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Five Graves to Cairo

By Charles Brackett

Stebbins!
Stebbins!
Abbott!
Fitch, stop the tank!
Theyve got the exhaust.
Fitch!
Lieutenant, Lieutenant!
Sentry, is this Divisional Headquarters?
I said, is this Divisional Headquarters?
I wish to speak with the commanding officer
Quickly, please.
Cold in here.
Could I borrow a coat?
Or perhaps you have a bed with blankets.
About six blankets.
Feather bed on top of them.
Hot toddies.
Corporal John Bramble reporting, sir.
Royal Tank Regiment stationed in Tobruk.
Been in Tobruk, sir?
Hot as a blister on a devils heel.
We joined operations last night at
Bir Hakeim.
Looked like a frolic, sir. We thought
we had the German tanks on the run.
Then the 88s...
Their formation split wide open and...
... there were the 88s right against
our belly, sir.
Very clever this blasted Herr Rommel.
Thirty shells a minute.
Oh yes, sir, we pulled out all right,
thank you, sir.
Ever see a five passenger hearse, sir,
doing the Lambeth Walk...
... the exhaust hit and going pss..
Listen, please. The British... The
British arent here anymore. They left...
Stebbins is dead. Fitch dead.
Abbott dead.
Yes, sir, but the English...
O'Connor, dead. All of them...
... driving themselves to the
funeral service, sir

Youve had too much sun.
Mouche, Mouche, sunstroke,
bring water and salt.
Is there transportation back to Tobruk?
Oh but sir, there is no more Tobruk, sir.
No sir. Theyve taken Tobruk.
I was on the bus once that went
wild in Piccadilly.
It was raining. Umbrellas.
Wet umbrellas.
The British have evacuated.
This is Sidi Halfaya, sir.
An Englishmans home is his umbrella...
This is Hotel Empress of Britain, sir.
Sidi Halfaya, sir.
... and his pipe is his fireplace.
Five little Britishs riding in
the sun.
After the Gerries, then
there was one... one.
Thats close to zero.
Hello, miss.
Women at headquarters now?
Where is the Commanding Officer.
I was speaking with the Commanding Officer.
I must return to my outfit.
Abbott! Stebbins! Fitch!
Mister!
Our new guests.
Sir, sir, get up quick.
You can get up, sir.
This is no time, sir. Here Come to
yourself, sir. Come to yourself, sir.
Wake up. Wake up, for mercys sake.
Wake up.
Youve got to get up, sir,
the Germans are here.
Sir!
I wouldnt do that, Farid.
But who, where?
Where else can I put him, Mouche?
Right in the middle of the floor.
Oh no. Theyll see him.
Theyll shoot him.

I know theyd shoot you too.

Salam aleykum.

Good afternoon.

- Perhaps were a little late for tea?

- Tea? Well you see...

Isnt it tea time?

Or maybe shes knitting. Maybe

shes taking a little nap. Where is she?

Where is she... where is she who, sir?

There is nobody in the hotel, sir.

Dont tell me she ran off to Cairo

with her teeth chattering.

Who please, sir?

The Empress of Britain.

I didnt name it that, sir, honest,

I didnt. That was the name of the hot...

... hotel, when I bought it, sir.

Water.

Yes... Yes, sir.

Please, this way, sir.

- Your name is Farid?

- Yes, sir. My name Farid.

- Youre Egyptian.

- Oh yes sir, yes. Only because...

... my parents were Egyptian, sir.

Nothing wrong with Egypt.

Oh no, sir.

- Except too many English and

too many flies. - Yes sir.

Weve been killing the English like flies.

Theyd only kill the flies like the English.

Yes, sir.

Youve a native cook by the name of Berek.

Terek, sir, Terek. Yes sir.

But he run away this morning...

... with the British to Alexandria.

- You have a wife.

- Oh, yes sir, yes, but she run away, sir.

With the British to Alexandria?

No, sir. With a Greek to Casablanca.

Theres a maid by the name of

Marie Jacqueline.

They call me Mouche.

French citizen, born in Marseilles.

Ha. Informed of everything.
We rather like to know where the
light switch is before we enter a dark room.
And theres a waiter here,
Alsatian by the name of Paul Davos.
- Yes, sir. He was killed, sir.
- By whom?
By you, sir. In the bombing
when your planes came over last night.
You know, your beautiful planes.
Whats a French maid doing in Egypt?
- Housework.
- Whats the matter with housework in Paris?
In Paris they are one million
French chambermaids.
There is only one Mouche in Sidi Halfaya.
Only... only one, sir.
The cook ran away this morning
to Alexandria. Why didnt you?
What for? You take Alexandria.
You take Cairo
Naturally. Turn around.
Turn around!
- Cigarette.
- Uh, yes sir.
You light if for me, please.
Your hands are very small.
Its been a long time,
since Ive seen such small hands.
Thank you.
Always attack quickly.
Dont give the British time
to pack up their soap.
Excellent soap. Smells of Bond Street.
How many rooms in this hotel, exactly?
This is the largest hotel, sir,
between Alexandria and Benghazi.
- How many, I said.
- Sixteen, sir, sixteen.
But of course, we lost four
in the bombardment.
- Bathrooms?
- Oh yes, of course, sir.
- Everything is most luxurious

- How many?
- Uh two.
- One that works.
Luxurious indeed.
Or was the word, luksh.
Sir... Lieutenant, the rooms.
Maybe you would like to see the rooms?
Full of bedbugs, Im sure.
Yes sir, full of bedbugs
You see, we have the most wonderful...
Oh, no, no, no, sir,
We have not full of bedbugs, not one sir.
I swear we have no bedbugs.
Well, you see, this is the only hotel
between Alexandria and Benghazi.
We have no bedbugs
I swear we have...
Maybe one or two in the
cheaper rooms, sir.
Now look here, man bedbugs,
broken down bathrooms and all, we are...
... taking over the Empress of Britain
as our temporary headquarters.
Yes sir. Great honor, sir.
I expect your fullest cooperation.
Should there be any irregularities,
you'll be held responsible.
Our complaints are brief
and we make them against the nearest wall.
Yes, and so he gets to warn us.
Warn you! Im only a servant here.
The rooms immediately adjacent
to the good...
... bathroom will be occupied by
the German High Command.
The one with the bathroom that
doesn't work goes to the Italian general.
The Italian.
Uh... Maybe... maybe it would be better in
the restaurant, sir. There are many tables.
There are large tables...
tables in the restaurant to eat
Well dont stand around. The rooms upstairs,
are they ready for the High Command?

- They will.
- Weve been going around...
... all day, sir cleaning up
after your planes.
Well go ahead. And two towels
in every room
Yes sir. Yes, one towel for every
two rooms, sir.
Er... two towels for every...
Come on.
Come on.
- Youre still here?
- Uh... still... still here.
I gave you instructions.
The High Command will be here any minute.
We were admiring your efficiency, sir.
Werent we, Mouche? Thats wonderful...
... after the British, sir.
Yes sir. Come sir... come, Mouche.
- Maid.
- Yes, Lieutenant?
Before I make final arrangements about the
quarters upstairs, which is your room?
Way down the hall, next to the one
you assigned the Italian general.
- Oh, if that worries you...
- Im not afraid of generals.
Youre not?
Its lieutenants, Im afraid of.
Thanks be to our luck.
All the miracles, that was the most
miraculous of miracles.
Shut up.
An unconscious man spirited away
through a bead curtain.
Hes gone, thats all. He was never here.
We had nothing to do with this.
And if we sent...
Thats even better.
Therell be no questions asked.
Poor fellow. Such a nice fellow.
Well maybe...
Shut that door.
How did you get in here?

The window.

How did I get to this hotel?

You had sunstroke. I put you behind the desk.

Thats all I know. Except they shot you.

They shot an Italian soldier

for stealing drinking water.

Sir, but here... Sir, you cannot stay here.

Understand you cant. You have to leave, sir, please.

Of course, why not ask that German officer

to call me a taxi.

Sir, please.

- Whose are these?

- They belong...

Theyre here, but they dont stop.

Now they will be all over the hotel, sir.

Leave please. Go in a room. Leave the room.

Please, sir, get out, please, quick.

Sorry, the percentage is against you.

If the Africa Corps doesnt get me,

the desert will.

- Whose are these?

- They belonged to our waiter.

- Waiter?

- He was lame, and he was killed.

Yes. He was killed, sir, when Room 14

was blown into the cellar, sir.

- What was his name?

- Paul Davos.

- Davos?

- Yes.

Good. He was never killed, understand.

Oh sir, no sir. He was Alsatian.

He was older, sir.

Im Alsatian, and he was my age.

Yes, but, sir, cant you understand.

We...

Mouche, please, help me.

Listen, man. Its only for a few days

til the British come back.

Until the who come back?

The British?

Thats right, the British.

Since when did the British come back.

- You dont like us?

- No.

And if he doesnt tell the Germans,
I will.

- But I thought you were French.

- Yes.

I had two brothers in the French Army.
At Dunkirk...

... when the British decided to evacuate
their troops, what did they do with the French?

They left them on the beaches
to die or to be captured.

Who told you that? Laval?

Wading out into the water
begging the boats to come back for them.

But did the British come back?

Did they?

Im only a chambermaid, but if
somebody yell for me I come.

Its only a towel they want
or an extra pillow...

... not lies.

Just 5 seconds, before you call the Germans,
5 seconds thats all.

What do you want to tell me about?

Blood, sweat and tears?

Pencil.

This is the address of my wife in London.

Lobby.

- I want you to mail this to her
when you can. - Yes sir.

You better get out of those clothes
or theyll shoot you for a spy.

Theyll shoot me in my uniform too.

Theyre thrifty with their drinking water.

Put this inside.

This is for my older boy.

I wish I had something for the younger one.

Service. Whats happening?

Where is everybody.

Now that weve disposed of the tears,
any time Mademoiselle.

What is this? Passive resistance?

I told you we expected cooperation.

Whos he?

Yes, sir.

Whos he?

- Hes our waiter.

- What waiter?

Uh, waiter, sir, we always had a waiter.

My name is Davos. Im an Alsatian.

I thought you was killed.

Only buried alive, sir.

When I came to, it seemed as though
the whole hotel was on top of me.

Yes sir, but look at him, look at
his eyes. Hes so sick.

Yes, it took me eight hours
to dig myself out.

You see, its not very easy for me.

Yes, he screamed, sir. He screamed,
but we didnt hear.

So youre Paul Davos.

Yes sir.

Get us those rooms.

We will sir, yes sir, immediately, sir.

You come with me.

Me, sir?

Yes. For a little chat downstairs.

- Yes, sir.

- Your waistcoat.

Come on.

Against the nearest wall,
that's whats going to happen...

... happen to all of us.

You know, I would almost believe
you were a waiter.

I am a waiter.

A rather special kind.

You play your part well.

And now in English, to save them
the trouble of translation...

... when they intercept this message.

My Fhrer,...

... I have today crossed the Egyptian
border.

I am now marching on towards
Alexandria and Cairo

Then, I will take the Suez Canal.

Nothing can save the 8th British Army...
... from a colossal catastrophe.
They say the Red Sea once opened...
... by special arrangement with Moses.
A similar mishap will not occur
this time.
I pledge you here with my word
as a soldier.

Signed:

You'll address the Field Marshall as
Your Excellency, do you understand?
Yes, sir.

Why in the name of the devil,
didn't we get proper information...
... about the British withdrawal?

Huh? Why!?

I read here that you are a competent man.
Is that competent?

With the Field Marshalls permission,
he has been buried under the debris since last night.
He couldn't very well have used
the laundry communication.

Oh.

Field Marshall will find that he has
a very good record as an advance man.
We used him as a waiter in Danzig
in Rotterdam and in Athens.

- Cognac.

- Yes, Your Excellency.

Of course, no one in this so called hotel
has the slightest suspicion...

... that you've been working for us.

No, Your Excellency.

You will continue here as a waiter until,
we can get you through to your new assignment.

- Yes, Your Excellency.

- Cairo.

Thank you, Your Excellency. I rather
like to think of myself as a vulture...
... who flies ahead of the Stukas
limping a little.

- Rather well said. Three glasses.

- Yes, Your Excellency.

I suppose you would be glad to
escape from this sand trap.
I will indeed, Your Excellency.
How do you find the
British Intelligence Service.
Not very intelligent.
Not an inkling about Professor Cronstaetter
I beg your pardon, Your Excellency?
Professor Cronstaetter.
The five graves.
Of course. No, Your Excellency,
not anything.
Well.
We shall take that big fat cigar
from Mr. Churchills mouth...
... and make him say, Heil.
Five times.
Rather well said, Your Excellency.
Sieg Heil. To victory.
To victory.
To victory.
The next time, I will go personally,
do you understand. Make that quite clear.
Yes, Your Excellency.
About breakfast, I want some strong
black coffee to be served in bed.
Your Excellency will just ring.
Avanti!
General Sebastiano,
Ive come with a request.
- What do you come with?
- A request.
- What request?
- A request that the General cease singing.
Who made such a request?
The gentlemen of the German Staff.
Ill tell the gentlemen of the
German Staff
Among them Field Marshall Rommel.
Alright. But I ask you...
Can a nation of belchers understand
a nation that sings?
No, General.
I am getting very sick of the Germans.

Pushing Italian soldiers into the
frontline without letting their...
... general lead even a staff meeting
They steal the food packages
my family send me.
They are censoring my letters.
In fact, as we say in Milano, we are
getting the end of the stick that stinks.
Water. Water!
I have been given a bathroom
that does not work. Why?
Because it was assigned to you
General Sebastiano.
- Is there no proper bathroom in this hotel?
- Oh yes, sir.
- I will have it.
- It belongs to the Field Marshall.
Another kick in the face.
They let us die, but dont let us wash.
Well, what did we expect?
As we say in Milano, when you lie down
with dogs, you wake up with fleas.
Thats right, sir.
You havent heard anything?
Of course, not. From so far away,
how can I hear what they say in Milano?
- Good.
- I can fill the Generals washbasin.
Please. My orderly is in the hospital
with measles.
German measles!
Look at that. Look at that.
When this war is over,
I shall lie in my own bathtub...
... filled with blue Italian water,
and sing and sing and sing.
But not Wagner.
In Benghazi, they have stolen my toothbrush.
Will that be all, General?
- Good night.
- Good night, sir.
Waiter!
Yes sir?
What is the name of the maid here?

- Mouche, sir.

- Mouche?

- When I want you, I ring once.

- Yes, sir.

Then its two rings for the maid.

- Thats right, sir.

- Good night.

Good night.

Im sorry.

The key. Turn the key.

- Whats happened?

- I found these papers.

Here, the three passports, see: Danish,
a Swiss one, a Romanian.

Let me see how I look.

Mm, what a kindly face.

Id never suspect myself.

Now how was I to know he was working
with the Germans? Glove in glove.

He came here two years ago. He said he
wanted a job here, on account of his lungs.

He had, what you call,
you know, b...b...b...

What do you know about a
Professor Cronstaetter?

Professor Cronstaetter? Yes I think I know
that name. Or do I... maybe I dont.

What about graves? Five graves?

Graves? Whose graves?

Alright, what did Davos have to do
with the laundry?

With the laundry? Nothing, sir,
nothing at all.

- Mouche.

- Mouche.

Mouche knew him better than I did.

Didnt you, Mouche?

- Who?

- Davos who.

What of it?

We were talking about the laundry, here.

Where does Davos come in?

I do the laundry.

All alone?

Sometimes, he helps me put it out
to dry.

A flag on the sand, perhaps?

Bed sheets, towels, washcloths all nicely
spread out for the Messerschmitts

What Messerschmitts?

Its my guess, mademoiselle, that
youve been washing some sort of alphabet.

A towel could be a dash; a washcloth a dot.

Dont you see, a sheet could mean
ten thousand men...

... and a towel, petrol tanks
coming through.

- You suspected nothing?

- No.

The sheet, a dash and e...

Say that slower please.

Its perfectly simple.

The Germans were smart again.

And the British were stupid.

Why not call it nave, mademoiselle.

We use sheets just to sleep on,
towels for drying hands.

Your hands will need a lot of towels.

Shh, Mouche, please, why fight?

He will not be here long.

He... hes going away.

Arent you, sir?

No, Im not.

But sir, I heard with my own ears
from the kitchen.

They are letting you through the lines.

Theyre sending you to Cairo, sir.

- You will be safe.

- Of course.

I limp into British Headquarters
in Cairo, with this club foot of mine.

Where have you been Corporal Bramble.

Oh, nowhere in particular.

I spent a day or two with Rommel.

Rommel?

Field Marshall Rommel, sir.

You mean to say, you were under
the same roof with Rommel? Yes sir.

As close as I am to you?
Thats right, sir. And...
And what, sir?
You didnt leave him with a bullet in his
head and his head in a puddle of blood?
Sir, sir.
Hes talking so fast again.
Hes talking foolish.
Perhaps, Corporal John J. Bramble
formerly...
... of the Four Square Insurance Company,

Head Office:

... clerk of the Claims Department...
... always rather afraid of the manager...
... one of 120 thousand men
in the Army of the Nile.
That it should be this J Bramble
does sound foolish.
Oh, Im scared. Im all scared inside.
What do you think I am?
Its just that I happen to have drawn
the black ball, blast it.
But we havent drawn it,
Farid and I.
Oh no, we havent. And we saved
your life, didnt we Mouche?
I heard a wife crying and two little boys,
and some words came out of my mouth.
And Im very grateful. But you wont
be involved, either of you.
Ill work it out.
You will work it out, ah?
In the morning, hell ring for breakfast.
Number 5. Black coffee in bed.
No one else in the room.
It must all happen very quickly.
Perhaps as he drops in his second
lump of sugar.
- So thats all you want.
- Yes.
Because its good for England.
Oh, I dont imagine that it will win
the war.

But, itll knock the breath
out of them for a while.
Well, youre not going to do it. Because,
it doesnt fit in with my plans, understand?
What plans?
What do you think I stayed on here
in this filthy place for?
I was waiting for them, understand?
No, I dont understand.
Because, I want to do business with them.
Business? I see.
Thats not very attractive, Mademoiselle.
What you think of me, I dont care that.
Hey now. Now listen. All I know...
I will take in his breakfast.
One, six, eight, twelve.
This is my hotel. Alright alright.
But I wish I was in a black pit
with my back broken wrecked.
I got my wish.
I wouldnt want them to see me
with my shoes off.
Youll be glad to know that I never snore.
Except when I sleep in pajamas,
Russian style.
Now that Im trying desperately to strike a
more genial note...
... a 'yes or 'is that so?'...
... or even a 'shut up' would
stimulate the conversation considerably.
Good night.
Thank you.
Being from Marseilles, you must be
an addict of that soup...
... that bouillabaisse with all
the fish in it.
One always expects to find an old galosh
somewhere near the bottom of the plate.
Thats where I expected an is that so?.
Is that so?
They are calling you, Mademoiselle.
Farid is looking after it.
Farid wont do, obviously. One and three
and six have rung again.

They say Rommel keeps his Africa Corps
in hothouses...

... before he sends them out
into the desert.

Must be quite some time,
since theyve heard a womans voice.
Number 8, the major with a monocle.
Yes, you get pretty lonely after
a year or so.

I been here 18 months, myself.

Its a lot of days.

But a lot more nights.

Oh Mademoiselle, I think this is the time
for an additional bit of information.

I lied to you. I had to say something
quick and effective to soften your heart.

I havent any children and I havent
any wife. Ive never been married.

- Is that so?

- Can you forgive me?

Thank you.

Ah. Heres a request from the Italian General.

How about the Italian General?

Not the Italian General.

How about the Major with the monocle?

Not the Major with the monocle.

Who are you waiting for, Mademoiselle?

Number 5.

The Field Marshall himself.

Sorry, mademoiselle,

I take Number 5.

Good night.

Good night.

British prisoners, ten minutes rest!

Mouche!

Mouche!

Good morning, Your Excellency.

On the table, Your Excellency?

Where is the waiter?

Im quicker on my feet.

Here

Sugar, Your Excellency?

I dont like women in the morning.

Go away.

Do you understand English?
Go away, I said.
No.
No, Your Excellency.
I stayed on while this place was bombed.
I could have run away.
I waited for the German troops.
I waited for Your Excellency.
Why?
I wanted to talk to Your Excellency.
- One piece of sugar.
- Yes, Your Excellency.
Your hands are neat.
Why isnt this spoon?
Sand.
Sorry, Your Excellency.
Two steps back, please.
Now, what do you wish to say?
Its about my brother, Your Excellency.
Hes in Germany.
Continue.
I have two brothers.
One was taken prisoner.
Hes in a concentration camp in Wittenberg.
The other was killed.
Fighting the Germans?
They were just boys. Their classes
were called. They had to go.
They didnt hate the Germans or anybody.
Of course.
Nobody hates the Germans.
Proceed.
What I wanted... I know that one
word from you, Your Excellency.
He was wounded. Hes lost one arm.
He cant even work for you. Hes useless.
Maybe Im not.
If theres anything I can... do.
Youre suggesting some sort of bargain?
This is a familiar scene.
Reminiscent of bad melodrama.
Although usually it is not the brother
for whose life...
... the heroine comes to plead,

it is the lover.
The time is midnight.

Place:

Blushingly, the lady makes her proposal,
and...

... gallantly, the general
grants her wish.

Later, the lady very stupidly takes poison.

In one Italian opera, the two even
go so far as to sing a duet.

Schwegler!

If I had shed tears or wept,
maybe youd listen.

There will be no duet today.

Schwegler!

He is not an enemy of yours.

Hes only 19 now.

A boy. And hes dying.

Petitions for the release of prisoners
must...

... be addressed to the commander
of the prison camp.

They must be submitted in triplicate.

You can also have the Red Cross write
and then there are the Quakers.

But everything must be in triplicate.

We can use paper in Germany.

A great deal of paper.

Youre to keep out of this room,
from now on.

Yes.

Who do you think you are to open
your mouth to him. Are you crazy?

You get a little crazy if you think about
something all the time for a long time.

I could have told you exactly
what he would say.

Only, if you would have come to me,
you wouldnt have had to go to him.

May I come in?

Yes.

So stupid. Never ask a very big man
for a very small favor.

Sometimes, a lieutenant can be of more use.

Or are you still afraid of lieutenants?

No.

I know people in Berlin
who can pull some wires.

We dont need the waiter here.

Get out of here.

- Did you take that gun?

- Yes.

- Where did you put it?

- Never mind.

You give me back that gun.

Or would you rather have me report it?

Get out.

- Good morning, Lieutenant.

- Good morning, Davos.

Of course, Ill have to have your brothers
name and the camp hes in.

Hes in Wittenberg.

His name is Louis Marie.

Careful. I dont want anybody
to know about this.

Whats the matter?

You dont go to hostel, I go to hostel.

You go back, Ill take it.

- Whats happened?

- There are British officers...

... in the lobby. Prisoners.

Not from my outfit.

Theyll never recognize me.

Its not that. Its not that.

Its that they have been stationed here.

Colonel Fitzhume, he lived in the hotel.

He knew Davos.

One suspicious look;

one eye of the lift brow, oh...

I mean one lift of the eyebrow.

Go back. Go back, please.

Back where?

Ill keep to the kitchen.

- Davos!

- Davos?

Oh, Davos, seems I neglected to tip
you when we...

Thats quite alright, Colonel Fitzhume.
May I say, it would be a pleasure
to serve you again, sir.
It is too early in the morning
to offer you gentlemen a drink?
Oh, dont let the clock stop you, Colonel.

- Drinks, Davos.

- Yes, sir.

I will announce your arrival to the
Field Marshall, if you will excuse me.

If you will excuse us,
we forgot our visiting cards

What is wrong?

Heart trouble.

From bringing up to my throat so much.

What will it be, Colonel,
cognac, sherry, whisky?

Whisky for me with a little soda.

Very well. I beg your pardon.

Whisky and soda?

- Yes.

- The same for me.

- For you, sir?

- I am on duty.

Oh, yes sir.

Very little soda. Ill do it myself.

The whiskys over here, sir.

- Smells good.

- I hope so, sir.

Intelligence?

Royal Tanks.

Just ambled in, so to speak.

- Davos is dead, and he was a German agent.

- Go on.

I have a gun.

I also have a plan.

- What plan?

- Just waiting to get Rommel alone.

No, no. None of that.

Why not? Isnt it sporting to shoot
a sitting Field Marshall?

Dead Field Marshalls tell no secrets.

What secrets, sir?

You have their confidence. You have

your freedom. There's a bigger job.

Yes, sir.

Standby. No ill-considered heroics,
understand. That's orders.

Yes, sir.

- I tell you it was in my holster,
last night. - You lost it.

Listen, maybe I have lost a few battles;
I've never lost a gun.

Gentlemen, the Field Marshall requests
the honor of your company at...

... luncheon before you leave.

- Thank you. - Enchanted.

- Very kind of the Field Marshall.

Gentlemen, I am General Sebastiano.

Waiter, just a moment.

- Cinzano?

- No, sir.

Let's see what you have here.

Cognac, sherry. What is this?

Bramble, sir.

Bramble?

If I didn't know it was Bramble,
I would swear it was whiskey.

Rice pudding in Egypt.

One never knows whether it's
raisins or flies.

Take this away.

Coffee ready?

Cream, sugar. Where's the sugar?

Farid is getting it down in the cellar.

I'm disappointed in you, Mouche.

Having set out for a Field Marshall,

I didn't expect you to settle for a lieutenant.

What is it to you?

Well, now that you're down to lieutenants,
how about a corporal?

Let me remind you, this foot of mine
is only camouflage.

Or perhaps you should see me
in my black bowler.

I bought a black bowler two weeks
before the war.

A singularly imprudent investment.

Or perhaps if you imagine me as a German.

No, I'd rather you didn't imagine me as a German.

Eight coffees.

Ah, obviously I'm in the wrong army.

You are.

If the circumstances, in which we find ourselves weren't so peculiar.

I might turn you over my knee and spank you with abandon.

- Thank you for your interest.

- Not at all.

But if you think you'll carve yourself some sort of niche with these Germans.

Let me point out that we too tried to do business with them.

We threw our arms around them, kissed them, went on a honeymoon with them.

In Munich, it was.

I'm getting what I want, so shut up.

That's a very agreeable mouth, you're casting before these swine.

- What's the matter?

- I've seen him.

- Who?

- In the cellar.

His hand stretched like this.

All yellow.

With fingernails white.

- But I thought I was way down under everything. - Yes, me too.

- Well who?

- Davos.

When I climbed over for the sugar.

The wreckage started giving way, you know like apples

And then I see this hand, all yellow with finger...

Careful.

What did you do?

I piled up the rubble over him, more and more.

Herr Davos could have been more cooperative and died further away.

You better get the coffee in there.

Yes.

Better give him a large cup, too.

Later, we can find more suitable arrangements for the gentleman in the cellar.

Yes, sir.

No, no Captain McOwen, what I think is wrong is...

... that we send ambassadors to each others countries, ambassadors and diplomats.

What we should send is cooks.

Your word was cooks?

Yes. Why send ultimate?

Why not send macaroni?

Con ajo y aceite de oliva.

Take risotto, for instance.

What an emissary of good will!

Mr. Field Marshall, do remember the last time you were in Rome, did you taste the spagh...?

So sorry.

Gentlemen, I understand that not long ago when the question came up...

... in the British Parliament as to who should be entrusted with...

... the supreme command of the allied forces in Africa...

... some members suggested my name.

Thats quite possible, Field Marshall.

British sense of humor is unpredictable, you know.

Humor, my dear Colonel Fitzhume, is founded on truth.

But who are we to argue with the British Parliament?

Youre fast becoming a legendary figure.

Yes, they say everything possible about me...

... that Im a magician, a puller of rabbits out of hats.

The man who can saw Africa in half.

And the Field Marshall can, too.

They also say that you entertain captured British officers by...

... giving them lessons in strategy.

Better a lesson too late than

no lesson at all.

I agree. Ive often thought Id like to look up the magicians sleeve.

- Two more salt cellars.

- Yes, sir.

Gentlemen, I have before me North Africa, from Tripoli to Cairo.

El Agheila, Benghazi, Sidi Barrani, Sidi Halfaya, Matruh, El Alamein. Alexandria. Cairo.

Now gentlemen, the subject being vast and my time brief.

Why dont you ask me what puzzles you most?

Suppose I give you twenty questions.

Thats uncommonly generous of you, Field Marshall.

It certainly is.

Are you there, waiter?

Yes, sir.

Give me brandy, will you.

Alright, who goes first?

May I? How many men have you got in North Africa?

Not as many as you.

If you count in the Italians.

Nobody counts in or on the Italians.

Field Marshall, twice we chased you towards Tripoli.

Past Tobruk, Derna, Benghazi.

Twice, you turned us back at El Agheila.

How?

You didnt chase me.

I led you on until your supply line stretched out like a rubber band.

Then, I cut it.

You couldnt capture Tobruk in 41 not after 7 months siege.

Last week, you took it in a day.

How?

The rubber band had snapped back into your eyes, gentlemen.

Thats when I hit and hit again and hit with everything I had.

In February, when we had you at Agedabia,

we had an idea theyd sent your best troops to Russia.

You gentlemen, have a sixth sense:

we have only five. But we use them.

You can afford to improvise.

We must rely on preparation.

For instance, we knew the Dutch

would open their dykes.

So we started building rubber boats,

50,000 of them...

... as far back as 1935.

What did you do in 1935?

Took you wives on little pleasure trips.

Snapped their photographs

plucking edelweiss in Switzerland.

German wives found themselves being

photographed on bridges across the Vistula...

... and in the neighborhood of

the fortifications of Brussels.

Next question.

Field Marshall, to get back to

this rubber band.

Now that youve pushed ahead 500 miles...

... arent your supply lines

getting a little taut?

They are.

- And yet you expect to take Cairo?

- Six days.

The Royal Air force will cut your

communications to ribbons.

They will.

The navy will sink every Axis ship.

No supplies can reach you.

- Perhaps.

- That wont stop you?

It mustnt. I have my reservation

at Shepherds Hotel in Cairo

Without supplies, how can you do it?

Yes, Field Marshall, how?

You run your tanks on sea water,

load your guns with sand?

Now youre asking for the big rabbit.

But as my prisoners are not in the

habit of escaping...

Gentlemen, it is not the supplies

which reach us...

... it is we who reach the supplies.

Is that clear?

Not quite.

We dont depend entirely on our trucks
shuttling between the front line and Tripoli.

Its a little far and a little exposed.

Supply planes are clumsy,
easy prey for your Spitfires.

To safeguard ourselves against
all eventualities...

... we prepare.

Preparation, gentlemen, preparation.

Very interesting.

In 1937, two years before this
war started...

... we dug supplementary supplies
into the sands of Egypt.

A number of depots under your very noses.

Thousands and thousands of gallons
of petrol, water...

... ammunition, spare parts for our tanks.

Waiting for us.

Under our very noses, eh?

Where?

Yes, where?

Where?

I gave you twenty questions, gentlemen.

That is question twenty one.

Wed gladly trade you Rudolf Hess
for the answer to twenty one.

You may keep him.

Our time is short.

Hope you enjoyed your luncheon.

Schwegel, the gentlemen will now be leaving.

- Cars ready, Field Marshall.

- Thank you, Davos.

Wouldnt want to have any
bad luck with Cairo.

Davos, Im afraid that tip will
have to wait until after the war.

Dont worry, sir.

Hes a good man, Davos.

I hope I know my job, sir.

You do.

Those things go on the top shelf, please.

What is it here?

You looking for something?

Yes, water, petrol, ammunition.

Right here?

- Between this spot and Cairo.

- Youre sure?

Buried right under our noses.

How could they do it? How?

- Who?

- The Germans.

- Youre sick again, sir.

- Not a bit.

- But this is pepper and salt, sir.

- I know.

And youre looking for water, petrol and ammunition. How could it get in here.

Thats what Id like to know.

Rommel on top of us.

The man youre supposed to be dead underneath us, and youre making riddles.

They say, in the lobby, the German Army is past Mersa Matruh.

Thats going 40 miles a day.

Thursday Alexandria, Sunday Cairo

And theyve got London on their list and Moscow too. Theyre several Sundays behind.

When I think there will be swastikas on the mosques in Cairo.

Youre talking through your fez,

Nazis on the Nile. Who the devil...

Who the devil occurred to an Egyptian to grab for the Rhine.

Hey, say that name. It is that name.

The one in the drawer.

- What name? - Why you asked

me about it. I dont know, remember?

Here it is under the knife.

For years Ive been looking at it...

... every time, I put the knives away.

- What name?

- Professor Cronstaetter.

- Farid, you are a great man.

- Who me? Why?

Archaeologist, of course.

We get them all the time in Egypt
digging up for the mummies.

London Express, February 17, 1937.

Thats the year. What year?

Preparations year. Ill just have
a look at Professor Cronstaetter.

Ee. Thats him!

I told you, you are a great man.

Its so simple.

A highly respectable group of German
scientists arrive in Egypt to dig...

... for tombs between the Libyan border
and Cairo.

What a convenient way to send a military
mission with full authority to dig.

Only, they didnt dig anything out:
they dug everything in.

- What, sir?

- Water, petrol, ammunition.

Not that again. Please, sir.

- Farid, now we know how.

- Yes sir, we know how.

We dont know where.

- Theres still question number 21.

- Yes, sir, twenty... what?

Davos.

Yes, Lieutenant Schwegler.

- The Field Marshall wants to see you.

- Yes, sir.

Good afternoon, Frulein.

Good afternoon, Lieutenant.

Not bad, eh, as maids go.

I wouldnt know, sir. A man with a
club foot is scarcely in the running.

When youre with the Field Marshall,

Id rather you didnt mention...

... that you saw me talk to her
in the servants room.

Of course not.

He doesnt like his officers
to get involved with civilians.

Yes, sir.

She wants me to do something about
her brother.

Hes in a prison camp somewhere
in Germany.

I see.

A very sad case.

But a very pretty victim.

Ill do all I can.

Come in!

Oh yes, Davos.

Ive just received information that
my advanced columns have reached objective Y.

Objective Y, Your Excellency?

Thats good news, isnt it?

Rather.

Everything works out according to my plans.

I wish I could have told it to
those Britishs at lunch.

Their digestion would have stopped completely.

If I may be permitted, Your Excellency
gave them a very brilliant lecture.

They will remember Field Marshall Rommel.

Or should I say, Professor Cronstaetter?

Thank you, Davos.

For a moment, I was really afraid

Your Excellency might...

... put all the cards on the table.

Tell them about the five graves.

My tongue did itch. Such blind ignorance.

I might have just as well showed
them my map.

With the exact location of the five graves?

- Come here, Davos.

- Yes, Your Excellency.

Here we are.

You of course know all the answers.

But would they have seen anything?

Not a thing, Your Excellency.

They have such complicated minds.

They expect invisible ink.

Maps that have to be warmed
over fires.

Or held against the light to
reveal secret pin pricks.

Too simple for them, this.
Im trying to look at it with
an Englishmans eyes.
Not a clue. Just an ordinary map.
Theres nothing here that would
give them a hint is there?
After Ive taken Cairo, I shall send
a postcard...
... to No. 10 Downing Street
with the correct solution.
Davos, all arrangements have
been made for you.
Yes, Your Excellency.
Youre leaving for Cairo this evening.
You will be taken by motorcycle to El Daba.
From there, a guide will get you
through the British lines.
- This evening?
- At 9 oclock.
That gives me 6 hours.
For what?
Oh, some things here.
Unfinished business of no importance.
In Cairo, aside from your routine business,
you will keep your eyes open.
When I enter the town,
I should not like to have...
... bouquets thrown into my path
with explosives in them.
And please, Davos...
... at Shepherds Hotel, no pictures of
the widow of Windsor...
... or any of her breed.
You can expect me Sunday afternoon.
There wont be difficulties with
objectives P or T, Im sure.
'P' or 'T', Your Excellency?
It seems improbable.
Have a luke warm bath drawn in
the Royal Suite.
In the evening, command performance
of the opera. Aida, in German...
... omitting the second act,
which is too long and not too good.

- That'll be all, Davos.

- Yes, Your Excellency.

- Maid, do you speak French?

- Oui, mon gnral.

I do not.

But look at my fingernails: broken.

I rang and rang for you, all last night.

No service after 11.

I didnt want any service.

I had a song.

I have wine. You know what was missing?

- A corkscrew.

- Not at all.

Alright. So I wont sing.

But Ill tell Mussolini.

Good night, mon gnral.

Mouche.

Look at this. A wire from Berlin already.

Yes Lieutenant?

Theyve located your brother.

Im sending this to hurry the case.

Thank you, Lieutenant.

Perhaps there will be an answer tonight.

Ill see you after dinner.

Yes, Lieutenant.

- The waiter leaves at 9:00.

- Schwegler!

Go now, go.

Hello, Mouche.

- What time is it?

- Half past six.

- I hear you are leaving.

- Thats right.

Thats right.

May I, wet as it is?

If there were a local florist, I would offer you an arm full of white lilacs.

- With my humblest apologies.

- For what?

I had an unpleasant idea about you, Mouche.

- Lieutenant Schwegler cleared it up.

- Thank you.

If only somebody would clear up my ideas about Lieutenant Schwegler.

- He has been wonderful to me.

- Im sorry.

Port Sad. No, thats too far east.

T... T...

Tanta. That could be.

Its between Alexandria and Cairo.

What are you doing?

You know, Mouche, I not only have
a club foot, I have a club brain.

Been sitting here for two hours.

T, P and objective Y

does that mean anything to you?

T, P and Y? Not a thing.

- Madame is dressing for dinner?

- For after dinner.

It was maddening, Mouche. There was
Rommels map staring at me...

... with everything on it.

Eyes have I, but I see not.

T', 'P', 'Y'. Whats the key?

Wheres the answer?

- What are you doing?

- Thats a pretty dress.

In Cairo, I wore it on Sundays.

Drifting down the Sharia Ibrahim, Pasha,
with a white parasol over your shoulder.

- There was a parasol that went
with the dress. - Well, where is it?

In the shop. I could never quite
afford it. The handle was real ivory.

Maybe one day, when Im rich.

Objective 'Y'. 'Y'.

Listen, either you stop talking like
alphabet soup or you tell me.

Ive gone through this tourist guide
writing down the name of every village...

... every oasis, every landmark

That begins with 'P' or 'T'.

Theres dozens of them.

But there is no Y in Egypt.

What have I said?

- Mouche! Thats it, Mouche, thats it!

- What is it?

Did you hear what I said?

Idiot, idiot!

I said there isnt a 'Y' in Egypt.

But there is.

Theres a 'Y', and a 'P'

and a 'T'. Ive got it.

E- G-Y-P-T. The five graves.

What five graves?

The five supply depots of Professor Rommel.

Of course, no invisible ink.

Just a map of Egypt.

And printed across it, Egypt.

And the letters, dont you see?

Every letter marking a supply depot.

Invisible because its so visible

all over the map.

Just a moment. Since when was

Rommel a professor?

I must see that map again.

I must get back into his room.

- Whose room?

- Rommels.

No, please dont. Youve had such

luck so far.

You can leave. Youre safe.

Why risk your neck again?

- What for?

- Thank you, Mouche.

Before you took pity on the neck of a
married man.

This time, you know its just my neck.

Where is that agreeable mouth of yours?

Im sorry, I forgot.

Wrong army.

You? What are you doing here?

- I was in your room, sir.

- Didnt you hear the alarm?

- Yes, sir.

- Air raid.

- I know, sir.

- Then what are you doing here?

The maps. I thought the Field Marshalls
maps should not be left behind.

- You did, eh?

- Yes, sir.

- Very conscientious.
- Thank you, sir.
- Go on. Everybody in the cellar.
- Yes sir.

After you, Mademoiselle.

I wish I was in Milano.

No, Milano is not good, either.

- Are you alright?
- Thank you, Lieutenant.

Hes been asking about us. Dont say anything about the telegrams, do you hear. Of course not, Lieutenant.

Farid, for once in my life, I wish the RAF would turn tail and go to the devil.

- Yes sir. Is the cellar shaking?
- Not yet.

Oh, then it must be me.

- Some candles for the Field Marshall.
- Oh, yes sir. Right away, sir.

Let me let them... I mean let me lit...

Let me light them, sir

Davos?

What is it, Lieutenant?

Tell me something, Davos.

When we arrived here, I understood you had been bombed in the cellar.

- Is that correct, Davos?
- Yes, Lieutenant.

This cellar, Davos?

Yes, Lieutenant.

And you dug yourself out, Davos?

Thats right, Lieutenant.

And upstairs, what were you doing in the Field Marshalls room?

Nothing, Lieutenant.

- Youre sure, Davos?
- Quite sure.

Youre sure youre not dead, Davos?

Come here, Davos.

- Who is it?
- Mouche.

Any damage to the kitchen, Farid?

I always pray they hit the kitchen so therell be no more dishes...

- ... to wash. Whats the matter?
What is it? - Nothing.
I better take those things downstairs.
It must be... nine oclock, so...
Whats wrong with him?
Not in there.
- But I have to change.
- No you dont.
- Sit down.
- Lieutenant Schwegler is coming.
Lieutenant Schwegler begs to be excused.
Hes dead.
Dead?
No screaming. Please.
I borrowed your needle and thread. Im afraid
I wont make a very good job of this.
- You killed him?
- Yes.
Unfortunately, he ran across
the late Mr. Davos.
Fortunately, no one knows about it yet.
They mustnt until tomorrow morning.
Farid has full instructions.
The body will be found down below...
... in the sand outside this window.
Therell be my waiters jacket and
my shirt with some blood on it.
Enough to prove I did it.
Farid and you will work together.
Farid and I?
Thats right. I need 6 hours to get
through the German lines.
They themselves being so kind as
to provide my transportation.
- Why did you kill him?
- I said, no screaming.
Why?
Ill tell you why. Because a piece of
mosquito netting has got...
... to get through to British Headquarters.
Just a piece of mosquito netting
with some pencil marks on it.
Thats why Farid and you must
cover up til I get there.

Is that clear?

Perfect.

You have killed two people.

Him in there and my brother.

His only chance to get out alive.

And now all you ask is that we cover up,
so that you can get back to the British.

Is that it?

Like Dunkirk again?

Well, what about Dunkirk?

Yes, some were left behind.

French, Polish, Belgian,

British, some.

They had to be, if the rest were
to carry on.

Carry on for what?

Aren't there enough dead already?

Oh yes, there are a lot of dead, Mouche.

In Tobruk, I saw them piled up in
the hundreds.

In Sevastopol they lay ten deep.

They were blown to bits in the Repulse
and the Prince of Wales.

In Athens, they're dying of starvation,
400 a day.

For what, Mouche?

So that somebody like you can hold up
a tin cup to a victorious Lieutenant...

... begging for a pfennigs worth of pity.

It's not one brother that matters,
it's a million brothers.

It's not just one prison gate that
they might sneak open for you.

It's all their gates that must go.

Alright. Talk. You talk such big words.

You have a million brothers.

I'm small. I've only one.

And I want him to live.

If it costs it costs a bit of
mosquito netting.

Mouche!

They are looking for Schwegler
all over the hotel.

Maid! You. Come here.

I said come here.

This concerns you, or rather
your brother.

You remember I advised you to approach
his case through the Red Cross or the Quakers.
You thought it wiser to approach it
through a certain lieutenant.

Did you?

I have just found out that this certain
Lieutenant has shown you some telegrams.
Telegrams that were sent to Berlin, and
telegrams that were received from Berlin.
They were never sent. They were never
received. They're forgeries.

Here

We will wait for that certain lieutenant.

I prefer to have him present.

This investigation very obviously will
continue without Lieutenant Schwegler...

... as he was found in the
servants room...

... in your portion thereof
in a very particular spot.

I quite sure you will be able to tell me some
interesting information regarding his death.

What happened?

Self defense, of course,
and all that goes with it.

Improper advances.

Outraged virtue.

Dishonored. Eh?

Herr Davos, the motorcycle is waiting.

I put your things on the floor there.

Speak up. I'm listening.

Why did you do it?

Look at me!

Because I thought I could make a
bargain with him.

Because he lied to me.

Because he was dirt.

Because he was one of you.

First, you made him forget that
he was a German officer.

Then you killed him because he was one.

He was only 23.
At 20, he was decorated in Poland
for conspicuous gallantry in action.
At 21, he was commanding a tank company.
Best aide I ever had.
An officer with a brilliant future.
He might have become a Field Marshall
with somebody on her knees before him.
Two steps back, please.
Herr Field Marshall.
What is it, Davos?
Ahh. Your spy wants to speak.
I said what there is to say.
I know you worked with them
all the years, Davos.
Get out of here, Davos. Get out!
What is it, Davos?
Get out!
If Your Excellency has no further orders,
Im about to leave for Cairo.
Nothing, Davos. Good luck.
Yes, good luck, Davos.
To prove to you that we are not
nearly the Huns you think we are...
... you will be tried according
to your own French law...
... the Code Napolon.
There will be a court martial
tomorrow morning at 7:00.
Tomorrow morning before they start,
give them the...
... proof that Davos did it, understand?
And will you say to her...
... God bless you.
Alright men, refuel this tanker.
Half an hour.
Hello, General.
As we say in Milano, its a wise man
that drops the end of a stick that stinks.
Who are you?
Soon, you can lie in your tub
and get rid of the fleas.
What fleas?
The ones you caught from lying down

with a dog, as we say in Milano.
You are not from Milano.
No, but I can understand a nation
that sings and...
... sings and sings. But not Wagner.
- The face is familiar and yet...
- Lets try the foot.
Arrivederci, General.
Mouche! Mouche!
Farid!
- Its good to have you here again, sir.
- What happened?
Maybe you would like to have
No. 5 this time.
With a good bathroom.
Where is she? Come, Farid.
There was a trial that morning.
I brought in the evidence as
you told me.
They found her innocent of
shooting Schwegler.
Well?
They found her guilty of spreading
enemy rumors.
She kept on screaming in his face:
The British will be back.
The British will be back.
They beat her and beat her.
Then they led her out.
One bullet would have been enough.
Where is she?
Out there. They put her with
the other soldiers.
Hello, Mouche.
Perhaps I should bend down
so you can hear me better.
I brought you that parasol, Mouche.
From a shop.
They swore it was real ivory.
Lets hope so.
It will give you some shade until
we come to take you back...
... where there are trees and leaves...
... and rivers, dew on the grass.

Dont worry, Mouche,
were after them now.
When you feel the earth shake, itll be
our tanks and our guns and our lorries.
Thousands and thousands of them.
British, French and American.
Were after them now,
coming from all sides.
Were going to blast the blazes
out of them.