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# Force 10 from Navarone

By Robin Chapman

Deep in the heart of the Aegean  
lies the island of Navarone.  
In 1943, it stood like a thorn  
in the Allied side.  
Newly designed radar-controlled guns  
set in the heart of the ancient rock...  
...gave the German High Command  
total strategic dominance.  
Air strikes and naval attacks  
had proven costly and ineffective.  
In desperation, the Allies turned  
to infiltration.  
On the night of September the 24th, a  
specially trained commando group...  
...succeeded in penetrating  
the very heart of the gun complex...  
...planted explosives at the base  
of the giant shell hoists...  
...then withdrew to await rescue  
by ships of the Royal Navy.  
- Reduce speed, number one.  
- Aye, aye, sir. Down 50 reps.  
Fire!  
Move! Move!  
Come on, move it!  
Move it!  
Move it, move it, move it, move it!  
Regulations state, sir, that in the  
absence of bacon, ham, et cetera...  
...the acting catering officer,  
that's you, sir...  
...shall authorize once per week,  
the issue of offal.  
- Offal?  
- Offal, sir...  
...is kidneys, liver,  
tongue, brains...  
Well, I'll be damned!  
- Milly, how nice to see you!  
- Hello, sir.  
- Whatever are you doing here?  
- I've no idea.  
I'm reporting to Cmdr. Jensen.  
I gather you've been hurling yourself

over the white cliffs. How's the leg?  
It's in the same place. I thought  
they pensioned you off for good.  
You still peddling  
those whiz-bangs of yours?  
Yes, we've got things that go boom  
for all occasions.  
I'm working with a new detonator.  
It's interesting...

Excuse me, sir. We can't keep  
Cmdr. Jensen waiting.  
- We'll have a quiet pint later on.  
- He'd like to see you too, together.  
Corporal, put that in my office,  
will you?  
Mallory.  
Take a pew. How's the leg?  
- And Miller, isn't it?  
- Yes, sir.  
Hear you've been attached  
to Winston's toy shop.  
"Department of Dirty Tricks"  
as the Whitehall chaps call it.  
Well, they speak very well of you.  
Right. We need you chaps  
for something rather special.  
I'm afraid it's not exactly  
a masterpiece...  
...but I wonder if you can identify  
this fellow.  
Think back to Navarone.  
I'd rather not, sir.  
Nicolai?  
Yes. Let you down a bit, didn't he?  
But what about him?  
Andrea's people had him shot  
as a traitor, didn't they?  
Yes, so we were told.  
In fact, he escaped.  
He wasn't a traitor.  
He was a German agent...  
...who we believe is operating now  
in Yugoslavia with the Partisans...  
...posing as one Capt. Lescovar.

Now, you both knew Nicolai.  
In fact, you're the only people we know  
of can make a positive identification.  
So I'd like you to go out there  
and cope.  
Cope, sir?  
Kill him.  
Discreetly, if possible.  
But I'm a civilian now, sir.  
Yes, we thought about that.  
So you've been recalled  
to the current and promoted.  
Staff sergeant.  
Awfully generous, sir.  
Exactly how do we get there?  
We're tacking you onto Force 10.  
The code name for an operation  
for the Allied mission in Yugoslavia.  
Excuse me, sir.  
What's their objective?  
It's being treated  
on a need-to-know basis.  
And you don't need to know.  
Barnsby, come in.  
- Sir?  
- Colonel.  
Force 10 flies out tonight.  
Oh, that's all right.  
Taking these boys with you.  
I beg your pardon, sir?  
It's a matter of transportation.  
You've got passengers.  
Just a sideshow.  
This is Maj. Mallory, Sgt. Miller.  
Lt. Col. Barnsby.  
Sir, my mission is all set. It's been  
planned down to the last detail.  
The last thing we need are  
a couple of passengers.  
Maj. Mallory does have a certain  
amount of experience.  
I wouldn't doubt it.  
We're talking about  
some hard travelling, sir.

We've gotta move fast. My men  
are young, in top physical shape.  
- They're specially trained for this.  
- I'm aware of that.  
Sir, I am concerned about the safety  
of my command.  
Well, these chaps have got  
a job to do as well.  
And it's up to you to deliver them  
safely to the Partisans.  
And you leave for Italy  
at 2300 hours...  
...and you take off for Yugoslavia  
the following night.  
Very well, sir.  
Thank you. That's all, gentlemen.  
Well, we'll do our best not to make  
a nuisance of ourselves, colonel.  
All right, enough!  
- Thought we were going to an airfield.  
- From what I've observed of Barnsby...  
...we might be going to Yugoslavia  
by walking on water.  
All right, it's right along here.  
Slow down, Nolan.  
Stop it.  
Nolan, kill the lights.  
All right, out.  
Oberstein, Reynolds, the fence.  
You're gonna miss your plane  
unless you join us now, major.  
Remarkable way of getting  
on an aircraft, don't you think so?  
Oh, well, nothing's ever easy, is it?  
It's not easy if you insist on climbing  
through fences in the dark...  
...when there's a perfectly good gate  
half a mile up the road.  
Anything we can do to help?  
Yeah, you can keep quiet  
and out of the way, major.  
I don't have a lot of time  
for explanations.  
One thing that you don't know...

...is the last three Allied missions  
into Yugoslavia...  
...were blown right here in Italy.  
So this time when we fly out, we're  
not advertising the fact to anybody.  
Holy cow, will you look  
at those guys!  
They're stealing half the field.  
All right, hold it.  
Wait for me.  
Okay, men, let's go!  
- Blake, take care of Rastus there.  
- Yes, sir.  
Okay, fellas, freeze.  
Back off. Come on, get back.  
And you, back, back!  
Bill, Eddie, fetch those other guys  
out of there.  
What's your name, kid?  
Walter.  
What's yours?  
Well, it sure in the hell ain't Rastus.  
Walter.  
Good evening.  
Major, move!  
- You two guys officers?  
- More or less, yes.  
We're very much obliged to you,  
sergeant.  
- Weaver.  
- Oh, Sgt. Weaver. Thank you.  
U.S. Army Medical Corps.  
- But, sir!  
- All set, colonel.  
- Still stuff outside?  
- Yeah.  
- Okay, Oberstein?  
- Fine.  
Hey, sir!  
Where's Nolan?  
I think you can take it  
he won't be joining us.  
Okay, let's go.  
You son of a bitch!

I saved your asses back there...  
...and you run out on me.  
Hey, who is this guy?  
Get out of here.  
Hey, man, don't push!  
Don't push me!  
- Look, you!  
- I think it's a bit late for that now.  
Look, you just shouldn't have  
left me there. I saved you bums.  
Well, we didn't think you'd like  
where we're going.  
You let me worry about that, huh?  
That guy's gonna melt  
into the landscape.  
Yeah, them Partisans are gonna think  
they've been invaded by Zulus.  
Well, you are one man short.  
Well, Nolan can handle a chute,  
at least.  
- Can you handle a chute?  
- I can learn on the job.  
That's right, you learn  
on the way down.  
I'd better go tell the colonel  
we got us another passenger.  
I think the colonel's got enough on  
his plate for the moment, don't you?  
So sorry.  
I was rather hoping we'd lost that.  
You never know.  
It might come in useful.  
Hey, hey, what do you got in there?  
My pyjamas.  
Looks like high-explosive pyjamas  
to me.  
Not to worry, old boy.  
Been handling this since I blew up  
the nursery with my first chemistry set.  
Poor old nanny.  
We got company.  
Cut two!  
Reynolds, bail out!  
Jump!

Go!  
Come on, move it!  
Come on, get out!  
Come on, move!  
Come on!  
Mallory.  
Okay.  
- Seen any of the others?  
- Not yet. Get down!  
Come on.  
- Okay, Reynolds?  
- Yeah.  
Where's your Sgt. Miller?  
How the hell did he get here?  
You let him on the plane?  
I think he more or less  
invited himself.  
- Where did you learn to use a knife?  
- Harvard University, man.  
You don't call him man.  
You call him sir, and you call me sir.  
And as long as you're here, you do  
as you're told. Understood, soldier?  
Yes, sir.  
We've gotta get out of here  
before that patrol comes back.  
Lt. Reynolds, take point.  
Sgt. Weaver, bring up the rear.  
And everybody keep up.  
All right, let's go.  
Organized young gentleman,  
isn't he?  
- Any idea where we are, colonel?  
- Not a hell of a lot, no.  
If we keep going east, we'll  
end up where we're supposed to.  
How did we get stuck  
with those two clowns?  
I don't know, Doug.  
Some idiot at British HQ.  
Come along, gentlemen.  
It's not teatime yet.  
Do you think that young man has  
any idea where we are, Milly?



- No, I shouldn't think so.  
- I shouldn't think so, either.  
I'll go and try and find out.  
Yes, why don't you do that.  
Excuse me, colonel.  
Do you have any idea  
where we are?  
I've got a good idea where we are.  
And how long it's gonna take to get  
there, if you two can't keep up.  
All right, let's move it.  
- This is really beautiful country.  
- Yes, marvellous.  
Rather like the Scottish Highlands.  
- Do you know Scotland?  
- No.  
Yes.  
I've often thought that I'd rather like  
to settle down there some day.  
Looks like you're gonna have  
to change your plans.  
Take it easy.  
Welcome.  
Capt. Drazak.  
Seventeenth Partisan Regiment.  
- Good morning, captain.  
- Welcome, welcome!  
Thank you, Capt. Drazak.  
They frightened you with bandages,  
huh?  
Without bandages you...  
German, how you say:  
You say, "flamethrower. "  
Yeah, yeah, flamethrower.  
Hello! Hello!  
How do you do?  
This is Maritza,  
good soldier comrade.  
How do you do,  
good soldier comrade?  
Hello, blackie.  
Maybe it comes off now, Maritza.  
Back off, soldier.  
I make big joke...

...but joke on me.  
Good, blackie. Come, we go.  
We eat with our comrades.  
We make friends and drink.  
Then we fight the Germans.  
Come.  
Come, we go.  
Where did you learn to punch  
like that? Harvard?  
No, Harlem. Colonel?  
I'm not trying to get anybody  
killed, least of all me.  
- But that big idiot back there started it.  
- Just watch yourself, soldier.  
- How's the leg today?  
- It's much better, thank you.  
Good, good. Well, it looks like  
things may work out after all, huh?  
Well, perhaps Miller and I can still  
carry out our little sideshow.  
Sorry about Force 10.  
You're down to two men, aren't you?  
Of course, I don't know  
what your mission was...  
...but obviously it just isn't  
on now, is it, colonel?  
Looks rather like your own youngster,  
doesn't he?  
Do you really think so?  
Please, come.  
Come, eat.  
We are Chetniks...  
...not stinking Partisans.  
We hunt Allied commandos  
like wild pigs!  
We work with Germans.  
They are our friends!  
Good evening, gentlemen.  
Maj. Schroeder, 11 th army corps.  
How do you do, major?  
Delighted to meet you.  
We thought these people were  
Partisans.  
- Of all the luck, eh, Barnsby?

- Sure.

Chetniks? Who would have believed that?

The other three Allied missions that fell into our hands...

...were not quite so happy about it as you appear to be.

I'm not surprised, sir.

But, you see, we're not commandos.

We're deserters.

Deserters?

Give them to me, major.

We kill them now.

You see, we were in a prison camp in Termoli.

We escaped.

Managed to steal a plane.

Flew here, RAF Lancaster.

Were attacked, hit, bailed out and landed in your territory, thank God.

Fascinating.

Tell me, why exactly did you desert?

Now, I'm glad you asked that.

Yes.

Well, I am afraid that is rather a long story.

Oh, please, you must not be afraid of boring me.

Have you ever heard of penicillin?

No.

Well, I'm not surprised.

It's new.

It's a drug that prevents wounds from becoming infected.

It cures a whole range of infections...

...including some of the nastier social diseases.

It's become one of the most sought-after items on the black market.

Our friend here, Sgt. Weaver of the American Medical Corps...

...was our supplier.

You are saying you stole these drugs

from the Army to sell to civilians?

Not just to civilians, major.

We'd sell it back to the Army.

Any army.

I see.

Tell me, what has all this to do  
with that suitcase you keep looking at?

Well, that suitcase  
is full of our penicillin.

Oh, indeed. Perhaps

I could see some of it?

Certainly, major.

Open it, Miller.

You can't do that here,  
you'd ruin the lot.

You know perfectly well that  
any contamination will destroy it.

It must be opened  
under laboratory conditions.

There's nearly half a million  
pounds worth of stuff here.

I know all that, but the major  
is not interested in our penicillin.

He only wants to know the truth.

What's the use of a half a million  
pounds to you out here?

Yes, well, that's beside the point,  
sir, but I'm not going to open it.

Our story doesn't seem  
to convince you.

No, it does not.

That's up to you, but every word  
he's told you is true.

If you don't believe it,  
check with your intelligence.

They'll verify the entire story.

Oh, I shall certainly verify  
your story.

Every word of it.

Get in!

Cute story, major, very cute.

Now, what happens

when they open the suitcase?

I should think we'll all get shot.

Don't you, colonel?  
Headquarters acknowledges  
your signal.  
Thank you, Bauer.  
Maritza...  
...what do you think?  
They're lying.  
What does it matter, anyway?  
Kill them.  
Yeah, you are probably right.  
Do you know what I was thinking?  
After the war, \$1 million.  
You, a simple peasant girl  
from where?  
I can never pronounce the name  
of the place you come from.  
With so much money, we could...  
They're lying.  
Kill them.  
Out! Get out.  
What did I tell you?  
Well, at least we got  
a good night's sleep.  
Good morning, gentlemen.  
Our intelligence confirms  
your escape from Italy.  
You and you, follow me, please.  
Your escape from Italy  
is one thing.  
The rest of your story  
is something else.  
I had time to sleep on it.  
So this morning,  
you know what I did?  
I opened the suitcase.  
Maritza!  
And what do you think I found?  
Firewood.  
What did you expect? We buried it  
before your Chetniks picked us up.  
We're not stupid. It's the only thing  
we've got to bargain with.  
That is what I thought you would say.  
I think you're lying.

You know they're lying. Why don't  
you let Drazak get rid of them?  
Gently, Maritza.  
I don't believe your so-called penicillin  
exists, but it just might.  
So I will let you go  
and dig it up for me.  
And if we do, you'll shoot us  
and bury us in the same hole.  
I shall certainly shoot you  
if you don't.  
Well, gentlemen,  
the choice is yours.  
What I can't figure is how  
the firewood got in the case.  
Neither can I.  
Don't know where we're going to find  
any spare penicillin here, do you?  
What are we going to do, keep  
walking until we reach the Adriatic?  
I don't think the iron maiden  
will let us get that far.  
Halt!  
What did I tell you?  
We are three miles past the spot  
where you were picked up.  
Well, where is this  
wonderful treasure?  
In your imagination?  
No, ma'am,  
it's not in our imagination.  
I think it's a bit further on,  
don't you?  
Yes, it is. Well, I mean,  
it's not much further than this.  
It's hard to tell,  
the whole country looks alike.  
You will start digging  
within five minutes.  
What if we haven't found it  
in five minutes?  
Then you will be digging  
your graves.  
Hey, colonel.

Wait a minute,  
now this looks familiar.  
Isn't this our little hollow  
down here?  
Yes, I think it is.  
I remember this knoll over here.  
Ma'am, this is it.  
I think this is it.  
- This knoll over here?  
- Right.  
You see, comrade, we lined it up  
between them...  
There you are!  
There's our pile of stones.  
Gotta get them closer  
and we use the spades.  
You take the two  
that are closest to you...  
...and I'll take the other one  
and the broad.  
I'm gonna get them  
closer now, okay?  
Fritz. Fritz, come!  
It's here.  
- Ready?  
- All right.  
You can get up now.  
They're dead.  
I put firewood in people's cases  
and hide their high explosives.  
Don't sit there gawping.  
Get out of here.  
Keep moving in that direction.  
Try to find Petrovitch's Partisans.  
Now, go.  
Excuse me,  
good comrade soldier...  
...but exactly what story are you  
gonna tell Schroeder about all this?  
You took us by surprise.  
You got away.  
Here, hit me.  
Did you expect me to go back there  
with my hair combed?

Hit me!  
Well, all right. I'm sorry.  
Harder!  
Come on, colonel.  
I hope that man Schroeder  
believes that girl's story.  
If he doesn't believe her, he'd better  
think twice about calling her a liar.  
What about Miller and Reynolds?  
What about them, colonel?  
Yes.  
I suppose they...  
Let's move it.  
Do you have the feeling  
we're being followed?  
About the last 10 minutes.  
Next time you can play the corpse.  
Yeah, you seem pretty good  
with that thing, though.  
Could have been luck.  
- Germans?  
- Yes, or Drazak, I suppose.  
Partisans, thank God!  
Good morning.  
Good morning.  
What's the matter with him?  
We've been looking for you.  
Be quiet.  
You will make your report  
to Maj. Petrovitch.  
I think we've run into  
bad company, colonel.  
Yes, the leader.  
- What about him?  
- Afraid I know him.  
- Nicolai.  
- Who the hell is Nicolai?  
It's Nicolai Lescovar.  
The man I was sent to kill.  
Dam, if it's the one I think it is.  
I know where we are.  
So do I. Right in it.  
Do you think he's recognized you?  
Yes, I think so.



Lt. Col. Barnsby,  
United States Rangers.  
Maj. Mallory, sir.  
You got away from the Germans.  
How?  
We escaped.  
Capt. Lescovar  
has his doubts about that.  
If you escaped, why were  
the Germans not pursuing you?  
We observed you for five miles  
before we picked you up.  
You should have observed that we killed  
two Chetniks that were following us.  
- The men with the bandaged faces.  
- Exactly.  
Hardly a cause for congratulation.  
Those two men were Partisans.  
Comrades of ours whom we had  
infiltrated into the Chetnik camp...  
...so now all links with our agent there  
are broken, thanks to you.  
I'm sorry.  
The fact remains  
that we're Allied officers.  
There's no reason  
we should be treated this way.  
I'm in command of Force 10.  
I insist that we be allowed...  
...to contact the Allied mission.  
I'm sure London informed you.  
We are informed  
of many things by London...  
...very few of them  
ever seem to materialize.  
However, you are right.  
I was informed of your mission.  
Personally, I doubt if it was  
ever a practical one...  
...but now that you are here without  
equipment, the question is academic.  
And you, major, you came here  
as an observer, perhaps?  
No, sir.

I was charged with a mission  
of my own.

It's confidential.

Confidential!

Sometimes I get the impression...

...that London looks  
on this theatre of operations...

...as a convenient place for conducting  
what they call "war games. "

- May I speak to you personally?

- You are speaking to me personally.

- I mean alone.

- No.

The People's Army does not conduct  
military business in secret.

Very well, sir.

I was sent here to identify a German  
agent, code name Nicolai.

We are reliably informed...

...that he has infiltrated the People's  
Resistance Army, and is now known...

...as Capt. Lescovar.

And having identified this man,  
what were your further orders?

I was to eliminate him, sir.

- Eliminate. Don't you mean kill?

- Yes, sir. I do mean kill.

Do you hear that, Lescovar?

The gentlemen from London  
want us to shoot you.

I'm sorry, major.

I must admit you are  
indeed partly right.

There was an agent  
named Nicolai...

...operating somewhere south of here  
and also calling himself Lescovar.

But he was identified many  
months ago. And eliminated.

The British were informed.

- But London were very specific, sir.

- Yes, they frequently are specific...

...and just as frequently wrong!

Lt. Marko,

see that these gentlemen...  
...give you a full report on their  
activities in the Chetnik camp.  
A specific report.  
Well, captain, I guess we owe you  
a bit of an apology, don't we?  
Well, it happens. We all  
get badly briefed sometimes.  
Wish we had been briefed  
about the men with the bandages.  
Replaced them with a couple  
of your own, that's a good trick.  
They were messengers to our agent  
at Schroeder's headquarters.  
Is your agent small, dark, pretty...  
...beautiful grey eyes  
and shoots from the hip?  
You mean Maritza?  
Yes.  
She took a big chance for us.  
She isn't Petrovitch's daughter  
for nothing.  
We hold this end of the bridge.  
Over there, the Germans  
prepare for the final attack.  
We have been ordered to prevent  
them crossing at all costs.  
What exactly do they have  
over there?  
Three divisions, perhaps more.  
We hold a brigade here.  
Soon they will bring up tanks, then...  
- Why haven't you blown the bridge?  
- We have tried several times.  
Each time we lost valuable men.  
Maj. Petrovitch has decided  
it is impractical.  
Well, he's wrong about that.  
There's no bridge in the world  
that can't be blown.  
That's what Force 10  
was here to prove.  
I told you before, you have no men,  
you have no equipment.

I can radio London for equipment.  
Get me an airstrip operational.  
Oh, call London, prepare an airstrip  
for a plane that may never arrive.  
- Have you anything else to suggest?  
- Yes.  
Give me 20 men,  
I can blow that bridge to hell.  
You mean you can blow 20  
of my men to hell, for nothing!  
That bridge is indestructible.  
Excuse me, sir,  
you don't need 20 men.  
You need Miller.  
- Miller?  
- He's an expert with explosives, sir.  
He's probably the best in England.  
- This Miller is in England?  
- No, sir.  
- Prisoner in the Chetnik camp.  
- Then he's already dead.  
Not necessarily, major.  
I refuse to mount a full-scale operation  
just to find out, colonel.  
I need every single man  
I've got here, now!  
Sir, we don't need to mount  
a full-scale operation.  
Just give us two men.  
These officers are from headquarters.  
They're here to interrogate you.  
You reported five prisoners, major.  
Two of them tried to escape.  
They were shot.  
Maj. Schroeder is in the armoury,  
and I have told you before...  
...this area is out of bounds  
to you people, except Capt. Drazak.  
Kindly remove yourselves  
immediately...  
...and if you can read, which I doubt,  
take a look at standing orders.  
There. You have made me  
burn the milk.

So I did.  
Let it burn.  
Open up.  
Prisoners for Maj. Schroeder.  
You see, my colleague does not  
believe you are deserters.  
- The prisoners, sir.  
- What prisoners?  
I thought you said these men  
had been shot.  
Right, gentlemen, shall we go?  
No!  
This is not correct.  
Quick. Miller!  
Bring him. Open it.  
- Go.  
- Marko.  
Partisan bitch!  
Always so kind to the men  
with burns.  
But they have no burns.  
The three Germans  
with the prisoners that escaped...  
...all shot in the back  
with machine pistols.  
You killed them.  
Good. Give me the hat.  
Open. Open up.  
Open!  
Open!  
Milly.  
Weaver, don't stand there like  
an idiot. Let's get this truck moving.  
She okay?  
Well, we'll drive as carefully  
as we can.  
Hey, you.  
I don't like the way you talk.  
- You what?  
- I don't like the way you talk to me.  
This truck doesn't move till somebody  
tells me what's going on.  
Now, look, you...  
You bigtime officers

have shafted me twice.  
You tried to dump me in Italy,  
ran out on me back there.  
You expect me to drive you like some  
chauffeur. Nobody tells me anything.  
- You don't tell me what's going on.  
- I don't believe this.  
Excuse me, but is your trouble  
that you want to be part of the team?  
I don't want to be a part  
of any lousy team.  
I just want some equal consideration.  
I don't think you'll get  
equal consideration...  
...from those people back there.  
Do you?  
I don't care if they're  
the U.S. Cavalry.  
Nobody moves until somebody  
tells me what you're planning to do.  
- We're going to blow up a bridge.  
- A bridge?  
Whose bridge?  
Not me, I'm blowing up nothing.  
We are going to help the Partisans  
blow up a bridge...  
...and then if we're very lucky,  
we can all go home.  
- Is that a fact?  
- That's the general idea, sergeant.  
- That's why we came back for Miller.  
- Yeah, Miller.  
You didn't give a mother-hunch  
about me.  
You came back for Miller,  
but you didn't come for me?  
No, we didn't.  
That's the first straight answer  
you've given me.  
I think the major's  
got a point, colonel.  
They do look kind of mean,  
don't they?  
Don't stand there gaping like an idiot.

Get in there and drive the truck!

All right.

We'll have to do this another way.

Get away from the truck.

Wait for my signal.

Useful little insect, isn't he?

- Keep an eye on him, Marko.

- Miller, you are an incurable showoff.

Don't knock it, major. Don't knock it.

So now it works, huh, sergeant?

Well, these babies are

a little temperamental sometimes.

Like me.

Lescovar's confirmed my signals

got through to London.

Do you like that chap?

- Who's that, Lescovar?

- Yeah.

I haven't thought anything

about him.

- Knows his job, I suppose.

- Yes, he does, doesn't he?

All right, sergeant?

What do you think?

Pretty straightforward, isn't it?

Well, no, not exactly.

In fact, not by a long chalk.

I'd say you're flogging

a dead horse there, old man.

- What are you trying to tell me?

- Want to take a look?

Are you kidding?

I know every inch of that bridge.

Oh, yeah?

In that case, you'll have noticed

how it's built into the living rock.

And how those main pilings are not

just concrete, but 20 feet thick.

That's not forgetting...

I told you, London's dropping

the same stuff we had before.

Yes, I know what you're getting,

but it's not gonna be enough.

- What do you mean, not enough?

- You might just bend it a little...

...burn the paint work

here and there.

But nothing that would seriously  
inconvenience the Jerries, I thought.

Our experts have been studying  
that bridge, and they say it'll blow.

I don't know where you learned...

...but I'm talking about

the best engineers in the business.

Yes. They're probably experts  
at building things...

...whereas I'm an expert

at blowing them up.

Take it from me that

one would need eight hours...

...to make a decent job

of that bridge.

Eight hours?

Assuming, of course, the Jerries are  
kind enough to leave us in peace.

And maybe provide

a few working lights.

You've seen those searchlights,  
have you? Well, I...

- Miller.

- Sir.

I think you've made  
your technical point.

Many thanks, sir.

If I weren't absolutely sure of my facts,  
I wouldn't be telling you this now.

And you do understand, sir,

I'm not exaggerating.

What would happen to the bridge  
if that central arch...

...was suddenly hit

by several million tons of water?

- Water?

- Water?

I think we've been talking  
about the wrong target.

Remember that dam we passed  
up around the bend?



What kind of a dam?  
Where is it?  
Two and a half miles  
up the river.  
But, my dear chap,  
why didn't you say so before?  
Oh, I could do a tremendous job  
on a dam, yes.  
With a dam you've got natural  
elements working for you.  
It's like an enormous bath.  
All you've got to do is pull the plug.  
Thank you.  
Come along, gentlemen.  
As a technician, I thought you might  
be interested in that dam, Milly.  
Get them outside  
for the dropping zone.  
So the RAF drops the stuff  
and we blow the dam, right?  
Right.  
Is it anything like Boulder Dam?  
Now, that baby's big, man.  
Wouldn't know, old boy.  
How often have you used this  
as a dropping zone?  
Never.  
The Germans see to that.  
We have to keep moving around.  
Makes sense.  
You think those two guys know  
anything about blowing a dam?  
Oh, no, I shouldn't think  
they've got a clue.  
But never mind, old Weaver...  
...we sergeants will see them through  
as usual.  
- Right.  
- Hello.  
Ought you to be out and about?  
It's jolly cold.  
Come on in, take a seat.  
Thank you, but one thing  
I cannot do just yet is sit down.

You're not staying for the fireworks?  
Bags of panic and blue lights.  
No. I've seen too many airdrops.  
They don't compare  
to a nice, warm bed.  
Would you believe it?  
Right on time.  
I don't believe it.  
Poor bastards.  
This was no accident.  
We've lost our last chance.  
There is no question.  
We were betrayed.  
Aren't we always  
with Allied missions?  
Their security's a joke.  
It doesn't matter.  
We do our part,  
and what do we get?  
Twenty lives lost.  
- One of them...  
- It's past.  
Finished.  
All that matters now is that the  
Germans are marshalling their tanks.  
They will cross the bridge  
tomorrow...  
...and there is nothing  
we can do to stop them.  
And you four gentlemen have  
outstayed your usefulness.  
You will be escorted back  
to the Allied military mission.  
Out of harm's way?  
Sir...  
...I could leave the Germans  
some very nasty surprises.  
Thank you, sergeant.  
I think we have had  
enough surprises.  
Capt. Lescovar, see that these  
gentlemen have an escort of two men.  
If those chaps had just half  
the equipment of the Jerries...

...I coulve made that dam  
look like a Swiss cheese.  
It's absolutely sickening.  
Do you think the Jerries will have that  
gear we need in their supply dump?  
Of course they would.  
Lashings of HE, land mines,  
detonators, everything.  
It's an absolute certainty.  
Your escort, colonel.  
- I think you will find them reliable.  
- Okay, thank you.  
I think we're going to need  
rather more men than this, captain.  
My sergeant thinks that the Germans  
have the necessary equipment...  
...in their forward supply dump  
so that the colonel can blow the dam.  
That means you'd have to get  
into the marshalling yards at Mostar.  
None of you speak enough German.  
You need me to help.  
Thank you, captain.  
- You know, I could get shot for this.  
- Couldn't we all?  
You look real beautiful,  
you know that?  
Yes, it's all right for you.  
You don't have to come with us.  
We'll be back in exactly  
35 minutes, right?  
- Okay.  
- That's if the shop's open, old boy.  
Pity they didn't teach you German  
at that school of yours.  
Instead of Latin?  
Perish the thought, old boy.  
These any use to you?  
No, tellermine is what we want.  
They look like dirty  
grey-green dinner plates.  
Maybe they just haven't got any.  
They have.  
I wonder what happened

to Barnsby and his truck.

I've been asking myself  
the same question.

Well, we can't just stand here  
like ducks in thunder.

Over there. The railway wagon.

Get the stuff in there till he comes.

Barnsby should have been here  
by now. Where the hell is he?

Beautiful.

- They're just the job.

- Not now, Milly.

Well, I'd rather do it now  
than in some ditch.

- How long?

- Oh, about 10 minutes...

...given peace and quiet.

These little sods  
can be temperamental.

The gubbins itself is harmless enough  
but aren't we all, until detonated.

For a moment

I thought we were off.

Hey, where in the hell  
have they gotten to?

You maniac.

What the hell are you doing here?

I'll go and have a look around,  
see if I can find them.

- There he is.

- Wait. I'll get him.

- That's Lescovar.

- Yeah.

- Where's Marko?

- I don't know...

...but ten to one they're hiding  
in that boxcar.

Bloody hell.

What's up now?

Some great ape of a sergeant,  
he's sent Barnsby's truck away.

Oh, no.

Sergeant.

Be quiet. Listen to me.

There are two British commanders  
in that cattle truck behind me.  
I'm Col. Von Ingorslebon,  
Special Field Intelligence Group.  
Stand still, idiot. Look natural.  
There is a third,  
an American colonel...  
...in the truck which you  
just sent away.  
I want to take them all together.  
- What's Lescovar doing?  
- He's shooting him some kind of story.  
Go and assemble a squad  
of armed men. Quickly and quietly.  
And keep them out of sight.  
Then report back to me.  
Understand?  
Good old Lescovar.  
Best line-shooter in the Balkans.  
All right, you guys, let's...  
Oh, man.  
The sacks, get them up here quick.  
- You picked a fine time to do this.  
- Sling out my suitcase, will you?  
You trying to screw up this operation?  
We're behind schedule already.  
- How did you get here?  
- I've been through that already.  
Help me get this stuff loaded  
and get it on the truck.  
- Right, Miller?  
- Right, all set.  
Let's go. Easy.  
Hold it.  
It's that man again.  
I'll take care of him. Close the door.  
They are all yours, sergeant.  
Bring the squad.  
All clear?  
Give them a moment  
to get out of sight.  
That fool, Marko,  
must have given himself away.  
I don't know how.

How in the hell are we gonna  
get back across the river?  
I mean, where are we going?  
Berlin, I shouldn't wonder.  
Sarajevo.  
That's where the train goes.  
No stops.  
I'm sorry about Marko.  
Thank you.  
It's a risk we all take.  
He was a brave man  
and a good friend.  
Pity he got careless.  
Do you think that big sergeant  
spotted him as a Partisan?  
I can't buy that.  
The sergeant wasn't that bright.  
He saluted you,  
you're wearing a corporal's uniform.  
That doesn't rate a salute  
in the German army.  
Not in anybody's army.  
Why do you think  
he saluted you, Lescovar?  
Perhaps he recognized  
my natural superiority.  
Yes, perhaps.  
You say this train goes  
to Sarajevo, no stops?  
Yeah.  
But I noticed on the map that we pass  
within a half a mile of the dam.  
Strange you didn't bother  
to mention that.  
Now, what's all this about?  
Some fool of a sergeant salutes me...  
...and I forget to mention  
that we pass near the dam.  
And a little while ago, you said that  
Marko must have given himself away.  
I don't think he gave anything away...  
...except his life.  
What did you give away, Lescovar?  
You think I'm a traitor, is that it?

I don't think, I know.  
I've always known.  
I just couldn't prove it.  
You're Nicolai.  
You're the man who  
blew us in Greece.  
Thank you, colonel.  
I've done your job.  
You help me do mine.  
Oh, crikey.  
It's lit like a Christmas tree.

**Dawn's around 5:**

Gives us an hour to get in...  
...half-hour to set the charges  
and 20 minutes to get clear.  
What you need, sir,  
is a little diversion, isn't it?  
- What am I supposed to do with this?  
- Oh, I don't know.  
Try and imagine you're a dog.  
Oh, for heaven's sake.  
On the road, man, on the road!  
Hallelujah!  
Just unroll it and string it out.  
Come on, blackie.  
Come on, blackie.  
Come on.  
Hey. You bleed red blood,  
eh, blackie?  
Here.  
Right here.  
You all right?  
Come on, blow, damn it! Blow!  
Give them a chance.  
They'll be here in a minute.  
If they'd been caught,  
we'd have heard the alarm go off.  
How long do we make the fuse?  
They're Germans,  
they're gonna be punctual.  
Usually are.  
We've run out of time.  
Twenty seconds?

What do you say?  
It's your decision, colonel.  
I'm asking you.  
Twenty seconds sounds about right,  
then we won't have so far to run.  
It would have been nice  
to see that bridge go, huh?  
Yes, wouldn't it?  
All been very interesting,  
though, hasn't it?  
Yes.  
It didn't do a goddamn thing! Nothing!  
Miller! That useless git!  
- It didn't...  
- What?  
- It didn't work!  
- I know it didn't work!  
- Well, let's get out of here!  
- Yeah, let's get out of here.  
When I catch that little perisher,  
I'll wring his useless neck!  
Nothing!  
We've been through  
all this, and nothing!

**Nothing but:**

You can't expect an enormous volcano  
with three tiny bags of explosives.  
You have to let nature take her course.  
Give it time, it'll work.  
If I were you, I'd get out of here fast!  
- You son of a bitch!  
- I told you, it's only a matter of waiting.  
You cute little son of a bitch!  
You did it! Come here.  
You did it! You did it!  
You cute little son of a... You did it!  
Why, you limey genius, I love you!  
Steady on, old Weaver, steady on.  
You did it!  
Miller, you horrible little man...  
...you knew that was gonna be  
a slow-motion explosion.  
You deliberately didn't tell me,



did you?  
I didn't want to bore you  
with technical detail.  
I thought it might be  
a bit over your head.  
What happened to you?  
He bit me in all the excitement.  
But damn it to hell, we did it,  
colonel, we did it!  
Yes, we did, sergeant. We did!  
And a merry Christmas.  
Yes, gentlemen, we did it.  
But before...  
...we can start awarding ourselves  
Victoria Crosses...  
...and Congressional Medals of Honor  
and so on...  
...and so forth and such like...  
...I think I'd better point out that, one:  
We're on the wrong side of the river.

**That two:**

whatsoever of rejoining the Partisans.

**And that three:**

This neck of the woods will soon be  
crawling with bad-tempered Germans.

**And four:**

I don't think that our little genius,  
Sgt. Miller there...  
...has even got a box of matches  
left in his suitcase.  
And so, therefore,  
I think we can take it, gentlemen...  
...that we are going to have  
a very long walk home.