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Counterpoint

By James Lee

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Our conductor got us full coverage,
General.

AP, UP, Reuters and the first
string music critic from Le Monde.

You Special Service boys are
giving this outfit the shaft.

General Patton gets Marlene Dietrich,
Bradley gets Bob Hope,

we get culture

in a bombed out Belgium opera house.

The 82nd Airborne has Scheduled
a performance at the Royal Ballet.

- At least the ballet's got girls.

- Don't worry, we've got girls.

All military personnel.

Report to your units immediately.

Gentlemen, it seems we're involved
in a mass exodus.

I trust it isn't entirely

the result of your performance.

We've got to evacuate. German's
have started a counter offensive.

Keep your places!

The enemy has cut off all roads
to Baston. Head North to Huy.

Each of you is responsible for your
instruments, music and yourselves.

Section leaders are responsible
for their sections.

None will board

the bus until all are ready.

For the first time, this
orchestra will finish together.

- Lionel, hurry up!

- Maestro!

Presto!

Come on, hurry up!

All right, Henry, get going!

If you're heading for Huy forget it.

Could be a Berlin suburb by now.

You'd best go north to Stavelot.

3rd Army is in control there.

Thanks.

Hey USO,

say hello to Betty Grable for me.

- Who's Betty Grable?

- An American film-star.

Patrol 17.

Dorothy, put the Viola on the floor.

Instruments aren't easy to replace.

But musicians are.

What is it?

Everyone stay where he is.

I'll handle this.

Keep your high-school German to
yourself and don't give me orders.

All right. I'm Lionel Evens,
the conductor of this orchestra.

This man is our driver.

We are all non-combatants.

- Non-combatants?

- Yes.

And what are you? Spanish? Brazilian?

They're not Army.

They're entertainers.

And you? What are you?

- Swedish?

- Corporal. US Army. I'm a soldier.

Wrong.

You are nothing.

He was a prisoner, as you are.

You can't do this.

I have orders.

Every prisoner taken
in this offensive shall be shot.

I don't care what your orders say.

They don't apply to us.

- Do you read French?

- No.

You better take a look at this!

We're not just a bunch
of itinerate fiddlers,
we're a highly respected
international symphony orchestra.

If you make the mistake of shooting
us, you'll be a lieutenant forever.

I'll take you back to division

headquarters and confirm the orders.

- Get back on the bus.

- We should be allowed to go...

Enough! Get back on the bus.

The wheel must be changed. You two.

Go and do it!

Hurry up!

Penguins.

Bravo.

Minor executive. I've dealt

with that type all my life.

The thing they do best is pass
the buck.

Panzer division.

Operating out

of an authentic medieval castle.

That is where the buck stops.

Come Captain.

Send this message to Luetzdorf.

Without fuel, we'll be trapped here.

We're aware the

Americans know of our whereabouts.

English, Captain, English.

I enjoy surprising

Coronel Arndt occasionally.

There's only one pair of eyes.

But more than his usual
accompaniment of ears.

Put it there.

Careful. It means a lot to me.

I've made our position obvious

so the Americans

will suspect deception.

And anticipate a strike

on their munitions dumps in Spa.

Therefore, we'll do the obvious
and attack Namur.

But I need appropriate fuel
from my reserve stores.

I'll send out three armored units
at dusk.

We have to force the Americans

to wasting their strength at Spa.

In Clausewitz's, "The Art of War", he

warns against overuse of deception.
Captain Klingerman,
20th Century war cannot be solved by
a 19th Century mind.

Clausewitz was never immobilized by
the shortage of fuel for his tanks.
The Partisans have been executed.

At least Arndt has found
an antidote to boredom.

Becker, quick.

Take these men to the barracks.

Yes, sir. Come on. Let's go.

Stop.

A bus.

Lieutenant Heisse has captured a bus.

It probably will run out of fuel.

- Who are they?

- An American symphony orchestra.

You took soldiers to
the front to escort prisoners?

- I thought that as they're not...

- You thought?

Keep to your orders!

Demand that we be
released immediately. Tell him!

Do you understand?

With the others.

Take him with the others. Quickly!

Hurry! Form a group with the others!

Are you sleeping?

More quickly.

All together!

It's not true, Alfred.

This is a nightmare.

Prepare arms!

Load arms!

Stop this! Do you hear me!

Stop this!

- Aim!

- You can't do this!

Coronel Arndt!

Have you gone mad?

Bring this man to me.

It's Lionel Evans!

Who is Lionel Evens?

Come with me.

Hold on.

I want my people released
immediately. You cannot do this.

- I want your commanding officer.

- Silence!

I'm not a prisoner.

I'm not a combatant.

- I remind you the Geneva Convention.

- Coronel Arndt!

I should not like Mr. Evens
shot before we've been introduced.

General Schiller,

may I present Mr. Lionel Evans.

I am Captain Klingerman,
a devoted admirer, Mr. Evans.

I possess a collection of your
recordings I believe to be definitive.

I once had the privilege of attending
one of your piano recitals. In Vienna.

Your only appearance there.

You were superb.

- I was rotten.

- No, you were superb.

I mean, technically.

But you were very young then,
at the time.

General.

- My men are waiting.

- Why don't you join them?

Fresh air! Essential to health.

Your body is a temple.

Do not neglect it.

Heil Hitler.

Please forgive
the intramural bickering of command.

- I wouldn't tolerate it

- A refreshing attitude.

Please, come up.

You may leave.

Especially from one in your position.

Please. Excuse me.

Yes.

Yes, yes.
Go to Butzenback.
General Schiller...
They've all been told.
No, to Butzenback.
Let us go.
- We have our orders.
- We're no conceivable military threat.
Extra mouth to feed.
Provision for shelter.
These things constitute a drain
on our resources.
A small price for the lives
of 70 uniquely skilled people.
Then your appeal is made
for the privileged few.
Rather than in the name of humanity.
Not terribly American of you.
I'm trying to think German.
- You're not succeeding.
- Then switch the appeal to threat.
- The execution of my musicians...
- And their conductor.
...would be an act of atrocity.
Not only a barbarian...
You Americans,
so addicted to stereotypes.
It would be the act of an imbecile.
I am a soldier. And I have my orders.
It's nice, isn't it?
It traveled with me half way across
North Africa and Western Europe.
Out of my favorite gear. Along
with pictures of my favorite nieces.
Of course.
I'm an amateur.
Schadenfreude.
Only the German language
could provide a word meaning
pleasure derived
from someone else's pain.
May I remind you that the word
sadism comes from the French.
- I'm trying to think American.

- Excellent.

Then you'll be reasonable.

This division's offensive has been
delayed by lack of fuel for tanks.

The boredom of inaction is the least
supportable action of military life.

A performance, a concert
for you and your orchestra
could serve to dispel that boredom.

No.

Mr. Evans, please.

You and I are men who
have learned our skills.

There can be no reason not
to practice one's skills.

Your skills may be for sale to
the first bidder, but
mine aren't.

Take an American stance. All
men are created equally immortal.

Go to hell.

You're amusing.

That is part of the artist's cause.
To amuse, to divert, dispel boredom.
But the artist like art,
must also be functional.

Utilitarian. Don't you think?

Louis XVI, intrinsically priceless.

It's utilitarian value...

It can warm us.

I burn very slowly.

Colonel Arndt!

You will perform.

You will play the concert.

I am not a whore.

- There are degrees of prostitution.

- Like pregnancy.

Take the prisoners
to the cellar and stand guard.

You'll need your musicians
for the concert.

Captain Klingerman,
escort the prisoner.

Prostitution isn't the only

profession ruined by amateurs.

Ladies and gentlemen, listen to me.

- Maestro, are they going to kill us?

- No.

Don't lie to us. We're not children.

They're going to murder us all.

I made it perfectly clear to the general we are not soldiers.

First, I want everybody to put on the warmest things you have.

Stay as close together as possible.

This cellar doesn't have heating.

We've all toured with corrupt concert managers. This shouldn't be different.

- Right here, Lionel.

- Thank you, Victor.

That was a nice tune. It sounded like you were whistling in the dark.

What's going to happen?

What's he like?

Professionally,

he must be something of a genius.

He's a general, hardly

looks old enough to be a major.

Personally, General Schiller is an arrogant, egotistical martinet

with all the classic symptoms of a god complex.

That should be a familiar experience.

You're too angry.

He makes you too angry.

I remind you that the orders about the prisoners are definitive.

Let me remind you that

I can read perfectly well.

Colonel Arndt, don't forget this:

I respect you highly as an officer, but don't be my military conscience.

The orders from Berlin. Commanders are removed for lack of execution.

I'll execute them at my own discretion. Rank has its privileges.

I will have my concert from this man.

You're dismissed.

Thank you.
Send a message to Berlin.
He must not be
allowed any other conduct.
Directly to Berlin.
I understand, Colonel.
Lionel,
forgive the venom.
You remembered my name.
That comes as a shock.
Deathbed recollection.
They say you remember the strangest,
most trivial things.
Lionel.
I have a surprise for you.
These men were under the bus.
I'm Lieutenant Long, this is
Sergeant Calloway. US Infantry.
But you're out of uniform.
Well if they catch us, they shoot us
instead of just plain shooting us.
Meanwhile, you're endangering
the lives of 70 innocent people.
- Is anybody a musician.
- I played the trombone in College.
But just by ear.
Nobody could read music.
Ladies and gentlemen,
it seems the US Army is taking
a cue from the musicians' union.
They've saddled us
for a couple of stand-bys.
Jordan, hide them, quick.
May I come in?
Close the door.
This place is uncomfortable
enough as it is. You will forgive me.
And for taking me so long to
welcome you. Profession obligations.
I'm General Schiller.
I demand that we be given
adequate food and shelter.
These conditions are unlivable.
Naturally, Mr. Evans, you demand.

You always demand!
That is your way.
And you will have your way.
Food has been prepared for you.
And quarters have been made ready
in the chapel.
I'm sure you'll find
them more livable.
There's even an imitation of plumbing.
Whenever you're ready,
my men will help you move.
Mr. Evans, will you introduce me
to these talented people?
This is Victor Rice,
my concert master.
Yes, the orchestra's First Sergeant.
- Fraulein.
- That's my wife.
A beautiful woman.
Especially designed for our winters.
No, thank you.
- Your instrument?
- The Cello.
Charming.
Ladies and gentlemen, there's
one consideration I would ask.
In exchange
for these small hospitalities.
I would be most grateful if you
would provide us with entertainment.
Perhaps a concert.
No.
I won't allow it.
For the product of a democracy,
you are an outrageous autocrat!
A symphony orchestra is not
a democracy.
No?
Perhaps there's a difference
of opinion from them.
I can only hope so.
Ladies and gentlemen,
there's hot food waiting for you.
I hope you'll enjoy it.

One concert, maestro. Is it so much?
Don't you see, this is a Panzer move.
Divide and conquer.
We can't give in to them.
These people are gangsters.
They're the enemy of everything...
Never mind. It's all right.
Go on. Play for him.
It really makes no difference.
Let's get with the group.
Hold this horn as high as you can
and stay with the group.
A hot meal won't kill you.
It just might.
- I can understand your point of view...
- Go look after your wife.
Go sing for your supper.
The general seems
terribly friendly for an enemy.
Let's not kid ourselves. The general's
the kind that wants what he wants.
That makes him so different?
I know what I want. I want to live.
I don't want to die. Let's play
for him. What does it matter?
Poor Mr. Evans, he must be freezing.
I bet he's warm as toast.
He's got his burning ego
to keep him company.
You heard him, Victor.
The rest of us aren't important.
It's a fight of two vanities.
Why should we get in the crossfire?
Mind the bow exactly as I would,
you understand?
Urgent, for colonel Arndt.
One moment.
- Are you sure Evans hasn't gone?
- Completely.
What does he want?
An urgent message
from Berlin to Colonel Arndt.
Give it to me.
This is incredible.

- Where is the Colonel?

- In the motor pool, general.

Simply incredible.

Nothing else.

Not you.

- Is this the full message he sent?

- Yes, general.

Wonderful.

Listen to this.

"This division authorized
to make personal exceptions
to prisoner policy as
practiced by all other combat units
throughout this present offensive?"

He's given Berlin the choice
of one possible answer.

I thought only Dr. Goebbels put
words into the mouth of High Command.

Your concept
of the Shubert is most adequate.

But my desire is
for Mr. Evans interpretation.

May I?

A lovely rehearsal.

But make no mistake.

My concert must be played under
the baton of Lionel Evans.

I suggest you prevail upon
your maestro to conduct you.

If he will not, you, his musicians
have no function.

And no reason for being.

He's going to kill us.

No, it's Evans who's killing us.

You were right. That
egomaniac expects us to die for him.

And for those soldiers.

Calm down.

Just a minute now. Calm down.

I'll get him in here if I have
to drag him.

Wish me luck. I'm about to do my
imitation of a team of wild horses.

You're not good at imitations.

I'm going alone.

Wait. What'll you take with you? A copy of "remembrance of things past?"

Forgive me.

I'm just feeling like a husband.

All right. We'll keep rehearsing.

What's Victor conducting with, a baseball bat?

Could be.

General Schiller broke the baton.

Remind me

to send him a thank you note.

Unless you come to the chapel and personally conduct the orchestra he's going to kill us all.

This stubbornness of yours ...is endangering the lives of 70 people. I know what's at stake.

- Then come back with me.

- No.

This must rank among life's major ironies.

The romantic music professor still holds the power of life and death over the naive young cellist. That was always my private portrait of us.

Two people in a perfume ad who never did see things clearly.

Neither did I. You had nice legs that tended to blur the vision.

I still have nice legs. If we must die, we should be honest about it.

Fine, let's be honest about why we shouldn't live, too.

I was afraid up in the rarefied atmosphere I wouldn't breathe.

Perhaps you could have learned.

Perhaps.

You're freezing.

Lionel, come back. Please come back.

Are those the terms, Mrs. Rice?

I come back to the nice warm chapel and I conduct a nice warm concert in honor of Schiller?

Is that the deal that
Victor authorized you to make?
Your husband missed his calling.
He'd have made a marvelous pimp.
You bastard.
Victor didn't send me here.
It was my own idea.
Like every idea I had concerning you,
it was a miserable flop.
No, I have to see the general.
There are American soldiers in there.
Get me someone who speaks English.
I have information.
Can you speak English?
Please, let me go to the general.
Please help me!
Lionel, I'm frightened.
Please help us.
All right.
But we've still got
to buy some time somehow.
And it's a seller's market.
If we could get up there, we
could get a fix on guard changes.
Knowing them, they'd never change it.
Maybe their passion for
routine can help get you out of here.
Then we've got to hope
for being rescued.
- More coffee?
- No, thanks.
Name's Chaminant. Belgian peasant.
Claims to be with us, but who knows?
Probably has a collection of flags
at home. For each possible conqueror.
Gentlemen.
Oklahoma's pretty flat.
I never got much practice.
In civilian life, I was an
English instructor. Not a human fly.
Well, it's up to one of you.
Wait a minute. We can't take a chance.
If this had fallen from higher up,
it'd sounded like a bomb.

They might even have a man posted
the other side of that wall.
Good acoustics has drawbacks.
Lieutenant, hide in the horn section.
This chapel was made
for the sound of a full orchestra.
Let's rub the general's nose in it.
Let's try the Tchaikovsky.
Not yet.
There's a good loud part coming up.
There's you cue, Calloway.
- Is that Evans?
- I think so.
Take a look.
Once again, please. From bar 19.
This time horns,
give me a stronger attack.
This music is sensual,
not pornographic.
You are very young.
You must be an excellent musician.
May I tell general Schiller when
you will perform this concert?
Yes. Never.
I rehearse my musicians the way you
oil your guns. To keep them sharp.
Nothing more.
I would like to hear you play.
Trombones, do me the kindness
of referring to bar 47.
It calls for one dotted eighth note.
You must be seeing
spots before your eyes.
Maestro,
the trombones have always had
a full rest at that point.
Are you telling me what is notated?
I've studied this score for 20 years.
Mr. Long,
would you bring me your music?
No.
Colonel,
you're interrupting my rehearsal.
I want to hear him play.

You must be a great artist to be
kept out of the army at your age.
Bring me your music.
You're making extra-musical demands.
As the representative of the union...
Your union be damned!
Our union be damned?
This is the last straw!
Wait until local 802 hears about this!
How about the bus. I'm entitled
to first class transportation.
Be quiet!
Silence!
You will play. Now.
The integrity of this division is at
stake. The disposal of the prisoners...
This man Evans, is not our prisoner.
We detain him. Nothing more.
Only when he acknowledges our
authority, will he be our prisoner.
Playing my concert will
be that acknowledgement.
I am not a subtle man, General.
You're right. At last we
have an area or agreement.
If you want to serve this division,
do it in a less painful fashion.
Find me fuel for my tanks,
not a bullet for my brain.
I will make an urgent request to
Field Marshall Von Runshedt himself.
May I do so, in your name, sir?
Naturally.
Herr General, when these
musicians have played your concert...
Then they are yours.
But if he's not surrendered when we
are ready to resume our offensive?
Then they are yours.
Now, there can't be
more than 35 feet
from the tower to the wall outside.
And there's no guard on the wall.
Now, past it there's a few yards

of open space.

Nothing but bombed out timber.

It'd be like a needle in a hay stack.

What if there are guards outside
the wall?

That would be an ugly note,
Lieutenant.

You say 30 feet to the wall,
but that's over a drop of 40.

They're infantry, not Air Force.

Yeah, but I'm Oklahoma, don't forget.

There's jags and snags in that wall
making it easy to rope as a heifer.

This isn't cow country. Lariats
don't come in Red Cross packages.

Don't be too sure about that.

We just got a Red Cross package,
Sergeant.

Lieutenant.

Here is your lariat.

At least, the raw materials for it.

We'll need men's ties,
women's stockings.

Anything we can braid together
to make a rope.

Give me a place to stand,
and I will move the earth.

General, it is understandable that
a man, so stubborn, as Evans

- could make one obsessed with...

- There must be a way.

With the right point of purchase,
there's leverage for everything.

And for everyone.

Rehearsal after supper. The 4th
movement of the Brahms's First.

It would be helpful

if you all studied your scores.

Maestro, does this mean we're going
to play the General's concert?

The string section in particular is
in need of work. Don't neglect it.

I'll try to make enough noise
tonight to cover your climb.

Once you get us up there.

I hope you got lasso music.

I can overplay the climax. It's
the loudest fortissimo there is.

Good morning.

- Good morning.

- Good morning.

Captain.

Good morning, Mr. Evans. I trust
you're enjoying the fresh air?
You run a very up-to-date jail,
General. Even to the exercise period.

What do you provide in the way
of occupational therapy?

You musicians provide your own.

I was disappointed the rehearsal
wasn't preparation for my concert.

Then I'm afraid you're due
for another disappointment to night.

Routine interrogation of prisoners.

I know its profitless questioning
your people on military matters,

but I must give our Colonel
Arndt his little victories.

When does my turn come?

I already know about you, Mr. Evans.

That's very gallant of you
to let the lady decline.

Captain Klingermann's
in vitation was not so routine.

Excuse me. Mrs. Rice.

- What did Schiller want?

- Me, I suspect.

For openers,

I was invited to dinner tonight.

Why did you turn him down?

Look, the only thing
that can save us is time.

Long and Callaway will need time
to break out and send back help.

My staying behind
in the wine cellar bought time.

Maybe his interest in your
wife will buy us sane more time.

And just who
the hell do you think you are?
How can you be sure of my wife's
ability with Schiller's interest?
It's the sort of problem a beautiful
woman's equipped to cope with.
Brahms, ladies and gentlemen,
from letter B.
Piu andante.
Good luck to you.
We'll be waiting for you.
Come in.
My husband thinks
I should be wearing a price tag.
Are you?
Depends on what's for sale.
Mrs. Rice, I believe we'll have
a delightful evening together.
Champagne. No seduction
would be complete without it.
Caviar. A late supper. Champagne.
The scene is set.
Complete to the musicians
behind the screen.
Though, I must say, your Maestro
could've made a happier choice.
I find it explosive for a scene of
intimacy. Especially the second half.
But I'm sure he has his reasons.
I liked your husband's instincts when
you were in the cellar with Evans.
What was it?
Yes, Schubert's
the Unfinished.
Much more suited to the situation.
Former lover recalling the past.
I wonder how much time we got.
Let's use it.
Here, Sergeant, keep me covered.
I see you in the promised land.
Bring him.
I thought you'd got me up here
to make love to me, not question me.
Every military operations

has its secondary target.
Moreover, the secondary
often becomes the primary.
No thank you, General. That's not
as good an offer as a blind date.
Mrs. Rice.
I wouldn't leave just now.
I'm not so well acquainted
with the selection to know where
exactly The fugue begins.
Appropriate. Fugue.
The musical passage denoting flight.
It could be dangerous.
I don't know. It could've been
that Belgian peasant, Chaminant.
No.
- Had to be someone in the orchestra.
- Why?
Because General Schiller knew
all about you and me.
That's quite a trick. I don't
know all about you and me, myself.
I don't want to die,
Who does?
Aspirin.
The strongest thing I could find.
Calloway might make it yet.
We've still got a chance.
Try and get some sleep.
Conduct that concert for Schiller.
Once I do that, he's won the game.
I'd be signing our death warrant.
Gentlemen, take care that
this is distributed, and report.
We shall rendezvous with Rundstedt
troops and attack west to Namur.
It'll be much faster
with no prisoners.
No prisoners, Herr Arndt.
Such a beautiful day.
You're a man of unceasing activity
and matchless energy.
The new Germany in microcosm.
Please delay the execution until

after I have left this evening.
Yes, sir.
No. No ersatz.
That's Long's gun, isn't it?
He found it on Calloway's body,
two kilometers west of here.
He stepped on a land mine.
There goes the ball game.
No. We can still break out of here.
They're willing to help us.
They'll stage an attack at 9.
A handful of civilians covering for a
bunch of trombones and French horns?
We don't stand a chance.
As soon as Schiller's tanks are
gassed, the division is pulling out.
Victor, there is no more time left.
Colonel Arndt has
literally dug our graves.
With any luck, a few
of us will make it to the woods.
All right,
I will play your damned concert.
It's been a delightful game,
doubly delightful for the winning.
But my victory puzzles me.
Is it mere coincidence
the morning after an
attempted escape, you capitulate?
- If you don't want the concert...
- Yes, I do, indeed.
But I must ask myself why. Why now?
The only answer is you feel last
night's fiasco will lead to reprisal.
It might lessen your chances.
Thus anything to delay the inevitable.
I've given you what you wanted.
To see me at your feet.
Now, in return,
I want my orchestra set free.
Conditions.
I want that bus in the yard after,
to take them to the Allied lines.
It'll be there.

It'll be there.
But the Colonel's mass
grave will be there, too.
There's that, too.
I don't really have any choice, do I?
but to trust your word?
Your proposition was not entirely
satisfactory from my point of view.
It hardly puts you at my feet.
There is that, too.
Our electrical generator comes with,
but I'm prepared to improvise
a special lighting
for your performance.
A concert here? Possible, I suppose.
In this hall.
Something Wagnerian would be nice.
No. Emphatically, not Wagner.
All right, until this evening then,
eight o'clock.
We can't possibly be

ready until 8:

Not with white tie
and all the trimmings.
Surely appropriate
for a command performance.
I've given orders that the
area be evacuated no later than 9.
But if you wish, all right.
- 8.45.
- Something Wagnerian then.
Now, the Partisans are supposed
to attack at 9 o'clock.
That should be during the
opening selection, the Tanhmauser.
As soon as the firing starts.
we rush Schiller.
An officer with a gun in his back'll
give us some bargaining positions.
Let me have it,
you don't know anything about it.
Put it on safety.
Have each section leader brief

his people at the last moment.
It's still possible
for word to get back to the Germans.
- May I, until after the performance?
- Maybe Schiller meant it.
- Maybe he will let us go.
- Make no mistake.
Hers every intention of murdering us.
as soon as he gets his concert.
He has his orders. At nine o'clock.
- May god be with us.
- I'm sure he will.
Lionel, forgive me. I was wrong.
About what?
About you for one thing.
This isn't real, you know.
This is suspended animation.
Furniture's on the ceiling.
The world's upside down.
When it's over, you are
a married woman with a husband.
That's what's real.
Ladies and gentlemen,
let us practice our profession.
I apologize for the light attendance.
Your hour for con certizing finds
most of my Officers in the field.
Captain Klingermann
and I will be your audience.
Back to headquarters.
Detail, attention.
The Concert is not over, General.
I do not wish to be here
for the end of it.
Let him finish his last performance.
Got a light?
Jordan!
What was the next selection? Verdi.
Yes, the Verdi, everyone.
There's no one out there.
The Germans have gone.
- It's not 9 o'clock yet.
- Schiller meant it. He's letting us go!
- The bus is still there, let's go!

- No.
- There's no guard. Let's go.
- Not till we attack.
Let's go!
Hurry. Don't let them escape!
Over there in front of the ditch.
See if anyone is left inside.
Section fall in.
Bring him with the rest!
Damn it.
Firing squad!
Load your weapons!
Aim!
No, no, you can't.
Not me. You promised me.
Silence.
You said you'd save me.
Back in line.
Fire.
Ready.
Aim.
Get in the trench.
Let me have that. Give me that.
You take this.
You know how to handle the thing.
Will you do what I say?
Let me thru.
Follow me.
Let me thru.
Let me through here.
Follow me.
Attention.
Move on, soldiers. You've all seen
corpses before. Come on, get back.
The work of Partisans.
Herr General, the directive
from Berlin concerning prisoners.
If any of those musicians
should escape...
They will not.
Let's get back to the Castle.
Lionel, get on the bus.
You've got 70 people
on that bus. Go, damn it!

A torch.
Bury the bodies.
Yes, Colonel. Bury the bodies.
Mr. Evans...
you've cost us a great deal of time.
And trouble.
Colonel Arndt?
General.
Where is the orchestra?
The others got away, temporarily.
But not the prize.
Saving the honors for your self,
General?
More or less.
General!
Wait outside.
A musician was still alive.
He killed Colonel Arndt.
I was forced to shoot him.
I'll join you immediately.
Yes, sir, General.
You heard what I said?
I am a vain man, and killing you
would make me no better than that.
I don't believe that's the reason.
I think that if any
of my orchestra had escaped
and Arndt was still alive,
he'd have had some thing on you.
Curiously enough, both reasons,
yours and mine, are correct.
Perhaps your countrymen will reach
here, before you reach them. Goodbye.
Goodbye, General.
Ours was a conflict of moralities,
was it not?
Each of us
thought his own the greater.
But to paraphrase Napoleon, "Morality is on
the side of the heaviest Artillery."
And what happened to Napoleon?
General!