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Company of Heroes

By David Reed

The last aircraft of the first batch
taking off to carry British paratroops.
Allied bombings composing
an estimated 1 million men...
Sniper! Everyone take cover!
Get on the ground.
Stay low, guys.
Rizzo, get over there now!
- Now, now, now.
- Nate, cover him!
I don't see him. Where is he?
Somebody put some fire on this guy!
Nate, take cover!
Yes, sir.
Rizzo, fall back. Grab the guns.
Gentle on the trigger.
Don't pull...
...just squeeze.
- Come on, you guys, haul it, move it out.
- We're moving out in 0800.
Butler, you're up.
Move it out!
Lance. Lance, you're up.
- Were you scared?
- Of what?
- Oh, I don't know, a bullet to the head?
- Pack it up!
Didn't really think about it.
I was afraid I'd miss the shot.
What kind of shit is that?
You didn't really think about it.
Not for one second?
Nope.
Ignorance is bliss.
It was a hell of a shot.
First group, time to eat.
You think God's on our side?
- Hey, Rizzo?
- Yeah?
- Is God on our side?
- Is the Pope Catholic, sir?
Yes.
And as far as I know,
bears do shit in the woods.

Well, what if I'm not a believer?

Well, then you're fucked.

- Ain't that right, Johnny?

- Right as rain, sir.

Oh, jeez.

It's Lieutenant Conti.

Over here. Come on, let's get it up!

Haul that pack over here.

- Damn it.

- Sergeant Matheson.

How are my boys

from Second Infantry doing?

We secured section nine,

put down the last of the German 155.

Sitting down and giving the grunts...

...some down time.

- How'd the Krauts treat you?

- Have to use your knuckles?

- They never go easy.

It's a tough war.

- That's why we got you on the ground.

- Thank you, sir.

I got a cakewalk for you this time.

You ready for it?

Christmas hams.

I need you to deliver them

to the forward OP.

Getting killed on a non-combat mission
is bad.

You're a good soldier,

but this war's over.

I mean, look around.

We took this country weeks ago.

I've put you and your men

on some shitty assignments.

This one is a cheeseburger

with a cherry cola and a side of fries.

I lost a man to sniper fire

just this morning. They're out there.

Yeah, know what's out there?

Fourteen-year-old boys

with broken rifles. No ammo, no food.

You sure about that?

Dump half the food here,

other half to the forward OP.

- Do it with a smile on your face.

- Yes, sir.

- Oh, and by the way...

- Move it, move it!

...Army beat Navy 23-7.

I always said those midshipmen
were a little soft in the middle.

- Get to work.

- You gotta move it now!

Chambliss. You like Christmas hams?

You betcha, sarge.

I take mine with potatoes,
cabbage and a shot of Irish whiskey.

Today's your lucky day. Walk with me.

We gotta escort a bunch of overcooked
pigs all the way to forward OP.

Can I bring some friends?

It's all hands on deck.

Okay, we're moving out.

Get your gear, let's go.

- Hustle up!

- I'm coming, I'm coming.

- That's Ransom.

- Who?

Lieutenant Ransom.

- Coat says he's a cook.

- Yeah, exactly.

That guy commanded
a whole company on D-day.

He took his unit through
Omaha Beach and survived.

Supposed to have a cake assignment
after that, but on his next mission out...

...he lost almost every man
under his watch in half an hour.

It was 15 minutes, actually.

So they took my rank,
busted me down to a cook.

Are you a good cook?

I'm a very good cook.

- Nate Burrows.

- Hey.

- This loudmouth is Duncan Chambliss.

- We got mouths to feed.
Chambliss, you're on the truck.
Rizzo, Burrows, Ransom, Miller...
...you're in this truck.
Burrows, give me a minute.
Help me with these sandbags.
- Sir?
- Heard you took out a sniper today.
Dumb luck, I guess.
- Was it?
- Shot at some toy ducks at the state fair.
From over a hundred yards
in a dense forest?
I don't know much about yards.
I'm used to measuring in acres.
Must have won a lot of pink teddy bears
for your girl back home.
- I don't have a girl.
- Everybody's got a girl.
Girls, sir. Plural.
- Two of them waiting for me back home.
- Regular Casanova.
- Don't know which flower to pick, huh?
- Something like that.
You got some moxie, don't you?
Can't say, sir.
Don't exactly know what moxie is.
Balls.
- Last time I checked, I have two of them.
- Are they big?
Big enough.
You're my new sniper. Load up.
What you got there?
- Nothing.
- Really? Looks like something.
- You been back to Division CP?
- I came from there.
- They're saying the war's practically over.
- Is that what they're saying?
- That's what I heard.
- You're a replacement, huh?
- I've been here for three weeks.
- Three weeks and already a sniper.
Put some gold bars on that shoulder.

Three fucking weeks. Shit.

Yeah, well, how long you been a cook?

- Three fucking weeks.

- Tastes like it too.

- Get off the truck.

- Move out.

- Come on, move, move, move!

- Down, down, find cover!

Get down over there!

- Come on, come on, move!

- Take cover.

Hit that snowbank. Go, go, go!

- Move, move!

- Incoming fire.

Medic!

Go, go, go!

- Rizzo!

- Put some fire on it.

Waiting for my shot, sir.

- Like ducks at the arcade.

- Now, move it. Let's get out of here.

Move, move, move.

Gather weapons and ammo.

Duncan?

Come on, Duncan.

Help!

- Hey. Hey.

- Duncan. Duncan, stay with me!

- Come on, let's go.

- Grab an arm.

- He's gone. He's gone.

- He's not gone. Grab an arm.

Let's get the hell out of here!

We have to go after that mortar team.

Come on.

Come on, come on.

Move, move, move.

- Come on, guys!

- Medic.

- It's too late. He's gone.

- He's not gone!

- Yes, he is.

- Come on! We have work to do.

- You got a shot?

- Too many trees.
Ransom, follow me.
Messerschmitts.
Hold your formation. Stay covered.
Okay, we gotta head south, get back
to HQ. Burrows, you're on point.
Osbourne, Davis, Wells, move across
the clearing, cover the left flank.
We'll take the right
and we'll meet at the bottom.
Stay low, eyes peeled.
- Move out.
- You heard him. Stay low.
Yes, sir.
Keep your eye on that ridge.
Formation, guys.
Be smart. Be smart.
Smith, behind me.
Come on, let's go. Hurry up.
- Take cover!
- Go, go, go!
- Move, move, move!
- Get down! Get down!
Move it! Get down!
Hold your fire.
We got our noses in the shit now!
No shit!
That road leads to Battalion HQ!
Let that thing go,
they get steamrolled.
Hey, what about the stovepipe?
- Burrows!
- Burrows!
- What you got, sir?
- Launcher!
- Osbourne's got it.
- Osbourne's dead.
I got it.
Cover me.
Shit.
Hey, cover me.
Covering fire!
Shit.
Can you hit the ammo compartment

on the left side, above the tracks?

- I can.

- You can?

- Yeah.

- Get on my ass. Let's go.

Let's go.

Set.

You got a lucky horseshoe
up your ass, kid. You do.

Jesus, that's a column of tanks.

That's too much firepower.

Move out now.

Go, go, go!

Get in these foxholes!

- Come on.

- Incoming!

Get down, get down, get down!

Get in here!

So much for a simple food run.

We gotta get out of here,
get back to camp.

Let's go.

Got anything, Burrows?

Nothing but static, sir.

- Lewis, maps.

- Yes, sir.

I need some help over here.

What the hell is a column of tanks
doing out here?

I don't know, but we gotta get out from
behind enemy lines, back to CP, pronto.

We're just west of the string of hills.

We engaged those tanks
in that clearing right there.

That road runs east to west,
means we were going south.

Southeast.

That puts us behind
the entire German Seventh Army.

What the hell was that?

Let's go to the sound of thunder.

Germans ain't fighting themselves.

Join up with another outfit.

Have a German mechanized column

overrun us?

- Yeah, let's get out of here.

- Burrows, lead the way.

If I am to believe these readings...

...this was a failure.

All this work and promise

has led to this...

The blast should be

several square miles.

Sorry, Herr Kommandant.

It appears the trigger malfunctioned.

The trigger malfunctioned?

"Sorry" is a weak word.

There is no room for weakness.

The Fhrer expects success.

The question is,

can you fix the trigger?

Then fix it.

Let's end this war.

- Looks like it was firebombed.

- Air Corp's grounded because of the fog.

- Well, mortar fire didn't do this.

- Then what the hell did?

Burrows, over here.

What's your unit?

OSS.

What happened here?

Take this to the train.

Train? What train?

Stuttgart. Tonight.

You have to be there. That's an order.

If you fail, what happened here

will happen again.

To us, New York, Washington.

You have to carry out this mission.

Your country is counting on you.

Kestrel.

Find...

Find... Find...

- Blitzkrieg on American soil?

- That's what it sounds like.

This was a test site for a new weapon.

- Orders were to observe but not interfere.

- To make sure the weapon worked.

Supposed to deliver papers
to a contact on a train to Stuttgart.

- Kestrel.

- It doesn't say.

- We have to get to that rendezvous.

- What?

No, we don't.

We need to get these back to
Intelligence, let them manage it.

We're not the right men for this job.

We're the only men that are here.

And that'll have to do.

Map shows a train depot a few miles
from here, with a route to Stuttgart.

- What if I said no?

- Not an option.

We gotta get to that train.

- It's a suicide mission.

- Don't worry, I'll mark your grave.

Yeah? Well, I'll piss on yours.

You got a deal.

Yeah, sticks and stones.

Ransom.

What do you think of him?

Lieutenant Ransom is career military.

So was his father and his father's father.

A lot of soldiers

never really respect their COs.

His men were glad they had him.

You gotta be under fire with somebody,

he's the guy you want in your foxhole.

So, what happened to him?

It's not my story to tell.

Ransom?

He was behind us.

See where he went?

- Nope.

- Find him, Burrows. Make it fast.

Ransom.

Cover.

Take your positions...

...we must secure this road.

Let's get the hell out of here. Let's go!

Over there!

- You're not a German.

- Neither are you.

Soviet?

I thought you were soldiers
from the village. Nazis.

- No, no, no. He's not a German.

- Move out. All of you.

That way will lead back to them.

Where are you headed?

- Train depot.

- It's this way. Come!

This is it.

- Okay, who are you?

- Pozarsky, Ivan Ivanovich.

I'm a sergeant in the Red Army.

You wanna tag along,

you gotta follow my orders. You got it?

Of course.

- Go.

- Stay low, hug the walls.

We need to find train number seven.

That's the train to Stuttgart
and Haigerloch.

What do you know?

I was imprisoned at the labor camps
there, before they brought me here.

It's two tracks over.

Quiet.

They must be here someplace.

Let's spread out and find them.

Search the train cars!

Do it now!

We found one! We found one!

OSS.

- He's our contact.

- And we led the Krauts right to him.

Way to go.

Is there others like you?

Where are they?

What's your mission?

Wanna play, huh?

Again. What's your mission?

Look...

...my orders are to kill you.

I don't like these orders
but my oath requires allegiance...
...so give me what I want
and I can spare your life as an exception.
What do you think?
Pity.
An order is an order.
Sergeant, if that was our contact, he was
supposed to get on that train to Stuttgart...
...which means
we have to get on that train.
Damn it.
Move, move, move. Get to that train.
This is it, train number seven.
- It's locked.
- Where's Matheson?
- I don't know.
- I'm going back for him.
Matheson. Let's go!
We've got to go!
It's now or never, fellas.
- You're in command.
- Sergeant?
You're the only man I trust.
Make sure they do the right thing.
- I can't, sir.
- You can and you will. Now go.
- Get on the train.
- I'm not leaving you.
Yes, you are.
I'll find my way home.
You do the same. Go, guys.
Do it!
Let's go!
Get on the train.
The hunt continues in Stuttgart.
We will be ready for them.
Did you hear that?
- You're good?
- Yeah.
Never thought I'd see the day when
Yanks fell out of the sky to save my ass.
- Willoughby.
- Hi.

British Air Force.

- Hey.

- So, what are we doing?

What do you mean?

We're gonna get out of here, kick Nazi ass
and have a few beers in England on me.

That's great. That's great. Okay.

Look, Matheson left you in charge.

Okay, young man?

Telling me this fella's
in charge of this operation?

- I've got underwear older than him.

- That's great, but could you back off?

Please.

Now, look, we're pissing distance
from the French border.

We gotta give these prisoners
a chance.

Free these prisoners,
this train won't make it to Stuttgart.

Are you fellas serious?

I mean, what are you doing here?

I know you're chinstrapped, kid,
but you got to pull it together.

We're the boots on the ground.

Okay, we lose good men every day...

...but we just keep marching
until they tell us to stop.

Now, you make a decision right now
and you stick to it.

What are we doing?

Sergeant!

You're the only man I trust
to get the job done.

Make sure they do the right thing.

I'll find my way home.

I'm sorry, no.

You telling me you're not here
to get us out of here?

Our mission's in Stuttgart,
and that's where we're going.

Okay. You heard him.

I should have known. Fucking Yanks.

How many dead?

There were 50 of us
from the factory in Stuttgart.
As far as I know,
I'm the only one to escape.
And now I'm headed
back to that shithole.
As far as Hitler's concerned,
there are no laws in war.
During times of war, laws fall silent.
The old Polack trying
to recite Shakespeare to a Brit.
You believe this?

- It's Cicero.
- Yeah, but Shakespeare said it first.
- Yeah, and better.
- Thank you.

He didn't say it at all.

Hey, what were they making
at that factory?

Bombs. Big bombs.

I don't know what kind.

The kind that burned up that village.

The kind they wanna use on Manhattan.

The bomb in the village was massive.

Took every man we had
to drag it to the test site.

I escaped the explosion
and I heard it was failure.

If that was a failure,
I'd hate to see what success looks like.

The plan is simple.

We ride the train into Stuttgart.

We meet up with somebody
called Kestrel at the opera house.

Give him the message,
retrieve our objective.

- The schematics for the bomb.
- We get it by any means necessary.
- Destroying the factory on the way out.
- You know, simple concerns me.

Why?

Yeah, grab a seat.

- The way I see it, there's a big problem.
- What's that?

How you gonna get out?
You're gonna be in a Nazi town
with 70 million Krauts around you.
Well, that part's easy.
The OSS will have a truck waiting,
an escape route plan to get us to safety.
All right.
Okay.
Just Soviet prisoners
are at that factory?
No. American, British, Canadian...
...like guinea pigs in a lab.
Sounds like you boys
need another set of hands.
You wanna throw in on this?
Screw it. I've got nothing else to do.
Let's go and start a fight, boys.
When are you gonna be finished
with it?
When I'm dead, I guess.
Hey.
Fifty-six.
Fifty-six mothers without their sons.
That's how many boys I have lost
under my command.
How many have you saved?
Can't really know that, now, can you?
A night just like this.
The day before,
I buried three good men...
...securing a bridge at Saint-L.
The company regrouped.
I was ordered to overrun
a machine gun nest...
...but got pinned down trying
by an entrenched enemy.
I ordered an artillery strike...
...just as a platoon of Army Rangers
was flanking our objective.
Direct hit.
The whole platoon...
...taken out.
Tough going.
You know, they say a bullet never lies.

If that's true,
why hasn't one found me yet?
You must have a lucky horseshoe
stuck up your ass.
Get some shut-eye, okay, kid?
They're gonna be waiting for us.
What's happening?
The train stopped.
We're in Stuttgart.
- How can you tell?
- Trust me.
There's no mistaking the stench.
Nate. Up.
Okay, on three. One, two, three, up.
German soldiers going car to car
killing everyone.
- I need a gun.
- What about me?
I want it back.
Form a line, weapons check.
When the door opens, fire at will.
Get down. Get down.
- What? What?
- Don't miss, kid.
Get down. Take cover!
Cover and fire!
Put your grenades in here.
Go!
Fall back!
Move out. Go!
- We need to get to the opera house.
- The opera house is in the center of town.
We can't walk there like this,
carrying rifles.
He's right.
We need to get rid of these uniforms.
We need to get past that squad
without starting World War III.
Give me your blade.
I'm not in uniform. I fit in the best.
- Yeah.
- I take them out.
Still got my sidearm?
Searchlight.

You have cigarette? I need.
What are you gonna do,
smoke them to death or stab them?
Both.
There's four armed men out there.
Not two, four.
The odds are about even.
See you.
- He's got some balls, this Polack.
- A small brain but big balls.
I'm sorry I'm late.
Got a light?
Hey, kid. Do you really got two girls
waiting for you back home? Really?
How do you manage two?
I got enough problems with one wife.
Yeah, sometimes it's not easy.
Yeah, I bet.
Valentine's Day.
- Hard to manage, huh?
- Valentine's Day is overrated, son.
By the time you send them
red roses, chocolates...
...took them out for a candlelight dinner,
take a man's weeks' pay.
And as for that little fellow
with the bow and arrow, Cupid...
...I heard he bats both ways.
Like the Polack.
Hey.
What happened to your leg?
It's nothing.
- That don't look like nothing.
- When'd you get it?
Mortar fire, when Chambliss got hit.
Hey, the Polack's back.
It wasn't even fair fight.
But I found us uniforms.
- Armed?
- Sidearms, holstered, rifles down.
Drunk on beer.
I'll go first.
Pub fights are my forte.
- You be my guest.

- I'll take the three on the right.
- Covering the left.
- No. Sit this one out.
- It's gonna be close work. We got this.
- I won't need it.

Ready?

Hey! Get out of here.

Come on. Move. Move!

I guess you didn't need it.

Nope.

Watch and learn, son.

You might just make Valentine's Day.

You look hungry.

Please sit.

- I feed you.

- Pozarsky, get in here.

Get the uniforms.

Make some fish and chips.

So, what's your wife like?

All right.

My high-school sweetheart.

Pretty when she wants to be.

Got one of them big, toothy smiles.

Gives me hope, you know?

Kind of thick through the middle since we had a little girl, but I'm no prize bull, huh?

And she puts up with me.

That makes her the bravest woman in the world.

Or the craziest.

Maybe a little of both.

Yeah.

So tell me about your old man.

What's he like?

That's his Purple Heart you carry around in your pocket, isn't it?

Saint-Mihiel, France,

September 16th of 1918.

He died covering a front of Pont--Mousson.

Is that why you push so hard?

Is it?

I never knew him.

Well, when we're done here...

...you should pay him a visit.
I've never been to the opera before.
No? It's wunderbar.
Hey, be careful.
Your ticket, please.
Thank you for my coat.
I've been expecting you.
Kestrel?
Follow me.
We have a message.
It's encoded.
Not here.
"We"?
I only agreed to get one person
into the laboratory.
There are four of us.
We're not OSS, we're infantry.
Do you understand that they
will do far worse than kill me...
...for even talking with you?
We won't let that happen.
We'll be safe here for the night.
Blueprints for the train factory
are on the desk.
I've marked all the information
that should serve your purposes.
Okay.
So how'd you pull this together?
The local resistance.
Not all Germans support Hitler's Reich.
Most of us know we've already lost.
Every day we keep fighting,
it's just more lives senselessly lost.
More to rebuild.
Dr. Gruenewald will have
his materials ready.
- Wait a minute. Who's this Gruenewald?
- Your mission.
My agreement with the Americans
was for his extraction and mine.
But the bomb, that was our mission.
Gruenewald is the atomic bomb.
- The atomic bomb?
- Yes.

The first prototype was a failure...
...but Dr. Gruenewald corrected
his trigger design this morning.
The Waffen-SS will take possession
of the second bomb tomorrow for the test.
If it works,
they will have no further need of him.
So they'll kill him?
Yes.
He's been a prisoner at the factory
for months.
His research is the only thing
that's kept him alive.
What about the other prisoners?
We'll only have one truck waiting.
Once you get him past the guards,
we won't have room for anybody else.
Don't worry, kid.
I'll take care of the prisoners.
How did you end up in this war?
Something I had to do.
Hard way to make a living.
Yeah, I could've chose
Armored or Airborne...
...but I grew up in the country.
I guess that makes me
a boots-on-the-ground kind of guy.
You said you have a message for me.
Well, what does it say?
I don't carry my cipher
in my first-aid kit.
Who is he to you, Gruenewald?
I'm his assistant.
- You're taking a huge risk for him.
- So are you.
It's the right thing to do.
Yes, it is.
There, almost new.
Thank you.
This house is disgusting.
It's nicer than any house
I've ever lived in.
It reeks of excess.
Oh, you're a communist, I forgot.

How many Germans starve
while others live like this?
You don't seem to be minding
the excess now, you big Polack.
This is special occasion for me.
- How would you like to join me in cigar?
- I wouldn't.
Suit yourself.
I trust we have plans
for getting inside this train factory.
We do. Young Kestrel came through.
It's all right here.
Good.
Where are you going?
This is not a fight you want, Nate.
Go back to sleep.
I'm a terrible sleeper.
Always something to worry about.
Someone to worry about.
Not another step.
I will kill you.
What are you?
When this is all over...
...would you hand Gruenewald
over to the Soviet Union?
We were a poor people once...
...but never again.
This bomb is power...
...and prosperity.
It will make the world listen.
It'll make the world hate.
You think we can always
do the right thing.
That morals need never
be compromised.
That is the thinking of a child.
You were working us the whole time.
We were just another job to you.
Not another step.
We're not so different.
I, like you, am doing this
for my country.
I just decoded the message.
The bomb is scheduled for a test drop

today before the Allies bomb the factory.
We cannot let this happen. We need
to disable it and extract Dr. Gruenewald.
- The blueprints are gone.
- Pozarsky took them.
What?
- Oh, he's after Gruenewald.
- We have to get to him first.
American and English bomber wings
are already on their way.
We can't catch a break, huh?
Come on.
Where's Gruenewald's lab?
Past the prisoners,
final door we come to.
I'll free the prisoners.
Good luck.
Dr. Gruenewald, our visitors.
Yes, yes, this way.
The Americans call it the calutron,
but it's...
It's a particle accelerator.
Separates out uranium 235 and 238,
good uranium from bad uranium.
It's very expensive.
Follow me.
Stinking Nazis.
- What about the bomb?
- What about it?
What if it's in the factory
when the B-17s get here?
No way to predict.
Where is it?
Right next door.
- Can you disable it?
- Yes.
It's gone.
They've already taken it.
I'm sure they're loading it for transport.
Let's go!
Come on, let's go. Move it!
Let's get out of here.
Doc, doc, doc, come on.
Five o'clock, cover.

Move!

Last chance, Nate.

Tell me about them two girls back home.

I got a mother and an older sister
waiting for me.

- That's it?

- That's it.

You played that one out.

You had me going.

I'm all out, kid.

Come on!

Put your weapon down!

Do it now.

Hey, kid. I'm sorry I couldn't
get you back home to them.

I really am.

Hold your fire.

I've been expecting you.

Put your weapons down.

Line them up here.

You came here to steal from the Fhrer
and the people of Germany.

Not just our weapons,
but our finest mind.

- Now, who do you think you are?

- We're nobodies.

You're right.

I know. I'm an American.

And I'm not a fool.

The war was lost

when you took Cherbourg.

Now what's left is making you pay
for every village...

...every bridge,

every inch you advance.

And we need assets

to negotiate our future.

Herr Gruenewald.

What you've done is unacceptable.

I need to punish you for your betrayal.

And I can think

of so many inventive ways.

But the fact is, the Reich

still requires your services.

It does not, however,
need your daughter.
No. Please.
Please.
No!
No, damn you.
Drop it.
- I saved you.
- Drop it.
Take Gruenewald.
I take his papers.
We all walk away.
Gotta go! Scout planes,
bombers are on their way!
Go. Let's go.
Move out. Let's go, go, go!
- So long, Polack.
- Hey!
Willoughby, let's go!
Command, this is Bravo-One-Seven.
Time to target, two minutes. Over.
Copy, Bravo-One-Seven.
Prepare for bombing raid.
Roger, Command.
Course heading, 147 degrees.
Get the radio, Kestrel!
We need to get the flyboys in here.
Get that map.
We'll need to get an exact location.
The nearest safe zone is France.
Strasbourg, 100 kilometers.
Nate.
Thank you.
It isn't over yet. Disable the bomb.
Working on it.
We got company!
Hold on tight, baby!
This will be one hell of a bumpy ride!
Bravo-One-Seven,
tighten up that formation.
We're taking heavy flack fire.
Target acquired. Weapons armed.
Machine gun, watch out.
Take this fucker out.

Bravo-One-Seven, bombs away.
- You got that location for me?
- Yes. It's ready.
This is Alpha-Charley-Seven.
Kill zone is foxtrot quadrant
six-two-white-delta-three.
The target is a black Nazi jeep
with a machine-gun mount.
Tell the boys to come in low
from the north.
Copy that, we're on our way.
Happy hunting.
How you doing, doc?
Almost there.
Bogey on your right!
It's disabled.
Come on.
Come on, you Nazi bastards!
Great job, boys!
Smoked them.
We'll see you on the flip side.
Roger that. Just doing our job.
Ransom?
I'm fine.
Nathaniel Burrows, welcome back.
There you go.
My name is Lieutenant Conti...
...and I have with me a letter
from our division commander.
It's of highest importance.
"No words could express
how grateful we are...
...for what you and your squad were able
to accomplish, given the circumstances.
Today, we are truly
in the company of heroes."
Now, the device
that you brought back...
...that was the very definition
of priceless.
And I promise you this:
History will prove that it was worth
every life lost in its pursuit.
Now, that being said...

...none of what you did, or saw,
or learned...
...from the morning of the German
bombardment to your return to this CP...
...ever happened.
There'll be no medals,
no commendations, no promotions.
You can't tell your family.
Hell, you can't even tell your preacher.
None of this happened.
Do you understand?
- Yes, sir.
- Good.
Now on a personal note...
...I had the distinct honor...
...to serve with your father in France
under General Pershing.
He was a hell of a man.
So I've heard.
Can I go home, sir?
I'll make sure
you're on the next truck out.
Thanks for your service, son.
Your father would be very proud of you.
So tell me about these two girls
back home.
Keep it going, bro.
Well, me old Yankee Doodle...
...as a great man once said...
...all good things come to an end.
I knew that kid
would make Valentine's Day.