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Deathwatch

By M.J. Bassett

There's a warrior coming!
I'm coming!
Right, check your weapons!
It's time to prove yourselves, gentlemen.
See you all on the other side.
Good luck.
Ready.
Advance!
I can't. I can't go.
Advance. Move.
You bloody little coward Shakespeare.
You're not fit to wear the King's uniform.
Do your duty!
I can't go.
Move!
I said move!
This is not the way.
Get your men over the top, Jennings!
Come on son. Come with me.
You've got to go over.
I can't go.
Just stay with me.
Come on, let's go nail some Hun together.
Yeah?
Gotta go. Gotta go.
Right gentlemen, good luck!
Good lad. Good lad.
Welcome to hell, Private Shakespeare.
Oh my God.
You're going to have to do this.
Now, come on.
Come on!
Come on Shakespeare.
Keep your head down, good lad. Come on.
Shakespeare.
Help me!
Shakespeare.
Oh my God!
Jesus!
Christ!
Gas! Gas!
Where's your mask, private?
Help me.
Alright Hawkstone.

Calm down, calm down.
Don't breathe.
It's bloody fog.
It's just fog. It's not the gas.
It's not the gas.
Doc, masks off. It's not gas.
Boys, take your masks off.
It's just fog.
What happened to the gas?
Fuck the gas.
What happened to the night?
Come on Y Company, it's not a holiday camp.
Let's get moving.
Mcness.
Sarge.
Guess what?
You're on point.
Oh, fuckin' 'ell, Sarge!
How comes it's always me first out?
Is it a Scottish thing?
No, it's not a Scottish thing.
Aye it is. I know it is.
It's a Scottish thing, isn't it?
It's not, it's because you're a...
because you're a...
fucking plank!
Aye, well, knew it was something.
Aaah. Lovely!
That's better.
Halten! Halt!
Sergeant, quickly!
You're looking the wrong way. Up here!
Get your filthy hands up!
Shut the fuck! Get your hands up!
Turn around! Up here!
What's the matter with ya?
On me. That's it.
Alright, Mcness?
Quinn.
Oh, Christ!
Halt!
Fuckin' don't, Quinn.
Fuck! Shoot him!
We shoot back!

You, get down.
Get down.
Come back here!
Get down, you bastard!
Quinn!
Quinn!
Just doin' me job!
Okay, now just calm down, son...
Calm down.
Get off me.
I don't understand.
Do you understand this?
What?
Starinski, deal with him.
Sarge!
Look lively lads. We don't know
how many others are still in here.
Okay, on your feet.
Come on, on your feet.
Alright, nice and gently, hip and shoulders,
just roll him over gently.
Come on, come on, come on.
Good man, good man Chevasse. Now I have to look.
I have to look.
Good man, good man, sssh.
Come on, come on Chevasse.
Corporal.
Oh, God. It hurts.
Put your hand here.
Yes, sir.
How is he?
I think he's cut his spine.
The chances are that it'll turn gangrenous and er,
I'm almost out of morphine
I could read to him.
Yes, why don't you,
because that'll help.
What'll we do, sir?
Stay here. Hold the trench.
Sir, if I don't get him back
to our support trench, he will die.
I know.
Thank you, Corporal.
Yes, sir.

Okay, listen.
We've captured a forward, German trench.
It's a rare achievement, gentlemen.
It may be vital to the war effort.
We will hold this trench
until we are reinforced. We must...
that is our duty.
Get some scoff on, get a brew going...
See if we can't make the best of it, eh?
Make the best of it?
He makes it sound like a bloody holiday.
I went to Blackpool once.
Yeah?
Nice?
I killed a man there.
Yeah, it was nice.
How old are you, son?
Nineteen, Sarge.
Don't fuck me about.
How old are you?
Sixteen.
And a half.
Bloody hell. So you lied
about your age and signed up?
Yeah?
Is this what you wanted? Eh?
Go and sit over there.
Come and sit down here.
Och, don't worry about it.
He didn't believe I was nineteen either.
We're not secure, sir.
Well, the men are exhausted,
they need a rest.
This is a German dug out.
It'll be dark soon.
We're not secure, sir.
Yes, of course,
you're right, sergeant.
Right, let's secure the trench.
Sergeant, if you would.
Yeah.
Right, Quinn, Starinski, Hawkestone,
McNess, Shakespeare,
we're gonna secure this trench.

Oh bloody hell, Sarge.
Doc, if you can take Chevasse up there,
under that cover.
Make him as comfortable as possible.
Sarge.
What about him?
I don't want him watching my back.
Shakespeare's coming.
Right, ladies. Move out!
Y Company on me, anything to report?
It's like a maze, Sarge.
There's no front line or nothing.
What's the fuckin' point of that?
Maybe they forgot where the war was.
Feels like the war was in here.
Right lads, listen up.
If we're going to hold this trench,
we need to make it
a smaller area to defend.
We'll set charges here,
here and twenty yards down there,
on the right.
That'll bring down
this section of the dugout.
After that, we rest.
Come on, move it!
Who's going to be hiding here?
Well, that German and his pals for one.
Help me.
It's just pure luck you made it this far,
isn't it, Shakespeare?
We've wired up the detonator right,
haven't we?
If you've got it wrong,
you'll blow us all to hell.
Don't you trust me, huh?
Well, that's a good sign.
Alright, heads down.
Why isn't...
Jesus Christ, did you hear that?
Aye.
Good work, lads.
What bloody good is that?
Only half as much to defend now,

isn't there?
Corporal!
Sir!
How long would you say
we were walking back there in the fog?
Couple of hours, maybe?
Really?
Why?
Well, I...
Sir.
Bradford?
It's one of these new crystal radio units, sir.
We've got them in command.
But can we raise HQ with it?
I don't know, I can try.
There's so many dead.
That German's gonna be
a million miles from here.
There's plenty of rats, though.
That's a German bayonet.
Were they fighting each other?
Hun sticking Hun.
Jesus, what happened here?
Look at this.
But why?
Maybe gas.
Gas can make you do funny things.
What do you think McNess?
I think, if they keep this up,
we won't have to do any fighting ourselves.
Oi!
Woah, close one!
What is it?
It's a bullet.
I'd hang on to that. Might be lucky.
Lucky it didn't blow his balls off!
Hey!
Nobody rests until we secure every inch
of this trench. Alright?!

Sarge.
Now, on me.
Shakespeare. Take this morphine.
Make sure Doc gets it for Chevasse.
Yes, sir.

Don't call me sir, lad. I'm a sergeant.
I work for a living.
Take it down.
Take it down.
Good boy, good boy.
That's it.
I think...
I think I can move my hands a little.
Well, that's good.
Look.
See my fingers?
See them moving?
I do, yeah.
We'll have you doing
the Lambeth Walk in no time.
And this'll help.
Right, get some rest.
You're not going.
I have to go mate,
there's a lot of work to be done,
but Bradford's here though, okay?
Now, get some sleep.
Keep an eye on him.
No tits on her.
Wouldn't mind that.
Keep that one.
That one will do.
What?
Any British command.
Any British command.
Any British command receiving this,
please respond.
Any Allied listening post.
This is a British unit lost in enemy territory.
Urgently need assistance, over.
Anyone. Anyone, fucking anyone.
Shit.
Y Company. Y Company.
We've lost...
Captain Jennings. Captain!
We've lost Y Company.
Bradford!
No, no this is Y Company.
There are survivors...

We've lost Y Company.
What is it?
Have you made contact?
Yes, sir.
Well done.
Y Company. There are no survivors.
Repeat. There are no survivors.
This is Captain Bramwell Jennings,
Y Company, 5th Battalion.
We have captured a forward German trench.
Location unknown.
We need urgent support, over.
Y Company.
Yes, Y Company.
There are no survivors.
What's that mean?
Why are they saying that?
It's a mistake, it's a mistake.
They'll send support.
Sir, but if they think we're dead,
they won't try to find us...
It's a mistake. It's a mistake.
Y Company?
The survivors of Y Company have regrouped.
We are...
Don't tell the men.
But sir...
Do you understand me, don't tell the men.
It's a mistake. They will find us.
Hawkestone!
Sergeant!
Sergeant!
Get down!
Get down, you fuckin' Hun bastard.
Fuck you!
Sergeant!
Sergeant!
Halt! Halt you fucking Hun bastard.
Starinski!
Hello mate. Hello Fritzen.
You are gonna die!
What do you want? What do you want?
This one, or this one, eh?
This one, or this one?

Oi, Quinn.
Not, while I'm around.
Yeah, how long's that gonna be then?
Long enough.
Thank fuck he's on our side, huh?
I really thought my time was up.
Got a girl at home.
Yeah.
What's she like?
She blonde?
Brunette?
I'd love a piece of cheese.
I know you would.
Wensleydale.
Lancashire crumbly.
Cheddar.
I'd better take watch.
Good luck, yeah.
Well Shakespeare, that was a gastronomic delight.
Well done, son.
Glad you liked it, Sarge.
That was so good,
you can have me blanket.
Thank you, Sarge.
A few seconds,
and you'll be out like a light.
So get some sleep.
Thanks, Doc.
Bradford?
Come and have a pew by the fire.
Let me have a look at that leg.
Any luck with the radio?
Er, not yet.
The chances of getting a signal
are pretty slim.
More likely to end up talking to the Hun.
Well, that's not a bad thing.
At least they might be able
to tell us where we are.
Doesn't the Captain know?
Doubt it.
I think he'd rather be tucked up in Sandhurst,
polishing his boots.
You served with him before?

No, no. He was posted to us
when our last CO was hit.
He seems decent enough.
He seems like a man out of his depth,
if you ask me.
At least, we've still got Tate.
Chevasse is gonna die, isn't he?
Yeah.
I shipped over with him.
He said he had a fiance in Norwich.
What?
Well, you heard the joke?
What joke?
Girl in Norwich.
I don't get it.
Knickers. Off. Ready.
When. I. Come. Home.
Norwich, you see. It's a joke.
Oh.
You haven't heard it?
No.
Right. You've dressed this well.
Yeah, practice makes perfect.
I'm only twenty,
I've already been shot four times.
Your friend up there must like you.
Not exactly spreading it around much
though, is he?
God has love for us all.
You just have to open your heart.
I don't think God is anywhere
near this place.
He brought us here, didn't he?
Out of the battle, out of the gas.
We were blessed.
Blessed? Really.
What about Chevasse, is he blessed?
God works in mysterious ways.
And there are better places than here.
Fuckin' Sergeant needs anything doing,
it's always McNess.
McNess, you killed the president,
McNess on point.
What about Starinski?

It's never fuckin' Quinn.
What about Hawkestone? No.
Fuckin' me.
I know what it is.
It's a Scottish thing.
He doesn't like Scots, that's what it is.
Maybe it's because he trusts you.
Aye. Well, there's that as well.
Trust me on this, right?
We shouldn't be here.
Fuckin' dead bodies everywhere.
Why? Why haven't they come back
for the trench?
Why haven't they come back for the men?
Ah? Why haven't they come back for you?
We shouldn't be here.
Do you think our men
will come back for us?
Stay alert. Stay awake.
Right, that says prison to me.
Get in there.
In there.
Aye, why not?
Get in there.
Get in.
Or I'll fuckin' shoot ya.
Get in!
Shoot him!
Go on, shoot him.
Why?
Because he kicked me in the fuckin' balls.
Why kill him?
What good's that going to do anyone?
He's scared.
Fuckin' should be.
Come on, what else you gonna do?
Get in.
Come here.
McNess. McNess, don't!
What now? Do you wanna make him
a wee cup of cocoa?
Evenin' Fraulein.
Oh, yeah.
Yeah. Yeah.

Oh... this fuckinn' rain!
Come on.
Yeah, nearly there.
Yeah...
Oi, who's that?
Quinn!
Not fuckin' funny!
Got ya.
What the fuck is goin' on here?
Oh my fuckin' God. Sergeant!
Better come and see this.
Starinski!
There. Quinn, Hawkestone down there.
Shakespeare with me.
Starinski!
You try up there, I'm going down here.
Sergeant.
Sergeant...
I've found Starinski.
There's more Germans here.
We're gonna have to find them.
English!
Speak any French, Captain?
I can.
The other... ou est l'autre?
What's French for German?
Shut up! I'm not askin' you!
I was a liaison with the French Command
before coming to the front.
I can speak French.
- Well, you'd better do the translating then.
- Sir.
- Go on son.
- Sir.
Yeah, you're not proposing fucking marriage.
Just find out where his mate is.
What's he saying?
He said... well, sir, it's very hard...
What's he saying?
He said... look, I,
I think he said we're all going to die.
It's his Kraut chum who's gonna die.
He said something
about turning on each other.

I'm going to wrap barbed wire around him,
and squeeze him
until he's nothing but little pieces.
He said none of us will survive.
Tell him that we know
his friend murdered one of my men...
and when we find him, we're gonna kill him.
Tell him that.
He said they're not the enemy. He said...
there's something wrong with this place,
with this trench...
Look he said it's in the earth,
in the ground...
In the ground.
They must be using tunnels to get about.
It killed all of them, it's gonna kill us too.
He says we should leave.
Mal. What's that, what's that word?
Evil. It means evil.
This is Y Company,
and we're still alive...
Is anybody there? Anybody?
This is Y Company,
and we're still alive.
No. No. No, we are alive!
We are still alive.
Bradford.
Chevasse.
Who's there?
Who are you?
Who are you?
These Bosch are worse dead than alive.
So what's the point of this?
It's easy to hide in the bodies, isn't it?
Put them all in one place,
and there's one less place to hide.
That's the last of them.
Those we can move anyway.
So much death.
Beggars the imagination.
Perhaps you'd like to say
a few words, Bradford.
The Captain's saying he wants
to hear something from your book.

Very well.
And the four angels were loosed...
which were prepared for an hour,
and a day,
and a month, and a year.
For they were to slay
the third part of men...
by the fire, by the smoke
and by the brimstone...
which rained down about their heads.
We have all made a covenant with death...
and with hell we are in agreement.
Who do you think you are,
the Archbishop of fuckin' Canterbury?
Ignore him.
You send one up there for me, aye.
When the over flown scourge
shall pass through...
you shall be trodden down by it.
Are these better than ours?
Well, if you're looking for a nice line
in shrapnel wounds and severed limbs. Yeah.
Probably a little better.
Mind you, I hear our pineapples
make a pretty good fruit salad.
Why are we doing this?
Ah, well... sometimes it's just better
to be doing something.
We know the enemy's still here somewhere, so...
Captain tells us we have to stay
and hold the trench, so...
we stay and hold the trench.
That's the chain of command, we do what we're told.
And what then?
All of us at risk to hold this place,
and we, we don't even know where it is.
Or what it is.
Right, we've got underground saps
all along here, yeah?
Some of them have got tunnels.
There, there and down there.
So we just chuck grenades in
and collapse the entrances?
Yeah, that's about the sum of it.

Do you think it will work, Sarge?
Why not?
Oh, come on.
There's a bad feeling here. This trench.
What you talking about?
Sarge, something isn't right...
What?
Nothing.
Right, with a bit of luck the whole thing
will cave in and trap him down there.
Aye, or drive them out into the open.
Yeah, either way we've got a result.
Alright?
Aye.
Bradford!
Bradford!
Tell Jennings one minute. Go on. Go!
We're ready, sir.
One minute.
Very good. Tell him to proceed.
One minute.
Go on!
Come on, on your feet.
Patrol coming.
Get up!
Tate?
Tate!
- Incoming!
- Artillery!
Hawkestone, go find the Captain. Go, Go!
Sergeant.
Move! Move! Get in the bunkers.
Take cover lads!
Take cover, boys.
Fuck off!
Shakespeare, get back in there!
In with Doc. Go!
Charley, Charley!
Charley, get in here!
Keep down!
Keep the... where's it coming from?
Keep down! Keep down!
Where are they?
They're coming!

Right, here they come.
Steady boys.
Make every bullet count!
Stay focused.
Easy.
Any second now.
Captain!
Tate!
Tate!
Tate!
Tate!
Tate!
Tate!
Tate! Tate!
They're coming!
They're coming!
They're coming!
Tate, where are you?
Goddamit, where are you?
Come on!
Who are you?
What happened?
Huh, put the gun down!
Captain, put the gun down, it's me.
Put... put the gun down.
Cap...
Oh, Jesus Christ.
Captain made his bullet count, Sarge.
Oh Jesus...
No, no!
No, what's the matter with this place?
Where's... where's the army?
Got any words for us now, Archbishop?
Sergeant Tate,
are we spending another night here?
Is that a good idea?
It's up to the Captain.
But what would you do?
Stay here?
There's something wrong with this place,
isn't there?
Something not right.
Look, what the Captain did.
What happened to Starinski?
I don't know what you're talking about.

But the...
You heard it.
I heard nothing.
Well, what about the noise?
I heard nothing.
What did you hear, eh?
You.
You.
But the prisoner. What he said.
He said we'd turn on each other.
What are we gonna do.
I mean we can't just...
Shut up!
Just... just shut up with your questions.
He's the Captain, not me.
Ask him.
Shakespeare, Shakespeare.
Come here.
We should leave right now.
Two men dead. Do you want
to add to that, Shakespeare, huh?
Do ya?
The Captain says we hold this trench.
So we're gonna sit tight.
You're gonna sit tight.
You understand?
Little Hun bastards.
What have you been doin' here, eh?
Jesus Christ, Bradford.
This place is scary enough
without you jumping out at me.
Are you alright?
Good.
You take over, I'm gonna get some kip.
Right Bradford, I'm here.
Bradford?
Well, that's just fuckin' great.
Have you come for me, have you?
Come on then.
Is this my time, huh?
Well, bring it at me.
You're gonna fuckin' need it.
No!
What the fuck happened to you,

you stupid Scottish bastard?
You alright, McNess?
Come on, let me have a look.
Wait!
McNess, what are you doing?
Leaving!
Well, that's the best idea
I've heard all day.
McNess, you can't leave.
You know that.
Look we'll dig in.
Build a strong defensive position.
Defensive position? What are we
defending against Sergeant, huh? What?
Come on say it. Evil!
Will you listen to yourself. Evil!
It's the gas,
we are hallucinating, that is all.
Was Starinski hallucinating, huh?
Is this a fuckin' hallucination?
There must be another sniper.
Germans we haven't found yet.
I don't know.
Aye, I know you don't know.
You don't know because you won't admit it.
Fucking none of you.
I don't... I don't wanna die.
I'm not waiting to die.
Mcness, please don't go out there.
There's nothing out there.
It's in here.
It's in fuckin' here.
Where do you think you're going?
Deserters will be shot.
What would your father say
if he saw you now?
He'd say naughty boy.
'Naughty boy' pointing weapons at people.
I'll put you over my knee
and I'll give you a damn good thrashing.
That's what he'd say.
Give me the gun, Captain.
Give me the gun.
Remember your fuckin' manners.

Don't forget your fuckin' manners.

You are under arrest.

Mcness!

I don't see him.

Right, hold on.

Got him.

Bradford!

Jesus, Bradford.

He's been hit.

Where did the shot come from?

I'd better go and get him.

No, I'll get him.

You cover me.

Alright.

Remember, just keep on the move.

Right, go!

Bradford?

Bradford!

Bradford!

Bradford!

Bradford!

Come out!

Now!

Bradford!

Bradford are you down here?

McNess!

McNess!

Doc!

Oh, fuck.

McNess!

I can't move, I've been shot.

Doc!

Doc!

It's okay, mate.

Help me, oh help me God.

I'm coming, I'm coming.

Doc!

Hello Charlie.

Why did you shoot him?

He was trying to leave.

We have to stay.

I'm a mess, man. Doc!

I'm coming!

I'm coming, I'm...

Oh, God.
Look at me.
Take out, take out your field dressing.
Look at me!
Look at me!
Hold on, McNess!
Hold on, McNess! Hold on McNess!
Hold on, McNess! Hold on to me! McNess!
What's happened to you, Bradford?
It's inside me, Charley.
I can feel it.
It's moving around like worms in my gut,
I can't stop it.
What?
What is it?
It's death!
And it's waiting for us.
All this blame, this hatred...
Come on, Bradford.
Come back with me.
It's in the earth, and the rats,
and the flies, and you and me.
We're dead, Charley. I know that now.
I can't feel my heart beating anymore.
I died here,
and I just didn't realise it.
Come on. Come back with me.
No. You have to stop me.
I'm not a murderer.
You will be.
I was wrong, you see. God is dead.
We're all alone.
Bradford.
Bradford! Where are we?
Tate, barricades won't work.
It didn't help the Germans.
That thing out there took McNess.
Right in front of my eyes,
sucked him into the fuckin' mud.
So what are we gonna do.
Hide round some boxes?
Captain.
Captain, we need a hand here.
Halt! Who's there?

It's me!
It's me.
Shakespeare, where the hell have you been?
Come give us a hand, will ya?
Sarge.
Bradford shot McNess.
I saw him do it.
He shot his own man.
That's not gonna do us any good, Sergeant.
Not against what's in here.
I'm a soldier, son. I fight what I can see.
What's in front of me.
But it's not in front of us.
Don't you understand that yet?
Look, you're not listening.
You're meant to be in charge.
Just listen to him.
Oi! Hun! Hun!
You wanna kill me?
Well, come on then.
Come on, come on then!
I'm waiting.
Where do you think you're going?
I can't let Quinn kill the prisoner.
You mad?
Shakespeare, you don't fight
your own men to save the enemy.
But he's not the enemy.
Look we can't let this go on,
not in this place.
Please...
Alright, I'll bring him back myself.
Out my way, Doc.
Sergeant Tate?
Sir.
Muster the men, please.
Sir.
For inspection,
muster the Company if you would.
What about Quinn?
There's no Company left, sir.
Nothing to inspect.
Just follow your orders.
Oh, for God's sake, man...

Carry out my orders!
This is not the time.
You are a weak man, Sergeant Tate.
I've always thought that of you.
And you are a streak of posh,
fucking piss, sir!
Captain, no!
You are relieved of your duties.
Private First Class Shakespeare,
falling in for inspection, sir.
Corporal Fairweather
falling in for inspection, sir.
You are relieved of your duties.
Very good.
Doesn't do to let standards slip, Corporal.
You have a responsibility
to these young men.
Yes, sir.
What is that godawful racket?
That's Private Quinn, sir.
And why is he not here for inspection?
Sergeant!
Why is Private Quinn
not here for inspection?
Right. Well done men, you fall out.
I'm going to go
and have a word with Private Quinn.
Please, don't do that, sir.
He'll kill you, sir.
I'm an officer.
Quinn!
What do you think you're doing?
Take that man down and get back
to the trench for inspection, now.
And?
Take your hands off me.
You know what I hate most
about this fuckin' war?
It's not the mud...
or the cold...
or the wet...
Sarge?
Or even the Hun...
What have I done?

It's the fucking officers.
Sarge!
Make your peace.
Quinn! No!
Quinn!
Quinn!
You ain't come to arrest me again, have ya?
I'm not gonna arrest you, Quinn.
I'm gonna fuckin' kill ya.
Oh good, it's about time
you showed some fuckin' bollocks.
Charley! Charley!
It's too late, you can't do anything.
It wasn't the Hun killed McNess,
it was Bradford.
That makes sense...
the Bible basher losing it out here.
You don't see it, do ya?
This place is making us kill each other.
There's nothing making me kill you.
Quinn, Quinn, don't do it!
It's wrong, you can't do it.
Quinn? Quinn!
Quinn! Don't do it, please!
It's a bit late for heroics ain't it?
Quinn, there's been enough killing.
Not yet, there hasn't.
Quinn... I've got...
I've got children.
No!
You murderer!
You're just a fuckin' animal!
Well, go on. Go on.
You haven't got the guts have you?
You're a coward.
You left him to die before.
Do you think nobody saw you run away?
We all did!
You should be shot!
You should curl up into a little ball...
and shrivel up with shame.
At least I'm not a murderer.
That's all we do here.
This war is all murder.

And do you know what?
I love it.
You're a coward.
Shoot!
We are goin'.
I'm not gonna leave them behind.
No. No, they're not.
Take this. If I don't come back,
you get out of here.
Doc!
Doc, where are you?
Hello Chevasse.
What's happening?
I'm gonna get you out of here.
I've had terrible dreams. Terrible.
Where's Doc?
I'm going to go and find him now.
I'll be back very soon.
You can move your legs again?
That's a good sign.
I'm trying.
I'll be back on my feet soon enough.
Can I have a little water,
if you don't mind?
Of course.
What's wrong? Charley?
Oh God.
What's wrong?
No!
I'm gonna help you, Chevasse.
I'm gonna get you out of here, I promise.
It's gonna be alright.
It's gonna be alright, just calm down.
Please just calm down. Please.
No!
It's gonna be alright.
Please, please calm down.
No, help me, Charley!
Help me! Help me, Charley.
Help me!
Help me.
I'm sorry, Chevasse.
What are you doing, Bradford?
Why are you doing this?

Is it because of me?
Because I don't believe?
I do believe, I swear to God.
Liar!
Everyone loses it in this war.
It's just what it does to you.
But we're getting it back.
Bradford, we'll get you back.
We'll put you on leave.
We'll sort, well sort you out.
Doc!
Think of your faith.
What it means to you. Please.
What about forgiveness,
or redemption, or mercy?
Be not overcome by evil,
but overcome evil. With good...
Corinthians, chapter twelve.
It's Romans twelve!
So your actually gonna kill us all.
Is that it?
Your just gonna blow us all to hell
and for what?
So what?
There is no victory, Bradford.
Not here, not anymore.
Please, Bradford.
There's no victory.
You don't win anything.
Shakespeare's coming to save you.
Do you think you deserve to be saved?
I think so.
Oh, thank God.
Charley... where's Tate?
Don't.
Doc, you're coming with me.
Bradford, just...
Look, you don't want to do this.
I told you you'd have to kill me Charley,
but you didn't listen.
I won't do it.
Yes! You will.
Shoot him!
Stop me, Charley.

I can't fight it anymore.
Bradford please, whatever it is inside you,
please just fight it.
I can't!
Charley, shoot him!
I won't.
Yes, you will!
You have to!
No more killing.
No, Bradford!
Well done, Charley.
Now get me out of these.
Bradford.
No!
No.
Turn around Charlie.
Who is this?
Shakespeare.
Sargeant?
I'm not dead!
I'm not dead!
I'm not dead!
I'm not dead!
Allemand!
Hey, Allemand?
What are you doing?
I saved you.
I tried to help you.
You did Charlie.
Only you tried to save me.
That is why you are free.
What's out there?
Oh, Jesus.
Sarge! I've got something over here.
Get your hands up. Now!
You German bastard!