel, I'm sorry.
- You're sorry, all right.
- Why aren't you up in La Nelle?
- I tried!
- What does that mean?
- I sent a whole platoon in!
That's 40 men. You got 200 men.
You sent in a platoon? What happened?
They got in, but they pulled out.
- How many got in?
- Five. Three got out.
- I told them to stay.
- Of course they pulled out.
- How many casualties?
- About 10. Five dead. Costa's missing.
- He'll be OK. He's got nine lives.
- But, Clyde, I spotted those tanks.
I was all set to go in. I was feeling
them out with Costa's platoon.
You were ordered to get in there!
The generals thought you were in there.
I told them you were in there.
What will you do now? Pull out?

- You can't hold that...
- You'll stick here and hold!
- How many tanks?
- There's all kinds of mechanised stuff.
A task force is on its way. If the Krauts
get through, the whole battalion gets it.
You hold until you're relieved.
- How long will this take?
- Who cares? I want this position held.
- There's something you've gotta do.
- We'll hold.
It's about the command of this company.
Get outta here, Woodruff.
I want to talk to your captain.
Go on, move!
- That's bonded liquor, Clyde.
- I want you to listen to this.
Listen real closely
in case it's news to you.
You're commanding this company
only as a favour to the judge.
- He's always wanted a son.
- I don't want no favours.
You got one chance. You're in hot water.
You hold this town, I'll cover for you.
But you fall back,
I'll show you what trouble means.
- I'll hound you into Leavenworth!
- You can count on me!
No, I can't! So it boils down to
what scares you most, me or them.
Listen to this!
You foul up, so help me I'll crucify you!
You know what? I couldn't care less.
You know that?
You're so big. Why don't you relieve me?
Yeah. Go on, send me back.
Make no nevermind of me.
- How I'd love to.
- All right!
Do it! Do it!
Sure. I send you back, they'll take
a close look at you. Very close.
And they'll see me perched

on your shoulder.

That's right, Erskine boy.

So here you stay, here you hold.

Why will I?

- You all through talking?

- How I hate you.

Colonel, you're not gonna
leave him in command here.

I don't care what your opinion
of Captain Cooney is.

- He's still in command. Clear?

- Very clear.

- Then you know what you have to do.

- I know exactly what I have to do.

- You double-talking me?

- I'm not double-talking anyone!

If I survive this, I'm going to General
Parsons. I'll tell him the whole story.

About Aachen, about Costa,
about his plan to pull out of here.

I just want you to know it.

When 10th Armored gets here,

I want that crossroad open.

Come on, Captain. Let's go. We'll set up
at the two houses at the crossroads.

We gotta hold. We gotta hold.

We'll hold as long as we can, then fall
back to the church, then the courthouse.

- And then what?

- That's the end of the line.

Come on, get your gear.

Let's go. Come on.

No, you give me that.

I was soldiering when you were still
a kid. You ain't taking nothing from me.

Captain, you won't find
any answers in there.

- Just give me that.

- You can't find courage in a bottle.

You can't buy your guts for a dollar.

Who do you think you are?

You're not just careless or a coward.

You're a criminal!

A criminal responsible for

the murder of at least 19 men!
Give me that!
There!
You've got every man in this outfit
thinking the US Army is a mockery.
It's not! Just this tiny, lousy part of it.
From hereon in, it's gonna be different.
I'd like to go out there and stop one,
but I haven't even got the guts to...
A man hasn't got the guts to live,
he hasn't got 'em to die.
If you can't live, you can't die.
Who wants this? I didn't ask for this.
I'm different, Woodruff.
I'm scared.
We're all scared, Captain.
I'm scared of... I'm scared of you.
I'm scared of Bartlett. I'm scared...
I'm scared of my father.
My daddy whupped me! He whupped me!
"I'm gonna whup some guts into you, boy!
I'll make a man of you!"
"I'm talking to you, boy!
I'll make you a man!"
And I thought that someday...
someday...
I woke up one morning,
and I was 30 years old.
I knew that little ol' someday
was never gonna come.
Never gonna be no someday.
Never gonna...
You stay here, Captain.
I'll take care of things.
- Where is he?
- Joe. Where...? How did you get back?
Where's Cooney?
They said he's here. Where?
- Back there?
- Joe, listen to me.
Now, don't foul yourself up.
- Get outta my way.
- No.
Liegert's dead! Lucas is dead!

Ricks is dead! A boy I never
even talked to is dead!
All on account of him!
That's one account I'm gonna square!
You can't do this! He's...
I don't know. He's psycho. He's...
I'm gonna count to three...
You kill him, you'll go back to Battalion
under guard. I'll see to that.
- Listen to me for once!
- Why should I listen to you?
You're mealy-mouthed.
You double-crossed me!
- You gave me your word!
- It wasn't that simple.
OK, if you want it this way! One...
Harry, I'll shoot you if I have to!
Two...
- One of those big Kraut tanks!
- Where?
It's firing point-blank into the house
where Toliver and the other guys are.
- All right, Joe, how about it?
- Those guys don't have a chance!
Lieutenant Costa...
I thought you were dead.
- Which house is it?
- At the end of the street.
Can you make it on that leg there?
I'll make it. There and back.
Them ever-loving mommers
are trying to kill us.
- We gotta get down that cellar.
- Toliver, you got a mind like a steel trap.
Argh!
You all right?
Lieutenant! Hey, Joe!
- I'm glad you...
- Where are the others?
Snowden's in the cellar. Bernstein's here.
I think he's got himself a busted leg.
- Get them below, out of the way.
- Look out. Here comes another one!
Argh!

He yells nice and loud, don't he?
You know I do, you grease monkey.
Whoever thought
I'd be glad of a busted leg?
You know what this is, don't you?
It's a one-way ticket, stateside.
Want your plugs changed, too?
No, thanks, Sarge.
But you can check my windshield.
It's getting a little misty.
Come on! They're breaking through.
We're falling back to the church.
Don't leave me here. Those guys are SS.
- We'll get you some kind of stretcher.
- Them SS don't take wounded prisoners.
Especially when their name is Bernstein.
- What we need is Superman.
- You know it, Snowden.
- Or even that Joe Costa.
- Yeah, Costa. I wonder where he is.
You're yellow, all of ya! We're holding
for Clyde! Come out, you cowards!
Yellow! Come out! I'll fight ya!
Come out, wherever you are!
We're holding for Clyde!
We're holding the town!
Come on! I'll fight! Come on!
You're yellow, yellow, yellow!
Come on, snap it up, will ya?
- What happened to him?
- I busted my leg.
- Carry him. Come on, they're coming.
- We're trying to rig a stretcher.
Hurry it up. You'll be all right, Bernstein.
I'll get up to see if it's clear.
- Come on.
- Try it.
You take it easy, you guys. I'm the only
guy in the world who could do this.
- Do what?
- Crap out on a seven.
- What do you mean?
- I bust my leg. That's a natural, right?
- Stateside for certain.

- So I win, so I pick up the chips.
And what are we playing for?
A drop-dead pill.
I almost wish I wasn't wounded.
Come on, hurry it up.
What's going on here?
Where are you men going?
- Nobody's running out! We're holding!
- We'll hold at the church and courthouse!
We weren't told we were!
You ain't telling me, I'm telling you!
- He's nuts.
- Get back!
Cooney, you're blocking progress!
Get back there! You're yellow!
All of you! Get back there!
Too late. They're all around the place.
Get back down.
Geradeaus. Die erste Kompanie
zu den rechten Husern.
Ich soll auf
die amerikanischen Panzer aufpassen.
Wo willst du denn hin?
Ich wollte mal im Keller nachgucken.
Dass du dich besaufen kannst?
Nur nachsehen, das ist alles.
Mach dir keine Sorgen,
da ist kein Schnaps mehr brig.
Wenn noch welcher da wre,
wrde ich ja selbst runtergehen.
Komm.
We're cut off here.
I'm aware of that, Captain.
The way I see it, we're trapped.
This situation's hopeless.
- Sh!
- There's only one thing to do.
- And what's that?
- Surrender.
- The Geneva Convention...
- Listen. They don't even know we're here.
As officer in charge, I'm still
the one giving the orders...
- You're sick.

- ..and don't you forget it!
Shut up!
If the SS can't march Bernstein back,
you know exactly what they'll do.
I'm doing the officer-like thing.
I'm trying to save lives.
Oh...
Cooney.
- Joe.
- Your arm, Joe.
Please...
Dear God...
just one minute... more.
OK... Cooney.
Time...
Time to settle up.
God...
give me the strength...
just... just to do this.
I gotta...
I gotta...
I gotta...
Please, God. I pray...
Father, may I go to hell...
before I...
He didn't mean what he said, God.
He didn't mean it.
- Amen.
- Amen.
I didn't know one man
could bleed that much.
Well, that being over, I think
we'll just carry on as planned.
You take one more step up those stairs,
and I'll kill you.
Hold on, boy.
Let's not fly off the handle here.
Let's calm down.
Who said anything about the stairs?
I was just... I was just
thinking of the welfare...
Get over there!
Now who's runnin' the show, eh?
I'm still in command here.

And the first wisecracker that gets out of line is gonna get it right in the head.

How about it? Any takers?

No.

Captain!

- Hey, the noise. What about the Krauts?

- Take a look.

Good shot. From the hip.

Sergeant...

if we ever get out of here,

place me under arrest.

I don't see no Krauts at all, sir.

I'll check outside.

- Did you hear me?

- I don't know what you're talking about.

- The Krauts got the captain.

- Absolutely.

They got him coming through the door.

I seen it. Jackson here seen it, too.

That's right, I seen it... saw it.

If ever a man needed killing, it's that no-good putrid piece of trash lying there.

He's gone, Lieutenant.

Let's just all forget about it.

Now, look here, son - I mean, Lieutenant.

What's happened here...

I mean, what's really happened,

and how it's gonna

sound in a court martial...

Them's two different things.

Those armchair officers will railroad you.

I got faith in justice, Lieutenant,

but the army,

well, it just got no sentiment.

Speaking of justice, shooting him was

about the most just thing I've ever seen.

He was about to get us all killed.

Some sharp operator bucking for his

majority will make you look like a maniac!

Supposing Costa had done it -

had lived long enough to do it.

You wouldn't have turned him in.

- Costa didn't do it. I did it.

- That so?

Now who killed him? You or me?

Or me? Or Jackson there?

He was already dead.

How do you know, Lieutenant?

You can't be sure.

Man, he sure caught a storm of lead
at the top of them stairs, didn't he?

Yeah, six fat Huns

driving a 1919 Stutz Bear Cat.

- Tanks!

- No.

Yes. But they're ours! The 10th
Armored's here! The Krauts are gone!

Yonkers, here I come!

So long, Joe. You were a real soldier.

Nice man.

I sure hope things turn out the way
he would've wanted them to.

Come on, the colonel's on his way over.

You hear that?

The colonel's coming. You hear me, sir?

He'll be sorry about how them Krauts
got poor Captain Cooney.

He'll be mad at them

for what they did to his friend.

The fortunes of war, Lieutenant.

Lieutenant, how did you get cut off?

We were trying to get a wounded man out.

They came up faster than I expected.

Bad judgment. You got a great company.

I asked them to hold and they did.

- Who is that? Costa?

- Yes, sir.

Where's your captain?

I want to congratulate him.

He's over here, sir.

I'm putting you in command. Don't get
separated from the company again.

- What happened to him?

- He was shot.

Down here?

He tried to get back to the company,
but only made it to the top of the stairs.

- Died like a real soldier, did he?

- Yes, sir.

He certainly did, sir.

- You hurt bad, son?

- No. A million-dollar wound.

- Good deal. Give the States my regards.

- Yes, sir.

Send out the grave detail and

get this man over to Battalion A.

See you later, Lieutenant?

I'll notify Battalion and Division

about your being the new CO.

- All right, sir?

- All right?

OK.

See you later.

You see it personally, Woodruff?

Yes, sir.

- He was at the top of the stairs, huh?

- Yes, sir.

- Then he rolled back down here.

- Yes, sir.

You're a good officer, Woodruff.

I'm glad to see you got this company.

Maybe I'll put through a field promotion
for you. I want a captain in command.

If that's what you want, sir.

Funny what you were

saying to me before about, uh...

going to General Parsons

over something or other.

A man'll say all kinds of things, do all
kinds of things under strain, won't he?

But I never heard you.

So the old judge wanted a son, huh?

Looks like he had to lose one to get one.

You know what I'm gonna do?

I'll put Erskine through

for Distinguished Service Cross.

I'll write up the papers and send them
around for your signature...

Captain Woodruff.

You have no objection, have you?

Old Erskine died like a hero, didn't he?

- You're gonna push me too far.

- Woodruff, it's a little piece of ribbon.
What's that against a rope
around a dead man's neck?
It's not a dead man's neck, Colonel!
It's mine!
Yes, my neck!
- Don't get excited.
- You played it too far. Way too far.
Now it's phoney medals for the judge
with my signature on the citation!
It's not gonna be that way.
I killed him. And that's no simple...
You're high-strung, Woodruff!
You need a couple of weeks' rest.
Maybe I'll put through a little leave
for you. A couple of weeks in Paris...
- Down here.
- Come back a new man.
There they are. One in each room.
Come back with your new bars on.
Your own company.
Life can be very pleasant, Harry.
Even in a war.
Take a look at me, Colonel.
Take a good look at me!
I may have pulled that trigger,
but you aimed the gun.
You set this whole thing up
so it could happen.
- They'll smell you out on this.
- Nobody will smell a thing.
You got the high hand now, son,
the big cards. You'll play it smart.
Your worries are over. The captain's gone.
He was a good man. Don't see no reason
why we can't get a citation for him, too.
- That makes it all OK?
- Get flexible!
You know what a court martial
would do with this?
So what are you gonna do,
let a dead man destroy your life?
Understand, there's no hard feelings.
I know you, Harry. You got horse sense.

You won't tell General Parsons a thing.

You got too much to lose.

See you around, Harry.

You know what I've gotta do, Joe.

You'd do the same thing.

This is Fragile Fox One.

I want Division Headquarters.

This is Division.

This is Lieutenant Harold Woodruff,

White Battalion, 2nd Regiment.

- I want to talk to General Parsons.

- Will you wait, please?

Yes, I'll wait.

General Parsons speaking.

Hello? Hello?

This is Lieutenant Harold Woodruff.