

20.EXT. FRONT OF CAMP -- CONTINUOUS

Phil Dennison, the escaper, holds a metal bar over his head. He is force-marched down the road by two nasty-looking SS soldiers, Klaus and Johan. He's badly beaten up.

KLAUS

(German)

Eine zwei! Eine zwei! Stand up you English piece of shit.

21.INT. SBO'S OFFICE. DAY

Cornides' POV through the window, as Phil arrives at the main gates and collapses. Johan gives him a kick.

CORNIDES

(livid)

Mein Gott!

Ian turns to see Phil, as Cornides storms out of the office. Ian follows him.

22.EXT. FRONT OF CAMP -- CONTINUOUS

Cornides marches with great purpose. Followed by Ian.

CORNIDES

(German, angry)

Hey! Hey! What in God's name do you think you're doing?

Klaus and Johan look up insolently.

CORNIDES CONT'D

(German)

Leave that man alone. I said, leave him alone!

Neumann tries to bar Ian's exit.

CORNIDES CONT'D

(German, to Neumann)

It's OK, let him through. Get a stretcher.

Ian rushes to Phil.

IAN

(to Neumann)

Water, can we have some water? Wasser.
Wasser!

CORNIDES

(German)

Yes, yes, get him some water, quickly.

(to the SS soldiers)

Stand to attention! What is the meaning of
this?

KLAUS

(German)

We are under direct orders...
Lieutenant...from General Kaufmann, to
make an example of this British scum.

Ian helps Phil to some water.

CORNIDES

(German)

Don't you take that tone with me Corporal,
or I'll have you on a charge.

KLAUS

(German)

I don't think so...sir.

He produces an official looking order. Cornides reads it.

Klaus aims another kick at Phil. Ian stops his boot and is on
his feet in an instant.

IAN

You bastard!

He goes to grab Klaus. Johan backs off cocking his machine
gun. It's very ugly.

JOHAN

(German, excited)

Hey! You want some of this Tommy? Come on
then.

Cornides breaks up Ian and Klaus.

CORNIDES

(poor English)

Please, please, Captain. No, no.

There's a stand off.

CORNIDES CONT'D

(German)

Return to your barracks.

He lets Ian go.

CORNIDES CONT'D

(English)

OK?

Ian nods.

IAN

Yup.

KLAUS

(German, arch)

Consorting with the enemy Lieutenant. We shoot traitors for that.

CORNIDES

(German)

Get out.

JOHAN

(German)

Come on Johan, let's leave these British lovers. They'll get what's coming to them.

The SS shoulder arms and walk off.

IAN

(to Cornides)

Thank you.

Cornides nods.

CORNIDES

(German, shouts)

Let's get this man to the hospital, schnell!

23.INT. SANDY'S MESS. DAY

Sandy enters looking very studious. On his bed are 18 cigarettes carefully laid out. John knits.

JOHN

13 days. Must be a record. Your faith repaid.

SANDY

Those SS bastards, did you see?

JOHN

Forced marched him the last 10 miles apparently. A rifle butt every time he fell over.

Sandy collects the cigarettes, putting them on Phil's bed.

SANDY

God help us if they ever get hold of us before the allies do. It doesn't bear thinking about.

There's a knock and Ashley, a fresh-faced POW appears.

ASHLEY

Hello Nursery chaps, anything to trade? I've got some lovely wursts, some fresh brot or, just because the sun is shining, look what I have here.

He very carefully produces two eggs.

JOHN

Good God! Is that an egg?

ASHLEY

That is an egg. Two eggs to be precise. 30 ciggies.

John licks his lips.

JOHN

What about for one egg?

ASHLEY

That is for one.

JOHN

30 cigarettes for one egg!

ASHLEY

When did you last see an egg, let alone taste one?

SANDY

Come on Ash, 20.

ASHLEY

Split the difference, 25.

SANDY

(smiles)

22½!

ASHLEY

Because it's you maestro, foregoing your
escape chances to keep us all entertained,
24.

24.INT. CANTEEN. DAY

TEXT

April 1945

Sandy plays the piano with Phil Dennison. They're having fun.

25.EXT. CAMP -- CONTINUOUS

OS the piano. It's thawing and the camp is awash with mud.
POWs try their best to avoid stepping in it.

Many of the men look scruffy and unkempt, dressed in their
bizarre woollens. John is in a huge, homemade woolly jumper.

26.EXT. LATRINES -- CONTINUOUS

The latrines are overflowing, looking, if possible, even more
disgusting.

27.INT. A HUT -- CONTINUOUS

Five POWs stare at five pieces of sausage intently. As one POW
goes to take a piece another POW knocks his hand away. A
scuffle ensues.

28.INT. SBO'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

The SBO looks out of the window concerned. SIMON, his ADC, takes notes. The SBO sees Ian, in wellington boots, walking through the muck.

SBO

Simon, morale is very low. You know, I think what we need is a bloody good parade.

29.EXT. CAMP -- CONTINUOUS

Cornides furtively accosts Ian.

CORNIDES

Guten tag Mein Kapitan.

Ian stops.

IAN

Herr Cornides.

Cornides looks alarmed.

CORNIDES

(heavy German accent)

Nein, nein, errr go, go.

He urges Ian on, looking around. He stays a few feet behind as they walk.

IAN

Where's Bandit?

CORNIDES

Bitte?

IAN

Wolfgang.

CORNIDES

Wolfgang? Ahh, nein, nicht Wolfgang.

Beat.

CORNIDES CONT'D

We errr, we speak. Errr aus.

IAN

(confused)
Aus?

CORNIDES

Ja! Ja. Aus, aus.

He points outside the camp.

30.INT. IAN'S MESS. DAY

Tony reads a poster as Ian enters.

IAN

What's going on?

TONY

Looks like we're putting on a show. Full
dress, no beards. Pipes and all.

IAN

Sounds like fun.

Tony lifts his mattress and takes out his well flattened
battledress trousers.

TONY

Excellent!

IAN

Tone, I need a translator, who'd you
recommend?

TONY

Into German?

IAN

Yup.

TONY

I've heard Sandy Saunderson's fluent. You
know the Rifle Brigade chap.

IAN

The puking pianist? HMMMMM.

Ian isn't very enamoured.

TONY

That's him. Old Harrovian. But it's not his fault. Rumour has it that he was actually on a motor touring holiday in Bavaria or somewhere like that when war was declared, staying with Baron von this and Count von that. All very grand. Now then, look at those, pressed to perfection.

IAN

Anyone a bit more...robust? Only he's a bit...

TONY

He's fluent, if you want fluent. What are you up to?

Ian doesn't answer.

31.INT. THEATRE -- LATER

Sandy plays a duet with Phil Dennison, as Ian enters. He sits and listens. Sandy and Phil are enjoying themselves. Sandy spots Ian and stops.

SANDY

Oh sorry, are you next on old boy? Time's run away with me.

PHIL

Actually Sandy, I must dash, Ritner's taking the veg growers' photos at 11.

SANDY

Well, you must go and get your make up on, my dear old thing. Don't forget your prize marrow.

Phil nods at Ian and exits.

SANDY

There we are, all yours.

IAN

No, no, can't play a note.

SANDY

Well then you must learn.

IAN

Well I...

SANDY

I always tell the reluctant that it's a great way to pick up girls. And look, I haven't been proved wrong in, oh, over five years! Sandy Saunderson, Rifle Brigade.

They shake hands.

IAN

Ian Weston Smith, Scots Guards.

SANDY

You're quite a newbie aren't you?

IAN

October '43.

SANDY

Well, what can an old Kriegie like me do for you, old thing?

IAN

Would you like a trip to the dentist?

32.EXT. CAMP PARADE GROUND. DAY

A beautiful spring day. The POWs are perfectly turned out, buckles polished, trousers pressed. All are shaved. It's an impressive sight. The guards watch.

SARN'T MAJOR

(shouts)

Parade! Atteeeeeention!

The men come to attention perfectly.

SARN'T MAJOR

(shouts)

Parade! By the right, quiiiiick march.

The pipers begin, followed by the drummers, leading the men across the parade ground in a brilliant spectacle. The SBO takes the salute, the men giving 'eyes right' as they pass.

33.EXT. CAMP MAIN GATE -- CONTINUOUS

OS the pipes. Cornides, Ian and Sandy wait for the gate to be opened. Both men are doing their best toothache impression. Sandy has a bandage round his jaw.

They march off with Cornides down the road to Eichstätt. They're an incongruous bunch. Ian is limping.

34.EXT. ROAD. DAY

Cornides keeps behind Ian and Sandy.

CORNIDES
(heavy German accent)
Errr, English bad.

SANDY
(fluent German)
I know Lt Cornides, that's why we'll speak
in German.

Cornides can't hide his surprise.

CORNIDES
(German)
In German! But you...it's perfect.

SANDY
Danke.

CORNIDES
(German)
But why have you never escaped? Surely
every...

IAN
What's he saying?

SANDY
He didn't know I could speak German.

IAN
Let's cut to the chase shall we. What does
he want?

SANDY
(German)
How can we help you Lieutenant?

As he talks, Sandy translates.

CORNIDES

German High Command has ordered all officers to be marched to Berchtesgaden, to become, in effect, human shields for the SS, as they make a last stand against the allies.

IAN

Good God.

CORNIDES

You will be marched out of the camp on April 14th and I suggest you make an escape from the column. Some of the guards will be happy to turn a blind eye, I am sure. Stay north of the Danube, the Americans won't be far away.

Cornides stops them. He looks about, they are well shielded.

CORNIDES CONT'D

I am just a simple soldier wanting to return safely to my family. Before the war I was a lawyer. I know right and wrong and I have no care for the Third Reich.

He produces a pistol. The men look on it in amazement.

CORNIDES CONT'D

Please, take it.

Sandy goes to accept it. Ian stops him.

IAN

No, no, Lt Cornides, we can't take this. We'd be shot if they found it. Thank you, but no.

Cornides looks slightly embarrassed as he puts the gun away.